

# Our Uncle Sam Buys a House

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Uncle Sam is at his desk in the dark, cavernous reaches of his office in Washington, District of Columbia, his face aflood in light from his iMac's 27-inch computer screen driven by the simultaneously-opened windows of *Zillow*, *Trulia* (one-in-the-same, but he is unaware), *Coldwell*, and *Craigslist*, too, for safe measure and not to miss the likelihood of an FSBO opportunity, while stirring a large red-white-blue mug of coffee perched precariously next to his keyboard tipped awkwardly by a pencil caught between cup bottom and desktop: he is oblivious though to this pending consumer disaster, shocked as he is by the continued drive to higher prices in areas of his country which should have by now, owing to the untiring efforts of the Fed to drive down inflation, and other phenomena, dropped far more than they have.

Although Uncle Sam is vastly in debt, as we know from the uncomfortable credit interview during his last car purchase (*see below*, [TheIndependentDaily.com](http://TheIndependentDaily.com)), and notwithstanding mortgage rates that have exceeded the wildest expectations of the average consumer of today, hovering around 7-1/2 percent, and although his savings passbook rate remains at far less than 1 percent, he, because he is Uncle Sam, after all, remains optimistic about America's future.

And, since being unceremoniously thrown out of his basement digs with Kamala Harris at her Naval Observatory residence, he's been sleeping in the back seat of the car he bought on time in Kingman, Arizona, being roused every night by Capitol Police for vagrancy and misdemeanors. (Being ejected from Harris' home was not all bad since he was tiring from the constant blast of James Brown and Drifters' music droning through the ancient floorboards until three in the morning and waking to find the lawn riddled with broken, empty Thunderbird wine bottles and the front windows shot-out.)

"I got to get the Hell out of here!" he thinks as he peruses the *Zillow* map for DC. A short time later, seated in his car with a full tank of gas, half-a-pack of *Camels* and a 20-ounce latte, he hits the highway instead heading for the absolute heartland of his country, Georgia. First stop, Savannah (historically revered as the place where Pulaski was shot in the ass and died shortly thereafter).

En route, Uncle Sam contacted an agent, a Mrs. Bellfinger employed by *Re-Century 18* in Georgia with an expertise in all homes of an Historic nature, even featuring some of her represented properties on her YouTube channel, ***This Amazingly Overpriced Home***.

Uncle Sam parked at the curb, shut-off the ignition and listened to the engine ticking while he surveyed the elevation of the historic 1885 home dressed in lavender and "old lace." He was a tad early for the appointment so he fired up another Camel and finished off the dregs of his latte. He needed to pee but, other than the curbside shrubbery, there was no other apparent place of relief, so, after taking off the lid to his cup, he carefully situated it on the edge of the seat, tilted slightly back and, after making the necessary

sartorial adjustments, released. Just at that point (wouldn't you know it!) Mrs. Bellfinger parked directly in front of Uncle Sam, and in his dismay he ejected urine on the front of his red and white striped pants leaving an obvious darker area growing around his crotch, to which he added the loss of the elongated ash of his cigarette. (As a fellow-American I was not proud of his appearance at that moment in time.)

Mrs. Bellfinger recognized him immediately from his many Internet postings by adoring *Fans and Terrorists alike*. Stepping from her car, she waved; he waved through the windshield and held up his index finger to signal, "Just one moment." She nodded. He searched the car for an old newspaper to shield his crotch and found two dated copies of the *New York Post* and *The Nation*, one of each. Quickly he chose the *Post* (given his locality) and eased himself out of the car keeping the newspaper in front of him until the stain dissipated. Putting his hand to his face he noted the smell of urine.

Mrs. Bellfinger extended a hand in greeting. Uncle Sam shrugged a bit and said, "I think I may have picked up a bit of a cold and I don't want to give it to you, but it sure is nice to meet you and thanks for taking the time to show me the place." He gave a little salute from the brim of his tall hat and caught the faint lingering odor of urine wafting from his hand.

"Now as I remember you're a single man, isn't that right, Uncle Sam?"

"Yes, single."

"You understand this is a very big house. It's more than seven thousand square feet, in fact. That's a lot of room to roll around in... and to *Hoover* by yourself without some domestic help: I presume you'll hire staff to help out with cooking and cleaning...lots of rooms for the hired help," she offered cheerfully.

"I guess I hadn't really thought about that. I hate to push a vacuum around and I usually eat out. Many good restaurants around?"

Mrs. Bellfinger smiled and swished her large frame around gesturing to the streets adjoining on all sides. "No. Just about only residential. Finding help isn't too difficult, though. We've got lots of *Colored* people always looking for work."

Uncle Sam let that pass. Then, "It is a big house, but people expect that of me. They anticipate that I'll live in a large house – a grand place. That's why I wanted to see this home, specifically. It looks big. You got a lot of 'em here in Savannah!" As an aside, "The color though is a little... I don't know. Maybe a bit strange for me. I don't wear anything lavender. Just straight old red, white and blue, you know."

