

Lemonade

A Story of Resilience

by Marco Messina

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Author's Notes

Dedication

Lemonade is dedicated to my wife who traveled with me the long grueling trip to hell and back through my many entrepreneurial ventures experiencing cycles of catastrophic failures and thrilling successes. She gave me protection when the roof caved in, and a safety net when falls from high places came along, all with patience and steely resilience. She also helped me learn that when life gave us lemons, together we could make lemonade.

Disclaimers

This short story is the product of my fantasy, inevitably grounded in many experiences from the rollercoaster of my career as a tech entrepreneur. Any reference to real persons or companies is the fruit of the reader's imagination.

Sun City, AZ - November 2, 2024

#

Once upon a time...

The Good Life

Richard Bronson reclined comfortably in the yacht's cockpit as it cut through the Mediterranean's sparkling blue waters. The yacht was sleek, a picture of modern elegance, with its white sails billowing softly under the skilled handling of a small crew. Sunlight glinted off the water, and a warm breeze swept through as Richard took a sip from his glass, enjoying the subtle taste of his lemonade. He glanced toward the distant shore, where small villages clung to the hills, a scenic stretch of Sardinia.

Richard's sat-phone rang, interrupting the peaceful quiet. He answered, his voice casual, yet tinged with the satisfaction of this Mediterranean escape.

"George, nice to hear from you. Where are you?" He listened, nodding with a small smile. "That's nice. We've been there a couple of times. Pretty spot," he replied, his gaze drifting across the endless sea.

adjusted his sunglasses, half-focused on the conversation. "Yes, the weather is wonderful, the wind is great, my boat Second Act is fast, and the crew is superb. Just another day in paradise." He chuckled.

The call continued, his voice light but thoughtful. "We planned to be here another week, then a stop in Paris at Marie's place for two weeks. We'll be back in Santa Barbara before going fly fishing Rio Penitente in Chile at the end of the month." Richard listened smiling "Yes, I know. Marco is down there too, somewhere. We both discovered that Southern Patagonia is the last pristine part of the Western World and more readily accessible than Asia."

As he listened, the horizon stretched ahead, shimmering in the sunlight, and he thought briefly of the day's plans, but George's voice brought him back. Richard leaned back in his seat, nodding slowly, a hint of curiosity in his tone.

"Are you sure we need to brainstorm this in person? Aren't you pretty far along with the casting for *Lemonade*?" His gaze drifted to the sail above, fluttering lightly against the blue sky. He laughed lightly, "Can you get Marco to join us? He's off somewhere in Ecuador or Peru... Chasing goats, last I heard."

The boat rocked gently, a moment of peaceful silence before he agreed to shift plans. "Fine, I'll change my schedule," he said with a wry smile, "though I doubt that'll make me popular with Marie." He laughed, imagining her reaction.

With a final glance at the horizon, he ended the call, a small chuckle still lingering as he pocketed his phone. The yacht moved smoothly forward, the wind in its sails, and the endless blue stretched ahead.

#

Chakku de la Vicuna

The crisp Andean sky spread clear and blue over the high plain, where Marco Mekis stood amidst a lively crowd of villagers. Dressed in rugged travel gear, he blended in, his gaze following the people in their traditional bowler hats and vibrant shawls, their colors bright against the mountainous landscape. A rhythmic clanging of bells and whistles filled the air as villagers guided herds of vicuñas down from the hills into a makeshift corral. The Chakku de la Vicuna, the annual gathering and shearing, was in full swing—a scene as timeless as the mountains surrounding them.

By Marco's side, Darla Mekis watched in quiet awe, her athletic frame relaxed but alert. Her blonde hair was tied back, and she clutched a camera, capturing the ancient tradition unfolding before them. The herders, swift and practiced, carefully managed each animal. After each vicuña was sheared, a villager would kneel, pressing their palms together in a brief gesture of gratitude before releasing the animal back into the wild.

The crowd's energy was infectious, and Marco glanced at Darla, his eyes shining. "I told you it would be worth it," she said, reading his expression.

He nodded, his gaze sweeping over the scene, then back to her. "Absolutely," he murmured. Just then, his sat-phone buzzed. He hesitated, then raised his voice above the festive noise as he answered.

"Hello?" Marco shouted over the line, glancing around with a grin. "George, what's up? You have no idea where I am right now!" He chuckled, his voice full of excitement. "This place—it's unreal! You've got to see it. The Chakku de la Vicuna, right here in the Andes."

Darla chuckled softly, listening as he shared the excitement with George, her camera clicking as she caught every colorful moment. Marco was in his element, fully present in this vibrant corner of the world.

"No, I'm not hunting goats!" Marco laughed, explaining, "I'm watching a centuries-old tradition—a whole village coming together, herding and shearing wild vicuñas. It's the Incas' legacy, passed down, person to person. Truly incredible." He turned back to Darla, giving her a quick nod as he described the scene to George. She grinned back, satisfied that they had indeed made the right choice to come.

But as Marco listened, his smile faded slightly, a subtle change that didn't go unnoticed by Darla. Sensing something off, she came closer, her hand resting lightly on his arm.

"What's going on?" she asked quietly.

"Barbie Doll, George wants us to meet sooner than planned. He wants to brainstorm in person some scenes he has in production for his movie *Lemonade*," he replied, a touch of reluctance in his tone.

Darla sighed, her eyes wandering back to the bustling village. "We just got here. We've been planning this trip forever."

Marco lowered his voice, knowing she was right but already resigned. "I know Doll, I know."

Raising the phone to his ear again, Marco said, "Come on, George. Dar and I are doing the Chakku this week, then it's Machu Picchu, Lake Titicaca, hiking Torres del Paine, then sail from Punta Arenas to Punta Arenas around Cape Horn." His voice held a mix of frustration and regret. "Look, it's tight, George. Winter's almost here."

He met Darla's gaze, seeing her silent understanding and reluctant acceptance. She gave him a brief nod, a small show of support. He sighed, realizing he'd need to cut their journey short.

"Alright," Marco said into the phone, his voice heavy with the weight of the compromise. "How long will it take? And where do we have to meet? Key West?" He paused, considering an alternative. "George, Key West is a logistic pain in the ass. What about Copacabana Palace in Rio? No surprises, easy in and out for all of us. Besides Richard and Marie were going to Chile anyway. It's on their way."

Darla raised an eyebrow, a mix of resignation and encouragement. Marco gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "We can do two weeks," he said into the phone. "We'll delay Torres and Cape Horn, wrap this up, and then get back out here."

There was a short silence on the line before Marco gave a final nod. "George, you're busting your balls for all of us. I get it. You're young and hungry. We're just a little older." He laughed, trying to lighten the mood. "But you'll make it out to Torres one day, believe me it will still be there."

He ended the call and tucked his sat-phone away, giving Darla an apologetic smile.

“We’ll be back, Dolly” he said. Her voice warm and reassuring. “Yes. This is just the beginning, right?”

“Right,” he agreed, his smile genuine as he pulled her close, their gazes turning back to the colorful scene around them. Together, they soaked in the sights, the sounds, and the spirit of the moment, knowing it would stay with them, long after the call to duty had ended.

#

Copacabana Hotel, Rio De Janeiro, Barzil

All had arrived around sunset, landing with a view of the gigantic statue of Christ the Redeemer atop Corcovado, backlit by the setting sun. For a brief moment, from the right angle, the orange sun had created a fiery crown around the head, a sight to behold for an instant in time, despite their jet lag. A long sleep and breakfast had revived them. The late morning sun shone bright over the poolside at the iconic Copacabana Palace Hotel in Rio de Janeiro. The white columns and elegant arches of the hotel stood in sharp contrast against the vibrant blue of the sky, while the gentle crash of ocean waves beyond the hotel grounds added a soothing rhythm to the scene. Darla and Marie had left to visit Ipanema and Pan de Azucar. Marco and Richard lounged by the pool, basking in the warmth and sipping chilled drinks as a light breeze swept across the terrace, bringing with it a hint of salt and adventure.

George, their producer and the man who had transformed their hard-won story *The Patent* into a successful film, sat with them, leaning back on his lounge. George's curiosity shone through amid the lavish surroundings as he looked over at Marco and Richard. To him, they were more than the protagonists of a successful film; they were enigmas whose resilience he couldn't help but admire.

"Guys," George began, his tone light yet laced with genuine intrigue, "Before we get to discuss the new scenes for *Lemonade*, I have to ask you: how did you dream up your first story *The Patent* and now *Lemonade*?"

Marco gazed out over the glistening pool, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. This place, with its splendor and tranquility, felt worlds away from the countless boardroom battles, sleepless nights, and grueling years of building, losing, rebuilding and losing again the company he had started. The irony of finding himself here, relaxing in paradise, wasn't lost on him.

Marco's thoughts drifted to how far they had come. Although not obvious at the time, the hardships hadn't been in vain. Every struggle had given them a story worth telling—and in the end, something far more valuable than success alone.

Hell

When It Hit the Fan

The old Downside Risk Bar, at Camelback and Scottsdale Roads, buzzed with a subdued energy. It wasn't crowded—a few patrons huddled over their drinks, hunched close as if to keep their thoughts private. Marco and Richard sat at the far end, away from the neon glow of the bar's sign and its ironic warning against “downside risk.”

Marco adjusted his glass, fingers tightening around it, and looked at Richard with a seriousness that felt as if the air itself had thickened. Marco leaned in, catching the familiar glint of worry in the guy he had just recently come to know as the accountant auditing Traffic Tech Integrators (TTI) for the planned IPO. He'd seen it before at the office, crunching numbers, researching entries of unclear transactions.

“You've got that look again, Richard. This time you wanted to talk off-site. Why?” Marco said, his voice carrying a hint of forced lightness.

Richard took a measured breath, then spoke with a quiet intensity that cut through the ambient noise. “Marco, I've been going over the books—again. There's no other way to say it. We've got a serious problem.”

The words sank in slowly, chilling the air between them. Marco's hands stilled, his easy-going demeanor suddenly absent. “How big?” he asked, knowing Richard wouldn't have brought it up in this private setting if it wasn't dire.

Richard leaned forward, his voice barely above a whisper. “Worse than I thought. I found multiple instances where Walt created fake transactions to substitute his stock for the new-issue shares of our PPO, the Private Placement Offering, and then pocketed the money. The investor's money... it never made it into TTI's accounts. Not a cent.”

The implications hit hard. Marco's eyes narrowed, his jaw tightening. “You're saying he...pocketed it?”

Richard nodded grimly. “Exactly. Investors thought they were buying TTI shares. But they were just lining Walt's pockets.” He paused, letting it sink in before continuing. “The records look legitimate at first glance, but it's all a façade. Everything we built is teetering on the edge of a lie.”

Marco knew the implications of this news “And this happens in the middle of a Private Placement, the offering of newly issued shares to Accredited Investors,

and now directors may be liable for inadequate supervision of management while pitching new investors to put their money at risk.”

Frowning Richard added “You are right but let’s be careful with our terminology: we are in the middle of offering newly authorized shares to investors that, on their own or by hearsay, became interested in TTI. We are not advertising or pitching the general public because we are not allowed to do that before we do the IPO. According to the SEC, our investors are Accredited because they are wealthy enough to handle possible and likely losses, and they are competent enough to do their due diligence to protect themselves.”

Marco shaking his head “Well put Richard. I issued enough new shares in enough Private Placements at my old company to still dream, some nights, of the risks that we and all the directors are exposed to. Damn Walt, if we had completed the IPO and were past the mandatory retention period of the Founders’ Shares it would be his choice to keep or sell his stock. But now? Damn him, he strung us out naked in the wind.”

“Yes, and wet in a cold wind at that, welcome to hypothermia. For my part, I intended to do a simple small company audit here, not to expose myself to criminal liability for securities fraud swindling investors.

And just to compound the risks, tell me, Marco, if they were asked, how many investors truly understand the technology and products of TTI?”

“Good question Richard. Only a few could demonstrate real understanding. Virtually all understand the value proposition of our Unilight traffic signal: 1 - Save 80% of the electricity required to operate, 2 – a global market potential, IF local regulations can be updated and approved, 3 – potentially huge worldwide sales and profits, 4 – since traffic signals operate 24/7/365 even small efficiency improvements have huge payoffs, in our case the improvement is huge (80%) on a huge operating cycle in a huge global market.

Some might understand that the value proposition comes from: 1 – using LED bulbs, a new semiconductor technology, 2 – redesigning the traditional three-lens traffic signal into our Unilight which has a single lens that reduces costs of support infrastructure, 3 - that geometric shapes are needed to differentiate Stop-Caution-Go, 4- the new design has been granted patents in the US, in Latin America, in Europe, and in many countries in Asia.

