



© 2009 Skyla Dawn Cameron

## CHAPTER TWELVE: Joining the Dark Side

Sara Gosling

I've had this diary for like ever, because my mom gave it to me on my twelfth birthday but then told me not to use it to keep secrets because Jesus doesn't like secrets and they make him cry, and my brother would probably read it anyway, so I always keep it in my dresser drawer. And then I was pretty sure I saw Jesus at that evil Satanist store, so I thought that if he was a Satanist, he probably wouldn't mind me keeping a diary with secrets, because secrets are totally not as bad as being a Satanist...unless your secret *is* that you're a Satanist, but if Jesus is one, it can't be *that* evil...

Oh my I-can't-say-the-Lord's-name-in-vain, I couldn't believe how totally confusing it was. Like, it was more confusing than trying to figure out how dinosaurs fit into creationism because I believed that the Bible was true, but wouldn't *someone* in Genesis mention really, really big lizards eating people? Oh, I once drew this picture in Sunday school when I was, like, five years old, and it had Adam riding on a Tyrannosaurus Rex in the Garden of Eden, and my teacher got upset because she said it was blasphemous and my mom grounded me for a whole week.

So anyway, I brought my special diary with me when we went to evil store to protest because I thought I could write my observations about Jesus while I was there.

I didn't want that stuff in my school notebook because someone might see it and I'd probably get expelled or forced to volunteer to read to homeless people or something.

No one was protesting that day because there was a prayer meeting at the school, so I went all by myself and took the TTC. I had to take one of those buses where there was a sign on the side that said all Christians should die or whatever those Charles Dawkins worshippers had put on buses, and doesn't it seem kind of weird that his name is *Dawkins* and he's totally in love with *Darwin*? I have this theory that I'm going to use for my independent study unit in science next year that all evil people who deny God's divine word have last names that start with *Da* and have a *w* in the middle and an *in* at the end. There are *two* examples right there. There totally have to be more. It's probably in the Bible or something.

The Satanist store was really quiet when I got there—they had like no customers in there, which is strange because the devil really should be able to tempt people into evil a little bit better. But *then* I thought that maybe all the prayer I did made the customers see the light and go spend their money at church bake sales instead, and I felt totally bad because that meant people were now ignoring Jesus!

A little bell rang when I went in the shop. I got this really bad feeling in my stomach like I ate way too many rice crispy squares and had to lay on the couch and not go to school for a few days like a week ago when I had an English test.

Some evil woman was sleeping at the counter. She had a tattoo and stuff and I thought that her skin would probably burn if I put a cross on it or something, but I ignored her 'cause I could just try doing that later.

At the back of the room was an office where I thought they probably did their sacrifices and stuff so that they wouldn't get blood on the customers up front. The door was open a bit and I peeked inside really quietly.

And I saw him.

An aura of light and beauty and holiness surrounded him! He was frowning at the open book on the desk in front of him, but it was the most glorious scowl I had ever seen, and I thought that he probably looked totally hot up on the cross even when he

was upset and dying because some guys are just that beautiful no matter what, and of course Jesus would be one of them. If I was God—although it’s a total sin to think so—I would so totally make my son majorly hot.

I didn’t know what to say to him. I mean, I prayed all the time, but it’s not like you could say something like that in real life. *Dear Jesus, I am a wicked sinner for letting that boy touch my arm last summer at the beach. Please forgive me. Love Sara.* No way was I saying that out loud! I’d die of embarrassment and probably go to hell for seeming like such a lame-o in front of the Son of God.

“What are you doing?”

I jumped a little and hiccupped. That happens sometimes when I get started. Clutching the diary to my chest, I turned around and backed up. I thought maybe it was the girl from the counter, but I saw her still sleeping there. Then I saw a really, really tall...I don’t know if it was a guy or a girl. It was probably a hermaphrodite or something ungodly like that. It was very tall, like a boy, but with girly features and black make-up.

*Jesus always surrounded himself with weirdos in the Bible, I thought. I bet that other girl is a hooker like Mary Magdalene. It’s so stupid that people think they were married. Jesus wouldn’t marry a hooker—he’d marry someone like me. I bet a honeymoon with the Son of God would be completely awesome. I so wanted to give Jesus my virginity.*

“You can’t be back here,” said the hermaphrodite.

“*You’re* back here.”

“That’s because I almost kind of work here. Sort of.”

“You’re lying. I can tell. A dark aura of lies surround you, you lying...liar.”

“You still can’t be back here. Liam won’t like it.”

“Who’s Liam?”

The hermaphrodite pointed to the office behind me, where Jesus worked.

“Jesus is using the name Liam?” I asked, though I don’t know why I expected the heathen to know what I meant.

“He’s not Jesus.”

“He looks like him.”

“No, he doesn’t.”

“How would you even know what Jesus looks like?” I said. “You’re a devil-worshipper.”

“I am not!”

“Are too!”

“Guys!” the tattooed hooker called with her head still on the counter. “I’m trying to get some sleep.”

“She started it,” the whiney boy-girl abomination complained.

The hooker pointed across the room. “Ally, go water the plants.”

With a final glare at me, “Ally” walked away.

I glanced back into the office. Liam/Jesus was still reading something. I wanted to rush in and tell him how much I loved his father’s book and how he was way cuter than the guys who played him in the movies, but that would probably have been such a newbie mistake. Instead, I went to the prostitute.

“Can you tell me what you do here?” I asked

She opened her eyes and studied me for a moment. “I can’t tell you unless you pay.”

