

# The Dead Father and The Homosexual Boy

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What happens when a father who committed suicide never truly dies? what more purpose does he have with his homosexual son? Please comment on spelling grammar and severe content errors.



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## The Dead Father and The Homosexual Boy : Chapter 1

There is more for my family that I must do. I have not yet finished my duties on this earth because of my addiction, my sinful nature, and my mistakes that made me what I am now. I never believed in ghosts, spirits, or anything paranormal. I was just a father who was struggling with alcoholism and could not bare the burdens of friends and family constantly bombarding me about my problems. They were consistently attacking me. And that is why I decided to take my life.

As I watch the survivors of my family go on in life. I see things that I would have never seen had I remained alive and became well. If I had continued my life the disturbances that precede me may not have occurred.

But the ending of my life was unbearable for me to handle. The tears that shed my loss. The empty hearts of despair that would not let me in. My youngest son who was raised by women because I was to weak to teach him how to play baseball. I was so very weak.

My middle son, the one who is most like me could have made better choices if I had been around. Maybe he would not be dead now had I stopped myself from dying that night. I would have never allowed for him to go into the armed forces had I still been living. I would have been harsher on him. But I was to weak.

The oldest, though not mine, has been successful. However he has the anger that I could only show drunk, and probably the stupidity of me when angry. Anger is such a pitiful weakness.

My wife never remarried. She looked to others to help raise our children. Family members and babysitters. The destruction and the insanity that our house has witnessed when she was not around. I can't believe some of the things that occurred their when there was no one around. It was a burden. A big burden I could have prevented had I... Had I been strong like my wife.

But none of this can be changed. It is to late. Time can not be turned back for me to prevent myself from pulling that trigger with a searing bullet penetrating my brain. Maybe had the others not been so harsh on me. If I had possibly opened up and not had been so damn stubborn. But I know there is no sense babbling about these things. To them I am dead. I am nothing but a lost man in the world who like all of us ended up in the ground. To me, there is no heaven or hell. There is just our legacy and the effects of our lives.

I ended mine before I had the chance to effect the lives of my children like good fathers will. But however I am very thankful for one thing. And that is another chance at entering the afterlife through me being remembered for generations to come.

## The Dead Father and The Homosexual Boy : Chapter 2

Shit I thought to myself as I heard the door open. Mom had gotten home early from school. The teacher meeting must have ended early. I quickly exited out of the porn I was watching and zipped up my pants. I was luckily because I heard her enter the bathroom in our apartment. That meant I could also delete the history. So quickly, I did, and went into my cell to hide away from her.

After we moved from the country and forty acres of property to this little apartment I had a strong dislike for my mother. She was always at home making noise and that is why my bedroom is called a cell. I can hide from the fucking vacuum cleaner that's going all the time. At the worst of times she would get going the vacuum cleaner, the television, and some oldies music from her day and age going all at once.

For now though, that sick feeling that I had not gotten everything off from the internet consumed my stomach making me feel sick. I wanted to curl up and die. I really had thought I would have time to get off before my mother would get home. I hated the fact that I was stuck in this room. There was no where else to go. I didn't want to look at my mom. And I couldn't go adventure off in the woods alone with nothing but a shaggy dog. I was completely stuck in this stupid apartment awaiting for something exciting to happen. However the wrong excitement consumed me when my mom hollered now from the computer room, "Jason, what the hell is this on the computer?"

I replied innocently like I had been just reading or studying in my room, "I don't know, what did you find?"

"Come here and look." she said not giving a break in her terrifying tone of voice.

"What?" I said aggravated that she had been disturbing my "studying" time.

I walked in to see a video begin to play. My heart sunk thinking I had not deleted something from a while back when I was watching video porn instead of just picture files. Luckily it was just a video my brother Garret and I had made a while back of him drinking Vodka in his bedroom. I sort of chuckled to myself in relief as my mom had gone on to blabber something like, "I don't appreciate having these videos on the internet..."

I interrupted asking her where she found them on the internet because I knew that she had not meant to say internet. I questioned, "Oh, they were on the internet?"

Confused by the interruption, "Yah, I just showed it to you."

I replied, "Yah, but it wasn't on the internet."

"Ugh, yah it is. It is right here."

Getting aggravated at my moms stupidity, "Well log onto the internet and find it there then."

She replied, "I don't mean the internet, I mean the ugh, ugh, ugh..."

Finishing her sentence for her in hopes to end this pain, "The desktop."

She replied, "Yah, you knew what I meant anyways. I could get in trouble for having these videos on here if a federal investigator came here. I am a teacher."

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I was not impressed by her come back and just brushed it off, "Ok, ugh hah sure. I'm going back to my room to do homework."

"I am serious Jason." she failed at threatening me.

