

# FRED DAWKINS



# THE NOAH PROJECT

Book One of *The Arcadia Chronicles*

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# THE NOAH PROJECT

*Book One of The Arcadia Chronicles*

FRED DAWKINS

*This book is dedicated as a warning to all of those who believe that the world order that we have enjoyed for the past eighty years will endure indefinitely. Just how that might change is becoming part of the public discourse. Fiction allows us to explore the future and possibly change it.*

*Power struggles are inevitable. There will be winners and losers in the process. If following this story is both entertaining and thought provoking as well as credible to the point of being possible, then my goal has been achieved.*

*Thank you to my intractable, talented and patient editor Heather Sangster for helping me take my writing to a new level in the pursuit of writing an exceptional piece of fiction. We'll leave it up to the reader to tell if that's been achieved.*

*Thank you to my wife Karin for her support and indulgence as I free up my creative cravings much as she does in pursuing her many creative talents and doing them so well. She is a ray of sunshine, every day of my life.*

*Thank you to my beta readers, the test market for this story who encouraged me to refine and perfect a story that contains important messages (their words not mine).*

## INTRODUCTION

In the fall of 1849, an impoverished young man wandered into Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese pub in London and noticed Charles Dickens sitting in his usual corner table.

“Mr. Dickens,” he said, his German accent pronounced. “I so admire your stories and commend you for pointing out the abuse of the lower classes.”

Never one to turn aside a compliment, Dickens replied, “Thank you, sir, very kind of you to say so. And to whom am I speaking?”

“I’m Karl Marx, newly arrived here, and I’ve written a little pamphlet of my own recently. Haven’t really sold any, given a few away.”

“Don’t worry, old man,” Dickens said, having empathy for a fellow writer. “Sooner or later, someone will take you seriously.”

A scene imagined, of course, but possible.

It is interesting that Dickens and Marx wrote in the same era. Both were products of a time when the Industrial Revolution was flourishing but the poor were suffering extreme abuse. Dickens’s principal works were published between 1837 and 1861. Marx’s theories were published between 1844 and 1867, including *The Communist Manifesto* in 1848. Dickens wrote fiction to highlight the need for change. Marx wrote academic books to predict the future if change did not occur. But he also read and referred to Dickens in some of his writings.

*A Christmas Carol* was published in 1843. Like most of Dickens’s tales, it was written as a social commentary, hoping to influence the wealthy to improve the circumstances of the poor. It has endured; and with each annual reading or viewing during the Christmas season, it shows the power of fiction to predict a future that can be avoided or at least postponed. What is

surprising is that almost one hundred and seventy years later, our self-proclaimed advanced countries have to foster food banks to feed those less fortunate—something Dickens would have both admired and abhorred. As for Marx, the current inequities in the distribution of wealth appear to be unsustainable, a reality that may well revitalize the potential for some form of the class warfare he foresaw. Are the times that we live in so different?

*The Arcadia Chronicles* trilogy—and in particular its first book, *The Noah Project*—speculates on how today's trends might lead the world into chaos. Millions of people choose to watch the news each day, paying attention to political and economic developments. Many others choose to ignore these updates, often in frustration or simply too busy trying to meet life's daily challenges. *The Noah Project* is for both groups. Not only is fiction a conduit that allows us to imagine the worst, but more importantly it can offer a warning to act now or pay later. The more plausible, the more relevant. So, a story to enjoy and a warning to heed.

“One of the most cowardly things ordinary people do is to shut their eyes to facts.”

—C. S. Lewis

“Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.”

—Aldous Huxley

“Ignoring isn’t the same as ignorance, you have to work at it.”

—Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid’s Tale*

“A great civilization is not conquered from without until it has destroyed itself from within.”

—Historian Will Durant

“If you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you.”

—Friedrich Nietzsche

# 1

## Reality Check

Washington, D.C.  
November 16, 2032

**F**rank Rossiter sat back, trying to relax for a moment, as his driver manoeuvred through the milling throng of disenfranchised, their hastily erected shantytowns making the streets near the Capitol almost impassable. Here were the tired, the poor, the huddled masses, Frank thought, a broken promise of America. What an abject failure to have them wallowing in Washington, desperate, without hope. His chief aid, Bryce Levine, sat next to him in silence. It was a warm fall day, and the sheen of perspiration on each of their faces reflected the anxiety that had accompanied them into the backseat of the limo.

