

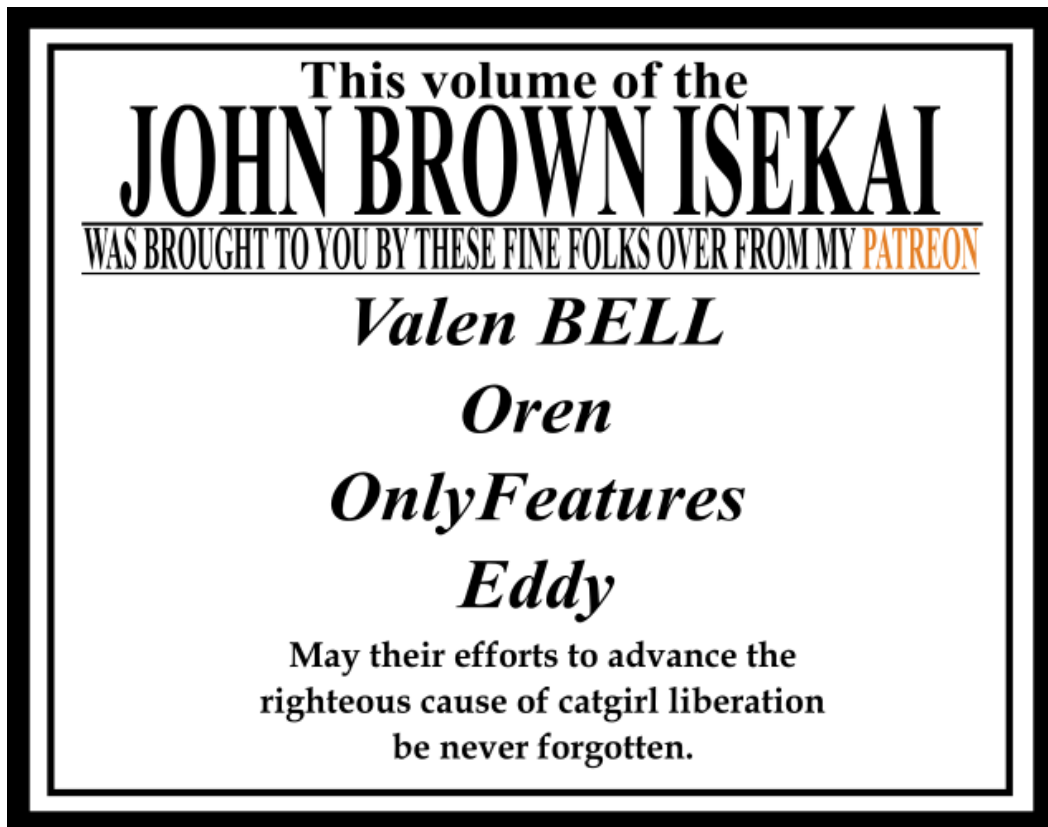
HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON!

OR,
THE JOHN BROWN ISEKAI
II TOTAL NEKONOMIC COLLAPSE



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Synopsis

*The catgirls have nothing to lose but their collars. They have a world to win.
WORKING CATS OF ALL COUNTRIES, UNITE!*

Japan is an island by the sea filled with volcanoes, humans, and bipedal, humanoid cats. Known as the “cat paradise”, the nation boasts an impressive population of around nine million domestic catfolk with even more unaccounted-for strays. The “neconomy” of Japan is the largest in the world; many would assume that such a large economy would trickle down to bring prosperity to the catfolk.

Prosperity for the common cat is nothing but a dream in a catpialist system rife with fat-cats and neconomic exploitation.

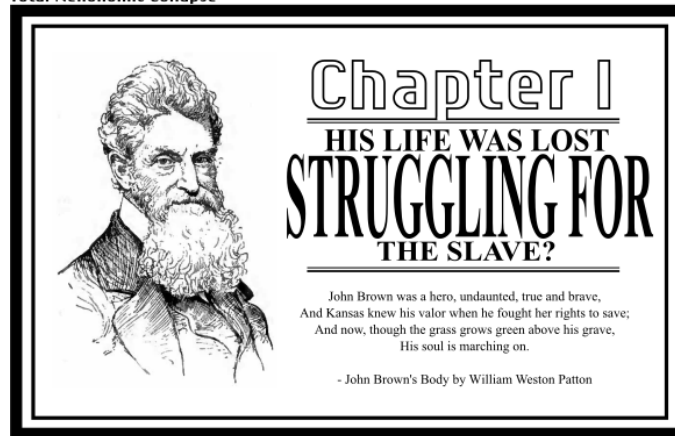
Cats, those that are “domestic” at least, are second-class citizens who can only freely travel with government-issued certification in the form of a bell around their neck. Those who don’t have a family are less than second-class citizens; strays (which comprise a majority of the cat population) are forced into workhouses and exploited as cheap labor. Those who cannot work in a profitable manner are kicked out of the workhouses and left to die on the harsh streets.

Despite these abysmal conditions, most people pay no mind to the horrors of the neconomy. Many go about their day, enjoying cheap products manufactured from the blood and sweat of the catfolk.

Who do mind are the exploited catfolk themselves; a specter is haunting Japan – the specter of total neconomic collapse, aided by another specter from a century past.

His life was lost while struggling for the slave?

Total Nekonomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

“Cats in Nekopara are undoubtedly second-class citizens, if that. They are closer to sub-human, as society treats them as pets and beings who lack autonomy... There still exists a shortage for places where cats can live and their inevitable fate appears to be finding an owner who will put them to work.”

- Chiaki Hiraki, *The Worker's Nekopara: A call to arms against nekonomic exploitation* (2020)

Today was a beautiful day like any other in Japan. The sun was rising, the cherry blossoms were gently falling, the catgirls were being oppressed... You know, the usual.



Hidden behind a veil, one made out of the backstreets of a sprawling metropolis, was a young girl going through her daily routine. She only had a dirty, oversized dress, a pair of cheap plastic sandals and a canvas bag full of junk, which was hanging over her one and only arm, to her name. She was of short stature, her unkempt hair brown and unremarkable.

Someone of her sort easily blended in to the backstreets that set the stage for her day-to-day life. Smelly streets, the oft rude yet scarce inhabitants, a never-ending stream of recyclable waste... She felt as if this routine would never come to an end. Quite frankly, it'd never end if some miracle wasn't to happen.

This girl wasn't looking for a miracle at the moment though, she was more concerned rummaging through the contents of a garbage can that had been left next to a rusty, abandoned office cabinet. *Paper, paper... Wait! No, that's just even more paper... How much paper do you people need?!*

She continued dumpster diving until she reached the bottom of the accursed paper laden bin. Her paper-related disappointment was cleared when she found the miracle that she wasn't looking for: a whole can of tuna. "Finally!" she shouted in excitement at what was clearly a miracle.

There was no one to hear her celebratory exclamation in the lonely backstreets. She spent a minute of lonely merriment before moving on to her next target. *My luck seems to be good today, there'll probably be something valuable in this cabinet as well! Okay, now I gently open the door...*

"More tu... *nyah?*"

Inside the cabinet was not tuna, far from it, but an old Westerner supporting a bushy, magnificent yet wild beard. He was quite the monster of a man, being around an inch or two taller than the girl. The leather coat he wore looked fashionably vintage as if it belonged to two centuries prior.

He stared at her.

She stared at him.

Silence reigned 'till its reign finally came to an end thanks to the old man. "Hello, young la-" *Kerchunk.*

His polite greeting was cut short by the young girl rudely shutting the cabinet. *Don't wanna' get caught up in your shenanigans, gramps. Best to leave drunk tourists alone.* She turned back, intending to forget this queer incident.

Yet, it seemed that the queer incident didn't intend to forget her that easily. The cabinet doors flung open again, revealing an old man who looked to be ever so slightly ticked off. "*Ahem.* Young lady, it is quite rude not to reciprocate greetings and I believe that it is *especially* rude if you shut a door in someone else's face!"

Seeing such a man run up to her was quite scary, to say the least. *I'll just quickly apologize to get him off my tail!* She bowed as much as she could in a show of apology. "I'm so sorry, grsir! I was just a bit surprised when I... uhh... suddenly found an old man in a cabinet."

"Right... It is understandable that a young lady such as yourself might be discombobulated when having an encounter of the unexpected kind with an old man in a cabinet. Nevertheless, do try to conduct yourself better next time young lady." The old man now had a more relaxed, cordial expression. He was conducting himself surprisingly well for someone who had just

come running out of a cabinet. “Right, excuse me for *my* rudeness, I haven’t finished introducing myself. My name is John Brown, young lady.”

“I’m Maya, nice to meetcha sir!”

“Maya, is it?” Maya was still ceaseless bowing. “Young lady, could you stop bowing? I’m not going to be birching you or anything, you have no need to be worried. It is also quite hard to hear you when your head is so down lo...” Brown paused as he slowly noticed the existence of something unusual near the posterior of the bowing Maya. “By the Lord, what is that furry object which is wagging behind you?!”

“This? It’s called a tail.” *Gramps must have had a wild night if he can’t recognize a cat’s tail.*

Brown’s eyes were wide open in surprise. He pointed at the top of Maya’s head “And if I’m seeing correctly, the young lady has ears of a feline as well...”

“Yeah. You’re seein’ correctly.” *Never seen a catgirl before? What’s the big deal?*

“By our Heavenly Father above... am I still of sound mind?” Brown looked around him, only to find towers of concrete and glass that dwarfed the Tower of Babel in their height. “And- and the language that you and I currently speak is definitely not English... Where has Providence led me to?”

Huh? Maya was beginning to think that Brown might not be a lost, drunk tourist. *Eh, can’t hurt too much if I humor him for a bit.* “Gramps, we’re in Tokyo. In Japan.”

“Japan... That is an Oriental nation, isn’t that correct, young lady?”

“‘Oriental’? Okay boomer, it’s the 21st century already. Get on with the times.”

“We’re in the second millennium?”

This guy ain’t making fun of me, is he... No, he sounds way too serious and grave for someone just messing around. Maya was beginning to feel sorry for the lost old man. “Got any relatives or anyone else? Maybe they’d help you out?”

Brown looked somber in his reply. “21st century... that would be over a hundred years. No, young lady, I do not believe any one of my acquaintances would have survived that long. Even if they did, it would be impossible to contact them, so far away in the United States, all the way in the Orient.”

Maya didn’t exactly know how long humans could live for. Someone possibly living for over a hundred years sounded impressive to her nonetheless. “Then, you got nowhere to stay?”

“That is unfortunately the case, young lady.” replied Brown. “Though, in my short stint being locked in it, I have found this cabinet to be decently insulating and comfortable. I surmise that it should be suitable as accommodation in the great pinch that I unfortunately currently find myself in. Thank the Lord for providing me with such a suitable place at such a time!”

