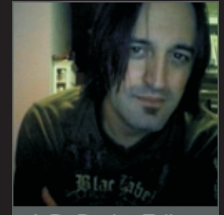


Global Unanimocracy Network

They've taken away my freedom to say no"



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I like the word "no." It instills a sense of understanding from almost everyone I say it to -- whether it's someone I love and care for, or a customer who has high hopes for me to do something at a price I am unwilling to do it at. Sometimes I say no to friends; I even say no to my cat (she usually does what she wants, anyway).

Having the ability to say no to a request or a demand makes the weight of me accepting and saying yes that much more valuable to those who ask me to do something, whether freely or at a price. Regardless of compensation, when I say yes, I say it voluntarily, and that has weight and value behind it.

For all of my life, though, my option to say no has been taken away from me, always by the State, by governments at all levels. I can understand someone telling me no if I was going to make an active move to hurt someone else's body or property, but when my ability to say no to things I have no connection with is mandated away from me, freedom is lost.

There's a man who is in his 50s, who lives a block or two away from me. He's sick, and he needs medical help. Because of his lack of income, he qualifies for Medicaid, and gets the health care that he demands. I pay for that Medicaid, even though I don't qualify for it. I don't know this man, but I do know that someday I will be in my 50s, and I might have the same health issues as he does today. When I had my hernia and my kidney stone, when I threw out my back, when I broke my hand in an accident, I paid for those problems using my own savings that I had acquired through hard work and a responsible desire to focus on future problems before they happened. That man didn't offer me a dime of his income, he didn't visit me at the hospital, he didn't help me through any physical therapy to overcome my condition. I didn't ask him, so he didn't have to say yes or no. If I had asked him, I'm sure he would've said no.

But I can not say no to him. I have pity for those who find themselves with health conditions and no ability to pay, but I don't want to be that person. I have no idea if this man partied away his income or gave it to the poor. I don't know if he was happy to spend \$1200 a year on Cable TV (I

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don't, it's not in my budget) or \$5000 a year leasing a nice BMW (I drive a 2001 truck and a 2000 car, both purchased used). I don't know if he took cruises to Hawaii, or bought himself a nice Rolex, neither of which are in my budget because I have to think about my needs tomorrow and made the decision not to. I can afford all of these things, but it would leave me in a position where I would be looting from others because I was irresponsible.

Is it evil and wrong for me to just pity him and not offer him a penny? No, I don't know him. I don't really care about him because I have no proof that he really is needy -- maybe he was just irresponsible for 32 years of adulthood, frittering away every dime he could have put towards the future needs we all will have. But still, I can't say no. That money is just taken from me, pennies a day, but they add up. 2.9% of all my income under \$100,000 a year since I started working at 16 -- 20 years of income. I probably have paid around \$30,000, I'd estimate.

In my own apartment building are some children who leave for school every morning, returning every afternoon. I don't know these children, I don't know their parents. I've tried to talk to the parents in the hallway when I'm checking my mail, but they don't have much to say to me, sometimes not even a hello. Every year, I pay thousands of dollars in property and sales taxes that go to education, along with thousands more in income taxes to the State and Federal governments that is "returned" to Illinois towards education. I have friends who are public school teachers who ask for more and more money, even though the children graduating high school today are dumber and less capable than the ones who graduated 20 years ago. I know, I have to weed through those mental degenerates when I look to hire someone new.

I don't have children yet, they're expensive, require a lot of responsibility and focus, and I don't feel like I am ready for it. Still, thousands of dollars a year are taken from me, against my will, to pay for teachers and administrators and new buildings to educate these kids who I do not know, who I will never know. I can't save for my own children I will have some day because I have to pay for the responsibilities of other parents. I can't say no. If those parents who don't say hello asked me for a few thousand dollars a year for their kid's education, I would certainly say no. I have a few friends with young children, and I have helped them with education costs over the years. I was happy to say yes. When I belonged to a church, part of my offering each week went to help a few single mothers put their children through local community college. I happily gave more as a special offering for those mothers, I knew them, they worked hard and their children were active

in the parts of the community I was active in. I said yes, but to others, I would say no. I can't do that. I can't save for my own future children because I am taking care of other parents' needs in raising theirs. It's not my responsibility, it's not my desire, but I can't say no. No one asks me.

This weeks, dozens or hundreds or thousands of people will be killed in foreign countries with bombs and helicopters and machine guns and grenades and planes that were paid for with money taken from me. I have no issue with any foreigners that I know of, no one has threatened me personally or my way of life. No one has ever sent me a letter telling me they hated me; they've never come on my property and tried to take my life or harm anyone I love. I don't even know their names or faces, I would't recognize them in a restaurant.

Still, thousands of dollars a year are taken from me, from each paycheck, in order to lob violent weapons and ammunition at "my enemies." I can't say no. I have no choice. I would never say yes, not even if they threatened my way of life in an anonymous video disparaging capitalism and freedom. Unless they make a violent stance to attack me, my property, or those I love, I mean no one harm. If they want to bring the battle to my soil, they'll be sent back in body bags, but that hasn't happened. I can't see it happening, especially as more wise and responsible citizens arm themselves defensively.