At this point she had gotten really annoying. I didn't even know that video was ever put on the computer in the first place. It wasn't even mine. I wasn't even the one being stupid in the video. And I highly doubted that anyone would care to come into this little shit hole apartment and look through the computer.

I thought this was going to be originally about the gay boy porn I had been looking at just five minutes ago. And if anyone did decide to come through they would be more concerned about that considering my mother was a teacher. But I would totally take credit for watching it if it had ever come to that. I have to much of a terrible conscious to let my mom be put away for something I had done over and over again. Something so revolting and disgusting. Though it always felt so good. But so wrong at the same time to me. I didn't know why I was attracted to the same sex. I had been doing girly things ever since I was five. So with this I felt my first swear word in front of my mother would be appropriate, "It's not even my fucking video. It is Garrets. Why don't you call him and tell him to take it off from there instead of getting on my case about it?"

Garret had been in boot camp in the Marines for about two months now. I was happy he was gone seen we always use to fight about everything. Usually we would get into huge battles and I would somehow end up in the bathroom locked up in a closet feeling like I was suffocating. The door had a random lock on it that was only used to lock me in when I was trying to get away from my older brothers. Sometimes I would spend up to an hour in that spot just infuriated that I had again fallen for the bathroom is going to keep you safe idea.

But now that Garret was off to boot camp I had no room to even enjoy my time without my brother being around. I was stuck with my oldest brother who popped in now and than and my mother who just popped in and stayed around. Life was suddenly all rather aggravating.

## Chapter 3

At first I truly believed that animals had souls and complete minds of their own. However there is a certain weakness to animals. And that is I can manifest myself into them and use them as my eyes for when I want my presence to be without notice. I actually came across this technique by accident. As a spirit you must learn how to travel all over again. I really do not intend on frightening those I come across. And if I am not within another creature or moving with a gust of wind, my energy that has not been allowed into the hearts of men, can be noticed much easier.

My first encounter with this strange new mode of travel was simply out of curiosity. It was soon after the mourning of my death had passed and it was a week after my wife had seen Madam Magdalene in the window. I have had a couple of strange encounters with her in my spirit form myself. She is wise but rather blunt. I was standing where I had ended my life reflecting on the decision. Of course I was not given the glory of crying over my mistake. I was just simply acting as if nothing had happened as a witness to my own faults.

I stood there for quite some time. Time gets rather awkward in spirit form. You don't have any priorities and you don't have to eat or shit for that matter. There are no burdens and there are no luxuries. You just are. And as I was standing there for about several hours just thinking to myself a noise to my left down by Rat lake caught my attention.

I thought that maybe in my daydreaming stance I had missed someone who pulled up and was trying to dock their boat in the lake. Out of boredom I went down to see what had made a noise. I walked down the hill, which had deep ruts from the last summer's rain in it. It looked rather cool outside so it would have been rather perplexing to have seen a man going out on a boat unless it was an avid fisherman. I expected to see an old man and perhaps his grandchild when I reached the edge of the lake. However there was nothing there.

I heard a chipmunk chirping behind me up on the hill. That is what I must have heard in the first place. So I went back up the hill to go see the chipmunk. I figured being in tune with nature would set me from thinking to critically about my earlier actions that reset the course of my family. That type of thinking can cause a lot of hard feelings, even for a feelingless spirit like myself.

That is exactly what I did. I snuck up the hill quietly as if I were still human. In fact I even laid down on my front side and started to crawl towards the chirping menace. If I could have held a gun and could have pulled the trigger I would have shot it when I saw the bastard sitting up in the tree peering down at me. I wasn't really sure if it was looking at me or beyond me. But I continued to stalk it to the little patch of forest it was in.

When I crept close enough to the pine tree it was in, it still had been looking at the same spot it was earlier. I figured it would have climbed up farther in the tree being startled by me. So I decided to climb the tree myself to get as close as I could to it. As I was climbing, I noticed that the branches did not move. That is when I realized that the last thirty minutes of my life had been wasted trying to stalk a rodent in a tree. When I thought the word life I realized that I wasn't really alive either.

Frustrated at the fact that whatever was left over of me had fooled me into believing I was still human, I "climbed up to the chipmunk in an upset fit and reached out to it wanting to grab it by its neck. For a moment I thought I had fell backwards out of the tree only to realize I was now inside of the rodent thing looking down at a shiny piece a metal that was below where I had been crawling earlier.

I thought I could somehow control the will chipmunk and called out, "Get going."

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I treated it like a horse but it didn't move. It just continued doing its own thing being a chipmunk. It was in that moment I wondered if another person saw me, or the chipmunk, considering I was inside the chipmunk, if they would shoot me. Would I die again? The thought passed quickly and the chipmunk started scurrying around with no idea a spirit had just entered it. The rodent went on with its rodent things and I just saw things through the stupid chipmunk's eyes. It really changed my perspective on the creature after a while.

