

15. THE APPEALS PROCESS

“I need to live free of fear and threats.”

“You are going to need strong credit to survive in the world today. It can help you realize your dreams.”

I don't think that there is anything that I could have said to him that would have made my life any easier. It's not as if he ever noticed that I was alive. I am sure that would have been reason enough for most girls to have never mentioned a thing to him. I really wish that I could have been less than magnanimous in this instance. I really couldn't. It wouldn't have made any difference if I had ignored him. And by writing him a letter, I could at least float my argument by him. It was the least that I could do.

It would have been much smarter to have put my name on the note. But I didn't have the courage to do that. I thought that if I passed him in the hall at some point in the future that he would give me a knowing glance. It's not as if I really said anything that said who I was. It was just that the circumstances ultimately involved me in a way that no else could have said the things that I did.

He still didn't understand. That may have been a weakness on his part. I never thought of him as haughty. But he might have thought that there was a host of other girls who whispered his name on their lips.

I may have never been the girl for him anyway. I did not have that grace of step that he assumed was the natural complement to his own perfection. I hate to speak of him as some god. He never was. But he did have his own particular shine. I would have done anything to bask in that line. Instead providence had slightly tarnished my fate.

The damage was not permanent. I think that the note may have been the initial motivation for me to turn things around. I would never have known it since his ignoring of me only put me in a temporary tailspin. I guess that we have to fall in order to know what we are truly made of. From that day on, I would never be the same.

I could hardly attain sufficient self-confidence from day one. But I did gain an attitude that would eventually help me turn things around. For once in my life, I felt that I mattered. That there was more to my life than feeling sorry for myself. I realized that I had the power to change my surroundings. Even though I was a child of Evansville, I was not fated to be a daughter of the Ohio. I started to develop the techniques to turn myself around.

I may not have been blessed with a model's grace. But I had my own style. I enriched an interest in my favorite music. I attached myself to a culture that had nothing to do with downstate Indiana.

I know that I met with ridicule once that I committed myself to a change. But what would have been the choice if I remained in the shadows? I am surprised that he never noticed that my transformation coincided with the delivery of the note. Perhaps, he always saw me as some kind of freak. And I was hardly Cinderella in my initial incarnation.

I never realized how beneficial the change would be to my spirit. I had always been hounded by a curse that I associated with not being as gifted as the other girls. I had been given a model from birth. And I had tried to adapt to that conception. It took a while for me to realize that I would never attain royalty at Central High.

By the time that I was in my sophomore year, I had no doubts about my fate. I never let it get to me. I had my own friends. There would never be a parade in my honor. But I had my own adventures. At the heart of all my dreams was this hope that I could eventually write my ticket out of this place.

I am sure that some girls accommodated themselves to the prevailing imprisonment that the region seemed to imply. I was never a snob. I just couldn't live up to the picture of loveliness that seemed prerequisite to any form of success.

I was never mortified by my station. I took it as a badge of honor. I enhanced my position just by the small steps that I took on my own. I sent away for CD's to augment my record collection. I know that other kids made fun of my music. I wasn't a victim of the prepackaged world. I took an independent stand for myself.

By the time that I finished college, I had finally arrived at the needed change. I was hardly the belle of the ball, but other festivities were calling me. I realized that once I got to college there would be a world that might accept me.

I never got any acknowledgment for my note. But it did serve as a watchword for my transformation. In my own way, I created my own fairy grandmother, and her beneficence was greater than any silly magic of the folk tale. Maybe that was the message all along.

As I transformed myself, I realized that I had a deeper power in my soul. I took comfort from my newly discovered power. I had skill that I never knew that I had. And guys were interested in me. With each succeeding year, I shed the trappings of my former self. Eventually the swan emerged.

It is strange how that changed my overall perspective. I never resented the other girls. But I think that I bore a fundamental disgust for their world of petty rivalries. As I emerged from my shell, I realized that I was desirable in my own way. And this way started to catch on. I was placed in a quandary. Where formerly, I thought myself condemned to the festival of the lesser-runs, I now saw myself moving into center stage. And the new pressures were way too much to what I had accustomed myself.

I hate to think that I accrued true celebrity. But I cannot underestimate the new attention that became mine. I was the center of everyone's interest. I was pointed at. I was talked about. I was envied.

