

NOTHING EVER  
BURNS DOWN  
BY ITSELF  
EVERY FIRE  
NEEDS A LITTLE  
BIT OF HELP



For Crane, Arlen, and August.  
I hope everyone always does the voices  
right for you.



Not a garland,  
but a zine for May Day.  
by N.O. Bonzo





A little bit away from you, there is a small forest  
with a small pond and a small clearing.  
And in this forest, pond, and clearing, live many  
important and kind communities.

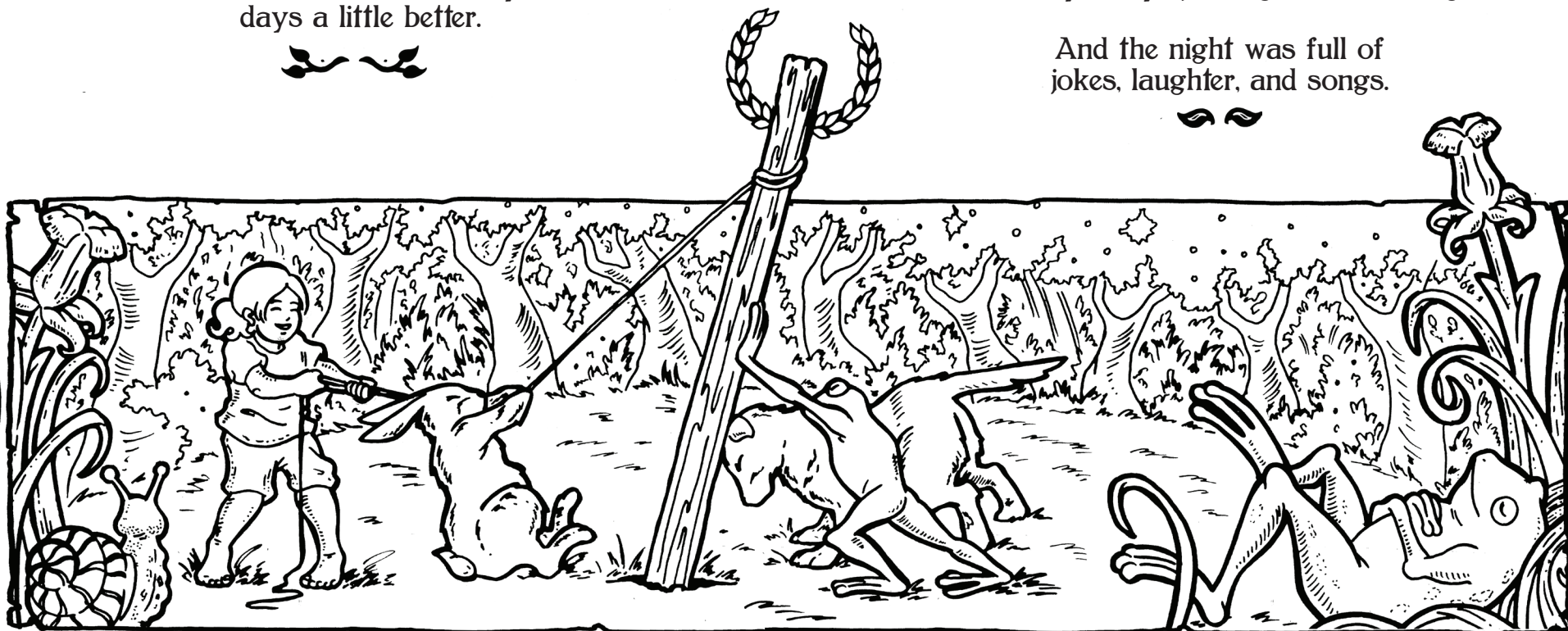
There are snails who always say "hello."  
There are frogs who play the sweetest songs.  
There are rabbits who make the  
yummiest pies. And turtles, and sparrows,  
and mice, and dogs, and bees, and even people.  
All who make so many wonderful  
contributions that make everyone's  
days a little better.



Everyone loved the forest. They cared about each  
other and knew that they all had a responsibility to  
keeping each other and the forest safe. If anyone ever  
got sick or hurt the whole forest came out to help. If  
anyone was hungry, they were fed. If the trees looked  
droopy, they all rushed to figure out what could be  
causing it.

Everyone agreed the best day of the year was May  
Day. There was feasting, and friends, and laughter.  
A giant Maypole would go up that everyone would  
dance around. The music attracted friends from all  
over who would be welcomed with big heaping plates  
of food and they'd stay up all night around a big bonfire.

And the night was full of  
jokes, laughter, and songs.



But on this year, a few days before the big day,  
a group of people no one had seen before  
came to the forest.

They stepped on the rabbits homes,  
they kicked over the frogs stage,  
and even knocked over their Maypole!  
They pounded signs into the trees.

*"We have bought the forest.  
We have bought the trees.  
It is ours now to do  
with whatever we please.*

*We're draining the pond, we're selling the wood.  
So get out now! If you know what's good!"*

Then, as quickly as they had come, the strange  
people got in their cars and drove away!



