



MY MOM MY

DAD AND

ME BY

CHRIS

SYLVESTER

MY DAD AND I HAVE OUR FIRST BIG FIGHT

ME (CHRIS): You don't belong in
this world, Dad.

MY DAD: It was not by my hand that
I am given flesh, Chris.

MY DAD: I was called here by
people, just as you were. Now pay
me tribute as your Dad.

ME (CHRIS): Tribute?

ME (CHRIS): You steal men's souls,
and make them your slaves!

MY DAD: Perhaps the same can be
said of all religion.

ME (CHRIS): Your words are as empty as your soul, Dad.

ME (CHRIS): Mankind does not need a savior such as you...

MY DAD: What is a man?

MY DAD: A miserable little pile of secrets!

MY DAD: But enough talk—have at you!

AFTER MY DAD AND I FIGHT I TELL A STORY

this happened when I was in the 9th
grade

this happened one night with my
mom and myself and my dad

it was around 9:00pm and dad

needed some wine at the abc store

but mom would not let him drive and

he could not anyway because he

was too drunk

and passed out in the front seat

dad had been drinking all day and

mom drank but not in the car

she asked me to ride with her

I say okay we had a 1972 olds 98 2

door

so I sat behind mom as she was

driving

and dad was just leaning at the

passenger door

we pull in she gets out of the car

shorts on heels just a clacking on

the asphalt

I like that sound

now I done something that I did not

know if I was going to get caught or

not

but I could wiggle my way out if I got caught

I said dad dad and he did not even hear me

so I went to the front seat and acted like I was listening to the radio

but what I was doing is pumping the pedal slow up and down

got to do it about 50 times or more I could see mom when she was

coming out of the store

I turned the radio off and got back in the back seat

I am watching her seat move back
and forth as she is cranking
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr I moved up behind her
as she was cranking rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
pumping pumping what's wrong she
says I don't know I say
she then reaches in her purse lights
her cig still in her lips rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
then I told mom just keep pumping it
now I was behind her and her cig is
in the right side of her lips just
bouncing up
and down rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr pumpump
now dad was still passed out and

mom nudged him with her cig in her
lips I can't get the car to start she
says and he never budged she tries
it again rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

pumpumping

pumping I sat up and looked at her
and said mom it might be flooded
just hold it to the floor and that was
what it was she got it with a little
help from me

she got it started and we went home
and dad must have slept in the car
for an hour or so before he came in

I was watching TV with mom and he
said that he was hungry and mom
fixed supper

and went to bed after that and that's
it

now tell me did that take nerves

but I just wanted to see mom crank

that day from behind next story will

be me and her in KMART getting
plants

she tells me to bring the car around

with a pulled coil wire

that was a good one too

MY DAD AND I GET INTO A HEATED ARGUMENT

MY DAD: Ah, Chris.

MY DAD: What is your business
here?

ME (CHRIS): I have come to put an
end to this.

MY DAD: Still befriending other
people?

MY DAD: I'll not ask you to return to
my side.

MY DAD: But I demand you cease
saying bad things about me, your
Father.

ME (CHRIS): I will not.

MY DAD: You will regret those
words.

MY DAD: We will meet again.

I TALK TO MYSELF

ME (CHRIS): Why are you here?

ME (CHRIS): I've come to destroy
my Dad.

ME (CHRIS): Then we have the
same purpose.

ME (CHRIS): We are the same
person.

ME (CHRIS): I'll trust you for now.

ME (CHRIS): OK.

ME (CHRIS): I'm Chris, who are
you?

ME (CHRIS): You know.

ME (CHRIS): Not the talkative type I
can see.

ME (CHRIS): Well perhaps we will
meet again.

ME (CHRIS): Probably.

ME (CHRIS): If you live that long.

ME (CHRIS): OK.

I TELL ANOTHER STORY THIS TIME
TO MYSELF

this was a time I went with Mom to

the store in a 1972 olds 98

it was in the summer time and she

wanted more flowers and other

plants

do you want to go with me she says

yea I guess so I say

we go out to the car KMART was

only about 25 minutes from the

house we went in the store

did our shopping but the garden
center was on the other side of the
store

from where she parked and she
parked far away

I was starting to drive and most of
the time I would drive with mom
never done it much with dad
so mom was at the rear of the
garden center picking out plants I
was with her

then she said go pull the car around
back I will meet you

needed some other things okay I

said she gave me the keys

I walk out to the car nobody was

even near us

so I pulled the coil wire on the car

and just sat there I was waiting for

mom to come out which I knew she

would eventually

it was maybe 10 minutes or so while

I was in the car I was waiting on her

to come out to the car

and then I would just turn the car

over as she was coming toward me

then I heard it again rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

now I start walking back to the car I

hear it again rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

the closer I got I could see her

bouncing with her cig in her lips

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

so I knew she was pumping I open

the passenger side as she is still

cranking then mom said shit

what's wrong I said I can't get it to

crank she says I looked at her and

said have you pumped it try doing

that

I TALK TO MYSELF AGAIN

ME (CHRIS): So we meet again
Chris.

ME (CHRIS): It seems so.

ME (CHRIS): As friendly as ever I
see.

ME (CHRIS): It is strange.

ME (CHRIS): My Dad's house is
different than I remember it.

ME (CHRIS): My Dad's house is a
creature of chaos.

ME (CHRIS): It may take many
incarnations.

ME (CHRIS): I can't trust my
memories huh?

ME (CHRIS): Oh well I'll do my best.

ME (CHRIS): Good luck.

ME (CHRIS): OK.

A PRIEST SHOWS UP AND SAYS A
PRAYER AND I CORRECT HIM
ABOUT SOMETHING

PRIEST: Come son... Rest here.

