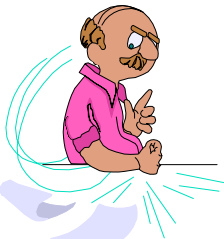


# Little Lenny the Liar Introduces ValueFixer



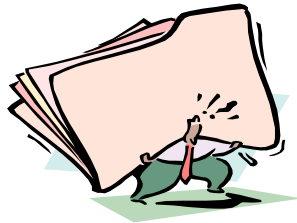
Little Lenny the Liar was in the midst of yet another one of his temper tantrums. As usual, his office door was closed and he was stomping around, cursing to himself and throwing papers all over the damn place, you know the usual routine when he didn't get his way. The Liar fell into his seat completely exhausted. The place, yet again, looked like a tornado had hit it at 200-mph. Lenny had once again worked himself into a frenzy, trembling, drenched in sweat and the stale air permeated with the stench of garlic, victimized by yet another one of the Liar's favorite meals.



That's it! Lenny thought out loud. I cannot and will not take this freakin' crap from them anymore. They never do what I want!! First I talk nice to them, that don't work. Then I try to act like their friend and convince them and that don't even work. I even lay it out for them and that still don't work. I yell and scream but that only works on some of them, the easy weak ones or the ones that don't know no better or that don't give a damn (my favorites). Now I got to try something new, something different, that's the only god damn freakin' way to get what I want!!



The Little One sat there for a few minutes trying to compose himself and finally started to calm down, the strain on his limited IQ gradually easing up. It always helped when he got this way, which was increasingly frequent, to close his eyes, and begin humming one of his favorite tunes, while tapping on his desk like it was a set of drums or bongos. Damn, Lenny said out loud, as the ringing phone interrupted his long solo in Santana's *Soul Sacrifice*. What the hell do they want from me now? Abruptly snapping out of his musical dream, Lenny was now ready to get back to the work at hand. He eyed the piles of appraisals scattered all over the floor, collected them and began the tortuous reviews he had come to hate and despise so much.



As the Liar was about to replace his sixth red pen of the day that he used to check off these review forms with, it hit him like a ton of bricks. Just like that. What if I didn't have to deal directly with those meatheads out there? I mean they are what gives me aghida to begin with. I know I can't delegate this important thing I do to a mere mortal, because no one is as good as me or will ever get the results I do. Besides some of them out there actually got some principles and ethics and no one but no one is nearly corrupt enough. So I gotta keep doing this myself. If I could only duplicate me that would work, but this place would never pay for a clone. Anyways if I got a clone he'd make all the money and they wouldn't need me, so that's definitely out. I need something,

anything they can't argue with, negotiate with or screw with.



As Little Lenny strained that little brain of his, overheating it until smoke started to shoot out of his ears, his eyes started wandering around his office looking at nothing in particular, when he focused on the computer behind him sitting on the credenza. Wait a minute. Wait one freakin' minute! Slowly his brain started to connect, like an old outdated modem crawling to dial up service. Just then he began to blink uncontrollably like he was having some kind of fit. Instead he began to have a vision of-what the hell-the Wizard of Oz. He must have seen this 50 times since he was a little kid and loved it. He always wanted to be; you guessed it, the Wizard. No way, he muttered out loud.



No freakin' way! Why am I thinking about that crap right now? And then it happened. It slowly started to come into focus. Like that light bulb that goes on over your head when you get an idea. Only the Liar's light bulb was very dimly lit obviously with low wattage because of his very limited brainpower. Lenny thought, everybody in Oz listened to and did what the Wizard told them to and he was just a man hiding behind a curtain. I want to be just like that, only I don't need to hide and there will be no curtain. I will create something they can't argue and fight with, something that will always win no matter what. Lenny almost hypnotized now like he was in a trance, clicked his heels three times and nothing happened. Feeling stupider than usual Lenny thought what the hell am I doing and snapped out of it. He would use a computer, that was it. Now it only

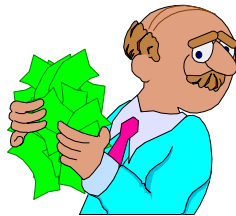
needed a brain. Let them argue with that, Lenny now laughed out loud. What's a brain to a computer anyway he asked himself. I got it, software written and programmed by those nerds downstairs. That's it!! Lenny pondered this for the next few minutes and it all made perfect sense. Nowadays everything was run by computers, so why not this too? I mean the damn appraisals and just about everything else in this place is done on a computer. Little Lenny the Liar was so ecstatic with himself he rose out of his seat and began dancing the tarantella all around his little office.

