

## How I Became a Firebrand and Rebel

by: Nita Thatcher



When I was eight years old, and about to start third grade, we moved to Baltimore, Ohio, and right there in Baltimore, I met a very best friend! Her name was Mallory and she lived just across the back alley behind my house with her three older sisters and her two even older brothers, one of whom could drive a car without anyone else inside to help him, and her very own cat Miss Muffins!

One day, soon after we discovered each other, I was pleased to be invited into Mallory's house to play with her because Mallory had toys of her own, toys that had been passed down to her from her sisters and even toys passed down to her from her brothers. Well! I imagined she had so many toys it would be like Christmas all over again with a birthday or two thrown in also! As an only child, I could hardly wait to get upstairs to Mallory's bedroom and explore the marvelous wonders that having siblings could provide!

It was at this time, even before I stepped foot onto her back porch, that I was advised of the "RULES OF THE HOUSE" as decreed by Mallory's father! Rules that must be obeyed! I don't remember ALL those rules; I just remember ONE of them because it changed my life forever after.

It was decreed that the females of the house could only use FOUR squares of toilet paper, anything else was deemed wasteful. No matter the business that transpired in Mallory's downstairs bathroom, four squares of toilet paper was the limit allowed by Mallory's father because females used too much toilet paper. This did not apply to the males. Well!

Of course, as it was bound to transpire, on that very first day I visited Mallory, I had to use the bathroom, and I was not about to leave in order to go back across the ally to my own bathroom. Absolutely not! They might lock the door behind me and never let me back into their house again to play with Mallory or her toys and that would be a tragic shame!

I made my way back downstairs, opened the bathroom door, entered, closed the door and locked it. Then I proceeded to take care of business. As I quietly sat there, after finishing my duty, I reached for the toilet paper. Then I stopped and thought about things. Seriously thought about things.

Girls must use toilet paper for number one and number two. Boys only needed to use it for number two. Number twos only happened about once a day. Number ones happened all the time. Of course we used more toilet paper! The rule was not fair! The rule was, in fact, a grievous insult to females everywhere, and it made my heart thump in my skinny little chest with hurt feelings! Every fiber in my eight year old being was incensed!

I thought about things some more. Then I looked right. Then I looked left. Then a snarky little grin spread across my face, and I tore off FIVE squares of toilet paper! FIVE squares! I used those FIVE squares to wipe my disobedient little bottom and then I flushed them down the toilet!!!!

Right then and there in my friend Mallory's downstairs bathroom, I became A Strong Advocate for the Rights of Women and a Champion of the Oppressed the World Over! Just like that! Well!

Now you may think that today, because I am disabled and must spend most of my days in the back room of my house with my bed, my recliner, and my bathroom just steps away, that I am no longer an Advocate and Champion. WRONG!

I have a most powerful tool at my disposal of which "Those in Power" are very fearful! It is my Handy-dandy Laptop Computer. Because of this powerful tool, I can still be heard and I can spread rebellion through the most powerful force of all: The Written and Spoken Word! Words can create action, foster new ideas, explore new possibilities. Words can create chaos and cause wars. The Written and Spoken Word has changed the course of nations! Indeed the course of the world!!

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary.....

We The People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union.....

In the beginning, God created.....God Spoke, "Let there be light."

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream.....

I wonder what would happen if I put a motor where the horse is supposed to be.....

Dear FDA: Re: Your approval of Ampligen.....

It is so easy for those of us with a chronic disease to feel useless. To think that because we can no longer be physically active we are IN-VALID and somehow less than a full human being. WRONG! We can still love and nurture those around us. We can still offer wisdom as needed. We can be a force for change with our words we share on the internet and through petitions or letters to our elected officials. It may take us a while to compose those words and we may struggle, but we can do it. We are neither powerless nor are we any less important to our world than the healthy people surrounding us.

We each, in our own way, can be firebrands and rebels who nurture and work to improve the lives of those important to us!