

Jones

There are no original ideas left. None. Everyone knew it was dire, but they didn't know how bad it was until they posted the list of ideas that hadn't been had and it was empty. Theologians from all religions and spiritualists and agnostics and even atheists have been filing access to information requests with the cosmos for over a decade to try to get hold of the list. With the last idea gone, there was no more reason to hold up its publication.

From now on, every idea everyone has has been had before. There was one original idea still out there and it was that fucker Jones that got it. It's not a very good idea. You don't even really understand it. It's something to do with hedgehogs.

That's not the point, though. The point is Jones, who's kind of an idiot, had the last original idea in the universe and now you're stuck with nothing. You can still prove or disprove existing ideas, or put together two ideas that have never been put together before, but there's nothing that's truly new.

Everything's been thought of and you got nothing. You had forty years to come up with something, even something stupid involving hedgehogs, but no. Jones, who dropped out of university and drives a truck for Fed-Ex and whose wife left him because he was such a bum, he's better than you. And the worst thing is Jones never even tried to be original. It just happened. One day an idea came into his otherwise empty head. That's more than ever happened in your head.

It's depressing and you want to cry, or bash Jones' head in and steal his idea. You're the first person he's told his idea to. There are problems with bashing in his head, though. For one thing, you don't entirely understand his idea, so it doesn't do much good to steal it. And for another, somebody thought up things like murder charges and jail and even if you had a good plan for getting rid of Jones, somebody's thought of the plan before, and somebody might think of the plan again and realize that's how you did it.

Besides, you don't have a plan right now and by the time you come up with one that moron Jones will have called his mom and told her about his idea.

So you're fucked. You'll have to live with the fact that there are no more ideas out there and that Jones had the last original idea, and no matter how long you live, you'll never have an idea of your own.

Myers Motors Can't Be Beat

I died. I never really believed in an afterlife, but there is one. I showed up after I died and I was in a room with painted brick walls. It stank like mildew. A bunch of guys sat on wooden benches that went around the walls and chanted, "Myers Motors can't be beat."

"Hey, he's with us," somebody said and they sat me down in the corner.

Myers Motors was the first hockey team I played with. When I was eleven. Our cheer was, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 all great hockey players go to heaven. When they get there, they repeat, Myers Motors can't be beat."

It was what every team in the league cheered, just with their name instead of ours. Their name was whoever'd paid to sponsor the team, same as ours.

"So this is heaven?" I said.

"Damn straight," John said.

"There's even a league up here," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? How are we doing?" I said.

"We're one and seventeen. We kicked the shit out of this Mexican novice team that went down in a plane crash," Mike said.

"So we can be beat," I said.

"It all comes down to championship time. We can't be beat when it counts."

"We didn't even win our league. We came second."

It was vicious in heaven. Teams screamed back and forth at each other insisting that they couldn't be beat. The Montreal Canadiens and the Philadelphia Flyers both beat us by more than a hundred goals.

It was that kind of crazy competition everywhere. Each morning the crusaders rode out onto the battlefield against the jihadists and the winners took on the winners of the Romans versus the Parthians. Everybody'd moved to modern technology. You could hear the explosions and gunfire from miles away.

At the hockey complex, Myers Motors went 0 and 26 with me on the team. After losing twenty-six in a row, I quit. I walked out of the dressing room after the first period of a game and went home.

Some guys accosted me on the way. “Hey, you can’t just quit. Myers Motors can’t be beat. Now you’ve got to prove it,” one of them said.

“Look. I wasn’t a great hockey player,” I said. They looked at me and at each other, confused. “I wasn’t even a good hockey player. This is bullshit.”

They sighed. “Fine.” They threw me in the back of a van and took me in to this office. I had to stand in front of a woman behind a desk that came up to my chest and explain to her how I didn’t want to play for Myers Motors anymore.

“I see,” she said. “You played on several hockey teams. You played the longest for your high school team. Would you like us to put you with them?”

“No.”

“Well, we don’t allow people here to just sit around and do nothing,” she said.

She looked through a file for a bit. Then she went into a back room and made a phone call. She came out with a yellow t-shirt with green trim and handed it to me.

“Put this on please. These men will escort you,” she said.

The men put me in a wandering troupe of people all dressed in the same t-shirts. I recognized some of them. We made our way around heaven, from the battlefields to the hockey rinks to the ball diamonds to the soccer pitches and to the gymnasiums. Everywhere we went people stopped what they were doing and asked us who we were.

We told them we were from Severn, Mighty, Mighty Severn and then we had to explain that it was an elementary school in the west end of Ottawa, Canada and not a river in Britain.

It wasn’t much fun, but it beat the hell out of losing by a hundred. Or it did until we met up with a wandering troupe from the Severn region in Britain. Severn was a K to 6 school and we were like ninety students when I was there.

The English group challenged us to a fight and they kicked our asses. After that we kept wandering. People still asked who we were and we still told them “We’re from Severn, Mighty, Mighty Severn.”

A couple of days after getting beat up by the group from the Severn River, we ran across Charlemagne and some soldiers. We told them we were from Severn, Mighty, Mighty Severn and they took it as a challenge. It didn't go well for us.

After that, I quit the troupe. Some guys came out again and hauled me back to the office where I had to stand in front of the woman with the high desk.

"Stop being difficult," she said.

"Look, when I was a kid, I don't remember anyone asking who we were. Ever. This whole thing is just stupid," I said.

"We could set you up with another former institution. Would you like to bleed blue and grey perhaps?"

"No."

"Well, I'm afraid then that we are running out of options."

"I played baseball when I was a kid, right?" I said.

I was never much good at baseball, but Joe's Car Radio is four and two since I started playing for them. Unfortunately, we play the Yankees four in a row starting Monday and there's no mercy rule in heaven, so it could take weeks.