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Trade off defintion

It is the 1990s, and this pilot fish gets a work of support networks and fixing PC for a production company. The only problem: There's no place to work fish. "The 'data center' consisted of a corner of their telephone room, which also held a large UPS system and cooling equipment and was too noisy," says the fish. "However, there was an empty office across the data center, and after some riding that involves a laptop, I managed to speak the plant supervisor, who sends a guy who is building some custom cabinets in another part of the facility. The very friendly cabinet maker tells the fish that has "heavy" wood left over by the work that had been hired to do, and would have built the fish a really beautiful work bench if the fish fixes it on the long weekend. On Tuesday morning, the fish is bringing the PC to his new office when he sees his new desk. What a desk! It's beautifully crafted, with a high monitor support that will hold four monitors. And as the fish quickly discovers, it is constructed from solid wood that measures a thick thumb -- everything except for the top, which is a two-inch wooden plate. "The thing had to weigh at least 500 pounds," says the fish. "He did not use a nail anywhere, but instead used wooden screws that sank and then covered with wood stucco, which was good, because after 14 years, it is in the same place. "No one understood how to move this beautiful beast without tearing a wall! Sharky can't make you a 500-litre desk. But send me your real history of IT life to sharks@computerworld.com, and I'll send you a shark shirt if I useAdd your comments below, and read some great old stories in the Sharkives. Now you can publish your stories of IT ridicule in Shark Bait. Join today and vent your IT frustrations to people who have been there, done this. Copyright © 2009 IDG Communications, Inc. Free trade exists when nations to focus on the production of their specialties, which are typically products of other nations can not do or produce as well. With revenues to sell such goods, nations can buy products from other nations that need. For example, they say that two countries sit across one ocean from each other. One specializes in beef breeding, but fell behind in technology. The other country is part of the best electronics in the world, but needs more beef. The two nations enter into a free trade agreement. Each lowers the rates the exporters have to pay and start importing the other's specialty. There are cases where governments limit free trade is largely considered beneficial to the nations participating. It allows them to focus on the main competitive advantages, thus maximizing economic production and growth. Nations such as China and India began to expand faster when they adopted the principles of free trade in the 1980s and 1990s. Many nations are members of the World Trade Organization, which aims to ensure that trade flows are as smoothly, predictably and freely as possible. For many traders, options are a foreign concept. For new traders, they typically appear as an object of terror, or a gold mine ready to be collected. The truth is between Like all financial products, options have a time and a place. The part of fear comes from a lack of education, understanding or risk management. When used correctly, options can help an investor to define their risk, protect their investments and anotheir income or returns. When used improperly or with a high risk level, however, they can quickly and completely decimate an entire portfolio. Read more: What is Trading Options? When approaching options for the first time, it is important to start small, start simple and start studying.1. It's easy to get overwhelmed by options. Often the percentage of movement on an option contract will exceed the percentage of movement of the underlying stock or index from a significant amount. For example, a stock increases 5% and the option location linked to the stock increases 20%. Other times, the option position movement can be detached from the price action of a stock. For example, an action increases 5%, but your bullish option falls 20%. This is because there are more factors that affect the price of an option beyond the underlying stock price. Until you understand these factors, starting small will help you avoid frustration while learning. Emotions play a huge factor in trading, and do not understand why you are doing or losing money can have a huge impact on you. Greed or fear will number of different option positions will help you avoid feeling overwhelmed or affected by analysis paralysis when you start. It is actually quite a good approach for most traders in general.2. Start SimpleKicking out trading options experience with a butterfly called skip-strike sbilanciata probably is not the best way to go. And yes, it really does. Combination trades, or those that use multiple options at once, are better left to experienced professionals and traders. The easiest way to protect yourself and your wallet is to keep thingsFirst of all, do not sell bare options. What this means is not to create a short position by selling a call or placing without a clearing position. As you progress your knowledge, strategies around the sale puts (a bully strategy) oftensense; however, probably not one day trade. Your goal when the first start should be a basic strategy