

Little devil's vacation

A short story By Manfred Samburg

Ch1. Cooped up and bored at home

Hello. Let me introduce myself, I am the devil's son and currently live in the underworld. I am 9 years old and my address is at 53 hellfire avenue. I live alone with my Mom and a wide array of servants who did bad things while on earth. Dad is missing and no one has seen him since 2011.

I never met Dad, and Mom never wants us to speak about him. Apparently before he left, Dad gave Mom the keys to the underworld and everyone reports into her now.

I have always been sheltered. I am what you may call the prince of the underworld and I have never had to work for anything in my life. I grew up on Dad's stories and how he built hell, and how he actively worked to influence humanity through the years. Well I say I grew up on those stories not because Mom told me, I used to sneak and read books in the house's library. The librarian always says he shouldn't but tells the stories anyway. He's a very strange old devil, always saying he shouldn't do something before doing it anyway.

Dad is my hero and I have always wanted to meet him. I have so much power today thanks to him and I want to learn more about him, perhaps live with him a little. Learn where we come from. I have so many questions.

I have been asking around for a while now to get a lead on where Dad might be. I feel like everyone knows but they don't want to tell me for some reason. Today I asked Orpheus our house musician and he told me to stop asking questions. It is for my own good apparently.

Yesterday, I asked Dolores while she was on her break from torturing lost souls, and she avoided the question. She also looked a bit scared. It was strange feeling fear from her because she usually never feels it. I once set her mustache on fire and she didn't feel anything all throughout the day. She only noticed when she ran into Mom

in the hallway. Mom ended up yelling at her because “you cannot have a ridiculous face at work.”

That’s it. I will ask Mom again. She always gets angry, yells at me and spits fire but who knows maybe today she is in a better mood. She had a nice evening yesterday especially after the acoustic concert of Beethoven. Here she is trimming her front horn:

“Hi mom”

- “Hi honey, how is your day going?”

- “Oh nothing much, I played drums on heads this morning in the dungeon but the spikes were a little blunt. My hands don’t hurt as much as they should”

- “We’ll ask Vlad to take a look at them, it’s been a while since he changed the heads or the spikes. Honestly, that man is so lazy. He only works once every few centuries”

- “Say Mom? I wanted to ask you something.”

- “What is it deathypie?”

- “Stop calling me that, I’m a big devil now”

- “You’re right, I should start treating you more like an adult”. She said that with a big smile. She feels pride. Now is my chance.

- “I want to know more about Dad, and meet him. There is so much I want to ask him”

She paused and put down the horn trimmer. She is looking at me with a lot of hesitation. I feel like she is torn between anger and understanding. I am almost a teenager now. I am at an age where she has to manage these things more carefully. Also I am starting to look more and more dangerous. She also started to realize I

could feel and control other people's emotions if I want to, so she is careful. Apparently it is an unusual gift even among devils. I shouldn't overuse it in her opinion. After a moment that seemed like an eternity she tells me:

- " You know how much I hate it when you ask such questions. It brings back good memories. Your Dad here or not here always makes me so angry, that's probably why I love him so much. I always fondly remember our first meeting, he impersonated an inquisition priest and burnt me at the stake then made me what I am today"
- "I know the story of how you met, I just want to know where he is and go there".
- "But deathycute, you know you should not leave the house"
- "Why can't I leave the house? I know everyone makes a lot of effort to keep me entertained or stop me from leaving but I want to go out, visit the underworld, and visit earth. I want to see it all. I am a young devil, you need to let me spread my wings"

She sighs and says: "let's talk about this when you are older. You should not even know these things it's too early for you."

- "But..."
- "I don't want to hear about buts unless we can whip them". She yells spitting fire. I can feel her anger, but I also detect a little bit of concern that she is trying very hard to hide.

What could she be concerned about? I feel my questions and wish to leave and see the world are very fair. All these servants who come and go, all those people, all those stories. Where did they come from? Where do they go when they say they are going home and disappear? I don't want to be a pampered child, I think it will make me too entitled and blind to reality. That does it! I'm running away from home. I have to