

“Indeed you are, my friend,” Satan heartily confirms, “there are precious few men who can see with more than just his eyes and whose taste is not solely in his mouth.”

My chest involuntarily swelled with pride so great as to be sinful at the compliment bestowed by this magnanimous source. I did not thank Satan for this compliment, for that kind of small talk does not befit true reverence of such an esteemed member of ancient society as the Prince of the Earth. I was about to continue my banter when the thought occurred to me that I had not spoken a word aloud for several minutes.

He smiled as he rose, reaching for his hat.

“Do you leave so soon, Durchlaucht?” I protested, but a mere glance from his royal eyes halted me mid-step, quite coincidentally, at a near bow.

“There is but one place I have truly departed from, my friend.”

And his meaning was not lost on me. I watched his carriage drive away from my window. Indeed, one who once bore the weight of the rising sun needs neither grand entrance nor grand exit. Our conversation, in retrospect, consisted of few words and many meanings. I went to my desk and produced several sheets of white paper and my favorite pen. My typewriter simply would not do, as the clunky sounds of that machine I have trusted for years seemed far too inappropriate for the task I set before myself. No, the scribble of a fountain pen was what this night needed, leaky and smearing like blood.

I am no prophet, and claim to be neither messenger nor Wiseman. Though damned may be my task, I knew that this encounter had to be recorded.

This, my conversation with Satan.