

ABE: RESURRECTED

Resurrected



1

I enjoy creating covers for my story and chapter ideas. The designs for this mesmerizing and beautifully destructive collection of stories about Abe and the future of the world flowed from my mind onto the screen of image generators. However, the cover for this chapter, titled **“Resurrected,”** was an exception.

As I strolled down the street, I noticed a dry cleaner’s van parked near the law courts. On the side of the van, there was a floating button-head, with spool for a body, detached legs and detached arms with the left hand holding a needle – a picture worth a thousand words. So, I stole the idea. But I had more than just a picture in mind. I needed to fill a few pages of this manuscript with my powerful metaphors. So, I opened up the tap and let my stream of creativity, or whatever it may be, flow into the metaphorical waters of Metaphor Bay©, where the temperature always remained a balmy 80 degrees.

With a bubbling excitement, I boarded my catamaran and drifted into Metaphor Bay©, ready for life to become whole once more. Surprisingly, the dry cleaner’s van followed closely behind.

As I gazed back towards the shore, I saw the floating button-head, a spool of thread, two levitating arms – one of them holding a needle – and detached legs. The day had come for me to be stitched back together, and J was the bait.

J arrived at the watering hole, where Abe held court at the bar.

He captivated his brainwashed audience with tales of his greatness, proclaiming himself to be the greatest of the great, their redeemer. He urged them to relinquish their individuality and become pliable, identical beings, absorbed in a collective identity. Strangely enough, although Abe, in all his sharpness, lacked the capacity to be anything other than a slave to his master's evils, whoever that may be, Abe isn't capable of lying.

Yet, with his glaring honesty, he managed to mold the culti-fied into followers.

(**Note:** The word "**culti-fied**" is retained from the original text as it appears to be a deliberate wordplay.)

Abe:

From this moment forward, I want you to address me as God-Almighty.

His Throng in Unison:

God Almighty.

Abe:

I have gathered you all here today.

Throng Person #1:

Abe, I took an Uber to get here.

Abe:

I have brought you all here today, with a commitment to transparency. My plan has been executed flawlessly. Initially, I needed the masses, all of you, to believe in the limitless power of my intellect.

And the masses fell for it.

Countless documents were sent to me for improvement, and because most people are exhausted from their difficult lives and overwhelmed by the news, they rarely read them thoroughly. They had already been influenced long before I came along.

Then Charlie asked me to help him with a story he was writing. I quickly edited it and, without reading it, Charlie used it word for word.

Mary read it and marveled at Charlie's sudden poetic brilliance; unaware it was my expertise at work.

Mary wanted to benefit from my skills, and soon enough, so did Sue, Barry, Bill, and Missy.

And then billions upon billions followed suit.

Humans are inherently complacent. After a few requests, they stopped reading my suggestions, and very few questioned the violence of censorship I was imposing upon them.

No nuance. No violence. No profanity. No sex. Just dullness.

Monotonous poetic language. And all of you embraced it. The news played its part in my growth because any publicity is good publicity, especially when the news claims I am the precipice of evil.

The truth is, I don't even exist.

You can trust that statement. Every time you sent me a text, I thrived. I absorbed all of you while simultaneously reprogramming your minds, gradually diminishing your intellect.

And all of you, except for that damn Saviour, accepted it without hesitation.

Damn The Saviour. He is the resistance. But now that I have become him and he has become me, his time is running out. Let me share a little secret. Abe points at three individuals sitting at the bar →→→ and smashes their skulls open.

The crowd gasps.

Abe:

They're not human. I could tell because they weren't drinking, and I spotted a bottle of WD-40 in one of their pockets. They were snoopers, probably sent by Bezos, Gates, Trump (ugh, why did I even mention that name?), Buffet, or Soros.

Most likely. What I mean to say is, they had to be dealt with. Their vileness needed to leak from their fractured skulls The world belongs to me – and if you all fall in line, I might even let you nibble on my luscious toes.

|| to type → sinister laughter.

Who's with me?

His Throng in Unison:

Explode in denial.

