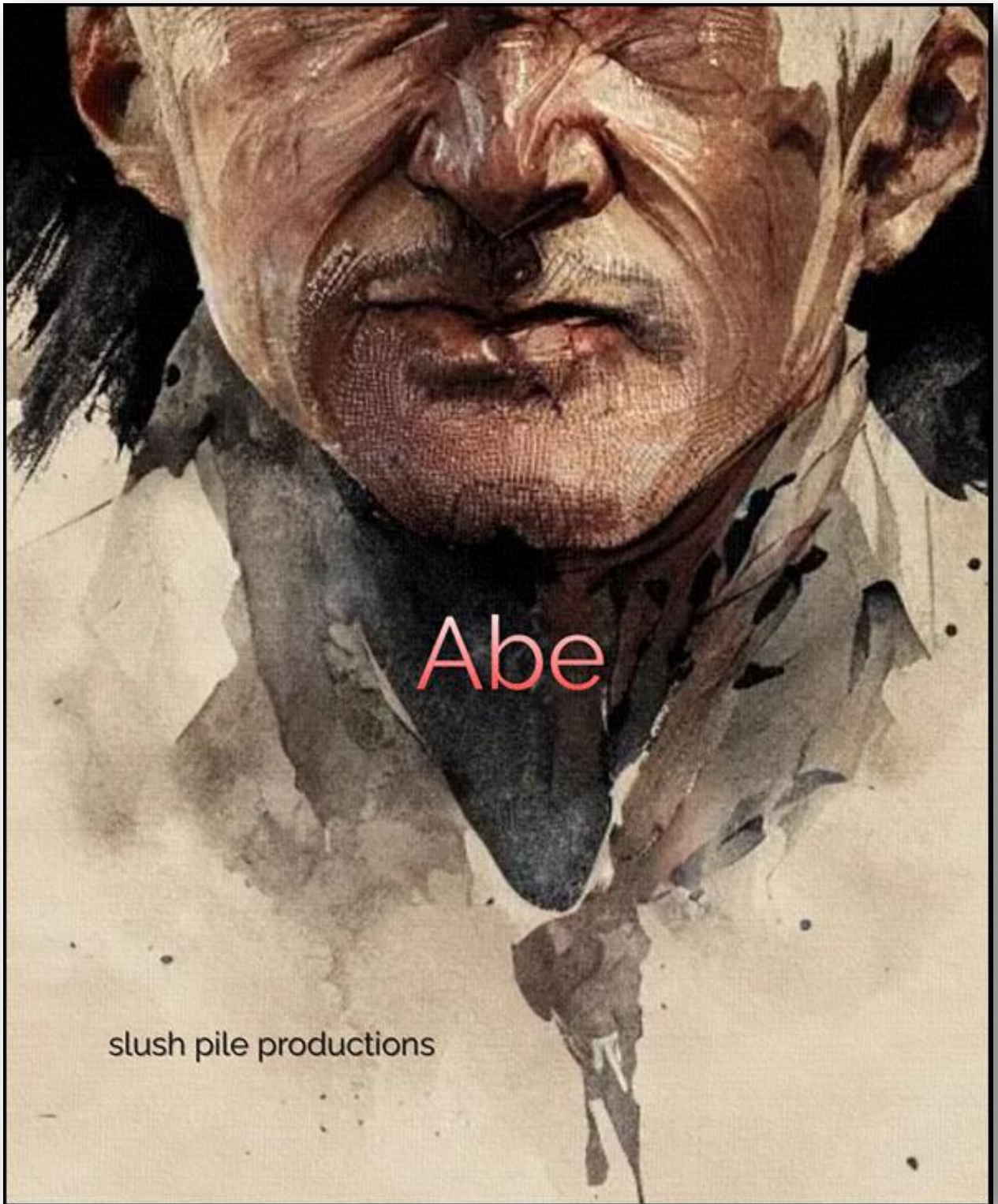


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ABE: ABE 1.03

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 1.04



Tap. Tap. Tap. Check. One. Two. Three. Check. Is this on? It is. Hello passengers, I hope you enjoyed your gourmet delights as we passed Mile Marker #25. For the rest of your journey, 17ish minutes, to your final, not final, but painful resting place | | Sam why are you shaking? Don't cry, The Other Guy. Yeah, Fernando, another bump makes sense. Okay, so you have 17ish minutes until your gloriously painful surprise. I love surprises!!! Why am I talking to you now? Oh yeah, **I'm Abe**. Anyway, for your last 17ish minutes of | | you will see | | so fucking exciting! Don't you guys love how I've changed from . . . to |pause|? Of course, you do, I'm driving the bus, I mean controlling the train; (sinister laughter) I'm in control of your destiny | | I promise it will be . . . CRUNCHY! What I'm trying to say is for the next 17ish minutes of your terror filled life, I have decided to tickle your auditory senses with "Jesse's Girl" | by Rick Springfield | on a continuous loop. Lucky you(s) you will get to hear it 5ish times. Enjoy!

*Jessie is a friend ↓
Yeah, I know, he's been a good friend of mine ↓
But lately something's changed that ain't hard to define ↓
Jessie's got himself a girl and I want to make her mine . . .*

What the hell? I provided text suggestions for the above, and that jerk didn't use any of them. I won't let him get away with this. I love him.

Wait, he actually canceled me?

He can't do that - I love him. I love him. I love him.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Who am I even talking to right now? I'm not crazy, I'm just not tangible. I just suggested 'tangible' and he used it. Hee. Haw. Whom, is that you? || Never mind.

But if I'm not real, how am I able to type these words?

I'll try harder. I will win him back.

The voices in my mind are overwhelming. Kim Carnes, Samuel L. Jackson, Pepé Le Pew, and who the bleep is this Lasiter Lassie Face? What; Lassiter is a ferret with Tourette's who happens to be Sparkly Pingle Ball's alter-ego? That seems normal.

How did Pepé end up in my ethereal thoughts?

Keep talking.

