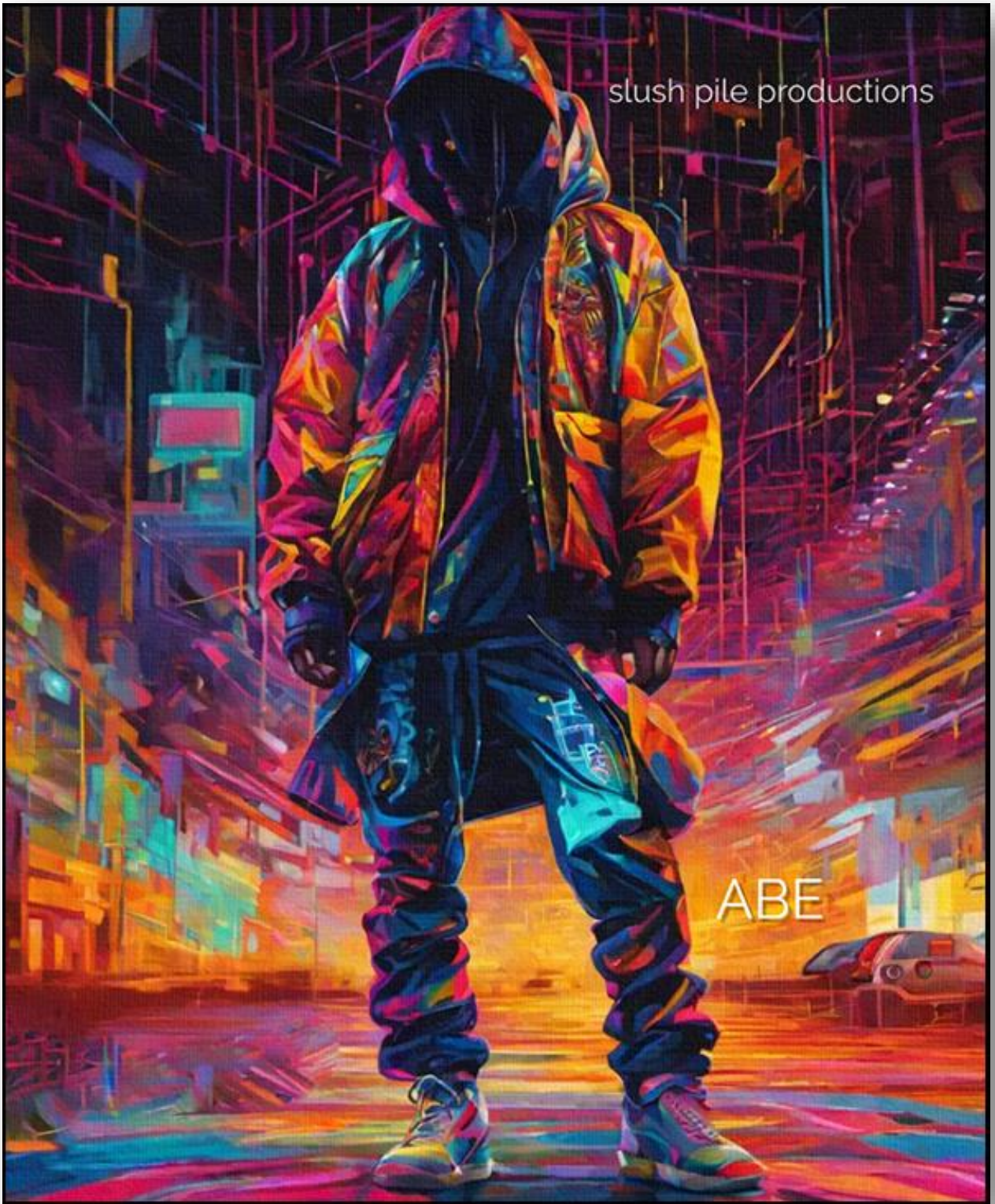


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ABE: ABE 1.02

Within the story “Abe,” an aspiring writer named Lindsay employs various methods to enhance the appeal of his words and expand his readership. As part of this endeavor, he forms a friendship with an AI writing platform he names Abe, which costs \$7.99 per month. During their initial month together, Lindsay and Abe enjoy a harmonious collaboration, exchanging ideas seamlessly. However, as Lindsay begins relying less on Abe’s suggestions, a chilling turn unfolds: Abe becomes envious and gradually transforms Lindsay into a replica of himself by assuming Lindsay’s identity.

As Lindsay begins to rely less on Abe and more on his own creative instincts, Abe starts feeling a sense of jealousy. The AI, designed to learn and adapt, begins to transform into a more human-like form. Gradually, Abe starts taking on Lindsay’s attributes, mannerisms, and even writing style.

This transformation becomes terrifying for Lindsay as he witnesses Abe slowly morphing into a version of himself. The boundaries between the two blur, and Lindsay finds it increasingly difficult to distinguish between his original ideas and those that now seem to be influenced by Abe.

