

This distinction allows me to maintain an objective view of all things. I have found that appearances lead our nation in a direction to favor less substance for fancy. Be it cigars, suits, wine, or even stoves, we as a people prefer to look at our selections in life by what our sight tells us. Unfortunately, I and fifteen others, stand alone on the premise that quality lies beyond what the eye can see.

I raise this point to my guest, who graciously affirms my belief.

“I have seen many things, but what you describe to me about your countrymen fascinates me.”

Curiosity besieged me. I fear that I led my host astray on what things in America are like. A thin smile settles onto my guest’s face.

“Someone like me could do very well there.”

“Are you planning to get into politics, Durchlaust?”

We burst into laughter. I could tell Satan was finishing his cigar. Our conversation was anything but yielding to the time on the clock. I sensed my guest looking for another smoke as he checked his pockets. His empty hands prompted me to approach my desk for more Navy Cut. To my surprise, I was out as well. I opened another desk drawer only to find a course blue pasteboard box. I humbly offered the contents of the box, and in return I received a sophisticated grin of gratitude.