

Pounded Flat Pat, Ch. 3: SITTIN' IN CHURCH

by McGrouchpants

His hair is bothering me, she thought.

"All *rise* . . ." Amidst shuffling, Patty straightened her skirt.

As churchmousey, as somnambulistic, as mono-(not stereo-)tone as humanly possible, lips moved from amongst the somewhat-new Ace True Value™ hardware pews: "*Our* Father . . . who *art* in Heaven . . . *hallowed* be thy name . . ."

(Somehow, all the emotional beats were pounded out, pounded flat like a mallet on a baker's dough making sure nothing stuck out or up.)

Idly, a thought almost crossed her mind. She tried not to let it.

Anyways: "On *Earth* as / it / is / in / *Heaven* . . ."

The kids looked somewhere between bored and compliant, here but not someplace else, hard to tell what they thought. It was *church*, anyway: you sat once a week for one hour and took it in, and then you could go. For the next week. What about God? Well, at least you sat there. You could go to breakfast later.

Patty didn't think these things. They were implicit. Try to pay attention.

Try to.

Again.

