

# ASHLAE ASCENDING

*(a/k/a Daddy's Girl)*

By Michael V. Farnum



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**Ashlae Ascending**

2nd edition

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*Any similarities to actual places, organizations,  
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either living or dead,  
is purely coincidental.*

*This is a work of fiction.*

## SYNOPSIS

*A legend in her own mind. Boundary-challenged? She begs your pardon! Some called her an energy vampire, of all the nerve. A girl does what she has to do to survive this big, bad angry Beast System.*

Love her or hate her, it's all about Ashlae Ascending and her world.

Slightly radical Conservative booster, unbiased political pundit, local college radio star, pop music scholar, explorer of ancient mystery schools, customer service rep, black belt in Tae Kwon Do, Toltec shaman-in-training, lover of all plants and animals and Mother Earth, a little bit psychic, she's just another sassy, down-to-earth, all-American girl.

She's brash, she's painfully well-informed and unapologetically outspoken. She's beautiful, modest and part-Native American. She's a patriot, but don't even get her started on football. She's all-forgiving (except to her evil twin Doppelganger) but Daddy's Girl is nobody's fool.

Ashlae Rae Wildflower, also the unacknowledged love child of a very important man. Like most of us, or anyone with half a humanoid brain, the mercurial Miss

Ashlae is on a simple path, a lifelong quest for truth and justice and love. She is also on a mission to free every pole dancer and professional sex escort, at least in the greater Phoenix area, from the unsavory chains and shackles of our twisted, perverted, piggish male-dominated global elite-ruled society. Fight the Dark Powers!

But most importantly, she seeks the highest possible approval rating of the most powerful political figure on the planet. Or at least in America. Her long-lost Daddy. Mr. President.

God bless America, and President Daddy.

And, of course, Namaste, Miss Ashlae Ascending . . .



## PART ONE: THE WAKENING

*"There is no Yin without Yang,  
No dark without light,  
No good without evil, and so on . . .  
Thus, all things under sun and moon are  
Infinitely connected,  
Eternally inseparable.  
When one thing reaches its extreme,  
It becomes its opposite . . .*

*You are everything and  
Everything is you.  
And everything is what it is . . . "*

--ancient Chinese master, identity unknown,  
probably Lao-Tzu . . .



## ONE: *Welcome to My World, Sheeple*

Awareness. What the fuck is amiss with this country – with this backwards-ass, morally twisted, dystopian, unenlightened once-near-perfect America? What was wrong with this whole wide, warped and wicked world? Only everything. Wake the fuck up for real and look in the mirror, people. Land of the Free. Home of the blissfully unaware.

Awareness. If you don't know, you better ask someone.

There you go. I just answered all your stupid questions, sheeple.

“WARNING: Do not listen to this show if you hate bitches, not necessarily of the female variety, the word, *bitches*, or F-bomb words in general. This is fucking

Pirate Radio: Fighting the bitch-ass Dark Powers, freeing minds, one clueless, sleeping sheeple at a time, People . . .”

*“Once again it’s Freaky Fun Friday night, fellow Phoenicians! Just like we used to say back in kindy garden, kind of. And, sadly, not much has changed for some if not most of you. But, no worries, all is forgiven. Namaste and God bless Captain America, true fellow patriot warriors!”*

*“I’m coming to you live, hot and dirty from FM 99.9, the big WPRT, Pirate Radio, courtesy of our beloved ASU here in tempestuous Tempe, Arida Zona. Much like yourselves, my pretty blonde all-American ass is just trying to strive, thrive or just plain survive the godless midsummer Valley of the Sun. Godforsaken in more ways than one if you know what I’m talking about, People. But you probably have no friggin’ clue, sheeple.”*

*“As you all know by now, and if you don’t you better axe someone, this is Ashlae Ascending, rising from the fecund flames of avarice, hypocrisy and outright sheer stupidity to explore the long-hidden mystery schools of our timeless Universe. That’s pronounced, Ash-slay, by the way, if you don’t know you better ask your Mama, or someone in-the-know. And, no my all-American ass is not from Kentucky, although I did hang my awesome little Machu Picchu Sherpa guide hat there for a minute. Story for another time, sheeple . . .”*

