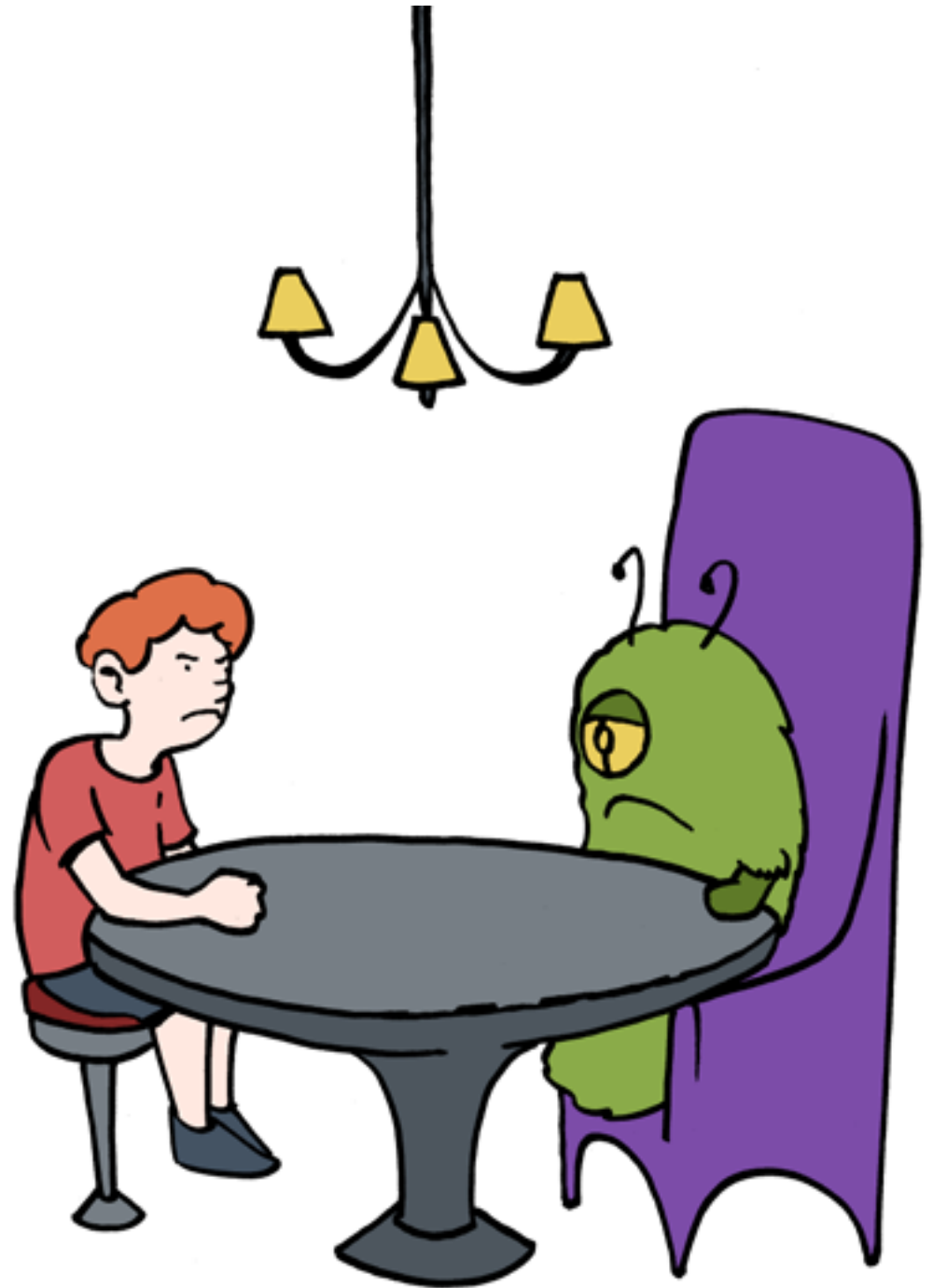


Bobby and the Gurg:

An illustrated book for sober-minded children

The Gurg and Little Bobby
Were seated at a table,
When the boy began to lobby
As best as he was able.



