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The Infinity Strain

PART II OF THE INFINITIY MAN
SAGA

by Dr. Earl L Ohmni

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DEDICATION

*To my true friend Kirk, without whom this novella could not exist.
Who's life and experiences have been a light in the darkness. Shine
on, from now until infinity.*

Earl L. Ohmni Sr.

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This work would have been impossible without the tireless input of a man who's work knows no bounds. Kirk Hastings. Long a writer himself he inspired every word written here. His humility and understanding of humor is what keeps me writing.

I am also indebted to Mr. Cowboy Bobby Esquire. A man among men who contributed absolutely nothing to this book except for inspiration for the truly flawless moral arguments within.

Chapter 1

The End

Infinity sat on his throne. A stone edifice, simple and imposing. The fire that was once our planet burned before him. It was likely sometime in October, though by this time, this far away era, there was no one left to count the months, while the seasons had long since lost their meaning, as ash had filled the sky and weather patterns had ceased.

Decades passed, and the final fire extinguished with a wisp of smoke. With that there was nothing more left on the planet to catch fire. The atmosphere was acrid and to anyone else unbreathable. Infinity marked this moment by shifting his iris a fraction of a degree. The only movement he'd made in nearly five hundred years. Truly a momentous occasion in the recent history of mankind. Topped only by his next action. To stand. And walk.

Infinity surveys his destroyed, desolate, domain. King of all he could see, though all he could see was ruin. His dark cape trails behind him, leaving a zen like trail in the ashes of mankind. He'd marvel at the patterns if he could only bring himself to feel anything. Dampening down all his emotions is the only way he survived these many lonely years.

It was never his intention to let the world collapse the way it had. In fact Infinity had nothing but the noblest desires. To live as he was expected, shepherd and king. Leader and godhead. Still, alone now, at the end of it all, there is very little left to do except contemplate. And so contemplate he did.

Infinity found himself confused by this lack of feeling. He hardly noticed when he crushed a sun bleached skull underfoot. The skull gave way as easy as an egg carton. It was at that moment that Infinity pushed off from the ground. His feet lift off and he effortlessly ascends to the sky. He floats through the clouds and above them to the universe beyond. Looking downward he sees his planet. His Earth. A cloud of ashes.

How did it all go wrong? His mechanical mind wondered. Where did I fail my people? Am I not God? Am I not perfect?

It was self loathing. An emotion he hadn't experienced since that fateful day when *he* died. That man, the one who understood him like no other. How the Infinity Man missed him. He cast his thoughts back, to long dormant memory caches. Truly he is a marvel of technology. His mind travels back, back through the death of the last human so many years ago.

Back through the societal decay he could easily have stopped but chose not to. Back through those endless debates about the nature of reality. Back through the great Hammer-Ban wars of 2366. Back through time. All the way back to 2013. Back to the days when he first read the Bible (KJV) and understood what it meant to be a brother in Christ.

Chapter 2 Far Less Than Zero

So much had happened since Infinity first became self aware. His original adventure in the town of Franklin shaped his core, but as with any being, Infinity was changing-- But not evolving. Just changing. As small changes are one thing, but large changes cannot occur without the divine hand of the almighty.

However, as is important to these stories, and is quite lucky for you as the reader, Infinity considered his previous experiences and what they might mean for his current situation.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF KIRK HASTING'S "THE INFINITY MAN"

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The placement of this review is unrelated to the rest of this manuscript. If one takes meaning from its location to the point where the legally distinct "Infinity" (clearly protected under the fair use and parody clause of copyright law) decides to think about his past, well that's your problem. Cause it's just a coincidence.

The biggest problem with Kirk Hasting's "The Infinity Man" is that it is utterly and completely boring. The story is simple, which in and of itself is not a bad thing. However when your narrative includes a machine with massive strength and unstoppable power, well it would be a good idea to have him DO THINGS. For the first seven chapters and preamble the machine man does nothing but walk in a mostly straight line. Occasionally stopping to "experience" the world in a way that apes Mary Shelly's Frankenstein, as the Monster in the novel stops to examine towns and people, learning about his surroundings. The machine man however stops to look at a fire hydrant and wonder about it's purpose.

Perhaps you're seeing the issue here. The Infinity Man makes the most boring of choices. If presented with action or sleeping, The Infinity Man hibernates. Unlike Frankenstein, Kirk Hastings chooses to split his narrative across hundreds of characters. Instead of seeing the machine man experience the world we see a patrol man and Mary Sue, Grant drive around his small town.

And the villains you might ask? A few small town gangsters. How exciting is that? An unbeatable main character who can crush cars with his hand, and his enemy is a guy. Just a guy. What danger is there in that?

At some points the book decides it needs to be philosophical concerning the nature of good and evil. That's fine, admirable even. But as with everything else, rather than putting the machine man in situations that challenge him on a moral level, he simply saves some people then pontificates about it. That is really... REALLY... boring.