Probably none understand the electrical engineering, testing, let alone the implications of the second patent, mine.”

Richard “I suspected that much. So, an argument could be advanced that they are not competent enough.”

Marco “But you know what is the motivation for many? It’s not the potential returns; most have enough money and would not change their lifestyle. What motivates them is to be part of something that will change the world. My family and friends also want to support my quest to change the world.”

Silence settled heavily over them, pressing in from the edges of the bar, drowning out even the murmured conversations around them. Marco sat back, running a hand over his face, the weight of the betrayal settling into his shoulders. “Damn Walt,” he murmured, the anger simmering. “I thought he might be cutting corners, but this?”

Richard leaned in, unwavering. “We have to decide, Marco. Do we confront him? Or do we try to fix this and hide it for the sake of moving forward?”

Marco took a slow breath, the answer clear in his mind, even if his heart rebelled against it. His mind flashed back to the words atop the wall of the naval academy he had attended thirty years past, back in Italy: PATRIA E ONORE, country, and honor. “No. We confront him. We’re not letting him drag all of us into the mud, and we’re not going to bamboozle my investors, not on my watch.”

Richard’s shoulders relaxed, just slightly, a nod of understanding passing between them. “Then it’s time. We can’t let him get away with it. But be prepared. Zio and the board are close to him; this is going to get messy.”

“Messy or not, it has to be done.” Marco’s voice was steady, resolute. He looked up, meeting Richard’s gaze with a hard glint of his own. “We’re not letting this go.”

They raised their glasses, a silent vow between them, and drank—not to the success they’d once envisioned, but to the battle they’d now have to wage together.

That night, at home, Marco relayed the discovery of Walt embezzlement to Darla. Her extreme distress was immediately evident as she feared the impact it would have on their family and friends who had invested in TTI. It was like a sword in Marco’s heart.

Near tears she asked “I had never wanted anyone to become involved in this. What now?”

Marco replied “I know Doll. I never expected anything like this. When your mom and dad learned of TTI they wanted to help. My parents likewise. Then

early successes came and they were proud to tell the good story to their friends. We, and they, all thought we wanted a part in some world-changing adventure. We all had reason to believe it. This was not a foreseeable business development. At least, not one that I could foresee. This is evil born of one man's greed, the ultimate imponderable event that can be imagined but not foreseen."

"Sure, sure, I get it. Imponderable. But now what? They put their retirement savings into this dream, not F you money; they do not have that. They are not the super-rich; they worked all their lives for what they have."

"Don't you think I know that? I am more distressed than you. They trusted me not you."

"What now?"

"I do not have a good answer or a plan yet. But I am committed to making it up to them, cost me what it costs, and I'll be totally honest and transparent with them. I did not cause this debacle, but I am responsible for having involved them. I'll do all I can to bail them out for my honor and self-respect."

In the following days, Marco aged years' worth calling and meeting friends and family who had invested in TTI, repeating the details of Walt's theft. He tried to give hope that not all was lost and that with what remained of TTI, the mission would continue. He could not think of anyone in his past that he had disliked enough to wish them this experience. He did wish it to Walt someday.

#

The Cat's Out of the Bag

In the Arizona summer, the morning sun already baking hot poured through the Denny's windows, casting long, golden streaks across the vinyl booths. The warm glow felt out of place, clashing with the tense silence of Marco and Richard seated in the back corner, surrounded by documents spread across the table. Both men looked weary, their faces etched with the weight of the news they had come to deliver.

A tall, blond figure entered—a stark contrast to the two of them. Bryan strode through the diner, his confident presence drawing attention from a few patrons as he made his way to their table. He slid into the booth across from them, setting down his protein shake with the air of someone used to taking control. His brow furrowed as he took in their serious expressions.

"Alright, you've got my attention," Bryan said, his voice calm but intent. "What's going on?"

Richard exchanged a look with Marco before pushing a thick folder of documents across the table. "Thanks for meeting us," Richard said, his tone somber. "There's no easy way to say this, so we'll just come out with it. We've got a situation at TTI—and it's not good."

Bryan's gaze shifted from Richard to Marco, his expression sharpening as he picked up the top page. His eyes moved swiftly over the lines, taking in the numbers, the names, the hard evidence on the paper in front of him. "How bad are we talking?" he asked, glancing up, his voice low but unwavering. Richard, calmly "More than a quarter mil. We may find more. Perhaps much more."

Richard pushed another stack of documents toward him, each piece of paper a damning puzzle piece that painted an undeniable picture of betrayal. "Walt's been selling company stock to investors," Richard explained, his voice barely above a murmur. "But the money...never made it into TTI's accounts. It went straight into his pocket."

For a moment, Bryan was still, his fingers resting on the edge of the paper as he absorbed the gravity of the revelation. He sat back, each document tightening the coil of tension within him. When he finally spoke, his voice was calm but cold, measured.

“So, he’s embezzling. Repeatedly.” He took a breath, his face a mask of concentration as he glanced between the two men. “How solid is this?”

Richard, ever thorough, reached for another sheet. “This isn’t a mistake or a one-time fluke. It’s a pattern. We traced the checks, and cross-referenced everything. There’s no doubt. He was running a shell game, misleading investors into thinking they were supporting TTI while he siphoned funds for himself.”

Bryan’s gaze hardened, the usual lightness in his face gone as he considered the evidence before him. “Alright,” he said, his voice steady. “If we’re moving forward with this, we’ll need to be airtight. No room for error. We’re going up against someone who’s not going to go down easy.”

He flipped through the last few pages, absorbing the full extent of Walt’s deception. Finally, he closed the folder, a grim resolution settling over him. “It’s serious. But it’s clear. You did the right thing by bringing this forward.”

Marco and Richard exchanged a look, a sense of relief mingling with the tension in the air. They had an ally in Bryan, someone who understood the stakes and wouldn’t shy away from the fight ahead.

Bryan stood, his movements decisive as he gathered his things, glancing at both men with a look equal parts reassurance and warning. “We’re going to need all the evidence and the full support of the whole board. Be ready for a fight. This is just the beginning.”

They watched him leave, his figure cutting a purposeful path through the diner. As the door swung shut behind him, Richard looked at Marco, the weight of the situation clear in his gaze.

“You know,” Richard murmured, his voice carrying a hint of bitterness, “I’ve dealt with Walt before. This isn’t new for him. The promises, the lies... years ago, he pulled this same crap. Got away with it then. Not this time.”

Marco nodded, his face set, his gaze fixed on the empty doorway as if Walt himself stood there. “This time, he won’t.”

Walt

The TTI boardroom was bright, modern, and painfully sterile. Sunlight streamed through floor-to-ceiling windows, casting sharp lines across the polished table where folders of documents lay, arranged like pieces of artillery ready for battle. Marco and Richard stood near the head of the table, facing Walt Gander, who lounged in his chair with a confidence that bordered on smugness.

Walt glanced up as Marco began, his gaze cool and detached, his fingers tapping idly against the armrest, as if the meeting were a mild inconvenience. Marco's voice was low but steady, each word carrying a quiet fury. "Walt, we've gone through the books. These transactions—selling company stock directly to investors—the money never made it into TTI."

Walt barely looked at the documents before lifting his gaze, a faint smile curving his lips. "Private placements were oversubscribed," he said smoothly. "I was just giving investors the opportunity they wanted. That's all." His voice held the breezy nonchalance of someone who believed he was beyond reproach.

Marco took a step closer, his tone as sharp as glass. "You weren't just giving them an 'opportunity,' Walt. You were pocketing the cash." He placed a stack of documents on the table, each one a bullet in the loaded chamber of their argument. "You manipulated records to make it look like legitimate company sales. But it's all smoke and mirrors."

For a moment, a flicker of irritation passed over Walt's face, but he quickly composed himself, his smile widening, though it didn't reach his eyes. "Look, the investors got their stock. Nobody's been shorted. What does it matter if the money came through me first?"

Marco clenched his fist, but calmly "It matters because you've jeopardized everything we've built. You've crossed a line, Walt—putting our investors, our reputation, and this entire company at risk."

Walt's smile faltered, only for a second, before he leaned back, shrugging as though the accusations were no more than a minor inconvenience. "A little creative financing never hurt anyone. We're in the business of making things happen, aren't we?"

Without a word, Marco slammed a hand down on the table, the sound echoing through the boardroom like a gunshot. Walt's gaze snapped to him, his

calm slipping. "This isn't about 'creative financing,' Walt. It's about theft. You lied to every investor, every person who believed in us. And you did it for yourself."

Walt's eyes narrowed, his polished mask slipping. "I didn't do anything you wouldn't have done in my position," he said, his voice hard, defensive. "I did what I thought was best for the company."

Marco shook his head, his gaze unflinching. "No, Walt. You did what was best for you." He held up a final piece of paper, the weight of its implications hanging heavy in the air. "And now, we're left cleaning up the mess."

The smile vanished from Walt's face entirely, replaced by a steely glint as he straightened in his chair. His voice was smooth, yet laced with venom. "You can't prove intent. At worst, this is a misunderstanding. If you want to push it that far, I'll see you in court."

With that, he stood, brushing an invisible speck of dust from his sleeve before striding toward the door. Marco and Richard watched him go; the door swinging shut with a resounding click. The evidence lay scattered across the table, a trail of paper marking the breach of trust, the betrayal that couldn't be undone.

"This isn't over," Richard murmured, his gaze fixed on the closed door.

Marco nodded, his face grim, his voice a quiet promise. "No, it's not."

#

Disclosure

Marco and Darla's living room was steeped in an uneasy stillness, a soft light casting shadows over family photos lining the walls—a quiet testament to happier times. Marco stood by the large window, looking out at the fading daylight, his silhouette tense against the warm glow. Richard sat on the couch, leafing through a stack of papers, his jaw set, shoulders hunched as if bracing himself for what was to come.

Gathered around were Marco's closest family and friends, investors who had put their faith—and their money—into TTI. Vern and Char, Darla's parents, sat close, their hands clasped tightly, eyes filled with worry. Al, his brows knit in disbelief, leaned forward, as if by sheer will he could steady himself against the blow that was coming. Others were filling the remaining seats on couches, easy chairs and dining table chairs that had been gathered for the meeting. Darla, Marco's wife, paced a few steps behind him, her arms folded, her face etched with a mixture of fear and unspoken support.

Marco turned to face them, his expression pained but resolute. He drew a deep breath, words struggling to form as he looked into their expectant faces. Finally, he broke the silence, his voice low but steady. "We need to talk about TTI," he began, each word heavy with the weight of betrayal. "There's no easy way to say this...but the company's been embezzled. Funds we thought were safe aren't there anymore. Walt's been taking the money for himself."

A stunned silence fell over the room, broken only by the sharp intake of breaths. Vern looked to Char, disbelief stark in his gaze. Al shook his head slowly, his eyes narrowing as he struggled to process the words. Darla stopped pacing, her hands clenched tightly as the full force of Marco's words washed over her.

Vern's voice was barely a whisper. "You're saying all the money's gone?"

Marco swallowed hard, his gaze steady but pained. "Not all of it, but enough. The money we've been raising from you, our investors, in the recent private placements. He was selling stock, pocketing the cash. It's...a mess. We're doing everything we can, but it's going to take time to sort it out."

Marco looked around the room, his eyes meeting each person's in turn, bracing himself against the wave of disappointment, betrayal, and confusion he

knew would come. Char wiped a tear from her cheek, her face a mask of grief as she stared at Marco.

Al leaned forward, his voice shaking with disbelief. "What now? What's the plan?"

Marco spoke up, his tone even, though his eyes held a deep sadness. "We're working on it. We confronted Walt, and we're exploring every legal option. But it's going to be a fight. This isn't the ending we imagined—but we're not giving up. We're going to try to recover as much as we can."

Char's voice trembled as she spoke, each word heavy with disappointment. "We trusted him...we trusted you."

The words cut deep, and Marco winced, feeling the weight of their faith now slipping through his fingers. He glanced at Darla, who watched him with unwavering support despite the pain in her eyes, and he drew strength from her silent reassurance.

"I know," Marco said softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "And I can't apologize enough. But we're not giving up. We're going to fight to get back whatever we can. We owe you that much. And we will find a path to build the company we all had dreamed."

Darla stepped forward, her voice gentle but firm. "We'll find a way," she said, her hand reaching out to rest lightly on Marco's shoulder. Her strength and quiet confidence seemed to settle the room, if only for a moment.

The room lapsed into silence, each person lost in their own thoughts, faces shadowed by the fading light. Marco looked around, his heart heavy with the knowledge of what he had to do and the promises he needed to keep. He took a steadying breath, his voice resolute.

"I promise you," he said, meeting each of their eyes, "we won't stop until we've done everything we can. This isn't the end."

