

The background of the image is a close-up of green grass blades. Three bubbles are floating in the air. Each bubble contains a small, colorful umbrella. The bubble on the left has a red and orange umbrella. The bubble on the right has a brown and orange umbrella. The bubble in the center, which is partially obscured by the title text, has a blue and purple umbrella. The overall lighting is soft and warm, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

Deleting Fortnite

a short Catholic story that has
almost nothing to do with Fortnite

The background of the image is a dark blue gradient. Overlaid on this are several large, flowing, organic shapes in various shades of blue, ranging from a deep navy to a slightly lighter, teal-like blue. These shapes resemble liquid or smoke in motion, creating a sense of depth and movement. The text is positioned in the upper left quadrant, overlaid on these shapes.

[Context: Around a month before I wrote this, an astronaut had tech problems in space during Artemis II and got help from Mission Control. The conversation included “I have two Microsoft Outlooks and neither one of those are working” and also a mention of “Optimus software”.]

"We suspect the issue with your soul may be with Optimus virtue. We were able to connect so we can indeed remote in and take a look directly."

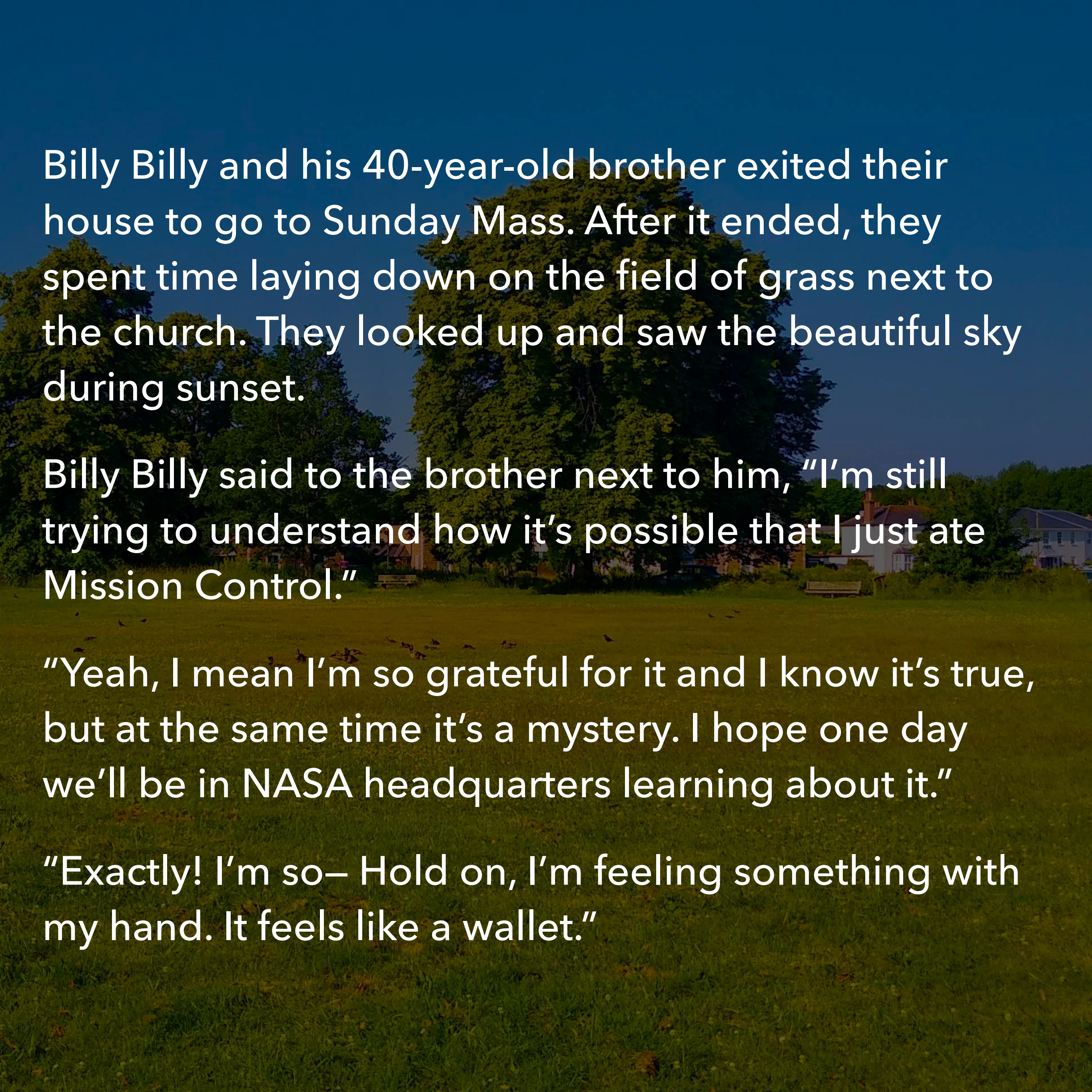
That's Mission Control speaking to Billy Billy, a 30-year-old guy who was in a little crew on a little spaceship that was nicknamed "Earth." Billy Billy was in his house at this moment.

