

HADES

We've all heard phrases like, to hell with it, to hell and back, or my grandmother's favorite, going to hell in a hand basket. Well, I'm here to tell you a basket wouldn't last long in that place.

How do I know? Been there.

I don't mean your run of the mill, hell of a day at work, or that was a hell of a game. I am talking fire and brimstone, Dante's Inferno, with Beelzebub in charge kind of hell.

Yeah, right, you say. But how did you get out?

That's a good question, but first you should ask how did I get in.

It was Friday night, and I was drinking and gambling my paycheck away. There was nothing unusual about that until some big guy accused me of cheating at poker. Now I was, mind you, but he got really mad about that, so I told him to, "Go to hell."

The next thing I knew, a gun was pointing at me with smoke curling from the barrel.

An instant later, I'm in a cavern staring at some nasty-looking creature with gigantic horns sticking out of its head. This thing throws me a pickaxe and croaks something about level 666. In a flash, I find myself in a cave where some other poor slobs are chipping at the walls, and it's hot as, well, you get the idea.

This half man half horse thing comes by and says, "Hey new guy, start working."

"How long do I have to do this?" I ask.

“A century, maybe two. Then you can take a ten-minute break with lukewarm tea.”

“Damn!” I mumbled.

“You’re right, now get to work.”

So, I started looking for a way out. Now, it probably took a decade or more, since time in hell is like dog years, but finally, the solution dawned on me. I’ve got to think like these demons if I’m ever going to escape. And what do all demonic creatures have in common, you may ask? They’re all nasty with big egos, and they find your suffering funny.

That’s when I started complaining it wasn’t hot enough. Because all the horrid things in charge are evil, they thought it would be amusing if they turned up the heat. The more I complained, the hotter it got.

Eventually the Devil himself shows up and grumbles, “What the—you guessed it—is going on here?” It turns out his accountants discovered their heating bills had become enormous.

Here’s a fun fact, there are more accountants in hell than lawyers.

All that extra brimstone was driving Hades into bankruptcy. Unwilling to go broke because his ego couldn’t handle it, Lucifer shouts, “Get this guy the hell out of here!”

So, here I am. Oh, and saying heaven help us doesn’t work either. Why would I know? That’s a story for another day.

END