

May The Lord Smite Thee Down

'Finally,' said John 'They have my horoscope in the papers.'

'Good for you,' came the reply.

John and Joe were best friends and were room-mates for college. John however had an unhealthy obsession with horoscopes. In fact he wouldn't even take part in a test/exam without a good horoscope. Joe also had an unhealthy obsession with something, but it was nothing as innocent as horoscopitis (addiction to horoscopes) Joe was obsessed with summoning the devil, or any other creature he happened to summon in the process. This did not bode well for John as whenever Joe finally did summon the devil he had promised him a free choice of people to eat. But despite this they loved each other.

Joe was tall, six foot four, and had blonde hair swept out of his eyes and held there with his sister's hairclips. He was also an alcoholic who whenever under drink had a temper that could and nearly had killed a man once. John was the exact opposite though he had never drunk in his life and hadn't hurt a fly (well he probably had but metaphorically speaking). In fact Joe and John were exact opposites. John was black haired and 3 foot 7, Joe had 16 brothers and 19 sisters and Joe had no siblings.

"Ok, Joe this is a most strange night" said John "I can sense good things for you but for me I can sense dark spirits awaiting." Then, just as he said that they heard a deafening roar of thunder and a huge CRACK as his chair was hit by lightning. He leapt up as fast as lightning, well that's what I would have liked to say but sadly lightning was slightly faster and some of the energy from the lightning reached him and it gave him a hairdo that any punk would be proud of.

"John how many horoscopes have you just read?" asked Joe.

"Only 268," retorted John.

"Not too bad," mused Joe "but for once the horoscopes seem right for I can sense my luck and see the way the future will unfold, and play right into my hands. MWAHAHAHA,"

"Ok, I'm just asking but could you keep your evil plans to set loose the devil on the world (and me), to yourself," asked John, very politely, I thought, considering the circumstances.

Later that evening John said he was going out and went to the convenience store. He brought the recipe for summoning the devil that he had bought on the internet (and because it was on the internet it had to be true) this is what it consisted of:

5 pounds of crow meat
7687ml alcohol (pure)
12/1231 of an ounce of pigeon's talons
!^.% RED BLUE HERRINGS(you need to make sure that they have block capitals)
3 horseradishes
12 toenails of a Sasquatch
and a pinch of mermaid salt the more mythical the better

So in his local store he got all of these (very common) ingredients. And so could you, order now for €9999.99 but wait if you order now we'll also give you a "world destroying cauldron" (rrp. €99.99) but wait if you didn't order now the last two times I told you to order now, you can order now and get a free pair of wizard's robes (rrp. €99.99)

He then later on lit a fire in his flat, while his flat-mate was sleeping but that didn't last long as acrid blue and pink smoke began to curl up out of the cauldron. He then began to throw the ingredients into the cauldron while chanting random words that happened to pop into his head while doing it they sounded a bit like this "Oh thy mighty oogle-masters may your luck be strong like your face and may the luck of the Devil guide you to my house and may your father's mother's sister's brother be sacrificed in the name of thy beastly beast of Castle Bellingham" Then Joe butted in "what in God's names are you doing...." "HOW DARE YOU UTTER THE WORD GOD IN MY FLAT? THE DEVIL IS THE ONLY TRUE GOD," "Ok if that's your belief I respect that but could you please give up with this obsession you have with summoning the Devil." That was when John started foaming at the mouth. Then suddenly John howled fell onto a lever that would increase the heat...drastically. Which then in turn caused there to be a POOF and a magical, floating, angelic, perfectifying, angel appeared. "NNOOO" cried John cried but his cry was cut off suddenly as the angel spoke . . .

“Calm down denizens of Earth I am here to guide you away from a path of devilry and sin.”

“But the Devil will rid this world of filthy humans,” then once again the angel began to speak in her floating, carrying, echoic, dreamy, sleepy voice “The Devil will also rid the world of you, I have seen him destroy universes without a thought toward the people’s lives,” Then the angel continued her preaching nearly got shot by John.

The next morning the John and Joe woke up before the angel and conversed in low tones about their angelic dilemma . “We have to get rid of her soon,” whispered John “I am not anti-god but if she stays much longer she’ll have Al Capone graffiti-ing Cupids everywhere.”

“I know this is all my fault my obsession with devil has brought a horrible fate upon the world ANGELICIFICATIONESSNESS, I swear that if I survive this I will never try and summon the devil with recipes I got on the internet for a fiver ever again.....”

Then they heard the angel getting up of the couch (quite literally as she could float) and she called out in her sing-song voice “shall we have toast for breakfast?”

Joe then quite selfishly said “I have already had breakfast thank-you.” She then used x-ray (I mean no-one ever told us angels had x-ray vision) to scan him and then discovered he hadn’t had breakfast. “Ha you haven’t had breakfast you lied ‘may the Lord smite thee down.’ ”

Being smitten is actually quite pleasant. You get this kind of tickling sensation and then all that’s left is your mind but your mind is quite calm and placid. Oh no, the angel is inside my head I’ve never used the word placid before in my life. Then suddenly god appeared in front of me, I’d like to give god an amazing description but the only word I can think of is

GODLY

anyway now that we have gotten off the topic of my completely blank mind. Yes, god, well trying to describe him with slightly more detail he wore one of those white things that Egyptians always wear in cheap movies. He was also about 5 metres tall and just looking at him made your eyes want to crawl out of your body, find a nice dark corner to hide in.

"Now," said God "let's see. Your crimes are lying to an angel about breakfast".

"Yes m'Lord" I stuttered.

"No need to call me lord" said God kindly "your holy majestic majesty will suffice, but getting back to the business of your crimes, hmmm very serious."

"What," I replied angrily "all it was, was one lie."

"Oh no, I think you misunderstand me breakfast is a serious topic your crimes are not. You see all my angels do a lot of the time is annoy me. They send up hundreds of humans a day when they're down on Earth while I'm stuck up here having to punish you for your sins. So I'll send you back to your body now. I really don't think it's that serious". As he finished this sentence I realised that I had gotten off incredibly lightly.

Suddenly I felt a tingling sensation as I returned to my body and then I was sitting on a chair with Joe pressing an icepack to my head. "Hi" I muttered groggily.

"Oh my Devil" he said you're alive

"Yeah being smitten isn't the most pleasant experience."

"What are you talking about?" he replied. "You must have hit your head harder than I thought."

"W-wh-what happened" John stuttered.

It took him about five minutes to tell me the whole story. I had fallen over the lever that had increased the heat but no angel had appeared and I had fallen over and knocked my head. I had fallen unconscious. After that I had been rushed to hospital and had just gotten back.

We will never know whether it had happened and God had injected ia false reality or I was crazy or they were hallucinations induced by the fall and getting knocked unconscious. Or maybe.....just maybe.....all three...

END

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6th Class

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