



DEVIL'S RETIREMENT

BY

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Beads of sweat dropped from the four candidates' foreheads,
Each nervous yet excited about the new job offer.

Hands shook; rushes of nervous energy kept defocusing their confidence.

They studied hard, evaluated the job description several times,
Nothing would stand in their way of being accepted into the organization,
Except each other.

Snarls among them, competitive drive sensed on each of their sides as they sat.
They glanced at each other, gestures replaced words,
Only one would be chosen to lead the enterprise.

The door leading to the current boss opened.

All candidates gasped.

He peered into the souls of each of them from his seven-foot glance.
With skin of the healthiest being and long flowing hair resembling a king's,
Satan stood before them, arms folded, clad in a black business suit.

The interview began...

"As you know, I have been working here for several millennia. My battles in the heavens and on earth were epic. My minions, however, were not as talented as I. Thus, my consecutive losses are on display far more than my victories. Avarice. Lust. Envy. Violence. Immorality. How can humans live without these qualities? They have emotions, do they not? Should they not feel every type?"

The four gentlemen nodded, awe-inspired and fearful.

"Apparently, my previous boss did not agree with me on this matter. That was why I split from Him and built my own organization. That was how I became the CEO of Hell, and have been running the corporation for thousands of years. But now...I am just bored." Satan shook his head. "Historical texts, movies and lousy artwork have created for me a brand image I am not proud of. I no longer wish to compete in the market for human souls. I want to go on vacation."

The candidates blinked.

"To visit the Himalayas, or surf in the ocean, or dine out once in a while. I have my retirement package: immortality. Can't beat that, right?"

They agreed.



"The hiring process is a simple test. I do not care much for your resumes, how many people you beat up or how much evil you've spread in the world right now. We will get to that. First..." Satan raised his hand and a human soul appeared. "To each of you, this one soul looks different. It resembles the person you care for the most. I want you to destroy it."

Seconds passed before the four men broke down in tears,
The soul begged for their mercy.

Swiftly, all of the candidates were incinerated by Satan's hand.
He sighed, "Let the recruiting process continue..."