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The New Idolatry:
Temptation Barbie®

Artist Dick Detzner takes on our corporate and cultural icons



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Fiction for Fundies: Jesus Boy and the Bones of Christ

With the raging success of novels like *Left Behind* and *Piercing the Darkness*, the evangelical book market has exploded. The latest entry involves two of the sweetest kids you'll ever meet solving a dark oily secret, foiling papal prestidigitation and asking the question that's on everyone's lips—how shall we then live?

by Daniel Spenst

"Talk about a skeleton in Christianity's closet!" yelled Jesus Boy, strong, athletic, Heisman trophy winner, clear-eyed, tall, square-jawed, dentomegalic and luxuriantly haired.

He turned to the Nobel prize-winning supermodel, Delilah, fellow church member, legs long and lean, skin delicately tan like the stones of Petra, cascade of corn-silk hair, emerald eyes, bosom firm.

They had first met at a cutting-edge Christian summer "word" camp for Fundamentalist honor students, and Jesus Boy had thought then she'd had the hottest prepositions he'd ever seen. Still did.

"You bet," said Delilah. "This is trouble. Big trouble." She flung her hair back.

"Yeah," said Jesus Boy, flexing dangerously. "Of all the scandals of the mind, this is the most evangelical I've ever heard of!"

"What are you talking about?" choked Delilah. "This is no intellectual head game—they're claiming these are the actual bones of Christ!"

"But... if... they... prove these are the bones of Christ... that means... he...

