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Sunday and Holidays: 12 - 4

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Monday to Friday:

9 - 12 & 1 - 4:30

Saturday: 12 - 3

Sundays and Holidays: Closed



Open 12pm to 8pm Thursday - Sunday
(Pizza after 3pm Friday-Sunday)

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by Mark Prior

facebook.com/markprior.images

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*The opinions expressed herein do not
necessarily reflect the views of the
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**2026 Denman Island
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Residents & Advertisers:
please submit changes
and new listings to
denmanislanddirectory@gmail.com or
250-335-1483 by Monday, March 16.
New advertisers welcome:
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Proceeds benefit Arts Denman

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We are seeking artwork across all disciplines that reflects the beauty, importance, and fragility of marine life with a particular focus on herring and their ecological connections.

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**HERRING
FEST26**
CIRCLES OF LIFE

hornbyarts

CIVIL TOMAS: critical to the herring diet

Denman Island Free Store News

By Andrew Pringle



The Denman Island Freestore (aka the Reusable Store):
Hours: Thursday 3 -5 and Saturday 9 -12:30
Location: Old School basement

Thank you to all volunteers for their time and energy and community members who donated beautiful things which provide a boost to people's lives.
That spirit has kept the freestore open for over 30 years.

Regarding your donations, there are very few basic considerations which will help everyone:

1. Always wash and fold clothing,
2. Never donate damaged material,
3. Never leave articles outside if the freestore is closed.

The freestore is completely run by volunteers and there is a need for more helping hands.

It is overwhelming how many bags and boxes are donated every week. It is just as amazing how much goes directly into the garbage or delivered to charities in town.

Please consider volunteering at the freestore in 2026. We need your help, sorting clothes, unpacking books, displaying things, cleaning up, etcetera.

To volunteer, show anytime the freestore is open and you will be trained and assigned a task.



2026 Denman Island Phone Directory

By Ian Lark

Production of the 2026 Denman Phone Directory is now underway.

Are you new to the Island or recently moved? Please submit changes and new listings to denmanislanddirectory@gmail.com (preferred), or leave a message at 250-335-1483 by Monday, March 16. We rely on your feedback to keep the Directory accurate and up-to-date - if you spot any errors or omissions, please let us know!

The Denman Phone Directory is the go-to resource for island goods and services, and ad rates represent excellent value for money! New advertisers and business listings are always welcome.

This project is a fundraiser for Arts Denman, and proceeds benefit a wide range of arts programming on the Island.



TIDE TABLE

• Secondary Tidal Station Ford Cove •
• Source: tides.gc.ca •

2026-01-29 (Thu)		
Time PDT (m)		(ft)
04:08	4.615	15.1
08:34	3.967	13.0
13:01	4.581	15.0
21:04	0.547	1.8
2026-01-30 (Fri)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
04:53	4.800	15.7
09:42	3.879	12.7
14:09	4.580	15.0
21:57	0.394	1.3
2026-01-31 (Sat)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
05:34	4.908	16.1
10:38	3.709	12.2
15:13	4.591	15.1
22:46	0.347	1.1
2026-02-01 (Sun)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
06:10	4.967	16.3
11:29	3.481	11.4
16:14	4.575	15.0
23:31	0.427	1.4
2026-02-02 (Mon)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
06:44	4.999	16.4
12:17	3.210	10.5
17:11	4.504	14.8
2026-02-03 (Tue)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
00:13	0.646	2.1
07:14	5.017	16.5
13:03	2.908	9.5
18:08	4.373	14.3
2026-02-04 (Wed)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
00:52	0.998	3.3
07:42	5.021	16.5
13:50	2.595	8.5
19:05	4.199	13.8
2026-02-05 (Thu)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
01:28	1.460	4.8
08:08	4.998	16.4
14:35	2.299	7.5
20:05	4.009	13.2



Monster Hunters ch.5

By Quinn Ireland

Ben sat in the bright, breathtaking classroom of dangerous forests. The walls were filled with pictures of enchanted trees and dark, spooky forests. Ben was always interested in nature. He and Johnny had gone camping two summers ago. Ben can still remember finding the amazing waterfall. They had been exploring around the campground when Johnny spotted a cave in the ground near the outhouses. They had followed that cave for twenty minutes. It was full of all sorts of greenery and moss. At the end of the cave there was an amazing view of a waterfall leading into a river. Ben had taken at least sixty pictures with his digital camera. This is when Ben was first fascinated with nature and caves. "Good afternoon class," said a woman who was sitting at a teacher's desk in the corner of the classroom. She was short with long, chestnut brown hair. She wore a fire-red sweater with tall leather boots and even longer neon orange socks. "You don't need your textbooks today, just your listening ears," she said with a smile. "I understand that we have a new student here today, Welcome Ben." Ben liked that she didn't draw much attention to him, unlike Mr. Goodsnick. "My name is Mrs. Fonsborrow, I am the dangerous forests teacher here." Ben responded with a nod. "Now, let's get started." She spoke. She then walked to the front of the class, "A lush, green forest is nature's greatest gift." was the first thing that she said. All the kids sat and looked at her. "I adore forests, but beware! Don't get lost in the woods of horror." She paused for a dramatic effect. "For in these woods you will only find three creatures, the ogre, the werewolf, and Tyborwink." Ben's classmates whispered to one another. "Then a girl asked: 'has the woods of horror always been bad?'" "An excellent question Jessica," replied Mrs. Fonsborrow, "Those woods used to be a beautiful forest with rushing rivers and waterfalls, it was full of greenery for all of the animals," she paused before saying: "Eighteen years ago, Tyborwink took over the forest, all of the animals left except for the Ogres and the Werewolf's. "The Ogres live in the stone caves of terror, the Werewolf's live in the forbidden underground tunnels. "Where does Tyborwink live then?" asked a boy. "Tyborwink roams the forest every night, looking for

a lost wandering person to curse. After hearing this conversation, Ben wanted to hide forever. How was he the one who was going to defeat Tyborwink?

