

## CHAPTER SEVEN - Now

*If you want to play the game  
You got to lose the rules  
You can play with passion  
Rules are just for fools  
Listen to my story  
Listen to me well  
I will make you a believer*

- Sass Jordan\*

"Coming up at 6PM eastern time, we'll take you live to the White House for a nationwide address from American President Luke Buchanan. President Buchanan is expected to talk about the ongoing trade disputes with Canada and the anthrax outbreak that is hitting the Midwest. Join us immediately following the broadcast for in depth analysis."

### ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Morgan sat in the staff room, coffee cooling beside her, and futilely flipped through the television channels. There was rarely anything on at 7:30, but tonight was worse. It seems ol' Bucky was going to yatter at the Yanks about how great America is. Morgan sighed and settled on the CBC. At least she'd get the Canadian viewpoint. Eventually.

*"My fellow Americans. Good evening. Our country is facing a new threat. Unlike recent years, this threat doesn't come from Middle Eastern terrorists. It doesn't come from communist run nuclear powers as negotiations for peace are continuing in those countries. Nor does this threat come*

*from religions or people who hate our freedom. No. Our old enemies are on the way to becoming our friends. Yet, we are threatened..."*

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

"Mirza! I'm gonna kill you!"

Ismail turned from the vending machine to face the wrath of his sergeant. Sergeant Wilkes stormed down the hall like a hurricane in a bottle.

"You want twenty-four hour a day surveillance on a house you `think' might be a growing operation?"

"Actually, I think is a halfway house for opium smuggling. But they are also growing pot."

The Sergeant turned red and waved the surveillance request form under Ismail's nose. "I see! And why isn't that little tidbit written in here?"

"Because I have not proof, just a feeling."

"Just a feeling! I've got a feeling too! I've got a feeling that reminds me of my haemorrhoids! You're a pain in the ass, Mirza! Where do you `feel' we can get the cash to pay for a sting operation like that???"

"We are the drug squad..."

"That doesn't mean you're supposed to take drugs! Which is how you dreamed up this request apparently! There's no goddam information on it! `House suspected of marijuana growing operation due to unsavoury residents of same!' FUCK! Mirza, my kid can write a better request than this!"

Ismail retrieved the dropped paper, "Does that mean no surveillance?"

"How sure are you about this?"

"Sure."

The sergeant pulled a paperback book from his back pocket, "Fine. Re-submit that form, and do it right this time! I want every detail, every hint, every suspicion, and some supporting evidence beyond `unsavoury residents'. By the way, I don't want to see the word `unsavoury' in

anything written by you, unless you become a food critic." He handed Ismail the book and pointed him to his desk.

Ismail sat down, pulling out a fresh pad of request forms and laid them out with the copy of "Report Writing for Law Enforcement." Picking up a pen, he absently turned on the radio.

*"...We are facing the greatest threat to our way of life since the American revolution, when our forefathers stood up for their rights and threw off the shackles of foreign rule. When the patriots wrenched freedom from the British Empire and brought peace and goodwill to all Americans, they knew that war would return, again and again, and that the struggle for freedom would always be renewed. But for over two hundred years, America has stood proud and free. We fought no wars at home against foreign powers. We have stood as the shining example of what a nation of the free can achieve. We have been all over the world, ending tyranny and bringing liberty to the oppressed..."*

### HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

It was homework night. Deb and Shirley sat in pyjamas amid diet soda cans and a half gone pizza. Deb flipped through books, doing an English paper for a course she should have taken three years ago. Shirley was correcting others homework.

"FARDLES! FARDLES! FARDLES!" Deb cursed with great emphasis.

"Deb, that's not a swear word. It means burdens."

"That's what I got! Burdens! The burdens of trying to understand the best English playwright of all time, who didn't even speak English!"

Shirley chuckled, "Hamlet, huh?"

"Can't I just rent the Mel Gibson movie?"

"No, you'll just get obsessed with Mel's ass and forget about the paper."

"This is true," said Deb, "but at least I wouldn't have to keep reading this speech over and over."