*“Whoa, take another deep-throated breath there, Sister! And onward ho, as always yours truly and sweetly unruly is here to bring you my unique and politically incorrect perspective on current events, fake news, and other no-nonsense stuff you didn’t know you need to know. Tonight, among other things, we will be chatting with hot--trust me, really hot, ladies – and still-single, BTW – brilliant, young, absolutely amazing author and alleged alien abductee, Adam Allen, whose enthralling, spanking new self-published work entitled, “A Poxeum?”. . . So sorry, check that, “Apoxeum Now!” I stand corrected, how original, is taking the local independent media scene by shitstorm. The man claims this is no barely relevant “Davinci Code” rip-off. Miss Ashlae will be the judge of that . . .”*

*“But first, just a couple quick reminders, ladies and germs. FYI: tonight’s show is sponsored by the El Cheeky Monkey mobile lunch truck, where no mas is not in our lingo, gringo, and, as always, the incomparable juggernaut that is the official state of Arizona Republican Party. Also, be sure to check out my twice-weekly twin podcast at [www.BigDismyDaddy.com](http://www.BigDismyDaddy.com). While you still can, sheeple. As we all know, the ever-present extremist censorship Nazi stormtroopers of the Dark Powers are always on the prowl and much closer than we know . . .”*

*“As always, taking live, intelligent callers tonight on the Smoldering Ash hotline, 1-800-B-I-G-D-A-D-Y. Keep it*

*clean, maniacs, if you wish to be dignified with a response. Also, finally on a very somber personal and professional note, RIP to the one and only incomparable Mr. Art Bell. The king is dead, long live the king . . ."*

*"So, wake the fuck up already, Phoenix, there is no sports, weather or traffic in my cozy little corner of the Universe. This is yours truly, Miss Ashlae Ascending and my ash is ready to rock 'n' roll, bitches. All knowledge, baby . . ."*

*{Promptly cue theme song, the Rolling Stones' "Play with Fire," 1965.}*

*Those crazy Brit kids recorded that timeless classic shit two decades before her future mostly absentee parental units – her Supermodel beauty of a Navajo mama and the future greatest President in American history – first did the nasty in the back of Big D's tricked-out ghetto Nazi van back on the Rez in godforsaken Navajo-Mormon land. Or maybe it was the piss-filled back alleys of San Diego, who knew? The one and only Mr. Donald certainly got around back in the day and still did. And yes, sad to say, her under-privileged ass was practically born ridin' the Greyhound's back, rollin' down Highway 421 with the Allman Brothers. Anyways, shit like that simply blew her mind sometimes.*

God bless Captain America! Nevertheless, Lord knew it wasn't easy being the unacknowledged love child of the most powerful overblown figurehead on the Planet. Sadly, anyone with half a brain knew it was the mostly unseen Dark Powers that ran everything, this whole global freak show, and had since antiquity, right down to our secretly genetically-modified human slave DNA. For all she knew there could be dozens, even hundreds if not thousands out there just like her. Aside from Ash's very contrary twin sis, the occasional narcissistic ass, of course. But Daddy's Girl didn't particularly like thinking about that. *We are all special and unique, just like everyone else. You are pure light, Sister Golden Hair Surprise, one-of-a-kind quantum fucking energy. Just like all you other bitches.*

*We are all perfect, but we could be better . . .*

*Wake up, Princess. We got lots of places to go, things to see and herds of sheeple to wake the fuck up . . .* Girlfriend woke up alone again with a throbbing third eye, slathered in a fetid sheen of cold, clammy lady sweat strangely over-thinking the final lucid dream she had experienced from last night's short, restless solitude of sleep. Oddly enough, it was rather mundane it seemed, at least compared to her usual somnambulist astral traveling fare.

*There was a young couple of exes, recently broken up, Mikey and Kara, old friends of hers, apparently, perhaps from a past and long-forgotten lifetime. They happened to be attending a rather awkward dinner party in some outrageously fancy shee-shee ultra-Conservative-looking home. A sad awakening for these two: the dog-eat-dog dating world was no fucking picnic. (Who the hell was Ashlae in the dream? Just some innocent, objective, non-judgmental third-party observer, presumably.) Kara was now seriously dating some obnoxiously blowhard and sadly balding senior bank manager who really thought he was in tight with the global banking cabal. Newsflash: he wasn't. Maybe this was his painfully pristine-looking home. Mr. evil-eyed, bushy-browed money bags seemed to dominate the conversation. People were bored as fuck. Dream Ashlae certainly was, even way worse than those seemingly endless Turkey Day visits from her Paradise childhood, the whole damn fam checking in on poor painfully lonesome spinster Aunt Lucy out in Bakersfield, bless her heart. Talk about Suicide City.*

