



Lies, Limits, and Litigation. Oh My!

by Kim Emerson

FIRST EDITION

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To Brenda, who has worked hard this last year so that I could
recreate my reality. You are a gift from God.

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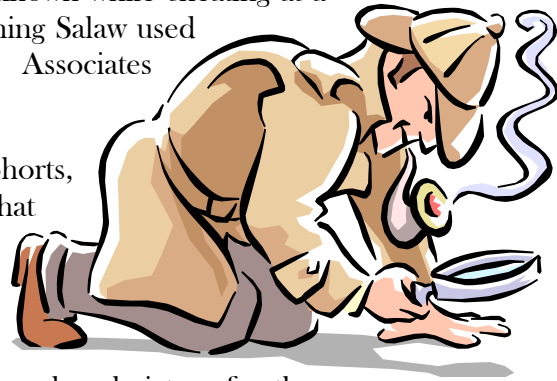
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Klueliss Home. County of Bonn Dage, MO. Winter 1944

It happened during the infamous winter of 1944 when all about was bitter and frozen. Gumshoe, Kim Emerson got a call to come to the county of Bonn Dage. Apparently Univer Salaw from the city of Attraction, just inside of Abundance, MO and old man Distruk Tivv Tinking had from the county of Bonn Dage entered into a brawl. Later that night, Tinking had been cut down by forces unknown while cheating at a game of billiards. While being held for questioning Salaw used his one phone call to dial Emerson and Associates Investigators.

The celebrated Emerson, along with her cohorts, uncovered some essential evidence; facts that would lead to a deeper understanding of lies, limits, and litigation that had been in place for centuries within the county of Bonn Dage. Early in the investigation it appeared that what authorities thought was foul play was in reality a colossal victory for the good guys.



Known as the “Nancy Drew” of investigators within the detective community, Emerson called her partners; Mrs. Peacock and Professor Plum and asked them to meet her at the scene of the crime. She then followed the trail of data to the home of the Klueliss family just inside the county line. Upon arrival she entered the great hall and found herself staring down the barrel of a smoking gun.

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“Peacock, put the gun down, it’s just me.” Emerson struggled out of her hat and cape. “What’s with the hair?”

“I’m incognito.”

“I liked the green better; pink doesn’t go with your eyes.”

“That’s why I’m wearing the sunglasses.” Peacock smiled brightly.

Emerson sighed and tossed her cape on the entryway table and fumbled in her pocket for a notepad and pen. “How did the two of you beat me here?”

Mrs. Peacock looked bewildered by the question and held up a shiny object for Emerson to view. “I’ve been here all along; in the kitchen with a candle stick,” she said.

“Looks like a gun to me.”

“I traded Colonel Mustard for the gun earlier in the game. As a weapon of mass destruction the candlestick leaves a lot to be desired.” Peacock twirled it around her index finger.

“God help me, this is going to be a long night.” Emerson turned to the Professor, “and you Plum, what are you doing with that lead pipe?”



“Quantum Physics my dear.”

“Oh, of course, there you go again with that smoke and mirror routine again. Just what exactly is that supposed to mean anyway?”

“According to Webster, a valued friend of mine and respected gentleman of the community, Quantum Physics is the science of matter and energy and their interactions.”

Emerson rolled her eyes as was often her practice while talking with the professor. “What does that have to do with you being here ahead of me with a lead pipe in your hands?” she asked.

“It’s all in the power of the mind. Did you realize you’re controlled by your subconscious?”



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“Oh, don’t start that again! We’ve got work to do.”

“It ‘tis true my dear, everything about us is energy, including our thoughts. The death of Distruk Tivv Tinking is the beginning of a glorious celebration for the county of Bonn Dage.”

“Plum, you are starting to scare me here. There you stand with the lead pipe telling me this death is a good thing. Come on, let’s get to work before you incriminate yourself and I have to find a new assistant.”

Professor Plum shrugged and reluctantly followed Peacock and Emerson into the billiards room. The dank room was musty and dark with heavy velvet drapes pulled closed at the windows. The remains of Distruk Tivv Tinking lay sprawled in front of the stone fireplace. As the two women knelt beside the body a chill swept through the room. Silence closed in around them and a shudder of fear rippled up their spines. Suddenly there was a loud crack followed by a low rumble. Peacock cried out, lost her balance, fell against the hearth and smacked her head. Emerson jumped to her feet and whirled around. She came face to face with Professor Plum who was leaning over the billiards table a crooked smile on his face and a cue stick in his hands.

“Plum! What is heavens name are you doing?”

