

## CHIMPO HEBPROXY IN

# GREEK TO ME

*by Greg Hildebrand*

Many years ago in ancient Greece (Greece is so old it was ancient even back then) a Chimpo named Hebproxy believed himself to be one of the great thinkers of his times. There were many in Memphis who couldn't imagine that it wasn't the truth. Since Hebproxy believed it so deeply, it was true and this being the case, he'd convinced many in Memphis in no small part because he dressed the part, walked the walk, ate at all the same fine dining establishments as the other thinkers of note. Hebproxy made a point to show up at all the best parties and was often asked questions about something or other that had been said by one of the other prominent thinkers, which would trigger Hebproxy's planned response that started with a squint as he slowly cocked his head and rubbed his chin, at the same time Hebproxy would pronounce in his most solemn voice, "I'm going ta have ta give that some thought." Which seemed to a Chimpo of modest resources a reasonable answer and it seemed to work in any situation. The problem was that Hebproxy never had any intention of giving further thought to anything. He believed he needed to keep his mind open to have, hopefully, a great thought, or if not, at least a really good one. Hebproxy was smart enough to believe that having a stock answer helped to make him look smart because everyone knew what he was going to say and for some reason that gave him a certain amount of comfort, even though he wasn't sure why. When Hebproxy was asked if he'd given any further thought to a previous question he would always include an extra long pause where he would slowly alternate between rubbing his chin and rubbing and tapping his eyebrows. Then he would take a deep breath, shake his head, and conclude, "I'm going ta have ta give that even further thought." Far from being seen as a charlatan, these behaviors were accepted by many to be proof that Hebproxy was perhaps the deepest thinker. Unlike some who seemed so confident and were always so quick to speak like Aristotle, Socrates, and the rest, this Chimpo took his time to think before he spoke. Hebproxy appeared to be thinking things through and the rabble

took this to be an example of extreme intelligence, a wisdom that they believed to be beyond human comprehension. Hebproxy started to attract followers whose curiosity, admiration, love and devotion quickly began annoy Hebproxy to no end. He spent most of his time and energy avoiding them. Hebproxy's followers were called "the thoughtful" due to their programmed response to any question, which was "I'm going to have to give that some thought." The thoughtful built a not immodest temple for Hebproxy to do his thinking in, much to the chagrin of Aristotle, Socrates, and all the other templeless thinkers in town. Word traveled quickly of Hebproxy's temple and his relatives came from far and wide, and soon the temple was over-run with Hebproxy's kin. The temple became the last place in all of Greece that Hebproxy was likely to have a thought. To find a place where he might be able to truly have a thought, Hebproxy snuck off under the cover of dusk, because he planned to live his life as a hermit in a cave up on the mountain. Hebproxy hoped with his new struggles, whatever they might be, along with his hours of silent contemplation time, that his secret dream would come true and it would happen. He would have a thought. He'd taken something to write the thought on, two sharp pencils, his favorite pillow, a change of underwear, and a pot roast, to have something to eat until he'd gotten the hang of living off the land and hunting his own food. Hebproxy had walked for hours and hadn't even arrived at the base of the mountain when he decided the pot roast had gotten heavy, so he sat down to rest under a carob tree even though he'd been walking in the dark of night. A mountain lion who'd been attracted by the pot roasts aroma silently approached from behind the tree, snatched up the pot roast and started to eat it. Hebproxy jumped up to complain, "Hey, what do you think your doing?" Then Hebproxy pouted as he put his paws to his hips. The mountain lion swallowed the bite he'd been chewing then said, "Could you give me a minute?" then took another bite of the pot roast. "No." Hebproxy threw his paws up in the air. "Just one minute please?" the lion asked through a mouthful of roast, in his nicest voice. Hebproxy's anger had grown to the point that he was about to raise his voice but decided since the lion had asked "please" that he would politely wait. When the lion had finished the roast the lion burped, licked up the remaining juices then slowly looked towards Hebproxy who believed this to be an invitation to start airing his grievances pertaining to his pot roast. Only a pot roast, true, but it was the principal; but before Hebproxy had gotten the first word out, he found that his head was in the lion's mouth, that he'd been jerked upside-down, his feet were dangling in the air but he

had a smile on his face, since he was having his first truly meaningful thought, "I think I've made a horrible mistake."