

Exhibit 28



Satan in a Donkey Cart

A SYMPHONY IN
FIVE MOVEMENTS

CAMPBELL G.
CARDESTON

Satan in a Donkey Cart

A Symphony in Five Moments

Campbell George Cardeston



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Nine months of hell in bestial, backward, barbaric Marrakesh (forget the tourist brochures, the place is grotesque) ended with her reputation destroyed. This was not hyperbole, it really had been destroyed, not sullied, but shattered beyond recognition, after her nemesis – the kook, as he came to be known – copied and sent out, using her *own* address book (which included friends, foes, former employers, colleagues, parents, nieces, grandparents, Banana Republic, Air France, literary agents, etc.), emails and phone call transcripts (yes, he monitored and recorded her phone – it's doable), along with his sadistic sexual mythologies about her love life and excerpts from the short stories he (from his point of view) fortuitously found on her computer desktop. He gained access via a proxy server in Spain (that's doable too) and the router in her living room, which apparently he had programmed and thus controlled.

Her internet router was the kook's best friend.

Worst of all, her public humiliation continued, despite her precipitous departure from Morocco. The flabby, sex-obsessed computer technician hadn't stopped. There had been another barrage last night. He still haunted her – he might always haunt her. Ophelia knew she'd never had sex with a one-eyed Egyptian pilot named Omar, who tied her up with her own bra and took her in ways she'd never heard of (though some did sound interesting, she had to admit); she knew she never picked up three rough Berber men in the Medina and brought them home for a searingly sleazy four-way – *but her grandmother didn't*. Her mentally ill nemesis still managed to get access to her personal codes and bombard people with his garbage, changing his own account names frequently enough that people didn't delete them unopened or have them slithered directly into spam folders. He was as clever as Satan, the kook – no, *he was* Satan.

And nothing and no one in hideous Marrakesh had either been able or prepared to stop him, not lawyers, not the apparently well-equipped *Gendarmerie Royale* – nothing. For all she knew, he worked for them or was related to the Wali – or someone else

nicest tables in restaurants, the choice apartment in a brand new building and more phone numbers than any person could possibly store or remember. It actually became a worrisome phenomenon, like being a leper in reverse. Blue eyes and fair skin went a very long way in the Maghreb – and Marrakesh had, from the moment she arrived, been a dangerously delicious place to be a good-looking young woman.

Though she had sampled more of the danger than the deliciousness, thanks to the obsessive desires of the school's computer technician, whose name in Arabic sounded both feminine and vintage, as if he were a female character from an *I Love Lucy* episode – though she never repeated his name, not even to people who already knew it (even if it could evoke laughs), and his last name also rhymed with a humorous vegetable, but that too was best left unspoken. Certain things just shouldn't be said aloud and, really, he was Satan. At first, she'd thought he was merely a pot-bellied kook (well, he *was* a kook and he did have a potbelly) with his scraggly beard and drug-glazed eyes, who asked her out ten times in three days and turned up twice at her apartment. But he turned out to be more than that – much more.

It's the stuff of common culture, stalking, but until it happens to you ... it's just urban mythology. *After* it happens to you, people make the noises of commiseration, but they don't really get it. Admittedly, people responded with visceral revulsion at being sent her private emails, never having wanted to learn that she had cutesy names for her own body parts and that she mocked her grandmother. Of course, her grandmother's pretentious foibles were legendary. Still, it didn't make Ophelia look good (or her sister either, for that matter, whose responses at the bottom were worse). Knowing her grandmother had read them tormented Ophelia. Everyone feigned disgust at receiving kook-selected excerpts from her creative writing. But as he only excerpted for distribution the choicest sex scenes, they proved irresistible. They made her look like a porn writer at best or a kinky sex addict at worst. People *did* understand that they were only stories. However, just as once you've seen someone naked, you can't forget what you saw – in this case, once people had read certain snippets, they couldn't forget them.

Ophelia had no secrets left after several months of the kook's libelous predations. He was a computer guy, he knew how to do all this, and she had for a long while been powerless to stop him. In the end, everyone who mattered knew what she had said about her or him and others. Even her fourteen year old nieces received samplers of their favorite Aunt Phee's paragraphs about penises and ejaculation and other X-rated bits and pieces necessary to a good story (Ophelia had been thinking *The New Yorker*, not *Yahoo!* mass mailings). Of course, they never received anything that might incline them - or anyone else - to think it *was* a good story.

