

When I first saw him, I thought "there's more there to him than the Hat".

He was talking to his crew, I am not sure about what, but he tried to look professional and in charge. He waved them off and walked over to me. I stood up to shake his hand. It was a firm grip, although it felt like he was holding a china tea cup. He motioned to me to follow him to a small area where we could talk without too many ears turned to our way. His crew watched me walk away with him, one smiled at me as I floated by with him by my side.

We sat down on a pair of rickety chairs, his height seem to throw off his center of gravity, he kept shifting as though he was on a ship on perilous waters. I sat still, holding to the ground with my feet, my hands open ready to hear what he had to say.

He told me his concerns about one gentleman, someone who "wasn't playing the game". I responded "maybe he doesn't want to play? You can move forward without him, no one is that important that they are the linchpin, we can make do without him."

He leaned back and looked at me with a look that was so intense I could feel the heat from his stare. He put his hands down on his knees, looked up and said "yes, we can

move forward without him, he will jump on board when he sees us pushing forward without him".

I said to him "There is love after war."

We rose from our chairs and I started to walk away. He touched my arm and asked "May I call you later?"

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