You could go to the place in the woods behind your house, where the ATV trail and the old worn footpath that marks the property line intersect. You could sit down at the crossroads. You could rub the salve on the bottoms of your feet. You could recite the Lord’s prayer three times backwards from memory, and then renounce your baptism, and put your left hand on the crown of your head and your right hand on your feet, and swear that everything in between belongs to someone other than God. The salve should be sinking in around this point. If you made it right, it should make you dizzy and hot, and your eyesight should start to flicker like an old movie. You’d then spring to your feet, crush the cross and the Eucharist into the ground, and make a demure little cut on the palm of your hand with the knife. You could rub the blood on your forehead and declare that blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb, and thus washes it away.

If you did it right, the wind will pick up at this point, and you’ll hear crows yelling in the night. The salve will make you fall onto your back and stare up at the world circling around you, like when you’d play Ring Around the Rosie and collapse and giggle at the spinning sky. You’ll be both lying in the mud and gracing the tops of the trees with your toes, flying and not flying. While you’re far, far away, you’ll notice Her approaching your body, melting out of the dark gaps between the trees. You’ll notice her black clothes, her black hooves, the black snakes that follow her, and then you’ll forget everything after.

You’ll wake up on the ground, shivering, in pain, the sun filling your dilated pupils. You’ll pull yourself out of the mud and hobble back home around 6:02 am. Mom will already be up, an old habit from waking up to make Dad breakfast before work. She’ll be sitting in the dark, in a thin pink robe at the kitchen table, with a cup of coffee in her hands and a blanket around her
shoulders. You’ll think she would be angry, or at least confused, but it’ll be even worse. She won’t care at all.

You could do all of this, if you wanted. I however, did not have a choice. Remember that.

The place where the noise was in my head became a rain-swept windowpane. Something on the other side of the window began to show me secrets. I wanted money, so I mixed olive oil with gold leaf from Hobby Lobby, and rubbed it on a golden necklace I wore. I mysteriously found $200 on the ground outside an ATM. I wanted sex, so beneath the full moon, I gave rose incense and red wine to Her, and told her, finally, I see you, I understand what you have been trying to teach me, I know that you have chosen me! The very next day, I had whichever boy it was that I lusted after at the time, in my room, alone. What was his name again? Michael? Gabriel? I forgot my gym clothes at home once, so the next class, the teacher made me run laps. He broke his leg two days later.

Let me tell you, though, what truly proved it all to me. One day, Mom and I got into a bitter argument. Glasses were shattered and a slurry of gendered insults were flung from both sides, all because I teased her for having 54 apps open on her phone. I counted. 12 of them were Gardenscapes.

Afterwards, I was crying in my closet and I got a vision of a box full of eyes, with Mom inside it. There was a little cardboard jewelry box sitting on my desk. Years ago, Mom had bought me earrings for Christmas, tiny little reindeers with tiny little Santa hats. I threw them across the room. I hot-glued googly eyes to the inside. I made a little paper doll stuffed with some of her hair from her hairbrush. So much was still falling out. I bound it shut with a black ribbon and buried it beneath my bed.
Later that night, I was in bed when my door creaked open, and Mom tiptoed in. I shut off my phone screen and pretended to be asleep. Mom sat at the foot of my bed, and then wrapped her hand around my foot and squeezed it. I didn’t stir. She whispered: “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” Then, she pulled my blanket up onto my shoulders, and closed my door more gently than she had ever spoken to me. I felt like crying, but instead, I laughed.

It’s a shame, in retrospect. She didn’t deserve what I did to her, but it worked well then.

The next year, my freshman year, was full of rampant longings, non-taxable income, and fancy shoes. Whatever I wanted, I found some way to get. An A on my Entomology midterm? Got it. For that one cute guy I pass in the hall every day to say hi to me? Done. A professor to like me a little too much, maybe round up that grade two or three percent? All mine.

Well, I went home for Thanksgiving, and we spent more time talking about Lily and Ethan’s new baby than me. Whatever, fine. I don't beg people for love anymore. When I got back to campus, I brought Jaime into my life. Jaime was tall-ish. Jaime had pale skin and dark hair and these thick rimmed glasses that I’ll be honest, I still have a thing for. He smelled like Versace cologne and seemed to have a bottomless supply of NASA t-shirts. Typically, men show a bit of resistance the first time I ask them to hit me in bed, but he just went right for it, and I loved him for that. Afterwards, he’d kiss my shoulder, ask if I was alright, and hand me a bottle of water, and I loved him for that too.

