

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

THE TEXT HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN ENGLISH AND REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, TO WHOM, NONETHELESS, REMAINS STILL NOT BEING THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE. AS OF THAT, DISCRETION IS ADVISED WHEN IT COMES TO GRAMMAR. ON A DIFFERENT NOTE: THIS BOOK CONTAINS WHAT IS USUALLY DESIGNATED AS 'STRONG LANGUAGE', THUS READERS SENSITIVE TO THAT SORT OF TERMINOLOGY ARE NOTIFIED AS OF NOW TO THE PRESENCE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED IN THE FOLLOWING TEXT. SO, ENJOY THE BOOK, AND GO FUCK YOURSELF.

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«Do you understand all these things?» They answered, «Yes.» And He replied, «then every scribe that has been instructed in the kingdom of heaven is like the head of a household who brings from his storeroom both the new and the old.»

MATTHEW 13:51-52

I

Elvis has left the building!

*Arrogance, haughtiness, optimism...?
Who knows what it might mean about a man
who thinks or says that out loud after
ejaculating.*

*I guess an old Priest ends up hearing
all sorts of things during Confession. Is that
a sin? How am I supposed to know...?
Where are we? On a South American
Mission in the fifteen hundreds...? Try the
missionary position for a change. The
gentleman on top. It's said the Indians used
to fuck in all sorts of ways, hence the advice
for a more poised intercourse from the
European Missionaries and the name given*

to it. I wonder who might have taught the animals to screw in the Ark... Noah, maybe, or one of his sons. It might have been something in between Martin Lawrence's character in National Security – is-this-a-thong...? – and Family Guy's British porn – almost...! Almost...! Here we are. Too bad I can't use more jokes from Peter Griffin due to the fag element in the show. I guess America is overwhelmed with that shit. Oh, well... as the Book of Revelation is usually summed up, fuck it.

That issue always reminded The Holy Spirit about Saint Michael The Archangel, the defender of the children of your people, as it says in the Bible. One thing this means is that Saint Michael was sort of a nanny-like figure, but in a very military way. For instance, this one time, when he was interrupted, he would be like a mix between Full Metal Jacket's drill sergeant and Tony Clifton – who the fuck said that? When I go like this, I expect absolute silence! There's an artiste on staaaaage... So you kids, paraphrasing Saint Michael, in case mommy or daddy say that there's nothing wrong with the fags and the dikes, you can give them the Constantine treatment: for your boss... (I feel like John Connor coaching the

Terminator – and you can do combos: for your boss... motherfucker.)

Short version why humanity has become so perverted? They got their wits fucked out. World War II might have ended, but propaganda went into overdrive. You groom humanity in a way so that it loses all hope in eternal life, you have them chasing the most outrageous lies of personal accomplishments that this world can never fulfill while working shitty jobs so many hours a day, and you end up with fucking pin-balls needled to drip-bags of bullshit running around on Defcon one.

Anyway, continued the Priest, my life is good... Brother Ignacio-like... I get up at five AM every morning to make soup... I sleep in a bed all by myself my entire life... Brother Ignacio always reminded the Priest about the Holy Spirit because of this one time He came to confess to him. On that day, He, The Holy Spirit, felt a bit like an intruder in the midst of The Holy Trinity because, well, God THE FATHER had created the world, given up His Son for the Salvation of men and had/has been enduring all sorts of things due to a misguided use of free will from his creatures; Jesus, God The Son, well, everyone knows what He went

through; and the Holy Spirit... just had to come and tell the Truth... you know? He felt, in the midst of The Holy Trinity, due to these circumstances, a bit like Chris Tucker's character in Money Talks, in the helicopter, after having escaping, as if he was in on it all along – we made it! We did it! Everybody okay? Everybody alright? Or like that parrot joke. A guy goes into a pet shop to buy a parrot, and the owner says, this one costs a thousand, and he speaks English. This one costs two thousand, but he speaks English and French. What about that one?, asked the customer. That one costs three thousand, answered the owner. And how many languages does he speak?, continued the customer. None, replied the owner, but the other two call him boss... Does it need to be said that The Holy Spirit didn't thought of Himself as the boss? It was just an abstract image so to illustrate how He felt sometimes.

