

WHO LET THE BITCOIN DOGS OUT

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ABOUT THIS PIECE

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CHAPTER ONE

WHO LET THE BITCOIN DOGS OUT

Vrrrm! “I can’t believe we were able to find an American Mustang in this French countryside. I am ripping down these narrow roads!” John celebrates.

“Bloody hell, slow down!” Lily begs as her oversized diamond dangle earrings sway side to side. “You’ve got nothing to prove, John. Big man in your yankee ten-gallon hat. Let’s just get there safely.”



John slows to give her a smoldering look, “Aww, my sweet British compatriot, you care about me!”

“Bollocks! I care about not dying!” Lily retorts. “Now focus on the mission. We need to save a boatload of English border collies — literally. Frenchman Macaron wants to groom them into French poodles!”

John wags a finger off the wheel to reply in his Southern drawl, “However, my sweet Lily flower, my US Hash Force intends to project power to coerce the French for the dogs’ release!”

Lily bats his finger away, “Yes, but may I remind you, my arrogant wanker, geographically challenged friend, MI6’s intel says to steadily power on any miners as His Majesty’s Hash Force may do. The border collies’ barge will take about an hour to flee France, cross the English channel, and safely reach our shores so we don’t want to burst their soufflé too quickly. Oh, and the barge is armed with explosives controlled by a remote detonator. When Macaron asks for his bitcoin ransom payment in exchange for the dogs’ release, how do you cowboys plan to help from across the pond?”

John takes both hands off the wheel to flex his biceps, “Shock and awe, Lily. Full Throttle! We’re not giving the French a single sat. Instead, we’re diverting maximum energy to the U.S. Hash Force, of course!”

Lily guffaws, “And where is this sudden surge of readily available power supposed to come from undetected?”

“No need to worry my English crumpet! Our back of the envelope calculations suggest that, with a little help from the Texas of the North, there’s enough flared natural gas in the U.S. to run the entire Bitcoin network!” John proudly replies.

Lily's jaw drops, "So miners have already stealthily built out the infrastructure to capture wasted natural gas flares for the benefit of the U.S. government, but are waiting to turn them on until commanded to by the U.S. Hash Force?!"

"Yup! As soon as Macaron sees our hash power come online, we're going to try to start mining blocks on the Bitcoin network to Denial of Service (DOS) attack any UTXOs with a known history of French transactions."

"A DOS attack, for peace?" Lily asks skeptically.

"Peace through strength, baby! If you don't comply with America's dog rights standards, you get censored. America saves British dogs again, and without a single shot fired!"

"Not fair! It's only because our MI6 chainanalysis intel knows which Bitcoin addresses to censor on the blockchain we suspect belong to Macaron and his government that this plan even has a shot at succeeding. You're lucky Macaron is even more self-assured than you Americans. That's the only reason France doesn't have a Hash Force of its own to project power back!"

John pulls the Mustang up to the front of the fancy French restaurant, Chandelier. Lily grabs her green purse that matches her elegant emerald ball gown, and they head inside to meet Macaron.

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John and Lily spot Macaron sitting alone at the white linen table closest to the dance floor. He's tapping his Louis Vuitton snake leather shoes, checking his Chanel watch, and fluffing his floofy

black French Hermès beret. The red French ascot spilling out of his black and white blouse looks ridiculous.

John lets out a big sigh, and Macaron stands with open arms, “Lily, John, welcome to France!” Before John can flinch away, Macaron kisses him on both cheeks. He lifts up Lily’s hand for a kiss, “Mademoiselle.”

John raises his hand, “Waiter! I’ll take a bourbon, neat. And make it a double!” John calls out.

Slap!

“Hey, what was that for, Frenchie?” John asks as he rubs his face.

“Rude American, where are your manners?” Macaron asks as he pulls out a hidden red detonator clipped in the folds of his ascot. “Don’t drive me to prematurely push this button and blow up the boat carrying your English doggies! First, send me my bitcoin ransom payment. Then we can celebrate with drinks!” Macaron demands.

“In your dreams, Frenchie!” John presses his finger to his ear, “Uniform, Sierra, Alpha!”

Macaron turns to Lily and scoffs, “What is this rude American man doing, Lily?”

Annoyed, Lily answers, “Check your bitcoin UTXOs. Notice anything?”

Macaron frantically queries his Bitcoin node remotely from his cellphone and breathes a sigh of relief, “Phew. No, I don’t notice anything at all. All of my unspent bitcoin is still under the control of my government’s private key.”

“And it’ll stay that way, too!” John beats his chest. “You mess with the US, and you get the Hash Force! We just secretly doubled the difficulty to mine a block by turning on all of our miners — as many miners as the entire existing Bitcoin network! Now you’ll have to wait twice as long for your French bitcoin transactions to confirm! That is, unless you release the barge of dogs right now!”

Lily drops down to the table and buries her face in her palms to hide her embarrassment.

Flustered, Macaron furiously types out a long text message with the order to release the barge of English Border Collies to cross the English channel. “There, I’ve let the dogs out! Will you two please excuse me for a moment? I have to place a call with my government to confirm we haven’t lost our property rights to spend our bitcoin.

