

# travis county bar association



## Entre Nous

by Claude Ducloux

### Election Special

Good grief. I can only hope that by the time you read this, you will have survived yet another election season with some sense of dignity intact. Certainly, few of the candidates can lay that claim. Just



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when we thought election politics couldn't go any lower, apparently, they have found shovels.

So, I'm sitting at home after a hard day of deciding which newly-created form the title company is relying on to avoid having to close in less than 90 days (last

week, it was the TX-149, "Disclosure of Duct-Taped Modality"), and I get this campaign call:

CALLER: Hello, Mr. Duxlock?

ME: Er, um,... close enough. Speaking. And what are we selling today?

CALLER: I'm here to insure that your family's future is secured during the next four years.

ME: How would that be?

CALLER: By making sure you vote for John Able: The only candidate in the Travis County race for Concierge who hasn't eaten children.

ME: What?? His opponent eats children? Real children? Is that even legal?

CALLER: Well, he eats gingerbread shaped like children. And it's a terrible example for dental hygiene.

ME: But he's not a cannibal, right?

CALLER: No, but his opponent has a number of bad habits which make him unfit for the important job of Concierge.

ME: Well, who is his opponent?

CALLER: Um... we're not actually allowed to say his name.

ME: Why?

CALLER: You might remember it, and mis-

takenly vote for him. And that would terribly affect your future.

ME: Well, what else is wrong with Mr. Able's opponent?

CALLER: He has missed three Visa card payments, and he drives a Gremlin.

ME: But doesn't your guy, Mr. Able, have tax liens and a history of bankruptcy?

CALLER: A victim of a collapsing economy. We're lucky to have a candidate with his plucky resilience.

ME: Hmm. Okay, what else has his opponent done wrong? I'm not impressed by the Visa card problem.

CALLER: He runs with scissors.

ME: What else?

CALLER: He rubs his feet on wool carpets to give people shocks.

ME: What else?

CALLER: He eats pie with a spoon. And no one has ever seen him give the hook 'em horns sign or seen him in a photo with Rudolph Giuliani.

ME: Hmmm...

CALLER: He also has a big butt. Am I getting anywhere with you?

ME: Maybe. Tell me more.

CALLER: Did I mention that he drowns kitties?

ME: He drowns animals?

CALLER: That's the word on the street. And he's responsible for the state's insurance crisis.

ME: Wait a minute, I thought that was Rick Perry,...or Tony Sanchez...or Trial lawyers...or evil insurance companies... Gosh. I'm confused about that one.

CALLER: Well, a vote for John Able will pretty much ensure that nothing bad happens ever again, and you'll have a great Christmas.



ME: Christmas? By the way, what does the County Concierge do?

CALLER: He's responsible for the dynamic interface of articulating strategies between fiscal management and operative legislation.

ME: Can you explain that for me?

CALLER: No. That's all we know. Can we count on your vote?

ME: Perhaps I should check out both candidates a little more thoroughly.

CALLER: That is your right. But know that his opponent carries deadly poisons wherever he goes.

ME: Deadly poisons? That's sort of frightening! What kind?

CALLER: Gastric juices. Liver bile.

ME: But we all have those, don't we?

CALLER: Maybe. But it never hurts to shine a light on the truth. So, can we count on your vote?

ME: Only if you promise never to call me again. Do you understand?

CALLER: Yes, sir. Thank you. Now, how large a donation will you be making to the John Able campaign?

ME: [click] • *AL*