

philanthropy

for Hasan Kabir

We love people. Human people, living on earth. Our home is far far away but we have been visiting Earth for ages. For the people. They are wonderful. There is nothing like them anywhere else.

They worry so much. They used to worry that beings from the far side of space would find them nutritious and come to eat them. They have got over that fear now. They have finally finally understood that biochemistry tends to be local. Creatures that evolved in one place cannot metabolize creatures that evolved in another. Wrong amino acids, at the very least. We are not interested in eating them for nutrition. It is a pity that this thought no longer terrifies them. But we can count on many other things to make them unhappy. War, disease, heartbreak, fear of death, hatred, social anxiety. The list is endless. It would be much much shorter if they did not worry so much; if they did not suffer so much. But that is not going to happen as long as we keep our subtle little influences, stirring here and pushing there in ways

they will never be sharp enough to notice. It gives their lives that characteristic flavour.

Nothing else in the universe really has that flavour. It is the unique combination of their feeble intelligence and their many worries. It does not take much to get them upset, angry, miserable. And then since they can think a little they keep the feelings going round and round in their minds and bodies. A kind of marination. It is certainly worth coming all this way to appreciate. There is only one word for it. Delicious.