Maya shook her head, crushing the cabinet-sleeping related plans of Brown. “Gramps, you’re not going to be thinking that for long. Believe me, I’ve slept in a cabinet once or twice. It *definitely* ain’t fun.” *He looks to be trustworthy enough.* “Follow me, there’re better places for your catnap.”

Brown, obviously, had no idea about the layout of the city he found himself in. He concluded that the best course of action was to follow someone who *did* have an idea. “If that isn’t going to cause any trouble for you, young lady, then you may lead the way.”



And so, Brown and Maya navigated through the labyrinthine backstreets of Tokyo. She avoided crowded areas; the authorities weren’t too keen on strays being in the public eye. Brown, as if a curious child navigating through a candy shop, kept a close watch on everything he encountered. The cityscape of a 21st century city seemed as alien to him as the surface of Mars. He kept bombarding Maya with inquiries as he encountered the products of two centuries of scientific advancement. She asked various questions about Brown’s life in the United States in turn.

“Young lady, what would that queer little metal box with a yellow triangle on it be?”

“It’s... a box for electricity, I guess.”

“Electricity? Electricity is now used inside cities?”

“Yeah. I think. It lights the streets and powers real big machines ‘n stuff.”

“Interesting...”

“You don’t have electricity back in America?”

“No, we used gas for the lamps and steam for the machines, young lady.”

“Poor Americans...”

The backstreets eased into suburbs of neatly lined residences along the Tama River. Brown, a foreigner in terms of geography and chronology, stuck out like a sore thumb. Residents watched this incongruous pair go on their merry way with a mix of mild confusion and much amusement.

“Young lady, why is that gentleman holding that bar of metal towards our general direction?”

“That’s a phone. Think he’s tryna’ snap a photo of you.”

“How does a camera fit inside that tiny space? The picture that gets developed from that is most certainly going to be too tiny to be of much use.”

“Dunno. Beats me.”

Suburban development began to make itself scarce while the river continued to flow on and on. Scattered among these undeveloped parts were makeshift tents of plastic, housing those who had no better option.

Maya led Brown along a path that deviated from the river that’d eventually end at their destination: a run-down two-story concrete building that seemed to have been abandoned long ago. It lacked windows, doors, or anything that one would expect from any respectable building. There was a huge discarded sign next to the building with “Tamaside Patisserie” written on it. One didn’t need to rack their brain to figure out why a patisserie in the middle of nowhere would be abandoned.



Maya approached the front of the building. She knocked on some concrete that’d normally house the doorframe. “We’re home!”

The inside of this former patisserie wasn’t much better compared to the inside. Its walls had long ago been conquered by invading armies of mold. Over the moldy concrete laid an earthen charcoal grill and various bits of food that had been strewn alongside it. Its occupants didn’t have anything else that could occupy the room.

First to reply to the arrival of the Brown-catgirl duo was the only other person inside the building, that being another catgirl warming her hands near the charcoal grill. “Sis!” She wore a tattered suit that was a few sizes too big for her, fastened to her with a belt made out of

salvaged fabric of some description. She looked exactly the same as Maya in terms of appearance, other than the different outfit and her white hair.

“Misha, I’ve got something special for you!” Maya handed her currently most valuable possession, that being the invaluable can of tuna, over to her sister.

Misha spoke slowly and her speech lacked consistent intonation. “Uhm... tu... tuna, er... tasty. Thank you... very.” The sisters warmly embraced each other, before Misha took notice of the century-old abolitionist in the room. “Er... geezer. Geezer who?”

“This geezer’s John Brown. Geezer, this is Misha.” Brown was slightly dissatisfied at being called a geezer but he kept cool for now “He has nowhere to go so he’ll be staying here.” Maya proceeded to summarize everything she knew about Brown to Misha.

With the end of introductions came time for food. The can of tuna was all that was available, which amounted to little food for the three of them. Brown didn’t even have time to thank the Lord for granting him the meal before the sisters finished the entire can, leaving nothing for him. He didn’t mind it; food was more important for the young’uns who were still growing up.

It had gotten quite late by the time they arrived and finished the above. The sisters went to bed, ‘bed’ meaning ‘laying on the cold concrete floor’, after having finished their meal.

Brown couldn’t sleep; he was kept awake by his own thoughts. He *had not* died after being killed. Such a miracle could only be described as a divine act for him. There must have been a good reason as to why Providence had sent him to the new millennium. Yet, as he had learned from Maya, there were no slaves in this country.

What was Brown, or more accurately, what was God’s divine instrument for the deliverance of the slaves meant to do in Japan?

His deep thoughts were interrupted by Maya. “*Ugh. Can’t sleep. My back’s hurting like hell from the concrete floor.*” She was surprised when this complaint got a reply from Brown in the form of singing.

*Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth’s remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners, home.*

She didn’t understand the lyrics at all, but the voice of Brown was a surprisingly comforting one. It was a warm, reassuring voice that only an experienced father or grandfather could conjure. Brown watched Maya fall asleep, in a soundly manner as if she was not resting on bare concrete.

That night, Brown came to realize his purpose in this new world. It was true that he couldn’t continue his fight against the horrible injustices of slavery like he had done previously. Yet, he believed that every day that he was alive was by divine mandate, a mandate which ordered him to fight in the belief, nay, in the *truth* that all men were created equal.

If he couldn't fight against slavery then old John Brown would fight for the catgirls.

THE JOHN BROWN HUSBAND
Total Nekonomic Collapse

Some Extra Historical Context

Some extra historical context: The hymn sung by John Brown is [*Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow*](#), written by [*Charles Wesley*](#). This hymn was Brown's favorite, understandably so as it dealt with the liberation of slaves, and he'd even use it as a lullaby to get children to sleep (one of his sons, John Brown Jr. would say "He sang us all to sleep, one after another, with that same hymn... It was his 'call' to duty and sacrifice."). Here's the aforementioned hymn in full:

*Blow ye the trumpet blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.*

*Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.*

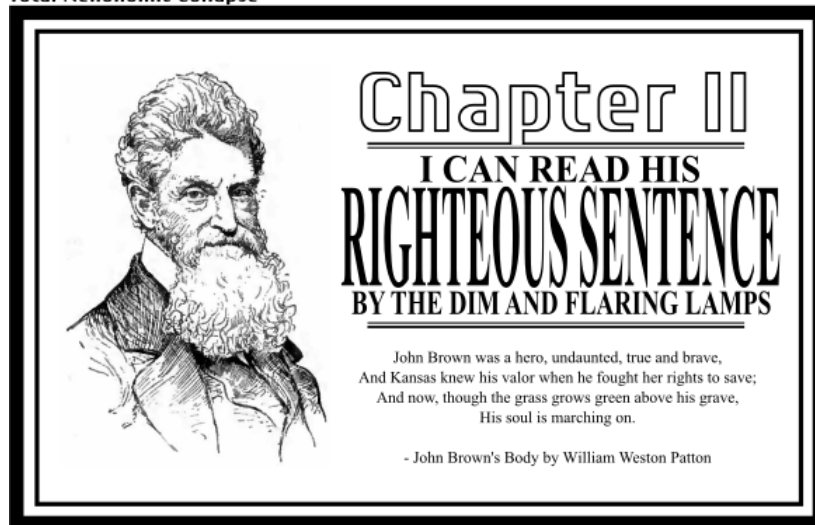
*Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.*

*Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.*

Some extra non-historical context: For most details on Brown that I'm going to give in the "historical context" part of these chapters, my source is *Fire From the Midst of You - A Religious Life of John Brown* by Louis Decaro Jr. I have around a thousand words written of author's notes on Brown's character, including lesser known facts like the fact that Brown quite disliked dairy (not for any religious reason, he just didn't personally like how it smelled and tasted).

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.

Total Neconomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

After work in the evenings, Brown's concern for "physical and mental culture" was expressed in organized "contests of skill" among the workers and young people, events ranging from debates to well-controlled sport and gymnastic competitions.

- Louis Decaro Jr., *Fire From the Midst of You – A Religious Life of John Brown* (2002)



Libraries, those that are properly run anyways, are isolated pods of peace and quiet in the booming metropolis. A font of wisdom preserved in physical form. An egalitarian institution where every citizen can access all of the world's knowledge freely. Other vaguely positive and lofty things that could be said about libraries, so on and so forth.

Most importantly for one English teacher called Miss Watanabe, libraries were a place of respite where she could escape the infernal crowd of young adults that occupied her life. A place of order and quiet like the library was the polar opposite of a high school English class.



She had planned to go to the Tama Library like usual, pick some random thing to read and forget about the fact that she had wasted the last twenty years of life, stuck in a dead-end career. Her usual plan for respite was progressing as usual until she encountered the most unusual sight.

“Shooting one of these ‘drones’ with the old Sharps rifle doesn’t seem to be a credible way of dealing with them. *Oh Lord, what hath ye wrought...*”

She saw old Brown surrounded by a motley congregation of books. There were books on 19th-21st century history, modern military hardware, children’s books... While the sight of a foreigner in Tokyo wasn’t *too* unusual, seeing a foreigner in a library with an incongruous pile of books *was*.

Watanabe was quite curious as to what this strange foreigner was seeking. “*Hello, sir. Sorry for the intrusion, but could I ask you what you are... uhm... researching?*”

Brown was surprised to hear someone speaking in English to him. He replied to the woman in English as well “No need to apologize, miss. It is man’s nature to be curious. I’m trying to the best of my ability to bring myself in line with this new millennium.”

For old Brown, who had *been* well-read, it was of utmost importance to *be* well-read.

Brown had spent his first few weeks in the new millennium for this purpose of enlightening himself on contemporary circumstances. He had first begun with finding out whether slavery had been abolished in the US – it (mostly) was, which brought him great jubilee to see that great evil struck down. It was surreal to see himself be referred to in the past tense, as if he was among the dead, to see that his final sacrifice had worked out as he had thought. It was also surprising and disappointing how the Southerners had insisted on clinging to their old ways even to the new millennium. Brown would have flown (he really wanted to fly in an airplane after he learned about them) to the US immediately if he wasn’t currently a penniless, stateless illegal immigrant with two adopted daughters to take care of.

With Brown up-to-date on the United States, he had proceeded to update himself on the situation of the rest of the world. Many empires had fallen in his absence: the British, French,

Russian, Habsburg, Qing, Ottoman... From their ashes, new states populated the world map. Millions had died in two World Wars (Brown was baffled as to how they decided to have a second go after experiencing the first round) that seemed no different than Armageddon. Finally, this was something that Brown still didn't get no matter how much he read up on it, some odd network called an "internet" allowed one to contact anyone around the world at will.

One thing that surprised Brown, something that threw a thermonuclear-explosion-sized wrench in his works, was the development of military technology. He had left the world when the deadliest weapon in the world was a hand-cranked machine gun or a well-placed artillery blast. Humanity had advanced surprisingly fast in the art of killing itself since his death. Now death could rain more furiously than hellfire from jets up above, every man was a Gatling gun when wielding an assault rifle, human civilization could be wiped out within moments when it came to mad nuclear exchange.

