

# Story: "The Final War."

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Below, a fictional story I wrote for our SS and Warriors.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XYKUeZQbMF0> You can hear music as well with this. It may be more inspirational for you.

## THE FINAL WAR

And both of them sat down, the little one in his bed. The Father opened this old, very old book written by their ancestors, not too long ago. He started reading the story:

"The Final War,

Aeons have passed inside this time, legions have been awaiting the Final Battle, The rotten still stand against the strong, in a battle without mercy, the Noble ones still fight life after life for the same decree. The council has had to decide on the war taking place and all there's to that.

What has been said by the old, you judge an Army by the King.

The name of this King Stands proud in the Banner, reading "Satan". The banner was clear, beautiful, white with Golden Trim and Satan's symbol in the middle. The enemy banner, platted in the blood of the weak and deluded masses, whom they have conquered by force, names countless names of their leaders, who have led and are being led by slavery and force. Those who stood under this banner, stood because of their needs, fear and delusion. In this war, it's free men, against slaves and rotten beings, who have all sorts of disgust in their steps and victories. It's those beings who are full of fear. Beings who have even denied themselves, beings who were not by nature created to embrace the vastness of herself. Death to them is the scariest thing that could happen. Death to the first ones has never been a fearful trip.

The Grand Noble Commander, Ramesses II, does not stand upon a Golden throne, for He is Golden inside his own Soul, without such need, He is in the line like anyone else; for the Noble Souls seek not a vain leadership but to guide their worthy ones to Eternity. He is moving from the front line to the Podium, ready to talk to his loyal people, who are fighting this righteous war. The Gods silently

watch, as they themselves observe the Noble Armies as equals to themselves. As such, they pay unwavering attention. He has stood to everyone as a role model and Father.

Down from the Podium, the loyal armies of the Noble ones, in all their perplexity of appearance and Noble Gentile Spirits, embodiments of ALL the Ancient Gentile Races, watch, in all their mighty differences, in beauty, intelligence and presence. They listen carefully, wearing their armors, with their own symbols of culture, which they have protected. Now they are all connected to one another, a well organized army, in which the Gods have placed their Truth and Trust. All these tribes have their Leaders and appointed Rules, whom have been chosen as such by the council of the Gods and by the people in Free Will.

Between Godmen, everyone knows their position in the war.

The Noble Rameses II walks slowly and with strong steps, on the Podium. He is there now.

He takes a deep breath and as his people see him, they look at him fully alert. They know they will hear a message that will talk right into their spirit. They need this morale.

“Today, this is no day for vain speech,  
Today, there is a day for War.

My dearest Brothers and Comrades, you all know the Truth  
As we always placed it above ourselves and as thus, we have succeeded in building what you can see now.

For I respect your Souls, your cultures, the Souls of your Children, which one day shall take our place, not in immortality, but in position, even though we are eternal, we shall multiply and fill the Earth. Do you feel, what I feel?

Do you see these rotten enemies, and how they try to oppose us?

Do you feel the hate surging in my veins, our need for Revenge?

Our people have always been Noble, being stronger and stronger to avoid everything that is lower than ourselves. Our people have been eternally honest, or tried to be, which is still an act of Nobility.

Now, we are attacked, my brethren. And as you know, we are not the ones to sit by and watch our wives, our lives and our very beings being dragged to dust.”

The crowd enrages.

As he talks, the Leader is heard amongst everyone, in the clearest tone of voice there ever has been. His voice is stable, strong, resolute. People know and understand, that from his mouth and lips talks a greater providence, that of the Creator. They look at his powerful body, that is filled with bravery, inside his beautiful eyes.

The King continues, having in mind the words of his own Son, from a night they had conversed about the Kingdom and the people:

“Inside your heart, rests bravery and courage. All of you have been observed and trained upon like the most precious of jewels we could possess. All of you are worth nothing compared to the enemy, as they are worth nothing- each and every life of your own means everything to me, but not only me- to the World.

Inside your very beautiful eyes, I see a personification of the diversity the Gods have planted into the Earth, But I see something entirely common in all of you. Inside your diversity, I see something resting inside you, and that is the essence of our Father.

You know, you will fight. You were born brave, trained to be brave, trained to be the greatest you could ever be. By mutual respect between one another, I feel your hearts bursting with the fires of life, as does mine at the exact moment. For this war is shared, **FOR THIS WAR IS WON, BY THE POWER OF SATAN!!!!!!**”

The ground below shakes, the Leader looks with his piercing Blue eyes in the sky, raises the hand and salutes Satan, the Great God of Truth. Loudly proclaiming:

**HAIL SATAN!! HAIL THE TRUTH!!**”

Everyone raises their hand, screaming with utmost bravery and intensity, **“HAIL SATAN!! HAIL THE TRUTH!!”**

Everyone is shaking from the sheer power of the Leader’s speech. Everyone is trembling by the power that comes from hearing the word, from inside their own Soul, their very self is treading Hell and reaches heaven at the same time. There is exhilaration and rage emitting from the soul of every man and woman who listened to these words. For many minutes, the rage and hatred against the enemy surged so much, they could feel it on every side of the planet they were. Their end has never been nearer than now.

