

The Little Key
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I didn't start taking Bobby seriously until he blew his own brains out. Can you imagine that? It's just that he talked so much and all the time. A million get poor quick schemes. A million pieces of inside info. But then sometimes he'd surprise you. He'd say "*I know a guy who can get us some machine guns*" and I'd say "*no you don't but we don't need machine guns anyway.*" Two weeks later he brings me into his bedroom and he's got an AK under his mattress. I say "*you're going to be masturbating on the bed like an invalid and accidentally set that thing off.*" He just laughed. Oh! And the guy he got the AK from, he invited him to go to the movies with us. We go see fucking *Avatar*. I swear to God. I find out later, that guy, the wannabe arms dealer or whatever, killed himself too. So both the guys I went to see the movie with ended up offing themselves. I'm not saying it was *Avatar's* fault or anything like that, just kind of freakin' bizarre you know? Sorry, let's get back on track, I'm getting like him, can't shut the fuck up.

Anyway, the brass tacks is this- Bobby hated the Catholic church. We went to Catholic school so maybe that had something to do with it. You see he hated school, even more than most kids do. We'd be in church and there was this sign that said "IHS" above the priest. I don't know what IHS actually means, probably Latin or something, but Bobby used to point at it and say it stood for "I hate school." I guess it doesn't sound that funny now, but when you were kids... okay, moving on. By the time we were adults he'd always be whining about the Catholic leadership. Talking about how all their churches have gold in them and all these expensive statues and paintings and, at the same time, most of their followers are poor- starving actually. He says it enough that one day we're sitting there watching cartoons or something and his eyes get real wide, and he says he's got it. The perfect plan. Instead of robbing a bank, you rob the church. There's no security, no cameras, the doors are almost always open. We'd break into [REDACTED] Cathedral and steal a bunch of holy shit, oh sorry, stuff, and he could "get a guy" to move it. I told him no. I've done a lot of bad stuff in my life but when you mess with God you're asking for trouble. He says "Fuck that. If God is real, how come there's babies dying, and famine, and disease. And don't get me started on politics, the bad guys always win." Alright, he made a few points, but I don't know, man, I was still too afraid of Jesus etc. I never liked those pictures of him on the cross. Didn't they throw stones off some lady too? I don't know. The church scared the shit out of me.

Then Bobby dies. He was always a little wacky, but I never thought he'd do it. Despite the fact he was a low life piece of crap he was my best friend in the whole world and I loved him dearly. Other things started going wrong in my life, mostly my own fault, okay, entirely my own

fault, and I was pretty near rock bottom. I needed money badly and I started thinking about [REDACTED] and I started thinking Bobby was right. Someone should empty it out. I used to walk by it and fantasize about how much money I could make lifting a statue or something. The issue was, I didn't know how I'd move the stuff. I didn't have the same network of aspiring criminals in my phonebook that Bobby did. An idea pops in my head. I'll call Bobby's younger brother, he's a scumbag too, God bless him, and he might know someone. He says he does. I don't even have time to fucking verify if this is true. I just decided I'm going to rob the place.

So, I stole some shit. Hence why I'm wearing the mask and I've got the voice changer right now. I'm embarrassed to put on this get-up but I'm not going down for this, especially when I'm doing you all a favor. Oh, man, I'm getting spooked out just thinking about this next part.

I'm in [REDACTED] and I'm hiding up on the balcony just praying the priest doesn't come up there to dust or something. I hadn't ate nothing or drank nothing for hours to make sure I didn't have to use the restroom when I was up there. Things were going pretty much according to plan and I already had a few pieces of gold in my bag. Candle holders and some dish thing, like a sacred ash tray. I don't need anyone special to move those, just go to any pawn shop.

What I really wanted was a painting or a statue and there was a statue of the Virgin Mary I had my eyes on. It was the size of a midg- a little person, and probably heavy as shit but I figured I could lift it. The strange thing is they kept it in a cabinet, but the little key for the cabinet was left right in the lock. Anyone could have stolen it.

Now, if you're wondering what type of religious person would pay money for stolen goods- the answer is a lot of them. I don't really want to get into the nitty-gritty 'cause I'm not exactly a Rhodes Scholar, but if you think about it, there's thousands of fucking years of Chrisitans stealing shit from one another. Catholic thieves- a double-moron as they call it.