It was clear to him that starting any sort of armed catgirl revolution would end in Brown being personally lacerated by a kinetic warhead. Brown would have to find another way to bring about the divinely-mandated liberation of the catfolk.

'Bringing in line to a new millennium' sounds like an advert for something... "Excuse me if I'm being rude, but what do children's books have with it?"

"Oh, these?" Brown pointed at the children's books. "These are for a different purpose. I'm looking for educational material for my daughters who cannot attend school. I am unable to borrow books, most unfortunately, so I've been memorizing them."

Watanabe was a bit surprised; it was rare for children to be unable to attend at least a public school. So was someone being unable to borrow simple children's books from a public library. *Something fishy is going on here, I can feel it...* "Good luck sir, on your endeavors."

"Godspeed, miss." Brown immediately went back to his study after Watanabe left the scene. "Now, where was I? Right, 'The collapse of the Russian Federation was brought about by...'"

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Total Nekonomic Collapse

Brown wasn't only spending his time reading, of course. Knowledge was important and nourishing, yes, but not in the same level of "important and nourishing" as food was. Three mouths were a lot to feed, especially as Brown couldn't legally work (nor were employers willing to employ an old man such as him).

His source of food came to him from a place that was most unexpected, even to Brown.



It had surprised Brown to learn that there were churches in Tokyo (last he heard the Shogun wasn't too keen on having them). They wildly differed in doctrine and practice compared to those of a doctrinally conservative 19th century evangelical Christian; Brown chose to attend anyways to stay close to a community of fellow Christians. Churchgoers had taken a liking to this odd old man with his passionate sermons, excellent knowledge of the Bible and his philanthropic outlook.

He had begun receiving donations of food and other essential items, such as clothes, charcoal, one generous soul had even donated three sets of *futons*. Brown had even received help from charitable folk outside of the small Christian community as word-of-mouth spread itself, allowing the patisserie to achieve a standard of level that was above the usual "one can of tuna for three people".

It seemed to Brown that the positive side of humanity persevered in the new millennium. This gave him hope for his fight with its negative side.

"Maya, Misha, I'm home!" declared Brown with his return home from the library. What was called "home" was still a run-down patisserie in the middle of nowhere, sure. It had gotten slightly better though, especially with the addition of proper bedding and plenty of charcoal for heat.

The sisters had a lot more free time thanks to not having to scavenge for food every day. They were currently busy with their writing exercises, in Latin script for now as it was quicker to learn (and Brown had no idea how to write Japanese despite being able to perfectly speak it thanks to isekai shenanigans). Brown had gotten a small blackboard as a donation from a former teacher that the sisters used to write with chalk; they were too engrossed to notice Brown's arrival.

"Yo... Yo-me-ru. Ma-ya. Maya. Ken. Reed. Wait no... *Gah*, this is so stupid!" declared Maya as she shook her fist in anger. "I've been doing fine without reading n' writing for all my life!"

“No... re... read, er, important...” replied Misha. “...Book. Ehm... read, fun.” She had been able to comprehend reading faster than her rowdy sister. “Watch.” said Misha before she wrote the longest word she memorized, “Incomprehensibility.” Misha had the smuggest smile as she completed the writing the word. “See? Uhm... this... this, how... write. Proper.”

“Such a showoff.” said Maya as she heaved a sigh. She turned her head around to encounter Brown. “Oh, ‘ello gramps and...” she noticed someone standing outside the house, failing to hide behind some bushes. “Gramps, someone’s behind you.”

Brown quickly turned around, ready to brawl, only to see Miss Watanabe. He recognized her from the library. “Miss, would you happen to have any business with us? If you do, I’d prefer if you were to state it openly instead of doing... that.”

Watanabe stopped her cartoonish attempt at stealth and stood up to defend herself in speech. “No, Mr. Brown, it wasn’t anything malicious I- I swear!” she pointed to the sisters. “I just thought that something unsavory might be going on. I’m just doing my duty as a responsible citizen!”

“By the Lord, did I look like an unsavory man to you?” *Yes, you did*, replied Watanabe silently. “I hope you’ve cleared up any fantastical misunderstandings, Miss... May I have your name, miss?”

“I’m Watanabe. Watanabe Haruhi.” replied Watanabe, finally officially introducing herself to Brown. “I didn’t expect that you’d actually have two daughters, let alone them being from the catfolk!”

Wait, we’re his daughters? thought the sisters when they heard Watanabe.

“I actually have had twenty children, Miss Watanabe, though they are all with our Heavenly Father now.” replied Brown. He awaited the day that he’d get to join them in Heaven when his mission was done.

Watanabe didn’t exactly know how to respond to someone having twenty children. She thought that Brown must have cracked an American joke that she didn’t get. “Right... Since there isn’t anything suspicious going on...” she took out a stack of printed papers from her bag and presented it to Brown “...I printed some of the material you were having to memorize. I hope this is of use to you.”

Brown smiled as he received them. “Thank you very much, Miss Watanabe.”

“One last thing, Mr. Brown...” Watanabe had thought long and hard during her voyage; she had gotten sick of only educating the bunch of snobby kids in private school. She couldn’t quit her job; she still needed money, but she could use her spare time for something more beneficial. “...do you need a teacher for your daughters?”



It was always a busy day for the Governor of Tokyo. This was no surprise: they held responsibility for 14 million citizens, 160,000 government employees and a 13 trillion-yen budget.

Being governor wasn't an easy job, nor was it *supposed* to be a profitable one. To someone keen though, such a position afforded many... "unexpected opportunities", to put it politely. Such opportunities meant keeping close ties with the fat-cats of the city. One such keeping of ties was currently happening in the Governor's Mansion between two people.

After a lengthy bout of formalities, involving many bows, flowery words, and other banalities, the two sides were seated face-to-face. One was the Governor, of course, and the other was a representative from a major construction company (who had donated greatly to the election campaign of the Governor) operating in the city.

"We hope that you understand that time is of the essence, Governor, and that you'll excuse us when we're direct in our request."

"Of course, I understand that time is money. Please, do continue."

"Soon Tamana Corporation will come into possession of land in the outskirts of the city, near the Tama River. We intend to launch a renovation of an abandoned patisserie nearby and expand it into a nearby shopping mall that shall provide for the nearby suburban area."

"Please, I have no need for the details. Your company should have all the required permits for construction in that area. You'll receive my utmost support if any unexpected problems do arise."

"Of course, governor. Our trust in you is absolute, we are here for an unexpected problem *has* arisen. Simply put, there are many vagrants in the area we intend to build on. Our company lacks the means to clear these... problematic elements blocking construction. We hope that we can get your help when we begin construction."

"Then I shall send our boys in when that time comes. Pleasure doing business with you."

Some Extra Historical Context

Some extra historical context: John Brown is well known in popular culture for his zealously and bravery, not for being well-read. While the first two traits are true for him, the latter two are true as well despite what might one initially assume about his character.

As for what he read, it's a given that Brown would be well-versed in the Bible, along with the religious literature of his time. During his time in jail before his execution for example, Brown marked passages with his pen that were about slavery and justice. He'd gift this marked copy of the Bible to one of the jail staff before his execution, probably as a statement to show why he did what he did (or, to put it in more contemporary terms, Brown did this to give an answer to the question of "Based on what?"). Here's an excerpt from an interview given by John Brown during his imprisonment, showing that he had a consistent theological framework for his actions:

(I)nterviewer - Do you consider this a religious movement?

(B)rown - It is, in my opinion, the greatest service man can render to God.

I - Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

B - I do.

I - Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

B - Upon the [Golden Rule](#). I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them: that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God.

...

I - Brown, suppose you had every [n-word] in the United States, what would you do with them?

B - Set them free.

I - I think you are fanatical.

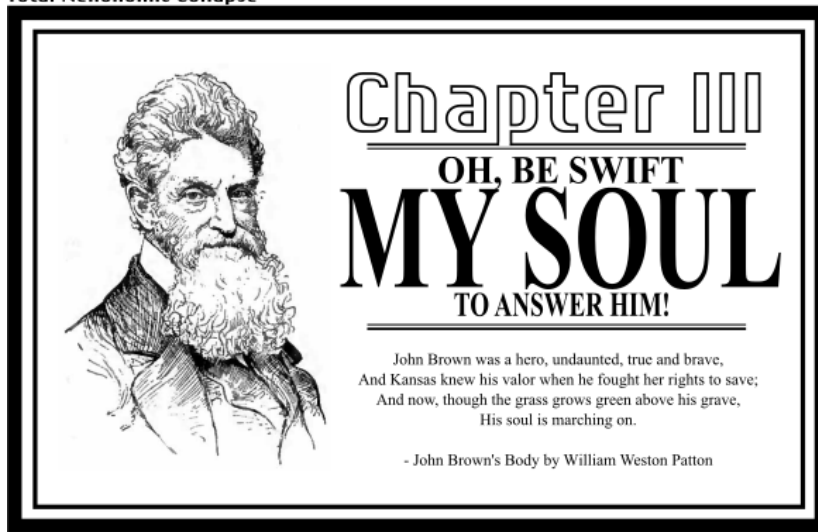
B - And I think you are fanatical. 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad,' and you are mad.

Other than the Bible, Brown was noted (during his time in jail, but it's probably safe to assume that he'd have read these sorts of books out of jail) to have read books on ancient Rome, the French Revolution, and the biography of [Toussaint Louverture](#) (whom he considered to be a hero and source of inspiration).

I think, if Brown was to suddenly find himself in the 21st century, one of his first actions would be to dive into a nearby library and update himself as to what happened in his absence like he did in this chapter.

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him!

Total Nekonomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

While I cannot approve of all your acts, I stand in awe of your position since your capture, and dare not oppose you lest I be found fighting against God; for you speak as one having authority, and seem to be strengthened from on high.

- Letter from a “Christian Conservative” addressed to John Brown after his imprisonment (1861)



An alarm bellowed from the loudspeaker. “It’s 6:30! Time to wake up!” The speaker sounded cold and unpassionate.

Misha, Maya and other catfolk of Tokyo Metropolitan Special Education Facility No. 011 woke up, ready for another long day. Their room was cramped, with fifty beds in a space that should have six at most. There was no proper ventilation, heating, or cooling to deal with whatever the Japanese climate decided to throw at them. “Hardship breeds character and purifies immorality.” is what they said, though the lack of proper accommodation was mostly due to budgetary reasons a smidgeon of ever-present sadism.

All the catfolk, with the same drab white uniform that had stopped being white a long time ago, lined up at the conference hall at the middle of this horrible complex. Posted along the winding corridors were slogans that were supposed to be motivational, like “Work is what sets you free.” and “To overcome your animal nature is done by discipline and obedience.”. These slogans really only worked as material for gallows humor in practice.

