

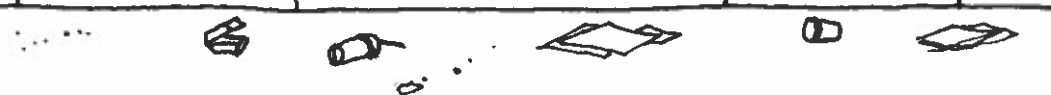
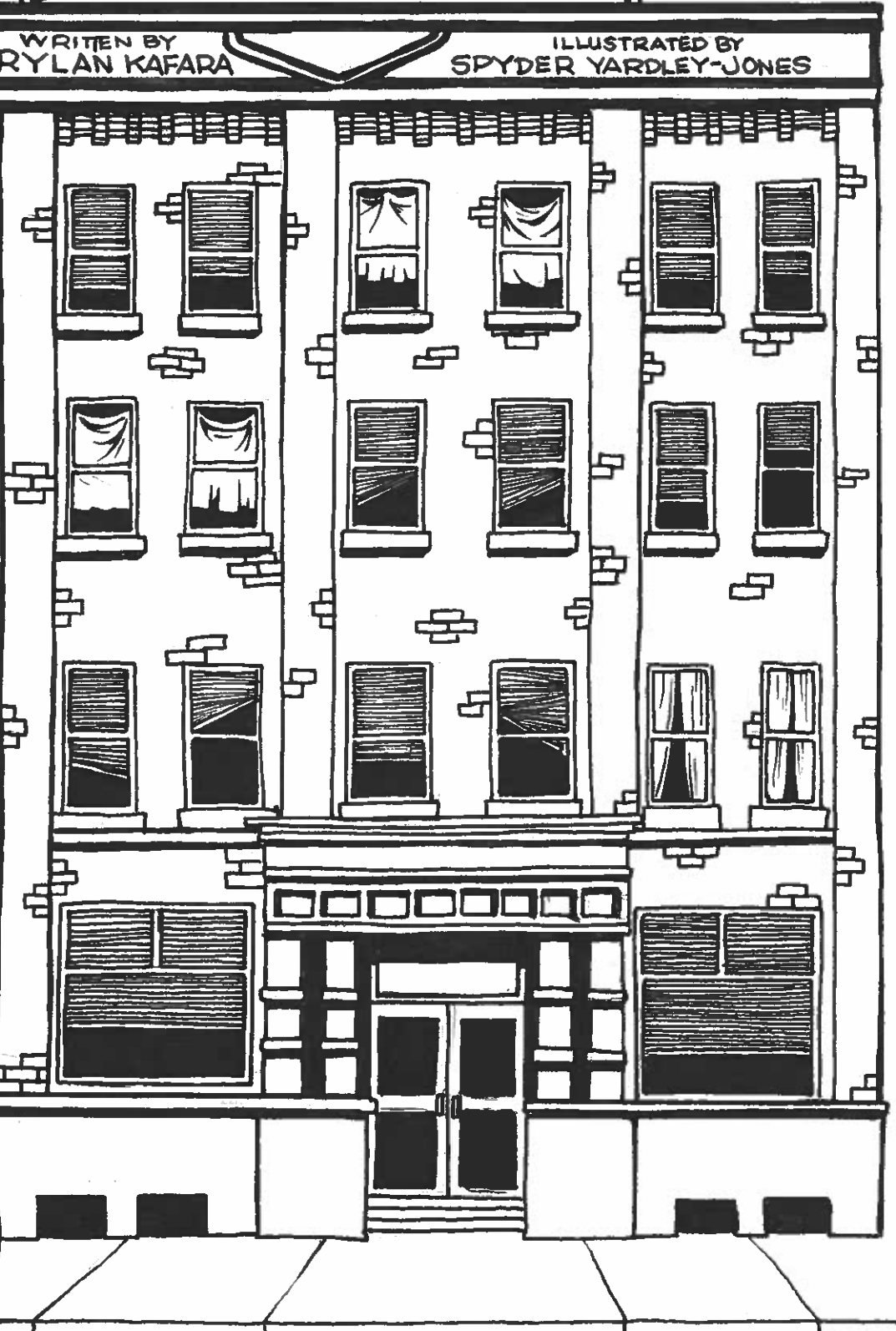
THE

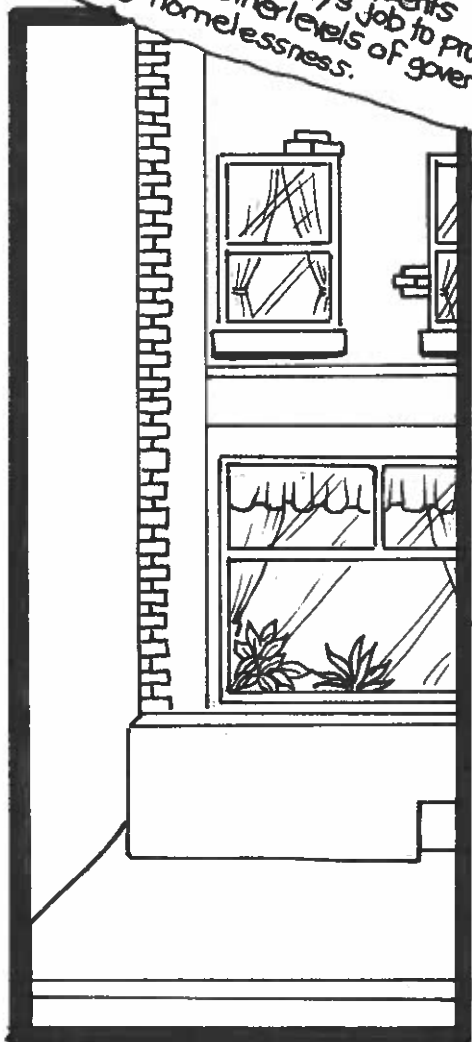
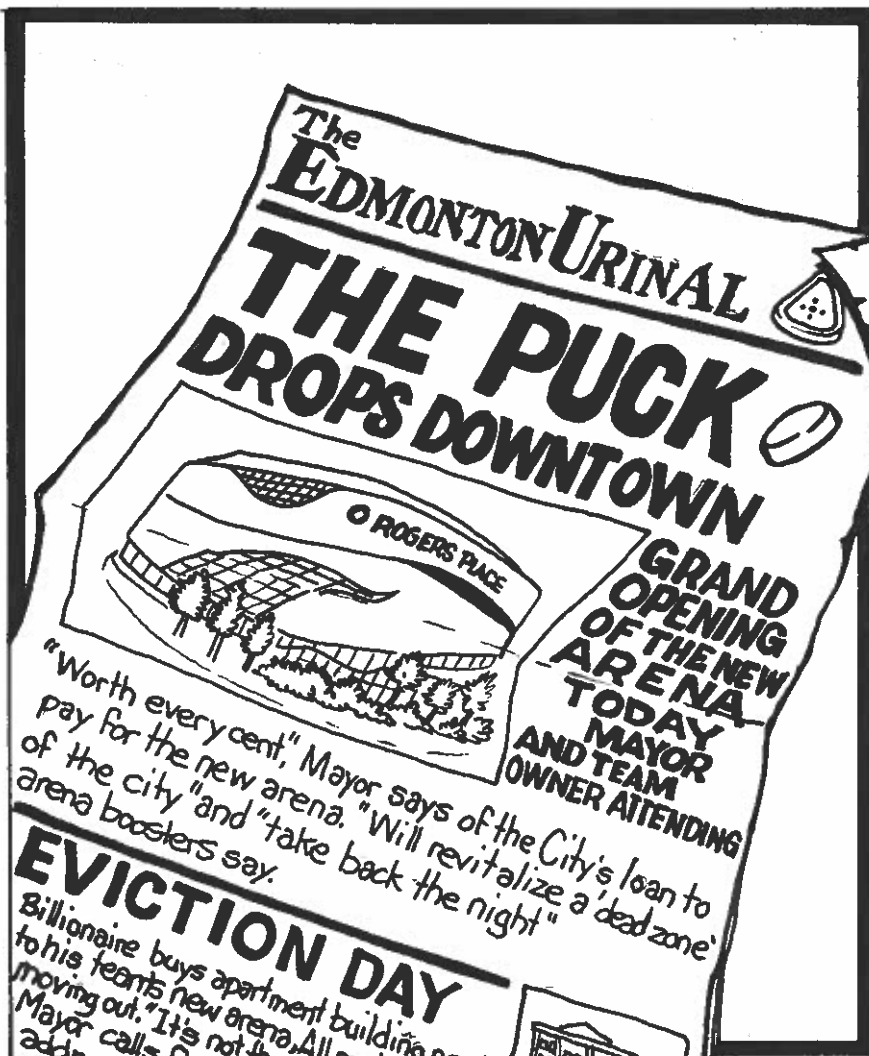
LOFTS



