

DAVID JAMES

STEPS



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A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "David James". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "David" written in a larger, more prominent script than the last name "James".

Isaac

The Preacher

Alex is less than five foot tall, and because of this, in his youth he became an avid weight lifter and chiseled himself into a beautiful work of art. To further his improvement, he obtained a black belt in the Marshall Arts. These things and his later developed magnetic personality drew people to him, and more particularly a certain sort of woman, to them he was handsome and somewhat debonair.

But now, the ravages of time have rendered him a smoldering, burned out shadow of the man he used to be. The charm that was the sun is now a dim, black star. His rounded face is encrusted with dark, deep-set, brown eyes. His hair, grown in scruff-like patches, is now dyed a severe black. His skin is scaly, with noticeable scars everywhere.

Yet, he is still a worker, a doer of things. He is ever quick to release his opinions, yet never listens to anyone else's.

Still, he has a fair country voice, a nasal twang acceptable to a rather limited country crowd. And even now he can play almost any musical instrument with some level of skill and competence.

When he speaks, he tends to jab at conversations much the same as a prize fighter in the ring. Because of this, he is embarrassed, making what he says seem a lie. This hinders him greatly.

Now, nothing in life really works for him and this keeps him on the move. To him, the whole world is out to get him. And to meet him, those who do know why.

My brother is now and has been a “Roller,” and, in his eyes, one of the Holiest. He is a world-traveling minstrel, a minister to souls, one of God’s chosen, brought down to earth take on where Jesus left off.

* * *

One night after dinner, my brother and I are pissing into a rusted-out trough, in what is signified as the men’s restroom in some cheap Mexican restaurant just on the outskirts of Liberty.

“Isaac, before, I really loved to put it to Nina, give it to her in ways even you cannot imagine,” he says. “Yet, for the longest time, I was not doing all that was in my power, not until God showed me the light. I came upon these penis enlargement pills, the ones that make my dick not only longer but a hell of a lot thicker. And I don’t know if you know it, but that is what truly pleases a woman, and it changed me, too. Them pills helped me in more ways than you could ever know. Hell, even now, they still come in mighty handy. From the looks of things, perhaps you ought to get yourself a prescription. It definitely would do you some good.”

He is staring down at my Johnson, and with the words he speaks, and the way he is looking at me, my dick shrivels that much more.

Alex

Having Jesus by the Balls

In a big way, niggers is my business, or at least the ones way off in Darkest Africa. Without them, my donations would be in the shitter. You see, there's a particular kind of white woman, and even a husband or two, who sometimes has the urge to do what they think is charity. Their thinking is, hopefully, this goodness might possibly reserve them a spot within the Pearly Gates of Heaven. It's these well-to-do sinners that make my life so worthwhile in more ways than you can guess. There ain't nothing so wondrous as a truly gullible congregation that pays off, them's my kind of people.

They give freely to keep them niggers alive, going so far as providing them a place to live, food to eat and a way to be educated, and sometimes they even donate enough for a hospital or two.

It's not so much them sinners would truly want to see first-hand all the dying, sick and hungry. They leave that to me. Pictures is all they want, slides on a screen, 20 minutes and I've got them feeding from the palm of my hand, though three-and-a-half would be more to their liking. After that, it's time for a drink, and maybe two, then I get down to the business of extracting from their wallets what is so rightly mine to begin with.

And for my pointing out them niggers' needs, they reward me greatly. And the reason I will sometimes actually build a church, school or even a hospital is not so much I want to, but it does make them sinners feel so grateful that they are an intricate part of so much good.

Of course, I keep most of what I get, the same as all them other preachers. At least I do tithe my 10 percent, where most of them don't. And as I say,

niggers can't be choosers. The preachers who pocket it all, well, their time of plenty is short-lived. Oh, how them sinners love to get riled. Fuck them like they would you, and things can go to hell in a hand basket. I know, I've learned from my mistakes.

It's crazy, if these same bleeding hearts were to see a dying nigger or, really, anybody else in that same shape on the street here in America, they wouldn't think to turn a hand. In fact, they would probably just cringe and walk away. Still, between them and the tax advantages of being a preacher, my road is pretty well paved plumb up to the kingdom of heaven.

* * *

I pretty much have it figured out that niggers are on the same damn level as monkeys. But for whatever reason, those in the States just don't cotton to me. No matter, there is still tons of work I can do out in Darkest Africa. They love me there, and I've got plenty of pictures to prove it.

You see, we Rollers are truly the chosen people, and unless all you slimy bastards don't get on our bandwagon, you all are going to rot in Hell. And that, I can God damn guarantee.

* * *

What I am about to tell you might seem strange as hell, but as soon as I get through them pearly gates of Heaven, I'm going to run just as hard and fast as I can, right up to Jesus. And I can already see his arms will be spread wide open just waiting to accept me into his most lovely paradise.

And I will hug the holy shit out of that bastard, squeeze him damn near to death and tell him how much I love him. And I'll probably even have a

couple of tears roll down my cheek at just the time I know he is looking. And that will be my clincher, sort of like having Jesus by the balls. Now, ain't that a grabber? And He will undoubtedly think, "This fucker really does love me. God damn, he's my kind of people."

And I know, without a doubt, he will say, "Thy Good and Faithful Servant." That's Christian talk, for Bud, do I have really big plans for you. Why, Hell Fire, I've got this here mansion all picked out for you and your lovely family, one of the biggest, not three blocks off of where I live. Why, when you step from your door to get the paper every single morning, we can almost wave howdy to each other. Now, won't that be grand?

And because Jesus and I will be so close, it's obvious I will have to accept God, too, otherwise there will be another kind of hell to pay. Even though, I fully detest the idea, I have to give God credit. If it weren't for his fucking Mary, none of this Jesus thing would have gotten started in the first place. I mean, how much plainer can it be? I'm only telling you what's right there in the Bible. That's all I've got to say.

* * *

And as he turns and walks away I hear him singing:

I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun, I've got a home in glory land that out shines the sun... I took Jesus as my savior, you take him too... Look away beyond the blue.