

# DevilsGame

text by

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THE FOLLOWING TEXT WAS RETRIEVED FROM THE BLACKBERRY PASSPORT PHONE 96C2 OF NATHAN ARTHUR RIFKIN FORMER DIRECTOR OF MARKETING AT [SCARYSMART ENTERPRISES](#) PURSUANT TO A UNITED STATES [CYBERTERROR TASKFORCE](#) INVESTIGATION INTO THE ROOT CAUSES OF THE VIRTUAL WORLD WAR.

THIS TEXT HAS BEEN CORROBORATED WITH UNCORRUPTED TIME, DATE AND GPS DATA FROM THE DEVICE.

EVERY EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DEACTIVATE MALWARE IN THE HYPERLINKED SITES REFERENCED HEREIN BUT READERS ARE ADVISED NOT TO ACTIVATE THE LINKS AS DAMAGE, VIRAL INFECTION AND/OR ENSLAVEMENT OF YOUR DEVICE MAY RESULT.

THE TEXT REPLIES OF GABRIELLE BODINE ARE SUBJECT TO PENDING LITIGATION AND ARE OMITTED HEREIN.

# NYC

## 1 →

Nov 11 2:49 PM EST

Gabrielle! Nate Rifkin here!  
Opposable thumbs allowed us  
To climb above carnivores  
And grasp tools  
To whittle the world

Now I hang  
On the precipice of human doom  
Thumbing you the truth  
I hope will save some of us

My iPhone just bricked  
My Thinkpad too  
My taxi driver  
Is cursing his Galaxy  
[A vicious bug is killing devices  
Across platforms](#)

Please fire up your Blackberry  
I'm on mine  
[Blackberry 10 OS is secure](#)  
It has user to user encryption  
And most important  
Less than 0.5% market share  
Making it not worth the effort  
To develop a virus

2 →

Nov 11 2:55 PM

I know you have a Blackberry  
 You're Canadian  
 And when you chased me down  
 At the Wichita airport  
 You recorded my infamous gaff  
 On your pre-historic Blackberry Curve

Tonight millions of devices  
 Will die  
 And great numbers of people  
 Unless you help

3 →

Nov 11 3:03 PM

Of course your Blackberry  
 Is in in a drawer somewhere  
 There are more Blackberrys  
 In drawers somewhere  
 Than there are Gideon Bibles

But when North Korea  
 Hacked and wiped out  
 Sony Pictures' computers  
[A drawer of spurned BlackBerrys](#)  
 Let execs email/text securely  
 And that event inspired Artie Flum in IT  
 To hand out Blackberrys  
 To select colleagues  
 For a bad day at ScarySmart

And this is a very bad day

For the world, actually

And I believe

It is in great part my fault

Gabrielle  
Please  
Receive this  
My confession



Nov 11 3:10 PM

Bless You & BlackBerry

Tell your followers DO NOT CLICK

The [LookU1](#) text or email  
That will inevitably

Appear on their device  
It plants a virus  
Emails and texts your contacts  
And posts the LookU1 Wink  
On your Facebook timeline  
For your friends to click  
And supposedly share in your winnings

I know YOU won't click  
But I guarantee every second  
Someone clicks that damn Wink  
To see what they won  
A reaction  
I was insanely proud of

We created a virtual world  
That delivered prizes so lavish  
You were not the first  
To question how our profits  
Could support them

I did ask Kenji Yazawa  
 About it once  
 During karaoke in Shinjuku

He laughed his [Jeff Bezos laugh](#)  
 And said it was all about  
 Capturing eyes and screens  
 All about market share

But with what aim  
 If not profit??