His binder was always messy, and his backpack had a layer of crumpled papers, granola bar wrappers, and broken pencil lead. He would show up at my last class of the day with a latte and ask me about my homework. I would repay him by sucking the life out of his body. All in all, a lovely arrangement, but at the end of the spring semester, I set him free. I thought it’d be as
simple as snipping the little red ribbon, but there were...some consequences. I never meant for
that to happen. His parents still blame me, and I guess I understand that. I still think about him,
everyday.

As to why I broke up with him, it wasn’t a matter of being unhappy. Once the time came
to go back home for the summer, the windowpane in my head started to rattle, like behind it
something was trapped. All I could see was Lily, pregnant and adored, down by her dock, getting
pushed into the lake with cinder blocks around her ankles. I saw her at the bottom of an oubliette,
fruitlessly dragging her bloody, once-manicured nails along the smooth stone walls. I saw her
beset by men made of shadows, and I saw her drifting into the vast expanse of space. Nothing I
did ever made these images go away. None of the banishings, none of the bottles, none of the
prayers, nothing. So what other conclusion was I supposed to draw? My queen was calling upon
me, to do this one little thing. How could I refuse, after she had given me so much? I had to
destroy Lily, and I knew just how to do it.

#

Home was different when I got back. There’s usually some sort of background noise: the
grumble of the fridge, the 24 hour news cycle, the clack of a mechanical keyboard, or the rolling
of a desk chair over the wood floors. It was completely silent--no wash in the washing machine,
no dishes in the dishwasher, no commercials on the television. All the blinds were drawn and all
the lamps were off, leaving the house hazy and blue, like time wouldn’t bother to come home
either. There were half-empty coffee cups, the rotting dairy congealing into runny disks on the
top, and plastic plates with desiccated crumbs and old grease slicks. I crept into Mom’s room.
She was in bed, with her back to the door. Her room was already nighttime dark. I whispered to her that I was home.

“Oh, hi honey,” she yawned and stretched, pretending to have been napping. No one who just slept could’ve had eyes that tired. “How was the drive?”

I went and sat on the edge of her bed. “Not bad. You take a nap?”

She nodded, hiding a half empty plastic bottle of rum beside her, thinking she’s slick.

“Hey, um, do you wanna go get lunch or something? They finally opened a Panera Bread.”

“I’m good, hun,” she said, fake yawning again. “I’m still pretty sleepy. Might nap for a while longer. I was up late watching Ethan and Lily’s baby. But we’ll do something later on, ok?”

We didn’t go and do something later. In my room, I lit a couple of sticks of frankincense and turned on all the lamps. In the mirror I watched myself grow up in, I looked at my face, my body, at my long legs I hated in middle school when I was taller than all the boys. Something was different. There was something sharper in my features and lusher in my lips. My waist was smaller and my hair was thicker. Something was strange about my eyes; more than ever before, they were wider open.

#

One day, Lily was just in my damn house with her damn kid. Didn’t she have a job or something? I stumbled out of my room at noon, as usual, and there she is, all bright-eyed and awake with her un-frizzy hair and even eyeliner. Mom was still in her pajamas, stirring a boiling pot on the stove.
“Well look who’s alive!” Lily said. “Long night?”

I very much wanted to say: “yeah, your Dad wanted to go all night,” but I restrained myself. I told her I had been reading and went to the coffeemaker.

“Whatcha reading?” she asked.


Mom stirred the boiling water, around and around, staring at the wall. Isaiah was gnawing on a set of plastic keys, his drool dripping onto the floor.

“So, um,” I asked while pouring water into the machine, “what are you doing here?”

“Dinah!” Mom said, flinching like she’d stuck her hand in the pot.

Lily laughed. “Your mom’s keeping an eye on Isaiah for me while I get some work done.”

Yeah, I’m sure she’s gotten a lot of work done.

Mom poured a good half cup of salt into the water, and continued her staring. I wouldn’t have left Mom in charge of a succulent. “That’s sweet of her,” I said, “but are you sure he’ll have fun here? It’s not very...kid-friendly.”

