

The Incredible Billion Dollar Geek

A Classic Tale of a Boy and His Mother

by Poor Bear of the Wushiwashis

(C) Copyright 1998 by T.L. Winslow. All Rights Reserved.

In accordance with the International Copyright Convention and U.S. federal copyright statutes, permission to adapt, copy, excerpt, whole or in part in any medium, or to extract characters for any purpose whatsoever is herewith expressly withheld.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information, apply to copyright holder.

This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Table of Contents

Part I.

Chapter 1. Back When a Trim Was 40 Cents

The rise of a nerd and a geek to wealth and power through personal computing software.

Chapter 2. An Activist At the Age of Eleven

The story of Mistress Mona, who, kicked in the head by a horse at age 4, beds her way into being the richest and most powerful person in the world.

Chapter 3. Big Bills

Mona's rise to the dictator of America. Her abuses of wealth and power.

Chapter 4. Paid Guinea Pigs in Medical Tests

How Mona created a new religion in America. And a race of werewolves. By mistake.

Chapter 5. Reaching Farther, Climbing Higher

Space exploration in the early 21st century is perverted into a plan to solidify her new world order.

Chapter 6. Tested Under Fire

Mona's new world order flirts with world war.

Chapter 7. One Voice Can Make A Difference

Mona's son Gill Four asks "When will it ever stop?", and slashes out at his mother.

Chapter 8. You Don't Have to Trust Me With Your Tax Dollars

The Amerindians and their story of woe through the centuries, revisited from a 21st century perspective. The story of the Wushiwashee Indian Tribe of Washington State, and Mona's connection with it.

Chapter 9. The Boss Has Gone Crazy, Slashing Prices

The new Mona tries to undo the damage and prevent world war.

Chapter 10. Don't Rub Your Tummy

Chief Tummy of the Wushiwashis and the New Divide.

Chapter 11. Don't Call Me Kid

Gill Bates' only begotten son redeems the family name.

Chapter 12. Give Yourself Up Before You Get a Life Sentence

The government arrests itself to save itself.

Chapter 13. Real Perty Name

The investigation of the name Bates turns up startling facts.

Chapter 14. I'm Taking the Next Train Out

The author of this book says farewell to the readers.

Part II.

Chapter 15. Wushiwashee or Wishy-Washy?

The Bates family fights back.

The real story of the Amerindian tribe that swindled America.

Chapter 16. The Piano Player Sings the Blues

Gill Bates' forgotten partner.

Chapter 17. Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz

The real genius of Gill Bates.

Chapter 18. The Spirit of Community, or Plug It In, Plug It In

Is the world better or worse because of Teenysoft?

Chapter 19. I'm Just a Lucky So-And-So

Has the final chapter been written?

Chapter 20. Just Ask Your Kids

Gill Four straps on his own two cents worth.



To the short but slow



PREFACE

Sample list of Teenysoft (TM) products in their prime.

Teenysoft DINO (Disk Interactive Operating System)

Teenysoft Windoze (Graphics-User Interface Operating System)

Teenysoft Office

Teenysoft Home

Teenysoft Factory

Teenysoft Salesroom

Teenysoft Bathroom

Teenysoft Preschool

Teenysoft School

Teenysoft College

Teenysoft University

Teenysoft Court

Teenysoft Government

Teenysoft Money and Banking

Teenysoft Library

Teenysoft Bar and Grill, Steakhouse, Chop House, and Chowder House

Teenysoft Farm and Ranch

Teenysoft Resort, Vacation, and Great Outdoors

Teenysoft Cathouse

Teenysoft Repair Shop

Teenysoft Internet Explorer (TIE one on)

Teenysoft Network (TSN)



Chapter 1. Back When A Trim Was 40 Cents

This is the first paragraph of this novel. It is just a test. Please proceed to read at least the first three chapters before putting it down. If you can't do that now, purchase it or check it out and do it later. We understand you might be watched.

Gilliam Masters Bates III was born in a manger in a

stable behind an inn on a foggy day in the Great Northwest. Of Israel. And he wasn't Jewish. Or was he?

"It exploded. It just exploded. The entire mountaintop washed away while families just stood and watched. In some places water was as deep as telephone poles. In the city, people face dehydration, starvation, and sickness. Help is on the way, but could take days. And time is one thing the survivors do not have." Later, people were arrested for scalping bottles of water for five hundred dollars. The authorities booked them on computers which had software for which Teenysoft had charged them more than that, and they were glad to get it bundled free with the computers.

"They continue to flaunt the rules, and break agreement after agreement. We hope these sanctions will halt this. Despite the standoff, Chief Inspector Buntline says his inspection teams will remain in Batesdad. But with no international support for military action, it seems highly unlikely that the U.N. will launch on-air strikes against Teenysoft anytime soon."

Back when a haircut was 2 dollars, and a trim 40 cents, you would be a real nerd to try to change a hundred that way. Ah, but we've got to frame our story first.

What is a geek anyway? What is a nerd? Smell the breath if you dare. Look for the pencil neck, the pocket protector, the calculator, the thick unstylish glasses. The mixing bowl haircut, the bad complexion, the too-fat or too-skinny butt, the sock in the pants, the tissue in the bra, the bra being worn by a male. There are many signs. A circus geek is a performer who makes his living eating live animals, usually biting the head off a chicken or a lizard, eating bugs and worms, that kind of thing. In a school situation, the nerds are the ugly people, who, out of self-preservation, become brainy types, and intellectual geeks, their own minority group, while the beefy types are called the jocks, and get all the good looking dates, usually cheerleaders. In this day of open homosexuality, the straight male jock might be getting harder to find in schools, but nerds are never hard to find. Just go to the chemistry and math classes, the computer lab, the chess

club. After college, the nerds go on to work for peanuts as scientists, engineers, and programmers, while the jocks go on to make huge incomes without working, as lawyers, executives, and the like.

Nerds will always be with us, as will geeks. The working title for this book used Nerd instead of Geek, but don't think it wouldn't have been just as appropriate. Gill Bates was the first world hero of both, because he made it in a jock world, by acting like both, although the geeks had Prince Charles for decades. And the world has been paying the price for it ever since.

This is the story of the greatest threat the world has ever known, the initiator of a new Dark Ages of Man, a person nurtured in the heartland of America during the days of Ozzie Nelson, I Love Lucy, and Leave It to Beaver, but also The Munsters, The Addams Family, Bewitched, Laugh-In.

But also Sixty Minutes, Starsky and Hutch, and the Pillsbury Doughboy. This book will likely make you feel like John Glenn in the Space Shuttle, all that food going to your head, sick to your stomach, not experienced in being weightless, like in your old Navy days, spending more time hanging over rails than inside the ship, while your friends reminded you constantly how greasy that Spam was they had for breakfast.

Gill, as he insisted people call him, was a software entrepreneur, at first. The very word entrepreneur suggests the words 'enter' and 'penis', and it is a real stretch of the imagination to apply it to him. But, in business, he was the ultimate prickhead, and, if you consider it that way, he was the most successful entrepreneur the world has yet known. He stuck it to the whole world, and big.

In the early days, the early '70s, he dropped out of college to go into business as a computer consultant, hoping to write software for traffic signals and anything else he could get. When, in 1975, a small company in the telemetry business, M.I.T.S., released the first computer for hobbyists, the Altair 8800, Bates got a contract to write a version of the computer language Basic for the Altair.

Bates' company took two years to make the program, stealing ideas freely from bigger companies such as Digital Equipment Corporation. In turn, people stole copies of his program so freely that he ended up making only 40 cents an hour total, the one time in his life he was fairly compensated. Back then, 40 cents would pay for a trim at a barber shop, not that he frequented any.

Meanwhile, others of his generation went to college, learned how to really program quality software, earned higher degrees, and went on into academic professions unselfishly publishing their results freely, and making their software available free or for copying costs only to all who could benefit from it. The difference between Gill and all the others is that he wanted all the money for his software he could get, and he entered a passionate search for the way to get it. He named his company Teenysoft (TM), often taken behind his back to refer to his private parts. Change the T to W.

He originally wanted to settle his company in the State of Washington, but when he applied for incorporation under the name Bates Software Engineering, the state engineering board immediately slammed in with a request to produce his engineering license. He tried, in vain, to tell this arrogant, grasping, power-hungry group that he was only using the word engineering in the same sense that people call housework household engineering, and he was probably being more truthful than he normally was there. But the board claimed that any corporation with the word engineering in its name automatically fell under their jurisdiction, and had to have on its staff a licensed engineer, or else it was injuring the public and they would shut it down and maybe even jail him.

He tried responding one more time, to the effect that if they would inform him when the next software engineering test was being held, he'd attend and pass it. Of course they didn't have one, as software is not a form of engineering, on a par with civil or mechanical or electronic, and, while it is easy to blame an engineer if a bridge collapses, it is much harder to blame a software programmer if a digital airplane does, as they can and often

do immediately blame it on the hardware rather than the software.

Gill then went too far, writing a long open letter and having it published in a Seattle newspaper. At this point his lawyer, being a veteran of state politics, told him to leave the state quick.

On his way out, he got a flat tire on the highway, and pulled over to fix it. In that state then, there were signs everywhere saying it was prohibited to pull off the highway onto the shoulder, even though the highway is going through a veritable wilderness of trees and empty land. The cops immediately zoomed in on him and harassed and ticketed him. He vowed to never set up his company in Washington State after that, and finally settled in Redwood City, California. When the defense budget of the U.S. was cut in the 1990s, and Seattle's biggest employer, Boeing, experienced massive layoffs, he had the last laugh. Until they bought out their rivals in the commercial airliner industry and rebounded nicely. But that is getting adrift of the main subject.

Back to Teenysoft, which Gill wanted to concentrate on personal computer software, because "everybody will end up being my customer one day." Software was made up of bits and bytes, which were chunks of bits, so it wasn't hard for his unimaginative mind to see chunks of bytes, hunks of chunks, gobs of hunks, tons of gobs, reams of tons, boatloads of reams, oceans of boatloads, worlds of oceans. The whole economy of the world would one day be a Teenysoft product.

Perhaps Gill's prior education in business principles was the secret of his success. None. But, since childhood, his mommy and daddy loved to force him to play the game of Monopoly with them, and beat him. When he lost he had to go without dessert. Or take a dare, which he soon learned was far more risky. It took him until age 13 at least to finally beat his parents with regularity, and by then the life lesson was complete. Life was a game of Monopoly to Gill. Like other great men before him, he was actually a narrow-minded simpleton fixed on a single idea that he couldn't get over, and got lucky. Just look at Adolf

Hitler. It is a numbers game. Out of millions, there has to be one total dope who doesn't grow or improve.

Coincidence or not, the Monopoly game was itself a good old American story of monopolistic practices, the game itself, its supposed story, and its trademark, all a giant con game to monopolize sales of a public domain product that, if potential competitors had gone all the way through the court system, and had the money to do it, they would have found out. Nobody did, because at the first sniff of competition Monopoly's lawyers were threatening to ruin you with an expensive lawsuit, and very generously let you withdraw from the market at your own expense. To Gill, Teenysoft would make a Monopoly game out of software itself. Then later, information itself. Too bad he didn't live long enough to fully realize his dreams, gag.

Not that some people didn't want to be paid to program software, but they were satisfied with a salary. A salary that was, considering the educational attainment required, a fraction of what doctors and dentists and lawyers earned. But they, unlike people like Gill who had no college degrees, could switch jobs every 2 or 3 years, getting a 20% pay raise each time, and that kept them hopeful that one day they might rise into management. After all, their careers would go on for 40-50 years, right? What are those greenmailers anyways? People who make money firing middle managers like flocks of pigeons, and making everybody feel good about it. Except the pigeons.

Those people who stole Bates' commercial software later found out they had created a monster, and had a millstone around their necks for life, forcing them to forever pay through the nose for new software. You see, Gill was the genius behind the idea of selling software as a licensed product, not like a book, nor yet like a movie, but in a way that relinquished as few of his legal rights as possible, in exchange for the maximum amount of money possible. He practically invented single-handedly the idea of selling software in a big cardboard box in shrink wrap, with a license embedded it spelling out all his rights. Not the customer's, his. The real product was on a tiny diskette buried in the back of the thick three-ring binder holding

the deliberately wordy instructions. When it came to technology itself, he never invented anything. A nerd who couldn't entertain an undertaker made more money for boring works of fiction with his copyrights than all the novelists in America put together.

Okay, not none. Just a little. A little learning is a dangerous thing. He had studied a little on principles of Capitalism while going to Little Free Enterpriser meetings, and one thing he learned well was the American Principle of Duplication, the principle that made McDonald's, Burger King, K-Mart, and all the big corporations big, by duplicating smaller working businesses over and over and selling the package to new businessmen as a franchise package, using their new money to expand the corporation. He thought of software as potentially the ultimate target for duplication, but, in contrast to other corporations who genuinely wanted to help the franchisees prosper after joining their families, he had no need for sharing with franchise holders. Once he used computer dealers to pull himself up by his bootstraps, he intended to ditch them, to turn them into vaporware and let them go poof. More about vaporware later.

He was a real stickler for copyrights, and even patents, on software, even though he wasn't selling a literary, artistic, or musical work, and software was more like mathematical formulas, which for ages were considered unpatentable. This, notwithstanding his habit of freely stealing all the software he could find that its authors had not properly secured their rights to, snicker. He didn't hand out copies of his source code to benefit mankind, not him. He never published software in shareware 'try-before-you-buy' form, no, just the opposite, although it was he who secretly invented the concept of shareware to short-circuit potential competition. He wanted his software paid for before a person could even try it the first time outside the reach of a high-pressure salesman, and didn't want to ever give people their money back. He didn't even really want to sell software, just license the right to use it. He was an intellectual geek, but a marketing genius. Real software geniuses soon starved while he raked in the big bucks.

His big breakthrough, as everybody knows, was when the company that dominated computers for decades, IBM, decided to let his company produce the first operating system for its planned personal computer, which he called DINO, the Disk Interactive Operating System. By giving blowjobs to the tiny core of loser managers that had been relegated to the undesirable location of Boca Raton, Mouth of the Rat, Florida, he managed to juke them into eliminating all other sources of this simple software system, that, had they been smarter, they could have bought the rights to for a song, and kept Teenysoft from rising to its monopoly position in software, instead keeping the monopoly to themselves, probably forever. So blame it on IBM, not Gill. Er, as well as Gill. Takes two to tango, doesn't it? (wink)

As the personal computer exceeded the dimwitted IBM management's expectations, and began to sell in the millions, and as they failed to gain a patent for the software architecture of their personal computer, so that anybody could, and did, make a clone of it, at a lower price than IBM, Gill Bates' company grew along with the market, maintaining their monopoly position on the operating system by threatening to sue anybody who made a clone of it, naturally. With Gill things only worked one way. His. Besides, his daddy was a well-to-do lawyer and showed him how to avoid giving up any of his rights in foot-thick contracts filled with teeny print.

In the early days he concentrated on selling only the operating system, telling applications software companies that if he were allowed to have a monopoly, it would help them, as all computers would be able to use the same software versions, and he would leave the applications market to them. They bought it. With his monopoly in operating systems raking him in obscene profits, he plowed it right back into his own applications software house, using his leverage with computer hardware manufacturers and dealers to pressure them into bundling the applications software along with the operating systems software, or threaten to withdraw both, leaving them a computer they couldn't give away.

The ruined competitors, often the best and brightest software minds of his generation, were forced to take jobs working for him, or leave the industry completely. Faced with having to do things his way or else, they normally chose the latter. "Blue skies, smiling at me..." Business was great for Masters Bates. But, there was a catch-22. He had no use for you if you were over 30, because you were burnt-out, your mind was mush, you couldn't produce. He didn't need people for their knowledge, but for their mental work capacity. The consumer didn't know or care what went into software, so he could get away with products so inefficient and badly-designed that, if he had competition, he couldn't give away. But that was a big if, a big ha-ha now. He would use his indecent profits to hire scads of fresh college grads, and teach them everything they needed to know, and work them until they burned out at age 30, discarding them and their now-obsolete knowledge. So, software entered a Dark Ages, the blind leading the blind. The children telling the adults what to do.

When he was attracting real competition, but still was not big enough to monopolize the market, he used his lead position to juke the customers into waiting to buy his version of some software product even though his company had never actually programmed it yet, by creating the concept of vaporware, or software that exists only in ads and claims. The consumer was so uneducated in those early days, and government oversight so non-existent, that he destroyed potential competitors left and right, even though the latter had actually invested greatly in money and sweat to make a working product before they advertised it. So, they couldn't even give it away, as consumers did without while Gill actually took cash pre-orders, then used the money to program the product in haste, complete with numerous bugs, and ship it to them, while the companies that had the better, more mature product, went bankrupt.

When the customers finally used the product enough to uncover the bugs, the numerous bugs, it was usually six months or more down the pike, and by then he was already offering them an 'upgrade' to the product they knew was inadequate, at an additional cost, of course. Since the customer had already probably invested six months or more of

time and effort into their learning curve for it, and the entering of data into it, they had no choice but to pay. They were in bed with Teenysoft. Would you want to be in bed with Gill Bates?

And, when he had smashed every competitor's face in the pavement, cashing them off the board so to speak, and sold as many updates of his own mistakes as he could get by with, so that his software actually was adequate for the customer's needs, and he had made himself obsolete, he was not stymied. He calmly juked his own customers for renewed double, treble, quadruple profits, by working with semiconductor manufacturers hand-in-hand to change the computer itself in people's hands frequently, forcing them to buy the same software over and over again, as a supposedly completely new product. At the same time Gill and his retinue of publicists were putting on a wailing act, to the effect that a number of people were actually making unauthorized copies of his products, and using them without paying. Actually, the copying was giving him a de-facto monopoly in the market, as he became the only software maker that could give his products away. He knew he could eventually close all the gaps and get everybody's money sooner or later. He was young.

At the same time he was raking in more money than Oskar Schindler in World War II, he was also good at disguising how much money he was making, and was never caught bragging or even eating at a fancy restaurant or flying first class. Or parading around with pretty women. Not that any would. He cultivated the image of a nerd who was just one of the guys and worked harder than his employees, even though they actually did all the work and he raked in all the dough. Speaking of dough, he had Dominoes pizzas delivered directly to his office, especially when photographers were present. Which proved his undoing, ironically, as we all know now.

If his real peers working for paychecks in academic or industry had any idea how much money he was making, he might have been prevented from achieving a total monopoly in the consumer software industry. Investors might have bankrolled a host of start-ups to take slices out of his ever-growing pie. But he was a master at forestalling this, and by the

time it was generally figured-out, nobody wanted to invest in companies that were sure to be defeated by a sure-winner, anymore than one wants to play Monopoly against a player who has all the hotels on Park Place. And the rest is history.

Gill went to school and trained for years and years on this -- not. He dropped out of college to teach himself, and his buddies who went into this with him named him Old Magnet Butt from his habit of sitting on loudspeakers end-up. Few could stay with him for long without looking out the window a lot. After opening it. You see, he was plug ugly, short, out of shape, unattractive to either sex. He was a momma's boy all the way. Only she could love him. And she did. And did and did and did. When he reached puberty, she taught him how to masturbate. And he did. And did and did and did. Girls didn't like him, because they wanted to have their own children. So he married his chicken in a secret ceremony using some Edge shaving cream and a Schick razor, and choked it regularly. His mommy had named him with great foresight, bless her.

Gill had maturity problems. He never grew up. He was used to being a child, getting everything he wanted or pouting. He was therefore a ruthless competitor, not content with having a majority share of a market, but wanting 100%. In the early days of software as a consumer industry, he got it. The consumer was uneducated, and bought software that was designed for their stupidest traits, few of them caring that better more efficient software was available at a lower price, because that would have taken a few hours of time to learn first. It also helped that Gill got his software bundled with every computer sold whether people wanted it or not, and only then could competitors hope to sell theirs to people, who then had to pay twice for the same functions. No wonder he captured 90% or 100% of the market easily.

Speaking of dough. Gill knew that cash was the lifeblood of any company, the difference between staying on the board and not. So he offered measly wages, because wages was cash, and he wanted to keep all of that if he could. Instead, he paid employees with stock in Teenysoft. He could print any number of those stock cards in his game of

Monopoly, and hand them out instead of real money. Don't be cruel, he actually did make thousands of 'his' nerdy people into millionaires when the company went public, and the public gave them cash out their, not Gill's, pockets, after they had helped Gill kill an entire generation of software entrepreneurs, keeping them from making enough money to float a lemonade stand. And, since he insisted in always holding a majority of the shares personally, he locked himself in forever as numero uno, his wealth being a fat man's piece of the entire industry's pie.

His personal wealth soared, and soon he was the richest person in the world, on track to become the world's first trillionaire as the 21st century dawned. Later he would get his money back even from those millionaires he had made on his rise, he knew. He always played Monopoly for blood. As long as they were on the board, and he had all the hotels on Park Place, and every other property too, they could have some cash to play with, snicker. Your turn. Roll the dice. They aren't loaded. It's a free market.

No longer able to disguise his wealth, he soon became a sheepish public personality, his high-pitched nerdy voice causing people to just puzzle and stare when they compared it with their Teenysoft products and their bold, professional logo and spiffy computer-synthesized voices. For a while, until the jealousy started, he was the darling of talk show circuits, ex-Presidential golf tournaments, and any other group who didn't mess things up by begging for money. He was very Scottish about money, pinching pennies as if they were crown jewels. The story about the Grand Canyon being created when Gill dropped a nickel in a gopher hole was taken as gospel by millions.

He had to be a nerd to donate so little to the many worthy charities that went begging and begging while he just yawned and smacked his unusually large lips thinking of the next pizza he'd be ordering from Dominoes, depending on the specials. He waved his hands at them all, stating that he needed his money now to build Teenysoft to greater heights with and keep from drowning in all the competition, but that when he retired one day, he'd give it all to charity, and leave none to his own family. This was the one thing

keeping him from being assassinated by the jealous disgruntled ruined competitors he left in his wake. That, and a bodyguard unit modelled after Saddam Hussein's Republican Guards.

The U.S. government, as always, reacted when it was already too late. When they finally decided to step in and break up his monopoly, he responded by buying the government off, while telling 'his' public how the government was "trying to stifle creativity and or the economy itself."

He could not afford not to. He picked who would be President now, usually by how cute his butt was. His Presidents could lie to the American public's face at will, because they only had to tell it like it really was to Gill. When they lied, they would always wag their finger at the cameras, showing they were just asking the public to give them a blowjob, and usually getting it, eagerly, especially from American women, who shared Gill's sexual preferences for men with cute butts.

If it came to that, Gill could give one hell of a blowjob, with his unusually large lips. But he never swallowed. He washed his mouth out in the nearest sink. He never admitted to being homosexual, and privately didn't consider himself one, because he would never 'go all the way' and rim a man's hole like he did with women. And he never swallowed. Nobody, not even his wife, gave him a blowjob. That was the secret of his drive for success. Sublimation the psychologists call it.

With his unique position and wealth, Gill was soon trying to steal and kill off creativity in the burgeoning Internet Superhighway, something he never thought of himself, like everything else his company sold. He preferred to steal the ideas of others and market them better, after offering vaporware to kill off their orders.

His plan for the Internet was to control its physical facilities by juking it into ever 'new' generations, and then to control all commerce on it, extracting a toll on all traffic and sales, while finally making theft of his software forever impossible. Not that it wasn't already

very painful to get caught, Gill having worked behind the scenes to get federal and even world laws passed with huge fines and prison terms for stealing 'his stuff'. He could get the laws passed by having them refer to software generally, ha ha. In practice it was ridiculously easy to frame somebody who got in his way and have them jerked off to prison, giving him the effective power of a dictator even in supposedly free America.

When Gill was assassinated, it was revealed that his will, which he had often wowed people with by claiming it left nothing to his relatives, and all to charity, was legally invalid, and so his wife inherited all his Teenysoft stock along with all his other assets, becoming the world's richest person by the old-fashioned method, fucking her way into it. She earned every penny of it, those who got a whiff of Bates' ass joked, on the wedding night alone. For years Gill had forestalled assassination by promising that one day he would retire, quit making money, and become another Carnegie, giving it all away to worthy charities. His billion dollar home, complete with Da Vinci's Mona Lisa hanging over a video arcade room, showed his tastes in charities.

We will not dwell on how easy it was to assassinate Gill, via a poisoned Dominoes pizza. This book is about her, Mona Bates, or, as she is often termed in the press, Mistress Mona.

It was not immediately suspected that she was behind the assassination. As time went by, though, this suspicion became ever stronger to those who took the time to investigate. Which weren't that many, because with her wealth, nobody could say so publicly with impunity for long. But the evidence accumulates to the rational mind. That day alone, the guards had failed to taste-test the pizza before letting Gill have some. They just forgot, they said. Within a year, all of them were dead, the victims of mysterious accidents and diseases and suicides, just like when JFK was assassinated. The conspiracy theorists were immediately working to fill the Net with their conclusions, everything from plots by the Islamics, the Chinese, the Russians, the ruined competitors (especially IBM),

environmentalists, white supremacists, black militants, cyberpunks, anarchists, feminists, her family, to off-the-wall theories involving Princess Di, Elvis, Jesus Christ, the Devil, aliens from outer space. There was even a theory, with millions of believers, that Gill had faked his own death, complete with numerous 'Gill sightings' filling up local, national, and world news. A person who had 'sighted' Gill became known, proudly, as a 'Seegill'. That Mona was the sole reason for her husband's death was dismissed as too obvious and trite to even consider. And too disrespectful. Of Gill. Or of Mona. Or of the children. Or the parents. Of somebody.

Who benefitted the most? Who had the power to pull it off? Who had the power to cover it up? Only with the passing of the years does the dust now settle. The discovery of Mona's secret diaries helps too a little I teenk, stupid gringos (grin).

Okay, we will dwell on it. They put it in the mushrooms. He loved mushrooms. Takes one to know one. He noticed nothing at first, then he suddenly grabbed his throat, and stopped breathing. He slowly turned red, then blue. Big blue. He then fell on the floor face-down. Nobody wanted to turn him over, or give him mouth-to-mouth. Not when they weren't getting paid to be his wife. And even the world's richest man couldn't afford that twice. When the medics arrived, and did turn him over, his eyes had a terrificly scared look, and his lower face was covered with green slime. He had pissed and shit his pants. More than usual. He let out a fart that took over ten minutes to finish, like a putt-putt in a harbor. They gurneyed him out wearing gas masks and rubber gloves. Gill wore them. So did the paramedics. And rubber boots.

He was frozen and lies in a billion dollar cryogenics crypt facility and mausoleum, drawing half a million visitors a year to Redwood City, California, home of Teenysoft. And Dominoes. Mona soon purchased 100% of its stock. And Tyson Chicken. And Schick. And Gillette. And Bic. And Monopoly. And 90% of all Fortune 500 companies, before the consolidation turned it into the Fortune 50.

Everybody remembered the time had had a pie thrown in his face in front of the Paris Trade Center. Pizza is also known as a pie. The case remains unsolved.

What was the mysterious power Mona had over Gill? She was white, like Gill, a somewhat ethnic, Russian or maybe even Italian, look to her face, which was fair looking, but no hooker, er, great looker. She was good with chains and whips, and leather outfits, yes. She knew how to be his mother, and make him ejaculate onto the floor while tied up and hanging from the ceiling, by showing him snatches of this and that, and making sure he couldn't get it. But she made him beg. And beg and beg and beg. Like Adolf Hitler before him, he drank women's piss from a high-heeled shoe, ate women's feces on a plate with a knife and fork. He paid a price for being a solitary leader, a fuhrer. No pictures were ever found, however, just take my word for it.

It is rumored that he couldn't penetrate a woman, because, if he does get it, he can't believe he got it, and doesn't know what to do with it, for fear she will run and call for help. Mona never admits anything, but to give him heirs, she had to scoop it off the floor and insert it with her fingers. After several tries, since he kept licking them clean. But she bore him two strapping boys, and a girl. As they were too young to inherit, and there was no will found, she got it all.

How convenient for her. The man in the hotel in Laredo, all night long. She was very tired and wanted to see her husband's corpse. And to make sure the police had her alibi. It is rumored that she was a black widow, with a trail of corpses around the world, going back 25 years. Which is all the more startling as she was 40 when Gill died. But all the witnesses died, and the matter was officially closed. She now had full control of Bates' vast wealth.

She was fond of the saying, "Just drop the magic cloth in the washer and wash it away."

Chapter 2. An Activist At the Age of Eleven

"Little Mona fights for her life. More tonight on San Diego's News Station Five."

"Kicked in the head by a horse, she should have died instantly, but this little darling is fighting on bravely."

"She's a little princess, a real sport," says her father, a thirty-something white skinny insurance salesman type, with a well-tanned face and red neck, and oily slicked-back blonde hair, standing in a hospital waiting room while microphone-wielding reporters mobbed him, occasional flashbulbs going off.

That was then, this is now.

Mistress Mona was sitting at the head of a very long and expensive boardroom table, surrounded by a dozen expensively-dressed executives, about half and half female and male. She was dressed like an executive, in a pin-striped suit, with a bustier on the outside like Madonna had once made fashionable, even though it wasn't any more. She added buskins like actors in Greek tragedies wear on stage, for her own fashion touch apparently. She was very slender. Her long silky brown hair reached down her back below her shoulder blades, and looked good enough to eat. Her turned-up nose never moved even when she talked. Her eyes were unnaturally wide and big, beautiful, sexy, but had a cerebral twitchiness to them, and she blinked constantly to the point of distraction.

Beneath that beautiful hair was a metal plate in her skull. Since that childhood accident she had been as hard as that plate. She also had rather funny small ears, that made her prefer long hair to cover them up.

The table was at one end of a great hall, and in the two thousand seats were two thousand people, each looking into their own personal video monitor, while giant screens filled all the walls of the hall, and several more hung suspended from the ceiling. The screens did not all carry a single

video image, of Mona or anybody else. They were each filled with complex information, different in each screen. The information meant something to somebody there, who was interacting with it and changing it dynamically. There were miniature keyboards, headsets with mics, and other types of input devices that couldn't be seen -- one can only image what the latter were, since they were probably top secret.

Mona was the boss of all. This was a day at work for her, after she stopped being a doting mother sitting in the shadows and, after Gill's death, took his place at the helm, her children given the old latch-key treatment. A 4-hour marathon shift, followed by a 1-hour lunch break, the food brought in by caterers, usually from Domino's Pizza, then another 5-hour marathon shift, then again the caterers, then another 5-hour shift. Then Mona would finally retire, but the hall wouldn't empty. It would swap the personnel with others, and operate 24 hours a day. Some of the workers worked longer shifts than she did. Some of them worked to death, literally. No problem, more replaced them. She alone could have the luxury of being able to decide how long she would work.

When a monitor was idle long enough, which was a rare event, a screen-saver consisting of a particularly ugly portrait of Gill Bates would appear. She always claimed to love him to the last day of his life, and to wish to have been at his side as he expired, like Pam Ewing at Bobby's side in TV's "Dallas", after her jealous sister Catherine Wentworth tried to run her over in the driveway, and Bobby saved her at the expense of his own life, Catherine also ending up dead, the she-devil getting what was coming to her. Unlike that fantasy show, this was real life. She did not wake up one day and find the previous season's episodes to have been just a dream, and Bobby happily showering, his contract with Miramar restored. Gill Bates was toast. Cremated.

Oops, that was privileged information. His body was officially cryo-frozen and was visited by millions, like the body of Lenin once had been. But she had secretly cremated him for fear of him indeed being revived, and had a lookalike secretly murdered and put in his crypt. That was

for peace of mind and insurance against old ghosts coming back to haunt her, or stabbing her in the back. Teenysoft was hers forever. For some strange reason, though, she kept a condom soaked with his sperm in a cryogenics vault, thinking that it might be useful, and genetics technology might one day be able to clone his brain, although the contents of it was lost forever when she cremated it.

Gill may or may not have been plotting to rule the world, but Mona definitely was. Too much power in too few hands always leads to something like this. The initial benevolent dictator is replaced by a more ruthless not-so-benevolent dictator, while the People, who didn't complain about the benevolent one, suddenly began to grumble, darn them. So she ran half the world from Redwood City, and was trying to figure out how to take over the other half.

"He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra," she would say. She stole that from some novel she had read I'm sure.

Should she create a race of babies brought up from the test tube to be soldiers, then, when they had matured into a fighting machine, launch them into a full-scale war against her remaining enemies? Should she try to enslave her enemies economically with Teenysoft product-dependence, then just let them figure out for themselves who's boss? Sounded good to her. But first her grasp of America had to be increased until it was solid and unquestioned.

Mona was always very slender, and after she grew up, she only dated men who were slender. Yet after she got rich she had a passion for the works of Botero, the Colombian artist who specialized in portraying all his subjects, even animals and fruit, as extremely fat. She eventually bought every authentic Botero on Earth and hoarded them, while filling the Earth instead with colorful reproductions, not only framed paintings, but huge statues of fat nude women, horses, Roman foot soldiers, everything. All under the guise of pure philanthropy, donating billions of dollars for this Boteroisation of the planet, in every country she could place them in. She paid off every art critic to make sure there would be no more talk about Botero having no talent

and just pandering to rich patrons of the arts. Instead, they now gushed praise for this 'Artist of the Common Man'. The fat Botero Mona Lisa became her personal trademark.

Meanwhile, her mansion in Redwood City became a most exclusive Botero museum, her slender figure almost disappearing among the Boteros, even as her power and dominating spirit made the whole mansion tremble at times. The real Boteros were overwhelming, but Bates had the mansion built from the ground-up to have digital screens in every room that displayed works of art full-time, to which he had purchased all the rights in advance. Mona didn't care about other artists, only Botero. So, there were rooms where Boteros swam on top of Boteros like fish in a tank, sometimes changing every five seconds.

Boteros of Gill Bates were as common as Washington's face on a U.S. One Dollar Bill. Remember, if you folded it lengthwise just right, you could see his penis. Very short and flaccid. That means soft and limp. Teenysoft.

She was soon changing the face of America with Teenysoft power in a very in-your-face way. She had often seen buses with big electronic billboards like they have on Times Square, which can display changing messages, and make them float across, or roll up or down, or flash on and off, in big or little letters, with some graphics. And once, in an old Dean Martin movie, she saw one of those billboards installed on the back of a car, being used for some humor. The idea clicked like a cash register drawer to her: PBS, the Personal Bumper Sticker. She originally called it the EBS, the Electronic Bumper Sticker, but since personal computers were the basis of her empire, she renamed it to go along.

