

Hatem@il (2013)

Forward

Could I explain my actions away by claiming that I was misunderstood from an early age? People *have* simply failed to understand me throughout my life. I think I'm speaking English, but honestly I wonder sometimes if I am speaking another language.

People misunderstand the simplest request I make, although I have done everything I can to dumb down my orders to accommodate our growing-simpler society.

So the question once again is, could I explain my actions away by claiming that I was misunderstood?

I suppose I could mount that defense if I really wanted to.

Was I misunderstood when I inferred that an 11-year-old classmate of mine was a slut?

Was I misunderstood when I talked a family friend into driving drunk, even if that action resulted in a fatal accident?

How about when I have turned mere losers into chronic alcoholics? (Yes there are multiple instances here, sorry.)

Maybe. That might work. Let's come back to that.

I suppose there is another question I could ask myself as I question my actions: Did they have it coming? The answer is that we all have something coming. No matter how nice you think you are. Something is coming for you. How will you react? Some with tears, others with anger — those responses are ones we'll be discussing here.

Did I mean to hurt them as badly as some of them were? Not necessarily, but doing what I do isn't like aiming a missile at a target. You can't estimate the damage with a reasonable degree of success. Sometimes I score a direct hit. Sometimes my victims wiggle themselves out of the way until the maximum amount of damage is done. You can't gauge the outcome of these things.

I *would* say that only shortly before I began writing about the things that I have done that I had fully grasped the intensity of the emotional distress I had inflicted upon my victims. But come on, you would know that's not true.

I try to respect people's intelligence, until I confirm that they don't have any.

Knowing the effects of one's actions is a desert away from caring about them.

Let's face it, I just don't care.

And while I want anyone reading this to empathize with my actions I also want you to know that I'm just warming up. Turn around now if you don't want to see what is coming next.

But let's face it, hasn't everyone felt like hurting someone with their tongue at one time or another? Let's be honest with each other. I guess I just have more of those moments.

I think that everybody, at some point during their lifetime, has said or done something that has hurt someone else's feelings, but do we always know what we are saying will hurt someone?

Somewhere inside of us perhaps we do, but when you are filled with rage, you are not always able to restrain yourself. I guess that's part of my problem.

As an example, haven't you ever overheard something someone said that provoked an emotional reaction? You might have been at a bus stop, or sitting alone in a restaurant, or maybe even in your cubicle at work, when someone says something that irks you, perhaps ruining your mood for the entire day, or longer.

Maybe you even sent the hate forward. Perhaps, after your feelings were hurt, you in turn said or did something that caused a verbal altercation with your spouse, a relative, or maybe a close friend. And maybe the domino effect continued as the newly offended party thought about the words they had exchanged with you, and they in turn said something offensive to someone else. And so on. You get the idea. Perpetuate the hate.

I am not a teacher. The only lesson that you will learn here is that if you should encounter someone like me you would be well advised to lock your doors and change your phone number. Never open an email from an unknown sender. I don't expect anyone, after reading this, will compose an email to me, explaining how my story has freed them from the confines of their own hate. Hope mail, instead of Hatem@il?

Sorry, but I doubt that. So far it hasn't worked out that way.

Prologue

1. Toni

She was a nice girl. I remember that it was somewhere around the fifth grade. I think she sat two rows in front of me in our homeroom, so I suppose somewhere in my yet to be fully developed mind, I assumed what I did afforded me some degree of anonymity. I was wrong.

Her name was Toni Mayo. She was cute enough to start with, but her mother allowed her to pour an unreasonable amount of makeup onto her face, especially given her age. We were both around eleven years old.

I suppose that was the problem that I had with her, but the thing is, I didn't have any hatred for her. I suppose I was foolishly trying to attract her attention, but as men so often do at that age, I was going about the process of doing so in precisely the wrong way. We men are bad about that even as adults, especially me.

This was the late 1970s, so the desks at any school in the country were washable, but not yet graffiti resistant, so of course, the students marked their desks freely with their artwork or various grade school comments (usually about how the school, the teacher, or both, sucked).

After the desks were marred, the students would cover their work with textbooks, so that even the most attentive teacher would fail to notice what happened when they turned to the chalkboard.

It was kind of an early form of email, although the delivery system was a much slower one. But it worked. You wrote or drew something cool on your desk in first period, knowing your buddy had the same desk and would see your work in second period. By the time that lunch rolled around,

everyone knew what you had posted. But you only got one message a day, so you better make it count, right? I guess I was trying to make a statement.

One day, for no particular reason I can recall, I wrote "Toni Mayo is a slut" on my desk. I still don't know why. She and I had never had an unpleasant exchange, so besides her excessive makeup, she seemed like a good person to me.

Not only do I not know why I wrote this on my desk, I don't know what reaction I expected to provoke.

I do remember feeling it was kind of like throwing a grenade into a crowd, but then turning your back so that you didn't see who got blown to pieces.

Thinking back, she could have told the teacher, who could have told the principal, who could have, if only figuratively, kicked my ass. Corporal punishment was already a thing of the past, but he could have told my parents. They did not believe in corporal punishment at school or at home, so I guess they could have punished me, but probably not. Maybe I knew there was to be no real consequence from this action, but I doubt that.

So what did happen?

Not much, really. But she did respond. On my desk the next day, my message was erased, but in its place was Toni's response. It was simple and straight to the point. This girl was smart, even if she did wear too much makeup.

It said, "Go to hell ____." Not only did she find out I was the culprit, she sent me a message in return! And she identified me by name! I was exposed! True, I had written that she was a slut in my message, but that was supposed to be anonymous! How did she know it was me? For that matter, how do I know it was Toni who wrote the reply? I never saw this coming.

But it was indeed Toni, I peeked at a paper of hers later that day and, even to me, the least qualified handwriting expert in the world, it clearly was her handwriting. She knew! That's not what I intended, I was just trying to get to know her.

I didn't react. I kept quiet. Nothing at all happened after that. I swept back into my own world, alone. I was used to being alone. That was okay.

I cannot recall another exchange with Toni, positive or negative, until the last time I saw her, and I can't remember when that was.

She would probably not have ever spoken with me, unless I conveyed a sincere apology for my action. But I avoided any such opportunity by not attempting any conversation with her.

What lessons could I have learned from that? How could I have changed the trajectory of my life just from that incident? How many lives could have remained unaffected by my actions in the process? I guess we'll never know. But one thing that I realize now is that Toni was a pretty smart cookie. Even if my words offended her, even if she cried in her mother's arms that night about the crude message written about her by her horrible classmate, she never let me know that it bothered her. That was a smart move.

But it was my first time. And like any successful serial offender, I learned from my mistakes. I could not afford to be known to my victim next time, if at all possible. As you read on you'll discover this was quite difficult sometimes. Sometimes I just had to know that they knew it was me. Not as much satisfaction if they did not.

But if I was identified, I had to be sure that I could steer far away from them, or never have to interact with them again. What if one of them caused a scene, and said something that affected *me* negatively? Or what if one of them became violent? I could not handle either of those outcomes. I am a coward, after all.

2. Mike

There was another incident during my youth that I suppose I should mention. And, even though this attack might not have ended exactly as I would have planned it, this serves as an example of another step that contributed to my further development in the hate industry.

Mike was a convenient friend in junior high school, as his house was just two blocks down from mine, and our mutual friend Richie's house was just a block and a half farther down the same street. Richie had introduced me to Mike, or I'm certain we would never have known each other.

Mike was the guy in our crowd who tended to overdo things, you could say. While we all smoked as much dope and drank as much beer as we could get our hands on, Richie and I had fathers that still lived at home, so we had to calm our buzz down, knowing there would be hell to pay if we came home and got caught under the influence.

But Mike did not have that problem. His parents had divorced when he was five, and his mother morphed into such an unlikable creature that her solace was secured, until her quite timely death of lung cancer at the age of fifty-two.

But at this point that was a decade off, and what our little group needed was a place to party. Mike's house served the bill perfectly, with no father at home, and a mother who worked long hours.

The issue that sparked my hate *call*, in this case, revolved around some unreturned property that I had loaned to Mike. He never said that he wouldn't return it, but it's not like he lived across town, or didn't have the time to do so. He just didn't want to.

That kind of angered me, I guess.

We had first discovered the movie *A Clockwork Orange*, Stanley Kubrick's film version of Anthony Burgess's novel about a not too distant future where teenagers roamed the streets of London literally raping and pillaging at will until the hero of the film is sent to prison for murder. The movie doesn't end there, but the point is that our immature minds found it fascinating. I remember that Richie kept renting the videotape, and would go over it like some people did the Zapruder film of Kennedy's assassination.

We loved the movie, not because we too wanted to commit acts of violence while high on mescaline, but because we wanted to rebel, to do what we wanted. We wanted to come home as loaded as possible, and sit down on the couch and tell our parents about how many joints we had smoked that night with impunity.

There is a piece of Beethoven's music that plays continually throughout the film, and I figured that was what I needed to play for Mike, on the phone, to make him understand that he had better get my stuff back to me posthaste, or I would make quick work of him the way that Alec did of his "droogs" whenever they stepped out of line. The only problem was, I didn't know how to fight.

And so I called Mike, made sure he and not his mother answered the phone, and then I played the piece of music, which he actually listened to for more than a minute before hanging up. Maybe he was stoned when he got the call, but he definitely got the message.

Even though AT&T did not offer call waiting or *69 as calling features back then, Mike knew who the call was from. The next day, conveniently just as my father was returning home from work, thus ensuring my security, Mike delivered my stuff to my house. He shot my Dad a look as he handed it over, and he simply said, "Make sure I don't see you for a while, _____."

