

# Tax Tips From Tila Tequila, Professional Bisexual

*by* Con Chapman

*“oh and dont let me tell u about TAXES! Did you know that it is NOT a law that you HAVE TO PAY TAXES? Wow..hold up..droppin 2 much knowledge.”*

Twitter “tweet” from “professional bisexual” Tila Tequila

It's that time of year—time to start the long and arduous process of assembling records for our accountants so they can prepare our tax returns. As I dug into my files, the first thing that caught my eye was their bill for last year—\$500!



*Tila Tequila*

“That's it,” I said to my wife. “I've had it up to here with the high cost of tax preparation professionals.”

“You're not going to go back to doing them yourself on TurboTax, are you?” she asked.



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"Of course not," I said. "Our taxes are complicated—we need to file in two different states."

"But we only live in one."

"I don't make the rules."

For people like me, who have to deal with our complicated tax laws every day, it's easy to forget that the rebellion that led to the founding of this great nation was started by people who simply refused to pay oppressive taxes. I often pass by the Old State House in Boston, where the phrase "No Taxation Without Representation" was shouted to an angry crowd, and never stop to think; what if I simply said "No", as those courageous patriots did?



*"Taxation without bisexuality is tyranny!"*

And the worst part of it is, your typical C.P.A. is complicit in the government's war against ordinary folks like you and me. Without complicated tax codes at the local, state, and federal level, there's no way they could justify those high three-figure prices. "You know," I said to my wife, "You're right." I got up from the dinner table and grabbed the phone book.



*"You're right. We need a professional bisexual CPA!"*

"What are you looking for?" she asked with a tone that registered surprise at my sudden air of determination.

"Just you wait," I said as I began to flip through the yellow pages. "Let's see, bicycles, bidets, billboards, binoculars, bird and pet training—here we go, bisexuals!"

"Why do we need a bisexual?"

"The guys at the office tell me that Tila Tequila, professional bisexual, is the nation's most aggressive tax advisor."

"I don't want to get in trouble with the IRS."

"Don't you see," I said, barely able to contain my burgeoning spirit of rebellion. "We're never going to get out of this rat race—off the treadmill of paying ever-higher taxes—unless we get some creative suggestions from a professional bisexual tax advisor."



*"Why are you itemizing? Just deduct everything!"*

"Are you sure she's a *professional* bisexual?"

Fair question. "Darling," I said, "she wouldn't be advertising unless she were a professional. And there's no Bisexual Olympics coming up that she needs to maintain her amateur standing for."

"I guess you're right," she said. "Well, why don't you try and book an appointment."

I scanned Tila's ad. "I guess we don't have to—we can simply follow her on Twitter."

"What's Twitter?"

"Twitter is a free social-messaging utility for staying connected in real time."



"How does it work?"

"Well, you sign up to follow Tila, and she sends you 'Tweets.'"

"What are Tweets?"

“Updates—photos—so you can see how much junk Tila's got in her trunk. And advice, like which tax deductions are most likely to draw an IRS audit.”

“That doesn't sound very professional to me,” my wife said, her left eyebrow arching upward in a little suspension bridge of skepticism.

“It's how everybody markets themselves these days! Did you know Tila has over *200,000* followers world-wide?”

“Then she probably won't have time for us.”

“There's no way to know unless we try.”



*“I am not depreciating these assets!”*

I turned on my laptop and went to the Twitter home page, where I created an account and clicked on the “Find People” tab. It was the work of an instant to find nineteen different variations on “Tila Tequila.”

“This isn't as easy as I thought,” I said. My wife looked over my shoulder and pointed at my computer screen the way people always do in advertisements.

*"Yep—that's a computer you've got in front of you there."*

"I'd say try the one called 'OfficialTila'."

"Okay."

I signed up to "follow" OfficialTila, and instantly I was presented with a broad array of video clips and messages detailing Tila's struggle to gain weight (currently 92 lbs., she'd like to be at 100), her mastery of bawdy epithets, and her 2010 Tax Preparation Guide.

*"It's your choice: hire a dweeby accountant, or follow Tila on Twitter."*

"See," I said, and I allowed myself just a second's worth of smug self-satisfaction. "We don't need an expensive accountant. Tila's Tweets are free!"

"I wasn't doubting you, sweetie," my wife said. "It's just that . . . "

"What?"

“Well, getting tax advice from the hostess of *Pants-Off Dance-Off* is a little unconventional, wouldn't you say?”



“You know,” I said, as patiently and temperately as I could, “it's the accounting profession's own fault. They have built-in conflicts between the audit side and their consulting businesses.”

“And Tila doesn't?”

“No way. She's focused solely on tax advice—she doesn't provide AICPA audit, review or compilation services.”

My wife leaned back and exhaled. “You know, I've been wondering if my Pilates classes are deductible,” she said.



“I don't think so, but why don't we check with Tila?”

I scrolled down Tila's Tweets—“who keeps it THE REALEST,” “ONE MORE PIC OK—LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL,” “Deductibility of PERSONAL training, Pilates and spinning class expenses against ordinary income.”

“I think I found something.”

“Let me see,” my wife said, as she sat down next to me.

“Right here,” I said, as I pointed to the Tweet, which read “Don't you be doin' no Pilates if you want a honkin' donk, girlfriend.”

“What's a donk?” my wife asked.

“‘Donk’ is shorthand for ‘ba-donka-donk’, an Ebonics expression for an extremely curvaceous female behind.”



*I Kid You Not Dept.: A Ba-Donka-Donk computer mouse.*

"That doesn't answer my question."

"Hmm—let's see. She's also issued a TTASB Exposure Draft . . ."

"What's that?"

"A Tila Tequila Accounting Standards Board conceptual framework for dealing with a particular tax issue."

"So what does it say?"

"It says that it is not the law that you have to pay taxes!"

"Wow—that's great!"

"So deductibility is irrelevant."

I put my arm around my wife. "You know maybe—just maybe—if we scrimp and save all those taxes we've been paying, we'll be able to afford a vacation home some day."

"That would be nice," she said dreamily. "I don't know why we never consulted with Tila before," she added.

"Oh yes you do," I replied, not letting her off the hook.

"Why?"



"You cancelled my subscription to *Maxim*, the international men's magazine with the revealing pictorials!"