“Enjoying a game,” he replied. “I just got four balls in the pockets.”



Emerson stomped over and snatched the cue from his hands. “What is wrong with you? You scared the daylights out of us.”

“So sorry dear, didn’t mean to do that.”

“Is there some reason you have no interest in helping us?” Emerson asked as she propped the stick against the table.

“Don’t need to, I already have the answers.”

Emerson’s face lit up in exhilaration as she grabbed Plum by the lapels. “Fantastic! Did you hear something?”

“No.”

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“Well, then you could smell something?”

“No.”

“Don’t tell me you touched something! That would put the fear of God in me.”

“No.”

“You didn’t taste anything did you?”

“Not at all.”

“Professor, this is incredible, that leaves one option left.” Emerson turned to Peacock and threw her arms around her. “He saw something! The case is solved! Plum is an eye witness!”

Peacock’s hands fluttered about her in anticipation. “Lordy be Plum, why didn’t you tell us? I was standing there in the kitchen talking with Colonel Mustard and...”

“Ladies, hold on.” Plum threw his hands up in the air. “I didn’t see anything. It’s better than that! Univer Salaw and I killed Tinking.”

Silence, like cold hard stones, fell clattering to the earth. Emerson stood frozen in place hands clenched at her side while Plum continued to smile his crooked smile.

“Oh dear me,” Peacock said.

Slowly, deliberately Emerson turned her back on the professor and walked toward the fireplace. She bent over and picked up the poker. With her back still turned she took in a deep breath and held it, as she let it out she turned to face him. “Plum, you have always talked in riddles, but this one takes the cake. I don’t have time for ridiculous chit chat right now. I really don’t want to haul your sorry butt into the station to be booked for murder, so you better start talking. And please try to speak in a language I can understand.”

“Marvelous! Let me show you the way this went down. If, by the end of my presentation you don’t see the reason Tinking had to be taken out, you can arrest me. No hard feelings.”

The women stared at him and waited.

“Well then, to the library and I will demonstrate.” With that Plum dashed out the door.

When the women had settled themselves in matching wing backed chairs Plum pulled out his notes, several beakers, a large black container, a chalkboard, and a candy bar. He laid everything out on the table in front of them.

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“I would like to present to you the simple truth of Univer Salaw of Attraction who lives in Abundance, MO.”

“That was the guy that called me from the jail,” Emerson said.

“Yes, that’s correct. The truth of the matter is that Tinking has been undermining Salaw for centuries.”

“Wow! Salaw sounded old on the phone, but I had no idea he was that ancient.”

“Oh, my dear, you have no idea! The man goes way back. At any rate, recent developments made it necessary for Salaw to stand up for the good of mankind. After his brawl with Tinking he called me and asked if I would assist him in taking down this criminal. I would like to present the lies and facts of this case for your inspection. Please bear with me until the final piece of evidence has been offered.” Plum cleared his throat and picked up the chalkboard. He began to scribble feverously and then turned his notes for them to read. “Ladies, here is a list of lies. Please read through them.”



Following your dream is not responsible, not practical, you can’t do it, you won’t make it, you must work **HARD**, fun is for the foolish, humans are meant to suffer; time freedom can not be achieved.

Humans are limited by their education, placement in family, luck, and environment.

Humans must take what they get and can’t do anything about it.

Plum slapped the chalkboard on the desk and the women jumped in their seats. “That, my friends is what these people have been up against! Those are the crimes being committed against humanity in the county of Bonn Dage. I ask you, should I have let this go on when the answer was with our friend Mr. Univer Salaw of Attraction? I think not! Not when the answer is so simple the most common man can conquer it.”

“Oh great, this is where the ‘woo-woo-abracadabra’ stuff comes in, right?” Emerson asked.

“No! That’s where you are wrong Detective. Univer Salaw is not a study of mystical proportions. We are talking about an exact science. Quantum Physics if you will. Let

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me give you an example and keep in mind this is just one example of many that I have uncovered. 10 years ago at the local Bonn Dage high school they administered an aptitude test. Every 16 year old student at the school took that test. Some of the students took this test very seriously and filled in all the little circles with finely tuned accuracy.

But ladies, keep in mind that we are talking about 16 year old people, and the majority of 16 year olds do not see little circles on a page as deeply significant to the meaning of life. Some of the students that took the test that day had no idea that it would impact their lives so dramatically. They haphazardly filled in the circles, thinking it was busy work. The events that took place after that test are earth shattering in some cases.

