

Buzz! Ring! Beep!

A window calls me and shows me a rat in a maze. With an electric buzzer strapped around him, he behaves quite humanly as food rewards his performances. Beyond the electrical buzz, there are the sounds of ringing and beeping. Each sound orders the rat to perform something. By placing cheese bits in strategic places, he follows a specific path, even negotiates the maze. In this way, he moves balls, blocks and other things to various locations. Success carries him.

Suddenly, my pager's buzz shatters my daze. A restroom mirror stares at me. My legs hasten my return and guide me through the maze of cubicles to my telephone. Before I can phone, a ring emanates. Someone's calling. The receiver arrives at my ear; the instructions fill my head. They stop, the receiver goes home, and I prepare to call. My computer beeps a reminder of an overlooked task. This is my job; the money puts food on the table.

Looking at my watch, I speak silently to myself, "Yes! There's time for a quick sandwich. I'm in the mood for grilled cheese. I love the stuff.

What's the difference between a rat and a man?

One can foolishly convince himself he's not a rat.