Ophelia doubted that she could ever again be a favorite aunt, except in ways she didn't like to think about (though obviously she did). She'd already started to cringe whenever she received an email or text message from one of her nephews - who were bound to think their Aunt Phee was the archetypal good-time girl and might want information about their own erections and distance of ejaculation for her next porn book. They were adolescent males, for God's sake, and she obviously spoke their fantasy sex language fluently. So far, they'd pretended to the sympathy demanded by their parents. But when the shoe dropped, she would be waiting and (she hoped) braced for the disclosure: 'Hey, Aunt Phee, guess what I -'

All of this was why she was now in Niort station (a bit of a dump, despite doors that opened automatically), on her way to recover her sanity, with the help of her rich friend Sophie who, with her husband Philippe, had a big house in the Vendée. She stood there feeling unattractive and miserable and sighed so loudly that she woke up the dirty genderless heap on the bench. Her favorite singer was P.J. Harvey; she used to be gorgeous (she still was, she knew that - just bruised by the crash); she had a degree in English (Highest Honors) from UCLA, a master's thesis on Balzac, an affected, ostentatious article on *Les illusions perdues* in *Revue de littérature comparée* - and yet she'd been so defeated by life that she wanted to kill herself. How could that have happened? How?

"Alors, why are you hiding in here?" sang out Sophie's

"Reasons," and his face made an expression that seemed to say, 'because he keeps trying to get me to fuck him,' or so she thought.

Could that be true, Ophelia wondered? Then, answering her own question – and looking at Calder as a potential sex object for the first time – she thought, 'Could be and is ... he's a Parisian model, for God's sake. So, another potential male savior down the drain.

"You're not going to cry again are you?"

"I think so ... maybe. I do it all the time. I've had this bruising battle with the forces of evil. That's what's brought me to this place ... in my life I mean, not geographically, though that too, I suppose. Demons like the flabby fake religious wing nuts I fought with are strong."

"Demons, is it?" he said, neither skeptically nor unskeptically, but rather as if he liked the idea of the thing.

"Although, talking about it in terms of 'the forces of evil' makes it sound like I have religious beliefs, which I don't anymore. I've tried. Marrakesh destroyed me spiritually as well as every other damn way you can think of. I've resorted to trying on fictitious religious identities, thinking it would please people to see me in certain ways. You know, a good Episcopalian, for example."

"Why should it please people to think you're religious?" This time he did sound skeptical. "No offense intended, but I'm happier to hear that you're *not* religious. Religion seems like something for crackpots and child molesters and flabby fake religious kooks in Marrakesh."

"In America ... unlike France, *definitely* and sadly unlike France ... it's important to have some kind of religiosity. Not spirituality, that's reserved for Hollywood and creepy films and conversations in Starbucks like, 'Oh my god, I had this dream about my grandmother, and then –' ... you know what I mean. Pretending to be religious or claiming some religious identity is part of being American ... among the stupider parts, though no worse than universal gun ownership and the Tea Party."

"Aye," he said, "we have those kinds of right-wing nutters in Britain too ... and plenty of guns now too, it seems."

Satan in a Donkey Cart, is a novella on the theme of love ... real and illusory. It is threaded with the motif of judgement, even bias, offering insight into the many ways we misinterpret loved ones, friends, family, partners, spouses. Underneath the theme



and motif is the recurring chords of our basic need for safety, our futile quest for unconditional love. As with all symphonies, Satan in a Donkey Cart, is meant to be read together. No movement should stand alone, although it could. Only when the five movements are read as one cohesive whole, does the novella blossom, like

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (Symphony No. 6 in F major, Op. 68). Virginia Woolf said, "For love ... has two faces; one white, the other black; two bodies; one smooth, the other hairy. It has two hands, two feet, two tails, two, indeed, of every member and each one is the exact opposite of the other. Yet, so strictly are they joined together that you cannot separate them." Such is the theme of Satan in a Donkey Cart.

"For me, Marrakesh symbolizes all that is wrong with our world: dangerously corrupt, without scruples, cruel, vindictive and soul-destroying. It is an evil place."



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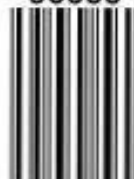


Exhibit 29

Mark Sutherland Simpson



Mythical Sex in Marrakesh

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A Symphony in Five Moments

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episode – though she never repeated his name (Eunice), not even to people who already knew it (even if it could evoke laughs), and his last name also rhymed with a humorous vegetable, but that too was best left unspoken (Cabbage). Certain things just shouldn't be said aloud and, really, he was Satan. At first, she'd thought he was merely a potbellied kook (well, he *was* a kook and he did have a potbelly) with his scraggly beard and drug-glazed eyes, who asked her out ten times in three days and turned up twice at her apartment. But he turned out to be more than that – much more.

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