

Democrats to Abolish Meat, Dairy Products and Private Car Ownership

by Lee Duigon



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Erasing Our Whole Way of Life

I know someone who, fearing the onset of old age, sold her house and moved into an assisted living facility. The deal is, they take care of you for the rest of your life; and in return, you give them... everything.

Why does that make me think of Yul Brynner's gunslinger in "The Magnificent Seven" telling the peasants, "I've been offered a lot for my work, but this is the first time I've ever been offered *all*."

But the price turned out to be higher than anything they told you up front. The food is served their way, not yours. You eat it in a kind of mess hall.

And you're surrounded all day by Far Left crazies who snarl and gnash their teeth whenever Donald Trump is mentioned—most frequently by themselves, they just can't stop—and act like they'd like to run you over with a tricycle... because who can afford an electric car?

Meanwhile, the Democrat mayor of Phoenix, AZ, says [she wants her city to ban, abolish, and outlaw meat, dairy, and private](#)

[car ownership](#) by 2030. Thirteen other U.S. cities are on board. Gee, I didn't know a mayor had that kind of power. Or a council, or a state, or a Congress, or a president, or anybody else for that matter.

And watch out for your air conditioner and your gas stove; they'll take those, too, if no one stops them. Us lowly plebs don't need those things! At least the gunslinger in "The Magnificent Seven" didn't just walk up to the peasants and take "all." ("It's to Save The Planet from you grubby campesinos! Who said you could eat tamales? Chow down on those insects!") But even the most bullying gunslinger is a minor league nobody, compared to the nanny state.

And while they're at it, they might as well censor us, too—shut down any speech that ticks 'em off. Who said we could speak our minds? You certainly didn't learn that in your teachers' union public school.

Just imagine the America that they have planned for us. If you can't, read Solzhenitsyn: he lived in a place like that. "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" would not have been one of his favorite songs.

No steak, no hamburgers, no lamb chops—no meat at all. Maybe some fake meat cooked up in a lab somewhere. And no milk, no eggs, no ice cream.

No going anywhere unless the bus is going, too. Forget about going *where* you want to go: they'll tell you where you can go, and when.

And if your tiny little Environmentally Sustainable apartment is too hot for you to sleep at night—well, there's always that nice little cot at the communal cooling center, with the guy in the next cot farting out the beans he had for supper. And two cots over, somebody's weeping because the Environmental Soviet took away her cat.

Does anybody really want to live like this?

What? You thought they were going to give you one of those palatial oceanfront estates like the Obamas have? Oh, no, precious—you're the common people, the ones the World Economic Forum calls "useless eaters." The luxuries are not for you. Just be glad your betters, your rulers, can enjoy them.

It's the least they can expect for Saving The Planet for us all.

I'd rather take my chances with the gunslinger.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://www.leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and stop in for a visit, before they ban reading. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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