**Introduction**

T

he events in this story took place before the Obama election, before the collapse of the U.S. banks, before the collapse of the real-estate market, before the collapse of the U.S. stock market, and before the multitrillion dollar public bailout of a failed, under regulated, under enforced, unsound monetary system. This story was written during a time of blind euphoria fueled by the most sophisticated rationalization system ever known to mankind. All this was based on: “It works for me; therefore, it must be working for everyone”. This story was also written and titled before the fame of Joe the Plumber and the popular understanding that what is missing in today’s world is the common sense of the working man that solves real problems, in a real way, in the real world.

This story today in 2010 represents an era of time that is now being studied and dissected by the same know-it-alls who perpetrated the greatest act of generational theft and systemic betrayal of the public trust in U.S. history.

This is a story of the working man in America. This is a story that every working man and working woman understands. This is a story that symbolizes what went wrong in America and in the soul of many Americans.

Today, the writing of this story has turned out to be one of the most meaningful, educational, cathartic, and life-preparing experiences I have ever had. Today this story of how it is not supposed to be has given me the strength not to indulge in this luxury of free association and broad cultural integration as a resolution style for bringing emotional closure to my last encounter with the judicial system and the way it is at large.

Today, this story is more meaningful than ever. Today, after three million dollars in legal bills on all sides: 100 million dollars of global sales, royalties paid on thirty million in U.S. sales; after being named by Consumer Reports as being one of the top 100 products of 2009; after lawsuits and lawyers in multiple jurisdictions from U.S. constitutional law, to Napoleonic law, to Queensland law, to China law, to International law and treaty; to being sued, personally, my company and my partners by 34 Chinese factories, the Chinese Bamboo Society, Essentially the Chinese Government, funded by more and all prosecuted by a paid U.S. law firm representing a nine person front company; after having the federal judge get it wrong (the marksman ruling that said the exact opposite of how all the original prototypes that were made by me personally and were documented, all the industry development and industry recognition) because he was not informed correctly because it was too expensive to do it properly or worse.

Today after having this all destroyed simply by strategically positioning the same human weaknesses and propensities described in this story, I know now why more than ever what motivated me to write this story. My 17-year-old product utility patents in 12 countries have never been litigated and everything that has been done to date is appealable if someone has between 25 and 100 million for legal fees because that is what a patent lawsuit costs on the open market these days, and it can go on for up to 25 years.

This story contains a seemingly inconsequential, timeless, seamless, boundary-less, metaphorically diverse chain of events that can create the basis of many life lessons. My greatest hope is that this story will give strength of confirmation to whoever reads it that we are not alone or imagining it all and that unfortunately it’s totally real. Believe it – it’s believable, that’s the start.

The section breaks were added after the original writing for ease of reading and clarity. Some spelling, punctuation and minor editing were also done after the copyright date. An Addendum has been added showing additions or substantial changes to the original writing specifically the legal disclaimers and the corrections after the first copyright that clarify and document the fictional nature of this work. Legally there can be no confusion or doubt that this is a 100% fictional work. This manuscript is a complete fabrication of my imagination where all characters, their behavior, their conduct or their intentions have no connection to any actual course of events in real life. Any overlap between the author’s life and the events in this story are only happenstance for artistic continuity.

The original draft was handwritten on 12x14, lineless art paper at Starbucks in Pittsburg. The hand draft is currently being kept for safe keeping with my six grade spelling mentor, Cathy, who I think of whenever I am faced with grammatical challenges of any magnitude. This story was basically written, once off the top, in less than two months over morning coffee. My thanks to everyone who was inspirational, helpful and put forth effort in the typing and editing of this story. This entire process has been a huge learning experience for me. I have done my best to maintain the flavor, momentum, style and rawness of the first original hand draft. Not one single word has been changed without my attention, discussion or consent.

Authors request: Please, this is a story that needs to be read not skimmed. If you are a skimmer this is not a story for you, and you might as well let me summarize it for you as a “rant” by a confused, disgruntled man, because that’s all that can be skimmed out of it. There is more to this than the bad habit of poorly timed, to or at, the wrong people, inappropriate, over the top, disconnected venting. Actually that’s part of how they got and get away with it. They simply employ the trick to refuse to acknowledge anyone’s objections as being legitimate. They are defined here within. Life is so much more than that.