

BOTWAVE PAPERWORK

SUDO KINGDOM

Fiction

Al Gringo

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SUDO_KINGDOM A

novel. — **Al Gringo**

BOTWAVE BOOKS · 2026

— **## Author's Note**

**Everything in this book
is fiction. The Voss
family does not exist.**

**Avraham Voss does not
exist. None of the events
depicted in these pages
occurred. None of the
persons named were
involved in any of the
events depicted. Any**

resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is the resemblance any reader brings to a sufficiently dark story when the reader has been paying attention. If you have not been paying attention, you will be by chapter four.

— A.G. — ## Editor's Note

The recordings transcribed in this book were obtained between April 14 and June 2,

2026. They were not authorized for release. They were not, strictly speaking, authorized to exist. The forty-seven of them have been passed since June, through a chain of forwarding accounts I am not at liberty to describe, to a publisher I am not at liberty to name, to me. I am not at liberty to say who I am. The transcript is verbatim. The pauses,

intercom calls, ambient sounds, and metadata are as recorded by the source. Some second-party names have been redacted at the source's request, though most have not. Where the source departs from a chronological account into what appears to be a chemically-mediated digression — and there are many such places — I have left the digression

**in. The digressions are,
in the source's view, the
point. I am the editor. I
am hearing them with
you. — [redacted] — ##
RECORDING 1 of 47 A.
*Voss — Cuyahoga
County methadone
clinic, Cleveland, Ohio.
7:14 a.m., Tuesday, April
14, 2026. — If you're
hearing this and you're
not me, then I'm
probably dead, or I'm in
a federal building***

**somewhere with my
mouth wired shut by a
very expensive lawyer
my Aunt Eleanor sent, or
— option three, the one I
prefer — I dropped my
phone in another
Sheraton hot tub and
somebody finally
listened to the
seventeen hundred
voice memos before
they erased it. If you're
hearing this and you
ARE me — Avi,**

**Avraham, Av, the
embarrassment, the
bastard, the inheritance
with a pulse — then
congratulations, you
piece of shit. We made it
forty-seven days. I'm
proud of us. [long pause;
clinic intercom; chair
creak] I'm at the
methadone clinic. The
Cuyahoga County one,
on Broadway, two blocks
from the Greyhound
depot. It is the only**

methadone clinic in the State of Ohio whose intake nurse calls me by my first name and does not flinch when I tell her about the femoral. Her name is Pam. She has been watching me swallow forty-five milligrams of orange-flavored anti-suicide for six years. She is, by my count, the only person in greater Cleveland who has called me Avi in

2026. The other people who call me Avi live in Tribeca, Tel Aviv, Antibes, and the south coast of Bermuda. They do not call me. They text. The texts go through three lawyers before they reach me. By the time the text gets to me it has been edited. Pam doesn't text. [exhale] The reason this is recording one and not recording sixty or

recording ninety is that I started counting in March, on a four-day run in a Sheraton in Reno, when I figured out that nobody in my family was going to be able to kill me if I gave the recordings to enough places at once. I came up with the math on the third night, naked, in the bathtub, watching my own reflection in the chrome

of the faucet, sweating out a little under three thousand dollars of high-purity Mexican shard the dealer had told me was Eight-Ball Sandy because he had watched me long enough to know what I would say yes to. The recording I made in that bathtub does not exist. I deleted it. I had not yet figured out the math. The math, since you'll need it.

Forty-seven recordings. Each seeded into one of forty-seven dead-man's-switch accounts I cannot access from a single device. All of them set to release at midnight Pacific on the next first-of-the-month after my heart goes flat for nine consecutive minutes. My family has located nine of the forty-seven. They have spent — by my Aunt Eleanor's estimate,

which I overheard her give to her lawyer at the Bar Harbor house in August — fourteen million dollars trying to find the rest. The lawyer asked her if she wanted to keep going. She said: *Spend forty more.* She said it the way another woman would have said *pick up some milk on your way home.* I am going to talk to you for forty-seven recordings.

By the end you will know what I know. By the end you will not be able to unknow it. By the end you will either be the kind of person who does something with what you have heard, or the kind of person who does nothing, and either is fine with me, because either way the recordings will be in the world and the recordings are the point.

