

The Importance of Focus

Well, we seriously need to focus on the importance of Focus.

People who are incapable of focusing on anything for any length of time are not likely to ever find their selves. Themselves? Any who, the following conversation took place while walking along a typical city street with a microphone and a sweaty, anxious look, stopping the first person who didn't say, "Get out of my face and don't waste my time".¹

"Hello! Excuse me?"

"Who?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Listen, may I ask whether you know who you are?"

"What? I'm sorry, what were you saying?"

"I was asking you whether you know who you are?"

"Wow. You speak fast."

"Just normal."

"Wow, really fast, man."

"How's your attention span?"

"I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I said—"

"I'm told I got a really short attention span."

"That's what I was asking."

"What is it you wanted again?"

"What I originally said was, Listen, may I ask you whether you know who you are?" Remember...?

"You lost me again. I like things short."

"Short?"

"Short sentences, short movies, short books. Couldn't you break what you're saying into words?"

"What. About. Into. Syllables."

"Cool! You'd that for me?"

"Sure."

"And I won't owe you money or anything."

"No."

"Isn't life great? ...What did you want again...?"

"Listen—"

"Okay. I'm listening. That much I got."

"I want to ask—"

"Slow down! Slow down! What's the big hurry?"

"May I—"

"You?"

"Me, yes. May I ask you something?"

"There you go again. Words, words, words."

"Okay.... May I ask whether—"

"Yeah, right, now that makes sense."

"You know yourself?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Fine. You've got my attention."

"Have I?"

"You want to know something."

"Yes."

"About me."

"Yes."

"What?"

"Who you are?"

"How do you mean?"

"Do you know who you are?"

"—?"

"What happened?"

"You lost me again."

"Oh. Okay. Well, thank you for your time. And have a good day."

"What are you babbling about? Hey, do I know you...? Because I. You know. I can like... Really sort of... Definitely... It's not that... More like... Sort of... Where was I? What is this? Am I? Like, wow. Yeah, well, like. Whatever."

ⁱ This example was inserted in the book simply to illustrate an extreme case of someone who is utterly incapable of focusing on anything for any length of time and thus very likely will never, ever find himself. Herself. To show that such things do exist. That your mother isn't the only person who will never, ever know who she really is, I mean deep dark down inside. To find oneself you do need to concentrate steadily for a certain period of time, if not years. And since you appear able to read this book—after all, you've gotten this far—you should have a fairly 50/50 chance of finding yourself. You've shown gumption persisting to the point of even reading this endnote. The thing is, though, if you can read all the way through this meaningless endnote, one has to question why you haven't stopped to turn the page and gotten on with the rest of the book, not to say your life. Statistically speaking, this shows that either your attention span is indiscriminate, or you really have nothing better to do with your time than read the nonsense contained here instead of finding yourself or grooming a domestic pet or pitching your cheeks to make them a bright red. But hey, you paid your money, you can read every word. Every word. Every word. Meanwhile, I'm heading on over to the next chapter. Every word. You can stick around here if you want...loser....