"It's a suicide speech Deb. Hamlet is debating whether he should continue trying to revenge his fathers death or give up and kill himself."

"I got that, more or less," Deb lied.

"A bodkin is a dagger. Farldels are burdens. Quietest means shutting your mouth, permanently. Which is what I'd wish you'd do. I'm having enough trouble reading these half-literate papers as it is."

Deb went back to grumbling under her breath. Shirley turned on the radio to drown her out.

*"...In the Spanish Revolution, great men like Ernest Hemmingway went overseas to fight fascism in the name of freedom. In the first world war, American doughboys brought liberty and peace to war-torn France. The United States was instrumental in forming the League of Nations to ensure that peace would reign. And when that league failed, we again returned to Europe to eradicate fascism, to prevent the annihilation of the Jewish people, and to restore peace. For half a century, the United States has led the UN in bringing aid and comfort to the world. We stemmed the tide of the Soviet Union, educating their people until they abandoned the tyranny of communism in favour of the freedom of democracy. And when terrorists threatened our freedom, we brought war to them, quickly putting an end to their organizations and the fear they spread to good people..."*

### PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN

"Mol-ee?"

"In here!"

Sergei came down the hall carrying a six-pack. "You finished for today?"

"Just cleaning up," Molly said, scrubbing her arms deep in the sink,

"Can't be too careful."

"Da. How is anthrax?"

"Fine. Herd's doing well. No one got sick. Wish I could say the same for the Americans."

"Well," said Sergei, handing her an opened bottle and reaching for the television remote, "They did not listen. Not our fault. Why is president on every station?"

"...Now we are come face to face with a new enemy. An enemy we thought was a friend. They have hidden behind our skirts in times of threat and ridden our coattails to victory, all the while plotting to topple everything we stand for. A sneak-thief who whispers lies in our ears, half-truths about communism and socialism, slyly hoping to destroy our great American democracy..."

MONTREAL, QUEBEC

The Veingt-Deux was the guys' favourite watering hole. It's address was twenty-two rue Rene Levesque, which gave it its name, but it was also an un-official home for the Royal Twenty-Second regiment. Around the room were posted unit colors and insignia, and newspaper clippings about the 'Van-Doos.' It was also a federalist joint, which meant less harassment for Anglo customers. Martin, Mike, and John tried going to the October Crisis one night and almost had a crisis of their own. Since then, they stayed here.

This was a rare night; all three had the day off tomorrow. Mike and Martin were in between shoots and John, surprisingly enough, had run out of porn for the time being.

"Want to go to Chateau Super-Sex later?"

"John, don't you see enough naked women at work?"

"Yeah, but this is different. These ones move. Mike, will you put that damn book away!"

"Sorry. Just going over my notes."



"You're not at work," said Martin, "Read that shit when you're getting paid for it."

"I'm just trying to make sure we don't get blown up."

"Hey Serge!" John called to the bartender, "Throw on the English translation will ya?"

As the bartender hit buttons on the TV, bringing up the subtitles, all three turned to face the news.

"S'at Bucky?"

"Yup. Le Leader du la free world. Guess the rest of us live in slavery," said Mike.

*"...This enemy strikes in many ways, using a variety of weapons. They attack our economy, threatening our businesses and trying to destroy our very livelihood. They steal our technology and industry, and sell it back as their own. They rely on our military to defend them, yet they undermine our border. This foe helps our enemies infiltrate our nation, preferring to use others to do what they dare not. They pretend to care about us, to be great humanitarians, but they refuse to give America the food and energy that is essential for our way of life..."*

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

A crowd had gathered in the staff room and Morgan was glad she got the chair in front of the screen. Even the supervisors were in here, call-volume having dropped to nothing as the Americans were all watching their cable instead of complaining about it.

