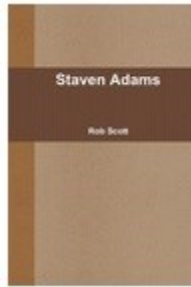


Staven Adams by Rob Scott, Page 1



The following is the first few pages of “Staven Adams” by
Rob Scott

Tink went the sound at the window stretching across the room, the time on the computer screen stated 3:33 AM, it was God's hour. Staven Adams rubbed his eyes. Had he been sleeping when he heard the sound? Chink went another sound at the window. He got up to peer out and there he saw them, the two neighbor girls, Heather and Tanya. The room was brightly lit and it was difficult to make out their figures. He slid open the window and asked "What are you girls up to so early in the morning?"

Heather Raker, a tall slinky curly haired brunette answered "We couldn't sleep, it's too hot out, and your light was on so we came to bug you and see what you were doing so late tonight. Anything fun?"

Tanya Sands was slightly more petite at five foot six with short blonde hair but for fourteen year olds, Heather and Tanya flirted stealthily the way most thirty-somethings do.

"I wouldn't say it is fun up here, but I am making progress on my project." Staven spoke softly from his up stairs study so as not to wake the wife and kiddos. Staven is a forty year old novelist who spends much of the wee hours of the night and morning writing his fictional stories while it is quiet and peaceful in the house. "I am finishing up a piece on the mating habits of porcupines in my book."

Girls who grow up without a father tend to be a little more aggressive in their quest to seek out attention from men. It is up to the man to realize the flirtation is instinctive and not act on it to preserve the innocence of the girl. Staven is a Christian man and does not think about sowing seed the way most other men do. Staven is perfectly content with his marital relations with his wife Julie, a thirty-eight year old deputy with the Harris County Sheriffs department.

“I don’t think it is a good idea for you girls to be out walking around in the dark like this” Staven softly spoke.

“We’re not” said Heather, “We are inside your gate at your house.”

“You really shouldn’t be here this late at night. Now please go home and stay there until the sun is out. I don’t want either of you getting hurt. There are plenty of bad guys looking for trouble at this hour.”

“Good night” said Tanya “We are going back to my house.”

Another missed opportunity for Staven to fail, and lose his integrity as a father, a husband and a man. These opportunities have presented themselves before to Staven. This one was no different than the past, always teenage girls testing their limitations with him. It is the one weakness Staven has, like kryptonite is to Superman, he is virtually rendered

incapacitated when a beautiful teenage girl pays him any attention. He gets lost in his smile, endorphins coursing through his veins; he feels no pain, simply bliss.

Twenty years of heavy drinking prepared Staven for the ability to function amid drunkenness which overcomes him in the mere presence of very beautiful women. Should any of them pay attention to him, his ability to persevere mechanically and act as though everything is normal has gotten Staven out of many jams. With just the right thing to say, a door is closed to an opportunity, preserving his integrity.

Few men are capable of turning down an opportunity for defilement; hence they get few opportunities to do so. It's the strong ones that get the most opportunities to fall. For he who is given much, much is expected. Staven got it thrown at him from all angles, constantly. Not so much that he is a beautiful specimen himself, more interesting looking than handsome, but an

air about him that begs to be flirted with. Staven is five eight and a stocky one hundred seventy pounds with closely cropped dark hair and blue eyes. He prefers to wear glasses.

The desire is mutual, both Staven and the girl want attention, when they both get it, they both walk away content. But Staven is rarely content; he often feels bottled up and left to rot. Pain overcomes him, he has no sexual desire, yet he has the ever strengthening supply of girls. He finds comfort in the girls; the God-sanctioned girls he is not supposed to act upon. And so he does not.

There comes a point in life where you either feel content with what you are or have or you are doomed to chase after what you want, ill-equipped to achieve that which you think you deserve.

Julie Adams is never content. She chooses to compare her life against other deputy lives that they state occur. But not one

deputy ever tells the truth. It is their job to lie to get others to admit to doing wrong. So Julie contends with lies and is disappointed with the results. And she blames Staven for not having a more exciting life than her deputy friends.

What's worse is that Julie takes her work home with her often and attempts the same tactics on her husband to get him to attest to the same feelings and emotions as her alleged perpetrators. She revels in the moment that makes a man cross from doing good to bad, particularly with young girls.

