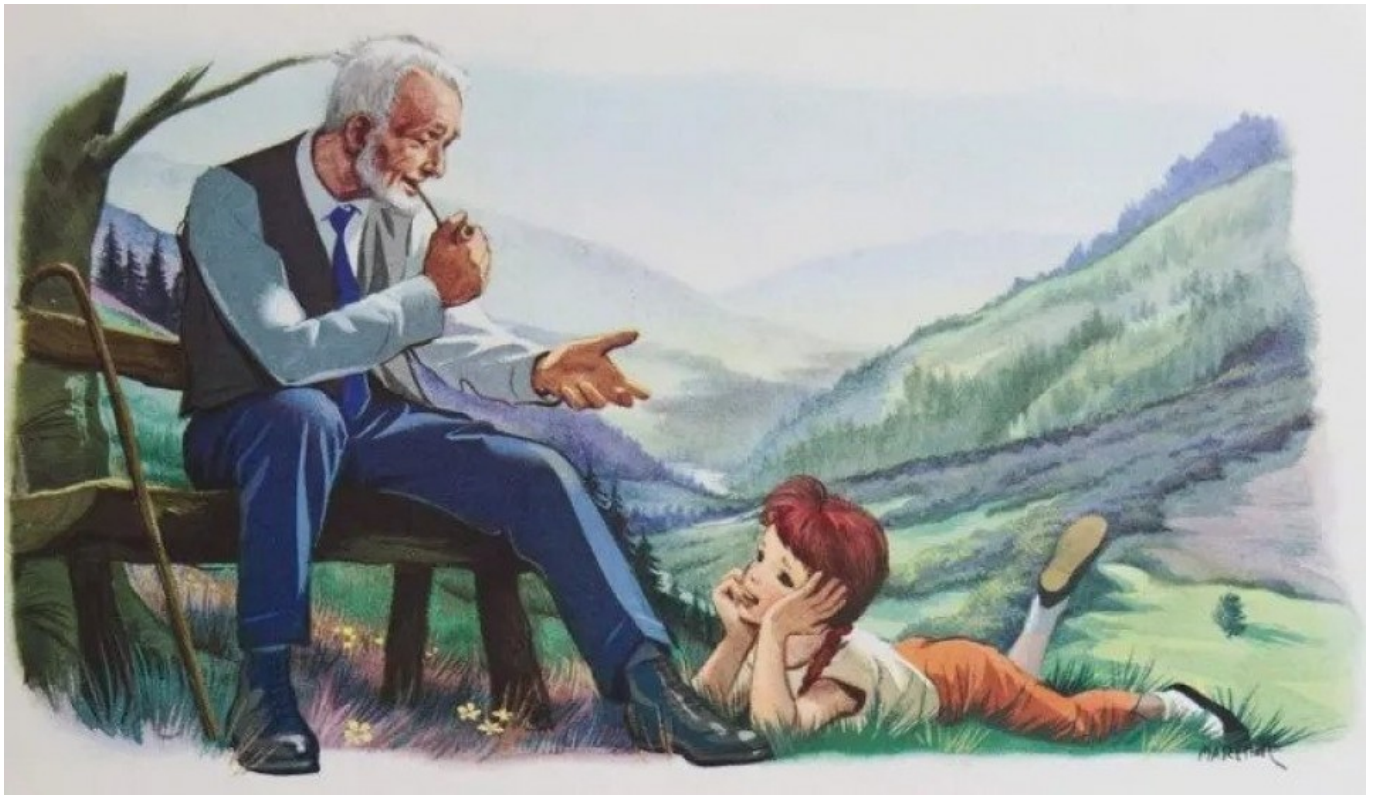




# World War III explained to my granddaughter

by **Antonin Campana** on [Terre Autochtone](#)



Once upon a time in a marvelous country, a small village where lived a bully, three gas station managers, a little Russian, a big Chinese and about two hundred other people (including a Frenchman, a German and an Englishman...).

One day the bully came to see the three gas station managers:

- You are extorted, he told them;
- Not in the least, answered the three gas-station managers;
- If you are, the brute retorted, flexing his muscles, and I'll protect you.

You should know that the bully was the strongest in the village and that he was the only one among all the inhabitants to own a photocopier. In his drawers, he also had an old Monopoly ticket that he treasured. It was a memory from his childhood, when his father, who was English, taught him how to cheat.

In short, the three service station managers were therefore forced to accept the "protection" of the bully. In return for this "service", the three managers undertook, in spite of themselves, to refuse gold or silver and to only be paid in photocopies of Monopoly tickets.

So it was decided...

- We don't have Monopoly tickets, how can we get them? asked the inhabitants of the village to the three gas station managers.
- Go see the brute, he can make as many as he wants, they replied.



The inhabitants, who could not do without gasoline, went at once to the brute:

- You just have to give me presents, the bully told them. In exchange, I'll give you Monopoly tickets so you can buy all the gasoline you need.

