

A Letter from the Front



by Carl Nelson

"The first rule of running a Police State is to deny that it is, or that you are. And this will be the stance of all your followers."

A fellow from the book club I just quit (with quite a squawk) wanted to get together for beers. So, we met for lunch. He's a staunch Democrat, and when he took over the Presidency from me he came to the house to pick up materials. I asked if he'd like to sit for a spell and share some beers – but he acted a bit nervous to be around me and said he had to get home "to feed his cat." Okay.

So I'm naturally wondering what exactly it is he wants to meet

about. He made it sound like it was just to keep up the friendship. So, I decided to mess a bit with him.

I got to the bar before he did and selected an out-of-the-way table. (Not my regular.) When he arrived, I said "Hi" and then asked him to place his cell phone on the table. Then I asked him if he were wearing a wire.

He laughed uneasily, but good-naturedly enough, and did as I asked. (Denied the wire.)

We had a good lunch and conversation. There was only one moment there where I could see him getting his back up, but then we moved along. We talked about our backgrounds a bit, a little about Lincoln and how my opinion was that he was one of the worst Presidents we've ever had with several historical rationales. (Wasn't counting the fraudulent Biden.)

I'm not clear what dance we're doing. But my plan is that my behavior should prove outré' enough, that if there is anything back of this, it's sure to pull them out of the weeds.

Otherwise, it was a good time.

Disclaimer: I had been watching back-to-back Jason Borne movies, the night prior to this luncheon, (so I had my sightlines for exits, and had memorized the license plates of the 5-6 cars parked outside).