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confused frivolity. In keeping with the true nature of Hell, all the creature comforts were missing. If you asked for ice for your drink, the bartender would pass you a warm cola product and respond “Dante was an idiot. There is no ice in Hell.” The same held true for toilet paper, coffee creamer and extra pillows. Hell is, apparently, not for the weak of spirit, or the weak of bladder.

The creatures of Hell made it all worthwhile though. Krakesbone revealed his true nature as Satan, or Frank Zappa. We’re not sure which. Saran Saran twisted many a horny little devil’s neck as they tried to find the starting point of her diaphanous garment. The lawyers were plentiful as was expected, but not nearly as hoped. A beautiful Medusa and a walking sex toy store named “Fetch” helped keep things interesting. However, one of the scariest nightmares had to be the Evil Tooth Fairy. My neck hair is rising just remembering her.

Her name was Caries (medical term for tooth decay) and she was quite a beautiful but disturbing sight. Dangling around her neck was a plastic specimen bag filled with extracted teeth, bits of bloody gums and a section of recently removed wire braces.

With her giant slip-joint pliers, and her rusty pointy stick, she would seductively slide up to you, wantonly gaze into your mouth and mournfully declare “Ooooh... I must have that one.”

She even scared Q. That says alot.

Jen and Tom drifted into Hell on wings of flame and Duke Sir Edmund revealed his true identity as the Horn Master. I guess we knew it all along. Tricky devil.