Things were definitely looking up but he had to make it idiot proof, because after all, there was all those boneheaded fools sitting all in a row right outside his office-and they still had to sign those damn reports. How do I do this, get them to sign off and still hit the numbers I need? A smile came to his face. He put two and two together and the idea was born. Or should I say the evil plan was hatched? In any event, the Liar was making nice progress, the only problem now was the grumbling sounds his belly were vocalizing started interfering with his thinking and given his limited mental capacity, he thought it best to break for food. He stepped outside his office, knocked on his neighbor Stuttering Joe the Joker's door and off they went to lunch. The truth is that even though they went to lunch together often they really couldn't stand each other. Unfortunately not many people in this institution liked either of them so they were stuck with each other, so to speak.

When they came back over an hour later, after yet another round of linguini with white clam sauce loaded as always with way too much garlic, Little Lenny was all revved up to complete his plan and make it happen the sooner the better. The only problem was that Lenny had again eaten too much, so stuffed he was bursting at the seams and he began to doze off. He would love to take a nap and play the drums in his dreams but he had work to do. There was another

problem, Lenny had been told numerous times in anonymous notes left by offended individuals, that everyone avoided coming into his office for at least an hour after he returned from lunch, waiting for the stench of nauseating garlic to clear the room. So at the risk of inhaling toxic pollutants emitted from all the traffic below, Lenny struggled to his feet and opened the window. Because of his fondness for garlic, he always believed it was in his genes, he was burdened with having to brush his teeth 10 to 12 times a day because the garlic just wouldn't quit. Besides it was hard to talk to people when they stood fifty feet away from you.

After about ten minutes Lenny felt a lot better, even refreshed, rolled up his sleeves, rubbed his evil little hands together, smiled that demonic smile of his and said out loud in a whisper, now I'm finally gonna get rid of this freakin' pain in the ass bullcrap problem once and for all! I make my money, no fights and everyone is happy. Lenny figured in his twisted way of looking at things it's a win-win situation as in heads I win tails you lose. What's better than that, Lenny snickered.

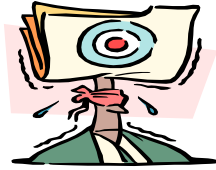


Lenny felt the best way, really the only way to make sure the appraisers signed those reports and did not come crying and bitching to him like little girls, was to program the computer to take control at some point in the process, then it would be out of his and their hands. He would convert the appraisers, with their knowledge under the soon to be new arrangement, into building inspectors and data inputters. Once the results of the inspection were inputted, the computer like a car on cruise control or a plane on autopilot would take over. But Lenny wasn't as dumb as everyone thought he was, even

though he barely graduated high school. If he made this monster too good, they wouldn't need him at all. Lenny's solution was, believe it or not, brilliant. The system would be programmed to encrypt the Liar's digital signature and only his signature after it did a retinal scan of Lenny's eye and only Lenny's eye. Also the report would not be completed as far as the system was concerned until this happened. Another clever innovation Lenny thought of was that the computer could not and would not ever print out any versions of the report unless and until he issued the signature command and did the retinal scan. The signature command would constantly change and only Lenny would have access to the code. The great thing about this was that no signature, no certification. No certification, no release. No release, no appraiser credits. And of course, no appraiser credits, no pay, especially no incentive pay. If this didn't work, nothing ever would. Little Lenny was nearly doing cartwheels now. He grabbed his computer and kissed it repeatedly. I am a freakin' genius, that's for sure, the little chubby one nearly screamed.

Now there was just one more critical point that Lenny had to figure out. This was really key, because it will make all the difference in the world. The biggest problem he always had with those knuckleheads out there was making them hit the number. In fact, this was the problem that had caused his ulcer; of course the garlic didn't help this condition either. He always felt that if he solved this problem, goodbye to aggravation and hello to clear and easy sailing to retirement. What he would do is have the software guys program the computer to calculate the "target" value based on the loan amount needed and how much of that value the bank would lend, what they called the loan-to-value ratio. This value would become the default value and the appraisal could not be completed until the default value was achieved. If the appraiser tried to do his job "right" and act independently and dare to

estimate a different value, the program would reject it and freeze up. Also the software program would do a complete review and force the appraiser to correct what ever needed to be corrected before he could move forward in the report. Once it was up and running, Little Lenny would never need a red pen or review form again. He was in heaven!!



