

Brandon Gets His Big Break

Chapter Two

By

John Eisenhauer

Rico was drinking boilermakers.

While he probably would have drunk them anyway, a coworker told him the origin story and he liked it. The drink became his libation of choice.

A boilermaker was a beer cocktail that consisted of a glass of beer mixed with a shot of whiskey. The drink originated in Butte, Montana in the 1890s and was originally called a 'Sean O'Farrell'. It was served only when miners ended their shifts. The name 'boilermaker' was believed to have originated from the workers who built and maintained steam locomotives in the 1800s. At the end of their shifts, they would head to the bar where they would order a beer and a shot of whiskey.

Technically, Rico would not do a proper boilermaker. He would do a shot and chase it with beer. He had a nice buzz. He was a construction supervisor. That meant that he was responsible for managing his crew, ensuring that everything was done correctly and met compliance.

As he was setting his beer glass down, his wife came into the house.

"Where have you been? I come home from work and there's no dinner."

"Yeah...I'm sorry. Something came up."

"Did someone die...was someone injured?", Rico said as he stood up.

"No..."

"Was it something of that magnitude?"

"No..."

Rico slapped her with an open hand.

He said:

"Shut the fuck up. I don't want to hear it. Just make me something to eat."

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Brandon Speaking

I was involved with two women and a man (Amy, Jane, and Jim). The current configuration has been stable for over three years.

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The greatest advantage of polygamy, as opposed to a 2-person coupling, is that there is a diverse range of personalities and interests. The dynamic was far richer than being involved with one person. With a single partner, you're stuck with an unchanging slate of interests and characteristics.

The greatest disadvantage was that there were people who wanted to kill you for being in that relationship.

Here is the *Cliff Notes* version of how my relationship formed.

Jane and Jim were together. I was friends with both of them (but far closer to Jim). All three of us were bisexual. We were in the same social circle. In a roundabout way, they approached me about dating. Even in our libertine crowd, the proposition of creating polygamous relationship was...if not taboo...very unusual. While arranging casual menage a trois was common, setting up a committed relationship was less common.

There never was an explicit agreement but an implicit understanding. Normally, an unspoken consensus is no consensus at all. But that is what we ended up with. We would date with the understanding that – if all went well – we would form a polygamous group. In a one-on-one dating situation, the potential of a relationship was understood but unspoken. At the end of that first date – or possibly second – one person would say something like:

This could go somewhere. You know...I'm just saying...you're cool and...yeah...it's totally possible that something could happen...you know...who knows.

The other person would respond with equal clarity and forcefulness:

Yeah...you're nice and sweet...and we totally have shit in common...yeah...I do have a good feeling about this.

Jim and Jane were not that direct.

They invited me over for dinner. The conversation went in an unusual direction. Jane brought up the show [Big Love](#) that ran on HBO from 2006 to 2011. At the time, it was 2019. I found it pretty weird that she was bringing up a show that had not been on the air for nearly a decade. When the topic started to fizzle, Jim jumped in and said that the topic of polygamy, the show's premise, fascinated him. He made several arguments for it. I'm no fool. They were, in a fumbling and downright feckless way, trying to gauge my interest. It was a bit awkward.

But I had discussed my relationship history with Jim. I was far closer to him, Jane was a friend but not as close. I had spoken to him, on numerous occasions, about how I was a serial monogamist. Being an active adult, I had had my share of casual encounters but preferred something a bit more substantial. I had been involved with both men and women. Most notably, I put the best possible face on the

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breakups. I really wanted to date him. Unsure of his feelings, I wanted to get him to make the first move. He ultimately hooked up with Jane: they moved in together a couple of months later.

While he did not take the bait, and I simply assumed that he wasn't interested, he obviously was aware and not adverse to the notion.

