

# **Monkeys and Political Leaders -**

The Seven Rules to Every  
Human-Simian Society



**Kenneth R. Szulczyk**

All characters, places, and situations that appear in this work were purely fictitious, created in the writer's mind. Although the places in the novel do exist, any resemblance to real people – living or dead – were entirely coincidental.

Monkeys and Political Leaders – The Seven Rules to Every Human-Simian Society

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## The Short Story

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In 2012, I packed my suitcases and moved to northern Malaysia to escape the cruel, fruitless U.S. job market. I began teaching at a university in the middle of a lush jungle teeming with life. The campus sits in an elongated valley between two tall hills, and my house was perched atop one of the hills overlooking the campus. My neighborhood consisted of 10 bungalows connected by a winding tarmac road with dark, dense forests bordering both sides.

The wildlife often slithered out of the forest and crossed my house's front and back yards. The jungles were full of many snakes, birds, and lizards. Unfortunately, the tiny geckos invaded my house while a large two-foot monitor scavenged for food in the backyard. Occasionally, as the sun set, I glimpsed from a window at a dark, large boar that grazed off the grass near the fence in the backyard. I heard the jungle was filled with red and black scorpions, but I hadn't seen them. However, the monsoon rains that begin in October drive them to seek shelter in the cool, dry house.

Most days, the jungle was quiet. The magpies, flycatchers, and swallows chirped and whistled a cacophonous chorus in the morning. At the same time, another unidentified bird emitted elongated whooping sounds. Then dusk approached, and the small Gecko lizards that infested the house chirped. They came out at night to eat insects that fly or crawl into the house. They remained hidden behind the curtains and light fixtures. Their constant chirping alerted their presence while their excrement littered the floors near the walls. Unfortunately, they never defecated in the same spot, spreading their wastes evenly around the house.

On some days, the jungle was noisy, as the long-tail macaque monkeys invaded the quietness and solitude of the jungle. They were quite mischievous, intelligent little creatures with the mentality of an unsupervised three-year-old child. The monkeys had brown fur on their backs, while white fur covered their bellies. Subsequently, they had long, skinny tails that dangled a foot behind them. The small, young monkeys had reddish-brown hair that stuck up like a Mohawk, signaling their youthfulness and defiance of authority. The alpha monkey, the biggest monkey, stood nearly two feet tall, was usually in a foul mood, and was not afraid to chase away the humans.

When the monkeys arrived, pandemonium broke out. Monkeys swung along branches on the trees, causing a rainfall of leaves and branches to fall upon the ground. Other monkeys hung on the telephone wires that dangled between the telephone poles. They pulled laundry off the clotheslines and littered the rooftops. One monkey kept turning the outdoor water faucet on, wasting fresh water.

In contrast, another monkey stole any objects from the porch that I accidentally left out. Occasionally, I lost the signal for my satellite TV as a monkey sat on my satellite dish. At the same time, his curious mind examined the microwave sensor.

My first encounter with the monkeys occurred when I placed my garbage in the trash can during my first week at the university. Once I returned home, I stood in awe as I stared at the mayhem in front of my house. The monkeys threw and scattered all my garbage across and along the street. The monkeys chewed, opened every food container, and licked them clean. They chewed open all the water bottles and drank every drop of water. They even licked the butter and yogurt containers dry as these mischievous little creatures tried to quench their voracious appetites.

I looked around for the troublemakers, but the jungle was quiet. Then I walked around and picked up each remnant of garbage, returning it to the trash can. Once I finished, I headed toward the house to retire for the night. Before I walked through the front door, I turned around and searched the surrounding jungle. Except for the incessant chirping of the geckos, the jungle was quiet as the sun faded into dark bands of red and orange.

As I walked to work the following day, I stood at the end of my driveway and stared in disbelief at the garbage and debris that littered the street in front of the house. The monkeys had returned! Then I noticed a trail of waste led into the dark forest directly across the street, where the garbage bandits fled from the crime scene.