About a week later, Richie and I were walking down a street after scoring a nickel bag, and from out of nowhere, Mike appeared with a plastic baseball bat. I was surprised, and before I could run, he began beating me with the bat. It didn't last that long, less than a minute, and when he was finished, he and Richie simply walked away. I don't remember either of them saying a word. I was not physically wounded so I just got up and walked home.

I was never so humiliated publicly as I was from that incident, until the moment that I am writing this for all to see. But of course, who knows what my future holds.

For the record, Mike and I later became friends again, and he and Richie and I hung out almost every day after school. The incident was never discussed.

One day Mike called Richie and me, and told us to get over to his house as soon as possible.

When we arrived at his house, Mike told us that his mother was making him go to Phoenix House, a drug rehabilitation center. Apparently she had discovered his stash, confirming her fears that her son was on drugs, and she gave him the choice between rehab and jail. This was just around the time that Betty Ford had brought drug and alcohol rehabilitation out of the closet, and suddenly made getting clean and sober a trendy thing to do for celebrities and others alike.

That day Mike gave me a box full of marijuana pipes, bongs, and rolling papers. He told me, "I might want these back someday, but pretty much I just want you to have them." It turned out he was an okay guy, but I didn't make that connection then.

So, by an early age, I had found the tools of my trade, the written word, delivered first on a school desk, or even the right track of music played over the phone. I have honed my skills since then to the point that when I hate@il you, I am generally certain you will be offended. How badly is up to you.

So, rest assured, I can hurt you with my hate. The only reaction to my actions that might anger me is no reaction. Halt communication with me immediately (providing I let you know who I am, and I haven't done that yet, have I?), and yes you can win that way.

Stop checking any unknown emails, change your cell phone number, or pay your cell phone company to block any unrecognized numbers, and you might turn my attention to another victim.

But the statistics speak for themselves, and they say that you will at first be enticed by my contact with you (no matter what anger that might surface as a result), and for that reason alone you will continue communicating with me, until it's too late. I'll be all the way inside of your pathetic existence, and short of opening your wrists with a razor blade, you won't be able to escape until I'm finished with you.

If you are sober, resilient, and as disciplined to dismiss hatred as I am to create it, you have a chance at overcoming an encounter with me. Like everything else in life, we all possess

different quantities of each of those characteristics. Good luck. There's a reason I prey on the weak.

From the moment I meet you (even if the circumstances are the most pleasant possible) I will instantly began calculating what to say and when to say it, to systematically achieve your doom. If at some point in the future you or someone you care about says or does something that offends me in even the slightest way, then my already formulated plan to hurt you will be set in action.

On the other hand, if we never have a problem, then your life will remain unscathed, at least by me.

It typically only takes only the tiniest of details to get started. Name, approximate age, weight, marital status, etc. You get the idea.

The person I intend to interact with will many times provide more data, more information about themselves and their life than you might tend to believe, especially considering the kind of communication I end up having with them.

And if they should not, cell phone numbers and email addresses are all too easy to come by. There are all kinds of accidental information left around, so many times on webpages, outdated phone books, etc.

I suppose it's the same reason that some trusting souls give out their PIN numbers to their debit cards to someone who calls them, pretending to be from their bank, or other people wire money to a third world country on the promise that millions more will be wired back.

How and why I do what I do will be covered within, so if you really want the answers, keep reading. If you are easily offended, stop now. And that's not just a disclaimer so that I am protected legally, and can feel better about myself if I should discover that some tragic action occurred after the reading of these words.

It's the truth. If you walk around this world with a grin on your face from ear to ear all day long, confident that all is well and only good things will happen to you, then I seriously doubt that you are a customer for my comments.

My mission is to strip you of your ego, degrade your sense of self-worth, and leave you questioning every word that comes out of your mouth, doubting you have the ability to do anything worthwhile.

Everyone in this country seems obsessed with convincing themselves that they are attractive, intelligent human beings, possessing minimal flaws and maximum perfection.

Everyone's lives, careers, and relationships are always on the right track. After all, how many people ever answer the question, "How are you doing?" by saying "Not so well." Not many, but I must admit I have met a few.

I have had people tell me that they have endured physical beatings (much worse than I did with that plastic bat) that did not hurt as much, or take as long to recover from, as a few carefully written sentences issued from me did.

I can make most people cry with just a few words. Like everything else in our society, I've made misery instantly accessible. Lost your job, your wife, and only got \$39 in your savings account? Easy target.

To me, once you draw my ire, you are a fucking loser, and even if you are not, I can prove you are if you give me enough time.

Non-losers are never my targets, it's the fucking losers who *think* that they are non-losers. They are always the easiest prey. Overconfidence betrays a chink in your armor that my words will pierce like even the dullest sword.

The more you feel good about yourself, the greater your weaknesses can become exposed.

I just have to know who you are, what you are, what you care about, and I can usually take it from there.

I have focused on as many as a half dozen individuals, or couples, to taunt without relief at any given time. Any more than that and it becomes a little too difficult for me to remain focused. I might get sloppy, and miss a prime opportunity to make someone miserable.

And of course there is another job that I must concentrate on — following up with those I have targeted.

Social media has been exceptionally helpful in this area in recent years, as so many people use these websites to wear their hearts on their sleeves. Inactivity on one of these sites can be just as good an indicator that my words have taken effect, if all too effectively.

And here's just one quick note for those readers who belong to hate groups or have other such affiliations. You might be stroking yourself thinking you are reading the perfect book for your brand of hate, but sorry. You are an amateur and I have as little respect for all of you as I do for anyone else. I'll go over this again later, but I spew no hate based on race or sexual preferences. If you want to know why you'll have to read on.

If you think you are ready, we're done with the preliminaries. No more stories about messages scribbled on school desks and music played over the phone. From here on out, things are going to get a little more intense.

Now let's get started.

Chapter 1 - I Love It When a Plan Comes Together

It was 1989, and I was working at a small ABC affiliate TV station in a fairly small Southern town. I believe we were in the 89th market at the time (out of about 110 television markets), and I was making just above minimum wage as a production assistant, the lowest position you could hold in the production department, if not the entire station.

Things were relatively quiet in the USA, the first George Bush was President, and though we were suffering from a minor recession, it was nothing compared to the one we would experience as a result of Bush Junior's incompetence in 2008.

A new syndicated talk show had debuted several years ago, on most if not all ABC stations, and Oprah Winfrey had gone from being a complete unknown to the hottest thing on daytime television. It was the beginning of what would become an onslaught of daytime talk shows where everyday people were suddenly afforded the spotlight for their own personal horror stories about drug abuse, marital infidelity, and so on.

Maybe being exposed to all these talk shows changed me in some way.

One day there was a memo tacked to the message board, from the General Manager, Guy Hader. He seemed like a nice enough chap most of the time, but as we all found out he would thrust a knife into your back faster than I would send an expletive filled text message.

But I was too unimportant for him to ever notice me, let alone fire me, so I had nothing against the man.

His son, Barry Hader, had just joined the station a year before, fresh out of college. He was, according to his father, “a genius with new technology.”

The memo concerned an upcoming employee meeting, and it promised to have information about the unveiling of the station’s new email system. Most of us of course scratched our heads and asked each other, “What the hell is email?”

At the meeting Barry eagerly explained how it worked. “So, everyone will be assigned his or her own email address to use. For instance, since my name is Barry Hader, my email address is bheader@wghp.com. You will create a password, so that you can access your email from any computer terminal in the building, actually any computer in the world. So if you go on vacation, and want to check your email, you can do so.” There was a smattering of laughter from the employees, which was quickly silenced when Guy Hader turned his head just slightly toward us from his chair. Who would want to check their email on vacation? For that matter, why did we need email at all?

Once the laughter had subsided, Barry added, “And please, once you create your password, either commit it to memory, or write it down somewhere at home. Please, do not tell anyone, even your best friend, your password.”

For younger readers let me assure you there were many people at the station who echoed my previous sentiment about the necessity of email. We all worked in a small building, and this email thing did postdate the invention called the telephone. So let’s say George, one of the production department’s directors, needed to make some editing changes to the Arrow Exterminator commercial. What was he supposed to do? Turn his computer on, wait fifteen minutes for it to boot up, log into his email account, and send Charlie the tape operator an email, telling him to pull the Arrow commercial and its accompanying raw footage, for an edit session at 2:30 p.m. that afternoon? No. He’s going to pick up a phone, call Charlie at extension 213, and tell him they’re re-editing the Arrow spot at 2:30 — right? Which would make more sense in a pre-internet world?

But there were other applications, and benefits, Barry continued, to using this new technology.

“As well as communicating with other employees, there are many other uses for email,” he said. “For instance, the monthly company newsletter will be distributed electronically and, in the near future, the human resources department will be able to distribute things, like performance reviews, to employees, which will greatly improve privacy.”

His father, Guy, chimed in, “So you won’t have to worry about anyone finding out how big a raise you got.” The crowd laughed more audibly at this, and Jake, one of the photographers, added, “Assuming you got a raise at all!” More laughter.

The meeting ended shortly after, and we all cleared the room to go back to our various jobs.

Walking in front of me was Clarence, the weekend news director, who had been promoted to that position about six months earlier. Clarence was walking and talking with Larry, who was the station's programming director, about the arrival of email.

"I just hope that it doesn't get misused by our staff," he huffed. "With the infants we have working here, instead of communicating about work, we'll probably have a lot of X-rated jokes being sent to everyone."

That pretty much summed up Clarence. He was about as much fun as a root canal, and he spread his joy among those of us forced to work the weekend shift with him.

Clarence spoke like he was reared in only the finest boarding schools before attending Harvard, while he was in fact raised in North High Point, in one of the roughest housing projects in town.