She herself wanted to be a bad young girl, to prostitute herself and to know what it is like to be desired in that manner. She desperately wanted to be ravaged, to know that level of ecstasy. All she knows is what the criminals tell her and she believes them whole heartedly. She believes every story about their oral sex partners and their hours of enjoyment. When one girl lies to another girl about a sexual encounter, she is testing the waters to see if

other girls have the same feelings and emotions about the forbidden subject matter.

Julie hears these stories day in and day out and she is aware of how easy it is for a man to fall victim to an alleged crime regarding sex with young girls. They are quite provocative and generally are the instigators in the alleged crime. It always boils down to the word of the young girl verses the alleged perpetrating man and for some reason the people tend to side with the word of the girl. Just the mere mention of a man and a young girl tends to make the man out to be a criminal just by mere association. It really sucks when you open your heart to allow another person to know your desires and it is young girls that tickle your fancy. For some reason, you are doomed to fall victim of a crime of the girl's choosing.

"What are you thinking about?" is the number one question asked by every female Staven has been in contact with his entire life, with the exception of his mother. It is as if the

girl wants him to say something provocative because that is what she happens to be thinking. But the question is definitely loaded. It is a no win proposition to answer the question. What the girl wants to hear is “cunnilingis” but Staven always takes the easiest path away from trouble and says with a smile “absolutely nothing”. There is no good answer a man can give to that question because anything he says is the wrong answer. Anything sexual and he is deemed a pervert, anything intellectual and he is considered a bore. But mention “I was wondering if my cunnilingis technique is correct to you or not” and you just lay it all out on the table for her to decide what to do with the next fifteen minutes; spend them in bliss or pass.

How Staven became to be married was a freak accident. He only meant to date Julie until his co-worker Melissa Robinson came around to him. Melissa was a drop dead gorgeous Latina, petite and thin whom Staven spent every lunch hour with conversing about life. She was unhappily married for ten years and was looking

for an out. Staven thought he could rescue her. But during his wait, he met Julie's brother Colton and Colton's girlfriend Kim.

Now Colton was a big boy, tipping the scales at two hundred eighty pounds and six foot tall with broad shoulders. At eighteen years old he was a hulk of a man but shy with the ladies. He no doubt was driving Kim crazy with his lack of sexual momentum. So the thirty year old Staven took on the project of building the perfect sexual being. It helped to have a handsome strapping palate to work with, the only requirement for perfection was tweeking his mind.

Every day Staven looked forward to his time with Colton as much as his time with Melissa. Being able to converse with another man about his crazy theories on women really appealed to Staven. Not to mention watching progress actually take place before his very eyes. Colton was coming out of his shell.

“If a girl walks into your bedroom Colton, you just say ‘off with the panties’ and you are all set for your evening of pleasure. It’s the best mood maker, better than scented candles.” Staven stated.

A seemingly random book purchase at the Book Nook in Tallahassee, Florida that fateful day in 1992 started an FBI file on Staven. The Book Nook was a front shop for the Tallahassee Federal Bureau of Investigation where the "Anarchist Cookbook" was being sold. Those who purchased it had a file started on them. Staven was told to go to that particular bookstore by the librarian at Florida State University when Staven attempted to locate a copy at the University library and complained he could not find it.

When the FBI opens a file on someone, a chain of events takes place. The first event is to surmise the threat the subject poses, so the subject is tailed and tapped to find out what social network the subject has. Any questionable characters the subject comes into contact with or speaks with launches further investigation. Staven was suspected of several threats when he purchased the "Anarchist Cookbook" ranging from drug production to bomb production. After tailing him three days it

was determined Staven posed no immediate threat since he did not appear to meet with any questionable characters; but the phone tap continued.

Staven lived at the Stone Scholarship House at the top of the hill overlooking Florida State University campus. He had sixteen roommates. While the phone was tapped, the FBI was only allowed to record Staven's conversations. In 1990 there were very few cell phones in use, e-mail was in its infancy and the Internet had not yet emerged. Tapping was a simple process then, very few variables existed to hinder the operation. After two weeks, Staven placed only a couple calls, to relatives, and received only one call, from his dad. The phone tapping operation was called to a close; Staven did not pose a threat.

