

Digital Short Clown Rant

Written by John Fries

Let's get one thing out of the way right off: I'm a clown. And as a clown, I probably live in a slightly different world than you. That said, you probably think you know me. Oh yeah, I'm the fun guy at the circus, the children's birthday party and the shopping mall opening.

Yes, we make some people smile or laugh. We know how to do magic tricks, and I can make balloon animals. Personally, I'm an expert marksman who can easily hit an audience member with spray from a seltzer bottle or a confetti cannon from 20 feet.

Our job is to bring the fun, and bring it we do.

But there's also the ugly side of being a clown. The unfair reputation we've been given by a certain segment of society. You probably know exactly who I mean. Some people think we're scary, and don't want anything to do with us. Holiday parade? Oh, we're there trying to amuse the nice people along the route, but the way some people react is pathetic. Ooh--I'm scared! Especially the little ones. They cry and they scream.

I was talking to my buddy Ronald McDonald the other day, and he suggested giving out burgers made with GMO meat and processed cheese food instead of balloons. Yeah, I'm gonna do that. Nice try, McDonald.

The only conclusion I can draw from this "Clown Fear" myth is that there are a lot of closed-minded--clownist--haters out there. And I have a message for them. Yeah, that's right. Listen up, haters. This is for you.

I dream of living in a world where there's no clownism. But society is never going to be that kind of utopia. Where a person is judged by the content of his character, not by the color of his makeup.

Oh, I know I'm not in your class. Maybe I don't drive a huge Ford Expedition like you soccer moms, but my Mini Cooper gets me and 20 of my friends from place to place just fine.

Have a little decency, consideration and kindness. Clowns may look different than you, but deep down we're all the same. That's not a bunch of liberal touchy-feely nonsense. That's a fact.

So, the next time one of my clown brothers or sisters approaches you--at a parade, a carnival or the state fair, show a little respect for him or her, and extend your hand in civility and friendship.

You'll probably get an unexpected buzz when you shake hands, but that's just what we do. Embrace it, and accept the love.