

Is it worth it?' wondered Matt yet again. He had been struggling with that question throughout his short university experience as he considered how strongly he felt about becoming a teacher.

'If I could help my students appreciate history, and stop the madness from spreading, it would be,' he thought to himself. Matt went to school before anti-White ideology had spread to the mainstream, though it had made its way through many academic institutions, so he was just beginning to see what he was up against.

His first sense of the problem came in high school. His teacher had given a lesson on European expansion into Western Canada and asked her students how it affected the Natives. Matt, as he often did in history class, offered his answer: "Considering we built one of the richest countries of all time around them, I'd say they did okay." His class laughed, as they had not yet been shamed for their Whiteness, a characteristic almost everyone in his school possessed, even though it was in the Vancouver region.

Matt usually got along well with Ms. O'Brian, as she taught his favourite subject. But to this her already puffy face became inflamed as she said "Their way of life was completely destroyed. Their spiritual defeat has left them traumatized to this day. You think cultural genocide is okay?"

'I thought she was just being dramatic,' he recalled of the experience.

The incident led to many lessons on the plight of the Natives, from residential schools to disease and addiction. Matt had argued with his teacher many times over those days, even bringing testimony from students of those schools who said they appreciated their experience.

"They were brainwashed by colonialism! I believe the survivors!" she explained when confronted.

'She wouldn't even listen to me. She just kept getting angrier,' he thought as he sat before his department head's office, waiting to discuss a similar incident at his current school. He had even dressed up for the occasion, putting on his freshest

pair of jeans and least stretched out t-shirt. His black, wavy hair and intense blue eyes did not require much effort to stand out.

“Dr. Finklestein will see you now,” he heard as he was ushered into her office, which was full of handcrafted wooden furniture, much of which was full of books. Standing behind the large desk stood his judge; a woman with a forced smile that sat below sharp, dark eyes that betrayed it, and a nose that seemed to point right at him, who gestured for him to sit across from her as he approached.

“Mr. Eastbridge,” she began as she took her seat as well. “You have submitted your paper to my office for review as you are unhappy with the mark you have received, but I cannot help you. How can you expect a passing grade when you claim that the indigenous peoples of this land have benefited from colonialism?”

Matt’s school was already at an advanced stage of anti-Whiteism (for its time) but he did not yet understand this, so he said “But they do live in one of the richest countries of all time. Most bands pay for any education their members go through, which is covered by the federal government. They’re given every opportunity to succeed, and encouraged to,” believing that arguments were weighed on their merits.

“Succeed by whose metric? Their way of life was forcefully changed and they have not been given the tools to succeed in a systemically racist society because it is impossible for them to succeed in a systemically racist society, thus they cannot succeed until the system changes to allow them to succeed,” explained Dr. Finklestein.

Matt wasn’t sure what she meant by “systemically racist society,” but it didn’t sound like an accurate description to him. “But the system has changed to allow them to succeed. Like I said, they get a lot of help paying for school, and they get admitted more easily,” he reiterated.

“But you don’t understand the generational trauma they suffer from the forceful destruction of their culture through the school system which reinforced the racist mindset that has caused them so much trauma already. Not to mention the micro-

aggressions they suffer from the dominant culture on a near daily basis,” replied Dr. Finklestein.

‘What are “micro-aggressions from the dominant culture?” Does she mean White people being rude to Natives?’ he wondered. There were only a couple of Native kids in Matt’s school, and he remembered all the White kids being nice to them, and treating them like they did everyone else. But he didn’t have much time to consider these things before she continued.

“Mr. Eastbridge, you must consider the situation; the deplorable conditions in which we force them to live on the small amounts of land we have allowed them to keep, the drug addiction afflicting so many of their people, the over representation of Indigenous in prisons. And you say we have reached equality? It will take generations to heal the scars,” she said.

“I never said we’ve reached equality,” he corrected her.

“Do you not consider Indigenous peoples to be your equal?” she asked.

“No, equal means the same, and we are different. Different doesn’t mean better or worse, just different,” he replied.

“Equality is inherent and only becomes unbalanced with oppression which your people have imposed on the underprivileged and perpetuate with attitudes of superiority and negative stereotypes that create oppression and poverty within underprivileged communities,” she said.

‘Why does she look so proud of what she said when it doesn’t make sense?’ he wondered before saying “I treat people equally, and take responsibility for my actions. It sounds like you are saying Natives aren’t responsible for their own actions, because White people won’t let them succeed, but I can’t imagine the White people I know preventing Natives from doing anything good.”

“Mr. Eastbridge, you are a freshman and have a lot to learn. Pay attention in class and you will learn about the systems of oppression that are in place and perpetuated by conscious and unconscious bias, and the necessity of breaking the chains that bind the oppressed to their poverty. It is a complex subject and

requires years of study to fully understand, so I encourage you to listen to a multitude of voices with an open mind,” she said as she rose to point towards the door, and he followed the gesture’s instruction.

Matt reflected on this exchange, the one with his high school teacher and others he had engaged in with instructors at his university and noted that rather than address anything he said, his teachers just became progressively more emotional as they rambled nonsense. ‘This is the state of education?’ he wondered.

‘Maybe this is a sign that the people need me? Really? Me?... So am I just trying to be a hero?’ Matt did not think of himself in those terms, and found the notion to be a bit silly.

‘Am I Captain History?’ He imagined himself donning a cape and holding a text book, and he was one step closer to giving up.

‘I tell myself I want to inspire people to appreciate history, but how many people will ever actually care?’

Matt always knew he was the only person in his high school class who enjoyed history. He could have been considered a nerd, but he was likable and sometimes even funny. ‘Maybe I just like the idea of being paid to talk about history all day. And I bet I could make them laugh more than the other teachers. Do I want to be a teacher so I can always be the coolest guy at school?’

He had enjoyed his time at high school, and was wondering if he needed to let that go and move on. ‘It was nice being around my friends, but it was never going to last,’ he told himself. The prospect of spending four years at this institution seemed ever more daunting by the day, and reasons to leave were becoming easier to find.

By the time Matt had completed a couple of months worth of classes, he had already heard many strange lectures on a wide variety of subjects, from historical periods to social issues.

‘They sure do like gay people around here,’ he realized. Matt didn’t hate gay people, but he did not want to hear them talking about how gay they were.

‘The gay stuff is weird, and they seem to really believe all this racial equality stuff.’ Though the world had yet to become openly anti-White and over the top pro BIPOC- in fact, the term BIPOC was yet to be coined- he had seen and heard plenty of phrases such as “Race is only skin deep!” and “We’re all the same on the inside!” in media, but never in real life, aside from his history teacher trying to teach him about the oppression of Natives.

‘I don’t remember talking to any of my friends about any of that, but I don’t think anybody believed it. I thought they were just being nice because it was TV.’ The idea that anybody truly believed Chinese people and Africans were the same just seemed ridiculous to him.

‘People here seem to take that stuff seriously, and they won’t even let me say otherwise. I came here to fight this crap from spreading, but it’s already taken over. The couple of students I might get who actually care about history will have to come here to study it, and they will have to deal with the same thing I am now. Should I tell my students not to come here? Tell students who love history not to go to university?’ he thought.

Matt understood that the problem was too deep for a high school history teacher to tackle. ‘What if I got a PhD and became a professor?’ The idea of spending up to ten years as a student, then battling the other professors for control over the direction of education seemed insurmountable.

‘They’d never let me be a professor anyway.’ Matt was beginning to accept.

Though he had already come to understand that his quest to preserve history was futile, Matt had decided to at least finish his first year, which was already paid for, and he may use the credits towards a different degree one day, if he decided on a more practical career that required a formal education. But most importantly, he decided to stay and see what kind of people he would meet. He stayed in a dorm but could get home by public transit, albeit a long ride, so he wasn’t desperate for friends, but he felt he may appreciate a wider variety of discussion. He enjoyed

playing sports with his high school friends, or just hanging out with them and joking about whatever was on their minds that day. But none of them were interested in the wider world of global events and politics.

3

“The education system has been imposing a view of the Europeans as victors over an inferior people for so long that it has become the image marginalized people have for themselves. Add to that a media that destroys, perverts and then usurps a culture and you have a spiritual destruction that has left their people paralysed and helpless in a world that rejects them at every turn.”

Matt had taken the advice of the esteemed Dr. Finklestein and listened to the lectures intently, and was curious as to how his fellow White students thought about being an eternal oppressor, so he asked a normal looking young man as class was let out.

“So, how does it feel being responsible for Natives when they drink too much and stab someone?”

The young man looked confused and replied “But, I’m not responsible for that. Why would I be?”

“Well, you’re not. But didn’t you hear what she said? When she said ‘criminals are just people with a broken spirit’ and ‘their spirit was broken by the crushing force of colonialism,’ she was saying that Natives only commit crime because White people supposedly did bad things to them,” explained Matt.

“Yeah, but why do they go to prison so much? It could be in part racism but it could also be the history of defeat and shame, like she was saying. It makes sense. I mean, I’m not a criminal, but if I had to go through what they went through, I don’t know who I’d be,” replied the young man.

“They go through whatever they put themselves through. Any defeat they suffered was a long time ago. Now they’re allowed to do whatever they want, and are even given advantages,” said Matt.

“But they have already been hurt. This trauma explains the inequality and gives us a chance to heal. How else could you explain the inequality?” asked the young man.

“Every Native our age has grown up knowing that they can go to any school they want and it will be paid for, yet many choose to go around stealing and fighting. Maybe that’s just who they are,” suggested Matt.

“That’s racist! You think they choose to grow up in terrible conditions? Something you wouldn’t know about, with all your privilege,” rambled the young man.

“Okay, I was just curious about what you thought of all this. Have a good day,” said Matt as he turned and walked away, hearing “Fuck you, racist!” from behind his back, to which he turned his head for a moment and gave the young man a smile and nod, as he thought about how stupid this person must be to believe this nonsense.

4

Matt’s social experience had so far been disappointing, but that all changed when he saw the most intriguing woman he had ever seen. With her dark hair and bright eyes highlighting the finest features he had ever seen, and her confident posture, he had to know: “What are you taking?”

“I’m taking a business degree,” she replied.

“What are you going to use that for?” he asked.

“I don’t know, I guess I’ll work in an office somewhere doing something. I’m not really sure but having a degree helps to get a job that pays well, so I’ll figure it out when I graduate. What about you?”

“I want to be a history teacher, or at least I thought I did. But since coming here, it seems like the only people who care about history are saying untrue things about it, and they won’t listen when I try to tell them what I think,” he explained.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“I mean, it seems like everything is about how bad White people are, and how we mistreated everybody else, especially Natives,” he replied.

“Yeah, I take some social studies courses because they’re easy credits, and I hear them say some pretty out there things. But they’re professors, so they should know what they’re talking about. I mean, you have to be pretty smart to be a professor, right?” she said.

“That’s what I always thought, but I’m not too sure anymore after listening to these people. They seem to think Africa is in shambles because of this evil thing called colonialism, but that’s just White people going to other countries and building stuff. It really doesn’t make any sense,” he said.

“It doesn’t make sense, when you put it that way. But I’m just here for the degree, so I’ll write whatever gets me a pass,” she said.

“I came here to prevent this sort of thing from spreading, but I may be too late. But anyway, what’s your name?”

“Danielle.”

5

“We can see that First Nations are drastically over represented in HIV infections, which is caused by the systemically racist education system which prioritized cultural deconstruction and perpetuated the cycle of poverty.”

‘So we’re even responsible for their AIDS?’ thought Matt after the latest lecture in his colonial studies class. ‘Some of the White people seem to be buying this stuff, but what about the Chinese people?’ he wondered.

Most Chinese social groups were impenetrable walls guarded by loud noises Matt could not understand. But a Chinese student who sat near him seemed to speak English, given his level of attention and note taking, so after this latest attempt to vilify White people, he asked him, “Are Chinese people taught that everything they do is bad?”

The Chinese man laughed and said “No, we are proud of our history and celebrate it. We don’t understand why White people allow this.”

“Neither do I. I came here to figure it out, and maybe stop it, but everybody here seems to think every bad thing that has ever happened is because of White people. It’s pretty crazy,” said Matt.

“Yes, in China, if people say they no like government, and government do bad things, they go to jail. We are proud of history and no want people ruin it like dis,” replied the Chinese man.

“I think we need to learn to respect our history before it’s too late. Who knows what kind of madness this could lead to,” said Matt.

“I take this course because I have to. I take engineering degree but must do two social studies courses, so I take history. I write what they want and get good grade, but dis stupid,” explained the Chinese man.

Matt’s experience with Chinese people had been limited thus far, but he was beginning to wonder if they were his favourite minority.

6

“One of them said that had it not been for the wealth stolen from Africa, Europe would still be in the Dark Ages. But how come Europeans were able to even get to these places? We were building ships that took us around the world before they even invented the wheel. But they act like our success was just luck or theft. It’s like they don’t want the Africans to feel bad for doing nothing while Europeans built the modern world,” Matt told his high school friend, Chris, on a visit home.

“Yeah, well, I don’t worry about any of that while I’m putting a fence together. I’m learning a lot at my landscaping job,” replied Chris, who had always been athletic.

“You like it?” asked Matt.

“Yeah, it’s pretty hard work, but I’m getting good at it,” said Chris.

“Maybe you guys can hire me if this school idea doesn’t work out,” said Matt.

“It’s so bad you’re going to give up?”

"I don't know about giving up, but it's not what I thought. The teachers say weird things, and I think a lot the students believe it. None of what I've seen there makes sense, but I don't think there's anything I can do about it," explained Matt.

"I bet you and me could put a fence up in record time," said Chris.

7

"I've been reading books that say really different things than our professors say, but nobody wants to talk about it," said Matt.

"Like what?" asked Danielle.

"They keep saying that we're all the same on the inside, but other people have studied the average IQ of different races and, well, they're different. Quite different, in some cases. In fact, it's kind of scary how low the average is in some countries," he replied.

"What about Chinese people?" she asked.

"Their average is a little higher than ours, but we're bringing a lot of Africans and other types of Asians into this country too," he replied.

"I don't see many Africans around Vancouver," she noted.

"Not yet, but I hear Toronto and other cities are full of them, and they have gangs and they shoot people, and if I bring up any of this stuff to people at school, they just look startled and talk about the need for education. But education doesn't fix super low IQ. I don't know, maybe it does a bit, but nobody really knows because the people who are supposed to be studying this type of thing are busy saying really dumb stuff like Africans have low IQ because White people are mean to them and we just need to train them more," he explained.

"I think people don't want to be mean, so they act like everyone can get along if we just try," she said.

"But a lot of Africans seem pretty mean, and violent, so we're going to let them come here and destroy our country just because nobody wants to say it?" he asked.

“No, nobody wants to say it. I guess all we can really do is avoid it. At least we know what to avoid,” she said.

“As long as you stick with me, I’ll protect you from any pack of wild Africans we may encounter. But out here, hopefully, the most I’ll have to do is protect you from a pack of wild Chinese people.”

8

“To strive after defeat at the hands of colonialism proved impossible without their strong culture to fall back on, which is why early settlers dismantled their customs through forced assimilation in residential schools.”

Matt enjoyed the Chinese perspective, and would often share a comment or two with his new friend, Guo, on whatever their lesson was about after class, and the conversation was usually a humerus take on whatever subject they were supposed to take seriously.

“They’re trying so hard to make the Natives sound like they’re so hard done by, but sometimes I wish China would conquer Canada and pay for my university,” said Matt.

“Oh, losers get no money from us,” replied Guo.

“Right, and I don’t think we gave you anything after the Opium Wars, and that was probably worse than anything we did to Natives in this country, other than maybe accidentally spread disease, but I’m starting to think those stories are a bit overblown. Anyway, do Chinese people resent us for the Opium Wars?” asked Matt.

“To be honest, yes, some do. But we no let it hold us back. We work, and we smart, so we succeed. Besides, me, I think it our fault anyway. We smoke the opium. We no have to,” replied Guo.

“I’m glad you see it that way, but it was pretty bad of us, so how ‘bout I buy you lunch and we can call it even.” The offer was taken and the conversation continued in the food court.

Guo spoke English quite well, but with a noticeable accent and the slight grammatical errors that indicated it was a well practiced second language, so Matt was curious as to where he had picked it up.

“Did you learn English in China before coming here?” he asked.

Guo looked a bit surprised by the question and responded “I learn English here.”

“Oh, how long have you been here? Because your English is quite good,” said Matt.

“I was born here,” he replied.

Now Matt was surprised, but asked “And then your family moved back to China for a while?”

“No, I’ve been to China once on vacation, but I was born and raised in Burnaby,” said Guo.

This shocked Matt. How could you grow up here and have an accent like that? Matt was mind boggled, as the complete lack of amusement Guo displayed suggested that he was not joking.

“But you describe the Chinese as your people,” noted Matt.

“Sure, I’m Chinese. I don’t have to be born in China to be Chinese.”

Matt understood, as he had always instinctually felt attached to British history, though he couldn’t recall ever having discussed the matter in concrete terms with anyone before. “My family has been here for hundreds of years, but I still feel British. I don’t think those attachments go away easily.”

In fact, such attachments grew from that day forward.

Rather than make every day a battle, Matt had decided to get through school by being more subtle than he was with some of his earlier papers, such as “How Colonialism Benefited the Primitives,” which resulted in failing grades

accompanied by notes explaining that the damage to their culture and pride was not taken into consideration.

Later essays made true efforts at examining both sides, such as the one which explained that “State of the art people moving technology that made distant regions more accessible and open for development than ever before, was unwanted by the Native peoples as they viewed it as a movement of different peoples that would overwhelm them and threaten their way of life.”

The conclusion of “Technology eliminated the need for traditional hunting and gathering methods, which the Native peoples have had difficulty adapting to” was acceptable to the teaching assistant grading the paper, and acceptable to Matt as being true.

“Will the current peoples of Canada suffer the same fate as unrelenting waves of third worlders hit our shores? What do Natives think about actual Indians colonizing their land?” were questions considered by Matt, but not included in any of his papers in an effort to get by.

All he enjoyed about school was lunch with Danielle, who, with exams right around the corner, asked him rhetorically: “What do you think about your first year of university? Ready for another?”

“I don’t think so. There’s a lot of crap being shoveled here, and nobody even wants to debate anything. It’s like they’ve decided what’s right, and they just yell at everybody who disagrees. And I think the worst of them are lesbians.” Matt’s suspicion was based on many female professors he saw having hair and clothing styles that appeared very lesbian to him, and that many bragged about how lesbian they were, and he was beginning to see the connection between their sexuality and their haughty demeanors.

“They walk around with these angry faces, as if they hate everybody, and accuse everybody of hating them. They act as though they have the right to tell everybody what to do because they’re gay and oppressed. Problem is, they’re also stupid. They want me to believe that Natives are in jail because White people built one of the greatest nations ever around them and offer them free university, so

now they have AIDS, and it's all out fault. And they always have these sour looks on their faces, as if they're in charge of everything and just looking for an excuse to yell at someone. I can't let arrogant idiots be in charge of me," he said.

"It's a shame to let them win, though," said Danielle.

"Win what? When I try to talk to people about the potential consequences of third world immigration, they either change the subject or get angry. People don't want to hear about it, so why should I try to tell them when it just makes them not like me?" he asked.

"Yeah, most people just want to get by," she agreed.

"I've put a lot of work into this, so I may as well finish this year, but I won't be changing the world. All I can do is let the stupidity run its course. Maybe a few wannabe intellectuals will buy the BS, but the average person doesn't even care about this, so why should I?"

10

"Are you still working in landscaping?" Matt asked Chris.

"Yeah, it's still pretty good work."

"It looks like it keeps you in shape. Do you guys need anybody?" he followed up.

"Probably. They were hiring for the summer. I think they still are. I'll tell them you're my friend. They like me, so they'll probably take you right away," replied Chris.

"That would be nice. I just have a couple more exams and I'll be done," said Matt.

"They hire a lot of students, so they don't care if you can only work a few months," said Chris.

"If I like it, I might stay a lot longer. I think I'm done with school," said Matt.

"Really?"

"Everything they teach is stupid. And if I disagree with them, they raise their voices and glare at me, as if they want to hit me," said Matt.

“Are any of them big guys who could knock you out?” asked Chris.

“No, it’s just the women who do that. Especially the lesbians. The men are nicer, but they still say stupid things,” explained Matt.

“Landscaping is tough work, and people will say stupid things, but they’ll laugh with you, and nobody’s going to yell at you. I’ve been there for a year and I’m already a bit of a boss. It’s pretty laid back, aside from the hard work,” said Chris.

Matt was sold.

11

‘Why is rap so popular?’ Adrian had spent a fair amount of time considering this question, especially since his recent visit to Toronto, which was a few hours drive from his home, where he saw large numbers of Black people milling about. They weren’t committing violent crime, and they weren’t obviously destitute, but their presence in such significant numbers was disconcerting for a high school kid from an isolated, small city that was nearly all White. His school of about five hundred kids had a diversity contingent consisting of roughly a dozen students, mostly from the Orient and the Indian sub continent, but also included a couple of African children. But those few blended in to an otherwise White background, so ethnic gangs seemed like a distant rumour. But Adrian may have seen some live and in person just last weekend.

‘Why would White kids from a neighbourhood like this want to pretend they come from a neighbourhood like that?’ he wondered. They were only a few hundred kilometres from Toronto, but a world away.

Adrian was self aware enough that he knew he too was a kid, but unaware of his fellow kids’ thoughts and feelings enough that he would sometimes ponder what they may be. He could recall numerous occasions on which children would rap things like “Niggas be huntin’ me but I be on dem. I’m comin’ up behind with my nine,” in unison, with many pointing their fingers as if they were holding guns, or moving their arms and legs up and down as if they were dancing to whatever music accompanied such lyrics.

Once such displays were complete, participants would usually laugh, perhaps indicating that there was some understanding of the clownish nature of White people emulating such a culture. But some appeared to take it quite seriously, regularly speaking with the latest rap lingo, and seemed to be affecting some type of accent and body movements you may encounter in a US ghetto, or at least some attempt at such.

Adrian rarely laughed; in part because he was not a very emotive person, and in part because he was not amused by what most of his classmates seemed to be amused by. But the absurd nature of these very domesticated children fantasizing about living in a ghetto in which they would be seen as targets and beaten up, possibly killed, brought a small grin to his face and made him feel less bad about not fitting in with them.

Though confused White children did not seem like a major concern to him, Adrian saw dark undertones in the culture they were being influenced by. Curious, he watched some rap videos made by authentic Black people discussing violent acts, and noted that the people in the videos seemed more natural in their movements and tone; from their aggressive strides, to the interesting handshakes they had between each other, to the noises they made when imitating machine guns. They seemed to belong in the rap industry much more than his local teenagers. Many of the people he saw in those videos likely had been involved in turf wars for drug dealing territory, and some may have shot people or been shot themselves. Any drugs being sold in Adrian's town went without his notice, and did not lead to murder.

'Those are all Black people in The States making these videos and joining gangs. Will it be the same in Toronto?' he wondered. He thought back to the excuses people made for African-Americans, such as slavery, poverty, systemic racism.

'We didn't do that here. All we did was invite Africans to move to a rich country, so none of those things apply. So how are Black people behaving in Toronto?' he asked himself.

Delving into that subject led to some very disconcerting information, causing him to fear for his country's future.

12

"Adrian, just the man I was looking for!"

Todd was a few years older than Adrian, so he was surprised that he would be looking for him. But as his cousin, Todd knew that Adrian was smart, strong and dependable, so he was indeed looking for Adrian.

"I guess you're not very busy, now that school's out." Adrian was not.

"Well, you could make some decent money working for me, if you want. It'll be fun. You should give it a shot," Todd suggested.

Adrian knew that Todd had started a firewood business, so he figured it had something to do with that, and was curious about the specifics. "Doing what?"

"I'll show you."

Todd took Adrian to his wood splitter, which was an engine set over a stand with a large chamber and a big arm that pushed through it and into two blades that intersected at ninety degrees, forming a four-way splitter that looked like a submarine's conning tower, but with wood rather than waves smashing into it.

"You put the log in here," explained Todd as he placed the log into the chamber. "Then you just pull this lever, and the ram pushes it into the blade and the log is split," he said as the process played out and the log splintered into a few smaller pieces.

"For smaller logs, you can just pick them up and throw them in. But these big, heavy ones, you can lift them here." Todd rolled the log onto a metal plate that was attached to the splitter right beside the chamber, angled towards the ground, then bent to be flush to the ground for about a foot or more. He then pulled a lever which lifted the metal plate and the log with it, which then rolled into the chamber and was ready to be split.

“And when they’re big like this, you might want to split some of the pieces again. They can’t be too big. I’ll pay you by the load, so you’ll get paid as soon as you’re done, no matter how long it takes you,” explained Todd.

Adrian soon found himself calling his cousin quite often, asking if he had wood to split. Todd spent much of his time cutting trees into logs in a forest he had the rights to cut in, but he still often had time to spend running his splitter, so he didn’t always have work for Adrian. But things like deliveries and the necessities of life would cause him to get behind, and Adrian would often be offered a pile of logs to chop.

Adrian was always happy to accept. He enjoyed working outdoors, and challenging himself to get the logs split as quickly as possible; grabbing logs, setting them in the chamber, and hitting the button to smash them against the blade, all using the smoothest motions he could. He found himself getting stronger, and more able to lift big logs into the chamber himself, without using the lift.

He also enjoyed spending time with his cousin, who was a few years older than him and much more mature than the teenage rap enthusiasts he had to attend school with.

“Hey Todd, do you like rap?” he asked one day as they were working in the woods.

“It’s not really my thing, but it’s okay. Some of it is good. Why, do you like rap?” he asked in return.

“No, I don’t really understand it. But I was in Toronto and I saw a lot of Black people there. And I’ve been watching some rap videos and Black people don’t seem very nice, so I wondered how they were behaving in Toronto. It turns out they’re forming gangs and shoot each other over various squabbles, just like they do in The States,” explained Adrian.

“Yeah, but, you know, they still come from impoverished cultures, and they have things like rap telling them that gangs are good, so they’re not being taught good values, but they can get jobs here and have a better life, so if a Black guy wants to buy wood from me, I’d take their money,” replied Todd.

Adrian wasn't sure how many Black people were sitting around wood stoves or campfires, but he could not think of a reason to not sell them wood if they did.

"Have you sold any wood to Black people?" asked Adrian.

"Not yet, but luckily there's lots of White people buying it, so I can pay you to chop it. What do you think about how much I'm paying you, fair?" asked Todd.

"Definitely," replied Adrian without hesitation. "You pay me to get a job done and not to sit around. So, if I push myself, I can make a lot really quickly. And if you had unlimited wood for me to chop, I'd make almost unlimited money."

"Well, this is only my second year doing this, and it's better than my first as my name gets out there. But if I keep growing, I'll keep giving you more wood to cut. If Black people buy enough wood from me that you could split it all summer next year, would you like that?" asked Todd.

"Sure." If anyone was going to benefit from their presence, it may as well be them.

13

Adrian's return to school coincided with the winding down of wood splitting season, though he still worked weekends in the fall. As winter set in, he would miss the smells of the various woods he was cutting and surrounded by. The satisfaction of watching his efforts pile up and pay out. He much preferred his job to the forced socialization of school.

Adrian was fairly tall and sturdily built, and he wasn't especially ugly or odd looking, so he wasn't picked on. But he barely had a sense of humour, so the other kids mostly left him to himself. He had a few friends, but most of them had more book smarts than social skills as well. Not that Adrian was an especially good student, but his unimpressive grades were due more to a lack of interest than a lack of ability. His recent work experience solidified his view that he would like to just get through school and begin earning a living immediately. But one assignment offered him more than just a chance to regurgitate some information, instead allowing him to express his concerns about the possibilities they faced.

“I want you to write an essay on what you think is the biggest influence on Canadian society. This is a very open-ended assignment. It can be a historical event. It can be a person. It can be an institution. It can be whatever you believe has had, or is having, the greatest influence on Canadian society, good or bad. Then present it to the class,” explained his teacher, a young woman who was very eager for as much student participation as possible.

All Adrian could think about was the large number of Africans he saw in Toronto that summer and wondered just what sort of influence they might have on our society. He had already researched the subject on his own out of concern, and now he had the chance to share his findings with his classmates.

Adrian had not told anybody about his project, which he believed people would find informative.

“People keep saying that diversity is our strength, but looking at the last five shootings in Toronto, all of them were committed by diversity; specifically, Black people,” he began after positioning himself in front of the class.

A few people chuckled, as this was still before the racism fanatics had completely taken over, but it was an uncomfortable topic, so the teacher braced herself for potential boundary crossings while allowing him to continue.

“In fact, nearly all the named or described suspects in shootings in Toronto are Black. Some people believe this is cultural, but even in Canada, where we invited them to come to a rich country and passed anti discrimination laws, they commit far more violent crime than everybody else. We don’t know by how much because the only time somebody tried to put together these statistics, the chief of police of Toronto found that Black people committed the majority of the violent crime, despite them being only a few percent of the population at the time, which was 1989. After that, they made it illegal to compile race-based crime statistics in this country.”

Some in the class appeared shocked and amused by the fact that Adrian would say such things openly, while others seemed genuinely interested. Adrian could see one boy who appeared to be angry, but he was not concerned and continued.

“This may be due to the low average IQ in African countries,” he continued. “Some people blame culture and history not only for their current living conditions, but also for their low IQ. There are different arguments here, the first being the idea that the tests are ‘culturally biased’ - Black people don’t understand them as well because the questions are more familiar to White people. But why do Chinese people score even higher than White people on average? And why do Black people still score really low when the tests are just symbols with no cultural bias to them? It’s just pattern recognition and they still don’t get even close to us.”

“Mrs. Fenton, are you going to let Adrian be racist!” shrieked the angry boy, who happened to be good friends with one of the two black students at the school, neither of whom were present in the classroom.

“No, this does seem to enter into racist territory, and we need to be careful here,” the teacher warned.

“But Mrs. Fenton, I was just telling the truth, which is what we’re supposed to do,” pled Adrian.

“Tempers are flaring, and we need to tone it down a bit. Adrian, I believe we understand your point of view, so you can sit down and Colby can come up, who will be telling us about...”

“Wait, Mrs. Fenton, I have a conclusion I’d like to read.” She gestured for him to proceed. Adrian looked at his notes for the first time to make sure he got it right, and to get back into presentation mode: “This problem may seem small at the moment, but if we ignore it, it will grow and become much more difficult to manage, like cancer that could have been cut out easily but becomes terminal when left untreated.”

“The only problem we need to fix is racism!” the angry boy squelched and glared at Adrian, who wasn’t quite sure why, but knew this was not over.

“There’s the guy who thinks he can murder people who look different.”

Adrian knew what this was about before turning around. “When did I say anything about murdering anybody?” he asked the same boy who had interrupted his presentation with angry quips.

“You said that Black people were cancer and we had to cut them out them out. That’s like killing them,” explained the angry boy, who was much smaller than Adrian, but seemed emboldened somehow, and acted as though he were much more significant than he appeared.

Adrian realized that his choice of words may have allowed for inferences he had not intended, so he explained: “I wasn’t suggesting we kill anybody. I was just saying that we should look at the results of importing the Africans that we’ve already brought here and decide whether or not it’s a good idea to bring more.”

“Who are you to decide who comes here? You’re just a colonizer on stolen land.” Such language was very uncommon at the time and was not understood by Adrian.

“It’s in all our interest who comes here, and if we bring people with a history of violence and they act violently, maybe we should think about whether we should keep bringing people like that here.” Adrian was unsure as to why he had to explain this again.

“The ones with the history of violence are Hitler and the KKK! And we need to stand up to hate wherever it threatens to kill people!” As he finished his statement, the angry boy began screaming and stepped forward with a swing towards Adrian’s face, which was easily side-stepped and deflected, leaving his opponent off balance. Wanting to end the encounter as quickly as possible, Adrian shoved the boy to the ground with enough force that as soon as the boy hit the ground, he realized that the fight was not going to go well for him, so he scurried off, never to exchange blows or words with Adrian again.

"I know you didn't mean they were cancer. But I understand why he took it that way," said Jeff, who had been in class when Adrian gave his race realism presentation, and was there when the boy tried to fight him over it. And he was friends with both combatants, to some extent.

"I shouldn't have said they were cancer, because they are people and some of them seem nice. I just meant, if they are doing harm to our society, we should stop that from spreading. We can see what U.S. ghettos are like, and what Africa is like, and what Toronto is becoming, so should we keep bringing more?" asked Adrian.

"I don't know. I'm friends with a couple of Black guys, but I only know a couple because that's all there is around here. They're good guys," said Jeff.

"Sure, but it's about group averages, so a lot of them will be nice, but too many commit violent crime," explained Adrian.

Jeff understood the point, but was unsure. "We don't know what's going on in those places. I can only go by what I see, and people seem to be getting along."

"I don't know many Black people either, but the crime statistics are pretty bad," replied Adrian.

"Well, I'm going to school in Toronto in the fall, so I bet I'll meet lots of Black people then. What are you doing after high school?" asked Jeff.

"I'm not sure. I'll probably chop more wood with my cousin, but then I guess I'll have to find a career. I might just try a few things until I find something I like," he explained.

"As long as you find something that makes you happy. Worrying about things like the number of Black people in Canada won't get you anywhere. We can't change anything," said Jeff.

"I think it is important to talk about things that affect the country, and say what you believe. But that's not a job," replied Adrian.

“You could be a politician.”

“I’d rather spit logs all day than have to convince people to vote for me. You have to make people like you and be friends with everyone, which I’m not very good at. You could be a politician,” said Adrian.

“Ha! Maybe, then I can hire you as my advisor. But splitting logs seems all right. It got you in shape. You threw Kevin to the ground pretty easy,” said Jeff.

Adrian was indeed much stronger than the average video game playing suburban high school kid. “Many of the logs I have to lift probably weigh more than him.”

“I’m getting a degree in economics, so maybe I need to go to the gym.” At nearly six feet, Jeff was not short, and he was not skinny either, nor was he fat. But he was not a physical person and was not concerned about becoming one. He was not a very attractive teenager, but he was charming and easy to get along with, and was universally liked. So much so that even stoic Adrian enjoyed talking to him.

16

“Hey Adrian, do you think you’ll have time to split piles of wood this summer?” asked Todd.

“Sure. I have time now but I still have school for a little while, but it’s be pretty easy, so I can get started right away, and I’ll have even more time soon,” replied Adrian.

“You’re pretty smart, so are you going to university in the fall?” asked Todd.