The Priest had conflicting feelings about being the Confessor of The Holy Spirit. On the one hand, he felt as if everything was revealed to Him, and so it seemed that nothing came to mind except his flaws and errors. But on the other hand, he enjoyed the answers The Holy Spirit sometimes gave about, well, the whole

mystery of the fucking thing, existence and stuff. As in, for example, how He felt like K's locker after receiving the Eucharist – all hail Christ! All hail Christ! – and what He said about the unity in the Holy Trinity, that it was like those kids in the YouTube video, the one with Charlie and his brother sitting on the same chair. Or like Jake and Paden busting out of jail in Silverado. Concerning Creation, The Holy Spirit always kid around, as in, it was like The Hangover, He said. Hey, there's a fucking tiger in the bathroom...! What the hell is a tiger? What the hell is a bathroom?

The Holy Spirit said that Jesus was always joking around with Him. For instance, when He, The Holy Spirit, revealed Himself to the Angels, He was convinced that Jesus had already talked to them about the Holy Trinity and stuff, thus being aware of who He was. But when the Holy Spirit revealed Himself to the Angels, their reaction was similar to the one Brother Ignacio got from his brethren after telling them that, yes, it was him, El Nacho, the luchador – who...?! Not that Jesus has many reasons to smile about while the world doesn't end, because of the state humanity is currently in, but you can foresee Jesus'

sense of humor in some parts of the Gospels, such as, for instance, when He tells the Pharisees that the prostitutes will precede them in the Kingdom of Heaven. Now that shit is funny. I don't think anyone laughed at the time, though... Anyways, continued The Holy Spirit to the Angels, I don't know how to say this... but I'm kind of a big deal in Heaven – in a Ron Burgundy kind of manner, He would put it...

Or how the Native Americans used to tie a weight to their dicks

– ...?

The Writer's thoughts were interrupted by a skull that the river had brought with its current. That made the Writer think that a prophet, sent by God in this day and age, would always have to say something about Israel, nevertheless Revelation being as far ahead as it currently is because of Christianity. But because of that, and Jesus being The Law, as He is, it seems that the only thing that a prophet could say to Israel, would only be the legal advice that Fletcher Reede gave to his client, Skull.

The Writer kept washing the ash out of his hands in the river, now that he had assisted on his last cremation of the day. The fume clouds against the sun always made its setting magical in Varanasi.

– You're a character in a blog or a book. And you can connect with the Author through prayer. But you have to have style or swag, you know? Look at me, for instance, I only speak in Arial...

What did he mean by that?, thought the Writer, while washing his hands in the Ganges and looking at the sunset.

– Shot full of diamonds and a million years.

– The disappointed disappear – singing.

Then both together:

– Like they were never here – pounding, afterwards, the following drum line on his legs with his hands. – Jimmy's drums arrangements in this music sounds as if it was written by Mozart himself. And how are you?

Talking.

Making time.

The inevitability of death is the element that gives sense to the real Truth about this life. Truth is where death is indispensable so to make sense. Living your life without hope in Eternal Life, as in, with complete or relative disregard to what concerns philosophical, moral or theological issues, but living that way, so to die eventually, to such philosophy, death does not make sense, as in, it's party all the time, with no or few moral impediments, and then it's over? What's the sense in that?, as in, does that feel like the truth that the circumstances of this world seem to convey?, together with the desire for and Eternal Life of joy in the human heart? I don't think so. Death does not make sense to reason in that scenario. Suffering patiently, to that death makes sense, because more than obviously, it will not last forever as such, as in, despite of all religious, philosophical, political or moral differences, to one thing we can all agree: in this world, no one stays forever.

Being Bill and Ted one of the differences between humans and Angels, as in, when Angels do the air guitar, it actually works!

Something between the paragraphs

– Then, I want you to come to Portugal, or wherever he might try to hide -- that's a laugh -- and take care of the anthropological illusion, the prime minister, but, needless to say, first I want him terrified, then comes the reason for him being terrified, so he will be more terrified. But just give him a sample, for starters. Or not. Anyway, it goes not only for him, but to the ones who helped him, politically, that is.

