

KRISH'S CORNER



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How Common is Common Sense?

It was one of those days. All had gone according to plan. Work was finished and the family was excited about going to the movies. It had been a while, owing to the coordination of schedules and the merging of likes and dislikes.

Great thought had gone into the planning of the culinary intake after the show, the obligatory snacking during the show, and the cautious gamble about what constitutes "outside food" so as to maintain economic balance. We were dressed for the cinema. We looked like a family ready for togetherness, while capable of maintaining our individual identity in case someone sneaked up on us to demand a conversation.

Then the dreaded familiar face, whose name you can't place but who knows you. Maybe from church, possibly a client, or even a relative of someone you know. With deep sincerity they ask, "Seeing the movie?" You want to yell in exasperation that you were discovered in line in front of the theatre, holding a bucket of popcorn with butter dripping down your chin, what are the odds that you might accidentally be a matador hoping for a bull fight? Is common sense a lost art when we struggle to make conversation with acquaintances?

The trailers promised us a good time and the only thing left was to ensure we darted into the theatre and saved ourselves some good seats. Not too far at the back for that was for the lovebirds, and not too far down front as that was reserved for all who came in late. Seating that is three quarters of the way up, towards the middle. Just right for that experience where the car chase will be perfect and the suspense better than from any other seat.

You need to save some seats because not all the family is capable of doing the same thing at the same time. One seat is saved with a handbag, another with a sweater, a third with a magazine, and a fourth with napkins and a half eaten mint. Anything that will allow you to stake your claim in a

than that of any other person whose only failing is falling behind you in line.

The question we all dread as we try to look away as a family of three is eyeing your four spots. "Are those taken?" "No I just spread my belongings out with the hope of gathering them up. I repeat this until I annoy myself or get the count right that these are indeed my assets." Where is my family? I don't want to answer this crowd anymore. The lights are being dimmed. The murmurs and grunts from those deprived of the best seats tell me that saving seats is an art form and I am not good at it. But when someone has their dentures on the seat next to them, common sense tells me it is taken. Common hygiene tells me to get a less desirable spot.

I think common sense is not common practice and the common people who have to deal with common stuff as part of common routine need to realize that it is uncommon to ask questions to which you already know the answer. Maybe next time I will wear a disguise while standing in line and put signs on the seats that simply say, "To answer your question of the man at the end of this line of vacant seats, yes, they are reserved." A perfect set-up for the next question "Are you sure they will be coming?" Take my seat folks, I am going home to rent a DVD and write an article about you.