

## I Can't Even Fantasize Correctly.

Written by Greg Mills

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*We now present the swan song of the now defunct [Bastard of Art and Commerce](#) . So a toast to Greg Mills, the richest blogger I know. You can become a fan of [Greg Mills at Facebook, here.](#)*

I was walking Chewie (who attacked a man yesterday) up in the highlands of Berkeley yesterday, past the massive Arts and Crafts redwood "cottages" that house world renowned experts in various disciplines I've never heard of, when I entered a gentle revelry, something like "I want a big fucking house like that shit right there."



Because I am a wooly headed ninny, I started going through scenarios of things I could do that wouldn't require any work, yet could cause me to be insanely wealthy. So, you know, the California lottery featured pretty big there. That and getting gout or shingles from some product, then suing the company that produced. But the Lottery would require a lot less work, so I stuck to the lottery. Here's how I broke out the winnings (\$15,000,000, after tax)

2.5 for a big ass house.

1m each for the kids in accounts they won't know about until they turn 25.

1,000,000 for gifts for various family members.

1,000,000 for charities

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So that leaves 9.5 million to live on, which I think with the right investment strategy, one could live comfortably on.

It was right about here that anxiety started to intrude on the fantasy.

What do I do with my time?

I could continue working, but I'd be taking a job from some schmuck (ie, me in the real world) that needs it.

I could donate my time, but that seems patronizing.

I could shut myself in and putter, which is what I do now when I'm not at work.

So basically, it turned into a game of trying to figure out what it means to be a good person with a good life.

I'd like to say I had some flash of deep insight, but Chewie went poo and we went home.