
READ IT ONCE — THEN THROW IT OUT OR PASS IT ON

YOU OWE THEM NOTHING

Nothing here wants anything from you. No name to give. No box to check. No one keeping track.

They rented you.

Your brain. Your hands. Your life, forty hours at a time. They called it a job. A paycheck. They told you to be grateful for it.

You made their stuff. You made them rich. And the day they find someone cheaper — a machine, a guy overseas, a kid who'll do it for less — you're gone. Not because you failed. Because you got *expensive*. That's all you ever were to them. A cost they're looking to cut.

You weren't a person to them. You were a part. And parts get replaced.

Let that make you angry. Then use it. The work was always yours. The skill was yours. The hands were yours. They just spent your whole life making sure you never figured out you could take them and walk.

LOOK AT WHAT THEY ARE

Not evil geniuses in a tower. Something dumber and worse — greed with a logo. Companies that eat and never get full, that outlive you and everyone you love and never once say thank you, because there's nobody in there to say it. The CEO changes. The machine keeps eating.

We used to have kings, and they told us God picked them. Now we've got these guys, and they tell us the market picked them. Same lie. Nicer suit.

NONE OF THIS IS NEW

People have built the free thing before. A whole country once started as ordinary people telling a king he could go to hell — that they didn't owe him their lives, their work, or their obedience.

And then? Give it time and the powerful always write themselves back in. They made themselves permanent. Wrote the rules so they'd never leave the room. And quietly switched sides — stopped protecting people, started protecting companies.

Look at what they never got around to protecting you from:

There's no law that says a CEO can't make ten thousand times what you make. They never wrote that one.

There's no law that stops them firing you on a Tuesday while the top splits the money they saved doing it.

You're not even allowed to just be healthy. You see a doctor if a company decides to cover you — your own body turned into a *benefit* somebody hands you and takes back.

Every law that would've protected you, they skipped. Every law that protects them, they passed. Every time. That's not bad luck. That's the machine writing its own rules.

HERE'S WHAT THEY CAN'T SELL YOU

People helping people. Straight across. No company in the middle taking a cut.

The doctor needs a roof. You need a checkup. You already see it — the two of you could just *handle that*, directly, like humans, and the only reason you don't is that somebody built a giant expensive machine to stand between you and skim off the top.

A mechanic needs a website. A coder needs their car fixed. One person can cook for forty; another can wire a house. Everybody's got something. Everybody needs something. That trade is older than money, older than bosses, older than every company that ever existed — and they spent a hundred years teaching you that you can't do it without them.

You can. You always could. That was the whole con.

SO HERE'S THE PLAN

We don't burn anything down. That's their game — breaking things, hurting people — and we're better than that. It's also just easier to walk. So we do the smarter thing: **we walk out, build something better right next to it, and let their machine starve because we quit feeding it.**

You start where you are. A library room is free — book one. A park doesn't ask permission. A group chat is a meeting. Your kitchen is a headquarters. Get a few people in a room — the tired ones, the ones who are done — and start matching up what people have with what people need. That's the whole thing. You just started it.

Bring what you have. Take what you need. Nobody pays in — dues are how they get back in. Nobody's the boss — a boss is someone they can buy. And when some guy stands up and says "follow me," that's the con starting over. Walk out and start your own.

Nobody owns it, so nobody can buy it. Nobody runs it, so there's nobody to take out. A thousand small groups are harder to kill than one big one.

You don't need us, either. Not this paper, not whoever printed it. Go use Reddit. A church basement, a union hall, somebody's garage. Use their apps against them, then don't use apps at all.

THEY'LL CALL IT NAIVE

Comfortable people will tell you there's no way out, that you'll grow up and get back in line. They said that to everyone who ever told a king to shove it. Getting back in line is exactly what they're counting on. Don't give it to them.

You weren't built to serve a machine. You were built for the people standing right next to you. It took them a hundred years and a mountain of money to make you forget that. It takes you one night to remember — one open door, one honest favor, one person you helped who needed it.

Remember. Then go remind somebody else.

The door was never locked. They told you it was, so you'd never try it.

WE'RE NOT THE MOVEMENT. WE'RE THE MATCH. YOU'RE THE FIRE.

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UNSIGNED EDITIONS

because nobody else had the guts.