

RAY MUTH

Acquiring a taste for acquisitiveness

During these difficult economic times, I've been hearing a word bandied about that I've rarely heard before. Our president even used the word as an evil rooted in original sin during his speech at Notre Dame. That word is "acquisitiveness."

Acquisitiveness means that you are eager to acquire and possess things, especially material possessions. In an acquisitive society, the craving for material things seems never satisfied.

While I knew that couldn't possibly apply to me, it was bouncing around in my head while I was shopping in the Natrona Heights Wal-Mart the other day. I had lost my iPhone earbuds and I couldn't go another day without listening to the Partridge Family Greatest Hits.

So I went to the electronics section and found a white generic duplicate for \$2.29. "That's the price I'm talking about," I said to myself.

I took it off the hook and was about to take it up to the counter when I noticed I could get a more manly looking black pair for a few dollars more. "This isn't really being acquisitive is it?" I asked myself as I thought how much cooler I'd look running with a black pair.

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But then my eyes found a hip, dark blue pair with marshmallow ends that I just knew would make my ears feel like they were being tickled by fanning palm leaves waved by beautiful women who were feeding me grapes as I laid on a sunny, pristine Bermuda beach.

"Snap out of it Ray, that's the Al-Qaida Uighers, not you," I said to myself as I scooped up the black pair.

As I moved over to the next aisle, I couldn't believe my eyes. I could get a 1.5-terabyte external hard drive for \$149. "How does Wal-Mart do it?" I asked myself. I could put every book ever written, every song ever sung and every movie ever made on a drive like that. Never mind that I've only used 100 gigs of the 500 gigabyte external hard drive I had at home. I could be in terabyte territory. How awesome would I be with that? Somehow I managed to pull myself out of that acquisitive funk and move along.

In the next aisle were Sony Handycams. I really

didn't need one, so why was I looking? Even though mine was eight years old, it worked perfectly. But with this one I could film myself in high definition doing a triple flying side kick that I have almost perfected thanks to Makowski's Martial Arts in Sarver. Never mind that the price was a mortgage payment. This camera would give me the ability to post my greatest athletic achievements on YouTube. Just think if that video went viral across the world. People might even save still shots for their computer wallpaper. I'd become even more famous than when I invented Internet banking in Apollo.

"Come on Ray, get a grip," I said out loud. The lady next to me looked at me like I was crazy. Fortunately, I pointed to the Bluetooth ear piece in my ear and pretended like I was talking on my cell phone. She bought it. Whew, that was close.

As I tried to make my way out of the electronics department, a leading economist was on a big screen TV display saying that consumers need to start spending again in order to get the economy moving.

UGH!!!! Maybe I was going nuts. *6/28/09*

Ray Muth is a community columnist.