



slush pile productions

craft beer
food trucks

Abe

ABE: CRAFT BREWERIES + FOOD TRUCKS

Craft Breweries + Food Trucks



I'm strolling down the street. It's a cool late August day. Fuck you depression. I mean damn you, depression. What does Abe think? I will see. Maybe I will place his thoughts below ↓↓↓

As I stroll down the street on this cool late August day, I can't help but feel frustrated with depression. I mean, damn you depression. I wonder what Abe thinks about all this? Maybe **I'll find out. Let me share his thoughts below.** (That is what Abe thought).

Suddenly, a voice floats past my left ear, saying "Global Warming."

It seems like someone is trying to get my attention. I glance left and see a man approaching me. "This is called Global Warming," he says, pointing at the backed-up traffic.

I try to resist engaging in a conversation.

"Worldwide," I say, fuck, I'm a shitty resister.

My mind starts racing.

Have you ever been in a car? It's not fair to blame all the people in cars. They were just doing what they were told to do. This whole issue is so much more complicated than simply chanting "Global Warming" to strangers. We were encouraged to buy cars, use gas, consume stuff. And now we're being told it's all our fault. It's confusing as hell. The people in cars are just trying to get places, maybe go to work. *I miss my car.* The car industry employs a lot of people, millions, and if you consider all the offrampts to other industries, billions would be a more accurate number. My mind is buzzing with thoughts, and I'm hungry. *Am I horny?* I need to quiet my mind. And no, I'm not horny, definitely not for Mr. Global Warming. Please, just stop talking to me. I don't think I said any of this out loud.

The man turns and starts jogging, and then he farts. I can't help but shout at him, "**Global Warming!**"

Now, I find myself strolling along a park trail. A family approaches me – a mom, a dad, and a ten-year-old boy named Timmy. *How the fuck, do I know his name is Timmy or he is ten?*

Timmy is holding a tree branch, pretending it's a gun. They seem American, at least for the sake of this story.

As I walk parallel to Timmy and his parents, Helen and Harold, Timmy points his tree branch gun at me and goes, "Pew. Pew. Pew." Helen and Harold don't scold him for his behavior.

In that moment, a thought crosses my mind. Timmy is going to be involved in a mass shooting within the next ten years. I must do something to prevent it. So, I pull out my revolver, point it at Timmy, and go, "Pew."

Timmy won't be involved in a mass shooting within the next ten years.

Wait, how did I get my body back? What's happening? And where did I get the gun?

Lahaina, Hawaii in 2029

Now, I find myself on a plane, heading to Lahaina, Hawaii in 2029.

As I lather myself in sunscreen with an absurdly high SPF (9,654), I stroll through the rebuilt streets. And what do I see?

- Abe's Grocers
- Abe's Craft Brewhouse

- Abe's Food Truck Village
- Abe's Steaks
- Abe's Poke →↓

It's all Abe's.

I'm puzzled by my whole body being intact again.

I need to distract myself from my scattered thoughts. Maybe three flights of Abe's beers will do the trick. I particularly enjoy the Coconut Stout with its 48.9% alcohol volume.

As I float in a haze of alcohol, I realize I need something to read. I ask a passerby where the bookstore is, only to discover the passerby is not human but a walking, talking tuna. This is bizarre.

Maybe I shouldn't have another flight?

I eventually find the bookstore, or rather, the screenstore.

I check out the Screen Best Sellers:

1. Abe: A Cautionary Tale
2. 101 Things to do With Abe Before You Die
3. Abe-a-Sutra: Let Abe Spark Your Floundering Love Life
4. Cooking with Abe
5. Abe: The Idiots Guide

I decide I don't feel like reading. Another flight of beer sounds more appealing. The Mango IPA is delicious, with its 99.9% alcohol volume.

"Hey, Sparkly, what are you up to?" I ask Sparkly Pingle Ball. "Oh, you're on your honeymoon with Lassiter Lassie Face. My condolences. Or should I say congratulations? Who cares? I created them. Well, not them, but Sparkly, who created Lassiter. More Mango beer, please."

Now, I'm feeling famished. I need to find the Food Trucks. I approach a local and try to ask for directions.

"Hey, local..." I start, but the local interrupts. "Yes, just so you know, I'm from Iowa."

"Hey, local..." I try again, but this time the local interjects. "I'm from Indiana."

"Do you know where I can find a local, a native Hawaiian?" I ask, hoping for some guidance.

"A what? I think some of them are still swimming," the local replies. "That's the only

way they can afford to live here," he adds.

"Never mind."

"Hey, local..." I attempt once more, only to be met with another unexpected response. "I'm from Pittsburgh. Nobody is from here. Everybody used to be, but they have all been sent to a city far, far away, a land of never-ending happiness, where you can always see the sun, day, or night. And when you call up your shrink... except for the swimmers."

"So, let me get this straight. Prince is in this far-far-away city?" I inquire.

"Probably," the local replies. "And every suffering, creative, homeless person who used to walk God's glorious earth, along with all the LGBTQ+(s) and Eddie Munster. Oh, and probably George Carlin."

This conversation is getting stranger by the minute. "How big is the city? Five million? Ten?" I ask.

"More like five billion. Apparently, it's a land of creativity, laughter, and pain, all bouncing to a vibrant beat." The local responds.

"That sounds fabulous. Is Abe there?" I ask.

"No, they have firewalled the shit out of the place. The food trucks are just three blocks straight ahead."

"What?"

"You asked where Abe's Food Truck Village is?"

I did?



ABE: CRAFT BREWERIES + FOOD TRUCKS

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I find a bench and sit down with my Hawaiian Abe burger. Soon, three couples join me.

I strike up a conversation and ask them how they're enjoying the new Lahaina.

The first couple looks confused. "We're in Hawaii? This entertainment district looks exactly like the one in Denver. It's so clean - we thought we took the wrong exit to get here. We should've known something was up when we were on a plane."

The second couple chimes in, "Aren't we in Minneapolis?"

And the third couple says, "I want my comfort blanket. Anchorage isn't this warm. I should've known something was up. Hey first couple, we both said should've, neat!"

"Didn't the pineapple on your burger give it away?" I ask, puzzled by their obliviousness.

"Hmm... Denver, Minneapolis, Anchorage; what's the difference?" the three couples respond in unison.

I wonder if another flight of beer will bring me back to the present.

Probably.

... ..

To be continued . . .