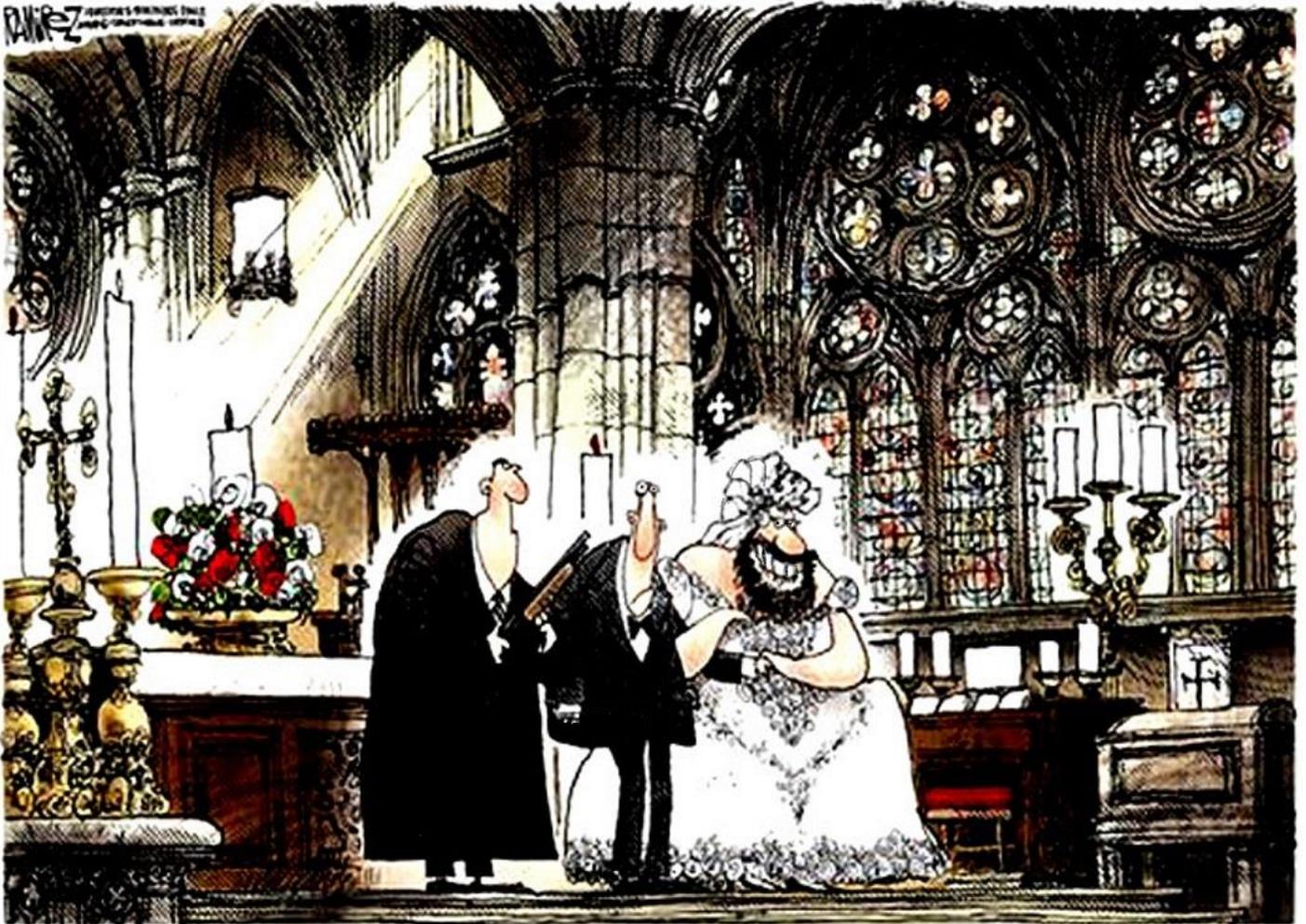


Odin Engerling

A LOUSY FEAST



Islam belongs to Germany [Angela Dorothea Merkel](#)

