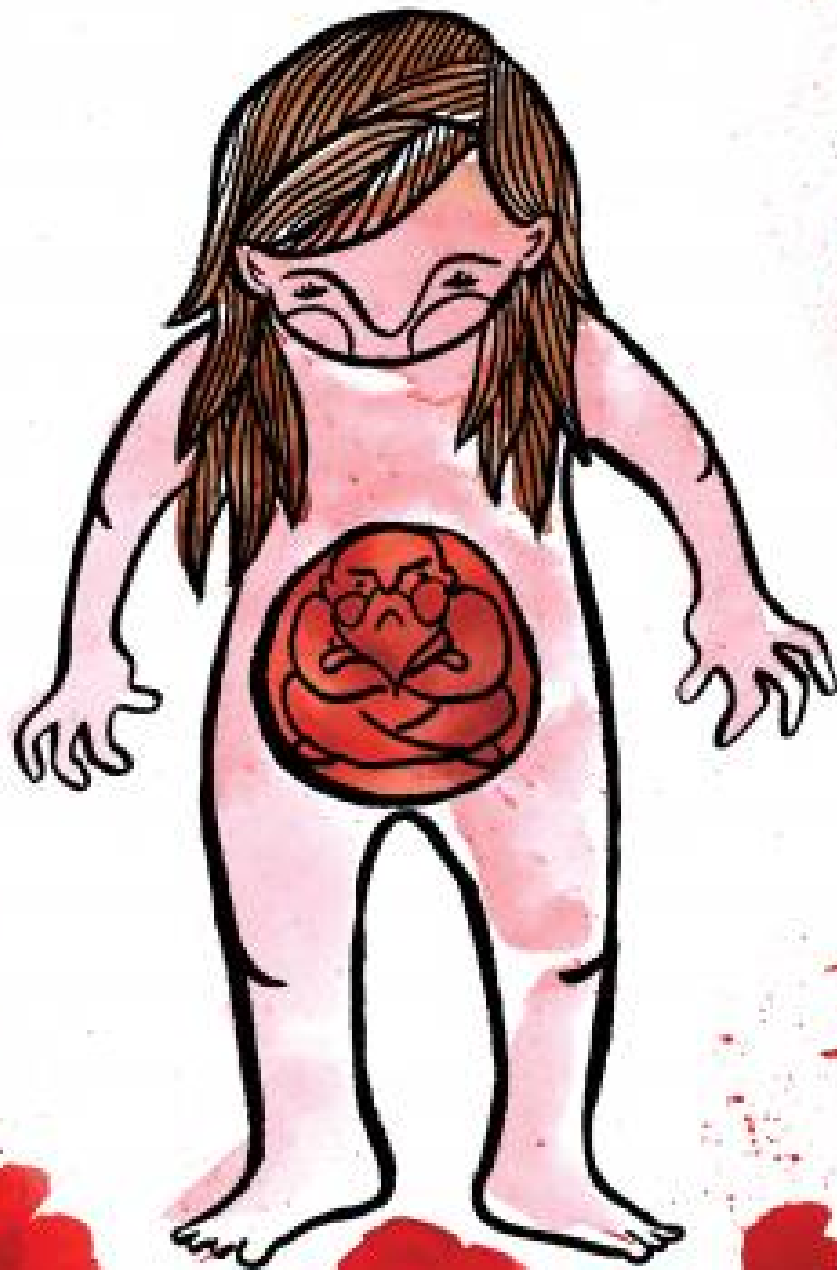