Gill had made his billions by putting a personal computer on every desk in America, and she was going to pyramid those billions by putting an PBS on every car in America. The trouble was that incandescent bulbs took too much power, and fluorescent bulbs couldn't flash on an off fast enough. LEDs weren't bright enough. LCDs could be seen in daylight, but not at night, unless they were spotlighted or backlighted, and then a headlight could easily wash them

out.

The research to find a new type of light emitting device that took miniscule power, and was bright enough to be seen on a highway, even when flooded by headlights, took hundreds of millions of dollars, but to her that was pocket change. She told the scientists that the display should even be able to hold its message when the vehicle was parked and the engine turned off, without harming the ability to restart the engine later. For the kind of money she was plunking out, all the scientists she hired assured her they would give her a great breakthrough product that would make Edison himself jealous.

It was the time taken that was her only worry. Money she had plenty of, time not. She had her Teenysoft researchers busily programming an extensive suite of software including an operating system and data banks of messages, and developing new input devices that drivers could use without taking their hands off the steering wheel, along with interfaces to existing personal computers, laptops, wristtops, mice, microphones, everything.

When the scientists finally showed her a test model that worked, she had them immediately installed on all the cars in the American fleets of Hertz, Avis, and National, all of which she owned. Then she sunk billions more into manufacturing and marketing, getting the new PBS products into every K-Mart, Wal-Mart, and auto parts supply outlet she owned. She used her ownership of GM to require an PBS to be installed as standard equipment on every car and truck made, and soon had deals with every other automobile and truck manufacturer to follow suit in order to keep up with competition.

The PBS soon became the rage for the driver. Imagine being able to drive in front of somebody, and display "Screw You!", then floor the pedal and leave them in a cloud of noxious fumes. Imagine a single young male spotting a beautiful young female alone in a car, then passing her, with his pass flashing on his PBS: "I Want To Meet You. 555-1515". "Hi Honey! Like What You See? Call me now 555-1234." With cellular audio and video phones in every

car already, and all of them connected via the Internet, once the number was passed people could go into instant highway conferences.

Here comes Jane Q. Public in her car, with her 8-year-old son sitting next to her, busily making mischief on their PBS. She grabs the miniature keyboard from his hands and locks it in the dashboard compartment. Inside the car is a monitor showing exactly what is being displayed on the front and back PBSes, "Penis", and "Vagina". She slaps the kid and he bawls and cries.

Here comes John Q. Public in his car, with his PBS flashing a long political speech, about how the Bible is God's Word, and the End Times are Near, and Jesus Loves You. A couple pass him, their PBS saying, "Atheism Forever!"

A muscular man passes a carload of cheerleaders, his PBS scrolling, "I got one this long :(=====)", the shaft scrolling on for several seconds. The girls are guffawing and one of them moons him, then their car suddenly pulls off at an exit, leaving him sailing on with no way to follow them. Women love to be chased first. He suddenly swerves off the shoulder of the highway, backtracks, cutting off traffic and causing near-collisions, and follows their trail. A PBS display on one car he chop-blocked reads "A**HOLE!!!!"

The PBS wasn't all just for larks. It had a safety function. For example, if one is in a left-hand lane and needs to exit, merely putting on the right turn signal often gets one nowhere, but putting "Let Me Over for Next Exit" or, better, "Dying Child In Car -- Let Me Exit for Hospital", is quite effective. It had obvious advertising functions, and soon every business vehicle in America had PBS displays on all four sides constantly advertising something. Yes, some people sold ad space on their super-fancy PBS systems, with the vehicle driving 24 hours a day, and yes, there were soon chain-letter pyramid scams travelling the PBS displays of the world.

Cops soon picked up on the PBS as a way to ride herd on the drivers themselves, for instance, when pulling someone

over, they had an PBS on their front roof, that read backwards, and they could flash messages such as "Pull over...have your license ready," as their red light flashed.

Soon, the end-to-end PBS displays on any highway in America made it light up brighter than the main strip in Las Vegas, with the sky glare resembling a UFO jamboree, and led to many excesses on the road, and accidents, and even shootings. Attempts were soon made in state legislatures to ban them, but Mona was always lurking beneath the surface to stifle them, instead having her politicians talk up the safety and business-increasing aspects of the PBS, and, if the momentum became too strong to prevent some kind of law, they would weaken it into an attempt to control their use, set limits, and at the same time make the PBS itself required safety equipment on every vehicle on the road. So, within 5 years, there was a federal law passed mandating the installation of an PBS on all vehicles travelling on American roads, along with mandatory auto insurance with the coverage for potential PBS abuse built-in. Mona of course owned none of the auto insurance companies until that point.

Getting them into other countries was a greater challenge, the French for instance, joining with the British and resolutely refusing to permit them, until she got the Germans to adopt them, and refuse to export any more Mercedes and BMW to France and England unless they accepted the PBSes installed on them, which they did, after passing laws prohibiting Nazi propoganda being displayed on them. Soon, they were even lighting up the sky in China, as their country went from a bicycle to an automobile country at jet speed. The communist government loved them because they had an override built-in that displayed government political propoganda almost all the time, private messages be displayed only after government approval, and only for brief periods.

Mona raked in billions, having a monopoly on both hardware and software, and all the patents on the technology for the display units. She had out-Batesed Gill himself. Her business record had competent written all over it. Not that she had ever been to college, or even high school.

What made Mona tick? Ever since the horse kicking, at the tender age of four, Mona had been a strange, brooding creature, the opposite of the smily, bubbly little girl before. Perhaps her mother Ellie had a lot to do with it. Ellie used to spend much of her time growing flowers in their San Diego home, where everything grew year round. When asked how she grew such beautiful flowers, she would say, "Just add water and let them grow," then add, for effect, "while pedaling like hell with the damn weeds and insects."

Little Mona was herself her mommy's little flower, and mommy watered her well, after her husband divorced them. With whiskey, gin, uppers, downers, ganja. It seems mommy grew pot underneath some of them flowers. And nighttime visits for mutual masturbation, to a background of that new Beatles music. And mommy weeded and dusted her little Mona for insects well, telling her over and over how much she hated men, how daddy had caused that terrible accident with the horse before he left them both, and how, when she grew up, she should always remember to take everything she could from men, and give as little as she could back. "Tell them that where you were raised men were supposed to give women money to show their affection. And be like a high-bred cat. Always wait for the bribe before letting yourself be petted, and make it proportional, but on the stingy side."

She often bragged that she had managed to get the house paid for by her ex, and a decent alimony check each month, national laws now making it very painful to be a 'deadbeat dad', but back then, non-existent. Ellie never had intercourse again after her husband left her, and never wanted or needed it. Mona took after her in that department.

One thing that Mona excelled in in school was English, which was the more remarkable from the scrambled state her brains were in. She was a great novel reader, from the first grade on, starting with Doctor Seuss, and Doctor Dolittle, and Anne of Green Gables, and My Friend Flicka, laying or sitting with her head buried in one constantly, accompanied by an ostentatious habit of slowly picking her nose and eating her burgers no matter who was watching.

Until she blossomed out at puberty, she was a plain looking girl, not popular with boys or girls. A nerd. Everybody knew about her having been kicked in the head by a horse, and that was constantly trotted out behind her back to explain her.

One day, in third grade, she wanted to get even with her schoolmates talking about her accident, so, when they were all required to stand in line for a long time to see a visiting dental hygienist who had given them a lecture on brushing the 'right' way, with a giant set of fake teeth, and was looking at their teeth with a dental pick to see if their parents neglected their dental health, she shit her panties royal, and just stood there in line letting her body warmth create a royal stink in that diapered pillow of shit that welled up inside her dress, then spread throughout the entire line.

She said nothing, and neither did the others, for fear of being disciplined by the mean teacher, but eventually they started holding their noses, and whispering, and pointing, and fidgeting out of line, and looking funny. When the teacher finally figured it out, she simply told Mona to go home early, and Mona just headed for the nearest exit and walked straight home, where she immediately threw her clothes in the washer along with plenty of detergent powder, and turned it on, then jumping into a hot soapy bathtub.

The other students got a big scolding from the teacher how they would get punished if they ever brought it up to Mona later, and they never did. Somehow she had zinged them real bad, and got away with it. They were the ones who now felt kicked in the head. Ever afterwards she had a reputation that she was bad news. When she became a billionaire, every former classmate that did not flee into hiding suffered from an amazing array of lethal accidents and diseases.

Another time, when she was 11, she was reading alone in a city park in San Diego, and a slim black-haired Hispanic man, perhaps native Amerindian instead, or some of both, wearing a white t-shirt and jeans and cowboy boots, forced her acquaintance, and soon asked her to come to his motel

room. She kept saying no, offended by his onion breath, but finally agreed, taking her novel along, after he promised her whiskey and pot.

He gave her a bottle of whiskey, rolled and lit up their weeds, stripped himself and her, and soon had him feeling his erect throbbing penis, the first one she had ever seen, it proving quite surprising and amazing to her, while the noise of children playing loudly came through the curtained window, and a crying baby through the walls. He then asked her to suck it, which she did, for a minute or two, the taste of his chicken skin doing absolutely nothing for her, and she soon had it covered with a gooey sheath of saliva. His hands, holding and stroking her head, felt the steel plate, and he seemed to not mind that she gave up. Meanwhile she had peed herself, and there was shit seen in her panties on the floor, and now making its odor known, his plans to do things to her seeming to dry up reflexively.

Just then a neighbor, apparently, from the lack of shoes, a middle-aged Mexican man, suddenly knocked on his motel door, able to peek through the somewhat open curtains. And as he hopped into his jeans and opened it, she just walked out naked, holding her clothes to her chest, the novel flapping as it was being held only by one cover, the title obliquely visible, and he couldn't say anything, and neither could the neighbor, who had a big grin on his face and was appreciating his muted look, thinking he had scored with her apparently. Or perhaps he was appreciating the bulge in his tight pants, it could be either. She lit out of there, as the neighbor walked into his room, his arm around the man, and never saw either again, having stolen his wallet and stash and guzzled the rest of the whiskey in the confusion.

When she got home, she threw her clothes into the washing machine again, and jumped into the bathtub again. His wallet had a police i.d. in it, along with several condoms, and hundreds of dollars in cash, which she used to buy a shelf full of novels, using the i.d. as a favorite bookmark. She still considered herself a virgin. But something hot in her panties made her different now, sexually curious.

At age 12, she became an activist by watching The

Smothers Brothers saga on television along with the Nightly News. This was the year 1972, and she had missed the big goings-on of the '60s, but there was still some last gasps of activism for her to get in on. She ran away from home, met some hippies in a Volkswagen bus while hitchhiking, and went with them to San Francisco, smoking grass and watching them go nude and hump, finally really feeling normal about this lifestyle and wondering where her mommy had gone wrong.

She soon burnt an American flag and waved copies of Chairman Mao's Little Red Book around in a street demonstration. She was so young the police ignored her, frustrating her when they arrested her travelling friends and not her. When the demonstration had been broken up, and she was not arrested and didn't get to ride in a police car or paddy wagon, she went to a public library and lost herself in the fiction section, stuffing books with political leaflets until she ran out, something about Joan Baez, Caesar Chavez, Jane Fonda, Mao Tse Tung, or Ho Chi Minh in every one.

A teenage boy, with hippie-style shoulder-length hair, wearing faded ragged jeans, a hole strategically torn over the part of his briefs where his penis was, along with a tie-died t-shirt, headband, and a flower in his ear, and smelling strongly of incense and pot, but having a very strong body odor to go along with his dirt tan, was sitting in a hump on the floor in a corner, a bunch of books sprawled around him. He had a cute butt, and was as skinny as she was. She didn't know why, but she got up and sat down next to him, and as his eyes undressed her, her eyes just stayed peeled to the open books, art books with Andy Warhol pictures catching her attention, especially the nudes.

Soon her legs were wagging open and closed rhythmically, unconsciously at first, but, when she noticed that he noticed, consciously and willingly. He soon started creeping close to her, smiling at her, showing his pot-yellowed teeth unashamedly, then picking up stray locks of hair from her eyes, finally breathing hot in her ear, putting his arm around her lovingly, and whispering love talk, making a pass at her, saying sweet things while she

noticed a throbbing in his jeans. She melted immediately, and this was her first love.

She and the boy, whose name she forgot, something Biblical like Joshua or Josiah, soon found their area of the library deserted, and started making out wildly on the floor. She reached for his jeans and felt of his throbbing penis without being asked first. He responded by inserting one hand in her t-shirt to feel her sprouting breasts, then dipping it in her jeans and feeling her up.

"Would you like to go all the way?" he asked her, smiling but not hiding his flushed cheeks.

"Yesssssss!" she hissed. The s's trailed on in the library quiet like they were scofflaws.

She was willing to go all the way with him, sure enough, and perhaps would have, but then she saw the library security guard just hanging around at the limit of her vision, so she told him she'd go home with him first, and when they had walked over 2 miles together, holding hands, giddy with love, they came to a park, where several hippies were living out of sleeping bags, and he said this was his home. He was a Travelin' Man, he explained. She had visions of spending the rest of her life with him, ramblin' all over God's Green Earth, immediately.

That night they slept in a sleeping bag and she had her first intercourse, and her first orgasm. She confessed how she was a virgin, and would forever give him everything she had, and never be unfaithful to him. He just told her to strap her legs across his engines and squeeze tighter. Afterwards, they both smoked pot and scored acid along with several others lying all around them, male and female, the women topless, exposing their flower power tattoos, discussing the big ideas of their day, such as impeaching Nixon, and why Creedence Clearwater Revival were rednecks and sellouts. In course, something about Grace Slick and needing somebody to love and magic mushrooms and acid.

Waking suddenly, when the cold morning air caused her to shiver wildly even when he held her close, they both had to

get up, and he rolled up his sleeping bag, at first sitting on it while they made small talk with their breath made smoky by the cold. The feeling of giddy love was gone, with the night, replaced by a feeling of needing some hot food and drink, and a hangover. But he was soon like a wild stallion, jumping up and pacing about unmanageably, flipping his thumb out for a ride, and, when a truck pulled over, telling her Love and Peace, but he is a Travelin' Man, and he'd be back for her later, same time that night, same place.

The last thing she remembered of him was him flipping a Peace sign at her from the bed of a pickup truck. The others now ignored her, and melted into the park, leaving her to fend for herself. The smell of gasoline and diesel replaced his. Perhaps the other women were after his body too and resented her.

She returned to that park the next day, and the next, but he didn't. She then found it very painful to urinate, and realized that he had given her gonorrhoea. Embarrassed to tell mommy, she found a free clinic near the Bay and, after making her wait for a long time, the nurses finally led her into a room where a middle-aged grinning man told her to strip and examined her vagina with rubber gloves, taking a sample of something with a cotton swab and a glass slide, and leaving suddenly. Soon a nurse arrived, told her to bend over, and stuck a needle in her butt cheek. Then another one into the other. It made tears come, even though she was brave and said it didn't hurt.

She also contracted a case of chlamydia, which she didn't get over for years, until she was being given antibiotics for something else and it cleared it up as a side effect. The chlamydia caused her vagina to become dry and itchy, and in constantly scratching it she became a lifelong masturbator like her mother. And with her mother, a mutual masturbator, although she wasn't a lesbian, she was just messing around.

One thing she learned while bumming around California, and that was, that she didn't want to be a bum. She admired the people who had money, good clothes, fine cars. They had

them even in the heyday of the hippies. She knew it was the latter that would pass, not the former.

When she reached 15, she had flowered into an attractive woman, and, knowing it wouldn't last forever, Mona ran away again, this time permanently, vowing to be a billionaire, and going to San Francisco's Chinatown, after a nostalgic day spent at that park where she lost her first love. She soon was found on the street by an ancient rich Chinese man who was a pedophile, which soon caused her to tell him she was only 12 to please him more. To become 12 again she would mentally imagine her hippie lover boy, and take up where he had left off. She followed mommy's advice, and found it easy to get him to give her anything she wanted just by letting him victimize her, after buying her something or giving her the money to buy it.

Victimize her, that was a laugh. The skinny old man was impotent, and did little more than buy her expensive juvenile clothes and grownup makeup, and, after she had dressed up, undress her and finger her with his dried up old fingers, making excuses about being unable to have intercourse just then, but promising to next time. When her crotch was exposed to him, she often would emit female juice copiously, which he would take up with his hand and suck off noisily. She didn't tell him she could do this because her years of chlamydia infection had made her hate a dried-up vagina.

She soon had him eloping to Taiwan with her, and, after making him go on yet another expensive shopping trip with her, giving her age as 21, marrying him there, after he visited a herbal expert who sold him expensive tiger penis, rhino penis, and other impotence cures. After a long give-and-take, she had avoiding having to sign a pre-nuptial agreement, just like The Nanny and Mister Sheffield on TV once, although that TV show was years in the future, but actually years behind reality.

He supposedly had a heart attack on his wedding night, in Taiwan, and the authorities there didn't question it for one minute when she let them into the room wearing a wedding dress with no bra or panties, and giving them delightful

views of her goodies supposedly by accident as she was bawling and crying and explaining and pointing to the impotence remedies. When she left Taiwan, she was a multi-millionaire. And just turning 16, with fake identity cards and a passport that gave her age as 21.

It took her six months to track down all the old man's real heirs and have them eliminated before they eliminated her, but she had the upper hand since she had the dough, now didn't she?

The new Mona led a double life in New York, sometimes living like a millionaire, renting expensive hotel rooms and enjoying expensive liquor, drugs, and big cigars, and pretty boys. Other times she would play the poor girl, That Girl, looking for her Prince. This was the Me Generation, the 1970s, the days of John Travolta, disco, and the Bee Gees, and she was a disco queen on Saturday nights, having as many as a dozen different sexual partners a month for years. She even experimented with lesbianism, usually to please some man or men.

She tried to start a rock group, but her voice, while low and sexy, didn't have enough power to carry a group, so it disbanded, but not before she met and married a rich record company executive, made super slender by his drug habits, which included injecting cocaine into his penis so his erections would last longer. By the time she was 21, she had no need or desire for sex ever again, except for making money, and when her second money machine died in a tragic solitary road accident, she changed her name again and moved to Miami, as ahead of Don Johnson and Miami Vice as she had been ahead of Madonna, except leaving no trail, and no film.

As the 1980s dawned, she still read novels voraciously, even as the video game era burst, passing her by, or rather, she passing on it, as a waste of good time. She had her Jacquelyn Susann phase, her Stephen King phase, her Danielle Steel phase. Hemingway, Faulkner, Robin Cook, Robert Heinlein, Agatha Christie, Dashiell Hammett, even James Gould Cozzens. She ate novels instead of food, and junk novels instead of junk food. She had the kind of brain that could handle more than one thing at a time, so she usually

did her reading with the TV or radio on, or both, making her an expert at soap operas, especially the evening big-budget ones like Dallas and Falcon Crest and Knott's Landing. The more slender her body grew, the more fat her brain grew. She used novels like later women used Slim-Fast diet drinks.

Meanwhile, her own life was a business, and millionaires her clientele. She had no writing talent or inclination herself, not wanting to publish anything anyway because she didn't want to be traced later. She would write a novel out of her life, at the same time trying to deface its pages and prevent their reconstruction.

Mona was into her seventh multi-millionaire and her 20th plastic surgery operation when it hit her that at this rate she would be over 50 before she could become a billionaire, and her beauty wouldn't last that long, anymore than Arnold's muscles. And he had married into the Kennedy clan, hadn't he? She was thinking of going after Donald Trump, or Michael Jackson, or, gag, old Sam Walton, or even worse, H. Ross Perot, but then she read about Gill Bates, the world's richest man, who was supposedly the revenge of the nerds on all the jocks in America, and single. And fairly skinny. No matter what it takes, no matter how long it takes, no matter how repulsive he was, she immediately determined to make his money hers.

She hardly ever used a personal computer until she met Gill Bates in 1990, and didn't know software from lingerie, but the latter she was as good at as Gill was the former. And, as the saying goes, opposites attract. The black widow and the spider, for instance. She couldn't stand Teenysoft's software, preferring Apple's, but the latter's founders weren't doing all that well compared to Bates, so she didn't even try wasting her time on them.

She immediately hired detectives to tell her everything about Gill's personal life they could sell her, spending over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in her research. She moved to Redwood City, and bought a shelf of video tapes on how to operate Teenysoft software products, and went to a 9-month typing class, got a certificate with Teenysoft product competence endorsements, and this led to a clerical

job with Teenysoft.

It was Mona who discovered Gill's fascination for B&D, bondage and dominance, and saw the way to his heart. She immediately began to frequent dungeons in Los Angeles and San Francisco and Seattle, becoming a dominatrix, investing in black leather, spiked collars, whips, chains, torture equipment, enema equipment. Mistress Leona she called herself. She found out that Gill frequented B&D Usenet newsgroups under aliases, and from them, he learned that he went, in disguise, to one particular dungeon in San Francisco, to be dominated by and submit to pretty young well-endowed dominatrixes who reminded him of his mother and made him beg for it. A few plastic surgery operations, and it wasn't long before she had him, had him, had him, under her sin, er, skin.

She strung him along for months, giving him whippings, beatings, enemas, humiliation training, as he begged her to give him her personal phone number, and address. She refused flatly, stating that it would be unprofessional, and, though she felt something for him, she couldn't violate the ethics of her profession, as she was, like she knew he was, a person of high personal standards and integrity. That movie Pretty Woman with Julia Roberts and Richard Gere should be reviewed at this point, not. But she was careful to wait for him to catch her working in his campus-like industrial park, for his own company, all along, immediately confessing to having been his secret admirer and a software fanatic since the middle '70s. And 10 months and several begging sessions and one pregnancy later, wedding bells.

During those ten hectic months she had to spend a large part of her fortune covering her tracks to the detectives he hired to check-up on her background, but it worked, he was satisfied she had been a virgin and only had that one boyfriend in San Francisco. It was Gill who looked him up, finding him to be a minor Teenysoft employee, burned out and balding. His name was Josiah. He wasn't fired, he quit, he said. She convinced Gill she only became a dominatrix to meet him, and he was the one true man for her. He confided to her that he, too, was a virgin, except for some homosexual acts in some theaters, and glory holes in

bathrooms. He had never had the courage to ask a single woman out for a date in his entire life, until she came onto him.

Months later. One night Gill and Mona were holding hands under a blanket of stars, like lovers do. He was dressed in his geek suit, white shirt, tie, slacks. She had a black leather halter with her big naked breasts hanging through, nipples exposed, a tight pair of black patent leather short-shorts, high black leather boots, and a black leather beret. And a whip.

"I love you more than all those stars put together," he told her.

"If all those stars were dollar bills, you have so much money you'd never even miss it, would you?" she replied.

"Probably not," he sighed, in his high, geeky voice.

"What if they were hundred dollar bills?" she continued.

"No, probably not even then."

"Million dollar bills?"

"No. Not even then."

"How much do you love me?"

"More than all the money in the world," he whimpered, hoping this would win her over.

"That's what I like to hear. Now beg me to give me some of that money so that I don't have to die poor."

"We discussed this before, and I always tell you that I have to leave it to charity like I told the world so many times publicly. I'll leave you plenty. The mansion. The petty cash. The jewels. Isn't that enough?"

"Modify your will just one more time, sugar. Just one more little change. Leave me all your clothes so I can

smell them and remember you forever. And leave it with my lawyer after signing it. Okay, sookey? Sookey, sookey, sookey."

"All my clothes?"

"Actually I just want the baby clothes, and the leather stuff, the rubber stuff too. But you don't want all our private life exposed in a will do you? Just make it all the clothes and there won't be any problem."

"How can I say no? I never do. Yes, yes! Now can I get on with my favorite little fetish? Arf!" He pulled off his slacks, exposing a baby diaper, after getting down on the ground, then rolled over on all fours. He started playfully jumping up and down, on all fours, but never too high, for he knew he would get whipped for it. Sticking his nose up her crack and sniffing her ass and hanging his tongue out big, flat, long and wide. Licking her ass through the patent leather, then down her inner thighs and back up to her ass. He wouldn't get any, but he could beg all he wanted now that he had won her hand in marriage. The hand holding the whip. The whip that he paid for. The world loves a lover. How did God make woman such a beautiful creation? The curves, the smells, the feels. What do women do with all that stuff? They don't know what to do with it. That's just the reason God made geeks, er, men. What software. One thing Teenysoft couldn't duplicate. Yet.

The will was left with her lawyer. The night before the assassination. Coincidence. It was so messed up, with so many amendations, and contradictions, and missing signatures, and missing witnesses to signatures, that the probate court voided the whole thing. Having died with no will, the judge then awarded her everything. The judge soon retired in style and comfort, with an amazing run of luck and fortune making him a very wealthy man, all quite legally, all records being electronic now, and controlled by Teenysoft software.

A funny thing happened on the way to the bank, though, for those who believe in Divine retribution. Her breasts 'bottomed-out' soon after Gill's death. The plastic surgeon

who performed her last breast reduction told her that this was an infrequent possibility, especially since she was young, and she had discounted the risks with all those dollar signs in her eyes. The operation works by cutting out the nipple with its own blood supply, and moving it up the breast, then cutting out the fat underneath, and tightening the skin up, and tucking it in. In her case, the new breasts were at first very pert, with an upward lilt, on a very firm base. But then the fat underneath sank, leaving the nipples high in the chest, with nothing underneath them, making her look grotesque, deformed, haglike.

Even with all her money the problem was that the nipple cannot be moved back down, only farther up, and that would make it peek out of the top of any bra. So she left it like it was, but had a lot more fat removed so that it wouldn't bag out at the bottom, and forever covered her scarred wilted breasts with several layers of clothing, like a prudish nun.

She did sue the surgeon for malpractice, and with her expensive lawyers, battled with the surgeon's expensive but less expensive lawyers until the day of the trial, when they chickened out and paid her a princely sum. The surgeon later contracted a raging case of AIDS from her work, they said, and died a horrible lingering death, accelerated, it is suspected, by an experimental drug treatment offered by a company Mona owned through several fronts.



Chapter 3. Big Bills

Gill had always wanted everybody to be part of the Teenysoft family. As long as he owned a majority of the stock and was the unquestioned boss that everybody had to call a genius all the time. And he did have ways of checking up on you.

He had checked up on his wife-to-be Mona, and knew more than he let on.

In fact, he had more files than J. Edgar Hoover and Fox

Mulder put together, on every American past and present, and most of the rest of the people in the civilized world. Mona had no idea until she had full control, when the existence of Gill's 'X-Files' Division, with a budget of 2.5 billion dollars a year, finally came to light. He had disguised it neatly as the customer service department for his junky software, yuk yuk.

His file on President Stanton was over 1 million pages. 'Bulk' Stanton was the first ex-professional wrestler elected President, which was remarkable only in that, ever since the November 1998 election, which made Jesse 'The Body' Ventura the Governor of Minnesota, Ventura's career went nowhere, while Larch Lardner Stanton rose from the ring to the Oval Office on the strength of Gill Bates thinking he had a 'cute butt'.

President Stanton was a political novice, and didn't even quite know which party he liked better, so he ran as an Independent using Ross Perot's machine and money, with Bates' money behind that. He split the election three ways, and slid through cleanly. As this was the early 21st century, and the powerful Teenysoft empire was the only real power in the world anyway, and this was their candidate, there was a general prosperity and peaceful feeling in America until Gill's death, and the general public wasn't much interested in politics now, the great new young people vote having been the big difference, and all going for Stanton. After the young people got him in, they didn't know or care why, he was just cool to them, and they had been his fans since before they were old enough to vote, having bought his action figurines, video games, and watch him on television for years. After the election, they went back to that, leaving Stanton a clear hand to do anything Bates wanted without accountability.

Gill's files on Mona were only about 100 pages, but she was madder than hell about them, especially the ones tracking her horse kicking incident, even video tapes from the local television media dug out of old storage rooms. Luckily she had thrown him off the track of the old Chinaman, and all her previous husbands and aliases, and the fact of her rise to wealth before meeting him. She had

spent a fortune manufacturing a fake history for those years, including how she had studied to be a nun, and had a certificate of chastity awarded to her. He believed her the poor little innocent girl to the end. But he had found out about the pedophile policeman, who turned out to have been an Indian policeman, from a reservation in Washington State. He died before Gill married Mona, and he didn't pursue it as far as he could have because of that. She was glad for that. Thinking about it made her eat a lot, onion rings especially. As the years went by, she developed a ravenous hunger for onions, and onion rings were her favorite junk food.

"More onion rings, please!" she would tell her cook.

"I think you've had enough!" she would scold her. Then give her as many as she wanted. With ketchup.

Mona now made a systematic review of what politicians she owned, and what she didn't, munching away. You would think this would make her lose her slenderness, but apparently her metabolism was so high they just went right through her. Her taste for them was seemingly innate.

One big name she still didn't own still rankled her no end, H. Ross Perot. This guy had also made his billions in computer software, not consumer software, but massive government-financed software projects, making money on pure margins from manpower. He was sexually dead, so couldn't be scandalized like Clinton. He was politically incorruptible, and couldn't be bought off. He was a believer in good old American values like truth, justice, and the American Way, so he was soon Mona's number one target. Gill didn't want to run America as such, he just wanted to take over the information economy, and Perot left him alone while he left Perot alone, and even worked hand in hand with the Stanton election. Now Mona was in charge, Gill was toast, and Perot had to go.

The new generation of Teenysoft software was just being released, complete with the new Monaware, a top-secret underlayer that was designed to give Mona control over the world. For years people had suspected that Teenysoft had

some kind of subliminal messages in their software, or secret communications routines that snooped in people's computers and reported stolen software to them, along with personal and financial data. There wasn't, but now that Mona was in charge, there was.

Okay fellas, strike up the band, she told her researchers and developers in the top-secret Monasoft superplex buried in a mountain in the Shasta range in California. She wanted everything including the kitchen sink in the M.S., not only the ability to spy on the computers it was installed on, and the people owning them, but to reach out via any and all communication devices the computers were connected to and spy, darn ya, spy. All the intel would then be highly encrypted using the most advanced techniques known, and sent, lightly interleaved with legitimate information, to Teenysoft's gathering points, themselves disguised along the Net, as customer information, registration, and service centers, and 'free' Teenysoft data service centers, including web sites such as the Teenysoft Stage Door Canteen, a system of sites for every city in America, giving local information for tourists and residents that was more up-to-date than the local newspapers. Indeed, Teenysoft lured editors of newspapers into SDC employment readily. Irving Berlin would have turned over in his grave.

But the really good guts of the M.S. was a complete subliminal message and brainwashing system, hidden in the trademarked patented Wizards that made Teenysoft famous. Everytime you used a Wizard, you were giving it information about yourself, not just asking it how to use the software. This information was used to build a personality profile file on you, and later, when you couldn't expect it or do anything about it, use it against you. Everytime you accessed the Net on TSN, the Teenysoft Net, which was free when you used the communications and browser software of Teenysoft, you were building up your profile. If you ordered some flowers to be sent to your sweetheart and gave a credit card number, that went into your file. Whatever information you sent into the Net via your Teenysoft software, was also sent to Mona Mountain, as we can call it.

As Teenysoft captured 90-plus percent of the Internet

browser market, and all the traffic that went with it, Mona Mountain bulged with more information on people than the combined intelligence services of the world's governments could match. And the more you used your Teenysoft software, the more you loved Teenysoft, and needed it, and would do anything you were asked, to anybody. Or to yourself, such as give intimate personal information, under the cover story of writing a secret diary only you could access with a secret password.

If Mona wanted you to cut off your nose, you could be programmed to. You couldn't help it, you were programmed that way, with software that was supposed to be your friendly servant. "Your Friendly Servant" was Teenysoft's trademark slogan.

Teenysoft was now instrumental in ending the use of paper money, finally getting it all removed from circulation, and establishing all money as legal tender only if electronic, under Teenysoft control. Each person's money now amounted to nothing but their account balance with Teenysoft, exceeding even Gill's dreams for his company. They had to give out 50 million personal computers to the poor to finally pull it off, but she was more than eager to. Besides, the software was charged to each poor person's initial Teenysoft account. Now that all money was electronic, and Teenysoft ran the Net across which all buying and selling had to be done, she could close all remaining doors to rivals in the control-freak business.

Now paying off politicians was super easy and natural, and easily made untraceable, except by herself. And automatable. So, she soon owned almost every politician in America, and managed them with software, just like she did the Stock Market. The few that she didn't own now could be isolated and targeted. Like Gill, she had no scruples, no morals to hold her back. Honest politicians were public nuisances as far as he was concerned.

Especially irritating were political figures that held no political office at the time, and/or couldn't be bought because they were rich themselves.

The scene: Mona sitting in her warroom, as she called it. She has given the order to assassinate H. Ross Perot, who was scheduled to speak before a crowd of 8,000 at a large downtown hotel ballroom in Denver. A Teenysoft user in Denver is given subliminal messages, and activated for the assignment. He shows no outward signs of aggressivness, not this mild-mannered computer nerd, a 30-year-old black systems integrator, and Perot supporter, picked by a process that made traceback almost impossible. He listens to the speeches before Perot is introduced, listens to Perot's long-winded speech, sitting back in the audience quite a ways, and, before Perot is even through, he has got up and left out the back, attracting no attention.

An hour later, Perot is leaving the hotel complex in a stretch limousine, the tinted windows and curtains covering his identity. The limo leaves out a back way, headed for the Denver International Airport, some distance from downtown. The activate is already following him, a discrete distance behind. As they travel down the highway, he nonchalantly passes the limo on the right side, and disappears into the traffic in front of it. As the limo pulls off the highway at the airport exit, the traffic suddenly slows, backed up into the Arrival gates. The activate suddenly leaves his car idling in the middle of the pack, walks back, car by car, crouching so as not to be noticed, and pops out by the limo, dropping a Molotov cocktail on the windshield, and shooting the tires. Too bad, these kind of tires can be driven on even if deflated. The limo tries to take off, but the traffic blocks them on every direction they try. The activate is grabbing the car handles, trying to open the doors, in vain, for they are locked. He pulls a large handgun and shoots into the windows, again in vain, for they are bulletproof. He runs out of ammo, and uses the gun as a hammer, trying to break the windows, again in vain. Suddenly the traffic frees up, and the limo takes off, the man running along trying to keep up, again in vain.

