

# YOU'RE ALL TOO DUMB

ANONYMOUS

A Short Short That Hints of Satire

Before he had left his home town to enter A and M as a freshman, "Fish" Sergeant Rollins had de-claimed to his high school chums that "he was not going to let those roughneck Aggies put anything over on him". No Sir—he would look as dumb as the rest of the freshmen, maybe, but he'd put it over those upperclassmen if they ever got tough!

Rollins' classmates had had a great liking for him as a friend, but, notwithstanding, they took it upon themselves to inform various A and M sophomores of their chum's attitude. They felt it would be a good joke on Rollins if they could find blue spots coloring his posterior region, when he came home Christmas.

The A and M sophomores, to be sure, made ready for the violent freshman.

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It was the night of the Band Murder Investigation. The Chief Prosecutor had "Fish" Sergeant Rollins, the alleged murderer, panic-stricken under fire of heavy cross-examination.

"I—I—I didn't do it, sir!"

"Why lie so persistently? Your fingerprints are on the knife!"

Silence—

"Why lie? We found blood under your finger nails!"

Silence—

"WHY DID YOU KILL THAT MAN?"

"I DIDN'T! I didn't do it. I—I (heart-rending sobs) I didn't! I just happened to go in his room first—that was all—and I found him lying on the floor." Every bit of color had drained from the boy's face—it looked like a chalk mask under the "third-degree" lights that glared into his eyes.

"What possessed you to go into the room in the first place?"

"I heard a noise."

"What kind of noise?"

"I—I don't remember."

"You're sure it was just a noise, and not an elephant?" The Prosecutor's voice staccatoed with icy harshness.

"Sir?—Yes sir."

"What did you do when you got in the room?"

"I looked at—ulp—at the corpse."

"What did you see?"

"Wh-a-at sir?"

"Yes, WHAT?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Oh, you looked at the corpse, but still you saw nothing?"

"Yes, sir—nothing except the corpse."

At this point, the sheriff leaned over and invited the Prosecutor to "give him the works!" But—it was too late—poor little "Fish" Sergeant Rollins, rocked back on his heels and fell in a dead faint.

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The Commandant had two letters on his desk. One of them was a recommendation from the Band Captain that "Fish" Sergeant Rollins have his rank taken away as a result of:—"his incompetency as a sergeant, evidenced by his inability on the night of the Murder Investigation to tell that it was 'faked'; also, his weak physical condition, betrayed by his fainting the same night when asked a few simple, direct questions." The Commandant looked at this letter and then at the other. He stared at them both for perhaps five minutes, all the while a purple vexation slowly deepened the color of his face.

Abruptly he jammed an electric button, and, as the orderly burst in, he spouted in a bluster of violent rage: "You tell those men in the Band that Rollins is going to be a sergeant throughout the year! You can tell them also, that Rollins can not only wear stripes, but **buttons** if he wishes!"

The orderly faded out of the door—fast!

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Rollins didn't choose to wear the buttons, but he wore the stripes. During his Christmas vacation, he was proud to tell his high school chums the he was the only freshman sergeant on the campus. **And they knew it!**

Yessir! The poor little "fish" not only lived up to his avowal of independence, but he made history at A and M College. And the sophomores to this day don't know how he did it—in fact, mighty few people ever found out that he was the Governor's son.