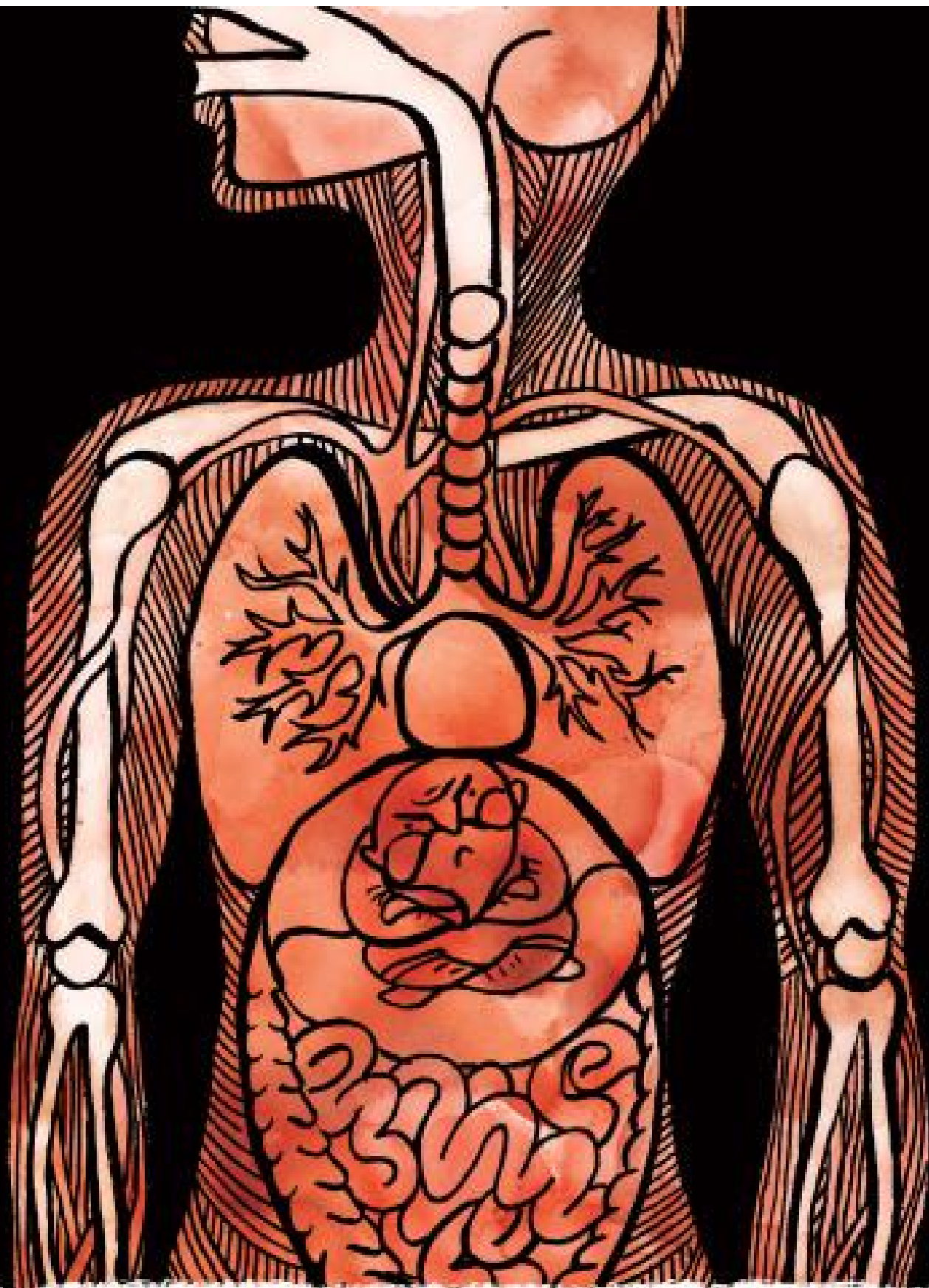