“Go through even more school? No way,” said Adrian.

“Oh? I thought you were the kind of kid who liked school,” said Todd.

“No, they don’t teach me what I want to know about, so it’s pretty boring. I can just read about whatever I want,” he explained.

“I hear that, but I always liked seeing my friends and having a good time. It gets harder when you get older, you know?” said Todd.

“The people I go to school with laugh really hard at jokes I don’t find funny, so I don’t understand them very well.”

“You are a pretty serious guy, Adrian. Has anybody ever told you to enjoy life more?” asked Todd.

“Just because I don’t laugh a lot doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy things. I just think there are serious problems in the world, and people just want to laugh at things that don’t make sense. Some people want to laugh after every sentence, whether it was funny or not,” said Adrian.

“Maybe the world could use a little more seriousness. Given that you’re like this as a teenager, maybe you’ll grow up to be so serious that you can make up for all us clowns. Either way, I sold out really quickly last winter, and I got more logging rights, so I’ll cut down trees all season, you split all the wood, and I’ll see how much I can sell this year,” said Todd.

“I’d like that. It would be the best way for me to earn money right after school,” said Adrian appreciatively.

“Great! You did a good job for me last year, and you’ll make a lot more this year.” And with that, Adrian’s plans for the summer were made.

17

‘It sure is a lot busier than home.’ Jeff had not been to Toronto before, and it was a significant change of pace from his home just a few hours away, though he was settling into his new environment easily. He was not shocked by the diversity as he was aware of the city’s reputation, and it did not bother him.

He had already settled into his apartment, which his parents could cover as both were successful lawyers, so he was able to spend some time exploring the city. ‘I bet I’ll meet people from all over the world here,’ he thought as he walked the streets, passing by varieties of Asian and African he had never seen before, and he was excited to learn all about them.

Once school began, he found most of his economics classes to be informative, but often dry. The social studies courses he was required to take, as well as the ones he wanted to take that could count towards his degree, were far more interesting.

“And that is why most African nations are still dealing with the repercussions of colonialism today,” ended one lecture. The oppression of Africa under European rule was a theme he had heard in many of his classes, and it sounded pretty bad, so he wanted to hear the perspective of an actual African.

And there was no shortage. He had noticed a young man, probably a few years older than himself- early twenties, he’d guess- who always seemed to be paying attention in class, and figured he could give an interesting answer. “How has colonialism affected your home country?” asked Jeff as class was getting out.

“I am Ethiopian. We are only country in Africa to fight off all colonialists. We been independent for thousands of years,” the man replied.

“Wow, that amazing!” Jeff was genuinely proud of the Ethiopians.

“It much worse for other countries, like Congo,” the man explained.

“Yeah, she was saying in the lecture there. That sounded horrible! I’m glad you guys fought back and saved your country,” said Jeff.

“Yes, us Ethiopians more capable of defending ourselves than many other Africans. We have better weapons and we know how to use. And we have fighting spirit,” explained the man.

“Good job! What’s your name?” Jeff asked as he reached out to shake the man’s hand.

“I’m Eli,” he said as he accepted Jeff’s hand and shook it firmly.

Jeff found himself asking Eli for his perspective after many of the lessons. He had an accent, but it wasn’t overly strong as Eli had moved to Canada when he was young. “What do you think she meant when she said trauma is passed through generations? Do you think that’s true?” he asked Eli.

“Sure. You see many African nation, and indigenous peoples around the world, struggle to combat the poverty they learn from cultural deficits make by cultural genocide.” Eli was taking a social studies degree, with a focus on colonialism, so he was much better versed in the lingo than the average student who was filling their social studies quota.

“Do you mean that with their culture destroyed, they are unable to teach their children their culture, which would have made them stronger people?” Jeff had been paying attention in class.

“Yes, how can you teach your children good things when you no know good things?” replied Eli.

This made sense to Jeff, as many countries were still poor despite easy access to technologies and knowledge of all sorts. “I think one day everyone will catch up. But for now, can I buy you a beer? I like talking to you about these things, and you’re helping me understand this class.”

“Okay. I like beer.”

“So, which colonialists did you guys have to fight off?” asked Jeff after they had found a table at a nearby bar.

“We fight Italians. Our problem is fighting each other in Ethiopia. We have some people, not like other people, different tribe. They fight,” replied Eli.

“Oh, we don’t have tribes here, unless you count French and English, and Natives, of course, but we get along, for the most part.” Jeff did not know any Natives or Quebecois as none lived in his hometown. But these were the historic groups of his country, and he was unaware of any significant conflict between them.

“Yes, we fight no more here. I love Canada because we come here, we build country together, we Canada now, no more tribe that fight each other,” declared Eli.

“How old were you when you moved here?”

“Eleven. We come with family because uncle move here long time ago,” explained Eli.

“Do you speak Ethiopian at home?” asked Jeff.

“Yes, my family and friends are all in Ethiopian community. Some no speak English yet,” explained Eli.

“What would happen if you met someone from a different Ethiopian tribe here in Canada? Would you fight?” asked Jeff.

“No, we left because of such things. We don’t want to fight no more. We want peace, and this country with enough wealth make everybody want peace.”

Jeff truly understood the value of immigration for the first time: Great men from all over the world, fleeing war or hunger, searching for a better life, came to Canada to share a love of peace and prosperity. “You know, I remember a friend of mine in high school, he was worried about Africans coming here and committing a lot of crime because he was watching a lot of TV and thought rap was real, so he may have been a bit racist. But he didn’t even know any Black people. I’m sure you’d get along great with him.”

“Ethiopians have lot of Arab blood, especially my tribe, but racism can be problem when there no education. People learn hate and love, and we teach love, and we can have love in Canada because no need to fight,” said Eli.

“Well, I’m sure if more racists could have a beer with Eli the Ethiopian, there would be more love in the world.”

“There’s stories of people being tortured with drills, boiling water being thrown on them, all kinds of unimaginable things.” Adrian had been reading stories from South Africa, as he wanted to understand the results of White people handing over our nations to Blacks.

“All the politicians are Black now, White people are getting murdered regularly, and they’re still talking about fixing racism against Black people,” he continued.

“Yeah, but, look, they had a really racist government for a long time, so there’s a lot of anger and resentment, which gets you nowhere, but that’s just how they feel right now,” replied Todd, who had come by the woodpile to pay Adrian.

“But Black people have had political power there for about a decade, and it’s turning into a third world country, with massive amounts of deadly violence,” replied Adrian.

“Okay, but that’s over there. That doesn’t happen here. I’m more worried about here than whatever’s going on there. And I don’t even know what’s going on there. You don’t know what’s going on there. All kinds of stuff is happening there and you don’t know why,” said Todd.

“I know that it does have one of the highest murder rates in the world. And I know that it’s Black people killing White people. And I know that there’s a lot of Black people in Toronto now,” said Adrian.

“Yeah, well, like I said, you don’t know what’s going on there because Black people in Toronto aren’t murdering White people like they might be in South Africa,” said Todd.

“But they do commit a lot of murder and shootings in Toronto, based on reading the news. I don’t know what the rate is because we can’t keep track of who commits crime in this country, but it’s not as bad as South Africa, yet.”

“I don’t know why you’re so worried about South Africa. I’m worried about cutting wood and selling it. And if the Black people in Toronto start killing White people, I’ll run into the woods. Maybe then we can get together with guns and take our country back. But until that happens, I’m going to keep selling wood to whoever wants it,” said Todd.

Adrian liked Todd, and he respected him as his older cousin and his boss. But his lack of interest in such important matters was disappointing, and an indication that it wasn’t simply teenage apathy that was preventing interesting conversation, but a broader pattern of behaviour.

‘Whenever I mention this, people either become angry or they want to make excuses, as if everything will be fine as soon as some minor problem is fixed. They just don’t want to talk about it,’ he thought as he reflected upon his conversation with Todd.

Adrian could not see how he could possibly change the world, especially with everyone unwilling to even discuss the subject. ‘Will I have to run away into the woods one day? No, people will see the problems we’re creating and fix them before things get too bad. They have to.’

All he knew for sure was, he would not be moving to Toronto. But he did want to live in a big city, so he could meet many different people, or he could meet no one. He also needed work opportunities and figured he would find them in the Vancouver area, along with forests, mountains and lakes for him to explore, so he flew out after wood splitting season to familiarize himself with the city and make sure it was a good idea.

‘There aren’t that many Africans here,’ he thought after walking around the city for a couple of days. He did find himself frequently surrounded by Orientals, but they did not feel very threatening- Adrian learned about how low their crime rates were while researching racial differences, and he was significantly larger than almost all of them.

‘Vancouver it is,’ he told himself.

Jeff’s relationship with his high school girlfriend was not strong enough to survive the distance, so he found himself keeping an eye out while traversing his campus. He had not been exposed to exotic women before, and found the different looks interesting. He was a very positive person, and looked for the best in everyone.

He passed by an Oriental lady in the hall and became quite smitten, both by her appearance and composure. He admired her delicate features and long, smooth hair. He was only able to see her for a moment as he passed her in a crowded hallway before she entered her class, and out of reach for now. He made a note of the day and time she entered that classroom, figuring he’d be able to find her

there next week. But he would be on the lookout in the meantime, hoping to encounter her between classes again.

And he did. Two days later he saw her approaching in the hallway, unaware of his interest in her. “Hey, it’s you! I remember your jacket. It looks nice. What are you taking here?”

The young woman appeared confused, as if she was trying to recognize him. “I’m just taking a BA for now. A bit of everything this year. Do I know you?” she said.

“No, I saw you the other day, and I thought you looked nice. I’ve been keeping my eye out for you, and here you are! What’s your name?” he asked.

“Lynn. What are you taking here?”

“I’m working on my economics degree. It’s practical because every major business needs economists, but nobody wants to do it because it’s boring, so I’ll step up and have a pretty solid career.” Jeff actually found concepts like balancing supply and demand interesting, but he didn’t want to come off as being too nerdy. His way of making people feel at ease made up for the fact that he was quite average looking.

“Sounds like you have a good career ahead of you,” she noted.

“I hope so. What are your plans after school?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I’ll get a job in an office somewhere. Maybe in HR. I like helping people, and that’s a place you can sometimes,” she replied.

“Sure, people need advocates at work sometimes. And there’s always a need for HR people. Are you busy Thursday?”

She did not have plans at the time of asking.

“Let’s see how quickly we can make this pile of dirt disappear,” said Chris. One task they often had was to shovel dirt into wheelbarrows and move it to areas that were inaccessible by machine.

Though Matt and Chris played hockey growing up, the climate of their region made for few to no outdoor rinks, making it difficult to practice enough to get to the professional level. But they took advantage of all the practice and game time they had, competing with themselves more than for a spot in the NHL.

They started pushing their shovels into the dirt and lifting them out just as fast, filling barrows more quickly than they could be moved. They had learned a lot over the last year, with Chris now having more than two years experience in the industry, so they were usually in charge of a few students working their summer job, or anyone willing to shovel for whatever reason. But Matt and Chris were generally the decision makers on site, and did the important things like making sure everything was level and operate the equipment. But they would often handle even the most menial of tasks, such as shoveling, when that was what needed to be done.

They were good examples to the rest of the workers, who generally wanted to do as little as possible to earn their hourly pay. But Matt and Chris had a competitive spirit that set a bar for others, and although few reached it, most put in enough effort so as to not look foolish and lazy compared to their co-workers. But the two were not earning very much more than the people they led, despite their ability to complete any job to perfection with no supervision.

“What’s stopping us from doing this ourselves?” asked Matt.

“What do you mean, the two of us being a crew?” inquired Chris.

“Yeah, but on jobs we get ourselves. Like our own business,” replied Matt.

“I don’t know anything about that. I don’t know how to get business, and I wouldn’t know what to charge if I could,” said Chris.

“I can figure that out. It can’t be too hard. And what I do know is that we can do all the work ourselves. No need to pay hourly people who can’t do half as much. All that labour expense can go right in our pockets,” he explained.

Matt took his business studies far more seriously than he ever took school. ‘What sort of regulations will I have to follow? What do these various materials cost?

What's the best place to buy the material? What's the best place to advertise?' were just some of the questions that went through his mind, and he found himself diligently learning the answers.

"I've been looking into it, and we don't need much to get started. The rules for doing business are pretty simple, and we can avoid some of them for now. We really just need a truck and trailer, a few tools, and maybe a bit of money to buy materials on our first jobs," Matt told Chris after having done some research.

"What about a bobcat? We'd need one for a lot of jobs," mentioned Chris.

"Yeah, when I was looking for ad space, I saw ads for rentals. For bigger jobs we can rent one ourselves and use it but if we just need a few potholes, we can pay someone to come out and do them for us for just a few bucks a hole, more or less. But if this works, it won't be too long before we can buy a used one. They're not that expensive," explained Matt.

"Okay. I guess we should save what we can. How long before we can get a truck?" asked Chris.

"Depends on the deal we find. How much do we have right now?"

After discussing their budget, Matt began looking for their start up equipment, and quickly found a great deal on a truck and trailer, such that they could pay cash for it.

"It's not beautiful, but it will move our material," said Matt. The rusty twenty-year-old black truck certainly was not beautiful, but it could be replaced if things worked out.

Matt grew up in an era before people spent much time online, but he managed to find a few sites on which to place ads and, before long, he got a call.

"Hello, I'm calling about your ad for landscaping," said the voice, which sounded as though it came from a mature White man.

Was this his first step towards success? "Yes, what can I help you with?"

My old fence is falling over, so I need it replaced. And there's a section of grass that's dead or dying, so this would be a good chance to have it ripped out and replaced," explained the man.

"Yeah, we can help you with that."

Matt made arrangements to view the property and found himself there later that day, discussing which type of wood the client wanted, and such details. Matt's study had paid off, as he was able to remember the price of the product, figure out roughly how much he would need and was able to calculate a price that would leave him some profit and virtually guarantee a deal.

"And that's for the fence and the lawn?" he asked.

"Sure is. But it doesn't include dump runs for the old material. I'll just charge you what they charge me, plus a bit for my time and fuel," clarified Matt.

"That's fair. When can you get started?"

"Within a few days."

"Guess what, we have a job!" Matt stopped by Chris's home to give him the news.

"A big one?" he asked.

"No, just a small fence and some sod. It will be easy," explained Matt.

The job went off without a hitch, and more followed; a retaining wall, a couple of concrete pathways, and some sod. It was enough that a division of profits was in order.

"I think you should just pay me out and hire me as an employee. This is your business, Matt," said Chris.

"What? We started this business together. We're working so hard together. I can't do this alone," replied Matt, who was quite surprised by the request.

"I'll be here for you as long as you need me, but I told you before we started, I don't know anything about business. You're getting the jobs, you're buying the

material and moving it around. All that and you work just as hard as me on site. You're the driving force here. I'm just along for the ride, so I wouldn't feel right calling myself your partner," he explained.

"Nobody works harder than you. We both make this business run," said Matt.

"But I don't want any of the responsibility. I never even want to look at the books. That's not my thing," replied Chris.

"But I need someone I can always count on. I'd hate to have to hire three guys to shovel as much as you can."

"Like I said, I'm here for you. I'm sure you'll be the best boss I could ask for," said Chris.

"I'll tell you what, I'll give you a cut of what I make after every job. Maybe you can get hours too, but I'll definitely give you a bonus every time we make money on a job. We'll figure out something like that," said Matt.

"You'll figure something out. I'm sure it will be fair."

21

Danielle's sister was a few years younger than her, and was barely in high school when she and Matt first began dating, so Matt had met her a few times but had not spent much time with her. But as she became an adult, it became more appropriate to have her as a guest at the couple's home, and sometimes enjoyed dinner together, as they did on a fall evening.

"So, Melinda, Danielle tells me you're taking a social studies degree at my old school. How's that going?" asked Matt.

"Oh, it's a lot of fun. They're teaching me all kinds of interesting stuff," replied Melinda.

"Like how we, White people, are responsible for so many Natives having AIDS?" he asked.

Melinda was taken aback by the question. "What do you mean?"

“When I went there, they were saying that a much higher percentage of Natives have AIDS than White people do, and they said it was our fault because of systemic racism. Do you believe that?” he clarified.

“Well, they have explained that generational trauma leaves them prone to disease like alcoholism, so I guess it could happen,” she replied.

“Really? So because we supposedly did bad things to their grandparents, they can’t help but get AIDS now?” Matt was baffled, despite his experience at school. He knew Melinda and it just seemed so odd for someone who was otherwise normal to believe such things.

“Residential schools happened within our lifetimes and so they are still suffering trauma,” she explained.

“Is the argument that we forced them to go to school but gave them bad advice in sex ed class? Because how else can we be responsible for their above average rate of AIDS infections?”

Matt wondered if he was about to get a rambling explanation of how teaching them English caused them to forget their beloved traditions, which diminished their capacity to the point of making HIV infection inevitable and out of their control, as he was sure any of his former teachers would. Instead, he got a shrug of her shoulders and a mumbled “I don’t know.”

“What are you going to use your degree for?” asked Danielle, who knew the answer but felt it was a good time to ask again.

“I could work in HR somewhere, or office management maybe. I’m not sure but there’s a bunch of jobs I could get,” she replied.

“I hope you get your degree and a good job after that. Just don’t take everything they say at school too seriously. In fact, you should check with me before believing anything they say about history,” offered Matt.

Melinda did not follow his instructions.

“So, what does your sister think about me now that she knows I’m a racist? Those sorts of people seem to get pretty angry when we laugh at their nonsense,” Matt asked his wife.

“She’s always known, and she likes you just fine. She thinks that you think she’s stupid, though,” she explained.

“No, I just think they’re teaching her stupid things at school, and she believes it.” Melinda looked like a less mature version of the woman he loved, from her style to her features, so he had a soft spot for her, despite her stubborn behaviour.

“I don’t think she takes it very seriously. I think she just wants to fit in. They’re teaching that stuff more than ever these days.” Danielle had stayed in school after Matt had left and recently graduated with her bachelor of commerce, which had achieved its purpose of securing her an uninteresting job that paid reasonably well.

Ever since his experience at university, Matt had noticed that racial storylines were being inserted into movies and the news more, though it was still in the phase where White people were portrayed as being friends with non-Whites and everyone was getting along, except the odd White guy who would say something racist and everyone would hate them for it. Africans were not yet portraying European royalty in movies, and Whites were not yet being portrayed as pure evil. Though he did not understand the details of the situation, or the purpose, he understood that there was an effort underway to give Africans, Natives, and perhaps a few others the chance to succeed in the White man’s world. Chinese people seemed to be doing fine, but some people seemed to need help, and anyone questioning whether or not we should be offering that help would not be popular at a university.

“Whatever gets her to the next party, I guess.”

‘Knowing how to shape metal might come in handy. I could build all kinds of stuff then.’ Adrian was still unsure as to what he wanted to do as a career, but he wanted a job at which he learned useful skills, especially in terms of being able to

fabricate things for himself. He considered being a blacksmith, but wasn't sure how much demand there was for such services.

'As long as they're building stuff, they'll need vents in the building.' Adrian had heard about sheet metal work as a trade, and did not know very much about it, but it fit his criteria: it could provide steady work, and could provide skills that he considered useful.

With the decision made, he looked for companies that might hire him, and found a number of names; some of which seemed big, others small. Adrian was confident in his ability to work hard, and thought he might be noticed and appreciated more at a smaller place, so he focused on those.

He called many of the numbers revealed by internet searches and asked if they were hiring. Most told him that they were not, or said they may be but to send a resume. None seemed interested in him, until someone asked, "Do you have any experience?"

"No, not with sheet metal. But I have a lot of experience working hard outside, and I can learn anything you need me to. I just finished high school last spring, so I'm young and looking to start my career," explained Adrian.

"Well, you may have called the right place, because I need some who can help around a bigger job I got, and you'll learn a lot there. If your apprenticeship goes well, I could have a lot of work for you for years. Why don't you come by," suggested the man, and Adrian made arrangements to be there as soon as possible.

"We're a small outfit here," explained the man Adrian had been speaking to over the phone, and now stood before, not quite as tall as Adrian, but very stout with thick hands that had formed a lot of metal.

"We do some big commercial or industrial buildings, but mainly residential. You'll be doing commercial jobs to start, and I'll pay you by the hour according to how far you are in your apprenticeship- every time you go to school, you get more

money. But once you get to know what you're doing well enough, we can get you on houses, and then you get paid by the house," he explained.

"When I was cutting wood, I'd get paid by the chord of wood I cut, so I got it done quickly. I worked really hard so it was a lot of money," said Adrian.

"Exactly. I'm Dave, and if you come back here tomorrow morning, you can start." Adrian was there the next day, and every day he was required to be from then on.

23

"So I said to him, 'You don't want the GDP?' He wouldn't admit it, but I think being racist was more important to him than the economy," Jeff explained a recent conversation he had to Eli over their latest drink.

"Yes, unfortunately tribalism still run deep with some. But most people are nice. I no see racism in many people. No one is very racist to face," said Eli.

"Yes, Canada is working. Most people mean well, but some people still have unconscious bias. But the fact that everyone means well says to me that we will work through everything we have to and become one tribe. Hey, what are you up to his weekend? I was thinking we could study for the test a bit, even though it's going to be easy, and then maybe have a beer, or whatever," suggested Jeff.

"No, we have community gathering Saturday," replied Eli.

"Oh? What's that about?"

"We have food and see each other and discuss what we do," explained Eli.

"Okay, sounds like fun. Which community is gathering? Is it open to the public?" hinted Jeff.

"Not really. It is for Ethiopian community."

"So if I showed up, they'd turn me away for not being Ethiopian?" Jeff hadn't fully understood the context of the term "community gathering" and thought it may well be something with broad appeal and outreach, rather than a gathering of friends and family.

"No, they might turn you away for no being part of community," he informed Jeff.

"But what if I said I know you?"

"The person you speak to might no speak English. Everybody there speak Ethiopian. You would be no comfortable there," said Eli.

"I guess, but just for the record, you'd be welcome at a gathering of my friends from home," said Jeff.

"I know, but we all speak English. Very different. But I buy beer next time, okay?"

It was okay with Jeff, but he still felt a little excluded.

"I just felt like he had this group I wasn't a part of, and couldn't be part of." Jeff had gone on quite a few dates with Lynn at that point, and he felt as though they had gotten to know each other well.

"But he is part of a group that you can't be. You're not Ethiopian," she explained.

"Sure, but we were just talking about how tribalism is over in Canada, then it turns out he's part of a tribe," complained Jeff.

"Maybe he just thought you'd be uncomfortable there. Would you want to hang out with my grandparents who only speak Chinese?" asked Lynn.

"Sure, if you're there."

"But he's some Ethiopian guy. Do you want to hang around a bunch of people speaking Ethiopian?" she asked.

"I guess not, but I don't want these exclusive clubs in Canada. I mean, he's a really good guy, but we shouldn't have these different groups with barriers around them," he replied.

"It's not always like that. Those people are probably old. I went to school with people whose parents were from India, Kenya, Brazil. They had family things sometimes where everyone was Indian or whatever, but we got along like Canadians. It just takes time," she said.

“Yeah, maybe I just invited myself to the guy’s family dinner,” he concluded.

24

Adrian had recently completed his first level of trade school. It mainly consisted of math and geometry, as he had to measure and shape sheet metal, and a review of some rules and regulations of the industry. None of it was difficult for Adrian, but he was glad it was over so he could get back to work.

He had noticed that his class of roughly twenty sheet metalers was almost exclusively White. There was one Oriental, but no BIPOC. This was not a mystery to Adrian. ‘If someone couldn’t score anywhere close to one hundred on an IQ test, could they ever pass our exam?’

The geometry seemed too complicated for the average star of a rap video, but why was there also a lack of Chinese people? Their size? Adrian had noticed that his company was exclusively White for the last year he had been working there, and realized that White people were ideal for trades- with our ability to do both manual and mental labour- but figured there would be a few Orientals, at least.

Adrian had been a good employee, with abilities beyond what his experience would suggest- though he did not have journeyman papers, he was able to do whatever work was required. He simply lacked certification, at that point. Much as he had always been, he was somewhat quiet at work, not engaging in as much conversation as many of the other workers. But he got along well with his boss, and felt as though he could talk to him about whatever he needed to.

“Hey Dave, have you ever hired a Black guy or a Chinese guy?” Adrian asked his boss about both races, hoping he’d have contrasting stories of different employee types with different attributes.

“No, but this is a small outfit. We’ve only been around a few years. I do jobs for Chinese and Indian builders, but all my workers have been White because that’s who applies. Are you saying I’m racist or something?”

Adrian realized that his boss was not very racially aware, given that he had never said anything along those lines one way or another.

“No, I just noticed everyone in the business seems to be White, and I can’t find any Black people doing it. I think they can’t handle the geometry, but Chinese people could. Do you think they’re too small and can’t install the duct work over their head?” asked Adrian.

Dave laughed, despite the fact that Adrian was not joking. “I guess they might have trouble. They make better accountants, I guess. But look, there are plenty of Black people who could do this. There aren’t many Black people around this city but I bet there’s plenty of Black sheet metalers in Toronto, or The States. If a Black guy showed up with papers and a good attitude, I’d hire him,” he said.

“Bottom line is,” he continued, “this is a business, and I can’t afford to be racial. If someone can do the job they can do the job. I can’t discriminate and I don’t want to discriminate. But what you have to remember is, people are people, and you have to treat them right. How would you feel if I never gave you a chance because of the way you looked? It wouldn’t be fair to you and I’d be out a good worker. So you just got to look past race and carry on,” explained Dave.

Adrian was not sure what to make of the statement, except that his boss definitely did not see the world the same way he did, and that discussing such matters may not be a good idea.

“But hey, even if you are a bit racist, I won’t discriminate against you. You always get a lot done, even on these hourly jobs. I was thinking you were ready to start doing residential and getting paid by the job you complete. Wanna give it a try?”

Adrian had heard about how much some of the guys were earning on that end. “Of course.”

Matt had been taking on more and more business from homeowners as he found better places to advertise, and as former clients told their friends about the fine job he did with great pricing. But he felt as though building relationships with developers would be a great way to secure steady business.

He noticed that a run-down house in his neighbourhood went up for sale and sold fairly quickly. It was the kind of house that only a developer would buy, as it barely looked habitable, with boarded up windows and peeling paint, as if the neighbourhood wanted to be rid of the eyesore. Matt would drive by regularly, hoping to see the new owner. It took a few tries but on one occasion he finally saw a man walking up to the house and walking in. Matt parked his truck and approached the door after him, knocking on it in the hopes of finding a list of jobs to work on.

A Chinese man answered and looked at Matt with curiosity.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Hello, are you the person who recently bought this house?” asked Matt.

“Yeah.”

“And are you planning on tearing it down and rebuilding?” he asked.

The man made a face indicating that he did not understand. “This house, are you going to rebuild it? Tear down this house, and build a new one?” Matt was speaking very slowly and using arm gestures in an effort to be easier to understand.

“Yeah, we build,” he replied when he finally understood.

“Do you build other places? Do you have more properties that you’re building?” he asked.

“Yeah, we build more,” he informed Matt.

“Do you need any landscapers for this property or other ones?”

Another look of confusion. “Landscaping. Like sod, outdoor concrete, trees... landscaping,” said Matt as he backed up and pointed to the things he was naming. “Do you need any of these things built? I build landscapes.”

The man understood but was not interested. “No. I know guy. He build outside.”

“Sure, but I always do an excellent job at very good rates. I could offer you a great deal, almost at cost, just so you can see that the work I do is really good.”

It was unclear to Matt how much of what he had said was understood, but it was quite obvious that he had no interest in doing business with him, as he once more said “No. I know guy,” while closing the door.

26

‘I wonder if he noticed that?’ wondered Matt as he inspected the finished product. Undeterred by his experience with the Chinese man, he was still looking for a developer with a constant supply of landscapes that need building. He had noted a site that was nearing completion and waited to see how the landscape work would end up looking, and whether he thought he could do a better job. He eventually confirmed that he could when he saw a slight lean to the fence.

“Hello, is this House of Odin?” Matt asked the man who answered the number that was on the builder’s sign outside of the house.

“Yes, that is my company. I’m Mitchell. How can I help you?” he answered.

“You built the home on Spruce view road, didn’t you?” asked Matt.

“Yes, that’s my project,” he confirmed.

“It’s a very nice place, but I noticed the fence isn’t quite straight,” mentioned Matt.

“Yes, my landscaper messed that up,” he explained. “But it will be fixed. That house is already sold, though, if that’s what you’re calling about.”

“Well, I happen to be a landscaper, and I could fix it cheap, and properly.”

“Okay. I’ve been thinking about trying out a new landscaper. We could arrange to meet there in the coming days and we can talk about it,” he offered.

“Sounds really good. I live just down the road, so let me know when you want me to be there and I’ll make it happen.”

“You have a good eye. Not everyone would notice,” said Mitchell, who stood before Matt in front of his recently completed project Matt had called about. He was an impressive man who looked to be in his sixties but also appeared to be in better shape than the average twenty-year-old.

“I make sure everything is level from all angles before I put it all together,” said Matt.

“I’ll get the guy who did this to fix it. I have another house I’m about to complete and we’re just about ready to do the landscaping. It’s a simple pathway, a small fence and some sod. Are you interested?” he asked.

Matt sure was, and he no longer needed to advertise after completing that job.

27

“You guys get a lot done, and you don’t ask for too much. I could keep you as busy as you want to be.” Matt had done a few jobs for Mitchell, who seemed quite pleased with Matt’s work.

“Well, I only have two employees, and they’re both friends of mine, and I pay them a bonus after every job we complete, so we keep moving. But everyone knows everything has to be done right,” explained Matt.

“I’m glad to have you guys. I’m glad you called me,” said Mitchell.

“I’m glad you gave me a shot. I asked this Chinese developer if he needed any work done. He shut the door on me really quick,” said Matt.

“He gives his business to Chinese landscapers, who don’t charge much but also don’t do much. They throw everything together as cheaply as possible,” explained Mitchell.

“But what if I could do a better job at the same price? He wouldn’t even hear me out,” mentioned Matt.

“You’re not Chinese.”

“I don’t know what his fellow countryman charged him, but the job he did wasn’t half as good as what I would have done. The sod was all lumpy,” said Matt.

“Yeah, but they’re just going to sell it to some other Chinese guy, who might sell it again as a money laundering scheme. These guys don’t care. They just want the job done so they can pass it along to the next guy.”

“You know, I’m thinking of only hiring White people from now on.” Matt was considering hiring another person since speaking to Mitchell, which would allow him to take on two jobs at once, with Chris supervising one site.

“What led to that decision?” asked Danielle.

“Chinese people do it. Why shouldn’t we?” he replied.

“Yeah, they do seem to stick together,” she agreed.

“TV and movies sell the idea that everybody is the same and we all get along, except for a few racist White people we need to deal with. But what I see is White people who pretend race doesn’t exist and a bunch of Chinese people who won’t even learn English.”

“Why do they call them a minority when they’re probably more than half of Burnaby?” she asked.

“I don’t know what’s going on, but media is matching less with reality every day,” he said.

“Well, try not to bring this up with Melinda on Thursday,” she requested.

“Why am I going to be around Melinda on Thursday?”

“Because she’s coming over for dinner,” she informed her husband.

Matt sighed as he knew he could not prevent an often annoying person from being in his home. Her ongoing university experience was introducing her not just to leftist politics, but also to drugs, and people who used them while spouting the most self-righteous slogans of casual socialism. She was becoming quite familiar with phrases such as “There’s only one race, the human race,” and “Love doesn’t know colour.”

"Please be nice to my sister."

"I will. Please send her home as early as possible."

28

"And then he puked all over the place!" Danielle laughed at her sister's latest tale of debauchery, but Matt groaned a bit and shook his head slightly.

"I don't think Matt likes my stories, sis"

"The one about the guy who was so drunk and messed up on drugs that he fell over when he tried to dance was kind of funny, but the one about the guy who was so drunk and messed up on drugs that he threw up was less entertaining," he explained.

"Sorry not everybody can be as righteous as you," she grumbled.

"So it sounds like your social life is going well, how's school?" asked Danielle.

"Good. We're learning a lot about what's happening in the world," she replied.

Matt had a feeling Melinda was due for a discussion on university nonsense versus reality. "Have they covered the part about Africa being devastated by White people's construction projects?"

"Yes, we have discussed the exploitation of African labour at the hands of many agents of colonialism." Melinda appeared to believe she had an angle.

"Did they tell you about White people giving them modern medicine that allows them to survive? What about the trillions of dollars in aid we've donated since colonialism? I mean, how hard done by are they really?" he asked.

"Give them modern medicine, as if that's not their right? Have you not heard of King Leopold and the Belgian Congo? Are you defending mass slaughter like that?" Melinda's indoctrination had progressed significantly since her first year of school.

Matt did remember a class on that subject, and he had looked into it himself at the time. "Yes, and did you know that those claims were British and American propaganda they used to try and take the colony? There's no truth to it."

“Yes there is! Do you think professors would be teaching classes on things that didn’t happen?” asked Melinda.

“Yes, they do that all the time. I went there for a year and heard all kinds of stuff about how bad White people were, and everybody was our victim, and it’s all BS,” explained Matt.

“It’s all BS? Like we didn’t commit cultural genocide on the Natives?” she said.

“Go to any museum in this country and it will be full of teepees and headdresses. That’s cultural genocide?” asked Matt.

“You mean stolen artifacts?” she said believing she had finally scored a point.

“No, I just mean displays set up to depict their lifestyle, made recently for that purpose. Not ancient artifacts. That stuff is everywhere. And there’s more of them now than ever before,” he said, bursting her bubble.

“Then why are they so poor and suffering from addiction?” she asked.

“I don’t know, but it’s not my fault,” he said.

“You don’t understand! We forced them to speak English to kill their language. Do you know what cultural genocide does? It crushes their spirit and will to live. Do you think they want to live like that?” she asked as if he had not heard all this before.

“I don’t know what they want, because they’re not my people. If they want to speak their own language and live like it’s the year 1400 again, then go do that. Or live in modern times. Just don’t blame me whenever they drink too much, or stab someone, or get AIDS,” he said, summarizing his view.

“You’re either part of the problem, or part of the solution,” she said.

“Maybe the solution is people taking responsibility for themselves.”

“But you’re getting good grades?” asked Danielle.

“Yeah, I’m doing quite well, actually.”

‘I’m glad you’re good at regurgitating BS,’ thought Matt, before allowing the evening to pass with less contentious conversation.

29

Adrian had considered the limitations of his job. ‘I can’t make that much with just sheet metal,’ he thought.

