

Third Corollary to the Law of Averages



Leonard was an iconoclast. He marched to the beat of a different drummer. If yellow suede shoes with crepuscular soles were all the rage, he wore green mitochondrion boots. When the calamari pot pie craze swept through London, he was the only person eating mutton 24/7. During the Blitz of World War II, Leonard alone blithely strolled down Piccadilly Circus, humming counterpoint to the ululating air raid sirens. So imagine his surprise when, having just purchased the most avant-garde looking pair of spectacles imaginable from an imaginary toroid merchant, he strolled into the Royal Uxbridge Cinema only to find everyone else in the audience sporting identical eyewear! In a snit, Leonard flung his glasses into the rubbish bin and stalked out of the theater, intent on making a unique personal statement elsewhere. However, it was not to be. From that moment on, every piece of clothing that Leonard wore or food he ate or action he initiated had already been done by someone else. The Law of Averages (specifically, its Third Corollary) had finally caught up with him: Leonard had entered the ranks of The Woefully Predictable!