WRITTEN BY
RYLAN KAFARA

ILLUSTRATED BY
SPYDER YARDLEY-JONES








DAYS
REMAINING

ETTA

LOVE
VILLES

I WILL
ALWAYS LOVE MY

I'LL DIE HATEING
YOU


TEEPEE'S
NEVER
FALL


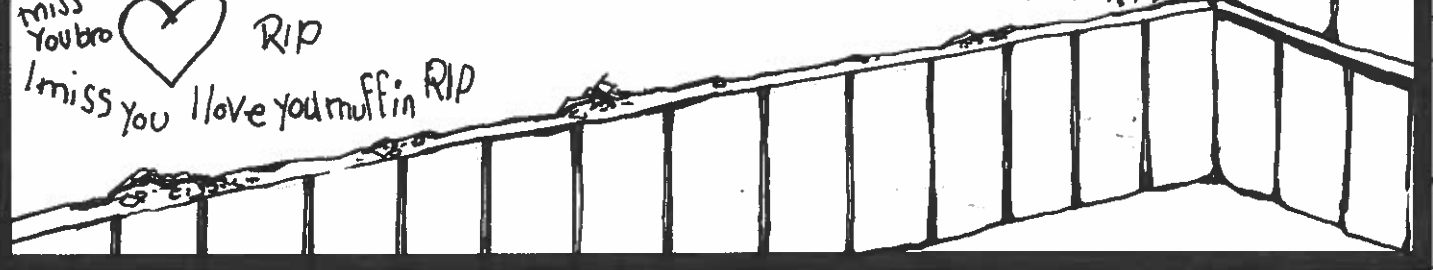
LOL
NECHIS
R HERE
x\$ \$x

OKA
HEY!!

ALWAYS B PROUD
OF U ←

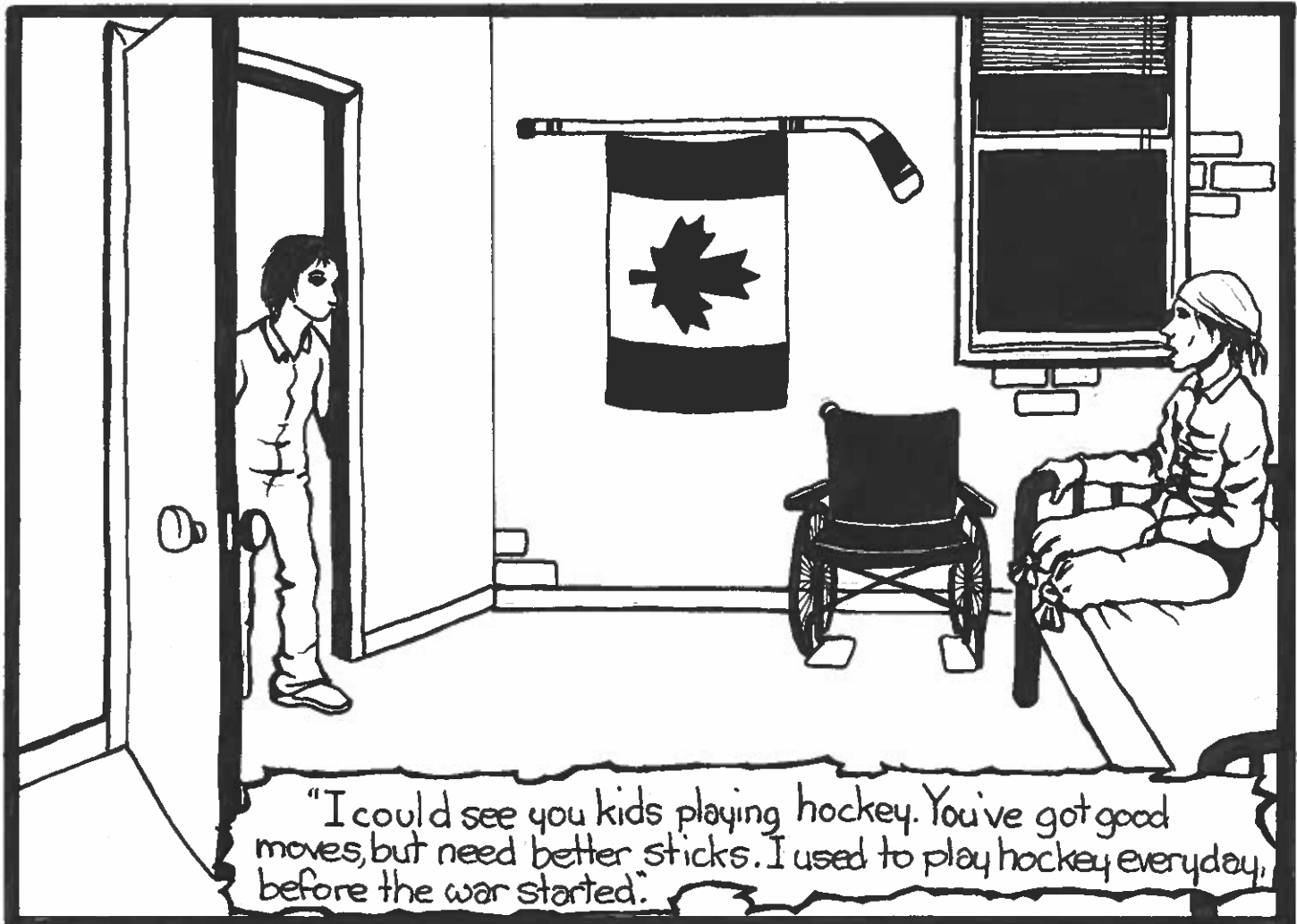
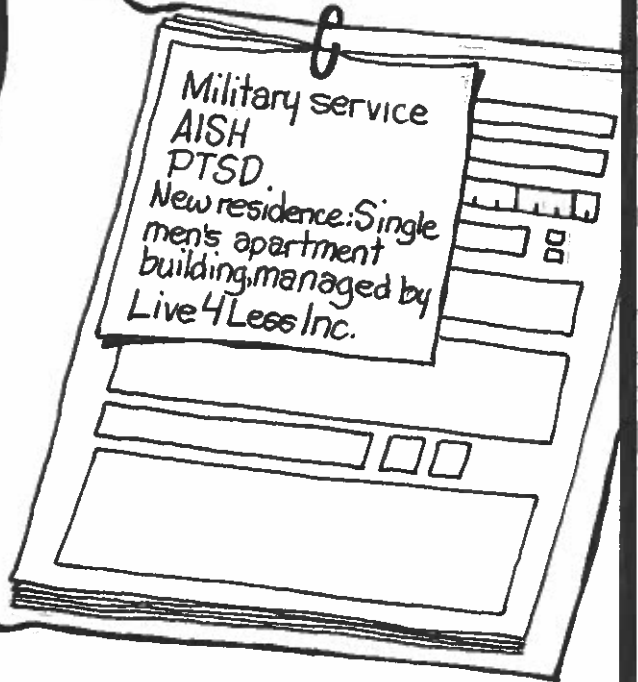
PATTY
WUZ HIRE

to our bro moffinman
miss you bro  RIP
I miss you I love you moffin RIP



THE VETERAN

"Happy moving day, kids. Lots of folks want to say goodbye."



