

Mr. Incongruent

This is the story of a man called Incongruent. Mr. Incongruent was a harsh hard critic of his fellowman; he hated their actions; which deeply troubled him.

Mr. Incongruent was also a perfectionist; every hair on his head was perfectly combed. Oh how persnickety he was when it came to his friends and who he would associate with.

However, one must remember as the story of Mr. Incongruent unfolds that he had not always been this way, that is, Incongruent. Once upon on a time he was just a simple man called Sinner. But as the story is told when Mr. Incongruent could no longer stand his human weakness - Mr. Sinner disappeared and Mr. Incongruent appeared!

Mr. Sinner created Mr. Incongruent through a devout religious education. However, as the education increased his tolerance for his fellow human imperfections decreased.

It is said that his standards were so high that it would be easier to enter an apartment on the sixtieth floor without stairs or an elevator then to please Mr. Incongruent!

Because Mr. Incongruent was a perfectionist everything he did had to be exact and on a strict routine, even his nightly walk.

Meaning of Incongruent is: Not in agreement as with principles; incompatible. Not in keeping with what is correct and proper or logical.

His evening walk was exactly the same each and every night, he would walk down the same side of the street, that is, the right side, through town on out to Fishermen's Warf then he would turn around and head up the left side of the street back home.

In fact, one might wonder if Mr. Incongruent had each step counted? He also had a very practiced gesture he would make to every passerby. The same gesture each and every time he would tip his hat smile a very smug and devoted smile not saying a word as he passed on by.

One thing Mr. Incongruent would never do was to stop talk with anyone on his nightly walk. One evening as Mr. Incongruent made his way on his nightly walk he noted his shadow was extra long? Strange it seemed so much longer and larger than normal? Perhaps, he reasoned it was because it was late fall.

As Mr. Incongruent approached an old woman pushing a grocery cart with all her belongings in it, he stepped aside to let her by ready to make his practiced gesture. When suddenly out of nowhere a voice from his shadow said:

"Get out of the way you old bag lady before I knock that last ugly tooth out of your mouth – you toothless homeless old hag!"

Wow! Mr. Incongruent was stunned and dumbfounded; he could not believe his own ears. The old lady's face turned red and tears filled her eyes as she tried to hide her face to pass by.

But his shadow started laughing at her so hard it started rolling on the ground mocking her as she tried to get away.

Mr. Incongruent's face had also turned red; he moved quickly to disassociate himself from his shadow. But his shadow was right on his heels, still shouting obscenities at the old woman.

In all the fear and confusion Mr. Incongruent passed by a nun, his shadow started shouting: *"get out of the way you self-righteous hypocrite!"*

Mr. Incongruent was so embarrassed that he crossed the street, but as before his shadow was right on his heels cursing and mocking the nun. The next person Mr. Incongruent was to pass on his flight home was a man in a wheel chair with no legs and Mr. Incongruent knew exactly what his shadow was going to do.

So Mr. Incongruent started for the middle of the street to escape, but too late: *"You old wheel chair bum";* shouted his shadow; *" I suppose you think I will feel sorry for you? Never! All you people want is a free handout, you freak of nature, get away from me or I will push you and your chair right into the drink."*

Mr. Incongruent was bewildered standing in the middle of the street hopeless, traffic had stopped in both lanes as far as he could see, he and his shadow was the center of attention.

Everyone was watching as his shadow climbed a top a car and started shouting curses at everyone. His shadow left no one out, children, old, young any person he thought was a little different his shadow would curse or make fun of.

Instead of going home Mr. Incongruent started running as fast as he could - back to fishermen's Warf, there he hid under the docks until night fell so he would have no more shadow and for the first time he took a new way home.

When he finally got home he fell to his knees and started fervently praying aloud, suddenly he saw his shadow on the wall, but his shadow was not in the same kneeling position as he was in. No not at all, his shadow was standing in an upright position with his chest puffed out, his head held back, and his arms raised high and his shadow started praying also:

"Oh God I thank you that I am not like the rest of these people of this town. I am not greedy, stupid, dishonest, an adulterous, I give to charities and I go to church twice a week . . ."

Before his shadow could say one more word Mr. Incongruent shouted: *"Shut-up, shut-up! You miserable debauched foul mouth fool. You have ruin my good name in this town, my lives work, people think I am you"*.

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But his shadow smiled and walked across the room stuck out his hand and said: *“Let me introduce myself my name is Goody Goody the tongue you can no longer bridle.”*

Then Goody Goody slapped his face and started laughing and mocking Mr. Incongruent until he could take it no longer. Mr. Incongruent angrily took a swing at his shadow, this amused Goody Goody so much he started boxing Mr. Incongruent. This shadow boxing continued until Mr. Incongruent fell into a heap in the middle of the floor, exhausted and beaten.

His shadow started mocking him until Mr. Incongruent once again got angry he then grabbed hold of his shadow and wrestled Goody Goody to the floor. But each and every time he pinned Goody Goody down he would change into another person Mr. Incongruent hated. Like an old friend, his father, his boss, his brother, his ex-wife; even some of his own children.

It seemed as though Goody Goody changes faces a thousand times before Mr. Incongruent ran to the bedroom and hid under his bed.

Mr. Incongruent fought with his shadow for another three and half weeks before he had a mental break down. First he lost his job, next he went to drinking and finally he lost his house, so he took to living on the streets.

Mr. Incongruent lived off of hands outs he got from the towns people, he would beg enough money for a cheap bottle of wine each day. It was not the greatest life, but at least the incessant Goody Goody was gone!

Mr. Incongruent changed his name back to simple Sinner and when he did he noticed that the town's people started treating him with much kindness and compassion. They invited him in for meals and they offered him work and a place to stay.

This kind treatment moved Mr. Sinner very much these were the same people he had been such a harsh hard critic of.

He wanted to ask for forgiveness from God, but could not find the words to express his great grief and shame he had caused for so many. At that moment his shadow was back! But this time it was in the same position he was in. Then his shadow started beating his breast and he would not raise his eyes to heaven. His shadow said these words:

“Oh God be merciful with me a sinner.”

His shadow turned and said: *“you are now Mr. Congruent a sinner, if anyone thinks he is religious and does not bridle his tongue, but deceives his heart, his religion is vain.” James 1:26*

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Congruent means: Coinciding exactly when super imposed; conformity, harmony.