At that time, High Point, North Carolina, only averaged about 11 murders every year, but at least 8 of them happened in North High Point. The HPD wouldn't cross Green Street after 6 p.m. unless they absolutely had to.

But we didn't care where he came from or what he looked like. Clarence was an intelligent guy. Nobody ever doubted that. He had the technical knowledge down, but he didn't have the instincts or experience of the other directors. If it was anyone else, we would have happily dealt with his mistakes. But he would never get past his ego, and, simply put, he just was not likable. His favorite phrase, coined from an '80s TV show, was "I love it when a plan comes together." This may not seem annoying, but when someone uses the same phrase countless times in an eight-hour shift, it can really start to grate on your nerves. It was little things like this that created what would have been a mutiny, if we were on the high seas. But he had to go, and, coincidentally, the opportunity to get rid of Clarence was just about to arrive.

Funny things can happen when the management of any company fails to share information with its employees. People start talking, rumors begin circulating, and the more creative minds in the circle of conversation start creating possible scenarios which later on seem mindless if not downright absurd.

In this case, Barry's sudden departure from the station, and Guy's lack of communication regarding his disappearance, created plenty of stories, none of which were grounded in fact. The main rumor, and the only one that we have time to discuss here was simply this: Guy was going to finally be promoted to General Manager of the company's flagship TV station in Chicago, the city he grew up in, and had publicly yearned to return to one day. Barry would therefore be promoted to General Manager of the High Point station, in an ultimate act of corporate nepotism. Barry had been sent out of town for some crash management training, which would hopefully convince the staff that this 23-year-old could actually run a TV station.

The truth was a little different. Barry had been diagnosed with an inoperative brain tumor, and given 12-18 weeks to live. The entire Hader family was devastated, and in their grief decided to hope for the best, and not announce Barry's illness with anyone. Barry declined steadily after the sixth week, and died three days after that.

A few days after Barry disappeared, I started hatching my plan. If I could just figure out Barry's email password, I could send messages to anyone from his email address. But which computer could I use without anyone noticing? I found a computer terminal in the art department that was never used after 5 p.m., and started trying different passwords. Barry drove a cherry red 1966 convertible Mustang — could that be it? I tried Mustang, 1966, Red Mustang, even Cool Stang. Nothing. The same error message was always returned: "The system does not recognize the

username or password.” Okay, maybe it was his birthdate, which from the employee anniversary memo that was circulated I knew to be May 12, 1965. No dice. I went through a hundred other ideas over the next few days — his mother’s name, his father’s name, etc. Then one night at home in bed, it came to me — his girlfriend’s name. Barry was dating a delicious woman name Sandy, who hung around the station from time to time. All of us guys on the crew would talk about how we would endlessly defile her if only afforded the opportunity. That had to be it. The next day after the six o’clock news, I headed directly for the art department, typed in the password “Sandy,” and voila, it delivered me to Barry’s inbox.

I started sending Clarence one email each day. The emails were all titled “Performance Review” with that day’s date included. Here’s how the first one went.

To:cwilliams@wghp.com

Clarence,

It has come to our attention that there are a tremendous number of mistakes being made every time you direct a show. As we are operating in a live television environment, these mistakes are completely unacceptable. Even though I am currently out of town, the human resource department and my father have decided that I am to monitor your mistakes, and list them to you on a daily basis, since I will soon be assuming the duties as the new General Manager. If we do not see a marked and immediate improvement in your performance in the next three days, then we will be forced to terminate you.

Sincerely,

Guy Hader

And so it went. During every show, I made mental notes of every mistake Clarence made, no matter how insignificant, and sent out an email to Clarence every night listing the on-air mistakes.

I even used other reasons for Guy to threaten to dismiss Clarence.

Everyone on the crew used headsets so that we could communicate with each other.

Long term employees, like Clarence, had their own headsets they would use, and put them in their personal lockers at the end of their shift.

Usually if one of us picked up another crewmember’s headset, there was no big deal. We never got fed up about a little bit of lice that might go with the convenience of using another’s headset. Except when it came to Clarence.

Let’s just say that this was the eighties, and Clarence was caught up in the whole Jheri-Curl fad. So, without much further explanation, let’s just say that Clarence’s headset was always covered in enough hair product to lubricate a small automobile. So any time when any other crew member mistakenly picked up Clarence’s headset to communicate some quick message to the tape room, let’s just say they got slimed.

On the third night, after the third email, in which Guy informed Clarence that he was being given a two-week notice, I saw Clarence at a computer terminal as I left the studio. I walked past him and into the hall. Not thirty seconds later, he burst out of the control room and into the hallway, about twenty feet from where I was standing.

He went to the elevator, which led to the General Manager's office, and the elevator doors swung open a few seconds later. Guy Hader had his briefcase in hand, and was heading home for the night. Clarence did not even greet him.

He shouted, "Who in the fuck does your son think he is? That kid thinks he can fire me? I've been working at this TV station for fifteen fucking years!"

Guy replied, "Get whatever shit you have and get the fuck out of the building in five minutes. You're fired. And if you ever so much as talk to me again, I'll kill you."

Guy turned and walked out the door. Clarence gathered his things and left.

The new IT administrator that was hired almost six months later immediately deleted Barry's entire account and all emails sent to and from his address, upon hearing that Barry was deceased. Who would be interested in them? Hard drive space was a precious commodity back then.

Clarence applied at the other two TV stations in town, but was quickly turned down once his only reference at WGHP was checked. Nobody wanted to hire a guy who would curse out the General Manager while his son was dying in a hospital bed.

Desperate for work, he took a job at a local grocery store as an assistant manager. He was promoted to manager in 2002. He died of alcohol poisoning in 2005.

Email. I had just added a new weapon to my arsenal. What a pity it was that it would be more than a decade until the majority of the populace owned a personal computer, let alone had an email address. But it was worth the wait, I guess.

Chapter 2 - Co-Whoredination

Sometimes, if you fail to put the pieces of a puzzle together quickly enough, it can end up costing you dearly. And sometimes, preying on a man's libido can make him react in ways you might never imagine.

Terry preferred to stand at the bar, even though there was an empty barstool right next to her. The bar, for that matter, was pretty much empty, usual for this time of day, 3:15 p.m. There was the usual crowd of old men packed into the back corner of the bar, and a few obviously unemployed men probably waiting to go home a little later, after pretending to their spouses they had been out looking for work, and myself. Ordinarily you would not have found me in a bar at the time of the afternoon, and I don't recall the situation that put me there, nor is it relevant.

I wasn't sitting at the bar, but just across from it, so I could avoid any unnecessary communication with the old or unemployed. But Terry? No heterosexual male there would have avoided a conversation with her.

Terry was twenty-eight, not too tall, slender, with long black hair that stretched down just to her breasts, two healthy, luscious creations that made you want to go to church on Sunday.

Since I was sitting at a table instead of the bar, the waitress took my order and collected my cash. The waitress came towards me at just about the same time as the bartender approached Terry, with a long look on his face, and her credit card in his left hand.

“Sorry, this credit card was declined,” he said. “Do you have another one, or cash?”

Before I could pay attention to her answer, the waitress plopped my drink down on the table and said, “That will be \$6.00.”

I removed my wallet from my back pocket, and while Terry was fumbling for an answer to the bartender’s question, I noticed her eyes turn their attention to my wallet, which was stacked with \$100 bills. I had nothing smaller, and so I removed one and gave it to the waitress. Terry made up a quick excuse for the bartender, and moved toward my table.

“Hi,” she said, quickly improvising. “Didn’t you used to go out with my friend Rachel?”

“Sure, of course I did,” I said. “It’s nice to see you again...?”

She didn’t hesitate, and replied promptly. “Terry. My name is Terry. Nice to see you again.”

She glanced toward the bar, and my instincts kicked in, and I quickly offered, “Can I buy you a drink?”

She pulled out a chair at my table and quickly sat down. “I’ll make you a deal.” Terry proposed. “Would you buy me that one?” A quick nod toward the bar and I understood.

The waitress returned with my change, and I asked her to pay for Terry’s drink with one of the \$20 bills I handed back to her. Terry moved her drink from the bar to my table, the waitress returned with my change, and after I handed her a \$5 tip, she dutifully shrank away from our conversation. The waitress had probably seen this scenario played out countless times before.

“So how is Rachel?” I asked. *Hopefully as attractive as Terry*, I thought to myself.

“Oh, she’s great. She just got engaged!” Terry shot back. This woman was good. Almost instantly the distance between my dick and my underwear grew closer.

“Well, let’s drink to Rachel’s engagement,” I said. We both raised glasses and toasted the engagement of a woman that probably didn’t even exist.

After that first swallow, we were both able to relax. Either one of us was more full of shit than the other, or we were perfectly matched in that department. For a brief time I fancied that I might just have found my soulmate. But, as always, self-deception leads inevitably to disappointment.

“So what do you do?” I asked, knowing that topic was always going to come up next in any bar hookup.

“Oh, well, I’m unemployed right now. My last job was as a hostess at a restaurant,” Terry replied. “And yourself?” she asked.

“Well, I came into some money,” I returned. “And after thinking about what I should do with myself for a long time, I finally decided I should just try to help people, however I can.”

Terry’s eyes locked onto mine, and she replied, “Wow. That’s really inspiring. I’ll bet I could learn a lot from you.”

I thought to myself, *Your response is close, Terry, but what you really meant to say was, “I bet I could earn a lot from you.”*

An hour and a half and three drinks later, I slipped my key into the lock of my front door. Terry was wobbling behind me with a serious mid-afternoon buzz, and we entered my dark apartment.

I quickly switched lights on, and led Terry into my living room. She plopped down onto my couch, laying down so that there was not enough real estate left for me to sit. I lifted her legs up, placed them on my lap, and turned to her.

