

Super Fun

A Short Story

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Picks and Gar are a super fun marketing duo committed to making business promotion less boring. High on life, love and laughs.

Every video, every blog, every podcast, every webinar, every speaking engagement is pumped to bursting point.

Think Morecambe and Wise, Ant and Dec, Abbott and Costello, Fred and Ginger ... no, not Fred and Ginger. Neo and Morpheus – that's better. They are the Neo and Morpheus of the marketing world.

Problem is, there *is* a spoon. It's called the algorithm. And in this game, you need to be *on it*.

Competition is global and everyone's fighting for a tiny piece of ever-changing thingummies that show no mercy and can only be guessed at. Google, YouTube, Facebook, Insta. They all have them.

Picks slumps on the sofa and wishes they would all fuck off. It's exhausting. He can't say that in public, naturally. Being on it means metre-wide smiles, pylon-high confidence and mine-deep humility. No one likes a wanker.

At least he's not on his own. The P&G bromance is a decade old. Gar is magnificent – a genius. A neuropathic condition means he can't peel a satsuma or feel his feet, but his design skills make their website pop, and the guy can close a sale like no one else on the planet. Plus, when it

comes to reeling in middle-aged women to their membership group, it's Gar who tarts long eyelashes into Periscope.

Picks is the banter man. Together, they've built a community, a client base, and a speaker reel to die for.

But – and it's a big but – they've set the bar high. Down isn't an option, not with the competition. Being on it means staying on it.

And then there's the retention issue. All that effort for each new customer. They'll pay, sure, but stay? That's the trick – scaling it but keeping it personal, like a family.

An Insta notification pings on his phone. He stares at the device, wonders what the world would look like if there were an algorithm that measured truth. Not the bollocks of likes and retweets and comments and shares. Not the marketing-ese of *engagement* and *user experience*.

What really pisses him off is that most of the high-ranking marketing consultancies are made up of fat, white men who got rich on the four P's in a time when getting noticed didn't require dressing up as a prison escapee or a zombie.

Or like that time Gar wore a mankini.

Fun.

Super fucking fun.

He and Gar have spoken about it. It's time to change things up.

Hashtag poke the bear.
Winking emoji.
BOOM.
That stuff.



SocialCon is the biggest event in the marketing calendar. Everyone who's anyone is there.

This isn't a room with thirty delegates, a whiteboard and four marker pens that don't work. It's an amphitheatre. Seats two thousand. There are four giant screens on the back wall of the stage, a rockstar sound system, and a catwalk. A fucking catwalk!

This is where marketers can strut, arms up and wide, like they're Jesus or Elvis or Taylor Swift.

'I feel like a frickin' gladiator,' says Gar.

Picks can't decide whether to piss or puke.

They're up in an hour.



On stage, Gar sits on a bar stool so the focus is on his words, not his wheels. Picks stands to the audience's left. Always on the left.

The house is full.

Rich guys.

Fat guys.

White guys.

P&G are just two blokes from the Toon but a slick presentation, inflatable aliens, and cutesie British accents delivering Twitter tips have the flock in a frenzy in under thirty minutes.

They're nearly done.

Picks looks at Gar.

The lights go off.

Static licks the air. There's a crackle.

Two thousand little green men pulse in the gloom.

And two thousand explosions destroy the silence.



It's carnage.

The organizers are furious. The floor is littered with a bajillion tiny paper birds. Twitter confetti! Whodda thought? Cost a bomb too. But worth it because no one – not one single person – is talking about anything else.

They bunk off, head for a bar a couple of miles away, leaving the rich, fat, white men to enjoy the closing keynote.

They order beers and snacks and watch the news on the TV in the corner.

It comes bang on time, just as ordered. From this distance, it's nothing more than a low rumble.

Almost discreet. A few minutes later, the air is peeling with sirens and flashing red and blue.

Onscreen, the anchor man breaks the news: Uptown is down. SocialCon is the new ground zero.

Picks and Gar have raised the bar.

And razed the competition. *BOOM!*

Now *that's* super fun.