Once an FBI file is opened upon someone, the subject becomes a "usual suspect" when something is suspected of going down in a particular area. In June of 1991 such

an incident raised a red flag upon Staven. In a small house near the Stone Scholarship House a 911 call was placed from a man who was ranting incoherently something about having his power shut off and nitroglycerine in the refrigerator. James McAllister had been eating Psilocybin mushrooms for a couple weeks and had induced a psychotic break. During his “trip” he produced a five gallon bucket of nitroglycerine and placed in his refrigerator. Because he had not paid any of his bills for a couple months his power was shut off. When he placed the 911 call from the pay phone around the corner the FBI was notified of the potential danger. When the FBI cross-referenced the address area with suspects having purchased the “Anarchist Cookbook”, Staven’s name came up and his file was re-activated.

Staven kept to himself mostly; there were few interactions that tailing and tapping had picked up. Again the file went cold.

2001 was a buzz with activity. Something was going down but the FBI didn't know what. Tapping was ten times harder now with the e-mail, social media and cell phone usage. Staven was operating twenty hours a day using several aliases in Internet social media accounts, e-mailing, and placing cell phone calls all day and all night.

MrArbitrage became a brute force on Yahoo! Message Board, the premier social medium on the Internet. Staven created that persona in 1996 to effect change among stock prices. His guerrilla tactics and sniper-fire mentality warranted thousands of hours of research from the FBI to figure out and understand all that MrArbitrage understood. Every day, at the speed of light, stock prices would rise and fall based on his message postings. Between 1994 and 1998 Staven wagered fifty thousand dollars on stock purchases and netted five hundred thousand in profit. Between 1999 and 2001 Staven wagered a million dollars on stock shorts and netted four

million dollars. In July 2001, Staven's personal net worth stood at five million dollars. His FBI file was now measured in Terabytes instead of pages.

In May 2003, Staven met Julie. When he closed on the purchase of his mansion in Atascocita, his real estate agent introduced him to her married daughter's best friend. Not the daintiest of women, whose figure her father affectionately refers to as "The Linebacker", she was petite but not thin; she looked nothing like any of the teenie tiny teens he had grown accustomed to. But there she was, Miss Everything to him. She cooked, she cleaned, tried extra hard at fellatio and conversations that went on for hours every day, usually about nothing in particular; seemingly to Julie to be living out her favorite Seinfeld episodes.

Her physique served her well on her job as a police officer as there were very few episodes of a perpetrator attempting to overpower her. To overcome her lack of beauty

among her co-workers, Julie resorted to flirting to attract friends. She flirted equally with Staven as she did with her hundreds of fellow officers. She found no difference in attention from anyone, attention was attention and she thrived on it. Whenever a friend stopped paying attention in the slightest manner, Julie sank into a depression and stated she had stress over the issues at work. Being friends with Julie was very similar to dating her; you never knew what kind of mood she was going to be in. It was as if she had hundreds of husbands all affecting her mood outcome. Julie constantly looked to men and people close to her to pleasure her, if they did not, she felt depressed.

Colton made Julie very depressed. He was not pleasant to Julie, just an overwhelming presence in her apartment. Julie inherited him from her oldest brother Norman over a game of pinochle gone south. Norman was newly married to Samantha and Colton and Samantha became fast friends. While Norman worked a respectable amount of hours each week, Colton

had nothing but time on his hands that summer. It didn't take long for Norman to figure out Colton was schmoozing his way into Samantha's heart and he abruptly put an end to it one summer night over a card game.

When Staven married Julie, Colton reunited with his parents who traveled back from Colorado to live in Houston to raise their son and be nearer to their children. Staven really missed Colton, it was nearly the whole reason Staven looked forward to visiting Julie every day, that and fellatio.

It's a little difficult coming to the realization that as a man, you have married a linebacker and are expected to make love to it, and enjoy it. Perhaps if you were gay you would enjoy the latter more intensely. But as for a straight man with a teenie tiny teen fetish, the linebacker just wasn't cutting it. Which brings us to Heather and Tanya.

“How do you plead?” Felony court judge Barr asked Staven.

“Not guilty, your honor.”

“Bail is set at fifty thousand dollars” judge Barr replied.

Staven was taken into custody by the bailiff while he awaited his bond to be posted. The catacombs of the Texas Department of Corrections were small and basic. His eight by eight cell had a stainless steel toilet and sink, his bunk mate, Scott, was a four hundred pound hair-monger in for armed robbery. He stunk as if a skunk got stuck under one of his fat rolls a month ago and never made it out alive.

