

The Reciprocation of Hell by Aaron Kentros

You are a creature of darkness; one that has lived in the place between Hell and Earth. A place referred to by many cultures by many different names. The accurate name of this place I describe will forever be the 37th plane of Hell...trust me, I am no stranger to my home. The 37th Plane of Hell is a dimension reserved for those of us who love the memory of the dead more than the life we live. The indoctrination process is different for each of us, yet most people will know when they have arrived because the bereavement process will prohibit them from continuing anything that resembles normal life. Some gain admittance as the result of the loss of a family member, a comrade, or even the sudden loss of health. For most creatures admittance is temporary because their souls lack the propensity to wield the darkness, but for all, the suffering is torturous as well as unique. Hello my name is Epic Winter; I'm the supreme allied commander of the forces of evil. This is the brief story of how Hell reciprocated as I fell in love with a predator named Apex. This is the story of a trans-dimensional love affair; A timeless moment of loves discovery without the constraints of history, time-space, or even spoken words.

Last month I enrolled at Hells' University as a means to an end. For a long time I felt as if I were alone in a world of billions- unchallenged, yearning to join all of my demonic friends who reside in deeper planes of Hell. It has been four seasons since my winter soul visited the light. Four seasons of suffering, gagging, choking, gasping, and hateful labored breathing the air of this world I hate so much. Ice-willed, infectious, slanderous, and absolute depict the prison cell of my mind. Isolation, curiosity, and Hate are my only proofs of life. Frozen are the hallways of my life, the once bright universe of opportunity and adventure has long since departed my reality-only my lust for darkness remains. Even my ambition for evil seems futile, for I no longer have an equal or the will to inspire lesser Demons; then suddenly, Hell reciprocated when I discovered you.

“Target assessment” indigenous life form: gender- female, age “approximately 23-25”, height”5ft.6-5ft.8”, hair “blondish brown”, eye color “I dare not look”. I can feel within her beautiful proximity a loss- a sadness, or is it...”yes”, I feel strength. I feel the kind of strength wielded by predators of mankind. “Threat assessment”, there is no weapon in her hand but... what is this skull ring- a connection to Death she wears so cleverly? She wears the mark of the Peregrine falcon with her black eye-liner etched at 45 degree angles. Does she always walk this line of illusions, taunting the plethora of unobservant lesser Demons here at Hells’ University? Or is she in command of her darkness? Perhaps I should divert her attentions to my studies in an attempt to avoid compromise. “Compromise is mission failure.” Who am I kidding? She has just proven her command over the darkness. Even a mortal woman could have detected my enamored condition- “Ah- yes, subjects, and verbs of torture.” She is studying me, pretending not to observe my condition, or delicate demonic vision consuming her impressive walls of protection.

“*Data analysis*” I think my observations are accurate. My darkness has finally found an alliance here at Hells’ University. So...your name is Apex, how appropriate, and we just had the conversation of a lifetime...all within the absence of words. It’s my pleasure to observe your jaded wickedness, selflessness, and describe the contentment I feel while within your proximity knowing that you have also been to the 37th plane of Hell. I am humbled by the command you have over the darkness. As I am no longer from this world, I have only the singularity of truth to offer you in thanks for the reciprocation of Hell you just delivered me. I loved you before you ever spoke a word to me. I love you within the span of a breathless moment, a hopeful dream, and all of eternity in that place between Hell and Earth. May the epic winter of my dark soul always extinguish your Hell.

By Aaron Kentros as Epic Winter