

# Sheiny the Hacker

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This all happened during the mid 2010s. Sheiny didn't come to her Grandfather's funeral. Neither did her mother, who hated the Grandfather deeply. Her mother was upset and nervous. A lone mother, bright woman in her own right, but too afraid of admitting it. She was a young gal, still not earning enough to keep up with the bills. Grandfather felt ashamed of his past actions and supported his daughter monetarily, by sending her bank transfers of support every month. It's was not a lot of money per say. They could not try and keep the living only relying on it. But now, since he is deceased, mother had to find yet another source of income. For a very long time they have received those gifts and started to grow addicted to them. And since the mother is not willing to admit that she is infect smart. She is acting stupidly while completely realizing it. Thus she sabotages every opportunity given to her to survive.

Sheiny didn't like school. While other kids felt that school was boring since keeping with the education was hard for them. And simply engaging in light-minded activities is considered more fun. It doesn't require to flex a single brain-muscle. Sheiny on the other hand didn't like school for the sole reason of it being too simple for her. Being a daughter of her mother, Sheiny inherited a bright-brain. But unlike her mother, Sheiny does not have an imposter syndrome. She is not afraid of using her brain.

Being a child in the 2010s Sheiny is well educated in all things eighteen plus. Her mother made a stupid mistake of gifting her a surveillance device, through which she and her friends in school learned a lot about the world and how it operates. In her 9 years of age she already knew about things Mom didn't think she knew about. The beautiful irony here is that kids like Sheiny do not reveal to adults the full list of knowledge that they know. They know to cover up some things, because otherwise it could result in punishment. Sheiny is not an exception. Her mother, even though loving and acting stupidly, is a smart woman after all. So Sheiny learned to lie quite remarkably.

After filling an empty stomach for some while, Sheiny couldn't help but visit ideas of helping her mother to gain a few bucks. But the frustration of Sheiny about the world grew even more when she realized that there was nothing legal that she could do to help. She was trying to convince the mother about a few ideas. But mother felt those ideas to be too clever for her liking. And said something stupid like "You're just a child" to Sheiny on each such offering.

Without the mother there was an obvious and only choice to sell lemonade. A very good way to make enough money for a whole another lemon. She tried selling other things, like candy and chocolate bars. Adding a bit to their price to gain a little, but this was unsuccessful. Kids didn't want to spend more of their lunch money than necessary. And they could buy the same items for cheaper in the school's cafeteria. She sold one chocolate bar to Brandy. But he was ridiculed for that by other children. So she could not sell to him anymore.

Sheiny realized that her inability to make legal money only meant one thing. She had to make the money somehow illegally. Going to work was illegal enough, but since directors of businesses didn't want problems with the law themselves, they all would've denied her. Selling weapons was not possible because of how would have she obtained them in the first place. Selling drugs was more possible, but there was a competition with Richie and his gang that were already doing it in the school and they were also carrying knives. She didn't have anything to sell, legal or illegal, until she realized something. She is a 9 years old girl with a camera in her pocket. She can try and produce something to sell.

Sheiny wasn't just simply smart, she was exceptional. It's just that she never had any experience with business, which lead to her failures in this endeavour. But she did have plenty of experience with all thing that could be learned in the school and beyond. A lot of teachers, such a Mrs. Dantonwood just hated her and her wit, that would always put them to shame. Mrs. Dantonwood was a math teacher that could not analyze any of the equations that she would give to the students. She would simply tell them to use some equation because she herself remembered it to be the right one to use. Sheiny, on other hand could prove all of those equations. She was well versed in how math worked. She was fascinated with numbers and figures. And when she was asked by Mrs. Dantonwood occasionally, Sheiny always was able to entertain the class with her explanation of any given equation or math problem. She was not only good in understanding it, but also good in communicating it.

One person that was outright scared of Sheiny was Mr. Hambleton. He was a teacher of informational technology. Or in today's slang, a computer teacher. He was, as the school policy required, teaching all kids to use proprietary, nasty software. They would sit lesson by lesson and do tasks in Microsoft this or Microsoft that. The only one who denied those tasks was Sheiny. She argued with the principal of the school to donate her a computer last spring. It was still standing in the class with the other computers but was totally under control of Sheiny. She, in her then 8 years of age, removed the operating system it had on

it and installed GNU / Linux on it instead. All the tasks required by the school policies on the information technology classes she was doing in LibreOffice or Gimp.

Mr. Hambleton was respecting her computer abilities, but was not necessarily afraid of her until one incident. Using Windows on his computer he left a vulnerability. His primary mistake was to use the school's WIFI. It was meant for casual telephone uses of children but all the computers in the school were also connected to it. Including the now, personal, Sheiny's computer. That day Sheiny was doing something of her own. While the class was learning some basic tasks in Microsoft Paint. When the lesson ended it was already the end of the school day, since there was no more lessons to come after it. Kids packed up and ran to the parents waiting for them outside. Sheiny informed her mother that she would come much later that day. She had something to do on the computer. Mr. Hambleton didn't pack. He had to save all the sessions and check for hardware malfunctions on some of the computers. And while he was dealing with his usual did, his own, personal laptop was still connected to the school's WIFI.

