

Title: Kenny Fan Fiction--dedicated to all the HODLers, Dip-buyers, and DRsers

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Recalled back to Chicago again. Kenny couldn't help but acknowledge that this last year had been hard on him and it was starting to take a toll on his health, gastrointestinally speaking. It was more than could be explained by mayo enemas and cocaine alone: his bowels were irritated and particularly in the past few weeks he had become Kenn: Destroyer of Toilets. Porcelain never looked so wrekt as did the pot on Mayoforce One.

But these were trying times. Retail investors weren't like they used to be. Back in his hay day, Kenny could fleece with the best of them and fleece he did. Grow or die--and if a dozen companies were going to die anyways, why not help them along and pad the portfolio all the way down? Now those damned apes were giving him indigestion and greyer hair every day.

He exited Mayoforce One to bleak skies and a the treat of more rain. His usual limo had been downsized to a town car and he got in back. Grow or die--it had not been a year of growth... He wasn't about to go silently or pull the golden parachute yet: things had gotten personal. No, no one doxxed him or threatened his family, but fan fiction accurately describing his bowel habits and his propensity to pick and consume his own boogers crossed the line. He was out for blood and only ape blood would satisfy.

Citadel was in stop loss mode. Aunt Marge was looming on the horizon, spurred by unprecedented gains in GME price: \$471 was all but inevitable. The short ladders and shilling was salt in the wound: increasingly painful and barely staunching the bleeding anymore. As soon as an unnamed whistleblower turned state's witness, the internal witch hunt ramped up to a fevered pitch. The leaks to social media of coke party leaks was poo icing on an already very post-digested cake. Fortunately, he could count on perpetual bureaucratic gridlock at the SEC forever and ever, amen. No, his judgment would be of apocalyptic proportions, but not in this lifetime, if he could keep the mainstream media regularly fluffed--even if it meant using his own puckered lips.

His bowels were turning somersaults and he was still blocks away from HQ. it was going to be close. Again. Loperamide wasn't helping his psychosomatic unrest. Jeez, he should have been investing in Fruit of the Loom, they way he's been disposing of soiled whities and replace his whole underwear drawer. He wondered: would a butt plug help? A chilled metal one might be soothing to his raw anus. Maybe something cute like a fox tail? He tried to think of anything but the explosive diarrhea on the verge, the very anal verge...

He flew out of the car, abandoning his bags and raced for the elevator. He could still move when properly motivated.

It was going to be dangerously close. The cramps were coming fast and hard. He was doubled over as the elevator rushed up. It started to open on the top floor and he pried it open, wriggling out to cut through his office to relief.

The sight of his throne was too much and he shat himself again. He was so close. He dropped trow and finished spray-painting the toilet sidewalls. Trying not to lost contact with the seat, he worked his soiled pants and undies off. At least the shoes were spared this time.

If you had told him 18 months earlier that he'd need a shower after every trip to the restroom at this stage in his life, he would have laughed at you and had you unceremoniously removed from the building. And yet, here he was, rage-crying in the shower again. He dried off, re-dressed and returned to his office.

The head of misdirection was sent in from the lobby. They reviewed the strategies in play and reviewed the hottest Reddit posts. Comments just weren't dissuading those smooth brain fools from DRSing. He'd really counted on weekly options promotion to feel the Delta machine and ramp up internal derision. After all, Apekind had fractured before. Internal scandal in in subreddit a had helped too, but still they buy. Still they DRS. Still they shitpost.

The conversation got heated when head of misdirection asked for still more money to fund mass shilling to downvote and pump near term dates to peel off disenchanted apes like one peels the sealed for your safety lid off a fresh jar of mayo. It wasn't enough! The stop loss plumbing wasn't catching enough suckers. This leaderless revolution was hard to discredit internally. Alternative shiny targets weren't enough distraction. He was even starting to wish he had just covered his short position back in February...

After another fruitless brainstorm, he went back to peering out between the drapes and nomming on some boogers. Maybe it was time to exit quietly stage right. Maybe he could get into politics still?

His secretary called in: NFT marketplace drop imminent. Preemptively, he headed for the loo at the first rumble to do some dropping of his own. His sphincter could only take so much! It was amazing there was anything left in him. His appetite had been tempered by accidental glances of defaced toilet bowls and all his bottled up rage.

These poo related RC tweets were starting to look uncanny. How the fuk was Kenny supposed to counterplay a missing playbook? Without a timeline to disrupt or earning projections to quash, the fight had been for the hearts of an army of buyers--there was no war for the smooth brains: all prior attempts were deflected.

Spending so much time in ye olde water closet means that he does his best thinking on the throne. Wut about defacing RC and Roaring Kitty? Wut about manufacturing dissatisfied GameStop employees? Spamming the metaverse with shills?

He grabbed the last piece of the constitution, wiped from back to front, dropped, and flushed. Undies remained clean, but he was going to need another priceless piece of history to wipe his ass with soon.

Bidets are for europoors.