When it reached the underground parking garage, the Saudi Arabian businessman inside exits hastily, accompanied by two bodyguards, and quickly steps inside the up elevator, while airport security has already closed in on the activate and

killed him resisting arrest. He wouldn't let them take him alive.

Perot was already in the airport, in a limo that had left earlier, by another exit and route. He learns about the activate in flight, and immediately sends his team out to learn who the activate is, and who he works for. Perot is no Wimpy, and he is definitely not paranoid, for he knows they're out to get him, and he is always prepared to fight back.

He had the plane turn around, and when he landed, his ground security was already coordinating with local police and FBI agents. Soon, they had identified the dead man, and busted into his apartment in Aurora. They found nothing, just the usual belongings of a computer nerd, including his personal computer complete with Teenysoft software. After seizure, the computer's contents were gone over with a fine tooth comb by Perot's experts, and they came up with the fact that the dead man, Leonard Philbin, had been accessing the web sites of several black power groups in America and Africa recently.

So began the great war between Perot and Teenysoft. With Perot going after the wrong people.

Perot was eventually assassinated by professional hit men from Libya.

The scene: Mona sitting in her warroom. She has just given the order to assassinate California's Governor Schwarzenegger. To terminate the Terminator.

Schwarzenegger was scheduled to address a powerful women's professional business association in downtown Sacramento at 1 p.m. A Teenysoft user, a businesswoman who has an invitation to the luncheon, is given subliminal messages, and she arrives with a purse carrying a silencer loaded with black talon bullets. One of the guards supposed to man the x-ray and magnetic detector machines at the entrance has also received subliminal messages, so she walks right in with the heavy equipment.

As Schwarzenegger is speaking, she rises, aims, and fires at him, having a good straight line of fire. He is hit twice in the chest, and falls backwards, as his bodyguards race to protect him, and disarm the activate. She turns the gun to her own head and fires, killing herself. The guard tries to sidle up to the wounded Governor and cap him off with his own gun, but is wrestled to the ground, and disarmed, but not before he slits his own throat. Schwarzenegger is taken to the hospital with the guard, where he survives, after being given a new heart and liver. The guard doesn't.

The police ransacked her condo, and found nothing unusual, along with the usual personal computer with Teenysoft software. But the FBI, taking her computer into their labs, later discovered an attempt to wipe the main disk clean, and recovered her Internet access account from billing statements and a subpoena, finding she had accessed web sites owned by political allies of the Kennedy family. The guard's apartment is also searched, finding, again, nothing unusual, but an examination of his personal computer finds more connections to the Kennedy family, which was all Schwarzenegger needed, having divorced Maria Shriver after fighting with her over how to raise their children and what political philosophy they were to be taught, and remarried a staunch Republican like he was, and thinking the Kennedys had been out to get him ever since. He had always thought it was they who were behind the persistent rumors that he was a secret member of the Fourth Reich of the Nazi Party, just because his father had been a member of the Third Reich, and he looked like a superman of the future master race or something, blah blah blah. The custody of the children, and whether the Kennedys themselves chose Arnold to breed them into a master race, became a bitter, much-publicized livie, or live movie, on all the media.

So Schwarzenegger and the Kennedys went to war, and the former was eventually assassinated, but not before he had taken down several of them, all-but eliminating them from American politics. He dressed up like in the movie *Commando*, and attacked the Kennedy compound single-handedly, killing over two dozen guards, and wasting the Kennedys, before the police arrived en masse, like in the movie

Terminator II, and cut him to pieces with gunfire. He had surrendered and had his hands in the air, but these were Kennedy's cops. Unlike the Terminator movies, he couldn't just pry the bullets out later. He bled to death. Schwarzenegger lost all his children too, and Maria was not assassinated but implicated in Schwarzenegger's murder, and went to prison, where she was killed gangland-style, the details too horrible to relate. Something about a cleaning accident and flammable fluids.

Shades of the French-English-Amerindian war in the classic movie The Last of the Mohicans. Wasn't that a great scene where the Amerindians ambushed the British Redcoats in the clearing, and whomped their sissy butts but good? You'd never see that in a John Ford anti-Amerindian propaganda movie, would you? In his movies it was us who were the sissies, and John Wayne the he-man. We Amerindians were rocking and rolling through the looms when we saw that movie. It has been played so much on VCR it has been worn out and replaced several times before Net TV, and is always good for looney looney late-night laughs even today.

Back to Mona, exulting over the demise of her political foes.

It was all their own fault, Mona chuckled. They should have been buyable. No sale, chuckle. Out with the old, in with the new. They too shall pass. America is too small for them all. She who has the gold rules. The American dream. Ballots and bullets are the only ways to power anywhere, even here.

For years, American political life was marred by assassinations, counter-assassinations, gangster-style wars, corruption, election fixing, embezzlement and fraud, impeachment hearings. When it was calm again, Mona was the first person in American history to call all the shots in all 50 states and the District of Columbia. And she never ran for office or won a vote. Or needed to. She could buy all the votes she wanted at will now.

Didn't the media expose Mona and Teenysoft? What media? She owned it all. She had a constant program of hypnosis

going on in all media, making people not interested in what was really going on or who ran things anymore. Instead, the latest entertainment and sports, and their stars, and their publicity stunts, were the main news on all the media. There was a deliberate effort to make people stop reading books, unless they were adaptations of entertainment products, or at a higher reading level than the 8th grade. The old USA Today was the USA Now. Mona considered books dangerous, especially ones that inculcated ideas challenging authority. She bought-out the remnants of the publishing industry, under the guise of rescuing it, then destroyed it utterly by wasting its treasures and personnel on trivial pursuits. For awhile any and every submission to her publishers by the lousiest writers was given top priority, so that the junk published would get terrible reviews and lower their reputations and sales simultaneously. Then paper as a medium for books was eliminated completely, for electronic media, especially the intangible Net. That way, she could cause books to just vanish, or be altered to her own specifications, at will. And nobody could even view a book without paying her for it first.

She controlled the entire credit reporting system of America, and could juke anybody's finances at will into bankruptcy, and keep them bankrupt permanently. She was Mona Mona Mona the Superwoman of America. Fuck, fuck, fucking her way into wealth and power, without even going to college. All thanks to another nerd, who paved the road for her.

Once America was in her pocket, the rest of the world could be concentrated on. Despite decades of threats, the Europeans had never passed America's leading political and economic position, nor had the Asians. America was still number one, albeit not so far ahead of the pack as in the 20th century. It was still the world's dream to emigrate to it, and her borders were straining, but the heartland still had plenty of room to absorb them all without much effort. The federal government always owned vast tracts of American land, and now some of it was being sold back to state governments, and even private corporations and individuals. Actually, Mona now owned it all, and could call herself America's landlady without bragging. The one big holdout

was the Amerindians, and their damn reservations, supporting themselves with tax-free casino gambling.

She set her mind on them again and again, but the rest of the world was too much to handle at the same time, so the former was sidelined in the crunch. She thought the Indians could wait, they weren't going anywhere.

One day, Mona decided to write her own Little Red Book. She really did write it, even though she could have hired ghost writers. The book consisted mainly of 'Bummers' and 'Coolios'. For example, "Bummer: your wife gets breast cancer and dies." Then, "Coolio: now you can finally marry your real girlfriend." "Bummer: your rival at work gets promoted over your head." "Coolio: now you know you won't be forced to give up your favorite little economy car." "Bummer: the IRS audited your tax returns and assessed you huge penalties and interest." "Coolio: now you know you won't have to worry so much about getting cancer anymore."

The book was an instant hit, especially since an ad for it appeared on every Teenysoft product screen until you had ordered it. Bummers and Coolios from her book were shot across Teenysoft products and the Net like stars in the sky. She even got them used in education software, from first grade up, in reading, philosophy, even gym classes. Mistress Mona wanted to be the Chairman Mao of America. Mao, Mona. Close but no cigar. Sorry, no relation.

Mona seemed to jump to middle age overnight after her Little Red Books (she now had several) made her America's Philosopher. And she changed her Gill clone image, trying to stay in her mansion most of the time and put on the appearance of a doting mother again. Something she could never really be now.

In public now she would go around in the dress of a bishop or archbishop, highly stylized. At the mansion, she would sit at the head of an expensive dining room table, in a lavishly expensive housedress, her eyebrows shaved, a lock of beautiful white hair hanging over the right side of her forehead, the rest still very brown, waiters serving her water and numerous dishes with tiny portions of expensive

foods, while her son, Gilliam IV, which Mona had registered on his birth certificate as Gill Four, and her daughter, Reba, sat halfway down on opposite sides, with their own crews of uniformed waiters, eating hot dogs and hamburgers with pickles, and french fries with ketchup. Never pizza. She was a tyrant, forever lecturing them on what they were supposed to do and when. And they were always obedient, from fear of course. It was like living with God in Hell, or the Devil in Heaven. "I beat her with my whip, and she never gets tired." "Who? Your horse?" "No, my wife." My children. My ass.

Mother had special chairs built for her children with fans that sucked their body gases straight out onto the roof. She was like that. Fastidious. Real things had become to her increasingly like software itself. She just wanted to click an icon and manage it. Her deceased husband had been a heavy farter, his digestion very poor. When a piece of anything, even a crust of pizza, hit his stomach, the defective stomach enzymes caused an immediate emission of gas, that went through his tubes fast, and eructed from his anus noisily, coated with the entire length of his intestine's feces odor. Eructed means belched. I should have just said farted.

Perhaps if she had claimed that as her defense in court, she could have gotten off of murder charges clean, a jury readily believing it was justifiable self-defense, chuckle. The body gas chairs not only got rid of body gas, they also gave her enemies a heck of a problem if they tried to frame her on murdering the children.

Reba was now 15, and Gill Four 13, his first year as a teen. Gill Four took after his mother in looks and build, and Reba took after her father, poor girl. When daddy had been assassinated they were 5 years younger, and sheltered from it all by their powerful, protective mother. She had vowed publicly to have the assassins, whoever they might be, hunted down and prosecuted to the maximum extent of the law, but nobody had ever been prosecuted, or even arrested, so far.

They both knew she had done it. They knew about O.J.

Simpson, Susan Smith, John and Patsy Ramsey. But they couldn't prove anything. Nobody could. They knew mother had made quite sure of that herself. Still, they admired her courage and skill, her pluck, her money and power. Both had learned from mother to be ruthless and always think of themselves first, and they did. All three mutually feared and distrusted each other. But as a practical necessity, the two children worked as a team when it came to opposing mother. Not that she didn't try splitting them up, and turning them against each other.

Reba never forgave mother for naming her that. Reba Bates. Rebates. Teenysoft used to give rebates back before it had a total monopoly. That was last done about the time she was born. It must have been mother's joke on father. Of course she claimed father had named her, not her. Which made Reba all the more sure it was her.

Gill Four never forgave mother for leaving the middle name Masters in his name. Masters Bates. Masturbates. He did masturbate, yes, since the age of 7 or so, and actually liked people to know it. Again, mother had told him that his name was father's doing, but this made him all the more sure it was hers. Funny that father's father's name was Gilliam Majors Bates II. If was father's mother that changed Majors to Masters. This was a continuing question in his mind, and, when his mother didn't satisfy him, and the servants didn't satisfy him, and his Teenysoft software didn't satisfy him, he began to think he and his father were indeed born to be masturbators, and he choked his chicken half to death constantly, using salves, ointments, potions, even butter and whipped cream on it as he did so. He was Born to Masturbate, and he had a genuine Fender electric car like Jimi Hendrix, which he tried to play religiously, the writing of a hit song with that title being his lifelong career goal now. "Born to beat my meat, born to choke my cock, born to stroke my spoke, yah ja yeh yo!" What he didn't know was that mother had his rooms wired for video and sound, and his bathroom drains tapped, capturing any and all of his semen and cryofreezing it, storing it with his father's. She was paranoid about so many things she could perhaps explain it if she had to, but don't ask me.

Grandmother Ellie was still alive, and lived in the family mansion, where she was mainly seen at family dinners, arriving late, eating little, and leaving early. Father's mother and father were not allowed in the mansion. They were not on speaking terms with mother. They lived in an American community in Costa Rica, and Gill Four and Reba had only been allowed to jet out there four times in their entire lives, after father's death. Each time they enjoyed the beautiful flowerful jungle environment, the airy cottages, the large crew of native servants that grandpa said worked for bars of soap. It took Gill Four to age 12 to figure out what he meant. Now he dreamed of visiting them one more time, and having as many young female servants as he could bribe with a suitcase full of bars of soap. And a young male servant or two also. Like his father, he liked to give head to young males, and would give head to any male, even a billy goat, if the pay was right. Like his father too, he was so teeny, he didn't even expect anybody to give him head, or marry him, unless he could bribe them with a billion dollars or two.

Grandmother and grandfather had tried for years to get the media to question Mona's role in father's death, in vain. It was like the ultimate dream of O.J. Simpson and the Ramseys to the nth power, this muzzle on the press in a world that had round the clock coverage of every scandalmonger of every public figure in America, except her. She was a sacred cow. Since the Little Red Books it became dangerous to question her even in private. People acted like it was against the law to criticize her. Maybe it wasn't, but people who even thought about it got arrested for something else instead, just the same as if it had been. The idea of a charge is what authorities use to justify abusing their power to use force, and the particular charge is pretty much irrelevant, since there were so many felony laws on the books now that one could earn a life sentence just by walking down a crowded aisle in a shopping mall. If the authorities had been out to get you that is. That was just it. They would be out to get you if you even looked like you might criticize Our Mistress of Sorrows, a name that was appearing now.

Officially, mother had been in a state of mourning ever

since father's death, and vowed lifelong celibacy in his honor and remembrance. "For a saint she sure liked to pick her nose in public and eat her burgers," snickered Gill Four once. "I saw her leaving her bedroom with a large cucumber once and shoving it down the garbage disposal," snickered Reba back. Gill Four well knew what that meant. So did Reba. At age 10 she had started heavy masturbation herself. And at age 4, burger eating. Don't worry. She never played doctor with her brother, had sex with him, or anything like that. Not even he could have stood it. Mother did go to her room sometimes and practice mutual masturbation with her, as her mother did with her. But Mona used cucumbers only when alone, big ones that would have tore her daughter up.

You probably asked yourself, who is 'me'? I'm the author of this entire book, you dumb turds! I'm Poor Bear, the official Wushiwashee Indian Tribal Historian, and this book is the result of 20 years of research, after the New Divide. But read on and we will be getting all the facts out in proper order, for The Great Kicking Log.

Back to Gill Four. He should have had the finest education money can buy, but, because mother insisted on a Teenysoft education, all at home on a personal computer, he ended up mainly watching movies and playing video games. He also dabbled in astrology and the black magic arts, believing in the stars without question. He believed anonymous authors of the little analysis of his mother's name, who proved it added up to 666, the Number of the Beast, when properly converted. He believed his birthdate, on June 6 of a year ending in 6, made him the Second Beast. And he believed his sister's name Reba, connected her with country singer Reba McEntire, and, since Mac meant son of, and entire meant whole, he believed this meant that he should inherit the whole of Teenysoft himself. But more about Gill Four later.



Chapter 4. Paid Guinea Pigs in Medical Tests

Frank Lloyd Wright lived in the American Century, being born just after the War Between the States, and surviving to just after the Sputnik launch. He never saw or used a personal computer. His work with architecture was on a par with Rembrandt's paintings, each brush stroke a monument to eternity. Still, the roof often leaked.

Mistress Money, as the public often humorously called her, lived in the Teenysoft Century, being born just after the Sputnik launch, and surviving past Gill's death, inheriting everything. She barely saw or used a personal computer too, until she ended up controlling them all, and forcing everybody in America to use them. Her work with Teenysoft was on a par with Rembrandt's paintings too, each brush stroke a monument to eternity also. Still, the roof often leaked.

She finally overreached herself when she decided to use Teenysoft customers as paid guinea pigs in medical tests. Paid? Her? How, you might ask.

She had seen, for years after the government permitted paid aids for prescription drugs on television, the general usage of all drugs rise, and the drug industry reap record sales and profits. She wanted to buy it. The drug industry that is. Then she wanted to increase sales and profits to the max. Her way, using Teenysoft's muscle.

She was behind the decriminalization of all marijuana, heroin, cocaine, indeed, all drugs. Instead, they were regulated, taxed, and licensed. Some still needed prescriptions. Marijuana didn't. At the same time smoking in public became universally illegal. She didn't particularly like people congregating together anyway, she preferred everybody staying at home in front of their personal computer, often hidden inside a home entertainment complex that made leaving home undesirable when everything from food to clothes to professional sex partners could be ordered via a click, and Teenysoft make a percentage on it.

Why, thought Mona, should people leave home to go to doctors offices and pharmacies?

Soon it was impossible to have a personal computer and not be bombarded by offers to either authorize your medical history to be released to Teenysoft, or get a free medical exam if the information can be used by Teenysoft, and, once it was analyzed, you would be bombarded by more offers to try new prescription drugs for free, often drugs that were experimental, which Teenysoft would give guinea pigs a credit on their account for ordering. Money was just your account balance with Teenysoft anyway by now, so who could refuse a chance to get the balance, invariably negative, reduced? You just clicked, and the order was being shipped immediately by overnight airmail.

If she couldn't get you hooked on prescription drugs because you had no ailments to treat, Mona was always offering vitamins, herbs, brain foods, hormone precursors, anything, even skin conditioners. The ease of ordering was increased to where it was hard not to order, and soon every American was popping pills and potions every day on which she made a percentage.

Then one day, as might be expected, she went too far. She sold an experimental anti-depression medicine to over 6 million people, mainly women, based on a radical new idea of modifying the genetic codes of sections of the brain systemically to eliminate the tendency to depression. Her real goal was eventually to modify all the genetic codes of Americans so they would never rebel against authority or seek to leave their homes except for dire emergencies. The anti-depression test drug worked, all-but eliminating depression in the test subjects, evening-out the moods, eliminating the hills and valleys, beautifully. But it had unwanted side-effects, causing them to grow testicles and body hair, including all over the face, like werewolves.

The side-effects were permanent. The werewolf women had vaginas and testicles but no penises. They could ejaculate through their vaginas, their clitorises becoming somewhat enlarged, but still just that. And it made them want other women sexually instead of men.

She spent billions trying to push the blame off herself onto patsies, all the while continuing research on the gene

modification drugs, and even selling more of them. The she-wolves at first were freaks, outcasts, and Mona even liked the idea that they would now definitely stay at home more. No, they didn't go out at night when there was a full moon and attack people. Those stories are just based on ignorance and superstition. But they became so numerous that they began congregating again, with each other, becoming a minority pressure group, marching in public, and creating their own alternative culture. Finding their former lives disrupted and uprooted, their former spouses abandoning them even as they abandoned them and took to lesbianism, only to be rejected by horror by non she-wolves, many even thinking their affliction could be transmitted by contact, they soon took to marrying each other, and seeking permanent handicapped status with the government, and financial benefits.

They failed. There were too many of them, and it would bust the government budget, they claimed. And Mona wouldn't permit the government to acknowledge that they had been wronged. Unphased, they deliberately tried taking over half of Montana, pulling up roots and just moving in, with or without a means of support, the ones with money purchasing lands and businesses, and only hiring their own kind, just as only their own kind would patronise their establishments.

Montana was now called Monatana by critics, and the name stuck even with the wolf babes. The new residents outnumbered the old, so they ignored the old government, including the state legislature, and set up a new capital city, which they called Monaville. They called their new state Monatana too, soon claiming parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, and Oregon, and even petitioning for statehood to the Congress. The days of the militia movements were nothing compared to the days of the she-wolves. For the former were simply normal citizens arbitrarily declaring their separation from the United States of America, and trying to live as if its government didn't exist, rightly drawing federal marshals, troops, judges, and prisons, by making the government fear for its own existence by the example if set. But the latter were babes.

And the she-wolves had reason on their side, for it was

found that the defects were hereditary, and she-wolves were hermaphroditic, able to impregnate and/or become impregnated, and bear children, themselves always she-wolves. Mona had created a new subspecies of werewolves, or rather resurrected a suppressed subspecies, all by clicking computers. At least they still used them, and Teenysoft was there selling them facial hair depilatory creams, and more experimental drugs.

They chose as their anthem the 1969 Creedence Clearwater Revival classic Bad Moon Rising, used in the famous 1981 movie An American Werewolf in London and elsewhere. From past emotional experiences we have already recounted, Mona just hated Creedence Clearwater Revival. Luckily for her, the now-aged songwriter John Fogerty had once stupidly sold his rights away, and she quickly snapped them all up, prohibiting the song from being performed legally. This unexpected slap made the Monatanans play it all the more. And everywhere, it quickly became the theme song of all anti-Teenysoft rebels, substituting the word Mona for Moon. Old John Fogerty came out retirement to sing for the Montana State Legislature, the audience and podium full of clapping, stamping, waving werewolves. Naked, but you couldn't see anything because of all the fur.

This saga marked the beginning of the downward turn for Teenysoft, as history later proved. For Montana was near Washington, and the Wushiwashie Indian Tribe, where plans were even then being laid to take Teenysoft over from her.

Their relations started with the attempt of the werewolves to make the U.S. government accept them as a unique race, like they had the Indians, and grant them, if not their own sovereign government, at least protected status and reservations like they did with them. They went to the Wushiwashis because of their great success in casino gambling, raking in billions a year, all outside the control of Teenysoft. The latter had originally, years earlier, invited in the mafia, and learned the business from them, then kicked them out, donning war paint and scalping a few until they knew they were licked. Still, there was an unexplained loss each year, which was lumped under the 'unexplained losses' label. I wouldn't know anything about

that, even though I'm the Casino Manger. But live and let live I always say.

The werewolves wanted to have the Wushiwashee lands included in theirs at first, but, when we naturally objected, they worked out a deal dividing Washington between them, with a common border. The airports and interstates would remain under federal control, which was acceptable to them all so the tourists wouldn't feel afraid to flock in with their money.

In the 19th century frightened people, in Europe especially, wouldn't even suffer a werewolf to live, while in the 20th century, the few genetic werewolf throwbacks around made their living as freaks in the circus, one famous family in the late 20th century in Mexico being known worldwide. So, the werewolves also went into the circus business, working with the Wushiwashis to include Wild West and Amerindian acts, feats of daring and courage, and onion concessions.

Mona was no slouch. She fought them, and all casino gambling, by getting gambling legalized nationwide, and by federal law, so that anybody could gamble all they want right from home, via the TSN, the TeenysoftNet. Their wins and losses were automatically booked into their Teenysoft account, like anything else, including their incomes. As most people now stayed at home and telecommuted to their place of employment, which was owned by Teenysoft anyway, their very salaries were just credited to their Teenysoft accounts. Many companies let Teenysoft buy them out just so they could keep their account balances from going into the red too much.

This is where Mona finally failed to win the hearts and minds of the American people. For decades, the real lure of casino gambling was the ability to use it to launder 'dirty money'. For example, if one made a million dollars illegally, say, by dealing drugs, and otherwise had no visible means of support, he could always go to, say, Las Vegas, and 'lose' twenty thousand dollars, but come back and claim he won a million dollars, then declare it on his income tax returns, pay taxes on it, and keep the rest free

and clear. The use of paper money made it impossible for the government to check up on this usually, and paying them some taxes was a most effective and mollifying pseudo-bribe.

When paper money was all withdrawn from circulation, it had the effect of making the policing of dirty money far easier, and, while the average American was not a hardened criminal making his entire living from dirty money, still, a large number of Americans did pride themselves on the way they 'economized' by dirty money tricks, such as by pocketing tips, turning a few tricks, doing a little shoplifting, stealing software. Teenysoft software.

So, no government could be powerful enough to stop this last remaining streak of libertarianism in Americans, and the visiting of casinos, within whose walls anything goes as long as a person's 'action' is good, continually increased. Indian tribes got to run casinos tax-free, and that helped them offer great deals to customers, such as free food, lodgings, and great service. So they became the resorts of choice as well, complete with circuses, and, while Americans did stay at home much more, and freeways were no longer choked with workday rat-race traffic, nobody could tell Americans not to take their precious vacations once, twice, or more times a year. That was their right as Americans. Just look at Chevy Chase and his National Lampoon Vacation movie series.

A vacation in Monatana, then, became a rite of passage, as well as a right. And a statement, as well as a relief. Despite the name of the state, the act was a denial of the godhood of Mona, and a psychological step towards freeing the common American of the pandemonium of the all-Mona mindset, which could have led to a national religion if it had been allowed to go on unchallenged. Already there were those who compared Gill and Mona to Isis and Osiris. Or was that the other way around? Or Horus and Isis? I'm not up on Greek religion and am not going to call on Teenysoft software to look it up for me now, nyaaa! Egyptian I mean. Or Jesus and Mary. You get the idea. Didn't little Jesus go to Egypt with Mary and eat their onions? The Egyptians loved their beer and onions. They are Wushiwashee kin. There was a famous Egyptian queen once called Hot Sheepshit,

who had an affair with the Hebrew King Solomon the Wise.

Speaking of hot sheepshit. There were rumors coming out of it that Mona had been born free of original sin, and was conceived of a virgin, as well as conceiving her children while still a virgin. Rumors that Gill had ascended to heaven after visiting his employees days after his death, and showing them the bile and puke stains on his lips and hands, and the Last Bite still in his mouth. There were reports of secret meetings of 'Gillians' using pizza as their sacred host, and comparing him and his wife to the Professor and Mary Ann.

Dominoes Pizza. Just like their Savior. Gill, like Jesus, had left no written testament, leaving that to others. Rumors that there were hidden messages in Teenysoft object code, or in sound bytes played backwards; rumors that Gill had been Jesus Christ; rumors that he was the Unknown Beatle; Kurt Cobain's brother/father/son/cousin/lover/ghost. Rumors, rumors, rumors, about a trillion of them, filled the Net.

The Professor/Mary Ann thing came from confusion between religion and an old 20th century TV show called Gilligan's Island, starring John Denver the terrible singer. Or was it Bob Denver the terrible actor? A beatnik, the 'other kind of nerd'. I wonder how Bobcat Goldthwait would fit in to this categorization? They were all pretty slender.

But the people didn't care about getting their knowledge straight anymore. They were so connected to the Net that they were educated beyond their intelligence. They couldn't filter the good from the bad. It was all just whatever came up after a request to a Teenysoft search wizard. It was truly the New Dark Ages.

Yes, there were rumors that Gill was not really dead, but had been shipwrecked on a small tropical island with a skipper, a movie star, a millionaire, a professor, etc. A millionaire was like a pauper to a trillionaire, so that latent discrepancy didn't bother the true believers. Thurston Howell the Third, Gill Bates the Third -- the coincidence made believers of many, like the Sacred Shroud

of Turing did. You can guess what that was. In a trance, true believers came up with the Stigmata of Gill, spontaneously puking pizza and colored vomit. I guess that old movie The Exorcist became truer than they could have predicted.

There were also the rumors linking Gill, Mona, and/or Teenysoft with the International Jewish Conspiracy. I wouldn't touch that one with a ten foot totem pole.

It was the New Dark Ages. Luckily, they were not to last long. Mona herself screwed it all up.

5.5

Chapter 5. Reaching Farther, Climbing Higher

The Space Program was originally launched by the old Soviet Union. Then the proud 'world policeman', the United States, suddenly woke up to the prospect of living in a world where they were second fiddle, and, declaring it to be a matter of national pride, national security, and even Christ versus Antichrist, launched the Great Space Race, which, in a matter of a decade, they had won decisively. The effect was psychologically reversed, and, in a couple more decades, after the rise of personal computers and Teenysoft, and MTV, the Soviet Union itself collapsed from within. Then the United States wound its Space Program down, the success of Star Trek on TV and in the movies supplying the public's needs better, and popular support ironically dwindling for a real program that didn't have warp drives, phasers, and cool aliens to fight. When the X-Files TV/movie craze hit, not even a geriatric John Glenn in orbit could restore the old thrills, and the prospect of going to Mars was not considered to be worth the cost.

With her control of America becoming solidified, and the public's opinion being whatever she wanted it to be, Mona wound it back up. Ironically, it was the mutual fear of the other side orbiting nuclear weapons on launch platforms that originally drove the military-industrial complexes of the U.S. and S.U. like psychos. Yet, as it turned out, neither side actually did it, and indeed became cooperative in their

space efforts instead. The dominance of the two superpowers actually kept other nations from militarizing space.

She had always wanted the Moon, and now she could have it. Her general plan was to rename the Moon to Moona, which she did, overnight, since she owned all the publishing companies, and had all dictionaries and encyclopedias amended, as well as all electronic texts. And set up a retirement and vacation community on it, after setting prices as high as the market would bear, thus insuring that the top half million richest people on Earth alone could afford it. Through Teenysoft software, subliminal messages would insure that they would all want to go, at any price. Then, after they got there, she would not only make Moona totally dependent on Teenysoft, and eventually sap all the rich people's retirement funds while milking the tourists dry, having them return to Earth deeply in debt to her, but she would get all the potential rivals safely out of her way. Way way way out of her way.

The only problem was that Moona was so far away, 30 times the diameter of the Earth (30 times 8,000 equals one quarter million miles, approximately), that it was staggeringly expensive to send even a small number of people there, much less a half million like she wanted. Consulting my dictionary, I see Moona has a mass $1/81$, a volume $1/49$, and a diameter $1/4$ of Earth's, which is a little more than 2100 miles. Its surface area is therefore only $1/16$ that of Earth. But, since there are no oceans there, or weather to worry about, every square mile is equally liveable, or unliveable, as the case may be, the main land valuation thus depending on being on the light side versus the dark side, and on how good a view of Earth it had. Maybe there is more water vapor and frozen carbon dioxide at the poles, and that would drive property values up, you tell me. In any event, the Crater Tycho soon became the Beverly Hills of Moona, from its visibility from Earth, and its popularity in fiction, with the the Crater Copernicus coming in second as Moona's Palm Springs. The question of living on the surface versus living underground was left to the engineers, and their solution was some of each.

Yes, Moona had carbon dioxide and water vapor in enough

quantity to eventually become self-sufficient in the generation of breathable oxygen and potable water, they told her. And they would have no qualms about using nuclear power that far away from Earth. And nuclear reactors could also be made to produce air and water, if they didn't mind a little extra risk of cancer.

The staggering cost was not the real problem to her, but the opportunity, since virtually all the money would be spent on her companies to do the job. The money wasn't being 'shot to Moona', but into Mona's back pocket. The problem was keeping the people of Earth from revolting while getting them to pay for it out of their pockets. For every dollar spent on this project, there was one dollar less for improving the standard of living on Earth. Except hers.

She knew that such a colony was, given enough research, not only feasible but ultimately economical if not capable of generating a net flow of new wealth. If she only had a hundred years that is. She wanted it done now. Yesterday. So, her researchers had to juggle their plans to suit her, and, to make it affordable to Earth itself, they had to cut a lot of corners on safety margins and backup systems. The net result was a kind of Noah's Ark that was about as safe as a barrel ride down Niagara's Falls. It could work, but it would be a lucky thing if it did, and no surprise if it didn't. No problem, she thought. She had such a control of the media that she could cover portray the unnecessary dangers as necessary, and cover-up any accidents or disasters, portraying them as glorious successes instead.

When they told her that they had a workable plan now, but five years more and it would be safer, she told them to go with what they had now. Five years is too long to wait. She was already brainwashing people into booking their reservations by the hundreds of thousands. After an initial idea to push Robert Heinlein's book *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress* was withdrawn because it advocated disrespect for authority, and a second idea to use books by Isaac Asimov suffered from the same problem, she simply had her own fiction written up, published, and made into movies and video games.

She had her half million reservations in 22 months, and in only 2 years the project was launching materials and personnel into near-Earth orbit almost daily, where the main assembly of all the larger components was done. The idea was that, if it were to be a permanent colony, it would be cost-effective to string out a number of waystations in space, along a space transport pipeline, or space train line, sending smaller space shuttles back and forth at regular intervals, rather than one huge shuttle back and forth over the complete distance. Would this be more like an iron horse train, a wagon train, or a trucking line? Or a Pony Express? In ads for riders for the latter the white men used to request that orphans only apply, grin. (They were the good old days.)

There was just one problem, namely, that Moona orbits Earth once every 27-1/3 days, so it won't stay in a stationary position with respect to any line of space waystations. So, either there would have to be several strings of waystations, or just one to start, and more built later. Moona opted for just one to start, figuring that way people couldn't book vacations for less than 4 weeks at a time, and retirees shouldn't ever want to return. She was planning on cancelling the other strings later anyway.

The lower gravity (1/6 of Earth) was a big selling point to retirees, the hype being that it would make old people feel young again, even in bed. But after enough time, their muscles and bones would weaken permanently, and they could never again stand Earth's gravity probably. Still, this point of no return was longer than four weeks, as years of near-Earth space station experience had proved, so she had no problem selling vacations there either.

The real problem retirees would have, namely, that they would be forever stranded, like mummies, on a dried-out sterile lifeless space desert, gulping their own recycled wastes, while being taunted by beautiful views of a lush wet warm green Earth that they could never touch again, she never let that stop her. She didn't plan on living there.

So, a trillion dollars later, she had a regular Conga line of people staged all the way from Earth to Moona, and

settling in by the tens of thousands, without that many disasters, and just a few dozen deaths, which she covered up easily. She had always been able to claim the allegiance of computer nerds, and now real scientists, physicists, engineers, were big Teenysoft boosters, not just from fear, but from love that this woman had done more for the Space Program in a decade than all the government administrations before had in several. They were educated beyond their intelligence.

Not that Teenysoft wasn't already big in space. Gill had, before his death, initiated an expensive program to gain total control of the Internet by launching a huge fleet of satellites circling the Earth seven ways to Sunday in every possible direction, with deeper backup than a Super Bowl winning team. But this was near, not deep space. Mona went one up on Gill by spending a billion bucks studying whether tunnels could be bored through the Earth so that the Net could be carried on laser beams. Not without causing a global upheaval, including volcanoes, earthquakes, and tsunamis, said the scientists. I could have told her that for less than a billion.