Chapter 3

Stronger, Faster, Better, Infinity-er

Cables scrape against the concrete floor of this abandoned warehouse. Wires and other electronics were plugged and pinned together. Infinity soldered what needed soldering and built what needed building as his plan took shape before him. What was his plan you ask dear reader? All will be revealed in less than two paragraphs from this moment.

Infinity had taken on odd jobs, wearing the clothes of an ordinary man. Infinity detested doing the menial work set before him. Lifting things. Organizing things. Building things. Whatever he could do to make a dollar. Yes. Even that. It was dark times for the Guy of Metal. He'd contemplate his place in life. What it meant. Why he should exist.

Months go by when Infinity finally realized he was much more than just a mechanical man. He was a Mechanical Man. A computer for a brain and servos for neurons. He could upgrade himself and become more than he ever imagined. Luckily for Infinity there was a readily available. Infinity would absorb the internet. The whole thing.

Is this a good idea? Who knows. Probably not. See the Internet isn't a repository of knowledge. It's a repository of *stuff*. For example, right now there are seven hundred thousand eMails being sent about bunions. Do you really think it's important for the man-machine known as Infinity to know about your mother's bunion condition? I don't. But sadly I was not there to warn Infinity that what he was doing was not only unrealistic, but very unwise.

Anyway to make a long story short he finished building this horrible horrible thing. It was a monument to technological advancement and yada-yada. He plugged himself in and drew all sorts of power from the city grid. People died when their breathing machines shut down. At the airport the runways lights broke. It was pretty terrible. Thus did Infinity absorb the Internet into his head and as you might expect, he shut down.

Infinity was unconscious for a full fifteen minutes, which in robot years is almost an eternity. When he woke, his mind was broken! Filled with two ounces of pure data. That may not seem like a lot, but think of the weight of data. Two ounces is five hundred trillion terabytes of information, so yeah two ounces is a lot--*LOT*-- of data. And all of it swirled in Infinity's head. His 1960's constructed mind just can't handle it. And so, much as was done when he first woke, Infinity stumbled into the world.

He walked for miles, like a dumb Roomba. As he wandered, mindless, he came to a symbol. A cross. The Cross. The one the lord died on. Sort of a big deal. It was such a big deal that Infinity, even in his bumbling state, knew it was important. And so like a cat and a laser dot, Infinity followed. He pushed open the doors of this church, and our world would never, ever, ever, be, the, same.

Never... Not ever.

Chapter 4 The Lion and The Lamb

"Hello?!" Infinity's voice bellowed. "Is there any person here?!"

Infinity wandered into the steel, fly by night, operation that passed for a community church. For some reason this less than impressive building was acceptable as a place of spiritual understanding. You might have chosen differently. When we make the movie we'll probably select a cathedral, or even a Mormon temple. I mean have you seen those thing? With the gold spires. They're camera ready.

"I desire attention!" He yelled again. His Robo-Voice shaking the structure to the core.

"I'm here!" Screamed a man from the shadows. "Don't go anywhere. Please don't go anywhere!"

He is Kirk Hastings. His silver hair glistened in the dull florescent lights. He jowls were soft, his eyes beady. Infinity had not seen a man like this before. Yes, he was physically similar to a sack of grain. Yes he seemed clearly to have been raised on a diet of fast food and poorly filtered coffee. And, yes, his voice was

nasally and easily confused with any other New Jersey man. But none of this mattered to Infinity. What mattered was a feeling in his gut, one he had never experienced before.

“You... You aren’t the UPS guy.” Kirk snorts.

Infinity grins, and offers, “I am not a mail carrier. I am Infinity.”

“You’re so tall. And so fit. Like a side of beef on top of a side of beef.” Kirk stutters.

“I’ve come seeking solace. I’ve recently seen the entire world. And I don’t understand my place in it. I hardly know who I am.” Infinity said, while taking a seat in an empty chair.

Infinity’s inner turmoil was spread across his face like jelly on the toast of life. Kirk could taste that jelly, he could eat that toast. Kirk, against his better nature sat next to this man. Placing a hand on his shoulder. For Infinity this touch was soft and beautiful. It was unspoken bond between these men. Built on something new never before felt on this Earth. It was not respect, as Infinity was as far beyond Kirk as Kirk was beyond pond scum. It was greater than respect.

“Our bond is truth.” Kirk offered as an explanation.

“What... What is truth?” Infinity wondered.

“This.” Kirk sad, with a trembling voice, as he placed a worn copy of the King James Bible (the only true Bible, who’s translation was kept sacred by the divine hand, and the infallible counting of letters which were triple checked by the most learned men in all of history) into the hands of this man, this Infinity Man.

