

a **BITS INSPECTOR** novel

A **Bisi** Day!

CHAPTERS 1 - 12

This compulsive timeworn cycle is cruel, relentless
and never-ending



by The **BITS Inspector**™

The BITS Inspector's day starts out business as usual. He's called up to help fix a huge IT system that's crashed. Bitsi throws himself into the day's work with his usual humor and energy, unaware of the criminal and deadly conspiracy that's unfolding.

It doesn't take Bitsi long to discover the system is suffering from an unprecedented cyber-attack with shocking criminal intent. Billions have been stolen already, and the attack continues.

- Get a taste of how *criminal*, and, sense the *deadly* nature:
 - [A Bisi Day!—Chapters 1–12](#) FREE preview (this publication)

The severity of the cyber-attack increases dramatically, and the existence of a plot reveals itself as the death-toll begins.

- Read the full story:
 - [A Bisi Day!](#)

Also by The BITS Inspector

The ABRIGD
The Abridged ABRIGD

A Bisi Day!

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I wish to pay my respects

To all those business and IT professionals who do truly attempt to improve the QUA-BITS and focus on giving your best to your employers and your respective industries above and beyond: Your efforts are duly noted, and highly respected.

An important note to you all: A little tomfoolery can go a long way in easing the stress of the day. All this Gibberish is a play on words, most certainly not on your hearts.

Respectfully,

The BITS Inspector *

Thanks to friends and colleagues

My very special thanks go to MN, BD, GZ, MRH, RD, TB, BEF, LHS, DW, RM, and many others. All the assistance I received from you helped me to stay sane, to protect me from the Gibberish, and provided quality input that hopefully made it into the end-result.

Warmly,

Bitsi

To my wife and children

Last, but most certainly first, I wish to express my unbounded gratitude, my undying love, my unconditional commitment and my unequalled joy in my wife and children. It is because of you, and for you that I started down this long, hard road, hoping to say something that may mean something, one day.

With all my love,

Your husband, and father

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PREFACE

Language can be a little confusing at times, often seeming like gibberish. In business and politics, the language is even more bewildering.

The BITS Inspector faces this problem day in, day out and understands all too well how difficult it can be for the normal person to make sense of what he reads and hears.

So, in this account of one of his experiences, he has tried to keep the Gibberish to an absolute minimum. However, don't let any humor mislead you or, indeed, make you laugh too long. On the other hand, don't become so distressed by the horrifying BITS that you give up hope. There's still hope, for all of us, if we can change, before it's too late, before we die.

Note: In the glossary, you can find the simplest relevant meanings of the Gibberish words. For a fuller interpretation, refer to [The ABRIGD \(The Abridged Gibberish Dictionary\)](#) on the author website .

SYSTEM DOWN! SYSTEM DOWN!

THE MIDDLE OF a nightmare-inspiring, pitch-black night and woken up with nasty vibes—again. One of the highlights of my working day: chased down by a GLOBHED—again. These people will never learn to take it easy and just wait for the storm to blow over. They prefer to drag so many overly important big shots out of their beauty sleep just to spray water on some smoke rising from an ashtray.

I prowl the bedroom hunting down my DIGIT-FONE quietly so I won't wake the wikids. The children are young and still sleep in our room, but then so do the dogs and the cats. The parrots sleep close by in the next room. All the adjoining doors are open at night for fresh air and access to the dogs' water and the little cats' room. I don't want any of the menagerie waking up and setting off an avalanche of noise. One of the kids has probably fallen asleep enjoying a NET-movie on my DIGIT-FONE in bed, and now it's ringing softly but vibrating loudly, so I need to move fast.

When I finally locate the wretched thing, I should "accidentally" stamp on it, hanging up on this GLOBHED. It'll take them half an hour to hit the correct redial keystroke sequence; maybe the smoke-storm-in-an-ashtray will have subsided by then.

Still vibrating loudly. I need to get to that thing, silence it, and answer it. The unusual time of night must signify some urgency, a real hot one needing some attention.

"Where the devil is that belligerent, bothersome buzzer?" I scream in my head, tripping and flying over one monster of a sleeping Great Dane, then stepping on an almost invisible, tall, black wolfhound stretched

across the room, while trying to save myself from dropping into the mouth of yet a third, *big*, dirty-beige wolf.

Mickey and Mouse both issue their incessantly annoying small-dog big-noise bark. “Shhh,” I hiss through clenched teeth.

One of the more verbal parrots hears all the noise and calls, “Settle down, settle down.”

But those giant canines? Good for nothing. You can trip over them, climb over them, or stick your head into their wide-open traps, and they do absolutely... well, she licked my face.

The hand-held FLICKEM for finding the DIGIT-FONE is also A.W.O.L., probably buried in a pillowcase or a mutt’s belly more likely. It’s about time I get one of those FLICKEMs built into my head, or some such place. A hand-held FLICKEM (or HAH-FLICKEM) is a teensy-weensy Nuke-Li-Aerially powered *confuzer* (called computer in ancient times), with, of course, a LICKEM in it, which is the one and only wireless device installed in *all* confuzers, big and small, these days. The FLICKEM is my own program designed to find any known LICKEM anywhere in the world.

There are only a limited number of HAH-FLICKEMs on the planet. I designed, built, and own all of them. The wikids, however, *have* almost all of them. I managed to hold on to just two for myself: one for sniffing out my own gadgets, the second one especially for recovering all the HAH-FLICKEMs, DIGIT-FONEs, confuzers, and other devices that the wikids keep losing.

Out of the corner of one still-sleepy eye, I see the low glimmer of a flashing light. In an instant, I turn and zoom in on the glow, grabbing it with a vengeance while attempting to avoid waking the kid hugging it. I have finally found the annoyance that has destroyed my night’s sleep.

Ignoring the incoming call, I quickly use the FONE to locate my HAH-FLICKEM, which had fallen between the pile of pillows I sleep on, then dash out the doorway and through the house to my office at the very far end of the building. At this time of night, most things seem very far away.

I try to slam the heavy, soundproofed door to my confuzerized fortress, but the kid-safe pressurized hinges spoil my fun. I wish I could safely increase the shutting speed of those doors without risking slicing off a child's hands. They close so slowly the kids often hear and have come to love, and repeat, over and over, the first thing I usually shout when entering the room.

Many tiny flashing lights issuing different colors are the focus in the center of the room around my desk. I can sense the Beast prowling below me, waiting eagerly to gobble up the next challenge. The lighting increases automatically, emitting a pre-regulated soft light, and I yell, "All systems go." Any machines that were sleeping will soon be ready for action, and on a gigantic spacey-screen, nine screen-spaces flash to life instantly showing everything from the news, to the status of my machines, and, of course, a Bitsi-Lite view of the wikids.

Thanks to Bitsi-Lite, I can now monitor my family, the dogs, the house and garden; the neighbor's house, dogs, and garden; your house, dog, and garden; and just about every other thing I choose to keep an eye on across the globe. One large screen-space constantly shows twenty-four different views of the house and grounds.

Swinging my chair around to my main space-pad Seribus and opening a new large sspace, I bring up my DIGI-DIRT-MAPP program and target the caller on my DIGIT-FONE as the starting point for the DIRT-MAPP I want to see. Most of the information I'm viewing is from just a few weeks ago, so immediately I can see the caller's exact location.

Oh well, here goes, I guess. Finally, I respond to the never-ending buzzing. "Yeah, what's up?" I force the question out almost politely, trying to ignore that I hate GLOBHEDs bushwhacking me when I should be snoring.

"Er, am I speaking to the BITS Inspector?" comes the almost tentative, but mostly insecure question.

"Who, in the wholly scary *MOTHER* of Lord-IT's name, are you, calling me up at this hour?" I demand, even though my DIRT-MAPP is now also showing me the webcam video of the caller. Lack of common

courtesy, however, when starting a conversation like this, always irritates me, and even more so when I can still see the moon in the sky.

“Er, er, this is the GLOBHED, sir.” They don’t even bother to mention the company name. Nervous, I guess.

I sigh inwardly, not exactly giving up on a lost cause, but close. “Yes, I’m the BITS Inspector. Bitsi, if that’s easier for you. Now, again, *what is up?*”

“We have a major system down Mr. Bitchy, sir.”

“Not Bitchy. It’s Bitsi.” I yell, while trying to force the smile on my lips to stay well away from my voice.

“Er, yes, sir, Bitsi. So, er, we have some serious *MAD-ONNA MAGIC* ongoing right now, sir, a major, major, system down, sir, and we’ve been informed you will fix it.”

BIG-AM-I, the proud owner of this particular GLOBHED, is the oldest standing and third largest organization WOWI and has many large IT systems. Even so, not many of BIG-AM-I’s BITS would be described with a double major. I flick a switch on my desk and a small red Do Not Disturb light starts gently flashing outside my office door. If anyone touches the door handle, except my wife, of course, then the alarm starts buzzing quietly outside the door.

“Great,” I retort. “So, which monstrosity is suffering this time?” Silence. More silence. “Well?” And it’s easy to tell I’m getting a tad impatient now. More silence.

“Er, er, it’s, er, OBOY, er Mr. Sir Bitchy, sir.”

“*All hands to the deck.*” I almost shout, only much, much louder. “*And do not call me Bitchy.*”

My mind momentarily flies off in all directions. OBOY is the single biggest soft-BITS *ever* built. It’s world-famous, and it’s renowned for never, *ever*, going down.

BIG-AM-I spent and is still spending hundreds of thousands of man-years on building and running that giant. It’s the only business soft-BITS system that comes close to costs that compare to the price tag involved with rocket science engineering and space travel, without actually flying anyone anywhere near the moon.

Using OBOY, you can acquire online everything ranging from toothpicks, to sexy underwear, through to physical as well as online virtual confuzers, sports cars, yachts, houses, and businesses. You can do online gambling, gaming, book your next holiday, even a trip to the moon, and the list just goes on. You can hardly name even one item that isn't available for purchase, hire, or use, OBOY.

BIG-AM-I, or one of its subsidiaries, produces almost all the products and services available on OBOY, except confuzers, of course. OBOY manages the complete cycle of selling, producing, and purchasing everything needed to produce the goods, as well as packaging and shipping. It's an end-to-end fully automated money-making factory built up of thousands of sub-systems and commanding thousands of robots.

Apparently not satisfied with announcing that the most stable and biggest BITS the world has ever known just went down, the GLOBHED agent loudly clears his throat preparing to deliver an even more startling revelation.

"Sir, Bitsi, sir, we would like you to join our online GLOBCHAT with more than one hundred and eleven people WOWI, so that you can sort out the confusion and help get it up again, OBOY."

I feel like asking if the bloody President of the United Continents of Where-Every-Where is also on the groupie chat, and if he's also desperate to get it up. But that would simply confuse them.

The incident has clearly been going on for some time before they called me. It takes donkey's-light-years for the average large organization to establish proper communication channels when MAD MAGIC is conjured up. The panic muddles the brain and generally destroys every normal process. These guys, however, already have a GLOBCHAT running long enough for people to realize and admit that everyone is confused. Bad, *bad* sign.

"When did we lose it, OBOY?" I ask, relatively quietly.

"Er, excuse me Mr. Bitsi, sir?"

“When,” I scream, “did this incident *start*? *When* did she go dead in the water? *When* did the contraption go belly-up? *How long has the BITS been down, OBOY?*”

“Ah. Er, er, er, nineteen hours and fifty-five minutes, Sir Bitsi.”

Oh, Hades door, 4.4 billion DOLLIES scorched to ashes already.

I flick another two switches on my desk, one calling BITS-SECS to prepare for action, the other waking up the BITS-SITTERs. Somewhere, between hundreds and thousands of kilometers from here, in various directions, another fourteen red lights start flashing, alarms gently buzzing. The on-guard duty member of each team will inform the on-call members of the team and wake up team leads WOWI, politely requesting them to shape up for trouble. In a short while, one hundred of the best trained professionals in the world, spread across seven different regions on the planet will be sitting on hot-coals-standby. The seven BITS-SECS teams will be holding on the starting block ready for possible dispatch to whatever location needed WOWI. They will all await my instructions.

There will be all hell to pay for this little explo-outage, OBOY. The fallout will be Uni-Nuclear. Tons more money will evaporate before the system is up again. Loyal customers will file lawsuits due to lost revenue, there’ll be further losses because of rats (loyal customers again) deserting a sinking ship. It will cost weeks, months of investigation to find the cause of this little disaster.

Innocent people will get demoted or kicked out in disgrace, while others, riding the wave of disaster, will squirm through to a promotion. Months and years of redesigning the machine will follow to prevent such MAD-NESS from happening again.

The destiny of the one blamed for the MAD MAGIC TRICC will be the worst punishment imaginable, whatever that may turn out to be, depending on how hard someone can make it stick that a single person is to blame for the FLAPPING of a MAGIC system which many thousands of people have worked on from its birth until now.

“Well”, I squeeze out, trying to stay calm, “I’m not sure how fast I can get it up. But I can certainly dish out a few decapitations; that will help cut off some confusion.” (Headless chickens come to mind.)

Then, forgetting anything about trying to stay calm: “*And why did it take you nineteen hours fifty-five minutes to call me?*” Using my acclaimed Bitsi-Tone, which is known WOWI.

Over the years, the Bitsi-Tone has become renowned for being colder than ice, harder than diamonds, not loud but far from quiet, and delivered suddenly, with the force of a raging tornado. The Bitsi-Tone by nature implies a warning no one should ignore and is the scariest sound any BITS-Pro is ever likely to hear in the office. When someone hears that tone of voice, it’s time to tread with the utmost of care, time to think hard but not too long before speaking. It’s best not to respond incorrectly.

“Er, er, we didn’t know you’d arrived, sir. We only just found out.” The typical age-old excuse, of course: They didn’t get the bloody weemail.

Calming down quickly, and going into my habitual fun of asking whether they have my weemail address so we can sit for a few quiet minutes and fiercely discuss how to spell my job title, I realize fast that this is no time for fooling around with GLOBHEDs. Nevertheless, they’re unstoppable.

“Is it, er... How *do* you spell Bitsi, sir, Mr. Bitchy?” Everyone knows my weemail address, and yet, they do like to play this game.

“Forget it.” I cut off their fun. “I just dropped *you* a weemail. *Now get me into your GLOBCHAT immediately.*” Bitsi-Tone, again.

“Yes, sir. We’re on it. Bitsi, sir.”

Within seconds, the weemail notification to join the GLOBCHAT appears on one of my screen-spaces. Many more seconds later, I can see the history of the past nineteen hours and fifty-five minutes of the GLOBCHAT. Oh, my Lord-IT, what a mess. More than one hundred and eleven people screaming at each other for hours.

IT'S ALL GIBBERISH TO ME

THE HELP IN Helpdesk is one of the biggest disappointments invented since *someone* stole the pot of gold from under the rainbow. The usefulness of GLOBHEDs has limits during these complex crisis situations. They'll keep a record of the proceedings and coerce new people to join the party, when requested.

"Get me the chief architect of BIG-AM-I, the lead architect of OBOY, the lead ANALPRIDC, the lead SADCASE, the lead NETNERD, and the lead TEST-TICCLER for OBOY. Get them *now*, please. You have five minutes to get them into the GLOBCHAT and on their DIGIT-FONES and into this call," I command.

"But, sir," counters the GLOBHED, "OBOY's lead architect and ANALPRIDC have both already been on the case for nineteen hours and fifty-four minutes, sir. The lead architect is getting on in years a little, sir, and he's rather tired. And the ANALPRIDC's wife was complaining bitterly that he had already skipped two of his diaper-change duties, sir. With five small kids, sir, that's a lot of shit he got away with, sir. When they heard you were on the way in, Bitsi, sir, they decided their presence was no longer required in this MAD-NESS." So, you see, not helpful at all.

"Get them here, please. You now have four minutes." Bitsi-Tone. That should give me just enough time to pick out the important events from the GLOBCHAT history.

"Er ... yes, Sir BITS Inspector, sir."

My DIGIT-FONE suddenly starts vibrating again, scraping more polish off my desk. Typical. With MAD MAGIC going down, the FONE

and your ear can get warmer than a hot potato. Every incoming ringer requires careful selection. Drop it or not?

Hmmm. It's BIG-AM-I's Sissy-O looking for me. If I pick up, I can kiss goodbye to my planned four minutes of leisurely reading time. If I don't answer, I still have to deal with him later. What to do, what to do.

Every large BITS organization touts a CCIO, which stands for Chief Communications and Information Officer, pronounced Sissy-O, or just Sissy for short. The CCIO is the man at the top, and this current Sissy o' BIG-AM-I is brand-new to his high-flying job.

Gaylord Cox, or just COCKS, already renamed, showed his face for the first time just this morning.

The former Sissy-O was fired yesterday afternoon during what should have been a friendly Sunday afternoon cocktail garden party. BIG-AM-I is world-renowned, however, for having a whole string of successors lined up ready for the aftermath of such alcohol-infused gatherings that often result in fast hand-overs.

The age-old idea of immediate succession is that not a minute must pass without a leader at the helm. Having a CCIO signifies having a commander-in-chief, a champion taking the business seriously, giving it purpose and direction.

So, while it's a known compromise, for sure, because no CCIO worth his salt would sit around waiting for the next garden-bar-brawl to signify his rise to office, it's accepted that it's still better to have any old Sissy leading the pack than none at all.

BIG-AM-I's philosophy, based on the thinking that the average CCIO is nothing more than a glorified MOTHER's puppet, is that they will attempt to simply punch the new Sissy into shape, and if that doesn't work out, then throw another cocktail party.

The renaming of Cox to COCKS is a standard BITS industry practice. Most names and phrases these days are renamed (often shortened) into acronyms or new names. The intention is to improve efficiency by making it easier and faster to read, write, and say the new names. The outcome, however, is somewhat disappointing. Nobody ever remembers what the new names stand for, so the meaning also gets forgotten.

Yet, everyone stubbornly continues to use these new names, resulting in the speaker not knowing what the hell they're saying, and the listener not knowing what the hell the speaker is talking about.

The growth of vocabulary spawned from this approach of New-Naming was so ferocious in the BITS industry that a new international language based on English and BITS New Names formed and took over all the world languages of earlier centuries, e.g., English, Faroese, Tirió, and the like.

This is the universally used language we all know, and are stuck with today, Gibberish. The formal creation of Gibberish represents the only known example of the most powerful three players in the IT/BITS industry more or less successfully cooperating. After many months of hefty negotiations on legalities and royalties, the whole deal almost fell apart because they couldn't agree on a name. The argument escalated until one of the three stood up during their final meeting and in disgust yelled, "You're spewing out nothing but gibberish, man!"

Absolute silence replaced the noisy, ugly debate while all three with open mouths looked from one to the other and back again. Sour, downturned lips lifted to meet now brightly shining eyes full of DOLLY signs and unworthy tears of glory.