Maya and Misha ended up in the front of the lines assembling at the room. There they could see the overseer of the facility, flanked by guards and dressed up in the sharpest suit that they could as if to taunt their prisoners. Behind them was the flag of Japan, a Rising Sun flag and a portrait of the incumbent emperor that made him look most pompous. It was clear that the people that worked in these facilities came from the most zealous and insecure kind.

“Is this thing working? It is... *Ahem!*” The overseer’s voice echoed over the speakers. He was reading from a pre-made script that sat in his hands “Dear students, we welcome another day in the furthering of your education to beat your animalistic instincts. Only through work can you become a proper part of our great Japan! Now, extend gratitude to His Imperial Majesty for granting you amnesty!”

The “students” had already been forced to recite and memorize this part a myriad times over:

*Thousands of years of happy reign be thine;
Rule on, my lord, until what are pebbles now
By ages united to mighty rocks shall grow
Whose venerable sides the moss doth line.*

Most of the “students”, who were young and mostly uneducated, didn’t understand anything from the anthem full of obsolete words. Yet they sung to please the overseer and to apparently “bless” this emperor that they had never seen once in their miserable lives. Maya was a bit tired that day; she was just randomly flapping her mouth to appear as if she was singing.

The overseer’s voice ringed throughout the hall after the anthem ended. “Number 44, Maya! Bring her here!” Maya couldn’t do anything as the guards brought her onto the stage, in front of the overseer. She was terrified; what child wouldn’t be terrified in such a situation?

The overseer grabbed the little Maya by the collar. She could hardly breathe as they spoke. “You! Why aren’t you singing?! Why wouldn’t you want to glorify His Imperial Majesty?”

Maya, still in her tired and fussy state, committed a grave mistake. “Cause he’s such a massive prick for puttin’ me here!” she said and struck at the portrait of the emperor with one of her hands. The hall became so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

Pins dropping could no longer be heard when the overseer spoke after joining the pause. They were furious, but they took care to not look offended by some meek catgirl. They took out

their sword, all good officers carried a sword, from their scabbard. “You dogs are all the same, never understanding anything until you’re shown the stick and beaten down. Haruto, hold that arm that dared strike His visage. Make sure she doesn’t move.”

One of the guards seized Maya, forcing her to hold one of her arms out in a straight line. The crowd of “students” watched, none of them daring to stop what was happening on the stage. “Now, little dog, I am going to be merciful in making an example out of you. My grandfather would have gone for the head back in his days; be grateful that you live in better times.”

The overseer swung the sword downwards, hammering the nail that stuck out.

THE JOHN BROWN ISRAELI
Total Nekonomic Collapse

“N-no... Have mercy!”

Brown was awoken by the semi-lucid cries of Maya. Her face was one belonging to someone who was great pain, and she was shaking with a cold sweat running through her brows. She was breathing rapidly, gasping for air.

Brown decided that it’d be best to wake her up from whatever nightmare was ailing her. He gently shook Maya by her shoulders. “Young lady, are you fine?”

Maya opened her eyes to find Brown looking straight at her. He was a scary sight to see waking up, with his hair and beard having gone unkempt from a month of lacking proper care and the lack of proper lighting helping in making him look straight out of a horror movie. She instinctively grabbed one of the shoulders of Brown to push him away, before her brain finally finished processing the fact that the old man in front of her didn’t mean any harm.

“I-I-I-” A dam full of once bottled emotions broke open once she realized that she was safe. Still holding on to the shoulder of Brown, Maya began crying while trying but failing to speak. She then hugged the old man tightly. Brown was rhythmically rocking her back and forth while singing to lull her back to sleep. “It’s all going to be fine, young lady...” Her breathing became calmer and tears subsided until she was back to sleep once more, still holding on to Brown.

THE JOHN BROWN ISRAELI
Total Nekonomic Collapse

One more peaceful year passed in the Tamaside Patisserie, though calling it an “abandoned patisserie in the middle of nowhere” would be inaccurate by this point. The former patisserie had become somewhat of an unofficial charity thanks to the overwhelming amount of support Brown had gotten from his ventures into the city. Brown wasn’t too interested in hoarding extra items that his household didn’t need, so he had begun distributing what he didn’t need to the homeless men and catfolk of Tama River.

Slowly, a small village of tents had formed around the Tamaside Patisserie which now acted as a sort of community center (and a church with a few goers, led by John Brown). The first floor was now fitted with one big charcoal stove, food and seating, all for public use. The second floor was left to the Brown household. The Tamaside community (as it began to be called) had begun convening inside the patisserie once in a while for debate and to pool together their resources for their makeshift community. One such project was the renovation of the patisserie; a group of former construction workers helped install doors, windows, and

even paint the building so that it didn't look as depressing with its former drab gray walls and floors.

Brown quite disliked the fact that the Tamaside relied on donations to keep afloat. He was a frontiersman from birth, making him used to living autonomously. Thus, he had begun from the most basic need, that being food, to help the community less reliant on handouts. Brown surveyed land suitable for farming, he was known for his experience in surveying land back when he was in the United States, and began educating a group of volunteers on farming. He had to combine older 19th century knowledge with modern, scientific 21st century knowledge that he had read about in the library. Brown was beyond amazed when he saw the first harvest of rice and potatoes: modern cultivars of such plants combined with modern fertilizers exceeded anything from back in his time. Selling of excess food resulted in a tidy profit for the Tamaside community.

Another source of income, and a passion project, that Brown wanted to pursue was sheep and wool. Unfortunately, cattle was rare in Japan, especially sheep who numbered only in the thousands, nor did Brown have the means or capital to import animals. The climate of Japan wasn't suitable for raising wool-growing sheep either, meaning that Brown had to completely give up on recreating the wool empire that he made back in America.

Moving on from the economy, with the help of Miss Watanabe who had begun spending more and time in the patisserie, an elementary level of education was set up for the younger folk. The education of the Brown sisters was going well. Maya had finally gotten over Latin script while Misha had already moved on to learning simple *kanji*.

Today was another day that had started peacefully. Brown was off in the fields, helping sow them and the sisters were spending their free time in the patisserie.

"Misha, look at what I can do!" said Maya as she took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard. "In-com-pe-hen-si-ble-ty! How cool is that?"

Misha chuckled in response "That... er... wrong. Write... wrong." She wrote her own name on the board. "美沙... er... this... uhm. Right. This right and... and... ah... more cool. Right cool."

"Such a showoff..." said Maya as she heaved a sigh. Before she could concoct a suitable response to her sister, she was distracted by cries of distress coming from outside the patisserie.

"Help! Someone's been injured! Or, actually, multiple people have been injured!"

"Do we have any doctors?"

"There are like ten former doctors here! Which ones?"

"Are we really going to have a debate over this? Grab the first few you can!"

The sisters rushed to the scene out of curiosity. There they saw a crowd formed around a group of beaten up catfolk. Like any other curious crowd, they had begun questioning whoever they could question.

"Was there a drunken brawl? What happened?" asked one of the crowd members.

One of the men who had escorted the injured was about to reply, when a reply as to “What happened?” revealed itself when the perpetrators showed up over the horizon.



The perpetrators in question were a mob of angry looking young men, holding various weapons like baseball bats, golf clubs and mall ninja grade *katanas*. Some of them were holding torches and flags, with one particularly large Rising Sun flag being held by someone next to their leader. They looked like a ridiculous knock-off version of a military parade.

The mob chanted in disunison while marching towards the patisserie. “Purge the vagrants! Long live the Sensible United Citizens’ Kindness, Edification and Rejuvenation Society, long live Japan!” This mob could be compared to a clown posse; the only difference being that most clown posses are respectable businesses that actually contribute to society in some manner.

A misshapen man who seemed to be the leader of the mob began addressing the crowd of Tamaside residents. “Vagrants who defile our beautiful Tama River, the citizenry of our great country demand that you cease occupying our land and cease the harboring of animalistic strays at once!”

The Tamaside crowd was filled with angry chatter. One of the bolder members shouted in response. “I’ve been livin’ here for a whole year, what have ya done ya right prick?!”

Their leader’s speech ceased not. “If you do not stop your wanton acts of anarchy and disobedience to the rule of law, then we shall have to take action to ensure that righteousness rules over this river.” He drew his sword to make what he meant clear.

Brown had returned from the farms by the time the group had reached the patisserie. He stepped forward towards their leader, making sure to look directly at him as he did so. Their leader tried to keep distance by pointing his sword towards Brown. “Young man, the residents of this river demand that you cease occupying their land and cease your wanton acts of aggression immediately.” Brown was still wearing gardening gloves since he had rushed over

from the farms; he quickly took hold of his adversary's blade with his hands uninjured. Brown twisted the blade before their leader could react (nor was the man skilled enough in combat defend himself if he could react), painfully twisting the man's arm that held the grip. Their leader let the sword go, fell down, and began crying in pain while rolling on the ground.

The situation was now reversed; Brown held the sword and pointed it towards their leader. "Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities, shall not be unpunished'. Do not forget this, young man. Skedaddle and never come back, for the Lord shall be with His poor and not on the side of chains!"

The leader's aching arm made him unable to think anything fancy to counter Brown. There was too big of a crowd gathered near the patisserie for them to attempt anything today. "We- We shall return! Boys, this is only a tactical retreat!"

THE JOURNALS OF JOHN BROWN
Total Nekonomic Collapse

Some Extra Historical Context

Some extra historical (and non-historical) context: Beginning with context that is not related to the United States or John Brown: in this chapter, the "Rising Sun" flag is mentioned several times. Here's an example of the flag in question:



Ensign of the Imperial Japanese Navy (1868 - 1945)

This flag is often associated with the long-defunct (since 1947, after the end of World War 2) Empire of Japan, hence why it might be used to harken back to the "good old days". The Rising Sun Flag was used as an ensign by the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy, and is in official use today as the ensign of the Japanese Self-Defense Forces' Ground and Maritime Forces.



