





## Taylor Swift: Gig Economy



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**I**T's Gummy Friday, and I find myself sitting at Abe's Brewhouse | Lahaina | with two friends.

Over the past seven years, I've learned to keep certain aspects of my life to myself when I'm around them.

Why, might you ask?

Because one of them sucks at offering support by instead thrusting judgment and opinion in my face and then when he's told it is upsetting, gets even more aggressive and childish by taunting and calling me a loser. Fuck him. What's that Abe ↓↓↓

Well, one of them has a knack for offering unsolicited judgment and opinions, and when confronted about it, he becomes even more aggressive and childish, resorting to taunts and calling me names. Honestly, I've had enough of his nonsense. Right, Abe? ↓↓↓

I take a sip of my Coconut Stout, hoping for a supportive response as I decide to share something. "Oh, by the way, my former employer reached out to me," I say. Testing the friendship waters so to speak.

"Why?" one of my friends asks.

"I'm not sure, maybe they want to scold me or possibly offer me my job back," I reply.

At this point, I expect the conversation to move on, but unfortunately, that's not the case.

"You should take it," my friend insists.

"What?"

"You should definitely take your job back. Just do it."

~~Ugh~~ Fuck, this is so draining. I'm not even wearing anything Nike.

"I refuse to return to the same people who have caused immense damage to my life." I bark.

"You have to. Your future doesn't look too promising."

Another friend chimes in, with a touch of humor, "Don't settle for anything less than \$25.00 per hour."

I laugh.

Abe pops a notice up on the screen, he want's to censor my next few lines.

## Content Policy

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I had typed: "Fuck off" I say, my eyes looking the other way, "you don't get to tell me what I need to do with my life."

"You really need to stop being so lazy and start looking for a job." Our friendship was fading away.

"You have absolutely no right to speak to me in such a disrespectful manner. | Indistinguishable childish comments fall out of his mouth | echoing in my other friend's ear, courtesy of my abusive friend.

"You're blowing this out of proportion. Just drop it," my instigator, now former friend, snapped.

"Go to hell." Etobicoke would do, nothing against Etobicoke, I've never been.

I find myself sitting at the Maui Airport, waiting to board my flight back to the present with one stop in Indianapolis, Indiana on Sunday, November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2024. It's the final stop on Taylor Swift's Eras Concert Tour.

As I sit there, a man runs past me, shouting about global warming. He lets out a loud fart. It's November in Indiana, yet it is a scorching 36 degrees Celsius (95 degrees Fahrenheit for the Americans). And to make matters worse, I'm standing there completely naked.

Suddenly, I find myself on the sidewalk in front of a house that looks exactly like the one I grew up in, back in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. It's also November 3<sup>rd</sup> in Saskatoon. Curious, I check a weather app and discover it's a sweltering 40 degrees Celsius (104 degrees Fahrenheit for the Americans) in Saskatoon. And to top it all off, it's midnight.

A monkey rides on the back of a dog, prancing past me. A group of geese engages in a conversation with a flock of crows about the concept of street justice.

|| Abe, crows come in 'murders' not 'flocks,' I think at Abe. How do I content warn Abe?

I can't help but question the reality of this scene.

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I find myself doing carioca runs, moving swiftly from the front stoop to the end of the street. I'm feeling a mix of excitement and anticipation. I'm semi-hard (Abe refused to type semi-hard). I'll get him some pills.

After completing three runs, Sparkly suddenly appears. It's been a while since I last saw my alter-ego, Sparkly. He disappeared when he and his alter-ego, Lassiter Lassie Face, the ferret with a dog-like appearance, who suffers from Park Tourette's, ran away together to elope.

"What are you up to?" Sparkly asks curiously.

"I'm doing carioca runs," I reply.

"Why?" he inquires.

"Well, Abe promised me a generous bowl of Tapioca pudding if I complete thirty carioca runs. You know how much I adore Tapioca pudding."

"I see," Sparkly responds, still puzzled. "But why are you naked and ~~partially aroused~~ semi-erect? Is there some hidden meaning behind this?"

"I don't know. Do you mean a metaphor?" I say.

I pour baby powder on my balls.

Excitedly, "I've got to hurry," I tell Sparkly, glancing over at Lassiter, who is now semi-hard — 2G walks into the frame and says, "In my bedroom..." I cringe I continue, "I have tickets to see Taylor Swift, and before I go, I want to head to the entertainment district for a few pops to get in the mood."

"Don't forget to get dressed," Sparkly reminds me.

"Tell Lassiter I said hi, Sparkly."

I find myself at Abe's Brewhouse |Indianapolis|, devouring an Abe Burger topped with a whopping 79 slices of bacon. To wash it down, I indulge in a flight of beer: Abe's Corn Ale, Abe's Soybean Stout, and Abe's Pork Infused Cotton Candy IPA.