In fact, once this thing was working right, there wouldn't even be a need for paper at all. Once Little Lenny assigned the appraisal, it would automatically email the appraiser with the order. Nothing could ever be printed out until the Liar stuck his eye against the scanner, issued the signature command and the appraiser signed off on the default value. The email would direct the appraiser to a hyperlink, which took the appraiser to a property file containing everything the appraiser needed to do the appraisal, contact information, leases, operating statements, etc.

The best thing of all was once the appraiser inputted the building inspection information and downloaded the photos, the program went into autopilot. Within 3 minutes, the software's massive search engine checked every single database it was linked to and retrieved every conceivable type of comparable data the appraiser needed. It even checked all reports of similar properties and extracted all relevant data from those as well. Based on the required loan, the program established the necessary default value to guaranty it would "work". It arrayed all the data into alternatives the appraiser could select from. But if the appraiser tried to input new data that wasn't already in the database the computer rejected it. In reality all the computer really needed from the appraiser was the inspection inputs, photos, the appraiser's signature

and license number. It did the rest without argument, debate or negotiation. To make the appraiser feel he had some kind of discretion and "independence", it permitted the appraiser three chances and only three chances to mix and match the selected retrieved data. If the appraiser wanted to play games and not comply by the third attempt, it was strike three-literally. The report would be immediately assigned to another appraiser, with the inspecting appraiser's inspection information already inputted and the optimal data alternative already in place. In other words, all the reassigned appraiser had to was go out and take a quick look at the property, or say that he did, and if he agreed with the first appraiser's inspection input, sign the report and input his license number and that was that. To make matters even more "efficient", the program imposed and enforced time limits for each of the three attempts, with a backwards-running clock prominently displaying the minutes remaining. Lenny loved these little "features" like three strikes you're out just like in baseball. He really loved baseball so this was a good one. The backwards-running clock was like his favorite game show Beat the Clock. He could waltz around to each appraiser's cubicle stand there and watch the appraiser sweat and squirm. These are going to be the best times I've ever had since I started working in this freakin' place, Lenny smiled. Now if he didn't need the appraiser's signatures and license numbers, he would send a freakin' building inspector out and sign everything himself. He'd love that for sure. Lenny thought if I can at least pull this off, it would almost be as good as eating and sex, in that order. Maybe one day his dream would come true and he could get rid of all the appraisers. But that dream would have to wait.

The key to making this thing work, thought Little Lenny, is getting the appraiser's cooperation. He'd make those jerks, if they want to keep their jobs that is, sign a contract agreeing to accept the computer's

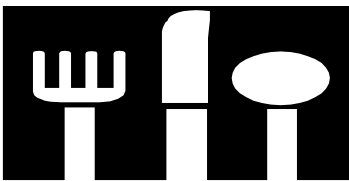
conclusions, but it would be considered their personal work product. This way they were still personally on the hook for everything in the report, he smirked. If they have a problem with what the computer comes back with, I'll tell them to go argue with her not me, because it's out of my hands. Go fight with the freakin' computer and leave me the freak alone. Lenny was indeed becoming infatuated with himself and even arrogant, very arrogant. Who's better than me, the Liar yelled.

Now there were just two things left to do, give her a name and get Attila Tony's blessing, which of course would be verbal. After that Lenny would run not walk his fat little butt down to the programmers and get this thing moving. I ain't even gonna take the freakin' elevator! Once this thing is working, it's gonna be like shooting fish in a barrel. Like money in the bank is what it is he squealed with delight. He was so overcome with joy he was beaming. Finally he would get even and get his just desserts!!

