

Mr Slot Books His Place In Hell

Peter was finishing the last of the day's paperwork in his luxuriously appointed office when the intercom buzzed for his attention.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Sir," came the thin tinny voice of his personal secretary, "Mr. Gabriel is here to see you."

"Send him in," replied the distinguished old man. He leaned back in his leather chair and lit a Cuban cigar he had taken from a small wooden box on his desk. The door to his plush office slid open as the first of the heady smoke rose above him. In walked Gabriel, a heavyset man with a flowing mane of jet-black hair. He emanated power, and strode across the floor as if he owned it. He sat down in a well-padded lounge chair across the desk from Peter.

"May I?" he asked as he reached for the cigar box.

Peter nodded his approval and patiently waited as Gabriel lit the cigar.

"What can I do for you, Gabe?" asked Peter.

Gabriel closed his lighter and puffed on the Cuban. "It's about Samson."

"Oh God," sighed Peter, "what's he done now?"

"Well it's really more of what he might have done. At the moment it's just a rumour, but knowing how Samson will nail anything in a skirt, I tend to believe it." He drew deeply on the cigar. "The Boss is not going to be happy."

"Ok," said Peter, preparing for the worst, "what, or should I say who, has he done now?"

"Mary," answered Gabriel.

"Sweet Mother of God!" exclaimed Peter, choking on his cigar.

"No, thank God, Magdalene. Jesus, could you imagine the fallout if he had screwed the Holy Mother? I sure as hell wouldn't want to be in his shoes."

"Well that's a bit of a relief," said Peter, regaining his composure, "but the Son has a soft spot about Magdalene. I think he's sweet on her."

"Tell me about it," said Gabriel. "Did you know I caught those two in the copier room? That is one talented young lass, orally at least. And what a rack." Gabriel ran his cigar through his fingers, before realising what he was doing and stuffing it back into his mouth.

Peter hadn't missed it though, and sat quietly disapproving. "The point is, Gabriel, you don't fuck the girlfriend of the Boss' only begotten son."

"I know that, you know that, but who is going to tell Samson?" Gabriel was not someone to be messed with, but even he balked at the idea of telling Samson what to do. "You know, we wouldn't have had this trouble if the Boss had just let Delilah in, instead of sending her downtown."

“Anytime you feel like telling the Boss how to run things,” said Peter with a warning tone in his voice, “you just go right ahead. But don’t forget, he doesn’t like people inferring he might be fallible. You know what happened the last time someone suggested that.”

“How could I forget?” said Gabriel. That had been one of the bloodiest battles he could remember. He had personally been involved in the eviction of over 1000 former residents, including Lucas himself. It was not something he fancied reliving. “So what do we do about Samson?”

“I guess it’s up to me to have a talk with him,” sighed Peter. He longed for the simple days of being a fisherman, where all he had to worry about was making sure he had a big enough catch to feed his village. “I’ll make you a fisher of men, indeed,” he muttered under his breath.

“What was that?” asked Gabriel.

“Nothing,” replied Peter. “Where’s Samson now?”

“He’s outside in the waiting room,” answered Gabriel.

“Outside?” asked Peter. “With my secretary? The last of the vestal virgins?” He reached for the intercom and switched it on, only to hear the sounds of moaning coming from the other room.

“I guess she ain’t a virgin anymore,” observed Gabriel as he puffed on his cigar.

“Sweet Mother of God,” lamented Peter as he placed his head in his hands.

An hour later Samson was sitting in Peter’s office, a wide, lop-sided grin gracing his face. Peter paced the floor in front of him, trying to think of a way to convince Samson to curb his ways. Samson watched him pace back and forth. “Hey,” he said finally, “can I have one of those?” He pointed to the box of Cuban cigars on the desk.

“No you can not have one of those,” replied Peter. “I called you in here to give you a rap over the knuckles, not to make you feel at home.”

“Aw come on, it’s not like they’re hard to get,” reasoned the well built young man, “you just have to get the Boss to snap his fingers.”

