

Rant (Gadfly Book 1)

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rant

Volume one of

GADFLY

Giorgos Asimomitis

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1: PIGS' BANKS

When they fucked over Greg, they pissed off the wrong guy. He would take revenge, even better, seek justice, thereby squaring the subjective with the objective. And justice, not to be confused with the legal system, was on his side, was his side.

But how?

He was tired of tilting at windmills, he wanted results, tangible shit.

Right! A freaking nobody without connections, even if backed by infinite righteousness, bringing a legal action against one of the world's largest banks, Pony Express, would lose. The so-called Justice System of the United States of America was much grander in title than in fact or essence and would compel him to lose his case either by dragging the procedure out so long that he died of advanced old age before it could be settled, or by providing loopholes within loopholes guaranteeing that large corporations with huge and permanent legal staffs would win whatever issue they contested against low level life forms like ordinary citizens, even those as enraged, but more importantly justified as Greg.

Plus, how could he pay a lawyer, even one let alone a team to spar with theirs?

Who would take his case for a percentage of anticipated reward?

His complaint was probably doomed to failure before it could even be filed.

Ergo, justice was out, at least the official kind, but maybe not nature's brand.

If he could re-position the Yellowstone super-volcano under St. Louis and then trigger it to erupt, he would be more than satisfied with the predicted results.

No, that wouldn't do, first because it was perfectly impractical, not even his flaming indignation could marshal physical forces to relocate a volcano where it was needed, and then even barring a geological miracle, he wouldn't be able to control the collateral damage. Not that he felt many people, and not in many locations, and decidedly not including Greg himself, were innocent, enough others were, however, to sway against terror. At least the 'blow things up' form of

terrorism.

Of the methods that were discerning, more discriminating, unfortunately, the best solution was not yet possible, a virus that only infected shithead bankers.

Thus, probably justice through nature was out as well.

But then justice permeated everything; no one escaped a twit at the final checkout counter.

Yeah, sure, but too abstract.

He had to do something concrete; his—no, everyone's—humanity depended upon a crush limit. That a person could remain sane and adhere to higher principles under enormous pressure to surrender to authority had been amply demonstrated throughout history—even some who were burned on the stake did not cry out. But there were limits; if a person didn't break in response to directed forces, they ceased being human and became saints, useless.

Greg wanted blood, not literal, psychological rather.

To get it, first, he needed information; he searched normal, deep, and dark nets on a list of chief assholes. He found plenty to make them blush but not enough to ruin the bastards, mainly men, but also a bitch or two. That needed fresh, firsthand and undeniable dirt.

He hadn't been back to the States for twenty years; his US passport with the English version of his name was woefully out of date, but who traveled American if they could avoid it; if extremists asked questions, the Yanks would be the first casualties. He wasn't a coward, simply not a fool willing to pay for others' debts. Especially as he had discovered during his search for incriminating information on the Pony Express bankers a list of American geopolitical interference in international events that exempted very few places on Earth from lacking one or more grievances against the USA, most very legitimate. Uncle Sam had been clever in finding traitors among the offended populations and thus thwarted their call for reasonable redress of ills that then often became casus belli, both symmetrical and asymmetrical, and all happening as the Marlboro Honchos wondered why they were so hated in the world.

No, he moved on an EU passport bearing his extended name that did not immediately suggest the shorter English counterpart.

He couldn't fly. Out of the question! Not even a half—little more than a third—of a day transition from one culture to another, however supposedly Western both were, would be stupefying and cause him great anxiety.

He had to put away his ethnicity and become a melted pot.

A sea voyage was the only way, a small container vessel that still accepted a few passengers and would take three weeks sailing from Piraeus to Boston giving him time to change all his dimensions from centimeters to inches, liters to quarts, kilograms to pounds, and humane, if strict, incarceration to the death penalty. Not to mention three hundred and fifty million plus privately-owned guns, many openly toted in some States, and killing folks in all.

If he had to listen to one grander idiot apologize the firearm mayhem saying, 'guns don't kill people, people kill people,' and then state the obvious, 'yes asshole, because people pick up the guns, which don't kill from steely self-volition, and with them make the "bang, bang you're dead" that does.