"I think you're cool," she said.

"Well, we have something in common, then," I said. "I think I'm cool too."

She giggled the way a woman does in response to any joke a man trying to get into her pants would, provided she was about to let him. I could have told her she was a flat chested, plain looking old maid, and it would probably have elicited the same response. She wouldn't remember most of this later, and that is probably for the best.

We exchanged a few more pleasantries before we started making out, and pretty soon her clothes flew off and I took her right there on the couch. I won't boast about my performance, but let's just say there was a significant wet spot on my couch. I dispatched her to the bathroom to clean herself up while I tried to get the stain out. Thank God for microfiber.

Terry returned to my living room five minutes later. She laid down on my couch, stretching her legs into my lap.

"We'll have to do this again sometime," she said.

"We should," I told her. "Anytime you like."

Terry began gently rubbing the bottom of her right foot against my crotch, and then looked up to me to see if this was acceptable. I cracked a slight smile.

"I was thinking about something you said," Terry began. "About helping people. I really agree with you. And I was wondering, do you think you could help me out? All of my bills are due, and I'm completely broke."

I saw this request coming, of course, and since she had put me in a better than average mood, I reached into my pants, removed two hundred dollar bills from the stack, and handed them over to her. "Sure, here you go," I said. She quickly pulled the money out of my hand and slipped it into her purse.

"Thanks a lot. I hate to ask," Terry said, "but I really need the money."

I said, "Let me give you my phone number." I reached for a notebook that was sitting on my coffee table, scribbled the number down, and handed it to her. She didn't look at it and slipped the paper into her purse as well.

"Thanks, I'll be in touch soon, I promise," Terry said. "But right now I better go pay some bills, since you were nice enough to help me out."

We got up and headed to the door. We gave each other a quick hug, and I opened the door for her. She glanced back toward me as she walked out. "Talk to you later," Terry said. I watched her as she walked away.

Terry had an ass that seemed to have its own soundtrack that automatically played in my mind, any time she arrived or departed the scene. Boom, baba, boom baba boom boom boom. Pounding drums that matched the racing of my heart as this female form of flesh art appeared on display. She turned my apartment into a museum. My bedroom was the gallery.

Our next encounter came only three days later, this time when I opened my door at around 1:25 a.m. Friday morning.

I turned on the outdoor light, and stuck my head up to the peephole in the door to see who it could be. Terry was standing there, one hand on her hips, the other hand propping herself on my door. That was probably keeping her from falling flat on her face, I thought with a giggle.

I opened the door, and she smiled wide. "Surprise!" she said loudly. I stepped back to let her in, and she brushed my cheek with her right hand as she crossed the threshold. If she only knew that she was entering a torture chamber, even the seven cosmopolitans she had consumed might have not stopped her from running away. Some people know how to smell money. I know how to smell vulnerability. And she reeked of it.

We dispensed with the pleasantries fairly quickly this time and moved the party into my bedroom within fifteen minutes. She kept up the act pretty well for a second performance, especially given that she was pretty much sloppy drunk during the festivities. A lot of chicks like this one really let it slip on the sophomore outing, and it does affect their take when you have a discreet customer like me involved. I deduct dollars based on a woman's ability to stay in character when she's clearly just playing a guy like me for money.

A short while later I had delivered my load, and this time I went to the bathroom to clean up first, since Terry almost immediately nodded off after I had made my exit from her body. But as I discovered later, she was faking — being asleep that is.

In the bottom drawer of my nightstand, right next to the condoms, I keep a small notebook, in which I keep personal information, phone numbers, addresses, etc.

In the second half of the notebook I keep my current financial information, checking and saving account balances, in lieu of balancing a checkbook in the traditional method. Many times, the notebook will be flipped to the page with my most current checking account info, as it is updated daily.

Apparently, a curious Terry must have seen the notebook when I was removing the latest condom from the drawer. While I was out of the room, Terry quickly and quietly slid the drawer open, snatched up the notebook, and looked at the current balance on my checking account. She replaced the notebook just before I walked back into the room.

After entering the bedroom, I sat down on the bed across from Terry. I jokingly quipped, "So you're going to spend the night, aren't you? If you don't, I'll just think you're using me for sex." I laughed to let her know I wasn't serious.

She laughed back. "No, I can't stay, sorry I have a lot to get done tomorrow." She slipped over and lay her head on my chest.

"Well, I'll miss you, but I'll try to get over that," I said.

She offered another giggle. "I like hanging out with you. We might have to do this more often."

There was some more blah conversation, and she slowly rose up from the bed and snatched up her purse. She quickly moved into the foyer, and I followed along. We were standing in front of the table where I leave my wallet, keys, and assorted change each day when I get home. Terry grabbed me lightly by my collar and edged me closer to her. Her right knee gently slid close to my shaft, and a slight swelling was an instant result.

“Listen...” Terry started, “I really, really hate to ask, but I just got my car insurance bill, and I was wondering if you could help me, maybe?”

With no time to think, the lower half of my body already cast its vote straight up, the rest of me just asked, “How much money would you need?”

“Just \$120, if you could spare it.” Her knee edged up and down my leg. “I would appreciate it so much...”

A few minutes later I was tearing a check off and filling it out. It was only until the next morning when I went to balance my checking account in the notebook in my night table that I noticed something was wrong. The drawer was cracked open, and not in any way I had ever seen before. It was an older piece of furniture, and not the nicest, so with time the bottom drawer did close crookedly without some close attention, which I usually knew to provide by shoving it directly back to avoid it getting off track.

Then I thought about something. Terry had asked me for \$120. That was exactly half the money I had in my checking account at that time. It was kind of a curious coincidence, but I stored it in my mental database for later examination, adjusted my notebook to reflect my latest debit, and went on with my day.

Terry liked texting, and she was one of the first people I started text wars with. I guess I could thank her for that, but I don’t think she would appreciate my appreciation now. And then she texted me one day to ask about entertaining a friend of hers.

1: 45 p.m. — Terry: Hey, what are you up to tonight?

1: 48 p.m. — Me: I think I have a date, let me check my calendar.

1: 51 p.m. — Terry: Asshole. Let me know, I have this friend, she’s from Atlanta, and needs someone to hang out with tonight, but I’m out of town on business right now.

1: 53 p.m. — Me: I might be able to free up some time. What’s she look like?

1: 57 p.m. — Terry: She’s better looking than I am.

1: 59 p.m. — Me: But is she as loose?

2: 01 p.m. — Terry: Don’t be an asshole.

2: 03 p.m. — Me: Sorry, you know I was just kidding.

2: 04 p.m. — Me: It would be my pleasure to meet her, and show her a good time.

2: 05 p.m. — Terry: That sounds a lot more like a gentleman that I wouldn’t mind introducing my friend to.

2: 06 p.m. — Me: Thanks. So what’s her name?

I walked into the bar during Happy Hour, 5:37 p.m. The alcoholics were getting their daily fill of two-for-one drinks, the corporate fucks were unwinding from another day of smothering their souls, and I was casually dressed and looking for Terry’s friend, Brandi. Her name I suppose was all too appropriate for a meet up at a bar, but irony is seldom wasted on me.

Brandi was seated at the bar, her semi-long fingernails working on her iPhone, probably texting Terry that she thought she had eyed someone she suspected might be me walking into the bar. I

spotted her instantly. She was a short-haired brunette, late thirties, but she might pass for twenty-nine with the right combination of cocktails. When I stepped up to her and we confirmed our identities, our exchange started off a tad tense, but I moved things along as fast as I could.

“So how long have you and Terry been friends?” I asked, then sipped on my drink.

“Oh, quite a while,” Brandi said. “Forever actually.”

She still hadn’t decided what to do about me. It turned out that I later learned she had a fiancée, and this and what was about to follow wasn’t quite within the boundaries of monogamy, even if you did have a wedding you were trying to pay for. Weakness. Can you smell it?

The rest of the details might sound boring so I won’t belabor them. Two drinks, quick conversation about taking the party back to my place, the two block walk from the bar, a little more conversation, and then clothes off. Twenty minutes later, clothes back on, Brandi left the bedroom.

Brandi was putting her earrings back on in my bathroom, reassembling herself one piece at a time carefully so she hopefully looked conspicuously normal when she joined her fiancé in an hour for a late dinner.

I appeared at the door and forced a smile. “So. Are you going to give Terry a good review?” I asked Brandi. “Or are you going to tell her she should never see me again?”

“No, of course not,” Brandi returned. “I would never say something like that about you.”

I had just pulled my pants back on, and I stood up and smiled at her. “I know,” I said. “I was just kidding.”

She relaxed for a moment, before proceeding to her close. “So listen...” Brandi began.

To me it was like hearing a cash register ring, but what would the total be?

“I was wondering if you could help me out.”

I looked at her long and hard. “How much do you need?” I asked.

“I don’t know, could you possibly spare \$150?” she asked. “I promise I’ll try to get it back to you.”

I turned away and said to her. “Sure, I think I can do that. Why don’t you finish up and meet me in the living room?”

Brandi nodded sheepishly, and I walked toward the living room.

It was there on the coffee table I found what would prove to be worth the money — Brandi’s cell phone.

Snatching my notebook first and opening it to a new page, I next slipped her cell phone into my other hand, and quickly retrieved information from it. But before I could do anything, there was a new text message for her, which I quickly opened. It was from Brandi’s fiancé, Joel, and it simply read, “On your way?” I didn’t respond, but quickly thumbed my way through the menu on Brandi’s cell phone. The two pieces of information I wrote down in my notebook were Joel’s cell phone number from her contact list, and Brandi’s own number, as I wouldn’t ask for it at the conclusion of our encounter, which as it turned out was only minutes away.