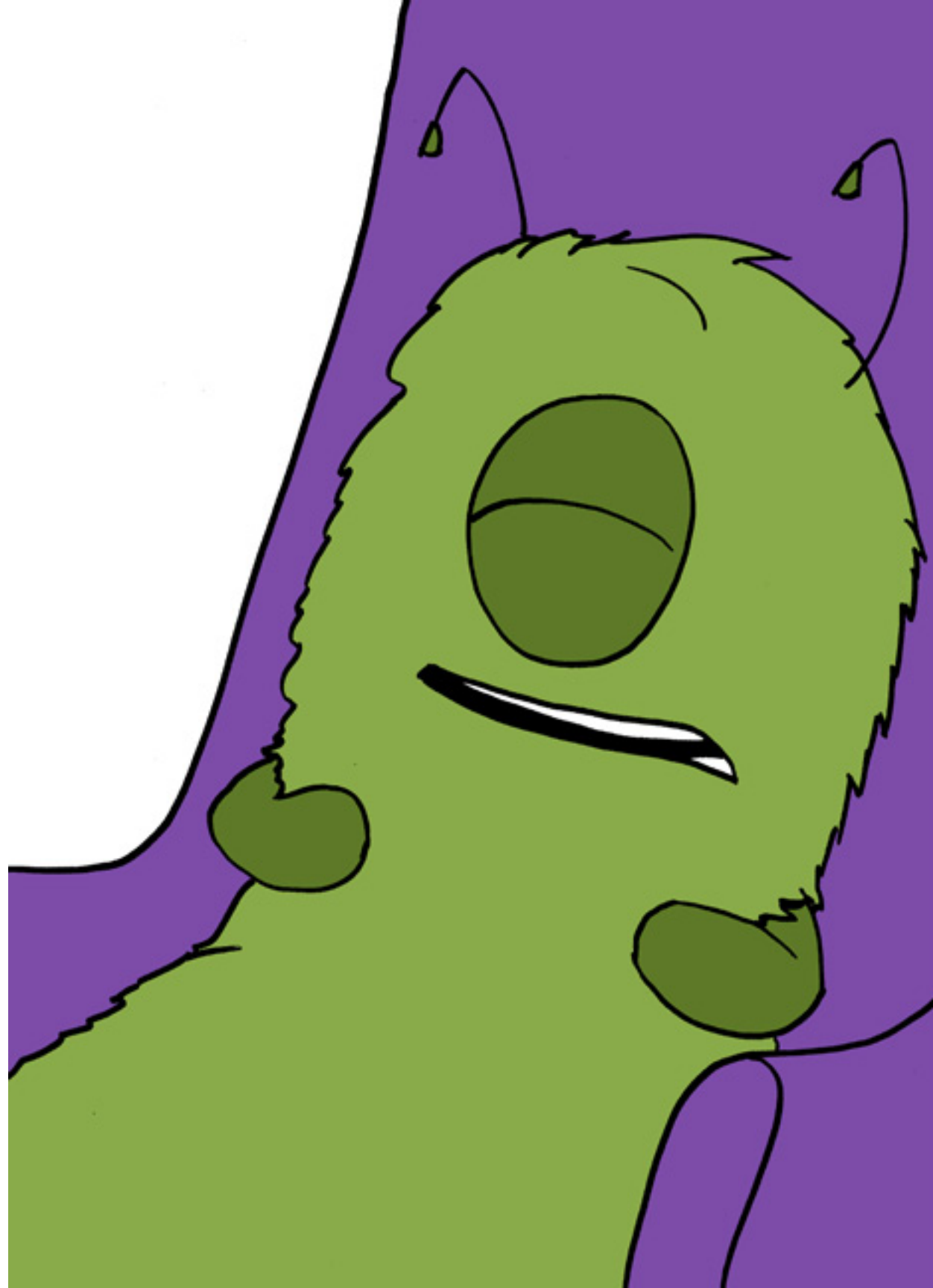
“The Gurg, you are a mean one!
A mean one through and through!
I’ve never ever seen one
Hate as hatefully as you!

You hate them by ethnicity,
You hate by orientation,
You hate with specificity,
You hate with generalization.”

