



The Weekly Man

Episode 34: Saturday - Jac

Jac stared at the crazy guy's post. He read it over and over, not believing what he was seeing. *How can this happen? How did this idiot find out?*

IT COMES FOR YOU ON JOSLIN STREET.

This is impossible. There's no way this loser could have cut through all the security, the firewalls, the fake paths, the complex system of routers.

He has to have someone working with him. Who would this jerk know who would work with someone who thinks that God is speaking through him to get the world to stop using plastic? He knows I live on Joslin Street. How could he possibly know that?

He stood up and walked to a window where he stood to one side, peering around the curtain at the street and park below. It was the same old same old, seniors wasting away on benches, mothers with their children, joggers. He looked for anyone suspicious, anyone pretending to read a newspaper while sneaking glances at his windows. Maybe someone leaning against a street light, smoking a cigarette, pulling their hat down to hide their eyes. Maybe one of the joggers, running by and taking pictures with their mobiles. But nothing looked out of place. It was the same scene he looked at every day.

He put his hand on his head, ran it over the cut. He'd taken the bandage off earlier. It was healed enough. Why couldn't he remember cutting himself?

I must be going crazy. Again.

He went back to his workstation, took another look at the blog posting and opened his email. He ignored the mail from angry parents and self-righteous assholes who'd never read his books but felt obliged, after hearing stories from friends or reading a review, to write to him and tell him how outraged they were that his books weren't banned from the face of the earth. He went straight to A. Fan.

There's got to be a link between him and the crazy guy. He opened the email.

Simon, Baby, getting really close now. Just a matter of time. Can hardly wait to put my hands around your throat and watch the life drain out of your eyes. I'm going to take my time, stretch it out and enjoy it.

Have a great day and see you real soon.

A. Fan

No. This guy's all talk, not even close. He closed the email and went back to the blog to re-read the post a few more times.

How did he find me?

It was getting close to the time. He stared at the page on his screen. *Circus of No Hope* and all the blank space below it. He'd never had problems starting a book in the past. He just sat down in front of the laptop and started writing. The words always came. He barely had to think. It was always like his mind was on auto-pilot, like the words were already in his head trampling each other to get out. It wasn't so much writing as it was a great spewing of words into verbal images.

What the hell is wrong with me? Where are the words?

It occurred to him that it might be the crazy guy finding him, but he'd been having a hard time starting this novel even before he'd read the post. He stared at the page a few minutes more and went to bed.