Less than five minutes later, I had returned Brandi's cell phone to the coffee table and was filling out a check for her when she entered the living room. I looked up and asked her, "Is it okay if I give you a check?" I smiled. "I just don't have that kind of cash here."

Brandi smiled back, and unwittingly told me her last name so that I could complete her check. I ripped the check off and gave it to her. "Could we do this again sometime?" I asked.

While folding her check and slipping it into her purse she said, "Of course, anytime. Do you want my phone number?"

I thought about it and said, "You know what? No, I don't. You seem pretty busy. Why don't you just call me when you're ready, so I don't bother you when you're in the middle of something?"

Brandi agreed to this arrangement, and was soon out the door.

And it continued and progressed from that point on for the next two months.

Terry would appear in my life one week, Brandi the next. It all seemed pretty coincidental at the time. And when either of their unattended cell phones presented themselves to me, my notebook came out and recorded contact numbers that I deemed to be important for various reasons. Before long I was confident I had almost all the contact info, including email addresses, for every one of Terry's and Brandi's closest friends and family members. If I was missing an aunt or uncle here or there, that is what they designed the forward button on emails for, wasn't it?

During their visits with me, I made sure to always have my computer on and offered it to Terry and Brandi during different encounters, asking if they wanted to check their email. Both did during one drunk visit or another, and I soon had access to their social media accounts. Not something you want to just give out freely, but since I had done nothing to harm either of them, they probably thought, what could they have to fear?

And there were some photos snapped by my cell phone of each young lady, taken at just the wrong time between extreme inebriation and their passing out, when naughty girls like these seem all too willing to display portions of their bodies that they spend the rest of their lives concealing. Just like those videos you see advertised on TV late at night of drunk girls flashing their boobs on spring break.

But I must state that I used none of this information in any detrimental way whatsoever toward either of these ladies. Until I found out something that kind of angered me.

I accepted and ignored the evidence of countless lies they had both told me for a long while.

But then I realized they were both working to bankrupt me. I had received a sizable insurance settlement about a month after my first encounter with Terry. I transferred most of the funds to several savings accounts, but I must admit that I kept about \$10,000 in my checking account to live on.

While I had seldom made the mistake of leaving my notebook on my coffee table for a long time, and limited my "gifts" to Terry and Brandi to \$100 per visit, after those first few visits, there was one night I must have had one drink too many, and my notebook was left out while I was using the bathroom one night. This was too much money to ignore, they must have figured. And if they could empty my account of most of these funds, they could then forget my phone number and pretend they had never met me. But I'm not that hard to forget.

When I returned to the living room, Terry was quick to leave, collecting the requisite \$100 and telling me she would speak to me very soon. If only that was not the truth.

The next day my doorbell rang in the early afternoon. I wasn't busy, but I also wasn't expecting anyone, so I was surprised when I opened the door, and Terry quickly invited herself into my living room. After sitting down, I stood in front of the couch, not ready for this visit.

"_____, " Terry started. "I'm sorry to stop by here without calling you, but I had to talk to you.

I tried to stop her. "I understand that, Terry, but believe it or not I am very busy toda..."

Terry stopped me the way only a great salesperson can. "My aunt died," Terry cried out, and she produced the adequate tears to validate her claim. She thrust her head onto my right shoulder to affirm her need for attention following this tragedy.

Tears turned to talk, and a very hurried story about how the entire family was chipping in to bury said dead aunt, and could she possibly borrow \$700.00? And then an uncomfortable silence turned into Terry rubbing her hand in my naughty places, and bed, and before I knew it I was writing a check for \$700.00.

But while Terry was cleaning up, I fished her cell phone from her purse, only to find a new text from Brandi:

2:45 p.m. — Brandi: Have you gone to see him yet?

2:47 p.m. — Terry: I'm on my way over there right now.

2:51 p.m. — Brandi: Good. I hope you clean him out.

Have you ever had one of these moments? One of those moments when you put the pieces of a puzzle you didn't even know existed together in one flash, because of one piece of evidence that suddenly presents itself?

That was one of those moments for me. But Terry came back in the room and snatched the check I had just written out of my hands before I could react and tear it to pieces and her with it. After this lost opportunity, I hurried her out of my apartment this time, with an excuse about a friend coming over to go out for a drink.

Then I opened up my laptop, and began accessing my cell phone records through the internet. And then, using a calendar, I realized that, in just about eight weeks, these two women had worked me out of a total of almost four thousand dollars. I hadn't kept up with the amounts, which I must admit did extend beyond \$100 on multiple occasions.

Now, let's get something clear. I didn't think that either of these women were really attracted to me, but I guess I thought there might have been something about more than just money, even if just with one of them. I couldn't remember which one at the moment. My mood had gone from enjoying cheap sex with these two women to thoughts that were only filled with rage and revenge. What came next would get a little ugly.

And the restraint in my description of the aforementioned persons was about to evaporate as quickly as those stacks of cash did from my bank account.

First thing, at 9:01 a.m. the next morning, I was at my bank canceling the check for \$700.00 I had written to Terry the previous evening. After that, I drove over to a local department store. I bought the cheapest cell phone I could find, the only requirement being that the cell phone plan

had unlimited text messages. After finding that phone I returned home, placed a padlock on the front gate to my apartment, and secured myself for the storm that I was about to cause around me.

Before turning my phone off, I sent via text five of the naughty pictures I had snapped of the girls to the phone I had just purchased, so that they could be texted from that phone at the right time, to the wrong people.

Using a notebook, I plotted out a series of text messages (some of them with appropriate photos attached) and approximate times to send each one. I was maximizing my possible damage, to be sure. I was also trying to ensure that even if one of the participants in this project were to lose, break, or have their cell phone stolen during my attack, at the very least the most destructive material I was about to release was sure to reach most of its targets.

I used the anonymity of the newly purchased cell phone, and its unknown number, to pretend to be, at different times, Terry, Brandi, or Joel (Brandi's fiancé.) I never revealed my identity in any of these messages, because of course I don't like revealing my identity to anyone. I turned the ringer off and had to remember to never answer any of the incoming calls that began pouring in.

10:45 a.m. — Me as Terry to Brandi: B I can't believe it the check he gave me last night just bounced. And I just broke my cell phone. U can use this number for now — Terry.

10:48 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Terry: Girl, I just lost my phone, hit me up here for now if you need to chat.

10:51 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Joel: Sweetie, the battery on my phone just died, but Terry said I could use her new phone for the rest of the day. Call or text me if here if you need to talk. Love, Brandi.

This accomplished a number of evil deeds, just in case you weren't paying attention. For one thing, most people will respond immediately to a text they receive, especially if they are warned not to respond to the contact person's normal number, unless they have a prior reason to question the source of the text. For women, who text at least twice the normal rate of men, this is especially normal and necessary to save both time and effort. Using a new number for several hours wasn't that out of the norm, after all.

So, from this point forward, every one of the players would receive and send texts to this new number with complete confidence their texts were sent to the right recipient. And even when it became obvious they were probably being misled by said texts, they would not be able to resist the urge to at least read, if not respond to every single text coming from my unknown phone, until it was too late. It made things pretty easy, I must say.

10:54 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: Honey, are you sure you're ok?

10:57 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Joel: Of course I'm fine. Just having some problems, made some mistakes... but don't worry...

10:58 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: What do you mean, is everything ok?

10:59 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: Did something happen last night when you guys went out?'

Good place to take a break. When men began to become suspicious that their woman has accepted another dick into her body besides their own, their creation of ridiculous scenarios concerning said infidelity(s) tend to multiply by the minute. So in five minutes Joel's mind had

compiled a list of at least five of his friends who might have fucked his fiancée, and then cross-referenced that information with every possible sexual position known to mankind, or at least to Joel. She had already cheated, as far as he was concerned, except for identifying the time(s), position(s), and men. Rage follows suspicion, and nothing less than her lips locked around Joel's jet no more than three minutes from that moment would control his rage. Now let's check in with Joel.

11:04 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: WTF, did that fucking phone die too?!

11:06 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Joel: Why are you so angry? I just had a moment last night, you know, the kind we said that we might when we agreed to get married. Don't worry it won't happen again, honey!

At this point the phone began ringing. And it was Joel calling, big shocker there.

11:10 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Joel: I'm too embarrassed to talk baby, we'll sort everything out tonight.

Time to send a picture, don't you think? But wait, Joel's fingers were texting away at me fast and furiously.

11:12 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: No fucking way, we have to talk right now!

11:13 a.m. — Joel to me as Brandi: Answer the fucking phone, you bitch!

The phone rang again and I hit the ignore button to stop the noise. I pulled up a picture of Brandi. She was topless, holding her shirt in both hands and rubbing it underneath her breasts as she stared in the camera with a smile, and the tip of her tongue was hanging out of her mouth. I placed the picture in a text message, with just one word underneath it. "Sorry." I sent it to Joel.

Now it was time to pay Terry some attention.

11:16 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Terry: I just talked to Joel. He told me you had sex with him last week!

11:17 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Terry: I'm going to find you and rip your fucking head off you bitch!

Joel had put his phone in his pocket and was rushing across town to the office that Brandi worked in.

Terry responded to the two texts.

11:20 a.m. — Terry to Brandi but really to me: I didn't fuck him! And who are you to call me a bitch, you fucking slut!

11:21 a.m. — Terry to Brandi but really to me: I may fuck around, but at least I'm not engaged, you whore!

Things were moving a little faster than I had anticipated. So while Joel was breaking the speed limit to get across town, I looked at another picture and couldn't resist the urge to share it. It was of Brandi, shirt on but in her panties, laying against the headboard of my bed, holding a bottle of tequila and looking into the camera. I sent it to Joel with the following text:

11:23 a.m. — Me as Brandi to Joel: I've been a bad girl.

