

Da Evil Innuendo

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Dedication

For the masses who, for years, have been misinformed of
the truth.

Acknowledgment

YHWH is the first and last — the beginning and the end. With this divine inspiration and guidance, nothing is impossible. Ram Bet, my beautiful and wonderful wife for over three decades, kept me grounded and connected concerning matters of the soul. My son, truly called by a higher power (I hope he realizes it), is to accomplish great and amazing things in this lifetime. All my friends and family who, through the years, stood with me while we fought the good fight of faith and believed in the possible when all seemed impossible.

I am truly grateful and humble to be able to use my gifts and talents to reach the masses with the truth. I want to acknowledge and thank you for being led by the Spirit in taking this journey.

About the Author

I have been on a Spiritual journey almost my entire life. It all started when I decided to be baptized at eight and truly believed that my life would change.

I was never some religious fanatic but a morally grounded soul. My spiritual awakening took flight in my early twenties, and it was then that I realized that religion is one of the most diabolical evils unleashed on all of mankind.

The day I acknowledged that the power of the universe was available, it is when my heart opened to the majestic power of Christ. It was not until then that I truly began to enjoy the life I was meant to live with an inspirational purpose.

My mission is to enlighten the masses and point them in the direction of the truth, where they can locate the keys to unlock the doors to their own endless possibilities of joy and fulfillment.

There is one way to true happiness: opening the doors to the kingdom of your heart, and you have the key.

Chapter 1

The sky is always the darkest before dawn, and tonight was no exception. Just as the sun began to creep and light up the purple-hazing moonlit sky, lightning flashed with a sporadic burst of thunder. The smell of the early predawn rain could be inhaled as the wind gusted boisterously in and out of the slightly open crack of the window. The moon glistened through the heavy clouds in all its magnificent glory, shadowing the world underneath. The stars — too many to number — were dimmed by the array of the slender happening in the sky.

All the wonderful colors represented by the fall of autumn leaves were caught up in a whirlwind, creating mini funnel clouds gathering twigs and debris, stirring an eeriness in the rhythm of the wind. William Goode is running feverishly through the downpour. He got caught up in the storm during his daily morning jogging routine through his very affluent gated community.

The strong, powerful lightning flash illuminated the luxurious, immaculately decorated bedroom adorned with original oil paintings and tapestries donning every available space in the room. William tirelessly arrived at the porch drenched in the rain, mixed with sweat and musk, pouring off his red Adidas tracksuit as he walked into the house. He took off his boots and dried them off with a clean cloth lying on the shoe rack just behind the main door. He carefully placed them on the shoe rack and tiptoed his way toward the bedroom so as not to drench the floor along the way. The room was filled with every imaginable comfort one could envision. William quickly undressed, tossing the drenched clothing into a corner. William stripped down his silk boxers,

accentuating his slight dad-bod and well-endowed man parts.

William collapsed on the side of the king-sized bed. Gasping, he tried to catch his breath as he reflected on his journey back home through the storm and recalled how he strived to be secured in a warm, safe place — his room. Diving into a deep, meditative state, he slowly began to control his breath and relaxed.

He finally relaxed, laying in the dark in his skivvies with a gold cross attached to a solid gold rope dangling from his neck. As the lightning continued to flash, anxiety rushed through his face. He jumped upright, sitting on the bed with his head between his legs. Agony struck him as he realized that even meditation couldn't help.

William Goode, a devout and scholarly man with a well-trimmed, full, and slightly graying beard, was a pastor, but you would not know it by the way he conducted himself outside the pulpit. The sweat dripping from his brow glistened as if he was sweating gold. On top of the bed, under a white sheet, lay a silhouette of a perfectly sculpted woman who appeared completely naked under the sheet. The shape of her impressively beautiful body was only accentuated every time the lightning flashed inside the room, highlighting all her curves.

The woman was in a deep lucid state of ecstasy. She arched her back and moaned passionately as if she was seductively being pleased and made love to. The more she moaned in delight, the more William was agitated. He tried to block out her squirms of seduction and passion by covering his ears. Suddenly, a very powerful gust of wind, loud enough to be compared to a locomotive, entered the patio affixed to the bedroom, gapping and slamming the sliding glass doors apart and knocking the doors off the hinges. Startled, he jumped and attempted to close the door,

but the wind was too powerful and ripped the door off the hinges. All the loose papers and anything not sturdy enough were quickly swept outside by the gushing winds entering the room.

