

## **On the friends and the non-friends: A commentary about our society**

When I was growing up, I never paid attention to our past, neither I did to our present or future, because as a kid, you are either wandering alone to an unsure future, or you follow the instructions of your parents or guardians. If you do the later, you will be, 99% of the times, be shaped by the world, yet, if you do what you want, you will also be shaped by the world, but the wild world out there, where influence of everyone hold power, and thus, create a mixed bag of different influences to hold onto or to die for. This is quite the fearsome idea to have, as our society is the one holding the internet on such a high regard when it comes to our everyday life. Kids enter to the net looking for answers, ideas, a simple way to waste their time, yet slowly but gently they get influenced by different ideas, who will surely shape them into a different adult that a classical education by the parents would had done. Of course, that's quite the big "if", and not all cases will or are like this one, but 1 out of a million doesn't mean that it doesn't happen.

The biggest flaw our society has nowadays is the power that the "crystal generation" has, how loud they speak, and how weak they are in comparison to past generations. They hold a giant weapon on their hands, and their parents, people around their 30's and more, where the ones handing over to them, like simple toys who an adult hopes it won't give any repercussions.

This young adults will feel entitled to tell each other what they can do and what they can't, they will fill themselves with pride when talking in their closed circles about how amazing was this flawed thing, and will cheer for those who do the same.

To think this people, have a say on the world, to shape it, it should make the father and mothers of everyone a bit scared. But the thing is that those mothers and fathers are also acting like them, they are also simple minded individuals who cannot do more than cheer for "red team" or "blue team", opening their minds and homes to everyone, and then question to the world why do they miss their important values who they had lost, yet they cannot remember what they where such important items who they held with such high value, so they ignore the fact they are gone and walk away to the next screaming parade.

The ride never ends though, we are destined to never get out of this cycle, people will keep fighting over petit stuff all the time and point out with their fingers on disapproval to those who dare to speak against their cults. We have decided to sleep with the devil but seems like some instead of simply sleeping right beside of him, want to cuddle and hear his whispers while they sleep. We are killing our future of "more", for pats on our back that make us feel better.

## **Credoh's analogy of the unique people**

On the rare chance that you or me sit down by the river, in front of a person when we are on the park, or simply looking at the mirror, we like to tell to ourselves how special we are. And sure, we can be, I don't want you to believe otherwise, as we all have that little special thing on ourselves. Yet, what brings me today here, is to try to explain a more confusing matter, and is the idea of "the unique people". Beings that are born once every million, if not every trillion, capable of holding the world on their hands rather than following what the worlds says, a true super man or wonder woman, capable of wake every morning and say "today, I will...".

For starters, we must understand a few things.

A "Unique person" is someone, unique. To understand this vague description, I will simply use a crazy mad man who lived quite a while ago, called Diogenes. For this example, I would like to focus on just certain parts of his life, as, of course, all what he did can fit for our example, but it would paint him on a better light here, and it will paint the theory on a better light too.

Diogenes simply lived his life on his way, he sited on a barrel, begged, and die as any other human, yet he accomplished to be remember by humanity, to be heard trough time, and his mere existence can bring a bit of joy or simply amaze you when you hear how the man talked to a great figure like an emperor.

He is not unique for just "doing what he wanted", but more because "he could had done anything he wanted". A rebellious kid that simply "does what he wants" isn't the same as for someone who "can do whatever he wants". Diogenes managed to do the later, while the rebellious kid will do it because that's how society shaped him.

This leads me into the second and most important part of my analogy, the metaphor of the mud on the class.

It goes as this: Lets say that, before we enter life, everyone enters a classroom, and, lets say, that we can see Diogenes, before of being born as Diogenes. Every person there sits and wait till they can start to live, but then, a person enters, with a bunch of objects made out of mud. This person then gives everyone on the room an object, some get a pot, others get statues, and so on. But then, this person reaches to Diogenes, and gives him a piece of mud. Then this person leaves the room, but not with out saying "do whatever you wish to do with the objects gave to you". That's Diogenes right there, shaping its life, forming whatever he desires to do.

But you are not Diogenes (though, there is a slim chance), you are simply you, wonderful you. Yet you are limited to your shape, and with out realization, others shaped you, broke you, and so did to others. And this brings us to the last part of our idea, that there are no more unique people on the world.

Why? Simple, lets go back to the mud analogy.

This time, we will say you, your mother, brother, whoever you want, is the one getting the mud.

We all receive our objects, yet this individual, just as Diogenes, gets mud.

What happens next, is simply the end of the mud. A band of pot people will approach you, and “convince” you to make a pot, just like them. It doesn’t have to just be a pot, it can be anything, or many groups. If you reject, they will hit you with their objects, till you shape it like they tell you, or they will do it for you. Worst case scenario, they will hit you so hard you will fall head on your pile of mud, making it fall over all over the place, ending the so perfect pile of mud into many pieces of little mud and dirt, ending any chance that you had of forming anything with the mud, drowning on it instead, while the rest of the world lives with their already formed mud objects.

Short story, people push around everyone to make them comply on their ideals, and such victims are the mud owners, an endangered species who gets hunted and annihilated the moment it puts a step on the wild savanna of society.

There wont be more of them, because they will prefer to shape their mud on what they are told to, rather than drown on it, and thus, they simply disappear, being another pot of mud, holding thigh to their comfort rather than the chance they lost forever now.