

Letter - March 3, 2003

My Lady,

3 Mar 2003

I need a couple of things this morning - less Mardi Gras and more sleep. History is repeating itself and I'll get neither. But I will live through it, I always have - it wasn't a problem last night and will be forgotten by tonight - short memories have their uses.

Pat arrived Saturday and brought three guys with him - nice guys, one named Morgan but right now I can't think of the other two. They are all sleeping now, last night I brought Morgan back to the house about midnight, he had "over celebrated" a bit, the rest came back sometime later.

And there were some surprises for me this morning, three ladies sleeping on the sofas in the living room. One, named Mary, woke up, I pointed her to a bathroom, gave her some coffee and aspirin, and she left in a cab. The other two I covered with blankets. Four guys snoring away in the bunk room, three girls sleeping on the sofas - I'm sure there is a good story there but it will have to wait til later. They are all breathing, nothing else is required at the moment - I can sit back and write to you.

It's Mardi Gras and I'm doing what we always do, entertaining people. I like to think that I'm getting pretty good at it - after all you taught me. I still go through the 1-2-3-4 steps that you showed me - 1) take care of the basics (shelter, food, transportation), 2) find some people to interact with, 3) create interesting situations, and 4) let it flow. Of course I don't have anywhere near the finesse that you do - but people have to take what they can get, if they want the best they will just have to go to Hawaii.

Most of the time I am amazed that I'm able to entertain at all. I remember that I was one whipped puppy when I met you. I trusted absolutely no one and liked even fewer people. It was the war - I know that - and I know that you changed it. That's what has me so frustrated now, I can see it all happening again - it's like nothing was learned before. It's partly my fault for not being able to explain it to people. I see people acting like the coming war is a great adventure - it's not. They have no idea of the crushing cost to be paid - and will not listen.

Every day I try and everyday I fail miserably. How do I explain to people that they don't want to do this? How do I tell them that they will be killing people, people not involved in, concerned with, or even aware of the "great cause". How

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do I make them understand that some morning they will wake up and realize that they have murdered people whose only offense was living in their homes. Real living breathing people - people just like us -people that worried about their kids, their jobs, the price of things, what's for dinner - people who only knew about al-qaida via the television news. These people will be dead, their children will be dead - and the young Americans that killed them will be what I was. Some parts of me can understand why people don't want to listen, why they want to block it out, it's too horrible to contemplate. I will continue to try, but I doubt that it can be stopped now. I do hope that when they wake on that morning of realization, they have someone like you laying beside them.

Oh no, I'm out in the shadows again. But sometimes I need to get out of the glare of the one line patriotism and simple minded half truths. I wish others would stand here where they too could open their eyes and see.

But now it's time for me to go do my part for the American economy. Got to go make some money for my honey - we've got a big date coming and I want it to be perfect. You deserve perfect. I am thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne