

Simon, Personification of Evil

Sarah's milking titties. That's my favorite. She said "Make me the best mother ever." So I made her titties lactate, at all times. Perfect fucking mother.

That's what I do. I corrupt the vacant souls laid before me. I give there most sacred wish for the fee of severe discomfort. It is discomfort that feeds me. It is for the purpose of causing it that I exist. I fucking Love the passive voice. Truly, I am cruel.

I am Simon, by the way. I'm not much to look at. I created my visage with the intent of deflecting attention. Alas, when everybody found out that I could grant any wish, my cover was blown. Now I'm stuck, four feet eleven, nosy voice; and a tendency to reek. I suppose this is my discomfort, though I take no nourishment from it.

Discomfort. Not pain. Itchiness. That's my food, the thing that nourishes me towards my final goal. I have to eat real food too. Tortellini. Twice baked potatoes. Milkshakes. The price I pay for taking this pathetic human form. Still, occasionally, I take some joy in eating, when somebody nearby has water go down the wrong pipe. That is so uncomfortable.

I once made an investment banker head of his firm for the price of having the sole of his foot itch constantly. His discomfort alone has empowered me though the beginnings of my conquest.

Still, I yearn for that special wish to be asked that would cause such discomfort that I can finally gobble the earth. That's my final goal, to eat the earth. One may not understand what I mean, how four-eleven Simon could get his mouth around the totality of the earth. These are the people who do not comprehend dimensions.

It's basically like this. If I can increase my size to equate to the next reality up's equivalent of a speck of dust in the center of a quark, then I can consume the earth hole. You don't understand? That is because you are not of my paradigm. You are petty.

I have craft. Booze is my greatest friend. No one would ever consent to what I do to them without grease. There was a homeless guy, once, who hadn't eaten for days. He was sober. He asked me for food. I suggested he be more creative. He insisted on a meal. I told him, twice, exactly what I wanted in return. The weakness of ye humans! Like asking for wealth wouldn't get him fed. I gave him that meal. I gave me infinite meals. He never, now, wants for food. And I gave him instantaneous digestion. What goes in, instantly comes out. Foul! Not that is was a good "gift" for me. He wears a bag when he eats and doesn't give a shit otherwise. Very little discomfort.

I've only granted direct wealth once, because most people balk at the price. If you watch Warren Buffet, you'll notice a twitch, in his eyes, his forehead; and he laughs when he does it. The laughter covers the desperate urge to scream. Warren controls it. Every waking hour he feels the Chinese water torture, never to a level of pain. Just a constant dripping, getting in his eyes, itching, itching; the constant overarching desire to just wipe it away. You may wonder why I didn't make him suffer like that during slumber, also. Not long would he last, in such a state, and what boon doth he give me dead? At night he has vivid dreams of Care Bears.

You may wonder why I keep switching to talking like Shakespeare. I love the bard. He has annoyed high-school students for going on 500 years now. What I guy!

So, of course you can't see the water torture in Warren. It happens on the next dimension down, in this case. And of course, that's down from my dimension, not yours. Arch-devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber wanted me to make sure I pointed that out, in case your Warren Buffet felt libeled or something.

Arch-devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber is why I'm here. Writing. For a part of the dimensional shift spell I need to feed upon the Earth, all I have to do is write about the Gary episode. All I have to do in order to become that much closer to my feast is write this fucking story. Fucking Gary, a salesman. Loser Gary. But, it's worth it.

Arch-Devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber has required this to be ten pages double-space. There is an incentive for me to be rather long-winded. Still, you're reading this and you should get your money's worth. Actually, I really hope you didn't pay for this shit. It's the good Arch-Devil making me tell an embarrassing story so he can show all his devil friends how stupid Simon can be. One wonders how you even got a hold of a copy. Arch-Devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber wouldn't have given you a copy. Anyway, I should try to write this well so that, if anyone ever does read it, they're not bored.

I guess I'm avoiding writing it all down. It was pretty stupid. You'll see. Tis these things brought present that, within memory, breed contempt. Passing, now, the hour when the current that is me must...

So, you have to understand, Arch-devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber is sitting right here, watching me write. He says he wants me to get on with it. Since he can obliterate me with his fingernail, I suppose I should.

