

THE EARTH IS FLAT

J.B. Drori

“The earth is flat,” I called out, laying down my fork next to a plate of Caesar salad. “The earth is flat. That’s my opinion.”

The hum of voices of my four luncheon companions at a table in our favorite café in downtown Walnut Creek died. Even their breathing stopped. You’d think I turned into a hanging Orangutan to judge by their gaping mouths and wide eyed glares.

We had been eating and gossiping for half an hour when I had blurted out what was blistering on my mind.

“That’s nonsense,” sneered the heavy-set guy at the end of the table.

“A society called The Flat Earth exists,” I said.

“With a membership of one, I bet,” he said.

“Actually, a thousand.”

“That’s insane,” the fellow across from me barked, scratching his bald pate.

“Didn’t you earlier tell us how you lost your case yesterday because of twelve lousy opinions. Your client was found guilty on no evidence, not even a single fact.”

“What’s your point?” asked our most senior member on my left.

“The point is that facts are hard and cold, they are the building blocks of knowledge. They can and should be verified.

Opinions are bundles of emotions. Like fragile eggs, they should be handled with care.”