Ten minutes later, ben walked out of the dangerous forests class. Johnny came up behind him and patted him on the back. "What do we have next?" asked Ben. "Workout hour," said Johnny with a smile.



Hey Let's Go Sing

By Kathy Rieder



Community Choir Starting Thursday Feb 5 2:30pm
Now it is time to get back to singing together. We welcome all and any of you to join us. You are welcome to come for 2 weeks before you pay your choir fee, just to check us out. I find choir meets so many needs. It is something to look forward to every week, it keeps me connected to the community and I meet and appreciate people I would never know otherwise. We are very fortunate to have a wonderful choir director here on Denman. Bethany Ireland is a UVic Music graduate, a great pianist and an inspired choir director. She brings youthful enthusiasm to every session and she is never critical. We meet at the Community Hall in the Back Hall. We sing 4 part harmony, and all voices are welcome. You do not have to read music to sing with us. If you would like more info, call Kathy Rieder 250 335 0559 or kathyrieder@telus.net. Cost is sliding scale \$120.00 to \$160.00 for 12 sessions and a concert. Arts Denman members (membership \$10) are eligible for a grant of \$150.00 per year for musical education.

PM Mark Carney's Shocking Confession

By Keith Porteous

In an unprecedented admission, Canadian Prime Minister Mark Carney said the quiet part out loud at the 2026 World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. What wasn't surprising is that no corporate or state sponsored news source reported it honestly, as if to make Carney's unexpected rhetorical point for him. Carney says that governments and media have been "pretending" that there's a "rules based international order" when we all knew it wasn't true. As admitted liars, what else are they lying about?



"The strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must," said Carney, quoting ancient Greek historian Thucydides, saying less powerful countries have gone along with the facade where they've benefited from the lies. Now that Trump has taken the mask off the ugly face of Empire, Carney claims that we can no longer go along with this "pleasant fiction" because it's no longer rewarded, and everyone knows it's a lie that was never true. It's a fiction where people have knowingly suspended their disbelief.

Carney cites a parable as told by Vaclav Havel, the former Czech dissident and later its President. It's the story of a shopkeeper who kept a sign in his window that supported state sponsored propaganda, just like all the other shopkeepers did, "going along to get along." Havel claimed that the Czech revolution began when the first shopkeeper took his sign out of the window. Carney says that now is the time for "middle powers" to take their self-serving signs out of their shop windows, because they no longer benefit from them. Wow!

Of course he then went on to support Trump's "Board of Peace" for Palestine, of which Trump is the Chairman, and more proxy war in Ukraine, immediately reversing his rare moment of transparency. He also stated that Canada will work with the U.S. on the "Golden Dome" missile defence apparatus that is wildly expensive, entirely ineffective, and further destabilizing to the deterrence of a nuclear apocalypse. Apparently Russia and

China, halfway around the world, are "potentially" a threat to Arctic sovereignty. Really?

For a brief few minutes Carney spoke the truth, if even for reasons that are disingenuous. He then returned to the globalist script, stating that Canada is an "energy superpower" that has cut corporate taxes and cleared the obstacle of environmental review and First Nations consent for more resource extraction mega-projects. Instead of investing in the diversification of the economy, Carney is diversifying the "trade partners" for exports of raw materials, rather than supporting secondary processes for domestic manufacturing.

Carney is also committed to increasing the financialization of the economy, where the banks posted a record \$70 billion in profits this last year, while working families and individuals are increasingly struggling to stay afloat. Canada can raise military spending to \$150 billion a year without debate, but "can't afford" better healthcare, housing, education, and public transportation for regular people. When will WE take our signs out of OUR windows and stop pretending that the Liberals or Conservatives give a damn about us?

If "the people" do not occupy the governing table, we'll be on the menu.



Shucking Oysters: Not Coming to a Theatre Near You

By Alex Allen

SPECIAL INTEREST

As if the book wasn't enough; now we have the film. Watch as she orchestrates and navigates with expertise. See exclusive footage of critical meetings, private conversations and "never-before-seen environments." Yes, the world will be given an "unprecedented, behind-the-scenes look" into the riveting 20 days leading up to the 2025 Presidential Inauguration through the steely eyes of Melania.

The documentary MELANIA (yes, in all caps), is set to premiere by reservation *continued on P.6...*

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only in 1,400 theatres in 27 countries on January 30. After a day of threatening the “governor of Canada” with 100% tariffs, defending another fatal shooting in Minnesota, Trump attended a private White House screening over the weekend that Melania hosted for family and close friends, like former boxer Mike Tyson. Guests got Melania shwag: framed Melania screening tickets, black and white cookies bearing her name, a limited-edition version of her book, *Melania*, and commemorative black and white Melania popcorn boxes. Snacks included black and white M&Ms, black and white chocolate-covered pretzels, black and white macaroons and a huge display of white cake pops. All this for what one described as “a remake of *Pretty Woman* only with vile people and an unhappy ending.”

The vanity project, for which Jeff Bezos’ Amazon paid a staggering \$40 million – the largest documentary deal in history – is expected to bomb horribly in theatres worldwide. The film, which has already spent \$35 million over and above in marketing, may barely pull in \$5 million this opening weekend.