such as buying a call (bullish) or selling a put (bearish or protection). A call is a contract that allows its owner to buy a specific number of shares (usually 100) at a fixed price (known as a strike price) for a certain period of time (date of expiration of the contract). The cost of the contract is called a prize. For a trader, this award, which is the cost of purchasing the contract, is the maximum amount of money that can lose. I refer to it as their defining exactly how much money is at risk in business. And having a call comes with unlimited upside until the expiry date. Buying a put has the same features as a call except the holder has the right to sell at a set price rather than the right to buy. He also has a definite risk. This approach can be used if you think that the price of a bag will decrease or if you want to buy insurance against an existing long position. For the cost of the put, an investor can create a plan under the position. It is important not to confuse defined or "safe" risk strategies with profitability. When talking about buying a call or a put, we are talking about a business that should not go out of hand or ruin your wallet, since you know your risk. For example, if you buy a call for \$100 on a trading bag at \$100 and the warehouse falls to \$20, the more you can lose is \$100. Having that escort could have hurt a lot. On the flip side, suppose you bought a put for \$200 on Gamestop (GME) when the warehouse was \$25 and stock tips at \$400 could wipe out the entire portfolio. Once you have a basic understanding of these concepts, then you can switch to a concept as a covered call where you sell a call against an existing long position. In exchange for being paid for the sale of the call, you agree to sell your stock at an established price. Remember, It's yours to keep whatever happens with the bag. Your risk of disadvantage remains similar, reduced only by the received award, while your upper side is called to the call option strike price sold until the expiry date. Never sell a call option unless you have the minimum number of shares to cover the sale of shares in case the short call is exercised. In most cases it is necessary to own 100 shares per call sold.3. Start studying Starting simple and starting small, it will help you start studying through a natural course of observation and do. Now, you can read all the books you want, but there is no education to the change in price and volatility of a stock together with the passing of time gives you a first-hand look at things like delta and implicit volatility and decay of time without you realizing it. No way does it hurt to read books, watch videos or read articles on options, but there is nothing that can show more exactly how they work than a live market and real business. Start small. Simple. And start studying the safest and most defined risk methods for managing basic risk and trading options. Work on a basic understanding by following these basic steps, and before you know that you can be trading options from a comfort position and a growing knowledge base. Tim Collins is a regular contributor to real money, TheStreet's premium site, and provides trading ideas options every day on Real Money Pro, our sister site for active traders. Click here to learn more and get great columns, comments and business ideas from Jim Cramer, Helene Meisler, Mark Sebastian, Paul Price, Doug Kass and others. The mind behind the whole mania "Sex and theis about to turn on readers again. his new novel is even more disinvolved than the last, bringing us into the world of supermodels, rockstars, media moguls and socialtes and of course the book would not be completed lot of sex and some scandals. Here is an extract from the "Trading Up" of candace bushnell: it was the beginning of the summer of 2000, and to new york city, where the streets seemed to shine with the gold dust filtered down by a billion exchanges in a boomtown economy, it was business as usual. the world had passed in the new millennium peacefully, the president had again avoided impeachment, and y2k had fizzled as an ancient bottle of French champagne. the city was peter cannon, an entertainment lawyer who had bilked several celebrity clients on an estimated \$35 million. in the months and years that would follow, there would be more scandals, billions of lost dollars, and the general tear away the American public. but in the meantime, "the story of peter Cannon" had involved enough bold names to satisfy at least temporarily gossip-hungry new yorkers. Whoever was someone knew peter or knew someone who had emotionally betrayed - and after all, they wondered, shouldn't he know his clients better? one of those wonders of a name that, like so many great artists, had modest beginnings coupled with a slightly freakish look. he came from des moines, iowa, had dirty blonde hair and white translucent skin frighteningly through which were his brand. on Friday afternoon of the memorial day weekend, he was quietly sitting in the pool at his summer rental of \$100,000 in sagaponack in the hamptons, smoking a cigarette without filter and looking at his wife, patty, who was talking hotly on the phone. digger crushed his cigarette in a pot of chrysanthemums (there was a small pile ofof cigarette in the dish which would later be removed from the gardener,) and leaned back on achaise longue. It was a good day and