


# Journal

By Dave B





A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red halter top, looks upwards with her mouth open in awe. Above her, a superhero with a red suit and a blue 'U' on his chest flies with large feathered wings. Four bright rainbow-colored laser beams shoot from the superhero's eyes towards the woman's face. The background is a textured, brownish-gold surface.

As a boy, I read my fair share of comic books.  
At night, I'd lie awake, staring at the ceiling  
and I'd wish I could be a mutant...

Because the comic books told us that being a  
mutant was cool.

They told us mutants could fly!

They told us they could shoot  
lasers from their eyes!

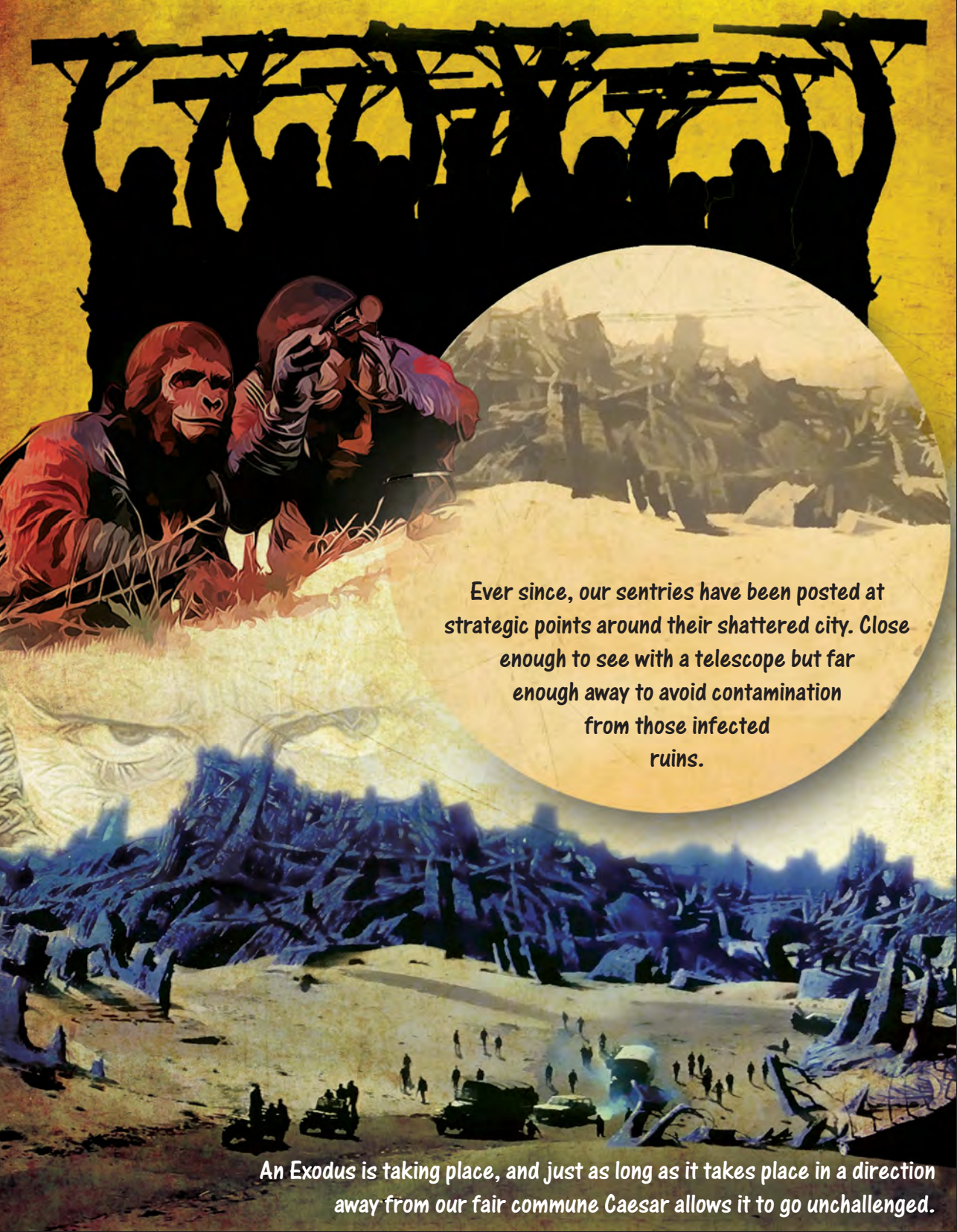
They told us, mutants could  
heal real fast and claws  
would spring from thier  
fingertips!

As a man I know the comic books lied, and now,  
at night, I lie awake, staring at the ceiling and  
thank God I'm not one of them...

Because the comic books never told  
us that being a mutant gets you  
shot and killed.



'The Battle of Ape City' was over a year ago. The victory against Kolp's invading army had been decisive. In the days that followed, gorilla warriors had dogged the heels of the retreating would-be conquerors, slaughtering them wherever they were brave, foolish, or desperate enough, to turn and make a stand.



Ever since, our sentries have been posted at strategic points around their shattered city. Close enough to see with a telescope but far enough away to avoid contamination from those infected ruins.

An Exodus is taking place, and just as long as it takes place in a direction away from our fair commune Caesar allows it to go unchallenged.