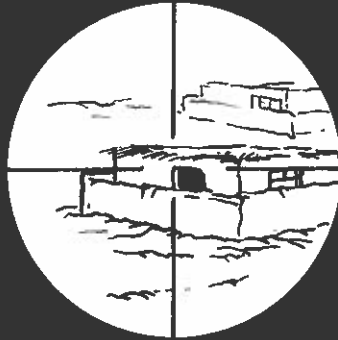
"I could see you kids playing hockey. You've got good moves, but need better sticks. I used to play hockey everyday, before the war started."

AFGHANISTAN

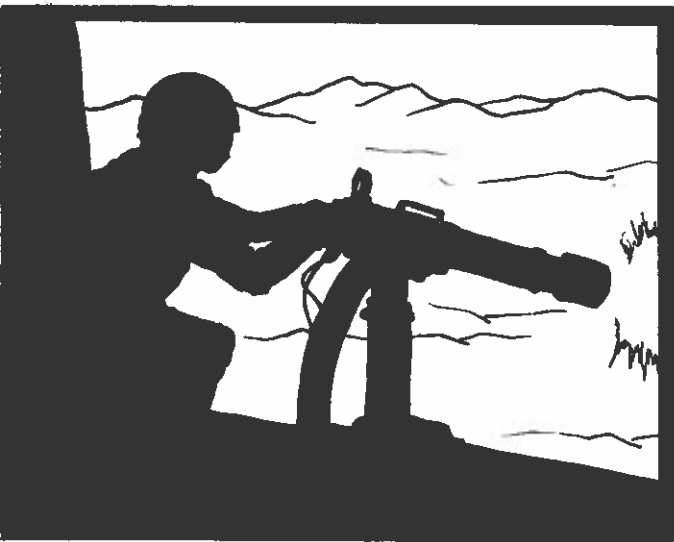
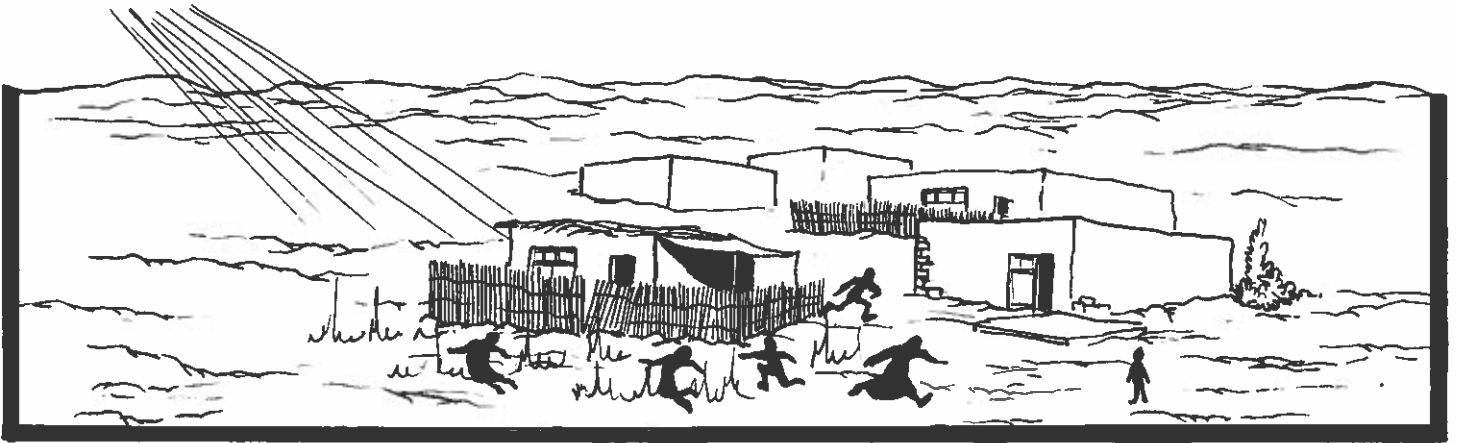


"I grew up loving hockey and Canada. I went to fight so I could help."

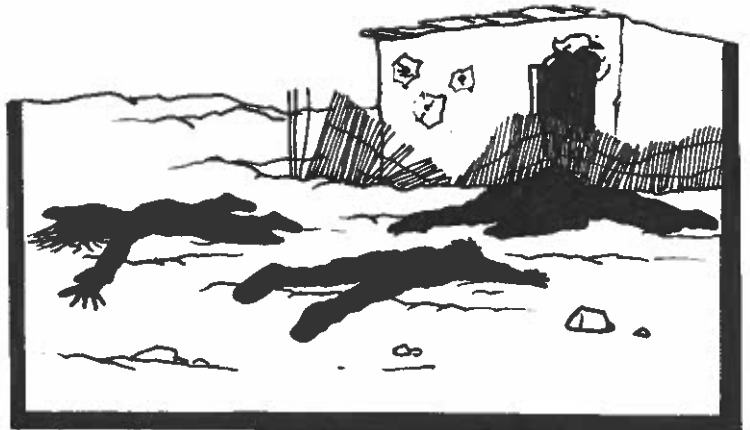
"Not just help by protecting everyone back home,

