

A Day For The Workers

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Preface:

A bell sounded from the tower of the capital building. The loud and proud sound of the bell was heard by all in the City of the Proletariat as the morning began. The sun was rising on our Land of the Worker, and the people awoke cheerfully to the continuous ringing of the bell. The bell is only sounded on national holidays, and this was a holiday that everyone looked forward to.

In the Land of the Worker, all of our holidays focus on the workers and on the common proletarian. It is part of the philosophy of National Proletarianism; we owe the very existence of civilization to the working classes, for it was the worker who took up the hammer and forged his own nation. Our State is ruled by the very workers who built it, and our holidays primarily revolve around the common man. This holiday was no exception.

That day, we were observing the Workers' Day of Pride. On that day, every worker celebrates their own contributions to the community. This holiday is one of the biggest events on our calendar, second only to our nation's birthday. There is a morning tradition, an afternoon tradition, and an evening tradition that takes place on this day.

The morning tradition takes place at Liberation Square. Liberation Square, itself, has many functions: all of our elections for the Supreme Proletariat are held there, the Workers' Grand University of the Crafts usually holds its graduation ceremonies there. It is also the site of the annual Honor Parade of the Army of the Proletariat which takes place on our nation's birthday, many of the state-run art and music shows are held at the Square as well; I suppose Liberation Square could be referred to as our city center. In other words, Liberation Square is normally where all the action is in our city. The morning tradition on the Workers' Day of Pride is also held at Liberation Square. The morning tradition consists of a speech from the eldest Supreme Proletarian, followed by

a social gathering of all of the city's workers. This gathering is designed to give our workers an opportunity to express their pride; many of them will tell stories of the things they have done to better our society. Some of the citizens might just chat about daily life, as well. You could talk about anything you want, but the theme of the event is always your own contributions to the community. Refreshments are also made available at the event. Lunch is served for anyone who is hungry, starting at noon. Lunch continues for an hour. At the end of the hour, the morning tradition is concluded with the national anthem.

The afternoon tradition begins immediately after the end of the national anthem. During the afternoon tradition, the workers parade around the streets of the capital. This parade is open for anyone to join in, and the workers will march in laps around the capital. The marching does not follow any rhythm; it's more akin to walking than it is to actual marching. Many paraders will hold flags, signs, or other symbolic things. Of course, there is no obligation to march but most people will march at least some of the time. This usually lasts for three hours. After three hours, the parading workers will end back up at Liberation Square. The citizens' three hour absence gives the Square's operators time to reconfigure the Square appropriately for the evening tradition, which the parade returns for after the three hours.

For the evening tradition, the State just throws a huge party at Liberation Square that lasts until midnight. The party has many features, including: music (live performances from many popular musicians of the day) and dance (open dance floor), dinner and dessert (food is prepared by army chefs since only military personnel work on national holidays), and fireworks (also put on by the Army). This is followed by the conclusion of the holiday, after which everyone goes home.

This realistic-fictional story comes straight from my dream of National Proletarianism, and simply follows the events of the morning, afternoon, and evening traditions of my fictional holiday, Workers' Day of Pride. I invite all readers to jump into my vision and join the workers in celebration as you read. For this reason, the story will be told from two separate points of view. Most of the story will be told by a narrator that is all-knowing, but there will be some passages of the story where you will find yourself in the shoes of an anonymous spectator, who is only witnessing these events for the first time after immigrating to Land of the Worker. As the author, I will try to tell the story in as vivid detail as I can. My goal is to make you feel like you were actually there to see the day. Reading this story, your goal is to become immersed in the world that I have constructed in the story. Whenever you are ready to use your imagination, turn the page and begin reading.

Chapter I

Sound the Bell!

It was just before dawn. The sun had not risen, but the light had just begun creeping over the horizon. The faint, yellow-orange glow of the impending sunrise could be seen from the bell tower of the capital building. Most of the citizens were still asleep in their beds, dreaming of what the next day would bring. Among those who were not asleep, was a young soldier by the name of Irvin. Standing at the top of the bell tower, next to the gargantuan bronze bell, Irvin watched the horizon slowly become illuminated by the sun as it got closer and closer to sunrise. He was awaiting a direct order from the Marshal.

Finally, as the morning sun peaked above the horizon and cast its first light upon the city, Irvin's reflective fiberglass-coated helmet gleamed intensely next to the less reflective bronze bell. Irvin's helmet looked as though somebody had converted the bell tower into a lighthouse. The Marshal's voice broke the silence and Irvin received his order, "Comrade Irvin, 'tis dawn! Sound the bell!"

Irvin gave a brisk salute. "Yes sir," he exclaimed. Irvin then activated the built-in hearing protection in his helmet, picked up the heavy, hammer-shaped mallet with both hands, and struck the titanic bell.

The great sound of the bell echoed throughout the city. The bell was so loud, that Irvin would be deafened permanently if it was not for his helmet. Even from the bottom of the tower, the Marshal felt intense vibrations in the air each time the bell was rung.

Irvin continued to ring the bell for an hour. From a distance, the bell sounded absolutely beautiful; you just did not want to be too close to it.

The citizens awoke; the bell was heard. The day had finally come!

Chapter II

A Family Awakens

The bell had woken the children. The eldest of the children was the boy, Handel. Handel had two younger sisters.

It was nigh dawn, when father awoke. He had mistakenly believed that he would have to work today. He donned a clean work uniform, and hurried downstairs to eat a quick breakfast. As he prepared some scrambled eggs, Handel intercepted him.

"Father," Handel exclaimed, "'tis a holiday! Nobody works, today!"

The man stopped. "Son, is this true?"

"Yes," the boy replied, "can't you hear the bell?"

The father listened carefully, hearing the bell in the distance. A great smile came to his face. "Why, it is the greatest holiday! Son, you speak the truth."

After wolfing down the eggs, the man rushed back upstairs and hastily changed into his formal outfit. The commotion had woken Handel's mother. She asked, "Everyone is so cheerful, today. Why?"

The man replied, "Do you not hear the bell?"

The woman listened for it, and sure enough! She heard the beautiful ring of the bell. Now the mother, too, was cheerful. "Why, this is a day to be happy!"

She jumped out of bed and dressed in her own formal outfit. The outfits of the man and woman were nearly identical. They both wore a blue-collared shirt and pair of black dress pants. The biggest difference was the size. Other than size, the outfits looked identical.

Once everyone was dressed, the father made breakfast for everyone. Eager to start the day, the family ate quickly.

"Now, let us go to Liberation Square with haste," said the mother, "we are going to have a wonderful day, today!"

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The family quickly vacated the dwelling, en route to Liberation Square.

Every family in the City of the Proletariat has a story roughly similar to the story that I have just told you; everyone was eager to start the holiday. Each family was just as cheerful as the last and it was a day to be happy, indeed!

Chapter III

The Gathering at the Square

It was an hour after dawn. Many people began to show up at Liberation Square. Everyone was dressed formally, wearing blue-collared shirts, black dress pants, and black dress shoes. Many citizens also wore red roses on their shirts. In the Land of the Worker, the red rose is a symbol of love and pride. The rose as a symbol of pride comes from its bright color; if you are wearing a bright color, it's mainly because you want to be noticed. A desire to be noticed by others means that you have something to be proud of. Therefore, the bright red rose came to symbolize pride, just as its beauty came to symbolize love.

