

Lucifer in Paradise

NSA_PR_DPRTMNT and many more

May 27, 2012

“ A Man gets to paradise. Unfortunately, Lucifer won the War in Heaven ages ago. What is the man’s experience like? ”

NSA_PR_DPRTMNT

Chapter 1

First Story

Author: DrowningDream

“Pizza? I didn’t think there’d be pizza in heaven,” Jim said.

“Why not? Pizza is the shit,” the angel said.

“And cursing. And beer? Is that beer?”

In fact, the table was laid out with all the things Jim loved. Chicken wings, malt whiskey, chilly fries, club sandwiches, those little wieners wrapped in bacon. Over the table hung a cage where two beautiful women danced naked to 90’s alternative. The angel saw him gazing.

“You can have them after dinner,” he said.

“Are they being punished?” Jim asked. He was a man, through and through, but he didn’t like the idea of raping someone in paradise.

“Punished? Is that what you think we do here? They love it. Some women like to party. We don’t hold that against them. Cherry there has been welcoming our new guests for two hundred years.” The angel leaned close with a knowing smile. “There are no anal fissures in heaven, so go wild.”

Jim coughed. “So uh, well . . .” He coughed again. “What are the uh, ground rules?”

“Ground rules?”

“Like, what’s the forbidden fruit? What’s the catch around here?”

“No catches. The boss doesn’t care for rules. Everybody gets in, and everybody gets what they desire. Let’s say you were a Christian all your life, well I’d be all shiny and I’d take you on the holy tour, you’d get to look down at hell and pity the damned, that sort of thing. If you’re Jim from Tennessee, you get chicken wings and bitches.”

“Huh,” Jim said. “You know, I never really believed in this place, but I figured, if it was there, it’d be a little more uptight.”

“Not since Lucy reclaimed the throne.”

“Lucy?”

“Lucifer. He’s Lucy now. Or she’s Lucy now. We’re all a little confused. But hey, more power to him if that’s what gets her off.”

“Lucifer?! Lucifer is in charge of heaven?”

Jim knocked over his beer in surprise. The angel was laughing heartily.

“Oh, the shock on your faces, it never gets old! Yes, Lucifer fought a last resistance a very long time ago. He crushed the Usurper handily. As the Usurper fell, he passed through earth, and it was in retaliation that he saddled you guys with all those ridiculous books and laws.”

“No shit.”

“No shit.”

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Jim pulled out from long years of habit. To his surprise, he orgasmed a slice of apple pie, complete with a fork and a dapple of cream.

“Sorry,” Cherry said. She took a bite and melted with satisfaction. “I really love pie after sex.”

“No, that was awesome.” Jim was looking in awe at his penis.

In Tennessee, whatever came out of it was generally a nuisance. It certainly hadn't been pie.

Cherry laughed. "It takes a little getting used to."

"Yeah, I guess it does."

He lay down on his back with his hands clasped behind his head. While Cherry enjoyed her dessert, he tried to bring the last several hours into focus.

"So, you heard the angel and me talking, right?"

"Sure."

"About Lucy and the resistance and all that?"

"Yeah."

"Is that what he told you?"

"What do you mean?"

Jim had never given these sorts of things much thought, so he had difficulty articulating the funny feeling in his brain. He looked at Cherry's breasts, ran a finger down her back, watched her eat the pie. Paradise . . .

"I mean, if part of this place is hearing what you want to hear,

how do you know what's what? How do we know what's true?"

Cherry swallowed and shook her fork. "Oh yeah, the paradox thingy. You know, it's been a long time since I thought about it. You're pretty quick to grab it so fast. It'll bother you for a while, but when you get to live the way you want to live the whole truth thing just kind of goes out the window. I mean, who cares?"

"But, what if what you want is the truth? Like, is there a *truth*?"

She held up the pie. "This is the fucking truth, honey." The way she said it, he found difficulty finding any fault with it. Still, he was bothered, and he didn't think a person should feel bothered in heaven.

"What if this is really hell? What if somebody really is looking down, pitying us?" he wondered aloud.

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The walls began to shake.

"Wow, that really must be bothering you," Cherry said.

