

The Mythenquai Flat Webcam

by **Armagan Tekdoner**

Gentlemen,

Literally speaking I am a whore. Hey do not panic, you will not pay for reading this; the decent women must have frightened you to this extent.

If you wonder how my nasty life went on, a clarification is needed first: “nasty” is but another descriptive adjective, and because of its relative nature, I classify it within a subgroup comprising all pointless words. Discard that subgroup from your vocabulary, and the notion of “morality” will remain as an invalid shortcut on your desktop, targeting deleted folders. Let the watchdogs, whose plaques will be presented in heaven enjoy such nonsense, you delete the shortcut too.

My point is that, at the age of 26, the lake of Geneva looks brighter from any woman’s own villa, to herself.

Dear Sirs,

I suggest you read the rest considering yourselves women; you will then discover that the earth orbits the sun instead of you.

So Dear Ladies,

As a beginner, listen to the basics now:

- ♣ Even well-paid one night stands are less fruitful than continued companionships.
- ♣ Never hunt at night since all edible food will already be in others’ dishes.

- ♣ Waste not time in prestigious clubs if you do not aim to specialize in indebted creeps.
- ♣ He is open to you only at the moment he thinks he is not, and in the locality, he is not supposed to be.
- ♣ When you spot him, look in a hurry.
- ♣ Be the first to speak: if he speaks first, he is hunting you, so the budget is predetermined.
- ♣ Be clumsy, your self-esteem is not an asset.

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I left the US for Germany when I was 18, to carry out a disciplined study of business management.

It was my first year at Humboldt University, my Charlottenburg residence was inspiring and the businessmen's contemporary Berlin should be as lucrative as the spies' legendary Berlin. I was accepting some daily proposals then, but to be honest, was badly looking for a sugar daddy. That noon when I entered the university cafeteria, armed with Dior's Poison on my neck and a bunch of textbooks under my arm, I was calculating how urgent my sugar daddy's appearance was. While filling my tray, I remarked to him sitting at his table.

“May I take this seat?” I said.

I was hesitantly standing. I did not make a single forward gesture before he answered, and my impatient glances scanning the cafeteria warned him he had only half a second to positively respond, to have me in front of him. He answered in a quarter of a second:

“Sure!”

His neutral manners hinted to me that he fulfilled most of my prerequisites.

I said, “Hi!”

Having placed my tray on the table, while I was taking the seat, my watchstrap dragged down a glassful of water, irrigating my asymmetric dark miniskirt and my naked white legs.

“Oops!”

These are what you should have exercised beforehand. I mean, spilling liquids and simultaneously uttering “Oops!” sort of remarks as naturally as I do. He stood up quickly, handing me over a bunch of paper napkins. I was apologizing:

“I-I’m so sorry, I beg your pardon, err... I’d better leave and tschüs...”

I “forgot” my handbag on the floor ensuring its visibility from his perspective and rushed at the exit.

If he does not run after you in this circumstance, return to take your Louis Vuitton handbag back, and cancel the process. I was about to do so, when I heard his hoarse scream:

“Hey, miss, wait!”

The cafeteria lunch inspired him to beg from me a dinner appointment, to talk of science. That was how I trapped Professor Stumpf.

“Tripe soup, fried liver, brain fritters, chitterlings, ear, trotters, kidney sauté, heart and... Thank you.”

Not an introduction to anatomy class: Professor Stumpf was ordering what they call food, in a strange ethnic restaurant.

Perhaps I should have proposed to dine elsewhere when I noticed the row of translucent white skinned sheep heads on the window, with yellow carnations in their eyeholes. Anyway, I was there and while was trying to eat, I was listening to his experimentation he conducted under the roof of

a scientific institution named FFfiF. The measurement of cordial activities of anesthetized females, etc, etc... It took him an hour of bragging to finally say:

“Violet, would you like to participate tomorrow? Cheers!”

“To your health,” is my standard response to every proposal, given any dinner setting.

I thought he would do me the next day early in the morning. Married men generally deal with such affairs during the daytime in their offices, before their wives start to call them hysterically, tens of times a day. Anyway, the demand and the supply curves were in equilibrium, and I said to him I could not go there since I had some fiscal problems to cope with. When he proposed to “lend” me an amount that corresponds to my all inclusive accompaniment price of three months, I must admit I was surprised a bit.

