



# ***The Weekly Man***

## Episode 21: Saturday – Jac

Jac laughed out loud. *Who are these fools? Who the fuck are these fools?* AllTheNewsYouNeed ran an editorial on Jac's books.

In the past, there have been several incidents loosely linking Simon Pierce's children's books to suicides, grizzly acts of sadism, depression in young people and the institutionalization of pre-teens. In all of these cases, authorities were unable to directly link his books to the incidents. However, last week 10-year old Timothy Hayes killed himself and his new pet dog almost immediately after reading one of Mr. Pierce's books, "Janie and Her Hamster."

Unlike other cases, where the children involved had read one or more of Mr. Pierce's books and, in some cases, mentioned the book in such a way as to imply that it was having an effect on their moods, the case of Timothy Hayes is much more explicit.

Authorities have uncovered an email written from Timothy to Mr. Pierce in which he attributes killing his dog and himself directly to Mr. Pierce's book. The details of the email have not been released pending further investigation. When contacted, Timothy's parents had no comment at this time.

This news site has covered Simon Pierce's books and the toxic effects they seem to have on children. We've called for investigations into the matter and warned parents to keep their children away from his books. We've called on distributors to stop carrying his books. We've tried to contact Mr. Pierce and his publisher unsuccessfully. Both appear to be hidden behind impenetrable layers of cyber security. This man seems to be invisible, but the effects of his work are all too apparent.

Hopefully, this most recent tragedy will force authorities to launch a complete investigation into Mr. Pierce's books and finally lead to a ban on them in the same spirit as banning hate literature. In the meantime, we cannot stress enough that parents should keep their children away from this author's books.

*Maybe it's time for me to start launching a few things myself, like lawsuits against these people. On the other hand, this might be a great test of my security.*

He went to his email and scanned the subject lines.

*Oh, A. Fan...what insights do you have for today?*

He opened the email with the subject line: Following You Always.

Simon, baby, nice work killing that kid and his dog. Proud of yourself, ass wipe? Ten years old. The kid was already going through enough of a hard time and then you drove the nail through his skull.

Simon, I want you to do a favor for me. I want you to go to a mirror and look into it. I want you to look long and hard and I want you to know that the asshole you're looking at is the asshole I'm going to strangle to death very soon. Very soon, Simon. On my way.

All the best.

A. Fan

*Sure you are. Maybe in a hundred years, and by then, I'll be even harder to find.*

"So...let's see if Mr. MacDonald has anything to say about me." A few clicks and he was looking at *The Word and Its Many Meanings*. He smiled as he read. "So now I'm the target of a mass worldwide effort to be shut down forever. Jax, you're fucking crazy. Let's see what I can do to make you even crazier." He scrolled down to the comments section.

Hello Jax. Haven't got much time to write. Got a mass worldwide effort banging at my front door. But the back door is clear and I'm heading out in a few minutes to buy some plastic. Going to put the plastic in the ocean and bury some of it on prime farmland. Maybe I'll send some to you.

BTW, Jax, get a life.

Loser.

You Know Who

*Take that, you little clown.*

He closed his browser and opened the manuscript for his new novel—all one title of it. Images of clowns exploding into balls of fire and steam hissing from eyeballs bunched up in his mind. He stared at the top of the document. *Circus of No Hope*. For Jac it summed up the human condition so succinctly. All you had to do was turn on a television, open a news site or go into any social media group and there it was—the world was one big circus with one overwhelming theme: There is no hope. The human race was on a crazy roller coaster ride diving and flying on a oneway course into oblivion and nobody seemed to want to get off or stop the wagons. And through all this there was the pain of life, the sorrow and loss of every day, the struggle to rise above it all just to find you've risen to the bottom and it starts all over again. And again.

He stared at the title and he felt good about what he was doing. He was telling the truth. He was giving the world a much needed dose of itself, showing them all who and what they were and where they were going: Nowhere. At least, nowhere good. Everywhere was pain. Everywhere was loss and regret. Fireballs with the bewildered eyes of children bounced off the walls of his imagination. Horses with blazing manes trampled entire families into smoldering cinders.

A ten year old boy cut his pet dog's throat and then slit his wrists.

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It was dark outside. He gazed into the emptiness of the space under the title. It was time to set the stage for nightmares, it was time to sleep.