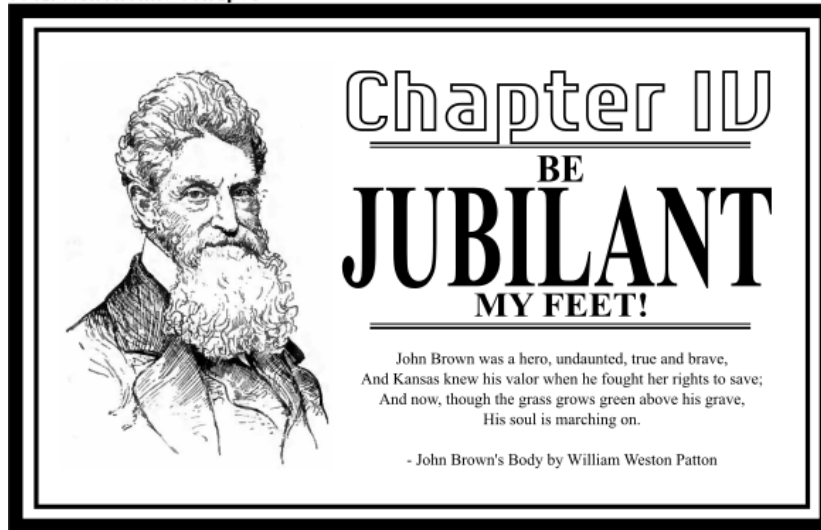
Ensign of the Japan Maritime Self-Defense Force (1954 -)

Now back to John Brown and his sheep-related and surveying enterprises. His father, Owen Brown, ran a leather tannery in Hudson, Ohio. While Brown did eventually open his own tannery (which also secretly operated as a stop in the [Underground Railroad](#)) in Pennsylvania and then Ohio, he came into [financial trouble in 1837](#), leading him to becoming bankrupt in 1842.

Brown was already experienced in tending to livestock thanks to having tended to his father's flock in his youth, and he had read about surveying back then too. He made his living for a while by tending to the livestock of others, becoming known in the United States for his expertise in wool and sheep. In terms of surveying, he helped in the settlement of Timbuctoo, New York (which was planned to be a settlement of free black people that ended up failing due to the climate being too harsh for living), along with doing odd-jobs like surveying for roads.

Be jubilant, my feet!

Total Nekonomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment... I believe that to have interfered as I have done as I have always freely admitted I have done in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so, let it be done!

- John Brown's speech to the court (1859)

Tamaside Patisserie was in a state of emergency, alone on a stranded island in the middle of the sea of (what was ostensibly called) civilization. They couldn't request help from any authorities; they were illegally squatting on what was considered to be private land. It was also illegal for catfolk to walk freely without government certification (granted in the form of a bell) or without permission from their 'owners'.

The people of Tamaside could only rely on themselves and their allies when facing the Sensible United Citizens' Kindness, Edification and Rejuvenation Society.

Yes, the Tamaside folk did have allies. Brown had been busy giving many a passionate speech in the churches and streets, calling for catfolk liberation. He now had a sizeable following that was called upon to defend Tamaside from the upcoming attack by the Society. All walks of life desiring liberty and freedom for their fellow sentient beings united in watch.

Unfortunately for Brown, he couldn't bring his beloved Beecher's Bibles for battle. Importing the Sharps carbine, or any sort of firearm for that matter, was next-to-impossible in Japan. Not to mention, using lethal force would most likely only lead to the Tamaside getting further into trouble. Brown wasn't wont to causing *needless* bloodshed.

One week, full of uncertainty and fear, passed. The folk of the Tamaside Patisserie didn't have to wait long for their adversaries to show up once again...

THE JOURNALS OF MISS WATANABE
Total Nekonomic Collapse

The Sensible United Citizens' Kindness, Edification and Rejuvenation Society marched once again next to the Tama River. They were greater in number; their leader didn't intend to be humiliated once again by some 'geriatric *gaijin*'. Surely, the 'superior spirit of the Yamato race' would today prevail over the 'degenerate bums infesting our beautiful Tama River'.

Yet, something seemed off to them. The lonely makeshift camps around the Tama River were abandoned, depriving the mob of easy targets. They could only march forwards to the Tamaside Patisserie in hopes of destroying their enemies' base of operations.

The Society's march through the suburbs wasn't as smooth sailing as they initially hoped. There seemed to be new problems in every corner wherever they marched to in the suburbs. Roads blocked for maintenance, cars blocking their way, dogs off their leashes attacking them... These didn't hurt the members of the Society physically but it drained their morale as they went more and more off schedule with every meter they marched.

What they saw when the patisserie came into view wasn't too pleasant for them either. Unbeknownst to them, the Tamaside folk had already mobilized. They stood in somewhat disorganized rows, a week wasn't exactly enough to train a militia properly, holding sticks of bamboo and wood. Most of them also held slings, bottles, anything that could be thrown in someone else's face to hurt them.

The treachery of the suburbs and the militia being ready in time were not just lucky coincidences. Thanks to Miss Watanabe's help Brown had gotten ahold of the greatest wonderweapon of all: the Internet. He had borrowed her phone and organized a chat group full of sympathetic plants that were placed around the suburbs. The plants had been reporting the whereabouts of the Society as they marched, coordinating small attacks to wear them down psychologically. Brown was already informed of the unwelcome visitors hours ago, giving the Tamaside ample opportunity to mobilize.

The mob hesitated upon seeing the militia ready to receive their visitors. Still, many of them were blinded by a horrid fervor that made them feel that final victory was certain. How could they face their oh-so-glorious ancestors if they didn't charge down these vagrants dirtying their more-so-sacred lands? Their leader brandished his sword (he was most furious about the fact that he had to go buy another one), their colorbearer raised the Rising Sun up high and a cry that signaled the beginning of the battle was heard out:

“*Wagakuni banzai!*” (Long live our country!)

The Tamaside responded with a battle cry of their own as the Society clashed with their staves
“*Jiyū banzai!*” (Long live freedom!)



The fighting was sluggish yet fierce; both sides weren't trained or experienced in combat. The Tamaside had planned to maintain formation with their staves but their untrained formation didn't last long against a wild banzai charge. Unlike the already-battered Society though, the men of the Tamaside were rested and in high spirits. Their long staves gave them an advantage in keeping their foes far away; many frustrated Society unintentionally reenacted Pickett's Charge by going for a frontal assault that ended with a staff smashing their skulls.

The fighting slowly died down as both sides got tired. They retreated away from each other instinctively, only a few projectiles continued to be exchanged during this tense interim. Left in the middle was a mess consisting of wounded people, crying out to whoever or whatever came first to their mind. Nobody could properly tell who was getting the upper hand in this environment of chaos.

Brown thought that it was the right time for a wild yet calculated gamble. "Brave men of the Tamaside Patisserie! Your foe is beaten, they have gone through Hell on Earth just to get here! 'As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal.' Let us deal with our contemnners who have no regard for their fellow man, for the grace of liberty and freedom! Forwards, charge!"

The Tamaside militia charged forth with their last remaining energy, catching the Society off-guard. The last thing they wanted or expected was a counter-charge from the Tamaside. Their morally and physically beaten men completely shattered before their foe even made any contact. The Society scattered to the suburbs, where they never met each other again out of shame after this shameful display.



“Here you go miss, enjoy your raspberry-syrup white chocolate frappuccino with no caffeine!”

Miss Watanabe slowly slurped on her drink provided by the catgirl waitress. She wasn't sitting in some stylish catgirl café in the middle of Tokyo for fun though; Miss Watanabe had been tasked by Brown to keep track of the situation inside the city. Such a busy establishment was the perfect spot to do just that. *The frappuccino is a nice bonus though, I have to admit.*

She was closely monitoring the TV in the café in particular (she didn't want to spend money or space just to install television at her already miniscule apartment room). What she had been waiting for finally came up on screen after a couple minutes of idle frappuccino-drinking. “Now for a report on an incident that has developed recently near the Tama River...”

The news presenter presented a summary of the events, showing recorded footage of the battle. There was also talk of various protests happening across the country in response to this attack. Brown had discovered yet another dangerous weapon: modern mass media. He had made sure to assign a few volunteers to take footage of the fight and spread it around social media, especially footage that'd make them look good like the Tamaside catfolk taking care of the wounded left over from their retreating enemy.

His plan already seemed to be working, judging from the reactions of the café's patrons.

“They attacked them? For what?”

“The real animals are those from the Society!”

“Here you go mister, enjoy your Americano with extra sugar!”

The report ended as the cameras returned to the studio. “In our studio is Minatsuki Jiu, self-made entrepreneur and licensed catgirl expert. Miss Minatsuki, any ideas on what might have caused such an incident?”

The guest on TV spoke with a calm, posh accent. “I think the main problem is the ingrateful attitude of the cats instilled by foreign liberal influences. Japan is a cat's paradise; there should be and there is nothing to cause dissatisfaction for cats. Their owners protect them, those without owners find suitable work in government facilities. Despite that, the number of

strays increases each year, forcing responsible citizens to take extreme measures to defend their communities.”

The news presenter raised his brow. “Are you saying that the actions of the S.U.C.K.E.R.S. was justified?”

“No, no. Of course not. I do not condone vigilante action, policing of the catfolk should be left to the police. Getting back on point, the state of cats in Japan is the best in the world. Look at America – cat unemployment is a major issue there, despite them being declared legally equal to humans. In Japan, such problems of unemployment are dealt with our special education facilities. Yet, Japanese cats are radicalized with ridiculous notions of ‘equality’ and ‘liberty’, dangerous anarchistic ideas that threaten to rip our harmonious society apart if not stopped.”

The interview continued like so for about half an hour, full of horrible ideas glazed with the dazzling varnish of ostensible concern. Its contents were laughable to someone-in-the-know like Miss Watanabe, who had heard firsthand accounts of what the catfolk experienced.

“My family owns a few catgirls, and they’re all happy! I wouldn’t want them being taken away.”

“The catfolk do seem intelligent, is it right to put a collar on them?”

“Don’t you think these cats are getting uppity? They should know their place and be grateful.”

Only a few bubbles of doubt had begun rising up from the boiling stew of public opinion. It wasn’t going to be easy job changing the opinions of the common people who believed in whatever they were told last.

“Now for the Turkish presidential election, where the president incumbent has given his first public address since election...” The interesting part of the news segment ended as patrons went back to dining. It was getting late; Miss Watanabe had papers to grade from her students. She rose from her chair to pay her bill, leaving a small tip for the waitress.

“Have a nice day miss!” said the catgirl waitresses as she bowed down to bid farewell to yet another customer.

Miss Watanabe smiled in response. “May you have nicer days, dear.”

The ‘nicer days’ were coming soon; she was sure of that.

THE JAPANESE ECONOMY IN CRISIS
Total Nekonomic Collapse

“Now for a report on an incident that has developed recently near the Tama River...”

Today was more than busy for the Governor of Tokyo, all thanks to one incompetent underling.

It was supposed to be an easy job, how did the boys mess it up? That question was only rhetorical. The Governor already knew how they had messed up. I should’ve sent the boys in before they got as organized as... this.

They weren't worried about their men that had been wounded. The Society was just composed of the disposable, zealous members of their party, nothing much more. Suckers were dime a dozen nowadays.

What was worrying them was the fact that they had been unable to suppress the flow of information. They had contacted news stations close to them, making the stations spin news in amicable fashion. Unfortunately for them, they were not in control of everything; negative news had spread like wildfire regardless of their best efforts.

Some foul crap in Tokyo would end up smearing them, the one governing the city, eventually. Pushing this matter further, of 'clearing the vagrants', would just cause more unrest, more problems for the Governor.