PRIEST: In the name of the Father,
the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

ME (CHRIS): No.

ME (CHRIS): Only in the name of
the Son.

PRIEST: OK.

PRIEST: Amen...

I THINK I AM TALKING TO MY MOM IN
A DREAM BUT SHE TURNS OUT TO
BE SOME KIND OF DEMON AND
THEN I TURN HER (DEMON) INTO MY
SLAVE

ME (CHRIS): Mother!

MY MOM (DEMON): That voice...

MY MOM (DEMON): Chris is it you?

ME (CHRIS): I'm coming Mother.

ME (CHRIS): I'll save you.

MY MOM (DEMON): No Chris.

MY MOM (DEMON): Don't come
here.

ME (CHRIS): But mother.

MY MOM (DEMON): It is alright.

MY MOM (DEMON): If my death
can save others.

MY MOM (DEMON): I'd gladly
surrender my life.

ME (CHRIS): Mother no!

ME (CHRIS): Please no!

MY MOM (DEMON): Yes Chris,
watch me die, and remember
always my last words to you.

ME (CHRIS): Yes mother.

MY MOM (DEMON): You must
despise other people and always be
very nice to your Father.

MY MOM (DEMON): Other people do not matter as much as your Dad does.

ME (CHRIS): What?!

MY MOM (DEMON): Better for them die than to let them compound their sins or to be mean to your Dad.

ME (CHRIS): No, Mom you are not like this.

MY MOM (DEMON): What's wrong?

MY MOM (DEMON): Chris.

ME (CHRIS): My mother would never say such a thing.

MY MOM (DEMON): What do you mean?

MY MOM (DEMON): Your Dad is a very nice person unlike other people and he will bring you happiness.

ME (CHRIS): No!

ME (CHRIS): You are not my mother.

ME (CHRIS): What kind of demon are you?

MY MOM (DEMON): Hahahahaha.

MY MOM (DEMON): You broke free of my spell.

MY MOM (DEMON): I like that.

ME (CHRIS): You are a Demon!

ME (CHRIS): Death is too good for
you.

MY MOM (DEMON): Come here
little boy and show me what you've
got.

MY MOM (DEMON): I smell your
blood.

MY MOM (DEMON): That strength,
that beauty.

MY MOM (DEMON): You really are
your Father's son.

ME (CHRIS): Death in the dream
world will set your soul wandering
for eternity demon.

MY MOM (DEMON): Wait, I beg of
you.

MY MOM (DEMON): No!

ME (CHRIS): Now, you'll be my own
personal slave.

ME (CHRIS): Hahahahaha.

I TELL MY MOM (DEMON) A STORY

we don't see much pedal pumping

like we used to but one time I

helped a lady broke down at a red

light

I was about the 5th car in line and I

noticed cars were moving to the

right at a light that is usually not a

busy on a Sunday afternoon

it was a red crossfire and I pulled up

on her passenger side she rolled

her window down I asked her what

was wrong

it does this from time to time she
said it won't crank so I pulled in front
of her
got out of my car went to her
have you called anybody no she left
her phone at home
she just needed starting fluid to
spray in to the air cleaner she said
her husband usually does that
I don't know she said but she must
know it works you can use my
phone to call home I said my
husband is not there she said

up and down rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr she

stopped

because AAA came on she put her

cig in her left hand and talked to

them

she needed them to bring starting

fluid out to her and they said they

would

just send a wrecker I don't need a

wrecker just starting fluid she says

Ma'am they said we can't do that let

me try it again she says put her cig

back in her lips

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrpumpumpumpumprrrrrrr

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr I told her it was best to
get a tow

she only lived 5 minutes from where
she was broke down which I did too
come to find out she only lived just
about 2 streets from me

the wrecker will be about 30 minutes
or so AAA says I left her and she
was going to wait

I will drive up her street and see if I
can find that car next week and see
if she got it fixed and let her know I
lent her my phone so they still do
happen

MY DAD SAYS HE IS THE KING OF
HIS CASTLE

MY DAD: Shut the door.

MY DAD: Come inside.

MY DAD: Welcome to my castle.

ME (CHRIS): Enough small talk.

MY DAD: Come in. Come in.

MY DAD: Hahahaha

ME (CHRIS): Dad.

MY DAD: This is my Castle. I am
the King of this Castle

ME (CHRIS): So he says he is the
King of this Castle.

MY DAD TELLS ME TO CUT IT (MY
FOOLISHNESS) OUT

MY DAD: In the name of me, your
Father.

MY DAD: Cease this foolishness.

ME (CHRIS): Not while there is a
breath in my body.

MY DAD: Then I'll feast on your soul
this night.

THE DEMON WHO PRETENDED TO
BE MY MOM TALKS TO ME ABOUT
PRESSING A SWITCH

MY MOM (DEMON): Command me
my lord and master.

MY MOM (DEMON): I'm ready to
serve master.

MY MOM (DEMON): Look, a switch.

MY MOM (DEMON): This switch
hasn't been pressed yet.

MY MOM (DEMON): Why don't you
press it and see what happens?

MY MOM (DEMON): Look, it is your
real mom.

