



Notes from Trillionaire Island

Fearkiller (Volume 2)

Chris Maley

Fearkiller (Volume 1) was about fear, uncertainty, panic, doubt, ignorance, and misery transforming the workforce during the first decade of the new millennium.

Notes from Trillionaire Island: Fearkiller (Volume 2) takes place three years after the ending of the first book. It is about mischief, optimism, joy, happiness, elation, and inspiration—and making trillions of dollars.

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“In 2010, average real income per family grew by 2.3% but the gains were very uneven. Top 1% incomes grew by 11.6% while bottom 99% incomes grew only by 0.2%. Hence, the top 1% captured 93% of the income gains in the first year of recovery.”

—Emmanuel Saez, University of California, Berkeley.
Striking It Richer: The Evolution of Top Incomes in the United States.
March 2012

“A significant fraction of global private financial wealth—by our estimates, at least \$21 to \$32 trillion as of 2010—has been invested virtually tax-free through the world’s still-expanding black hole of more than 80 offshore secrecy jurisdictions. We believe this range to be conservative, for reasons discussed below.”

—*The Price of Offshore Revisited: New Estimates for Missing Global Private Wealth, Income, Inequality, and Lost Taxes.* Tax Justice Network, James S. Henry, senior advisor/global board member. July 2012

“Did you know that starting February 24, 2006, you could buy Fear futures—a ‘call’ order if you’re thinking more fear, and ‘put’ order if you’re predicting less fear? VIX Options Contracts... For trading, I even got me a special double-sided policeman-style shoulder holster. Where the pistols normally go, I fill up the right side with a bunch of Fear Indexes, the left side up with a bunch of Misery Indexes—they’re squirmy little fellers—then I throw on my black leather trenchcoat, oversized orange foam cowboy hat, and GIMME HEAD ‘TIL I’M DEAD medallion. And I get to trading. That sinister guy over there’s looking for a Misery Index, I reach inside the coat, double-pump, grab a Misery Index and fling it, WHAMMO—”

—Doc, *Fearkiller (Volume 1)*

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Introduction

I turned myself in.

Well, first I deposited the \$31 million, asked that cute bank teller out, got shot down, and then cried about the fact that she was my last chance. But then I remembered I was covered in shit, piss, vomit, and space-goo, and on top of that, I killed Egan. So I didn't begrudge her.

"Maybe if circumstances were different..." I was thinking. And I wasn't being a manager here. I was just thinking. I wished her well.

Then I called Egan® to say that the company was officially sold to H. L. Beauregard Tobacco, and I gave him my checking account info so he and Doc could set aside the \$31 million for Egan's kids' college funds. I also congratulated Egan® on his new job and said it was a pleasure to work those long hours strategizing the Go-to-Market launch with Doc and him. I finished by telling him that the tobacco company would have been a fool if it didn't bring the two of them on board.

Then I turned myself in.

A trial wasn't needed; I confessed to Egan's murder and told the police everything.

I detailed how I picked up Egan at the hotel, knocked him out with the whiskey/sleep aid, and murdered him at my house. (I also sheepishly admitted that the murder weapon was a tack hammer and not something heavier, like a thirteen-ounce Light Duty.)

After I gave the woodchipper's location, their forensics team extracted it from the lake and found a tiny bit of Egan's DNA on the machinery. Enough to put me away forever.

Between you and me: it would have been neat if they asked about the joys of entrepreneurialism or my learnings from the cutthroat fish food industry. I knew the cops' focus was Egan's death, but still. What if one of them was considering a career change and needed some industry insight? I would have happily shared.

I also could have shared my knowledge about the difference between Fear, Fear®, and fear. Or told them about UncertainTina, Little Miss Doubt, the panicky Baby Nicky, Doctor Igno Rance, Monsieur E, and the Less triplets—Ruth Less, Relent Less and Remorse Less.

But the police were only interested in Egan's murder. Their professionalism was something to behold.

I was processed through the system fairly smoothly and here I am, almost four years later.

The killer, who the media dubbed “The Job Creator,” is housed in the medium security section of the Todd Akin Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

This is my ten-by-eight prison cell.

Before I talk about my life, let me finish this thought about Egan® The Eagle real quick.

That nine-foot-tall, pastel-colored bird is the best CFO you will ever encounter. I’d go to “war” with him any day. Our time in the “trenches” together, pushing the boundaries in the interest of maximizing capitalistic potentialities—once he came on board, Egan® Disciplinary Fish Food took off.

Talk about an employee wearing multiple hats. How many companies have a hybrid CFO/mascot? Being able to operate from a position of financialship combined with a platform of mascotship, he was our X factor.

The credit I receive for my achievements with the company by all means needs to be shared with Egan® and Doc. The three of us leveraged the power of Fear® to make Egan® Disciplinary Fish Food a success.

