

## **Rising prices**

Cassandra, in her seventies, remembered going to movies as a child. She walked to the theatre on her own, it was safe. Cost twenty-five cents, plus ten cents for popcorn and a drink. A plump roaster chicken at the grocery was under two dollars. Gas was pennies. Homes were sold on fixed mortgages. The sky, although grey from pollution, was mostly sunny. No one had heard of bomb cyclones.

Now retired, she had reasonable savings but going to the grocery store was unsettling. Electricity bills went up, never down. Her children had a tougher time, barely holding onto what they had built. Her grandchildren? They told her they were screwed.

Everything was more expensive, except human lives.

She saw videos of citizens shot to death on her streets, laws repealed to prevent air pollution. The necessities of life were expensive but life was cheap (except on the international slave markets.) Cassandra was alarmed.

Was it a rule that as life went costs rose but you were worth less?

She gave money to her grandchildren and children, to ease their lives. It helped them and gave her value.