He excelled in his job and was making a very good living, now with his apprenticeship complete and an endless list of properties with duct work that needed instillation. But he felt as though he could use more skills than he could learn doing it. ‘But if I had a forge and knew how to smith, I could make a ton of stuff,’ he figured.

He bought all the tools needed to melt and shape metal, and spent a lot of his free time making hooks for hanging things on, bottlecap openers, and soon found himself making small blades. He found it difficult at first, and made many mistakes. By the time he could easily twist metal into whatever shape he wanted, he had a deep appreciation for the patience and precision required to craft a truly unique and perfect tool, trophy or trinket out of a hunk of metal.

After a significant amount of home metal product fabrication experience was under his belt, he knew the last skill he needed to unlock a new set of items he could make was woodwork. He realized the need to learn it when he had the idea of making an end table with a metal frame. He considered making the top shaped metal, but realized that ‘It sure would look nice if I could make a wood top. I could make the top a metal lip that acts as a slot to put a wood surface into and it could just sit there. Or maybe I could bolt it down to the frame. I’m not sure, but I bet if I went online, I could learn everything I need to know to supplement my metal work with some wood pieces. If I get good enough, I could even build a drawer under the table.’

Adrian had no particular reason to build furniture, other than the fact that he liked challenging himself. He did sell the items he made to recoup the money he spent on his hobby, but it was not something he could ever see himself making a career out of. ‘I spend a few bucks worth of materials, and a bunch of hours to

make something I can sell for a few dollars more. I could never pay the mortgage like that,' he thought.

'But maybe if I make more complex things, like furniture, I could sell it for enough money that it could make a difference for me, and I'll have two ways to make a living.' Adrian was not going to slow down his work schedule installing sheet metal, but he did upgrade all his smithing equipment, and invested in various saws and lathes he needed to make any wood/metal project possible, as long as he could figure out how. And the internet allowed him to expand his abilities dramatically.

30

"Forging is a great White art," claimed Ken, a fellow tradesman- a young journeyman plumber- who was just beginning his hobby as a blacksmith, and had just purchased some of Adrian's old tools.

Adrian felt that statement was a bit ambiguous. "You mean a White person's art?"

"Yeah, our ability to shape metal allowed us to make the vessels and equipment we needed to explore and conquer new lands," he explained.

Adrian tried to think of other cultures with forging traditions and few came to mind, aside from Japan and their swords. He was not aware of the extent to which the rest of the world had forging skill and capacity, but he couldn't think of anyone who rivalled the Europeans. And now that it was a hobby more than an industry, the enthusiasts seemed to be almost all White.

"I hadn't thought of it that way before, but I suppose you're right," said Adrian.

"Yeah, most people don't like to think of racial politics these days," mentioned Ken.

"No, I think about racial politics. I just hadn't thought of blacksmithing as a White art before, probably because I like Japanese swords. But other than them... I don't think any Africans have a history of metal work," said Adrian.

“Ha! No, I’m pretty sure they don’t.” Ken thought Adrian was joking, though he was in fact scanning his memory, looking for examples.

“What about the spears they chuck? No, the heads are probably rock,” considered Adrian.

Ken thought that was even funnier, and Adrian understood the connotation of the word ‘chuck’ used with spear, but he was indeed looking for real examples, and trying to understand the implications of their being none.

“I doubt they even figured out how to use metal for violence!” said Ken.

“Chinese people have been able to shape metal for a long time, and they aren’t very violent. In fact, I don’t think I’ve ever been scared by a group of Chinese people in this city, and I’ve seen plenty of Chinese people here. But I remember going to Toronto in high school and I didn’t want to walk past even two Black people,” recounted Adrian.

“People want you to believe we’re all the same on the inside, but if you look at Chinese neighbourhoods, they’re safe with very little crime. If you go just a few kilometres down where other sorts of Asians live, there’s gang violence and all sorts of crime. But they all went to school in Canada, so why are they so different? It doesn’t make sense,” said Ken.

“Yeah, not much makes sense when it comes to politics these days,” said Adrian.

Once home, alone with his thoughts, Adrian could not stop thinking about the ability of Africans. ‘Could they even make fire?’ he wondered. He suddenly found himself picturing Africans clubbing monkeys to death and ripping apart the raw meat with their teeth. A bit of research revealed that they did indeed have basic forging techniques in some areas, but not as advanced as the Europeans’.

‘Do I have the wrong idea about them? Am I giving them a fair chance?’ he wondered.

'If I could get a reasonable deal on that place, I could probably make a few bucks on it,' thought Matt as he passed by a rundown property for sale, noting the small existing house in place that would be easy to tear down, so he looked in to the price.

'Yeah, if I tore down that shack and built a nice house on it, I could sell it for at least a million dollars more. But could I do all that for a million?' Matt did not know very much about construction beyond landscaping, but he had become friends with someone who knew a lot about it.

"I can either buy the whole thing and hire you to do the demolition and construction, or we can each own half and do the work together. What do you think?" he asked Mitchell.

"So, if we go in this together, you do the landscaping and I do everything else?" he replied.

"Well, that's the thing. I don't know much about framing and all that, but if we work together, I'll figure it out. And we'll get things done right, as long as you show us how to do it," said Matt.

"So, you want me to train my competition?" asked Mitchell.

"I want to partner with you and make a bunch of money for both of us," explained Matt.

"Relax, I've been doing this for longer than you've been alive, and I'll be as busy as I want to be until I retire, which may not be very long from now. In the meantime, you guys work hard, and you're smart, so joint ventures with you would be easy money."

"Hey Adrian, how's everything going?" asked his boss.

“Good. I’ll be done this house by the end of the day.” Dave mainly worked on the bigger commercial and industrial projects and left the residential projects to his employees, so Adrian did not see him as often as he used to.

“Good. That’s good. You always get the job done, Adrian. And done right, too. That’s why I’m hoping you’ll be okay training a guy. He’s been doing commercial for a little while already and he’s good. I’d like to get him doing houses, so if you could show him how it’s done, that would be great,” explained Dave.

“Sure. Do I still get the same pay per house with two people?” asked Adrian.

“Uh, sure. At first. But when he gets good, we’ll have to figure something out,” offered Dave.

“If he already knows how to do commercial, he’ll be good right away. I’ll just have to show him a few specifics,” mentioned Adrian.

“Okay, the first two houses, you get full pay. Then, going forward, I’ll give you 75% of what you normally get and I’ll just pay him hourly for now. Okay? Does that make you happy?”

It did. In fact, it felt rather generous. His boss was always concerned with making Adrian happy, but, assuming this guy could pull his weight, this would be a significant raise for as long as he was training him.

“There may be one problem,” added Dave. “He’s Black.”

Adrian wasn’t sure what the look of concern was for. “Okay.”

“You’re okay with that? Because I can’t have any racism going on here. I could get sued for a lot a money, you know,” explained Dave.

“What do you think I’m going to do? I don’t judge people because of their race. If he’s training to be a tin basher, he’s probably a decent guy,” Adrian assured his boss.

“Okay, it’s just you’ve said some pretty racist things in the past, so I don’t want it to be an issue,” he said.

“Just because I think Black and Chinese people are different doesn’t mean I hate them or anything. I treat people as individuals. There are good and bad people of all races. I’d give anyone a chance, no matter where they’re from,” explained Adrian.

“Okay. Good.”

33

“Have you done piece work before?” Adrian asked his new trainee, Mike, who was indeed dark Black.

“No.”

“The goal is to move as quickly as possible without leaving any mistakes. For now, I’ll let you build and install the rectangular pieces, and I’ll do the curved connecting pieces,” said Adrian.

“Sure. I can already make any shape we need, but I’ll focus on the easiest parts,” he replied

Having established some work-related parameters and objectives, Adrian was eager to learn about a different perspective. “Where are you from?” he asked.

“I was born and raised in Toronto, but I’ve been out here for quite a few years now,” replied Mike.

“Oh yeah? I came from out that way some years ago too, after high school. I’m from further north of the GTA, but I came out here because this is a really nice city, and I found the right work opportunity.” ‘And because there weren’t many Black people,’ he didn’t say.

“Yeah, it sure is nice. And the people are really nice, too. In Toronto, things can get really hectic,” said Mike.

“You mean like busy, lots of traffic?”

“No, not like traffic,” said Mike through a laugh.

Adrian had a feeling he knew what he meant. “You mean like, people being aggressive?”

“Yeah, like that.”

He wasn’t quite sure how to advance the conversation without explicitly bringing up race, and he wasn’t yet comfortable enough with one of the few Africans he had ever interacted with to do so- especially at their place of employment- so he let the conversation trail off as they continued working. He got the feeling that the subject may come up again, and that Mike may be a truthful person, and a fine representative of his race, so he looked forward to getting to know his new colleague.

“Remember, the faster you move, the more money you make.” Adrian reminded Mike as he showed off his speed. When moving between tasks, he would walk as fast as he could without running. While constructing and installing the duct work, he would move his hands and body as quickly as he could, without being frantic about it.

“But you have to be precise. It has to pass inspection and can’t look unprofessional,” he said.

“Well, my people are fast, and I understand the need for good work,” replied Mike.

“What did you mean the other day by hectic, exactly?” asked Adrian.

“I mean that you never know what’s going to happen. Everything can be fine one minute, and the next somebody’s yelling about how they got disrespected, then punches are being thrown. Sometimes guns are fired. I never saw anybody get shot, but I know people who have been. And I’ve seen people get their ass kicked plenty of times.”

“Did you ever get beaten?” asked Adrian.

“No, I walk on eggshells all the time, being careful not to ‘disrespect’ anyone, even though I don’t always know what that means. Sometimes accidentally looking at someone can be disrespect, and people get beaten up for it,” explained Mike.

“Did you hang out with a lot of Black people in Toronto?” asked Adrian.

“With my brothers and cousins and everybody, yeah. But at school I mostly hung out with White people. I was never scared they were going to attack me for nothing.”

Adrian nodded in understanding. “I bet you appreciate Vancouver.”

Mike certainly did.

34

“I haven’t known many black people, really. There were a couple in my school. I didn’t know them very well but they seemed alright. They fit in well.” Probably better than Adrian himself did, though he didn’t mention it.

“Sure, you’re more likely to meet the nice ones who like White people,” explained Ken, as he was visiting Adrian for some smithing advice, which he had already received.

“We’re lucky in this area,” he continued. “We mostly have Chinese people, who behave themselves pretty well. But we have other types of Asians who get out of hand sometimes. You hear about murders in those neighbourhoods, but you don’t go in those neighbourhoods, and the people who do the murdering don’t really leave their neighbourhoods to hang out with non-Asians, so you don’t meet them. But you do meet brown people from time to time, right?”

Adrian agreed, though encounters that included conversation were infrequent.

“And the ones you meet are generally nice, aren’t they?” asked Ken.

This was agreed to as well.

“You only meet the ones who are willing to meet you. I imagine it’s similar with Black people. Could you imagine living near Detroit, or any Black neighbourhood

in The States? I bet you'd meet some pretty nice Black people, but you better not relax," continued Ken.

"What surprised me was how good he is at the job. Sheet metalling isn't that easy. You need to understand geometry fairly well. I didn't think Africans would be capable of such precision," said Adrian.

"Do you know any other Black sheet metalers?" asked Ken. Adrian did not

"I'm sure he is a good guy, and even pretty smart, and that's what makes him the biggest problem in our country." Adrian did not understand, but Ken continued.

"People like him convince most White people that we really are the same on the inside, and that their presence in our country is a good thing. They're the exception that Whites believe are the rule. 'If only the racists could meet my friend Frank from Nigeria. They'd see how stupid racism is!' And they're all proud of themselves. Well, I'd like to introduce them to Jamal the drug dealing murderer and tell him that they've got a fifty-dollar bill in their pocket. In fact, I bet Frank left Nigeria because he got sick of being robbed by Nigerians."

'Ken seems to have been thinking about this for a while,' thought Adrian, as Ken continued:

"You know what bothers me the most? The foreigners who infiltrate our friend groups and still complain. They get to be Chinese, Japanese, Sudanese, whatever, and proud, but the moment you identify as White, they act as if they're being attacked. Well, if they want to deny us what they take pride in, they're not very good friends," concluded Ken.

Upon arriving home, Adrian thought through the conversation he had had with Ken that evening. Though he did not have much of a social group, he did notice the phenomenon of minority groups being exclusively minority while White groups often had some type of outsider, usually a Chinese guy who really likes Whites, and considered how this may prevent the topic from being discussed. But he had to wonder, 'Is the problem that bad? A few weeks ago, I thought Africans ripped apart monkeys with their bare hands and drank their blood. Turns out, some can build duct work.' Adrian was by no means turning his back on his beliefs,

and he understood Ken's point about selection bias and meeting the nicest of them, but he was questioning just how pressing the issue was.

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"You're getting pretty quick," said Adrian

"Like I said, my people have the fast gene," replied Mike.

"So, you believe in genetics? Because TV and movies keep saying things like 'race is only skin deep,' or 'we're all the same on the inside.' You don't believe that?" asked Adrian.

"I've lived in both worlds, and we are not the same," he replied.

"Which world do you prefer?" asked Adrian.

"The one I'm not really part of," replied Mike.

"So, do you wish you were White? Because a lot of White people seem to wish they were Black."

Mike was a bit surprised by the question, but laughed and said "There are definitely White people who think I'm the coolest person in the world, just because I'm Black. That can be good, but would life be easier if I were White? I'd feel like I belong more."

Adrian appreciated his honesty. "I can understand that. I don't understand the White people who want to be Black, but I understand your position. I would like nothing more than my people taking our history and our countries back, but if I could live in a country where everybody except you was White, I'd be happy with that."

"Me too."

"Hey Adrian, how's Mike doing?" asked his boss.

"Good. He knows what he's doing, and he can get it done pretty quick. He's a good worker," he replied.

“So, you think he can start doing jobs on his own?”

“Sure.”

“You don’t just want to get rid of him because he’s Black, do you?” asked Dave.

Adrian knew he was joking, but didn’t find it funny. “No, he’s a really good guy. I liked working with him, and you paid me really well to train him. But he is doing a great job and he deserves to move ahead and start doing piece work himself.”

“That’s great. You know, Adrian, you’re not such a bad guy. I wasn’t too sure at first, but you’re not one of those Neo-Nazi, White Supremacist type guys. You give people a fair shake at least,” said Dave.

“Why wouldn’t I? He’s a good person,” he replied.

“Does this change your opinion of Black people?”

It in fact had, but in a complex way that did not change his conclusion. “No, lots of Black people join gangs and commit violent crime. His existence doesn’t change that. I never thought all Black people were criminals. But I’ve looked at the crime statistics and I believe that rap videos represent the average Black person fairly well. Exceptions don’t change that,” he explained.

“Okay, well, thanks for training him.”

“I’d be happy to do it again.”

‘I can’t believe I’m going to be working at one of the biggest banks in the country,’ thought Jeff shortly after being offered his first full time job. He had worked a couple of part time jobs selling food or clothing at a mall during school, but this was his first job that required qualifications, which he now had since graduating. It was entry level, as could be expected for someone fresh out of university. But with his bachelor of economics complete and awarded, there was a lot of room for advancement. His low position represented to him a continuation of his education, but it was paid instead of expensive.

He had already called Lynn to make sure she was coming home directly from work, but was yet to pick up the beer and wine for the evening, so he entered the liquor store to do so. He knew what he needed for himself and his girlfriend, and he found it quite quickly. But not quickly enough to avoid the gang of three masked Africans who ran in waving guns and carrying large duffle bags, which they quickly began to fill with liquor bottles as they yelled to stay away and not to move.

Jeff was terror stricken, not knowing if he was about to get shot or what was going to happen. To his relief, they retreated with their ill-gotten goods as quickly as they had entered, and the ordeal was over. He looked over to the cashier, the only other person to witness the event, and noticed a lack of concern.

"Are you okay? You don't seem very bothered," he said.

"That's not the first time this has happened, and it won't be the last. They tell us to let them take a few things and they'll just go, and they do," explained the young lady.

"So this happens a lot?" he asked.

"I've been here for over a year and I've seen it happen a few times with guns like that, but sometimes they just grab stuff and walk out without even looking at me," she elaborated.

"Sometimes they don't bring guns or anything, they just grab stuff and walk out?" he asked.

"Yes. That happens every couple of weeks, I'd say. Openly, I mean. I'm sure some people are still sneaky about it. But a lot of them are brazen," she said.

"And what are you supposed to do about it?" Jeff asked.

"Nothing. They tell us to let them go and report it. What am I supposed to do about it anyway? I'm not going to fight some Black guy over a bottle of vodka."

"Would you fight a White guy for one?" asked an indignant Jeff reflexively.

"I've never had to. They're always some type of BIPOC. But hey, diversity is our strength, right?" she said.

Jeff was not going to argue over her lived experience, so he asked to pay for his items. "Since you had to go through that, you may as well just have your order," she offered.

"No, I'll pay for it."

"So this all goes down, and the woman working there says something racist, and for a moment I was more bothered by the racist comment than the fact that the store was just robbed," Jeff told Lynn.

"She just said it was always diversity, right? Maybe that's just her experience," she replied.

"Yeah, but she said it as if diversity is really bad, and all Black people were criminals or something. But even still, they did just rob a store, and it makes me wonder how often that happens- she said a lot. It never happened back home," he said.

"Sure, but you lived in a nice neighbourhood while some of the people here were raised in warzones. Eli never acted that way, because he wasn't raised that way," she said.

"Exactly. There's lots of Black people who are just great people." Jeff had befriended a number of Africans at school and, although he did not become a permanent fixture in any of their social groups, he could never imagine any of them robbing liquor stores.

"Just look at my people. We came here without knowing English, but us Chinese already have a culture of hard work, so we succeeded here. It can take time to develop, but it does," explained Lynn.

"Yeah, in Canada, you're better off working and owning your own house and car and whatever you need can be provided with a good job. People from countries

with violent histories are learning that they don't have to be violent or do anything criminal here to be comfortable. People are moving past their trauma, but it takes time to heal." Jeff felt comfortable in his country's future again, after the liquor incident had raised some concerns.

37

While it infuriated him to see other peoples celebrating their culture in his country, Matt understood it. He did not understand why his people allowed it, but he understood why people would move from impoverished countries to his, and he further understood why they retained their connection to their home country.

He had wanted to visit his home country since he was a child, despite no one in his family having been there in hundreds of years, as they had all left for Canada many generations ago. But England's history was still his history, and after much success in his business endeavours, he was finally able to visit home.

He had heard that London was fairly multicultural, so getting off the plane was not a shock, but unnerving none the less. "I don't feel it," he said to his wife as they walked through the airport shortly after landing. "I thought we'd land here and I'd be overwhelmed with this feeling of instinctual nostalgia. But I just feel like I'm at an airport."

"Yeah, we could be in Canada, with all the modern stores, and the Indians," she noted.

"I hope the further we get from London, the closer we get to England," he said.

After gathering their luggage and finding their rental car, they set off on an exploration of their indigenous lands, visiting battlefields on which his ancestors fought over which noble should rule them, and places like Runnymede where traditions were set out. But their first stop was a pub in a stone building that was older than his country.

Matt and Danielle very rarely drank, but they wanted to blend into an atmosphere that called for a brew, so each ordered a local variety. "I feel it now," said Matt, in

an environment designed to elicit an appreciation of its history, with the heavy wooden furniture, fireplace and coats of arms on the walls.

“Yeah, I love Canada with all our natural beauty and modern buildings, but this place feels like home,” said Danielle.

After enjoying the pub and inn they had stayed at, the next day saw them at a medieval village that attempted to portray medieval life to its visitors. The couple watched a field being plowed, charcoal being made, and food being cooked in traditional ways.

“This sort of life, it may have been hard work, but it was simple. I think I’d like it,” said Matt.

“You’d trade a modern furnace for charcoal?” asked Danielle.

Matt would not. “I’d miss modern conveniences, but you work hard, you eat with your family, and you don’t have bigger concerns. It just seems very... natural.”

The route to their next destination took them closer to civilization, and they found themselves driving through a small city which at first seemed like modern England, but suddenly shifted into something else- English looking streets and buildings, but populated with Brown people, and adorned with their cultural symbols, including their written and spoken languages.

“What the hell are all these people doing here? Every single one of them is Indian, in a little English city. Complete madness.” Matt was not an expert on Brown people, and did not know if these people were Pakistani, Bangladeshi, or from some other nation in that region. What he did know is that they were not indigenous to any nearby land.

While he was aware that Europe and Britain had an immigration problem, he did not believe he would find a colony of Brown people in the English countryside.

“You know all those people who, if you complain about the immigrants, say ‘you’re not a Native! Go back to Europe!’ Well, apparently they’re turning our homeland into an Afro/Indio shithole too! What do all those indigenous rights

activists have to say about this? Who do they think are indigenous to Britain? Not these people.”

“This is very uncomfortable.” Danielle knew which neighbourhoods to avoid around home, so she was not used to being surrounded by so many BIPOC.

“All those stupid professors told me how bad colonialism was, but what the hell do they call this?” said Matt.

“I don’t understand why there are so many Brown people in England. When did they get here?” asked Danielle.

“I bet some of these people were born here, and probably think they own the place, just like they do in Canada. But I could get out and say to any one of these people, ‘I’m more English than you. This is my country, not yours.’”

Danielle could see he wanted to. “I don’t think you should do that.”

“No, this is hostile territory. For now.”

38

“Twelve Killed in Terrorist Attack on Newspaper”

Adrian felt this was an interesting headline, so he read the article. ‘Two men with machine guns attacked a newspaper because they don’t like how they depicted their prophet?’ This seemed very strange to Adrian, and he decided to learn more about the religion that would inspire such fervor.

His first searches revealed that such attacks were more common than he had known. ‘This same place was fire bombed just a few years ago for publishing drawings of this Muhammad guy they love so much? What is their problem?’

Initially, he found people discussing Islam who would quote verses from the Quran or hadith from the sunnah and tell stories about what they meant.

“Muhammad ordered the murder of K’ab Ashraf for insulting him, and so Muslims must do the same to anybody insulting their prophet today. Keep in mind that the man was a pedophile, so insulting a pedophile can get you killed by Muslims,” explained one presenter in a video he had watched.

‘That sounds crazy, but it does explain the attacks on this cartoon paper. What do Muslims have to say about it?’

He found many defenders of the faith, explaining that Islam was in fact a religion of peace, and anybody killing in its name was not practising true Islam. “To kill a man is to kill all of mankind,” they would say.

‘Both sides have their points. I wonder if these people have debated each other?’ Some had, and Adrian watched a number of such debates.

“The prophet said we must give to our brothers, whoever is in need.”

“No, charity is only for the Umma. And zakat is just tax for Muslims. What about the jizya?”

“Everyone in society must pay tax but charity is for the good of mankind, and our prophet wants us to give to all mankind so they can know the goodness of Allah.”

“He converted more Muslims by the sword than with Charity. He even said he was made victorious through terror.”

“The prophet had many enemies, and was forced to fight wars against the enemies of Allah. That does not make him any less a prophet.”

After trying to absorb information through argumentation, he weighed the opposing sides. ‘They both have points, but I have no idea who is presenting the more accurate picture. I wonder what the original books say?’

The Quran seemed like the place to start, being the supposed word of Allah himself. While he found plenty of disturbing verses, such as “Fight those who do not believe in Allah and the last day, nor comply with Allah and his messenger have forbidden, nor embrace the religion of truth from among those who were given the scripture, until they pay the tax, willingly submitting, fully humbled,” context was always lacking. ‘There must be stories behind these verses,’ he realized.

Adrian quickly learned that the sunnah was the history of Muhammad, whose example was to be used as a code of behaviour for Muslims, and that many books

comprise it. One called The Sira caught his attention, as it seemed to offer the story in its most complete form.

Hearing people discuss the subject in soundbites and uncontextualized quotes was enough to give him concern, but something about reading the stories, in rich detail, straight from the source, had a chilling effect. 'It's even worse than they said it was. This is crazy and ridiculous, and dangerous. Why the hell do we have these people in our countries?'

39

"So, their prophet married a girl when she was six, and had sex with her when she was nine," Adrian explained to Ken, who was one of the few people that enjoyed Adrian's company, in part because he was the best smith that Ken knew.

"Really?" Ken knew that Adrian did not have a strong sense of humour, but this sounded like an attempt at a joke.

"Yeah, and because he did it, they think having sex with young girls is good. That's what sunnah means."

"Wait, sunnah, like Sunni, means having sex with young girls is good?"

"No, and yes. That's not the full definition, but it does allow and encourage that. Sunnah means role model, but stronger, like code of behaviour based on another person's actions. So, everything Muhammad did, they're supposed to do. And he had sex with a nine-year-old," explained Adrian.

"So, sunnah does kind of mean having sex with nine-year-olds is good?" reiterated Ken.

"Yes, but it gets worse. Muhammad and his Muslims would go around attacking other tribes, taking their women as slaves and everything they owned, making them convert to Islam, then making them choose between their women or their property as a prize for converting. They chose their women, after they were raped by the Muslims, and the Muslims kept their property. Then he said he was made victorious through terror, because of that method," said Adrian.

“I didn’t want to be surrounded by these people before I knew they wanted to molest children and conquer us. Now I’m wondering when I’m going to wake up in a war zone,” said Ken.

“But this could be good. People don’t want to hear about race and why we shouldn’t bring more Africans and Chinese people here. When they hear about how crazy Islam is, it will make them question this whole multicultural experiment,” said Adrian.

“Problem is, people don’t see multiculturalism as an experiment. They see it as the way it is. I don’t think people want to even consider the consequences of unwinding it,” replied Ken.

“I know people act like everything is fine, because they don’t understand the problem. This is so obviously dangerous that they will see the consequences of doing nothing and be forced to act,” hoped Adrian.

“But nobody is talking about it. How are they going to find out? Are you going to tell them?”

“Some people are talking about it, and I will tell everybody I can. But if I can read their books and figure out what’s going on, other people can too. They have to.”

40

“So after Muhammad defeated his old tribe at the battle of Badr, he declared it a miracle because rain bogged the enemy down, and because angels were supposedly on the battlefield, so he rounded up a tribe of Jews called the Quanuqa and told them because they had witnessed a miracle, they had to admit that he was a prophet and they had to become Muslims. They refused and Muhammad attacked them and won, and he was going to kill them for refusing to accept him as a prophet but a local guy who was friends with them stopped him from killing them, but he still took all their stuff and exiled them from Medina.”

“Oh, that sounds bad.” Adrian was more animated than Dave had ever seen his employee. “You seem pretty worked up about this, but don’t all religions have violence in them? Most people act fine regardless of what religion they are.

Besides, you don't know what those Jews were up to. Muhammad could have had his reasons for not wanting them around."

"He made up reasons to attack the next tribe of Jews," continued Adrian. "They were close to another tribe of Jews in another town that was accused of killing a Muslim, and Muhammad wanted blood libel in the form of payment to the dead Muslim's family. Those Jews refused, so he talked to the Jews in Medina they were allied with and they were going to have a meeting in the Jewish neighbourhood, so Muhammad went into their neighbourhood with his friends and when they got there he told them to 'wait here,' and he ran away. When they got sick of waiting for him, they went to his house and found him there. They asked him what happened and he said that Allah told him that the Jews were going to throw a rock on him, so he ran away, but now they should attack them for trying to kill him, and they did and they were exiled too. After that they stopped making excuses. Muhammad said that Allah commanded them to fight people until they submit, so they kept attacking people and forced them to convert."

"That does sound bad," agreed Dave. "But every religion has its problems. I do business with some Muslims, and they're good people. I don't care if their prophet fought a bunch of wars. A lot of people have fought wars. Look at World War II; what was that all about? Millions of people died for what? And we're supposed to judge them because their prophet had to fight his enemies?"

"But their religion commands them to fight us and impose their religion on us," explained Adrian.

"Look, they're nice to me and they pay me for my services. I'm not going to turn down their money, let alone pick up a gun and try to kick them out of the country," said Dave.

Adrian did not expect the reaction to being told an invasion force was growing in their country to be lack of concern. But Adrian did not push his boss, as he realized there would be opportunity to tell other people who did not employ him about the impending disaster, so he returned to work.

‘His excuses came pretty quickly. Has he been listening to Islam apologists somewhere?’ wondered Adrian as he installed a section of duct, thinking back to the conversation he had with his boss. He was aware that the mainstream media pushed their vision of Islam as the religion of peace, but did anybody believe that? It appeared to Adrian as though they may.

‘Why would he still believe that after I told him the story? I told him that I read their actual sources.’ Adrian had in fact introduced his tale of Islamic conquest by explaining that “I’ve read their books,” believing that gave him credibility beyond question, so he felt a little frustrated when his authority wasn’t accepted, which was a feeling Adrian would have to learn to deal with.

41

“At least one hundred and thirty are dead after gunmen opened fire at various location in Paris this evening.”

‘Has it started?’ Adrian wondered upon hearing the news. He called the only person he knew would be concerned and set up a meeting.

“I wonder how many people know we’re at war now?” asked Adrian.

“I don’t think many.” Ken was more social than Adrian, and had a better understanding of where the average person stood.

“After what happened in Paris? People are starting to notice,” claimed Adrian.

“People are starting to move on. You under estimate people’s desire to not care about the world outside of their own lives,” replied Ken.

“But Islam threatens their lives. They have to be concerned and take action,” pled Adrian.

“And do what?”

“Send these people back to their countries,” suggested Adrian.

“That’s a drastic action, and is unimaginable to most people. Almost nobody knows what Islam is, and don’t see it as anything they need to change their lives for. They’re going to go back to Netflix in a hurry. Nothing will change,” said Ken.

“But people were already looking into it since Charlie Hebdo, even since 9/11, and finding websites that explain Islam, and now that’s going to accelerate. People are going to be freaked out by what they find and will realize that something has to be done before it’s too late,” argued Adrian.

“Online, maybe. But the media is already out there telling people it’s the religion of peace,” said Ken.

“Yeah, but those people are wrong. People can see the truth,” replied Adrian.

“People believe what they want to believe. And they want to believe that life will carry on as normal. I’m telling you; people will move on from this and nothing will change,” said Ken.

“Not with that attitude.”

“What do want me to do about it?” asked Ken.

“Just talk to people about it. Don’t be afraid to tell people the truth, even if they don’t like it,” suggested Adrian.

“Sure, I tell people as much as they want to hear about my politics. But I’m not going to get in people’s faces and demand they get freaked out about third wolders.”

Adrian had a different idea.

42

“One hundred and thirty people are dead after a terrorist attack in Paris, being blamed on religious extremists, has left the city, and the world, shaken.”

‘What kind of religious extremists would do this?’ Up to that point, jihad attacks were seen as political by Matt, with the religious aspect going unnoticed. Even 9/11 appeared to him as being instigated by US interference in the region, which was outside of his areas of interest. He never bought the “They hate us for our freedoms” line, as it just seemed silly.

But on this occasion, Matt asked himself: 'What the hell is going on?' and an investigation similar to Adrian's after Charlie Hebdo was begun, starting with debates on religion of peace versus major concern.

"Muhammad was genocidal. He ordered an entire tribe of Jews to be put to the sword. Not a man was left, and the women and children were taken into slavery. It even says the boys' pants were removed to see if they had pubic hair, which decided whether they were killed or enslaved."

"Those Jews betrayed the prophet."

"By the time Muhammad had fully taken over Medina, there were no Jews left in the city."

"They chose to antagonize and betray the prophet."

"It says strike terror into the hearts of the enemy."

"Yes, we are commanded to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy of Allah, which is Shaytan. Should we not terrorize the devil?"

'I have no idea what these people are talking about. Where do they get these stories?' Just as it had with Adrian, watching such debates led to reading the Sira and some hadith collections, which Matt found absolutely fascinating.

The Islamic ghetto he had seen in England took on new significance after his study. 'All those people believe their god wants them to take over and impose their way on everyone, and do so through conquest and rape?'

Matt understood the story, and he had an easier time convincing people of what he had read than Adrian had, because he discussed it with people he knew and who trusted him. But he was curious as to what a true believer in diversity would have to say on the matter.

"So, Melinda, you heard about the attack in Paris, I'm sure. What do you think about that?"

"It was horrible. It was done by monsters," she replied.

“No, it was done by men. Men who have a particular set of beliefs,” he said.

“Oh, I’ve heard this Islamophobia before, and it’s garbage. That is not true Islam,” she said.

“Oh, and what do you know about it?”

“I work in a big office and some of my co-workers are Muslim. A man whose desk is near mine is Muslim and he is a beautiful man. He loves his wife and children so much. He is not part of terrorism,” she explained.

“So because you know a Muslim who behaves himself, Islam is great?” he asked.

“Why are their beliefs any crazier than anybody else’s?” she replied.

“Because they have been commanded by their god to impose their religion on us. What’s crazy is inviting them in to do so,” he explained.

“If they were commanded by God to fight us, we’d already be at war,” she stated.

“Many of them see it that way. That’s why attacks like Paris and 9/11 happened. And that’s why these attacks are increasing, and will continue,” he replied.

“And how do you know that?”

Matt then explained what sunnah meant, and all the examples of making the non-believers submit, and how their prophet commanded his followers to conquer the empires of the day and everything beyond them, and that those orders lasted beyond his death.

“But all the experts say that when you look at the whole thing, it promotes peace and charity, and the Muslims I know live that way, and they know Islam better than you because they’re Muslims,” she said, disappointing Matt.

“Okay, but I’ve read their books. I know the whole story. I’m telling you that conquest and slavery is at its core, and the parts about being nice to people apply to your fellow Muslims only,” he said, appealing to his own authority.

“You think Muslims haven’t read their books? Sure, you know better.”

“Most Muslims haven’t read their books. They don’t know anything about their religion. They just know that they’re part of a community that is like an extension of their family. Most don’t care what’s in their books. They just know that all their friends and family are Muslims, so they are too,” explained Matt.

“But some of them have read the books,” he continued, “and they know that one day, war will come. And they’re ready for it. We’re not.”

“All the experts I’ve heard say that terrorism is a perversion of Islam, and is only popular when Muslims are under threat, and the real Islam is peace so it exists in peace!” she replied.

“But I’ve read the books, and I know this is not true. We simply can’t coexist with Muslims. There are too many problems with their beliefs and they are too aggressive.”

“The only problem I see here is racism and Islamophobia.”

“How can she not understand?” Matt felt he had made a strong case and was unsure how anybody could not see it.

“I don’t think she wants to understand,” explained Danielle, well after her sister had gone home for the night.

