

children

by Jerry Ratch

Since I have never found any mention of children that you may have had in your writings, I've been a little reluctant to tell you this story. It may be a touchy subject for you...I don't know. It's a lot of conjecture on my part, but there's one indisputable fact. They say we all have a double somewhere, and I believe I found yours. In Louisville, KY of all places.

Around 1992 or so, I had to drive my brother-in-law to Louisville to some government office. The reason isn't important, but I think it had something to do with the Navy and moving from Florida back to KY. Anyway, the office he had to go to was located in a really large building and they had chairs and couches set up in the lobby for people who were waiting...and waiting. The lobby was huge and everything was made out of stone. The floors, the walls, and some really big columns were gray granite with some brown wooden doors that opened from the lobby to hallways where I assume all the offices were. There was a lady sitting behind a desk near the front of the lobby to check in visitors and there were, I think, 3 revolving doors where people came in.

I was just sitting in a chair "people watching" and my brother-in-law was reading something, thank god, and not looking at me. A man came thru one of the revolving doors and just the way he walked caught my attention. The man was in his early 20's, tall, thin, light brown hair (a little on the long side) with one of those mustaches that droop down both sides of the mouth. He was wearing a long trench coat and was obviously late for something, because he was walking so fast that his coat sort of fanned out behind him. But he stopped to talk to the lady at the front desk for a couple seconds, and that's when my heart had to stop beating and my face must have gone white. It was you. I mean, what you looked

like when you were about 21 or so. I saw him go thru one of the wooden doors and down the hallway. I watched him until the door closed and I finally started breathing again. I looked over at my brother-in-law and thankfully he was still just reading and didn't notice anything. I wanted to jump up and run down that hallway to find him and ask him his name but of course a person can't do that. Then I thought about asking the lady at the desk who he was, but how could I explain that to my brother-in-law? So I just sat there trying not to hyperventilate and stop my hands from shaking.

So, my question to you is...is there a chance in hell that there's a Pharaoh or Wolfie Jr. running around? Born maybe about 1968/69/70? I don't have a clue as to why he would be in KY, but either you have a kid out there who's the spittin' image of his daddy or you've been cloned. Believe me, there's no way I'd be mistaken about this.

I've wondered about this for years. I know it's a long shot, but damn...how can two people look so much alike and not be related? I'm sorry if I'm treading in sacred waters. I just thought maybe you've wondered a time or two yourself.

Well, I guess this might give you something to gnaw on for awhile! Better than an oxtail, anyway.

