



Bar Menu

Good day

Bad day

X amount fennel juice
X amount X kind of gin
X amount sugar
X way of stirring / shaking / combining

Terrible news
Thx for letting us know

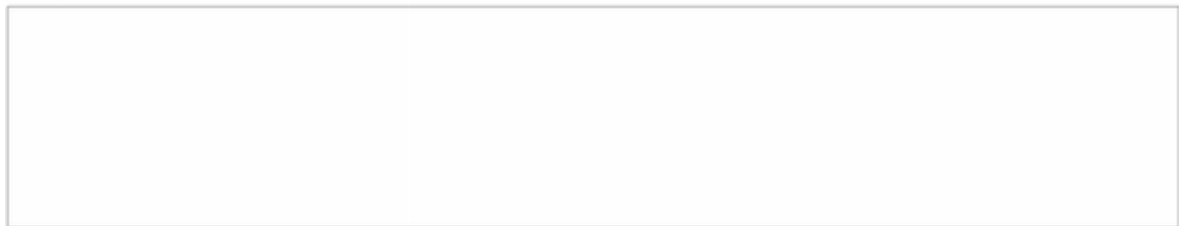
----- Original Message -----

From: John Podesta

To: 'dband' <[redacted]> <millscd@state.gov> <millscd@state.gov>

Sent: Sat Apr 24 20:09:37 2010

Subject: Bad news



X amount of mezcal
X amount of oolong tea
X amount of honey sage ice cubes
X way of stirring / shaking / combining



We climb the last stair of the bakery and open the hatch: afternoon light hits us from the west, the smells of weeds and flowers release as we step across the uncut grass of the island. We pause and look across the pond to the slope on the other side. There has been some construction since the last description of this place. Now concrete terraces form a small amphitheater following the line of the hill. A few people sit on the stairs under light gray and middle gray and black umbrellas, their poles slanted, leaning into the hill. The trees have been blown by thousands of years of wind, bent parallel to the poles.

You look back at me from halfway across the pond, your feet appear to float on the water, “we’re late.”

I step onto the clear bridge. “Yes, I’m coming, Henry. I hope we have enough fennel juice today. This pitcher is heavy. Do you have the candles?”

“Yes.”

When we reach the other side we walk up part of the hill and then some terraced steps to a cooler off to the side. Next to the simple syrup, ice cubes and gin I place the fennel juice. A small box of gray and black cocktail umbrellas sit on a tray with glassware.

I look across the pond to the island and it is an island in a murky pond in afternoon light.

