

[Dumber by Design: We're Feeble-Minded. What's Your Excuse?](#)

There you have it and we admit we have thrown in the towel. We have lost interest in everything. That doesn't mean we're bored; it just means we have no interests. None. With no interests it's harder to get bored, no?

At any rate, we have what the cowboys would say 'gone out to pasture'. In other words, our useful and productive days on this planet have since passed. We don't do anything; we just exist and speak a collective 'we'.

If you are as young as you feel, what happens when you feel you are really old? Does your usefulness as marketing fodder diminish as you mentally prepare for your very own final check out time? If adult means the opposite of kid and kid means interested then adult means not interested? That's us. We just aren't interested in anything, like we have been telling you...

We have been there and done that. We have seen it all and done it all several times already and just aren't interested in anything at the moment and that also includes the foreseeable future. We are what the medical researchers call the "flat lined living"; it might look like something is going on, but believe me, nobody is home. Not anyone that matters anyway...

We became this stupid through great effort and we resent those that demean and belittle our far reaching efforts. It's in our spirit and in our blood...it's what we do. We consume, go to the store, go to the clinic, and consume some more. It's us. Again, it's what we do. We like to do our fair share to make it all work out hunky-dory for everybody...isn't this a great country?

Well, for most of us it is a great country. Except those that have to live here...ha, just kidding. We also dumbed down by not thinking very much and by not thinking about much of substance. That way we make certain we have nothing to discuss, especially with Dog off the air. Dog was the last truly intellectual informational TV series in our time. Dog was actually the last intellectual thing in our life period. We still talk about Dog.

We all want a dream job like Dog's old job. Man, did he have it made. But alas, we get what we get, not what we think we deserve. Unfortunately our expectations are usually too high and we feel burned by any result that is less than spectacular, such as our work life. If there is one part of our lives that reeks or isn't spectacular, it's our work.

We work because we have to. That's it. We put ourselves in this have-to box and we have no easy way out. So we sit in the trap year after year. Decade after decade. It makes us dumber by design.

That's us...dumber by design. After so many years, we cease to function on a normal level and get this quizzical look. We don't answer because we don't hear the question, so we look puzzled because we have no idea what the heck you just said. We are so wrapped up in our own little microcosmic universe that we cease to register and record what is actually going on around us. Sorry, we've already checked out. Hence, we appear really thick but in reality, we just aren't home.

But we do try to keep our spirits up, no thanks to others like you. They nag and gripe and complain at every twist and at times are simply unpredictable. And we seem always to get kneed by the unpredictable...

So what else is new? Actually not much. You see, once you have done it all there's not much left to do. It all becomes a type of repetition and dance of futility. But all is not lost, no, not if we can help it. Our mantra, "I didn't do it!" was, is and shall remain the statement of our faith, belief and hope. With zero expectations we're just thankful for a continental breakfast in the morning. And lots of coffee...after that, what else can one realistically expect?

As that fixed glazed look settles somewhat permanently across our sunken eyeballs we know that it is not a matter of if but only a matter of when. We are in the first stages of our final chapter and are trying to go gracefully and if not gracefully, at least with some sort of low key whimper. And why not? It's a long time lying in that cold, cold ground, no?

And maybe if we all close our eyes and wish real hard, we can make it all go nicely away at least until tomorrow. Life goes on. But lest we forget, it's a long time lying in the cold, cold ground...

About the Author

Jack Deal is fascinated by the dumb by design personality profile. [Related articles](#) may be found at <http://www.jddeal.com/blog/business> and <http://www.freeandinquiringmind.typepad.com>

