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The Aftermath

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“And if the sky falls, we’ll be catching mockingbirds,
describe the sky to me, he’ll never be free of me, he’ll make a
dream of me, don’t say goodbye to me.”

I recognized the head of the clan from the resort. Out for a nice round of pictures, ones which will look wonderful on some liberals facebook. Back at the resort, it was time for lunch, just in time that is. Sack lunches, with carrot sticks and all, just like in high school! Something for the white people to reminisce over, im sure.

While sitting on the back deck, some of the Natives began to question Lion.

"Were you the one who slept in the wigwam?" One of them asked.

"Why yes, that was me." Lion responded.

"Ohh...and how was it?" Asked another.

"Well," she stated "It was about ten degrees warmer in there then it was outside. I walked in there, and spread some tobacco, then sat down, made up my bed, and was asleep in no time. Oh and I had the most wonderful dream!"

"Really?" He asked, "And what was your dream about, if I may ask?"

"Well, I believe it was a prophetic dream." Lion started, but I wont finish, for the sake of the dream.

The folks gathered around us numbered maybe four, but they all listened intently to Lions description of her dream, then thanked her and wandered off. The water ceremony started next, and Serendipity and Lion both went to participate. It was an Ancient Tradition, one for the Women, which was to protect the Water. Irish and I, watched from the hill.

"You know, this is a very Sacred Tradition." Irish started, "My wife is Ojibwe, and I've been allowed to watch them do ceremonies like this before."

I watched and wondered about some of the world wide problems we face today. These issues with water, over fishing, deforestation, poverty, and a host of other things, have one common tie: The Market. The Market just is. It has no masters, no rulers. It makes slaves out of everything, and everyone it encompasses, even those who benefit from it. Nothing is Sacred to The Market, and it never takes a day off. It is the ideal worker, always there, always producing something of value for someone else to profit from, at the expense of the environment. It creates debt, loans, and wreaks poverty on those who refuse it, or those who lose the game of using it. The Market is the ultimate consumer as well. It consumes all it come into contact with, from rivers and wildlife, to homes, and business, in an attempt to make a profit. It is an alien form of life to the Planet Earth, one which causes death and destruction, and is supported by those who isolate themselves from that which they claim this neoliberalism helps. Robots, or Aliens if you will, profit from The Markets rises and falls, all the while claiming to help those who it enslaves to produce its oil.

After my daydream of the IMF's gold reserves melting and running threw the sewers into the Potomac, I had realized the ceremony was over, and Serendipity was laying next to me in the sun. It was setting fast, and thus, cooling just as quickly. We went inside and ate dinner with everyone else. When dinner was over, the Pow Wow began. We had to leave just as it was starting. Irish had a Gift to Deliver, and we had many miles to drive.

Was what she had to say to me. We had just got back from the ally dumpster. It was a good dumpster to us, for the time we lived in Minneapolis. The one right behind the sober house on South Cedar Ave. We had a cart full of bread and toys, and on the walk back to the garage we gave some toys and bubbles to this child. Her parents stood in a simple amazement, as what they may have perceived as two white people giving their daughter all sorts of goodies. Little did they know I was the only one who was white.

It was the most emotional moment in my life, walking down the ally with Serendipity and our cart of goods we had just liberated. We cried in each others arms again, and she admitted things to me she would never admit to anyone else.

"Your my partner for life!" Serendipity said.

I gave her a big hug, with tears in my eyes and said, "Its ok, I've been waiting my whole life for a women who isn't afraid to be herself. And I know your her!"

She kept telling me it was her fault and bawling in my arms apologizing. For what you may ask? Ill reiterate what I mentioned earlier, she admitted to me things she would most likely not ever admit to anyone else. If you absolutely *must* know, you'd have to ask Serendipity.

She handed Mr. Frog to me at the dumpster, I realized I had dropped him somewhere along the way. It was a little stuffed frog with a light blue shirt on, holding a heart. I still kick it with Mr. Frog to this day, he helps me drive from time to time.

We both agreed, we had been waiting for each other our whole lives. It was about time wasn't it? We sure thought we deserved better, so we have each other now. Don't get me wrong, we squabble about the most ridiculous shit, pillows and the last pancake, but we love each other.

