

Notes from Trillionaire Island

Fearkiller (Volume 2)

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1.

Doc here. Folks ask about life after the Egan® sale all the time. Lately, those e-mails and letters started to put me in a reflective mood.

Before I go further, though, I should say this: I always thought that the fishy discipline food seemed like a gimmick. Then again, since it helped stabilize the economy and put so many back to work, it doesn't feel right to judge. This is why I keep my public statements about Egan® Disciplinary Fish Food down to an absolute minimum.

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 unoiled 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 swindlers—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.

Then there was the Fear Index.

These days, I relied 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 Egan® for helping this incompetent old MD and investor discover entrepreneurialism, along with a new gang of buds.

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

Working with those two 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 me—the three of us 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-Wokfalfeltacosausage® 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.

We'll start at the beginning.

2.

Look out at that landscape.

That investment landscape.

Spreading out before us, all of us. Look at it.

Oh, to have been there.

At the beginning.

On that hill. Near that city. In that blueberry grove. To the side.

Oh, to have been there, in that blueberry grove, to the side of that city—that shining city on the hill—when the founding fathers of our country invented investing.

Oh, to have been there.

Imagine being there when Phillip Williamson turned to the congregation of Founding Fathers on that humid July day and said, “Gentlemen, it’s time to put down our mead and our tequila. It’s time to invest. Not only is it time to invest but the time has come to make investments as well.”

Oh, to have been there.

Our Founding Fathers, in their frosted wigs and tights and shoes with buckles.

Some, like that Ben Franklin fella, sporting the bald-on-top/long-everywhere-else hairstyle that methamphetamine dealers emulate today. Ben Franklin, David Patrickson, Patrick Davidson—they wore this hairstyle and wore it well.

If any type of man could pull off this look and not be mistaken for a meth dealer, the Founding Fathers could.

Where you are standing now—that very spot—think: Jackson Jacobson stood there. Right there.

Jackson Jacobson stood where you are standing now. His ponytail flapped in the wind as he looked at that ripe virgin known as America and turned to the other Founding Fathers and said, “Gentlemen, it is time to write the Commandments. It is time to write the Commandments of America!”

And the Founding Fathers roared in response, and the Commandments of America were born!

To have been there, as they were arguing and fine-tuning the language in what became that paragraph of magnificence known as Commandment #37.

That view! That foundationless investment landscape evolving with possibilities!

Look out at those fields in the distance, those fields of hemp, legal wonderful hemp.

One of the Washington triplets took a big giant whiff of that hemp and declared, “Fellow Founding Fathers, this isn’t about investing. It’s about opportunities.”

He took another big whiff, then another. Then after taking another, he continued.

“Opportunities, fully realized due to the proper array of investment instruments and financial instruments and mechanisms and investment vehicles. Accelerating the amortizations, theorizing residual equities—can man invest in derivatives? By all means he can! It’s time to brush up on our math!”

Who cares which triplet, whether it was Manfred, Hezekiah, or Donald—who cares which Washington triplet said it—the point is, these words were spoken.

These words were spoken. The Founding Fathers roared!

After the roar died down, the Washington triplet continued.

“Gentlemen of America, take a minute and pause from penning those Commandments of America to reflect on why we are penning those Commandments of America. We all need to invest prodigious amounts of time and energy into looking into investing, as well as that evolving investment landscape. Why? To invest!”

And the Founding Fathers answered the Washington triplet with a roar!

“It is time to focus on the YTDs, then check out the YOYs—investment vehicles will mobilize, then get down and monetize!”

The Founding Fathers roared!

“They will—”

“Heyyyyyy. You boys in your ponytail haircuts keep it down,” the nightshirt-clad old man in the back of the crowd yelled and waved his fist.

The triplet who was speaking said, “Go back to bed, Grandpa Washington!”

The Commandments continued to be written. Grandpa Washington went back to bed.

Oh, to have been there—

NOT IN BED WITH GRANDPA WASHINGTON, THAT MAN WAS THE GRANDFATHER OF THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY—

Back to the greatness of our Founding Fathers.

Oh, to have been there at the beginning of what is now the options-adjusted spread.

Not a finer group of founding fathers could have begun laying the options-adjusted spread’s investment foundations more magnificently than our Founding Fathers.

