

35. An Apocalyptic Science Fiction Cyberpunk Satire Fabulous Summer Extraordinaire

I Funky Future

Shocked and alarmed, I awoke to horrible screaming..... some maniac was screaming a death metal song. Awakening to clock radio? Nice. A hundred-fifty decibels?; Uh... Temporarily deaf, I descended our home's oscillating stairwell, past my plaque engraved: Jesus Loves You, Everyone Else Thinks You're an Asshole, cursing both my negligence and technology anti-theoretical to supposedly transcendent innovations.

Since you've joined me through the looking glass, welcome to the future.(1) Not the remote future, with human lobsters dancing erratically from global warming's intense heat. For now, society's gambling mentality culminates in worshipping the Jezebel Lady Luck, while delusional assumptions of grandiosity result in thirty billion contradictory faux-lordships doomed to ultimate extinction.

Everything else is backwards too. Advanced (cough cough) society vomited out a simmering anti-trefoil, three deadly, although very colorful frogs; a morbid blue frog of philosophical insensibility, a sickly yellow frog of extreme politics and bureaucracy, and an inflamed red frog of male/female incompatibility.

Ideological differences create some interesting scenarios. Christians are captured and held in packed football stadiums. Each Christian is told that a tiger will enter and kill them; they will die a martyr. However, pressing a control panel button signals that they want another Christian to be sacrificed instead; they will walk free. Consequently, ninety-nine percent of Christians press the control panel button. Yet the button actually opens the gate holding the tiger. They are butchered while those accepting martyrdom are spared. This pleases the antireligious, benefits the beautiful endangered tigers who eat like emperors and empresses, and purifies the Church.

Some believers react with their own scenario. Atheists with superior attitudes, having declared themselves bastions of science, are captured and held in small rooms with scientific books and equipment. Each is given ten sandwiches topped with an unknown substance. Five sandwiches are innocuous; the other five are poisoned. They are forced to eat five sandwiches but are given twelve hours to determine which sandwiches to eat. Four percent have lived, slightly more than random chance; the others suffered and died.

For many, conflicts between religion and anti-religion are settled. Now many embrace Flummery, which philosophy epitomizes ecumenism and extreme compromise. Flummerians spend their lives studying the Book of Stultiloquence, a five million word computer accessible composition. Flummery answers pertinent questions like how many micro-computers can break-dance on a slice of Limburger cheese, what degree of universal omnipresence resides in gamma radiation, and why a melancholy raven is like Rumpelstiltskin's writing desk. Besides never contradicting anyone's belief, Flummerians never assemble, so nobody is bothered with meeting anybody else. Members are initiated at special public booths, photographed doing a hand salute, and their profile downloaded to headquarters. Those who attempt to quit Flummery are taken to psychiatrists and zapped into compliance; those who resist electroshock persuasion are lobotomized.

Communists and Monopolists dominate our world. Huge Communistic governments, owning every parcel of ground, business, vehicle, and all equipment, tax everyone ninety percent, keep half, and redistribute the rest through welfare and government-owned public establishments. With no benefit differential between hard workers and non-workers, the resultant laziness prevents productivity. However, governments that permit unrestricted capitalism essentially allow vampires to drain their citizens. Doctors charge a year's salary just for the appointment. And with major water sources heavily contaminated, having purified water requires a painstaking process. Therefore, seawater makes up most water

consumption, making people constantly sick. Worse yet, overpopulation and destruction of arable land and algae-laden seawater made pure oxygen more expensive than gold. Inside special areas, oxygen tanks are sealed within tubular boardwalks and reserved for privileged connoisseurs; others breathe filth. Ironically, these seemingly contradictory empires surreptitiously foment a One World Government.

A superabundance of lawyers supposedly tackle society's catastrophic problems. However, most lawyers come from the law firm monopoly Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe. Clients never benefit; Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe become increasingly rich.

Many men traitorously sell their semen to female breeders. These sperm donors must have extensive criminal records and fail basic intelligence tests. Besides that, male/female contact is extremely rare; homosexuality dominates Earth. Besides disaffiliation with the opposite sex, an innovator who masterminded human bionics sold out to feminist organizations, making most women physically dominant. The oppressed are denied access to weapons, including kitchen utensils, to avoid potential uprisings. Contrariwise, government oppressors are heavily armed.

With men constantly brutalized, another innovator developed holographic technology so men, upon detecting women, can activate imitation feminine personas, indistinguishable from natural females. My de rigueur persona became "Alice." Previous experimentation with holograms on both sexes harnessed people's minds to project accurate images of their true selves. Theoretically if people saw that everyone else was basically the same, we'd have peace and harmony. However, the plan was scrapped after most images portrayed a giant mouth and no ears.

II Crucial Plans

Downstairs, after taking radioactive ibuprophen and reading the outside thermometer at 26 Celcius (summer's almost here) my father again castigated my unemployment.

"What's your point?" I exclaimed. "I made you billions!"

