

A Ghostly Story

Daniel Johnston

While walking the streets late one night I saw a ghost approaching me. He told me about the life he lived and how he died a sorry death.

I recognized him as a most famous man I had seen so much on television. A man who stood for what is true and right. He built the world's momentum.

He said...He told me... of that fateful day when his life was taken from him. How everything was in slow motion and he could see the bullet coming and he knew he was going to die.

But before he did he quickly prayed and asked if he could stay. And now he's trapped in another dimension seeking vengeance on those that killed him. And the number was 60 million.

He convinced me that they should die for what they had done to him. And that he could not rest ... unless ... and until ... I would appease him.

The words he spoke stroked my heart for I could see he was a righteous man.

He told me of the vilian who planned his execution. How he had exploited him and ruined his reputation.

I knew that I must. And that it was just. I had to destroy a nation.

He lead me to a secret place where was a giant plane and upon it a giant bomb the size of of football field.

He read to me for hours a list of all the people I would kill.

He instructed me and briefed me on the mechanics.

The first thing I knew it was Christmas day. I flew over the country, that was my prey. We laughed and joked about how soon it would all be blown away. I pressed a button and all of a sudden I was a ghost too.

We were surrounded by angels and we looked down the portals to see what we had wrought.

"Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great!"

"Vengeance is mine!", saith the LORD