



THE LITTLE GOOD BOOK

*A testimony of God's
Absurd Love
by Michael Arc*

The Book of Michael (Arc)

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This book was designed to be carried with you at all times, for those special hours of spiritual need that may occur anywhere.

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Don't make us have to bible belt you.

And, to all the ladies, once you ride the arc you'll know what Titanic really is.

☉Wholesome☾

The PBR's were flowing through me like rainwater from a busted gutter. I rose from my perch on my sofa and strolled to the shitcan. I drained my bladder and as I walked back, I felt it.

A hardened booger in my right nostril suddenly came upon my conscious and I paused at the kitchen sink. I used my left thumbnail to pick it out. I tossed it into the sink, in the vicinity of the drain and gave myself some imaginary accolades for not throwing it into the area rug in my living room.

A deep sadness suddenly came upon my conscious. The sink was spinning a bit but I focused on the drain and my tiny booger and thought about the life span of that solidified mucous. Certainly, that was the depression talking. Something screamed out inside of me that the time I

took to clear my nose of objects was just another distraction until I was in a deep state of rigor mortis—hopefully a few more years down the line. I heard Ron Popeil on the television, with its grainy reception, in the other room. I glanced at the timepiece on the electric range that sat adjacent to my booger receptacle. It was 3:55 AM.

I picked up that booger and rolled it into a ball. I squeezed it and cut into it with my nail. Then I dropped it through the tiny grate in the drain and turned on the faucet to wash it away. A piece of baby spinach lay draped across 2 of the 3 openings in the grate. I fooled with it a bit, tearing it against the blunt stainless steel sides with my forefinger, and washed that away as well. I picked back into both nostrils, although I knew what I would find there.

Nothing.

And maybe that was the most depressing thing of all. The desolation in my nostrils was symbolic of my life: no

relationships, no future in my career, no Jesus...no inner peace. If the whole is the sum of its parts, then that meant I was nothing. The realization wrecked my mind and I shook my fists violently at nothing, at everything.

Suddenly I knew that I couldn't keep going on as nothing. I had to be complete. And in that instant of clarity I knew just what it was I had to do. Without a second to spare I rolled up my sleeves.

Out came the grate. On close inspection I found that the boogerish bit of me had indeed been wasn't down into the drain. In a split second decision I figured that my left hand was the more slender of my hands and I crammed it down into the hole.

'Wait—what am I doing?'

If I just felt around blindly down there I could just be knocking that crusty ex-me down out of reach forever. If it wasn't already beyond my reach, that is. The best bet was to go get that penlight of mine.

That's when I discovered my hand was stuck down the drain in the sink. All the time I'd spent contemplating, the blood was backing up in my hand, swelling it like a Ballpark Frank. 'Shit! That just figures!' The way my life was going, well, it just seemed so mind-crushingly symbolic. I'll admit, the tears were flowing freely. That girl I lost in the 7th grade...the time Dad stepped on my favorite model car...it all came flooding back to me.

Then I remembered the dish detergent that had been within arm's reach all that time. A good squeeze of that around my wrist and I'd be out in no time. What a fool I'd been: there would be more love interests, better jobs, and certainly bigger and better model cars to buy.

But somehow the liquid soap was all the way across the room! Before I could even ask how this fate befell me a horror sight confronted me. A dripping wet crustacean of some sort was standing beside the garbage disposal switch.

Wait. No. It was—impossibly—a goober from Hell itself. The damn thing stank of sewage, and had lightning fast speed. It could only be...a composite of every booger I'd ever flicked in the sink, come back to be one with me again!

'Thank God you've returned!' I cried. 'I can be whole again!'

It spoke up with a slurred voice. 'And just what do you think we wanted?'

'Uh...to be up my nose where it's warm and toasty?'

'To be respected! To have our proper place in the established order of the organism!'

'C'mon,' I pleaded, my wrist getting sore. 'Let's get this over with. Let's be whole again.'

'That's not what's gonna happen, pal.' When it reached for the garbage disposal switch I knew it hadn't come back for a happy reunion. As the blades begin to spin, and my flesh and bones began to fly, I became inexplicably happy.

That's because I figured out I'd left

the pen light in my back pocket. That was handy, because I'd need it to find my fingers down there in the drain.