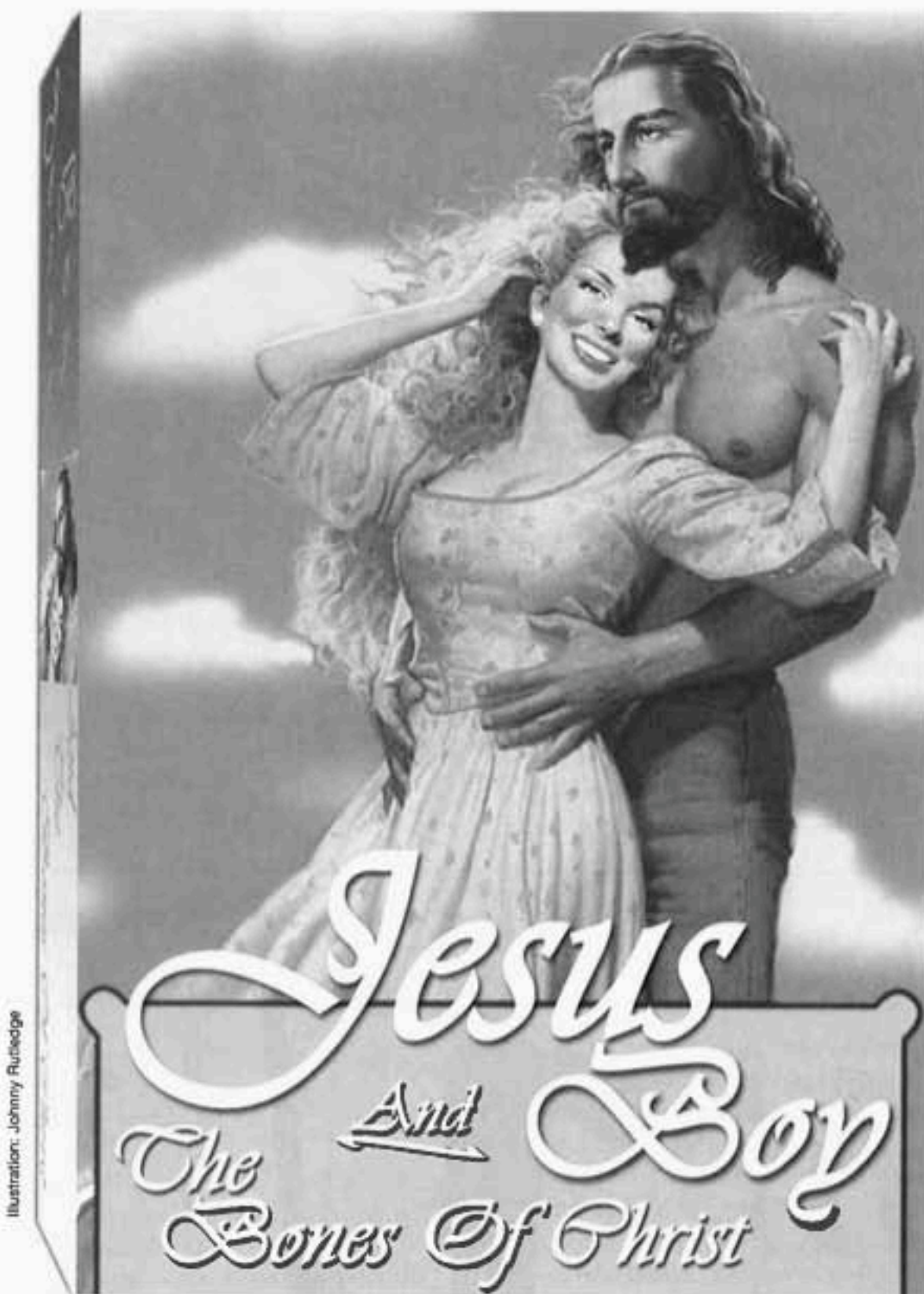


Illustration: Johnny Rutledge

never..." Jesus Boy couldn't finish. He felt like his whole world was shattering. This was bigger than prayer in the schools or even the creation / evolution debate.

Delilah gripped his hand to steady him. A thrill went through him.

"Quick, Jesus Boy—the overhead projector!" directed Delilah firmly. "If we

don't do something fast, it's rigor mortis for the Body of Christ."

Jesus Boy could sense Delilah's urgency. Their eyes locked for a heartbeat. Then Jesus Boy wheeled into action.

With sinews bulging, he activated the overhead and quickly sketched out the

You might be a heathen if you think Palm Sunday is an annual pickpocket convention in Atlantic City.

history of Western civilization, proving the cause and effect relationship between the Cross and the Reformation.

"You've done it!" cried Delilah.

"Without the Cross, there's no Reformation, nothing. We have to disprove these claims! What is this? How should we then live?"

"Delilah!" said Jesus Boy sternly. He gripped her firmly in a masculine way. A thrill went through her.

"Get a hold of yourself," he said. "This whole thing can't be true. You know it and I know it..." — he solemnly placed his hand over his heart— "... here."

"But what are we going to do?" Delilah had never looked so beautiful, and Jesus Boy thought this.

"Delilah," said Jesus Boy, a new and frightening tone of seriousness in his voice.

"What is it? What is it, Jesus Boy?"

"We have to go to Rome. We need to talk to the pope."

"The pope!"

"We must," he affirmed. "I'll notify the president."

"The president!" She nearly swooned.

They immediately boarded Air Force One. The president served them snacks.

"Hey—who took the profiteroles?" Jesus Boy demanded, famished.

"The whole of Western civilization hangs in the balance, you two," he said. This was no time for idle talk. They just really felt this together.

The pope met them with a cunning, wry expression. Something shadowy somehow snuck out at you from his vestments. He was all oily. Delilah shuddered. Jesus Boy placed himself between them.

"That's far enough, pope," he said. "Where are the bones?"

The pope held up a femur and said something in another language. Jesus Boy snatched it away in his athletic grasp.

"Enough shilly-shallying and jibber-jabbering, pope," he said, examining the relic under x-ray eyes. "Ingenious," he muttered.

"Jesus Boy—you've found something!" Delilah gushed, then gasped as Jesus Boy reared back and hurled it against the Sistine Chapel wall. It shattered against the Vatican's pretensions.

The pope said something in that same gibberish and scuttled over to the shards, all oily, scrabbling on the floor like a beggar.

"What have you done?" whispered Delilah, her luscious lips agape in her Venus-like face. Jesus Boy pointed manly.

"Nothing but plaster of paris, Delilah," he affirmed, arms akimbo.

Delilah gasped. "So the French were involved, too!"

"It sure looks that way," he said grimly, arms like cables. "But the main thing is, we've exposed the hoax."

"So everything's okay?" she pleaded, heaving.

"Not a bone out of place in the body of Christ, Delilah."

"Oh, you!" Eyes bright and body fulsome, she sighed, "I love you."

Jesus Boy laughed like a horse.
END

Don't miss the following upcoming installments in the critically derided Fiction for Fundies Series: *Prayer Gal and the Nursing Home Deacon Man* and *The Newcomers' Luncheon Worship Guy and the Jazz Vespers.* 