

National Expectations

By

Douglas O'Banion



National Expectations

All Rights Reserved

Copyright © 2025 Anna Justine O'Banion

Table of Contents

Introduction	5
1	
Law and Mercy	9
Part 1 – A Native’s Confession	9
Part 2 – A River Named National Security	18
Part 3 – Collectivism, the Cold War, and the Woke Movement	20
Part 4 – A Classical Education	51
Part 5 – Law and Mercy	55
2	
The Rugged Road of Freedom (an old poem)	57
3	
The Parable of the Literalist	61
4	
An Explanation of the Welsh ‘Sin-Eater’	67
5	
Practical History	73
6	
Absolute History	77
7	
A Human Condition	81
8	
The Unfairness Confusion	87

9	
Romance	91
10	
The One and Only Certainty	97
11	
The Gift	119
12	
Identity	121
13	
A Certain Opinion	125
14	
Words, Progress, and People	143
15	
1985: A Useful Response to George Orwell's novel	
1984	153
16	
National Treasure	159
17	
The Future	163
18	
The Great Negotiation	165
19	
National Fidelity (a poem)	169
20	
My British Ancestor's Eyes	173
21	
Natural Law	179
22	

The Crown's Court Opinion (AD 432)	185
23	
The Defunct Crown's Court Opinion (AD 2025)	193
Appendix A –	197
A Declaration of Interdependence	197
Reader's Notes	202

Introduction

National Expectations' storyline is fictional. The complete book is classified as epic poetry by its principal author who sees this finished book as evidence that there is more to life than politics, more to justice than popular opinions, more to culture than stereotypes, and more to Western history than names, dates, and blame.

Written in common language in story form, poetry and essays treated with care toward young adult readers and others who may not be familiar with the West, the author of National Expectations examines crucial topics with the aid of ancient oral history and modern Western concerns. While doing so this mostly-British book rests in the middle of the timeless battle between superstition and rationalism: the rugged intellectual soil in which the romantic roots of classical liberalism sprang.

By the use of fictional storytelling, this book leaps through time periods to offer readers fresh insights into traditional topics and current issues, yet the book never strays far from the ever-present British insight that allows the Britons to know that when they cannot out argue their foes, they will outlast them. Rugged Americans share that same ever-present insight.

Americans, British people, and others in most modern Western nations are expected to drop old baggage and to be friendly to our nation's friends, allies to our nation's allies, and to do what we can within reason toward the health of those international relationships. This mostly-British book is in line with those expectations, therefore, even though the book's storyline is fictitious, the book is a serious book, and the book's title *National Expectations; One American's Book for One of America's Allies*, is an honest title.

For
Annie

Dedicated to
Jeanetta 'Jayne' (O'Banion) Weir
for her decades serving children
with the State of Indiana
Department of Child Services

ISBN: 978-1-62249-755-3

Published by
Biblio Publishing
Columbus, Ohio
BiblioPublishing.com

1

Law and Mercy

Woe to the author who thinks that their written work is more than something worthy of the reader's interpretations.

Similar warnings can be given to aspiring conversationalists.

Part 1 – A Native's Confession

Because historical propaganda is still being printed in history books, today's British people who have heard anything about Native British Queen Boudicca, believe that Rome's politically astute negotiators raped Boudicca's two young daughters, flogged Boudicca only half to death, and that just a few months later my ancestor

Boudicca was somehow healthy enough to physically lead a large army of native Britons to Londinium, where they frightened most of the Romans out of the city before she and other native Britons sacked it.

There is a very low probability that history actually occurred that way, firstly because Boudicca was not a superhero endowed with magical powers of healing that allowed her to recuperate so quickly from emotional and physical damage. Additionally it is very unlikely that The Republic of Rome (The Roman Empire) would spread stories about their raping two young girls unless those stories covered up information that Rome didn't want people to know. For instance, information about King Prasutagus' and Boudicca's two sons, and information about Rome's negotiators in eastern Britain murdering the widowed Queen Boudicca during a standard Roman torture session that left two orphaned British brothers.

