

# Confessions of a Blogging Opium Eater

Nobody asked but ...

With a nod to Thomas De Quincey, I have had to deal with the consequences of an addiction once again. As a life long University of Kentucky basketball fan, I now must look forward to a long, cold summer. I will have fleeting moments, perhaps in the NBA playoffs, perhaps when they contest the Rugby World Cup to see who can deny the New Zealand All Blacks.

But this all got me thinking about the nature of undying love, freedom, individuality, and consequences, from the POV of a voluntaryist. Nobody got me into this mess, but myself. I know the risks, however, so I suppose I suffer gladly (acknowledging that I would celebrate even more gladly, as I have done countless times in the past). Looking at my nearly 76 earthly years with the *Wildcats* and the *All Blacks*, it has been worth it.

The point, however, is that addictions are one of the consequences of voluntarily seeking joy. If you do it in the true spirit of the non-aggression principle (initiate no violence), the golden rule (do to others as you hope they will do to you), studying war no more, and hearty acceptance of ALL the responsibilities conferred with your goals of liberty, you can have joy, even among the heartaches.

— Kilgore Forelle