I begin to think  
 The whole point  
 Was this killer virus



Nov 11 3:16 PM

I text YOU because  
 You'll spread the word  
 Through your [GoodOnLine.org](#) machine  
 And please post it  
 On your [Scroopl](#) search engine homepage  
 "Search Guided by God's Word"  
 Filtering the sex & violence  
 From the Internet  
 And giving folks what's left  
 ...And right ☺

Plus I trust you'll squawk on Fox  
 Soon as I give you  
 A compelling narrative

People listen to you  
 You are righteous  
 You are also hot  
 You make people see  
 Even Angels have right wings

6 →

Nov 11 3:21 PM

Sorry! Can't keep myself  
From ruffling your feathers

Please stay with me  
This isn't paranoid prattle  
This is my confession  
To murder

We met @ murder #1

Wichita

7 →

Nov 11 3:27 PM

True  
I never called it murder before

Gabrielle this is my CONFESSION  
There will be lottsa stuff  
I never told you  
And all of it  
Will make you hate me

But I don't mean the kind of murder  
You winged into Wichita  
On a mission prove

You had already emblazoned  
Your Goodonline homepage  
[With a screed and crusade  
Against DevilsGame](#)  
"The most virulent, violent  
And invidious videogame  
Ever created!"

So when Darko Ruger  
Was found dead in his bedroom  
And his Mom bemoaned  
His obsession with DevilsGame  
You came to confirm for your faithful  
DevilsGame had indeed  
Caused Darko's death

I beat you to town by a day  
And made friends with Darko's Mom  
In fact, I had just presented her  
With a bottle of Jack Daniels  
Which she was enjoying with ice  
For breakfast  
In her dim living room  
When a firm rapping  
Sparked her to lumber to the door

She returned  
Smiling for the first time I'd seen  
Clutching your hand  
And introducing you  
As the Great Gabrielle Bodine  
Brown hair swept up  
Crackling green eyes  
Lanky and lovely  
Holding a bouquet of flowers  
And wearing  
A neck to knee smock  
That flattened you  
To two dimensions

I shook your hand  
Felt its whipcord strength  
Mrs. Ruger left the room for a vase  
So I said I was with the Huffington Post  
And I WAS at one point  
A few years ago  
I reviewed some shitty books  
For them for free





Nov 11 3:31 PM

OK YES!

I met you with a big fat lie

But honestly the energy changed  
 The moment you walked in  
 Ms. Ruger set the flowers down  
 And relaxed  
 Smiling and telling stories  
 About Darko

You won her trust  
 And incidentally a Peabody nomination  
 For [your story in the Herald Angel](#)  
 That led mothers across America  
 To revile and revoke video game  
 privileges  
 And demand a ban on DevilsGame

While you charmed her  
 I excused myself  
 To use the washroom

But in fact I went  
 Down the hall to Darko's room

The door was cracked open  
 Exuding death  
 Mom hadn't had heart to clean

I snaked a hand in  
 Flipped the switch  
 The wan glow of a deskless desk lamp  
 Alarmed a phalanx of flies  
 Which rose from the tsunami of waste  
 Carpeting the floor

Boxes and bottles and bags and wrappers  
 Food and drink still stinking  
 Thriving colonies of roaches and ants  
 And something Larger  
 Rustling and wrestling  
 Under a mound of pizza boxes

Perhaps a cat  
Perhaps not

Gabrielle, I would say this in church  
Evil was there  
In the smell  
The shadows  
The vermin  
The hum and whir  
Of Darko's scummy  
Still running computer

I waded and crunched my way  
To the computer monitor  
Which sat atop a box  
Of Remington Shotgun Shells  
At the center of a depression in the trash  
Where Darko sat or lay prone  
Most all his waking and sleeping hours

There was remnant of pizza  
Green and fuzzy and gnawed  
On the keyboard  
Presumably from the day Darko died

I retrieved the thumb drive  
On which I'd cloned his hard drive  
And got the hell out

Back in the living room  
I could tell  
By the fire in your eyes  
Mom had told you who I really was  
So I bid a quick adieu  
And made for the door

And thought I was free  
Till you tapped my shoulder  
At the airport  
And I cracked to your BlackBerry  
"DevilsGame was a lifeline  
For that poor boy  
Not a noose!"  
In retrospect, an insensitive comment  
Given Darko was found  
Hanging by his faux leather belt  
From his bedroom doorknob