

Imaginations

Satan's Message

By Chris

One day at work... Kenny and Chris were these two guys who worked in the parcel pick-up at Towers. On the day the terror began, Kenny was griping at Chris about their mutual acquaintance, David.

"Man, that Dave guy. He sure is religious. He really browns me off, y'know?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean", answered Chris. "He thinks only his kind of people are going to make it to heaven, and the rest of us get sent to hell. Like we're all satanic or something." Kenny, a talented artist, mulled this tidbit over for a moment. Then he picked up a pencil and started drawing on the back of a cash register receipt. Before long, he had produced a very creditable drawing of Satan, horns and all. He looked appropriately evil, half grinning, against a background of brimstone and flames. Kenny handed the cartoon over to Chris.

"Geez, Kenny", Chris muttered, impressed. "That's good. It reminds me of the devil in the Caramilk commercial, you know, the one where Satan says 'you'll pay ANYTHING?'"

Kenny laughed, took the doodle back and tossed it on the ground. Bored, they started talking about Kenny's rock band. However, this too quickly bored Chris and Kenny, slightly offended, left for a coffee break.

Alone at the parcel pick-up, Chris started thinking of the picture again. Didn't the Bible say something about drawing graven images? Maybe he and Kenny had just committed a grave sin! But no, how could such a stupid cartoon be evil? Laughing off his nervousness Chris returned to his work.

But the picture kept bugging him. Suppose they went to hell because Kenny drew a cartoon of the evil deity? Chris, now very nervous, started looking around for the picture, perhaps in hopes of destroying it and saving himself.

He couldn't find it.

Damn it, I know it's here somewhere, Chris thought. Kenny couldn't have taken it with him. Could it have vanished by itself, possibly winging its way to the one it depicted, one who would keep it a reminder of a bargain struck by two goofs at Towers?

No, that's dumb.

As if in answer, a faint gust of wind blew the missing paper into Chris's sweaty hands. Feeling like a fool, Chris put it in his pocket for safe keeping. Then a plan hatched in Chris's tormented mind. Wouldn't it be hysterical to play the same trick the paper played on him on Kenny?

When Kenny got back from his break, Chris went into action.

"Kenny, did you take the picture with you?"

"No. Why?"

"Now don't freak or anything, but I couldn't find it. It's kind of bugging me."

"Are you serious?", squeaked Ken.

Chris nodded glumly. They spent the next five minutes looking for the paper. Sure enough, Kenny started to freak out. "Oh man, this is weird.

Oh man this is weird. This is too f***ing weird. I'm taking off, man. This is strange shit..."

Chris realized Kenny was really frightened and decided he'd taken the joke too far. "Calm down, Kenny. I was joking. See, it was in my pocket the whole time..."

"That's not funny, Chris," and Kenny stormed out.

Later that same evening, Kenny was at his late-night art class. The subject was flowers, and Kenny was putting the finishing touches on a lovely picture of a red rose. He signed it and handed it in to the teacher. She was so impressed she immediately framed it and hung it over the desk, right next to Kenny's picture from last week's class. She then dismissed the class.

As Kenny was walking home, he remembered that he'd left his backpack in the classroom. Racing back to the building, he found the teacher in the parking lot and convinced her to let him back into the class.

Miss Smedley opened the door to the class and turned on the light. As Kenny searched for his backpack, she sensed something wrong with the room. Looking around for the source of the problem, her glance happened to fall on Kenny's rose.