The monkeys forced me to change my habits. I no longer placed garbage in the trash can. Instead, I ran out to catch the waste disposal truck as it lurched and staggered up the hill through my neighborhood with its transmission whining and groaning.

The workers usually arrived early in the morning and honked the horn as a courtesy to alert the residents.

The monkeys don't discriminate. They raid everyone's garbage, littering the neighborhood with debris and waste.

Then I safely tossed my garbage into the back of the truck, away from the monkeys' prying hands and their need to litter the environment with trash.

After several weeks, I noticed a troop of 30 monkeys would hang out at my neighbor's house in the backyard early in the morning and towards dusk. The neighbor loved to feed the monkeys and placed an assortment of foods on the concrete patio in the backyard.

At first, I was hesitant to feed the little beasts. They were intelligent creatures who would camp out near their food source, like an extended stay of a mooching, jobless relative. Nevertheless, one day, I had an apple and orange on the verge of spoiling. I decided to give the old fruit to the monkeys instead of letting it go to waste.

I opened the door to my backyard and walked to the back of the house to peer at the monkeys around the corner. I yelled, "Hey, monkeys!"

Many curious heads turned and noticed a new human presence. At the same time, several young monkeys quickly dashed into the trees to hide from the unfamiliar human.

I tossed an apple to a monkey that was standing nearby.

He eagerly grabbed that apple and ran towards the front yard, separating himself from the group.

Then I tossed an orange to another monkey, and he eagerly caught the orange and quickly ran to the front yard, escaping the jealous snatches and frustrated cries that emanated from the other monkeys.

I returned to the house and looked through the front kitchen window.

A monkey sat on a fence post in the front yard and peacefully enjoyed his orange. He did not intend to share his orange with anyone. Although monkeys depend on a troop for strength and support, they are selfish little creatures, leading to Rule 1.

**Rule 1:** It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. We are selfish creatures who hide our gains and windfalls from others and greedily consume them in privacy, away from the sorrowful, jealous eyes of others.

I became hooked and started to feed the monkeys.

I didn't know how intelligent they were then, but I discovered they spoke a language. Sometimes, as I walked home from the university,

I noticed several monkeys coming down to the university campus to raid the trash bins and cans.

When I walked by, the monkeys recognized me out of the sea of human faces who walked down the sidewalk. Then they articulated a particular squawking sound.

After several months, I recognized this squawk was a word that stood for me. Every time they saw me, they repeated a particular squawk among themselves, which I hoped meant a friendly human and not an idiot.

Then I began laying out cookies, crackers, or fruit for the monkeys, placing them on the driveway under the carport.

A monkey would notice the pile of food and come over to investigate. Next, he squawked a different sound, which, of course, meant food. Afterward, he greedily placed one cracker in his mouth, grabbed two crackers in each hand, and hobbled away to enjoy his meal in peace before the others arrived.

Then several minutes later, the troop of 30 monkeys would sit under the carport and fight for the remaining food.

Subsequently, I learned the monkeys had a pecking order, forming a hierarchical society. Every troop had an alpha monkey, the leader, or, in Machiavellian terms, a dictator, a king, or a strong president. He was the strongest and most aggressive monkey, who got the best sleeping place, had the first dibs at food, and chose a harem of female monkeys.

Then the king monkey forms alliances with the other strong male monkeys, who maintain discipline and order within the group. These monkeys were his cabinet or government. They get the second choice regarding sleeping spots, food, and females. Finally, the remaining monkeys were the petite males and females who were dead last in everything, whom we call the 99%. Unfortunately, the monkeys formed a rigid caste system. The lower caste monkeys get to pick through the leftovers and remnants of food after the leader and his cronies devour their shares.

I didn't realize it then, but when I first fed the two monkeys the apple and orange, the lower caste monkeys stood patiently on the group's periphery, waiting for their chance at the food.

The leader and his henchmen were too busy scrounging for food at the neighbor's house to notice my gifts to the bottom caste monkeys.