*"...I speak of the country that lives in our shadow, quietly waging a war of lies, waiting to strike at our heart. I speak, of course, of Canada..."*

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Silence fell in the squad room at the word 'Canada.' Even the arrested stopped protesting their innocence; though still glancing around for a way to escape. Several more radios were snapped on, the speech filling the room. Ismail turned up the volume with his left hand, while his right pulled open a drawer and removed the Civil Emergency Handbook.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

*"We, the American People, will no longer stand by and allow this enemy to use our good will against us. This country of cowards, who hide behind the skirts of Lady Liberty and duck under the wings of the American eagle..."*

"Is that a mixed metaphor?" asked Deb.

"Yes. You learned some English. Now be quiet and learn some history"

PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN

*"...Relying on our defences to protect them, to protect a people who scorn our values and mock our ideals with every terrorist they sneak across our border, a cesspit of socialists who enslave their people with taxes and who would have us do the same! A nation of communists who are too cowardly to admit it..."*

"Canada is not communist."

"That doesn't matter, Sergei. This isn't about truth, it's about making Americans believe we are evil."

## MONTREAL, QUEBEC

*"...A neighbour who always takes and never gives! A country who treats us like toilet paper: something disgusting to be used up and flushed and never to be spoken of! A country who has stolen our jobs, stolen our security, and now wishes to starve us of the water, the essential of life! A nation who denies us electricity and oil and who would destroy the American economy..."*

"Fuckin' Right!" shouted John.

## PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN

*"...We now know that Canada has launched a dastardly attack on our innocent civilians. The recent outbreak of anthrax in the Midwest, which has spread through tainted meat right across this great land, did not come from here. This is no accidental disease, no random occurrence. Canada has long been conducting experiments in biological warfare, which they hid as medical research. Last month, the enemy to the North reached out to strike down our children at picnics and our elderly at dinner. Right across this land of ours, innocent hungry citizens are being stricken with one of the deadliest diseases known to man, a disease that has been introduced into our public food supply by a cowardly and devious enemy..."*

"Great, they are blaming the anthrax on us."

"But cows were American!"

"Sergei, perhaps you should consider going back to Russia. Can I come too?"

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

*"...My fellow Americans, enough is enough! It is time for the tough to get going, before the going gets any tougher! No more will we suffer at the hands of the Canadian Commies..."*

"Looks like you're going to have to re-write your thesis, Shirley"

MONTREAL, QUEBEC

*"...No longer will we cower in fear, not knowing when the enemy will strike. We shall not listen to lies they give as advice, nor will we weaken our liberty or tear down our freedom in the name of international relations..."*

"I'd like to have some international relations!"

"There's a Jamaican whore-house on the corner."

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

*"...We will strike back and command victory from an enemy too cowardly to face us in open war! We will destroy those who would destroy us, and bring true freedom and democracy to the Canadian people..."*

"We're oppressed?"

"Damn right! The man is always fucking us over! DAMN THE MAN!"

"Shut it, junkie."

*"...We will remove from power those Northern savages who would melt Lady Liberty into scrap metal and make pillows from the feathers of our noble eagle! Canada must rise up against the oppressive regime they have been struggling under! We will assist the people of the North in their struggle against oppression. We call on the government of Canada to capitulate to the will of the greatest democracy on the planet. Prime Minister Gautier, stop developing weapons of mass destruction. Stop aiding terrorists into our country. Relax the trade barriers that are holding back our people and yours. Allow the people of Canada to determine their own destiny, out from under the foot of your Liberal Party! Canadians wish to live in freedom and peace. We, the great United States of America, will help them throw off the chains of oppression and join us in freedom, justice, and the American Way!"*

OTTAWA - Following the American President's address last night, Governor General Mary Walsh ordered the immediate recall of the House of Commons and the Senate. Her Grace also attended a meeting between the federal cabinet, the privy council and the leaders of all parties. Today's debate in the House and Senate is intended to focus on Canada's response to the threat from the U.S. While the debate will be open and free from partisan politics, the response is expected to be a resounding rejection of the United States' demands.

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- \* Sass Jordan, *Make You a Believer* (Jordan/Neigher), from Racine Released 1992 (IPTD-10524 Aquarius/MCA), published by SOCAN