

Jarsch
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English 11:8
Ordeal by Cheque

Dec. 8th, 1926

My stay in France has finally come to an end... What a failure! I was sure that marriage to the most powerful female politician in the world, France's Prime Minister, would ensure my victory as President of this country. At the end of these miserable two years, however, I am stuck without a wife or a job. One would think that after murdering my old love interest, paying for over \$500 in stupid flowers, decorating and adding to her large estate, and an engagement cruise where I presented to her a diamond ring, that marriage would be the next logical step in my plans. Truly, I would love to fulfill my dream of conquering Hawaii, but I just can't follow through. My son has tracked me to France on a fellowship to research military technology at the École Normale Supérieure de Cachan. Like Stanford, it was fully paid for, so I hoped he wouldn't pester me, but I am a celebrity in France! In October and early November this year, he invited me to dinner a few times so I could catch up on his college days and his success as a graduate student. Sure, these conversations started out harmless, but the inevitably the questions turned to his mother. She was a quiet woman... With few enemies, a trait I used to admire, but now recognize as just plain boring... Jr was suspicious from the get go. I wanted to avoid his requests for dinner, but that would be as bad as an admission of guilt... Something came over me during these conversations, however, almost a feeling of remorse. My smooth campaigning in the morning against Doumergue contrasts sharply with my tongue-tied alibis at dinner. Rather than dispelling his suspicions, I only made

them greater. During my Hawaii cruise, I had lots of time to ponder my situation. I knew my son would dig out my secret out sooner or later, so I decided to split. Losing my dream opportunity is better than being discovered as a murderer! At the beginning of the trip I thought it was to scout Hawaii for my future domination, but it turns out that it might have been the closest I'll ever get to that state. Funny how I could trick the most important woman in France into believing I was really spending my precious time on her engagement present. Soon after I arrived back home, I wrote him a check for 200K to try to keep him quiet, and left for the Ambassador Hotel back in the states. I guess "home" is the wrong word now. I wrote a note with my final flower present to my fiancée, just to show the press that I've gone away from politics. Now that a week has gone by, however, I feel a tad of remorse. I did a week after I hired Daisy Windsor too... I wonder where life's rollercoaster will take me now...

July 17th, 1931

I guess it's almost time to turn myself in. I finally figured out why that Tony Spagoni character has been hanging around me... He was just a spy for my darned son! I knew a smart character like that wouldn't stay around me if he didn't have a good reason. I assumed it was because he knew my past in politics... Since I moved back to the states, I've been laying low, staying at my home in Hollywood (not the nice one I used to own). I only left for groceries and an occasional show. A couple years ago I hit it off with a man at the theater, little did I know he was looking for me. Once a week, the only time I would leave the house would be to watch a show with this man, Tony Spagoni. I was

convinced that my caution could not possibly lead my angry son or French tabloids to my location, but this one pleasure sealed my fate. I told Tony everything, he was my only friend, my confidant. Yes... This included my hired murder and schemes to take over the world. Jr. finally tracked down my location on July 4th of this year and brought emotional rather than real fireworks. Tony confirmed all of his suspicions. I told him that I'd turn myself in, that I had no future anyway, but he wouldn't listen. Revenge was the only thought on his mind. By some strange twist of fate, the U.S. military's finest weapons engineer brought a faulty gun from France and it misfired... The bullet hit him right in the forehead. I immediately thought of moving into hiding again, but depression and fatherly instincts took over. I brought him to the closest hospital, but no doctor could ever fix that gaping wound in his head. At his funeral yesterday, I did the eulogy... I didn't lie, but I certainly did have to skip many parts. It's only a matter of time until Spagoni looks for Jr. and tells my story... I guess I better stop the omission.