A one-on-one with Jane never would have happened. She was a friend, and I owed her much. I just didn't see her 'that way'. Don't get me wrong: after the thing coalesced, I quickly realized that she had a complexity of mind and spirit that was not obvious. You know how it is. You know someone socially but don't begin to fully understand them until you take that leap.

Amy came into the picture a few months after the three of us were an item. Amy had been Jane's office assistant. More than that, they had become friends. While platonic, their friendship was emotionally charged. While Jane was the one who really pushed for the inclusion of her friend, she was cagey about their bond. The two of them had shared some pretty heavy personal secrets. I understood that they had become platonic soul mates.

I knew and liked Amy. I just wasn't feeling it. It is one thing to be fond of someone and something very different to invite that person into your inner circle. Honestly, that was exactly how I felt about Jane initially. And things were working out. That softened me up. Still, I was under the impression that Amy was a lesbian, no interest in guys. It just did not make sense. But what the hell. The idea was that we would move slowly and just talk about it.

As this is just the *Cliff Notes* version, I'll just say that Amy proved to be a needed addition to the relationship...and my life.

Each of the three played a special role in the relationship.

Amy was the romantic and simply in love with life. She made me feel happy. She dealt with some heavy shit growing up and came out of it whole. Honesty, I admired her more than my other two partners.

Jane was the most professional member of the family. She was an agent who represented mostly B-listers, many right on the cusp. Her typical client was a solid character actor who would do a steady stream of one-offs in cop procedurals and sci-fi. I depended on her business acumen and clarity of mind. Jane was the most 'no-nonsense' of my three partners.

I came to rely on her sobriety (intellectual sobriety because the girl liked to party) and strength.

Jim was my philosophy guy. He and I shared a passion for speculative conservation (the whole 'meaning of life' bailiwick). The two of us would sip beers and compare/contrast [Albert Camus' philosophy of Absurdism and Buddhism](#). Jane didn't care about that at all. Jane was brilliant. She was a fact-person and found speculative philosophy to be a stupid waste. If I wanted to talk about certain aspects of history, she was my go-to. Amy was open to that sort of thing but had uncompromising views about life and that tended to make such conversation frustrating. Amy had a difficult life. She dealt with a lot of

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bullshit that kept her from pursuing the kind of education that she deserved. Honestly, she was the smartest of the group. But the people in her life kept her from realizing her potential and probably didn't know who Camus was. While not throwing shade on my other two partners, the honest truth is that I preferred his company.

And I loved Amy most.

And I depended on – and owed the most to – Jane.

As a bisexual, fond of both taking it up the ass and screwing, I found the sex very satisfying. A full-blown carousal with all four of us was somewhat rare. It was more likely to be some combination of two or three. And we would hook up in every conceivable amalgamation. We had a 'closed relationship'. This had nothing to do with propriety: but was about concerns over disease and unwanted emotional entanglement. We had a monthly leather party (Amy's idea). They were pretty vanilla. We did try ratcheting up the kink, experimenting with things like candle play. But it wasn't us and got messy. Despite being in a closed relationship, shit never got boring.

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After Rico slapped his wife for not having dinner for him, she scampered off and went into the kitchen. As he sat down, he made a snorting sound. After downing another boilermaker, there was a knock at the door.

"You just sit and relax, hon. I'll get it.", his wife called from the kitchen.

"No...that's fine. It'll be for me. Just keep working on my dinner.", Rico replied. He got up and answered the door. It was Bobby and Dustin. He stood aside and waved them in. After a round of high fives and bear hugs, the two men sat down on the couch that parallel to the La-Z-Boy that Rico fondly called his throne. Between the couch and the throne was a coffee table. As they sat down, Rico retrieved a couple bottles of beer from the dorm fridge that was perpendicular to his throne.

"Okay, guys. Use coasters. You weren't raised in a barn.", Rico emphasized his comment by pointing down at the coffee table and towards the wooden holder that was designed to look like a tree trunk.

As the guys sat and drank, they discussed their upcoming plans.

