

Diplomacy

Diplomacy was hanging out in the Club, patiently explaining its concerns to War and Anger. Peace chatted with Envy in one corner, Jealousy with Love in another. Only Friendship was concerned with what Diplomacy was saying. War and Anger listened with obvious impatience as Diplomacy told them: settle disputes by knowing what the other side wants and letting them have it (or think they have it.)

Diplomacy knew that diplomats are similar to a salesperson in a shoe store: a nation walking in should walk out with new shoes (even if not what they first wanted.) Or a new used car. Or government policies.

Diplomacy had been stable for centuries. Princes believed they had to be feared (if possible loved.) The power dynamics of nations and people are identical—in a couple of work relationship, someone dominates (with usually some compromise making it work.) Give little, get more.

Bullying had always been an issue for Diplomacy. Caesar. Napoleon. Stalin. Foghorn Leghorn. Diplomacy tried to discuss the situation with Politics, but Politics was thrilled. So was Fear.

Diplomacy realized it was living a lie.

It visited Truth, which lived in a cave by the ocean in Hawaii. It was rougher than the Club, but organic. And there were visitors, asking for autographs.