

thepropheti sdead. txt

Johnathan didn't love her.
He didn't even like her most of the time.
But man, was she ever hot.
He had been dating her for a couple of weeks, and he couldn't get enough.
He lusted her. He lusted her bad.
Now things were getting serious. She was spending the night most nights. Starting to leave things at his place, "just to make it easier."
As hot as she was, he was going to have to call it quits soon. Because Johnathan was many things, but a man on a leash he was not.
He had broken free of all that a long time ago.
After growing up in a Christian home for 17 years, the best man he ever knew, his father, died of a massive heart attack at the age of 43. His mother started drinking after that. For Johnathan the whole thing broke something inside of him. He never understood his parent's religious zeal. He grew up seeing the phoney side of it all. The preacher's kid smoking pot before Sunday School. The choir director sleeping around with choir members. It was called Shady Lane Baptist, but it should have been called Shady Ways Baptist.
And yet, there were definitely times Johnathan felt the... for lack of better words... 'presence of God'.
But, all that was a long time ago.
It had been 6 years since his father died, 6 long hard years. Johnathan had made a way for himself. He took what little inheritance he had and invested it in a pizza joint. It wasn't much but it paid his bills. He attended a couple of classes each semester, not really looking for an education as much as looking for girls. And the girls were plentiful if you knew where to look. Casual athletic classes, and casual art classes seemed to be brimming with hot chicks. He had picked up his latest fling in an Appreciation of Art History Class. He waxed philosophical about a Van Gogh, they had a couple of glasses of wine at a nice restaurant, and then he took her back to his place.
"It had been fun, but now... eh, that's life," these were Johnathan's thoughts as he drifted off to sleep next to his super sexy future ex-girl friend.

A small boy sitting on a pew. He's holding a book. He's singing. He looks familiar... that's me. That's me in church. I can't be more than 4 years old. What is that song... "... in the sweet by and by..." I know that song. Man, its been forever. What is that light... it hurts my eyes... ahhhhh!

With a deep breath and a stifled scream Johnathan woke up. The girl laying next to him didn't even move. Johnathan was covered in cold sweat. He looked at the clock. 30 minutes had passed. He had to get up.
He rushed to the bathroom, and shutting the door behind him he turned on the light. He splashed cold water on his face as he thought about the dream. As the water hit his face something sparked. It was like lightning was in the water. It quickly ran through his body and back up to his hands. He pulled his hands from his face and stared at them. His face was numb. There wasn't anything unnatural about the water, his hands were normal, but his face was numb... and the numbness was spreading through his skull to the back of his head. His vision was blurry and bright. With the numbness came... knowledge. He knew things. Johnathan felt his whole head go numb as he slid down the closed bathroom door. His vision went completely white, his head completely numb, and now the numbness was moving down his neck to the rest of his body... he wasn't sure how much longer he could stay conscious...

Johnathan woke to the sound of running water... a voice echoed in his head, "... and you will be my witnesses..."
"What just happened?" Johnathan thought as he struggled to his feet. It was if he was waking from a coma.
But, he wasn't the same him. He couldn't explain it, but something was different. He knew.
All he knew he couldn't put into words... he just knew.
He knew too much for words to express. He knew he had to hurry.

Johnathan opened the bathroom door with a wild look in his eye.
"Wake up! You have to go!" he rustled his fling from her sleep and grabbed her

clothes off the floor where they had haphazardly fallen the night before.

"Please, go now!"

She was groggy, and none too happy, but slowly the idea sunk in.

"What? You are kicking me out? It's 3 in the morning jerk!"

"I can't explain, and I'm real sorry, but you have to go..."

She stared him down a second, concern started to creep into her beautiful face, "Are you okay?"

He opened the door, "I don't know. Look, I'll call you later, but you have to go."

She left with a single backward glance.

As soon as the door shut, Johnathan began searching. He threw books off the shelf. Frantically looking for the one thing that might have answers for what just happened to him.

Under his bed, ironically under a stack of Playboys, he found it just where he had left it so many years ago. As he opened it, the leather bound spine creaked and the aged and worn pages rustled in the now quiet apartment above the pizza parlor.

He held the book gently, reverently. He leafed through the pages as though this book held the coordinates to a great treasure.

Johnathan sat for 2 hours digging into his old Bible. Years of his crusty outer shell melted away... after his time alone with God and God's Book, he knew what he must do. But, first he had to talk to someone, someone who would understand.

Johnathan thought about all the people in his life. One man stuck out in his mind.

There was a guy who had hired on to the pizza parlor as a bartender a few months back. Johnathan like the guy and he seemed nice enough. They had talked a couple of times. Bart the bartender, they always teased him about his name. He said it was short for Bartholomew. He said he was named after a saint. In that same discussion, Johnathan found out ol' Bart the Bartender used to be a priest. Why he quit the cloth never really came up, but Johnathan figured a former priest might be the one person who would have answers about his... 'divine revelation' as the Bible referred to it.

Johnathan found his number in his phone.

Bart answered on the third ring.

"Hello?"

He was tired and took some convincing, but Johnathan got Bart to agree to meet him in the parking lot. Sometimes being the boss had it's uses.

Johnathan was waiting for Bart in the parking lot downstairs. It was still dark outside. The faint glow of the morning sun was minutes from creeping over the eastern horizon.

Bart pulled up in his black sedan. Johnathan always wondered why a cool guy like Bart would drive such a "old person's" car.

Bart looked slightly irritated, but with some concern.

Johnathan shook his hand explaining, "Look, man. I'm sorry. I didn't know who else to call. You used to be a priest, so I thought of you. Umm, something weird happened and I just need to talk to someone who knows about God and stuff..."

Bart let Jonathan talk.

Johnathan spent the next few minutes telling Bart what had happened. By the time he finished, dawn was cracking over the east.

Johnathan paused not knowing whether Bart would believe what he was about to tell him.

"You see... I know, Bart. I know all sorts of things. God showed me all sorts of things... and I think He wants me to tell people. I know..." Johnathan trailed off, the reality of his words too fantastic to express.

"What do you know?" Bart quietly asked.

"I know who the anti-christ is." Johnathan said flatly. He looked at his shoes, doubting Bart would believe him, embarrassed to say what he felt he must say.

Bart paused. He slowly reached behind him as Johnathan stood before him staring at the pavement. As Bart's hand came back into view, the dull shine of a stiletto blade caught Johnathan's eye. Johnathan looked to Bart's face. Bart's eyes were cold now, unfeeling pools of death. Johnathan gasped once as Bart plunged the knife into his heart.

Johnathan slumped to the ground clutching his chest, his face twisted in the question, 'why?' Johnathan breathed his last breath as the dawn shone on precious blood flowing a river towards the bone dry gutter.

The crunch of gravel in the still morning air echoed off the pizza parlor as Bart

theprophetisdead.txt

walked back to his car. His hand slipped into his pocket and out came his phone. Bart spoke quietly into his phone, "It's done. The prophet is dead."