Beaming with pride, John falls back into his chair at the table. “We did it, Lily! Quick, give the command for His Majesty’s Hash Force to power on so we can 51% attack this guy!”

Lily finally stops rubbing her eyes, “John, that isn’t how any of this works!”

“What do you mean?” he asks.

“Within a 2,016 block difficulty adjustment period, doubling the hash power means the global Bitcoin network will mine new blocks twice as fast, not slower! At least, until the 2,016 block period ends and the difficulty adjusts so miners resume taking on average 10 minutes to generate a valid block. And sure, maybe the US has a political incentive to not collect the fees of any transactions of UTXOs with a known French association, but the rest of

the network's miners will happily profit from the sats you leave in the mempool! But most of all, the Bitcoin network is now just twice as secure from attack!"

John's double bourbon finally arrives at the table. Selfishly focused on his own glass, he doesn't bother to stop the waiter in case Lily wants to order a drink of her own. He drinks a big gulp, "But if you give the order for His Majesty's Hash Force to power on, won't we have over 51% of the hash power of the Bitcoin network? We can write Macaron's bitcoin out of existence!"

Lily crosses her arms, "Not exactly. It's not enough to just surpass half the hashrate. We also need to maintain a higher hashrate than the legacy chain to generate more chain weight to then reorg the other chain when we join the legacy network. We would have to be mining this heavier chain in secret, but in one bombastic order you just completely blew apart our whole plan! Now we'd need some sort of massive collusion somehow between existing miners, and some secret stealth miners, to have any power projection."

John mutters under his breath, "Frenchie's been gone a long time. Wonder what he's up to...."

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Macaron returns, fluffs his white linen napkin, and takes his seat at their table, "Thank you, John, for extending my French people such great mercy as to be allowed to transact freely on the Bitcoin blockchain." He extends his arm out towards a waiter, "Monsieur? Champagne for the three of us please!" Macaron turns to John and Lily, "After my phone call, I am in much better spirits.

Though I'm bitter you denied paying our bitcoin ransom, I'm grateful you're furthering the security of the Bitcoin network."

In his excitement, Macaron leans forward and claps his hands together, "You two are so lucky to be dining with me tonight. You won't have to drink that sparkling-wine-swill you have in your home countries. Tonight, you'll get to have proper champagne, from the Champagne region of France — my treat!"

John grunts in disgust, "Macaron, you can order champagne, but I've got my bourbon."

Lily steps on John's foot, "Ow! What was that for?" John shrieks. "Aren't you going to ask me if I want anything?" Lily asks.

"Huh?" John replies confusedly.

Macaron takes Lily's hand, "Mademoiselle, in addition to champagne, can I get you anything else?"

Lily recoils her hand back, "Gin martini. Shaken, not stirred."

"Lily, may I ask you another question?" Macaron asks sweetly.

"Bloody hell, what is it, Macaron?" she responds while rolling her eyes.

"Why do I get the feeling that forgetting to ask you what you'd like to drink isn't the first time John has neglected to ask you what you wanted?"

Lily's eyes light up as she leans in closer to Macaron, "Why, yes. This isn't the first time John's ever disregarded my needs. You know, he's always only thinking about himself, his own ego, and he never misses a chance to interrupt me—"

"—That's not true!" John interrupts.

Lily kicks him under the table, "See what I mean?"

Macaron whisks Lily's hair behind her ear, "You have such beautiful earrings, Lily. Did John buy those for you?"

"No, John never buys me anything."

"What do you mean?" John protests.

Lily shrugs him off and Macaron leans in closer to Lily to whisper just loud enough for John to hear, "You know, in my country, men like me know how to show a lady respect."

John stands up and extends out his hand, "C'mon, Lily. I think it's time I take you out onto the floor for a dance."

She shakes her head, so he stomps on her feet under the table.

"Ow!" Lily shrieks.

"I insist," John presses. "They're playing my song, Don't Stop Believin'. C'mon!"



On the dance floor, John pulls Lily close to whisper in her ear, "What are you doing? We've finished our mission. Let's ensure the dogs safely cross the English channel and get out of here! The way you're flirting with him we'll never leave!"

Lily blushes, "John, are you that blind? If Macaron is suddenly being sweet to us, then he must be scheming something."

"What's that supposed to mean?" John shakes his head. "Look, there's no time to argue. We can't risk him blowing up the barge as long as he's got that remote detonator clipped to his ascot! He's in a jubilant mood for now, but those French can be so melodramatic. We've got to get the detonator to ensure the safety of the dogs until they reach safe harbor at your shores."

John's box step dancing pace quickens as he looks over to check on Macaron. He spots him placing an order with the waiter and grits his teeth, "He's pure evil. He was willing to kill the English border collies if he didn't get ransom payment for not grooming them into French poodles. Only the threat of our Hash Force forced him to comply with our demand for their release!"