The lower caste monkeys were smart enough to enjoy their good fortune and move away from the watchful eye of their leader. Unfortunately, the monkeys and possibly me could have been in big trouble with the leader because he gets everything first. His wrath was ferocious if his rule was violated.

I experimented and gave different types of food to the monkeys, watching their response from the window. For example, I bought a new juicing machine and began drinking homemade fruit juices. I purchased that juicer so the fresh minerals and vitamins could replenish my aging body, keeping it strong and vigorous. When I was young, I could dash past old age, keeping it at bay despite the constant fast food diet. Unfortunately, old age somehow caught up to me, and it was kicking my butt.

I cleaned and diced four thick carrots one morning and fed them into the juicer. The juicer whined and moaned angrily as it finely shredded the carrots and extracted the juice. Unfortunately, the carrot pulp was heavy and sticky, clumping to the sides of the juicer.

I removed the juicer cover, scooped the pulp with my hands, and slung it into a plastic bag. Surprisingly, carrots have a lot of juice, which I poured into a large pitcher.

Then I put the machine back together and cleaned and sliced four delicious red apples.

The slicer continued to groan as it pulverized the apples into tiny pieces. Then the centrifuge extracted the juice and spun the remains into the pulp dispenser. The apple juice turned a brownish hue from the exposure to the humid jungle air.

I peeled four sweet navel oranges and sliced them into halves, feeding them individually into the juicer. The juicer did not whine and groan as it rapidly ate the oranges and spit out the juices, adding more pulp to the dispenser.

I removed the pulp container, pinched a small wad of orange and apple pulp, and tasted it. Although it was dry, it was sweet.

I felt bad about throwing the pulp into the garbage because it weighed at least a pound. Then I thought of the monkeys who scampered and played in the backyard. I placed the apple and orange pulp onto an old plastic cookie tray and happily carried it to the backyard.

I noticed several branches of the trees shook, and leaves fell to the ground as the monkeys jumped from branch to branch. Other



monkeys were sitting on the wire fence, while one was swinging on a cable that dangled from the telephone pole.

I placed the tray in the center of the backyard.

Monkeys were naturally curious, and they noticed my presence. They turned and observed the tray but only approached it once I returned to the house. Then I looked out the bedroom window in the backyard.

The alpha monkey, the leader, came over to examine the pulp. He looked at it and sniffed it. Then he dumped the tray over and sniffed the pulp again. Finally, he reached in, grabbed a handful, and tasted it.

He raised his eyebrow in surprise, and his expression was, “What the hell?” Then he slung the pulp down to the ground and ran away. The leader and his cronies were not interested.

Once the alpha monkey was 10 feet away, the young, lower caste monkeys came over and started to eat the pulp, which supports the second rule.

**Rule 2:** The leader and his top members do not eat crap. They save the crap for the rest, who occupy the bottom rungs of the social ladder. Therefore, the leader, king, or president gets his first choice of living accommodations, food, and sex, while his henchmen come second. Unfortunately, the rest compete and fight each other for the leftovers, trash, and waste that the leader and his cronies kindly leave behind.

An Irish professor who lived down the street invited me for dinner in town. I eagerly jumped at the chance to get out of the jungle and enjoy some good Chinese food in the heart of civilization, away from the humid, dense jungles surrounding my house.

As I climbed out of the car, I noticed a brown, oblong turd planted dead center on top of the car’s roof.

I asked, “Man, why do you have crap on top of your car?”

“I had trouble with those damn monkeys,” he said with ire wavering in his voice.

“What? What happened?” My curiosity began escalating since I grew fond of the hairy little beasts.

“The monkeys were climbing on the roof the other day, making noise, and breaking the roof tiles, so I chased them away.”

I understood his concern because Malaysia was a tropical country. Many people use clay terra-cotta tiles to cover their roofs. Once the tiles age, they become brittle and easily break when something walks over them, like a monkey playing on a roof.

“Damn, so they came back and crapped on your car,” I retorted as astonishment punctuated the pitch of my voice.

“They also crapped on my doormat and knocked over my flower pots outside,” he added in disgust.