*Meanwhile dream Mikey was seeing a young girl who was kind of hot. What the hell was her name, again? Cindy? Candy? Who the hell cared? The chick was a hairdresser and part-time psychic medium on the side who had three kids back at the trailer park but didn't look it. Ashlae happened to know her from their briefly shared pole dancing back-in-*

*the-day downtown a ways. Nice girl, sweet kid, Miss Baby Mama perhaps an eight and half on the hottie scale but otherwise not a whole lot there, poor thing.*

*Long story short, the reluctant exes ended up slipping away from their respective dates for the evening. Dude dangerously followed old cock tease Kara on a weird freaking excursion of all-night barhopping. Uneasy and weak, they shared a hot, tenuous, if painfully brief rekindling of the forbidden old flame. And then right when things started getting interesting, along with at least a few dozen other unsuspecting innocent civilians, the poor kids went up in flames in yet another rather not unexpected false flag terrorist attack in some pretty awesome-looking top shelf downtown night club, blissfully twerking the night away, one last time.*

*Why the fuck did almost all her dreams end this way? Either that shit, some terrifying alien abduction or a fucking fiery Apocalypse. What the hell was up with that, girlfriend? And who the fuck were all those strangely familiar dream people?*

Even more obnoxiously annoying than normal today, Ash's captive virtual personal assistant, Ivankya, continued to issue her dutiful if totally ineffective wake-up call from some undisclosed location within their miniscule domicile. Holistic nuisance perpetually chirping out a robo-coustic version of that catchy "Rich

Girl” song by dreamy American pop duo, Hall and Oates, circa 1977 if mildly fuzzy memory served her correct. (Miss Ashlae’s badly out-of-date personal theme song, BTW. *So true, what they sang, (how I died out in the rain) so easy to hurt a mother when you can’t feel no pain.*) Sometimes, *check that*, almost-always, her borderline obsolete VRPA (that was virtual reality personal assistant, sheeple) was a little slow on the uptake, like most unenlightened human-folk these days. But what could she do, the holistic chick was practically family. The sadly archaic, antediluvian Android was a surprise birthday gift from Daddy years ago. *Enough said, sheeple.*

Not terribly surprising, really, dreamy-eyed Mr. Apoxeum was likewise nowhere in sight across the vast expanse of her dimly-lit bachelorette mini-pad. (Get it? It’s a studio, sheeple.) Weasely jackass having apparently lickety split this one-night pop stand well before first light. Didn’t anyone ever think to leave a goddamned note anymore? Asshole probably lied about his so-called big shot Hollywood contact to maybe look into getting her fabulous blockbuster screenplay produced. Reality check, that shit was a clusterfuck work-in-progress anyways. Always looking on the bright side, thick-skinned Miss Sunshine, at least

it was a decent lay from what little she could recall, and long overdue, sadly. Why was her sorry ass such a cock sucker for the marginally good-looking nerds who used big esoteric fucking words? Maybe it was the slightly over-the-top fake JFK accent and the owlish Harry Potter specs, his awesomely playful way with strange new doggies. A fairly deadly combination in her own half-assed defense.

A real shame, though, Ash's poor man-starved companion, gracefully aging salt-and-pepper superstar Husky dog, Nikita, really seemed to like that one. What could she say, that was girlfriend's Kryptonite. Maybe irresistible dudes like that reminded her of a wide-eyed, overprivileged young Daddy, armed with an impeccable pedigree and a bottomless trust fund, hellbent to take on the world by force or divorce. Whatever, personally she was way more Jungian than Freud, as was anyone with half a partially enlightened humanoid brain.

*This was on her, everything was,* as a true Toltec warrior-in-training was well aware. That's what she got for breaking Cardinal Rule Number Two: Never sleep with guests featured on the show or her weekly underground podcast. (Cardinal Rule Number One: always preview your guests' shit so girlfriend doesn't look like an idiot. Total rookie mistake she'd never

make twice.) And after what, catching the sorry-ass last set of Angry Little Giants, two or three off-duty drinks at the loser bar? How weak was that shit? Maybe she'd get some weak-assed semi-apologetic text in a day or two, but no sense holding your breath in this toxic human jungle of endless need, greed and just plain solipsistic bad seeds. Whatever, writer boy turned out to be another pathetic-assed energy vampire needed putting down. *So shall we meet again, in this lifetime or another, Mr. Kafka.*

Fuck her, live and learn. All is forgiven, mostly. Every soul just trying to find their own way out of this sad collective dystopian corporate-ruled materialistic reductionist nightmare.