At this point it had become impossible to text from the phone as calls from Brandi, Terry, and Joel began pouring in. So I put the phone down and turned my computer on.

First I went on one of the social media sites that Brandi frequented. I changed her relationship status from “Engaged to Joel Featherstone” to “Single and looking!”

I knew that most of these sites forbade nudity, so instead of posting the two pictures I had texted to Joel, I posted another picture of Brandi, almost to the point of passing out, sitting on my couch, curled up with a cushion in her hands. In the box that asked the user: What’s up in your world?” I typed, “Well, I decided not to marry Joel. I just like partying too much!”

Next I moved on to Terry’s social media page. On it, I posted a great photo I had of her on my bed, kneeling with her ass pointed toward the camera (a thong covering up her private parts so the photo would not get deleted), and to identify her, Terry had her head cocked back so the camera could see her. She actually was pretty flexible, I must admit. As a comment I wrote, “I need to be spanked. Anyone interested?”

The phone had finally stopped ringing, so I wrote one final text to the girls.

11:35 a.m. — Me as anonymous to Brandi and Terry: I want you stupid cunts to know that you got exactly what you deserved. Look in the mirror and see who you are.

I turned the phone off and threw it in the trash.

Joel stormed into Brandi’s office, and when he blew past the front desk, the receptionist called the police and reported an intruder. Before they arrived, Joel went behind Brandi’s desk and grabbed her left arm and screamed at her, “What the fuck have you been doing and who have you been doing it with?” Brandi pleaded with Joel to calm down so she could explain everything, but as luck would have it, a police cruiser was around the corner when the receptionist called in the complaint, and two cops walked into the office a moment later.

When the cops found Joel holding Brandi by the arm, they decided to charge him with simple assault as well as trespassing. He bonded out quickly, but as his family was well known for their ownership of several of the area’s car dealerships, the story about his arrest made the local nightly news, and caused the family a little bit of embarrassment.

Brandi confessed everything about her encounters with me, and Joel asked for his engagement ring back. He never spoke to Brandi again. In the newspaper article that was a follow up to the story about Joel’s arrest, it was also reported that Joel’s family business was worth \$35 million. It seems Brandi lost more than just her man.

Terry and Brandi had a tense phone conversation in which their collective emotions oscillated between tears and anger. Neither of them saw this coming. That was really the only conclusion they could come to. There was nothing else to say. They never spoke to each other again either.

And though family members had alerted both Terry and Brandi about the new pictures that had been posted on the internet, neither of them took the pictures off their webpages quickly enough before at least a few of their friends copied them onto their computers’ hard drives. Be careful who you confirm as a “friend” online. If I do a web search using either Terry’s or Brandi’s full names, I can generally find the pictures posted somewhere with just a few clicks.

Terry had a bit of hard time finding a job after that. It took about sixteen months, and when she did find one, the starting pay was \$8.25 an hour. She sort of developed a drinking problem after that.

Brandi never married. Most of her boyfriends from that point on felt she had some trust issues and usually broke up with her. She has three cats.

Joel was sentenced to a year of probation, 100 hours of community service, and a \$1,000 fine. I read in the local newspaper about a year later that he got married to a woman he met at the local country club. They seem very happy.

I considered texting Joel and apologizing to him. He was never intended to be a victim. But frankly I think he should thank me for doing him a favor.

I saw both Terry and Brandi again, at different times outside my apartment, on the security camera I had installed. The lock was on the gate both times, so they were not able to ring my bell, no pun intended. Not that I might not have enjoyed it. Instead, they both shook the gate a little bit in an attempt to gain entry, but I suppose they forgot to bring bolt cutters. They both left pretty quickly. After that I never heard from either of them again.

Chapter 3 - Captive Audience

Sometimes it's hard even for me to get someone to pay attention to my communication. But one time I found a way to reach out and hate someone, and I knew there was no way this person could get out of the way of my words.

I walked outside my house one morning, about to run a few simple errands. My car had been parked on the busy city street in front of my apartment.

As I walked around to the driver's side, I saw that someone had crashed into my car, flattening the rear quarter panel, bending the metal so much that it was punching the tire.

I looked up, and saw that every car in front of me had been hit in succession, apparently by the same vehicle that had damaged mine. I didn't get angry. Yet.

I called the police, who told me that a suspect had been arrested right after the incident occurred the night before.

So I started by calling my insurance company to file a claim, arranging for a rental car, and calling a tow truck to have my car brought over to a local body shop to assess the damage, and whether or not my car was even worth repairing.

Then I turned on my computer. A quick search of the sheriff's department website detailing recent bookings yielded only one possible culprit, Devon Wilkins. Devon had six charges pending, and as he was a parole violator, no bond would be issued before his court appearance.

Now, allow me to explain my basic ground rules at this point. Devon, as you might suspect, is African-American. While this entire document is my confession for a lifetime of hateful actions, it must also be said that I have never attacked any person because of their race, religion, or sexual orientation. The way I see it, you have no choice as to what race or sexual orientation you are born with. Religion is a choice of course, but I've known so many people who had their religions forced upon them from so early in their lives that it makes it impossible for some people to free their minds of whatever dogma they were indoctrinated into. This designates weakness, though, so that can lead to Hatem@il, but only if they were to draw my ire.

My mind began racing. How could I hurt this criminal cocksucker when he was behind bars? Inmates could make calls, but not receive them. If fuckhead had an email address and I could find out what it was, didn't matter, no internet access in lockup. But inmates could receive letters. Of course I couldn't put my real return address on each envelope, and after a little thought I decided to spend \$20 and do a background check on darling Devon online. It instantly revealed a lengthy list of misdemeanors and felonies. The crimes were as diverse as one might imagine, from DUI to grand larceny. But then the background check listed any known living relatives, and that list was much shorter, only his Aunt Doris and Uncle Lamont Wilkins, 273 East 39th Street. I've omitted the city as I want the city I live in to be as anonymous as I am.

What I didn't know is that Aunt Doris and Uncle Lamont had cut off contact with Devon after they posted bond for his third arrest and Devon decided to temporarily skip town before court. Devon was eventually arrested, but not before his aunt and uncle lost the \$5,000 they had posted for his bond.

Imagine his surprise when Devon received a letter from his uncle Lamont. From that point on, Devon's uncle sent him a letter every single week, at least.

Every letter started out in a friendly fashion. The first paragraph was positive, just in case some deputy monitoring inmate mail deemed a piece of correspondence dangerous.

September 23

Dear Devon,

This is your uncle Lamont. We heard that you were arrested again, but that there is no bond for your parole violation charges. Your aunt and I are saying prayers for you, and hope that somehow you are freed again soon.

(Okay, now enough with the bullshit.)

Devon, you are a stupid fucking piece of scum. I hope that your roommate shoves his cock down your throat five minutes after you read this. I will send money to every violent-looking motherfucker I can find currently serving time with you on the sheriff's website, paying them to specifically either break every bone in your body, or make you experience every known sexual position that two men can perform. Every day you can expect to get fucked one way or another. I hope you like boys, Devon. Because starting tomorrow you are going to be the county jail's fuck toy. The inmates will schedule time with your ass, like they would with their attorney.

Who am I? One of many people that you fucked over, shit-brain, how many people out there can say that?

But right now get ready for the whole lot of loving you will be receiving. See if you can get some lube at the commissary. And watch your method when you are giving those many, many blow jobs. I hear that felons don't take too kindly to teeth on their dick.

Love you!

Speak to you soon,

Uncle Lamont

Inside his cell, Devon gripped the letter in his hand, not completely curling it up into a ball, but just trying to process what he had just read. Even though he had victimized his family, friends,

and strangers for most of his adult life, he couldn't comprehend this, and that it was sent from an apparent stranger. His Uncle Lamont didn't quite have the vocabulary to write this letter. And even though he and his aunt had suspended contact with him, they would still never be capable of spewing such hateful words at him.

Devon thought for a while about what he would do to the writer, if he could only identify him. He quickly realized the futility in this line of thought. If the judge had given him a bond, no one he knew had the cash to pay for it. More adrenaline rushed through his limited mind. What could he do? First thing, he would write his aunt and uncle a letter, just asking them if they knew of any possible suspects that might have written to him.

But after that, Devon's feelings turned toward fear. What if he did have a target on his back because of this asshole? He needed to be able to protect himself. Anger and fear were never mixed so perfectly in a person's mindset.

Meanwhile, one great idea always seems to lead to another, so I spent some time looking at the 1,146 male inmates who currently called the county jail home. Some were serving their sentences, some were awaiting trial, and some were waiting to get into state prison. That helped thin out the candidates — anyone facing state time was probably more willing to take a risk than some guy who was serving a couple of months for a DUI.

But the picture of each inmate was what caught my attention, kind of like casting a play with an all-felon cast. I settled on one offender who had spent more time in jail than on the street. His name was Jeff. His latest offense involved an attempt to give his thirty-year-old lover a tattoo. His victim got to the hospital in time, but Jeff was still charged with attempted murder for performing illegal surgical procedures and assault, among several other things.

I sent Jeff a money order for \$50, told him I was an old friend from a long night out at the clubs, and asked him to call me when he had a minute. (I gave him the number to another disposable cell phone, in case he found my proposal unacceptable.) He called me three days later.

That day, I answered my phone to an automated voice telling me that Jeff was calling me from the local detention center, and the call was soon connected. Jeff was cautious at first.

"This is Jeff — your name is Colin?" he said.

"Sure, it's Colin," I replied. "Don't you remember me from Club Fire?"