The night before the world premiere, Donald and Melania will be attending a red-carpet event at the Trump-Kennedy Center in Washington. Donald gushed weeks before that “Everybody – Wayne Gretzky and his wife ... everybody wants tickets.” The following day, 21 invitation-only concurrent screenings will happen across the US, including Minneapolis. Reports say Jeff Bezos has ordered Amazon executives to physically attend the premieres, not to celebrate the success, but to create the illusion of support. Sadly, no showings up in Canada. We’ll just have to wait for it on Prime Video.

The trailer truly says it all. Like some James Bond parody it starts with the first lady getting out of a limo, sporting a pair of black stiletto boots, and then over to the East Wing residence where she stands in her “stunning white and black inaugural ball gown” and smiles at the camera. The film highlights her bold fashion choices, diplomatic engagements and Secret

Service protection operations. One gripping scene cuts to Melania asking for security detail, “Is it safe?” with the agent replying, “It is safe,” before cutting to sirens and a motorcade driving through a city.

The trailer then ends with Melania coyly calling “Mr. President” to say “congratulations.” “Did you watch it?” Trump asks over the phone. “I did not. Yeah, I

will see it on the news,” Melania cryptically responds. Selecting that particular exchange as the climax of the trailer is a weird one. She lingered in silence, fingertips grazing the cool surface of the marble. The air around her was still, heavy with the weight of impending doom.

“It’s not a documentary; it’s a film that takes you on a cinematic journey,” Marc Beckman, exclusive advisor and co-producer explained. “Melania wanted the film to be cinematic in nature. It’s launching only in movie theaters.” I guess a documentary focused on 20 days of

Melania planning the inauguration of the most despised man in the world, kind of lacks the drama and conflict we viewers are used to seeing these days.

Of course, nothing that involves a Trump is without controversy. The project was directed by X-Men director Brett Ratner, marking a comeback before he was blacklisted in Hollywood in 2017 following a string of sexual harassment allegations. Ratner also appears in a photo in the latest batch of Jeffrey Epstein files released in December. As Dean Blundell wrote, “if you’re producing a documentary designed to polish the image of the Trump universe, choosing a director whose name now appears in Epstein-adjacent materials is not a coincidence – it’s audacity.” Or arrogance or both. To Blundell, the film is about “soft lighting, expensive coats, and a director who knows how to make emptiness look intentional.”

The Trump line between politics and money is once again blurred. It was reported that the US delegation’s flight to Davos was filled to the brim with MELANIA movie posters, highlighting the administration’s determination to turn the movie into a blockbuster global event. Some international screenings are even being hosted by Trump-appointed

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ambassadors.

The movie comes just a year after Melania, the book, was released. And now one can purchase a special collector's edition of her book containing exclusive images she photographed at the White House and around the world. "The striking view from my room as my husband returns to the White House aboard Marine One," describes one photo. Continuing in her rich narrative: "The helicopter's iconic silhouette against the skyline symbolizes his commitment to service, while the surrounding landscape serves as a reminder of the responsibilities he carries."

On Melania's website (as opposed to the Trump Empire website), for \$25 you can purchase her book Melania, in AI audio, narrated in her distinctive voice in broken English, Spanish, Portuguese and Hindi. Or how about \$250 for her full-colour 256-page signed collector edition Melania? Or possibly her 184-page autographed Melania book for \$150? Or without the pomp and circumstance, the no-frill Melania for a mere \$40 (or \$8.29 at Thrift Books).

The book covers more than 20 days, from her humble beginnings in Slovenia to her fateful hook-up. Spoiler ... Donald was on a date in 1998 with a wealthy Norwegian heiress when Melania first caught his eye. He tried to get her phone number, but because he was with another woman, she turned him down. In true Trump fashion, he still gave her his number and from then on she "was captivated by his charm and easygoing nature." What is more chilling is that Donald Trump and Jeffrey Epstein both dated that Norwegian beauty with the unforgettable name, Celina Midelfart. In 1995, 44-year-old Jeffrey Epstein dated the 22-year-old and three years later, Midelfart with daddy issues dated 52-year-old-Donald Trump. Always three degrees of separation.

Stuart Heritage in The Guardian put it succinctly, "in reality, you'll probably end up skipping MELANIA to watch something less depressing, like Die My Love or a documentary about asbestos inhalation."



Victoria Cannabis Buyers Club Marks 30 Years of Illegal Compassion

By VCBC

PRESS RELEASE

For Immediate Release

Saturday, January 24, 2026

Victoria, B.C.: Against all odds, the Victoria Cannabis Buyers Club will be celebrating 30 years of providing cannabis products to patients on Sunday January 25th. The celebration is open to friends and members, young and old, and will feature a potluck followed by a talent show and fire spinning with DJs playing in the background. It is being held at the Fernwood Community Center at 1240 Gladstone Avenue from 4 to 11 pm.



Despite 8 raids, millions of dollars in fines, pandemics, evictions, too many deaths to want to remember, staff meltdowns and insurrections, board resignations, insurance scares, lawsuits, bylaw officers, Island Health officials, Worksafe inspections, Canada Revenue Agency investigations, and, of course, several snowstorms, the VCBC has remained open every day possible for 30 years. Along the way, the VCBC has fought all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada, winning a unanimous decision in 2015 that made cannabis edible and extracts legal for patients in the medical cannabis program.