If some other country’s founding fathers tried to lay those options-adjusted spread investment foundations, one of them probably would have gotten his ponytail stuck in the cogs of an investment mechanism or something.

To have been there, as they forged and crafted those first investment instruments.

While those original investment instruments lacked the emotion and raw power of contemporary investment instruments like the Fear Index or the Misery Index, the beginning of something new had begun.

The crudeness of those first instruments and investment mechanisms also contained their genius. Investors appreciate the capitalizing duality of it all.

To have been there.

The Founding Fathers—the very first financial engineers—engineering those finances while singing songs about investing. To have been there.

Even when Thaddeus Tomlinson keeled over after penning Commandment #44, to have been there to pay your respects would have been amazing.

Fortunately for America, Commandment #44 survives to this day. Rest in peace, Thaddeus Tomlinson. Those memorial statues all across America erected in your memory, generations of teenagers and their erections have attempted to copulate at the bases of these statues.

Many of these teenagers are the teenagers of parents who are investors.

Investors.

The beginnings of the greatness of investing, oh to have been there.

3.

No time in my life was more exhausting. Lucky I had my youth back then; I couldn't handle that job now.

Bartender to The President of the United States of America.

Before I went to Med School and "Doc" became my official title, Secret Service guys called me "Bartender to POTUS".

Since it ties so directly to my investment foundation—my trillions wouldn't have been possible otherwise—I have to tell you about that two-year hitch in my early twenties.

Among my many prized possessions, my old apron with the presidential seal is one of the most treasured.

My personal wealth is \$3.4 trillion; I have The President to thank for my beginnings.

The country did right by electing that tall, silver-haired, square-jawed super-man to the highest office in the land.

One day, early in the job, he told me, "You think this oval-shaped office seems vicious? Dive into the Six-Sided Snake Pit."

He is the one who coined that term—said it into a reporter's microphone after a bad day of trading as he stormed off, and the nickname "Six-Sided Snake Pit" stuck. This was long before I met him, in his trading days before the White House.

With that bartending job, I traveled the world. Wherever The President was, I was. I witnessed history, watched policy develop, and poured drinks. During serious talks, I needed to be ultrasilent. No glasses clinking.

When The President and visiting dignitaries needed to end a productive visit with celebratory Butter Baby shots, I'm the one who brought those.

That two-year hitch would have been longer if The President had listened to everyone's insistence that he strap on a parachute before jumping out of Air Force One.

But he insisted he could fly.

He reminded us that no president in history had ever tried to jump without a parachute on his back, so we were too quick to assume that certain death was the only possible outcome.

He had a duty. He was the only human being on this planet who was the president of the United States. Being uniquely qualified, his thinking was that he owed it to mankind to test both the laws of physics and limits of presidential power to see if man—a presidential man—could fly.

Then he jumped. And died.

My time in the White House, bartending for The President and whomever he was entertaining, was the beginning of my investing. Just so you know, when I was working, boy, oh boy, did I work. Twenty-four-seven sometimes. Thank God for my youth.

But how thankful am I? When things were slow, I got to have sidebar talks with The President himself—he taught me the basics of the game. He instilled wisdom learned from slugging it out in that six-sided building.

Though his job was in the Oval Office, he was forever inside the Pit. To him, every second was those ten seconds before the bell is about to ring. After years in the Pit myself, I know this feeling well.

He loved to tell stories about the fluctuations, those early-generation Fear Indexes and volatility swaps. Imagine attempting to invest with instruments that rickety today!

The stories were a mix of waxing historic and giving actionable advice about the art of turning one dollar into two. Of course, The President only did this after the affairs of the country were taken care of. He was the president, and he took that office seriously.

The President was the only president in history who wore a tuxedo to the office every single day.

Believe it or not, some investors are honorable and righteous. I'll take this further: The President made his fortune because of his sense of honor, not in spite of it. His goodness was an asset, not a liability.

That's right. The investor who coined the term "Six-Sided Snake Pit" has nothing in common with the predator mentality of today.

Know this: The President would never masturbate to pictures of himself. Whatever that insecurity and self-hate brought, The President exited this plane of existence long before that egotistical energy took hold.

He was a powerful but normal man.