Rose or no rose, however, everyone was happy to be present in this wonderful national proletarian state. Liberation Square was a beautiful place to see. The place was enormous, with an area at least ten times the size of a stadium. The structure of the inner square consists of a floor of marble tiles. The inner square is surrounded on all sides by a granite wall, three-meters tall, with a titanium gate at the center of each edge of the inner square. Immediately outside of the granite walls, a massive concrete foundation supports the seating for spectators, who come and watch the events that take place in the colossal square. The Square also used a great deal of technology. For example, beneath each marble tile of the floor of the inner square, there is a hydraulic mechanism that can elevate the tile above the rest of the floor; from the control room, the operator uses a computer to configure the layout of the floor. This means that the Square can be almost anything it needs to be.

At the moment, the Square was a flat surface, its default configuration. The people were gathering in the spectator area, awaiting the morning tradition as the sun rose higher into the sky.

The Land of the Worker is, in its nature, a cheerful place. The country has the lowest crime rate in the world, primarily because the country has the single highest standard of living on the planet; nobody is driven to commit crimes because the standard of living and quality of life is so good, that everyone is content. The faces and attire of the people at the Square certainly reflect this attitude. This holiday, in specific, has done psychological wonders for people. Because the environment creates an aura of cheer and everyone around you is in a good mood, even the most depressed person in the crowd will experience a release, imbued with peaceful and happy emotions. In this way, the power of mob mentality is actually harnessed to treat depression. Few other countries in the world have a community quite as tightly-knit as the Land of the Worker.

The gathering continued. As more and more people showed up at Liberation Square, it only added to the delighted disposition of the crowd. There was no pattern to the colors; the crowd appeared as if it were just a sea of red roses, light-blue shirts, and the smiling, happy faces of the workers.

The sun rose higher into the sky, and shed its beautiful light upon the people; it was time! At long last, it was time!

Chapter IV

My First Holiday

This was my first holiday since I immigrated to the Land of the Worker, three months ago. Well it was my first major holiday, anyway. It was also the first time I had ever been to Liberation Square, which was something that I was looking forward to.

I began to see more and more people as I approached the Square. At the time, I was still not used to trusting people. If you want me to tell you why I was not trusting, you must first understand that my home country was very different.

In the country that I came from, nobody could do anything without exploiting others. I came from a place where human beings were forced to compete against each other like animals, simply to feed their families. Now that I live here, in Land of the Worker, my environment is totally different. However, old habits die hard. When I first moved into my house in Land of the Worker, I asked for a lock to be installed on my door. Once I met many of the other people in the community, I realized that I would never even need to use the lock. Nobody had any reason to break into my house.

Upon reaching Liberation Square, I was greeted by at least a dozen people who were standing at the entrance. All of these people were wearing the same outfit. Each wore a blue-collared shirt, black dress trousers, and black dress shoes. They were all holding roses, too. The first person to greet me was a man.

"Welcome, fellow worker," he said, as he extended a rose toward me, "would you like a rose?"

Astonished, I was not sure if I had heard him correctly. I looked at the rose, and then at his face. He smiled and repeated, "would you like a rose?"

"Why, yes. Yes, I would like a rose," I said with a smile.

He handed it to me and replied, "Have a

glorious day, comrade!"

The next person I met was a woman. This woman was very beautiful, and she was also holding a rose. She noticed that I seemed confused, so she turned toward me.

"Fellow worker," she asked, "are you lost?"

"This is my first time," I answered.

She smiled at me. "It's alright," she replied, "I did not always live here, either."

She hugged me. "In case you were not aware," she remarked, "hugs are considered a polite way to greet someone around here."

She released me from the hug, still smiling. "And welcome to our country."

I thanked her and headed inside. I found myself a seat and joined the rest of the eager crowd. The air was dominated by the smell of roses, and it felt like the air, itself, was full of the wonderful mood of the people who surrounded me. I could not help but smile, because I felt the same release that enveloped everyone else. What amazed me was the friendship that existed within this community. I had never seen anything like this before I moved here. Witnessing the strength of the friendship enjoyed by these people, I felt extremely proud to call myself a member of their community.

Within half an hour, I looked up, and saw the sun. The voices around me sounded excited. I overheard the man sitting next to me telling his children that the morning tradition was starting.

I watched the titanium gates as they swung open. The crowd grew silent. This was the moment that we all were waiting for.

Chapter V

The Speech

The gate swung open. Everyone watched excitedly as the Supreme Proletarians stepped through the gate and made their way to the center of the Square.

All of the Supreme Proletarians were elderly workers who had retired after many years of labor; each was elected for their own contributions to the community. The Supreme Proletariat is the legislative branch of the government in the Land of the Worker.

Each Supreme Proletarian wore the same outfit as anyone in the audience: a blue-collared shirt, black dress pants, black dress shoes, and a red rose. The Supreme Proletarians' outfits were distinguished with the hammer and gear insignia pinned onto either side of their collars.

As they reached the center of the Square, a male voice came on the loudspeaker.

"Good morning," said the voice.

There was a pause. Then the speaker continued. "Welcome to our annual celebration on the Workers' Day of Pride. Would you now please give your attention to your eldest Supreme Proletarian, Ernst Zahnrad?"

Everyone watched as Ernst stood at the podium. The old man had a wrinkled smile on his face, his aged voice and humble attitude echoed throughout the Square as he began to speak.

"My people," he began, "I am happy to see that so many of you have come."

He cleared his throat. "We are here today to celebrate the accomplishments of the workers in our community."

Ernst felt his aged eyes water. "But first, I have something that I wish to share with all of you."

Hunching over the podium, he appeared very humble as he looked up at the people of his country. "For

the thirty-two years I have spent on your Supreme Proletariat, I have served you to the best of my ability," said Ernst with a cough, "and I stand here, speaking to you today, wondering if you believe that I have served you well."

Ernst looked up once again at his people. "Seeing your smiling faces as I look up at all of you, I can see that your Supreme Proletariat has served you well. Have they not?"

All of a sudden, the crowd cheered wildly for Ernst, who was still hunching over the podium. The crowd's enthusiasm and sincerity brought tears of joy to the eyes of the old man. All of the Supreme Proletarians took a bow as the people cheered for them.

Ernst smiled, and continued speaking. "However, today was not meant to honor us," he said, "today is for all of you! Workers, come down from those spectator seats," he said, "share your stories with everyone, and be recognized for all that you have personally contributed to our community!"

The Square's operator spawned tables and seating by elevating rows of floor tiles to specific heights, and everyone in the crowd came down to the inner square to celebrate their achievements.

Chapter VI

Story Time

Watching Ernst Zahnrad as a spectator, I gained a great deal of respect for the man. Being from a capitalist state, I know a politician when I see one, and I knew that Ernst was no politician at all. Ernst knew the common man. I could tell that Ernst came from humble beginnings, and earned his title through labor; he deserves every bit of the respect that he is given.

After the speech, I made my way down to the inner square with the rest of the crowd, and walked around, searching for somewhere to sit where I could listen to other people's stories. Finally, I happened on a table where five other workers were conversing. I joined their conversation and began listening.

