

Evil Money

By Ina Disguise

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“I’ve never liked it, never.” Kira picked some resin out of her hair and flicked it across the room. She picked up a chisel and chipped at some stubborn beads on her table.

“People who have money always say it doesn't matter.” Aldous despaired of Kira's altruistic tendencies. “You don't know what being poor is like.” He pursed his lips, only slightly contemptuously.

“Don't I? I don't think you quite understand, Aldous. Money is really just tiddlywinks. The love of money is an ugly thing. It's justifiable to have enough for whatever you're doing, but craving it, and certainly craving it above your obligations to other people - that's basically a major sin.”

“Sin? You are talking about it from a religious perspective? Since when are you religious?” Aldous despaired of Kira's more altruistic tendencies, which usually involved rather irritating practical help rather than actual money, since she usually didn't have very much due to the endless new projects she engaged in, funded by a mysterious process he could never identify.

“More from a moral perspective. I have seen a lot of moral ambiguity in my family. I don't like it. I love work, but money? Money makes people nasty. It clouds their judgement and makes them stupid. That is why I don't like money.” Kira looked away, resolute, and scratched her ear.

“Try telling Rupert Murdoch, or Bill Gates that. Billions.” Aldous sneered.

“They won the computer game. It's about as meaningful. It doesn't make them worthy. Worthiness is a different thing.”

“That's why you continue to obsess about Sam, despite all that money.” Aldous started to laugh. “Seriously, would you rather he had nothing?”

“Sam is welcome to his manias. They aren't necessarily mine. I like what he has done with his resources and ideas. I like how it's changed me. That is what is important. Money is a different thing. I thought you understood that? For the record, if he had happened to work in some random health food shop I would still have been a startlingly regular customer. I thought you understood that, too.” Kira was getting bored. “Look, do you want me to show you how meaningless money is?”

“How do you plan to do that?” Aldous looked annoyed.

“Well, you know how I tend to disappear for months at a time and then turn up and take you out etc? I usually rake in a pile of cash when I am not busy entertaining you. Why don't I show you how dull money is? Money isn't original, it has no new ideas and it doesn't improve you as a person. It's just a figure. It is time-consuming and useful only for other projects.”

“OK, show me.” Aldous looked confused.

“Give me a tenner.” Kira held out her grubby, paint-stained hand. Aldous produced the tenner.

“OK I will return it in six weeks, with the money I have made from it, just to show you how arbitrary and meaningless it is.” Kira yawned.

“OK.” Aldous took this as a sign to leave. He wondered what Kira would do with his tenner?

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