The waiter brought another bottle of raki.

Despite the previous night’s menu, I was on time the next day, as a punctual person. While I was paying the driver, the garden gate of the FFfiF automatically opened. I got out of the taxi and entered the garden. An odious silence exploded five seconds later, when I did not see the taxi that brought me, behind the iron bars of the automatically closed gate. Was I traversing the point of no return? It was cold, I was wearing a thin raincoat, the garden had no proper path leading to the villa, and it was not big fun trying to walk on wet exotic plants with high heels. My ever-naked legs started to tremble. I decided to call Professor Stumpf from my mobile phone, to tell him to reopen the gate and to call me a taxi at once, since I would go back. So did I, and the gate immediately opened. He told me on the phone the taxi would arrive exactly in three minutes time and said goodbye.

Two minutes later I was inside his suburban villa, and felt warmth and security although there were not many, or to be precise, any employees around. I heard him apologizing to the taxi company on the phone, stating he would later pay the fare of the taxi he cancelled. As soon as the phone conversation ended, I was expecting him to approach me wearing a coquettish smile, to pull me

onto an armchair, and to transfer the weight of his sack like body onto mine. Then he would struggle with his pants and my clothes, I would concurrently scream while being pumped twenty or thirty times, waiting for the Professor's final bray. I concentrated on the overture of my usual "the raped girl cannot help taking enormous pleasure while fiercely fighting against" number, increasing my breath rate.

An extremely cold voice saluted me:

"Welcome to the FFfiF."

This, I was not expecting.

"Hi!"

My smile froze when he turned back and went away. He was back in seconds; the same icy voice went on:

"Look, I know it is something serious to go through this experiment, please take a look at this check first."

"Are you joking Hartmut?"

He disappeared again.

The amount was sufficient to cover up my expenses for six months in Berlin. What could this nonsense be? If this was a sort of organ trading business with the intention of killing the victim, the amount should have been significantly more attractive. I solved this puzzle thanks to the reminiscence of an incidence: some guys like it more when you lay unconscious! Treacherous snakes!

He showed up again:

“Well?”

“Okay Professor, I accept.”

“Please follow me.”

That was how Professor Stumpf trapped me.

This snake, I was wordlessly following within a narrow tunnel without any doors, was the least sexy member of its species for sure. The tuck-tucks of my heels were echoing along the spirally and continuously declining marble corridor. After a considerable amount of jogging, I dared ask:

“Are we heading to the center of the earth Mr. Jules Verne?”

“It is not easy to make money these days.”

I deciphered his answer as a “shut-up” command. Since the arrow has already left the bow, I decided to be patient and to walk rather than talk.

The endless corridor ended and we arrived at a gate resembling that of a submarine; a pneumatic mechanism opened it.

“Ladies first,” he said.

I jumped in. A spacious modern cave! There was an operating table at one corner, and a big machine nearby that looked like a tomograph. The walls were full of drawers, giving the impression of a sort of morgue, but much warmer and more humid than its kind. There were electronic devices and monitors everywhere. Some thick cables were connecting all those machinery to each other. Trying to hide my anxiety, I asked with a graceful voice:

“Are there corpses of women in these drawers?”

When your fear exceeds a certain level, I do not know what chemical reactions take place, but your sexual desire significantly increases. I thought I really was insane since I was longing for a f.k. He seemed to have forgotten me, was busy with the machinery and did not answer me.

I ran to a drawer and opened it. It was empty and spotlessly clean. Then checked another one randomly: the same. Professor Stumpf did not even turn around to see what I was doing.

“Shall I undress I said!” I shouted.

“Did you say anything? I did not hear. No need. Will you close those drawers?”

Did I say that to myself? I closed the drawers.

I was finally lying on the operating table and it was 6.08 a.m. When I saw him approach with an atomizer in his hand, I thought that was the moment for me to go to pot. I guess I screamed much louder than I did during any of my fake orgasms.