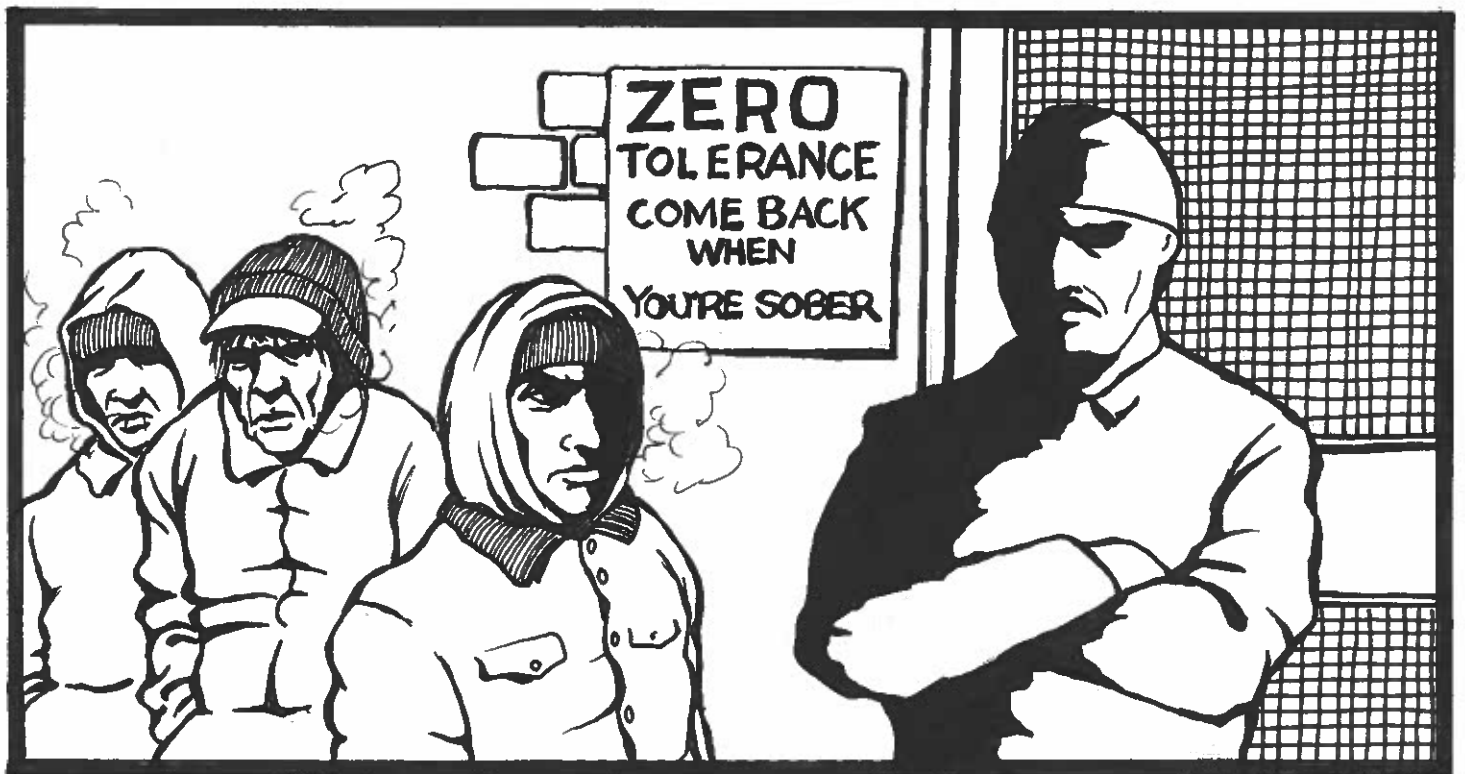


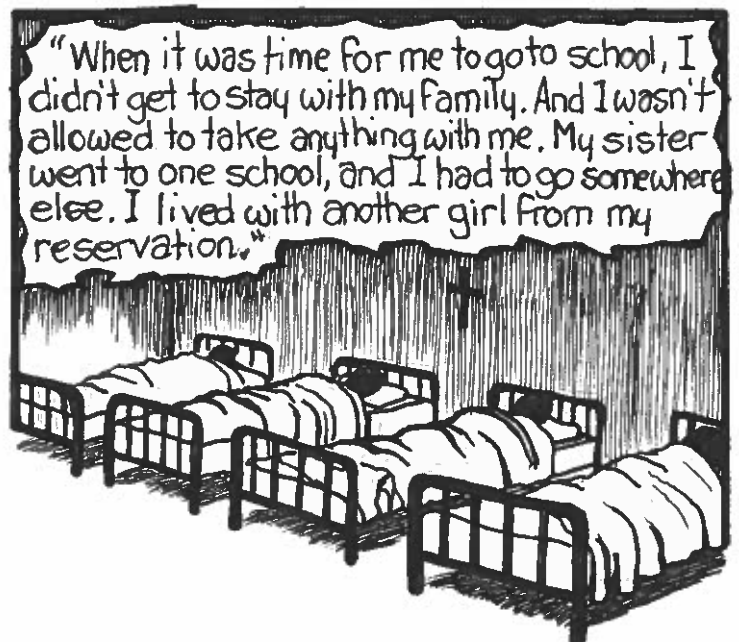
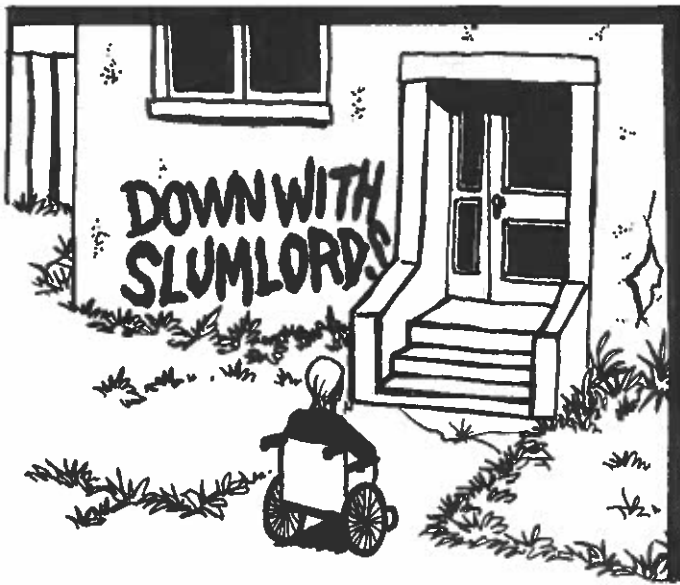
but the people over there too."



"Everyday, I tell myself we made a difference."









"My school wasn't run by teachers. But there were things the people in charge tried to teach us. The only thing I learned there was to run."



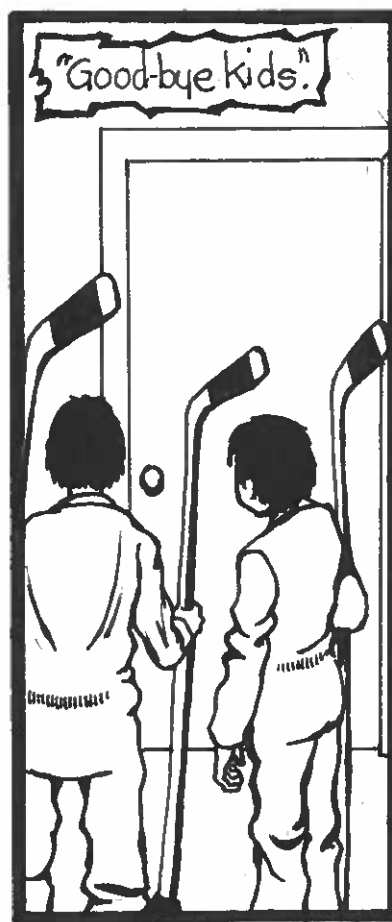
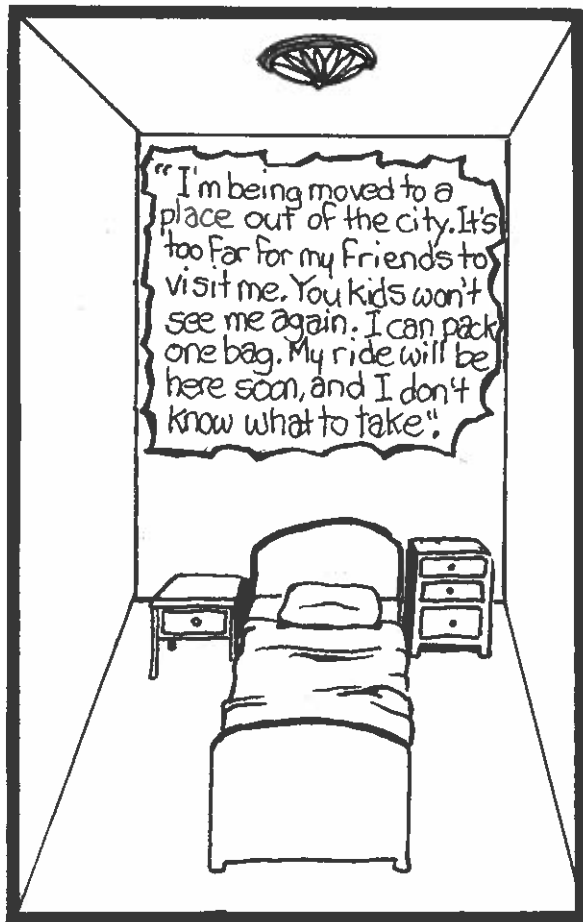
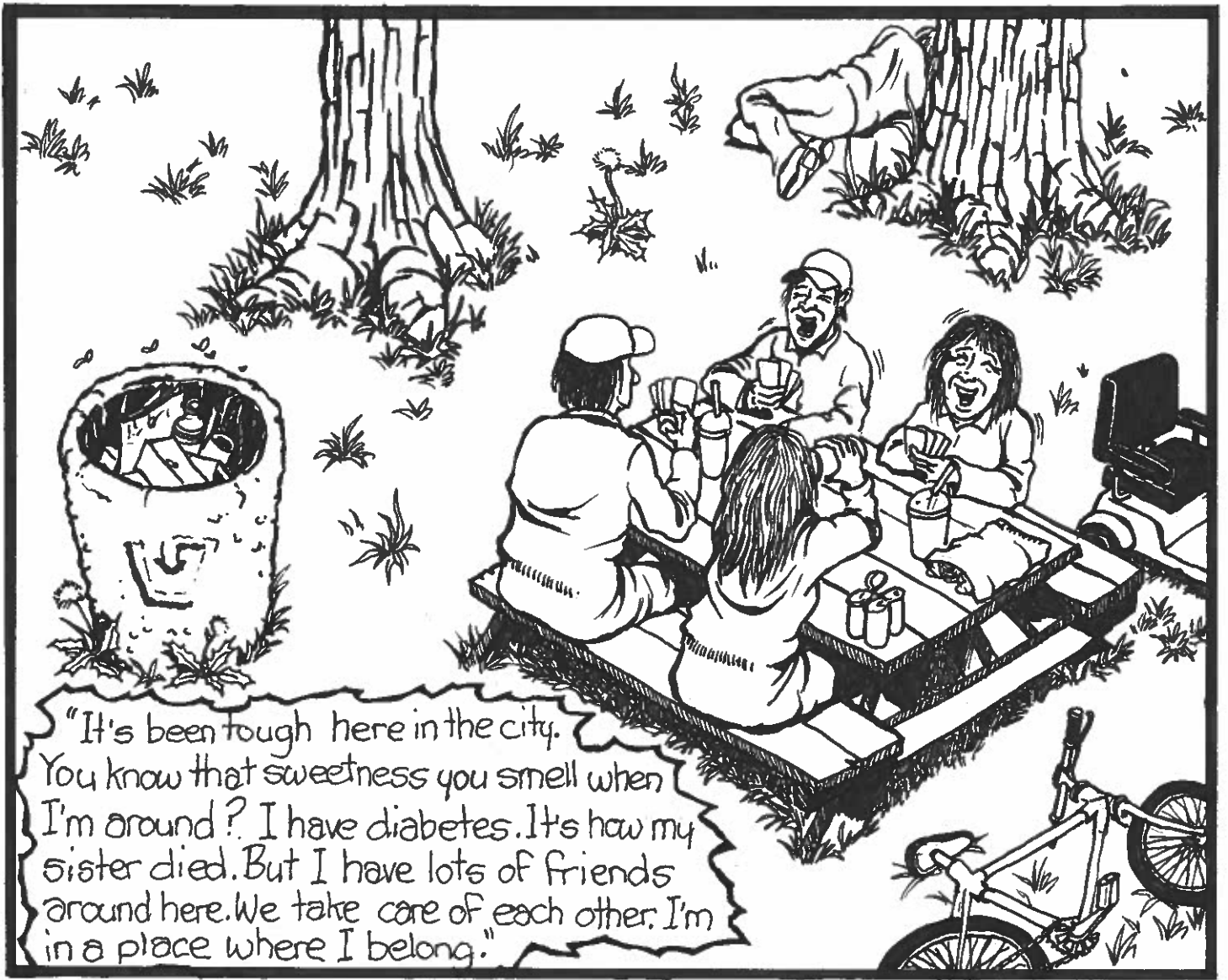
"Running got me through school. I never ran again after I left."