"Absolutely brilliant!"

"It's so simple we all overlooked it. Well done that, man!"

"It fits perfectly. It's all Gibberish to me anyway!"

Breaking out in raucous laughter and clapping each other on the backs, they pop the cork, sign the pact, and follow through with a toast, or two, or three. Memos go out to PAs, effectively stealing the concept of white smoke following the joyful conclusion of a Vatican election, and the deal is not only signed but also public. Gibberish was then forced onto the world through many underhanded mega-multi-billion DOLLY deals, and more toasts, and was here to stay. It's amazing how profitable a universal language can be—for the elite few.

Cox's New Name, COCKS, if one remembers what it means, is not as bad as it may seem at first glance. COCKS stands for Cox's Offensive for Cooking up Killer Services. So, on the whole, relatively friendly.

BIG-AM-I's previous Sissy-O, Jerry Karmich'l, was renamed JERK. *No one* remembers what *that* stands for, but everyone knows what it looks like it means. The JERK was sacked on the spot following a flaming argument between the said former Sissy and the BOJ-OB of BIG-AM-I BITS.

The BOJ-OB of BIG-AM-I BITS works for the MOTHER organization in the head office and is responsible in every way for BIG-AM-I BITS and is one serious don't-mess-with-me nasty piece of work, which is to be expected, otherwise, he would never have gotten the BOJ-OB in the first place.

And the FONE is still ringing.

INEXCUSABLE SISSY

I ANSWER TO SPEAK with the CCIO, and he asks me, “Am I speaking to the BITS Inspector?” I respond, of course. “Who, in the wholly scary MOTHER of Lord-IT’s name are you to call me up in the middle of the night?”

“I’m the Sissy o’ BIG-AM-I, Sir Bitchy, COCKS. I just learned you were nineteen hours and fifty-five minutes late for joining us in a MAD FLAPPING that’s dumping on us right now. You should have fixed this problem many hours ago. Where the *hell* have you been, sir?” he almost shouts at me.

This is the typical BITSer point the finger elsewhere, CYA tripe that no one should ever accept from anyone. Only a Sissy-O, or a higher-ranking manager has the spunk to think they can tackle me in this fashion and walk away standing.

“Don’t point the finger at me, COCKS-UCCRE,” I yell right back at him. Rightfully so, I’m extremely annoyed, yet immediately and simultaneously, I’m feeling a fraction uneasy about my blurted choice of word combination. Still, I’ve survived a lot worse than a little embarrassment over the years. And in my defense, I have used the expletive UCCRE with great pleasure on many occasions, but this is the first time a Sissy who has been reduced to COCKS has challenged me.

“And do *not* call me *Bitchy*. Only you and I were in copy on the *pissmail* that Lord-IT sent you, and it stated clearly that *you* need to inform *your* BITS organization that I am, for a short while, available to assist in case of need.” Bitsi-Tone now. “So, any delay in my joining your MAD-NESS is your PUKE.” More Bitsi-Tone.

“And,” calming down now, giving the Sissy room to back down and correct his error, “if you must know, I was enjoying a pleasant day with my family while OBOY was FLAPPING.”

“Ah, er, yes, er, well, I do believe I sent a weemail to my *PUSSIES*, but I guess that vanished into the *wwoopsi-net*.”

And there you have it: the key reason weemail became peemail.

“Codswallop,” I yell, even angrier than before. “Now, do you have anything sensible to say? Coz you’re standing in the middle of my road, doing nothing else but FLAPPING?”

The Sissy isn’t married, I assume, because he’s clearly not accustomed to hearing such an accurate assessment of just how annoying he can be. He stammers, “Er, er, er...”

“I didn’t think so,” I yell, then rudely and with no remorse whatsoever this time, I hang up.

PINCHED DOLLIES

I IMMEDIATELY SWITCH THE call back to the GLOBHEDs who probably haven't done much more than listen to their favorite on-hold music.

"Ah, there you are, Bitsi, sir. We now have on the call all the people you asked for, sir. So, what comes next, sir?"

"Who," I ask, pleasantly surprised with their progress, "is best qualified to explain the problem at hand?"

"That would be me, sir, Dick Amesbury, OBOY's lead ANALPRIDC, sir. You can call me Big Dick, Bitsi, everyone else does. They do say, however, that it's only coz I'm two meters and ten tall, sir."

"Well?" I probe further, impatiently.

"Yes, sir. Well, it's a little complicated. There are many sub-systems involved." (I can't help but roll my eyes.)

"But, sir, it would appear as if the FRONT-END has kept it up, sir, and the BACK-END also appears to be producing, but the *CASH* is missing, Bitsi, sir. The orders have been flowing in during the past twenty hours, sir, but more than seven billion DOLLIES have done a runner, sir. The DOLLIES have disappeared into the proverbial Black Whole, Bitsi, sir. The *CASH* appears to be no longer on this planet, sir."

Well that certainly sounds like a summary that only a Big Dick could produce. And seven billion DOLLIES. Compared to last months' numbers that's a dramatic increase in the income, OBOY.

"Are you trying to tell me that seven billion DOLLIES are exercising their legs charging through a black hole in search of an alternate universe? Don't be ridiculous, Dick," I say in my best Bitsi-Tone. "Now try again, Big Dick. Tell me exactly, in a single, concise sentence: How

do you see that the DOLLIES are not arriving home?” I demand in Bitsi-Tone.

“Yes, sir. Well, OBOY’s CASH COW, er, payment system, sir, receives confirmation of *all* the No Credit Card authorizations, but the WINCCERs are receiving less than one percent of all payment requests, so ninety-nine percent of all payments seem to be lost in space somewhere and authorized by the man on the moon and the CASH is only trickling in—for the measly one percent and these are all tiny orders, sir, none from the big customers, sir.” Phew. He didn’t breathe once through all that, and his obsession with outer-space is bordering on lunatic.

“Yes. And what’s worse, oh, er, this is the LEACH of OBOY, sir, Hisuck Emile Hardwood, sir,” interjects OBOY’s lead architect, whose Gibberish name is HE-SOCKS-EM-ARD.

“Most of the orders are already processed, the goods are already shipped, and many of them are even delivered.” He sounds positively proud of himself while at the same time ready to fry his brains with a powerful LASAROMIC pistol to the head from both sides simultaneously.

And hats off to the BITS industry. Things are super-efficient these days, but BITS professionals are not much smarter than they were a hundred years ago, so now a company can get ripped off royally while the BITS experts helplessly gawk all day just watching it happen. This threatens to get nasty, and the LEACH sounds worried. The aftermath of major FLAPPINGS can turn atrociously ugly, and the disappearance of all that CASH significantly adds to the severity of the whole affair.

“Anything else?” I ask calmly, with the clear intention of keeping the obvious panic from rising even higher.

“*Isn’t that enough? Lord-IT, damn IT to hell,*” screams a new, rather frenzied voice at me.

“Well I guess it’s enough to be going on with, for now.” I respond coldly. “And who, in the wholly scary *MOTHER* of Lord-IT’s name, was *that* yelling in my ear?” It’s important not to let anyone get the upper hand if I’m to get this mess under control.

“Oh, er, er, my apologies, Bitsi, sir. This whole event is somewhat disturbing, sir. Er, this is L'ARCH of BIG-AM-I, sir, José Rules, Bitsi, sir.”

“Hmmm. Yes, well, I do understand you're disturbed, J-Rules, but you scream at me again, and I'll have your wings stripped off.”

I stress this point because the L'ARCH is one of the most senior BIG-AM-I employees involved in this crisis. It's an age-old tactic: Take out the strongest first, the rest will then follow my lead. It's more effective to publicly take down a Sissy, but the L'ARCH will do for now.

“Yes, of course, Bitsi, sir; again, my apologies, sir.” he replies, extremely politely now.

“OK. Let's get to it. Are there any detailed findings apart from the fact that the CASH has done a runner?” I try to make light of the obvious heist of billions of DOLLIES. After all, while it is a lot of dosh, the loss will not have far-reaching negative side effects for BIG-AM-I; the organization is too big for that. More importantly, putting stress on a theft is going to burden the BIG-AM-I employees even further, and that will not help at all.

“No, sir.” The ANALPRIDC Big Dick says.

“No customers are complaining. We've checked the FRONT-END thoroughly, nothi...”

“Wait!” A loud, over-excited voice comes over the blower. “Mr. Bitsi, sir, everybody, hang on. Wait. Mr. Bitsi, sir, everyone, it's happening. The CASH has started coming in again. Payments. Coming in. OBOY. He's got it up again!”

SUSPECT SCREAMER

MORE THAN ONE hundred and eleven various sighs of relief follow the GLOBHED announcement.

“OBOY, he’s got it up again.”

“Hallelujah, we’re back in business, OBOY.”

“Oh, God bless Lord-IT; the CASH is rolling in again.”

“I knew OBOY wouldn’t let us down for long.”

“Uh. Can we go to bed now?”

Much like a jack-in-the-box’s head rolling around gently after jumping out of the box, I raise my eyebrows, roll my eyes, and shake my head all at the same time.

Suddenly, a *loud* voice abruptly breaks through the commotion: “This is COCKS. Everyone pipe down now. *I said keep quiet,*” he hollers.

Once all the voices subside, he continues. “Well done, everyone. I heard the *great* news that the CASH is coming in again. Well done, well done. Now, I want a core team to stay available to ensure this wheel of good fortune keeps turning and that we start to establish which CASH exactly we’re seeing arriving. Is it new CASH for the new orders coming in, or is it the CASH from the orders of the past twenty hours? Or both? *It’s fundamental to establish this fact,*” he emphasizes.

It’s just typical of a Sissy to be more concerned about his Christmas bonus than anything else. If the money really is gone, disappeared, done the proverbial runner into the infamous black hole, a whole seven billion DOLLIES, then COCKS will be penalized big time, including no Christmas bonus, even though he was possibly not to blame since he’s the brand-new boy in town.

“Sir Bitsi, I expect you to assist this core team to ascertain the real damage here,” the Sissy dares to venture.

“Don’t you address me as if I were one of your Lord-IT help-them employees, COCKS.” Absolutely my Bitsi-Tone.

“If you want something from me, COCKS, then you ask me real nice. And then pray to Lord-IT, for example, for a sunny day with me on the beach drinking lots of spicy, icy margaritas, thus putting me in a good mood. Now, while you practice how to do that, I’m going back to bed.

“*But* while I’m sleeping, which of you, in my absence, is going to head up this core investigation team? Is that you, L’ARCH?” I ask, not leaving COCKS a single split-nanosecond to squeeze a Sissy-style word in edgewise.

“Hmmm. I suppose it’ll be me,” responds the L’ARCH, sounding positively miserable about having the honor of being assigned this new task.

“Fine, be so kind as to arrange a CLIMACSSS, and please make sure we don’t jump into bed with the wrong characters here. I expect to see all the lead job titles and key players in that contacts list. From now on, all vacations, all days off, all weekends, sick days, pregnancy, and, indeed, pregnancy-preparation leave, paternity leave, all trips to Disney World, etc., are cancelled. Get the matrix ready immediately and send it out even faster, so I will have the CLIMACSSS as soon as I come online again.” Taking a deep breath, I say, “Am I making myself clear?”

“Yes, sir”, sayeth the L’ARCH, in a less-than-angelic manner. “We have a lot of good women, OBOY, on maternity leave, also?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. What are you thinking, man?” Our children’s future is built upon the foundations the mother lays, beginning in the womb and continuing intensely thereafter. The father’s fundamental contribution usually comes a little later. The mother’s time with our children in the early months and years must surely be a priority if we want the best for them and for their future world. “No cancelling maternity leave! Now, wish me goodnight.” I hang up.

I do not plan to go bed at all. There’s something terribly amiss here. COMMINGS happen all the time, this is sure. And in the BITS industry,

they happen even more often. Hell, it's even a fluke if a piece of soft-BITS actually works. But this COMMINGS, it stinks. The timing is too coincidental: During the key business hours worldwide. That the incident suddenly stops, and with absolutely no indication as to why. That the only real problem uncovered is that money is missing, is worse than pathetic, and simply cannot be true. Something about this whole incident leaves me thinking that BIG-AM-I has a real problem. Someone is clearly stealing the CASH. This investigation needs to get going right now.

I have a hunch that this "system down" event relates specifically to both the suddenly boosted income and the hours when the most CASH comes in, twenty hours every day.

I suspect that when the shopping mania picks up again, trouble will raise its ugly head right along with it. Which gives me four hours to get ready. Not much time, but certainly enough to get started.

I flick a few keys on Seribus and on the spacey-screen new sspaces come to life connecting me to my main confuzer and wishing me a good night's rest. I really need to educate that mega-machine about my working hours.

The BITS News pops up on the News sspace. The media has held another unplanned, out-of-season Hay-Day. The most popular publication ever to be printed WOWI is a slag-rag magazine focused on BITS. All eyes across the globe won't fail to catch up on BITS GON Ballistic's latest headline of a special edition released, hmmm, just a few minutes ago, it would seem.

Billions of DOLLIES CRAPPING
BIGAMY BOJ-OB replaces JERK
with
COCKS Finger-points Bitsi
during
MAD-ONNA MAGIC TRICC!
MAD-NESS Still Rules?

A perfect Gibberish construction. This kind of language isn't used in normal, Joe-blogs-on-the-street everyday life. But, in the BITS business, one hears such Gibberish all day long.

There will be, of course, an immediate lawsuit because of the incorrect spelling of BIG-AM-I. But, on a previous occurrence of the exact same error, also a special edition, BITS GON Ballistic simply politely apologized, blaming the mistake on their BITS (produced, of course, by BIG-AM-I) failing to pick up on the typo. This while at the same time greatly complimenting and indeed thanking BIG-AM-I for the impressive speed at which their BITS managed to get the special edition of the magazine produced and distributed (in no time at all,) WOWI.

There was a small fine handed out to BITS GON Ballistic, but they laughed all the way to the pub, having sold gazillions of copies of the screamer in question, which goes to show that the price for slander these days is cheap, and bigamy is not as taboo as it once was.

Judging by this latest headline however, slander could be the least of BGB's problems on this occasion. COCKS tried to point the finger at me during a private cockfight. Yet, there it is, in a bold printed headline for the whole world to enjoy. A suspect screamer if ever there was one.

THE FRUIT

IT'S THE YEAR 2117. The scientific progress of the world has continued, of course, but not equally fast in all areas. The hopes and expectations in neural networks, quantum computing, and artificial intelligence (AI) being some of the obvious areas of slow evolution. The complexity of these technological ideas proved initially to be more challenging than envisaged.

Then, in 2034, a tragic accident involving an AI machine and a nuclear bomb resulted in the annihilation of most of the world's top scientists in the field, as well as many thousands of others. The World Council immediately banned all open development and experiments in this area, consolidated all the work in just two central locations in the world, and subjected all technology changes and testing to meticulous checks and regulations harsher than those seen, for example, in the medical field and in space travel. These events effectively reduced the pace of the technology advancement to slower than that of a snail.

Lord-IT House is the sole producer WOWI of all Nuke-Li-Aerial power and all confuzers. It's the largest organization on the planet. Bitsi-Lites the Skies is the sole producer WOWI of the Bitsi-Lite technology and of all satellites and wireless communication devices and is the second largest company WOWI.

With the introduction of these technologies in 2030, the IT evolution took a new turn, escalated once more, and the world was further inundated with gadgets and with Nuke-Li-Aerially-powered, confuzerized products of all kinds.

Many daily jobs were automated, from household to garden and farming to factory tasks, trains operated without drivers and planes without pilots except for operating emergencies-only from the ground; the list is endless. Instead of doing many jobs ourselves, we now instruct the machines and robots what to do and when. They are still not advanced enough to think for themselves.

Initiated and heavily supported financially by Lord-IT House and Bitsi-Lites the Skies, a re-education program gave the now unemployed-by-automation manual workforce the opportunity to learn new skills in any area they chose. A surprisingly large percentage of people chose arts and culture, many others chose landscape gardening, nature-oriented subjects, while significant numbers opted to focus on the care of others. So, Lord-IT House and Bitsi-Lites the Skies initiated further knowledge advancement in a fine mixture of scientific, natural, cultural, and care areas, and they still continue.

Nuke-Li-Aerially-powered agricultural facilities, funded by Lord-IT House and Bitsi-Lites the Skies, provide food to many countries in desperate need. In most cases, the food shortage is solved. However, some borders are, sadly, still too dangerous to cross without military force without risking too many lives.

All known weapons of mass destruction were decommissioned in the years 2035 through 2037. The last nuclear power plant closed more than sixty years ago.

So, the world *has* moved on. But only a notch or two, for there's still much strife, much hatred, much pain. From time to time, the super-powers disagree vehemently, as always. Big business is more cutthroat than ever. Unemployment remains a seemingly unsolvable problem, and homelessness is still a shockingly embarrassing and disturbing statistic most countries hate to report on.

Thanks to a super drug originally called the Life Giver, the oldest registered living person on earth is one hundred and seventy-six years old and still showing no signs of giving up the ghost.

The Life-Giver came about after BIG-AM-I, during one of its regular bids for more power, more market share, and more profit, slaughtered

one of the competition, bought up the remaining BITS, and started to sift through the debris. Buried in a bottom drawer labeled “too expensive, too risky” and covered with spiders big enough to kill with a single bite was a discovery that had never truly seen the sunlight because it didn’t work, yet.

The unfinished product did apparently make it to market, but the most it ever did was attempted hair-loss prevention. That didn’t go down too well when compared with other competitive offerings, so finally, the project was parked in the bottom drawer.

A newbie BOJ-OB at BIG-AM-I was responsible for handling the clean-up following the hostile takeover. This was a test to see if he was worth a real BOJ-OB.

He opened the bottom drawer, and, being somewhat of a chemistry scientist himself, decided he would spend a fair percentage of his available budget on finishing up the project. How hard could it be? He wouldn’t be the first to discover a drug for extending life span.

The business case he presented to his superiors was simple. BIG-AM-I would be the only company to offer the new drug that would give the ever-omnipotent dream achievement of ever-lasting life. BIG-AM-I would have total control over the pricing, and, of course, everyone would buy WOWI. An additional soft benefit would be entering the good graces of everyone WOWI, consequently also increasing general turnover.

The greedy BBBs of the BIG-AM-I MOTHER couldn’t contain their excitement, so they let the excitable newbie BOJ-OB get on with it. Production and sale of the final product began twenty-five years later, twenty years late, and the project cost thirty-three times more than the original estimated budget. Return on the investment, however, came in during the second year. The BBBs of BIG-AM-I tripped to seventh heaven.

Naming the brew was seemingly one of the hardest challenges that BIG-AM-I ever faced, and this was blatantly obvious WOWI.

Religious factions had a serious problem with the original name of Life-Giver, which is understandable, I guess. If someone were from

a spiritual background, it would be hard to accept that a man-made liquid that required just a swig from a cheap-looking, bright-orange-colored bottle replaced the creator of your God-given existence.

