

Necromancy

Day three of the Secret Super Dead Association Club...

“Honestly, I'd rather be anywhere but here...talking with you imbeciles,” I said while leaning back on my chair and admiring my freshly manicured nails.

“Why are you so rude, Emerson? We're the only ones of our kind, we have to stick together and be nice to one another.” Penny has a voice that always sounds as if she's about to cry. It's annoying. Everything about her is annoying. Sometimes I wish she would just die...again.

“All I really care about is finding out who's responsible for bringing us back to life..” Constantine said.

“Why? You wanna kill them?” My eyes lit up. “I mean, I wouldn't blame you. I want to kill them for disturbing my peace in the afterlife. How dare they reincarnate me.”

“No man, I wanna thank them for making me into such a killing machine,” Constantine said smiling, flexing his muscles. His smile is disgusting. He has about 10 teeth left in his mouth and they all look rotten. Sometimes I just stare at them wondering how he speaks so well with so few teeth.

Constantine has about two more months left before he rots away. He already lost an arm, most of his teeth, and his right eye ball keeps popping out. And yet he somehow manages to eat more people than the rest of us.

I removed myself from the conversation. I hadn't been interested in the conversation from the outset, so I directed my attention to the evidence board. It provided little details about whom the necromancer is. There are three pictures of cemeteries: Cypress Hills cemetery, Greenwood cemetery, and Woodlawn cemetery. They are where the fifty members (including myself) of the Secret Super Dead Association Club (SSDAC) became born again; or, in other words, risen from the dead.

Our meetings are held every Wednesday and Sunday at 4:00PM (on the dot) in the back of a nightclub called Nightingale, which is in Park Slope. Each meeting goes somewhat like an AA meeting. We introduce ourselves, list the amount of people we have eaten, talk about the necromancer. I insult everyone or a handful of people (depends how I'm feeling). We take a break, speak about whatever. We leave.

I enjoy going so that I can embrace the fact that I'm not only the youngest but the sexiest dead guy out of them all and I'll listen to the foolishness that comes out of their mouths.

Suddenly, a quiet voice spoke. “Emerson?” In my head, I debated whether or not I should turn around and talk with this person or ignore them in hopes that they decide to walk away.

I turned around and felt my skin changing from its naturally tanned color to pale white. My eyes widened as if I've just seen a ghost or God or maybe even my good friend, Satan. It was none of those things. In fact it was Byred.

“Byred,” I whispered. Byred had been my office neighbour at a company I worked for before the accident. She and Penny were equally annoying, but they both had a good heart and being around them made me feel like the smartest guy in the room.

Everyday at 2:20PM Byred would barge into my office and complain about her shitty husband and her out of control, asshole kids.

I am fully aware that that is no way to speak about children, but let me be real: her kids are jerks. They look like soggy rats and their intellectual level isn't where it needs to be. Her kids will make you second guess the thought of having children.

Luckily for me I am no longer able to reproduce. That ended when my life did.

I snap out of my thoughts, remembering that she was standing in front of me, waiting for a response. "You said something?" I ask.

"You died, and I didn't know." She seemed sad. "I just thought you were missing."

"Was I supposed to call your cell and inform you of my death?"

"You haven't changed."

Was I supposed to have changed? Did she think dying would magically make me less of a sarcastic jerk?

"Besides being a walking corpse, I haven't changed at all." I smiled, my pearly white teeth shining in her unamused face.

"I'm curious about how you died." I crossed my arms.

The last time I'd seen her she looked fine, she'd bought a new house, earned a promotion, and finished graduate school.

"I'm assuming my husband killed me." She paused. "The last thing I remember is drinking a shot of Fireball. Then everything got hazy. When I got back I found out that no one knows he's the one that did it. He made it seem as if I committed suicide. Put a pill bottle and the bottle of Fireball near my cold unresponsive body."

I'm shocked and impressed. Her husband spiked her drink, the same husband that didn't want to identify his cousin's body at the morgue because he's afraid of the thought of death. The same husband that works for the NYPD and preaches about the law and how everyone needs to follow it. Don't get confused, he's not a cop, he's more of a cook for the police force. I'm impressed at the fact that his lazy ass went through all this trouble to murder his wife and cover it up. Kudos to him for growing balls, but at the same time I feel somewhat bad that Byred was murdered by the man she loved no matter how lazy or dumb he can be.

"That's some crazy shit. What are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure yet. I've only been alive for two days. What happened to you? How'd you die?"

Something about Byred seemed different. For starters she didn't seem as annoying as before...I found myself missing the old her. The old her would've run up to me and hugged me, waved her hands in my face when I wasn't responding to her, and whine for no reason.

Her curly hair was no longer honey brown, it was black. Her bright hazel eyes stared at me with sadness. This Byred was no longer filled with energy. Instead, she looked to be dead inside.

"I bought a 9mm pistol from some guy in an alley in Bed-stuy, went back to my apartment, spoke to my parents on the phone to confirm their arrival in New York a week later, sat on my bed, closed my eyes, placed the gun under my jaw, and blew my brains out.."

"You wanted your parents to find your body? Emerson, why haven't you ever talked to me about how you were feeling? Why did you do that?"

I rolled my eyes. “Talk to you about what exactly? Obviously your life wasn’t in order; your husband killed you, remember? If I wanted to talk to somebody I would’ve spent a buttload of cash on some stranger to tell me that suicide is never the answer.”

How dare she try to play the blame game, as if I asked God for the uneventful life I had, for the problems and loneliness I tried to drink and party away.

It's amazing how you feel so dead when you're alive but alive when you're dead.

“Attention everyone, the meeting is beginning.” Luther spoke. Luther is the brains behind SSDAC. He’s the first corpse to be risen from the dead and somehow he hasn’t begin deteriorating.

“This conversation isn’t over,” Byred whispered before walking towards the circle.

Oh honey, this conversation is more than over...

I walked to the circle and took a seat. Sitting between stanky Dan and crazy Candace? This, my friend, is what we call the worst seat in the house.

“Before we begin, I will like to introduce member 51, Byred.” Luther announced. He stood up and began clapping. Soon after the room was filled with cheering. Byred stood up and waved as if she has won a pageant.

I quietly sat there with my legs crossed, observing Byred. Once the room settled down, Byred took a seat while Luther remained standing.

“Unfortunately, we still have no lead about the necromancer.” His deep voice spread across the silent room.

“That’s nothing new.” Everyone looked at me. “The dead are simply doing what dead people are good at...nothing.”