

## **Kenny G Must Die!!**

### **William Hrdina**

#### The Ritual

"Are you sure this is the only way?" Emma asked, watching Aliester as he made the preparations for the Great Work.

"You tell me." He responded, taking items out of a large duffel bag and lining them up on the ground next to him. "If you can think of a better way to get rid of that cockroach I'd sure like to hear it."

For the one hundredth time Emma racked her brain trying to think of another solution- but no other plan occurred to her. Reluctantly, Emma nodded her head. She might not agree with Aliester's methods- but the mission itself was certainly worthwhile.

Emma turned and headed back to the truck to get the goat.

Aliester took a long look around the cemetery before returning to his work. The night was warm and the moon was full- allowing him enough light to see very well- at least by the standards of 3 o'clock in the morning. Except for Emma's silhouette in the darkness, he saw no movement, no sign that there was anyone around to interrupt the dangerous and complicated ritual they were about to perform.

Aliester bent down and picked up the bottle of chalk from among the myriad ingredients he'd brought from the car. He carefully began making a pentagram by pouring the chalk onto the nicely manicured grass in front of the gravestone that was to be the center of his working. The name on the gravestone was familiar to anyone who knew anything about Jazz.

John Coltrane

9/23/1926 - 7/17/1967

Aliester worked quickly. He was an experienced magician and he'd been studying in preparation for the rite for over six months. Every syllable of the ritual was committed to memory, every gesture so practiced he could do them in his sleep. Even so, he felt the butterflies in his stomach take flight as he started his work.

Resurrection spells were never easy, not even under the most mundane of circumstances. After finishing the pentagram, Aliester put different items at each of the five points of the star- a small baggie of heroin, a slice of pepperoni pizza from Coltane's favorite pizza place in the Village in New York, a reed from a saxophone played by a virgin on the summer solstice, an unwashed pair of women's panties, and a cocktail napkin from the jazz club TheVanguard. In the center of the pentagram Aliester placed the most difficult item to find- a soprano sax that Coltrane himself played 45 years earlier.

With all the ritual items in place, Aliester stood again and began the first of what would be nearly fifteen minutes of chanting and invocation. Emma returned in the midst of Aliester's chanting, leading the goat by a length of rope. She didn't interrupt him to tell him the beast had taken a rather grotesquely large dump in the back of the truck.

As far as Emma was concerned, it was only fair. After all, they were going to take its life- and being that this whole thing was Aliester's idea- she wasn't about to clean his karma-induced goat shit.

As Aliester's recitation continued, the sky began to fill with furiously churning storm clouds. The air around them seemed to thicken- the molecules of oxygen hummed audibly as he neared the end of the first of what was to be a three phased ritual.

Phase two involved the goat. It was called the "Bleeding of the Moon" and was a rather obnoxiously gory affair involving the goat's innards and a cowboy hat.

Frankly, the bit concerning the goat was very gross and caused Emma to gag and nearly vomit. It was, alas, necessary for the ritual to work, But I think we can just skip ahead to the next phase.

The third phase was the exciting part, when the resurrection would actually take place. The sky above their heads was now churning angrily in response to Aliester's chanting; lightning began to flash in the fast moving clouds. A strong cold breeze came up out of nowhere and whipped around them.

Aliester's incantation began to come faster and faster, the sky matched the fury of his oration until finally, just after Aliester spoke his final words, the entire sky erupted in a column of fire, centered entirely on the grave of John Coltrane.

There was a long moment of complete silence. The wind, the clouds, even the ever present sound of crickets was gone.

Emma was about to ask if the ritual worked when a long hollow hissing sound emanated up from beneath the earth in front of them. A second later, a decayed and rotting hand burst up through the ground in proper zombie form. Once free from the earth it clutched blindly until it came across the brass body of the ritual saxophone. The ragged hand gripped the instrument tightly and held it up in a kind of victory grip. The bones of three of the four knuckles were visible due to missing skin and tissue and a small worm poked its head up from between the thumb and forefinger.

"He is alive." Aliester said, a grin stretching across his entire face.

