

Chapter I

"Another day, another holler. Holler!" Chutney stood there in her pant suit. She put her keys on the table. She swiftly kicked off her heels. She put her bag down near her shoes. Quickly, she ran to the bathroom. Sitting there she looked at her toes. "What color to wear?" she asked herself. The Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corporation's Annual Christmas Ball was only weeks away. There were no "Happy Holidays" at Ran Rold's company events. Ran Rold was adamant about that. "What to wear to attract the Farmer?" she asked herself.

The Farmer and Chutney were "friends" for three years. She loved the Farmer. She had put together a plan to marry the Farmer. Chutney knew that she had reached the stage where she wanted children. This thought she hid from the

Farmer. Few men in Golden Mountain wanted children. Chutney wanted the relationship to go to the next step.

"How to look interesting?" she asked herself as she looked into her closet of possibilities. She looked at herself in the mirror. Let's start with the basics.

Bra. Panties and stockings. She walked over to her closet and looked at the wardrobe. She looked for something that was not too revealing. There! A little chinoiserie never hurt anyone. The Farmer loved Run Run Shaw films from Hong Kong. Chutney now looked like a character from one of those films. "Spicy". Updated, of course for modern times.

She knew what to expect at the party. The owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain, the Ran Rold, will come in. All the women will cluck behind the alpha male, hoping one day to be

his courtesan. Their ambition was to have a child with him. Once the child was born, his attorneys at Dewey, Cheetham & Soo would set up a trust account in Switzerland. Although it was illegal, thousands of families in Golden Mountain had them.

The illegal accounts were Ran Rold's way of saying, "I am the law" of Golden Mountain. A lot of "isms" were thrown around Golden Mountain. Capitalism. Communism. Even nepotism was mentioned. These were meaningless. No one in the metropolis ever threw around feudalism.

Ran Rold was the lord of Golden Mountain. His vassals controlled the vast enterprises of the land. Their knights had the key administrative jobs that enabled people to get hired and promoted. They also controlled the food, water and fuel of Golden Mountain. To become a vassal of Ran Rold, you had

to do get rid of someone who was in disfavor with Ran Rold. Get rid of enough people, make a lot money for Ran Rold, and get women for him and, then, maybe you could one day be his vassal.

Chutney thought all the vassals looked the same. Short, bald and beak-nosed. They all wore Giorgio Armani suits, Ran Rold's favorite designer, to look sexy. Giant suspenders were needed to hold up their deep-pocketed pants. Every pocket was full of Ran Rold's gold.

One slithered up to her at the last party. "I hear you are with the Farmer tonight," he stated.

"Yes," said Chutney.

That's not good for your career.

"And what would be good for my career? You?" asked

Chutney. At this comment he sinisterly smiled, like some freckled pimp from Sioux City.

She whispered softly to him, "You couldn't ring my bell if it was six feet wide and you had a circus mallet in your hands."

She giggled.

Vultures and cockroaches would be much more fun. Shit, a tapeworm might even be a good lover compared to this cancer. "Ha. Ha. Ha," she laughed. She laughed so hard and snorted loudly. "Oh," she ran back into the bathroom to pee.