"Think again son. Our all-purpose ultrasonic cleaning wafers, an amalgamation of berkelium, bohrium, curium, dubnium, einsteinium, fermium, mendelevium, nobelium, seaborgium, and technetium, combined with microcomputer technology were fantastic. Their success sprouted like a giant mushroom, on which I sit. But workers from the Transcontinental Afro-Eurasian Alliance stole our blueprints to newer, cheaper models, replacing current assimilations of precious elements. While your generation of Americans atrophies your minds watching implanted TV and other flatulence, they've beaten us. Our stocks will be worthless!"

He was right. Overconfidence over our supposed piece de resistance caused complacency, hence, tremendous oversights. Our wafers, dime-sized disks attached in horizontal patterns along sternum and spine cleaned everything. Bathing, showering, housecleaning, regular toilet use, mouthwash, and clothes-washing became obsolete. Their ultrasonic wave production reverberated dirt particles and superfluous bacteria so violently, they disseminated earthward. Electric eyes on domestic and street robots sensed when waste reached critical mass, activating janitorial mechanisms.

Fried disks and debris were converted into needed building bricks, accommodating teeming populations universally housed in gigantic edifices reminiscent of ancient Babylonian ziggurats. Besides, baked human excrement inter-dispersed with microchips superseded ordinary bricks, and using such material counteracted some of humanity's pompousness. However, others turned up their nose at that idea. Flabbergasted about our company's unexpected downfall, I demanded answers to assuage my incredulity.

"Luckily, son, I recommended you to Zippclean Corporation. They'll hire you."

Confused, I said: "Why, if our company is checkmated?"

"You won't work at the plant. You'll traverse the globe and discover better isotopes, trumping our competition. Considering the extreme secrecy and critical nature of this circumstance, they

only trust us.” To Cater to the Pillar of the community, he ingratiatingly prompted “This is the only option left; bite into your chance now; you’ll be much bigger for it.”

The day’s balance was fraught with inner turmoil and ambivalence. That night, mentally vascillating through intense dream sequences, I solidified my decision to join Earth’s “Wonderland.”

After enthusiastically accepting the proposition, I met my only friend Bill Knight from Jerkwater, Pennsylvania at Thursday evening’s chess, Go, Shogi, and Xiangqi club.(2-4) Bill, a long-time husband and father, applauded my upcoming adventure of extraordinary prestige. Unfortunately, Bill never stopped needling me about the opposite sex. Excited by current circumstances, he exclaimed “Now’s your big chance. You’re going overseas!”

After redundantly reiterating my position of accepting singleness, Bill quickly spat: “Don’t wimp out. Find a female, and keep heterosexuality alive.”

Grimacing, but fortuitously weathering Bill’s incendiary and childish comments, I bid goodbye and left. Unsuspectingly, Bill’s and my father’s misguided plans for my future would not only materialize, but coalesce via the most incredible embodiment imaginable.

Monday morning, my family wished me bon voyage. My mother packed an exorbitant conglomeration, including food subject to spoilage, and a near worthless cell phone. Cell phone technology expanded dramatically, but other electromagnetic technology also crescendoed. Their similar megahertz frequencies interfered with cell phone signals, thereby denigrating them back to square one. After heartily hugging my parents who sneakily slapped on a satellite tracking device, and our nuzzling our cat Egypt, my first destination commenced via bullet train.

I was told that appropriations by company intelligentsia were predetermined. Zippclean representatives supposedly contacted my prospective hosts, communicating in their native language exactly how to escort me, while concealing the mission’s nature. Zipping westward, I arrived in southern California equipped with every conceivable collection and detection implement. After combing coastal beaches and shallow Pacific waters, yet finding absolutely nothing, I rode the bullet train home.

III Shocking Developments

Upon my arrival, Bill called, wondering what happened.

“Now Bill, don’t bullyrag again!”

“Just curious about your investigations.”

“Bill, that’s classified.”

“For your information, Zippclean’s systematized waste management and removal system has been completely exposed. After robotic compartmentalization, they’ve been cutting corners. Instead of stratospheric waste elimination, the company was unscrupulously firing preprogrammed earth torpedoes downward and eastward. After transcontinental tunneling, Zippclean used hydraulic pressure, secretly pumping waste to other countries. Due to malfunctioning torpedo mechanisms, they unexpectedly shot upward, subsequently causing bubbling surface waste. You’re courting destruction buddy!”

After hanging up and making a quick Internet confirmation, I was appalled. Besides concerns for our company, I wondered where the competition’s waste was headed. Ironically, this unexpected development created great beneficence.

Jungle-deep in the Republic of Congo, a noxious mixture of waste, toxic chemicals, and radioactive material began a serpentine contamination of air and ground. Though undetected by most sentient beings, one particular body was profoundly affected. An effluvium obnoxious enough to displace the kalkowskite cave’s oxygen impacted her. The chemical cesspool inundated and permeated her body with powerful compounds. Ultrasonic disk material bled various elements, metamorphosing her physique, such as cerium, europium, krypton, mercury, platinum, titanium, tungsten, and zirconium. DNA molecules were radically spliced, reconfigured, and multiplied. Her heart flesh was completely displaced, becoming pure gold. Arising, the incarnate intercessor exited the cave supremely confident.