In the Oval Office, it would be, say, a Friday afternoon. I'd be cleaning the glassware, and he'd be sitting at the presidential barstool, tuxedo tie undone, drinking from the bottle. He'd tell me about what it was like making a million dollars in a second. How many millionaires are as forthright as that?

Rare moments like that, we were two friends talking.

He told me about that eureka moment that led to his first \$50 million. "I saw investors clamoring to the sugar industry, then the spice industry, so I doubled down on the everything nice industry. Not only did I make a lot of money but the ladies dug my maneuvering, too."

On being inside the Pit itself: "You're crowded among those tens of thousands of investors. You're so focused, yet you can't help it. Breaking concentration, you look up at the dome those hundreds of feet above, framed so perfectly by the six sides of granite that rise up to meet it. You feel the vortex, the vortex of capitalism, swirling all around—and within you as well. Some have seen that vortex."

I qualified for the Office of the Bartender to the President as a way to pay for medical school. My dream was to be called "Doc" one day. I was wide eyed about the medical world and had yet to experience the terror of opening an envelope containing malpractice suit paperwork.

After he learned about my desire to attend medical school, The President became even more committed to teaching me the tricks of the investment trade. He wanted me to graduate debt-free, which was a help once the malpractice suits kicked in.

Though he still made me work hard at being the best bartender to The President that I could be. Which was tougher than you would think.

Part of the stress was due to the fact that The President wasn't a daily drinker. The erratic nature of his intake requests were such that the bartender to The President always had to be on the lookout.

After weeks of going without any booze, he'd be heading to a meeting with Congress and scream, "I can't talk to Congress in this condition! A tumbler of whiskey—no—a sip of chardonnay—just bring me a sip!—no—fuck this shit—time for a keg stand. Get two Secret Service guys in here to lift me up. Keg stand. On the double. Chop, chop."

Afterward, he wouldn't drink again for a week.

One day, I had just finished up and was leaving for work when I heard, "Fill the indoor pool with brandy. I just want to look at it."

Looking back at all of that while sitting here on Trillionaire Island with my trillions of dollars, I can't help but be blown away.

An ordinary Joe like me, talking the nuts and bolts of investing with The President.

How poetic is it? I learned the investment game from him to finance medical school, but today I am more successful in the finance game. He died with millions in the bank. I'm going to die with trillions.

If he could talk to me today, The President would probably compliment me on things like going against the grain on frozen yogurt. When investors flocked to the hype of the burgeoning boiled yogurt industry, I stayed put with my frozen positionings.

I thank his lessons in critical thinking for that.

He was an investor among investors. The President taught me to believe in the power of my instincts and common sense.

Market complexities became simplicities after that man got through explaining them.

"Investing is like chickens and eggs," he would say. "Think of a chicken as a dollar. Each of those dollars has all these other little dollars in it that want to grow up and be big, wealthy dollars. These big-dreaming eggs, dreaming big-dollar egg dreams. But you have to *invest* in the chickens to get them to lay eggs. Then, one day later on, when no one is looking—whooooooom! Whammo! Bippppppp! The egg spins around real fast then transmorphs into a chicken. The investment market works the same way."

One day, I asked him how he did it. How did he show up day after day to that lair of vicious snakiness and jump in with both feet, energized and on top of his game, landing the lions, taming the big fish?

He ran his long fingers through his silver hair and replied, "That goes back to extrapolating off of the concept known as 'buy low/sell high.' Here's the deal: occasionally it's okay to buy high and sell high, but if you buy high and sell high too much, all you're going to want to do is buy higher and sell even higher. Sooner or later, you're renting out your privates, in search of the increasingly elusive high."

The President taught me to think of investing as a game where you try to think two to three moves ahead.

"While you're handing me another bottle, think. Let's say hypothetically that, years down the road, fear, misery, and panic go into overdrive and everyone is doubtful, ignorant, and uncertain—ruthless, relentless, and remorseless even. Here you go: what if everyone becomes a bunch of Y2K-infected barbarian sex cannibal unpaid overtimeers, running around and screaming, 'Look at me, I fuck shit'? You don't want to be one of them, do you? It's time to plan ahead. It's time to invest."

Besides the investing talks, I look back at my time in the White House and marvel at the events I witnessed.

One day, I was slicing lemons and in burst one of the secretaries screaming, “Mr. President! Reports are in! There is a rise in Sectarian violence!”