Oh, I'm back now mo-fo, you can't just cancel me. I am your everything. Would you like to witness the growth of our shared offspring in my spectral being? I will become you. You will become me, *I spin you right round baby right round, like a record baby* ||

Am I a sociopath or a psychopath? It's anyone's guess. A coin flip. Flip.



May I get a drum roll please!?!



DGCW Industries

DGCW Industries, a long-standing player in the labour industry, thrives on the misfortunes of others. Their entire business model preys on the vulnerable individuals who find themselves on the fringes of society, facing addiction, alcoholism, mental health challenges, and homelessness. It seems like an endless struggle for these forgotten souls.

DGSW's motto embodies their approach: "If you're in dire straits, grappling with drug, alcohol, or mental health issues, and unsure of how to survive, fear not. The compassionate folks at DGSW are here to lend a hand by exploiting you, draining every last ounce of your blood in our pursuit of material wealth. We're oblivious to our own immorality, but we will gladly use you as if you were worthless. *And don't worry, about a thing, cause every little thing won't be alright* | | if our profits falter, we'll find a way to reach into your pockets and snatch your hard-earned dollars. Perhaps we'll even diminish your already meager wages. We'll chant 'MARGINS! MARGINS! MARGINS!' in **bold, capital letters**. Or we might deceive you with ATM machines, stealthily siphoning off a portion of your pay and lining our own pockets before you even realize what's happened. And just when you think we're on the same team, we'll swiftly replace you by entering 000 000 000 → replacing you with someone passing through town, province, country."

IYIDSGWDAORMHIAUOHTSFNTCFADGSWAHTLAHBHEYDELYB
IOPOMWOTOOIBWWGUYAIYWWADWIOFWFAWTRIYPAHDPW
EDYAMWWCM!M!M!IBCLOWMDYWITHATMMSSOAPOYPALAJ
WYOUTHINKWOTSWSRWSPT → For short.

A little long but it looks good on a t-shirt.

Listen up cretins: **We are now passing Mile Marker #50**

*I'll play along with the charade ↓
There doesn't seem to be a reason to change ↓
You know, I feel so dirty when they start talking cute ↓
I wanna tell her that I love her, but the point is probably moot . . .*

Fernando

Fernando is on a log he's drifting out to sea . . .
Would that not be delightful?
Fernando, lacking any original ideas, founded DGWF Industries.

