

A Little Place I Call Home - Jesse Guteierrez

PART 2

The only thing that was lacking in South Eastonville was this padded room that I am speaking to you from right now. I now live here with no sink, no toilet, no windows, not even a bed. When it is time to sleep they undo my jacket and strap me to a cot that they place in the center of the room- it's so hard to sleep.

That night last fall was my ticket to the big city. I remember her smooth, once soft pink lips, turning blue and cold. Her eyes bulged and seemed to stare at me, but yet there was no focus. My spine tingled- it was almost orgasmic. With my hands tightly around her neck I pressed harder, and harder. I prayed that my hands would sink through that skinny neck and rest flat on

the marble altar. My soul was moaning as my spirit danced with the dead.

Stacy was my girlfriend. I had known her my whole life. We grew up together and planned to grow old together. Marriage and children were in our future. We even planned on opening an antique shop there in town to draw in some of those city folk. We wanted them to see just how peaceful a small town could be- no crime, no mugging, no rape, just a close community of friends and family.

Unfortunately, we had to pay our dues to the Old Serpent that night. He demanded her soul be set free in his name. There is no tolerance for those that lose faith in his satanic majesty. And us, the keeper of his wishes, satisfied him... again. I held her throat. Bob, from the Gas N' Go,

held her feet tight. Doctor Wigert, with the percision of a great painter, made a small incision in her lower abdomen- and with his hands, gently pulled out her intestines careful to keep them intact. Usually they faint, but not her- she just screamed and screamed. Shortly after that we prayed as she expired. Her lifeless body twitched. Her spirit was now free. She was then nailed to a stake, a spike in the neck and two through the pelvis. Her head dangled. Her chest was then hollowed out and her innards set a blaze.

We continued to pray to the Old Serpent, lead by Miss Tally, the school teacher. Maggi held her newborn baby above her head. Nude. Little baby Ryan didn't make a peep... he's a natural. We painted his little naked body with the blood on

our hands. A pentagram on his little white belly, he's so cute. His induction was finalized when Police Chief Patterson branded him with the glowing iron. Like all of us, he now wore the sign of Mephisto over his heart... for life. Reverend Norton then led prayer, begging Lucifer to accept little Ryan. Little Ryan was now one of us. Out with the old and in with the new. The weak are the first to go. The old Serpent knew she wouldn't last. That's why he called upon us when he did.

So, if you ever get a chance to stop by, please do. The people of South Eastonville are friendly as well as accommodating. We grow the biggest pumpkins and the strongest Christmas trees- the needles stay on for months, honest! As far as finding some good antiques, well, you'll have to wait a while.

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