

## Channel 49

### The Word

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#### Inside Work

Cain, while in the Air Force, had trained in Control & Warning [1C5] cross-trained into TAC Command & Control [1C4]. -- First as an Augmentee, then re-trained [3P0] he became a member of the Security Forces during the remainder of his active-duty Regular-service. He preferred the solitude and relative simplicity of the Defender's mission. Post-Regular-service he sometimes worked field-contract in Combat Control [1C2] *-without a controller's license, jump-school or physical evaluation.* Cain generally preferred 'inside-work' in domestic, corporate situations, an area once considered 'industrial espionage,' but in an era of globalization one with national security implications -- misused or not. The downside was that he would work alone. His cousin and close associate Sgt. Gilhooley was reluctant to work indoors; when not working for government-pay he would captain [or in his words "coxswain"] boat charters or just hunt and fish.

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Evening -- urban building - waiting to get fired and snooping: Supposed to be a financial sales consultant for a branch of Big Bank's investment services division. As usual, I don't know who in 'the company' I'm really working for but I suspect it might be Justice or Treasury or a competitor. I have few accounts and they don't trade. My commissions are paltry and my tenure will be short. I must be cautious because I think I've spotted another operative. He's short, almost swarthy with a thin mustache, going by the name of Ghiaai. He has the fluidity of a con-artist and double-agent. I think he's reporting to a House Intelligence committee funded by Hermitage or one of the other 'think' tanks. If I'm looking for wrong-doing, he'll be working against me.

From the upper-level dais I can see him floating by between the rows of chairs below. Eyes always looking; on everybody's desk. I see by his reflection on the vast windows holding the night that's he's looking for me looking at him. Slowly, almost reluctantly he passes out the door, but will have a coffee and be back.

I go into a darkened trading-room full of computers with an electronic news-tape running on the wall. I already have plans to transition as a 'quick re-write' man for the on-line division of HeathCompCare, a technical and scientific publishing company.

I recall a security operation while still an Augmentee in which 'red-shirt-leader' was taken out. We had battered open a transom but couldn't fit through it on the right side. A friendly inside told us to try the left side; then one could get leverage from a ledge against the wall, lift and swing inside the transom feet-first as aircrew did on WW2 bombers before missions. After the flight leader had been hit, a Senior Airman had to take over. Afterwards I was sent to the infirmary to have my knee and ankle examined after taking the drop inside at a bad angle. A medic suspected a concussion; pretty sure he had my chart mixed up with someone else's... Several weeks later I checked into a Veteran's Hospital for its potentially positive vacation. I noticed a tall, bearded man wearing a straitjacket as he lay before a locked door. I recognized him from another operation and realized he was doing the same thing as me. He told me

he was only in the Reserves and worked at HeathCompCare but was worried about layoffs.

I was hired for the current gig by 'Amy' a top executive. She wore a dress with pastel prints on it. Not something one would expect a modern woman to wear, especially an executive. Sales training was done by a tall, robust, dark-haired woman, wearing a black pants-suit. She was assisted by a shorter, curly blonde haired woman with a wardrobe of grey skirts. Everyone wanted their jobs because they didn't have to produce iffy commissions.

There's a private conference room at the rear of the trading room. I sat behind a massive table with a six-inch rounded edge. It was my second time there, but prior I was posing with a different identity [*time-place reversal*]. The blonde lady had been slightly drunk. It was also night. This little interior room was cluttered. We barely spoke and she didn't remember me at all. Good. I recall she recited a short speech which she claimed was from a 'Tale of Two Cities,' nobody would know the difference. I saw her again downstairs in a large, ornate drawing room. I believe she had relations with one of the executives there after we all left.

I had time to kill and surfed from the computer terminal on the table. I was supposed to send out some buy recommendations to my few 'clients.' I had stuck Gilhooley's name on to my list along with a brain-damaged Sergeant Major who was a nice guy. I falsified their addresses and phone numbers so no one would bother them after I was gone. I looked over the securities the firm was pushing; probably ones they were making a market in or selling for bigger customers. I came across a curious blog:

"The notion that some free-market, "American-centric" capitalism will save us is a fantasy... A couple of economic rules:

1. Power goes to money and money goes to power
  - a. When money gets big, people get smaller
2. Who you know is more important than what you know {money-wise}; it's better to be clever than smart:
  - a. Clever requires energy; smart requires balance; brilliance {rare} leads to innovation or over-reach.
3. The societies that originally created wealth and innovation were relatively more tolerant societies {England, Holland, America}.
4. Today wealth is both harvested and exported rather than created and "shared" as it was in 1950s America {think China, Arabia, Russia}
  - a. America now purchases the cheaper goods as did Rome.
  - b. As the Communist observed, money hates national borders and will eradicate them.
5. International Finance destroyed international finance {2008} and was made whole by the public under government direction. This is not capitalism.
  - a. Corporations {joint-stock companies} with their "individual's" impunity have the same shortcomings of managerial-governance and moral-hazard today, as when Adam Smith wrote about them over 200 years ago.
6. Government regulation is haphazard at best; no government equals no civilization..."