The first story was being told by a builder. I listened as the man shared his story.

"I have built many houses in this city," he said, "but I am very proud to say that every single one of the houses I built survived the most recent earthquake!"

Everyone at the table, including me, cheered when we heard this. "Well you should be proud indeed, then," I said.

Another worker nodded. "Yes, sir! This calls for a pie," he said as he raised his hand.

An army chef came to the table.

"Chef, a cherry pie for the builder please!"

The chef replied, "Of course, comrade!"

The worker exclaimed, "Here's to the builder who saved many other workers' lives by building them the strongest homes in the world!"

The whole table cheered, "Hurrah!"

The builder smiled at all of us as the chef left to prepare the pie.

I listened to the next worker tell her story at our table. This woman's body looked very muscular, and I could tell that she was involved with demanding, physical

labor.

"I build railroads," she began, "and I am proud of the fact that I personally laid down fifty miles of rail this year!"

Everyone cheered again, saying "That's amazing!"

The chef returned with the pie. The builder thanked the chef as he laid the silverware next to the pie for the builder.

Everyone turned to me. "Comrade, tell us your own story."

I looked at them, their eyes looking attentive toward me.

"Well," I began, "I just recently immigrated here so I have not had much of an opportunity to achieve as many great things as you have."

"Oh," one replied, "I see. Well, do you have any plans for your future, then?"

To this, I replied, "Yes. I am going to school to become an inventor."

"Wonderful," they said, "which school do you go to?"

"The Workers' Grand University of the Crafts," I said.

I had been telling them the truth. I was into my first semester at the university.

To my last statement, a worker replied, "Well, what do you know? We all went to that school!"

"It's a good school," said another, "all of us at this table went to your school."

"Yes," said the railroad worker, "best of luck in your endeavors! And welcome to our great nation!"

"Indeed," said the builder, "good luck, comrade!"

Chapter VII

The Morning Tradition

Ernst watched as people shared stories at the tables around him. The old man was proud to see his people so happy, because it meant that he was doing his job.

Ernst leaned on his cane, and slowly walked over to a nearby table. Everyone at the table noticed him right away.

"Good day to you all," said Ernst.

"Why, Comrade Ernst! Good day," exclaimed a worker at the table.

Ernst glanced at the worker. "You seem surprised to see me," said he.

"Of all the tables you could have went to," said the worker, "you choose ours. We feel honored!"

Ernst replied, "You should feel honored; today is your holiday. Now, let's hear a story!"

"Ernst," said a woman, "I am sure that your own life has seen more stories than everyone at this table, combined."

"Yes," said another worker, "why don't you tell us a story, Ernst?"

The old man chuckled softly. "If you insist," he replied.

Everyone cheered at the table, for it is a rare opportunity to hear a story from a Supreme Proletarian, and the eldest one at that!

"Well, back in my laboring days," he started, "I was a carpenter with eight years of schooling from a school that none of you even heard of."

A couple workers chuckled as he continued. "I still remember my first project."

Ernst pointed at the distant hill where the huge capital building now stands. "Is anyone old enough to remember the old capital building that stood on that hill?"

Everyone shook their heads. Ernst continued. "Well, the building you see there on that hill today, is not the same building as the one that stood there fifty years ago."

Everybody else nodded, taking his word for it. "So," Ernst said, "my first project as a carpenter was to renovate the old capital building. I was working on this with a team of other carpenters and builders."

Somebody who was listening asked, "So you renovated the old capital building, and the result was the structure that we see now?"

Ernst answered, "No. The capital building that I renovated was a completely different structure. It was knocked down to make room for the building that you see up there now."

Ernst was hunched over the table, leaning on his cane for support.

Another worker asked, "What was your first reaction when you found out that you had been elected to the Supreme Proletariat?"

Ernst coughed. "I did not want to be on the Supreme Proletariat," he answered.

Everyone at the table was astonished. "My first action as a Supreme Proletarian was scolding everyone who voted for me!"

Everyone burst out laughing, including Ernst. "Well, Ernst," said one of the workers, "I believe I speak for everyone here when I tell you that we are all glad that you were elected."

Ernst looked at them. "Well, I tried my best to serve you well," he said.

Another worker replied, "And you have been very good to us all."

"Yes," exclaimed another, "thank you, Ernst Zahnrad, for all your years of service to our people!"

Each person at the table, except for Ernst, held their roses high and shouted, "Long live Ernst!"

"Yes, well," said Ernst, "I must be off to other tables. Good day."

The old man turned, leaning on his cane as he slowly made his way to another table.

Ernst reached another table to find a cheerful family enjoying the day. "Good day," said Ernst.

A wide-eyed boy looked up at Ernst. "My name is Handel," said the boy.

"Good day to you, Handel," replied Ernst.

Handel's father watched as the boy made conversation with the Supreme Proletarian.

"Boy," said Ernst, "what do you want to do when you grow up?"

Handel thought about it. "I want to be a soldier," said the boy.

"Oh," replied Ernst, "would you like to meet the Marshal?"

The boy became excited. "Why, yes I would!"

Ernst glanced at the rest of the family. "Tonight, during the evening tradition," said Ernst, "you will find the Marshal at a table near the northern gate."

Ernst smiled, and turned to Handel's father. "You have a wonderful family," he said, "and you have done a fine job raising this boy."

"Thank you, sir," said the father.

"I will always give my respect to a good father," said Ernst, "for 'tis a difficult job. You should be proud to have such a wonderful family."

"Thank you, again," said the father, "it is an honor to meet you."

Ernst turned to Handel's mother. "You, too, should be proud," he said.

She looked at him. "Thank you, sir," she replied, "we try our best."

"The best is all that anyone can ask for," answered Ernst.

Ernst glanced at both parents. "Your excellent

parenting should be rewarded just as your labor is rewarded," said the old man, "tell me, if you could have anything in the world, anything at all, what would it be?"

The father looked at the mother to see her looking right back up at him. Then they both watched Handel and his two little sisters as they played, a few meters away.

"We would want a wonderful place for children to play," said the woman, "our city has very few parks, and our children need a nice, open place where they can play."

Ernst thought about their answer, and realized that the mother was right about the city. There were no parks!

"Why," Ernst said, "you are right! Well, this will be corrected at once!"

The parents looked at Ernst, astonished. "Sir," said the father, "we don't know what to say!"

"You need not say anything if you don't want to," said the old man, "you shall have your park. Let me consult with the other Supreme Proletarians."

Before Ernst could go, the father said, "Thank you so much, Ernst. We will never have anything bad to say about you because of your kindness."

Ernst's had a wrinkled smile on his face as he said, "That is what I am here for. I serve the People."

He turned and moved to the table where many other Supreme Proletarians were seated. Ernst leaned once again on his cane as he addressed the rest of the elders.

"I have an announcement to make," he began, "It has been brought to my attention that our city has no parks for children to play."

Several elders glanced at each other as they thought about the implications of this matter. "We have a responsibility to make our people happy," said Ernst, "so I propose that we build them the largest, most beautiful

park in the world!"

The other Supreme Proletarians smiled. "I like the way you think, Ernst," said one.

The others nodded in agreement. "Alright, Ernst," said another, "we approve."

"Wonderful," said Ernst, "then work on the project shall commence tomorrow."