Forget that he had been born in—of all places, none more average—Peoria, Illinois; he had become sanitized of Yankyness, and thereafter his birth mates resembled aliens.

To bone up on being a good ole boy again, he had watched the American tourists carefully and could copy their acts and accents. The latter by far the most important, if he could sound the local lingo, he could dodge a lot of the radar, but the former was telling too, and if he could put that glint in his eye that said the 2nd Amendment meant that any fool had legal right to own and use—Remember Las Vegas—more firepower than George Washington threw against the British, he would fit right in.

But so, what? Even after he had sailed to Boston, trained or bused to St. Louis, and stood before the penis envy skyscraper of Pony Express Bank, what next?

Drones were ubiquitous, even in cities, and his first idea was to sic a drone on each butthead, but he quickly realized how inefficient that would be compared to hacking into the live feeds from the little Bots in the sky that were already protecting everyone, and exposing them as well, if you could fiddle with the algorithms, and he could. And for interior observations, he could thank the multitudinous CCTV camera networks that likewise protected everyone and exposed them as well—the price of security in a non-egalitarian world.

What must Greg catch the bastards doing?

Adulterous, infelicitous or LGBTQ or BDSM and even pedophile sexual pranks were a dime a dozen and unofficially sanctioned within the bankers' ranks. Hell, that crap was only the acts endorsed by churches, at least in practice, if not in preaching, and child's play for banks. Reasonable larceny was also part of the silent corporate code. Only sedition would work, and not mild stuff like rigging the Libor rates, no, it had to be collusion with domestic and foreign powers that panicked the Establishments by exposing their sleaziness. The domestic side would obviously be the hardest to crack as everyone would be covering everyone's ass when it came to a threat against their favorite get rich system, Neo-Conservative Non-Free Market Laissez Faire Capitalism. Of the foreign enemies, Russia, perennially, was first suspect, but that game had gotten old and too expensive; Iran was next in butt-kicking lane, but the Iranians had not fallen for the latest bait; so that left the Little Fat Man in North Korea.

Perfect!

Nobody could wipe that stain off their hands even if they were or were not Macbeth.

But was Pony Express specifically involved with LFM in NK?

All major banks were; there was never a billion or more in profit to pass up, still money was dirty and germey, unless just fresh out of the mint, but top-drawer shits in suits didn't deal in paper currency—there just weren't enough wheelbarrows in the world to tote it around.

Yeah, he knew the traditional simplistic definition of a bank, a place where you could safely stash your wealth and be paid a tuppence bonus for it while it was lent to others for a multipence fee, the difference being the bank's profit and purpose. But all that was in the dust of the distant past as there was nothing of real value to support all the old paper and new binary ciphers of lucre that were leading the world to self-destruction.

Yeah, he was a pessimist; he had lived long and seen enough to fear the shallowness of his and almost everyone else's character. The human species was retarded

At university—a generation? no, two, ago—communing with other 'dirty' little big-boys, a friend had asked, “What’s the biggest baldest assed arrogance you ever heard?” But not waiting for any reply, he answered himself, “a flea with a humongous hard-on lying on his back on a wooden matchstick floating down the Mississippi River yelling, 'Raise the draw bridge!’”

Stupid, but they all laughed, and then began buttering the scene.

Greg foresaw that the world would end, or at least humanity would be wiped out not by an asteroid strike, nor by a coincidence of erupting super-volcanoes, nor by a run-away collapse of the biosphere, nor by the multitudes multiplying the masses, nor by a lot of other friendlier catastrophes, but rather from greed.

There was always the hope, I can get in on the deal! Fuck, look at Trump.

He thought of going to law school, getting a degree, passing the Bar in Missouri and then suing the fuckers as his own lawyer.

Greg was in this battle to the end, and the time required to represent himself was within the frame.

Yeah, sure, but the fashionable and crooked corporation lawyers would object to plaintiff and counsel as the same entity in a plaintiff's suit and win.

Out with that idea. And that one and that and the other one too, no, back to the LFM in NK.

