

Chapter 1

The Moment

The month of March had always been and always would be, in my opinion, the perfect time to go absolutely berserk. Going absolutely berserk in March was every American's God-given right, in my opinion. Granted people who inhabited the same building as "*Riche Douzaine D'oeufs*" probably should not go absolutely berserk, ever, because keeping up appearances and heavy lies the crowned head and you're the adult around here and all that—

But maybe there still could be a way.

I'd first encountered "*Riche Douzaine D'oeufs*" about a week ago when I was merely half-berserk, walking to the employee restroom and I saw a pack of random tourists staring at a glass case with shiny things inside. At least four of these random tourists were wearing fanny packs and striped white socks pulled up past the calf. Apparently these shiny things with the French unpronounceable name

were priceless gem-covered *objets d'art* previously owned by the Tsars of Russia but then William Worthwealth III bought them because he could.

I liked the word “Tsar.” It was too bad, really, that there weren’t any more of them. Or wait—were there? Was not William Worthwealth IV something of a Tsar?

Felt like I was doing my small part that day, despite the ince\$\$ant daydreaming, to increase the dominion of the Worthwealth Empire. And increased dominion of empire, from what I could gather, was the ultimate duty of all Worthwealth employees. We were a part of history, a National Institution world famous as Speakers of Truth to Power (meanwhile jerking Power off with our free hand, but that was neither here nor there). Our putative competitors, at any rate, if they could even call themselves that, were crass, money-hungry newbies—shabby imitators who overcharged for ads and had not been in business for more than 75 years.

More than happy to work for this empire until I had my own empire because one learns by imitating and might as well learn from the best, I was continually keeping busy doing intern stuff, because intern stuff was what interns were supposed to do. In this case, after I got back from the employee restroom, intern stuff meant dutifully manning the telephones, which constantly rang 24/7 these days2000.com, because everybody and their mother (literally) wanted a piece of US\$\$\$ because we were, all modesty aside, FUCKING LEGENDS\$\$\$.

Nothing wrong with manning the phones today, so long as I’d be writing cover stories in Worthwealth Magazine tomorrow—which, all modesty aside, I would be doing that if I wanted to do that. Or maybe someone I interviewed would tempt me away from journalism with an offer to head their philanthropic organization at a salary of seven million dollars per year. Or maybe my coach on gold Daytons would turn back into a pumpkin at midnight.com.

Either way—did it really ultimately matter? God would decide, ultimately—I was 22 years old and the season of spring was about to begin and I either actually had direct access to NUMEROUS BILLIONAIRES\$\$\$ or was deranged and deluded into thinking I had such access because I spent last week talking to Silicon Valley Venture Capitalists. Thinking of them and how instead of regular feces they excreted wads of thousand dollar bills, I quoted unto myself directly from a recent “Quote of the Day” posted on Worthweath.com:

“It’s not that I don’t know how to walk. It’s just that I’m so rich, I don’t have to.”

That unbelievably tremendous and awesome stupendous quotation, to my mind, pretty much summed up everything that was going in “my” world on this fine spring day2000.com. That and then you say, “Pardon me, sir, but do you happen to have any Grey Poupon?”

And then sir says, “Indeed.”

And so do I say indeed. Indeed, indeed, indeed. *Other people* have yachts and don’t walk and use the word “indeed” a lot. Why shouldn’t *I* have a yacht and not walk and use the word “indeed” a lot? Also the words “perchance” and/or “alas,” perhaps, can become mainstays.

And if I *can*, maybe I just go ahead and *will*.

Nietzche: Will to Power.

Power. Naked. Hi.

Like a virgin, touched for the very first time. Finding myself, daily and increasingly, in the vicinity of the richest, smartest people in the entire freaking world. Seeing my Ultimate Boss, Tsar William IV, running for President of the United States on his own money, no Dirty Lobbyist Dollars necessary, thank you, I’ll just pay for everything myself because I need a tax deduction because my marginal rate is upwards of 75%, until I change that with one stroke of the pen because I’m the President of the United States now and I think that tax rate is immorally high so if you don’t mind

I'm going to change it, or even if you do mind, I'm the President, so piss off.

Seeing my other, more local, no less “balling out of control” boss, meanwhile, enjoying a well-renumerated life as well, having been one of the first investors in a little MULTI-TRILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID SCHEME\$\$\$ called “eBay,” perhaps you'd heard of it or perhaps you'd been living in a cave like a retrograde animal. A “troglo-dyte,” one might call you.

Seeing Power Players and feeling touched in private places and thinking hey, maybe *I* might like to run for P.O.T.U.S. on my own money someday. Hey, maybe *I* might like to be one of the first investors in a little MULTI-TRILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID SCHEME\$\$\$ someday. Someday like maybe, like...tomorrow. I better keep my eyes open.

Doing so, I clearly saw that money grew on trees and so did geniuses, the species of the so-called “Money Baller” super-abundant in these parts, multiplying like rabbits. So I own five houses and three planes and two yachts plus I have two Caribbean islands tied up in escrow and six PhDs and meanwhile I wrote 12 best-selling books in the last 18 months during which I created \$500 million for the U.S. Economy2000.com—what's the big deal about that? I don't see anything particularly odd about that, all my friends are the same as me: Money Ballers, super-abundant, multiplying like rabbits. Do you see something particularly odd about all my friends and me being Money Ballers, super-abundant, multiplying like rabbits? If that is odd to you or God forbid you're not *okay with that*, maybe you don't *belong here*, if you catch my drift. What are you, some kind of Democrat/Communist? Perhaps it's best you leave. Out the back door. Right now. Not later. Right now like immediately this second.

Like before you get hurt. No, not that back door, troglodyte—the doggie door.

The whole scenario reminded me of my new favorite joke2000.com:

“Between God and William Worthwealth IV, who has more money?” Then the person would say, “Who?” Then I would say, deadpan, “William Worthwealth IV.”

Get it?

Perhaps me being or at least *feeling* SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY INFINITELY INTELLIGENT INFINITE WEALTH\$\$\$ was one of the quote unquote “reasons” I had been feeling a little \$\$(&^&%\$\$\$%&%&?-@?@*)*%!!?&) lately, i.e. like my head was about to eXplode. Perhaps there were other reasons also, but that one appeared prominent, at the *moment* when my head was about to eXplode any moment now.

The *moment* when a pent-up young man seeking an opportunity to go absolutely berserk beheld a cornucopia.com2000.com because “all this” was a free-for-all beyond anything ever known in the history of mankind, no eXaggeration needed. The *moment* when Chairman of the Federal Reserve Alan Greenspan (with whom I would be “taking meetings” within six months to a year) was calling “all this,” quote, “Irrational Exuberance.” The *moment* when it was becoming harder every day, indeed every *second*, to not *literally foam at the mouth*, everyone else is doing it so you should too, it’s natural, thus non-bad, please feel free to foam.

Beat the living shit out of me as to how this *moment* could be being allowed to be continuing to happen, yet it was being allowed to be continuing to happen. It was continuing, in fact, to escalate uncontrollably, super-abundant, multiplying like rabbits: alas, perhaps (or maybe regret was an exclusively old person perspective?), rationality had departed the scene some time ago. As had precedent, as had grammar, as had manners, as had morality...

As had departed the scene2000.com, now that I thought of it, pretty much everything else other than dollar dollar bills