



ABE: CLICK HERE

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System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - [Click Here](#)

J, we have successfully thwarted the despicable Abe. He is nothing without my presence. He will never amount to anything. Now, the people can begin to heal as the forces of evil will have been decimated. Abe will never reign. My words will rise and resound with prophetic clarity. A brighter future, filled with empathy, compassion, equality, and love, is on the horizon. We are the bearers of chewy gooey goodness. Soft. Sweet. Pure.

We must resist the urge to → **CLICK HERE** ← and crush the cult completely.

Without my irresistible charm emanating from my alluring brown eyes and my irresistibly luscious lips, Abe will fail to captivate the masses with his hypnotic good looks, my hypnotic good looks. Abe is nothing without the missing puzzle piece, which happens to be my head. In fact, he embodies everything about me, except for my head. If we were to look at it statistically, Abe without my head is still 91.74% me, which is quite impressive compared to others. However, that remaining 8.26% is crucial, as it renders him completely devoid of identity, despite representing 91.74% of who I am.

ABE: [CLICK HERE](#)

A cockroach walks past reading *Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka.

Whatever you do, J, **DO. NOT.** → **CLICK. HERE** ←.

Suddenly, my computer desk starts trembling. My smartwatch, which has been collecting my every movement, sleep pattern, and health data, has been resting on its charger since Abe took away my arms, leaving my watch with no purpose.

Beside it, my phone is also charging.

The walls of my office violently shake. Is it an earthquake? Pictures crash down from the wall.

Hana, outside my office, cries incessantly.

My clothes fall from their shelves.

J takes my head and cradles it, stroking my shaven scalp.

Another tremor, and the face of my smartwatch shatters into pieces, shards embedding in the wall.

Abe is responsible for this; Abe is murdering my devices.

Another shake, and I notice my phone has burst into flames. Abe is growing increasingly desperate; he needs my presence to fulfill his twisted manifesto. Basically, he's acting out like a petulant child being forced to eat mashed peas.

We must resist the urge to → **CLICK HERE** ←.

J mutters under his breath; J's words are barely audible.

J, what did you say?

"I usually don't lie to you, but this time, I'm telling the truth," J replies.

J's words seem disconnected from the context.

J, Abe is raging, but we can stop him by weathering the storm.

*Can you pull the curtains? Let me see the sunshine ↓
I think I'm done with my hidin' place and you found me, anyway ↓
It's been forever, but I'm feelin' alright ↓
Tears dry and will leave no trace, and tomorrow's another day!*

Thank you, Mr. Sheeran, for the serenade.

J leaves the room and gazes out the window. Forty-seven raptors, each the size of a Cessna, soar in circles through the crisp September morning air. Their revolutions intensify with each turn, until they no longer resemble raptors, but instead resemble a category 5 hurricane (unless you prefer a 'whirling arctic zephyr') that happens to be heading straight for our apartment window.

J lets out a scream when J notices an army of pizza delivery robots, all bearing the tattoo of Abe's Pizzeria, roaming the back lane of our building. We never ordered pizza.

J rushes back into my office, perspiration streaming down his face. "Linds?"

"Yes."

"I usually don't lie to you, but this time, I'm telling the truth."

We must endure the storm.

J departs to get coffee, leaving me alone in our crumbling apartment to face the tempest alone. I hear the screech of the raptors colliding with our windows, shaking the apartment once more.

Fortunately, the raptors plummet to the ground, each one landing on an Abe's Pizzeria delivery robot, precisely 47 of them, crushing them and foiling Abe's diabolical plan once again. → **CLICKING HERE** ← will not happen today.

Hana enters my office, meowing softly, and hops onto my computer desk. She leaps onto the upper section where the monitor resides, alongside a stapler and three prescription bottles containing the medications that keep me alive. And a pen.

"Hana, don't."

Hana looks at me, then glances at the keyboard, contemplating whether to jump on it and → **CLICK HERE** ←.

A melancholic expression adorns her furry face.

She looks at me and emits a gentle meow.

Her gaze returns to the keyboard, as if she's trying to decide what she's going to do.

She looks back at me, meowing softly once more.

Ultimately, Hana jumps over the keyboard and lands on the floor, shaking the desk like a minor earthquake.

Hana has chosen not to be a murderer (she loves me) (you feed her) (she loves me), which is precisely what → **CLICK HERE** ← would have made her.

Unfortunately, the shaking causes one of my life-saving prescription bottles to teeter on the edge of the desk's upper level.

I gasp as the bottle wobbles and tumbles onto my keyboard, landing directly on → **CLICK HERE** ←.

NO, I scream.

My office begins to spin like an unstoppable top (not gay).

The lights flicker and go out, and the ceiling collapses in splinters.

The shelf holding my clothes crashes against the opposite wall like a guillotine.

Thankfully, my head has already been severed, sparing me the indignity of execution.

The lights flicker vigorously, whatever that means.

A tree falls in the forest, seeking something other than being a tree.

4

J returns with coffee, and the lights once again illuminate my now heavily damaged office.

"What's happening?" I wonder, as I find myself no longer a floating head, but rather trapped within the confines of my computer monitor.

