

SPY

I had rather take my chance that some traitors will escape detection than spread abroad a spirit of general suspicion and distrust, which accepts rumor and gossip in place of undismayed and unintimidated inquiry. Learned Hand

Without any remorse or any regret I cheerfully declare that I am a secret agent, in other words a spy. As I am sure most are aware, a spy is also a consummate liar. The veracity of the following is thus open to question and serious doubt.

My motives for undertaking the tasks that my profession demands are simple. They have nothing to do with patriotism or any other motive that professes to be imbued with a degree of altruism. They are totally amoral. I am never blinded by emotionalism although a successful undertaking sometimes provides me with a high. I have no feelings about my parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins, so-called friends, country or about humanity. I have no desire that my work be of benefit to anyone, except to me. I let my clients determine the adequacy of what I have provided. I am not concerned with their behavior unless they represent a risk to me. Let the fate of humanity be the responsibility of do-gooders.

My services are only available to those who can afford them. While money is all I demand from my clientele, my acceptance of an undertaking is based upon how challenging it is. My motive is not financial. I have more than enough money to indulge myself in anything I desire. I simply enjoy these questionable activities. The riskier they are the more pleasure I derive. The ones that provide the greatest peril are those that I have never encountered nor for that matter has anyone else. I am then at my innovative best. My real reward is the high I attain upon completion of the assignment. The amount asked for depends solely upon the degree of associated risk. Generally I avoid violence and the destruction of facilities. Yet I have engaged in such activities when I could not avoid them or when my clientele made such demands accompanied by commensurate financial rewards.

My patrons have no knowledge about me and especially do not know who I am. I go to great lengths to ensure my anonymity. I have a plethora of unblemished documents providing me with numerous identities, each with a different appearance. In other words I am a master of disguise, so much so, that DNA, fingerprints, voice and eye scans present no problem to overcome. The specialists that I sometimes hire do not have an inkling as to who I am. I never engage anyone more than once. I have developed technologies that have made my tasks rather easy to accomplish, enabling me to go about my business for the most part alone. In other words, I do not trust anyone.

One might ask how I became a spy with such incredible skills. I can only speculate. For as long as I can remember I have been rather nosey and have prided myself on never being caught at it. Was this an inherited trait? My parents were straight-laced upper middle class persons, who did all the right things with all the right people. Like many such parents they did not have a clue what their son's particular talents and interests happened to be. The only person I was able to relate with was my grandfather who used to regale me with many of his mischievous deeds. For example, despite never studying, he always got decent grades by simply breaking into his teachers' desks, where the grades were kept, and altering his. He was smart enough never to higher them to such an extent that they and he would become noticed. He always made sure that whatever

the prank he was engaged in, he remained totally invisible. Perhaps this was the key lesson he passed on to me.

My own early escapades included spying on my sister by videoing her in the privacy of her bedroom and bathroom as well as surreptitiously following her and again videoing her and her dates when she went out. I probably could have made quite a bit of money by selling these videos on the porno markets. My parents were also subjected to my prying into their daily routines. Both had been involved in illicit love affairs. My father's business affairs, while quite unethical, however were legal and found to be acceptable in the business community, since most of his confreres were equally culpable. With all the ammunition I had acquired I could have made life rather miserable for all the members of my immediate family. I guess I might have been prescient because it was also a way of ensuring my anonymity never to confront them with my findings. Moreover I had some qualms that it would be a betrayal of those who had provided me with the good life. When I turned professional I no longer had such reservations.

My school days were marked by my obscurity and my ability to get above average grades. It was here that I first started to use my technological abilities. For example hacking into the school computer to alter my academic record presented no challenge whatsoever. My grandfather's wisdom ensured that I never stood out in this regard. Further, since all exams were written using a computer, getting any particular student's answers before the teacher or professor could evaluate them allowed me to alter them. I very seldom engaged in this practice except when I felt that the student in question had behaved as a bully. Perhaps my best innovation was a computerized optical device that permitted me to go to the school library's search engines and obtain all the right answers to any and all questions including those of a mathematical nature. My academic career ended upon receipt of an advanced degree in 'technology'. By then I knew far more than the academics giving the various courses I had taken.

Again and emphatically, I made sure that I did not stand out yet upon graduation I was offered a good job with a high tech firm. My professional career had just started. In a short period of time I was able to garner all my company's industrial secrets as well as the personal peccadilloes of its top management. The degree of incompetence and greed was astounding. I had trouble figuring out how the corporation made any money until I discovered that its competitors were equally hopeless. Using information that I had gathered from a variety of sources I anonymously approached my company's brass with suggestions as how to increase the company's profit margin. I provided some meaningful ideas mostly based upon what the adversaries were doing and planning so that new innovative products could emerge at a most advantageous time. Of course my overtures were turned down since the higher-ups very seldom are able to recognize a profitable opportunity when it is presented to them on a silver platter.

I then approached the competing companies with similar proposals and again was refused. However one small insignificant outfit agreed while promising to pay for the information when it made the expected profit. I immediately bought a large number of shares in that company and eventually made a massive sum of money as the company in question turned out one of the largest profits in the shortest period of time ever. I then realized that I would be better off without the encumbrances associated with large inefficient companies. I quit for phony personal reasons and put my services as a provider of delicate information on the market. My clientele promptly grew to such an extent that I was able to pick and choose amongst them. They included a host of major

industrial, service, and financial outfits as well as various professions such as legal and engineering and the intelligence, fiscal, financial, environmental, military and scientific arms of governments from all over the world. The latter also included any scientific establishment, be it in government, industry or academia.

While no one knew who I was, my work quickly became legendary and I became known as The Mole. No one's secrets were safe. This was so disconcerting that I became the object of one of the most comprehensive manhunts ever. Every law enforcement and intelligence agency both national and international was seeking me. I was able to elude them because I always knew what they were planning, enabling me to stay many steps ahead of them. Their attempts to apprehend me ensured that my services would always be required. What they were too blind to recognize was that if there were no safe secrets they might as well simply disclose them openly. In turn this would make my services passé and I would be out of business.

Everything was going swimmingly well until a fly in the ointment cropped up. While none of my clients suspected it, I always monitored their databases, their correspondence, the minutes of all their meetings, and anything else that might be of interest. That was how I learnt that a number of them had hired a copycat who had been initially engaged to discover who I was. However while that person had had no success in identifying me, he/she somehow had discovered certain aspects of my methodology and was using it to undersell my services. I found this most disconcerting. I knew that I would have no trouble in identifying the interloper, which I proceeded to and successfully did.

I must admit that I had a certain admiration for that scoundrel. It was a sometimes hireling of mine who, as I recall, had certain admirable skills. The question was what actions should I take to remedy the situation. My options were murder, coercive actions, rendering all that person's technologies inoperative, and identifying that person to all her and or my clients, thus making that person unemployable. It did not take me long to decide. She was a voluptuous beauty so I married her. While I never disclosed my vocation to her, I never learned whether she knew all about it all along. Of course I am continuously monitoring everything she is doing. For all I know she is doing the same thing about me. In any case I had learnt that marriage represents the greatest challenge and risk I have ever faced; until I became the father of twin girls. Enough said!

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