he couldn't figure out what the whole fuss was about Peter Cannon. Being the kind of person who considered his purpose in life to be that of a higher nature than the grubby search for dirty lucre, Digger did not have a real concept of the value of money. His manager estimated that he lost close to a million dollars, but to Digger, a million dollars was an abstract shadow concept that could only be understood in terms of music. He thought he could earn back the millions of dollars by writing a successful song, but in that pleasant afternoon, unconscious in the lazy luxury of a day of Hamptons, it seemed to be only in his laissez-faire attitude. His beloved wife, Patty, was in a stew, and for the last half an hour he had been clearing off the phone with his sister, Janey Wilcox, a famous Victoria secret model. While watching through the artillery pool at the gazebo where Patty sat hugged on the phone, taking his pleasant figure and slightly zaftig covered in a white bathing suit of a piece, looked up and their eyes met in mutual understanding. Patty stood up and began to walk towards him, and as he was usually struck by the simplicity of his all-American beauty: the reddish blonde hair hanging halfway on the back, the smart snob nose squeezed with freckles, and its round blue eyes. The older sister, Janey, was considered "a great beauty", but Digger had never seen her like that. Although Janey and Patty shared the same snub nose, Janey's face was too handcrafted and feral to attract him-and also, he thought that Janey, with his messed-up values on the state and money, his flippant, the arrogant arias, and his obsession with himself was, rather, a narcisssist asshole. And now Patty stopped in front of him, keeping his phone out. He wants to talk to you," he said. She pulled her lips back into a grain, revealing small yellow teeth, odd, and took the phone from Patty's hand." What is it?" he asked. Oh.the musical voice of janey, slightly accentuated, which always put it on the edge, was tipping. "I am so sorry. I always knew that peter would do something really, really stupid. I should have warned you." "How would you know?" said Digger asked, collecting a piece of tobacco from his teeth. "Well, I'm owed with him a few years ago," he said. "But only for a couple of weeks. he called all a fucking Polack..."Digger said nothing. His real name was wachanski, and he wondered if janey wanted the insult. "Then...?" he asked. "I always knew he was a creepy one. Honey, I'm so upset. What are you gonna do? "digger looked at patty and grinned. "Well, I think if he needs my money so bad he can keep it." There was a drop on the other end of the line and then a little silence, followed by janey's melodic laughter. "As terribly, terribly, terribly, terribly. Buddhist of you," he said, unable to keep a slight tone disnerving from his voice. and then, not knowing what else to say, he added: "I think I'll see you at mimi Kilroy's evening." mimi chi?" digger asked, adopting the same bored tone of voice that he employed when someone asked him about britney spears. He knew exactly who mimi kilroy was, but, as she came from that segment of society that, like so many of his generation, relived, that is, wasp Republican-was not planning to give janey this satisfaction. "Mimi Kilroy," janey said, with mock patience. "Senator Kilroy's daughter..." "Oh, right," digger said. but he was no longer paying attention. Patty sat next to him and, moving his weight, wrapped a lean leg around his life. He turned to his face and touched his shoulder, and as usual he felt a crushing desire for her. "Gotta go," he said, clicking the off button on the phone. He pulled patty over him and started kissing his face. was deeply and deeplyin love with his wife in a completely non-cynic way, and asas he was worried, it was all that mattered. Peter and Janey could fuck, he thought; and they probably would. Well, actually, Janey Wilcox thought. If Digger was so worried about money, why wouldn't he give her a little? He looked through the windshield of his silver Porsche Boxster convertible to the infinite flow of auto stuck in front of her on Long Island Expressway. It was so bad to be stuck in traffic along the way to the Hamptons, especially if you were a top model. If he had a million more, he thought, the first thing he would do would be to take the sea out to the Hamptons, and then he would get an assistant who would take his car out for her, just like all the rich men he knew. But this was the problem with New York: No matter how successful you thought you were, there was always someone who was richer, more successful, more famous... the idea of this was sometimes enough to make you want to give up. But the sight of the shining silver hood of his car revived it a little, and she remembered that at this point in his life there was no reason to give up and every reason to press. With a little self-control and discipline he could finally get everything he would ever want. Her pink Chanel sunglasses had slipped down the must-have accessory of the summer. Janey was one of those people for whom the superficial consolation mask an inner void, and yet if someone called her superficial she would be really shocked. Janey Wilcox was a particular kind of beautiful woman, who, recognized only for her appearance, is convinced that she has great reserves of untapped talent. Hidden under his