Confessions of a little FASCIST

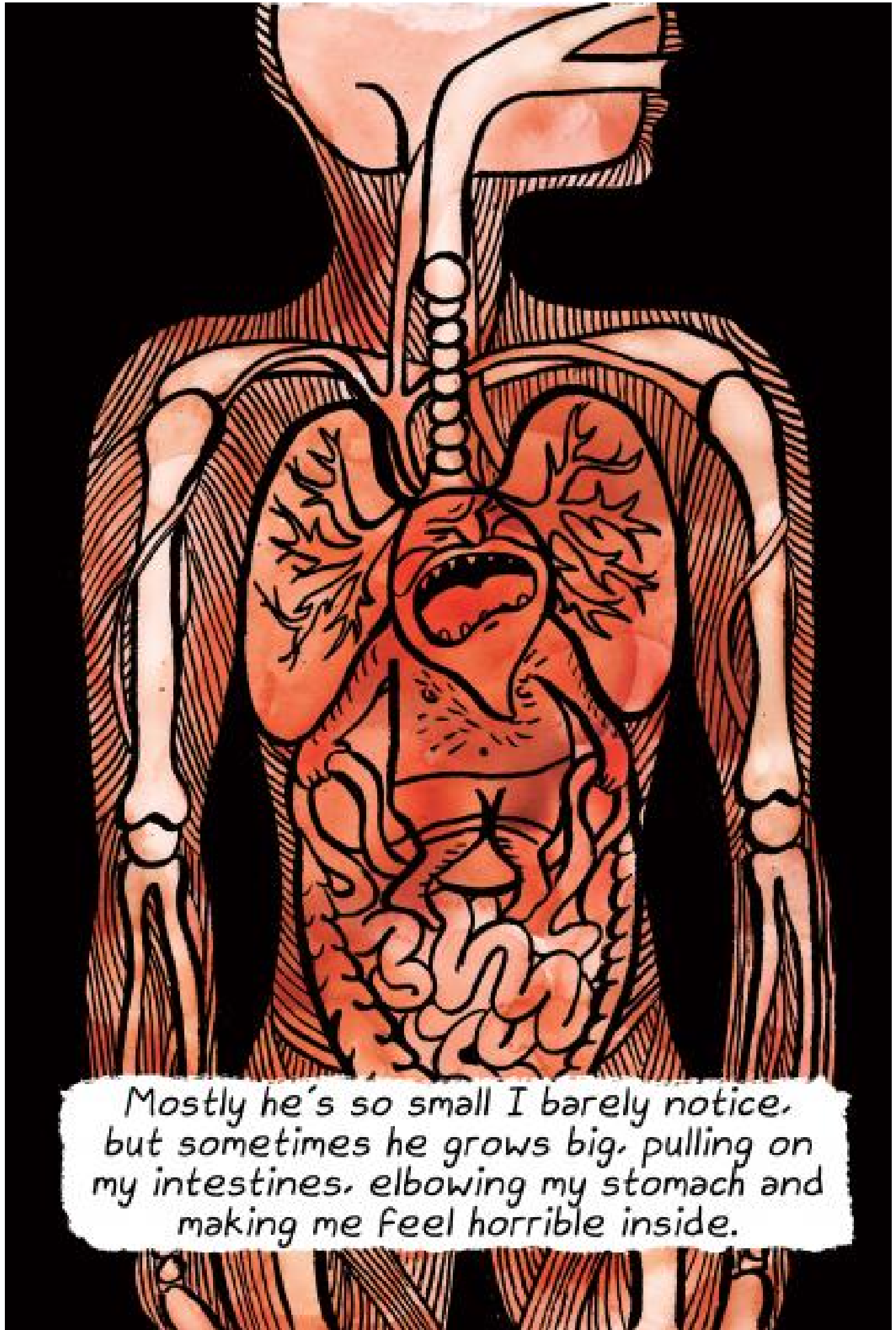




I am ashamed to tell you, dear reader, of a terrible, dark secret...



*Inside me, deep, deep down, squished
up against my gall bladder and stomach
lives a little fascist.*



Mostly he's so small I barely notice, but sometimes he grows big, pulling on my intestines, elbowing my stomach and making me feel horrible inside.

He's lived here for a while, but
I believe he began to grow,
like a terrible tumor,
when I was 8...



I had a friend.
A creative, funny
girl in my class.

We drew
together.

Danced
together.

And told
stories
together.

The only difference was- she was Muslim and I was Jewish. We knew that somewhere across sand and sea our brothers in the Middle East were blowing each other up because of this difference.



But with all the innocence of childhood we knew our friendship was stronger than a thousand armies.

But as we grew so did my little fascist and I began to notice things about her.



1. Her house had a funny smell of exotic spices I could not name.

2. Instead of having her own bed she had to share one with her mother.



3. She dressed strangely.



But this did not concern me. As her best friend I could fix her! My inner fascist reared it's ugly head.



Don't worry,
we'll give you
a make-over
and then
you'll be
cool!







Many years later I saw her walking down the street— an intelligent, confident young woman. My little fascist had shrunk in shame. I had been trying to turn her into me. But what a boring world it would be if we were all the same, right?

