

Dorchester Lady

By Sheila Boston

## Chapter 5: Presentation

Carry Grant and Brad Yayger slipped into the cozy back seat of Slim Whitey's Duesenberg sedan. Greta took her usual spot in the front passenger seat as Slim fired up the rebuilt original engine for a kick-donkey ride back to his Warmer Brothers office. They had a dual presentation planned for the afternoon. They scheduled Brad as an introduction with Greta to follow, presenting the sexy C.G.I. stuff. It made no sense to schedule Brad's geeky, deadly dull presentation as the closer.

Brad had been working on the integration of Fun Macro's fiber optic storage devices with the Cluster Phuk suite of integrated storage products. Musk-Koggi avoided Orbuncle like the plague. They much preferred to do business with Sci-Bass, an Emeryville, California database vendor. The Cluster Phuk suite supported both storage management options.

There was a brief time when Brad contemplated moving to Sci-Bass, but the interview did not go well. Their engineering facilities were in a large open warehouse structure that resembled an airplane hangar. Engineers were relegated to cubicles surrounding managerial cave-offices at the center of the open space. They looked like they were cobbled together quickly.

During the interview, the hiring manager asked Brad what his most productive environment was like. He said it was his own private window office. The manager smiled and pointed out that Sci-Bass could not afford such an environment. Although he did not mention it at the time, working from his home office would have fit the bill. Instead, he simply kissed the job goodbye. While at Aspex, Brad's productivity at his home office was much greater than at his Santa Clara digs. The absence of interruptions made working from home a breeze.

The sales team and Brad were escorted into an auditorium where W.B. execs usually viewed rushes of their newest films before releasing them. This time, they would be entertained by the geek squad tag team. Brad's presentation slides were cued up for him on a Fun Macro workstation. All he had to do was nod at the air-headed dude working the machine.

He liked to kick off his presentations with a graphic that would set the stage for the rest of the talk. This one was an image of an optical cable with bits spewing out of it in ones and zeroes. He called it his cyber fire hose. It was intended to pour cold water on the crew at Microsloth. They were all wet when it came to industrial hardware. Their headspace was focused on consumer products. Their investors took Aspex private as a way of undermining Fun Macro, but they were left holding a white elephant.

Brad would run into them later when he was working on international telecomm testing. Microsloth was on the list of beta sites. They even admitted that they intended to attempt to sabotage the international project. Brad was confident that they would fail, and they did. That became apparent when I.T. See kicked donkey in the Brain-Computer Interface (B.C.I.) field a quarter century later.

Brad focused on the advent of fiber optics into the computing field. The bandwidth of a single cable dwarfed copper wire. It could compete with satellite technology and microwave landlines. It would not be long before cable providers like Cumcast would fiber up. This remark got the execs thinking of a different kind of hose.

Brad saved the joke for the end of his presentation. It would be a tough act for Greta to follow. As the execs laughed in tears and fled the room to convulse in the corridor, Greta stepped to the podium to make her remarks on Musk-Koggi's future C.G.I. functionality expansions. She kept Brad's closing joke in mind as she reworked her opening statement to an allusion to the rebirth of W.B.'s supremacy at the box office. She was pregnant with ideas that would appeal to their testosterone-laden brains.

Needless to say, both Brad and Greta were mobbed with executives fawning over them after their presentations. They got more offers for dinner dates than a hooker at a Republicrat Party convention. They both had the same policy of dating only guys with antique cars, so Slim got the job of taking them out again for food. This time, Carry was stuck babysitting the boneheaded movie moguls.

Slim rescued Greta and Brad from their drooling suitors as if they were Penelopes. He escorted them to his spacious digs, a private, window office overlooking a W.B. parking lot. They kicked back for an hour talking about geek stuff before Slim took a look at his watch and announced an early supper at his favorite Santa Monica restaurant. He told Greta that she'd really love the place. After all, it was one of those joints that hires underemployed actors to dance on the counter tops. Greta was game, and Brad followed her like a dog after a pork chop.