



"You're on in forty minutes Your Highness, oh and I apologize, but I've been told to change the tie you're wearing."

Shitbag. Always telling me what to do, who the fuck does he think I am? What a treat to squish this particular one into a powdery fine nothingness. Is it the way he speaks? The way his voice squirrels away at the end of each sentence, in an odd, skittery, panicked way? Like his voice is scared of his vile, blackhead-speckled nose so it attempts to run from it at every chance.

"What did you call me?"

"Sssorry Your Highness?" shitbag says.

"My name, what did you call me?"

"Your Highness, I called you 'Your Highness', Your Highness."

The beautifully reactive vibration of nerves. Meaty barometers, love it!

"Yeah, that's what I thought. From now on, you will refer to me as Caesar, with a big 'ol capital C. Think you can do that?"

"Sorry Highness?"

"No wait, God! I want you to call me God. When you need to ask, or, as is more often in your case, *tell* me what to do, you will call me God, as in, 'God, will you please engage in this pointless charade for me?' Clear?"

"Ah, yes, yes Your Highness."

"Highness?"

"I mean, yes, yes God."

"Very well then. Proceed."

"Right, Highness, I mean God. Sorry, sorry! As I was saying, we need to change your tie to one that is paisley with Corp silver. We have promoted paisley as the pattern of reason on Palettes for the past two months and your tie needs to align with the strategy, God."

He hung *God* out there at the end with a short pause both times. Is he mocking my new title? Is he fucking with me?

"Fine, whatever asinine tricks you want to employ, please feel free to use my body as your canvass you flapping donkey twat."

"Ok, God. James will arrive momentarily with your tie."

He did it again! Hung it out at the end, sarcasm, his squirrely voice tucking its tail and running away with my title in a bloated cheek.

"Fine, tell that peckerwood to knock first."

"Of course, God."

Shitbag! Again! He *is* fucking with me!

"Say My Name?" Sidle close, hook around him, belly to belly. An exhalative jet of musky lunch truffles targeted directly to his polka dot snout.

“Sorry?” Gulps.

“My name, SAY IT.”

“God?”

“Yes, louder. It's not a question dipshit.”

“GOD.”

“Go on.”

“GOD!”

Inky black pupils slung beneath an instant forehead sheen. Curious odors blooming from the squeak of an poorly controlled sphincter. Lesson learned.

“Good, now get out of here and don’t ever fuck with me again.”

So many years and still can't tell the difference between Irons and Platinums. Certainly not for a lack of trying. Francisco, yeah, he was cherry, a Diamond in Iron clothing. The other two candidates, what *were* their names? Dipshit 1? Dipshit 2? Both lifted from the same mold as the poorly cast Platinum handlers lurching indecisively around this enterprise. Mushy, unsure, jittery. Synapses a klick wide at best. Take this James schmuck, and that straight line one could draw from his lower lip to his clavicle. Are you joking? He’s to put my tie on? What the hell does a turtleneck know about a tie? The crap to tolerate. That other shitbag, Mr. Paisley. Both hopeless.

What was it Dipshit 1 said when pressed, ‘Uh, huh? I don’t understand. Huh? I just don’t understand. What? I don’t think I’m feeling well. I don’t understand. Huh? I think I’m going to be sick!’ Ha! The look on his face as he lunged from his chair, ran for the door. Priceless. And Dipshit 2, what's more classic than ‘because I will do well by you, sir.’ Seventeen years old and probably still wakes up with wet boners and illusions

of success provided he works hard, makes good choices. Sad. A waste of my time, really, but funny as well. Sad, horny, naive; a bittersweet cocktail to swallow. Enough. Focus. Need to rehearse. Thirty-five minutes till show time.

Ahem, "...but let's get to the main reason why I'm here before you today. Without further ado, it is with great pleasure that I present to you an amazing, *fully* subsidized technology that will greatly enhance every citizens' ability to communicate, and to fully enjoy all the wonderful entertainment options available in the marketplace. Ladies and gentlemen, introducing -"

Knock, Knock, Knock

"WHAT THE FUCK!"