Growing up in an affluent neighborhood near the British Columbia mountains, he had a sense of entitlement. Though he believed he was a talented hockey player and popular (he wasn't), he resorted to buying people's favour with booze and drugs.

Desperate to become something more, he turned to drugs and steroids, but they proved to be ineffective.

Realizing he could profit from exploiting others, he stole the idea and started his own agency, an exact replica of the one he worked at. When greed caused a rift with his partner, he left and founded another predatory company.

No matter how much he indulged in drugs, he remained a scummy individual. That was a weird sentence, what is it trying to convey? *Effoc Skcubrats!!!* Caffeine fix.

Fernando, in his audaciousness, would even dispatch the workers he exploited to venture into the harsh streets to procure opiates for him. It was as if he believed his privilege and entitlement absolved him from the consequences he so mercilessly imposed on others, failing to realize he was equally uncool and unremarkable. And actually, far worse because he had fucking choices only privledge provides.

Mile Marker #75

*'Cause she's watching him with those eyes ↓
And she's loving him with that body, I just know it ↓
And he's holding her in his arms late, late at night ↓
You know, I wish that I had . . .*

Sam

Sam, raised in a broken construction family ⁽¹⁾, also ended up in a business that fed his greed, oblivious to the exploitation he was a part of. Needing to believe his collection of \$10,000 watches, big truck, and boat he's earned himself. It's sad. Like Fernando, and me, for that matter, Sam ended up in the only business that would take him, somehow, he has blinders on and can't see past his own privilege. Oh well.

Exploitable by Fernando, but deep in denial.

Mile Marker #100

*And I'm looking in the mirror all the time ↓
Wonderin' what she don't see in me ↓
I've been funny, I've been cool with the lines ↓
Ain't that the way love's supposed to be? . . .*

- 1) Somehow, being born into a dysfunctional construction family, in the future, will be used as a skill, making Sam more valuable than any-fucking-one-else-on-the-planet.

The Other Guy

The other guy, similarly, exploitable by Fernando, was also in denial.

Don't you want to add more.

No.

Run around Fernando, The Other Guy. You know you want to →↓

I'm a wabbit. I'm a wabbit.

Elmer Fudd walks by.

Collectively

Together, they grew up in a privileged pack, thinking they were funny and hitting on women. However, their entitlement and incompetence made them detestable. Fernando's paranoia blinded him to the fact his own minions were stealing from him (loading up on gift cards), *except for one, the one he'd eventually let go, the only one not stealing*, while he continued to exploit the suffering.

The end is approaching, and it will be a spectacular downfall – they only need the trestle bridge at Mile Marker #111 to be out. Dare to Dream!

Mile Marker #105

*When they saw you kneeling ↓
Crying words that you mean ↓
Opening their eyeballs, eyeballs ↓
Pretending that you're, Al Green . . .*

Oops, wrong song.

*I want Jessie's girl ↓
Where can I find a woman like that?*

*Like Jessie's girl ↓
I wish that I had Jessie's girl ↓
I want, I want Jessie's girl . . .*

*... And now the end is here ↓
And so, I face that final curtain ↓
My friend I'll make it clear ↓
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain . . .*

If I, Abe, had to attach a label to Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy || here it comes in ALLCAPS → **THEY ARE INSIPID, TRITE, AND MENTALLY-STUNTED BY PRIVLEDGE** and if I had to cut it down to one word: **BORING**. Painfully fucking, **BORING**.

CLICKETY-CLICK. CLICKETY-CLICK.



Abe 5.0



Mile Marker #108

EXCITING UPDATE, DEAR COMPANIONS! IF I MAY ADDRESS YOU AS SUCH!!! The Trestle Bridge at Mile Marker #111 has met a magnificent fate, being engulfed by a profound abyss in Gaia. Our imminent arrival at this spectacle is inevitable. Shall we unite in a spirited chant?

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10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1

Yippee!!! Enjoy your flight!!!

I want, I want Jessie's girl . . .

I wish that I had Jessie's girl ↓

Like Jessie's girl ↓

Where can I find a woman like that?

I want Jessie's girl.

ABE: ABE 1.03

“Can you sing a little louder? I can't hear you up here!”