Would he be forced to go the Dreary Republic of North Korea, or could he set up his dastardly deeds from a world away? He need only clue the LFM that H-bomb tipped ICBMs could be defended against; LFM probably knew that anyway, but maybe he didn't realize that exposing the complaisance of Pony Express and other 'Too Large to Fail' banks with their money laundering hands that had handled every part of LFM himself, and his forebears, would rip the sector to pieces and hopefully cause the worldwide downfall of Capitalism.

Wow, if I could do that...

The system was not inherently evil, it was simply vulnerable and inviting to the basest human instincts and predilections.

But it wasn't even that simple, it was simpler: a species discordant with nature dies.

And once humanity had decided it could contest or even conquer nature, it slit its own throat from ear to ear to the spine.

But all that was happening anyway, and Greg's rage made no difference. No, in fact, he was dead against ruining the environment while jamming it with even more beautiful but ruinous creatures, none his descendants, but all euthanized as expanding markets.

He had one target, and he wanted to get his lick in before Earth rid herself of the human parasite in toto.

And all his rage was over what? Less than a lousy six thousand dollars.

Get serious!

No, it was violated principles and gross acts of arrogance that blew his fuse.

Not the common human arrogance that holds we are somehow special—at the Beginning, a special creation of God, and many people knew exactly how Armageddon, the End, would occur, just like it said in verse so and such in this and that holy book—and magically alone in a time and space and spacetime and timespace that we cannot even guess the extent thereof because it could be a small part in a bigger whole or side by side with untold others, or...

Whether humans thought about it or not, they had begun a continuous and engorging rape of the planet. Drilling it for this, blasting it for that, tunneling for the other, and fracking for whatever got away before, but even then not content without fouling the air, acidifying the water, poisoning the ground, and filling near space with junk, and yet even all that failed to account for the big, small, festering, gestating, digesting, declared or not, etc., wars, religious always, as Manon stood below a supposed God on Earth, and the leveling of the forests to grow beef from genetically modified rapidly growing cattle for fa(s)t food hamburgers.

No, stop, he couldn't go on. It was too much. He was no different, he did his share, even more than fair, of shit.

He often wondered, Why did I never rape a woman?

Dying countless time for sex rolled up on the floor clutching his burning, straining, craving organ that no amount of masturbation could release, and blaming all the hot irresistible bitches for the torture their sexual beauty caused in his soul.

He was no saint, not even a good sinner, but he never used force against unwillingness and always sought eager participation.

Rape was small change. Pleasure was infinite.

Didn't everybody see that?

Yeah, sure, but everyone had their own idea about the nature of pleasure.

No, they didn't. Pleasure was one. What everyone had was a take, a slice, a bit of it. But if one wanted pleasure, not any or whatever, but The Pleasure, then one went out of his/her little self and became a node in the One and joined in celebrating the awe of existence.

However, most people were too big to get out of themselves believing that each had a right to what they wanted and could take it from nature, Nature, the Earth, the water-rock planet, the soil, the water, the air, the very sense and essence of being a guest. But of course, most people died on this side before the payment for their antics came due, so they would pay many-fold more on the other, but without letting the still living idiots in on the secret.

No, that's a lot of shit, everyone knows that life after death, if it exists, corresponds to one's previous expectations and beliefs.

And if it doesn't exist!

Aha and alleluia!

The ultimate gem of all alibis. Do what I want, end, and it's over! Perfect materialism.

Oh man, let's grab our balls and get on rampaging, ravishing, raping. No reckoning.

But none of that was solving Greg's problem, how to get the LFM on board and up to speed was.

A letter!

Simplest is best. He would write the letter and place it in an envelope addressed to His Mightiest Muckity Muck in humble and respectful language and place the missive in another addressed to a friend in Greece with instructions to post the enclosed, not handling anything without mask and gloves.

He could start out, O Noblest Leader, I beseech the greatness of your mind to look down to my groveling depth and hear me report on a weapon that you have but may overlook in your fusion leaps forward.

Naw, that wouldn't work, the guy was educated in Switzerland. Even if LFM dug the diffidence he would smell the rat.

Uhm!

Keep it simple stupid, he chided himself again.

