

### **The good cultist**

Can fly, breath fire, walk through walls and accidentally inseminate people he's never even seen via his latent psychic powers. The strength of his mind warps common silverware, and stops clocks from ticking. There is a demonic army out there, waiting to do his every dark bidding, if only he mixes the right herbs together and take several ominous drugs. If he explodes in a suicidal murder mission, he will surely go to paradise. And if he chops the top off his skull he shall hear the words of gods streaming into his subconscious. With the proper technique, he can levitate with his mental power, although actually he'll just be bouncing. The world shall soon end, and all who are sinners shall be sent where they belong. Good people like him will be sent to paradise, to live with the suicide bombers. Elvis and his alien army shall return one day, before the world explodes, and set things the way they belong. He shall be king, and Martha Stewart shall arise as his queen, because he is secretly in love with a clean household and fashionable table settings. All bad memories are lies sent to us by an alien force that is hiding behind the moon, trying to weaken us into a submissive stupor, and hence he ignores them. He protects himself from their further influence by wrapping his head in tinfoil. Sex Ed is important because it encourages the population of virgins, which are required for regular sacrifice: The gods must be appeased.

The good cultist watches you, heathens, wearily, noting your business suits and short haircuts. Darn skeptics, he grumbles, and their crazy, uneducated theories. Probably couldn't even say the first thing about modern advancements in alchemy, he thinks, patting the gold in his pockets, and notes with a scowl that not even a single tattoo adorns a single skeptic's skin. He doesn't trust these people who don't have pendants of calming, or the water god's tattoo, or at least a regular program of yoga and meditation to chill the urges catalyzed by violent T.V. shows. I need to get out of here, get to a neighborhood where I can trust people, he mumbles, scratching his nose-ring. This is no place to raise a child.