

# *INTIUM FINIS*

## *Prelude*

### ***The Day of Reckoning***

On August 18th, 1973, in New York City, the resistance and political movement known as “Initia Nova”, or “The IN”, long-brewed by “J.T.”, “A.J.”, and “D.P.” ignites into nation-wide rebellion following a catastrophic protest-turned-riot, where J.T., the public face of The IN, was leading a march of over 95,000 white christians through the streets in a movement of anti-semitism, anti-democracy and anti-capitalism, is shot through his left shoulder in a failed attempted arrest by the Secret Service.

Upon firing, the 6 Secret Servicemen surrounding J.T. attempt to tackle him, however he draws a concealed firearm from his waistband, firing 2 shots in the abdomen of an agent who drops down to the floor, bleeding out. His vocal followers quickly storm the agents and surrounding police, enabling J.T. to vanish into the crowd, wounded and vulnerable, however the 5 remaining Agents continue a pursuit as the Police in attendance are overwhelmed.

Within the first hour, riots break out across the whole of NYC, as his followers who had been unable to attend the march begin actively targeting those of colour, non-christian faith and non-American nationality. People are beaten, stabbed, shot, tied up, maimed, ridiculed, raped and worse as the long-drowned hatred inside of them boils up and bubbles over. Buildings owned by Jewish bankers and corporations are set on fire, cars both civilian and authority - be it NYPD, NYST or the National Guard - are overturned, smashed up, looted and set on fire.

Helicopters of Military, Police and Media origin loom and circle overhead, documenting the incident for the world and the country, co-ordinating responses and attempting to control the devastating and ever-spiralling chaos unfolding in the heart of New York, while National Guard and Police are forced to open fire on those rioting and protesting to little difference, often in-fact *worsening* the situation, as they are overwhelmed by surrounding rioters who are only more enraged by the brutalising of their compatriots. Police and National Guard are soon turned into the first Government victims of The IN, with some strung up, some noosed, some beaten to death and looted, others simply shot in cold blood and left to rot in streets, alleyways, cars and buildings.

The brutality ever-lasting and ever-visible, those sympathetic to The IN across America begin to carry out the same acts of violence, anger and resistance, and soon the fragile stability of the Union comes crashing down, shattering all-around those who thought their control, their system, their influence was eternal, but, this moment would be remembered as The Day of Reckoning.

## Prologue

### ***The Night of Reckoning***

J.T. sprints weakly through the alleys of Downtown New York City after hours of being pursued on foot has led him across half the city, bleeding, wanted, and now alone in the dark of a collapsing nation, amidst a rioting, fallen city, as five Secret Service agents chase after him. With only a .38 Special S&W Model 10 in his hand, his left shoulder shot and bleeding heavily, people are rioting, cars are set alight in the street, the people across America have truly heard the screams of him and his fellow patriots - **true patriots** - ones not loyal to a flag of false promises, destitute livelihoods and acts of senseless aggression by unwilling troops on innocent civilians in foreign lands, all done in the name of a nation and religion that manipulates, finances and weaponises those at every level of their so called "Government".

As J.T. escapes the narrow, winding alleyways, he finds himself standing in the middle of what was once a bustling city street, now overwhelmed by looters, rioters, protestors to the left, and a handful of local police and national guard in front of him. J.T. freezes as he sees the buildings of those once all-powerful bankers engulfed in flames, a grin forming across his face as the police and guardsmen turn and retreat to their vehicles as the enraged, violent mob, seeking to victimise all those who sustain their system, storming at them in full sprint with makeshift shields, small handguns and homemade molotov cocktails.

J.T. sprints across the rapidly closing gap between himself and the mob into the alleyway ahead as the rioters continue surging forward, unyielding and uncompromising. He sighs with relief as he makes it across, turning back to see glimpses of the visibly-badged Secret Servicemen overwhelmed and attacked by those at the edges of the mob through the sea of people before him.

He shoves his .38 into his waistband, walking off into the darkness of the alleyway. He finds refuge at a sheltered doorway, taking his packet of almost empty cigarettes out, planting one between his lips and lighting it. He takes a drag, and as the ash glows in the dark, he pulls it from his lips and exhales, announcing to himself;

***"I have to find A.J. ..."***

# **CHAPTER 1**

## ***“A Brand New Dawn”, 1969***

Joseph, Alexander and Devin sit around a dimly lit table in a warehouse in Maine they recently bought by pooling together their money from their former employers, the U.S. Military. Joseph lights a cigarette, smoking it from between his lips whilst talking, reaching into his duffel bag, planting it on the table and overturning it, pouring the contents out.

What falls onto the table are a variety of documents in manila folders, a few stacks of paper crudely stapled together with messy writing on them and DoD stamps, alongside a small selection of handguns, boxes of ammunition, magazines and speedloaders.

“Here..” Joseph pauses, puffing his cigarette hands-free, “Take your pick, and then we can get to work on these files from our dear friend Uncle Sam.” A smile grows across his face as his 2 compatriots also grin. Alexander takes a deep swig from his hipflask before reaching for a High Standard HDM and its magazines, as Devin places his lit joint on the table and reaches straight for an M1911A1 and the corresponding magazines.

Joseph picks up the .38 Special Smith & Wesson Model 10, the associated speedloaders and the boxes of ammo, dishing out the other ammunition boxes respectively to the 2 men adjacent to him. “Check em out...” Joseph puffs his cigarette again, “Get familiar wid’ ‘em, load ‘em, y’know the drill.” He tucks his snub away, leaving his ammo and speedloaders beside his drink on the table, and begins to rifle through the folders and papers he’s got.

“This here..” He lifts up 3 manila folders, thick with paper, “Is a **shitload** of documents detailing National Guard tactics, Army tactics, response-plans, civil unrest plans, et cetera.” He puffs again, his cigarette finally finished, he drops it on the floor and crushes it with his boot, “We’re gonna go through these, we’re gonna read em, we’re gonna learn em, because if we’re serious about this, we need to prepare those who will be amongst our ranks, prepare our future followers for how to fight back against these kike-loving bastards.”

He chucks a folder to Alex, and another to Devin, keeping one for himself. Alex takes his folder and opens it, met immediately with a big red “CLASSIFIED” stamp across the top of the document at the top, “How the fuck did you even get these, J.T.?”. Joseph smirks, “Ask no questions, know no answers, you tell no lies.” Alex nods, and begins to skim through his folder. Devin puffs away at his joint, casually reading through the files he was given, “Hey, J.T., some of this shit looks familiar man, I think me and you read through these after making our leaves to LTC, right?” Joseph looks over, nodding, “Yeah, I managed to come across a shitload of copies of all this stuff a short-while before discharge.”