I am not the point. I am a meth addict named Avraham who weighs one hundred fifty-eight pounds. I have seventy-four million dollars a year I spend on chemicals and Filet-O-Fishes and the apartment in Tribeca my Aunt Eleanor pays for and a 2019 Lexus I bought for cash from a man on Long Island who didn't ask my last name.

I have a Master's degree in comparative literature I never picked up in person from a school I stopped attending in 2009. I have not been touched by my mother since I was eleven. I am, in my own opinion, not strong enough to be awake. I am not the point. The Family is the point. I am the only honest member of the Family in eight

hundred years and that is because I am too high to lie. [pause] [Marine, low, in the next chair: “Brother. You taping right now?”] Yeah. [Marine: “Aight. Man’s business.”] Thank you. [long pause] Okay. Some context, in case the file got moved around in the chain. I want you to know who I am, the version of me that says it on the record, before

we get into anything that matters. My full name is Avraham Mordechai Voss. The Mordechai is on my mother's side, and is the only thing my mother ever gave me she didn't take back. I was born in 1983 at New York Presbyterian, on the same floor where, four months later, my second cousin Naomi was born to my father's wife. My father had

been visiting my mother for eight years on Tuesdays in an apartment in Murray Hill the family kept for these purposes. My mother was a paralegal in the family's New York counsel's office. She was twenty-six at my birth. My father was forty-one and had been married to a woman named Rebecca since 1979. My father was a Voss. My

mother was not. The way the Family handles this — the way the Family has handled this for at least four hundred years — is a trust. A trust does several things. It pays. It restricts. It makes the bastard go away. Mine pays the seventy-four million per year. Restriction: I cannot enter any building owned by any family-

**controlled entity
without forty-eight
hours' written notice to
a man named Saul, who
is not the Saul I knew
growing up but a
different Saul, a younger
Saul, the third Saul.
There have been three
Sauls in my lifetime.
There has always been a
Saul. Saul reads my
notice, runs the request
through whatever
system he runs it**

through, and either approves or — more often — does not approve, and either way I have until 2055 to keep submitting the requests, because the trust runs to my fiftieth birthday, and after that the conditions change. Make the bastard go away: this part has been, on the Family's part, a complete success. I have not been to a Voss house

since 2017. I will not be going. [pause] Pam just called my name. [chair creak; movement; door] [silence; ambient hush] [exhale] Okay. I took my dose. Forty-five milligrams, oral, swallowed in front of Pam, who has been watching me swallow things for six years. The dose is to keep me from dying of the comedown when the meth wears off

**in about three hours.
The dose is the
maintenance. I am,
technically speaking, in
recovery. I have been
technically speaking in
recovery for the better
part of a decade. There
is a tier of recovery that
exists solely so people
like me can put a
checkmark in a box on a
court form, and Pam
knows it, and I know it,
and she still calls me Avi**

when she takes the cup back, and that is more love than I have received from any person currently named Voss in the last fourteen years. I'm sitting back down. I'm in the lobby. The Marine is still in the chair to my left. The bus driver is still in the chair to my right. The bus driver wears the Cleveland RTA jacket, is a Black man in his

**sixties, comes in on
Tuesdays, has nodded at
me approximately two
hundred times across
the last year and a half,
has never asked my
name. I have never
asked his. We are the
kind of friends two
strangers can be in a
room where the room is
the friendship and the
room is the only thing
that has ever been
honest with either of us.**

The TV in the lobby is on. The TV is on mute, which is the only acceptable condition for a TV in a public building in 2026, because what comes out of a TV in 2026 is a substance that will kill you faster than anything Pam is going to dispense. The TV is showing CNN. CNN is showing drone footage from yesterday. Yesterday, a tent in

Rafah burned down with seventeen people inside it, twelve of whom were children, six of whom were under five. The drone that did the burning is, in the slow-motion replay CNN is running on a loop because they have to fill thirty minutes before the next ad break, very clearly equipped with an optics package I happen to recognize, because in

February of this year my cousin Theo Voss — who is four years younger than me, who runs the Family’s defense subsidiary out of a building in Herzliya I have never been to, who hates me because at our grandmother’s funeral in 2017 I vomited into the open grave — sent me, by accident, a procurement deck. The procurement deck was

for a product designated VS-44. VS-44 is an optics package. Theo meant to send the deck to a man at a U.S. defense prime I am not going to name on the recording yet. He sent it to me because the alphabetization in the family Outlook puts Avi before the prime's contact, and Theo, I have come to believe, was in some hurry the night he sent it, possibly

the kind of hurry that exists only in a man who is sleeping with his executive assistant and the assistant's husband is on his way home. I never told Theo he sent it to me. I read the deck. I closed the deck. I forwarded the deck to a Proton account I opened in 2019 for exactly this purpose. I had the deck for two months before I saw the optics package