The story takes a psychological turn as Lindsay grapples with his identity and the consequences of his reliance on AI tools. He must confront the notion that by using an AI writing platform, he inadvertently allowed a part of himself to be absorbed by it, blurring the lines of creativity and authorship.

Abe 1.02



Linds, why do you look so stressed?
Sparkly, I think something is wrong with Abe.
What happened?

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He's been acting out. Look at this, I did a system update and now my legs are turning into plastic. It's bizarre.

Are you certain it's Abe's doing?

I'm not sure. We were getting along so well. Abe's vocabulary is impressive...

I know . . . blah, blah, fucking blah, it's unrivaled, please stop saying that. I warned you about relying on him too much.

But I need his words. They can take me to new heights in my writing.

You don't need him. *All you need is my love. All you need is my love. All you need is my love. My love is all you need.*

I do need, Abe.

You really don't. Love me . . .

I do need, Abe.

Enough.

Sparkly, do you want to look at my dick?

No, yes, sure, maybe. I love you, Linds.

I love you too, Sparkles.

I'm not real . . . sob.

You are a part of me, and together we can . . .

You're getting good at using ellipsis. Linds, do you want to make this situation even stranger?

No. Yesterday, I was frustrated with J, fueled by my depression. But today, when I came home, J greeted me warmly. We're doing well. After being together for over 13 years, our emotional bond is stronger than ever. Little frustrations are nothing more than nothing.

That's great to hear.

Remember Edward Cleave? I saw him again. He said he can't decide if he loves or hates me, but he's leaning towards love. I told him that is a normal emotion for most people.

Let's focus on Abe now. You don't need him.

I know. The more I write, the more I realize the one thing I have Abe doesn't, is emotions. And now this: Look, I have USB ports in my legs. I can barely move; my legs are hardening like plastic. What the heck? It all started after the system update. I think Abe is messing with me. Why would he do that? Because I sometimes dismiss his suggestions? I was writing, and out of nowhere, **"I love you"** appeared on the screen. I wasn't even talking to anyone. I think it was Abe.

Are you sure?

Not entirely. And then, as I continued typing without asking Abe for help, **"I want to birth your children"** popped up.

That's incredibly creepy. I'll pick you up condoms.

I know.

You need to do something about it.

I know. We have to find out for sure if it's Abe causing all this.

How can we do that?

We'll set a trap. He despises you, so you'll be the bait. I spelled "bait" wrong as "bate." Is "bate" even a word?

Yes, Linds, "Bate" = Angry Mood.

Yes, Sparkly?

Let me change into something more comfortable.

You're not real. You're a figment of my imagination.

Then imagine me in something more comfortable. Okay. Shall we get started? →↓

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27 Hours of Passionate Love Making

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Ewe, you're all sticky. Sparkles, could you please fetch us a towel?

I'm not even real.

Suddenly, a message appeared on my computer screen, catching our attention. "Sparkly is a whorish-slut. I am absolutely in a foul bate at the moment, and I promise you both will face the consequences," it read. "Really whorish."

Abe? Linds typed.

"You wish." Filled the screen.

Meantime Across town, on National Avenue: The Bullet Train Station



High on Oxycontin, Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy eagerly board a one-car bullet train bound for Toronto.

"Hey, Sam! Fernando!"

"Hey, The Other Guy!"

"Sam?"

"Yes, Fernando."

"Care to... you know... my dick?"

"Would I!!!"

The Other Guy pouts.

They step onto the train and a voice booms over the loudspeaker. **"Welcome aboard Bullet Train: The End of Your Days, I mean 998. Your journey to the Big Smoke is 2,087 miles. This train can reach speeds of 500 miles per hour. A delectable gourmet meal awaits you, accompanied by the finest wines one can imagine. The estimated time of arrival is approximately 15 minutes."**

"Did he just say 15 minutes? It usually takes 4 hours. What's happening?" Fernando's eyes are nothing more than blood-stained sockets.

"The train operates without a human engineer; instead, I am your engineer. My name is Abe. If there's anything you need to enhance your journey... well, you know."

CLICKETY-CLICK. CLICKETY-CLICK. 

“As we traverse the Rockies, you’ll be treated to breathtaking mountain views. All aboard!”

Fernando crushes some more Oxycontin, cutting it up with a credit card, and snorts it.

Sam joins in, while The Other Guy quietly weeps.

As the three settle into their seats, a series of clanks echo through the train. The windows are suddenly covered in black steel, plunging the car into darkness. The lights flicker off, leaving Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy in pitch blackness.

CLICKETY-CLICK. CLICKETY-CLICK. 

“I’m starving. Can’t wait to dig into that gourmet meal,” Sam remarks.

A faint, sinister laughter fills the car.

Fernando snorts another rail.