“No, the truth seems to frighten her. But it’s more than that. People seem to really cling to these beliefs; whether it be due to the sense of moral superiority they feel, or fear of living in a failed society, they have a real devotion to their beliefs. It’s almost as if multiculturalism and diversity is a new religion for White people,” he said.

“Yeah, I guess people need something to believe in,” said Danielle.

“Unfortunately, our people seem to believe in their own destruction.”

The Paris attack increased Adrian’s feeling of urgency, and increased his study of their books and his willingness to discuss it with strangers. In fact, he decided to

discuss the issue with everyone he could, shoehorning the subject into any conversation he had that lasted for a minute.

Some people, like the old man at the grocery store who wanted help reaching a box of cereal from the top shelf, agreed with statements like “Bringing people into this country who are commanded by their God to make people submit to him is crazy!”

He replied with “That’s the Liberals for you!” despite the fact that the Liberal Party was elected into power just weeks earlier, after nearly a decade of Conservative rule.

Others, like the woman who wanted to know which bus to take, would respond to questions like “Why do we allow Muslims to live here?” with statements like “You can’t control what people believe.”

What people on either side seemed to have in common is that they wanted to end the conversation and move on quickly.

But he did manage to pique the interest of a young man at the park walking his dog.

“Wow, I sure do love seeing the sun set over such a beautiful scene,” said the stranger.

“Yeah, we sure do live in a beautiful country. I just hope we learn to protect it,” said Adrian.

“Yeah, climate change is threatening a lot of stuff,” said the man.

“No, I mean from Muslims. Remember that attack in Paris? That was just the beginning.”

“You think so?” he asked, and appeared to Adrian to be surprised by the bluntness of his statement, but curious.

“Oh, I know so.”

That young man spent the next hour listening intently to the stories of Muhammad’s conquests, rapes and policies.

“So, what are we supposed to do about it?” the man asked Adrian.

“We need to get ready for the coming fight. We need to tell people that they need to get ready for the coming fight,” replied Adrian.

“I don’t think many people are going to believe it. I think going deeper into the mountains and waiting it out might be the answer. Ha!” he said.

“If you’re not willing to fight for these beautiful sunsets, then you don’t deserve to see them,” explained Adrian.

“What do you want me to do, grab a gun and shoot some Muslims?” he asked.

“If more people picked up guns and said ‘No more!’ then we would fix this problem right away!”

“You’re nuts buddy! You can go on some crazy mission that’s going to get you in jail if you want, but count me out!”

Adrian was beginning to realize that his people skills may not be up to the task of educating the world, or even random people he met on the street.

44

“Did you hear about the Paris thing? How crazy do you have to be to do something like that?” Jeff asked Lynn as she got home from work.

“Yeah, it’s horrible. Can you imagine?”

Jeff could not. “See, religion causes all problems. I’m glad we live in Canada. I don’t even know anybody who goes to church. I just hope my interview goes better than their night did over there.”

“Interview?” she inquired.

“Yeah, I’m going to interview with Globo Burger Company,” which was a small but growing chain of about a dozen locations, which Jeff and Lynn really enjoyed, so they were excited.

“We sell to a number of communities, and we want to serve each community according to their needs,” explained Globo Burger’s CEO to Jeff during his interview. “Some of their differences in demands come from cultural tastes, but some communities have greater means than others. So, we not only have to adjust our menus to suit the local community, but pricing needs to take the means of locals into consideration. How will your experience help us accomplish this?”

Jeff felt the interview had been going well up to that point, but he went into this knowing his lack of experience was a weakness. Since graduation, he had only worked at a low-level position for a few years. “If I’m being honest, I was just inputting data at the bank. My career there is secure, but it would take a few more years before I get to the point where I’m doing something interesting, if that even exists at a bank. But what you’re talking about is exciting, as cultural enrichment is an interest of mine. Maybe we can unite everyone over their love of a great burger?” Jeff considered whether that was a genuine qualification, so he threw in: “And in taking my economics degree, we did a fair bit of cost analysis and such, so I could not only handle this job, but enjoy it!”

Globo Burger Company may have been small, but their ambitions were large, and catering to everyone was not only a strategy of attracting customers from every background, management had a genuine desire to unite the Chinese, Africans and everyone else with the finest food from around the world, so Jeff’s interview ended with a job offer.

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“I’m now working for the greatest burger company the world has ever known!” announced Jeff when he got home.

“Great! Do we get a discount now?” asked Lynn.

“Frontline workers who are working that day get a cheap meal, but we don’t have a program for office workers to get discounts yet. But they’ll pay me enough that it doesn’t matter,” he explained.

“That’s really great. I’m glad you can leave that boring bank job. You seem excited, so I am too. But we have a dinner guest tomorrow,” she said.

“Oh yeah, who’s that?” asked Jeff.

“My friend from work, Zaynab, is having a hard time at home and I told her she could come here,” she explained.

“Is everything all right?” he asked.

“She said she is leaving her husband. I’m not sure all the details but I told her she could talk about it, so she’s coming by. I’ll make the lasagna you like so much,” said Lynn.

“I hope it puts her in a better mood. It’s really good, so it probably will,” replied Jeff.

When the time came, Zaynab did indeed seem to be in high spirits as she sat down to enjoy the locally famous lasagna a la Lynn, as the aroma left little doubt that she was in for a fine meal. Despite her head being wrapped in a scarf, she had the appearance of being a modern woman, with her youthful beauty being accentuated with skillfully applied make up.

After the dishes had been served, Jeff got the ball rolling. “So, Zaynab, how are things?”

“I am very happy for my future,” she answered with a slight accent, but a clear command of the language. “In my culture, many men think it is their right to dominate women. But many are seeing the true empowerment that our prophet, peace be upon him, gave women. More and more of our people are moving into the modern world.”

“Great, because in Canada you are free to do what you want, and dominating anybody is wrong. Will he let you go peacefully?” asked Jeff.

“Yes, because he has to. Some men from my culture literally think they own women and can kill them if they disobey. But my husband doesn’t have the balls to do anything like that. He knows that he wouldn’t get away with it. But he told me, if we were back home, I wouldn’t be getting away, and he is right,” she explained.

“He sounds dangerous. What makes him think he can own you like that?” asked Lynn.

“Like many in our countries, they don’t understand Islam. True Islam is all about the empowerment of women. Our prophet’s wife Aisha was a leader long after he died. True Islam is allowing women to be part of society and being productive,” explained Zaynab.

“Yeah, some Christians think they own women too. They weren’t allowed to divorce until not that long ago. Ever since that attack in Paris, I’ve been seeing articles about Islamophobia being on the rise. Do you see that?” asked Jeff.

“Some people I think look at me funny because I wear the hijab, but most people are nice. Islam means peace and I think people know that just because some bad people do bad things in the name of a religion, it doesn’t mean that the religion is bad. There are good people and bad people in every religion,” she replied.

“Yeah, the church massacred millions of Natives, but I don’t blame all Christians. I’ve met Christians who are good people, and I’ve met a lot of people who look like they might be part of Islam- I don’t know because it didn’t matter to me, so we didn’t talk about Islam, but they looked like they probably were- and they were all good people. People do good things and bad things regardless of what religion or race they say they’re part of. But what I find is that when we sit down together, and just talk like people, we find that we have more in common than we thought,” said Jeff.

“I will find a man who will treat me like an equal,” said Zaynab.

“I’m sure you’ll find plenty of men willing to try.” The conversation turned away from Islam and bad people, and stories of fun moments were told instead. The couple enjoyed their guest and new friend, and Jeff was proud of his country for hosting such wonderful people who were escaping the shackles of their homeland.

Though he mainly worked alone, Adrian would occasionally get a visit from his boss, who liked checking in on his employees every so often. But this was the first time he had seen Dave since the Paris attack, so it had been a couple of months. Adrian was very low maintenance.

“Hey Adrian, how’s it going?” the boss asked

“Pretty well. This unit is mostly done, except a couple of rooms.” Adrian showed his boss around the site, pointing out that he only had a few hours work left before he’d be finished. After a quick review of how everyone and everything was doing, Adrian brought up the Paris attack and whether it had made his boss reconsider his views on the dangers of Islam.

“Those people have been demonized since 9/11, with all kinds of nonsense being said about their religion. I asked my Muslim friends about the attack and they are horrified. It kills them that people are doing these evil things in the name of their religion. They assure me that killing is forbidden in Islam, and those guys were not real Muslims when they killed those people,” explained Dave.

“I’m sure your friends are nice, but that doesn’t mean that their religion doesn’t encourage these sorts of attacks, and they will continue,” said Adrian.

“Look, I know you’ve been reading their books and I respect the effort you’ve put into trying to understand them, but I’ve known these guys for a long time and know what’s in their hearts, and they’re good people. I hate to see them attacked for their religion. It’s like the Crusades. Just because that happened doesn’t mean that all Christians are bad.”

Adrian knew this was a silly comparison, but said “I’m not attacking them for their religion, I’m saying we need to understand their religion.”

“I know. I’m just saying that they’re my friends and I don’t think we need to talk about it any more.”

“Just like with the nice Blacks, a lot of people think that just because they know a nice Muslim, Islam is fine and everybody is getting along,” said Adrian.

Ken smiled as he realized Adrian had finally learned what he had tried to explain to him. “I don’t know, there’s something about this land, our space, our wealth, it seems to pacify people,” he replied.

Adrian realized that the abundance of this land and society allowed for the illusion of peace, but felt that the truth was more compelling. “And if they have to fight for it, they will.”

“Maybe, but here’s the problem: they’re being offered two competing versions of reality; Islam is an ideology of conquest and must be stopped before it’s too late, versus Islam is a religion of peace and everything is fine, carry on with your lives. With the mainstream media and everyone with credentials saying that everything is fine, go about your business, that’s what people are going to do,” explained Ken.

Adrian was not ready to give up. “You don’t understand! Their own books are black and white; it’s either us or them. Sure, women and weaklings will just submit, but enough real men are waking up to this that it will be stopped,” he said, contradicting his experience.

“You can believe what you want, just like everybody else. But I’m done. My neighbourhood is still pretty White but I’m moving deeper into the interior where there are no Muslims. There aren’t even Chinese people,” replied Ken.

“So you’re just giving up and running away too?” asked Adrian.

“I’ve been watching this play out for a long time, and I accept how insignificant I am. I cannot change anything in the world beyond my own circumstances. I can move to a nice community where I already have a few friends, and no concerns about what’s going on in cities. You should come. You could probably find work sheet metaling and smithing. You’d be around friends,” said Ken.

Adrian was earning very good money doing piece work, and knew he was very unlikely to do as well in a smaller community, even if he started his own business. But more importantly to him, “I’m not a coward. I’ll fight for my country.”

“If that’s how you want to see it, Adrian. I wish you luck.”

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“Were you always a man?” While becoming one of the most respected builders in the region, Matt had found the opportunity to father two sons, with the oldest being eight, meaning the government believed that gay studies were appropriate.

“Well, Thomas, I used to be a boy like you, and I grew into a man, as you will,” he replied.

“Were you ever a girl?”

The question sparked concern in Matt, who had heard stories of transsexualism being glorified. “How could I have ever been a girl?” he asked.

“Because sometimes people are born in the wrong bodies and their bodies need to be changed to make them feel right,” explained his son.

“Who told you this?”

“Miss Rothenberg.”

Matt realized that he needed to find out why his child’s third grade teacher was encouraging genital mutilation, and whether he could make her stop or if he had to remove his children from public school.

“Mr. Eastbridge, thank you for coming to my office. I always want to discuss any concerns a parent may have. Please, sit,” assured the principal of the school Matt’s children attended.

“Thank you, Mrs. Wolfowitz. I appreciate you having me, because I am very concerned about what your school is teaching my third-grade son. He tells me that his teacher is telling the class that sometimes girls and boys are born into the

wrong body, and they need to be fixed; meaning, they need to undergo surgery to change their bodies,” he explained.

“Yes, Mr. Eastbridge, we have consulted with medical professionals and they assure us that correcting such mistakes are in the best interests of the child,” she replied.

“So you know about this, and you think performing life altering surgery on confused children is a good idea?” he asked.

“Mr. Eastbridge, we have consulted with doctors and they have explained to our satisfaction that it is in the best interest for the mental health of the child to make them feel comfortable in their own bodies.”

“So you think we should indulge confused children’s fantasies and cause permanent damage to their bodies?” asked a shocked Matt, who hoped he would be ridding the school of its deranged beast gone rogue.

“Mr. Eastbridge, you are not Dr. Eastbridge. You do not know what’s best for children,” she said.

“Children who surgically alter their genitals will never experience an orgasm in their entire lives. Did you know that? Is that going to lead to a healthy adulthood for your students?” he asked.

“Mental health is very complex, and what’s best for my students is to not be exposed to intolerance and hatred,” she replied.

Matt could see the anger and resentment emanating from her eyes, and the twitching of her beak of a nose. “You are a child molester, and you will never touch my children, you ugly demon.”

“If we lived in a medieval village, we’d crush her skull and be done with it. But now she can look at me as if I’m a simpleton as she explains why cutting a kid’s dick off is good for them, and I can’t even punch her in the face,” lamented Matt.

“Yeah, the smugness of idiots is really annoying. But what are we going to do about it? The kids need to go to school somewhere,” said Danielle.

“I’ve been thinking about it, and maybe you should be their teacher,” he suggested.

“Homeschool them? I don’t know how.”

“It will be easy. And I’ll help. You mainly work for something to do. We don’t need the money at all. Can we really risk them brainwashing and mutilating our kids? The pro multi-cult stuff was bad enough. This could be a complete, life altering disaster for them,” explained Matt.

Danielle enjoyed her job and time away from home- mainly the social aspects, though. But, ultimately, the importance of the situation was obvious, so it only took her a moment to consider before saying “Yes, but what about the rest of the kids? Someone needs to stand up for them. What about running for the school board?”

“I’ve considered that. First, I doubt I’d get elected. If I were elected, all the other board members would vote against me. And if I kept going, the CBC would probably dedicate an entire episode of The National to the Nazi who is trying to take over the school board, even though it’s already been taken over by child molesters, but they don’t care about that. Our neighbourhood is still very White, but it’s also pretty liberal, and the immigrants keep getting closer. I think it’s time to start thinking about leaving the city,” he said.

“But it’s so beautiful here. It would be a shame to leave,” said Danielle.

“There are plenty of beautiful places in this province. We know plenty of people who are seeing the same things, having the same concerns. I bet we could get a few families to join us. If we went to a smaller community, maybe we could run for school board. Maybe we could start our own community with our own schools,” he said.

“Well, let’s not start packing tomorrow.”

“No, but I’ll start talking to people to see who else wants to get the hell out of here.”

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With the left having become as weird as it had, Matt was looking forward to watching his favourite leftist justify the latest height of lunacy their side had achieved.

“So, Melinda, Thomas has been told by his teacher that boys can become girls, and that wouldn’t be a bad idea. What do you think?” asked Matt during Melinda’s latest visit.

Matt could see the discomfort caused by the scenario. “People who are trapped in the wrong body should be allowed to fix any mistake, or trait that makes them feel uncomfortable,” she replied, without much conviction.

“So little boys who get confused and think being a girl one day would be fun should have their dicks’ ripped off?” pressed Matt.

“Children shouldn’t be influenced to do anything, but once people understand their own bodies, they should be allowed to do whatever makes them feel right in their own skin,” she said.

“It’s really weird for any man, regardless of age, to go to a doctor and ask him to remove his penis and replace it with an artificial vagina, thus destroying their ability to ever have an orgasm. But at what age do you think someone is capable of making that decision?” he asked.

“I’m not sure what the experts say, but I know you’re not one,” she said as she began to scowl, which Matt saw as frustration with her untenable position.

“Just like you get ‘experts’ to tell you that Islam is a religion of peace, more experts tell you that converting your perfectly good genitals into a useless hunk of flesh is the cure for a mental illness, and you still think experts are worth a damn? ‘You want to be a woman? Okay, we’ll build you a fake vagina that is prone to infection as it is a gaping wound that needs to be kept open artificially, and we’ll force everybody to pretend that you’re a normal woman and anyone who says

otherwise will be punished severely. And if you're really lucky, you can convince a man to play along and touch your rotten flesh as if it's a real vag.' Does that sound like a world you want to live in, Melinda?"

"I don't know!" she shrieked.

"Are you afraid to disagree with your friends, even when they're not here? Or do you just like being stubborn? Because I have no idea what's so hard about saying 'No, we shouldn't be mutilating kids' genitals. That's crazy!' Melinda, perhaps you should consider having beliefs that don't get you so worked up when you have to defend them. Sometimes it's easier to just admit you were wrong, then you can have better beliefs that are easier to defend," he said.

"I don't get yelled at by my friends for my beliefs. It's just you," she said.

"But I bet they'd get mad at me if they heard what I had to say, right?" Melinda nodded her head in agreement.

"That's the problem right there. If someone gets mad at you for disagreeing on whether or not tranny surgery for kids is a good idea, and they're the ones on the side of child mutilation, then you shouldn't be friends with that person. Melinda, I'm very disappointed in you for not being able to take a stand on child endangerment like that. You refuse to agree with me that this is a problem, and you would never say to one of your party friends that gay people are out of control with their kid fondling," he said.

Melinda did not like being a disappointment, and relented: "No, we shouldn't be mutilating kids' genitals."

"And I don't yell at you. I simply disagree with you enthusiastically."

"You don't need to be so hard on Melinda. She means well," said Danielle as she discussed the evening with her husband.

“I know. It’s just frustrating the way people are so convinced their beliefs make them morally superior, and they get all arrogant, even though their arguments are incredibly stupid,” said Matt.

“But Melinda doesn’t act like that. She is just going off of what her teachers used to say, and what her friends think. And she did admit that removing a child’s penis is a bad idea,” said Danielle.

“I had to push her just to say that.”

“She’s very suggestable,” said Danielle.

“But I tell her better things to think, and she always argues. This whole thing could be over if we could just muster up enough courage to tell these stupid lesbian professors that they are stupid lesbians, and that no one likes them and we will no longer take them seriously, because they are not worth listening to. They just spew BS and people let them get away with it because they are afraid of a bunch of idiots calling them racist homophobes, or whatever. Without them, Melinda would agree with me,” he said

“Well, Melinda can’t do anything about it. She’s just trying to get by,” excused Danielle.

“If I can’t even convince Melinda, then we obviously can’t do anything about it either. I don’t know how far we’ll have to go to get away from this, but at least our kids have a good teacher now.”

Danielle was enjoying her role as her children’s educator. “I won’t teach them anything about puberty blockers until we get to social studies and I’ll tell them how weird the rest of the world is.”

“Sir, I’ve noticed that certain locations have much better operating margins than others because they get more traffic, and sometimes charge slightly more for items, but their unit labour costs are the same,” Jeff mentioned to his boss.

“Yes, minimum wage is the same in all our locations,” he explained.

“I’m new to this, but I thought it would be more difficult to staff positions in more affluent areas, at least for minimum wage. Wouldn’t they demand more to work there?” asked Jeff.

“Maybe sometimes, but we have plenty of Filipinos who are willing to work for us. They like working in the nice neighbourhoods, even if they don’t live near them. They’ll travel pretty far to work at a nice minimum wage job,” he explained.

“And they take their jobs seriously, too,” the boss continued. “They work hard and they always want to do a good job. And some can be good managers, even. They’re good enough with numbers, and they keep things organized and maintain a positive work environment. Some of those other people have a hard time adapting and communicating, and seem unmotivated.”

“Well, there’s good people from all over the world,” said Jeff.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’ve hired plenty of good people from all over the place... I would never discriminate against anyone based on where they’re from,” his boss replied.

Jeff noticed a shift from defensive to offended between his boss’s two sentences.

“I would never suggest you would, sir. I’m just saying that many cultures have strengths and they become stronger with time as they learn our ways, and I know you know that.” Jeff realized his mistake and was doing his best to assure his boss that he was not being accused of racism.

“That’s fine. I’m just saying that Filipinos already have a culture of hard work, and they rarely disappoint. I sleep better at night knowing how many of them are out there. ‘You don’t like your job? You’re gone! I’ll have a Filipino here tomorrow, and they’ll do a better job.’ Yes, with their dependability, mobility and gratitude, Filipinos are the great equalizer of wages,” said the boss.

“They sure do help keep costs down, without sacrificing efficiency,” added Jeff.

“That’s right. In fact, if I had an endless supply of Filipinos, we could put a Globo Burger on every street in this country.”

Sitting at his desk on a slow day soon after this conversation, Jeff reflected upon what was said between himself and his boss and considered the lack of White people doing the job. 'White people are too proud to do such jobs, and White kids are too undisciplined,' he figured. This was not a problem to be solved in Jeff's mind, it was just the way it was. Those kids would grow up and figure something out, and White people would just do something else. In the meantime, there was a wide variety of third world peoples willing to step up, especially the industrious Filipino who not only filled this unwanted role, they excelled at it.

'They expand GDP. People think these immigrants are taking bites of our pie, but they're making our pie bigger. What's the problem?' he wondered. Seeing none, he went back to looking for a movie to watch with Lynn later that evening.

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'Can I fight them alone?' wondered Adrian. He knew he could not, but was willing to try. However, he saw the value in having a backup.

'What if everything collapses? What could I do if the power grid, water service, everything I need to survive crumbles? What if the streets become full of BIPOC gangs who hunt White people? What if the government starts hunting White people?' He could think of many factors that could cause him to flee, but he had no where to go.

'What if things get so bad that moving to a small town isn't even going to help?' Luckily for Adrian, he lived in a mountainous region with a mild climate, so he could hide in any number of places, as long as he was prepared to fend for himself in primitive conditions.

'Could I survive out there?' He could not, but was prepared to learn, and quickly found multiple websites with a wealth of information on what could and could not be eaten. The pictures were clear, so he felt that he had a decent understanding. But being able to speak to someone in person who could show him what was edible while in the bush would be helpful.

“And of course, we have the raspberry, which is very sweet, abundant and easy to identify. I think everyone is familiar with them, but just know that they are easy to find in many regions, so finding a camping area with a simple, ready to eat snack isn’t difficult.”

Adrian had found Mr. Mushroom online and enrolled in his nature class, which offered hands on experience with foraging. The tall, slender man with long hair and a tie-dye t-shirt seemed to be playing the part of a hippy at one with nature, but he had put on a very informative class in a beautiful, remote location. Adrian now had real experience finding berries he could eat fresh, and various other vegetation, much of which needed to be boiled. By the end of the day, Adrian did not feel as though he had mastered the art of foraging, but he was far better informed than he had been, and was eager to continue the learning process.

“I really hope everybody found what they were looking for today, whether you want to run off and live in the wilderness, or just enjoy some free snacks while hiking,” concluded the instructor. The class was wrapping up as they had reviewed everything they had come to learn, and having made it back to the parking lot, which was built in the middle of nowhere for hikers.

“Yeah, I’m ready to escape the fascists if shit hits the fan,” said one of the other three participants.

Adrian was not sure which fascists he needed to escape, or why, so he asked.

“Who do you feel the need to escape?”

“You know, fascists: the conservatives, the church, all those crazy right-wingers out there ready to take your rights and throw you in a cage. Haven’t you read history?” asked the man.

Adrian had not only studied Islam in significant depth, he enjoyed reading about various periods in time and learning what life was like before modernity. “Sure, but where are these fascists? I’m getting ready to escape BIPOC mobs and the communists who are letting them in,” said Adrian, knowing this crowd was not likely to appreciate the comment, but making people uncomfortable with truth

was one of the few things Adrian found amusing, now that he was beginning to understand the world. He noticed the four other faces in the group turn aghast.

“What the Hell! Are you some kind of fascist?” asked the man who had mentioned his plans to escape fascists.

“I don’t label myself, but I’d rather live with fascists than Africans.” Adrian heard gasps at his remark.

“So you want to murder people who aren’t White? Who the fuck are you to say you’re better than anyone?” asked the fascist fearer.

This surprised Adrian. “Who said anything about killing anyone?”

“Fucking Hitler man! You know how people ask if they’d kill baby Hitler? What about killing the next Hitler!”

Adrian saw this as a strange leap to make, and he struggled to analyze the logic. But he could clearly see the aggression coming from the man, as he glared and snarled while forming a fist, which he raised slightly, as if considering throwing a punch. The man was rather diminutive, so Adrian was unconcerned, but still confused about the statement, but not the man’s desire to assault him, which was tempered by the size difference between them.

“Yeah, man. I’m here to teach love and respect for all living things. Not hatred and division,” interjected Mr. Mushroom.

“But racial division is real. And it’s not my fault, it’s genetic, so I don’t know why this guy is getting so angry,” said Adrian.

No one had anything to say about it this claim. The person who had accused Adrian of violent intent became more enraged, but he had had time to consider the situation, and seemed to be less confident in his ability to win a fight against Adrian than he had when his anger was first piqued, so he kept his emotional expression to angry faces and head shaking as he walked away.

“Well, I guess that’s it for the day. Thanks for coming and I hope everyone enjoyed the experience,” said Mr. Mushroom, who quickly turned and began walking to his

vehicle, as did everyone else. Adrian knew speaking to the two he had already engaged would be fruitless, but considered asking the other two participants for their thoughts on the state of the world and diversity, both of whom were women. But Adrian could see how uncomfortable they were as they began walking very quickly without making eye contact with him. They walked past the instructor and thanked him for the day, but continued the hurried pace to their car to avoid any further strife.

Adrian knew he was being viewed as a horrible person, but he was happy to have deepened his understanding of the forest's menu. 'I'm glad we had that conversation after the class,' he thought, knowing that he would have been given a refund if it had happened before.

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"Sir, it does appear as though we may have to raise wages slightly at some locations. We're having a hard time finding workers," Jeff explained to his boss.

"Is there a Filipino shortage?" he asked.

"There's a worker shortage. There seems to be a lot of demand for frontline workers right now, so they can get a few cents an hour more somewhere else. Or get a job closer to home," replied Jeff.

"We need to keep the pressure on the politicians to keep the labour coming. If we have to keep paying more for people just to take orders and make burgers, we'll have to increase our prices, then inflation gets out of control. Nobody wants that," said the boss.

"The managers at our most profitable stores, where demand for workers is the highest, are asking for authorization to offer an extra quarter an hour above minimum wage for new workers, and an extra fifty cents for their established workers. It would go a long way towards keeping those locations running smoothly," said Jeff.

He nodded in capitulation and said “We need more people in this country who are willing to work, and I know a lot of retailers are lobbying for them, but if I have to pay more in the meantime, I guess that’s what I’ll have to do.”

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Adrian had been learning how to access nature’s bounty of berries and other roughage, but he had not been giving the same attention to his ability to obtain meat. ‘I guess I’ll need to learn a number of things about hunting, but what sort of weapons should I use?’ he considered.

‘A gun would probably be the easiest and most effective, but if society collapses and there are no more stores, how could I get more ammo, or another gun if something happens to mine?’ He was trying to figure out how to survive indefinitely- potentially decades- so he needed a plan that he could execute on his own with nothing but what the forest offered.

‘If I learn how to make a bow and arrows, I could always have a way to hunt my food,’ he realized, and soon found himself online learning how to do just that.

Making the bow was not overly difficult, as he already had some experience with woodwork, but the strings were new to him. He learned how to make a decent bowstring from plant fiber, but it was only adequate. ‘I could store a lot of synthetic bow string, which is better than what I can make, but I need to remember how to make this, just in case.’

Adrian had not used a bow before, but he knew it was a skill that could be his only source of meat in the future, so he invested the time into becoming a decent archer.

‘I can find my vegetables and berries, and kill my own meat,’ he thought after hitting his first bullseye, which took a lot of practice. ‘Regardless of what happens everywhere else, I will survive.’ Adrian felt a comfort unlike anything he had before, almost looking forward to his day of exile.

“Hello, Jeff,” said his boss. “This is Attiboomba, he will be working with you trying to find the right price for everything. He came to Canada three years ago after finishing his economics degree in one of central Africa’s finest schools. Not many people recognize degrees from places like that, so he’s been delivering food. But I think he will add to our perspective.” With the introduction made, Attiboomba was shown his work space and left with his new supervisor, which was Jeff, who was promoted to head of his department recently.

“So, you don’t have much experience with this? That’s okay. I didn’t either when I started, and I still don’t know what I’m doing, but I get it done somehow,” said Jeff to his new underling.

“We will work together to make this company good. Even better,” said Attiboomba.

“Where are you from, Atti?” asked Jeff.

“I am of the Impodu people.”

Jeff followed up: “Which country did you live in?”

“We live in Central Africa. Governments come and go, but I am always of my people. One day, we may have our own country. For now, we don’t care about government,” replied Atti.

“Do you speak English there?” Jeff noticed that although Atti had a heavy accent, he seemed to have no trouble understanding or finding words, and could usually say them in the correct order, even if some were missing.

“We speak our own language, but many of us learn English at school so we communicate with world,” Atti explained.

“Well, it will certainly come in handy here. So, did the boss tell you what the job was about?” asked Jeff.

“Yes, we make price to sell burgers and make most money we can,” responded Atti.

“That’s part of it, but we try to find the best price for everything, both to maximize revenue and minimize expenses,” explained Jeff.

“We buy stuff cheap and sell them expensive,” said Atti, looking to confirm his understanding.

“Yes, our main expense is labour. We mainly pay minimum wage, but sometimes we have to pay a little more at busy locations when we can’t find people,” said Jeff.

“We no pay too much for people make burgers,” said Atti.

“We pay minimum wage, and it rarely has to go much higher than that, as long as we can find people who will work at those wages, and we usually can.”

“But boss pay us more,” mentioned Atti.

“Yes, well, you can’t get just anybody to do our job. If you have good people managing costs for you, you can save a lot of money, so we’re worth paying well. But finding the right price to sell products at is more difficult. Too low and you’re leaving money on the table. Too high and no one will buy it,” he explained.

Jeff ushered Atti over to his desk where he had a project open on his computer.

“See, this location is selling their bacon burgers for nine dollars, which can be a hard sell at some locations, but they’re going too fast at this location, because people have money there and they love our burgers, so we may up the price a bit and see if we can maintain that extra margin,” he explained.

“Yes, bacon burger very good burger, and those people rich! They pay more. They pay fifteen dollar at least!” suggested Atti.

“Well, that’s a two-thirds increase, which is a little drastic. We like to keep such increases to just a few percent. Maybe ten at the very most. I was thinking another fifty cents,” said Jeff.

“No, those people rich! They pay more. Fifteen dollar at least,” insisted Atti.

“A lot of rich people are good at math, and when they see that they’re suddenly paying over sixty percent more, they question those purchases,” explained Jeff.

“But they good burgers, and they rich, so they pay.”

“We have competitors. Look, we’re going to start by raising the price by fifty cents and we’ll see how that goes, okay?”

Jeff found it odd that an economist would have such an unrealistic sense of proportion, but hoped he could learn on the job.

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“You know, many of my people have come to Toronto, and we like burgers. In my village, we slaughter cow only sometimes, so we have big celebration when we kill cow,” Atti told Jeff one morning in his booming voice.

“Oh?” he replied.

“Yes, we tie cow so they no move, then we hold back the head and man come with machete and slice up to the neck like this!” Atti said as he threw his arms up and down, holding his hands together, gripping the imaginary machete handle.

“Then we dance and sing!” He began jumping around with his arms flailing and singing “Atoo namimbi, batoo mamimbi!”

He eventually completed the display and said to Jeff, “You know, many of my people have no done this in long time. We do this, my people love restaurant forever!”

“Are you suggesting we perform such a ritual to win over your tribe and turn them into customers?” asked Jeff.

“We give them cow ceremony, they buy burgers from us for long time,” pled Atti.

“That’s really more for the marketing department. We are economists trying to figure out the best price for the products we sell.” Jeff knew that their job description was among the least of the problems with the plan.

“This economics too. We give people feeling of home, they buy burgers, we make money. That economics,” said Atti.

Jeff had been working with Atti for a couple of months at that point and knew the conversation could last a while. “You know, maybe the boss should here this idea.”

“So, we kill cow, we sing, we dance, we eat cow, everybody happy.” Jeff stood beside Atti as he explained it to the boss, who appeared more interested in the idea than Jeff had expected.

“Tell me, do you eat the cow right then and there?” asked the boss.

“Yes, we slaughter cow, we feast.”

“Because aged meat is much better. We could slaughter the cow and then cook burgers we’ll have already prepared. This will give us not only a better product, but we won’t have to wait for the cow to be butchered. We can eat right away. And we can use the slaughtered cow as training for your people. If there’s a butcher in your community, we can teach them all about aging technique and all of that,” offered the boss.

Jeff’s job was not to worry about the company’s public image, but he was beginning to. He was even more concerned that he would be hearing more ideas from Atti and would have to take them seriously.

“Sir, a lot of people will be disgusted by this,” Jeff said to his boss the first time he was able to be alone with him after Atti’s marketing pitch.

“You mean vegetarians? They’re not customers of ours anyway. We’re looking for people who understand that meat comes from animals, who have to die in order for us to eat them, and they taste good!” he replied.

“Yes, but there are different ways to slaughter an animal,” Jeff pointed out.

“Yes, and we can’t judge other cultures for how they do it. Who are we to tell anybody what is right and wrong? But relax, we’ll do this in a small venue for the Impodu people. No one else will see it,” said the boss.

“Globo Burger is receiving fierce backlash after a video in which their CEO is seen participating in the ritual slaughter of a cow circulates online. The video depicts cruelty to animals, so it can’t be shown here. But in the video, a cow’s throat is slashed by people swinging a machete at it, and the CEO is seen smiling and applauding the act. For more, we go to our correspondent on the ground.”

“Yes, citizens living near the event claim they had no idea what was happening in their neighbourhood. And now that they do, they’re appalled.”

The program cut to a White woman being interviewed, who Adrian thought seemed rather worked up. “How can we allow such cruel and sadistic violence to happen to our most vulnerable members of society?”

‘I bet that if I were to ask this woman what she thought of all the White victims of Black crime, she’d ramble about Black people being vulnerable. She cares more about animals than her own people,’ believed Adrian.

“We reached out to Globo Burger for comment,” the media person explained, “and we were given the following statement:

“‘Here at Globo Burger, we recognize that different cultures have different values, and we value all of them. We do not judge cultures that seem foreign to us and instead thrive to embrace our differences and develop our understanding of others through respect and cultural exchange. Only through shared experiences will we overcome hate and division.’”

‘When will these people realize that the division was caused by evolution and separation is the only way to overcome it?’ wondered Adrian.

