A World Without Engineers Essay, Research Paper

A World Without Engineers

Once upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away, on the planet Zovirax,

there was an evil king, King Syphilis, who was mighty pleased with himself, for

he had just banished all the engineers on the planet to work in the Pixie Stick

Powder mines on the moons of Gluteus. “You see,” he told his sycophantic

servants and lackeys, “I have solved two problems with one simple executive

order. I have rid the planet of those annoying, nerdy, know-it-all, engineers.”

(King Syphilis was actually quite envious of them, because he went to a Junior

University in Palo Alto, and didn’t know very much at all.) “And secondly,” he

explained, “I have provided cheap slave labor for the Pixie Stick Powder mines,

thus ensuring a limitless supply of this heavenly confection for all to enjoy.”

All of King Syphilis’ staff applauded loudly, because he tended to

behead those who didn’t. “Bring us intoxicating chemicals, so that we may

celebrate,” ordered the king.

“I’m sorry, Mr. King Syphilis,” replied the servant. “You banished all

the chemical engineers to the powder mines, so we cannot make the intoxicating

chemicals anymore.”

King Syphilis was quite mad. Nobody talked back to him and go away with

it. “Bring me my plutonium phasor gun, so that I may vaporize this impudent

guy,” ordered the king.

“I’m sorry, my good King Syphilis,” replied another servant. “Since you

deported all the nuclear engineers to the powder mines, we have been unable to

operate the plutonium powered phasor gun.”

Now the king was really mad. “I’m really mad!” said the king. “Bring me

my limousine, so that I may repeatedly run over these contumelious servants of

mine.”

“No can do, Mr. King,” said the third servant, whose part will be played

in the movie version by Keanu Reeves. “All the mechanical engineers are in the

mine place, and everyone knows, you can’t drive cars without mechanics.”

“Go jump off a bridge!” said King Syphilis. Another of his servants

interrupted, “We have no more bridges, since all the civil engineers have been

exiled to the powder mines. Perhaps we should bring them all back.”

But the king was not the brightest of kings, so he didn’t agree to that

just yet. “Bring me my vibrating pleasure device, so that I may relax and think

about this dilemma of ours,” ordered the king.

“We are unable to do that, my king, because all the electrical engineers

who design the vibrating pleasure devices are in the powder mines.”

“Hmmm,” thought the king. “Perhaps I was wrong in banishing the

engineers from my planet. Without them, we have no intoxicating chemicals, no

plutonium powered phasor guns, no automobiles, no bridges, and no vibrating

pleasure devices. I will bring them back from the powder mines of Gluteus.”

But it was too late, because the engineers so enjoyed having free time

that every last one refused to return, and they were all killed in a freak

mining accident.

So the moral of the story, boys and girls, is that engineers are a very

important part of out everyday lives, and, engineers although smelly and dirty

like pigs in a pig pen, you should not banish them to slave labor camps.