luster, almost perfect outside was, she believed, a kind of genius that one day would make a significant contribution to the world, veryartistic than trade. The fact that she has great reserves of untapped talent. there was no evidence to support thisHe doesn't dissuade her, and, on the contrary, he thinks it's just like anyone. If he were to meet Tolstoy, for example, he was pretty sure he would immediately embrace her as a kind spirit. The traffic was slowed down twenty miles an hour, and Janey battery the left hand on the wheel, his 18-karat-gold Bulgari watch flashing in the sun. His fingers were long and slender-one fortune told once his hands were "artistic" - marred only from strong finger tips with fast-paced nails. In the last nine months, since she had been chosen, Cinderella, to star in the new Victoria's Secret campaign, every makeup artist in the city had prayed with her to stop biting her nails, but it was an old childhood habit that could not break. The physical pain inflicted on itself was a perverse way of controlling the emotional pain the world had inflicted on her. And now, the frustration of sitting in traffic, imagining that the sea plane flying over the head bringing the smartest members of the New York social set almost drew fingers to his mouth, but for once, he hesitated. He didn't really need to bite his nails after all, he was finally at the top of the world itself. Only a year ago, at thirty-two years, she had practically washed her career as an actor and modelling had ground at a stop and she was so broken that she would have to borrow money from her rich lovers to pay her rent. And then there were those three shameful weeks when she was so desperate that she would actually consider becoming a real estate agent and also took four classes. But fate had not entered and saved her, and did not know that everything would be okay? And that she shook in the rearview mirror, she remembered she was too beautiful to fail. His phone played and pressed the green button, thinking that he must be his agent, Tommy. A year ago, He wouldn't even answer his calls, but since Victoria's secret campaign landed andhis face plastered on posters and present in every magazine in America, tommy was his new best friend, controlling with her several times a day and keeping her apprised of the last gossip. In fact, it had been tommy to inform her that morning that peter cannon had been arrested yesterday in her office, and had a delicious chat that dissected the flaws of the character of peter, the main being that peter had lost his head working with celebrities and had somehow imagined that it would become a celebrity herself. new york may have been the land of reinvention, but everyone knew that there was an unspeakable line between the "celebrities" and "services", and the lawyers, for all their education and competence, are still "service people". the story of pietro was now spreading like a careful tale: when trying to circumvent the natural laws of celebrity and fame, the result would probably be arrest and a possible prison sentence. but instead of the sycophany of tommy "Beautiful hello," the voice of a woman with a cut-out English accent required, "Janey wilcox, please. "This is Janey," Janey said, knowing immediately that the person he calls was someone's assistant in the entertainment industry, as he recently became de rigueur in that field to hire an English assistant. "I have Mr. Comstock dibble for almost a year, and the sound of his voice reported a series of unpleasant associations. comstock dibble had been his lover the summer before, and janey had actually fancied in love with him-until when he suddenly became engaged to mauve binchely, a high, reedyHis refusal to another woman (and who was not, Janey thought, even remotely beautiful) had been made more bitter from fromthat this was a scenario that had repeated many times in the past. While men were perfectly happy to go out with her, when it was the final marriage union, they always seemed to spurn her in favor of a more "suitable" candidate. On the other hand, Comstock Dibble, the head of Parador Pictures, was one of the most powerful men in the film industry, and it was entirely possible that he called to offer her a part in his next film. So, even if he wanted to teach him a lesson-even if that lesson was simply that he was no longer affected by him- he knew that he would be wiser to trample slightly. This was what survives in New York was all to set aside your personal feelings in favor of the possibility to advance your position. And so, in a voice that was cold (but not almost as cold as it would have liked), Janey said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey", he said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey", he said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey", he said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey", he said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey", he said: "Yes, Comstock?" His next words, however, sent a blow of fear through his body. "Janey" has a blow of fear through his blow his blow his blow his blow his blow his according to the standards of any normal person, "friends" - but that the phrase "you and I were always friends was a code used by the powerful New Yorkers to signal the beginning of a potentially unpleasant discussion. It usually meant that some wounds had been