

*Here we have Senator Cold B. Coffee as he kicks off his reelection campaign at the Fort Sumter National Monument in Charleston, CH: A crowd of around 150 people are in attendance under a cloudy, overcast sky with a 40% chance of rain. The temperature is mild, with a high of 66 and a low of 54, it is very windy.*

*The audience is murmuring, they are quiet, but not too quiet. Everyone came to hear the words of their Senator: man appointed, not elected. Can he win his first state-wide election in Chesapeake? He is not from the state, many call him a political hack who bounces around the country for opportunity. He recently lost the chance to become Vice President, so many in the crowd, made up of mostly college students and retirees who had time to come out midday on a Wednesday, and around the state wonder if Cold really cares about them. Many wonder whether he will offer real solutions to real problems or ramble on about crowd descriptions and the weather. Well, it is up to Cold to convince them.*

*Cold appears from behind the curtains on the outdoor stage. He is nervous. Months ago in his last bid to become an elected Senator in his native state, he narrowly lost. Now, after being appointed by the governor, his political ally, many wonder if he can actually win his seat. He is running against his onetime political friend, many forget that Cold was once a Republican where he was once in alliance with Mr. Flam in the Dixie Assembly. Many forget that bygone era as Senator Cold has gone through a transformation. Instead of seeking to limit the powers of the government to empower the working person, he seeks to build them. Cold believes that the government can be a force for good, and he knows it can happen.*

*Now, as the nervous Senator takes the stage, a thought emerges in his mind: should he ad lib his whole speech or read from the prepared remarks that his political strategist and marketing team thought up? He has an idea of what he would actually say, but he knows that he should not. If he were to ad lib, he would surely go off into rants and add expletives and other grotesque remarks that for whatever reason the media and common voters do not want a politician to say. Cold knows he is not alone in the political sphere in thinking that it is quite absurd that leaders have to speak in a certain way and actually*

*say what is on their minds. However, as he stares out into this small crowd that is assembled, he wants to turn off the teleprompter and speak his own mind. In a brief second that might make his campaign manager faint, Cold takes the microphone, walks to the right of the podium, away from the safety of the teleprompter, and takes a breath. Here is the moment that every public speaker dreams of, the moment to balk at the formalness of speaking rules, the moment of truth that grasps the audience's ultimate attention. He is about to speak, the words of a man caught in thought about to be pulled from the inner recesses of the folds of the brain; however, he hesitates for anxiety takes hold. Cold walks back to the podium, puts the mic back in its holder, sighs, and begins another long, boring speech about how voters should once again vote for him.*