The VCBC is not only the first medical compassion club to operate in Canada, but it now also appears to be the last. The legal medical cannabis program does not allow for storefront access or high dosage edibles, and every compassion club in the country has been shut down by the government or closed out of fear. Since legalization the VCBC has been raided 3 times and faces fines of \$3.2 million.

With over 9,000 patients served over 30 years, the VCBC has become a pillar in Victoria and in the history of cannabis in Canada. Starting with a pager and a pamphlet while living in a van, founder Ted Smith has witnessed an incredible transformation in the club and in Canadian society over these three decades. With such a rich history of patient advocacy and deep connections in the industry, the VCBC anticipates the next 30 years will be even more amazing.

For more information contact Ted Smith at 250-415-1063 or hellovcbc@gmail.com.



The Rose Carriage

Gabriel Jeroschewitz, December 3rd, 2025

Dedicated to and inspired by Arthur Rimbaud

It had been one hundred and seventy-two winters since Arthur Rimbaud was born, though in truth, for those of us who spoke about him in hushed tones over wine, the years meant little. Time — for Rimbaud — was a debtor's illusion. His ghost roamed wherever words disobeyed their masters. That night, I boarded the rose-colored carriage. It was the sort of train car no railway company admits to owning. Its exterior shimmered faintly under the frost-covered lamps, a blush of pink that looked almost alive against the midnight tracks. Inside, the upholstery was an impossible shade of blue — the kind you would swear belonged in a dream, the hue that clings to a lover's eyes just before they vanish. It smelled faintly of old paper and something more feral, something that whispered of places without maps. She was already there. Louise sat in the far corner, her back to the window, her gloved hands folded neatly in her lap. The overhead gaslight cut alternating shadows across her face; it made her beauty seem momentary, as though the train itself was deciding whether to keep her or let her fade into the dark world we passed through. She looked up at me when I entered, and in that look was history — not hers, not mine, but someone else's: the history of all who had followed words into danger. The carriage lurched forward, beginning its slow consumption of the rails. Outside, the night compressed itself against the frosted glass. Plains, skeletal forests, and half-forgotten hamlets slid past like fleeting thoughts. Somewhere beyond the horizon, wolves howled — I could not tell if they ran ahead of us or followed. I did not know exactly where we were going. Louise had only said, "It's a pilgrimage. You'll understand when we arrive." Her voice carried an accent that folded Parisian elegance into something older and colder — a provincial



undertone, the kind Rimbaud himself might have had before his words devoured him. She had spoken of him earlier, in the station's café, eyes bright as if remembering a lover she'd never touched.

"We'll see the place where he stopped writing," she had whispered, as though even the station walls might overhear and forbid it.

Hours passed.

The rhythm of the train became a kind of breathing, a heartbeat that was not my own. Louise leaned her head against the window, eyes closed. Every so often, her lips moved — not opening, but shifting slightly, as though tasting syllables that belonged to another century.

I watched frost trace patterns across the glass. Shadows — real shadows — began to appear outside, moving against the snow as though they had weight. Some were

long-limbed figures, too tall for men. Others loped on all fours, their bodies dripping darkness like tar. They were not reflections. I could see their breath clouding the night air.

For a terrible moment, I felt that if I slid the window open, they would climb inside.

Louise shivered.

Her eyes opened, and she

turned toward me.

"Ignore them," she said softly. "It's only the nocturnal realm. He wrote about it once — before he left us."

Her gloved hand brushed her cheek. She froze.

"Did you feel that?" she asked.

I hadn't.

She leaned closer. I saw a red mark just below her jawline, a faint crescent, as though something small — no larger than a spider — had traced its way there while we sat.

"It kissed me," she murmured, and smiled — not warmly, but in a way that made my skin prickle.

The shadows outside drew nearer.

The train slowed. Steam hissed from beneath us, curling into the cold air like serpents.

We arrived at a station that should not exist. There were no signs. No porters. Only a single lamp, flickering, illuminating a platform swallowed by blackness beyond its edge.

Louise stepped down from

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the carriage without hesitation, her boots whispering against the thin crust of snow. I followed.

"This is where he boarded his last train," she said. "From here, he went away from poetry forever." Her eyes drifted toward the dark forest beyond the platform. The shadows were there too, larger now, clustering around the trees. I could hear their low growls — not animal, not wholly human. We began to walk, leaving the station behind. The forest swallowed us.

Inside the woods, there was no wind. The air was heavy, damp with a smell that reminded me of wet ink. My boots sank slightly into the soft, yielding soil, almost alive.

Louise spoke in fragments, as if translating something invisible that passed between the branches.

"He saw wolves here — black ones. Not the kind that hunt flesh. These hunt memory. They strip you of your past, your words, your name."

I thought I heard one behind us, pacing softly. I dared not look.

"He escaped them once," she went on, "but in doing so, he left everything behind."

Her voice broke off. She stopped walking.

We had reached a small clearing. In the center stood a collapsed wooden bench, half-buried under snow. On it lay a single sheet of paper, impossibly white for the grim surroundings. The ink upon it was fresh enough to glisten under the weak moon.

Louise stepped forward and lifted the page. She read aloud:

"When the beast kisses you, it takes your voice. To find it again, you must hunt it through the night."

She folded the paper and hid it in her coat.

That was when I felt it — a tickle against my own cheek. Small, deliberate. It traced down my neck like a living thread. I slapped at it but found only air.

Louise watched me with something between pity and hunger.

"It's chosen you," she said.

The forest changed as we walked. The trees thinned, replaced by twisted metal poles and shards of glass that crunched underfoot. The wolves kept pace, always just beyond sight, their breath rattling the edges of my hearing.