committed against the first part, with the implication that being both parties members of the same, exclusive New York company, they would try to reason before resorting to lawyers or editorial pissips. But in a second, fear was replaced by indignation, while Janey wondered what possible injury could cause Comstock Dibble. It was the dumpster, not him, and as far as he was concerned, he owed her. However, it would be much better for him to show his hand before, and get a grip of herself, she hasflirtatiously, "Are we friends, Comstock? Damn. I haven't heard from you were an actress, Janey." He was an idiot. Comstock knew perfectly well that he had starred in that action-adventure film eight years ago, but he didn't take the bait. "There are a lot of things you don't know about me now, Comstock," he said playfully, adding, "because you didn't call." He knew he didn't have to call her, but he also knew there was no better way to put a man than to make him feel guilty about fucking you and not calling for months. "I call now," he said. "So when will I see you?" he asked. That's what I'm calling." Don't tell me that you and Mauve broke up..." "Maauve is a treasure", he said, somehow implying that Janey wasn't. This was another insult, and Janey said snidely, "Why shouldn't it be? I mean, what he had to do, but inherit millions of dollars..." To which Comstock responded in a voice warning tone, "Janey..." "Well, come on, Comstock. You know it's true," Janey said, falling back into the easy banter that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that hat do not her part that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that hat do not her part that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. There was a part of her that he used so successfully with him last summer. he continued smoothly, "it's easy to be beautiful when you never had to work for your money..." Comstock has suspired as if it was completely hopeless and said, "Don't be jealous." I'm not jealous," Janey called. There was nothing that hated her more than pointing out her shortcomings. "Why should I be jealous of Mauve Binchely?" Mauve was, in Janey's esteem, practically ancient for a woman — almost forty-five — and had only one good feature: her hair, which was dark and wavy and hung halfway down her back. But Comstock was obviously bored with the direction of thisbecause suddenly he repeated: "Janey, you and I have always been friends," and added: "I know you won't make any trouble for me. "Why should I make trouble?" Janey asked. "Now, come on, Janey," Comstock said, in a bass, colossus conspiratory. "You know you're a dangerous woman who could one day take over the world-but suspected there was a veiled threat behind Comstock's words. Last year, when she was broke, people had whispered behind her that she was a dangerous woman. But it was New York. In a loud voice that has annoyed its growing consternation, he said, "If you want to be friends, Comstock, you're doing a pretty bad job of it. "He laughed, but in the second after his tone became threatening. "You better fuck with me...," he said, and for a moment, Janey wondered if he was going to explode in one of his legendary escapes. Comstock Dibble, while recognized as a genius in the cinema industry, was equally known for his irrational exhibitions of temper-he often called "cunts"-after women who usually sent flowers. There were at least a dozen powerful men like him in New York, who could be charming a minute and soft next, but until Comstock remained the head of Parador Pictures, and until Parador continued to be the media treasure, Comstock did not suffer, and that was New York. A less confident girl might have been scared, but Janey Wilcox wasn't that kind of girl-you're always proud not to be intimidated by powerful men. And so, in a voice full of innocence with wide eyes, he said: "You are threatening me, while he was despised, "I know you're going to Mimi Kilroy's Kilroy's He was so surprised he started laughing. "Really, Comstock," he said. "Do you have better things to do than call me for a party? "Actually, I do," he said, adopting their family tone of bantering. "And that's why I'm so pissed about this. Damn it, Janey. Why can't you just stay at home? "Why can't you?" Janey asked. "Mauve is Mimi's best friend." "So?" said Janey cold. "Listen, Janey," Comstock said. "I'm just trying to give you a friendly alert. It's better for both of us if no one knows we know each other. "Janey was unable to resist reminding Comstock of their previous relationship. "No, Comstock", he said with a laugh. "It's better for you if no one knows you fucked me last summer." And then Comstock finally lost her character. "Shut up and listen?" he shouted. Added: "I'm so sorry!" Her scream was so strong that Janey was convinced that she could be heard through her cell phone by people in nearby cars on Long Island Expressway. And if she thought she could talk to her like that, she was wrong. She wasn't that desperate girl she fucked last summer, and she meant she knew. "Now listen, Comstock," he said with a frigid calm. "All you're saying is that I've been good enough to know you. Well, let me tell you something. I don't operate like that. "We all know how it works, Janey," he said in a dull way. "The difference between you and me is that I'm not ashamed of anything I have done in the past," Janey said. It wasn't entirely