**Rock Tugging**

If you are only listening to your unrestrained hungers, it may not be well received by all parties, always.

I know that last part to be true because I spend several decades voraciously pursuing my (predominately) unrestrained hungers with little consideration beyond that of an amoeba.

Eventually, among the dust and debris I stopped to ask why there seemed to be so much turmoil and carnage all strewn about me - as if somehow a dark cloud constantly rained failure around me.

Becoming more introspective, and thus more aware of the reverberations my wakes generated in passing humans - I finally came to understand that I was NOT a casual observer (as I had so often imagined) but plunged into this humanity at every turn - and everything I said or did would ripple out in so many different directions with ramifications unanticipated (due to having a small world view) returning these ‘vibrations’ to their source. Often swamping my vessel in the countervailing sloshes.

I was very slow to grasp just how much my actions create reactions (and the long term prices to be paid). I still fail at this point a remarkable number of times.

Even now, when I imagine myself to be less Neanderthal than Before, I keep hitting my forehead on unseen obstacles caused by my unconsiderate choices. I use this term because inconsiderate implies intent. My issues often seem to be about failing to realize this action might cause that effect.

It is like making a cake. ‘Oh, I know what goes in a cake. No need to look at the cookbook. Hmm this tastes funny. Oh. I forgot the eggs (again??)’

This was the purpose of science - to help us figure out what happens if we move this small rock propping up the big rock. The people who keep tugging on the small rock and die when they are crushed beneath the rolling stone were the unsuccessful scientists. I really am trying to avoid being crushed, but … calculus is hard, perhaps if I just give this small rock a tug and then run…

Apparently a ‘scientist’ that can’t grasp numbers or math may be just pretending to be scientifically oriented.

But, I am a scientist. I am a practical (v. Theoretical) scientist. I don’t have the patience to do years of calculations to see what might happen - I tend to make a few educated guesses and then light the fuse and see what happens.

This is why my life is scarred and dented so. I have lots of experiential information from surviving these ‘field tests’ coincident with the limps and lumps obtained in the process.

Knowing that my method is likely the cause of most of my difficulties is only slightly comforting, but it does help me avoid blaming external causes for this smoldering mess.

I try to hold on to the fact that as a child, I was only willing to do/agree with things that made sense to me, and having insufficient data/judgement capacity is just part of the ‘charm’ of my exciting life.