"Harrison Bergeron" is copyrighted by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. 1961.

"Gee-" said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."

"You can say that again," said George.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a rivetting gun in his head.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What about?" he said.

George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying" he said to Hazel.

"Before they hit the floor."

... Before they hit the floor. It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling. They kissed it. The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it. They leaped like deer on the moon. They shifted their weights to their toes.

The music began. It was normal at first-cheap, silly, false. The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

She was blindingly beautiful.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all he removed her mask.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds. Harrison took his hand from the wall and let it come down, splashing, clownish, and huge, on the dancer before him. Nobody had ever born heavier handicaps.

Harrison weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."...