

The Book of Eli

By Sam Moffie

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CHAPTER ONE

HOW HE GOT THERE

Wives invariably flourish when deserted; ...it is the deserting male, the reckless idealist rushing about the world seeking a non-existent felicity, who often ends in disaster.” - William McFee

Eli Canaan was a good man. Good, not great. But how many great men are there? Jesus Christ you ask? For sure. Moses you say? Absolutely. Sigmund Freud you add? I guess that would depend upon the persons answering the question, and if they have hang-ups. What about great women? Madelyn Murray O’Hare you ask? No way! Ayn Rand you say? No question about that – a great woman. Eli Canaan’s mother you say? She was also great. Alas, Eli Canaan knew he was good. He also knew he wasn’t great, because he had one fault. He liked to screw.

Unfortunately, he screwed way too much, *and* it wasn’t with his wife. His wife, Abigail, liked to be screwed by Eli. She hated suspecting him of screwing others, which was all the time. Why did she suspect him? Easy, he was screwing around all the time, and being *good*, he was a crappy liar. He got caught just about all the time and *still* she stayed with him. There were many who thought that Abigail Canaan should have been considered great.

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When he wasn't out being unfaithful to his dear Abby, he was a great wage earner, who financially took care of her and their children.

In no particular order, the following is pretty much what Eli did that he considered made him "good." He worked hard and was well respected in the community. He didn't steal (much). He honored his mother and his father. He was great to animals. He gave to every imaginable charity. He was always "there" for his children. He believed in one God. Okay, so he didn't belong to any organized religion, but he didn't frown on those who did. He wasn't snobby. He voted in every election since he turned 18 and sometimes even voted for a republican!

He washed his hands after he went to the bathroom. Always said please and thank you. He rarely cussed. He turned off lights when there was nobody in the room, to save on electricity. He didn't put his garbage out late in the evening, before the scheduled pick-up, so neighbors wouldn't have to see his rubbish cans on the front lawn. He saved water by only flushing after he did a number two. When he did number one, he let it mellow, until it turned yellow, and then he flushed it down. He always lifted the toilet seat up and put it down when he was finished going number one (his wife and all his lady friends *loved* him for doing this).

He always squeezed the toothpaste tube from the bottom. He always put a little love note in his wife's lunch bag. He raked leaves and shoveled snow without ever whining. He not only walked the dog, he picked up after the dog if it went number two outside. He fed wild birds. He helped his wife with the laundry. He helped his children with their homework. He always put a few coins in any non-profit group's hands that was standing outside of any store he was just in. He drove at the speed limit.

Always helped any stranded motorist if he drove by one. Paid all his bills within 30 days. He coached kids (including his own), never yelling at them, always encouraging them no matter what the children's abilities. He preached and practiced sportsmanship. He clipped his toenails, ear hairs and nose hairs behind a closed door in his bathroom. He complimented people, even if he knew it was a white lie. Always hand wrote thank you notes. Helped his wife in *her* garden. Rearranged furniture and pictures for his wife without a complaint. Cleaned out the garage and basement seasonally. He always replaced the smoke detector battery once a year. Never forgot a relative's birthday or anniversary.

Phoned his parents once a day (when they were alive). Never drove after having more than two drinks. Never used cliff notes or any other such "cheat-sheet" when writing a term paper or taking a test. Always went to parent/teacher conferences for his kids. Never complained about paying to see a bad movie or play. Never took a "mulligan," when playing golf. Never kept a gun in his house. Always had his gutters cleaned out.

Tried to make his wife achieve multiple orgasms. Never yelled at his children, always tried to lecture them with the "risk versus reward" routine. Always watered his plants. Always turned in items he found to the 'Lost and Found'. Never peed in any pool. Never cheated on his taxes. Never bit his nails or toenails for that matter. Always recycled. Never littered. Never swallowed his gum. Never told people if they had bad breath, even if a person did. Waited till he came to a complete stop before either continuing or turning right-on-red at a stop sign. Knew all the hand signals...and used them. Kept his car very clean. Never talked on his cell phone or ate while driving. Never honked his horn at someone, unless the person was driving recklessly. Always wore his seat belts and made others in his car do likewise. Never sped through a yellow light. Always had his oil changed every 3,000 miles. Always had his tires at the right pressure, his water level perfect and his spark plugs cleaned. He always let people cut in front of him if they needed to merge.

