

## JUST ANOTHER SUICIDE

Dear Mary,

Well I've finally had enough. I know I've talked about doing this for long enough but the human race has succeeded in pushing me over the edge and so I'm leaving this life and all its trivial pursuits. I know this will make you sad but I'm tired of being treated like just another entertainer, what more do they want out of me?

I turned water into wine, you remember that wedding don't you? I was trying to show people that you can use any means at your disposal to create something new or in this case, something familiar like wine. My point being that it's time the human race got inventive instead of doing things the way their fathers and forefathers did them, but they treated it like a party trick.

Raising the dead was another trick. I knew Lazarus wasn't dead, but that stupid excuse for a doctor had proclaimed him dead and had him buried alive. Why can't doctors pay a little more attention to their patients instead of writing the standard prescription and shoving them out the door or in this case, into the nearest tomb? While I'm on this point, isn't it about time the powers that be, namely Rome, put a bit more money into medical research instead of expanding their empire? I was trying to show that you should never give up on people even when they're at death's door. It was never about waving a magic wand and raising the dead, I actually saved him from suffocating inside that blasted tomb!

Now that little thing with the loaves and fishes was a prime example of misunderstanding. I was trying to say that if we shared just a little of our food with our neighbours, then no one would go hungry. People are always talking about the poor and how there's too many to feed, so why should we bother? Can't they see that all each person has to do is put a little extra aside like a few loaves and fishes and there'll be plenty to eat? My beloved entourage thought it was a fantastic party trick and wanted to make me king of the Jews!

I tried one last time when I came into Jerusalem last week, I let them think I was going to be king of the Jews but I came in on an ass instead of a dashing white stallion. I wanted to show them that the greatest among you must be the servants of all. Our leaders should not govern, they should be but trusted servants. However as you can see, it didn't have the desired effect and so I've come to the sad conclusion that it's all been wasted, not even my entourage, my disciples can see what I'm trying to tell the human race.

For the last three years I've tried to show that women really do have a soul. These damnable Pharisees are so narrow minded they think that women and Gentiles don't have souls, I've eaten, drunk and associated with women, tax collectors and other marginalised people to show that everyone is created equal but these fools haven't seen it yet. They look at me as some kind of guru, and put my choice of companions down to just a bit of vote gathering prior to ascending the throne in Jerusalem. I've tried to show that the way humans been treating other people the last few thousand years is really starting to stink. They march armies to hell and back just to gain a few miserable yards of barren earth, and then proclaim an empire. They sit their in their schools and academies postulating about the meaning of life but don't go out and experiment. The only ones who came close to the ideal were the Greeks, now they had a thing going with logic. You might want to read up on Socrates when I'm gone, he was onto something.

And yes, Mary Magdalene, I'm really going. I can't actually commit suicide because I'm the Son of God and it's kind of forbidden, but I can arrange things so that they're forced to kill me just to get rid of me. It isn't exactly seen as suicide but considering I could just vanish into the wilderness and meet my heavenly Father there, well, you can work it out for yourself. Knowing my entourage they won't admit it was suicide, their pride won't let them, but you will know the truth and it will set you free if you look hard enough.

To be honest, Mary, I have considered taking you and our unborn children away from Jerusalem, I hear Gaul is really nice this time of year and they're primitive enough that we could get back to nature and raise our children in peace. You're going to give birth to twins by the way, just thought I'd warn you.

No, I'm going to let Judas betray me to the Pharisees, I've already put the thought in his head and

they will force the Romans to crucify me. I know it's a really messy death and I hate pain as much as anyone else, but it has to be this way. It's a very public suicide but I can bet my sandals they'll turn this into an excuse to make me some kind of hero or even a god. But what would you have me do? Go on trying to convince them when their ears are stopped up? Maybe in time I'll find a way to turn the human race back from its headlong rush to oblivion because I do love them so. As for you, my beloved wife, go to Gaul and please don't tell our children about their father; I know it's difficult but after my crucifixion things will get messy. It's better they grow up, marry and produce their own children. Perhaps one day in the next few thousand years I'll let one of my descendants know their true heritage, but that won't be until the human race has learned the lessons I've been trying to teach them for the last three years. I'm still pissed at the stupidity of humans, why my Father ever gave them free will is beyond me, they've done nothing but destroy each other and they're already starting to ruin the planet.

Love one another and don't go on first appearances. Be open to new ideas and don't look down on another because of the colour of their skin or their religious or sexual leanings. Look after the planet and don't waste its resources, because they're limited and please, please, learn to forgive wrongs even when you've got every right to be angry.

I hope I haven't hurt you by my leaving. Remember that I always loved you even when I was in one of my meditative moods, treasure our children and don't let anyone put you down because you're a woman, you have as much right as the men to happiness and contentment.

Your Husband,  
Jesus Christ.

PS. Please don't tell anyone that we married in secret, knowing my disciples and those blasted Jews they'll want to make you queen of Jerusalem and that could be bad. Best to keep this between us and I'll catch you soon enough, a day to me is as a thousand years to men.

Written by Alastair Rosie 2006 ©