

Dear Mr. President:

I've had to polish quite a bit of lead into gold in my time. It's not always an easy job. In fact it's never an easy job. I suppose the curse of being good at what I do is that I will be in demand in places where the work is most difficult. It takes ice water in your veins, a cast iron stomach, and a leathery skin clothed in titanium armor. With enough time being willfully numb becomes as much of an unconscious response as breathing. And that is why I have to offer you my congratulations for eroding though all of that to rattle even my atrophied sensibilities.

I don't normally have the luxury of having my own feelings about other people's actions. Tell the story, collect your paycheck, that's the job. I'm a mercenary for hire and I do what I do because I'm one of the few who is strong enough to do it. I'm not the hero of the people, I'm the hero of whoever signs my paycheck. And I have to tell you there are even times when I enjoy controlling the public's reality by manipulating the message. It's a seductive power. But there is a difference between containing an infectious disease and spreading small pox as a way to feed the poor.

You're a pathetic excuse for President, a sad and small man, a ghettofabulous peasant with a bank account, an inglorious slob with the nobility of a swamp rat, a recruiting tool for convents, and the poster child for sissy momma's boys. You pollute my existence. But that's okay because my job is to help craft the message. I'm a mercenary, a hired hand, doing the work and getting paid well to do it. I'll do my job. I'll do it well. But you may not like what happens when someone comes along with a better offer.

Sincerely,

A member of your staff