I TELL MY FAKE MOM (DEMON) AND MY REAL MOM (?) ANOTHER STORY

this happened in 1985

I was driving a 1975 camaro and we
were about to have our first child

her name was Becca we still had

the el camino and that was the

better of the 2 cars

but I had a fresh paint job on the

camaro new motor so we decided to

trade it in and I would have the 82 el

camino

this was a Saturday

went in to trade my car this was no
lie it sold the same day we were
there because somebody asked
who it belonged to when we were
looking at the olds cutlass this was a
2 door cutlass brown in color brown
cloth seats t-tops and had a 3.8
slow motor
but that is what Shelly wanted we
took it for a test drive she liked it so
we made the deal and drove it home
that day

we had it a few days and one
morning she was going to work and
it would not crank

I was at my work when she called
me I said you got to be kidding me
is the battery dead or it just won't
crank

it will turn over she said it just won't
crank so I am at work on the phone
did you pump it I said yes many
times she says all right
before I come home try it again okay

I waited a few minutes she came
back on the phone and said it still
won't crank all right

I will be right there I worked about
20 minutes from the house

I go home she comes out of the
house try it again rrrrrrrrrr

pumpumpumpumprrrrrrrrrrrrrshe
was right it was not cranking

we tried for about 10 minutes or so it
would not crank

called the dealer she waited for a
tow truck and took it to the dealer

they gave her a car for the day I

went back to work I called the

salesman and told him what

happened

he was sorry said we will take a look

at it they called that afternoon and

said the car was fixed

so we went there and went to pick

up car I asked what was wrong with

it they could not find anything

she may have just flooded it or

something Shelly said she did not

think so but she was glad to get it

back

we drove it a few more weeks and it
did the same thing with her and she
was at work getting ready to leave
she called me at home I had to go
pick her up we left the car there
because it would not crank
had it towed the next day they kept
it a couple of days and called us it
was fixed
they put a new computer in it they
thought it was bad we picked it back
up and drove home
no problem

the next morning I told Shelly to
make sure it would crank before I
left for work she said ok and went
outside it started right up
she was going to go get her sister
Cookie and they were going to do
some errands that day
so I went to work got a phone call
from her while I was on break got a
page it was Shelly I said hello you
won't believe what happened she
says we are at the mall and it won't
crank

she was at a pay phone at the mall
now she was mad this time and so
was I

this was the 3rd time it broke down
what happened I said

we went out to the car it started up
put it in reverse it cut off I could not
get it to crank

Cookie even tried she could not get
it to crank and she smoked I could
just imagine her pumping and
smoking

I called my salesman and told him
that she was broke down again and

he said he was sorry and he would
get a wrecker there now and bring
her a car

I told him that we did not want it
back until it was fixed because she
was getting mad and embarrassed
with her sister in the car that day
they kept it for a couple of days
called us and told us it was fixed so
I said we would be there on
Saturday

he said that was okay went there
dropped off the loaner car went to
service department he went out

there with us and asked Shelly to
show him how she started it
and she did she cranked it and it
started after 3 or 4 pumps running
like a kitten they had most of the
problem fixed
but it happened again just going
home with her I watched her pump
and crank like a mad woman they
did finally
find the problem eventually we put
over 150,000 miles on that car

never had that problem but there
were a few times that I created one
for her

but not until a couple of years or so
after that

we sold it to her brother's wife after
that

they did not take care of it and I had
to put an oil pump in it

but that did not help the motor was
going to quit soon after that

I CONVINCED MY REAL MOM (NOT A
DEMON) TO HELP ME BUT SHE IS
NOT THAT HELPFUL

ME (CHRIS): Dad has grown strong
indeed.

ME (CHRIS): It has been a long
time, Mom.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Oh!

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): It is
you, Chris.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): What
do you need?

ME (CHRIS): I need your help.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Son.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): I
cannot help anyone that opposes
your Father.

ME (CHRIS): You won't go un-
rewarded.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Really?

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): In that
case, just tell me what you need.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): I'm
interested in this.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Is this
all right?

ME (CHRIS): Hmm I suppose so.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Until
we meet again.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): No
forget it.

ME (CHRIS): I see, well in that
case.

ME (CHRIS): Goodbye for now.

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): Oh
Chris what can I do for you?

MY MOM (NOT A DEMON): What
can I do for you?

I AM A BABY AND I AM TALKING TO
MY DAD BEFORE I REALIZED HOW
MEAN HE REALLY IS

ME (BABY CHRIS): Thank you for
giving me life.

ME (BABY CHRIS): Your word is
my command.

ME (BABY CHRIS): Let's go.

ME (BABY CHRIS): I'll follow you
anywhere.

ME (BABY CHRIS): There is
something funny about this wall.

ME (BABY CHRIS): This is really
suspicious looking.

ME (BABY CHRIS): If only you
could transform into mist.

ME (BABY CHRIS): Don't forget that
some animals can live in complete
darkness.

I TALK TO MYSELF AGAIN

ME (CHRIS): What was I thinking?

ME (CHRIS): That voice...

ME (CHRIS): Chris?

ME (CHRIS): I'm sorry.

ME (CHRIS): We were right.

ME (CHRIS): Dad must be stopped.

ME (CHRIS): I know...

ME (CHRIS): Here are your glasses;
you dropped them earlier.

ME (CHRIS): As you know, if you
wear these you can see beyond
Dad's evil illusions.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you.

ME (CHRIS): Please pray for my
soul.

ME (CHRIS): Well...

ME (CHRIS): Here...

ME (CHRIS): Take these glasses
with you.

ME (CHRIS): What are these?

ME (CHRIS): Oh, you know.

ME (CHRIS): If you wear these you
can see beyond Dad's evil illusions.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you.

ME (CHRIS): Please pray for my
soul.

ME (CHRIS): Chris, you are the only
one I can count on.

ME (CHRIS): I'll do my best.

