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On Behalf Of:

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Measure, Appointment or
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It's not like I'm asking for a handout. I wake up every morning, throw on my work clothes, and drive 20 miles to my job. Rain or shine, sick or tired, I get behind that wheel and do what I have to do—because that's what people like me do. We show up. We grind. We don't quit.

But now they're talking about new taxes—on miles. On driving. Like it's some luxury. Like I have a choice.

Twenty miles there. Twenty back. That's 200 miles a week just to keep food on the table and the lights on. And I don't work from home. I don't have a train to hop on. I've got an old pickup and a promise to my family that I'll keep pushing no matter what.

But that promise is getting harder to keep.

I've got kids. My oldest just started driving, taking his little sister to school in the mornings so I can get to work earlier. It helps. A lot. But every mile he drives now comes with a price tag.

It's not just school either. My kids are in sports—football, track, soccer, you name it. That's their joy. Their pride. Their way of being part of something bigger. I've driven hours to weekend games, paid too much for gas just so they could have a shot at something normal.

But now? With this mileage tax?

How many of those drives will I have to say no to?

How many practices will we skip?

How many dreams will have to wait until we "can afford it"?

I'm not rich. I'm not living large. I'm a working dad doing his best in a world that keeps asking for more while giving less.

And this tax? It might not mean much to the people who come up with it. But to me, it's another gut punch. Another way of saying, "You don't count." Another reminder

that being a decent, hardworking person just isn't enough anymore.

It hurts. Because I'm not lazy. I'm not wasteful. I'm just trying to raise my kids, do my job, and maybe have a little left over to breathe at the end of the month.

We're not living fancy. We're just trying to make it.

And now, they want to tax that too.