Suddenly Mr. Hambleton caught a glimpse of a very familiar image on Sheiny's screen. It was a file from his computer. An image of a naked little girl. Sheiny closed the picture immediately, but it was too late. Mr. Hambleton's true nature was revealed. He wasn't a bad person per say. He was perhaps one of the nicest teachers in the school. But now it was on Sheiny's choosing if he would stay being a teacher in that school. From that point on, without any negotiation or exchange between them, they both knew that she is now in control over him. And now, when she is looking for people to buy her new stuff, Mr. Hambleton is the first man she would be talking to as a potential customer.

"What is your salary?" asked Sheiny from Mr. Hambleton once on a lesson. He gave her the figure. "Do you have any kids? Are you married?" she asked more. He told her all the information as if being under a police interrogation. She plotted the numbers into an equation written in a program source code on her screen. "This is..." Sheiny is pointing to the result of the program "... how much spare money

you have every month.” Mr. Hambleton didn’t know how to react to it, but other kids were in the class, so to avoid suspicion he gave her the regular “Nice Work!” expression. He raised the thumb and gave her a pad on her back. But he already knew that something sinister would come out of it. And indeed, Sheiny was calculating how much should she charge to the stuff.

Afterwards she asked Mr. Hambleton to chat a little after school. He was nervous about it, but still waited her after the school ended. She took him away from the school into a place where there is not too many people. And there they spoke about what kind of images excite him. She didn’t simply want to get money from him. It was not interesting. Too stupid. Her mother would’ve done that. But Sheiny is instead doing a rather interesting research project. She is trying to answer whether she could produce stuff that people gonna pay for. She already knew his budget, she just needed to know what he would pay for. Mr. Hambleton could not believe what he was hearing. It was too good to be true. She found out about his secret thoughts and didn’t just want to take advantage from it. She wanted to make an offering to him. To which he felt morally obligated to agree.

So the deal was done. She would produce some of the illegal stuff for him in exchange for money. And that’s how Sheiny did her first real sell. But she didn’t stop there. She wanted to learn more about this. For example, the image that she found on his computer should have been gotten there in some way. Is there a competition? How do they spread their stuff? What is the quality of their stuff? How can she produce better stuff? How can she sell more? These were the question on her mind now. Dead Grandfather and an empty stomach turned a little girl into a criminal mastermind.

# Chapter I

## Chloe

Chloe is a kind of girl that Sheiny is not going to be friends with. She is not especially smart. But nothing is stopping her from becoming smart. Her brain works just fine. It's just Chloe was never interested in smart things. She is not a math enthusiast. She is not a programmer. She is a girl trying to be eighteen plus before being eighteen plus. This is the kind of vulgarity that Sheiny would avoid until now. But now, Sheiny needs Chloe. She needs Chloe's expertise in making men excited. Sheiny needs better stuff to sell.

To put it lightly, it's not the kind of conversation that's easy to make. Especially when you are talking to an almost stranger. Sheiny went towards Chloe without knowing much what words she was going to use. "I think that you are making a mistake" said Sheiny looking at Chloe. Chloe didn't understand what she was talking about. "Using your phone for all of it is not the safest choice." added Sheiny. "What do you mean?" Chloe was still confused. "Let me see" Sheiny took Chloe's phone from her.

Sheiny unlocked the phone, knowing already the password drawing that she should swipe on the screen. She observed it on a prior occasion. Chloe was trying to take the phone back. Sheiny didn't give. She swiped sideways until she found an application that she was looking for. It had a friendly looking picture of a child and a mom as it's icon. "What do you think this is?" asked Sheiny smartly. "I don't know. It some kind of boring thing. Now give it back" answered Chloe and then promptly received the phone back. "This is an app that lets you're mom and dad look what you are doing with your phone..." answered Sheiny "... I know how to get rid of it if you want."

Sheiny went away from Chloe, leaving her contemplating about her phone and the spy app on it. Later that day, after the school had ended and kids already left, Sheiny was doing some more programming in the computer class. While Mr. Hambleton was checking the computers,

wearing a slightly more satisfied grin on his face this time. Suddenly a door was opened and Chloe came in. “How do I get rid of it? It’s not delete-able.” said Chloe while stretching her arm with the phone in it. “Well. . .” Sheiny started her explanation.

She explained that those apps are what’s called “Parental Control”. They are not delete-able by the child since they were designed to keep the child under the control. Those apps snoop on anything that the child does, store this information on some remote computer and then give it to the parents on request. So Chloe’s parents are probably already aware of the stuff that Chloe is doing. And in order to get rid of this program, Sheiny explained, a wipe off the entire operating system should have been performed. Which required saving accounts and files on Sheiny’s computer.

It was not *had* to be performed. But while there was a chance to free Chloe completely, Sheiny felt an urge to do more than simply deleting an application. Being a very good explainer, Sheiny convinced Chloe that the next steps are essential to stay safe. She overwritten the operating system to a one not containing a single trace of Google’s spyware. Instead of Android Chloe now had Replicant on her phone. Telegram, the app she used to talk to men, still worked. And restoring the theme and the wallpaper, made Chloe feel like if though nothing had changed.