Needless to say it was hard as fuck being a bad-ass single girl trying to deal with the soulless transhumanist agenda of the insidious and mostly unseen Dark Powers. Pretty much all by her lonesome for the most part, scratching out some semblance of existentially meaningful working girl existence, for lack of a better term, in this heartless world of shameless materialist reductionism, absolutely cruel-assed narcissism and outright sheer stupidity.

Shitty, self-righteous humans destroying poor Mother Earth, left and right, and every which way but

the Buddha way. Poisoning the water and the soil. Ionizing the sky. Extincting more precious animals and irreplaceable plants than a lady shaman-in-training could shake an angry medicine stick at, *terribly disappointing, sheeple.*

But it's all good, bad boys and girls. Everything just another lesson to be learned here on hopeless Planet Kindergarten. At the moment this was right where she needed to be, Miss Ashlae Rae Wildflower kept telling her dreamy-eyed oft-malcontent of a self. Patiently sharing this cozy if slightly overcluttered economy studio in picturesque West Phoenix with her way-more-narcissistic and self-centered, slightly-older-by-six-seconds doppelganger sis, the one and only Elisha, along with one hopelessly hyperactive, endearingly high-maintenance and inexplicably attention-starved oversized Husky dog. Their dear sweet, shaggy Nikita girl, Ash's best friend in the whole wide world.

Fortunately, her snooty, high-falutin' twin sis was never home. Ash's pernicious counterpart, Elisha and her super-rich fiancé, (son of all-American war hero, former Air Force combat pilot, a prodigious global elite precious minerals mining magnate, widely considered Arizona's first son, himself, Senator Pierce McCartney, *very recently resigned turncoat of a Vice President, BTW,*)

were perpetually occupied planning the presumptive Wedding of the Century. At least, Miss Elisha was doing the egregiously overblown materialistic planning, fucking good for her. But finally, at long-last, Twisted Sister would be out of poor Ash's proverbial entanglement of golden hair, *tout de suite*. If she was lucky, maybe Ash would even get a last-minute invite. (Knowing that bitch, little sister would probably get stuck on the catering staff, even worse and far more likely, the sub-minimum-wage cleaning crew or some shit.)

But the present moment never lasted for long. Now it was time long overdue for precious coffee and carbs, preferably of the empty calorie variety. Last-minute fuel for nine a.m. Pilates at Club Athena. *Which she had precisely fifteen minutes to get to, fuck her! Sometimes Saturday mornings really sucked neglected doggie ass. So much self-created guilt to go out and do something meaningful and exciting. Fuck those elementary school Nazi nuns and her irrevocable Roman Catholic upbringing once again.*

As if girlfriend didn't have enough monkey slave malarkey to do Mon-Fri to keep her overachieving Heart fed by Wood energy ass out of trouble. Gracing the high-class customer service desk of Spa Karma five, six days a week, *earning a rather cushy commission most*

*days, by the way, before drinks with friends more often than not.*

Maniac Monday: work, Mystical Lit, Music History and generously discounted employee massage day, *thank you, Mama*, then back to work. Afterwards, the weekly crapload of core Communications classes, Transcendental Meditation, before drinks with bestie transgender Michaela, Miss Ashlae 's personal favorite dual licensed esthi-masseuse at Spa Karma. *That gentle giantess of a bitch will hurt you, oh-so-good, People . . .*

Testy Tuesday and Thessalonians Thursday: Tae Kwon Do and Tai Chi, respectively, work, screenplay writing with collaborator, married Mike, fellow scribe and TKD sparring partner, or guitar and hand pan practice with fellow musician, also very married Mr. Marques, another awesome MT at Spa Karma, then drinks with friends.

Wacky Wednesday: work, World Politics and psychic remote viewing and Krav Magra training with Aunt Katarina, long-retired KGB assassin-spy, at the fancy Sun City retirement community, health allowing, of course. Bless her dark little dying heart. Mid-week Ash routinely picked up a mandatory Hump Day shift at the Weekend Warrior loser bar, before drinks with friends. (Somehow or other, poor Aunt Kat's cushy

octogenarian country club digs were partially financed by hers truly, WTF.)