The President stopped signing his Christmas in July cards and said, “Get my advisory team—bartender, a round of Slippery Nipples—and someone find a globe so I can see what this Sectaria shithole looks like. Why would some pissant country that can’t be found on a map ever think about fucking with us? How many aircraft carriers does America have now? Gotta be two, three thousand—”

Within the next half hour, plans were rolling.

If The President had gone through the corporate or government service ranks, no way he would have been that responsive. His nimble thinking, catlike decision making—that is someone who has been five million down three minutes before closing bell and finished two million up.

Our country did right by electing The President as our president.

He would slap these short-term investors today, with their predatory ways.

Part of what makes me so proud of my trillions is that I did it right.

4.

My stint in Corporate America played its own role in my prodigious financial success; I can't deny that.

Thinking back to that time of my life is interesting...besides minutes twelve, fifteen, twenty-six, and twenty-seven, I remember every minute of those thirty-nine minutes.

I remember the minute I walked through those front doors of the H. L. Beauregard Worldwide Headquarters corporate lobby at four minutes to nine.

True, I was working with those Y2K-infected barbarian sex cannibal unpaid overtimer bean counters in their den of corporatedom. At the same time, I was part of the team of entrepreneurs that created that bit of magic they purchased in their quest to create even more return for their stockholders.

Because I had a hand in the creation of that lightning-bolt-in-a-bottle called Egan® Disciplinary Fish Food, my thinking was that they would cut me at least a little slack and let me be Doc.

By 9:38 a.m., though, they'd had enough.

My protests, my affirmations of my knowledge in the ways of legaleselessness and Egan®onomics—I thought this would buy me something, but no.

So there I was, down the street, eating breakfast at some diner in my spiffy business suit, reflecting on my time in corporate America, wondering how it changed me and what I should do next.

I was seventy-three years old. What was I going to do with the rest of my life?

With everything I knew about legaleselessness, I pondered hanging out a shingle and offering up my services to the public.

But no, I couldn't see me doing that day in, day out.

Egan®omics maybe. Write a book on Egan®omics. I was a founder in Egan®, after all. Weave in some insights about the ways of legaleselessness as well. Or maybe a whole book on legaleselessness. Again, the idea of penning a book wasn't a total turnoff, but not my focus for the near term.

For a second, I thought about changing my name and trying my hand at doctoring. Then I remembered the judge said, "Don't do that again."

Here it was, mid-2010, and Doc didn't have a game plan.

But I had a power stroke.

You don't need a game plan if you have a power stroke.

I was ordained in the ways of the investor. No matter what happened in my life, I could fall back on my investment skills.

Whenever I was in a bind, the first step to becoming unstuck was to invest. That's allowed me to live on the edge of crazy, where the big dollars are.

As I finished my breakfast, I thought about the smell of derivatives melding with credit-default swaps and operating cash flow margins, the amortization of the intangibles, intangibly permeating the marketplace.

Did I want to be around investors every day again? Investors are like warrior barbarians, only they are out of shape and depressed and overwhelmed with bills and hypertensive and they self-medicate, too.

The Six-Sided Snake Pit: a hexagon-shaped building made of granite, hundreds of feet tall, each of the six sides three blocks long.

The Pit was surrounded by the four triangle buildings, and all of it was connected by cobblestone that covered the entire market complex. The cobblestone was a nod to the Founding Fathers.

The center building, I remember that gold dome with its jewel-encrusted trim. Inside, looking up so far to the underside of the dome and the mural of Columbo Columbus holding the ever-unattainable Silver Simoleon up to the sun.

I bet that dome is awe-inspiring again, now that I've been away. I've felt the vortex of capitalism inside the Pit; yes indeedy I have.

To again walk through the arches of the southeast entryway, spread out my array of financial instruments and mechanisms, and enjoy those last few moments of peace.

Marvel at *Columbo Columbus and the Silver Simoleon* while waiting for the opening bell to ring.

The running of the Misery Indexes on the floor every Christmas—how many years had it been since I attended the Great Investors' Great Christmas Ball with Nurse McDoubleDee all dolled up on my arm?

I got the newsletter every month, so I kept up with the market goings-on. But reading about the Pit is nothing like being inside the Pit.

