

lifestyle: PERSPECTIVE



**PAUL
DEVERE**

AND I nominate...

I am sequestered in my study where I have been ruminating for days, trying to cover all the angles, cross all the "i's," dot every "i." I have cancelled all meetings and taken little in the way of nourishment (one hot dog, two pickles, a Moon Pie left over from the kids' school lunches in June, gallons of coffee, five partially finished bottles of bottled water (our refrigerator seems to attract them) and a turkey and cheese sandwich, no mayo) in the past 24 hours.

I've put everything on hold: rent, phone bills, utility bills, credit card bills, a visit to my dentist. It's decision time! And I've made mine! No stone will be left unturned, no fight will be left unfought. There will be no holes in my loops!

"Dear? Are you alright?"

A voice of concern. Probably one of the downtrodden I intend to help. In my administration, no trod will be left down. Up with the trods! By their bootstraps if necessary!

"DEAR?"

My study door flies open. Ah, it is my wife, my soul mate, my beloved. Here, let us hold our hands high, in victory!

"Let me smell your breath," she requests and I, of course, obey.

I have finally come to a decision, I tell her. It has taken me, lo, these many days, but I'm revved up and ready.

"Please sit down, dear. What decision?" my paramour asks.

I sit. It's the decision of my life. Our lives. I'm going to run for office. I was just practicing my acceptance speech.

"What are you going to run for, dear?" my knowing bride quizzes me.

Since the Democrats have already made their decision and the Republicans have their ticket sort of all sewn up, I figure I should start small. We may have to move and sell everything we own, but ...

"Excuse me," my bride says. I can see by the

light in her eyes she's almost as excited as I am. "WHAT are you going to run for?"

Look at this, I tell her, pointing to the computer screen. There is this town in Nebraska that hasn't had a mayor in 17 years because no one wants the job! I was made for a life of public service. Instead of paying taxes, we get paid with taxes!

She reads: "Dix, Nebraska, population 259. Where is Dix, dear?"

I immediately feel her interest. It's very conveniently located, darling, right between Potter and Kimball off Interstate 80. It's a bit of a leap from the beach, but you could be in Cheyenne, Wyoming in two hours and Denver, Colorado in under four hours!

"I see ..." she enthuses.

Then there's Manville, Wyoming ...

"Population 97," she reads on the screen.

I could be the first mayor they ever had. We'd have to raise taxes first thing, of course, to meet my salary requirements. But with a federal grant ... more tax dollars coming our way!

"Dear?" My wife stands over me. I can feel the electricity jumping between us and I plunge on.

But why limit our choices to the U.S.? Look what else I found! There are these autonomous islands in Finland called Aland. They speak Swedish there, not Finnish, so we would have to learn, well, Swedish. It's sort of confusing. But there's a seat up for grabs in the parliament.

"I think I understand. You haven't finished our income taxes, even with the extension to August 15th, right?" my wife inquires, a total non sequitur if I've ever heard one and I tell her so.

"And I presume your new passion for public life means we're not getting a refund," she states.

I want to change things! I say, leaping out of my chair.

"Good," my beloved says. "When you finish the tax return, would you change the filter in the air conditioner?"

But Dix, Nebraska needs me! I shout, but she is gone. I sit back down glumly, staring at our unfinished tax return. Fortunately, I still have a couple weeks. □



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