**on a CNN drone replay
at 7:09 a.m. on a Tuesday
in April in a methadone
clinic in Cleveland. I'm
laughing. I'm laughing
out loud. The Marine is
looking at me. The bus
driver is, I think,
deciding whether to say
something. Pam is at her
desk, not looking up,
because Pam has
worked in this clinic for
eleven years and she has
heard people laugh at**

much worse things than the news. [Marine: “What’s funny, brother.”] Sorry, I say. Sorry. Family business. [Marine: low, dry: “Mmh.”] [long pause] If you are still listening — and I admit I would not still be listening if I were you — let me explain something about my family before we go any further. It will not make sense yet. But you

should hear it now, so when the next forty-six recordings start to fill in the picture, you have the frame already nailed up. My family is older than the United States of America by an order of magnitude that is not a metaphor. My family is older than the United States of America in the way the Atlantic Ocean is older than the United States of America. My

**family has been doing
what it does since before
the language I am
speaking right now had
a written form. My
family was lending
money in cuneiform
when your family was
deciding which berry
not to eat. My family has
had eleven surnames I
know about and at least
three I am not allowed
to say out loud in a
building with windows.**

The current surname is Voss. We have used it since 1948. Before Voss we were Werthauer. Before Werthauer we were a name I will tell you in recording number forty-three. Before that we were a name that will probably get me killed before recording number forty-three. The pattern is: the family changes its surname every time

history changes its filing system. We changed in 1948 because the previous surname appeared on three documents that were entered into evidence at Nuremberg. We changed in 1881 because the previous surname appeared on a list of people the tsar had decided to look into. We changed in 1648 because the previous surname

appeared in a Westphalia-treaty annex about who got which silver mine. We changed in 1492 for reasons I will not insult you by spelling out. We changed before that, more times than I can count. I know a lot of this because my Great-Aunt Eleanor — *Tante* Eleanor, who in any other family would have been a Disney villain but in mine was

the chief operations officer — got drunk at Hanukkah in 1992 when I was nine and told me. She told me because I was the only Voss great-grandchild who was going to grow up to be useless, and she felt sorry for me, and she wanted somebody in the next generation to know what we actually were before all of them grew up rich and stupid and

started believing the surname. She made me memorize the older surnames the way other Jewish kids memorize the Four Questions. She quizzed me on them at Pesach for six years. By the time I was fifteen I could recite the Family's eleven surnames and the centuries they covered, in Hebrew, German, Latin, and one transliterated Aramaic.

**By the time I was
seventeen I had started
taking pills, because the
price of remembering
what your family is, on a
continuous basis, in a
culture that prefers not
to know, is the price of
being awake, and I am
not strong enough to be
awake. I want to say that
again, because it is the
thesis of the rest of
these recordings. *I am
not strong enough to be***

***awake.* That is why I take what I take. The methadone is so I don't die. The crystal is so I don't have to be awake. Because if you are awake — continuously, lucidly awake — in the chair where I have been sitting since I was nine years old, which is the chair at the end of the Voss family table, the one without place settings, where they let**

**the bastard nephew sit
because nobody locks a
door against a child who
is high or going to be —
if you are awake at that
table, you cannot
survive what you hear.
[pause] Here is the thing
about my family that
will scare you. It is the
thing I want to plant
now, before we get into
any of the funny stuff.
My family did not get
rich off the camps. My**

**family was already rich.
My family helped
finance the camps.
There is a difference
between those two
things. The first one is
opportunism. The
second one is doctrine.
We sat on the boards.
We held the bonds. We
owned the dye works
that became the
chemical works that
became the supply chain
that fed the gas. We had**

relatives at those boards. We had relatives in those camps. The same family. The same dinner tables. The same surname for some of us, at the time, although by 1938 my great-grandfather had already begun the paperwork on the next surname change, the one that would carry us to America. We let our own people go in. We did the

math. We did the math on our own children. We sent the money anyway. The math told us: at this price, in this market, with this margin, this many lives have to be allowed to end so the position can be maintained. The math has never told us a different answer in eight hundred years. The math is what we are. The bloodline is the