She looked around, and wrinkled her nose just a bit. “I mean, you could straighten up a little bit.” She leaned in closer and whispered, “Usually, your mom has the place a bit cleaner.”

Lily did have a point. The carpets had a layer of dust and scraps of food wrappers. A pan from two weeks ago was still sitting in the sink. Flowers from Mother’s Day were rotting away in a vase, and the fridge was full of Tupperware growing furry carpets. Mom pretended to not hear, but I saw her look at the ground in shame.

Oh, fuuuuck you, Lily. I’m gonna fuck your husband.
I smiled all cute, and said: “Sure! Soon as I finish my coffee.”

“Thanks,” she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder, “you’re the best. So how’s college going?”

“It’s going,” I shrugged. “I miss it a lot already though.”

“What are you majoring in?”

“History and Philosophy.”

“Oh.” she said, “well, I guess you could teach?”

I laughed. “I have very little interest in that.”

“Well, what are you going to do with that then?”

Yup. Definitely fucking her husband. “Maybe law school.”

“It just seems like such a bloated field,” she shrugged.

“Well, you’d be a good judge, I guess. I’m sure you use your Architecture degree a lot nowadays.”

She works at a jewelry store.

She ignored me, and asked Mom if she needed anything before she went. Mom said no, and Lily, thankfully, left.

“You didn’t have to be so rude,” Mom said.

I said “your sweatpants are on backwards” and left.

#

Fucking Ethan was surprisingly easy. To be fair, I had about ten things working in the background--talismans, charms, petitions, spirits--to break him. I waited for a day when she dropped Isaiah off. Mom was asleep on the couch. There were crumbled chocolate wrappers
everywhere. She had been wearing the same Tweety t-shirt for three days. I threw some dinosaur nuggets in the oven, made Mom a cup of coffee, and woke her up.

I left her slumped over the coffee, and put on the same red sundress I wore last fourth of July. It wasn’t too far of a walk, but of course my hoe ass wore heels. Plenty of grandpas tending to their lawns watched me stumble over the gravel, and I almost lost my nerve. Working in the dark, in the hushed corners of my room or beneath the Moon, that was easy. Then, the Sun watched every action I took, illuminated every step for whoever was watching close enough.

Eventually, I knocked on their blue front door. He answered still wet from a shower, in gym shorts and a white t-shirt. I told him, hey, I was out for a walk and wanted to see how Isaiah was doing. He stammered that Isaiah was gone and that Lily was at a friend’s. I didn’t ask to come in; he just let me. I strolled around their place, looking at all the toys and blocks strewn about, and asked about the kid like I actually cared. I mean, I did and still do, the kid’s cute and all, but the spirit that was moving me cared not for children.

Eventually, I asked if I could have a drink. He handed me a beer from the fridge. Too many calories, but I burned them off soon after. I flopped down on his couch and asked what he was up to, and he said that he was just relaxing. Lily had been gone a lot lately, and he enjoyed the peace and quiet.

You know the game. You chit-chat about bullshit and make each other laugh. You inch closer and closer until the space between you feels alive, like a semipermeable membrane just begging to be penetrated. We bonded over our hatred of grapefruit White Claws--raspberry is the true patrician’s choice--and how we suspected that the real Matthew McConaughey was killed by Big Automotive in 2015, and replaced with an industry shill. The actual conversation is never
important. What matters in the moment you’ve wormed yourself close enough that he puts his hand on your thigh while laughing at a joke. I felt so powerful, then. I could smell pomegranates and cinnamon and myrrh and sulfur just like before. Crows began to caw outside.

Was it everything I dreamed? Nah. It was rushed and awkward, and he was much too quiet, too restrained. I moved his hand to my throat and he halfheartedly choked me for only 30 seconds. He said “ow!” when I bit him. Afterwards, he had that doting disgust—oh, you’re just so weird! So quirky! I was a fun little oddity, a sideshow act to tell people about. I was perfectly willing to be his unicorn. Even unicorns have pointy parts.

Throughout the summer, I visited him at least once a week. Each time, it was a new excuse. Lily doesn’t want to touch him anymore. Lily is too busy with her volunteering. Lily doesn’t like his hobbies. Lily doesn’t want to listen to his opinions on the creative direction of the DC Universe. Lily got mad at him for leaving a bowl in the sink. Lily is never home. Why doesn’t Lily kiss him anymore? Why doesn’t Lily love him anymore?

