

JACK BRADLEY

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“It could not have been easier,” Jack Bradley thought as he listened to the entire school body, with their eagle claw salute, their hands open and fingers bent down, pointing to the sky screaming, “We are Eagles, we are Eagles.”

They stood in perfect rows of ten by twenty. All wore white shirts and a sash baring the school colors, white and green, and the Eagle Claw. Each student had an arm band proudly displaying their area of study; Music, History, Sciences, Athletics, Mathematics, Religion and Politics.

Surrounding them were banners, like the sashes, had the colors and the Claw. Always the Claw: Jack’s Swastika. He had just finished making a speech that was a translation, word for word,

Hitler’s famous Nuremberg speech. A mere six months ago, its length and white hot rage would never have been listened to, but, now he did it once a week and the students couldn’t get enough of it.

Other speeches given by Hitler as well as from Jack were read over the intercom every day at lunch and recess. It was either that or Wagner. It never stopped. It was either that or Wagner.

The students and faculty were in such a trance, they could hardly remember who they were. There were a few, a very few, that didn't get caught in the trance, but there were so few and silent they were nothing. They were all Eagles and superior to anyone else.

It had been only a quiet little idea, a benign and simple hypothetical. If Hitler's tactics were used in a school, would history repeat itself and Hitler's fascism return?

Now, the amazing success of his little experiment had gone far beyond anything he could have imagined and was growing exponentially.

Only six months ago, he had been Mr. Bradley, a mundane and overlooked history teacher, hardly noticed by anyone. He had been ignored by both students and faculty and now he controlled the school.

Every time he had been forgotten, overlooked or passed over, his mind was pushed further towards the brink between sanity and madness and it had now fallen into the abyss.

Once more it came time to teach autocracy to apathetic kids, knowing full-well the result would be the same. Hitler would again, as always, become as to the students a name they had read in a history book.

He would be only a myth, a phantom and a notion hardly worth their time. They would study him, take tests on him, write papers about him, think of him for a fleeting moment then forget about him altogether.

This time it would be different. He would use the plan for annexation as a cover for his ultimate plan of mind control. The assignment was to create and join with others to be their own parts of the Nazi movement and play the role of each.

Role playing is a dangerous game, but Jack knew how to make it work. The time of incubation was over and it was time for the egg to hatch, his brainchild to grow, his fledgling eagle to take wing and his experiment to begin.

He took the twenty-five steps of Hitler's Nazi party: a list of demands made by Hitler for the Nazi party and changed them into a thing that fit with the school. Hitler had stressed national spirit and pride; Jack stressed the need for school spirit and pride.

His classes would be run like that of the German high school where strict adherence to discipline and continuity. Good grades and rewards would not be given based on merit, but, instead, for participation.

It was just a little assignment given by a teacher nobody cared about and so the students and faculty went along with it. Soon the game became reality; his dream had become a nightmare and his experiment atomic bomb.

Hitler's and Jack's Nirvana were both built on complete and pure idolatry by supplanting themselves as God. Appeal to the desire for perfection, lull them into a trance with avarice, greed and pride and you can control almost any person's mind.

Their Idyllic worship of self would cause them to worship Jack as their God. As Alexander the great had studied everything he could about Hercules, Julius Caesar had studied Alexander; Jack studied had Adolph Hitler.

He knew all that could be known about the man. Hitler's birth, strange life and brutal demise were burned obsessively into Jack's heart and soul. Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Saddam Hussein and Pol Pot, all brutal mass murderers in the 20th century had one thing in common; acute demented paranoia and dreams of world domination.

On the wall over Jack's desk was a poster of his hero standing triumphant in front of a Nazi flag with the words Es Liebe Deutschland, you love Germany. On that desk were the same books Hitler had had. Mein-Kamph by Hitler; the Art Of War by Sun Tzu and Propaganda by Edward Bernays and Mark Millery.

Jack also had Das Kapital by Karl Marx, Mao's Little Red Book, 12 Rules for Radicals by Saul Alinsky and his own work, The Powers Attributes and Tendencies of Idolatry.

He had memorized each one. Every nuance, theme and development he could find. Each tidbit of information, no matter how small was to him a tiny, powerful golden-nugget of knowledge.

He had tried to teach the students about the repetitive generational cycle of history and its huge socio-political effects it had had on the world, but, they didn't listen or care. They were all too busy with their own lives to care.

The pilgrims had fled the tyranny of the British, sailed west on the Mayflower to a new world to seek a new life and freedom to worship their God as they wanted. That freedom had blossomed into an impossible prosperity never before attainable.

The pilgrim's determination and perseverance had produced a bounty of success that they would and could pass on to their children and leave them with a better life than their own. Those children, the next generation, fell into the foolish complacent euphoric belief that nothing could go wrong.

Their parents had provided for their every need. There was no reason to worry about a thing, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

That complacency produced in their children, a dangerous and hazardous apathy; a devil-may-care attitude that led to the ultimate return of what had been fled from; the tyranny of the British.

“The stories of tyranny that they had been told by their parents and grandparents could not be true. That silly notion old fashioned and foolish,” was thought of this new generation.

The complacent and apathetic walked back to tyranny. The apathetic doesn't have any beliefs, he will believe in anything and now like sheep to the slaughter, unable to break out of their hypnotic trance that was leading to the destruction of their freedom and their ultimate demise.

It had carried the United States into the brutal tyranny of slavery, another revival, spiritual courage and the Civil War. It was the cycle between world wars one and two that intrigued Jack more than other in that it had ushered in the Great Depression and Hitler.