Using this opportunity, Sheiny asked Chloe more about her adventures online. She wanted to know more information of how to excite men. All of this was overheard by the busy Mr. Hambleton. “Are you already selling on the Dark Web?” he said, curiously. “What?” asked Chloe back without understanding his question. “How do you sell the porn?” said Mr. Hambleton. This caused a minute of awkward silence. “She doesn’t know that I sell this stuff yet.” Sheiny interrupted the silence. Chloe looked at both of them with a confused face. “What the fuck!” asked the 9 year old Chloe from the two.

This was the kind of moment that Sheiny was afraid of doing herself. But now, that the barricade of ideas was broken, she could speak to

Chloe a little bit more clearly. One downside of this situation Sheiny realized but didn't feel much through was that Mr. Hambleton was revealed to Chloe now too. Mr. Hambleton was afraid at first, but he realized that Chloe is quite a bright girl herself. And that he is not under any threat from her. "Relax, Hamb. . . I'm not from police." were the Chloe's words that calmed Mr. Hambleton a little. But there was a bit of calming down yet to be had by him after school to realize that he is not going to jail quite yet.

"Are you already selling on the Dark Web?" were the words repeating on a loop inside Sheiny's head. She didn't even think about it yet. The dark web is a mysterious place. It's usually a bunch of people on .onion websites doing god knows what. It could range from completely harmless things. Forums about cooking. Websites of rebellious freedom seekers living in China and other problematic areas. Image boards with memes and funny quotes. Small communities of like minded individuals. But in the same time this is a place full of websites selling drugs, weapons and all kinds of illegal pornography.

The interesting underlying part of the whole thing is the Tor Browser which connects to a network called Onion. The Onion Routing is a concept of wrapping connections into other connections to conceal anything passed through it. Essentially if you are a criminal, the only protocol good enough to conceal both your identity and the information you pass to and from the website is Onion. And the easiest way to connect to it is the Tor Browser. It was developed to help people in countries without the Freedom of Speech to get Freedom of Speech securely. But because of the free nature of the protocol it's used to do all kinds of crazy and weird things.

Sheiny was contemplating using Onion to sell her stuff. But she knew that there was a problem. If she sells online, money had to be transferred to her somehow. Using a bank transfer was not possible. At her age, having a bank account was not feasible. She could try and use BitCoin or something like this. But there was this same problem all over again. To cash out the BitCoin she would need a bank account. She could perhaps ask the people online to send her money in cash, in an envelope.

A thought that she considered for a while. But there was a whole can of worms with this approach as well. For example, people on the Dark Web tend to not trust anybody.

Sheiny was about to ask another favor from Mr. Hambleton. He had a bank account after all. And she could design a way to conceal the transactions enough, so he would be left free. But as she went to speak to him, he interrupted her. “I have a friend that got interested in your stuff. Have you got anything with Chloe?” said Mr. Hambleton. With Chloe?.. she thought, that’s a weird, but an interesting idea. But first, there was a potential new customer. And she couldn’t let this opportunity go. She asked more about the mysterious friend. Mr. Hambleton replied with “I will show you to him next week. But he wants something with both of you.” Both... Sheiny and Chloe together? Some kind of weird mixed feeling of disgust and interest fired in her. She wanted to talk to Chloe because of information she possessed. But she never thought that Chloe might be an actress in her little illegal plays.

## Chapter II

### Mr. Humbert

Sheiny didn’t need to convince Chloe too much. She was the kind of girl that would do that herself. She just never had the same problem and thus never thought of it as a kind of way to make money. But since now she knows what Sheiny does, she cannot simply continue it with the man regularly. They do not pay her. What is point to continue? On the other hand, if they split the money fifty-fifty Chloe is more than willing to try out and make what ever this friend of Mr. Hambleton wants.

The funny thing is. The leader of the did, Sheiny is the one not sure about the whole “together” thing. Shame came into her. Chloe had no shame what so ever. But Sheiny started feeling herself above it. It was the day when Sheiny came to Chloe’s home. Nothing special was needed. A camera. Any of their phone’s one would do. A room.

Chloe's would do. The absence of parents. Easy to wait for. Her mom was working evening shift that day. The camera was set and Chloe started to become excited. This was the moment when Sheiny pulled the switch.

"I can't do that." said Sheiny turning away from Chloe in shame "What are we doing? This is insanity. I've turned into a lesbian whore, fucking for some old men. Doing this for money.". Sheiny was disgust and nervous. Angry and unsure. Putting up the phone and removing her trousers was easy enough alone. But together. This is on another level of insanity. And more so. It's not even a boy she is doing it with. It's another girl. What is this? Sheiny started thinking about other ways to make money. Drugs? No, Richie with his gang. Think, think. . . Maybe she could try selling chocolate again. Sheiny sat down on Chloe's bed and started crying. All of this was still recorded by the camera.

Chloe observed it and didn't know the appropriate reaction that should be made. She sat beside Sheiny and hugged her carefully. "Fuck 'em old men." said Chloe in an attempt to calm Sheiny down. "How can you do that so easily?" Sheiny started asking Chloe "You hadn't have a single doubt about that all?". Chloe's first experience with it was when she downloaded Telegram for the first time. She had nobody to speak with, but she had a strong interest in Japanese Animation style called Anime, or in other words Manga. Some of those films are quite innocent. But most of them are really soft or even hard porn disguised as children cartoons. It might have been a sinister Japanese plan to turn all Western kids into sexual maniacs. It might have been that in Japan the rules are different. It wasn't much of a difference to Chloe why those cartoons existed. She just liked them. Searching up groups of Manga and Anime on Telegram lead her into talking to like-minded people. A lot of them were extremely pervy men.

