

Driven to Abstraction (and other abnormal debris)

By Daniel K. Geren

Chapter I

If . . .

If the earth had no gravity, how would I eat my cereal in the morning?

If Christ hadn't been born yet, what year would this be?

If TVs had imaginations, would they imagine a world without humans?

If Bigfoot really does exist, why haven't I seen one?

If football really is a game of inches, then why isn't it measured that way?

If people truly are "innocent until proven guilty", then why are they put in jail before their trials begin?

If plants could talk, they should ask for legs.

If nobody had thought to invent the clock or the wristwatch, then would it *really* matter when you showed up for anything?

If clothes had their own personalities, would blue jeans always be sad? And what about green jeans? Envious . . . maybe?

Chapter II

I Wonder . . .

I wonder what happens to the teeny microscopic little tail on a sperm after it enters an egg. No reason, just curious.

I wonder how many ants die each year from becoming despondent, climbing up to the top of a curb, and jumping off.

I wonder what would be like without the letters "d, l, n," and "t". Think about it. This would be great for any one reason I can think of, the fact that people without goggles could accurately pronounce his name though (except the "d, l, n, t" part).

I wonder what it would be like in a world where cars had eyes, uh, you know where their headlights are. Now this would be great, because we would no longer have to drive them. This, of course, brings up a minor problem. How would they know where we want to take them. The solution *seems* obvious. Give them ears. But this is impossible, since it will be years before we acquire the technology to actually do this. Besides where would we find ears big enough to fit on a car and where would we put them.

I wonder what it would be like in a world where all the words were run together in a sentence.

This would be great for a number of reasons.

First, it sure would cut down on the number of spaces in a sentence, thus allowing for faster typing.

And second, you could pronounce an entire sentence as one word, thus allowing for faster speech.

I wonder what would be involved in creating a machine that would allow someone to step into a chamber, say, and be transported through time or space.

I wonder what is involved in changing your address when you haven't moved.

I wonder what fish dream about when they sleep. (Do fish sleep?)

I wonder what would happen if you had to feed your furniture? What exactly do you think a chair might eat (besides humans)? And what about a desk? A table? A bed?

I wonder what it would be like in a world where nobody had to eat. Now this would be interesting. First off, it sure would tidy up the English language. There would be no word "eat" or "ate" or "Chocolate Fudge Marble Cake" (OK. That's four words and Marble would probably still exist, but you get the general idea). Second, nobody would ever starve. And finally, I wouldn't be so hungry from typing non-existent words that I would be about ready to eat my desk.

I wonder what it would be like in a world without punctuation I mean would that be considered weird or normal Think about it To someone who has never seen a punctuation mark it would probably be normal But wait If that same someone has never seen a punctuation mark they probably would not be able to read anyway Unless of course there truly were no punctuation in the world In which case the word punctuation would not exist and this whole discussion becomes pointless Uh never mind

the same can be said for capital letters. well, at least i think so.

I wonder how many less human beings there would be in this nearly overstuffed world of ours if the makers of alcoholic beverages had actually thought "outside the box" and laced said alcoholic beverages with birth control. OK. I realize that this would not work in all cases. The main reason being that nobody has come up with a "pill" for males. But, the idea is sound. At least, I think so.

Chapter III

New Twists on Old Cliches

Clams *must* be *really* happy.

If walls really could talk, where would they put their mouths. OK, this seems a little obvious: windows. But wouldn't the glass break when their sills came together?

If bugs' ears really are cute, wouldn't their pupae's ears be even cuter?

If numbers had teeth, I should think that the number sixteen's would be rotten by now (think about it).

If straw really could break a camel's back, think of the possibilities. Why, we could use it to build cars, or airplanes, or space shuttles, or 500 story buildings. The possibilities would be endless (well, almost. I mean, you probably wouldn't want to feed it to cows, for instance).

When people say, "This stuff tastes like crap," how do they know?

If time could fly, would we need airplanes?

And speaking of flying. When pigs fly . . . they should have to have reservations just like everybody else, don't you think.

The very next time someone says to you, "soon there will more (well, whatever (this could be anything. For instance: cars, boats, houses, cats, dogs, clouds, people, trees, grass, signs, computers, even sticks)) than you can shake a stick at." First ask yourself some questions. For example, how *stupid* are *you* going to look actually shaking a stick at such objects? *Why* would you want to in the first place? And most importantly, wouldn't it just be easier to simply *count* them?

Does elbow grease taste any better than regular grease?

Have you ever seen your pants just burst into flames and then hung them up on a telephone wire?
Oh man, me neither, and I lie *all the time*.

If a penny saved *really* is a penny earned, what about nickels? Dimes?

If you really could "make enough noise to wake the dead", then you may ignore the next one.

If you *could* just stop the world and get off, could you resurrect my dead kitty while you're at it.

If revenge really is "a dish best served cold", then could I get a side of fries with mine?