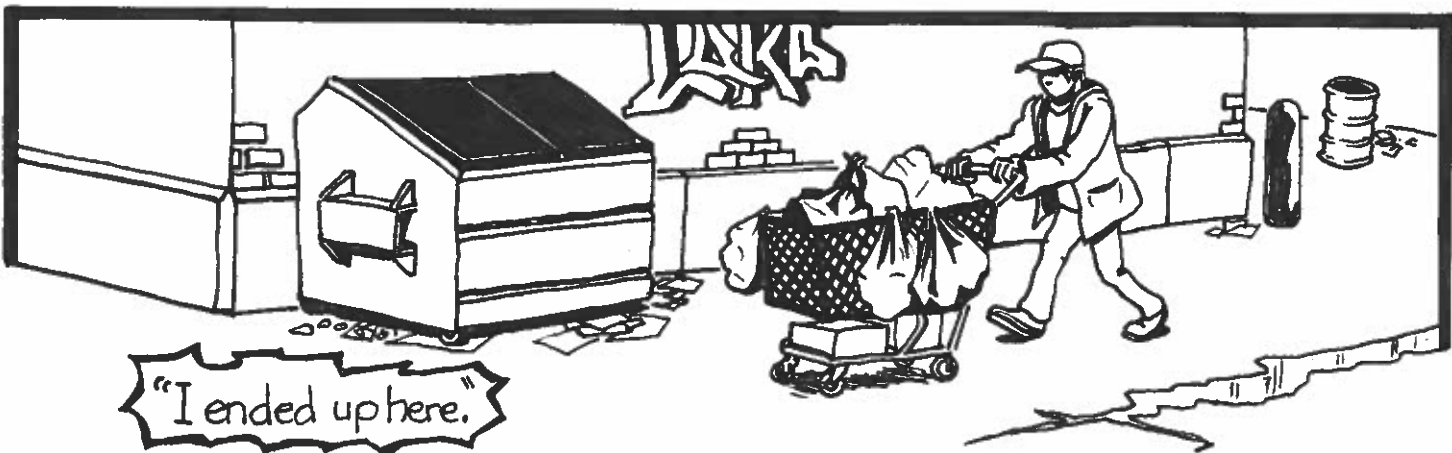
"My running shoes were my only possession."



"When I returned to my reservation, everything had changed and everyone who made it home brought the divisions they were taught back with them. After a fight with my sister, I left for the city."









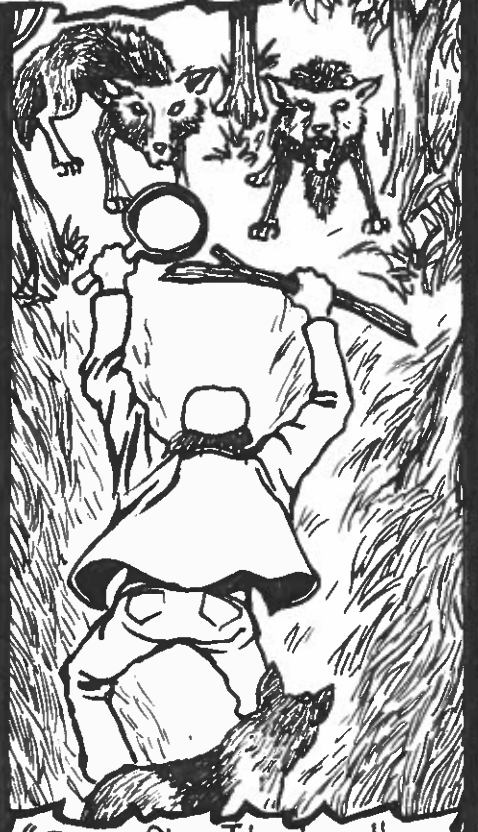
"I had a routine for a long while. Not sure how much time passed. When it was light, I worked downtown so I could buy what I needed. When it was dark, I returned to my camp. I didn't bother anyone."



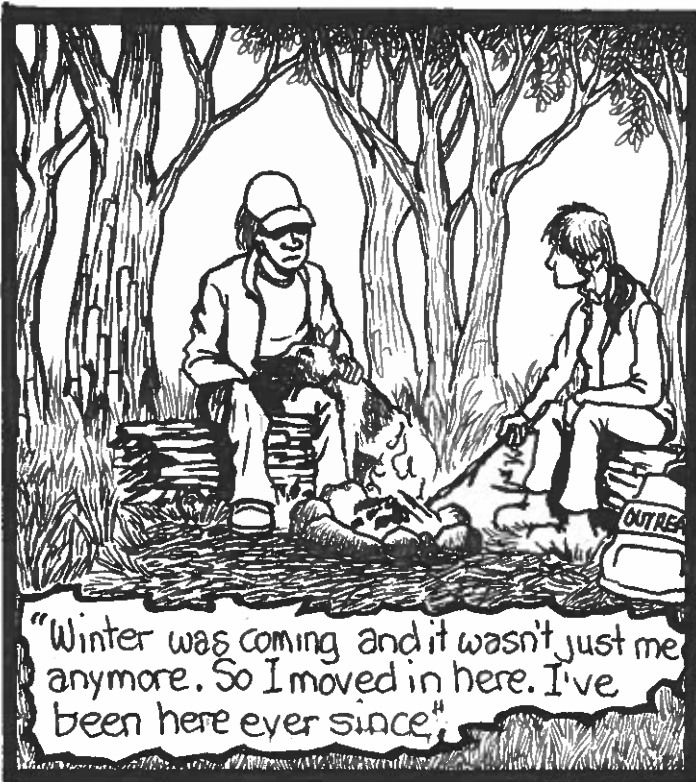
"Every once and a while I'd get served notice it was time to move along."



"One day I had a visitor. She wasn't here to kick me out, but to check on me. She left me some paper and pens. I started to draw again."



