

Your workplace-approved haircut grows out to long smelly dreadlocks and your clothes morph into a patched-up mess of black and brown fabrics. You stand up straighter and prouder. There is so much wrong with the world and you have all the answers – if only those corporate pigs could put away their greed and listen to you.

You walk down the street and soon run into other people. You try to organize a march against our capitalist, racist, hetero-normative oppressors. You explain to them the emergency of our current situation, quoting Marx and Kropotkin, but the uneducated troglodytes do not understand the importance of what you are saying.

You flip them off and continue on your way.

Maybe the rest of the world will rise to your intellectual level at some point, until then you have your commune and benefit shows for causes that accomplish nothing.

One day the world will realize you were right all along. Until then, fuck ‘em.

THE END