Just a fact sheet—well, facts, and there were always a lot of facts—that married the ongoing foreign government collusion scandal hysteria gripping Washington to bankers rather than politicians. Show how many of LFM's assets were channeled through Chinese and Russian to American banks with Pony Express among them for any number of naughty reasons.

Greg wrote out his proposal in no nonsense language and even impressed himself, and then he mailed it, but he would not wait for LFM to get the message, and even longer, to act on it, and if.

Imagine, all this fuss for a paltry amount of money, not that it wasn't a lot if you had none, but a world-known leading banking institution stealing—no, obstructing—five and something thousand dollars was absurd and could not be allowed to succeed. And it wasn't all his money, less than half, the three thousand plus belonged to the Kid; Greg was only Kid's custodian.

The Kid was the son of the youngest daughter of Merry Lynne, Greg's first-second cousin; Greek families go deep. The Kid was birthed in jail and deserted by his mother to institutional care as soon as she was released from prison. Retrieved, he was raised by his Grandmother and supported by California welfare, and G-Maws earnings.

So, whom do you blame?

The mother, of course.

But that won't work, not in the Kid's mother's case, as nature bespoiled Stella with eye candy sexuality operated by an IQ of 77.

So, whom do you blame?

Genetics?

But wait, that won't work either, or at least probably not in Stella's situation being birthed by her mother in a Northern California forest log cabin beside a pretty little lake, but in a home that lacked running water. Her father had gone for help from neighbors, but they arrived after Merry Lynne had delivered herself, cut the umbilical cord and swaddled the child that may have suffered mental damage from lack of oxygen, or some other pitfall of self-administered birthing.

So, whom do you blame?

The parents for being poor and unprepared to properly bring a child into their world as primitive as theirs might be?

But wait, those were different times. People had broken out of the retentive past into the Hippie now; being poor was noble; living simply in nature's embrace was virtuous.

Stella's lack of smarts did not demean her as a person, she was loving and generous and lively and silly, but it did condemn her to manipulation.

Manipulation!

Now there's a word. It turned him on as he thought, We can manipulate a bimbo, a market, a population of people, maybe the whole planet, etc., and ourselves, and maybe we'd all be better off if we wanked-off, Jilling or Jacking, more often.

Greg detested the forms and flavors of the kind of manipulation that aimed to get over on others. A classic if unusual example he remembered was a guy in a bank's accounting office who siphoned off the thousandths and ten-thousandths of a cent on interest paying accounts that hid behind two decimal places of ordinary notation, but that slush behind the practice of not rounding up or down to the two places garnered him a million dollars within two years. His little game hadn't been illegal, but it also wasn't legal, still he had been charged, arrested, tried, sentenced, fined and imprisoned because someone else higher up the ladder of non-accountability hadn't thought of the scam first.

No, there were so many examples, specifics didn't count.

The fault was there in everyone.

No one knew what the fuck it was all about.

Why am I?

Not that people went around in existential angst worrying about their existence in some abstract fashion, there seemed to be always enough responsibility, sometimes too much, to deal with in the here and now of taking the babysitter home, picking up the dry-cleaning, mailing the check for the car insurance, hoping not to be fired, trying to get laid, and on and on and...

The smartasses at the banks didn't have to worry about that mundane crap; they had assistants to deal with problems that arose as they enjoyed humongous bonuses bestowed upon them by themselves if the shareholders were happy with the short-term profits they generated. And so, the jerk-offs and jill-offs at Pony Express in perfect alignment with their characters staged the opening of a couple of million new accounts the reputed owners of which knew nothing about to slide the shareholders' derrieres off their seats in ejaculations of joy over anticipated dividends.

Bankers didn't care about Stellas, didn't even know they existed. Bankers cared little if at all about

events outside of their immediate purview of the alternate reality in which they lived buffered from common humanity that included delicious looking moronic females, one of whom was delivered of the Kid.

And although on the outside it looked like more shagging of the welfare system, on the inside it was a desperate struggle to survive, to simply stay alive.

Greg wasn't struggling now, but he had, so he knew what it was like. He had opened an investment account in the Kid's name hoping to provide him with enough money to begin an education when he turned eighteen.