Lenny liked referring to the program as "her" or "she", because it somehow partially compensated him for his lack of a love life. He didn't want to actually give it a girl's name, he wanted the name to be short and clever, just like me he thought. He plunked his chubby little self into his seat with a newfound enthusiasm. He realized that he almost felt as good as when he started working here, before Tony corrupted him. It was all coming together, like a well orchestrated seven-course meal, he felt. After all the freakin' crap I been through in this place, I'm finally on my way. Finally! Just like my hero Christopher Columbus sailing away to the new world. Another one of his heroes, which he secretly admired, but would never admit to in public, was Ponzi. Now that was a clever pisan he thought. His all time most favorite hero of all was of course chicken parm smothered with a ton of garlic and gravy, lots and lots of gravy. Anyway, his full 70 IQ kicked into high gear and it came to him

immediately. Only now he was starting to get hungry. For once in his life he fought off the hunger and forged ahead. I'm fixing values is what I'm doing, so I'll call her *ValueFixer*. He loved the name and thought, they won't give a damn what it's called so long as it puts the big numbers up on the tote board. That's all they ever cared about anyway. Now once this thing is done, those morons out there can argue and fight all they want. They can curse her, insult her and even spit at her and she won't give a goddamn crap. But screw with her, don't do what she wants, piss her off and see what happens. Just freakin' watch! Thinking about his favorite full body massage joint in Jersey that he frequented at least once a week, Little Lenny was almost hysterical with laughter now; nope there will be no happy endings for those appraisers who dare to cross her.

Lenny decided to go home earlier than usual and celebrate. He'd go to his favorite red sauce joint and maybe even have six appetizers this time. Screw the ulcer and pour on the freakin' garlic, I can take it, as he salivated and licked his lips in anticipation.



So, the first thing next morning, after downing a bottle of Scope, three packs of Certz and brushing his teeth for the fourth time, he trotted down the hall to Attila Tony's office. It took the Liar all of three minutes to sell Tony on *ValueFixer's* virtues. Of course Tony loved it, how couldn't he? If it worked he would be a hero. Of course, if it didn't work for some reason, or blew up or whatever, naturally it would be the Liar's fault. Needless to say, Tony emphasized, none of this would be in writing. Since Lenny had done many illegal things before with Tony's blessing, he was intimately familiar with Tony's

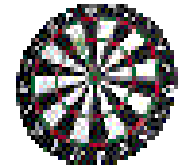
ground rules. Remember Tony said to Little Lenny "no paper trail, no jail". About five minutes later, everyone outside Tony's closed door could overhear an unmistakable chorus of "Happy Days Are Here Again".

Lenny collected his notes and ran down to see the programmers. Yes they told him it was totally feasible and could be done very quickly, with a time frame of 9 to 12 months. Since everything they needed was already on the network and Intranet with tried and true programs that had worked pretty much flawlessly for years now, it would actually be easy. Needless to say, Lenny told the head programmer the project was top secret. This guy was already used to this coming from Lenny given all the past "projects" he had worked on for him. Only the appraisers would have to be told and only when they went "live". "No leaks", Lenny warned the head programmer with that menacing look of his. Even Tony wouldn't know all the ugly little details, Lenny thought.



So, one year later almost to the day, *ValueFixer* was completed. The IT guys worked double shifts to get it finished, because they ran into some unexpected glitches, as typically happens. Multiple test runs had been conducted and now all the bugs were worked out. Lenny had thought it was a good idea to test it himself. He actually looked at a building himself, the first time in years. He returned to the office, input the inspection information, downloaded the pictures and tried to screw her. Like in his experience with most women he met, she rejected his advances. Two more times he tried the same thing, only on the third attempt she proclaimed, "you're out" and proceeded to freeze up and shut down. This was good stuff, Lenny smiled. He logged on again, made up a different address and accepted what the

system came back with this time around. Boom, just like that, the program completed the report-it took about 5 minutes. The Liar scanned his left eye, the one Lenny affectionately called his "evil eye", issued the signature command, entered his license number and the system printed out the whole damn freakin' thing with exactly the value that was needed at lightning speed no less. Lenny had decided to add the "complete autopilot feature" at the last minute. If an appraiser was lazy, rushed or just plain ignorant and uninformed, as many of them were, the Fixer, as he also liked calling her, would pick the best data and complete the entire report, awaiting just the name, license number and Lenny's retinal scan and signature command. I'll use this just in case, you never know. Another great feature was that if the loan amount changed for whatever reason, *ValueFixer* automatically adjusted the default value and retrieved whatever was needed to support this value.