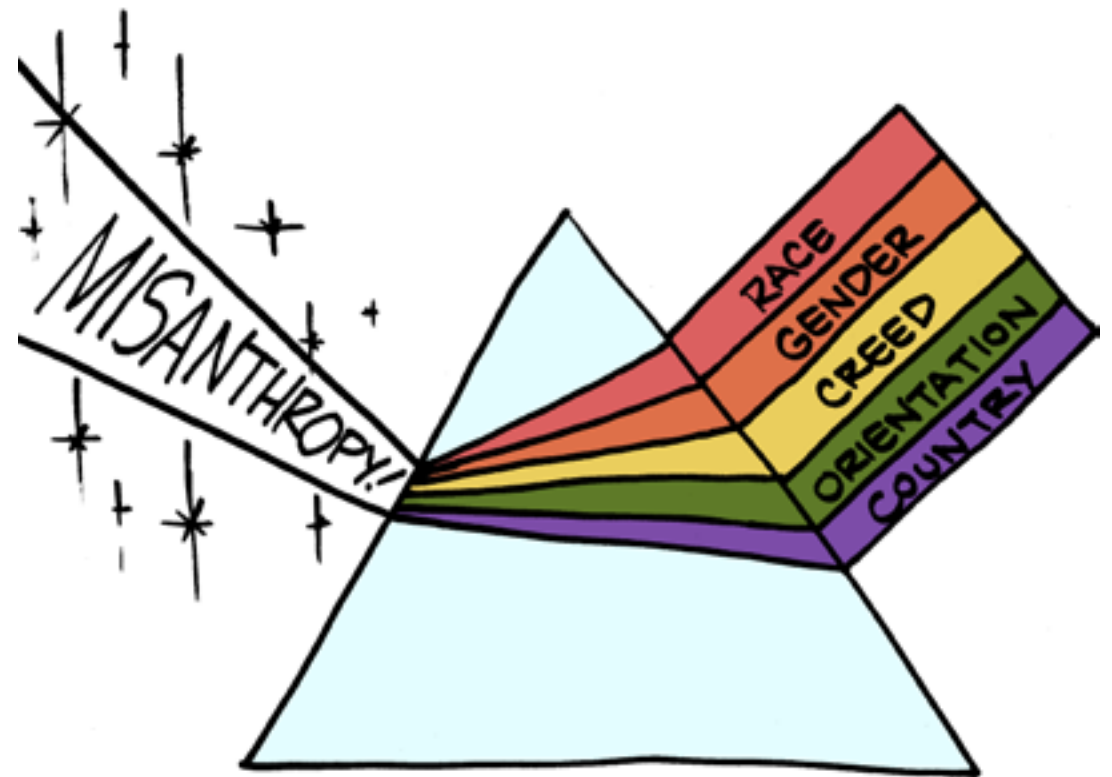


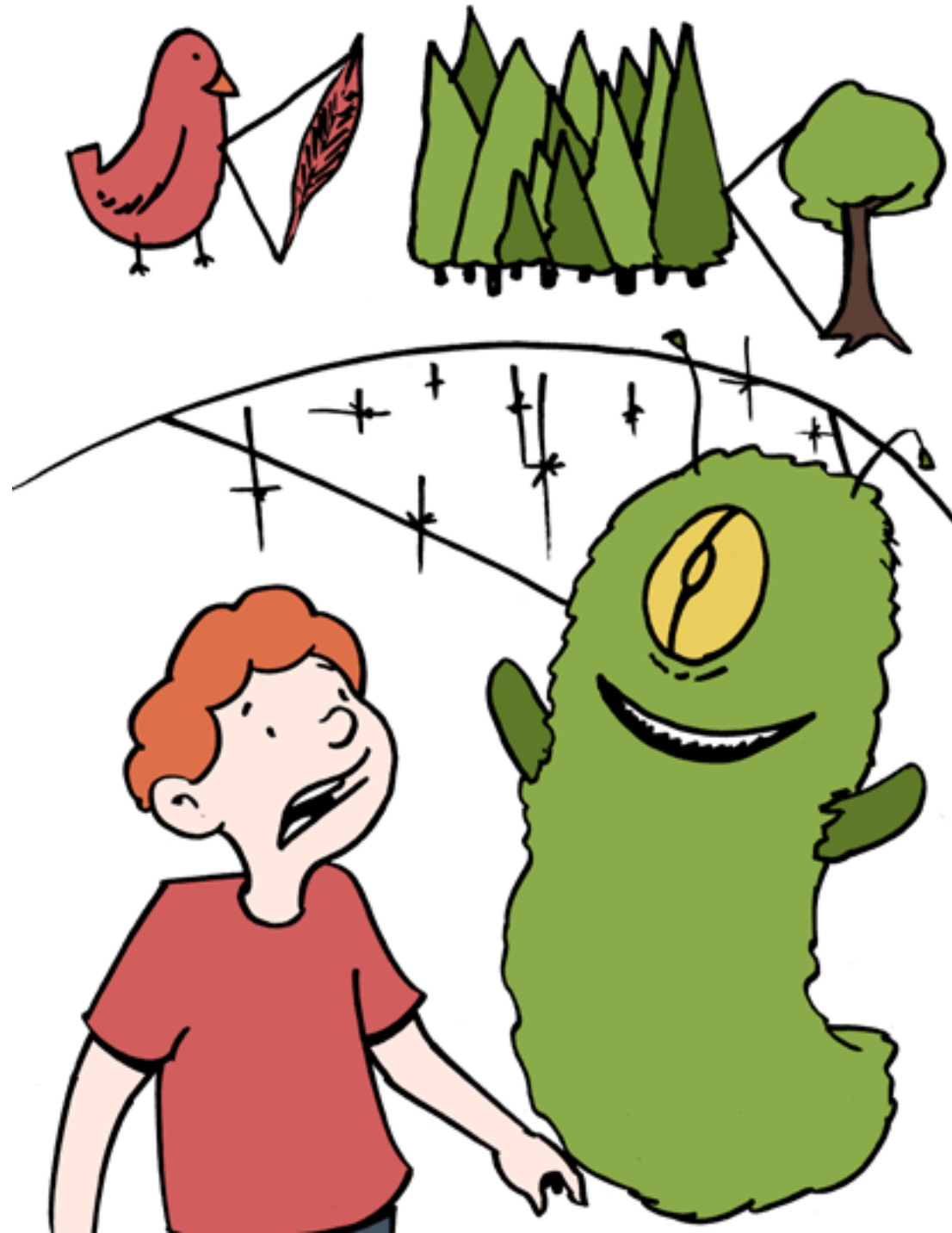
“I also hate by race,”
The Gurg said with banality.
“By gender, social place,
And yes of course by nationality!”

Each hate is like a color
In the rainbow of my mind,
But look what you discover
