

## State of Retardment

What is a youngster's vision of retirement, and the people who reach that time in their lives? The following story was shared with me; I don't know its source or its author.

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school. One child wrote this:

*We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Florida. Now they live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass. They ride around on their bicycles and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore.*

*They go to a building called a wreck center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now. They do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on.*

*At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts. Nobody there cooks; they just eat out. And, they eat the same thing every night – early birds. Some of the people can't get past the man in the doll house. The ones who do get out bring food back to the wrecked center for pot luck.*

*My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment, and says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too. When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out, so they can visit their grandchildren.*

And there you have it: the state of retardment. It seems a lot of people are rushing to get there.

--Beecher Hunter