Those cartoons desensitised her to sex. Chloe doesn't feel anything shameful in it. It's kind of terrifying, but Chloe now has a natural immunity against sexual trauma. She would probably just forget about anything happening to her. On the other hand Sheiny was not desensitised. She understood why Chloe didn't feel that anything was wrong.

But that did not help Sheiny. They canceled the did and Sheiny went back home.

On the way back home Sheiny entered a local shop and bought a bottle of sparkling juice. She was drinking it and thinking about what had just happened. On her phone was the recording from the day. She did not delete it. She put her headphones and skipped back and forth through the video. Trying to remember what Chloe told her that day. As she finished the Juice she entered another shop and bought another bottle of it. For a moment she thought, this was way too much juice. She never had drunk so much of it. It had occurred to her that for the first time in her life she had more money in her pocket then for one bottle of juice. She looked at the remaining cash and it was not a small sum of money. She paused for a second and looked at the top of the phone's screen. It contained a clock. It said 17:36. A not so late evening. Sheiny contemplated for about 15 seconds and ran back towards Chloe.

"Let's try again!" screamed Sheiny as soon as Chloe opened the door. "Are you sure?" "Yes I am."

Sheiny took all of her remaining courage to overcome any of the fears that she previously had. Greed had won her for this instant. No moral reasoning could stop her. She would suppress it, distract from it, do anything but not to feel the shame. Chloe was stunned by that. She didn't expect Sheiny to even talk to her ever more. But she broke into her house and exploded upon her. By the time Chloe's mom came back home they had multiple video files. All from different angles. Some were even shot on both of their phones simultaneously. Sheiny needed an editing software to turn this into something watchable.

Using the classroom was not possible. Neither Sheiny or Chloe had a computer at home and there was no video editors on F-Droid for a phone. She had to get a computer somehow. Mr. Hambleton was bothered again. He had 2 kids and a wife. Neither of them knew his true nature. Sheiny appeared in his doorstep as if having some kind of computer problem. Something to do with the class. She asked him to bring his laptop and they went into his car. It was a family van, but

the back windows were dark enough, so you could conceal what you were doing. They were still close enough to his home. So connection to his WIFI was still possible.

“Do you have your files backed up?” started Sheiny. She didn’t want to edit the video on Windows. If she didn’t care, she would’ve got some other Android video editor already. She looked up on F-Droid because she cared to keep everybody safe. It was not a matter of security for her. She was a little girl and she understood that nothing would’ve happened to her. It was morally unacceptable to put other people at risk. Even Mr. Hambleton. So she wanted to upgrade his device to something like GNU / Linux. And that’s why she asked him if he had backed up his files.

This simple question turned into an almost fight. He refused to install GNU / Linux. He was a person that needed it the most. A person from a minority group that still wasn’t recognized. He needed security and privacy most than perhaps anybody else. But he refused to install the software that provided it. It wasn’t ignorance. It wasn’t reliance on some software that he couldn’t have otherwise. It was not some game incompatibility. It was not that he was afraid of the terminal. He was simply too paranoid to use it. Sheiny started talking about surveillance that is happening on other systems. She brought up the hack that she did, when she revealed his true nature. But he was still too paranoid to use GNU / Linux. His reasoning sounded something like this: If I use secure software, they ( the government ) will pay closer attention to me. Thus I need to use Windows and Google and Facebook. Which makes me lost in the noise of their data.

When Sheiny heard it, she got tired of him. She looked down as if defeated. Nothing already could help her to argue with Mr. Hambleton. “You have a unique position.” Sheiny started her last attempt “You are a computer teacher. It’s not weird to expect from you something like this. If they will ask, you can say that you are using it for the fun of it. For the nerdiness. But yet somehow you fail to recognize this. I do not understand you.” Sheiny opened the door of his van and started walking towards her home. She would find a different computer, she

thought. There is a whole week in-front. Mr. Hambleton stayed in the car stunned for another 15 or so minutes.

When Sheiny came back to school the next day, she started preparing a sort of privacy zone around her computer. She took big cardboard pieces from the art class and started building a wall around her computer. It was already the end of the school day. But Mr. Hambleton wasn't in the class for some reason. When trying to glue two pieces of the board together, one of them slipped from her hands and the corner of the board pressed a little start button on one of the other computers in the class.

Sheiny didn't notice it until the wall was finished. She looked at the cardboard monstrosity, trying to decide whether it was a terrible idea to begin with, when she realized that on a screen that wasn't her computer was a very familiar image. It was a default desktop of Ubuntu 17.04. She didn't use Ubuntu. She used straight up Debian. But this caught her attention non the less. Sheiny booted all 20 computers in the class. All of them turned into an Ubuntu session except of her own. Which asked her password in her modified login screen. What is going on here?