I lied there having already accepted all possible outcomes: coming round to see years have passed, to find out later I lack certain organs, to test positive in a pregnancy test, or not coming round at all. Certainly not including coming round at 6.18 a.m. the same day to find myself on the same table, wearing the same clothes untouched, already unfastened and feeling so well. I rose. Well, apparently either there was no God or I was not a wrongdoer.

“Thank you. It is over; here is your electrocardiogram,” he said. He was handing me a piece of paper.

“Is that all? I mean... Shall we meet tonight? Or some other...”

He turned his back. I tore the paper into small pieces and spread the pieces around. I tried a serious voice:

“Hey, I am speaking to you Hartmut. What’s wrong?”

His shoulders answered me:

“I’m afraid we aren’t going to see each other again. Actually, that’s what I prefer. Can you forget you’ve ever been to here?”

“Hartmut, what do you mean?”

“Let me show you the way out.”

“Dirty pervert! Old bastard!”

“I see.”

Open air, another Mercedes taxicab with its robotic driver, and the same noiseless outside world not giving you a damn.

Sometimes a vampire is stunned to discover her last victim is a wolfman in the light of the full moon. In fact, the poor vampire is yet to further realize her “last victim” has been her “final victim”, and that is not the wolfman. In my case, I guess the lights of Unter den Linden outshone the full moon. I am still alive.

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That was four years ago in Berlin. The diarrhea that hit me the same day at noon, and made me think I was about to be murdered by Professor Stumpf, was fortunately diagnosed as the

ordinary effect of the Turkish food I digested the night before. Nothing significant happened since then. I graduated from Humboldt with a 3,78 average enabling my entrance to MIT, here in Boston. Germany was now far away; besides I needed to start working my “charms” in a new market. God bless America!

In a new market, a good marketing strategist should begin with a survey about her competitors. This also gives an idea about the population of the buyers: more competition is the sign of more demand in the market. That boring Boston night, instead of studying the notes I borrowed from the most diligent boy of the operations research course, I started browsing the ads on the net, under the category of personals. I mean studying the ones that belonged to the professional females.

A professional ad? It is the one with a “daily life” picture taken by a professional photographer. This you can tell, if the face is not centrally located so the upper half is not empty, her hair is visible thanks to some backlighting, there are no stupid objects but some elegant accessories what we call props around, she looks better than the women you see here and there, then... In summary, a professional ad is the one that makes you say, “Aha!”

I was smiling on the screen.

That magnificent picture of mine for which I did not ever pose also displayed how shapely my legs were. A short text I did not write explained I was looking only for some fun in the Boston area, encouraging the reader to write to me no matter how he looked or how old he was, as long as he was a charitable person. That ad I did not sign was signed Violet.

Who could have placed this ad of mine, how was my picture taken, and after all, what good could it be for without my consent?

I first filled a glass with whiskey then replied to that ad looking like mine with a single line made up of a phone number, and signed off as Tony White. My phone rang soon.

“Hello, Mr. White’s office,” I answered with the well-known voice of a secretary on overtime.

After a few seconds of hesitation, a crystal-clear voice sounding like mine on the phone spoke: “My name is Violet, Mr. White should be expecting my call.”

“Yes Miss Violet. Mr. White, while hurriedly going out, told me he would be waiting for you at 22.30, at XX’s pub as usual. His mobile phone cannot be reached temporarily but he is going to be there for sure.”

“Thank you, bye.”

She hung up.

When she stepped in the XX’s pub, I thought I had a twin sister I did not know of.

She stood by the bar, to enable Mr. White to see her. I approached. She was shocked when she saw me as I guessed but I could not understand why she immediately left the pub. I ran after and caught her, before she entered her car. She did not seem very happy and spoke in a hurry:

“Are you nuts? You know the copies are not allowed to meet with each other. Professor Stumpf will destroy both of us! Have you forgotten the rules of being a loyal copy?”

“What copy? Did you say Professor Stumpf?” I yelled.

She was getting more nervous:

“Hey, you really have some problems, if you have decided to commit suicide, do it yourself.”

She did not go away, though she tried very hard. I would not let her go; she had to enlighten me.