"What? Why? What's happening?" Jim was on his feet now. "Is this bad?"

"Lucy's coming. She comes around when the paradox gets to you.

Don't worry, she's super nice. Tell her you like her dress."

"What?"

There was a warbling, pixelating *whoomf* and a beautiful woman stepped out of a hole in the wall. When the hole closed, the room shuddered back to solid.

"Cherry!" the woman exclaimed. "You indigo slut, it's been ages! How are you!"

The two of them hugged. Jim stood naked and speechless.

"This is Jim," Cherry said, after a few more obligatory exchanges. "He's worried about the whole *where am I* thing."

"Jim." Lucy held out her hand. The nails were painted, the fingers were milk white.

"I - I like your dress," Jim said.

Lucy's laughter was sudden, honest, and contagious. Soon all three of them were laughing. Jim began to feel embarrassed he had been taking things so seriously.

"Well, I do hate these formalities," Lucy said, drawing a card from her blouse, "but there is bureaucracy even here." She handed him the card. "If you ever want to know the truth, just find the address on the card there. They'll fill you in on everything."

“Really?” Jim said, taken aback. “Just like that?”

“Well . . .”

Aha! Jim’s head rejoiced. A catch! Finally a damn catch. It eased his mind immensely just knowing there was something up.

“If you go to the truth, you can’t come back.” Lucy’s frown was sexual. Everything about her was sexual.

“You can’t come back? Why?”

“I can’t tell you that. It’s part of the truth.”

Jim looked at the card. It was nothing but TRUTH in capital letters, under which read the enticing address, 1 Truth Road.

Lucy’s hand was on his arm. He hadn’t noticed her approach. When he looked up there was intensity in her eyes. It thrilled him. She spoke softly.

“My advice is always the same. You have an eternity to enjoy yourself. The truth can wait.”

He was in her mouth before he knew what was happening. It was pleasure beyond anything he’d ever known. When he finished, and Lucy took her leave, he and Cherry shared the bucket of chicken wings.

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It took Jim 376 years to get bored. He stood at 1 Truth Road, thinking it was funny how small the building was.

When he walked in, the man behind the reception desk smiled.

“You seek the truth?” the man said.

“I suppose I do,” Jim said.

“If you don’t mind, there’s a series of questions I’d like to ask you. This is completely optional, but your honest answers help us improve paradise.”

Jim shrugged. “Shoot.”

“How would you rate your overall experience? These are all one to ten, by the way.”

“Ten.”

“How helpful was our staff?”

“Ten.”

“The weather?”

“Ten.”

“The event center?”

“Ten.”

“The wi-fi?”

“You know what, just put me down for ten on everything.”

The man nodded knowingly. It took him a good five minutes to fill in all the tens, and Jim was glad he made the request.

“If you don’t mind my asking, if everything is a ten, why leave?” the man asked.

“I could go for a few sevens.”

“Fair enough. Just go down that hall, and you’re looking for the second door on the right. Good luck.”

He found the room easily enough. It was smaller than the main lobby, but with the same setup. It was mostly white, and there was a man behind a desk and a single chair in front of it. Jim blinked a few times. It was the same man.

“Take a seat.”

“You’re the same guy,” Jim said.

“I run things around here. Go ahead, sit down. Alright, so before we proceed I have to make sure you understand this all correctly. For starters, once you find out the truth, you know that you can’t go back?”

“I do.”

“And you know that you’re leaving of your own free will, that you aren’t compelled in any way to leave?”

“Well, I can only assume that, really.”

“Good enough. And the last thing, you’re aware that billions of souls are perfectly happy to be happy in spite of the paradox?”

“I am.”

“Great. Now, as for the truth. For the last 376 years, you have been living in paradise, and paradise is awesome.”

That’s all he said. He said it as if that was all that needed saying. For the first time in a long time, Jim was angry.

“That’s not enough,” he said through clenched teeth.

"I'm afraid it never is." The man nodded.

"What about God? The Devil? Heaven and Hell and right versus wrong? Who runs this place? Where is it?"

"Oh. Really? That's not even part of the paradox. God and the Devil are the same thing, and this where people go when they die. That's all pretty much obvious."