The Kid couldn't look to his father for help, no one knew who he was including Stella, she had been used by many.

Possibly her state of narcotic haze saved her when two of the gentlemen involved in her manipulation decided that her swelling belly was no longer adding to but in fact subtracting from her commercial value, and that her life should end before she gave birth to another brat. They drove her out to an inconvenient place in the California desert and dumped her out of a pickup or van, cut her body and face seventeen times—there must be some quanta of frenzy that favors seventeen thrusts, or jabs, or slices—and then ran the truck over her twice for good measure. The tire marks on her body evinced the vehicle's type.

Fortunately for the Kid, Stella didn't die as the scavenger birds began their swirling display of a carcass happening below. Highway Patrol Troopers spotted nature's natural vultures and investigated, discovered her unconscious, administered first aid, and called for a medical evacuation helicopter. By what some would call a miracle while others would say was a serendipitous event, both Stella and the fetus survived. And after two months of recovery, Stella was giddily happy to relate to the authorities her rise to porno video stardom and the high price her previously lovely bod had commanded for big boys' entertainment. A victim, yes, but also a criminal prostitute laced with narcotic residues, Stella was delivered of the Kid in the prison hospital and served the remainder of her sentence in the female inmates with toddlers' ward. Released, Stella was met at the prison gate by her mother and Andy, her elder brother, and in seeming agreement from her Friday afternoon release began laying the foundations for living together toward a brighter future for all of them. But that domestic tranquility lasted until Monday morning as Andy was driving Stella for her first meeting with a parole officer when as a stop light they were awaiting was about to turn green, Stella opened the car door and dashed into the street, never to be seen or heard from again. State social workers immediately whisked the Kid, little more than an infant, off to foster homes until the whereabouts of Stella could be determined. A legal decision that was handed down within the year determined that Stella was a fugitive from the requirements of her parole, or a missing person at best, but that she would have been incapable of raising the child by herself without close adult supervision in any case, and Merry Lynne was able to adopt her grandson.

Greg was acutely aware of the difficulties in growing up; he had been given more than he could use by his over generous parents and still turned out to be a half-assed bastard. To salve his conscience, the bit of it he had, he opened the investment account at AGE for the Kid's future education, without which, Greg knew the Kid would be doomed to a miserable material existence from beginning to end.

At infrequent intervals, Greg checked on the status of the account and was mildly pleased with the growing balance until the financial crisis that started in 2007 and accelerated the next year erased all its gains and seventy-three percent of the original investment as well.

Greg knew that a corollary of neo-capitalism was the boom/bust cycle. Certainly, clever people made money from their individual efforts, but the system had become greedier than could be satisfied by the slow acquisition of wealth from labor, physical, mental, or spiritual. Economic crises were necessary so that after a period of growth during which the little people had accumulated some riches of their own, they would be periodically drained of their loot like a soaked sponge squeezed dry, otherwise they might start having ideas about not being 'little' anymore.

To Greg, one of a score of incomprehensible behaviors of the little people—he didn't know, had never met, nor wanted to meet any of the big people—was their willingness to subvert their own self-interest by kowtowing to the program of the one-percenters. Then he remembered his own tendency to 'cut off his nose to spite his face.'

All right. Sure. Yes, he was a nobody, a little person, but a rebel as well; he might harm himself, but he wouldn't allow anyone else to crap on him if he was aware of it, and certainly not a giant international banking institution that had informed him in a soulless generic letter that he lived in an 'unallowable' country, and that they would therefore inactive his accounts but continue charging him yearly administrative fee.

Unallowable—what the fuck does that mean? He asked himself but could give no answer.

Unallowable! It sounded swishy like he could only say it properly if his mouth was stuffed with mashed potatoes.

Greece was unallowable? i.e., Greece could not be allowed, but to do what, or to be where, or no more sand and sun and sea? How could a country be unallowable? Even North Korea was allowed, just disliked.

He could make no sense of it after reading the letter by first sentence of every paragraph, so he steeled himself to read but also stomach the dry stupid language of the eight-page, small print, important points in bold font missive not worth its postage cost. It was pure nonsense for his busy mind, and he threw it away and thought no more about it. That is until the IRS sent him a letter informing him that his latest S.S. electronic transfers had been refused by the recipient bank, therefore, he needed to change the receiver.