Finally, Advanced Philosophy Friday, Alternative Quantum Physics, Holistic Urban Gardening, endless work again, work again, before her beloved Pirate Radio gig, nine p.m. to eleven. *Be there or beware, sheeple!* Then girlfriend finally had some precious “me time” to spend, usually prowling solo, hitting the clubs, the indie bars, top-secret underground insane raves, on a particularly lame night just going to the movies. Or pitifully binge-watching ad nauseum *Xena: Warrior Princess*, *American Horror Story* and *Walking Dead*, *Pre-departure of Rick Grimes and demise of dreamy Jesus*, of course, alone with Natasha dog to protect and keep her company, whatever. Working on the twice-weekly podcast whenever. *And her brilliant future screenplay.*

It was like long-dead Zen master Alan Watts once philosophized, having goals in life is all perfectly fine, so long as you don't expect anything to come of it in this lunatic world of illusion, like finding happiness or something. True happiness, contentment, peace of mind or whatever it is you think you're looking for could only come from living in the moment. Unlike most clueless sheeple, anxious about their tenuous future, angry or depressed about the past. This is all

just a fucking game, idiots. *And the few people who come to that realization in life are very dangerous individual, indeed.*

Of course, the marginally mysterious Miss Ashlae had a handful of undisclosed side projects on the sly. Who didn't? *One really ambitious and top-secret undertaking involved the sometimes-involuntary humanitarian "rehabilitation and deprogramming" of chronically traumatized, tragically under-valued professional ex-pole dancers and private escorts-for-hire spiritually plagued by lifelong low self-esteem. Ash knew from personal experience, a not surprisingly dark past. This was her own personal Project X. Ash was making some semblance of personal atonement, little by little, one lost soul at a time. She couldn't really talk about it.* Also, a little professional pet-sitting and cat-and-dog-walking on the side. She was a certified animal mental health coach, *an awesome program she found online.* Obviously, she far preferred to work with far more obedient, biddable and human-spirited canine species, personally, but no judgments here, sheeple. Creepy-eyed, cold-hearted cats were good for detecting and repelling evil spirits, that was something. Domesticated kitties were kinda cute. Meanwhile, Daddy's Girl certainly had her hands full constantly monitoring the ridiculous slew of unpatriotic and downright treasonous ultra-left-wingnut political

cartoons openly lampooning our glorious newly-elected POTUS of Nursery School Nation, if only to further their untold sick, sinister collective liberal agenda or whatever. *There was no such thing as bad publicity, idiots.* And if Daddy had a campaign fundraiser, public rally, or otherwise five-alarm call-to-arms anywhere near the West Coast, it was Katy bar the door. Drop everything and come to Papa, Princess.

Fuck her again, she almost forgot she was offering a mostly free Self-Defense for Sisters class at Skunk Creek Park today, high noon. As her handmade sign said, generous tips were greatly appreciated but hardly mandatory. Girlfriend would be lucky if one or two tragically sad-eyed fellow downtrodden or literally homeless sisters showed up before those bully boy city park pigs on their ridiculous little sissy girl bikes. Fucking heartless flathead fascists in their funny little plastic helmets, all is forgiven. But everyone had to do their self-sacrificing two bits to help out hopeless humanity these days, right?

Okay, take a long, deep kundalini breath, Princess. Everything a blessing and curse. Embrace the Yin-Yang, sister. Be grateful for what you got, girlfriend. Welcome death when its time has come but don't go looking for it, sister. No working for the Man 'til

nightfall at the loser frat boy-lousy sports bar, the usual mandatory Saturday night spending money shift. What the hell, at least it wasn't titty-sucking Hooters anymore.

Meanwhile, have a fucking day, Sunshine. And do please try to stay out of trouble, Princess.

*Okay, Daddy. I will do my best, Mr. President.*

*"Unfortunately, that's all the time we have with the absolutely fascinating Mr. Apoxeum here on Friday night Pirate Radio. Have an awesome weekend, ladies and geraniums. And, as always, Godspeed and safe travels, Daddy, on your latest urgent diplomatic mission to Rio di Janeiro. Wink, wink, nudgy-nudge . . ."*

*"Enjoy Carnivale season without your favorite Daddy's girl, you big hedonistic lug. Bring me back something nice. And call me, ASAP, please, Daddio . . ."*

*"Peace, out. All knowledge, all the time, you big babies. RIP, Art Bell . . ."*

*[Producer and evil twin sister, Elisha, promptly cue "Daddy's Girl," Red Sovine, circa, 1974, si'l vous plait, Senora . . .]*