Ok. So Gary was drunk. He, like a lot of my other clients, wanted to circumvent the price for direct wealth, so he says, "Make me the best salesman ever."

We both work at Kyle, Randolph, and Uberschmit. I don't need the money. My power bestows endless wealth, but I like to put in a few hours because they are so miserable there. Kyle, Randolph, and Uberschmit really is a cash cow for me. In addition to Gary, I've infected Nancy, who said she "...just wanted people to listen to her", and Bonnie; so wasted; sobbing uncontrollable tears; forlorn, wept the request, "Heath. Oh Heath. Iff onlye Heath Ledger wazstill alive."

I got creative on that one. I didn't punish Bonnie. She is free of discomfort, not counting the occasional failed sneeze. Heath Ledger, though, is my top food source. He was cremated. The first order of business was to undo that. It's really not that hard. Steal a few tea spoons of his ashes, bind the transcendental essence to the cognizant construction made of sperm whale penis bones and marmalade, establish the neuro-mesh envelope, and transessence morph the cerebellum. Simple. Then I had the great idea of bringing him back half-way between the dimensions. You know how annoying that is? Probably not, you're all dullards. Let me assure you, Heath Ledger in sub-dimensional limbo has gotten me closer to Earth consumption than even the fated pig that is Warren Buffet. My dimension, not yours.

The Gary story really pales in comparison to that one. Pales. I fucking brought Heath Ledger back from the dead and am now feasting hungrily upon his absolute displeasure. How cool is that? Not very cool if you're a Heath Ledger fan. But otherwise...

Ow! Prodded by the good Arch-Devil. He says not to write that down. He says I'm wasting space to annoy him. He says I'm just trying to get another line out of this...
Ow!

Yes, I will continue the story now. Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber, would you please allow me to properly express my artistic...Tralowtoelonderspak (his nickname), bro, I'm getting there. I am not writing this just to fill up space. I'll prove it. I'll continue and then you'll be wrong.

Gary.

A salesman.

I always liked Gary. He's a total loser, so lazy his socks don't even try to stay up. He's smart, though. Smart enough to completely ignore the question about direct wealth. Smart enough to introduce me to his wife, Sarah, after I give him his desire so that she might understand. Intelligent enough to use his "gift" against me.

He asked me to make him the best salesman ever. He was drunk. As I said, they always are. But Gary had been different. He liked to smoke pot, but that night was the first time I saw him hammered. The lion that is me found the prey humbled and he did pounce. Sorry, haven't done that for a while.

Ok, Gary. You're the best salesman ever. The price is that you are only a good salesman after you drink. The more you drink, the better a salesman you become.

Honestly, that night I was a bit tipsy. Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber had reneged again on his promise to give me the other half of the spell he promised me, so I had a few. Transcendent Sorcerers of Profound Evil and Discomfort can, in fact, get drunk. I'm actually a bit of a lightweight.

It was a stupid "gift" to give someone. Where is the discomfort there? I knew Gary didn't like to drink, so, somehow, I thought it'd be annoying. So I completely failed on that one. I really got almost no discomfort from Gary. Total rub. And then the fucking bastard has the gall to turn it back on me.

Alright Tralowtoelonderspak, do you see why I'm stalling so much? There's not much to it from this perspective. Just an excuse to tell a lot of jokes. Ok, that day in its entirety. God. Alright. Great literature here.

I woke up at about 6AM. Showered. I don't drink coffee, so I made some tea. I remember making it with two tea bags to make sure it was really strong. I don't usually take milk...

Make up your mind, Tralowtoelonderspak. Fuck, bro, that really hurt. You don't have to... No, I'm not wasting space, that stung. Transcendent Sorcerers of Profound Evil and Discomfort can feel pain too, you know. Alright! Jeez.

Gary did well there for a while. He was pulling in 25K a night. And he was getting better. He would dutifully hand over every cent to Sarah of the milking titties.

He had a little over 200 thousand after about a month, but he knew his body was giving out on him, so he had an idea.

What, am I pitching a fucking film here? How the hell am I going to make it to ten pages? Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber, please, relax the rule. It just doesn't take as long when it's told from this perspective. I have to think about myself a lot here, and it's probably not good for me. Being in this mind that is of true evil needs distraction, not reflection.

