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# Short Interview with Dr. Love

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Journo: welcome back doctor.

D.L.: well it's been 15 years when we last shared a Tequila Sunrise.

Journo: what have you been doing all these times?

D.L.: I'm still obsessed with my little project, writing the memoir since 2013, and the last three years with a ghost writer.

Journo: what's taking you so long?

D.L.: life is a journey and it's been a complicated journey for Dr. Love. New events keep occurring while and as he writes. He encounters obstacles even as we speak.

Journo: you know I've following your website ([www.drlove.club](http://www.drlove.club)). Looks like you have gone into exile with your tail between your legs. What happened?

D.L.: well people are watching me, every breath I take, every move I make, and every song I sing, they've been watching me.

Journo: who are they?

D.L.: they should know who they are, the rumourmongers. They spied in my Zoom meeting with my ghost writer the other week, picked up on some of my remarks, and then twisted them, exaggerated them, added some spin, and even lied about them.

Journo: what's for?

D.L.: well trying to scare the new Angel into believing that Dr. Love is insane, a monster baby. How would the Angel know if they were telling the truth, nothing but the absolute truth?

Journo: So are you a monster baby?

D.L.: absolutely not.

Journo: but we've heard from the rumourmongers that you've gone into the guillotine business.

D.L.: well the little flirting thought told me that I need get into some action. So I went shopping online. Amazon replied that they sold the last guillotine beheading apparatus back in 1895.

Journo: are you going to construct one?

D.L.: Dr. Love is no handy man, but he has three hands, one spare one for his hobby while the other two hands operate the computer, if the rumourmongers have you to believe it.

Journo: you are funny, but we've heard that you have been involved in stabbing incidents.

D.L.: true

Journo: so how many people have you stabbed?

D.L.: a dozen or so.

Journo: how many had died?

D.L.: none, just loss of pride and opportunities for the victims.

Journo: how so? Have you been arrested?

D.L.: I only stabbed them in the back.

Journo: that could still kill.

D.L.: not if you stab them in the back by conspiracies and schemes.

Journo: now, I've got it. You mean you been back-stabbing people.

D.L.: back-stabbing? Is that how you say it? I'm sorry my English is limited. You know even tourists walking the street don't ask me for direction. They think I don't speak a word of English.

Journo: look can be deceptive.

D.L.: you bet. Façade is the only thing that people judge you.

Journo: is this why you are a lonely man?

D.L.: well, there are bartenders who have shown interest, but none have put in a song request.

Journo: why is that?

D.L.: well the rumourmongers have been trying hard to break any bond from forming by distorting truth and telling lies.

Journo: But will the bartenders buy into your excuses? They are frightened of you and your little flirting thoughts. Please explain.

D.L.: little flirting thoughts are just that – little flirting thoughts. They go into one ear and out the other without commands or consequences. They don't bother him. Dr. Love's mind and soul are always in control. Look at the facts, after nearly 20 years of little highs and little lows, there has been no DV, let alone swords and guillotines. I've got peaceful and easy feeling, and I know she won't let me down.

Journo: keep the faith?

D.L.: keep the faith!

Journo: would you be the last man standing when everyone else have left the scene?

D.L: yes, you bet, the last man standing.

Journo: time for drink.

D.L: I'm dying for a Strawberry Muddle.

Journo: you mean Muddled Strawberry drink.

D.L.: I've told you mine English are limited. I'd better get into the manuscript and change that.

Journo: you'd better put the ballerina into your memoir; otherwise she's going to kill you.

D.L.: yes, kill me with her French kiss. I got go. I got to attend my tango class.

Journo: may God save the Captain, 'cause no one will save Dr. Love!!!

(Fading into the distance: Dr. Love crooning ... .. I want be just as close as your Holy Ghost is and lay you down on a bed of roses.)

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