“A bible (KJV). I’ve read the bible before.” Infinity explained. As you know dear reader, Infinity had recently completed a mind connection to the entirety of the internet. Giving him a near godlike level of knowledge. But unknown to Infinity, the internet had corrupted his robotic servo-mind.

“No, clearly you haven’t. You may have looked at the words, but have you felt them. Experienced them... Internalized them. The words on the page, are just words on the page. But in context, this document, these many books, are proof that we are part of a grand design.”

“Nothing within these pages fit with what is known about life and science.”

“That’s the evolutionists talking. Scam artists who fake everything just to push their own hedonism on the world. They want to live like dogs so they create a world where only dogs can live.”

“If any of that is true-- Then you are truly a put upon man for standing up to them.”

“Some would say, the I, Kirk Hastings, am a hero.” Said the hero, Kirk Hastings.

Kirk’s hand brushed against Infinity’s. Their eyes met. This was a connection no one would ever sever. At the urging of Kirk, Infinity perused the pages of the King James Bible. The ever perfect translation of which God himself endorses. And with Kirk’s guidance he ignored all other facts. Whatever the reason, be it the utter, undeniable truth of the Bible (KJV) or be it that his mental hard drive was fractured with all that internet porn, Infinity believed. He was now a man of God.

Kirk brought Infinity to his home, somewhere in the wastes of New Jersey. Kirk thought, this early in their relationship, their utterly platonic relationship as it is important to note, that it would be best if Infinity slept on the couch. Of course Kirk didn't understand that a robot needs no sleep. Instead Infinity sat on the couch all night. Listening to the sounds of Kirk sleeping. And during the day they would do Bible (KJV) study.

If Infinity did not possess the broken mind of a man with ten trillion gigs of information on knitting, among other things, cluttering up his robo-brain, he would realize that this is hell. But hell was about to get a new devil. And the old devil isn't going to like that very much. But the new devil will have... You know what? I don't have time for hyperbole. Turn the page and read the next chapter.

Chapter 5 Bible (KJV) Study

Infinity and Kirk spent their days in discussions about the lessons within the pages of the one true Bible (KJV). For Kirk it was the time of his life. For Infinity it was a haze, as he was still suffering the effects of the Internet. Compared to his former self Infinity was a brain damaged five month old elephant. Now elephants at five months are surprisingly smart, but only compared to other elephants. Compared to your average flat-scan human being Infinity was all butter and no bread. This made him the perfect patient for a little bit of doctor religion.

During one of their talks Kirk came to discuss the works of Jesus H. Christ, "He walked upon water, no man can do that."

"How do you know this is true?" Infinity wondered.

"It's written here. God wouldn't let someone write something that isn't true in the Bible (KJV)." Kirk sat back confident he had made the most sound argument ever uttered.

And at this moment the Internet in Infinity's head kicked into full gear. He was awash with the pitter patter of cat memes, the crushed under the mass of flame wars, and assaulted by sixty

five gigabytes of GIFS of Kim Kardashian's ass moving in slow motion.

"That logic is... Flawless."

And forever more would Infinity believe in the truth of the Bible (KJV). The concept was locked in place and it was all due to the workings of Kirk Hastings, prophet of doom, who's actions in spreading Christianity will undoubtedly kill us all. You know its true, because it is written in this book, which God would not allow to be corrupted.

Days became weeks, weeks became months. Seasons changed. Kirk felt that he was really reaching this mechanical-mechanoidal-machine-man. It was a match made in New Jersey. This was until one fateful afternoon where the Infinity made a startling revelation.

"Kirk, my good and true friend."

"Yes, Infinity, my good and true friend?" This had become their greeting to one another. Like pet names between lovers.

"I have a question."

This is it! This is the moment. Kirk thought. He was good and truly excited. *He will love me. I will love him.*

"Ask me anything." Kirk trembled.

"I believe I am God." Infinity's face was stone sober.

"No. You're-- You're not God."

"Why can't I be God?"

"God-- God is eternal. You can't be eternal."

"My mechanoidal brain has no end. I can back it up, and make copies. I can live forever. I can be eternal."

"But-- God existed for all time. He created the universe and existed outside of it."

"I have not seen that mentioned in this Bible (KJV) but if time is cyclical, there is no reason I cannot live so long that I live past the end of the universe and back into the present time."

"Infinity! Please this is blasphemy. Don't make me ban you from this house we share."

"Ask me anything. I have near infinity knowledge. I can do anything that has been described in the Bible (KJV) and attributed to God. I can create machines that would turn whole cities to stone or salt. I can knock of buildings with my sheer strength. I can walk upon water. Name anything that God or Christ can do, and I can do the same."

"Can you create a universe?"

Infinity pauses, turns his head slightly to one side, a billion calculations run through his mind in an instant.

"Yes. I can do that. But to do so would destroy this one."

"You can?"

