

Paranoia of Pancho Villa

Be at the corner of Boylson and Newbury Street, near Boston Common by 6:18pm the voice whispered seductively as I put the meds bottle in my pocket.

I was there at 6pm and so were they. Four payphones, back-to-back, just as the voice in my head had said. I waited in the doorway of the now defunct Steinway piano store for the appointed time - the time that would begin the mass destruction, unless I stopped her sending the signal.

The stock market had already plunged. The Dow below 5000. They had completed phase one, the crushing of ordinary people's dreams. I loathed the way aliens had taken over since President Encino signed off his guest worker legislation

The female agent looked normal, but of course, that is how they are able to walk amongst us, doing the governments dirty work, making sure the rich get richer and the poor live in ignorance. She walked liquidly, even in tight jeans that stretched tantalizingly over her small round buttocks. Her skin was the color of caramel, her hair coal black and pulled back from her forehead. She flashed brown eyes and an 'ultrabrite' white smile through vermilion gloss lips that would never need botox. She was a classic model, probably class of 2012, slipped across the new border from Mexas. The way she looked and moved she could destroy a man, draw him in and simply please the life-force from him.

She reached the phones ahead of me, and I moved to the opposite side. The drone of the evening rush hour, people creeping home to their now worthless lives in front of government propaganda on Fix TV, buzzed around in my brain. They were fools. Their very existence would be over before they even had time to pop corn.

I mimed a search for one of the shiny coins some had nicknamed the pesollar since devaluation and watched as she pulled out her calling card with the large red V on it. To the unknowing it stood for Verizon. To me it meant V for Villa. V for vanquish.

I pressed my cheek against the cold metal phone box and waited for the voice to guide me as it had before, to tell me how to stop the unstoppable. The agent began speaking rapidly in a language that was now on all television channels with only English subtitles to aid the new minority.

"Speak American." I shouted, but she continued, ignoring my words.

She was laughing, the bitch was laughing. She was laughing at me because I was powerless without the voice.

"Tell me what to do before it's too late, too late for mankind," I cried out to the sky. But it was too late, I knew that and she knew that as she replaced the handset and looked me up and down.

"I spek hamerica. Poor boy, you look like some hone niz dead."

My lips moved, but words would not form in my swollen throat. She walked around to me, raising her arms above her head like a Spanish dancer, exposing her flat stomach with jewel piercing.

"You come my place an shake som maracas?"

I nodded and so began the start of my night and the end of my world.