I was amazed at the monkeys’ level of mischievousness and cleverness. Still, we humans act precisely in the same manner.

Humans and monkeys had a territorial dispute on that fateful day, and the monkeys struck back. The monkeys did not drop missiles that contained nuclear warheads or chemical agents or shoot at their enemies with grenades and bullets; they inconveniently left their feces at the most inopportune places, making sure the human received the message. Bodily waste products scream disrespect in any language, which brings us to Rule 3.

**Rule 3:** We strike first and then ask questions later. Hence, the leader rallies his troops and citizens to retaliate and fight against outside threats without logic, reason, or diplomacy. The art of war is to protect our sensitive, overprotected ego.

I didn’t have any problems with the monkeys. Besides, I was hooked and enjoyed feeding the little rascals my old fruit, cookies, and crackers.

One day, I stood in the back corner under the house’s overhang.

Then I hurled a large sugar cracker like a Frisbee, trying to feed the small monkeys and the nursing mothers. I deliberately threw the crackers away from the large adult monkeys because they would greedily eat all the sugar crackers and not share them with the young ones.

Before I knew what happened, several monkeys surrounded me. They eagerly fought each other for the crackers and squeaked angrily among themselves. On the roof over my head, several monkeys formed a single line.

I tossed several crackers on the roof.

One cracker landed at the feet of a young female monkey. She squealed loudly but only stared at the cracker. A giant male monkey

stood threateningly near her, forbidding her from enjoying that sugar cracker. The female monkey continued to squeal as she stared sadly at the cracker near her feet, which led to Rule 4.

**Rule 4:** The male species is bigger and stronger than the females. Consequently, the males control, dominate, and suppress the females, holding the females hostage to a male's testosterone-driven fantasies, whims, and notions.

I continued whipping crackers in various directions, trying to distribute the sugar crackers equally to the troop. I didn't know it, but I imposed democracy and equality on a Machiavellian-driven society.

The alpha monkey, the leader, was becoming angry and aggressive.

I whirled a sugar cracker to the far left in the backyard.

A small monkey quickly grabbed the cracker and scampered up the nearest tree.

The alpha monkey was furious as he ran to the tree's base and squawked angrily at the young monkey.

I hurled another cracker dead center.

Another young monkey grabbed the cracker and headed up to the nearest tree, escaping the ire of the alpha monkey.

As the leader scampered several feet up the tree, the baby monkey's mother leaped to protect her young one.

The alpha monkey was furious because the young monkeys were defiling his authority. He got the first crack at the food source, while the young ones got the leftovers. Then he started to approach me.

I tossed him some crackers to appease him, but he ignored them. He approached me slowly and menacingly and continued to squeal a low guttural sound. Then he crawled under a bush near me and emerged near my feet.

I started to back away slowly, keeping my eyes on the little bugger.

The alpha monkey continued to follow me. He stayed low to the ground and was on his hands and feet like a dog. He hopped in my direction and growled an angry squawk.

As I turned the corner to the house, I picked up my pace and ran for the front door.

After I walked briskly ten feet, the alpha monkey backed off and returned to his troop. He won the battle that day but may not realize it; he lost the war. I wasn't so eager to feed the monkeys anymore, which leads to the following rule.

**Rule 5:** The leader was determined to keep his status quo and squash any challenges to his authority, even if the status quo harms and starves his subjects.

Although I told myself I wouldn't feed the monkeys, I always caved in.

I opened the front door in the morning to let in fresh air. Then I sat on the couch in the living room and worked on my laptop. Occasionally, several young monkeys popped their heads up against the screen door with serious, hungry faces and sad little eyes. They knew how to implore the stupid humans.

On other days, a nursing mother monkey with her little one would peek in through the screen door. The baby monkeys were covered with black fur and had peach-color humanoid faces. They cling to their mother's underbelly and swivel their heads back and forth as their curious eyes observe the world around them. The baby monkeys were so cute, mainly when the mother ate a cookie or cracker, and the baby turned its head upward to nibble on a corner.

