

## Gold



Teocuitlatl stood perfectly still, her gold plated body easily mistaken for a statue. Her knees could give way at any second and her bowels tumbled every so often, but she was not allowed to move a muscle... not until it was time.

She was at the top of a golden stepped pyramid on the base of which there was a congregation of people so deep it was impossible to see the last of them. Hovering around on helicopters and positioned along the steps were cameras and their respective operators. This was it; her greatest moment was before her.

The priest motioned her forward and she took a step in his direction. The priest placed feathers on her hair, each one bearing the brand of one of the ancient sponsors of the show. Synthesized sounds boomed out of the massive speakers: drums, horns, trumpets. She danced to the percussive beat, her choreography already well rehearsed after weeks of practicing.

When the music stopped, the priest once again waved her forward and she laid her body on the stone altar. As the priest's blade was raised, she looked out of the corner of her eye at all the men, women and children downstairs.

"Thousands watching live, millions watching at home", was the slogan, and they were all looking at her. The moment she had been born for; to be killed and have her heart ripped from her body so that the TV ratings God could be quenched for one more season.