It went to my head. In a good way. It made me determined to hold on to my new fame. And I refused to give in to the associated temptations. I was not going to sell myself short for anything but all the prize. I was now sanctified in that way.

I don't want to sound vain. That is not in my nature. I look on my past as a gift. I will not easily surrender the gains that I have made. Guys make passes at me all the time. I could have a train of them flocking to my door. But I am choosy. I have a future for myself. I want a guy who's just the same.

Somewhere there may be some guy who felt just as I did in my early days. And I wish that I could offer him the rescue from his situation. I know that I cannot. I have come to accept my new way of life as a calling. I am ready to be someone's doll. I have worked for this place. I still want a guy of some culture. But I am hardly going to settle for the wallflower who toils away to advance his negative self-image. I want the image plus. I can't settle for less.

I guess that I won't be taking notes from secret admirer. That doesn't make me a bitch.

It's real. I know what I want. And when I see it face to face, I will realize the final step in my metamorphosis. I wish that it could be different.

Some nights I lie awake thinking that I need to learn a more well-rounded lesson from my struggle. Down deep, I know that I am not that hard. But I have finally lived up to that delectable model offered me in my youth. Success really has its reward. I would love to share what I have. I make every effort to remain open to others. But I am not a charity case, and I would never treat anyone in that way. Take from my example. Don't put me down. Live up to your ideal. You can't go backwards. The future is just that. And those things that are a burden in your past need to be left by the wayside. I accept my new responsibilities.

For me it is a pleasure passing her in the hall.

–Are you trying to look up my skirt?

The perfumed breeze fills me with such joy.

–I'm trying to make eye contact with you.

The center sucks everything into it. It is a focus of the universe. She has absorbed everything in her wake. Her body says just that. And she is willing to let everyone know. It is not enough to observe her well-defined calf muscles. She walks on tip toe as if she is not part of this earth.

I try to let her memory burn on my brain. I want to think about nothing but her body. More than that, I want to zero in on that source of her pleasure. It is like a oven that is working all the time. I want to touch her. I want to taste her.

Such a resolution seems only natural. This is how things must be. I let my imagination design the anatomical form that would be most pleasing to the eye. My desire is the pen in this artistry. I let myself get turned on as I trace the outlines that will stimulate further discovery. There is an inner romance in the conceived form. I let my wishes play with the details of this fantasy.

I can feel myself caress every inch of her body. I do not even touch her. I simply concentrate on her perfection of image. It is total balance. The harmony of the spheres. A dialogue of shape and hue.

There is simply nothing that is more lovely than the wonder that awaits. I lose myself just trying to keep alert as the heavens unfold before me. It is all part of the concern that she shows for herself. Her muscles are tight. Her confidence is total. She is not afraid that I am staring. She is coming to life.

We attain a confluence of motive. Our unity bears no discord. Her supple thighs are full of strength. Her body is toned and able to endure large amounts of stress. Her energies are concentrated and propelled by explosive bursts. She is utterly committed peak performance. Whether at rest or pushed to the extreme, she operates at total efficiency.

I have difficulty trying to keep up. Simply observing her body is overwhelming. It evokes such intense power. I am breathless. Even in my imagination, I don't have the stamina to keep up with her.

The curves of her body assert a readiness to throw herself into passion. The fine arc is reiterated by her grace. There is even humor in the wiggle of her hips. I find it all so hypnotic. I am trying to keep up.

I can feel my hands gliding their way along her smooth flesh. I find a place to rest as I

wrestle with the firmness of her body. I can sense the invitation.

It is bizarre how the very materiality of her body leads me into abstract contemplation. Every pose on her part underlines how she has shaped her body for our discourse. The physical form speaks for her broader intentions. I am lulled by her purpose.

Her lips are so gentle in their suggestion. Nothing about her is random. It is all so immediate.

There is an apparent divergence between the desire to look good and the need for psychological well-being. Often the attractive is the result of a horrendous resignation in favor of pain and humiliation. One is expected to accommodate such narrow visions of what is in fashion.

One view of therapy holds a good self-image is the first step in attaining a psychological stability. A new pair of shoes can turn a grey sky to a sunny radiance. And an updated wardrobe can be positively life-transforming. It's not as if a make-over can really change the shape of the face. But the lines of accentuation are enough to emphasize a viewpoint already embodied in our physiognomy.

