

Cyberjunkies 1.1: Primer

By Sheila York

Chapter 2: Close Encounters

Brad missed Sheila at the library, so he decided to wait until they met at another time to drop his draft on her. His epiphany was so strong that he had difficulty focusing on "Pigs in Heaven," a novel he selected to prepare for a native flower excursion to Marin, County later in the week. People who have read "Unsheltered" understand the connection.

What do flowers have to do with Brad's experiences with street walkers? Plenty. For one thing, flowers are sex organs. The more successful street walkers attract human semen the way flowers attract bees. This is not to say that clients are insects, but the analogy holds.

Another connection is the way Brad encountered street walkers as he climbed Nob Hill on his way to hike in the Marin Headlands where he likes to commune with the real thing. There was one particular occasion he likes to relate when a woman sidled up to him on the way up the hill. She told him she wanted to go where he was going. He looked at her shoes and saw that they were party shoes, typical street walker attire. "Not in those shoes, you're not. I'm hiking to Marin." She peeled off in the opposite direction.

This is not to say that Brad only encountered street walkers on Nob Hill. His favorite spots are in the Mission District on South Van Ness. He often finds himself too engrossed in his hiking meditation as he heads for San Bruno Mountain. It gets in the way of his street walker observations. He almost missed one, but a conversation with a client in a car perked up his ears.

One night, as he was hiking down South Van Ness, he encountered a topless woman. It made a big impression on him. He later recounted the experience to a black supremacist neighbor. The guy recounted his own impressions of street walkers there when he lived in that part of town. This was where Brad planned his Cyberjunkies operations. He would be in the neighborhood in a few more days. It was low hanging fruit for his plan. The last time he passed through the area, a street walker wagged her butt cheeks at him. There were some other party girls on the street, but he was not sure they qualified as professionals. He decided to recruit one, and only one, for his Project. That was all that was needed to spark an explosion. It would be a social chain reaction.

Brad had no moral objections to sex work. He saw it as an economic choice. The more he studied it, the more he came to that conclusion. The people who engage in it have little or no alternative. What if they had an alternative? What if they could earn a decent livelihood by more acceptable means? He realized he could create just such means with the Cyberjunkies Project. It was a path to transcend material limitations for women in the sex trade. He knew of pimps and pushers who made arrangements for material gain. What if they were undermined with a more economic and more advantageous paradigm? There would be opposition that had to be countered. Perhaps Brad's own security network would be up to the task. He had the confidence that it would. They had proven their mettle in the past.

And then there was the time Brad was waiting on a corner for a friend to pick him up in a car. A woman started to cross the intersection, then stopped half way across. She proceeded to pull down her leotard and bend over, exposing her shaven labia to the whole neighborhood and passing drivers. An intersex

neighbor from Brad's building crossed towards him from the other direction. When she got to where Brad was standing, he said, "She puts the ho, ho, ho in Merry Christmas."

Brad has had on-line encounters as well. He received a text from a porn site solicitor. "She" pretended to know him and sent nude selfies to entice him to the site. "She" sounded as if "she" might have been blackmailed. "Her" persistence ceased after Brad texted "her" that he would never visit the site. He's weird, but not *that* weird. Keyla Camho would go on to be a celebrated fixture in the Cyberjunks Franchise.

There have been flashers, too. The first time he was flashed was in high school. He regrets that he was too naïve to handle it well. He just looked like a deer in the headlights. When a woman flashed her breast later in life, he laughed. He also regrets making such a humiliating gesture.

An aggressive sex worker at a bus stop tried to pick him up. She looked like she had seen better days. When he demurred, she asked why not? Didn't he need it? He told her he was too busy, but he was really thinking that he had no need for a skank.

Little did Brad know that he would encounter sex work rings associated with the Naval Misfits. They were the Naval Intel personnel responsible for the harassment of Aaron Alexis. There was a point when they admitted to Brad and the International Telecommunications Consortium (I.T.C. – Itsee) that they had done the Aaron Alexis harassment operation. It drove the man postal to the point of shooting up the Washington Navy Yard in D.C.