If you could take someone apart piece by piece, could you save me the brains?

If money really did grow on trees, what would it be called? Apples? Peaches?

If someone knocks on your door when you're not home, does that person feel your door on his knuckles? Now, any sane person would have to say yes. But *you* weren't home, so how do *you* know?

If people really could roll over in their graves, how could you tell?

Bugs *must* be *really* snug in rugs.

Chapter IV

Things people *usually* don't say to each other

"I will now jump from this airplane without a parachute, land in that glass of water and remain unscathed."

"I wish I could read lips. It sure would make it easier to watch *The Simpsons* now that the volume on my TV is busted."

"I was just moving my eyes around when all of a sudden one of them got stuck in the middle of my forehead, and no matter how much I pried it would not come loose."

"Directions to my house? Sure. What you do is you come to the city where I live. You drive around for a while until you are sure you're lost. OK, once you're sure, you drive exactly ten blocks. My house will be the third one on the left."

"Well, if you have to ask, then you don't really know, do you?"

Chapter V

Other Abnormal Debris

I have just discovered why squirrels chatter so incessantly. Those poor little guys must be *really pissed-off*. How would you like it if someone or something about a thousand times bigger than you just walked up and very nonchalantly peed all over your home.

What if, well, for instance, the person who invented stairs had . . . suddenly died before he was able to pull off this modern miracle of science. Would there be any such thing called a story when referring to buildings? Wait, I know what you're thinking, we would all just be taking elevators. But do you really think that if man kind was stupid enough not to have invented stairs, he would be smart enough to have invented the elevator? Come on!

When I become rich (notice I did not say if), I will buy a department store just so that I can have a one second sale where everything is free.

My girlfriend told me she needs some space. So I rented her the movie *Star Trek: Generations*. And now, thanks to my quick thinking, we will no longer be seeing each other.

When I buy my next car it will be a new one, you know the kind that come equipped with those new devices called airbags. What I am going to do the very day I buy it is get in a wreck, so that those airbags will pop out and I can spray paint them another color besides white.

You know, I once went *five* days without bathing (this includes showers) just to see if that 5 Day Anti-perspirant Deodorant *really* works. And you know what, I was so stinky after 5 days that if I had stood at one end of town with a slight breeze at my back and raised my arms, the entire town would now be dead. So, I'm thinking to myself, I've got a major law suit. I'll sue for a couple of billion and be set for life. Then, I read the back label of this particular brand of Anti-perspirant Deodorant. It said, "Apply once a day for 5 days, and if not completely satisfied we will refund your money." So much for being a billionaire.

You know when you take about a thousand tacks, spread them all over your bed, then jump up and down on that bed in your bare feet. Or when you take chards of broken glass, dump them in your bathtub, and jump in bare naked. I hate when that happens.

I hate it when people on TV or in films say "This is real life!", because, well, if you think about it, it really isn't.

Why is it that old people are called old people, but young people aren't called new people?

Wouldn't it be cool if everyone really was as *stupid* as the entire town of Springfield on *The Simpsons*. Uh . . . maybe not.

What did people do before the advent of deodorant? Odoranted *a lot* would be my guess.

Do lions have armpits? And, if so, do they smell any worse than the rest of a lions' body? And, if so, do you *really* care? And, if so, *why*?

I don't know. Maybe it's just me, but I think it's just wrong that there is no such thing as a "Copywrong".

Just once. Just *once*, I would like to see the face of an actor when "The Leading National Brand" consumer product actually beats out the "Name Brand" being advertised.

And, finally, speaking of advertising, is it just me or have the commercial interruptions (and if you think about it, that is the perfect description. Interruption) on TV actually gotten longer over the years (and, if you watch TV just for the commercials, then it is truly a sad, sad world we live in).

Because, I don't think it's just me. In fact, I think it's a television conspiracy. Think about it. Pretty soon, there will be no more programs on TV at all. All it will be is advertising 24/7 (and just as soon as this happens, my TV is going in the dumpster). Good for the networks (hey, who's going to mind raking in money without doing anything?). Very, very bad for the rest of us. So, where will we be able to see our favorite TV shows when this finally happens? A relatively easy question. TV theaters, of course (or, and the technology already exists to do this, apparently, the Internet. But, and this is just me, I'd prefer to see TV shows on a big screen, instead of a dinky monitor or even a regular TV). Can you image buying a season ticket to see a season of your favorite TV show? Or even paying, say, \$1.99 to see only certain episodes? Neither can I. But, that's what it's coming to, unless we put a stop to it. And, one way to do this might be to make the networks be honest in how they are presenting commercial breaks. For instance, instead of saying, "edited to run in the time allotted", "edited for time", et. al. when they run movies, they should say, "a lot of scenes (and probably the good ones) have been deleted from this movie so that we may bring you way more commercials than you would ever need to see during the commercial interruptions".