I don't know if I played any part in that, but I loved it. I listened to every sordid detail and led him closer and closer as deftly as I could to the D word. He never mentioned it, but I could see it in his eyes when he talked about college before he met her. I’d tell him he deserved someone who appreciated him, who would talk to him about anything, who would support his dreams.

But let me tell you a little secret. It’s going to mean fuck-all to you, but try and trust me here. There’s more going on with Lily than any of you thought. One time, I went a-wandering around their house, waiting for him to finish cleaning up in the bathroom. There was a closet in their house that reeked of roses. I looked inside, and there’s a black sheet, chalk, and a bunch of
jars, some pink and full of dried flowers, some full of dirt and ash and nails. I saw one full of beads painted like eyes, with a little purple figurine in the middle of it, drowning. There’s a paper circle with seven candles on it, and in the middle, two small rocks, one painted red, one painted gold. The rocks were holding down a little slip of paper that I was just about to read when Ethan came back.

At the time, though, I was convinced that I was the one in control, or better yet, She was in control, the spirit who had let me to what I wanted, who smelled of pomegranates and mud. Whatever Lily was doing obviously paled in comparison to my work; otherwise, why wouldn’t she have found out about Ethan and I? So, I let it happen. I let it keep going.

The first time I came home, I was certain someone would know. Mom would spring up from the couch and call me a whore, or Lily would be there, arms crossed, fake nails tapping against her tan, smooth skin as I tried to explain where I’d been. Nothing happened, though, and that was worse. It was worse to come home and see their child crawling on our dirty floor, to startle Mom from her 3rd nap of the day which she quickly returned to. For hours I waited for anything to happen, a consequence, or a sign from the spirits, from Her, that they were pleased. Instead, there was nothing but stillness. No matter how many windows I opened, it stayed too dark, too cold, too cramped. It was worse that I was getting away with it. It was worse that no one stopped me.

#

One day, Dad was home and relaxing, a rather rare occurrence. Usually, he was plotting the next reason to be gone. There he was, though, in jeans as old as I was, cooking ramen in the kitchen.
“What’s the occasion?” I asked, sitting down at the island.

“What do you mean?” He said, sprinkling the shrimp flavor packet in.

“Usually you eat lunch at work,” I said, “so why are you home?”

“I can be in my own home! I fucking pay for the place,” he said, and I knew he meant it to be funny, but it wasn’t. “A man should be able to cook some damn noodles in the peace and quiet of his own home.”

“I didn’t mean anything by it,” I said. “I’m sorry.”

He sighed, and began to angrily chop some green onions on the cusp of going bad. “No, I’m sorry. I’ve been antsy recently. Can I ask you something?”

“Shoot.”

“Do you ever feel...watched? My skin is just crawling.”

I thought about the shadows that clung in every corner of the house, of the constant smell of rotten fruit. “How long has this been going on?” I asked.

“About a year or two, to be honest,” he said.

“Is that why you’re gone so much?”

He froze, and looked at the noodles swimming in their bowl. He sighed, and ran his fingers through his hair that somehow hadn’t started to thin. Finally, he said: “Yeah. That’s why.”

He took his ramen into his office and closed the door.

Mom was on the couch, staring at the black TV screen. A stack of empty string cheese wrappers and sugar-free Jello cups sat beside her. They were from yesterday. I hadn’t heard her
voice in three days. The carpets now had a visible, shiny sheet of human hair sitting daintily on the top, like the crunchy layer on a creme brulee.

In the kitchen, the marble countertops hid a coating of bread crumbs, salt, and bits of dried up food. At least six glasses were sitting beside the sink, the contents of each dehydrated until all that remained was brown sludge. Greasy fingerprints covered the stainless steel fridge.

I opened the front door. Mom muttered a protest, shrinking away from the sunlight. Outside, it was bright, and clean, and clear. I stepped back inside, and it was dark again. Bright. There were kids skateboarding down the road. A cardinal was chirping in the magnolia tree. The air reeked of lilacs. Back inside, the air felt oily, sticky, like a wet bathing suit gripping at your skin.

That’s why Dad used the flashlight on his phone to walk around the house at night. That’s why I had to fumigate the living room with air freshener or else it smelled like moldy strawberries. That’s why they started going to Church more often, that’s why they’re leaving the lights on, that’s why Mom never leaves her room, that’s why Dad never leaves the office, I didn’t contain it, I let it spread, and it’s all my fault, it’s all my fault, it’s all my fault.