I TELL ANOTHER STORY WHICH IS
ACTUALLY A BUNCH OF SMALLER
STORIES

I have been thinking about times
about
women with stranded cars or not
even cranking at all
when I was young my aunt Beth had
a Charger that would not start
she lived in the same neighborhood
as me I was riding my bike and she
moved out of her driveway and it
stalled

I watched her run the battery down
cranking

3rd grade Perry's mom drove a
1967 plymouth fury and it would not
crank one morning

sat in the back seat and watched
her crank and dangle her cig

my grandmother on my mom's side
had a 1967 pontiac bonneville

when we were going to church she
started it too soon it stalled and she
could not get it to crank

my other grandmother had a 1968
dodge dart and flooded it all the time

and dangled a pall mall 100 from
her lips and I would watch her what
a sight

I was with my aunt Doris trick or
treating she had a 1967 ford comet
it ran hot and she could not get it to
start back up I was in the back seat
my neighbor in the 9th grade had a
1976 chevy station wagon and we
ran out of gas at a stop sign and she
tried to start it and was smoking and
cranking with her dangling the cig
she ran the battery down I had to go
across the street and call someone

my aunt Linda had a 1957 plymouth
that never started and she would
flood it out

she also had a 1970 ambassador
station wagon that always gave her
problems starting

she sold it to my other aunt Patricia
and she had problems with it
cranking

Patricia's first car was a 1968 buick
skylark would not start when it was
cold sat with her bouncing and
cranking a few times

our neighbor across the street had a
1968 dodge coronet she could not
get it to crank while I was waiting on
the bus and smoking and dangling
that cig

my mom had a friend she drove a
ford granada that I pulled the coil
wire from and I watched her and
mom crank that car for hours taking
turns both were dangling cigs from
the lips as they were cranking
I had to put the coil wire back on for
it to start she thanked me

when I worked at a gmc dealership
there was a girl named Terri she
could not get her 1975 torina started
and she smoked and dangled
virginia slims

also we had a service truck an old
ford that a girl named Susan could
not get to crank

I watched a lady named Becky
crank a 1968 cutlas and she was
bouncing and cranking and dangling
a marlboro 100 she did get it to start
eventually though

a lady named Oliva had a buick
rivera that would not crank after
work one day and was smoking
there was a lady named Anita and
my uncle built the engine on a 1955
chevy truck for her and she was
there that day and I watched her
push the foot pedal and lean back
with a salem dangling a salem 100
cranked forever till we finally got it
started

my uncle was instructing her to keep
pumping she was pumping with her

left foot she smoked 3 or 4 cigs I

saw every bit of it

I was at the bowling alley one night

and Pat's 1968 chevelle would not

start because her ex pulled her coil

wire and she was dangling a

sarotoga 120 in her lips cranking

she ran the battery down cranking

and pumping and we did not know

what was wrong until the following

week when she told us

my aunt Linda me and her slid on

some ice and spun around and the

car stalled and she could not get it

to crank 1968 american she was
pumping and cranking and I was
scared sitting on the side on the
road

I was helping my sister Kathy move
we had to get a couch from back of
the house and her 1970 ford truck
would not start

I watched at the front door watching
her crank then Paula was trying and
could not get it to crank

I remember one time a lady was
broke down on the side of the road it

was a plymouth she just got it back
from the dealer on the way it cut off
I watched her dangle a virginia slim
and crank I fixed it

I watched my mother in law crank a
ford fairmont in the front yard and
could not get it to crank

had a girl who had me change her
oil at home and pulled her coil wire
watched her crank and bounce like
there was no tomorrow

I dated a girl Delane we went to the
race track in a dodge colt and it
would not crank

she was smoking virginia slims 120s
and dangling them from her lips and
a lot of people were telling her how
to crank it

I know how to start my car she says
and she ran the battery down that
night

had a buddy of mine his girlfriend
Angie had a ford mercury he asks
me if I could help her and she
dangled a cigarette and cranked
and I was able to get it started for
her

this is a good one I stayed with a buddy of mine and almost every morning he could not start his car his wife had to do it for him it was a challenge for her but she did it every time and always trying to tell her husband how to start it

a woman drove a 1968 old coranda which had a diesel in it and I watched her crank and pump a lot of times she hated that car

I was on a school bus when it broke down and our driver Debbie could

not get it to crank watchws her turn
the key and pump like crazy
that's just a few stories that I have
I will tell more stories about my ex
soon I have a good one with us
trading a toyota corolla and buying
her a brand new geo metro had a lot
of fun with her on that one
and watching her dangle her
cigarette and crank with her
daughter

I HAVE ANOTHER BIG FIGHT WITH
MY DAD AND HE HITS ME WITH HIS
WHIP

MY DAD: Chris, I've been waiting for
you.

ME (CHRIS): So it is you, Dad. Why
are you so mean?

MY DAD: I've been waiting for you,
Chris.

ME (CHRIS): Answer me.

MY DAD: I am not mean. I am your
Dad. When I am not your Dad
anymore, then my role will be over.

MY DAD: If I could be something other than your Dad, then the battle would last for eternity.

ME (CHRIS): If those are your true feelings, then so be it.

MY DAD: The blood of me, your Dad, flows strongly in you after all.

MY DAD: This whip is my only weapon.

MY DAD: Impressive. You were able to avoid my whip.

MY DAD: Let's see how you like this.

MY DAD: Impressive, but you can't escape my whip.

MY DAD: Ha! I knew it.

MY DAD: No son is a true match for me and my whip.

MY DAD: Not even a challenge.

MY DAD: More. Fight more.

MY DAD: My whip is not yet quenched.

MY DAD: Awesome. You are mighty indeed.

MY DAD: But let me show you the true meaning of power.

MY DAD: Magnificent. But now feel
my unbridled whip.

MY DAD AND I ARGUE AFTER THE
FIGHT WHERE HE HIT ME WITH HIS
WHIP

MY DAD: You have done well in
making it this far.

