

Tim Frank

Jada on the charge

'Fuck it,' Jada thought. 'I'm the light and the path of truth beyond infinite planes of existence and I am here.'

Her first stop was the Mosque. It buzzed like an electric fence spreading fear with its nocturnal gatherings and beardy hullabaloo.

Inside, the Imam struggled to find his page number as 200 followers flicked coins at his knees. Jada wrestled him to the ground and pulled off his flesh-coloured head-mic.

She began.

'There is nothing to be afraid of. I am present.' Barefoot men jumped on stage, clapped her ears with sandals and flopped her onto the street outside. Pedestrians scuttled past and muttered, 'modern art.'

Jada awoke in a small room. Joss sticks jostled with joints and collapsing Jewish youths' armpits.

'We're not sure if we run you over,' said Andrew, censoring the New Testament with a black marker pen. 'So we brought you home on the off chance - in case we get sued, I mean...'

'I'm the one,' Jada whispered, under the flicker of a swinging light bulb.

'You haven't won,' Andrew said, tearing a lottery ticket into bits. 'No-one did.' Andrew took out a travel card and crossed Judaism off the list of religions to explore.

'Fuck it,' she said. 'I am the God of heaven and dearth. I'm here to destroy your signs and gather herds with words to warp earth into molecular r-r-rheumatism.'

'That's what Kate said last week,' Andrew said nodding at a girl with her arms covered with words like scrolls.

It was 40 days and 40 nights, except in fact, only half an hour. Jada had seen all that Kilburn High Road had to offer. As she saw it, the masses had a genuine lack of desire to drop the Tropicana and follow her every word. So she went Home to where it began for her, where she was baptized - the Catholic Church.

Men and women slid their bodies into church pews like jigsaw pieces and watched the kids play snap for dead spiders. A fly charged around Father Jacob's prickly nasal hair. It aimed for his tonsils as he babbled on about the many numbers of the Beast. Mrs. Treck ticked off the digits on her bingo card.

Jada walked up the aisle and received a glass of wine and a canapé. She turned to the crowd and said, 'I'm here to show you the way and the path and the route...I'm Apollo's Sat-nav, I'm the Cosmic Hairdo, I'm the Snotbooth of love!'

'But you're a black girl!' someone shouted.

'Um,' Jada said.

'Your name isn't even on spell check!'

'Perform a miracle!'

'Ech,' Jada said.

Outside, a man in rags clutched a polystyrene cup and groaned for change.

'Sir,' Jada said to the homeless guy, 'It seems to me the Path is more complex than I thought. We are outsiders – and that won't change until there is a more enlightened tax system and an expanded welfare state for those who need it most.'

Jada pressed 50p into the man's hand and collapsed.