With the shades of hate combined!”



And like a prism lighted
(But going in reverse)
The hatreds all united
When they met at the obverse.



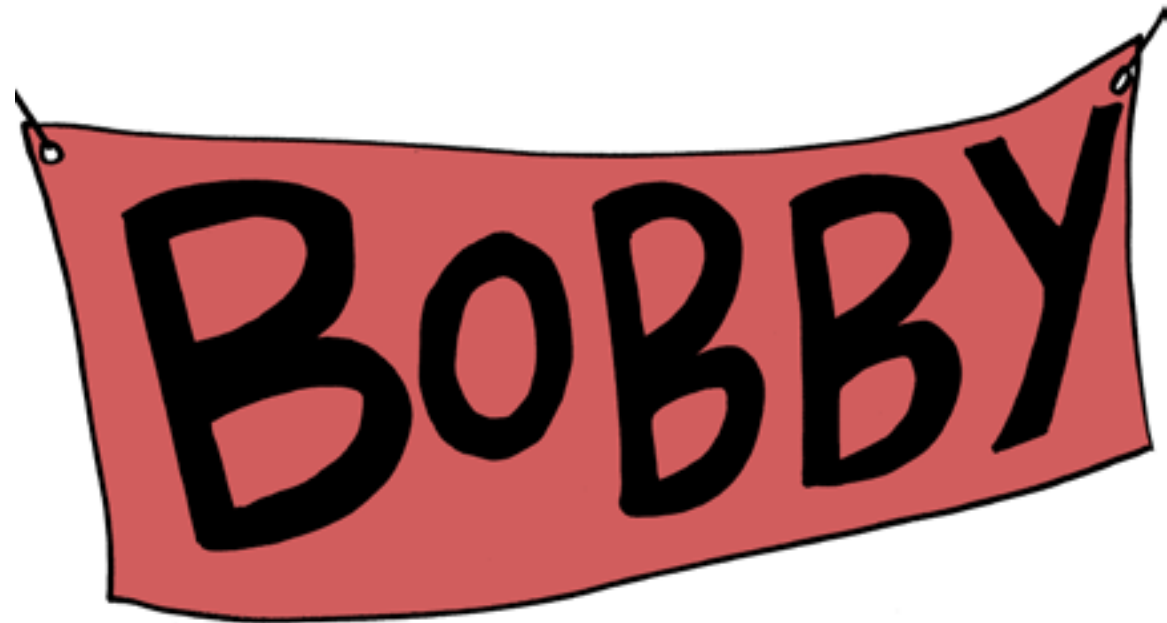


“Like the bird is to the feather,
Like the forest to the tree,
When the hatreds come together
It’s called misanthropy!”

