

## Chestnuts and Love

Take today for instance.

It was innocent enough, the seriousness of the situation was overlooked quite easily; the sky seemed to be nothing but a vast blue emptiness, defined only by the wisps of morning cloud off to the east, and of course, the brilliant sun.

'It' was, in fact, nothing more than an assumption. Assumptions happen quite frequently around the world, constantly, necessarily, and of course, innocently.

The assumption in question was the one made by a small, astoundingly stupid chestnut. The innocence of the assumption was linked directly to the general idiocy of the chestnut (lack of nervous system and complex means of evaluating stimuli render most things idiotic), the beauty of the day, and a fat kid named Bill.

Bill had been on speaking terms with the chestnut for some weeks now, and although the chestnut had no way of interpreting Bill's ramblings, it is disputable as to who was the smarter being.

Bill's topic of conversation was focussed heavily on the subject of chestnut composition, as it was everyday. He would sit for hours under the tree that the chestnut would have called home had it sported any sort of mouth, vocal cords, and/or brain, verbally painting a scene of unchallenged resplendence, where chestnuts dropped gracefully from their trees and bounced twice as high.

Before one gets wrapped up in the labyrinth of plot, or starts to wonder if there's a point in reading this, it must be made clear that Bill was madly and desperately in love with this chestnut. He had seen nothing like it before in his entire life (Bill would have been shocked to his core if he had glanced to the near right or left of the chestnut, where bigger and plumper chestnuts lived), and he wanted it.

The power of love is mysterious, and intangible. God is intangible, infinity is intangible, life is intangible, those little steel ring puzzles where you try and get them apart are intangible, but love is the most intangible. Why? Well, if there was a simple answer, love's reputation for being so intangible would be soiled, and every living thing in the universe would suddenly realize that they hate each other, and then BAM! divorce lawyers are shit out of luck. Scary.

Anywho, Bill loved the chestnut. The chestnut did not love Bill, because, as mentioned previously, the chestnut lacked any sort of response mechanism, let alone a full set of raging hormones. This was a problem that did not deter Bill. He figured that if he spoke enough to the chestnut about falling off the tree, it would eventually do so.

This is where it gets complicated. After two months of chestnut conversation (two hours before school, he woke up at 4:30; five hours after school), constant chestnut prayer, dirty chestnut porn and general chestnut worshipping and lusting, Bill tapped into the more psychedelic powers of love, those mostly only felt by hippies from the '60s or MDMA abusers. Except unlike the hippies and junkies, Bill wasn't in for a temporary ride, no, he harnessed the

whole wave of crazy love during one night of intense and partially sexual chestnut chanting.

So this is how the chestnut was able to perform a conscious-type action, like assuming. With the new power of love furrowing and infesting Bill's brain, his overzealous neurons created emotion fields more powerful than those created by upset teenage girls. These fields were so powerful that they actually began to transfer actual emotion to the chestnut!

Now, don't be confused, the chestnut was not actually acting or thinking on its own, but rather, perceiving it was thinking and acting on its own. Many may argue that perception itself requires some sort of thinking ability, and those people can just shut up: don't question love, fools!

So. Back to the assumption. Bill managed to connect with the chestnut in a deeply spiritual way, and convinced the chestnut to drop. The actual assumption was that the stories of high chestnut bouncing and gleeful harmony were true, and it was a fair assumption because the chestnut hadn't the experience to believe otherwise. The beautiful day and the overall dumbness of the chestnut persuaded it to succumb to gravity.

The elation Bill felt when the chestnut suddenly detached from the tree was so great that he overworked the emotions and fried his neural circuitry. He fell open-mouthed on his back, and the chestnut fell promptly in. They found his body, assumed he had choked on a chestnut. As a result, the tree was torn down and no fat kids ever fell in love with chestnuts ever again. The point is, anyone who tries to understand or harness the power of love will eventually die with the love of their life lodged down their throat. Odder things have happened.

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