I stopped and thought: We all know how awful it is to be oppressed by other people's little fascists...

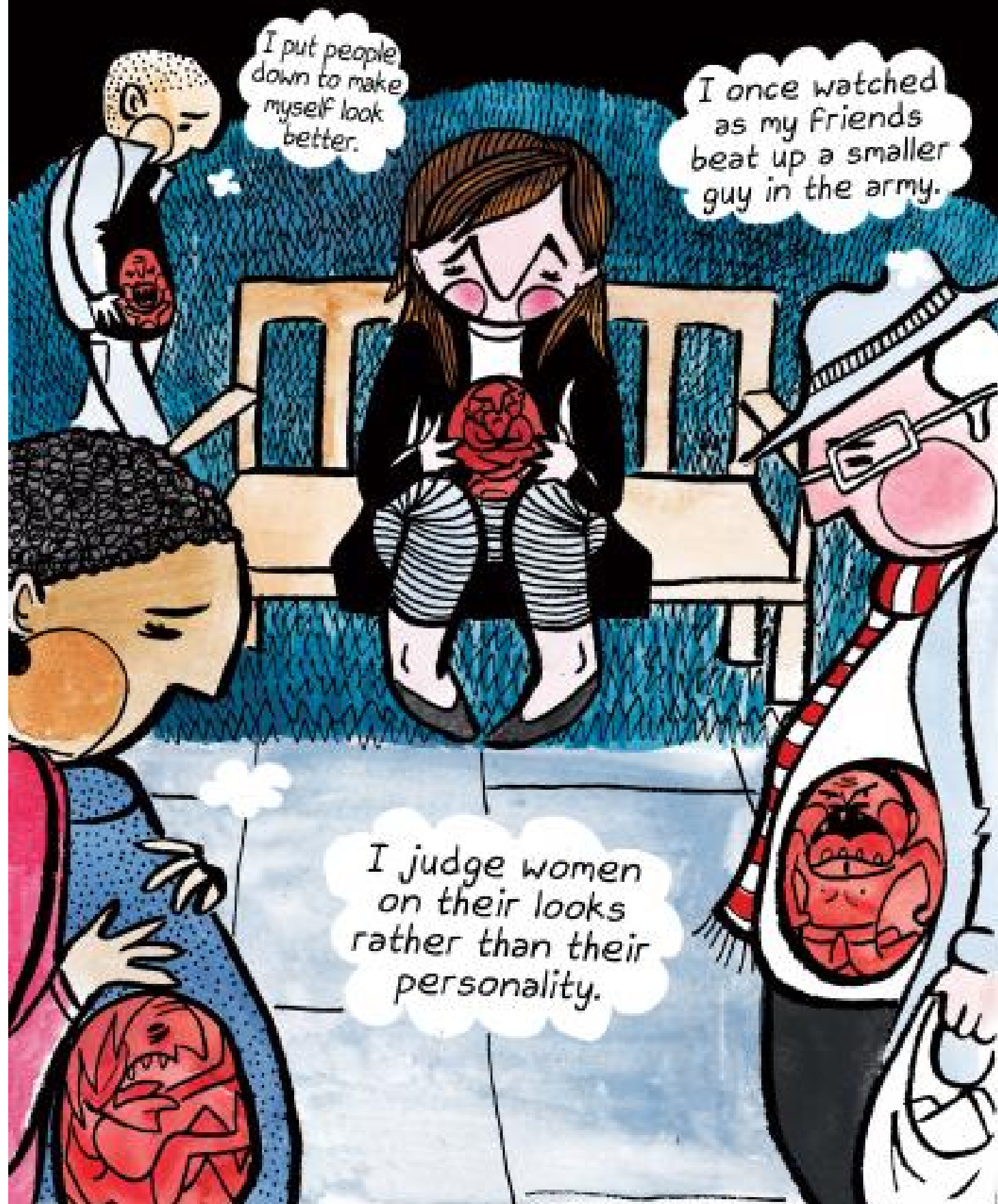
They come here and steal our jobs

I can't start a business because of the men in power

People don't know me yet the judge me by the colour of my skin.



...Yet it is so difficult to acknowledge the ways in which our little fascists oppress others. But if enough of us took personal responsibility, we could change the world.

