

Mewly Bob

It's a dark world.

And, yes, reader, I too am dark. My name is Drew Kinsey.

I believe it was Dostoevsky who queried as to how a man of introspection could ever respect himself. It's a good question, and as a man of introspection, I have concluded that a "man" cannot.

Humans are a miserable lot, serving their own vanity even when they seem to behave charitably--the sum total of their existence characterized by a never-ending, self-serving quest to preserve and maintain their fragile ego-identities.

Do you suppose I am a misanthrope? You bet! But if you think my ruminations are characterized by elitism or hypocrisy, trust me when I say I don't think much of myself either. It seems to me the human race is characterized by a series of mutual betrayals.

Please, don't think me an inhuman monster. I actually have a pretty big heart--for example, like many misanthropes, I possess a strong affinity with animals. I'm not one of those animal rights types who rationalize arson with high-minded speculations about "bio-centric equality"--the absurd notion that an ant has the same moral value as a human child!--but I did once return a most beautiful shell to the sea upon discovering that a large snail, who needed the shell far more than did I, resided in it...

Okay, okay, my story!