"Yeah, of course I do, sure." Jeff convinced himself, turning me into a false memory. Lonely prison inmates are easy targets. "You were that blond guy, kind of tall, right? Late thirties?" he asked.

"Lover, you couldn't describe me any better," I shot back. "You have a pretty great memory."

"Thanks, I guess that I do..." Jeff replied quietly.

I paused a moment. How had I so stupidly overlooked the incarcerated to play games with before? It was kind of like a thief who looks down and realizes there was a stack of \$100 bills underneath his nose for years that he had never noticed.

"So do you happen to remember Raoul who used to be the bartender there?" I asked.

Let's hold on here. I had been to Club Fire before, but only because my friend Raoul was a bartender there. He gave me 50% off on my drinks, so it was purely financial.

"Raoul, of course I remember him," Jeff said. "Is he still working there?"

"No," I replied. "But we kept in touch after he left the club. We hooked up for a nooner about a week ago, and that's when he told me about what happened to you. I know how that shit works, buddy. One minute you think you're doing some boy a favor, and the next minute your ass is going to jail!"

Jeff was clearly perplexed at why someone was finding no fault with his behavior, but what else was he going to do? Go watch *Judge Judy* on the rec room TV? He played along.

"I really appreciate your understanding," Jeff said in a wavering voice. "And your support."

"Of course, buddy, my pleasure," I replied. There was a long moment, it was time for Jeff to offer me something, and I had hinted at the help I wanted in my letter. Finally, Jeff decided to take the lead in our conversation.

"So did you say something about a friend of yours in here you wanted me to check on?" Jeff offered.

I didn't waste any time. "Yes, those bastards won't let him call me and I am just sick being so worried about him. His name is Devon, he's in your pod. Do you know him?"

Jeff didn't hesitate. "Of course I do. We've only talked but once or twice, he seems to stay to himself most of the time."

"Knowing my boy he's probably just afraid," I said softly, doing some decent acting on my part, though I knew I'd never be recognized.

"A lot of guys are like that, at first," Jeff said. "Especially the shy ones."

He was ready to hear my proposition. "Well, I need your help, my new friend, to turn his frown upside down," I started. "I'm sending you another \$100. Do you think you can throw him a personal welcoming party?"

There was a short silence, but not that short. "I think I could do that," Jeff returned. "But you have to tell me how to handle this. If not I could get myself in a lot of trouble. More than \$100 worth."

"He will know who you are. He will know you are coming. And the one thing you need to know about my lover is that he wants you to initiate contact. It's the only way I can get him into bed," I said. There was no hesitation. I knew what I would do next. But before I was done, I had to close the deal with Jeff.

"And baby, can I make you just one more promise?" I started. "Jeffrey, when I get you out of there, I want you to promise that you'll cut me sometime. I find it sexy. Deal?"

I could have heard him smiling on the other end of the phone.

I had already partially composed Devon's follow up letter, in which he could expect a visit from Jeff, but of course I worded it a little differently so that Devon's reaction would prove a little more anxious than Jeff was expecting.

Dear Devon,

This is from your uncle. Your aunt and I are worried sick about you. We have hired the best lawyer in town to take your case. He should be visiting you shortly. I know we have had problems in the past, but at times like this family has to stick together.

Hey sperm sucker, have you sucked any good cocks lately? If not, don't worry, I have someone who will be visiting you soon. His name is Jeff, and he knows who you are. Don't worry about paying him, I've already settled your tab. He just expects a nice clean blow job, so start relaxing those mouth muscles and do your breathing exercises, fuck suck.

Maybe if you're lucky he'll give you a reach-around. And he fancies himself to be quite the tattoo artist, so I also paid him for your own genuine jailhouse tat. Get ready to suck on some serious dick, you worthless piece of shit.

Love,

Your aunt and uncle

The incident occurred a day later in Devon's cell, which he was too paranoid to leave, except for meals and showers. Jeff was smart enough to ask a friend to sit close to Devon's cell, and they worked out a warning sign in case the guards caught notice of what was going on. Jeff entered the cell with a wide smile on his face.

"Hello. Have you been expecting me?" Jeff asked.

"I guess I have. But if you touch me I am going to rip your fucking face off," Devon replied.

"Oooh, that sounds like something I would say," said Jeff.

No other words were said. Devon jumped out of his bunk, but Jeff had an advantage since he was already standing. Jeff grabbed Devon by his testicles and squeezed them really hard. Devon punched Jeff in the stomach, which kind of surprised Jeff, but he was ready, slipping out a razor blade fashioned from the lid of soup can. Jeff sliced Devon's forehead open, and threw the blade toward Devon's bed. Realizing that blood was pouring out of his face, Devon pushed Jeff out of the cell, and when Jeff hit the floor of the pod, Devon began kicking Jeff in the face. Jeff's friend bolted when he realized he could not provide the cover he been asked to, since a guard was already making his way from the office, signaling other nearby guards to follow.

When it was over, the wounds Jeff and Devon suffered were basically superficial, but the scar on Devon's forehead was permanent. Jeff escaped with some swollen balls and a few scars, and an additional fifteen months tacked onto his sentence. I sent him another \$100 and wished him luck.

Since Devon was attacked he was not charged with any additional offenses, but as a three time loser his sentence was seven to nine years.

The fight was reported on the local news, which I watched with glee, of course.

In the interest of full disclosure, I must state that I still go hunting through the local booking reports posted on the local sheriff department's website. I find a lot of worthy customers there. The more serious the offense, the more interested I become, and my correspondence appears to be having an effect on the inmates. The rate of violent incidents, including attacks on sheriff's deputies, fights between inmates, suicides, etc. has risen around 19%, according to a recent

article in the local newspaper. The sheriff's department is at a loss to explain the rise in these incidents. Must be human nature.

Chapter 4 - Hate Relationship

"Not so" Precious

Now we must discuss the large ones that walk among us. Why must these customers make my work so easy? Fat people are food addicts. Nothing more than that, sorry. But for now, let's just agree that when someone overeats, but doesn't smoke, drink, or abuse illegal drugs, they usually exit off the intervention list onto the "they're just big boned" list. It's a copout for fatties, sorry.

Accept your addiction and cut out the calories, or you might just brush past me at exactly the wrong time. And it won't be the dinner bell that is ringing for you, it will be the hate bell that rings on and on while your stomach growls. Food will become your only escape from my hate. And you'll reach for it like a Twinkie.

Chapter 5 - Faith Phone

The rules are simple and to the point. I can send hate out, but (no particular pun intended) God help you if the hate is incoming. I'll reflect it like an incoming missile, and return the payload to my target tenfold. Survivors will be few, and probably regret making it out alive. The rest will only be identified via email or text, and fingerprints perhaps, but I'll scar them so badly they will probably portray themselves as lunatics before anyone ever connects them to me. Such is the work of a master hater.

I suppose that my cell phone number was chosen randomly by the "Faith Phone" corporation's marketing program, but what they received in return could only be described as my determination to terminate their faith with extreme prejudice.

The first text arrived on my phone as nothing more than an innocent advertisement, but of course I didn't receive it that way. Here's what it said:

Faith Phone:

Now you can receive inspiring texts every single day with Faith Phone, only \$9.99 per month!

It was indeed unusual for me to think before acting, but even I had to pause a moment, re-read the text, and then begin to attempt to compose a response. This was a tough one, even for someone like me for whom most things triggered anger.

Before I get to that, let me just mention that I was pretty uninterested in people of faith before this. Religion never affected me, because it was never forced upon me. Although my parents were both conservative right wing Republicans their entire lives, one of the few things they ever seemed to agree upon was their disavowing of religion. We as a family did the basics — my sibling and I were indeed baptized, and received communion. My sibling made it all the way to being confirmed by the Catholic Church, but shortly after that, my parents gave us a choice — they would attend church if we wanted them to, but if we didn't want to go, they were cool with that too. That was obviously what they wanted, but they didn't have the courage to just say it. I suppose they had both been raised with church as a requirement and not an option, so maybe they felt they should at least offer us the option.

My sibling and I both agreed Church was not important to us. After all, what I was learning there was definitely in contrast to what I was training myself to soon become.

And so we said no thanks, and the Church became something we passed by every week instead of sacrificing our time to. I never felt empty as a result.

But now I had to confront the faithful. And of course I felt I had to teach them a lesson. That's what I do. I help people.

The text from Faith Phone said:

Faith Phone — "Got Faith? If so, just text YES to receive our daily blessings! You will not be charged until we get your response!"

Okay.

Here's how I responded:

Me:

How about this, you bible thumping fuck suckers? NO, I don't want your daily texts, and if I get one more communication from your company, I'm going to shit on every page of a bible and send it to your offices page by page. If you attempt to shovel shit down my throat, I will send it back to you, in spades. But instead of testament I'll be sending you actual shit instead. You fuckers can suck on my ball sack, you morons, then say three hail Marys, and fuck an altar boy in the ass pipe tomorrow morning. Amen!

Of course, the offices at Faith Phone were closed at the time I sent this text, and it would be a full eleven hours until anyone received my response. And as you might expect, Faith Phone's customer services technicians were more accustomed to responses to their commercial texts either being yes or no. I was easily the most colorful response to their marketing they had ever received. In fact, any return text that Faith Phone had ever received that exceeded more than fifty characters was instantly deposited in the email inbox of Faith Phone's founder and CEO, Keith Morris. Faith Phone's primary IT manager, Thomas Joy, would also receive a copy.

Keith Morris had never smoked a cigarette, never consumed an alcoholic beverage, and would be against taking an aspirin if he should develop even the most excruciating headache. He had been raised in the Church, and he had never strayed from it. He was in his office at 6:15 a.m. every day, and this day was no different. And as he read, answered, deleted, and redirected the seventy-eight emails that had arrived in his inbox that morning, one of the final ones he read was a copy of my provocative text message.

