

Fin du Globe

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"I wish it were *fin du globe*," said Dorian with a sigh.  
"Life is a great disappointment."

—Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

# I

*Don't think about it too much.*

Try as he might, Adam Einsfeld didn't follow the montra—it may have even been impossible for him. He simply was tired, worn by weeks of empty ceiling stares paired with evasive floorward glares. The job, like everything else, was getting to him and everyone. News, the new industry, had a way of stressing; busy, the busy industry, certainly had thus far been unrelenting. This Adam, a lowly intern in this busy place, decided not to be the Adam we see today. No, at home he plans to stay. No more rat race. No more coffee runs. No more politics. No more restless days, and no more sleepless nights. The rays of sun glisten through his cheap blinds, phone buzzing as he rolled tight. Adam Zweihand, twice chimed, unable to reach his colleague. Hardly even that, he just didn't want to work alone today. No luck, tough break, no time, tough to waste: he had to get going. This Adam, the second lowly intern in a busy place, decided to be the Adam we see today.

—The North Koreans are testing intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Intern or not, news was news and he had a part to play. The sun of a solstice piercing the tempered rear glass of a mid-sized sedan focused these same rays that irritated the tired Einsfeld; the wakeful Zweihand on the wheel squinted in his haze. The slow, gentle morning malaise—were the hands on his heirloom too upright or was time refusing to fall—the light seemed a bit late, tardy as Adam was for his life as a coffee junkie. 7am, Friday morning, the gasoline with the December air, the details were small. 2012, that detail, that bothered some. Not Adam. Nostradamus, to him, a rambling bum, did not scare him. The Mayan calendar, to be fair, was nothing but old. For him, those ancient cogs weren't the right fit for the end. The climate of both

man and earth, never phased Zweihand: all these little worries, erased by good self-control. No doom or apocalyptic gloom could take its toll. He thought of the montrah, the one so many cling to in these times.

—There's a good chance that Robert Griffin III plays in the Redskin game.

Adam could do this and no more. All that was asked: *don't think*—he could do that. The steady hand, viridescent, gleaming matte mermaid, tails in hand, grin burned into a generation, the tray didn't tilt or bobble in the reserved strides of Adam; and of that walk, it was, as it were, long, sprawling, empty, remote, the mermaid quivered not in stride.

—Here I am!

The call, siren, was it heavenly or sinful? Suggestive for sure. Adam always looked the crowned beauty in the eye, like his coworkers, he never broke eye contact. Einsfeld's eyes, matter of fact, were known to wander. Blameless, innocent really, no deviance or disrespect, he merely lacked the ambivalence of Zweihand. At the end of his trek, car to work, the front door was held for him. Brunt, leaning with kindness in the morning, Adam did not acknowledge this so much as even with a nod or a grunt. No, he did not do anything other than his job required.

—Sandy Hook is two week old news.

—find another story.

## II

*Don't think about it too much.*

Eveline Knoll remembered this and laughed off the awkward exchange—he probably didn't see her. Probably, that may be. She had been here in the information networks for quite some time. Listen closely, the sounds of "Mission Accomplished" faintly chime. This job, dirty as it could get, the flow of info needed to be maintained. Ceaseless, could never stop, not even

for a sec. The networks didn't stop to fact check. This was a luxury for those who knew the montra. Primetime reached enough houses as is it. The right time to scrutinize, that was for the budding, newly birthed internet. Al Gore did invent, so many an inconvenient truth. Eve remembered these things and knew they didn't matter now. Too many households were blue—not enough red. All this blue came through the TV's and other media.

—All this flowing crap they feed to yah.

Eve had to reach out and get to painting houses. Painting the town red. Painting with a wide brush. Saying everything that had to be said. Saying it loudly over the other outlets, hush. Painting the image to the whole public.

—“Gangnam Style” becomes the first Youtube video to have over 1 billion views.

Red, blue, undecided, colored, or normal, Eve made her way towards the set. To and fro, rushing, bustling, hustling, tussling people made their rounds. Status quo: keep things good was the plan. That green mermaid, that rushing man, on the table they part ways. Eve and Adam exchange another glance. Was thankyou uttered? Place, turn, move. Noitwasn't. Race, sprun, back in the grove, Adam had more mermaids to drop off. Notime atall. Eve noticed in that short, racing glance, Adam's eyes did not fall on her—that's more than she could say of her coworkers. Sometimes, often really, she wondered if that's why she had the job. It wouldn't stun her. No, she expects it after a decade of service. Covering the lie of Medicare and the longer lists of failures of this administration, she longed for a simpler time. When pronouncing Fah-luwe-jah was the biggest concern. When did things go wrong—no, they weren't at all, *don't think*.

—The US government confirms that the world will not end in 2012.

This always made people feel better. Comfort, cozy in a faux sweater, the truth was always more abrasive. Lying down, lying up, lying was right, and lying was all anybody had left.

Cardinal virtues. Virtue signaling, dog whistling, only the rhyme or reason was missing—which nobody knew or cared to ask. This was nothing new, no complex task; only that change, changes, changing brought from changes, never changed much of anything. Anyone could see that if they forgot the montra: *don't think*—anyone could do that. And doing that, everyone did. Small distractions, everyone had a few. Small moments of inaction, everyone could do. Eveline had hers and plenty more. Eveline liked her yowe-guh. Eveline liked her yowe-guh instructor. Eveline would think of things he could do to her. Certain, sleek, gutters, packed abs made her evenings. Always, late keeping tabs, someday, someday soon. The fantasy was always enough, no pleasure in asking could ruin.