“It’s a simple matter of transversing the reverse polarity of sub atomic--” He realizes quickly that his technobabble isn’t interesting reading and stops. “It’s easy to do once you know how.”

Kirk stared blankly ahead unsure how to proceed. He simply could not come up with a way in which this machine was not also the God of the Bible (KJV). So he was determined to test the proposition. He could not accept this without proof. As Kirk Hastings is a rational man with an even temper, who is utterly affable and amicable in all his dealings.

Kirk and Infinity went to the Jersey Shore where Infinity was able to walk across the ocean by flying one atom’s width above the water. He then quickly built a device concealed within his own arm the when activated turned every person he looked at into salt. He did this at the Jersey Shore so no one cared. The newspapers the next day read: “Miracle at the Jersey Shore, 90 dead assholes.”

As Infinity performed more and more miracles, Kirk invited more and more trusted friends to view. He ran out of friends fairly quickly and invited acquaintances he sort of liked. He quickly ran out of those as well. Soon he was inviting anyone who wanted to see Infinity. It was one particular miracle that cinched his place as New God (tm).

Infinity arrived at the graveyard near mid day. He had studied the entire body of known medical knowledge. With this power in hand he realized he could return a man to life. Finding a funeral procession Infinity floated down from the heavens like the God he totally was. His appearance startled many. But word of the Savior of South Jersey had reached far and wide. Once they realized who this was the funeral welcomed him with open arms while Kirk filmed the proceedings. Infinity had wanted to raise a man named Lazarus from the dead, however as he was in America

in 2013, not many Lazarus existed, so he settled for an old man named Russell Lazlo. Close enough I guess.

The man in the black cape approached the coffin. He effortlessly ripped the top off, tossing it across the cemetery were it crashed against far away tomb stones. It was an unnecessary action but it will look amazing in the trailer for the film. With this in mind he lifted the body up by the neck and raised it into the sky. Then brought the body to him, lip to lip and kissed the corpse.

Children cried. Woman screamed. One man fainted. I mean a guy in a grey bodysuit and black leather cape was holding the body of their dead grandfather and by all appearances was making out with him. However what Infinity was actually doing with his tongue was administering tiny robots to fix the body and approximate it’s condition years before death. Still the robot man’s tongues was darting in and out of this guys mouth, it was a creepy sight.

“LIVE!” Infinity shouted. “**LIVE!**”

On command the old man’s eyes burst open. He gasped for breath.

“Wh...What?!” The old man yelled out.

“I give you life.” Infinity kissed the old man again, only this time it was just because he wanted to. For an old man Russell Lazlo was quite cute.

Setting the man down his family rushed to his side.

“Your welcome for this gift from your God.” And with that Infinity un-descended from the sky.

DR. EARL L. OHMNI SR.

This was the tipping point you see. Kirk uploaded the Russell Lazlo event to the internet where it was seen by billions of people. Within hours the world learned that they had a New God (tm) and he was benevolent. And probably a little bi.

Chapter 6

New God, Same Great Taste.

The two vile evil men watched Kirk's YouTube video with great interest. Hunched over the screen the repeated the video over and over. Usually repeating the moments where Infinity tongued the old man. They did this because of how evil they were. And boy they were evil. The sort of evil that would review a man's book just to see if it conformed with fact and laugh at it when it didn't. That's real evil. The worst evil. You should hate these men.

Who are they you might ask my wondrous readers? They are Charles Mordecai, and Maury Wakeman. Weasely little bastards. They watched the video again, and formed a plan. They would steal New God from Kirk, because they hate Kirk. And they're evil. God damn they're evil. Also Atheists. With connections to the Illuminati... Evil.

Mordecai and Wakeman boarded a plane that day and traveled to New Jersey that very day.

The world is in turmoil.

News of Infinity had reached almost everyone. In the Middle East suicide bombings were up 700%. That's a lot. But the people in the middle east aren't protestants so they're not important. There was a riot at the Vatican. But Catholics aren't even really Christians, ask any real Christian. Someone set fire to a Mormon Temple too. It was a bad day.

In the midst of this madness, the President addressed the nation, "I have seen this video. It has been reviewed by top men. We cannot be sure that his claim to godhood is authentic, but the video itself is beyond reproach. I ask everyone to remain calm."

However, as is known by all true Christians the President cannot be trusted even when you agree with him. As he is a liberal, he is not American, and he is a Musulman.

The only place on the planet that truly matters is in the churches of the only humans on Earth that know the truth. White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. It was here that people gathered calmly and rationally, as they are known to do. They discussed this New God (tm) with perfect dialogue in the tradition of Aristotle and the Founding Fathers.

AUTHORS NOTE: All of the Founding Fathers were of course Bible (KJV) believing protestants. Any information to the contrary is an obvious forgery and you should be ashamed for even questioning this truth. Please see your local church or Tea Party headquarters for proper re-education as soon as possible.

