

This story contains mature themes and situations. I guess this is where I say no one under 18 admitted without parent or guardian

The Worst Christian

The Post War Years

Hi God, it's me; Shade. I suppose talking to the Supreme Deity I can drop the act. It's me Jack, but you knew that. You know everything. That's one of the reasons I have always found life to be pretty damn futile. The whole why bother trying if it is already fated thing; yeah. Y'know the whole all knowing predictor thing we debated in philosophy classes.

I, as always, digress, but you knew that too.

Uhhh, well to say the least it has been a while since we last talked. I guess I figure that now is as awkward a time as any to start talking again. There's nothing like a little post coital prayer.

I'd like your help.

I need to fix my life. With out K- I have really been fucking up, uhh is that all right? Oh well I suppose I can't get too much more offensive; so why stop now. Well I have been just completely, I'm dying all right. I drink, I fuck, I want to kill. I cry all the time and nothing really seems to be worth while. She has meant so much and now she just... just seems to have forgotten all about me.

"What are you thinking?"

"Huh... Wha.. what?"

"What are you thinking about? You have that look."

She began to paw around in the darkness for her cigarettes.

"Where's your Zippo?"

"It's empty."

The metallic clink of my lighter flicking to preparedness. Three spark flashed strobes.

"Oh yeah. So.."

"Hmm? O! Nothing. Just reveling in the orgasm."

A spark. Flicking wave of cheap plastic disposable light. Orange highlighted blue gray smoke. Darkness.

"Why don't you love me?"

I stare into the LED of the player. The only light in the room. Will it mystically give me the answers I need like the Magic 8 Ball in the bathroom? Nothing comes.

"Answer me."

"Answer me!"

I stare into a blacker spot of corner, up on the ceiling. "Do you want the truth? You already know what that is."

Inhale, exhale. "Or do you want me to say what you want to hear?"

The glow of the cherry, more smoke curling between me and the LCD. I stared at it as it stratified in the room. Leveling off into wispy strato room-ulous faux clouds. Strato room-ulous, get it, a play on strato cumulous. OK I'll stop.

"It can't hurt."

"Fine then. I love you."

Pure pain and bitterness cut through me, undisguised in my voice to her. "Is that what you wanted to hear?" As I rolled away from her the tears began to well. I hate me, I hate me sooo much. The orgasmic glow was gone, disipated into the nothingness of her Marb light smoke.

"No." Quieter now. "But it felt damn good to hear you say it."

Nothing more was said that night. LED's, smoke, and quiet. Well quiet and Cop Shoot Cop on the player. Slowly physical exhaustion overtook the speed and self loathing in my blood. The vacuous nothing in my mind.

Asleep long before her, she left me alone. Not like other times. I would wake up, happily, to her giving me head. To this day I am so amazed. Amazed that she is the only one, well maybe one of two that really cared about me then.

**"You want to open this? Help me open it"

Virginia came tearing across the room in the swervey quick way that only two year olds can manage. Careening wildly through discarded wrapping and boxes, she came over. That gleam in her eye as her mother offered up her own treasure to the child. A gilt sacrifice of paper and ribbon. Flowing bows significant enough for kings in a child's eyes.

I sat across the room behind my patiently growing pile of loot. Coffee cup in my hands, I waited for someone to bring me another gift and enjoyed the chaos erupting around me. Things were going as well as could be hoped for. Virginia and Max had not adapted to right coast time yet so I got to sleep in until almost noon, before a cup of coffee had been forced into my hands as I was spilled from bed.

Sarah and Chris were starting on the second pot. So tired from chasing the kids all holiday they did not even notice the wicked bitterness of the coffee I had brewed. I really do hope to make a better pot some day. Yet somehow for one morning we all seemed to get along. I could already predict the later fights. Sarah and

Mark would rip into each other over the cooking of dinner and I would retreat to my computer. Jacked in with the meat world disappearing around me. I always managed to retreat into some secretive hideaway. Whether it be the inter-aether or my own imagination I had enough friends in both so that reality was never too burdensome. Well that is almost never...

Except for her...

FUCK K- . I can not even make it through my first cup o' joe without her image and my spite kicking me in ways that I can never tell any one in my family. Just fake the smile as I open the new dress shirt. I have already pegged which present is my new console. They all think it will surprise me. I hate to let them down so I will fake it; just like everything else I fake

Merry Xmas God; when do I get to die?