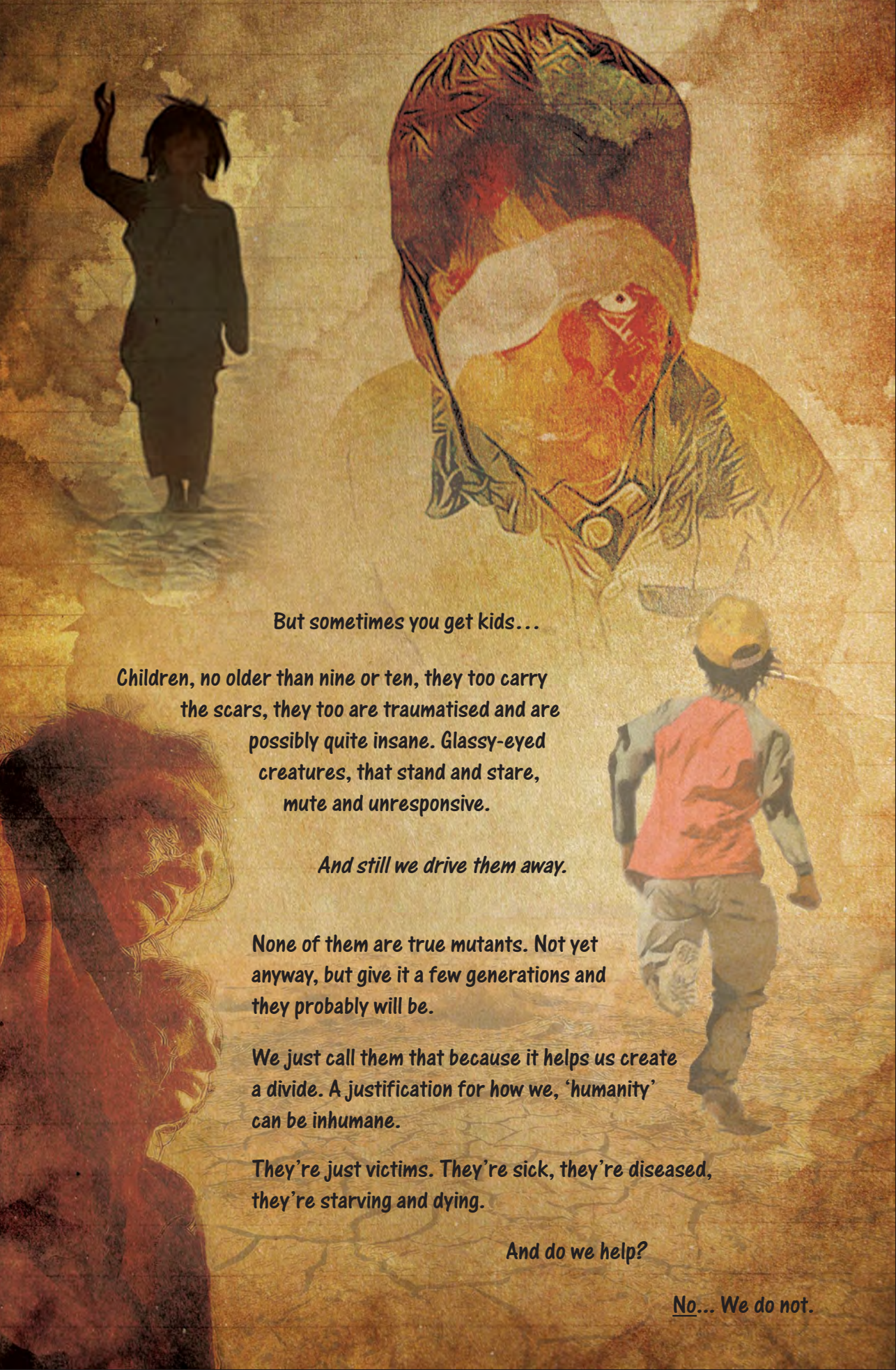
Lord only knows where they might be headed.  
Last I heard, New York, Chicago and Washington  
were smoking piles of radioactive slag. I've no reason  
to believe any other city had better luck.

Sometimes,  
survivors will stray  
our way, begging to  
be allowed a place in  
our community.

The gorilla sentries aren't supposed to shoot  
them on sight, but they often do - and as for  
the rest of us, we're under strict orders to  
drive these drifters away.

With the adults it's easy -  
for no matter how sane they  
appear, no matter how much  
they reason or beg, one look at  
a faceful of oozing blisters is all  
it takes to discourage any notion  
of brotherly love.





*But sometimes you get kids...*

*Children, no older than nine or ten, they too carry the scars, they too are traumatised and are possibly quite insane. Glassy-eyed creatures, that stand and stare, mute and unresponsive.*

*And still we drive them away.*

*None of them are true mutants. Not yet anyway, but give it a few generations and they probably will be.*

*We just call them that because it helps us create a divide. A justification for how we, 'humanity' can be inhumane.*

*They're just victims. They're sick, they're diseased, they're starving and dying.*

*And do we help?*

No... We do not.



Instead we convince ourselves we're 'just following orders'.  
We make ourselves believe we're being kind – better to be  
turned away than shot by a trigger-happy gorilla. Right?

Maybe...

But perhaps better to be  
shot and have it over with,  
than die slow and alone  
out there in the wastelands.

It's prejudice.

That unfounded hatred,  
that fear and mistrust of  
'the other'.

I've dealt with it before,  
because of the colour  
of my skin, and I hated it.

I dealt with it again, because I  
was human, and I hated that too.

I deal with now because I'm  
weak and I'm afraid.

And I hate that most of all.

*Bruce MacDonald*