“He doesn’t know about these. Do you really think he likes the idea of us getting cigars from a Communist country? You might as well ask for a Chicken Vindaloo.”

“He doesn’t like the Hindus either huh?” asked Samson.

“Lets just say he’s not keen on the competition,” replied Peter. He walked back to his desk and sat on one corner, facing Samson. “You have to change your ways, young man.”

“Young? I’m older than you,” replied Samson, “a lot older in fact.”

“Then you should know better. You can’t just go around nailing anything in a skirt.”

“Geez, I’m just trying to have a bit of fun. It’s not my fault things are so damn boring up here.” Samson picked at his nails like a petulant child.

“Things, as you so quaintly put it, are not boring. There are plenty of things to do here.” Peter was starting to get annoyed now.

“Oh yeah, lots of things,” responded Samson, sarcasm dripping from every word. “Let’s all go pick flowers and give praise for everlasting life. Woo fucking hoo. I tell you, if it wasn’t for the fact that you can drink and fuck without the usual consequences a person would go stir crazy in here.”

“Why don’t you try to do something constructive then?” asked Peter. “There are always good works to be performed back home.”

“I already tried that, remember?” He stood up and mimicked Gabriel. “Just do this one thing for me. Go talk to this young Austrian lad and give him some self confidence.” Samson slumped back down into his chair. “How the hell was I supposed to know he’d invade Poland?”

Peter remembered the incident. Gabriel had copped a shellacking over that one. Still, he couldn’t give up now. “How about performing some good works up here then? I’m sure there are plenty of good things that a strapping yo...” he caught the warning look in Samson’s eyes, “older man like yourself could do. What about Sister Theresa, she’s always looking for help.”

“Um, well, Theresa and I had this ‘thing’ you see,” said Samson, avoiding Peter’s gaze.

Peter was in shock. “You didn’t. Please, tell me you did not fuck Sister Theresa.”

“Hey, it’s not my fault,” defended Samson. “You guys were the ones who made her look like she was nineteen again. Can I help it if she’s a babe? Plus, she was a virgin when she was mortal. The poor girl had no idea what she was missing out on.”

“And of course, you just had to educate her, didn’t you?”

“Well somebody had too.”

Peter realised he was fighting a losing battle. He tried to look stern as he decided to play his trump card. “The Boss knows about Mary.”

“He does?” asked Samson, finally showing concern.

“Yes, he does,” said Peter. “And he’s not pleased about it.”

“Well that’s understandable,” responded Samson. “After all, he has the Catholics to consider.”

“The Catholics?” asked Peter. “What do they have to do with it?”

“Umm, which Mary are you talking about?” asked Samson, a little confused.

“Magdalene. Why, which one are you talking about?” Peter didn’t need an answer. The look of horror that crossed his face showed that he knew which Mary Samson was talking about. “Jesus fucking Christ. Do NOT tell me you had sex with the Virgin Mary.”

“Well, she’s not technically a virgin anymore...” His words were cut off as he saw the look in Peter’s eyes.

The distinguished old man calmly reached over and keyed the intercom. “Ms. Charity, could you please get the Boss on the line.”

“What are you going to do?” asked Samson.

“Shut Up!” yelled a rapidly reddening Peter. “Just shut the fuck up. I don’t want to hear another word from you until I am ready.” The phone on his desk rang and he picked it up. “Yes?... It’s about Samson... Yes, well I... Well, that is an option... I agree, Sir, but... Are you sure?... Ok, but we will need to... Well yes, that is the ruling on such a thing... Ok, I’ll handle it then. Goodbye, Sir.” Peter hung up the phone and looked at Samson.

“Well? What did he say?” Samson was on the edge of his chair.

“Come with me,” said Peter as he headed for the door.

“Where are we going?” asked Samson as he got up.

“We’re going downtown.”