"Here's one to way look at it...", Rico said as he tapped on smart phone. He handed it to them. The screen displayed *Matthew 5:15-16*:

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

"I don't get it.", Bobby said.

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“C’mon man! Are you shitting me?” Rico said in a good-natured tone that did not fully hide his exasperation. “It’s pretty obvious. It is our godly duty to stop the homosexual agenda in its tracks. We have to do something that is really bold and will capture the faggot media’s attention.”

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Brandon Speaking

My polyam clan lived in a small house in Elysian Valley, commonly known as Frogtown. It was a neighborhood in Central Los Angeles and adjoined the Los Angeles River. We liked it. The rent was reasonable and was ten miles outside of Hollywood. This was convenient.

The [Frogtown Art Walk 2023](#) was happening. It was especially important to our family because it was of central importance to one of us. And, you know how it is, something is important to the entire family if it is *really* important to one of the members.

It really was Amy’s thing. If not for that, we would simply attend the walk and that would be it. But it was especially important to her. The [Elysian Valley Arts Collective](#) was founded in 2008. Amy’s mom was a founding member. This nonprofit organized the Art Walk and other art events in the Elysian Valley neighborhood. Amy’s mom was with Collective from the beginning: it was always a part of Amy’s life.

What binds people is what they value. Amy valued it far more than just some cool community event, and subsequently we all did.

I was home from Ilana Glazer’s house.

When I unlocked the front door, the poster for *The 2023 Frogtown Art Walk* poster greeted me. It was framed and hung on the wall parallel to the door. Amy entered the room: she was only wearing panties. Her physicality reminded me of a kick return specialist on the special team unit of a high school football team. A 15-year-old boy. Lithe, lean, and sinewy: she was fit but no linebacker. At 5’08”, she was short (I was 6’01”). She had short hair and no body fat. She worked out and it gave her a well-defined musculature that was not bulky. Her tits were small and pyramidal. She had girly mannerisms. The best single word for her look: ‘androgynous’.

There were four of us: Amy, Jim, Jane, and me.

As good of time as any to mention that we all worked out. We were all in good shape. We all had memberships at [The Elysian Valley Recreation Center](#) on Ripple St. Unlike many people, we made a point using our privileges religiously. Like Amy, Jane was in amazing shape. She maintained the physique of a supermodel. Jim had a *Mesomorph* body. He was naturally muscular and maintained a nicely defined body easily. It pleased me greatly that he didn’t bulk up. I preferred a lean man. Jim was a wolf and not an otter. As for myself, I had an *Endomorph* body. This meant that I tended to gain fat more easily and found it a bit harder to lose weight and maintain a nice body. I was like [Seth Rogan](#). Besides sharing his Russian Jewish looks, an attractive guy but with an earthy and unpretentious quality, I had to work to maintain my attractiveness.

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“How was your first writer’s meeting?”, she asked with soft affection.

I explained that it turned out to be a cocktail party – not a staff meeting – but that a lot of specifics were discussed. We kissed. She rubbed my already erect penis that was under my trouser fabric. Then I pulled her close. I palmed one of her butt cheeks and ran my other hand gently on her opposing side.

“Come on...sweetie. Everyone is in the living room.”, She said.

When I first met Amy – before she became part of our clan – she was very brusque. Her demeanor did a ‘180’ after being with us for just a short time. She became sweet, tender, and self-deprecating. She had been a part of the family for approximately three years. Initially, her energy was...well...intense. It was more New York than California. I’ll be honest: I was very glad she mellowed. As I said, Jim and Jane pushed for her inclusion. I always liked her fine but was concerned that her NYC cabbie personality could be a problem. It isn’t simply that her personality shifted to something more conducive to a relationship. The loving energy of our family caused the shift. Subsequently, I felt a special love for her.

She took my hand and walked me towards the living room.

