I Was a Pre-Teen McCarthyist

Propagandhi

At Harold Edward's Elementary you pay respect to Our God, Our Flag, Our Military. In grade 3 I had a written composition about the global threat of communism. And I was the luckiest 8-year old McCarthyist of 1979: I spent spring break on the flight line of a base in the Carolinas- the U.S. version of my dad had signed us in. And 12 years later, the Gatling I'd touched that was strapped to the nose of a U.S.A.-10, separated flesh from bone and honed its skills on "lesser humans".
And thus confirmed the suspicions earned in the 7 years preceding about the lies I was told and if the truth be known, I'm probably better off believing (well, they said I'm better off believing... somehowbetter off believing). But how could they do this to me? Born head first and brought up ankle deep. And maybe you're a lot like me- identified for 14 years without a choice. Terrified the morning you woke up and realized that if and when you jump ship, you either swim for shore or drown. Don't let the fuckers drag you down.

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