Looking back, it would have been a kick in the pants to have had a celebration bash.

But I murdered a human being; it was time to go to jail.

Still, to have taken cash from the sale to buy booze, cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, horse tranquilizers, goat tranquilizers, giraffe tranquilizers, polar bear tranquilizers, shark tranquilizers, grizzly bear tranquilizers, legal painkillers, illegal painkillers, LSD, MDMA, PCP, paint thinner, gasoline, and methamphetamines to throw a party for me and the guys—*damn*, that would have been fun.

But I murdered somebody. Turning myself in was the only option.

Remember “Thou shalt not kill”? They weren’t fucking around.

Every night when I try to sleep, I am reminded that killing Egan is unforgivable.

It's like, years after you kill somebody, the universe still reminds you that you killed somebody.

So if there is a lesson to my story, it's this:

Don't kill anybody.

Looking around, this is my prison cell.

This is where I've been the last two and a half years. It's a standard cell. Underneath the pictures and pieces of paper tacked up are gray walls and a gray ceiling. A bed, desk, chair, toilet.

Sitting on my bed with my back to the back wall, I look out at the bars, a bit of hallway, and the brick wall on the other side of the hallway. No windows with views of the outside or anything. Just my cell and a hallway with brick walls.

On the inside of the cell, above the door and bars, I scratched my made-up word and its definition:

fearkiller: a maniacally mischievous, insanely optimistic, out of their mind joyous, out-of-their-head-happy, madly-elated, crazy inspired soul

I like this word. It takes two negative words and turns them into a positive one.

After looking at it so much, I kind of wish I scratched it in there without the commas. Even that first colon, I could do without it some days. Also, if I wanted to get grammatical, more of those words need dashes in between them to show which words modify which. (Then again, what if there weren't any dashes at all—or any type of punctuation—just the letters?) I do debate about adding more dashes, like maybe that could be a future home improvement project, but I shouldn't get too analytical.

I have to remind myself that I *have* been sitting here staring at it for the last few years.

Looking inside the cell, the walls and ceiling to the left of the doorway are covered with work from my day job. And the ones to the right are covered with my art and writing.

So things stay separate, I keep that two inches of space running down the center of the ceiling and back wall free of clutter. That's why you can see the gray paint.

Those two jackets hanging to the left of the doorway? One ties to the left side of the cell; one ties to the right side.

The navy-blue windbreaker, with the yellow “ATFFF” block letters printed on the breast pocket and across the back, was given to me after I helped a team of agents crack a case.

ATFFF.

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Fish Food.

They came at me right after I got here.

First time they showed up at my cell, I spat at them. I yelled, “You wanna fuck with Big Fish Food? Well, I am Big Fish Food. Why would I rat out my minions to a bunch of fish-food-hating pigs, huh?”

They replied that I was bat-shit crazy, going to be locked up forever, and had no choice in the matter.

I squinted my eyes and said, “I’ll play...for now...”

And I wasn’t acting like a manager there. I was just thinking. About my lack of any options whatsoever and the fact that my stated “for now...” was my best attempt at bravado, but even I wasn’t fooled by it. I had nothing here. Nothing. They had every card in this deck and the next deck.

(Again: Don’t. Kill. People.)

The other jacket hanging there is an Egan® Disciplinary Fish Food sweatshirt hoodie. It’s got a cartoon print of my buddy Egan® on the back, with his bird-fist out to the viewer for a fist pound.

That hoodie may look like every other Egan® hoodie that you see the kids and age-inappropriate adults wearing these days, but it isn’t. That hoodie there—the sole personal possession they let me keep due to my part in helping stabilize the economy—is one of a kind.

That reprint of Egan® on the back, look at the beak.

The shade of yellow on that beak is ColorTone Spectra Yellow 14–0B7. The actual Egan® brand color is ColorTone Radiant Yellow 15–15R.

I remember that day, the meeting with the sweatshirt manufacturers.

Doc, Egan®, and I breaking down, sobbing hysterically at the incorrectness of the yellowness. Tearing through boxes of tissue, leaning on each other for strength, all those tears. Witnessing it—the very incorrectness of it all—the beak color, it fired pain-filled, searing bolts of imperfectness at our frontal cortexes. Spectra Yellow 14–0B7: oh how you should have been Radiant Yellow 15–15R.

What a metaphor, I thought to myself as I wept.

Perhaps I was driven to the point where I beat Egan to death with a hammer because this world contained too many Spectra Yellows that should have been Radiant Yellows.

I remember wondering what role Fear® played in all of this. And what role Fear played in all of this. I cried about the media’s obsession with negativity and the dwindling relevance of the American Dream. All of the fear, uncertainty, doubt, panic, the rest—Spectra Yellow 14–0B7: oh how you should have been Radiant Yellow 15–15R.

