Chapter 6

"Oscar," Dr. Svengali called out to his AI assistant. There was no response.

"Wake up, you imbecile," he yelled!

"Shiiiit! Fuck you…cracker," Oscar answered.

"Are you up now?" he asked.

"No!"

"Run start up protocols and virus scan sequences," he demanded.

Oscar ran all start up protocols. Virus scans to look for the NSA as well as Microsoft manufactured viruses.

"Oscar," he called.

"Yes, Dr. Svengali," the AI algorithm responded.

"Run full 360 analysis of yesterday and compare it to our other sequences," he asked. "How long for the output?"

"It's all ready."

"Any anomalies?" he asked.

 "None," the computer stated.

"Run full environmental and gravitational analysis. Comets. Aurora borealis. Meteors. Sunspots. Orbital analysis," he demanded.

"That will take 5 seconds," Oscar responded. A few seconds later it answered, "there is no aberration from previous tests."

"Domestic tranquility analysis. Energy load. Shades. Sunlight. Internal temperatures. Bills paid. Water temperature. Water heater. Conversation. Contacts. Phone calls. Food eaten," he stated.

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"Aberration found Dr. Svengali," the computer responded.

"Out with it," he demanded.

"You had a phone call with Dr. Gandhi," Oscar answered.

"So. Analyze other phone calls in laboratory setting with living embryos present only," he directed.

"Analyzing 3,217 phone calls in laboratory with embryos present. 2,924 calls were with men. 293 phone calls placed with women. 17 calls placed with EVE's doors open. 16 of those calls placed with men," the computer answered.

"Analyze aberrant phone call. What made the one phone call different than 17 calls," he asked the computer.

"Cannot compute," the computer responded.

"Recommendations, Oscar," he asked.

"This is way above my pay grade. We need to ask Pentagon's Quantum Network," the computer suggested.

"Oscar, wipe all sectors from drive, regarding last three minutes of analysis," he ordered.

"Yes, Dr. Svengali," the AI algorithm responded.

"Erase all internet history for last seventy-two hours. Load up NSA protocol Beta Alpha 1635. Run protocols. Immediately. Go to Japan Google. Burn Def Jam list of songs. Shut down, let ADAM and EVE run the protocols. I will not need you for the next three days," he advised Oscar.

Roland was taking the protocols for saying "Pentagon's Quantum Network" in the ether. He was afraid the NSA would be on top of his house in seconds. He quickly made the computer do almost 15,000 searches for Tupac Shakur's murder in over 56 dialects of Arabic, Urdu and Farsi. Then

after doing this it would access a known hacker in Japan to download all of the late artists songs. All of this to convince NSA's AI algorithm that his house was looking for rap songs on the internet.

The house was dead quiet. The dogs were asleep. He drank his Jack and Coke quietly. Victoria kept the other dogs quiet. She knew the drill. Iridium security sweep.

Fifteen minutes later a police car drove by the house, sirens screaming. In forty-five minutes, there he was. The hobbling NSA spy. A homely vagrant came by with a blue bag containing beer cans. He came up to the house and looked through Roland's garbage cans, all the while looking through the living room window. Roland sat on the sofa with Victoria snoring besides him. He finished his libation.

Sgt. Fury came up to window to watch the vagrant. He started to bark. Then the four other dogs barked furiously. Victoria got up and barked once. All five dogs quieted down. Only Sgt. Fury sat at the window watching the hobo. Someone has to keep guard.

Roland looked through his IMs. Six women sent him pictures of their wet pink pussies. He smiled. Changed for bed and quickly fell asleep.