### The Reason- Six Months Earlier

Aliester came home from work in a foul mood. This wasn't abnormal, ever since Kyle Abernathy moved into the desk across from him, Aliester was almost always in a bad mood when he came home from work.

"I swear to God someone needs to do something about this. I'm going to go absolutely batshit." He threw his keys down on the table and plopped down on the couch with a deep sigh.

"Let me guess, Kyle was playing his music again." Emma said.

Aliester didn't really have to answer- there could be no doubt- it was the same thing everyday.

Nevertheless, he said, "Yup. Apparently a new CD came out..." Aliester shivered involuntarily, "that goddamn Kyle played it over and over again all day long. I honestly think I'm going to hex the man and cause his hair to fall out if he doesn't start using headphones."

Sitting down on the couch next to him, Emma said, "Now don't take your anger out on Kyle- it isn't his fault he has no taste in music- he's in his 20's and has been Born-Again on five different occasions already. If you're going to be mad at anyone, you should be mad at Kenny G. After all, he's the guy making the music that's driving you crazy."

Aliester knew Emma was right. He started doing some research on exactly who Kenny G was. He found news stories, but hours on the internet turned up no interesting information at all. Intrigued, Aliester kept looking, but there was nothing. Kenny G apparently had no parents. He didn't graduate from any High School or college that Aliester could discover. In fact, Kenny G didn't seem to exist at all before the age of 22.

Then, one day Aliester found what he was looking for in the archives of a small newspaper in Atlantic City. Taken in conjunction with his mysteriously missing childhood, the explanation made everything so clear.

Kenny G wasn't human.

Which, when the realization occurred to him, made perfect sense to Aliester.

The news story reported an attack that took place two years earlier at a music hall in Atlantic City. An unidentified man, reported to be suffering from post traumatic stress from the latest foreign war, attacked Kenny G on stage with a large kitchen knife.

The attack occurred while Kenny G was in the middle of doing the musical parlor trick known as circular breathing which allowed him to hold a note for as long as he wanted. After five minutes of a never-ending A flat the man reportedly snapped and stabbed the curly headed freak nine times.

The fact someone couldn't stand the music anymore wasn't what drew Aliester's attention. As far as he was concerned what the man did was justified and rational. It was the insistence of the eyewitnesses that none of Kenny G's wounds spilled even a single drop of blood that made Aliester take notice.

Aliester sat in front of his computer and nodded absently to himself. It made sense- no ordinary human being could make music that was capable of annoying people all the way down to their very souls the way Kenny G could.

After Aliester performed an extensive search through his rather large collection of texts on the shadier side of magick, it became clear that there was only one way to go forward.

It would take a zombie to kill Kenny G.

That night at dinner Aliester told Emma all about his plan.

"Why John Coltrane? Why not sic Miles Davis or Charlie Parker on him?"

Emma asked.

"Well, mostly because they both play soprano sax." He replied in a "no duh" tone of voice. "Coltrane started off his musical career playing the clarinet. He moved to alto sax early, played it until his stint with Dizzy when he switched to tenor in 1950. For the next decade he played the tenor until he switched to soprano in 1960. He played soprano for the last seven years of his life until he died of liver cancer. Thus, we are going to send Coltrane after him." Aliester held out his hands in a "so there you go" gesture.

"I guess that does make a certain kind of sense." Emma agreed, stretching out and heading for the bedroom. "Now come to bed." She smiled fetchingly. "All this talk of feeding that no-talent ass clown to zombie Coltrane is going to give me nightmares- I'd rather make ourselves a nice dream."

### The Result

Zombie Coltrane grunted with the effort of pulling himself free from the earth. Aliester crammed his hand into his pocket and yanked out an IPOD and a large set of

headphones. While the zombie was still struggling to get loose Aliester put the headphones over his decrepit ears and pressed play.

Doo Doo Doo- Doo Doo- Doo Doo- Da Doo Da Doo came the empty, soulless notes of the Kenny G solo on "Songbird" his most famous, and annoying tune- it's so bad it was recently installed as the music you hear in the elevator that takes folks down to Hell.

The zombie Coltrane finished climbing out of the hole and stood swaying slightly, listening to the headphones. In seconds the zombie's serene, empty face spread out into a grimace of unhappiness and apparent disgust. He began to shake his head in a futile attempt to deny the music.