The mere suspicion of wrongdoing with a minor and a collaborating witness is all one needs to press charges and have someone locked up for months awaiting trial. Say a minor has a typical gynecological exam and the doctor notifies the mother the hymen is no longer in

tact. The ensuing questions lead the minor to implicate someone and out of spite for a failed relationship she implicates a grown man. That grown man is going to jail without hesitation. It is a simple fact, all girls lie.

So there he was, bunk mates with huge stinky Scott. Reflecting on what had just happened was hazy and confusing to sort through. Yes, Heather propositioned him, No he did not touch her; Yes she was upset, No he did not comfort her. Spite is a terrible sentiment which women act out no holes barred. They aim to destroy quickly via the path of least resistance, and screaming statutory rape is not beneath any one of them.

Just two weeks prior, being of spiteful mind and body, Julie left Staven and decimated his finances on the way out, taking their two small children. She said she “can’t take the complacency anymore, no passion, no life, as if I were rotting on the vine and I want to be free for some other man to love me.”

It wasn't enough just to leave. Nope, she felt the need to run up the charge cards and skip payments on the bills and notes just prior to her exit. It all happened so fast, Staven never saw it coming. Then the police showed up at his door and arrested him for statutory rape of a minor.

"Hee Hee, you got jacked up!" laughed Scott, "Those are some messed up ladies in your life! They raked you over the coals!"

"You know" said Staven, "it's like it was all orchestrated, like every event was just timed perfectly and I never saw the crescendo coming, and then there I was, the crescendo! So now I just got to bid my time for the solo act."

Just then the door unlocked and the bailiff slid the door open, "Staven Adams, your bond's been posted, let's go."

The sight of an empty house, devoid of all its furnishings, is no longer a home, it is simply a dwelling. When the initial shock of stark nothingness finally wears off, you are left to wonder “Do I sell it and move on, or do I rebuild it better, stronger than it was before?” That’s the six million dollar question.

The huge difference between a man and a woman is that when faced with difficulties and uncertainties, a woman will decide if it is worth the struggle to persevere or to destroy it and move on to other future destructible endeavors. A man, on the other hand, will always just pick up where he left off and build another whole enterprise based on what he knows is tried and true. Staven sold the mansion and moved into a two-bedroom apartment and used the proceeds from the house to trade stocks again.

With five million dollars and a rudimentary algorithm of his own design, Staven analyzed every stock that traded at least a million shares a day. Whenever he found one

that closely matched the desired outcome, he loaded up on it from the proceeds of shorting large amounts of the stock with the least favored outcome in the same industry. Staven had started a hedge fund. Within four months the hedge fund was trading twenty million dollars almost daily. His fortunes were vastly expanded by his endeavor.

But the trial date came due that November, and all good things came to a halt.

“Would you consider yourself curious when it comes to sexual toys, Miss Raker?” Staven’s lawyer Bernard Cotulla asked the witness.

“No” replied Heather.

“Have you experimented in the past with sexual toys; specifically a Black Max forty two inch double dildo?”

“Well, yes, but”

“And isn’t it possible your hymen could have easily been broken by the application of too much pressure upon it by way of a forty two inch object being thrust into your vagina?”

“No!”

“Miss Raker, we have a witness to such an occasion where the use of said object did in fact rupture your hymen. Do you wish to change your story now?”

“You bitch! Tanya I can’t believe you told them!”

“Order in this court room! Order! Order!”
Judge Barr yelled over the eruption of gasps from the crowd.

And with that, Staven was acquitted and allowed to leave freely to try to pick up the pieces of his broken life.

Staven resumed trading his stocks during the day and writing at night. Four years had passed since his acquittal. There were no children and no wife to disturb his work, most of the time. According to the conditions of his divorce, he got the children every first, third and fifth weekend of each month.

Did he ever really love her or did he just need her? While he searched for an answer in the wee hour of the morning, another tink on the window occurred. It was God's hour again 3:33 AM and chink went another sound. Staven got up to peer out the window and he could only decipher one figure amidst the darkness. It was Tanya.

"Is it true what Julie told my mother? That you wrote a story about my small breasts?" Tanya inquisitively asked.

"I thought if you read it, it would help explain to you that they are perfect the way they

are and that you should not worry or concern yourself over their development.”

