

The first shot had gone unnoticed.

A car backfiring, someone cracking open a beer can, the first snap of applause...

The second shot had hit the man with the bullhorn standing outside the library.

The third shot had made the flag-bearer drop his swastika.

By the time the fourth shot rang out, the balaclava-clad Nazis were in complete disarray.

Then the gun cracked a fifth time and the panic began.



AussieMob666 sent the message out as soon as he saw the headline in the morning's newspaper.

**“WE ARE NOT AFRAID”: PUBLIC LIBRARY REFUSES TO CANCEL DRAG
QUEEN STORY HOUR**

His response was typical, after furiously putting in the address so everyone knew where they were going, he added:

10 o'clock on saturday tomorrow be there we gonna break some heads.

Within hours it had gone through the group and they were organising.

Blue dogs gonna b there?

You know it but we not doing anything illegal.

I found the trannys account!

Get the fucking cunt off the internet!

Posted everywhere this pedo is going down!

And so it went on, until just after midday when a new message came through.

Gunfire48: Fucking cowards. Stay home.

Predictably, this brought a barrage of abuse and AussieMob666 let it go on for a few hours before removing Gunfire48 from the chat.

Ten minutes later, he recieved a message on Instagram.

His Instagram page was nothing special; it was mostly just pictures of his wife and kids, the occasional selfie with a beer can and plenty of photos taken at Richmond Tigers games. The latest picture was from his twelve year anniversary; a composite image of his wife on her wedding day next to one of her at the lunch they'd had to celebrate. *Gorgeous then, gorgeous now*, read the caption.

Hello Roger,

Stay home tomorrow and tell your Nazi friends to beat it.

We all know what happened to Hitler.

Gunfire.

Roger sent a long, nasty reply and then looked at the account that had sent the message. There was no photo, just a clipart style rendering of a handgun, and the account name read: **Gunfire**. There was no bio and the rest of the account was private, with only a handful of followers and no posts. Roger posted the scant details on the Telegram channel.

Anyone know who this homo is?

Some commie fucker.

DM the shit out of him!

Just after lunch, the channel began lighting up.

Fuck! You boys see what happened!

That's crazy fucked up man!

Fucking blue dogs put a taser on him!

Sick pigs!

Confused, Roger typed back.

AussieMob666: What happened my dudes?

The reply came back fast from at least a dozen members.

Smithy's been arrested!

Smithy was one of Roger's friends and they'd bonded over politics. Both of them were proud Australian men and, as fathers of young children, felt they had a sacred duty to protect the next generation from being brainwashed by commie governments run by pedos. Neither wanted Australia to turn out like the US, a place run by a leftist, liberal elite where you couldn't be proud of your heritage if you were white and straight kids were discriminated against at school. What Australia really needed, Smithy and Roger agreed, was someone like Trump or DeSantis, who wasn't afraid to stand up to the homos and pedos in government and protect the country from being overrun by black and Asian mobs.

Roger typed back furiously.

What for?

But nobody knew. Wild rumours went around - he'd been murdered and the police were covering it up; it was all a set-up by Antifa; Smithy had been taken to a secret black site for a government experiment. Roger ignored most of these ideas; he liked these men, and believed in most of the same things they did, but some of them were straight-up crazy! However, Smithy's arrest couldn't be allowed to overshadow the planning for tomorrow and Roger decided he needed to keep everybody on track.

Guys, this is crazy fucked up but we gotta keep on task. I got some other people coming tomorrow to help out so this is gonna be big. We can't let Smithy down by letting the commies brainwash our kids!

An hour later, two more men from the chat were arrested and Roger got another message from Gunfire.

I will have more Nazis arrested if you don't call it off.

Roger blocked them without responding this time, although it took all his will to do it.

By five o'clock that evening, Gunfire's threat had been made good on and there was a breaking news report at six.

“Police today arrested a total of six men who were allegedly part of a child pornography ring that shared images and videos across encrypted message platforms. One of the men arrested with the father of a six year old girl—”

Roger turned the TV off.

None of those men were involved in kiddy porn, he knew that, which meant it was a set-up. He logged back onto Instagram and unblocked Gunfire.

Listen here you fucking cunt I know what you did to my mates and you're gonna fucking pay. When I find out who you are you're gonna wish you were never born you useless homo dick!

He recieved a reply.

Does your wife know you're friends with pedos?

Roger blocked them again.

A nervous knot settled in his stomach. If the police thought that his mates were pedos (they weren't, but that probably wouldn't matter) that meant they must have gone through their computers. Which meant the cops would also probably know by now what they'd been talking about on Telegram and who they were talking to.

Roger looked into the dining room, where his family were setting the table for dinner. He'd go in and help in a moment, then he and Sandy would put the kids to bed and have a glass of wine together. A usual Friday night affair.

But if she thought he was friends with pedos...

He stood up and went into the dining room.

She didn't know and he was going to keep it that way.