I usually got an allowance for keeping my grades up and doing housework, so I had my little brother Josh do it for me, ‘cause if he didn’t do it, I’d tell Mom and Dad about the Sears lingerie catalogue he had stashed under his mattress.

I handed the hooker twenty dollars and hoped she wasn’t going to start undressing or something.

## Lilith

“Who is that girl staring at Liam?”

Briar glanced over her shoulder, then turned back to me with a grin. “That’s Sara.”

“She looks familiar.”

“She’s a protester.”

“One of the ones from outside...?”

“Yup.”

“What’s she doing in here?” I felt the colour drain from my face. “She’s not planting a bomb, is she?”

“I kinda wish she would—then we could collect the insurance money.”

“Briar!”

“Yeah, okay, I know—that was harsh. So she shows up here this morning and started nosing around, arguing with Ally. I think she has a thing for Liam.”

“A ‘thing’?”

“Yeah. Like a crush. Only not a normal crush...” Briar straightened her back, clasped my upper arms in her hands, and looked me directly in the eye. “Okay, Lil, prepare yourself for this. Are you ready?”

“Ready for *what*, pray tell?”

Briar took a deep breath. “She thinks he’s Jesus.” She let go of me abruptly and burst out laughing.

I crossed my arms at me chest. “Really, Briar—”

“For reals! She totally thinks he’s Jesus, Son of God, Christ.”

“And you *did* tell her he wasn’t, right?”

“Of course not. She gave me twenty bucks. I think we can convince more of her richy friends to come by and drop some dough. I haven’t yet decided if I’ll tell her Jesus is here to save us from our wicked ways, or because he’s so disillusioned with the world that he wants to join the dark side.”

“I really don’t want to hear about this anymore.” I walked past Liam at the counter and went into the office.

Briar followed. “Liam doesn’t know, of course—he’s just ignoring her like he

does everyone who isn't from his coven. So don't tell him."

I wouldn't even *begin* to know where to start that conversation, so suffice to say I had no intention of informing Liam of his growing fan club. "How did everything go with Sebastian last night?"

"Huh?"

I glanced up at her and she had a deer in the headlights look to her face, sparking my curiosity. "You had another spell to do last night, didn't you?"

"Oh." Her shoulders relaxed and face softened slightly, then she shrugged casually. "Of course. We sat in a dumpster and looked for his ex-girlfriend's trash. It was very classy. I showered about sixteen times afterward."

"Ah. Anything else?"

"How's your mom?" she said instead.

*Clever tactic.* She definitely didn't want to talk if she was bringing up my mother, but I played along because, truthfully, having a parent around my apartment constantly had grown tiresome. I welcomed the chance to complain.

"She's offered every bit of advice on everything you can possible imagine."

"That bad, huh?"

"Remember Mr. Mclean? From the bank?"

"You mean your boyfriend?" she quipped with a grin.

I held my tongue to keep from snapping back. "She gave him my phone number. He called my *home*."

Briar frowned. "That's creepy."

"I know. And I thought you were going to take care of him? Use a Clear and Cut?"

"Hey, did you see the rose someone left?" she said to change the subject.

*I'll take that as a "no" on my spell.*

Briar lifted a make-shift vase—a bottle of Dasani water—from the desk that had a rose standing in it.

I refused to take it when she held it toward me. "And I suppose Mr. Mclean left

it?”

“I don’t think so. There were roses at the doors of a few of the stores this morning. I guess someone was trying to be nice.”

At last I did accept the flower, and lifted it so I could inhale the fragrance around the dark red petals. It was a sweet gesture, whoever did it.

“So your mom is driving you nuts, is she?” Briar said.

I sighed. “There are...difficulties.”

“That’s not very nice, dear.”

I tensed at the sound of my mother’s voice behind me. *Dammit, Briar...*

I didn’t need to turn around—my mother joined us in the office and slipped her arm over my shoulder. “You’re not going to say hello?”

“On your way home already?” I asked instead.

“Actually, I might be here a tad bit longer.”

“Oh?” I managed as my throat went dry.

My mother’s face beamed. “Yeah! Your boss called after you left. We had a nice chat. I thought it might be helpful to have a second succubus around. You know, to help the more masculine customers part with their money.”

*Oh, no...*

She squeezed my shoulder. “We’re going to be coworkers!”

### From the ~~Diary~~ NEW Chronicles of Jesus by Sara Gosling

Dear Diary,

I’m so glad I brought this to the store today because I’m pretty sure that it’s going to be way famous on Ebay or

some whatever it's called after the rapture. I realized that I, Sara Gosling, have been Divinely Chosen to write everything that the New Lord Jesus Liam does. It'll be...like...The New NEW Testament. Or something.

Today, "Liam," as he likes to be called, ate an organic peanut butter sandwich. He looked at me once and I totally melted like a Mars bar in the backseat of my mom's car, but I can't eat those anymore because last summer I gained three pounds and mom said she was going to send me to a special camp for fat girls, so now I usually just throw up every time I eat something that's more than fifty-three calories. I don't remember where I got the fifty-three number from, but I bet it was like Oprah or Tyra or one of those coloured shows. Mom doesn't like me watching them but I think that I'd be racist or something if I didn't and I don't want Jesus to get mad at me for not loving everyone

who isn't lucky enough to be white like me and him.

The hermaphrodite is staring at me again.

I'm pretty sure he/she is Lueffer. I'll have to watch him/her carefully...

In Christian love,

Sara.

*Read more at [www.CurioKilledtheCat.com!](http://www.CurioKilledtheCat.com!)*