Billy Billy remembered being told by Mission Control to "get a wife" a while ago. So a few minutes ago he was using his onboard personal computing device as part of the process of getting a wife, but it seemed to be glitching. It was supposed to help him and other crew members coordinate to get this job done, but his profile wasn't getting any likes. He pushed his push-to-talk switch to respond to Mission Control's offer to help with Optimus virtue.

"Yeah go for it. And then I also see that I have two dating apps, and neither one of those are working. If you want to remote in and check Optimus and those two dating apps, that would be awesome."

"Alright. Be patient and your problem will be solved."

"Okay thanks!"

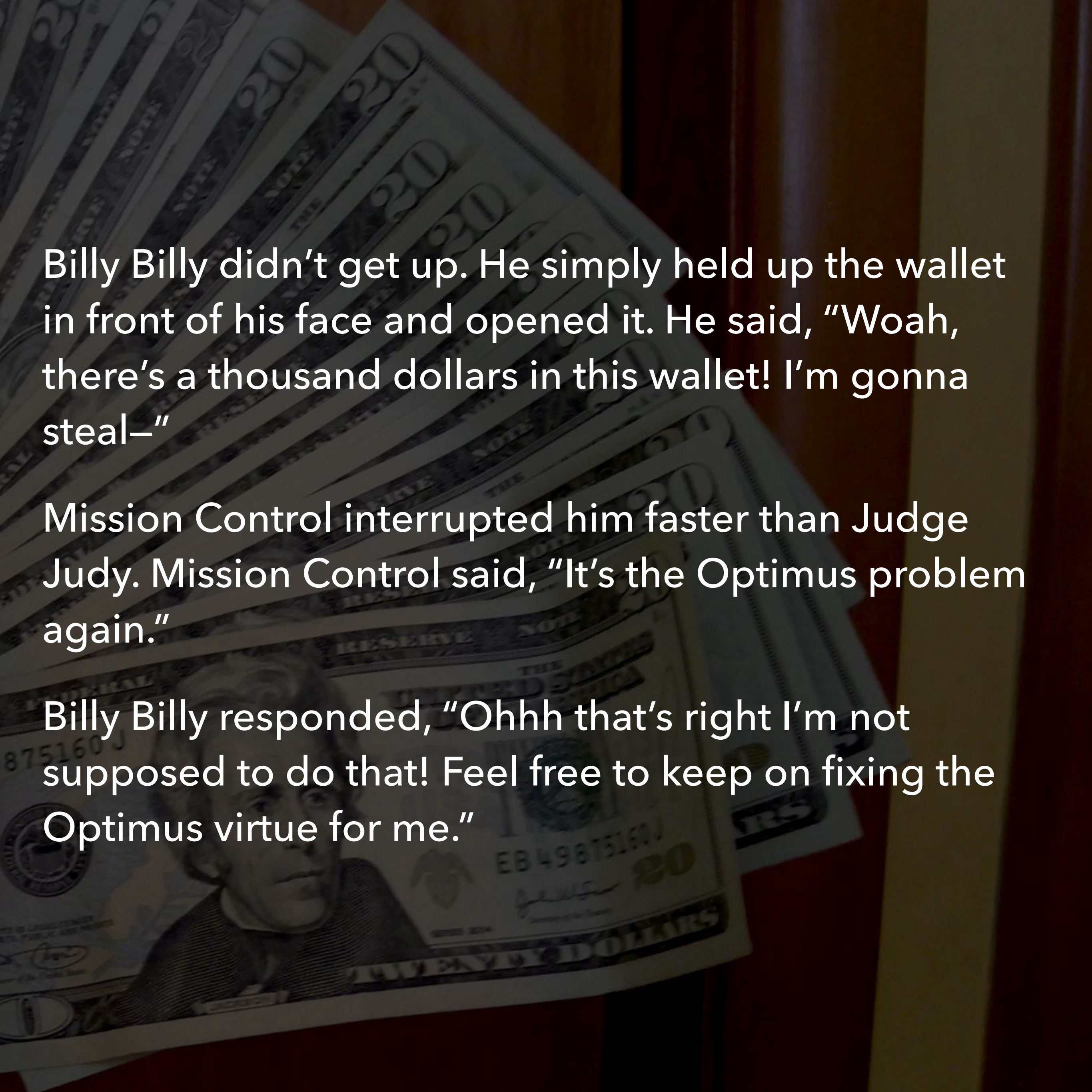


Billy Billy and his 40-year-old brother exited their house to go to Sunday Mass. After it ended, they spent time laying down on the field of grass next to the church. They looked up and saw the beautiful sky during sunset.

Billy Billy said to the brother next to him, "I'm still trying to understand how it's possible that I just ate Mission Control."

"Yeah, I mean I'm so grateful for it and I know it's true, but at the same time it's a mystery. I hope one day we'll be in NASA headquarters learning about it."

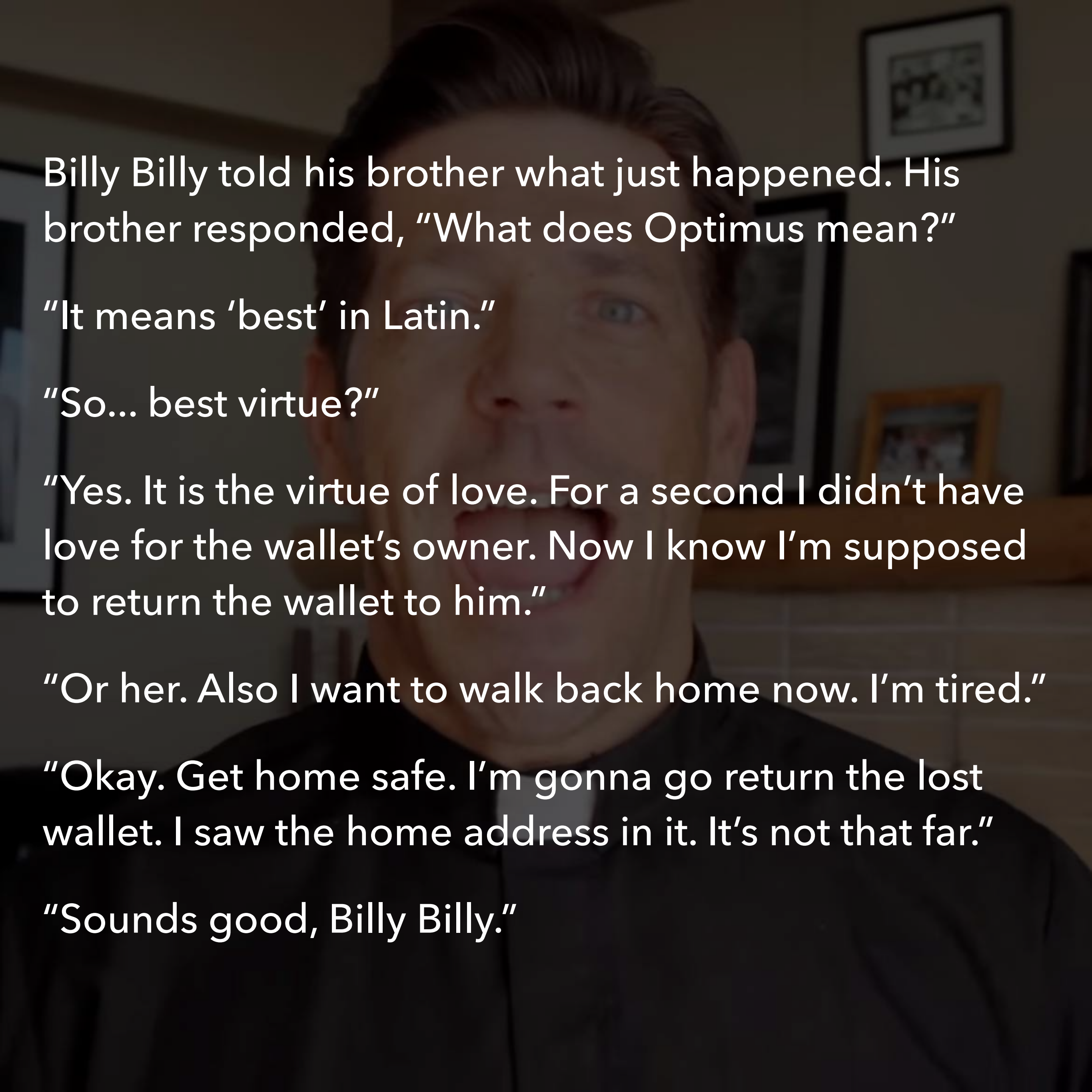
"Exactly! I'm so— Hold on, I'm feeling something with my hand. It feels like a wallet."