These past few weeks had been chaotic. First, the mounting pressure of an election campaign that had consumed their lives for two years. Then, its surprising result fourteen days ago, pivoting them into even more exhaustive efforts to piece together a coalition that would allow Frank's candidate to govern. They weren't supposed to win!

He and Bryce often reflected on their early days in Washinton when the two-party system had still functioned well despite ongoing friction. The structure hadn't changed: the established parties still dominated. But it was the people, more so their inflexibility, who had shattered the system. The checks and balances had lost any sense of balance. Now it was all about checking progress. Preventing action. Could they change this pattern?



In Frank's view, the addition of new parties had done little to mitigate the gridlock. History had shown time and again that dysfunction could and should be a solvable issue—even when compounded by bitter partisanship. Find the common good. Society was based on that very premise. Reason and pragmatism had to take over at some point, didn't they? Yet it hadn't happened in Washington. The ongoing prospect of a strongly divided minority rule—guaranteed by having two mainstream parties, two new regional parties, and numerous elected fringe players within each—would require countless concessions. That was the reality for him, for Bryce, and for the entire new administration. It was already an exhausting process and the transition hadn't even started, never mind the actual governing. Without doubt, he was facing a never-ending series of mental gyrations to help his leader get any meaningful legislation passed.

And then, just last night, the president-elect had asked him to accept the position of secretary of state. *"You're the only one for the job, Frank,"* Warren Beland's words echoed in his mind. *"The only one I can trust to help me end this destructive logjam. You have to take on State!"*

He didn't want it! A lifelong public servant, deep down Frank was ready to get out of Washington, sick of the misguided, self-serving system that had caused the recent decline of his beloved country. Further deterioration seemed inevitable, so why tie himself to an anchor that likely guaranteed a place in history reserved for failures like Herbert Hoover, Warren Harding, and the ultimate loser, James Buchanan, who'd led the country into the Civil War. Perhaps even worse, shudder to think of it, the most recent misfit, Donald Trump, *The Great Disruptor*, who had driven the wedge of partisanship beyond repair. More personally for Frank, all their Cabinet members had been or would be buried in oblivion, either forever castigated or simply forgotten, without mention. Presiding over the fall of a nation's stature was deadly for any governing faction. Leading the rebuild or claiming a victory, those were the places to be, like Roosevelt or even Reagan. Easier said than done. Regardless, he had accepted State. How could he really say no?

As the limo wended its way through the succession of encampments, Bryce interrupted Frank's absorption.

"Christ, what has Washington become? I just can't get used to this sea of despair. The rejection and neglect, the filth: it all gets worse day by day,

all across the country. The numbers are staggering. And now it's our problem."

Frank nodded. "It's a reality check, for sure. Not quite the same crowd we've been seeing at our rallies and fundraisers, is it? These people couldn't care less about the president-elect. They're just trying to survive the most prolonged recession we've seen since the Great Depression." He tapped his window. "They have zero hope that their lives will change under our administration, or any other. They're victims of both inequity and innovation, without the means and opportunity to improve their lot. Artificial intelligence has eliminated so many jobs and on such a massive scale. Any new opportunities are well beyond the ability of these walking poor. And now they've come here, naively hoping the government will save them."

"We certainly have our work cut out for us." Bryce pulled a handkerchief from the inside pocket of his suit jacket and dabbed at his brow.

"You've got that right," Frank said, doing the same. "Getting elected is one thing. Solving problems like this, a world apart. Especially in the face of another dysfunctional Congress ignoring what's right in front of us all."

"These people are lost souls," Bryce said with a hint of sadness. "Deserted by their government, abandoned by their employers, rejected by their peers, even their families, in panic; basically, just cast out and forgotten. Finding relief in alcohol and drugs. We should be ashamed, but we don't even have the time for that."

Only in the privacy of the limo would these two powerbrokers share the personal feelings they would otherwise censor. They both understood that outside the windows were the victims of an undeclared class warfare and a propaganda society that served the wealthy and failed everyone else. Ironically, they were both part of it.

