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October 5, 2013



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The Frightened

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November 4, 1883

translated from the French by Michael Shreve
Retrieved on October 4, 2013 from
<http://michaelshreve.wordpress.com/2013/10/04/the-frightened/>

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The Frightened, *Le Drapeau Noir*, No. 13, November 4 1883.

I don't know anyone more frightened than the capitalists. As soon as they hear the word anarchist they start trembling like wet hens. And why do they tremble? Because the goods they have are stolen goods and we say that whoever has gotten rich at the expense of the worker is going pay for it. They understand this to mean themselves and, in fact, if the shoe fits . . . And they're scared.

Yes, workers, we make them tremble. Our name inspires intense fear in these parasites, which proves that they're guilty.

A joker tosses a firecracker into a room and right away they accuse us. The next day the daily papers report the event and we see the bourgeoisie turn pale while reading the story of the firecracker. Frightened, then!

Well, on the great day of the social liquidation they will crumble in fear when they find out that the Revolution has been declared, when we tell them that they'll have to answer for their acts (not to God because we don't know that man, we've never seen him), that they'll have to tell us how they got the treasures they possess. Poor devils, I almost feel sorry for them. And what will happen to the bourgeoisie when we tear down their mansions and take away their treasures? They'll die of fear; and to finish them off, in case they don't, we'll have knives to speak for us.

No, no pity for these people; they have no pity for us. They hear, without pity, the wives of our companions crying out in misery when their husbands are in their bastilles and they cannot survive on their own. They hear our brothers' children asking them for bread when their fathers are not there to give them any. They see, without shuddering, our companions led into their bastilles. They watch all this without trembling, but when they hear a firecracker explode, they get goose bumps.

We will have no fear on the day of the Revolution. On the contrary, we will all be armed with a courage that will astound our enemies. We will make them tremble, but we won't tremble.

Yes, the bourgeoisie must disappear and by any means possible. Let's use knives, poison and dynamite to destroy the capitalists. Let's strike in the shadows. Any capitalist we can't strike head on should not be left alone; we can still strike him from behind or pour a couple of drops of arsenic in his coffee.

Yes, we have to destroy all these parasites. They have to learn that they can't feed on the bread of the worker forever.

Yes, death to all the bourgeoisie who think of nothing but investing their capital well and who make a god of their bellies.

Yes, death to the vile bosses who keep us in their clutches and treat us like slaves.

Yes, death to all the blind judges who want to send us to the penal colony because we curse them and tell them the truth about themselves.

Yes, death to the whole gang of rulers, each one a worse thief than the other, and all of them keeping us in the shit.

Yes, death to all the priests, finally, who also gobble up the bread of the poor and who live without doing anything, the vile men whose motto is: *hypocrisy and cowardice*.

Workers, the dawn is breaking, the Revolution is coming. Soon we can satisfy our vengeance. Soon we can cut these parasites' throats at our leisure. So, we have to get moving because time is short. Let's kill our bosses and the bourgeoisie. Let's burn their property. We will only be doing our duty and if anyone tries to stop us, they won't be around for long.

The most terrifying ways are the best. Remember the goods and let our motto always be: Ni Dieu, ni maître; no God, no master, no government, no oppressed.