Billy Billy didn't get up. He simply held up the wallet in front of his face and opened it. He said, "Woah, there's a thousand dollars in this wallet! I'm gonna steal—"

Mission Control interrupted him faster than Judge Judy. Mission Control said, "It's the Optimus problem again."

Billy Billy responded, "Ohhh that's right I'm not supposed to do that! Feel free to keep on fixing the Optimus virtue for me."

A man with dark hair and a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or surprise. He is wearing a dark shirt. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a home interior with framed pictures on the wall.

Billy Billy told his brother what just happened. His brother responded, "What does Optimus mean?"

"It means 'best' in Latin."

"So... best virtue?"

"Yes. It is the virtue of love. For a second I didn't have love for the wallet's owner. Now I know I'm supposed to return the wallet to him."

"Or her. Also I want to walk back home now. I'm tired."

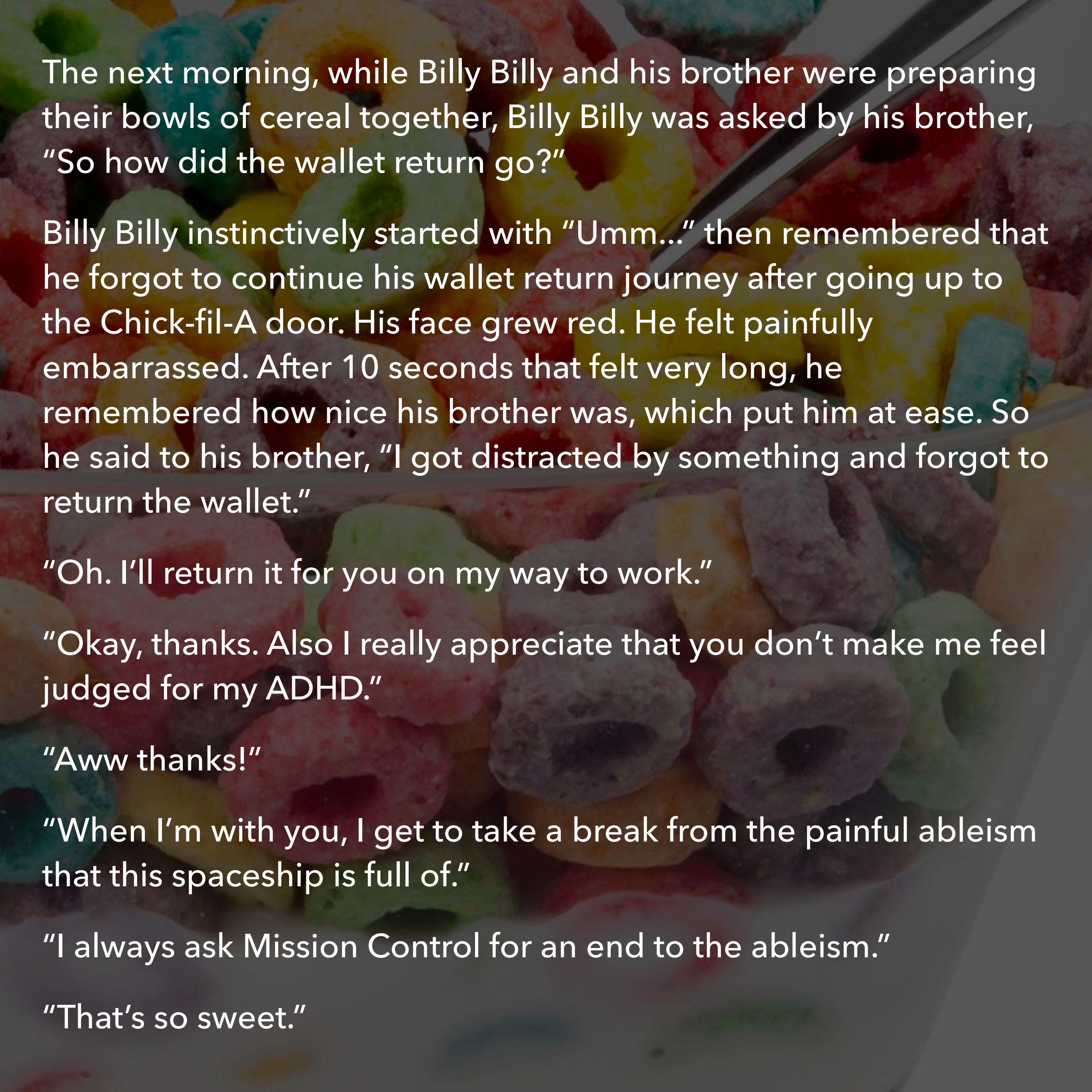
"Okay. Get home safe. I'm gonna go return the lost wallet. I saw the home address in it. It's not that far."