We came upon another train — not moving, not new. Its carriages were rusted, paint flaking away to reveal bones of steel beneath. Yet one carriage stood un-

touched: rose-colored, upholstery the same impossible blue as before.

Louise climbed inside. I followed.

It was warm here, unnaturally so. The cushions sank deeply beneath us, swallowing our weight.

"Tonight, you'll find the beast," Louise said, reclining against the seat. "We'll take our time."

The lamp inside flickered, casting shadows across the walls that did not match our movements. The wolves' eyes glowed in the doorway, but they did not enter.

I felt the tickle again, more insistent. It moved along my neck, across my collarbone, vanishing whenever I reached for it. My heartbeat matched the train's slow rhythm, though the train was not moving.

"It's not in a hurry," she murmured. "It knows you won't leave."

Her hand brushed mine. It was cold.

Time seems to dissolve in places like that. I could not tell whether minutes or hours had passed before I realized the lamp had gone out, leaving only the dim reflection of moonlight on the cushions.

Louise was no longer beside me.

The tickle on my skin became a pressure — small, precise, as though teeth were testing the surface. I closed my eyes. The carriage smelled stronger now, almost suffocating, like ink and earth and something metallic. Somewhere in the dark, a voice spoke — not hers, not mine.

"I left before I wrote the last word. You will write it for me."

A shape moved at the far end of the carriage. Its outline was human only in the way shadows sometimes pretend to be human. It approached with soundless steps.

I felt my mouth open — to speak, to question — but no words came.

The beast had kissed me, and my voice was gone.

When the train finally moved, I did not know whether it was carrying us back to the station or deeper into the forest. The wolves followed still, their eyes twin embers in the cold. Louise sat across from me now, her gloved hands folded. She was smiling faintly.

Outside, the nocturnal realm stretched on without end.

And somewhere beyond the window, I knew Arthur Rimbaud was still walking — silent, untamed, and just out of reach.



Woowoo Healing:

By Jean Gordy

Today I am going to introduce you to the NO Foods from the Medical Medium Anthony William materials. Before I do that though I thought I'd talk about the cleanse I am presently on day 3 of. The cleanse I am doing is called the 3-6-9 Liver Cleanse, and there are 3 versions; Simplified, Original and Advanced. I am doing the Original. In 5 years on the general Medical Medium Protocol I have only done this cleanse once, and I did the Simplified. Truthfully I have been dragging my feet because I haven't had the internal motivation. What has motivated me this year though is problems in my body that have exacerbated over the last few years. This includes but it not limited to painful sciatic issues on my left side, a tight Achilles tendon on the left, and Plantar fasciitis in my right foot. I also have a frozen right shoulder of many years, a plugged right ear and hearing loss (15 years), and numbness on the right side of my brain, including brain fog. That's not the whole list of symptoms but I won't bore you the further details. I know that my liver is in charge of the health of my tendons, and that a plugged up and toxic liver is responsible for so many of my symptoms.

So yes, I am on day 3 and on day 4 through 9 things get much more intense. This cleanse is full of wonderful fresh food, but is very particular about what you eat, when and how. It is also salt and fat free. I have been physically and emotionally prepping since the turn of the January so I'd be ready, and also joined a very good support group because in all this time I just haven't been getting to the work I need to do here. Already since early January my sciatic issues have greatly loosened up, as well as my right shoulder and the tension behind my right shoulder blade. All good. My biggest issue with this diet right now is the no salt aspect. I am a salt fiend and with salt, I find food so much more delicious. Having a high desire for salt is about tired adrenals, and habit. I do miss the fat in my diet too (fat actually stimulates the adrenals and gives you a warm and cozy feeling), but it doesn't do us any favours, and you would be amazed how little fat you need that you don't get from a healthy plant based diet. That information though is for another day.

Onto the NO Foods. Today I am just going to list them, and next week I'll talk about why they are not your friends if you are trying to heal your body. I need to keep my verbiage down to 800 words and it is so easy to go past that!

If you're concerned about your health—if you have any sensitivities or conditions, if you've struggled with illness, or if you're just concerned about prevention—then it's critical to avoid as many triggers and instigators as possible, and this includes certain foods and ingredients. Your body needs every possible level of support so it can heal and then maintain optimal health.

The NO Foods:

MSG	Soy
Dairy	Processed Beet Sugar
Canola Oil	Farmed Fish
Artificial Flavours	Natural Flavours
Gluten	Eggs
Pork	Artificial Sweeteners
Citric Acid	Corn

These are the worst instigators, but the list isn't exclusive, unfortunately. So many of our foods these days, especially processed foods, are plain destructive to our bodies. As well, there is so much marketing and misinformation out there that is very confusing. That is why I was so happy to have found this untainted source of information that is not out there to make money but is truly being delivered to humanity to help us out in a very difficult period of time when we are being bombarded by bad intentions and big money interests.

The other thing I wish to share with you very soon is information on how to help your body with the terrible flu's that are circulating these days. The common cold is now a thing of the past and pretty well everything is a flu these days, and very strong flu's.

Thank you for reading, and if you wish to send me a note I can be reached at jeansdreams@yahoo.com. I am also happy to forward links to you with further information if you are interested in a specific topic. Get well, be well!



Phoenix Riting!

By Phoenix Bee

Feeling civic-minded, I went to the public information meeting for the new Co-op building on Sunday. I gave up my radio show to do it, that's how much I care about this project.

The hall was packed. We love our Co-op! As Co-op and community members, we are literally invested, and everyone has their own ideas about how it should be done. What struck me was the remarkable absence of complaining.

