

# Thought Starters: Restore broken thought patterns

In 1967 Ted Cook published a small booklet titled Thought Starters. In it are various thought provoking parables. A few of them act as a powerful antidote for the mind control damage that has been inflicted on the current generation. Since this booklet is longer in print, some of these parables are being liberally copied here.

A hen and a pig were walking one morning. The hen said to the pig, "Mr. Pig, I'm hungry. Let us have breakfast." The Pig spoke up, "Mrs. Hen, I'm hungry too. Yes, let us have breakfast. What do you suggest we eat?" "Let us have ham and eggs." Replied the hen. "You, Mr. Pig, will supply the ham and I will give the eggs." The pig was silent for a minute or so, and then dryly commented, "That does sound fair, Mrs. Hen, that I supply the ham and you donate the eggs. However, I must point out, Mrs. Hen, that when you give the eggs it is just a contribution on your part; for me, when I give the ham, it's total commitment."

A powerful man died and came up to the entrance of the next world. The angel on duty examined the records and, thereupon, escorted the potentate to a dirty hovel and said, "Mr. Potentate, this is your home for eternity." A few minutes later, the angel escorted a meek looking chap to a magnificent palace and said, "Mr. Good, this is your home for eternity." The erstwhile potentate remonstrated and asked, "How does this guy rate a gorgeous home and I get a rat trap?" The angel replied, "We build your home in Eternity with the materials you send ahead."

Bud, the railroad crossing watchman, was testifying on behalf of his railroad. He told the court, "The car with five occupants came on and on. I was waving the warning lantern. Ten times I swung it, and I jumped aside as the car smashed into the train." In this suit for \$100,000 against the railroad, the jury found for the railroad, based on the sworn testimony of the watchman. A friend asked Bud after the trial was over, "Weren't you nervous on the witness stand?" Bud replied, "Yep, very nervous. First time I've ever testified in court. But what made me the most nervous was this. I was afraid their lawyer was going to ask me if the lantern was lit."

The great press of a metropolitan daily came to a sudden halt. After hours and hours, the newspaper's engineers could not get it started again. Money and prestige hung on getting the presses rolling. The publisher called in an expert and flew him in on a chartered plane. The expert looked at the block-long press and, after one minute, tapped a small screw. The roar of the press was heard again. He presented a bill of \$10,000 to the publisher. The publisher whistled. He said to himself, "Ten thousand dollars for a minute's work. If I ask him for an itemized statement, maybe I'll shame him into cutting the bill down." The expert submitted his itemized statement:

\$ 0.10 for tap

\$ 9,999.90 for knowing where to tap

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\$ 10,000.00

The crows in convention assembled bemoaned their fate, "The farmers are driving us away from the corn fields." One crow spoke up, "Let us attack, We crows outnumber the farmers. Let the call go out to the crows, to the thousands and thousands, to wipe out the farmers in a great blitz." "Hear, hear!" cried the crows. "Let the word go out to all. We will destroy the farmers and we will have the corn." A wise old crow arose, "Hear me, Fellow Delegates. I have lived a long time and over the years I have noted something, which I will tell you. Where there are no farmers, there are no corn fields."

A New Yorker was walking in Times Square with his friend, an American Indian. Suddenly the Indian said, "I hear a bird singing on top of the Empire State Building." "With all the din and noise here at Times Square, you say you can hear a bird singing a mile away. That's something," replied the New Yorker. The Indian then commented, "You hear what you want to hear and see what you want to see." They continued their walk. Quietly the Indian dropped a quarter onto the sidewalk. Fifty people jumped for it, and the Indian repeated, "You hear what you want to hear. You see what you want to see."

A cannibal chieftain asked the missionary, "How can your people in Europe and America eat up all those that are killed in a war?" The missionary recoiled, "We don't eat human flesh." The chief blandly asked, "What do you kill them for?"

For twenty years Mr. Jones was a teacher, and the burden of those years seemed to rest on his shoulders. He was particularly bitter one morning. He heard that Mr. Smith, who had been teaching for just a couple of years, had been promoted to principal. The gnawing bitterness became anger, and he stormed into the superintendent's office with righteous indignation and said, "Mr. Superintendent, I just heard that Smith got the promotion. He has only a couple of years of experience, and I have been teaching for twenty years. This is real discrimination. You are playing favorites. Is Smith related to you?" It took a minute or two to calm Jones down, and the superintendent replied, "Yes, Mr. Jones, it's true that you have been here twenty years and Mr. Smith had only a few years experience, but you force me to point out that you have not had twenty years of experience; you have had one experience twenty times."

Socrates was lecturing at the academy on the philosophy of life. Some of the students were sleepy; some were sleeping as the master lectured. Socrates abruptly said, "A case in point," and continued, "a man was riding on his ass in a neighbor's field. It was a very warm day, and the fellow got off his donkey and took shade in the shadow of the ass. The owner of the field came over and said, "You will have to pay me rent, because you are cooling off in my field," "But, I'm taking shade in the shadow of my donkey," retorted the rider. An argument ensued, and back and forth they yelled at one another about taking shade in the shadow of the ass." By this time, the sleepy students were listening intently. They awakened the sleeping scholars, and everybody in the class was all ears. One student impetuously asked Master Socrates, "What happened? How was the dispute settled?" Socrates walked off the dais in disgust and said, "I really don't know what happened. I don't want to teach students who are more interested in the shadow of an ass than in philosophy."

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