Then I caved in, grabbed some food, and placed it outside the door, although the leader was lurking around the corner, waiting for first dibs on the food.

Unfortunately, the leader and I continue to have squabbles. He chased me into the house several times, while once, I lunged a flowerpot at him. I chased him across the backyard on another occasion while madly swinging a rake.

Sometimes, the leader sat on a fence post in the backyard, observing my house. He was a general plotting an invasion into the kitchen to replenish the troops with supplies. The monkeys were known to open the windows and screens and enter a house, stealing as much food as possible.

A contentious, recurring issue the leader and I had was when he caught me feeding Gabby. The leader charged and struck the screen door angrily, so I could not wedge food at the top of the screen door for Gabby.

Gabby was my favorite monkey, a member of the lower caste. Unfortunately, the other monkeys didn't hesitate to push Gabby around and steal his food. Consequently, Gabby climbed on the screen door and sat on the carport's roof; his mouth continually opened and closed as if eating invisible food. Occasionally, a neurotic twitch convulsed through his body.

Gabby was either highly neurotic or had brain damage because the leader punished him one too many times. The leader's punishment was severe: He sat on a young monkey's upper back, pinning him firmly on the concrete driveway, and then began biting him on the head. The leader was merciless, cruel, and extreme when believing a monkey violated his decree or challenged his authority.

Fortunately, Gabby was a survivor and smart. Once the other monkeys were somewhere else, playing in the trees, Gabby snuck slyly away from the group and came to the front door.

I usually gave him something special, like M&Ms, a slice of pineapple, or a slice of bread with a lather of sweetened condensed milk spread evenly across it. Unfortunately, the leader caught on.

I didn't mind feeding the monkeys who lived near my house. Nevertheless, I wished they would not litter and trash their environment. When I fed them, I usually removed the packaging and plastic and placed the food directly outside. However, the little buggers carried food packaging and trash for miles and kindly deposited it in my yard for me to pick up. Furthermore, I wished the monkey, turning on the water faucet, would turn it off when he was done.

Then I noticed the monkeys persistently squandering resources. Numerous mango trees grew throughout my neighborhood. Once the fruit ripened, a monkey would bite into a mango and toss it to the ground. Subsequently, he would grab another and repeat the process, which led to the following rule.

**Rule 6:** We do not tend to conserve or save our resources as we plunder, waste, and pollute our environment. We party like there is no tomorrow, even if hard times loom over the next horizon.

Every day, when I peered out my window, I noticed the troop's size increasing. Their squawks, squeals, and screeches became angrier.

The leader needed to work on keeping his troops in line.

Occasionally, a fight broke out in the backyard. Three monkeys were on their hands and feet like dogs, charging at one another.

Unfortunately, the storm clouds of a revolution were gathering over the horizon. Eventually, the neighbor and I will teach at another university and leave the monkeys behind to fend for themselves. Their world will be thrown into chaos as a food shortage rips a tear through their society.

Then the young monkeys, the 99%, will thrust their angry fists into the air and rebel against the leader and his henchmen. Maybe they were not evolved enough to hurl screams of rights and democracy at the leader. Their minds needed a few thousand more years of evolution before they could comprehend the ideas of John Locke or Thomas Jefferson.

Nevertheless, a new monkey will rise to become the new leader, steering the monkeys along a fresh path. The leadership cycle will start a new rotation, bringing us to the last rule.

**Rule 7:** Although monkeys are distant cousins on the evolutionary branches of the Tree of Life, humans sure act like monkeys.

Humanity's only hope was to suppress our monkey urges from our primordial minds and evolve into a better society that transgresses these seven rules. Then we begin the new path of genuinely applying the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity rather than merely preaching them.

The End.