Often, the need to look good becomes over-exaggerated. People assume that they can tell so much just by looking. And sometimes they can. The will has a tendency to impress itself on the plastic material much as an sculptor will shape and mold clay. But there are limits to this process. And the self may remain hidden behind a number of layers of imagery. The fresh face may simply be a cover for a guilt-ridden personality. The mask assumes its form in an ability to deal with any situation of real import. She can dazzle the world with her exquisite style, but she may come to pieces when it's time to handle the garbage collection contract. Simple tasks might be daunting affairs for her. Or she may hide behind the mundane details of everyday so that she never has to probe the more profound side of her personality. On comes the mask.

Are such evasions detectable? Can a good actress maintain her pose even as the world around her is crumbling to dust? Sometimes it's just a matter of keeping out of the way. A big smile and a positive attitude is enough to get her through until the next shopping outing. The future has so much in store; why should we get lost in the tribulations of the past. A self-induced amnesia seems like the perfect antidote for the rudest interruptions. She has enough to worry about in that little head of hers. She takes a deep breath and adjusts her makeup in the mirror.

If she only had kept her ear to the ground, she would have recorded so much in the way of the monumental shifts of time and human intrigue. That may be part of the problem. She has enough to worry about without being the lightning rod for history. Surely such schisms in the political alignment of the world can find more suitable reporters. Others may be more prepared to bear the brunt for social change. She had trouble keeping up with changes in necklines and hemlines.

Her stoicism becomes a model for others. How else can we obtain the fortitude to muddle through amidst the perpetual chaos. If the world serves her up lemons, she is ready to slice and sweeten for a delicious pitcher of lemonade. She will even serve the guests if they have glass in hand. Drink up my children!

This is not to say that we have entered a phase of complete ignorance. In her own way she is wise to the ripples across temporal epochs. She is the bellwether of the new era. After all,

new times require a new nobility, and her face is a shining icon upon the posters for the enlightened age. More lemonade! Don't cry over spilt milk, and you have to crack some eggs if you want to make an omelette. Settle back, and enjoy the show, our feature is about to start. And our dear lovely has made the cut. She has a starring role and is now pouring over the dialogue to find some inspiration for the extravaganza.

If they are going to do a live feed, she has to put on her happy face. Viewers will look to her to rescue them from the doldrums. Times may be terrible, but she will hardly let on. That is why her testimony is so precious. All we have to do is to imagine kissing those lips and the curse will be undone once and for all.

“Have you thought about high-risk securities?”

“I am already submerged in the market. I did think about restructuring my portfolio. If I favored a series of long-range investments, I could weather any storm that is about to rage. On the other hand, I really need to improve my position while I have the chance. The Chinese stock market is blowing up. Commercial real estate in Beijing is going through the roof. And I know the bubble will eventually burst. I am just trying to observe every little stirring in the wind. I want to come out of this with flying colors.”

“What kind of model are you using to predict change?”

“This may sound bizarre, but I am trying to take my cues from my sex life.”

“Do tell!”

“I don't want to get in the habit of kissing and telling, but discretion will only lead to financial ruin so here goes. The dynamic of the market has its origins in a number of pockets. Hot zones, so to speak. And they are not centered where we would have them. It means following the sites of traditional appeal and learning from their influence. But realizing that at the same time other energies are brewing beneath the surface.

The courtesan makes her body a work of art. There are already the expected regions of charm. But she seeks to make every inch of the skin a site of revelation. A kiss will open up so much. The traditional investor will gravitate to the immediacy of financial intercourse. And that will send the market escalating. A good investor has to relax as the game unfolds. Sure it is valuable to be stimulated by the wondrous appeals. And you can tread into these waters if you don't want to commit yourself. But stealth is the watchword. As she lets the caresses melt on the skin, she realizes that her lover is becoming more and more excited. And it is easy to delude the inexperienced with the dazzling spells.

I don't want to suggest that aggressiveness will win the day. Granted, it is easy to lose ourselves in the entanglements of the moment. And if things are getting crazy, you have to go with the flow. But you can't surrender your composure at a moment that requires concentration. This is where some degree of experience is essential. You have to read these waves and ride them. The heady seduction is fraught with danger, and many get off on adventure for its own sake. It is easy to get enamored with the home dogs and lose sight of the bigger picture.