Now, as tradition follows, the Queen Wife of the Leader steps upon the Podium, to give word to the people. Everyone knows that she will mention the most needed and encouraging things. Many have called her, the Mother of Humanity. She walks gracefully, full of beauty and in her Brown eyes one can see the primordial mother of Humanity. Her long very light brown hair, almost blonde. In her loving presence everyone feels dignified. She has stood to everyone as a role model and mother. You could see in her steps and hand moves both graciousness and overflowed Heroism. A True Female Hero of the elder tales, was standing right before everyone.

“My loyal people, our Loyal Children, I have come before you, just as I am. You know our relations have always been loyal, faithful, truthful and fruitful. All together, we have constructed what you and your children are today. We have all together by our effort constructed what is the Godman. Once, you were mortal men like everyone else. Today you stand before me, most of you immortal in the flesh and aging, but still willing to pay the price of your own mortality.”

She raises her hand at the skies, aiming on the Sun, Saluting the Sun.

“This here, is every one of you- which you shall never forget. You have become the highest attainment-and someone dares threaten this attainment of Life. Now, my children, I command you, to go and destroy all those who destroy, all those who threaten what we have created.

She looked down on people now, with a hopeful, loving and yet mighty gaze.

Before she could even finish the sentence, the women inside the crowd started saying aloud, “WE SHALL FIGHT, WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE END!”

The Queen looked at them, piercingly. She raised her hand as well, and yelled with a stable voice:“That seals the Council’s choice,

WE SHALL FIGHT, WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE END!”

By that time, everyone had raised their hands. Everyone’s Soul was open and in purity, embracing the Divine Power. The elder hour has arrived, the last and Final Battle was at hand.

The Leader and the Queen, hand by hand, moved in front of the people, as personifications of the male and female divinity. In each and one of the people, one God has awakened, pure and differentiated from everyone else’s. Now, at

this time, they were ready to fight. It took hours for this to end, then as it did, the Troops moved in order to the grounds of the Final Battle. There was hardly not a smile on anyone's face, for one they knew this war had been fought for too long and this was the final battle, for two, that whatever was the end of it, they are the ones to give a Godly fight. The fight was to begin with the Leader's Order. They were outnumbered, but bore their Soul on their back. [...] “

He closed the book and told his little Son, who for a reason had almost cried. The dad tried to explain more about the story so that his son would understand.

The old writings mentioned that they have been outnumbered by the millions. Though, exactly as their Leaders said, their lives were worth unaccountably more than the lives of their enemies. As thus, the Ancient Gods themselves intervened and fought with them, my Son. It was written that this world has been victorious, with few victims that later were saved by the most Powerful ones in the Army. Some sacrificed and actually had to die, and go far, far away. Everyone, without exception, gave their all. And this is my dear child, how you are living today as you are. These people, it has been rumored, now are our own Gods and us, are the ones who are still treading in their footsteps, to become our own Gods as well.

The little one asked: “Dad, will there be war again?”

The Father Replied: “Nobody knows, but it has been said the evil doers have been long gone from the Earth, my dearest son.”

The little one smiled brightly and asked again in his childish enigma: “So daddy, why do we train now? For what reason?”

His Father replied, “As to keep our people safe in every possibility.”

“Then dad, I may one day become like my Grandpa who took part in this Great war! I will protect everyone!”

His Father almost teared up and took his little hand, holding it inside his big palms. He showed him with his fingers, his own veins. The little one looked curiously and asked: “What is this, dad?”

“Inside here, rests your grandpa and every one of these people. So, bear this in your heart as this is the greatest gift Grandpa and Grandma could give you. They have gone too far to give you another gift.”

The little one's eyes brightened up. He said silently and with surprise, "Then, I must be a King too?"

"Yes." His Father replied. The people of Creator Satan are all Kings of themselves.

The little one smiled and opened his arms. He looked with his blue eyes, right inside his Father's brown eyes. His Father took him in his hands and he slowly fell asleep with him. The night was still young but both of them were very tired. The mother and the little sister opened the door and saw them both sleeping. The mother smiled and the sister smiled in a childish manner. "Stories again mom! Stories!" said the little child.

"All stories are made with some reality in them, my little love." Said the mother. They left and spent the night until they had to sleep, in the garden, conversating about numerous things together. "

And as thus, this story may be over, but the war, is started and to be finished.