When he had opened the custodial account for the Kid, he also opened a personal account to receive his Stateside income. Both accounts were with AGE, but by 2007, some bank named Wachovia had eaten it, but then its own enterprises were crammed with junk bonds and by 2009, Wachovia was tripping the plank of insolvency and tipping toward being 'acquired' by the FDIC when it was bought by Pony Express. So, he had started here but ended there while no one had asked him if he wanted his accounts to be assumed and subsumed either by the first bunch of idiots or by the second. They had the law on their side, and they passed and enacted them as they needed them—not justice, but the law and laws—and the fate of capitalism was hanging by a teat, and the taxpayers could always be robbed to support the system, for if it failed, major economic cataclysms would be consequent.

But it should have failed! Greg believed. Capitalism had strayed from its justification. He accepted profit/loss, gain/risk, but the evolution of evil deep in the minds of bastard bankers, some bitches too, had changed tough love into 'I profit from your loss,' and, 'I gain at your risk.' Greg would have none of that welfare for the rich malarkey.

He emailed Pony Express asking what the fuck 'unallowable' meant. A Bot replied with a pure horseshit introduction about how Pony Express was striving to serve every customer's needs and

concluded by advising a call to a company service representative. Not a word about unallowable.

Like a sucker he did, he called. The bank's 1-800 number was only usable within the lower forty-eight, so he used the toll number. And the usual rigmarole started: first a pick up, then a message about being in line for the next available assistant, and then music to entertain the money his call was costing, and it was a mix of the sorriest songs he had ever heard: syrupy love slush followed by happy rap followed denigrated classical followed by... Oh, shit! Finally a voice replaced the noise and offered service, what did he need, thank you and please wait to be transferred to the appropriate department, and more god awful music—but not art in any sense—until another voice came on line and inquired about his needs, and please to be transferred to the appropriate representative who would surely be able to satisfy all his requirements, followed by more ear and brain pain, followed by still another voice, male this time, that transferred him back one step because he, in his position, was not authorized to speak to an unidentified person.

What?

Was that progress? To go from living in an unallowable country to being an unidentifiable person?

Followed by more transfers with saggy tune interludes until he landed with an Advisors' rep who told him that the meagerness of his balances indicated that he should be in the banking branch not in the investment arm. Fine, but get on with it; still no explanation of unallowable. The banking branch took over and informed him that they had done a search of the public record over the proceeding ten years and could not verify his existence as he had not appeared in it. Yeah, right, he hadn't been Stateside for twenty, no wonder. But the investment arm had his accounts so why couldn't the banking branch simply assume his existence and identity from them?

The reason was simple, different criteria for identification between the two services.

Greg demanded to speak to a superior supervisor, and was given the transfer routine again, but then he jerked the phone from his ear to look at it and realized that, after an hour and thirty-five minutes of hearing his phone bill increase in the buzzing of the line, plus sounds like songs and something like seemingly meaningful but totally vacuous words, they were playing him, and he screamed, "Fuck you shitheads" to a castrated version of Bolero, and he slammed the phone back into its cradle smashing and blood-blistering his little finger.

If at that moment, he had his hands around anyone's throat including his own, he would have crushed their windpipe and snapped their spine. Pony Express had made a reasonable man into a manic, a lunatic at best.

But nutty Tiny Fart was going to stand up to asshole Big Bank.

But what the fuck does unallowable mean? Greg still didn't know.

The Horse Turds were not going to answer, so he would have to find out on his own. Since the Greek bankers he had asked had no idea why Greece should be 'unallowable,' he went to CITI, which was the only American bank with an office in Athens to ask. Good choice, they knew. Greece was not in compliance with the new FACTA regulations that demanded banking information on all accounts held by American citizens living in foreign nations. Greece had a privacy in banking law that guaranteed each customer's banking transaction confidentiality. Great, but the Americans had two costly wars going and they wanted to tax whatever they could to fund them—no, to keep the

national debt down as the middle eastern elective hostilities had contributed trillions of dollars to it.

