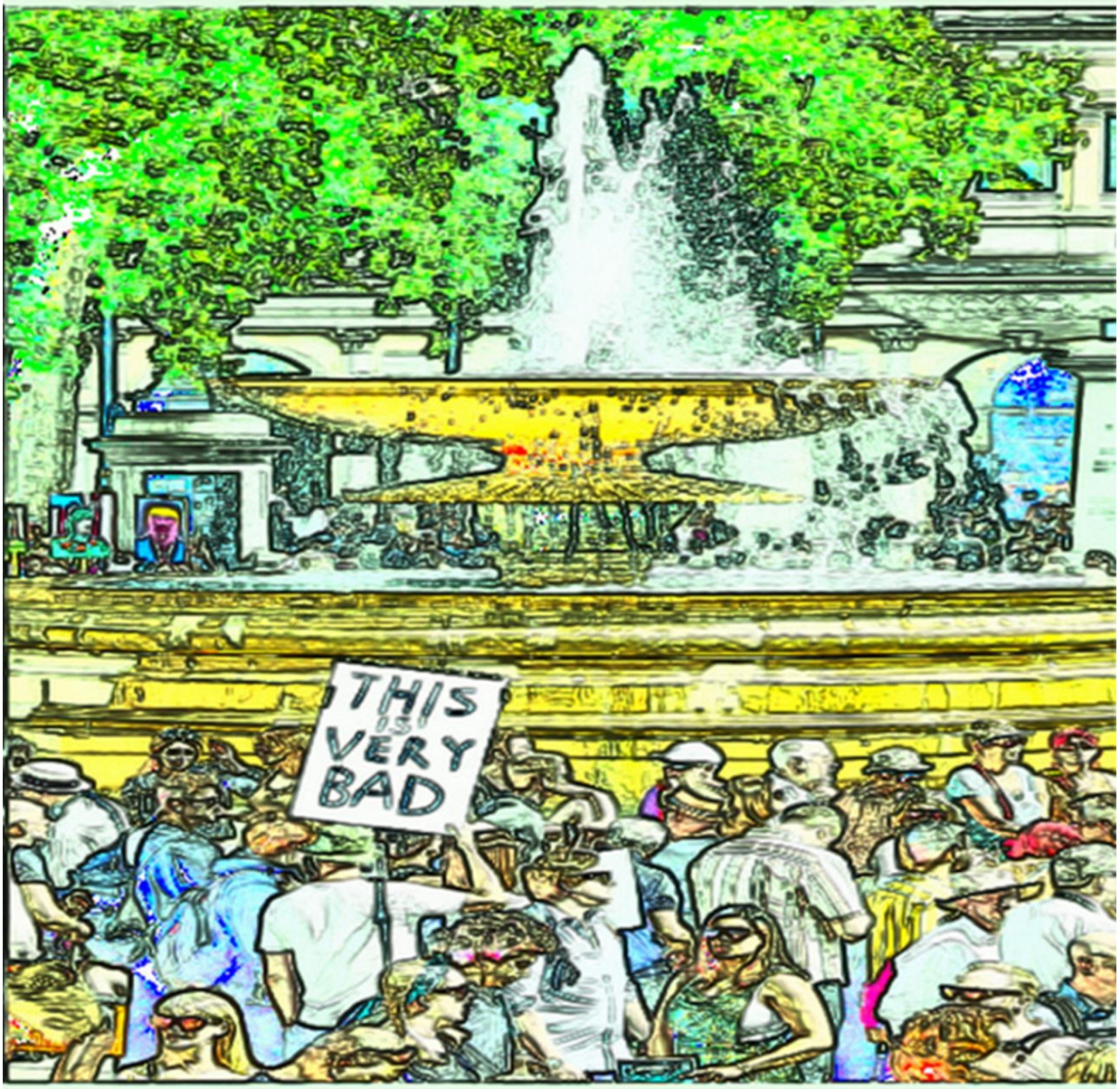
THE UNPLEASANTNESS IN NUCKTOWN



EDWARD DROBINSKI

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By

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Chant Down Babylon One More Time

"We ain't got no hockey ... RINK! We ain't got no hockey ... RINK! ..... " The chant got louder each time as more and more Canadians joined the generally peaceful protest.