true, but he had to admit it sounded good. Comstock, however, was not impressed. "You keep your dick away from me," he said. "I warn you. This could be a disaster for both." And with this, he hung up. Damn Comstock, Janey thought, while pressing on the brakes. The traffic was a standstill and supported the head to the side, waving to the car line. This was to be his triumphant summer, he thought with rage. his new advertising, in which he pretended to sing and play a white electric guitar while wearing nothing more than a bra and white silk panties, had begun to breathe three days ago to fantastic fanfare-and now that he was a famous top model, he knew this was summer to hit. planned to cultivate switches and shakers that populated hamptons every summer; his dream was to have a "salon" where artists, directors and writers gathered to discuss intellectual topics. If you had to admit that in the end, you wanted to run . . . but most of all, you were taking on your new status as a top model would have allowed you to get a much better man. Of course, she wanted to be in love, but behind every big game, wasn't there a touch of cynicism? and there was nothing that the public loved more than the alliance of two famous people. . but suddenly, the comstock phone call asked her all this, and for a moment she would imagine, all his life, it seemed, had been forced to sleep with rich men in order to survive-short, paunchy, bald men with hair in their ears and mushrooms on the toes, men with gaps in their teeth and fur on their shoulders, men with penis that are never quite straight, men, in short, that no self-respecting woman would ever have sex with saving for the fact that man had money. He promised that this summer would be different. but that a comment from Comstock-"we all know how to operate, Janey"-suddenly made his uncertain he grabbed the steering wheel, and asdone, his eyes fell on the bit nails, quickly slew a hand between the legs so that it should not have thought of its fingers, and tried to make sure What Comstock said was not important. After all, she was probably angry that she would become a famous top model and he let her go... But his words were a tickling memory of everything that was wrong with New York: A man could sleep with all the women he liked, but when it comes to sex, there were still a lot of people in society who clinged to the old notion that a woman should not have too many partners. Oh, a woman could definitely have some sex, she was expected. But there seemed to be some unbearable limit as to the number of men a woman could read, and after passing that limit, a woman was no longer considered "marriage". And it was so unfair! Janey thought furiously. He certainly seemed to have more sex with more men than with most women he knew, and he knew that, behind his back, people whispered that he was a slut. But what no one understood was that every time he had sex with a man, even if he only acted to give him a blowjob in the bathroom of a restaurant, he was doing it because he thought maybe it was "that". Or that's what they always said, anyway. Your phone played again, and you grabbed it, asking if Comstock was calling to apologize. "Janey?" asked the voice of a somewhat familiar woman. The accent was cultured and East Coast, and then, as if the speaker finally contacted a lost friend, he shouted: "Mimi Kilroy here. Honey, how are you?" For a second, Janey was too surprised to talk. Mimi was certainly not a good friend; In fact, their knowledge consisted little more than yelling at each other at parties over the years. But Janey was excited. Mimi Kilroy was at the top of social heap in New York- her father was a famous senator who, said, could be appointed to the Finance Commissioner if the Republicans won the Election- and whispered that Mimi, who had been on the scene since the age of fifteen when she Going to study 54, he secretly managed the New York company. In the last ten years, janey had just spoken more than three words to Mimi-until now, Mimi had always made a point of ignoring her or pretending not to know who was janey, but nevertheless, janey was not particularly surprised that mimi was calling. After all, as soon as you did it to New York, people who had never recognized you before suddenly wanted to become your best friend, and so, in a voice that implied that she and mimi were, indeed, old friends, and that he had never cut her at the parties, he purified, "Hello, mimi. You must have gone mad to get ready for your party tonight." Then he sat back against the seat and, shining to himself in the rearview mirror, smiled in satisfaction. Oh, it was morally wrong, of course, suddenly mimi seemed to want to be his. but janey has never been a person who presented himself at the ceremony, especially when a situation could potentially work for his benefit, and in the next second, mimi exclaimed with a touch of guilt, "I do not lift a finger. catering and party organizers do everything. I just have to taste the appetizers! "janey was suddenly uncomfortable. he had given exactly two parties in his life, both disasters (he had a miserable quality and every time alcohol was exhausted,) and the fact that mimi was famous for his holidays and he was able to hire catering and party organizers only seemed to highlight the gulf among them. In front of a reminder of his lesser state, janey's usual reaction would