Like most, Frank had chosen to ignore the situation, immersed in the world of politics. Divorced from reality. It hadn't happened overnight. There had been countless opportunities to do something. Vague endeavours to harness AI and to legislate shorter work weeks to broaden employment opportunities. Ill-fated attempts to tax the rich and redistribute wealth more equitably. All missed and abandoned in political gamesmanship. To be sure, the fetid odours creeping in through the ventilation—rotting garbage, smoke from campfires, urine and feces—could not be missed. They evoked

memories of the Kolkata slums or the Darfur refugee camps, accentuating the futility of the situation. But this wasn't the Third World. It was Washington, DC! As a career diplomat, Frank had seen enough of such scenes to develop the thick skin required to remain oblivious, even as this cancer spread out, surrounding him and his country. The omnipotent United States of America, once *the* model republic, which had ridden the wave of success for a century or more, had lost its way. Disturbing as that thought was, the incoming secretary of state had something else on his mind.

Frank was headed to an informal meeting with Chen Bingwen. A friend of sorts, they often enjoyed a game of chess, setting aside for a few moments the intense competition between their respective governments. Chen had become the ambassador to the U.S. for the People's Republic of China about five years ago, after serving at least eight years as the most senior trade official in the Chinese Washington delegation. His longevity in the Capitol was unusual and therefore the cause for speculation as to his influence within the Chinese leadership.

Finally pulling out of the encampment zone, the limo picked up speed.

"Well, I do wonder what dear Mr. Chen has in mind for me?" Frank said, knowing that Bryce didn't like the ambassador.

"I don't trust him," his chief aide said. "He acts too westernized for me."

Frank did like Chen, though. "It seems like I've known him forever," he said. "He's a complex man, a master's degree from Harvard in political science and an economics PhD from Princeton. I believe that he personifies the Chinese commitment to better understand the West, if that's even a serious goal. As the secretary of state, I'll certainly need to foster our relationship, more now than ever. Our last meeting was a diplomatic nightmare. He's usually so smooth and soft-spoken, but he turned abrasive. He'd never shown me that side of his character before."

Bryce nodded, holding his tongue.

Co-existing as the two most powerful nations for the past forty years, without major disconnects, had been a complicated diplomatic powder keg, fraught with the dangerous possibility of serious conflict. Frank recognized that their chess matches reflected this reality: the textbook symbol of their seemingly friendly competitive relationship. Played intensely, with no mercy, belying the superficial cordiality. The analytical nature of their moves paralleled their unwavering commitment to search for signs of

weakness within their opponent, definitely within the match itself, but primarily as the insiders of two diametrically opposed regimes. Both relished the opportunity to probe the opposition—the ongoing contest within the contest.

Ambassador Chen enjoyed quite a number of Western practices, including consuming large amounts of single-malt scotch while engaging with Rossiter in these interludes of chess. He was known to be a master of manipulation, whose penchant for waiting out his adversaries was renowned within the international community. Frank was well aware of Chen's attempts to keep him off balance in order to assert some degree of control, so their mind games played out well beyond the chessboard. His own goals were no different.

"To be candid, I really don't feel like meeting with him," Frank said. "It's premature, I have no official status yet—but he insisted. And it's not the best time to alienate China, so here we go."

"Sir, I'm sure he just wants to congratulate you, given this morning's announcement of your appointment," Bryce said. "The fact that he's been cultivating you for years just adds to his interest."

That comment hit home. Frank had often questioned Chen's friendship, especially as his own standing changed. Indeed, they had *cultivated* each other—no better word. They were adversaries by definition, yet an undeniable mutual mystique contradicted their uncompromising roles. What would this latest incarnation of their roles become in a world under duress? Something was up. This last-minute chess challenge was not about any good wishes or congratulations. At best, it was an attempt to take the lead on their long-term relationship, now that both had upped the ante and moved into positions of greater power. Checkmate was their ultimate goal, and that would only be symbolic on the chessboard. Frank tried to focus on how he would react to whatever his old adversary had in mind.