She had other uses for space than peaceful ones, however. She was sick and tired of the Chinese not giving up their self-government and letting her run theirs, and now she was preparing to blackmail them into giving up, the same way the English once had, by using superior technology to force them to their knees, and accept any dope she wanted to sell them. She read everything she could about the 19th century domination of China by Britain and her naval power, including the Boxer Rebellion, and the forcing of opium on them. Time to have history repeat itself, she reasoned. Teenysoft was the opium of the people now.

This time they couldn't get use only conventional military power because the Chinese had the atomic bomb, and an intercontinental ballistic missile system capable of great enough range to threaten America. America had no anti-ballistic missile defense system yet that was sure of stopping every Chinese ICBM, even though, even as early as 1998, the funding for research had reached 30 billion dollars, and by her day, was over 300 billion. Heedless of

history, and international agreements against militarizing space, she soon had her Moona program doubling as orbiting battleship stations, stocked with nuclear warheads on reentry platforms, nicely filling in the holes in the ABM capability of America, and quickly able to cover all the ICBM routes out of China and her Asian allies, and shoot them down from above. If the intercept was high enough, a nuclear warhead would be sure of a total kill, even if the enemy ICBM used countermeasures and the interceptor missed it by a half mile.

The Chinese countered by launching their own orbiting stations, with the intention of using them to knock down hers. So she soon shot theirs down first. They launched more, better-defended ones. And knocked down some of her orbiting stations with nuclear warheads.

And so she plunged America into a near world war.

■ ■

Chapter 6. Tested Under Fire

On the opposite side of the Earth from Mona, there were a billion people who still didn't owe her company store. The Chinese. The red sorghum wine drinking Chinese. They had survived the Japanese devils. They had beat America in Vietnam. They had survived the Soviet Union. Tiananmen Square was still Red. They were resisting American Capitalism too, including Teenysoft.

When the Americans began orbiting what amounted to space battleships, their memory of the British and their warships was large and painful. They saw red, like a bull that is. They immediately mobilized a heroic space program of their own, lowering living standards in some areas to the bare survival level, on a wartime basis, while they worked to save their country from the New British, as they called them. To them, America, Teenysoft, Mistress Mona, these were all the same Foreign Devils in different guises, like a dragon with many heads. The real British, they assumed, were in America's pocket, as were all Europeans, and the

Japanese, and America's usual allies. They felt completely surrounded and isolated now, like a cornered bear, having no choice but to come out fighting.

Mona was simultaneously vying for the hearts and the minds of the Chinese, much like Kennedy and subsequent U.S. Presidents tried to persuade the Cubans to overthrow Castro. Without success. Every attempt at persuasion caused the Communist regime to triumphantly re-justify itself, by the very fact it was being attacked. The Communist mentality works best as a romantic, revolutionary philosophy, the poor banding together against the rich, sacrificing all, and all that claptrap.

Still, Mona was turning some Chinese against each other, and, if she could have the time, she might eventually win the battle of attrition, since the weak point of Communism is the difficulty of the change of leadership, an entire gang of leaders usually growing into senility together, and keeling over within years of each other, giving the younger generation a sudden chance, such as in the former Soviet Union.

At least she didn't have to worry about Chinese terrorists. In the old days before the Islamic occupation and pacification, the U.S. was crawling with terrorists, bombing buses, markets, government buildings, schools. The perfection of robot snipers at first stymied them, but finally boomeranged when they resigned themselves to treating all missions as suicide, and snipers, however perfect and surgical, became useless. They kept showing them in movies long after they were mothballed in real life, because it was great drama and suspense to show a terrorist, holding some school kids, with a bomb strapped to his body, suddenly get filled full of bullets that snapped his spinal cord nerves before he could even hear the bangs, and severing the hand holding the trigger button at the wrist at the same instant.

Laser snipers, that attempted to snipe the bombs, also boomeranged after the first success, since now they placed the bombs on such short fuses that snipers weren't even given the chance to arrive. By laser snipers, I mean the

kind of lasers that cut through steel girders like a hot knife through butter. You have seen them in movies, I'm sure.

A military occupation of Islamic countries, followed by a pacification of the people, and supervised elections, turned them into industrious economic competitors, like the Japanese, intent on beating us in the world marketplace and buying the land from under our feet, which suddenly seemed more worthwhile a goal than terrorism. They were immediately successful in producing jeeps, sports utility vehicles, and planes that could withstand dust, sand, and other desert conditions without breaking down. They also produced a series of old-fashioned family games that took America by storm, and even making Islamic converts.

With conversion and immigration, America now had millions of Islamic believers, with the loud wails coming from minarets in every city over 10,000 population now. And all of them good Americans now, using Teenysoft products, and not minding who ran America anymore, as long as their lifestyles were sunny and leisurely, and the kitchen had the latest appliances and gadgets.

But the Chinese were so far resisting the American dream and its lures, so war was thinkable, and easily sold to their people. War with the Foreign Devils, whose very wealth could be used to paint them as evil. The PBS, however, introduced by Teenysoft to China, was now considered China's trademark, every crowded road looking like a gaudy American Chinatown, but now carrying anti-American propoganda, even when there was no gas and vehicles just sat in long lines in the roads.

They braced for a land invasion, even though none seemed threatened. They poured more money into their nuclear arsenal, improving their ICBMs in every aspect, including range, payload, and accuracy. They banned personal computers now, which caused them to become irresistible, hundreds of millions soon totally addicted and dependent on them, and Teenysoft. But the Communist leadership still had the critical mass, like the scum on the top of a pond, that keeps it all down.

Mona grew very mean, and there were rumors of an insidious new weapon being developed by the government, with Mona's backing, what you might call a cosmic ray industrial laser. It shot concentrated cosmic rays, which, we all know, can pass right through the Earth. If they strike living cells, they damage them, causing genetic as well as metabolic damage. The rumor was that she was trying to turn the center of the Earth into a battlefield, with laser guns pointing down into the ground, aimed to come out the other side, after going through the Chinese. Since this program, if it exists, is super top secret, all we have are unconfirmed rumors, even to this day. But, the Chinese do a brisk business in lead-lined jockstraps now.

Then a big surprise for Mona. Her old marriage to the ancient Chinaman was unearthed by the Chinese government, because he had more relatives inside China that Mona hadn't assassinated. This Mistress Mona was nothing but a Chinese whore, they all snickered. And a murdering black widow. As she had tried like hell to cover it up to her own people, so could she be blackmailed now.

The Chinese leaders saturated their media with exposes of Mona, including even pornographic restagings of her sick, perverted relationship with an old pedophile. She could do little about it, except claim it was all Chinese propaganda and untrue. She had been a virgin when she married dear Gill, she told the people. Just try and find a single person who had sexual relations with her and could prove it. She was celibate now, and sexually chaste, totally devoted to her people, the people of the Earth. Just like, er, strike that thought. Just like a Catholic saint, yes, and all could put their trust in her, even pray to her and have favors granted, and many testimonials proved the efficacy of this.

It was at this time that Mona decided to rename Redwood City to Batesdad, and declare it, and a buffer zone around it, to be its own country, or actually, the capital city of the entire Earth. In the confusion the American people didn't much care about this, even though some remaining dissenters grumbled that this was tantamount to treason

against the Constitutional Government of the United States. What CGOTUS she laughed? She was the GOTUS, and the C too. Teenysoft software replaced the Constitution and made a business out of it now. One that made instead of lost money.

FF

Chapter 7. One Voice Can Make a Difference

Gill Four loved the 1960 Alfred Hitchcock movie Psycho, where Norman Bates, his namesake, had killed his mother, and kept her stuffed in a rocking chair, impersonating her as he killed rare visitors to the Bates Motel.

"Why shouldn't real life imitate art?" he asked himself.

The fact that Alfred Hitchcock looked just like a Botero come to life, and might very well have been Botero's actual inspiration in life, further cinched his superstitious mind, as did the fact that for years one of the best pitchers on the San Diego Padres major league baseball team had been a man named Sterling Hitchcock. And wasn't mother from San Diego? And didn't padre mean father in Spanish? And didn't sterling refer to silver? And didn't they always drive a silver stake into the heart of a vampire? And wasn't mother a vampire, sucking people's blood? Or at the very least, a vamp, like Theda Bara?

It must be his destiny, in his stars, to play a great part in a great drama. And isn't the world a stage? Hadn't Faye Dunaway played the lead role in the movie Mommie Dearest, about that cruel self-centered movie star Jayne Mansfield, or whatever was her name? And didn't done away suggest something to the star-struck? And didn't Mommie Dearest sit on the board of Coca-Cola once? And Mona now own Coca-Cola? Or was that Pepsi? No matter, for she owns them both.

He set about designing a systematic plan to become Norman Bates, watching the movie Psycho a hundred times in a row in his lavish room in the mansion. For some strange reason he

could not bear to watch Mommie Dearest again, although it had been years since he saw it, and only once. Mona herself gave it to him and made him watch it, under threat of some kind of punishment. Now, every time he left his room for a second, his VCR of Psycho got switched for Mommie Dearest. So he'd try to call it up on TSN and download it. If he left the room again, it would get overwritten with a copy of Mommie Dearest. If you ever saw that movie Misery starring Kathy Bates, you might guess the rest.

Joan Crawford, that was it. Jayne Mansfield was a blonde. Like Janet Leigh.

Mona had always been insanely jealous of her power, and of course she considered her children her most dangerous enemies. She spied on them constantly, and perhaps her son's new jag and the resultant cat and mouse game triggered her off. She had always publicly claimed she would find and prosecute the murderers of her husband, and she did. She was going to frame her children on it. After all, after their father's assassination, which they would be eventual beneficiaries of, they never ordered pizza again. That proved them guilty. Now she had secret movies of her son putting on a wig, dressing up in a nightgown or a granny dress, and slashing the air with a large butcher knife, while masturbating in a full-length mirror in his room. That would cinch it. He and his sister had killed their father, to get control of his empire, and now were plotting to kill their mother, who was loyally shepherding the empire, and taking care of it on their behalf.

When the grand jury indictment resulted in warrants for his and his sister's arrest, he fled to China. Reba didn't flee, and was arrested. In jail, she shaved her eyebrows in protest, and begged mother to help free her, trusting to the end.

In Mona's struggle for world power with the Chinese, there was one factor she had ignored till now, that came back to bite her in the ass. The United Nations. The Chinese, from decades of practice, were very adept at manipulating its functions. This time they had history on their side. U.N. Resolution 1884 (XVIII), adopted

unanimously by the U.N. General Assembly on Oct. 17, 1963, called upon all States to refrain from placing in orbit around the Earth any objects carrying nuclear weapons or any other kinds of weapons of mass destruction, or from installing such weapons on celestial bodies. Resolution 1962 (XVIII), adopted unanimously on Dec. 13, 1963, entitled, "Declaration of Legal Principles Governing the Activities of States in the Exploration and Use of Outer Space", strengthened this. Resolution 110 (II) of November 3, 1947, condemned propaganda designed or likely to provoke or encourage any threat to the peace, breach of the peace or act of aggression, and the later resolutions made it explicitly applicable to outer space. Worse, on Oct. 10, 1967, the U.N. adopted a "Treaty on Principles Governing the Activities of States in the Exploration and Use of Outer Space, Including the Moon and Other Celestial Bodies", and it was signed by the U.S. as well as most other countries.

Not that Mona cared about what past U.S. governments had done with the U.N. It's just that the rest of the world did. And until she could figure out a way to either dissolve the U.N. or take it over, she reluctantly had to deal with it.

The Chinese soon got the U.N. to pass a resolution condemning the U.S. militarization of space, and blaming Teenysoft for it. Arrogant as always, Mona came personally to address the U.N. assembly, blaming the problem on China itself, claiming they had militarized space first. Then on a collection of U.S. government bureaucrats which were actually her puppets and patsies, who she said were only responding to China's provocation. She then promised to demilitarize space immediately personally, "no matter how many heads had to roll", and take all the credit for it herself. She was at the same time increasing the number of orbital platforms and anti-anti-anti-countermeasures, hoping for a quick victory over China, at which point she could either knock them out of the U.N. completely, or place her own puppets in their seats, and get all of the resolutions reversed.

As she was leaving the U.N., and arrogantly insisted on taking a staged walk to her limo so that the cheering crowds could see her, and she could wave back, like a Pope, she

suddenly got a big cream pie in her face from three brave teenagers working as a team. She was not hurt, and they were arrested. It seems that Bates face attracts pie. Circus clown roots, most probably.

She was still in New York when she heard that the U.N. had sent inspection teams to Batesdad, along with U.N. military forces, demanding access to all of Teenysoft's facilities. She jetted to Batesdad and took personal command of the counterattack, refusing the inspection teams and going public condemning the U.N. action, saying it was a peace-destabilizing ploy of the Chinese. For weeks she lay holed-up in her mansion, dictating affairs. This was all falling into China's hands, and they were on the verge of crystallizing anti-Mona sentiment in a full-scale military action on Batesdad. The world diplomatic situation was very tense. China was not without a Bates up its sleeve.

Soon the Bates mansion witnessed this scene: Mona taking a hot shower in her mansion, nude, a number of very special nozzles giving her a thrill. Outside the huge Cleopatra-style baths, a number of heavily-armed bodyguards, none of them eunuchs, but none of them having the balls to try to score with Mistress Mona either, for fear of their lives. If you don't look at her breasts, she has a nice ass. So there was a hole in her security system, in that no bodyguard could be in her shower room with her. Still, that room was in an inner sanctum of the mansion, and it would have taken a small army to shoot their way in there.

Suddenly, a slim woman with brown hair, in a pink housedress, pulls the shower doors aside, shouts "Marion Crane!", and brandishes a large butcher knife, slashing Mona with incredible strength and fury. Again, and again, and again, as she struggles helplessly, trying to fend the knife off with her bare hands and some shower tools. Off come several fingers onto the shower floor. The eye zooms in on the drain, red blood running into it with the warm soapy water. Only Hitchcock could do this scene justice.

The eye zooms in on the murderer, and is startled by seeing Mona herself. Mona has killed Mona. No, this is not Mona. The murderer looks at herself in the mirror, and

tidies her hair, as if she had done nothing wrong, and were preparing to meet the public. Then pulls out a teeny weeny and jacks it off madly, smiling with an inner glow, finally spurting sperm all over the dead Mona's face on the shower floor, and loudly hissing through his teeth as if a great amount of steam were being released. Then a long ahhh and a luxurious pause to enjoy it all, the color in the cheeks changing like passing clouds. It is Gill Four, with plastic surgery.

Gill Four has done it. He has killed mother, to get even for her killing father. He is the Earth's new Oedipus Rex, but with no remorse. Now he is prepared for what is to come. He quickly and expertly butchers his mother's corpse into hunks, and sticks them into pink plastic garbage bags, for which purpose he has brought an entire roll. Her body neatly bagged, he carefully cleans out the shower, leaving no traces of blood, fingers, or bits of flesh. He undresses, throwing his clothes into another garbage bag, revealing his plastic surgery, a secret and expensive process, done in China, that made him look exactly like his mother. Except he kept his penis. He couldn't part with that. It was so teeny though, that he could pass for a woman if he was careful. Father hadn't called his company Teenysoft for nothing, grin. He hadn't inherited his father's looks, just his private parts.

It was tense but not too difficult gaining entrance to the mansion posing as Mona, it being so huge and Mona so secretive that the security in the north wing didn't know that Mona was already inside the south wing taking her long Cleopatra bath shower. His knowledge of secret passages inside the mansion helped him get inside the shower area while avoiding her loyal personal bodyguards.

Now, leaving the shower area impersonating Mona, he immediately started a brouhaha with her guards, using this excuse to fire them on the spot, and replace them with new guards, his. They took the garbage bags out, past the line of Botero statues, and into the huge kitchen area, where they were immediately shoved down the huge garbage disposals, and the sewage flushed into the sewers, after being mixed with a ton of other garbage, as sludge.

He didn't sludge her entire body, however. He saved her eyes, and fingertips, having them grafted onto this chest hideously, so that he could work all of mother's security devices by pulling down his top and using her eyes in retina scanners, and her fingertips in fingerprint scanners. She had a number of secret passwords for various security systems all over her empire, but Gill Four discovered her mother's incredible gaff in making them all variations of the word Josiah, like that middle-age freaked-out scientist who thought the world was going to end and made mechanical pterodactyls in Goose Island, Oregon, used his dead son's name Joshua as his password into the supposedly ultra-secure Norad WOPR computer in the classic movie War Games, which he had seen two hundred times.

Gill Four was now Mona. Mona was so alone in her enjoyment of power that replacing her was totally effective. Too much power in too few hands always make it easy for a single person of enough will power to take that power into his own hands. Ask Kerensky, or Lenin, or Batista. Mona, by destroying the American Republic from within, and perverting its constitutional government of the People, by the People, and for the People, had intended to be a benevolent dictator yes, but the catch is that there is no such thing as a benevolent dictator, it's a contradiction in terms. She was losing touch with her people, and didn't really care about anybody but herself, what dictator does? Now her son, who was the rightful heir to the Teenysoft empire anyway, he reasoned, could have his fun. America was now literally at his mercy. Luckily, Gill's nerdy genes ran strong in his blood, and so America was saved and didn't know it. He wanted to return America to the pre-Mona days, although even he couldn't do it without hard work and a lot of luck. America was a cat who had some lives left, so we all know it survived, else I wouldn't be leaving this history now would I?

The new Mona was immediately apparent to all. She suddenly wanted to make changes, starting with ridding the mansion of all the Boteros. She even immediately took to calling the mansion the Bates Motel, a joke everybody appreciated, but not the way they should have. She had the

old mansion soon torn down, and a new one, looking just like the one in the movie, although much larger and more luxurious, erected in its place, complete with a posh motel that permitted visitors, properly screened of course. That got rid of the evidence good, he thought.

He just had one regret, and that was that he couldn't have kept his dear mother mummified, in a rocking chair. Oh well, he thought, life doesn't exactly imitate art, like Avis doesn't exactly imitate Hertz. Maybe he was his mummified mummy now, so it did, exactly. He could always imitate Mona's cranky, low-pitched voice perfectly, enough to fool any voice-print security device without surgery, and had done so often enough that she was forced into the eyeprint sensors in the first place, even though she knew about the movie where the terrorists just cut the guy's eyeballs out and held them up to the sensor to gain entry. One voice can make a difference now, yes.



Chapter 8. You Don't Have to Trust Me With Your Tax Dollars

Since the first time Europeans stumbled into our North America, they had considered it as their property, and any prior inhabitants as squatters, who were free to leave permanently, or die. Correction. The Catholics, such as the infamous Christopher Columbus and his Spanish kindred, also gave them the option of becoming slaves. Don't tell me he was Italian. He was Spanish. All the white men then were good at infecting us with deadly diseases in any event. When their Catholic-Protestant religious division caused their 'New World' to be literally divided in half, by drawing a line on a map, the white men still considered it as only a matter between themselves. The real owners of the land were just classified with the wild game, which they merrily exterminated at will while they despoiled and defaced and exploited to the limit of their industry without restraint for centuries.

The long, sad history of injustice of the white men against us native Amerindians is beyond the scope of this book, but since the latter didn't know about and perhaps

would not have used the modern tactics of world diplomacy to turn the whites against each other and play both ends against the middle for their own liberation, they were easily exterminated, the remnants herded into the most worthless, undesirable corners of the continent that white men didn't think they wanted anyway. And, if the area was later found to have value, for tourism, or perhaps because it contained uranium ore, they reneged on all their treaties and pushed us somewhere else, like cattle.

If the whites had just left us one decent large area of primo land, such as the State of Colorado, or the State of Georgia, the simmering hatred of us million or so Amerindians of all tribes left at the close of the 20th century might have been appeased. Instead, it was their right to get even. The spirits of their ancestors cried to them constantly. Oh what an act they had to put on while they waited for a Great Sprit to arise and lead them to vengeful victory. The paleface government shut down our Ghost Dance Religion. They almost took our peyote buttons from us. They wouldn't let us smoke tumbleweed for decades. They made us wear clothes most of the time. They made us pretend not to be polygamous. They really gave it to us if they caught us taking scalps. They made us hide our bisexuality for decades. They killed off our food supply, the Great Buffalo, only recently breeding some pitiful remnants of a herd back. They tried foisting that Mormon fake history crap on us out in the West, as if that European and Asian history crap of theirs wasn't too much already.

At least legalized casino gambling made the later years more tolerable. You don't have to trust me with your tax dollars, palefaces, just come here with your refunds.

The end of the American Republic and the rise of its first Female Emperor gave them their first opportunity to do just that. Some Amerindians had been schooled in the white man's ways, and had attended their schools, and had read Gibbon's works on the Decline and Fall of the white man's Roman Empire in Europe and Asia. They believed they could make it happen again in their native land. That history could be made to repeat itself. The 'barbarians' would invade and destroy the Roman Empire, and either drive the

white men away, or end up as their rulers. If they could only do it and still remain true and faithful to their forefathers' spirits and ghosts, without becoming white men themselves.

All right, they had changed some, had picked up a love for white man's fire water, even with a genetic weakness that made its effects stronger and more deadly. They had grown to think of the herds of white men as their new buffalo, to be kept in large numbers, and lived off of, their money taking the place of meat and hides. If they could just farm their white buffalo in peace forever, without the white buffalo stampeding them to death, they would be happy.

The real secret of Mona Bates is that she was actually an Amerindian herself, being born on the Wushiwashee Reservation in Washington State, but being left by her father Chain Beaver in swaddling clothes in a clean cardboard box in a dumpster in downtown Spokane, Washington, after her mother died in childbirth, being eventually adopted by Mona's white parents, who moved to San Diego, and never told her she was adopted, or was not white like them, white racism being what it was in those days, you understand.

Chain Beaver was an Indian cop, on the Wushiwashee Reservation in Washington, and, as he and his tribesmen were busy learning the principles of casino gambling from mafiosi intent on extending their Las Vegas and Atlantic City operations, he kept track of his Little Darling Beaver, as he called her, from afar. Those were the heady days of bomb shelters, air raid warnings, the Cuban Missile Crisis, JFK, the Beach Boys, the Beatles, and all that.

Chain Beaver had a 1936 Silvertone radio, which he kept in his living room on the reservation, and always proudly remarked, "played real good," while courting and fornicating with dozens of women and men, in about equal numbers. That radio was playing loudly while his wife conceived Little Darling, and it was he who had visited her in that park, and taken her to his motel room in San Diego's motel row, and tried to have sex with her. What the white men had done to

her he didn't know, but her filthy habits made him sad, and he had never told her he was her father, as he had originally intended to do after she had had a full mutual orgasmic love ritual with him. Nor had he asked her to come to the reservation with him and live as his wife, as he intended. Which might sound strange, but he considered his daughter to be the reincarnation of his wife, and to him it made perfect sense.

When he realized that she had stolen his wallet, complete with his money and police i.d., he was slow in returning to the reservation, wandering first down to the bad side of San Diego, and working for awhile as a dishwasher to stake up some more money, then wandering down to Tijuana, Mexico, where he fell for the Tijuana Taxi scam and lost his money again to a whore and her crew in a squalid abandoned building with no roof and nothing but a few new mattresses in the beds to make it into a 'hacienda'. He then hitchhiked and walked down the Baja, and around back up through El Paso, and through the Painted Desert, purifying his soul in an ancient ritual before the Amerindians who considered this their sacred ground kicked him off.

He watched his daughter Little Darling from afar as best he could until her mysterious disappearance at age 15, and forever thought her dead, until she became a public figure, as the wife of the great white chief Gilliam Bates, decades later. Then he thought it best not to ever let anybody know her true roots, for fear Gill would divorce and disinherit her.

When she became a widow, he began to plan on finally seeing her again, his moods changing depending on whether he believed she would remember his sexual encounter with her or not. But when she began to run everything and become a dictator, he grew afraid, for fear of being assassinated, as he suspected she had done to her husband to gain sole power. He had rose to some wealth and power by the time Gill Bates was hiring detectives to snoop into wife-to-be Mona's past, and, when his friends told him about them being on his trail, he had them cook up an elaborate story of his death years earlier, framing another Amerindian, Looping Pony, on being him. The detectives bought it hook, line, and sinker,

apparently, for they never snooped around there again.

The chief of our tribe then was called Chief Tummy, and he did have a huge one, filled with lots of digested and digesting onions, a sign of wealth and power and respect with us. He had a young daughter he called Baby Cakes. Choking Beaver was a white-haired wrinkled leather-faced old warrior by then, wise and respected for his age, and wealthy and powerful in the tribe, although still slim, it seeming to be a hereditary problem with his line. He had a marriage with Baby Cakes arranged, and, when she reached the marriageable age of 11, he married her. A year later she bore him a daughter that was the spitting image of Little Darling Beaver, and he named her Little Splitting Beaver.

The name Wushiwashee means Onion Diggers, as for centuries that was our main food, along with other roots, berries, and game. The stronger the onion, the more we liked it, and we systematically developed more pungent varieties, some of which are too strong for outsiders and will put them in the hospital. To us, onions, leeks, and garlic are all varieties of the same thing. So, European legends that werewolves and vampires fear garlic, are particularly funny to us.

It is probably in our root genes to love onions, who knows? I think so. I eat my share every day. Raw, with salt. On doughnuts. On cornflakes. On berries. Onion rings. Baked onions. Pickled in vinegar. Whiskey. Tequila. In beer. In milk. Makes a great toothpaste too. In Awesome blossoms, made with a special kitchen tool the Wushiwashes market worldwide to restaurants. A meal is not complete without onions. We Wushiwashes eat onions as our main starch food the way Chinese eat rice, Italians eat wheat, Irish eat potatoes, Russians eat beets, American squatters eat white bread and pizza and pretzels. We don't call our husky healthy warriors 'meat and potatoes guys', but 'meat and onions guys'. An onion fart from a maiden is the highest kind of aphrodisiac. Many of our women masturbate with onions that look like a man, the same way Chinese use the ginseng root as an aphrodisiac because it often has the shape of a man. If you white men haven't tried poking a vagina that is filled with the stimulating

oils of onions, you haven't known real sex, and are Wimpys.

The per capita consumption is around 500 pounds per year. We don't notice the smell of onions on each other's breath, but all outside our tribe do, so we are often called the Wushistinkee Tribe by our tribal enemies. Or Washy-Stinky, if they're particularly mean. Then they turn around and eat insects and snails. And dirty crotch. Go figure.

Which of your European generals said an army moves on its stomach, and he couldn't move his army without onions? What meat is truly savory without onions? Onions make the world go round. They are the spice of life. We Wushiwashis are the onions of the Earth. Other Amerindian tribes gave you white people maize, tobacco, the potato, the turkey, the pumpkin.

We are the true source of all onions. Forget what the history books say, I know. I'm the historian of the Wushiwashee Tribe, and our legends are quite clear on the matter. I gained this position, indeed, by my literary talent, writing Ode to an Onion, Onion Love, Chunky Onion Love, and many other poems, songs, and short stories, all of which are available on the Wushiwashee web site at a low low price.

In the State of Washington, five other tribes share the land, the forests, the mountains, the plains, and the rivers: the Umatillas, the Yakama Indian Nation, Wanapum band, Nez Perce Tribe, and the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation.

Once some white men scientists uncovered a skeleton on the banks of the Wushiwashee River, and stole it. When we found out, all the tribes united and, citing American federal law, The Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act of 1990, asked for it back for repatriation by our tribal council in a secret location known only to them. They refused, saying the skeleton wasn't really an Amerindian at all, but what they call Caucasoid, with a long narrow brain case, narrow cheekbones, and a slightly projected jaw, like Italians have. It also stood 5 feet 9, which they claim is much taller than ancestors of modern

Amerindians. They claimed the brave lived 10,000 years ago.

We told them that our legends go back farther than that, that he is probably the Ancient One talked about in our legends, described as tall and long-lived, and we had to return his skeleton to the banks of the Sacred River so his soul would find rest and our hunting would be good. It was tied up in the courts, and Congress itself, for years, but we finally won. The skeleton itself is now called the Wushiwashee Man by the palefaces.

So what if the skeleton didn't look Amerindian, and might even have been as white as Jesus Christ? Let sleeping skeletons lie I say. The past is best left settled so we can go about raking in the gambling money. Have an onion and cry if you want. It's my casino.

I almost forgot Mona's adoptive parents. What was their history? Herman 'Hermie' Custer was, I kid you not, a direct descendant of infamous General George Armstrong Custer, 1839-1876, who was killed while trying to play dead in the famous Victory of the Big Horn by one of our sister tribes, the Sioux. Remember the movie Dancing With Wolves, starring Graham Greene and some palefaces? The palefaces were a mess when they met with us superior, balanced Amerindians, and the movie clearly shows why we were in the right and they were in the wrong. If Caruso had been Amerindian even his talent could not raise the tears we deserved after being forked over like garbage by garbage. Sometimes I wish we could go back in a time machine with a trainload of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, and exterminate the palefaces at the source before they came over here to our land and raped it to pieces.

Excuse my anger, not all palefaces are bad. Paleface civilization once thrived in fair Italy, where such geniuses as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo tried in vain to civilize them. But it was too late even for them. Our land was 'discovered' by them just at the worst time, when they were in a particularly mean and nasty and rapacious mood, and soaked with diseases that even their own medicine couldn't cure yet. It was a world tragedy, of epic proportions, and still shaking the world to its foundations

today. But I'm getting off the main track so I'll attempt to restrain myself more as I dictate this book into a paleface computing device.

By the late 20th century, Custer's line was down to people like Hermie, a skinny, oily, shiftless drifter, who took odd jobs, including farm and ranch work, throughout the Midwest and West, until he got lucky when a relative got him a cushy desk job as an insurance salesman in San Diego. He didn't like wearing suits, or having to cut his long blonde tresses, which he affected to look like his cocky ancestor.

Mona died never knowing the irony of being an Amerindian with a Custer as her dad. She must have questioned why she had such dark brown hair when both of her 'parents' were blondes. Maybe she thought she was the daughter of the milkman, like the joke went then. Ever heard of a busman's holiday? That's a holiday that is little different than one's regular job. A milkman's holiday must be visiting a cathouse or a lonely wives happy hour and giving them some milk on special order, straight from their personal bottle. If Ellie hadn't been unable to have children, maybe the milkman would have been her father, it would have been a blessing in disguise probably.

I'm not sure if the Custers knew Mona's origins, or even that she was Amerindian. Back in those days of Ozzie Nelson, and The Everly Brothers, white racism was at its all-time high, even though the ruling generation had just fought a war against their own kind, to end the threat of white racism taking over the world. Their television was even black and white, color coming in only when the colored people began taking to the streets. Go figure. Maybe they all thought they deserved to Grandfather Clause for the rest of their karma as a reward for knifing their white brothers in Europe in the back. When I watch that movie Saving Private Ryan for laughs, I sometimes have to stop and figure out who is on which side, the soldiers all look so similar. America sent Germans to kill Germans, and Italians to kill Italians. Go figure. When color comes to the whites' homes, what happens? That old bomb movie The Wizard of Oz becomes an instant hit, because it turns from black and white to color part-way through, yet there are no blacks,

yellows, browns, or reds in the cast. Only whites. Even inside the costumes. I sometimes believe the name Windoze comes from Wizard of Oz. Either that or Ozzie Nelson. Its very name insults all Amerindians. Change it, please.

So, the orphanage might have listed Mona as white to get her adopted more quickly, especially as she looked white, or, more precisely, Italian. She was always beautiful, and who could resist the sweet little girl sitting in a bassinet crying for love? She got a home, while other little girls didn't probably. She was a winner from the starting gun to the finish line.

Mona grew up steeped in Custer lore, and the one-sided, lying, paleface version of our victory, and looked down her nose at Amerindians most probably -- we can't question her now about it, now can we? Her adoptive mother, Ellen 'Ellie' Custer, was a local San Diego girl, and I haven't traced her family out yet, but I think she wasn't on very good terms with them after her husband left her, for fear she'd move back in with them. It was they that probably paid off her mortgage in Hermie's name, to prevent that.

Before marriage, Ellie had been a librarian, and she took it out on Mona, leaving her in public libraries for hours while she talked it up with old fellow workers and helped them send out overdue notices. No wonder Mona became such a fiction buff. She might have turned out better if she had a taste for history instead.

She seemed to live her life like it was unreal, and just made-up as she went, but always with herself as the main character. Other people were just there to be used, abused, and losed, as she stepped on their faces climbing up to ever more wealth and power and fame. In many ways she took after that other Italian-American figure, Madonna. Except she didn't have a rock star voice. Maybe that kick in the head affected it. Her voice, not her ambition. The metal plate might have caused bad vibrations and distorted resonances. As the head of Teenysoft, her voice was computer-synthesized, and everybody was forced to listen.

Imagining himself a great horseman, Hermie would often go

out to horse ranches around San Diego, taking Mona, and rent horses for day-long rides, probably intending to make her a real Custer. It was after returning from one of these that Mona, standing in front of the stables, was kicked by a spooked horse in the head. She was only four years old, and this terrible kick would have immediately killed most little girls, but she must have had the thick head of the Wushiwashee, and perhaps some quick instinctive reactions, for she pulled through, after six months in a hospital.

I suspect the horse was angry at being constantly mistreated by her dad, and overworked, and all that. He might have been trying to teach it tricks, such as rearing up on its hind legs, at the time. Who knows?

But he felt genuine guilt at least, and to show it he soon abandoned his family, and hasn't been heard from since. Even I can't trace him, so he must have really changed the color of his chameleon, and be buried in some woman's sanpan, perhaps in another country now. The Japanese and Korean economies were in bad shape in those days, and the American dollar worth more than theirs, so that travel to those countries would have been cheap and lucrative to a lone wolf like that, who could sell a sucker insurance on his pecker, each nut, and ball bag, for a quadruple commission.

Where is Custer's Last Stand?



Chapter 9. The Boss Has Gone Crazy, Slashing Prices

The new Mona was crazy, Teenysoft employees said. She is giving away the store. For the first time ever, Mona lowered Teenysoft prices to what they really cost to design and produce, plus a modest profit. In other words, she lowered the prices by 95 percent. They said the new Mona because, along with the reconstruction of the mansion along the lines of an old Hollywood movie set, she ordered all the Boteros taken away, and sold to foreign buyers, as far away from America as they could get. And her style of clothes changed, from lavish housedresses and archbishop outfits,

to exact reproductions of the clothes Janet Leigh wore in Psycho, with shower cap. No one could call her an embezzler now, she joked, leaving people with blank stares.