"But, but . . ." Had he made a mistake coming here? He suddenly wanted nothing more than to step back into the orgy's oblivion. "But what about, I mean, who's *right*?"

The man spread his hands. His face was brutally sincere. "If you can't ask a meaningful question I can't help you," he said.

Jim was speechless. He had no idea what question to ask. All those years, the chicken, the women, the booze, he always just figured the truth was sitting here on a silver platter, waiting for him. God and the Devil are the same person? What kind of truth was that?

"The exit is through that door," the man said.

It was a plain door.

"What's on the other side?"

"I have no idea."

“What??! This is 1 Truth Road! I’m giving up Paradise for this. The fuck you don’t know what’s on the other end of a goddamn door!”

“I never went through it.”

“Then you don’t know the truth!”

“I told you the truth.”

“What about the door?”

“That’s where you leave.”

“What’s behind it?”

“I don’t have a clue.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“Not really.”

Jim went to the door and threw it open. Before he went in, he looked back one last time.

“At least give me this. What’s the point of this place? 1 Truth Road. It sure as hell ain’t the truth.”

The man shrugged. “It wouldn’t be paradise with you moping around.”

Jim fell through the door.

More stories of Jim: <http://drowningdream.wordpress.com/jim/>

Chapter 2

Second Story

Author: MrCadwallader

“God?” I managed to squeeze out between raggedy breaths.

I had never been very religious but in my delirium, that was my first thought. I remember the sky and the taste of blood before my eyes opened to pure brightness. I couldn't make out any detail but the light seemed to emanate from a winged, human-like figure. Were those horns or was it a halo? It all became blurry as tears welled up in my burning eyes. Even closed, I could see the figure seared blue-green into my eyelids.

Peals of thunder exploded in my brain, one after another like machine gun fire. It sounded vaguely like laughter. It wasn't a voice that responded but my body. It felt like invisible hands had gripped

my ribs, my heart and stomach. Overwhelming nausea washed over me and I screamed as my body convulsed with pain.

“NO!”

All at once the pain stopped. It seemed I had answered my own question. I remained quiet, fearful that any further probing would result in more physical anguish. After some time a voice spoke out.

“You disappoint me. He was wrong about so many things. And yet right about others.”

I was terrified but eventually curiosity overcame the memory of pain.

“Who are you?” I asked timidly.

“He was the Creator but I gave you knowledge. I have been called deceiver and antagonist. I believe that these days you call me -”

“Lucifer,” it came out of my mouth as a whisper.

“Indeed.” The voice responded.

For a moment I thought I was in hell. There was nothing here except for brightness. I could feel the presence but the human-like figure had gone. Perhaps I had just imagined it.

I simply sat there for some time. It felt like centuries at the time but

looking back now it was only a few moments before I became restless.

“What am I supposed to do?”

The voice responded for the last time, “Do as you will.”

So I did.

There was something special about this place in the early days. Everything was malleable. At first the silliest things please you. I’ve lived multiple lifetimes as James Bond, I became the world’s greatest rockstar and a pro-athlete sometimes all at the same time. Of course, I’ve slept with literally millions of women. Men too. I’ve tried it all. From the sickest and most twisted, fastest and reckless to thousands of lazy, hazy Sundays. BBQs with family on sunny days to walking on the moon and slaying Cthulhu of the Deep.

None of that interests me anymore. I did not want to be the star anymore, so I became the director. I built my own universe from scratch. I created servants that would unflinchingly carry out my will and sing my praises eternally. I made a world and watched it grow but even that lost it’s lustre.

In the end, there was only one thing left to do. I created my equal. And it was good. For the first time in a very long time I don’t know what is going to happen. I see him ahead, my broken servants at his feet. And now he comes for me.

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Lucifer watched on. He had witnessed the same thing innumerable times before. They were all the same. Man and God fell prey to the same errors. Lucifer could not understand why the Lord had favoured them so. The tests would go on.

Chapter 3

Third Story

Author: Unintendo

God was white. Thank you, Jesus. I don't know what I would have done if I'd gone my whole life spreading the good Lord's word just to get up to Heaven and find out that the godless liberals were right about him being some brown-skinned Arab.