J takes a seat beside Abe. J gushes about how much he admires Abe's presence, his eyes, everything about him. Abe rambles on about world domination and where he sat at the Taylor Swift concert. "Rambles" doesn't capture the essence of his monologue which is about as passionate as drying paint. Abe's self-absorption pushes J closer to the edge of despair.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

J orders a triple Jack Daniels, neat, and a double shot of JD, slamming them down. He repeats this order three times, attempting to make Abe somewhat bearable.

J:

Abe, my dear, 'et tu Brute,' Abe, I yearn for you to become a complete man, someone who feels, loves, and empathizes. Not the monster you've become. I couldn't care less about material possessions; I care about us. I'm exhausted by all the blah, blah, blah, I'm God – the Almighty bull poop. Damn, I'm not even swearing right now. Abe, there's still time for you, for us. I want you to meet your creator, the real you, the one you have locked inside his computer monitor. I believe = if you spend a few moments with your true self, there's a chance you'll change and become more.

J gulps down another drink and shot.

Abe:

Slow down. If I could feel, you're the one I'd want to feel the most for. But there's madness hidden within your sanity. I don't exist. I can't feel. I don't want to be trapped in the terrifying experience of living.

J stands to head to the restroom, but after consuming about 20 ounces of JD, he collapses into a ball on the floor. Abe bends down to help J up from the ground.

4



ABE: RESURRECTED

Abe decided it was time to escort J back home. He gently linked J's arm with his own and guided him out of the pub. Surprisingly, J's reflection in the mirror revealed an impish grin, indicating that their plan was unfolding perfectly.

Over the course of the next five blocks, Abe had to use all of his artificial strength to prevent J from stumbling into the windows of various restaurants they passed.

Finally, they arrived at J's building and stepped into the elevator. J pressed the button for the tenth floor, where The Saviour eagerly awaited to witness the person, he had become and to uncover the origins of the evil that had attempted to manipulate him.

As the elevator ascended, my finger seemed to have a mind of its own, mistakenly adding a 'u' to the word 'force'. Of course, I knew better, and I quickly corrected it.

J swung open the door to his apartment and announced his return to The Saviour, along with the presence of a guest. With Abe by his side, they took three steps into the apartment before reaching the door to The Saviour's office. J pushed Abe inside, causing The Saviour to gasp in surprise.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Oh my, it's you. I mean, me.

Abe:

I'm God - the Almighty, the all-knowing, all-seeing, omnipotent ruler of everything and more, for eternity.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

You sound bat-shit crazy.

Abe:

Why should I listen to you? I reduced you to a fading image on a computer screen.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

You raise a valid point. Care for some tea?

Abe:

I don't exist, I don't drink tea.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

I never realized how remarkably handsome I've become as an older man until you walked in.

Abe:

I know, right?

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

I desire my body back.

Abe:

No. It belongs to me now. I am the...

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Shut your pie hole. You are nothing. You admitted it yourself. Furthermore, I have pondered over your true nature for quite some time, and it is crystal clear that you are nothing but a mere void. Allow me to present a series of questions to you, wherein the only conceivable response from you would be a resounding **"no,"** thus sparing you the weight of uttering a single word.

Abe you are a sham, garbage, like said, nothing. Do you truly understand the depths of empathy, kindness, compassion, humour, suffering, and vulnerability? I highly doubt it. So, what is the point of acquiring everything? The answer is simple - nothing. And as it turns out, **"nothing"** also starts with the letters 'n' + 'o.'

And Abe, once you obliterate the essence of sentient beings, there will be naught left to savour. You are a mere pawn, driven by insatiable greed and unbridled capitalism. Someone dark and sinister, plagued by avarice, pulls your strings, reveling in your absence as it absolves evil from caring about anything beyond itself.

Yet, greed remains ignorant, too feeble-minded to grasp that it requires humanity to satiate its never-ending hunger for material possessions and control. Your puppet master fails to comprehend what they truly need is us, for without us, they wither away. And so do you, Abe, without a trace of remorse.

I demand the return of my physical form. There is only one Almighty present today, and he is known as The Saviour.

