



The Weekly Man

Episode 20: Friday – Jacques

Creative thinking and a six-pack of beer. That's what it had taken to give Jacques his escape route. He still found it hard to believe that he'd sent the first part of the email along with the one he intended. He was certain he'd just thought the comment, not written it. Or he'd known that he'd written it but forgot to delete it. Whatever happened, there it was:

Dear Judy,

Thank you so much for your kind words. May I offer this sincere piece of advice on writing? Simply put, the next time you write thirty pages and give up, find some other fucking pastime to fail at

And now Judy was on the war path with that most formidable of weapons, social media. How many of Jasmine's fans would turn on her because of his mistake? Not that she had a lot of fans but the ones she did have were loyal and bought her books.

But creative thinking and a six-pack of beer had saved the day.

Jasmine Jackson's email account had been hacked! Some malicious hacker had barged into her email and had sent out insults to her fans. So, Jacques sent out a dozen insulting emails to other fans, just enough to stir up his readership and get them posting to the reader sites, especially after seeing Judy's post. Given how nice Jasmine had been in the past in her emails, her fans would wonder about the sudden avalanche of nasty messages. They would wonder if something was wrong: Has she had a nervous breakdown? Did she drink too much coffee? Was she on drugs? With that many malicious emails, they would have to assume something was wrong, that Jasmine Jackson wouldn't deliberately insult her readership, that she wouldn't deliberately lose her readers, her fans. It had to be drugs. Or maybe it was alcohol? Was Jasmine Jackson an alcoholic?

Beautiful, Jacques! You now have scandal, questions, innuendo, gossip...all the things that

lead to celebrity in the modern world.

He knew that, even after he posted to the groups with apologies and an explanation, the wheel had started spinning and though it might slow down for a bit it would keep spinning and might even spin faster when the rumors took root. He liked to think of it as “turning a blunder into thunder,” as he wrote the apology in his blog. After posting it, he would create links on the reader’s sites, social media sites and Jasmine’s personal website.

I really don’t know what to say. I’ve received angry emails from some of you accusing me of insulting my readers. I assure you, I cherish all of you and look forward to reading your kind and supportive messages. I would never dream of insulting any of you, and would certainly never say some of the things some of you have forwarded to me that were supposedly written by me.

There is an explanation though. I contacted my service provider who informed me that my email account has been hacked. Someone went into my account and sent those malicious emails out to try and discredit me. I’ve introduced new software safeguards to prevent this from ever happening again and I just want to say that I sincerely love all of you and I would never ever say the kinds of awful things this deviant person tried to make you believe that I said. I hope you can forgive me for letting this happen and I look forward always to hearing from you.

Nice, Jacques. Let the rumors and innuendo explode. You might end up with a lot more fans because of this.

Blunder to thunder.

It was too early to be drinking his six-pack and he hadn’t worked on his next novel today but he was stressed out. He’d brought things around but he was still too distracted to write. He would just write twice as long next time. He lay back on a couch splashed with a rustic yellow and brown flower motif—a piece of furniture he’d practically grown up with—drank a third of the bottle of beer, burped and relaxed into his thoughts.

His blog posting was making the rounds. He’d planted links all over and those links would link to other links and to other links and his posting would be everywhere that mattered to him. He was counting on that predictable small group of readers who loved a good rumor and loved even more to spread it further, and maybe even embellish a bit. They were the ones who would spread his name to new readers, people who would thrive on the insults to his readers and completely overlook the fact that someone else had written them, or so he hoped they would.

He didn’t have much contact with people other than to study them and make notes for his novels. He wasn’t good at interacting with people—there was too much randomness to the whole thing. Other people didn’t always do or say what you wanted. And for some reason, other people seemed to view him as odd. He was sure no one knew that he wore a dress and chewed on cigars when he wrote. But that had never bothered him. He had his writing and in spite of the torrid sex scenes in some of his more explicit novels, he’d never had, did not want to have and never would have sex.

Instead, he wrote about it.

Half an hour later, he was acting completely out of schedule. He was into his fourth beer and his fingers were tapping madly on his keyboard. The hem of his red dress draped over his knees and a prominent erection bulged under the dress.