If the Roman public had been aware of that information, then the pan-theological mindset of

the superstitious Romans would have caused the Romans to freak themselves out because Rome was supposedly founded by two orphaned brothers (Romulus and Remus). If the Roman public knew that their tortures of native Britons had resulted in two British brothers becoming orphans, the superstitious Roman public would have mistakenly seen the little British brothers as a pan-theological sign of Rome's impending doom. Or perhaps more accurately written as, Rome's Impending Doom!

Obviously, the Roman Empire didn't need that problematic superstitious news hitting the first-century streets of Rome.

Less obvious is the fact that my native British ancestors didn't want superstitious news spread either, because it likely would have made us look as though we were taking advantage of ignorant people's superstitious signs (people's self-deceptions). That's why we had reason to cover up the problematic facts, just as Rome had reasons to cover up the problematic facts.

Contrary to modern historians' assumptions, my family (King Prasutagus' and Boudicca's family) in eastern Britain was not pagan. We were naturalists, historians, and honest pragmatists who lived by a moral code that was 'Do no harm, unless you must do harm in self defence'.

Therefore, although the coincidence of the orphaned British brothers might have aided us to push Rome off the island of Great Britain, it would have set a horribly inaccurate example for our children as to how we native Britons fought off invaders. We didn't fight hostile invaders off with coincidences and signs. Instead, we used rational conversations first, and if that didn't work, then we confronted them head on and did our best to drive them off our island. Like I said, my first-century British family was not pagan; instead, we were pragmatists (practical people).

In intellectual behaviour, the pagans of long ago (such as first-century Romans) were not much different from modern-day conspiracy theorists who connect whatever dots are available, draw false conclusions, and then enjoy the false comfort

of thinking that they (and perhaps they alone) know what's really going on.

Now I'm going to appear to be a conspiracy theorist to some readers over the next several paragraphs, because I'm going to explain to you the information my ancestors (and other native people) were forced to hide from Rome by placing that information into a few of the famous fables from the British archipelago.

By writing this information I'm going to appear to be a conspiracy theorist because it will appear as if I've connected random dots of information. However, I assure you that neither I nor my ancestors were conspiracy theorists. Instead, we were national security conspirators who were conspiring to stay alive while murderous superstitious Romans occupied our island home.

Because Old Romans, and many other people, in the first century were extremely superstitious and unreasonable, my British ancestors' very old life-saving national security conspiracy was flexibly scheduled to end whenever the public's

superstitions had decreased, and their reasonableness had increased enough that the British public wouldn't make too much or too little out of this oral history I'm sharing with you.

On this issue of people being reasonable, I'd like you to know that the only 'Arthurian' legend attached to my paternal bloodline isn't a story about a king saving Britain so much as it's a story about how Britain is saved by our people's ability to be reasonable with one another.

The full story of how King Prasutagus' and Queen Boudicca's sons were moved to Ireland is a story that contains a lot of interesting bits of information. I'll skip most of those interesting bits so that the most relevant ones stand out to you.

One of those relevant bits of information concerns the national security manoeuvre made when we cut off communications with our British homeland after becoming war refugees in Ireland during the late first century AD.

We had to cut off direct communications because there were too many Roman spies

around. Nonetheless, we had to inform our people at home that we had cut off communications. The only way for us to send that message safely was through popular fables that could be told openly and often across both islands.

The particular fable about cutting off communications was the famous story of two giants.

One of those giants was named Fionn MacCumhaill (Finn McCool) while the other giant was named Benandonner. That fable describes Giant's Causeway being toppled into the waters of the North Channel between Scotland and Ireland. That fable also hinted at children hiding in order to avoid a physical confrontation. Additionally, in its original form that fable made one reference to intellect being used as a weapon rather than merely as a defence.

