

The Conformists

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A friend of mine tells me to buy a dog. His suggestion is a few years too late.

And it is not because I do not have it, or I could not have it in the past, but the fact is that I cannot have it.

According to him, a dog comes to eat the leftovers, show us all the humanity we boast, shoo away the cats, or just be besides us.

It is pretty logic that you become more human besides a dog. No one is so stupid to live a dog life, metaphorically speaking. The guilt lies on the several times the dogs' lifestyle has been criticized as the worst way of life.

But it takes all sorts. Many people choose to live badly and they feel "ok" with half of what they deserve and any accomplishment seems the best of their lives. The conformists do not shine. They are hard to identify until they start talking. Few are the times they try to improve negative situations.

They are normally arm crossed, as if they were announcing they just gave up. They do not crave for victory.

Their lack of spirit may be founded on a past time where they did not find it ever.

Where a smile was eluded and they never learned how to smile.

It is also true that being all right with things is not always bad. The injurious behavior is that of not fighting for a better world because the one we are living in fixes us perfectly.

There is no need for me to say that I am not comparing conformists with dogs. They do not live that badly. Let's take into account they sleep all day. They do not work. And no one tells them what they have to do.

They are happy. They are normal.

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