Tammy is God

part 2



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Gretchen and Dale walked into Tammy's yard, and the wooden gate slammed shut behind them. The sound startled Gretchen, but she did her best to act normal. It was never wise to act nervous or upset when She could be around.
"Decent turnout," Dale said casually. "Not as many people as last year, of course, but... That's to be expected."
Gretchen was relieved to see that they weren't the only neighbors who had arrived early. As Tammy always said, fifteen minutes early was on time, and on time was late. It was one of many rules that Gretchen had learned to live by.


Dale was already getting antsy, but not in the same way as his wife. "Let's see if we can find Tammy!" He said. "I can't wait to see what She's wearing this year!" He was always eager to see Her. Too eager, and always for the wrong reasons.
"Why don't we have a little wine first?" Gretchen said. "You know how I get at these things. It's never a bad idea to take the edge off!"


A moment later, they had their wine glasses in tow. But as Gretchen walked away, she couldn't help but overhear part of a conversation that was spoken in hushed tones.
"The resort was... destroyed? What do you mean it was destroyed?" A woman asked.
"I mean the whole place was obliterated." A man replied. "Like a meteor hit it, or something. It was the same resort the Daniels were staying at, too. You don't think it could have been—"
"Shh!" the woman said.


They walked up the staircase to the top deck, where Tammy liked to hang out. But the closer they got, the faster Gretchen's pulse raced.
"Don't be so nervous, sweetie," Dale said. "I know a lot's been going on, but this estate is the one place we know She's not going to trash. And besides, Tammy likes us... Right?"
"I hope so..." Gretchen replied.


Gretchen looked around the top deck for Tammy, but the hostess was nowhere to be seen. Her absence made Gretchen nervous, but she was relieved to see a familiar face. Sitting by the edge of the deck was Lynn, the one neighbor she could always rely on.


"Gretchen, it's great to see you!" Lynn called out, bubbly as always. "This is my new boyfriend, Travis! Come over here, we have a lot of catching up to do!"
Golf Urius


"By the look of that shirt, you must be a big golfer!" Dale said, interjecting before Travis could answer. '"We've got a great course just outside of the village. The other day I almost finished under par. That's when that whole thing a couple towns over happened. The ground shook so much, the ball went right into a sand trap. Talk about an act of God!"
Gretchen looked away from her husband, and turned back towards Lynn. "While the guys are chatting about sports, why don't we have a little girl talk." She said. The two shared a knowing glance, and eased in closer.


When she knew the guys weren't paying attention, Gretchen whispered in Lynn's ear. "So is Chris's wedding still happening?"
"It is." Lynn said back just as quietly. "He scheduled it right in the middle of Her party, and they didn't even send Her a token invite. They're trying to keep it a secret from Her."
"Oh God. And your daughter..."
"Yeah, she's there. I tried to change her mind, but she insisted."


"You don't think She knows, do you?"
Gretchen whispered.



"I don't think so, but word always seems to get around in this neighborhood," Lynn said. "And you never know when She's listening."

"You know, we probably look really fucking suspicious whispering like this," Gretchen pointed out. "And it's not like it's just Tammy we need to worry about. You know how Sarah is. Always snooping."

"Shit, you're right," Lynn admitted. "We should play it off like we were talking about our periods, or something."


Gretchen pulled away, taking a breath and shifting her register. "I've been there, sweetie! Wish I could do a thing about all these hot flashes," she said, loud enough that everyone around could hear her. "But at the end of the day that's a small complaint when I get to live in such a blessed community!"


"You know, that's the perfect word choice! Blessed." Lynn said extra loud in case Sarah was listening. "To be here, visiting the home of the one true God, who's been kind enough to share Her riches with us."


"And She's so kind, and merciful," Gretchen said, struggling to keep a straight face.
"And if She's not, you had it coming," Lynn whispered.


"Oh my God, Lynn!" Gretchen teased. "Careful what you say, even as a joke!"
"I may have had a little bit too much wine," Lynn admitted. "But hey, how can you turn it down, when God Herself made it from water!"