Despite fretting over a supposedly impending disaster, I fastidiously proceeded towards my next mission and bullet-trained to the airport. The frustration of airport security clearance was compounded; every device needed thorough scrutinizing. However, I was relieved by boarding time. With the entire first class section reserved for Zippclean personnel, I stretched out among vacant seats. The luncheon cart occasionally wheeled itself around, asking if I needed anything; telescopic arms served hors d'oeuvres.

After landing, the other Zippclean employees abandoned me; oh well. Having arrived in Czechoslovakia (the Czech Republic and Slovakia reunited) I redoubled my efforts, investigating the Vltava River, Zapadosolvensky region, and Carpathian Mountains. I placed some interesting samples into aluminum cylinders. Typing my home address on their side activated retractable wings and propellers; they flew to our lab, giving air mail a whole new dimension. Thereafter, I headed homeward.

Awakening bleary-eyed at 6:00 AM to obnoxious telephone jangling, (Hey, it beats that megawatt CD alarm) I groped for the receiver.

“Dude!” shouted Bill.

“Whaaaa!”

“Sorry dude, but listen! A prehistoric cave-dweller has just been discovered. It’s front page news.”

Assuming Bill was referring to mummified remains, I said: “There’s that oxymoron again. Positively identifying anything as being from designated prehistoric epochs automatically makes it historically identifiable within recognized historical periods, ipso facto “prehistoric,” a term originating from bleak existentialism, is meaningless.”

“Whaaaaatever. I’m saying it was found alive!”

Despite a photographic memory, 186 IQ, and being a mathematical and computer genius, Bill, a megalomaniac, harbored naïve, importunate compulsions. Assuming tabloid sensationalism, I hung up and resumed sleeping. Plagued with curiosity, Bill committed himself to thorough analysis. Gathering up all available information, he concluded that radioactive waste and conglomerations of invasive chemical isotopes causatively effected this cave-dweller’s reanimation. Also, this being had disproportionate transcending intelligence, was quite intimidating, and had immediately risen to legendary status. Most importantly, the cave-dweller was female.

Identifying himself as W. Knight, Esquire, he impetuously posted bulletins on my behalf. Distributing my pictures worldwide, he mentioned I was heir to the Zippclean empire, was a wonderful bachelor, and said I was extremely desperate.

Paying extra prioritized messages on giant computer terminals erected aboard hovering dirigibles worldwide. On account of producing government revenue, dope dealers weren’t jailed, but paid to advertise on the bulletins. Sadists, representing cultural diversity, advertised for free. Bill’s screaming bulletin caught our cave-dweller’s attention, making a huge impression.

Tuesday, the phone rang. “Dude, I found you the most exotic female imaginable. She’s interested!”

Cursing and swearing I body-slammed the phone.

The phone immediately rang again. “Listen miserable pest, buzz off!”

“Whoa son. I know you’re stressed, but how about some respect?”

“Sorry Dad; thought you were somebody else.”

“Doesn’t your hotel phone have instant recognition?”

“Yes, but I blocked reality mode. Your choking tobacco stench comes through clearer than sewer gas.”

“Awwww. By the way, there’ve been tremendous developments. An environmental accident involving Zippclean occurred, which our lawyers are assuaging. Secondly, amazing creatures were discovered in Africa’s Republic of Congo. Thirdly, African jungles are virgin territory, harboring potential breakthroughs. Besides possible findings, I’m eliciting your help to vindicate our

company, reclaim superiority over our competition, and purge our bad reputation. I surmise that linking Zippclean with one prominent cave-dweller and garnering publicity is the key.”

“Since the Afro-Eurasian Alliance now has an advanced product, let’s spy out their far East headquarters” I replied.

“No, even without personal recognition, your Occidental-styled instruments won’t fool competition security; Africa awaits.”

IV Dark Waters

I bullet-trained to the city airport, then flew to Johannesburg International Airport. Far from my destination, I frugally hitchhiked from a self-driven passing car. After hundreds of kilometers, the transmission finally failed. I got out, languishing. However, a pale Clydesdale caught my attention. Strapping my instruments to him, I mounted. One instrument excited the horse while another caused it to follow navigational signals and gallop many kilometers down dirt trails towards the coast.

After arriving at my destination, I performed standardized tests on random soil patches, coastal beaches, and outlying seawater. Exhausting every means of detecting both radioisotopes and stable ones, yet finding absolutely nothing, I quit prematurely. Especially stressed to discover a breakthrough, since our company’s bankruptcy and potential lawsuits loomed, I brainstormed for answers.

Two people approached, observed my bedraggled and stressed appearance, and initiating an English conversation, caught me unawares. After I explained my predicament, they announced that the Indian Ocean harbored a guaranteed bonanza. One walked away, reappearing in a golf cart. Loading it, we drove to their house. With special depth exploration instruments, and their friend who owned the supertanker *Ebony Queen*, we chartered a voyage.

Meanwhile, our debutante’s popularity continued growing. For publicity, she promoted a new ocean liner. Therefore, an army tank caravan with a furnished traveling compartment welded onto the largest tank commenced a long southeastward journey. Arriving at the coast, they boarded the “*Paraclete*,” constructing private quarterdeck accommodations.

