

You  oldnerdybasterd

Source: thegodlessath...

**If you can afford an iPhone or an iPad, then you shouldn't be on welfare.**

***This shouldn't even be a controversial statetment.***

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Or a playstation or a flat screen TV or a newer car, etc and etc. I know people that work under the table for half their pay and get paid on the books for the rest and collect welfare. I know of drug dealers that collect for tax purposes even though they pull in thousands of untaxed money each month dealing. Tell me how I am not supposed to be upset with these people like I am with greedy corporate cronies? I'm not heartless. These people are selfish and unethical.

Except not everyone who has nice things is automatically cheating the system. People are given things as gifts. People buy things and THEN qualify for assistance. People save up for nice things.

You can't assume what someone's situation is just by what they own.

We were eating only donated Panera bread, rice, and

turnips. My father was sneaking to the various blood banks in town to sell his plasma at twice the rate they allow. My mother was dying due to not having her medicine, which cost well over \$1,200 a month after insurance.

My autistic baby brother wanted to do something nice for me.

He worked for months making custom art pieces to sell. He worked up courage despite crippling social anxiety and speech problems to ask the neighbors if he could do chores for them to earn more money - raking the yard, helping clean their house, walking their dogs.

For nine months he carefully hoarded his money in a jar in his bedroom. He counted it every single night and compared it to the cost of what he wanted to get for me for Christmas.

Finally he had enough. He bought me a DS Lite and a pokemon game.

He was so happy.

Until one of our neighbors, a highly conservative jackass, saw me with it outside a couple weeks later. My brother was with me.

The neighbor stormed up and became screaming at us, a pair of teenagers, over how we could be so selfish to spend money on "electronic shit" when we were a family on food stamps. Spittle flying from his lips, cuss words every other second, rage radiating off of him so violently that our father came running out of the house - at a limp, since his spine is broken, which causes him horrific daily pain beyond what I can imagine - to protect us.

My brother was never the same again. There is no happy ending here. That episode in his life changed him permanently and for the past seven years he has almost never left his room and never gone to a friend's house. He is terrified of the neighbors and believes he is a bad person.

Because of fucking people like you OP.

Because of fuckers who believe that they know what life is like for everyone and have a right to judge.

So fuck you OP. If you know drug dealers, report them, go on and put your ass on the line then. But for fuck's sake don't you dare think you understand what goes on in the life of the people who live in never-ending, grinding poverty. Because you have "no fucking clue"

gaining pity. Because you have no feeling else  
what goes on in the detailed lives of others.

You want to talk selfish? Look in the fucking mirror.

This is an important post.

that time Bill O Reily was shocked and appalled that poor people could afford \*gasp\* A TV AND A FRIDGE IN THEIR APT? and went on a rant saying these ppl shouldn't be on welfare because they have a plasma tv and fridge because obviously poor people need to not have tvs and fridge because poor ppl should be storing their food underground in holes and draw on walls with stones and sticks for entertainment.

When I was a child on welfare, eating rotten lunch meat, walking in shoes with cardboard in the bottoms to cover the holes, I had an extensive collection of My Little Ponies. Not "one or two horses"; over three hundred, all told, and almost all the major playsets. Maybe, oh, 10% of the total came from my mother, over the course of the eight years I spent collecting and living with her. The rest were gifts from family members who didn't know about our situation, but knew from Gramma's chatty "everything is fine" letters that I loved My Little Pony. They were from the charity groups that let you sign up and specify what your children wanted for Christmas. They were from me saving every penny I found on the street. They were from favorite teachers who knew how poor we were, who wanted me to have birthday happiness. We're talking thousands of dollars of plastic horses, almost none of which took a dime from Mom's budget. And the ones that did? She was a mother trying not to break her daughter's heart.

Every time someone yelled at us because poor people shouldn't have nice things, we all died a little inside, and I clutched my horses even harder. I needed something bright and beautiful in the world, to make up for the roaches in the walls and the mold growing on the butter.

Unless you're someone's accountant, you don't know where they're putting their money, and it's not your place to judge.

We had the internet and a brand new computer in a time when very few people had the internet, and only a fraction of my classmates had access to a computer. It didn't matter that ours were paid for by the university to help my mother get through college and get a job faster, so she could earn a livable wage and support her children on her own. It didn't matter that we weren't on food stamps or welfare, though we certainly qualified for both.

Everyone wanted to know - parents of the other children in my class actually asked me - how we could justify having it with how poor we were. People felt entitled to ask why we would have it, what possessed us to think it was a good idea, because we were poor. And they felt absolutely justified in telling us, repeatedly, how irresponsible it was, how poor we were, how unreasonable they thought it looked, what sort of message we were sending by daring to have one nice thing.

They didn't care that we didn't have new winter coats, or shoes without holes in them, or food in our cupboards. They didn't care that we missed school field trips because we couldn't afford them, or that we picked

rotten spots off the top of pudding and ate it, and only turned the heat on when the temperature fell below zero, because we couldn't afford to even be warm all the time. They did not care about what we didn't have.

They cared that we had a nice thing - that we had had ONE nice thing - and they resented it.

I have many nice things now. I have new shoes, and a nice winter coat, and I have an education, a college degree. But I still feel, and I think anyone who has been very poor will always still feel, like any second someone is going to come over and demand to know how I justify having even one nice thing, let alone several.