He never lost patience in traffic. He liked whatever came on the radio. He pumped his brakes so his wheels wouldn't lock. He never turned suddenly, he always waited for the coast to be clear. He kept one car length behind the car in front of him. Always checked his mirrors to see what was going on. He replaced his wiper blades yearly. He always made sure he had all the extra car and engine fluids in the trunk of his car. He wiped off all snow and ice from all the windows for perfect visibility, before he drove off. He washed his car once a month. He thought that driving was a privilege and not a right.

He worked out six days a week, resting on the seventh. Whenever he was asked to spot someone lifting heavy weights, he did so. He wiped the equipment down after using it. He put the weights back where they belonged. He dressed properly and only eyed the women he had plans to sleep with. He never showed off by posing in front of the mirrors. He cleaned the cat litter box daily.

He never talked on his cell phone while shopping or anywhere else

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where he might become distracted or distracting to others. He always let older people cut in front of him. He never brought *more* than eight items to the 'eight items or less' line. He always purchased with exact change. His carry-on luggage fit perfectly under his seat when he flew. Every 30 days he changed the flea collars on his animals. He didn't gossip. He never read celebrity magazines or watched reality TV. He believed in trusting, before verifying.

He always returned what he borrowed. He always made his tools available to be borrowed by his neighbors. He took his medicine the way it was prescribed. He washed baseboards and dusted with his wife. He emptied his waste container at his work and kept his desk as tidy as possible. He volunteered every Thanksgiving at the homeless center. He shopped with the environment in mind. He always tried to buy locally. He always *tried* to buy American made goods.

He prayed in his own way to his God. He had no God before the God of his fathers. He did not crave any idols. He didn't take the Lord's name in vain. He remembered the Sabbath Day. He never committed murder. He never bore false witness against anyone. He never coveted any of his neighbors' possessions.

HE DID: Commit Adultery.
Nine out of ten isn't that bad.

So, he had this one fault. He loved to screw. He had given it a lot of thought, but only when he felt guilty, which was all the time after he had sex with someone else other than his wife. When she caught him, he didn't feel guilty; he felt guilty and CAUGHT. That was the worse feeling of all. *But* the best feeling to Eli was his favorite feeling -- which was the total physical feeling of having sex with a woman he wasn't married to, while achieving an orgasm and ejaculating.

Sometimes, Eli liked to rationalize, that one of the reasons he liked to screw around on his wife was because she had such a difficult time of ever having an orgasm, despite the fact that Eli saved his best performances for her.

Abigail Canaan would have been a great patient for Sigmund Freud and his vaginal orgasm theory. It was Freud's belief that a female's

orgasm via direct vaginal stimulation was the only way that a woman would climax.

For Abigail and millions of other women, it is a terrible theory, because, from Eli's experience, most women (including Abigail), rarely experience orgasms through intercourse.

Or, maybe it was because Abigail, in knowing that her husband fucked around on her, limited him to an average of two point five times a month. A number she had read in one of those magazines that was long on averages, but short on answers.

"How do we do a point five?" Eli asked his wife.
"You perform oral sex on me until I say stop," she answered matter-of-factly.

"What about me?" He whined.

"I'll let you masturbate...if you're lucky," she answered. Again, in that matter-of-fact tone.

Only getting laid two point five, but really two times a month by your wife was very frustrating to Eli, especially given the fact that Abigail believed so passionately in Freud's theory of vaginal orgasm. Eli really wanted his wife to cum while he fucked her hard and fast, even if it was only two times a month. Alas, she never experienced anything close to an orgasm and Eli swore he would someday get even with Freud from making his jaw, mouth and tongue ache from that point five point of view according to Abigail.

