

The King?

Boo! Robby says “Happy Birthday”. This message was brought to you by Lue’s Ghost-A-Grams. Wooooooh! Scared yet? I don’t enjoy this you know; it wasn’t my choice to become a ghost. Please just act scared and sign the receipt. Why? You dare ask me, a ghost, a lord of the undead, why? I’ll tell you why. I’ll get a lot of stick down at the depot if I can’t even scare a teenage girl in a dark alleyway at night.

OK, just once and then you’ll sign? Promise? Thank you. My story went something like this:

The year was 2012, and I, the king of rock and roll, was on my comeback tour after being dead since 1977. I was only brought back because the music company’s chairman’s wife was a fan of mine, and it was their anniversary. Makes you sick, don’t it? Not allowed to stay in heaven, but forced to come back to hell for some guy who wants laid.

I was in my changing room, putting on the quiff wig, wrapping cellophane around my belly to hold it in, and sweating with nerves. It was my first concert in about 36 years (excluding those private ones for God’s birthdays, which incidentally is the ninth of July). I could hear the fans chanting, “The King, We Want The King” over and over again.

I used up three cans of deodorant in that changing room and you could still smell the sweat. The man came in shouting “You’re on”. I put down the cheeseburger, check myself in the mirror, shout, “Be back for more ladies”, turn off the TV and run out onto the stage. I shout “Hello Seattle” (mistake, I was actually in Cleveland). I notice a glint from the back of the hall, I put it down to nerves and cheese induced paranoia.

I launch into “Burning Love”, the woman’s favourite track. Time suddenly stops. I hear nothing. I see the bullet clearly. It is moving slower than the traffic during rush hour but I can’t move out of it’s way. Silence. Bullet. Me. Silence. Bullet. Me. Thud. My chest hurts. The last thing I hear is “The king? Pah, you ain’t even good enough to be a fuggin’ peasant”, screaming at me from the pain. Silence. Red. Star wars theme tune. Black.

This time I was prepared for the light to take me back up, it didn’t arrive. I thought three might turn up at once later. They didn’t arrive either. Three hours later, a cherubim (lower class) walks out of the limbo and says “Sorry mate, total cock-up up there. You’ll have to wait a while down here while the boys upstairs sort out the paperwork”. I ask him what I can do, he suggests I “go to hell, I’m working here”.

Funny thing was, compared to up there, I already was in hell. No longer did I have my free room service, my free mini bar, my free en-suite water closet, my free pass for all I could eat at Pizza Hut, my free cable, my free use of the 24/7 swimming pool, and no longer did I work with Buddy Holly and Amadeus in our excellent after dinner cabaret, and I’d only signed up for the basic package. There were many a time I wished I’d signed up for the premium package (you know, the ones the televangelists offer you, “God says give me money now”, that sort of thing), doing that gets you a vibrating bed, and priority use of the Laundromat.

But enough yapping, will you sign now? No? B-but, you promised. You lied? No, no, nooooo, you can’t do this to me, not again. Come back, please. You can’t just go running off like that, please sign. This can’t be happening, if this continues I won’t be able to afford my cheeseburgers.