Then, without warning, Tammy was simply there. "Oh? What are you two laughing about?" She asked.
"Oh, nothing important." Gretchen said. "We were just talking about how beautiful everything is."
"Of course you were." Tammy said with a warm, detached smile. It was the same smile She had when She squished sinners beneath Her heels.


"Gretchen, it's so good to see you." Tammy said. "That's such an... Interesting outfit you've chosen for an event like this. But I suppose that's what I appreciate about you. You really don't care what anyone thinks."
"Thanks, Tammy," Gretchen said, forcing a smile. "It was a gift from my aunt."
"Your late aunt, now," Tammy corrected.
"Oh, is she?" Gretchen asked.


Tammy didn't answer. Instead, She turned towards Lynn, whose mood suddenly changed. "Lynn, it's so wonderful to see you again. Now tell me, where's that beautiful daughter of yours?"
"I'm afraid she couldn't make it," Lynn answered. "She's sick at home, with a bad cold... Last thing I'd want is for her to get our other guests sick."


"That poor dear," Tammy said, turning towards Gretchen. "Then you must have felt under the weather too, Gretchen? That's about the only reason I can think for why I didn't see you at Sanctuary this morning!"
"Oh, yeah, well..." Gretchen trailed off. She stood there awkwardly, hoping someone would change the subject.


Sure enough, Tammy turned back towards the other woman. "So, Lynn, I heard you have a new boyfriend now!" She said. "I'm so happy you moved on. That oaf you were dating before wasn't exactly worth dwelling on. You looked so horrified when it happened... But really, you should be thanking Me for bringing you back into the dating pool so you could trade up!"
"Thank you so much, Tammy," Lynn said, nervously forcing herself to smile. "My new boyfriend's name is Travis. He's right over there, in the red shirt..."


"That young little thing? He's barely older than my son! You're really robbing the cradle, this time, aren't you!"
"He's only twenty-seven. I hope that's not a sin!" Lynn joked. But she wasn't entirely sure that it wasn't.


Tammy slowly strutted over to Travis, eyeing him up and down as she did. He was trying so hard to hide his fear from Her. Trying... and utterly failing. His shaking hands, the slight twitch of his upper lip, the way his eyes darted around... all of it made his fear all too obvious.


Tammy stood in front of Travis, looking him over skeptically.
"Nice to meet you, Travis," Tammy said. "Lynn is My best friend, and she deserves the best. You are treating her well, aren't you?"
"Of course, God!" He said. "I love her more than anything... Except for You, of course!"
"Of course." Tammy replied coldly.


Tammy slinked behind Travis, inspecting him like a cut of meat.
"Lynn's last boyfriend wasn't good enough for her." Tammy said, eyeing the man in front of her up and down. "He embarrassed himself by getting drunk at My last garden party, and acted like a complete buffoon. Left me with no choice but to smite him, of course, but it was so hard on poor Lynn. So do try to be on your best behavior, okay? For Lynn's sake?"
"Of course." he replied.
Golf Urius


"That's what I hoped I'd hear," Tammy said, finally smiling. "Welcome to the neighborhood. You're truly blessed to be here... And don't you ever forget that."
Travis smiled. Tammy could tell it was forced... But that didn't bother Her. Not when something else bothered Her much more.
Golf Urius


It was Dale Sluman. He was gawking at Her breasts again, and he wasn't being especially subtle about it. She shifted and turned away, but his eyes followed every movement of Her chest.


Tammy grimaced at him. "Dale, honey, I have a question for you," Tammy asked.
Dale blinked. "Yes, God?"
"Were you staring at my breasts?"
Dale stood there for a moment, looking like a deer in the headlights. Then, finally, he answered.
"No..."


Tammy walked up to Dale, staring him right in the face.
"Lying to your God is a mortal sin, Dale," She said, smiling at him. "Your wife has been such a caring neighbor, and I'd hate to upset her, so I'll forgive that one trespass... but not another. So tell Me, honestly. Would you like to touch My breast, Dale?"
The garden went quiet. Lynne's hand tightened around her wine glass.
"I, well... Yes, part of me wants to. But—"


"Well, bless your heart for being honest," Tammy said. "You know what? I'm going to do you a favor."
She pressed Her finger against his chest. Just like that, he was gone.


