

"Where do you think you are going with this?" Vanessa snidely inquired of the billionaire, **"this conversation...she continued "about improving an old system?"**

Mr. Tran hadn't been paying full attention to the COLORFUL ex-model seated next to him because he was twiddling with the hard bi-colored plastic thumb-drive nestled between his forefinger and thumb. He was distracted by strategizing new approaches to make Gary's e-book innovation common, not cheapened, but a ubiquitous READING choice. With every abrupt motion in which the tall Asian spun the oblong shell like a majorette twirling a baton, he dismissed or put on hold the distinctly different options he entertained.

"I have to apologize, Vanessa. I wasn't paying attention to what you were saying just now. Yes, I was the one who brought it up to you. That is true. I know that it is electronic information dispersal that we were discussing, e-books, but my mind wandered into cryptocurrency. They are both relatively new, although I will admit that neither one is secure enough a system I'd want to place a great deal of stock in."

Is he telling me the truth? "You mean money, investment, is that correct?"

"Yes," Mr. Tran replied, "that is what I am referring to, money. I do know that COLORFUL PEOPLE READ IN COLOR. It is worth considering whether or not you want to BE COLORFUL. Do you?"

Beautiful Vanessa paused to adjust the turned-in collar of her orange Versace blouse, a stall allowing her time to refine the next question she wanted to pose to the tycoon, but said nothing for the moment, rapt deep in thought, **if this idea can somehow snowball, go viral, then Gary's legacy persists. ☺**

should ask Mr. Tran about investing in this.

"Allow me to get that for you."

Vanessa bent forward to pick up the plastic shell Mr. Tran dropped onto the slick linoleum, and handed it to her father. She smiled to herself, thinking what she gave him reminded her, somehow, of a repulsive cockroach egg. Neither Manchu would ever have conceived of Gary dying at Mr. Tran's hands in exactly the way he'd prophesized years before. All that remained of the Deadman's unreleased writing was packed into this digital sarcophagus. Maybe, Vanessa mused, this thing will hatch.