

FOWLERI:
ANTIBODIES AMASSED

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Prologue

“Thank you everyone for attending. You will find each of your representatives behind me. As I unseal your ballot boxes, you will receive an encrypted message with your vote. Please verify your vote. I will announce the council’s vote once all the votes have been entered into the ledger. If all goes well, we should be finished within eight minutes,” the tall, slender, stately old woman spoke to the laptop camera.

“Green, step forward and place your box in the camera frame. Now, back to your place,” the woman instructed as she broke the wax seal. The leather-clad oak box contained three tea biscuits, each with a different design baked into the top. “I have the vote. Council member of the Northern and Western European expanse, please verify your vote when it appears on your screen.” A small green box appeared on the laptop screen after the woman had tapped her request for confirmation.

“Your vote has been verified. I will now record and consume the vote,” the woman stooped as she used a quill to mark a page in a linen-bound book. The pages had yellowed since it had felt its first ink. The woman stood and consumed the cookies.

“Your vote has been recorded and consumed. Red, please step forward with your box.”

The voting continued until all boxes were opened, and all votes were recorded and consumed. It appeared like the woman struggled a little to consume the fish-eyed tarts.

“I have verified, recorded, and tallied the votes. I am setting aside vote two because we must contact the adjudicator for final clarifications. The results for vote one are as follows: the U.K. Prime Minister has become problematic and will be replaced, the votes indicate we should publicly disgrace the Prime Minister with the ‘Party Gate’ plan, and we will punish the U.K. by increasing inflation and flooding the county with migrants. Any dissent or objections?” The woman looked at the computer screen for several minutes.

“I see no communications from the council, so I will read vote three. After the Chinese twenty-two went dark, the council was asked how to proceed. The votes indicate a new twenty-two will be inserted into position. We trust the current operatives located in China, and we will cause a flood and sandstorm. Any dissent or objections?” She waited again.

“If everyone would like to take a five-minute break, I will get the adjudicator on the line to resolve the second vote. I thank everyone for your cooperation and patience.” The woman opened a new window on the laptop. A telephone keypad appeared, and she dialed a number.

“Hey, long time no see,” said a friendly voice. “How have you been?”

“The council needs adjudication for vote two,” the woman replied.

“Are they on the line?” The voice sounded sincerely inquisitive.

“One moment,” the woman said as she changed scenes on the computer. “Can all council members please inform me when they have returned?” Colorful pop-ups began flashing on the screen.

“Adjudicator, can you still hear me?”

“It is so beautiful here today. Would you believe it is 75 degrees here in May?” The voice responded.

“Can all council members hear the adjudicator?” The screen flashed with colorful boxes again.

“Adjudicator, please provide the decision. I will record it in the ledger.”

“Whoa. . . Calm down. There is no need to drop the ‘F’ bomb in polite company. Are you in polite company? No, then drop the ‘F’ bomb, but don’t do anything I wouldn’t do. Did I mention I love your voice? What else is going on?”

“Thank you. I am recording the decision now. Do any council members have any dissent or comments about implementing the ‘Fowleri protocol’ while the adjudicator is on the line?” The woman paused again to ensure there were no responses.

“Thank you, adjudicator. The council has accepted your decision, and we have nothing further.”

“No worries, I will see you later tonight. Now, I must return to work before the boss gets after me. Love you, bye.” The call disconnected.

“I want to thank the council for their continued commitment to evolving this world. It is an honor to serve. I will ensure the secrecy of this vote as required. Anyone who wants to disconnect now can. Anyone who would like to watch me secure this vote may.” The woman withdrew a gas mask from beneath her clothing and pressed a button on the computer.

The room began filling with a thick yellow gas. Some of the representatives tried to run for the door, but the gas quickly overpowered them, molesting their eyes, mouths, esophagus, and lungs.

The council watched as their representatives fell to the floor, vomiting and clutching their faces. The gas quickly melted through their eyes as molten serum drooled from the sockets. Their skin was slightly slower to react as the bodies convulsed.

“I am going to be quick about this because it is getting warm here,” the woman said as she lifted the laptop. She carried it around the room to show that each representative had stopped struggling before thanking the council and closing the device. The woman placed the device in a large metal trash can and filled it using a large container of liquid before running from the room and plunging into a waiting water pool.