

Excuse me, miss. Would you mind taking off your blouse?

Of course I wouldn't.

And your brassiere as well, please.

Certainly.

Thank you.

No problem.

Pardon me. Miss?

Yes.

Would it be all right if I ran my hands all over your body?

Right here on the street? In front of everybody?

Yes.

Okay.

Hey! I saw that!

Hmm?

What you did with those women. How'd you do that? How'd you get them to agree to that?

Excuse me. Are you in the habit of accosting strangers in the street?

No. But I really need to know. And I'm not going away until you tell me.

Sigh. Very well. It's all in the pitch and intonation of speech. You see, I found a glitch in the mental armor that . . . well, the details are in my self-help book, Psychoto-Trans-Cybernetics. On the stands now.

Essentially, I can induce a moment's forgetfulness - no more than that - in which anybody will agree to anything you ask. It's easy. Anyone can learn how.

You tricked those women! That's tantamount to rape.

Well, I'd hardly call it that. It's just a moment's diversion.

It's a terrible violation of their dignity. You're an awful person. You should be ashamed of yourself.

I fail to see why you're so worked up. There's no harm in any of it.

Yeah, well how would you like it if you . . . ?

Excuse me. Young man, would you be so kind as to do me a favor?

I would, except that I'm being harassed by this ... oh, good, he's left. Well, what do you want me to do, granny? Help you across the street?

No. I want you to take off your trousers.

Excuse me, miss. Would you mind taking off your blouse?

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And your brassiere as well, please.

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