"Soon after I had another visitor. Being chased by coyotes. I scared the coyotes off."



"Winter was coming and it wasn't just me anymore. So I moved in here. I've been here ever since."



"Now we have to leave. The place I'm supposed to move to doesn't allow dogs. So I won't be going."

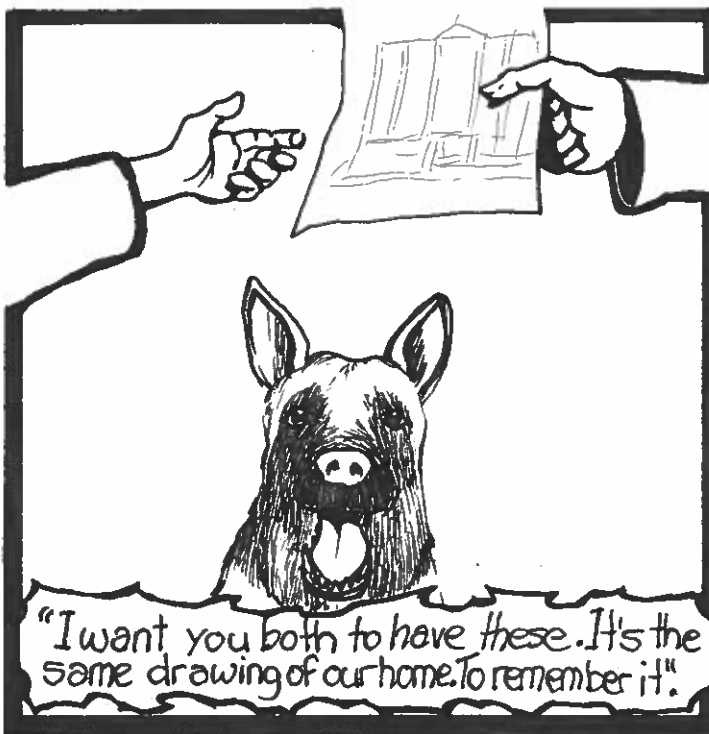


"Not that I would have moved to the new place anyways. They gave me a spot over some one who was already waiting on the housing list. Optics kids."

"It's all they care about."



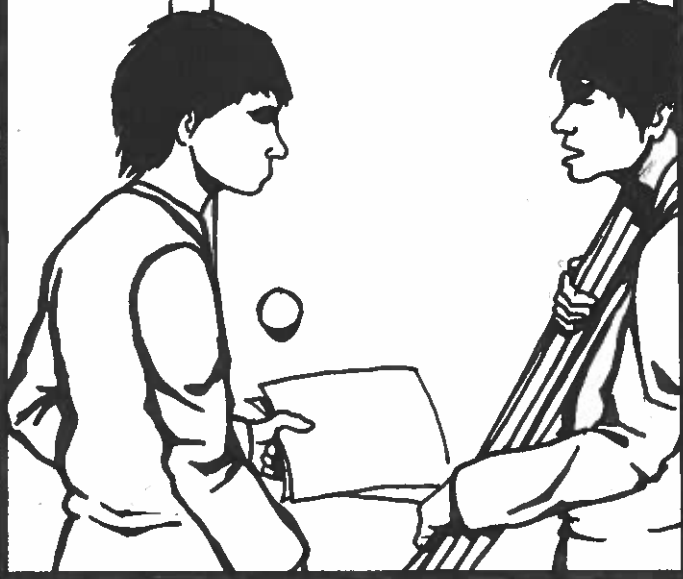
"So I'll be heading to the coast, where it's warmer. Then may be down to California. I'll be leaving my books and records in the alley when I go."



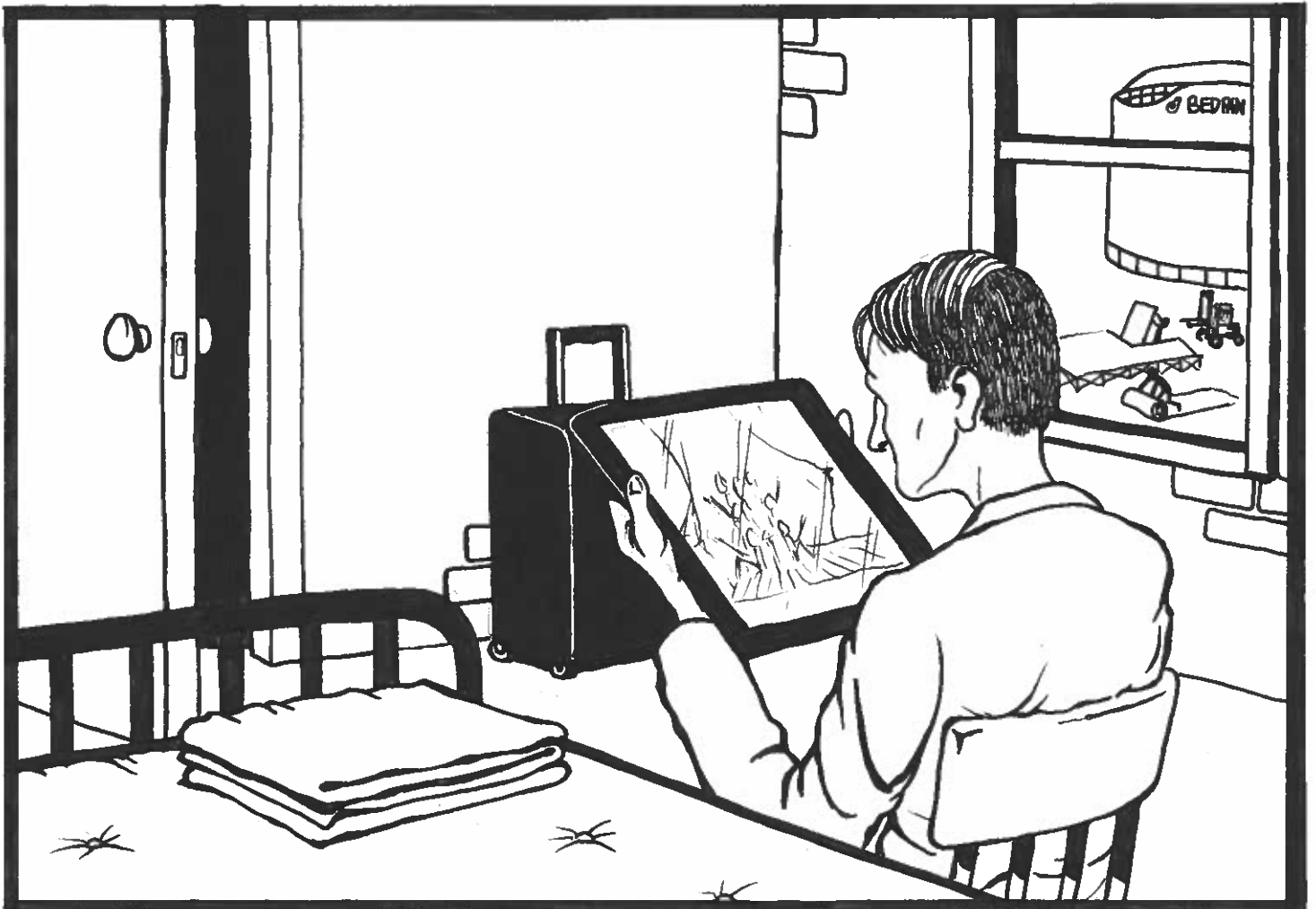
"I want you both to have these. It's the same drawing of our home. To remember it."