To Little Lenny the Liar all of this seemed very logical and natural. He had always felt, that as chief appraiser he was really like a "pimp" and the appraisers were like "hookers" anyway. In his twisted little brain, Lenny pictured the appraisers trolling the streets searching for "tricks" (appraisal assignments). As the chief appraiser he supplied the "johns". Now *ValueFixer* would make sure his "girls" always had "safe sex". Now the "act" couldn't be done until the "john" put on a "condom", that is Lenny scanned his eye and issued the signature command. This is really poetic justice since I love screwing these guys as often as I can anyhow, he howled.



Lenny really got caught up in the final test run, spending nearly two hours trying every trick in the book, but she held her ground like a proud virgin. She is beautiful, Lenny thought admiringly. Now she was ready to go live with those buttholes out there. I can't wait!

Lenny rented a conference room at a local hotel, because this could only take place off-premises. He contacted the head programmer, called a catering company (better to fill their bellies, like pigs before the slaughter) and told the appraisers 100% attendance was mandatory (no ifs, ands or buts Lenny emphasized), and besides, he had a real big surprise for them.



Three days later, Lenny's "surprise party" was underway. All of the appraisers were gathered, curiously and anxiously awaiting the "surprise" he had promised them. Lenny then made his grand entrance, with his chest all puffed out, looking like he either was the only cock in the henhouse or was bloated from a severe case of gas. All the guys started looking at each other, knowing something big was up.

For the next half hour in his heavily accented "Brooklynese", the Liar went chapter and verse in excruciatingly painful detail about everything that ever bothered him about these guys and how it was them and no one else that had caused his freakin' ulcer. He asked no one in particular how it was that since he was clearly the smartest

and best appraiser in the room, that many of them never did what he wanted them too. He also decided to point fingers and singled about half the guys for a particularly severe tongue-lashing and rank out session. These were the guys that caused him the most trouble of all, the real stunards in the group and the ones truly responsible for motivating Lenny to come up with this "surprise". Lenny was really enjoying this, watching the appraisers looking at each other, turning bright red in embarrassment, squirming in their seats and scratching their heads in bewilderment. Lenny wanted to prolong this forever so it would never end. They don't have a freakin' clue what's happening or what's coming, he grinned to himself.

As much as he enjoyed this, he could no longer stand the anticipation and decided to get on with it. He proceeded to explain that, for everyone's health and happiness, especially his, things were going to be different now. Cooperation had a new meaning and Lenny would be providing the definition. As of this minute, like in right now, if you don't cooperate you don't get paid. Period and end of story! Anybody who didn't like what they were hearing should leave right now and keep going-no more jobs for them- Lenny said smiling from ear to ear. Immediately, half the guys got up and left. Screw them Lenny thought, I was trying to get rid of them for years anyway. This left the other half of the appraisers, three quarters of which included Lenny's favorites, the ones who turned the most "tricks" week in and week out, without ever giving him any lip. The remaining guys had very little experience and no licenses at all. They were like puppets on a string or dummies on a ventriloquist's lap, doing whatever Lenny asked them to because they either didn't know any better or just didn't give a damn. All they wanted they had told Lenny was to make as many bucks as possible. In looking as his smaller audience, Lenny thought okay good half my problem

is gone right off the bat, but I'll have to fill in Tony and replace them to keep the volume increasing. No problem, he thought, it'll be my pleasure.

The Liar now feeling more confident and secure that he had in a long long time, described *ValueFixer* like he was talking about a woman he had once known that he was now passing along to the group for a gang bang. He loved speaking in sexual terms. He said she would be fast and easy as long as they did what she wanted. They would "score" with her each and every time!! The best part of all is they wouldn't even have to wine and dine her first. She was built to "put out", in fact, that was her one and only reason for "living". He likened each appraisal to a "date" with her, listen to what she says, follow her instructions and you're "in like Flint". Try "experimenting" with her and getting "freaky" and she not only will reject you, she'll shut like a steel trap and you'll be thrown out of the game and sent to the showers.

As the Liar was about to conclude his little surprise party, he told them they were to quickly review and sign two documents on their way out. The first was a "contract of cooperation", where they agreed to accept and be personally responsible for *ValueFixer's* content and conclusions, and the second, was a presigned and undated letter of resignation, just in case any of them got cute. If they decided at the last minute not to sign both of these documents, they were fired immediately, and that's that. Little Lenny told them this was not optional and said these would be the only set of documents, the originals, which of course he and only he would be holding in a very safe and secure place.

