

It was the period of the election in New York. Several candidates were running, coveting the illustrious post of mayor. It was a race that bored the people; no one wanted to hear about the empty promises of their local politicians or the vitriol filled debate, until that fateful day.

A scandal decimated the credibility of those that pretended to the post; the rumor of risky photos and salacious tweets were credited to one unknown candidate, named Anthony Weiner. To his shame, he had to retreat, to recap from his popularity loss, but from this emerged a fresh form, a new being, that would take over city hall without opposition.

His name was Carlos, Carlos Danger. A name who reeked of passion, danger and travel; however, the activities were the same, much to the pleasure of some and the displeasure of other. Although skilled with a cell phone, he was unaware that his pictures were circulating on Google and other sites.

The media tried to take him down, claiming that he was an immoral monster whom the people didn't want to see. They claimed that we had to think about the children and the virgin eyes of those that deny themselves of the pleasure of life. Fox News, ABC, MSNBC, the Washington Post... such an alliance would have been impossible before, the struggles of ideologies keeping them apart but in this case, it was enough to gather them, to crush the common foe.

One could have expected the people to react the same way as they did toward his real identity, shaming him, destroying the image he was trying to project, but the result was the contrary. People cheered for Carlos Danger, for he knew what they truly desired, what their heart and mind wanted. He was the answer for the common denominator, the one that was ignored and always taken for granted; he was for now their savior, listening to their woes, giving them new dreams.

Even so, voters are fickle and he understood that quite rapidly, cutting all links between him and his old identity; he wasn't Anthony Weiner anymore, but Carlos Danger, the one that would bring change to the city, one photo at the time.

The media labeled him as a nutcase, as a clown that was out there to make a mockery out of the institutions while the parties in power saw his presence as a threat. He was a man on a mission, that didn't need a party to guide him toward his destiny. He knew the people wanted change, but he also knew that this desire was nothing more than appearances; the day of the election, there was a great chance that they would forget him, voting for their usual candidate instead, unable to give a chance to those that subscribed to the parties.

He had to strike big, to impress them and mark their mind, to carve his name in their imagination. There he was, in a public setting, against his opponents, readying his plan while his adversaries were debating on the importance of lowering taxes, unable to stimulate the crowd listening to them. It wasn't their goal, after all; all they needed was to be present, to pretend that they cared the issues, so when the election would come, they would be able to improvise on the issues on hand.

He had to make his move before the crowd fell completely asleep; without hesitating, he removed his pants and undergarments, shouting to the crowd ``It's it better than the pictures, isn't it?``

The act was shocking, indecent, but fitted the character he created, the new man he was now. He had a dream and he was sharing it with the people, in the only way he knew; this was the beginning but soon, it could bring forth many change, he thought.

The air felt good on his naked chaps, as security was starting to surround him. He just hoped that the voters wouldn't forget him...