



ABE: FANATICAL

## Fanatical



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I think, I may finally have thwarted Abe, without Arms + Legs there is no possible fucking way I can fucking swear anymore than I'm fucking swearing now. I mean, [CLICK HERE](#).

I turn on the TV (with my mind remote), in a land far, far, way, where George Carlin lives. I'm greeted with is ravenous fans thirsty for speed and destruction. I'm watching the Scooter 500. Thirty-eight scooters are racing around a one-mile track in pursuit of the coveted Scooter 500 lifetime supply of Metamucil, the winner's spoils.

Hana, I know you are hungry, but look at me, you can't even be a lap cat because, well, I'm lapless.

Lapless is not a word, until now; meaning without a lap.

If this becomes offensive, I implore you to let me know.

The smart money is on Cameron winning the Scooter 500 because he has performance enhanced his scooter. There is no testing.

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As the scooters drift by the grandstand the now napping fans are missing the action in the infield of the track, where the scooter demolition derby is in full crash. Epic.

I flip channels. Matlock is on.

Meanwhile, I receive numerous requests uploading into my cranium, asking me to improve the writings, by mostly fourth graders needing me to spruce up their reports about Guatemala. Amongst the requests there are a few middle-aged individuals who believe they are literary geniuses, the best thing in the literary world since sliced bread revolutionized the bread industry. Their submissions fill my mind with nonsensical dribble, and I find myself dribbling on my armless torso.

My cat Hana jumps on the desk and tries to get my attention.

She walks across the keyboard typing, fefoufaetloh, leaving me confused. I think it means she's hungry?

Hana continues walking stepping on **CLICK HERE**.

Suddenly, the room starts spinning, and I feel nauseous. I vomit all over the stool I had been propped on.

Despite my efforts to convince Abe to switch from "gosh darn it" to profanity, Abe resists. But little does Abe know; I'm slowly becoming him so; he can go ~~screw~~ fuck himself.

As I puke, I realize I'm now just a head. A head of what, I may never know.

Sparkly Pingle Ball shimmers into view, and we joyfully exchange greetings. It feels like eternity since we last laid eyes on each other, although I often wonder why writers insist on using the phrase "**feels (or seems) like an eternity**" as if readers truly comprehend the weight of such a timeless expanse. I also believe they fail to grasp the enormity of my storytelling, baffling me to no end.

I ask Sparkly about his honeymoon with Lassiter Lassie Face, to which Sparkly replies it's not going well because without me - Sparkly's ego - they don't exist. They urge me to stay the course and resist becoming Abe, as it's up to me to save the world from the monotony of sameness.

Just as Sparkly is about to vanish, I ask them to put some Cheese Whiz on crackers and stuff them into my floating head.

Meanwhile, across town, Abe finds himself in a bar, the bar starts spinning uncontrollably, and Abe transforms into a torso with arms and legs.



Sparkly turns into fog before leaving, muttering “Not gay.”

In 2034, I find myself outside a massive sports stadium, in an Abe infused Metropolis.

The parking lot is filled with ravenous fucking fans tailgating, not fucking, and I indulge in some meat.

The colossal jumbotron stationed outside the stadium blares an advertisement, showcasing the plight of starving children in Africa.

“By contributing just a few pennies each day,” the screen displays a malnourished black child, “you can make a significant difference in the life of a hungry child.”

As the advertisement concludes, another one swiftly takes its place. This time, a joyful African child engrossed in a banned American book appears on the screen. “For a nominal sum per day,” the images shift to portray obese children in a bustling North American city, “you can help Timmy replace his oversized soft drink and hot dog with a nourishing apple.”

Meanwhile, a soda company finds itself in a state of outrage due to their fast-food partner no longer being allowed to offer supersized drinks.

In a conference room, the executives engage in a heated debate on how to continue cultivating heavy soda consumers without the option of supersizing.

Abel, a member of the board, proposes an idea, “Why don't we allow restaurant patrons to fill their own soda cups? This way, they can have as much as they desire.”

On a date, a homeless man retrieves a discarded soda cup from the trash. Turning to his companion, he says, “Darling, allow me to step into XYZ Burgers and fetch you a small dose of sweetness!” When the homeless man enters XYZ Burgers, Timmy working behind the counter, spots the homeless man, hits the kill switch on the soda machine, denying the homeless man getting sweetness for his date. The soda company doesn't want to addict those who cannot afford to pay.

