

If a schizophrenic were to put their life in a nut shell, would they choose a peanut?

by Aaron Hunt

Hi, I'm Aaron Hunt, you may recognize me from such literary works as "Thank you for registering (insert name of product here)", and "Please send your correct mailing address for registration." Well, the management here at Ambrosia with a bit of electric cattle prodding decided it was high time I learned to write and basically work on a bit of shameless self promotion. I can't say that I blame them, after all, I think I have been here long enough, even as a part timer, to know the ins and outs of the business (okay, so I know how to work the key in the door, and can boot up the computer all by myself). I thought I would take this opportunity to tell you a little about myself, and perhaps let the true humbleness of my being show through.

I tend to ramble on about nothing in particular for quite a long while, I like long run on sentences that take a while to come to a point. I dislike people who drive too fast in the slow lane. I despise people using their left signal to turn right. I don't like people pawing through my CD collection.

In my former life, I was a rock and roll radio DJ. I gave the people what they wanted some of the time, and didn't really care about the corporate slugs who were paying my salary. Then I moved to public radio to "make a difference." I thought I had finally arrived when the mayor called me by my first name. Then I realized, he got my name wrong, and this is just a city, and he is just the mayor. So I left the radio business behind and went where all former radio pseudo personalities go to die: customer service at a large international corporation.

Now I still give the people what they want, but now I make them beg for it, which is basically what I did when I was in radio except now it is better. Now I have more listeners than I ever did, they actually do listen to what I am saying, and I can make a difference: I can aggravate anyone who talks to me. Of course, this isn't easy. It is a finely tuned art to be able to get under someone's skin without them realizing it until it is too late and you have entered their minds and made them decide that they really don't have a problem with your product, they can deal with its defects just fine, and will, in fact, suggest it to all their friends and may be even give some away as gifts at family gatherings so that more people will call, more minds will be melded and the world will soon be mine. In theory.

I used to be a great rock and roll drummer, in my mind, and still am. Back in the day, we used to gig until our teeth fell out, then we would hit the country bars and no one would notice. I remember one place down in the southern tier of New York where a guy got all offended because the singer introduced me as the guy beating on the skins. He wanted to know what kind of skins they were because cow skins is for nice jackets pigskins is for the oblong ball you kick and throw, ferret skins is for rich people's scarfs and snake skins is for boots.

Then there was the whole issue about which trees had to fall to make the implements with which

I beat upon the skins. Forget about the whole did the oak make a sound when it fell next to the hickory, this guy was trying to figure out what tree would produce branches with nylon tips.

I shouldn't pick on small towns. The town I grew up in didn't even have a traffic light. Sure, we had five bars, three gas stations, two turntables and a microphone, but no stoplights. We lived up on a hill that overlooked downtown Ithaca, NY. On clear nights, which were often, we could walk 200 yards down the road and look across the valley to see my future alma mater: Cornell University. Of course, there were always some nice friendly cows around to moo at you and disturb the peace.

The nice things about a small town is that there are plenty of parking spaces. Of course, once you go to college you have a hard enough time finding a parking space. Then all you need is a hat. You know, the kind you put on the door, or were always going to put on the door in the rare event that you didn't want your room mate to interrupt.

The care free high school, and worry and filled college days are now long gone, and its onto the working world. I think there should be mandatory nap time at work. You could have your lunch hour or half hour, or ten minutes. Then partway through the second part of your shift you have time set aside for a twenty minute power nap. Of course, you would have corporate bunks that everyone used so the custodial staff would leave notes to remember to change the bedding paper after you are through using the bedding, and of course dispose of it properly, please. No flushing it down the toilet, it may expand and plug up the joint.

Bedding paper, shoot the guy who invented that one. Whatever happened to a nice wiping down of the vinyl covered examination tables with a bleach filled cloth? Now its, please lie down on the bedding paper. Then when you are through with the examination or what have you, you have to stand while the doctor peels it from the back of your body. It isn't enough that you are humiliated wearing an open backed robe, now you have to have the paper peeled from your body. Why open backed robes? Most of the work that is done is in the front. It is not like the doctor is going to check for a hernia through the robe, you are going to have to lift it anyway.

It seems it is time to end this column. I have rambled on far too long I am sure. Until next time, if there is a next time, keep your chin up, your knees bent, elbows straight, and walk backwards out onto the landing strip of your life.