Roger and the Nazis were disappointed when they arrived at the library to discover that the staff had pulled a fast one on them. The pedo was already inside, bedecked in glitter and feathers, holding court with a small group of toddlers. Two of the librarians pushed a book shelf up against the window, screening most of the scene from view.

He was a little disappointed in the turn out too; there were more than a hundred men in the Telegram chat who had said they'd be here, but only twenty had showed up. Roger had initially been pleased to see a group called *Parents Against Indoctrination* handing out flyers at the library entrance, but most of them had hurried away as he and the others had arrived. Those few who were still there kept shooting nervous glances over at the balaclava clad men and more than once loudly assured someone trying to enter the library that they were not 'with them.' Frustratingly, very few people took their flyers, *Drag Queen Storytime*

Explained, which Roger knew were excellent. He'd taken one home for Sandy once, but she'd been disgusted and thrown them in the bin.

“You don't really believe all that shit, do you Roge?” she'd said to him.

He'd lied, only because he didn't want to lose her, but had never tried to draw her into his crusade against the far-left again. She wasn't a commie, he knew, but her parents were liberals and she didn't really understand the dangers. He'd have to be more insistent about explaining it to her before their children got older.

He was also annoyed that the police had set up barriers along the street, which meant they couldn't get right up to the library. The blue dogs were there themselves, wearing fluro vests and stony expressions, and had already arrested one man who had done nothing but remind them that the group wasn't doing anything wrong. On the other side of the barriers, to Roger's fury, were hundreds of Antifa cunts. They were waving rainbow flags, had brightly painted signs, and when Marc Ashburton had started addressing the library patrons through his megaphone, explaining the dangers of letting pedos near their kids, the homos had brought out huge speakers and began blasting Lady Gaga's *Born This Way*.

At 9.55am, as Marc continued to exhort the parents inside to stop feeding their kids to pedos, Roger felt his pocket vibrate and a car backfired close by.

He pulled out his phone and looked at the message.

BANG .

Then Marc dropped mid-sentence.

A second later, Paul Hedge, who had said he'd be the flag-bearer for the event, threw up his hands and collapsed, a fountain of blood gushing from his neck.

“Someone's shooting!”

Roger wasn't sure who yelled, but a moment later there was chaos. Two more shots sent another two men to the ground, and Roger suddenly found himself in a sea of people all shoving violently, trying to flee the scene. The police had drawn their weapons, there was yelling from the counter-protesters, and the few people left who had been handing out flyers had vanished into the library.

The police were trying to direct people, moving their barriers to allow for escape.

Three more shots rang out in quick succession. One missed, one hit the man next to Roger, and the other sent a man crashing to the ground, screaming and clutching his bleeding shoulder.

Roger couldn't see; his peripheral vision was non-existent due to the balaclava and sunglasses he was wearing. He wanted to get to the library, where it would be safe, but the police hadn't moved those barriers and were trying to get the Nazis to go to the other way, and take shelter in an entertainment complex across the street.

Somewhere in the distance, he could hear sirens.

Shots continued to ring out, although the shooter was having less luck now as people took cover. Despite their big talk from yesterday, none of the Nazis were armed and Roger wondered if any of the men who claimed to own guns really had them.

A Special Forces van screeched to a halt nearby and heavily armed tactical police exited, spreading out and rushing across the street to where the shooter must be positioned.

Still trying to find safety, Roger ripped off his balaclava and realised he was only steps away from the library doors. He rushed forward, past a police barrier which had been knocked over by the crowd, only to find they were locked.

Panicking now, he turned to try and make it to the entertainment complex.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw something.

One of the children who had come for story time had squeezed around the bookshelves and pressed themselves up against the window. It was a little girl; her mouth was open and she was staring fixedly at Roger. Her mousy brown hair was done up in the cute pigtails Sandy had insisted on this morning before they'd left — "I'll take the little ones to the shops; they like it there." — and the little one was wearing a blue frock with a stylized baby elephant splashed across her chest.

Roger looked at his daughter and then Sandy came rushing around the bookshelf to drag her away from the window.

Away from the shooter.

Away from the Nazis.

Roger saw Sandy.

Then, for the briefest flicker of an instant, she saw him.

Something hit him in the back of the head.



That night, there was a breaking news report.

“At least eight men are dead and another twelve have been injured in Australia’s worst mass shooting since Port Arthur -”

Sandy turned the TV off and went to put her children to bed.

She wasn’t wearing her wedding ring.

Within a week she had packed up with the help of some friends and taken the children to stay with her parents in Mildura.

They didn’t come back for the funeral.



A month later, the police stormed a hotel room they claimed was linked to the shooter; they seized three devices, a rifle and a case full of ammunition.

Gunfire wasn’t there.

On a Telegram platform used by neo-fascists in Queensland, a message appeared as they were planning a demonstration against Pride Week.

sniper48: Fucking cowards. Stay home.