

Or as our techie friends might say, there are 10 kinds of people: those who understand binary, and those who don't.

And yes I know it's grammatically preferable to say "there *are* two kinds of people" but I went with "there's" to make it more natural and folksy-sounding. That's just the kind of swell guy I am. (You're welcome.)

There's two kinds of people:

- Those who address themselves by name and those who don't. Like if I were to say to myself, "Come on, Yaworsky, you can do this!" or "Okay Mike, let's go." I never saw the appeal. I know who I am and I feel stupid addressing myself by name.

- Those who insert an "h" in front of words like **hwat**, **hwen**, and **hwere**, and those who pronounce them the right way: **wutt**, **wen**, and **ware**.

- Those who say *humid* and those who say *yumid*. *Yumid* is wrong. Very wrong. Say *humid*.

- Those who know the difference between *imply* and *infer* and those who don't. I'm not implying anything if you don't know, so don't infer anything.

- Those who know that 51 divided by 3 equals 17 and those who don't. This does not have a moral or metaphysical component, it's just a random fact I noticed and now that I know it, it makes me feel superior. It might make you feel superior too if you ever need to, for instance if we

add another state and have to figure out how to arrange 51 stars symmetrically on the flag.

- Those who like the white part of a hard-boiled egg and those who prefer the yolk. I'll come right out and say it: we yolk folk are right, you white-eaters are wrong. Not only that, we yolkies are smarter, stronger, and funnier than you guys, also better looking (and more modest too).

Speaking of eggs, there's also a divide between people who don't eat anything that has raw eggs in it and those who just scarf those babies down. I don't eat raw eggs by themselves but if they're an ingredient in something like cookie dough or cake mix, I've been known to consume an ovum or two. People who don't obviously have never watched Rocky Balboa crack five eggs into a mug and down them in one chug. (Hey, if you can't get nutritional advice from popular action movies, where can you get it from?)

Then there are those people who who don't eat anything that's past the "use by" date. I stand boldly in opposition to this. Those dates are just estimates that skittish marketers use to make sure no one gets a tummy-ache and sues them for a million bucks. If we've already paid for the product what do they care if we eat it or chuck it? Also, many warnings only say "best if used by," meaning that after that date, other than maybe losing some of its savor the food can still be safely eaten. At least that's how I justify having once served my family soup that was nine years past the use-by date. (Don't tell them, they don't know yet.)

We might as well dispose of all the food-related issues at once: I'm talking about timid people who won't stick their fork in the toaster to pull out the slices that are too far down to reach with their fingers. Real men and women ignore the warnings and just do it. (You can tell some of us by the char marks on our fingers and our twitchy head movements.)

- Those who believe in time travel and those who don't. As for me, I know it doesn't exist because I've been to the future and I've seen the theory scientifically disproved.

—*Ha ha, just a little time-travel humor there!!* Ahhh, time-travel humor, it never gets old. No, seriously, it never gets old. . . .

- Finally, those who go around dividing the world into two kinds of people and those who don't. People who do this are annoying so normally I wouldn't do it, but the idea of creating a dichotomy whereby everyone falls into either one category or the other and populating one group with people who do the thing I said I don't do, but just did, and the other with people who don't do the thing, which I claim includes me, but based on what I've just done, doesn't, was just too deliciously ironic to pass up.