The later attempt, called Life Ever-Lasting was also not popular with the holy orders. The only form of ever-lasting life was supposed to be in heaven and had to be hard-earned; it was not something you could attain by sucking up a strawberry milkshake.

Many versions of that name went through the rounds of acceptability testing WOWI. BIG-AM-I finally settled on The Fruit of Life (The Fruit, for short). All market analysts, opinion polls, and indeed all consumers unanimously agreed the name was lame, to say the least. But, they lived with it, knowing that BIG-AM-I had made many gallant attempts to introduce more spectacular names for the wonder drug.

A whole new problem space opened with the introduction of The Fruit: the impact of longer lives on the world's resources. Just to start with, the World Council legalized birth control and the size of the family unit. An individual or a couple may have only three children in the span of a seventy-five-year period, starting from the birth of the first of the three children. After the third child, a birth control additive supplements the supplies of The Fruit, preventing further conceptions.

My wife and I suffered harshly at the hand of this law. Our first children, triplets born in 2036, all died in the second week of their short lives. But the births still counted, and the seventy-five-year clock was ticking, and there was nothing we could do legally to try again, until recently. Now though, we have three healthy kids, twins, and a little girl born shortly after. Pseudo triplets. And what a joy.

Recent changes to control the population growth have reduced the number of children an individual or a couple may have to only two children in the span of a one-hundred-year period, starting from the birth of the first child. This will most likely change again.

The Fruit is known to only have effect on older cells in the body. The human fetus, for example, is hardly affected even though the mother is on The Fruit. The pregnancy cycle has extended a little, but the record is three months, the average is only one week. Accordingly,

the legal minimum age limit of eighteen has been set for purchasing/administering The Fruit. Why eighteen? No one has a clear explanation for this.

Another problem is that people cannot retire and stay on pension forever starting at the age of sixty or sixty-five. The world would go broke in no time. For this issue, there isn't yet a satisfactory answer. And many new problems are still arising, and all will need solving.

Remarkably enough, there have been no negative side effects reported since The Fruit first went to market, which is good, because my wife and I, like everyone else, also favor The Fruit over death.

There's only one known downside to the drug, which is not considered a side effect, rather, more natural. If, after reaching way past the normal age span of an average human being, someone was to stop taking the potion, which needs to be sipped daily, then the end is magically fast. After just twenty-four hours, one transitions from Fruit of Life to life ever-lasting.

THE BITS INSPECTOR

I INSTRUCT THE BEAST to dial my lead BITS-SITTER's confuzer. "O-WE-COME, call Delilah." Soon, she'll need to get her BITS-SITTERs mucking through the masses of BIG-AM-I's DIGI-DIRT. But first, I need to check out the source of this BITS GON Ballistic suspicious headline.

"Hey, Delilah, how's it hangin'?" I ask as her image appears on an O-WE-COME sspace.

"Way too low. How's your BITS?" she retorts, consistent as ever.

"Busted, again." I give my standard answer.

She just smiles. "Yeah, I saw BGB's latest headline."

"And that, Del, is why I'm calling. The screamer is full of DIRT."

"Oh?"

"Only two people on this earth could know that COCKS tried to finger-point me. They are..."

"You and COCKS?"

"Exactly."

"And I'll bet you think it's not you who's being overheard?"

"Without a doubt, Delilah. No one gets into my BRITCHIS."

"So, you want me to go and kick the PERPS, sir?" She asks with a big cheeky smirk spread across her face.

"You know that's Samson's job, Del. I need you to find all the DIRT you can on the BITS GON Ballistic's author and then find the hacked equipment. Step-by-careful-step, please. We don't want any chickens trying to escape before we open the door. Here's a list of all the hard-BITS assigned to COCKS, and here's his TWIT-OVA-USER."

“Yes, sir.” And she’s off. If I didn’t know better, I’d think she had hung up offended.

I breathe the same old familiar sigh of relief. Thank Lord-IT, I landed this job. Given that I still choose to work for a living, it’s great, to say the least, to have the ultimate authority to get the job done. I’m definitely going to need to swing a punch or two during this investigation, OBOY.

My job title is The BITS Inspector. I work on missions WOWI, assisting with and investigating problems in the biggest organizations and governments on the planet. Only one other person has similar power in the world, and that’s Lord-IT himself.

As far as the rest of the world is concerned, I report only to Lord-IT, answer only to Lord-IT, take my orders only from Lord-IT.

Before I took the Bitsi position, I worked as an entrepreneur, up through the ranks of ANALPRIDC, through to LEACH, and got close to attaining the all-powerful position of L’ARCHANGEL. But I could never force myself to accept that job. Few believe in angels or fairies these days, and I didn’t want to fall into the trap of taking a job riddled with politics and rumors of a less-than-positive nature, just because it’s a powerful position in a world in BITS.

I pretty much fell by accident into my communications’ experiments after a drunken argument with a colleague one day. Being young at the time, I was determined to prove I was right.

After my initial findings, I kept my mouth shut, pushed on with my research, and slowly retreated from the world into hiding. For personal safety reasons, I had previously already paid a high price to preserve my privacy. Only a handful of people could put a face to my real name before I disappeared completely. Years later, I resurfaced with a new identity and cloaked myself in even more secrecy. Only my wife knows who I really am.

Investing substantial profits from previous business ventures, Lord-IT discovered Nuke-Li-Aerial power, I invented the Bitsi-Lite technology and the LICKEM, and together we developed a new type of computer and operating system.

Lord-IT worked the front-line, announcing our new discoveries to the world, along with the range of Bitsi-Lites, and Nuke-Li-Aerially-powered soup-ah confuzers, complete with DROSS and Bitsi-Lite LICKEMs.

He introduced me as The BITS Inspector, and himself as Mr. Nu-IT. In no time at all, however, public opinion resulted in his renaming to Lord-IT, so he just adopted that name; it was easier, and it was a better fit.

He gave his demos, and the orders overwhelmed us. We slammed the low- and the high-end markets, and all markets in between, slaughtering all competition in one fell swoop and splattering the world with innovative confuzers and DROSS.

With these inventions, for more than eighty years, Lord-IT and I have together monopolized the energy, computer manufacturing, and the wireless communications markets WOWI.

Both Lord-IT and I showed much empathy and compassion in many concrete forms, including contributing billions of DOLLIES to support those who suffered in the fallout after the all-encompassing success of our endeavors. But many remain bitter and jealous, even today.

My true identity remained top secret. The BITS Inspector became my New Name. Not even my closest friend Lord-IT knows who I am really, or where I live, even to this day.

We weren't in a big hurry to turn our discoveries into money-making products. First, we were convinced they were unique, so no real rush on that front. Second, we wanted to make a *real* difference, wanted *quality*, not a fast buck. And, BIG-AM-I's Fruit, as well as providing a seemingly ever-lasting life, had also injected us with an intense dose of patience. Preparing to go public cost us seventeen years.

Lord-IT presented our discoveries to the world at conceptual level only, highlighting capabilities that previous technologies sorely missed. No details were shared. The secrets are still locked up in digital vaults that only a precious few have access to.

Lord-IT and I made a blood-pact from the very beginning: Whatever powers we unleashed during our experiments, the world would never be allowed to use them as weapons of war or destruction.

Still today, only Lord-IT House and Bitsi-Lites the Skies are legally authorized to produce Nuke-Li-Aerial power, confuzers, and all wireless communications' gadgets. The patents protecting the inventions contain no revealing data, just many references to hidden documents classified as soup-ah TOP SECRET.

So, the truth is that Lord-IT and I are partners, but the world has no knowledge of this. Common opinion, which couldn't be more wrong, is that I'm trying to compete with him, trying to break out from under his authority.

In my infrequent periods of frustration, usually brought on during times of massive workload, thoughts scream around inside my head. "Are there no other BITS Inspectors out there? There must be. Why have I never come across any?" But I know I'm the only one.

I also know that if there were more people in my position, some would wage a massive struggle to be No. 1, just like the *RAT-RACE* there is in the big businesses, politics, and indeed among the world's super-powers.

So, I don't complain. At least, I do have whole teams of people I can delegate BITS to. The BITS-SITTERs do a lot of my leg work, or investigative research. When the going gets tough, I order in BITS-SECS. A sizeable garrison of ANALPRIDCs is also on-call ready to produce any new soft-BITS I might need and don't have time to knock out myself. And there are many others, but I rely mostly on the BITS-SITTERs and BITS-SECS.

After just a few minutes, Delilah's face shows up on the O-WE-COME sspace, trying to reach me.

"What've you found, Del?"

"We're still working on the exposure of COCKS's hard-BITS. But, the screamer's author lives in the US, New York state. I've found her TWIT-OVA-PERSON," which she passes over to me, "so I have most of

her particulars. But only she, and you have access to her TWIT-OVA-USER. Her name is Medusa.”

“Hmmm. I’ve heard of her. Hang on, Del.” I grant her full lead BITS-SITTER access for forty-eight hours, authorizing her to do many of the things I can.

“You can now access her TWIT-OVA-USER yourself, Delilah. Find out what she’s up to. But remember, do *nothing* to alert her.”

“Yes, sir.” She hangs up as if I were after her with an axe.

“O-WE-COME, call Delilah.”

“Delilah, I wasn’t finished.”

“Oh. Sorry, sir.”

“How far back did you plan to look?”

“I was thinking six months, sir?”

“Five years, please. And consider getting more girls on COCKS’s equipment. I want to know who compromised his BITS.”

“Yes, sir.” and she’s off again.

For more than eighty years, I’ve been up to my neck in BITS in this Bitsi job. It still holds interesting challenges, but sometimes I fear I’m slowly growing a little tired of all these defunct BITS.

I *never* leave my home to do the job. This is mostly security-driven. Many would go to any cost to steal our technology secrets, to abuse them. The price for my loved ones would be high. Secrecy reduces the risk of this happening.

It’s also more efficient to work from the home office. With all the confuzing-power I have in my basement and office and mega millions of confuzers at my disposal WOWI, owned by Lord-IT House and Bitsi-Lites the Skies, I can work on any system in the world, hook into any satellite I choose, and with all the O-WE-COME facilities for video conferencing, I can be in numerous meetings simultaneously at various points on the globe at any time of the day.

Of course, no one now books an O-WE-COME meeting at exactly one o’clock any more due to a play on Gibberish that became infamous many years ago. It was a BITS GON Ballistic headline that was responsible for the infamous avoidance of one o’clock gatherings:

01:00 UTC tonight—BIGAMY launches
Biggest CONFUZING ever
O-WE-COME WOWI!
Lord-IT forbid! O-WE-all-COME-at-ONES!
Threatening yet another
MAD-ONNA COMMINGS!
woopsi.bigami.not/owecome/at-once

There's that typo again. Which part of the screamer exactly caused meetings henceforth to be planned at 12:55 or 13:05, no one is sure; it's never openly discussed.

What the headline is saying is that if we all log onto the new video conferencing system when it goes live at one o'clock, there's a real risk that this will cause another major system down coincidence. Because of the Gibberish play on words, however, imaginations ran amok and all kinds of, mostly unacceptable, interpretations were suggested WOWI.

Millions of do-gooders naturally attempted to log on at one. But not a single TWIT-OVA-USER had yet been given access to the O-WE-COME BITS, so no one got into the new system immediately. BIG-AM-I, prompted by the sarcastic headline, had used the last few hours before the one o'clock go-live deadline to artificially protect the new magnificent O-WE-COME confuzing BITS from the stampede of charitable system testers, all having fun trying to produce a record-breaking FLAPPING WOWI.

Suddenly, I feel a hand on my neck. My heart smacks into my lower jaw as I swirl away from my desk to face my adversary.

"Do you need anything?" she asks.

"A respirator would be good right about now. Damn it, woman, can't you tread a little louder?"

She just laughs. "No respirators in the pantry right now, hon."

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?" I inquire, slowly recovering.

"*Something* woke the dogs up. They wanted out. Now, anything else you need?"

“A few billion DOLLIES would be good.”

“Hey. What’s wrong with this dolly right here?”

“Oh, silly me. My very own super-hot dolly served up on a plate. Got any sauce with that?”

“Plenty. Here.” She says, handing me a big mug of coffee.

“Oh, fantastic. I’ve been forever threatening myself to make some.”

“Big problems?”

“Aaahhh, if my guess is correct, this one is going to be a humdinger.”

“Oh, that bad? You do remember what day it is today?”

“Oh no. What day is that?” I do remember, but teasing comes naturally in our house.

“Er, Father’s Day? The kids spent a good part of yesterday making you presents. They will probably wake up early and want to come in and give them to you—early.”

“Everything stops, and everyone stands still when you walk into the room, honey. Just choose your moment carefully for taking everyone’s breath away.”

She accidentally throws her sweetest of smiles, which makes my heart melt all over again.

“If you need anything, just wave and hope I’m watching,” she laughs, kissing my forehead, then waltzes out of the door, way too happy with herself.

My job description is a ginormous list of tasks and objectives and shows how much clout all the authorities WOWI have handed me.

Two of the most important objectives are:

- Take out the PERPS
- Improve the QUA-BITS

Busting creative BITS accountants, cyber-pirates, and hackers or worse can be exciting and even mind-blowing at times, but the rest of my work is rather dull. So, to keep myself stimulated, I run many of my own special Bitsi projects, and in this way, I also try to provide my own

small contribution to the world, humankind, and indeed all forms of life.

Intuition tells me this current OBOY crisis is going to be a combination of both these key objectives. Yet I cannot imagine anything bad enough to require invoking the full authority the World Council granted me, which leads me to think I should probably get started.

Reaching out to my favorite space-pad Seribus, I kick some confuzing-power into action, starting up data analyzers, video search, scrutinize-and-locate programs, etc. All those soft-BITS begin warming up my Beast, getting him ready to provide the information and analyze the reports I'll need to drive this investigation.

Swiveling round to space-pad-2, Come-again, I dial agent Samson, the No. 1 man of BITS-SECS. He responds immediately from some as-yet unknown location, which my DIRT-MAPP is currently digging up for me with the Beast and Bitsi-Lite's help. As he answers, even though he cannot see me properly, his face smiles at me from an O-WE-COME sspace.

My webcam is specially programmed to heavily disguise my face. Hovering Nuke-Li-Aerially, and following me around the room, blocking out all background images, it shows my head as a bald gelatinous surface, and my face clearly is a mask, yet with vivid facial expressions. My eyes are ocean blue, pupils shocking deep blue, irises somewhat lighter and moving like waves. The whites are a gently shimmering Mediterranean light blue; you can almost see the sun's reflection off them and imagine the clean white sand at the bottom of the ocean bed.

"Samson, I believe we have a situation here. I need you and your teams prepped for action pretty much immediately. When can you be ready?" I don't wait for the usual niceties, but he isn't fooled.

"So, guess where I am today?" he interrupts me.

I can't help but smile back at him; he knows me too well. This Samson (No. 3) has held his current position for only twenty-five years, but we go back much further, since his predecessor pointed him out as a potential second-in-command. I have also kept an especially close

eye on him, since his son Junior first applied for a job at BITS-SECS thirty-five years ago.

My DIRT-MAPP has not let me down, so I now have the answer to Samson's question showing on another big sspace. I can see him, standing on a beach, drinking a margarita. It has been less than fifteen minutes since I alerted BITS-SECS, so he must have been on or close to that beach already. And the margarita? He must have had that flown in just to get my goat.

"If you finish that cocktail before I arrive and you haven't put a fresh one in my hand, there will be hell to pay." I kick back.

"Nice to almost see you, BITS Inspector, sir. How are the wikid-Bitchies?"

"Hair's a bit short today, Samson. She cut off your strength while you were dozing on the john?" We both grin and chuckle. The mutual respect between us runs deep, and we understand each other perfectly. Samson politely concludes the social graces, "So where's it going down, Bitsi, sir?"

"At this stage, I don't quite know. Nothing is certain. Oslo and Copenhagen are good bets, though. I suspect we also need more teams ready WOWI at all times until this MADNESS is over. One team to cover the Oslo FLAPPING, two more on stand-by, one in the US New York state, the other location, you can choose. Just be sure of easy access from anywhere to anywhere WOWI."

Samson asks if I want them on-site now. The answer flows easily. "Yesterday, please, Samson. On second thought, make it one team in Oslo and one in Copenhagen."

"I'll have the Oslo-Cops dispatched immediately. You sure we don't need more?" he asks, dreaming up the New Name of the teams on the fly.

"Not now, but change is inevitable, so expect anything."

"Are we gonna get to play with your amazing tool?" Again, I hear the Samson chuckle.

"The DIRT-MAPP you can fool around with, but that's it." I make it abundantly clear, while also chuckling.

“Talk to you later, Samson.” And we end the call.

Turning to Seribus, I grant Samson forty-eight hours of BITS-SECS-level access to BIG-AM-I data in the DIRT-MAPP.

Compared to dealing with busted BITS, working with Samson and his team is like a breath of fresh air. They are super-efficient and show precision and control during the execution of every single operation.

Samson has been on the team for more than sixty years. All BITS-SECS agents and BITS-SITTER women make a lifelong commitment when they accept the job. Samson (No. 2) exercised his right to relocate to a different job within the organization; he needed a change, and that’s understandable. Following his inevitable promotion, Samson laid on the pressure about his son joining BITS-SECS, and after five years I caved in, tired of the nagging, and Junior became the first to break the rules in this area of family. I had often wondered about Samson’s first child Jemma possibly wanting to join BITS-SECS. She had similar traits as Samson, but tragically, she died quite some years back. Now, Samson and his wife Julia only have Junior left. Both the pregnancies were problematic, but during Junior’s birth, both child and mother were almost lost. After that, the doctors told Julia that further childbirth was out of the question. The seventy-five-year cyclic birth control rule is not relevant for them, sadly.

My wandering mind takes a short three-minute walk down Memory Lane, remembering some of the operations Samson and I carried out together, until I reach a point where I can’t help but begin to wonder how he’ll handle this challenge and just how fast the teams will arrive on location in Oslo and Copenhagen.

Suddenly I can’t resist it and point the DIRT-MAPP at Samson’s FONE and say, “FOOLEM.” Immediately the DIRT-MAPP shows me the location. I can see the Bitsi-Lite video image of Samson’s FONE lying in a kitchen cupboard in a bungalow on the beach where I just saw him. I break out in a short burst of laughter realizing he’s testing me, again. He was clearly prepared for a quick departure, and the video shows no sign of life close to the bungalow, but Agent Samson wouldn’t go anywhere without his DIGIT-FONE.

