

The Book of Nefi, Chapter 1

Introductory Benediction

Before diving into our story for the day, which was given to me when Lo and BEHOLD, a bedazzled Ronald McDonald ghost in the brightness of the noonday midnight moonsun morning, appeared to me and handed me a bundle of papers, written in copper and golden colored fonts, and told me to translate them, from English to Spanish and back to English again and, through the help of a multitude of holy spirits — henessy, crown russe, core's light, etcetera.... — I have done so to bring to light a true and accurate account of the laborings of Nefi, son of Lehi, to the world.

You've Got to Start From the Top to Get to the Bottom

I, Nefi (it's spelled with a *f* not *ph*), having been born of goodly parents, not the kind of good mind you where they were annoyingly due-diligent do-gooders, the kind of good where they, as righteous members of the Committee For the Suppression of Vice in Jerusalem would stone to death any unrighteous heathen who dared to cut in line at the sacred hot dog stand, but instead the kind of good where they would gather the stones for the latest lapidation because they abhorred committing violence but loved watching it playing out. A white, W.A.S.P.Y., Anglo-Saxon kind of good, like many of my fellow Jews under the reign of Zedekiah, where everyone is a historically accurate blue-eyed blond-haired Azkenazi Jew which D.N.A. evidence, when not adulterated by the mendacious tricks of meretricious scientists, will one day prove during the final judgement, when God will lay these words on the scale of justice and truth and determine, using his mysterious box of tricks of the trade, whether or not we will all go to reside with the sky stars in heaven or or the movie stars in hell.

My parent's goodliness didn't mean that they hadn't been beginning to crack a little under the stress as we all had. We'd all heard stories of the Babylonian army on the march, kicking up plumes of dusk as tall as the tower of babel, and seen their victims,

stripped of everything except the clothes on their backs (and sometimes not even this was spared) forced to hobble, sandblind and nearly dead from thirst, across the desert dunes in search of a final oasis or, more realistically, given the extinction of their entire clan, a grave. Suffice it to say things were tense and, as I waited at the crosswalk for the invisible angel to paint the signs green rather than risk crossing the intersection between the temple and my favorite brothel and getting run over by some mad camel driver whipping his poor drudges frantically, foam flying out of their mouths, and screaming about how “we must get to the market on time to secure a favorable omen!”, I groaned internally, letting out a little puff of air and disappointment, when I saw my father, empty-eyed like an Akkadian stargazer, wandering across the square covered in shit. A small crowd of children, from ages 5 to 10 about — too young to be usefully employed but too old to stay cocooned in infantile immobility at home — were following, picking up small pebbles and twigs and throwing them at him while he fell down to his knees and, face streaked with tears, cried out, every time that he was hit, “Oh Lord my God, that art in Heaven, why dost thou permit thy messengers to be stoned and driven out? Why didst thou permit me to be exiledeth from that Chilis, for tipping over the table and screaming about the end of times? Why does thou make they servants walk in darkness and obscurity, braving the weltering storms of life and the tempests of tribulation without a spark of hope, and inkling of inspiration and vision of more than a dull grey cube, as thou hast seen fit to replace all my vision with?” It seemed the children were timing their throws to get him to repeat his ramblings as a source of entertainment and, as I lunged across the intersection and was almost bowled over by thickly mustachioed camel driver who cracked his whip at me and screamed something in the howling rush and clatter of hooves and hollering about “watching where I was

going”, one child, a little bigger, a neighborhood punk who went by the name of Laban, named after his father, grabbed a stone the size of an apple and lobbed it at Lehi’s forehead, knocking my father out just as I was knocked down. I screamed and chased them off, waving my arms around frantically like a she-bear defending Elisha, and then picked up my father where he lay, covered in — cow dung?, and began the slow trek of taking him back home, cutting through side streets and back alleys to avoid ignominy — not that my family’s reputation was any better than this anyway — resolving to visit the brothel a favorite time. My favorite sacred prostitute Benjamin, who was a votary of the sky god Baal, and who I wanted to offer up a few coins to as a sacrifice, was working today but, as I pulled away from the dusty square and watched another camel driver chase furiously after his camel and chuckled as the camel, acquiring the high ground, managed to grab the camel driver’s whip from him and chase him off, leaving a string of expletives and terror followed close behind by what I can only presume are the sounds of a camel’s jubilation, I saw Laban’s father, Laban the elder, dressed in swanky roman centurion armor, waltz into the brothel flipping a coin and whistling a tune, ready to take what should I been my encounter with the divine. I swore and nearly dropped my father, whose glazed eyes opened up and stared blankly at me while he muttered a spell for God’s protection in Hebrew

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If you enjoyed that, consider supporting me by buying me a coffee, as I am a broke college student and could use the money to be able to focus on writing. I understand the irony, lol.

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