What brought us to this situation? Minneapolis. Yeah, you read that right, Minneapolis. I can sum up Minneapolis in few words. Passive aggressive. Fuck Minneapolis, and most of these single serving assholes who live here. We did meet good people though. The Old skool crew from Occupy, Jan and Dave, Mary, Lion, and the lady with the fro, whose name I can never remember for the life of me. As well, Irish, and Doug. And of course, Ziggathon.

King Nerd and I were sitting the other night, talking about all kinds of things. Then I showed him the link about Tim Wrbas. The NSA has all this in their main frames, call them up if you want to read it, or message me on the fedbox. You will be in for many good laughs. The King Nerd won though, Tim blocked him. Oh Tim, I wish that you weren't a narrow minded libertarian. You sound more like an ignorant right winger, but who knows, libertarians are anarcho-capitalists, or confused, I call them. He made up things I said, and anyone who knows the internet knows, when you do the asinine

things that Tim does, the trolls come out. And when you block one, or keep feeding them, they win. I love you Zigster!!

So if you hadn't already figured it out, this is round two from my first zine. I managed to get in contact with Serendipity, and she came to see me in Indianapolis. She decided she wanted to come see her friends in Minneapolis. Echo and Gibberish were cool. I liked them both. I don't like how flakey Echo was with Serendipity though, especially for how good of friends they are. That seemed pretty ridiculous to me.

The first thing all y'all gotta understand is, you can't just go calling people you met once or twice your friends. I'm not talking about Echo, Serendipity and Echo go way back. I'm talking about in general. Naïve people will assume someone they just met is a friend, with out any of the qualifications that actually *make* a person a friend. You can believe in the basic goodness in peoples hearts all you want, but that doesn't mean they are gonna have your back when you need 'em. I do genuinely believe in the basic goodness in people, but I'm not going all in on someone I don't know. It's basic security culture essentially.

Serendipity and Nick were in the garage when I got home from canvassing. They had been drinking. When I walked in things were starting to get heated. Nick was rambling about us being feds and the like.

"Well I noticed you were ok with it until Shark got here. You know if you're a fed, this is entrapment and Ill get off" Nick said.

"Shut the fuck up, none of this is worth my time! Your just talkin' shit for no reason! Your not serious about anything!" Serendipity replied.

Nick was upsetting Serendipity, the one thing he's better at then burning bridges. He's not inherently a bad person I don't think. Either way though, I wasn't havin this shit. He had fucked up enough that past week, hiding in the ally and following Serendipity around.

"Why don't you just leave man. Your drunk and calling us cops again" I said.

He started insinuating he was gonna do something, when I shouted, "What motherfucker? What the fuck are you gonna do!" Then I slammed the metal door into my head and screamed, "AHHHAHHAHA!!! What mother fucker!!! What???"

A look of shock crossed his face, and Nicks tone lowered as he said, "Just keep hitting yourself with the door..."

So I slammed the door into my head again screaming, "You fuckin think im scared of you?!?! Fuck off and leave bitch! Why the fuck are you here! Talkin shit, tryin to start something you wont finish motherfucker!! Get the fuck out!!"

I was amazed at the diversity of mycelium out there. The fungus

was among us, for sure. Or were we among it? The water flowed down the river from Spirit Rock, and beyond. On our walk, the path turned from a simple hiking trail, into a cliff side of wonder and beauty. The pines grew amongst the broken rock formations, wonderfully haphazard. There were places along the way where rocks and trees jutted out into the water, and I walked out into these areas. One strikes my memory well, a large part of the cliff looked to be disconnecting itself from the rest of the stone. Trees grew from its sides, and top and made a nice little observation area, 20 feet or so, up from the river. Serendipity and I walked onto it, looked over the edge, and all around, standing in the still beauty of our surroundings.



Further up the trail, we found a lip gloss laying on the trail.

"Look at this!" I stated

"Whats that?" Irish asked

"It must be one of the mercenaries! " I proclaimed, "Im sure it gets lonely out here, and they play dress up!"

Everyone started laughing, and making all manner of jokes about the armed guards GTAC hired to protect its investments. We finally reached Spirit Rock. An enormous old tree stump stood, a solemn guard, to the Sacred Location. We walked out onto the rocks, and took our self a seat. Sitting in silence, most of us threw some tobacco into the waters.

