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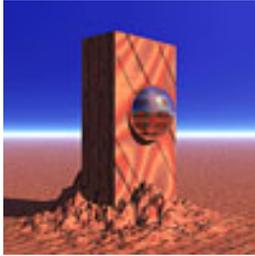
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Lies of the Colonialists

My new adventure comic story

By Kat Avila | Web Published 5.10.2006



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The year was 5036 B.C. (before Colonialists). The internal War for Souls had been going on long before I was born and had raged with much misfortune during my father's and grandfather's lifetimes. Though segregated schools had by Colonialist law been officially done away with, they still existed in the minds of Colonialist administrators and teachers who preserved imperialistic attitudes and did their best to squelch "uppity" First People students.

First People were the original ancient lords of Two Continents who had grown lax defensively because of their geographic isolation. On ships as swift as sea dragons, the Colonialists arrived on the shores of Two Continents with biological weapons, demon death sticks, and alien declarations that "legalized" their great destruction and occupation of the land. Kingdoms fell like poisoned hummingbirds before the steady murderous onslaught of the barbaric eastern tribes.

The First People who survived were spat upon and shunned as losers usually are. No longer were they free to roam Two Continents as they wished, but groveled at the feet of increasingly moneyed

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foreign masters. Today, this is a Day of Lamentation, when the sovereignty of the First People was lost and the haves became the have-nots. Elders spend the day chanting our histories and stories of our gods and heroes, so they will not be forgotten.

Using a great raucous Wall of Noise, the Colonialists created much confusion. Having toppled over our temples and altars, fed our words to the ever hungry flames of oblivion, the Dark Forces of the Colonialists claimed Two Continents as their own homeland over First People ancestral birthright, which was rendered meaningless by abominable Colonialist curses and laws.

There is a sickness among First People that causes some to parrot the Colonialists and to contemptuously ridicule First People caretakers. Restoratives for the spirit are slapped away by the promise of material well-being and reward under a Colonialist system.

Yes, the desert sun is cruel. It throws away our princes and princesses with impunity. Its heat sharpens the bloody blades of the barbed wire fences that separate the First People. Oh, but this is not where our story of The Great Disturbance and heroes ends, but where it begins.

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