☉*The Sainted Sperm Bank*☾

It was a dream come true. I had been driving down the highway when an accident forced me to take a detour into one of the more unsavory neighborhoods. Normally I don't venture into such areas without first being properly equipped to spread the Word. I mean, I didn't even have my Ovation acoustic guitar with me (the one with mother of pearl inlay, my all-time fave).

Those four wheels of all-American design carried me past the signs of the times: liquor stores, 'news stands', check cashing places, people wearing 'lick 'er in the front, poker in the back' shirts, more liquor stores, and women of the night. I'd seen enough. Pulling up to the curb I called out to the nearest person, who turned out to be a street walker.

‘Thou Jezebel, let thine eyes be cast from thy head!’

But she mistook it for some kind of biblical booty call. She turned to me in her sultry way and I had to avert my eyes from the panty flash revealed by that too-short skirt. ‘Hey there good lookin’!’

I looked up to give a retort and quickly had to cross myself. It was Mother Theresa dressed as a hobag! ‘But you’re dead!’ I cried.

‘Gimme a ride to 14th Street and I’ll explain a couple things, sweetie-pie!’ she cawed. Her toothless mouth curled up in a beautiful smile and I couldn’t help letting her in.

I started driving toward 14th Street. ‘But...but...you’re dead!’

‘I heard ya the first time, honey,’ she said, patting my thigh motherly.

‘Praise be! She’s risen like Lazarus! God must’ve really taken a shine to you.’

‘Tell me about it.’ She lit up a fatty. ‘I mean, who does a girl have to fuck to be declared a saint around here?’

That's when a sickening feeling took hold in my belly.

* * *

When I awoke, I was upside down. I could hear the hiss of the punctured radiator and the smell of gasoline was strong. I began to sob; I cried for my good Lord to help me. I couldn't remember what had happened...I was driving, a detour...at some point I must have crashed. I was surrounded by the dead of night and felt very alone. I struggled to get free of the safety belt that restrained me and eventually was able to release the mechanism. The smell of gasoline had intensified and I could hear a liquid dripping. The sound of the seat belt clicking drew the immediate parallel in my mind—just as the belt had saved me, and now released me, I knew the Jesus, Our Lord, had saved and released me. I thought of the ignorant slobs that refuted the Lord's Good Word time and time again, despite when I punched at them and had my hired 'missionaries' try to

convince them otherwise. Would the Lord had released them from death had they been in my situation? I would tend to believe not.

I crawled from the wreck and found that I was not too badly hurt. I had some scrapes on the side of my face that were bleeding but I knew that even if I was disfigured, I would always be beautiful in the eyes of Hosanna in the Highest.

I sat down on the ground and prayed. I began to cry again, at the beauty of the Lord's good work. His Hands had saved me from the terribly violent death a non-believer might have suffered in the same situation. I began to laugh, with tears streaming off my face onto my shirt's lapels...my Love for the Lord would never end, it was bottomless and my work would have to go on, to save those who refused to listen until I held them at gunpoint.

But at that instant, my 1982 Malibu, which spewed fuel all the while not 10 feet from me, exploded and my entire

body burned from the blast of flames that engulfed everything within a 50 foot radius.

Mother Theresa, the filthy whore I had seen in my unconscious visions, did her best to extinguish the flames but soon gave up. I burned alone on that road. And it really hurt.

☉Dicking☾

Little Dickie Walters had no idea what Grandpappy meant. This is because he was a typical example of the failure of the public school system. Little Dickie wandered the streets asking everyone he came across what was meant by the word ‘Grandpappy.’

‘Excuse,’ he’d say to the strangers—because he never learned the word ‘me’—and proceeded to ask them about grandpappy.

‘Who’s grandpappy?’

‘Is grandpappy a person?’

‘Huh?’

‘It’s a simple question.’

‘Go away, you’re bothering me.’

This is how the conversation would always go. Little Dickie would explain his school lessons hadn’t yet covered the subject of grandpappy, to which the strangers would say, ‘What the fuck are you talking about?! You’ve gotta be seventy, easy!’