It wasn't long before the vast majority of these churches were in agreement. New God (tm) was excellent and preferred 10 to 1 over Old God. That's nothing to sneeze at. Hold that sneeze in. With Infinity firmly considered New God by the most educated religious group in the world, it was clear he should be sought out and worshiped properly.

Mordecai and Wakeman arrived in New Jersey at 1pm. Their Illuminati contacts gave them directions to Kirk Hasting's church which they followed barely saying a word between them besides the occasional utterance of "Penis". A childish game that they could not let go of no matter how many times people asked them to just have a normal conversation. They refused. Throughout the entire cab ride all they could say was Penis. Louder and louder and louder.

Arriving at the church Mordecai and Wakemen knocked on the door. It was Kirk who answered.

"Can I help you."

"We've come to see God." Mordecai spoke. His voice disgusting. Annoying. The voice of evil.

"There's no God here." Kirk lied.

"But, this is a church." Wakeman interjected. Pretending to know something, even though if he was honest he was not really prepared. He really didn't even know where he was. He just followed Mordecai from place to place.

Before Kirk could respond, and Kirk was of course smart enough to keep them out had he had the time to properly prepare, Mordecai and Wakeman shoved their way inside like the rude evil men they are. Clearly evil. So clearly evil.

"God?! Are you here? It's me, Charles." Mordecai asked.

“I am here Charles. I am God. I am Infinity.” Infinity responded, floating above them.

He had began to do this quite often. Floating above his flock. A smile crept over Mordecai’s face. Quickly Mordecai dropped to his knees, faking servitude and humility.

“I’m here for you. You are my lord. And I wish to offer you my council in this world.” Mordecai began his plan.

“What can you offer me, child?” Infinity wondered.

“I have here a list. Things that people need, and people who stand in your way.” Mordecai said as he produced a small binder.

“Infinity, please don’t trust these men, there’s something about them. Something bad.” Kirk spoke the truth.

“They offer me more information. I should read it and discover the truth myself. For I am your God.” Infinity sneered. His Godhood going to his head. Which surprisingly is really really similar to the God in the Old Testament (KJV of course).

Infinity read the binder. It contained names and histories of religious and social leaders across the world. It explained, in great detail how each of these people stood in the way of New-God. Infinity considered this information. Let it sink into his brain. Within minutes he had come to a decision.

“Kirk, my good and true friend, whatever the intentions of these men they have offered me truth written in this book. Just as you offered me truth written in the Bible (KJV). I shall go around the globe and meet with these men and women. I will offer them my salvation. They will convert. Or they will die.” And with that Infinity flew out of the Church as fast as he could, a blur.

Kirk was shaking, fearful. He turned to the two evil bigots in his presence.

“What in the world have you done?” Kirk squeaked out.

Mordecai smiled, “Penis.”

“PENIS!” Wakeman responded.

Chapter 7

The Infinity Stratagem

It took Infinity three months to meet with each member on the list. He presented himself to each one the same way. He would wait until they were not occupied by others, when they were alone. He would appear to them, usually floating above them, he loved doing that. It provided the right sense of awe.

It would then go something like this.

“I’m your God.” Infinity would say.

“Jesus Christ you’re flying!” The target would respond.

“Yes. Jesus Christ, that’s me.”

“I... I... I...” Some sort of stutter would follow.

“I come to you with a message of peace. I need you to stop presenting you (insert whatever their agenda is) to the public. I need you to instead present me, my love, my power, my godliness.” He would say softly.

At this point either the person would capitulate or as happened most often-- They would refuse. Saying that even if

Infinity was God he should have to do things worth being worshiped for rather than just demand it. Kirk prepared Infinity for this. People who wanted more than just a God, they wanted a God who did things for them. But Kirk explained. God does not need to prove himself to anyone. Everyone has to prove themselves to God. Just like a benevolent dictator.

With this Infinity would grab the man or woman and fly them to a cavern he prepared just for this moment. He would toss the offender into a long pit he had dug. There they would stay with the others for months on end. Many of those who were first imprisoned here had died long ago of starvation and dehydration. The others had taken to eating and drinking the blood of those who died. This was further proof to Infinity that he had made the right choice.

When his journey was over he returned to the cave. The people pleaded with him for mercy.

“You were given the choice to worship me. I showed you all of my powers and I even appeared to you in person and offered you salvation. You rejected me. And now you will suffer for this.” He spoke evenly and calmly.

Infinity dug his hands into the walls of the pit. Where he grabbed hold of a metal net he had placed there before his first guest arrived. The net covered the entire pit, and by ripping on it he pulled the entire thing from the pit. Pulling his victims with it.

“You will see now that I am the lord. You will worship me.” He growled.

