

## The Curly Tale of the Three Little Pigs: Or How FEMA Didn't Save Our Bacon

Narrator: Once upon a time there were three little pigs. These three little pigs lived in their own homes, where they were able to watch whatever television they liked, and eat cereal for dinner, and go to bed any time they felt like it. They had friends, and hobbies, and pretty great lives. Despite their great lives, unbeknownst to each of them, the oceans were warming, and causing all kinds of bad things to happen to the weather patterns where they lived.

One day, where the first little pig lived, it started raining. And it did not stop. Not the next day, or the day after, or even six days after. Rivers ran over their banks. Sewer systems were overwhelmed. The first little pig's home, built from straw, was washed away in the floodwaters, leaving one sad little pig behind.

FEMA Wolf: Wow. What a mess. Is that asbestos? Well, probably it's just straw. Either way, you can't stay here. Even a blue tarp isn't going to help this mess.

Pig 1: The storms came and the water rose and I lost power. I tried to go to the shelter, but they said I couldn't come there because they didn't have a ramp so I could get in. AND if I wanted to stay there, I would need to be able to take care of myself "independently". I have someone who helps me at home so I would need some help at the shelter, too. My worker would come to help, but the shelter doesn't allow other people in, and I don't know if my state program will pay my worker to help me if I get that help somewhere other than in my own home.

FEMA Wolf: (looking bored and like the wolf couldn't care less) Huh. Well, I can't really be bothered to help with those kinds of things. I CAN offer you this special program so you can use your state's Medicaid program to go right over to stay in an institution. You can probably go home later. If you get a home to go back to.

Pig 1: That sounds terrible! Isn't there someone who can help me talk to the shelter so I can get in there? Once I leave my house, it will be hard to get back to do the work to get it rebuilt. And the institution will take all my money except for \$50/month, so I won't be able to afford to get the work done to rebuild and get back home.

FEMA Wolf: Sounds like a personal problem to me. Well you can't stay here, and you don't have anywhere else to go, so the institution is where we will put you for now.

Narrator: So that little piggy went wee wee wee all the way to the institution. In the meantime, the weather patterns continued to wreak havoc on the lives of innocent little pigs. This time, tornadoes tore through the second little pig's town, leaving that pig's house, built of sticks, in shambles. The little pig is holding a thumb up, trying to hitch a ride.

FEMA Wolf: Wow. What a mess. Is that asbestos? Well, probably it's just sticks. Either way, you can't stay here. Even a blue tarp isn't going to help this mess.

Pig 2: The tornadoes came and the winds huffed and puffed and blew my house down! I found a "special needs" shelter in a town that is only about 100 miles away. I just need help

getting there. I have been waiting here for an accessible vehicle to come pick me up, but the buses aren't running, and most of the people where I live rely on public transportation to get around. When the tornadoes were coming, the first thing that closed down were the buses. And they haven't opened back up yet!

FEMA Wolf: (looking bored and like the wolf couldn't care less) Huh. Well, I can't really be bothered to help with those kinds of things. I CAN offer you this special program so you can use your state's Medicaid program to go right over to stay in an institution. I bet the folks at the nursing facility would be HAPPY to come pick you up. You can probably go home later. If you get a home to go back to.

Pig 2: That sounds terrible! Isn't there someone who can help me talk to the shelter so I can get in there? Once I leave my house, it will be hard to get back to do the work to get it rebuilt. And the institution will take all my money except for \$50/month, so I won't be able to afford to get the work done to rebuild and get back home.

FEMA Wolf: Sounds like a personal problem to me. Well you can't stay here, and you don't have anywhere else to go, so the institution is where we will put you for now.

Narrator: So that little piggy went wee wee wee all the way to the institution. In the meantime, the weather patterns continued to wreak havoc on the lives of innocent little pigs. This time, a hurricane tore through the third little pig's town, but this little pig's brick house stood strong in the storm.

FEMA Wolf: What do we have here? You must be some pig! Your house is still standing after the hurricane.

Pig 3: I got lucky and found one of the only disability advisors left in FEMA, so I was able to get everything ready to be able to weather the storms. And once we get the Real Emergency Access for Aging and Disability Inclusion (REAAID) for Disasters Act and the Casey Disaster Relief Medicaid Act (DRMA) passed, we will have the network available to help ALL little piggies in times of disaster and disaster recovery, and Medicaid will pay to keep people in their own homes and communities during disasters and disaster recovery.

Narrator: And with that, the third little pig pushed past the unhelpful FEMA Wolf, like water around a rock, and freed the two little pig friends. They all went home to stay at the third little pig's brick house until their homes could be rebuilt and they could all live happily ever after.