"Dad?"

"Hudson? Hudson, my boy! Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in, come IN!"

"I catch you at a bad time?"

"Good God no! What brings you here my boy, fruit of my generous loins!"

A thing of beauty. Twenty-eight-year-old CEO of Barristers Inc. Hotshot attorney-whipper, barrel-chested Lord of the Sophists. Oh, how the chicken skin draws in, secures, the family jewels in its protective hug, keeping them warm and safe. Infinite possibilities.

"Just in the neighborhood and thought I'd stop in, wish you well on your big announcement today."

"Who are you kidding? Come over here and give your father a hug!"

The tip of his nose nearly touches his future reflection on approach. Same boxy jaw, an identical pair of eyes, a familiar smell even, and the same pair of swinging bull balls bowing his gait outward. One-hundred percent *Beatus*, maybe something beyond, built from the best stuff on earth. Ah, the joy of the time-traveling mirror. To crawl into his body, take the reigns of youth once again. To hump this world dry.

"So tell me, what are the donkeys over at *Barristers* working on today?"

"Well, the big push at the moment is an evaluation of the cost-effectiveness of cleaning up and reclaiming some of The Wastelands. Several industries are interested in expanding operations, provided of course, there's a clear return, so a joint-venture may be in the works should the money pan out."

"Cleanup The Wastelands? What the hell for? Why throw good money after bad?"

"Well, there is concern the old studies used data that wasn't scrubbed, *clean*, if you will. I suggested that we cleanup the data, take a fresh look, but one of the engineers said we have SOAP issues. So, now I'm working my industrial connections to get my hands on a thousand tons of suds while the engineers investigate the possibility of collecting new data."

"Sounds like a waste of time, money and soap. I imagine you could get a better return on investment by reanimating the Philosophy, Anthropology, Dance and Music Departments at Education Inc and push courses to clueless Irons, bored Platinums. Come to think of it, know what you could do? You could stage an all-star cast from *HFWYG* cycling through as professors. Stream it exclusively on Palettes, incentivize classroom disruptions, call the series *Bully*. Imagine that, a lecture on Kantian Perpetual Peace cut

short by a classroom brawl, brilliant! *Hrmm*, may need to write up a proposal, send it to Alain. Anyway, why the need for more space anyhow?"

"Several reasons. Victuals Inc wants to expand it sewage harvesting facilities, Electronics Inc needs a new factory, Healthcare Inc wants to expand their new patient conveyor-belt system, and the list goes on. The beast must grow!"

"Indeed it does, but I don't get it. The Membrane works efficiently and at a low cost shared by all. Plus, there's plenty of room inside the Membrane if everyone would agree to take the obvious next step in sociological evolution."

"You mean doze?"

"Of course I mean doze. How many years has it been discussed in private circles? Huh? And all that ever comes of those discussions are concerns about some Dhalyte Spring. It will never happen, mark my word. Bump the Dhalytes into The Wastelands, doze The Piles, resurface, rebuild. Badda bing Badda boom! Let the Dirts take it, the unending, charred expanse of it. Instead of throwing money into impossible cleanup projects, focus the money on directly satiating the consumer base; faster communication towers, new shows, complete neural integration of devices. Hell, have the engineers develop a new sense, or something, anything, to stimulate new marketable opportunities. You know that's it, that's it right there! A new sense. Another dimension of perception, stimuable with new gadgetry. Let's see...the ability to sense... cowards! No, wait...fear! That's it, the ability to sense fear! A little protuberance that sits right here, in the middle of the forehead like an auxiliary nose, capable of detecting and translating whatever human secretions are emitted when a man locks up, frozen with fear. Call it, ...hell, call it the fearometer! No no no, we can do better. Call it the phobiameter, no,

phobometer.....NO!, phobosceptor! Yeah! The phobosceptor! Hold it, I'm onto something here. Wouldn't it be amazing if you could, instantaneously, generate an exhaustive list of a person's most deep-seated fears and leverage them in the moment, in real-time!

