

## No Such Lady

By Sheila Rodeo

### Chapter 1: Mamet

When Brad Yayger first set eyes on Gunila Rodeo, she was walking into an L.A. café right behind Aaron Alexis. He gave her a warm smile that made her feel loved and wet, but she kept dry. Her guy had given her the sweetest climax of their brief romance only an hour before, so she was thoroughly contained. She smiled back and looked forward to sitting near Carry Grant and Brad in order to be close to the handsomely dressed business dude.

It was not until she noticed Aaron shaking and spilling coffee that she changed her mind to sit at the table next to his. She could see that he was a hurtin' dude who could use a friend. She wanted to be that friend, but did not know exactly how until the Itsee Bitsee Lady and daughter stepped in to perform that role. Their work appears in another framework that can be found at an undisclosed Web site. Suffice it to say that the whole story rocks.

As she observed Aaron, she also glanced over at the dynamic duo every now and then. Brad was obviously attentive to Carry's wants and needs. He reminded her of the grad student she had been dating since Summer break. They met at a rehearsal for a play she was acting in. His dissertation was on John Sayles, while her work was on David Mamet. He was a member of the Sayles cult at the University of Californian Slut Boyz (U.C.S.B.). One of Brad's alumnae contacts had been unaware of the cult's existence until she wound up in a Cybersalon with two other U.C.S.B. alumnae. When Gunila learned about that revelation, she hooked up her old flame with the salon in order to serve as their Top Wurst, but that's a story for a different framework.

Brad had since dropped out of the cult to become a Cohen Brothers fan. But that is also grist for yet another framework. More on that in Gunila's own Web space. She has retired from active military service to serve as a grand dame in her own circle of theater ladies in L.A.

Gunila left the café shortly after observing Greta Garbo's aggressive confrontation with the Geek Dudes. She had no idea that Greta qualified as a Geek Gal until some twenty-five years later when she read the Lady-In-The-Know framework. She stuck around for long enough to wrap up her part of the framework and get her Cyberjunkies Web page up and running.

The dynamic trio of Greta, Carry, and Brad climbed into Greta's waiting cab for the trip to Stow Rage and a date with destiny. They hooked up with Slim Whitey as he lounged against the trim of his recently restored Duesenberg S.J. Carry's eyes practically popped out when he saw the antique vehicle. It reminded him of a love affair he had with the car when he received a model of it as a child. His geeky neighbor helped him put it together. He was not well versed in scale modeling. His Uncle Stan bought it as a Christmas gift. Stan was not the brightest bulb in the chandelier when it came to child development. But neither was his sister, Carry's mom.

After clearing security, Carry made a bee-line for the Musk-Koggi Starpyre storage server inside the machine room facility. He wanted to help the electrician pull wire and chat him up about Slim's ride. "Hey, Will!" The two shook hands in a warm greeting. Carry knew Will, the Stow Rage go-to electrician, since grade school when Carry befriended Will's younger brother. "I'll cover for you while you check out

the antique in the parking lot.” Carry gladly took over the wiring task as Will gave him some tips on what to watch for.

Five minutes later, Will returned with a schitt-eating grin on his face. “Have you ridden in that thing?” It was something Carry looked forward to.

“Slim usually drives us to lunch, so I’ll probably get to kick back in it then. Greta gets shotgun.” Carry had to explain who Greta is. The car reminded Will of the scale model Duezy that Carry showed off during a visit to his mom’s Venice Beach apartment. He thought back to the time Carry spent at a local car mechanic volunteering as a grease monkey in order to learn how to fix cars. That all ended when Carry made his first lingerie sale in Beverley.

His first customer noticed the black grease under his nails, and offered to hook him up with a manicure and a lucrative job. Once his hands were professionally poofed-up, she took him back home for a lesson in ecstatic massage. It earned him a cool \$200. Will was in the dark about Carry’s sales calls, but he knew that a job in door-to-door sales took away his ambitions as an auto mechanic.

Back at the front office, Greta gave the Stow Rage technicians a quick run-down on how the current storage server had been configured for use in computer-generated imaging animation (C.G.I.). There was interest in how the new server would differ from the current one. It was old hat information for Slim, but he picked up a few details that had eluded him during a prior presentation. They had no actual need to know, but civilian use does not have need-to-know limitations. Those are military contracting inefficiencies. Greta was happy to comply with the request.

She quickly sketched the server configuration on a white board. There were two supercomputers tightly coupled together in such a way that they duplicated data. The servers also had the ability to be configured with R.A.I.D. redundancy for fast backup retrieval, but Warmer Brothers technicians opted out on economic grounds. It did not make sense given the low criticality of their data. When a technician asked Greta to explain how R.A.I.D. works, she referred him to Wikipedia. Warmer Brothers balanced the load on the two servers by dividing them between two separate art teams. If any component broke down on one of the servers, the second server would automagically assume the full load. Restoration after servicing was also automated.