Where Dale had been standing there was now a small figure on the deck, approximately three inches tall. He was wearing a perfectly miniaturized polo shirt, staring up at Tammy with an expression of profound confusion.


Gretchen was starting to panic. "Dale? Dale, where did you... Oh my god, is that him?"
Tammy smiled down at him. "And to think that everyone said Dale would never lose any weight."


Gretchen's heart raced. "What are You going to do with him?" She asked.
Tammy laughed. "Your husband is a lascivious little wretch, Gretchen. I just wanted to make sure that he gets what's coming to him."


"Y-You're not going to hurt him, are you?" Gretchen asked. "Please, he didn't mean any—"
"Are you questioning My divine judgment?" Tammy asked pointedly.
"No, no, of course not, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have—"
"You're forgiven." She gestured graciously. "Now come on over here and say hello to your husband."


Gretchen and Lynn approached slowly. They knew that the slightest misstep could end Dale. If they bumped Tammy, and She stepped forward, that would be all it would take... and Tammy might relish having an excuse to pass the blame.


Tammy stared down at the pathetic little man standing by Her heel.
"You know, Dale, you've got quite the view down there. Is it everything you imagined?"
Tammy could just barely make out what his tiny voice was shouting up at her. "Please, please change me back!"


She looked over at Gretchen with an expression of theatrical sympathy. "He really is worked up. Bless him."
"Please take mercy on him, for my sake." Gretchen pleaded. "I know he's a wretched sinner, we all are... Except for You, of course. But You're a merciful God, and I pray that you can forgive him! He can do better and come back to Your light!"



Tammy scowled down at Dale like the disgusting little insect that he was. "You know what I think your problem is, Dale?" She asked. "You have always wanted things you had absolutely no business wanting. Isn't that right?"

Dale put his hands together and got down on his knees, praying to Tammy. "I'm sorry! I am so sorry, please—"

"Oh, I know you are." Tammy said. "You're always sorry after the fact. That's your whole personality, isn't it? Blundering about like a clumsy little oaf, and then begging forgiveness afterward."


Tammy turned towards Lynn, and smiled at her. "Let me know if you ever want me to give this treatment to your new boyfriend, Lynn," She teased. "Keeping a man at this size has its advantages. I can attest to that."
Gretchen smiled. Tammy's mood had lightened, and She seemed to be in better spirits. Maybe She really was just having a little harmless fun with Dale.


Tammy crouched down, getting a closer look at Dale. She chuckled to herself as she watched the little man squirm. "Do you really think this lout deserves you, Gretchen?" Tammy asked. "All it would take is one little misstep, and you could be single again. No need to worry about lengthy divorce proceedings or anything!"
It slowly dawned on Gretchen that Tammy wasn't really joking. "That's alright, really." Gretchen said. "He might be a lout... but he's my lout, and I love him for it."
"I guess there really is no accounting for taste," Tammy teased.


Tammy reached down with an outstretched hand. Fear got the better of Dale, and he stumbled back, falling onto his feet. He lied there on his back, staring up at Her. He knew it was a bad idea to run. He knew that She took it as an insult when you tried to go against Her will. He fought against every fiber of his being that was telling him to run for it, and just lied there motionless.


Tammy plucked him up off the ground, making no effort to be particularly gentle. She couldn't remember holding someone so fat, and it amused Her to watch him shake. She pushed down with her thumb, and watched his little belly jiggle in response.
"What should I do with him now?" Tammy asked, almost gleeful as She considered Her options. "That's the wonderful part about being God, you know. The possibilities are downright endless."


She brought him closer, licking Her lips. "I haven't eaten since breakfast, you know," Tammy said. "I've been so busy, I just didn't have the time... And you would be awfully filling, wouldn't you?"
"Please, God, I have sinned," Dale prayed. "Forgive me for my trespasses..."


Then Tammy opened her mouth. It opened wide, then wider still.
Gretchen watched with bated breath. She was afraid to ask Tammy to stop. Somehow, she felt like that would just make it worse. The tension built up, and she blurted it out. "Please don't eat him!"


