

# Canada, a Sad Tale of Pregnancy and Coverups

*To illustrate the situation in which Canada has found herself lately with regards to the government's duplicitous involvement in "missile defense," I have found it cathartic to write an allegorical tale. Here, then, is a fable of sorts that the reader may find illustrative and perhaps even amusing.*



nce upon a time, no so very long ago, there was a pretty young girl who found herself quite pregnant. However, being also quite out of wedlock, she desperately wanted to keep her condition a deep and dark secret, especially from her parents.

Knowing full well that she was with child, she also realised that her boyfriend was not one for marriage, at least not with her. And, even if he would agree to tie the knot, her parents would certainly not likely want *this* particular boy as their son-in-law. So, not knowing what to do, she kept delaying the inevitable revelation of her delicate condition. To hide her shame, she took to wearing bulky clothes that shielded her terribly naïve parents from the truth.

She could not tell her parents that she was in love with the boy who lived across the tracks. This boy was well known to her family, and indeed to the entire community. Although widely recognised as a terrible bully, he did come from money. His father had made it rich in the military. Or, was it a weapons company? No one was quite sure. And, of course, no one wanted to ask. Better not to know such things.

The girl was worried that if her mother and father ever found out that she was involved with this intimidating ruffian, and that she was carrying his child, her whole reality might come falling down. Her parents might lose their confidence in her and even throw her right out of the house.

One thing she had going for her was her spotless reputation. No one, especially her parents, could have imagined her getting into such trouble. They were all in such blissful denial. Not only were they unaware of her pregnancy, people actually wondered aloud whether she would *ever* even meet a boy. It was all trickery. She had long pretended to be shy and innocent in order to get away with naughty behaviour. Her parents were steeped in the delusion and had no idea about her plentiful experience with boys.

As word began to leak out about the girl's possible friendship with the tough but wealthy rascal, neighbourhood discussion began to revolve around one question: "Should she get involved with him or not?"

Both she and the boy were quite happy about this false debate because it meant no one had yet clued in to the fact that they were already involved and that she was pregnant.

One day, when the girl could barely hide her condition any longer, the town's doctor stopped by. With one look, he announced ever so loudly what should have been plain and obvious to everyone. "Your daughter," he said, "is a bit pregnant!" This, of course, caused an instant uproar.

Her parents, confused and in a state of disbelief, cried out in denial "What do you mean? She just can't be pregnant!" Shrugging, the doctor said, "Just look at her. What more evidence do you need? She gave that boy everything he wanted."

When news reached the street, and it didn't take long, gossipy neighbours fed the town's rumour mill, which began churning overtime. Then, the parents got wind that it was the town's roughneck bully who had sullied their daughter's supposed purity.

In the midst of this buzzing mayhem, there came a diplomatic knock at their door. An anonymous town official gave them a wink and whispered that the Mayor himself would soon be arriving with some wonderful news. Through the grapevine, they soon learned that their Mayor – a multimillionaire who was always followed by an entourage of bodyguards and financial scandals – would soon make an important announcement about their child and, about her unwavering commitment to chastity.

Talk of her pregnancy immediately began to dissipate, as the growing throng of neighbours began murmuring more about the Mayor's impending pronouncement than the doctor's shocking revelation.

The blushing girl was well acquainted with the Mayor. She knew immediately that he would smooth things over. It was, after all, the Mayor who had introduced her to the military brat in the first place. In fact, what's more, the Mayor had actually paid her to frequent the bully's grand house south of the tracks!

When, the Mayor finally made his grand entrance, he told them, in a very calm, self-assured and fatherly voice, exactly what they all wanted to hear: "Although that boy pestered your sweet and innocent girl, she never became involved." Even though everyone could now see with their own eyes that the girl was more than just a little pregnant, they were blinded by the Mayor's mesmerising words. He spoke with such authority, and they had such faith in the town's myth of this girl's purity, that they actually believed his duplicitous lies. "Not only did she never give in to that boy's desires," the Mayor said, "she has now decided to take a vow of chastity and to prepare for her real calling. She has declared her intent to become a nun."

The parents and all their friends and neighbours, and even the Mayor's gullible rivals, were awe-struck. To cap his triumphant speech, the Mayor – pulling out some large sacks of money – declared that in his



capacity as their wise and benevolent leader, he would bestow a generous gift to the girl and her parents. This grant, he intoned, was a well-deserved reward for her honesty and chastity. The money, he said, would pay for her attendance at a religious, boarding school. "Thanks to my noble efforts," he said, "she will be away from town for nine months."