Inside her car, we talked of the Professor. The most striking bombshell of my life was to hear the reality that Professor Stumpf copied me in Berlin and there were plenty of my copies around, just like this one. My copy was also shocked to see her original, though she had serious doubts about that. She was saying an original was different from her copy in the sense that, she would never need Professor Stumpf for a “pin entrance” to survive. I first heard of this when she said she should rush home to receive and enter her pin, since that night was the night of “pin mailings”.

Her home was much better than mine! I was in her place to see her really enter a “pin”, and she invited me to see me survive without a pin. We would be under strict surveillance of each other’s eyes until dawn.

She started her PC before she took off her coat, and I swear she received an email from Professor Stumpf:

My only Violet11, please find your pin attached. You credited my accounts by CAD3.200 and USD600 last month. I hope you liked Montreal. Do not hesitate to call me if something goes wrong, I am in my Park Avenue residence. Love. Hartmut. By the way, I need a birthday present for a friend of mine next week. Any volunteer Violets nearby?

The attachment read: &op3x+”]

She then entered the pin she received, via a remote-controller type of equipment. Her relief that followed reminded me that of junkies. I believed her authenticity and broke the silence:

“The message looks personal. Perhaps there are not so many copies?”

My copy, Violet11, told me the computer wrote all those case-specific sentences, relying

on the fact that she paid in Canadian Dollars last month. And, the last sentence was obviously sent to all the Violets.

Anyway, would I not check my email? Where was my transmitter? It took her an hour to believe my authenticity: the deadline of the pin entrances was 2 a.m.

I did not enter a pin but instead, entered the bedroom with Violet11, as anyone else would do there. While the black sky was turning into deep blue, I was growling and shaking my legs. I did not know how sweet my tongue was.

During breakfast the next day, we decided to fight. The only way out seemed to me, to be involved. Therefore, we came up with the idea that I should call Professor Stumpf to get some information on that birthday present matter.

“Hello Hartmut.”

“Hi dear, how are you?”

Disgusting creature! I recognized that voice instantaneously.

“I am Violet11. I am interested in that birthday job. Any other applicants?”

“You are the first one dear and are accepted.”

“What shall I do?”

“There will be an ad on Wednesday among the personals, on the net. Reply to it the moment you see it. I shall eliminate the rest of the replies. You will be taken to my Park Avenue apartment by a Raymond, to be introduced to a friend of mine.”

“Which site? How shall I distinguish the ad?”

“Your husband seeking you dot com. No spaces. The keywords are... Have you got a pen?”

“Just a moment, yes, ready.”

“Screenwriter, Lufthansa, pilot.”

“I guess these two are sufficient.”

“These three. Do not cause me any trouble, in any case. You know how absent minded I am, I may forget some pin numbers then.”

The creep was creepier than he was in Berlin. Does being male mean living on blackmailing women?

“Of course Hartmut, you know how much I love you.”

“You’d better come to Manhattan beforehand.” www.yourhusbandseekingyou.com

Just one more site for the dim-witted! That Wednesday, the Trojan Violet was in a Manhattan Kinko’s browsing the ads, and was ready for the battle. The Internet access at such a price would be a good bargain, if you came here to trade platinum on the net. In my case, the revenge drive justified the \$48,43 I paid. The ads were interesting as case studies at least, look at these examples and find out the intellectual level of the average human animal:

“... I’ve got a great sense of humor and a dog; I love skiing and it’s a great fun to be with me they say. In addition to my ...”

Or this:

“A financially secure mature Englishman will be happy to meet his young companion in NY. My grandson says I look 37 though I am 65. My favourite quote is “God Save The Queen”. Although I look a bit old in this picture taken 10 years ago...”

Or:

“Blah-blah screenwriter from Manhattan ... this is me, the Lufthansa pilot blah-blah.”

Aha! This should be Professor Stumpf’s trap-ad. I attached my photo (this alone is another luxurious service here) to my response. It took heavy Professor Stumpf two hours to reply and to write “how”. I only wrote down the phone number of my hotel with the room extension, specified the time I wanted them to call me, and fled from that shop before going to bankruptcy.