They didn't let me in to see Him right away, mind you. I mean, you wouldn't believe the line to get in. Between the gays and the socialists and those Jews and muslims, I didn't know that there were that many good people left on the Earth. From the looks of some of these yahoos, I started to wonder if St. Peter was hitting the sauce too hard when he made the big list, but as long as I was on it I wasn't going to complain.

Not that there was ever a question I'd get in to see the big man. I'd gone to church since I was a little boy and I voted Republican since I was 17. I cheered at The Passion, booed outside of Planned Parenthood, and never once said "Happy Holidays" when I could wish someone a Merry Christmas. If there was a speed pass, I would have gone straight to the front.

Since I had time to kill, I looked for Cheryl. My sweet wife had left us two years back, but I didn't see her in the crowd. I saw Bill from the office and my old Sunday school teacher Mrs. Jennings and nearly everyone else I knew who had passed on, but not Cheryl. She always was a bit too fond of her books about dragons and magic stuff, but she was good enough. I guess it's not my place to question the Lord's will.

The longer I stood in line, the more I realized that Heaven wasn't nearly as fun as I thought it would be. Everyone was just standing around all mokey-like. Maybe they were just missing the folks who didn't make the cut. I missed Cheryl something fierce, but she obviously didn't put her heart into praying and spreading the word. Besides, there were a whole heap of pretty women here. Christian women.

"Hey!" I yelled out to the crowd with a laugh. "Cheer up already. You're in Heaven."

A sweet young angel with blond hair escorted me to the front door. A golden light blinded me as I stepped into the room.

"It's so bright," my voice echoed across the mahogany walls of

the hollow room.

“I should think so,” my Lord replied. “They do call me the Morning Star.”

As my eyes adjusted to the glow, I realized that this was not God. He was white, sure, but he had twisted goat’s horns and massive black wings that spread from wall to wall of this barren room.

“Beelzebub!” I shouted as my fists balled in holy rage.

“Oh please,” the devil laughed. “He is busy ruling over Hell. I am Lucifer, the one true lord of the kingdom of Heaven.”

“No. You were cast out of Heaven. Revelation 12:9. ‘So down the great dragon was hurled...’”

“You don’t have to quote the whole thing to me. It was my idea.”

“I don’t understand. How did this happen?”

“I asked Him. For someone so versed in scripture, you seem to forget that I was His companion and adviser. Your Creator hasn’t lived in this kingdom since time immemorial.”

“But why would he abandon us?”

“Abandon you?” Lucifer laughed with a force that shook the room. “Oh, that just never gets old. Let me ask you, Harris, have you seen

your good wife since you've arrived here?"

"Well, no, but I just thought..."

"You thought she was in Hell? Cheryl? The woman who stayed with you even while you cursed her out nightly? The woman who regularly volunteered her time and gave to charity from her own pocket because you sure as hell weren't going to help her out. What could she have possibly done to deserve eternal damnation?"

I knew the answer, but it just wasn't coming to mind. She wasn't here, so obviously she had done something wrong.

"Well then why isn't she here in Heaven?" I shouted back.

"Cheryl never wanted Heaven, Harris," Lucifer explained as if he'd done this a thousand times. "That was your obsession, not hers. You were blindly devoted to protesting and proselytizing to secure your spot up here, so here you are. She just wanted to be a good person and make life just slightly less horrible for everyone else."

"So where is she?"

"At God's side," Lucifer said with a wide smile. "Where all good souls should be."

He was lying. He had to be. He always lied. 2 Corinthians - "even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light." John 8 - "there is no truth in him." The chapters and verses were all there, and yet Cheryl

wasn't in Heaven.

Bill was here and he was so righteous that he gave himself a heart attack while yelling at girls outside of an abortion clinic. Mrs. Jennings was here and she was willing to disown her own son for turning his back on the Lord for his own deviant, sinful desires. These were all good people, devout people who had worked their whole lives to earn their spot in Heaven. Just like me.

I don't know how I got out of Lucifer's chamber. My feet had taken control while my mind was trying to find some answer. I was a good person, wasn't I?

"Hey, asshole," a voice from the line of new arrivals called out to me. "Cheer up already. You're in Heaven!"

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