Richard gave a slight nod, his eyes meeting Marco's in a quiet show of solidarity. "We're in this together," he murmured. "It's going to be hard, but we're going to fight like hell."

As the light outside dimmed, the room fell quiet, the collective weight of the news settling over them. Marco turned back to the window, watching as the last streaks of sunlight faded from view. Another day was ending, but the battle ahead was just beginning.

#

Board Meeting 1

The boardroom at Zio's tech company was sleek, all glass and polished steel, but today it felt oppressively small. Sunlight streamed through the windows, casting harsh shadows across the faces of TTI's board members seated around the long table. The air was thick with tension, everyone on edge as Marco and Richard stood at the front, a stack of damning documents spread before them. Walt Gander lounged near the head of the table, his expression a cool, detached mask. The faintest hint of a smirk lingered at the corners of his mouth.

Marco's gaze swept the room, taking in the familiar faces, each one a mixture of skepticism and unease. He straightened, clearing his throat before addressing the group. "We're here today to discuss some troubling findings about TTI's finances," he began, his voice steady. "We've uncovered significant discrepancies—money that should be in our accounts but isn't there."

Walt remained unfazed, his eyes locked on Marco with a casual indifference. He leaned back in his chair, offering a slight shrug as Marco's words hung in the air. "This again?" Walt's voice was smooth, almost amused. "I've already explained this. The private placement was oversubscribed. I moved quickly to make sure investors got the shares they wanted. No harm, no foul."

A murmur rippled through the room, some board members exchanging uneasy glances. Marco's jaw tightened, but he kept his composure, holding his ground. "That's not what happened, Walt," he said, his tone sharp. "These transactions weren't authorized. The funds never made it to TTI where the investors intended them to go. You were selling stock and pocketing the proceeds. This isn't a misunderstanding—it's fraud."

Walt's casual smile barely wavered, but a hint of irritation flickered in his eyes. He gave an exaggerated sigh, shaking his head as though disappointed by their persistence. "Look, I've been managing the finances in a way that's best for all of us," he said, his voice dripping with condescension. "Investors are happy. They got their stock. They will make a killing when we IPO. So, tell me, what's the issue?"

Marco took a step forward, his voice steely as he laid out the documents in front of the board members, each sheet a meticulous record of Walt's deceit. "It's not about the stock, Walt. It's about misappropriating funds, misleading

investors, and breaking the law. You made it look like legitimate sales, but it's all a smokescreen. The investors were led to believe they were funding TTI's growth, but they funded your lifestyle instead while TTI remained short of funds."

The mood in the room shifted as Marco's words sank in. Zio, usually calm and confident, looked down at the documents, his expression clouded with distress. He glanced at Walt, his voice unsteady. "Walt, we trusted you. I trusted you. This doesn't look right."

Walt's expression hardened, the faint smirk vanishing as he straightened in his chair. He adjusted his shirt collar, irritation flashing in his eyes as he met Zio's gaze. "Come on, Zio, don't be dramatic," he said, his tone dismissive. "I've been making moves to keep this company afloat. So maybe the money passed through me, but it all went to good use. You're blowing this out of proportion."

Marco stepped forward, unable to contain his frustration any longer. "Blowing it out of proportion?" he asked, his voice rising. "You've lied to us all, jeopardized everything we've built. This isn't just about money. It's about trust. You put the company—and all of us—at risk. Steve, our securities attorney, told me that now all board members are liable, potentially personally, to any investor who wants to sue and to the Arizona Securities Commission watchdogs if they get wind of it. We have a fiduciary duty of oversight, and now we are all at risk because of your greed and for your sole personal benefit."

The room fell silent as Walt's calm facade finally cracked, his eyes narrowing as he looked from Marco to Richard and back again. For a moment, the veneer of indifference was gone, replaced by a cold, calculating anger. "Fine," he said, his voice laced with disdain. "If you want me gone, just say it. I'll consider resigning. But don't expect me to admit to anything."

Zio's face twisted in pain, torn between loyalty and the grim reality facing him. His voice was soft, barely a whisper. "Walt, nobody wants this," he murmured. "But we can't ignore what's happening. We need you to be honest with us."

Walt stood abruptly, pushing his chair back with a loud scrape. He forced a thin smile, his voice dripping with mockery. "Honest? You think you're all so righteous?" He scoffed, eyes flashing with defiance. "I said I'd consider resigning, and that's all you're getting from me."

He turned on his heel and strode out, leaving the door swinging shut behind him. The room was left in a heavy silence, the weight of his parting words settling over everyone. Richard glanced at Marco, a steely resolve in his eyes.

“This isn’t over,” Marco said quietly, his tone firm.

Richard nodded, his gaze fixed on the door, his voice cold with determination. “No. It’s just beginning.”

The board members sat in silence, faces taut with unease, the realization dawning that this was a battle that would shake the foundation of everything they thought they knew.

#

Board Meeting 2

Barely two days had gone by. The boardroom was filled with an even heavier tension than before. The polished glass table reflected the worn, strained faces of the directors, each grappling with the fallout of the past days. Walt sat with his arms crossed, his posture defiant, a smirk lurking at the corners of his mouth. Marco, Richard, Zio, and the rest of the board members filled the room, unease hanging in the air like an Arizona monsoon storm waiting to break.

Marco stood at the head of the table, his hands resting on a stack of documents, his expression composed but charged with purpose. He didn't let his gaze waver as he addressed the room. "We're here to move forward with resolving the issues at TTI," he began, his voice steady. But before he could continue, Walt leaned back in his chair, his smirk growing.

"I'd like to question whether this meeting is even official," Walt interrupted, his tone oozing condescension. "I don't recall receiving proper notice."

Marco held his ground, his gaze unwavering. "Notice was given, and this meeting is official," he replied, his voice cold with controlled anger. "We're here to address the future of TTI, Walt, and this isn't something that can be swept aside."

Walt's smirk widened, his eyes glinting with amusement as he looked around the room, relishing the disruption he'd caused. Marco could see the game he was playing—drawing them into technicalities, delaying the inevitable confrontation. The other board members exchanged glances, visibly uncomfortable. They knew what this was, but no one wanted to provoke Walt any further.

Zio, visibly pained, spoke up, his voice tinged with an unsteady hope for resolution. "Walt, we've all been through a lot. But we need to position TTI to go public, or everything we've worked for is at risk."

Walt shrugged, feigning a look of indifference. "Maybe I was a bit careless," he conceded, though his voice held no hint of remorse. "But I didn't do anything wrong. I was just...helping things along. A little creative financing, sure, but nothing harmful. After all, I gave up my own stock."

A tense silence filled the room as the directors absorbed his words. Bob, one of the directors, leaned back, his expression tired and defeated. "Maybe we

should just fix the books to sweep this under the rug and move on," he muttered, his voice filled with resignation.

Val, another director, looked conflicted, glancing between Marco and Walt before finally speaking. "Perhaps a reprimand would be enough," he suggested. "We don't need a full-blown war over this."

Marco's gaze hardened, the frustration boiling beneath his calm facade. He could feel the room slipping, the directors bending under Walt's sway, the fight slowly draining from them. Bryan, however, shifted in his seat, his eyes sharp with determination. "No," he said firmly, breaking the room's uneasy silence. "This isn't something we can sweep aside. TTI's future depends on transparency and accountability. We need to take a stand, here and now."

Zio's eyes filled with tears as he looked at Walt, the conflict of friendship and duty writ large on his face. "Walt," he murmured, almost pleading, "please...do the right thing. Resign."

Walt's smirk flickered, a fleeting crack in his composure, but it quickly returned. He leaned back, regarding the room with a mixture of amusement and contempt. "Fine. If it makes you all feel better, I'll consider resigning," he said with a mock bow, his voice laced with derision. "But I'll stay on as a consultant, with full pay. And until my wife returns tomorrow from Chicago, I expect everyone here to keep this quiet."

Marco's jaw clenched, a knot of suspicion tightening in his gut. He glanced at Zio, catching the flicker of worry in his eyes, sensing that Walt's 'consideration' of resignation was as hollow as his promises. He knew, without a doubt, that Walt would find a way to twist this to his advantage.

As the meeting drew to a close, Marco exchanged a look with Richard, a silent understanding passing between them. This was far from over. They had won a temporary reprieve, but Walt's arrogance was like a coiled snake, waiting to strike. The battle was only beginning.

As they filed out of the boardroom, Marco leaned toward Zio, his voice barely a whisper. "Watch him, Zio. Don't trust him to follow through. He'll find a way out."

Zio nodded, his face drawn and weary, the burden of his friendship with Walt evident. "I know, Marco," he replied, his voice thick with resignation. "I know."

#

Building the Fraud Case

The next few weeks became a relentless grind, a daily march through stacks of documents, depositions, and legal briefings. Marco and Richard spent countless hours in cramped conference rooms with their attorney, Kraut—a young, sharp, cocky litigator with a penchant for cutting through nonsense. Under the fluorescent lights, they combed through every detail, dissecting each transaction, each memo, each email thread, looking for threads to weave a case that would stand up to scrutiny.

Kraut, with a gleam in his eye, flipped through pages with the satisfaction of someone who knew he was getting close. “Every move Walt made points to one thing,” he muttered, his finger tracing a line in a spreadsheet. “Intent. These aren’t mistakes; they’re deliberate.”

Marco nodded, fatigue and resolve etched into his face. “We need this airtight,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper. “If there’s even a shadow of a doubt, he’ll find it and use it against us.”

Richard, ever methodical, leaned over a page of financial statements, his pen marking certain figures. “I’ve matched these with the investor checks. None of the funds went where they were supposed to. It’s all there—clear as day.”

Yet each victory in piecing together the truth was countered by the sheer complexity of proving it. Walt’s web was tangled, a mix of shell accounts, legal jargon, email directives to the transfer agent, and misleading records. Even with Kraut’s relentless drive and their own determination, the evidence sometimes felt insubstantial, true but too confusing to hold up in court. But Marco and Richard pressed on, meeting every evening to review their findings, piecing together the puzzle one detail at a time.

One afternoon, Kraut called them into his office, a small smile tugging at his lips. “Got something,” he said, his voice laced with satisfaction. “I reviewed Walt’s and his wife Judy’s recent depositions. Judy had been the bookkeeper. She admitted that the transactions happened, then claimed the investors aren’t out any money because they received stock. But when I pushed, her reasoning fell apart. I don’t think she realized that they were cornered.”

Marco's eyes narrowed with grim satisfaction. "So, she's acknowledged the transactions in some way. That could be enough to show they knew what they were doing."

Kraut nodded, leaning back in his chair, eyes gleaming. "It's a start, but it's not just about what we know; it's about what we can prove beyond a doubt. I'll file with the Securities Commission, but they'll need everything nailed down before they act."

As the days blurred together, Marco and Richard continued digging, often finding themselves in familiar late-night meetings, their discussions spilling over into memories and frustrations. For Richard, each discovery brought back old grievances, past betrayals from Walt that had gone unchecked. For Marco, the long hours wore on his mind, memories surfacing of when they had built TTI, step by painstaking step, the dreams now marred by betrayal.

One evening, Richard sat back, rubbing his temples. "I should have seen this years ago. This is Walt's pattern—draw people in, make promises, skim the cash, and let everyone else pick up the pieces."

Marco met his gaze, his voice steady but laced with bitterness. "This time's different. We're not going to let him get away with it."

Slowly, the case took shape. Each piece of evidence became a block in the fortress they were building to withstand Walt's inevitable counterattack. As the case grew stronger, Marco and Richard felt their resolve solidify, their loyalty to each other and to TTI fortified by the betrayal they were determined to bring to light.

The day finally came when Kraut called them in again, a thick file in hand, his expression grim but triumphant. "We're ready," he said, placing the file on the table with a heavy thud. "We've got enough for a complaint with the Securities Commission. We're taking this public."

As they looked over the final case file, Marco felt a mix of exhaustion and satisfaction. They had built their case, brick by brick, through the long hours, the setbacks, and the relentless pressure. They'd fought for each piece, knowing that TTI's survival—and their own reputations—depended on it. With a final nod to Kraut, Marco and Richard left the office, a shared determination in their eyes.

They were ready.

Trying to Recover Stolen Funds

The boardroom was dimly lit, the only sound being the soft hum of the air conditioning and the rustling of papers as Marco and Richard sat in silence, surrounded by stacks of financial reports and legal documents. The room felt colder than usual, a heavy reminder of the gravity of their situation. Every day had become a battle, and every decision a gamble they couldn't afford to lose.

Richard leaned back, his expression grim, as he tapped a pen against the table. "We're running out of cash, Marco," he said, almost as if speaking to himself. "The legal fees alone are going to bury us if we keep this fight going much longer."

