

Team Spirit

Arnold was a respected Proctologist and Psychologist. He told anyone who asked that the professions were related. One of Arnold's hobbies was watching sports on TV. He loved the tension, excitement, the teamwork. What he did not understand was why teamwork failed to exist in his own life. At work he was frequently caught in petty conflicts. With his family, his teenagers were rarely around, and, when they were, everyone growled.

If athletes were paid to form a team, why couldn't families, who loved each other? Why was it so difficult for his colleagues to work for a common cause? Why could he and his partner not be seen by their children as coaches—life coaches?

Why could he not score life goals?

At times friends and family and colleagues did team up—in emergencies. Arnold knew team spirit was not limited to paid athletes. There were many amateur athletic teams. Money was not the issue preventing people working together. What was? Did it always require an emergency? Was disaster the foundation of teamwork?

Arnold was determined to solve humanity's problem. People needed motivation to work together. Arnold considered the best motivators: success, happiness, freedom, sex. He decided on sex.

He combined proctology and psychology, using (what else?) AI. Cell towers disseminated waves directly into the minds of every citizen. Now, when people sensed a problem they needed help with, their bottoms clenched (it felt good), they were aroused and knew if they worked together, something really good would come (yes, that way. Some were concerned about their bottoms being involved—but not everyone.) "Clench your butt and screw it" became a rallying cry.

His proctology team found it fabulous. Team spirit erupts from the strangest places.

I cannot explain how this tale turned out.

But then I've never been able to be a team player.