Tammy burst out in laughter. "Oh, relax, I'm not actually going to eat him." She glanced at Dale, still pinched between her fingers. "Do you have any idea how much fat is in his disgusting belly? I could never do that to My perfect figure... But I guess I could just chew him up and spit him out!" She said that last bit like it was a joke, but no one else was laughing.


Tammy brought him closer, sniffing him a bit. She opened and closed Her mouth a few times, like She was imagining what it would feel like to sink her teeth into him. Dale cringed as Tammy lifted him up, bringing him closer and closer.


She smiled back at Gretchen, who was struggling to maintain her composure.
"You really love him, don't you? I don't know why, but I can see it," She said, smiling warmly. "It's actually very sweet."


"So you'll make him normal again?" Gretchen asked, letting herself finally be hopeful again.
Tammy didn't respond. Instead, She looked down at Her own neckline, then back at Dale, then at Her neckline again. She smiled wider, as the perfect solution revealed itself.


"Not just yet," Tammy said. "It seems to Me that a man who loves staring at My chest ought to at least get a proper look."
"Here, I can take him," Gretchen said, reaching out.
"And deny poor Dale the prize he so clearly desired?" Tammy asked. "Your poor husband has had your eyes on My cleavage since the moment I showed up. It would be cruel of me to deprive him of that."


She lowered him slowly, slipping his body into Her cleavage.
"Consider this a blessing," She said.


Tammy tucked him down beneath the top of her blouse, setting him on top of Her breast. She adjusted Her blouse carefully, with the same composed attention She gave to everything.


"There. Now he gets exactly what he wanted." She said, looking down at the fat little man. "That only seems fair, doesn't it?"
Gretchen watched anxiously as Tammy poked at her tiny husband. "Just... Please be careful with him, Tammy."
"Gretchen, honey," Tammy said, smiling. "I'm always careful. Always."


"She's never careful," Jacob muttered. "Not with people, anyway. Her belongings, She's actually careful with. Because She actually cares about those."
"Be quiet, Jacob!" Sarah shushed. "That's no way to talk about our Mom, or God! Show some respect... Unless you want me to tell Her what you said."
"Or what? She'll kill a bunch of people?" Jacob said nonchalantly. "Like She won't just do that anyway..."


"Enough with the blasphemy, Jacob!" Sarah chastised. "Mom doesn't take such insults lightly, nor should She."


Sarah moved on, starting a conversation with the new neighbor.
"Travis! You're a believer in Tammy, aren't you?" Sarah asked.


Travis was acutely aware that all eyes were on him,
and he weighed his words carefully. "Of course!"
Travis answered. "How could I not believe in Her?
I've seen what She can do, first-hand."



Travis hoped that answer would get Tammy and Sarah off his back, but it just seemed to make them more suspicious.

Tammy walked over, standing close enough that her breast squished against his shoulder. "Well of course you believe in My powers. You'd have to be blind not to." Tammy said. "But that's not what I'm asking. What I'm asking for is if you devote your heart to Me. Truly, and utterly."

"Of course I do!" Travis said. But he could tell Tammy saw right through him.


His eyes turned to Dale, who was still squirming in Tammy's blouse. Travis knew all too well what Tammy was capable of, and how creative She could be with Her punishments. He didn't want to be on the receiving end of that wrath... and he was eager to shift the focus elsewhere.


"You're right to question me," Travis admitted. "There are too many people who take advantage of Your grace. Like neighbors who didn't even bother to show up to Your garden party. The entitlement it must take to turn down an invitation from their God..."
"It truly is sad." Tammy agreed. "Some of them even said, to My face that they were going to be here. Speaking of which... Do you have any idea where Chris Webb is?"
Travis shook his head. "No, no idea. He's not here?"


"No, he's not," Tammy said. "The party started more than fifteen minutes ago, and it's not like him to be late. I was really looking forward to seeing him... And that sweet girlfriend of his, Olivia..."


"I'm sure he'll turn up soon enough," Lynn told Her.
"I wouldn't be so sure," Tammy replied. "I'll have to stop by his house and pay him a visit..."


Jacob didn't see Her leave. One moment She was standing there on the deck, tapping her fingernail against her wine glass, and the next She just wasn't.


He didn't have to wonder where She went for very long. The earth shook, and Jacob heard a loud boom behind him.