Lily breaks away from John to do a twirl on the dance floor; her elegant flowy green dress tries to keep up. She flips her hair and winks at Macaron, "Maybe I should flirt with him some more? After all, he's so handsome — and he listens to me!"

John stops dancing and stomps his feet.

"Aww, are you jealous, John?" Lily asks.

"Jealous?!"

Lily floats back to John, digs her nails into the back of his neck, and nibbles on his ear as she whispers, "John, you better dip me on this dance floor! Otherwise, I'm going to ask him to draw me like one of his French girls. C'mon John, Don't stop believin'!"

Ahem Macaron clears his throat, adjusts his detonator-pinned ascot, and taps Lily on the shoulder.

"Mademoiselle, may I have this dance?"

"Oh, certainly," she replies. "Better than this brute with two left feet!"

John grunts in dissatisfaction and bolts back to the table.

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With Macaron distracted dancing with Lily for what feels like an eternity, John defiantly presses his finger to his ear.

“MI6 — status report. What’s taking so long?” he mutters under his breath. “I hate seeing this Frenchie dance with an English lass who deserves so much better. It’s driving me crazy!”

“You just gotta distract him from detonation for ten more minutes,” a British accent replies. “Intel shows the puppy barge armed with explosives has almost reached us across the channel, and then we can safely disarm it.”

“USHF, come in,” John queries.

“We’ve got trouble! The global energy grid has spiked along the Asian seaboard, and among the French alps. Looks like a secret French Hash Force we’ve never detected is colluding with the existing Chinese, Japanese, and Tibetan miners!

They’ve stopped including American-linked bitcoin address transactions in their blocks! Can you politely get him to back down? We’ve already played our power-projection show-of-force card!”

“Ok, I’ll do my best to play nice with Frenchie, but no promises!” John cautions. As he watches Lily and Macaron dance with disdain, a waiter approaches him at the table.

“Here you are, monsieur. Your appetizer.”

“Appetizer? I didn’t order an appetizer! All I ordered was this bourbon.”

“I’m sorry monsieur, but the other gentleman of your party insists. He said he offers this delicacy as a gift. A token of appreciation for the mercy demonstrated today by you, the quote Big American Man enquote.”

John looks on the dance floor and sees Macaron give him a nod with a big wiley grin. Lily gives him the “go-ahead” signal, so John pops one of the hot slimy appetizer balls into his mouth.

“Mhmm! These are tastier than Ma’s Frito Pie!” he shouts as Macaron and Lily walk over to join him back at the table. John continues, “These remind me of the Rocky Mountain oysters we have back at home! Of course, I’m grateful they aren’t, if you know what I mean. What are they, anyways?”

“Escargot,” the Frenchman replies, “a local specialty.”

“Escar-what-now?” John asks.

“Snails!” Lily clarifies.

John gags and spits his half-eaten snail onto the floor. He stands up and slams his ten-gallon cowboy hat on the table. “Ok, that’s it! I’ve had enough! Macaron, stop playing nice. We know you’ve activated some secret alliance with the miners on the other side of the globe! What’re you up to?”

“John, don’t upset him! Think about the puppies!” Lily pleads.

“To heck with the puppies! I’m not letting this man stand up a Hash Force to DOS attack us! You hear that, Macaron? You mess with the best, and we’ll use kinetic force against your miners stashed in the caves of the French alps!”

Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Macaron wags his finger, and pulls out the detonator switch clipped to his ascot.

“Silly pompous American, did you forget I still have the detonator? Did you really think I was going to let you get away with rescuing your hideous English border collies? Life is one giant power projection game, and the way nation states survive is by

mutually assured preservation. In exchange for taming the unwieldy fur of Tibetan Mastiffs, Chinese Chow Chows, and Japanese Shih-Tzu and Shiba Inus, these countries pledged their miners to our stealthy French Hash Force when we're in need. Well, thanks to your little stunt, not only did I find the perfect opportunity to project power back at you arrogant Americans, but also dump these hideous dogs given to me onto your barge, so they're the British Isles' problem now!"

"But we'll be overrun by doges!" Lily gasps in horror.

"Yes, Lily! That's what you get for partnering with John! What do Americans say?" Macaron asks rhetorically. "That's right, 'No dogs left behind!' But most of all, John, I just wanted one last dance with your girlfriend, and to watch you eat snails!" *French nasally honking laughing sounds*

Lily shouts back, "I'm not his girlfriend!" She pulls a whistle out of her purse and blows it as hard as she can, but it doesn't make a sound. John looks at her confused, and Macaron honks even harder. The whole restaurant starts to rumble, and the chandeliers sway from the ceiling.

"What's this!?" Macaron shouts.

Gradually, then suddenly a stampede of bulldogs comes barreling into the dining room, knocking over all the tables, and tackling Macaron! As he falls, the detonator gets knocked into the air, and Lily catches it just before it hits the floor.

John looks at her, bewildered, and stammers, "You.... you let the Bitcoin dogs out??"

“You think you wankers got all the tricks? The English have a few surprises too! Now c’mon, let’s flee out the back in my British Mini Cooper. And this time, I’m driving!”

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SOURCE

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