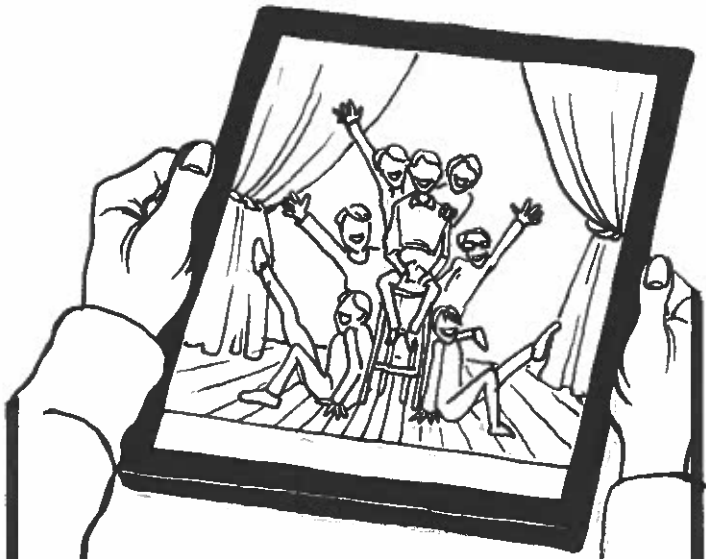
THE DANGER

"Are you sure you want this much?
It's way more than you usually
get."

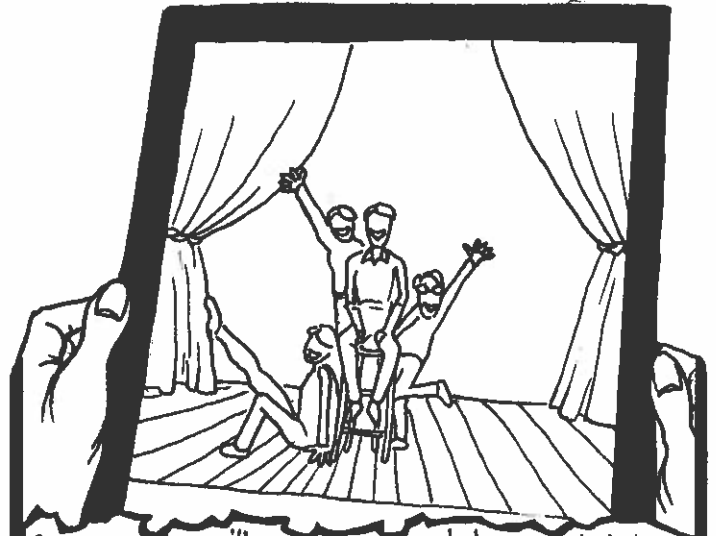


"Hey kids. Come on in."

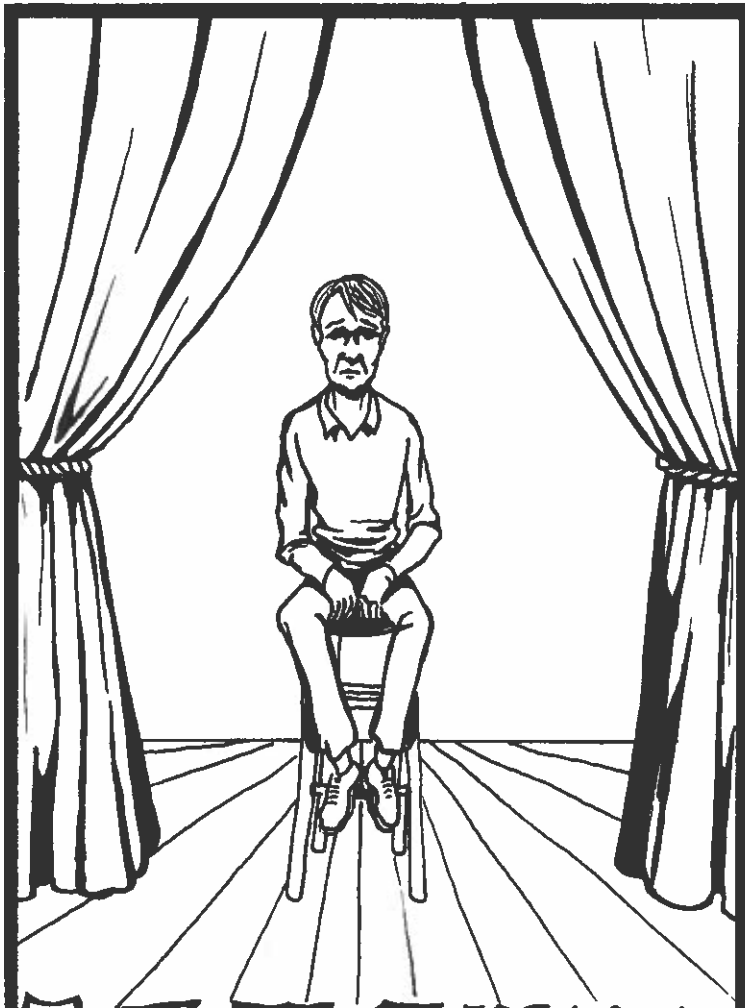




"There used to be a lot of us. It was the best time of my life."



"When the illness came, it took a lot of us right away. The rest of the world didn't think it could make them sick, so they didn't care. They were wrong."



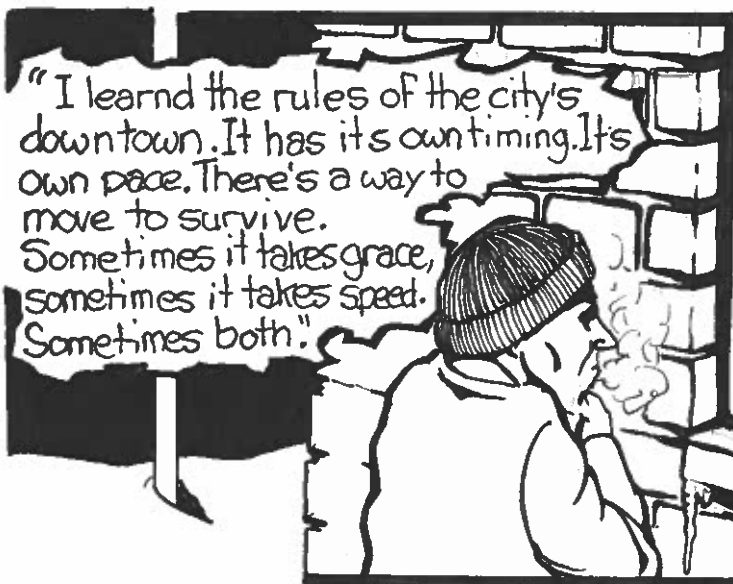
"Then it was just me. Eventually I got sick too, from the medicine I take. But by then, getting sick wasn't a death sentence. Being alone felt like one though."



"I ended up coming west. I needed a change of scenery. No place to sleep, but I had my meds and my medicine. Learned pretty fast I had to keep moving."



"That's ok though, moving always came naturally to me. This was just another kind of dance"



"I learned the rules of the city's downtown. It has its own timing. Its own pace. There's a way to move to survive. Sometimes it takes grace, sometimes it takes speed. Sometimes both."