One young man who had achieved accelerated status in music up to that point in his life was told by instructors that administered the test that he was destined to become a truck driver. Now, there is absolutely nothing wrong with being a truck driver if that is what has tugged at your heart. But this news devastated the musician. He went away from that meeting a changed person, and not for the best. That same man is now 26 years old, he threw away his career in music at age 17 and entered into the trucking industry.



Although he had not taken that test seriously and had just randomly filled it in without reading; the results of it, and the instructor's words were entrenched in his subconscious mind. That was until Univer Salaw got to him and he opened up to the abundant possibilities. Today he is enrolled in a doctorate program at a leading university. You may ask, how could this happen?" Plum turned to the black container on the table, cautiously picked it up and plunged his hand inside. When he withdrew his hand the women gasped.

"For crying out loud Plum, have you lost your mind?" Emerson shouted.

"Goodness no, this isn't mine." He placed the brain on the table and turned back to the women. "Everything is made of energy, even our thoughts and words are energy. What you concentrate on and think about will eventually come to pass. The subconscious mind is an extremely powerful machine."

"Well, that's certainly true enough. I have wondered for years when you would completely take leave from your senses. Today you have." Emerson interjected.

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“Now, Kim,” Mrs. Peacock said. “I think he might be on to something. Just think of all the times you have been thinking really hard about something and poof, there it is. Take this wig I am wearing. I was walking along, thinking about my disguise for undercover work and bada boom; there it was right in front of my eyes in the window of the costume shop. That kind of thing happens to me all the time.”

“Exactly!” Plum shrieked. “Imagine it ladies! If we all grab hold of this concept and create our lives as we want them, there will be no limits as to what we can achieve.”



There is positively nothing we can't do. This is why Distruk Tivv Tinking had to go.”

The women looked at each other. The grandfather clock chimed 3 in the background with a slow steady dong...dong...dong.

“Wow,” Peacock said.

After a moment Emerson added, “I think a person would have to empty out the garbage that fills their minds and then learn to fill it up with positive thoughts. Isn't that true Plum?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Can you teach us this science, or is it only for those of IQs off the charts?”

“I can absolutely show anyone how to do this, my dear Emerson; as I have stated earlier with Univer Salaw of Attraction from Abundance, MO you can learn to create every single last dream that you thought was impossible. There are no limitations. In fact, you're using the principle right this very minute.”

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“Plum, how can you say that when I don’t even know what it is?”

“It’s a scientific law, like gravity. It’s there whether we believe in it or not. You have used it from your first breath. The trick is to realize you can determine the results. It doesn’t have to be a random grab bag. That is why it is essential that we keep Salaw a free man.”

“When can Peacock and I start learning this?” Emerson asked.

“That’s material for the next book.” Plum turned and began to gather his supplies.

“What!” Peacock squealed.

“Now wait just a darn minute here.” Emerson flew out of her chair and faced Plum. “You get us all worked up and that’s it? Can’t we at least have a clue?”

“Oh very well, take a seat,” he cleared his throat and waited for Emerson to sit. “Ladies, the bottom line is this; you create the positive energy in your thought patterns which then shapes matter to bring about your reality.” Plum perched himself on the edge of the desk and peered at them from behind his horn-rimmed glasses.

“Hey, I’m beginning to understand! If I envision my living room full of money then I will become rich!” Emerson grinned.

“Not necessarily, paper money is just a symbol of wealth. Paper, in and of itself, is not worth much. You need to focus on those things in life that will bring you comfort, joy, freedom, etc. Think of it this way, the woman that buys a dishwasher, doesn’t really want a dishwasher. She wants cleaner dishes at a quicker rate.”

Emerson arose from her chair and walked to the window. She drew open the shutters and gazed out at the frozen landscape. Moments passed marked by the ticking of the clock in the corner. When finally she turned back to face the professor her face lit up with a broad smile. “That makes sense. But can’t you give us a few more clues on how to use this, to put it into practice?”

“Tisk, tisk, I agreed to give one clue. That’s all you’re getting tonight. The rest will come when you are ready, but don’t worry; I am working on the next book. It will be released this summer.”

“Oh come on, just one more question.”

“Alright, one more, but that’s it.”

“What’s the candy bar got to do with it?”

“Oh nothing; I just laid it here to keep your attention.”





KIM EMERSON

Kim Emerson (also published under KD Emerson) is the founder of Writing Pro. Emerson heads up the team that makes Writing Pro the choice of champions. She is an award winning and published writer. Ms Emerson has been an instructor of English, theater, and music and has been nominated into the American and International Who's Who of Women. She lives in Pleasant Grove, Ut.