This project is an example of something done with Hornby in mind, albeit within the constraints of budget, time, and building code requirements. It has been transparent from the beginning. They've shared their thinking, explained the *why* and intention behind every choice, and the choices are good ones, or as good as possible.

The meeting began with reports from the various groups involved. Mike Zelen spoke first for the Co-op Board, giving an overview of the project and its finances. Leckie Studio (the architects) laid out the design plan and explained the reasoning behind their choices. AFC Construction (the builders) followed with the construction schedule, and Cascadian Wood Tech (the lumber suppliers) spoke about the wooden components. They use a prefab technique, so we won't have weeks of trucks clogging the ferries hauling lumber to the site. They showed a short video of their own building, down the road from Buckley Bay toward Union Bay, being constructed. It was assembled and ready to walk around in within six days.

Our Co-op will take longer, as it is a much larger and more complex structure with mechanical functions to consider. Still, it will be under a roof and within walls very quickly, twenty days, according to the timeline. It will take longer before the new store is ready to open, scheduled for April 2027. Then, the old building will be demolished. Note: if anyone covets any part of the current building, ask—everything will be available, for a price.

The new space, unlike the current building, will occupy a single floor, but the floor space will be close to what they now have on two floors. The building will occupy the whole parking lot behind the current building, opening directly onto the Ringside. There will also be a coffee shop/deli space.

The interior will feature as much wood as possible, while the exterior will be clad in weathered corrugated steel, pre-rusted for durability and strength, similar to how charring wood makes it stronger and longer-lasting. I think it will be as attractive as possible for a big, flat-topped box.

When asked why the exterior was to be metal rather than wood, they explained they had no choice. The Ringside Market buildings nearby pose a fire hazard, so according to building code, the new Co-op must be finished in non-combustible materials.

People asked why not a sloped roof, like the old Co-op. In addition to budgetary issues, the building is located directly beside the campground. There are many machines required for heating, cooling, and other functions. The rooftop was chosen as the location for these machines because placing them behind the building—the only other option—would create noise problems for campers.

The space between the new building and Shields Road will become a park and community gathering space. They will provide large-wheeled wagons and assistance for customers who have mobility issues or purchase more than they can carry.

During the Q&A, someone pointed out that our community tends to skew older rather than younger. We have many elders with mobility challenges, so wouldn't it make more sense to use that space for accessible parking instead of a park? The response was that the final decision for that part of the project is still more than a year away, and they are listening to our collective wishes. If the community wants parking instead of another park, that's what will happen.

I'm torn. On the one hand, the park would be lovely and would add so much to the aesthetic and the experience of shopping. On the other hand, yes, absolutely we need more accessible parking. I suspect we'll land on the side of caring for elders' needs, but that choice is up to us.

Another question focused on whether the building would use any sort of solar or alternative energy. The answer was, it is to be 'solar ready'. Everything is in place for when solar technology improves. I asked about e-bike parking. We need more of it! Space for fat tired e-bikes, under a roof. They are planning to, eventually, not immediately, have a space for e-bikes with a charging station, I personally don't care about the charging station. All an e-bike needs is a basic power outlet. Even the campground will have those. But give us a roof! E-bikes don't like

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...continued from P.11

getting wet. And a place to lock up. I hope it doesn't take too long.

Everything else is set. Foundation work began this past Monday. The budget is finalized; the companies involved, the financing institution, and all the other pieces are in place. They were able to secure financing at near-prime rates.

This summer, while everything is under construction, they will use the newly purchased property at the Four Corners for parking, when the soil is hard packed enough to be okay. During the off season, what we have should suffice. I didn't hear what they plan to do for parking long term.

The care they've taken to make this project minimally intrusive and maximally beautiful is genuinely impressive. They held a land blessing earlier, with Co-op staff, conducted by Elder Barb White.

So many things done right, especially in contrast to the Province's high-handed approach to the campground destruction. I can't bring myself to call it construction. It's a campground, for goodness sake. What they're doing is antithetical to what camping should be.

I'll get used to it, eventually; it will be fine once it's finished. And that's enough about that.

That's what I think. What do you think? Email me at phoenixhornby@gmail.com



The Lies Get So Tedious

*Caitlin Johnstone
January 27th, 2026*

OPINION

The lies get so tedious.

The Iranians want their country to be bombed.

Hamas beheaded 40 babies.

Pro-Palestine demonstrations caused the Bondi massacre.

There's a terrorist base under every hospital.

The news media are reporting objective facts about the world.

You live in a democracy where the votes of the people influence the actions of your government.

We're the Good Guys in every foreign conflict.

The US makes mistakes from time to time, but they're acting with good intentions and we're better off with them in charge of the world.

Rich people are rich because they're smarter and work harder than everyone else.

Capitalism is more or less working out fine for everyone.

The world works pretty much the way you were taught in school.

Profit-driven technological innovation and industry is going to rescue us from the ecological consequences of profit-driven technological innovation and industry.

try.

It doesn't matter that we're destroying our biosphere because we're about to set out for the stars and colonize space any minute now.

All the problems in your country are the fault of the other mainstream political faction, and you can fix those problems by focusing all your anger on the people in the other faction.

Now is not the time for revolutionary politics.

You can't just let people say whatever they want to say about their government and its allies.

Success looks like making a lot of money and owning a lot of possessions and earning the respect of the largest and most influential institutions in our society.

If you are unable or unwilling to make a lot of money and obtain a lot of possessions, you are bad and you should feel bad about yourself.