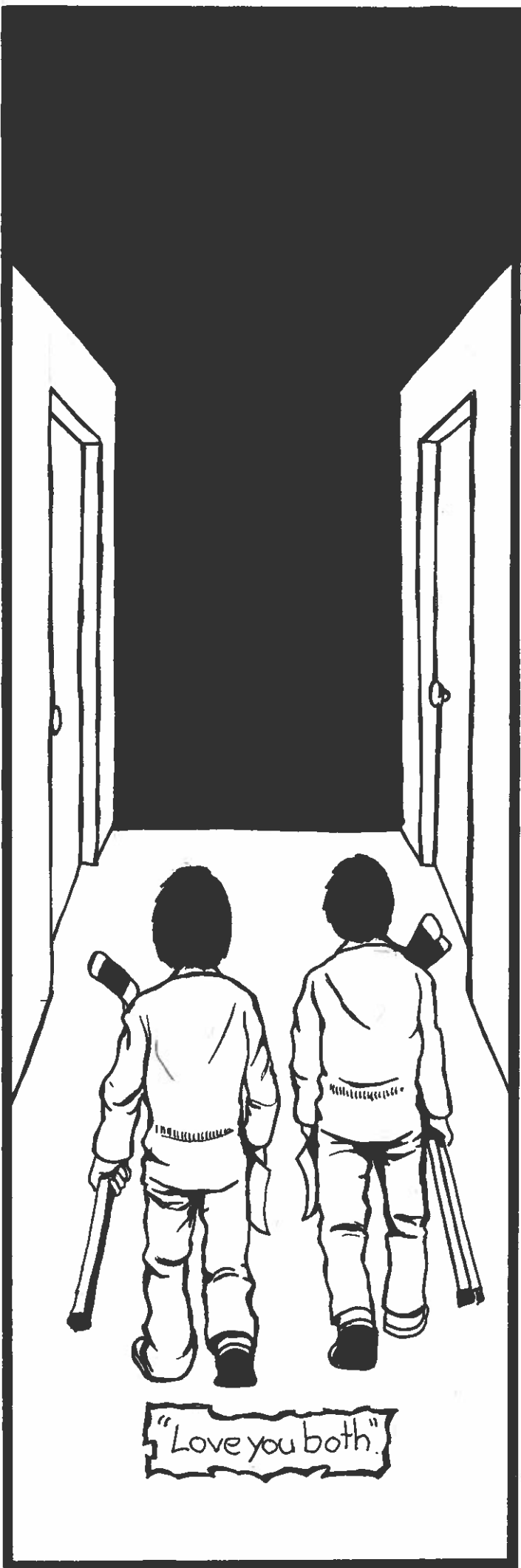


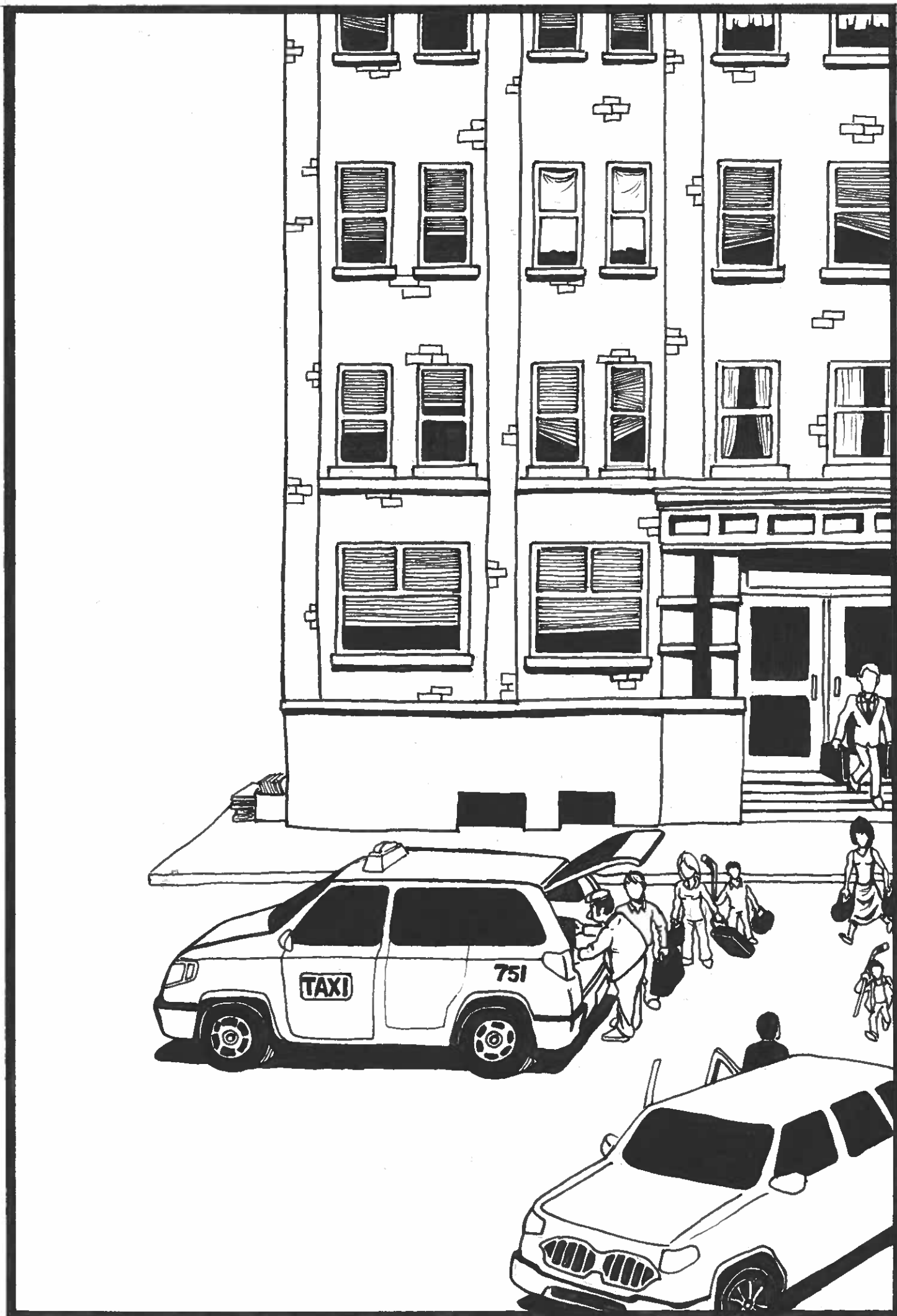
"That moving stopped when I moved in here. I finally found a new family. And now our family is being split apart. The outside world doesn't see the good here."



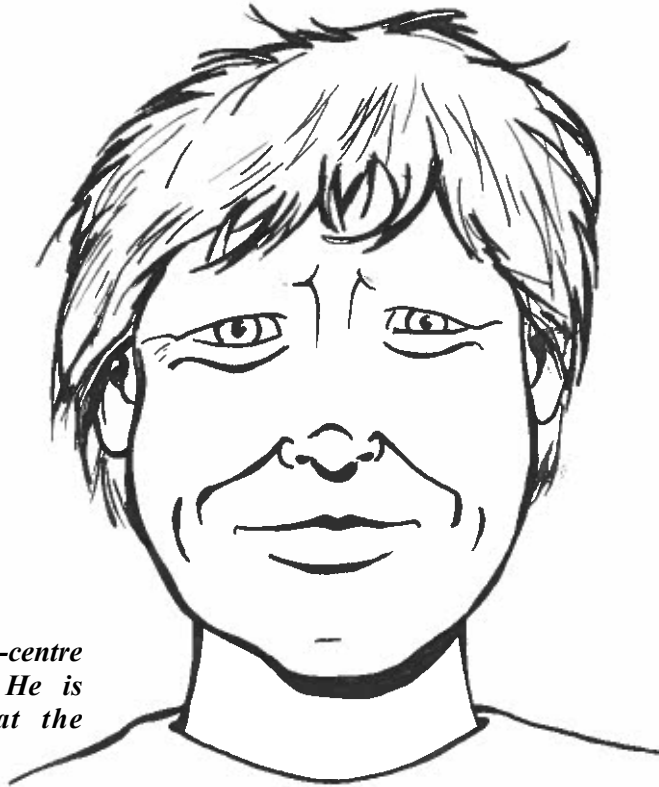
"I told myself I wouldn't be moving again. I'm done with that dance."

"So goodbye kids. Say goodbye to your parents. Please shut the door as you go."





This comic is dedicated to everyone who called the MacDonald Lofts home.



Rylan Kafara is a longtime city-centre worker, volunteer, and activist. He is currently a PhD Candidate at the University of Alberta.

He thanks everyone who helped write this story: his family, Tony Bolger, Judy Davidson, Julia Guy, Molly McKeen, Alex McKie, Jay Scherer, Aaron Vanimere, Arlene Eaton-Erickson and Jane Slessor's inner-city social work class at the University of Calgary, and everyone he got to know at the Lofts.

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*Spyder Yardley-Jones is an internationally recognized cartoonist, painter, and sculptor. He has taught the art of cartooning for over 26 years through artist-in-residencies in Edmonton schools, YouthWrite, and the Art Gallery of Alberta (AGA). Spyder has had art exhibitions in the USA and Canada, including the AGA. He is also the illustrator of the award winning graphic novel *Jamie's Got a Gun* written by Gail Sidonie Sobat.*

Spyder would like to thank his family and his best friends Donna Dery and Gail Sidonie Sobat, who have helped and inspired him to make his art.