have been a sniff comment. but this time it took, and instead of pointing out sarcasically, "Can't you find someone who does it?" simply laughed kindly. "Dear," Mimi said, "I just wanted to make sure you come to the party tonight. There is I want to introduce you. His name is Selden Rose, and he just moved here from California.Do you know him? It is the new head of MovieTime, the cable channel... You're probably like me, you don't watch TV, but apparently it's a very important job... And it's beautiful and forty-five, divorced, no child thanks God, so it's relatively fresh... but above all, honey, it is terribly, . . real. Yeah, I think that's the word. It's real. Not a bit like us," Mimi said, with a conscious laugh. "Of course, I don't expect you to fall in love with him, but he's an old friend of George and barely knows someone, and he'd be so sweet if you were just a little kind to him..." I'd like to meet him," Janey said warmly. "He seems divine..." Oh, honey, it is," Mimi said. "And of course I never forget anyone who did me a favor..." The conversation went on like this for a few more seconds, and then Mimi hung with a greeting of "Big kiss, dear." And suddenly, Janey was back at the top of the world. Selden Rose didn't seem particularly promising by Mimi's description, it might also be another Comstock Dibble-but the fact that Mimi had called to solve with him reassured that he had come until she thought. And it wouldn't be a slap in Comstock Dibble's face, and a way to show him he doesn't have to mess with her. He didn't know what Mimi meant, exactly, to be "sweet" to Selden Rose (if he expected Janey to blow him in the bathroom, he could forget it), but he would have made him mad. The traffic stopped just before exit 70, and feeling a renewed sense of its personal power, Janey took the opportunity to open the large illuminated mirror in the visor of the car sun. His reflection has never been able to satisfy her, and he leaned forward, he was amazed at her beauty. Hislong, thick and blond, they were like cream; cream; shape of its face almost perfect with its high and small front, clean chin. His eyes were blue and they were always slightly up at the outside corners, promising a certain mysterious intelligence, while his lips full (recently made even more full of injections of his dermatologist) implied a certain childhood innocence. In fact, the only technical defect was his nose, which had a slightly bulbous, revolting tip, and yet without this nose it would have been a cold and classic beauty. Because of it, her beauty became accessible, giving the common man the impression that she could have, if only he could succeed in meeting her. It was, in fact, so enlarged in its appearance that it did not notice that the traffic had finally begun to move up to a few blows of horn sharp from the car behind its broken recovery. Annoyed and slightly embarrassed, he looked in the rearview mirror and saw that the offended driver was an incredibly beautiful young man sitting behind the wheel of a green Ferrari hunter. Janey was immediately full of envy — he had always loved that Ferrari — but his resentment turned into pure jealousy when he saw who was the passenger: Pippi Maus. Pippi and his younger sister, Nancy Maus, included Charleston's Maus sisters, South Carolina. They had faces like small mice but they had enviable figures of the type so rarely found in nature: They were slim girls with naturally huge breasts. Notoriously without talent, in Janey's mind they represented "all that was wrong in the world"; Still, they had managed to cut out careers by playing eccentric characters in independent films. Janey couldn't imagine how, or why, Pippi was going out to the Hamptons- from Janey Pippi's point of view was not the kind of person who belonged there-but even more mysterious was what he was doing with such a surprisingly beautiful guy. Also in the small Ferrari seat that could say it was high-perhaps even 6'4"- with the lean leanfull lips, and the chiseled face of a male pattern. Maybe he was gay-Pippi, after all, he was the kind of girl who probably was just ocyto with gay-ma janey men suspected by the macho way he had leaned on his horn that was not. and then, adding insults to the injuries, the ferrari moved and pushed on the shoulder. in a second, she passed it as if it was no longer significant than a bug. pippi appreciated with joy as janey enlisted to the driver. Her eyes met her, and for a second, janey was completely retracted. His shocked expression was that of a man who suddenly saw an angel. but then the green car disappeared around the ocita curve, and janey had remained feeling, once again, that somehow had been left behind. If he couldn't get the sea for the hamptons, then he should be in a car like that, with a guy like that. uncertain and absent from an impermeable slug, he consoled himself with the fact that he was sure that the driver immediately fell in love with her - and that he could be exactly the type of man he was looking for. and skipping the clutch wisely in the third gear, he bit himself how funny it would be to take him away from maus pops. excluded from "Trading Up" of candance bushnell. Copyright © 2003 by candance bushnell. published by hyperion, all rights reserved, no part of this extract can be used without the publisher's permission, editor,

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