

Violet Sends Her Regards

by **Armagan Tekdoner**

Professor Hartmut Karl Stumpf Berlin

The Editor's Office

Guten Tag Herr Editor

The history of East Berlin yet lacks such an informant: I have read with repugnance a disgraceful denunciation, in the disguise of a short story titled FFF GmbH and undersigned by an obvious pseudonym, in the October 2003 issue of yours. I, Professor H. K. Stumpf, hereby declare that I survived that terrorist attack conducted by Tanju Toprak, who shamelessly described the same barbaric scene here as the prevalence of justice. I would like to exercise my contradiction right now, as the reality is very different.

The road to victory for the dedicated humanitarian is long and bumpy. I founded the Fffif Science Institution, Freundlich Fräulein für ihre Familie, years ago. Apart from the talks about the ethics of gene engineering we held each Friday, we operated a clandestine small laboratory, intending to copy a few sweet girls in very small quantities only for internal circulation, to help close friends enjoy a higher standard of love life. Successful results soon sparked a bright idea: the beautification of the human race project. I knew the average male would stop nurturing his girlfriends, fiancés, wives, mistresses, and the like, if he found out they all were manmade copies. The overall consumption level of all the unnecessary goods would dramatically fall, and there would be a disastrous economical recession in the country, to say the least. Therefore, the secrecy of our studies was the primary national interest. Because such attempts to improve human generations have always been heavily sponsored, we were not in bad shape at all.

I used to have lunch at the university cafeteria, trying to come across another convenient girl to volunteer for the study of the cordial activities of anaesthetised females then. All originals convinced by this tale (it is true that we called the female to be copied original) were leaving my machine unharmed, with a keep-your-mouth-shut cheque they normally would not receive in return for their usual activities, and were leaving behind some carbon copies. At that point in time, Violet happened to be a critical turning point in my institution's history, which is not the issue here.

Today's enormous supply in women would not have resulted, if that money-grubber Tanju Toprak did not infiltrate us. I approved his application to my institution as the accountant. That devil persuaded me to commercialise the activities and to change the institution name into "FFF GmbH, Friendly Femmes Fatales," and to start the mass production. My accountant soon became my marketing director; then declared himself the CEO of my company.

My amateurish experimentation gradually became a professional factory, after I started to accept payments for copies. Tanju convinced me that procurement was a vital institution. He was right in the sense that, everyone should work with an honest pimp to pay less for more flesh. As a consumer, take my word for it sir, women overcharge us. The general rule is that, all self-priced goods are overpriced.

Nevertheless, Tanju the pimp employed all those girls, not me. My clean race was addicted to habits such as bribery, (Tanju named this an equalitarian approach to the income distribution) shish kebab, (the more you eat that, the more you mutate) and hashish, (nobody needs more than 5% of his brain cells anyway) after the Turkish invasion in Berlin. Thus, we were innocent whereas they were guilty. I, as a scientist, had a valid excuse. I had to aggressively save money only for the purchase of that Pacific island where the environment would be safer for more research.

Since Tanju himself needed a functional brain, he inserted the "digital brain plantation to the copies" idea in his idiotic story-looking divulgence, which is nonsense. Please tell me, for the oldest profession of the world, what novelty or "digital brain" could be necessary? The entire process was copying women, and as you see, I was working for the benefit of the human race, whereas Tanju

worked only for his wallet. Read one of his self-justification phrases below and judge him yourself, "As all the wise men would agree, any shortage in the world resources always incited wars: we are significantly contributing to the ongoing peace in our planet."

Well, maybe not a digital brain plantation, but an alteration was indeed necessary, to prevent our copies from working for themselves. The copies were informed they were but pitiable copies belonging to us as soon as they were born. In addition to their gratefulness to their creators, our copies were simply paying us for one solid reason: a nanotechnology wonder device I hid within their aortic valves remained inactive, only as long as the correct pin was entered monthly. The correct pin each copy received from me by email, postponed the activation of those receiver devices housed in a prismatic diamond shell for a month. That activation is simply a revolution (>10.000 rpm) that automatically checks to start on the first of each month. The copies entered the pins themselves, via a transmitter they were granted at birth by us. All copies left my laboratory convinced, after listening to my explanation and watching the video presentation. I have the whole scene recorded on videotapes, to demonstrate what happened to various copies when an incorrect pin was entered subsequently more than three times.

No sir, you do not begin to jive, if your blood flows back into your heart's left ventricle.

Okay, now all my copied girls are informed what those pins are for, and can get rid of me. The bad news is that, they will have to take the risk of a heart surgery this month, since I shall not be mailing to them their pin numbers: I decided to retire. So dear girls and all Violets, hurry up, go get your aortic valves repaired. You all must have heard by now what happened to the poor Raymonds when their supervisor Tanju ceased mailing their pins. By the way, that "handsome male assistant" position was also Tanju's idea, and to be on the safe side, I fortunately decided to implant the same device within the original Raymond's aortic valve too, unlike the original Violet's case. That is why there was no original Raymond really, as Tanju pointed out.

The FFF's profits were skyrocketing. When the mass production called for multitude of originals each day, it proved impossible to feed the FFF from the cafeteria. A fishing-net rather than a fishing-line was badly needed, and now via your webzine, I express my gratitude to the sites offering

"personals" service on the net. Permit me to call them "tools of mass delusion"; we netted a dozen marvellous originals thanks to those personals.

Now let me tell you what exactly happened starting with that notorious Park Avenue residence night.