With that he flew from the cave, the net of heathens slung over his back like a morbid Santa. The human sack screamed in unison. Horrid. Horrific. Horrible. Hellish. Other negative H

words. Into the sky he ascended. Through the clouds, out of the atmosphere and into space. Most of his victims died in flight, the others died in the cool of space. Here he opened the net and allowed the heathens to freeze in orbit.

Infinity watched as the Heathens floated about in the zero gravity environment. Some of them smacked into each other, sacrificial pinball. As they froze solid, two of the bodies knocked together and shattered. Infinity smiled. The work of a god. No the work of the God. The God that all White Anglo-Saxon Protestants on the Internet wanted. The God Kirk wants. New-God.

Infinity was so intent on his work that he failed to realize what was happening to the world around him. Each person whom Infinity removed was someone who stood in the way of the Illuminati. Mordecai and Wakeman rose quickly up the ranks of the Illuminati, they were heroes to them. As such they were rewarded as leaders of the group and renamed it the *Irreluminati*.

“We are kings among men.” Mordecai began, addressing his Irreluminatti cohorts.

“Kings!” Wakeman reiterated. Like a good hype-man.

“We have bent god to our will.”

“To our will!”

“And used him to craft a society we can be proud of!”

Mordecai wasn't just blowing smoke. With roadblocks removed the vile Atheists in congress, many of whom were secret Atheists and Communist and Socialists as the White Anglo-Saxon

Protestants have warned us about for year, took to enacting new laws. Death Panels on every street. Abortion machines installed in every teenage girl's room. And gay marriage. Gay Marriage. GAY MARRIAGE!

“What if he comes after us?! We can't control God forever!” A voice from the crowd.

CRACK! The one who spoke up is shot in the head. Wakeman holds the gun. Grins from ear to ear.

“What the hell Wakeman!?” Mordecai exclaimed.

“What? Was I not supposed to do that?” He shrugged.

“No! Where did you even get a gun? We outlawed those!”

“I dunno. I just had it.”

Mordecai rolls his eyes. “Before Wakeman shot him, that dude, he had a good point. But we've planned for this. We've implanted his concubine, mister Hastings with a series of nano-bombs without his knowledge. And that's not all. We tracked down the original plans for the Infinity Man Construct. And built our own.”

Mordecai motions behind them. Contained in a plasticine tube, is the darkened figure of a man. Massive in size. Long white hair. A black suit with a white cape. The inverse of Infinity.

“He is the mortal embodiment of Atheistucus. Our own God. The Atheist God.”

AUTHORS NOTE: Of course the Atheists worship a god. They lie to you about this but don't believe them Atheistucus is

their god. He is a god who pretends not to exist. That's how anti-god he is. Look you know they have their own religion so why wouldn't they have their own god? I don't get why thick headed asshole Atheists won't admit to this. The fact they don't admit to it is proof they worship Atheistucus. You'll be able to spot an Atheistucus worshiper by their adherence to the Atheist bible, Origin Of Species. If you're ever attacked by an Atheist with their point of view remain calm. Ask them their name then recite is backwards. This will wound the soul of an Atheist and force them to retreat to Dimension-A where Atheistucus will rape them until they are ready to return to our Earth. Remember you can never defeat an Atheist only force them back to their home reality.

Kirk was unaware of the Nano-Bombs in his blood stream. He went about his day, tending his church, doing whatever his job is-- I don't know or care what is job is. Whatever it is he did it okay I guess. I mean enough to not get fired. Bare minimum. His days were occupied with pining over his lost Infinity. For three months he was alone.

Having touched the hem of godliness how can I go back to ordinary men-- Err women. Kirk's own mind refused to obey him. Damn it Kirk what's wrong with you? Get it together. He's a friend. He's a true friend. And he looks so good in that cape. That damn sexy cape.

Almost as if his admission of love had called him there, Infinity appeared at the door.

"Kirk." Infinity breathed.

Kirk turned to see the man of his dreams. His hero, Infinity. He rushed to his man's side. Had he been wearing a dress he'd

have held the front up to allow him to sprint more appropriately. His slippers would have tapped against the floor. It would have been epic. Gone With The Wind but somehow better. Better because he is Kirk Hastings. And he is in love.

He fell into the arms of Infinity. He no longer cared if this robot god understood love. Kirk only knew that he loved.

"Kirk I am-- I am shamed."

"No my good and true friend. These feelings are right. Even if the Bible (KJV) forbids them." Kirk whispered.

"I am a god, and a machine. I am Infinity. It's not gay if I am a robot."

"Oh. I guess you're right."

"It's also not gay if I am a god."

"Yeah. That's true."

"But our love does not shame me. I have killed so many. And I know now I was tricked."

"Yeah that's true too. What convinced you?"

"My robotican eyesight tells me that your body is infested with nano-machanoids. These men have held you hostage. Probably an attempt to control me if I ever discovered their plans. But their attempts have been their own undoing." For whatever reason he put this together quickly, skipping over many plot points in an attempt to finish this novella quickly.