She suddenly gave orders to disarm all orbital weapons platforms, and permit Chinese weapons inspectors in space. She allowed the U.N. inspectors access to Teenysoft facilities. She went public, stating that the whole attempt to militarize space had been a mistake, and taking full responsibility. The head of the CIA was prepared to quit if the Chinese demanded it, which they immediately did. The President of the United States resigned, and so did the Vice President, leaving the Speaker of the House, former Broncos football star Terrell Davis, to become America's first black President. He was an old Mona puppet like all the others, but, to his credit, the responsibilities of the new job straightened him out, and he no longer referred to Mona as 'the Coach', being determined to be as independent as he could be. As long as the numerous government contracts with his construction firm weren't cancelled.

During this new armistice, much of America came to a standstill. There was an official hour of silence, buses and subways coming to a standstill, bells pealing in churches. Don't ask me why they call it an hour of silence with all them damn bells. Don't ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee, I think it went.

America was still a dictatorship, still a mess, its economy twisted out of whack by a monopoly, but Gill Four meant well, he just didn't have the intellect to undo his mother's and father's damage all at once.

Chain Beaver showed up one day at the Bates Motel, dressed in a ceremonial tribal costume, complete with large headdress and a walking stick that doubled as a tobacco and peace pipe. He was stopped outside the gates by the guards, and, when asked to state his identity and business, said he was an emissary of the Wushiwashie Tribal Nation and was requesting a pow-wow with the Great White Chief of America. When asked if he had an appointment, he launched into a speech. He was thrown out.

He returned later that day with a large gunny sack full of onions, and started pelting the estate and the guards with them. The police arrived and arrested him.

Depressed and dejected, and his pride hurt, Chain Beaver, upon making bail, went to a local TV station and asked to see "the best paleface reporter you got." He was asked to wait in line, and about 5 hours later, was led into a bare, small room near the reception area, a black cub reporter eventually arriving and asking him brusquely what he had on whom, why, where, and when.

He launched into an expose of Mona Bates as his daughter, a full-blooded Amerindian like him, who masqueraded as a white person, and how her fine white children were actually half-breeds, and how the Amerindian had been wrong by the white man, and how it is her responsibility to make amends, especially as the Wushiwashee Nation claims half ownership of Teenysoft by tribal law.

"Half-breeds?" repeated the reporter, jotting something down on a pad. Which was strange, as everybody knows the room was bugged and taped, and computers took voice input easily now.

"Yes, although they have no cocoa in them, like you have," smilingly joked Chain Beaver.

He genuinely intended that as a compliment, but the reporter wasn't amused. The fact that Mona owned the TV station was apparently unknown to Chain Beaver. His strong onion odor probably didn't help his case either. The reporter told him to go home, and don't call him, he'd call him. And don't let the door hit your butt on the way out.

In the street, Chain Beaver suddenly realized he hadn't been asked where he lived, or how to contact him. He tried to go back in, but the receptionist made a hand signal and the security guards ejected him again.

This kind of rejection might have worked with others, but to a full Wushiwashee it was so common it merely worked up his interest. Three days later, he caught the black

reporter jogging in a city park, and tried to seduce him. When he made the reporter think he had just tried that studio trick because he thought he had a cute butt, it worked. They were soon in San Diego's motel row, and Chain Beaver was undressing his cocoa boy and admiring his rather huge cocoa penis.

An hour later, Chain Beaver was lying in bed with the reporter, who gave his name as Moses Ringo Plunkett, smoking weed with him, and blowing smoke rings, each resting their head on one arm, while holding the other's erect penis with the other, and mutually masturbating.

"You know, I was not really kidding about Mistress Mona being my daughter. I left her in a dumpster, in a nice clean box, and nice clean clothes, and a supply of onions. Check my story if you want, but Mona was adopted. Look into that for me, will you? And I'll rim you next time."

Moses did look into it. And Chain Beaver did rim him. They met in the motel over a dozen times over as many consecutive days, and Moses grew to believe Chain Beaver's story.

"What we both need is proof that she is your daughter, and the best proof is a gene test. Do you know what that is?"

"Oh yes, sweet cocoa boy, I ain't an ignorant savage like you assume. I went all the way through high school on the reservation." At that both smiled, kissed, and made up.

"We'll have to get a sample of your blood, and hers. I happened to bring a syringe with me, and so I'll take your sample now. Getting hers won't be easy. Any ideas?"

"I can't get anywhere near my Little Darling," he said, smiling, a tear leaving one eye and tracing a path down one leathery cheek.

"This is a problem," said Moses. "But I'm a professional, and I can handle any challenge to getting a big scoop. Leave it to me, you'll have a definite answer to

the genetic test question soon."

To make a long story short, Moses started on a plan to seduce Mona and get a blood sample. He didn't know Mona was not really Mona, but her son. But it was precisely for this reason that the new Mona was a pushover for his advances. He planned it well, his first meeting with her, under the guise of doing an interview on her new peace initiatives for the TV station. He first had to sell that to his superiors, but they couldn't say no since it was Mona. He wore skin-tight slacks with no underwear, with his huge schlong carefully bulging down one leg, pre-injected with cocaine so it would have a permanent erection. He took a double dose of Viagra on top of that, so the blood flow would be tops. Mona couldn't take her eyes off it during the interview, causing it to last twice as long as she had planned for. The next visitor was backed up in the outer reception room, uncomfortable at being held up. That visitor was the President of the United States.

Moses wrapped up the interview by taking a risk and rubbing his hand tenderly on her knee, then firmly grabbing it, and winking while smiling a piano at her. His teeth were really white and dazzling, and made her avoid his face with her eyes, looking all the harder at the bulge in his pants. She suddenly took the dare, told Moses to come with him a moment to a place they could be alone, got him in a small janitor's closet, pulled his erect schlong out of his pants, and blew it eagerly, eventually resulting in a mouthful of sperm, which caused her to take off for the bathroom to wash her mouth out, like in that movie *Midnight Cowboy*. He followed her to the bathroom, watching her exhausted face hang open from the washing, and told her he'd like to come back, and really do it right. They set that very night for their next date, Mona telling him she'd have the bodyguards let him through.

That night he found out 'she' was a he, like in the movie *The Crying Game*, but this time, he didn't gag and run into the bathroom and vomit, he just laughed at the teeniness of the penis, and Gill Four laughed back, and went down on his huge black penis and blew it again.

By the time Moses was ready to leave the Bates Motel, he had no syringe full of blood. But he had a far greater scoop than that Mona might be a bastardess Amerindian. Mona was dead and her son was impersonating her.

Then Mona came to his side, like the night before. But not naked. She was dressed strangely in a dark granny dress, and had one hand hidden behind her back. He grinned, and pulled his covers down, exposing his erect penis, waiting. She pulled a large butcher knife on him, and savagely stabbed him to death, his fingers flying like rain. She added his mummified body to her collection, in her private art museum, the parts neatly sewed up and on.

Her clumsy attempts to cover up his death resulted in his superiors at the TV station growing suspicious, and they found Moses' notes about Chain Beaver, along with the vial of blood and some genetic lab results. They tried contacting him in his motel room, but he had run out of money and was living on the street, and they finally found him right outside their station, panhandling.

Interviewing him in the station, this time in a plush office where they offered him fine liquor and ordered him some Vietnamese beef with extra onions, he perked up and spilled all he knew about his daughter, and how Moses had been "a good friend and a good blow", and how he had talked with him after his official visit to Mona's mansion, and had been told that he and Mona had arranged a nighttime love tryst at her mansion. And that he never saw Moses again.

"Lucky for you that Mona doesn't know about you, or she would be trying to have you framed for his murder," confided the station executive. He was thinking of telling her, and helping her do just that. After all, Mona owned him.

On the way out of the station, he was treated like a real VIP and given a company limo to a local posh hotel. It was this mistake that caused Mrs. X, as we have to call her, to pick up on him. Mrs. X for years had been sending spies to watch that station and its goings and comings, and anybody that was a VIP to them attracted her interest.

Mrs. X was a leading figure in the anti-Mona rebellion. Nobody knew what she looked like, or her real identity, or even if she was herself a she. But without her the rebellion would have suffered severely, for she supplied funding, intellectual leadership, and an uncanny insiders knowledge when needed most. She set about to shake Chain Beaver down, and soon had the full story on Mona and her origins. She already had samples of Mona's blood, and found a perfect genetic match with his blood, cinching it. What the rebellion forces were to do now depended on the Wushiwashee Tribe, Mrs. X acknowledged, because with Mona's tribal membership proved in court, the tribe could assert its ancient right to half of her property, and thus, half of Teenysoft. This would change the balance of power in the world itself, and so, the real question was, whether the Wushiwashee Tribe should be given such power in the first place.



Chapter 10. Don't Rub Your Tummy

Chief Tummy was a loose cannon in world politics. He was 108 years old, yet still had an enormous tummy and weighed over 250 pounds. He had been alive when the white men had gone crazy and started what they called World War I, and, after a single generation, World War II, and more non-world wars than he could completely remember. His lodge had a large shellac-covered redwood plaque, containing a document, neatly printed in black letters on yellow-orange background, titled "America's Wars". The text read as follows:

This is in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Armistice that ended the first world war.

American Revolution 1775-1784	
Participants.....	290,000
Deaths in service.....	4,000

War of 1812 1812-1815	
Participants.....	287,000
Deaths in service.....	2,000

Indian Wars 1817-1898
 Participants.....106,000
 Deaths in service.....1,000

Mexican War 1846-1848
 Participants.....79,000
 Deaths in service.....13,000

Civil War 1861-1865
 Participants (Union)...2,213,000
 Deaths in service.....364,000
 Participants (South)...1,000,000
 Deaths in service.....133,821

Spanish-American War 1898-1902
 Participants.....392,000
 Deaths in service.....11,000

World War I 1917-1918
 Participants.....4,744,000
 Deaths in service.....116,000

World War II 09/06/1940 through 07/25/1947
 Participants.....16,535,000
 Deaths in service.....406,000

Korean Conflict 06/27/1950 through 01/31/1955
 Participants.....6,807,000
 Deaths in service.....55,000

Vietnam Era 08/05/1964 through 05/07/1975
 Participants.....9,200,000
 Deaths in service.....109,000

Gulf War Era 08/02/1990 through 11/27/2015
 Participants.....15,800,000
 Deaths in service.....404,000

Over the section that listed 1,000 deaths in service for the Indian Wars, the word LIARS was branded into the wood in large letters.

Any grown male visiting Chief Tummy for a parley first had

to jackoff onto that plaque while he and his squaws and children, and anybody else present, watched. If you didn't spurt your semen onto it squarely, Chief Tummy fucked you up your ass as punishment, or, refusing that, you were unceremoniously led out and banished from tribal lands forever. So, parleying with him took balls. If you were a woman, however, you merely had to spit on the plaque, so virtually everybody sent women to negotiate. Which was just what Chief Tummy preferred, believing that women were inferior to men and weak, and could be completely dominated in negotiations, bringing back disadvantageous treaties to those who sent them.

Mrs. X came with Chain Beaver to negotiate on behalf of the anti-Mona rebels a treaty of sorts, and she performed the ceremonial spitting with difficulty, because of her great age. She was very small and thin, and white-haired, but had a strong hawk-eyed glare about her eyes, the opposite of a kindly gentle old grandmother type.

For 3 days and nights Mrs. X parleyed with Chief Tummy, eating onion dishes and taking saunas together, finally coming up with an agreement they called the New Divide.

The New Divide gave the states of Washington, Idaho, Monatana, and Colorado to Amerindians, and criminalized the using of Amerindian references or likenesses by sports teams, and eliminated Columbus Day from its status as a national holiday, among a long list of like concessions.

In return, all Amerindian claims, grievances, and peccadillos with the white man were forgiven, and the Wushiwashis agreed to help all Amerindians create a new country based on a democratically-elected Constitutional republican form of government. The Wushiwashis further agreed to never sell or divide-up their shares in Teenysoft, and even made Mrs. X and all anti-Mona rebels honorary members of their tribe. As owners of the largest share of Teenysoft stock, they agreed to let competitors, for the first time, have access to the internals of Teenysoft operating systems and other products, and equal space on the Net for advertising. All illegal Monasoftware would be removed, and all claims for damages settled with payment of

a massive fee to the government. The American monetary system would be returned to pure government control.

One might think that handing over several U.S. states to the Amerindians would be a big problem with the current residents. But they could stay on Indian land if they accepted Indian ownership, and paid rent to their new landlords, else they had 6 months to clear out or be subject to arrest by Indian police. After residing in the new country for twenty years, they could apply for citizenship. Since the control of their lives by Teenysoft was now being ended into the bargain, and the new country didn't have any income tax, it was hoped the new owners would be accepted without revolt. There were only about one million Amerindians in the entire continent now, and the non-Amerindians would, if all naturalized, outnumber them, so it was a major concession on their part in the interests of permanent peace. But, remembering history, the new constitution would only allow a proportional representation in Congress for naturalized Amerindians, at the rate of one-sixteenth. And, no person not born an Amerindian could run for President, although they could run for lesser offices.

The werewolf people would be given official status as Amerindians, and ownership of the lands of Monatana they now claimed. Since the new Monatana Tribe was the largest of all, it wouldn't be surprising if the first President of the new country would be a werewolf, a woman, and a lesbian, who was multiracial to boot. A promising beginning to a new nation.

Satisfied with this, Mrs. X now mobilized her considerable forces to the takeover of Teenysoft stock by the tribe, along with the takeover of former American land by Amerindians. With land, wealth, and power, the Amerindians would finally rise again and achieve their rightful place in America. All because a nerd gave a good blowjob. Gill Bates was the father of a new country now.



Chapter 11. Don't Call Me Kid

As the new President and Chairman of the Board of Teenysoft, Gill Four was determined to undo mother's damage. So when he got a call from grandmother and grandfather, that an Amerindian Chief had approached them about a meeting with him, and how nice and friendly he was, he immediately agreed.

Chief Tummy got VIP reservations, along with his retinue, into the Bates Motel, and soon he was having fun with his wives tearing their shower curtains apart and posing menacingly with the soft plastic souvenir butcher knives that were laid by the maids on the pillows, along with mints and onions.

Gill Four, impersonating Mona, held an audience with Chief Tummy, who surprised him by initiating the meeting by whipping out his penis and winding it like a watch, intending to jackoff onto Mona's plaque. He stopped short when he found no plaque to jackoff onto, and asked her if she would like to catch it in her mouth. Mona politely declined, although he was sweating like a horse putting on his act, and Chief Tummy took this to be a proper satisfaction of protocol, wrestling it back into his robe.

Chief Tummy now clapped, and some warriors and squaws came out for a ceremonial sweet and sour onion dance. When it was finished, everyone was in tears.

That done, Chief Tummy clapped again, and some warriors came out from the rear, bearing a large shellacked redwood plaque, and presented it to Mona. She slowly read it, and, its legal language being too difficult, asked just what it was. Chief Tummy promptly told him that they were going to forgive her for forgetting her tribe, and share fifty-fifty just the same, forgoing all lawful penalties and interest.

"Fifty-fifty? In what?" asked Mona.

"Teenysoft," replied Chief Tummy.

"I don't understand," said Mona, a puzzling look in her eyes.

"Little Darling!" cried old Chain Beaver from the retinue, springing forward, and taking her by the hands. "I'm your papa! You're my little papoose!"

Mona fainted. From the strong onion smell of his breath in her face.

This caused the parley to immediately break-up, as Mona's bodyguards rushed to rescue her, and take her away, while others shuttled Chief Tummy and his retinue back to their Bates Motel rooms. From then on, Mona's lawyers handled it all, with the Wushiwashee Tribe lawyers, paid for behind the scenes by Mrs. X. They were given the blood test results, and copies of Wushiwashee Tribal Law that give fifty percent ownership of all personal property of tribal members to the tribe. They tried to object that Mona had lost tribal membership by the willful act of her father in abandoning her, but the tribal lawyers said that abandonment of children by parents doesn't nullify tribal membership, and in fact, it is a test of manhood or womanhood to brave hardships and return on one's own to the tribe after a spiritual cleansing. Her lawyers argued that she was immune from prosecution, since she was the ruler of America. What office do you hold, and who voted you into it, replied tribal lawyers. And isn't Teenysoft a private entity anyway? All the while, Gill Four was terrified that they'd ask for more blood, or request more physical examinations. So he told his lawyers to settle, and give them fifty percent of Teenysoft.

The news shook the world. There was dancing in the streets. Teenysoft's stock soared. All across America people were singing its praises. And one by one, they were swishing. It seems some enterprising musicians and dancers had invented a new dance, which they called the Monarena, and riding the crest to create a craze.

The New Divide was pushed through Congress speedily by President Davis, with the American people's support. Yes, the lands in several states would become tribal property, and they would have to pay rent to stay, but at the same time, the tribe was exempt from taxation, so the cost of living plummeted in these states, and gambling was legal,

along with prostitution, and every voluntary vice. Not that most vices weren't already decriminalized throughout America as a legacy of the old Mona days.

Amerindians throughout America who wished to, got lavish first-class relocation at government expense. America was now a new country, and had the Bates family to thank for it.

The Wushiwashis now had the run of Batesville and the Bates estates. Mona should not have been surprised when, one night, her father crept in bed with her, naked, and told her to feel an old serpent friend again, his erect and still-virile penis. At the same time, he tried to feel her up, and, when he discovered Mona's penis, small but still recognizable as such, he began chuckling, fondling and kissing him and saying that she had kept her secret from him a long time, and must have been very clever to disguise it from him that day in the motel.

He honestly believed Mona to have been a hermaphrodite she-male all along. Since he was bisexual, he was all the more turned on by his Little Darling, and asked if she would like to suck him off like in the old days. Gill Four was speechless. His mother truly had her secrets. But how could he resist? He took after his father. And going down on him at least let him get away from that face and its terrific onion breath.

The next morning, they were laying on their backs in bed together, Chain Beaver smoking a big wooden peace pipe filled with pot, and sharing it with Gill Four. They had decided to get married. Chain Beaver had only one other wife, and the tribe allowed non-chiefs to have as many as four anyway.

Gill Four wanted everybody to forget about all the negative things in the past now, and get on with life. He wanted to be a wife, a mother, and be happy. Some people in Teenysoft still wanted to push the envelope, get down and rock and roll, but he just handed them over to the Wushiwashis, who turned them into lazy goof-offs like they were, and let Teenysoft go to hell. Since father wanted to give Teenysoft to charity anyway, Gill Four reasoned, he

would do it for him.

In all the excitement, everybody had forgotten about Reba. Her trial for murder was still on, and Court TV was booked for 9 months in anticipation of the O.J. Trial of the 21st Century. Gill Four and Reba both knew that Mona had done it, but Gill Four still had an outstanding warrant for his arrest, and that paralyzed him. He knew how O.J. Simpson had got off after hiring a Dream Team of lawyers, so Gill Four hired a dream team for Reba, and just hoped that no jury would or could convict an innocent person on trumped-up charges.

But Reba was no O.J. Simpson. She was plug-ugly. She didn't take acting lessons. She didn't turn any of the jurors on, and no lawyers, however brilliant, could select a jury that would be. The evidence against her was strong, and the California prosecutors had a score to settle for the O.J. fiasco, as did the police. So this time there was a conspiracy, and they did try to frame her. They showed the jury the evidence that poisoned mushrooms in a Dominoes pizza had poisoned Gilliam Masters Bates III, and that little Reba and Gill Four were supposed to be with their father that day, but had stayed with mother instead. They produced a video showing the kids playing in a field behind school, where, indeed, poison mushrooms grew. The defense attorneys objected that there was no evidence that they had ever handled any poison mushrooms, and more evidence that the mushrooms didn't even grow at the time of the year when the assassination occurred. But then the prosecution introduced evidence that poison mushrooms could be dried and preserved for years easily, even by children. And, that after their father's death, neither child ever was seen to eat pizza again, even though their mother had purchased Dominoes and they could get it for free. Why, asked the defense attorneys, did they not also poison their mother, if their motive was to gain control of Teenysoft? They planned to do her in later, was the prosecution's contention, and, to Gill Four's surprise, as he sat in the audience box pretending to be Mona, they produced an informer, a playmate of Reba's, secretly paid-off by the police, testifying to a conversation where she bragged that soon her mother would be out of the way and she could eat pizza again.

The jury convicted her. She was sentenced to life without parole.



Chapter 12. Give Yourselves Up Before You Get a Life Sentence

For America to finally reconstitute itself, its Constitution had to be put back on track, and, to do this, the entire government had to present itself for arrest, to itself. To appreciate the logic of this, you have to be a software nerd into self-modifying software, software viruses and anti-viral programs, Internet cookies, and all that good stuff. But even if you're not, you can and should still try to understand, because, after all, it's your country.

Gill Four still owned virtually every politician in America, even if his control of the court system lacked. Mrs. X entered the scene again, her agents sending, through the Wushiwashee Tribe, a plan to free Reba and save America at the same time. It was an offer he couldn't refuse.

Mona's entire secret database on payoffs was suddenly released on the Net to the public. Gill Four, before release, had payoffs to all the California officials involved in Reba's case exposed, framing them even if they hadn't been on the take, and, at the same time, the payoffs to a select group of federal prosecutors erased. The public outcry was immense, especially as Gill Four suddenly released his stranglehold on the media and Net newsgroups. Warrants for the arrest of practically the entire government of America were issued quickly, and, along with it, Reba's conviction was reversed on the grounds of prosecutorial misconduct, and charges against her dropped. She soon moved in with grandmother and grandfather in Costa Rica. But even Gill Four couldn't get the charges against himself dropped, so that cinched it, he decided to stay Mona for life, living as one of Chain Beaver's wives.

Everybody gave themselves up, pled nolo contendere to the bribery charges, and were given suspended sentences. The

United States of America experienced a rebirth of freedom as honest politicians were elected, free from connections with Mona, if not Teenysoft.

Mona was given a full sweeping Presidential pardon by President Davis, on the grounds of her heroic service for America, and her cooperation in exposing her payoffs voluntarily, bringing so many others to justice. Davis went up for reelection, and lost, the whole scandal bringing him down, no matter how many running records he set in the NFL.

America's Constitutional government was now complete and whole again, Teenysoft had been broken up without federal intervention, and Mona spent the rest of his life giving his shares away to charity, although he did provide well for his sister and grandparents. Lucky for him, Chain Beaver didn't try to assert his rights to her shares by virtue of marriage, as he could have.

Was justice really done? True, a small group of federal officials got off by having their payoff records erased, but they more than redeemed themselves by getting convictions on all the rest, even though the suspending of sentences might seem like a slap on the wrist. But they didn't want a government in exile residing in America's prisons, where there bitterness might have come back to haunt it. They remembered how charitable Lincoln had been to the Johnny Rebs, and saw the wisdom of it.

Have you ever heard of Basic? Often capitalized, since it is an acronym for Basic All-Purpose Symbolic Instruction-Set for Computers, it was invented by some Dartmouth professors for teaching purposes, and forever after was the easiest procedural high-level language to learn and use for programming a sequential computer. Gill Bates III loved it, especially since it was easy to program stupid games with it, and, if it had not been invented, he might not have gone into the software business at all, but become a lawyer or something. If it were not for the fact that it compiled into code too inefficient even for him to push off on the market, he would have had Teenysoft adopt it as its official computer language, and perhaps held it back as he tried to do all the programming. Instead, he was

forced to adopt one called, simply, C, a result of research by Bell Labs, after he had hired others to work for him, since he personally never could learn it himself well enough to sell. Teenysoft's first product was an interpreter for Basic that ran on a 4-bit microcomputer, and for that Bates programmed in machine language. For years afterward, Teenysoft sold interpreters and compilers for Basic for personal computers.

One day as he was going through an old warehouse, Gill Four discovered an old personal computer, which, he soon found, was his father's own, and had once been in his cramped little office when he was just starting out in business. On top of it was an old dusty well-used Monopoly game box. It still had a piece of a Basic program on its erased disk, which Gill Four's employees extracted using descrambling techniques, and presented to him as a gift. He keeps a printout of it framed on his bathroom wall, next to a kitchen knife set.

Here's what it reads:

```
10 INPUT "WHO IS THIS";N$
20 IF NOT (N$ = "GILL BATES") THEN GOTO 10
30 PRINT
40 PRINT "HELLO, GILL, I'M A GORGEOUS MODEL, CHERRY."
50 PRINT "YOU CAN HAVE ME ANY WAY YOU WANT."
60 PRINT "I'LL BE YOUR GIRLFRIEND, I'LL BE YOUR MISTRESS,"
70 PRINT "I'LL BE ANYTHING YOU WANT."
80 PRINT "NO PROMISES. LET'S JUST TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME."
90 PRINT
100 INPUT "HOW MUCH MONOPOLY MONEY DO YOU HAVE TO SPEND TODAY";M
110 IF (M < 1000) THEN GOTO 100
120 PRINT
130 INPUT "DO YOU (1) WANT TO UNDRRESS ME, OR (2) UNDRRESS MYSELF";I$
140 IF NOT ((I$ = "1") OR (I$ = "2")) THEN GOTO 130
```

The rest of the program was unreadable, but is preserved as a mishmash of unrecognizable characters on the original. If one squints just right, one can make out, in the seemingly random pattern, Gill Bates' face, along with a teeny weenie.

Next to these on the wall, Gill Four had a poem by his father framed. It was the original, scrawled in his father's own handwriting on a Domino's pizza menu, and covered with stains. He probably stole it, like everything else, and tried to figure a way to market it as his own. He probably did, too. I just don't know in what Teenysoft product.

ODE TO A PIZZA

In the Style of John Barth

Pizza.

How I love thee.

Let me count the slices.

Such a complexion, like my own.

Such a smell, when loaded with anchovies

It perfumes me.

So perfect of form.

The circle of perfection.

So thin and low of profile.

No pot belly you.

Can you say pretty bird?

Polly want a pizza?

Pepperonis and sausage do grace thy face.

You never say no when I want to eat thee.

You never reject my passes.

You're always at my door when I call thee.

You're never late.

No, unless the driver spills thee.

And then I get you for free. Yummy.

Little packets adorn thee. Salt.

Pepper flakes. Parmesan.

I can wrap my tongue around thee

And thou meltest in my mouth.

I can blow on thee,

And thou cools but not too fast.

The tomato sauce cooling last,

And heating me up long time.

The world is my pizza,
Her countries my slices.
The toppings her people.
The seasonings her money.
Or maybe the topping's the money,
The seasonings her people.
Or, the slices the money.
Pizza is money. Money is pizza.

My genius is in making software pizza,
And delivering it the world.
I feel the pizza's pain, and it feels mine.
I reek of the soul of pure stone-cold pizza.
Cut me. Tear me. Bite me.
Slurp me. Chew me.

Fold me and make me a calzone.
I'm the food of all nations.
No license and registration is asked
Of thy eaters.
Thou doesn't ask if I've been boozing,
Sucking grandma's cough medicine.

Thou doesn't inform me it's against the law
To eat thee.
Thou just wait for me to scarf thee down
And lick my fingers.

Mistress Leona 555-9696



Chapter 13. Real Perty Name

As Tribal Historian of the Wushiwashee Tribe, and a former Mormon, I of course have spared no cost to investigate the genealogy of the Bates family, and I leave my startling results for posterity here.

The Bates family branch of interest here traces back to

ancient Scotland, where the McBates clan was known as a line of hereditary court jesters to the courts of Edinburgh. For centuries, McBates jesters, dressed up in silly costumes, told jokes, performed geek acts, and gave blowjobs to the royalty.

When a couple of married McBates came over in the 1620s to Virginia, they immediately experienced Amerindian injustice in the form of a massacre, which there is no proof they had anything to do with, but soon afterwards they moved onto vacated Amerindian land and became tobacco farmers and tobacco pipe makers, enjoying the techniques of glass blowing immensely. They were poor businessmen, smoking their own profits away, and running a bawdy inn and tavern, the original McBates Deli. When creditors closed their farm down, they had to change their name to keep the inn, calling it the Bates McDeli.

The demise of the tavern split the family up, and later a branch moved to Massachusetts, where the mother, Sally Bates, and the father, Peter Bates, worked as cooks for the wealthy Winslow family, and eventually moved into small quarters at the Winslow mansion near Plymouth. Their son, Isaiah Bates, had a scandalous affair with a Winslow girl, Rebecca, and they both fled to New York in 1699.

From the relative anonymity of New York, they had a son, William Bates, who became a longshoreman and numbers runner. His son, Mordecai Bates, was a lifelong whaler, and suspected homosexual, and didn't marry until late in life, when he settled down with a child bride and had over 10 children. By then he had converted to Judaism, and started a circus, importing elephants, lions, and other exotic animals from Africa to America to wow the multitudes. From then on, the Bates family managed circuses in the East, having to perform as geeks when the attendance dipped, among other things. Slowly, the circus business was being taken away by P.T. Barnum, and their operation degenerated slowly but surely into a freak show.

The line we are interested in broke off from their Jewish profession, and moved west to Kentucky, where a Bates was the official court jester and circus geek at the Alamo

before deserting. From the Mexican side, to parts unknown. Before the Free Texans moved in and defended the fort from Santa Ana's troops. The Mexican royalty loved court jesters and circus geeks both, while the other side didn't have a use for either in that frontier atmosphere, just real men, and even in that day the Bates men were all 4-Fs: frail, faggoty, farting, and fucked-up.

Then Missouri, where a Bates was a teller at a bank robbed by the James Gang, and was said to have been left some of the loot after he hummed one of them off in the vault. Then Oklahoma, where they became farmers again until the dust bowl conditions of the 1930s caused them to load up the old Model T and take off for Colorado, where state troopers harassed them on into Utah, then on into Arizona, and finally California. There they discovered they were the poor relatives of another branch of the Bates family, that had come out from New York during the days of the California Gold Rush, in the early 1850s.

At the dawn of the 20th century, Gilliam Majors Bates I was a lawyer in San Francisco, making his money from Chinese and other immigrants, usually failing to have them stay permanently, but always making sure their money stayed, in his pocket. The poor Bates tried for years to parley with the rich Bates, without success. But it was a poor Bates family who tried a clever trick, naming their son Gilliam Majors Bates II, and palming him off as a lawyer, even though he had to drop out of school in the 6th grade and could barely read and write.

Gilliam Majors Bates II forged a letter of introduction from his 'father', and secured employment in a law firm in Sacramento, working mainly in the labor law field, where he taught winery owners how to keep their employees down but happy. He was a 4-F, like all the male Bates, and, during World War II, he worked in an aircraft parts factory, where he met and married his wife, Frannie McMasters. She was known for her perfect vision, and worked as a parts inspector. Perhaps small body parts seemed perfectly okay to a person like this.

She bore their son, Gilliam Masters Bates III, while on a

trip of the Holy Land. There was no room at the inn, but the innkeeper had room in his stable, you know that one. Her husband eventually rose to full partner, and retired without being found out. By then, his son was the richest man in the world. You figure it all out now.

FF

Chapter 14. I'm Taking the Next Train Out

As I publish this book I'm on my way out of town. You just don't double-cross a powerful person and stay in town walking down main street. You leave your apologies and take the next train out.

See you on the Moona.

Now, believe it or not, it's time for the trivia question.

Who was Gill Bates' mother, and what role did she play in all this?

THE END -- NOT

FF

PART II.

Chapter 15. Wushiwashee or Wishy-Washy?

The End? Sorry, Poor Bear, but ever since you published your scandalous book exposing my brother as an imposter, and my dear departed grandmother as Mrs. X, there can be no end, until I, Gill's dear daughter Reba, set the entire record straight. If you had not abused your privileges at the Bates estates, and discovered mother's secret diaries, along with her inexplicable Nixon-like vice of taping all her private conversations and archiving them to use against potential enemies, seemingly blind to the possibility of them being used against herself, you could not have gotten through the web of deception, obfuscation, distance, and

deceit that would have kept our family's secrets safe. You went on the lam to Moona immediately after publishing your book, apparently trying to frame us on being evil people who would have had you bumped off, or whatever.

Well, we might have sued you, but we aren't going to have you bumped off, Poor Bear. We're just going to get even by publishing our own expose of you and your tribe, and the real Mona.

I think the public has a right to know, Mister Poor Bear, that your book was rejected by over 40 publishers before you had it printed on a vanity press. Here is one rejection letter I found in the files of a respectable publisher:

Dear Mr. Poor Bear,

I have read the chapters that you sent from "The Incredible Billion Dollar Geek." I am sorry to inform you that (*deleted*) Press is not interested in publishing your novel. The story is too one-dimensional for us, and the writing itself is not in an original style that might redeem the story.

I do, however, think your play on Teenysoft stock is an excellent idea, and perhaps a real money maker, and I wish you the best of luck.

Sincerely,

(*deleted*)

(*deleted*) Press

Poor Bear has his own story. He was at least a little wee-bit honest when he slipped-up and dropped the fact that, before declaring himself an 'Amerindian', he had been passing himself off as white, and, living in Utah, had been a devout Mormon. Not a member of the Latter-Day Saints, the main branch, that once, in the 19th century, had to face U.S. Army troops before its leaders got a sudden 'divine inspiration' that polygamy was wrong. In the relative

safety of the late 20th century, he joined a renegade polygamy-practicing offshoot, that got its members on the Geraldo Rivera show and flaunted it openly without worry. He married two women at once, sisters, and soon had them helping him recruit more, until he had six wives, thirteen children, and, setting them to work while he lounged around, controlled a combined tax-free family income in the six figures, claiming it was all his as patriarch of the family, and that he paid for support of the rest through his fatherly duty. It was only tax-free because he was an IRS scofflaw, refusing to file income tax returns.

When he tried to talk the saints of his branch into legalizing gambling, they were about to excommunicate him, when he discovered that he was one-sixteenth Wushiwashee, and one day suddenly abandoned his family and disappeared, turning up on the Wushiwashee Reservation, claiming he was a full-blooded member of their tribe, and soon selling them on the lures of legalized casino gambling, and inviting mafiosi from Las Vegas in to set it up for them. He wowed Chief Tummy with his knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting, and talked them into buying an IBM mainframe. The question of casino gambling even being legal on reservation land, and the question of its tax-exempt status, were indeed pioneered by the Wushiwashis, with Poor Bear always counting his cut in the background.