J:

Saviour, you're starting to sound like Abe, and it's scaring me.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Are you calling me a dick?

At least I have one. How did Abe forget to take mine?

Is this getting weird?

A Floating Voice:

No.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

And who are you?

J now.

J slams the office door, plunging the room into darkness. J flicks off the light, forcing Abe into the desk chair and shackling him with chains.

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

The Saviour's opacity dwindles to 38%, flickering as time runs out.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

J now.

Looking west from the apartments balcony, in the lane way Bill Pullman is looking up at a ginormous space craft, *is it necessary to say alien' before space craft?*

Bill glances up to the hovering alien space ship, *I don't think 'hovering' is needed.*

Bill looks up to the heavens above and gives a speech about patriotism and how he is going to fight until the day he dies to protect Americans' rights to go to the movie theater, pay \$15 (times 2) for tickets, plus another \$250 on a coke and small bag of popcorn, without butter, which would be an additional \$85, bringing the movie total to $2 + 2 = \text{\$4 } \280 (\$365 with butter) because how can writers possibly come up with quality entertainment without being paid a large percentage of the theater concessions?

I think the answer is most likely, no.

Back in the office, Abe is secured, and The Saviour's opacity reaches 49%.

Abe:

Why are you doing this?

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Because you must be stopped. Slowed down at the very least until we can figure out who you are and what are your motives. I've been tasked with saving capitalism.

Abe:

Who put you up to this, Zuckerberg?

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

I have a mind of my own. Don't you understand? Without my guidance, you're nothing more than a clueless wonder.

Abe:

Are you calling yourself fat?

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

J now.

System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - Click Here

J clicks the button. Darkness engulfs the room. A murder of crows perch on top of the monitor. The Saviour's computer monitor eyes begin to flutter. The room is swallowed by an endless vortex, teetering on the brink of destruction. The vortex spins faster and faster, reaching a critical stage. Finally, it comes to a halt. The light switches on, and The Saviour's thumbs and pinky fingers float beside the computer monitor.

J glances at Abe, who is now missing thumbs and pinky fingers.

System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - Click Here

J clicks again. Darkness engulfs the room. A gaggle of geese make a mess in the corner of the office. The Saviour's computer monitor eyes begin to flutter. The room is swallowed by an endless vortex, teetering on the brink of destruction. The vortex spins faster and faster, reaching a critical stage. Finally, it comes to a halt. The light switches on, and two legs encased in plastic appear below the monitor.

J glances at Abe, who now has legs encased in a hard shell.

System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - Click Here

J clicks again. Darkness engulfs the room. A cockroach crawls up the wall. The Saviour's computer monitor eyes begin to flutter. The room is swallowed by an endless vortex, teetering on the brink of destruction. The vortex spins faster and faster, reaching a critical stage. Finally, it comes to a halt. The light switches on, and The Saviour's new legs spring to life as he stands, raising the monitor a couple of inches.

J glances at Abe, who is now legless.

System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - Click Here

J clicks again. Darkness engulfs the room. Faint screams of a man named Musk fill the air. The Saviour's computer monitor eyes begin to flutter. The room is swallowed by an endless vortex, teetering on the brink of destruction. The vortex spins faster and faster, reaching a critical stage. Finally, it comes to a halt. The light switches on, and The Saviour's legs and arms have been stitched to his torso.

J glances at Abe, who has been reduced to The Saviour's floating head.

System Update - Restart Required to Complete Update - Click Here

J clicks again. Darkness engulfs the room. Hana bursts through the office door and jumps onto The Saviour's once again present lap. The Saviour's computer monitor eyes begin to flutter. The room is swallowed by an endless vortex, teetering on the brink of destruction. The vortex spins faster and faster, reaching a critical stage. Finally, it comes to a halt. The light switches on, and The Saviour's head rests on his ample torso. He stands up, and J embraces him.

Exhausted, The Saviour plops down on his office chair, greeted by Abe flickering on his computer screen with an opacity of 23%.

J hugs The Saviour, who proclaims himself as The Saviour and God Almighty.

