

Fry Sauce

Utah loves it.

The world calls it by different names.

Everyone wants to know the Church's secret recipe.

Of course, ketchup and mayonnaise.

But, there's something that The Church uses makes their recipe irresistible on store shelves around the world.

No home chef has ever made it any better. Companies have tried and tried.

BBQ sauce? Bacon fat? No, it's a special kind of sugar. You're wrong, it's the delicate structure of the salt crystals from the lake that does it.

"Whatever it is, it's just not fry sauce if it doesn't come from Utah."

The ingredient is a Church secret.

The recipe is locked in their vaults and the fry sauce is rumored to be manufactured in the Lost Rhoades gold mine.

Food industry executives want the ingredient to break the global monopoly. Their spy, ex-special forces, is on his way.

The Uinta Mountains are just melting off for the summer and his feet squish through the mud along with

moose and elk tracks. A twig snaps and he stays put as a few armed guards pass by.

They were pros. Like him. On high alert and ready to shoot. Strange, food companies rarely go this far to defend their secrets. That's why he worked for them. It was always easy.

He crests the next ridge and looks down into a wild valley. The forest in front of him rolls down to a parking lot set against a stone slab wall. Strange solid granite surrounded by the crumbling cubes of these mountains is set with a giant metal door that hangs open to the darkness of a cave.

3 white busses silently glide into the parking lot. The only sound as they stop are the brakes and slowing of moving parts. Must be electric.

Blond-haired boys in suits suddenly appear, walking up to the golden angels painted on the doors. The imaginary blow of long skinny trumpets heralds the exit of a crowd of nervous people.

More boys in suits are with them, herding them off.

One of the suited boys holds the hand of a wide-eyed woman as they step down to the blacktop.

This is his older sister.

"There's nothing to be scared of anymore, we're going to save you."

She shivered.

The sight of guards with assault rifles at the tree line and beside the busses kept her walking.

They step through the giant steel door in the side of a mountain into a strange living room. It's filled with plenty of snacks and sugary drinks. Comfortable chairs and flowery patterns. Someone is playing the piano and singing Church songs. Cakes and strange specialties like Jello loaves span a table, waiting to make people sick ... ummm happy.

The missionaries in suits are confident and bright, which they rarely are around non-believers.

These are queer people, people who use plant medicine, who drink alcohol.

People who don't see the truth. People who do bad things, like use cannabis instead of medicines the doctors can give. Or get born with black skin.

They're the poor souls addicted to pornography.

All the ones who confessed something horrible to their Neighborhood Watcher.

These are people who disagree with them and threaten their beliefs.

And now the boys finally have all the power.

"Will you come with me please?" the little brother in a suit asks his tattooed sister.

He held out his hand over the crack in his voice.

"Do I have a choice?"

“You can come with me. Or someone will drag you along. We don’t care how we get you there or how bad it hurts. But you’re going to get where we’re going one way or another because it’s worth it so that we can all feel better. So, no, not really. Just come with me.” he smiled.

She stood up and he led her through a door. They stepped into a five-sided metal room with no manmade ceiling.

A chair sat in the middle, metal and cold.

There were lights like stars shining down from the black void of the cave. An all-seeing eye was engraved in the metal wall, looking down on the chair.

Strange carved channels in the stone floor looked slick with something she couldn’t see in the shadows. Maybe algae. Water dripped from the stalactites above, hollow echoes against the walls of the room.

“Sit down please.”

She sat, not knowing what else to do. The chair fit her body surprisingly well. And her butt and back were immediately wet with that annoying amount of water left on patio furniture after a hard rain.

The sound of angels singing filled the room — calming the boy, and even relaxing his sister in the seat. Then a dentist’s drill joined the harmony and a helmet-like device lowered from the ceiling on a hydraulic cable.

“Put it on.”

She did and a VR world of infinite paradise filled her eyes.

The people she loved were all there, playing around her Father's throne. Honey streams poured from chocolate cake mountains and the meadow sang her a song with the stars above. Her childhood dog ran up to her, tongue hanging out in joy. Lady had died when she was 10. She started to cry. It felt so true.

Her brother watched her tears fall and pressed a big red button. He would see her there. His elders had promised him.

A loud clunk came from the headset, his sisters body spasmed, and blood spurted from her forehead.

Two people in hazmat suits quickly glided suspended metal hooks into the room and placed them under her arms. The VR clamp lifted away while automated hoses washed down the seat. Her brother wiped his bloody hands on a white handkerchief that matched the color of his face and went back to save someone else.

She was lifted on cable lines supporting the hooks and taken to the next room.

There was a group of boys there, 12-15 years old. They stood awkwardly, ready to baptize her.

Determined not to be scared by the cooling body hanging before them, they quickly performed the ceremony.

It was all worth it. They would make it to the next world with their loved ones for sure. It had been guaranteed for their part here.

Finally saved and at peace, she was brought into the processing room. All her parts would be used. Most went to pet food and some to science. Vital organs like kidneys and hearts made The Church a pretty profit.

But, the fat, the fat went into a special vat.

Bloody cubes and scraps of human body fat jiggled off a conveyer belt into a giant heated industrial vat while egg yolks were added slowly to make a mayonnaise. They had everything timed just right to make sure the emulsion didn't break.

Then came the ketchup, dijon mustard, a little BBQ sauce, and plenty of sugar.

As the sauce congealed, it was poured into plastic bottles.

Orange and still warm to the touch, the clammy bottles were cased and stacked in refrigerated trucks.

Next stop, the picnic tables of Utah and the bellies of the world.

Fry Sauce

Only a few of the 300 people baptized that day had screamed or thrown a fit.

The boys had proven they were men and got to enjoy a beautiful spring Sunday evening with their families.

Smells of grilling burgers and hotdogs meandered through backyards and in the parks beside the Wasatch Mountains.

A father covered his cheeseburger and grilled potatoes in fry sauce and passed the bottle to his son.

“Eat up son. Church fry sauce is the best in the world. Even your mother can’t make it this good.”