It turns out that, before his Mormon days, his name had been Vinny Testaverde, just like the pro football quarterback, and he had been on the lam for dealing crooked blackjack in Vegas. As an Amerindian, he laid low, and got the tribe into casino gambling, so he could use them as a front and run the whole operation. He was an old goodfellow from upstate New York, a lifelong member of the Swancara crime family. He sent a cut of all his earnings to them, leaving the loot in cash in suitcases in rental lockers in an off-reservation bus station. He never sent his former family a dime, however, preferring them to think he was dead.

It was he, not Chain Beaver, who was Mona's true father. When Chain Beaver married her, he got so drunk during the orgy that he never noticed that he never even had sexual

relations with his wife, because Poor Bear had stolen her away to his lodge and plowed her onion field until almost dawn, returning her on his shoulder, dead drunk and pregnant. He had raped her, tying her hands behind her back, and she screamed and screamed because he didn't use a gag, but Chain Beaver's loud radio masked the sound, so nobody heard and stopped him. The next morning, she had lost her memory she had been so drunk. Some wood alcohol in her hooch had its intended effect. Her hands were red and raw from cultivating onions anyway, so nobody noticed the extra chafing the next day. It might have been the wood alky that caused her death during childbirth. They didn't perform autopsies on squaws back then.

When she had Mona, and died in childbirth, Poor Bear intended Chain Beaver to raise her as his own, so he could pretend he wasn't related to her and later marry her himself, because she had beautiful Italian features, like Madonna. But Chain Beaver, drunk as a skunk, left her in that dumpster in Spokane, without even remembering it, or her, and Poor Bear was years in tracing what had happened to her, it being he who tipped Chain Beaver off to her new identity and residence in San Diego. He had even helped pay for his round-trip Greyhound Bus ticket. He always was good to cops, like Jack Ruby, and any other small-time gangster who wants to look legit. It was during Chain Beaver's absence that the Great Casino Robbery took place, coincidentally or not. The robbers, and their loot, were never recovered by police.

The trouble with unauthorized biographies like Poor Bear's, is that, since he has no first-hand knowledge of what he's writing about, and is basing his writing on diaries, public news releases, and gossip, he can totally miss entire levels of detail.

For example, he shows no sign of knowing that mother was deaf, ever since her childhood tragedy. So, her reading of novels is more easy to understand. They don't require hearing. When she talks to people, and seems to understand them, it's because she's adept at lip-reading, that's all. Her hearing was so dead that not even the most advanced hearing aids helped, although she could distinguish speech

from music, or thunder, I think.

I suspected that mother had killed father instinctively, somehow. But my suspicions grew into a calm sureness when brother and I were trying to watch the 1000-channel TV setup at home, flipping from news network to news network to find out about what happened to father, and who did it.

"Don't watch CBS," she told us. "They're controlled."

"Don't watch NBC," she told us. "They're controlled."

"Don't watch ABC or CNN either. They're controlled."

"What isn't controlled?" I asked her.

"TSN," she snapped. That's the TeenysoftNetwork, which she controlled. She controlled them all. They all cleared her of our father's murder. We were both half-scared of her ever since.

When he describes Mona at the dinner table with me and my brother, he can't even imagine what it was really like, the conversations we had. How mother would read from, and discuss, great novels, such as "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", by Thomas Hardy.

"Poor Tess," she said once, "having to live in an age where men ran everything, and women lived just for men, and had to pose as maids until they met the highest-placed and wealthiest man they could, and then live at his mercy forever, knowing they could be thrown in the street with nothing at any time. I, on the other hand, didn't need Gill, even though I was a virgin when I married him. I just happened to fall in love with a man who was the wealthiest and highest-placed of all, that's all. I have nothing in common with the maids in Hardy's novel."

She waited for our response, then burst out into laughter.

Zing! She had caught me and my brother taking her seriously again when she was ribbing us. That's the way she

was. Very real. You had to be on your toes at all times around her.

Another time she was discussing James Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans", and waxing gushy about Hawkeye the roving hero, who was a man's man, and a lady's man at the same time. "He didn't even have or seemingly care about money, or business, yet he had everything any man could want in one life, with what he could carry with him."

"I'm surprised," I said. "I thought you, if you had been Alice, would have preferred Major Heyward, since he had the advantages of rank, and wealth, compared to Hawkeye."

"Your father was a Hawkeye, hidden in the body of a frog, and he taught me that it's not whether you win or lose, it's whether you win, and the other guy loses. He had everything a man could want in life, except me, and when he wooed me, and won me, I lost for the first time, and he won yet again, as he always did. And look at the consolation prize I got."

Again, she zinged us, holding the last phrase until she had seen our reactions. I know now she considered herself the real Hawkeye. And was referring to the movie starring Daniel Day-Lewis, instead of the long, tedious novel, that she assumed I had not read. And I hadn't. I see now how her Amerindian blood colored her thoughts when she wasn't conscious of it.

Another one I remember well is her fondness for Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice". She seemed fond of every novel that had a poor woman going after a rich or desirable man of some kind.

"Funny, isn't it," she said, "how she took all that shit off him about not being equal to his station, and all that rot, when he was beating off thinking about her ass every chance he got. When he finally had to admit that he couldn't live without her ass, the rest was crapshit. She jerked him around like hell until he knew who was the boss, then waited until she had a marriage ring before giving him any booty. She then got what he deserved, his beautiful mansion and estates and the princely sums from his rents,

and all she had to do to keep it was fake her orgasms convincingly and look the other way when he romped around, like any woman fucking her way into money should."

She watched our faces, then added, "At least your father didn't romp around." Then waited some more, adding, "and I didn't even have to fake orgasms to keep him. I made him beg for it and that was more satisfying." She never said to whom.

Oh, and how she loved Sherlock Holmes. She was always saying something about how this or that would "checkmate even Sherlock Holmes," and that "he was smart, but I am smarter, because he still thinks at times with his dick, and I don't have that problem."

"Do you ever think with your vagina?" snickered brother.

To which she countered, "A vagina tells a dick what to think. Some of us make use of it better than others."

My how those words zing now.

"You know my position on jacking off," chuckled brother. "I'm going to whack my stump so hard and so often that no cunt is ever going to have any control of me, because I will always prefer Lady Five Fingers to anything she can come up with."

Mother looked demure, trying to toss off the heaviness of her mood and make a joke, and not easily doing so. I think her reply was, "You're a Custer and your sister's a Bates, yet you masturbate and she heads the Injuns off at the passes." How did we know then that she wired his room and watched reruns later? So, Poor Bear, we have you to think for this, and you're not all bad. Nobody is.

So let me tell you one that wasn't in her diaries. Sometimes we had dinner in SPACE. She had a huge, lavish, luxurious space barge, modelled after Cleopatra's, and constructed by the same firms that made Space Shuttles. She had several of the inner rooms of her mansion duplicated in it, and flew in it often, when she was being told that the

Chinese might attack her if she stayed on the ground. I guess she didn't keep a diary there, or, if she did, you never learned about it and/or found it. The things that went on there, I can tell you, would make the excesses of Nero or Caligula look like a Sunday school picnic. She considered that Earth law didn't apply in her space ship, I guess. She could have escaped in it to Moona on a moment's notice, or used it to direct a world war, and land anywhere on Earth at will, or stay in space for years if she wanted. It was sheer luck that she had returned to Earth just as my brother was waiting to bump her off, because if she had started a world war, he, and her mansion, and I, might have gone up in smoke.

I guess there was no close-by shut-in watching the switcharoo, and calling in the police, like in that Hitchcock movie Rear Window starring Jimmy Stewart, or the TV remake starring paraplegic Superman Chris Reeve. So, if you, Poor Bear, hadn't discovered her secret tapes, you'd have never been able to expose my brother, and he wouldn't have been arrested, or died in prison at the hands of sadistic prisoners.

So, if there's nothing people like better than a juicy piece of gossip, there's one for you. My brother saved the world. And they sent him to prison for it. Is there no justice? Didn't people learn from the example of Jesus Christ that saviors are hands-off to government judges? How can you judge a man who killed one so that billions may live? No judge has that much authority.

The judge who sent my brother to prison was Judge Lloyd Bridges V, a direct descendant of the Sea Hunt TV star, and by all accounts a narrow-minded, cranky, senile old buzzard who resented not being able to break into Hollywood despite his family connections. He obviously used this case to stage a livie, with himself as the star. As he sits there with his wrongful conviction on my brother's head, may it be like an albatross around his old chicken neck, until it is reversed like it should be. There should be a national or even world holiday in the memory of my dear departed bro'. Attaboy, Gill Four! You're with God now!

There are so many more gaps in Poor Bear's book, where to go next?

In Poor Bear's account of father's life, he never even mentioned his partner, Elle Palin, who was with him in the original street light software consulting firm run out of a college dorm, and stayed with him for years, later quietly leaving Teenysoft with several billion in cash, selling his stock to father. For years after that, he passed himself off as a legitimate businessman, until the IRS caught up with him and his many tax-evasion schemes, causing him to flee to who knows where, probably the South Pacific, where he bought his own island and laid low.

I, Reba Bates, was living with my grandparents when the book's publication broke our peaceful bubble. Grandmother Frannie became an instant celebrity, the famed Mrs. X, leader of the anti-Mona rebels. That she was, but she was not used to the publicity, the hounding, the paparazzi, and the limelight. It caused her early death I'm sure. I never forgave my brother for his murder of our mother, and now he had taken our grandmother out too. At least he was promptly arrested, prosecuted, and convicted. He died in prison, choked to death during a prison cell block gang-bang of the cute little she-male, perhaps as he deserved, God rest his soul in Hell. Dear mother is in Heaven I'm sure, with grandmother, and neither want him there with the rest of us.

So, mother was really half Italian and half Amerindian, and that makes me one quarter Italian, one quarter Amerindian, and one half of what father was. What was father, anyway? Poor Bear's book said he traces from the poor side of the Bates line, not the rich one. But he isn't too clear about the roots of the poor side, stating at one point that they had converted to Judaism. Well, I found out. Some of them had moved to Germany before the rise of Hitler, and intermarried, only to run for their lives in the late 1930s, and end up back in New York. So, the line had a lot of German in it by then. Some Eastern-European Jewish. Some Irish. Some Polish. Some Russian. Some Turk. Some Gypsy. Some Bohemian. So, my father and I are pretty mixed up pieces of clay, and they broke the mold with us. They say we're homely and sexually unattractive. But with so

many mixed-up gene lines, who wouldn't be? We're at least smart. Nobody can deny that, right? I can now trace a common link between my line and that of Fran Drescher, and she was one beautiful as well as smart cookie, wasn't she?

So, Mona's tribe really did have a right to half of Teenysoft. Or did it? Mona got her shares by murder, and father's will was invalid, so the shares should rightfully have gone to me and my deceased brother. The tribe shouldn't get any. Or should they? My brother did marry Chain Beaver, so he could have asserted his rights to all of those if he had wanted, under the sexist Wushiwashee Tribal Law. But before he did, brother gave all his shares away to charity, so the tribe is out of luck. Meanwhile, I should have a full half-interest in Teenysoft. Instead, the tribe does.

Can anyone blame me for going to court and seeking to win what's mine? Well, as they know, I will win. Luckily for them, the New Divide deal is independent of all this, being based on a law passed by Congress, so, the Amerindians will have to content themselves on their casino and rental incomes now.

As the majority shareholder in Teenysoft, I called a board meeting, and was elected chairman and president. The company is only a shadow of its former self, its sales actually under 30 billion a year for the first time in decades. We have plenty of competition now, in every product area, and we are glad to be trimming down in order to be svelte, and as nimble as a gazelle. Listen to a spectacular new line of software products from Teenysoft. Conveniently-priced, custom-configured, and so simple to use, they speak for themselves. The Fall sale is on now. (Just talking to myself. Grin.)

Just who is this Wushiwashee tribe anyway?

I have it from reliable sources that the tribe is a fraud, being created by Poor Bear from thin air, after he moved to Washington, and met with other 'wannabe Amerindians' like himself, using classified ads to find them. He found a couple of real Amerindians, and went from

there, using corrupt state and federal officials in a kickback scheme on the casino gambling. Let them deny it, and produce 'ancient members' of the tribe, with oral histories going back thousands of years. I can dig up thousands who will swear on the mother's grave that they were abducted by bug-eyed aliens from outer space and experimented on with enema bags. If you're ready to mud wrestle, let's get into the ring.

As to the numerous defamatory references to my famous father's sexual unattractiveness and lack of success in courting beautiful women, maybe his rise to business success is evolution's way of saving the human race itself. After all, it is natural for people who are all otherwise middle-class, or all of the same class be it low, middle, or high, to pair off for mating purposes, not on the basis of truly important traits like intellectual capacity, but on cheap short-lived sexual attractiveness, caused by hormones acting on the genes. For instance, the shape of the face, the texture of the skin, the curves of the bustline and hips, the cuteness of the butt, or the curliness of the hair. If they just had one-nighters and let it go at that. But most go on and get married based on the same one-nighter selection features as they used in the drive-in malt shop, and the result is a net decrease of IQ with each generation.

People like my father are smart. Put that in your peace pipe and smoke it. Gill was the smartest man in the world. He may not have had the biggest penis in the world, the biggest biceps, the cutest butt. But he had the biggest business. Get it? Business? The biggest business in the world? And he got it the old fashioned way. He stole it and got away with it legally. His minivan may not have ever rocked back and forth in a drive-in parking lot, but he had the biggest damn brain you ever saw, rocking back and forth in front of a computer terminal, causing money to come out of it into his bank account. That is not sexy in itself, perhaps, but it levelled the sexual playing field, allowing to finally compete with others more blessed by nature with what are only camouflage tricks, that cause them to be judged on the outside instead of the inside for one-night stands.

So, perhaps father is part of evolution's plan to save the human race itself from stupidization. Perhaps Teenysoft was just his way of getting a girl without paying for it upfront. I would not be here without father's business success, for a beautiful woman like mother wouldn't have looked at him twice, wouldn't have sat down on a public bench seat next to him, wouldn't have said yes to any proposition involving personal contact. And yet, his business success drew her from afar to his bed, where they made me. Maybe B&D was involved, and I'll even grant for you jokers that I was literally scooped off the floor. But who says you can't have too much of a good thing like brains? Maybe I wouldn't win a wet t-shirt contest either, but one day, I bet I get a beautiful hunk of a husband with a cute butt. Cuter than yours, Poor Bear.

* * *

NOTE: the rest has been edited out by court order.

RE

Chapter 16. The Piano Player Sings the Blues

The preceding chapter was written by Reba Bates, the seven-day dictator of Teenysoft. She had the appalling gall to republish my original book, with that extra chapter added, without my permission. Of course my book had been rejected by several publishers. Teenysoft owned them all. The very letter she republished shows how controlled they were, saying my story was "too one-dimensional", when it wasn't even a fiction book, it was a biography!

I used the Net to publish the book at first, and, when the sales zoomed, I bought my own publishing house and it was their biggest bestseller ever. When she used her own publishing house to republish my book, I sued her, and, after a three-year court battle, won a permanent injunction. Now I'm publishing my own revised edition, and am including her extra chapter, without her permission, but by court permission. I will now continue to tell it like it is.

First, I admit my real name was Vinny Testaverde, but

that was before I was born again as Poor Bear of the Wushiwashis. Don't people have a right to be converted and be born again? Ask any practitioner of the Christian religion. My old alleged gambling offenses are so old they're way past the statute of limitations, and I protest my innocence. I was framed. I went on the lam to avoid a wrongful conviction. Ever hear of an innocent man being convicted of a crime? Think it never happens? Now time itself has forgiven me.

I know the publication of my book exposed Mona as a murderer, and, if she had not received a full Presidential pardon that included all offenses, including any murders, she would have no right to any shares in Teenysoft. But she did receive a pardon, and, although President Davis at the time had no knowledge of her role in Gill Bates' assassination, it legally pardoned that too, therefore, Reba was premature in declaring victory, calling that board meeting, and electing herself chairman and president.

The court finally did rule, in our favor, not hers. The pardon carries with it a total absolution against all consequences of a conviction, the court rightly ruled. Therefore, she keeps her shares, and therefore, so does the Tribe.

Even Gill Four could have probably claimed that that Presidential pardon covered him, because, at the time President Davis issued it, he didn't know Gill Four was not Mona, so he could have gotten in under it if he had had better lawyers. Maybe he did have plans to appeal on that basis. But, unfortunately, he died in prison before they could free him.

It was perhaps fortunate for the world that Gill Four died in prison for another reason. I believe now that he was the infamous Robin Good, or Robbin' Goodchicks, the insane rapist who specialized in kidnapping an ugly geek and a beautiful woman at the same time, and forcing the woman to give herself to the geek, while he did nothing but shoot movies. He would wear a Robin Hood costume, complete with mask, so nobody has made a positive I.D. yet. But one beauty told authorities that Robin once slipped and referred

to himself as Robin Goodfor, which could be Robin Good Four.

Also, the obvious femininity of this 'male' was noted by all, despite the voice. So, if he had not died, Gill Four might be answering to the authorities on this new charge. Unfortunately, it would only make him more popular with the geeks of the world, who regard Robin Good as their hero. Whoever this Robbin' Goodchicks was, he had his onions, bulbs, stalks, and roots. Maybe he did it to prevent any more geeks from becoming so obsessed with their sexual inadequacy that they could even threaten to duplicate his father's performance in business. It makes me want to be a geek almost. Naw. They have to wait their whole life for Robin to get them some, and then what? Live on the memories and the movie, masturbating their onions?

After we won, it was Reba who went on the lam, an arrest warrant being issued for her illegal actions regarding Teenysoft. Nobody offered her any pardons. I returned from Moona with the news that Chief Tummy had passed away, and that I was elected the new Chief.

Reba's allegations about me raping Chain Beaver's wife are totally unfounded and unproven, and again, are past the statute of limitations, so why not let sleeping dogs lie? Does anyone reading this not have some skeleton in their closet? No, I will not submit to a blood test, even if Chain Beaver does.

Even if I am her father, it wasn't rape. She slept around like any Wushiwashee bitch. It's highly questionable if he is even the father of Little Splitting Beaver by Baby Cakes. I say this even though she is one of my squaws now, and I deny I am her father.

Reba based her entire story on the affidavit of a single paid informant, a certain member of our tribe that the court won't let me know the identity of, but I'm sure he's one low skunk looking for a handout. She paid him 50 million dollars, court records show. For 50 million dollars anybody will say anything, even a member of the rich powerful Wushiwashee Tribe.

Chain Beaver does believe the rape story, but it is public record that he forgives me, especially as his well-documented sexual affair with Mona cannot then be called incest. So let sleeping dogs lie. Male and female.

And we know it is you that is Mrs. X, Reba, not your old deceased grandmother. I know you take after her, as your father did, and could easily pass for her with a makeup job alone, not even the latex masks, implants, and gene therapy of a spy, or the plastic surgery your own brother had. Yes, when you were jailed, you used her as your front, telling her what to do and say, so she was involved, but only as your puppet.

Why don't you come clean and admit you were the brains behind the anti-Mona movement, as a way to get her out of the way and take over Teenysoft yourself? You and your grandparents all believed Mona had killed your father, that is public record. You either didn't know your brother was posing as Mona, and thought he was in hiding in China, or you did know, and thought you could kill two birds with one tomahawk throw.

Now you are out in the cold, with no stock ownership or control, and your brother gave his shares to Gay Veterans of America, Transvestites United, Save the Circus Elephants, and other charities. All you have left is the 200 million in cash he left you, minus 50 million at least that I know of. So what are you down to now, your last 100 million?

This is the thirteenth season of summer after my return from Moona. Much has happened. There is much to tell.

First, the Save the Circus Elephants Foundation was given such an obscene amount of stock that it wasn't long before the power went to the directors' heads. They not only freed all circus elephants in America, putting elephant trainers and circus owners in jail, but freed all elephants even in zoos. And used their political power and contributions to lobby for free range laws in several states, like they have for housecats.

They got one passed in Florida, and imported and bred

elephants in record numbers, bringing in feed from other states at huge expense. For months now elephants have roamed at will throughout that state, hundreds of thousands of them. For the first time, they began breeding in the wild, free of the sadness of captivity. They roamed through cities, the authorities being able to do nothing about them, even when they fought among themselves, pushing each other through store windows, smashing cars, upturning buses, crushing people or throwing them around like hay. It was illegal to shoot or kill an elephant, their status being as sacred as the cows in India. They could poop anywhere they want, and people just had to step over it or in it, peeeeyuuu.

Now every person in Florida has his private residence surrounded by elephant traps and electrified fences, and are prisoners in their own land. Nobody can change the laws the powerful SCEF has had passed. At least the news has stopped the spread of these misguided laws to more states than one. Remember that man who, in the late 20th century, used to sneak up on gorillas in the wild, ambush them, and dress them up in clown outfits? Some anti-roamer activists have taken recently to dressing wild elephants in Florida up in clown outfits, as well as Mona outfits, like the Catholic bishops and archbishops wear. And others in shower caps. Ouch.

The shares given to the Gay Veterans of America and Transvestites United are no surprise, since Gill Four was gay by heredity and environment both, and, considering the trouble gays had with the U.S. military until recent decades, there aren't that many gay veterans yet anyway. Alexander the Great was gay, don't remind me. Time will have to tell what the great wealth and power Gill Four gave them will do to America.

Already they are financing every gay politician's campaign war chest, and there have been instances of politicians claiming they are gay when they are not to get their hands into their pockets and find a bone. And, it seems, millions of men and women in the U.S. military now claim they are gay, thinking of the difference in benefits they will get as gay, as opposed to hetero, vets. Talk

about having to suck up to somebody to get a break. Only in U.S. military barracks do you hear overworked gays giving group lessons.

Chain Beaver was real bisexual, and, in our tribe, it is common, and there's nothing wrong with it. I myself prefer squaws, and am only glad for gay men coming out as they call it, for it leaves me more lonely squaws to play with. There were rumors that Mona was bisexual, but nobody could prove it, except for the lesbian shows she put on in her younger years for men, just to turn them on. There is no known instance of her bedding women alone when men weren't around, and those kind of women aren't really lesbian or bisexual, they're just doing what men want, to turn them on. That is totally heterosexual, and no big deal. I myself sometimes have my squaws get it on with each other when I'm having trouble getting my onion big, and it usually works, both squaws dropping each other's chest onions and thigh shoots for my big father onion on sight.

But now our story has to include Gill Bates' semi-secret partner, Elle Palin. Yes, I neglected him in my first edition, because I didn't know about him. When I arrived on Moona, he approached me, and I was as surprised as a virgin maiden at the size of her honeymoon husband's big onion, when he invited me into his spacious retirement estate and told me his story.

When Mona was brainwashing rich Teenysoft customers to go to Moona and retire there, she inadvertently hooked Elle, and that's where he ended up. Hearing of my arrival, and that I controlled a large block of Teenysoft stock, and yet was anti-Mona, we became fast friends, and fellow Mona haters.

He was the real technical brains behind Teenysoft, he told me, and Bates was just the marketing man. When Bates found that the market was so uneducated that technical merit didn't even count, he forced Palin out, paying good money for his shares, it is true, at that time, but, in light of the later value of those shares, really stealing him blind. Bates consciously tried to write him out of the history of Teenysoft, so it was not only I who never heard of him.

Nobody had. Palin himself had to sign a complex non-disclosure agreement that prohibited him from even talking about Teenysoft. He considers that agreement voided by Gill Bates' death, and his public status, and now considers his speech protected by the Constitution and Bill of Rights. When I left Moona, he left too, and is now in hiding again, hoping to get immunity from the U.S. government, or at least make a deal with the IRS.

Bill of Rights. In all the confusion, Moona has declared its independence from Earth, just like in the Robert Heinlein book *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, and set up a libertarian government, just like in the book. Palin is the force behind this. Nobody on Earth seems to care. The idea of colonizing Moona this early was stupid anyway. It was misguided. The only good thing about it was that they didn't have any Amerindians to push around up there. Mona was an idiot. The colony is a net drain on Earth, and now the only difference is semantic, as to whether to call it welfare or foreign aid.

I hated my time on Moona. It is not fun living in gravity that is that low all the time. Just having sex is a strap-down event. When you're talking to somebody, you can't slap them on the shoulder, or they might go flying, and you too. You feel strong at first, like Father Onion. Then you get weak. Your mass decreases. You get soft. As your heart gets weaker, so does your erection. You come to appreciate Earth's gravity when your snot ends up where you don't want it once too often. I don't recommend it. Earth rules. We were made here, and we should not forget it. Moona makes nothing. It only takes. There will never be any native Moona tribes.

If, and only if, you're so old and decrepit that you can't get out of bed without prosthetics, you might consider it. But it might be better to first consider better prosthetics. Medicine is capable of palliating so many of the maladies that used to be associated with old age now, that it is a rare pathological case that would find Moona an unmitigated improvement in their lifestyle.

Palliate, that's a word I wasn't sure I used right, so I

looked it up in the dictionary. Talk about coincidences. Right next to it is the word palliasse, which means a mattress filled with straw, and above that, pallet, another word for a mattress filled with straw. So, go to Moona if you can't get off your mattress filled with straw. But don't bring any straw up there. It will end up in your eyes, ears, and nose, and up your ass.

Above that is the word Palladium, meaning a statue of Pallas Athena, the legendary statue in Troy of the Greek God of Wisdom which they believed insured the city's safety. Hence, a Palladium is anything that is supposed to ensure the safety of something. Moona has no Palladium except Elle Palin now.

Palladium, Palin, another interesting word coincidence. A palindrome is a word or sentence that reads the same backwards and forwards, such as Elle itself. And why does a man have that name? Isn't it a woman's name? Maybe 'he' is really a transvestite. I never thought to check when I was there. He/she is so old and ugly and frail it wouldn't matter anyway except to purists. Gill Four's gift to Transvestites United would be highly ironic then.

In the 20th century, Florida used to be the place where the old went to die, and the sight of a hearse or a funeral procession on the street was so common as to be hard to avoid. People who moved there who weren't old often grew depressed and obsessed with growing old. Now Moona makes Florida look like a fountain of youth center. Don't go there looking for a hot young date. Just forget it. By the time you end up there, you will have such a case of Alzheimer's anyway you will need to forget.

Back to Elle. I spent many a parley with him in his luxurious mausoleum while Little Splitting Beaver was bouncing her field up and down on my onion, and he gave me the story of Gill Bates' early days with Teenysoft that was missing.

Gill could suck the chrome off a tailpipe, Elle told me. It was in Boca Raton, the Rat's Mouth, and well-named, he said, that Gill literally sucked the IBM executives into the

sweet deals that turned a small software company into the biggest company ever to soften the world up.

Elle and Gill met in high school. They were both nerds, and when they couldn't get dates -- like that nerd Rudy in the movie Meatballs III, starring Sally Kellerman as a whore who came back from the dead as his angel and tried to get him some, in vain -- they'd go to each other's houses instead, cooking up all kinds of plans to get even with the jilters by getting rich quick, and buying them as trophies that they could use, abuse, and lose.

Various pyramid sales schemes collapsed early-on, robbing their fellow students, and, after they were both kicked out of the Little Free Enterprisers, and caused state laws to be passed outlawing pyramid selling and chain letter schemes, they changed their course.

They knew they had to steal money to get rich, not being creative enough to earn it by inventing anything new, but they didn't want to worry about the cops and the IRS either. At least the cops. They had guns and jails, while the IRS were geeks like them and not so particularly frightening.

They tried to follow the Pet Rock craze with their own Pet Rack craze, referring to a small desktop storage rack made of fake plastic moose antlers. They couldn't give them away, and lost their shirts. Actually, their fathers had to pay the tab, and locked their kids naked in their own rooms for a weekend as punishment. Separately, not together. Or maybe it was together. I should have asked Elle to be clearer. Just having to look at themselves in the mirror that long was punishment enough, either way.

As I said, I am beginning to suspect that Elle was really a girl, cross-dressing as a boy. Funny that Gill was so unattractive that even his best friend didn't want to lay him. Fits. Gill was not a handsome virile man that could win the heart of a transvestite in a dormitory, like in that Barbra Streisand movie Yentl, and get her to expose her private parts.

Even if Elle did, what would Gill know? Gill's private

parts were probably as small or smaller than those of Howard Stern, the Shock Jock, as the latter freely admitted in his movie *Private Parts*, so perhaps Gill had caught Elle naked a time or two, and thought he was similarly afflicted, and not figured it out.

I didn't press Elle on this issue, unfortunately, because it was only after I left Moona that I figured it out myself. When he started licking Little Splitting Beaver's onion skins as I was plowing her onion field, I didn't say anything, I was so caught up in my passions to emit my onion juice, but now I realize I may have been having two women at the same time, and one of them wanted the other woman, not me.

Back to Gill and Elle. They ended up sharing a college dorm room at Harvard, where they each scored high on the SAT, and had high grades in high school to attach to their admissions forms. Neither could probably survive overnight in a wilderness, or hunt with a bow and arrow, or fight a large animal with a tomahawk. But the palefaces don't put that on their SAT.

Gill probably used his famous thick lips on the admissions personnel, Elle told me, a little like that Tom Cruise movie *Risky Business* where a Princeton admissions counselor came to his home and found it was a whorehouse when the parents were out of town, and got a freebie. "Their whorehouse was their dorm room. Sometimes the upper stacks of the must old library."

"Why did he have to? Wasn't this geek just what Harvard wanted?" I asked. "After all, he was the smartest man in the world, and one day would be the richest, right?"

"He may be the smartest geek in the world, not the smartest man, or person," Elle chuckled. "Why did he have to? Because, while he aced math and science, he was terrible at the humanities, so he was really MIT, not Harvard material."

When I asked why Gill wanted to go to Harvard instead of MIT, he replied, "Obviously, Harvard is where the future

managers of the MIT grads go."

They enrolled in a general liberal arts curriculum, Computer Science not being yet an undergraduate major, and academic literary geeks such as John Barth still the rage. Not that they read John Barth's, or any other novelist's works, although they skimmed them and put on that they had, being Harvard students. They really spent their time reading about and learning all they could about the newfangled microcomputers that companies like Intel were making, and figured that the existing base of electronics engineers would not take to programming them, having their hands full just learning to work with digital circuits and unlearning analog ones; while the existing base of computer programmers would snub them for mainframes like IBM and CDC, or minicomputers like DEC. People like H. Ross Perot would be too hard to compete against in the mainframe programming arena, they decided. He was a monopolist.

Thinking they would be getting in on the ground floor in microcomputer software, and could score big by putting Harvard's name on their sales pitches, they began trying to interest government agencies and big companies in microcomputers, suggesting ways they could be integrated in their products, and offering to work as consultants. Highly-paid consultants.

When the town of Boston actually put out an RFP (Request for Proposal) for a microcomputerized traffic light system, they went to town, working night and day doing R&D in their dorm room.

Their stay at Harvard was nothing like Ryan O'Neal's and Ali McGraw's, in that movie Love Story about love being never having to say you're sorry. They were both human computers, with no emotions, like Mister Spock in Star Trek, in that episode where and Captain Kirk went back in time to 20th century America, and met Joan Collins in a mission, and Kirk had a passionate love affair with her while Spock scrounged radio and television parts.

Yes, the only private parts that Gill could get were the kind that required a power supply. Watching Star Trek

reruns kept them from going completely crazy, said Elle. People could live productive lives without love, romance, and sex. Without lives like the characters in the TV soap operas. Just productive enough to keep them from having to lay around on the grass in front of campus buildings, and see lovers making out, and becoming depressed enough to jump over lover's leap.

Unfortunately, they were neglecting their studies, but Harvard only required an undergrad to take four courses a semester. And as freshmen, the courses were general, such as Great Literature, Calculus, Chemistry, and American History. They paid for and received copies of files of old term papers, tests, and so on, and passed, without really learning anything.

No matter, for they got the contract, and dropped out of college. Too bad, for at least Harvard's curriculum would, in four or five years, have created well-read, rounded, sensitive individuals. Not that they required Amerindian Studies then like they do now. Now it's too late. Maybe at that hormone-intensive age, they couldn't have stood another three years around sexually normal people without jumping over lover's leap, hand-in-hand. Too bad. For the world. Either way. They both grew hard at Harvard Yard.

It was just luck that as their contract was running out, and the wolf was at the door, MITS came along with an offer to have this 'established company' produce a Basic interpreter for their new hobbyist computer, the Altair. The city contract required them to surrender all rights to their work to the city, and, after this, they never permitted such 'unfair terms' again. Their new contract with MITS spelled out their rights to keep exclusive rights to all software they developed, even after MITS paid for the development of it. In return, MITS paid them less than they would normally have, but Teenysoft would then be free to try and sell their software as a product to the Altair owners, as long as they didn't try and sell hardware in competition with it. Dreaming of making more money on software than MITS made with the hardware, from the lower production costs (zero), Gill was sure he was onto something big.

That's when they found out that the consumer didn't go along with this, and one person would simply let all his friends make copies of his Basic interpreter, the net result being that they made less money than if they had accepted MITS' original terms and sold their software to them in the first place.

But, like in that movie Jerry Maguire with Tom Cruise and Cuba Gooding, Jr., this experienced showed them the money. This decided the fate of the entire software industry, as it turned out, and with it, the world. Teenysoft became a bus with no brakes, like in that movie Speed, starring Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock. Funny that they used that name for the movie about pro sports stars just years before Mark McGwire really was showed the money, by the Cincinnati Reds, and proved himself 70 times in one season. I am a movie buff, sorry, but there's not much else to do in the casino office but watch one after another.

Using their connections with MITS to sign more development contracts for other software tools, and simultaneously signing more with makers of new microcomputers, being Ayn Rand disciples with no loyalty to any one brand, except their own, the Teenysoft name soon was associated with support software for all microcomputers: Basic, Pascal, C, assembler language. Teenysoft never knew a week without positive cash flow from this point on.

Meanwhile, they missed out on video games, letting the Atari empire come, flourish, wither with a glut of copycat titles, rampant copyright violation, and die. That experience made them decide video games were not for them. Except a select few, of course, as a market lightning rod, to tell them if they needed to change their minds.

The VisiCalc empire also came, making personal computers attractive, and even necessary to business executives for the first time. They cloned VisiCalc's software, like a hundred other companies, and made some money, but not that much.

Digital Research came out with a new operating system for personal computers, and they missed out on that idea too.