»Talvez seja melhor avisar os «católicos» que votaram no lixo para fazerem as leis desse país, que não sei o que é que possam ir fazer a Fátima depois disso. Só se for para algum Anjo os mandar p'ó caralho. Enfim, filtrado pela minha alma, o sentimento é este. Quando precisarem de ajuda, é melhor, então, posto essas escolhas, irem pedir depois a quem votaram, não só nesta vida, mas na outra, já que, assim sendo, colocam-se a si próprios numa posição na qual dizem saber mais do que Deus. É melhor irem confessar-se. Têm que ter em mente que, ao terem votado nessas monstruosidades, estão a subscrever as ideias de quem votaram, logo, tal como essas aberrações, co-responsáveis por escandalizar as crianças através das leis

promulgadas e, se não estou em erro, Jesus disse, ai daqueles que forem causa de escândalo para os mais pequeninos. Seria melhor a essas pessoas que lhes atassem uma mó de moinho ao pescoço e as atirassem ao mar.

Note: don't forget to translate the Portuguese parts.

– Then, I want you to take care of that pervert who currently leads the so called «Christian», or «Christian» inspired political party, also in Portugal, which, judging from their leader, it must be for some years now some sort of perverts' lair, em português, um antro de fufas e paneleiros.

– No wonder simple folks are confused in that country...

– And take out all the masons in Portugal also. And I want brutality. None of that heart attack shit. For starters, the ones responsible for trying to rob the church in Santarém. The ones who ordered it and the ones who did it. If it's a war they want, I guess we'll have to teach them what's that all about. As a manner of speaking, naturally, given that we don't do wars, only

annihilations. How's that line go? People should know when they're conquered.

– Wow...

– Did or didn't I say that the desperation of the devil would create a target rich environment?

– Yes, you did. Just, uh... what's a devil?

– ...? he's the enemy of God...? Are you sure it is really written about you in the Bible?

It wasn't the fact the he could speak in tongues that made the Angel a bit surprised, but the fact that he did it with a Heavenly Jerusalem accent.

– Didn't I say that already? In the Book of Revelation, when it's mentioned the countless number of Angels of The Lord. I'm one of them...

– It's just that, you seem, well, not familiarized with, uh... basic Church things and stuff...

*– I'm sorry for not being at ease on...
– looking at the palm of his hand – ... Earth.*

The current level of immorality makes this place worst than a cesspool. Anyway, enemies of God, right? Well, in that case, we should call a...

– Exorcist...?

– I was going to say a paleontologist or an archeologist. I thought those things were extinct. Well, what can I say? Looks like meat is back on the menu, boys!

The countless hordes of Angels roared.

Sorry about the cliché.

– PBR Street Gang, this is Almighty. Do you read me?, over.

Atheists live their lives deaf to this constant call, used here in an abstract manner and only in a symbolical way.

– Street Gang, this is Almighty. Do you copy?, over.

The concept of too late does not seem to compute in atheists.

– When the Master of the House get's up and closes the door, no one else will get inside. Then you will knock on the door,

begging to get in, to what the Lord will reply, I don't know you. Stay away from Me, all of you who practice iniquity, as Jesus said it would be.

»You have to understand that you have nothing that this soul wants, concerning the glories that this world can offer, that is. The soul was like what it is written in the Book of Job about the crocodile, as in, made not to be afraid, rock hard diamond face, just like the LORD said to Prophet Jeremiah. On the other hand, towards God, as in, overwhelmed by His Person, the soul was still a bit like Forrest Gump in boot camp – YES, DRILL SERGEANT!

»The soul was all about the glorification of the infinite wonderful qualities about the letter J; the infinite wonderful qualities about the letter E; the infinite wonderful qualities about the letter S; the infinite wonderful qualities about the letter U and the advanced knowledge on the infinite wonderful qualities about the letter S; or, in short, a PhD in Judaic Messianism...

– How's the book coming out? – asked Sarah, passing by the room.

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