At the other corner of the room, the winds blew the sheet completely off the woman, exposing her voluptuous body to the elements. This amazing creation of a woman was Siren Goode. She was William's wife. Siren was physically so beautiful that it appeared she must have been engineered and crafted by a man desperately trying to create the perfect trophy or arm candy. Even with all her wonderful attributes and physical qualities, Siren was the loneliest married woman on the planet.

After struggling enough, William could finally secure the sliding doors by propping a few heavy flower vases against the door. Exhausted from fighting the wind, William flopped into a leather loveseat in the sitting area inside the massive bedroom.

William spoke out loud to himself, "Lord, who can stop a storm like this? Thank you." With much appreciation, William felt relieved.

Siren sat up, exposing her perfectly round c-cups and gumdrop nipples of her twin mamma's.

Almost non-audibly, she called for her husband in a slow, seductive whisper.

"Honey, come to bed. You have been up all-night praying. Let God rest, too," she said in her sultry voice.

Ignoring his wife's pleas, William leaned back in the loveseat, closed his eyes, and stretched his legs. Siren tried pleading with William to come to bed. The more she pleaded, the more he ignored her until he got frustrated. He then got up, grabbed the sheet and the comforter from the foot of the bed, and threw the

items over Siren. The weight of the heavy comforter and sheets caused her to tumble over.

“It is cold. Cover yourself. You might get sick,” William snapped emphatically.

Siren jostled angrily, freeing herself from the mountain pile of comforters and sheets.

“You disgust me! You do not give a damn about anything or anybody but yourself. If I do get sick, it’s because I am sick of you,” she exclaimed as she grabbed the comforter, straightened it out, and turned her back toward her husband.

William, completely oblivious to Siren’s comments or pleas — and, in fact, downright rude — walked to the mini-bar in his room and poured himself a shot of a single malt Scotch. After drinking one, he poured himself another and gathered some of the papers and other items from the floor that were not blown out by the sliding doors. As William gathered some of his writings near a huge picture window in the bedroom, he noticed something strange as he looked up. William was utterly amazed by a large black object sitting on a telephone line, not tossed back and forth or bothered by the powerful wind blowing around it.

He placed the hand full of disarrayed and mangled papers on a small table with a crystal lamp and a white lampshade near the window. He had to look closely and figure out what could withstand this type of storm.

He pressed his face against the window and realized it was a huge bird. It was a Condor but three times the size of a normal Condor. William was fascinated and amazed not only by the bird’s size but also by how it could withstand the storm and sat on the telephone line unfazed.

“Look at the size of that thing!” the Condor did not faze in the least bit. The huge peasant swung back and forth, its wings safely tucked to its sides.

“Siren! Wake up. You must witness this!” William tried a few times to get Siren’s attention, but she refused to acknowledge him. So, he went over to her by the bedside and requested, but she pulled the comforter over her head.

William’s curiosity made him venture onto the patio during the storm just to get a closer look at the strange specimen swinging from the telephone line. It was raining heavily, and William got soaked all over again as he walked closer. The clouds opened with a huge booming sound, and lightning bolts cracked the sky, shutting down power across the community and turning everything dark.

Lightning struck across the sky as William got under the Condor. The shapeshifting happened right before his eyes as the Condor anthropomorphically turned into a small, large-headed man with a tiny body and piercing red eyes. William was so startled that he slipped and fell into the patio furnishings. It felt as if he had investigated and looked into the face of a demon he had never faced or seen in his lifetime. William quickly gathered himself and frantically ran back into the house, not looking back. William dashed back into the bedroom, securing the door the best way he could, and crawled into a corner, breathing and panting while trying to catch his breath, horrified by what he had just witnessed. He never realized when he went into a deep sleep.

Later in the morning, as the sun came shining bright, the massive picture frame windows allowed the sun rays to flood the entire house with sunshine, beaming through the panes of the glass. William was standing in the full-length Venetian mirror,

shaving precisely with an old-school straight razor. William created the lather by meticulously stirring the alkali concoction of ivy, lavender, and myrrh. Hot steaming water gushed from the brass faucets causing the mirror to fog. William constantly used a towel to clear a space to see himself reflecting in the mirror. William shaved with the precision of a surgeon's hand. On one of the occasions, as William wiped the mirror, the Condor appeared in the reflection directly standing behind him.

