

# TALIBAN TELEMARKETER



Kim Cancer

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***A Fucking Novel***

**by Kim Cancer**

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MORNING: The punching alarm clock ended my regeneration.

My alarm clock is a robotic arm from my FRED Corp. SUNNY sani-BOT, and it slaps and punches me awake every work morning.

Off-days I schedule it to tickle me.

It was 5:30 am, and the chore of going to work rained upon me in fierce head-slaps.

Morning blobs of sun trickled in, through the torn garbage bio-bag curtains, slicing sunlight into my dark concrete box.

I slapped back at the alarm, which disabled it, levitated my naked body upwards, and swiped my hand machine as I usually do first thing in the morning so I could check CHITTER.

After CHITTER, I'd watch news, catch up on deadlines from the *Fucking News Channel* STREAM.

On my hand machine I scroll the CHITTER exchanges, emotions markets, mucker index levels, forecasts, disaster forecasts; radar for accidents/incidents, rallies, events, weather in my vicinity, so I could decide which/how mods, body armor I'd require, which route to take to work....

It'd been years since Congress legalized violent crime, abolished all gun laws. Laws only penalized crime against the Class A (Class A– Uber, Premium Class, generally the wealthy, politicians, connected...)

Most, including myself, were Class B – Useful; then there were the Class C- Obsolete but redeemable; and Class D- Unemployable/Expendable.

(Class was decided by several factors: FRED, wealth, education, employer, friend and acquaintance ratings, reviews.)

For anyone outside of Class A, as well as those in it, being anywhere in public spaces without government subsidized body armor, armaments, was akin to suicidal.

Checking CHITTER, no active muckers, disasters, accidents, fires, weather events were on the radar, so the day was off to an auspicious start...

I rubbed my temples and opened a hologram feed STREAM for *The Fucking News Channel*.

President Bigfoot III was giving a speech in the auditorium of an underwater naval base, talking in panache, prepositional phrases, abbreviating his plans for the economy and the Cyber War.

He wore a navy-blue skirt, black vest, a white dress shirt with rolled up sleeves, silk red tie and on the heart of his vest he had a small rainbow American flag lapel button.

A sasquatch CHEWBRONNI, hairy as a gorilla, his wavy pink hair was combed and parted to the right.

He squinted his bright blue eyes as he spoke and was smirking awkwardly, twitching.

There was a crowd of maybe 20 sailors, in Village People attire, all with mustaches, synchronized dancing and strutting behind him as he spoke.

President Bigfoot III paused here and there for questions from his spirit animal, a pet graybeard baboon he held on a chain leash.

Triangular American flags flew from rafters above the stage, set ablaze, burning bright sweet red.

Small American flag graphics flew in the top left corner of the feed, twirling crucifixes touched.

The Cruel at the bottom of the STREAM splayed e-SPORTS news, scores.

I walked over to my kitchen (which isn't too far from my bed since I live in a small s-unit in a vint puke pink art deco hotel turned condo) and I slick on the automatic rat shit coffee machine.

I opened the door to my small refrigerator BOX, which was possessed by the ghost of Ezra Pound, and took out some cockroach milk for my tangy sweet/sour crispy grasshopper cereal.

There were leftover Burmese food takeout cartons (roast python) in the fridge.

SUNNY sani-BOT prepped my cereal while I window-shopped for 3D weapons on my hand machine.

President Bigfoot III said something about how hydration must be achieved.

The President's shaggy arms rested on the burlled walnut podium, which reached up to his torso and had a big, round, blue Presidential FRED seal on it.

The Cruel spread today's headlines: "173 human dead when two commuter tube trains collide head on in East India, 214 humans wounded" "STREAM STARS J-Ro and D-Pet adopt and strangle to death a special-needs Ebola tribesman from Benin, LIVE at 9 pm." "Category 7 Hurricane forms off the coast of Cape Verde."

" ... "

A heckler interrupted the President Bigfoot III's speech.

A hulky, 6'6 tall black man with blond pigtails, wearing a blue frilly Shirley Temple dress, cried out: "Mr. President! I'm a little girl! I identify as a 7 y/o white girl! I'm a little girl! I'm a little girl, motherfucker!"

The crowd gasped, laughed and yelled.

Clapter, others straight applauded, most turned hand machine video/pics, and others stampeded out of their seats.

The girl in pigtails was trampled semi-conscious in the aisles by the mad rush, and a *Fucking News* journalist punched her in the head, detached the little girl's hand machine, snatched it and ran away...

