

page. I wanted to knock and explain my innocence but then I just might make it worse. Maybe he didn't care. Maybe he'd laugh at it and then we'd have a fun talk about his college years. I got back in bed and waited, terrified. God knew how bad I felt about what I had just done. There was no way He would rub my face in it like that. Right?

My father finally opened the door. He had the magazine open to the exact page with the naked hairy woman on it. He stared at me, and then he shook his head in total and absolute disgust, with a look that said he knew exactly what I had just been doing and that he didn't approve in the least.

"You'd better not let your mother see this garbage" was all he said as he shoved the magazine back at me, in a tone that indicated he had lost all respect for his only son. And then he climbed back in bed and sighed as if to show that I had disappointed him greatly, and went back to sleep.

Oh, man, I thought as I crawled back into bed. God completely ratted me out.

What an Asshole.

After this, God seemed more like a bratty little sister than the Ruler of All Space and Time to me. And so His warnings in my head started feeling more annoying than anything else. I started going against His will just to spite Him for being such a little friggin' tattletale. I started telling God to shut up. I started telling him to go and end a war or something. And after a while, I figured, He just decided to give up, because His voice started to get weaker and weaker every day. And while it never fully disappeared, it at least seemed more manageable from that point on.

Not that I was freed from the guilt that had been programmed into me. It just transferred over to another ethereal being. Because when my grandmother died a year later, I started to torture myself with the thought that since she was

now probably able to look in on her loved ones from the afterlife, maybe the only times she decided to look in on me just happened to be the very moments when I was doing the thing in the bathroom that would horrify her the most.

But, after stressing about this for a few weeks, I just figured that she was a grown woman and could deal with it. And, if she couldn't, I wouldn't have to find out how terrible she thought I was until I died.

And I figured I could deal with that.

Well, as long as I hadn't masturbated away too many years of my life, that is. I wasn't ready to deal with her *that* soon.