

Frank's Sad Xmas

by Steven Gowin

As told via Instant Messenger.

IM Friend: Seasons Greetings. God wants to speak with you directly. Expect a visit sometime this weekend!

Infidel: Very funny, but listen. His real name's Frank, and he stops by all the time. He tries to dump that cheap Xmas candy on us.

We want to be polite, but it makes us puke, so he eats it all himself which is bad because he's diabetic. That's how he lost that toe.

IM Friend: That's just how he celebrates Christmas, the season of joy. I'm so grateful for it.

Infidel: I'll tell him you said that. But he's drunk most of the time, especially this time of year; he won't remember.

IM Friend: But that would make him such a sad, sad figure of a god.

Infidel: Worse, he's about eons old, like from the beginning of time, and he's been drinking since he was 15 and smoking Chesterfield straights (nobody even knows where he still finds them).

IM Friend: Smoking's disgusting.

Infidel: He coughs up these bloody loogies all over the place, emphysema you know. They skitter around on their own and glow in the dark. Only a priest from Rome can clean them up.

But sometimes we have to wait a month for the cat to get here because he's involved with one of the Swiss Guards, which Frank says is ok.

IM Friend: I get it. Swiss Guards are cute.

Infidel: And let's not even get into Frank's feet and undies, not that we see them, but you know; well not even Fabreeze and baking soda could touch that stuff.

IM Friend: OMG. You mean Frank doesn't smell like the angels on high?

Infidel: Oh pah-leeze. He smells just like that outfit, the little cherubs and seraphim, those pissy filthy butt little bastards. They can already fly you know, just not well.

Sometimes Frank makes us get their "wingie" out of the car. It's a harnessed contraption to help airborne beginners. But the little fuckers crash into everything and spit up constantly.

IM Friend: Poor little things.

Infidel: You could be watching one tangle into a ceiling fan when "splat" another bombs you with that greasy, milky, thick, whatever it is they eat. I've asked he keep them away, but when he's "heralded" sometimes they have to follow.

IM Friend: But I guess a little noel pity's in order. I mean, his kid's always a baby again, always with that other family.

Infidel: And Mary's with Joseph. Frank says she's naught but a ho and Jezabel, and he wishes he'd never messed with that young stuff in the first place.

But he's crazy in love with her, and the boy too, even now. That's what's driven him to the cups.

IM Friend: The holiday's are hard on lots of us. Happy Christmas.

