

Truck Driver

I've been driving commercially since 1994 and I've watched the industry change a lot. I own my own rig and drive coast to coast at least once a month. I work 12-16 hour days and don't see my family much when I'm on the job. I sleep in the rig with one eye open, because the locks on the back of this thing are one hacksaw away from useless. I run my own business, so I'm constantly juggling credit cards and working against the clock. If I have to wait a day for the next job, or drive 6 hours to pick up the next load, I just lost \$500 in income. Same with the rig - I have to carefully schedule maintenance, because if it breaks down on me in the middle of a job I'm hosed. At this point I'm just hoping to save up enough for retirement before the robots take over and we all get automated out of a job.

Sex Worker

I take care of a wide variety of desires for an exclusive and secretive clientele. My johns all have very different needs, and they expect me to show up prepared. I used to use an app to record notes and keep track of my appointments, but these days I don't feel like I can trust anything electronic. It would be devastating for both me and my clients if anyone knew about our interactions. I get paid well, but I have to come up with clever ways to disguise my income. I run an unreasonably successful business selling vintage clothing on etsy :)

Climate Activist

I spend most of my time doing direct action climate work raising awareness of environmental concerns and government corruption. I have no permanent home or reliable income, and rely on the generosity of friends around the county who let me stay on their couches. I never know when I'll have to hitchhike to Seattle for a protest or hop a train to North Dakota to defend native territory from a new pipeline. Everything I do relies on trust, and my ability to keep up with my network. When I make money, it's usually because someone found me on YouTube and decided to send a donation on some online service. Mostly though, I rely on the people hosting me to take care of my minimal needs. Sometimes I wear out my welcome, and it's very awkward to have to beg people for their help.

Displaced Person

I recently became homeless after I got laid off from my job and missed rent on my 2-bedroom in Fruitvale. My ex took in our 2-year-old child, and I get to stay with her two days a week. But the rest of the time I have no place else to go. I sleep in my minivan in an industrial part of town where I don't feel comfortable walking around at night. I do manual labor when I can, but it's tough to find work when I can't regularly shower or wash my clothes. When I do make money, I give some of it to my ex to help care for our kid. The rest of it I have to spend immediately or I risk having it stolen