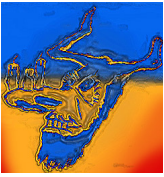


Demon's World

Written by Janko Petrek

Thursday, 19 November 2009 17:02 - Last Updated Thursday, 17 November 2011 19:23



>From: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

>To: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: For Jerry

>Date: 19 February, 2002 09:05 AM

Jerry:

God must love me since He made you start writing. I didn't have any hope nor did I hold my breath that you would do it. you're coming along with it in a nice American style – like shooting from a colt at your hip.

R.

I met with the Head of the Department of Justice in Slovakia. he had a look on his face like he

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was interested in the story of my dear Simone. he's a member of the Christian Democratic Party, who's probably the closest one to God, but in the end he had to admit that although such an insignificant case of justice related to my Simone knocks on God's heart, it doesn't on secular justice. he had a look like he was sorry to be only a Chief of Justice.

>From: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>To: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: About demons

>Date: 21 February, 2002 06:59 AM

>Attachment

THE DEMON'S WORLD

by Jan (Johnny) Petrek

In a certain obscure psychic hellhole, where an old dirty woman conjured spirits of the dead for a fee, a demon instead of a departed soul came forth by some mistake in the conjuration. At least that was how the being, who materialized in this plane of existence, introduced itself to the people present. In horror the scared clients ran out into the street screaming. As a result the old woman had a stroke.

The demon was at a loss. He wanted to help the old woman, but did not know how. Her biological makeup was different from his, so he was helpless. The form of his body, however, was in no way different from those of people, only tiny protrusions were showing on top of his head. They were reminiscent of small antennas on cell phones.

The demon knew only a little about the world of humans. He used to learn something about it in school, but it was all only partial information. None of his kind has managed to visit this world yet. Even though it was written in books that a hermit named Satan, who had lived once upon a time, managed to do so. But those were only legends.

The instinct was telling him that he would survive only if he looks and acts like humans. That is why in the hellhole he looked up some clothes and something to cover his "antennas". He went out into the street. There he found himself amidst commotion of some big city. He noticed that the world of humans was very similar to his. He saw there were cars and streets lined with tall buildings just like where he came from.

Yet, he had no idea what to do. He did not know how to get back home. Luckily he could speak the human language. The brains of demons had an exceptional ability to instantly analyze every foreign language. It suddenly occurred to him that he should establish rapport with some human being. He would attempt to fall into their society and in time he might learn how to return home.

Suddenly, a scantily clad female human being spoke to him.

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"Hi, handsome! Come with me, I'm real good!"

The demon was pleased. He did not even expect to succeed in establishing rapport so fast.

The woman took him into a small chamber after climbing a fire escape ladder. Inside there were dirty mattresses on the floor.

"First you gotta pay," said the woman. "It'll be two sawbucks."

The demon did not understand. The woman was asking him for something he did not have. His pockets were empty.

Out of the blue, another being, a male, suddenly appeared in the chamber. It was a being of big stature. It grabbed the demon and very ruthlessly threw him out on the street.

The demon could not understand anything. Where did he make a mistake? Why were they hurting him? All bruised he continued walking down the street. At the point where the streets were intersecting a big racket broke out. The ear-piercing screeching sound soon came to halt though. Beings were leaning out of their cars and cursing at him.

A man dressed in funny clothes blew a whistle and harshly led him to the side of the street. The man was also asking him for something he did not have. He was put into a car and taken into a dark room with bars. There were many people inside, who were constantly shouting something. Eventually they let him go free.

Again he was walking down a dark street, wounded, cold, dirty and hungry.

Suddenly out of nowhere, a stocky short man with a sharp object jumped in front of him.

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"Gimme your dough man," he hissed.

The demon had nothing to give, which provoked the man into even a more hostile behavior. The man gave the demon several kicks and beat him up.

The demon, hardly dragging himself, came up to a big house with a tall tower. Inside there were many pews and cozy shade.

"I'll take a rest here," he thought and sat down on a pew right up in front as far from the entrance as he could. He was very tired. He fell asleep sitting.

He was awakened by someone gently shaking him.

"Please wake up, young man. It's late and we're closing."

The man, who was waking him up, had a strange upright collar around his neck and wore a long black robe. The man noticed that the sleeping young man was in a pitiful shape. Obviously the latter needed help.

"Who are you?" asked the man.

The decrepit demon did not know how to reply. He decided to tell the truth. Perhaps this being treating him so kindly would understand him.

"I'm a demon," he quietly moaned.

The man with the collar gave him an understanding smile. "My son, we all have sinned, some more and some less. If you've done something evil, make an act of contrition and it will be forgiven to you. God is almighty. He can spot even the tiniest spark of good and kindle it in each one of us until it burns into big flames. God never abandons a single human being so that any small flame of good in a person, which may be however minuscule, be completely extinguished," continued the man in black kindly smiling at the demon. "That is why you too, my son, no matter what horrible things you've committed, you're only a human who erred and definitely not a demon."

The demon was completely disoriented. He did not understand anything the man had told him. The man was speaking as if he had done something evil, as if he had harmed someone, and the man was also saying that he was not a demon, although it was all the other way around.

"You don't understand me," the demon whispered. "I haven't done anything bad or harmed anyone. Look, I am really just a demon!"

And to prove how different he was, he took the cover off his head.

In disbelief the man touched the little "antennas" on the demon's head. He immediately jerked his hand back as if something had burnt it. His voice got stuck in his throat and his body froze in horror beyond description. Slowly, step by step, he was backing up shaking, then suddenly he turned around shouting: "The demon is here, the demon is here!" and ran off to the end of the hall where the door shut behind him with a bang.

The demon was left alone. He saw that he has done something wrong and failed again.

He walked out into the street. He did not know where to go. He felt completely abandoned, alone in a strange incomprehensible and hostile world.

Suddenly a redeeming thought came to his mind. That man inside was saying something about

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some god who never abandons anyone. Maybe this being called god could help him. The man was also saying that god is almighty. If that is true, then maybe god could tell him how to get home.

A spark of hope ignited in the demon. Maybe everything was not lost yet. If he finds that being called god, he will be saved. He felt recuperated and it seemed that even his wounds were hurting less.

Then he briskly set out on his way. He kept walking farther and farther away from the building and tower, where he got the good advice, while losing the sight of them behind forever.