I closed the door, and looked again at Mom, slack-jawed and watching the blank screen intently. I still have the afterimage of what happened next stuck inside my pupils. It watches from behind my eyelids when I’m trying to sleep. I feel it just past my spine when I run up the stairs at night. I see it in the corners of rooms, and sometimes in the sky, or in the dark gaps between the trees.

Mom didn’t even flinch, but across the black TV screen flashed a large, bloodshot eye.
I ran to my room and spent three hours searching for the cardboard box full of googly eyes that were staring eternally at my mother. It was in a box under my bed, beneath a stack of old high school worksheets and dried out watercolors. I snipped the black ribbon with iron scissors. I held the paper doll in the smoke of copal, benzoin, and dragon’s blood. I had a funeral service for it in the backyard, and covered it's grave with wildflowers and acorns. I said Psalms 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, and 143, and then spent an hour making and bathing in holy water. I called out to the archangels, and they did not answer--but why would they? The demon I worshipped had begun to leak out of my pores like a dumpster on a summer afternoon. I bought an abundance of white candles and memorized an exorcism. I learned every dumb banishing ritual I could and did each nine times. I went around the house sprinkling salt on every windowsill, on every doorway. For three days, I fasted, and abstained from alcohol, from masturbation, from the company of men. I called upon all the forces of divinity I knew: the god-names of the Lord kept unuttered, the archangels, Zeus and Jupiter...but still, the rot in me remained. I renounced the mother of demons, the screech owl, but images of Lily still crept into my mind. I still wanted nothing more than to destroy her.

The first time I left my room, I noticed that it smelled decent; it smelled dimly of a cinnamon candle. I went downstairs, and the kitchen was clean and the dishwasher was churning softly. Dad was rummaging through the fridge for a grape soda. Mom was curled up on the couch beneath a blanket, watching some nature documentary on Netflix. He went and sat next to her, and kissed her forehead.

“Hey, you two,” I said, smiling like an idiot, sitting down in a recliner.
“Hi, hun,” Mom said. “What have you been up to? It feels like I haven’t seen you in forever.”

“Just been preoccupied.”

We sat and watched wild dogs hunting wildebeest, whales nursing their young, and birds of paradise dancing and singing. Mom got up and made popcorn at one point. Dad threw it in the air and caught it in his mouth, and then I tried to do it, and repeatedly failed, and we all laughed. I went back upstairs and cried for an hour.

The last time we all sat together like that was on my 13th birthday when we went out to O’Charley’s. Mom got the wrong order, ate half of it, and then asked the waitress if she knew how to read. Dad had four Mai Tais. They did not sing me happy birthday.

The next morning, I was making tea to stave off a caffeine headache and Mom waltzed into the kitchen. Her hair was done, her nails were painted, and she was wearing a pretty purple dress. She smiled, and rubbed my shoulder, and said: “That looks good.”

It was like those videos of dogs before and after getting adopted. She was clean. She was alive. I had left her in that box for two years--and worse, wasting away in her room, staring into the abyss. How long had it taken to remove the stinger I left in her?

“You look great today,” I said.

She smiled. I almost cried again. “Thanks, hun. I’m thinking about heading over to my sister’s for the weekend. Would you like to come?”

I wanted to. I wanted to so bad, but she had spent two years burdened by my influence. Maybe being away from me, away from this house would be good for her. Besides, what had I
done to deserve to go? I need you to understand—in that moment, my decision to stay was entirely, completely unselfish. I was punishing myself.

“Nah, I have plans with some friends,” I said, “but you go and have fun. You deserve it.” And I meant it.

We sat and ate breakfast together, and she told me about how sorry she was that she had been so preoccupied, but something beautiful happened about three nights ago. A weight just lifted, and she had dreams for the first time in ages—dreams of golden cherubs and sunflowers. All the while, Lily smirked and danced in my head, smelling like daiquiris and department stores. The harder I tried to distance myself from her, the more I craved Ethan. Actually, not Ethan, I guess. It was never Ethan on my mind. It was always her.

