

The Society of Insane Fishermen's 'Stone Tablets', pt.2 teaser

...The demon took me to hell with him. He wanted the stone tablets analyzed before presenting them to his father. He just didn't trust Esaias. He never had.

HOW ESAIAS AND I MET THE DEMON

It was an unusually cold Monday evening as Prophet Esaias and I walked into a dark, dingy strip joint. I don't recall the name of the place because I was high on some of Esaias' weed. He was looking for a cheap, quick lay. He kept on telling me how long it had been since he had last "squeezed and sucked on a woman's titties".

"Seven days! Can you believe it? I've never gone this long before! I love my women the way I love that joint you're holding there. Do you understand me, Victor?!" he said, his eyes scanning the entire place, even the dark corners where my 'non-prophetic' eyes couldn't see into. His hands shook visibly and for a brief moment I pitied him. He was such a gifted prophet. He spoke to God the way a man would speak to another man. Sometimes I wondered why God put up with his "sick" fetishes....

He soon spotted a nice-looking young girl and went over to her. I remained standing where I was, fancying that we were here for a higher purpose and not just to satiate the prophet's base urges. Everything was hazy. I could only clearly make out the prophet because there was this bright white light that always surrounded his head. They reminded me of Saturn's rings. Apparently, I was the only person we both knew who had the ability to see the rings of light. They were three in number, and they made Esaias look holier than the angels themselves. This just compounded the irony.

He came towards me, the girl behind him.

"I need you to come and watch," he said.

"Fine. Where?"

"Outside. She knows a nice quiet place," he said.

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Sometimes I wondered why God put up with Prophet Esaias' sick fetishes. Was it all a bad joke? - an all-powerful, benevolent, all-loving, sin-and-repent-or-die god tolerating wrong-doing by one of his own was – even to a person of my libertine inclinations – too awkward. But who was I to judge a tripple-halo-bearing son of a god?

Esaias moaned loudly, slapping the young girl's buttocks. I was still in a daze and the sound of the spanking seemed somewhat musical, so I started dancing and humming Michael Jackson's "You Rock My World" song. It just seemed like the most appropriate song to accompany what was happening.

So what happened that night out in the alley?

We met a demon.

I never mentioned that the young girl Esaias was blessing with his “holy rod” was supporting herself on what appeared to be a door. Well, this door opened suddenly and the girl tripped forward into the opening, Esaias and his holy rod following suit. A gray smoke came out. No, it wasn't gray. It appeared unearthly, it's colour like nothing I've seen on earth. Even Esaias seemed to find the smoke – and its colour, as he later told me – quite puzzling. The young girl lay where she had fallen. Esaias stood slowly up, turned his head to look at me, then went back to staring at the smoke with the weird colour.

“Please, come in,” said a voice from inside the place where the door opened into.

We were both of us startled and speechless.

After what seemed like an hour, I mustered up enough courage to do what any (ab)normal person would do.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I am Belial,” said the voice.

There was something familiar about that voice, now that I pen these words. It sounded like Snoop Dogg's* voice, but coming from inside a can or just something hollow.

* This character is purely fictional. Any similarity to an actual person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Then Esaias started chanting some stuff. I think he was speaking in tongues, like the Passover guys. He jumped up and down, saying stuff that I could not understand. I think Belial didn't understand those words too, because while Esaias was doing his thing he came out, holding what appeared to be a plastic cup with the word 'Dorman's' on the side. We both looked at the prophet, and waited till he had calmed down.

“What was that?” Belial asked.

“Do not speak in his presence!” shouted Esaias.

“Relax, prophet. I'm here to make a proposition.”

“Wh-what proposition?” Esaias asked, zipping his trouser. A look of sudden interest had....

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