There are farmers who are given money not to farm: I can't say no to them. There are corporations who have asked for and received monopoly power over things that I use and would prefer competition in; I can't say no to them. If I want to hire someone to sweep up my warehouse, I am mandated to pay them \$9 an hour even if the work isn't worth more than \$4 an hour to me. A lot of high school kids in my building would love to make an extra \$8 a day just sweeping up, but I can't do that. I am forced to tell them no. I can't even think about teaching a 12 year old that sweeping up for \$8 over 2 hours is good work: it's illegal. I am forced to tell them no, too.

I can't carry a weapon in order to defend myself from armed robbery. I can't tell them "no" in a non-verbal way. Instead, I have to ask my robbers to kindly wait for the police.

Soon, I won't be able to request no salt in my food, or extra salt: that option will be taken from me by those who think they know what is right for me. I can't say "no" to pasteurized milk, the kind of stuff that clogs your arteries and later leads to the kind of health condition Mr. 50-year-old

neighbor has because of homogenization of "fat" in the milk. I can't say yes, I can't say no. Choices are gone, freedom isn't an option. I just say "no" to milk overall.

When my employees work for me, I can't say no to stealing from their paychecks and sending it to some anonymous looter who has plans for that money, part of those plans are to pay off a little bit of debt incurred in my name for the rest of my life. I can't even say no to stealing a piece of every retail purchase made through me, also sent to another anonymous looter who promises better roads and schools and public safety. Those promises are unfulfilled, but I can't say no and choose my own provider for roads, schools and safety.

I can't say no to the forced decision to "save" for my retirement, money that is taken from me every week and given to others who might need it or not need it. I don't know them. I can't say no to the forced theft that will happen when I am retired, from the youth who could better use that money to invest in businesses, pay their way through school, or party it up if they so please. They can't say no, either.

I can't say no to higher efficiency vehicles because the ones I love supposedly contaminate the planet. The military jets and boats and supercruisers that I am forced to pay for do a lot more damage, but my choice of a heavy duty and safe vehicle is taken from me. I'm left with less safe, ugly, uncomfortable bubble cars and light "trucks" as the only option because my nannies tell me that's what I should drive.

For a period of time, I couldn't say no to foie gras in Chicago: the looters decided it was bad for consumers to have that choice. I don't even LIKE foie gras, but I'd like the option to say no to it. Amazingly, the looters gave back that choice, but not the real ones that matter.

I can't say no to the welfare recipients that I pay for. I have no idea what the reason is for why they're where they are, but I'm told they need help. I'd prefer to help those I am morally compatible with, but instead I get to help 20-somethings who are too proud to work at the grocery store. Some of them are eating better than me, yet I still have to pay their way through unemployment. I'd rather say "get a job" to some, and give a few dollars a week to others, but the decision is made for me, against my will, against my judgment.

I can't say no to marijuana, or even cocaine, because someone decided it's sinful to put substances

into my body. I might make a bad decision while I am under the influence. For millions who use drugs occasionally, they're doing just fine, but those who are addicts are told no. They still do the drugs, and I can't say no to incarcerating them at my expense.

I can't say no to the police who drive around undercover, on the public dole, not available when a citizen actually needs them because they're hidden from us. I can't say no to the men who come knocking on my door every decade, asking me who lives in the apartment I live in, what their ages are, what race they are, what they do for a living. I can't say no to the tax assessor who makes me pay rent on the property I own, money that doesn't go to making my life or my future better.

Someone else's life is better for my hard work, not me.

I can't say no to the men who print the money I use in daily transactions. Even though they print more and more of it every year, devaluing my own savings and investments, I have no ability to tell them to stop. They do it without thinking about me, without thinking about my businesses, my employees, my suppliers, my customers. They make me poorer every second of every day, but I have no option to say no and get them to stop.

Yes, I am selfish. Yes, I am greedy. My actions every day in how I choose to spend my money employ thousands of people. I spend that money voluntarily. When a friend is in need, if I have a little left over and I can see that the friend isn't blowing their money on bars or sex or musical instrument toys or video games, I give them what I can without asking for it back. Every year, even though I earn more and more money from harder and harder work, I have less to share.

I want to say no. To the looters, the students, the elderly, the sick, the military, the police, the teachers, the street cleaners, the tow truck drivers and the meter maids, the families and the bachelors, even to some doctors. But I can't. It's not my place to, it's illegal, and it supposedly prevents society from getting better. From my perspective, society is getting worse, and it's my money that is used in doing so. I just want to say no, once in awhile. I would even say yes much more often to those in need, but I can't.

Some day, some how, the freedom to say no might return -- in little chunks, or in big ones. It won't come from the voters, or the looters, or the students, or the elderly, or the sick, or the healthy. It will come when people finally realize that they, too, want the power to say no.