All Samson's known hard-BITS are registered in my DIGI-DIRT-STORE, and the DIRT-DIGGER runs on all his equipment, which makes adding any of his new gizmos a task of only a matter of seconds. The DIGGER sends the DIRT-CRAWLER off to the FONE Samson forwarded his FONE to, and in no time at all, I see a (not very) well-masked FONE. This new FONE gets added to the list of his known gear, and the DIGGER is installed. A moment later, I'm viewing Samson driving in a car and listening to a conversation between him and one of his team leads.

It's rude to pry if it's not absolutely necessary, so, stopping the video, I instruct the DIRT-MAPP to continue to FOOLEMALL and notify me once Samson or any of his associates hit either Oslo or Copenhagen, and, to welcome them.

The DIRT-MAPP that's built during this FOOLEMALL session will continue to grow as one person contacts another, who then calls another. I'll know who's on the teams and where they are at all times. As the BITS-SECS agents land on location, the DIRT-MAPP will send each one a smiling "Welcome to Sunny Oslo/Copenhagen" message on their FONEs.

Stretching back in my chair, relaxing for a few moments, slowly my eyes scan over all the other screen-spaces on the spacey-screen, picturing in my mind the vague future shape of the coming investigation. Will it blow over into nothing, disappearing into the wind? Or will I have BITS-SECS all over the world chasing shadows, and BITS-SITTERs working twenty-four-hour shifts mucking through all the DIGI-DIRT I can throw at them?

For some minutes, I continue to stare, not seeing anything particular, just out into space, my thoughts gently floating through many hundreds of possible scenarios, quietly preparing for the worst, while enjoying the blissful peace before the seemingly inevitable storm, yet hoping for the best.

Delilah is again trying her best to glare at me, encouraging me to answer her incoming call. "Yes, Delilah?"

“It was the lead NETNERD of OBOY, sir. Two and a half years ago, he hacked a bug into all the gadgets available to BIG-AM-I BITS CCIO. We’re still working out how he could get into the hard-BITS.

And, we’ve been through five years of Medusa’s data, sir. The only thing of interest is Medusa’s participation in the weekly BIG-AM-I status meetings. The public ones, sir.”

“Hmmm, yes, that’s right. When did they start? Two years...”

“And ten months ago, sir.”

“Thank you, Delilah. Hold on.”

I remember now, Medusa was the BITS GON Ballistic representative that was invited to join the new weekly public “We Are Open and Honest and Upright” status meetings BIG-AM-I started in response to Medusa’s challenges and to persuade the public WOWI that BIG-AM-I was not the CASH-grabbing monopolizing ogre that it actually is.

Opening a new view of the DIRT-MAPP on another sspace and sharing this with Delilah, I create a TIMLI of Medusa’s activity in the BIG-AM-I buildings during the past three years.

“Del, you see this?”

“Yes, sir.”

It was an unnecessary question. The Beast fascinates Delilah and she always pays extra close attention when she sees me pull him into the game.

Once complete, the TIMLI will contain all Medusa’s recorded visits to the BIG-AM-I building, collected in a single video with all relevant information attached.

“This will only take a few minutes, Delilah. Once it’s finished, go through it, see what you can find.”

“Yes, sir. Er, anything else, sir?”

“Get to it please, Del.” And she hangs up, probably having already decided which of her BITS-SITTER girls to give this next job to.

My ten-square-meter office, reminiscent of a space flight mission control room, is inside the main house toward one end of the living area, which is twenty-five by thirty-five meters. Soup-ah-Smart-Glass

walls allow changing the color and transparency in either direction simultaneously from inside or outside the office.

The humongous desk is rounded at the back, but from the front it conjures up images of a fat banana with a stomach ache. My office chair huddles up to the belly of the suffering banana. A spacey-screen follows the shape of the back of the desk, almost half a circle, and behind it there are numerous gadgets I need for my work. Immediately in front of me, only space-pads, joystick, and remotes. I do not like a cluttered desk.

A space-pad is a small spacey-screen lying on the desk at an angle, responding to touch like all other spacey-screens, and used for typing and manipulating everything on the larger screens in the office.

Behind the desk is a curved glass system wall that holds a massive spacey-screen I can view and operate from the front and back. Behind my chair is another rounded system wall with a huge curved drawing board with all the confuzing features anyone could dream of and more.

The system walls and desk all stand on a massive circular plate in the floor, which usually rotates slowly but can also be controlled using a remote. I borrowed the moving circular-plate design from the BIG-AM-I BITS building. It's unique, practical, and oh so cool.

The Beast is located directly under me in a humongous basement. He is forty-two mega-soup-ah confuzers that link together and can operate as one *huge* machine, if needed. Eight of these confuzers are the most powerful and expensive soup-ah maxi-confuzers that CASH can buy. Together, they form the heart of my Beast. When my Beast is on the prowl, nothing can stop him, except me, of course.

During the past ninety-plus years, the Beast has processed hundreds of yottabytes of data, all stored in a specially designed and hidden location not far from home, and has processed many brontobytes of other organizations' data stored elsewhere. This is the base-data I use in my investigations.

Being ahead of the game for a change, three weeks ago, Lord-IT requested me to study up on a suspected problem at BIG-AM-I. My TWIT-OVA-USER was given access to all the BIG-AM-I-MOTHER's

BITS, including those of BIG-AM-I BITS. I sent the Beast in to look around and build the DIRT-MAPP, but I've only glanced at it once since. I do wonder if Lord-IT actually saw this incident coming.

Coming back to the troubles, OBOY. Using the DIRT-MAPP, I go straight to the BITS view of BIG-AM-I, type OBOY in the search field, click on the first result, and the system diagram of OBOY pops up on the sspace. And oh, my Lord-IT.

I enlarge the sspace showing the drawing so that it fills the full height of the spacey-screen, but it's still too unreadable. Switching to cinema mode, to the left of my desk, a two-and-a-half by five-and-a-half-meter canvas rolls down from ceiling to floor, and I transfer the drawing to this mega-wide screen.

Oh wow. What a mess, OBOY.

“O-WE-COME, call Delilah.”

WHAT, NO MORE NO CREDIT?

DELILAH AND I have slaved away together for more than eighty years, and for more than seventy years she has held her current position since Delilah (No. 1) died of a broken heart following her husband's death. If Del has ever disappointed me, that's long forgotten.

Delilah has chosen to stay single all her life. The occasional fling she has from time to time just confirms her belief that she's too particular in her choices and will never find the right man. She prefers to throw herself one hundred percent into her work, and that's what she does.

Together, Samson and Delilah form the mainstay of the Bitsi security team, and they're dedicated to its positive contribution to the world. They're some of the best BITS-Pros on the planet, and it's an honor to have them on the team.

"Delilah, I'm running through the architecture, OBOY. The BITS went ballistic for twenty hours, and I think it will start FLAPPING again soon. I suspect something nasty, Delilah. And considering the cost of downtime per hour for OBOY, it's best that we go through this exercise together to save time."

"Fire away, sir."

"Prepare for cinema mode, Del." Delilah also has a mega-wide roll-down cinema-mode screen.

"Done, sir." The response comes just seconds later.

Delilah doesn't waste words, which suits me just fine. I switch the O-WE-COME over to display the diagram on my wide-screen.

"Oh, my Lord-IT. What a nightmare," she groans.

“Yes, it’s a little overwhelming at first glance,” I console her, while chuckling softly. “Not to worry, it’s just a pile of broken BITS. We’ve seen it all before. But I’ll bet there are armies of little MAGICIANS frantically waving wands all day trying to keep that ball in the air.”

Delilah swirls a pointer over numerous areas on the diagram. “What is all that GLUE?” she asks. “I thought that was tabooed years ago.”

“Yes,” I confirm, “many were, unfortunately, fooled by GLUE’s promises, but eventually, the World Council banned the technology and quite rightly so. I mean let’s face it, the idea of sticking incompatible BITS together with GLUE was, of course, ludicrous.”

“So, what is it still doing there?” she demands angrily.

I almost feel personally accused for not having given BIG-AM-I the order to get the mess cleaned up. “Hmmm, I remember,” I respond thoughtfully while recalling some history, “The BBBs demoted the previous L’ARCH of BIG-AM-I from the main BIG-AM-I BITS organization because his use of GLUE was seemingly addictive. He continued to abuse it even after we outlawed the protocol. The problem with GLUE is, removing it requires major surgery, and with GLUE holding many of BIG-AM-I’s BITS together, it was impractical to come unstuck in a hurry.”

“Humph.” she says in a huff. “How did he...” Something distracts Delilah.

“Bitsi, sir. Medusa’s BIG-AM-I timeline. We haven’t been through it all yet, but you should see this.” And she throws a TIMLI video onto the O-WE-COME sspace. It’s dated two years and nine months ago.

We watch as Medusa stretches out a stocking-clad foot under the table, over to the JERK, and slowly rubs it up and down his leg, then all the way up to his genitals.

Jumping from his seat as if he’s been bitten in the backside by some huge, fanged teeth, the now red-faced JERK declares it’s time for a short refreshment break.

The video jumps as Delilah fast-forwards to where the JERK has singled out Medusa. They’re standing at the coffee machine in a rest

and relaxation area. The now-former Sissy-O is severely telling her to never, ever try that again.

Medusa apologizes profusely, claiming that she stupidly thought she saw a spark twinkling in his eyes. The glare that follows the JERK as he returns to the meeting room is more one of angst, rather than of embarrassment, disappointment, or anger.

“That’s it, for now, sir.” I say nothing for a bit. “Bitsi, sir?”

“Thinking,” I mumble. “Let me do this, Del,” I say, taking control of the TIMLI.

I start searching ahead, looking for Medusa’s next attempt. Flashing through thousands of images, soup-ah fast, in a world of my own, seemingly focused on nothing, and yet somehow only on this one task. Delilah has seen this before, and simply mutters “TRIPSI Bitsi” and waits patiently.

Suddenly, I stop, scroll back half a minute, and then we watch as Medusa throws the ANALPRIDC a seductive smile across the meeting table, flirting again. It’s none other than the Big Dick himself. We can see his details in a small spring-up-space to the side of the video. Some while later, she follows him out of the room, excusing herself in need of a restroom break.

Catching up with the ANALPRIDC, Medusa crosses into his personal space, stopping him in his tracks, and whispers something in his ear while slipping her hand into his jacket pocket. The ANALPRIDC stands stock-still as Medusa turns and saunters off to the ladies’ room, then he slowly returns to his workplace, without checking his pocket. This exchange with the ANALPRIDC is just six weeks after Medusa’s attempt to seduce the JERK.

“Delilah, we need to check out those two. I need their TWIT-OVA-PERSONs.”

While I move the DIRT-MAPP onto the conference screen, she pulls the TWITs from the TIMLI and slides them over to me in a chat message. On showing of the DIRT-MAPP on the O-WE-COME sspace, I can see Delilah again gawking at her spacey-screen avidly, intoxicated by the Beast.

“I’ve created a new feature in the DIRT-MAPP, Del, it’s now easier to create complex searches and stuff.”

After choosing the HANDBAG option, a big leather-looking handbag in the shape of an old-fashioned round, metal rubbish bin pops into view. Delilah throws me a look that only a woman can smack a male-chauvinist in the face with. (Not that I’m the slightest part chauvinist, but I do so like to tease.) I know I’ll have trouble hiding my smile, so I don’t bother trying.

With seemingly wild abandon and no interest in the result of my actions, I throw the TWIT-OVA-PERSONs into the HANDBAG, find the icons for BIG-AM-I and WOWI, and dump these into the BAG also. Setting the start date to two years ten months ago, I hit the FAST MATCH option, which limits the search to provide a timeline only based on when the ANALPRIDC and Medusa are together.

After just a few seconds, the HANDBAG goes into all kinds of fits, first shaking and twirling, then jumping up and down. Then it raises up in the air in a big arc, as if someone were holding the strap, and suddenly comes fast down through the same arc, like shaking the water off wet lettuce. Again, the BAG lifts up and starts swinging around at high speed, as if it were inside a washing machine on the last rinse and spin program. Then it flies up in the air and crashes back down where it started, now lying still. The HANDBAG is glowing much like an unwelcome phosphorescent fungus might look in your garden, in the dark.

I can see from the expression on Del’s face that, for a change, she’s speechless, and her silence confirms it. I usually create these silly visual effects in the DIRT-MAPP while winding down after long days, not yet ready for sleep, and aided by some liquid enlightenment.

As I open the HANDBAG, a screen-space crawls out as if it were digging its way out of a grave in which it was buried alive. The data that was found is now showing in the sspace, and the phosphorescent glowing effect has stopped.

“OK, Delilah. This confirms the meeting we just watched was their first one. The search WOWI will take some time. Keep an eye on it,

please.” Then, I throw the HANDBAG to Delilah over the O-WE-COME chat.

“Yes, sir.”

“Now, Del, you were saying?”

“Uh. Where was I? Yes, how did he get away with ingesting all that GLUE in the first place?” she inquires.

Having delved deep enough into my memory while working, the answer is flashing as a series of images in front of my eyes. “When the L’ARCH got demoted, I checked the INARDS and reviewed his interview for the job of L’ARCH of BIG-AM-I BITS. Every answer he gave was perfect textbook stuff. But later recordings show that the BOJ-OB was exerting extreme pressure to get OBOY prepared to Go-Live and producing tons of beautiful shining DOLLIES as fast as inhumanely possible.”

Almost a century ago, despite the public outcry, the powers that be passed a law that requires a recording, in a central archive, of all activity on business premises, from the biggest organization down to the smallest corner shop or café. They agreed on a whole special bible of privacy and security rules and a set of system safety measures to strictly control who can access the INARDS.

Besides the military, I’m the only person who actually looks into these chronicles, mostly because none of those with the required authorization would know how or where to start. It’s a lot of data. The confuzing equipment for processing, and especially for holding all the recordings, fills a huge number of massive buildings WOWI.

I use these videos as evidence during every major investigation. Just a few years after starting my Bitsi life, I built the DIRT-MAPP using an older version of the Beast. Those ancient maxi-confuzers took three and half years pushing up MAVACAPA to analyze and catalog all the recordings available at that time. And this was just indexing, nothing too fancy.

“In his defense,” I continue, “the L’ARCH gave the BOJ-OB an ultimatum stating, ‘If you force me into this, then I need to use GLUE to make the timing stick, and this I absolutely refuse to do. So, it’s me,

or the sticky stuff.’ But the BOJ-OB simply gave the L’ARCH an offer he couldn’t refuse. The L’ARCH folded, the textbook was flushed down the toilet, and the GLUE was plastered all over BIG-AM-I’s BITS in the wink of a dingbat’s eye.”

“Typical,” Delilah almost yells at me. “We let the business process executives influence technical evolution, and they always make a BODGE-JOB of it.”

Laughing, and pressing on, I say, “Can we now focus on the problem at hand, Delilah?”

“Of course, do you know what the problem is?” she asks.

“No.” And we walk through what I do know and relate this to the monstrous diagram showing on the cinema-mode wide-screen.

“The incoming CASH is disappearing. From what they say, everything else seems normal. Do I believe that? No. But for now, let’s focus on the payments components. I suspect a daylight shanghai here of more than seven billion DOLLIES, so far.

Look at the system diagram, Delilah, do you see the CASH-COW in the middle and to the right a bit?” Delilah comes back with a grunt. “And farther over to the right, do you see the CASH-PILE?” I continue.

“Yaar, I see it. I know I’m repeating myself, but this New Naming of stuff, it’s not a language, is it; it’s more like a game or a joke.”

“It is what it is,” I respond coolly, “it’s outright Gibberish. But at least these two names indicate which BITS do what. The CASH-COW is the source of income, where the customers actually pay. The CASH-PILE receives and holds the incoming payments, the CASH piling up, so to speak.”

“Well. I’m glad you understand it,” she blurts out a confused muddle of complaint and laughter. “So, we start with the CASH-PILE,” Delilah suggests strongly.

“No”, I disagree, “both BITS are potential problem areas, but my money is on the COW, and that’s where we start. Use the Bitsi-Theory. Follow the path of the Eighth Deadly Sin, find The TRUTHH, and CREAM-EMTO-BITS. I want a six-month-old CHABLIS of OBOY listing

all changes to the live OBOY's BITS, and create TROUBLE for the soft-BITS ingredients in the CHABLIS."

Delilah interrupts me. "You do know that twenty-four hours ago, BIG-AM-I started a new campaign WOWI? It must be the biggest march on the market since the Life-Giver, Life-Long, Life Ever-Lasting fiasco a hundred years ago."

"What?" I exclaim. "I've been shoulder-deep in assignments for the past month or so, and I haven't really surfaced much in that time."

"Bitsi, you really should watch the news from time to time. This has been advertised every day for the past three weeks. Sunday night was the Go-Live of the new BIG-AM-I FITS launch. They have as good as gone into competition with the WINCCERS and have started offering credit on customers' purchases. All customers."

"What, no more no credit?" I exclaim.

"Like I said, their biggest stunt since the Life-Giver, with the intention of conquering the consumer world completely and bagging the majority share of company sales WOWI. BIG-AM-I FITS is the first organization to offer credit for as long as most can remember."

Eighty-two years ago, on a Friday, the close of business signaled the start of the world's worst financial crisis ever. Many major financial institutions went under WOWI. The remaining few suffered collectively a super-mega-multi-trillion-DOLLY reduction in profit.

The banks had stretched the rules again and had amassed yet another huge bubble of unsettled debts from all walks of life. After the bubble burst, the surviving banks temporarily joined forces and pushed through the agreement that money-lending was no longer acceptable. This is when the New Name WINCCER was born.

The change turned the world totally topsy-turvy, worsening the already disastrous effects of the crisis. Tens of millions throughout the world were left homeless and jobless with heavily decreased opportunities to secure work. Tragically, sadly, many died.

It took twenty-five years before the world's financial sun began to rise again, thirty-five years before it was conceded that life was back to normal again WOWI.

Even after all these years, I'm amazed at how just one or a relatively small handful of greedy, selfish humans can inflict so much suffering on so many millions of other human beings. Do we not see this coming? Power and money so often misused, humankind left dead and abused.

Eighty-two years and many Fridays later, everyone has almost forgotten what it was like to borrow money from banks. But the concept of credit will surely sell as easily as a knife cuts through butter, as it always did.

"Hmmm. OK," I respond. "This new launch of OBOY will naturally be floating at the top of the CHABLIS, so you'll hit it first, anyway. Now, for the deadly sins, start with the envious TEST-TICCLERS. Something is broken, or deliberately tweaked, so maybe we can see something from the test plan. Focus on two tracks: the test results and whatever they didn't test before this latest launch, OBOY."

I give Delilah and her team forty-eight hours of access to the BIG-AM-I data in the DIRT-MAPP. I can see her logging in immediately; she obviously has been waiting to get started.

"Fine, Bitsi, sir. I'll have the CHABLIS o' TROUBLE OBOY and TEST-TICCLER data on your desk in maybe an hour or two—tops."

I refine her planning a little. "Make it an hour, please. I expect to have BITS-SECS on location not long from now, and I want to have already picked the lucky winner for the first visit from the Oslo-Cops."