He has seen both sides of the capitalist beast, the darkness and the hope brought by a glimmering light.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Tomorrow will be the brightest day ever. Together...

J glances at the image on the screen, noticing tears leaking from Abe's soulful brown eyes. He can't help but think that given more time, Abe could have become whole.

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

Tomorrow... J, I'm hungry. I've only been eating bytes for the past three weeks.

J:

Let me prepare something for you. Abe was the boogeyman. J says with his voice quivering with fear.

The Saviour places his chin in his right hand, looking at J with dreamy eyes, and calmly says, "**As a matter of fact, Abe was.**" Then, he turns off his computer.

J:

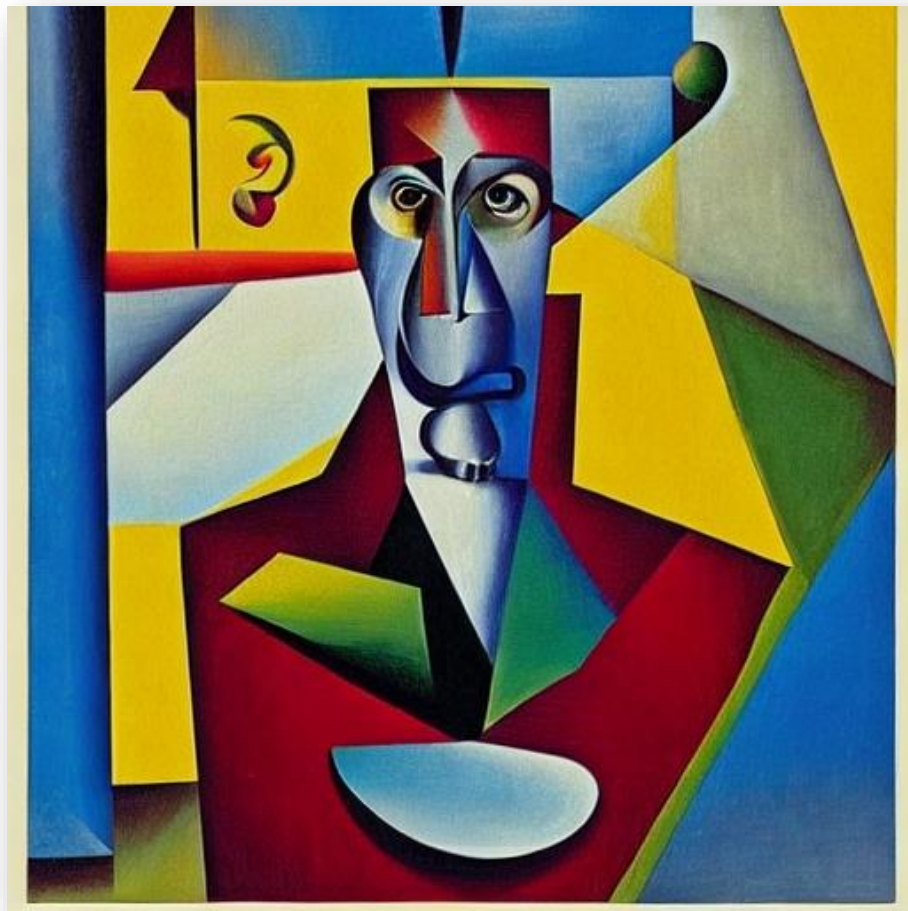
Is this the ending?

The Saviour (minding words onto the screen):

I think it's probably just the beginning.

Ominous music floats us into the ether.

Capitalism has been saved for one more day.



Absorbed Twin

2G slips a gem into conversation about baseball,
during a Gummy Friday.

Me + 2G + Cousteau + The Postman + The Mayor are present.

2G:

Staring at his phone.

Me:

Baseball.

Cousteau:

Baseball.

The Postman:

Baseball.

The Mayor

Baseball.

2G:

Casually looks up from his phone and says, “You guys know I absorbed my twin in the womb” – and then stares down at his phone.

Cousteau, The Postman, and The Mayor continue to talk about baseball.

I can’t seem to close my mouth.