He couldn't believe that this average in the magazine was correct. Then, he was quick to note that a lot of his dalliances were with other married women, and it dawned on him that the average his wife quoted him was probably correct, because it only took into account that it was just about married couples having sex with each other. This led him to wonder for a brief second who Abigail was balling on the side. It was only fleeting, because he couldn't be jealous or mad. After all, he was screwing everything he could get his penis into.

Eli had one favorite partner. She was married, and Eli thought, just like the magazine promoted, that she and her husband were doing it only two point five times a month. Her name was Mary, and Eli and she

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were screwing two times a week or eight times a month. If Eli was just screwing Mary along with his wife, he was getting laid a whopping ten point five times a month.

Add in the other pussy he was getting into and Eli Canaan was fucking at least 16 times a month.

According to that same magazine that his wife believed in, this was three times the average amount of fornication for an adult male Eli's age, which was 39. The average was four times a month for a 39 year old American male with more than one partner. For those without a steady partner, the numbers were far lower. How someone came up with the number two point five was a mystery to Eli. Then again, statistics *always* lie.

Eli always thought that if there were more sex between couples, especially husbands and wives, there would be less adultery. But for some reason unknown to him, the longer a couple was married, the less sex they had. Thus, the more he thought about it, he had to assume that the two point five times per month was a believable statistic. One didn't have to be Freud to draw the conclusion that the less sex a couple had, the more they whored around on each other amongst the many things that couples have been known to do. The least of which was trying to communicate with one another to make the relationship work – to protect the institution of marriage. It was not a good thing that couples stopped communicating with each other in any way, shape or form. Two point five times a month was bad communication for Eli Canaan.

Of course it was a lot better than other things that Eli had read and heard about that couples did to one another – killings, maiming and other general mayhem.

Eli and Mary had been attracted to each other from the first time they met. This was at a little league baseball game. Both their sons were on the team that Eli coached. Since Eli's wife and Mary's husband **didn't** attend any of the games, Eli and Mary bonded and bonded well. Mary was Eli's favorite screw because she was clean, pretty, a good mother, funny, and always was able to make herself available for their twice a week fucks as easily as he was. Furthermore, when Eli entered

the hotel room they had reserved, Mary wasted no time. As a matter of fact she would already be naked, on both knees and using her hand to play with herself, and be so 'hot' and wet when Eli mounted her from behind. Eli liked that. It made it easier for him. He only found two things weird about Mary while they were screwing. One, she always hit the top of her head against the headboard, because she liked hearing the noise her head made when Eli was thrusting from behind with such force, causing her to bang her head against the structure. And two, she gripped the blanket and sheets so tightly with her hands, while Eli was humping away at her, that it would take ten minutes for the blood to rush back into her fingers after they had climaxed; and she sometimes ripped the sheets and blankets of the cheaper hotels' bed coverings. Eli thought that the word "banging" had to have been invented by the couple who first did it the way he and Mary were *always* doing it. Mary *didn't* suffer like Abigail when it came to vaginal orgasm. The only noise louder than Mary's moaning in delight was that of her head banging against the headboard, but just barely.

It wasn't that Eli was some well hung porn star that caused Mary to sometimes rip the bed's coverings and bang her head against the head board. He was not a super-star lover as American men all want to think of themselves. He wasn't as good as a lover as the web-site teasers showed all internet savvy American males 'should' and 'could' be. It didn't take him hours to climax... Mary moaning all the time in pleasure. As a matter of fact, he was very average in all aspects of how his sexual encounters and equipment measured up. All except for one: how it made him feel when he achieved orgasm. Here, he was *way* above the national averages.

Ejaculation for Eli Canaan was the ultimate physical experience. Climaxing was to Eli what scoring the winning touchdown in the Super Bowl was to a football player. Cumming to Eli was like what a baseball player felt when he hit a homerun in his team's last at bat, to win the World Series. Participating in the sex act with a woman was to Eli what winning the presidency was to whoever won it. Fucking was to Eli what netting \$1,000,000.00 was to **anybody**. Being involved in copulation was to Eli the most important act of all -- especially when it was the best, which with Eli, was *almost* all the time. There were far more important things to living

than sex. Problem was... Eli Canaan never wanted to learn what *was* more significant.