MY DAD: I would expect no less
form my son.

ME (CHRIS): Hello Dad.

MY DAD: I am He.

ME (CHRIS): Why do you keep
calling your house your 'Castle'?

MY DAD: For centuries I fought my
Father with holy power.

ME (CHRIS): But you are my
Father. You are not a son like I am.

MY DAD: Exactly.

MY DAD: My power is supreme
among other sons.

MY DAD: No other son could defeat
me.

MY DAD: Because of my supreme
power, I was removed as a threat.

When I made you, Chris, I became
King of this Castle. Because I am
your Dad—that is why this is my
Castle and that is why I am King of
it.

ME (CHRIS): But your plan has failed.

MY DAD: Has it indeed?

MY DAD: We'll see what happens after I destroy your weak human body.

I TELL ANOTHER STORY

I think I was only 4 or 5 but I did get to ride with them most of the time it was going to church I would stay with each of my grandmothers from time to time

my first grandmother her name was Jenatte she drove a 1967 red pontiac bonneville she was a very aggressive cranker

she would put the key in turn the key as soon as it started she would put it in reverse when it was parked in the garage

but often she would not let it warm
up and it would stall and then she
would pump it as it was rolling
backwards

sometimes she would put it in
neutral and crank it other times she
would put it in park

on Sunday's always wore dress and
heels and she was a pumper this
happened one Sunday going to
church

we were late went out to the car we
get in grandma puts the key in turns
it

had to charge the battery and he got
it started

my other grandmother on my dad's
side she was not as aggressive until
she thought that if she pumped it
faster it would start

I was with her one day staying with
her do you want to go to the store
with me she says yeah I said I think

I was 4 or 5 years old

she drove a 1968 dodge dart she
had a couple of them through the
years and she smoked gold pack

pumper I think most of the times she
could have got it started sooner
but she would flood it too
it was a ford granada her husband
was not all there in his mind
but he did drive don't know why
there was always a new scratch on
that car all the time
most of the times I knew when he
left for work our apartment was next
to theirs and he would always go
back in for her
they would come out together in the
mornings he would get in she would

say go ahead and start it up but I
believe that car had a bad
carburetor on it or something
he would try a couple of times and if
she did not like the way he was
cranking it then she would say get
out let me start it for you
she would just pump it many times
without starting it then she would
have a battle trying to get it started
most times she got it started other
times she could not

I would stand at the apartment
window and just watch her bounce
in her seat and pump away
he would stand in front of her and
they would be talking most of the
time she would say crank crank
crank as she was pumping

MY DAD REVEALS THAT HE WAS
THE PRIEST THAT SHOWED UP TO
PRAY AND WHO I CORRECTED
ABOUT SOMETHING EARLIER

ME (CHRIS): Dad—so you were
really that priest?

MY DAD: Yes, I was that priest.

MY DAD: I am that priest.

MY DAD: This world must be
cleansed with the forge of chaos. I
am your dad and I will cleanse it.

ME (CHRIS): No. No!

ME (CHRIS): It seems your power is
insufficient, Dad.

MY DAD: Five years. Five years
waiting for this and all for not.

ME (CHRIS): You claimed to love
the darkness, go then and dwell
there for all eternity.

IT TURNS OUT THAT THE PRIEST
WAS NOT ACTUALLY MY DAD BUT
JUST A SERVANT OF MY DAD AND A
DECOY

ME (CHRIS): Damn! That priest was
not really my dad.

PRIEST (NOT REALLY MY DAD):

Oh-ho-ho the door is opening!

ME (CHRIS): No!

ME (CHRIS): One who plays so
close to the fire can't fail but to be
burned, Priest.

PRIEST (NOT REALLY MY DAD):

But.

PRIEST (NOT REALLY MY DAD):

But my goal is achieved.

PRIEST (NOT REALLY MY DAD):

Your dad has come to purify this
corrupt world.

PRIEST (NOT REALLY MY DAD):

With the shearing flames of chaos.

Do not be mean to him.

A SWORD SHOWS UP AND TALKS
TO ME

SWORD: Do you have enough
power to wield me?

ME (CHRIS): Yes.

SWORD: You have grown mighty,
Chris.

SWORD: I grant you my power.

SWORD: It is my pleasure.

I TELL A STORY TO THE SWORD

this happened in the summer

months of the 8th grade I was at

home that morning

mom took dad to work and came

back home she was doing things

around the house

she said that she had to go out and

do a few errands do I want to go No

I said I was going to play ball with

my friends after a while

I should not be long she says what

time are you going to get back I say

should be back around 1:00 we can

go get lunch and pick up your dad

she said okay with me

she walks out to the car I was

watching from the bathroom you

could look down at her

I watched her go out and start the car

and she took off so my friends came

over we were playing ball they all

wanted to go to the pool

but I told them I had to go with my

mom to pick up dad they said ok I

went in the house and waited on her

to get home

she gets in and I was taking a nap I
heard her come home she says are
you ready to go yes I am I hope we
will be alright she said the car
seems to be running warmer than
normal

we should put some water in it but it
should cool down first you don't
want to put water in the radiator
when it is hot