You should derive your sense of self-worth from how effective you are at turning the gears of industry and giving the system exactly what it wants from you.

This is all normal. All this suffering, death, destruction, war, chaos, exploitation, injustice, poverty and abuse is normal. People who want to change things are abnormal, and should be viewed with suspicion.

Tedious.

It's just lies, lies, lies, all the way down.

We live in a civilization that was built on lies, is made of lies, and is sustained by lies. As soon as the lies stop, the whole thing comes tumbling down.

They begin teaching us the lies

continued on P.13...

...continued from P.12

as soon as we are old enough to learn them, and they never stop educating the lies into our brains until we are dead. It's no wonder we're getting more and more miserable, dysfunctional and crazy.

Mental sovereignty under the empire of lies means purging all the malignant indoctrination from every level of your cognition and perception until you are able to think freely and perceive the world with clear eyes. It's a long, difficult process, but it's necessary if you want to form a truth-based relationship with reality and learn to see things as they actually are.



The Pseudopod Tackles Colonialism

By Cylon2036 we/us
(Pseudopod Certified)

SPECIAL
INTEREST

The Insane Clown President declared that he intended to seize the lands of the Autonomous Indigenous People of Greenland. But under an agreement between Denmark and the U.S., signed at the beginning of the Cold War and still binding, the U.S. has Danish permission to position its military assets in Greenland wherever they like, and expand them to the size and capacity that it alone chooses. But Denmark and the United Nations have also recognized the right of Greenlanders to self rule and full independence, regardless of the agreements between NATO members. Greenland belongs to its Indigenous inhabitants.



"Distorted Story-Teller"
Kalaallit Mask

Greenland's Indigenous people are the Kalaallit (Greenlandic Inuit), making up about 90% of Greenland's population of 57,000 people. It has a brutal colonial history of Christian missions, trade monopolies, and the abuse of women and children, but also the gradual and still incomplete moves toward self-determination. Kalaallit society was organized around kinship, seasonal movement, and shared resources rather than centralized political authority, and its culture was well established long before European colonization. The Inuit name for Greenland is Kalaallit Nunaat, which means "Land of the People,"

The decisive colonial era began in 1721, when Denmark reasserted claims over Greenland. Christianity was imposed, suppressing Indigenous spiritual and

other cultural practices. Danish became the language of church, education, and authority, with Denmark establishing a state-controlled trade monopoly. Inuit were integrated into a colonial economy centered on seal products and fish. This restricted economic autonomy tied Inuit survival to colonial structures, and Greenland became a classic extractive and paternalistic colony administered "for the good" of Inuit people, without their political participation or consent.

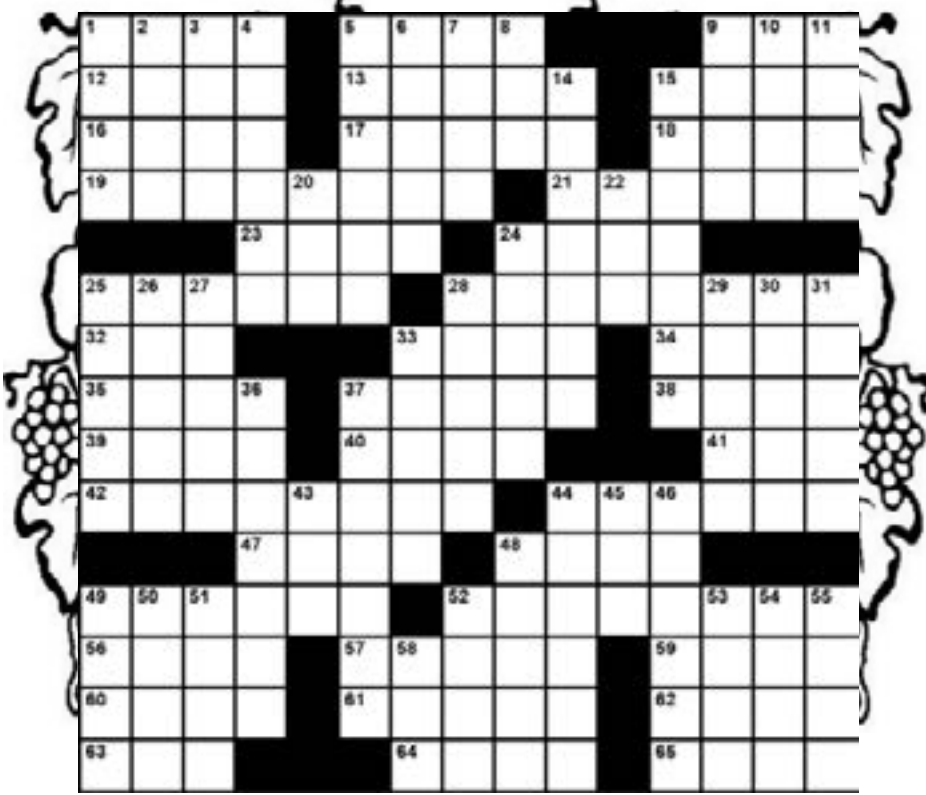
Denmark governed Greenland under a policy of "protective colonialism": The Kalaallit people were legally classified as wards of the Danish state. Inuit were discouraged from modern education or political organization with Danes occupying administrative roles and the Inuit excluded from power. This locked the Kalaallit people into a subordinate colonial role, and was followed by the forced infertility of about half of all Kalaallit women, widespread abuse of children, and the suppression of their culture and language.

