Paul Pham

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Jamie Rogers

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RIP #3

 It had been 8 years since I had called upon my, for lack of better word, friend, Dan Old. There were few instances where we would be together. The first time I met Dan Old was when we stumbled upon each other at a party. When I met Dan Old I initially thought that he was some old fart crashing a college party. Dan Old was a middle-aged man who was about 6-foot-tall, chubby, and I assume would weigh in around 230 lbs. From the way, he dressed I could clearly tell he was a person of great wealth, whether he had worked for it or if he was fortunate enough to be born into it. As I watched Dan Old from afar, I realized he may have the looks of a successful middle-aged man, but that doesn’t mean he acts that way. The level of his maturity is that of an impetuous child whenever he gets into conflict with anyone. When he is around women, he would try to be as suave as he could be, but he would always face rough rebuttals due to his pitiful failure in seduction. He has a reputation for being very promiscuous and very cocky. Even though I knew this, I thought it’d be fun to humor myself with this fool. As I approached him to have a conversation we find ourselves getting along swimmingly. Throughout the night, he would encourage me to have a drink or few and introduce to me a few girls at the get-together. Eventually, he wanted to have conversations about serious topics revolving around society such as politics and social problems. I found it incredible that an old fool like him thought he had ideas about such serious concerns. Continuing to humor myself, I decided to let the bloke continue to discuss his ideas rambunctiously. Dan Old’s ideas to reform social problems like poverty or crime were quite horrendous. He insisted persistently that some groups of people, in which he refers to them as insurgents, are responsible for our problems. I thought he was getting a little carried away, that he will soon get settled down, but it only got worse. He went on with these strange bizarre rants of these “insurgents” demolishing society and that they are the root of the problems that everyday people face. He also went on to insist that the bureaucrats in charge of the government are corrupted and weak. “Take the power from the corrupt!” he said sternly, “And give it back to you, the people,” he added gracefully. At that moment, I realized I was talking to some megalo-maniac with a weird anarchist message in how the world would function in a better place. I laughed and scoffed, thinking his ideas were quite imaginative and no one would support these things. I jokingly called him an anarchist, insisting ideas like those would just put a society into chaos. After the event, I departed and that was the last time I saw Dan Old until recently.

 Throughout this 8-year gap he went on trying to spread his message and ideology. As expected, no one put any thought to it at first. As the government started showing no interest into the public’s wellbeing, he gathered the support he needed. On one fateful day, we crossed paths again, which ended in quick glances. The man that I thought was an idiot had now found his way to political power. He now started his own radical faction, planning a coup d’état against the reigning government. My talks with an imbecile had led to the formation of a monster that appears human. After the exchange we continued our separate ways, but now I was left with an incomplete resolve.