Don't want to crack the block that's
what uncle Ron said let me call him
mom says and see if we can put
water in it while it is hot

just put it in while it is running I told
mom just put it where the hose was
she said okay

mom walks out I opened the hood
she starts it up the radiator was not
that hot but I might as well add
water I say

mom was sitting in the car I added
water to it while it was running and it
spewed over a little bit but not that
bad

wow I did not mean to spill water on
the engine are you okay she says
yeah just let it run it is cooler now I

said well go get ready and lets go
get some lunch mom says
she cut the car off I pulled the coil
wire and closed the hood she left
the keys in the ignition and we went
back in the house and got dressed
mom had on some shorts and nice
shirt and 3" heels she grabs her
purse

we close the house and we walk out
to the car the falcon was red in color
had a 3 speed transmission on the
column had black bucket seats so

dangle her cig from her lips and

crank

watching the smoke come off her

cig and watching her eyes and

watching her bounce with her cig in

her lips

rrrrrrrrrrrrr what's wrong with the car

we put water in the radiator it should

start she says

try using the choke I said so she did

pull it in and out and crank at the

same time now

you're talking about a sight watching

the key with her left hand bouncing

cig in lips and her pulling the choke
in and out and pumping at the same
time

this went on for about 5 minutes the
little falcon was not going to crank
mom don't run the battery down I
said I did not want to get stranded at
home without picking up dad
she had flooded it before when she
had gone to pick up dad and he told
her just hold it to the floor
and it started

but getting back to the story I raised
the hood and put the coil wire on try

it again I said it only cranked maybe
a minute and it started up
missed lunch but did pick up dad
and went to supper she never told
dad that it would not start and that it
ran hot

I TALK TO MY DAD BEFORE WE
FIGHT AGAIN

MY DAD: Chris—you again?

ME (CHRIS): Father, once again it
seems we must come to blows.

MY DAD: Well met my son.

ME (CHRIS): It has been a long
time.

MY DAD: Not really. I was hoping
we would not see each other again.

ME (CHRIS): I can't allow you to
leave here, Dad.

MY DAD: You have ever been the
ally of other people against me.

MY DAD: Have you forgotten what they did to your Mother?

ME (CHRIS): Do you think I would forget such a thing?

ME (CHRIS): No I have not forgotten. They were mean to her. But neither do I seek revenge against them.

ME (CHRIS): And anyway it is you, Dad, who hurt my Mother very much. And it is you who harass her still!

MY DAD: Still uttering the same nonsense.

MY DAD: No matter.

MY DAD: Now is the time to put
aside your weak human body.

MY DAD: And join me in remaking
this world.

ME (CHRIS): Dad, in the name of
my mother—

ME (CHRIS): I shall defeat you—

ME (CHRIS): Again!

MY DAD SCREAMS AND SCREAMS

I TELL ANOTHER STORY WHILE MY DAD IS SCREAMING

I used to date a girl her name was
Lisa she drove a 1990 ford escort
and she bowled

the first time I disabled her car we
were at CMS race week she came
by and picked me up

Lisa was 5'5 170 lbs she had bushy
hair it was always fixed nice

I had never been to a race before
might sit in traffic better use the
bathroom Lisa says I stayed with
some friends of mine Pam and Larry

they had a 1987 buick electra had
some fun with that car one day I will
tell that later if I remember
escort had the fuel pump in the
trunk that you could push in and it
would not start

I pretended to put stuff in the trunk
while she was in the bathroom
she comes out has orange shorts
and a white blouse and white tennis
shoes

Lisa kept her seat about all the way
up that's why I did not pull her coil

not enough time but I did that many times too Lisa was hanging around some friends and she was starting to smoke

she asked me did I mind no I said the car was a grey color and grey cloth seats and console was in the middle

she puts her purse in the center how long will it take us to get there she says about 45 minutes depending on traffic I said Pam and Larry's house sat up on a hill

the house was to the right and the
drive way was to the left my car was
parked beside the house down at
the bottom of the hill

now this was my first time riding with
her and so I had no idea how she
started her car but we are fixing to
find out

she puts her foot on the brake she
turns the key

rrrrrrrrrr she thought it started so she
reaches in her purse and pulls out a
marlboro light 100 put it in her lips

she took her lighter and lit it she had
it dangling from her lips

I watched her put her lighter back in
her purse she drew on her cig in her
right hand

Lisa the car's not running I say oh
no it's not she says she put the cig
back in her lips this was the first
time I saw her smoke

and she cranks the car foot on the
brake

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr her foot was off the
pedal

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr she was just turning

the key and I was watching her

dangling the cig from her lips

she stops I made up a story that it

was on a hill try pumping it and she

looked at me do you pump it then

crank it she said

no try to start it as you are cranking I

say she drew on her cig and put it in

her left hand

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrpumpingpumppump

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrpumpingpumping

she drew again on her cig try it

again rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

well we might have to take my car I

said try it again rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

pumpingpumpingpumping

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

the 4cylinder was not going to start

and she knew it

Lisa is your foot going all the way to

the floor as you are cranking I say I

think so she said

well just let it sit for a minute I said

just pump the gas and don't crank it

I told her she looked good smoking

how long have you been doing that I

ask about a month now

does your mom know yes she does
you are a big girl now you make
your own decisions now

I said she is still pumping
which you know that does nothing
for the car but who cares

I told her don't you want to take off
your shoes and you could feel the
pedal better

Okay she says and smoke and you
will be able to hear the car crank I
say ok she said

I will try anything I want to go to the
race she put her cig in her lips lit it

she did not know what that was but
it was running I think she caught on
to me

I don't know because I started
dating another girl and she would
call me all the time

when her car wouldn't crank so I
could get a smoking and cranking
show

I HAVE DEFEATED MY DAD IN
FIGHTING AND IT IS AFTERWARD

ME (CHRIS): Go back to where you
came from, trouble my Mom no
more, Dad.

MY DAD: How?

MY DAD: How?

MY DAD: How?

MY DAD: How is it that I have been
so defeated?

ME (CHRIS): You have been
doomed ever since you lost the
ability to love.

MY DAD: Ah, sarcasm.