The cycle always created a caste system that played into the insurgence of a tyrant. A working class and aristocracy, academics and uneducated, rich and poor: It didn't matter what, it always happened and it had once more.

Now it was Jack's turn, like Hitler's, to board the great mandala of life and ride on the cycle to greatness. Being a Nazi and in the Order of the Claw, would give person special, quick and selfish rewards.

Short-lived trips of bliss, glee and ethereal fantasy would be theirs. Euphoric dreams, trips and fixes for their addictive need for the opiate of self-gratification. The seductive powers of pride, greed and self-indulgence would entrap and control their minds.

The academia, Professors and P.H.D.s, believed that, because of their great genius and imperial intellect saw their calling as to help the bourgeois proletariat.

Thomas Keynes was one of them and the perfect example of that calling. He came up with a theory of economics that, of course to him and his fellow fools, was perfect and faultless: "Print money based on the population and give an even amount to each citizen.

How foolish can a person be? It had caused an inflation that grew faster and larger than any in recorded history leaving the door open for a little man with a funny moustache, Hitler, to offer a better way and take over.

It was a perfect setting for him. The Weimar republic had left Germany in shambles, creating a huge vacuum for something or someone to put the nation back together.

From almost nowhere came that man. He was a war hero, charismatic speaker and fearless leader. His demands were what they wanted. His was a way that would save them and return Germany to its former glory.

Hitler and Jack had both had turned need into obsession and lulled people into a mind-numbed hypnotic web and the venomous sting of tyranny.

Wisdom is the application of knowledge and it was time for him to apply his and leave his mundane life. It was time to show to all his superior wisdom. It was time to become more than Mr. Bradley, the history teacher who no one knew or cared about.

A reality haunted his thoughts and dreams. The brutal and grim reality that a fool who does not learn history is doomed to make the same fatal errors. His mind could not comprehend that people could not see it, blind to their pending doom.

They had planted the seed of arrogance would soon reap the harvest of the fruition of their own creation and taste the bitterness of slavery.

The principal was worthless having been appointed to the level of her incompetence. "The Peter Principle principal who lacked the practical personality, and power and prowess to progress," he liked to call her.

The students were naïve children complacent university teachers who couldn't care less about what their kids were learning. As long as the grades were good, why should they care?



The university was a liberal enclave where both students and faculty thought that communism was God's gift to the world. Mao and Stalin were their heroes. Their mass murder and slaughter of tens of millions in its name register in their feeble minds.

They had the strange idea that United States was a terrible place to live in. The country had been stolen by Europeans and, the Constitution that gave them the right to say so should be torn up and thrown away. Selfish capitalism needed to be destroyed and replaced with their beloved socialism.

Academics, they're all the same and he would soon satisfy their hunger and thirst for stupidity.

Hitler had his inner circle and sanctum. Joseph Goebbels, Herman Goering, Heinrich Himler and Rudolph Hess; Jack had his. The Vice-Principal, who had huge dreams of being the greatest administrator ever after his deserved promotion, the school body president who thought she ran the school.

The captain of the football team who thought his body was perfection of masculine beauty and honor students who thought of themselves as Einstein, Da Vinci and Plato reborn.

These people were in love with themselves. They believed that praise and adoration should be theirs, no matter what the price. That drunkenness of power made them blind to the true motive of his plan.

Their corruption had been swift, sweet and easy, like taking candy from a baby. "If they only knew," Jack would think and laugh, "if they only knew."

He controlled them all like a puppet-master who held and pulled all the strings and they were his mindless puppets.

Teams were easy to put on his side. Their self-serving pride and sense of Grandeur made joining a rival's team anathema and abhorrent to them. Honor students were like all academics and their minds easily bent.

He had, like Hitler's Brown-Shirts, Bradley's Talons. They were a grim reminder that you could not get out of Bradley's claw. It was a group of kids who had no problem with roughing a kid up or getting him known as a person to be avoided and the social outcasts they used to be.

They now held positions of nobility and power and their brutality was not only condoned, but demanded and praised.

Hitler had his Eva Braun and Jack, his Aphrodite; a seven-teen year old girl with the body of a Grecian goddess.

They were never seen together, however, the huge rewards and freedoms she was allowed could only have come from only one place; Jack Bradley.

She always had a guard near and no one, in their right-mind, would even think of making any romantic gestures towards her. A few had tried, but had paid a painful price for it; people knew she was his and he was hers.

The entire student body and its faculty were all convinced that if anything went right or good at the school, it was because of Mr. Bradley and, if anything went wrong, it didn't matter what, he had nothing to do with it.

It could not have been easier. His little brainchild was now a Goliath and his little experiment an atomic bomb.

What was next, he had no idea. Another book, maybe; he had the time. The rift between the rival schools would have to be reconciled. He needed them to be allies working together. Control of all forms of media was a necessity.

Most of his senior class would be voting for the first time in the next general election. His upper tier could win majorities in the school board and city council. He would be mayor and control of the entire city.

Last and most important was the churches and Christian revival. Spiritual courage would destroy his tyranny and that could not happen. His spell could not be broken or his work and tyrannical reign would end.

Hitler had battled with the churches and Christians and it was revival that brought his reign of terror to an end. John Paul the second had brought down the Soviet Union and the Great Awakening had thrown out British tyranny.

He could not allow there to be a George to kill his dragon, a David to kill his Goliath or a revival to destroy him. That would be his next battle, however, now he could bask in the glory of his victory.

Mao, Stalin and Hitler had started small and so had history teacher Jack Bradley.