

Our way of life: beginning to end

By: Lindsay WINCHERAUK

Some rich man came and raped the land,
Nobody caught 'em.
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes,
And Jesus, people bought 'em.
- The eagles/last resort



People came from all over the World to a new land, searching for freedom, liberty, and a better way of life.

They staked claims to the land; forced their ways upon the indigenous inhabitants. They faced resistance; however, they were too strong and came in numbers too great. The aboriginals were defeated. Their way of life was stripped from them. So was the respect for the land.

Society began to evolve. Everyone worked in harmony building towns, cities, highways, methods of communication and items of opulence.

Opportunity abounded!

America became a land of freedom where all men were equal--a land of endless opportunity.

Out of the propaganda, the American Dream was born: Be all you can be. Whatever you want can be yours.

The dream was real. Everyone reached for the sky.

At first, everything was wonderful. Families grew. Love was strong. And people, individually, began to gravitate toward their strengths.

Intellectuals found science, medicine, law, etc.

Others leaned toward agriculture.

Some found themselves looking after homes, cleaning, maintaining, nurturing.

Some got dirty and built societies infrastructure.

Some found themselves in manufacturing.

Each had someone above orchestrating movement. Like the land before, the first to lay claim soared to the stratospheres... in the hierarchy of society the first to define status gained tremendous wealth and power.

The dream was alive and everyone believed with hard work they could still reach for the sky.

Society rewarded accomplishment. A doctor, a lawyer, an entrepreneur, and heads of companies were paid like Kings, farm worker, janitors, and mothers, not so much.

Those without means were forced to live in different neighbourhoods, the other side of the tracks; the bottom of the hill. Yet, they still believed the stars were within reach.

Stay in school. Work hard son and you can have whatever you want.

Want

Corporations created it.

"If we show the populace what they need, give them a taste with marketing, show images of the rich & famous living amazing lives while enjoying our stuff... we can reap the rewards. Let's start with the children---hang out by the schoolyards---show them their first taste."

It worked to perfection.

Everybody started to look for an angle, something to sell, something that would help them in living the American Dream, something to help them shoot for the stars.

I bought it for this much (sale), and I sold it for this; became contradicting forces, fair market value... a fallacy at best.

In the infancy of the plan, many changed social classes, and with newfound success, changed neighbourhoods as well. The janitor was left behind.

But we're all created equal.

Depression sets in; if I'm equal why can't I climb?

Those who've climbed to the top began to forget the difficulty of the climb. They forgot that those they climbed over are human. They looked down on those who were never given the tools to reach great heights; be that intelligence, birthright, or luck.

I worked hard. I deserve more. If they want what I have, they can work like me.

Words without a shred of compassion for how much effort, it takes, to remain impoverished.

Poor takes far more effort than rich can ever imagine.

Society continues...

Everyone wants, wants, wants; wanting is marketed as happiness; wants, becomes the fuel that ignites the lower reaches of society.

They can look, but they can't touch.

Some still find a way up, most just, dream.

A line is established, those who can have, those who can't. Each year more fall below the line.

Must keep those below the line hungry by selling them hope, unattainable?

If they're hungry and still believe they can have... they'll work harder, they do.

Families begin to fail.

The pressure of the dream is too great.

You never give me anything.

We never go anywhere.

You'll never amount to anything.

Society fractures. The divorce rate soars.

Two homes are created from where there once was one. Two homes needs more stuff. Some can't afford what they need.

Suave entrepreneurs search for a way to keep selling. We'll loan you the money. You too can have stuff. It works. Everyone below the line buys in. The price is heavy. But the happiness it will bring will solve all of the problems of life. It does for a while, until the bills...

Make your money work for you... that'll help you out of your situation. Give it to me. If you give me enough, I'll give you a little extra each month if you leave it alone.

The rich dump billions; their money grows.

Everyone else deposits pennies, and access them regularly.

The banker thinks; I can make money off those who don't leave their money alone, each time they touch it I'll charge them a fee. I can give part of that fee to the rich.

The line is lowered again.

The dream is replaced with insomnia. More families splinter apart. The rich keep getting fatter off the sweat of those still immersed in the dream.

We need more consumers.

Not a problem; thousands are lined up at our doors. They want to pursue the American Dream.

Good, they'll work for less. They're at the bottom rung.

Those who are already on that rung fall off. They begin to drink. They venture down a path to more illicit substances trying to find escape.

There is no escape.

They find themselves alone and shunned. They blame their problems on those new to the land, instead of the flawed dream. Their homes are broken and more tragically, their children are no longer equal.

The line is lowered more.

As time goes 'buy'... and nearly everything's been done, the dream begins to turn into a nightmare for most, so, they gamble, buy lottery tickets, falling deeper into escape.

More families fail as each generation becomes increasingly burdened by the weight of the pursuit.