The rest of the Supreme Proletariat clapped, and Ernst returned to the table where the family still sat. He turned to the father. "You are an architect, are you not?"

"Why, yes I am," came the answer.

"Then," replied Ernst, "by my authority as a Supreme Proletarian, I am directly issuing you a new assignment, effective tomorrow."

Surprised, the man looked wide-eyed at Ernst. "Sir," asked the father, "what is this new assignment, if I may ask?"

"Since it was your request, and you are a master architect," answered Ernst, "I am commissioning you to personally design the largest park that has ever existed in the history of the world!"

"I would love to," said the man, "but I am busy with another project."

Ernst shook his head, "Busy with another project," he retorted, "Humbug! I am giving you a new project."

"Why thank you," said the father, "I will not disappoint you!"

"Good man," said Ernst, "report to the capital building tomorrow for specifications regarding the design. I will be there, unless I pass away in my sleep; at my age, you never know. Ha!"

The old man laughed. He shook the father's hand. "Good day," said Ernst.

"Indeed," said the architect, "I'll see you tomorrow."

It was nearly time for lunch. Ernst had returned to the table where the other elders were seated. As the clock struck noon, soldiers brought the appetizers out from the kitchen. This meant lunchtime.

Chapter VIII

Lunchtime

A soldier walked up to me and asked, "Would you like a menu, sir?"

"Yes, I would," I answered.

He handed me a lunch menu. After staring at all of my choices, I just remember thinking, "No restaurant in my home country ever had this many choices!"

I asked, "What would you recommend?"

The soldier glanced at another copy of the menu. "Well," said the soldier, "we've got a great chef. I believe you would enjoy any dish he makes."

"Well then," I replied, "surprise me."

The soldier smiled and said, "As you wish, sir."

As the soldier turned and walked back to the kitchen, I looked at all the people around me. Everyone was filled with cheer, and the air still smelled of roses. I watched as a soldier delivered a bowl of minestrone soup to the table next to mine, and I began to wonder what I would get.

I soon felt somebody approaching me. I turned around to see the same woman who had greeted me at the entrance.

"Greetings, Comrade," she said to me, "do you mind if I sit?"

"No, go ahead," I replied.

She sat next to me and smiled. "So," she asked, "how is your first holiday in this country so far?"

"Wonderful," I answered, "this is such a beautiful place, and everybody is so nice."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I felt the same way when I first came here. Originally, I was just a tourist."

"That's cool," I replied.

"Yeah," she continued, "but when I met the people who lived here, and experienced such strong communal friendship, I suppose I just never left."

"Wow," I said, "do you not have family back

home?"

She smiled. "I did," she said jokingly, "but they all came here."

I laughed when she said this. "So what's your story," she asked, "what brought you here?"

"I came from a capitalist state," I began, "and it all started when I got laid off from my job. After I failed to pay my rent, I was evicted by my landlord. I became poor and homeless on the streets."

"That's terrible," she replied.

"It tore me apart, and I struggled to survive. I tried to get a new job, but it was hopeless. One day, I went to a soup kitchen, where one of the volunteers told me of a land without hunger or poverty. It was he who told me of the Land of the Worker," I said.

She listened as I continued to tell my story. "I was disgusted by the way that my country treated its citizens, making them fight over jobs like animals! I hated capitalism. So I hitchhiked up and crossed the border into the Land of the Worker."

"Oh wow," said the woman.

"And I was never seen again in that country," I added.

"So you just got up and left," she asked?

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"Well, that was a very smart move on your part," she said with a smile, "because everyone is treated well, here."

As she finished her sentence, the soldier returned to deliver my food.

"Sir," he said, "your meal is served."

The soldier lifted the cover off of the plate and handed me a fork.

"Oh, that looks really good," said the woman.

The soldier glanced at her. "Doesn't it," asked the soldier, "would you like the same dish?"

"Oh, no thank you," she answered, "I just ate."

"Suit yourself," said the soldier as he went back to the kitchen.

I looked around to see most of the other people eating too.

"I guess the volunteer wasn't lying when he told me there was no hunger here," I said as I ate.

"Very true," she replied, "starvation is one thing that you will never find in this country."

I continued to eat until I was full. The hour went by pretty fast, and I finished eating just in time for the national anthem.

Chapter IX*Conclusion of the Morning Tradition*

As everyone finished eating, a voice came on the Square's speaker system.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the voice, "it is time conclude the morning tradition with *The Song of Liberty*, national anthem of the Land of the Worker."

The crowd grew silent as the Army choir assembled inside of the northern gate.

The voice then said, "You may sing along if you wish."

The choir began to sing the following lyrics:

Living together in freedom forever,
Our time of wonder is at hand!
Our People join hands in their friendship and labor,
In our great proletarian land!

[Refrain]:

Supreme Proletarians, leaders of Workers,
Lead us to great heights;
O, fathers of knowledge -- O, elders with wisdom,
Serve our People, be just and right!

O, Marshal of Army, our People's great soldier,
Commanding the Army of the Working Class,
Defend ye, the rights of our Workers and Soldiers;
Keep our People forever free!

[Refrain]

Our new free land without pigs or corruption,
O, Land of Freedom and Industry,
Land of the Hammer — O, Land of the Cogwheel,
Let our People, in peace, be free!

[Refrain]

Many people in the crowd held roses in front of their hearts and looked up at flag, flying high above the northern gate as the choir sang. Almost every member of the crowd sang along as the beautiful song echoed throughout the Square.

The people cheered as the song came to an end. The morning tradition had just given way to the afternoon tradition.

Chapter X

The Great Parade

A minute or two after the choir finished singing the anthem, the southern gate at Liberation Square swung open.

As soon as the gate was open, the colossal crowd of people spilled onto the city's main street. The Parade of Workers was initiated. The huge mass of people paraded down the street, holding flags, roses, and each others' hands.

The cheering of the crowd was so loud, that it could be heard far outside the city, itself. The sun, still radiant and bright, was shining down on the city. The beautiful, warm summer day was appreciated by everyone as they cheered and strolled happily through the city.

As the nation paraded its great workforce through its capital city, many foreigners came from all over the world to see for themselves, the glory of the working class. Many of these sightseers were amazed that nearly the entire population of the city was involved in this parade, and that the people had so much pride in their community. Nobody was forced to participate in this parade, and yet nearly everyone joined in.

The Workers' Day of Pride is a real testament to the great honor and respect that National Proletarianism gives to the workers; the very same people that capitalists think naught of.

The cheerful, parading crowd began to sing *The Internationale*, one of the most famous revolutionary songs in the world. As the people sang, the crowd's walking pace synchronized to the rhythm of the song.

Chapter XI

The Internationale

Because I enjoyed the morning tradition so much, I decided to join in the afternoon tradition.

"Comrade," said the woman who joined me for lunch, "join hands with me and take your pride to the street."

I eagerly took her hand as she led me out of the Square and onto the main street to join the rest of the crowd. I never thought that this could be so fun, but there I was, having the time of my life, surrounded by a community who treated me so well! You should have been there!

Before I realized it, we were walking to the rhythm of *The Internationale* as we paraded.

"Sing along," said the woman with a smile.

