The people filed out one by one from the people factory, some laughing...

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The people filed out one by one from the people factory, some laughing...

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.
"The people filed out one by one from the people factory, some laughing, some crying. Some were bleeding, others following. One man even had a bird on his head, which made the little children laugh and laugh. (What a lark!) The woman with her head screwed on straight kept saying, "I'll call you. I'll call you." and believe it or not, she never did, which made the men feel very small indeed."

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The people filed out one by one from the people factory, some laughing, some crying. Some were bleeding, others following. One man even had a bird on his head, which made the little children laugh and laugh. (What a lark!) The woman with her head screwed on straight kept saying, "I'll call you, I'll call you," and believe it or not, she never did, which made the men feel very small indeed.

A boy was walking around with a beautiful flower in his hand, but he just did not know who to give it to. He was very silent. He knew that the beautiful flower he had would be even beautifuller if only he could find the person to give it to, but until then he kept it to himself.

"Let's light a candle in honor of our life," one person suggested, but no one had a candle, and so the idea was quickly forgotten.

Then the man in the funny trousers came running from the factory, screaming, "I did it! I broke the mold!" to which the others just gave him dirty looks and showered him with nickels, for he was the only one who knew it wasn't true.

Tom Petronio