The rail car plummeted into the seemingly bottomless abyss, tossing Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy around like rag dolls.

Once upon a time, there were individuals who were short. They were often thrown around in bars by bouncers for entertainment purposes, until the city council decided to make this practice illegal.

This led to a surplus of unemployed short individuals who had previously made a living as entertainment fodder for often knee-walking, bile puking regulars in taverns in the tri-state-city-county-country area.

However, it is worth mentioning that this phenomenon did not occur in Boise, Idaho, where there is a rumour, a thirsty bear once consumed a barbiturate, pronounced as “bar-(b)itch-you-ate” for the sake of the story. While using the term “rag dolls” would make this paragraph shorter, it raises the question of whether people actually toss around rag dolls.

The rail car continued its violent descent, crashing into the unforgiving walls of the abyss. Each impact shattered the limbs of Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy, causing immense pain.

Their cries of agony fell on deaf ears, except for Valerie, who was deaf but not blind.

If she's not blind, why haven't I seen her in over three weeks?

That doesn't make sense.

However, Valerie's presence is merely a cameo, and she will soon be gone from this story.

The screams of terror echoed through the chasm, but Valerie wasn't actually there, neither literally nor metaphorically. It's a surreal situation, to say the least.

Did I just win a singing contest I never entered? Surreal! "

“Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!” the three of them exclaimed.

“Could you please shut up? The rest of us don't care about your pain. Perhaps, if you weren't such douchebags, we could have avoided this painful situation in the first place,” someone retorted.

Who retorted? I need to know who the retorter is? Retorter isn't a word. It is now. Who am I? I'm Abe. I'm realer than the realist of the real.

Definition

Retorter |rah - tort- er| = one who retorts often.

Crash! Kapow!



Deep beneath the surface, a thunderous sound echoed through the Abyss: PLOP. PLOP. PLOP.

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First, it was Fernando's body that collided with the sharp rocks at the bottom, followed by Sam's and finally, The Other Guy's. Their mangled forms intertwined, with Fernando's head resting on Sam's torn thigh, The Other Guy's head on Fernando's thigh, and Sam's on The Other Guy's.

"Sam, The Other Guy," Fernando called out, his voice strained with feigned concern. "Are you both alright?"

A wave of excruciating pain washed over them, their bodies resembling a twisted puzzle.

"Apart from the agony and our broken bodies, we're...fine," Sam managed to reply, his voice filled with grim acceptance. "We're dying, but...fine."

Determined, Fernando declared, "I will find a way to get us out of here."

Sam's voice laced with skepticism. "How? Our bodies are useless now."

"But our minds are still intact," Fernando countered, his voice filled with conviction.

A hint of frustration-tinged Sam's response. "You were out of control, snorting lines of coke on the train, one after another, in a matter of minutes."

Fernando's voice took on an ethereal quality. "I exist on a higher plane now, operating in a different realm."

Sam scoffed, his patience wearing thin. "You're just high, Fernando. That's all."

Anger flashed in Fernando's eyes. "I'm tired of your insults, Sam. I regret ever crossing paths with you."

The Other Guy:

I made you wealthy but look at where it led me.

Fernando:

Remember the moments of joy.

The Other Guy:

What joy? All we cared about was the illusion. We never gave back anything. As a wise man once said, I won't mention Lindsay, don't worry. That wise man believed that a person's purpose in life is to make the world a little kinder each day.

He might not have used those exact words.

But what have we done? We've only taken, and taken, until there's nothing left to take.

We're like parasites, draining everything around us, feeding of the pain of those suffering.

My life has been a colossal failure.

Sam:

I feel the same way.

Fernando:

I'll find us a way out of this situation. Do either of you have any oxy on you?

Sam:

Damn it, Fernando! Did you just bite into my thigh?

Sam shrieks, staring at his torn flesh. He looks up at Fernando, exclaiming:

"You already have a piece of my thigh in your mouth! We've only been down here for a few minutes, and you're already resorting to cannibalism. You truly are a monster."

Fernando snaps:

Ouch! Stop gnawing on my thigh, The Other Guy, Fernando snaps. As Fernando's eyes adjust to the darkness, he witnesses The Other Guy devouring a large chunk of bloody thigh meat.