Words came up from somewhere deep in the zombie Coltrane's chest.

"No. Bad. Terrible. Stop." He reached up to his ears and knocked the headphones away.

"It's Kenny G. John. You must stop him- they call what he's playing jazz."

"Not jazz! Soulless monkey shit!" Coltrane growled- his voice sounded like it was being dragged behind a truck down a gravel road.

Aliester grinned.

He knew Coltrane would understand. Nothing pissed off musicians more than when horrid crap is placed into the same category as genius. It would be like calling "How much is that doggy in the window" a Rock n' Roll song.

"Kenny G must die!!" Coltrane insisted.

"I couldn't agree with you more." Aliester said.

Emma watched all of this with fascination. She had to hand it to Aliester- he'd sworn up and down Coltrane would know what to do- and sure enough he did.

Driving the Zombie Coltrane home was more than a bit unpleasant- between the scent of the goat shit and 40 year old decayed flesh, it would've taken several hundred green air freshener trees to make the smell pleasant- even with all the windows down. Emma and Aliester managed by hanging their heads out of the window like dogs.

The next night Kenny G was playing the Evildrome Boozerama and Aliester already had 3 tickets he'd bought for \$250 a piece. Coltrane spent the day before the concert locked in Aliester's basement with a large collection of DVD's and several cute and fuzzy bunnies to eat for snacks. (The only thing that will stave off a zombie's thirst for human flesh are cute and funny bunnies.)

On the night of the show they pulled a Kenny G t-shirt over the zombie Coltrane's ragged torso, packed him back into the car, and headed out to the concert. Although the security in front of the Evildrome searched him thoroughly for weapons, no one bothered to actually look at the zombie Coltrane at the gate of the venue. He had a ticket and he wasn't carrying any bombs so they let him in.

Aliester and Emma led Coltrane to their 3<sup>rd</sup> row seats. They sat down next to five expensive, but tastelessly dressed women with too much Aquanet in their hair and waited for the fun to begin.

It didn't take long.

Five notes into Kenny G's first song Coltrane went into a rage. The music had the same effect as waving a red cape in front of a rabid bull. For a guy who'd been dead for more than 40 years the zombie Coltrane was quick. In no time he was biting out the throat of the security guard who tried to keep him from leaping onto the stage.

Emma covered her eyes when Coltrane actually made his way onto the stage- she knew Kenny G was evil- but it didn't mean she wanted to actually watch what happened next.

Kenny G saw Coltrane coming.

He had just enough time to put his hands up defensively in front of him before the overwhelming force of PURE ZOMBIE FURY got a hold of him. Coltrane shook Kenny G like a ragdoll, yanking the saxophone out of his hand and cramming it straight down his throat with a victorious roar.

Kenny G let out a guttural, horrible scream of the sort one would've expected to come out of Godzilla or Mothra- the effect was probably the result of the sax that was crammed almost all the way down to his spleen.

A greenish set of flames burst out from Kenny G's eyes- but it was too late, Coltrane was on him again, punching the side of his curly head- gobbets of hair grease flew in every direction. Kenny G staggered back and stood still for a moment, the flames still roaring out from his eyes. There was a terribly loud cracking sound from the center of his chest and then a dark whirlwind vortex erupted from it.

In seconds everything on the stage had disappeared into the void, the zombie Coltrane, Kenny G's back-up band, and in a happy coincidence, Cher, who was on the side of the stage watching the performance. The end came in a spectacular flash before Kenny G imploded on himself and disappeared leaving a stadium full of people stood looking at nothing.

In the aftermath Aliester was the only one clapping and yelling "WOOOOO!!!" He held his lit lighter over his head and stuck his fingers into his mouth and whistled. It was a job well done. He felt some regret at the loss of the zombie Coltrane- but he'd been sacrificed in a noble cause.

Aliester went home and slept like a baby. The next day, Kyle Abernathy was sitting at his desk sobbing. Aliester smiled, told Kyle to cheer up, and cranked up some John Coltrane at his desk.

He didn't bother putting on headphones.