## Wrapped in a Package

Written by Rastislav Doboš Tuesday, 20 October 2009 14:26 - Last Updated Tuesday, 27 October 2009 16:35

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What is the human being? And who is he

That all his admirers praise him so much?

"It's a real circus," complained a guy in greasy overalls. He was sitting on the chair just looking and waiting for come what may. And he was smoking. At the same time he was scrubbing hard his filthy black hands with dirty sand. It did not work. "Doggone! To spend the whole life sitting on a chair and waiting for come what may." He poured a beer down his throat.

"Not a circus, but a spectacle," indicated the parliamentary representatives. They seemed to be in a good mood to chat with people. "We, too, are only sitting on chairs and pushing forward. Like everybody else. There's a lot of creaking. Everything is either rotten inside out or brand new. Or maybe neither one or the other. You should fix it. Or break it. Or maybe neither one or the other."

The guy in overalls changed chairs to sit by the piano. "I'll rather play something for you. C. That's what I know best." And he played

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