Raymond was indeed an attractive man, for a chauffeur. He arrived with a big BMW to pick me up from my hotel. To be honest, many women including me, would have voluntarily completed this mission completely free of charge. Unfortunately, it seemed to me that I was another guy’s birthday present; the chauffeur was treating me indifferently, as if we knew each other from before. We were already on Park Avenue, heading downtown. He was looking at my legs while talking:

“This is Ray54. Are you Violet37? Did we ever sleep together before?”

I smiled again, he continued... continued to speak and to look at my legs, while noticing the traffic light’s red color at the last instant.

“Okay, you are either Violet37 or Violet03.”

“11.”

“Hey! Great, so I did not f... you yet! Which of us did you first? Perhaps that Ray08
guy?”

“Who dropped the ad?”

“Why? Of course me!”

His very nervous response made me realize I was asking the taboo, and feared I was about to jeopardize my own mission. I transformed my smile into a loud laughter, then whispered into his ears:

“Forget it Ray45, I was joking. Maybe we should give a try to each other?”

“54.”

Shit! These copies are very proud. I apologized:

“Sorry, 54.”

“Ray54.”

Okay Jesus, I must be patient.

“Sorry Ray54.”

That Park Avenue residence was stunning, I was hungrily looking around. When Ray54 swiped opened the apartment door with a magnetic card, a wonderful jazz song started. Ray54 began to laugh. He said:

“Hey, you are acting very well, as if you were here for the first time!”

I tried one of my template phrases. Such relevant sounding statements raise your perceived IQ level at least by fifteen points, and you can play your part in every dialog without answering most of the questions.

“A professional is the one who behaves amateurishly,” I intoned.

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The Dom Perignon was delicious, and I hated all the men in the world once again, when I came round. Seat belts and a familiar decoration... Probably I was in a plane, but the toothless dotard grinning beside me, was even more annoying than being there. I kept silent for some minutes to understand the situation and to plan what I should do. My first sentence should have been something better than, “Where am I?” Therefore, I employed my ever-successful salutation:

“Hi.”

His voice was trembling of happiness:

“Hello, this is Tanju.”

The dotard’s delighted face betrayed him: he was already worshiping me. I presumed this asshole did not know any of the Violets, and the birthday in question belonged to him. The dolt took my smile as an encouragement to offer me the marijuana he was busy smoking to death. I requested Dom Perignon.

As if everything was normal, he started to chatter on the global economy that would last all along the boring flight.

We arrived at the middle of nowhere the next day, the plane landed on a very short and

bumpy runway, and no airport meant, no formalities at all. Another Ray (who introduced himself as Ray04) took me to a cottage by means of a strange cart. Perhaps I should not have allowed him in, after having heard him mention the merits of a blowjob on the way. He locked the door from inside and spoke with a “coming soon” voice:

“I must kiss you or I’ll die!”

Upon my refusal, he immediately started to masturbate before my eyes. I ran to lock myself into the bathroom and started to take a shower that would last almost an hour. When I went out, he was still there to say:

“You cannot know how lonely I am.”

Fortunately, Professor Stumpf appeared and brutally kicked him out. Having seen his eyes full of fear, one could say being a Violet should be much better than being a Raymond.

I must have said, “Unfortunately, Professor Stumpf appeared.”

And being a whore hurts much less than being a murderer. Although I hated all men in general and I thought that the Tanju guy was disgusting in particular, I was not willing to poison him. I did not understand why Professor Stumpf wanted me to kill him but I knew why I accepted: he did not even mention that pin entrance bullshit, he said either I would poison Tanju or The Raymonds would make an appetizer out of me. As I witnessed the horrible entreaty of that poor Raymond who harassed me, I believed Professor Stumpf. I had to accept dropping that tiny effervescent pill Professor Stumpf handed to me, into Tanju’s wine that night.

That wooden balcony dinner... The setting was more than perfect but to be honest, when Tanju approached me, his malodorous mouth did not turn me on. Still, dropping that pill into his wine was an excessive punishment and the moment he fell down right afterwards, I hated myself. Then I left the scene to go to Professor Stumpf’s hut, as I was instructed.