Jacob turned, and looked up at Tammy. He could see Her massive body, so big that She towered over everything. She must have been close to a thousand feet tall.
He watched as She took one step, then another. He was all too aware of how truly enormous She was, and how much Her heels could destroy in a single step.


"Oh God," Jacob muttered to himself.
Jacob could hear people screaming in the distance. The sound was faint and distant, but he knew the voices were all too real.


Tammy looked down at the tiny people fleeing Her. They were scared. Good. They should be. To think that She was nice enough to let them live in Her neighborhood, and yet they didn't even come to Her big garden party. They had taken Her gifts, and then they insulted Her by not showing up.
It would have felt so good to just stomp them all, and end every last ungrateful little insect scurrying between the houses. But She didn't want to make a scene... not when Her friends were watching her every movement from the deck. That would be tacky.


Tammy glanced over at the houses. They wouldn't get mad about Her stepping on a few houses, would they? After all, it was Her neighborhood. She was the one who built it. She was the reason the grass was always green, and the trash was always picked up on time. Homes can also be rebuilt. And... If a few people happened to be in some of those houses? Well... That wasn't Her fault. They should have been at Her party.


Tammy slammed Her foot into the side of a house. She heard people inside screaming. The sound was muffled by the walls, but She could still make out a woman's high-pitched scream.


Tammy smiled. She knew this house. They were new neighbors. The family that had moved in three weeks ago but hadn't even bothered to introduce themselves to Her. All they had to do was knock on Her door, and maybe bring a nice casserole. The kind of thing that decent people did when they moved into God's neighborhood.


Tammy raised Her foot above the house. She had already made her decision, of course. Their kind were undesirable. They didn't belong in Her neighborhood, and they wouldn't be missed.


Tammy stepped down, crushing the house and everyone inside. The structure collapsed in an instant. All the wood and furniture and life compacted into nothing beneath Her heel. She felt something give, and She pressed down a little harder, just to be thorough.


A neighbor stared in horror as Tammy stomped again, obliterating what was left of the house. He just stood there, frozen, watching God flatten his neighbor's home into the dirt.


"They were bad neighbors anyway," Tammy said, Her voice carrying across the entire block. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Next time, try and show a little gratitude."


Tammy looked around the neighborhood, trying to remember which house Chris Webb lived in. She knew that he lived on this street, somewhere between the Bowers' place and the old Henderson lot.
She had been to his house for dinner once. He'd served Her a spaghetti dish that was noticeably undercooked, but She had been gracious enough not to mention it.


Tammy scratched Her head. It was definitely one of those houses, but She couldn't remember which one. They all looked identical from up high, with the same red terracotta roofs.


Tammy was starting to get annoyed, when She figured out the perfect solution. She'd just stomp them all. Chris was in one of these houses, and if She flattened every house on the block, She'd get him eventually. It was simple logic.


Tammy took a step, raising Her foot above one of the houses. The family inside must have seen Her shadow, because the screaming started before Her foot even began to descend.


She stomped down, effortlessly destroying the house.
She heard more screams, which were quickly silenced.
Without pausing, She took another step.


Tammy stomped again. More screams. Then they went silent. There was just one more house now. Somehow, She knew this one had to be Chris Webb's house.


Tammy pressed her heel down onto the house, which quickly collapsed from the pressure. This time, She didn't hear any screams. Nor did She feel that familiar squishing sensation, or hear the crunch of bone. Whoever this house belonged to, it didn't seem like they were home.


Tammy ran Her foot slowly through the rubble, just to make sure it was unoccupied. She looked down at the rubble, and caught a glimpse of a Persian rug beneath the dust. Right away, She knew this to be Chris's house. She couldn't forget that tacky Persian rug if she tried. But Chris wasn't there, and neither was his girlfriend, Olivia.


Tammy glanced back towards the party. She hoped that Her little dalliance hadn't ruined the mood. She knew how delicate little Lynn could be about these things.


Back at the party, Jacob was trying not to hyperventilate. All of his accumulated trauma was rushing back to him. The football game, London... She'd killed so many, and he couldn't help but feel some guilt for what happened. If he'd just shut his mouth and tried to keep Her happy, they might still be alive... And the same went for his neighbors, who She'd just stepped on.