There is a big payoff if you hang on. Our lover has prepared us for just such an eventuality. I think that it is first necessary to shake the imposters off the tree. They are holding on for dear life. But they are a nuisance.”

“So you do favor the real estate market.”

“I always have. There are multiple layers of value that you can't find anywhere else. It is

a solid foundation and can pollinate with other forms of investment to offer these potent hybrids. Even when the real estate market is soft, it still represents the potential for future growth. You just have to map your insights from other areas onto this vibrant economy. That is the courtesan's art."

"The way that you talk, a house of ill-repute should be the financial center of the country."

"I know of a few investors who view brokerage houses with that cynicism. But there are real limits to the code of the brothel. They are always trying to push the fresh young face. Often, it is better to work with what you have. Seek way to enhance existing forms of investment. Maybe take an active hand yourself."

"I should start my own business?"

"Idle hands are the devil's playthings!"

"I thought that you were being a little devilish yourself."

I don't think that anyone could even tell that she is in the picture. She has a magic of her own. But it is easy to lose that bewitching in a crowd. She goes out of her way to make her presence known. But sometimes it so easy to become distracted by other delights and forget her slow burn.

She has stayed quite faithful to the standard. That should make it easier to clue in to her strategy. That may also be the source of the problem. The market is flooded, and even the acute observer can miss the wild flower among the detested weeds.

"I didn't even notice you."

"Did I sneak up on you?"

"I guess that you did. Do you have a surprise for me?"

"Nothing that I don't know about already."

"You do smell great."

"There are more spices to tempt you."

"Let me kiss you."

"Not in public. You'll ruin my makeup."

"Are you afraid that there are people watching?"

"Not at all."

"Did I do something wrong?"

"Not strictly. But you're so much about your own pleasure."

"I just lose myself in your arms."

"That's all well and good. But you seem to lose me as well."

"I do what I can to satisfy you."

"That's not the point. You seem so clinical. I might as well be one of a million girls."

"You are one in a million."

"I just get this feeling that you are with me because I am the closest thing around."

"I don't know what gives you that impression."

"You just seem like such a fiend about love."

"I'm a sensual guy. I am aware of my feelings."

"You need to be a little more aware of how I feel. What I need."

"I do what I can to make you feel good."

“It’s really not enough. Nowhere near enough to touch that longing inside of me. You just treat sex as puzzle. And I’m supposed to be the solution.”

“You don’t want to be with me anymore?”

“I want to be myself. If I have to be alone to do that, so be it.”

“I never said that this was permanent. If you want to go, that is your choice. I am not here to fight you.”

“But I do wish that you’d fight for me. Would it make that much of a difference? There are so many fish swimming in your sea.”

“Yeah, and you are the most superb.”

“This is not about chasing wild game. I’m not a salmon swimming upstream.”

“You have your own pluses.”

“Maybe you could share some of those with me now and then.”

“I do what I can.”

“That may not be enough anymore!”

Professor Madison, teach me how to be happy.

“Happiness is not an abstraction. It must be supported with concrete reference to the real world.”

“How can I do that?”

“The fundamental relation in the universe upon which all others are measure is touch. If I can touch the source of my pleasure, I will truly be happy.”

“And if I cannot touch.”

“Then you have to be happy with your imagination. Can you see yourself driving with your eyes closed?”

“How can I ever do that?”

“I will be your eyes, and I will guide you.”

In another scenario, she sucks his cock while he tries to guide her.

“I can’t even see the road.. I can barely keep my hands on the wheel.”

“But the end is in sight. I can see it in my mind!”

The key to the search for truth is the ability to accord the image in our mind with the reality of the outside world.

“I hope, my dear, that it all makes sense to you.”

“I cannot form a clear picture in my mind of your penis. It simply appears to be corrupted!”

“You are proceeding from a false premise.”

“Better a false premise that is accurate than a true premise that will rot and fall off and prove itself to be inaccurate.”

“Nothing is eternal.”

“Some things have to work for the time being. Otherwise, there is nothing to believe in. You are so brittle. You can never really be touched.”

“I am ready for you.”

“It’s not like that, Mads. You just don’t give me any room to grow. Your cock is the universe. And we are all meant to praise you.”

“I’ve always been more drawn to the female sex organ.”

“You know what I mean. Your sexual desire has become the measure of all things.”

“It is a portal to another form of existence.”

“A very hellish one.”

“Just imagine that I am licking your pussy. Let yourself get off on the stimulation.”