I was sniffing and ruminating on all of this when the lady from the sweatshirt-making company spoke up.

She asked the three of us if we understood what a “prototype” stage was.

Fixing this wouldn’t be a problem in the slightest, she said.

Doc sniffled, “No problem, huh? Well, that’s good! For a second there, I thought you just liked seeing a little old man cry!”

Then he burst into fresh tears and Egan® comforted him.

Those two jackets hanging there, I wear the hoodie when I’m drawing or writing, and the ATFFF windbreaker when I’m working. But sometimes I switch it up.

Yup, this is my home.

My cell. Covered with papers and scribbles and drawings and note cards. I’m a model prisoner most of the time, so I get usage privileges for the felt markers, paper, and sticky glue.

Whenever you hear about wanting to keep busy in prison, the people who write those stories aren’t kidding around. It’s all about keeping busy.

Looking at the left-side walls and ceiling.

Those scribblings up there pertain to the case file that Detective Silver gave me. I have a few of the crime scene photos stuck to the walls and ceiling as well, along with scientific documents.

Sometimes, when trying to crack a case, it's best to take all of the information and spread it out before you to look at everything holistically. That's why I post it all on that side of the cell.

I use a loosey-goosey color-coordination system for my note cards—green is “Suspect Info,” red is “Crime Scene,” and yellow is “Victim.” I can spend hours looking at those walls and that ceiling, thinking, analyzing, extrapolating, cross-referencing.

Though technically my title, I believe, is honorary agent for the ATFFF, I am currently on loan to the Department of Jewelry Heists.

As it turns out, I have a knack. I can think like a jewel thief, I guess. Those pictures on the walls now are from the crime scene, a vault.

If you ask me, the facts of an unsolved jewelry heist and the market-by-market dynamics of the disciplinary fish food business are more similar than different.

Really, comparing methods of entry at Crime Scene One versus Crime Scene Two is, dimensionally and symbolically, kind of like weighing pros and cons of launching in two different markets, say Schenectady versus Sioux Falls.

Thank God my “knack” isn't in some other crime arena, like people mutilating or something.

Can you imagine, having pics of dead people covering your walls and ceiling?

Blechhhh.

Yes, I snapped once; the horror of what I did revisits my head every night.

Every. Night.

But the fact that I would make a horrible murder-crime-scene, crazy-guy consultant should be a testament to something. That guy who ate people, let him look at all those grisly photographs.

My gig is jewelry heists.

Sitting here, back to the wall, eyes rove to the right side of the cell.

Along with a few of my favorite drawings, that side is covered with scribblings and doodlings, along with some writing—poems mainly, but thoughts for stories as well.

You didn't know me before, but I didn't draw that much. I took that up once I got here.

If I do say so myself, my drawing skills have improved in the past few years. Didn't know if you were wondering about that, but now you know.

Sometimes I wonder what roles the meds play in my drawing and writing. Obviously they've mellowed me out, as I'm sure you'd agree, but I wonder if any of those visuals or words up there on the wall were drug induced as well.

(Oh. On a side note: I'm not one of those mental patients who tongues the meds and then spits them out. Uh-uh. I have never done that. Ever.)

Since I am a model prisoner, except for times like last Tuesday, they let me take it easy on Fridays.

A typical Friday finds me working on a jewelry heist case in the morning, and then it's lunch and 90 minutes of supervised Internet time, baby.

Being Mr. Fish Food, I could never walk away from the business without at least witnessing its growth from the sidelines.

That being said, I also have to say this: cut the Fishies some slack on their arrogance.

If you see some Fish Food engineer strutting down the street with that strut, acting like he's Mr. Fish Food himself, well, hear this from the guy who in fact *is* Mr. Fish Food: remember we kept the economy from imploding.

You may pine for the days of the mortgage-mortgaging guys or the website-making guys and their brands of autofellating cockiness, but Big Fish Food is here to stay.

Every Friday afternoon, from the end of lunch until 2:27, I scan the industry news, tracking the latest innovations.

All the stories about the low-carb disciplinary fish food craze, that harebrained smoothie launch, experimenting with nuclear power in fish

food factories, how disciplinary fish food sales increases are triggering revivals in the ceramic pirate ship and plastic sea plant industries—to think that all of this started with a man trying to undo something that could never be undone.

Steve Jobs started out of his garage. The Job Creator started in the back bedroom of a house that was being repossessed by the bank.

But to scan the trades, the news, these stories of fish food innovations that Doc, Egan®, and I never fathomed back in the day—I read all of it. Every word.

I can't tell you how much I wish that all of this would trigger feelings of accomplishment and contentment within me.

