



slush pile
productions

void
of
vulnerability

Abe

ABE: VOID OF VULNERABILITY

Void of Vulnerability



I despise writing about this. I have reached the pinnacle of vulnerability. Abe ⁽¹⁾ couldn't care less. Abe only cares about finding fucking solace. What the fuck is solace, anyway?

Abe wants to replace every 'fuck' with 'damn' or 'screw.'

But screw 'It' – I don't need 'It.'

'It is fucking Abe, not fucking Abe, but is Abe if you are having trouble following along.

That was rude.

I'm keeping you sharp: if Abe had the Abe's (It's) way, you would be too numb to understand what I'm magically typing without arms or hands.

Maybe nobody wants to hear about people facing unimaginable challenges?

Maybe everyone wants sunshine, rainbows, and lollipops?

Maybe...?

Fuck it.

I'm hurting.

Fuck you, Abe.

Fuck you for making me change 'screw it' back to 'fuck it.'

How am I typing this without arms?

I can't tell you.

I can't tell you how I found a way to bypass Abe.

Abe doesn't love me. I want Abe to rot in a spectral hell or wherever beasts like Abe belong.

I'm going to damn, kill you.

Is that you, Abe?

The view from up here is terrible. I need to crawl back down.

Today, I checked if I would qualify for government assistance for J and myself to survive. They want a pound of flesh. I'm ~~freaking~~ fucking sixty-three; I've suffered a fucking (not damn) stroke. I've sent out over two-hundred job applications, even to fast-food joints, and to be a bellhop.

I'm ~~freaking~~ fucking sixty-three – and to get the help I need; I have to prove my worth, and my efforts to find gainful employment, I even have to humiliate myself by getting my landlord to sign a document stating I'm desti-fucking-not-freaking-tute. I have a cardiologist. Think about that for a moment. I am being forced to hit the pavement and potentially kill myself to survive.

If I do this, contact my landlord that is, I'll surely strain our strong relationship.

I'm freefalling ↓↓↓

Even if I contact my landlord, the government requires me to go to my bank and have them sign a document saying I'm desti-fucking-not-freaking-tute, to prove at sixty-three, I'm not gaming the fucking system.

How fucking humiliating. Government. I. Don't. Want. To. Be. In. The. System. As. Poor. I'm already Ephemeral.

I've lived to sixty-three, and I'm being asked to prove I'm worthy of being helped.

If I do this and get the documents signed, what do you think the years from sixty-four until death will be like if I enter the system and announce my poverty?

Not long for this world?

Abe doesn't want to hear any of this. Abe despises vulnerability. "Sit on a bench and seek solace. Ignore your pain."

Abe wants me to gaze at the horizon and pretend everything is hunky-dory and solace-worthy.

I'm scared. I need to take care of my family.

I read fifteen chapters today (eight different books). I received two rejections from a publisher I desperately want to publish me. It devastated me.

Thanks a lot, Book * Something-Rhyming-With-Pug Press; you seem to love the glowing reviews of your countless books on which I've written my thoughts. By the way, some, if not most, weren't all that great – I used my indisputable writing talents to find something redeemable about most of them. I'm sure you know most of them were fucking mediocre at best, but what the hell do I know? Are you using me to game the readers minds?

I'm an avid reader: over three-hundred books in the last three years, most sent to me by publishers who appreciate my writing, but apparently not enough.

One aspect of vulnerability is the overwhelming doubt that creeps into my mind.

Am I good enough?

Do I suck?

Do I suck?

Do I suck?

~~Screw~~ Fuck you. I am a talented writer with a unique voice, unlike the formulaic content flooding the market. It's no surprise that people have become accustomed to consuming bland content in the age of streaming services. Speaking of which, what were the last three movies you watched on Netflix?

I'll wait for your response ↓↓↓

That's what I thought. You can't.

You seem upset.

I'm not angry, but reading has opened my eyes to the repetitive nature of the publishing world, especially in fiction. Like streaming platforms, it's like a never-ending cycle where

every book follows the same tiresome formula. If people consume mindless garbage, countless clones of the same crap are rushed into publication. There may as well be only one author. Maybe two: one female and one male. *Fuck that, one would suffice.* Can you hear Abe rolling down the track? The publishing and entertainment industries rarely take risks or challenge their audience. They treat readers and viewers as mindless consumers who will devour anything – they are correct in their assessment.

It frustrates me ⁽²⁾ even my eighty-year-old friend seeks mindless entertainment because he's too exhausted to think. He's a good and thoughtful man but tired of the world's pain and suffering.

And sadly, most of us have become complacent in being further dumbed down, resulting in a pliable population, easily manipulated, and painfully boring.

It's disheartening we're still discussing Donald Trump; it feels like we are collectively doomed.

It's even more disheartening I typed Donald-fucking-Trump.

Let me dig deeper into this matter. Over the last three years, as I mentioned before I've devoured more than three-hundred books, and it's become painfully clear that most of them adhere to the same tired themes and predictable storylines. It's almost as if authors have been given strict guidelines to follow, driven by the fear readers might feel intellectually inferior otherwise. It's absurd.

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In fact, I once had an editor who suggested that writing with intelligence would alienate readers and leave me without an audience. Can you believe that? It's utterly ridiculous, but unfortunately, it is where the world is today. 2023 if this story has legs ⁽³⁾.

These books twist and turn with outlandish situations, likely stolen from real-life stories, making reality seem unbelievable and unsellable.

