**Hecc it’s a story**

There once was a small peasant boy named Maximus. Maximus was a good boy, and he always listened to his mother. One day, he came home to find his mother in the middle of practicing witchcraft.

“Mother,” he cried, “what are you doing?”

“Doing chores,” she replied in a monotonous voice.

“That doesn’t look like chores.” Maximus set down his basket of berries. But suddenly, a *demon* appeared!

“MOTHER! WHAT IS THAT?!” he screamed, knocking away the basket of berries on accident.

“Lucifer, the demon that’s going to do our chores for us,” she replied again. “Maximus, stop asking questions. Go do some peasant boy things.” Maximus, being the good peasant boy he is, stopped asking questions and decided to go jump in a river. From then on, he began to question everything his mother told him. He was too afraid to go home and meet Lucifer, so he started to spend most of his days in a sunflower patch. Maximus thought the sunflower patch would keep him safe from the demon. But of course, he was wrong.

“Hi,” said Lucifer.

“AHHHHH!” screeched Maximus. “How did you get in here?! The sunflower patch is supposed to be safe from demons like you!”

“No, you’re just stupid.” The demon casually sat down next to Maximus, who looked absolutely terrified. “Look, bro. I’m just here to do your chores because you guys are too lazy and poor to do it yourselves. Now gimme your soul as payment.” This shocked Maximus to the core.

“What? No! I have a life to live!” he pleaded.

“Not really. But it’s not like you have money either.” Lucifer shrugged.

“Why do you have to roast me like that?” Tears formed in Maximus’s frightened eyes.

“You know what? Sike. Roasting you is payment enough. Bye noob.” And so the demon cackled and went on his way, leaving poor Maximus to drown in his bamboozement.

**The End**

Moral of the story: Don’t summon demons if you’re heccin poor