



The Weekly Man

Episode 18: Wednesday – Jax

“You must track him down. Find him.”

Track him down. Find him.

“He is the danger of dangers.”

The danger of dangers.

“He will destroy my plans. He will obscure my message.”

Destroy plans. Obscure message.

“You are my prophet.”

Yes I am.

“You must end this evil man’s life and spread my message so that I can save you and the rest of the world.”

I’m going to be saved. We’re all going to be saved. All I have to do is kill the writer.

Jax had checked the news sites before receiving Ratlas’ messages. There was nothing about Simon Pierce, nothing about mobs of angry parents storming his home and stringing him up. But then, it was hard to say what had happened. He could have been quietly murdered by someone smart enough not to get caught and smart enough to maybe get rid of the body so that it would never be found and Simon Pierce would just disappear from a world where no one would miss him let alone ask questions about him. He would just disappear.

Or maybe the message just hasn’t had time to get out.

“It will though. It’s just a matter of time. Ratlas will cannot be resisted. Its message of hope will prevail.”

He opened his email program and, amazingly, he had mail. Maybe there would be something in the comments section of his blog today. He looked at the Sender field. His eyes widened and his mouth opened enough for spittle to drip over his lower lip and onto the keyboard. It was from Simon Pierce.

What?

He opened the email.

Mr. MacDonald,

Fuck off.

Simon Pierce.

What?

He read the email again.

“What?”

He read the email nine times before he stopped saying “what”. His confusion had turned to outrage.

Ratlas is right. This evil person must be stopped. Exterminated.

He opened his blog. He wasn't sure what it was at first but something was different. Something was suddenly strange about his blog. After a few moments of thought, it came to him. There was a comment in the comments section.

Finally.

He read the message.

Jax...nobody's reading this drivel. So just, like, fuck off.

You know who.

“Not on *The Word and Its Many Meanings!* Not here! Not on Ratlas' platform to send its message of hope to a world in danger of extinction.” Jax's face flushed deep, deep. His hands shook over the keyboard. “No, Mr Pierce. You will not get away with this. You will not besmirch Ratlas' message.”

He closed his eyes and started blogging.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW HUMANITY WHO I HOPE HAVE STOPPED USING PLASTIC AND ARE OPEN TO ITS MESSAGE THAT THE WORLD MAY BE SAVED AND RETURNED TO ITS PRE-PLASTIC DAYS OF WONDER AND BEAUTY AND NATURAL MAGIC TEEMING IN THE FORESS AND THE PLASTIC FREE OCEANS THERE HAS BEEN AN ABOMINATION OF THIS BLOG FROM AN EVIL EVEN GREATER THAN PLASTIC THAT MUST BE OBLITERATED IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS GOOD AND DECENT IN A WORLD FAST DARKENING UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS SOURCE OF GREAT EVIL GOING BY THE NAME OF SIMON PIERCE WHOSE POISONOUS WRITINGS HAVE CAUSED THE DEATH OF A TEN YEAR OLD BOY TO KILL HIMSELF AND HIS NEW PET DOG IN YET ANOTHER TRAGIC INCIDENT MARKING YET ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THIS MAN'S SHAMEFUL INFLUENCE ON YOUNG MINDS USED TO SWAY THEM TO DARK THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS AND WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS EVEIL IN A MASS WORLDWIDE EFFORT TO SHUT DOWN SIMON PIERCE FOREVER!!!

AND PLEASE AVOID THE UNNECESSARY USE OF PLASTIC.

He sat and stared at his post, nodding his head in agreement.

This will bring them to action. This will seal Pierce's fate. There will be a tide of retribution for his defamation of The Word and Its Many Meanings.

"Simon Pierce, you will suffer for your trespass."

He couldn't remember feeling this way before now. What he felt for Pierce was genuine hatred. If the man were in his presence at this moment he would very likely kill him. He wasn't sure how but he knew instinctively that it had to be done. There was no reasoning with pure evil, only the elimination of it so that it wouldn't be able to taint the world around it.

He thought back to his childhood in the days before Ratlas when he used plastic and was unaware of its dangers. He remembered his days by a stream flowing through a wooded area, watching the water flow for hours so that he could feel the inexorable movement downstream as though he were water himself flowing out to the sea. In those days he was at one with everything and felt that everything was at one with him. He talked to trees and flowers. He lay in tall grass and felt his soul sway with the grass on windy days. He sank into blue skies, sliding off clouds deeper and deeper into the sky.

He wasn't certain exactly when those days had stopped, when he felt the threat of rampant civilization disrupting the natural balances of that giant beautiful organism called Earth. It seemed like he was a kid and then he was an adult listening to Ratlas' messages and spreading them to a world of indifference. But it was something to do. He had no idea what he would do if he didn't have Ratlas' message to spread. The very thought of doing anything else made him nervous, and he sometimes wondered about that.