‘They must know that this isn’t about hate. It’s about everything from competition for housing and labour, to not wanting to be surrounded by foreigners you can’t even communicate with. And yes, it’s about the inappropriate behaviour of some groups. But I don’t hate them for existing, or even coming here.’ But Adrian was beginning to strongly dislike those who allowed them entry, and enforced their presence with shaming rituals for anyone questioning it.

'People like this Globo Burger guy are willing to destroy our people for cheap labour,' he figured as he began to apportion blame.

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'Is this really our strength?' wondered Jeff as he watched the video of the cow slaughter. He was invited to the event but made an excuse to not go, hoping it would be the last he would hear about it. He figured that he may hear a recap of the ceremony from Atti, but had no idea that he would see it on his phone, due to it being all over social media. While there were no cameras set up to film, one of the Impodu tribe recorded it for some members who were not there, and posted it on social media for all to see.

The event was just as Atti had described, except with more blood. Jeff did not watch intently enough to observe all the details, but he knew this would not win over many customers outside of the Impodu tribe.

'This was such an obviously stupid idea. Why would he do this?' he thought of his boss as he lay in bed alone on the Sunday morning the video had been circulating. Lynn had been visiting her grandparents for the weekend- where little English was spoken- giving Jeff time to reflect upon his recent experiences.

'Look at them celebrating. I think they enjoyed killing that cow.' Jeff understood that a poor village that may not eat beef very often may be more likely to celebrate a slaughter, 'but celebrate the feast, not the slaughter. Besides, they're in Canada now. I eat meat, but I wouldn't go to the slaughterhouse and dance around. I don't know anyone who would,' thought Jeff, and then quickly considered the notion that hunters may celebrate their kills.

'They probably do, but they also tracked it down. They didn't drag an animal out of a pen and slash its throat with children running about.' Over the previous few weeks, Jeff had been taking stock of his experiences in Toronto and wondering if what he had been led to believe was in fact true.

'Are we really all the same on the inside?' That was the big question, in his mind. He had thought back to Adrian and his talk about crime statistics, and was aware that the news was full of stories of Africans shooting people, and he had

witnessed some committing armed robbery in person, so his gut was telling him that certain groups had higher rates of violence than others, and that upbringing may not be the only factor. And something about Atti's continued inability to understand the difference between five and fifty percent was another clue, as he could not imagine a Chinese person who could not. This was a complex subject he was just beginning to consider, and looked forward to discussing it with his Chinese girlfriend.

"They really aren't behaving themselves very well," noted Jeff.

"Who?" asked Lynn.

"Africans. I mean, I've known some really nice ones, but it seems as though they commit a lot of violent crime," he replied.

"Yes, but they come from violent countries," she responded.

"But even the ones who were born here are different. Can you really tell me that all the Black neighbourhoods in the US are shitholes because of slavery?" he asked.

Lynn could not. "Sure, there may be problems. But we can't judge them all because you saw some robbing a liquor store."

"I know. It's just that they're trying to tell us that we're all the same on the inside, and our society is based on that idea, and depends on it being true. But I look at Chinese people who are born here or there, and I compare them to the Africans I've known, and some were born here, and they seem really different. Do you think you're the same as an African but just look different?" he asked.

"Chinese people are smart and disciplined because our parents push us," she replied.

"So are you saying that we can train Africans to behave like Chinese people?"

Lynn was not saying that. "Some can."

“All I’m saying is, no matter where I go, the neighbourhood looks a certain way depending on who lives there. Chinese neighbourhoods look a certain way, Indian neighbourhoods look a certain way, and I avoid black neighbourhoods but I bet they look a certain way. And that’s all right here in Canada. I’m starting to think that differences are a little more than skin deep,” explained Jeff.

As someone who was brought up to take pride in her people, Lynn understood. “Well, maybe, but I like White people and I don’t want race to matter.”

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“Have you seen these videos out of China of people dying on the streets?”

Jeff had not, but Bill, his coworker and fellow economist, was always finding interesting things on the internet, so he was intrigued.

“No. What are they dying of?” he asked.

“Some new disease, or virus, or something. I’m not sure but check these out,” said Bill.

Jeff watched a series of videos with his friend, one showing what was reported to be a dead body on the sidewalk. But most were just Chinese people, many of whom were represented as being medical workers, talking about seeing dead bodies.

“How do we know these videos are real?” asked Jeff.

“Everybody seems to think they are. It would be pretty easy for a Chinese person to either confirm or deny the subtitles. Can your wife speak Chinese?” asked Bill.

“She does, and I’ll run these by her.”

After realizing that his former boss was likely to continue fostering a chaotic work environment, Jeff had searched for more stable employment, and found it at a furniture importer, helping to find the best prices for their goods. He was happy in his position as he could relate to his current coworkers far better, but suddenly found himself highly concerned about dying from a mystery disease.

“Well, I ran these by Lynn, and she says they’re saying what the subtitles are saying,” Jeff told Bill the next day.

“Yeah, it looks real. Check out this video of the Chinese walling off a tunnel, as if they’re trying desperately to stop it from spreading.” Jeff watched the video on Bill’s phone and saw a brick wall being built by Chinese people in front of some tunnel.

“This could be serious. What’s going to happen?” Jeff was asking himself as much he was asking Bill, but neither had any way of knowing.

“I have no idea. But this might shut down imports for a while, and it might be hard to sell furniture to dead people, so if we survive, we might not have jobs,” surmised Bill.

Jeff was more concerned with his survival than he was his employment status, but he wasn’t sure what could be done. “I guess we’ll just keep working for now,” he said.

“I guess so. I’ll talk to the boss and see what he thinks we should do business wise, and maybe I’ll start thinking about how to get out of Toronto if things get out of control,” said Bill.

Jeff went back to his desk and searched for information about this China story in the mainstream media. He found that headlines were starting to appear about a mystery virus in China, which seemed to downplay it, and many reminded readers that it was not something to hold against Chinese people.

‘They seem more concerned about racism than they are with a potentially deadly virus wiping everybody out. But maybe that’s a good thing, because maybe this is no big deal,’ he thought.

“So, I talked to the boss, and the way he sees it is that: either this is the end of the world, in which case nothing matters aside from surviving the apocalypse; or this isn’t so bad and it comes and goes. In the first scenario, we’re screwed and we

need to run for the trees. But in the second scenario, we're going to keep selling furniture, so we may as well keep ordering it," explained Bill.

The media was still encouraging everyone to hug Chinese people to demonstrate their lack of racism. But fear was setting in.

"They're probably going to shut down the borders, so we're going to make some big orders so we get priority when they reopen," said Bill.

The company had over a century of history and success, so they were confident in their ability to survive whatever catastrophe was coming, unless it was death at the hands of a mystery virus.

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"I think we should sell," Jeff mentioned to Lynn.

"Sell what?" she asked.

"All those stocks we own. That virus in China sounds dangerous, and the flow of goods is starting to slow as people are starting to fear the spread of this thing. Our economy depends on international trade, and if it halts, our stock market will go down a lot." Jeff had been thinking about the situation quite a bit and decided that his stock portfolio- which had grown to a substantial amount through regular contributions and appreciation- may be safer in cash for the moment.

"Yeah, aren't stocks at an all-time high right now? Maybe cashing out is a good idea," she said.

It turned out to be, as markets tanked rapidly thereafter. But as the market crashed, Jeff started to use the same logic as his boss- we'll either get through this and stocks are cheap right now, or everything is over so it doesn't matter-and bought a bunch of shares. Jeff was no stock picker, and simply bought ETFs and indexed funds. But he did have time to pay attention to such things as he had been given a work from home assignment, which was not demanding at all. He ended up spending more time watching business news that discussed markets than he did working for his employer.

“Demonstrations against police brutality and racial violence continue this evening with cities across the country seeing crowds taking to the streets and demanding justice for those who have died at the hands of police violence. Our team is on location capturing the feeling on the ground. Tell us what you’re hearing?” asked the in-studio media person of the field media person.

“Yes Cooper, many are saying they experienced trauma after seeing the disturbing video of George Floyd being killed by the police officer as his colleagues look on, some being reminded of personal experience of being abused by police, either themselves or through a loved one,” said the field media person.

‘But he died of a fentanyl overdose. The cop just happened to be there. They are taking the lying to a whole new level.’ Adrian had been following the reaction to Mr. Floyd’s death online and knew the facts of the case fairly well. He was simply tuning in to an American cable news show to see how the coverage was.

“Is that a building on fire in the background?” asked the in-studio media person.

“Yes, a few demonstrators got a little out of hand and may have damaged a building, so it is a bit fiery out here, but mostly peaceful.”

This elicited a rare laugh from the stoic Adrian. ‘People didn’t get on board and accept that Islam is really bad, I guess because it’s complicated and no one has time to read all the sources themselves, and no one really explained them well. But now we’re being told we can’t go outside without a mask, unless you’re going out to protest for Black people who OD’d or attacked police, and that it’s “mostly peaceful” with buildings burning right there. Not to mention all the wild video of Black people looting and doing crazy things that’s all over the internet, and we’re supposed to think that we’re the bad guys? This is crazy enough that people might finally see how badly they’re being lied to,’ he hoped.

With his curiosity satisfied, Adrian returned to online media, but many of them showcased mainstream media clips, so he ended up watching segments of famous media people saying things like “I only hope the racial reckoning is upon us,

because Blacks have been suffering for centuries under the oppression of White supremacy.”

He understood the Black people saying such things, but what sort of White would say this? ‘Traitors,’ he kept thinking after every clip of a White (at least seemingly) media person scolding his race as they suffer at the hands of BIPOC.

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“Organizers say that although George Floyd was American, many BIPOC in Canada face similar discrimination and police aggression here in Canada,” said the media person. The feed was then cut to an African woman expressing herself.

“A lot of Canadians tell themselves that there’s no racism here, that that’s what’s going on in The States. But we’re here telling you that systemic racism goes deeper than that, and it is alive and well in settler Canada. We want everyone to come out and show their support for decolonization!” she demanded.

‘This person or her parents lived in a shithole country that was a shithole country because it was run by Black people, and we allowed them to escape their shithole country and live in one of the richest countries in the world, and they’re complaining about it?’ Matt remembered hearing in university of systemic racism and how he thought it was a fringe ideology that would never catch on. But as he waited at his latest building project to take delivery of supplies, watching videos of media people talking on his phone, it seemed to be mainstream all of a sudden. It appeared to Matt as though Black people were rioting because a Black man overdosed on fentanyl, and media people were justifying it in the name of racism, and they were getting away with it.

‘Is this real?’ he asked himself, but he knew it was as countless hours of video had already spread of U.S. cities burning at the hands of BIPOC and crazy White people who believed what those lesbian professors said about oppression.

‘Does anybody take this seriously in Canada, though? That African lady in the video was in Toronto. Are there enough Black people in Vancouver to have a BLM thing?’ Matt searched social media and found out that there was indeed going to be a gathering of people “Demanding justice for the murder of vulnerable BIPOC

across the world!” The post offered images of those making the demands, and most were White women who appeared to be young grandmothers, wearing flowery dresses and big smiles that suggested they wanted to be friends with everyone. None seemed to be of African decent, but the poster did seem proud to feature “Special Guest Shiek Omar Fazul.”

‘This might be fun.’

“Oppression is universal, and the struggle is one. Turtle island has been plagued by settler violence for centuries, just as my lands have been ravaged by colonialism from Palestine to Iraq and Afghanistan, we stand together against oppression.”

The speaker, likely Mr. Fazul, who was standing atop a small flight of stairs in a park, finished his speech to applause from the few dozen attendees and began milling about the small crowd.

‘I’ve got to talk to this guy,’ thought Matt as he approached the man.

“Hi, I caught your speech there, and I’m curious, what is turtle island?” he asked.

“Turtle island is what the indigenous of this land call North America,” replied the BIPOC speaker.

“And what’s this ‘settler violence’ you were talking about?” asked Matt.

“You know, residential schools, and stuff like that,” he replied.

“But you’re some Brown guy from the Middle East, or wherever. What do you think the people who built this country will think about you coming here and running your mouth about shit that isn’t your business?” asked Matt.

“By ‘people who built this country,’ do you mean the same ones who destroyed mine?” replied the BIPOC.

“And where are you from?” asked Matt “I am Iraqi.”

“Sure, Americans, using bad intel from an outside agitator, not Canadians, started a war there that they shouldn’t have, then Iraqis starting killing each other because Sunni Shia stuff. How does that give you the right to come here and claim to be the hero for the Natives?” asked Matt.

“That’s not what I said, but this is a free country, and I can say what I want. I am a citizen with all the rights you have,” he explained.

“Yes, and I hope you keep saying it, because my people are sick of taking the blame for everything bad that happens in the world, especially when that blame is coming from some Muslim,” said Matt.

“Oh, so you’re a colonialist and an Islamophobe?” asked the BIPOC.

“No, I’m someone who has read Islamic texts and knows all about your prophet, the sunnah, and what it all means. I know how aggressive and intolerant Islam is, and the idea that you people would take better care of the Natives is laughable. And if you think my people will sit around forever as your people jump on the ‘White people killed Natives’ bandwagon, you have another thing coming.” Matt knew there was a good chance his people would in fact ignore the slight, but he wanted to frighten the man as much as possible, so he added “Sticking your nose where it doesn’t belong like this is going to get you run out of the country, so keep it up.”

The man was used to dealing with White people who went to the church of diversity, and told him how much they appreciate his presence in their country as penance, but given his own ethnocentric feelings, he was not shocked by the existence of such opinions, and had nothing to say, so he stepped behind some White heroes who had stepped up to tell Matt that “Racism leads to murder!”

“Really?” Matt asked the tubby old White lady, and continued: “Because that guy was saying some very racist things about White people, blaming us for some sort of genocide.”

“He was saying that colonialism is genocide because it wipes out civilizations and replaces it with hatred and destruction. All the Muslims I know are nice, and you

think White people are better than them? You're just some racist Islamophobe!" she yelled.

"One of their prophet's favourite sayings was 'war is deceit.' But do you really not know what Muslims do to civilizations? Do you know what happened to the library of Alexandria? Of course not, because historians pretend not to, but Muslim sources brag about destroying it, because it was not of Allah," explained Matt.

"Residential schools destroyed a people and their culture. You defend cultural genocide because you hate Muslims? Hate has no place here!" she continued yelling.

"Actually, many Natives appreciate the education we gave them." Matt realized he was not speaking to a rational person, so he continued: "But you believe Islam is a religion of peace, because you're an idiot who believes whatever the media tells them."

The attack on her intelligence was deflected by her sense of moral superiority, which manifested itself in a chant of "Hate has no place!" which was quickly picked up by her friends who built a wall, as if to show their solidarity with the woman and Brown man they perceived as being attacked.

"Yeah, you're all a bunch of idiots, and people like you are destroying this country, but you're all too simple to understand anything I'm saying, so I'll stop wasting my breath."

'Most of these people are too old, too stupid and too stubborn to listen to anything. I'd say this was a waste of time, but I did enjoy pissing on their parade,' thought Matt as he walked away, but before he had left the vicinity, he noticed a young woman who was watching him, and didn't appear to hate him, so he approached her and asked her why she was there.

"George Floyd," she replied.

"You're here because a man died of a fentanyl overdose while the police happened to be there?" he asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You didn’t know? Mr. Floyd OD’d,” he explained.

“I’ve never heard that,” she said.

“You might be surprised by how different what the CBC says is compared to reality,” he said.

“Hey! Stop spreading your hatred to her!” yelled one of the more seasoned protestors as the crowd surrounded the young lady and cut her off from Matt.

“This is why you’re going to lose. You have to hide people from the truth, while we bring people to the truth. You can’t keep this up forever,” taunted Matt.

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Matt wanted to have a more friendly conversation about how beneficial Africans were to Canada, so he looked forward to Melinda’s next visit, which happened that weekend.

“So, Melinda, given all these riots all over the place, do you still think importing Africans is a good idea?” he asked.

“Look, those were in The States, where they are still dealing with the legacy of slavery. We can bring well educated people here from anywhere and they will contribute,” she replied.

“But there were some riots even here in Canada. Not much in the way of riots, yet, really, but there have been a bunch of protests where Brown Muslims team up with stupid White people to champion Natives and Africans. So everybody who isn’t White is getting together to blame us for their problems. Is having a few smart and nice third world people worth all the assholes ruining the country?” he asked.

“Maybe we need a better selection process. But yes, it’s worth having more doctors here, especially if we keep the bad people out. Are you so full of hate for these people that you’ll deny your own people access to healthcare? I thought you were a nationalist,” said Melinda.

“Are you saying that you care so much about this country that you’re willing to steal the third world’s greatest resource and leave the starving masses without their doctors and engineers? Aren’t we constantly lectured about the evils of colonialism, which simply consisted of White people showing up, building infrastructure, teaching them modern forms of government, and then leaving, and now we’re supposed to pretend that that’s why Africa is a shithole? Well, how do you think they’re going to do if we continue to rob them of their best and brightest?” asked Matt.

Melinda had not considered this, but Matt could see that she currently was, and added “Your indifference to the plight of those left behind is a little psychopathic. You may be a genocidal maniac.”

Matt enjoyed the glare for a moment before smiling and saying “Look, I know we’ve been told that the way to be a good person is to not be racist, which means allowing people from all over the world to take over your country and not complain about it. But the situation is a lot more complicated than that.”

“But what are we going to do about the people who were born here? I have good friends who aren’t White but only speak English and hang out with mostly White people. What am I supposed to say to them?” she asked.

“I know people like that exist. I’ve certainly met people who were born here that seem to really appreciate White people, and it certainly isn’t their fault for being born here. Nor is it their parents for moving here. It is our fault for letting it happen. But it has happened, and lives have been built around these lies. So, I would say, if you showed up here recently and hang around with people from your own country, speaking your non-English language, you’re going home. In fact, if you were born here and hang around people from your parents’ country, speaking whatever language, you’re going home too,” explained Matt.

“But for the non-Whites who would want to live in a White country that prides itself on its White heritage and culture,” he continued, “and have grown up here and are in White friend circles, I don’t see why we can’t accept some honorary

Whites. But the door will be shut after we approve the best of the ones currently here,” he explained.

“But that’s insulting, like they have to give up their own identity to be around us?”

“But that’s what they’re doing to us. What’s insulting is Britain, France, Germany, Sweden being flooded with Africans and Asians and the British, French, German, Swedish people being told that these violent ethnic gangs are now a part of your country because they are the new Brits, French, Germans and Swedes. That is outrageous and it must stop. And if your non-White friends don’t understand that... if your non-White friends want you to give up your history, heritage and pride just so they feel comfortable in our home, then they’re not good friends to you or to White people, and they don’t deserve to be here,” he explained.

“My friends would hate me if I said anything like that,” said Melinda.

“Despite what your friends may think, loving diversity doesn’t make you a good person. Being a good person to the people who love and respect you makes you a good person. And if the silly people you currently call friends don’t understand that you now see reality for what it is, then they aren’t very good friends either,” he said.

“My friends aren’t silly,” she claimed.

“Melinda, you were at a rave last weekend. That’s where people go to do drugs, dance erratically, and pretend they love everyone. Those are silly people,” he explained.

“That’s not what happens. Many of my friends are excellent dancers.”

“Regardless of their skill level on the dance floor, if they don’t understand any new political beliefs you may come across, just remember that we’re always here for you.”

“We are out here fighting for racial equality and demanding justice for all people of colour who have endured the shackles of systemic racism for resisting settler

oppression. My cousin two weeks ago was arrested for no reason and put in a choke hold and he told the police that he couldn't breathe and the police kept choking him, so ain't nothin' been learned by the police, and ain't nothin' changed in the system, so we need to be out here every night until racial justice is felt by all," said the latest African lady to be featured on the news to discuss George Floyd and the riots in his honour.

"These people are rioting because they claim systemic racism is oppressing them? But I watched my boss hire some African from Ooga Boogastan to work on expense management, and ended up staring in an internet video of ritualistic cow slaughter, all because he is afraid to question diversity," said Jeff.

"Yeah, I don't get how they keep saying they're oppressed when everyone in the media has been telling us that we can't be racist, and people get fired for being racist, but they can riot and nothing happens to them. How are they being discriminated against?" said Lynn.

"And this all started because some Black guy died of a fentanyl overdose. This is just nuts." Jeff had been paying attention to non-mainstream news sources, which had given him new perspectives.

"What I think is really crazy is that they keep talking about anti Asian hate, and they talk about all these attacks on Asian people as if White people are doing them, but every time there's a video, it's a Black guy beating up an old Asian person. And the media will talk about Black people suffering racism from White people at the same time. It doesn't make sense," said Lynn.

"No, it doesn't." Not much did to Jeff at that time. He had spent his life trusting that the people in power had his best interests at heart, allowing him to worry about more personal concerns. Now the pact between ruler and ruled seemed broken.

'Of course the media is going to say this is all about justice. But what do real people say?'

Adrian searched social media and found most people were going about their business. There were a few White people claiming that their hearts were broken by the death of a fentanyl addict with a violent history, displaying symbols that advertised their views, and there were some people pointing out the truth of the situation and making fun of it, calling them “Mostly peaceful riots,” for instance. But even those who posted about such matters tended to post about other things, and seemed to have greater concerns.

He did find some local political activists, and they were mostly promoting the notion that Black people were indeed suffering from systemic racism, which caused them to misbehave. None of this surprised Adrian, but one picture stood out as just plain odd. He saw a man of Indian (or similar) descent standing next to a Native holding a sign that said “End Colonial Violence!”

‘Is this guy teaming up with a Native to complain about “colonialism,” as if he’s not the latest colonialist?’ he wondered.

Adrian looked through previous posts of the two and found that their efforts often aligned, giving speeches about their joint struggles, which seemed to be that they both blamed White people for the problems within their own communities. Many of their posts were invitations to events they spoke at, including an upcoming one, so Adrian had to see this for himself.

Adrian noticed a lack of Indian and Native attendants, and instead found himself surrounded by White people, mainly older and female; a crowd which numbered in the dozens.

“Colonialism has been the tool of the oppressor for generations now, and it is truly an inspiration to see the people rise up against racism!” said the Indian man to the crowd.

The crowd gave themselves a round of applause for being the good White people, and the Native took over.

“The Indigenous people have been guardians of this land for thousands of years, and we never took more from it than what it could give. Then the settlers came and took our land, and our language, our people! We have lost it all and now we are attacked by police! They say, ‘you’re just an Indian up to no good!’ When we hear that, we know that we might die!”

Adrian did not fully follow the story, but he could sense the hatred in the man’s voice.

The Indian started up again: “Colonial violence has happened across the globe, and with so many videos of police brutality against BIPOC, no one can deny the systemic racism it still supports today! But by bringing everyone together and saying no to racism, we will end the oppression once and for all!”

Adrian imagined the fire poker he had recently completed, the wooden handle shaped perfectly for his grip, with indentations that were perfectly filled by his fingers, and tapered into a long, metal rod that flared out to a head with a spike on the end, and another spike curling out like a claw near the tip from the otherwise straight tool, and how perfect that curled out spike would be for penetrating the skull of that Brown man trying to play the Native game.

‘I guess if Europeans never came here, they’d still be living their primitive lifestyle, hunting and eating whatever they can gather. Despite not having modern medicine and technology, that may be better than alcoholism and drug addiction. They wouldn’t have meth without us, so I can understand some misplaced resentment. But who the fuck is this guy? Trying to leach off the special privileges and position we give Natives in our history. You’re just some fucking Brown guy who was allowed into one of the richest countries in the world, and now you’re claiming to be oppressed and a voice for the Natives? Why isn’t this guy thrown out right now?!’ Adrian realized that if anybody looked at him, they would see a very angry looking man, so he relaxed his face as much as he could.

As Adrian looked around at all these White people screaming their approval and applauding the incoherent Native and the sneaky Brown, he found himself losing control as he pictured his poker swinging around, caving in the skulls of these

people cheering on their demise. He would no longer be able to control his facial expressions, and possibly worse if these feelings lasted, so he left before someone said something that drove him over the edge.

66

Though he had considered the ethics of the Middle Eastern wars in the past, he hadn't in a while, and wanted to give Brown people full consideration when it came to their claims of victimhood at the hands of colonialism. Adrian didn't know what specific type of Brown person the man at the protest was, and this problem was bigger than any individual, so he considered the perspectives of various Brown peoples.

First up, India. 'Britain may have run it like a business, but they also built railroads,' considered Adrian, who could remember British people saying they had traveled there and, when the locals found out they were British, thanked them for building their transportation system. 'Couldn't have been that bad,' he concluded.

Bangladesh was a little less clear. 'Wasn't there some type of starvation caused by food being diverted for World War II?' Adrian did a bit of reading and found a complex series of events; including Japan conquering their neighbour, Burma, and cutting off exports from there, natural disasters, internal food allocation policies, and an unwillingness by Britain to send aid which would have diverted resources from the war effort, all of which led to a huge famine in the region.

'This sounds like another effort to blame every unfortunate event on White people,' he decided.

'What about Pakistan? They were part of India, so they probably got railroads. And they harboured Bin Laden for years, so how are they victims?' Adrian was unaware of any excuse for that specific country to claim victimhood, but saw a good reason to not have any Pakistanis here.

Afghanistan was certainly another story. 'The war wouldn't have happened if they hadn't protected the guy who launched the biggest attack on the US since WWII. And weren't they killing each other before we got there?'

Adrian was not sure of who was who in local Afghan politics, and had no idea if US forces were protecting good people from bad, or the other way around.

‘I don’t know what happened there. But we wanted to find the guy who attacked us, and we had a hard time getting out of that hell-hole. Sounds like we may have some degree of blame for that country’s troubles. Does that mean Afghanis get to flood our countries? No.’

Iraq was the elephant in the room. ‘Sure, that war was based on bad intel and never should have happened. But how did most of those people die? Watching anti-Whites describe it, you’d think US forces were indiscriminately firing machine guns at civilians. But in truth, the vast majority of death that occurred there was Sunni/Shia violence, going both ways,’ he reasoned.

Adrian didn’t want to downplay just how bad the intel that led to that war was, or how destabilizing the attack was. ‘Why did we think they had WMDs?’ It did not take long to track down the source of that intel. ‘The government of Israel? But we fell for it.’

While looking into these matters, Adrian stumbled across a video titled “How colonialism is responsible for all Middle Eastern Conflict.” He watched it and learned that the maker of the video believed that the boundaries set by the European powers after the world wars did not take tribalism into account and did not group people together well.

‘So how did they get along when it was just the Ottoman Empire? And they’ve had control over their territory for many decades now. Why can’t they get together and make borders that better suit the people who live there? Put Sunnis with Sunnis and Shia with Shia. They can’t work this out themselves?’

Adrian considered this for a moment and thought ‘I guess whoever has power doesn’t want to give up any territory, and wants to rule over as much as they can, regardless of who lives there. So, because we first drew the lines haphazardly, and they can’t figure out how to fix it, everything bad that happens there is our fault?’

‘Just like Syria. It has a Shia minority ruling over a Sunni majority, so that war is our fault because we put them together and they can’t peacefully coexist or separate?’ he thought.

Worst of all, Adrian had a strong understanding of Islam and the desire of Muslims to impose their ways on everyone.

Taking everything into consideration, ‘I don’t give a fuck where that Brown bastard is from. Even if his family was killed by a US bomb in Iraq, does that give him the right to come here attach himself to the Natives to fight against us?’

“Get the fuck out here!” he screamed into an empty room.

67

“Great game!” Thomas’s soccer team had in fact lost, but it was high energy and close.

“You’ll get a chance to win again. We can practise kicking the ball around more this week.” Matt wasn’t very into soccer, and he knew his kid wasn’t going to go pro, but he knew sports were more fun if you were good at them and won, and that defeats were to be learned from, not something to cause depression.

As they drove home, Matt noticed a crowd in a park who looked out of place. “Are those people holding signs?”

As they approached, he could see that they were, and those signs read “Justice for George Floyd!” and “No justice! No peace!”

Matt pulled over. “Take the kids home. I’ll get a cab later,” he told Danielle.

He was not satisfied by his previous encounter with aggressive leftists, and saw an opportunity to vent. He approached a woman who appeared to be a leader amongst the nearly dozen people in attendance, and was holding a sign that said end colonial violence. “So, what is this ‘colonial violence’ you’re protesting?” asked Matt.

The woman was surprised that he even had to ask. “Have you not heard of the police brutality being committed against BIPOC across The West! George Floyd

was murdered for the colour of his skin and you have to ask what colonial violence is?”

“Yes, because Floyd died of a fentanyl overdose. So what? Why should anyone in Canada care about some African who OD’d while a cop happened to be there?” he asked.

The anger intensified as she replied “First of all, how dare you speak about that man like that. Some African? He was stolen from that continent by slave masters and his people have been oppressed by a White supremacist regime for centuries!”

“But this is Canada. Do you think Canada is a White supremacist regime?” he asked.

“Of course it is! The indigenous peoples of this land have been genocided for generations! Read a history book!” she demanded.

“Well, I have, and I’m not sure how you can call a people whose numbers are on the increase ‘genocided.’ But more importantly, if this is a White supremacist regime, why are we flooding it with Africans?” he asked.

“Do you think only White people have a right to be in this country? And you think this isn’t a White supremacist regime?” She laughed at what she had perceived to be great point.

“What I know is that my people built this country and it is being ruined because we have imported millions of BIPOC who, despite being rescued from whatever third world shit-hole they came from, still commit disgusting acts of violence against the people who generously allowed them into this country. But instead of discussing that reality, I have to listen to a bunch of clowns claim that violent riots are okay because slavery and colonialism and White people bad.”

“Everything you said is a racist lie! White supremacists started those riots to blame BIPOC for it in the racist media!” she screeched.

Matt had seen that claim made somewhere online, but watching a person in real life say it was a tipping point. “And you believe that!? You fucking people are just a

bunch of fat retards! I wish I could throw all of you into a big pool of sewage and force you to live the rest of your days in it, and then call you a piece of garbage for complaining about all the rotting poo that's covering your entire body!"

Matt was screaming at this point. If his finger were a sword, they would have been sliced to pieces.

Despite having made a show of being angry at racism, the woman and her cohort were pushed back by the rage exuding from Matt. They turned to each other to see how to react and ended up chirping amongst themselves and shrieks of "Nazi!" rang out.

The crowd gathered a collective courage and began advancing on Matt, who wasn't sure if this was a display of aggression, or a defensive posture taken against what they perceived as a threat. Given that the seven or eight women were larger than the three or four men who accompanied them, Matt was unconcerned for his safety. "What are you idiots going to do? You're just going to fuck off, aren't you?" he said

"This is a place of love, so take your hate and leave!" they replied.

"Take your third word pets and get out of this country!"

Matt found himself in a stalemate in which neither side was willing to initiate violence, but neither wanted to back down either, but Matt had made his point, and his desire to be away from these people made his position untenable. "Fine, hang out with yourselves and talk about how proud you are of each other for loving BIPOC so much. You're just a bunch of idiots and I'm done with you," he explained before leaving.

'They really do look happy,' thought Matt as he observed two African children playing, which had become a more common sight in his city. He had left the gathering he had disrupted to walk through the city; his only aim to consider the problems of the world, and what might be done about them. After a couple of

hours, he stopped at a park bench to rest, and an African family quickly found their way into his field of vision.

The two children, accompanied by their mother who also seemed to be resting after trudging her kids across the city, were running around the grass with big smiles, laughing and occasionally making contact with each other and then running in more circles.

‘Nobody wants to tell happy kids that they don’t belong.’ He certainly wasn’t going to berate this family for being in his country, and understood why nobody was. He pictured a middleclass White lady fawning over these children. ‘Oh, how wonderful! You can’t send such wonderful people back to poverty. This is their home now!’ she might say. He thought back to the steady supply of commercials that displayed joyous Africans behaving themselves very well, and depicting them as being good friends with White people. He always saw such commercials as saccharine- an unrealistic demonstration of how people wanted life to be. He now understood the power of corporate messaging.

‘So why can’t they be happy in their own country amongst their own people? Why are their countries always impoverished shitholes? Why do they deserve to come here and destroy mine? Let me guess, because White people went there and built stuff a long time ago, they left the poverty disease and Africans never found a cure, so they get to live in White countries because we destroyed theirs. And if they destroy our countries when they get here, well, that’s our fault too because we deserve it!’

Matt felt himself getting worked up to the point that he had to stop himself from yelling “Fucking retards!” in front of children, so he made his way home, but while on his way thought ‘I’m sure those kids have already been exposed to much worse than a White man yelling an obscenity.’

“This sure is a nice fire set. Do you make a lot of them?”

“I’ve made few, but I mostly make furniture now,” explained Adrian to the man who had come to buy the fireplace set he had made.

"I bet that's really nice. My place is stuffed with everything we need to sit and lay on, but if I know someone who's looking for stuff like that, I'll send them your way," said the man

"I mostly make tables and dressers, but I've made pretty much everything," explained Adrian.

"Judging by the price, you're not doing this for the money," noted the man.

"No, it's just a hobby. I like making things, but I don't have much use for most of them, so I may as well get my money back, at least." Adrian was in fact able to sell his furniture for enough that it supplemented his income well, and he could have made a living at it, but he did even better at his job.

"Well, they sure are nice, so I appreciate it. It's getting harder and harder to find good deals on well made things these days," said the man.

"Even made in China stuff is getting expensive. I'm glad I can build my own," said Adrian.

"Sometimes I wonder if we're going to start getting cheap things just from Burnaby. I hear more Chinese there than English," said the man with a laugh.

"Yeah, we already can't communicate with our neighbours, and they keep bringing more and more people in because the economy supposedly needs them, but all that happens is things keep getting more expensive and it's harder to find a well-paying job," said Adrian.

"Yeah, seriously. And they call you racist for complaining about it. I'm not racist, but we can't take this many people all at once. No one even speaks English yet and suddenly we have all these people looking for a home. Where are we going to live? Rent is out of control," said the man.

"These are all problems that could be fixed fairly easily. Fixing our people will be much more difficult," which was easy for Adrian to say, with his house being nearly paid off and his mortgage still being low interest.

"What do you mean our people?"

“I mean White people. Our countries have been flooded with all sorts of people who don’t belong here. Making this place our home again is a much bigger problem than anything economic,” explained Adrian.

“Wait, I’m married to a Chinese woman, okay? She’s Canadian and only speaks English, so as long as people come here and absorb our culture, this country is a better place when people come here from wherever,” said the man.

“So, because you’re married to a Chinese woman, I’m supposed to pretend that importing large numbers of Africans is fine?” asked Adrian.