Aboard the supertanker, I discovered that my companion’s instruments were worthless. My own instruments had vanished. Returning to confront them, they became belligerent. Noticing their holstered laser pistols, I ceased disputing, venturing for the crew’s wardroom. Midway, the stevedore dramatically unfurled a black flag emblazoned with a horned skeleton and hourglass. With spear in hand the ghoul was shown stabbing a bloody heart! I was on a pirate ship, and helpless without outside communication. So I blended in for self-preservation.

Notably, most people were distracted with implanted TV, mutually conversing on cell phones, or texting, despite being in the same room. Occasionally people frittered around with deafening leaf-blowers, carefully blowing polypropylene leaves, which maintained hearing aid stock and completed the chaos. Petroleum was regularly ejected from the ship. Intentional polluting served as advertising to remind people about technology which depends on crude oil.

Looking closely, I noticed numerous rare man/woman couples. I could barely tell them apart, since they had nearly identical builds, makeup, wardrobes, and mannerisms. Like Tweedledee and Tweedledum, they relentlessly battled for dominance, alternating between physical fighting and useless arguments.

With nobody to talk to, I spent endless hours on the toilet. Since people no longer frequented washrooms, toilet makers needed innovations to maintain business. These toilets had wheels. Switches operated miniature discos, the toilets gyrating to music. Better yet, toilets held great conversations. One surprising day, the toilet gossiped about our celebrity’s ocean voyage. While the captain relieved himself, the toilet read his loxodograph, identifying our approximate distance to the *Paraclete*. Therefore we hatched a plan.

On our appointed day, I mounted the toilet, kicked it into high gear, and ascended a ramp, speeding down the deck. Our speed, combined with unpredictable syncopated movements, prevented capture. Ascending a starboard ramp, the toilet slammed into the taffrail, launching me oceanward.

The ocean's turbulence abruptly ceased. Suddenly, an assortment of one hundred fifty-three tropical fish, sunfish, and opalescent varieties bobbed up from all directions, forming a wide circle. They began to dance, clasping and unclasping their fins, flouncing their bodies, and joyously shaking their tails. The sun radiated red along the horizon. As I swam towards the liner in faith, my hope was fulfilled as a charitably thrown anchor, whose chain I clutched, scrambling aboard.

V My Incredible Lover

Upon boarding, I identified myself, being instantly though begrudgingly tolerated, since everyone knew our celebrity's feelings for me. I relaxed awhile, unwinding from my traumatic escapade. From a passing zeppelin, from which hung a battered black, white, grey, slate, dark grey, grizzled, and granite-stripped straight pride flag, Bill's message blared, "Congratulations; you're cruising with your future sweetheart!" Bedraggled and extremely lonely from my isolated trips, I finally acquiesced to his loquacity and chastisement, now commencing to pursue my sole inamorata.

Privately searching, I floundered. Again blaring from the airship, Bill's further information revealed her name: Chicxulub (I pronounce it Cheech-ah-loob). Throughout the Paraclete I called her. Finally hollering her name by a large segregated deck area, pounding ensued, the whole vessel quaking. Suddenly, I was stupefied. A "Tyrannosaurus rex" barreled forward, eyes wide and mouth agape!

Flying down the gangway, I cartwheeled down the companionway, falling into the furthest recesses. Shortly thereafter, I discovered that this super-Tyrannosaurus, a much larger, genetically enhanced composite creature, was my designated interest!

Mortified by the bizarre circumstance, our interpersonal relationship progressed languorously. Stage one consisted of psychosomatic denial of her existence. Stage two encompassed begrudging matter-of-fact realization. An examination with extremely complicated instruments facilitated stage three: realizing this being's divine importance. Yet attraction, love, and full dedication, integral to serious relationships worldwide, still eluded me.

While the genetically modified dinosaur was being tested and I milled around, some egotist approached with a puzzle cube, six sides of six distinct colors. After twisting the segments until they were jumbled together, she reassembled the sides in about a minute, scrambled them again, and had me try it. Frustratingly, after I fumbled for ten minutes making no progress, she said "You can't do anything right."

From a distance, Chicxulub (middle name: Scientia) wheeled around, scampered forward, and snatched the cube. In a blur, the cube was solved almost instantaneously. Chicxulub thundered "Bring one liter each of red, yellow, blue, white, and black paint, empty bottles, and sticks. After the supplies arrived and people gathered round, they thoroughly mixed and scrambled the paint into a bucket until the original colors were totally obliterated, leaving a five liter mass of thick gooey brown. Chicxulub juggled, stirred, shook, swirled, tousled, dissected, and reorganized the paint, pouring it into five bottles; out popped the original red, yellow, blue, white, and black liters.

Astonished beyond belief, people cried "It's impossible!"

Chicxulub replied "No, that's your disability."

Observing the dinosaur's meals, smorgasbords featuring chainsaw-quartered buffalo marinated with pineapple in its mouth, prepared by ostentatious cordon bleu chefs, repulsed me. Assessing my nonverbal cues, Chicxulub intuitively said, "Though perfectly understandable, your presuppositions are incorrect."