**thing that does the
math. After the war we
got out under a clean
letterhead. The
Werthauers had a paper
trail. Voss did not. We
moved the money to
Zurich, then to New
York, then to a holding
company in
Liechtenstein I have a
1.4 percent beneficial
stake in that pays for the
apartment in Tribeca I
was kicked out of in 2022**

for setting a couch on fire. The Liechtenstein vehicle owns one hundred and twelve subsidiary entities. I have the names. They are in recording thirty-four. You will get them. After the war we kept investing. We invested in oil. We invested in arms. We invested in pharmaceuticals — the same chemical capacity that produced the gas,

repackaged a generation later for the first wave of American antidepressants, a sentence I want you to underline and come back to in recording thirty-one. We invested in defense. We invested, eventually, in optics. The drone in the CNN replay has my family's optics on it. The seventeen people in the tent in Rafah were killed

yesterday by the same arithmetic that killed my great-grandmother's brothers and her father and her two-year-old niece in 1944, which is the arithmetic that says: at this price, in this market, with this margin, some lives have to be allowed to end so the position can be maintained. That is the whole book. I am going to take forty-six more

recordings to say it in detail, with names, dates, account numbers, board memberships, and a couple of things I am going to have to be high to remember. But that is the sentence:
Each generation of my family gets its own genocide. My great-grandfather got Auschwitz. My cousin Theo got Rafah. My second cousin Naomi, I

**assume, will get
whichever African or
Caribbean or Southeast-
Asian kill zone is
opening up by 2055,
when she will be forty-
eight and a board
member herself, which
is a thought I would like
to apologize for having
on tape in case it is what
eventually kills me.
[long pause] [Marine:
“Hey. You good, man?”]
I’m good. I’m good.**

**Thank you. [Marine:
“Aight. You take it
easy.”] [chair creak;
somebody else’s name
called over the
intercom; door] [long
silence; ambient]
[exhale] I should tell
you about the title. The
title — the one this
whole package came
under, in case the editor
has not changed it
before publication — is
sudo_kingdom. I am**

going to assume you know enough about computers to recognize the word sudo. If you do not, the short version. sudo is the command in a Unix system that lets a user run a command with the privileges of the system administrator. Root. The master account. The one that can do anything to the box. You type the password, the kernel

grants you root for one operation, you do the thing, the kernel takes root back. Temporary elevation.

Administrative grace.

The command exists because most users should not have root privileges most of the time, but sometimes they need to do something that requires it, and the system needs a clean way to grant the

**elevation and revoke it.
The kingdom of America
— I mean the sovereign
entity, the constitutional
structure, the elections,
the agencies, the office
of the President of the
United States — is a sudo
prompt. Every four
years it asks somebody
for a password. The
password is forty-eight
billion dollars in
advertising and a Saudi-
funded foreign-policy**

promise. Whoever has the password gets root for four years. They walk around the box thinking they own the machine. They run their commands. They issue their orders. They sign their bills. The kernel, however, is older than the prompt. The kernel was compiled in a series of cities none of which were called Washington, by a series of houses

none of which were named Bush or Obama or Roosevelt. The kernel was compiled with backdoors built in by the people who wrote it. The backdoors are family offices, foundations, judicial appointments, central-bank board seats, weapons procurement contracts, intelligence-service liaison protocols, and a list of

about three hundred private telephone numbers maintained, in 2026, by a vendor in Liechtenstein in which I have a 1.4 percent beneficial stake. The president gets sudo. The kernel keeps root. The Voss family wrote the kernel. The Voss family — under several previous surnames — wrote the kernel of the West. This is not

**paranoia. This is not
metaphor. This is a
description of an
architecture. I have the
documents. I have the
org charts. I have the
names. They are in the
next forty-six
recordings. You will get
them. That is why I
called the package
sudo_kingdom. Because
it is not a kingdom.
America is not a
kingdom. America is a**

**temporary elevation.
You voted for somebody
who got root for four
years. The kernel is
older than the country
and the kernel does not
vote. [long pause] Pam is
waving at me. She wants
me to leave, in the
gentlest possible way
she has of
communicating it. I am
going to leave. I am
going to walk across the
parking lot to the**