“I can’t last that long. I’m more involved in the mundane questions. How do I pay rent? Where am I going to live? How am I going to make my own way and not depend on some self-centered guy.”

“But you like sex.”

“That is like saying that I like to breathe. Or I like to eat. Unless you are monopolizing the food supply, I can eat pretty well where I please. You are not creating life. You have no special line to providence. In fact, your pretty pathetic in bed.”

“That isn’t what you said last time.”

“Last time I wanted a quick fuck which is about all that I can say for your philosophy. Now I just want to be celibate for a while. I think that is a state of being about which you really have no comprehension. Oh well!”

She is confused. Her philosophy assignment is only seeming more complex. She has seen the weird looks that Madison has given her in class. But she made sure that he wasn’t able to pursue his intent. It is enough to let him admire her from afar. For him, philosophy is everything. It is the closest that man can come to the divine. She has realized that this mountain of exaggerations is the very refuge for Madison. She wants to make her own way in the world. But she does need the credits to graduate. What good is this shit? Isn’t there more to her existence than can be measured by ball-point pens laid end to end?

Her notes make absolutely no sense. She goes over the study guide, and it seems equally muddled. There is still something underneath it all that strikes her curiosity. Maybe, she can guide herself through all this dredge to find some current that can take her to a clear resolution. Madison pretended that he was being merciful when he handed them the take home exam. She has only brought her torture back to the living room.

All her papers are scattered around the coffee table. Her laptop stares back at her. Fortunately her roommate is not there to distract her with another one of those short-lived trysts. Probably her roommate would be a better candidate for a tete-a-tete with Madison. As it is, she is coming out of her head just trying to make sense of it all.

She never thought of the human mind as so screwed up. She wonders if this reveals a more fundamental chaos in her own make up. It is obvious that Madison tries to use sex to end the dilemmas that now plague her. There is really no way that she will be able to fuck the pain away. What is good for Professor Madison, will never be good for Maggie Woodruff or whatever name she is calling herself this week.

The Barbie complex seemed like a model that was way more appropriate to her investigation. Does human thought have a gender component that determines the forms of its logic and application? Is female intuition more than a simple feeling? Does the notion of intuition capture a whole different way of trying to conceive the world?

“I don’t think that anyone could even tell that you were in the picture.”

“I think that sometimes you have to force your way into situation.”

“Miss Woodruff, you are suggesting that you disturb the natural order. Does that make

you some kind of revolutionary?”

“I’m not sure. Years of being brainwashed by the Barbie complex has probably made my mind a little soft. I’m not sure if revolution is really part of my vocabulary.”

“Your sarcasm is well-taken.”

“I wasn’t trying to be sarcastic at all. There wasn’t even an degree of irony in my comment. I really wonder if the complex that you describe has made me incapable of having an original thought.”

“What are you saying?”

“I feel confused. I feel that I have ideas that I shouldn’t have. And I don’t know what I can do about it.”

“I might be able to help.”

“Like you have helped countless women before me by screwing with their heads.”

“You have quite a pretty head to screw with.”

“I don’t know what kind of picture that you have in your head. But is it really contributing to my well-being? I can tell those pre-masturbatory looks.”

“Solitary pleasure only exposes our fundamental loneliness.”

“As does shared pleasure. I realize that my partner has completely different goals than I do.”

“That could be changed!”

“Not really. It’s built in our biological program.”

“The Barbie complex is part of our socializing process. But its effects can be reversed.”

“Like your Samantha complex. Your overall philosophy is built upon seducing confused young women. You just have to plant that seed of self-doubt.”

“You do look fantastic in those go-go boots and the mini-dress.”

“I’m sure the you want to kiss my exposed legs. Or stroke my butt underneath the dress.”

“I am not about to take any liberties with you, Miss Woodruff. I was just commenting on your outfit.”

“Would you have been so apt to make commentary if I was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt?”

“Then I may have said something about your beguiling eyes.”

“It is strange how you are using your complements about me to your advantage.”

“I never thought that this was a game.”

“Pretend that it is chess, and you are in check.”

“How many moves to mate?”

“Five or so. If you see the pattern.”

“I am the one who is confused.”

“Quit staring at my breasts!”

“I’m not. I’m admiring how the dress hugs your frame. You were born to wear that dress!”

“Go-go Barbie.”

