6 things I relate about you

1. Ever been puzzled by a metaphor? My friend got this fortune the other day that said constantly beating away at a steel rod can whittle it away to a needle. I wasn’t sure if that meant as a cautionary tale or one of refinement. If you are building a bridge a needle certainly won’t do, but you also can’t sew with a steel rod. After some brief discussion we decided the prose was about excessive masturbation and took it as a cautionary tale.
2. I think about melting a lot. I’m not trying to be morbid, it’s just where my mind goes. So I ask my wife if, because of how the water cycle works, she thinks we might be reincarnated. She says if I’m so worried about my karma I should help clean the garage out.
3. I took a walk the other day. I wanted to clear my head, take in some nice deep breaths of the crisp, cold air. I stood out there for a few moments and this realization suddenly came over me. Nature is boring. I went back inside and played video games.
4. I never understood why people like the “great outdoors”. I’m not even sure why we still call them great when we made all our modern conveniences so we don’t have to be out in them. Right now, I can work from home and have all my food delivered. Do you know what they call this? Convenience. What’s so great about the outdoors if they’re not even convenient? A house is a shelter from outside conditions. Something that’s inconvenient that you need shelter from probably isn’t all that great, that’s all I’m saying.
5. I was taking the train home from vacation with my wife. Have you ever taken the train? It’s an interesting experience. It was pretty late and most people were trying to sleep, but this guy in the row of seats across from us was snoring really loudly. I watched the guy sitting in front of him as his face got angrier and angrier listening to the guy behind him snore. Finally the dude sitting in front grabbed his pillow from behind his head and hit the guy snoring screaming “Your snoring is keeping the whole train up!” My wife turns to me a little shocked and says “What kind of person hits someone behind him with a pillow for snoring? Who does that?” I said “Clearly that guy.” Then I sat back and watched the show because I also know what kind of person does that, a person who rides the train.
6. I hate parades. I know they’re really a popular tradition, but I never could understand them. It just seems like a kind of fetish to me. Hear me out, so the whole reason we developed vehicles was to get places faster. But what do we do in parades? We block off roads which we built so we can drive more quickly, decorate vehicles and use them to carry us at speeds slower than brisk walking. Also, we throw things in the street from these floats, which would otherwise be considered littering. And sure sometimes it’s candy, but what kind of person thinks ‘hey I want candy, but instead of going to the store and just buying some I’d rather wait in the street for someone to throw it at me from an oddly decorated vehicle driving by slower than I can jog. I also want people shouting useless things through a megaphone otherwise I just can’t have a good time.’