At the entrance of the cottage, I came across with the Professor who was about to go out to bring more champagne. I entered, he went out.

A filthy hide and seek game was waiting for me there. There were a plenty of my copies around, above and beneath each other in the room, along with a deafening hard rock song:

“Let’s spend the night together.”

One of the waitresses introduced herself to me: “Hi dear, I am Violet41, and you? Are you new?”

I hoped to get some information from her: “Y-yes, I have been recently copied. And where are we now?”

Then suddenly I heard a thunderbolt. Only when my copies started to fall down one after the other, I could understand they were shooting the cottage. I ran to the backdoor, to be confronted with a Raymond armed with a machinegun. There I screamed louder than I once did in Berlin.

If that Raymond did not happen to be Ray04, if he did not somehow distinguish me as the newcomer immediately, if he was not after me, my faith would not have been different from that of my copies there.

Thanks to Raymond04, I stayed alive. He turned out to be my prince who took me away with his white horse that night: we successfully escaped from Professor Stumpf’s island thanks to a speedboat. That is correct, we married then and there.

However, we both knew there might be no one to mail us any pin numbers. Consequently, the main topic of all our conversations was the FFF. The Violets were under the control of Professor Stumpf; whom we thought was dead. That is why, I would certainly die soon too; my

Ray04 had no doubt about it. As for the Raymonds, Tanju, whom I thought I poisoned during the dinner, was administering them.

The inconsistency of this scenario was that, my husband was insisting the commander of that bloodbath was Tanju. Did Tanju order the Raymonds to shoot the cottage before dinner? Was Tanju still alive? We could not solve the puzzle then. My husband said he would not stand my death scene, and he did not intend to outlive me. During our one-week long honeymoon, I fell in love with my husband. In return for his pin number, I was eager to sacrifice anything: I understood the biggest pain in the world was waiting for the inevitable death of your spouse. When that peevish mailing date of the pins for the Raymonds came, I started to check my Ray04's emails every 60 seconds, while he worked in the garden as usual.

I still remember how silently my beloved Raymond04 faced his death, without a single gesture of protest. He said he was happy to be dying before I did. I never dared confess I was the original; I feared our love would end then. I shall never forget you my Ray04; I promise you not to marry anyone else and to grow that palm tree you planted that day, as our child.

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Well, life went on. I left that island for Switzerland after my husband's death.

The world was really too small. When I came across with Professor Stumpf one month later in a Zurich bank, I must admit I perked up. He first thought I was a copy, but then quickly concluded I should be the original Violet, thanks to his reasoning system and a few details from his Berlin suburban villa I mentioned.

While we were relaxing in a boulevard café to talk of the old times, I was having some champagne and he was having glasses of anxiety. My professional tactics ensured him I was completely unaware of my copies. Soon he relaxed to such an extent that, he was courting me.

Subsequent dinners, a few days of dating, my “inconceivable admiration to his genius” and... He proposed marriage within one week.

I accepted.

We acquired a flat at the heart of Zurich, the Professor was thinking we were to lead a happy life. How wealthy we were! Until the day Professor Stumpf (who changed his name to Hans Schmidt) read pervert Tanju’s denunciation, everything looked all right, at least from his point of view.

I pretended to get very angry upon learning that I was copied. Then I managed to convince the old Professor I loved him, no matter what happened in the past.

Professor Stumpf immediately sent a contradiction to the webzine, which published Tanju’s letter, I did not understand why. He seemed obsessed with beating Tanju, like a protagonist fighting with an antagonist to save the planet. According to me, what he called contradiction was another denunciation. Moreover, he faxed a sentence stating Tanju was a human rights’ advocate, to the Turkish police. His unnecessary contradiction also comprised a show promise: exposing our bedroom through a webcam to Tanju and to all the other curious folks, on the net.

That show time proved to be a good deadline for my plans.

Unfortunately, since Tanju died two days before our show, he missed it. He committed suicide during custody, by hanging himself headlong, wetting himself with pressurized water, and then beating himself to death by various sticks from all angles, according to the papers in Turkey. His handwritten confession read he had links to all the major terror organizations in the world. Moreover, he was planning to make the moon come into collision with the earth. The findings of the police in his apartment were as follows:

A cell-phone by which he could have communicated with traitors, a PC with the potential of storing malicious data, many books most likely to be outlawed sooner or later, blank papers

that might be used for illegal publications, and various pens for probably writing down sentences that would threaten the state's security.