By the way, I'm sorry, to the reader, to have to read all my bullshit. It was fun to get to the bottom of this story and, you know, let loose. Just write and write and write and let it all loose. Fun stuff. But it's all bullshit.

Alright!

Jeez!

Ow!

Stop pestering me.

Ok already. I'll continue.

It is completely false that Gary "had an idea." When I left the discussion of Gary, I said he "had an idea." In truth, for Gary, it was about staying awake. He's really good at habit formation. He started chaining himself to where ever he slept to ward off thieves the very night he received my endowment. At three o'clock in the morning, he walked into one of the mega stores, bought twenty feet of their best chain, five heavy-duty locks, and an inflatable camping mattress. Every time he starts to doze, in any way, a message in his head brings him to, and out come the chains. A few times he forgot, but after I robbed him blind once (the only annoyance I ever really got out of him), he never screwed up again.

Gary had also developed the habit of marking all his current properties, that is, the properties he could sell for Kyle, Randolph, and Uberschmit at any given time, on his shirt-sleeve. As drunk as he could physically be, all he had to do was look at the amounts on his sleeve and match them to the person he was talking to. So, if he was talking to another loser, maybe he'd see "10,000", assume that was an apartment, and sell it. If the hopeless dredge of humanity that Gary was talking to could somehow afford ten-grand, then they'd have to buy it. He couldn't sell to someone who couldn't afford. It was part of the rules I arbitrarily made. Otherwise, hesitancy evaporated with every shot Gary downed.

The day I invited him to "The Golden Door", an upscale joint uptown where all the bankers party, I was intending to introduce him to another one of my clients, Roberta, who said, in her request to me, "I wanna always be able get dick. Always, can't be no days I don." She is a certified nymphomaniac, certified in the fact that it's her diagnosis and in the fact that she can't leave the mental facility because of it without escort. I let her out. As you might imagine, I have quite a few clients in mental facilities.

I gave her her "gift" like this: Anyone who had even a small amount of alcohol would instantly be smitten by her. I didn't really give her the endowment to cause annoyance in her, having to live in a mental hospital is discomfort from her enough, I gave unto her a partial resolution to her request so that I might use her. You'll note, she can only really use her power when I break her out. She is completely beholden to me and, as such, completely loyal.

I made Roberta's gift a perfect compliment to Gary's, I must admit. It really annoys me that I screwed up so much with him. Roberta has been useful in other situations, but I actually designed her for him.

Anyway, Gary showed up too drunk that night to even notice Roberta. Another wasted endowment there! After that night, there was no purpose in my breaking her out

anymore, so I ignored her. It's easier finding another nympho than having to deal with her bullshit.

I shouldn't have told you about Roberta at all, but look, almost to ten pages!

I heard later that Gary had distracted the bouncers by selling them steak. More props to Gary. More smarts. There is no other way he could have pulled it off.

He staggered in, fell into a chair, and almost instantly began to fade, chattering on about how much a bastard I was and all these questions about my incredible wit. I kept feeding him drinks. That was the flaw. I was trying to get him to stay around long enough to meet Roberta, but letting her loose in a bar is like giving dish soap to a sailor.

All so foolish. Not chaining Roberta to my table, giving Gary such a lame gift, letting him speak. It occurred to me, as everything does, that his endowment was getting stronger. He was mastering it. It just wasn't in my paradigm that he'd turn on me.

"Could I intress you in some propettee?" he says. Can't even talk straight.

I actually really like my skyscraper. It's right downtown, walking distance to nearly everywhere I like to go. I moved into the third-to-top floor, furnished it to my every specification, and really made it home. The rest of the building is empty and I'm burning through thousands of dollars a day in tax, utility, security, and maintenance fees, but who cares when you can take as much gold from gold-atom dimensions as you can carry.

Gary has yet to take a drink since that night. He retired off the proceeds from the skyscraper sale and now runs a small business with his wife, manufacturing baby food rich in milk content. Gary is lazy, but he's really really smart.

And the good Arch-Devil Tralowtoelonderspakehinderwalkchobber has released me from my task.. He says my story is in desperate need of revision, completely lacking purpose, way over written, thematically repugnant, but at four o'clock in the morning, he can go to hell.