It was true: they called him ‘Little’ Dickie Walters, but he was in fact seventy-five years of age. This discrepancy made him feel all queer inside, so he took to strangling chickens. This relieved the queerness in Little Dickie’s guts, made him feel all better for a while anyway. He would then use the chicken carcasses to make colorful friendship bracelets. These bracelets sold for a pretty penny down at the border so maybe his affliction was a good thing after all.

One day George Orwell bumped into Little Dickie. ‘Say there, buddy,’ Orwell muttered. You sellin’?’

‘Selling? Yes, am!’ Of course, he

hadn't learned 'I' either.

'I like me a chicken bracelet, yes I do,' muttered George Orwell; he was drunk again. The success of '1984' had eventually ended in a downward spiral of alcohol and gay sex that seemed to go on forever.

'Little' Dickie dramatically fanned his hands over the table containing the many variations of chicken bracelets he was hawking that day. There was bracelets made from strangled chickens...and bracelets made from strangled chickens...hmmmm. Maybe there weren't so many variations after all. But that didn't dissuade 'Little' Dickie. No it didn't!

Sometimes even the worst sinners and livestock murderers have the light of God burning so strongly within them, that they can't see it (although they can often feel it in their lymph nodes at times).

'I'll take that one,' slurred Mr. Orwell, pointing to one of the disgusting

pieces of dried chicken jewelry.

Smiling, 'Little' Dickie held it up, motioning for Mr. Orwell to guide his wrist thru the open bracelet. He donned the repulsive adornment and pulled out a mighty bank roll with which to pay the vendor. In his drunkenness, he held out over \$2400, and held it towards 'Little' Dickie. Dickie was ecstatic! That was more money then he made all last year! He had no qualms about taking advantage of the drunken author and snatched it up. Then 'Little' Dickie began to cry. Suddenly, his spiritual life came into focus, and he saw the error of his ways. Not so much the error in half-stealing that cash, but in the murder of the livestock. He attributed this moment of clarity to the weaving writer before him.

'Mr. Orwell...are you my grandpappy?'

'No son, I'm just the writer of the great American novel. Now you go back to sellin' those bracelets—and you sell 'em hard! Sell 'em with everything you

got! Because you know, when it comes right down to it, writing a book about talking pigs and stuff, well it just doesn't have the flair that your lifestyle does. That's why I take it in the ass from many anonymous partners and guzzle bourbon like a fish.' At this point, Mr. Orwell became a little choked up as well, and soon both of them men were laughing at their running emotions.

George Orwell, drunk and crying, and leaning on the table for support looked directly at the local vendor of dried chicken bracelets (freshly strangled) and senior citizen, 'Little' Dickie Walters and they poetically and romantically moved in for a kiss; their tongues intermingling and lips sliding to and fro. After a moment, 'Little' Dickie pulled away:

'Mr. Orwell, will you be my grandpappy?'

'Yes son, I will'.

And God smiled down on both of them.

☞ *Threesome's Company* ☞

'It's so cute.'

'Is it?'

'Yes.'

Silence.

She clears her throat. 'Would you like me to pet it?'

He smiles. 'Sure thing! Stroke away.'

She reaches between his thighs, glancing over to her friend; her friend is sucking on a lollipop. Cautiously, she runs her fingertips over the short, thick fur.

He began to pant.

'Awwwww,' the two women said in unison.

The puppy dangling between his legs licked at its lips, wagged its human. With cute little button eyes it looked up, begging for more.

She continued to pet the puppy. Her

friend finally relented and joined in the fray, scratching behind the puppy's ears.

'I think he likes you!' the man ejaculated. He seemed to be in an overly excitable mood.

'Is he housebroken?'

'Mostly. You know how bachelors are.' Even he laughed at his little joke.

Her friend chimed in with, 'Look at the size of those paws! You know what that means.'

'Yep. He's gonna be huge.'

Silence. The stroking continues, as does the panting.

'Oh yeah...puppy boy likes that...'

The stroking becomes frenzied, leading to the slight shedding of fur, then the eventual spewing of overcooked Ramen noodles. The women were leaning in a bit too close and ended up with overcooked Ramen noodles splattered all over their faces.

'Oops! Sorry about that.' He was quick to pluck the gushy strands from their incessantly grinning faces.