“But why would you concern yourself over my breasts?” That’s just creepy.”

“Because I didn’t want to see you make the same mistakes Julie made regarding her small breasts. She became a slut in high school going on many dates and giving blowjobs to every boy she met to compensate for her thoughts that she lacked the looks of other pretty girls. Then, when she got the money from me, she went and had breast implants put in to feel better about herself. I didn’t want you to make any of those mistakes.”

“So do you still think about my breasts?”

“No”

“So do you think they look nice?”

“Absolutely, they are perfect just the way they are.”

“Can I read it?”

“You want to read it now?”

“Is that all right?”

“I don’t see why not. Come on up.”

Tanya was now eighteen and about to go off to college and just wanted to clear the air between her and Staven. Julie had done a heck of a job stirring up the mess regarding Staven’s writing in the past and making questionable statements regarding his moral turpitude. Despite what she may have heard, Tanya just really liked Staven deep down as a person and she could not bear to think of him as just another creep in her life.

Her father died when she was four years old. Her mother never re-married. Tanya’s lack

of a male figure in her life made her self-conscious and very cautious; she carefully tested romantic waters and preferred to be single and un-attached. The simple fact that she would be so brazen as to confront Staven at his house by herself took an extreme amount of courage on her part, but something deep inside of her was driving her to do so. She had to know that Staven cared for her. If he did, that would be all that mattered. Tanya had waited four years for this moment and nothing was going to stop her from expressing herself tonight.

While the divorce was painful for Staven to endure, it was the answer to all of Tanya's prayers. It tore her up inside to see Julie treat Staven with such disdain and cruelty, she didn't deserve such a perfect husband. Prior to the divorce, Heather used to tease Tanya that someday perhaps Staven would divorce Julie and Tanya would become the mother of those two beautiful children. She herself was not too

crazy about the idea of having children; Tanya preferred the idea of an instant family.

The number of people who would not approve of this engagement were numerous. Grandma would have a conniption knowing her eighteen year old granddaughter was flirting with a forty-four year old man. Her mother, being only forty, would liken the relationship to dating her own father.

Tanya has heard it all before, her relatives all had the cruelest things to say about Staven. "He's sick in the head" they would mostly say. Tanya never bought it; she just bit her tongue around her family, mostly women, mainly friends of Julie.

"Tonight they can all go pound sand" Tanya thought to herself as she broke into a sprint for the front door. As Staven opened the door she slammed into him like a cheetah pouncing on its prey; legs locked around his

abdomen, nose to nose she smiled as she kissed him.

“Unbelievable!” Staven shouted, “I never in a million years thought you ever felt that way about me like I have about you!” Staven was flush with emotions; he didn’t know which one to allow to be felt. One at a time he let his feelings show as he ravished her there on the wood floor in front of the oak stair case.

Contrary to what a Finance instructor once told Staven, an apartment is not equal to a house when comparing cost of ownership. There are intangibles that need to be considered that are not monetarily equivalent. You can't easily place a price on privacy when it comes to a screamer. All things are not equal between an apartment and a free-standing house. What the finance instructor was eluding to was that taxes increase at pace with and sometimes exceeding the valuation improvement of a home and sometimes homes devalue which makes the home a poor investment sometimes.

Living in an apartment is not all peaches and cream either. It's a major pain not having a decent sized garage, carrying groceries inside each week is terrible and not having a garden of your own is remiss. But the worst thing about an apartment is having guests over, especially noisy ones, as everyone is in your business and they all know what you are doing.

On paper an apartment looks good financially speaking, the cost is low in comparison to owning and maintaining, even considering the loss of tax benefit. If you invested the money saved, you can retire a richer man, but the psychotic side effects of never being able to truly express yourself in the presence of neighbors generally causes a condition that is not pleasant to live with. One may find it difficult to enjoy sex at all being cooped up like chickens. What is saved in living expenses is usually offset by therapy expenses so what is really gained? Insanity?

When a person pays rent, they are paying not only for the cost of the building and the space, but also for the utility of its location and proximity to things of convenience. In 2011, Houstonians could rent luxurious apartments, lofts and high-rise condominiums for less than they could purchase them. There was supposedly negative utility for the owners of these assets in that there were more of them than demand wanted to obtain them.