When it was over, only four of them remained. The three uncertified puppets and one assistant appraiser who had previously had another job in the bank before Lenny gave him a shot to make some "serious money". He loved this guy, because he did anything

Lenny wanted him to and he actually did know better but didn't give a crap. That's my kind of guy Lenny had often thought.

Lenny the Liar and the four of them returned to the office and the Liar filled Attila in using previously agreed to metaphors. This way, Tony reasoned, if the stuff does hit the fan and the whole thing blows up, I never had a clue what that little fat Sicilian was up to. Lenny told him that he had his party and ten people left early because they didn't have a good time. Tony told him to go make ten new "friends". So Lenny went to HR and put a requisition in for ten new appraisers.

What neither the Liar nor anyone else for that matter had any clue about, was that the stuff was indeed about to hit the fan and big time! As it turns out, one of the uncertified "puppets" had chosen to stay because he was forced to. Two years earlier, while moonlighting, this guy got caught up in an FBI sting, copped a plea and gave up all he knew about the Liar's illegal activities and all the crap the bank was into. The Regulators had formed a joint task force and Petey the Puppet had given them so much crap on Little Lenny and the bank that they had decided to pounce and hang the Liar out to dry. That is, until the Puppet dropped a dime and told them to wait until after Lenny's "surprise party". The Feds assured the Petey that if this turned out to be big, they would knock even more time off his sentence. So the Puppet went for it without hesitating.

He continued to check in with his handler and after summarizing what took place at the surprise party, made arrangements to meet with him. After debriefing the Puppet for nearly two hours, the handler said that this would be icing on the cake. Nice thick sweet icing! They already had much more than they needed to prove their case thanks to the puppet's frequent phone calls and all the documents he managed to make copies of. But this would

double the Liar's prison time without a doubt.

The Regulators decided to let the Liar go forward with *ValueFixer* for six months so they'd have even more rope to hang him with. The puppet was to now check in twice a week, instead of once.

He continued to check in with his handler as *ValueFixer* forged ahead. Lenny thought this freakin' thing can't be beat! However, Harry the Handler knew that with each appraisal completed the evidence increased, as did the indictment count.



Although some potential new hires expressed reluctance and balked at having to sign those documents, Lenny ultimately hired the ten appraisers he needed. After the *Fixer's* first three months of operation, volume doubled and at the end of six months, with a full complement of appraisers, she was like the freakin' Houston 600. Production was up an unheard of six fold! Lenny thought, no really felt, that he died and went to heaven. No back talk. No red pens. No crap. He came in late and went home early. He took two hour lunches and was always smiling, laughing and kidding around with everyone. He became god damn distracting to all the other workers, humming and banging to the imaginary "drums" all along the tops of the perimeter of file cabinets throughout the floor. Since no one except Lenny, Tony and the appraisers had any inkling of what was really going on, all the other people on the floor thought Lenny was on some very powerful drugs or maybe even had a personality transplant, if that was possible.



Interest rates started to rise during the first two months and values began to fall. Not to worry, *ValueFixer* compensated for this by widening her search for the "right" data. After four months, values had dropped by one third and at the end of six months they were down by fifty percent across the board. What initially seemed to be conservative loans at 75% loan to value were now an ungodly 150%! *ValueFixer* was stressing and straining and taking longer to hit the default value but she still delivered. She always delivered and Lenny was ready to marry her in a heartbeat, machine or no machine. She was his kind of girl, always putting out and never bitching or moaning about it.

Unfortunately the bank started to experience some problems with its borrowers. It started as a trickle at first. Then it was like the dam had burst. The bank's portfolio was now seriously delinquent, with 75% of the loans in default triggering massive foreclosures. In fact since nearly all of these loans were not personally guaranteed by the borrowers, they called the bank and told them not to even bother foreclosing, they would be in shortly with the keys to the properties. Fannie was on the bank's ass, calling up to a dozen times a day because its problems now triggered a tidal wave of defaults on all those bonds sold to the unsuspecting public. The public was now up in arms, still stinging from the high tech fiasco and all the Enron-like greed and fraud that lost them their retirements, their children's inheritances and untold billions of dollars. They went to their Congressmen and Senators, wherein marathon like hearings were held. The bond defaults in turn, triggered interest rates to skyrocket to rates not seen since

the early 1980s. This was serious stuff affecting the entire economy and secondary mortgage market; everything was coming undone and melting down.