Ninja suit secret service burst out of the shadows, trapdoors, and pounced on the heckler.

Five of them tackled the little girl and beat her senseless with their fists, feet and nunchaku.

One agent lasered her in the back of her neck. They dragged the girl by her arms and legs...

As they were dragging her away, a couple of the Village sailors spit on, kicked the heckler in the stomach and back. Blood was streaming from the heckler's mouth, down her pained bloody smile and troubled chin.

A couple ninja suits shielded President Bigfoot III, whisked him and his spirit animal away.

The optic feed from the base was suddenly lost and the screen went totally black. The picture then shifted to the news studio in New Yack...

The Cruel bottom half of the screen enlarged- bold, red lettering: "Breaking: PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION AVERTED, WOULD-BE MUCKER CAPTURED!"

One of the two *Fucking News* BOT angers, the MBOT, Budd BOT, an avuncular, obese lobster with a pleated, dark brown, pin striped suit, bass drawl (and obvious toupee) shouted how this is a disgrace and a travesty.

The other *Fucking News* anger, Christine BOT, an attractive, brunette- slim waist, leggy, big blank eyes, large breast F-BOT (pan-naked, plastic wrapping suit unit) had a horrified compression, proclaimed infinite shock.

"What would motivate --- to --- as reprehensible as this?" Christine BOT snipped, raged and shook a handgun at the camera.

They concurred the heckler should be executed as soon as possible on *The Fucking Execution Channel* STREAM and debated an appropriate method: Chainsaw, Strangulation, Boredom...

The Cruel at the bottom of the screen glowed the weather.

“ ... “

I whapped to the *Fucking Exercise Network*, drank a repressant, listened to vint Madonna: “Get into the Groove” and imitated the F-BOT, jiggy motions walking me into low impact aerobics.

I completed my aerobics with a set of yogurt stretches and short freditation.

Into the bathroom, I inserted the disposal hose to my anus, defecated.

My sani-BOT wiped, cleaned, groomed me, and sprayed me over a quick de-bac/g-bac mist shower.

ME: I’m Kim, Kim Cancer, and I am dictating this to my posterity N-APP, for forward/backward time launch to the networks.

(My seeder, if receiving this, you are connected via a neural link. You are receiving this digi-packet via binary infra-transfusion and may disconnect or reconnect with it at any time.)

ABOUT ME: Kim Cancer: I’m a 24-year-old organic male human in a 100% human carrier vessel.



I'm 5'9, 170 pounds, muscular stature, thick legs, jacked quads and pecs. I got short black wavy hair, hazel eyes, super high cheekbones; long, skinny fingers, olive skin, ivory teeth and I'm left-handed.

I've been told I bare a slight resemblance to the vint actor Nicolas Cage.

I live here in Next South Florida and work as a telemarketer, psychic telemarketer, in a Funeral Room. There are quite a lot of them in this place.

In case you don't know what exactly a Funeral Room is, please allow me to explain.

FUNERAL ROOM: Funeral Rooms are telemarketing operations, psychic, set up in cheap office space consisting of coffin pods, neural links and chains.

Humans, too, of course, to make the calls. Every Funeral Room has humans (usually 95% human, 2% BOT/Cyborg, 3% unknown).

Funeral Rooms incur little overhead and can easily be moved if they get de-platformed, deleted, go out of business, or sent to the cloud.

(They're referred to as "Funeral Rooms" because most occupy space that was once a funeral home, back when burials were legal. Many were also Walmart.)

What is done in these rooms is primarily soliciting money by cold calling (i.e. calling people who have not asked anyone to call) names off lists, via telepathy, brain to brain, AI neural networks connecting hand machines, phones, brains, bodies.

Most everyone had been chipped, either at birth, or by choice, to preserve/improve Class, employment options, though many lived off neural grid, but those off-grid, out of neural network, were automatically designated Class D – Unemployable).

Awake, daydreaming, asleep, we Funeral Rooms can reach almost anyone.

There are several different types of Funeral Rooms that pitch everything from vacation packages, weapons stocks, body armor, hand machine parts, disposal hoses, F-BOT parts, coupons, you name it.

Many rooms are in the primary business of separating people from their CASH, but there are also rooms that provide services, companionship, and necessary rage.

(Most compassion Funeral Rooms were run by BOT, though, due to consolidation.)

((The emotion SALES rooms, like mine, have been the most profitable in most recent years....))