"Yes, they're already in the air. ETA fifty-four minutes," she responds, showing off just a little.

"When," I demand, "will you guys ever learn to keep me in the loop on these things?"

"I believe Samson thinks you're trying to FOOLHIM, so I guess he's playing hide-em-seek again?"

"Hah. I do not try, Delilah. You know that. And yes, he's playing, again."

“Yes, I know that, Bitsi, and that’s my excuse, no point wasting time telling you something you already know.”

“Hmmm. Please get to it, Delilah; the clock is ticking.”

Immediately, she cuts herself out of the meeting—before I can even blink. That woman constantly holds her own private pissing contest with me, trying to be faster than I am, and, Lord-IT only knows, she’s fast.

I’m never sure what to think about her competing against me. Everyone appears to need something to give themselves the feeling of having the edge over others. I guess that makes them feel good, maybe offering motivation to perform, to be good at something, excel even.

But, is being faster than I am, or being better than I, the best motivation and source of satisfaction she can come up with? Surely not?

MARY-LIN'S HPD

I FLICK A FEW keys on Seribus, check my weemail, and see that the L'ARCH has produced the CLIMACSSS for OBOY's MAD FLAPPING incident.

After opening it and sorting the data to my liking, I send it on to Delilah asking her to match the names with the ones she digs up.

Next, I set an alarm in the DIRT-MAPP to pull up the Bitsi-Lite video of Samson in forty-five minutes from now; then, I settle down to study the BITS of BIG-AM-I's OBOY.

Focusing mostly around the CASH-COW and CASH-PILE, I drill first down, then up, then back down again through the soft-BITS and hard-BITS of the many systems involved. Not long after starting this research, Delilah's face interrupts me, probably more findings on Medusa & Co.

"What do you have, Del?" She displays video recordings from the TIMLI the HANDBAG created.

"They go into this hotel, sir." Medusa and the ANALPRIDC cross through the hotel lobby, disappearing into the elevator. "They stay until the next morning. The ANALPRIDC goes straight to the office from there, and Medusa takes off to the airport for her flight home."

"OK. Do you have the ANALPRIDC's TWIT-OVA-USER, Delilah?"

"Here, sir." Again, she puts the file onto the chat for me to grab, which I reject this time.

"I don't need it, Del. Throw it into the HANDBAG with the other junk. Select the REFRESH option, the old search is stopped and saved; we're starting a new one. The Person-ID will give you the visual timeline, the

User-ID provides the TIMLI of his system usage. You can combine any and all TIMLI aspects when viewing, as needed.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Find out what Medusa asked the ANALPRIDC to do with BIG-AM-I’s BITS. Go through the complete TIMLI for Medusa and the ANALPRIDC, then Medusa’s TIMLI at BIG-AM-I. Turn over all stones.”

“Yes, sir.” And off she goes again.

After thirty more minutes of studying OBOY, the mess of thousands of components and hundreds of millions of lines of program code has made me sick to my stomach. Taking a break to recover, I prepare for some testing by opening a new session on the Beast and start recording all activity, the screen, keystrokes, a map of all data traffic WOWI from and to the machine, the works.

But my favorite auditor trashes my train of thought again. “Yes, Delilah?”

“Er, Bitsi, sir, I, er, thought I’d save time, and threw in the TWIT-OVA-PERSONs and TWIT-OVA-USERS for the JERK and COCKS. But now, it seems as if the system has stopped working, sir. No movement since then.”

I quickly dive into her HANDBAG to see if I can sort out the chaos in there. “It’s not a real HANDBAG, Delilah. You can’t just chuck anything into it. You first need to decide exactly what you want to come out of it. This BAG has no bottom. If you throw in new elements to the search you must always, again, limit the search criteria.

“We don’t have any previous data on COCKS. So, you just sent the Beast off to Timbuktu and back again to find out when COCKS had his first diaper change. That’s a soup-ah-nova search request, and, I’m not sure I need to see that video anyway. Take them out, Del, and go back to the previous search.”

“Yes, sir.” And she cuts me off, even faster than usual. For a few moments, I simply sit, chuckling, because I need to teach a woman how to use a HANDBAG.

Resuming my test plan, I open the Conkerer, slip onto the wwoopsi-net, log in to OBOY, and start to run through some test scenarios. On

another screen-space, I watch the DIRT-MAPP growing as I'm testing. I can see all the hard-BITS and soft-BITS that are hit WOWI while the machines fulfill my requests. There are four groups of players right now: me, BIG-AM-I, the WINCCERs, and the wwoopsi-net companies. More than one-hundred-sixty machines hit so far, and countless thousands of soft-BITS.

Accompanied by a warning alarm harsh enough to wake a deeply slumbering Sleeping Beauty without even the promise of a kiss, the DIRT-MAPP throws the Bitsi-Lite video of Samson up onto a new space.

Hmmm. That wasn't the alarm I set. Samson has given Delilah misleading information in his game to beat my FOOLHIM operation.

The ETA Samson gave Delilah was for his teams, not for himself. Now, he's standing in his plane that just landed in Oslo and is waiting to disembark.

Being the No. 1 man of BITS-SECS has its perks. Samson has his very own company soup-ah-sonic plane, which he can use all year round as he chooses, expecting, of course, no abuses.

I swirl around to Come-again, pull up Samson's mug on a conference space, getting ready to call him, so that the second his foot hits the ground his phony FONE will ring. Wait, wait.

He's getting out now. Wait, wait. He puts one foot on the last step of the ramp, continuing on the way down with no signs of stopping. I hit the button to make the call and immediately his FONE rings, just as his other foot hits concrete. "Welcome to Sunny Oslo, Samson." I try to make my masked grin as broad and annoying as possible.

"Hmmm. It ain't right," he complains. "All that confuzing-power you have makes your life way too easy."

I merely laugh. "Rather me than you, Samson, old boy. Maybe you'll learn to stop forcing me to chase you around the globe and keep me informed.

Delilah will have cooked up a CHABLIS O' TROUBLE, OBOY, in about twenty-five minutes from now. Will you be settled by then so the

three of us can get a taste of it? I wanna decide whose proverbial ass you gotta kick first.”

“Yes, sir. Our safe house here in Oslo was warmed up while I was in the air, and it takes only eighteen minutes to get there. I’ll be ready. Now tell me, how did you find out so fast I had switched FONES.”

I smirk. “Hah. Let’s talk about that over a beer one day, pal. Right now, if I’m not mistaken, we’ve got some hard slogging to do before billions more DOLLIES get pinched.”

Samson grunts, and then concedes, “OK. Call when you have your CHABLIS on ice.”

Going back to complete my testing, I make a few simple purchases using OBOY, then rerun the tests, but with a different user ID. It’s just a hunch, a bad feeling I can’t explain, but I redo the tests, anyway.

Quickly checking the session recording to ensure I can see all the data, I then settle down to review the ever-growing DIRT-MAPP. The No-Credit-Card payments BITS have also appeared on the screen. I can study and compare the flow of both tests.

Sitting back, I stare out through the DIRT-MAPP into space. It’s as if my eyes are reading the flow of data between each system, picking out of the very air the bits and bytes as they flow over the wireless communication channels. With a combination of knowledge picked up over many decades; a vivid, possibly limitless imagination; and a little lubrication from The Fruit, I’m searching for the black hole that must be there, out there, somewhere.

They say that when Bitsi says, “Thinking.” he’s off tripping on the NET, which is not far from the truth. My first swig of The Fruit was a soup-ah-natural psychedelic experience, which knocked me clean off my feet and has continued to this day, although I became accustomed to it over time. The Fruit has artificially soup-ah-boosted my mind’s abilities.

Before The Fruit, I had honed my logic abilities, while also studying and practicing various forms of meditation, which broadened the

realms of my imagination, yet also taught me to focus, and so, process information much faster.

The Fruit broke away all remaining barriers and lubricated cogs I never even knew were there, allowing me to think totally out of the box, and process logic and data at amazing, super-human speed.

Finding the solution to a problem is now easy, deep-diving into various artificially enhanced thought levels, throwing wide all options, exploring all the data, then, after computing the answer, I use my BITS-SECS and BITS-SITTER teams, and my soup-ah-fast Beast to find further supporting evidence. I'm almost never wrong.

During our experimental research period, and the planning for the release of the Nuke-Li-Aerial/Bitsi-Lite/DROSS announcements, when I told Lord-IT what The Fruit had done to me, his only reaction was a facial expression that complained, "Why do you have all the luck?" But I know I'm not the only one affected by The Fruit. Over the decades, there have been a few fleeting mentions of others with amazing abilities, but no one has ever expanded on these cases, which have seemingly disappeared into the crowd of other news. I suppose one day I should look into this and maybe understand it better.

Using this enhanced brain power, I could assist Lord-IT Nuke-Li-Aerially, finish my own Bitsi-Lite work, design the confuzers and LICKEMs to use Nuke-Li-Aerial power, and I produced soup-ah fast more than seventy-five percent of the DROSS, which runs all confuzers today. My contribution earned me a fifty percent share in Lord-IT House. Bitsi-Lites the Skies remains mine alone.

Running through the test data at soup-ah high speed, I notice again that on the final bill presented to the test TWIT-OVA-USER, there's an increase of Đ0.68, which I ignored when paying. Suddenly, a dim light goes on at the end of a tunnel. Which tunnel I'm not sure yet. The entrance to the tunnel is shimmering, hovering, shifting, my mind can't settle on it. Hmmmm. Something to sleep on.

After having scrutinized so many megabytes of data, without any obvious reason as to why, I abruptly reach a decision and move over to Come-again, again.

My Bitsi life has brought me in contact with all the banks over time, so I know the WINCCER that owns the No-Credit-Card payments BITS that collect OBOY's CASH. Searching the O-WE-COME contacts list, the BOJ-OB of HPD-FITS BITS pops out as the most likely candidate to talk with. It's time to find out what they know, so I give her a call.

"Hey Marilyn, how're you doing?"

She responds a little irritably, "I've told you before, Bitsi, it's Mary-lin, not Mari-lyn."

Same old dance. "Yes, Mary-lin, my apologies, so, how are you?"

Continuing the irritated attitude, she half barks "Not good. I've had the BODGE-JOB of BIG-AM-I BITS screaming at me about missing CASH for almost the past twenty-four hours. As if you couldn't guess that, Bitsi, *sir?*"

I say, "Hah. He's probably worried he could be the one to PUKE on this MAD MAGIC TRICC, and at the least, no visit from Santa Claus this year. So, I can imagine he hasn't left you alone. But what's your problem? I thought you enjoyed a little extra attention?"

Even knowing about her externally imposed deficiency complex, I can't help but tease. After all, she needs to let it go, ease up a little.

Mary-lin groans and sighs at the same time. "Bitsi, will you ever stop with that? Look, I'm a little busy responding to a backlog of BODGED JOB requests here. Will you tell me what you want, please, so I can get back to it?" Slowly, she's calming down.

"Mary-lin, let me deal with the BOJ-OB of BIG-AM-I BITS, I'll get him off your back, now."

"Oh, Bitsi. It would be wonderful if you could do that," she cries out.

The weemail to the BOJ-OB is already under construction, instructing him that, until further notice, *all* communication with HPD must go through me; no exceptions. Mary-lin is in copy. Hitting "send," I say to her, "Check your weemail, Mary; it's done. He'll leave you alone now."

Frantic sounds of polished fingernails smacking her space-pad as she checks. “Oh, Bitsi. If you weren’t so smart and all-powerful, I’d kiss you.”

I smile. She has just ruined one of my favorite double-edged compliments, but I think I get it. The ice is truly melted.

“Mary-lin, please tell me all you know, and anything you suspect.”

The Mary-lin floodgates burst open, releasing a stream of information over the Bitsi-Lite connection. Good thing I’m recording the call. If I had twenty hands and ten space-pads, I still couldn’t type fast enough to keep up with her.

On an O-WE-COME sspace, I see Delilah calling. The O-WE-COME is set up so that calls come in silently, and the video shows up on a sspace, but, the calls are never answered automatically. Quickly checking my weemail, I see she sent in the CHABLIS o’ TROUBLE OBOY just twenty seconds ago. By calling, she’s trying to be faster than me, again.

While listening to Mary-lin, who surely must be blue in the face by now, I break off Delilah’s incoming call and in a chat session tell her I’ll get back to her soon. In the meantime, she needs to send the data on to Samson, then talk it through with him. I instruct Delilah that they need to make a list of key candidates for the initial interrogations.

She says, “Roger that.” and closes the chat before I can even type “OK.”

On the DIRT-MAPP and the Bitsi-Lite video, I can see that Samson is in the safe house and is finishing preparations for our conference. Delilah will keep him busy until I’m ready.

Now, I can focus on Mary-lin. In the past minute or two, she has covered many topics already but all of them no more important than the weather. She obviously needed to get a load off. But now, it’s time to force some direction into the conversation.

“How are the kids, Mary-lin?” She stops dead in mid-sentence.

“Darn it. I don’t know. I’ve been on the job almost twenty-four hours, and I don’t know.” She’s almost crying, probably from a combination of tension, exhaustion, and a true mother’s pain from having neglected her babies.

“Mary-lin, take a minute to call them. I’ll wait.”

“Uh.” She sobs. “Yes. Thanks. Hold on please; I’ll call home.”

No matter what the crisis, I’ll never go more than an hour or two before I get an update on the well-being of each one of my family, my wikids. I do admit, however, it’s easy for me. I simply use Bitsi-Lite if I can’t check on them in person.

Waiting for the family catch-up to complete, I sit and stare through the data Delilah has sent in. Many minutes later, Mary-lin returns to the call.

“Bitsi, thank you so much. I spoke with all of them, and they’re just fine. Thanks.”

“Mary-lin, I’ve told you before, you really should sort out better comms with them. They’re more important than the job. Anyhow, let’s get back to the problem at hand. Please explain what you’ve found so far.”

For a while, she explains all the things her people have checked on, to no avail. “So, we’re still looking into it, Bitsi.”

“Mary-lin, I’d like formal approval to rummage around in your BITS, to see what I can get my hands on. Can you give that, like, now?”

“I certainly can. Drop me a weemail requesting this, I will approve it immediately. Oh, I suppose you’ve heard about the credit deal with BIG-AM-I?”

While responding, I prepare the approval request. “I’ve gotten wind of the new credit arrangement, but I don’t have many details as yet.”

Mary-lin describes what she knows of the recently established deal. She knows I’d get the info sooner or later, so better from her, I guess. Nevertheless, she has donned her political-correctness cloak and is choosing her words carefully.

Nothing she has to tell me, however, appears to have any bearing on the current issues, OBOY. It’s interesting, though, that HPD—FITS has gone into cahoots with BIG-AM-I on the new credit deal, taking its fair share of the profits, naturally.

“It’s going to be one helluva change, Mary-lin. A whole bunch of lessons to be relearned. And so, the WHHEEL turns.”

“It’s going to be a total nightmare roller-coaster ride, which, I suddenly remember, I need to get back on. Can we finish up here, Bitsi?”

“Sure. Thanks for your time. You now have my weemail, so please approve. And remember, Mary-lin, keep in better touch with your family. No matter what’s going down.”

Mary-lin is silent for a moment, obviously pausing, thinking, I guess. “Bitsi, do you think Marilyn really had HPD?” asks Mary-lin.

Mary-lin was publicly accused of neglecting her family in favor of her career when she took the BOJ-OB position, and it was claimed that HPD pushed her to this. That put a serious dent in her public profile, and her self-confidence.

Following Namesake’s Footsteps
Fame and HPD Drive
Marilyn Succeeds BOJ-OB
Family Suffering

Not one of BITS GON Ballistic’s finest hours.

“I don’t know, Mary-lin. But, whatever her problems, they most likely were initially forced on her by her parents, and their parents, and she didn’t or couldn’t deal with them.”

“Hmmm, poor girl,” she says quietly, seemingly lost in some thought or other.

I’m not at all sure which girl she’s talking about exactly.

“Yes. What we hand down to our children shapes them and shapes the world,” I respond.

Mary-lin heaves a deep, heavily burdened sigh.

“Get some rest, Mary-lin, I fear we have some long hours ahead.” I hang up, somewhat saddened. And something is bothering me about the conversation with Mary-lin.

THE PRIDE O' BIG-AM-I BITS

CHEWING OVER MARY-LIN'S words brings me no closer to voicing my worry, so changing tactics, I gate-crash the meeting between Samson and Delilah.

"Del, I've been chin-wagging with the WINCCER that apparently joined up with BIG-AM-I on this new credit deal. Something is not right, but I can't place it. Here's access to their BITS." I pass on the permissions I received from Mary-lin.

"Start an investigation immediately, please. Don't stop until you've been through everything."

"Everyone I have awake is already pushing up MAVACAPA, sir," she responds.

"Then pull in another team, Delilah, two teams if need be. We need to uncover everything we can find, ASAP."

"I don't like the sound of this, sir."

"Hummm. No."

Giving Delilah a few minutes to spur her teams into action, I stretch my legs as the coffee machine does its magic. As I rejoin the meeting, she wastes no time in pushing ahead.

"What's first, Bitsi, sir? Medusa, or the TEST-TICCLERS?"

"Medusa?" exclaims Samson.

"We'll come to her later. What are your thoughts about the TEST-TICCLERS?"

Samson also likes to compete with Delilah and me and everyone else for that matter, so he dives in ahead of her. He's also fast.

“We’ve taken a close look through Delilah’s data and analysis. We agreed that the lead TEST-TICCLER should be probed first.”

“Oh? And why is that?”

“Er.” Hesitation, suspecting I don’t agree, and this usually unsettles him a little.

Delilah, going for a fast recovery, says, “Thirty-seven TEST-TICCLERs worked on the latest release, OBOY. It would be a long shot to uncover anything quickly by interviewing all of them, sir. The main TEST-TICCLER will maybe give us some hints about the others.”

“Samson?”

“Er, there are different angles to this, but, Del and I agree—for a change.” He spoke carefully at first but finished up by playing the Samson chuckle one more time.

“Well, let’s look at the data.”

On the O-WE-COME sspace, I display Delilah’s findings, flicking quickly through the pages and pages of test plans and reports.

“Total, fifteen hundred test cases. Only eight executed by the lead TEST-TICCLER. Why not more?”

“Er...”

“Now I look more closely,” Delilah offers rather quietly, “I see he was not planned to test the system at all.”

“Exactly. So why did he take those eight test cases?”

“Hmmm, those tests all relate to the CASH-COW. Blast it. How did I miss that?” she almost yells.

“Because your money was on the CASH-PILE?” I offer. “Anyway, I suggest that we take the thirty-seven TEST-TICCLERs, plan a careful line of questioning, get them to uncover what they know about why their lead decided to ride the COW.”

“Agreed,” says Samson.