The cop with all the badges at the front yelled; **"Disperse! Disperse! Or you will be arrested. This is an illegal assembly."** A cop at the rear said; "You fuggin' Nucks better go home, or get a taste of my Nuck Braining Stick." Another bellowed; "Slap shot on your puckhead!"

I was watching all of the commotion on RMB Drive, named for the great Canadian humanitarian Richard Maurice Bucke, from the front windows of my eighth floor, government subsidized, apartment numbered 8-8. The pigs often refer to RMB Drive as Bucke Drive; rhyming it with puke rather than Nuck, ostensibly thinking it funny or of some social significance. Ugh. There I've used that horrible N-word again. Since its libtard banning, it's become increasingly infectious, like the Fauci Financed Forty-Fiver Flu. I hope my Nuck ..... err Canadian wife doesn't read this, as she'll lay a knot upside my head the size of a stack of five JFK half dollars. She can be so damn proper sometimes.

Since this basically same protest had been sporadically popping up for two weeks, I had some time to think about the issues, and could understand and empathize with the outrage. There was no iced hockey field in Nucktown, though they are plentiful wherever the White Americans live. Not even in the coldest of winter months. And about a week ago the White American cops shot dead French Nuck ..... errr Canadian Andre Billiard, who was taking advantage of the cold, rainy day to try and create an ice hockey rink on Luc Robitaille Field. He was using a top-of-the-line RYOBI 40V HP Brushless 190 MPH 730 CFM Gas Powered Jet Fan Leaf Blower in an attempt to help facilitate a freeze, and when the White American cops told him to drop it, he turned toward them with it in hands and they filled him with thirty shots from their PSA CUSTOM 5.56 NATO 16" NITRIDE 13.5" MLOK MOE RIFLE W/ 3.5LB FLAT BOW FCG AR-15's. You know, in all fairness, the blower does look like one of those bazookas that the White Americans are sending to Ukraine, and it makes a hell of a racket. And who in their right mind is going to be out in the rain blowing in a leafless field? ..... Please keep that under your hat, as I'm not supposed to say such things.

Unlike most Nucks, ... I give up. It's so awkward to say Canadian and it sounds so difficult with four syllables, it'll never make it on Tiktok. Nuck it is! I mean, in addition to the

cumbersome name currently used, I'm old enough to have lived through times when the appropriate word was different. Canajan, Canuck, Maple Leafs, Canajun. Whatever. I'm not going to worry about transitory whims. Nuck! I never played or had an interest in hockey. Yes, I admit it. I can't tell Bobby Hull from Bobby Orr. They all look and sound so much alike. So, I realize that the full extent of the psychological impact of White American induced Nuck rink deprivation will always be a mystery to me, while at the same time I realize that it is considered to be my duty to show solidarity with my brother and sister Nucks when "we" are systematically slighted.

I suppose that I fail to understand what I think is an unintentional, White American, psychologically induced trauma Nucks seem to revel in, claiming that the damages have been intentional, ongoing, and is monetarily "held to account." My ass. The big deal Nucks have over some thin layer of ice here and there seems so out of proportion, cold, and brittle. Hockey can be played on any relatively smooth surface wearing roller skates, and on most any flat surface without them. There is a more than sufficient supply of empty parking lots and fields in Nucktown. But, have you ever seen a hokey Nuck netkeeper on solid ground? I suspect not.

Ah, frozen piss on it all. To tell you the truth, if you promise to keep it between you and me, my attitude toward today's protest is that I am most hoping that the generally peaceful protestors will not again set fire to the Starbucks in the lobby. They just got it up and running once more this morning, and management has stated that if the facility is burned again they would abandon the site. And if Nucks wanted an ice hockey rink so badly, why can't they just go and build one themselves? There is no shortage of open lots in Nucktown. You can get a used professional NY Rangers Zamboni machine for less than $5,000. The damn thing is just an open refrigerator on wheels. But no, Nucks just bitch waiting for a White American to build something, so that the EEOC can make sure that a representative proportion of Nucks can go clean it up.