Marco nodded, eyes trained on the financial statements. "We need a way out," he said quietly. "We can't keep fighting on all fronts like this—not with the cash reserves dwindling the way they are."

They glanced at the last settlement proposal they had once hoped would bring resolution, a crumpled set of papers marked up and rejected. It was an opportunity missed, and Walt's flat refusal to negotiate still echoed in their minds.

Marco looked down at the document, bitterness flashing across his face. "It was a straightforward deal," he muttered, his frustration clear. "He would've kept a third of his shares, sold another third to the board to raise cash, and returned the rest to cover the damages. Simple as that. But he's too damn set on revenge."

Richard let out a sigh, running a hand through his hair. "We could've all moved on," he said, his voice tinged with regret. "Instead, we're locked in this never-ending battle."

Marco's jaw tightened, his gaze hardening. "He thinks he can bleed us dry. But we're not going down that easy," he said, the determination clear in his voice.

Richard looked back at him, a flicker of hope reigniting. "If he wants a fight, we'll give him one," he said. "We'll find a way to keep this company alive."

They sat in silence for a moment, their resolve building amid the quiet of the room. The road ahead was uncertain, but they knew one thing for sure: they weren't giving up.

The Proxy Fight

The boardroom felt like a battlefield, the tension so thick it nearly hummed in the air. Marco and Richard sat at the long table with the other board members, their expressions set, grim with the weight of the decision before them. At the head of the table was an empty chair—Walt's. Though not physically present, his presence loomed in every corner, in every tense glance exchanged around the room.

Marco looked up, meeting Richard's gaze with a brief nod. Today was the day they took a stand.

He cleared his throat, breaking the tense silence. "We've reviewed the evidence," he began, voice steady but edged with anger. "It's all here. Walt has been embezzling funds, nearly half a million dollars, siphoning money that should have been building this company. We have no choice but to terminate his role as CEO, revoke his stock awards, and demand restitution of the stolen funds."

A murmur ran through the room, a mix of nods and uneasy glances. The decision was unanimous, but the weight of it bore down on everyone.

Marco leaned forward, his tone cold and final. "This isn't just about accountability—it's about saving what's left of TTI."

The vote was swift; hands raised around the table in solemn agreement even if a few were tentative late arrivals. As the final hands went down, Marco and Richard shared a look. They had won the motion, but the satisfaction was fleeting.

Minutes later, Walt sat in his office, reviewing the termination notice he had printed in disbelief, his face hard as stone. He tossed the paper aside with a sneer, reaching for the phone, his voice filled with barely concealed rage.

"Julia, get our lawyer on this," he said, his tone clipped. "They want to play hardball? Fine. We'll see them in court."

He hung up, anger tightening his jaw as he started to plot his next move. He packed his briefcase and left the TTI office for the last time. If Marco and Richard thought they'd seen the last of him, they were in for a surprise. He wasn't just going to fight—he was going to destroy.

The tension only escalated over the next days, as Walt called on every ally he could muster. Family, friends, loyal board members—all who had benefited from his deals, bribes, and connections—were mobilized in his favor. He called a special shareholders' meeting, summoning his supporters to a proxy fight vote as if rallying troops for war. He promised them consulting contracts, stock options, and even the pleasure of revenge against those who sought to oust him.

#

Prep for a Special Shareholders Meeting

The tension in TTI's offices was electric, as if the building itself were holding its breath. Marco and Richard sat in the dim light of the conference room; stacks of documents spread across the table before them. The notice had arrived: Walt was calling a Special Shareholders Meeting. It was a move that reeked of desperation, yet he was rallying supporters, calling in every favor he'd ever extended. Marco held the notice, reading it over with an expression of grim resolve.

Richard leaned back in his chair; his face lined with exhaustion. "He's trying to pull another stunt, Marco," he said. "This special meeting—it's a smokescreen. We need to check the bylaws, make sure he can't manipulate this one too."

They exchanged a glance of shared understanding. Walt's maneuvers had put them on edge, forcing them to tread carefully with every move. They couldn't afford a single misstep.

Later that day, they sat in Kraut's office, watching him sift through the bylaws with a practiced eye, his fingers flipping through pages with meticulous precision. Kraut finally looked up, his expression a mixture of relief and confidence.

"This meeting is unauthorized," he said, his voice steady. "The bylaws are clear—Walt doesn't have the authority to call a Special Shareholders' Meeting without board approval."

Richard let out a breath, nodding. "That's something, at least. But you know Walt won't stop at the bylaws. He'll have his attorney claim otherwise, twist every line if he has to."

As if on cue, an email came in from Walt's lawyer, insisting that the most recent bylaws supported Walt's or any other shareholder's right to call a meeting. But as Kraut read over the email, his eyes narrowed, suspicion flashing across his face.

"These bylaws he's referencing," Kraut said, tapping the paper, "they're forgeries. Walt doctored them, and they were certified by Val, no doubt at Walt's direction."

The realization hit hard. Walt had orchestrated the entire thing, manipulating even the bylaws to suit his needs. Kraut's jaw tightened, and he

began drafting motions to the district court to block the meeting, his fingers moving quickly over the keyboard as he prepared to challenge Walt's latest ploy.

Back in the boardroom, Marco addressed the directors, holding up the fraudulent bylaws with a mixture of anger and exhaustion. "These bylaws," he said, "they're fake. Val certified a meeting that never happened, all because Walt asked him to do so."

Val sat in the room, visibly shaken, his face pale as he stammered out an excuse. "I didn't know they were fake," he muttered, looking down. "Walt told me it was just a formality."

Marco's voice hardened as he continued, directing his words to everyone in the room. "This entire scheme was a setup. The board meeting certified by Val never happened. Walt manipulated the rules, used Val as a pawn, and lied to everyone here."

The directors sat in stunned silence, the weight of Walt's betrayal hitting them in waves. Marco could see the doubt, the anger, and the dawning realization in each of their faces. They had been played, just as he and Richard had warned them.

A few days later, Marco, Richard, and Kraut found themselves in a small, stark room at the district court. Kraut stood before the judge, delivering a calm but pointed summary of Walt's attempt to manipulate the meeting. The judge listened, taking in every detail with a grave expression, before finally nodding with a Solomonic attitude.

"The meeting called by Mr. Gander is stopped," the judge declared, his voice echoing in the quiet room. "This was an illegal attempt to seize control. However, to be fair to all shareholders, the court orders Management to call a Special Meeting of the Shareholders."

Frustration and disbelief washed over Marco and Richard as they exchanged a quick glance. They had won their case, but the judge's Solomonic decision left no room for satisfaction. This fight was far from over.

That evening, back at TTI, Marco and Richard huddled in Walt's vacated office, going over the next steps. They prepared a call for a Special Meeting of the Shareholders this time called by the board two weeks later than Walt had chosen. They had a slim chance to regain control, but it hinged on executing as many stock warrants as possible, and for that, they needed time. With Walt's family and allies on the board, they needed every share they could muster.

Richard leafed through the paperwork, his voice low but determined. “We’ve got to get the cash and the votes, Marco. This is our last shot.”

Marco nodded, his face resolute. “Then we push forward,” he said. “We’ve made it this far, and we’re not stopping now. Let’s go begging to execute every warrant that was ever issued. We’ll price it to be a deal that cannot be refused.”

In the stillness of the office, with the weight of the day’s Pyrrhic victory and the battles yet to come, Marco and Richard knew they were standing on the edge. It was all or nothing, a make-or-break moment for everything they’d fought to save. And this time, they wouldn’t let Walt slip through their fingers.

#

Special Shareholders Meeting

The meeting room in the Holiday Inn, frequently used for weddings, had seen happier crowds. Now it was set up like a war room. Marco and Richard sat at one end, their loyal supporters—colleagues, a few investors, and steadfast allies—gathered around them, tense and focused. Across the room, Walt lounged at the opposite end, surrounded by his family, longtime loyalists like Tracy, and a handful of friends he'd convinced to back him. The air was thick with hostility, each side eyeing the other with guarded suspicion.

Kraut, Marco's lawyer, stood at the front, his posture strong and his gaze direct as he surveyed the crowd. He had a stack of documents and a projector in front of him, the final tools in the case they'd worked tirelessly to build. The lights dimmed as he clicked through a series of slides, each one a brutal piece of evidence, exposing Walt's siphoning of funds, his secret accounts, and the financial damage left in his wake.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Kraut began, his voice steady and commanding, "what you're seeing here is a documented record of fraud, of unauthorized transfers totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars, all directed by Mr. Gander. These aren't small errors. They're deliberate."

A silence fell over the room, punctuated only by the soft click of Kraut advancing to the next slide. Each page he displayed added another nail to the coffin of Walt's credibility—bank statements, records of stock sales that funneled money straight into Walt's personal accounts, expenses marked for TTI but paid directly to Walt's own holdings.

Walt sat stone-faced, his smile forced and tight as Kraut continued. Tracy shifted in her seat, glancing around as if suddenly uncomfortable, while other loyalists cast sideways looks at Walt, doubt creeping into their faces.

Finally, Kraut paused, his gaze sharp as he addressed the room directly. "Mr. Gander," he said, his tone like steel, "would you care to explain why the funds never made it to TTI?"

Walt's eyes flashed with anger, but he forced a calm reply. "I acted within my rights as CEO. Those were my shares. Selling them isn't a crime. It's business." His voice dripped with practiced confidence, but the strain in his face betrayed his frustration.

Bryan, a director who had become a strong ally of Management, leaned forward, shaking his head in dismay. "This isn't just 'business,' Walt. It's theft, plain and simple."

Walt's supporters began to murmur, the confidence in their expressions cracking as Kraut continued, detailing each step of Walt's deceit. Finally, Walt's family sat in tense silence, Tracy leaning toward Ted, whispering, "I didn't know he'd taken it this far. He told us it was all under control."

The slideshow neared its end, each slide displaying more of Walt's betrayal. Kraut paused before the final image—a summary of the financial damage: dwindling cash reserves, missed payrolls, and projects delayed by lack of cash. The impact of Walt's actions was painfully clear in the red-lined figures.

Marco broke the silence, his voice steady but charged with emotion. "Walt, you didn't build this company. Your greed has been destroying it for many months."

Across the room, Dr. F-M, one of Walt's oldest allies, glanced down, unable to meet Marco's gaze. "Maybe it wasn't... intentional," he said quietly. "It could have been a series of mistakes."

Kraut shook his head, advancing to the final slide. "If this was a mistake, it was one committed over and over again, by design. Mr. Gander knew exactly what he was doing."

A hush fell over the room. Marco and Richard watched as Walt's once-confident supporters faltered, their faith shaken by the evidence laid out before them. It was clear Walt had lost.

Kate Gander, Walt's daughter, stood facing Marco across the room "Give me a break. None of this is substantial. My father has advanced this company a great deal." Marco calmly "I am not here to give you a break. I am here to give you information. Walt's promotional skill indeed advanced the company. But the information you saw proves that he also stole from the company, from all of us the shareholders. You can reach your own conclusions and vote accordingly."

Slowly, hands were raised, and the final vote was cast. Walt's side crumbled, his allies slipping out of the room one by one, eyes downcast as they filed out.

Walt remained seated for a moment longer, his jaw clenched tight, his eyes flashing with barely concealed rage. He finally rose, throwing a dark look at Marco and Richard before storming out, leaving his once-loyal followers to gather their things in silence.

Bryan clapped a hand on Marco's shoulder as the room cleared, his face etched with both relief and exhaustion. "It's over," he said quietly. "Let's hope that's the last of it."

Marco and Richard exchanged a glance, the weight of the victory tempered by the grueling fight that had led them here. They had wrestled back control of TTI, but at a cost that went far beyond money. As they gathered their things and prepared to leave, a sense of quiet relief mingled with the knowledge that rebuilding was just beginning.

As the door closed behind them, the room was left in silence, a battlefield littered with the remnants of a bitterly fought war—a war that, at last, perhaps, only perhaps they had won.

#

Pyrrhic Victory

The final papers were signed in Marco's office, the official end to the grueling battle that had consumed their lives for months. The silence afterward felt almost surreal. Marco and Richard sat across from each other, their expressions drawn, exhaustion weighing down their shoulders. They had won the war for control of TTI, but the toll was etched into their faces.

Marco leaned back in his chair, staring at the ceiling as if searching for relief in the blankness above. "We did it," he said quietly, his voice hollow. "But at what cost?"

Richard nodded, his gaze focused on the stack of documents on the desk between them, each page a stark reminder of what they had fought—and lost—along the way. "It doesn't feel like a victory," he replied, his tone laced with bitterness. "We may have taken back the company, but the damage Walt did... it's deeper than I thought."