Chicxulub proclaimed: “Though socially unacceptable to verbalize, profound gender, racial, and ethnic differences exist, infantile, emotionally-based syllogisms notwithstanding. While humans exercise free will via their spirit nature, they are subjugated by their chemical and chromosomal predispositions. This Determinism, their biological nature, is fixed. Furthermore, I’ve thoroughly analyzed the cerebellum and frontal, parietal, occipital, and temporal lobes, along with their gyri, sulci, and fissures of both sexes of every race, sub-race, and micro-race. I’ve likewise mapped every pathway of every neuron extant. Therefore I’m a highly accurate predictor of human behavior. That humans cannot master either mind or body should be quite humbling.”

Chicxulub went on: “Overreacting to past pigeonholing and prejudice, our fickle society obfuscates class differences and predilections. Without opportunity to know everyone individually, incorporating generalizations is natural. For example, considering my appearance, to lack formation of negative assumptions and act accordingly, namely not fleeing, would be suicidal, since the behavior of various dinosaur species reflects the Fall. However, I’m peacefully acclimatized to strictly pursue vegetation, though I’m eating what’s been painstakingly prepared.”

With that major interpersonal barrier removed, our relationship blossomed. Admiring Chicxulub’s statuesque height towering 7.77 meters, her beryl-green body weighing twenty-four tons like a fortified turret, and her legs like colonnettes, I was greatly comforted. Her stormy scintillating jade eyes flashed upon hearing lies.

Still ruminating, I wandered off alone, occasionally spying on Chicxulub’s activities. After I carelessly deactivated my holographic persona, a coiffed elderly woman punished my ineptitude. She grandiosely assumed that I lecherously perused her. Acting like she had a wasp in her wig, her censorious umbrella tip punctured my chest, reminding me that my former affections towards women were absolutely misappropriated. Graciously, Chicxulub swooped like a phoenix to the rescue.

After miraculously fixing my lung, ribs, and pectoral muscle, Chicxulub said: “Whatsoever is concealed shall be revealed. Namely, personal character may be completely misinterpreted at length, but true character invariably surfaces.” Despite residual trepidity, communicating directly was thereafter mandatory. Besides, the malignity of those around me magnified Chicxulub’s sweetness and phenomenological character, as she intuitively encapsulated the foundations of all sciences. Reuniting with Chicxulub paid dividends, a rapidly wagging tail immediately greeting me through blood loss-induced semi-consciousness.

Since Chicxulub was labeled ugly, she rounded up diverse scrap material, imbued it with preternatural power, and assembled it into a transcendental mirror which liberated inner beauty instead. Numerous people gazed upon their inner selves and vomited profusely. Catching a brief glimpse of Chicxulub’s inner reflection, I fainted in ecstasy, and awoke seven hours later.

Finally infatuated, we dined together and romantically walked along under the moonlight. Chicxulub walked on the lower deck, while I walked on the parallel catwalk two stories up. I enjoyed holding hands, her hands being exquisite chartreuse (that’s brilliant golden green) triune appendages, culminating in three magnificent steel talons. I also appreciated the novelty of Chicxulub’s cold-blooded body, especially virtuous in summertime.

After the ship docked, Chicxulub’s armored spinal platelets began vibrating to detect a suitable cavern for us to have some private moments. After finding a location, and excavating an entrance large enough for passage, we entered a gargantuan limestone cave resembling the one Chicxulub took shelter in to escape the meteor bombardment of the First Earth Age. Actually, Chicxulub hailed from what is now Cheshire County, England, before mega-earthquakes severed the continents.

Among our fascinating surroundings were helictites: twisted, flowerlike varieties of stalactites extending like phantasmagorical icicles from the cave ceiling. Crystal-encrusted stalagmites proudly towered from the cavern floor, while a sinuous stream meandered throughout. The whole scene resembled a chimerical fantasy ala *The Arabian Nights*. This immaculate fortress, a wild bohemian plaza, was home to an astounding array of creatures.

Contemplating the cave-dweller's predicament I cried "Why do cave creatures have no eyes?"

Chicxulub purred "Many who have eyes cannot see, while many without eyes have inward vision."

Eventually, Chicxulub, playing negotiatrix, was obligated to meet many others, so we parted ways, and I bullet-trained home.

VI Rejection and Oppression

Upon my arrival, my parents bubbled with anticipation. My father exclaimed: "How'd your investigations go?"

"That's subjective. Although I couldn't obtain necessary materials, despite maximum effort, I became well-acquainted with the cave-dweller."

Furrowing his brow, Dad said: "How well-acquainted?"

"We're dating."

"Whaaaaaaaaaaaa!" His forehead having more grooves than a phonograph record, he braced himself in his chair. I'd normally succumb to honoring parental desires, but in this unique circumstance, this special person demanded wholehearted love, dedication, and announcement to the world. Upon my disclosing every detail, my father, shocked and enraged, slammed both hands down on the mechanical chair's buttons, rocketing across the floor and flying out the window. Circumspectly handling disapproval, I reaffirmed this intimate relationship's necessity.

Even my familiar friend raised his heel against me. Bill's typical cavalier attitude degenerated into venomous condemnation; he spewed, "Get It out of your life!"