Sheiny went to the principal. She knocked carefully on his door and a deep old voice said "Come in.". Sheiny asked the principal about the computers room. And the change that it had. The principal said that there were changes in the school's policy and that Mr. Hambleton came up with this change today's morning. The principal said the Mr. Hambleton convinced him that teaching Windows was an unapologetic act from the school. He convinced the principal that it was not nice to teach kids to use software that is meant to take advantage from them and who's source code is not available to read. Further more from the words of the principal, Mr. Hambleton was a very big fan of Free Software, Richard Stallman and GNU / Linux.

Sheiny couldn't believe it. The man that argued with her all night against installing GNU / Linux was a GNU / Linux fan all along. She herself didn't much like Richard Stallman. Or should I say, Richard Stallman's appearance... He is a wise man, but not a kind of 15 to

17 year old, thin dude, that girls in her age adore. Though Sheiny would agree immensely that Richard was an influential figure on her too. Reading his blog or his Free Software manifesto was very enjoyable to her. It was a mind trilling sensation of already agreeing with all the words that come next. Richard is the kind of dude that will give you mixed feelings no matter where you are on the ideology spectrum. He is a funny man sometimes, but can be very weird and awkward other times. He has grown this kind of great and immense belly seen in horror movies. But his face is always light with a old granny smile. Sheiny had on her computer a very old image of Richard Stallman. It was a picture featured on his biography by Sam Williams. The original print. It is the only image where Richard looks acceptable to her as a kind of man. Even there he looked far from the ideal 17 year old boy. But his mind was a great substitute. In some weird way, she wanted that version of Richard Stallman to be her next customer. But it could not happen.

Richard Stallman is an influential figure on the lives of many people. Not only Sheiny, Chloe and Mr. Hambleton. He made a whole ideology of software development. He tried to preserve the freedom of computing from the capitalism and it's constant urge to own things. He coined the terms Free Software and Proprietary Software. Free Software means that people, that masses are ultimately in control of what the program does. Not some company. He described the four principals on which he judges whether the software is Free or not. He calls them the four essential freedoms. Because he believes that any software that's not giving you all four of those freedoms is subjugating you.

Those freedoms are as follows. Freedom zero, to use the software as you wish and for whatever purpose. Freedom one, to study how the software works. To read it's source code. And to make modifications to it. Making it so the software does only the things that the user wants it to do. And only the way the user wants. These two first freedoms insure that each user has total personal control over the software. But another two freedoms were needed to help people that were not programmers. Not everybody is a programmer. Chloe is not, for example. But she can benefit from Free Software because of the other two freedoms. Freedom

two, to give or sell exact copies of the software. To share. To publish the software even if the original developer got bored of it, or has no more motivation to continue developing it. And lastly, the third freedom. The freedom to give or sell modified versions of the program. This way any user that has any problem with how the program works thus far, can publish a changed version. A fork, so to speak. And other users will be able to choose from forks, the one that suits them most.

In Windows, which lead to the hack by Sheiny, you can only have the version of Microsoft. They can put anything in there and nobody has control over functions on that system. Mr. Hambleton how ever good programmer he would've been, couldn't edit out the vulnerability. The source code was unobtainable. But with GNU / Linux the way it's developed, insures that nobody will put anything malicious. They are running a constant risk of some other fork being better at anything then themselves. And there is always freedom to borrow changes from one fork to another. And thus those systems are much more secure, much less annoying and much more customize-able.

Sheiny's cardboard construction failed. As she came back to class, Mr. Hambleton already disassembled it. He was standing there and looking at all the computers, proud of himself. Sheiny came in and didn't even notice that her building effort was broken. "I bought a new computer." said Mr. Hambleton "I put it in the shed. I set it up so the files are encrypted.". Sheiny failed to understand why is he saying it. "Congratulations" was her answer. "You don't understand, do you?" he continued "You don't need cardboard constructions. We have five days left. I made an editing studio for you.". Sheiny now remembered. She had the stuff to edit. There was the meeting with Mr. Humbert later that week. After school she took Chloe with her to Mr. Hambleton's shed and there they made their new masterpiece.

And so the week had passed by and there was the day when Mr. Hambleton will show their stuff to the new customer. They drove not too far from where they were. About 15 minutes walk, Sheiny measured. And it was an old cinema. An old 1960s Cinerama. It had one screening room but no clients. Occasionally some poor people would visit that place to

see an old movie. New films were never shown there. Unless a digital copy, downloaded from the internet. But it was rare. Mr. Humbert was the owner of that place now. Once upon the time he was a movie producer. He didn't produce anything people actually watched. But he knew the business.

When the girls came to Mr. Humbert, they expected a new customer. Instead he offered them a business opportunity. The picture that Sheiny found on Mr. Hambleton's computer did not come from the Dark Web. It came from Mr. Humbert. His true business was to sell stuff like that to people that would refuse to pay with crypto-currency. He was money laundering with a movie theater. People would come to buy the stuff, but he would record it as if enough people came to watch movies. His proposition was very simple. The girls would make new stuff. And he would sell it. They would split 33% to each. Girls would have 33%, Mr. Hambleton had 33% and Mr. Humbert had 34%.

