

WISH BY JACK WILLIAMS



First Edition

Wish

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This is a Work of Fiction

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Stalking. He hated being stalked. He hated it so fucking much. He hated everything about it. He hated the people that were stalking him. He hated all of them. His name was Michael. But people called him Mike. Mike. Mike knew he was being stalked. He knew who it was too. They were angels. And they found it so amusing to stalk and terrorize Mike. They were always watching. They were always following him. They could see everything he did. Nothing was safe from them. They loved to terrorize Mike.

He was at work now. He worked in a factory on an assembly line. They assembled power tools. He was good at his job. He tried hard. Really fucking hard.

Something was bothering him today. His coworkers were bothering him. He knew something about them. That they were actually not his coworkers. They were stalkers. Secretly they were angels. Not always. But now they were. Angels had gone inside their body and possessed

them. Why? So that they could terrorize him. They loved it. Those fucking bastards. Lowlifes. Shit. That's what they were. Shit. Pure shit. The worst shit you could find. He felt like he was trapped between two walls. Trapped. Trapped with the stalkers that harassed him.

He had no choice but to work after all. He couldn't leave. He would get fired if he did. Then he would lose his home. And he loved his home. He loved it very much. He loved sleeping there. He loved eating there. He would be lost without it.

Any minute now the angels would show themselves. They always did. They had done it before. They said horrible things to him. He knew his coworkers were possessed. He could just tell.

He had to work fast. Fast and hard. Every piece that they assembled had to be perfect. His job was to attach a gear on every one. What he did was put the gear on every one. What he did was put the

gear in place with his left hand. Then he screwed it in place with his right hand. He had to work fast. The assembly line was moving fast. At the end of the line the newly made tools were boxed up. Eventually they would be shipped out to various hardware and department stores. They did not sell for much. His labor was not paid highly either. Still he persisted.

Now not only did he have to do his job. But he also had to put up with the angels. He knew they were going to try and get him sooner or later.

“Are you okay Mike?” said Cindy.

He knew it was not really her. It was an angel inside her body. There to bother him. Those fucking angels. They loved it so much. He thought about killing Cindy. Pouncing on her and then smashing her head into the concrete floor until she finally fucking died. That would show those angels. Show them that he was not supposed to be messed with. And they

shouldn't. They shouldn't mess with him. Those fuckers.

“Everything's fine Cindy.” said Mike.
“Oh. You just look like your so unhappy.” she said.

No one else joined the conversation. They were all busy working.

“Soon I'm going to kill you.” thought Mike.

“I'm not unhappy. I'm fine.” said Mike.

Then he went back to working. He wasn't going to let the angels bother him today. He just wasn't. Not today.

“Not me. You fucking angels.” thought Mike.

Soon it would be time to go home. Home sweet home. He loved the end of the work day. He loved going home. There he could do anything he fucking wanted to. And he

did. He usually smoked dope. Sometimes he drank beer. Occasionally liquor. He couldn't wait to go home and have dinner. Chicken. He was going to have chicken.

Time passed. Eventually the buzzer went. Mike got his things and left. Then he took the bus home.

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Joe was at his home. He was retired. He was an old man. Sixty six years old. He was losing his brown hair and he had liver spots. They were all over him. People thought that he looked gross. Who wanted to be covered in spots? No one. Joe didn't like it. Joe was a grandfather. He was Mike's granddad. Mike called him Grandpa Joe. For obvious reasons. Joe was bored today so he decided he was going to go out. He missed his grandson. He missed him a lot. So why not go visit him. Joe was going to go do exactly that. He was going to visit Mike. He knew that Mike worked as an assembler. He was

very proud of his grandson. Very proud indeed. He knew that Mike got home at five PM. It was almost that time. It was four fifty. Ten minutes. Then he would call his grandson and go visit him. Outside the sun was shining. It was a beautiful August day. The birds were chirping. How the birds loved to sing. Even in the city. Which is where Joe lived. Mike lived in the city too. Just a short drive down the highway.

Grandpa Joe couldn't wait anymore. He headed out the door to go see his grandson. He enjoyed the drive down the highway. He always enjoyed the drive. It seemed like it was going to be uneventful like always. It wasn't however.

There was a ghastly accident on the way. Someone had dropped a brick from the overpass. It shattered someones windshield and that caused a car pile up.

The traffic slowed down to a stand still and Grandpa Joe was stuck in it.

Meanwhile the oldies played on his satellite radio. He loved his car. It was great. Big and great. He didn't smoke so it smelled great inside his car. He had the air conditioning cranked way up. He loved it. He loved air conditioning. It made him feel great. He just felt that this was the way things should be.

Eventually he passed the accident. It was a gruesome sight. It made his stomach turn.

“That could have been me. Or me and my grandson.” thought Grandpa Joe.

The man who dropped the brick had probably snapped. It was just a consequence of how society treated people. Just like terrorism was a consequence of our actions. That was what Grandpa Joe figured anyways. He sped up as he passed the accident. One hundred kilometers per hour. That was the speed limit. Soon he would arrive at Mike's. His grandson.

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Mike had had his chicken. He had had wings. They were honey garlic. They were good. Real fucking good. He was now getting high. Smoking dope. It must be his favorite fucking thing to do.

Those fucking angels. They had possessed everyone. They were now gone. That was because there was no one around. Once someone showed up the angels would strike again. Harassing him. He fucking hated it. Something was wrong with his brain. Mike was fucked up. Fucked right up.

There was a knock at his door just then. He extinguished the joint he was smoking and got up to answer it. To his surprise it was Grandpa Joe.

“Hi Grandpa Joe.” said Mike.