So was done. The big Chinese gave away televisions, clothes and objects of all kinds. The little Russian offered gas and aluminum. The Frenchman offered his wine and perfumes. All the people of the village thus brought something to the bully. In exchange, the bully gave them Monopoly tickets fresh out of his photocopier. Then the inhabitants used these notes to buy the gasoline which was necessary for the manufacture of the gifts which they offered to the brute. The bully, she did nothing: she was the chief of the village and made Monopoly tickets.

One day, a gas station manager said he wouldn't accept Monopoly tickets anymore. The bully sent his henchmen who ransacked his house and did things to his family that the ears of a little girl cannot hear.

Anyway, everything was back to normal and events continued their normal course for a few more years.

However, the brute, who by his henchmen was growing stronger, made reign of terror and behaved like a tyrant, wanting to impose on all the inhabitants of the village his way of seeing, his habits of life and his way of life. manage the household. The brute told anyone who would listen that she was exceptional, that her destiny was clearly to dominate all the inhabitants of the village and that when she dealt blows it was for the good of the one who received them. Also, some began to murmur, while others, like the French, the German or the English, found that the claims of the bully were finally quite legitimate.

One day the little Russian said that he was master in his domain and that there was no question of the brute imposing his law there. The fat Chinese found that the small Russian was not completely wrong. This displeased the brute who imposed "sanctions" on the little Russian and the fat Chinese. The bully no longer accepted some of their gifts and annoyed them without name. For example, he lodged his henchmen with all the neighbors of the little Russian and the fat Chinese. Through the windows, the henchmen multiplied their hostile gestures and threatening remarks towards the little Russian and the fat Chinese.

In the village, people increasingly disapproved of these actions. The population began to divide into two camps. There was the bully side, who lived mostly from making Monopoly tickets, and there was the other side, who lived from their work. The bully called his camp "international community".

Among the inhabitants who were subject to the law of the brute, there was a starving Ukrainian who happened to be a neighbor of the little Russian. For a pittance, the starving Ukrainian, who secretly harbored a henchman of the bully, did everything the bully asked of him, multiplying the provocations against the little Russian, and even attacking Donbass, who was one of the darling children of the latter.

Tensions in the village were rising. The bully arrogantly rejected the little Russian's attempts at conciliation. In short, what had to happen happened: one day the little Russian, who practiced judo, entered the starving Ukrainian and knocked him down with a smoothly handled uchi-mata. The brute's henchman, meanwhile, returned to his master with a bloody nose.

The inhabitants of the village, those who were not part of the "international community", were dumbfounded by the courage of the little Russian. What was the bully going to do now? The French, the German and the English, cowardly sheltered behind the bully, wanted the little Russian to be corrected.

After that, village life was completely turned upside down. A local had dared to stand up to the bully, which gave most people hope. So it was possible! We began to question ourselves openly: the bully was afraid, was she as strong as she said she was?



The little Russian, who could no longer exchange his gas and aluminum for Monopoly tickets (the bully was now refusing all his gifts) then turned to his neighbor, the fat Chinese. He told him :

- What if we made our own Monopoly tickets?

The fat Chinese thought the idea was good. One of the three gas station managers said he would accept Monopoly tickets from the little Russian and the fat Chinese. Another resident, an Iranian I believe, said he too would accept them. Still others, a Venezuelan, a Belarusian, a Kazakh, a Kyrgyz and even perhaps an Indian and a Brazilian have expressed their keenest interest.

The brute, who wasn't totally stupid, sensed that his entire photocopying system was about to collapse. If the little Russian and the big Chinese carried out their project, the village would bring him no more gifts! She, the brute, who is exceptional as we know, would then have to work if she wanted to eat. She, the brute, whose destiny was manifest, would then become an inhabitant like the others. The unthinkable would happen: she would lose her special status to become someone "normal"!

The bully could clearly see that half the inhabitants of the village were already ready to follow the little Russian and the fat Chinese. A new order was taking shape, in which the domination of all by one would no longer have any place.

Now, what can a bully do who thinks he has the strength and the right to dominate others, if not use this strength to assert this right?

In fact, the bully convinced himself that he had to act, that his existence as a bully depended on it. Moreover, she told herself that she had never lost a battle, and that there was no reason to doubt the outcome of this one.

The bully had long planned to break into the little Russian and the fat Chinese and do to them what she had done to the recalcitrant gas station manager with impunity. The brute was simply waiting for the right moment and now it seemed to him that the moment had come.

This moment is the one we live in:

The brute has just come out of her house. She walks towards the little Russian's house. All the inhabitants hold their breath. Look, the little Russian is standing on his doorstep, ready to fight if necessary. See: he is not afraid! The big Chinese, meanwhile, has no illusions, because he knows that his turn will come after that of the little Russian. He's getting ready too.

What will happen from now on?

To this question, my little girl, I cannot answer for the moment. Will the bully understand before arriving at the little Russian's that he must finally behave like a normal inhabitant? I'm afraid not. Will she prefer to destroy the village rather than abandon her status and the delusional idea she has of herself? I'm afraid so.

The rest of the story is being written...

God willing, one day I'll tell you the ending.