## 2

### An Unexpected Initiative

**A**s the limo driver pulled up to the Chinese embassy, Frank realized that the chaos outside had disappeared. The Chinese were rigid in their sense of self-preservation within an adversarial situation. Anti-Asian racism had long been underground in the U.S., basically forever. Yet it rose to new and sustained prominence when then President Trump labelled COVID-19 the “China virus” to deflect attention from his own inept response to the global pandemic. Once stirred to the surface, it had festered and spread as the power of China continued to grow, spread even further in 2025 when Trump resumed his attack through a combination of tariffs and misinformation. Not surprising then that the Chinese had created a substantial buffer between their grounds and the sea of disgruntled humanity so dominant in the city. They policed an area well beyond their embassy, creating a restricted entry as a barrier. Armed troops were an effective deterrent. In the past, no foreign power would dare encroach on an area outside of their complex. But, in the midst of the current malaise, this aggressive action went unnoticed. Not by Frank, however, who considered it a clear reflection of Chinese policy around the world. To him, this action made a blatant statement: “Respect has been lost.” As he stepped out of the vehicle, a smiling Mr. Chen approached, offering his hand in greeting, their last contentious meeting apparently forgotten.

“Good afternoon, Mr.-Secretary-to-be. I fear that our discussion will be a lengthy one, so will you please join me for tea before we start.”

Although the salutation implied something more serious than a chess match, as usual the “tea” proved to be scotch and it was not at all unwelcome. Soon Frank was on his second while Chen was nursing his

first. Their dialogue remained personal and polite as they sat in the ambassador's office, each on a comfortable leather couch extending out perpendicular to the massive hand-carved desk. A long ornate coffee table was positioned in between, on which stood a bottle of twenty-five-year-old Glendronach and a tumbler of ice. The room might well have been a British boardroom, with walls covered in elegant dark wood panelling and the desk and table made from solid mahogany. Chen had requested a private meeting, so Bryce and his Chinese counterparts remained on standby outside in the hallway.

"You know, Frank, soon I must return home, as I'm being recalled." Chen looked directly at him. "And I'm going to miss these little excesses that we've enjoyed together. The abundance of America and your Western allies has been incredibly enticing. So sad to see it disappear for me and soon for many others. The Chinese scotch is such an inadequate substitute, but it is improving." He swirled the ice in his glass. "Of course, we do have Cuban cigars. Would you like one?"

Frank declined the offer with a polite shake of his head. He was doing his best to stifle his impatience, understanding now that this private meeting was more official than expected—not a good sign. He was surprised that Chen was being recalled to Beijing. Still, he continued his civility, hoping to redirect the conversation more in his interest. Besides, when fencing with Chen, verbal or otherwise, one mustn't show one's face.

"My old friend Chen, I suspect your nostalgia for all things American will be easily replaced by new or at least more familiar indulgences," Frank said, crossing his legs, resting his glass of scotch on his knee. "Of course, if we conclude our ongoing trade negotiations on a mutually favourable basis, I have no doubt you will have reasonable access to every Western privilege you currently enjoy when you're in Beijing. I assume that we can complete things on the trade front before you return to China."

Chen laughed out loud, recognizing that Frank was off balance and had been ill-prepared for their discussion. Exactly as he'd hoped. Even better, as predicted, there were signs of frustration and impatience: his goal from the outset. In their many dealings, Chen had seen this same response before, both on the chessboard and in the boardroom.

"I'm afraid that my recall is quite imminent. I will not be here to see you and your new president flounder," Chen said.

This caught Frank's attention. He had expected the ambassador to be in Washington indefinitely, certainly for the near future. Chen was to be the conduit for his outreach to China.

"But I do have some important things to share with you today," the ambassador continued. "We two have often debated the many differences between East and West. We Chinese still share many Confucian values. Our ancestors are revered. The world we must pass on to our children is more important than the world we live in." He took a slow sip of his scotch as Frank simmered in discomfort. "I have often mused that the English word *occidental* is so very close to the word *accidental*, while the word *oriental* relates easily to the word *orientation*. Of course, the word *accidental* defines the lack of a plan, an inadvertent event, completely fortuitous. Really quite appropriate to describe the success of the West, don't you think?"

Frank motioned as if to answer, but Chen didn't give him the chance.