They giggled again—one of their more interesting attributes. ‘It’s no problem. I kinda like the taste.’

‘Oh, good. Think maybe your cats would like some?’

‘Our cats? Go for it, big man.’

He was known as ‘big man’ by the locals on account of his size 94 boots. Gathering up the limp, lukewarm noodles in his fists, he leaned forward and placed them between the legs of both women.

The kittens residing in their groins purred amicably, pawing at him playfully.

‘That’s right, puss-puss. Open wide!’

Not wanting to rush things, he slowly finger fed their little wet mouths. The women giggled again, reaching down and stroking the kittens themselves. The panting continued; the dog seemed to grow as it watched the kittens.

‘You give good Ramen.’

‘What’s that?’

‘I think they like the noodles, big man.’

After finishing, he reached in his back pocket and withdrew a pack of cigarettes. ‘Wanna smoke?’

‘Sure thing.’

As they puffed away something began to happen. Cute/pitiful meows preceded gagging and convulsions in the women’s crotches.

He instinctively covered his dog. ‘Hair balls? Is it that time of the month already?’

No, it wasn’t that, but being a chauvinist pig that was all he could think of. Instead one kitten spat out a Chinaman. The other kitten spat out a Jew.

‘BLASPHEMY!’ cried the Lord. A thousand bolts of lightning obliterated the scene, cute animals and all. When the fires died down a mighty voice called down from the sky: ‘Forbidden fruit create much Jews!’

And that’s why Ramen noodles are considered a part of the fruit food group.

☞*Shake, Rattle, and Let's Roll*☞

Quaker papers! I've got Quaker papers, by good God Almighty above, I've got Quaker papers! Know what that means, don't you? Don't you? Don't you? Well, don't you?

'Yes,' I replied. 'It means I have to kill you now.'

We stopped then and stared at each other long and hard, the euphoria draining despicably from his hardship-trodden features.

'But...' he began, unable to muster the wherewithal to finish his statement.

The hunting knife I produced just then—slowly, deliberately—ended any hopes of further deliberation on the matter. Son of a bitching Quakers! I've had it up to here with their shit!

He was cowering on the other side of a trash dumpster. 'But, don't you think their manner of dress is quaint? Don't you like the horse and buggy thing?'

Knife in hand I darted around a corner of the dumpster, catching only a whiff of the pungent contents. I could make out the sound of his feet slipping on the grim opposite me. A couple of good yanks opened a sliding door in the side, allowing me to peer across at his sweaty face through the other open door.

Through gritted teeth I said, 'You ignorant fool, there's modern Quakers now! They don't have all that archaic shit going on.'

'Oh yeah?'

'Yeah, and you only registered as a Quaker to avoid the draft!'

Just then a strong gust of air blew through the alley. 'Kinda drafty out here.' He always did have a lame sense of humor.

'See this?' I had up my knife, after jabbing it into the rancid remains of a raccoon. 'This is you when I get my hands on ya!'

We circled around the dumpster a few more times. Then I bombed him

with the rotting animal, causing him to jump out into the middle of the alley. The chase was on! Try as he might, he just couldn't shake me. We ran through opium dens, pray meetings, elementary school cake walks. On the off chance that others of my ilk were in these locales I would shout out that I was chasing a Quaker. Soon enough Quaker haters a plenty had joined in the pursuit.

'But I like the draft!' he cried, barely keeping out of reach. 'If it were a woman I'd marry it—hell, I'd hump the draft 'til it couldn't walk! It's just too bad I'm a Quaker is all!'

That sounded like a bunch of malarkey to me. There was no way I was going to accept his invalid excuses. I'd show him what you get for using sacrilege as a tool against the one, true God.

'Wait!' he exclaimed. The lynch mob assembled behind me slammed on their proverbial Nike brakes. Unfortunately some of them were running a little too fast and started toppling everyone for-

ward. After I pulled myself from beneath the human landfill, I rose and dusted myself off. I ordered my men to hold their blunt weapons to their sides, as I severely wanted to hear this man's final remnants of pride exposed in the most futile justifications; those which I was well aware he was about to utter. And he did.