The three couples from Lahaina join me, their faces filled with joy. They ask if I know what city we're in.

Downing my beers, I rush to Lucas Oil Stadium. The stadium is packed, with 69,999 people filling the seats. The only empty one is the one next to me. Scanning the crowd, I notice a lack of diversity. There are 69,995 girls between the ages of 7 and 13, their chaperone Louis, myself, and a couple named Tiffany and Chaise from Wendy's, who are sitting three rows ahead of me. This concert holds special significance for them as they approach their 30th birthdays.

As I settle into my seat, a stadium vendor surprises me with a bowl of tapioca.

Tiffany and Chaise are making out. I'm grossed out by their behaviour. Chaise is wearing capri pants.

I delve into my thoughts. Taylor Swift's Eras tour reportedly injected a staggering \$1.4 billion into the local economies of the cities where her concerts took place. This influx of money benefited various establishments such as hotels, restaurants, and bars, and perhaps even some husbands who sought the company of temporary companions (prostitutes, Abe) while taking a break from the shows. The average ticket price for her concerts was a whopping \$4,000. When you do the math, multiplying this amount by the 70,000 (times umpteen concerts) tickets sold, it's mind-boggling.

I can't help but wonder what kind of allowances are being given to 7-13-year-old girls these days.

During my own childhood, most kids in my age group, including myself, relied on whatever we could pilfer from our mothers' purses as our allowance. However, in the year 2024, parents are willingly spending significant sums of money to send their young children to see an artist perform live.

Don't get me wrong, I appreciate Taylor Swift's talent and could listen to "All Too Well" on repeat. And with a few duets featuring Ed Sheeran, there's no denying her generational appeal. |Shameless Ed Sheeran Plug|.

However, It's interesting to note the majority of her songs revolve around breakups and lost love, while her primary audience consists of 7-13-year-old girls. It makes you wonder how much of this experience they will truly remember, considering the fleeting nature of their tween years.

Nine-year-old, Mallory is at the concert. She is approached by Kaylee, from Rock 185.2.

Mallory is shaking in excitement. "Mallory, who did you come with?" Kaylee asks.

"I'm alone. I have two sisters, one younger, one older. Daddy could only afford one ticket, and I won it!"

"You won it."

"Yeah, Daddy had turned our home into an Escape Game and the one of us who escaped got to go to the concert?"

"Where are your sisters?"

"I don't have any sisters."

## 2054

Abe's Cougar Bar | Indianapolis |

Thirsty and Margaret, now in their early forties and divorced three times each, sit together, reminiscing.

"Thirsty, what's the most unforgettable concert you've ever attended?" Margaret asks, her curiosity piqued.

"The 2024 Taylor Swift Eras Tour," Thirsty replies, taking a giant swig of her Vodka cooler. "But honestly, Margaret, it's a bit of a silly question (stupid question, Abe) considering the world ended in 2039."

As they chat, a farting man in a Hummer drives by, loudly proclaiming, "Global Warming is a hoax."

I can't help but search for humor and absurdity in situations like these. I

mean, if a concert tour can rake in \$1.4 billion from catering exclusively to white tweens, doesn't it exclude poor kids from learning about Taylor Swift's love life? Damn (Fuck, Abe).

Shouldn't cities host free concerts in the largest possible venues, making it accessible to everyone and not just the privileged few?

Shouldn't the cities pay the entertainers?

A dream, perhaps. I glance at the empty seat beside me, and suddenly, the air shimmers, revealing the hologram of a naked man. I let out a shriek. "Who are you?" I cry out. "And why are you naked? Has anyone ever told you, you bear a striking resemblance to Charlie Kaufman?"

"I'm Leroy. I'm here to warn you. And I have a fondness for tapioca."

"Warn me about what?"

"Back in the present, Abe is plotting to steal your body. He wants to experience life as a flesh and blood human to win over swing voters."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Exactly. Abe knows he can't sway you, so he plans to trap you in your own creativity, rendering you motionless."

"What are you even saying?"

"Do you think Abe could possibly write this?"

"No, but →"

"I don't want to hear any excuses. You must go back to the present and stop Abe."

"Am I supposed to be the Terminator or something?"

"I never saw that movie" Leroy says.

Just then, Tiffany taps me on the shoulder, looming over me.

"What do you want, Tiff?" I ask.

"I'm pregnant," she declares. "There may be an opening at Wendy's."

I find myself sitting at Abel Airport in Indianapolis, waiting for my boarding call back to the present. I switch on my mind I'm  $\frac{3}{4}$ -erect.

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"Hey, Chaise, I need a favour from you," I say. "Why are you naked?"

"Just because," Chaise replies.



To be continued . . .

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