Sheiny didn't like this math. So she immediately started arranging a different split. Mr. Humbert calmed her down. "Let's see the stuff first" he said "what if it's garbage?". He closed the entrance to the cinema and brought up a projector. This was the first feature film directed and edited by Sheiny. There were four people in the audience. Her little illegal film was shown in a real Cinerama cinema with its curved, wide screen. It was somewhat a majestic moment in her life. She was slightly ashamed. I mean of course she was. But from the other side, a true film producer is watching. A true film producer had put this film in a cinema. Sheiny was proud of herself. After the film had ended and Mr. Hambleton came back from the toiler. God know what he was doing there. They finally arranged a new deal. 65% came to Sheiny. Her directorial talent was unquestionable. 20% came to Chloe. She was extraordinary experienced at making men excited. She was worth the money. Mr. Humbert would keep the remaining 20% and Mr. Hambleton agreed to a gratis copy of the film on each release.

And so the business had started. Mom started questioning where the money is coming from. Chloe dropped all conversations with the men on Telegram. And Sheiny didn't feel hungry. Something that bothered

Sheiny was that experience in the cinema. Ones in the while they would repeat it. But she wanted the place full of audience. She started thinking about maybe a normal, legal film that she could do. But it was too complex. Any scene outside the boundaries of a room was unthinkable.

They could buy actors. But nobody would treat her seriously. So Sheiny focused meanwhile on bringing the quality of her current show up. She bought new cameras with better sensors. She bought lenses, lights, tripods and other various rigs. She equipped both Mr. Hambleton's shed and her own house with new, powerful computers. Now she wanted to expend the number of actors. And a good way to make the show a little bit more interesting was to find somebody that would fit into her category of a nice looking young man. Mr. Hambleton would agree, but he was resembling Richard Stallman more then a 15 to 17 year old thin boy. She had to look further.

## Chapter III

### Mendel

Sheiny was walking one evening down the street. It was wet from rain. But not raining currently. She was contemplating about the situation with Mr. Hambleton and his choice of the operating system. He was too paranoid to use a system for paranoid people. It did not sit right in her head. Some people, she found out from Mr. Humbert, do not trust Tor and the Onion Routing. Their general concern comes from the origin of the software. The US government. They had started the project so their troops could communicate securely from any point in the world. And they later decided to Free this technology so more people could use it as well.

When you want to trust a piece of software, but see that it's origin is not trustworthy, it's easy not to trust it. She thought that this too didn't make sense. The fact that the software is Free, the fact that the source code is available, readable and build-able, would make for an

easy enough argument to trust that software no matter who originally developed it. But then, non-programmers, she thought, do not care about this kind of stuff. They cannot verify the program even if they had the source code. They cannot make changes in the program. They evaluate it the same way they evaluate non-free programs. By the track record. By the history. By the believes of the people that make this software.

But Mr. Hambleton had a different type of paranoia. He agreed on that Free Software tents to be more secure. He just didn't want to be seen near it. Because being seen near it screamed abnormality of some kind. As if he thought that his choice of software defines his character as a whole. That maybe an even slightly more organized desktop, or perhaps a changed theme, or an absence of full bio in the Facebook account will make him stand out of the crowd just enough, so a sea of blame for all kind of atrocities will come his way.

Sheiny stopped thinking about it for a moment. Two police officers were passing her way in-front of her. She felt a chilling feeling. They have to be after me, she thought for a second. They have passed her by. What a shame, she thought. Instead being actually good at convincing people not to do crimes, governments instead force people stupidly to obey laws. Law enforcement it's called. She herself didn't obey all laws. Mr. Hambleton didn't. But there was nothing bad which was produced as a result. There was no need for the Police to even look at their case. It was all mostly harmless. Yes, it was shameful to act in these films of her. But it was this way just because she felt above it. Chloe doesn't feel that kind of shame.

Does Law Enforcement enforce people to use software that they do not like? What if Mr. Hambleton is so scared of good programs only because of his fear of the Police? Was he afraid more to be different, or more that from all the accusations that could happen from being different, one would be true? Weird. With Windows the Police would've found out about him way sooner then with GNU / Linux. But the question remained. What was Mr. Hambleton afraid of exactly?

Few mornings prior to that Sheiny was walking towards Richie and his gang. She did not forget her idea of expanding the cast of the show. More than that. Sheiny thought that she doesn't want to be an actor in the show anymore. Rather give this privilege to the new actor and the magnificent Chloe. She didn't want Richie. He was a rough boy. He would probably turn off most of the customers. By speaking to Mr. Humbert who was interested in quality of the show, she found out a few facts taken from the various customers of his, that he kept anonymous.

He was speaking with pure statistics as to not give out anybody's identity by mistake. He counted that from his current customer base, about fifty three percent of people were more excited to see a boy and a girl, rather than two girls. Most of them regarded that the boy should be older. Preferably as old as they are. Some didn't want to see any boys at all. They were against an idea of looking at a bare male body. In other word, they were afraid of incidental homosexuality. The tastes of the body shape and other factors varied drastically. But it was highly probable to work more on images of tight skin, rather than saggy bags.

Fat people, old women with saggy breast and people who had been fatter before, but now are not, are considered not desirable by most customers. It's not much about the actual thinness of a given actor. But about the tightness of the skin. You could imagine taking a plastic bag and putting it over a pillow so tight that no wrinkles could be seen. This is the kind of skin that should a good actor have. Some may look what's called "Chubby". A bit fatter, maybe just slightly lower in height. But as long as the skin doesn't just flap around by it self, it's okay.