Startled, he accidentally cut himself on the side of the face with the extremely sharpened straight razor blade. Blood mingled with the soapy mixture began to drip onto the marble sink. William turned around to check who was there, but the Condor had vanished.

He grabbed a towel and tried to control the bleeding by placing it on the side of his face but to no avail. In fact, the more pressure he applied, the more the wound gushed out blood. Siren entered the bathroom and noticed the bloody saturated towel as William pressed the blood-drenched towel into his face. Siren quickly tried to intervene, alarmed by the sight of the bloody mess.

“What happened? Are you okay?” she asked, concerned.

“I am fine. It's just a little cut,” William replied.

William noticed Siren wearing a robe barely covering her gorgeous body.

“It looks bad. You are bleeding,” she said.

“I said it is fine! Worry about yourself! You know it takes you forever to get yourself ready for anything. I will not allow you to make me late again,” he replied strictly.

Siren turned the facet off. The entire bathroom was fogged like a sauna bath. The bathroom was so hot and muggy that the dew

and the stream caused Siren to sweat profusely. “I feel hot,” she seductively and slowly dropped her flimsy gown and then walked behind William, pressing her breast into the spine of his back, resonating the heat from her body unto his. Siren folded her arms around William while extending and stretching her left leg around his waist. She reached for a clean towel to assist William as the blood poured from the cut onto his face. William aggressively pushed her away.

“Did I do something wrong? Is there something going on?” she inquired, sensing his irritation since last night.

“There is nothing wrong. I do not have time for you!” William barked.

“What are you talking about?” she wore her deepest frown.

“We do not have much time!” he exclaimed.

He then gazed deeply and directly into the mirror as if he was searching for something, but he only found himself with blood streaming down his face and Siren in the background looking dejected.

Siren jumped onto the brass sink facing William with her legs spread eagle, facing William eye to eye. “I know how to make things better,” she bit her lower lip. William simply stepped aside, closed her legs, and continued to focus on the wound on his face.

“You are pathetic! You do not see me,” Siren declared in complete abhorrence.

William shifted his gaze harshly into Siren’s eyes, gripping her face firmly with his huge hands. “Oh, I see!” he jeered and continued, “Everybody sees you.”

“Is this what you really think? You are a self-righteous SOB!

Just plain evil!” she yelled.

“Stop being overdramatic. Get yourself together,” he reproved.

Dejected, Siren jumped off the sink, retrieved her gown from the floor, and shimmied herself back into the garment.

“You do not have a clue!” With this, she exited the bathroom and slammed the door.

“Make sure your kids are ready to go,” William sheepishly gnarled and griped at Siren.

“Do it yourself,” she stormed out, yelling through the door.

The sound of Dixie was broadcast as a coffee pot whistle, the tune indicating the percolator was boiling and the fresh java was ready. Siren’s stepfather, Nathan Stonewall, sat on a stool perched like a vulture ready to attack. Nathan was sitting there wearing a tattered MAGA hat in his heavily white starch shirt, khaki pants, and spit-shine military-issued black dress shoes. The shoes shone so well that you could see your own reflection if you stared at them.

Their gourmet kitchen was immaculate. There was no pot, dish, or other items out of place. The floors were polished to perfection. Only Nathans spit shine shoes could compare. The entire kitchen was spotless. Nathan was a 75-year-old decorated Army veteran who served multiple tours in Vietnam. He suffered from Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD). However, he was a chain smoker of Pall Mall unfiltered cigarettes. Besides a limp as an impact of a direct hit from the war, Nathan was in great physical shape. He could do 100 pushes straight and even do one-hand push-ups while drinking his coffee, like his staple drink, having multiple cups throughout the day. Nathan enjoys his black coffee. He had been drinking from the same cup since he was a

boy. His grandfather gave him a tin cup with a confederate battle flag emblem engraved on both sides. Although the cup was a little weathered, the confederate flag had not faded. The engravings on the cup that can barely be seen stated, *'The sons of the confederacy and its legacy lives forever.'*

William walked into the kitchen but was grieved to his core as the coffee pot whistled *Dixie*, the song of the south.

