Charity in Michigan: an Act of Law / Brent A. Larsen

Before long the euthanasia issue will affect more people than just the bureaucrats and professionals. Soon, employers will have to worry about whether or not the help will show up for work. I always show up on time for work, mostly to insure that the first pot of coffee is not just hot brown water.

One time I showed up with the Captain Morgan hangover blues, and the boss had to tell me that my ear was hanging down my cheek. It seems I'd won a knife fight early that morning. The police showed up and asked if I wanted to go downtown for a cup of coffee. They even offered to take me to the doctor to have my ear sewed back on. I told them I doubted they could make coffee as well as I, but I was willing to go find out because I didn't feel like working anyway. I refused the medical treatment for reasons that will soon be clear enough. I waited until I got home to sew my ear back on. The boss was not impressed, what with my ear and all. But what could he say, I always show up on time.

Unless I have the razor blade shits. Everyone knows you don't leave the house when you have the razor blade shits. If that stuff ever run down inside your pants, it would smoke your leg. And I ended up being right about the coffee downtown. It was just hot brown water.

Yesterday, the state house began discussing legislation concerning doctor-assisted suicide. Nice. Right now, some cheesy little doctor wearing a new BMW baseball cap is treating your local state representative to an overpriced dinner at a tavern in downtown Lansing. He may even be able to arrange for a regular cash bonus over the next few years or some female entertainment later on tonight. He'll offer these gifts as a cheap ransom to your representative to pass legislation that will keep those terminally ill patients coming back to the office.

Doctors need the money. Business has been slow lately and it's their own fault. They've specialized so much that they have to turn away business. Everyone knows you can't get a general practitioner to give you the Heimlich maneuver if you were sitting next to him on the bus and gagging to death on a peach pit. They have specialists for these things.

My friend, The Boulda, is a registered nurse who does nothing but look at assholes all day long. If it doesn't look like a musty, hairy, alien face, his department won't have anything to do with it.

"Just assholes," he says. West is a lucrative business that requires more than just the sight of blood. And your health insurance has already arranged for the small investment for all the medical bills. Such a representative sample of the company lapel pin to let you still can't spot him, assuming he's still wearing the BMW baseball cap to check on your health.

I just got off the phone with Lansing. "I tried to go to bed last night, but the news scanner is going crazy. Fights, house and strip club in town. Those who's wearing a lapel pin or who's wearing a BMW baseball cap to check on their health."

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Seventeen new cemeteries have been added in the city due to the outcome of the talks. I heard the news this morning from my coffee shop. "Put the yuck to bed last night, but the news scanner is going crazy. Fights, house and strip club in town. Those who's wearing a lapel pin or who's wearing a BMW baseball cap to check on their health."

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already. Soon, employers will have to
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my ear was hanging down my
ear early that morning. The police
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coffee to the doctor to have my ear
fixed as they could make coffee as
d it out because I didn't feel like
giving treatment for reasons that
until I got home to sew my ear
back on, what with my ear and all.

It was just hot

In discussing legislation

Several new cemeteries have been proposed pending the
outcome of the talks. I heard some Hollanders discussing this at the
coffee shop this morning. "Pure economics," exclaimed one as he
removed his hat to scratch. "The nice thing about bodies is once
you plant them, that's it. A thousand bucks a crack and no harvest
ever. I can just hire a migrant to mow the grass and kick the
teenagers out at night." His counterparts all mumbled and nodded
in agreement. The Dutch are like that.

What started out as an act of mercy by a benign doctor stands
to be a for-profit business guaranteed by the Michigan state
legislature. Like automobile insurance.

If you work for a drug manufacturer, your employer is probably
setting up a deal right now for hemlock and whatever else they
decide to use to help people check out of this motel. This will
become a lucrative business too. My neighbor was not slow to
react. He was planting herbs this morning when I stopped over. I
was instantly suspicious.

"Did you hear the news this morning?" I asked him. He had. My
stomach began to turn. He figures there will be a market for those
who want to go the natural way. "The wife has been on the
computer all morning," he declared while we headed for the house
for coffee. As we sat down, he continued. "She figures we can

"Just assholes," he says. Western medicine is like that. It is a
lucrative business that requires a strong stomach for more reasons
than just the sight of blood. And assholes.

And your health insurance company has a few agents
entertaining with corporate money in Lansing tonight. This is a
small investment for all the millions they'll save if the state makes it
legal for those long-suffering patients to do themselves in by the
hundred. Such a representative is easy to spot. He usually sports a
sample of the company lapel pin he is trying to get you to wear. If
you still can't spot him, assume he's the guy inviting the wearer of a
BMW baseball cap to check out the alley behind the tavern.

I just got off the phone with my friend Buteo, who lives in
Lansing. "I tried to go to bed early tonight, Larz, but the police
scanner is going crazy. Fights are breaking out at every major steak
house and stripper bar in town. The National Guard just showed up
at the bar across the street and they're hauling everyone off to jail
who's wearing a lapel pin or white coat. The city impound lot is full
of foreign cars. By the way, Larz, you haven't come to see me in a
long time. When are you going to stop around next?"

"When you learn to make coffee," I told him.

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capture 15% of that market in this area. And I'm thinking of putting a two-acre cemetery on the back of the property." Now I snapped. I called him a capitalist pig and threw my coffee in his face. It was just hot brown water anyway, certainly not worth drinking. I'll only do something like that if I have two good reasons. Very few people have the knack for making good coffee, or an honorable living.