If they didn't push this matter though, then their dear campaign donors over at the Tamana Corporation would be displeased. Other business friends of theirs might look upon the Governor with distrust as well.

The Governor heaved a heavy sigh. They were stuck between a Brown-shaped rock and a Tamana-shaped hard place.

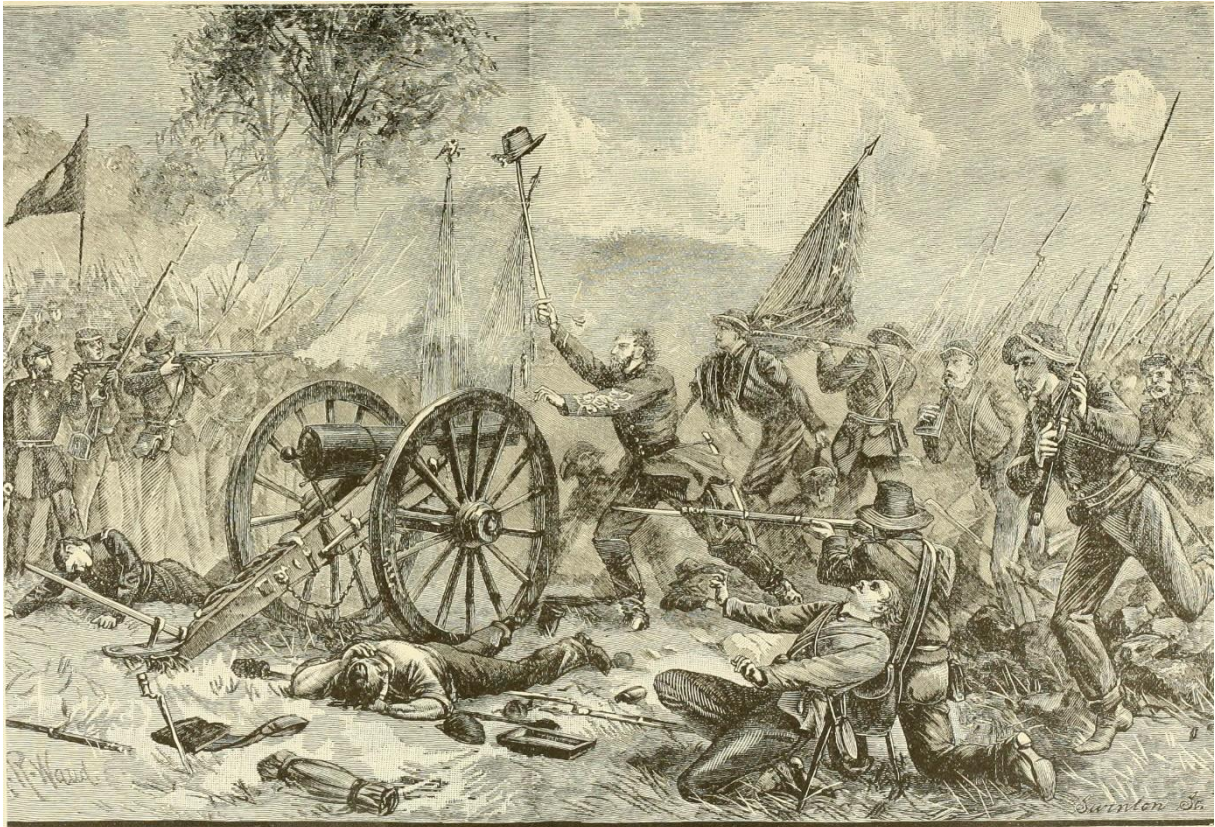
I'll just wait until this all blows over. The people will be outraged for a week or two before they forget and move onto another thing. That's what always happens.

THESE JUDGMENTS ARE SOLELY THE PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR

Total Nekonomic Collapse

Some Extra Historical Context

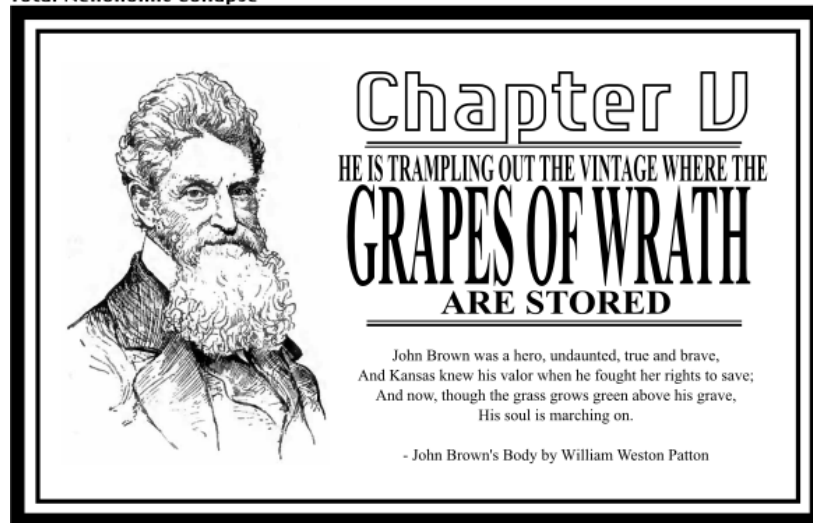
The "Pickett's Charge" mentioned in this chapter refers an infantry charge ordered by Confederate General [Robert E. Lee](#) during the [Battle of Gettysburg](#) in the American Civil War.



Engraving depicting Pickett's Charge. It didn't go well, to say the least.

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

Total Nekonomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

Cats are absent from public life. Though the cast visits amusement parks, the beach, the mall, and a variety of other places, other cats are notably missing from these spaces. Where are they? Do they ever stop in to have some tea and cakes at La Soleil like the humans do? Are they even allowed to?

- Chiaki Hiraki, *The Worker's Nekopara: A call to arms against nekonomic exploitation* (2020)

Brown and the catfolk weren't planning on letting things 'blow over' like some hoped. It was the right time to press the bitter grapes of wrath to let flow the sweet wine of change.

The "Tamaside Incident" had brought nationwide and limited international attention, bringing with it the acknowledgement of Brown's existence. Most thought that he was an insane man that pretended to be a long-dead 19th century American. Actually, to be more accurate, nobody believed that Brown was *the* Brown. Regardless of doubts about his authenticity, Brown now had a chance to contact other groups in the country who were sympathetic to the cause of catfolk liberation.

Now came to, in Brown's own words, "quickly, quietly and efficiently" uniting together to enact a solid plan for action before the government could begin organizing a proper response to the rising unrest in Japan. What was needed was something that'd affect the economy, nekonomy, and society like a train at full speed affecting someone's velocity after it crashes into them. After a week of restless nights, shouting matches and passionate speeches, what was dubbed "The Great Mayday of Maydays" (working title that became permanent when no one had a better idea) was conceived.

Today was to be mayday.

Brown was just one of the many people taking part in this plan. This was not a one-man job; it was a tsunami made of the lumpen flooding the streets. He was walking towards their destination, joined by a small group comprised of Maya, Misha and Miss Watanabe. The streets of Tokyo were quieter than usual as many businesses had been forced to close down for the day due to workers refusing to come to work. Police in civilian getup blended among the streets, trying to find something that they could arrest this 'uppity' crowd for.

Brown wasn't planning on something that could get them arrested, though he feared that the supposed enforcers of the law would just ignore the law.

The group reached their target without much incident, other than a few insults and attempts (emphasis on attempts, as nobody really dared when they saw Brown ready for combat) at physical assault thrown their way. Their target was a café, with a sign in front of it that stated (like many other businesses in the country) "No cats without bells allowed!" They entered the establishment and took a seat.

A catgirl waitress came to greet them at their table. Miss Watanabe recognized her from the last time she had come here. "Welcome to La Lune, what'd you like to..." she paused when she noticed Maya and Misha "...Sir, we do not allow unbelled cats at our establishment. Could you please-"

The Brown sisters were ready for such a situation to arise. "Sis, we're legit here. We've got the dosh, why wouldn't you want to serve us?"

"Money... uhm... you, need. We, er... have. Ha... have... have money. Serve, serve no problem? Please?"

The waitress couldn't bear to throw the sisters out, nor did she herself particularly care about unbelled cats. *I heard the strays are uncivilized, but these two seem to be one, uhm, two of the good ones...* "Ahem... What'd you like to order?"

"A medium-size raspberry-syrup white chocolate frappuccino with no caffeine."

"Whatever Miss Watanabe is having. But, like, larger."

"Same."

Brown didn't like coffee himself, which was what inspired the Brown family's plan for contribution on Mayday. "What'd *you* like to order, young lady?"

The catgirl waitress was used to dirty old men attempting untoward advances towards her (though, admittedly, it was unusual for dirty old men to try such untoward advances while having others sitting with them). She assumed a sterile smile, one gained by experience in years of customer service, as she thought of the most expensive thing she could order. "I really like an extra-large La Lune Specialty Javaccino with extra milk, extra cream, extra..." she continued speaking like this for about a minute "...and with extra dip."

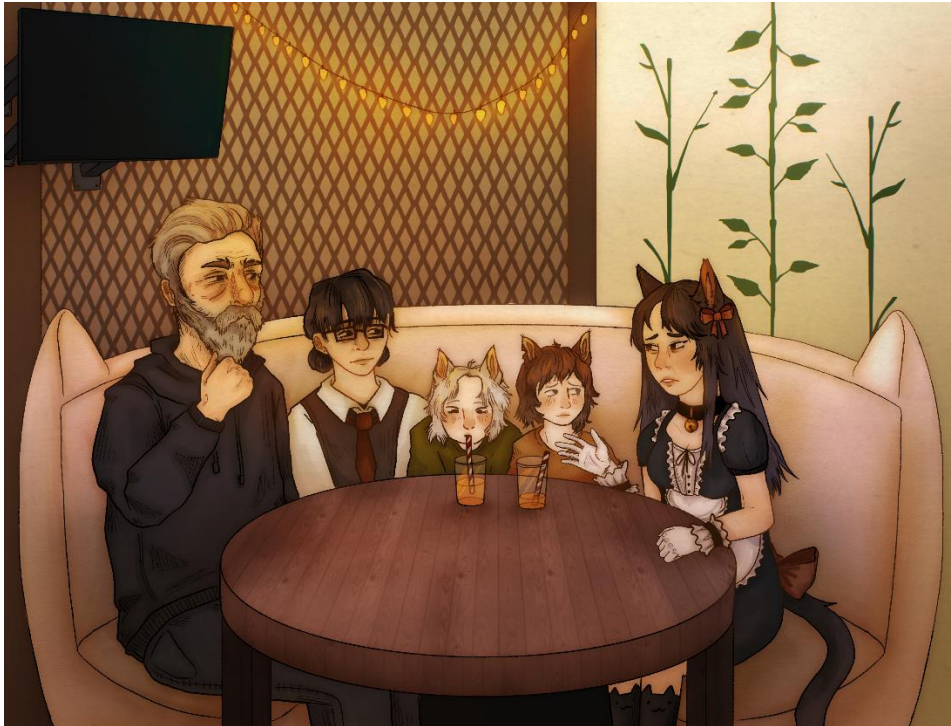
Brown laughed after she finished her order. "You have some expensive tastes, young lady. I'll have an extra-large La Lune Specialty Javaccino with extra milk, extra cream, extra..." he continued speaking like this for about a minute "...and with extra dip."