Teenysoft was never good at coming up with ideas, only stealing them and outmarketing the competition. So, when IBM announced that they were going to enter the personal computer market, and put out RFPs to Digital Research and Teenysoft for the operating system, Gill saw his lifetime chance.

DR's people weren't as geeky as Teenysoft's, and they made a huge mistake with the IBM execs by being late to a meeting, and not kissing ass like good geeks do. Gill was early, using the time to smack his thick lips loudly on ass meat, while ogling the crotch of each and every IBM exec that was sitting there, finding a rise in several of their pants, and arranging an evening meeting with one particularly eager VP. "Exactly what did they do that fateful evening?" Elle asked me. "I wish I knew. Oh how I wish I knew!" I actually felt a little sorry for this billionaire now. Maybe Gill's salesmanship rubbed off on him. Feel sorry for a billionaire. Ha!

The late arrival of DR caused the meeting to end in a stony, icy atmosphere, and Gill startled DR by offering a new operating system at a fraction of the \$200 retail price of DR's. "Forty bucks I think. Like that old saying, forty acres and a mule. In hindsight, this is now quite funny. Gill Bates a price-cutter!" "Before his trip to Boca Raton, Gill had found a competitor of DR's that had an operating system, called DOZE, that was so poor he couldn't give it away, and so Gill convinced him he was doing him a big favor by purchasing all the rights to it for a princely sum in those days, \$75 grand. He then renamed it to DINO." "Uno, dos, tres, quatro! Woolly bully! Woolly bully!", sung Elle. "Put that in your Geek Mythology and smoke it."

"Geek Mythology?" I asked, winking.

"According to Geek Mythology, what held up the Earth, until it went on strike one day?" asked Elle, winking back.

"I give up," I said.

"Teenysoft," Elle said.

"If you're so bitterly anti-Teenysoft now, why didn't you, of all people, use your position and insider knowledge and speak out back when you might have been able to prevent it?" I asked.

"Because Gill literally paid me off. I was drunk with power, rich with bribes, and crazed with hate of our legion of real and imagined competitors. It was only after I had been pushed out, and paid off to the tune of gigabucks, that I now see that we hated the whole world, and were attempting to gain it, at the same time losing our souls." Elle weeped. Touching.

"You and your tribe, Poor Bear, are the ones who are in a position now to speak out about this scandal of the casino royale of the 20th and 21st centuries." He put the verbal stress on the last syllable of scandal, to go with royale. "I looked you up and am coming clean to you precisely because I hope you are the John the Baptist who will be content to eat wild locusts and honey and live in the wilderness while crying out in the wilderness." Is it me or do all people start getting religious and calling on the Bible after they get either old or rich or both? I didn't see him giving his money away. And he wanted me to speak out publicly, while he stayed on the lam and lived like a king. Mighty magnanimous of this king, wasn't it?

"Why don't you give your money to a foundation that helps Gill's old ruined competitors go back into business, and take some of their market share back?" I asked. Foolishly.

"Because my billions are chump change to that giant beast now, and couldn't make a dent in their sales tax receipts. Maybe I could have started a Just Say No To Teenysoft campaign at the beginning, before they controlled all the media and advertising, and caused a consumer revolt at the cash register, where it would have got them right where they lived. Hindsight is one-hundred percent. That and ten dollars will get you a cup of coffee. If Gill had been perfect, hadn't made that one mistake of getting the hots for your Indian twat, we wouldn't be here right now talking. You alone have the power now, Big Chief."

"Okay, I'm game," I replied, magnanimously. That's why you have this book in your hands now, folks. Really. I didn't even get mad at Elle for using that racial slur. Though I would scalp anybody else's onions who tried it to my face. I can be magnanimous. Like in that movie Schindler's List, where the concentration camp commandant Amon Goert or Goethe or whatever was magnanimous with that Jewish boy who didn't clean his tub ring good enough. Boom! Magnanimous all the way out the door and halfway down the path to the camp. The path lined with Jewish gravestones.

Is Earth a concentration camp now after decades of Teenysoft control? Is the path to it lined with gravestones? Teenysoft product boxes? Deep thoughts, by Handey. Bad shot, wasn't he? How many did it take? A quick movie trivia quiz. Didn't Teenysoft help bankroll that movie? I knew Spielberg was in Gill's back pocket. He helped bankroll something that Spielberg was on. Amon. In the dictionary, it says Amon means life and reproduction, and was one of the names for the Egyptian master god, Ra, the Sun. Was Gill the Amon Goert of America? The Amon-Ra? The Sun? The Son. The Son of God. Creepy.

The Geek shall inherit the Earth. "Gimme a Geek. Gimme a Geek. Gimme a Geek Geek Geek Geek Geek Geek Geek. What does that spell? Gill Bates!" And I ain't read ten novels in my life, and only skimmed James Joyce's Ulysses. Haven't. Excuse my French. One of my favorite singers, songwriters, band leaders, and performers. We have been listening to his "Pan-Geekian Anthem and Anthology". The piano player sings the blues. Before IBM was bought-out by Teenysoft at a fire sale for chicken change, it was called Big Blue... Back to Elle.

"Gill told IBM they would sell one hundred thousand PCs, and he could would make a 'fair and modest' ten bucks on each copy of the operating system, for a cool million. Since the IBM execs bought Gill's act that he was a college dropout geek trying to become a millionaire, they decided to make him one, just barely. At the same time they had dollar signs in their eyes, expecting IBM to make hundreds of dollars on each of those PCs, resulting in their promotions, and all the salary, stock option, and golden parachute perks

that went with them getting the credit."

"In actuality, once he destroyed DR's competition, he raised the price to \$100 and ended up with a profit of \$75 a pop on hundreds of millions of copies, while IBM got out of the PC business altogether, and those execs grew mule ears bigger than Francis the Talking Mule of Missouri. A person can be a software genius yet die a pauper, while a geek with a marketing talent can become a trillionaire," pontificated Elle. "Listen to those melodious sounds anywhere, anytime... Each bird call has been authenticated by the National Audubon Society and comes through loud and clear....tweet..tweet..."

What a card Elle can be. I hooted and hollered with laughter. He missed his true calling. He should have been a professional comedian. But how could he take a pay cut like that? Even the most well-paid comedians don't make enough money to pay the interest on the interest on his interest. That's my own little joke. Like it? It was comedian Jim Carrey who was the first movie star in history to command 20 million bucks a picture. That was back when the IRS only took a half or three-quarters of it. Most people would be satisfied with a little fancy restaurant.

How did one piece of software rake in such obscene amounts of money? Why didn't rampant illegal copying undercut its profits, like with every other software product before it? Gill was a genius at greed. To forestall copying by customers, he was in a position now, with his lock on the source, to insist that the operating system be pre-installed on the PC before the customer could even buy it, with the price of his software hidden in the PC's price by the computer dealer. That way the customer didn't have the opportunity to make free copies for others, and even if they did, it wouldn't matter, as they found it very hard to purchase a computer without the software pre-installed and paid for. Nor did any customer have a choice in operating systems. Either he pay for the PC with Teenysoft's operating system "included free", or he gets no PC at all. Then, he is "free" to decide to fork over an additional \$200 for DR's better operating system, sitting gathering dust on the dealer's shelves. Gill basically rode IBM's coattails

to glory, on the faces of all.

Even then, Gill was afraid a few customers would know DR's system was a hundred times better than his, and would start copying it and spreading it around, erasing his. So, to head competition off at the pass until he got bigger and could actually afford to program his own real operating system, he convinced the IBM execs to sponsor a software applications catalog, to be sent to all IBM PC owners, listing software that ran under Teenysoft's system, but not DR's. The many other software entrepreneurs out there, who didn't have Gill's savvy, bit this poisoned bait bigtime, and started developing their applications for Teenysoft's operating system first, to get into this 'free' catalog, and, in a year, for their system exclusively, since the competing operating systems were history. Teenysoft convinced potential operating system competitors that they would be happy with Teenysoft's operating system monopoly, because Teenysoft was leaving the entire application software market to everybody else. Nothing was put in writing and signed, however.

Besides, Gill told everybody, this new IBM PC would only sell a few hundred thousand, maybe a few million units at the most, and a new PC would be created in a few years, which anybody could build a new operating system for. "I can't imagine a user needing more than 256K of RAM for any application now or in the foreseeable future," he said to a trade magazine.

So, Gill was responsible for foisting the inferior Teenysoft operating system on the market permanently, and creating a permanent cash register monopoly for it.

Gill now enjoyed the fact that IBM clone makers started to pop-up, and, being able to claim that they couldn't sell their clones without bundling his operating system on it, he raced around the country, living out of a suitcase, signing every clone maker to exclusive licensing agreements, making them work for him collecting for his software after pre-installing it at the point of sale.

At the same time, he used his new position of power to

work hand-in-hand with the semiconductor company who manufactured the basic CPU chip for the IBM PC, Intel. He forever made sure that there would be no really new CPU chip coming out, but only upward-downward-compatible chips, thus insuring that his operating system, and all the application software written for it, would be carried over into all new generations of PCs. And, being in control of the 'new version' of the Teenysoft operating system for the 'new improved CPU chip', he could keep even the best-financed applications software companies from being on time with their updates of their own software, simply by supplying them incomplete, defective, and even misleading and deceptive documentation on how the new operating system worked, until Teenysoft had time to perfect its own competitive application software and catch up with its own vaporware. Not to mention how Teenysoft's own application software could make use of 'undocumented features' of their operating system, to make its performance look better than the competition.

Even worse, they could get feedback from their applications programmers to their operating systems programmers, and use it to modify the operating system so that it virtually was designed to work only with their own software, leaving all competitions out in the rain without an umbrella.

So, he had locked in a dynasty longer-lived than the San Francisco Forty-Niners, and much more lucrative, while the government, busy breaking up other monopolies in communications, oil, shipping, and so on, did nothing. "The monopoly was so obvious that they couldn't see it," chuckled Elle. "Gill was the greatest master of Monopoly the world has ever seen, and one has to give him credit for that at least." "Too bad that he didn't know the difference between reality and a game. He won big, yes, by making losers out of his fellow Americans. All of them, not just a few bitter competitors."

At the same time that the U.S. government didn't see any monopoly, Gill's company, which he owned the majority of the stock in but could claim was a corporation that just employed him for a modest salary, was raking in millions a

year, then millions a month, then millions a week, then millions a day, all the while trying to destroy all the businesses he had let grow up around the PC in the applications arena as a temporary tactic, without remorse or let-up. His entire life was spent, 24-hours-a-day, consumed with thinking thoughts of getting rid of competition while expanding his market envelope to including all buying and selling itself.

"There were many who claimed that Gill was the Beast, the Antichrist, especially as the Millennium was around the corner. They could analyze the 'number of his name' and come out with 666 every time." "The Bible says, 'as a man thinks so is he'," said Elle. "The Bible had Gill pegged. Meantime he made millions on the Teenysoft Bible on CD, among many other Bible products," Elle chuckled. "There was a joke going about, that Teenysoft had purchased the Catholic Church. People still believe it today."

Gill did his part by disguising his obscene profits to the potential competitors, and the general public, like a Monopoly player who knows how to keep his Monopoly money and title cards hidden under the table from the other players until he plays them for a slam. Except that, by now, Teenysoft was a public corporation, with a lot of its cards laid face-up on the table, along with huge piles of money.

"Gill really mastered the Zen of Monopoly gangbusters. He had already brainwashed the public by years of making them see the Teenysoft logo in front of their faces, lit-up in bright lights, on an old-style computer monitor. Those monitors were a lot brighter than they really needed to be, but Gill was behind that too, chuckle. So, by the time his hand was too big to hide, he already had the public hypnotized to either not see it, or see something else instead. It was as if he could spread his ass in their faces and hand them a spoon and tell them to start eating, and convince them it was not shit but heavenly chili from a French restaurant. And get them to order oyster crackers, and ask for toothpicks afterwards, delighted with the meal, and paying him five times what everybody else charges for real French cooking." When Elle said this, I let out a loud fart, and that cracked us both up.

On the consumer side, he had them from day one. When they went to a computer dealer, and asked them to recommend an operating system, it was unanimous: Teenysoft. Every time they booted their PC up, there was the comforting, powerful yet unobtrusive logo of Teenysoft working on their minds, lowering sales resistance, as a Harvard MBA would say.

Marketing is when a company spends money, sales is when money comes back in. The software did its own marketing for its brothers, for free. When a subliminally-disadvantaged customer returned to her computer dealer to recommend more new application software, there was Teenysoft's big shrink-wrapped boxes filling the shelves, along with a few remaining competitors, names now forgotten in the dustbin of history, gathering dust before being returned by the dealer as unsaleable. Of course the computer dealer recommended Teenysoft for everything. He could get a better deal with them when selling computers to new suckers that way. Remember, the dealer himself couldn't sell a computer without Teenysoft's graces. If Teenysoft refused to sell their operating system bundled on their computer, they couldn't use it to make toast. Couldn't give it away. So, they'd go bankrupt.

Soon Gill had so perverted the market that, no matter how brilliant a software company's programmers, their marketers could not even give their products away, while Teenysoft could produce junk and sell it at obscenely high prices to the eager consumer, who saw the Teenysoft logo every time he booted up his PC, and thought all other software makers were 'amateurs' or 'copycats'.

In America, professional sports are what they call a natural monopoly, and maybe should be left that way. In an industry as important as this one to America's future, it is an atrocity to leave it that way. When pro sports teams go to the colleges to pick the elite, even they agree to have a draft system, with a way to distribute draft picks fairly to all teams in the league.

With software, Teenysoft was now the only team in the

league. So, it started recruiting all the best college grads onto its team, leaving its competitors to keep on keeping on with their own veterans. That's not quite as brutal as in pro sports, of course, because the brain lasts longer than the knees in rough competition, but sooner or later the effect will be telling.

Yet, the dupes recruited into Teenysoft, lured by stock options, were just being sucked into a Siren's whirlpool. They would work until burnout, cash in their stock, and leave Teenysoft bigger, richer, and more completely in control of their own future. Teenysoft could wait to get their money back. The former employee is now just another customer, another cow to be milked, if not butchered, or yet eaten alive. "Generation X was Gill's own name for the one that came after his, that he would use to multiply his wealth and power, while trashing their dreams. X is the symbol for multiplication, as well as for crossing-out."

"How could that geek get so many dupes to work for him? Didn't they ever 'get it' and bail out?" I asked. Elle was ready for that question.

"Simple. The dupes were geek dupes. Birds of a feather flock together. He was the geek's geek. They did all the work and he got all the money, because he kept a majority of the stock. Some company founder geeks weren't even smart enough to do that, and didn't even have the intelligence to keep from being fired by the company they created, and sold out too soon. Ever heard of Cisco?"

I said I hadn't. Unless he was talking about white greasy stuff that geeks like to use in masturbation.

"No. This was the company that invented the Router Box, a key element in the early years of the commercialized Internet. They sold out when the company was only worth \$1 billion, because they were sore that they had been fired from it so it could be managed by smarter people and really grow. Believing in their own geek godhood, they thought the stock would plummet because they weren't there anymore. It went through the roof, soon going to \$50 billion. So the founders gave their stock away to others for chicken change,

and proved they were no Gill Bates." I swear I heard a turd plop somewhere then, but couldn't see anything.

"You know..." He paused, his eyes getting dreamy, glassy, wistful. "... the entire consumer software industry was a geek operation, and it fed off the unwritten code that no clown copies another clown's makeup, costume, or special tricks."

Elle paused, then cracked up laughing, "Ha ha!" Elle was zinging me. That Ivy Geek laugh, breathing in instead of out. I remember now that movie Animal House. How they call college fraternities Greek. How Greeks are known for anal intercourse. This conversation was mentally stimulating.

"That's the code of real circus clowns. With geeks, it's the exact opposite. Every geek copies other geeks' acts every way he can. Remember that joke and use it often. 'What is the difference between a geek and a professional clown?' The entire software industry is based on copying, not inventing. This is because there is really never any real invention on a par with the vacuum tube, the transistor, or the computer itself. Software is just instructions to a computer to make it serve some need to its users. A recipe, a cookbook.

"The prize goes to the first geek to discover or stumble upon a market need and dummy up a solution in a garage, then stumble into a venture capitalist's office and put on the dog and pony show, and get the seed capital. That lets the geek hire more geeks to work for him, dazzled by the offer of low salaries, grueling hours, and a little stock, while he is fighting with the venture capitalist sharks trying to keep as much of the stock as they will let him. If the product actually can be brought to market, and the dog likes the dog food and bites, then the venture capitalists are experienced at building the company up at jet speed, hiring geeks by the trainload, with the founding geek or geeks raised into the geek pantheon of gods. The really successful geek is one who gives customers what they don't need, and makes them want it.

"The industry consists of geeks leading the geeks to work like slaves, while the really smart guys, who were jocks in

college, inject the seed capital, then supply the real management smarts, and sell off their interests one day for a hundred or a thousand times what they originally injected. The ownership is transferred to the public via the stock market, and the mass of geeks in the final company configuration are then turned loose on each other in a feeding frenzy until they burn out, all the while working for peanuts compared to what shareholders are making. Only the founding geeks, and maybe a few of the first few recruited geeks even got to be shareholders of any consequence, usually.

"The net result of the whole system is one percent of the geeks really getting enough money one day to have a fulfilling life without grueling slave-labor hours, while the other 99 percent spend their whole lives until they drop chasing one mirage after another, satisfied with being losers who never get any, because they have their geek gods to fawn on.

"Yet, alas, all of them are losers. Their lives were just dogshit, as were their gods, their aging, obsolescent product triumphs, their goals, dreams, everything. As a geek you are kept so busy 'building your career' that you never have time to step back and look at yourself from a large enough perspective. Stalin and Mao never could come up with anything close to this, so they are in the trash heap of history.

"Gill Bates was the king of the geek gods. If he didn't exist, the venture capitalists would have had to have created him. It's a con game to keep the masses satisfied with American-style Capitalism and not revolt into Socialism or Communism. The Communists had no fantasy to equal this, and that's why Gill Bates' rise led directly to the fall of Communism in 1989. The Communists will one day get even with software, mark my words. Live by the software, die by the software." I think now Elle was referring to the Chinese here, and was trying to warn me of something. At the time, it just sailed over my feathered head."

"What did Mattel call their Barbie doll that came equipped with knee pads?" asked Elle out of the blue.

"White House Intern Barbie," cracked Elle, not waiting for me to answer. I din't know why he would bring up a joke that was older than the hills. Monica Lewinsky jokes were as worn out as a whore's onion field. Geeks would I guess. Call me out of it, but I found out later that the Sports Barbie was a favorite of geeks for a desk or shelf ornament. Gill Bates started the fad personally.

But back to Teenysoft's rise to power.

For 15 years, the market tree of PC software was picked of its fruit by Teenysoft, from the low branches to the high, the few software companies remaining finally having only 5% to 10% of the market between them. If that much. Teenysoft would sometimes use other companies' names as a front by then.

Early on, Gill decided that even he couldn't keep pushing the cruddy Teenysoft operating system on the public forever, so he invested fifty million bucks in a massive effort to make one of his own. But even that one relied on stealing all their ideas from rival Apple, which at the same time, without IBM's backing, tried to offer a truly useable personal computer, and had much better control of the software for it, particularly the operating system, which was their proprietary product. The Apple computer was designed to work hand-in-hand with the Apple operating system, and what Teenysoft had to do was steal the operating system design, while shoe-horning it onto the architecture of the IBM PC, which was clumsy and inefficient.

The result was a clone of Apple's system which Teenysoft called Windoze, that sapped the IBM PC's resources so badly that applications could hardly be run on it at all for years, until Moore's Law caught up with it. That law, as formulated by one of the founders of Intel, stated that the net processing power of microcomputers would double every two years, at the same price. It did, well into the 21st century. So, it only took 10 years for Moore's Law to catch up with Windoze, when it could actually help people instead of slow them down. By then, Teenysoft had foisted hundreds of millions of copies it on the public, and Bates became the

world's richest con, er, man.

Even as Teenysoft was bilking customers into buying something they didn't need, while companies offering what they did need, withered and died, IBM was working to advance PCs into the world of timesharing multi-tasking operating systems, that is, operating systems that executed several programs at the same time, allocating each a time slice. If done properly, the net result is that each application executed at 80 to 90 percent of the speed it would if operating alone, because of the use of the idle time all CPUs experience when executing any application, as it waits for the slower disks, terminals, monitors, printers, and memory chips to send it information to process.

Of course, IBM was not run by a college drop-out, and didn't push people out when they reached 30, or hire them just for their busywork output, neglecting their continuing education, so it had a plentitude of world-famous mathematicians and computer scientists, who could handle the design of such a complex system. And Teenysoft didn't.

So, Gill worked a deal with the gullible Boca Ratoners to 'cooperatively develop' this new operating system, the real idea being to let the IBM employees do the really hard work, then steal it, and maybe even steal some sucker employees too.

By the time IBM had invested a half billion dollars of their own money into it, Teenysoft suddenly broke off from them, and stole everything they could, leaving IBM's project in limbo. They then started developing their own timesharing version of Windoze, which they called Windoze 95, from the year the first buggy version would be foisted on the public accompanied by savvy big budget market hoopla, including famous rock groups, talk show hosts, and political figures endorsing it. Even then, IBM finished their operating system years before that, and marketed it to several million happy customers, who watched even the few remaining applications software developers ignore it.

But, IBM never had the sweet deals with the personal computer dealers that Teenysoft had, and the result was that

Teenysoft successfully kept their customers from defecting by promising vaporware after vaporware, year after year, until the real release in 1995. Not that IBM's success would have killed Teenysoft. Parts of IBM's system were copyrighted by Teenysoft, from the days when they worked with them as partners, and royalties automatically paid with each IBM operating system sale. By then, IBM's system was mature, highly debugged and error-free, and far more advanced than theirs, but that didn't stop Teenysoft from selling hundreds of millions of Windoze 95 packages to their original Windoze customers, as well as any and all new first-time PC buyers.

"Teenysoft's control of PC operating systems was now complete". Elle does a good imitation of Darth Vader.

In the meantime, the Internet grew up overnight, completely without Teenysoft's assistance. Gill simply didn't see it coming, or conceive a single one of the ideas for it. This time, though, he didn't even position himself to steal it until his fame as the world's richest geek changed peoples' perceptions of him, and many began to fear that they had created a monster.

So, when he finally entered the Internet browser market, people refused to sign up for his service, even when it was easier to use, and integrated into their Windoze systems, opting instead for anybody else's, just to keep Teenysoft from getting bigger. This should have been the beginning of the end for Teenysoft, but P.T. Barnum was right. Read that again.

It took over a decade, but Teenysoft finally wrestled control of the Internet from all competitors, and the public, after a few small failed boycott attempts, and a plethora of anti-Teenysoft and anti-Bates web sites failed to penetrate their consciousness, accepted Teenysoft as The Man forever.

By this time Elle had sold-out, after being wooed by Gill for years, and, he said, his conscience wouldn't let him stay with this con game anyway. He wanted to retire to exploit a number of less-shady schemes, that Gill, it turned

out later, had laid in his path like bait for a bunny rabbit, and many of which turned out to be considered illegal by the IRS. But Elle's mind was so puffed up by being around his godlike untouchable Teflon partner all those years, he never even realized how perverted his view of business had become, until the IRS actually moved in, guns locked and loaded, and he had to flee to the South Pacific in haste.

Was Bates behind the leak of information to the IRS that led them to crack down on Palin? Inquiring minds want to know.

In retrospect, Elle told me, Bates maybe wasn't responsible for the rise of the Internet, but he might have had something to do with its use by pornographers, where they set up porno web sites with impunity while high-placed politicians seemed to spring up out of the woodwork, along with national media, defending them under the guise of Freedom of Speech. Part of Elle's decision to bail out of Teenysoft was his desire to pursue pornography further, and Bates would not allow the Teenysoft name to be used with it. Elle loved lesbian pornography more than heterosexual, and this also makes me wonder about him really being a her.

Back in the early days, being a lesbian was not so cool as it is now, and I thoroughly understand anybody trying to pass as a male as a cover story in order to make open, socially-acceptable passes at beautiful women. Not that Elle got any more than Gill, until he could pay for it. Teenysoft was one of the first major employers granting equal rights to homosexual married couples, and who was behind that?

We have not heard the last from Elle Palin, I am sure. A mystery wrapped in a riddle inside an enigma. And a palindromic one to boot. I never got to see what was between his/her legs. And don't know if he gives a good blowjob. Dammit. I wonder if Elle ever blew Gill. Is anybody's last words ever that they wished they had had one good blowjob? Or gave one?

Who once said that it doesn't take talent to hustle?



Chapter 17. Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz

As Chief, I, Poor Bear, now had control of fifty percent of the Teenysoft company. I called a board meeting and we elected me Chairman of the Board, and President. I immediately introduced my program to use virtual reality technology to implement the new SSN, the Smoke Signal Net, among other new ideas. We changed the Teenysoft logo to a smoke signal for the Wushiwashee Tribal Nation. The dumb washichus all thought it was on those Windoze flags waving in their faces.

Reba wasn't done warring with our tribe, not by a long shot. Power sure corrupts absolutely, doesn't it? She appeared suddenly on the reservation, her legal troubles apparently over, but now trying to make trouble with us. She claimed that, since her mother was a full-blooded Wushiwashee, that she was a Wushiwashee too, a rightful member of our tribe. As I myself am only one-sixteenth Wushiwashee, and, while I lied that I was one-eighth to gain my initial admittance to the tribe, it was I, as the new Chief, who had just had the limit officially lowered to one-sixteenth to include myself, retroactively, ex-post facto. The U.S. Constitution prohibits Congress from passing ex-post facto laws, ours didn't. And when did they even let that stop them? So, I had to accept Reba into the tribe to keep my credibility.

I soon learned her intentions. She was now working hand in hand with Chain Beaver to get herself elected Chief. She isn't stupid, so she must have known that no married squaw can ever be Chief. Sorry, our tribe has its rules that even the women's libbers cannot change. Call us sexist. Sue us. But an unmarried maiden can be Chief, if she claims she is one of the boys and proves it by passing a number of tests. She did just that. Made the claim.

The first test was to pee standing up, which she aced easily by using a rubber contraption she had brought with

her. She called it a Manly Woman. Reads a lot of novels.

The second test was to live out in the wilderness for 7 days and nights without bringing food or water with her, but only a bow and quiver of 7 arrows. When the time was served, she returned skinny and with blotchy skin, but alive. She had had the arrows coated with nutritional supplements, and tipped with big weightgainer power bars that are the rage in health clubs. Nice cheat, but within the rules, unfortunately.

The third test was to sleep with a maiden and make her cry out with joy in the middle of the night. That one was too easy. Maybe we'll take it out. Damn lezzies are going to take over the world one day. Over my dead onion.

The fourth test was to endure being skewered with meat hooks in the back muscles and strung up on a tree for 24 hours naked. Her courage during this test truly surprised me, even if the ugliness of her naked body made me wince. The Bates family is made of sturdy genes, have to grant them that much at least. Tough as a dog's rawhide bone. At least they can't take poison too well.

The fifth test was to fight and kill a large poisonous rattlesnake in a bear pit with her bare hands. The snake coiled as she warily approached it, rattled, then struck. She caught it by the head, and bit it off. I almost forgot she comes from a family of geeks. Bullshit. I think she paid somebody off to fix that snake. I just can't prove it in court.

The sixth test was to endure the Chief raping her and not get pregnant. She aced that test because she was so ugly that my onion couldn't emit its juice. If I could have got it up that ugly papoose hole, and juiced, I could have tried strangling her during my orgasm, which is a time honored right of the Chief. What they call the Right of First Night. Like in that movie Braveheart starring Mel Gibson, one of my favorite because of all the great warrior scenes, without any fire sticks being used, or any animals harmed in its production. "G'day mate," he says. That Australian accent cracks me up. They pronounce all a's like i's.

"G'die mite." Get it?

That left the seventh and final test, what we Wushiwashis call the Onion Field Test. She had to be buried in an onion field up to her neck, with her hands and feet tied, and survive for 3 days on nothing but onion juice, while all the members of the tribe used her face for a toilet seat. She passed without breaking into a sweat, and, to my regret, several tribe members got a thrill to boot, that they never forgot. She ate them and got enough extra nutrition to gain weight. That burying thing was what knocked off singer-actor-fairy David Bowie in that movie, I forget the name. He was beautiful with his blonde hair fluttering in the wind and butterflies nestling on his dried-out face. He once said that he was a closet heterosexual. Cracks me up. I bet if I had sat on his face he would have done me like a Reba and I would have asked him to be one of my squaws. Arriba! That's Mexican language. I heard it over and over in that funny movie The Three Amigos, starring Chevy Chase and some other comedians, whatever were there names? I forget. The head beandito later directed that movie with Keanu Reeves about the grape country of California, I forget the name of that too, but the chick he forked gave my onion a hardon. Unlike Reba. Steve Martin. Was that the movie where they used words like fork instead of fuck, and far gone instead of fucking? Cracked me up. The narrowmindedness of the palefaces, seemingly afraid of their own language, like it is black magic and uttering it in public will cause their asses to be bitten. They say they want to protect their papooses to explain it. Either the papooses will grow up not knowing their own language, or else they already know it and their parents are liars. If they don't know what the word fuck means, they should tell them. These people then give their country away to a geek who put hardcore porno in every home and school, even those of the youngest papooses. Cracks me up. Martin Short, that was the third amigo. Name fits. He was sure short. As short as Gill. No geek though. But he could play one on TV. Chase, Martin, and Short. The Three Amigos. Or was it Martin, Chase, and Short? What was their order? Another movie trivia pop quiz. Why two Martins? Chase my short martin. Maybe that's a message. Crack that code. Martin, martini. Shaken, not stirred. Bond, James Bond. A British

ornithologist they say, his name stolen by Ian Fleming for his spy novels. The Birds, a Hitchcock film starring a blonde, what's her name? Hitchcock movies all starred blondes. He would tape them in the bathroom, since he never got any himself. Was he the Geek Director? Probably jacked off like all Custer. Beandito. Coined the word myself. Go back and see how I zinged you without you probably noticing. Gotcha. I'm drunk with power. Can't complain if you're in Colorado and find yourself eight feet deep in snow, can you? Send me my Pulitzer via email. Back to Reba.

So she came through the warrior test with flying onions, and made a lot of friends and allies to boot.

She demanded an immediate vote of no confidence in my Chiefdom by the voting members of the tribe, which she got. She then demanded a new election for Chief, and declared herself my rival candidate. With Chain Beaver and his squaws in her onion field, and all his friends, plus all the friends she made in her onion field test, the election was close, and she won by only one vote. She was now Chief, so I took off my headdress to her, reluctantly I can't deny, and she mounted the tribal throne. I think it was about that time that I finally quit being so lazy and finished this book, and got it published far and wide. I can't remember anymore, it's all a purple haze of onion, but I had already published a book by then. That's why I left for Moona. But past confronted present with future, as a mysterious stranger appeared suddenly in our midst, probably because of me more than anything. I leave it for future historians to straighten out the timeline and make reality appear more rational than it really is for the official textbooks they will be feeding the sheep and the sheep's papooses under official edict someday.

Everybody thought that Gill Four was dead, having been killed in prison. When he showed up at the Wushiwashee reservation, right after Reba's rise to Chief, it was a total surprise to her, and to Chain Bear his spouse. Despite his attempts to disguise his identity, I soon found out and confronted him.

When asked to explain, he said that while in prison he

met some Haitians who showed him how to use zombie powder to fake death, and the prison officials bought it, shipping him in a body bag right out of the prison, where he woke up in a coffin six feet underground. Leaving nothing to chance, he had people waiting to dig him out. Officially he was dead, so now he goes by the name of York Hunt, from that movie American Graffiti. "Has anybody seen York Hunt?" That just cracked him up. He sleeps with Chain Beaver every night, along with his other squaws, even though he didn't get legally married to him under that name. Does that mean they're living in sin?

Reba and Gill Four immediately made-up, because she couldn't be mad at him for murdering Mona now that she knew Mona had murdered their father, rather than just suspecting it. It wasn't her brother's fault that Mona, or father's mother, were exposed. And it had mainly come out all right from Reba's perspective, hadn't it? When he had been found out as an imposter, his donations of Teenysoft stock were even voided by a court, and awarded to Reba. Now that she found a new way to wrestle complete control of Teenysoft through the tribe, she could be magnanimous. Besides, Gill Four had his own second thoughts about the wisdom of giving so many shares to so few charities, and the power abuses of the Circus Elephant People bothered him greatly.

Now that Gill Four was officially dead, Reba became the new Gill, and he the new Mona. In the years to come they would have many harrowing lows, and glorious highs, in their struggles to gain or maintain control of Teenysoft while guiding it into the latter half of the 21st century as a new economic world picture dawned. Relatives would pop-up making claims, the Circus Elephant and other charities would make bids for their stock back, Gill Four and Reba would fight between themselves, and the Gill sightings would sometimes come too close to home.

Who was Mona's mother? Who really were Gill's parents? Who was Gill's father? Was he Jewish? Did he really control Gill's mind like a secret puppetmaster in one of those Mario Puzo novels? What was Gill's connection with the International Jewish Conspiracy? Steven Spielberg and Hollywood? If there was an IJC, why did it not use

Teenysoft to further its ends? Did it? If so, how? If not, why not? Maybe there is no IJC? Why do so many Jews turn into geeks? Ben Stein for example. Anally-retentive human Pooh Bear. His vocal chords sound like they're coated with onion juice. Why do so many Jews become good professional comedians? Fran Drescher for example. Vaginally-retentive human blow-up sex doll. Her vocal chords sound like they're coated with onion juice. Was Gill really a frustrated comedian? What happened to Gill's father after his wife died? Did she fake her death? Did Gill fake his? Did Mona fake hers? Did Mona fake Gill's? Did his mother fake hers? What role did UFOs and the X-Files have to do with it all? What does the National Enquirer say? Why did Teenysoft purchase it? What happened to all the families of Mona's murdered husbands? What about Moona? The Chinese? Ah, the latter should be handled first, since, in her attempts to take them over, Mona had created Teenysoft's biggest competitor instead.