"In contrast, the word *orient* suggests preparation, learning, positioning, and focus. The former implies a random approach, more like 'throwing shit against a wall,' as I remember the expression from Harvard." A disconcerting smug grin crossed Chen's face as he relished the moment.

Growing impatient, Frank was not pleased with the not-so-subtle insults. Direct invective was not Chen's style, another sign of a changing attitude? What was this about? Frank had no interest in a lecture on World Philosophies 101 as perceived by his old acquaintance, recently manifesting as this annoying, self-righteous emissary of China.

"Look, Chen, cut to the chase. If you're going home, have a safe trip and a good life. I had hoped we could work together in my new role, but if you're leaving who's going to replace you?"

Chen had been given explicit instructions. His was a message years in the making, and it needed to be delivered in a clear, comprehensive manner. The wording was to leave no doubt about the rationale or intent. Yet he hesitated before leaning forward.

"No one, Frank. I am not being replaced." Before Frank could react, Chen continued, "I admit, I am a little conflicted today to be conveying so much to you, a man I once respected as a friend, and to a nation I have studied with great interest and in earnest for much of my life. But you will soon be the highest-level negotiator for the United States, as I am today for

the People's Republic of China. I am honoured in that role to be the messenger of a long overdue directive."

Frank was now acutely apprehensive. Chen was sounding more ominous as their conversation went on, even threatening. All Frank needed—especially in his new role, and in these chaotic times—was a major issue with China. But he didn't interrupt, needing to hear the reality being offered.

Chen was not quite ready to deliver the knockout blow that Frank was anticipating, not yet, not without setting the stage.

"There is a long history, at least by Western standards, of abuse by the white race against all others. It is a history of short-sighted action, routed in military and economic dominance. A history grounded in fortuitous achievement accentuated by a greedy thirst for empire." Chen stared at his glass for a moment, then levelled his gaze at Frank. "We Chinese have not forgotten such abuse, nor have many others in Africa, India, and South America, even many, right here, in your precious United States. For forty years we have fed the excesses of the last of these abusers, your own good country. We have not hurt you." He shifted in his seat. "It has been much easier to watch you hurt yourself."

Frank wasn't sure what was coming, but he *was* sure he wouldn't like it.

"Wait a minute, Chen."

"No, Frank. Let me finish." He sat up straight. "We have seen you grow fat and lazy in the context of globalization. We studied your success as you built an empire based on economic imperialism. We've probed your weaknesses and cultivated your victims. We've assumed your debt and used your precious dollar to buy assets around the world. We've filled your stores and nourished your thirst for consumption."

Frank interjected, "It seems to me that China has thrived over the past forty years, largely because of trade with the United States."

"I concede that, Frank. In the process, we have lifted our people and raised their standard of living, always watching as you turned on yourselves in dissention and confusion, nurtured by misinformation spread by us and others. We tested your resolve in the pandemic in 2020. It was weak. We watched as your American companies deemed themselves multinationals and fled from your shores for greed and tax savings. So much of this in forty years. Such a short period of time."



Nauseated, Frank could see where this was going and he couldn't allow himself or his country to be emasculated without dispute.

"Chen, together China and America have created great wealth for ourselves and others. We can and we must continue to do so. The new president and I intend to strengthen this relationship. The stability of the world depends on it. Your government must *not* take any precipitous action. Doing so could threaten the most dramatic economic partnership in history."

The ambassador laughed out loud again.

"Come now, Frank, we have just completed a second wave of America First. In fact, we almost delivered this same message twelve years ago, but Trump lost and the time wasn't right. In his second term we were still not quite ready so we compromised to buy the time that brought us to today. We have used that time well. But be reasonable, my friend. There is no such thing as altruism in American foreign policy. If you were ever the policeman to the world, it was only to protect your own interests as you imposed your economic imperialism. Over the past eight years you've almost totally withdrawn both by intent and because of failed policies. Now you are out of cash, morally and actually bankrupt. It started when you abandoned the Ukraine in the midst of their war for survival. Finally, your dimwitted electorate realized that the high cost of your military existed primarily to protect the interests of just one percent or less of your population—the super-rich."

Chen finished the last of his scotch, placing his glass on the table. "Beware the super-rich, Frank. Trump's manipulations proved that their self-interest no longer aligns with your nation. American exceptionalism, if it ever existed, has become an oxymoron. It has been immensely interesting to watch first-hand these past twelve plus years."