Imagine the opportunity for highly individualized marketing campaigns, I'm talking GDP through the stratosphere. There, right there's some perpetual growth for the beast! Work longer and harder only to buy more shit to keep your deep-seated fears at bay! The circle of money! Velocity baby! Or better yet, imagine how exciting a debate would be if both parties wore phobosceptors! Under that sort of duress, only a true man could rise to the top, a man born supreme among the rest, a....., a....., a Homo Virtus! Holy shit, I think I just discovered a new human! Get Bhoyle on the horn immediately!"

"Wow! Really, wow Dad! I've told you before, your mind is far too scientific to waste on politics."

"Yes, yes son you are probably correct, but you must understand, the id cannot be fed on numbers alone! Hold on, give me a second, one second."

"Note to Palette"

"**Palette ready.**"

"First note, fear sensor called the phobosceptor, second note, *Bully* series featuring *HFWYG* stars teaching, end Note."

"**Notes saved.**"

"Toss me that towel would you son, I just broke a sweat."

The towel glides soft across my face, the thought of sniffing out a man's hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia before deftly dismissing his policy proposal as a cynical "floccinaucinihilipilification of the truth" in a critical debate. Tears of anguish

stream down his pathetic face, salty-sweet victory! Black-purple shadows, Hudson's handsome face eases back into perfect focus.

“So, anyway, think it will work?” Hudson inquires.

“What, the phobosceptor?”

“No, I’m sure that will work. I mean the subsidy today, do you think it will calm the herd?”

“Oh, right, I nearly lost myself! Science, it just carries me away at times. Work? Of course it will work, when have the subsidies failed us? These dog turds will eat it up. How does that saying go? The busier I am the less I do?”

“Scientist, Politician, and Philosopher. Dad, you set the bar too high!”

“Don’t worry son, it’s in you, most certainly it's in you. Give it time to blossom. With age comes wisdom, with wisdom comes titles and titles wield the remarkable ability to self-generate even more wisdom and more titles! Eventually, authority by virtue of authority alone!”

He's working through it. There's no need to have concern for this young man. His occasional ripples of confusion, merely a poker play. A ploy to reel in the vulnerable for an easy meal. Look at the way his eyes glass over. He plays possum with a method actor's emotional precision! This old fan won't fall for it though, no way Huddy my boy!

"Uh, so I ran into mom last week?"

"I'm sorry, *mom*?"

"Patricia?"

Those expectant eyes! Hudson, my boy, I must have known a hundred Patricia's in my lifetime, let's not pay these games!

"Patricia Cheung?" he says, "Patricia Cheung, *your* ex-wife, *my* mother?"

"Oh! Oh right, right, yes. But I thought you knew I assigned them numbers? I thought we discussed this recently?"

"Numbers? I don't recall anything about numbers. Assigned who numbers? Does this have anything to do with the goddamn soap? Did those stupid-ass engineers also start bitching to you about the soap I ordered?"

"Soap? What? No, nothing to do with soap whatsoever. *Hmmm*, guess I must have imagined it, although I could have sworn. Anyhow, about the numbers, I'll catch you up. You see, for the past few years I've endured constant haunting by one of the earliest ones, Belinda Mayford, number two to be precise. She would call and call and call and call and call. Fuck! I'd set up a block and she'd tear it down. I'd set a call filter and she would scramble her origins. I'd gate with an auto answer to detect her voice signature and she'd use preceding conduits. Well, I finally established a technologically impenetrable barrier, but she went old school on me, started worming through actual people to get to me until presto! One day the crazy beast waltzed into my office, started making deranged financial demands beyond the nuptially-oriented contract, caused quite a stir. So, that afternoon I established the *EX Number Policy* organization-wide. Pictures of each EX along with a unique identifying number for each were distributed along with a rule never to use anything other than the prefacing word 'Number' along with the respective spouse's actual number when referring to each. I must say, things have been much quieter since, no name mix-ups, a 100 percent blocking rate! So, to the point, your mother, should be referred to as Number 4 going forward please."

"Oh Ok, smart. I religiously number my undershirts just to be on the safe side."