After that fable reached our lands in Britain, the native Britons in Wales answered with a story about two large dragons, a wizard, a king, and a young boy. The entire story eventually became the

much shorter version that today offers only a fraction of the metaphors and information that the original story did. Today's short version tells a story of how the national flag of Wales came to feature a red dragon.

I was told that after arriving in Ireland during the first century AD, the Irish gave my ancestor and his brother a covert Gaelic-sounding name that was a reference to my ancestor Queen Boudicca. That covert name was Ui Bhanain.

I can't speak or read the Irish language. But by way of dictionaries, I know that Ui translates into English as the words 'from', 'son of', or 'grandson of'. I also know that the Irish word bhan is associated with the words 'bean', 'woman', and 'lady'. Therefore, I can only guess that the ain suffix stems from the Irish number one a haon (pronounced 'ah hain'). With those things accounted for I estimate that in Irish Gaelic my British ancestor's covert name Ui Bhanain meant 'From the First Lady'.

After receiving that covert name in Ulster, where the stories of Finn McCool began, my native British ancestor and his brother were escorted by the O'Carroll clan southwards into central Ireland, where they camped at a spot of land that today is the tiny village named Coolderry.

Coolderry is like our home town of Thetford, England, in as much as both are located near county lines. Coolderry was made more like Thetford when the O'Carroll clan's chief became the Earl of Ely O'Carroll. That allowed my family to live near a place named Ely in Ireland like we would have had we lived at home in Thetford.

As for the English translation of the O'Banion name, the ban-ion portion of my name literally means in Irish Gaelic 'white-pure'. That's not a reference to the white race. Instead, it's a reference to my paternal line's obligation to someday 'come clean' (confess) publicly about this old history. I have confessed it here. Now it's time to move on.

Part 2 – A River Named National Security

For younger readers' sake I've tried to avoid needlessly complicating this book's national security theme. The only way to avoid needless complexity is to keep things simple. Therefore, I'd like you to consider this entire book as a river that has formed from several smaller tributary streams.

One of those tributaries is called National Resiliency. It pertains to the national security I described in part 1 of this chapter.

Another tributary in this river analogy is a tributary called Trust.

Another tributary is called Classical Education.

Another tributary is what former Prime Minister David Cameron called 'The Big Society'. The basics of this 'Big Society' idea can be summed up in one word: volunteerism.

It's extremely dangerous for everyone's every need to be placed in the lap of government. That's dangerous because if a domino falls (and they do

occasionally fall), that one domino can negatively affect the whole of the government and everyone's every need under a Big Government nanny state.

Big Governments can fall very hard, and when they do they can damage a lot of people.

Inversely, Big Societies such as former Prime Minister David Cameron outlined during his tenure don't fall so dramatically because they're local, responsive, less-bureaucratic, flexible, forgiving, forgivable, and they produce by-products that enrich people's lives.

Those by-products are personal relationships, dignity, fulfilment, genuine compassion, honesty, authenticity, and similarly good things that can altogether be described with a capital 'h', Humanity.

'Big Societies' are sustainable through easy times and hard times. 'Big Governments' are not.

The last tributary I'll mention regarding this analogous river is a tributary called Counter-Extremism. That topic is addressed in part 3 of this chapter.

Part 3 – Collectivism, the Cold War, and the Woke Movement

Sometimes the easiest way to understand an ideology is to understand how it evolved over time. I'll begin explaining the Woke crowd's ideological evolution from the starting point of 21 February 1848. That was the date that Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels published their infamous book *The Communist Manifesto*.

Decades after that extremist book became popular in Eurasia, General Secretary Joseph Stalin was elected in 1922. Then in 1933, Chancellor Adolf Hitler was placed into office by way of backroom negotiations combined with popular elections.

General Secretary Stalin and Chancellor Hitler both built massive bureaucracies in order to govern more and more of their people's individual choices.

After many Westerners saw those two Marxist bureaucracies portrayed in a fashionable glow of