In America, there are 85 million housing units including condos, townhouses and other types of dwellings amounting to 170 billion square feet of livable space. Presently thirty-five percent of all dwellings are rented or about 60 billion square feet of rented space with an additional 2.5 billion square feet of public storage space. Rented dwellings cost around eight dollars per square foot per year to rent. Public storage costs slightly more at ten dollars per square foot per year. While it is very difficult to understand why, it is a fact that thirty percent of all people in America will continue to rent than wish to own a home. They are comfortable spending \$500 billion per year on rented space rather than building the equity in a dwelling of their own.

After thirty years of paying for a house, at interest rates half of the appreciation rate, the house is typically worth \$50.00 to \$150.00 per square foot; a significant portion of one's retirement nest egg. By renting, that wealth is

transferred to the landlord. The \$500 billion equates to \$9 trillion over thirty years of payments.

It sounds too dumb to be true, but that is the state of affairs in America, purchases based on convenience rather than utility.

All one truly has is what one can take with him. That holds true in life and in death. In death, all you take with you is your choices in life. So really, all you ever actually have is your integrity. While most people count their money and their possessions and consider that which they have, the ultra rich consider their wealth a distraction. If you have much, much is expected of you. If you are smart, you are expected to produce in abundance. Your girlfriend expects it, your family expects it, and your boss expects it as does your friends. Smart people are expected to become rich.

A rich person is expected to produce in terms of how he implements his money. Enterprising is expected of someone who has wealth; hiring people, building companies, harvesting profits and expanding the wealth of those whom work for him. Rich people are expected to spend. They are highly criticized when they spend frivolously upon lavish cars, obscenely large houses and toys of all kinds. Why does a rich person feel the need to rub it

in? Does he not know his egregious display of wealth will attract ill will toward him?

If you amass wealth and spend what you make upon enriching the lives of a multitude of other people, those people would protect you, keep you from harm, glorify you and make you feel wonderful about yourself and what you do. Feeling good about oneself is one of the key components of good living, along with being healthy and doing good in the world. If you feel good, are healthy and do good things, that's about the best that it ever gets. If you can live in that kind of moment every day, there should be no need for artificial euphoric enhancers like drugs or alcohol, your life would feel like a never-ending high.

Staven managed a fortune of five hundred million dollars whose beneficiaries expected the highest rate of return possible. At a time when Ponzi Schemes were rampant, Madoff, Stanford, and others promised and delivered twenty-five percent annual rates of

returns and thus from legitimate funds, that and more were expected to be returned from hedge funds. So Staven created the Advocate Fund, an activist superfund that bought small, cheap companies and fixed them into becoming large, profitable and expensive companies. In this manner, Staven was able to exceed the expectations of investors, often achieving thirty percent or more annual rates of returns.

Within a year, billions replaced millions of monthly cash infusions. No longer were small companies being acquired, but big huge ones were being atoned, corrected and censured. Staven bought the shares upon the open stock market, accumulated 51% of the shares, promptly and publicly razed every last one of the executives within the company, and replaced the expansive, exuberant entourage with a small team of MBA graduates for around a hundred thousand dollars salary a piece plus a token amount of quarterly bonus tied to quarterly achievement in shareholder gains. Staven proved to the world that Capitalism

needed to be fleeced of its parasites in order to develop into a healthier and stronger version of itself. With the vermin killed off, chaff removed and economic nutrients now being absorbed by leaner, calibrated spenders conditioned to leverage every dime for a dollar's worth of consumption; wealth became a vein-laden organ coursing growth hormone within a closed circulatory system. The economic muscle called the United States pulsated and expanded at every compression of currency pumped into its sponginess framework; demand on steroids. For five hundred million residents spending every dime of a respectable hundred-thousand dollar annual salary far surpasses the economic impact of four hundred thousand CEOs siphoning off a few million dollars each year.

A Chief Executive Officer doesn't benefit the US economy much. He consumes little within the United States. Most of the money taken away from the shareholders is invested abroad, spent on Italian suits, European sports car collections, Pacific Islands, Swiss bank

accounts and the like. The cash CEOs used to skim off the top of profitable transactions they orchestrated among themselves was never leveraged to its intended potential. For God taught those with much to be good stewards with it, to grow and multiply it for His glory. He did not place CEOs in power to be gluttonous and indulgent upon foreign influences, trinkets and baubles. God curses those who covet the spoils of foreign lands. Economic power has been and will continue to be home grown and backyard nurtured. As metal sharpens metal, it takes a strong nation to set an example for and spur another nation into competing economically. In that manner, every man, woman and child; young and old; brazen and meek; gifted and ordinary; favored and sheparded will experience stewardship of multiplication of God's bountiful provision of money. When the Economic block of the Americas encompasses two billion people competing in economic development exercises with three billion Easterners and one's efforts of good gestures leads the others toward faith in

Him, God's plan for unity among man is realized.