“Hi son. What's that smell?” said Grandpa Joe.

“Oh you know.” said Mike.

“So how are you?”

“Good. How 'bout you Grandpa Joe?”

“I'm great. I'm sweltering in this heat. Let's go have a coffee.” said Grandpa Joe.

“Okay.” said Mike.

Mike had completely forgotten about the angels. For now. They went and got in Grandpa Joe's car. Then they went to the local coffee shop. Along the way they chatted about Mike's life. Grandpa Joe had a lot of questions.

They arrived at the coffee shop and went inside to have a java. They had doughnuts. It was fucking good. Then it happened. Mike snapped.

He started thinking that he was not even talking to Grandpa Joe. He started thinking that he was actually an angel. An angel that wanted to terrorize him. An angel that would never let up; would never back down. Angels were like that. They were stubborn motherfuckers. Stubborn like an ass. An ass that refused to move. A

stubborn mule. He fucking hated angels. He found it hard to believe that he would one day be one.

Grandpa Joe was still talking. He liked to talk. He liked to talk about the past. And that is what he was talking about. The past. Mike wasn't even listening. He was fried. He was too preoccupied with the angels. Those fucking god damn angels. He hated them. So that was it. He had had enough. That is when it happened.

Grandpa Joe said. “ Mike. Mike. Are you listening or are you thinking about angels?”

Mike couldn't take that. The fucking angels. He jumped up. Then he screamed. Everyone in the coffee shop stared.

“I'll teach you!” he shouted.

Then he ran behind the deli counter and grabbed a big bread knife they used to cut the sandwiches. Then he ran at Grandpa

Joe.

“No!” shouted Grandpa Joe.

But it was too late. Mike plunged the knife in Grandpa Joe's heart. Blood spurted out. Grandpa Joe screamed out.

Then a miracle happened. Time froze. Mike froze in place with an angry look upon his face. All the diners froze in place. The cars on the highway froze in place. Everything was frozen. Everything except for Grandpa Joe. The knife had vanished. It was gone. And Grandpa Joe's wound was completely gone. He was right as rain. Like nothing ever happened. It all happened in a split second.

Then a voice spoke. It was a man's. It was friendly.

“Joe I've fixed you up. Something is wrong with your grandson Mike. Something is wrong with his brain.”

“Well thank you. I wish he could never

hurt anyone ever again.” said Grandpa Joe.
“Wish granted. He'll never hurt anyone again.” said the voice.

“Are you God?” asked Grandpa Joe.

“Maybe.” said the voice.

Then time began to flow again. Mike was still in a rage. Then he caught on. The knife was gone. Everything he had done had been undone. He didn't know what to think.

“Huh.” he thought.

“You're not going to hurt anyone Michael. Why'd you do that. Why'd you stab me. I'm your grandpa. I love you. Okay son.” said Grandpa Joe.

“I can't take those fucking angels. They are everywhere and they won't leave me alone.”

“What angels?” asked Grandpa Joe.

“The angel. It went inside your body and spoke to me. They won't leave me alone. They are everywhere.” said Mike.

“Oh. You know everyone is looking at

you.” said Grandpa Joe.

It was true. All the diners were staring. Mike was in attack stance. His face was red. All the diners had seen what happened. They were all stunned. Luckily none of them phoned the police.

“Sit down Michael. Sit down and have your coffee.”

“Okay.” said Mike.

He sat. Then he had a sip of coffee.

“Why'd you do that?” asked Grandpa Joe.

“Because I told you there was an angel inside your body.”

“There wasn't an angel inside my body Michael. You just went fucked up. It's probably because you smoke all that dope. It messed up your brain. Why don't you realize these things. Angels don't even exist. Why would you think a crazy thing like that. There is something wrong with you. Stop smoking that dope.” said Grandpa Joe.

“You might be right. I still think there was angels.” said Mike.

“Listen get some rest. Finish your coffee then I'll drop you off at home. Okay Mike.”

Mike did exactly that. He gulped down his coffee. Then they got in Grandpa Joe's big car and left. Mike was dropped off at his place and Grandpa Joe hit the highway back home.

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Mike awoke the next day. He was still convinced that angels were stalking him. He decided not to go to work. He called in sick and figured he would stay at home smoking dope. He was doing just that when it happened. The phone rang. He answered it. That was a mistake.

“Hello.” he said.

“Still thinking about the angels are you?” said a woman.

He recognized the voice. It was Cindy from work. Why would she call him and say that though?

“Listen. I am going to find you and kill you.” said Mike.

“Don't do that.”

Mike hung up the phone. He was in a fit of rage.

“Cindy.” he thought.

Then Mike decided it. He decided he was going to kill Cindy. Kill her and all his coworkers. They were all angels. They were all against him. He knew it. Those fuckers. Those fucking fuckers. They were tracking him. Writing down everything that he did. He didn't waste any time. He got in his car and drove off to the factory that he worked in. He was enraged.

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In heaven two angels were watching. They

had always been watching. They were the ones that had called Mike.

They had curly hair. They were wearing gowns. They gave off a mighty glow. A halo hung above each of their heads.

“When do we do something?” asked one of the angels.

“Wait til he attacks someone. Then we will interfere.”

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Mike arrived at his place of employment. He parked his car on the lawn. He ran in the front door. He ran through the office. He went through the entrance to the factory. He passed the punch clock and lunch room. One of his coworkers seen him.

“Mike.” they said.

Mike just ignored them. He set his sights on Cindy. He ran at her and pushed her to

the ground. He began smashing her head into the concrete floor. He was going to beat her to death. Smash. Smash. Then time froze.

THE END



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