Then, out their door he went, leaving behind the remainder of his dignity, but taking the girl, the money and some loose silverware. None of the townfolk, except the bully's parents, had ever even seen that much cash.

As he waved his official goodbyes, our benevolent Mayor dropped a few coins into the parent's hands. After all, since they were losing their daughter, a bit of money just might be helpful around their empty house.

Quickly whisking the expectant girl away, the town's CEO muttered a few last platitudes about how very proud they should all be that such a chaste girl could be raised in his magnificent town. As he waved from his gleaming, stretch limo, the whole neighbourhood cheered him on. Cries of "What a fine fellow our Mayor is!" rung out across the evening sky. Placards reading, "We are so proud that she said *NO!*" were seen along the ad hoc parade route. Although a quiet voice in the crowd daringly peeped: "She sure *looks* pregnant to me!" such attempts to be heard over the din

were largely unsuccessful. Rudeness like this can always be drowned out by the adoring cheers of naive wellwishers.

The Mayor's driver turned south towards the tracks. Pulling up to the bully's mansion, the Mayor took the girl by the hand, led her straight up the garden path into the thug's waiting arms and handed over thirteen sacks stuffed full of

loot that he had pilfered from the people's treasury.

"Take this money and this girl as a token of my appreciation for your kind contributions to the peace and security of our town," said the Mayor. The bully smiled slyly, nodded and then handed back one of the

money bags. "Keep this one for yourself, Mr. Mayor. Y'all get re-elected, y'hear, and come back real soon, okay?"

"Sure," said the Mayor chuckling softly. "Anything to help the poor children of my sleepy, little town."

"Amen to that," smirked the bully, looking almost chimp-like, "we must defend the honour of your innocent town and protect its sweet children, for they are our future."

Soon thereafter, the girl and her bully lover were secretly wed. The girl's parents, however, remained oblivious, still thinking she was a nun. They fell for the Mayor's ongoing lies who told them that their daughter was travelling abroad, doing kind and charitable works to bring peace and harmony to a dishonest, hypocritical and wartorn world.

**Martin's supposed "no" to "missile defense" cast a spell on the Canadian public. Until the fairy tale of Canada's non-involvement has been dispelled, how can the peace/anti-war movement hope to even slow down, let alone halt, Canada's participation in this offensive, U.S.-led weapons program?**

## To be continued... Canada's Role in "Missile Defense"

### Corporations

Upcoming issues of *Press for Conversion!* will expose more Canadian corporations linked to "missile defense," including:

- ◆ DRS Flight Safety & Communications
- ◆ EMS Space & Technology Group
- ◆ Filtran Microcircuits
- ◆ ITS Electronics
- ◆ Lockheed Martin Canada
- ◆ MacDonald Dettwiler & Assoc.
- ◆ Meggitt Defence Systems Canada
- ◆ Novatel
- ◆ Panorama Business Views
- ◆ Raytheon Canada
- ◆ SED Systems
- ◆ Telemus
- ◆ Wintertree Software Inc.
- ◆ 21st Century Airships

### Government

Further issues of *Press for Conversion!* will continue to reveal ongoing complicity in the U.S.-led "missile defense" weapons development program carried out by the following Canadian government departments, agencies and crown corporations:

- ◆ Defence Research and Development Canada
- ◆ Canadian Space Agency
- ◆ National Research Council
- ◆ Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade
- ◆ Industry Canada



### Canada's Armed Forces

Canada's military has been getting increasingly involved in "missile defense"-related activities. Among the examples of their participation to be examined in future issues are:

**"CAESAR":** Canada plays a pivotal role in this effort to advance Theater Ballistic Missile Defense "interoperability" among the naval fleets of NATO member states.

**Testing/training:** Canada takes part in various NORAD, NATO and Canada-U.S. "missile defense" exercises.

**Frigates:** The purchase of specialised sensor equipment for use aboard Canada's multi-billion dollar warships provides high-tech tracking and targetting systems for use in concert with U.S. "missile defense" weapons.

### Canada Pension Plan (CPP)

The Canadian government is also supporting the "missile defense" weapons program through the CPP investments. The CPP Investment Board is investing the retirement savings of millions of Canadians in the world's top producers of "missile defense" weapons. *Stay tuned, Press for Conversion!* will examine the data and provide a detailed analysis.