

12 MAY '21

The sun was fuzzy today. I wouldn't recommend a fuzzy sun. Golden? Sure. Pale? Sure. Midnight? Again, sure. Fuzzy not so much. Does fur travel at the speed of light?

I wouldn't say it was a gloomy day otherwise - while I didn't wake up full of vim & vigor, I was able to get out of bed at a reasonable time. I made it into the office before my boss and was able to get some work done in between visits to the break room, the bathroom, and a generous lunch. The day had not crushed me by overwork nor the excess of underwork. On my way home, however, I looked up. The sun was fuzzy.

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The first thing I thought of was the hedgehog theorem (also known as the hairy ball theorem - the idea that "you can't comb the hair on a coconut"). Where was the cowlick on this sun? Who combed this sun? Were sunspots actually cowlicks?

After that I thought about the insulating properties of fur. Like, the fur of a Polar Bear is actually clear (and its skin is black) to let sun in and insulate it from cold air.

Similarly, aquatic mammals ~~had~~ have oily fur to protect them from cold waters. Hell, even humans have a light layer of hair that works as a light protection against cold air (and, concurrently, keeps the heat in our bodies). The day wasn't much colder than the previous days - was the sun's fur insulating it, or was it fur in appearance only? What the fuck was with this fuzzy sun?

Then I looked at the grass. The dancing grass. Green grass that worshipped (?) the sun with its rhythmic dance. Grass upon grass growing forever. Grass that was the fur of Earth - Grass that shimmered and shook on the whims of the wind - wind that was a direct result of the heat of the sun. The fuzzy sun.

The fuzzy sun. The fuzzy son.

The owner's son.

Fucker slipped me a mickay.