Would you just look at this. One of them waving the Nuck flag is looking up at my window and is vigorously motioning and yelling at me to come down and join them. I give him the thumbs up sign just in case he's one of the most extreme nuts and head out the door smiling and waving. It seems like it took the elevator forever to come, and when it finally arrived it was full of angry looking Nucks carrying bent Warrior Covert QRE Ten Grip Composite hockey sticks over their shoulders. Feeling a bit naked and out of place, I attempted to blend by giving them the

over-the-head-clenched-fist salute, and saying that the "fucking fascist White American cops took my stick during yesterday's demonstration, and the mufuggin' White American company is taking their sweet ass time getting' me another one." I guess that worked as well as it was needed to, and when we got to the lobby I exited last and was unimpeded. And rather than hitting those mean Nuck streets, I stopped at the Starbucks there.

Just in case the Starbucks management was planning on keeping its word this time, and just in case the mostly peaceful Nuck demonstrators again decided to burn the place, I decided to stock up on Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos. What makes this cold espresso drink so special is that it's shaken together with ice to create a creamy, chocolaty espresso, that's topped with tasty almond milk. And who doesn't love the combination of chocolate and almonds? Yum!

The barista seemed even more wary after her faltering and tenuous "May I help you?" approach. Appearing to be a White American, I suppose the mid-twenties gum popper was considering if this Nuck was out to give her a hard time and/or set her on fire. After I hollered loud enough for the stick carrying contingent outside to hear; "Get me forty Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos, and don't be slow about it, bitch," she was probably certain. But, instead of being

quick with my service, she shuffled her uniformed flat ass through a door which at first appeared to me as if it was a broom closet. A few seconds later out popped a White American guy slightly in excess of university age, and in full possession of that nerdy inexperienced collegiate look, popularized by Bill Gates, with a plastic thingy on his shirt pocket which said "Dashiell Harvey Manager," no punctuation between the three words. Dashiell was carrying a multi-colored banner which read "CANADIAN LIVES MATTER," which he showed me with his arms spread and his lips smiling that shit eater's smile we Nucks know so well. He tacked it to the wall right over the sign which announced today's "happy hour" with two White American hands holding frappuccinos above a $9.99 poor Nuck sobering signal. After accomplishing that, the manager turned to me and said; "Sorry. At Starbucks, our fundamental values are diversity, equality, and inclusion. We have been providing opportunities, food, and beverages to everyone regardless of their background, sexual orientation, and race for more than a century. We welcome diverse candidates to apply for our open positions even when they do not meet the posted qualifications exactly. In all of our endeavors across the globe, we are steadfast in our adherence to these principles. We couldn't do what we do and wouldn't be considered an inclusive organization without them. We realize that a changing, more diverse, and inclusive

workforce needs creative solutions derived from several points of view. Our policies have always been fully supportive of Canadian lives. Our help here sometimes gets lackadaisical, and you can be sure that they will be appropriately disciplined. What can we get for you, sir?" He seemed to have memorized the more or less standardized cheap attempt at Nuck appeasement. I immediately realized that I was in the presence of an asshole out of Tom Wolfe's 1970 "Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers," and decided to have some fun.

I was slowly nodding while I deadpanned; "I've heard all that jive before. What I want is some quick results, ... boy."

"What may I get you, sir?"

"You trying my patience? Like I told your bitch, get me forty Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos, and don't be slow about it."

"Forty?"

"You fuckin' deaf or some shit. Pay some attention, boy. Yeah, forty, like in 'acres and a mule.'"

In his best Rochester accent, Dash said; "Yassuh, Missah .... Missah .... "

"Benny. You clownin' with me, boy?"

“No. No sir. Please excuse the little frog.”

“And I ain’t payin’ for it.”

Dash just silently looked at me, with an expression on his face which I hadn’t seen since that White American Karen got robbed by two Nucks on Tiktok.

“Thass right. I’ze gittin’ me some raparations right mufuggin now!”

“I’m sorry but I don’t have the authority to approve that, sir.”

“What the fuck kind of manager are you?”

“A very poor one, sir. I can assure you that here at Starbucks, our fundamental values are diversity, equality, and inclusion. We have been providing opportunities ..... “

“You recite that shit again and I’ll ..... I’ll ..... put your head inside of one of your recycled ceramic mugs. Get your boss on your smartphone and get my order approved pronto.”

Dash pushed his buttons and said; “Mister Goldberg, I have a problem.”

“ ..... “

“Be that as it may. This one involves Starbucks.”

“ ..... “

“You see, I have this Nuck ..... errr Canadian here, who is insisting that I give him forty Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos for free.”

“ ..... “

“Well, he seems rather adamant about the matter.”