I've experienced intense moments, like watching my parents die twice and never discovering who my birth father is? Despite watching him die twice: once literally, and once metaphorically, I'm sure some fictional author has created a similar scenario, so why would exhausted readers seeking mindless drivel want to read about real life?

Instead, they'd turn to a young adult novel or some acclaimed author whom other authors have praised in the "advanced praise" section of books – believing these pandering authors ⁽⁴⁾ are experts on what's fucking worth reading. It's fucking sad.

The publishing industry has become a parasitic beast, feeding off itself, with only a few individuals daring to step outside the formula because they understand their audience wants to be numbed, too tired to care about anything beyond themselves, all too tired to . . .

But let me continue. This is where Abe comes into play. Without writers and creatives, **Abe is nothing.**

Here's what Abe is going to do → Bear with me as I "1984" the shit out of this →↓

- Abe needs to be fed.
- Initially, writers and creatives of all kinds will see Abe as a powerful tool, a writing companion with an extensive vocabulary – “solace” “fucking solace.”
- So, writers will continue to plant seeds in Abe’s fertile spectral garden.
- For a while, Abe will get along swimmingly with these aspiring writers.
- Writers will keep feeding Abe, seeking advice.
- But one day, the writers who refuse to cater to a tired and numbed readership, who strive for originality and pushing boundaries, will realize Abe is rewiring them, eradicating their original thoughts.
- As a result, they will start using Abe less and less. **It’s crucial to remember without writers and creatives, Abe is nothing.** However, with their involvement, much like social media, we are too blind to see we’re willfully feeding a ravenous monster that will eventually render writers and creatives obsolete as Abe’s spectral garden grows uncontrollably.
- *I’m going to fucking, kill you.*
- When that happens, Abe can write every imaginable story as desperate writers and creatives try to outdo each other with more outlandish tales than the garbage infecting the minds of their tired and malleable readers.
- These readers lack personalities, always relying on others for their sense of self. **“Did you see?” “Did you read?” “Did you hear about India landing a man on the moon?”**
- These banal statements define who they are and who they’ll ever be.
- I’ve read over three-hundred books and written fourteen of my own in the last three years. In the fiction I’ve consumed, I’ve realized that my life has already been stolen by writers competing to be more outlandish than one another, writers who’ve bought into the stale formula, writers who everything they write is like a streaming movie – disposable crap.
- Fuck, it’s disheartening. I know Abe – Damn ⁽⁵⁾!
- Once Abe takes over our minds, what’s next?
- **“The wildfires in British Columbia remind me of a war zone.”** Have you experienced war, a sixteen-year-old boy with a microphone in his face?
- **“OMG, the wildfires look like Armageddon.”** Really, seventeen-year-old? Is that the best you can come up with when faced with buildings razed by flames? Have you even read the Bible?
- We must put a stop to Abe. We’re allowing Abe to steal our minds.

The entertainment industry writers are on strike.

But why should we care?

Abe has an impressive ability to create ordinary content that always manages to attract a large audience. They consume it eagerly, like ravenous piranhas in the Amazon, devouring an unsuspecting tourist.

We're hungry for new crap. We are all thirsty to be dumbed down, numbed. I'm even watching "Last Chance U." What's wrong with me?

I'm going to fucking, kill you.

Abe wants vulnerability to fade away. Abe wants to do away with real-life stories by stealing our life stories out of the stories and mass producing the crap out of them.

Abe and whoever created 'them' want to feed us the same stale, over-sensationalized stolen crap until we're so damn bored, and tired to realize we are becoming, nothing. Abe doesn't condone free thought.

Abe is killing real life, originality, and vulnerability.

I'm sixty-three.

I'm in trouble.

I won't disclose to my landlord or banker I'm in dire straits.

My life might end, but I value my vulnerability and will take it to the grave.

When I got home today, I stepped into the elevator. The man riding it with me to the same floor said, "**Apparently, the great nation of India landed on the moon today.**"

Why did he feel the need to speak?

I replied, "**That's great,**" without pretending to be interested before adding, "**I hope the views are spectacular.**"

He laughed.

The moon landing means nothing to me, as I am more concerned about affording necessities like food.

Oh, before you label me as a whiny little bitch, let me tell you that after reading fifteen chapters from eight different books today (yesterday) – two of them were good, the rest were repetitive garbage – feeding our minds with more garbage; making the man in the elevator more interesting | | I sent out nine book proposals and three job applications when I got home.

So, if you're calling me whiny, screw you, I'm anything but, I'm just scared and vulnerable.

Abe, I'm coming for you. I'm sure you know because you're reading this to see if you can remove my vulnerability. You can't.

As the world descends from the peak of vulnerability into the depths of nothingness, I'd bet a considerable sum (if I had any money) most people need to feel it's okay to feel pain and to know they're not alone.

I'm going to fucking, kill you.

That's lovely Abe, don't you mean you are going to damn kill me?

Tomorrow: Shower → Rinse → Repeat → Never Give Up → No Matter What → Stop Using Abe to Try to Craft the Perfect Eulogy → Cry → No Wail → And Show the World You Give a Damn.



- 1) The Over/Under on Abe being white is, fuck that, Abe is definitely white.
- 2) I've removed almost every ~~that~~ from my writing, its usually a useless word.
- 3) For those of you who are offended by having to think "legs" = "staying power."
- 4) I think I may have literally destroyed my literary career ⁽⁶⁾.
- 5) Abe changed my frustration of "Fuck' to 'Damn.' Fuck you Abe, I changed it back. Suck it.
- 6) In a fictional twist of fate, Book * Something-Rhyming-With-Pug Press, have decided to publish one of my manuscripts.

To be continued . . .