"You know I despise that song," William stated.

"Boy, this is a song about heritage. It is a way of life. Your way of life and my way of life," said Nathan proudly. "This is a legacy that must be reserved."

"Whatever you say, that was the past," William informed. "You cannot bury the past, nor can you try to change history with your liberal Critical Race Theory and woke mumble-jumble. Call it what you want. The truth always prevails. That same old song has gotten old," he insisted.

"You might not like it, but this is how it is. Yesterday, today, and forever," Nathan stood up, holding his confederate flag tin cup.

"Well, in my house, I decide what goes on," William walked up to Nathan to mark his territory.

Nathan stood his ground, placed his coffee cup on the counter, and stuck out his chest in defiance.

"You may have paid the mortgage, but you will never truly own the land, boy," Nathan resisted and boldly declared.

William was agitated by Nathan's body language and gestures. The two mentions have a brief Mexican stand-off without saying anything for about a minute, standing face to face as if two

prizefighters were getting ready to duke it out.

“Well, let me show what I think of you and your heritage,” William said angrily.

William grasped Nathan’s tin coffee cup before Nathan’s cat-like reflex snatched the cup out of William’s hand before he could take possession.

“If you value your life, you better watch yourself,” Nathan stated as a matter of fact.

William realized he was not a match for Nathan, so he retreated and ran off to take the switch of the coffee maker out of the wall socket by pulling the machine and spilling coffee to the ground — everywhere. Throwing the coffee maker out of the back door.

“You have lost your cotton-picking mind!” Nathan went into the backyard to retrieve the coffee maker.

“As long as you are in my house and Lord says so, I will do as I damn well please,” William shouted, trying to regain power and control.

Yelling from the backyard, trying to gather the shattered piece of the coffee maker. “I told her not to marry outside her race. I should have dealt with you years ago,” Nathan muttered.

“The kingdom of God suffers violence and the violent take by force. I am a man of God; don’t you forget it,” William retorted.

Nathan returned to the kitchen and declared it was time he taught William a lesson.

“I should have done this a long time ago. It is time that I put you in your place,” Nathan declared.

William got a little anxious and nervous because he knew the

stories and had heard how Nathan screamed and tormented nightmares as he suffered from his PTSD.

“I am preacher, but I am not nobody’s punk,” William declared, trying to sound confident.

Nathan could see the fear in William’s eyes and smell the cowardly stench deep inside. “I know what a man looks like when he is afraid and is about to die,” rolling up his sleeves, Nathan huffed and puffed.

“Daddy! William! What are you doing?” Siren glared at them.

Upon hearing his daughter, Nathan stepped back but kept his intense stare with a lit cigarette dangling from his mouth.

“I warned you about marrying this colored fellow. This mixed marriage thing is an abomination. My granddaddy told me it was wrong back then, and it’s still wrong,” Nathan exclaimed.

William could not have been more relieved by Siren coming at the right moment because he was terrified, although he was pretending to be brave. William sat down on a stool, consumed freshly squeezed orange juice, and sighed in relief that his life may have just been reprieved.

Not trying to show any sign of weakness or gratitude toward Siren stepping in at a critical and even lifesaving moment, William let it be known that he is in charge.

“It is not difficult to see where you get your ignorance from,” he remarked to Siren.

Siren was in disbelief; however, she ignored William’s comment.

As the kitchen fiasco raged on, Worth, their 17-year-old son, sat in the room adjacent to the kitchen, oblivious to everything

happening around him. Worth had his Beats headphones on and was lost in deep game mode on his PSP with an iPhone and iPad beside him on the sofa. The 52" Flat screen T.V. in the family room displayed football highlights on mute. Worth was a very bright, preppy-dressed kid. He was the kind who always said the right thing at the right time. He did not ruffle any feathers. His entire mantra was to be seen and not heard. He liked to stay out of the way. However, he was a loner in real life but a gaming influencer in the metaverse. William walked and greeted Worth, escaping the drama in the kitchen. "Good morning, son. Ready to go?" He politely asked his son.

Worth looked up from his PSP and returned the father's greeting. "Yeah, pop, whenever you are ready," he replied accommodatingly.

"Are you still playing that thing?" William asked.