Tammy looked back at the party, watching their reactions. From their body language, they did look a bit distraught. As disappointing as their lack of conviction was, Tammy didn't want to ruin Her party. Not when it was just getting started.


Tammy appeared back at the party, at her usual 5'8". She heard the sound of Her friends wailing, and She rolled her eyes. Most of them were lukewarm believers, at best... But this wasn't the time to admonish them for it. That would come soon enough.


Tammy looked back at Lynn and her boyfriend. She gave Her friend a knowing glance.
"It didn't sound like Chris and his girlfriend were home." Tammy said. "But if they're not home, where could they have gone? I wonder..."


"I haven't the faintest." Lynn said. "For once I didn't hear any gossip." She tried to act relaxed, but her face was tensed up. She wasn't convincing anyone, least of all Tammy.


Tammy smiled. "Oh, you didn't, did you?" She said condescendingly. "I thought you always knew all the latest gossip. That's why I liked you so much. If you can't do that, you aren't very useful, are you?"
Golf Urius


"You already stepped on his house, isn't that enough?" Jacob blurted out, before catching himself. "What I mean is... Instead of worrying about people who aren't here, You can relax, and have fun with the people who are!"
Tammy shook Her head. "Will you try not to act like a sanctimonious little idiot for once in your life, sweetie?" Tammy said. "If I hear one more negative comment from you, I promise that I won't be as restrained as I was last time. Understood?"
"Okay, Mom, I'm sorry," Jacob said, backing away. He wasn't about to push his luck any more than he already had.


Jacob wasn't the only one who was visibly nervous. Lynn was practically sweating bullets. Tammy swooped in, eager for a chance to test how Her friend did under pressure.
"So, Lynn, you were saying you didn't know anything?" Tammy continued. "And that's very interesting... Because My dear little Sarah overheard you talking on the phone the other day. She said that she distinctly remembered you saying something about a wedding on the same day as My garden party. Now are you calling My Sarah a liar?"
Lynn stared at the ground, unable to look Tammy in the eyes. "No, no, of course not!" Lynn said, scratching her neck. "I know Your daughter is honest, but... She must have misheard, or misremembered, because I didn't say that."


"Lynn, it's a sin to lie to Me," Tammy reminded her. "I think you know about this wedding, and I think you know exactly where this wedding is."


Lynn stood there, silently, taking it all in. She thought about her daughter, and what Tammy could do to her. "I... I don't... I—"
"No matter what you do, I'll find out where they are," Tammy said. "If you make it difficult for Me, then I'll go there, and I won't be very nice to them. But if you tell me now, I promise I'll show mercy to them... And you."


Lynn sighed. They way Tammy said that last word sent a shiver down her spine.
"Okay, I can tell you," Lynn admitted. "Chris and Olivia are getting married at the Rossi orchards, as we speak."
Tammy shook her head. "So it is true. My own neighbor, getting married on the day of My garden party. Well isn't that something."
Lynn shook her head. "I don't think they meant any harm by it," she muttered. "They're probably just a little shy, that's all. Chris and Olivia have been good neighbors, haven't they?"


"I don't think they were," Tammy said. "I was a good neighbor to them. I sent Chris flowers when his mother passed, and he looked Me in the eye, and told Me he'd come to My garden party. And instead, he threw a secret wedding on the same day, because he was too afraid to invite his God. I just think that's sad. Don't you think that's sad?"
No one answered, so Tammy continued Her monologue. "It's sad. It tells you something about a person, that kind of ingratitude. That kind of smallness." Tammy said, putting Her hands on Her hips. "I genuinely feel sorry for them... But they're still neighbors. I should go give them my blessing."
Golf Urlus


Lynn nodded quietly. She thought about pleading for her daughter's life, but she didn't want to reveal that she'd lied to Tammy about that too. Not if it might mean upsetting Tammy further.
"Tammy, you know how much I love Chris and Olivia," Lynn said. "Can you take mercy on them, and their wedding guests? For my sake?"


Tammy closed Her eyes, and smiled softly.
"Oh Lynn, you know me. I'm always merciful."