They sat in silence, the weight of the pyrrhic victory settling over them. The battle with Walt had drained their finances, fractured the board, and cast a shadow over TTI that would be hard to shake. Projects had been stalled, employees were demoralized, and the reputation they had painstakingly built was now marred by scandal. They had survived, but the victory felt as much like a loss as it did a triumph.

After a long pause, Marco spoke, his voice almost a whisper. "I keep wondering if there was another way. If we could have stopped him sooner... saved the company from all this."

Richard looked at him, a hint of regret flashing in his eyes. "Maybe. But there was no turning back once we saw what he'd done. We couldn't have ignored it. This was the only honorable path forward."

They shared a solemn understanding, the unspoken truth hanging heavy between them: Walt's betrayal had forced their hand, and while they had reclaimed control, it had come at the cost of nearly everything they held dear about TTI.

Outside, the city moved on, oblivious to the quiet reckoning unfolding in the office. Marco watched the cars pass by outside, a strange feeling of emptiness settling over him. TTI was theirs again, but it was a shell of what it had once

been. They would have to rebuild from the ground up, and the thought was as daunting as it was necessary.

After the shareholders' meeting, a new board had confronted the need to elect a new CEO. All potential candidates had jobs to go back to. Marco not only had free time in retirement but was the only one with intimate knowledge of the Unilight technology of which he was co-inventor and patent holder. Furthermore, he had promised his investors, family and friends, to set things right for them. He had put a noose around his own neck and could not refuse. The trap had sprung and he was now committed to years of hard labor.

He turned to Richard, offering a faint, weary smile. "We may have lost more than we gained, but we're still here. And that has to count for something."

Richard nodded, a glimmer of determination in his eyes despite the fatigue. "We'll rebuild," he said quietly. "It won't be easy, but we owe it to everyone who believed in us."

The words held a promise, a flicker of hope amidst the rubble of their hard-won victory. They sat in silence, the weight of the battle finally beginning to lift, replaced by the faint stirrings of resolve. It wasn't the ending they had wanted, but it was a new beginning.

In the quiet of the office, Marco and Richard looked at each other, an unspoken commitment passing between them. They had fought, they had lost, and yet, they would rise again—this time, with a resilience forged by fire.

Purgatory

Rebuilding

The TTI offices were a skeleton of their former selves—quiet, nearly hollow. Desks sat empty, the hum of activity long gone. Now, Marco and Richard stood in the middle of it all, tasked with picking up the pieces of what remained after their battle to seize control.

Marco flipped through a dismal stack of paperwork. At the top lay JR's termination notice—a necessary cut. JR, the son-in-law of the ousted Walt, had been a non-entity, holding the title of Sales Manager but contributing little beyond a daily routine of coffee breaks and video games. His firing hadn't come as a surprise to him or anyone else, but it left a sour taste, another empty desk.

As Marco and Richard moved through the now-empty sales office, their footsteps echoed. The young traffic engineer had left in frustration just days before, caught trying to sneak out with the company's laptop and a Rolodex of prospects and clients. Marco had intercepted him in the parking lot, a tense confrontation that ended with the engineer tossing the laptop back into Marco's hands with a muttered curse before storming off. It was a hard loss—a skilled, if not overly motivated employee driven away by the turmoil that had engulfed the company.

In the administration area, the secretary's desk sat abandoned. Her exit had been a final act of defiance: she'd changed every password to the accounting system, locking Marco and Richard out of their own financial records. Her loyalty to Walt, bought by long lunch breaks, had been evident, and her sabotage only deepened the sting of their tenuous control.

Richard shook his head, hands on his hips as he looked over the empty desks and locked systems. "We're shut out of everything," he muttered. "She knew exactly where to hit us."

Marco, swallowing his frustration, forced a steely resolve. "We'll get through it," he replied. "We have to. We'll find a way to unlock the systems, then we can start moving forward."

Gordon, one of the loyal early investors, arrived just then—a familiar face among the empty desks. His optimism hadn't waned, but his lack of technical know-how was painfully clear. He shuffled through old sales brochures and notes, piecing together a semblance of what TTI had once stood for.

"I'm here to help, and for free" Gordon said with a big smile, glancing between Marco and Richard, "but I don't even know what we're selling, or to whom."

Marco offered a tired but grateful smile. "We're glad you're here, Gordon. Start with the basics, review the brochures and the last proposals—let's see who's still buying, and which contracts are active. We'll figure it out from there."

Gordon nodded, his enthusiasm a rare bright spot in the murkiness of their situation. Yet Marco and Richard shared a weary look—it was obvious that he was in over his head.

Later that night, Marco and Richard sat in Marco's dimly lit office, huddled over the computer's glow as they worked through every inch of what little data they could access. The piles of empty desks and abandoned files surrounded them, a bleak reminder of just how much they'd lost. Still, they pressed forward, aware that the battle they'd just won—the proxy fight that handed them control—had left them with a hollow shell.

Marco's voice broke the silence, subdued but resolute. "This is what we fought for, isn't it? Control of a sinking ship. But we have to make it work. There's no other choice."

Richard nodded slowly, determination flashing in his tired eyes. "We knew it wouldn't be easy," he replied, his voice firm. "We just have to keep moving. We fought to be in the salt mines, now we have to dig; to steer this thing in the right direction."

They sat in silence, the weight of the challenge settling heavily on their shoulders. The company had been gutted, the proxies won but the core shattered. Now, Marco and Richard faced an even greater battle—the fight to rebuild. And as the hum of the near-empty office filled the quiet space between them, they knew there was no turning back.

Business Development Struggles

The TTI office was quiet, a stillness only broken by the shuffling of papers and the quiet hum of computers. Marco and Richard sat together in the dimly lit salesroom, combing through old files, proposals, and contact lists. They'd spent weeks restoring access to the locked systems, each cracked password revealing a little more of what they'd lost during Walt's chaotic tenure.

Marco's eyes caught a lead—an old proposal for Mexico City's Traffic Department. His face brightened slightly as he realized the potential. His multilingual skills—Spanish he'd fine-tuned over years of independent study—suddenly became a helpful tool.

"We could have something here," he murmured, looking up at Richard. "Mexico City's rolling out a new traffic control network for the inauguration of President Fox, and I think we can get in."

Richard's eyes held a glimmer of hope. "If anyone can pull this off, it's you," he said, nodding in encouragement. This lead was their best shot yet.

Marco arrived in Mexico City a few weeks later, his Spanish polished by a few refresher lessons and ready. He'd brought in Alberto, a consultant with strong connections in the city's political landscape, to help navigate the complexities. As they entered the bustling conference room of the Traffic Department, Marco felt the pulse of possibility. He greeted each official with practiced ease, drawing on his experience to bridge the gap.

"Nos encantaría ser parte de su proyecto," Marco said smoothly, meeting their eyes with a confident smile. "Nuestra tecnología podría complementar su red." The officials exchanged intrigued glances, impressed by a gringo fluent in Spanish with an apparent seamless connection to their goals.

A test Unilight was installed on a traffic arterial, the Avenida Juarez next to the Opera House. As the meetings progressed, Marco sensed they were gaining traction. Alberto's connections and Marco's insight into their needs had created an opening they couldn't have anticipated. Several follow-up meetings were scheduled, each one bringing them a step closer to a deal that could finally give TTI the breakthrough it so desperately needed.

Later, on a rare afternoon off, Marco and Darla wandered through Mexico City's Chapultepec Park, a sprawling oasis in the heart of the bustling city.

The weight of TTI's struggles felt distant here, the Museum of Anthropology's artifacts and the verdant pathways a reminder of a world outside their daily fight for survival.

"This city's incredible," Darla said, pausing to take in the scenery. "I never imagined it would be like this."

Marco smiled, grateful for the brief reprieve. For a moment, they were free of the constant pressure, able to savor the life they were fighting so hard to preserve.

That evening, they joined Alberto and his wife, Johana, for dinner at an upscale restaurant. Soft lights glowed over elegantly plated dishes, and a harpist played a gentle classical melody that reminded Marco of concerts he had attended in Venice as a teenage naval cadet. The meal was a revelation, each bite sophisticated and refined, the conversation filled with laughter and connection.

Alberto raised a glass, his face alight with optimism. "Salud," he toasted, "to new beginnings and discovering the beauty of Mexico."

Marco clinked his glass with Alberto's, feeling a wave of gratitude. For the first time in months, he wasn't thinking about Walt or TTI's troubles. The evening was a reminder of what life could be beyond the chaos; of the future they still had a chance to reclaim.

#

Facing Financial Reality

The TTI office felt more like a battlefield than a place of business. Papers were scattered across Marco's desk, mostly bills and terse letters from lawyers. The cash reserves were nearly drained, and every day there was a fresh round of fighting to keep the doors open.

Marco sat across from Richard, both of them looking worn down. Marco glanced at the latest financial reports; the numbers were grim. Walt's lawsuit had cast a shadow over every funding option they had, leaving them trapped in a shrinking circle with no clear way out.

"We're out of options," Richard sighed, his face tense. "Every investor we've spoken to gets spooked the moment they hear about the lawsuits. No one wants to touch this mess. Walt never had an employment contract but convinced his contingency attorney that we have money to chase. So long as he believes it will be a death of a thousand cuts, and no investor wants to get close to that."

Marco rubbed his temples, staring at the list of potential investors on his desk. Nearly every name was crossed out, each one a lead that had slipped away. "Walt's got us boxed in," he said, frustration sharp in his voice. "Every time we think we've found a way forward, he shuts it down. We've tried everyone—Mike S, Rod—every guy promising help. None of them came through."

In the conference room, Marco and Richard faced a long line of slick-talking investors—Mike S, Rod, and others—who each promised funding solutions that sounded too good to be true. The room filled with hollow pitches about what Richard called OPM "Other People's Money" and the power of leveraging OPM to rescue TTI. But Marco and Richard knew the game: everyone wanted an upfront fee, with no real commitment beyond flashy words.

Mike S leaned back in his chair, his confidence almost theatrical. "It's all about positioning. We bring in outside funds, restructure a bit, and everybody wins. I just need a small fee to get things rolling."

Marco and Richard exchanged a knowing look—they'd heard it all before. "We're not looking to pay upfront fees," Marco said, his tone firm. "We need real investors, not more middlemen."

Mike S's polished smile cracked, and he shifted uncomfortably. As he left, Marco and Richard knew he was just another in a long line of false leads.

Later, Richard met with Rod in the lobby, and the same story repeated. Rod's promises were as slick as his suit—OPM, restructuring, a quick turnaround—but Richard could see through the rehearsed pitch. These “investors” only saw TTI's desperation as a chance to make easy money.

#

How Did You Get into This Mess?

The Downside Risk Bar was cast in dim, moody lighting that reflected off vintage stock certificates and tickers on the walls. It was a bar for the worn-out and reflective, the kind of patrons who had walked through enough highs and lows to find a strange comfort in its dim glow. Marco and Richard sat at a corner table, nursing their Campari & Soda, the uncommon drink that had become their favorite; they laughed that it had all the bitterness of their corporate life and was as red as the blood they were bleeding for their cause. Exhaustion etched into their expressions, they looked like they were holding on to something intangible—a hope, maybe, or a simple desire to understand the journey that had led them here.

Richard turned the glass in his hand; eyes focused on the bright red liquid. After a moment, he looked up and broke the silence.

"Marco, I've got to ask... How did you get into this mess? You had a good thing going before TTI. What brought you to this point?"

Marco leaned back, exhaling deeply, his gaze fixed on the bar top. He looked as if he were piecing together a story only half-told, replaying it in his mind before sharing it aloud.

"That's a long story, my friend," he replied, the faintest smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "One I didn't see unfolding the way it did."

Richard leaned in, his curiosity piqued. "We've got time. I'm genuinely curious, Marco. You were consulting, trading stocks, living well. Why dive into this madness? You are into your second year in hell."

Marco allowed himself a small, rueful smile. "It started back when I was running Water Reclamation Technology—WRT—a company I'd built with Gordon. We needed a water testing lab, and that's when I first crossed paths with Walt. He was running a chain of labs his friend Val's father had started. Val was inept at running the thing, so they brought in Walt. He grew it very effectively at first, but guess what? In the end, he embezzled funds in it. More of that later. Walt and I got to know each other as tech guys, each of us just trying to make things work in our corners of the world."

Richard smirked, shaking his head. "That's how it always starts, isn't it? A simple connection, then suddenly, you're knee-deep."

"Exactly." Marco chuckled, but it was tinged with regret. "After WRT, I was hunting for new opportunities, and Walt came knocking. He showed me the Unilight—a 'revolutionary' traffic signal made with LED bulbs to save energy, a single lens to reduce weight and size, and using multiple geometric shapes to enable color-blind drivers. According to him, it was going to change the world. He claimed it was his invention—only, it wasn't. He'd taken someone else's idea and patented it under his name. That was his style: claiming credit, cutting corners, dressing up deals to look better than they were."

