

The Truth About Beautiful People

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (September 2024)



Woman Applying Makeup (Ernst Neuschul, 1930)

The Truth About Beautiful People

Of course, people who are beautiful are happier than people who are not beautiful because everyone who's not beautiful treats people who are beautiful as if they are special, which they are in comparison to people who are not beautiful.

Really, the only people who don't treat beautiful people special are other beautiful people who quite often are jealous of other beautiful people and sometimes angry that they're not quite as beautiful as another beautiful person they may know, see in passing, or catch on a television talk show.

A beautiful person may even want to kill another beautiful person, especially if the other beautiful person gets more attention than they do, and the only reason they don't do so is out of fear of getting caught and spending many years in jail, a place in which they would not be able to eat the food they're used to, and probably not have access to a full-length mirror to remind themselves of their beauty—a contributing factor in maintaining their psychological well-being...

Always in the Back of my Mind

Yeh, well, I think that people who live in glass houses probably have the best view of their surroundings, the only problem being that others can see what they're up to—maybe even when they're in the shower

or on the pot, which could be used to extort money if they were photographed or videotaped.

So if it were me and I was offered a glass house for free I probably would decline, but ask instead if I could have the money it was worth, which I'd use to buy a house where there were very few people, and I'd have a pit surrounding the place with dangerous animals that were loyal to me because I fed them.

This, in case someone showed up to do me some harm, which is always in the back of my mind...

The Only Way

When I made a suicide pact with a monkey friend it was mainly because I was seriously depressed, but later when I was feeling okay and he showed up with enough poison to kill 60 of us, all I could say was, "Sorry, my friend. I've changed my mind. I decided to stick it out for now. Granted, life is no bowl of cherries, but after thinking it over carefully, it beats the alternative by a long shot!"

Looking at me as if I was the biggest traitor since Benedict Arnold, I could tell he was about to throw the poison in my face, so I knocked the glass out of his hand, hit him with a right cross, and then tied him up before he came to.

"You're off to the zoo!" I said to him, "where I know you won't be able to harm me. That's the only way I'll ever get any

sleep..."

The Interchange

A dog and a man switched places...

Nothing unusual about this except that the dog now had a larger penis, while the man had trouble sleeping on a towel near the stove.

The dog tried to get out more to have carnal action—which wasn't surprising given that he was a male—while the man wanted to bathe more often.

Over time, each adjusted quite well to their situation with the exception of deciding on what program to watch on the living room TV.

The man often preferred to watch a rerun of Lassie or something on Animal Planet, while at the same time the dog preferred to watch the news or a basketball game.

This problem was often resolved by the flip of a coin, but other times there were bouts of verbal and physical aggression...

And So On and So On

On the subway, maybe in New York, a guy falls to the floor but no one moves to help him.

“He’s playing a game!” a man sitting close by says to the woman next to him, who responds, “Of course he’s playing a game. It’s a game that used to get a lot of attention, but not anymore!”

And at the next stop a bunch of people get off, stepping over him as they do so.

When the doors close he rises to his feet and announces that he’s running for mayor of the city and that if they’ll vote for him they’ll receive free subway travel for the rest of their lives.

To which one woman says, “Free movies at any theater of my choice and you’ve got a deal... ” while a gentleman in a cheap suit says, “Free hot fudge Sundaes every Sunday, and you’ve got mine... ” while another says, “I’ll do it, if you’ll pay my mortgage until I own the damn place... ”

And so on and so on. . .

In A World Like This

It takes courage to live up until the time one is ready for kindergarten because a lot of people kill themselves before they ever make it to class.

Of course, if one lives to be thirteen they should be financially rewarded by the government, and continue to be rewarded in

relation

to how many years they live beyond that.

If by some miracle they make it to twenty-one, they should be given

a mansion that has a game room, a swimming pool, and a bar near

the hot tub.

And even more remarkable and improbable, if one makes it to 30,

their life should be made into a Hollywood movie that becomes required viewing by everyone in the community..

In the Right Place

In the mental institution I asked another patient what brought him there and he answered,

“Too much reading of philosophy, psychology, and classic literature without the opportunity to apply what I learned among those of my kind!”

To which I replied, “It was the opposite with me! I applied too much of what I learned from all that you mentioned and all it got me was enemies, jealousies, and misunderstandings!”

“Then we’re both in the right place!” he responded, before turning once again toward the wall...

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Jeffrey Zable is a teacher, conga drummer/percussionist who plays for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area, and a writer of poetry, flash-fiction, and non-fiction. He's published five chapbooks, and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *Sufferer's Digest*, *Ranger*, *Sein Und Werden*, *Midsummer Dream House*, *Red Eft*, and many others.

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