Frank was becoming angrier by the minute and started to object. But Chen's initial empathy had evaporated and now he was determined to complete the humiliation.

"Do not interrupt again!" the ambassador barked. "This communication is verbal by choice, but you must have no doubt about what is meant. Soon enough, actions will make all of this abundantly clear, but you must leave here with total clarity regarding our intent. Is that understood?"

In shock, Frank had nothing to offer and knew it. This was not a negotiation or a conciliatory discussion in any form. It was a unilateral

ambush with a predetermined ending. In all likelihood, one that American leadership had been dreading for some time. Sweat was starting to bead on his forehead. His throat was dry as his glass of scotch was ignored. Frustrated that this orchestrated production was completely out of his control, all he could do was listen. He struggled to absorb the full impact of the words being spoken. Finally, he sensed that Chen's litany was coming to an end. Was this another Asian sneak attack? Anticipated, maybe even precipitated, but nonetheless the United States being blindsided. He knew America was unprepared. He needed to push back.

"For Christ's sake, Chen, just spit it out. Your moralizing is tedious, even self-serving. It looks like you're shooting for some form of checkmate, but we will not topple our king. I hope that's clear."

Chen was taken aback for a second, but just that.

"All right, Frank, I will wrap this up for you. Chinese-U.S. relations are at an end. All staff will return to China by the end of the month."

Frank couldn't believe what he was hearing. "What does this mean? How can you unilaterally just walk away, ignoring the myriads of interconnections between the two largest economies in the world?"

Chen was smiling again, enjoying the moment. "It's quite simple: the world is no longer yours to rule. When and how we do this will soon be obvious."

Without another word, Chen rose, turned his back on his old friend, and exited the room, leaving Frank to find his own way out of the embassy for the last time.

**Want more? Grab a copy of the full novel at your favorite ebook retailer!**

## A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

*The Arcadia Chronicles* is a trilogy.

You have just finished reading the first book, *The Noah Project*, which exposes how the challenges we face today could lead us down a path toward chaos and destruction.

The second book is *The Tribulation*, which reveals the harrowing consequences of decisions made in this first segment. Will Frank Rossiter return to Washington seeking to restore much needed balance? Does Chen stay in Beijing? Is the Chinese triumvirate successful in isolating the U.S.? How will General Hammond respond if China invades Taiwan? Can humanity survive a nuclear war or, better still, prevent one? How much pain and suffering can we humans take? Or will pragmatism rule the day? Will we co-exist or cease to exist? What role will Arcadia's Will Webster and Rob Frederickson play in this unpredictable period, whether it be an era of enlightenment or a dark age of confusion? *The Tribulation* provides the answers.

The final book in the trilogy is *The Mindful Renaissance*. Will humans have to reshape the planet? What form would that renewal take? Will Rossiter and Chen continue to play a role? What will a redefined world look like? Is an informed rebirth possible? Being conscious of lessons learned, how will Rob Frederickson lead Arcadia in his mission to help a damaged world recover? How does Will Webster use the inexhaustible "Library of Accomplishment" stowed in his bank of supercomputers to redirect a misguided civilization? The trilogy continues to be thought-provoking as a new and plausible world emerges. Many questions, you may have more. *The Mindful Renaissance* will have answers.

## SELECT ENDORSEMENTS FOR FRED DAWKINS

The Entrepreneurial Edge non-fiction series (Dundurn Press)

### **Book One: *Everyday Entrepreneur: Making It Happen***

“Fred Dawkins has written a wonderful book about entrepreneurship unlike any other in the market. He brilliantly uses his storytelling skills to illuminate his subject in a way that makes the book a joy to read. You’re so wrapped up in the story that you may not realize how much you’re learning until you’ve turned that last page.”

—Terry Fallis, award-winning author of *The Best Laid Plans, Up and Down*, and others

“Fred Dawkins’s easy-to-read writing style belies the critical importance of his subject matter, including a complex set of essential entrepreneurial skills and the important role of entrepreneurship in the global economy.”

