

Tony DuShane

DEAR SATAN

My prayer was answered. I found a Hustler magazine.

I often prayed to Satan for a Playboy to appear under my mattress. When the urge was strong and the need to see a naked woman was important for a decent pubescent session of masturbation, I would ask the Devil himself to make pornography magically appear to me in the darkness of night while my parents were asleep. I would wait ten minutes then check under the mattress for the magazine because I figured Satan might have a time delay since he had a lot on his plate. He had to give lyrics to Ozzy Osbourne or Slayer and take trips to Russia to make sure everyone stayed atheist.

Then I would pray to Jehovah for forgiveness; for praying to Satan. My family was Jehovah's Witnesses. Praying to Satan could set it up so God would murder me at Armageddon with everyone else who wasn't a Jehovah's Witness. My heart stirred at the thought that I was fourteen years old and already Satan had started chipping away at my faith in God and the bible. He was mad that I was a Jehovah's Witness and that I was in the true religion.

I would preach on Saturday mornings with my father, from door to door, knocking, ringing doorbells, hoping that Jennifer from Social Studies class wouldn't answer the door and see me in a dorky suit and tie while holding a bible and a Watchtower. I didn't pray to Satan while I preached because Satan didn't want me to preach, he wanted me not to be a Jehovah's Witness.

Lorie from English class had stunning blonde hair and a slightly turned up nose. We talked to each other in 4th and 5th grade, but by high school I was a misfit bible thumper. It wasn't cool to hang out with the Jehovah Walker who had the latest issues of the Watchtower and Awake! in his hands after waking you up ringing your doorbell on Saturday mornings.

The Watchtower said that masturbating led to homosexuality. The Watchtower said that only deranged people masturbated. And many priests and nuns in the Catholic Church were chronic masturbators.



PHOTOS Courtesy of Flickr.com

After I masturbated I always prayed to Jehovah to help me never think those disgusting thoughts again. I would look down at my offending penis and wish I could cut it off.

There's a scripture in the bible that says if your right hand is making you stumble, it's better to cut it off and live forever in paradise than to keep it and be doomed to Gehenna. My right hand was working overtime, stroking its way to set me up for destruction at Armageddon. With Satan and with his demons and with anyone on Earth who wasn't a Jehovah's Witness.

Then, alone at night, with an erection and the flash nipple from a documentary I watched on PBS about early detection of breast cancer, I would pray again to Satan for a Playboy to appear under my bed.

Prayers to Satan were different than prayers to Jehovah. Jehovah can listen to you pray silently. I wasn't sure if Satan could hear my silent thoughts, so I would mouth my prayers to him without saying them out loud.

"Dear Satan. Please put a Playboy under my bed," I prayed and waited.

Not sure prayers to Satan should end in Amen, I said it just in case. Amen.

I felt under my bed. Nothing.

Then I would dare say it out loud hoping my slumbering mother and father wouldn't hear my whispers, "Playboy. Under. Bed." In my out loud prayers I talked to Satan like a caveman.

One day, even though it was a bit disconcerting, Satan answered my prayer and I throbbed in my pants.

I had Hustler magazine on my lap. There was Sonya on a swing wearing only a sweater, her full bush peeking out from between her legs. In another photo she spread open the hair and showed her vagina. I had no idea that much stuff was going on between a woman's legs. Underneath the triangle of hair.

I stroked myself over my pants and dropped the magazine and cried.

I found them while looking through dad's desk. He had all of his study books for the Jehovah's Witness meetings and his bible and more. He was a congregation elder, so he had confidential papers too, stuff written down about who was committing and confessing sins in the congregation, letters from the Watchtower Society on how to be a better elder and how to avoid lawsuits from Jehovah's Witnesses who were excommunicated.

At the bottom of his elder drawer sat my prayers to Satan answered. What I had been waiting for, aching for, over the last six months.

Satan answered my prayer by making a drunk driver ram his truck into dad's Honda. There was no chance for dad. He died instantly the doctor said.

