

Life is Hell. Content warnings for death and deals.

It's been a shitty day. A shitty day in a series of shitty days, if I'm being honest. Rent is due in three days and after being fired from my job last week, I'm not sure what I'll do. The check-engine light turning on this afternoon was the cherry on top. I half-expect to find out my apartment's been broken into once this slow-as-fuck elevator makes it to the fourth floor.

Or maybe the elevator will break down. Maybe it'll fall. Maybe something will...

Woah.

Maybe a portal will erupt from the floor of it and the spitting image of a demon will emerge from it. I did not see that coming.

I say that last sentence out loud. The creature chuckles, and introduces himself as The Devil. Just The Devil, not mister or sirs needed.

He halts the elevator and conjures a chair. Or rather, two chairs, one for me too. I would have expected some sort of trick from a demon, but... it's a good chair. Cozy, no pins and needles... nice woodworking details...

I settle in as The Devil sighs. He explains that he's here to offer me everything I could ever want. I respond that that sounds too good to be true. What's the catch?

With a wry smile, I'm told that with great power comes great responsibility. But then he elaborates, and I listen. Let's be real, I could use any sort of power, but *great* power? That's tempting. The cost seems fair too. And like the demon in front of me, I'd have a way out when I wanted it.

A way out is what I'm being offered here. A way out of my string of shitty days and unpaid bills and broken cars and slow elevators.

Fuck it.

I shake his hand, and the portal opens wider, pulling me in. The Former Devil mouths a thank you as I descend. I didn't expect that being dragged to hell would be so pleasant.

But then again, I'm not here for punishment. I'm here to rule.
The flames subside, and the realm cheers for it's new king.

This microisode was written by Tal Minear. It was narrated and
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