

Waiting for Dylan

by [Armando Simón](#) (March 2024)



The Oak, by Charles Harold Davis, 1903

A balding, stocky man paced leisurely in a park before a majestic oak tree, so huge and old its extended thick branches would have touched the ground if not for concrete supports that had been set up to support the heavy branches. On one arm he sported a tattoo, a picture of a thick trident with shortened handle. On the other arm, there was a tattoo of the Gadsen flag. He wore a handgun inside a belted holster, and he

was waiting for a friend who finally showed up; a shorter thin man wearing glasses and a goatee.

“Ah, there you are, Denton,” said the newcomer.

“Now, Chester, where else would I be? I told you exactly where I’d meet you.”

“I don’t suppose Dylan has arrived.”

“Do you see him?”

“Well ... no.”

“Then, he’s not here, now is he? Besides, he told us he wouldn’t tell us what time he’d come in order to keep the authorities in the dark. Anything new with you?”

“No. You?”

“Nothing,” responded Denton. A few minutes passed as they enjoyed the air and Chester looked over the tree.

“It’s beautiful,” Chester remarked looking up. “You know, this tree’s over 200 years old.”

“I hope Dylan finally gives the word so we can launch the civil war!”

“Oh, that’d be terrible! Besides, he’s never even mentioned a civil war!”

“Chester, for all practical purposes, the civil war has already started! It started when Antifa began to attack people and put them in the hospital simply for holding a prayer vigil. It started when censorship became widespread, and news and films were replaced with propaganda and fake news. It started when elections became fraudulent. We have to fight back! Now! Before it’s too late! Come on!”

“Denton, I *know* things are bad in the country, but violence

isn't the solution. It's barbaric. Violence never solved anything."

"Neither did wishful thinking." He started to walk away in disgust, then turned right around. "'Never solved anything,' eh? Chester, did you sleep through World History class?"

"Come on, man, we have to appeal to the moderates, to the undecided." He turned around. "Oh, I wish Dylan would get here and tell us what to do."

"Undecided, eh? Hell, if they haven't seen what's right in front of their faces by now, they're blind! Children being encouraged in schools to become fags? And the FBI labeling the parents who object to that brainwashing as 'racists' and 'terrorists'? To hell with them!"

"It's just that the idea of a civil war can't be the only solution. There's got to be another way. If they take the low road, we should take the high road."

"Yeah. You mean take the high road right straight into a concentration camp." He walked over to one of the low hanging tree branches and touched it both for reassurance and in affection. "I just hope Dylan gets here and gives the go ahead. My militia group's ready."

"Did you hear what Benson said?"

"Who's Benson?"

Chester's eyebrows arched up. "You don't know Benson? I'm surprised you don't know who he is! He's one of the few clandestine radio program hosts now that the rest of them have been arrested and their programs shut down. He said half of the membership in militia groups are made up of FBI agents. That, or FBI informers."

"Not my group! They're hard-core patriots!" Denton felt personally offended.

"Benson said that the ones who talk the loudest and urge reckless acts, those are the ones you gotta watch out for."

"Aww, what does he know?" Nonetheless, the militia leader had his doubts now. After all, it made sense. "All I know is they'll take my guns away from my cold, dead hands!"

"I also heard that more and more liberals are realizing that they backed a totalitarian mob. I'll bet you they'll start to come around. You'll see. All we have to do is wait."

"Yeah, well *I* heard Orozco say that we *shouldn't* wait. The balloon has already gone up, and we're just standing around, twiddling our thumbs."

"Orozco is a hothead," said Chester. "We need to appeal to liberals' hearts and minds."

"They have no hearts, and their minds are diseased. They're the ones who started this totalitarian movement."

"See, now, Denton, it's that attitude that gets us nowhere."

"Jesus, Chester, what's it going to take to get you riled up?"

"Yes, Denton! I *know* the country's in bad shape, I *know* we're inches away from a totalitarian dictatorship ... but we shouldn't rush and do something that later on we'll regret and wish we could undo it. They're just waiting for us to do something stupid—like we *always do*—just so they can solidify their hold on the country. Just like happened in Venezuela when they tried to overthrow Chavez, failed, and then the country became a dictatorship. Besides, you know how the media distorts everything." He paused and looked around with a pained expression. "Oh, I wish Dylan would get here. He'll save us, I know he will."

They both fell silent and stayed that way for a long time.

Denton muttered something under his breath.

“What?” asked Chester.

“Nothing. I was just saying they’ll take away my gun from my cold, dead hands,” he replied in the belligerent tone that he always used when saying it.

“Oh. Yeah, you’ve said that before.” Chester looked around. “Maybe he’s not coming.”

“He’s coming, he’s coming. Just you wait. We just have to be patient.”

“I didn’t bring my cellphone so my movements wouldn’t be tracked down. Now, I can’t do any online shopping,” he joked.

“Yeah, me neither. I’ve got some great pictures of my new girlfriend in my cellphone.”

“Did you hear they’re serving crickets as food in school cafeterias instead of meat? They claimed it was to stop global warming.”

“Yeah, I heard. But that’s old news,” said Denton. “That’s because cows eat plants and produce flatulence, and methane’s a greenhouse gas, warming up the planet. So, they’re killing off all the cows. Except a few are being held back for the benefit of the elites.”

“You know ... vegans eat plants, and they also break wind. Maybe they should be killed, too,” Chester joked.

“By the way, how’s the wife?”

“Same as always. Except getting fatter.” They both chuckled. “Hey, look over there.”

A couple of policemen were walking casually towards the tree, or towards them. They did not have a hostile expression on their faces, and they talked casually among themselves as they approached. Chester and Denton assumed casual poses and

expressions, waiting for them to go by.

The policemen came up to them and one of them said, "You're both under arrest. Put your hands behind you backs."

"What's the charge?" Chester asked.

"We'll tell you later," replied the officer. Chester complied.

The other one addressed Denton. "Hand over your gun," he said, and Denton complied with warm, live hands. "Now put your hands behind your back."

As both men were handcuffed and were being taken away without any problem, one of the policemen glanced back at the tree and said to his companion, "That tree back there needs to be cut down. It's an eyesore." His partner agreed.

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Armando Simón is the author of *Fables from the Americas* and *A Prison Mosaic*.

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