Mom packed her things and left later on, and I went up to Dad’s office. He was sitting back in his chair, scrolling through the news with a cup of coffee. I hadn’t seen him truly relaxed at home for a long time. I told him that I’d be spending the night at a friend’s house. That wasn’t my actual plan, but that’s what I told him. I didn’t say it to have an alibi. I said it because my existence had briefly destroyed my family.

The final thing for me to do was end things with Ethan and come clean to Lily. Maybe then, I’d stop seeing her face in my head with a smile much too wide, and teeth far too long. Since Dad deserved a calm weekend to himself, I’d go and stay at a cheap motel and spend the weekend meditating in a room devoid of anything but stock paintings of mountains.

For the last time, I went over to Ethan and Lily’s. I sat out in their driveway reciting the Lord’s prayer (forwards) and went up to the front door. Ethan answered, and I asked: “Where’s Lily?”
“You must’ve just missed her,” he shrugged. “I don't know what her fucking problem is. We had plans. She just bailed out of nowhere. Why’d you drive your car here? People might see.”

“I’m not staying long,” I said, “and I was actually hoping Lily was here.”

He knew what I wanted to do; I saw that flicker of displeasure so quickly replaced, just like Mom’s on the fourth of July. “Why would you want to see her?”

“I can’t keep doing this,” I said, “and it only feels right for her to know.”

Isaiah stumbled out of the living room, and Ethan reached down and picked him up. As he turned to look at me, I heard a flock of crows in my head.

All he said was: “I’ll deny it.” There was no, “please don't go,” no “wait, I love you.” I didn’t actually expect any of that, but it would’ve been nice if he at least pretended.

It all rushed back, the feathers, the horrific woman in the moonlight, the smell of myrrh and cinnamon and sulfur. The edges of my vision began to blur, and I began to shiver and laugh. I shouldn’t have been surprised, but I was.

I went to leave, and caught a glimpse of a picture frame with Ethan and Lily and all their lovely family, and I swear to God, her eyes were black. I slammed the door behind me, and got in my car. That’s when I realized I left my wallet at home.

It’s hilarious, isn’t it? You wouldn’t have heard a bit of this, if I had just had my wallet.

I go back home. It's dark again. There’s pomegranates on the kitchen table. The smell is back, and worse than ever, like old potatoes, and that creamy, musky smell old melons get. I’m hoping I can sneak in and out before Dad notices, but it’s so, so quiet, except for distant whispers. I thought I took care of that.
The same greasy, prickly feeling is back. The same old noise is back. The crawling reptiles of the nameless city. You can’t do anything right. Tie Lily to a tree in the woods and leave her there. The screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. I go up the stairs. I swear, in the dark, there were lines of eyes.

I’m at the top of the stairs. I hear: *Thunk. Thunk. Thunk.* There was ragged breathing and high pitched groans. I look down the hall. There’s too many shadows for it to be midday. The one bright spot was the door to Dad’s office. As I crept closer, I figured out what the sound was--but Mom was gone.

I peek through the cracked door. Lily is bouncing up and down on top of Dad, holding him down, her perky little gymnast’s ass hardly even jiggling with every thrust, her hair fluttering around her. She turned and looked at me, and she didn’t look embarrassed or remorseful. She smiled. *What myghte or may the sely lark seye/Whan that the sperhawk hath him in his foote?*

I don't know what happened next. I mean, you’ve shown me the pictures, but there’s no way I could’ve done *that*.

There was this wild pressure in my head, and then a blast of light, golden and stinging at first, and then smooth, like cherubs and sunflowers. Whatever deity I’d given my soul to was gone, whatever queen I had worshipped was false. That moment, my body was gone, irrelevant, human and frail and weak. I became what we are supposed to become.

I don't know if it was God or some archangel or what, but it drove me to do what I had to do. I had *just* gotten my family back. Literally, just the other night was the first time my Dad said
“I love you” to my Mom in years! I finally, finally erased my mistakes. And I was supposed to just let her ruin it again? When she already has *everything*?

She got what she deserved. She’s a fucking demon. A witch. Something. I don't know anymore. Does it even matter what she is? Some things just can’t be allowed to stay alive. So, I beat the everloving fuck out of her with my dad’s golf clubs at the behest of Yahweh or some shit.

I know none of you will believe me, but I’ve told this same story to three of your guys tonight. Aren’t you starting to doubt yourself? Aren’t you starting to wonder if there’s anything more?