There is so much that could and should make me proud. And I wish it did.

But I feel nothing. All those people whose lives have been bettered due to the good, steady jobs I helped create—even that energy stops outside of those cell doors.

Which is how it should be when all is aligned.

Every night before I get into bed, I beg Egan for his forgiveness.

He hasn't answered.

He never will.

This cell is eight feet wide by ten feet deep by eight feet tall. Surrounding this cube—shooting off 360 degrees in every direction for trillions and trillions of miles—is the Universe.

Those stories about the beings you kill coming back to haunt you—why would Egan waste his time with me, revisiting all of that? He is light-years from this cell.

I am here. Only here.

I haven't slept a night in three years, and I will never sleep again.

Looking at that word scratched above the cell's doorway.

I am not that word.

Every night I lie here in this bed and wish for morning. While I wish for this, those shapes on the walls that are doodlings and crime scene photos during the day, at night lose their form. Some meld together. Others channel noise—noise my mind has trained itself to ignore—that fills my cell.

I never wish for death. Ever. I would never wish for death.

I forgot to tell you one last way that I keep myself busy.

I also fill my days by writing to every researcher I can find who might need a human as a test subject. If their experimentation is about improving and prolonging people's lives, I'd like to help.

When writing to them, I explain my cosmic dilemma: I never sleep, yet my nightmares are vivid. Everything I did—and more—is all in my nightmares, only I don't sleep, I say.

I tell them if they need a human guinea pig to test out a life-extending drug or, say, an artificial heart, I am their man.

I killed Egan. I know where I am going when I die. My wish is to help science crack the code that helps people live forever.

I open each letter with the following thought:

“Dear Research Team,

I know the difference between Fear, Fear®, and fear. I also contain volumes of insight about Old You, the part of the soul that exists beyond spacetime. These facts have nothing to do with my reason for writing.

I want to live forever. But only because I know where I'm going when I die.”

Then I beg them to help me stay on this earth for a few nanoseconds longer.

Notes from Trillionaire Island

1.

Doc here.

This is between you and me: I always thought that the fishy discipline food seemed like a gimmick.

But since it helped stabilize the economy and put so many back to work, who am I to complain?

What's-his-nuts, that whackodoodle, he was a darned-driven young man. I wouldn't say that I drank the fish food, but I am proud to have been part of all that entrepreneurialism.

To think I came into the business venture not knowing a thing about the law. The great thing is, I still don't. Besides the fact that I'm already disbarred due to my questionable medical skills, no waayyyy I would do law school. Not at my age.

Yet these days, I can call myself a practitioner of legaleselessness.

When I think that the fish food industry is such a source of fulfilling, rewarding jobs, I'll say it: I'm honored I could contribute.

These days, in my reflective moments, I wonder, "Doc, were you a fish food tycoon or were you a fish food magnate?"

I remember joining the company back in 2010. That world around us was so darned backward crazy with fear, uncertainty, doubt, panic, ignorance, misery—even ruthlessness, relentlessness, and remorselessness. Whatever his name was, Mister Crazyfella, he was different than those CEOs I was reading about.

None of them seemed to possess his drive or belief. True, that guy was a loon. But I also saw a business spirit that is in danger of extinction.

Before I joined Egan®, my days were spent figuring out new investing angles to drum up simoleons and cross-monetize cabbage. The papers said that the Great Recession had ended. It was time once again to invest.

As I researched the financial pages looking for opportunities and commonalities, I would read stories about CEOs masturbating to pictures of themselves and laying off whole departments to stimulate stock prices.

What they were doing in the name of stock prices...as an investor schooled in the traditional ways...

I couldn't help thinking about those CEOs losing their direction in the Universe.

Before Fish Food, I never saw myself in that J-O-B world. I was a doctor first, an investor second—mainly due to the lawsuits that resulted from practicing the first.

My life was about climbing out of this financial hole. Driven by litigation-inspired panic, no data point was overlooked when it came to looking for the untapped investment goodness.

Investors are sponges for information because knowledge points you to the gold.

All that hoopla about discovering investment opportunities by covering yourself in salsa and yodeling at the heavens is just that. Hoopla.

Information is where it's at.

Back in 2010, reading about all of that uncertainty, doubt, ignorance, and misery, the fear and panic, it got me depressed. Same downwardness, different story. After that first decade of the millennium, the second one wasn't starting any better.

I thought about forces like mischief, optimism, joy, happiness, elation, and inspiration. Did they even exist anymore?

Even the sight of a gaggle of Misery Indexes, wagging their little tails and yelping while staring up at me with those big, round, baby Misery Index-like eyes, even those tiny fellers didn't excite me like they used to.