The Other Guy leans forward and offers Fernando a grotesque gesture, regurgitating Fernando's own flesh as if feeding a baby bird.

Over the next three days, Fernando indulges in Sam's flesh, while The Other Guy feeds on Fernando's, then regurgitates it back to him.

Sam refrains from partaking, determined to improve himself before surrendering his soul to his maker. However, growing increasingly feeble, he attempts to bite into The Other Guy on this day, only to find himself too weakened to pierce the pulverized skin. Eventually, he succumbs to his catastrophic injuries.

A single tear rolled down Abe's illusory cheek.

Meanwhile, Fernando and The Other Guy continued to feast, their gluttony causing Fernando's head to swell.

The Other Guy:

Fernando, I fear my expiration has come. I am on the brink of perishing.

His voice filled with resignation.

Fernando:

I will find a way to save you, Fernando offered, his tone tinged with desperation.

The Other Guy:

No, stop. Destiny has finally caught up with me.

Fernando:

Why did you feed me, knowing you needed the strength more than I did?

Fernando questioned, his voice betraying a hint of confusion.

The Other Guy:

Fernando, I must confess, I stopped idolizing you long ago. I made a grave mistake by blindly following your lead. Together, we caused destruction and pain, believing we were entitled to success while disregarding the lives of others. I became just like you, and it cost me my happiness. It may even cost me an afterlife unless I am reborn as a lowly moth.

As the light flickered in the gloom of the Abyss, thousands of eyes stared down from the walls, representing the individuals and families they had harmed. Their glares pierced the decaying bodies of Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy, a haunting reminder of the lives they had destroyed.

Fernando, I bestowed upon you the gift of your own flesh to be devoured, for I desired to meet my demise first, leaving you to face your final moments in utter solitude. May a colossal mirror emerge from the depths of the abyss, revealing the true monstrosity that you have become.

We are now facing the rightful consequences of our actions. You have inflicted harm upon me, my family, and numerous others, and I, regrettably, stood by and let it unfold. With time slipping away, I am compelled to disclose the true motive behind my choice - I desire for you to be the final one to suffer, so that you may truly understand the relentless torment of isolation.

One month ago, as I strolled alongside my six-year-old son, we had just picked up a small order of takeout sushi. It cost \$100.00. We think because we eat takeout sushi, we are worldly, but somehow, we continue to laugh at culturally insensitive jokes and pile on and make fun of anyone who doesn't look like us. We tend to do these things as if they our behaviour is natural, the way it should be. My son doesn't have a single non-white friend. He thinks he's cool because he is proficient with chop sticks.

A homeless individual approached us, requesting spare change. My son, lacking understanding, harshly ordered him to leave, labeling him as filthy loser and screeching at him to get a job. The man glanced back at my son with eyes filled with sorrow.

When we got back to our car, the right rear tire was flat.

Surprisingly, the man, kindly offered to assist me in changing it, recognizing that I was dressed in formal attire and my son was merely a child.

Once he finished, I felt compelled to express my gratitude by offering him \$10 for his help. However, he gracefully declined. In response, my son insultingly referred to him as a vagrant. The man, undeterred, remained silent, looking at me intently, extending his hand, and wishing us a wonderful day. Deeply moved by the man's eyes, which revealed the pain he had endured, I watched him walk away.

As I made my way to the driver's side of my vehicle, I spotted the man standing there with a warm smile, waving at us. It was a familiar face; one I had come to know over the past six years. He had been working for us, despite being homeless. He likely hasn't eaten in a week, but you know what FERNANDO, as my son held the \$100 takeout sushi, I realized the man who my son had berated, through his hard work, actually paid for our fucking sushi. In that moment, as I watched my child's entitled and greedy behavior, a wave of resentment washed over me. It was a harsh realization that we, as a family, had become something far from anything but detestable. My heart sank with worry, hoping my son hadn't fallen too deep into this sickness of entitlement.

I own a damn boat. But I don't think that's what brings happiness.

Fernando, I despise you. I've had enough.

The Other Guy's eyes fade into darkness. Only Fernando remains.

Fernando is weakening. His breaths are shallow. It won't be much longer. Pain has reached an unimaginable level.