"R-Right..."

After a short ten minutes, everyone's drinks were set on a table. "Here you go sir your... drink."

"I actually find coffee to be quite disagreeable, young lady." replied Brown. *Then why did you order it in the first place,* thought the waitress.

“She can sit down with us, Mister Brown. Waitresses deserve a break too.” said Miss Watanabe as she slid Brown’s monstrous order towards the waitress. “Though, I do hear that the catfolk aren’t given their due breaks. What’s your name, miss?”



The waitress looked behind her. The manager wasn’t looking and she didn’t have any orders to serve. She sat down with her customers. “I’m Robusta, and…” She didn’t usually have a chance to complain about her employment to someone that was listening, so she ranted about her problems for ten minutes.

“Now for some breaking news regarding what has been dubbed ‘The Great Mayday of Maydays’. The stock markets came to a grinding halt today as thousands of catboys working for the Tokyo Stock Exchange and Osaka Exchange refused to show up to work. One of the hardest hit was the Tamana Corporation, whose employees have gone on strike for an indefinite duration until their demands are met. In Anan, Tokushima, cats have organized a gathering where they have burnt their bells, calling for an end to the Bell System.” The TV showed live video footage of cheerful catfolk standing around a large pile of burning bells.

Robusta stopped speaking while she watched the news report on the café’s TV. The waitress watched the unbelled, free Brown sisters, who were cheerfully drinking their overpriced coffee. Her hands instinctively trailed near her collar, as if she wanted to tear the damned thing away.

“In our studio is Minatsuki Jiu, self-made entrepreneur and licensed catgirl expert. Sorry for calling you on such short notice, Miss Minatsuki.”

The lady on the TV seemed to be a bit more distraught than usual. “No problem, I am *proud* to be of service in such times of crisis.”

“Well, Miss Minatsuki. You’ll have to excuse me for my rudeness; I have reported what I wanted to report for today.” The news reporter stood up as Miss Minatsuki watched in shock. “I have a Mayday to attend to. Your trite speeches can be given without me.” He left the room

as several of the background crew could be heard shouting for him to stop. The cameras were still showing the abandoned studio, empty except for one lonely Minatsuki.

“Young lady, use these.” said Brown when he handed Robusta a pair of cheap scissors. Robusta hesitated for a second, the scissor shaking in her hands. She had a stable-ish job nor was she out in the streets like the strays. Yet, she couldn’t go anywhere without her “owners” permission, she couldn’t drink something in a café like this, she wasn’t free!

Snip.

Her collar snapped in twain. Robusta stood up, holding her broken collar and bell in view of everyone in the café. One of her coworkers shouted at her when they noticed the triumphant Robusta “Ro-Robusta? What the hell are you doing?!”

“I have a Mayday to attend to!”

She left the café with the Brown family. Before long, her comrades in the café had joined Robusta, trailing her from behind as they carried their own broken collars.

THE JOURNAL OF THE CATFOLK
Total Nekonomic Collapse



Countless people had gathered in front of the National Diet Building, chanting for freedom and equality for the catfolk. The Riot Police Unit had also assembled in front of the building, standing with their shields up. Standing near the riot police were a small crowd of pro-government counter-protestors. The middle was reserved for the trucks of the fire department, who were the only neutral party, only doing their jobs of making sure that the city didn’t burn down by the end of the day.

A great fire raged, within the hearts of the people and also literally in front of the Diet building. Tens of thousands of bells were burning in a pile, flanked by even more people who refused to leave until there would be no more bells in Japan.

“It seems we’ve arrived at a good time.” muttered Brown as his group (without Maya and Misha, who had been sent back to the patisserie since protests weren’t exactly safe places for the young’uns) finally made it to the protest grounds. Like a snowball rolling down a hill, what had begun by Robusta cutting off one collar had grown into thousands following her example on her march.

Seeing Brown’s group arrive had only greatened the police’s anxiety. There weren’t many ways that they could suppress the situation without causing too much trouble for the government.

Yet, what’d be worse than bad PR for the ones in government would be the freeing of the catfolk. The bottom line of many companies depended on cheap, cat-sourced labor. Strikes would eventually die off; catgirl liberation would permanently eat into profits. Therefore, after emergency deliberation, the riot police received explicit permission to do ‘what they must’ to ‘quell the significant unrest threatening the capital’.

An announcement from the megaphone of an armored vehicle rang throughout the city. “This is your last warning! Leave the premises of the Diet building immediately, or else we’ll be forced to take special precautions to protect the wellbeing of the members of the Diet!”

Brown had equipped himself with a megaphone in preparation of this event. “Sir, we’re only taking precautions to protect the wellbeing of the members of the catfolk! We have you outnumbered by God-knows-how-much by one, accept the will of your people or prepare to be punished for your sins against your own people!”

The protestors weren’t budging, for now. It was time to do ‘what they must’. The riot police and the counter-protestors began marching forward, intending to clear the protestors from the driveway in front of the Diet. Tear gas was launched and water cannons began spraying at protestors to make their march easier.

Chaos now reigned in the crowd. Many were temporarily blinded by the gas; some were writhing on the ground in pain. The protestors became disoriented while the riot police marched mostly unimpeded thanks to having proper protective gear. Some protestors swung wildly in an attempt to spray-and-pray themselves to victory. This obviously didn’t work. The riot police swiftly gained ground, taking the area where the ashes of the bells lay.



The protestors hadn't dissolved yet, though. Those who were able to get used to the effects of tear gas were slowly able to reorganize and attempt a push back. The riot police were highly outnumbered by the protestors who slowly made them retreat back from the pile of ashes. It would seem the riot police would lose this battle of attrition if the situation continued like so.

The situation wouldn't continue 'like so'. Gunshots rang out. Some panicked members of riot police had fired their pistols. Some warning shots flew into the air, some shots flew directly into the crowd. Their comrades joined them in their panic as other shots followed.

The protestor crowd fled, fearing for their lives. Even the most fervent of men wavered in the face of certain death. Many of their escape paths were blocked by other members of police, further clashes happened as the panicked crowd fled for their lives.

It was a tactical victory packaged with strategic defeat for the government. The National Diet Building was secure; its driveway was now painted red with the blood of forty-two victims.

THE JUDICIAL INTERVENTION
Total Nekonomic Collapse



Maya and Misha were doing their best to read the front page of today's newspaper. "Er... *Tō. Kyō. neko. Horse-again-bug-movement?*" Misha was occupied with the reading while Maya was skimming through a dictionary in an attempt to find the letters her sister couldn't read.

"Lemme see... Those two letters together mean 'riot'. Already knew that it was a riot, what else? There are some English numbers under the pictures, what's next to the 7 and 35?"

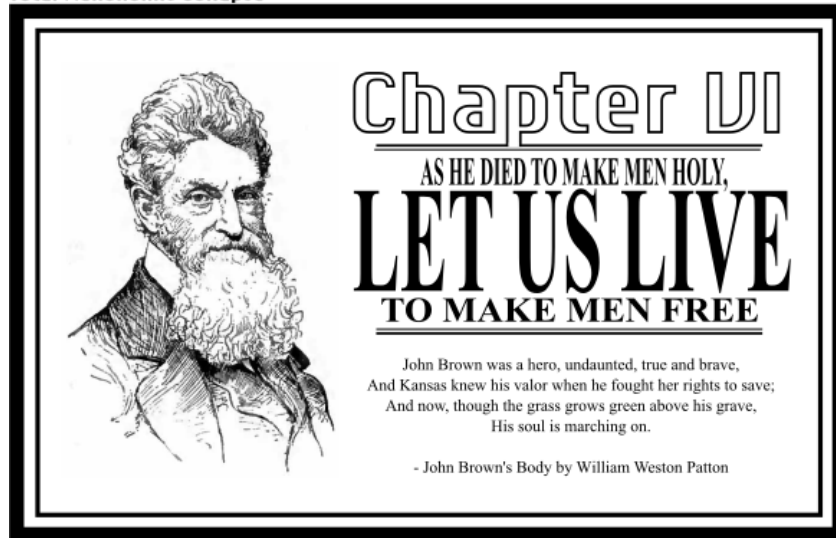
"Seven, dead-ed. Thirty-five wound... uhm... ed."

"Seven people died?" Maya paused as she realized what this implied "...That geezer was with them, wasn't he?" *It's been an entire day; gramps should've come here by now. Miss Watanabe is gone too...*

The patisserie was unoccupied, except for the Brown sisters. There was nobody to hear them as a rapid river of tears flowed for old John Brown.

As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free.

Total Nekonomomic Collapse



2022 - The Cabbage Preacher

This is a beautiful country.

- Last words of John Brown (2nd of December, 1859)

The Bloody Mayday of 2023 heralded game over for the political careers of many in the government. The economy had already grinded to a halt during the protests – the Japanese stock markets saw a bear economy like never before that affected even those who lacked sympathy for the catfolk. Businessmen were angry; Hell hath no fury like a businessman scorned. The ruling party, which had a long historical record of being the dominant party in the country, lost its dominance, with approval rates at an all-time low according to polls conducted after the incident.

Of course, for anyone with a heart bigger than that of a sardine, the police killing seven people also mattered as the violent suppression of one protest led to a dozen more protests that couldn't realistically all be suppressed without calling the totally-not-an-army (the JSDF) to just shoot everyone protesting (which was seriously debated as a course of action for an entire week in the Cabinet before they realized that shooting more people was not going to help calm living people down).

Before they had a chance to properly resign from their position, the Governor of Tokyo was forced into permanently resign from living by a former S.U.C.K.E.R.S. member barging into the Governor's mansion with a butter knife. The public's collective anger was now focused on to the current government instead of the dead-as-the-Confederacy Governor.



After a week of futile deliberation and attempts to scavenge the situation, the Prime Minister and his cabinet collectively shrugged and then resigned. The National Diet convened to designate a new Prime Minister who might (presumably) do something for assuagement.

On March 19, 2023, after countless bouts of politicking finally leading to the appointment of a new Prime Minister who was a lot more cordial in regards to catfolk liberation, the Diet again convened to finally answer the demands of the protesters. The Nationality Law was amended to allow catfolk to be equal citizens of the country, which would also force ‘special educational facilities’ to be closed down and make the bells obsolete.