"Sounds good, Billy Billy."

While his brother walked south, Billy Billy walked north toward the wallet's owner's apartment complex, with the wallet in his pocket. On his way there, he saw a Chick-fil-A. He recalled the comfort of eating the chicken nuggets. He was looking for something to cope with how depressing he thought his struggle to "find a wife" was, so he decided to immediately go to the Chick-fil-A to have chicken nuggets and milk. But when he went up to the entrance, he saw that Chick-fil-A was closed. Deeply confused, he stared at the door for a minute with the thousand-yard stare. Then he remembered it was Sunday and Chick-fil-A was closed on Sundays.

"Oh well. At least I had a nice walk. Time to go back home now," Billy Billy thought.

Billy Billy walked south until arriving at home when his brother was already asleep in his separate room. Billy Billy got ready for bed, then went to bed.



The next morning, while Billy Billy and his brother were preparing their bowls of cereal together, Billy Billy was asked by his brother, "So how did the wallet return go?"

Billy Billy instinctively started with "Umm..." then remembered that he forgot to continue his wallet return journey after going up to the Chick-fil-A door. His face grew red. He felt painfully embarrassed. After 10 seconds that felt very long, he remembered how nice his brother was, which put him at ease. So he said to his brother, "I got distracted by something and forgot to return the wallet."

"Oh. I'll return it for you on my way to work."

"Okay, thanks. Also I really appreciate that you don't make me feel judged for my ADHD."

"Aww thanks!"

"When I'm with you, I get to take a break from the painful ableism that this spaceship is full of."

"I always ask Mission Control for an end to the ableism."

"That's so sweet."

Billy Billy and his brother sat down to eat. After they finished, Billy Billy's brother got ready for work, then went to work. Billy Billy stayed at home because his work week was Tuesday to Friday, but today was Monday.

Billy Billy played Fortnite for six hours straight, then took a little break. He asked Mission Control, "Help me find a wife."

Mission Control responded, "Life. Not wife."

"Get a life?"

"Yes. Back when I told you to get a life, you misheard me. I would never tell you to 'get a wife' instead of 'become a husband'."

"You're absolutely right! I apologize for the error in my previous response."

Why Rust?

Performance

Rust is blazingly fast and memory-efficient: with no runtime or garbage collector, it can power performance-critical services, run on embedded devices, and easily integrate with other languages.

Billy Billy deleted Fortnite from his laptop and opened VSCode for the first time in 10 years. He spent a minute thinking of what to create. Then he had an idea and started working on it.

Productivity

Rust has great documentation, a friendly compiler with useful error messages, and top notch tooling — an integrated package manager and build tool, smart multi-editor support with auto-completion and type inspections, an auto-formatter, and more.



Billy Billy Bible App.

A close-up shot of a man with light brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a black clerical shirt with a white collar. He has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of surprise or awe. The background is a dimly lit room with a brick fireplace mantel and several framed pictures on the wall.

From all of us here at Ascension Presents, my name's
Father Mike. God bless.

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