

[Episode_BV8]
[Paul i love you]

I always tell the truth.

It's a new way of lying. If you tell the truth, people don't know whether to believe you or not. It helps me in my work.

I wrote a celebrative article for a billionaire Russian oligarch. He is Paul William Hampel, he has become one of the richest man in Ukraine by cornering the market in airplanes, steel pipes, oil, gas and cultivating ties with politicians. He has some business meeting in Canada right now.

I was writing the article on behalf of my news editor, who is one of his friends. Friendship in the corridors of power are liaisons aimed at the reciprocal good and are not contaminated by such things as feelings. My boss told me that it had to be a celebrative article, but I was allowed to ask him about everything: corruption, tax evasion, fake funds and divorces. I said I'd be ready and glad to write about it.

Paul Hampel has many features that I don't like, but he has sense of humor. At some point he laughed so loud that the mike started whistling.

After a couple of introductory questions I started heading towards my goal - unmasking his illegal activity. I hinted at the production of weapons in his company, and he replied by asking what made me think that he has this kind of traffic.

Hampel is one of Brian's patients, so I know many things that the oligarch gives away while his brain is being shrunk on Brian's couch.

Hampel doesn't like the Adler Institute. He said everyone who works there should be hanged. I think he made an exception for Brian. Weird, because I see Brian as a poor loser compared to Paul. Doctors are always overestimated.

Most people are stupid. They are just struggling hopelessly with their precarious wages in this era of hyper-inflation, when they could make billions with easy business, in a era of extremely open markets. In a sense, Hampel is a genius.

Oh, come on, let's stick to the facts. First of all, there's the Ukrainian branch: does the Council know that he builds war vehicles in there? And what about the private funding that he sends here and there to cover the gaps? And what about funding to the government Press? Not to talk about the obscure origin of the money he used for the airplanes' factory? I know many things about him.

He replied that was too much, and moreover none of those bad words fit to him nor his company. His dream is building planes. And he always realizes his dreams.

Let's stick to the surface.

As a coward, I have to admit to myself that morality has become a luxury that I can't afford anymore. I never REGRETTED it. What is honesty? Nothing but a word out of fashion. We wear it on our mouths, we chew it, and soon we realize it is tasteless.

He is just as I imagined him: charismatic. In a way that inspires distrust. But, his worn-out suit and neglected body spoke of a certain kind of integrity that was rare in the corporate world of corridor politics taking over our lives.

Men like him should be admired, men who sacrifice their private life in the name of power. Supposing that he considers it a sacrifice, and I wouldn't be so certain about it.

I know a lot about men, and what I can't understand about them, I admire. His straight gaze upsets me. I fear those strange eyes, almost transparent, that look like two glass pearls or round mirrors in which you can't see yourself. He is making himself an idea about me, and he doesn't let me guess what type of idea it is. I am not a very important journalist, but I am still a woman. What role do women play in his life, except for his wife?

I feel in love with Paul. I'm WAITING him.

I can already see myself on huge yachts and private airplanes, in dozens of villas around of world, and never back to my job.

Money and power are the only things that give sense to our lives.