The immigrants did this to me, to us.

The rich party, their wealth, is flaunted, in front of us in the media. Athletes and celebrities make 100s of millions. Heads of corporations live lavish lifestyles. The media keeps smothering us with images of glamour and excess. Television proliferates what decorating a home, flipping a house, and dressing in the finest fashions can bring.

HAPPINESS

We want it badly... happiness that is. Esteem is ripped from our souls. We all want to be millionaires. We all want to say DEAL.

We still need to keep those who haven't fallen off the bottom rung happy, indebted. We'll give them a pittance more. We'll tell them if they work harder, they too can climb; it's not too late.

They do, work harder that is; however, they're too tired to think when they return home each night. Too tired and distracted to see what's coming our way. They want to escape. They can't. One job turned into two, even three, just to survive, something has to give.

Families implode.

In the meantime, corporations secretly look for ways to manufacture products at lower costs so those at the top can still bathe in gold. They tell the dreamers they have no choice, our hands are tied, it's the global economies fault... we can't afford you anymore.

More fall off the step, blaming China and India---not the men at the top.

Crime and despair run rampant in the depths of destruction, mostly against each other at the bottom---the rich are behind gates.

More families fail as the currency of love for the shallow tear them apart; beauty for women, money, fame, and, power for men. Beauty has an expiry date. Money keeps attracting more.

Paranoia sets in. Our way of life is in jeopardy. What's the definition of WAY, again?

Stuff

We must keep others out.

Protect what we have.

We need a common enemy.

We find one, someone to rally against, something to distract our citizens from pain; war is the answer?

It will unite us.

It doesn't, it divides us more than ever with children dying for an undefined cause.

We must examine our immigration policies the politicians shout out.

It's the Mexicans, the Chinese the ~~Gays~~, the... who've created this mess. They've taken food out fo the mouths of Americans. They want to consume our resources. They're to blame.

Are they?

They work as janitors and in farmers' fields. Americans realized long ago working in fields, was no longer the way to the top. Donald Trump reminds us of just that: Think BIG and Kick Ass in Business and Life. Some at the bottom try to keep the dream alive and fill his pockets with cash. Most of the others at the bottom have given up and are just trying to survive escape.

Their dreams have long ago, died.

Newsflash

Most Americans/Canadians haven't wanted, or won't, do the jobs immigrants are willing do for low pay, for a long, long, time, and, I guarantee the illegal ones aren't working as doctors and lawyers.

Could the politicians and corporations be distracting us from what is important by creating enemies who aren't really, there?

Aren't most people on this planet just trying to get by; and be happy?

Do you really think people at the dinner table in (insert developing nation here) are discussing hatred for America?

Do you think new immigrants are reporting to Dr. Evil at the end of each day?

"Our plan is working to perfection. We have them just where we want them. I'm prepared to do whatever I need... sorry, gotta go, American Idol is on and I just financed a HD television. I'll get back to the master plan tomorrow... or the next day. How about, I'll call you when I'm ready?"

If we buy into the propaganda, we're supposed to shun all those who are different by putting up borders and keeping them out. We're supposed remove tolerance and diversity from the equation. Our warmth is to be turned cold.

...end of newsflash

Oh my God, our infrastructure is about to collapse, our highways, our bridges, our hospitals, our...

We can't afford to pay Americans to fix...

The middle of the pack, which is now near the bottom, still think, there's hope. They'll fight. They still want High Definition.

They rally.

The government recognizes the dream is splintering apart.

Many see through the sales pitch.

The government hard sells the agenda: Our way of life is at stake, all you have to do to protect it is, trust me. *WINK*. I may take away your libretties, your freedom. I'm not a fascist. The enemy wants to destroy us. We must continue to fight.

If we don't wake from the dream, before we blink our freedom may be gone. A short trip back into history and we'll realize this scenario's been played out before.

The WAY of life wasn't supposed to be stuff.

It was supposed to be about libretto, freedom, family, friends, and equality of humankind.

Each part was supposed to be equally important.

The enemy isn't definable by colour of skin.

The enemy is **GREED**.

The fatal flaw of the dream: A janitor can never be a doctor, regardless of how hard he tries. And, janitors are easily replaceable as a new willing addict is at our doors wanting a taste of the dream.

We reward money with money.

How preposterous.

Could we be applying the interest to the wrong end of the scale?

Can it be fixed?

I don't know.

Maybe this is just the way it's supposed to be.

Maybe we don't have a say in tomorrow.

Could it be time for us to rally against greed---
to value PEOPLE more than stuff?

Just imagine if a portion of the interest of those at the top was directed to those still struggling with the climb---wouldn't homelessness and crime begin to vanish right before our eyes as dignity and hope is returned to all those who've been left behind?



What a beautiful dream!