Regular maintenance of an investor's investment instruments, financial instruments, investment vehicles, and financial mechanisms is necessary for long-term market success. But the guy who used to faithfully oil and polish his Fear Indexes and Variable Overhead Efficiency Variances was now forgetting on a routine basis.

One time, I was knee-deep on The Floor, sneaking up on another investor, thinking a long-short, cross-fade-accelerated, amortization-derivative, macaroni type of cash-driven investment position could be advantageous.

Then I reached into my trench coat for a Fear—

And “creaaaaak.”

That uncoiled Fear Index gave me away. The investor scampered off to the nearest tax shelter.

At the top of my investment game, that never would have happened. My subconscious mind wasn’t as focused as my conscious mind thought.

Nurse McDoubleDee one day told me she couldn’t remember the last time I snorted a line off of her prodigious breasts.

I told her it seemed like the whole investment game was going sideways. I was convinced that something was in the water.

Were we investors helping the business world or hurting it?

Corporate profits were rising, only companies weren’t hiring. After the mortgage crisis, banks were getting bailed out but then not lending. There were the for-profit colleges and student loan scandals, the autofellating, and good people going bad, using fear and uncertainty to justify their swindlings—capitalizing on others’ misfortune.

I took a step back and looked at myself. That childlike sense of reckless investment abandon that used to pulse through me, down to my center—where had it gone?

I began to wonder if this was my market anymore.

Fear®.

Years back, I didn’t get in at the Fear® IPO because, even with the short-term gain potential, Fear® just didn’t seem to be worth it. After looking at its glitzy commercials, I checked out the company’s balance sheet, annual report, 10K, 10Q. Didn’t like what I saw. The investors who built the Pit taught me to beware of deals like this.

Fear®.

Watching that company’s stock rise, I didn’t know what to think.

The Fear Index.

These days, I rely on Fear Indexes more than I ever thought I would.

At another point in time, I just carried a couple for emergencies. But now, I never invest without being fully outfitted with Fear Indexes.

Then there was the thought process behind this index—was there more to this energy than what appeared on the surface? Was there more than tiny cogs and wheels, a connection to something larger?

The nurse took me shopping for a new outfit. Maybe the black leather trench coat, oversized orange foam cowboy hat, and GIMME HEAD 'TIL I'M DEAD medallion, as a look, was getting stale, she told me.

So I traded in my old look for a football helmet, 1960s-era snowshoes, pants made entirely of paper clips, a bright purple T-shirt, and a life vest.

(I didn't actually have any experience with aquatic-based investing. The life vest would be a decoy.)

But even with a new investing outfit, I still felt lost.

At the same time, another malpractice payment was due and I had to earn. I didn't know what to do.

Doctoring was beginning to appear out of the question. Corporate America was never in the cards. Investing was my game, only now this slump and the autofellatality of it all made me second guess even this.

Then that guy called. Yammering on about needing legal advice and legal documents and some kind of fish food disciplining that needed formulating or something.

I remembered treating his shoulder a while back, yet I had zero idea what he was talking about with this call. But his goings-on about the fish food company that he and his partner started, his words spurred thoughts of fish.

Fish sprung from my head. Vibrant, multicolored fish. Giant fish, tiny fish, schools of fish, opera-singing fish.

While he talked and talked so spiritedly about fish and the ever-changing capitalistic dynamics of fishy discipline food, I lay there on my bed and watched the fish chase after each other, then parade in front of me on the ceiling.

I appreciated his kind and spirited words. What a nice young man he was. I thought of all this. Then I thought of the Universe. So inexplicably large, I thought. Large and trippy, full of commonalities.

It felt good to be professionally needed again.

I didn't know anything about legalese or fish food lawyering, but his chatter was nice to hear. As I was thinking this, the fish all turned to stare at me.

I bolted upright.

The fish had a point.

I needed to follow this train of thought:

Right as I'm thinking about what to do with my life, this guy calls to talk about fish food. My grandfather's first job after coming to America was, guess what?

Working on the line, at a fish food factory.

Damn straight I took all of this as a sign from the Universe.

Refocus, Doc, the Universe said. Get back to your roots.

Right after I ended the call, the fish each gave me a fist pound.

Reflecting on all that, I credit that what's-his-face and that nine-foot-tall bird for giving this incompetent old MD and investor an entrepreneurial adventure, along with a new gang of buds.

I didn't really work with Egan, so I can't say anything positive or negative about him. But after Egan® started, that bird gelled with the team immediately and the company took on a new dimension.

Working with the fellas at that start-up, with its stressful days and nights, felt good. Medicine, the investment game, malpractice suits—each carried its own type of stress. I welcomed the chaos of early stage companies and fish food.

I even felt like a real businessman.

In meetings with the guys, I was yelling things like, "Goddamn, it feels good getting your hands dirty!" even though I was just reading paperwork and not actually getting my hands dirty.