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## About the Author

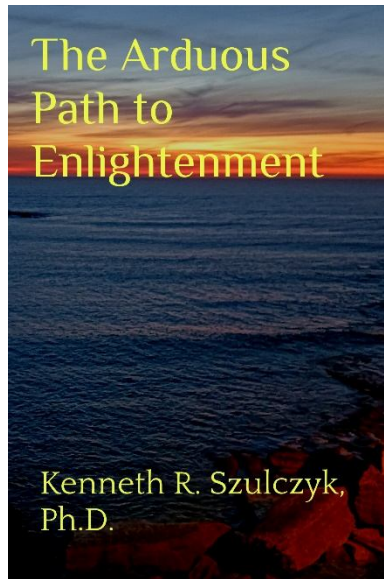
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I was born in a small town in Michigan, filled with the noises of factories. While growing up, I witnessed factory closures, which brought high unemployment and few economic prospects. I left the town to pursue my dreams and enrolled in a university. My education opened the door to the world, where I graduated with a Ph.D. in environmental and natural resource economics from Texas A&M University. With my degree, I traveled and lived in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Republic of Kazakhstan, Morocco, Malaysia, and the United States. Currently, I teach economics and finance at a small university in Morocco. Despite my humble beginnings as a poor boy from Michigan, I am doing alright. I am living life to the fullest.

Other books from the author:

### ***The Arduous Path to Enlightenment***

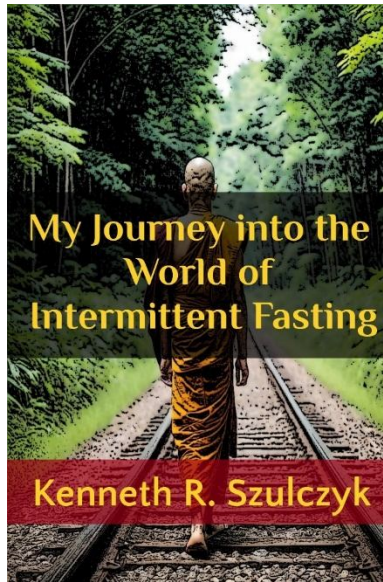
As human beings, we often ponder upon our existence on this earth and ask ourselves why we were here. We search for answers through various religions like Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. They share a common theme where God wants us to use all our talents and become closer to Him. We examine methods like fasting, meditation, lucid dreaming, sensory deprivation, and mind-altering drugs such as psychedelics and marijuana to explore our minds and awaken our spirituality. We delve into the deep depths of our minds and psyches to gain greater awareness and uncover hidden aspects of ourselves. Through this journey, we discover our true selves and purpose in life while traversing the path to enlightenment.



## ***My Journey into the World of Intermittent Fasting***

Intermittent fasting was a journey with many twists and turns. We may not be exploring ancient stone ruins in the jungles of Cambodia or savoring the exotic flavors of spicy Thai cuisine from the food carts on the streets of Bangkok. However, fasting was a journey to a healthier body. In this book, I take you on this journey, sharing practical insights and tips on all aspects of fasting. I've distilled my knowledge and extensive research into an easy-to-follow guide, including 50 practical tips on fasting, exercise, and nutrition. My book was a tool that can help you discover the power of intermittent fasting and unlock the doors to a healthy, long life.





## ***The Rise of the Insane State – What was Happening...***

This book offers a comprehensive view of the U.S. legal system, explaining the relationships between the people, businesses, and their government. It's not filled with complicated statistics or high-level economic jargon. It's written for any intelligent person who wants to understand why a government takes over its economy. The book uses numerous examples and cases from the United States, but these ideas can apply to any country. It's a book that makes complex concepts accessible and understandable.

# THE RISE OF THE INSANE STATE

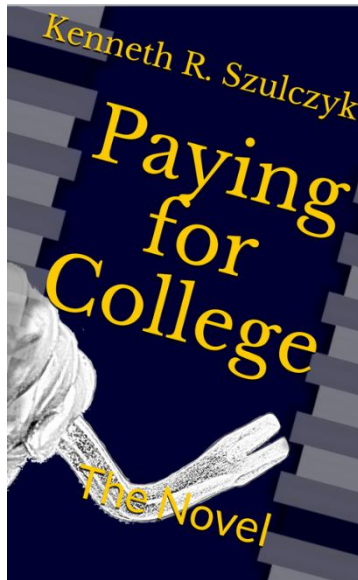


WHAT IS HAPPENING  
TO THE U.S. ECONOMY?