“ ..... “

“You may not have seen that the Canadians are on the warpath again, and they’re all over the place.”

“ ..... “

“Personally, I was figuring that forty free Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos was preferable to this location being obliterated.”

“ ..... “

“I assure you that I was considering this from the company’s point of view. Good employees always do that.”

“ ..... “

“Yes, I’ve already read him that in its entirety, and even started a second time, but it doesn’t appear that he’s going to

buy any of that crap, ... errr Starbucks egalitarian inclusive policy."

" ..... "

"It does seem to me that a reasonable case for Canadian raparations ..... "

" ..... "

"Yes, I know sir, but that's how this gentleman here pronounced it."

" ..... "

"Thank you. It does seem to me that a reasonable case for Canadian reparations can be made vis-à-vis Starbucks when we consider that since inception that we have been charging them $9.99 for ten cents worth of coffee with a nickel's worth of topping." Dash smiled at me and I attempted to look fierce through evoking a facial maneuver which threatened to make my eyebrows greet each other.

" ..... "

"I really don't see why it should come out of my pay, as I'm not an owner, there is no profit sharing, and my pay isn't up to

snuff, which I've been meaning to talk to you about for some time now ....."

" ..... "

"I didn't mean to digress. Look, it's imperative that you make a decision quickly, as I have an irate Nuck, ... errr Canadian right here now."

" ..... "

"No! I don't agree to having half taken out of my pay."

" ..... "

"Okay, okay. Ten percent."

Dash hung up and again smiled in my direction, apparently thinking that he had demonstrated comradery through his real financial support for my cause, which he kind of did. So, prepared to receive my forty free Starbucks Grande Iced Chocolate Almond Milk Shaken Expressos I sarcastically smiled back, likely looking something like the Joker.

Dash added; "These damn executive types are just a bunch of nickel and dimers. Let me get your order."

"I see that you haven't stopped using that horrible racist N-word. That's a major no-no and often serves as a prelude to a hospital trip."

"I never used it until fairly recently. After it was outlawed, every nitwit on the net says it, and it's catchy and so close to Canuck, which was a previously preferred word. My sincere apologies though."

I grunted.

Dash prepared the forty drinks and put them into a Starbucks plastic shopping bag, which I carried back to the elevator. I pushed the button and waited there until it landed, emptying four more rabid Nucks with bent hockey sticks on their shoulders. I gave them the raised fist salute of Nuck solidarity, and they ignored me; apparently focussed on fusing with the fragmentary fracas. I pushed eight and got to my floor without any interim intrusion.

I put the bag by the refrigerator and took one cup with me to the windows overlooking RMB drive. As I sipped, from up here I could see that someone had called in the heavy hitters. A few hundred Nuck and Nuck-loving, anti-fascist White American reinforcements had arrived in droves, sporting black hoodies and

carrying hockey pucks which were doused with gasoline and used as incendiary devices which they heaved at the cops like a Gordie Howe slap shot on goal. The "new" group turned the corner onto Gretzky Way, now entirely a commercial venue containing "Cannuck Things," the store which sold designer ice skates, designer roller skates, and large screen TV's. "Defund the police" and "Raparations Now" signs had overwhelmed the "Nuck Hockey Matters" signs which seemed prevalent less than a half hour ago.

The cops held back, maintaining a thirty foot distance between themselves and the "protestors." I wondered if this was out of a showing of fear or if they had received new orders which reset their priority to keeping the protestors safe from a contingent of counter-protestors who were now at the corner, many brandishing "Nuck Braining Sticks." If you were not previously aware, a Nuck Braining Stick is essentially an old time police billy club, the center filled with lead, and the end outfitted with a retractable "Buck Knives" 119 Special 6 inch fixed blade. A smash from the stick can lay a knot the size of a Kennedy half dollar upside a Nuck's head, and the blade, if adeptly twisted upon insertion, can render a Nuck immobile for quite some time.

It has crossed my mind many times, that it would be much more efficient and easy to send a bomb laden drone to the place of

the enemy. They’re readily available and present certain advantages over the Nuck Braining Stick, which include;

1) Remote control capability.

2) The ability to inflict much more damage.

3) The explosion destroys all evidence. And if it fails to explode there are no damages, just an errant pizza delivery.

One would do well to consider this Aurelia model.

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