

## **The Society of Insane Fishermen's 'The Stone Tablets'**

"Follow me," said the demon, placing the quarter-full cup of coffee next to the tombstone.

"Prophet Esaias calls."

Prophet Esaias' apartment was not hard to find. We found him sitting on a sofa, smoking weed and watching one of those low-budget porn movies shot in unnamed Kenyan villages.

"Victor. Belial. Nice of you two to join me," said the prophet, trying to lift his heavy frame from the sofa. "Beer, anyone?"

"Just had some coffee. Perhaps Victor would care for one," said the demon. "I never drink or smoke."

The two minutes Prophet Esaias took to get me a bottle of beer was enough to survey his untidy apartment. The only noticeable pieces of furniture were a large coffee table in the middle of the room and a book shelf that had a variety of pornography video discs and magazines.

There was no Bible.

The prophet came in and handed me a cold bottle of Summit Lager, already opened and, judging by the level of beer in it, twice sipped.

"Guys, I don't have much time, Tyra's about to come on screen and my TiVo's not working. So, please, can we get down to business?"

We sat around the coffee table.

"What did you see?" asked the demon.

"I spied the entire cosmos and the two things that struck me as capable of bringing about profound changes were these," he said.

At this stage the Prophet took from under the table something wrapped in a Nakumatt plastic bag. He unfolded it.

"Urim and Thurim," he said, smiling broadly.

What we saw were two stone tablets, with strange writings on them. I ran my fingers through the perfectly carved out letters.

"Divine," I said, feeling, instantly, at one with the being that authored the letters.

The demon looked at Prophet Esaias, then at me, and then at the stone tablets.

"It is true then," he said. "Musah's fingerprints are all over the surface. They never fade."

He smiled and folded the plastic bag over the tablets.

"My father will be pleased," he said, and an odd look of satisfaction came over his face as he spoke. "Prophet, pass me the weed."

"But-"

"Please, tonight's an exception."

"Perhaps the three of us can watch the Tyra Show together," said Esaias, switching off his dvd player and pressing 7 on his tv remote.

Tyra Banks' face loomed large on the tv screen. Her smile seemed to have an odd effect on Esaias.

"Ah, what I wouldn't part with just to have her tits in my two hands," he said.

"Hm, she's not all that. I've screwed her twice," said the demon.

Prophet Esaias looked at the demon. "No way!"

"Once, disguised as her second boyfriend and, second, as a male stripper. She loves strippers, you know."

I burst out laughing. Esaias joined in, then the demon. The laughter never subsided but clocked hysterical levels. And for a whole hour we laughed until the show was over. When the laughter finally stopped, the prophet looked at us with hatred in his eyes.

"Relax, I fixed your TiVo," said the demon. "Kenya's come a long way in terms of tv technology. I guess I'll move my portion of hell beneath your country's soil. Esaisa, always a pleasure seeing you. Victor, it's time."

We thanked the prophet for his hospitality and left. It was close to midnight.