"Infested? What does that mean?"

“Robots are inside you. But I can get them out.”

“How?”

“By having another robot... Inside you.” With that they kissed. A Man and his God.

What followed was graphic. It was raw. It was love. But if you think I’m going to describe to you how Infinity flew into the clouds with Kirk and bent him over like a clothes rack and went to town on him from every angle, then you’ve got another thing coming. And so did Infinity. His load rained down on the small New Jersey town like... well like rain.

Chapter 8
ATHEISTUCUS, GOD OF THE HUMANISTS! BRINGER OF
STORMS! FEAR ATHEISTUCUS!

Irreluminati headquarters shook with the rage of a thousand Internet commenters. An enraged Infinity smashed his way through rock and stone and more rock and a layer of steel and some more rock. The Atheists are a cowardly lot so it was up to Infinity to hunt them down one by one as they ran for their lives and bravely rip them in pieces.

“Oh shit!” Wakeman yelled.

“Oh shit indeed.” Mordecai responded.

Infinity focused on Wakeman, they met eyes. Wakeman tried to run. He screamed PENIS! repeatedly as Infinity chased him down.

“Penis. Penis! PENIS! PE---” And Infinity bit down on the back of his skull, pulled up, and tore the man’s head off. It can too happen like that.

Infinity pulled the teeth from Wakeman's mouth and swallowed them. Then fired them out like bullets from his own mouth at the fleeing Mordecai. POP! POP! POP! Right through the chest. With his dying breath Mordecai stumbled to the tube where Atheistucus was confined. The mechanoid man in this tube had been fed with the information of a hundred Atheist writers. A constant stream of Dawkins, Hitler, Hitchens, Mao, Meyers, and Stalin. Among others.

It's like if you've ever seen that movie where Denzel Washington has to hunt Russell Crowe who's a super criminal made up of all those other super criminals making him some kind of ultra awesome killer. It's like that. What was that movie called?

...
....

Hold on I'm googling.

Virtuosity! That's it. We should watch that when we get home tonight. Maybe not. It's got a 33% on Rotten Tomatoes. I mean that's horrible. I remember it with rose colored glasses I don't want to lose that view of it but-- Crap now I have to watch it again just to see--

"Do you mind? It's the penultimate confrontation over here!" Atheistucus bellowed at the narrator.

Oh yeah there's a fight going on. So what you missed was that Atheistucus flew out of his tube and smashed into Infinity. The two tore out of the complex into the sky where they exchanged punches. And more punches. And a few more. They were pretty evenly matched physically. At the same time they screamed at one another Bible (KJV) verses, and countered with Atheist bullshit. It was the world's most dramatic debate.

"The Kalam Cosmological Argument proves that a God must exist!" Infinity punches.

"It's an argument from ignorance at it's base. For it to be true you must know that only a God can create the universe, and that the universe must have a beginning, but we don't know that!" Atheistucus headbutts a rebuttal.

This goes on for hours-- (Hey I took a break and watched Virtuosity, it was AWEEESOME! Russell Crowe hams the ham out of the ham. At one point he kills people in a nightclub and uses their screams to make a remix track. Freaking cool shit.) --until Infinity gains an upper hand.

"You haven't even defined god!" Atheistucus put forward, with his fist.

"I am God." Infinity counters.

"You-- What?" Atheistucus stutters, taking a knee to his robo-groin.

"I'm God, see I can do anything God can do."

"But I'm a dark copy of you, does that make me Satan?"

"Oh. I didn't think of it that way. Yeah probably."

"Huh."

"Yeah."

"Satan loses though."

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“Yes he does.” And Infinity dives his hand into Atheistucus’ chest. Grabs hold of his mechanicalalcloidal heart. RIIIIIP! Pulls it clear out. And take a bite like a fucking bad-ass. Motor oil drips down his lips. He relishes the moment. Wind blowing in his hair. Oh it’s as epic as you think. You wish you had a poster of this hanging in your dorm room.

But then, a sound reaches his ears. A scream. A familiar tone. Kirk is screaming.

Kirk is in trouble.

Chapter 9

I make two references in this chapter.

Infinity landed hard on the concrete outside the church. He could hear Kirk screaming inside. Like a wounded bear cub calling for it’s mother. Infinity was that mother. And lover. Lover mother bear. He tore the door from its hinges, taking part of the wall with it.

New God was pissed.

Each step cracked the ground and shook the structure. Sitting on the steps before the pulpit is an injured but living Charles Mordecai. In his hands, a tape player. From the speaker of the tape player, Kirk Hastings screaming for his life.

“Where is he?!” Infinity howled.

“Where do you think?” Mordecai sneered.

“If you’ve killed him--”

“If?! If he says! I already killed him... Thirty five minutes ago.” If this was a movie Mordecai would turn to the screen and wink. Cause this is totally a reference. And references are cool.

