

Stupid People
By Chris Zell

It has been an interesting day. Like a Chinese curse.

My boss rented three units on Tuesday. They all moved in today. And that each showed the distinct de-evolution that is running rampant in our so-called society today is a testament to the moronic tendencies of the people in charge. Especially my boss.

The first group was just your average mouth-breathing morons. Run of the mill, actually. Nothing quite special. Odorous? Most definitely. But, when the report is filed away for posterity, they will be filed in the 'just your average idiot' section.

The second group (and do you sense a trend here? They tend to run in packs. Like cockroaches) was certainly a jumbo slide down the ole walking upright diagram that we're all so familiar with. As I watched this family unfurl in front of me, I watched as the sins of the parents were bestowed upon each descending member. I swear the youngest kid had gills. I actually watched as this entire unit filed into the elevator, fully ignoring or unable to read even one of the many signs that spell out this very simple rule: you cannot ride on the elevator. It was funny to watch them in the cage like we'd captured the rare Stupidis Americanus and put them in a zoo to keep their genes from spilling into anyone with any semblance of intelligence but who just happened to have a rough night of tequila shooters and root beer schnapps and fell to their rather ape like charms. I wouldn't care if, because of the now forced (unlike their current just because of proximity) in breeding they contracted the rare disease known as hereditary methemoglobinemia (it's a enzyme deficiency in the blood due to reduced oxygen carrying capacity that turns their, as you know, usually red blood to a chocolate brown and gives their skin a bluish tint) because, as we know, having a blue tint is not a big turn on in the dating pool. Gotta take your signifiers where you can get 'em. But, alas, we're not zoned as a zoo so I explained to them, slowly of course, that it would speed this simple procedure along if they would, in an orderly and expedient manner making sure to stay at least twenty feet away from me, exit the elevator and then try again in the prescribed manner. I, not taking into consideration every possible situation, failed to advise them that it would be best to accomplish this without sliding the entire elevator door off of it's tracks and having the door fall to the floor. Now, having people become overzealous and having one of the wheels fall off the track is fairly common. But, having the entire door, with it's four wheels, slide out of the entire runner and slam in a rather loud thud is, for lack of a better word, unprecedented.

So now we come to the third in our trilogy that now being called the Arabesque du Stupidity to lend an air of suffocation, I mean sophistication. Of course, we have another group but this one is not full of family. It is worse. And it proves that you cannot pick your family but you can pick friends who are not only stupider than you but can also make your huge fat ass look svelte. Well, maybe not svelte, but if this was the land of the truly jumbo, Kate Moss would have weighed in at 240. So the shirtless ring leader (we've got to get some legislation about stomach girth and the shirtless. It's rapidly hitting a critical mass) and I begin our discussion. Such as, 'What's your unit number?' To which he responds, eyes only flickering because light can enter them, 'What unit? The one I just got?' After much insipid negotiation just to get this one, simple nugget of

information (and he didn't give it to me. I had to pry his name from him and find it in the file. So, against my better judgment, I told him what the number was. Three times. I even wrote it on a keychain for him during the second time) I buzz the door and he jumps. I make in his file: 'possible electroshock treatment'. I also tell him that, no, you cannot pull any vehicle into the building. So, you know what he does? Yep, you guys are so smart. He told his two friends to pull into the building. Now, I anticipated this so was there before they tried to pull into the, at this moment, fixed elevator. They start unloading their goods (and that is a term I am using here under duress) and happily they go off to their unit. But not before everything (and I do mean everything) on the way over packed cart toppled over and spilled onto the floor. So, the tenant (a phrase that just sent a shiver down my spine) comes into the office to purchase a lock. He asks how much. I tell him. He pulls a very moist, stench carrying, color faded twenty dollar bill out of his very moist, stench carrying, color faded white sock (don't worry, I'm a trained professional. I give myself tetanus shots monthly). I give him his dry, odorless, crisp change and he runs up to complete this daunting task. A few minutes later he comes back down. Now when I saw 'a few minutes later' I am not using that as a general literary timing device. I truly mean a few minutes later. As in actually less than three but a little more than two. That now fully understood, I will continue with the dialog as he, with no hint of embarrassment or shame, presented it to me. 'I need another lock. I lost the other one.' I, forcing myself not to laugh by trying my damndest to swallow my tongue, quietly and swiftly sell him another lock. Which he pays for with not the dry, odorless, crisp bills that I gave him a few short minutes ago. Nope, he gave me another twenty dollar bill from the very same sock as the last wet, smelly, stained piece of legal tender.

As I sit here quietly, the huns vanquished for the moment, writing this down for your enjoyment and ego enhancement, all that is twisting around my mind is: I wonder if I should increase my tetanus intake?

Postscript: Three days after safely surviving this death defying event (by that I mean I checked my hands every day for mold and none appeared) the sock guy comes back in. Once again I am forced to tell him his unit number (but, taking in all aspects of this man's resources, that is of no surprise to those of us with pupils the same size). Then, just as I am about to buzz him into the building and away from me he says, 'I gotta buy another lock. I lost the keys.

I guess, fortunately, this time he didn't pull the cash out of his sock. It didn't really give me too much comfort when he pull the bills out of his pants. Although they weren't stick to the wall moist they were still oddly moist and vaguely sticky. I chose not to let my mind run with that and that would also be my suggestion to you.