Abandoned by everyone, I fled my surrounding circumstances and sought refuge in the metropolis. Though relentlessly seeking someone to comprehend me and help my situation, both in person and through public Internet access, everyone answered every question with a question and showered me with abundant quantities of circular reasoning, nihilistic elocution, and assorted verbicide.

Finally, I found an independent law firm consisting of three partners, who I joined for tea. One was mousey and hardly spoke. Another was harebrained. Ultimately, their maddening leader charged everything I had for the following garbled analysis: "Since the imperceptive ignorance of imbecilic people is stupidity, I shall amalgamate the aforementioned conundrum and perfervid preprogrammed conceptualization, especially since one liter milk-jugs cannot hold two liters." After offering a souvenir hat which advertised his business, he refused further commentary until I brought more money.

Since I lacked liquefiable equity, I sought a part-time job. After encountering Rube Goldberg Enterprises (named after a cartoonist known for drawing ridiculously complicated mechanical contrivances) I entered their giant egg-shaped company, which sat on a high and narrow precipice. Immediately after signing an employment contract, their foreboding gates crashed down with a deafening clang, imprisoning me in this mega-corporation. The work schedule was 5 AM to 10 PM every single day. Workers resisted that schedule, so supervisors occasionally reprimanded them with scorpions. Those no longer responding to prodding had their skulls crushed with a knobbed titanium mallet, before being incinerated.

Expecting an important position, I only received menial assignments. They involved running along the inside of grain elevators, scooping, clearing, and organizing loose tare weeds down their designated shoots, while disposing of unwanted wheat. To prevent damaging our feet on the titanium walkways, we wore large springs around our legs, the bottoms of which bounced along the platforms.

Other work was on one of many assembly lines which snaked along the company's first floor in patterns so unintelligible that mazes seemed simple in comparison. Surprisingly, I spott-

ed Frank, a former classmate, on an assembly line. Frank, as a dutiful White Rabbit, regularly checked his pocket-watch to record his production rate. Now this distraction caused him to accidentally sever the core of a molecularly unstable plasmatic prototype. The aggressive protoplasm immediately ate into his hand, quickly consuming his entire body, which imploded into a spiral and then vanished.

The rest of the floor consisted of railroad tracks, with trains whizzing past mere inches from us, making me extremely nervous. Sometimes train cars were stacked a monumental four high. Occasionally a giant mechanical drop forge hammer attached to the top car and spanning its entire length drummed with a deafening racket so intense that my head near exploded. During the weekly five minute break within the yard surrounded with razor wire fencing, train cars carried every kind of animal, which were used in exploitative fashion. Amazingly, dragons, with skin resembling cherimoya fruit, alongside sleeping griffins, rode the cars.

Besides these horrible conditions, we got paid with dried worms instead of money. One evening, being ready to give up on life, my exhaustion produced a narcohypnotic state. In an intense dream I walked through an ornamental bathroom festooned with electroplated flames. There was a grand bathtub, beautiful wallpaper, and seven hanging plants. Above the bathtub was a bas-relief figure of a golden pelican wearing a tuxedo. Clear streams of water flowed from each plant while oil flowed from the bathtub faucet. Seven eyeballs with ivy-green irises and slowly nictitating lids alternately disappeared and reappeared; below them a wide grinning mouth with giant sparkling teeth. The intensity of this dream fortified me with great confidence, preparing me for what came next.

Next morning, the entire plant was enveloped in a screaming wind which was heard over the usual cacophony. A sinewy black funnel precipitously wound around the company's intricacies, entering and exiting the aluminum ducts, coiling itself around spools, and winding its way around every rube goldbergian contraption like a master contortionist. While I stared intensely at this bizarre situation, the atmospheric pressure increased dramatically. The velvety tornado cracked the building, then shattered it beyond repair, while its inner workings spilled into the valley below. Shocked but recovering quickly, I escaped, scorpions crunching under my feet.

Relieved but still disheartened, I continued to wallow in crushing sadness. Being destitute, afflicted, and tormented, I became discombobulated, falling down a giant rabbit-hole. After hitting rock bottom, I broke down and cried. Having kept Chicxulub in my heart, I cried out with loud vehement shrieks and moans "Chicxulub!"

VII Together Again

My trail of tears ran together, which pool multiplied, creating a rivulet. From this rivulet, Chicxulub slowly materialized, tail wagging furiously. Rescued from my purgatorial hiatus, intense emotions overwhelmed me, my whole body crimson with excitement. I literally levitated skyward, while immaculate apple-red, antique-white, and baby-pink geometric hearts sparkled and pirouetted like vivacious gyroscopes. While I was sanguine, Chicxulub was exhilarated, flushing emerald and delectable olive green hues.

Shortly thereafter, we encountered a stream. Since I was ravenous, Chicxulub clawed the muddy water, scooping up apparent bilge-water. Her eyes shot intense flames to boil and flambeau it, serving up oysters encoquille, rice, and purified mineral water. One uncooperative oyster opened its mouth and hurled a priceless pearl, which I pocketed. Tripping down city streets, we frolicked together, Chicxulub smiling portentously. Though everyone recognized her, nobody appreciated Chicxulub's true character. Eventually, a phantasmagoric panoply of titillating thoughts overwhelmed me concerning our relationship's consummation. Realizing that such matters were premature, I cleansed my mind of such psychedelia.