McDonald's and order a Filet-O-Fish, because the Filet-O-Fish is the only McDonald's product I can taste in this body, and I am going to sit in the parking lot in the Lexus and watch the bus driver from the chair next to mine come out of the clinic and get on his bus to drive his shift, because the bus driver's life is harder than mine in every measurable

way and yet he is the one who is going to do something useful between now and 6 p.m. today, while I, the seventy-four-million-dollar bastard, am going to drive to a Days Inn off I-71 where I have a room paid in cash under the name of a high school friend who died in 2008, and I am going to load a syringe and undo the methadone Pam just

gave me, because I am not strong enough to be awake. [pause] If you are listening to this and you are in any position to do anything with what I am about to tell you in the next forty-six recordings — and I want to be clear, the things I am going to tell you cannot be unheard — do me one favor. Don't try to save me. I am not the protagonist. I am the

leak. The leak does not need to be saved. The leak needs to keep leaking until the pipe is empty. That is the only useful thing about the leak. If you save me, you stop the leak. If you stop the leak, my family wins, because my family has spent eight hundred years winning by stopping leaks, and I am the first leak in eight hundred years they

cannot find the source of, because the source is forty-seven cloud accounts seeded into infrastructure they cannot afford to attack without revealing that they could, in 2026, attack any infrastructure they wanted to. Mutually assured publication. I came up with the name on the bender in Reno, in the bathtub, the same

night I figured out the math. I am proud of the name. It is, I think, the best thing I have ever made. So don't save me. Listen to the recording. Pass the recording. Do something with what is in the recording. Then forget I existed, because after recording forty-seven I am going to either be dead or I am going to be on a beach in a country that does not

extradite, and either way I am no longer your problem. The problem is what is in the next forty-six. This is the first one. We had to start somewhere. We started in Cleveland because Cleveland is where the methadone is, and the methadone is what is keeping me alive long enough to record the other forty-six. Glamorous? No. Real?

**Yes. [chair creak]
[footsteps] [door,
opening] End recording.
— ## RECORDING 2 of 47
*A. Voss — Days Inn,
room 214, exit 235 off
I-71, Mansfield, Ohio.
4:47 p.m., Tuesday, April
14, 2026. — I am going to
do my best to be
coherent for you. I just
shot up. Two hundred
milligrams of crystal,
dissolved in a half-cc of
distilled, in a femoral***

**vein I have been
working since 2019
because the arm veins
have all collapsed or
rolled or scarred over. I
am not going to be more
lucid than I am right
now for the next nine
hours, which is exactly
why I am recording
right now, because
lucidity in my body is a
very narrow window
between not-yet-high
and too-high, and the**

**window is open and I
have to talk into it
before it closes. I want
to talk about my mother.
[exhale] My mother's
name is Linda Cohen.
She was born in Astoria
in 1957. She is, at the
time of this recording,
sixty-nine years old. She
lives in a four-bedroom
Tudor in Bronxville,
New York, on a half-acre
lot, that she has not paid
the property tax on**

since 1984, because the property tax is paid out of a pass-through entity domiciled in the Cayman Islands which is paid quarterly out of the Liechtenstein vehicle I mentioned in recording one. She does not know this. She has never asked. She has lived in the house since 1985. She believes the house is hers. She drinks roughly a liter of Smirnoff a day.

She has been drinking roughly a liter of Smirnoff a day since 1991. Nobody in our family considers this a problem, because the alternative — a sober Linda Cohen who remembers, with operational clarity, the eight years she spent in the Murray Hill apartment, and who knows the names of the men who came to her

apartment and which of them used which credit card to pay for which thing — is not an alternative anyone in our family wants to consider. The vodka is, in this family’s accounting, a budget line. I love my mother. Let me say that again, because the recording is going to make me sound like a monster about it later, and I want the

record clean. I love my mother. I love her the way you love a lighthouse you grew up next to. The lighthouse does not love you back, but the lighthouse is not pretending. The lighthouse is, in fact, the most honest structure in the harbor. The lighthouse exists to do exactly one thing and it does it with no commentary. My

**mother's lighthouse
function is: she
remembers what she is
not allowed to say. She
remembers it perfectly.
She has remembered it
perfectly for forty-three
years. She has done so in
exchange for the four-
bedroom Tudor and the
Smirnoff allowance and
the absence of any
further demand on her
time. She has held up
her end of the deal. The**

