

'The (curious case of the) Watson Intelligence' by Madeleine George

MERRICK: I focused all my energy on destroying you so I could free myself from your relentless heartless indifference. Then, I don't know, that didn't work, and it was taking up a lot of my time and energy, so I descended a little further into hell, and then a little further and a little further then finally all the way down to the bottom of hell, and I kept trying to call you the whole time, I kept calling you and calling you trying to be like, Excuse me, please pick up, I'm calling from hell, can you please take my call because I'm calling from hell? And I couldn't believe you wouldn't answer. But then finally I realized that *no one* can take the calls you place from hell. People can't even hear it ring when you call from down there. Service is blocked or something. So *that* whole idea kind of landed on me like a ton of bricks, and after that I just kind of sat around for a long time down there on the ground, just beholding Satan's red eye and watching the walls bleed and roasting in the hellfire and whatnot, and then eventually I, I don't know.

I was thinking about writing a book about it, actually. After my term is up and I'm not such a visible public figure. Like, a man's guide to getting over his ex-wife. With tips, and it could be shelved in the sports section or something, someplace people wouldn't have to compromise their dignity to go into.

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