There is much to be said about those who are healthy, wealthy and wise. With all ones needs met and free-time to expound upon all which could be improved within the world, God's glory becomes multiplied. Man was cursed to toil, as punishment for partaking in the fruit of knowledge. But at some point, work does bear fruit, and in the bountiful harvest as reward for diligent work, stores of riches are possible. It is within these possibilities that dreams are inscribed. When dreams become reality, one ascends to the next level in life. For no soul is to be left behind, neither is any man who dares to dream of impacting another man's ascension into the Kingdom of God. When we all grow in riches, we all have time to dream.

Staven formed the Advocate Fund in 2010, funded with a mere fifteen thousand dollars, what was left of his meager retirement fund after broken into and decimated by his ex-wife. With the few dollars, he purchased sixty million shares of the fund and with that money he promoted his idea that CEOs were innately bad for economic development.

At the time, four hundred thousand CEOs in the United States guided 1.7 million Vice Presidents and managers supervising 155 million employees.

Type	Number		Earns	Earnings	
CEOs	400,000	0%	\$5,000,000	\$2,000,000,000,000.00	24%
VP/MGRs	1,700,000	1%	\$100,000	\$170,000,000,000.00	2%
Employees	155,000,000	99%	\$40,000	\$6,000,050,000,000.00	73%
	157,100,000			\$8,170,050,000,000.00	

As is true with most of the workings of the world, a very few privileged individuals consume a disproportional amount of compensation. While employees earn their pay, CEOs skim theirs away from shareholders. When times are good, no one seems to care shareholders are

being robbed of two trillion dollars annually. They consider it a necessary cost of doing business with CEOs. But when times are bad, instead of CEOs being axed, regular Joe employees are fired in astronomically large sweeps so that CEOs can “save” some money to promote their cause and continue to skim off profits accumulated. The United States economy suffers far worse with the shenanigans of CEOs. The proposed change Staven promoted was to eliminate CEOs altogether and to flatten the organization such that managers achieve \$100,000.00 annual salaries and operate in small teams at the helms of corporations.

The Advocate Fund was created for the express purpose of dethroning executives, to eliminate their positions from publicly traded companies. In their place, a system of self-management was implemented such that rank and file employees received specific instructions and measurement tools to accomplish tasks dictated by management. A manager was

compensated by percentage of net income accomplished, pegged to achieve a hundred thousand dollars of income under normal economic conditions. Rank and file employees were paid basis accomplishment of tasks within specific parameters and their overall pay was pegged to achieve fifty thousand dollars of income under normal economic conditions.

Regardless of the prevailing economic conditions, worker salaries fluctuated but employees received some level of income as opposed to being let go during economic downturns. When the economy out-performed expectations, both employees and management achieved instantaneous raises. The major point being when sales declined, employees were safe and protected from unemployment. Management decided when employees were necessary to be hired, and of course some employees were fired for not meeting task expectations. But the majority of the time, hiring was either idle or improving on any given day. Management never fired drives

of employees ever; there was never a reason to do so.

Under the old system governed by CEOs, Presidents, Vice Presidents, Directors and layers of middle-management, firing in droves was rampant but never justified. Shareholders believed the cuts were necessary to protect their profitability interests. But any conservation of costs by such senseless events was almost always consumed by executive compensation schemes. Firing five thousand employees may have saved a temporary two hundred million dollars in overhead expense; however the thousand or so executives consume that, so they only just protect their selfish interests through firing underlings. The overall United States economy falters horrendously when the executives are allowed to fire underlings at will not only depressing productivity and money flow, but also prices and tax revenues to the nation and to states and municipalities. The Advocate Fund took direct aim at the executives and eliminated them from

their dangerous perch atop publicly traded companies.