MY DAD: For what profit is it to a man, if he beats his Dad and gains the world, and loses his own soul?

ME (CHRIS): Matthew 16:26 I believe.

MY DAD: Tell me.

MY DAD: What—what does your Mother want?

ME (CHRIS): She said to not hate other people.

ME (CHRIS): If you cannot live with them, then at least do them no harm.

ME (CHRIS): For theirs is already a hard lot.

ME (CHRIS): She also said to tell you that she will love you for all of eternity.

MY DAD: Your mom is dumb.

MY DAD: Farewell my son.

ME (CHRIS): Farewell Dad.

ME (CHRIS): Believe it or not, I shall miss you.

MY DAD IS GONE AND NOW I TELL ANOTHER STORY

this happened a few years ago I
stayed with some friends that were
named Pam and Larry
Pam was the manager at the
bowling alley Larry came home one
day and told Pam not to drive the
car
it had no turn signals he would look
at it on Saturday
just to get a ride with Yvonne she
said that would be okay but Larry

had another car it was a plymouth

reliant I think

so he dove that

they knew I worked on cars so I told

Larry that I was off on Friday and I

would take a look at it thank you he

said Pam you can drive my car if

you want

it was only 15 minutes to the lanes

well this was Friday morning Pam

where are the keys to the car I say

she gave them to me I went outside

turn on the turn signals that were

flashing real fast inside of the car

but not outside

well there was only one thing that
would cause that a bad turn signal
flasher back then it was just a 3
prong or 2 prong flasher

I think her's was a 3 prong flasher I
went back in the house and Pam
was sitting on the couch

I think I know what the problem is I
said it needs a flasher when do you
have to be at work noon she says
okay

I will be right back did you call
Yvone last night I say she will be
here at 11:30 Pam said
she was the one I helped at the
bowling alley late one night and
dangled her cig while cranking
then I said maybe I can get Yvone
to crank and Pam too so I went to
the parts store
got the part put it in had the turn
signals great now
I want a cranking show I pulled the
hood and pulled the coil wire and

closed it this was around 11:00

o'clock

I went back in the house and told

Pam the turn signals work now but I

need you to start the car and let me

make sure all of them are working

Pam being a manger she wears

slacks and high heels Pam was

about 5'0 tall maybe a little taller

black hair and she wore size 5 or 6

shoes very small

she was finishing getting dressed I

went inside in the kitchen and sat

down

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr and bouncing so I
went to my room Pam stopped and
said

hey Yvone we got the turn signals
fixed now I can't get the stupid car
to crank

Yvone said have you pumped it
yeah many times Pam says it was a
sight watching two women try to
start the car

Pam said that she was going to get
me Yvone said do you want me to
try it go ahead Pam says

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrvrom it was running

now check turn signals and all

worked

she drove to work when Larry got

home I told him that I fixed his car

and he said thank you

I TALK TO MYSELF ABOUT THE WAY
THINGS WENT WITH MY DAD AND
TRY TO SAY A HARD GOODBYE (TO
MYSELF) BUT CAN'T

ME (CHRIS): The link between Dad
and son is broken.

ME (CHRIS): The castle is just a
house and it is starting to crumble.

ME (CHRIS): Every son is a man.
Every Dad is a man.

ME (CHRIS): Mankind continues to
fight. Every son fights against his
Dad.

ME (CHRIS): But it is a desperate fight to stay alive.

ME (CHRIS): I suppose Dad chose a life of warfare since that was the only way that he knew.

ME (CHRIS): Like every Dad, he chose a path of destruction.

ME (CHRIS): Farewell Dad of my birth.

ME (CHRIS): Never again will these eyes gaze upon your beauty.

ME (CHRIS): So you made it.

ME (CHRIS): Chris!

ME (CHRIS): How is Mom?

ME (CHRIS): She did not make it.

ME (CHRIS): I am sorry, Chris.

ME (CHRIS): I see.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you for
stopping him. Thank you for
stopping Dad.

ME (CHRIS): Do you suppose that
this too was fate, Chris?

ME (CHRIS): So does this mean our
journey is over then?

ME (CHRIS): No.

ME (CHRIS): I understand.

ME (CHRIS): Well then.

ME (CHRIS): May God guard you
along the way.

ME (CHRIS): Farewell, Chris.

ME (CHRIS): You as well, Chris.

ME (CHRIS): Goodbye.

ME (CHRIS): It is over.

ME (CHRIS): The sacrifice was
great.

ME (CHRIS): Farewell Dad of my
birth.

ME (CHRIS): Never again will these
eyes gaze upon your beauty.

ME (CHRIS): Dad!

ME (CHRIS): Dad!

ME (CHRIS): I did not wish for him
to die.

ME (CHRIS): Neither did I.

ME (CHRIS): Such is the fate of
mortals.

ME (CHRIS): Even Dads must die.

ME (CHRIS): I'm certain some dark
force was behind all of it.

ME (CHRIS): But it doesn't matter
now.

ME (CHRIS): No.

ME (CHRIS): It is best this way.

ME (CHRIS): We couldn't ease his
torment.

ME (CHRIS): Someday perhaps we
will meet again.

ME (CHRIS): And on that day—
maybe—

ME (CHRIS): Maybe.

ME (CHRIS): I see.

ME (CHRIS): Let's go.

ME (CHRIS): Everyone's waiting for
us.

ME (CHRIS): Yes, let's get out of
here.

ME (CHRIS): But Chris!

ME (CHRIS): You made it.

ME (CHRIS): I am glad you are
okay.

ME (CHRIS): What happened to
Dad?

ME (CHRIS): Consumed by the very
demonic powers he summoned.

ME (CHRIS): I'm sorry.