"Hudson, focus, far too tangential. You were saying about Number 4?"

"Yeah, so, I must say mom was quite a wreck. She spotted me walking on Rand Street, took up my arm and started asking why I hadn't returned her calls. Unsolicited, she said she was on the verge of being booted from her shared spot in The Blocks, shameless huh?"

"Yeah quite. If I recall correctly, Number 4 was a brazen one, forever felt she deserved something on merit alone and always managed to put her hand out with a puppy-dog alacrity. And so you did....what?"

"What could I do? I was trapped. I waved her some Credits, gave her a fake priority gateway to me, apologized for having to run off to an emergency meeting but begged her to reach out to me ASAP, public congeniality being so critically important for men of our stature."

"Smart boy, always thinking on his feet! Since we're on the topic, have you heard from that sister of yours?"

"What sister?"

"Oh, right, my mistake. I meant to say brother, busy day son, busy day, you'll have to bear with me!"

"What brother?"

"Oh, never mind. Must be Number 5. Well anyway, what's on the docket next at *Barristers?*"

"Ah, more of the usual churn, nothing too out of the ordinary on the horizon. Victuals Inc is suing Sanitation Inc for unreasonable market encroachment. Sanitation filed a counterclaim alleging anti-competitive practices. Victuals filed a double counter

seeking an injunction against Sanitation, a service company mind you, for all non-service sales. Countering that injunction, Sanitation filed a triple based on the inherent illegitimacy of a 'poo-peddler' requesting the court to issue directives. To that, Victuals filed a quadruple positing dual claims of slander and corporate douchebaggery of the highest order, namely, name calling."

"Oh fascinating, I didn't realize there were quadruple counterclaims now."

"Yeah, precedent was established yesterday, so we filed the quadruple this morning. These so called daisy chain suits are all the rage at the firm because they permit us to bill a single attorney hour multiple times based on work done on associated counters at the tail end of the chain. We are hoping to break the company-wide record this year by billing a single attorney's 18 hour work day for more than 1,200 hours. With daily overtime rates and special case billing that is quite a nice chunk 'o change!"

"Brilliant! Is a quintuple expected?"

"Oh absolutely. We're already working on pre-discovery for a quintuple counter theory we're basing on the notion of qualified privilege. Specifically that 'poo-peddler' was written in the original filing in a spirit meant to express a term of endearment, substantiated by utmost love the authoring attorney felt when typing out the words 'poo-peddler' in the court filing. Turns out we possess a video clip clearly showing the attorney's effusive affection when typing out the court filing."

"Sounds reasonable."

"Yep. And you know, the most interesting thing about this case is that one of our two regulatory attorneys is out of commission at the moment with a pretty nasty groin

injury, leaving us with a single regulatory attorney, Futakuchi Usotsuki to argue both sides of the case."

"Oh really? How to avoid conflicts of interest?"

"Simple. Our engineers devised a solution quite recently, under my direction of course."

"Of course! Intriguing, do tell."

"Well, without bothering the details too much, we called the solution *Operation Daisy Chain*. We started by assigning Mr. Usotsuki a second office on the opposite side of the building labeled **Defendant** and changed the name of his first office to **Plaintiff**. Next, we embedded a real-time thought-stream digitizer in the base of his neck and attached a pair of electrodes to his scrotum. Now, when Usotsuki enters the office in the morning, the output of his thought-stream begins constantly running through a natural language decoder, then through what we've dubbed the CF, or *Cognitive Firewall*. It is essential to note that his Pallete's GPS transponder is constantly sending the CF his location details second to second. As is the case, the CF is also constantly aware if Usotsuki's thoughts are on behalf of the plaintiff or the defendant, so if the CF happens to identify a situation where Usotsuki is located in say his **Plaintiff** office and his thought stream is identified as on behalf of the defendant, or vice-versa, then Mr. Usotsuki will receive a substantial jolt from the electrodes attached to his scrotum reminding him to focus on the client he is supposed to represent at any given time."

"Efficient, effective and, dare say, creative. Quite impressive!"