Jim and Jane were sitting on the overstuffed leather sofa that was opposite the entrance to the living room. The sofa was one of Jim’s contributions. Amy did push back on it. She was a fair-weather vegetarian. Like someone who remains your friend when things are going well only to abandon you at the first sign of trouble, her commitment to the plant-eating lifestyle was pretty damn dicey. Her passion would dissipate when we went to a steak house (‘Well, I *could* eat a Rib Eye.’). Her opposition to leather, and other animal products, was even more inscrutable. She had no difficulty with the leather heavy outfits and gear that we used for our ‘special play’. The couch bothered her because it was *too obvious*. She fretted about how certain friends of hers would react. She came around. Personally, I loved it. It was covered in a dark brown leather. Over the few years that the couch was part of my life, the tanned hide’s beauty, and character noticeably intensified.

Jim was naked: Jane was down to her underwear.

“Hey, sweetie.”, Jim said. “We’ve been taking it slow. Waiting for you. Taking it slow and getting wasted.”

To draw attention to the ‘getting wasted’ portion of his message, he motioned towards the coffee table with an open palm, waving the length of the table. On the table were the accoutrements of partying. The weed was in a stunning bowl that was beautifully hand painted by Chinese artisans in Renaissance Tapestry design. In addition to the bowl, there was a bong, a decorative bottle of blue agave and four glasses (one of which was dry).

“Whoa. That tequila is the most expensive shit that we’ve got.”, I said as I stripped naked.

“This is a big day for you.”, Jane said. As she spoke, she unhooked her bra and slipped it off.

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“You know the value that Jane places on presentation.”, Jim said. “I tried to get her out of her bra, but she wanted to wait for you.”

“Well, presentation is important”, Jane said as she gave Jim a playful slap on his shoulder. “I wanted to get some expensive champagne, but Jim and Amy felt that you’d prefer our tequila.”

“...Our *best* tequila!”, Amy interjected.

“Besides, I knew that you’d prefer the tequila.”, Jim said. Amy nodded in agreement.

Jim and Amy were right. I always found champagne to be pretentious. That was an opinion that I kept to myself. I kept a lot of opinions to myself.

I sat in the bean bag chair that was next to coffee table (and opposite the couch). I was completely sober. Since I only sipped on my drink while at Ilana’s – the last thing I wanted was to fuck up that special evening by either getting pulled over or having to order an Uber knowing that I’d have to pick my car up the next day – I only had a very mild buzz earlier that evening.

“I want to get caught up.”, I said. “Let me get a nice buzz than we’ll take this to the pit.”

Our house had two bedrooms. One had our primary bed: an [Alaskan King Size](#). It was the biggest one that we could find, and it comfortably slept all four of us. The pit was in the other bedroom. It was a modular sectional. The pit was big enough to handle a full-blown orgy amongst the four of us. It was covered in vinyl that was cool to touch.

As I mentioned, a full-blown carousal with all four of us was somewhat rare: it was an unspoken policy to restrict sex to the pit.

Jim and Jane made out and rounded third base. Amy positioned herself on the floor: she kissed and tongued my genitals. After I got ‘caught up’, we retired to the pit.

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Amy’s connection to Hollywood was [The Hollywood United Methodist Church](#).

She was raised in a traditional evangelical Christian household by a single mother.

Amy’s youth was rough.

The first time that she got sexual with a guy, outside of the odd drunken make out session, was after she joined us. She preferred *pansexual* to *bisexual* as she felt that better captured the fluidity of her sexuality.

There are two common reactions regarding someone who was raised by repressive evangelicals. One is to become an atheist. The other is to embrace some gauzy eastern religious model like Buddhism.

Amy split the difference and became involved with *The Hollywood United Methodist Church*.

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Amy was surfing the 'net when she came across a page on the *United Methodist Church* website that was titled [What is the Church's position on homosexuality?](#) It started off¹:

The United Methodist Church affirms that sexuality is "God's good gift to all persons."