Marco paused, lost for a moment in the memory of early hope. "I took the bait. I wanted to make it work. I worked tirelessly, prototyping the Unilight, only to find the original design was flawed. At any practical driving distance, color-blind drivers couldn't distinguish between the stop and the go signals, making it a failure before it even began. But after investing so much time, I couldn't let it go."

He took a sip, his voice quieter. "I found a fix—adding a white border to the octagon of the stop signal. Simple, but it made all the difference. We filed a new patent under my name, it was granted, and suddenly, Walt and I were joined at the hip. We thought we had something real."

Richard nodded, understanding the pull of ambition and the lure of making something work against the odds. "It sounds like a solid start. What happened next?"

Marco sighed. "I got caught up in it. On my dime, I incorporated Traffic Tech Integrators (TTI), prototyped the Unilight, found a manufacturer, and started contacting DOTs... and things looked promising. But then, Walt wanted the CEO position. He said he was the original inventor. I figured two chefs in the kitchen never work, so I let him be the driver and I went back to IT consulting. For a while, he made great progress. He is a hell of a promoter. But we needed funding, so we sold shares to friends and family—mostly mine. Walt brought in his friends as directors who promised investments but never delivered much. I should've seen it."

Marco shook his head, a trace of bitterness in his smile. "Looking back, I realize it was all the same pattern with Walt—big talk, aggressive promotion, greed. But at the time, I thought we were close, closer than we'd ever been, to something extraordinary."

Richard nodded, processing the layers of betrayal mixed with Marco's ambitions. "So, you trusted him, and he used that trust to pull you in deeper."

"Yeah," Marco replied, his tone resigned yet resolute. "I trusted, and I dove in. And here we are, picking up the pieces."

He paused, staring into his drink, the weight of his choices settling on him. "When Walt started secretly selling stock, it hit like a freight train. Suddenly, everything clicked. He'd been playing us from day one."

Marco looked at Richard with something between empathy and disbelief. "Why didn't you walk away then?"

Marco shook his head, a sad smile on his face. "I couldn't. I felt responsible—for my friends, my family, everyone I'd brought into this. Walt may have been the conman, but I was the one who brought them to the table. I couldn't just leave them to sink with the ship."

He leaned forward, his voice barely a whisper. "I kept thinking of the early days, back when it felt like we were building something real. I kept hoping we'd get back there."

Richard clinked his glass against Marco's in quiet solidarity. "It's a hell of a price to pay."

"Yeah, it was. And that's not all of it"

"What do you mean not all of it?"

"The part unknown is that, as you do know, during the last months the dot.com industry has lost its bottom."

"Don't I know. I lost a fortune"

"Ditto. Well, here is the good and the bad of that story: During my consulting exile I went to work for Platinum Technology a major software consultancy in the US. I was Director of Consulting for the Southern US, with 25 consultants and over 75 contractors and projects in six states. Because I had had experience in mergers and acquisitions, a key part of my job was to research the many new technology software companies that were being born from the emergence of the internet. They were like mushrooms, new ones every day with great innovative products. Platinum, like Microsoft, CA and Oracle, was like a devouring monster buying them as fast as I could find them. Because of that research, I could also buy stock in many promising ones that Platinum was not acquiring. The market was super-hot. In those days, the online stock brokers had also appeared: Ameritrade, E*TRADE, Scottrade, Schwab and more. I found

that I could go to work three hours before office hours, use the office's high-speed internet connection and trade for a few hours. From a small stake, in about nine months I made several millions and owned over one hundred companies including big names like Intel, Oracle, Microsoft, Global Crossings, Enron, Netscape, AOL, you name it. I was in the right place at the right time. Then the owner of Platinum sold it to CA our prime competitor and nemesis we had been trained to hate, a bad outfit. Soon after I got pressured to cook the books showing non-existent sales to meet Wall Street expectations and I did not want any part of it. It was a good call because in the ends the CEO and top execs ended up in the slammer for fraud. Unhappy with the job I decided to retire, I always wanted to do it before turning 50. I wanted to become a writer. I took Darla skiing at Whistler then to Europe for three months without a plan, just skiing and driving around, we had a ball. We skied all the best resorts and iconic mountains of the Alps then went to the South of France. When we came back, we were going to rent a yacht and sail the Bahamas, but Walt asked me to help with the IPO, the shit hit the fan, I met you and the rest is history.

When the dot-com crash came, I was unable to mind my investments while fighting Walt for the past months, I lost much of my nest egg. I was highly leveraged because I thought that with a portfolio of over 100 companies, I had diversification to protect me from downside risk (looking sarcastically at the DSR sign over the bar). Well, last Christmas eve alone, I got a margin call for \$100,000. One of many over the months. I just did not have time to mind my portfolio in any meaningful way. Not fun, it was brutal. I guess that is why we say: fast come, fast go."

"A hell of a price you paid"

"Yep, and the worst of it is that, in hindsight, if before the crash I had bought out of TTI all my friends and family out of my pocket, they would have been whole and I would have been well ahead of where I am. That option, before the Dot-com market crash, never occurred to me. I was just too focused on what was right and that dream of the business opportunity that we all had." after a long pause, "So here we are. Still fighting, still trying to turn this mess into something that matters. That's all we can do now. I am grateful for your help fighting the windmills, my friend."

They sat in silence for a moment, letting the weight of the journey sink in as they nursed their drinks.

#

Chasing Contracts

On an early winter day of the third year of TTI's turnaround quest, Marco was seated in his car in the parking lot of the City of Scottsdale. Yet another meeting had ended and a new one was scheduled with the Transportation Department. It was progress but only a tiny one. In his mind's eye, he relived the countless events he had lived through chasing the mythical turnaround. Each had seemed, at the time, to have the potential to create a win that would carry TTI to success. Each time he had dreamed that soon allow he would be able to turn his job over to someone else. Richard most likely. He was the only one he would trust enough to tell the investors "You are in good hands. I've done for you all that I knew how all that I could do to amend bringing you aboard this ship and through the storm. Richard will sail you to port"

But it did not feel that way now. He still needed Richard to do his part and Richard would need someone to do what he was doing. No fool would step into the trap to replace him, certainly not for no pay and only hope.

He drifted in thought to a year ago when he had been on the phone with Mitsubishi Light Rail in Singapore, Malaysia. His voice held an edge of hope, but his expression told a different story. The signals TTI had supplied for a test were performing well, even exceeding expectations in trials. Yet, despite the progress, a large contract was far from immediate. Budgets still needed approval, a process that could stretch into years.

"Eighteen to twenty-four months," Marco muttered as he hung up, a trace of frustration lingering. They couldn't survive on promises alone.

And last Summer, in the dusty Nevada landscape, Marco navigated the crowded isles and outdoor exhibits of the Elko Mining Show. The air was thick with the sounds of machinery, the rumble of engines, and the excited chatter of prospective buyers. Dwarfed by massive equipment displays and tech exhibits, Marco pushed TTI's product line to anyone willing to listen. They were well received. At a meeting at the Barrick booth, a glimmer of opportunity appeared—he met the Chief Geologist and was invited to visit the Goldstrike Mine, one of the largest open-pit gold mines in the world.

At Goldstrike, Marco stood in awe, gazing down into the massive pit, a two-thousand-foot conical pit carved from years of excavation. The scale was staggering. He joined the chief geologist, who waxed poetic about unearthing gold born in the death of supernova star explosions that rained gold to Earth one atom at a time over eons, then covered by rock laid down millions of years ago.

“Gold is waiting for us,” the geologist explained, his voice a mix of awe and practicality. “It’s been shaped by eons—born in the stars, buried under layers, forged under pressure. Our job is to identify and uncover those layers, to understand where it lays, to find it piece by piece.”

Marco watched as a controlled blast erupted below, earth-shattering with perfectly timed precision moving the rock like a wave, like a shaken rug, then loaded by gigantic excavators into even bigger trucks, each step calculated, each shift monumental. He felt the weight of time, the staggering patience involved. The scene reminded him of his travels in Italy, where in the quarries near Carrara, ancient marble was still cut from mountainsides much the same way it had been in Roman times. He was inspired but also painfully aware of how far he was from securing a deal of this magnitude. Patience was the key.

Nearly two years ago, near Buckeye Arizona, the Phoenix 500 NASCAR race was in full swing. TTI had secured a minor win. Their Unilight portable traffic signals were deployed to temporarily manage the huge traffic flow to and from the race. Marco watched as the system worked flawlessly, avoiding the gridlock of previous years. But the victory felt hollow—no new deals had come from the exposure, and the high-profile setting yielded little more than fleeting attention and congratulations in the media.

Two months ago, in Glendale, a more modest achievement. One of TTI’s signals was installed on trial at 59th Ave and Glenn Drive, a notoriously dangerous intersection where two abnormally close signal-controlled intersections confused drivers. Marco watched traffic flow improve, a small moment of satisfaction as cars moved smoothly, safer than before. Yet the victory was

pyrrhic, a win that wouldn't change TTI's fortunes alone. They needed more than one-off installations; they needed contracts, steady and transformative.

Last week in TTI's office, Bob, one of the last salesmen still holding on, delivered promising news. He'd found a small but steady market in auto dealerships, selling TTI's signals to control garage doors. The contracts were minor, but the revenue was consistent, a rare source of stability in an otherwise volatile landscape. He also found interest in the railroads for signals in rail yards and at rail crossings.

"Hey, we're getting traction in the auto shops and rail yards," Bob announced, holding up the latest sales sheet with a hopeful grin. "It's not huge, but it's something."

Marco clapped him on the back, genuinely grateful. "That is awesome Bob. Every little bit helps. Keep pushing."

Today, in Scottsdale, he was again engaged in endless meetings with the city's Traffic Department. The presentations dragged on, filled with studies and reports, but each discussion led to more bureaucracy and red tape. Marco had left yet another meeting empty-handed, his frustration mounting as the slow wheels of the municipal process turned against the urgency of TTI's survival.

Chasing contracts had become a relentless, often fruitless grind. Each new lead carried a glimmer of hope, yet more often than not, it slipped away before any real progress was made. But Marco knew why he kept going—somewhere out there was the contract that would make it all worth it, the deal that would finally pull TTI back from the brink. He just had to keep looking.

He started the car to return to the office. He knew that they were yet far from deliverance.

Impossible Private Financing

The TTI conference room was a graveyard of financial projections and investor pitch decks, spread across the long table like pieces of a crumbling dream. Marco and Richard sat, the weight of each failed meeting pressing down on them. They had heard all the promises—grand visions of potential, polished presentations filled with figures that almost glistened with possibility. But one by one, each potential investor had vanished, leaving them with nothing but hollow words.

Peter B, the latest smooth-talking investor, sat across from them, oozing confidence in his designer suit. He leaned back; a self-assured grin stretched across his face as he pitched with theatrical ease.

“I’ve got a few big players interested,” he said, his voice dripping with certainty. “Just need to structure the deal right, and we’re talking serious cash—big returns, low risk. Big investors is the best way to play this game.”

Marco and Richard exchanged a weary glance. They’d heard it all before. OPM: Other People’s Money. The promise that had filled the room time and again, yet never yielded anything real.

“We’re not looking for someone to just play with other people’s money,” Richard replied, his voice steady but tired. “We need real, serious, committed investors.”

Peter’s confident smile wavered, but he recovered, making a few more vague promises. Yet, when he left, the room felt emptier than before, the silence only amplifying the frustration they couldn’t shake.

Later that day, Tony S swaggered into the lobby with his entourage, a flashy display of wealth and bravado. He carried himself like someone used to high stakes, someone who expected the room to fall in line behind him. But Marco and Richard had seen too many like him.

“This is exactly the kind of turnaround story my partners are looking for,” Tony declared, gesturing as if his words alone would conjure capital. “We just need to align the right pieces—our contacts, smart money—and you’ll be up and running in no time.”

Richard nodded politely, but his patience was wearing thin. “We’ve heard it all before, Tony,” he said, his voice firm. “What we need is commitment, not just talk. Can you bring the money, or is this another fishing expedition?”

Tony shifted, dodging the question, his flashy smile slipping into something more guarded. As the meeting dragged on, it became clear he was just another player without skin in the game, another empty promise cloaked in confidence.

By nightfall, Marco and Richard sat in the conference room, the day's meetings over. They were surrounded by stacks of investor notes and pitch sheets, all leading nowhere. Each investor—Peter, Tony, and countless others—had come in with grandiose ideas, promising partnerships, and pathways forward, yet none had delivered.

Marco leaned back, exhaustion written into his face as he pushed a stack of papers aside. “They act like they’ve got all the answers, but it’s all just OPM. No one’s putting their own money on the line. It’s a circus.”