While Eveline was gussyng up for her time in the light, Adam Zweihand, scruffy, he went in but not right. Slip. The first mate's namesake, whooshing spill, the contents may blow the first take.

—Thar, she blows!

Indeed, there was such rage. Adam knelt and sifted through the flotsam, yet, there was still such rage. The whiteness, stricken with panic, Adam was run through. Six Starbucks, cramped on one Pequod, he was fired too. Keel hauled out into the promenade; this will be the last we see of Zweihand today. No, at home, now, he has plans to stay. Did they know of the doomed vessel's fate? Did they know this had to happen? No, the Pequod—the real Pequod—were forgotten. Their remnants adrift in a sea of ignorance. The Second Adam is no Ishmael, the end is not a beginning. Rapture.

—Bruno Mars' "Locked Out of Heaven" is still number one on Billboard's "Hot 100".

—Fitting

### III

*Don't think about it too much.*

—Knoll in 3, 2, 1.

The smile she had paid much for, white. The suit cost less, blue. The words even less, red. She read as best she could ever read, it was the time that cost the most, nothing. Those three seconds. They were more expensive than she'd ever know. Any amount, come and go, to and fro, tick, tick, tick. Tick, never registered. Only measured by that incessant tick, tick, tick, tick. She thought the timepiece was gold, though to assay its truth, no one was sold. Tacky ticking piece. At least, it could pose, fool, at first glance. On TV it looked right.

—Live

Tight, griping smile, botox, botulism, sadism, sad-ism, gripping tight to lost youth. It is only there to lose: the time and its misuse. Eveline smiled on cue. Planned political agenda, hit all the notes, don't rock the boat—don't up end yah—keep it dumb and keep it simple, keep them under the red thumb, keep them numb to any real news, don't dwell on sad sops, don't play the blues, keep a cheery tune. The title card drops, time to speak soon. First story. First word plugged the flow. The wetworks, damned, ready to burst, just had to start the show. Say his name, his full name right: Barack HUSSEIN Obama—emphasis on the un-American part. Allegations, keep them upfront, keep people's minds on that start. The movement began to flow, words and the things that come with words: Kenya, Muslim, Terrorist—repeat to etch. Twisted images, etch a sketch of a foreign dictator. Domestic and abroad, many threats to a news facilitator. There were friends to such institutions, albeit for their own gains, an allied substitutions. The sounds of teabags, filled with blood and soil, clanking on the fringe rims of

discourse. Called AstroTurf, not grassroots, those pungent fumes will run their course. Up and down, the same old claims, teabags for one and none for teabags—

Birth,

Place of birth, concerned some,

it wasn't the shade thrown but the patina on it.

The colour didn't mix into their sense of libation

and justice for all. Drunk on heritage's brew.

Under the influence, Eveline knew what to imbibe her audience with. Play to the tune of Toxicity, edge lost, misrepresented, pandering to masses, no reciprocity. No system of a doubt, no consequence: falsify, truthify, same difference. Keep to the narrative, keep the frame of mind small, the field of views cannot surpass moral imperative. Remember, news is relative, make it so they get it here. Conjure attacks on that mix intoxicating of blood and soil, no reason to be discredited. One man's truth, one woman's lie, a country's identity on the line. Value placed on these fringe scales, clanking louder on breaking edge, fine. Any source will do, as long as Eveline says so. Nothing to misconstrue if it is all indeed true. All is credible when it comes out this way: *don't think*—Eveline knew. Past her prime, past forty, she had to play this role. Move to the next story. Her constant worry, the fight to stay, was always changing in a digital age. The way it was waged was changed. The power of one equaled many, this new equality over others did plenty for Eveline. No lone gunman, or swordsman if that's the taste, new weapons for a news age, a grifter in cyberspace. Whispers, delicate but not light, impede a shift to the right. Crooked, the visage, the thought disgusted those upstanding and downtrodden folks; their dream of what it means to be a good American do what they want. This scaled, cold-blooded creature, gaunt in the face of reality, was, ultimately, not to be. Momentum, the shift of cosmic gendering,



was on Her side. A woman running for president, the shift in the stars, the imminent change of power, did not have the centuries of momentum required. The starry messenger, the tired prophecy of ages old, spoke of Her imminent ascension to shaded thrown heavens. That cosmic order, overdue, to the feminine it belonged.

Some prophecies are wrong.

—Off Air

Long count comes to an end, the cycle reaches its final iteration. The lights dim on Eveline as she struts away from the set. That tacky ticking piece left on the glass bend. The heartbeat synchronized with the slow end of foot traffic. The thumps matched then died. Just the tick, tick tick. Ticking, tacky piece left alone, counting seconds which no one owns. Through ancient reflections of the unknown, the longcount, the solstice, the shift, the end, it all was here at last. The moment, centuries awaited, time bided, with an empty audience. No cheering spectators at the base of the monumental, just silence. No priest or shaman, no promise or any man, just silence. The offering at the altar, all humanity could muster, its heartbeat a gift to those long dead gods. The sun almost reaches its apex, the reset has come, nothing undone nothing. Eve is nowhere to be seen—even dead gods grow weary; she should be here. The ticking, the ticking is all they hear. It is her time but alas it too shall pass. Divination, prophecy, revelation, apathy: was it all a human novelty? In the end, its presence doesn't matter, the absolute has no sense. No reason, only the rhyme of cosmic indifference.

When the moment comes,

will anyone know?

## IV

In the beginning Word created the truth and the lie.

And the world was without rhyme, and reason;

and a darkness was upon the face of the deep.

And Words said, many things: and it was good.

And Words said, many more things: until they had nothing more to say,

Thus rhyme and reason were finished, and all the host of them.

*Don't think about it too much.*

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