“Me, too.” Delilah responds, a little grumpily.

“But, you’re right, thirty-seven TEST-TICCLERs to tease is quite a load. I suppose we can guess how many are in each building?” I ask Delilah.

“Pretty much evenly split, as expected.” She responds immediately, recovering fast from the mini-defeat. “Nineteen in BIG-AM-I-B1, eighteen in BIG-AM-I-B2.”

Almost everything in the BIG-AM-I setup is dupli-mated (duplicated or doubled-up). The two BIG-AM-I buildings are exact copies of each other. This is to guarantee that if a catastrophic company-crushing disaster hits Oslo, for example, a volcano erupting, then the Copenhagen office can continue doing business as if nothing really bad happened at all.

Dupli-mation is common practice in BITS when it comes to sites, machines, and systems, but BIG-AM-I has followed this concept through to the bitter end and included much of the workforce, also.

There are only a few truly beneficial forms of dupli-mating, or dupli-mation. The numerous downsides of the other forms can be described in many different ways.

Just to give the worst example, the negative results of dupli-mation can compare to the ancient horror movies in which a family living in the woods multiplies through incestuous reproduction. Generations later, the whole clan runs around the forest insanely killing all the passers-by in the most monstrous of manners, usually involving big teeth, huge knives, long dirty fingernails, and lots of blood. Net result: Gruesome mutations and carnage.

Said simply: *DUPLI-MATING can be hazardous for one's BITS.*

“Yes.” Samson continues. “If I divide my teams, five from each doing the questioning, half an hour per interrogation, it will take two hours to get through them all, if we start now, which we can't.”

“Fifteen minutes per interview, no time for more. Start rounding them up, Samson. I want the first ones in the interview room in half an hour.”

“You do know it's two o'clock in the morning here, sir?”

“Scare them witless, Samson, you guys are good at that; it should help them wake up fast enough. Get to the lead TEST-TICCLER first. He must be kept silent during this whole interview period. Delilah and I will prepare the reception. You get over to the BIG-AM-I building as soon as you can. Now get going, please.”

“I’m on it, sir.” And he cuts himself off from the call.

“Delilah, please prepare the line of questioning. Harass them with the usual about why they tested only part of the system.”

“A pathetic sixty-two percent this time, sir,” she interjects.

“Drop in questions about the main TEST-TICCLER when they’re off balance. Get your teams started, Del, but, stay on the O-WE-COME, and when you’re done, join me in preparing the meeting facilities.”

“Yes, Bitsi, sir, getting to it right now.” She mutes herself soup-ah fast.

More than two hours have passed since I was dragged out of bed. My body has slowly but surely woken up, and nature is calling. Dragging myself up from the comforts of the luxurious office seating, I trip the route to the bathroom with my eyes half-closed, my mind buzzing through the events so far, until I return to my office.

Before logging into the BIG-AM-I corporate network, I take a bird’s-eye view of the two office complexes. Using a Bitsi-Lite map of the world, I search for BIG-AM-I BITS. Two office locations appear on the map. A thin line, the famous BIG-AM-I Rail, cuts through the air in an almost straight line joining both complexes. Most of the bi-directional rail rests on supports that reach up, for the most part, +/- 1.3 kilometers above the ocean. This was to avoid the extra hassle of negotiating the cost of rural damages along the route.

The coaches hover within an enclosed funnel and are Nuke-Li-Aerially propelled at a should-be-unbearable pace of +/-2400 kilometers per hour. Inside the coach, however, passengers don’t notice the speed due to all kinds of complex scientific tricks, and many shots of inordinately expensive alcohol uniquely designed to steady the nerves.

The timing of the construction of the BIG-AM-I—Rail was rather unfortunate. BITS GON Ballistic’s outraged headline summed up the public reaction nicely (for a change):

BIGAMY’s

Bigamous

BIG-AM-I Rail

Infuriates WOWI

BIGAMY knows no shame!

Billions of DOLLIES were unceremoniously screwed in the ocean bed stretching from Oslo to Copenhagen during the hardest years of the pain and suffering following the financial crisis that changed the world. No one was impressed at the time.

The journey time between BIG-AM-I-B1 and BIG-AM-I-B2 is sixteen minutes, give or take a few toddies.

One might well expect that the BIG-AM-I Rail would be BIG-AM-I's technology showcase. But, it isn't. The BIG-AM-I BITS buildings even now, eighty years after conception, are wonders from another planet. They're the pride of BIG-AM-I BITS.

I zoom in on Oslo to take a look. Half to my surprise, I see Samson crossing through the double outer wall into the main compound. He didn't waste any time getting there.

Placing an O-WE-COME call to his DIGIT-FONE, he answers immediately. "I've never seen such a massive office complex." he practically screams.

"Ah, then you've never been to BIG-AM-I-B2," I chuckle.

The construction is huge. Six wheel-shaped, twelve-story buildings, arranged in a circle, each built on top of a circular metal plate, and these are all resting on another massive wheel-shaped metal plate in the ground. Resting on top of six tall and wide hollow columns, is another huge circular plate that covers all six buildings and the outer wall. Built on top of this plate is the penthouse suite, the top management office floor.

All the walls, columns, and floors, except at ground-level, are made from soup-ah Extra-Strength CLEVUR-Glass ranging from thirty centimeters to eighty centimeters thick. The colors of the walls and floors, controlled by remotes hung in strategic places throughout the offices, change regularly, depending on who feels like what, when, and who wins, much like the result of family arguments about which program to watch on TV. (I still call it TV, even after all these decades.) All the glass mounts around a soup-ah strong, if not flimsy-looking metal supporting structure.

Samson looks up into one of the buildings. “*What the hell is that?*” he exclaims.

I follow his gaze up to the fourth floor and burst into a laughing fit. “That, Samson, is an overweight BITS-Pro taking an early morning swim.”

“This place is weird; you can see everything. Everything is made from glass, even the desks. I guess the girls don’t wear skirts to work, huh?”

“Hmmm. Take my advice, Samson, and avoid those who do.”

“Roger that.”

Looking around some more, he says, “I don’t see any confuzers, only spacey-screens.”

All spacey-screens are built for receiving wireless transmission, so there’s no need to keep the confuzers close by.

“Under your feet, Samson, there’s a huge building, constructed deep underground, housing one-and-a-half million confuzers, one eighth of the BIG-AM-I BITS server farm.

“Wow. It must be hot down there.”

“Not really. The heat is recycled out into the building, when needed, and channeled for reuse elsewhere in the warmer periods.”

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I see Delilah’s face appear on an O-WE-COME sspace. She’s talking, even starting to wave at me. I don’t budge, not even a half centimeter. It’s not wise to respond to your subordinates too fast, unless you plan on screaming at them, which I rarely do.

Slowly, I turn to look at her, reach out one hand, and join her incoming call into the call with Samson, then I interrupt her mid-sentence.

“What’s your status, Delilah?”

“Er, we’re working on the questions, ready in fifteen minutes. And I have some questions about some of the NETNERDs system transactions, when you have time. Also, the ANALPRIDC went back to that hotel on many occasions, sir. And Medusa set up a meeting between herself, the ANALPRIDC, and the lead NETNERD of OBOY. Also at the same hotel.

“What is your status?” she tries.

The ANALPRIDC is trouble; I’m convinced of that, and I can guess at the nature of it. But other angles of the investigation need to get underway before we can stand still to look at him.

My suspicions about the NETNERD are also confirmed. The time of his hacking of the Sissy’s communications was not just a simple COMMINGS.

“Are you checking out where the NETNERD fits in?” I ask, ignoring her question.

“He has his very own HANDBAG now, sir,” and she lets slip a tiny smile.

“Good. Hang on, Del. Samson, look up. Do you see the BIG-AM-I Rail?”

Samson has settled into a luxury leather sofa in the lobby of BIG-AM-I-B1-1. Directing his gaze skywards, he’s almost in awe. “Wow, so that’s it,” he says.

“Yes. Tenth floor, boarding through the outer wall. Six hundred kilometers in sixteen minutes. It’s an option if one team needs reinforcements.”

“Got that. Er, Bitsi, sir, is it just me, or is this place unstable?” Samson asks.

Letting loose a deep chuckle, “All the round plates are turning, Samson. ALL of them, in different directions.”

“But those bridges crossing inside from the floors in one building over to another, if everything is rotating, how?”

“Sliding wall sections in the inner wall, Samson. The wall is to cater for the conveyor-belt connecting bridges.”

The walkways are about three and a half meters wide, all glass, and even the belts for walking are see-through plastic. A little courage is required when crossing those bridges.

“How many people work here?” he asks.

Delilah pitches in, “Total site capacity is thirty-three thousand, six hundred. Current occupation: thirty-two K nine-eighty.”

“OK, guys 'n' gals, enough chit-chat. Del, how's your memory of these BIG-AM-I BITS buildings?” I ask.

“Last time we were here was, what, seventy years ago, when...”

“You remember that?” I'm flabbergasted.

“Yes. We were pulled into...”

“All right, Del, not now. We need the usual multi-room, multi-exit/entrance setup. Five rooms. You work on that, please. I need to prepare Samson to check out the lead TEST-TICCLER.”

“Yes, sir.” and Delilah mutes her O-WE-COME, fast, as usual, but she is still on the O-WE-COME, still with video, and still listening.

“Samson, how's your collection of TEST-TICCLERs growing?”

“The guys are running around the towns gathering up the subs,” he says. “We'll be ready.”

“Good. Now, something else. It's time for you to learn how I can find you so fast.”

“Great.”

“I will set this up but watch closely. When these interviews are over, I want you to follow the lead TEST-TICCLER and see if his conduct changes during this investigation, compared to his usual behavioral pattern.”

“But how...”

“Samson, let me finish, please. For studying his past behavior, I will get you into his INARDS.”

“That sounds disgusting.”

“Pipe down, Samson. It is what it is. Bloody Gibberish. Now, to study current behavior, we need to FOOLHIM. For comparing current and past behavior, I'm afraid you're going to need to use your brainpower for that.”

“Hmmm, I might struggle with that one,” Samson chuckles.

I pull up the DIRT-MAPP on the O-WE-COME sspace.

“Watching?”

“Yep.”

“We start with the present time, Samson.”

I open my new fancy HANDBAG feature in the DIRT-MAPP and drag the lead-T's TWIT-OVA-PERSON from Delilah's data into the BAG. Immediately locating the lead-T, the BAG throws its fits-and-spasms routine, which takes just a few seconds.

"What is that, sir?" Samson asks with hint of a smile in his voice.

My response is tightly wrapped in a sandwich of sarcasm and sincerity: "It's a HANDBAG search, Samson."

"And you expect to actually find something in there, sir?" Samson has quickly cottoned on and is going with the flow.

"I won't bet my life on it, Samson, but I do remain ever hopeful."

Delilah has thrown her head into her hands while shaking it at the same time. It looks as if maybe she's giving up hope for us. Samson and I are chuckling in harmony, rather enjoying her distress at our lost and obviously soon-to-be-condemned souls.

Opening the BAG, a list of all the lead-T's hard-BITS pops out. Selecting his personal DIGIT-FONE, I choose the FOOLEM function from the menu.

In less than a second, the DIRT-MAPP pulls up a Bitsi-Lite map, zooms in on the lead-T's house, and we can see some red dots, glowing in the dark of the DIRT-MAPP.

"Oh, wow, that's fast."

"Well, I'm cheating a little right now, coz I recently re-indexed all BIG-AM-I's employees in the DIRT-MAPP. I see you didn't get to him yet?"

"No, sir. He's farther out than most of the others. But we'll be with him soon."

"OK. Now, we can't see much here yet, there's no movement, so let's prepare to look into his-story, Samson."

I drag the WOWI icon into the HANDBAG, to join the TWIT-OVA-PERSON. As I choose FOOLEM-FROM-INARDS, I can just imagine the sound of the Beast under me springing into action, as the confuzing-power whacks up to MAVACAPA.

“The Beast will create a timeline of every mugshot taken of him WOWI. Once complete, we’ll have a full-blown movie of the lead-T’s INARDS-life experiences.”

“Sounds wonderful,” says Samson unconvincingly.

“You need to go through the timeline recordings, identify and mark points of interest, and plot how often and at what times these points are hit. It’s easy. You’ll get the hang of it after just an hour or two.”

Granting access to these special tools of mine, I watch Samson hide his smile as he reads the access notification weemail.

“Wipe that smirk off, we’re not through, yet. Here’s the Bitsi-Lite visual extension.”

I show how this works by displaying a full HD color video display of the lead-T sleeping in bed. We watch a fly peeing on his face.

“You can see into his house?” Samson asks.

Despite the many publicized advanced features of Bitsi-Lite, we never made it known that it’s possible to see through solid surfaces, as if they didn’t exist.

“With Bitsi-Lite, you can see through anything and everything, Samson. Using this Bitsi-Lite feature, you can see twitches in facial expressions, minuscule body posture changes, margaritas on beaches, FONEs hidden in kitchen cupboards, the works. Never use this feature unless absolutely necessary, Samson. You’d be breaking the law.”

“Yes, sir,” he responds, knowing full well that I’ll be sorely disappointed if he ever goes against this clearly serious directive.

“Bitsi-Lite won’t assist you with the analysis of behavior, but once you detect a current act that’s out of the norm, you can use Bitsi-Lite to zoom in and find out what’s going on.”

Using the space-pad, I draw a circle around the face of the lead-T and drag it into the HANDBAG. “I pulled the subject’s picture into the HANDBAG, Samson, just to show how this works, but this is only necessary if we haven’t yet identified the subject. This is like the usual facial-recognition search for known criminals.”

“Using the face, you can always find the TWIT-OVA-PERSON in the INARDS?” Samson asked.

“Yes. All except mine, of course. And this is the key difference when searching using the INARDS. Nobody can hide. Only you’ll have access to this Bitsi-Lite viewer, Samson. Your agents will have to make do with the usual Bitsi-Lite features and the public camera images when tracking him.

One last thing, Samson. Using this FOOLEM option, you can follow and automatically track the TEST-TICCLER; using FOOLEMALL, you follow and track all people that he contacts using his DIGIT-FONE, building up a complete network of communication. So, that’s it. Now, get to it, please.”

“Yes, sir. Er, can I ask something?”

“What?”

“These tools. How do they work? And where do they come from?”

“I built them, they’re mine and only mine, and they’re top secret, so, do you remember your confidentiality agreement, Samson?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, read it again just to make sure you have every Lord-IT word imprinted in your head. Now, get moving. When this guy wakes up, I want you to notice if he takes a dump at the wrong time of day.”

Suddenly, Samson reaches forward and pukes up his breakfast. Oh, dear. He’s feeling the effects of the turning plates of BIG-AM-I-B1, and I forgot to warn him.

“You’ll need to watch out for that, Samson. It’s a physiological reaction to the turning of the buildings, and only an extremely strong psyche can overcome it, or it takes many months of adjustment. In other words, months of puking. You will need to warn your men, also. Now, go clean up, then get yourself to the ninth floor.”

“Ugh. Yes, sir.”

The BIG-AM-I MOTHER executive that commissioned the building, believed in the Seven Chakras and mistakenly used the term in the building’s requirements specification.

The “genius” that drove the final design, however, confused the notion of a wheel in relation to chakra. Armed with this misunderstanding, he transformed the original concept into a hare-brained implementation

of a centuries-old psychology theory to try to ensure that employees remained constantly on their toes by enjoying new, interesting scenery day in, day out. This is a classic example of The Business and The Techies not cooperating or collaborating effectively.

New hires at BIG-AM-I BITS receive puke buckets and non-puke-able nutrient supplements to compensate for the shortage of digested food during their inauguration period, which can last up to one year.

For the past eighty years, BIG-AM-I has claimed that this sickness episode is a natural result of the stress of joining what is probably soon to become the No. 1 organization WOWI.

Others claim that the building's never-ending turning, in conflicting directions, gives sudden and terrifying insight that they're inescapably trapped in a wheel in an industry that's going around in circles, in BITS.

My money is on the last explanation.

A weemail arrives from the Sissy o' BIG-AM-I BITS. He's politely requesting me to contact him once I awaken. He's obviously worried I'm not taking his OBOY MAD-FLAPPING seriously enough.

Experiencing one of my all-too-often soft moments, I feel for his concern and dial him on the O-WE-COME. He answers promptly.

"COCKS, I did not go to sleep. I immediately kicked off a full-fledged investigation. It's still in ramp-up stage, which will take time, so, before you ask, no findings yet. But, we're on the job."

"That's a relief," he exclaims.

"Listen to me, COCKS. If you want to avoid losing face, don't challenge me in public and do not presume to give me instructions." Then I rephrase my earlier message into a somewhat kinder version.

"If you want something from me, then ask nicely. If I agree, you'll get what you ask for. Do you understand me, COCKS?"

"Of course. This awful mess on my first day in office is rather trying."

"I understand, and, you can scream at anyone you like, except me or those who work for me. Now, I'm going back to work."

"Thanks for responding so fast."

"No problem."

I swing back to the O-WE-COME with Samson and Delilah. “Del, show me what you’ve dug up, please.”

“Sure,” and she displays the new layout of the interview rooms. The MOWALL program can rearrange all the inner office walls in the BIG-AM-I buildings. Meeting rooms are in one big area on each floor, to make the never-ending change of floorplan less disturbing for the BITS-Pros.

“I made it U-shaped, like last time; it’s more practical,” she said.

“Well done, Delilah.”

“Thanks. A corridor forms the U, with three entrance/exit points. Five rooms laid across the U, doors at both ends of the rooms—in, and out.” She moves a pointer around the screen-space quickly showing the layout.

“And an OOO-O-WE-COME in each room?”

“Lined up, and moving them in now.”

Looking into the eyes of an OOO-O-WE-COME is a meet ET experience. The outside casing of the Nuke-Li-Aerially hovering screen has the form of a bald head and is a soft, flexible, almost organic-like material that changes shape and color to match the head and face being displayed.

The face-shaped screen shows a 3-D enhanced, vividly life-like visage of the person behind the webcam. If you reach out your hand to touch the face, it could almost bite you.

Users can easily summon up numerous pre-programmed features such as INTIMI (Intimidate), and ZOIFKI. (Zoom in for the Kill) using a space-pad or joystick.

Only one person can control an OOO-O-WE-COME during a meeting. Of course, that will be me throughout the coming interrogations.

“All done,” Delilah states.

“So, are we ready to party?”

“Yes, I believe so.”

“Oh, boy. Hotline call. Hang on, Del.”

TEASE THE TEST-TICCLERS

“**B**ISI, I COULD see you online. You ain’t sleeping?”

Lord-IT is one of only two people who can check my online status. My wife is the other person.

“Hey, Lordy. Nah, not sleeping. What’s up?”

“Nothing unusual. Night out with the wife. We’ll be going home soon. What about you?”

“One big busted BITS at the moment. But what’s new, huh?”