The man returns to his date defeated, as he does a speeding pickup truck rounds them up and takes them to a city far, far, away.

I strike up conversations with fans, who are excited about their sporting heroes.

A young girl offers me lemonade, but I decline, claiming to be diabetic and I've forgotten my wallet at home.

In response, she slams a sledgehammer into my crotch.

Confused, I eat a grape and listen to fans complaining about not getting tickets despite being on the waiting list for years.

I observe the fans entering the stadium, noticing that nine identical people are entering through each gate. They seem to be on a conveyor belt. A stadium usher is yelling at them to keep moving.



Not Tom Brady ↑

Tom Brady is on the jumbotron screen, he's now 57, he looks 23 somehow. He's dating the coach from Last Chance U. If he reads this, he might disagree.

The ravenous, a different word for ravenous – voracious, fanatics who are tailgating, trip into an eerie hush.

**Tom:** I would like to thank all of my fans for supporting me throughout the years. Without y'all I would have never accomplished the level of unparalleled greatness I have obtained. Thirteen Super Bowl victories, MVP in eleven of them. But it is time to bid this great game adieu. Buddy and I are eagerly anticipating our next life chapters. We are not gay, but we are deeply and profoundly in love.

The sportscaster asks Tom his secret to youth, to which Tom professes his secret is found in Dorian Grey and Buddy is an amazing painter.

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The sportscaster asks Tom how he remained mostly injury free, to which Tom responds, do you think any of this is real; fanatics don't care, they are just cheering for the jerseys and are easily duped. Have I said too much?

I ask 3,879 fans if they are going to enter the stadium. To the one, they each reply, "Can't get tickets, I've been on the waiting list for ten years."

A stadium official approaches. I'm talking with Wendy and her girthy husband Stan. "You two he says," pointing at Wendy and Stan, "how would you like to get into the stadium to watch the game?"

**The official continues:** "There is one catch, at half time you are going to be interviewed. We will prep you with a special liquid that will make your minds pliant and gushy. When the interviewer asks you how you are enjoying the game. The two of you must gush. We can't let the others know what is really going on. In the second half of the game, you will turn into cardboard likenesses of yourselves and at game's end, you will burst into flames and turn to ash, never to be seen ever again. How does that sound?"

In unison, Wendy and Stan say, "Great!"

After the game, Patrick Mahomes is on the screen. He has surpassed Tom Brady in greatness. Patrick Mahomes and a handful of other actors, I mean sporting heroes, in every sport on the planet, are the only ones allowed to speak.

Patrick is going to Disneyland.

I remain outside with the tailgaters, watching plumes of smoke rise from the stadium. Nobody is exiting. I sneak inside to be horrified by my findings. Over 100,000 cardboard cutouts are ablaze, turning into ash. The other thing tearing at my soul is that the stadium is a hoax, there are no seats, no luxury boxes, no food vendors, nothing — it is nothing more than a billion-dollar tax payer paid for, shell.

Disturbed by my findings, I return to the tailgaters, kicking the lemonade girl on the way. Bart, Harold, and Doris approach me, eager to know what I saw. I stay silent. They express their commitment to staying on the waiting list in hopes of one day getting inside the stadium.

The owner of the winning team is on the jumbotron thanking the fans and asking for their continued support through donations.

Bart, Harold, and Doris immediately transfer money to the owner.

I make my way home, where J is playing a video game.

In the game, J is directing Tom Brady's team, while Buddy is in the background yelling. This stresses J. The game shows tailgaters outside the stadium. I catch a glimpse of myself on the screen and realize sports may not have been real for a long time.

As Wendy and Stan continue to go up in flames, I wonder why they loved sports so much. They explain it's the sense of belonging that comes with wearing a team jersey.

When asked if they have kids, they respond, yes, but we had to kick them out of the house. Why, I ask? Are they gay?

No, they are both Steelers fans.

I need to return to the present, so I call an Uber to take me to the airport.

An advertisement for Gerber Life Insurance plays on the Uber's headrest. "If you are over 50 and alive. You qualify to pay us monthly in order to get life insurance," featuring a 57-23-year-old Tom Brady — (ironically the score in Tom's last game). Buddy Stephens is in the background screaming at a black athlete.

Wendy and Stan's love for sports becomes a lingering question in my mind.

You may ask yourself why did Wendy and Stan get selected to enter the stadium?

Upon further inspection, I discover their bank accounts had hit \$0.00.

To be continued . . .