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The Foibles of Greed

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Once upon a time, a crude and obnoxious big dog roamed the earth. His parents, Conformity and Mediocrity, named him Pearson. They were never really in love, as the passionless can hardly be, but they knew the biological mechanics required, and their usual habit of masturbation would not lead to procreation. So they went through the motions and generated several offspring, all rotten fruit of their loins. Pearson stomped around taking anything he wanted as he bullied smaller dogs into submission. He thought very highly of himself, even though “thought” is a generous depiction of his greedy, grubby ways.

He became popular and successful because a system existed that preferred mindless activities –butt sniffing among the favorites-- to genuine encounters with his fellow creatures. Once he took center stage, he relentlessly beat everyone into compliance. He believed in such lofty notions as “fidelity,” after all, dogs are known to be faithful. He did not believe in the potential of others because he had limited vision; a mental myopia. He had a keen sense of smell for accumulation and hoarding that compensated for his lack of vision. His younger sister, Accountability, was employed in his enterprise, and worked in harmony with his designs. Simpletons both, they enjoyed the rewards of their confidence schemes and routines, at the expense of all who had to suffer the stench of their crap, packaged and marketed as perfume. Eventually, others got used to the smell and accepted it as an inevitable fragrance. Since no one complained, their flatulence became fashionable too and orders came down to breathe deeply to gain the full effects of their magical spell.

Their brother, Oppression, was having the time of his life. It was all play and no work because every one accepted an assigned role in the circus of illusions. It was entertaining to watch the masses stuff themselves with artificially flavored popcorn, mystery meat hotdogs, and corn syrup candied apples, as they pawed around for little prizes in their crackerjack boxes, yet no one made the association with their belly aches of ignorance. That’s because Oppression elicited the aid of his brother, Manipulation, to convince folks who got sick that it was their fault for not eating enough. It was a twisted logic, but it worked well on the twisted minds Manipulation created.

Pearson had a floozy of a sister named Amnesia, a bitch who got around, but never seemed to be doing much. She was active and idle at the same time. She didn’t seem to pay attention to anything and was almost as proud as her twin sister, Ignorance, for not knowing what she didn’t know. In the meantime, in a distant orphanage, Serendipity, Grace, Integrity, and Honesty were long forgotten, thanks to the combined efforts of Amnesia and Accountability. While the family shared a common core and prospered materially, they were also morally bankrupt. Their wise grandfather, Arrogance, spoke in ways to soothe their conscience as he justified their dynastic claim to fame. This was their pedigree in a dog-eat-dog world. Young pups heed the sign on the fence: Beware of Dog! And where is that mutt, Toto, when you need him?