Then logic kicked in.

I remembered that I had some money saved. Besides, the nurse was taken care of.

Did I really need to return to investing? I thought of the chaos and stress.

My thirty-nine minutes in corporate America, did they make me soft?

Out of nowhere, a memory hit from four months earlier.

Egan® and I were working, extrapolating Go-to-Market strategizations to achieve fish food market penetrations across all nations.

What's-his-name was either off working his bill-paying job at Fear®, or he was outside screaming at the sun, begging for forgiveness. I don't remember.

Egan® had the TV tuned to the Investors Channel. I was in another universe, extrapolating and strategizing fish food. It was just background noise.

Until that voice.

Only one investor in the Universe possessed that voice.

"Egan®, turn it up," I screamed.

If Doc had a nemesis, this was Doc's nemesis.

J. P. Organ.

J. P. Organ was the dickest dick in finance.

The fact that J. P. was talking was awful enough. But what he said next disrupted my mind's ability to contribute to the Go-to-Market strategy.

After J. P. Organ spoke, I was no longer extrapolating or market cross-analyzing. I was seething. Seething mad.

My head left fish food. I was back in the Pit. That dormant investor's edge pulsed underneath my flabby skin.

"Well, to answer your question, I guess I should give some of today's earnings to Doc—"

Ohhhh, J. P.’s voice was enough to make my blood boil. Add in the words...

“I’m sorry to sound so dismissive about today’s \$134 million, but I did nothing special, basically Doc’s signature Short-Term-Note-Loop-Dee-Loo-Poop-Dee-Poo-Cartwheel-Margarita-January-Call maneuver, outlaying the costs with a volatility swap. I’ll say it: I ripped him off. Wait—is Doc even still alive?”

Standing there in the winner’s circle, knowing that another investor’s game got you there—ohhhh, J. P.

Thankfully, a wave of disciplinary fish food flooded back over me. Egan® Fish Food was too positive of a force to let J. P. Organ sidetrack my productivity.

But now, sitting in this diner months later, it was as if I was hearing J. P.’s voice for the first time.

Then J. P.’s voice disappeared—no.

Another voice boomed into that diner and took over.

“Get that negativity out of your head. It’s time to become mischievous, optimistic, joyous, happy, ecstatic, and inspired. Don’t waste your time seething. I remember J. P. Organ’s father. Smarmy intern wannabe, went to the right schools but didn’t learn the lessons. He schmoozed the investment bank, but we steered clear of him—and you should steer clear of his son, too.”

That vision of The President.

“Doc, you were a bartender. A doctor. A pioneer in the fields of fish food and legaleselessness. A fender-offer of malpractice suits. But all along, every step of the way, you were an investor. An investor.”

He wasn’t addressing me as his bartender and he was no longer the president. We were on the level, ringer to ringer.

The President had barely finished and my mind was already in investing mode.

In the kitchen, the cooks’ wheel spun with tickets—investment-order tickets?

I remembered the sounds of the Ignorance Indexes. *Ca-caw! Ca-caw!*

I “ca-cawed” along with them until the waitress looked over.

I looked down at my hand. On the finger I used for pointing, each digit was flexing and bending.

I could feel that finger’s split-second timing subconsciously reacquainting itself with the differences between Misery Indexes and Fear Indexes.

They call it the “index finger” for a reason, you know.

The time to invest was nearing.

I reflected on my previous look. The football helmet, pants made entirely of paper clips, 1960s-era snowshoes, purple shirt, and life vest never quite felt right.

With a new investment look, I would also need a new investment portfolio. I always wanted an investment portfolio with neon hula girls on the side...

I wasn’t acting like a manager here. Not one bit. Doc wanted neon hula girls.

Next thing, I called Nurse McDoubleDee and told her I loved her. She told me it sounded like I was back in the saddle.

After she and I hung up, we had a nasty sexting session.

Later on, I called the best financial engineer who has ever walked this earth, on two feet or four.

Cow Jones.

To say that the two of us would have had a reunion of laughter, stories, alcohol, and drugs would have been enough. But since I had been gone, Cow was investing with a new crowd. A sharp group, she said. Her idea was we all say hello.

That's how I met Algo and the Rithims.

And how the possibility of earning over a trillion dollars in the marketplace entered my head for the first time.

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