“I guess that’s BIG-AM-I’s trouble, OBOY. Got it under control?”

“It will be, sooner or later. Lordy, I’m minutes away from knocking a few heads together here, so, what do you need?”

“Bisi, you’re not going to like this, but I need an updated presentation by early evening. If you don’t have time, I need to know now.”

He sounds more than just tired, almost stressed.

“You OK, Lordy?”

“Yeah, all good. Just a late night. I need some sleep. And, I had forgotten all about this presentation. I’m not looking forward to that.”

“Lordy, do you specially wait until I’m up to my neck in BITS kaput and evaporating DOLLIES before you call me? When are you gonna learn to do these things yourself? Which presentation?”

“It is the Big Business Strategy slide-show that almost embarrassed me fifty-odd years ago.”

“Oh, that one.” I have to chuckle at the memory.

“It’s not that funny, Bisi. You could have gotten me into some awkward situations.”

“I don’t understand the problem. The audience loved you. The press had a field day, even credited you with a sense of humor, for a change.”

“Thanks to my expertise in waltzing and Gibberish.” And we both laugh.

“Next time, maybe you wanna read what I send you, before spreading it all over public O-WE-COME spacey-screens WOWI.”

“Hmmm. Look, I need a summarized comparison on the success of the two business strategies. I need it no later than 17:15 CET. And, for the record, I won’t have time to read it, so it needs to be ready to go public when you send it in. Can you manage that?”

“Hummm, I can do it.”

“As usual, only two slides, please.”

“Yeah, yeah. Put on your dancing shoes for tonight’s show. Get ready to boost your ratings.”

“Bisi!”

“Lordy! Later, man.”

“Later.”

Lord-IT’s two-page presentations are famous WOWI. Remarkably, they are not only always two pages but also always packed with controversial statements designed to encourage dynamic and lively question-and-answer sessions. He prefers this approach over trying to show off with fancy images or sleep-inducing theories.

He knows I’ll deliver the slideshow on time. But he also now knows he needs to polish his dancing shoes for this evening. Lord-IT and I are the oldest, and best, of friends, and we’re partners who play with open and honest cards, knowing this way we both succeed. Our working relationship and partnership are unbeatable WOWI.

But it bugs me that Lordy sounded so stressed. An argument with his wife maybe? That would definitely upset him, more so because they don’t usually argue. Eying up the wrong girl in the wrong place at the wrong time maybe? Not likely, for Lord-IT is too smart for that, and, he and his wife are still too close and happy for Lordy to suddenly develop wandering eyes. They’ve been together since she was in school, and they’re now already planning their century celebration party for

next year. Recently, they started on their second round of kids, and apart from inspiring my wife and me to continue trying, their kids have brought fresh life into their already invigorating daily routine.

No, whatever I heard in Lordy's voice, it's either something else or nothing at all. But which is it?

I call Delilah and Samson. "Delilah, we're close to curtain-up time, are we not?"

"Six minutes, Bitsi, sir."

"OK. Are the meeting room walls set to black from outside, transparent from within?"

"Yup."

"Samson, the lead-T, you have him?"

"Confined in a meeting room in the next building, sir. All comms confiscated."

"Good. How is his timeline looking?"

"TIMLI WOWI goes back fifty years so far. I've studied the past two."

"Bitsi?"

"Thinking..."

"OK, Samson, let the TIMLI complete, but no need to review it further. And I've changed my mind. You need to focus on these interviews."

Delilah, please put together a BEDPAN for Samson."

"Yes, sir."

"Samson, once you have it, you need to learn his schedule. Study it."

We don't use BEDPANs that often, and I can't recall whether this Samson has even seen one before, but some of his team have, for certain. And, as with all the instructions I give Samson and Delilah, it's rarely the intention that they will do all the work themselves. They must delegate and manage. So, some of Delilah's team members will put the BEDPAN together, and then Samson's teams will study it, and follow the PERPS.

"Delilah, prepare COMMS test, please."

Ten O-WE-COME spaces spring to life showing all the interview rooms. I quickly arrange these into an overview showing all Oslo sessions together and the COP sessions together.

“Samson, how many guys do you have on-site?”

“Six of us in Oslo, five in COP. The last two from each team are rounding up the remaining candidates.”

“Are you ready for testing out the COMMS?”

“All set, sir.”

“Delilah, activate the CCOTCHA and three-way-CCOTCHA.”

“Done, sir.”

Each member of the BITS-SECS and BITS-SITTER teams and I have a cranially implanted, mega-microscopic communication device Lord-IT and I designed with a trusted colleague and friend. Bio-Brains, as we call him, dealt with the biological and neurological design aspects. That science goes way beyond my abilities. He ensured that the device finds and connects to the brain and can send data directly to the brain.

Visual data goes from confuzer to the CCOTCHA’s LICKEM, spoken messages send from both confuzer and CCOTCHA to the CCOTCHA.

When sending from a CCOTCHA, the CCOTCHA records what the sender says, then relays this electronically to the receivers CCOTCHA. It’s almost like a brain-to-brain walkie-talkie.

All messages and data go to groups of people by first addressing them using New Names such as *Delilah*, *Samson/AGENT 1*, *DEL_SAM*, *OSLO-COPS*, etc.

During such missions, Delilah connects all those involved into a joint CCOTCHA meeting. The BITS-SITTERs pair up with a BITS-SECS partner to assist with ideas and giving directions.

The three-way CCOTCHA channel is separate and extra, using a secure Bitsi-Lite communication channel, so that Samson, Delilah, and I can discuss out of the rest of the team’s earshot. The names DEL_SAM3/DS3, DEL3 and SAM3 are for the three-way-CCOTCHA. The O-WE-COME is for normal meeting mode, the CCOTCHA for private and secret communication.

Over the CCOTCHA, I give the command: “Interviewers: COMMs test.” The BITS-SECS agents instantly appear in the interview rooms on my O-WE-COME sspaces. Each one of them acts out their favorite sound-test tom-foolery. They have done this often and find it a little boring, so they like to liven things up a little.

“Bitsi.” I whisper as quietly as I can, and they all stop immediately.

Delilah flashes a message in front of our eyes. Samson and all ten BITS-SECS agents simultaneously stand on their left foot, put their right hand up in the air, and throw their heads back.

“Test successful,” she says to the whole team, while struggling not to laugh.

“Bitsi, sir, can we get started? We need to finish the first interviews before the guys return with the next lot.” Samson is fretful about the tight planning.

“Sure.”

“Interrogators, roll ’em in,” he commands over the CCOTCHA. “Bitsi, sir,” he continues, “we have to stage the sessions, giving more time for rounding up the remaining TEST-TICCLERS. Starting each interview with a one-minute delay after the previous interview should be enough.”

“You keep pushing for an upgrade of those soup-ah-CHOPPAs don’t you, Samson?”

“The new model does go three ninety-five per hour, forty-five faster, sir.”

Chuckling, I concede to his staging plan. “Send me a business case, Samson. For now, staggering by one minute is fine. But then let’s get going.”

“Yes, sir.”

Samson’s soup-ah-CHOPPAs are a cross between an ancient Harley and a modern soup-ah-sonic jet, except not soup-ah-sonic at all due to the relatively flimsy construction. The specs state that a ridiculous average of 2.5 people fit into the vehicle. The known maximum number of (small) occupants is three. Samson claims he fills his soup-ah-CHOPPA completely. He’s an extremely big man.

“*DEL3*: Set the OOO-O-WE-COMEs to SOFT-PROWL and give me control, please.”

“Yes, sir. Done, sir.”

While the meeting rooms fill and we wait for the show to begin, I make the final arrangement of my screen-spaces, space-pads, and joystick so that I can easily switch between O-WE-COME, OOO-O-WE-COME, chat sessions, CCOTCHA and three-way-CCOTCHA, mega-spacey-screen, and the smaller, closer screens. I will follow the questioning in the background, only intervening if I see or hear anything irregular.

After digging up the old presentation Lord-IT called me about, I then search for all the supporting data, suspecting I already have enough information for producing the comparison he requested. I start paging through the old data, but something else is bothering me, disturbing my concentration. The interviews have started, I can hear them all running in parallel, but no, it's not that.

Sitting back, staring past the two, huge screen-spaces showing the BIG-AM-I meeting rooms, letting my thoughts flow freely, I hunt down the intruder. Suddenly, the call with Mary-lin flashes into mind. I go over the dialogue, numerous times, repeatedly slowing down at the end.

“Do you think Marilyn really had HPD?” This is it, this part of the conversation is bothering me. But why?

HPD? Does it really bother her so much, BGB's unfounded accusations? Just a play on words, an unfortunate combination of names, or acronyms, and a paragraph of rubbish, questionable media text designed solely to concoct a story, to sell another cover.

It doesn't make sense, and I still can't place it, and, I need some food, I'm famished.

Dropping a message to Delilah on the O-WE-COME, “Be right back,” I head for the kitchen.

The kids are not up yet, so I can still safely wander through the house without interference. After quickly throwing together a sandwich, I rush back to the office.

As I reenter my office, the change is immediately obvious. A newly awakened screen-space is displaying a horrifying eleven missed calls. The number reminds me of one hundred and eleven, my specially reserved number for trouble. Call number twelve begins flashing at me like an unwelcome warning signal.

Lord-IT's chief of security, Jonesy, seems desperate to talk. My heart momentarily stops beating. Jonesy has not called me once in the eighty-eight years since his appointment, because there's no need, usually.

OH LORDY

FEAR BOILS UPWARDS like lava just under the surface ready to explode up and outwards, spewing panic over all those nearby. I have to get that under control. My first reaction is always to worry. Why is that?

Slamming on the space-pad with a hammer for a finger, I answer the call. “Jonesy? What’s up?”

“The Lord-ITs, sir, they’re taken. Two of my men are down. Dead. I’ve lost track of the Lord-ITs, sir. Their DIGIT-FONEs and CCOTCHAs are not working. I can’t find their signal, sir.” Jonesy sounds frantic and distressed.

“Hang on Jonesy.” Panic, now unstoppable, is grabbing hold of my every nerve.

I’m frantically smacking Seribus, trying to get Lordy’s location. This should not be a difficult thing for me to do, damn it. The Beast constantly tracks his location. I only need to confirm I want to see it on the screen, a simple security measure, but, utterly slammed and bamboozled by this frightful change of events, I’m not responding well. What the bloody hell is happening?

The realization hits me that I’m in a O-WE-COME meeting with Samson and Delilah and the teams. My thoughts are diving down many possible tracks, my hands unsure which to follow.

A hand with a mind of its own switches the O-WE-COME into total blackout. For good measure, I mute all other forms of communication so no one can hear or see me from anywhere. The lower half of my office walls I change to a cloudy color so the kids can’t see in, a built-in impulsive precaution since the kids were born.

Sitting at my desk, I'm struggling for breath. But, I attempt to focus on Lordy's whereabouts. The Beast simply cannot find Lordy, which confirms Jonesy's story, so far. I activate a new soup-ah-secure CCOTCHA communication with Lord-IT's head bodyguard.

All communication using Bitsi-FREQs is soup-ah-secure. No one else knows the true nature or number Bitsi-FREQs. But there are different levels of soup-ah-secure.

Bitsi-Lite frequencies and waves are innumerable, unquantifiable. They are almost the perfect tangible expression of Max-Infinity, except, I haven't proven this, yet. The world is only vaguely aware of three different channels and some of their sub-channels, which may not sound much, but said simply, this offers more than one million times the possibilities of all preceding satellite and WIFI technologies.

All the other innumerable frequencies, which I privately call Bitsi-FREQs, are just for me, and me only, to use. And, use them I do. The CCOTCHAs established during a mission such as this, is just one small example.

"Jonesy?"

"Yes, Bitsi, sir. What was that beep?"

"One beep, Jonesy, soup-ah-secure on, you and me only. Two beeps soup-ah-secure off, including anyone else we may have invited. Now, slowly, but briefly, Jonesy, tell me what has happened."

"It was a Lord-ITs' night out, sir. Once every two months, you know. The Lord-ITs were returning to their car with the guards after leaving the restaurant. Suddenly, *all* the LICKEMs disappeared from the sspace. That's when I called you, sir.

"I pulled in Bitsi-Lite and scanned the area and all the cars I could in the surrounding streets, but I couldn't find them anywhere. Their car was still where they left it earlier in the evening. After a couple of minutes, my guard's DIGIT-FONE LICKEMs reappeared. I scanned that area for signs of the Lord-ITs and the guards. No sign of the Lord-ITs. Someone or something dumped my men in an alley a few blocks away. LASAROMIC weapons seem to have destroyed the CCOTCHA

LICKEMs, sir. I have two guys going to pick up the bodies now. I have nothing else to go on, sir.”

“How the hell did these guys get past your men, Jonesy?”

“I don’t know, sir; we didn’t see that.” He sounds helpless.

“You weren’t watching them on Bitsi-Lite?”

“No, sir. Lord-IT doesn’t like us to follow them with Bitsi-Lite on their night out. He wants privacy.”

“Give me a minute, Jonesy.”

“Yes, sir.”

My thoughts are full of useless rebuffs I’d like to throw in Lord-IT’s face right now. “Damn it, Lordy. I told you so many times about your compromised security,” my mind screams at him. It’s my main complaint and has been for many decades. But none of that is going to help now.

Pulling up a window into the Beast, I create a new HANDBAG and drag in the Lord-IT’s LICKEMs—all of them. Then, I hit the FOOLEMALL command button and set an alarm to go off when they’re found.

I still can hardly believe the LICKEMs are invisible from Bitsi-Lite’s view as Jonesy’s story would indicate. My fear is they’re also completely destroyed. But I’m not ready to give up hope so fast.

Forcing myself to think things through rationally, I wonder why Lord-IT hasn’t used his alarm, but I quickly decide that if he isn’t dead, then he must be drugged or knocked out somehow.

All those decades ago, when Lordy and I introduced the Nuke-Li-Aerial and Bitsi-Lite technologies and confused all the authorities with all their monopoly and patent laws WOWI, we decided we were at some considerable risk. I worked with Bio-Brains to build the CCOTCHA, which we now use in all our security teams today. Lordy and I, however, also have numerous switches implanted into our bodies for sounding the alarm using the CCOTCHA. The switches are in different places so we can reach each of them from different physical positions.

The CCOTCHAs were also implanted in our wikids. The kids, however, do not yet know of the existence of this means of communication. The kids!

Using Bitsi-Lite, I check on the location of Lordy's children. They're at home, surrounded by Lord-IT's remaining bodyguards. They appear to be safe, thank goodness. To be sure, I pull up the Bitsi-Lite view of the house and, breaking all accepted protocol, take a good look around. Everything looks to be normal, except, no parents and the missing guards.

Opening a special soup-ah-secure Lord-IT RED ALERT option on the DIRT-MAPP and clicking on a solitary button, the transporters wake up, immediately preparing to depart on a preprogrammed journey to Lord-IT's house.

"Jonesy?"

"Yes, sir?"

"We need to move the kids immediately. And the in-laws."

"Yes, sir."

"A necessary warning for you, Jonesy. Right now, I don't know who to trust, so don't make even a single mistake I could misinterpret. My own guys will be watching you, also. If I develop even the slightest inkling of a suspicion that you're dirty, I will instantaneously Nuke-Li-Aerially Bitsi-fry you in your seat from your toes up to your eyeballs. Am I making myself clear, Jonesy?" Of course, using my Bitsi-Tone.

"Clear, sir, totally understood, sir."

All those close to me know I couldn't even fry a fly, let alone a human being. So, the warning is a figure of speech, nevertheless, not to be taken lightly.

The transporters are now ready, so I give the command for them to leave. I could drive all of them from the Beast, if I had time, but I don't. The machines will automatically find their own way to Lord-IT's house.

Having them stashed away close to our homes is yet another security precaution Lordy and I set up decades ago.

"Three transporters, Jonesy, four minutes from now. The family and you are to go in the middle one. Do not bring any new guys on this

mission. As usual, this will temporarily interrupt the whole team's communications. Is this all clear?"

The communication channels of anyone coming to visit us are always switched to secret Bitsi-FREQs and routed through the Beast so he can control all normal functions such as FONE and GPS to keep the location hidden.

"Yes, sir."

"Give me the list of those who will go with you."

Using their agent-numbers, he lists four guys for the rear vehicle, four more for the lead, and three for the middle transporter.

"No. Only you ride center, Jonesy." Bitsi-Tone, again.

Using the DIRT-MAPP, battering on Seribus as if I were slaughtering the rabid Beast, I quickly create a separate list of Lordy's security team members that will escort the kids. I have all their gadgets stored in my BITS. Hooking into all of them, I start recording all their activity, instructing the Beast to both FOOLEM and listen for suspect behavior. The Beast knows more Gibberish than all of us together and is a Bitsi-certified expert at this kind of surveillance. For good measure, I take the same precautions with the remainder of the team that will stay behind.

"I'll be recording you, Jonesy. Wait. You hear that? One of your guys is looking for you. Watch your mouth."

For Jonesy's benefit, I practice the soup-ah-secure switch so that he gets used to the beeping sound in his head. Even though he's almost a veteran, he has never had to do this before.

Two beeps. I listen while Jonesy refuses rest or sleep for his whole team, although many of them have probably been up all night. His guards just returned with their two deceased colleagues. Jonesy instructs them to lay them in the stable and deal with them later. He doesn't give anything else away.

One beep. "Well done. Now, you tell your team you're taking the grandparents and kids to a safe location. The kids only need to bring their PRIVATE-LYFES, teddy bears, and maybe some sweets to help get

them moving faster. The in-laws don't need to bring anything. Are you getting all this, Jonesy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't take any back-mouthing from the mother-in-law. Three minutes, Jonesy. Have those kids ready."

"Yes, sir." He'll not make it within three minutes, but I know he'll try.

Immediately I'm at a loss with no clue what to do next. I don't have the slightest idea what's going down here, and I have no information to go on. I can only assume that the Lord-ITs are in deep trouble, and given the merciless killing of their security guards, they're also likely in imminent, probably deadly danger.

My head drops into my hands, eyes closing, releasing a gush of frenzied and terrifying thoughts. No good. Something bordering on hysteria rises up inside me. I stand up, start pacing the office. No good. My thoughts are taking me into walking, waking nightmares.

I'm running out of breath again; the panic is taking over. Getting dizzy. Oh Lordy. My oldest, closest, trusted, and beloved friend is facing a potentially horrible death. And his wife's death is probably going to be worse.

Going down on both knees, I place my palms on the floor, head hanging limp. Forcing myself. Damn it, man. Get it together, man. This is not helping!

Eventually managing to persuade my mind to force my body to behave, I begin working on my breathing, inhaling a few gasped breaths of office air. Then, slower and deeper. After a short while, self-control appears to be a possible option once more.

My mind runs off again, this time trying to solve the mystery of this unexpected shock. Solving problems is, after all, what I do.