On the walk back, Lion must have fallen down 40 times. She is spry for her age, but Christ man, take it easy! There was a family we encountered on the walk back.

We arrived at dusk, just in time for dinner. I handed out a

bunch of NSA phone stickers I had recently acquired through Crimethinc. They went like hot cakes! The liberals didn't really understand it, but the Chippewa, well, they got it. After dinner, we set up for sleeping. Michael, Serendipity, and I found a nice spot in a pavilion, that joint even had working outlets yo! Irish slept in his car, and for Lion, she curled up into the Wigwam. (She would for the duration of our stay, be held in high esteem for doing so!) Serendipity and I fell asleep pretty quick, curled up in our zero degree bags. If you've never been that far north, Ill advise you this, bring warm clothes and blankets! It gets crisp up there! Michael stayed up for a while, and befriended Steve, one of the locals.

When we woke in the morning, we were told how Steve said he would take us to the Bad River, so we could see for ourselves what GTAC wanted to destroy. I remember thinking, "If its as nice as this everything else I've seen, them niggaZ is crazy." We informed the group of our plans, and sorta promptly headed on up there to the LCO Harvest Camp.

After a night of dancing with my forever-lover, and being told by Irish, "You two remind me of my wife and I!" seeing the harvest camp was the icing on the cake! They had many structures built, tents, and wild grouse hanging to cure. It was the first line of defence against GTAC, strategically located on the only road into the park that GTAC wants to plow under. Those rocks I mentioned earlier are everywhere, the ones with the iron in them. The area holds 25% of the U.S.'s iron ore deposits. One of many problems is, the iron is very soft, and of poor quality. Steve told us it was only worth around \$14 ton. You read right, \$14 U.S. for a *metric ton* (2000 pounds) of iron. Totally absurd we agreed, to strip mine a beautiful, sacred area, for profits of rich white guys. This goes to prove what I've said for a while, corporate treaties, and U.S. treaties with indigenous were *always*, and continue to be, violated on a massive scale.



At this point he just drunkenly stumbled off back home. Loki, Eric, Tom, Serendipity and yours truly left for Hard Times Café some time later. Loki wasn't a bad person, but she wanted the same thing Nick did, and Serendipity didn't catch on for over a month. I didn't want to say I told you so, I just gritted my teeth and dealt with it. I was sitting there drinking coffee with a throbbing head ache playing Sir Eric in a game of Cribbage, reflecting on the past month.

Loki had just moved in, and Danny wouldn't move out. Danny hadn't paid rent in over a month, and was told he had to go for the past three. We just moved all of Loki's things into the living room, which unsettled Danny to say the least. Every time I saw him I would make some snide remark like, "When you leavin bro?" The catalyst was the night Rob and I were talking through Robs door. I was in my sleeping bag, butt naked talking with Rob who was in his own room. Our conversation went on for something like three hours, right outside Dannys door.

We were saying how much we felt for Danny, and really wished we could help him, but he was just simply put, an asshole. When I woke, Danny was on the phone with 911 again. This was his only tactic to use against us, which he used more than liberally. Anyways, back to the story. The police came and told Danny the same thing they always did, "Danny, you haven't paid your rent, and no one wants you to live here. Have you started looking for a new place to live?" The pigs also informed us after Danny left, that he only had renters rights, and if none of his things were in the house, he couldn't claim squatters rights. So Rob and I did what we had to. We threw all of Dannys stuff out into the yard.

"Yall have the most fucked up housing laws up here" I said to Eric as we played cribbage. "In Indiana, the pigs woulda showed up and said something like, 'Oh he didn't pay rent and you want him to leave? We'll see ya later' then walked the fuck away". Eric just laughed and said, "That's Minnesota for you."

Serendipity's brother Michael showed up halfway through September. He's a cool fellow. He showed up the weekend that we were supposed to go camping, then over to Duluth. As it so happened, as with most things up here, due to peoples lack of commitment and disregard for proper timing (which are debatable topics) we almost failed in our efforts to get to Duluth. Sir Eric of Angell came through at the last second though. It was an interesting rally. Duluth was foggy the day we were there, and we were right by a pier. The rally took place on the shores of Lake Superior, symbolic of Enbridge's potential to fuck up the water supply with their pipelines.