Sheiny had a slight chub on her thighs. Not very bad. The skin was still tight, just the silhouette of the leg was a tit-bit wider near the stomach. Chloe was very good. She was thin and light. No such chub could be observed on Chloe. She was not anorexic either. Those girls fall out of the attractive zone pretty quickly because of they unhealthy look. Chloe wasn't eating nothing. She was eating just enough to keep herself perfect for the camera. She did not prepare it, per say. She was perhaps naturally gifted with the good looks.

One more thing that Mr. Humbert told Sheiny is that his customers do not like to be cheated. They do not like pretend play from adults that try children's outfits. They do not like uncertainty. You cannot simply point the camera at a part of someones body that by it's look does not communicate a clear age of the person. This is why, even though it's very risky, it was better to see the faces of the actors. It would calm down the customers, communicating that it's all for real.

Richie, with all it's authority, had quite a chub. He wasn't fat, per say, but that would not be good for Sheiny. His gang members were two kids. One, Thomas, very fat boy. Not good. Nobody is going to buy this. Even though Thomas was probably dragged into the gang outside of his will. He was a very nice kid. Never did anything at all. Just walked by the gang. Sometimes he would try to look intimidating. It would not help. The boy had quite a heart. Sheiny caught herself on a thought about Thomas.

With Mr. Humbert she was talking plain statistics. And no numbers were absolute. Meaning some people actually will prefer Thomas. And his wobbly look. This is a potential thing that she could sell. The second Freedom of Free Software, Freedom one, came through her mind. The Freedom to study the source code of the program and make modifications to it. So the program does what you want and only want you want. What if this person, who likes chubby boys, comes across a well produced episode of Sheiny's films. He will look at all the tight bodies of all the actors and will not find a single person to enjoy from. He could've taken the source code, perhaps some files that she could give. And assemble a film the way he likes. Too complex! She thought immediately. But the thought kept moving back and forth through her mind.

Mark was a fit boy. Not the nicest at character. He had his moments of wit. But he was not quite Richie. He wore shots that day. Not too short. The kind that ends right before the knee starts. But judging by the leg underneath it and the shape of his arms, Sheiny knew that Mark is worth trying with. The only thing that was unclear was, how exactly to start a conversation? This was no other girl to speak with.

A boy is a whole other level of magnitude more difficult. The steps that Sheiny was taking started to get heavier and heavier. It's not even a harmless "I love you" that some kids might do. She is going to ask him something completely on other level. And also she was not in love with him. He just was the boy that looked a part for the role.

Sheiny stopped and the boys gone past her. She lost her opportunity to speak to him. She needed a plan. Something cleverer. She didn't want to lie to him about the nature of the shoot. This was unacceptable from her perspective. But something a bit more clever than simply coming up and talking to him was needed.

To ask Richie for drugs was not the way to go. He would've denied any knowledge of this. Instead they operated using WhatsApp. He was convinced that it's "secure" because the developers said so. Of course it was a stupid idea. Even to use Telegram was a stupid idea. Telegram has a Free client. But a secret and completely proprietary server side. There is nobody but the Telegram company that can control the server. Even more then that, by default all messages are stored on the server in an unencrypted form. This was a known vulnerability. But compared to some other messengers and since Telegram's client is Free, you could still recommend it.

Sheiny needed something way better then Telegram though. Definitely Free Software. Perhaps something that she could design herself. But maybe it wasn't needed. Jami existed after all. Her plan was a little bit too complex for a normal person. But she thought that it would be too boring to do it differently. The biggest mistake by Richie was the way people figured out how to contact him. Perhaps it wasn't that big of a deal. The principal of the school knew about the selling of drugs, but didn't know about Richie. The principal and all of the teachers of the school, including Mr. Hambleton used a special, separate toilet on the third floor. Non of them used the kid's toilets. It was considered unacceptable. Richie, being a complete imbecile, wrote his phone number, with an image on Weed leafs and a word "WhatsApp" in the toilet of the fourth floor. The slightly clever part of it was that this phone number was lost in the rest of graffiti, all done by cheap pens.

Sheiny came to that cabin with a pen, and stroked the number. Putting a little arrow to a code of random characters and the link “Jami.net”. She tried her best at drawing the logo of the app, but the result was not very good.

Next was some way of making Richie actually see the number. It was good news that the number it self did not require the use of WhatsApp to be called at. You could call it directly. But calling Richie wasn’t the best idea. He would just disregard her. Something much scarier should have been designed. For a single pass into the shooting area of the shed, during production, Mr. Hambleton agreed to falsify a police call. He would pretend to be a police officer while calling Richie and asking about the drugs. He would mention the number in toilet. And would say something along the lines of “If the number will not be removed from the cabin by the morning. We are going to get you.”. On a side note, which took Sheiny by surprise, being allowed inside during the shooting didn’t effect Mr. Hambleton’s behaviour. He didn’t try to touch them or anything. He just quietly observed from the side. It was almost saddening to see. He did nothing at all. Not even to himself.

Richie came to the cabin immediately after the call. He found out the link and installed the app. A message “Who is this?” appeared on Sheiny’s computer not long after the call was done. “Come to the computer class” typed Sheiny “with the gang.”. A few minutes passed until a peeking eye of Thomas could be seen at the corner of the door. Mr. Hambleton gently invited the boys in. Richie was nervously searching for the police, or something. Mr. Hambleton was the normal sight in the computer class. So was Sheiny. Chloe was also there. Richie’s phone buzzed. “There is no police” was a new message on his phone.