Keith had just taken a sip of water, as not even caffeine had ever appeared in his daily diet. He read my message and, as he attempted to digest it, he found the water was suddenly moving back up his windpipe, and he spit it out onto the screen of his laptop. He jogged four miles every morning, but he was suddenly wheezing and perspiring as if he had suffered from asthma since his youth. Innocence was suddenly over.

Keith gazed at his computer screen with a mixture of disgust and awe at what he had just read.

"What...?" Keith said aloud. "What does this guy want?"

Keith didn't have the experience to deal with this kind of communication. His first action was to forward the message to Thomas, who already had a copy in his inbox, in fact multiple copies, as

my message had already leaked out through the lower echelons of the IT department that morning.

Keith then experienced what could only be compared to a panic attack following that. He breathed heavily, gulped water that only went down his throat some of the time, and in his desperation he called his wife, his pastor, his mother, but he never seemed to know what he was seeking in any call. A kind word perhaps, to soothe the vile comments he had just consumed. What would release him from this message, a response to Faith Phone's desire to deliver peace and contentment to its customers?

You see, that's what they don't ever get. There is no response. There is no retaliation. There is no closure when I have you in my sights. I would keep a close eye on Faith Phone's website of course. Any change in upper management, in company policy, or any message whatsoever that they publicly posted would be scrutinized by me, and assessed as to whether I had affected change. But silence on their website would never be received as a reason to stop communicating. They might realize I was watching and clam up.

But they did respond to my text of course. And that only opened the gates of my hate. Texted to my phone, late that afternoon:

Faith Phone:

Dear Customer, We regret that you are not interested in our services. We understand your anger at receiving an unwanted text message. Faith Phone promises that you will never receive any further messages from our company.

Wait a second, hold on, did these motherfuckers think that I was that stupid? You send me another unwanted message, telling me you would not send any further messages? Why not just never, ever send me another message? They were really asking for it. I might have just let the whole thing go if they hadn't sent that message.

At the time as I recall, I was busy unraveling the lives of an unwed mother, a ruthless business owner, and a deadbeat dad (who had fathered the unwed mom's baby) (but in the interest of full disclosure I should also mention that I was kind of fucking said unwed mother at the time, but that doesn't mean she didn't deserve said destruction herself) (another story of course), but I digress. The point was my plate was kind of full. I have to eat some time, you know. So, you would have really had to ask for it to get my attention during that period, and now here these fuckers were begging for a ballistic response. I started thinking about my follow up to this very stupid text, when there should have been no reply at all.

Back at Faith Phone, Thomas knocked on Keith's door even though it was open as it usually was. Thomas had seen my text and counseled Keith on what he thought was a very carefully worded reply. No way I would take that text the wrong way, right?

Thomas and Keith had enjoyed a close personal friendship since they had begun working together four years ago. Before starting Faith Phone, Keith had owned a consulting firm that helped various churches and other associations maximize the return on their investment in web development. They basically just got them listed on Google, and reaped generous revenue in the process.

Meanwhile...

Keith pulled his car up to a bar. And this wasn't some chain-like restaurant and pub that served up chicken wings and burgers but only beer and wine at the bar.

This was a bar, no food except for some peanuts, serving hard liquor, beer yes, but if you asked for a glass of wine and had a dick swinging between your legs you might just get beaten up for your trouble in the parking lot. Tattoos were optional, but encouraged. You get the idea.

Keith had to have something to dull the thoughts swimming through his head. Sure, he could have bought a bottle of liquor at the convenience store three miles from his house, but he would have to drink in front of his family, and he had never done that. He needed a drink, and he needed to drink alone.

Keith had no idea what effect three shots of whiskey would have on him, let alone consequences of the loss of inhibition and the poor judgment that would soon follow.

Chapter 6 - Marriage: Your Money *and* Your Life

I tried stand-up once, a while back. Most of my act involved my perhaps unique opinions about marriage, sort of odd, I suppose, since I have never been married.

I culled my understanding of marriage from several acquaintances that I had encountered, none of them victims, believe it or not. Except for this one couple, but we'll get around to that. Here are some juicy moments from my act:

"I have a theory that has a fifty-one percent of being probable, so it might as well be true. My theory is that the vast majority of men would never get married if they didn't have to. I have never been married. But most of the men I know have been or are married. And most of them wish they were single.

"And now we have the actions of Ms. Angelina Jolie to consider. I respect Angelina Jolie, I really do. I think she's a fine actress, a great mother, and an incredible philanthropist. But she cut her tits off!"

Chapter 7 - Vince

5:47 p.m. Right on time, there came the sound of the key slipping into the lock in the front door. This was a sound Vince had etched in his head. If he was not already upstairs, he would automatically retreat to his room, close his door, and seek refuge in his bed.

"Is he going to be like this for the rest of his life?" That was the first thing he heard after the front door was closed and locked, ensuring no escape from what was about to come. "Are we raising a fucking retard or something?"

"That's not what anyone is saying, if you would listen," the other voice added. "They say he's just sensitive, and probably more advanced than retarded."

"Well I don't have the fucking time to tutor him personally. You better find someone that can. If not, I don't know, I guess it's too late to give him up for adoption."

"He's my child," the other voice stated clearly. "He's not going anywhere. And it's not like you ever pay him that much attention."

His head was under a blanket, a pillow covering his right ear, but the nightly news from the kitchen was still coming through loud and clear.

Chapter 8 - Danielle

Her mother never connected the texts I began sending her. I was Danielle's latest "friend," who was providing her daughter with money and things that no one else at the time could supply.

Like a hundred other things that Danielle's mom never shared with her daughter (like the fact that she hit her crack pipe ten times a day, not four), the unfriendly messages suddenly invading her inbox were another secret she kept hidden from her daughter.

And if you knew Danielle's mom, you also knew what she knew — that the list of people who could be issuing these hurtful text messages stretched as far as Danielle's mother's arrest record and down to the floor.

It could be any number of old boyfriends, drug dealers, former friends, or even relatives that were trying to exact their revenge upon her.

Epilogue

Now what? What have I learned, and more importantly, have I stopped sending hate@il?

Have I ceased skewering the "innocent" into actions that continue to scar more than just my intended victims?

For the moment, the answer is yes. Maybe I don't even need to do that anymore.

I'm sending forth exactly the same amount of hate, just not with words anymore.

Let's say I'm walking down the street, and the Fat Family is blocking the pavement, as they waddle along toward one of their first of many meals of the day.

Of course, I'm walking briskly trying to get somewhere, imagine that, but they bring me to a halt as they plod slowly toward the restaurant up the street, planning to strip its breakfast buffet of as many of its items as their clogged arteries will allow.

"So, how about a two thousand calorie breakfast, kids?" Dad chimes out.

"Sounds great, Dad!" the kids cheer out from their already clogged arteries.

Dad's obviously the heaviest, easily straining the scales at 300+ pounds. And mom, daughter, and son clock in at just shy of five hundred pounds combined.

Now, instead of asking them if they could create an opening in their column of cellulite for someone who was less than four feet wide to scoot by, this time I just walked around them, even darting into the street for a second, so it didn't seem like I was rushing them.

What am I thinking? You know what.

But still they can feel my comments. I can tell, really. They look at me and go, "Who's this guy that dares to not only not be morbidly obese, but so energetic that he can walk two city blocks in less than thirty minutes?"

I'm projecting the hate now, and you don't have to check your inbox to get my messages.

It allows me more global access than the internet could ever possibly provide.

Less than two days after I think about a past victim, I'll usually get an email or text from them, asking how I'm doing. Maybe they're writing in hopes that I have contracted incurable cancer, or maybe they just want to say hello.

What I will say here is that I have come to accept — and attempt to make amends for the fact — that any kind of *hate@il* does result in a history of hurt for the recipient. People tell me that they feel inadequate for months or even years after their contact with me has ceased.

Most painful some say is the occasional hate burst, where I drink and hate for some reason, some random night, when excessive alcohol consumption reignites my attempt to exterminate a former victim once and for all.

If I can catch them off guard they might be so weak they may not know what to do when I resume contact with them. Any emotional defenses they could have fortified after their contact with me will be penetrated easily.

Sustained efforts to touch them will most likely prove effective within days of my new attack.

Years, or decades, of polite communication can evaporate as soon as you read the next email or text message from me that you open innocently by mistake.

So be careful.

You don't know where I am.

And you won't see me coming.

Drugs

A Prelude to the Sequel to *Hate@il*

And so the real truth is no, I'm not done. Like a mob boss would say to one of his capos, "When you are dead, then you are done." Same goes for me. And I'm still alive.

Here we go with a brief description of how I will keep hate alive. The premise is simple, if a little bit worn out. We are ALL addicts. I know it's probably been said before in a TV show, movie, or song lyric, but I'm repeating it.

What are my drugs of choice? Marijuana and rum. I can live without them, but I enjoy my life more with them.

I have a family member whose drug is *not* watching TV; my father's favorite drug *is* watching TV, which is pretty much all that he does.

Cocaine, heroin, meth — boring! Those drugs are so highly addictive that if you do them more than once it's a miracle if you're not still doing them.

Let's go a little deeper. If you're more than a hundred pounds over your ideal weight, what do you think your drug is? If you obsess over your pet while you are at work, wondering if Fluffy is okay, you think that is not an addiction?

It doesn't matter. We are all addicted because we have too much time and money, or not enough, or maybe because we just choose to be. Addiction is not what interests me. Addicts interest me.

So get ready to check into rehab, whether you're ready to or not.

See you soon.

The end.