“If you only hate a subset
Of the total population
Your friends will be upset
And shall compel your isolation!”



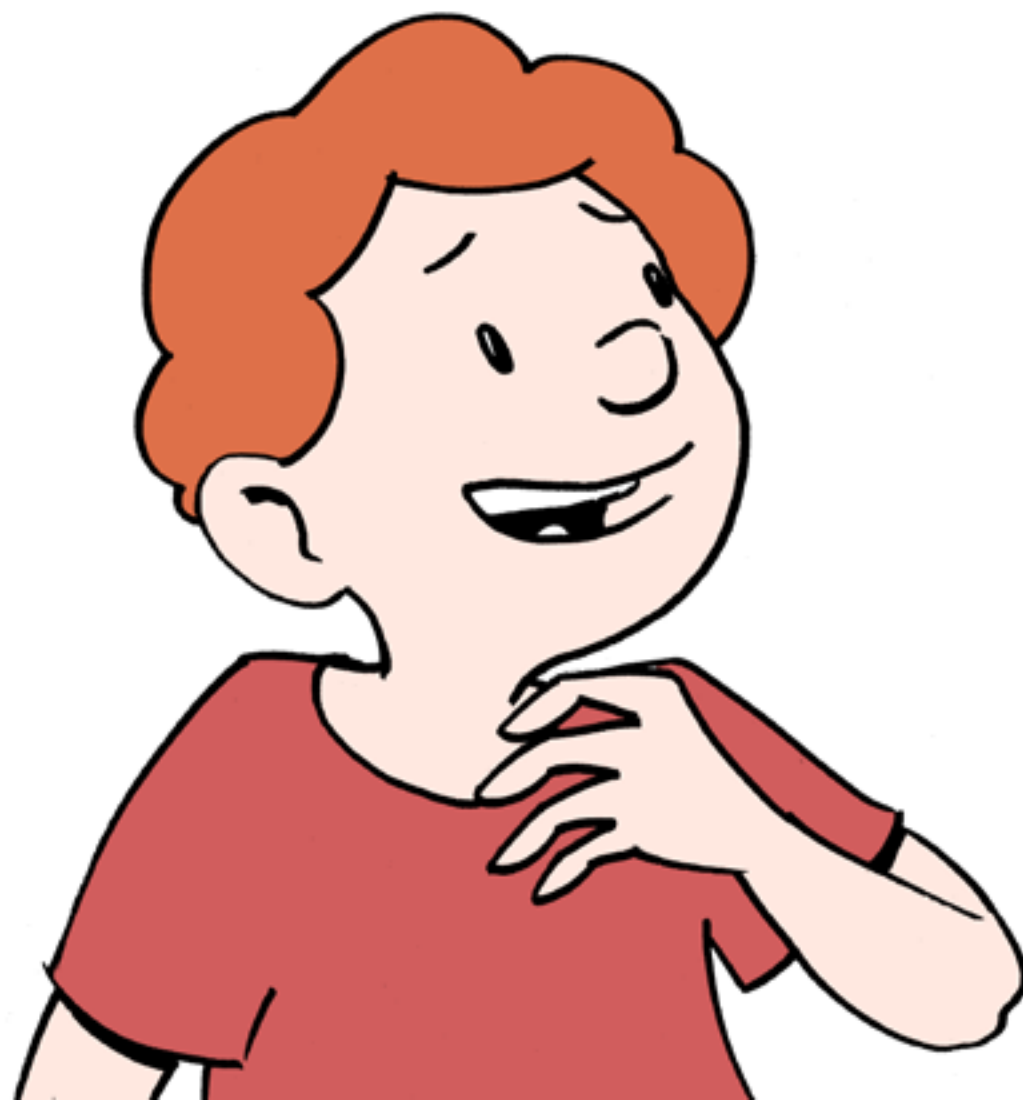
“If you say you hate each person
And pensively look off
Your friends will say they’re certain
‘Ceci est un philosophe!’ ”



When all these words rang true,
Bobby said with boyish glee,
“Mister Gurg, I think I hate you.
But also...

