



# Hardly Heathens

by D.R. Smith

...why is this *religion* class taught by Mr. Alvarez, he wondered; a *layman* who doubled as the academy's Spanish teacher in a parochial school run by Marist Brothers?

...His father upheld stalwart pride of having roots tracing to one of the original Acadian settlers... and married a full blooded Souriquois

...his daydreaming wandering to resentful memories of his family being maligned as worthless half-breeds, heathens, or snubbed as rural riffraff

...he and his father sat by the warming hearth, captivated by her solemn face aglow within the softened firelight as she recounted tales of when the first settlers came ashore

...a Pied Piper plying his own zealot's tune upon student lemmings. *How is he any different than the 'stupid prophetic butts' sent scurrying down his driveway?*

...Ricky recalled yet another solemn, but simplistic precept his mother taught him: "ki choonah quahog nah hotay..."