'We need to separate the science and the myth from this theologian argument! The functional aspects of being a Quaker really appeal to me! I actually worship the demigod Xanadar of the ninth layer of Hades! But after repeated hazings by passers by on the street, I realized that the perversions of cross dressing and those of the sensual Quaker could never be accepted by you closed-minded members of today's society! All you ever did was poke fun at me for wearing that bonnet!

'It's my right to wear a bonnet god-damnit!'

I raised the knife and it glinted in the

sparse light. I slowly turned to face my rattily-assembled army. They were frozen physically, yet their eyes jerked and darted this way and that; watching me, watching the Quaker.

I slowly turned once again. I squinted my eyes and adjusted my grip on the hunting knife I turned in my now sweaty palms.

I drove it deep into my chest again and again. The mob gasped, some vomited, some ran away. The Quaker smiled broadly, and a deep, throaty laugh came from his core, or so it seemed. As the internal bleeding stifled my breathing, I watched him over me, gingerly tying a bonnet to his head and removing his overcoat to reveal and perfectly pressed and starched Quaker dress, replete with apron.

I never saw my God that night, as I passed on.

Damn.

Should have been a Quaker.

☞*The Burning Bush*☞

Oh Sama been Deaden, Sodamn Insein, and Vladimir Poontang walk into a bar. Over in a corner booth sit Ellen DeGenerate and Cock Hudson. Ronald Rapen tends bar, flashing the charismatic grin that made him star of so many films and presidencies. It's apparent that Ellen is using Cock for conversation and nothing more.

Cock looks up and catches a glimpse of been Deaden's grim visage. He freezes up, the alcoholic beverage he sips going down the wrong way. Then Cock spurts frothy beer foam on Degenerate's chest as he chokes. After hacking for a bit he shrugs, blushing. 'Sorry about that, doll.'

Poontang slaps a bunch of Rupels on the bar, bellies up to the wood, gives Rapen a sour look; his features become froggish. 'I demand a white Russian!'

Rapen continues to wipe a glass with

his wife's dirty rag. Then he smirks, looking cheerfully into the camera. 'But you are a white Russian.'

Poontang fucks off to an unoccupied corner and sulks in the shadows. He thinks of better times: late nights with prisoners during his tenure with the KGB.

DeGenerate forcefully nudges Cock. "They don't know it's Christmas,' she singsongs. Her eyebrows jump around in imitation of Groucho Marx.

Sodamn Insein saunters up to the bar and slaps down several weapons of mass destruction. 'Yippee-ki-yay, I am not a crook! Now give me your oil fields and women!'

Rapen chuckles, polishes that glass to a razor thinness. His wife calls from the restroom, 'Ronnie! Where's my rag?'

'No idea, Mommy!' Then, to the omnipresent camera, 'But you oil fields are our fields...and we're using you for our woman lately too, if you didn't notice. So why don't you scam, and

keep grabbing those ankles.’

A chimp named Gizzo hops up on the counter and laughs at Sodamn as he trudges away to one of the two remaining corners. When he thinks that nobody is looking Rapen clutches a banana between his thighs and has Gizzo eat it.

DeGenerate nudges Cock. ‘We are the world!’ she warbles, her eyebrow antics reaching Karl Marx proportions.

Oh Sama been Deaden stalks up to the bar, then stealthily slaps down over three thousand scalps. ‘My people are hungry! They don’t have enough water! There’s too much disease! Our treasures were stolen by Christian colonization! Our sons have been killed by the Jews! Our land stolen! Our cries for diplomacy dismissed! Our—’

‘What the fuck do you want me to do about it? Go to hell, asshole.’ Rapen smiles for the camera, ever the charmer.

His wife approaches, blood on her hands. ‘Give me the rag, Ronnie! For heaven’s sake.’

Gizzo hops around making chimp sounds before showing the camera his beastly rectum.

‘The blood of my people!’ been Deaden grabs Mrs. Rapen’s wrists—the blood smeared on her palms excites him his ire. She puts up quite a struggle, but soon enough been Deaden has covered her from head to foot in traditional Arab garb. Even her veils have veils, to prevent her from being capable of walking unassisted. ‘Allah declares that the women of my enemies will become mine—it is my right!’

He drags Mrs. Rapen away to the last unoccupied corner. Gizzo is giving him the finger, baring his canines in a grin all the while.

