

Wait 'til I Win the Nobel Peace Prize

By Musafir

“So what do you plan to do after your retirement?”

My friend, Puppy asked me the other day.

“I have been thinking a lot on that subject. I guess I’ll write a novel,” I replied.

“Novel? Who’s going to read that? You will be better off donating those rims of papers to poor school children in Namibia.”

“Well, I will become a greeter at Disneyworld where I’ll see happy faces all day,” I changed my mind.

“Have you lately looked yourself in the mirror? No one is going to hire a grouch like you to greet happy people,” Puppy reminded me of real me.

“How about going on “Jeopardy? I can win some real money and also meet Alex Trebeck at the same time.”

“No chance! You are not quick enough to answer those tough questions,” Puppy rejected my idea.

“Then what should I do Puppy? Do you have any suggestion?” I asked in desperation.

“Well, the only thing you can do is try winning the Nobel Peace Prize.” Puppy surprised me with his confidence in my ability.

“Don’t look surprised. Any nincompoop like you can win the Nobel Peace Prize. After all, Al Gore did not get it for inventing the Internet. It was the ‘slide show stupid!’ Arafat did not get it for redefining terrorism. He got it for being a lap dog of Barbara Walters. Jimmy Carter did not get it for his failed attempt to rescue the hostages from Iran. He got it for bad-mouthing America. Kofi Annan won it for nepotism and mismanaging UNO’s budget. In my opinion and knowing how vain you are, you may even be overqualified for the prize. But there is no harm in trying.”

But how do I go about it? Where do I start? I don’t even know any presenter of the Nobel Peace Prize,” I answered half excited and half scared.

“First you have to find a cause before you can hope to get the Nobel Committee’s attention,” Puppy tried to help me, “and the cause has to be subliminal that people are not aware of, something intrinsic. “

“Such as?” I really wanted to do something meaningful in my retirement years.

“Look around and you will find numerous human abuses that are barbarous but go unnoticed. The beauty salons all over the world cut human hair without administering general anesthesia. Humans do not have to be awake to witness brutal comb swipes or use of scissors and clippers across their head to mutilate their God given tresses. What if you had to be awake during open heart surgery? The worst part wouldn’t be the pain or having to see your insides, it would be the trauma of watching the maiming of your body part.”

“That’s very impressive Puppy!” I exclaimed.

“Think about it, Puppy continued, “wouldn’t it be nice to sit down in that barber chair, say what you want your hair to look like, suck on some gas and pass out, and then wake up when the hair surgery is over? No more awkwardness for you while you’re sitting there with nothing to do, and no more distractions for the stylist, who can focus all her attention where it belongs: your hair.”

Folks, I am really taking Puppy’s message to the masses. Won’t you like to join me in my cause and eradicate this shameful human torture? Obviously, haircuts are just the beginning. General anesthesia could be used to fast forward through all the boring parts of life. Have a boring sermon in the church? Are you subjected to nagging by your wife? Have to sit through watching wedding videos? Relax, suck some gas, and wake up when the ordeal is over. General anesthesia is our birth right and it should be made available to everyone by the tax payers. Do you think this is absurd? Wait till I get the Nobel Peace prize.