

THOUGHTS

At school, talking to a friend.

What's so great about sunsets and puppies and all that? Who decided this stuff? How come we don't eat cats and have cobras as pets? OK, I get that one, but you know what I mean. The Indians, not the American ones, won't eat cows, right? And that's what I eat, like, all the time. Who decided this stuff?

That's wacky. And the idea that aliens look like little green men with big eyes. Why would they have arms and legs? Wouldn't they look completely weird, like a different form altogether? Something we can't even imagine with our puny brains? Wouldn't it be funny if space dudes were way stupider than us instead of smarter? Why do we always assume they'll be smarter? I guess 'cause they actually got here from a galaxy far, far away. But how stupid would they be to, say, come here for vacation? We're boring. I'm boring. I spend ninety percent of my life bored out of my mind.

What do you mean, you noticed? What is that supposed to mean?