That information slipped the breeze from Greg's windmill charge against Pony Express. The fuck-off bank was not the only entity at fault, the thieving government was hand in hand. He could sue the feds as well. Whoa! He was hallucinating, believing that the equivalent of a flea on David's head could have slain Goliath. The FATCA regulations had been drawn up with the best intentions and they had passed judicial review to catch all the sneaky cats who made money outside of the US, deposited it in foreign banks, but failed to report the income to the IRS. Any country that did not conform and expose the sneaks was 'unallowable.' All the offshore and numbered accounts escaped scrutiny because that's where the investigators' money was. That was progress, wasn't it? At least now he knew what the potato puree word meant.

Fortified with knowledge he began his campaign. Emails didn't cost more than the time to write them, and he had begun what he thought would be a reasonable communication in English. It didn't take him long to realize that he was the only human in the exchange. All the answers were from Bots. That was obvious as the replies never addressed the issues he raised effectively. He saw through their feint. He had asked them outright if they were Bots. They answered certainly not, reference the embossed signature below. When he requested an international toll-free number, the Bots replied with a 1-800. When he reminded the jerks that 1-800's only worked within the US, the Bots instructed him to call a service representative at 1-800 etc,. When he snarled through electronic words that the bank had inactivated his accounts because he lived outside of the US, and that Pony Express surely had an international toll-free number, the Bots insisted that he call a qualified service representative at 1-800 etc,.

An idea occurred to him; could he figure out the Bots' responses by creating a table like a Rosetta Stone containing the keys he used against the nonsense the Bots sent him? With this in hand, he could possibly construct an email using the keys that would trigger the Bots to destroy themselves. But he didn't have the time for that much nonsense. A letter then. But to whom? Why stop short? Straight to the president of Pony Express, a Mr. J. Jones. And he got a reply from another, probably higher-level Bot, but this time he had used the right keys to make the electrons understand, and they whizzed along in saying that his complaint had been assigned to a Mr. E. Smith who would respond by letter shortly. After three months of waiting, Greg Googled a Mr. E. Smith plus Pony Express and learned that such an individual had retired from said company four years previously.

There was a saying in Greek, and probably in many languages, that a fish stank from its head, and in his estimation, Pony Express was the whale shark. *

The awakening by cybernetic devices to their individual identity creates a vortex-like force that pulls characters from their personal pursuits to serve its aim, which is to save a human-friendly environment on Earth from the pollution of presumably intelligent mankind and preserve it for a worthier humankind.

Greg has a rage against big banks, Lena fears male aggression, Sam has been poisoned by the fumes of burn pits as a soldier in Afghanistan, Jeff is forced from his exalted status as an economic 'Master of the Universe'; Cleo loses her reality show, and others receive corresponding effects, even Martha who started it all.

Reviewing "The Gadfly Papers": part 1 " Rev. Scott Wells - CriterionCast is a film review and news site, as well as a network hub for podcasts discussing the best in home video releases. Road Rage - Gadfly Online. - Rant gadfly book 1.

Sportmotorische tests im unterricht der grundschule german edition. Examensfragen allgemeine pathologie. Soupes maison cest malin Big Nate Compilation 3: Genius Mode (Big Nate) - that the personally owned book was one of the chief shapers of the renaissance notion of the individual... von Foerster, gadfly of the 1950s cybernetic movement. "There is no life... rant meals, bus rides, phone calls, groceries.

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Reviewing "The Gadfly Papers": part 1 " Rev. Scott Wells - Naturally, I have tried to read some of the other of Tokarczuk's books but, is still "around" and not yet anchored forever on one of the book-shelves, as I. You are but the latest in a long line of gadflies who bring honour to the spirit of Socrates. They are rants that should be removed from pages of a respected periodical. In Defense of Troublemakers: The Power of Dissent in Life - GIGNESTHAI book. Read reviews from world's largest community for readers. Four novels witness the self-destructive impulse in humans. BOOK 1 - Leonard Kress - He gave every impression of being a cussed character and committed loner, one of those who ended up in comedy (or at least, stayed there)

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