So I proudly sang along with the other workers who led the way, "No more deluded by reaction, on tyrants only we'll make war! The soldiers too will take strike action, they'll break ranks and fight no more!"

The song was bringing pride to every single one of us as we marched and sang along, "And if those cannibals keep trying to sacrifice us for their pride, they soon shall hear the bullets flying, we'll shoot the generals on our own side!"

The song thundered through the city as we sang, "So comrades, come rally and the last fight let us face! The Internationale unites the human race! So comrades, come rally and the last fight let us face! The Internationale unites the human race!"

Our parade was so joyous that I completely lost myself in the song, the wonderful scent of the roses, and the company of a beautiful woman.

This has been the best day of my life, and there is still much more to come! I love my community, and I am never leaving this magnificent place of love and labor that is my new home!

Chapter XII

Declaration of the Land of the Worker

It was the morning after a very bloody and brutal night. The revolutionary masses gathered at the very location where Liberation Square now stands.

The night before, several million angry citizens stormed the barricades and took back the freedom that capitalism had stolen from them. The corrupt government officials, as well as corporate leaders of the old capitalist regime were quickly rounded up and brought before the masses, where the head of the new provisional government pronounced judgment upon them.

"Mr. President," said the leader, "for your many crimes against the Proletariat, you are found guilty and hereby sentenced to death!"

Before the former president could say anything, he was handed over to the angry mob and subsequently beaten to death. The first blow was dealt by a man with brass knuckles, which broke the president's nose. Another member of the mob joined in, breaking the former president's ribs, one after another. The ex-president collapsed to the ground as the mob swarmed around him, kicking and punching him to death without relent.

The next person brought before the masses, was the head of the largest corporate entity in the country.

"Revolutionary Masses," said the leader, "we have brought before you, the C.E.O. of the largest corporation in our country."

"Kill that wretched cannibal," cried the masses, "he is guilty!"

"Mr. C.E.O.," said the leader, "you are found guilty of the crime of exploitation; the Working Class hereby sentences you to death!"

The crowd cheered wildly as the former corporate leader was handed to the masses and beaten to death by the mob. Everyone watched as his blood was

thrown in all directions by the repeated blows to his face. As he fell to the ground, more people joined in. One man, wearing steel-toe boots, began kicking in his rib cage. By the time the mob was finished with him, the corpse was an unrecognizable, bloody mass of pulp.

The Land of the Worker had not always been peaceful. When all was said and done, several hundred members of the ruling class were executed in a similar manner as president and the corporate leader.

Capitalism had been overthrown, but the citizens were unsure of what to do next. Their revolution had been successful, but what has it achieved? Had they revolted against one corrupt capitalist system, just to replace it with another? History has shown again and again that capitalism always leads to corruption. The revolution needed a new direction.

From the crowd, a man stood up to accept this challenge. That man was Karactus Blome. This man came from humble origins. This new leader was average height, with a moderately thick and full mustache, blue eyes, and short, brown hair. He wore a blue-collared shirt and black dress pants, sometimes having a black trench coat over his shirt in the winter.

One morning, the man stood on a makeshift pedestal, holding up a document that would become the foundation of our new country.

"Working people of our revolutionary state," he began proudly, "we must ensure that the proletariat is never humiliated again!"

The people grew silent, and began to listen to this stranger from the masses.

"We must not allow capitalism to return to this land," he continued, "the revolution is over, but a new effort is needed! We must banish capitalism from our land forever!"

Many people cheered and clapped upon hearing these words.

"Citizens," said the man, "I am holding a document that could ensure the well-being of every man, woman, and child in this country! This document is the foundation of a new philosophy! Citizens, I present the Manifesto of National Proletarianism!"

The crowd listened as the charismatic leader continued to speak.

"People, I am proposing that we dedicate our entire country to the proletariat, and establish a new nation! Establish a new nation of labor, of industry, and of liberty! Our labor must serve our working communities, and only our working communities! Your labor, the labor of every single worker, must serve naught but the well-being of yourselves and of every other worker in the community!"

The people were fond of this idea, for they cheered without relent.

The man who was in charge of the provisional government approached the charismatic speaker.

"Revolutionary Masses," said the man, "due to your positive reaction to the ideals presented by this speaker, I vote to make him our new leader! What say the People?"

The masses burst into cheer upon hearing the idea of a new leader.

"Then it's decided," replied the man, "this speaker shall be our new leader, effective immediately!"

"My people," exclaimed Karactus, "my first action as your leader is to eliminate the remnants of capitalism in our new state! We must remove all of the tools that capitalists used to exploit us!"

The people listened quietly as he continued.

"As your leader, I decree that all currency must be destroyed. Those capitalists used currency as a tool to limit your ability and to exploit you! Currency has allowed those capitalists to rape your pride, day after day! Torch all the banks and demolish the treasury! Kill anyone who

gets in your way, for they are guilty of treason against the proletariat!"

The people shouted angrily as they lit their torches and charged through the city. Every bank's vault had its contents dumped and burned by the mob. Many of the banks had hired security guards, but as the masses poured into the banks, the security guards were overwhelmed. Unfortunately for the guards, the torches were the peoples' only weapon; many of the guards were simply burnt alive. Horrific screams and shrieks of pain came from the banks as the guards fled, many of them dripping skin from their charred faces, but those guards were the lucky ones. The guards who failed to escape were left to die in the fires; all of them were sentenced to death for treason against the working classes. Smoke rose from the heaping piles of smoldering money. A few of the rioters shattered the window of the national treasury and threw Molotov cocktails through the broken windows until the whole structure was ablaze.

When the task was completed, they gathered once again around their new leader.

"My People," said the leader, "I declare that all corporations have obtained their property illegally! All corporate property is, as of now, unlawful! To enforce this new law, we require an army! Therefore, I am ordering the creation of an army for the working classes, and it shall be forever known as 'The Army of the Proletariat', never to change! With this new army, a military leader is needed. I therefore decree that the supreme commander of the Army of the Proletariat shall be called the 'Marshal'. Furthermore, I hereby appoint myself to the position of Marshal."

The people embraced the idea, and tens of thousands of men and women enlisted to serve. Officers in the existing army of the old capitalist regime were captured and forced to train the soldiers in the new army. Within weeks, the working class had an army of its own.

"Comrades," said the new Marshal, "you are called upon to rid the people of the plague of corporate ownership! You are to seize control of every single corporate center! If those corporations have hired their own soldiers to defend their property, you are ordered to slaughter every single one of those soldiers for treason against the proletariat!"

The soldiers took up their bolt-action rifles, mounted their bayonets, and marched into the city to seize all corporate property. They encountered heavy resistance, and capitalists were fighting back hard.

The soldiers of the Army of the Proletariat had no uniform; the army was only in its infancy, and uniforms had not been designed yet. Bolt-action rifles were the only weapons that were available to the army back then, mainly because the state did not have factories to produce their own weapons yet. Instead, their communist allies extended a hand, and donated some of their older guns to the new army.