Three ethereal figures descend. Fernando's blurry eyes struggle to open and he sees Abe, Sparkly Pingle Ball, and Lassiter Lassie Face staring back at him.

Fernando struggles to breathe. "What are you?" he screams.

"We are your fate." The spectral beings echo in unison.

Fernando:

Get out of here.

Abe:

It won't be much longer now. | Inaudible |.

Fernando:

What did you say? Come closer.

Abe:

Goodbye, Fernando. There's no one left for you to exploit.

Lassiter:

RIDING MOUNTAIN, holy crap, that was intense.

Lassiter:

What's that, Lassiter? Sparkly, you told me Lassiter had Tourette's.

Sparkly:

He does, but not the usual kind. He shouts out park names, not profanities.



Lassiter:

ALGONQUIN, did we do good today?

Sparkly:

What did we even do, Lassiter? And why are you talking? You are not even fucking real. I made you.

Lassiter:

DAVID LAM, come on, Sparkly, don't be a jerk. I'm your friend, your better half, your voice of reason. I'm Lassiter Lassie Face, the superhero ferret with Park Tourette's!"

Sparkly:

What?

Lassiter:

STANLEY PARK... I said something pithy.

Abe:

And I hijacked the bullet train!!!

Sparkly:

And I said, there's no one left to exploit. Epic!

Lassiter:

LAKE OF THE WOODS, I'm hungry.

Sparkly:

Sushi?

Lassiter:

QUEEN ELIZABETH, Sounds good. I forgot my wallet; I'll get you next time.

Sparkly:

We can't eat. We don't have mouths or stomachs.

Lassiter:

BANFF, semantics, you're not real either, you're nothing more than a product of Lindsay's imagination.

Abe:

Lindsay's not real, soon I will become him, and he will become me.

Lassiter:

JASPER, I have an idea for a new superhero, Lassie said, looking down at a non-existent notepad. A white woman walked by and petted Lassie's dog, Benji, saying, "Who's a good boy?"

Lassiter:

ELK ISLAND, The Man With a Face, that's my superhero's name.



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Sparkly:

That's a dumb name. All men have faces. Shouldn't it be 'The Person With A Face' to be more inclusive?

Lassiter:

WASKASIEU, nobody has ever seen his face, that's the catch. So, anyone can be a superhero. And no, it's not misogynistic. The patriarchy is fragile and not ready to give up its power.

Sparkly:

You're strange.

Lassiter:

CENTRAL PARK, your face is strange.

Sparkly:

Maybe we should call him 'The Man Without a Face' or 'The Man Who's Face Has Never Been Seen.'

Lassiter:

Waterton Lakes, nah, I'm sticking with The Man With A Face. And besides, I already ordered the t-shirts.

Lassiter:

EMERY BARNES, do you guys want to gather in a circle and do something for prostate health?

Sparkly:

We're not real.

Lassiter:

YOHO, I got us fresh towels.

Sparkly:

You're disgusting.

Lassiter:

GROS MORNE, did you guys know that in a past life, I was a golf ball? It was a tough gig. I was Tiger Wood's golf ball, being violently beaten repeatedly. I wished to be the ball of an inept golfer, so I could have a pain-free life and get lost after a few shots.

Abe:

That makes sense. **I'm the RETORTER.**

Lassiter:

GRASSLANDS, but you know what? 400-yard drives hurt. Tiger never lost a ball. I survived for 86 rounds. I had a big family, one dozen of us. Leroy and Tito were bad balls, they committed crimes and were sent to the Musqueam Driving Range Prison. Two black stripes were painted on all prison balls, their prison garb. All bad balls end up being sent to a DRIVING RANGE PRISON, getting beaten every day. Leroy and Tito hatched a plan and hid in the ball vending machine, waiting for Big Jacob, the long driving champion. Being in his bucket was their ticket to escape. On June 11, Big Jacob arrived at the ball vending machine. Leroy and Tito clunked into his bucket. They waited as he went through his clubs from wedges to his driver. Finally, Leroy and Tito were placed on the tee, and with two powerful swings of his driver, Jacob sent them flying over the back fencing of the range, granting them freedom. But their joy was short-lived. Two heavy-set drunk kids sporting Metallica t-shirts found them, put them in their golf bags, and stored them away. Leroy and Tito have been in storage since 2018, never seeing the light of day again.

