

JAMES TATE

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*The Great Man*

The great man wasn't afraid to walk among the people. He reached out and touched them as he passed. They looked astonished, and some of them audibly gasped. One woman fainted. The children followed him, whispering to one another. A man in a wheelchair struggled to keep up with him. Finally, the great man started running. He hopped the fence at the cemetery, and disappeared among the stones and mausoleums. People were scratching their heads and mumbling. "I guess that wasn't him," one of them said. "Oh, he's just shy," said another. "That man stole my wallet," an old man said. "Mine, too," said another.