"Well let's take a look then inside. Everything behind that lovely entry door just screams *Stately*. I've called the owner and it's ready to see so we might as well go in and poke around. You'll absolutely love the inside." Adding quickly, "It's furnished period-correct, 1880 or so. You'll feel right at home."

“Gosh. I was only a little more than one hundred years of age then. Remember it like it was yesterday.” Uncle Sam drops the paper in a nearby trashcan at the curb forgetting about his urine-soaked front. He gestures to the house. Mrs. Bellfinger drops her gaze and focuses on his crotch.

“We should go in and you can use the bathroom on the first floor reception.” Mrs. Bellfinger strides ahead to open the door and to avoid further embarrassment to Uncle Sam. “There you are Uncle Sam. The bathroom’s just off to the right. I’ll tell the owners we’re here.”

Thinking this would be an excellent time to wash his hands, Uncle Sam exits.

Mrs. Bellfinger is speaking to one of the owners as Uncle Sam approaches, wiping his hands on the front of his pants hoping to cover the still-wet urine. The owner smiles and turns to leave, “Well I’ll let you two get to it, ma’am. See you.” He leaves out the back door.

Speaking to Uncle Sam, “The owner says that he’s had a lot of interest in the home, so you may want to make up your mind after we see the place today, and make him an offer. Frankly, I couldn’t agree more.”

“Okay. That’s a fair suggestion.” Looking around he points at an oil portrait, circa 1800s, hanging in the front parlor-reception. “Say! I think I dated her. What’s her name? Do you know? She was a lot of fun.” He scratches his chin reflectively. “I’m sure of it. She looks pretty innocent there, but believe me, she had a way of *dunking for apples*, if you know what I mean!”

Mrs. Bellfinger issues a nervous laugh. “I’m sure I have no idea what you mean, Uncle Sam.” She fans her face lightly with her folder, unconsciously emulating a character in an overwrought and turgid Oscar Wilde play. Recovering, she continued, “You understand that this house has eleven bedrooms and as many bathrooms? As well, there is a full kitchen, study, and various other rooms all requiring day-to-day maintenance?”

“O, sure, I get that. I’ll probably just close off a few rooms most of the time and just live mainly on the ground floor. Everything I need is here.” He sweeps his hand around the grand entrance and staircase, then lifts his tall hat and scratches his head. “You know, though, the thing I do not get is that Georgia’s population has been dropping off over the last several years by a fairly large percent...”

“Yes, and?”

“And yet this house *sold for just a quarter of your asking price* – just about somethin’ like one million and change *only seven years ago*. Now you want *pretty near four million for it*. You know, four times as much.”

“Well that’s just inflation.” She dismisses his comment and points to the staircase. “Look at how grand this staircase is! Can you imagine bringing home the president of some country to this? How proud we’d all be! Truly, truly proud!” Hands together as in prayer telegraphing utter sincerity, she thinks.

Uncle Sam scuffs his boot on the rug a moment, gathering his thoughts. “But, *Georgia’s population has dropped by nearly two million since 1988* – more than thirty percent. Who’s going to buy these houses at these prices? I mean, really, who? Population’s down more than thirty percent and the home price is up about two-hundred and fifty percent from just seven years ago. How can you justify that?”

Indignant now, “Well I’m not the one who sets the prices, Uncle Sam. Let me remind you that it’s based on the seller’s opinion and market forces. Not mine. I have nothing to do with it. And there are just a whole bunch more homes for more money right here in this neighborhood. You know, comparatively, it’s a pretty cheap buy.”

“O, bullshit, Mrs. Bellfinger, if you’ll excuse me for saying so. A lot of my people want to live somewhere in a house of their own and they can’t. They really want a home of their own, but that’s a no-go anymore in our country for a large number of folks because of *just plain old greed*. You and I both know that. These old homes – and the newer too – are bought up by greedy people *and corporations* with money who just want to make more money without working, and you people, the agents and everyone else involved in this silliness, make it happen for them.”

Uncle Sam casts around in his mind, “At seven-and-a-half percent and a ridiculous asking price, who the hell can buy a house like this, other than someone like me who prints his own money?”

“Well some people have sold their homes and have much of the sales price at hand...”

“Californians, New Yorkers: You’re right. I forgot to include the less intelligent of my people. Besides, even though I’ve got more money than Jesus, doesn’t mean I want spend it on a house this big that I have to clean, fix, heat and cool – don’t forget *cooling* here in Savannah!”

Bellfinger turns to leave, “Well I never!”

“Sure you have. I can see that in your eyes, but I need a place more in keeping with my heritage of austerity and common sense. Obviously Savannah doesn’t work.” He turns to leave, “Want a Camel?” holding out the pack.

“Unfiltered?”

“Of course.”

“Yeah...” (dejected). “Say! I’ve got a two bedroom Condo for half-a-million: Interested?”

Uncle Sam shakes his head.