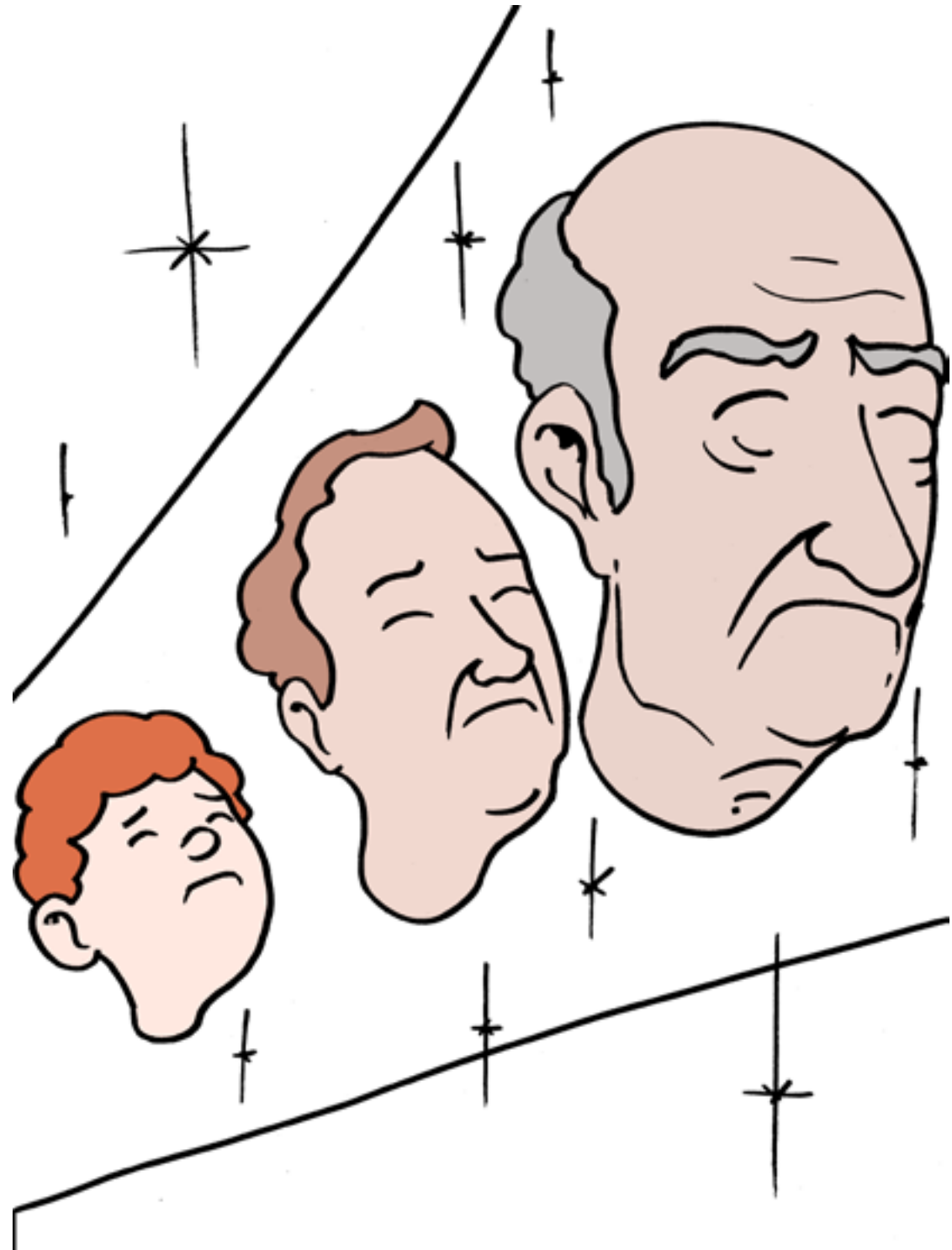


“I hate me!”



And every day from that day forth
(Though often it was painful)
Old Bobby was, of others' worth
Aloof and quite disdainful.

This won him high esteem and praise
For pessimists have hope
The lookers down, we're apt to raise
The lookers up, call "Dope!"



PFFT.

And should his life strike you as Hell
Recall, he'd find that dumb as well.



