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## **Ice Cold Hell ( Fiction)**

Adam slowly opened his eyes, only to be blinded by a flash of bright whiteness. When his eyes adjusted, he realized he was staring at miles of white snowy mountains. As he pulled himself to his feet, he quickly felt like a lone ant in the middle of a dirt garden. Standing alone, surrounded by miles of crystal-like-snow. As he looked around he saw that every direction looked exactly the same and even started to forget which way was left and which way right. But his confusing wore off, as soon as he noticed he was wearing nothing but a white toga. No shoes, bare feet. He knew if he didn't find somewhere warm quick, he would freeze to death.

Anxiety flared up in his stomach, so he quickly choose a direction to start walking. He hoped movement would keep his mind off the stressing situation. But deep down knew that won't happen. The mountain he chose to climb, was the largest nearest to him. He figured he might see help at the very top, in hopes of survival. The steep slops were most difficult to pass, especially with nothing on his feet. Each step felt like stepping into burning acid, and the pain tingled all the way up his leg, into his back, and eventually shooting out of all the joints in his body. Higher up the mountain, the heavily the wind blew. Until it started feeling like a mini blizzard blowing in his face. But he did not quit, he continued to march on and what felt like a eternity. He finally reached the peek of the mountain. His feet ached of frost bite, his legs felt frozen solid and he was intensely gasping for breath, but at the top of the mountain, a wonderful thing happened. In the near distance, he saw a small wooden cabin with light smoke coming from the chimney, surrounded by snow-covered pine trees. He forgot all the pain for a moment and sprinted as hard and as fast as he could down the mountain, until he collapsed against the wall of the cabin. He used the rest of the strength he could muster and banged on the front door. Then blacked out.

Adam woke for the second time today, but unlike last time, which nearly blinded him. This time, he couldn't see a thing, he was in complete darkness. Total black. Adam tried to stand, but released his ankle was tied to something. To be honest, though, Adam doesn't think he could stand, even if he wasn't tied up.

"You awake?" said a mysterious voice, sounding more irritated than any else. "Why are you here?"

"I, I don't.....?" Adam tried to speak, but jumbled his words.

"Why'd you come here?" asked the voice again.

"I don't know!" yelped Adam.

"Tell me what happened!"

"I can't, I just can't remember!"

"How did you get here then!"

"I just woke up in the snow, alright! I can't remember anything else. Please, I'm telling you the truth! I can't even remember my name!"

"Oh damn," said the voice with a hint of sorrow, clicking the light switch on. As light filled the room, Adam realized he was inside the cabin, laying on a soft bed and blanket in the bedroom. But standing in front of him was a young, very good looking man, no older than thirty. Wearing slippers, a tank top and casual shorts. He didn't look like someone who'd tie up or kidnap. He seemed like the type of dude that even straight men would have a crush on. Because of this, Adam quickly calmed down, and became mesmerized with the appearance of this guy. He quickly snapped out of it, and demanded what was going on.

"You my friend are an angel and I'm Satan," said the guy, casually sipping at his can of coke.

Adam's head swirled as he tried to understand this crazy theory. "Your joking right?"

"Nope, I'm telling the truth." All of a sudden, in the blink of a second, the handsome young man, quickly transformed into an eight feet tall beastly creature with red skin, giant bat wings extending from his back, foam oozing from his mouth and razor sharp horns sticking out of his head. Adam started to panic, but the demon quickly disappeared. The original human returned, taking another gulp of his coke. "See, I am Satan."

He raised his finger and shot out a little fireball puff. No bigger than a plum. The fire burned through the rope tied around Adam's ankle. "Sorry for tying you up," he smiled.

Adam finally built up enough courage to speak again, "If you're Satan then why am I here?"

"Because my old buddy, G, likes to bug me," Satan said with a hint of humor in his voice.

"G? Who's that," asked Adam.

"God," explained Satan. "When we created Earth back in the day, we both agreed to receive one holiday every decade. But that dude still won't leave me alone. Always with the jokes." Satan stopped for a second, and an idea sprang to mind. "Don't worry, I'm gonna get him back for this. Maybe I'll send Jehovah's Witnesses to him on his break, God hates those guys." Satan sounded like a ten year old kid, playing pranks on his friends.

"What was his joke?"

"Oh, he always does this. After I morph into a human body and hide away in a relaxing,

quiet place on Earth. He finds where I am and sends one of his angels down to me. But first he wipes there memory, just to bug me. I thought you might have been a normal human that has uncovered a giant secret in finding out that Satan is actually on Earth. But you were just another one of G's pranks."

"So, what happens now," asked Adam.

"Well, I'm gonna go back and relax again." said Satan. "But first I must kill you, for disrupting me!" Suddenly Satan transformed into the horrible red creature from before, and his eyes turned into burning embers. Adam clinched his fists and backed against the wall.

"No, no don't kill me, please!"

Suddenly, Satan started to giggle a little, then broke out into full blown laughter. "Ha, ha. I can't kill you, your a angel, silly. Your already dead," laughed Satan. "I'm just going to send you back to heaven. Boy, you guys up there are funny. I honestly couldn't keep a straight face."

Satan extended his arm, and opened a glowing portal, that looks like a pool of water standing horizontal. "Just step through there and you'll be back home in heaven."

Adam wiped the sweat from his forehead, happy to be finished with this whole thing. He started to walk towards the portal. But stopped. "Before I go, can I just ask you one more question."

"Shoot."

"Out of all the places to vacation on earth. Why do you choose the coldest place possible."

"Hell," said Satan. "Do you know how hot it gets down there. This is the only place I can relax."