“I really think we’re all overreacting here,” said Samson nervously. The pair were walking along a cobbled road flanked on both sides by huge willow trees. Sunlight filtered through the branches in luminous streams. “I’m sure if we all sat down and talked about this...”

“It’s really too late for that now,” replied Peter, not even bothering to look at his companion. “The decision has been made, no correspondence will be entered into.” He stopped before a large wrought iron gate. “We’re here.”

Samson looked up at the huge gates. He noticed that ivy covered most of the structure, blocking any chance of looking inside. He also noticed that the gates themselves did not appear to be attached to anything, not even gateposts. In fact, the huge hinges on the gates appeared to be attached to nothing but thin air. He watched as Peter reached for a rope that hung above a small sign that read, “Welcome to Hell, beware of the three-headed dog. Salesmen welcome.” Peter pulled on the rope and somewhere far away came the sound of a large bell tolling.

“Okay,” said Samson, “Nobody’s home. Let’s go.”

“Be patient, they will be here.”

“Look, I promise I’ll be good, okay? No more drinking, no more womanising, just a simple, pious lifestyle from now on.” Samson sounded like he was pleading for his life. “Just don’t send me to Hell.”

I think there has been a misunderstanding,” said Peter. “We’re not here to drop you off, we’re here to pick someone up.”

“Who?” asked Samson, but before Peter could answer the large gates started to swing inward, revealing a dapper looking man with a head of red hair.

“Hello, Lucas,” said Peter.

“Hello, Peter,” replied Lucas, extending a hand in greeting. “Long time no see. How are things uptown?”

“Not too bad, aside from the present trouble, of course.” Peter gave a sideways glance towards Samson and was secretly glad to see the big man cringe. “How are things down here?”

“Pretty good actually. A lot of good publicity for us lately has really increased the numbers. I’m sure the old man is annoyed about that.” Lucas’s eyes twinkled mischievously.

“Now, Lucas,” chided Peter, “you know these things go in cycles. We’ll soon be back on top.”

“No doubt, but it’s nice to get the limelight occasionally. Besides, it’s nice to get some movies made about you, and actually having Pacino playing me, well I can’t tell you how much of an ego boost that is.”

“Maybe, but the Boss was quite amused at the idea of being portrayed by Morrisette.” Peter leaned closer to Lucas. “I think he’s sweet on her.”

“Well, who wouldn’t be?” said Lucas, smiling. “Anyway, we have some business to conduct, don’t we?”

“Yes we do,” agreed Peter, “is she here?”

“Yes, she certainly is.” Lucas motioned behind him and a figure stepped out of the void. A woman of unimaginable beauty with long black hair, skin like porcelain, and a body that men have killed for.

“Delilah,” breathed Samson.

“Hello Samson,” said Delilah in a voice that dripped sex.

“She’s all yours,” said Lucas, and then giggled to himself. “Personally, I think we got the best of this deal.

“Deal?” asked Samson, “What deal?”

“We don’t just give people away, you know,” said Lucas. “We have to get something in return. In this case, we arranged a swap.”

“Who?” inquired Samson.

“Me,” replied Peter. “I’m staying here. Lucas offered me a good job in upper management. Besides, I don’t want to be around when the Boss finds out about what you did to the Holy Mother.”

“What’s he talking about?” asked Delilah.

“Nothing, dear,” replied Samson.

“Don’t you nothing dear me. Just what the hell have you been up to?” Delilah grabbed Samson by the ear and started to drag him back to heaven. “There will be no more of this running around with loose women now that I’m around. And you can forget about drinking and smoking too. And another thing...” The pair disappeared out of sight, leaving Peter and Lucas standing alone at the gates to Hell.

“I see what you mean, Lucas,” said Peter. “You really did get the good part of the deal.”

“I’m not as stupid as people seem to think,” replied Lucas. He put an arm around Peter’s shoulder and led him inside. “Now lets get you settled. I’m afraid we don’t have any virginal secretaries, would some blonde nymphomaniacs do?”

“That will do nicely,” said Peter.

The End.