“Who is typing this?” angrily asked Richie. “I give up. It’s me.” said Sheiny. The next part of the plan had started. While Sheiny would explain Richie the danger of using WhatsApp. And how he has to be more careful. Chloe was casually talking to Mark and Thomas. It was casual only for the boys. Chloe knew what she was doing. She was looking for ways to make Mark agree with the shooting of the

stuff. But first. The stuff itself had to be communicated somehow. She could not show them anything. The computer class had four security cameras. The computers were way too expensive to leave without them. Chloe, without any hesitation at all, called Mark closer. And spoke something silently into his ear. The boy reacted with shock. Something that she told him made him look around, take her by hand and walk with her out the door of the computer class. Sheiny noticed it.

Later Chloe told Sheiny that they went into the school's toilet. Where they played the game "Show me yours and I'll show you mine.". Mark was not very against the idea of selling this stuff too. He was selling drugs after all. But something about him being in the stuff made him uneasy. He would not be against doing such a thing casually. But only when the cameras were not recording. When Sheiny heard that, a sad realization of a failed plan went through her. She remembered the four essential freedoms. It had nothing to do with the situation, but, as Sheiny realized, it's not requirements at all. It's just freedoms. Somewhere inside of her, Sheiny knew that she has nothing to do, but to agree with Mark. If he doesn't want, it's his Freedom not to do it. They've let him know that if he changes his mind he can come. But meanwhile Sheiny thought about more actors.

The two Police Officers just went past Sheiny as she thought how stupid the whole idea of the Law Enforcement is. It's not like they argue with people to convince them not to do crimes. And leave them with freedom to still do crimes. They force people to do what the law wants. What freedom is this? The sad environment around Sheiny made her to desire a bottle of the sparkling juice. She went into the nearest shop to buy one. There a man was looking at her suspiciously. A police man? Did they track me somehow? The man didn't take his eyes off her if she wasn't directly watching him back. She chose a glass bottle this time. Her plan was to smash it on his head when he comes out. She paid and went out the store. Hiding round the corner. Waiting for the man to get out.

Paranoia, she thought. Maybe it was one of her customers. She doesn't know them. It could be one. It could be even somebody that saw her

stuff without Mr. Hambert. It was definite that the stuff was spread by some of the customers on the Dark Web. Perhaps millions of people already watched it. The last two freedoms came through her mind. People should be free to share copies. It's okay if millions of people saw it. It's okay if it spreads freely. But is it okay that they share this private stuff like this?

The man came out. Sheiny failed to react. She felt a sudden urge to do something. And the best she could was to smash the bottle immediately in-front of her. The glass shards touched the skin of her legs. Making very thin, but painful pink lines all over them. The man stopped and looked back at Sheiny. She was already crying from the wounds. The man didn't seem to start helping her. He was not sure what to do. He just stared at her stupidly for some time while she was crying.

"Help me!" screamed Sheiny at the man. Finally the man broke his stance and came closer. He looked around as if being chased by somebody. While he did this action she could take a good look at his features. He was not young. She would give him thirty. Maybe a bit less. Not shaved properly. Not wearing good clothes. But he had a very pretty pair of blue eyes. Something about these eyes and the overall face of the man made Sheiny curious about this man. "Can you help me get home?" she asked of him. She didn't need help. She could walk just fine. The wounds were very mild. But she thought she might get to know him a bit. "Where do you live?" he asked. "Right there" she answered, pointing her finger.

She would try to ask him questions. Where he lived? Who he was? What was his name? Age? Work? She didn't dare to ask him if he saw her in the stuff that she produces. But she was sure that he knew her. Something seemed interesting about this man. What she figured out from him was that his name was Mendel. His girlfriend should be living somewhere near this area. He doesn't know where exactly. They didn't speak for years. Circumstances moved them apart. He is not sure even that she likes him anymore. "Do you have any children with her..." she asked "... I might know them. I know a lot of children from this area." He said that he doesn't know if he had a child with her.

They parted so abruptly that maybe one kid would be born since. But whether he even had a child, he didn't know for sure.

Sheiny asked him why he was watching her in the store. And he told her that her face looked interesting. He felt a desire to look at it. Perhaps he didn't see his girlfriend for so long, that he forgot how she looked. And he tried desperately to piece her face back together from faces of the girls around here. Sheiny just happened to stand in his sight. But also Sheiny had a very interesting face of her own. Maybe that's why he kept starrng. "Am I pretty?" she asked Mendel, making his cheeks to become rouge. He smiled, not knowing whether it appropriate to answer the truth. "You are cute little girl." he said. He made sure that she can walk. Put her in front of the building where she lived. And went away.

Sheiny knew a few things about Mendel. She knew his name. She knew where he lived. She knew his place of work. He was not the 15 to 17 years old boy. He was not as precise as Mark. But she would like to act with him. She herself. Not merely giving all the job to Chloe. The only problem was, how to convince a real man like this? What should be the next plan? She looked at her legs and the wounds disappeared almost completely. She walked. She was not living in that house. She had lied to him. And while she walked, she was planning a new plan.