

Cyberjunkies 1.1: Primer

By Sheila York

Chapter 5: Contact

Brad decided to cruise South Van Ness every morning until he encountered a candidate for the role of Felicity. His normal hiking time brought him through later in the wee hours of the morning around 4 AM. He decided to shift to the more human hours before bars closed at 2 AM. This promised to provide more opportunities than he had encountered the previous Friday. He had no luck until early Thursday.

Each morning at about midnight, Brad took a bus to start his search from the south-to-north instead of his usual north-to-south hiking route. This would reduce his search time and end his walk at home instead of far from home.

He had thought about this moment quite a bit. Would she be game, or would she be on the way home from a party? What would be his opening gambit? How should he introduce himself? Should he just wait for someone who was more aggressive?

He decided on that strategy. There was no need wasting time chatting up a non-starter. He was secretly hoping to encounter the woman who wagged her fanny at him on a previous hike, but he knew that was highly unlikely. The first woman he encountered was dressed to party. They had a positive exchange and he wished her a good day as he passed her by. Definitely a professional, but not aggressive enough.

A few blocks later, he came to an intersection with two women standing on each corner. The one on the far corner looked like she was still in high school. Definitely outside the target zone. The woman on the near corner looked friendly enough, and sent the right signals as he passed her. He heard her invitation halfway across the intersection. Perfect.

He turned around and approached her. "Are you looking for work?" Of course, she was. She was dressed for work. "My name is Brad. I work for an agency that has opportunities for working woman such as yourself." She took his phone number and immediately called him so that he had her number. "My office hours are between 8 AM and 4 PM." The last thing he wanted was a call after hours.

He received a text later in the day a bit after noon. She was interested in the agency's opportunities. She was willing to meet at a café on Valencia in the Mission. He could take the bus and be there by 2 PM. As per his usual habit, Brad arrived at the café fifteen minutes before the meeting time. He likes to get settled in and comfortable before an interview. She shook hands and she accepted his offer of a latte. Brad let her talk about her own background for a half hour before presenting his own ambitions for her.

It was Brad's turn to reveal his purpose. He gave her enough background on Cyberjunkies to retain her interest with the promise of more to come. He dropped an envelope with the first chapter on her. It would be later that day when Brad would learn the patented Gunila Gold recruitment technique of reading-in a prospect.

Was she familiar with Rachel Gross? Never heard of the woman. She wrote an excellent treatment of women's health issues. He wanted her to read it before their next meeting. It is essential for the project. She could get a copy from the library. She seemed leery of such a task as an onerous

requirement. It seemed like an obstacle to progress rather than an opportunity. She did not comprehend the value of such things.

Brad would have to readjust his expectations to conform to his target audience. He was learning the ropes as he went. Better to just describe the inner structures outlined by Gross than to require someone to read an entire book. The hurdle would prevent him from his goal, if he failed to readjust it.

That evening, Brad had a celebratory dinner with an acquaintance. Things were proceeding as planned. He looked forward to meeting with Sheila and Gunny in order to update them on the progress to date. He also looked forward to editing his framework to reflect events more accurately.

Brad had unrealistic hopes and ambitions for Felicity that he quickly dropped. He had a reading requirement for services that did not make sense. They were more important for leadership rather than client status. This was due to an overly aggressive ambition on Brad's part to build a service organization in a fixed way. Once that was abandoned, and Brad leveraged the cybertechnology available to him, things went more smoothly.

Unknown to Brad, Naval Misfit bitches (lapdogs) were working behind the scenes to put the kibosh on sex worker recruitment. They used Air Bonehead technology to deceive sex workers into believing that Brad was a vice squad stoolie pretending to be a service worker. They believed the voice in their head because it had information on Brad that they could confirm. Unfortunately for them, they also revealed their own sinister nature to signals intelligence authorities. Those authorities contacted the F-F-Fuckups, B-B-Bonehead, and Inc-c-competents to investigate the matter. This was how Brad hooked up with a kick-donkey lady who would be a star in the Cyberjunkies podcast world-to-come, but that is fodder for a very different framework.