In 1953, Greenland ceased to be a colony on paper and became a "county" of Denmark, but without self-rule. The Danish language replaced Kalaallisut-Greenlandic in schools. Children were sent to Denmark for education, often losing language and cultural ties. During the "Little Danes" experiment in the early 1950s, Inuit children were removed forcibly from their families to be raised as Danish-speaking. Many never returned home or were alienated from their communities, and it's now recognized as a state-sanctioned cultural genocide.

From the 1960s onward, Inuit activists began challenging colonial rule more, resulting in the growth of political autonomy. Greenlandic identity was reasserted as Indigenous, not merely "regional Danish", and In 1979 the Kalaallit Inuit gained control over many domestic affairs. In 2009, their autonomy was expanded to "self rule" with recognition of the Kalaallit as a people under international law and with the right to true independence. The colonial legacy persists in language and culture loss, health disparities, and economic dependency with Denmark.



• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Besides
5. Alleviate
9. Be a snoop
12. Dignified manner
13. Throw angrily
15. A Met score
16. Allot
17. 1980 Deluise movie
18. Bagel or Bialy
19. In the open air
21. Salesman's aid
23. Actor Coleman
24. Argo, e.g.
25. Grief stricken
28. Member of an ancient Jewish sect
32. Indivisible
33. Got bigger
34. Fanciful, as a story
35. Amatory writing
37. Frog's voice
38. Coasted

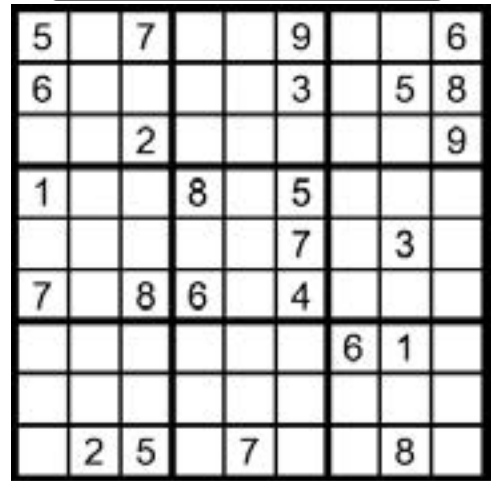
39. Classic Chevy model
40. Fifty percent
41. Breakfasted
42. Sap of energy
44. Motorless airplane
47. Be gutsy
48. Hot rum drink
49. Beach attire
52. Intending to deceive
56. Exuberance
57. Bird call
59. Contract variety
60. Aggravate
61. Fermenting agent
62. For picking
63. Denial in Glasgow
64. A squirrel's nest
65. Being, in philosophy

•DOWN•

1. Bullets for short
2. Stead
3. Rectangular paving stone
4. Restless
5. Exertion
6. Winglike parts
7. Makes a lap
8. Mil. rank
9. Bolster up
10. Lunar valley
11. Connecticut campus
14. Large falconry bird
15. Axillary cavity
20. Clumsy clod
22. Affected manner
24. Bunch of grain stalks
25. Famous long knife

26. Not sideways
27. Female ruff
28. Humble toiler
29. Cobb, e.g.
30. Choice group
31. Berry bearing shrub
33. Fuel holder
36. Oily fish
37. Alms
43. Boxlike vehicle
44. Resembling sand
45. Birler's footing
46. Disregard
48. Birds that honk
49. City on the Aar
50. Bones in pelvises
51. Curly cabbage
52. Dread
53. Blue flag, for one
54. Babies' needs
55. Club of notes
58. Became one

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •



• Last Issue's Answers •

4	9	6	5	2	7	8	3	1
2	1	8	4	3	9	5	7	6
3	7	5	6	8	1	2	9	4
1	5	7	3	9	2	6	4	8
6	4	2	7	5	8	9	1	3
9	8	3	1	4	6	7	5	2
7	2	1	9	6	3	4	8	5
8	3	4	2	7	5	1	6	9
5	6	9	8	1	4	3	2	7

GRUMPISM

“ I got a job in a Workout Center, but I wasn't fit for the job. ”



Thank you
Noel Villard.

• Last Issues's ANSWERS •



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- Public service announcements, notices of meetings, and news releases will be published for a fee. Exceptions will be made for emergencies where the public is immediately endangered.
- With regret, no exceptions can be made for non-profit status.
- Letters to the Editor are published free of charge.



The Grapevine is happy to provide an open, public forum for all islanders to speak and be heard. We are steadfast in our commitment to uphold freedom of expression.

As the record of our times, every issue of the Grapevine is a compilation of that week's submissions. We do not editorialize content, nor do we censor. We ask that writers moderate their own content. The Grapevine reserves the right to edit for brevity.

We are open to contributions from all Denman & Hornby Islanders. If you've something to say, send it our way! No copy and paste submissions. In your own words, please!

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WorkBC

WorkBC

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FORTNIGHT EVENTS

THURSDAY 29

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
- CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FREE STORE 3-5pm

FRIDAY 30

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm

SATURDAY 31

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
- Seedy Saturday 10am-2pm D.I. Community Hall

SUNDAY 1

- Navigating Decolonization workshop 10am-1pm
Back Hall

MONDAY 2

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
- Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
- Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

TUESDAY 3

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC

WEDNESDAY 4

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
- Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place

THURSDAY 5

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
- CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FREE STORE 3-5pm
- Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

FRIDAY 6

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm

SATURDAY 7

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm

SUNDAY 8

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
- Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
- Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

MONDAY 9

TUESDAY 10

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC

WEDNESDAY 11

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
- Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place

THURSDAY 12

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
- CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
- FREE STORE 3-5pm
- Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