His wife calls out to him but Rapen is unmoved. ‘It sure does pay to be on this side of the bar,’ he stage whispers to the camera.

DeGenerate elbows cock so hard that one of his ribs breaks. During an eyebrow frenzy that sprains her forehead

she sings out, 'What a wonderful world...'

Cock goes into the paroxysms of another coughing jag. Out pops the broken rib, wrapped in a casing of phlegm and blood. Then the bone lands upright directly in the middle of the floor, shocking all present (except for Mrs. Rapen, due to the fact that she's been more severely blinded than a carriage horse). Gizzo covers up his mouth in astonishment.

The rib spins, forming a cocoon. Soon enough the cocoon pulsates, enlarges. It's such a scary sight that Poontang draws his gun—but his pencil lead breaks halfway through the drawing. Insein is so shaken that he takes a packet of white powder from his pocket, dividing it into three lines on his tabletop, and snorts it all. UN weapons inspectors analyze the powder and confirm that it is indeed anthrax. Oh Sama is so intimidated that he pulls out a recently baptized infant and slams its head on

the unforgiving floor. Then he stomps on it. Even Rapen stops his grinning.

The cocoon, now human size, bursts open and Sin-Aids O'Connor steps forth. 'Call me Eve,' Sin-Aids insists. Her brazen nudity causes Gizzo to cover his eyes. DeGenerate smooths out her beer-soaked shirt...pausing a bit too long at the nipples. Oh Sama fondles the remains of the infant. Poontang gropes the crude drawing of the gun. Cock is snoring, bored unconscious by the spectacle. Insein sacrifices his two sons in the hopes of warding off this Eve.

Sin-Aides surveys the sensation her nude form has inspired. Happiness breaks out on her face in the form of a smile. Then, for reasons yet to be seen, she flanks herself with empty tables. Satisfied with their sturdiness she turns and strolls up to the bar.

'Molotov cock...tail.' She licks her lips to emphasize the request.

Openly enthralled with her, Rapen is for once speechless. He can only look

down at his hands. They only hold his wife's dirty rag, because the glass has been polished away to nothingness. Somehow embarrassed by the rag Rapen hastily stuffs it under the bar. 'Uh...heh...did I mention that Russia has been declared illegal and bombing will commence in in fifteen minutes?' Having unleashed his joke of jokes Rapen presents Sin-Aids with a Molotov cocktail.

She carries the con-cock-tion back and gingerly places it on one of her tables. 'Anybody got a light?'

Ellen, always a gentleman, offers a book of matches.

Within seconds Eve has her legs spread wide, one on each table in a perfect split. After lighting the Molotov cocktail she thrusts the neck of the bottle up into her bush. A muff(led) explosion follows and a geyser of flaming death erupts from her groin.

'MY GOD!' everyone shouts in unison.

'No,' replies a disembodied voice.

The flame between Sin-Aids' legs undulates. 'God W. Bush!'

Needless to say, Gizzo covers his eyes.

The bright flames tantalize everyone. Again the vulva-born voice erupts, speaking truths never before comprehended. Rapen rushes to engrave them all on the bar with a chisel. 'These are the Ten Amendments,' the flaming groin says. 'Replace your so-called constitution with these, and live well!'

To celebrate, Cock puts some coins in the jukebox. The gathering all then danced the night away to a lovely, rockin' song:

Allah Unmasked

You stomp upon my children
With your quran of lies
But I know who you are Satan
Behind your Allah disguise
You arrogant piece of murder
You are not from above
The proof is in the quran
For where is the word love

Child, woman, man
Allah towards you shows bondage and
hate
Man, woman child
Jesus towards you shows a love
That can only liberate
Allah, Allah Akkbar
While your servant blows up another car
You are not a god
You're a clown
Why pray towards Mecca
Isn't God all around?
Don't be fooled little children
Allah is a jerk!
For many, many a murderer
Has hidden behind the good work

☞ *I Have a Dream* ☞

Jackie woke up in a mud hut. Actually, it wasn't mud: the hut was made out of dried manure. The thatched roof overhead had holes in it, but not enough to let out the stagnant manure air inside. Not enough for

Jackie's tastes, anyway. She quickly got dressed in the animal skins and beaded jewelry she found next to her. Yup, she must've woken up in Zululand. Of all places!