How immediate was the result! Another trap-ad we placed on the net that night, yielded an awful nice girl, who captivated Tanju instantaneously. In certain situations, curiosity can be what the cat exactly needs to avoid dying. He thought we discovered Violet out of many applicants. Actually she was just a birthday surprise I organised for him, he took the copy Violet as another trapped original. The original Violet was... I am afraid I love her.

During those short 10 minutes before we pilled her, it was clear that Tanju worshipped the copy of Violet's character. After his dismissal from Humboldt University, Tanju's admiration to the university women was dangerously accelerating, that character was his fantasy. (If you say, "When it comes to women, I hardly give a damn for character," I condemn you sir. I must warn you that I am a radical feminist, and am extremely intolerable to such statements.)

Perhaps my sole mistake was trying to fight the fire with gasoline. Imbecile Tanju was about to fall in love with her; I observed this during the shipment of the Violet copy on my plane by which the originals were transported to my island of production. He was ceaselessly turning around the package, to prevent her from falling!

He was dying of ecstasy all along the flight to the island; the arrow seemed to strike the target more accurately than was intended. Sometimes aims are surpassed, and everybody knows, worshipping, dying for and killing for divine objects and objectives, are common activities among humans. When I understood the gift might prove to be fatal, it was already impossible to explain to Tanju that I created her. (Manifestation of some similar early jokes even today, can be very detrimental.) I was planning to copy the copy as soon as we arrived at the island, in order to decrease Tanju's fierce inclinations towards her.

We were in my beautiful island once again, after a long flight. I was busy with the preparations when Tanju rushed into my island office to tell me to end all the copying operations. He was already wasted; his squint-eyed glances were hitting the walls and the ceiling. I tried to calm him down by proposing a tightened double-density virgin copy of Violet, pretending to be unaware about his okra-sized thing's harmless penetration capabilities. He refused even this bonus. Take my advice sir, be logical and do not buy any gifts for anyone, for any reason, at any time.

The only way to cope with that maniac seemed to threaten him with a death sentence. After all, some big countries' governments were hunting for more people from all over the world to execute, hoping to create a more civilised world. I reminded him this death penalty risk, to make him reconsider the case. Tanju, a native Turkish Berliner heavily suffering cognitive dissonance, could not realise the essence of my warning. Otherwise, when I said to him if we set the original free as he wants, she could betray us, my self-declared boss would not bark to me to call the copy "Violet", and not "original". Actually, I was honouring the copy, calling her an original.

Until Tanju directed the Raymonds to dismantle all the machinery, I did not order Violet's copy to poison Tanju. Alas, to save the planet, there are moments when one must make brave decisions; the decisions about rubbing out sick minds. And certainly, the healthy minds are to make these "rubbing out" decisions, the same healthy minds must tell which minds are sick, and the term "sickness" can be defined best by the very same healthy minds, just like mine.

I turned a blind eye to the Raymonds when they were hesitantly destroying my machinery. I would start a new corporation without Tanju, and find loyal assistants to copy. Besides that old machinery was too slow for the current demand anyway. Tanju thought he won the game; I rushed back to my cottage to arrange a party for that night. (Nevertheless, it is hard to lose one's partner, and the feeling of pain can only be overcome with hard pornographic parties.) Of course, I invited all the Violets I was furtively keeping there.

That night itself was a thrill! I was sure Tanju would gulp down the poisonous wine

during the dinner he thought he had arranged. Meanwhile, we were playing hide and seek in my bedroom. All the Violets dressed as waitresses above the bed, I beneath. I in the wardrobe, a Violet in front of the door... There I saw another Violet's body hiding her face under pillows. "Let my hands find you baby." Till the Violet in charge would join us, I should keep on subsequently making all of them happy, like I did a while ago, thanks to an experimental implantation on myself. I had to go out for a minute to bring more champagne...

I swear I was shocked seeing my cottage in flames, from the garden hut where we stored Dom Perignon. My own assistants were shooting my cottage! Although I did not understand what exactly was happening, I ran away that night. I later realised how Tanju survived the poison and what he did next, thanks to his confessions in your webzine. Technically speaking, I admit that I did not expect him to be able to produce his own copy.

Mr. Editor, I believe the public opinion should freely be shaped now, under the light of my explanations. Will you also publish a note from me to that villain? Thank you.

(Signed)

H. K. Stumpf

Note: Hey Tanju! Stop baiting the readers of this webzine with your "authentic virgin" tales. Is it possible that you cannot tell any more a transvestite from a girl? Stop exerting pressure on the wrong point. Moreover, the original Violet is alive too. I mean my legal mistress, my wife. Interested? Watch the bedroom webcam of our Mythenquai flat with real-time images and close-up facilities on the ninth of the next month at this link: www.aha-aha-ha.ch, if you are not still jailed.

By the way, please read below what I shall fax now:

Attention: The Security Department of Istanbul

Tanju Toprak is a Godless human rights advocate, whom you filed as a patriotic pimp and a harmless marijuana dealer. Take immediate action!

Signed: A friend

Comments About the Story

In this story, he again continues his wonderful series that all started with FFF GmbH. In this particular story, he writes it as a letter from the main character's point of view. In this situation, we get yet another viewpoint that brings the reader one more way of enjoying Amagan's other stories. Let's just call this character, the "untrustworthy" type, which what makes the story so fantastic. What really happened on the island? Perhaps we'll never know, and wondering about it is very entertaining.

I look forward to seeing more from this fantastic writer, and I hope you do to.

Scott HUMPHRIES