I push myself to continue this track, to guess at a list of the possible related facts and motives:

- Lord-IT and wife, taken.
 - How much trouble are they in?

- Why? Nuke-Li-Aerial power? But how? Everyone knows those secrets are the best-kept secrets on the planet. Even Lordy cannot and would not give them up for anything.
- LICKEMs disappearing from Bitsi-Lite view?
 - Impossible. What's causing this? Malfunctioning? That's too easy, too much to hope for.
- The call Lordy made to me earlier, was that related?
 - Maybe that's why he sounded stressed.
 - No, he would have found a way to drop a clue in somewhere.
- Timing coinciding with BIG-AM-I's FLAPPING of OBOY.
 - That's a long shot. One heck of a COMMINGS.

Nothing to go on. Nothing.

Only the timing of the OBOY problems and the kidnapping show any kind of vague remote connection, but that's also crazy. I need to get back to sanity. I can't sit here alone with all these thoughts not going anywhere.

I set up a new soup-ah-secure CCOTCHA channel with Delilah. One beep. "Del?"

"Yes, sir?"

"What I'm going to share with you now must remain top secret. No sharing with the teams."

"Yes, sir."

"We have a serious problem, Del. Someone snatched the Lord-ITs. Taken. They also killed two of their security guards during the kidnapping. And, I can't find the Lord-ITs. Bitsi-Lite can't see their LICKEMs."

"Oh, sir," she whispers in total shock. "How could this happen?"

"Not careful enough, Del. But the important thing now is to find them. And hopefully they'll be alive when we do."

“I think they will be, sir. Lord-IT is of no use to anyone dead. If they want anything from him, they’ll need to keep him alive, sir.” She tries to encourage me into hoping for the best.

“Yes, Del. Let’s hope so. Here, I want you to help me keep an eye on this.” And I pass a copy of the HANDBAG over to her. “I’m tracking the Lord-ITs’ LICKEMS. As soon as they reappear, an alarm will go off. We need to be ready for that.”

“Yes, Bitsi, sir. There’s no other way we can start looking for them now, sir?”

On another sspace, I notice from the corner of my eye that the transporters have arrived, and everyone is entering them. Jonesy playfully starts to hustle kids and grandparents into the vehicles, urging but without stressing them. Apart from being great at his job, he’s also a natural with the kids, and they adore him.

“Hang on, Del.”

Once all three teams are aboard, I lock down the systems of all three vehicles, cut off all their communications, then establish a new soup-ah-secure CCOTCHA among the ten of us. The coordinates for each stage of this trip are already in the transporters.

On the sspace controlling the machines, I hit the START ROUTE button, and the transporters take off. The DIRT-MAPP will automatically FOOLEMALL throughout the journey.

Jonesy is looking a little perplexed. Usually, I let his guys operate these vehicles manually. It’s like playing a confuzer game when you don’t know where you’re going and have to chase the map-planner as it updates en route.

“Sit back and relax, Jonesy. They’re on auto-pilot this time. You help Granny entertain the kids.

The rest of you guys, can you hear me OK?”

A round of “Yes, Bitsi, sir.” follows.

“Good. Then hear this.” Bitsi-Tone. “Your mission, as ever, is to protect Lord-IT and his wikids. If any one of you disappoints me, then,

I'll personally terminate your mission on the spot. Am I making myself clear?"

Another round of "Yes, Bitsi, sir."

"Good. Stay alert."

Terminate can mean many things, of course.

One beep. I need to talk to Jonesy privately for a moment. "I'll be busy, Jonesy. You, also, stay alert. And warn me if you suspect anything out of place. Watch out for everything, and everybody."

"Yes, sir. Er, Bitsi, sir, will you be in touch as soon as you know more?"

"I definitely will. Jonesy, you don't have anything else for me? Nothing recorded? No more info I can use to try to find them?"

"I am afraid not, sir. I'm really sorry, sir."

"All right, Jonesy."

"Delilah?"

"Yes, sir?"

"No. Absolutely nothing to go on. They've simply disappeared. Hang on, Del."

I want Samson to get to the Lord-ITs as soon as I know where to send him. So, after preparing his soup-ah-sonic jet for him and preparing myself to upload his next flight plan once it's ready, I also ensure that his soup-ah-CHOPPA is preprogrammed to reach the new location of his jet unaided, so that he can focus, even on the short journey to the plane.

Yet another dimension of paranoiac preparation Lordy and I introduced, which is possibly a little overkill, is three Nuke-Li-Aerially-powered soup-ah-sonic planes ready for action close to my home, and three close to his home, in case of extreme crisis. There are also two planes in each of the seven locations where the BITS-SECS teams are in case we need a larger presence in other spots on the globe.

We almost never use our jets, but Samson uses his jet all the time. The rendezvous with his CHOPPA will take roughly nine minutes once Samson leaves the BIG-AM-I BITS building. I can't bring the plane closer to the city without causing all kinds of other problems.

Again, my head sinks into my open hands, my elbows resting on the desk. Oh, Lordy. What have they done to you? What are they planning for you? My mind wanders off again, zooming through many possible nasty scenarios, any one of which could be playing out right now, or very soon.

My head sinks a little deeper. And people wonder why I don't follow the news, the current affairs of the world. I cannot constantly, day in day out, face the suffering we all inflict on each other. For thousands of years, we have abused each other, killed each other. We find millions of reasons to justify hurting another human being. From the smallest harms to the largest offensive actions, we strive to prove we're right, to prove our good reason for inflicting pain, while someone else is standing hurt or lying dead before us. Every time I see some news, I relate it to myself, my family, my loved ones, my friends: What if it were them, or worse, us?

Now, suddenly, it is us. Lordy and his wikids are a part of our big family, a part of us. Come on, Bisi. Get it together, man!

GLOSSARY

(The) ABRIGD

1. The Abridged Gibberish Dictionary.

ANALPRIDC

1. Analyst Prima-Donna Coder.
2. Software programmer.

A-Hack pl. A-Hacks

1. Cyber-attack.
2. A break in to a soft-BITS program, confuzer, file, etc.
3. An illicit modification to a soft-BITS program made with less-than-positive intentions

BACK-END

1. The heart of a BITS (or IT) system.

BBB

1. (The) Big Business Bosses.
2. (The) Big Bad Bosses.

(the) Beast

1. The name of Bitsi's confuzer.

BEDPAN

1. Behavioral Description—Pattern Analysis.

BIG-AM-I

1. Bipolar Innovations, Generator of Amazingly Magnificent Inventions.

Bio-Feelers

1. Mega-microscopic bio-electronic equipment used in scientific, medical, and Bitsi technology.

BITS

1. Business Information Technology (IT) System(s).
2. Bits and pieces of software or hardware (small, big, huge, or soup-ah huge!).
3. Just about anything and everything under the sun that could be described as a bit, or indeed, multiple bits.
4. Information Technology (IT)
- ...
- 55.5. Biological Intelligence's Technological Successor (artificial intelligence or interference, depending on how you feel about it).
- ...
111. Brutish, Incredibly Terrifying Situation, that can shake up a person's world, shattering it into gazillions of bits.

(The) BITS Inspector

1. The most powerful businessman known to humankind.

BITS-Pro

1. BITS professional.
2. IT professional.

BITS-SECS

1. Bitsi's Security Squad.
2. Lord-IT's Security Squad.
3. BITS Security Squad.

BITS-SITTER

1. Bitsi's auditors.
2. Lord-IT's auditors.
3. BITS auditors.

Bitsi

1. The BITS Inspector.

Bitsi-FREQ pl. Bitsi-FREQs

1. Bitsi-Lite transmission frequencies.

Bitsi-Lite

1. Bitsi's satellite technology.
2. Bitsi's satellite-farm.
3. Satellite.

Bitsi-Lites the Skies

1. Second largest company WOWI, owned by Bitsi.

Bitsi-Tone

1. The infamous tone of the BITS Inspector when he's angry.

BOJ-OB

1. Business Officer & Judiciary of Online Business.

BRITCHIS

1. Firewall.
2. Barrier Repelling Intruders, Technologically Categorized as Highly Impenetrable and Secure.

CASH

1. Cash or money.
2. Any form of financial currency or contract involving cash or money, e.g., investment, bond, dolly-notes, etc.
3. Collectible Assets, Security (or Savings) Historically.
4. Corrupt Ascertainment of Someone's Hourly-wage.

CASH-COW

1. BIG-AM-I's BITS, or system for receiving or collecting payments, or CASH.

CASH-PILE

1. A bank owned by BIG-AM-I.

CCIO

1. Chief Communication and Information Officer.

CCOTCHA

1. Covert Communication Transmission Channel, a brain-wired walkie-talkie-with-video.

CHABLIS

1. List of all changes to production (or live) software systems.
2. Changes to BITS list.

CHOPPA

1. Nuke-Li-Aerially-powered (small) flying vehicle.

CLIMACCSSS

1. Communications matrix.
2. Contacts list.

CLOGS

1. Collated LOG Statements.
2. System logs.
3. Stinky wooden shoes.

CMA

1. Cover My Ass.

COCKS

1. Cox, the CCIO of BIG-AM-I.

2. Cox's Offensive for Cooking up Killer Services.

Come-again

1. "Come again?" the name of Bitsi's second-favorite space-pad.

COMMINGS

1. Coincidence or coincidences.

confuzer

1. Computer.

confuzerized

1. Computerized.
2. Confused.

confuzing

1. Computing.

confuzing-power

1. Computing power.
2. A measure of the ability to confuse.

Conkerer

1. Number-one browser WOWI, copyright BIG-AM-I.

CRAPP

(see also FLAPP)

1. Crash of Abnormally Painful Proportions, always a system crash.

CRAPPING

(see also FLAPPING)

1. CRAPP Immediately Neutralizing Giants.

CREAM-EMTO-BITS

1. Take out the bad guy(s).
2. Crush by Exposure the Abominable Malefactor, Eliminating the Menace to BITS.

CYA

1. Cover Your Ass.

Delilah

1. Combined job title and appointed name of Bitsi's Chief BITS-SITTER.

DIGI

1. Digital.

DIGI-DIRT

1. Data or information, often revealing and/or incriminating.

DIGI-DIRT-CRAWLER

1. Bitsi's worm for breaking into anything confuzerized.

DIGI-DIRT-DIGGER

1. Bitsi's data collector program for scraping up DIGI-DIRT.

DIGI-DIRT-MAPP

1. Bitsi's all-powerful menu-driven program for making life easier when working on the BEAST.

DIGI-DIRT-STORE

1. Bitsi's database.

DIGI-LOCKER

1. Digital safe for securing Bitsi's and Lord-IT's products and data.

DIGIT-FONE

1. Mobile phone.

DOLLY, pl. DOLLIES

1. The one-and-only currency WOWI, used everywhere.

dosh

1. money, or CASH.

DROSS

1. Dynamically Recyclable Operating System Supérieur, copyright Lord-IT House.
2. Operating system.

dupli-mate

1. Duplicate, copy, or replica.
2. To illegally duplicate, copy, or replicate.
3. To make a replica of something and screw with it so badly that the original is no longer recognizable.
4. An abomination.

dupli-mation

1. The result or outcome of dupli-mating.
2. An act or instance of dupli-mating.
3. An abomination.

Exhausting Gibberish

1. An abbreviation for the publication Exhausting Gibberish, The Dictionary.

FITS

1. Financial Institution, Technologically Secured.

FLAPP

(see also CRAPP)

1. Nasty system crash.

FLAPPING

(see also CRAPPING)

1. Nasty system crash with almost guaranteed financially crippling effect.

FLICKEM

1. Finder for a LICKEM.

FONE

1. Short for DIGIT-FONE.

FOOLEM

1. Follow, Obscurely, Literally Every Movement.
2. Program for tracking someone and recording anything and everything of interest.

FOOLEMALL

1. Same as FOOLEM, but with the knock-on effect of following everyone the FOOLEM suspect contacts.

FOOLHIM/FOOLHER

1. Same as FOOLEM but with some gender implication.

FRONT-END

1. The visible part of a system one sees on the screen.

(The) Fruit

1. The latest age-prevention drug.

GLOBCHAT

1. Global online chat session.

GLOBHED

1. Global Helpdesk.
2. Global Helpdesk Agent or employee.

GLUE

1. Generic Language for Uniting Everything.

GODS-AVEUS

1. Gibberish Opposition Death Squad Aimed at Vindicating Everyone of Unforgivable Slang.

HAH-FLICKEM

1. Hand-Held FLICKEM, a small remote-control-like device for using the FLICKEM program.

HANDBAG

1. A feature of the FRONT-END to Bitsi's mega-powerful search-engine.
2. A bag mostly used by women for holding (supposedly, usually) smaller items.

hard-BITS

1. Hardware, such as a confuzer, spacey-screen, etc.

HPD

1. Honorary Protector of Dollies, the biggest WINCCER ever WOWI.
2. Histrionic Personality Disorder.

INARDS

1. Information Archive Recordings—Data Store, holding recordings of all activity on all business premises WOWI since the year 2021.

JERK

1. Jerry Karmich'l, former BIG-AM-I Sissy.
2. Jerk.

Jonesy

1. Combined job title and appointed name of Lord-IT's chief of security.

L'ARCH

1. The chief architect.

LASAROMIC

1. An inferior power source, only used in inferior weaponry.

LEACH

1. Lead Enterprise Architect, Constructor Hi-tech.

LICKEM

1. Bitsi's wireless technology device, built into all confuzers WOWI.

Lord-IT

1. According to popular opinion, the most powerful businessman known to humankind.

Lord-IT House

1. Largest organization WOWI, owned by Lord-IT and Bitsi.

MAD

1. System down.
2. Major Atomic-like Downtime.
3. Something to be avoided.
4. Angry, enraged, furious.

MAD-NESS

1. System down.
2. Major Atomic-like Downtime—Never Expected Spectacular Shock.
3. Something to be avoided.

MAD-ONNA MAGIC

1. BIG System DOWN, Oh No! Not Again!
2. Something to be avoided at all cost.

MAGIC

1. BIG system.
2. Magic.

MAGICIAN

1. On-call, on-duty system technician.

MAVACAPA

1. Maximum Available Capacity.

MOTHER

1. Mother organization or top parent organization.
2. Mother.

MOWALL

1. A soft-BITS program for moving or rearranging the offices walls within the BIG-AM-I buildings.

NETNERD

1. Network technician.

Nuke-Li-Aerial power

1. Currently the most powerful form of energy known to humankind.

OBOY

1. Online Booking and Ordering, Yes, sir! (implying great system).
2. Oh boy! as in “Oh, my Lord-IT!” or “Oh, my goodness!”

O-WE-COME

1. Online Web Conference and Meeting. Video-conferencing software.

OOO-O-WE-COME

1. One-On-One O-WE-COME. A hovering or flying confuzer screen or monitor, shaped like a bald head.

peemail

1. Weemail.
2. Pathetic Excuse of Email's Accountability for all Information (ever) Lost.

PERPS

1. Criminal(s)

pissmail

1. Same as peemail.

PRIVATE-LYFE

1. Personal tablet confuzer.

PUKE

1. Person Ultimately Killed in the End.
2. Person to blame and who subsequently pays the price.
3. Mistake.

PUSSIES

1. CCIO deputies.
2. Pushy Undergraduate of Sissy Stratagems—Intensified Education in Shopping.

QUA-BITS

1. Quality of BITS.

RAT RACE

1. Underhanded power struggle, often involving illicit actions, between nations or large organizations.
2. Dishonorable or illicit actions to advance one's career, usually at the cost of a colleague and/or close friend.

SADCASE

1. Database administrator.

Samson

1. Combined job title and appointed name of Bitsi's chief of BITS-SECS.

screen-space

1. Software term, historically "window" or "panel" displayed on a spacey-screen.

Seribus

1. "Serious business," the name of Bitsi's favorite space-pad.

SICCO

1. Situation Crisis Coordinator.

Sissy

1. CCIO.

Sissy-O

1. CCIO.

soft-BITS

1. Software, typically running on hard-BITS such as a confuzer.

soup-ah

1. Super.
2. Something powerful, strong, or amazing, something super indeed, that's often horribly abused such that the result lands one in the soup, ah!

space-pad

1. Keyboard.

Note: Made from (downsized) spacey-screen technology.

spacey-screen

1. Computer touch-screen, usually huge and transparent and can be viewed and operated from both sides.

sspace pl. sspaces

1. Abbreviation for screen-space.

stupid-ITy

1. Incredibly elevated level of stupidity.
2. Stupid IT, referring to broken stuff in IT, which there appears to be quite a lot of.
3. A combination of 1 and 2.

TAN-Number

1. Transaction Assurance No-Credit-Card Number.

Note: Used to be called CVV/CSC/CVD, etc. A three-digit number on the back of a (no-)credit card.

TEST-TICCLER

1. System tester.
2. Tester of Expert Systems Theoretically, Technologically Incapable, Certifiable Confuzer Logic Examiner, Retrospectively.

TIMLI

1. Timeline, a confuzerized chronological record of selected events throughout a period in a given person's life.

TRICC

1. Happening.
2. Event.
3. Achievement.

TRIPSI Bitsi

1. A rather ridiculous nickname for The BITS Inspector, nevertheless one he has trouble shaking off.

TROUBLE

1. Detailed description of technical changes (to software).

TRUTHH

1. Criminal.

TWIT

1. Unique identifier WOWI.

TWIT-OVA-PERSON

1. Person-identifier, replaced all forms of social security or national insurance numbers WOWI.

TWIT-OVA-USER

1. Digital user-identifier, for logging into software systems.

UCCRE

(suffix)

1. Unprofessional Conniving Contemptible Rat Excretion.

weemail

1. Wonderfully Enhanced Email.

(the) WHHEEL

1. The World of Humankind's Hateful Egocentric Evil Learning about The World of Humankind's... A vicious cycle that so many people are stuck in.

wikids

1. Wife and kids.

WINCCER

1. Bank.
2. Banker.

WOWI

1. Worldwide.
2. Wow-wee.
3. “And so what?” or “big deal.”

wwoopsi-net

1. Internet.



A Bisi Day!

The world's leading IT crime fighter, Bitsi combats a fierce cyber attack. Someone is stealing billions.

Unexpectedly and abruptly, the tables spin wildly. During a deadly exchange, Bitsi's business partner is violently abducted, yet the true danger remains hidden, taunting. With the death toll rising, the clock devouring the hours, and few open options, Bitsi plans a risky rescue. But how long before Death wins, and we all lose?



The BITS Inspector™, aka Bitsi, or just Bisi to his friends, is a family man above all, a scientist in the field of wireless communications, a passionate IT professional and businessman, and a crime fighter. He's committed to the protection of the world at large, with a special focus on the safety, peace, and happiness, indeed, the future, of humankind.

www.bitsinspector.com



BITSI-LITE
PUBLISHING

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