

MEAT

Mr. Z does not eat meat, but is not a vegetarian. He could of course become one, but something stopped him from going through with it. It was something he could not logically explain to himself. This of course raised several social concerns, which Mr. Z did not even know about—perhaps because he rarely found himself in social situations.

A PRESENT FOR MOM

Mr. Z never had an easy life. For example, one innocent morning in the middle of a velvty night unexpectedly he was asked to confess. And before he could reply he was told that he must be specifc. And being specifc, means pointing with your finger and only then proceeding with all the necessary summarizing.

He came down with nervous hiccups and received an order to go to a specialist. The specialist ordered him to go to another specialist by pointing his finger to the name of the specialist. Then they were able to diagnose him. After that, they sent him to a third specialist who diagnosed him and pointed him out to the orderlies.

THIN FINGERNAILS

Mr. Z was jealous of birds and planes. Everyday, with heavy breaths, he observed the ceiling.

Thin fingernails kept him stuck on the Earth. Mr. Z could not understand why every two tiny bits of matter in the universe are attracted to other masses of particles with a proportional amount of force and how they could be oppositely proportionally pushed from the square of the distances. He understood this to be rather unfair.