## Chapter 4

When I lived four hours north of this jail cell apartment I had a good round of friends. Or people who I thought were my good friends until I moved. It wasn't long before the phone calls stopped coming and the conversations started getting shorter and shorter between my long lost buddies. Very depressed I started getting in contact more and more with my friend Rose. I never knew why we started becoming friends, but we became best friends after I moved. Before I moved we barely talked other than shortly at church when we ate snacks and whatever after church service was over.

So that is the first person I called after my mom had stopped being stupid and left to go pick up some groceries so we could eat. I was in my room and I had grabbed the cordless phone. It was sort of warm inside, but it didn't really matter that much. School was here and that meant no air conditioning. We were trying to save money because we still owned the house we lived in up north. I so wished I could be there as the phone started to ring. The phone was a way to be connected with everyone up north.

Rose was always gossiping about the things that were occurring up on the range in northern Minnesota. She was always fun to chat with because she had so much to say all the time. She had a very distinct character with a liking to cooking and the supernatural. However she was afraid of knives and only watched and read about the paranormal. She swore that her basement was haunted and held spirits all the time. So I always looked forward to talking with her. We would always dream swap.

"Ugh, hello?" she answered confused to who was calling.

I don't believe she had put my number into her cell phone yet. I was just using the home phone and had no interest in having my own cell phone. I always thought they were annoying and a waste of money. But all my friends seemed to have them.

"Hey Rose, It's Jason from your church." I said remembering we hadn't talked for a couple weeks.

"Oh, Hey Jay, hows it going?" she asked.

Jay was a nickname that I had picked up when I lived up north. Down here, in my new town, near the Twin Cities, they called me woody which was extremely embarrassing. I thought it was rather dumb. I preferred being called Jason secretly because that was my real name. But Jay was fine as well. Being called Jay by Rose made it seem alright.

"It is going as usual. Sucky. I hate being down here to be honest, but don't tell anyone." I started the conversation as the pessimist I am.

"Oh, what happened today that makes you so pissed off?" she asked.

"My mom is being annoying and stupid." I explained.

"Oh, my mom is the same way! She is just always in my business and gives me no privacy at all. Like yesterday I was going to take my anti depressant the doctors put me on right when she blabbed out... Are you going to take your pills? I was so annoyed I just bit her head off and we got into a big argument and that. But anyways how did your week go?"

It was the second week of being in the new school and things were really lame. I had been focusing on homework and just getting by without making an idiot of myself or trying to draw attention to myself. People



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kept asking questions about me and the school was so large compared to my old one questions got annoying. I was tired of answering peoples questions about my life because sooner or later they came to my past. That was the last thing I wanted to talk about.

The past meant talking about my dad and how he died. The conversation at school usually led to how did he die and I would explain how he was a border line abusive alcoholic who committed suicide when I was four. Then they would ask if my mom remarried and I would say no and tell them I moved here because she went to school to become a teacher and now teaches at the high school here. Usually they would say something like, "Well that's a great thing your mother did for you. It is so great that she didn't try to party and go with other men and that she decided to set up a better future for you."

Though no one ever said this directly, that was the general vibe I got from a lot of people. People loved my mom for being who she is. She just pisses me off.

"Things are going alright I guess. How are things going for you?" I replied.

"Well I was told that because of this stupid sickness that keeps making me ill I will have to stop going to school all day. That means I will have to stay home half the day and do homework at that time." she began her description of the first couple weeks of school.

I gave her the periodic ok and that sucks and oh wow comments as she went a long, "I guess it won't be that bad because I really don't like any of the students at the school anyways. They are all stuck up and they blabber so much. Like I think my cousin, you know her, Jeanie, was saying stuff about my on the first day of school. Plus they're rumors going around that I am pregnant! Can you believe me pregnant? I don't think so. It is because I am gone so much. I am in ninth grade! No one should be getting pregnant yet. I bet Jeanie will be the first one pregnant in the class. Did you have any good dreams lately?" she took a break from talking to probably catch her breath.

"Not really." I feel as if I shouldn't have called.

I was burnt out and knew mom would be home soon.

"Oh, well I was watching ghost busters the other night and when I went to bed I dreamt that I turned into a big marshmallow and thought I should go on a diet when I woke up. It was the weirdest thing." she said.

Ending the conversation I said, "Well I have to go. My mom is home and she needs help with groceries. I will talk to you later alright."

"Oh. Ok. Bye and have a good weekend." she said.

"Yep, you too. Buh Bye." I said and hung up the phone.

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