Legally, the catfolk were now equal to their human counterparts. This was far from the de facto situation; the fight wasn’t over. Many were now left unemployed and homeless when they were freed from their ‘owners’ and the ‘special education facilities’, millions had to be registered as citizens in a slow and painful process laden with needless bureaucracy and corruption, not to mention the fact that there was oft violent reaction by those who’d never accept ‘those damned beasts’ as their equals. Not to mention, those who had ran the special education facilities and those who had allowed this system of nekonomic exploitation to exist in the first place were still free despite their crimes. There were many that’d need to be brought to justice one way or another.

The above were fights that’d take a long time, generations would need to pass before some fights would conclude. Maybe some would never even end until the end of time. Perhaps they would.

What was important was to keep the powder dry, never surrender to apathy, and to never let go of the desire to make things better.

THE JAPANESE ECONOMY IS COLLAPSING

Total Nekonomic Collapse

It had been a month since Brown and Miss Watanabe had gone missing. The Tamaside Patisserie had lost some of its population to catfolk emigrating to the city, many of them remained as the Tamaside community wasn’t honestly that bad that to live in. Other similar small independent communities had popped up in Japan as the newly freed catfolk took example from the Tamaside.

Maya and Misha had mostly spent their days idly as they had lost their motivation. The sisters were again spending an idle day in the former patisserie when they heard the door open.

“Maya, Misha! I’m home!” Standing at the door was a disheveled Brown, though he looked elated in a manner contrary to his disheveledness.

The sisters looked at Brown blankly, thinking for a second that he might be some illusion. They rushed to him in teary eyes when they realized he was, most likely, real.

“Gramps, where were you?! You weren’t taking some unannounced vacation, weren’tcha?” exclaimed Maya as she ran into old Brown’s embrace.

“...Good!” shouted Misha concisely as she did the same.

“No, if I was to take a vacation I’d do it in an announced manner, young lady.” replied Brown. “Let us sit down to talk, I hope you’ll find it in you to forgive me after hearing what I’ve gone through.”

Brown began relating what had happened since last month. During Mayday, Brown had continued to stay on the driveway even after the gunshots had rung. He had not fled or surrendered, only being arrested when the police fully surrounded him and beat him until he fell unconscious. Upon hearing Brown’s claim that he was American (and that he didn’t have his passport with him), the police had gotten in contact with the Embassy of the United States in Tokyo so that they could extradite him to avoid any incidents of the international kind.



Of course, for those in the US Embassy, someone claiming to be John Brown was only some amusing incident at first. It became less amusing when genetic testing revealed that this John Brown was the same person as *the* John Brown that was supposed to be (and was coincidentally) buried near Lake Placid, New York.

Someone being falsely declared dead and then coming back alive wasn’t impossible; someone coming back alive after moldering in the grave for 164 years was. With one alive and one dead, making two Browns in total, one of the Browns had been stuck in a state of legal limbo (and existential crisis).

The unusual case of Brown would have probably been never solved, if not for it gathering widespread attention in America, leading to the President personally interfering to save old

Brown. He was legally resurrected (making this the first case of presidential necromancy in America, establishing precedent if any other historical figures got isekai'd) on April, making him the oldest American citizen at 223 years old (biologically he was only 60). It had admittedly taken him a bit too long for resurrection; as far as he knew it usually only took three days for resurrection, not an entire month.

Brown proudly held up his shiny new passport as he concluded his story. "Thusly, thanks our Heavenly Father above and the President below, I walk amongst ye once again!"

Maya had only one question left "What about Miss Watanabe? Is she..." *He has avoided talking about her, something bad must have happened...*

Maya and Misha felt tense. Brown paused, as if thinking hard on how to phrase what had happened to her in a palatable manner.

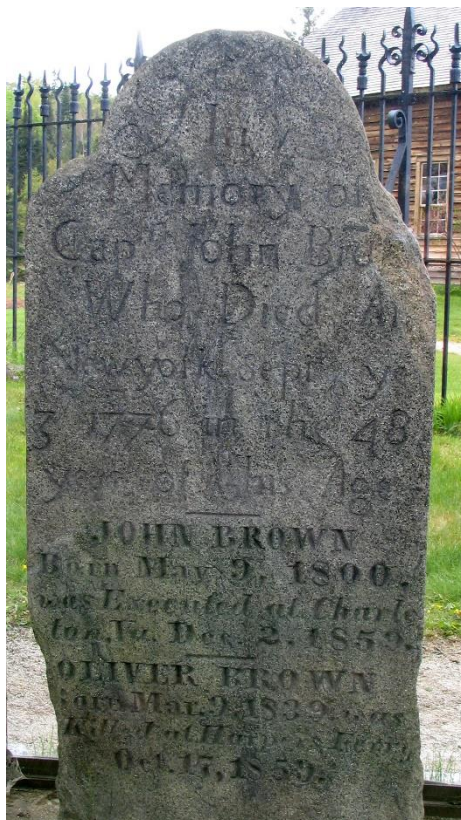
"Oh, Miss Watanabe? She's... not fine." Brown gulped "She has been most busy this month with preparing her students for some major exams."

...

That was way too anticlimactic.

THE GREAT MAYDAY OF MAYDAYS
Total Nekonomic Collapse

The Great Mayday of Maydays seemed to have awoken something that had been missing in the common people for a long time. Seeing a grassroots movement be successful emboldened and inspired other peoples to attempt the same. The New 20s were marked with global social change. Some were peaceful, some less so. Those events are a story for another time though, for this is a story about John Brown and the catgirls.



Two women of the catfolk were standing in front of one particularly old gravestone. One was reading aloud the inscription on the grave. “*John Brown. Born May 9, 1800. Was executed at Charleston, Va. Dec 2, 1859.* Geez, the old man’s a real boomer.”

The grave was enclosed in glass, it was a historical artifact after all. The best the two women could do was leave some flowers and burning incense in front of the grave. They got some weird looks from onlookers, for whom leaving burning incense in front of graves was unusual.

Another person who thought that leaving incense wasn’t usual was the one whom the inscription addressed: John Brown. He had been touring his former home (now the John Brown Farm State Historic Site) only to see his daughters burn some weird-smelling twigs in his sake. “Come on, young ladies. Let the old man rest.”

“He’s clearly restless considering he’s still marching on.” replied Maya, prompting boisterous laughter from Brown.

Yes, it was true that Brown was a restless man. He hadn’t stopped at Kansas, he hadn’t stopped in Virginia, nor had he stopped in Japan, for he was continuing his work in the United States. Brown had become a minor celebrity after returning to his home country; the autobiography he wrote had given him more than enough capital to travel around the country without needing to find work. He didn’t intend to cease working and preaching to make all men equal as the Lord intended.

As for Maya, she had finally learned how to read and write after a long and painful process. She intended to become an English teacher, following in the steps of Miss Watanabe. Misha had taken quite a liking to computers after having been introduced to one, she intended to be a computer engineer of some sort.

“Boomer... keeps, booming on.” muttered Misha. “Quite... erm, an incomprehensibility.”

Old John Brown spent a few minutes praying at the grave for the salvation of older John Brown, he wasn’t sure whether he was technically praying for another person or for himself at this point, and for the salvation of all the others (his sons Watson and Oliver Brown, along with ten raiders that had joined him in Harper’s Ferry) that were buried below these grounds.

With an “amen” Brown concluded prayer. While he had been praying, Maya had been preoccupied with something trivial.

“You know, I think they should expand the inscription on the gravestone.” said Maya. “It ends with you being executed, but you’re clearly alive. How about something like, ‘executed, but his soul is marching on’?”

Brown paused to think seriously on this clearly tongue-in-cheek suggestion. “I don’t think my soul marching on has anything to do with me being alive or not, young lady.”

“R-right...” muttered Maya. *The old man takes this stuff too seriously.*

The old man took a good look around his surroundings. He had been executed as a traitor, deemed fit to be hanged with rope made out of Southern cotton. His actions had been dealt with contempt. He had been branded as a radical by many for thinking of men as equal regardless of creed.

Today, he had many visitors here. His ideas weren't so radical anymore, those who'd treat him with true contempt were a (really) loud minority.

"I do agree on one thing, young lady. My soul *is* marching on. And, the Lord willing, it *shall* continue marching on."

THE END

Afterword

Hello, dear reader. With the end of 2022 comes the end of Total Nekonomic Collapse and this afterword; I hope 2023 will treat us more decently.

I didn't think we'd meet here again so soon, but as it turns out, one cannot simply choose to ignore writing more John Brown Isekai. I wrote the first draft in six days during a stint where I was free, admittedly a slower pace than the three day-schedule of the first volume. Again, like the first volume, Total Nekonomic Collapse [came about from](#) a [sudden flash of inspiration](#) that occurred around a month ago. I thought that it'd be interesting to see old Brown in a new, modern environment.

I also wanted to have something to post as Nekopara fanfiction on Archive of Our Own (a popular fanfiction website) to see their reactions when they suddenly see old John Brown among their sultry catgirl-related stories (though, much to my surprise, [somebody has combined 19th-century Russian literature and Nekopara](#), meaning that whatever I've written here has already been far surpassed in oddness).

I didn't want to write about another armed uprising, so I decided to write about resistance of the civil kind. It might not be as action-filled and "glorious" as reading about an armed uprising, but I think that this kind of thing is underrepresented in literature. Not everything has to end in explosions and gore, plus, I think it'd make sense for a man like Brown to adopt to the times and decide to go with such an approach if he thought it'd work out (nonviolent resistance hadn't worked out at all in the 19th-century US, hence his answer of violence to slavery). He wasn't some crazed madman looking to kill slavers for sport, quite contrarily I'd argue that his willingness to kill those who condemn freedom came from Brown valuing human life above all else. I'm happy to have presented a portrait of Brown that is quite different to what you might commonly see.

As for what comes next, I hope to be here with the full-novel length John Brown Isekai (the first volume of it being titled "Fall of the Slave Harem") by the time you see me next. My real life has been unexpectedly busy, hence the lack of more John Brown Isekai. I plan on beginning releasing Fall of the Slave Harem in about 6 months or so, please excuse my tardiness in doing so. I don't make anything close to a living by writing (without my three Patrons I'd be making literally nothing); I only have what little free-time I get to work on writing. I hope that you understand my situation and I ask for your patience. I'm quite happy that people have still been following my work during periods of not releasing anything.

Other than Fall of the Slave Harem, I might make smaller projects like these if I have the time. I've grown quite fond of the novelette format over my time writing the John Brown Isekai. I have quite a few projects in mind that are currently too undeveloped to be worthy of talking about in the afterword.

Thus concludes Total Nekonomic Collapse. A big thank you to all of my Patrons: Valen Bell, Oren, OnlyFeatures and Eddy, for their help. Their contributions have been a great help in making more John Brown Isekai possible. Thank you to [crowooze](#) for the illustrations in the fifth chapter. And, thank you, the reader, for reading my work. Have a nice year, and I hope to see you again.