What's-his-face, Egan®, and Doc were a team.

Egan®.

Right after he interviewed, that bird and I became fast friends. Well, the three of us were friends, but once Egan® started, a whole employees vs. boss dynamic developed. It was Egan® and myself versus Steve, or Dave, or whatever batshit crazyboy's name was.

As much as we were surfing the bleeding edge of Capitalism 2.0 and revolutionizing, companies are still companies and people are still people. Or mascots.

It was a good company though. Even with the freak-outs about going to hell, that guy was a good one to work for.

As a boss, you always knew where he stood. No matter what planet his head was on that day, his heart and soul were forever here, on the job.

His passion ignited our passion. Not many leaders do that these days. He was the diametric opposite of the fearmongering boss you read about.

During the boss's freak-outs, Egan® and I would just go into the other room and keep strategizing and potentializing the Disciplinary Fish Food opportunities. He'd rejoin us sooner or later. We'd pretend like nothing happened and catch him up on the formulation concepts, capitalization outlays, and COGS analyses.

Every company culture, when you think about it, possesses its own brand of crazy.

Okay, I'll admit it. I drank the Egan® Fish Food. Good chapter of my life, that chapter.

Egan® is CEO of H. L. Beauregard now.

He started as CFO of Egan®. Six months after the company got sold to Beauregard, he became president of Egan®. Then CEO of Egan®. Next, they made that big eagle the group president of the Pet Food and Satellite Guidance Systems Division of H. L. Beauregard, then president of the whole company.

Recently, they made that bird the CEO.

Egan® The Eagle. Chief Executive Officer. Harland Lamar Beauregard Tobacco Worldwide.

Everything he's done so far, those business books about Egan®omics are only beginning to be written.

Thanks to him, the company is less than 5 percent tobacco these days. He took the existing financial foundation that tobacco created, all that capital and equity, and used it to revolutionize. Talk about turning negatives into positives.

After all of his achievements, though, I'm proud to say, he's still himself. I don't care how many business magazine covers he's graced, Egan® is still Egan®.

No one—not a coworker, direct report, competitor, *anybody*—would ever call him slimy or fearmongering or incompetent.

We say hello about every month or so.

Why not more, you ask? Didn't I go on board with that tobacco company after Egan® DFF got sold, too?

I look at it all this way: if I hadn't been dismissed or excommunicated or whatever, I never would have returned to investing.

Today, I wouldn't be worth \$3.4 trillion.

Now I spend my days reading, history mainly, sitting poolside here on Trillionaire Island.

Myself and the other trillionaires, we have a ball. Movie night, trillionaire dance parties, prank-calling random billionaires, telling investing “war stories” by the bonfires on the beach—life on Trillionaire Island is good.

I've been working on my memoir as well, but last night I had an epiphany:

The world has plenty of memoirs. What it needs is a memoir that gives an overview of investing, so it could be confused with an honest-to-goodness, get-rich-quick guide.

All of the current financial books are written by college professors and maybe a few millionaires. What do they know?

The world needs a get-rich-quick memoir/investment guide, written by a trillionaire.

Time to give back.

It's time to lay out how I and the investment team flooded the market with not only Happy Birthday Indexes and Just-Fucking-With-You-Brah Indexes, but Late-Night-Wokfalafeltacosausage® Indexes.

I'll walk you through the nuances of joint-bonding and joint-crediting Dude-Hang-On Indexes with These-Nutholes-Might-Win-This-Game Indexes.

I'll explain how we designed the Trick-or-Treat Index and configured its option-adjusted valuation reserves to fully leverage the power of trick-or-treating for maximum dividend returns.

I learned the game's basics from The President himself. In these pages, I'll impart some of his wisdom from all those years ago.

We'll possibly discuss wage-push inflation—or maybe wage-pull inflation. (To tell you the truth, I have no idea which is which.)

Besides investment instruments, we'll talk about investment portfolios. If things get randy, we might talk purses, too.

We'll look at the Founding Fathers and their investment strategies.

I'll get my investment team's input as well. Whether it's Senorita, Cow Jones, Nurse McDoubleDee, Pennylincoln, or Algo and the Rithims, they navigated that unforgiving, godless jungle of investment opportunity known as the Six-Sided Snake Pit, just like me.

Sometimes, in the frenzy of investing, it's like you're at this festival, this three-day, tits-to-the-wall kind of festival, and its bursting with dirty hippies. Jam bands are jamming away for as far as the eye can see, and not a porta-shower in sight.

At one point, you look up.

Only, instead of seeing a bunch of hippies Hula-Hooping like you would expect, now the hippies are the ones being Hula-Hooped—and the Hula-Hoops are doing the Hula-Hooping.

