

Theodore had money, but never quite enough. Around him were folks who had it worse. When he looked at the news, Theodore saw most problems arising from so many people being poor. Clearly, a lack of money was the problem, and more money for more people was the solution. Fortunately, Theodore was a talented psychoneurobiologistmeditationalist. He created a large device, turned it on and stepped in. He emerged feeling fine—he had worried about the impact of the change—and looked at his lab assistant.

“How’s the rent situation?”

“You pay enough, doctor, but it’s never enough.”

Theodore stuck his hand out and pointed at his assistant. A flow of dollars shot from his hand and stacked up around her until she was covered in cash. She was shocked, he felt a surge of satisfaction. He walked out of his office and flew, as befits a man with limitless money. He scattered dollar bills onto the people far below as he flew to the poorest section of the city, settled to just above the pavement and began showering everyone around him with cash. They were stunned but grabbed the money gratefully.

What he did was covered by the news, by social media, the story was everywhere. Theodore’s email was overloaded—with requests for money. It was hard to get out of the front door because of the continuous crowds. Theodore granted several interviews, realizing he needed to explain himself. His life grew complex after attempted break-ins, to steal his device or at least its plans. He had to increase security (the cost was not an issue.)

Eventually, the situation grew so intense Theodore fled to a private island he easily bought, lining the surrounding waters with mines. He thought, looking out at the ocean, *I only gave money away once and it destroyed my life.* On the mainland, the money he provided was spent, some people living on their investments, others blowing the money and back to where they started.

On the island, Theodore created an outhouse from dollar bills.