She stepped outside and her pale white flesh was exposed to the brutal African sun. The villagers carried on as normal, milling about with baskets resting on their heads. Some held babies suckling at exposed breasts worthy of National Geographic spreads. Others had shoves pens through their noses. Jackie suspected this was so they could maximize their time and write reports on their pillows while they slept. A few even had spoons piercing their lips—maybe to free up their hands while they ate. What efficient people!

And they were all white, just like her.

Caucasian Africa wasn't very different from how it had been centuries or even millennia ago...but hey, why change a good thing. Jackie walked past

a man laying in the gutter who was afflicted with Guinea worms. One was sticking out of his thigh, partially wound around a twig, the older portions of it well dried out. Looked like maybe another five feet or so were still inside his leg. The despondent man twitched a beggar's bowl in her direction but she ignored it, as usual.

The roads were lined with beggars in either direction. Most had AIDS, some were amputees left over from the various wars, some were orphaned children. Every single one of them was desperate, pale skinned, wondering why the United Nations had forsaken them.

'Why?!' Jackie shrieked, thrusting an impotent fist at the sky. Just then, as if in response to her outburst, explosions range out along the town's outskirts.

High-tech vehicles, ultra-futuristic in this environment, swept into the streets running over those too weak to scramble out of the way. Dark-skinned men in military garb leapt out, training their guns

on the pedestrians, Jackie included.

The leader of the invasion stepped forward, a cigar in his mouth, scanning the whites disdainfully while lower-ranking men fanned him.

‘There’s nothing like nigger blood in the morning,’ he declared. ‘Smells like victory!’

‘Wait! But I’m not a...nig...you know!,’ pleaded Jackie.

‘Hahahahahahah!’ laughed the leader. Just like so many 80’s cold war/third world nation diabolical leaders in films of the day, he took a puff from his cigar just after releasing his laugh. He adjusted the lapels on his camouflage jacket and looked to his left, to his right hand man. Through a series of nods, they agreed that Jackie was indeed white as a sheet, and therefore in their book, a full blown NIGGER.

Just then a man with full blown Ebola virus dragged himself near the group of military black-niggers and sputtered blood and pus like a clogged sump

pump. He rolled on the ground and smeared some other black excrement all over the shoes of the leaders' left hand man. Without hesitation, the right hand man reached over the leaders left side and blasted the shit out of the Ebola ridden man with a large gun, reducing him to un-cased blood sausage.

But this interlude of gore gave Jackie the few moments she needed to not only load her weapon and aim it, but also to release a battle cry:

'Fuck you, you motherfuckin' niggers!'

She screamed it as she sprayed back and forth, back and forth—lacing the 'niggers' with bullets.

Just then a nigger ran from a nearby shit-hut moaning and groaning: 'You killed my brother!'

Jackie had suddenly turned quite diabolical herself; as well as thirsty for blood. Thirsty for the blood of niggers!

The nigger from the shit-hut was sobbing over the bloody body of her nig-

ger brother. Jackie sauntered forward and towered over them, loading a new clip into her tec-9.

The nigger on the ground (the sobbing one from the shit-hut, not the one who was shot to pieces) raised her fist to Jackie and yelled, 'Fuck you, you fucking nigger!!!'

Jackie hesitated for a moment, then put the Tec-9 to her own head and said, 'You're right. I fucking hate niggers,' and shot her own nigger face off.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael's first and foremost influence is his best friend Jesus Christ and the Amazing Grace and Love Mike sees all around him. Michael is an accomplished guitarist, singer and writer, and has played with many artist and bands including Billy Corrigan, Michael Hazdra, JUSTUS, Karmaflage, New Fun Band, Michael Prette, Gary Belniak, Michael Addyman, Mike Carr and Leonard Washington, among others. Mike believes that you must have an entire open mind to different music styles. He says "God has given every person, Artist a different unique fingerprint of Art". He also believes "Music is not a sport, so he will not say one Artist is 'better' than the other". Mike believes we are here to relate, inspire, touch and to lift each other's souls and musical beings.

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