I'm getting nervous, I think. That's why I keep beating around the bush. Fuck it. Just say it. When I was about to make my move, a guy walked into the church. I ducked down and checked my phone. It was 1:50 in the morning. Now, I don't want to lift my head too far 'cause the guy will clock me out of his fucking peripherals, but I can see he's a big bastard and he's got this long black coat on. He sat down to pray so I dropped back down. I figured even if he was in a rough spot, how long could he pray for? "Hey, Holy Father, I cheated on my wife with the cleaning lady at my work" or whatever and then he'd move on. That'd be five minutes tops but five minutes passed and he was still down there. Then I heard these short bursts of grating, loud, squeaking sounds. The fucking guy is pushing the pew in front of him across the ground. Finally the thing tips over onto the one in front of it. They didn't fall like dominos or nothing 'cause they're locked into the ground, but I was still freaking out. Then, I didn't hear nothing for, I don't know, fifteen or thirty seconds, it was hard to tell, but when I looked down he was still just sitting there. A minute later I checked again and he's standing up stiff as a board. He slowly took his jacket off, and as I'm going back down I see underneath. At first I thought he was wearing red nursing scrubs. Tough night at the hospital. I look back and it's not scrubs at all. He's completely covered in blood.

At this point I didn't care about the statue, I just wanted to get out of there. I've been in a few fights in my life but there's no fucking way I could have taken this guy, whether he was injured or not. I decided to creep out of there- then he started screaming. Now, I don't really know how to say this, other than that I can't remember shit usually. Like, I got a nephew I call Davey and his real name is Drew I think. But I remember every single thing the guy shouted. To be honest with you, that's all I can think about. This isn't me talking, remember. Okay. He said this-

"I know their names! I know Bael. I know Agares! I know Vassago! They call me and you let them! I know Saminga! I know Marbas! I know Valefor! Should I continue? I know them all, even Prufkas. And when I ask you for help you say nothing. Now, look at what I've done. This is just as much your fault as it is mine."

Okay, back to me. That's what he said and the room was fucking shaking when he said it. I pissed in my pants, yeah, so what. Don't Google those names, man, I'm telling you. Ehkkk. Sorry. They're bad news. <Inaudible> <Coughing Noises>. Doing the voice hurt my throat I think. The guy stopped for a second and then continued, he says-

"Thomas Johnson's blood is on your hands. Janet Johnson's blood is on your hands."

<Coughing Noises> Then the guy stopped for a second and started crying. He sounded almost like a human being again when he said this, he goes-

"Jodie Johnson's blood is on your hands."

Excuse me. <Inaudible Noises> I need to get some water.

I don't think you'll need to Google those names. I checked the paper for the next few weeks and saw that you had that Johnson family as "missing". Trust me they ain't missing. I don't know where they are, but they're- Jeess, I hate to say it but you know as well as I do what happened to them.

My fucking throat is killing me.

I wasn't going to even say nothing, and not even 'cause I was stealing shit. In all honesty, I'm afraid of that psycho in the church. The reason I'm making this video is because I see you've got the girl's teacher as a suspect. That guy might be a fuckin' weirdo creep but he's not responsible for this. That guy is a little wimp. You should see the size of the real guy, the maniac. I guess you could say I've had a crisis of conscience or something, but you need to listen to me.

When I looked down at him one last time he was still screaming and then he stopped on a dime. He turned and looked up at me and into my eyes.

"Thief!" he said.

When I tell you I hauled ass from behind that wall... Then I heard him below storming towards the steps. I grabbed the statue of Mary and, forgive me God, but I threw the thing through the bottom of the stained glass window in front of me. I crawl out onto the roof and shimmy down the building like a koala bear. I ruined my good jeans, I sliced my arm up, everything. I looked back up and the guy is in the window looking down at me. I was sure my heart was going to give out. That was the scariest thing I've ever seen in my life. He was so fucking angry, one of the vessels in his eye burst and he still kept it open. You ever see that in

your life? I found my feet and then, as I started running, I saw the statue of Mary on the grass. Not a single chip out of it, hand to God, so I grabbed that too. Not even to sell it, but out of protection. Okay, so I sold it, but at that moment it was for protection.

Listen! What I'm trying to say to you is I've got a perfect description of the guy. Hair color, eye color, approximate height everything. I...

What was I saying? The guy..

What guy?

The guy at the church, stupid.

<Inaudible Noises> <One Minute Interval>

I don't feel so good. <One Minute Interval>

I know <One Minute Interval>

I know their names. I know Bael. I know Agares. I know Vassago. I know Saminga, Marbas, and Valefor. I know them all, even Prufas. You will meet them soon.

End of tape.