Richard rubbed his eyes, the toll of endless cycles of false hope clear. “They just want to collect a fee, take a cut, and walk away. We need real money, real partners—not just big talkers with empty pockets.”

Marco nodded, feeling the weight of every failed meeting. The promise of private financing had become a mirage, close enough to see but impossible to reach.

He glanced at Marco, his voice barely above a whisper. “We’ll keep looking, but we’re running out of time. This whole thing’s starting to feel like chasing shadows.”

The conference room, filled with the remnants of each failed attempt, stood as a testament to the uphill battle they faced in securing the lifeline TTI so desperately needed. Despite the setbacks, they knew they had no choice but to keep pushing forward, no matter how impossible it seemed

TTI IPO

The tension in Marco's office was nearly tangible, the weight of TTI's struggles pressing down as stacks of reports and funding proposals lay strewn across the table. Marco and Richard sat in silence, each lost in thought as the reality of their situation settled around them. They had hit roadblock after roadblock, each investor retreating the moment Walt's legacy came into view.

Richard broke the silence, flipping through a final stack of financial statements. He looked up, an idea forming—a spark of possibility in his gaze.

“We’re hitting the same wall every time,” he said, voice steady but cautious. “Walt’s mess is scaring everyone off. But if we took TTI public, we might clean the slate—a fresh start. A trading stock could attract new investors and even shut down Walt’s interference.”

Marco looked at him, considering the risk. They both knew the complexities of public markets; they’d lived through the relentless grind of market demands and high-stakes decisions before.

Marco leaned back, a slight frown etched on his face. “It’s bold, I’ll give you that,” he replied slowly. “But I remember, as CEO of N-gate Sciences Corp (NSC), it was hell trying to keep the Board happy, not to mention the market makers. They wanted constant news to move the stock price, financing deals... it was nonstop.”

Richard nodded, his face set with determination. “I know, I’ve been there, but if we’re transparent—audited and clean—we could actually attract legitimate investors. And, with Walt’s people holding some of our stock, he might back off to preserve his own gains.”

After a long moment, Marco gave a resolute nod. “You may be right. And we are out of better options.” a long pause “Alright, let’s get the Board to agree. It’s risky, but if we can make this stock liquid, it might be the way out.”

TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM

The public offering process began with an intensity that seemed to blur time. Marco and Richard navigated the grueling preparations; each step scrutinized under the harsh glare of potential public trading. Auditors poured over every record; each discrepancy magnified into a potential deal-breaker.

Richard took the lead as CFO, his experience and methodical approach proving invaluable. He spent endless hours poring over the numbers, ensuring that each figure was defensible, each report air-tight. Marco watched him work, grateful to have a partner he could trust implicitly in the financial maze that lay before them.

“We need these numbers tight,” Richard remarked, his tone steely as he pointed to a particularly complex report. “Market makers will expect nothing less. We can’t afford even a hint of error.”

For Marco, the process brought back memories of his NSC days, the relentless demands for news, for the latest update, for credibility at every turn. But this time, the stakes felt higher—the weight of Walt’s shadow bearing down on them, and the margin for error almost nonexistent.

“Let’s make it bulletproof,” Richard replied, jaw set. “This is our best shot, and we’re not going down without a fight.”

Late nights became the norm as Marco and Richard pitched TTI’s potential to a new audience: market makers, institutional investors, anyone who might be willing to take a chance on their vision. Each presentation felt like a test, every question another hurdle.

Richard was in his element, his calm and clear explanations winning over skeptics one by one. His expertise gave their pitch an edge, transforming wary investors into cautious supporters.

“You’ve got a clean audit and a strong pitch,” one market maker remarked, flipping through the prospectus with a careful eye. “If you can maintain a growth trajectory and complete transparency, there’s a market for this. Investors want liquidity; they want to know they can get in and out without a hassle.”

The words landed with a note of encouragement, but Richard knew it was just the beginning. Constant vigilance, endless scrutiny—he knew the road ahead would be brutal. Yet for the first time in months, hope glimmered at the end of the tunnel.

After the meeting, Marco turned to Richard, a rare smile breaking through his exhaustion. “Fingers crossed. We’re on the right track,” he said. “But we can’t afford mistakes. Investors want a fast way in and out. We have to deliver that liquidity.”

Richard nodded, a steady determination in his gaze. “One step at a time, Marco. We’ll get there.”

The weight of uncertainty lingered, but so did a quiet resolve. They were finally moving forward, inching closer to a future free from Walt's shadow—a chance to redefine TTI.

After six months, the reality of public trading hit hard. The stock was live, but the anticipated momentum fizzled quickly. Marco paced the sales floor, his eyes glued to the stock updates on his phone. Flat lines and low trading volumes filled the screen, a disappointing echo of all their hard work.

Frustration simmered as he looked over at Richard, whose tired eyes reflected the toll of yet another round of SEC reporting and endless compliance updates.

“We have a trading stock,” Marco muttered, barely keeping his disappointment in check, “but no traction. Investors aren’t biting—they’re still skeptical. They don’t see a reason to get in.”

Richard sighed, resigned. “Thanks to post-dot-com crash regulations, we’re buried in SEC filings. Half our time is spent on compliance, and there’s no news—nothing to drive interest.”

The sales team, Bob, Gordon and Ryan around them was scattered and exhausted, stuck in a cycle of endless agency meetings and stagnant deals. Marco watched as proposal after proposal sat untouched, decisions delayed by bureaucratic red tape.

“Keep pushing, everyone,” Marco urged, rallying his team with what little energy he had left. “These deals won’t close themselves, but we have to keep trying.”

Yet the weary faces of his team spoke volumes. They were on the edge, running on empty with little to show for their efforts.

The quiet of the office at night was deafening. Marco sat alone, staring at the financial reports laid out before him, the weight of TTI’s future heavy on his shoulders. The initial excitement of going public had faded, replaced by the relentless grind of day-to-day survival. Each decision felt like a gamble, every delay a ticking clock against them.

“We have to turn this around,” he whispered, more to himself than anyone else. “There has to be a way.”

But in the dim light, surrounded by the silent evidence of their struggle, Marco knew that time was running out. TTI was slipping, and they had yet to find the lifeline they so desperately needed.

#

No Traction

The atmosphere in TTI's office was heavy, an unspoken tension lingering in the air. Marco sat at his desk, scrolling through the latest stock updates on his monitor. The lines on the screen were depressingly flat, each one a quiet testament to their uphill battle. The company was now public, but the trading volumes remained stagnant, interest lukewarm at best.

Marco leaned back, rubbing his temples as frustration crept into his voice. "We've got a trading stock," he muttered, almost to himself, "but no traction. Investors are still wary; they don't see anything compelling to get in."

Across the room, Richard was slumped at his own desk, his face wary from yet another marathon of SEC filings. The Sarbanes-Oxley regulations were relentless, born out of the dot-com crash and designed to ensure transparency, but they were eating up nearly half of their time and resources. The real work of growing TTI—driving sales, securing contracts, making impactful deals—had taken a backseat to compliance and bureaucracy.

Marco glanced over, a resigned look on his face. "It's like running in place," he said, his tone bitter. "There's no news, no spark to move the needle on our stock price. Without that momentum, private funding is practically out of the question. Investors don't see a reason to stick around if nothing's moving."

On the sales floor, the team's energy was a shadow of what it once was. Marco paced the room, phone in hand, trying to chase down leads with public agencies. Each call felt like another door closing; every promising contract mired in layers of red tape and endless budget reviews.

He paused, watching a stack of paperwork on his desk that included the latest proposal from the City of Scottsdale—a project stuck in its own bureaucratic loop, waiting on approvals that never seemed to come. Every time Marco looked at it, he felt the slow bleed of time and opportunity.

Turning to the scattered members of his sales team, he attempted to rally them. "Keep pushing, guys" he urged, voice steady despite the fatigue he felt. "These deals aren't going to close themselves, but we have to stay on them. Scottsdale, Glendale, any lead we've got—keep at it."

But the faces looking back at him were weary. Bob, Gordon, and even Ryan, their young intern, all wore expressions that betrayed their frustration. They were

running on empty, struggling to keep up with expectations that felt more like burdens than goals.

In a later strategy meeting, Marco and Richard gathered in the conference room, staring at the whiteboard covered in stalled projects and stagnant sales projections. Their public listing had brought hope initially, but the promised momentum was nowhere in sight. The company's finances were tight, squeezing their ability to make meaningful moves. With each quarter, the pressure grew, a reminder that the public market had little patience for slow returns.

Marco pointed at a particular project on the board; his voice tinged with frustration. "We're burning cash trying to keep these projects alive, but without any large sales from public agencies, everything's in limbo. We need quick wins, but public agencies don't work on quick timelines."

Marco rubbed his temples, the weight of each stalled deal pressing down on him. "Going public was supposed to be the answer," he said, barely concealing his frustration. "But it's just another hurdle. Investors and promoters want fast sales and faster returns, but the Department of Transportation, city contracts—they all move at a snail's pace. We're a startup trying to survive in a system built for giants. Our line of business is ill-suited for the market of technology public stocks. Public agencies take too long to make decisions."

Richard nodded, his eyes scanning the stalled project list. "And without those big wins, we've got nothing new to report to investors. It's like we're treading water with no land in sight."

They both looked at the board, each stalled project a reminder of their painstaking journey. The initial excitement of going public had faded, leaving them in the stark reality of a market that demanded growth at a pace they couldn't deliver. As Marco stared at the whiteboard, he knew that every delay, every unclosed deal, was another step closer to losing everything.

That night, Marco sat alone in his office, surrounded by quiet and the faint hum of his computer. The grueling reality of keeping TTI afloat weighed on him, each decision feeling like a gamble with stakes higher than he had ever imagined.

"We have to find a way," he whispered, more to himself than anyone else. "This can't be all there is."

As Marco sat there, he knew he couldn't afford to stop searching for answers. Not yet.

#

Death

The Shell

The air in TTI's office was thick with a sense of finality. Marco and Richard sat across from each other, surrounded by stacks of documents, coffee cups emptied and abandoned, reminders of their long hours and dwindling hope. The shell—the public company listing they'd fought so hard to achieve—had become their last card to play. Selling it might raise some cash, but it was far from the dream they'd once had.

Marco leaned back, his eyes drifting to a stack of paperwork marked "NSC." Memories of his earlier days as CEO of N-gate Sciences Corp (NSC) surfaced—a tech company he'd taken public through a process called reverse merger into a shell. It was a financial maneuver that had seen some big success stories in the 1980s and 90s including big names like Occidental Petroleum under Armand Hammer, Turner Broadcasting led by Ted Turner, Tandy Corporation's Radio Shack, and Warren Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway. But it was also a process that had been exploited by less scrupulous executives, that filled the penny stock market with empty shells trading on little more than hope and hype—a world infamously portrayed in *The Wolf of Wall Street*.

He sighed, his voice reflective. "I've seen the good and bad sides of this, Richard. When it works, a shell can open doors. But for every legitimate player, there's someone just out to make a quick buck. We need the right buyer—someone with real plans, not just a short-term flip. We have fought against a scam; we do not want to enable another."

Richard nodded, fully aware of what was at stake. "It can't just be about cash. If we hand this off to the wrong buyer, we'll be leaving TTI's legacy to someone who'll use it for 'pump and dump'."

The search was grueling. Richard dove into calls, exploring the murky shell market, making pitches to anyone who showed even the faintest hint of credibility. Each conversation felt like a gamble; some buyers seemed serious, but many were playing games, sniffing out the chance to profit off someone else's failure. He sat through meeting after meeting, each one filled with nods and empty promises, but few solid commitments. It was a disheartening process, and as the days dragged on, hope dwindled.

Late one evening, Richard made his third call to DeAllen—a sharp, no-nonsense investor with a solid reputation and a promising medical tech company. DeAllen was different, less interested in showmanship than in practical gains. He listened carefully as Richard laid out the case for TTI's shell, the unique value it could provide. He was looking for the same avenue Marco and Richard had but a medical technology startup was a far better fit for the news requirements of the penny stock market.

When DeAllen finally spoke, there was none of the usual hemming and hawing. "This fits with our growth and financing plans. It'll cut the time and cost of a traditional IPO. Let's move forward. I'll have the cash ready."

As Richard hung up, he exhaled deeply. It was the first time he'd felt real relief in weeks. At last, they'd found a buyer who saw potential rather than a quick payday.

Richard walked into Marco's office the next morning, holding the signed Letter of Intent in his hand. Marco looked up, and for the first time in months, a glimmer of hope crossed his face. It was no longer hope for success, it was hope for an end of his tour to hell and back.

"We did it," Richard said, a slight smile breaking through his exhaustion. "DeAllen's legit—real business, real money. The shell is sold."