Temporarily laying aside romantic overtures, and sensing Chicxulub's spectacular genius and savoir-faire, I asked several philosophical questions: "If I'm so smart, why can't I comprehend many things that others can, and nobody respects me, though society lauds intelligence?"

Chicxulub replied, "The difference between yourself and others is intellectual curiosity, otherwise known as pseudo-intelligence. You're only average. Others are only interested in learning about things they're getting paid for. If they got paid, they'd know everything you know. Being perspicacious is universally attainable. Everybody says, "You're so smart," not as a compliment, but to disavow themselves of not knowing information they don't want to study. The oxymoron "If you're so smart, why don't you agree with me?" epitomizes arrogant stupidity. The opinions of one with truly superior intelligence would generally be correct and need to be acquiesced to and followed, not the reverse. Society's hypocrisy is quite palpable, ignore it."

"Though I'm studious and express powerful convictions, why are my arguments quickly repudiated with statistics or counter-statistics?"

Chicxulub responded "The statistical law of large numbers states that the probability of the mean of a random sample differing from the population mean from which the sample is drawn by more than X amount approaches zero as the sample size increases. By reversing the formula, we see that as random sample sizes decrease, the probability of their mean differing by more than X amount from the population mean approaches totality. Simply put, tiny statistical samples can demonstrate anything you desire, they're misleading and worthless. Another tactic is using large samples that lack randomness, such as deciding which five kilogram bag of peanuts to eat without spoiling your diet. Besides, most viewpoints arise from self-serving desires."

"I understand that friends and parents habitually let you down, but what about animals, especially man's best friend, forever loyal?"

"Elementary my dear; animals are splendid, but loyal? Ironic; the ancients labeled disloyal men the proverbial dog, who carpetbags to anyone feeding it best. Captivity of animals in private homes is an artificial construct. Being wild, their true character would resurface."

"Since feminism culminated in making heterosexual relationships extinct, what about homosexuality? Everybody, save my parents and Bill embrace it, who others say are queer indeed."

Chicxulub replied, "It's commonly assumed that if something is wrong or doesn't work, its opposite is correct. Though male/female conflict is eliminated, having two hormonally charged males challenges faithfulness. The resultant promiscuity leads to rampant viral infections, whose microscopic size escapes eradication. Besides, romance novels conspiratorially whitewash and obliterate reality; male homosexual relationships are fruitless endeavors."

"Understood. However, since male/female relationships are naturally structured on males leading and providing, isn't our own relationship falsely dichotomized?"

Chicxulub replied, "I'm only borrowing this current body. When my true identity surfaces, you'll understand."

"What about focusing on personal happiness?"

"You've heard that ignorance is bliss. Since you're diametrically opposite of ignorant, forget it. Joy is essential, but idolizing happiness deadens your conscience, causes indifference to worldwide injustices, and creates the delusion that everything's wonderful. Complete happiness is complacency. This life isn't meant for happiness, the next is."

Paraphrasing Confucius, I added, "A completely virtuous man, though ignored, feels no discomposure."

Chicxulub replied, "Despite Confucius's great wisdom, his understanding was incomplete; nobody is completely virtuous."

"Though Flummery is obviously inane, what about twenty-first century religion?"

With her saw-toothed mouth which began to salivate, Chicxulub continued "Affiliation with likeminded believers is essential. However, even twenty-first century religious institutions were

primarily businesses, in phone directories adjacent to other businesses. Cinderella couldn't fit her glass slippers better. Mixing good and bad, they're roses and thorns; some were crabgrass. Consume the meat and spit out the bones." Noticing my shuddering, Chicxulub said, "Pardon the pun."

"What about technology?"

"Incredible technology facilitates abounding prosperity, but innovations aren't indicative of internal betterment. Gladiatorial games disappeared because people satiate base tendencies with violent movies, video games, literature, and crime reports, magnifying other's misfortunes. Technology is often counterproductive, creating waste, noise pollution, and bullet train calamities. A deus ex machina like cleaning disks, providing an artificial and contrived solution to an unsolvable difficulty, solve consequent problems, but create others. Humans subconsciously seek the mythical perpetual motion machine. When energy sources of current technology are exhausted, society will degenerate back to square one."

I queried "How much does it matter what other people think?"

"Hm...how much would they be paying you?" (We both chuckle) "Look into my eyes."

Beautiful pinwheel-like double helixes attracted my gaze, pulling me deeply into an impressionistic scenario. Melted faces appeared, rescinded, then disintegrated. Everything resembled multi-colored mosaic chips, continually retreating until Earth itself variously constituted a milligram, nanogram, and finally a picogram before vanishing completely.

After overcoming my bedazzlement, I elbowed Chicxulub, asking "Can you reveal my future?"

Startling me silly, Chicxulub stated "God Himself is ignorant of the future; He cannot know what's nonexistent, namely time. Furthermore, by knowing the quote unquote future it would already be decided; free will would not exist. Rather, exercising free will, everyone creates their own future. Moreover, since time is a nonentity and merely a mathematical formula for measuring events, this allows for a fascinating paradox. We can instantly step into the past, any period we choose, by simply repeating previous actions. Modern society can make all its present failures vanish."