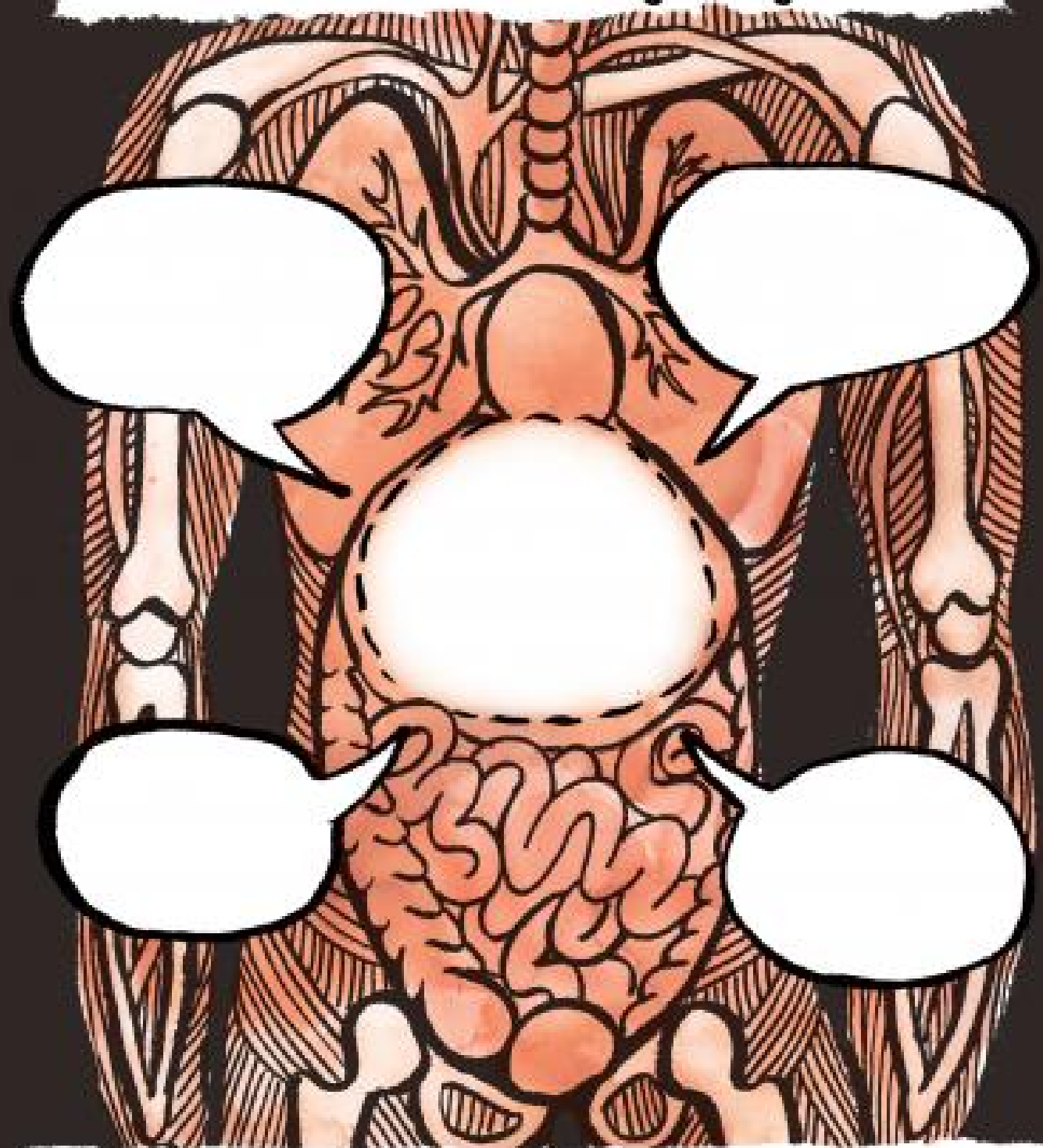


I put people down to make myself look better.

I once watched as my friends beat up a smaller guy in the army.

I judge women on their looks rather than their personality.

I've confessed to my little fascist, now it's your turn. What does yours look like? What do they say?



And what can you do to shut yours up?