And a little bit further down the page, it continued:

The Church affirms that all people are of sacred worth and are equally valuable in the sight of God. It is committed to be in ministry with all people. The Church "implores families and churches not to reject or condemn lesbian and gay members and friends."

Underlying this is the constitutional principle of inclusiveness of the church. Everyone is welcome to worship and actively participate in the life of our churches. Laypersons may become members and live out their faith through their local church without respect to sexual orientation or practice.

The Church deplores acts of hate and violence against people based on sexual orientation or gender identity and believes human rights and civil liberties are due all people, regardless of sexual orientation.

After reading that bit on the web, she converted in her heart. Her next step was to find a local church. She was gratified to discover that there was one in Hollywood.

She attended services every Sunday thereafter. She also participated in Church activities that interested her. For example, *Hollywood UMC* participated in *Aids Walk LA*. She especially liked that the event raised money for [APLA Health](#) is a non-profit organization that is focused on building health equity and promoting wellbeing for the LGBT and people living with HIV. Founded as *AIDS Project Los Angeles* in 1983, *APLA Health's* services included primary care, HIV specialty care and dental care (to name a few).

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It was 3 AM. The last of Ilana's guests had left.

"Come on, sweetie, let's crash.", her husband said.

"I'll be with you in a moment. I have to send an e-mail."

"I think that can wait a few hours. It's three in the morning for god's sake."

"I won't be able to sleep if I don't take care of this. I have to make sure the security company has the magnetometers set up at the entrances to the sound stage first thing Monday morning...", Ilana said.

"You mean those archway type things at the airport...that detect guns and knives?"

"Yeah."

"And you won't be able to sleep...you're making a television show. I mean, seriously..."

¹ [What is the Church's position on homosexuality? \(umc.org\)](#)

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“What can I say...we’ve lost our fucking minds.”

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Brandon Speaking

It was Saturday: the morning after the cocktail party for the people developing the reimagining (not a ‘reboot’ because this motherfucker was going to be different!) of *Friends* at Ilana Glazer’s and the subsequent orgy that followed amongst me and my polyam clan.

The four of us congregated for breakfast. We were all hung over and not the delightful morning company that was the norm. Now, I did luck out that morning. We had an overly complicated system for assigning chores amongst the members of the group. Jane and Amy were in charge of cooking and cleanup that morning. As the gals slaved over the dirty dishes, the guys were left to talk at the table. It was like we were a sexually freewheeling polyamorous family in the 1950’s.

I looked at Jim and said:

“On Sunday, after the Walk wraps up, Amy is going to work on breaking things down. Jane told me that she wants to prepare for her meetings on Monday. She’s going to spend the night in the bedroom adjacent to her office.”

“Hmmm....”

“So, dinner? We could do BBQ. I’ve been jonsing for Q’ all week.”

“Okay.”

“This works out. I need you to help me prep for my first day in the writer’s room on Monday.”

“It ‘works out’? So, you want me to help you...specifically? Why not one of the dames?”

We liked to call Amy and Jane names like ‘gals’, ‘dames’ or ‘broads’ behind their backs. Those were innocuous terms. But, if either of them overheard it, they would go hard feminist on us. It was our way of being naughty.

“I mean...”, Jim continued. “Why not Jane? She’s an agent...works in the field. Amy is as smart and clever as I am. So why me?”

“Jane knows the business end. This is the creative side. I love Jane but that’s not her wheelhouse. We’re going to lean heavily into gay issues in this version. Amy can get prickly on that topic. I want to speak freely. You’re my ‘philosophy guy’ and I have some speculative shit to talk about. Jane is really into facts and is driven by her intense cultural awareness: she finds opened-ended speculation stupid. This isn’t news. I can just talk most freely with you.”

“Okay...dinner Sunday.”

We kissed and I got up. I waved at Amy and Jane and said:

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“Thanks for breakfast.”

