

Plastic Jesus in an Upright Tub

by John Riley

Me and Dale chuck rocks at it. Sometimes before school while we wait for the bus and sometimes after school or on Saturdays and Sundays. It's not all we do. We wander around and talk about which girl at school has the biggest tits and which ones we'd like to fuck the most. I'm more of an ass man but Dale really likes the big tits and has lots of ideas about what to do with them. Dale has a .22 he shoots stuff with. I tried to get him to shoot Plastic Jesus but he said the bullet might ricochet off the tub and kill us. I least we'd get in the newspapers, I said.

We didn't know the Plastic Jesus was coming. One day a man from the Providence Primitive Baptist Church showed up in a three-quarter ton truck with dual rear wheels and a cable winch. He dug a hole between the road and the stand of loblolly pines where Dale has had some luck shooting squirrels. After he finished digging the man used the winch to hoist the tub into the hole. He was by himself and me and Dale stood in the pines and watched him. "What is that motherfucker doing?" Dale said. The man packed the dirt around the bottom of the tub so that Plastic Jesus' feet touch the ground instead of hanging in the air. Dale says that ain't right. That when you crucify somebody they suffocate to death and if their feet are on the ground it won't work. You've got to leave them hanging so the body will collapse in the middle. Plastic Jesus is strapped in with purple straps and his arms aren't stretched out to his sides very far because there's not enough room. I don't think he's being crucified. I think he's talking to the disciples after the last supper. It's an old tub with toes and the spigots are gone and the drain hole doesn't have a cover. His eyes were blue in the beginning but it only took a year of weather to water them down to snot green.

