**The right of satisfaction**

[](http://im2ns5.27210.gr/sites/default/files/article/2015/12/171342-oaed1ab.jpg)



18 March 2015

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I wake up every morning and as I am preparing for work, I realize that I am moody as I am thinking that I am lucky that I have a job. My neighbor wakes up the same time as me, but he is looking around for a job. My cousin does the same, as so many others like him. All these are statistical cards for the evening news and they tend to call them the 26% of unemployment. For the time being, I have a name; but the one quarter of the labor force remains hidden behind a percentage number. Like that, the ones who rule rationalize the failure of their own employment policies, that they implement them for the last three or more decades.

Later on, I pass the entrance of my working place, but the sadness is still evident in the area. My colleagues have this grimy mask on their faces, and I wonder if everyone has stipulated the same sin – all of us in this room have managed to survive from the economic crisis. So, why should we ask for more? Why should we demand the self-evident? Those ones have deprived us in the name of a promising, but not at all seen recovery. Anyway! Since they offer us a job and the means for survival, then we should be grateful! But how much we differ from the ancient slaves? How easily work falls into slavery? As long as they threaten us with unemployment, poverty, misery and financial strangulation, then how am I different from the slaves?

I am not looking for something better, because I am afraid that I might lose what I currently have. I stay in the present job because I don’t have better choices. I am wondering, which one of these two, applies for me? If I was younger, would it be easier for me to leave the country? More than 200,000 young people have already done this; they are the so-called self-exiled, the economic immigrants. They call them the young scientists that have a brilliant career in other countries. Since they managed to send them abroad; now all the flatterers of the power elites, follow them in order to have an interview on how they live over there. In that way, all we are living in the country learn on their achievements; to see, and learn. To think ourselves that they had the guts to do this, while ourselves didn’t; we are trapped and strangled in the homeland. But if we see that all the ones who left abroad looking for a better future, are the victims of those politicians that promised a dreamland, then we could have some answers for our questions. There are all these politicians and high ranking civil servants, the entrepreneurs that made fortunes selling to the state, the doctors, lawyers and other professionals that sent their monies abroad, to tax heavens. These heavens are not the same as the one that they make us to believe that we’ll go after death if we are virtuous during our life, but they are heavens here in the earth for all those, God knows, how they managed to make fortunes.

When I return back home, I am considering that I have managed to survive of one more day. I bought few items from the market and filled the freezer. As I am putting things in order, the past is always comes into my mind. At that past time, all we were much better than today. Today everything is so stuffy and dark. My friends keep telling me that I am referring to the past, but do I have anything to say for the present? Nowadays, I try to preserve as much as I can my job, my spare time, my calmness, my mental balance and my emotional stability. The later is being harshly pushed. A medical doctor told me that I might suffer from burnout. Who knows if this is the name for the pills I am taking in order to sleep, that I am sweating every night and I wake tired, and that I shuffle while I am passing the doorsteps of my work.

And then, night comes, and television is the alternative for the pill – they have told me that I should not take the later every day, but I can consume TV programs without second thoughts and dilemmas. At night I don’t allow myself to have a daily review, since everything has the same color, everything looks the same. Am I different from a robot? And above all, it’s this damned time that myself asks me and I don’t want to give an answer: “Why I shouldn’t have the right of satisfaction?”