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Missy nods her head to the beat; the headphones she wears engulf the girl's brain.

In the last booth, John Reyer and a woman discuss the work.

The Madonna track is its usual impeccable, sensible and popular self. "Got no boundaries and no limits..."

Missy notices how Afamasaga stretches his neck as he talks with the college student she had found to do research for them.

The song says "...If there's excitement, put me in it..."

Missy rolls her eyes as the young woman finds a strand of her hair and twirls it around her finger.

John Reyer's smile lingers longer than usual, something that surprises Missy, who now turns the volume up. "...Give it to me!..."

He looks around and up at the stage where the person for whom he feels as much, if not more, responsibility for as Lazoo and Polina, has a lost look about her.

He sits up straight from his relaxed posture and rearranges papers in front of him as the extremely attractive girl, who now looks up at Missy on stage, offers Ms. Evon a tentative wave, which she quickly tucks under one of her arms she now folds as Afamasaga announces the meeting is over, "Thanks for coming down; Missy will let you know where to go from here, if that's okay, ah?"

The young woman collects her things and looks up at the stage where Missy has her head down mixing in the next track. The graduate looks down at Afamasaga who assures her, "Missy gets focused, and no one can disturb her. She'll call you sometime tomorrow." His tone reassures the applicant that everything is okay. The girl again waves at Missy, who mixes in the new track, and then she decides, "I'll be going now." John Reyer nods his head and then she leaves.

Afamasaga sends Tyler Tichelaar the latest interview for the Doctor to operate on as Missy removes the headphones and tosses her thick mane of hair.

John Reyer is busy finding something on his machine as the blossoming young woman again tosses her hair before she seats herself down opposite him in the last booth.

Today's task is to come up with a list and then confirm who and which companies and events they will carry in the second GUIOPERA.

The track that plays now—TIMBLAND & JAY-Z's instrumental to "Shrimp & Lobster"—has stuck as the action theme. MADONNA & PHARRELL WILLIAM's "Give it to me" is a GUIOPERA vibe up tune.

The front door opens and Lazoo enters as Afamasaga begins to read out his list for Missy to filter, "Barack Obama, Rupert Murdoch, GOOGLE, Gates, Dad, Mum, my nephews, Jack from next door..." Missy stops as Lazoo is standing at the edge of the table, looking down at the boss who continues. Missy asks with a frown on her face as she queries the boss, "Who?" "Jack, the little kid who lives next door." Afamasaga is as serious as the look on his face. "The one we gave Easter and B-day pressys for, 'member?"

Lazoo has to stretch his neck to conceal his amusement when he comes across the boss of LMLA-ink like this. In a good mood, he loses all business sense and flies by the seat of his pants.

John Reyer now has a look of astonishment on his face as Lazoo sits down next to Missy and they both just stare at him, smiles appearing. Then laughter breaks simultaneously across both their faces as Afamasaga nods his head. "Okay. Got it." He taps a few keys on his machine and says, "Cool; GOOGLE's the odd one out? The rest are human?" And then he smiles as he concedes, "Okay! The little guy's voice kept me sane!"

Afamasaga goes quiet as Lazoo clears his throat. Missy has a vague recollection of the one-man play, *Guy in the Game*, that Lazoo performed when she first came across LMLA-ink. Her recollection was made of rehearsals she watched while she was working for them after school on the *New American Dream*.

James Elton looks at Afamasaga as he speaks to Missy. "*Guy in the Game* was bombarded by dialogue from the MICERs every minute, everywhere he went, and it was day in day out. Everything ranging from how someone's evening was a disaster to how something was a flop and did not work—all of it aimed at the guy in the game, stressing the negative to try and dishearten him from what he was endeavoring to do. The only voice within earshot that did not intend to hurt the guy was young Jack's voice—a boy of three or four years old."

Missy looks at Afamasaga who looks at the screen, and then she nods her head as he speaks, "Thanks, mate." He looks at Lazoo. "I don't know?" He shrugs his shoulders as he continues, "I feel I owe someone something other than stars we want to work with." Missy reaches for her coffee. "I know we're going to crack it; I mean really make it. Maybe this time next year in the *SystemSpectacular* with Polina, we can start breaking download records and get paid for it." Missy senses the person most people see as miserly, frugal and wily is genuine about his gratitude, which he values, and does not want to give away freely for the sake of a gimmick.

Missy asks, “How about Tyler?” Afamasaga nods as he searches for the answer; he takes his cup and has a sip, “Me, you, Lazoo, and Tyler get paid by having this opportunity. And plus Tyler has his own career. If he wants a plug, he has to pay like he makes us pay; extremely generous for the skill he provides, but we still pay.”

Afamasaga sits up straight as he now has a smile on his face. “By the way, you’re new recruit was cute, and smart. When do you want her to start, ah?”

Missy screws her nose at the forty-plus year old guy, “She can start when I say so.” Her statement ends with her nose held up in the air.

LINKS:

Please cut and paste the following link/s into your web browser to access.

http://etfiction.com/GUIOPERA/index_GUIOPERA_2.html