“She can reason too. And make witty jokes.”

“Are you a little old, Professor Madison, to still be playing with dolls.”

“Would you rather me be practicing constitutional law in Malibu?”

“There is a law school there?”

“Yeah, but that’s not the point. I could do all the same tricks with different props. It’s not a question of maturity?”

“Oh, but it is. You have these great plans. But do you have the staying power to effect them.”

“I don’t know. You tell me, Miss Woodruff. You have ventured into this new territory.”

“It’s really the same old thing. You introduce this absurd notion, *The Barbie Complex*. It’s all done to confuse girls like me, to make us think that our whole upbringing is messed up. And then we turn to a guy like you for some comfort. You spit out all these abstract concepts. Tell us to search for our true needs. Invite us to explore our feelings. But the only feeling that you’re interested in is a sexy grope in the dark. You should be ashamed of myself.”

“If I was really as perverse as you suggest, I would report on myself. This is all metaphor. It’s the counterpart to our property rights. Under what conditions will we give up our rights for a promise of greater return?”

“It’s your question. Answer it for me.”

“Some questions can only be answered in practice.”

“You mean a filthy hand underneath a girl’s skirt.”

“If that’s what it takes to get things going!”

“You’re really not going if you know what I mean.”

“Miss Woodruff, your problem is that you never explain yourself.”

“I’ve tried to work with the premises that you’ve given me. I just keep coming back to the same place. Male desire!”

“That’s where you need to get involved yourself.”

“On my knees, sucking you off. My name is not Barbara. I am the exception to the rule.”

“But if I searched out this social security number, would I find that it did indeed belong to Maggie Woodruff.”

“I have my ways.”

“And you were not sent here to entrap me?”

“Are you that easy to entrap? This isn’t *Dr. Faustus*, Dr. Madison.”

I knew that it was going to happen like that. There was no way to reason with him. He had all the rules of logic sewn up to support his point of view. He left us all in this field of confusion. And the only shining light in it all was his clarity of definition. What poor soul wouldn’t fall for his trickery.

Madison wants to take one last stab at realizing his grand scheme that involves my participation. He forces me reflect on my past encounters with men. I feel that I have been entirely to open to suggestion. Denial would have set me in better stead. I don’t want to imagine myself taking some virginal stance. But I always invested so much in my sexual liaisons. I just never entered them with an ounce of planning.

The worst part of it all is that denial often makes us more susceptible to cheap flattery. I think that I elected this particular philosophy course because I thought that it would give me the wherewithal to resist sophistry. I now feel as vulnerable as ever. There is no way that I am going to succumb to Madison. But if he was a little younger, more athletic, and had an ounce of danger in his personality, I would be an easy mark for his confidence game.

He is ready to spar some more. He thinks that he has softened his opponent. Quite honestly he has done some damage. He has scored points for his method. But the game is far from over. I still have some tricks up my sleeve, techniques of feminine wile that will lull his ferocity.

“Finish brushing your teeth and come back to be.”

“As long as I brush my teeth, I can avoid being next to you. If I can avoid proximity, I can avoid influence.”

“Influence is most potent when it acts at a distance. It almost violates the fundamental laws of physics.”

“A new form of relativity. The speed of light moves in inverse proportion to the proximity to your dick.”

“Clever. You didn’t seem to mind the proximity.”

“I recognize the error on my part. That is why I am trying to go back in time.”

“Go back when.”

“To our first conference on the Samantha complex.”

“I thought that we were discussing the Barbie complex.”

“We were. But you started to stare at my breasts. And that deflected our discussion to the Barbie Complex.”

“It’s all pretty much the same thing. Just an excuse to get into bed and fuck.”

“You have such a reductionist view of human kind.”

“We do act in our self-interest.”

“But can the self ever truly act for the self? Or is confusion part of our nature?”

“You are learning my lessons. So come back to bed, and let me explore your nether regions.”

“I think that my method has worked. We’re back in the class room. And we’re not really seeing eye to eye.”

“That doesn’t really matter as long as I touch you in the right places. Now, turn out the light.”

“Where are we anyway?”

“It doesn’t matter. Sex makes its own rules.”

“In your case, it’s the rules that make the sex.”

“Do I have a right of appeal?”

“You have exhausted all your appeals.”

“But I still have a right of refusal.”

Someone meant this to be an accident!