

# Shamerock!

## A Story of Lies, Deceit, Sin, Crime and Corruption

David stepped out of his office door and inhaled the dry, dusty Texas panhandle air. Although most would have considered the almost overpowering scent of cow manure that always enveloped the town to be anything but pleasant, David had always known that, to the locals, the offensive aroma was “the sweet smell of money”. He also knew that the constant stench was a most effective masking agent strong enough to cover the scent of the nearby marijuana crops. This would be required until his dear friend, Jerry Bob, could locate and enlist enough of the areas illegal immigrants to arrange a “midnight harvest” and to have the resulting product of that harvest shipped away for storage at a location known only to the local district attorney and his closest associates in a game of big money and drugs. After all, life is all about profit, isn't it?

Life had been treating David well these past two or three years following his earlier dismal failures. David had previously tried his hand at managing various businesses, including both a local grocery store and a major retail outlet in another city. But, as luck would have it, his inborn “sticky fingeredness” had always landed him in trouble. Fortunately, for David, his family – before he had personally managed to screw it up so completely - had always had a good name and reputation in the community so it had only taken a few “financial contributions” from his father to convince most everyone that, where David was concerned, it was very profitable to “look the other way”. After all, life is all about profit, isn't it?

David stood for a moment on the city's filthy sidewalk scratching his extremely oversized paunch as he considered in which direction he should go. He had really hoped to meet with Johnny P. for a bit of afternoon fun but, that was now out of the question as Johnny had most recently been showing signs of having found someone else upon whom to bestow his attention and pleasures. He also knew that he needed to schedule a bit of time for stopping by the office of John Mann as the two were collectively working on collecting an insurance payment that would be the result of a drivers' having bumped the end of a building that David leased. This minor accident had only cracked the plate glass window and left behind some slight damage to the masonry. David had seriously considered having the damage repaired by two of Jerry Bob's illegal immigrant workers but, upon careful consideration, had elected to leave that particular expense to the property owner. This was a reasonably simple decision as David's gas station was almost as dismal a failure as any other honest venture into which he had ever stuck his grubby little fat fingers. Nevertheless, with the help of John Mann, David's skill at falsifying documentation would soon be paying off as the two had parlayed the minor mishap into an insurance claim that would net several thousand dollars for the two to divide. After all, life is all about profit, isn't it?

After several minutes of careful consideration, David scratched his massive abdomen again, mumbled, “I know just exactly what I'll do...”, and waddled off in the direction of...