Everyone was stunned! What did this mean?  
No one could own the forest!  
This couldn't be right!

There must be a mistake. These people were  
playing a joke....right?  
But it didn't feel like a joke. It felt scary and serious.

*"We'll talk to them. We'll make them all see  
This place is our home,  
and it can't be got in a buying spree."*

But the developers wouldn't hear them  
and laughed on their phones.  
Talking about ownership, deeds, property and zones.

They were told to call senators  
and write a petition.  
But come eviction day no one would listen!



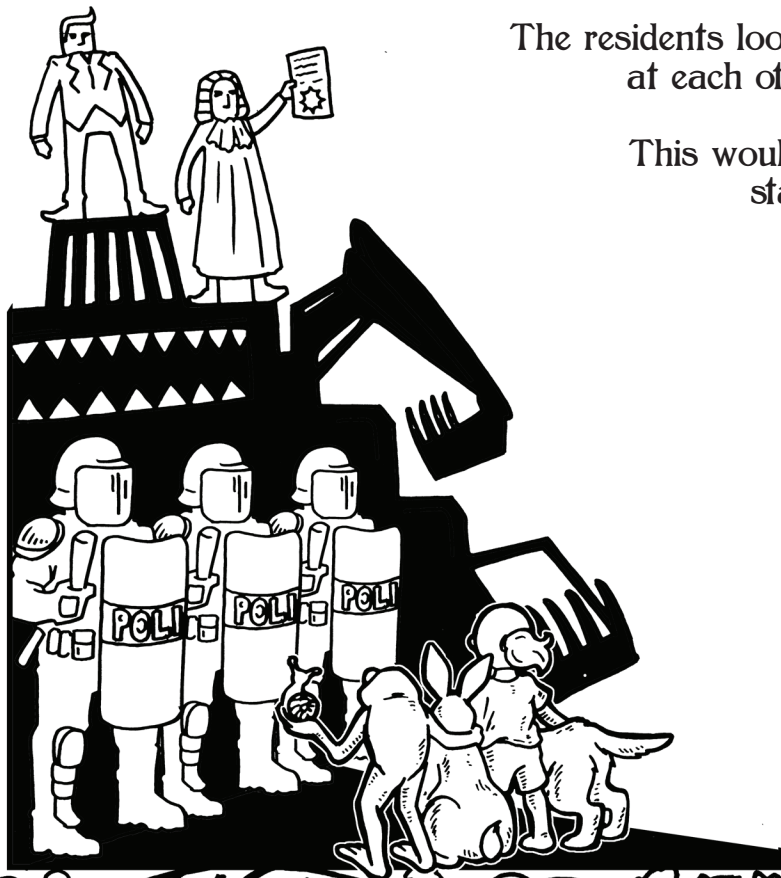


The strange people came back,  
and they weren't alone!  
They had monstorous machines for tearing up the  
earth and cutting down the trees.  
They had riot cops for bumping people on the head  
and spraying them with gas. They had lawyers,  
judges, and papers too!

*"You've been evicted! Didn't you read the sign!?  
If you stay here, we'll get you in line!  
I have a piece of paper right here,  
It makes everything mine far and near.  
It's signed by a judge and stamped with a seal  
there's nothing you can do, not even appeal."*

The residents looked  
at each other.

This wouldn't  
stand.



*"We don't care what you say,  
we don't follow your law,  
This forest is a commonwealth, so withdraw!"*

The men laughed. The lawyers pointed to pieces of  
paper. The machines turned on.

The riot cops ran into the crowd and started hitting  
everyone with clubs and spraying them with  
painful gas. They took residents away.

*"You're coming with us, we're throwing you in jail.  
Give up now. You're all doomed to fail  
The forest is ours now you punks' time is over  
we'll be back tomorrow for a total takeover."*

Everyone was devastated. They took care of each  
others hurts and tried to clean up the mess. Animals  
had cuts and bruises all over. But what to do?!  
The riot cops said they'd be back tomorrow.



*"They won't take the forest if cannot be bought.  
We will plan together and foil their plot.  
Not everything is theirs to buy and sell.  
We'll give them a riot they won't soon quell!"*

Everyone cheered and then they got busy.  
Shields, slingshots, and wrenches all gathered in the  
blink of an eye. They put barricades up and made  
some trenches. They would not let anyone hurt them  
or the forest again.

When the machines and riot cops showed up the next  
day, they were shocked the residents had decided to  
stay.

*"What's up with you rabble, the fix is in!  
There's no way you think you can win."*

But this time.  
No one would stand down.



They knew how important it was to defend each  
other. That no one had a right to use a forest for  
private gain or take away anyone's home.

*"You thought you could beat us,  
You thought we would go away  
But we love each other,  
And we are here to stay"*

Shields went up and a drum started beating.  
Everyone started chanting.  
Their voices repeating!

This time the riot cops, developers, and  
judges would be the ones with bruises.