The liberals from MN350 wanted a march, but alas, only to the end of the pier. We tried to get them to march through town, to the theatre where the speakers were presenting, but the liberals *had*

to have their photo op, then dispersed to their cars. We were disappointed to say the least, the only people who saw any of us were walking their dogs near the lake. The greater part of the city, which was well trafficked at this time of day, were neglected. Our message was missed, I felt, and we were misrepresented by a bunch of liberals who wanted to have awesome pictures on their facebook page. A waste, we all agreed.

Our next eventful trip was up to northern Wisconsin, the Penokee Hills. This is beautiful country, with beautiful First Nations people defending it, and a handful of nonindigenous as well. The "summit" was put on by white liberals (surprised?) who had the First Nations Peoples along the side of the main hallway leading into the chambers, selling their wares. Sickening, I know.

A little background for you, my reader: The Penokee Hills Range is in northern Wisconsin, in Iron, and Ashland Counties. It is pretty close to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. There is a mining company, Gogebic Taconite (GTAC), who wants to turn the whole area into the world's largest open pit mine (at 5 miles long). GTAC has hired mercenaries to attempt to scare off First Nations Defenders. The land belongs to the Lake Superior Chippewa Tribe. The mine threatens not only the land, and its owners, but the entire Bad River Watershed.

The Bad River Watershed drains over 1,000 square miles along Wisconsin's north shore. The Chequamegon National Forest is found at the headwaters. The rivers of the watershed are important spawning grounds for sturgeon, lake-run trout, salmon and walleye as well as many other fish. The unique wetland known as the Kakagon Slough/Bad River Slough is located at the mouth of the watershed on Lake Superior. This freshwater estuary is the largest and possibly most pristine remaining on Lake Superior. The lower one-third of the watershed is land of the Bad River Band of Lake Superior Tribes of Chippewa Indians Reservation. The Kakagon Slough provides abundant habitat for wild rice which is highly important to the Tribe's culture, as well as being the only remaining extensive coastal wild rice wetland in the Great Lakes Basin and providing exceptional habitat for a variety of wildlife.

Pretty fucking serious, wouldn't you say? This isn't to be taken lightly, and the Lake Superior Chippewa aren't. The LCO harvest camp is in place, right in the way of the proposed mine. It is beautiful. It is an Occupation at its finest! Gardens, growing tomatoes, tobacco, and ancient squash, to name a few. The Bad River is near by as well, which leads up to the Sacred Site of Spirit Rock.

There is Iron in the rocks, so much as matter of fact, that you can actually see the rocks everywhere along the path rusting! The River is lined with cliffs, and populated by many types of evergreens, edible and inedible mushrooms, and armed guards hired by GTAC. The local sheriffs are not down with that shit. The

Iron county sheriffs told GTAC to fuck themselves, when asked to remove the LCO Harvest Camp. GTAC was told, "This isn't your land, and no one wants you up here ruining our land, and water." Pretty badass, I must say (and I never thought I'd be saying that about cops, but I know there are some good ones, and those fuckers better get to putting the pigs in check!)

Anyways, lets rerail this train shall we? Irish got coaxed into driving by Lion. Its not to say he *didn't* want to go, but his wife had other plans. And it just so happened that his wife's parents lived in the area, and it was her fathers birthday! Presents for dad!!! So we had our ride, Irish as driver, Lion, Michael, Serendipity, and myself were the riders. We realized about halfway there just how far it really was.

"You got me goin to the fuckin upper peninsula, Lion!" Irish exclaimed in the parking lot of a casino/gas station.

"No...the upper peninsula is in *Michigan*...were in *Wisconsin*." Lion responded.

"You know what the fuck I mean, oh 'she who fucks up all the plans!" Irish stated, for it is in fact worth noting, that for whatever reason, Lion seemed to fuck up the plans with leaving in the morning. I didn't care, I got my paint and my MOLLE pack in the mail, and got my pack assembled in time to take it with! Go 'she who fucks up all the plans! I mean Lion!

"Well...if we just keep sitting around here with our thumbs up our arses...we'll never get your father-inlaws gift delivered on time." Lion said.

"Soooo, we should get in the car?" Michael asked inquisitively.