-- I was about to dismiss it when I saw it was written by a former military E-4.

I surfed to some 'gun' sites and read the bulletin boards. Some of the posts were by cops and infantry types. Others were just A-holes sounding off. Using one of my pseudonyms I began posting a response to somebody wondering what was the best overall weapon to go with:

"Jesus would go with Kel-Tec PMR-30. It's light. -- Do the birds worry about the harvest? Moses would say go with an Automatic Grendel and the .45 as backup during a reload. John Stewart Mill and Keynes say take a S&W .38 special revolver. You'll most likely get lost and die of unnatural causes anyway; so why lug so much junk? ... Einstein recommends the Barrett .50 as does Teddy Roosevelt and Lincoln. Hitler says go with the Maschinengewehr 42 and a one-shot pistol for when you run out of ammo, so they don't take you alive. Hmmm? Can you do a .22Mag on full-auto in a modified pistol? Remember Marcel Proust's advice about high-pressure rimless cartridges. Try several brands of ammo first. Obama recommended the same thing but got in trouble for it."

-- It seemed funny but I cancelled the post and continued to surf:

"I close my eyes, Marcuse [*Marcuse Everett Boltzmann?*], and I do not sleep. I travel. I see humanity as an etching, and a moving thing. Then color. I get caught up in the mundane and feel the time passing. Where do I go? ... the realm of *consciousness-of-personality*, what we hope would survive whatever physical properties it exists within, or at least join, re-join a greater consciousness of the entire process..."

-- This was on the same site as the stuff about money: [Channel49](#). -- I went to the trading room door and saw Ghiaai floating by giving the once-over to my desk. He must have had a whiskey instead of coffee as he was oblivious of me. I went back to the rear conference room table with the computer. I hate waiting to get fired, even if it's expected. I hate to do poorly even if I want to. Idly, I ruffled the pages of a printout lying next to the keyboard. It was the division's revenue breakdown. Hmm. Okay, it wasn't digital; but it'll do. Tucking it under my arm like it was casual reading for the bathroom I strolled out of the conference room, paused briefly at my transient desk of the moment. I left slowly feeling Ghiaai behind me.

Downstairs, outside I walked through the commons paved with smooth stones, under the protection of the overhead-bridging 4th floor of the building between whose main concourse we crossed; department store on the right. I took an abrupt right-turn and shot a glance to my 3 o'clock. He froze mid-pace but was 20 meters back. I accelerated into a brisk pace the next block, jay-walked a square with no traffic and walked backwards two strides onto the broad sidewalk. He was still approaching. Times like this I missed my partner Gilhooley. I checked the next intersection and took the street with the most outside lights and a few pedestrians. Mid-block I passed an upscale food and liquor establishment. Beyond were office buildings asleep in their emptiness. The streets were quiet. I doubled back to the doorway of the chow & booze place. I switched the binder to my left arm and held it low across my midsection hiding my right hand in a pant's pocket. I stiffened my body language to say *pistol-in-my-pocket* and stared at Ghiaai as he came forward. He slowed. I watched him closely including his hands which hung free. If he reached for a weapon I would bolt into the business which held at least 15 patrons and staff. Then what; I didn't know. His eyes flickered to his left as if he didn't want to make eye contact; but didn't look anywhere else. He came to rest several feet from me. He looked me

over. He pointed at the binder. "Does that belong to you?" He asked -- "Does now," I said.

He licked his lips with a flicker. Behaviors like this reminded me of a lizard. Then he smiled. We were both in the game. While we could play in this world; we didn't own it. He laughed a little. "A little reading?" He asked. -- I shrugged: "Makes me sleepy."

His nose twitched as he stepped closer. I didn't like him and for a moment contemplated whacking guys like him. After a pause he pointed at the bar inside. "Going for a drink?" He asked. I shook my head no and he stepped around me going through the door. There was nothing in my pocket save my hand and car keys. Nothing worth dieing over this night, I felt ashamed for considering murder. It didn't matter; the net effect of all this would be how much money the Bank paid in political contributions and to whom.

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