

My Enemies

Written by Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough

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"At the heart of every blogger is a nude fat man eating cookie dough."- Jean Cocteau

Scott McNeely (CEO, Sun Microsystems)

I wrote several times to McNeely, faxes, letters, emails, asking for advice on attracting computer geniuses to my DOME-ED CITY project. Obviously, MASSIVE SUPERCOMPUTERS would be needed to run the CRITICAL FUNCTIONS of the Dome-ed city.

He never responded. So he is my enemy.

If, in the future, Sun Microsystems announces plans for a DOME-ED city, you know where the idea come from. FROM ME.

Jonathan Swartz (Lead Scientist, Sun Microsystems)

Interestingly, I wrote to Jonathan Swartz as well, visionary to visionary. He did send along a JAVA mouse pad, which is more than the bucktoothed vole McNeely had ever done.

However, in my thank-you note, I pointed out to Professor Schwartz that McNeely is an enemy of progress and perhaps that he, Schwartz, should break off any professional association with the fraud McNeely and join me. (I also tasked him with finding me a suitable office suite, which I don't think I was out of line in expecting my #2 to procure.)

Imagine my rage when on a web feed, I saw Schwartz standing next to that offal-eating chimp MCNEELY.

I can no longer take Schwartz's mind seriously. He is clearly an idiot. He is dead to me.

"Di-Di" ("Customer Service Person" Wendy's)

There is a newish Wendy's up the way and the Park'N'Shop. As I had some angry business to attend to with the dim Corey at the Hobby Shop, I thought I could stop before hand at the

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Wendy's and load up on protein (to power-up my wits for the verbal duel).

To save time, I called up ahead of time and this Di-Di answered. In a decent businesslike manner I asked for her to describe each menu item to me, so I might have an idea of what I wanted upon arriving. She was marble-mouthed and extreme perfunctory in her descriptions. When I tried to coax more data out of her, she turned on me and called me a "dumbass" and hung up!

Come the rise of the DOME-ED City, Di-Di, when you are brought before my DREAD JUDGMENT SEAT, you will weep and I will laugh. And you will be a junior trooper on the cat urea detail until the end of your days.

COREY (The boob behind the counter at the Hobby Shop)

Oh, Corey. Oh, special precious Corey. With your scaly little hands and grim little mouth. Your "knowledge" of D&D lead figures is so incorrect as it is actually SATANIC. It is an unholy inversion of the truth. It is RONNIE JAMES DIO made flesh. Again, and again, and again until all times for ever more, Corey...Fantasy Orc Systems DID have a limited edition Wererat Knight!!!! How do I know? I own it! Quod to the erat to the demonstrandum, Corey.

Pasha The Cat

Enemy is not the right word here. But between the poles of my affection, Pasha is trending South at a clip that is troubling.

Naughty Pasha has kicked up his hairball production into Wah-Wah pedal-like efficiency. Hhhhherrrr. Hhhhhhheerrrrrr. Hhhhherrrrrr. That of course, is not a crime. But this accompanying this audio component is a rhythmic jet of effluvia emanating from where his nethers would be if they were still available (mother insisted. Although revolted by her lackadaisical attitude toward the poor chaps danglies, I chose not to press my authority over the cats at this juncture, as mother had hid my "Are You Being Served?" Christmas Pageant Spectacle VHS Tape. While not conventionally intelligent, Mother possesses an almost bovine cunning.)

Again, I can only have sympathy with the vagaries of the body. Despite my commitment to the sensual, after long periods of rest I occasionally enter a disassociate state with my buttocks and nethers. (An Ironic cruelty: the lifestyle of a man whose creed is Beauty Truth and the Body produces numbness in the loins.)

No, effluvia I can deal with. It's all part of the game I call Truth, Beauty and The Body.

The wedge between Pasha and myself is the PURRING. The cuss purrs like a fiend after his breakdowns, because he knows....he knows that is the one thing that buckles me (me, as steadfast and monolithic and stately as they come.) It is the MANIPULATION I cannot abide. And Pasha knows that. He knows. I see it in his eyes.

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