

Date: 13 Jul 25

Subject: (Continuation of: "Mind Over Matter" Jul...

(Continuation of: "Mind Over Matter" July 14, 2025)

\* MIND OVER MATTER \*

Now granted, this guy was probably about two inches shorter than I was, however, he was also about three times as thick. Usually, when I'm sizing up a guy for a confrontation, the first thing I look at is his neck. Unfortunately, this guy didn't have a neck, and his biceps were about the size of my thighs. Basically, he looked like the type of guy who if I were to punch wouldn't feel it until about five minutes later. So between those factors, and the fact that now his eight buddies had shut off their trimmers and were no longer busy in conversation amongst themselves, it dawned on me that I had to go about solving this problem from a different perspective.

While he was still yelling at me about God knows what, my brain rebooted and I began checking the facts. In almost no time at all, I had counted the number of 12" x 12" floor tiles he had walked back, and inspected the angle at which we collided. As a result, I came to the conclusion that he had backed up six feet without watching where he was going, and bumped into my side. Hence, proving that HE was obviously the one who was in the wrong. However, it took me about the same amount of time to realize that under the present circumstances -- no matter what my logical analysis derived -- I was obviously the one who was in the wrong. Because I couldn't really see how the expressing of my revelation would cause him to stop and say, "Hey, guys. Take a look at what this dude just showed me. I guess I should start watching where I'm going from now on." THAT JUST WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN! So once again it dawned on me that I had to go about solving this problem from a different perspective.

Fortunately for me, I had been in the midst of reading a book regarding the uses of psychological warfare. And the chapter I just finished the night before correlated quite well with the situation in which I had just found myself. Was this some kind of a sign? Oh, who cares? Let's just play it out and see if I can get myself out of here in one piece.

By this time the threats and accusations from my . . . "New Found Friend" (written in a sarcastic tone of voice) had simmered down to a level of warnings and insults. It was almost time for me to see if I could psychologically undermine the strength of this browbeater, trim my whiskers, and. . . Well, run like hell. I waited patiently for his next inhalation, and grasped the opportunity to put in MY two cents worth. It would be an interruption that would elevate in value in a matter of minutes.

Me: (Said in the most humble and sincere tone I could muster.) Wow, man. You are absolutely right. I am so sorry for bumping into you like that. Dude, I was just so focused on that available set of clippers that I didn't even notice you. I really hope you can forgive me for that, man.

Him: (His chin would have been hanging to the floor if he had had one.) Yeah. . .? Right . . .? You can't just be walking up behind guys like that.

Me: I fully agree with you. I don't know what happened. I've been waiting for almost an hour. So when the opportunity arrived, there was nothing on my mind except to get to those clippers. I appreciate you for being so understanding.

With a bit of caution I turned back toward the clippers, and took the final steps necessary to reach my original destination. As I began trimming, I came to the conclusion that -- TODAY -- the mirror in front of me would be used more for the purpose of observing what was going on behind me, rather than what was coming off the front of me. After a little bit of investigation, I was relieved to see that there was no hint of any suspicious activities with which to be concerned. The next experience of relief occurred when I began perceiving the babble of conversation elevating throughout the room again, despite the vibrating buzz against my face, and the sound of my heart pounding in my throat.

After about five minutes, I had shaved my face back down to a days worth of stubble, while the rest of the crowd returned to its normal disarray of communication. I was feeling confident regarding my chances at making a smooth exit, and then just forgetting this whole predicament ever even took place. Unless of course. . . Well, I were to ever write a book.

After a quick sterilization job on the clippers I had just used, I turned toward the door and set my eyes focused on the doorknob. After only three steps, my mechanism of escape was no longer visible, thanks to that of the torso of my previous provoker. Now what? I approach him cautiously with a feeling of disappointment in my discovery that apparently this psychological warfare stuff only worked for a few minutes. It was at that point I realized I should have used my time more wisely after our first episode. You know, like just skipped the whole shaving thing, and hightailed it out of there while I still had a chance. However, here we were face to face again.

(Be sure not to miss next weeks' conclusion to find out just how I was able to singlehandedly beat the living shit out of all 9 of those guys, and walk out without too many bruises of my own.)