Due to the urgency of the task at hand, the soldiers received only two weeks of training. The two weeks gave the capitalists time to prepare. It was an opportunity that most of them took. By the time that the Army of the Proletariat was ready to proceed with this action, they were facing a formidable opponent. While the Army of the Proletariat was armed with naught but bolt-action rifles and bayonets, the capitalist mercenaries were armed with machine guns and automatic assault rifles. The mercenaries also had much higher quality training. The Army of the Proletariat's only advantage was their numbers. The mercenaries numbered in the hundreds, but the Army of the Proletariat numbered in the tens of thousands. Aside from the bolt-action rifles that were issued, many soldiers also improvised their own weapons. Molotov cocktails were very popular, and numerous soldiers used them. Since much of the fighting took place around industrial complexes, some soldiers

would utilize the hazardous chemicals present at those factories in attempts to create primitive chemical weapons. These attempts varied in their success. Some of these soldiers would modify their Molotov cocktails by adding these toxic industrial materials to the flammable liquid inside the cocktails. Others would simply throw these chemicals into enemy eyes to incapacitate them. However, these primitive chemical weapons contributed very little to the outcome of the battle, and the casualties that they caused were few; these weapons definitely damaged the enemy morale, but they were much more devastating to enemy psychology than they were to enemy physiology.

As the Army of the Proletariat began its assault, thousands of soldiers initiated their charge towards the city's industrial centers. This wave was a diversion, a trap. This wave was ordered to charge the enemy, intentionally lose the skirmish, and retreat. This lured the mercenaries into pursuing them. The enemy was led to a big, indoor shopping mall. The mercenaries charged into the mall, only to find another ten thousand soldiers waiting for them. The trap had been triggered, and nearly all of the mercenaries were slaughtered, and their weapons were seized for use by the Army of the Proletariat. The only remaining mercenaries were those who stayed at the factories to protect them.

The ten thousand stormed into the industrial sector, where a very few mercenaries awaited them. However, these mercenaries knew that the Army of the Proletariat would not take prisoners; it was either kill or be killed. The capitalists subjected the Army of the Proletariat to heavy machine gun fire. The Army lost many men and women that night. All of these soldiers are now honored as heroes of the state.

The entire army converged on these few mercenaries, losing an average of two soldiers for every meter they advanced. Finally, one brave soldier came

close enough to the machine guns in order to use a Molotov cocktail. This soldier was behind the cover of a vehicle. Sitting with his back to the car, he lit the rag of the cocktail, and raised a mirror above the cover of the car to confirm the position of his target. Finally, the soldier stood tall from behind the vehicle and hurled the cocktail toward the machine gunner. Direct hit. From behind the sandbags, the soldier heard the horrendous shrieks of two men, burning in flames as they abandoned their cover, desperate to be extinguished. They were not extinguished; the soldiers shot them instead. By the end of the operation, all factories had been seized for the glory of the proletariat, by order of Marshal Karactus Blome.

Finally, Blome addressed the people once more.

"Workers of our Land," he said, "I am calling for the election of new legislators, for I cannot legislate all of your laws by myself. My duty is to enforce your will, not to decide your will! These legislators must be members of the working class who have retired after many long years of labor! This council shall be forever known as 'The Supreme Proletariat', and they shall hold absolute legislative authority! With the institution of the Supreme Proletariat, we finally have our own nation, governed by workers!"

The people watched and listened in pride as Karactus Blome uttered the famous words that founded the new country.

"Working Classes of the World," he exclaimed, "we, the people of the Land of the Worker, hereby declare the sovereignty of our National Proletarian State, and establish the Manifesto of National Proletarianism as the constitution of our government!"

Everyone burst into cheer, celebrating their new freedom and liberty as the hammer and gear flag was raised above the capital city of their new country.

This city would become the City of the Proletariat, and the country would become the Land of the Worker. As Blome finished this famous proclamation, a musical band burst into sound, playing *The Internationale*, which was the unofficial and temporary anthem of the new nation, Land of the Worker.

Chapter XIII

Meaning of The Afternoon Tradition

As the citizens paraded along the main street of the City of the Proletariat, their violent past had been forgotten; the violent revolution that once freed the workers from capitalist tyranny, had become part of the country's history. However, this afternoon tradition of parading on the streets of the capital began as a reenactment of the revolution. This revolution is an achievement that the workers of the nation are still proud of to this day. This is why they sing *The Internationale* during the parade.

The workers parade, not with torches or pitchforks or hammers, but with roses and flags and song. Their parade is a symbol of transition, from their violent past, to peaceful present. The parade is a symbol of the workers' pride in the great nation that they built from the ashes and ruins of their great battle, showing the world that the working classes will always win in the class warfare of capitalism.

To foreign spectators from capitalist states, the parade is a challenge. The victorious, parading proletariat is sending capitalism a message: "You just try and stop us! We dare you!"

Many years ago, a few capitalist states did try and stop them; all of those capitalist states are now autonomous republics of the Union of National Proletarian States. In other words, all of the foreign countries that have tried to stop the proletariat were conquered and are now part of the Land of the Worker. Since capitalism has lost at least five countries in an attempt to stop the advancement of National Proletarianism, most of the capitalist world has given up trying. This is another thing that the workers are showing their pride in whilst they parade and reenact their revolution.

Chapter XIV

Conclusion of the Afternoon Tradition

The millions of parading workers followed the main street around the city, and reentered Liberation Square through the northern gate, opposite to the gate they exited. There to meet them, was none other than Marshal E. Trumm, supreme commander of the army.

Comrade Trumm was wearing his dress uniform. The Marshal's uniform was similar to that of any other soldier; it included the most famous symbol of the working class: the blue-collared shirt. He was also wearing a pair of black dress pants like everyone else. He wore a black leather belt with a brass buckle on it. His medals and ribbons were displayed proudly above the left-hand pocket over his chest on his shirt. He stood to address the crowd, once again seated in the spectator area around him.

"Comrades," said Trumm, "you all have much to be proud of! But I ask you to take a moment and thank the soldiers who have made the events of today possible."

Everyone clapped and the soldiers, standing in formation in the square, all bowed in unison.

Marshal Trumm continued, "I say, on behalf of your government, that we ourselves are proud to serve such a strong and prideful people as you! And your own pride is what we are celebrating today!"

The crowd cheered.

"So," the Marshal concluded, "let us finish the day with the best damn party of the year!"

The crowd went wild as they rushed down from the stands. It was time for the evening tradition to begin.

Chapter XV*The Great Party*

The Marshal sat down at a table near the northern gate, next to Ernst.

"Good evening," said Ernst to the Marshal.

"Indeed, comrade," replied Trumm, "greetings to you as well!"

"It has been a grand day," exclaimed Ernst, "has it not?"

"Quite," said Trumm, "quite so."

"Comrade Irvin," called the Marshal.

The young soldier approached the table after his name had been called. This was the same soldier who had been ringing the bell, this morning.

Irvin replied, "Sir?"

"Comrade," said Trumm, "inform the pyrotechnics that they can proceed with the fireworks."

Irvin gave a salute. "Immediately, sir!"

He left the table and headed toward the fireworks team. Just then, the Marshal was approached by a young boy.

The boy asked, "Are you the Marshal?"

Startled, Trumm looked at the boy.

"Why," said Trumm, "indeed I am."

"I want to be a soldier when I grow up," replied the boy.

The Marshal smiled. "Really?"

"My name is Handel," said the boy, "and when I grow up, I want to join the Army of the Proletariat."

"Well then," said Trumm, "I have something that may interest you."