—Dr. Ajay Agrawal, Peter Munk Professor of Entrepreneurship at the Rotman School of Management, University of Toronto, founder of the Creative Destruction Lab, and presented with the Order of Canada 2022

“Fred Dawkins has pulled together a wealth of knowledge and advice crucial to the successful entrepreneur in a highly readable fashion. It is a must-read for aspiring and seasoned entrepreneurs who are facing today’s complex, volatile, and uncertain world.”

—Dr. Sherry Cooper, former executive VP and chief economist at BMO Financial Group

## **Book Two: *Family Entrepreneur: Easier Said Than Done***

“In the age of Twitter, it warms the heart that ‘smallbizpreneurs’ still rule the roost and family business remains the proven formula.”

—Peter C. Newman, legendary Canadian journalist and broadcaster

“This second book in the series ought to become the bible for every entrepreneur and budding entrepreneur as it is full of very valuable, helpful, and vital advice. Very cleverly written.”

—Frank Weisinger, past national president of the Life Insurance Association (UK)

“Dawkins provides sage advice for anyone in a family business, emphasising how important it is to face the issues head-on as rationally as you can and not allow emotion to dominate. The valuable insights will guide you no matter where you are on the entrepreneurial time table.”

—Dr. Elizabeth Stone, dean of The Ontario Veterinary College, University of Guelph

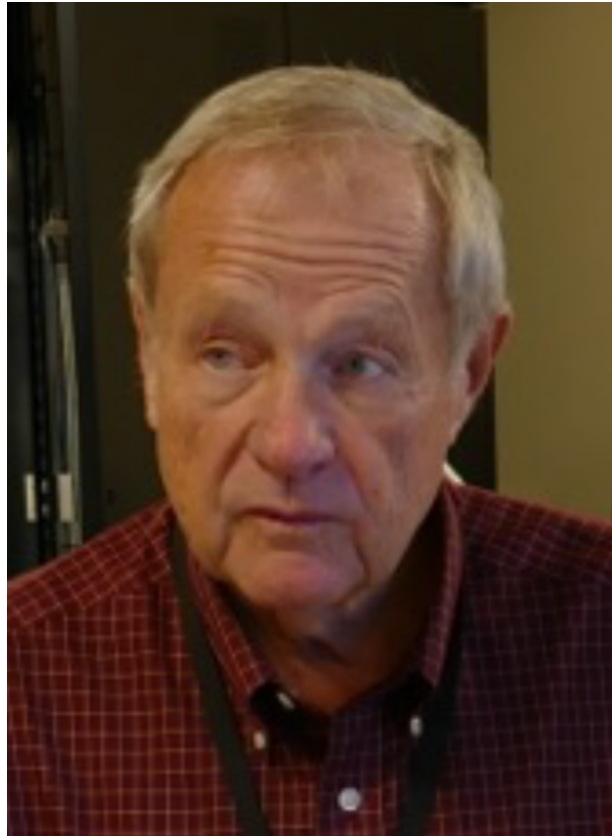
## **Book Three: *Ageless Entrepreneur: Never Too Early, Never Too Late***

“Entrepreneurship is not just for the young. It is a mindset and it’s never too late to take charge of your life and become an entrepreneur. That is Fred Dawkins’s message in a nutshell and nobody tells the story better of how to make the leap successfully. Fred’s common-sense wisdom and experience shines through this journey of transformation—an excellent read for young and old and everyone in between.”

—Tiff Macklem, Governor of the Bank of Canada

“The lessons you remember are the ones from good storytellers and Fred Dawkins is one of the best. I found myself nodding my head and smiling as I read *Ageless Entrepreneur*.

—David Tsubouchi, former Ontario Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations



**FRED DAWKINS** is a published author of a three-book non-fiction series, *The Entrepreneurial Edge* (Dundurn Press). Those books use the story form to teach relevant concepts. Dawkins holds both B Com and MA (Econ) degrees from the University of Toronto, where he was a gold-medal-winning student. An economic major and a political junkie, his career is best described as that of a serial entrepreneur with successes in manufacturing, retail and land development. In addition to completing *The Noah Project*, Dawkins has recently published *My Camino—Things I Learned Walking with Our Grandson*. A must read for anyone who has any interest in the Camino De Santiago.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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