

**The Failure
of
Augmented Reality
to
Get My Dick Hard**

A Transformative
S&M Fantasy
Writ for Two

by

Sam Holdenfukstööl

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a work of fiction

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This is the abandoned first chapter of a story that eventually was worked into full novel.

Odd, how the form changed completely.

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All books start somewhere. And this book started in the company cafeteria. We were sitting around, eating lunch (some brownish yellow curry thing, brought in special for the day, just like they do every day, but this dish was especially tasty, which isn't always the case, so it really was special for the day), and we were talking shop, once again, just like we usually do.

"Superman. Got to love that x-ray vision."

"I'll see your Super Senses," whatever that was supposed to mean, "and raise you the Force. If I could be any fictional character, it would easily be Darth Vader."

"Not the Emperor?"

"Doesn't get enough screen time. But more importantly, not everyone's answered, and you know the rules, no asking questions or digging

deeper into a theoretical weakness until everyone has shared their opening gambit."

Do we care about the rest of the answers? I don't. So then, as now, I answered quite simply with "The Fonz" just to fuck with them.

"You're not even playing the game."

"I know what I want: to snap my fingers and have a bevy of girls come running... and that whole swooning at your kiss thing is not to be overlooked."

"You think Vader doesn't get the babes?"

"Not in any version I've seen. But more importantly, I don't want to live my fantasies second hand from behind some corporate paywall."

{Note, since The Fonz lives behind a corporate pay wall, as well, this argument is sort of meaningless. But there's no reason either one of us should let that little fact get in the way of the following rant.}

Shall I go into virtues of the Open Source Movement? Shall I sing the praises of Free Speech, Free Beer, and an open Internet. Shall I

explain how copyright and patent law are destroying the world and in the end are just another means (a method, if you will) of alienating us (i.e. the working class) from our labor. Or shall I simply point out that The Fonz was the greatest 'debugger' in the history of mankind.

As in, "If something doesn't work, The Fonz just gives it a well placed smack and all is in order. So, for example, if the servers go down," like they're always seeming to do, the lazy fucks, "I, as The Fonz, just have to walk down the hall, give Old Betsy," a fictitious nickname, fictionally given to a fictitious mainframe that it is, for argumentative (and/or fictitious) purposes, our job to babysit, "And give that loopey bitch a slap upside the head to get her purring like a kitten," and serving up cat videos to the masses in no time.

"It doesn't work that way."

Which is true... to a point. But the fact remains, The Fonz had a knack for fixing broken things by hitting them... and the girls came running at the snap of his fingers, eager to swoon at his kiss. Not that I'm saying the one leads to or is any way related to the other, because, you know, that's about

when Shirley from Human Resources walked into earshot, the nosy bitch. But yeah, now that's she's out of range, that's exactly what I'm saying.

Also, I'd make a lot more money if the only thing I had to do to get a program to run properly was snap my fingers or give the display a slap upside it's head like some sugar-bitch pimp-daddy mo-fo (like I have the slightest idea what I just said, I so gangsta).

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I have gotten off track; and obviously, the best thing to do is go with a hard reset.

"Have you tried turning it off and on?" has been shown not to work, because the person on the other end of the phone is usually and idiot.

"What I want you to do is turn off the computer."

"I already tried that."

"And yet, what you tried didn't work, Shit for Brains. So, let's try it again my way, shall we?"

which, if said loud enough, will get you fired, causing you to rethink your life choices, and hey, when Mr Shit for Brains, your old manager, but I'm guessing that's a pretty common nickname for managers, said you might be happier if you found a new job, he was actually right, for the first fucking time in his life, because the next job was actually fun, since I actually got to work with computers, instead of idiots, most of the time.

Anyway, let's try again.
Shall we?

This is the hard reboot, wherein you unplug your computer (and/or turn off your brain), so I can start over, and we all pretend the foregoing never happened, which is pretty much whatever I do whenever one of my former spouses sends a text or leaves a message on the answering machine.

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It was lunch time, which means, me and the boys were not working and would not be working,

no matter what (the fuck) happened. The place could burn (the actual fuck) down and we would not lift a finger. I'm sorry, if you're going to nickel and dime me and only fork over a mere thousand bucks a day for my life force, you don't get my lunch hour, I start at nine (or seven... or whatever), and eight hours later (and I mean, like exactly, eight hours later because we live in the modern computer age where I work, buster, so like, timers, we have them, and once I punch in, the only thing I am really looking forward to is getting the fuck out of dodge, so eight hours later) I'm out the fucking door!

Deal with it, bitch!

Um, well, that's what is said on the brochure, when I was growing up. So, let's just say, it was lunchtime and I'm pretty sure I'd gotten my three hours of sleep the night before. I mean, seriously, how many hours does a guy need in the end? And isn't that why they have a couch in the break room, anyway?