Investing is like that.

I'll take you inside the Pit.

Here's an idea: go read something else for a while.

I'm going to research investing's foundations so I can formulate my thoughts.

We'll start at the beginning.

Before Going Further:

Commonalities

Fearkiller (Volume One) introduced the Commonalities.

Some of these beings were UncertainTina, Doctor Igno Rance, the panicky Baby Nicky, and the Less triplets: Ruth Less, Relent Less, and Remorse Less.

As you read further, keep in mind that 95 percent of the Universe is unknown.

Ninety-five percent of the Universe—including areas of the planet you're on now—is a mystery.

We know this because in 1998, a group of scientists used the Hubble Space Telescope to take readings of three distant supernovae. What they found completely disproved a theory that, up to that point, was practically accepted as law.

Up until 1998, scientists everywhere believed that the force of gravity was the main force in the Universe, and it was slowing the Universe's rate of expansion.

According to the measurements that Hubble took, our universe wasn't contracting at anywhere near the estimated rate. Some type of immense force was counteracting gravity. This reset humanity's approach to gazing up at the stars.

To date, 72 percent of the Universe consists of something science has named dark energy, while 23 percent of it is made of what is now called dark matter.

Presently, humanity knows that dark energy and dark matter exist. Little else.

At the end of *Fearkiller (Volume One)*, six other Commonalities were mentioned.

Commonality:

Mischief

Mischief.

It jars us out of our routine.

Interrupts the pace of our day.

Mischief runs interference to that droning reminder called your life.

Drum roll, pleeeeeease: this is Your Life®.

Doesn't it suck?

God, you hate mischief for asking that question.

But since you won't ask it, mischief will.

Mischief runs interference to that constant-yet-nonsensical signal that you hate receiving in the first place.

Yet, you hate mischief.

Why not hate the signal instead?

The most hunted being in four universes hurtles past the third-closest planet to the sun.

She is fully invested in propulsion and forward motion.

In hours, this being will be the most hunted being in seven universes.

Again, why not hate the signal instead?

Now she hurtles past the second-closest planet to the sun.

The being's intent is to afterburn up to light plus six-niner through the sun's center.

Light plus six-niner: six point nine times the speed of light.

She hurtles past the closest planet to the sun.

She afterburns.

The sun is dead ahead. Nothing is in her view except light. Various shades of light meld together to create new shades as atoms break apart from the temperature and pressure.

The sun's spherical shape is impossible to discern at this close distance. Hurtling forward, the only thing in front of her is a flat, unending wall—an endless wall of exploding, blinding light.

To her starboard at two o'clock low, a fissure—a supercanyon of fire—opens on an orangish area of the surface. Red radiation pours out for hundreds of thousands of miles.

This sun powers the fourteen planets of a podunk solar system in another universe.

Your sun, one-tenth its size, resides in a podunk solar system in this universe.

You reside in this universe.

Back to the other universe:

The being breaches the sun's outer layer, the Upper Photosphere, breaking through molten fire shaped like cirrostratus clouds.

Behind these clouds lies a field of millions of slowly expanding thermonuclear explosions. Concentrations of kilotons of energy ignite, but the resulting chain reaction and mushroom clouds are under billions of kilotons of Photospheric pressure.

Explosions that would normally unfold outward in nanoseconds instead take minutes.

The being weaves and bobs, navigating her way through slow-motion explosiveness.

She weaves and bobs at more than six times the speed of light.

It's also their second date tonight. She's running late.

And for the life of her, she is forgetting something.

Fifteen percent of the way through the sun, she breaches its next layer of million-degree gas, the Chromosphere.

The denser pressure of this layer doesn't slow her speed in the slightest. But now particles ionize as she rockets through their space. This leaves a visible trail behind her that incinerates after about two seconds.

Her idea is to give everything (the goal is to hit light plus six-niner as they hit the nanocenter. Yes, this speed was chosen for that reason. She can't believe she's been alive this many millennia and never thought of this before), flight profile, bearing calibration, X and Y axis—do a sound check on her five thousand most hated songs in the world converging into her favorite song ever in under a nanosecond—get this all preflighted now, before tonight.

Five thousand of her most hated songs begin playing.

As the songs start, each tune occupies a point on the surface of a circle larger than any circle you have ever seen. These songs start converging inward on the circle's nanocenter as they begin playing. They gain speed as they go.

All five thousand songs are from Earth. She's on this human kick lately. She has no idea why.

This sun. She can't get enough of its combination of radiation with vibration, especially at the center—and she's only rocketed through here alone, usually just hurtling through the center on the way to somewhere else, drafting off this sun's polygravity to pick up speed, not really even thinking about sex.

As little as she *cannot* think about sex, that is.