"Yeah, I am just trying to finish this last game," the boy responded.

"Well, it's time to wrap it up. You know I do not allow games in the church," William ordered.

"Almost done, Pop. Just a few more minutes. I am trying to make up for yesterday. The internet went out last night; no Wi-Fi is killing me!"

"It was a pretty bad storm last night," William agreed.

"Yeah, my followers were looking for me since there was no power. And Pop, guess what! I saw the strangest thing last night. A huge bird, sitting on the telephone line."

"You saw it too? Weird. It was the craziest thing I had ever seen," William replied.

“I took some pictures from my phone. Check it out,” Worth said.

Worth took out his phone and scrolled back and forth through the camera photo album to search for the pictures he had taken the night before. He was exhausted from going through the photo gallery; he just could not find the pictures of the creature. Although he had taken several shots of the scene, the only visible picture on the camera was the purple night sky, blowing tree branches, and the empty telephone wire with no sign of the huge bird.

“This is crazy. I swear I saw a big black bird out there,” Worth was puzzled, trying to make his case.

“Well, whatever it was, it is gone now. May it be just a figure of our imagination or perhaps our minds playing tricks on us. We were both tired from the previous day,” William tried to explain away the mysterious phenomenon.

However, he hastily switched gears and changed the subject. “Where is your sister?” he asked instead.

“Where she always is. Locked in her room,” Worth answered.

William raced upstairs and down a long hallway to the last room in the corner. As he got closer to the room, loud Hip Hop music blared from inside the room of his daughter, Faith. William frantically beat on the door like a police squad on a raid.

“Faith! Open the door!” he exclaimed.

In response, the music got louder. The higher the music went, the harder William banged on the door.

“Faith! Do you hear me? I command you to open this door now!” he yelled.

Hearing his father yell, Worth walked down the hall to his father while listening to his headphones, still playing the PSP. “Faith will never open the door. You have to kick it in,” he remarked the obvious.

Irked, William fished into his pocket and pulled a small key out to open Faith’s door. When he entered the room, he was in total disbelief at how nasty and messy her room was. All the windows in the room were wide open; there were puddles of water soiled on the carpet from the storm’s remnants the previous night. Piles of dirty clothes lined every inch of the room and sprawled over every piece of furniture. Handcrafted graffiti of every type of hate and worship of everything ungodly and secular, defying her parents’ beliefs, were artistically plastered and displayed as murals on every wall.

All the furniture was broken or literally standing on one leg. The headboard was split in two. Every knob on the dresser drawer had been removed. The mirror was cracked and broken, covered in powdery white substances.

Cigarettes burned, and ashes covered the silk comforter. Half-smoke blunts were everywhere. Pills of all sorts covered the bed as well. A half ounce of weed rested on the nightstand with an empty bottle of a fifth of Peach Cîroc. Lying in her own vomit was Faith. The very troubled daughter of Siren and stepdaughter of William.

Faith was a 28-year-old and the daughter of Siren from her previous relationship. She was a career college student. The girl changed majors more times than there were semesters. She had been in college for seven years and was still classified as a 2nd-year student. Faith was lying in bed, completely hung over.

“Faith, wake up!” William shook her.

Faith, although not fully awake, was conscious; but chose to ignore William and pretended she was passed out. Getting no response, William picked her up, who then began screaming and clawing, trying to get away.

“Put me down; let go of my leg!” she screamed.

William dragged the kicking and screaming girl into the shower, throwing her in and turning on the cold water.

“This should wake you up,” he declared, holding her while the cold water gushed over her head. “You won’t get baptized, but maybe this will help you see the light,” he vigorously suppressed Faith in the showering water.

“After all I have done for you, is this how you thank me? By being a drunken crackhead!” William eased up and let Faith go.

Faith began to cry uncontrollably while scrawling up in the feeble position as the bone-cold chilling water streamed from the shower head onto her drenched and soaked body.

“I hate you! I wish you were dead!” she cursed.

William gathered all the illicit drugs and flushed them down the toilet. “Why do you insist on using this junk? You are flushing your life down the toilet,” he screamed at Faith and walked away, bellowing, “Shame! You were raised better than this. I have a mega church. I am known everywhere. Everybody knows me around the world, yet my family is full of demons. My own house is a living hell!”