The boy watched as Trumm reached into his pocket and retrieved a badge. This badge displayed Army of the Proletariat's emblem, which features a black hammer inside of a white gear, with a saber and a bolt-action rifle crossed in the center of the gear, overlapping the hammer. The emblem was surrounded

by a golden wreath of rye. Trumm pinned this badge properly on Handel's collar. Handel's father looked proudly at his son.

"You will make a fine soldier," said his father.

The boy saluted his father, then the Marshal.

Trumm turned to the father, and said, "I can already tell you that this boy is the soldier type. When he graduates from grammar school, enroll him in the military academy."

"We plan to," replied the father.

"Splendid," said Trumm.

"Well, you are a busy man," began the father, "so thank you very much for your time."

"No worries," replied Trumm, "I am always happy to meet new people!"

"Good evening," said the father.

"Yes, and to you as well," said Trumm.

Handel and his father left the table. Ernst had recognized Handel as being the boy whose family he met this morning.

At that moment, the first rocket burst into colors up above. Everyone at the party cheered and chanted, "Fireworks! Fireworks! Fireworks!"

As they chanted, several more rockets lit up the night sky. The chanting gave way to applause, and the party has now officially begun!

Chapter XVI*The Dance of Love*

I sat at a table, watching the fireworks with the woman who had accompanied me during the morning and afternoon traditions. When the fireworks ended, we moved close to the stage, where the musicians were setting up their instruments.

"Comrade," she said to me, "do you dance?"

"I can certainly dance," I replied, "but I am not, by any means, saying that I am good at it."

"It's okay," she said with a laugh, "as long as you're not tripping over yourself."

I smiled at her, and said, "I'm not that terrible."

Before she could respond, an announcer came on the speakers.

"Comrade Workers," said the voice, "please welcome our first performing musical group. Straight from our own country, these performers have traveled the world, building their fame and playing their music for citizens of many countries. Now, they have returned home to celebrate with the rest of us! So, let's have a round of applause for our first band, *Iron Anvil!*"

The crowd erupted in thunderous applause. We clapped too. I knew that this announcer spoke the truth, because I even listened to *Iron Anvil* in my home country. I liked that band, and now I was excited to finally hear a live performance by my favorite heavy metal band.

My new lady friend smiled. "Care to dance with me?"

"Wait," I replied, "what is your name?"

"Which one," she asked, "the name by which my old country knew me, or the name that this country allowed me to choose for myself?"

"Whichever name you would like me to address you by," I clarified.

"Nemariya," she answered, "Call me Nemariya."

"Beautiful name, Nemariya," I replied, "did you choose it?"

"Yes," she said with a nod, "in this country's language, it means 'woman of the sea'. I thought it would be fitting, considering that I arrived here by sea."

She smiled as she took my hand and led me to the dance floor. We looked up at the musicians.

"Alright," exclaimed the lead singer of *Iron Anvil*, "hit it!"

When the song opened with a tubular bell solo, I knew exactly which song it was. I danced with Nemariya as the music played. This is a song that engages the audience to repeat after the singer, to repeat the lyrics we all knew so well.

Singer: "Workers, unite! Your freedom's at hand!"

Audience: "Workers, unite! Your freedom's at hand!"

Singer: "Join in the fight to retake your land!"

Audience: "Join in the fight to retake your land!"

Singer and Audience Together: "Destroy your oppressors, and flee from your cell, and send those brutes to hell!"

The sounds of the electric guitar, the drums, the tubular bells, and the voices of the singer and the audience emanated vibrantly throughout the Square as we danced. When the song ended, applause filled the air.

Nemariya asked me, "Did you ever dance like that in your home country?"

"Yes," I replied, "but not with any women who were nearly as beautiful as you are."

"Don't worry, Comrade Sweetheart," she said with a wink, "I think we'll do a lot more than just dance, tonight!"

She kissed my cheek and said, "But let's dance some more, first."

Chapter XVII*To the Health of Us All!*

The Marshal sat at a table with many other soldiers, enjoying the night with his brothers and sisters in arms. Among these soldiers was Irvin, from the bell tower.

"Tonight is a glorious night," exclaimed Trumm, "for we soldiers have served our people well, today!"

The other soldiers clapped in celebration of their own pride.

"Our job tonight is finished," continued the Marshal, "we all had a long day, today. Can anyone guess the next thing I am going to say?"

The soldiers glanced at each other, then looked back at the Marshal.

"Since we have all worked very hard today," said Trumm, "now is your time to relax. You only have one standing order for the night: Get laid and get smashed! Ha!"

All of the soldiers answered together, "Sir, yes sir!"

The Marshal chuckled as he opened a bottle of wine. He personally poured everyone at the table a glass of red wine. Everyone raised their glasses in toast, including Trumm.

"To the health of us all," he exclaimed as the soldiers toasted with pride.

The soldiers gulped down their wine, and joined the citizens on the dance floor.

Chapter XVIII

The Dinner Table

"Comrade," said Nemariya after two solid hours of dancing, "it's nearly time to eat."

"Wonderful," I replied, "I have definitely danced up an appetite."

She laughed softly. The tables had already been set when everyone, the soldiers included, sat down to dinner. Nemariya sat next to me, holding my hand gently.

We watched hungrily as the army chefs brought a large bowl of gravy to each table. It smelled delicious, and I felt my mouth watering. The chefs returned a few minutes later, bringing a whole turkey to each table. These turkeys were baked in ovens, and each one looked like a perfection-crafted masterpiece, courtesy of the chefs.

The chef at our table asked us if we had any other requests, in terms of drinks or side-dishes. Nemariya and I looked at each other, then back at the chef.

Nemariya asked, "Can we get some wine?"

"Certainly," said the chef, "and how about for the gentleman sitting beside you?"

I looked at him and just said, "I'll have what she's having."

The chef smiled, and asked, "Are you two in love?"

Nemariya replied, "Yes indeed, Comrade Chef."

"You two look so cute together," said the chef, "did you just meet today?"

"Yes," I said with a grin.

"That's nice," said the chef, "alright, well let me get you your wine, then."

"Thank you," said Nemariya.

"I tell you, Nemariya," I said, "I never ate this well in my home country!"

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean," she replied, "there are no other countries in the world that treat their workers with nearly as much respect as a state like this one."

"It makes me proud," I said, "it makes me proud to be a member of this community. The love and the friendship that I have experienced here is unlike anywhere else I have ever been."

"Well," said Nemariya, "now we have a new thing to take pride in."

"Oh," I asked, "and what's that?"

She smiled, putting her hand over my heart. "Our love," she replied.

I smiled back, and kissed her on the cheek.

The chef returned with a bottle of wine to see us kissing. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Not at all," answered Nemariya as she kissed me one more time.

The chef poured each of us a glass of wine, and left the bottle on the table for us to refill ourselves later. The chef noticed that the turkey had been untouched.

"You two can feel absolutely free to dig in," he said.

"Why, thank you," I replied, "I think I will."

"Me too," said Nemariya.

"Then I think I'll leave you two alone for a while," said the chef.

We ate until we could eat no more. The food was absolutely delicious, and the wine was taking its toll on us. By the end of dinner, we were both a bit tipsy. The chef came by again to see how we were doing.