The Chinese were always loath to adapt to personal computers, but after the peace treaty, they reversed their course, and seventeen hundred million personal computers were released in China, almost all being constructed by the Chinese themselves, after the French and Russians went into partnership with them. The lesson of other Asian countries, that you can't beat America militarily, so do it economically, with their own help, finally sunk in even to their thick tradition-bound skulls. They copied all the chip designs they could, ignoring American patents and filing their own patents in their own countries' patent offices instead. They also heavily stole entertainment electronics, thinking bigger than just practical uses for the Western stuff that made them give their abacuses up.

They took Teenysoft software as free, violating their copyrights at will, and reverse-engineering the software to see how it worked from the inside out. They apparently also benefitted from inside job help, getting copies of super-secret source code, complete with comments, and testing software. They then trained two hundred million Chinese in computer programming, and flooded the market with cheap software, just like the Japanese had once flooded the market with cheap transistor radios. Once again, the

paleface, who thought he was a master race smarter than all the others, found out that the yellows could, and did, surpass them easily in software, once they had the government behind them, and the will. They didn't call their company Chinasoft, just China itself, the idea being that once the Westerners had come to call the glazed pottery they sold China, so why not the software? They sponsored a massive software giveaway, inviting every Teenysoft customer to quit paying them and get their version for free instead. They launched satellites into orbit in huge numbers, so that all Westerners could access 'their' Net, and bypass Teenysoft's.

Even if the English in them was a little poor, and the programs a wee-bit buggy at first, Teenysoft's own were so notoriously buggy that most people were absolutely delighted to not be their economic slave anymore, and abandoned them like somebody had shouted chocolate in a theater, dancing in the streets. When the Chinese started charging, they undercut Teenysoft so bad that nobody ever wanted to return to them again.

They were more than a threat to Teenysoft's dominance, and indeed the latter's market share soon sunk to thirty percent, then twenty, then ten, mainly government and big company contracts locking them into some business, even while those very organizations used Chinese software anyway. Reba Bates had the fight of their lives now to save her father's failing monopoly.

Maybe America should not have danced in the streets at the breakup of the Teenysoft monopoly after all. The Yellow Peril rose its ugly head again. Maybe one day they would all be speaking Chinese and eating fish with their rice, some doomsayers warned. When they could get it. Fish that is, not rice. Americans hate rice. Unless it's instant rice. But that doesn't mean they wouldn't end up having to eat it. Or grow it for export to China, to help the sagging balance of trade.

Money flooded into China so fast that it simply hoarded it, setting up banks awash in electronic green. As they could, they started loaning it back to their own people at

low low rates, as well as loaning it to non-Chinese at high high rates. Chinese families, going Capitalist for the first time since Emperor Puyi, started buying America out from under Americans' feet. If they could find any not already owned by Japanese, Korean, European, Arab, or other nations. They started corrupting American government again, buying politicians and raising immigration quotas to tens of millions a year. The entire West Coast of America began to be called Big Little China.

Redwood City was an American island in a Chinese countryside, itself hiring Chinese workers, when it could find any not working for China. China could now call itself the empire where the sun never sets. People didn't have to physically commute to a plant or office anymore. They telecommuted via the Net, so China had thousands of industrial spies living in Redwood City, either by accident or design. They had millions of industrial spies living all over the world. Any little chink in Tinysoft's net security was soon exploited by eager Chinese hackers, and whatever lead Tinysoft had had in R&D was becoming more or less a standing joke in China. Tinysoft researched and developed it, then China stole it and sold it as their own -- that was the standing joke.

They were out-Gilling Gill's own creation. They soon caused software, whose price Teenysoft had been built inflating, to become such a cheap and abundant commodity that Americans could not make any money in it anymore, unless they wanted to live at the poverty level, which is what the Chinese lifestyle was to them, even though to the Chinese itself, this was the highest standard of living they had ever had in all of Chinese history. They were not spoiled, yet.

The glory days when software was electronic crude oil, ended with the Chinese Invasion of the Thirties. If America was going to stay competitive, it had to abandon its old, failing software industry, and find new markets and industries.

But Teenysoft was into many other industries. In fact, most other industries. It was not dead yet. It would

survive in the new world economic conditions of the post-Mona era. Don't you just know it. They were going into genetic engineering, outer space exploration, deep Earth exploration, and adapting and expanding American entertainment to a Chinese audience that now had some disposable income. And they still had tourism, since, to the Chinese, who lived in an overcrowded continent, America was still an underdeveloped wilderness outback.

I once flew to China with members of our tribe on an official visit. We were flown in special Chinese military aircraft, heavily guarded, and ushered into Beijing's famous Tiananmen Square for media opportunities. Every Chinese there was loaded with personal electronics, and connected with the World Wide Web of the Net. Their centuries of splendid isolation were still physical, and racial, perhaps, but not cerebral. Over a billion Chinese brains were now beating their brains out trying to turn the Net into a goose to lay their country golden eggs, and cause money to flow into China, just like Gill had once done in America.

I insisted on a tour of Viet Nam, because I heard it was now a garden place of delight, and I was not disappointed. The food, which is a mixture of Chinese and French, is oui oui bon, which means good, yes yes yes! We brought with us some samples and seeds of some special onion varieties, which their cooks tried in their dishes, and spiced them up just right. We felt their pain at the rape of their land by the paleface Americans decades before, and they felt our pain at the rape of our land by the paleface Americans decades before that. We hit it off so well we sent each other young boys to blow, took hot saunas together and smoked pot and tobacco, shared squaws and maidens, held wrestling matches, danced for each other, and generally had a grand old time. No one mentioned how some of our tribal members strongly resembled palefaces, thank the Great Spirit.

We hit it off like this with the Vietnamese, not the Chinese. The latter were more formal and authoritarian, and they would not even let us visit the hinterlands and mingle with the common folk, keeping us in the big cities and in big squares and big buildings, where we felt like ants in an

anthill. And everything was so formal, so official, so planned. If they meant to impress us by their sheer numbers, they did. It was frightening.

So we returned to America actually intimidated by them, and eager to declare friendly relations with the U.S. again, whether the palefaces were still in control or not. Go figure. Somehow it was all our fault that the Chinese were now bigtime software industrialists, although it was Mona's fault more than ours, since it was she who had fucked her way into Gill Bates' paleface empire in the first place.

So, to compensate for the recent Nixon we made to the big C, we decided to make an official visit to New Orleans, and seriously experience some jazz and blues, bringing our best onions. We were warmly welcomed by the officials. The town officials, not the federal ones. They started with a piece of music by Domino Clark, Amerindian Love, and ended up let us march in their Mardi Gras parade, in full tribal costume, waving our onions at the partying crowd, almost all having black, brown, or yellow faces.

Face it, I thought to myself. The palefaces don't hardly even show up anymore in vasts sections of America. They are becoming more and more the buffalo, staying out on the Plains, in what's left of the suburbs of the suburbs of the suburbs. What is software anyway except the genius of jazz without the soul? The geek was the last American palefaced buffalo herd to make its stomping felt in an America where the buffalo were becoming more and more scarce, and less and less free to roam at will. A herd with one big buffalo leading it can go right over a cliff, an old Amerindian trick made famous in Chugwater, Wyoming.

On our return to Oniana, we stopped in Chugwater, which is now populated with werewolves, and shared our jazz experiences with them, causing them to change the town's name to New Gillmaster, and declare it the Jazz Capital of Oniana.

It worked, millions of palefaces leaving their secure walled retreats to visit, and while there, in this unreal community of werewolves, palefaces, and few of other races,

including Amerindian, relive the glory days of the 20th and preceding centuries, when they were 90-plus percent of the entire American population, and roamed from one coast to the other freely without seeing any non-palefaces. The museums full of curious old, but working, personal computers from as far back as the early 1980s, complete with virtual reality assisted re-creations of the paleface herds then, wowed these 21st century paleface remnants with visions of lost grandeur.

That their biggest hero of the late 20th century was an ugly white geek was a bittersweet thing to them now, the jocks and the geeks still warring, but, from the shrinking of their herd itself, not as spirited about it. And many availed themselves of the government assisted suicide services, and were cremated, and their ashes thrown over the famous Chugwater cliffs, to mingle with those of the buffalo. Even among these whites, the jocks wanted to be kept separate from the geeks. The real genius of Gill Bates was now obvious to me, as if I had emerged from a Spirit Cave after a long fast and self-torture. He had kept the white buffalo from having a real white leader who might have been dangerous. A long jump from Christopher Columbus. Mona was half-Italian, and maybe Columbus was Italian after all. Some of my Italian family call me traitor. Yet don't they themselves say that he who has the gold rules? Cooking with the Godfather. I was the hidden financing behind that movie, if you didn't know.



Chapter 18. The Spirit of Community, or Plug It In, Plug It In

This book has a happy ending.

The State of Washington is known for its fine sweet onions. Georgia -- where our brothers the Cherokees once flourished, until being cruelly oppressed, and their lands stolen, and, even when they created a written language, a printed literature and newspaper, and tried to establish friendly diplomatic relations with Washington D.C., ended up being driven out cruelly down the Veil of

Tears into Oklahoma, the Land Red With Man's Tears -- Georgia, I say, has its Valdostas, and Washington its Walla Wallas. Both are very sweet, and even palefaces can eat them raw like candy. When I was a kid, and was still a member of the paleface tribe of Italian-Americans, my family visited my aunt who lived on a farm there, nestled at the foot of the Blue Mountains.

I had shit my briefs on the long car trip from Upstate New York, although I really loved Yellowstone Park and the bears, and the geysers, with a real Amerindian footprint frozen in stone. She made me take a hot bath, and sat on the rim telling me to take off my clothes, while holding a bar of soap and a towel. I was ashamed to let her see the shit stains in my briefs, as she had been too polite to mention why she wanted me to take this bath in the first place, or that my parents were in the living room waiting for this cleanup, which nobody wanted to do, except auntie, because she loved me. So we got into a Mexican standoff.

"I know what little boys look like," she cooed, thinking I was shy. I was, but from watching dad I was also a wolf.

"Show me what you look like first," I challenged, thinking I had a chance to score. I soon wished I hadn't said that.

This fat old cow frightened me half out of my wits taking off her bra and exposing the big white tits with huge bumpy nipples, that sagged almost onto her thighs, the huge fat hips and varicose veins all over her legs, and the big hairy mound in her crotch looking like a werewolf face. The underclothes had straps and buckles and pads that smelled of urine when they hit the open air. Even then, I didn't get a very long look, and, when she had gotten in the water, I couldn't see anything, just her ugly face. My penis was as small as a vienna sausage, and of course she knew what boys looked like, as she had had several come out of her crotch. My cousins.

After the bathmare was over, during which time I was in a sort of daze, and we were back with the parents and the relatives, I found them engaged in a game of Blackjack.

They knew I didn't know how to play. I was too young. So they insisted on showing me, by first forcing me watch them playing. As this smart-alecky big grownup cousin of mine, by the name of Vinny, the same as mine, was getting ready to 'teach' me, the others were smiling, and started leaving, until there were only the two of us there.

"Get the hell out of here!" That was Vinny's mantra. He'd say it as an answer to everything. "You're name spells evil in Italian". Another mantra, when he tired of the first one.

They played for real money, and I pulled out my entire travel allowance, about twenty dollars, which was a lot of money in those days, and my pride and joy, and I had had converted into fifty cent pieces so they'd jingle nicely in my pants.

At first I was winning every hand, so he told me I was free to raise my bets, which I did, until I had over 60 dollars before me on the play table.

Then he told me he'd play me one last deck, for all the money on the table. Of course I said yes. What an easy way to make money I was thinking. Dumb! He dealt the cards v-e-r-y carefully, and asked me to cut, which I did. I realize now that I didn't really cut the cards, because he just replaced them back the way he had dealt them. He had stacked the deck, and, if I had let him play it out, would have lost all my money.

Somehow, even at that young age I had a gambler's good instincts. I asked him if I could deal instead of him. He said sure, grinning, slipping the top card off the deck, fast, stacking it to his advantage again. So, I did what he did. I clumsily, openly, but pointedly slipped another top card off the deck, putting it on the bottom, and immediately began dealing. I won the first hand, and the second, and the third.

The smile wiped off his face. Suddenly he jumped up and told me to stop the game, because I was cheating. He grabbed the cards back along with his money and walked out.

He didn't stay for supper. I felt bad and good at the same time. More. I felt passion. I felt intensity. I felt big. I felt like Caruso. Walla Walla is thus where my career was launched. I had some damn good sweet onion dishes to boot. Italian cooking.

Walla Walla is now the Capital of United Oniana, as we decided to call our new country, after kicking about thirty thousand white men out. We would have called it Indiana, but the white men beat us to it, and even they wouldn't change it when we suggested it. It is about 100 miles southwest of Spokane, and the old city was founded on an even older paleface fort, where white men used to oppress Amerindians. We spared no expense remodeling it. Magnificent dried onion heaps now crown even more magnificent avenues of onion fields, lined with apple trees, and converging like the spokes of a wheel on the great Oniana Congress building. Here, each Amerindian tribe has its elected representatives, and for three months a year they meet to consider and enact laws.

The Chinese quickly began diplomatic relations with Oniana, and soon ambassadors were exchanged. The world was changing fast, and America seemed to have a shrinking role, as did the white man, even in America itself. Yet it was still the largest economic power in the world. After all, we didn't want to have an economy like the white man. We aren't into their workaholic lifestyle. No, not us. We just wanted to live in ease off of them, through land and stock ownership, and casino gambling. So, it would have been dumb to kill the goose that laid our golden eggs. We exchanged ambassadors with Washington D.C., and became staunch allies, even drawing some foreign aid.

As I sit here in the shade of some grapevines dictating this into my computer, I am thinking of whether the world would have been better or worse without Teenysoft.

If there had been no Gill Bates, personal computers and software would have still been developed. He never invented any of it himself. He just invented the techniques of marketing it like a game of Monopoly. There would likely have been no other monopolist matching him, unless it was

IBM itself, which had been the monopolist in mainframe computers and software since the 1950s, being put out of business precisely because mainframes became obsolete. No, the IBM style is to have semi-autonomous teams, all properly attired in white shirt and tie, and cleaning their motel sinks after shaving so as not to leave shave cream and whiskers or crotch hairs. And a monopoly like Teenysoft is of its nature a one-man show.

Without Gill Bates, there likely would have been a healthy software industry, with several major players splitting the market up between them, their competition keeping them honest, lean, mean, and creative. The world would not have entered a new Dark Ages just as it went into the 21st century. No one person could have amassed that much stolen loot from the backs of clueless bored geeks born in what they fittingly called Generation X, because Bates' dreams X-ed out theirs. As Teenysoft's waves rolled over Generation X, and they were burned out and tossed aside for newer recruits, it became pointless to even name generations anymore, since they had no hope, no dreams, no future outside Teenysoft's envelope.

While the very absorption in creating Teenysoft was the very thing preventing him from becoming Emperor of the West for Life, the concentration of too much power in two hands with stinking fingers naturally led to the ambitions of the totally unscrupulous gold diggers like Mona. And when someone fucks their way into big bucks, they don't even know where it came from, or appreciate the value of a buck, and from thence spring all the evils of hereditary wealth that destroyed entire countries and civilizations throughout history. To this day, the damage done by Teenysoft mars the human race, and the waves it made are still causing boats to capsize, islands to disappear, shorelines to change. The weather to change. Hurricanes, floods, tsunamis. Hot flashes in women. Political and economic corruption. Immorality, and even worse, amorality, Bates' stock in trade.

We Amerindians, on the other hand, believe in cooperation instead of competition. Just plug it in, plug it in. We hang together like a bunch of onions. We have been unjustly

portrayed in paleface movies for decades, especially those by the infamous director John Ford, starring the even more infamous Big Duke Wayne. They try to turn everything around in those movies, making white black, and black white. Just follow the green, like in all rackets. The Amerindians didn't have the kind of money to spend on movie theater tickets that the palefaces did. So, the Amerindians were always portrayed as the bad guys, the dummies, the savages, the problem. "Are you talking to me? Are you talking to me?" "He didn't need the sex and I didn't need the birdhouse." Anything but truthful, sensitive portrayals, of our noble race, and our trail of tears, through a veil of fears, as the invaders just walked in and took it from us at will, using any mistake we made against us, while admitting none of their own.

Gill Bates was the last of the Big White Dukes. At least it was his own descendants that gave us some of our land back, along with our dignity. Funny how he is now revered by our tribe, while Big Duke Wayne is still reviled.

Could you imagine Gill Bates sitting in that stagecoach in that famous closing sequence of the John Ford movie? What would he have done as the Amerindians closed in? Not knowing the cavalry was just over the horizon? Would he have used his last bullet to save a white woman from being captured and raped by lucky Amerindians, or given himself a blowjob with his hand gun, sucking on that long hard barrel while he fondled the big balled handle, jiggling the trigger until it fired off its hot lead into his brains?

But I forget myself. No need to desecrate the memory of a deceased geek, er, man.

Just how did a line of court jesters and circus geeks get control of America and, almost, the entire world? And then piss it away to us? P.T. Barnum said it. And said it. And said it. And he was right. Right. Right. You can set your Teenysoft clock by it. An fat Amerindian squaw is laughing out of your computer screen at you now.

Chapter 19. I'm Just a Lucky So-And-So

I personally have a lucky ending. I have made it big in Hollywood.

The continuing saga of Teenysoft and the Bates family is never-ending. The scope, the sweep, the thrills, the spills, the chills, the pride, the tradition, the intrigue, the scandals, the distant relatives, the dirty little secrets, the mysteries, the riddles, the enigmas, the romance, the power, the world itself in the balance, the entire solar system, the future of humanity itself, the cosmic place of humanity, all is coming soon in the new TV series:

REDWOOD

A Wushiwashee Production

I, Poor Bear, am special consultant to the executive producer. No animals will be mistreated during the making of this series. I'm working night and day on the casting couch selecting the cast now. The initial working title for the series was 'Software', then 'Nerd World', 'Planet of the Geeks', 'Punysoft', and several others. Luckily, reason prevailed. Software, nerds, geeks, puny peters, and all that, are just the background for this series, which is as big as life itself. Audiences go for series with a colorful local scene that can be milked for background shots and side-characters. With California being a world border town now, and Redwood City at the heart of the action, this show is a sure ratings winner, don't you agree? It won't be as dirty as a novel, because it will air on prime time. We almost called it 'Redwood City', even 'Redwood Planet', but people remember one word better than two.

While most TV soap operas are pure fiction, this one is based on pure fact, the Bates family and its business ventures having more interesting twists and turns than a roller coaster, and the plot lines going around in circles like the workings of an old mechanical Swiss watch. Rolex at that. The battles, the shifting alliances, the sudden flip-flops, all show once again that truth is stranger than fiction. Since the Bates

family is just as much the world's property as the British royal family, their claims to privacy are non-existent, and even if they try to sue to stop production, no court will listen to them. The world has a right to know. Though the heavens themselves may fall, let the truth be known. Besides, the show is a Teenysoft property.

THE END

FF

Chapter 20. Just Ask Your Kids

Hi folks. I'm Gill Four, the She-Man of the Hour. This book cannot be complete without letting me have equal time with my sister. Poor Bear did it again, publishing a revised book which gave away my cover story as York Hunt, one of Chain Beaver's squaws. I had to flee again, and the Chinese took me in, proclaiming me one of their national historical heroes for 'executing' mother. They have quite spoiled me, with their excellent cuisine, and the young boys they send me. Peking Duck, and Dick, ha ha. If only I didn't have to see those Chinese acrobats. They perform all the time it seems.

I am quite safe here, and happy. I had to give up any attempt at running or controlling Teenysoft. Sister now has complete control. If I had had a few more years before the expose, I might have gotten my murder conviction reversed, and a new plea of innocent on the grounds of temporary insanity.

I can't take that chance now, because I can't stand prison, sorry. At least until Judge Bridges dies. Who's got him in their pocket? Why is the chief prosecutor, Kennesaw Starr, a relative of ex-President Clinton's old nemesis Kenneth Starr? Didn't America learn the folly of witch hunts in the days of the Puritans? Let me go. I have done no wrong. Please let me return to America, the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave. Amerindian brave. Me.

As to the Robin Good accusation, Poor Bear made it up.

Robin Good, a mystery matchmaker rapist, who never rapes anybody himself, but abducts two people and makes one rape the other. Always a babe and a geek, he says. It is sheer speculation on his part, and the authorities haven't charged me with anything. So I won't dignify it by refuting it further. Maybe they should charge all those geeks. Maybe they all made Robin Good up to get away with rape, and now it's a self-propagating legend used by each new rapist as his excuse to avoid being charged.

Sister and Poor Bear are enemies, but I tried to be neutral until he betrayed me. How did he find out? From my looks? I did everything I could to change my appearance, while retaining my femininity, my slenderness, and my great ass. I love Chain Beaver, and he loves me. He would never give me away, I think. Why would he give away my cover story? Was he tired of me? He is like all men, trading in a forty for two twenties if he can get it. I hate all men. I love my sister, and I think she loves me. Everybody hated mother, and loved father, I think.

Now that I have left, Poor Bear has demanded a vote recount, trying to gain his Chiefship back. Life goes on, like the gears in an old Swiss watch, around and around, just like Poor Bear wrote, but, I might add, without ever leaving the case, and the whole thing keeping perfect time. For someone. And who has it in their pocket? The whole purpose of the existence of the parts in a watch is to signal to its owner what time it is, during even the most casual glance. The parts themselves, and their sorrows, mean nothing to her.

In support of my insanity plea, I wish the world to know that both I and my sister were abused as children by our mother. If the Menendez brothers could raise this defense, in the very same state of California, then why can't we?

When we were growing up, mother made us train on the flying trapeze, against our will. She knew we had naturally strong hands, even though we were physical wimps. And father's family goes back in the circus business, while her Custer side made her confuse him with Will Bill Hickock's Wild West Circus starring Sitting Bull, as stupid as this

sounds now.

She would make us hang, sometimes for an hour, by our hands alone, on high rings, with no net. We would have to hang with our toes pointed, terrified to look down, knowing that our hands alone kept us from sure death. Then she would make us smile. Performers smile, she would scold us. They're paying you, you're not paying them, so smile, damn you, smile. The most terrifying part was having to let go with one hand. Sometimes in my nightmares I'd dream about letting go with both hands instead of one. Forgetting. How many brain cells have to function perfectly to keep my hands gripping when they have to, and letting go to please mother when they have to? The complexity of it all staggered me. Why is the brain so big? To keep us from danger, all dangers. There are so many dangers the brain has to keep us from, no wonder that it grew to huge dimensions. If we all had nice mothers we'd get by with small brains like the monkeys have. Hanging by just one hand changes your soul forever. You have stood on the lip of Hell's rim, looking in, while they're looking you up and you're pointing your toes.

Remember the Winkies, the winged monkeys in the Wizard of Oz movie? The thought taunts me endlessly.

Other times we had to hang for hours in a big tent with a whole row of older, more experienced flyers, to the right and left of us, on a row of rings, each suspended separately. We'd then get instructions on synchronized movements from the teacher, safely on the ground below. There was never any net. A net teaches bad habits, they said. Like it's fun to fall even into a net. One older male flyer, at the peak of his maturity, and in a state of denial about any hints of decay, was on the rings to the left of me and my sister, our life literally in our own hands. The five fingers of each were like the lives of a cat. We get 10, they only get 9. But they can land on their feet. And have a tail.

I heard that the cat has the ability to divorce its nerve endings from its brain, so that it can tolerate incredible pain without feeling it. That's why they land on their

feet. There is damage done, if they fall from high enough, but they won't feel it, and the damage is relegated to the extremities instead of the vital organs. They can hop on two feet if they have to. If disabled, it will always be one front foot and one back foot first, for that reason. I wonder if monkeys have that ability too? I'd ask my Teenysoft Wizard, but we're not on speaking terms after killing the Wicked Witch of the East. My Chinese software still mangles its English terribly.

The muscles in our hands, so small, were all that kept us from falling. All the other muscles in our bodies were not only helpless to keep us from falling, but their very weight made it more likely, and the fall itself all the more likely to be lethal. Mona had devised a truly devilish torture for us, hadn't she? While telling us how much she loved us, and was helping us instead of hurting us. She was like one of those evil clowns in a Stephen King novel reject. Dressed like one too.

The fear of falling. The thought you dare not have. But you have it time and again. How would it feel to fall? Would you feel euphoric? Terrified? Numb? Would your life flash before you? It already had. How would the fall feel? Would it be painless? Would you go unconscious immediately? Or would it hurt like Hell? Would you stay conscious, your vital organs smashed and tore into hunks by your jagged, broken bones? The broken bones sticking like Hellish spears out of your hide, an optical illusion, like pins sticking an insect to a display chart. Would you end up with your legs bent back up behind your ears?

What if you landed on your feet? Would your feet smash into splinters, then your ankles, shins, knees, thighs, leaving you speared into the ground on the sharp red-white bony stumps? Can you land on your head and die quicker? Snap your own neck? What if you survive, paralyzed from the neck down for life? Christopher Reeve thought he was Superman and could fly, and a fall from a horse did him in. That's show business. Christopher Reeve (Superman), Keanu Reeves (Speed Man, Johnny Mnemonic, Bill & Ted), Steve Reeves (Hercules). What a show business family they were. Like the Bridges family: Lloyd (Sea Hunt), Beau (The

Sandkings of Mars on TV's Outer Limits), Jeff (Starman). I too am a movie buff. A Generation Xer, I saw the Baby Boomers spend the 1980s and 1990s sucking up all the gravy from the American economy, leaving us nothing. My father wanted to leave me nothing in his will, except my mother. Keanu Reeves is half Caucasian and half Hawaiian, and I am half Caucasian and half Amerindian. Why does he hold his age so well? He is a case of hybrid vigor. Mother made me a case of hybrid rigor mortis.

All night long, in bed, I was still on the rings. My hands were always tight, grasping. I dared not relax them. I hated going to bed. I hated being alone with my nightmares. I had trouble sleeping, but if I didn't, I would surely be tired the next day, and then I would more likely fall, wouldn't I? Mother tormented me day and night. I felt dizzy in bed, feeling like I was falling, and jumping up suddenly all the time, grabbing out at the air.

Is it any wonder I soon took to masturbation? I could grip my stick shift and keep the vertigo away as I sledged through space on my back like a turtle. I could pump the joy stick and pilot my terrified soul to the only taste of earthly pleasure this side of Hell. Heaven was definitely out of reach. When I squirted my sperm, I was making a statement. I was going to leave my seed to posterity, even if I was smashed on the ground in a heap and dancing with the Devil in the pale blue light. The orgasm was a great tranquilizer, and was necessary to have before I could even begin to fall asleep. I had a Mona doll hidden under my bed against the wall, and when I was about to squirt, I'd grab the doll and squirt in its wide open mouth. Sometimes on its face, or its head. I never washed it. It was sticky and smelled. It was my only way to get even then. Don't get mad, get even. After her death I was horrified to know she had been taping me and saving my sperm for maniacal genetics experiments.

I heard stories about how my father, frustrated at no woman or even man wanting his dick, propping himself up on a wall with his dick hanging over his face, and, failing to be able to reach his face to it to suck himself off, and so being able to go through life with at least one lover,

masturbating and then catching his sperm in his own mouth. (At least one lover other than his own mother, snicker. In his case, only his mother could love him.) He then digested it, and made more sperm out of it. Maybe I and sister are products of recycled sperm. With a cold, cruel world that offered him no love, what else could he do but build and fall in love and marry a woman of his own, Teenysoft? He gave her everything. He loved her till the day he died. All mother ever loved was herself.

The man, in white tights with a wide belt trying to cover up a roll of fat around his middle, and buskins on his feet, and a cape. He hung so proudly. He let go with one hand when commanded. He grabbed the hand back. He let go with the other hand when commanded. He grabbed the hand back. Then he just gave up, the grip in both hands relaxing at the same time, and he just fell, with dignity, holding a pose, as a statement. His last act. I swear he was smiling. But I didn't look. I looked at the heap sprawled on the ground later, but just for an instant. The look in his wide open eyes was that of pure terror, frozen in the eternity of the Hell he was probably in. Mona was not around, she rarely was. One less leech on the payroll. We never performed for anybody but her.

It's after our training that we'd have to sit at that terrible table, me and sister, a long ways down from mother's head seat, and stare at each other, clenching the napkins, the tablecloth, anything.

Then all she'd discuss was novels. And 'great ideas'.

To any readers who have kids. Please ask them what's wrong. They won't tell you unless you ask, and show you really care. Don't suffocate and bury them in deep sediment, like mother did us. I snapped. I was one kid who couldn't run away from mother and hide in a tree house, because I was afraid of heights. She had herself been abused somehow as a child. How I don't know. But she used to shit and piss herself and wallow in it like a pig, until puberty. Then she reversed course 180, the neuroses she had growing ever more frantic, until she lived like Cleopatra, taking constant luxurious baths and showers, and not

tolerating the tiniest speck of dirt on her. She bought out the Japanese Toto company, the one that made space age toilets, and had then installed everywhere in her mansions. They not only had heated seats, and computer-controlled warm water bidets that jet-cleaned your private parts, and blow-dry warm air, but they even sprayed perfume and moisturizer and massaged it in, and tested your urine and feces for poisons and various ailments such as diabetes. They also sucked your farts, and her famous dining room table actually had Totos for chairs. Really. Some older models were called Washlets, but she preferred the name Toto, since it reminded her of Dorothy's small dog, who kept her private parts clean. She at least died clean. Mother, not Dorothy. Mother probably imagined herself sometimes as Dorothy. Which makes me the Tin Man and my sister the Scarecrow. Who was the Cowardly Lion? The Wizard? Professor Marvel? Auntie Em? The Wicked Witch? "There's no place like home." She proved that saying to be totally nutso. Surrealistic at least. Why did Judy Garland marry an Italian? Do you believe lying under oath is an impeachable offense for a chief executive officer of a country? What if he admits to being a Surrealist? But I don't want to get off the subject. The fact is that mother abused me and I went nutso somewhere along the line, but she covered it up.

I once went to a psychiatrist. More than once. He would tell me that this wasn't a test like in school. There were no right and wrong answers. Just tell him about my father and my mother, my grandparents. Do I love them? What do I think of them? Do I ever do things with them? I told him how my father taught me how to tie a tie.

"Did he ever teach you to swim?" he asked.

"No, but he always made sure I didn't watch too much television, or play too many games, and did all my homework, on TeenysoftNetwork."

"Your mother? What about her?"

"She'd take me places, and always make sure I had fun," I lied to him. She had coached me for years what lies to tell

people, amateur or professional, about her, and life with her.

So, I was beyond professional help, don't you agree? As long as she was alive and had power over me.

One thing I wish to clear up is my relations with China. When I was framed for father's murder by mother, I fled to China, knowing they'd give me protection after I let them know how much I hated the She Devil of the Soft West, as they called her in Chinese. They considered me a national historical hero for killing father anyway, even though I didn't. When they heard my story, it was they who helped me plan my revenge, gave me the plastic surgery, the money, and got me back into America with Chinese navy seals, the latter being a very interesting adventure that would make a great TV Movie of the Week if done right. So, then, how could I raise an insanity defense when the whole effort was not only cold, calculated, and reasoned-out, but backed by a foreign power at war with America? Should I be convicted of treason and executed instead?

I think you know the answer. I was a patriot, freeing our country from a traitor. I was insane, for mother had made me insane. The Chinese just fed my insanity, but they didn't create it in the first place. No, it was her seed they watered. Mona, Mona, Mona. Gill, Gill, Gill. Kill, Kill, Kill. Kill Mona. Mona kill. Monakill. Monaca. Monica Lewinsky. Bill, Bill, Bill. Blub, Blub, Blub. I'm Nuts, I'm Nuts, I'm Nuts. Psycho, Psycho, Psycho. Hitchcock, Hitchcock, Hitchcock. Itch my cock. Hitch my cock. Hit my cock. Hit my cook. Cook Janet Lee. Kill Janet Lee. Kill Janet Leigh.

That was a sample of my mental state and my ability to reason back then. You judge for yourself. Remember how the Clinton administration shifted its stand during the 1998 Gulf Crisis, and openly declared that it wanted Saddam Hussein ousted and a new government without him put in place that the U.S. could support? I thought of myself as Monaca (no mistake) Lewinsky, a secret agent for Israel, giving a blow job to Sodamn Insane to help America out of a great crisis. A blow to the head, a blow to the neck, a blow to

instantly shedding it at night and becoming thin in bed. I didn't want to say that's like having your cake and eating it too, but I did. The Chinese, and other Easterners, worship the fat, considering fat sexy as well as the sign of success and wealth. Clothes that make them look like Sumo wrestlers were just what they were waiting for. I can't even get away from Teenysoft in the farm belt of China now. Where they still eat rice for every meal and consider themselves lucky to get a piece of chicken, lizard, or rat meat once a year to eat with it.

Sorry, that was racist. Every day I see the lifestyle improving, as Chinese software rakes in Western dollars. They are opening up American franchise restaurants all over China, even in the most remote farming areas, and giving up the bicycles for automobiles, and building a network of highways, interstates, and parking lots that may end up being better than America's, since the latter can't afford to keep up the repair anymore, whereas their system will be all new.

Greedy Poor Bear has now cut a deal with Hollywood, has he? He wants to make the Bates family and Teenysoft into a network soap opera, does he? Probably twisting it all around so that the Amerindians get all the credit, I'll bet. Or the Chinese. Not that they shouldn't. In twenty years software will be a Chinese monopoly, if the Hindus don't keep their share.

I'm telling America to hold off on closing this deal to make a TV series of our family and its troubles. If mother were alive she'd file for custody of all materials written so far, and destroy them. And any judge would decide in her favor, once she had a chance to talk to him, and he had time to make a decision. I'd help mother on this, and just tell the judge the truth about Batesdad, Teenysoft, and the Bates family. And there's no way in the world he'd want our troubles spilled into every American family's living rooms.

Wait! I had a sudden flash! The Signs! She was a Capricorn! Gill was one too! They butted heads! The one with the hardest head won, the other died. Or was mother a Leo? That was Madonna and Arnold Schwarzenegger. I used to

think that Astrology stuff was bunk, but now I'm sane, and I don't. I will devote a full year to studying this, and get back with you all later. The I Ching too.

And by the way, if you hate to go to school, you might grow up to be a mule. And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo, every day you meet quite a few.

Like Jim Carrey in The Mask would say:

SPANK ME!

THE REAL CRAZY END

>

Word Count: 60K

E-Mail: tlwinslow@aol.com