

## Chapter II

There she stood the whore of Babylon. Actually, her name was Jezebel, daughter of the largest tire distributor in Golden Mountain. Chutney was overcome with envy. Jezebel's back was chiseled from years of competitive swimming. Her thighs were shapely from years of riding thoroughbreds. Mostly black stallions. Bareback, of course. Of course!

Her wit was keen. Scores of men had followed her to the sacrificial chamber. This is where the insects got to meet the king of the spiders. This is where Ran Rold, owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain, sat.

The Rolex on her right hand was from the VP of Marketing. The heels, an anonymous gift, from the VP of International a.k.a. the foot fetishist on seven a.k.a. the Black Latex Mamba on her late night chat lines. When she had seen Chutney's feet walk by, all 300 pounds of her rotund frame got up, looked over her glass executive table and looked at her size 4 pumps.

"Oh, that will not do," she remarked to herself. Chutney's athletic frame turned Hilda off forever.

The Judith Lieber frog case, one of a kind, like the zipper that seemed to vanish into Jezebel's full majesty were given to her from Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain.

Her dress and décolletage revealed the darkest thoughts on the faces of the humblest of men. She walked by Chutney like the

ephemeral mist that you see in abandoned Buddhist temples in Rangoon. Her undulating movements were like volcanic eruptions.

Fire. Every man wanted to touch her molten lava. To the uninitiated it is a incredible sight to behold. Men from all over the ballroom started to converge into the sacrificial chamber to watch the vanity of all vanities walk by. Like bees, they are, swarming around a lone rose in the beautiful barren wilderness of Golden Mountain.

The Farmer was nowhere to be seen. The men all jostled each other to take a look at the future Mrs. Ran Rold, and her ladies in waiting. Chutney laughed to herself. Then she started to giggle. Then she started to snort. Suddenly her feet started to stomp loudly on the floor.

"Hello gorgeous," said the Farmer.

"Hey Farmer," said Chutney. Her arms suddenly felt incredibly heavy. She grew silent as she watched his eyes sparkle in the spotlight. Heartbeats raced by. Sweat poured out of her palms.

"What is so funny?" asked the Farmer.

"Them," she remarked.

"Our coworkers? I have worked with them for years, darling. There is not a single one of them who has a sense of humor. I guess it comes with bioengineering. Indubitably," the Farmer laughed at his own sarcasm.

"All the tropical birds you see in here with their plumage. It's like estrus in Borneo. They are dancing and prancing about," Chutney

stated.

"Nerd alert," said the Farmer.

At that Chutney snorted so hard and started to laugh so uncontrollably that snot started to come out of her nose.

The Farmer reached for his handkerchief and brought it to her nose and gently wiped away her mucous.

He stared into her eyes. Large Tahitian pearls in a sea of diamonds.

She stared into his eyes. She saw an ulcerated capillary, some cholesterol circling his iris, and of course his huge eyeball. "Note to self. Remind Farmer to check blood pressure at next physical."

"Knock. Knock."

"Who's there?" asked Chutney.

"It's me silly," replied the Farmer. "Let's go somewhere else. Let's sneak out without Ran Rold noticing."

As the alpha males of Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corp. stared at Ran Rold's latest conquest, Chutney and the Farmer slinked to the side.

But Ran Rold noticed, after all he is the knower of all that IS on Golden Mountain.

"Patel," he yelled.

"Yes, Boss," answered Govindas Patel. Like the darkness that ensues when a flashlight turns off, Govindas Patel appeared as if he was already there. He had served with Ran Rold XXIII until his death.

When Govindas retires, the Triumvirate will ask his son, Sharma, to take care of Ran Rold XXIV. "So hard to find reliable sycophants these days," Ran Rold thought to himself.

Chutney could have been less conspicuous. The parasol was impossible to hide, even when the spotlights were off.

Her body wasn't the type of body that appeared in Vogue. Rather it was the type of body you would see on a college gymnastics team. She had no idea how buxom she was. Lacking a vast inheritance, hidden in a Swiss bank account protected by "could be" tax opinions written by Golden Mountain's elite tax lawyers, no one except the Farmer paid any attention to Chutney.

The Farmer had met Chutney in college. They worked together in several courses. She was from Golden Mountain. He was from a small town out west, poorer than dirt. The Farmer looked to Chutney to learn the idioms and culture of his sophisticated eastern surroundings. He did not know how to answer the essay questions on the test. She showed him how to beat the test.

Over time he showed her affection that no man ever shared with her. His arms were strong. His hands soft. His abdomen was firm. The sinews of his back formed valleys. She loved to hold onto his broad back as his hard chest bounced off of her.

The sounds she made with him were not feminine. In fact, she did not even know a woman could make such masculine grunts.

The Farmer made her realize the dichotomy of her existence. She found an aggression within her that she could not express with

other men.

It wasn't pleasure. It was self-knowledge. Since he lacked the dialectical materialism that so many of her previous lovers possessed, Chutney knew she could alter him. Mold him. Make him please her more. Chutney finally had met the hand that fit the glove that was knit from her soul.

The Farmer was no slouch. He was keen to learn language. He felt that language was what had hindered his parents. He was not going to repeat their errors.

Chutney was shocked at the Farmer's self-knowledge. How many in Golden Mountain even knew they could not write correctly. Who could know that language was hindering them from psychological union with their fellow man? The Farmer knew.

There were times that she felt like any other amoeba, wandering aimlessly through the cesspool that was Golden Mountain. With the Farmer, however, she felt a sense of being human. The orgasms helped. In fact, they were spectacular!

But his grace, his ebullience when the chips were down was amazing. His faith in God was what she respected. It gave her comfort. In this terrestrial manifestation we call life, Chutney knew the Farmer looked for comfort not in Swiss bank accounts and false tax treatises, but in a higher power.

This beautiful barren wilderness could be conquered. A little lipstick, some Chanel and a pair of incredible jeans.

"Veni, vidi, vici," she muttered to herself. The Farmer had fully

conquered her heart. With the Farmer, everything was possible.