"Yeah, you should have seen our pilot, Mr. Menteur Esq., when he deposed a witness for the plaintiff in the wrong office before we updated the CF with the capability

of handling double counter claims, it was classic! He danced and howled like a man on fire! The video was featured as the introduction for last month's board, you really should have attended."

"Well, that is the last time I miss a Hudson Ortiz boardroom production, mark my word."

"You know Dad, I don't want to brag, but I was responsible for the design of the electrodes used in *Operation Daisy Chain*."

"*No shit?* Mr. Industrial Designer *eh?*"

"Yep. Instead of using a set of rusty old alligator clips, I created a little mesh bag of metal into which we slip the attorney's scrotum. The increased surface area allows for better transfer of electricity, and a more natural, comfortable fit for the attorney."

"See, what did I *just* tell you? Business Titan, Scientist *and* Inventor. It *is* in you! Son, do you know how proud I am of you?"

The struggle to hold back tears. They want to leak, underscore the words... *cough*, *cough*. This is emotion!

"Aw Dad, you're too kind, too easy with the praise."

"No. No son, look at me, this is serious. LOOK at me goddammit!"

His eyes, the conflicted, bashfully uncertain eyes of a young executive, straining to hold steady to receive their due.

"There is no sense, no point in false labels. Not in a society built so unapologetically on the merits of man. Remember that."

He absorbs it, in his own time, gracefully, a man raking in the chips after a pure bluff. A bluff to make the other punters at the table look stupid, irrelevant.

"Thanks Dad."

Knock, Knock, Knock

"God, this is your thirty-minute warning. On in thirty."

Shitbag again, interrupting precious time with my family!

"Get out!"

"Yes God."

"Where were we son? Ah yes, daisy chains and laughs. So tell me, when this *Victuals v. Sanitation* suit ramps up, should I expect a knock on my door?"

"Probably, so, get your coin-flipping finger ready for action, unless of course you prefer *Victuals* or *Sanitation*."

"My boy, I've no money or interest in either, so it's all the same. Wait, you know...second thought, I want to be involved in this Wasteland cleanup thing you mentioned, make certain my voice is heard in the matter. Let's meet tomorrow, say, after lunch in your office to discuss our moves."

"Of course Dad."

"Atta boy. Alright now, I should scan this speech before I go on. You planning to stay around until the end?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Beautiful."

"Ok Dad, I..."

"Oh, Hudson, before you go, I almost forgot, I thought of a new one..."

"Wonderful! These always make my day, hit it!"

"What is the difference between a cat and a lawyer?"

And they're off, those wheels! How quickly they spin in such a young, vibrant mind! So fast, in fact, they seem to wield influence over the health of his stomach. That look on his face, a sickly green typically reserved for spinning carousels, dizzying heights.

"Umm, I want to say the fur?"

"Uuuuummmmm, no. A good guess for sure, an entirely logical answer and I can see how you arrived at it. However, the punch line for this particular joke is 'You can only kill a lawyer once'."

"Oh, ha! Classic Dad! I couldn't agree more, I've always disliked cats and their stubborn inherdability!"

For the life of me, can't imagine where he was going with that fur answer. Probably something to do with the soap. His mind, working in mysterious ways. Brilliant ways.

"Alright then, I'm off!"

"Ok son, pull that door behind you please. Need to keep the vermin out."

Door opens. The silhouette of a perfect man framed in a white jamb. Door closes. Almost. Door is almost closed. Anticipation. Door is still almost closed. Fucking door. Dumbass door. Stupid me, my mistake. He was told to pull the door, not shut the door. Sharp minds require precision in order to act with precision. My soft, aging mind cannot keep the pace. Oh Huddy, you could consume the earth!

But back to immediate matters, must get this pitch in my head. Wait, no...actually, this is wrong. This is all wrong! Holy Shit! I need my ambassador. The ambassador should be leading the charge, *duh*! I need a nice warm body who speaks in

the proper tones. This speech needs to resonate, must resonate. How could I be so obtuse?

AHHH!