“No, not if they don’t learn our ways. If we bring in some and they become Canadian, then we can experience culture together. It’s just when there’s too many, you know?” explained the man.

“Do you believe that importing Africans is the same as importing Chinese people? Because they behave very differently,” asked Adrian.

“Look, race has nothing to do with it. They come from a culture of poverty and violence and that is a cycle we need to break. We’ll never do that with hate,” he said.

“But haven’t you noticed all the anti-White hate out there? How’s that going to affect White people?” asked Adrian.

“See, look, I think you fell into their trap, man. The media, they keep showing you stuff like rap and news stories from poverty neighbourhoods to scare you, then they tell the Black people that the poverty is White people’s fault. They’re trying to divide us! We need to move past race. Just forget about it. Who cares about the colour of your skin!” replied the man.

“They’re trying to divide us? What do you mean? Why?” Adrian knew the standard “conservative” answer, but wanted to hear it anyway.

“I mean they’re trying to divide us because we’re easier to control that way. They whip up hatred between the races so we can’t get together and fight the system,” he replied.

“But the system is all about bringing people here and telling us that we have to get along for the good of the economy. But do you agree that it would have been better to not bring non-Whites here in the first place so they couldn’t divide us in that fashion?” asked Adrian.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying! I’m saying that people get along just fine, until you start spreading hate, against Blacks or Whites or Asians or anybody! We just need to love, man. Anyway, thanks for the fireplace set. It really is nice.”

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Adrian was curious as to what was causing people to believe that diversity really could be our strength, with better management. He found himself online reviewing various social media posts from promoters of mainstream, conservative political parties from around the White world. He found the phrase “They will not divide us!” to be quite common. He had heard and understood this phrase even before the man who bought his fireplace set had mentioned it, but the frequency with which he saw it was interesting to him.

He went to a mainstream news aggregator that still allowed comments and found an article titled “Black People have Been Excluded from the World of Cycling for too Long, so They Began Their Own Club.”

He thought back to the images of cycling competitions he had seen throughout his life and he only remembered White people being in them. It was not something he was in to, so his recollections were not clear, but he was fairly sure these events were not very multicultural.

‘Do Black people sell drugs on bikes?’ he wondered. Adrian had spent a fair bit of time walking around Vancouver, including the less desirable areas. He noticed that he would see quite a few seemingly homeless people on bicycles and, upon seeing this pattern, thought they were likely drug dealers. But they were all White. He did not know if Black people used bicycles in their drug dealing operations, but was curious as to what they had to say about their role in competitive cycling, so he read the article.

“Whenever I watched these cycling competitions on TV when I was a kid, I always wanted to do it. But nobody there looked like me. I asked my mom if I was allowed to because I was Black and she told me I could do anything and bought me a bike. Now that me and my friends have set up community races and post it on Instagram, Black kids can see it and know that they can cycle competitively too. We want to inspire the kids!” explained the interviewee.

Adrian understood this article to be an attempt to make it appear as though differences in racial behaviour were caused by White people being “exclusive,” and that making everyone somehow feel “welcome” was the responsibility of White people, and that this action would lead to Africans thriving in every aspect of life, even the in the world of cycling. But he was curious as to what other people thought, so he read the comments.

“I went cycling with my Black friend (I think of him as just my friend, but I need to make a point here) and not for a second did he feel like he wasn’t welcome. We don’t need these racist clubs dividing us! Nice race-baiting, MSM!”

Adrian knew that MSM was mainstream media, but he was not sure what “race-baiting” meant. Upon consideration, he realized that ‘just like the guy who bought my fireplace set, this guy thinks the media is trying to make people racist by publishing stories that will make one race angry about the behaviour of another. But these are the same people who encourage immigration and call you racist if you disagree. Are they bringing them here just to antagonize us against each other? That doesn’t make sense.’ Adrian had yet to look for antagonists, but he was sure this commentor was missing the point that division was biological.

He found another commentor who explained that “This is exactly what the divider in chief wants, race- based clubs so we can’t be friends all together and fight back against his criminal agenda! United we stand against tyranny!”

Adrian did not know who this “divider in chief” was and could not figure it out. ‘Does he mean the boss of the biggest media corporations? That wouldn’t be “in chief” as there are a few of them.’ Adrian decided to ask the commentor and was told that he was referring to “Our black face prime minister!”

Yet another commentor told a story of how he had “put a bunch of different coloured ants in a jar and they just went about their business, until I shook it up, and only then did they start fighting. People need to be mad at the guy shaking our jar, not the other ants!”

Adrian was pretty sure that ants would fight regardless of what humans did. Some quick research revealed that even ants of the same species from different colonies would fight over resources, and he realized just how devoid of value that analogy was.

Yet it kept showing with up in various social media posts and their comment sections. ‘Why are so many people claiming to have put ants in jars, or watched someone put ants in jars, and are getting unrealistic results? And why are so many people using the term “race-baiting,” and calling Dustin “the divider in chief”? None of it makes any sense. If these people just accepted that racial group averages were different, the world would make sense. But most people on both sides are just spouting nonsense,’ he lamented.

He continued to ponder: ‘People on the left want us to believe that we’ll all behave the same if White people are just nicer to non-Whites, while people on the right think everybody is getting along already, except when leftists stoke racism by talking about race. Seems like everybody is so afraid of the truth that they’ll make any childish excuse to avoid even thinking about it.

‘And even those who do think that huge numbers of immigrants are a problem think it’s just too much too fast. Most people really seem to believe that everything will be fine, as soon as we train the Africans to behave like Chinese people, and get the Chinese people to appreciate English, and everyone stops talking about it, then everyone will get along perfectly. This fantasy will destroy us.’

“We’ll never change enough of their minds. They need their own country,” Matt said to his wife after his eventful day of soccer and rally disruption.

“Whose minds?”

“Stupid White women who see African kids playing in Canada, and their hearts get all warm and they start blathering nonsense because the idea of sending the Africans home is just too much for them. And these are the same idiots who will simply deny that so called BIPOC are committing massive amounts of violent crime all over the world. ‘Hey, did you know that Muslims see kuffar women as fair game and that rape jihad is real? Just look at all these stories of White women being raped in Europe by third world trash.’ ‘No, that’s right wing lies!’” said Matt, playing out what had become a fair summarization of a normal conversation.

“There’s no reasoning with these people,” he continued. “They won’t even acknowledge your arguments. How can a country that imports millions of non-Whites be a White supremacist regime? It’s really stupid. It makes no sense to believe this, but they won’t even acknowledge the point. So, we really need to just separate from them. All the stupid White people who think diversity is our strength can go live in Ontario with the BIPOC they claim to love so much.

“How did we get here?” he went on. “It’s like we rounded up the biggest idiots we could find and put them in charge of the government, media, and even the universities, and everyone’s too afraid of their temper tantrums to stop them. And now they have legions of morons smashing things because they believe a White supremacist government is importing minorities just to murder them for fun, or whatever they believe. How did we allow this, this... rise of the failures.”

“People just don’t want to face reality. You know, like denial,” replied Danielle.

Denial. The word stuck with Matt and guided his thoughts as he considered the conundrum our people were in.

“The real problem is the immigration system, which was already broken, but the problem has been exacerbated by covid. Americans never liked working retail, and now with the virus threat, they would definitely rather take the generous government benefits than fill those jobs. So we need people who will do the jobs that current Americans won’t,” said the business media person.

While the argument had a certain amount of merit from a superficial economic point of view, Jeff felt there were other points to be considered. 'Sure, some of them may fill jobs and add to GDP. But how many will rob liquor stores? How many will perform primitive rituals on our streets? How many will exclude me for being White?' he wondered.

Jeff's work from home schedule allowed him a lot of time to think, and the economic benefits of immigration was a subject he often considered. 'Yeah, I guess if you keep pouring people into a country, GDP will keep increasing. But who benefits from that?'

Jeff knew it wasn't him, but someone had to. 'What is GDP? I guess it's just money chasing goods, so more money chasing more goods equals more potential profits for corporations, so no wonder they want immigrants: they get more revenue and cheap labour.'

"With all these incentives to stay home, employers are having a hard time finding frontline workers, so we need to keep a close eye on wages, because if we get a wage price spiral, margins could be impacted significantly and current valuations could look a little rich," explained the business media person speaking on air at that moment.

'So, their biggest fear is paying employees more?' As an economist, Jeff always understood this dynamic- even worked to keep wages low himself- but to hear it expressed so openly and brazenly by the investor class made him consider the implications.

"Yes, workers are demanding more, and employers are being forced to give it to them. They can afford to pay for now, but if we can't get people back to work soon, we're going to see wages rise faster than prices, and therefore an erosion of value in terms of future earnings," replied another business media person.

This consumption of investor television made an impression on Jeff. 'There's this whole class of people whose job it is to own shares of companies and to pressure them to keep their costs down, meaning pay their employees as little as possible.'

It was one thing when people like Jeff did this internally to help the business they worked for control costs, but these were outsiders.

Jeff thought about all the wealth being gathered by those who own small pieces of large companies, and demanded profits be directed towards them, and kept from employees. He considered how vast the financial industry was, and how many people were incredibly wealthy, all by keeping money out of the hands of those working to generate it, and putting it in their own pockets. 'Seems like a lot of money that could be spread a little better,' he concluded.

Jeff was beginning to see that many powerful interests converged on the subject of immigration. 'These psychopaths are willing to destroy our history and people for the sake of a few more dollars,' he thought, and considered his role: 'I believed I was on the right side.' He excused himself, as all he had done was befriend a few BIPOC, and figure out how much one burger place needed to pay them.

But his sense of purpose was replaced by a sense of betrayal, and an understanding of how empty his purpose had been. 'I thought that if I was nice to everybody, and made everyone feel welcome, the world would be a better place, and all I had to do was enjoy life as the world evolved.'

But he felt a sense of duty for the first time. 'People need to understand how badly they're being ripped off, and lied to.'

Jeff understood the economic aspect of the problem fairly well, but he was new to racial consciousness. His feelings of betrayal and astonishment led him to research many topics, such as race and IQ, the nature of Islam, crime statistics and more. His quest for understanding of the world led him down many paths.

His search first led to articles with titles such as "Black People Made to Feel Unwelcome on Hiking Trails" which told tales of Black people claiming that the lack of Black people on hiking trails made their experience difficult. "I used to feel out of place, because I'd look around and nobody looked like me. I felt nervous and uncomfortable. Now I come with my friends and we feel safe, and when other people of colour see us enjoying ourselves in a safe space outdoors, they might

get over their fear and take advantage of the nature we have,” some Black lady was quoted as saying.

‘They are suggesting that Black people don’t feel safe when they’re hiking because the only people who do it are White? I wonder if there are any articles about how White people feel in ghettos,’ he wondered while knowing the answer, despite his experience in researching media deception being limited. Acceptance of the truth had brought his instincts back to life quickly.

He soon found websites that had articles with titles such as “Black People Blame White People for Their Lack of Interest in Nature,” which took an opposing view to the mainstream narrative.

‘There always has to be a reason why we’re into different things, I guess. And it can never be their fault. Otherwise, people will start asking why they’re here petty quickly,’ he figured.

But one headline caught his eye. “One Thousand Rabbis Urge Lawmakers to Accept Refugees.”

‘I thought they didn’t get along with Muslims, and they wrote this right after the Paris attack? Why would Rabbis say such a thing?’ This question led to a deeper understanding of the world.

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“I don’t think we’re going to win,” Matt said to Chris as they took a moment for lunch.

“What do you mean? We’re beating the hell out of this house. You might to squeeze a few hundred thousand out of this place.” They got a great deal on a place that needed minor maintenance to the house itself, but new landscaping was required, making it an easy flip.

“Sure, the property is fine. But society isn’t doing so well: There’s riots in every major city, Black people are going nuts and attacking White people for being White, and stupid people are protesting about police brutality and structural racism that doesn’t exist. Meanwhile, not allowing your kid to destroy their lives

with hormones and surgery is considered child abuse. And nobody is having a real conversation about it. The people on the left keep yelling stupid things, and the people on the right are too busy trying to avoid being called racist to do anything about it. Not a single person has the guts to say 'maybe the reason Africans commit violent crime at a much higher rate is because we aren't all the same on the inside,'" said Matt.

"That would really freak people out," replied Chris.

"It would freak people out, because the truth terrifies them. If our society is being destroyed by the importation of millions of incompatible people, how do we fix it? Fear of the answer forces everyone into a state of denial, so political conversations always turn into idiots from the left yelling at cowards from the right, who dance to their tune and proudly tell them that race doesn't even matter to them. 'My friend is Black and I don't even see him that way because I'm not the racist, you are!' Sure, we all know nice Africans, but let's discuss the real reason that Detroit and every other American ghetto is a shit-hole, and whether or not we should prevent Canadian cities from sinking even deeper into the same pit," said Matt

"Yeah, nobody wants to face the truth," said Chris.

"They're afraid of the truth. Are you familiar with the five stages of grief?" asked Matt.

"Not really."

"It could be called the five stages of dealing with terminal illness. Imagine a doctor telling you that you have a year to live, and that he's 100% certain. It's an emotional overload, and you deal with it by simply pretending it's not true—deferred pain. That's denial, and it's the first stage. We're telling people that society as they know it is doomed, and they can't accept it," explained Matt.

Chris had understood this intuitively, but had never put it all together in that way.

"I was talking to Danielle and she said people were in denial, and I couldn't stop thinking about how this society is terminal. I mean, we could fix it, but given the

current state of political discourse, I doubt we will, so we need to make other plans.”

This was not the first time they had discussed leaving and building their own community somewhere else, but the need to do so felt more pressing every day, and their ability to do so had increased substantially.

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“It’s just down this road here,” said Chris as he turned off the highway and headed down a gravel road. Matt noticed how two hills came together two or three kilometres down the road.

“The mountains have our backs, it seems,” noted Matt.

“Yeah, this place is nice. I used to come here as a kid all the time, then my grandparents retired here, now it’s mine,” said Chris.

They pulled up to the run-down cabin Chris had inherited. “It’s been sitting here for almost two years. After grandpa died, grandma moved back to the city. And now that she’s passed, the deed’s in my name. It skipped a generation because I grew up visiting my grandparents here,” he explained.

“Do you have any sentimental value when it comes to this shack?” asked Matt.

“I might wanna clear some stuff out, but not for the building itself. Grandpa built it in the ‘80s and put as little maintenance into it as possible. He liked the rustic feel.”

“Good, because if we can take this place down, we’ll have all the space we’ll need,” said Matt.

The cabin was the first building they came to on the main road that wound through the mountain bordered enclave, in which they were currently in the middle of, sitting just past a fork in the road.

“If you keep going down the way we were heading, you’ll run into another old cabin that belonged to an old couple who passed without kids. Their only son died

of an overdose a long time ago. They were really close with my parents, so they gave it to them in their will, so now it's mine too," explained Chris.

"If you go back to that turn we passed and head down that way, there's another cabin where another old couple lives. They were good friends with my grandparents as well, but they've been alone now for a long time. They just live in an old trailer down there and nobody wants the place because there's nothing here. Nothing for miles and miles," continued Chris.

"Sounds great to me," said Matt.

"Yeah, and they want to move back to the city and spend their last years around their family, but they can't afford to without selling this place, which is worthless to most people."

"But not to us," said Matt

"No, and they're expecting us to come by today, and something tells me we can make an arrangement," said Chris.

"Hello, Chris! Nice to see you again. We spoke the other day but it's been a few years since we've actually seen you," said the old man who greeted them at his door.

"Yes, I haven't had time to enjoy nature as much as I'd like, but that will all change soon. Mr. Evans, this is my friend Matt, and he is the one who wants to buy your land," said Chris.

"I hear you have big plans for this place," said Mr. Evans to Matt.

"We have some building to do here, that's for sure," replied Matt.

"You were saying a few people would be moving out here. How many?" asked Mr. Evans.

"We're not sure exactly, but it could be a few dozen families. We'd love for you guys to be one of them. We could build you a new house as part of the land deal," explained Matt.

“We’ve been wanting to move closer to the kids and grandkids for a while now, but it would be nice to see this place come alive again. It’s been so lonely since your grandparents have passed,” said Mr. Evans.

“I always liked Danny and Michelle. They were good people. Maybe they’d want to move here if there were some people their own age,” said Chris, referring to their son and daughter.

“Oh, I think they have too much going on in the city.”

“Well, Randy may be ready to raise Ryan and Freddy in a nice, safe community. He says it’s getting bad out there,” interjected Mrs. Evans, speaking of her grandson and his children.

“We’re not going to let it get bad here,” said Chris.

“I know. I’m proud of what you’re doing here, and if I were any younger, I’d love to be a part of it. But we don’t have much time left and we want it to be as comfortable as possible, around our family as much as possible,” said Mr. Evans.

“Our families grew up taking our vacations together out here. I know all you guys would love it even more once it’s built,” said Chris.

“It’s not up to us. It’s up to where the younger ones want to be,” explained Mr. Evans.

“Well, if you or they decide you want to come back, we’ll have a place for you,” offered Matt.

After closing a deal for their land that made everyone very happy, and the two were on their way home, Matt asked Chris, “They understand our project?”

“Oh yeah. Grandpa would tell stories about how you could go weeks without seeing a non-White. He said Chinatown was pretty small when he was a kid, but then it grew and took over half the city, and Indians started coming, and he was pretty sick of it, and those guys would have their stories too. It’s a big part of why they moved out here,” explained Chris.

“With these three parcels of land, we own most of this valley from the highway to the hills. There’s just one more piece,” said Matt.

“I don’t have a contact number for this guy, so we’ll just have to knock on his door and see if we can talk to him,” explained Chris.

“Hello?” said the man who opened the door to the old cabin, which appeared to have been built without the use of much machinery.

“Hello, Mr. Verinsinski. Remember me, Chris MacFarlane? I used to come here as a kid, and my grandparents lived down the road until a couple of years ago.”

“Sure. What can I do for you?” he asked.

“Well, we own the rest of the land here in the valley now and we are going to develop it, and we’d love to buy this land from you,” explained Matt.

“Develop it? What do you mean develop it?” he asked.

“I mean we plan on clearing and levelling some areas and building houses there,” said Matt.

“But this is a quiet place with nothing around. Who’s going to live here?” asked Mr. Verinsinski.

“We will. A bunch of families want to get away from everything and build our own community,” said Matt.

“So you want to get away from the city by turning this place into a city? But I’m here for the peace. I don’t want to go anywhere. I want to stay here with my quiet,” explained Mr. Verinsinski.

“It will be a small community, but we will be making a lot of noise and traffic as we build, which is why we’re offering you a great price you can use to buy an even more quiet place somewhere,” said Matt.

“I don’t want your money. I don’t want your noise. I don’t want to see you at my door again. Now leave me alone!”

“Has he always been like that?” asked Matt as they left.

“Let’s just say, I had a feeling it wouldn’t go well.”

76

“It’s an isolated place, but there are a few towns within driving distance that have properties we could develop, and we’d need a labourer or two,” Matt suggested to Jim, who had been working for Matt for roughly two years, and had become a valuable member of their small team.

“That would be nice, and I hear you guys talk about politics sometimes, and I agree, but my wife really doesn’t like that stuff. We’re both not very political but my wife gets freaked out sometimes. I was saying how nice it would be to not have to deal with these people anymore, and she was like ‘but they’re here. How are you going to get rid of them? We’d have to kill them and we can’t do that. We can’t slaughter people just because we don’t want them anymore,’” said Jim.

Matt had heard such things before. Some saw no solution between pretending everything was just fine and massacring millions of people. He wondered if the conversation would be easier if people understood that a peaceful middle ground was possible.

“I know how stupid that is,” continued Jim, “but she just doesn’t want to talk about it. She just doesn’t want to see the world the way it is. Besides, she wouldn’t want to leave her family, and some of them are really annoying leftists, but I love my wife and our kids.”

“Well, good luck with those folks. But seriously, I understand. I hope you make the most of our once beautiful society before it dies, and I hope you and your wife join us some day. Keep reminding her what the world is really like, and one day she might get it,” said Matt, understanding that his project was not for everyone.

But it was a popular idea among his fairly wide circle of friends. He had offered all his employees, who totaled eight at the time, a place to stay while they built the houses, and a good deal on a home if they wanted to stay. All were willing to work in the wilderness for a while, and four decided to request a home. But the invitations were open.

Aside from them, quite a few were interested in founding a new town with him, as the public school system made for many concerned parents. “Out there, your kids will be taught by normal people, and no gay sex stuff. And definitely no tranny surgery. We already have a few parents who are homeschooling and are willing to do so collectively with the other parents, teaching their strengths. And we even have a real teacher who is leaving the public school to teach out there. She’s really excited to teach normal stuff,” Matt would explain to prospects.

The professional teacher in question was a childhood friend of Danielle’s, who had also married well and worked for pleasure more than money. They also had a civil engineer who worked in city planning, and was willing to not only help with the town’s design, but to teach advanced math to any teenager in the town who needed help. And Matt’s old business partner, Mitchell, was planning on retiring their but volunteered to teach kids how to build.

There were not going to be many local jobs at first, so many of the early residents had work from home jobs, but someone was planning on opening a store, and Matt planned on employing a few people to build the place, before using them to build homes in bigger communities down the highway, and maybe someone would open a restaurant. Matt wasn’t sure how strong the local economy would be, but news of the community in the wilderness spread through Matt and Danielle’s extended friend group, and it turned out that many were fed up with, and even afraid of, the modern society they inhabited, and were willing to try living amongst like-minded people.

77

“Have you spoken to Melinda lately?”

The question raised suspicion in Danielle. “I don’t think you’ve ever asked me that before.”

Matt had been considering some ideas and wanted to run them by his favourite leftist. “I don’t know, we haven’t seen her in a while, and I’ll be going out to start construction soon, so I may not get a chance to see her for a long time.”

Matt had set up a few trailers at their new home for himself and his crew to live in as they built their new community. He was arranging for equipment and material to be delivered to the location and would soon be leaving to begin the first phase of construction.

"I would have thought you'd see that as a good thing," replied Danielle.

"No, I love Melinda. I've watched her grow from a bratty girl to a childish woman, and I'll miss her," said Matt.

"I'll invite her over for dinner, but you better not be planning anything."

"Great conversation. Nothing more," assured Matt.

"So, Melinda, with everything that's happened in the world, with wild Africans rampaging through cities, destroying once great neighbourhoods across the US, and even here in Canada, are you still on team diversity?" he asked soon after the trio sat for dinner.

"Matt, you know my friend Cheryl is Black, and I'll always be on her team," she replied.

"Sure, and she'll make a good honorary White in the ethnostate one day. But do you still really think it's a good idea to bring millions of Africans into this country? You see how well it's going down in The States, right?" he inquired.

Matt had long accepted that Melinda was more concerned with how people felt than she was with the fate of her country, but he did ask such questions occasionally and, over the years, had discussed such issues with her numerous times, so such a question was far less terrifying to her than it would be to the average electronic dance music festival attendee.

"It's not just Cheryl. I know a lot of good people who aren't White, whose families moved here for a better life. We can't deny them that. Isn't that why you're moving out into the bush?" she replied.

"Sure, because your third world friends are ruining the city."

Melinda glared and grimaced at him. "Okay, sorry, not your friends, who I'm sure are lovely, but you know what I mean," he clarified.

After knowing Matt for so long, she did in fact know what he meant, but wished to live in a small world where only the people she knew mattered.

"But I'm glad you brought up this notion of needing to help people," continued Matt. "I agree that there should be a safe space for threatened people, but why can't that place be in Africa?"

Matt knew it wouldn't be a rational one, but he did look to her for an answer. After a moment of confusion, she replied "Well, there's already people there. We can't just move people onto someone else's land."

"But there's already people here!"

"But we can afford to bring them here. Africa can't," she said.

"Can we? And why can't any African nation afford to take refugees? We're told that refugees are very productive. Why can't African countries take advantage of this talent?" he asked.

Melinda seemed to know the answer, but declined to give it, so Matt quickly moved on.

"How about this? We find an uninhabited, or barely inhabited place, which shouldn't be too hard because Africa is huge. Did you know that you could fit Europe and North America into Africa a few times? Anyway, we find this place and buy it from whatever country. Or maybe we just make a deal to become the government of an existing country, build out all their infrastructure with Western engineers, and our abundant supply of refugee labour. We can get them started with a super skilled labour force to build everything a modern nation needs," proposed Matt.

"However we do it exactly," he continued, "we create a new nation there, which is run by Westerners who will build their systems up to the level of our countries- from roads and buildings, to the power grid, and even government and legal

systems- and it will be the new place to go for refugees and immigrants who want to live in a Western style country, but they can do it in Africa. What do you think?"

Matt sensed that Melinda did not know what to think, so he continued "I think it will be a great place, because it will be full of the best people on the planet; you know, people who flee their own country for a better life somewhere else. I'm sure that place will be saving the lives we won't have to in no time. They could call it Western Mongolia," he said.

"And you know how it could be even better?" he asked rhetorically. "They could set up a Western University, where they train third world people in the art of running a first world nation. They could spread their talent across the continent, curing the cursed peoples of their poverty once and for all."

Melinda was still considering this as Matt carried on. "Do all these pro immigration people really think they're saving the world from poverty by hoarding all the greatest talent on the planet? They're robbing the poor of their human capital. I am a humanitarian trying to enrich the poorest countries with the secret ingredient to success, immigrants! Very well-trained immigrants who have had the privilege of living in Western countries and should have learned a thing or two about maintaining a first world nation."

"Sure, that would be great," said Melinda sarcastically, mainly due to her unwillingness to seriously agree with Matt at that moment, while not knowing how to disagree.

"How's work going?" asked Danielle.

"Great, we had a birthday party for my friend there and it was really fun," replied Melinda.

'She always gets her off the ropes,' thought Matt, though he didn't mind as he had made his point, and Melinda had entertained him with her confused and frustrated mannerisms.

Adrian had found his wilderness home while exploring the area a few years prior, when he first decided that society was at risk of falling apart. He had spent over a year searching suitably remote areas, hiking through various forests for days at a time, and knew this place would be perfect as soon as he looked around. There was a spring coming off the mountain to the north, which flowed enough to create a stream that ran past where he would build his shelter. And there was an opening in the terrain to the south which allowed for sun to come in, even in the winter.

It was quite the trek. Each way he would drive over five hundred kilometres to a trail he could access with a dirt bike, drive that another few dozen kilometres, then walk the last few through a rocky trail animal trail which ended at a beautiful location surrounded by unnamed mountains on crown land. He was not sure if any human had ever been to that exact spot before.

Though he had put some effort into developing it initially, the death of Mr. Floyd and its aftermath increased his pace of development significantly. Up until that point, he had dug a simple shelter and planted some raspberry bushes that would provide for him for years to come, but nothing elaborate. Now that he felt a sense of urgency, he soon had a set of smithing tools and a small generator, which he had disassembled as much as possible to make the journeys more manageable, a small gas stove, and many more basic items, like blankets and rope, not to mention that he had performed a significant amount of work on a small cabin that would have duct work to spread the heat put out by his fireplace.

He even built an irrigation system, which consisted of a very long, perforated hose that was tied to a rope and clamped to the ground using a large spike, which he had pounded into the soil covered ground up the hill near the spring, in such a way that he could put the opening of the hose into the water's flow, thus carrying it down to his garden and distributing it through the many small holes at the bottom end of the hose. Or he could set it aside, leaving it empty so as to not flood his garden.

He cultivated the land fairly extensively, planting raspberries and strawberries all over his recently claimed territory, and making space for a vegetable garden. 'This might attract bears,' he thought. 'I wonder if I could kill a bear with this sword?'

He had crafted a katana in the Japanese tradition, and had been practising wielding it, using targets that varied from fruit to wood to swing at.

He imagined many possible battles he could have with bears, usually ending with Adrian cutting off a paw, or plunging the sword into the beasts' face. He figured he could injure it badly and quickly enough that the bear would decide the sword was too formidable and back off. But how reliable was this fine weapon against such a powerful and impressive animal?

'Maybe I should get a gun.'

79

"If we're going to live out in the woods, we may as well learn to hunt," Matt suggested to Chris.

"Yeah, growing up in the suburbs, we never even saw guns. Do you remember anybody's dad going on hunting trips or anything?" asked Chris.

"No. The whole idea seemed weird when I was younger. 'Why go shoot an animal when you could just go to the grocery store?' I thought. And I'd still rather just buy meat, honestly. But we should know how to sustain ourselves, if things go really bad," replied Matt.

"Yeah, the idea of killing animals doesn't sound like fun, exactly. But we eat meat, so sometimes we gotta do what we gotta do, I guess. I was watching videos of lions tearing up other animals on the internet, and it's vicious. I felt bad for the animals getting eaten, so I stopped watching them, but that's what lions need. That's their job. And their skill is impressive. So I suppose a clean shot is a better way to go for a deer, or whatever, than getting chewed to death by lions," said Chris.

"Don't they choke out their food?" asked Matt.

“Usually, but some animals have thick necks, and they’re hard to get at, so it can take a long time even if things go well, so often the lions will get the animal down and start eating it alive. Sometimes they don’t even try to choke it out. They just eat them to death,” explained Chris.

“Oh, well, we don’t want to do anything like that. We should get as good at shooting as we can. Give the animals a painless death. And I can think of other uses for rifles. You never know who’s going to visit.”

“Hey Mr. Verinsinski, how have you been?” asked Chris, after the man answered his knock on the door.

“Annoyed, ever since you guys started tearing up the forest. What do you want?” he asked.

“Mr. Verinsinski,” Matt began. “We’ve set up a firing range at the end of our property, and we just wanted to let you know about it, because we don’t know if you hike around that area or not, so we could show you exactly where it is so you feel comfortable knowing you’re not near any targets.”

“So you’re going to be firing guns, too? Great. But don’t worry about me. I won’t be sneaking around your property. But I am curious about one thing: what did you guys mean when you said you wanted to get away from everything?”

“Well, cities are becoming more dangerous, and we want our own place that we know is safe. We can protect each other here, even if someone does show up in the middle of nowhere with bad intentions,” answered Matt.

“I’ve got my satellite internet out here. I see what’s going on. You afraid of those protests and stuff that was happening?” he asked.

“You mean the riots? We certainly don’t want anything to do with those. And we don’t want to live where people who like to riot also live,” he replied.

“You mean Black people? Is this a White supremacist compound or something?” he asked.

"I'm not sure what a White supremacist is, so no," replied Matt.

"You got hate in your heart for all those immigrants coming in? What a way to live," said the old man.

"We don't hate anybody, but we understand the desire to be left alone, as you seem to, so we will try our best not to bother you," said Matt.

"Well I hate everyone equally. Ha! I don't want Whites or anybody else making a fuss in my neck of the woods."

"Okay. I hope all our construction doesn't bother you too much, but we won't riot or anything. We'll leave you alone as best we can, but let us know how much you want for your land, and we'll give it to you," offered Matt.

"Is that guy some sort of leftist or just a dick?" Matt asked Chris as they left their only unfriendly neighbour.

"I think he's just a dick," replied Chris. "The way I remember him, he'd always say rude things, and people weren't sure how serious he was. Nobody here ate at his restaurant. They depended on new people driving by who were hungry enough to stop there. Nobody looked forward to stopping by his place on their way to wherever. The food was bad and he and his wife were rude to customers. If he didn't own the land, and if the two of them weren't the only people to work there, they wouldn't have lasted a year. Anyway, I doubt he believes in anything. He just likes messing with people."

80

"Is that a Chinese guy moving into Mr. Verinsinski's place?" asked Chris.

"I believe so," said Matt as they approached the property. Mr. Verinsinski had escaped without their notice, but they did notice a large truck come in and go towards their old neighbour's place, and they went by to investigate.

"Hello," said Matt as he took the last steps toward the man who was unloading his truck full of boxes and furniture. "Moving in, are you?" he asked.

"Herro! Yeah, we move here!" said the man.

The accent was heavy enough from the man in his thirties to suggest that his grasp of English was weak, but he could likely communicate with effort.

“What brought you to these parts?” asked Matt.

“We buy resorant on highway, no Chinee food ‘roun here,” he replied.

“Okay. Well, we’ll let you get back to moving in, but we’ll talk later, okay?” suggested Matt.

“Okay goo!”

Matt turned and walked back with his friend, wondering how he was going to get rid of this guy, and if he’d go easily.

“We can’t let this guy ruin our dream, can we?” Chris asked Matt

“No, we’ll have to explain to him that being here isn’t in his interest.” The Chinese family was the first major issue their community had faced, and Matt knew that it wouldn’t be the last to arise, or to be solved. He didn’t yet know what he was up against, but he knew that it wouldn’t be enough to derail his plans.

Matt saw that his new neighbour was outside of his house and took the opportunity to see if he could find a solution.

“Hello, we didn’t really have a chance to speak before, but I’m Matt. And what is your name?”

“Muyang Wong,” was the response.

Matt contemplated the first name for a moment, before saying “Mr. Wong, what made you think a Chinese restaurant would succeed all the way out here? There’s barely two dozen families here, and we like to cook for ourselves, so you won’t be getting any business from us.”

Mr. Wong was unsure if he understood Matt, so he asked “You no like Chinee foo?”

“Well, no. But that’s not the most significant problem here,” said Matt.

Mr. Wong felt the lack of welcome, but was too invested to be discouraged just yet. "That okay. Peepo drive highway give business," he replied.

"There really isn't much around here or going by, but I'll tell you, I wanted to buy that property and am surprised Mr. Verinsinski didn't tell me he was selling. But I want it so bad I'll offer you double what you paid. Is that fair?" offered Matt.

Matt was speaking fairly quickly, so the message was not fully understood, so Mr. Wong looked for confirmation. "You want buy my houh?"

"Yes, I'll buy the house and the restaurant, for double what you paid." Matt wasn't sure if Mr. Wong's confused look was due to the nature of the offer, or the word double. "I'll give you two times what you paid. Two times," he reiterated as he waved the appropriate fingers.

"Why you want my houh so bad?" asked Mr. Wong.

"Why do you want to live here so badly?" replied Matt.

"I like here. In Nature, but highway bring customa to me, so vewy goot."

"I think Mr. Verinsinski may have been lying to you about a few things, including how much traffic comes through here. There used to be more mining activity a little further north, so people used to come by quite a bit. But the big mine shut down, so I'm afraid it may be difficult to make ends meet around here, if selling Chinese food is your business," explained Matt.

"My wife brodah come and be computah pwogamah, so he pay bill, and me make foo."

Wanting clarity, Matt attempted to repeat what he believed he had heard, "Your wife's brother is coming here, to be a computer programmer, while you run the restaurant?"