At the end of the day, their tools  
all lay in burning rubble.  
They retreated, the forest was too much trouble.









*"Today we have won, and we will never forget,  
The men who came here are still a threat  
We'll get their names and get their addresses  
we won't let them soon forget our successes!"*

*They locked up our friends and clubbed our heads  
but we have won and our story will spread  
They thought they could scam  
and thought they could scheme,  
but they have no place in our loving shared dream*

*This land is in common, a treasury for all  
And we will defend it, tooth, claw and paw."*

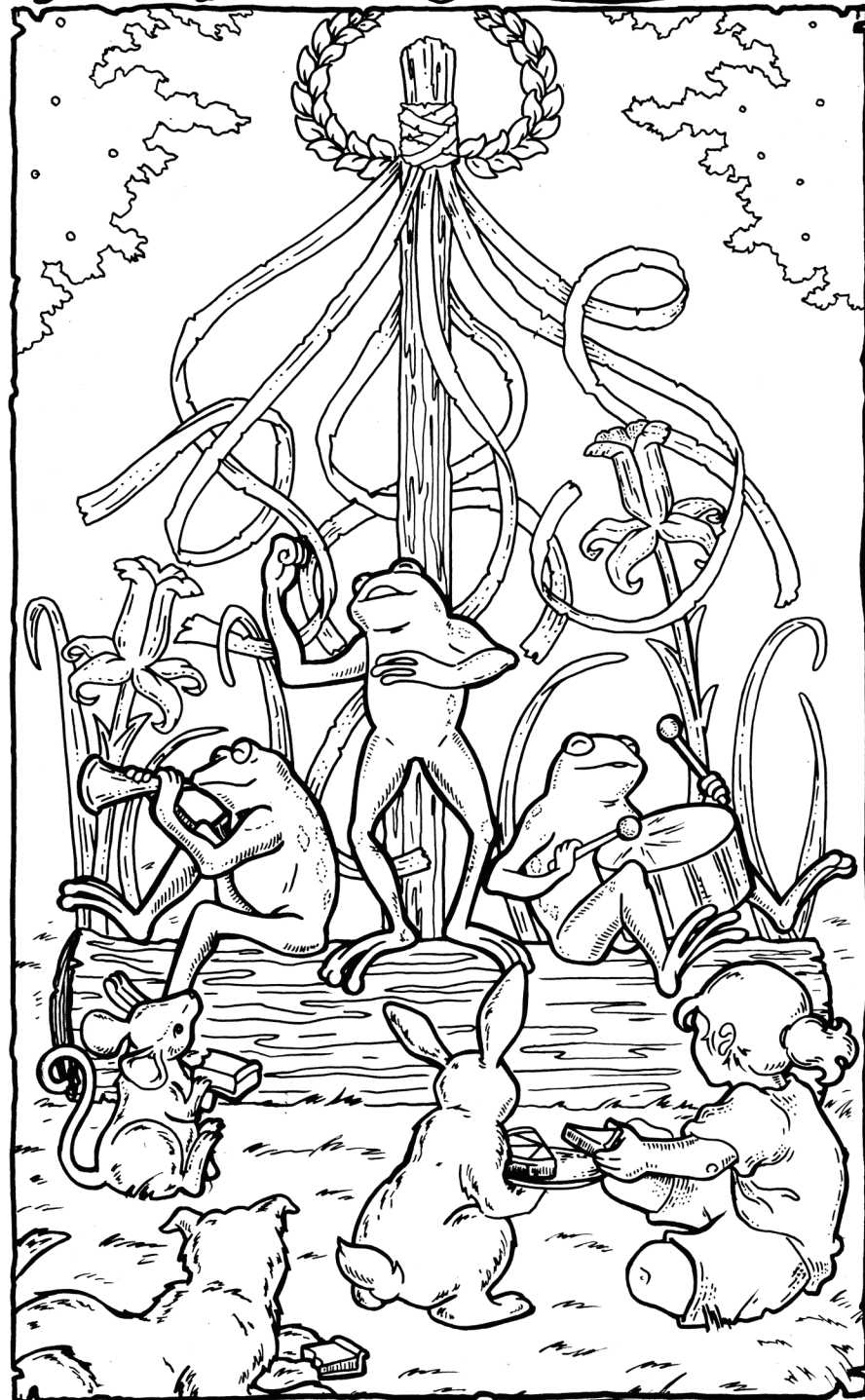
The developers were terrified. Their machines were  
broken, their riot cops gone, and their prisons on fire.  
Even their lawyers had fled.  
They spread the word.

A year later and the forest remains safe.  
No more developers, cops, or lawyers came.

With a new Mayday came  
a new story to tell.

Visitors still came from other little forests, ponds, and  
clearings. They ate the rabbits pies and listened to the  
frogs music. They danced around the Maypole and  
helped tend the bonfire.

And when everyone is together, they tell their  
favorite story. The story they made with each other,  
How through love, care, and determination they kept  
the forest safe and their fires burning.







**ALL POWER  
TO THE  
IMAGINATION**