

*Senator Cold has had a long day. His staff has had him running around Memphis going to churches who hate his social views, shaking hands with elderly citizens who still think he and his Socialist Party are the modern incarnation of Joseph Stalin, and canvassing in a wealthy suburb whose residents convulse at the mention of taxes. He thinks to himself that he must fire his events scheduler, but one house in particular loved him, maybe a bit too much.*

*Senator Cold walks up to this particular house, and it is smaller than the rest. The grass is unkempt, and it has a notice on the door that the HOA is very upset with the owner. Cold thinks that perhaps this particular house might be more receptive to his message as he also loathes HOAs, and he is in luck for they do.*

*Cold rings the doorbell,*

“OH MY SWEET JESUS IN THE FLESH, IT IS COLD BREW COFFEE,” says a particularly excited woman on the other side of the door. “It is him, it is him, it is him,” she says as her knees shake and beads of sweat appear on her brow.

*She opens the door and standing in front of Cold is now a woman who appears to be in her mid to upper 40s. Her hair is long and frizzy, probably due to the humidity Cold thinks. She is wearing a long, satin bathrobe and bright pink slippers. Cold notices that on her wrist is a tattoo of the red fist of the Socialist Party. He doesn't know if he is happy or scared that this woman is his supporter.*

“My name is Elizabeth Freddingold. I have been a lifelong leftist, in school I started the Mao Zedong Appreciation club until the school shut it down. I then went on to become an activist. You do not know how happy I was last year when you and the other socialists banded together to form the Socialists. Oh god, I was nearly orgasmic, I thought the day of the revolution had finally come to America. I thought that you were the modern Lenin who would violently go to Washington and overthrow the bourgeois neoliberals who oppress us,” the woman continues to ramble on about liberals and communism while Cold thinks to himself, “oh no, this one is the true believer type, she probably has my picture up on her mantle. At least she'll vote for me.”

The woman continues, “You know, I used to have your picture up on my wall, it was right next to my portraits of Lenin, Marx, Stalin, Mao, and former Chief Secretary Mika. BUT I TOOK IT DOWN,” She yells, “YOU, YOU DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT SOCIALISM. They rightfully tried to purge you from the party, and then

you teamed up with that dirty liberal scoundrel Hurricane to try and become the Vice President. You bourgeois scum, I never vote in any election because it is neoliberal propaganda, but I went out and voted for GUNNZ because I didn't want your dirty filthy ass to be anywhere near the executive of this pitiful country. I hate you, I hate you, I hate you. You had the gaul to come back into the Socialists, you aren't a socialist. You are just as bad as Hurricane and the other Democrats. When the revolution finally comes you will be killed for being a counter revolutionary. You bourgeois scumbag."

*The woman then shuts the door in Cold's face. He is not really stunned by the encounter, as he has heard the same speech before. But this woman left him feeling down for the rest of the day. He immediately called his events scheduler and fired her. She was supposed to make sure no one in the neighborhood was kooky.*