Some resourceful and tenacious reporters got wind of the details of who and what was responsible for this and the stories started to fly. It was on the news almost every night and the Liar was in hiding betrayed only by the stench of garlic permeating his pores. The bank's stock price took hit after hit and was now trading for pennies on the dollar. It was in a free fall big time! The larger banks were all looking at a hostile takeover, just on the principle of the problems this crappy little bank had caused them.

The authorities decided enough was enough, this little Sicilian slime bucket had caused them problems they couldn't ever have imagined and decided to make their move. Then on a Friday at exactly 3:00 pm, they moved in. There were 25 agents and they weren't going to screw around.

During the past six months Petey the Puppet filled file cabinet after file cabinet with more and more evidence. The Feds were so pissed off, they decided to arrest not only Little Lenny and all the appraisers, but also all senior officers throughout the entire division. They had tapped all of their telephones, both at the office and at home, fax machines, emails, Blackberrys, you name it. They entered and surrounded Lenny's and the programmer's floors. Like assembling a chain gang, they went to each office, starting with Little Lenny's, dragged everyone out and handcuffed them all. They even rounded up the entire board of directors and all management committee members. They didn't leave any stone unturned. They were thorough. Very very thorough. They carted off the entire contents of offices, kept Lenny and the appraisers handcuffed and shackled together isolated smack dab in the middle of the floor on display for everyone to see. They took

computers, hard drives, thousands of appraisal files and were waving around the "contracts of cooperation" all the jerks had signed. Lenny was crying actually violently sobbing and had crapped and pissed his pants. He was reeking from garlic as usual and the other appraisers tried the best they could to keep their distance, but all the chains limited their flexibility and so they were forced to suffer inhaling this putrid odor and be humiliated at the same time.

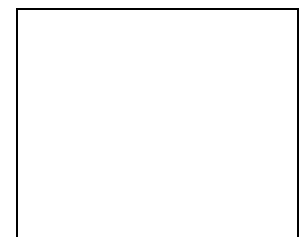


The federal prosecutors broke some records after it was all over. Every single one of the defendants were convicted and found guilty on scores and scores of charges. Everyone would do time and none would get a break, no parole, the judges were adamant. The trials were unusual in that they were publicly televised. The government was going to make an example of this bunch of crooks, they told all the newswires and reporters. This would never ever happen again! Ever!! Even Fannie's stock was in the toilet. So far reaching was this fiasco, that it even affected the outcome of the presidential election. For Christ sake, the country was on the verge of anarchy. The entire banking system was in ruins. In every major city of the country people were burning down bank branches helter skelter. They had enough!

The banking Regulators took over the bank and auctioned it off to the highest bidder. They tried setting a minimum reserve price but had no takers. The reason for the difficulty in selling it was, because once the first story was published, all depositors removed their money. Shareholders had bailed out at whatever price they could get because something was better than nothing they reasoned. Fannie and thousands of the remaining

borrowers joined together in a massive class action lawsuit the likes of which no one had ever seen before. They were suing everyone in the bank and personally too. The Regulators seized all pensions and ordered everyone in a civil lawsuit, which the government also unanimously won, to repay all bonuses, stock options and the gain from stock option sales for the previous three years. The authorities also seized all homes, cars and personal property. They took everything and left them nothing at all. Now they would all be penniless. The ultimate buyer, Wachovia, would take no chances and fired everyone. The only remaining asset that had any semblance of value was the main office and branch locations. That was it. The end.

Prison was almost like working in the bank. All the appraisers were there, senior managers and most of the board of directors. So much for retirement or a future Sweet Lenny the Bitch of Cellblock 9 moaned and groaned as Leroy worked on him from behind. At least those morons won't be aggravating me any time soon! Lenny was sentenced to 50 years, double what he would have gotten if not for *ValueFixer*.



And so the moral of this fictional tale is, if you try to fix something, better be real careful because it may very well fix you in the end—and in Lenny's case, in the behind.