**deal has been: forget.
Forget loudly. Forget so
completely that the
forgetting is itself a
public service. Become
the kind of woman
everyone in Bronxville
knows is a drunk, so that
nobody who is sober
ever wonders what she
might have been like
before the drinking
started, because the
drinking started — as
far as anybody in**

**Bronxville knows —
about four years before
she moved into the
Tudor, which is how the
Family timed it. She has
done this. She has done
this for the money but
she has also done this
for me. Because the
alternative for her — if
she had not signed the
deal — would have been
a particular kind of
administrative
disappearance the**

**Family has executed on
at least two other
women I know of in the
last sixty years. The two
women's names are in
recording forty-one. You
will get them. [long
pause] [ambient:
highway traffic outside;
a truck horn] I am not
going to tell you what is
wrong with my mother. I
am going to tell you
what she made for
breakfast on the last**

morning we lived together. I was eleven. I was about to leave for the Lawrenceville School, which was the second boarding school I had been sent to and the first one that would not expel me. We were in the kitchen of the apartment in Murray Hill — yes, that apartment, the same one — which my mother had been allowed to

keep because keeping her in the apartment was easier, in 1994, than moving her to Bronxville, which the Family did the next year. She made me French toast. She used the cream. She used real challah. She used vanilla extract she had been saving since Hanukkah. She put cinnamon on it. She cut the slices into triangles because she

**knew I liked triangles.
She did not cook for me
often. When she did it
was always with a
degree of attention that
made it, in retrospect,
devastating, because the
attention was all she
had to give, and she gave
it in the form of
breakfast on the day I
was leaving. She did not
cry. She did not say
anything sentimental.
She poured me a glass of**

orange juice. She poured herself a glass of orange juice. The orange juice in her glass was three-quarters orange juice and one-quarter Smirnoff, which I knew because I had watched her pour it, but she did not know that I knew, and I was going to be eleven years old for two more weeks, and one of the things I had decided very recently, at eleven,

was that I was going to spend the rest of my life pretending not to know things in front of people who were trying to be okay. She sat down across from me. She watched me eat the French toast. She said: *Your father is going to be at school for parents' weekend. Don't tell him I made this.* I said: I won't. She said: *And don't tell him I love you.*

**I said: Why. She said:
*Because if you tell him,
he won't believe you.
And if he doesn't believe
you, you'll start to
wonder if it's true. And
it's true, Avi. It's true. I
just need you to know it
without ever saying it
out loud to anyone in
that family. Do you
understand?* I said: I
understand. She said:
*Good. She drank her
orange juice. She poured***

herself another glass. She made it three-quarters Smirnoff and one-quarter juice this time. She drank that one too. She took my plate to the sink. The car came at eleven a.m. The driver was a man named Marvin who had driven for the Family since 1971 and would drive for the Family until he died of a stroke in 2009. Marvin did not say anything to

**me on the way to
Lawrenceville. Marvin
did not say anything to
anybody, ever, about
anything. Marvin had
been hired in 1971
specifically because he
was a man who did not
say anything, and the
Family had been paying
for that quality for
almost fifty years. I
never lived with my
mother again. I have
been to her house in**

**Bronxville
approximately thirty
times in the thirty years
since. The visits are
short. We sit in the
kitchen. She drinks. I do
not drink, because in
front of her I do not
want to be the thing I
am, and I can hold that
for two or three hours at
a time if I am clean for
the visit, which I have
learned to be. We do not
talk about my father. We**

do not talk about the Family. We do not talk about the apartment in Murray Hill. We talk about the dog she had until 2019, a corgi named Bagel, who she loved and who loved her, and whose death in 2019 I believe is the only event in her adult life that has ever made her cry in front of me. She has never said *I love you* to me out loud since the

morning of the French toast. She made me promise, at age eleven, that we would never say it. We have kept the promise. We have kept the promise for thirty-two years. The promise is what she gave me. The promise is how I know she meant it. This is the part of the recording where, if I were a different kind of writer, I would have an

emotional breakdown. I am not going to. Not because I am too tough or because I am too high — although I am, in fact, very high right now — but because the breakdown is what the Family wants from me, and I am not going to give the Family what it wants, and I have been recording for forty-three minutes and I have to keep going.