“Yeah...you’re on dinner duty.”, Jane said. “I’ll be sitting on my ass as I watch you bust yours.”

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Amy was raised in a traditional evangelical Christian household by a single parent named Doris.

As an Evangelical, Doris believed that being 'born again' was central to her relationship with Christ. Doris believed that an individual experiences personal conversion. This conversion meant the sudden realization of distinctive bond with God. Understanding both the nature of this connection to God, and the true nature of the Divine Being, was only known by embracing the authority of the Bible as God's revelation to humanity. Central to this revelation was the necessity of the believer to spread the Christian message.

The word *evangelical* comes from the Greek (euangelion) word for ‘good news’.

Since becoming born again, Doris had been motivated to spread the *good news*. Despite her fervor at this most holy of tasks, she came to fear that Jesus hated her.

Specifically, [Malachi 1:2-5](#) haunted her:

“I have loved you,” says the Lord.

“But you ask, ‘How have you loved us?’

“Was not Esau Jacob’s brother?” declares the Lord. “Yet I have loved Jacob, but Esau I have hated, and I have turned Esau's 'hill country into a wasteland and left his inheritance to the desert jackals'. Edom may say, “Though we have been crushed, we will rebuild the ruins.”

But this is what the Lord Almighty says: “They may build, but I will demolish. They will be called the Wicked Land, a people always under the wrath of the Lord. You will see it with your own eyes and say, ‘Great is the Lord—even beyond the borders of Israel!’

The Lord’s reason for loving Jacob and hating Esau was a mystery to Doris. The truth of the Bible – she believed – was absolute. Therefore, the fact that the Lord seemed unfair and cruel could only be explained by the limitations of her paltry mind.

This excerpt from Malachi seemed to be a startling statement (at least to her imperfect, child-like mind). God chose between Jacob and Esau: this choice determined which of them would receive the covenant promises and which would not. God made this choice before they were born based on nothing other, apparently, than His own will and purpose.

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A pronouncement came from the lips of God. And it seemed contrary to Doris' understanding of Him. It was her understanding that He would love an unborn child, but why and how could He have hated Esau, [let alone before birth?](#)

This decision by the Lord (regardless of Doris' feeble-minded inability to understand) had been translated into action. The Lord had turned Esau's 'hill country into a wasteland and left his inheritance to the desert jackals'. While the Lord's perfect logic sadly eluded Doris, she understood that this divine rationale was central to how the Lord determined who was worthy of His Covenant. The rationale to smite Israel's enemies ('They may build, but I will demolish. They will be called the Wicked Land, a people always under the wrath of the Lord.') was apparently based upon the same rationale for his decision to love Jacob and hate Esau while they were fetuses.

Doris just didn't understand. Her Pastor...her Shepherd explained to her that Malachi was misunderstood because modern English mistranslated the words for 'love' and 'hate' when talking about Jacob and Esau. Yet, His action towards the two were very different (and that would seem to indicate that the words were correctly understood). But...she was just a woman.

As a woman, she was mandated by the Lord to silently submit to men on matters of faith. [1 Corinthians 14:34-35](#) said it well:

Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.

That's it...the things in the Bible which she did not understand were only confusing to her because she was a woman.

Anyway, that part of *Malachi* goes on to explain that the Lord was getting pissed at the Israelis for sacrificing blind animals to him. Total disrespect! The Creator of everything deserved more respect! She was glad that the New Testament did away with the pesky sacrifices demanded by the Old Covenant.

Still, earning the Lord's support involved more than keeping the sacrifices posh. He would pick sides before giving someone the opportunity to prove themselves. But salvation was not determined by acts.

Doris concluded that the Lord hated her for a reason that she could not understand (in the same way that she could not fathom why the Lord chose Jacob over Esau).

