

A Life of My Own

by J. Mykell Collinz

You don't make money worrying about other people's feelings. I learned that from my father at an early age. He managed rental properties, which I, his daughter, now own. He wanted a son, so I became one.

I'm hedging my property investments with creative financial instruments. As more people slide down the economic ladder, demand for rentals will increase. If investor psychology runs true to course, asset managers and pension fund advisers, looking to diversify, will buy long, betting on an increase in rental prices.

I already have so much money, I don't know what to do with it. Especially cash, there's no good place to keep it. And I don't want to give it away. Who would I give it to? The unemployed? Too lazy to find a job, too good to work for cheap? Let them go hungry, they'll soon change their tune. That's what's wrong with this world, people think they're entitled. Yet they don't own a damn thing of value. So why should government work for them?

It's been a long hot summer in the city.

"Endless wars, deficit spending, multinational contractors, professionalized military, mercenary advisers, de facto corporatocracy, extending the interests of a ruling elite, shifting the blame from swindlers to victims. Land, air, water, what else can they take for their profit?"

"Don't worry, go away, forget about it."

"Live for today, tomorrow never comes."

"Mobile, global, guerrillas. Resilient, self-organizing, decentralized platforms. Emerging bazaar of violence, increasing the role of special forces worldwide, assuring economic and cultural disintegration."

"I told you to shut the fuck up about that shit."

"It's an endorphin rush, she gets off on it."

"Let her get off on it somewhere else, I'm not in the mood."

"I saw you flirting suggestively with a young woman employee at the company party. I thought I was watching someone else. And this afternoon, during contract negotiations with the trade union, your cut-throat attitude towards the workers, it makes me wonder if I even know you. And you're expecting me to love you? Fuck you."