While we're on the subject, let me assure you,

that couch is comfortable. No expenses was spared when they put that sucker in. And it's nice and long to fit my expansive frame, if you know what I mean. Plus, it's leather, which I like. And they let me pick it out, too. So, really, I have only myself to blame at this point if it doesn't suit my needs. Besides, it sits right next to all those relaxing games these hi-tech companies like to pack into my bedroom... er, I mean, their game rooms. Though, if I were to give a bit of advice for the next start up, I will just point out that us overgrown adolescents are prone to use pool cues as impromptu swords when called on to protect the honor of our favorite fictional heroes, so maybe skip the pool table and double up on the pinball machines in the future.

"You have slighted the honor of Dark Tagnon," like I know how to spell d'Artagnan's fucking name. "And now you must die."

The point is, assuming there is indeed a point, I'm pretty sure I had a point, was that it was lunchtime, and I haven't the foggiest idea what that meant in the real world, the soup, the curry, the whatever, just sort of waits until the emergency is over, or the blood sugar drops, but mostly it just

waits, then we drag ourselves to party central, put one of the young 'uns in chage, 'Don't fucking touch anything,' and drag our sorry asses back to the break room.

"You going home?"

"Why bother?"

Anyway, not really sure exactly when, maybe it was during the video game tourney, maybe it was while we turned the ping pong table into our Lego War Fortress of Doom, Death, & Destruction, or maybe it was during one of those stupid stand up meetings...

"Still working on staving off Armageddon."

"Yep. Just got the plane tickets; so now, on to the hotel reservations." As you can see, Bob (or Dave... or whoever) had decided that he should use some of his hard earned vacation time to plan his next vacation, not that he was going to get it... or maybe he would. I mean, the real trick was forgetting to turn on your phone until you actually returned from your vacation and were back at your desk.

"Oh, yeah. I knew I forgot something. Well,

tell you what, I'll turn it back on now." A few beeps later, "Well, look at that! Forty five messages. You guys must have really missed me. I was just going to go back to work. But now I'm thinking of hitting you up for another raise. Oh, wipe that look off your face. I'm not going to ask for more money. I want vacation time, starting, "a quick look at the watch, "oh, how about now," because... Fuck Them!

Anyhow, all of this has a point. And that point is that during this particular lunch, supper, midnight nap break, or whatever the fuck time it was, we were discussing Augmented Reality, as apposed to say Virtual Reality, or Actual Reality, or whatever other type of Reality you may (or may not) live in (or merely wish to live in).

And I was unimpressed.
I am unimpressed.

I mean, I'd love to live my life in a movie, as if I were the leading character in some high tech, cutting edge game... if it were done right. But they

can't do anything right down in Hollywood these days... or in the world of publishing; and seriously, do not get me started on the inanities of the computer game industry (front row seat to the Cluster Fuck, this I have had). Or in other words, it would appear that I have finally outgrown the Industrial Media Complex that I so adored in my youth.

"You're kidding me? The guy who thinks The Fonz could take Superman in a fair fight," but then, who said anything about fighting fair, "expects us to believe he wouldn't kill, and I mean literally kill, for the chance to walk in his holiness, The Fonz's shoes for a day?"

But it's not that simple. Sure, The Fonz, as I see him, would rock! All he has to do is snap his fingers and an endless stream of girls line up, eager to be the next one that he kisses on the lips (no, not those lips, those lips), causing said harlot to swoon in ecstasy.

Yeah, that would rock.

But The Fonz as envisioned by some middle management committee (the sum being, indeed,

much shittier than it's parts) would, in a word, suck raw oysters, which I hate, just in case that's unclear.

"Sir, would you care for some potentially life threatening raw shellfish this evening?"

No! No, I would not!

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And even in all that, I still haven't gotten to the point. I already live Augmented Reality. That's the point. So, when my coworkers decided rather unanimously that Augmented Reality was going to "Rock Ass!" and/or be "Awesome!" I was less than enthusiastic.

"I can do better?"

"What? Oh, right. Here we go."

Which is indeed the case, as here we do go, because this book is my answer as to why I am unimpressed by the concept of Augmented Reality, think I already do it better, and am rather convinced that they (the fucks know who they are) will not get it right.

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"Working late again?" the boss he may have said, as he was getting ready to leave the office and head on home to his wife and kids.

"Yep, just a few things I want to take care of first," I may have replied in a slightly misleading manner as I opened a text file on my computer to begin on my grand reply to my coworkers, such that it is.

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Everything is true... and nothing is.
But then, that can be said of most anything...

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If I chop off the first section, it's not that bad. But the second version (still under construction) is much-much better. It includes much more sex, much more violence, and is a lot less coherent, which means, it's way more (as in much more) fun, as those asides, they can be.

Wait a couple of years, and I'm sure I'll post it... or maybe in the meantime, someone will offer to buy the rights.

*Who knows?
Me, I don't think I really care.*

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