

# On the Kindness of Nordic People

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There's this common but, in my opinion, largely unfounded idea among Mediterranean people that **Nordics are "cold,"** so to speak.

I have heard similar arguments in conversations with people from diverse origins such as Italian, Spanish, Greek, Arabic, Latin Americans, French (especially from French), and many others, arguing that Germanic and Scandinavians are cold hearted, blissfully devoid of emotion, ready to throw you and your sensitivity overboard, just like a Viking would throw the crufty corpse of a prisoner to spend holidays in Valhalla. That, in a sharp contrast with their own vision of themselves, that is, "us shiny happy people of the Southern Sun," where we have nice tomatoes and samba and soccer players and surgically enhanced fucktoys on TV and freshly harvested economic crisis every season and shantytowns the size of Coruscant and temperatures comparable to those of a Tattooine summer."

Let me debunk this overly simplistic and myopic perspective thanks to my own, simplistic and overly myopic, largely non-scientific and extremely debatable observations. What follows is a profusely cynic, politically incorrect, adverbially ridden text, laden with lots of clichés and other nuisances, so all of you rigid mindsets or uptight characters, you might want to stop reading now.

My theorem is that the common Latin wisdom misleadingly exchanges the concepts of *empathy* and *hypocrisy*. In particular, Latin people are unable to distinguish between both, and as a corollary of this rule, they fall into the common trap of trusting the wrong kind of people once and again.

To demonstrate my theorem, first, three axioms:

1. There's shitty people everywhere, just like there is nice people everywhere.
2. The ratio of shitty vs. nice people in any given society is a constant, throughout space and time in every country, no matter the latitude, average income, median shoe size, total number of World Cup wins, flag colors (CMYK and/or RGB), or Moody's credit risk rank; I hereby name that constant the Number of Kosmaczewski (I always wanted to jump into posterity with some bold contribution like the last one.)
3. There are only two axioms.

The next step is a *Gedankenexperiment* to pay some tribute to Einstein and establish a sense of relativity and existential complexity. In this experiment we are going to clone ourselves in three entities, and each of which will migrate to a different section of the world. The first clone will move its ass to Argentina, arguably a largely Mediterranean country; the second lucky chap will land in the German section of Switzerland, arguably a place full of cold-hearted SOABs; and the third will serve as a “witness,” and will be sent to the Soyuz Station in Anctartica, an abandoned Russian scientific station located at  $70^{\circ}34'52''\text{S}$  and  $68^{\circ}47'08''\text{E}$ , in which the sheer solitude, the outstanding amount of empty bottles of vodka and the bitter cold will preserve this clone in a relatively stable state, if not in a dangerous level of hypothermia, until global warming does its job of bringing it back to life in the next few years.

The conclusion of this flawed, short, uncanny, unprovable and improbable experiment is that all clones empirically verify the value of the Number of Kosmaczewski and henceforth conclude that we are all wrong, except me, the author of this brilliant piece, 'f course.

You're welcome.

NB: There are no comments enabled in this blog, and with reason. If you don't like what I say, well you can always spread your venom over Reddit. Be my guest. You'll excuse me if I don't pay attention to your rambling, I have more writing to do.