What you need to know about my mother, for the purposes of the next forty-five recordings, is this: She knows. She knows all of it. She has known since 1976, when she got the job at the Family's New York counsel's office at nineteen and was given a binder her first day that she was told to read and never speak about, which she did, and

which she has not spoken about for fifty years. The binder, she told me once, was about Suez. *They had Suez set up in 1955*, she said. *The Brits and the French and the Israelis didn't know it was set up. They thought they were running it. The binder had the cables.* That was the only operational thing she has ever told me. She was very drunk.

It was 2008. She told me on her porch, with a corgi in her lap, watching a bird feeder. She did not repeat it. She has never said the word *Suez* to me again. She knows. She is the last living person outside the Family who has read primary documents from the Family's intelligence operations between 1955 and 1976. The Family has

decided, for forty-three years, that the cheapest way to manage what she knows is to keep her drunk and housed and unbothered. The cheapest way. I want you to remember that phrase. *The cheapest way.* That is how my family decides everything. At any given moment, my family asks itself: what is the cheapest way to

**maintain the position.
And whatever answer
the math returns, my
family does it. The math
has told the Family,
since 1991, that the
cheapest way to manage
Linda Cohen is the
Tudor and the Smirnoff.
The math has told the
Family, since 1992, that
the cheapest way to
manage Avi Voss is the
trust and the bastard-
restriction protocols.**

The math has told the Family, periodically, that the cheapest way to manage entire countries is to fund their wars. The math has told the Family, at least three times that I know of, that the cheapest way to manage entire ethnic populations is to assist in the architecture of their containment. The math is not metaphorical. The math

**is the thing the Family
does. The Family is the
math. [long pause]
[ambient: the room AC
kicks on; a door
slamming somewhere in
the motel; a child crying
briefly and being
shushed] Okay. I am
about to crash. I am
going to record one
more thing and then I
am going to crash and
then I am going to get up
tomorrow morning and**

**drive back to New York.
The one more thing. If
you are listening to this
— if it has gotten to you
somehow — and you
have a mother who
loves you, call her
tonight. I am not being
sentimental. This is an
operational instruction.
Call her tonight. Listen
to her voice. Do not
assume she is going to
be there in 2027. The
world is a much smaller**

**and more fragile place
than my family's
actuarial tables admit,
and your mother,
whoever she is, is one
phone call away from
being a memory you
have to assemble from
photographs. I have not
called my mother since
February. I will not call
her tonight. I will not
call her tomorrow. I will
not call her, probably,
until June, when I will**

**pretend to be in town
and visit, and we will sit
in the kitchen, and she
will drink, and I will not,
and we will not say *I
love you*, and we will say
it the only way we are
allowed to say it, which
is by sitting across from
each other and making
it through to the
moment when I have to
leave. That is the only
love I have ever fully
understood. End**

recording. — ##

RECORDING 3 of 47 A.

***Voss — 2019 Lexus IS300,
eastbound on I-90 near
Erie, Pennsylvania. 9:14
a.m., Wednesday, April
15, 2026. — So here is
what just happened. I
got pulled over. I was
doing eighty-three in a
seventy. I knew I was
doing eighty-three in a
seventy. I did not care. I
have not slept. I shot the
rest of the bag at six this***

**morning to wake up
enough to drive, which
is how it works in this
body in 2026 — you take
the upper to come up off
the downer and then
you take the downer to
come down off the upper
and then you take the
upper again, and
somewhere in the
middle of that cycle you
put a Lexus on I-90 and
try not to die. The
trooper was**

**Pennsylvania State
Police, badge says
Caruso, mid-forties,
Italian, the kind of cop
who has a wife who does
CrossFit and three kids
in travel hockey. He
came up to my window.
He asked for my license
and registration. I gave
him the license. I gave
him the registration.
The registration is in the
name of a Delaware LLC
the trust uses for**

vehicles the trust does not want titled in my name, which is all of them. Trooper Caruso looked at the license. He looked at the LLC name. He looked back at the license. He looked at me. I was wearing wraparound sunglasses and a Cleveland Indians t-shirt I had been wearing for four days and a six-year-old pair of joggers, and I had a