“Political Correctness” in its most rabid manifestation has been Germany’s intellectual staple diet for decades. But now it appears that an ever growing number of citizens won’t swallow it anymore and, metaphorically speaking, is puking it onto the very doorstep of those who cooked it up. Namely our felonious migrant monarch and her transatlantic minders. Who finally seem to have gone completely insane with their objective to rule Europe by flooding it with hordes of alien invaders. And who find themselves confronted with a wave of dissent that has

been unthinkable only a few years back. As a result Germany's political pundits and their loyal prostitutes are getting mightily worried. Used to be paid lavishly for an unconditional servility backed up by blatant lies, are they suddenly aware that their gilded fleshpots could be empty after the next elections.

A particular reason for this frightful possibility is a new political party that has risen from the scrub of an increasingly farcical democracy. Its adherents proclaim proudly, and hopefully for a long time to come, that theirs is the courage that will finally bring out the *Truth*. A terrible prospect, to be sure, and accordingly the valiant heretics are branded as "Rightist Rabble", "Pinstripe Nazis", "Dirty Racists" or similar pleasantries by the political pundits and their pack of fabricators. Who react always more irrational and hysterical whenever the "*Alternative for Germany*", which the new party calls itself, rises yet another percentage point in the polls.

Thus the Bilderberg bonny and her transatlantic cohorts try to stem the flood as good as they can. Government funds are lavished by the billions to appease the voters with TV-charades of an intact society. And if that doesn't help, subsidies are on hand for leftist gangster associations who attack AfD members with iron bars, torch their cars or wreck pubs and restaurants where the party plans to hold a meeting. All this without a peep from the Law which sets immigrant murderers free on probation while slapping genuine Germans into prison if they refuse to pay for the filthy propaganda programs of the state-owned TV channels.

High on this agenda stand lavishly sponsored festivities presided over by the assorted Bleeding Hearts and their shameless minders, all celebrated to convince the world how wonderful and beneficial the newcomers are.

As it is, these parties get occasionally out of hand and are therefore a good example of how Frau Merkel's scheme to replace the indigenous populace with third-world invaders can also backfire. What follows is an impressive illustration of the former where I have slightly changed names and places, this in order not to get into the crosshairs of state-sponsored denunciators like *Anetta Kahane*, a truly revolting former Stasi-informer who has been reinstated with all honours and now commands mountains of tax-payers cash to smoke out whoever is deemed dissident.

Lastly it may be said that in these times of incertitude and general decline a spot of baloney like the one below might elicit at least a smile from the generous reader.



Let us call him *Sascha*.

Named fully *Dr. h.c. Alexander Krautman-Crocofant*, is he the chairman and legal representative of Germany's renowned RUMMS, an abbreviation for "Refugees-und-Migrant-Muslims-Society". Based in Berlin, has this particular outfit become one of the largest and most influential institutions in this particular racket. Whose main objective is to ensure the unhindered entry into Germany for

millions of asylum seekers, economic migrants, slum dwellers, layabouts, thieves, robbers, rapists, drug dealers, assassins and potential terrorists.

Though that is of course not what RUMMS and its operatives officially call their clientele. There they rely on emotionally inspiring epithets like *“Brethren in Need”*, *“Beneficiaries of our Christian Compassion”*, *“Peace-loving Muslims”*, or any other such utter nonsense. While adhering unwaveringly to Germany’s politically correct covenant, has RUMMS nevertheless long since reached out internationally. Like for example being actively involved in distributing Arabic-language manuals to potential asylum seekers in war-torn Near Eastern countries, all funded by *George Soros* and his gangster associations who depict Germany as a wide-open paradise where new cars, magnificent villas and near-naked blondes are waiting free of charge for everyone, not to mention fried mutton which practically flies directly into the wide open orifices. RUMMS is therefore a widely visible beacon for bums and burglars alike, which denotes not only a glorious moral imperative, but is also helpful to avoid undesirable attention with regard to bookkeeping habits, off-shore scams or shady patrons.

