

The Messenger

Volume 1994

Issue 1 *The Messenger, Spring 1994*

Article 19

Spring 1994

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Recommended Citation

Helsel, Michael (1994) "the Bonesucker," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 1, Article 19.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1994/iss1/19>

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the Bonesucker

It was Saturday. Not that it matters at all. Being Saturday, and I Am Not, he must get up early tomorrow morning. Late and soon, he must meet the Bonesucker for a cup of tea that the waitress, her eyes fixed eternally on the slender black figure behind her, filled to the bubble and then some causing it to overflow into his lap.

Emoss Smith sat pleasantly by the old white bear on the floor. He was alone and thus blessed. The house was silent, caught somewhere between the death of the new and the birth of the old, in that order; so that Emoss paused, waiting to become maybe a pulsating worm squeezed by the earth or an eel sucking up the water-scum. He became neither. The air was still, frozen in exhale. The room, its corners shrinking from perception, was fading into the digestive tract of anticipation. All was Silent, except for the annoying rapping on the window directly in front of the chair where Emoss sat and waited.

"Let me in", said a distant yet perceptible echo.

"Who are you?" returned Emoss, blatantly annoyed that his daily devotional period was being so inconsiderately interrupted.

"I Am."

"You are...who?"

"I am the Lord of the Dance", said He.

"I am currently occupied, and I don't enjoy dancing anyway. Unless, of course, I may put on my cowboy boots."

"You must let me in. I am the Lord Almighty."

Emoss returned to his reading. He had not time to continue in this sort of discussion. His mind preferred to

ignore the incessant rapping on the window. All was Silent. He was alone and thus blessed; he had no need to continue.

Emoss gently placed his Bible on the glossy oak lamp stand beside his chair. He got up and began to walk over toward the window, which had been rendered opaque by a thick silk curtain. On his way, he tripped over the bear's head and fell flat on his face, well actually his nose, and blood began to spill onto the bear's soft white coat. Emoss leaped to his feet and systematically removed two Q-tips from a small bowl resting on the fireplace. He shoved each one up a single nostril and threw another log on the fire.

"Let me in", said He.

"Hold on, I'm coming", growled Emoss as he pulled the curtain from the window.

No one was there.

The lights flickered and were devoured by Blackness. Emoss listened to the rain as it pounded the roof. His head began to swirl, lights danced into and out of his vision. The hairs on the back of his neck stood paralyzed, and Emoss felt his arms and ears flinching as if pulled by invisible strings. He looked out the window, into the Silence and the Blackness. A bolt of lightning illuminated the room, and Emoss was confronted by a hideous blue face beyond the pane, contorted as if every drop of rain pushed the flesh in a different direction.

"Let me in", said He.

Emoss staggered to the door. He hesitated, taking a deep inhale, then turned the knob.

The door swung open, slapping Emoss and hurling him across the room, where he tripped over the bear's head and fell flat on his face, well actually his nose, and

the Q-tips fell out as the blood gushed in a river of red, spilling on either side of the bear's soft white fur.

The lights came on and Emoss leaped to his feet. He walked over to the fireplace and picked up a clothespin, carefully attaching it to his nose, and returned to his chair to continue reading. He was in the middle of a crucifixion story when he noticed an ugly blue hand covering the right side of his Bible. He looked up.

No one was there.

He returned to reading but was forced to stop due to the presence of an ugly blue hand with black hair covering the fingers, and long twisted black fingernails.

He grabbed the hand and looked up.

No one was there.

He looked down at the hand. It jerked to the right and clasped his wrist with a tight grip. Emoss shook his hand violently from right to left in a valiant attempt to grant his own wrist escape from the blue hand. After experiencing a brief stay in futility, he stopped. The hand began pushing his hand into his own face, punching his nose and knocking the clothespin off so that blood splashes all over the soft white fur of the bear. Emoss had been driven to near discontent. He screamed and bit the hand.

"Ooouucchh", yalped He.

Emoss calmly got up out of his chair and walked over to the fireplace. He obtained a tube of toothpaste and methodically squirted some blue fluoride with sparkles up each nostril. He returned to his seat, only to find it was occupied.

Emoss crossed the room, passing a majestic grandfather clock with a brass pendulum. The clock smiled as he passed, but Emoss was not in the mood for

conversation. He was near the point of illogical behavior. He picked up the receiver of the telephone that clung to the wall, and began dialing.

“Hello, yes, I would like to place an order for a large pizza with everything. Please hold the onions, green peppers, black olives, sausage, ham, bacon, mushrooms, and pineapples... Yes, Smith... S-M-I-T-H... 555-5555... 666 Highway Ave... Thank you...”

He replaced the receiver and walked back over to his chair, which was still occupied by a thin blue man with thick, knotted hair squirming on top of his head. This hair was a black tint... no, it is now a soft gray with green highlights... Wait! It seems to be transforming into a deeper green...

