

Encumbrance

by

Karl Kreder

Volume: 7

August 6, 1994

Karl Hides at:
571 Marion Las Vegrents NV 89110

Well another month another zine. Unfortunately this may be my last one for awhile. It's time to hit that trail once again and search for a thing called life. Strange isn't that even though a person probably has a life they never know it. Their always looking for something better, and never know that they've already got it. Anyway what I'm saying is I'm leaving for Phoenix probably by the end of this month.

I know some of you are thinking, why (or good riddance). Well I think it's time for a change, and change is the name of the game. Our lives are full of change, we buy new clothes, homes, cars, meet new people etc... The weird thing I've noticed about humans in general is that the older they get the more they resists change. This is sorta strange if you think about, I suggest you don't it's too complex. If this idea really bothers you that much buy some new clothes or something, you'll feel better. Another reason I'm leaving is I got a really good job offer, these in them selves seem to justify most people uprooting their lives every couple of years which I find even stranger. I've always seen work in sorta a weird way, your work is only a part of you are not just a part of your work. Some people seem to think they are incomplete or inadequate without the proper job, this is a very strange concept to me because I'd rather be out having fun than some-

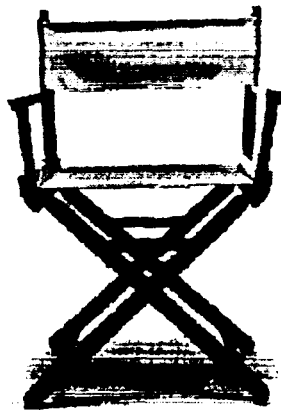
where slaving away trying to define myself. To each their own I suppose.

The one oddity of human personality that has always fascinated me most is humor. Why are some things funny to some people and not others? Take for example in jokes, you know those little humorous tid bits that you have to explain to everyone outside your immediate circle of friends. I have one that's rather strange myself. I was working at Lied Discovery Children's Museum and there was this woman from Arkansas named April that worked there with me. She had one of the real thick Southern accents and had this very strange quirk, instead of

saying "What" when she didn't understand you she would say "Shot your dog? Why?" Which I found to be quite funny, why I have no idea. I guess it just struck a cord, or may be it's strangeness and defiance of regular conversational etiquette appealed to me. The really weird thing is other people find it funny also. I recently was working as a temp for

Host / Marriot in one of

their gift shops on the strip (my time in hell). I normally worked with a twenty year old girl named Jenesse. We worked the four to midnight shift and some time would goof around a bit (don't get the wrong idea) to kill time. Well one night we were joking about something and I said the line "Shot your dog? Why?" She burst out laugh-



ing so hard I though, well I though she was going to burst. I explained to her where I had gotten this strange and wonderful sentence and from then when ever we worked together I would hear those familiar words "Karl say the dog thing again." (don't get the wrong Idea there either). I honestly don't think that we were meant to understand humor, and who ever invented it designed it to be at least partially unexplainable. I know that Arine and Ken probably think that humor was invented by someone in fandom, but I think their mistaken. I believe the man responsible is someone named Cranston Fnord a Viking who lived some where in twelve hundreds and would go on raids with fake arrows in his helmet hitting people with a fake padded war hammer. Needless to say Cranston was before his time and was killed by his fellow Norrismen after a failed raid on a small village when they discovered that Cranston had replaced all of their weaponry with the same fake ones he used. Which goes to show you that not all great inventors were famous (or very smart).

Well that's it for me, stick a fork in me I' done. I hope to hear from all of you after I move, and best wishes for all of you. Thank you.

Karl