"Oh my," he said to us both, "it looks like you've had one to many to drink."

"Yeah," I said, "probably."

"Well then," said the chef, "I predict that you are both going to be parents in nine months."

We both burst out laughing, as if we could not help ourselves.

"Possibly," said Nemariya, trying to catch her breath.

"Alright," said the chef, "no more wine for either of you."

"Yeah, that's probably wise," I said, barely containing my laughter.

Chapter XIX*Conclusion of the Evening Tradition*

Marshal Trumm and the Supreme Proletariat stood to address the crowd after dinner.

"Comrade Workers," said the Marshal, "I am afraid to admit that this holiday is almost over. I am, however, glad to see that everyone has fully enjoyed themselves!"

Everyone clapped and applauded another happy day in the Land of the Worker; another happy day, in a line of many, many, many happy days.

"I know that you are all tired, and I am tired as well," said Trumm, "I think we all need a good night's sleep. I will remind everyone that many of you have work, tomorrow."

Ernst walked up to the microphone. "But before you go," said the old man, hunching in front of the microphone, "on behalf of your government, I would like to thank all of the workers and soldiers who made the events of this day possible. I know it was not easy for you, but the government as well as the people appreciate everything you have done."

The crowd cheered once again, happy to applaud the efforts of more of their brothers and sisters.

"Please leave in an orderly fashion," said Ernst, "all of the gates of Liberation Square should be opening in a few minutes, so you all don't have to stampede out the south gate. Again, thank you for another wonderful day here, in our Land of the Worker. We hope you all had a good time. Have a good night."

As promised, the other gates opened, and the crowd dispersed.

Chapter XX*Red Love*

We agreed to spend the night at Nemariya's house. She and I made our way home, just as the rest of the crowd was homeward bound.

We got to her house, and she took me up the stairs to her bedroom.

"Comrade," she said, "let's retire, and have ourselves a night of passionate red love."

I smiled at her, and kissed her forearm gently as she shut the door behind us and locked it.

You don't need me to tell you what we did next; you know exactly what we did next. The chef was right; we are definitely going to be parents in nine months. Very little did I know that Nemariya was the woman who I would spend the rest of my life with.

Nine months later, Nemariya gave birth to a healthy baby boy. When this boy was born, so was our new family. Ten years ago, I never would have dreamed of raising my children in such a close and loving community. Now, my children are free to frolic in the flowers and tall green grass that grew in the fields of the beautiful new park that the community was constructing. Now, I can rest easy, knowing that my children are happy and safe; they will never be neglected by hospitals for being too poor to pay, they will never need to pay for their own education by working three jobs just to pay their tuition, they are defended by the most advanced and powerful army on the planet, and they never have to starve to death, or live on the streets in some tyrannical capitalist regime. I rest easy, knowing that National Proletarianism has assured that Nemariya, myself, and my children will live long, happy lives.

Chapter XXI*The New Park*

The next morning, Handel's father, the architect, arrived at the capital building and awaited Ernst.

The old man with his cane approached the architect, and greeted him. "Good morning, Comrade Architect," said Ernst with a wrinkled smile.

The architect turned to see Ernst holding a clipboard with a document on it. "Good day," said the architect, "how is the morning treating you?"

"Wonderfully," replied Ernst.

"I am ready for the specifications," said the architect.

"Yes," said Ernst, "I have them right here."

Ernst handed the architect his clipboard. The architect read them aloud.

"Alright," said the architect, "you want this park to be at least five-hundred square kilometers, it needs to have open fields and plenty of trees, you would like the park to contain an orchard, restrooms are obviously necessary, and finally, you want the park to be flexible as to what kinds of activities can be hosted so that it appeals to people of all ages."

"Yes," replied Ernst, "we are not giving you a deadline, so please proceed at your own pace. We expect this to take you quite some time, because there is a lot to design in a five-hundred square kilometer park. Once you have completed the design, please return to me with the blueprint. Many Supreme Proletarians were, themselves, architects, so I will bring the blueprint to them. Their sixty-plus years of experience will help us detect problems with safety in the designs. If they approve the safety of your design, construction on the park will begin immediately. Does that sound like a plan?"

"Understood," said the architect, "I shall begin work on this today."

"Wonderful," Ernst replied, "I look forward to getting this project underway."

When all was said and done, the park covered a land area of one-thousand square kilometers, twice as big as the minimum specification. The park had not one, not two, not even three, but twelve open fields, with flowers and grass stretching as far as the eye can see! The orchard was vast, and many species of trees inhabited it. The trees in the orchard grew numerous different fruits, enjoyed by anyone who wished for a sweet snack while walking through the colossal monument to nature. The park had several playgrounds for younger children, and at least one court for every sport that could be played, including a tennis court, a basketball court, and many more. The park even had a large outdoor swimming pool, which was available to everyone in the community. Around the pool, the architect had also included twenty-five hot-tubs in the design. The hot-tubs were lined up to form a square around the main swimming pool. The hot-tubs brought much relief to many workers, who would spend time relaxing in the heated water after a hard day's labor.

This park would also be the place where Nemariya and her lover would later bring their children. In fact, even foreign tourists would flock to this new park, and many of them would fall in love with the country, itself, and never leave.

At the main entrance to this park, stands a statue. The statue depicts Ernst Zahnrad and the master architect, standing at a drafting table, and looking over a design. The base of the statue contains a plaque, that says, "The Supreme Proletariat dedicates this park to the free children of all workers in our wondrous land of labor and liberty, to the health of us all, and to the long life of our workers."

The Ending Poem
"Sometimes, I Dream", by Karactus Blome

I

Sometimes, I dream of a happier place,
 Where all can rejoice in our peace and our grace,
 Where no struggle exists and all are content
 Without any laws that need to be bent;
 No hero, nor leader, nor clergy to praise;
 No bigots or pigs, deluded by power, in craze;
 Where our work is hard and makes more than enough
 To reward one and all, for our labor is rough.

II

But I live in a world where all life is hard,
 Where humans fight humans and mankind is scarred,
 Where all are forced to compete for their lives
 And poor men are forced to rob others with knives;
 No humans exist in this horrible world,
 Just butchers and cannibals, from Hell, here were hurled;
 Where tyranny rules us all with its ties,
 And naught can be gained without money or lies.

III

From afar there is hope that the great day will near,
 When all the poor workers stand up to their fear;
 The workers will rise, and with tyrants, be done,
 And fight for their rights with their tools and their guns;
 At last comes the day when our people are free;
 No more starvation for our children or we;
 So forge we, this land, where all freely work
 And harvest the fruits of our own work and hurt.

IV

Forget not, the day of our great Freedom's birth,
 The day we conceived our happy, free Earth,
 The day that those cannibals paid for their crimes,
 The day that we ended those terrible times;
 All children of ours are now free to play
 In our beautiful fields of flowers and hay;
 Without any hunger or fights to be fought,
 Our children grow old without dying for naught.

V

Upon these foundations, our nation is laid;
 Our land without currency, finance, or trade;
 When everyone works for each other, it breeds
 A provider for all our desires and needs;
 But until the day comes when these seeds, we can sew,
 Our people stay damned to this slavery and woe;
 If ever we are to be free of this Hell,
 Band together, we must, to free each from their cell.