

Tammy sat in the church, the one she had been frequenting so much as of late, pondering what would happen to her life. Ronnie was set to enter public school in the morning, his first time really being around people his own age. Sure, he had met other children during his continued visits to Dr. Thirbauld's clinic but he had never really made any friends.

His birthmark hadn't disappeared either.

*More doctors lying to me, just wanting what little money I have. What good was this science if it didn't provide the answers that were sought?*

Tammy taught Ronnie how to hide his birthmark with makeup for the times they went out in public, especially when they went to church, but she couldn't help wonder what would happen if someone caught him applying the makeup during the day.

*Would they beat him up because he was different? Would they call him names for having the mark? Would they think her son was gay? That would be almost worse than the birthmark itself.*

There was so much that Ronnie had to deal with in his short life already, so many problems he had and events of sorrow surrounding him. There were so many secrets about him that could be found out that could ruin both of their lives, whether they were true or not. The other children were vicious little bastards; always looking for an outcast to ridicule to make them feel better. The little sluts didn't help either, always tempting the young men into acts they normally wouldn't participate in, using their blossoming bodies to get what they wanted.

*Little whores, little sluts...good for nothing but a cheap fuck.*

Tammy prayed to God for an answer, a sign, anything to show her the way to make sure that Ronnie didn't get hurt.

No response came.

“Another test for me, God?” Tammy spoke aloud, “You really do enjoy burdening those who are devout. Am I the new millennium's answer to Job? You already took my husband from me with fire, using my little boy to do your bidding, scarring him for life. Then you took my one true friend, Vanessa, using that Malinn man to pull us apart with his vile lies about Ronnie.

“Even more so you gave Vanessa and that Light of Lucifer the life I was promised, the Camelot I was to inherit and make endure. I was supposed to have the perfect family who can do no wrong in the eyes of the Lord or the humans that serve you.

“I should've seen the signs in the beginning when you cursed Ronnie with that horrid mark. It wasn't his life you were making harder; no, it was mine. It was always mine. What have I done to deserve this much pain in one lifetime? Why must I be burdened with these calamities? Why must I always be the one who cannot have what she was promised, the perfection of God's will?

“I know I'm not supposed to question you. That I'm supposed to do as you wish without reservation but I have always done everything that you ask and never seem to reap a single benefit. I hope you sincerely do have a plan for all of this, Lord; otherwise I might just spit in your face when we finally meet.

“So now you're using my son as an instrument to bring me even more pain and I'm once again tasked to protect him from the world and its sinful ways. I will do this, Lord, as you have set it firmly upon my shoulders, but I am letting you know that I do not like it. I am letting you know that I will be doing this my way, even if that means I have to commit a few sins myself. I think that after all you have brought down upon me you can forgive a few trespasses from your new whipping post.”

Tammy rose from her seat, glaring at the religious icons that were painstakingly placed in the front of the church for acquiescence, and when satisfied she had received such walked out into the night. The physical weight from the gun in her right jacket pocket made her walk a bit awkwardly, but the weight of knowledge that she would be using it to right the balance of power in the world allowed swift passage to her destination.