

Fragments from The J. C. Scrolls
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(Translated from Aramaic.)

1) J. did it again. Can you believe it? I swear,
he's been after me for weeks now. Can't he
take a hint? Isn't it obvious that I'm with
Matthew?

x) Okay, sure, he's cute, and he's our Teacher, but just not my type, you know? It's the chin. That chin is all wrong. Maybe he isn't the Messiah after all, not with a weak jaw like that.

7) He put his hand on my elbow again. I have to admit, I kinda liked it.

x) The chin isn't so bad, really. And it's not like you can really see it much through the beard. But you can feel it. I hadn't noticed that dimple before. It's nice.

x) Well, he can turn water to wine, can't he? So I guess I shouldn't be surprised that he can make me feel this way about him. I hope Matthew will forgive me.

x) Hosanna! Glory be to God! And the Son of God isn't half bad, either. At this point, I almost don't care if Matthew forgives me. Until J., I never even knew a cock could do that. It looked so small at first, almost like the Magdalene's clit (it's not that I'm into that sort of thing; you just can't help but see it when she's around), but when he entered into me, it was as though he penetrated my very soul. I think I finally understand what he means by "The Holy Spirit."

23) I grabbed one of the palm fronds off the ground from our oh-so-grand entrance into Jerusalem. Everyone was so all about J. up there on the donkey, they didn't even notice. I carried it along, occasionally whapping it on the side of my leg. J. was right--it DOES feel good. I thought he did it just because he wants everyone to think he's all penitent and stuff. And maybe he is, but still, what a great scam.

x) J. and I used the frond last night, mostly me on him. I kept at it until his back was bloody and raw, and I wanted to stop, but he told me to keep going. Eventually, when it was as though he didn't have a microcubit of skin left, he turned over and told me to go after his cock. I dropped the frond (which didn't look any worse for wear, oddly enough) and said I wouldn't. I *couldn't*. But he just looked at me, those eyes gleaming in that certain way. I've seen that look before, you know. He's used it on the multitudes, and I think I detected a hint of it when he raised Lazarus. It's as if he does these things through sheer force of his will. Perhaps that's the secret of the miracles: he channels his Father, who is, after all, the Ultimate Will. He Willed the world into existence, and now His son was using it on me. So, I did it. I whipped his cock until it was a bloody mess. I felt like I was crossing a line which I didn't even know existed. And I couldn't bring myself to look at him for more than a second--in his eyes was a serenity, a sense of comfort which I didn't deserve, even though I was following his Will. It was the most difficult thing I've ever done, or ever could do. I'm sure of that.

x) This morning? He couldn't have looked better. His back, his dick, everything looked smooth and untouched. Did last night even happen?

x) Oh, man. Matthew has found out, and he is SO not happy.

29) I was inside J. last night when he asked me. I refused, at first. I begged and cried and pleaded. But I knew it wouldn't make a difference.

x) Thirty? THIRTY? I'm not sure whether I'm bothered by how high it is, or how low. And I didn't want their damn money in the first place.

x) Supper tonight was kinda tense. I left early. I was running late anyway.

31) Even by last kiss standards, that one really hurt.

x) Was this what he wanted? And why did he choose ME? Why did I have to be the one? Why not Philip or James, or even that creepy Nathaniel? Why did it have to be MY ass he took a shine to? And the way Matthew's been acting--he's the one they're going to listen to, not me. I just know it.

x) I hear he got whipped. Thirty-seven times. That's nothing. Not even half of what we did together. Maybe that was why I picked up the frond in the first place. He knew, even though I didn't.

37) Crucifixion. Oh, I can't see him like this.
And I can't let anyone else see me, either.
Someone started a rumor that I killed myself.
It's probably just as well.

x) They took him down and put him in a tomb. Is it just coincidence they chose THAT one, though? The cave the Baptist and I once used? I don't know. Probably not. I don't believe in coincidence anymore.

42) I got in, as someone must have known I would, and he was there. Unlike before, his wounds had not healed. I unwrapped him, held him, entered him, loved him. As I know he wanted me to do. He told me that night. And then I took him away, to somewhere we will never be found. People will believe whatever they want, and it makes no difference to me.



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