The man's face was gaunt, seemingly sucked into the twisting hoard that danced to the screeches of the violin which was playing. The chin was dominant, protruding, clinging to the thin layer of skin that stretched towards the fire. Red, now violet, eyes penetrated the elastic layer, forming a double abyss of tranquility within the triangle, devoured by the intensity of the emptiness of the pupil in a changeling's dress. Nostrils flared, sickened by the rotting odor climbing from the sinews of the body, which was cloaked in patches of defiant black hair. The skin suffocated the body's naked muscles which only seemed able to exude one final breath, yet sustained with subtle power and explosive proclivity.

“You're sitting in my chair”, stated Emiss firmly.

“So, I'm God, I can sit wherever I please. I created you, I indirectly created this chair. Thus, in essence, it is my chair and I wish to use it”, replied He.

“You don't look like God. God has a beard and

always wears white”.

The blue man was instantaneously adorned in an exquisite lace wedding dress, and Emoss watched as the long brown beard began dripping from the blue man’s chin.

“Now do you believe me, brother Thomas?” retorted He smugly.

Emoss was not convinced. “Do you have any form of identification, a birth certificate, or a major credit card?”

The blue man thought for a second, reached into his mouth and pulled out a small white card, which curiously appeared in Emoss’ hand. It read:

God
Wonderful Creator, Prince of Peace, Station of Creation
(Very, very old)
Heaven

*Must wear glasses or contacts when creating

Emoss was still skeptical. “How do I know you didn’t have this made in Washington D.C., or somewhere like San Francisco.

“Look on the back”.

Emoss flipped the card over:

This card was not made in Washington D.C. or somewhere like San Francisco.

The doorbell rang. Startled, Emoss lunged forward in the direction of the door, but his feet became entangled with the bear’s head. At the conclusion of this carefully planned diversionary tactic, Emoss had two

short carrot stubs guarding his nasal passages.

Emoss walked over to the door. “Who is it?”

“Pizza here for a Mr. Sm...ootheybulaskis?”
replied a faint voice from behind the door.

Emoss opened the door, and his eyes greeted a little fat boy. The boy’s fat face was squished down by an enormous wavy brown mop, it oozed around thick silver glasses that shadowed hazy gray eyes. “That will be \$6.00”, said the little fat boy.

Emoss handed the boy a ten dollar bill and pointed over to the thin blue Man who was sitting in his chair, reading the Bible. “You can keep the change if you answer one simple question. Is that God sitting over there on my Chair?”

“I don’t believe in God”, replied the little fat Boy. I’m an agnostic”.

“What do you mean you don’t believe in God? You have to believe or else the fires of Hell will consume your Flesh when you die. Don’t you want to go to Heaven?”

The Little fat boy’s face became a lucid hue as he spoke. “What about Gandhi? What about my Brother? Believe in Jesus Christ as Your Savior and ye will be Saved. Go to church, don’t Drink, don’t Smoke, Honor thy Mother and Father, wash Their Car on Sunday, never take The Lord’s Name in vain, Never Drink from a Square Cup. But what about Gandhi? I want to go to Avalon.”

“Just look over at that chair and tell me if that Man looks like God”, stated Emoss, who was rather annoyed.

The blue Man interrupted the conversation. “Did I hear my name mentioned? I Am, and that’s all. I am the Prince of Peace, the Station of Creation.” He accompanied this with A Sugar coated flurry of flying

fists.

“Perform a miracle then”, said the little Fat Boy.

The blue man thought for a second. He snapped his fingers and a glass of water appeared in His hand. “See this ordinary Glass of Water?” He passed it to Emoss, who tasted it and passed it to the little Fat Boy. It was indeed water. “Now I will turn this Glass of Water into... Whiskey”. The Liquid turned a deep brown Color and the blue Man Gulped it and belched with authority.

“He’s not God”, said the Little Fat Boy. “If God was real, he would have turned the water into Wine, not Whiskey.”

“You’re right!” exclaimed Emoss. “I think I’m Going to be an Agnostic. I’m going to Avalon!” He began doing an Irish jog, but his feet became entangled with the Bear’s head and he fell. His head began to swirl, flashes of light exploded underneath his eyelids, and his stomach swelled into his throat.

The little Fat Boy ran over To Him and pulled A Silver coated black Semi-Automatic pistol out Of His coat and sunk it into emoss Mouth Im going to Kill You on the Count Of three he Giggled One two Emoss eyes Welled with Tears he Took the Gun out Of his Mouth our Father who Art in Heaven i Believe in Jesus christ Holy son Our lord Hail mary Full Of grace The lord Is with Thee The Blue Man Lunged Toward Emoss Fallen Body He Reached Into Emoss Skull As If It Was A Loaf Of Bread Pulled Out The Brain And Devoured It Then He Dined On The Sumptuous Body Sucking Every Bone Dry.

Michael Helsel, '96