

A Knight To Remember

As he rose to toast the Queen, a hush settled over the room. She was not amused. As the band played, he spoke in a clipped speech, louder and louder, to be heard over the band playing “God Save the Queen.” “How rude these colonials are,” she thought, “but we have to be kind. After all, he is the grandson of a Kenyan mess orderly who was also rude to our men-in-arms—until we taught him a real lesson he would never forget.”

Yet, she was proud when he addressed the Parliament in ringing tones—“We had a rocky beginning ... but it has been smooth sailing ever since.” She thought, “I have not seen such admiration since Sir

Henry Kissinger gushed that he had reported to us before even his own State Department. OOOH!—such unfeigned admiration. I will have to convince Philip not to kill this one when he comes back as a deadly virus! I was surprised that he brought up the thing about his grandfather—it might have gotten a bit sticky—but he acquitted himself most admirably.”

“We have never knighted a sitting American President, but he does have one knight in his administration. Our Sir Donald Berwick has done quite well in cutting medical care, and anti-Science Advisor John Holdren might as well be a Knight—but to knight a sitting President—that would be something. I know it will have to wait, but every time I see him or think about him, I shall think “Sir Doofus of Bumpkin.”

—Gerry Rose