

## The Devil's God

The Devil woke in a horrible mood. He always did. For the last 50 centuries or more, it was always the same...he woke up fit to be tied. The reason was unknown to him, for the Devil, can not remember his dreams. "What the hell happens when the lights go out?" is a question which had long haunted him, but not now. His 5th claw on the third hand was infected, it was killing him, and he needed to hurt someone...Now! He peered out at the world through the latest lost soul, a brilliant and ruined man, Jacob Thervington...it was all going according to plan, naturally. It had yet to fail in some 5000 years, give or take a millennia or two—his most clever trick to date: God. This one was even more cruel than Justice.

God...the idea first occurred to him as one might imagine, when he first woke. Only the blackest mood might conjure such a thing. To know men is to see the need, the thing to exploit...they all need it. Their dreams, are all undigested, all incomplete...even their nightmares are only half baked, and half consumed. They all need it. This one has lost his daddy, that one was raped, the other was five inches too short...and they dream of one thing: some way to consume the remains of their dream, the part reality has swallowed, they want it back. God, is a bit of undigested dream. God will save me, He will come, He cares, and will make it all right. It was astonishing even for the Devil himself, quite astonishing to behold, the amount of mischief, caused, by a bit of undigested dream.

Take Thervington for example. He is the most gifted of all men! Ha! And he spends all of his mind, and effort, his health and substance, in an attempt to prove the existence of what he does not have...the very thing which is not there...he requires it! So, the life of one Dr. Thervington, so very valuable as to be able to solve the world crisis, is now tucked safely away, missing his kind father, unaware of his reactions, now out of all contact with the world which so desperately needs him, as he wastes his time ... fritters the hours, and the years into nothing, in an attempt to prove...the reality, of what is absent! The most brilliant mathematician of the age, now spends his efforts to prove the existence of God! To need something, is not to have it. What a trick! Hope, is a daemon.

Ah...the Devil managed to crack a smile, and reminisce...to think even of the bit of cancer Descartes had left, with his clever trick, as if the mind or spirit was separate from the body or some other such rot, "that fellow was one after my own"...thought the Devil...and the Crusades! Now there was some fun! So much suffering! Ah...and every participant was sure...the shabby trick was real! As if any God would have had a thing to do with any of them! How many souls were tortured to death, to be "saved"? The fact that one never knows what God wants or says never stops a bit of the fun. Each is sure, whatever bit of undigested dream they require, is God! So naturally, he is on their side...well of course! Ah, what amazing mischief is to be had, with a scrap of undigested dream!

The devil was starting to feel a bit better. His claw, was not so tender...perhaps he could get something done. Yes, Thervington that sod..."Hey you...Coffee, and a

cigarette...move it you idiot!" Thervington did not like himself much, and the devil got results to yell at him. Smoke and coffee were required if he were to think.

Yes, he would place a thought into the ruined mind of a pervert in the middle east..."God wants you to kill a lot of people for no particular reason." Now one in the mind of another completely degenerate fool, the president of the United States...I will inform him that "God wants you to revenge all killing, with more killing. God says." Ok! Now we are getting somewhere! These boys are just as moral as can be! God loves them all! Hahhahahah! Yes, the Devil was quite entirely full of himself, but really, could you blame him? What a clever trick!

The entire world was ruined for it, and not one resident of Earth, was much happier than the Devil, which of course, is his real aim. Evil, is tangible, and everyone on this earth knew...and could feel exactly that! The Devil had his work cut out for him. All were on guard against him. Evil, had an entirely bad reputation...and he suffers for it! "No one ever bothers with how I feel," he thought. The Devil often pouts, particularly when the infected claw starts after him. But not today! He was full of beans, in a nifty mood! The atheists were really coming through! Those people are a veritable black cloud! Of course they believe even more than the devout...but are too pouty to admit. They resent the old boy for not showing up! Atheists, hate their own dreams, for being undigestible. Dyspeptic dreamers.

"And the bomb was detonated by Terrorists! Terror!! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, there is Evil in this world! Evil, is real, here before us!" So did every newscaster screech. It was just beautiful. The devil, was getting misty. "Evil, they know my name." He glowed a bit.

As Doctor Thervington concluded his day's work, he was no closer to finishing his circular proof. He was exhausted. His head hurt. His mind was filled with wicked thoughts, and doubts. The news was everywhere, terrorism. Between the two...he felt utterly dismal, and took a pill. Soon he would be asleep. Dr. Thervington, began to lose consciousness. And the Devil himself, did vanish.

It is quite astonishing to behold, the amount of mischief, caused, by a bit of undigested dream.