



The Weekly Man

Episode 11: Wednesday – Jax

Ratlas was angry. This was something rare...anger...from Ratlas. The message was garbled by emotion but Jax was getting the basic drift. “I am offended to the bottom of the well of life.”

Offended.

“There will be a price to pay for this evil.”

A price. Evil.

Ratlas’ message burrowed into Jax’s mind like a cork screw.

“This evil sucks all hope out of the innocent.”

Sucks the innocent.

“This evil must be stopped. Must be contained!”

Stopped. Contained.

The sounds coming through his headphones grew in intensity and disparity, like melodies crashing into melodies in the streets and sewers of cyberspace. Jax put his hands over the headphones and pressed them firmly against his ears, as though this would make the message clearer. He breathed slowly, deeply, relaxing into the message pouring into his ears. Note by note, the sound of the message slowed and formed into distinguishable sounds.

“You are my prophet.”

I am your prophet.

“You will carry my message.”

I will carry your message.

“My message is one of life ending.”

Life ending.

Life ending?

Jax was confused. He spoke into the microphone attached to his headphones. “What do you mean by life ending?”

“Life ending.”

“Yes, but what do you mean by that? I am supposed to end a life or do you mean that your message warns us of life ending?”

“You must end the evil.”

End the evil.

“What evil must I end?”

“The writer.”

The writer.

“What writer is it?”

“Simon Pierce. He is evil that walks upon the firmament of the earth. He must be exterminated.”

Jax was in shock. The shower water was just short of scalding and the washroom was a box of thick steam. He wasn't aware that his skin was close to burning. He wasn't aware of the billowing clouds of steam. He was barely aware that he was in the shower.

Exterminated?

This didn't seem like Ratlas at all, and he wondered why it would want someone killed when it could probably get to the writer just as it had gotten to him. Make him see the light and the error of his ways. But killed? There had to be another way. Maybe he could contact this errant writer and reason with him, teach him the path to saving himself.

“First thing,” he told himself, “I'll download one of Simon Pierce's books and see firsthand what this evil is all about.” There had to be some way other than ‘life ended.’ There was something vaguely familiar about the name that Jax couldn't put his finger on. He downloaded a copy of *Janie and Her Hamster*. It wasn't long, a leisurely twenty minute read. The book description claimed it was “a children's book with a valuable lesson about life.” While the book was downloading, Jax browsed the reader feedback where headlines like DON'T LET YOUR CHILDREN READ THIS BOOK!!!!!!!!!!!! and THIS MAN IS INSANE! blared from the page. There were dozens of them, none of them good. Jax wondered how anyone would buy Pierce's books when so many people hated his writing. But wasn't that the way of people, attracted to the ugly, fascinated by the perversions, in a world where reality TV sank lower and lower to find new ways to shock viewers and insult their intelligence?

Forty-five minutes later, even Jax seriously wondered if there were any hope for Simon Pierce. He did some searches on the author and his books, read about the nervous breakdowns suspected to be linked to him and read some of the reader feedback with their glaring headlines. They were mostly from parents whose children had read the book, or one of his earlier ones, and were now having serious emotional problems. There were reviews from psychologists and social workers warning people to not let their children read the book. There were warnings that adults should avoid them. Some of them contained death threats, especially from a reader called A. Fan.

This man is evil. This man is dangerous. This man must be exterminated. Once again you were right, Ratlas.

Jax had to end Simon Pierce's life. He had to kill him. But first, he had to find him. Apparently, a lot of people were trying to find him but nobody was having any luck. It was like Pierce was a ghost or a piece of software churning out malicious garbage that was impossible to track to any sort of physical origin. But Jax had a being beyond anything the world had ever seen

on his side. Somehow that being would lead him to Simon Pierce and Jax would visit him and end the evil. But first, he must read his email and do some blogging.

He read the email from Jackson Gabriel first. Other than a dozen or so spam emails, Gabriel's message was the only real email. He read slowly and carefully and didn't particularly like what he read. There was a definite negative tone in it. He sensed that Gabriel didn't want to have anything to do with him. That was OK. He had more important matters to deal with and the course could wait. He responded to Gabriel's email.

Mr. Gabriel,

I have a feeling that you don't take my project seriously, but that's OK. I have more important things to do.

Jax MacDonald

"And now for some blogging," he said to his reflection in the laptop's monitor. Maybe there would be a way to resolve what he had to do by writing about it.

As usual, the comments section of his blog was empty. He wondered about this. Didn't his readers have questions? Shouldn't there be a need for clarification? Shouldn't there be offers of support? Shouldn't there be agreement that the world was on a spiral into nightmare and the message must be spread? He thought about this for a moment and assumed that the message he blogged was clear enough that it didn't need clarification and that the instructions in his blog clearly showed them what they had to do and that he was supported by their actions. And today he would appeal for their moral support. He would bring Ratlas' message of the evil one to their attention and, as a mass of believers, they might do something about the insanity of Simon Pierce. That was it—let the masses determine Pierce's fate. He firmly believed that Ratlas would approve of his approach. He closed his eyes and wrote.

THERE IS AN EVIL UPON THE FIRMAMENT IN THE FORM OF A MAN WHO WRITES WITH SOUL POISONING WORDS THAT ARE COUNTER TO THE MESSAGES I'VE BEEN BRINGING TO YOU ON THIS BLOG AND THE FLOW OF HIS VISION MUST STOP (AND I HOPE ALL OF YOU HAVE STOPPED USING PLASTIC) BEFORE HE RUINS MORE LIVES AND DESTROYS MORE SACRED FAMILIES WITH HIS MESSAGE OF HOPELESSNESS AND GIVING UP ON THE INTRINSIC BEAUTY AND MARVEL OF LIFE EVEN AS THE FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILIZATION CRUMBLE UNDER OUR FEET AND YOUNG CHILDREN ARE KILLING THEIR PETS AND THIS MAN GOES UNPUNISHED AS HIS FALSE MESSAGE WORKS ITS WAY INTO THE FABRIC OF THE WORLD WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT EVEN MORE SO THAN PLASTIC AND GENETICALLY ENGINEERED FOOD WITH CHEMICALS AND OTHER SUBSTANCES THAT WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE CONSUMED BY HUMANS BUT ARE PUT INTO THE FOODS TO COLOR AND TASTE THEM SO THAT THEY GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF BEING HEALTHY BUT ARE IN FACT THE EXACT OPPOSITE SO READ LABELS CAREFULLY AND AVOID ANYTHING PACKAGED OR WRAPPED IN PLASTIC AND SERIOUSLY CONSIDER WHAT MUST BE DONE ABOUT SIMON PIERCE AND HIS WAR ON HUMANITY WITH HIS MESSAGE OF DEFEAT AND HOW HE MUST BE DEALT WITH BY A MASS RESPONSE LIKE A WAVE OF HOPEFUL HUMANITY CRASHING OVER HIM AND CARRYING HIM OUT TO AN OCEAN OF OBLIVION

**FROM WHICH HIS SHAMEFUL WORDS WILL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF A
WORLD HE HAS FORSAKEN.**

WE MUST RID THE WORLD OF SIMON PIERCE.

AND PLASTIC!!!!

He sat back and reread his post and was happy with it. "No need for any revisions here," he assured himself.

Maybe my readers will take care of his problem and kill this Simon Pierce.

One can hope.