

The Nobel Prize

For the greater glory of man.

Winstead Veneer, the Physics Professor said, "When I receive the Nobel Prize, I'll mention your name". In so saying he departed. Once removed from earshot, Red jested aloud, "Heh!, fawn long enough, and these guys begin to weaken. Imagine gratuity following in the wake of obsequiousness; and if that ain't enough for your faith in the human pedigree, just add The Prize!". To which Baldy added, "If the grapevine has any credibility, Winstead is accelerating so fast down the tube his escape velocity will disqualify him from ever getting the booby prize". Red added, "'Forward thinking' is what they call it; include your subordinates, spruce up their titles a little from Technician to Technologist; and AH Gee!, the wife likes a pink toilet; and ain't it a whole lot of sweet nothingness. I feel like taking his clothes off, an' tweaking his chest hairs!" Raison D'tre jibed in that Red was envious. To which Red retorted that Le Monsieur was too young to die; and that he (Red), at least, felt an honest days work obviated any special laurels." Baldy picked up the thread by intimating that laurels appeal to something lesser in humanity than a honest day's labor. He continued by saying, "Veneer is nothing more than a department store model; an' just what in hell else can one expect. Boy!, dig those Grecian grey temples. Class! Man Class!" Red spliced yet further, "Our flatulent protagonist would have it we merely plug our wills into a common urge, thus give motive power to a bag of air. Oh Fart!"

So it was, a meager hint should prevail in these men's minds for the remainder of that day, drawing forth all manner of commentary, thus avenging for them another day in a peculiar state of being where their labor was more forced upon them because it is what existed, rather than that which was chosen - practicability predicating both decisions. These humans, for that is what we call them, by the definition of their parts, are, in truth, machines manipulating yet other machines; and all the oil that greases their lives is called money, that lure rushing humanity along its errant course. For the greater glory of man, some few love it all, and some other few are afforded the opportunity to pursue their innate curiosity, but, Alas!, the remainder must forego existence via the ruse of seeking employment, while enjoying a life of palliatives, stopgaps, banalities, submitting in the end to a place beneath the sod, foregoing identity to the very predest-end.

Small Comforts for a dinosaur.