As to RUMMS itself, it began its phenomenal ascent in the murky skies of Germany’s multi-billion dollar refugee industry with the call of an unspecified gentleman whose shiny black Mercedes limousine convinced our Sascha immediately of the visitor’s noble intentions. In those days his outfit was called the *“Drifter & Grifter Charity”* and consisted of three operatives, namely himself, his young wife and a deaf Hottentot who manned the coffee machine. All three scraped by with the help of a puny government grant and resided in a backyard loft in one of Berlin’s many ramshackle quarters. Thus while he listened dumbfounded to the gallant visitor’s explanations, it expired that his charity had attracted the attention of some very powerful people indeed. Which in due course made him agree to every one of the gentleman’s proposals, whereupon the latter departed in the best of moods while leaving an address and a small suitcase filled with cash.

The address turned out to be an impressive villa in Berlin’s exalted Grunewald quarter, where Sascha met in due course with one of the principal architects of our present refugee tsunami. A former German foreign minister and vice-chancellor, representative of magnificent institutions like the *“Goldman Sachs Group”*, the *“World Jewish Congress”*, the *“Albright Group”* and similarly grandiose institutions, is he also a co-founder of the *“European Council on Foreign Relations”*, where he serves as second lieutenant to one of the NWO’s wealthiest, most powerful and absolutely ruthless strategists.

Regarding the latter, Sascha never chanced to meet him in person. But after swearing unconditional allegiance to his well-advanced scheme of supplanting the indigenous Europeans with hordes of malleable aliens, all intended to serve eventually a tiny gang of immensely rich miscreants, did he notice almost immediately the great man’s far-reaching clout.

To begin with, his paltry bank account received a number of fairly huge donations that enabled him to rent in one of Berlin’s better quarters a large villa with ample gardens and turning it into offices. Next came a tentative invitation to the Caiman Islands, where a cordial *Deutsche Bank* represent-

tative introduced him to the intricacies of tax-havens and off-shore banking. Which resulted soon afterwards in a shiny black Mercedes limousine for himself, an Italian sports car for his wife and a new hearing aid for the Hottentot. Along with RUMMS' rapidly growing agenda came a massive increase of co-workers who number by now some fifty souls in Berlin alone and are untiringly engaged to buttress Chancellor Merkel's open-border policies. Fully in line with its unwritten contract, has the RUMMS doled out substantial donations for those political parties and individuals which are deemed worthy to receive them. This resulted in a significant upgrading of Sascha's social status, like governmental invitations, television interviews, newspaper articles and various other accolades. Of the latter he cherishes particularly the "*U.S. Secretary's Distinguished Service Award*", the German "*Federal Service Cross*", the "*Coudenhove - Kalergie Europapreis*" and a honourable doctorate conferred on him by the University of Tel Aviv complete with velvet black beret and a fur coat.

Part of RUMMS' public relations efforts are regular charity events, usually celebrated in the vast garden behind the office building. It was here that during a recent feast the situation got out of hand and ended in a fiasco.

It all began innocently enough. Most prominent among the invitees were Berlin's deputy mayor and his transvestite lover. Next, and almost as important, ranked the Berlin *Senator for Gender Equality, Female Equitability and Neuter Equivalence*. A Catholic Cardinal had come with charitable intentions, but also in the hope to boost his rapidly sagging public appeal, all this in obvious ignorance of the real reasons for his flocks' frightful erosion. Which was true as well of a famous courtesan turned political TV host. A professor and his students from Berlin's *Ilja Ehrenburg College for advanced Propaganda* attended because of their crusade against the Freedom of Expression act. The Turkish owners of an Italian pizza chain and their Imam took part for reasons of ethnic balance. A bunch of pretty, blond and skimpily dressed cheerleaders, who held up banners with the slogan REFUGEES WELCOME, had been hired by Sascha personally to enliven the general mood. Some prostitutes and TV-poodles were present of whom none, clearly on orders from on high, dared to comment the disaster. Furthermore attended a fair number of more or less native Germans plus some thirty refugees.

