The tragedy of the comedian.

I never intended to make people laugh. I don´t like people and I sure as hell had no intention to make them have a good time. You see, all this years I considered laughing as a very personal, very private activity, reserved to myself when faced with the stupidity of humans: I secretly giggled whenever attending a social event, with all its unspoken rituals and conventions (the white dresses and stiff suits); I mocked the enthusiasm with which groups of friends engage in mindless exchange of trivial opinions ("Oh man! Have you seen the latest super-hero movie. Its Awesome"); and enjoyed myself whenever I witnessed others fail (an old lady in the street getting showered by a bus that came too close and too fast to a puddle, or a kid stepping on his shoelaces). That's right, I´m not a good person, and I had no intention of making others have a good time.

But then she left me. The only being in this world with whom I found complete comfort in silence decided to break that perfect harmony and, with a scream, she took her things and disappeared from my life. Since that day, I started going to the local bar, started drinking more than I could handle, and started complaining in loud voice, first about anyone sitting in the room, then about my life, then about life in general. I wasn't speaking to anyone in particular, I was just mumbling to my self, but some thought that my honest despise for almost everything around me, was in fact a very sophisticated sense of humor. Before I knew it, the owner of the bar started charging the entrance to see my "show": 10 bucks to hear me complain. The good thing is that I get to drink for free every night, the bad: I haven´t been able to laugh ever since.