

Operation 44 Billion  
By  
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Elon's office was a retro throwback – very 70s.

Born in 1971, and having grown up in the decade, he felt a kinship to it. Simply put, it took him back to a time when he was free of responsibility.

The set piece of the room was tucked into a corner. Inconspicuous. The coolest things, Elon felt, did not need to trumpet their presence. The coolest simply were. And that was him...modest and unassuming...he was modest man and free of ego. That was his essence. It was a pity that no one else saw that.

The Hanging Egg Chair was actually created in the 1950's. The creation of internationally recognized Danish designers Nanna and Jørgen Ditzel, the chair integrated a floating eggshell of a frame and the person's body: a single unit. The person did not merely sit: he floated. The person was free and unencumbered. That was Elon: he was a free soul and not living for the approval of others, the validation of the faceless. It was not until the 1970's that the innovation was truly appreciated. The Ditzels were dead by the time that their genius was appreciated. Because, after all, true geniuses are never appreciated in their own lifetime. Elon could relate...and that was another reason why the chair was one of favorite possessions.

The frame of the chair, which encased was a tight weave of black wicker, was suspended from the ceiling by a heavy chain. The rest of his office were retro antiques from that time. It was all set off with an orange shag rug. Some called the effect garish. It reminded Elon of his dad's office and the simplicity of his childhood.

Elon was not simply a tech innovator and captain of industry. He was a simple man...a family man.

As Elon ambled over to the dorm fridge that sat on top of a round table made of a single piece of aluminum, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!", Elon said brightly.

His assistant Elliot came in. He started calling himself 'Elliot' only recently. Prior to the final operation, he went by "Ellen".

"Thirsty? I'm grabbing a water.", Elon said.

"No...I'm good."

"Pastry?", Elon said as gestured to the round accent table that held a platter of food.

"No thanks". Elliot said.

"So...what's the nature of Humanity?"

Elliot did not react to what otherwise would be viewed as a bizarre question. It is how the meeting always began. With a different person, there would be some small talk about sports, movies, or the hip bingeable on Netflix. But this is how Elon began things.

“Humanity is infinite potential that is frustrated by an infinite desire to deny it.”

“Hopeful yet fatalistic.”, Elon observed with an approving nod. “Nice, bitch.”

Elliot did not react to this either. It was just Elon’s way: he was a guileless and innocent soul. Although Elliot had to instruct him periodically on how to speak with the appropriate restraint around business associates, politicians, and the general public. The potential for a misstep causing a shrill explosion on the internet which would cause stock prices to tumble and lives to be ruined was always a possibility.

“Enlighten me!”, Elon enthused as he gestured towards a round conference table that comfortably sat four. It was covered in a white laminate. Four office chairs surrounded it.

The two descended on the table, taking seats.

“So, how is *Operation 44 Billion* going?”, Elon asked.

Elliot was holding an Apple iPad. As he sat down, he tapped on the screen.

“Well, Elon, we are about to announce the next round of scholarships for inner-city kids. I sent you a copy of the press release to your encrypted account.”

“Good...what was the final cost of this round of scholarships?”

“Fifty million.”

“Okay...”

“I set up a meeting with the CFO to go over the money.”

“Fine...”, Elon said.

“Speaking of the CFO...he is, well, upset that your spending money at this rate.”

“The money is from personal fortune. I’m not spending corporate money.”

“Sure...of course...he does feel that you are being reckless.”

“Hello...richest man on the planet, here!”

“I’m not arguing...I think it’s great. But the bean counters are expressing concern.”

“When all is said and done, I’m going to spend 44 billion on this. Think of it...I can rebuild schools and give countless people futures. My net worth is 191 billion. So, I drop 20 percent of that...”

“...23 percent, as of the opening bell this morning.”

“Ah...whatever. My quality of life isn't going to change one iota. I'm going to make it back anyway.”

Elon leaned back in his chair and continued:

“I mean what else am I going to do with the money.” Elon was momentarily flustered as he tried to come up with a suitably absurd example. When he thought of one, he continued with a dramatic gesture. “I mean what am I going to do...buy fucking Twitter? Yeah, then I could spend my day tweeting crazy shit and forcing people to listen to me...”

Both Elon and Elliot broke out laughing.

*BZZZ!*

Musk woke with a start. He looked over to where she should be laying. She had left. A hot Asian, she had recently completed her MBA – some ivy league school – and interviewed for the opening in Equity Management. She was perfectly qualified, and he needed to get laid...so, synchronicity.

He briefly considered the indentation in the mattress beside him. He turned and sat on the lip of the bed.

“Fucking bitch.”, He thought.

Elliot – and everything they discussed – was immediately forgotten. He dreamt about those meetings every night and how he was spending his time and money helping people. All fiction and all forgotten upon waking.

Elliot wasn't real and *Operation 44 Billion* was...nothing.

Musk stood up and looked forlornly at his erection.

“I can't believe that fucking bitch just got up and left.”, He thought. I mean, of course, I'd want to hit it when I woke up. She should have known that. Oh, well, I'll just whack off in the shower.”

However, he was pressed for time. He had his first meeting in 45 minutes. His tweets were doing horribly. When he tweeted about the Super Bowl the other day, Biden got more retweets. More...Fucking...Joe...Biden! Was there a way to boost his tweets so that people were forced to look at them? Also, people were blocking him left and right. What could be done about that? Why did he spend that 44 billion anyway?

Musk shook his head and headed to the bathroom.

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