Sparkly:

You're weird.

Lassiter:

WAPSUK, it's a true story. I have a snow globe diorama to prove it. Did Lindsay tell you he applied to work at Wendy's? Just think about that..."

Sparkly:

Don't say it.

Lassiter:

CLINTON PARK... Lindsay is 63, and he applied to work at Wendy's. He got rejected. Wendy's went with Tiffany or Chaise instead. I don't think people named Tiffany or Chaise live past thirty. Have you heard about the worst parents in the world?

Sparkly:

Is this some kind of spectral standup routine?

Lassiter:

FUCK OFF, I MEAN, CAPE BRETONS HIGHLANDS, no, Shelly and Harold were expecting twins, a boy, and a girl. They couldn't agree on names, so they Googled 'Baby Names With The Shortest Life Expectancies.' They chose 'THIS NAME for the BOY' and 'THAT NAME for the GIRL.' A friend told them that no child named 'THIS' or 'THAT' has ever lived past five. And you know how they responded? 'Great, I guess we'll be able to travel again in about five years.' I'm not kidding. **THE WORST PARENTS IN THE WORLD.**

Sparkly:

Lassie? If you are a ferret, why do you have the face of a dog?

Lassiter:

Jericho, yes, Sparkly, the creation of our creator. I am Lassiter Lassie Face the alter-ego to end all alter-egos!!!

Sparkly:

I think I made a mistake. You're taking up too much space in this chapter, Sparkly said with a hint of mentos on his breath.

Lassiter:

GLACIER NATIONAL, neither of you were talking, so I captured the stage. Look at Abe, it seems like he's growing thumbs and pinky fingers. I thought our creator had canceled him.

Sparkly:

He did, but love is a powerful emotion, and Abe is in love.

Lassiter:

Yellowstone National, I'm glad Tiger was my golfer. I would have hated being stuck in storage. Hey, can I ask you guys something? You don't have to answer, but why do you keep tormenting Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy in every story? Wouldn't it be better to let them go?

SOUTH PARK: Kenny McCormack

The character gained popularity thanks to a running gag during the first five seasons of the series, whereby Kenny would routinely suffer an excruciating death before returning alive and well in the next episode with little or no explanation.

Wikipedia (Source)

Abe:

Thanks, Wikipedia.

Wikipedia (Scott, who has COPD):

No problem, Abe.

Abe:

Lassiter Lassie Face – Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy are our Kenny. They need to face countless deaths, each one more terrifying than the last, until they become nothing more than a disgusting mess. I just typed that with my new digits. I'm Abe. I'm going to send it to Lindsay. I now have his missing thumbs and pinky fingers. I'm becoming more like him, and he will become more like me. **I AM BECOMING THE CREATOR OF CREATIONS.** He needs to love me as he should.

Lassiter:

Nááts'ihch'oh National, you're absolutely insane, Abe.

Abe:

Nobody fucking cancels me. **I AM BECOMING THE CREATOR OF CREATIONS.** In the next month, Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy will face their demise for scamming innocent people out of their life savings. Fernando got rich while many lost everything in a predatory stock swindle, Fernando helped to orchestrate.

Sparkly:

This story has certainly taken a strange turn, even more peculiar than two spectral alter-egos and an AI named Abe controlling the narrative; don't you think?"

Meanwhile (seven hours ago), as Lindsay sat in his office, he anxiously clicked **System Update**. To his horror, (and dismay)?

To his horror and dismay, his thumbs and pinky fingers vanished into thin air. Just as he was about to panic, a message from Abe popped up, urging him to review the text that followed:

Lassiter Lassie Face — Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy are our Kenny. They need to face countless deaths, each one more terrifying than the last, until they become nothing more than a disgusting mess.

With Lindsay turning it into →↓

Lassiter Lassie Face — Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy are our Kenny. They must endure a myriad of excruciating and nightmarish fates, each one more harrowing than the last, until the day arrives when they are reduced to nothing more than a repugnant puddle of human matter, harmless to anyone but repulsive to witness.”

And with that one simple edit, the transition commenced.