**KENNETH R.  
SZULCZYK**

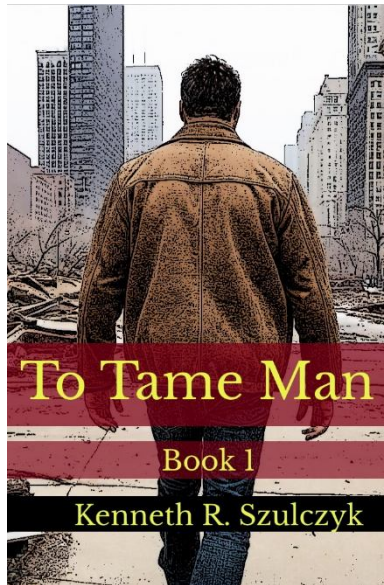
## ***Paying for College – The Novel***

Brothers, I only wanted to attend a university and escape a small town with no job prospects or future. But every time I opened my mailbox at the dorm, I pulled out another tuition bill with a looming due date. So, I had to do the unthinkable—break a few rules and do some insane things. Then everything just became crazy.



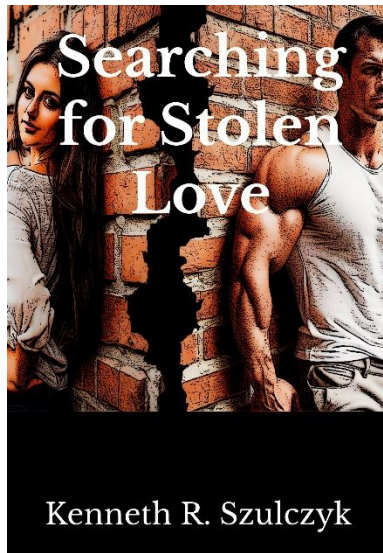
## ***To Tame Man***

The United Federation of Cities has been at peace since the Great War, and one of its great cities, Chicago, has experienced no violence, no crime, and no murders in 68 years. Then Susan, the director of the Male Processing Unit, ran out of Growth Inhibitor 37, and several males, including Brown 447, didn't get their treatment. Unfortunately, Brown 447 shows an uncanny intelligence and rises up and challenges the society of Chicago. Mayor Lilith and the Mayor's Guards must restore the social order and return law and order to Chicago.



## ***Searching for Stolen Love***

Fox was an American finance professor. He was thrilled to teach at the Bosnian University of Management, a place, where he hopes to make a difference. His future was bright, and he fell in love with a Serbian woman. Having just completed his first semester, he was looking forward to a peaceful winter. But one night, his girlfriend disappeared without a trace, and he was left with a growing sense of unease. Determined to find her, Fox embarks on a search that would lead him to uncover a mystery in the land of blood and honey.



## ***The Second American Revolution – The Building of an Empire***

As a child, Jerrick Ray Davis dreamed of delivering powerful speeches to the people. He also dreams of building an Empire across the North and South Americas. These were not simple daydreams but ideas that map out Jerrick’s destiny. Jerrick rises out of the wreckage and devastation of the Michigan economy and turns his dreams into reality. Jerrick Davis and his political party, the National Workers’ Party, took over the United States government and the rest of the Americas. Jerrick Ray Davis becomes the most powerful man in the 21st century, and the world trembles at his sight. Jerrick Ray Davis also makes a promise to the people. After the 2008 Financial Crisis, he will put all Americans back to work. Good-paying jobs will be plentiful again. Of course, Jerrick Davis puts everyone back to work, building his Empire. This story was about Jerrick Ray Davis’ life from early childhood to rising in power. Please read this story with caution; we may be all toiling hard on Jerrick Ray Davis’ Empire. As Jerrick Ray Davis says, “All Americans will be united under one flag.”



Kenneth R. Szulczyk

# The Second American Revolution

The Building of an Empire