

AN ESSAY TO GET A FUCKING JOB AT ECB

I will tell you about how I am in terms of appreciating work of others. I am the firstborn of an old Eastern aristocratic family so my parents taught me polite good manners. I do some of that. But that's superficial. I'll tell you how I really am. I am totally obsessed with a small set of things that I feel are important. I've been this way all my life. Some are intellectually demanding, some less. I am extremely reluctant to pay attention to anything else. I'll think about those things and work, take a look at what others have done etc. Then when I decide that something someone has done that helped me with my obsessions, then I will make a huge amount of noise and bother everyone on Earth with trumpets and drumrolls and praises. The issue is not good manners. The issue is that Zulf has come to a judgment that such and such a thing is good and Zulf's judgment is obviously much better than God's so this deserves all sorts of praise. That's how I am appreciative. On things I am not paying attention to with obsession, it's not as genuine. I'll say 'ah yes, that is very important' etc. to keep the wolves at bay, mostly defensive compliments. It translates to 'you stupid son of a bitch, I'm Zulf and I am busy. Can't you see I'm busy. Fuck off'. I don't actually say that generally. I instead say, "Yes, that is very important and fascinating. If you will excuse me, I have some errands'.

1. HOW TO GET KILLED PHYSICALLY BY THE SWEETEST NICEST PEACEFUL PEOPLE

I was hobo for six months in New York City and narrowly avoided murders by gangs and other mentally unstable people. One, a young black man named Nordy, had become enraged at me and I slept some blocks away. The next day, Katie, a woman I knew told me Nordy had knifed a man in the stomach and killed him in between. So I have a keen survival sense.

The easiest way to get killed is to bring drums and trumpets to the office of the sweetest nicest most tame man or woman in the morning and cause a huge ruckus before they had their morning coffee. They will suddenly gain superhuman strength and kill you with their bare hands. Zulf avoids this.

2. MEASUREMENTS OF MY OPTIMISM LEVEL

Martin Seligman's *Authentic Happiness* has a nice survey to measure Permanence and Pervasiveness of Good and Bad. My scores are: PermanenceGood 8/8, PermanenceBad 1/8, PervasivenessGood, 5/8, PervasivenessBad 1/8. This sums to HopeGood 13/16, HopeBad 2/16, Hope is 11, which is in 10-16 *extraordinarily hopeful*.