"Help! I need help in here! Help! HELP! NOW!"

"Yes my lord, what do you need?"

Who the hell is this? Never even seen her before. What's that shit on her head?

Oh, hair.

"Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Rachel my lord, one of your assistants."

"Are you new here?"

"No my lord, I've been on your team for five years."

"Oh. Well, what's the password then?"

"My lord, I'm not aware of any password."

"Ok, good, neither am I. What's the update on our Iron ambassador, any more candidates to interview?"

"We are scouring the crowd for potentials right now. Twenty people are on it."

"Put another twenty on it."

"My lord, we don't have twenty extra people at this point."

"Then tell everyone to double their speed. No, triple their speed. No, they won't be accurate...two and a half times the current speed."

"Yes my lord, I will send the message. *Umm*, my lord?"

"What."

"I regret to inform you, it's time for makeup. You go on in twenty-five."

"Makeup? Do you think there is something wrong with my face, something to cover up? You know what, forget it, don't answer. The day's accumulated ingratiating is starting to chap my butt hole. I'm going to need you to call me God going forward."

"As oppose to 'my lord'?"

"No, in addition to."

"Yes, my Lord God. IMA will arrive momentarily."

"Shut that door all the way until it closes and the latch audibly clicks."

Ok, breathe. Can't suffer another strain, not right now. Focus. Focus on today's message. Happiness. Happiness my Iron friends! My Iron constituents, my customers! You are the voice of the land, the reason for this glorious nation. Rejoice and indulge in the newly expanded feast of digital recreation. We are here to serve YOU! Makeup. No. Makeup. No! My beloved customerituents! Makeup. NO! I will not choke-out the makeup guy. I will not choke-out the makeup guy. I **will not** choke-out the makeup guy.

Knock, Knock, Knock

"Almighty God of Gods and Master of the Universe it is I your humble slave and eternal waste-of-space punching bag, the Insufferable Makeup Asshole. However unworthy, will you kindly grant me permission to enter these hallowed quarters?"

"One minute shit-for-brains."

I **will not** choke-out the makeup guy. I **will not** choke-out the makeup guy. I **will not** choke-out the makeup guy. I **will not** choke-out the makeup guy.

"Enter."

Good. He's crawling like a dog, head down per protocol, naked apart from his recently issued fuzzy pink undergarment. Fits him well, actually.

"Permission to stand."

"Granted peckerwood."

We are off to a good start here. The thick black letters, *HOPELESS!*, written neatly across the smooth, bony canvass of his chest. The exclamation point not a requirement but an appreciated embellishment nonetheless. Normally this much skin gives rise. Weird.

"Permission to begin."

Escape, just step away. If his orbital breaks another finger he must die, and that's unwanted paperwork. Plain and simple. Escape. Escape into the good, the successes, the victories! **Exopost-postmodern Capitalism: A journey into the process of building capital, exclusively by amalgamating going concerns.** A reasonable title for the DIY book, right? Yes, something along those lines. Makeup Asshole is wearing a lot of his own product, the black eye covered over impressively with a coat of new skin. Appears as if he could benefit from a highly targeted weight-loss plan – about a half a pound of edema to shed from the left side of his face. Swollen flesh. Something freakishly androgynous about this man-stick. Loves mom, hates dad all at once. No, loves dad hates mom with reservation. No. Hates and loves his mom and dad simultaneously with the barrel of a gun clenched reluctantly between the fluorescent teeth of a crying Oedipus. Walk steady on three legs old man, don't choke-out IMA.

Exhale.

"You may begin."

Eyes closed. Breathe in. Breathe out. In. Out. Go there, let's start on that outline big guy. No choking, not today. Progeny will need to know, will *want* to know how to

roll their own, especially the entrepreneurs. What were the milestones, the substantial steps taken to pull this massive enterprise off? List it out. Put it down in order. Slap a clever acronym on it. Make it memorable, accessible. Single words, verbs, always verbs. Action-oriented!