ME (CHRIS): It is my fault you had
to fight our own father.

ME (CHRIS): Fear not.

ME (CHRIS): I had my own reasons
for destroying him.

ME (CHRIS): It must have been
painful for you.

ME (CHRIS): Indeed. And you.

ME (CHRIS): But we must always remember.

ME (CHRIS): That the only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good sons to do nothing.

ME (CHRIS): I understand.

ME (CHRIS): So do I.

ME (CHRIS): Chris.

ME (CHRIS): What should we do now?

ME (CHRIS): The blood that flows in our veins is cursed. It is Dad's blood.

ME (CHRIS): It would be best for
this world if we disappeared forever.

ME (CHRIS): I see.

ME (CHRIS): Farewell then, we will
not meet again.

ME (CHRIS): Chris.

ME (CHRIS): I'm sorry. I can't let
you disappear from my life.

ME (CHRIS): It is all right.

ME (CHRIS): Perhaps you can save
my haunted soul.

ME (CHRIS): Thank you, Chris.

ME (CHRIS): Dear, dear Chris.

I TELL MYSELF ONE LAST STORY
AND IT IS A GOOD ONE

this happened in '94-95', a sunny
early spring day in new england
probably 50-55 degrees out

I was driving between jobs on my
lunch break on a busy road
2 lanes each way not a divided
highway

I approached a light at a shopping
plaza and saw that my lane was
stopped even though the light was
green

I was 6 or 7 cars from the light and I saw people changing lanes and going around someone so my radar was activated

sure enough as I move closer to the light there is a late 80's dodge extended van with its hazards on blocking the lane

I put my flashers on and carefully approach the driver's side trying to keep from getting smoked by oncoming traffic

as I walk up I hear the distinctive whine of the Mopar Starter as the

engine just cranks without even a
sputter for 15 seconds

getting closer I see the name of a
local church on the door and 10 or
12 little kids probably 5 or 6
sitting in the back of the van and 2
women

both in their mid 30's sitting in the
front seats

the driver was attractive, shoulder
length brown hair pretty face

slim and fit figure dressed

conservatively in a blouse and long
skirt

the driver's window was about 1/2
open so I tapped on it as the driver
was cranking the van again
with no response from the engine
having trouble I asked
yes she said it was running fine until
we stopped at the light then it stalled
and I can't get it started again
ok give it a try so I can hear what it
sounds like I say
ok watched as she turned the key
and pushed the pedal to the floor
after a few seconds she released

the pedal and pushed it to the floor
again

she did this 3 or 4 times in a 15
second crank

but the engine wasn't firing at all
it was too dangerous for me to work
on the van in the middle of the busy
road

so I told her that I was going to pull
my truck into the plaza

and then come back and push the
van into the plaza as well she

smiled and said

there's no way you're going to push
us all by yourself

I told her I would be fine and walked
back to my truck

and moved it into the plaza before
walking back across the street to the
van

as I approached I could hear her
cranking again but the only sound
was the high pitched rapid whine of
the starter

the Mopar Starters of the 80's and
early 90's are one of my favorite
sounds

I walked up to the driver and told her
to put the van in neutral

make sure the key was in the on
position and be ready to steer the
van

because without the power steering
it would be very difficult to steer the
beast

ok she says but there's no way
you're going to move this van with
all of us in it

just steer it into the plaza, I'll do the
rest

she was right the van was a pig but I
was in good shape
and the road was pretty much flat
and then downhill into the plaza
the tricky part was getting enough
speed down the hill to make the turn
into a parking spot
or the van would be blocking the
access road into the plaza
I started pushing and it was tough
but once I got it moving it was ok
she struggled to make the turn but
she did and I ran down the hill as
fast as I could

and had just enough momentum to
make the turn and get her sort of
into a space

she was cockeyed but not blocking
traffic and I walked around to the
driver's side breathing a little heavy
from pushing the van

and the ladies were very impressed
I can't believe you pushed us all the
way down here god must have
given you the strength one of them
said

um ok I guess it was God pushing
you I say

anyway the passenger went to the

pay phone to call the church

and I worked with the driver to try

and get the van started

I had to get into the van and remove

the console to get at the carburetor I

didn't smell gas at all

and I should have with all the

cranking she had been doing

I took off the air cleaner and

checked out the carb the butterfly

was in the right position

I had her pump the gas a few times

and then try it

the engine dry cranked for 15

seconds

but nothing happened I had her try it

2 or 3 more times pumping the

pedal as she cranked

but there was no fuel getting into the

carb

the kids were scared the teacher

was reassuring them telling them

that another van was coming soon

I felt bad I really wanted to get the

van started but it was a lost cause

it was either a clogged fuel filter or

bad fuel pump

but there was no gas getting to the
engine

I kept having her try it for awhile
it was a little selfish of me the van
wasn't going to start but hell

I had pushed them out of trouble so
I deserved a little show

and I loved the sound of that whiny
dodge v8 cranking

I finally had her stop and replaced
the console

I waited for the relief van to arrive
and said goodbye

the kids were ok once they saw the

other van

I could relate

I knew what it was like to be

stranded in a broken down car when

I was little

I wonder if any pedal pumping fans

were started that day

I TALK TO AN OLD MAN ON A BOAT
AND HE TURNS OUT TO BE MY DAD

OLD BOAT MAN: Now that you
have defeated your Father, I will
take you to a place that might be
interesting for you.

OLD BOAT MAN: I'll guide you to
meet your destiny.

OLD BOAT MAN: Hahahaha.

OLD BOAT MAN: I am your Dad.

MY MOM MY

DAD AND

ME BY



CHRIS

SYLVESTER