Copulation with his favorite partner, Mary, was the best of the best. It was a bond like no other that the two of them shared. It was why they took the risks that they did to be with one another *at least* twice a week. As rewarding as it was, they never thought about divorcing their respective spouses and marrying each other.

"We would screw up that magazine's findings if we did," Eli liked to joke to Mary.

But, while Eli fucked Mary's and others' brains out, Abigail got bold. She had a hunch that Eli was screwing around. She just didn't know who his main squeeze was. As a matter of fact, even Mary didn't know that Eli strayed from her once in awhile, figuring that after one session of their love making, there was no way that Eli could desire anyone else or have the stamina to want Abigail more than the two point five times a month that she permitted him. Mary grossly underestimated Eli's desire to have sex. For not only did Eli have sex with Mary as much as possible, he did his wife two point five times a month and about three to four others.

Such was Eli Canaan's addiction to achieving orgasm.

They were at their usual rendezvous hotel and in the sack before the lights went out in the room. They knew each other's physical routine very well, and loved it. What they didn't know was, that while Mary (with an assist from Eli) was denting headboards and ripping bedding, Abigail Canaan had been hard at work with a Gypsy to put a hex or spell on her husband to stop his philandering ways. She didn't want to curse him; she just wanted him to stop, but that fateful night changed his life for eternity.

Abigail Canaan went to a Gypsy, because she didn't think that any rabbi, minister or priest could develop a prayer about such a thing. As a matter of fact, she thought they might try to have her committed for suggesting such an act. Abigail was shocked to have found a real Gypsy in the Fortune Telling category of the local yellow pages. Fortune Telling was listed right after Formal Wear and right before Foster Care. Abigail was surprised that the magazine that had educated her on the average of two point five times a month also was right when it had run a story on Gypsy curses, *and* one could look up a local Gypsy in the yellow pages. She was very surprised that it cost her \$1000 for the Gypsy's services.

(She had expected to pay much less).

“How do you think I can afford to advertise in the Yellow Pages?” the Gypsy asked her, when Abigail balked at the dough.

The difference between a hex and a spell was the first thing the Gypsy had to teach Abigail.

The Gypsy, who met Abigail at the local Starbucks and drank very strong coffee, told Abigail that a hex would be for Abigail to wish for a very strong negative influence to dominate Eli. The Gypsy said that she would have to touch Eli for the hex to work, while the hex was being transmitted.

“Can you give me an example?” asked Abigail.

“Sure,” said the Gypsy. “May a snake bite you.”

“I was thinking along the lines of may your dick fall off,” Abigail replied.

“**I’m not touching it!**” the Gypsy cried out.

“Lets look at a spell then,” said Abigail, as she rolled her eyes upward.

And the Gypsy went on to inform Abigail that a spell would be summoning an evil deity to the temple of Abigail's choice and commanding the spirit to do what she wants to do to someone.

“I want my husband to stop screwing other women,” said Abigail.

“Something like: ‘**May Eli Canaan never seek out another woman,**’ would work,” replied the Gypsy. “My fee includes the incense, Trinity candle and other necessary tools.”

“It’s a deal,” said Abigail, as she forked over the money.

“One note of caution,” the Gypsy told Abigail *after* she had pocketed the \$1000. “As you sow, you might reap.”

“I should hope so,” replied a confident Abigail Canaan.

Little did Abigail know what a stage she was setting for Eli.

Abigail meant well, it was just that the Gypsy was right. As a matter of fact, after she found out about what happened to her husband she had been heard to mutter: "That Gypsy woman was right. Boy was she right."

For Eli and Mary it was copulation at its finest. Right at the end, even Eli thought that he had never experienced a fuck as pleasurable as this one.

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"I'm cuming Mary! Oh God, it's incredible. I'm cuming! Hold on baby, I'm cuming, its going to be a geyser. Oh God... Oh God... Oh God!"