Marco took the agreement, his expression softening as he read it over. "It's not what we dreamed of," he murmured, "but it's clean. This will at least get some money back to the investors."

Richard sat down, the weight of the long journey settling over him. "It's been a hell of a road. We fought every step, but with this we made the best of what we had."

They sat in silence for a moment, the agreement between them symbolizing both the end of a chapter and the faintest promise of a new beginning.

Closure

The TTI offices were almost unrecognizable—hollow and quiet, stripped of all but the barest essentials. Marco and Richard moved slowly through the nearly empty space, each step a silent farewell to the years of ambition and relentless effort they had poured into keeping the company alive. The empty desks and bare walls echoed the story of TTI, now drawing to a close.

Marco pulled a few lingering files from a cabinet, glancing over old project proposals and discarded plans. Each page was a reminder of what they'd once believed possible. He placed the files into a box, his movements mechanical, weighed down by the reality of what this final day meant.

Richard set down a box beside him, giving Marco a knowing look. "Time to turn off the lights, Marco."

Marco nodded, pausing for a last look around. "It's hard to believe this is it," he said, his voice barely a whisper. The room was filled with the ghosts of countless late nights, strategy sessions, and hopes they'd fought so hard to hold onto.

Outside at the loading dock, they tossed the last of the Unilight prototypes into a dumpster. The early versions, the countless iterations—all of them piled up like broken dreams in the bin. Marco stood by the dumpster, staring at the discarded pieces of TTI's journey. Each prototype held memories of pitches, conferences, and tests, small victories that had kept them going through difficult times.

He took a deep breath, looking away from the trash filled with reminders of what they'd once dared to dream. There was nothing left to save now.

In the parking lot, Marco opened the trunk of his car and carefully placed the demonstration unit inside. The one he'd taken to every pitch and showcase—from the ATSSA conference to Mexico City, from the NASCAR Phoenix 500 to the City of Glendale and the Elko Mining Show. Every dent and scratch was a mark of their relentless pursuit of success, a symbol of the hard road they'd traveled.

"Maybe someday I'll tell the grandkids how I tried to change the world," he murmured to himself. "And failed. Not the first time, and probably not the last."

He closed the trunk and gave the unit a final pat, acknowledging all that it represented—hope, ambition, and the unbreakable belief that something great had once been within reach, but that the imponderable could intervene mercilessly.

Back inside, the office was nearly empty. Just a few scattered papers and the fading shadows of what TTI had once been. Richard sat on the edge of a desk. They'd settled every bill they could, but the cost had been immense. Richard had received only a fraction of his accrued salary, and Marco, despite the sacrifices he'd made, had taken nothing.

"I've barely seen a dime," Richard said quietly. "But it's more than you got."

Marco shrugged, accepting the reality. He couldn't bring himself to take a salary, knowing how many of their investors—friends and family—had lost almost everything.

"I couldn't take a cent when they were left with nearly nothing," he said, looking down. "It was never about the money... but that's hard to explain now."

Richard stood up, placing a reassuring hand on Marco's shoulder. They had given everything, and while the end wasn't what they'd dreamed, they knew they'd fought with integrity.

"For what it's worth, we gave it our best shot. That's all anyone can ask."

Marco nodded, closing the last drawer and switching off the lights. The office fell into darkness, the final chapter of TTI now officially closed. Together, they walked out, leaving behind the empty office and the dreams that had once filled it.

The door clicked shut, the quiet hallway a testament to their journey of ambition, sacrifice, and hard lessons learned. Marco and Richard walked away, not with the victory they'd once envisioned, but with the quiet knowledge that they had given everything—even when the odds were impossible.

Paradise

The Patent

Three painful weeks had passed since the shuttering of TTI. Marco had missed his friend Richard with whom he had spent every working day for the preceding four years.

Once again, they were at the Downside Risk Bar, its flickering neon sign casting a soft red glow across wood-paneled walls adorned with vintage stock certificates and tickers and black-and-white photos. Marco and Richard returned to sipping their Campari & Soda.

Marco stared into his glass “Richard, it sure has been a change of pace these last weeks”

As if returning from a deep thought Richard murmured “Sure has. What changed most for you? I had to adjust to lots of time and not having that sense of emergency and pending disaster that we lived with.”

Marco, smiling “For one thing, I had to get used to seeing and speaking to my wife more than speaking to you – smirking sarcastically – I like it, but I must say I missed our chats. And also, there is this sense of threading waters looking for a next step.”

Suddenly remembering his finances, Richard was no longer smiling “Yes, a next step. I’d like to find one soon, finances having gone to hell.”

Similarly unsmiling, Marco continued “For sure. Finances need fixing badly. - after a pause - I also have to continue to make amends to family and friends who went down with my ship. I can blame it on a rogue wave all you want, but it was still my ship in their eyes and mine. Not sitting well with me still now. Maybe never will.”

Marco took a slow sip of his drink red as blood, his gaze drifting to the faded DSR sign above the bar. “They really didn’t prepare us for the downside risk,” he murmured, half to himself. The bitterness in his voice was softened by a rueful smile, his words tinged with hard-earned wisdom.

Richard followed his gaze, his own smile wry as he clinked his glass against Marco’s. “Next time, we’ll ask for the exit strategy before we start. Or maybe we should have just let the thief have his way from the beginning.”

The two men shared a glance; their expressions tinged with a mix of defeat and wry humor. For a moment, they sat in silence, each lost in thoughts of what

could have been. Then memories started coming to each, bouncing like a ping pong ball back and forth between them. Sitting at the bar not far from them, a man in his mid-forties, got up and walked next to them.

“Guys, I could not help overhearing you. I am Malcomb. I am a writer. I write law firm and business thrillers.”

Marco looked at him “A John Gresham type? Or Lisa Scottoline?”

Malcomb, with a wry smile, “Something like them but not in the same league... yet. But you clearly know the type.”

Marco, looking into his bright red drink “As much as we would have given blood to go to a trial, we did not get to one. The bad guy got away.”

Malcomb “You do not need a trial to have an epic drama. – looking at Marco - Sinking ships and rogue waves to use your expression, have their own drama. What’s your name?”

“Marco, Skipper and sunk Captain. This is Richard, Navigator and Chief of Propulsion and Finance.”

Richard “I too sunk with the ship.”

Malcomb carefully looked at both, his eyes squinting “I see. And what about the good ship, TTI, I think I heard. What happened to her? How did you two get here?”

Marco shrugged, staring into the depths of his drink. “Richard found some garbage, and I thought I had to clean up the kitchen. Doesn’t always pay, but sometimes you just have to do what you have to do.”

Malcomb “Tell me more.”

Richard raised an eyebrow, glancing at Marco. “You wouldn’t believe a tenth of it,” he said, half-smiling. Marco and Richard were beginning to silently share a perverse amusement of telling a stranger their story.

Malcomb was undeterred. He leaned in, intrigued. “Give me the chance,” he replied. “You guys get your kicks slaying dragons, I get mine writing about dragon slayers.”

Marco laughed, a dark chuckle tinged with bitterness. “Dead dragon slayers? Greed and stupidity. That’s what it all came down to.”

Malcomb grinned. “Ah, so a human story, about most of the people in the world.”

Richard glanced over at Marco, his expression softening with humor, sharing a small, almost relieved smile. “I guess our guardian angel was an A.D.D. dude”

“It all started to unravel at the old Downside Risk, of all places, back in the summer of 2000...” Marco said.

Over a few hours, Marco and Richard recounted their journey, how it all began with a bold idea and a patent—Marco’s initial dreams, their struggles, the touching of the golden ring, the betrayal by Walt, their partnership and quest, and the relentless grind that ended with them here, in the Downside Risk Bar, looking for answers at the bottom of a glass.

As they spoke, Malcomb had pulled out a notebook and his pen moved furiously, capturing every twist and turn, every quiet pause, every rueful smile.

“This isn’t just about business,” he remarked, his eyes gleaming with excitement. “This is about struggle, resilience, a moral compass... it’s the story of chasing something great, no matter the cost.”

In the weeks that followed, Malcomb turned their story into a script, and “The Patent” quickly garnered interest. Meetings with producers followed, casting sessions, and revisions came and went in a whirlwind until at last, Marco and Richard’s lives were immortalized on screen.

Movie Premiere Night

The theater lights dimmed, and Marco and Darla and Richard and Marie sat side-by-side, watching their story unfold before them. The audience was captivated, and as the credits rolled, applause erupted, a sound that washed over the two men like a tide. For the first time, they felt a strange sense of closure—an unexpected pride in what they had built, and what they had survived.

On a beach on Eleuthera Island, The Bahamas

The movie’s success brought new opportunities and a long-lost sense of freedom. On the sunny beach of sand as pink as a flamingo, Marco and Richard stood, surfboards at their sides, staring out at the horizon. The weight of the past had lifted, replaced by the newfound lightness of financial freedom.

Richard grinned, glancing at the waves. “Who would’ve thought we’d end up here, huh?”

Marco laughed, the sound bright and unburdened. “We went through hell, but we made it out the other side. Who knew our story could be our way out?”

With that, they walked toward the waves, leaving behind the shadows of TTI, paddling forward into the unknown, finally free to chase the future.

Under their big straw hats, Darla and Marie watched them sitting on a beach blanket by their still-wet snorkeling gear. They clinked their glasses of Prosecco

“To the Present and Future.”

“Yes, and to the Past being a novel.”

#

In Rio

The warm Rio sun bathed the luxurious poolside of the Copacabana Palace, its golden light shimmering on the water's surface. Marco and Richard reclined on sun loungers, enjoying the balmy breeze as it swept in from the ocean. The tension that had once been their constant companion was nowhere to be found. Instead, a quiet sense of peace settled over them, a testament to the hard-fought journey they had shared.

Across from them, George, the producer who had transformed their lives into the movie *The Patent*, leaned back in his chair, a playful smile dancing on his lips. He looked at the two men with admiration, curiosity glinting in his eyes.

"Alright, you two," George began, grinning as he leaned forward. "Before we discuss the new scenes for *Lemonade*, I have to ask you: how did you dream up writing first *The Patent* and now *Lemonade*?"

Marco looked out at the turquoise sea, a small smile tugging at his lips. He took a moment, savoring the peace of the scene before he answered. "George, we didn't dream it up" he said, a note of quiet pride in his voice. "We lived it."

Richard chuckled, nodding in agreement. "Yeah, five years to go to hell and back," he said, glancing at Marco, the shared understanding of years of struggle and resilience hanging in the air. Their smiles held the weight of the battles they'd fought, the dreams that had both lifted and broken them.

Richard waved to a nearby waiter, the easy confidence of someone who had finally earned his rest. "Three lemonades, please," he called, his voice carrying a mix of satisfaction and humor.

Marco looked at him "too early for a Campari, I presume?"

The journey that had brought them here, with all its twists and setbacks, now felt worth it. They had turned life's bitter moments into something to savor.

When the waiter returned with three tall, frosty glasses of lemonade, they raised a quiet toast to their completed journey and the lessons they had gleaned. The air was filled with the warmth of victory—not the loud triumph of conquest but the quiet joy of survival.

At that moment, under the warm glow of Rio's sun, the three men knew that even the hardest battles could end in a toast to the resilience that can turn life's lemons into sweet lemonade.

THE END

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- My wife Darlene who had the fortitude to repeatedly remember details from my repetitions of a dreadful story even when the memories were truly painful to her.
- My friend Vanessa Scheu who became my editor and critic. She provided feedback and valuable guidance, not as a professional paid editor but perhaps out of a charitable drive to support my endeavor.
- Richard, in this story is a fantasy like the rest, but a real one shared my adventure with unshakable fidelity driven by a moral compass that created a lasting friendship.

About The Author

Marco Messina is a storyteller with hundreds of memories recorded in diaries and over 300 short stories spanning the past sixty years. Born in Turin, Italy, in the early years following World War II, he legally immigrated to the United States in 1970 after serving three years in the Italian Navy. He embraced the American Dream and committed to the Melting Pot—though he still groks a bit like a Stranger in a Strange Land.

He has lived in Bloomington, Montreal, Toronto, Seattle, Scottsdale, and Park City, before finally settling in Sun City. Each move brought new friendships, unforgettable experiences, and a deep gratitude for life's unfolding adventure.

Throughout his life and business career, Marco was drawn to design, engineering, and computer technology—always chasing the next big thing that would change the world. His first novel, *The Yoda Machine*, explored his dreams of the future. Hoping that “practice makes perfect” may work for him too, *Lemonade* is tale of betrayal and resilience rooted in his entrepreneurial past.

His forthcoming book *99 Characters in Search of an Author*, reflects the friends and memories of his recent past.

Also by Marco Messina

The Yoda Machine
Lemonade