The deputy mayor was asked to write something sensible into RUMMS' hallowed guest book presented to Sascha by the Federal Chancellor herself upon the association's festive inauguration two years ago. Now this splendid gift is generally deemed to be RUMMS' greatest treasure, because the lady had adorned the first page not only with "My noble Sascha!" in a decidedly grandiloquent manner, but also added her famous maxim "We gonna take them *ALL* in!" and signed it graciously as "Your most beholden Angie!"

The refugees were carefully selected individuals from a former Five Star Hotel refurbished as reception shelter for the pittance of 1.9 Million Euros. Officially registered as Christians from Syria, had there been some hesitation about their passports, since none of the young, healthy-looking and partly coal-black lads seemed to be familiar with the *Ten Commandments*, let alone *Christ blessing the Meek*. But the social worker who pointed this out was immediately sacked as a potential hate-monger, and thus the whole matter did not get any unwanted attention.

The fact that the refugees were Christian brethren and thus accustomed to alcohol, greatly facilitated the proceedings. Because RUMMS' official parties are famous to overflow with champagne, wine,

beer, whiskey, vodka and, to a not unimportant extent, illegal delights. Thus the glasses were filled in quick succession, lines snorted in shaded corners, and laughter and cheers abounded.

All went well until the Catholic Cardinal crept up on Sascha and rudely took hold of his arm. Showing clear signs of agitation, he whispered hoarsely that his massive diamond-studded cross of pure gold had miraculously disappeared while he embraced one of the refugees during a Public-Relations-Demo of Catholic-Christian-Compassion. Sascha, already well in his cups, suggested that it might have dropped into His Excellency's tankard, but the idea was not well received. And while he still tried to come to grips with the situation, the transvestite friend of the deputy mayor screamed on top of his/her voice that his/her brand new I-pod had been ripped off, together with his/her *Ives Fou-fou* mini-handbag from genuine Croco-leather, his/her *Crystal Meth* flask from real silver, his/her purse and all his/her credit cards therein. Right then, and practically under Sascha's very eyes, two coal-black refugees took hold of the *Senator for Gender Equality, Female Equitability and Neuter Equivalence*, while a third lifted her miniskirt and ecstatically pinched her ample buttocks. Now she, a well-known and highly combative feminist, didn't waste any time and kicked two of the assailants hard between the legs. Whereupon all four lost their footing and stumbled into a table overflowing with Beluga caviar, Kamchatka shrimps and truffled Parma ham. As Sascha watched terrified how the wonderful delicatessen dropped to the floor, there sounded a shrill scream from the garden house that was immediately accompanied by other female voices wailing in obvious distress. Now Sascha realized that something was definitely wrong, and while he hurried towards the garden house, he saw two refugees urinating into the swimming pool while a third defecated noisily into one of the magnificent primrose beds.

Rushing into the garden house, he saw three of the cheerleaders bereft of banners and most of their already flimsy garments, all flat on the floor while struggling desperately with their assailants.



And if that weren't terrible enough, he heard from the next room moans and whimpers that sounded strangely familiar. Definitely mortified, he hurried to take a look, only to see his young wife in a similar situation, though the other way round, while the poor refugee cried 'Allahu Akbar' in a subdued sort of manner.

Now this convinced Sascha that a catastrophe was brewing, and he hurried back to call in the police. While on his way, he beheld one of the refugees standing on a table, holding a vodka bottle in his hand while waving the other arm and yelling 'Long live DAESH', 'Death to the rabid Christian Dogs' and 'Germany is ours'. All this while his compatriots bared their teeth and made signs of cutting throats, in this way informing the other guests what would be their fate within a few years only.

As can be well imagined, the whole feast ended on a decidedly unpleasant note. Yet worse was still to come.

The next morning, while standing in the wide entrance hall, Sascha noticed to his dismay that the guestbook had disappeared from its customary pedestal of carved oak and silver inlays. Sounding the alarm, he ordered every available employee to look for the precious item. Which finally was found in the garden near the magnificent primrose bed. Yet his profound relief changed quickly into shock when it turned out that the first three pages had been removed. These were discovered soon after in the primrose bed itself, but the boys from the search party, holding them up by the outer edges, weren't so sure if Sascha still wanted to have them.

As I have been informed by an independent source, he did *not*...