Impressed with Chicxulub's exquisite answers, my heartfelt questions were satisfied. Later, we traveled to Paris and French kissed at the Eiffel tower. Chicxulub stood on a masonry supporting pier while I balanced on an iron column's intricate latticework. Delicacies were intermittently lowered in baskets from the first platform restaurant. Our previous conversation continued, Chicxulub explaining that others' disapproval is valid, provided you've adequately educated your conscience and subsequently violated it. Otherwise, it's invalid.

Her extreme radiance then enveloped me, like solar clothing. Suddenly and luciferously, an incredible power surge caused cataclysmic chain reactions, destroying refrigeration components on cryonic chambers worldwide. With all bodies above ground, a monumental extravaganza of stink ensued.

Finally, I inquired about cleaning disks. Chicxulub replied: "Humans, perpetually dirty, cannot clean themselves. However, follow me." At river's edge, Chicxulub held me upside-down, submerging me thrice, to find special materials. Having retrieved the materials, Chicxulub anointed me with a complex xylene oil mixture, sanctifying our complicated relationship. While sharing a glass of milked grapes, she fashioned the material into mystical cleaning wafers, implanting them vertically into my heart. Bending down, Chicxulub gave me a miniature optical clock radio(5), even more accurate than atomic clocks, which played the most beautiful music.

"Chicxulub, being a history major and a logistician, I instinctively knew these answers, but needed reassurance that I wasn't alone in my thoughts." Morosely, I added "Everything sounds terribly negative. How will I manage? Jesus?"

"I'm intimately familiar with Jesus, Chicxulub replied; however, He's presently inaccessible to comfort you. You need Me."

VIII Apocalypse

Later, a gift shop's giant stuffed animal beckoned; three meters long, a dachshund, or "sausage dog." Large quilted letters sown across its side read: I LOVE YOU THIS MUCH. Although I considered such things absurd, not befitting anyone, I pulled out my priceless pearl, with which I purchased it for Chicxulub. The honorarium fit her outstretched arms perfectly. Bending down, her snapdragon pink sword-like tongue enveloped my face, cooling me this summer day.

Shortly thereafter, jealous machinations fomented against Chicxulub; diabolical minds scheming for destruction. But before leaving the vicinity, Chicxulub hooked her claws around the tower's iron skeleton, thereby creating a specialized radio transmitter. With otherworldly eyesight that detected ultraviolet through infrared light waves, a physicality that differentiated between an octillionth of a millibar of atmospheric disturbance, hitherto unknown brain configurations that transferred sound waves into mentally visible pictographs, and having mastered radiogoniometry, my dinosaur lover simultaneously heard and identified everyone from every region as easily as one appreciates a musical orchestra. Having daguerretyped my soul, Chicxulub revealed the ultimate and impending mission.

Legions of anthropocentric sycophants who kowtowed under the New World Order, all of one mongrelized composite people and numerous as beach sand granules, came from the four corners of the earth and descended upon our dwelling-place. The establishment also came out in full force. Before the phalanxes became a deafening blitzkrieg, Chicxulub announced "It's fait accompli."

Finally, I met the collective gazes of those who in the final analysis only wanted to hurt, use, or dismiss me, some of whom assembled for my trial. This included prosecuting attorney Israela Goldfinger, who resembled a heartless queen, and Judge Will Sellout. A government vehicle's robotic arm squeezed me in a vice grip while women screamed in unison "Off with her head!"

Ignoring ineffectual bullets, Chicxulub, quick as a thunderbolt, snapped the robot arm in half, stomped upon some reconnaissance vehicles with her ruby-tipped feet, flattened them like playing cards, and shuffled and stacked them round, shielding me.

Despite their flat two-dimensional personalities, people's emotions became so intense they reverberated together, melding into a manifest metaphysical entity intent on devouring all righteousness. Yet referring to Chicxulub, their Jabberwock bellowed "I'm vanquished. Her haughty words have battered me like roaring cannon-shot, making me almost yield upon my knees."⁶

Helicopters then encircled, while laser cannons and bazookas exploded. Being punctured, Chicxulub's mercury fulminate blood reacted with Trinitrotoluene-rocket payloads, causing complete combustion. Scorching flames consumed the helicopters, destroying them. Chicxulub's broken body fragments cascaded downward. Rolling at high velocity, they steamrolled everyone, grinding them to powder. In Chicxulub's place an extraordinary monticulene dove flapped its colossal wings.

Following blue-hot lightening, myriads of iridescent water droplets danced, spiraled, and pixilated amidst whirlwinds of tempestuous fire. Capturing the moment, the fabulous Dove said: "Part of me resides with you always, forever watching; Keep the faith baby." After ascending and flying high above the clouds, I finally realized who He really was.

This extravaganza crowns my book, as the fantastic apocalypse Revelation completes Scripture. The portrayal of God as lover was inspired by the Song of Solomon. All of humanity was satirized to emphasize that we can only trust in God alone. Chicxulub is God the Holy Spirit, the so-called forgotten God, who is often reduced to an impersonal force.