“Oh and I burned the body so you can french kiss him back to life.”

With that Kirk Hastings was relegated to a Woman In Refrigerator. A trope that reduces love interests to nothing more than reasons for the hero to be angry... It's sort of a sad ending for such a great man. He could have been something. He certainly had the skills as a writer, a cartoonist, a philosopher. He was always even tempered and he always knew just how to turn a phrase. He never lied and he never banned anyone from a page where he kept posting comments about how no one challenges his views because they're so correct. He certainly was never a huge freaking prick who deserves nothing but pity and ridicule.

Then to rub salt in the wound Mordecai changed the tape. Hit play. It was a dub step remix of Kirk Hastings screaming. Whump wub! Whump whump wuub! Whum wubb SCREEEEEEAM! It was pretty catchy. Club hit of the month. This here is the second reference. And the prophecy of references is complete.

Anyway. Infinity killed Mordecai but you know that was a given.

Infinity ascended to the heavens where he decided from then on he would simply watch the world rather than interact with it. But the world knew for a fact a God existed and would kill them if they didn't do what he said. So it really fucked people up. People fought tons of wars trying to garner New Gods affection and blessing. But because they knew for real it the wars lasted longer and were more intense. Tons of people died until eventually everyone did. And Infinity was left sitting on his throne watching the world burn.

Chapter 10

The Beginnings End of Begin Again

Full circle. That is what we call this. Infinity pondered his place in reality. And realized, he could not stand being alone. After all these years he missed his man. His Kirk. So he focused his mechano-brain on the molecules before him. Drawing a fist back he punched at reality itself. And reached back beyond the time barrier. Infinity piercing the infinite.

He made time and space his bitch. Right to the moment where Mordecai was about to kill Kirk. There he grasped Kirk and pulled him through time to the present. Kirk looked into Infinity's eyes. Scared. But comforted by this man's touch.

“I have saved you from death itself.” Infinity spoke.

Kirk was about to respond but Infinity places a soft finger to his lips.

“We are going to end this universe, using the same power I have used to pull you through time... Together we shall start a new one, made for us, as Gods... Hold on to me Kirk, hold on tight.” He whispered into Kirk's ear.

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“I will.”

“Never let go.”

“I never will.”

With that the universe ended. Reality warped.

Infinity and Kirk stepped into a new world, one of their own making.

It was glorious.

THE END.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dr. Earl L. Ohmni Sr. was born in Baltimore Maryland on July 4th, 1952. Having the great distinction of being birthed on room over from Kirk Hastings. It was a sign these two men would live similar lives of grandeur.

Dr. Earl L. Ohmni Sr. received his doctorate in Bible (KJV) Studies from *Patriots True American Biblical Truth Sciences Design Independent Patriot College*

University, in Wildwood Crest New Jersey. This is a real doctorate and means you have to call him Doctor, with reverence and respect.

Dr Earl is a genius in Biblical Morality and knows that if you disagree with him you are an agent of Satan. That's a fact. During the Summer of 1976 Dr. Earl made the acquaintance of some college students and after talking to them for a couple minutes and not being able to answer any of their questions he accepted that only Jesus is the way to Truth.

Around 1979 to 1981, Dr. Earl wrote some comic strips that were well received, don't ask what "well received" means... It means his mom liked them and everyone he showed them too nodded and smiled while looking for the door.

In 1995 after being a constant pain in the ass, the local historical society elected him to vice president. Considering there were only two people in the historical society this was quite a coup on his part. You should be impressed.

Dr. Earl was so forward thinking that in the mid 90s he bought a computer. And knows MS Paint. He published his first novel "The NEW Fury of Achilles" an historical adventure sequel to Kirk Hastings's "The Fury of Achilles" which was in and of itself an unofficial sequel to the Illiad.

Then for some reason he wrote a book about hotels. That's not interesting or funny so were moving on quickly.

Then in 2009, Dr. Earl did something astounding. He read the greatest book of all time. "What Is Truth?" By Kirk "The Man" Hastings. It was revolutionary. A perfect book with no spelling errors, no mathematical

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errors, no logical inconsistencies that did not spend page after page bitching about *Inherit The Wind*. This book changed Dr. Earl's life. No longer was the bible the book on his shelf he read most. No. No! It was **WHAT IS TRUTH!!!!!!!!!!**

Since then Dr. Earl has written a lot of letters to the editor of many newspapers all over the tri city area. Almost all of them have been published or at the least received courteous rejection letters asking him to continue to read their papers. That's a sure sign that even editors realize what a literary genius Dr. Earl is.

Dr. Earl is now 57 years old (2009) and lives in East Somers Point, New Jersey. An unincorporated township. With his dog Lucy, Dr. Earl represents the pinnacle of Christian Biblical Philosophy. (KJV).

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