"Yeah."

"We don't have any computers here that need to be programmed, so why's he coming here?" he followed up.

"He work frum home," he replied.

“So why don’t you take the money I’m offering you, and you can live somewhere else with it and program there?”

“I like here. I like cook. You like me cook too. You try, you like,” said Mr. Wong.

Matt appreciated the effort, but he knew he had to get his point across better.

“Another thing Mr. Verinsinski may have lied to you about what our intentions are for this place. See, this is a refuge, where we’ve escaped to. And what we’ve escaped from is a world in which you can’t understand your neighbours.”

Mr. Wong’s puzzlement highlighted his point. “He lie bouh whah?”

“Mr. Wong, I don’t know what Mr. Verinsinski told you, but he knew that your presence would not go over well here. In fact, I think he played a joke on us, Mr. Wong. Mr. Verinsinski wanted to mess with the people of this town because he wanted to live alone in the woods, so he didn’t want us here, and he used you to get back at us,” said Matt.

Mr. Wong still appeared to be confused, so Matt elaborated, “We are trying to build a community in which we feel comfortable, and we don’t feel comfortable with people who speak other languages better than English.”

Mr. Wong was beginning to understand, and said “We speaka English.”

“Kind of, but look. I see you and your family speaking Chinese together, because you’re more comfortable speaking your own language with your own family. Which is fine for you, but we’re not comfortable with people speaking a foreign language around us, as if we’re outsiders in our own community,” he explained.

Mr. Wong knew that hearing people speak Chinese was normal in Canada. “You no like Chineese peepo?”

“I have nothing against Chinese people, but I prefer to be surrounded by my own. We just feel more comfortable that way, and with your property we would own all development around here, and could control who lives here. I can promise you that you will not find any sympathetic people around here, and you and your family will be very lonely,” warned Matt.

Mr. Wong chose to understand this as the propaganda would have him understand it, and said "I take money, becauh I no live wit hate! You keep hate. I take money and go wit no hate!"

"Okay, so it sounds as though you are taking my offer?"

81

"In a disturbing manifestation of White supremacy, one man claims he was forced to sell his house and leave town, for being Chinese. For more on this, Veronica Chang."

"I'm with Muiyang Wong, whose Canadian dream has been shattered by racism." Veronica let the man tell his own story.

"I always wan to wiv in smah town in mountain. But dey say dey go der to go away fum me. Fum Chinee! Canada multicultural. If dey no like Chinee, dey no like Canada! Dey no Native."

'He always wanted to live in the mountains? Isn't China colonizing Tibet? Why can't he live there?' Adrian was genuinely curious.

With the interview over, the feed was sent back to the studio where a few media people were ready to discuss the incident, including a man of Chinese descent, who said "I like what he was saying about 'If you don't like Chinese people, then you don't like Canada.' There are millions of Chinese Canadians who have been building this country since the beginning. We are Canada, and if you don't like it, maybe you should go back to Europe."

This argument always infuriated Adrian. "Doesn't he know that Europe is being flooded with immigrants from all over the world too?!" he said aloud.

He saw how upset the media people were by this community who had turned their backs on them. 'They're going to go after these people. They won't let this stand,' he thought.

After watching the aggressive spread for so many years, he understood that diversity was not optional, and that it would be enforced to the best of the

system's abilities. 'Even if we try living out in the woods, they'll come for us,' he thought.

He understood that he could go off to his forest home and be as racist as he wanted out there by himself, so he was not concerned for his own escape plan. But for his people, trying to build their own communities, "There is no escape."

82

'I think this will come in handy,' thought Adrian as he examined his newly purchased gun, a tool he had never handled before. He was eager to try it, but did not want to travel all the way to his home in the wilderness, so he went to a place where he would occasionally practise archery; a spot that was slightly less secluded, and much easier to get to, but still far enough away from civilization to be safe.

'This will be good for defense, but I'd rather be good at hunting with a bow.' He was prepared to stockpile ammunition, but how much could he realistically carry out to the bush and store? What if he had to live in the wilderness for decades? Possibly the rest of his life. How much would he use if he depended on it? And what if he had to suddenly flee without the ability to take thousands of rounds with him? He could always make another bow. Even with his smithing skills, making even a simple gun would be difficult at best, and how would he make ammunition? Even if the elements necessary to make gun powder were available in his region, he wouldn't know how to identify them, let alone mix them.

'Maybe I could learn all that, but it would probably be easier to become a better archer and hunter, then I could always hunt, even if I had to start from scratch.' Adrian was already a decent archer, as he had been practising for a few years at that point, but he knew tracking deer and putting an arrow in them would be more difficult than putting one in a tree.

'I'll have to work on all my hunting skills,' he realized, and began spending a fair bit of time reading up on, and watching videos about tracking technique, and other skills that would get him close enough to a deer to allow him to test his archery skills on a living target.

Adrian spent a fair bit of time surveying the land around him; climbing the soft mountains- covered in muskeg, soil and trees, rather than jagged rock- and scanning the area with his binoculars, looking for streams or anything interesting he could find.

In his area, even the tallest hills had trees and were climbable without the need to scale a rockface. Once at the top, he'd often further climb a tree, giving him the best view of the openings in the canopy of mostly evergreens below. He would sometimes catch sight of deer, on their own and in small herds, noting that they could often be found near the stream where raspberries were growing. 'If I plant more berries there, deer would probably be even easier to find. And they would be more likely to leave my own garden alone. And I could always pick berries there too, if I need to,' he figured.

Adrian was yet to attempt hunting a deer, but he was working on building some blinds in those raspberry bushes, allowing him easy shots at huge- and many- meals. He was not there yet, but he was working on it, planning to spread the bait and build the cover to allow him to exploit a bounty of meat and berries.

In the meantime, there were plenty of grouse- medium sized birds that mostly walk on the forest floor, only flying away from predators at the last second, making them easy prey for anyone with a modicum of skill with a bow.

He noted the abundance of grouse, and wondered if he could sustain himself with them alone. 'I guess I'll have to get one and see how much meat they provide.'

It wasn't long before he saw one and was able to approach within ten metres with his bow drawn. He carefully lined up the bird's still head in his sights, with an aim towards an instant death, and his arrow did indeed provide that as it pierced the skull of the unfortunate bird.

He prepared it as he had seen in a video he found online and cooked himself his first wild caught meal. 'I could eat another.'

It was a small meal, but not a difficult one. He probably could survive off grouse, until he depopulated the area. 'I'll need to learn how to take down deer. It

shouldn't be too hard, especially when my blinds are built in berry season. Once I get good at that, I can smoke and salt lots of meat, and always have it.'

While he had a lot of work to do, his plan seemed more viable the more he prepared.

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"I was elected with a mandate to bring this country into a post racial world, and these racists want to turn back the clock and live in seclusion from progress?"

Dustin was not elected for his vast experience in politics, or anything relevant to governing. His inherited legacy was a significant factor, as was his hair. But he had been re-elected twice, and was really starting to feel as though he had grown into the role of prime minister.

When he was first informed that a group of White people were trying to start a town and that they had bullied the Chinese resident out of their home, Dustin felt vindicated. 'I told people about my Black friend who was walking down the street, and people drove by and yelled at him that he was a dirty n word.' Dustin understood the horrors of racism all too well, and often felt frustrated that others seemed to not. But this, this they must see, so he immediately called a meeting of his top advisors to build a plan that would ensure everybody understood: diversity is our strength.

"People keep saying that racism is over, but it keeps rearing its ugly face, again and again. First, we had George Floyd, and people said, 'but this is Canada. This is where the nice people live. This is where we fight racism and don't tolerate it.' Well, who can deny that racism is alive and well in this country now?" he asked his cohorts.

"I believe this makes it obvious, sir," stated advisor number one.

"We need to make sure we're understood. Call the CBC and tell them I'll be addressing the nation. And try to find out what laws we can use against them. We must be able to bring them before the human rights commission, at least. But this must be criminal. Canada does not allow White Supremacy."

“We go live now to the prime minister,” introduced the media person on duty.

“People of Canada, we have been building a society in which the colour of your skin will not limit your opportunity, where all people are allowed dignity regardless of the colour of your skin, where all people of all orientations and backgrounds have access to everything that is good in our country, and is never denied anything because of bias or racism, ever. We must stand together and let those who are afraid of our equal world know that their hatred will not be tolerated. That our country will be safe for all people who will not be persecuted for their beliefs or who they are. This country is about protecting the vulnerable, not discriminating them for who they are.

“My heart goes out to the Wong family, as they were made to feel unwelcome and unsafe in their own home, in our own home. The people of Canada should feel violated for the Wong’s because this country was built on tolerance and acceptance, and it was attacked by the forces of racism, and the good people of Canada must stand up and demand that good prevail until racism is no more in this land.”

“Powerful words from the Prime Minister, as he takes a strong stand against racism,” said the media person tasked with describing Dustin’s speech. “We now bring on our panel to discuss the address. First, we have Janet Liebowitz of the institute for racial equality, and we have Hardeep Singh who is a fellow at the royal sociology society. We’ll start with you, Janet. What do you think Prime Minister Dustin was saying with his powerful words?”

“Well, he was making it clear that diversity is not something you elude. It is a cherished value that all benefit from no matter where you live in this country. We, as a society, are committed to diversity, and enclaves like this are proof that we need to reach out to people more and show them not only how much damage is done by discrimination, but how much benefit there is in accepting diversity,” she explained.

“And what would you like to add, Hardeep?”

“Yes, we need more educational resources as we find that when we reach out to groups like this, who don’t understand diversity, we find that they have a lot of misconceptions, so education can prevent these problems and help people to understand that the foundation of Canada has always been tolerance and multiculturalism,” he said.

“And though this issue is really about our country and which direction we are moving, we must also focus on the children of this community,” continued Hardeep. “It is believed that they have multiple children by multiple families in this compound, and we must consider what affect this isolation is having on them. Will they be brought up understanding the values of this new society, or will they be held back by archaic beliefs? We really must understand that question both for the benefit of society at large, and what is best for those particular children.”

“These people are coming after our kids,” said Matt, who had been watching the news with Danielle. “They can’t stand the idea of children they can’t manipulate into the cult of diversity and faggotry.”

“Yeah, that was pretty scary,” she said.

“I’ll have a talk with the men. I don’t think anybody is on board for handing over their kids to people who want them hanging out with drag queens,” said Matt, who was quite right, and the men prepared.

“Sir, I’ve been looking into it and I cannot find a specific law they’ve broken. Civil suits for discrimination would be all we could do,” one of Dustin’s aides informed him.

“Child abuse is one of the most criminal acts in this land. If we do not intervene, these children will grow up to believe that they have the right to dominate and enslave other people because of the colour of their skin. We must end the cycle of hate for the good of those children, and the good of BIPOC across the globe!” said Dustin.

“Sir, yes, we must save those children from the tyranny of racism!” replied the aide, which seemed to be the consensus in the room.

“Saving children from the ideology of hate is easy, as we can teach them how satisfying it is to save the world by caring, and that there are consequences for hate. But adults can be set in their ways, and I have a feeling that this compound is full of people who have suffered from the racism virus for too long. Many adults can be saved, through a combination of education and incentives, but some people hold onto their beliefs like a religion, and something tells me these people are zealots. Such anachronistic people may need to be put down, for the good of diversity,” explained prime minister Dustin.

“But these people aren’t the only problem, I’m sure,” he continued. “We must be equipped to deal with this swiftly in the future, which is why I want to create the Jamal Jackson Education Centre, where we will send all racists to learn about the power and beauty of diversity.”

“This is a place to teach racists? Who will go there, or be sent there?” asked an aide.

“Diversity is non-negotiable in this country. Anyone who doesn’t understand that must be made to understand it,” he replied.

“So, who is Jamal Jackson?” asked an aide.

“He was the first Black Canadian to have a library card in Canada, at the Halifax library. Racism wouldn’t quench his thirst for knowledge, but books did, so he read, a lot,” said Dustin.

The room fell silent for a moment, as respect was paid to a wonderful BIPOC, and his accomplishments and struggles were reflected upon. “I sure hope you can get this approved, sir.”

“The emergency powers act gives me very broad powers, and education is an emergency if I’ve ever seen one.”

"I don't know how you can be racist in Canada because there are so many good people from all over the world here, but the way they're trying to hide in the woods tells you everything they need to know about them. They're reclusive and anti-social. Like, dude, just go out and meet some people. You'll see that everyone is getting along just fine, and all that racist stuff is just lies. Live a little!" said the lady being interviewed for mainstream media.

"Does this idiot really believe I've never met a nice Chinese person? Or even a friendly African? What I won't do is allow such people to distract me from the broader truth. These people are just looking for any excuse," commented Matt

"Yeah, they think their own small world, where everyone's nice, is the same as the rest of the world. They're probably just a bunch of phonies, though," added Danielle.

"The media is throwing everything they can at us, and it's not letting up." It had been almost a week since Mr. Wong's first interview had caused a media firestorm, and it was still burning hot, with the national broadcasters offering updates on the latest developments every night, with commentary on the situation from movie people being considered newsworthy.

"I think there's more coming. I don't know what they're going to do, but leaving us alone doesn't seem to be an option," said Matt.

He could see the concern on his wife's face, and told her "But don't worry, I've been talking to the guys and we're in this together. No matter where we go, it's not far enough. They've backed us into a corner, and there is no more flight."

Danielle's concerns were not alleviated.

"Remember, we've done nothing wrong. No one will be taken, because we do not know how long they'll be gone for. Do you trust these people?" Matt asked his fellow forest dwellers, who were well prepared, given they did not trust any government representative at all; their distrust being so strong that a look out was

placed atop a mountain, waiting for the eventual visit from someone unwanted, giving them enough time to prepare their defence.

Two police cars arrived at the entrance to town, which was where the road that carved its way through the forest met its first intersection, which led to a grid of roads with fully and partially built houses on lots that cut into the forest, giving each home its own small forest within the greater one.

The men had been converging on the chokepoint, with nearly a dozen already being there, rifles in hand. They made sure to hold them pointing downward, and to look as non-threatening as possible. The police were likely concerned by this, as they stopped at least thirty metres away from the assembly and exited their vehicles.

“This is the police. Why are you approaching us with firearms?” Four uniformed officers had exited the two police cars that had arrived, and one woman in a lady’s pant-suit emerged from the back of one of the cruisers; who appeared to be less concerned about their being more weapons on the other side than the officers did. She was armed with one of the most intense scowls Matt had ever seen, and seemed to be attempting to melt their faces with it, though she stayed by the cars while the officers approached to speak with Matt.

“This is private property. We’re allowed to have guns. Why are you on our land?” asked Matt.

“Yes, but... you’re not allowed to carry guns while speaking to the police. Please put down your weapons,” an officer instructed.

“I don’t think that’s a law, and I don’t think you have any reason to be here. Why don’t you just leave?” replied Matt.

“We’re here to do a wellness check. We have reason to believe that the children here are in danger. We need to see them,” said the officer, who had walked about half of the original thirty odd metres that had separated them, and seemed to have gone as far as he had felt the need to.

“All the parents are here. Is anyone’s kids in danger when these guys aren’t here?” Matt surveyed his friends and found that none had a complaint to file with the police.

“Looks like everyone’s fine. Your services aren’t needed. Good day,” he said.

“We need to see the children to make sure they are okay,” insisted the police.

“Which ones? We can get whichever kids you really need to see and you’ll see that they’re fine,” offered Matt.

“We need to interview them. We need to enter the property and speak with them in person, and ask them a few questions,” said the cop.

“Which ones? We’ll get them and you’ll see they’re fine,” repeated Matt.

“Sir, we need to... how many children are on the premises?” asked the officer.

“Depends on what you’re calling children, but probably twenty, twenty-five, and growing,” replied Matt.

“Sir, we need to interview the children, in some depth, and it can’t be done yelling at each other from across the road with guns being present,” said the officer.

“Are you saying you want to talk to all the kids here? As in there isn’t a specific reason to think one of these kids is being abused? You think they’re all potentially being abused? Why, because we don’t want them going to your schools? That’s abuse?” asked Matt.

“Sir, all I know is that your children need to be interviewed. I won’t be administering the interview. I am simply here to allow it to happen. Now, please, allow us to speak with your children.”

“I will allow you to see each of them and ask one question; are you fine, safe, happy, whatever word you want to use. Maybe you can even have a follow up question, but when they say they’re good, you leave. Deal?”

“Sir, I believe there’s more to the interview than that,” said the cop.

“You have been given a fair compromise and you have refused it. All I have left to say is, we have done nothing wrong, and you are not welcome here. We will not allow you or that angry looking woman over there near our children. Now good day,” said Matt.

The officers seemed to be gauging the resolve of the men before them as they looked across the small crowd, and decided it was time to leave. As they returned to their vehicles, Matt could see the woman who had stayed behind’s anger increase as the police ended the encounter.

As the officer in charge approached her and explained the situation, she began yelling and pointing towards the community, as if she were demanding they push their way through armed men who had no reason to back down. Matt could only hear the odd word or phrase, such as “house of hate!” and “trans rights matter!” The officer tried to lower her volume with hand gestures as he shook his head, and tried to explain the situation to her. She did not appear to accept the officer’s assessment that it was time for a tactical retreat, but he kept shaking his head and ushering her into the vehicle, until she finally caved, sat in the car and allowed the police to be on their way.

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Matt felt as though he should defend himself and the community from the media attacks by showing the people what the police were doing to him. Though he had no social media presence, he uploaded a video taken of the police encounter to as many platforms as he could, while his friends did what they could to share it to their limited digital networks. People with more significant social media followings found it and re-uploaded it- some with commentary, some without- to a cumulative millions of people. The comments indicated public sympathy.

“This guy says ‘The look of disappointment on the cop’s face when he realized he couldn’t take the kids off to a re-education camp is disgusting. These are the people who rule over us?’” said Matt reading the most popular comments under his video.

“Are any of the comments against us?” asked Chris.

“A few, but they’re really stupid. Like this guy who says ‘racists with guns push the cops around. Welcome to Ameri-K-K-Ka!’ you know, with the KKK instead of a c. First of all, we’re in Canada. Second of all... well, it’s just stupid. And they have a bunch of people replying to them explaining to them that they are stupid, so I’d say we’re winning in the court of public opinion,” said Matt.

“I don’t think the media will report it that way,” said Chris.

“No, they’re probably going to have a meltdown.”

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“Child Protective Services’ ability to investigate child neglect must never be questioned, or vulnerable children across this country will be put at risk from abuse. So regardless of whether actual abuse was suffered on that compound, it is important that the matter is investigated.” said a very excited media person.

“And we must ask ourselves, does protecting children mean guaranteeing their access to education? I would like to live in a world were it does,” he continued.

“Yes, and on that point,” interjected another media person, “I’m not for pushing the woke agenda on children...”

“What do you mean woke agenda? Are you saying racial equality is somehow ‘woke?’” demanded the first media person.

“No, I’m not saying that. I’m just saying some of the more extreme stuff...”

“What do you mean extreme stuff? Racism is extreme. What’s extreme about fighting it?” the first guy demanded.

“Nothing. I just, you know, maybe gender affirming surgery for children. That’s kind of extreme. But these people do make a case that racial equality education may need to be taught earlier. That’s a conversation for another day. What terrifies me today is that the police went to investigate child abuse and they were not allowed to. We must maintain the rule of law,” explained media person number two.

“What terrifies me is that the rule of law is used to crush White people, even if they try to hide in the woods,” Adrian said to his screen.

‘What do these people even mean by “racial equality”?’ he wondered. ‘Black people are getting away with everything, and White people are being punished for nothing. These guys just want to live in the bush and forget about the crazy world they’ve escaped, and they won’t let them. They are going to punish them. But at least someone else is standing up to them.’

Adrian was even more convinced that drastic action was needed.

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“So, what do you figure they’re going to do?” asked Chris as he stood outside with Matt and Danielle, surveying the town as if government agents were about to burst through the trees.

“I spoke to our lawyer and he said we have every right to defend ourselves against illegal search and seizure, but it’s unclear as to whether or not this police action was illegal. They said they were here to do a wellness check. Police are allowed to investigate, and the bar for reasonable suspicion is so low that they probably did have a right to be here and talk to our children. But we offered to allow them to speak to our children, so they had no excuse to enter our property, which is a higher bar,” explained Matt.

“So we’re not outlaws who pulled guns on cops?” asked Chris.

“According to the mainstream media we’re that and worse. But according to the comments we’re the good guys who stopped the government from taking our kids. But we’re allowed to have guns on private property, and we didn’t threaten them with the guns, so we shouldn’t see any charges like that pop up,” said Matt.

“But we did stop them from doing what they came here to do, so there might be a lot more trouble?” asked Chris.

“Probably, but Cody said that he’s a real estate lawyer and criminal law is not his specialty. But this is a grey area which they will probably see as an excuse to come

down hard on us. But if the public is on our side, they may have a hard time justifying coming at us again,” said Matt.

“They’re going to do everything they can to make us look evil,” added Danielle.

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“And that’s why the fight for equality never ends,” said the person speaking through a megaphone, standing in a park, wrapping up her brief speech on leftist stuff. She looked the part of an activist, with her bright hair and dark clothing, though she was quite slender. She came down from the small, wooden step she had brought and used as a platform during her speech, and began to gather her belongings with her boyfriend, who also looked the part as he had a similar style and physique to her. The crowd of nearly twenty people had already left and were no longer in the immediate vicinity as she discussed the event with her significant other.

But another man lingered, who had been on the outside of the crowd when it was gathered, but now was closer to the speaker than anyone had been while she was speaking. She noticed the man when he was just a few metres away, and had an instant of terror as she saw what was in his hands, before Adrian’s sword plunged into her throat, nearly decapitating her. He pulled it out and prepared to use it on his next victim, her boyfriend, who appeared to be in shock from the sight before the sword was turned on him, so when it hit his chest, he may have already been anesthetized, which may have been why he only reacted by slumping over and dying quite quickly, with little more than a whimper to indicate distress.

With the violence complete, he opened his fanny pack with gloved hands, reached in and threw a stack of pamphlets as he began to run out of the park.

There was no one close enough to the incident to immediately realize what was going on, but some of the people who had been there were still in the park, within fifty metres, and they heard some sort of commotion, and looked back to see the boyfriend drop. People were unsure of what was going on initially, and moved towards the couple as Adrian was running out of the park. By the time the onlookers had seen that the couple were dead and began screaming, Adrian was

already nearly out of the park. He did need to pass by a few people within twenty to thirty metres, and he had kept his sword to deter anyone from trying to stop him, but he did not want to use it again.

The few people who noticed a commotion was going on and saw Adrian somewhat closely only saw a man in a red shirt and black pants that may have been bloody, was wearing a hat, dark glasses and mask, and was carrying a sword. Adrian reached the street that bordered the park and approached a corner, believing his plan had been going at least as well as could be expected.

Once he turned the corner, any person he encountered would have had no idea of what had just happened, so he tossed the sword aside before doing so, as it had been sanitized of his DNA with bleach, so there was no advantage to keeping the clumsy and incriminating weapon, which would freak people out and draw even more attention than just some blood on his clothes, which was not very obvious given the colour of his clothing, and the luck he had with splatter. There were few people about anyhow, and he didn't have to run very far until he turned another corner and reached the bike he had left just an hour ago, and he removed his outer shirt, which had buttons, and slipped off his jeans that were covering shorts, and bagged his outer layer while keeping his hat, sunglasses and mask on, in case any camera happened to pick him up. He then quickly swapped his hat for a helmet and left the area; quickly at first, but soon at a more casual pace as he did not want attention, and felt as though he had escaped.

“To all those who are trying to understand my motivation, allow me to be clear. Treason has always been the highest crime one can commit, and our power structure has become full of traitors. From the politicians who flood our country with invaders, to law enforcement who threaten good people with the seizure of their children, to the media who shames anyone who speaks out against the destruction of their people.

“The time to run is over, as the government has decided to chase people into the wilderness to impose their agenda on everyone who tries to escape. The time to fight is now! Anyone advocating for the replacement of our people is a target.”

‘It’s worse than I could have imagined,’ thought prime minister Dustin as he sat at his desk, having just read the manifesto Adrian had left behind.

All Dustin knew was that he was scared, and had no ideas on how to combat this escalation of hate. He thought back to his attempts at earning engineering degrees. ‘That was really hard. This is even harder. But I can’t give up this time. I won’t give up on my nation and people-kind,’ he thought.

He picked up his phone and connected to a direct line with an aide. “Get the CBC. I want to address the people of Canada again.”

“What began as a threat we needed to be vigilant of has been ignored too long, and has turned into a clear and present danger we all must recognize and reject,” began Dustin. “Allowing these enclaves of hate has emboldened extremists who want to destroy the nation of Canada and the haven we’ve created for the oppressed from around the world.

“The extremists have proven that all they know is violence, so if they can be violent for hate, we can be violent for love! I want to assure the good people of Canada that all threats to peace will soon be eliminated, and our path to full tolerance and diversity will resume! Have no fear of the future, we must only fear hate!”

The feed cut back to CBC headquarters, where a media person commented: “Wow, powerful words from the prime minister. How far do you think he’ll go to protect our democracy from hate?”

“Just watch him,” responded media person number two.

Matt had stopped listening to the broadcast and asked his wife, and himself, “Is this guy going to bomb our town?”

“Oh God,” was all Danielle could say.

Neither knew how to take their prime minister implying he was going to eliminate them. All Matt knew was that “We’re not giving up.”

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After the government had threatened his community with love inspired violence, Matt’s popularity grew, with even the money conservatives openly supported the racists in the woods.

“I may not agree with them, but they can build their own community in the woods if they want. But what are they doing anyway? They want to get away from DEI because it’s not fair. Why would anyone want to live around people who don’t speak English but get jobs more easily than you because of the way they look? That doesn’t make you a racist,” said one of the money conservatives with an online social media presence.

“I don’t want these idiots speaking for me. They’ve made careers out appealing to people’s frustration of the system by describing its problems but assuring everyone that ‘it’s not about race!’ It is about race, and these people have been too busy proving they’re not racist to ever say anything interesting,” explained Matt as he watched strangers talk about him on the internet.

“Yeah, they keep people in the mainstream box,” said Danielle

“They sure do, and it’s time to tell the story myself.”

“With all the interview requests, have you decided who you’re going to tell it to?” she asked.

“Tony, of course. I had to email him because he never messaged me anywhere. I think he didn’t think I’d do his show because he’s so small, but he’s been honest about the problem for a long time.”

Tony was a political commentator who understood well that racial differences were real, and thus had been relegated to very small platforms that did not censor people, but also did not reach many people as they were unknown to the general

public. Matt had been watching him as a news source for years, as he highlighted stories that mainstream media wanted to bury, as they did not make diversity look appealing. Tony was grateful for the offer of an interview and one was set up quite quickly.

“I think everybody watching will recognize you from the video of the police, possibly coming to take your children. But for anyone unfamiliar with him, his name is Matt Eastbridge, and he moved out to the woods to start his own community because he was sick of living in one that was crumbling. Do I have that right, Matt?” asked Tony, who had travelled out to interview Matt at his home immediately.

“Yes, we’ve been homeschooling our kids for a while, so we have been able to protect them from the worst of it. But now there are riots, and a justice system that rewards the bad guys and persecutes decent people. We just want to get away from it and do our own thing,” explained Matt.

“So what can you tell us about the video of the police trying to enter your property. What led to that?” asked Tony.

“I’m not sure, but it seems as though they’re saying we aren’t providing proper education for our children, but that’s not true; not only does my wife homeschool our kids, we have a community of homeschoolers who teach each others’ children their strengths. We have great parents who can teach math, English, and various sciences. Our kids could better grades on mainstream school exams than the average public-school student,” replied Matt.

“I’m sure they could. But what do you think the police were going to do?” asked Tony.

“We’ve heard stories of parents going to jail for trying to stop their child from ruining their lives with tranny surgery, so I had no idea what they were going to do. I thought they were very likely going to take our kids and put them in foster homes, and they would have done their best to brainwash them. Teach them that

they, as White children, have done evil things to all non-Whites, so being gay was their best shot at not being labelled an oppressor,” replied Matt.

“We came here to get away from all that,” he continued. “I don’t know what they think we’re doing out here, but we are simply trying to live our lives. I don’t know why that is unacceptable to them. They seem to be insisting on dragging us to hell with them.”

“They see a bunch of White people breaking away from their system and it scares them,” interjected Tony. “They can’t have any White people escaping diversity. Because as soon as one group gets away with it, everybody is going to want to get away from diversity, then all you have left is people capable of running third world countries, and everything falls apart. They hate White people but they need White people.”

“Yeah, I don’t want my children subjected to all that,” responded Matt. “Besides, who wants to live in a city where no one even speaks your language? The whole idea that diversity is our strength is ridiculous. The only reason it continues is that everyone is afraid to speak up, or too afraid to see the truth themselves. If people don’t accept how bad the situation is and do something immediately, it really could be too late. We need to move past denial, become angry about it, and then the bargaining will be a lot easier than we think.”

“Let’s move on to the attack. The killer definitely seemed to be referring to you in his manifesto,” said Tony.

“Yes, he seemed to be referring to us when he said the government was chasing people into the wilderness, but that doesn’t mean we condone what he did. And we certainly don’t know him. The killer called them traitors, and while I understand what he means, I don’t see such people as traitors. I see them as victims of a life-time of propaganda that all of us were subjected to and few saw through. I believe people end up like that- hating themselves and begging to be conquered- mainly due to a lack of conversation. Most people don’t even know what the other side of the argument is,” explained Matt.

“And what argument are we talking about? What are the sides?” asked Tony.

“Growing up, which was quite a while ago for me, I’d often hear about ‘race is skin deep,’ and other slogans that implied Africans and Chinese people, and everyone else, were all the same and that we could import all these people into this country and we’d all get along as humans, not as Black, White, Brown, whatever,” said Matt.

“I never took those slogans seriously,” he continued, “and I didn’t think anybody else did. But it turns out that some people take them so seriously that when some groups under perform, or behave more violently than other groups, they double down rather than accept the obvious. It goes from ‘we’re all the same on the inside’ to ‘we all have the same abilities but White people are evil and prevent others from succeeding.’”

“So, how would you explain to someone who believes that we’re all the same that they’re wrong?” asked Tony.

“You could point to the IQ difference, but that debate has been hashed out by people more qualified than myself. In fact, it’s not really a debate. The results are clear and the only reason to deny them is fear. Fear of a world that is so screwed up you have no idea what can be done about it.

“But to answer your question, exploring the mainstream logic and its contradictions can be helpful to people struggling to understand our side. They say ‘cultural genocide’ is responsible for all the woes of the Natives, so why are White people so intent on tearing ourselves down? Won’t we be the oppressed soon? And if it was so terrible for the Natives that White people came here and developed this land, why is it good for Natives to flood this country with third world people and Muslims? It doesn’t make any sense, especially when you look into Islam’s policies on tolerance.

“If that doesn’t work, and you will find a lot of people who are very intent on not understanding basic arguments, appeal to their pride. Mainstream media has created an environment in which people seem to fear being called a racist. But do you know what people fear much more? Being called stupid. So, ‘you seriously think Africans and Chinese people are the same?’ Once the ridiculous nature of

their beliefs has been exposed, laugh at them for their inability to notice between the obvious division. Call them stupid. Call them retarded. Make them know that their silly labels for you mean nothing while your insults have merit.

“Forcing them to consider whether or not Africans and Chinese people are the same can illicit various responses. They may admit that they’re different, in which they have admitted to being race realists. They could ramble nonsense in an effort to keep their delusions alive, in which case they are a joke. And when you laugh at them for the silly notions they hold, you can see in their eyes that they know they deserve the mockery. People would rather be called racist than stupid.

“But sometimes you are met with quiet confusion- people can’t admit they were wrong, nor can they defend the nonsense, so they nearly enter a state of shock, as their world is being turned upside down. To such people, it should be explained that recognizing differences doesn’t equal hate, and soothing them with assurances that everyone will be dealt with fairly can help them understand our side,” concluded Matt.

“Have you changed many minds like that?” asked Tony.

“Not really. I don’t go out looking for arguments, and almost everyone I know has the same politics as me, but it’s come up a few times over the years. Sometimes it appears as though a breakthrough was made, but usually if I’d see them again it would be back to square one and they wouldn’t want to talk politics with me anymore,” admitted Matt. “However, even when our ideas are rejected after an initial conversation, perhaps seeds were planted. The more people hear our ideas, the more they become acceptable, and the less people fear them.”

“Your community seems to be public enemy number one right now. Why do you think they feel so threatened by you?” asked Tony.

“Like you said, I think the government and media are absolutely terrified of people succeeding in a community outside of their control because then everyone will want to live in a place just like it and their power will be broken. All they have is words, and no one should fear them. They want to call us racist? We call them silly idiots who think Africans and Chinese people are the same. We are not

interchangeable and we refuse to be replaced, which they desperately want to do,” explained Matt.

“So, what do you suggest for the wider world?” asked Tony

“Find yourself a community you can depend on. Whether it’s in an isolated location where you live together, or in a city where you look out for each other, make yourself able to withstand their attacks. And protect your children from their poison. Do not send them to school. If you can build a large enough community of like-minded people, you can home school them as a team. No need to expose them to the idea that getting your genitals mutilated makes you a hero,” replied Matt.

“You’ve already addressed this, but it is such a common claim we should focus on it for a minute. They say you and this community are full of hate. How do you respond to that?” he asked.

“I don’t hate anyone. I wish all peoples success in their own nations. But if ‘hate’ is so detrimental, how do they justify all the hate against White people? Some will justify it, but some will see the contradiction. Like I said, we supposedly destroyed the Natives with mean words and culturally inappropriate education, but we’re supposed to watch our own destruction by the same means?

“White people are supposed to look at Africans and Asians celebrating their culture, and make some face with wide eyes and mouth agape, as if they’re having a spiritual experience, loving these foreigners as they yell and dance in weird ways. But these same faces will change from bliss to shock and horror if someone suggests they enjoy their own culture, and they’ll claim that we don’t even have a culture. ‘Cultural genocide’ is the most evil thing Whites have unleashed on the BIPOC world, but it’s okay when it’s done to White people, according to our ancient enemies.

“Multiculturalism and diversity is a new religion for White people, that is all about atoning for imagined historical sins committed by previous generations, and celebrating your moral superiority for giving away your civilization to the ungrateful. I do hate those who have imposed this on our people, but not the

brainwashed masses who go to their church, or the outsiders who take advantage of the situation. Only the architects of our society are truly worthy of hatred.”