At first, shareholders clamored and protested at the results the Advocate Fund was achieving. When a thousand CEOs were unemployed, the lawsuits had mounted and depositions were consuming all the time Staven had. But within a couple months, the courts in unison declared the lawsuits frivolous and the actions implemented by the Advocate Fund to be no different than the firings of rank and file employees. The courts ruled in favor of Staven and the Advocate Fund. Within a couple of years, publicly traded companies were fleeced of their vermin and every employee who wanted to work was hired and put to work, executives included, but only at management salaries. What shareholders discovered was their profits were multiplied by five to seven times their executive dynasty ruled results. Once the vermin were exterminated and shareholders stopped compensating executives for their profit arresting antics and profits improved immensely.

During the executive dynasty, shareholders made deals with executive devils to allow executives to consume thirty to forty percent of the net income achieved by way of their executive compensation schemes. Shareholders used to gladly approve CEOs and top-brass employee stock options in the millions of shares, which when sold consumed shareholder interest in Net Income. When it was discovered in 2010 through 2012 fleecing activities that thirty to forty percent of Net Income was being conserved through attrition of executive staff, share prices immediately corrected for the improved profitability at multiples of ten to twenty times newly anticipated earnings. The wealth of the nation improved immensely. Shareholders saw shares of their stocks increase ten fold.

“You know what they are calling it in school right?” Tanya Sands blurted out while climbing into the Bugatti. Her smile was a rare occurrence; she always seemed so deep in thought, so serious as if she constantly felt judged for dating a man twice her age.

“What? The car?” Staven questioned.
“What? ‘BA’ I hope ... for Bad Ass huh?”

“No silly, the Economy. They are calling it ‘Stavenomics’. You are going to be like Ronald Regan with an entire era named after you.”

“Lucky me. I hope it stays all peaches and cream or else they will blame it all on me. These kinds of things tend to cut both ways.”

“Oh I am so proud of you!” Tanya’s face was lit up like fireworks. As she reached over to hug him, Staven put up his right arm as if to shield himself from her affections. “Put you arm down silly! I just want to kiss you.” As she hugged and kissed Staven he sat motionless,

arrested by her beautiful affections, stunned that someone so young and beautiful would have anything to do with him.

Life felt much harder to Tanya, a constant struggle within herself to justify being loved by a man she likened to angelic. In her mind she was still a little girl everyone mistakenly interpreted as a boy. Her hair didn't grow long until she was twelve. For years she oppressed herself, voiding out her emotions so she didn't feel unloved by the cruel children who teased her incessantly. All she ever wanted in life was a boyfriend. All through middle school and high school, although outwardly pretty, her demeanor was that of a deeply depressed and jaded, often sarcastic, sharp tong-wheeling girl whipping everyone she conversed with.

As she grew older, Tanya became more reserved. While some of the changes did reflect maturity, the majority of them were just plain tiredness, she had grown weary of fighting off those she perceived to belittle her. Like an open

sore, uncovered and unprotected from the elements, even something truly good like sunshine felt irritating to Tanya. Someone paying a compliment to her didn't feel like love to her, it felt like respect being paid to Staven.

Whether she was married to him or not, Tanya felt like an extension of her boyfriend, regardless of whom that was. The longer she spent with the fellow the more she felt obligated to stay with him, so he would remain respected. She felt like she was grafted to the man, and enabled to produce fruit, but the fruit she bore belonged to him, not her. She knew and accepted all she had in life were her jaded thoughts.

It was a typical Monday at three o'clock in the afternoon, the Bugatti's leather bucket seat felt comfortable to Tanya, but Staven's job of shifting from gear to gear was not. Today she was ovulating. Affection from Staven was on her mind. Her job was to get Staven's mind off the world on onto her. Later in the evening she

aimed to get him on top of her. She wanted a baby. Staven still used a condom because Tanya was just a sophomore in college, studying law, she had about four more years to go before she would take the bar exam. Two years in college was enough time invested for her, she wanted to take a break.

“So how are the law classes going?” Staven asked.

“Okay, I’m bored though.” Tanya said, “I thought law was going to be a lot tougher. I get mostly nineties on my exams. I remember my case law. But I am so bored with it. I just want to have a baby.”

“A baby? Right now? Right in the middle of college? Really?”

“What’s wrong with that?”

I hope you did enjoy reading the first few pages of “Staven Adams” by Rob Scott. Please note all books can be located for sampling and purchase at:

<https://ereadery.com/lulu/index.html>