Step one. Step one is about shaping the playing field, creating the conditions for success. Of utmost importance, make the rules to ensure success. Laws for all to abide. End discrimination by extending civil rights to persona ficta! (wink!) Amendments to account for the realities of a modern society! Targeted funding to promote strategic industry! It is imperative to craft the laws that advance society. Craft, C!

Let's see, step two, step two, step two...what is step two? Well, think. People, other people, how do they engage? The like minds, you must corral similar minds, play in harmony on the freshly shaped playing field. Scratch a few backs, have your back scratched, favors, alliances, infiltrate then saturate opposing political parties. Create a unified purpose, a charter of sorts, to guide everyone. It's all about organization. Organize, O!

Stop touching my eye, stop touching my eye, stop touching my eye! Choke, punch, choke, punch, choke! The brushing, the repetitive brushing, like the eyelid is being thinned with eight-hundred grit. Flimsy little turd, attacking it over and over again. Escape, save the wad of paper, avoid the paper!

“Easy on the eye!”

Back to it.

Ok, after the party is organized, what comes next? Or rather, what came next? Hoards of people, the utter superfluousness of human bodies clogging up the works,

sucking down the resources! Separate the wheat from the chaff, divide and conquer the masses! Reclass, recast, and nudge them out extra fast! Ooooo, a rhyme! Nudge, N!

Ok, so that's craft, organize, nudge. We're getting there, we're making some real progress here! All positive, good vibes, good energy. CON.

"I will hurt you."

"I'm sorry Almighty God of Gods, I will remove my filthy, worthless hands from you very, very soon."

And now, step four. You must know your market, know your constituents. What do they want? What do you know they want that *they* don't even know they want! Establish the economy, a science-based economy producing products and services of the highest quality. People as the marginal inputs into the great machinery! Know the market, create the market. Establish, no, set the market! Set, S!

This book will be written by tomorrow evening at this rate! Onto step five. Now, with an economic engine serving up low cost digital everything, you must build an associated fan base. Create product pull rather than push! Develop raving fans who define their happiness, their very existence through imbibing chaotic, gadgetable entertainment. Fans are wonderful, but unifying them is better, more potent! People talking about the same things, craving the same things, needing the same things. Each reinforcing the others' emotionally driven needs, reinforcing one another's pursuit of dosage-based contentment. Connect them, then channel and control discussion accordingly. Unify the raving fan base. Unify, U!

But the costs, there are always costs! Labor and materials must be controlled, must be shrunk to the bare minimum. Ultimately, this is business! Tighten the wages, cut

out the fat. Reuse the waste, inject the scientific process into every aspect of life to squeeze every penny out of every opportunity. Step six is all about minimizing costs!

Minimize, M!

What's left? The complexities, the divisions, the stupid dances industry and government must perform to create the illusion of a competitive marketplace. Ditch it! Eliminate it all! The hassle and cost of checks, balances, separations, redundant providers of the same products and services. Shitcan all of it. Step seven, eliminate, E!

There it is! A seven step process for building capital. A DIY guide, a how-to for shaping society to your benefit, my gift to the future. Create, Organize, Nudge, Set, Unify, Minimize, Eliminate! CONSUME!

ALARM! ALARM! My eye, my eye, my fucking eye!

“My Eye Dammit, You Son of a Bitch!”

THUD! He collapses, grabs a squirting contusion, squirms on the floor in his fuzzy, pink thong. His new skin's gonna need a retouch.

“Jackass. Take this, get the hell out.”

The fluttering wad of bills smacks on his oozing, writhing head. Easier to throw a pittance to a fool than listen to his grumblings. My throbbing hand - A Memoir. A semi-nude lying on the floor covered in blood and banknotes.

“Come on, get up, get out. Gimme that tie, I'll handle it.”

On his knees, silent and dripping, he wipes juicy red hands on pink fuzz. Winces. Scrambling to collect the bills while eyeing me peripherally, he hurries to the door. A trail of red dots in his wake as she bends a cautious head around the door.

“My Lord God, I have someone here you'll want to speak with.”

“Count to one hundred outside, loudly so I can hear. Then let him in.”