

"TRUST"

by

OLAYIWOLA BABALOLA

mentatDUKE
Houston, TX

DEVIN

I'm a capitalist, not a patriot.
Patriotism is the new fascism and
I'm not much into fads. Data.
Information. Currency. That's all.
I deal in secrets and the power
they afford evil men. Why pretend I
joined The Company for anything
less than that? If we didn't try so
hard to control the flow of
information, it wouldn't be as
valuable, and there'd be no need
for people like me. But we do; and
there is. Former Soviets, Korean
generals, Shiite clerics. All of
them my customers. I turn no one
away. But there's a price. Not a
penny for my thoughts. Not a
fortune for my soul. Swiss accounts
don't come cheap and federal
employees are conveniently
underpaid. How do I get away with
it? I'm a people person. I know the
names of all my co-workers' pets,
and I never forget a birthday. I
can construct a lie in less time
than it takes to tell the truth.
And I always, always remember one
thing: Everybody wants to trust.
Trust me.