What a difference a fax makes!

No, I did not fail to keep my promise. Being a Marxist, I married Professor Stumpf only to get back the money he made by exploiting my copies. However, the access to one's spouse's bank accounts proved to be much more difficult in Zurich than I imagined, neither electronically nor by any other tactic; I was about to give up. Even in case of death, I discovered it would be almost impossible to get his money, especially when the man was so decrepit like him, the woman was I, and the marriage was so recent. Given his testament I discovered, leaving all his belongings to a neo type of political movement in Germany, one might say I should have divorced then. I did not; in that case, I would have broken my promise to Ray04 without a reason.

Violet11 was arrested, not me.

Although poisonous ingredients are fatal, they do not create visual enough scenery. Therefore, Violet11 and I had to sex-up the show, to entertain the audience. Please take a look at the drive-thru synopsis of our short movie now:

Violet11 (who was positioned in the Mythenquai flat while Professor Stumpf was out) already undressed, enters the bedroom with the Professor. I, the original Violet, am hiding in the wardrobe. The Professor proudly produces his artificial apparatus, looks at the camera, and makes a confident speech about his marriage while Violet11 is humping him. Suddenly, the original Violet causes a blackout in the flat via the special remote control mechanism she surreptitiously installed two days before, and then gets out of the wardrobe. Professor Stumpf's favorite position, enables the original Violet -wearing an infrared device to locate Professor Stumpf's face and a mask to protect herself- to selectively spray him, without harming Violet11 who shelters her face with the pillow on the floor. The original Violet leaves the room to turn on the lights and the background music. (No image period on the net lasts less than 20 seconds, sound effects uninterrupted.) Professor Stumpf lies on the

floor, naked. Violet11 instantly finds the syringe the original Violet hid, brings it in front of the camera lens, and then recedes backwards rhythmically, to inject the lethal compound into Professor Stumpf's blood stream. Violet11 starts a sort of voodoo dance in the room, takes the camera gradually nearer to the Professor's artificial hard-on, and teaches the audience everything they are dying to learn about the foot job, until the police come and give an end to the broadcasting.

The night train to Geneva has already left. The close-up facilities and the slow motion versions of the show were striking. I have brought here democracy and justice by chilling an evildoer; there should always be someone to say without whom this world is better off, when necessary. Now I shut down my laptop.

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Our child my Ray04 planted, now lives in the garden of my Geneva villa, protected inside a huge greenhouse with the climatic parameters perfectly matching those of its motherland, and is growing even faster than it would on our island.

Maybe I could not squeeze a single cent out of the Professor's accounts but successfully uncovered the software among thousands of his audio CDs, which mailed their pin numbers to all the copies in the world. One week before he passed away, when I felt like listening to a Beethoven symphony, I remarked a CD cover reading "Beethoven Symphony no 10". Obviously, this was a self-explanatory label for the owner and an effective measure against the unauthorized use, especially against Tanju, who feared classical music more than AIDS.

I discovered a data DVD inside. I immediately copied and replaced it, and called Violet11 to propose collaboration to execute him. She loved the idea.

As a result, the evil pimps died and a generous madam took over. Including the Violets, all the girls are working for me and for my palm tree now. I charge them half the commission Professor Stumpf used to. Although I tried to persuade the girls by an anonymous email not to even think about

that risky heart surgery, some did not take my word on it. I could not tell exactly how many survived the operations, but I observed a 40% decline in the active accounts in time. This, multiplied by a 50% commission discount, translated into the evaporation of the 70% of the total revenue. Anyway, I do not care about money.

However, I cannot ignore the rising unemployment level and the sexual dissatisfaction in the society. Therefore, FFF S. A. has started to appraise new applications. The free world will be enjoying marvelous girls soon, as I am the CEO, not only am I in contact with a Professor of cloning from Zurich, but also have just received a remarkable application inquiry from an accountant from Istanbul.