((Emotion sales rooms only connect, zap, brain to brain, via neural network.)))

The key to success in emotions sales Funeral Rooms is to make as many psychic connections possible. As many brain zaps as possible. Like, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500 per day.

Sound like a lot?

Why make so many zaps?

Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? WHY?

Because 9 out of 10 people will hang up, curse, froth, and/or not answer their psyche.

Focus, concentration is a chore.

I could make a hundred b-zaps and get cursed out every time. Most people don't like to be cold-brained and aren't shy to express dissatisfaction.

Also, these same lists of names and brain digits circulate among thousands of other Funeral Rooms, so these brains are zapped, called and buzzed a billion times. It's no wonder that these folks react so evocatively.

Most of our customers, those buying services from Funeral Rooms are retired, disabled, or Canadian.

Many of them are lonely and just want someone to talk to. There's always somebody out there who will buy. If there wasn't then there wouldn't be so many Funeral Rooms.

It can be a repetitive, thankless task, being a psychic telemarketer, but you can make CASH at it if you are persistent and have thick skin.

My boss makes over 2 billion Next American Dollars, (BAMABUCKS) a fiscal.

Last fiscal I made 90 million BAMA.

(My rent/utilities being 1 million per motherfucker, I've been performing well, but am aiming for 200 million this fiscal.)

(Nowadays, psychic telemarketing is an increasingly lucrative business. because of the Loneliness Index, hand machines, table and eye usables... More and more of my customers aren't even elderly, disabled, or Canadian...)

The phone room I work for pitches emotion commodity trading. I am an emotion, mostly Rage, Outrage, and [U]rage broker; meaning I can advise and place orders to invest, buy/sell contracts, options, in the emotion and [out]emotion commodities markets.

Mostly we do the emotions markets, sold on the CHITTER EXCHANGE: SPAZDAQ.

I had to take a screaming and weeping exam on the markets and received a Series 8 *Fucking Fiduciary Certificate*.

Human Being, being an emotion broker, I'm licensed to sell, buy emotions, [out]emotion.

Maybe I'm more of a telemarketing bookie, than a broker, to be honest. Because the emotion commodities markets, for spectators, is much like gambling.

And it's no peanuts or corncobs, synth liver, or mod-fish spines, no 20K BUCKEROO touch-off lottery scans, either.

We're talking real BAMA. Often big B. 1M B is our minimum investment to open an account.

MARKETS: The emotion market, CHITTER is ticklish, which is how so many lose in it and, normally, only the hedger-trimmers and sharks make any BUCKEROO ...

To sum it up briefly you buy or sell a contract or an option to buy/sell a contract of a particular emotion (Sadness, Rage, Outrage, Annoyance, Anger, Embarrassment, Disgust, Love, Passion, Lust, Pity) which has a fixed expiration date and is traded/tracked through neural network, levels loaded, monitored on SPAZDAQ.

(Boredom was one of the first emotions traded, but, now, Boredom being so prevalent, rampant, easily available, it's lost its financial worth and is considered by any/every nation to be humanity's greatest threat.)

Emotions, as opposed to stocks/shares, where every stockholder wins/profits if the stock increases in value, an emotion commodity contract has TWO sides, and will always have a Winner: the alpha-ginner and a Loser: the beta-hoser, making it a "zero sum" type of investment.

Why?

Why is there always a beta-hoser?

Because there are two sides to a contract, the rise side (which makes BAMAS if the emotion increases) and the put side (which makes BAMAS if it lessens). You line your BAMAS up on one side or the other and you win or you lose. Simple as that.

You can buy a future or current emotion contract or buy future or current emotion contract options.

An option is an "option" to buy or sell that particular contract. Buying options is a bit less risky than contracts because you are only liable for the value of the option (which is the premium you pay for the option itself) if the emotion moves against you.

However, if you sell an option then you must be ready to provide the actual contract if someone exercises the option. But most options aren't usually exercised. My Funeral Room typically pushes options.

The emotion contracts are riskiest because they can fluctuate very quickly causing big losses or gains in a matter of minutes, sometimes seconds, depending on the intensity of the emotion...

Investors in the emotions are also liable for the full value of the contract they've purchased.

It can be hard to liquidate futures contracts or options because orders are taken in line meaning that there might be a couple hundred people ahead of you trying also to offload of that position, and holding the wrong position, investors can lose BAMAS by the second...