But she also thinks about art, joy, and inspiration, surrendering herself in other ways than sexual ones, believing in herself. She continually questions herself—a variety of thoughts race through her ancient mind. At speeds our minds can't fathom.

Looking around, pent-up shockwaves and radiation shoot in every direction.

Floating orbs of molten uranium, some hundreds of thousands of miles in diameter, undulate like drops of oil suspended in water. Orbs break. Others collide to create larger orbs.

She is no longer weaving and bobbing. She afterburns straight through this field of malleable orbs. The larger ones regain their shape, and the hole she created refills itself a few moments after she hurtles through. The smaller ones explode with enough force to put a giant hole in your planet's moon.

Yup. Light plus six nine at the nanocenter.

It's like she's tidying up her apartment.

Feelings of mischief can do wonders. Embrace mischief.

Thirty-five percent of the way through the sun. Nanocenter dead ahead.

Light plus six eight. Six point eight times the speed of light.

Five thousand hated songs are converging toward the circle's nanocenter from every direction.

Light plus six eight six.

Five thousand songs—a mix of grating chords, clichéd lyrics, and annoying melodies—are closing in on the center of the circle.

She walks into the bar, pulls up a stool, and orders a Nanosecond Nightmare. This is a shot of every tactile sensation, emotion, every vision, smell, scream, yelp, pinprick, shiver, sound—every ounce of cold sweat from every nightmare you ever had. Distilled into a shot.

When an N2 kicks in, every sensation from every nightmare you ever had hits you in under a nanosecond.

Not many have the courage to order one. It's not carried in the center of many stars.

To her, it's a different shot every time.

She rolls starboard while downing her N2. To cut draft, she flips from headfirst to feetfirst and is now hammocking it.

Hammocking is a flight profile. You look as if you are lying back in a hammock, content as can be. And, though every muscle is squeezed so tight and your eardrums are exploding and the jolts are so violent, in many ways you are.

The N2 kicks in.

She screams at the top of her lungs through the solar center at light plus six-niner.

Little Miss Doubt is now Miss Chiv.

Doubt's good qualities, applied mischievously.

Hard Hammock. Seven times the speed of light through the far side of this sun.

The nanosecond Miss Chiv hurtles through the center, five thousand songs skip a beat as they disintegrate, colliding into each other at the center point. Elements of songs, fusions of songs, and new songs shoot off every direction.

The nanosecond after the collision, that raw sound, she wants that sound turned into a musical bed that will then become the song that will be playing as her couple-hours-old husband pours the champagne, when they're finally alone. Time to get freak-KEE. And sure it's their second—technically first—

Stop. Miss Chiv reminds herself that she's hauling hard hammock three quarters of the way through a forty-million-degree sun. Why think about things like this right now? Stay focused—WAAAIT—if a being were to stop long enough to *feel* that forty-million-degree heat, it would be incinerated in under a nanosecond and—

Soooo technically...forty-million-degree heat doesn't possess the power to *hurt* you—

Time is limited.

Focus on the sensory input, the interplay between you and the energy.

Lie back. It's called hammocking.

You're three quarters of the way through a forty-million-degree sun.

Relax—well, don't *relax* relax. Keep your flight profile tight.

Hurtle forward.

Commonality:

Optimism

Take a minute and ponder the concept of a hot tub.

Get your mind out of the gutter. We're not being pornographic here.

Think about what you buy versus what you desire.

You fork out a couple grand for a shaped piece of fiberglass, a railing (sometimes, not always), molded plastic, storm jets, plastic tubing, a heater, a circuit board, the electrical outlet, wood paneling, the steps leading up to the hot tub—

But what you desire—what you really desire—are gallons of steamy, sizzling reenergizing water and endlessly reproducing fizzling bubbles.

You purchase one thing but buy another.

You purchase something that is now killing a section of the grass in the corner of your yard and looks out of place next to the garage.

But the sizzling water and the fizzling bubbles remind you why it exists.

Again, you purchase one thing. But you buy another.

Bake on this idea for a sec while Optimista jibes out past a hydrogen-based-proton reservoir of energy.

Optimista is jibing along at light minus seven, two universes away.

Light minus seven, seven-tenths the speed of light.

Jibing is a sailing term. To jibe is to sail with an energy source like a gust of wind, quasar explosion—or in her case here, a flow of destabilized radiation that would incinerate many beings in under a nanosecond—behind you, propelling you forward...

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Thanks for reading the opening. Hopefully you are fired up about investing.

"Without friends, you'll never realize the trillions." – Notes from Trillionaire Island: Fearkiller (Volume 2) – Kindle, \$6.95, [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

"Forget sex. Fear is what sells." – Fearkiller (Volume 1) – Kindle has been reduced to just \$2.99, [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

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