

“Hope You Guess My Name!”

“It is easier for someone to go along with something when it is suggested and they agree.....”

My dear friend Esther came up to me one other day and confided in me that something was wrong. She told me that, “Sheer whim” had brought her to the Rendezvous Cafe’. I asked her, “What happened there, dear Esther?”

“I will tell you! I simply walked into this smoking lounge and I...met this gentleman playing cards with a man when I walked in. He seemed normal enough...but after this other man went away and we got to talking, He introduced himself to me as George Kentwood. We got to talking and He informed me that He was very good at analyzing people. I said to him, ‘Is that so? I am also practiced in the art of getting to know what people are about.’ We kept talking about miscellaneous things and He asked me if I would care for a cigarette. I told him, ‘Yes please...but oh no, look at the time! The busses don’t run anymore- could I please maybe pay you two dollars to give me a ride home?’

‘Do you have a curfew?’

‘Yes, eleven o’clock.’

‘Well then, pay me one dollar and it’s a deal.’

I asked him what he liked to do. He told me with a cigarette in his hand- ‘Smoke cigarettes and drink coffee.’

‘Well now, you can’t make a living off of doing that, now can you? I simply mean, what is your job? Your profession?’

‘I’ve just told you. Smoke cigarettes and drink coffee.’

‘How do you get money for those things?’

‘I make deals!’

‘Well, do you have a house? Where do you live?’

‘Here.’

He then offered me a rolled cigarette. It was perfectly crafted into a cone shape- at which point, I asked him what his name was again, I had forgotten.

He told me his name was 'Henry Tudor.'

'Didn't you say that it was George Something?', I asked somewhat suspiciously...

He said he relates to Henry Tudor in that, if he were ever married he would chop his wife's head off, too.

That is Henry the Eighth.

'Okay, I want to know what exactly is your source of money!'

'I've already told you, I make deals.' All the while, keeping *perfectly* composed, when I was about to wet myself!

'Deals at a car dealership, or what??'

'I just do deals.'

'Deals in WHAT?'

'Anyone who wants to make a deal!'

'You can't just make a living by only making sporadic deals!'

'I just made money by making a deal with you, didn't I? I take you home, you pay me a dollar.'

'Yes...'

'And isn't it about time we get going, so you can make it home on time for your curfew?'

'Yes...'

'Well, lets get going.'

'Wait! Am I allowed to smoke in your car?'

'But of course!'

We walked to his navy blue truck about a block away. When I got in, I was overwhelmed by the sinister energy that encompassed me, as well as his darker than dark presence as he got in.

He turned on the vehicle and it emitted a thick cloud of smoke that enveloped the truck as I let out several screams. I had to! He told me to quiet down, so I did.

I rolled down the window and asked for a cigarette to calm my nerves. He gave me his rolling tobacco to roll one, so I did. Sir George drove absurdly fast- I couldn't help but let out a couple more screams as we sped past the bends and green lights en route to my house. Before I stumbled out of the car, I payed him my dollar and he said to me, 'Here's my number. Call me if you ever want to make another deal.'

He looked me in the eyes and I was penetrated by his severe gaze. This guy meant business.

When I got into my room, I turned on the radio to my favorite Classic Rock station and the radio announcers had just finished their chat show, and I got to hear my favorite song by the Rolling Stones!

“So if you meet me, have some courtesy- some sympathy and some taste- ah, what’s puzzling you is just the nature of my game, oh yeah.”

I just love Sympathy For The Devil. It has such a catchy chorus. But! But! But!....

I will NEVER contact that man, and I will NEVER go to the rendezvous cafe’ again, as long as I live!’

‘I’m so sorry to hear about all that happened to you, dear Esther! That man needs to be committed...’

We then got to practicing our Junk-Blues music...It’s a compilation of Rock ‘n’ Roll, Blues, Jazz, Swing, and a little bidda Punk. You will hear about it!

~THE END~