(There's a common misconception that if you keep a contract until the expiration date, you'll have an emotion possessing you, like an evil spirit... It doesn't happen like that. Delivery of the contract emotion commodity is rare and only trades at specified clouds, approved by the SPAZDAQ.)

The main players involved in the commodity trade are the sharks, spectators, and hedge-trimmers.

Hedgers are those with a financial interest in a certain emotion commodity and use the markets to hedge (help offset losses, maximize profits).

Sharks are the super-rich, who play the markets, either as part of their business empires or simply for fun.

Spectators are just in it to generate profits. Spectators (and many sharks) are widely hated by hedgers because they often profit from hedger's losses. But without spectators providing trading volume, liquidity the markets wouldn't run as smoothly.

The governmental bodies that oversee the industry are the ETC (Emotions Trade Commission, based in Washington, DC) and their enforcement/police arm the NEA (National Emotions Association, based in Chicago, Illinois).

The ETC liaisons with government, exchanges, publicity and enforces/creates policy. The ETC used to police SPAZDAQ, but in order to increase and decrease bureaucracy, they created the NEA to monitor, paperwork individual firms.

The NEA audits, fines, and takes disciplinary actions against firms/individuals engaging in emotions trading misconduct, such as churning an account (trading too much, simply to generate fees), misrepresenting emotions, filing false claims regarding emotions trades, or insider emotions trading, trading emotions linked to oneself, relative, associate, etc.

The NEA are 100% human and always very clean cut, dress like Mormons, short sleeve, white-collar button-down shirts, black slacks. All are required to lack any emotion whatsoever and must be a certified sociopath.

They pay on-site visits to firms, in groups of 20 or so, make unannounced visits to emotions brokerages and will demand emotions trade records, stand next to a telemarketer and listen in on brain-calls.

The NEA can fine, suspend and revoke licenses of firms or individuals, and file criminal charges.

The ETC can, as well, but rarely does, preferring to devote most of its time/budget on lobbying FRED corporations.

So there it is, my industry and its players...

The BAMAS, thrill of the close. The roar of the Funeral Room when the markets open.

Due to hand machines and automation, no other industry has grown at the rapid clip the emotions market has.

With persistence and patience, it can be lucrative and invigorating, but does wear you down. Headaches migraines, short tenures, and suicides are commonplace.

MORNING: I had to motor, ready for work, but still had time to watch another STREAM. Where did my happy sticks go? There they are... Mango flavor...

I swiped my hand machine and flung *The Fucking Music Channel* back on and levitated into mid-air, cross-legged, scraped a quick happy stick and shimmied and shook my shoulders to a Black Magic KPOP video.

Chugging my cup of rat shit coffee, I waltzed to my closet, assembled my light, easy-breathing body armor. It's like a wetsuit, covering my legs, feet, arms, crotch and torso, up to my neck.

There'd been three muckers and two mass shootings in the last couple days. My hand machine's morbidity app said there'd be a 30% probability of shootings today, 20% of a vehicular ramming attack and a 60% chance of a light stabbing.

I holograph-snapped a light blue button-up shirt, shiny black slacks, striped white/black necktie (Windsor knot, of course!) and crocodile skin wingtips.

Here in the floating partition of Florida (Pompano Beach, Broward County, an hour north of Miami) it's sticky hot, at 98 degrees per morning, 107 per afternoon, 91 nighttime, so most of the businesspeople here



wear the lightest build of effective MADE in N USA! body armor, which was govt subsidized for Class B.

Material clothes atop body armor was generally a thing of the past, worn mostly by Class C, D.

It's spiffy holographs now, beamed on via hand machine.

But attire has remained the same in modernity, slacks, dress shirt (much of the time still the usual Florida businessman rolled up sleeves) and a tie, dresses, skirts for T, NB, and females.

Those who can afford to, during high mucker tolls, upgrade their body armor or purchase force field, repelling hologram wear (a popular item – boomerang force field that flings back bullets at mucker).

Toilets had long been replaced by disposal hoses, which led to bays where human waste was converted into fuels, synth animal feed (most organic furry/feathered animals were extinct), bug feed.

Bugs, easily grown, harvested, especially cockroaches, were used for everything from food to sanitary items...

Stepping into my automated restroom, walls holographed views of the Italian alps, when they had snow, and I urinated into the disposal hose and hummed.

While doing so, my robotic arm squirted cockroach gel and rubbed it into my hair and combed my dark black hair backwards into vint Gordon Gecko style.

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