

Otherwise Blameless Life

In the courtroom, he appeared before the judge; he had been wheeled in, and was seated in, a wheelchair, attired in a prison green jumpsuit.

Upon this occasion, he was denied his silks. He wore his claustrophobia and his gout, wanly. His family, in attendance, reflected his predicament.

He was there for sentencing, after having been found guilty (by his peers?) of defrauding banks and the federal government.

The Fairness, Equity, and Justice Institute had set the guidelines for the sentence. Some kind of, follow the *quid pro quo*

The judge considered the guidelines excessive in their effort to effect retribution for such crimes.

This man before him had not committed a violent crime, He merely had taken advantage of certain opportunities to enrich himself; and if it wasn't for his association with a certain other individual (Individual #1), he might have escaped undetected, and might have been free to enjoy his silks, his fancy cars, and his palatial residences; and the ADMIRATION (and ENVY) of his fellow citizens (peers).

In his former life, he had worn a white collar, however unecclesiastical his misdemeanor.

When it was over, after all is said and done, he got some of what he deserved. His lawyer, upon leaving the courthouse, on the steps of the courthouse, had proclaimed, for ALL to hear: 'No Collusion'. Individual #1 applauded the statement: "See. I told yuh, No Collusion". Such a disgrace, what they have done to this good man; such a disgrace, I'll tell yuh".

(You would have to see this to believe it. A pomaded orange tinted toupeed individual, with an exceedingly loud red tie, and a flag in his lapel, standing in for the malfeasant, flaunting his best Apprentice manner. Such a Disgrace, Such a disgrace, I'll tell yuh.).