

Near Atherton, Ontario

It was a beautiful day in late August. The day was sunny with winds at 5 km/h blowing in from Lake Huron on the Michigan side. A nice day to ride a motorcycle. Which was what Elliot was doing.

Elliot was driving his 2017 Haverley War Chief, which was a touring motorcycle. The motorcycle was light blue, and had a seat in the back for a passenger. Elliot, when driving his motorcycle looked like he could wipe out at anytime. Despite being only 5ft 7in, Elliot could sit comfortably on his motorcycle and control it with no problems.

Elliot was riding with a passenger on his touring motorcycle. His passenger was his lover and best friend, Tommy. They were both dogs. In fact only dogs evolved to be bipedal in this world. Humans did exist, but they were ostracized and could only be found in North America or Africa in tribal groups. All humans in North America lived on reserves and were portrayed as being lazy, and always asking for handouts from the Canadian Government. One such reserve was the Saugeen First Nation reserve of Chippawa Hill near Southampton.

Unlike the town of Southampton which had homes that looked new and have well maintained lawns, the homes owned by humans in Chippawa Hill were run down, poorly maintained, didn't look nice and had clutter in the front yard. Thus reinforcing the stereotype that humans were lazy and only wanted compensation for what the dogs did to their ancestors.

Elliot was friends with one such human, a man named Colton Whitehorse, a halfblood. People who are halfbloods are those whose parents are a human and a dog. In this world if a human has a child with a dog, there is a 50/50 chance that the child will be a human or a dog.

Normal humans have darker complexions but those who are halfblood have lighter complexions. Marriage between humans and dogs are controversial, but Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba and

20 US states have passed laws making it legal for interspecies marriages to happen.

In fact, in Canadian history, several famous people were halfbloods. Louis Riel, who was a Metis, had a halfblood father and human mother. The Metis are a group of Canadians who can trace their roots back to the times when the Hudson's Bay Company owned most of northern Ontario. Metis are predominately from French dog traders and trappers, and Native humans. Metis can be human or dog as long as they can prove that they have both human and dog blood. In the 2016 Census there was about 600,000 Metis who were either human or dog.

Elliot was a purebred Nova Scotia Duck Toller. A legacy of the Acadian Canadians who were forcibly removed from Nova Scotia and relocated to Maine, Louisiana and Quebec. Some Acadians stayed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and assimilated into the more predominate British culture. A group of Acadians who stayed in the Yarmouth part of Nova Scotia married English Golden Retrievers and that's how the Duck Toller came to be.

Tommy was a purebred Rough Collie. Tommy's ancestors came from Scotland and have gradually spread out across Canada. An estimated 1.5 million Rough Collies of Scottish descent live in Canada.

"How you doing Tommy?" Elliot asked while trying to keep the motorcycle on the road.

"I'm doing fine. Just keep your eyes on the road." Tommy said. He was a little scared about being on a motorcycle. Tommy had read about how dangerous motorcycles were. Despite loving Elliot with all his heart, he couldn't help but feel terrified whenever he got on Elliot's Haverley War Chief.

Elliot and Tommy both lived in Newmarket. A city which was part of the Greater Toronto area. Tommy was going to go see Elliot's

hometown and family in Canada's most patriotic village, Atherton.

"It sure is nice to get away from Toronto eh, Tommy?" Elliot asked Tommy briefly glancing back to look at Tommy. Of course, with Elliot's accent Toronto sounded like "Chur-An-Oh".

When Elliot glanced back to look at Tommy, poor Tommy had a nervous breakdown.

"I can't believe that I agreed to ride with you to Atherton. I should've just stayed at that Tim Hortons in Orangeville!"

"Oh calm down, Tommy! Haverley Motorcycles are the safest. In fact the War Chief Touring and the Mohican Scout are rated as the safest motorcycles of this year." Elliot said trying to calm the collie down.

"Yeah but that is the motorcycle and not the operator!" Tommy practically screamed that at Elliot.

Finally, the Atherton townsite came into view. On the right was a Tim Hortons and a Pioneer gas station. Elliot pulled up to one of the pumps at the gas station. Both Elliot and Tommy dismounted from the motorcycle.

"There! Now you can get a break from riding my motorcycle, Tommy." Elliot said to Tommy as he was taking off his helmet. Elliot let his long reddish golden fur flow in the cool breeze.

Tommy also took off his helmet and casually brushed his thick, furry mane with his hands. His fur had a soft silky look to it. The colour of his fur was mahogany sable.

"Ah yes! Canada's most patriotic village and home to me!" Elliot exclaimed to Tommy.

Tommy nodded and walked to the Tim Hortons to get some timbits while Elliot pumped gas into the motorcycle. Once the gas tank on his motorcycle was full, Elliot went into the gas station to pay. When he went to the gas station attendant he almost dropped the money that was in his hands.

“Cole?” Elliot asked the gas station attendant while being at a loss for words.

The human gas station attendant grinned and replied with, “Elliot? It’s been a long time.”

“What are you doing in Atherton? I thought that you still lived at the reserve at Chippawa Hill.” Elliot stammered while still being at a loss for words.

“The Canadian Government has given halfbloods incentives to move off of reserves and live in other towns.” Colton explained so that Elliot could understand why he was living in Atherton.

“How is my mom and dad doing?” Elliot asked changing the subject.

“They are doing well although they wonder why you chose Newmarket instead going to someplace like Guelph or Kitchener.” Colton said to Elliot.

“Well, my boyfriend, Tommy, lives in Newmarket and he has a job at the hospital in Newmarket, and the apartment we share is really nice.” Elliot said trying to explain to Cole why he chose Newmarket.

“Elliot! Are we going or not?” Tommy hollered at Elliot from the motorcycle.

“It was nice talking to you, Cole.” Elliot said after handing Colton

the money.

“Yeah. See you later.” Colton called out to Elliot as he walked to his motorcycle.

“Alright! Lets go to Andrew Street and see my parents.” Elliot said to Tommy as he started the motorcycle.

They drove through Atherton until they reached Andrew Street which was a cul de sac near an auto parts factory.

Elliot drove the motorcycle up the driveway and parked it beside his father’s Fram Bronco F-150.

“It’ll feel good to take off these riding boots, my paws hurt.” Elliot said to Tommy.

“I don’t wear shoes unless I am at the hospital,” Tommy laughed at Elliot for that fact. “Besides you’re the one who wanted a motorcycle.” Tommy continued to laugh at Elliot as he removed his riding boots and put them in the storage compartment of the Haverley War Chief.

Elliot and Tommy walked hand in hand up to the door. Elliot knocked on the door. His mother opened the door and looked surprised at who was at the door.

“Elliot!” She exclaimed. “Oh do come in! And who is this? You two must be hungry. Welcome home, Elliot. She said

Elliot and Tommy walked into the house as the door shut behind them.