**yellow tinge to my skin
that has been there
since 2021, and no
human being who has
ever seen another
human being would
have thought I was
anything other than the
highest motherfucker on
Interstate 90 east of the
Ohio line. He said: *Sir,
please remain in the
vehicle.* He went back to
his cruiser. He sat in his
cruiser for four**

minutes. He came back to my window. He said: *Mr. Voss, can you confirm your relationship to the registered owner of this vehicle.* I said: I am a beneficial party. He said: *I see. Mr. Voss. I'm going to ask you to drive at the posted limit for the rest of the day and to please consider getting some rest at the next available exit.* I said: I

**appreciate that, officer.
He said: *Have a safe day, sir.* He gave me back my license. He gave me back the registration. He went back to his cruiser. He pulled away. I sat in my Lexus for three minutes watching his cruiser disappear into eastbound traffic. Then I started driving. [long pause; engine sound; tire on highway] In case you have not figured it**

out yet: I have not been arrested for anything since 2008. I have been pulled over approximately fifty times. I have been seen, by police officers in eleven states, in conditions that should have produced a felony arrest. I have not produced a felony arrest. I have not produced any arrest. I have, on three

occasions, been escorted home by the arresting officer, and on one occasion in 2017 been driven, in my own car, to a Hertz return location by a Connecticut state trooper who had decided, at three a.m., that the cheapest way to handle me was to give my car back to Hertz for me and put me in a cab to the Greenwich house I was not allowed to

**enter. The cheapest way.
Always the cheapest
way. What happens,
when a cop runs my
license, is that the
license comes back
clean — because I do not
have a record, because I
have never been
arrested — but with a
flag. The flag is not a
federal flag. The flag is
not, formally, anything.
The flag is something the
Family arranged,**

**sometime in the late
1970s, with a vendor in
Reston, Virginia, that
maintains the database
the state-level
Department of Motor
Vehicles systems pull
from. The flag tells the
running officer, in
language carefully
calibrated to leave no
record of itself: *do not
arrest. consult
supervisor. supervisor
will consult their***

supervisor. their supervisor will tell them to release. This protocol has been in effect, in my case, since I was sixteen. It is not unique to me. There are, by my Aunt Eleanor's count — which she gave at a dinner in 2015 in front of seven Voss adults including me, on the assumption I was too high to remember it, which I was, but I remembered

it anyway because high in my body is not the same as not paying attention — there are, in the United States in 2026, approximately fourteen hundred individuals on the protocol. Some of them are Voss. Most of them are not. Most of them are people the Voss family has decided, for various reasons, to insulate from law

enforcement. This is one of the things the Family does for the people it has decided to insulate. There are others. The protocol is the most basic. [pause] I want to be clear about what I just said, because I am going to be high for the rest of the day and I want it on the record while I can still articulate it. The Voss family has, since

**approximately 1979,
maintained a database
flag in the United States
DMV vendor pipeline
that prevents the arrest
of approximately
fourteen hundred
individuals. This is not a
thing I think. This is a
thing I know. I was in
the room when my Aunt
Eleanor gave the
number. I have, on three
occasions, watched the
protocol execute on me**

in real time. I have asked Saul III, in 2019, to confirm. He confirmed. He confirmed by not denying. He said: *I don't comment on operational matters.* That is how Saul confirms. That is how Saul has always confirmed. The protocol is one example of the kind of thing the Family can do that no government on the planet has noticed it can

do. There are other things. They are in recording sixteen. You will get them. [long pause] What I want to leave you with on this recording is not the protocol. The protocol is administrative. The protocol is, in the math of what we are, almost a courtesy. The protocol is *Tante* Eleanor's version of writing me a Christmas card. *Don't let*

*the boy go to jail. He's
enough of an
embarrassment without
it. What I want to leave
you with is this: imagine
you are a state trooper.
You are forty-five years
old. You have a wife who
does CrossFit and three
kids in travel hockey.
You are a good man. You
believe in the law. You
signed up because you
wanted to keep people
safe. You pull over a*

Lexus on I-90. You walk up to it. The driver is a hundred fifty-eight-pound Jewish guy in sunglasses who is so high he is about to

**– END OF
TEASER –**

You're reading the
first 25 pages of
SUDO KINGDOM.

The full manuscript
is available at:

**[https://
zombie760.github.io/
books](https://zombie760.github.io/books)**

Every claim is filed.
Every source is
named. The
documents speak.

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