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I'm feeling numb

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**First Prologue: The Revelation on Pork Chop Hill**

Ultimately, it came down to sex.

It always did.

Sex, or the urge for sex, was always the major impetus for all major inventions throughout the history of man.

J. Robert Oppenheimer invented the atomic bomb because he wanted to reaffirm his aging potency to his wife, who he was afraid would leave him for a younger man named Boris.

Thomas Edison invented the light bulb so he could enjoy the lusty sight of his mistresses' breasts bouncing this way and that during his evening assignations.

The Wright Brothers invented the airplane because they had a yen for eager to please Chinese women, but a lack of easy access to far eastern markets.

When Tim Husbands-Cousins invented the neural chip, and accidentally fostered the creation of the entire neural internet, he was actually trying to develop a neural stimulator to enhance sexual longevity, density, and piston performance.

And so it is not at all surprising that the same could be said of Larry Turntha, the same Larry Turntha who would one day would become one of the richest and most powerful men on the planet Earth with the invention of Oogle, his revolutionary search engine for human memories.

Back when the world was young, when Larry was still in high school, he finally worked up the courage to ask Marissa Levenbrook out on a date. Marissa was gorgeous. She had long, flowing hair, and the wisdom of large breasts far beyond her 17 years, and to Larry she was the icon of lustful femininity itself. But when he finally mustered the courage to ask her out, she turned him down, with a little laugh, saying she had to wash her hair on Friday night.

On Friday night, however, Larry spied Marissa in Peter Welton's Super Mercedes 3000 at the lookout on top of Pork Chop Hill. She was most definitely *not* washing her hair. Her lips were pressed against Peter Welton, and his against hers, and their arms wrapped around each other, and Larry couldn't help but notice that her hair was quite, quite dry.

Larry looked at the situation analytically, as he increasingly did, and asked himself what Peter Welton had that he didn't. Peter was not taller than him. Peter was not more good looking than him. What Peter and Peter's family did have in abundance, however, was money. A lot of it.

As Larry watched Peter unashamedly put his hands inside the most interesting parts of Marissa's shirt, he realized that there was a direct connection between wealth, and sex. And in that moment, as Larry watched Peter feel up Marissa's firm, young, 17 year old titties and make her moan with ecstatic delight, he resolved that he would not merely become a wealthy man, but *the* wealthy man, the wealthiest man on the planet, so he could have any woman, any woman he desired.

## Second Prologue: The Dawn of the Neuralnet

The invention of the neural chip changed the world.

Five years earlier, a scientist named Tim Husbands-Cousins had invented the neural chip, a tiny processor, the size of the head of a pin, which could be inserted into the base of the skull, at the back of the neck.

Once inserted, it could interact with the human brain. Husbands-Cousins found he could actually download select thoughts and memories into his computer. Furthermore, the traffic went in both directions. He could also upload memories stored in his computer into his brain. The need for a personal computer to access the internet instantly became obsolete.

Furthermore, not only could brains be connected to computers through this system, but brains could be connected to other brains as well. People could access each others' thoughts and memories. As more and more people got chips implanted in their brains, the internet slowly started to evolve into the neuralnet.

Traditional internet companies were slow to adapt to the changes in technology. More nimble startups were created to fill the burgeoning need for content and organization.

Tim Husbands-Cousins, the inventor of the neural chip, and the resulting neuralnet, was not involved in any of this. He felt that the "commercialization" of the neuralnet would be its undoing. Instead of patenting his neural chip, and becoming an instant billionaire, he released the schematics and source code for it, making it available for anyone for free, for "the good of humanity".

New companies took his technology and began to do things with it. Two graduate students at Stanford named Dave Pedo and Jerry Ying instantly realized that all the information in human minds would be inaccessible unless there were some way to search it. And so they created the world's first search engine for the human brain. In its very first iteration, it was simply a mental webpage with links to the minds of the other eight members of their research team. But as more and more people got neural chips and joined the neuralnet, Pedo and Ying got serious about creating a search engine which could map the memories of the human mind.

They created computer programs called *spiders*, which entered the human brain through their connection with their neural chips, and mapped the contents of each person's brain. Then they organized the contents of these human brains on their own computer servers, and made them searchable to everyone.

Very quickly their search engine started to get a following, and they realized that they had tapped into something which could be very lucrative.

They left Stanford and looked for an inexpensive place to set up shop. They found it in semi-agricultural Sonoma County, California, in a semi-rural town named Petaluma, some 35 miles north of San Francisco. Petaluma, formerly a sleepy farm town, was in the process of transition, with farmland being turned into streets to build homes and office buildings, but there was still plenty of open space.

Pedo wasn't thrilled with the idea of placing their company so far north of San Francisco. "Who's going to want to work all the way out here, in shitty farmland?" Pedo asked, wrinkling his nose. To be frank, it smelled bad in Petaluma; the smell of fertilizer wafted as far as the office park where they were looking for space.

"Pedo, Pedo Guy, listen," said Ying, putting his arm around his friend. He always called Dave "Pedo Guy" when he wanted something from him. "Land is cheap here! And we have space to expand!"

"How much space are we going to need?" Pedo asked.

"The sky's the limit," said Ying.

He wasn't wrong. Before long the search engine that he and Pedo built would have hundreds and even thousands of employees, fueled by ever increasing traffic and a steady supply of venture capital.

But first they needed a name.

"How about we call it Mindsearch?" Ying asked.

"Pedo Guy! You're always so literal!" said Ying. "We need a name that's going to be cute, that's going to capture the imagination of everyone in tech."

They came up with a long list of names, argued them, argued them again, and then still some more. It was a very important decision; whatever name they came up with they would be stuck with forever.

A few years later, they would have paid a branding company millions of dollars to come up with the perfect name, and met for months to discuss and test all the possible permutations.

But at that moment, since it was only the two of them, it was all up to Pedo and Ying. And the name they came up with was...

Achoo!

Another Categorized Hierarchy Organized Originally.

Ying thought it was brilliant. And after a few pints of scotch, Pedo Guy did too. Before long Achoo! became the biggest player in the neuralnet. Everyone wanted to work at Achoo. More and more neuralnet startups flocked to Petaluma. In time real estate agents came up with the name "Neuron Valley", so they could increase asking prices by 20% or more.

Two years later, Achoo! was entrenched as the king of Neuron Valley, and startups were flocking to Petaluma, each looking for their own small piece of the rapidly growing pie.