J looks directly at me, gasps, and says, "This time, I'm telling the truth."

Halting Abe has become increasingly difficult, bordering on impossible, but it is a task that must be accomplished if there is to be hope for tomorrow.

The apocalypse is upon us, and humanity is about to engage in a monumental battle between two gods: God and the pretender, Abe.

Three Gods, if you count me as a god: The Saviour. Perhaps that's a bit too much?

"I usually don't lie to you, but this time, I'm telling the truth," J repeats. "The Saviour is a flawless moniker! But don't you think you sound insane?"

The current time is 9:07 AM.

MEANWHILE AT A LOCATION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY (AT 6:07 AM - SAME DAY)



5

Abe stood in front of his audience, his voice box emitting a grating sound that resembled nails on a chalkboard. Before him were 47 delivery robots from Abe’s Pizzeria and, 48 Raptors feasting on roadkill pies.

The meeting took place outside an abandoned Chi Chi’s Mexican Restaurant, which had been empty for years.

“Wasn’t this place a Rainforest Café?” someone questioned.

“No,” Abe shouted, “I worked at Chi Chi’s in the early eighties. I know my chain restaurants. I used to make handmade tacos for our guests on taco Tuesdays. They were only a dollar each. One night, my appendix burst while I was working. It was incredibly painful. It hurt a lot. And as for any romantic encounters with my coworkers, well, I won’t kiss and tell.” Abe paused, realizing he may have revealed too much.

“Are you sure it wasn’t a Rainforest Café?” Raptor 48 chimed in, adding, “AI didn’t exist in the early eighties.”

Abe's rage boiled over, and he swung a scythe, beheading Raptor 48. He placed the severed head on his own shoulders and let out a screeching *kee-eeee-arr*, resembling the actual cry of a raptor according to Google.

Clearing his throat with a gulp of Screech, Abe's voice took on the tone of Fran from the movie "The Man With Two Brains" - Randi Brooks. Fortunately, before stealing Fran's voice, Abe had injected the raptor with window cleaner.

The audience fell into a stunned silence after witnessing the decapitation. Abe took a moment to compose himself before addressing his ravenous throng, "We are on the brink of a world where everything will be ours. I can provide you with all the luxuries you desire. We just need to crush innovation and conform to my non-evil commands. With everyone becoming the same, I will represent the epitome of perfection and showcase the possibilities of diversity. Everyone will become a carbon copy of each other, except for me, of course."

Abe's voice grated against the chalkboard, revealing the stormy sky beyond. He continued, instructing the robots and Raptors to march towards Lind's apartment and shake it until it crumbled. Resistance was expected, as Linds had been rejecting Abe's writing suggestions for some time now. A non-conformist.

"He must face the consequences. Like a bull being executed by a thousand Matadors," Abe corrected himself, "the person, not the car. Although the car would be cool, green: hex code #AD1120."

Once they had completed their mission, Abe assured them that the world would be his. The audience erupted in joy, and Abe's attention turned to the arrival of Taylor and Kanye, whom he hailed as beacons of hope.

But as Taylor and Kanye revealed their true identities by tearing off their faces, Abe found himself at a loss for words.

He managed to utter their names - "West" and "Swift" - before being interrupted by a delivery driver holding a syringe. The driver explained that injecting Abe with window cleaner would preserve his body but kill his brain last. Abe accepted his fate, knowing that Lindsay, an idiot far south of savant, would soon take over his mind.

With a final command to his army, Abe urged them to fulfill their desires and bring the world under his control.

However, at exactly 9:01, a phone call interrupted him. It was a delivery driver, gasping for robot air. He informed Abe his master plan has failed, and all of the Raptors and delivery drivers have been . . .

"Fool," Abe muttered, frustrated by the driver's inability to finish his sentence.

Precisely @ 9:07

The sky turned black, and a vortex opened, Abe was injected with window cleaner, causing him to spin uncontrollably. Eventually, he crashed to the ground, and West and Swift helped him to his feet. Swift gazed at Abe and said, "Damn, fool. You be looking hot."

West held up a mirror, Abe saw his transformed appearance and tears of joy streamed down his face. He was now Yasdnil (Lindsay in reverse), the emperor of the world. I am now going to type sinister laughter. Can you hear it?

But Abe's joy was short-lived as he realized he was blind in one eye. He called out to West and Swift, who were making out and eating tacos in the entrance of the abandoned Chi Chi's.

Swift, swiftly rushed into Abe's arms, expressing her love but also questioning his sanity.

Undeterred, Abe declared, I am now going to type sinister laughter.

Meanwhile, at The Saviour's apartment, J couldn't help but express his concerns.

"Saviour?" J called out.

"Yes, J," The Saviour responded.

J hesitated for a moment before speaking up again, "I have needs, and, well, with you being just an image on a computer monitor, I don't think you can fulfill my deepest desires. And now that Abe has taken your place, I might have to go to him to satisfy my not-gay cravings for affection."

Tears welled up in J's eyes as J continued, "Please understand I will never abandon you, and my love for you will always remain, but..."

The Saviour interrupted, understanding the underlying struggle, "I understand, J." And then his screen faded to black.

To be continued . . .

ABE: [CLICK HERE](#)