

In a Perfect World . . . So it goes

by Jason_Love

In case you didn't notice, the world is not a perfect place. There's war, pollution, hunger, injustice, and of course Anna Nicole Smith. Even little things don't make sense: rush hour traffic not going anywhere, boxing at the Goodwill Games, DVDs showing us highlights of movies THAT WE'RE ABOUT TO WATCH. One night, after being flagrantly overserved by a bartender, I scribbled on cocktail napkins a list of world improvements. First I called it "If I Were God," then, as the beer wore on, "What Happened to My Childhood" and finally "Gibbledy Gobbledy Goo." We'll stick with the editor-friendly, "In a Perfect World." The unabridged list is swirling above a local landfill, but here are some napkins that survived the ride home. Ahem. In a perfect world!

boot would rhyme with foot.

pug dogs would have a reasonable amount of skin on their face.

we'd get paid for the time we spend preparing for, commuting to, talking about, and unwinding from work.

radio stations would keep their contest money and play some bloody music.

all of a woman's issues could be fixed with WD-40 and duct tape.

answering machines would come with a get-to-the-point button.

when leaders go bad, they would mottle like bananas.

athletes would retire only once.

traffic lights would change when we honk at them.

O.J. Simpson would have married Lorena Bobbitt.

priests who hear confessions would get paid the same as shrinks.

the brightness control on our TV would turn up the intelligence.

if an officer has to tackle the suspect to make an arrest, he would be entitled to three free punches.

when people graduate high school, they'd also graduate high school mentality.

when teams lose on Fan Appreciation Day, everyone would get their money back.

lawyers would speak a language that humans can understand.

walkie-talkie cell phones would exist only in hell.

sick days would include when you're sick of work.

weight gain would be caused not by food but by some undelicious thing like televangelism.

the Meyers would get together with the Myers and settle the spelling once and for all.

every driver would understand the Merge Concept.

we could surgically remove that part of our brain that plays the same snippet of music over and over and over.

everyone would die on their one-hundredth birthday while having sex. But the world is not perfect, so we have storms and train wrecks and Anna Nicole Smith, left to wonder about a God who would have it this way. It would be too much to handle but for a gift from this same Creator, something to take away the anguish and put the whole world back in perspective. And that is lots of beer. So it goes.

Bend Oregon, Central Oregon

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