



#110 They



A leader of a large nest of gray mice promised them a better life, if only they could get rid of the brown mice that shared the rather large pond where they lived. “THEY are a problem that must be conquered,” explained, the leader. So, the gray mice put pressure on the brown mice to leave. The brown mice acquiesced. No sooner had THEY left, when the leader campaigned that life near the pond would be even better if the flowers were cut down. “THEY attract bees and aphids, so if we work together, I am sure THEY can be eliminated.” But no sooner had the mice rid their pond of flowers, than the leader came up with a new problem. You see, the mice were losing confidence in his governance, so he tried to divide them by giving privileges to the mice who lived in tree stumps, telling them that the mice who lived in burrows were trouble-makers. “THEY are a problem,” he started, “for any of us who live in burrows. THEY distress those of us who live in trees.” Of course, he lived in a tree, so this division helped him and got at least half of his constituency on his side. Alas, one day, the leader got sick unto death and went directly to see the doctor. But the doctor was unable to save him because, his red blood cells just could not coexist with his white ones. The doctor’s final words were, “I guess THEY see each other as enemies.”

TO DIVIDE AND CONQUER
UNDOES THE SELF