“So, what do you see as the ideal solution? I mean, what if so many people reject the media propaganda and refuse to live by it that it becomes undeniable that the vast majority want to live in a different society?” asked Tony.

“We may need to redraw the map,” replied Matt. “Europe is our indigenous land, and it needs to be taken back. But I concede that we have invited people into our nations, and no one can blame the people who took our very generous offer. In fact, we have to accept most of the blame for allowing this. Sure, we were subject to foreign propaganda, and our voices were taken from us, but our people could have stopped this at any point. And for that, we have no right to claim everything we once had.

“More importantly, many of the people we invited here are good people, and they deserve to be treated with respect. Since Toronto and that part of the country is already mostly non-White, why don’t we make a new country there, and maybe a few places in the US that are overrun? Maybe we should build a new country in Africa, where everybody’s welcome and racism is illegal.

“But here’s the thing, ultimately, such places should be training grounds for people who want to return to their home country and contribute to their own people. This is all about each unique group of people having their own space to celebrate their own culture, and we would like everyone’s space to be as nice as possible, so why not focus on improving all of them at once? Do you want to leave your country because there aren’t enough doctors? Come to a Western school and learn how to be doctor, then go home and be the greatest doctor in Mogadishu. Concerned about your country’s poor infrastructure? Get a degree in civil engineering, taking courses written by White people, and go back to make Calcutta the best damn city on the Bay of Bengal,” explained Matt.

“You believe in repatriation?” asked Tony.

“Aren’t we in this mess because colonialism was supposedly us stealing everything from the third world and leaving them so destitute that they cannot escape

poverty many decades, generations, later? But stealing all their doctors and engineers is just fine? This is true theft, and the stolen goods must be returned. Unless all your friends are White and you are willing to be an honorary White, and can prove that you deserve to be here, then you must be returned to your people. The real wrong must be righted,” explained Matt.

“So, repatriation it is,” clarified Tony.

“To keep these ill-gotten GDP units would be the greatest crime against humanity this world has ever seen,” said Matt.

“I want to get back to something you touched on just now, which is, what about the non-Whites who really do appreciate Whites, and maybe even have White family members, or are mixed race? And what do say to their White friends and family who are hanging on to the illusion because of them?” asked Tony.

“If you’re some Black guy who was born here and all your friends are White, and you understand that White people are being threatened and appreciate the privilege of living in our countries, and are willing to apply for honorary White person status, then they aren’t a problem. But if a White person were to say this to their non-White friend and they rant about the trials and tribulations of being a BIPOC in Canada, then they aren’t a real friend to you. They are only concerned about themselves and don’t care about your people and future, and they need to go,” replied Matt.

“I know this sounds like a bridge too far for many people,” continued Matt, “but World War II happened not that long ago, and the hardships created by that war are orders of magnitude beyond anything happening in The West today, and that would still be true if we sent the new arrivals home, or to a new country built by White people. But the consequences of letting things go as they are will be the end of civilization, and a decline that will last generations, perhaps never to be recovered from.”

“What do you have to say to those who claim we need them for the economy?” asked Tony.

“If you want to squeeze every dollar worth of GDP out of this country, then sure, they’re great. But doesn’t that stoke inflation, especially rent? I’ve been reading about the Black Death that swept through Europe in the late 1340s, and the survivors enjoyed some of the best peasant living standards the planet had seen. Labour was in high demand while food and housing was plentiful. It was likely the greatest wealth transfer from rich to poor in history, and it was caused by a rapid depopulation.

“Of course, the circumstances were very different back then, and there are more factors today. But when people say ‘we’ need them for the economy, they mean that a lot of big retail chains need the cheap labour to keep wages down. I would ask those people; do we need a Tim Hortons or McDonalds on every corner? What if our society placed a higher priority on teaching people how to cook than we do teaching people the virtues of gay sex?” replied Matt.

“I don’t know. A lot of people seem to want to eat at the gay bar,” interjected Tony.

“They do. But people who don’t shouldn’t have to. Regardless of where you eat, what might happen to the economy if home prices suddenly dropped dramatically? Might people be able to afford their home? Oh, but homeowners depend on their home value so they can borrow more money and buy more stuff. Who cares? If your plan was to keep borrowing money against your house until the bank owns it, any problems caused by your decisions should not jeopardize our society. Any loss they may suffer would be more than offset by all the people who could finally afford to do more than just survive. By the way, as a real estate developer, I’ve become rich off the immigrant fueled housing bubble, and I’d give up every penny if it went to one way tickets home for these people.”

“That man makes a lot sense,” Jeff said to his wife, who could not disagree.

“Schools are all about teaching White people that they are responsible for all things evil. I should know. I was there.” Jeff had felt some shame in having bought the propaganda, but he understood that he just wanted to live in a viable society

into which he fit, and felt betrayed by the system that fooled him by portraying a false reality.

“Yeah, I knew this wouldn’t last. White people were always nice to me, and never treated me like an outsider. But I always wondered what would happen when you guys became sick of being pushed around in your own home,” replied Lynn.

“Like he said, there’s room for honorary Whites, so I think you’re safe. But why should I care about the BIPOC colonists who don’t even appreciate what we’ve done for them?” asked Jeff rhetorically.

“But I really like what he said about inflation and deflation,” he continued. “The orthodox view is that low inflation is good and deflation can ruin an economy. But why? One reason is that so debt doesn’t get out of control, and people can pay off their debts with dollars that are less valuable, so taking on debt becomes less risky, or cheaper. It’s also so people don’t hoard money, which is why deflation is supposedly bad, because people supposedly won’t spend money if they think it will buy more next year. So the theory we’ve been going with for the last century has been savings is bad, and spending is good, and we have no plan for when we go broke.

“In reality, inflation increases earnings in nominal terms, which increases stock prices, which increases the wealth of the people who own them. Deflation would see earnings decrease in nominal terms, and stock prices would stop rising in anticipation of higher earnings. People who depend on their stock portfolios for a living would get hit the hardest, unless they’re short the market. Meanwhile, most people would simply be paying less for whatever they need.

“‘Oh, but people have money invested in their pensions and personal savings, so they’ll lose too.’ Sure, but most people living paycheck to paycheck are more concerned with how much they’re paying for food and rent, much more so than how much their investment account is worth, if they even have one. And I know it will affect peoples’ jobs as some companies will go under in a deflationary environment, but we need to restructure this economy, this society in such a way

that the stock portfolios of the richest people on our planet is not our primary concern,” explained Jeff.

“You’ve been thinking about this a lot,” mentioned Lynn.

“Yeah, mainly since we’ve been looking at houses. Just imagine how much cheaper they’d be if we cleared out all the ones currently full of the people ruining this country?”

94

“Sir, public opinion seems to be rapidly shifting in their favour,” explained one of Dustin’s aides.

“But why? All they said was that White people shouldn’t share their countries with cultural enrichment. It doesn’t make sense to give up on the beauty of multiculturalism.” Dustin had watched Matt’s interview, and knew it would appeal to White people, but he did not think it should.

“I should have moved in without warning.” Dustin believed that his threatening speech may not only intimidate Matt and his community into surrender, but it may cause a public outcry from the good Canadians who would insist that the racists be dealt with. But neither of those things happened.

He had no idea that Matt would make a compelling plea to the public and draw wide support, but he knew any wave of momentum he had must be crushed. “Get me the special forces!” he said.

95

‘Is this even legal?’ wondered colonel McTavish as their unit slowly approached the turnoff from the highway to the road leading to Matt’s town.

‘I believe this is a police matter, really.’ Concerns aside, when a head of state orders their special forces to execute a mission, they do it. Or at least they show up.

They were seen by the community while they were still on the highway, so a barricade was erected about two kilometres down the road, consisting of logs they had set by the side of the road for easy deployment when the time came.

The military unit came to this mess, and Colonel McTavish said “This may be an ambush. Let’s head back to the highway and make a plan.”

“Sir, they are reluctant to move in on them. They said something about a ‘highly defensible position,’” explained the aide.

Dustin didn’t understand why the special forces hadn’t captured all the racists yet. “But the special forces should be better than their defences. What’s the problem?” he asked.

“I’m not sure. He said they seemed to be highly prepared and capable of defending themselves, and they were unwilling to engage civilians defending themselves,” relayed the aide.

“What are they prepared for?” asked Dustin.

“I’m not sure. White Supremacy?” asked the aide.

Was this just one of many cells training for a racist uprising? Would a charismatic leader emerge from one of these camps who could mesmerize the masses and convince them to genocide the BIPOC? Dustin could not let that happen.

“I must speak with the commander directly,” said Dustin.

“I’ll get him on the line.”

“Commander, I hear you’re having trouble apprehending the individuals. What seems to be the problem?” asked Dustin.

“Well, sir, the area is protected on three sides by mountains, and we have reason to believe that they have look outs on the hills and know everything we’re doing. Given the geography, there’s only one viable approach, and they have obstacles all the way into the community, and possibly traps as well. It could easily be an ambush,” explained the colonel.

“Can’t you go in with helicopters? That’s why I asked for the special forces,” said Dustin.

“They would see us coming and would have vantage points with which they could shoot us down. It would be very risky,” replied the colonel.

“Can’t you drop in at night? Isn’t that how they got Osama Bin Laden?” asked Dustin.

“Any night time operation with a helicopter is very dangerous, whether fire is involved or not, and should only be performed in emergency situation,” explained the colonel.

“This is an emergency! They are spreading propaganda so dangerous it could destroy our country!”

“Sir, I’ll do my best to devise a plan that brings this situation to a close while keeping my men, and all civilians, as safe as possible,” promised the colonel.

“Please, the nation needs you.”

“I still have no idea what we’re doing here. These people want to be left alone in the woods, and I’m supposed to stop them?” said the colonel to his second in command, who shook his head in disbelief, until he noticed some vehicles pull up. The highway wasn’t very busy, but plenty had passed already; often slowing down to look at the military men sitting on the side of the highway in the middle of nowhere, wondering what was happening. But no one had stopped, until now.

“Sir, we have company,” he said to the colonel, who turned his head and saw three parked cars with about a dozen people either exiting or around them.

“Excuse me, this is a military operation. Please get back in your vehicles and keep moving,” he told them.

“You’re the guys trying to destroy the only real community in this country? Fuck you, pig!” and with that, the man ran into the forest, towards the settlement,

followed by everybody else from the new arrivals, many carrying backpacks or other luggage, seemingly ready for a long stay.

Unbeknownst to the military men, Matt had posted pictures of them gathering near his community, captioned "They're coming for me!" Unbeknownst to Matt, his post was spread by people who were as passionate about ending the tyranny as he was, some of whom offered a free barbecue for anyone who showed up to stand between the army and some good people.

"Should we stop them?" asked the second in command.

"This is private property. We have no authority to stop them. Besides, they're probably more welcome here than we are," said the colonel.

96

"Those don't look like military men, but they are moving fairly quickly," said Matt as he saw the first of his visitors running down the road through the forest, having detoured around their barricade through the forest fairly easily on foot.

"Who are you!" yelled Matt as he made it clear that he was holding a rifle.

"Don't shoot!" replied the man as he stopped and threw his hands up, and the few people following him slowed down and made it clear they were not a threat. "We're here because we saw you were being invaded, and we were wondering what they'd do if we had a picnic between you and them," explained the man.

"Okay," Matt was beginning to understand. "How many of you guys came?" he asked.

"I got in a car with a few guys, and my buddy drove his van with more, and there was another car, but a lot of people said they were coming, but I'd say maybe there's two dozen people here now," he replied.

"Okay. Well, thanks. Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Matt as he realized his chances of being slaughtered by the military had just decreased.

“Naw, we brought lots of stuff. Just show us where to set up and we’ll start cooking some burgers, maybe a few steaks,” said the man.

“Burgers and steaks? What’s going on?” asked Matt.

“Nothing brings people out like free food, and the bigger the human shield we make, the bigger the F you to the government and all their cronies!”

As the man explained his goals, more people started to show up, and suddenly a crowd had gathered, and Matt’s stress turned into celebration, as he greeted and thanked everyone who showed up to fight for their dream.

97

“Sir, I have colonel McTavish on the line. He says he needs to speak to with you,” said the aide.

“Of course. Commander, have you captured the objective yet?” asked Dustin.

“Well, Mr. Prime Minister, there’s a complication. More civilians have showed up and encamped in the land between us and the target community. There are already hundreds and, at the rate they’re showing up, there could be thousands by the end of the day,” explained the colonel.

“They keep coming? Why haven’t you blocked off the highway? Why haven’t you arrested them?” demanded Dustin.

“It’s a public highway, Mr. Prime Minister, and they’re entering private property, and we are not police,” explained the colonel.

“I give you full authority under the emergency powers act to block off that highway and arrest everyone approaching the compound. This is an emergency. This is the biggest emergency the Canadian people has ever faced because these people are tearing apart the fabric of Canada and they must be stopped!”

The line went dead. “Are you there, commander?” The lack of response confused Dustin. “Did he understand his orders? Is he getting ready to arrest them?”

“To all the men here who are most concerned about their families and career, or who just feel differently than me, I understand if you choose to stay behind. But to all the men who really want to stand up for your country, finally, after all these years, for real this time, leave your weapons behind and follow me,” said the colonel to his men.

Their unit was the best, but one of the least diverse in the military, and a sense of the injustice they were involved in had permeated their ranks, so all but a few of their forty-man unit followed the colonel as he casually walked towards the target.

“Sir,” he heard after having made a few steps, causing him to turn around. “I just want you to know that if my family didn’t need my pension, I’d follow you. This doesn’t seem right, but I don’t think you guys will need me anyway. If you had to fight your way through, I’d be with you no matter what. But these guys don’t seem like much of a threat.” It was unclear just how at risk their pensions were in that moment, but a few men needed to be sure they were not.

“I know. But Dustin sounded frantic. I hope they don’t order you to arrest me.”

“Just because this world is going crazy doesn’t mean we have to go there with it. This seems like the kind of place I want to live, not destroy,” said the colonel to his second as they approached the first line of campers, who were surprised by their sudden appearance, and were visibly uneasy, believing they may be attacked at any moment.

“Relax, we’re not here to do anything. Your prime minister ordered us to arrest all of you and the people who own this land. Well, I’m not prepared to do that. Instead, that clown got himself even more protestors,” explained the colonel. Some were suspicious at first, but something about their demeanor and lack of weapons suggested they were serious, and word quickly spread that the military was there unarmed, and seemingly friendly, so Matt came out to speak with them.

“So, you guys switched sides? How do I know you’re not trying to get us to drop our guard?” he asked.

“First of all, we’re unarmed. Second of all, we are military, not police, and I will not follow unlawful orders,” answered the colonel.

“Okay, but that doesn’t mean you’re not trying to infiltrate us. How do we know you’re genuine?” pressed Matt.

“That man won’t be happy until he has brainwashed every child into believing that cross dressing and anal sex are good. And he wants me to destroy the one place where people are standing up and fighting back? Hell no! I’d sooner fight back with you.” And with that, they were welcomed as friends.

99

“Sir, I’ve just received word that the army has abandoned their post,” said an aide to his already concerned boss.

Dustin had heard the term before, but he wasn’t sure what it meant or how it applied. “They’ve abandoned their base to attack the racists?” he asked.

“Sir, they’ve... joined the racists,” explained the aide.

The emotional overload created a short circuit in Dustin. “But they are our best soldiers. The best people understand that racism is bad. They have to understand that racism is bad and fight against it,” he said.

“Unfortunately, sir, all but four of them walked into the enemy camp and joined the other side,” confirmed the aide.

“But, how will Canada survive with a racist army? There must be even better special forces who will stop all this, right?” asked Dustin.

“No, sir, those were our best men. I knew you’d ask so I asked the Minister of Defence and that’s what he said; ‘those are our best men,’” explained the aide.

“We can find better. A diverse army would fight for the new Canada. How fast can we assemble a diverse special forces?” asked Dustin.

He imagined a noble African commanding a legion of Filipinos and Pakistanis as they charged through the forest, ready to inflict punishment on any colonialist who dared get in the way of the new Canada.

"I can ask the minister, but I doubt it would be very fast," replied the aide.

"What hope do we have if the men we send to eradicate racism become racist? The greatest of plagues is sweeping across the country, and we are powerless to stop it." A chill surged through Dustin, with more nauseating power than he had ever felt before. 'Is this the end of Canada?' he wondered.

100

Matt had noticed two darker men walking through the crowd of campers, many of whom had stayed for a few days to reinforce their victory. "Are those Natives coming up here?" Matt asked Chris.

"I think so," he replied.

"Hello there, you are the man in charge here?" asked the lead Native when he got close. He seemed to know who Matt was as he walked right to him.

"We're all just homeowners here. But I'm the guy from the interview, if that's who you're looking for," he replied.

"Sure. Let me just say that I like what you're doing here. We have been watching White people destroy themselves for a long time now. We don't understand it and we don't like it. You people built the great life of wealth and technology. You people are the only ones who can maintain it. Despite what your leaders say, your people have treated us fairly, and we want it to continue," said the man.

"Okay, thank you for your support, but we are not the kind of people who let others speak for us to deflect criticism. We don't shy away from the term racist, so we don't need Natives to prove that we're not. Don't get me wrong; any support you give us, private or public, is certainly appreciated. But this is about White people, and we are racist, in a non-hateful way," explained Matt, who had seen many money conservatives let BIPOC speak for them in an effort to prove their lack of racism.

"I know. That's why I'm here. I have respect for those who respect their own people. I am not here to speak for you. I am here to offer you the power that your people gave my people, including who can live on our land. We have a big reserve not too far away, and we say who can be there and who is not allowed there. We can give you a couple of thousand acres in a valley to build whatever you want, and let all the White people you want live there, and not allow any non-Whites you don't want there; including us," he explained.

Matt was a little overwhelmed by the magnitude of the offer. "So, you're saying that you're going to give us enough space to build a small city. Did I hear you correctly?" asked Matt.

"Maybe we can't give it to you for legal reasons, but we can sign over rights to you, and you can build all the houses you want there and lease them out to White people," he clarified.

"And you'd get a cut of those lease payments, of course," noted Matt.

"Of course. But your people need a place you can thrive, or my people will not. Many of my people want to blame all their troubles on you, but my tribe knows that we will never fix our problems unless we work on them honestly. We know that we have our own path to walk, but your people have achieved greatness in the past, and we would rather learn from you than feel spite. We feel that our peoples can grow together, but in our own homes."

Matt felt the sincerity in the man, and soon began the biggest construction project of his career, as he built a future for his people, a bastion from the madness, and a light to spread across the West.

'That's about as close as they get,' thought Adrian as he watched a deer from his blind, eating the raspberries he had cultivated as a lure. The deer was within forty metres of Adrian, so it was a shot he was confident he could make. But the beauty of the animal made him hesitate, as he wondered if watching the animal die by his hand would make him feel ill. With all that was at stake, his hesitation only lasted

a moment, and he loosed his arrow, striking the deer in the neck, which did not result in an instant death.

The animal ran off with the arrow stuck in it before Adrian could fire another one, so he chased it as its life drained. It only made it a few hundred metres after being hit, down a beaten trail that was easy for Adrian to follow, with the occasional spot of blood confirming the route.

He found the animal alive but on the ground, panting their last breaths. Adrian approached the unfortunate creature knowing he had more work to do, and drew his katana, which he had made knowing his first sword would be lost. He looked at it, with panic in its eyes, knowing the end was near. He finished the job with a slash to the neck with the large and sturdy blade, severing the spinal column, making it quick.

Adrian realized that he felt worse for killing a deer than he did two humans. 'This deer wasn't a traitor,' he told himself.

But looking at the innocent animal made him wonder if the people he had killed were once as guiltless as his next meal, before they had been brainwashed by the constant flow of propaganda. 'They made their decision,' he thought as he began skinning his deer, recalling all those instructional videos he had watched so carefully.

It had been nearly two weeks since Adrian's attack on the leftist propagandists, and he was wondering if the police were onto him. He had gone through all the steps he had taken to avoid detection many times in his head, and was fairly sure he had gotten away with it.

After his initial getaway, which was clean, he had made it to a motorcycle he had bought but not registered, instead fabricating his own license plate so that it would not look suspicious at first glance, but any picture of a man on a motorcycle taken on that day could not be identified as Adrian. 'Getting the paint right was the hardest part,' he recalled of the counterfeit plate.

He had a complete clothes switch at that time, and threw all his old clothes in a backpack which he brought all the way to his forest getaway, and burned.

‘I’m pretty sure I didn’t leave anything behind,’ he thought as he reviewed the precautions he took; soaking his sword in bleach and sealing it until he used it on his targets, not touching the cards he made with his manifesto without gloves, and wearing a mask when preparing them. Most importantly, he had shaved all the hair on his body and covered every inch of himself, with gloves taped to his wrists and a proper mask that prevented DNA from leaving his mouth.

He had not been followed to his forest home, and he was fairly confident that he had left nothing indicating who he was, but he needed to make sure before going back to the city, so he hiked back toward the highway where he had hidden his motorcycle, and travelled to the nearest town with a restaurant and Wi-Fi, and used his tablet with an anonymous data plan to search the story.

He found that the police claimed to have no suspects, but that did not mean they could not be waiting for him, so he signed into the home security system he had set up and installed himself, including a camera set to record motion, and he saw no evidence of police activity.

Adrian had told his boss that he would be on vacation, so he should not expect high production out of him for a few weeks, which his boss was fine with as it was the first vacation he had ever asked for; though he would often work fifteen to twenty days in a row so he could take five to seven days off to work on his forest home, which he had grown to love almost as much as he loved his city home, and knew he would spend a lot of time there for the rest of his life, whether he had to or not.

‘Maybe I’ll give it another week before I risk it,’ he thought before beginning his journey back to the wilderness.

“Jeff, is that you?” It was.

“Eli! I haven’t seen you since school. How have you been?” he replied.

“Very good. I stayed in school and got my law degree. Now I specialize in immigration law. I am helping many of my people move here for better life.” Eli appeared to be proud of himself for uplifting impoverished members of his tribe.

“So what’s going to happen to Ethiopia when all its best people move here?” Eli didn’t realize it yet, but Jeff now saw the world quite differently from when they had last spoke.

“Those who want to stay in the tribal mentality can stay there. Here we can move forward together in a new world!” declared Eli.

“But you still have a tribal mentality. Remember you were having that party and you told me it was for your people? That is tribalism,” explained Jeff.

“Yes, but my people are family. We speak the same language, have the same experiences. We understand each other,” said Eli.

“That’s really nice, so why can’t White people have that experience? It seems as though moving beyond tribalism is only for White people. You guys get to have your ingroup while living in our countries, living off of our wealth,” said Jeff.

Eli appeared to be rather surprised by his old friend’s new attitude, but he was prepared with a response, as he had paid attention in colonial studies class. “Your wealth? This land’s wealth belongs to Natives.”

“So because there were some Natives here before we showed up and built a modern nation around them, now Ethiopians get to come here and shit all over White people?”

“I never shit on White people.”

“You just did. You claimed that this country was not built by White people, but instead built by Natives. You’re diminishing our accomplishments and historical claims to this land, just because your people have none and you want access to our wealth, you claim rights to this land with ‘something about Natives,’” explained Jeff.

“But it is true: Natives were here first. This is not White people’s land,” reiterated Eli.

“So because there were some Natives here before White people came, now Ethiopians get to show up and tell White people that that we stole this land? That we’re thieves?” Jeff was becoming annoyed at having to repeat himself.

“No, I’m not saying you are thieves, I’m saying we share this land and work together to make it better.” Eli was softening his stance as it became less tenable.

“But I can’t help noticing that Africans have not made this city better. They have made it worse. But why is Europe also being flooded with Africans? Who are the Natives of Europe, and why should anybody but Europeans be there?” asked Jeff

“Jeff, have you forgotten everything we learn in class? Colonialism was bad. Europeans thought they had right to take over countries and do as they please. Why should their victims not have right to live in the land that their wealth built? It was stolen from them and moved to Europe. Now they move to Europe,” explained Eli.

“Here we go with the ‘White people are thieves’ angle again. Look, everything we were told in that class is a lie. We didn’t steal anything from your continent. We tried to build there but your people weren’t evolved enough to do anything with it. Those arguments only exist as an excuse to flood our countries with people who don’t belong, and they only work because professor Greenblatt and his kin have been screaming them at students for generations now, and his cousins in the media tear down anyone who questions the narrative. I don’t expect you to understand such complex subjects, but all you need to know is that White people are starting to wonder why we have so many Africans running amuck in our countries, and a growing number want to send you back, so I hope you’re reunited with your entire tribe soon.”

“I can see that racism has entered your heart. You are not ready for the new Canada,” said Eli as he scurried off.

Jeff indeed had had a change of heart, which had become hardened by discovering who was truly being stolen from.

“Go back to your own shithole of a country and fix that before coming here and lecturing real Canadians on what our country is about!”

103

“Hey, another doctor,” said Matt as he reviewed applications for Whiteopia, as they had decided to call the land donated by the Natives.

“How are we going to run healthcare, anyway? We’re probably not going to get any government money. I don’t know much about the healthcare system, but I know it’s mostly government funded, and the government isn’t going to fund us even a dollar,” said Chris.

“I guess we’re the government now,” replied Matt. It was clear by that point that prime minister Dustin had lost the battle, and the first Whites only city on the continent was going to be built. But they were not sure how they were going to do it yet.

“We’ll need some way of collecting money to cover basic services, but given the land deal we have, and that the developers are more interested in making a community than money, people’s rent can mostly go to running the place,” suggested Matt.

“We’ll have our own little communist state,” joked Chris.

“Kind of, but we have productive people and a strong start, so it can work on a small scale,” cautioned Matt.

They were at the beginning of a construction boom, that included water treatment facilities and a sewage system, not to mention all the houses for the thousands of people who wanted to live there, and the road system to connect everyone. And they were planning incentives for people to start businesses, like near free rent for store fronts.

They were still in the planning phase, and did not know every detail of how their city would function. But the volume and quality of the applicants assured Matt, so they knew whatever problems arose would be solved.

“Check out this guy,” he said to Chris and passed him his tablet to read the email.

For your consideration,

I understand that supply is limited, and that I come to you with a significant disadvantage, but my wife and I would like to apply for a spot in your city.

In many ways, we’d be ideal candidates. I am an economist who worked in the fast-food industry and witnessed the pull factor for immigration in operation first hand. I understand the incentives in place for corporations and their shareholders to flood our nations with cheap labour and consumer demand, and how it affects the average person.

What I found most interesting about Matt’s interview was his view on inflation and deflation. It is axiomatic within the economist community that a small amount of inflation is necessary for a healthy economy. I have been wondering if inflation and deflation are forces felt at different times for different reasons, and either can be found in a healthy economy.

While I feel price stability is good, what if we found it by unleashing deflationary and inflationary forces that offset each other? Sending people home would be a deflationary force, mainly by making housing more affordable, as well as by decreasing overall economic activity (GDP). If it turns out we need some inflation, and we need to fund our pensions, we could just pay our obligations with newly created money.

The argument against monetizing debt (buying debt with money created out of thin air) is that it will cause inflation, and we saw that after the covid measures. But what if we did that while housing was becoming vacant across the country? We could pay our pensioners and people could pay their rent.

We are well funded and can work remotely, so we could contribute to your community as we develop our economic theory. But there is a problem: my wife is Chinese. She was born here and is an honorary White person, but she is still Chinese. She understands what our people are going through, and she wants to be part of the solution. If you can look past that, I truly hope to join you in a better place, to help build a better world.

Sincerely,
Jeff Nicholson

Dear Jeff,

We very much appreciate the interest in our community, and we find your economic theories interesting and hope they evolve. Though space is limited, we would have likely accepted you, had it not been for your chosen partner, whom we are sure is a lovely lady. However, we currently feel that our community should be unencumbered by the presence of non-blood Whites, as our people are very prone to empathy and a desire to be polite.

That being said, we certainly understand your choice of life partner, and we do not judge anybody for having taken a similar path. We believe that children of parents such as yourselves can be taught to appreciate both sides of their ancestry, and should be accepted by whatever society comes after this one.

For now, we are a small community, and want to keep it as free for our people as possible. But we believe our ideas are spreading, and would like to recommend a few communities, listed below, that are majority White in which you may want to wait it out.

For the moment, such places are often populated by people who have little experience with diversity, and have the same self righteous, insufferable opinions that have led Toronto to become what it is today. But we believe our opinions are becoming understood very quickly, and look forward to the day we welcome you to a broader community.

Sincerely,
Matt Eastbridge

“How’s the new city looking?” asked Melinda on her visit to Matt and Danielle’s home.

“We’re just starting to put in the infrastructure. We’re going to put in the sewage, electrical and start on the roads before we start on the buildings,” replied Matt.

“Oh. So when can people live there?” she asked.

“Some people should be able to move in early next year. Why, do you want to be one our first residents?” asked Matt jokingly.

“Well, I don’t know, it sounds like a nice place,” she replied.

“It certainly will be,” said Matt as he realized Melinda may actually want to move there. “But you understand that there won’t be any drug fueled techno dance parties, right?” he asked.

“I know. I’m done with all that anyway,” she replied.

“When did this happen?” he asked.

“I was with some of my friends and they brought up this place and Cheryl, my Black friend, said the army should have destroyed this place. I never told anybody that I was related to you guys, until then. I told them that my sister lived there and Cheryl said Danielle should be killed for trying to destroy Canada,” explained Melinda.

“She means we should be killed for not allowing her people to destroy our country. These people are so ungrateful. They think they’re more entitled to the wealth of nations than the people who built them,” said Matt.

“I never listened to you because life was fun, and I’d rather enjoy it than think about it. But now that the truth has hit me in the face, I see how obvious it was all this time. Those people never really cared about me,” she said.

“I’ve always said that you have a home with us. I meant it then, and I mean it now.”

“Special interest groups are no longer just for minorities, says our next guest, who claims to speak for White people. So, Mr. Taylor, tell us, what do White people have to say?” asked the media lady conducting the interview on CBC.

“Well, a lot. And just to be clear, I know I don’t speak for all White people, but I believe you’re finding out just how many White people have similar views to my own,” replied the man, whom Adrian had been familiar with since he first became racially aware in high school. He remembered the well-dressed man with his pleasant accent and smooth presentation from internet videos in which he would discuss interactions between Whites and Blacks in The States, but now he was on the CBC? Adrian was quite happy to have gotten home and learned that he would not be going to prison for murder, but he was excited to see White interests being discussed in the mainstream media, by someone advocating for us.

“And just so it’s clear for our audience, what are those views? What do you plan on doing to non-Whites currently living in, what you consider to be, White countries?” she asked.

“I don’t plan on doing anything to them. I hope they start to make plans for another place to live because it appears as though our people may be preparing to take back our lands,” replied Mr. Taylor.

“Have you considered, Mr. Taylor, that many White people recognize that this land in fact belongs to the Indigenous Peoples and settlers are guests here, and that we have no right to remove anyone from this country?” she asked.

“Sure, there are still White people who hang on to silly notions such as those, and will do so until they die. But a rapidly growing number of us are realizing how badly we’ve been lied to. And are Europeans entitled to throw out the third world migrants from their continent? Who do you think is indigenous to Europe? Anyhow, on this continent, I believe you’ll be surprised by just how many White people are now willing to make a historical claim to these lands and carve out our own space,” he explained.

Adrian knew it was over. He had been paying attention to racial politics since high school, so roughly twenty years, and it had been a frustrating journey, with tension that constantly built up and fizzled out, as people stubbornly held on to the idea that life really could be this simple. But now, with people having realized that boatloads of third-worlders meant higher cost of living and lower wages, and

decades worth of tales of violence at the hands of outsiders having accumulated, people were less willing to ignore reality.

He had seen media commentators shift their messages. The money conservatives, who were more interested in their career than in what they had to say to keep it, had gone from 'Here's a bunch of problems that have nothing to do with race' to 'Why should White people have to deal with ungrateful third-worlders abusing us in the countries we built?' since the story of Matt and their town had played out. But now they were openly discussing separation on the CBC?

'I always knew that all we had to do was talk about it, honestly, and the madness would stop. But people prioritized the feelings of the nice non-Whites they know over the good of their people. The problems are too obvious now, and the anger and frustration has become unstoppable. We will win this.'

Adrian did not know how events would play out, but he was confident that White people were finally fighting for their own interests, making the outcome inevitable.

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"They're openly talking about White supremacy on the CBC?" Dustin was horrified. He did not know that such a possibility existed.

"They have to, sir. Everybody is. I have it on good authority that the Conservative party is going to have some back-benchers discuss White interests," said his aide.

"The Conservatives are going to spread racism? I was never serious when I called them racist. I always knew they'd keep immigrants coming in. But they're going to become actual racists?" contemplated Dustin.

"They have no choice, sir. The people demand it. Otherwise, other parties will form and take over," explained the aide.

"Tell people I'm unavailable for the next few days. I'll let you know when I'm ready." And with that, Dustin got up and slowly shuffled off, head sunk and spirits low.

Dustin needed to comfort himself with some ice cream in bed, but the chocolate and caramel were not sweet enough to extinguish the bitterness of defeat. He simply could not escape the feeling that his entire life's work had been negated by an evil force that seemingly swept across the nation he led overnight, right under his nose.

'Racism was almost over. No one even dared say racist things anymore, and now everyone is saying racist things all at once,' he thought, overwhelmed by feelings of betrayal.

'Why did the Natives turn on me? After all the ceremonies I went to, and how many times I told them Canada was sorry for its dark past. Did they not see how much I cared?' Not being recognized for his capacity for empathy hurt the most.

Dustin's once secure dream seemed so distant now, in which he helmed a new civilization where people's love of diversity would usher in a world peace that would allow for new technological marvels, as military budgets would instead be spent on science, funding research in the darkest depths of Africa, previously overlooked by the racists, where the greatest of human capital would be unlocked. But his dream was being crushed right before him. There would be no world peace. There would be no African engineered ultra light speed rocket ships to take us to the stars. There would be no Jamal Jackson Educational Centre. And he would not lead a new society for all of people-kind. Instead, there would only be White Supremacy.

Author's note: though the story makes its position clear, there are many who deliberately misconstrue, so it may be necessary to state explicitly that this book does not condone political violence. It seeks to avoid it through open conversation.

And none of the quotes from academia and media people are direct quotes taken from reality. They are, however, accurate representations of what they do say and are based on real statements. For example, this author has seen a news report-

many years ago- explaining that Natives had a much higher HIV infection rate than White people did, which was explained by a woman saying “And that is because of colonialism and cultural genocide,” with no further commentary.