In 2008, her daughter – Amy – was thirteen. The child was a homosexual and an abomination unto the Lord. She had done everything to keep her daughter Christian (chaste and pure, with only natural – but unfulfilled – desires). The lectures and slapping, an expression of a mother's Christian love, did not keep her child from turning into a pervert.

Amy insisted on looking like a boy: short hair, white T-shirts, blue jeans, sneakers.

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Beyond that she would catch Amy looking at cheerleaders, and other young harlots, with lust. It was undeniable. Not boys...girls. And this was utter perversion. It was as if the slapping and yelling had no effect. She was doing everything to turn her daughter into a soldier for Christ.

Doris realized that Amy was a vessel of evil. Why did Jesus allow this to happen? She had taken her duties as a Christian mother very seriously. It did not work to pray the gay out of her child. So, she would press the word of the Lord into her deviant daughter's flesh. Yet the Lord would not reward her righteous efforts.

It was in 2008 – the same year that *The Elysian Valley Arts Collective* was formed – that she found that abomination of a poster in her daughter's room. It was taped up on the wall...for all to see.

One of the greatest soldiers for Christ was [Donald Wildmon](#). Founder of the [American Family Association](#), he spoke with perfect clarity about how Satan had perverted the whole of society. She looked forward to the day when Christ-centered leaders would rise up and overturn this government of devils.

Wildmon criticized the television show [Buffy the Vampire Slayer](#) for its portrayal of witchcraft and its promotion of the occult. The show's opening narration states that 'Into every generation a slayer is born: one girl in all the world, a chosen one. She alone will wield the strength and skill to fight the vampires, demons, and the forces of darkness; to stop the spread of their evil and the swell of their number.' The show explicitly was recruiting young girls to be the Handmaids of Satan.

To further this insidious separation between the Lord and women, this accursed television program did not only promote evil magic but lesbianism as well. As Brother Wildmon pointed out in one of broadcasts, there was an especially disturbing episode called 'Checkpoint'. In it the Watcher's Council – minions of the devil who insured that the Dark One's evil work was being done – questioned the allies of the execrable Buffy. Willow takes the opportunity to proclaim her twisted love for a character named Tara:

[*We're In Love. Lovers. We're Gay Lesbian-Type Lovers.*](#)

Doris could not comprehend why everyone could not embrace Christianity's simple message of love and would deny it with a toxic mix of TV watching and gay sex.

Regardless, it was in 2008 that Doris discovered that vile poster taped up in her daughter's room. It was a still from that episode and showed Willow and Tara both sitting cross-legged on a bed: they were holding hands. Both actresses were undeniably attractive young women. As Doris stared slack-jaw at the detestable image before her, she realized how deviously complex that Satan's snares were. The actress that played Willow looked like a decent Christian young woman of Irish descent. She even had a solid Christian name...[Alyson Hannigan](#). She was, in fact, a Jew.

Doris was once again gob smacked at the amazing detail found in one of Satan's machinations.

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Underneath the most twisted of images – two attractive women holding hands while sitting on a bed (Doris shuddered as she thought of the abominable sex that their characters were supposedly having on said bed) – was that line of sickening perverse dialogue:

We're In Love. Lovers. We're Gay Lesbian-Type Lovers.

It was in that moment that Doris realized that the whole of the metaphysical universe was allied against her...personally. The Lord hated her. Despite her effort to turn her daughter away from perversion – and the sheer volume of her red-faced reprimand and censure was most admirable – Amy would not renounce evil and embrace heterosexuality. The Lord – for reasons that eluded her simple mind – hated her in the same way that He hated Esau. Satan had erected an elaborate and multifaceted plan that was designed to take full advantage of the rift between her and the Lord.

She wiped away a tear as she contemplated the evil poster. She was grateful for the simplicity of her Christian faith: her path forward was clear.

Understanding her path, in this matter, was based on two interrelated truths. There was nothing more narcissistic than same sex attraction. Only a truly humble person could believe that she had a personal relationship with the Creator of space and time.

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