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The Crux

Nine

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It turns out that most people are completely out of their minds. Look around you, see what kind of world you live in. The assassination of John Lennon? The Holocaust? Homework?

The reason the world stays this way is that people don't know that they're crazy, and they make no effort to find out if they are. Why, just last week I had a few insane encounters.

The day started out like any other day: I rolled over, reached into my beside table, and popped a frog into my mouth. As I walked out of my room, stretching and munching my frog, I saw a letter on the kitchen counter. It was from my mother. It had no stamp or address on it, so it had apparently been hand-delivered.

I opened it up, and was pleased to find that it contained the sentence "Stop spewing your self-pity all over the printed page, and do something constructive with yourself." Well, I calmly laid that letter out on the counter, poured about an eighth onto it, and rolled the biggest fatty I've ever seen.

Five minutes later, I was sure that I wanted a burger more than a mother.

By the way, this means that someone's been slipping Cruxes to my mother. Man, you better be reeeaaaaalll slick about it, because if I ever get my hands on you... well, there'll be hell to pay.

Anyway, my second insane experience happened later that day when I was hanging out with my friend in his room. His room is actually the attic of his house, and the walls are covered with pictures of severed limbs and anarchy signs. His shelves contain more video games than Gus Sayer's Christmas list.

We were talking about how psychotic our other friends are, and my attic-dwelling compadre said "I just wish one of them would break down and realize who they really are."

I said, "yep," and didn't realize the bizarreness of what had happened until later.

My father once screamed at his father for fifteen minutes about how he couldn't stand his narcissism, and when he was finished my grandfather said, "did I tell you I was on TV?"

When people accuse me of being arrogant, instead of risking saying something arrogant, I simply refer them to a relevant issue of *The Crux*.

Sometimes I'm jealous of other people though, when I see them just letting go of themselves and having fun. I mean, I'll read the occasional Bible passage, but I never find myself at a party just completely relaxed. I guess maybe other people aren't as relaxed as they seem. Most of them do

I almost wish that I were one of the mindless, crazy people out there. I fantasize about having an easier, more blissful life. But I never could. My blessing is also my curse. With great power, comes great responsibility.

While we're on the topic of being responsible... well... I haven't been. It's time to be honest. I'm not Max Karson.

Now, I haven't exactly been lying, as I never said that I am Max Karson. But many people believed me to be, and I never corrected them. The truth is, I'm his father, Dr. Michael Karson.

I often write under Max's name in a self-deprecating way by pretending that he knows everything. It often comes out as funny and witty. However, I really DO know everything. Not only am I a psychologist; I'm also a lawyer. Not only can I convince you to wear women's clothing, I can subsequently represent your parents in court and make sure you end up in foster care. (If you're a girl, I'll just convince you to date Max.)

The whole thing started out when Max brought me the first issue of *The Crux*, and I said, "son, this is awful." I rewrote it for him that night, and in the morning, I decided that it would be better if I just wrote all of them. I get to say all of the smart things that I wish I'd thought of when I was in high school. Max doesn't know crap about people. If he did, I wouldn't have to keep making up friends for him to be in stories with. I know about people. I know what makes people crazy. It's the parents.

Take Max for example.

He started to slip when his mother and I got divorced. He would go over to her house, and his mother would torment him by saying things like "why are you so angry all the time?" and "why do you draw pictures of me and then pee on them when you're mad, in front of me?" He would be made to feel unloved for a few days, and then when he got back to me, I'd have to whip him back into shape all over again.

If I had a nickel for every time I've had to sit with my Scotch and watch him write "crying is for little girls" on the family chalkboard.

He's getting saner now that he's living with me full time. Now whenever we talk to her, we undo the damage afterwards by high-fiving and putting on some Eminem. And getting drunk.

Yep, he could be a lot worse. A lot of kids don't even have one good parent. Those kids are unsalvageable. Luckily Max's mind is still a soft, warm putty for me to mush around in his little skull. I work my magic with it every day. If it weren't for

drugs, which is something I don't do. I think it's cheating. Unless it's just like ecstasy or pot or something, those aren't REAL drugs.

me, the boy would be gay.
Did I tell you I was on TV?

Three Important Things to Think About

1. Okay, so yesterday, a couple of my friends go over to my mother's house to get a board game I left there when I escaped, and she's got all of the stuff that was in my room in cardboard boxes. She makes my friends wait while she brings them down one at a time, because she doesn't want them to see what she did to my room. She's even gone through all my drawers and taken everything out.

I wonder if she looked at the Playboys.

2. Ever since the Diversity Leadership Committee wrote their fantastic review of my work, I've been in the newspapers twice a week! Women in bikinis help me into my robe and light a cigar for me when I get out of the shower every morning! I think I'm going to let you guys do all of my PR from now on!

3. My mother's a lesbian that's uncomfortable around gay people, my principal is a tyrant who's terrified of authority, and I'm the terrifically shy author of The Crux.

So where's my liberal feminist girlfriend who will do whatever I say?