

The Imposter

Mr. L. was a crazy old man I actually met a long time ago, who carried on about nothing.

He always wore a white suit, immaculately clean, and was known to brush the lint off the coats of his acquaintances.

He walked with a cane, which he didn't really need, and claimed to be buddies with unspecified "people in high places."

He drove a big car, for someone else it turned out since he was a chauffeur, but he didn't mind when it was mistaken for his own.

"I own half the world," he told me once, "and haven't yet made out my will."

He claimed to be a descendent of Alexander the Great and to speak forty-seven languages, all fluently of course, though no one ever seemed to know exactly what he was talking about.

It goes without saying that he made a million promises, which I too once believed in.