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The Wanderful World of Science

By Thomas Eldredge

Science solves problems and gives us the answers to questions. We ask questions when we want answers. When nobody asks a question or has a problem, science should keep its pi hole shut.

Science has lots of legitimate work to do. AIDS and cancer need cures. We need renewable energy sources, such as more coal and oil. Science still has to figure out if the chicken came before the egg and why the hell that bird is still jaywalking for laughs. By all rights, science should have provided us a teleporter by now, and probably a holodeck, or at least that brain plug from *The Matrix*.

The study of fundamental science is losing its way and needs guidance. There are already countless books of physics research that nobody reads or cares about, and yet, every year, more are published. Some of this research has cost us billions upon billions of dollars and has achieved little more than becoming boring *NOVA* series. Physics is beginning to pull at strings that aren't just theoretical; they have real purses attached to them – men's purses.

The Superconducting Super Collider, or SSC, was a big-ass potato gun some physicists thought up and tried to build in Texas in the late '80s. They claimed their device might uncover some secrets of the universe. The concept was premature, and technical difficulties prevailed. The price tag was initially \$4.4 billion, but jumped to \$12 billion before the

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project was well under construction. The whole thing was scrubbed in 1993.

The initial cost was approved by Congress for the purpose of showing the USSR how much smarter we are than they. After the pinko commies (note: "pinko" and "commies" both passed the Word spell-check) had their little breakup, we didn't need to flex our brain-cocks anymore, so we put our junk back in our pants and went back to Los Alamos to build some wicked nukes.

Though the SSC had an initial goal that included a clear national security interest, the concept of the "big-ass potato gun of secrets" lives on in a more malevolent form. Like most malevolent things, it's living in France.

An international consortium of mad scientists chose France to build a lair for their evil doings. Together they are building what has come to be known as the Large Hadron Collider. When completed in 2008, this massive crack pipe will smoke particles at a blinding 14 TeV. That energy level is sufficient to make an electron crap its pants. This theoretical electron-pants-crapping may lead us down a slippery brown slope of knowledge and understanding which could threaten our faith and beliefs.

Scientists blaspheme regularly. From Galileo to Hawking, they have said and done things that don't jive with what we believe, and that's not the way science is supposed to work. Science is magical, and it can be anything we want it to be, so long as we believe it in our hearts. Analysis and logic are our weapons in a war of faith, but today, science stands ready to fire on ignorant civilians.

The mad scientists in France claim that their big-ass potato gun may finally reveal the Higgs boson. This wacky little critter is said to be the carrier of the mechanism which gives all particles mass. For this function, it has been called the "God Particle."

I am not a Catholic, but I went to a Mass once, and nobody there claimed to be God. I'm already boycotting the French, so I'm not buying it.

Science is in great need of direction. Nobody asked science anything about God, yet science is trying to explain the very act of creation itself.

We need science to do our bidding and only do stuff we say to do. We need teleporters, and lots of them. We don't need a scientific community which thinks its intelligence and diligence gives them the right to do stuff we didn't specifically tell them to do. We need a scientific community whose members know what's good for them, or we'll take their lunch money and flush their heads down the toilet. Make my teleporter already, you stupid nerds!

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