

The Journal of Seth Lovejoy

Prologue:

His name is Seth Lovejoy. He dedicated his life to serving God, and enjoyed an envious reputation among church groups. It is 11pm and he is in bed, but he is not sleeping. He is grasping for breath, but he does not find recourse.

“Where are my pills?” Seth moaned as he groped the bedside drawers, knowing in the back of his mind that ultimately they could not help. His family surrounded his bed, sensing that this was Seth’s last hour. Tears began to roll as Seth could not regain his breath, and some members of the family were quoting Psalms 23 out loud. For months Seth’s health has declined at a steady rate, culminating in frequent near death episodes, where his throat would close up and his lungs refuse to take breath. This time was different though; even Seth himself knew it was the end. Despite primal fears and instincts of self-preservation, deep down Seth was at peace with what was happening. He knew that he would soon be up in heaven, with his Saviour Jesus Christ, and would be in utmost luxury for eternity. He had laboured hard in the service of God, he witnessed to other people regularly, and he was involved in the running of several different churches. Now he will be able to reap the rewards.

The end of a life is usually called the final breath, but in Seth’s case his final breath came several minutes before death. He continued to choke, there was nothing anyone could do, and he finally gave up the ghost.

Day 1

Well I’m dead, and it appears that my soul is being kept in some sort of limbo. I would say that 'I can't see anything', but that would imply that I could in some sense see. I am not able to feel my eyes or my body, but I am capable of feeling my presence. Everything is total darkness, and it's been this way for several hours. Are the damned atheists right, do you die and then there is nothing?

Day 2

The atheists can't be right, because nothingness would mean that I would not be able to think. I am now pretty sure that my corrupted body has been discarded and I am now experiencing existence as a pure spirit. It isn't bad, but I really am waiting for something to happen.

Day 5

I was finally summoned to the pearly gates today. Describing it will be tricky. First of all, there are clouds everywhere. They extended as far as the eye could see. The gate itself was impressively large; I bet thousands could walk through it at once. It seemed to be made of actual pearl, just as my Bible predicted. I was so excited; finally given permission to enter heaven and join my Lord Jesus Christ. A man was there to greet me, with a glorious white beard flowing freely from his face. I'll recount to you my dialogue with him:

I said to him "You must be St. Peter! Here to greet me before I enter heaven." The man's expression was as hard as stone, and he told me that "My name is not relevant. Tell me, Seth, do you wish to enter this place?"

"Of course I want to enter this place! Who wouldn't want to enter heaven?" I responded, wondering if this was a part of some kind of test.

"Very good" said the man, "get ready to enter a perfect place. A place where no man can die, where no tears can be shed, and where every pleasant aspect of life is in abundance." Before the man could even finish, the gates began to open, and a blinding light now covered the entire entrance. This had to be the very best day of my life. I gradually stepped towards the light, only just noticing that I had received a new body to walk with. I kept walking until the light consumed me, and slowly my essence inhabited a different realm. I was entering heaven.

Day 6

Like an infant first learning to walk, my first steps in heaven were troublesome but filled with wonder. My euphoria at this moment is indescribable; I had never been so excited in my whole life. The streets were made of gold, and looked very pretty indeed. Apparently God hadn't thought through how practical this was, however, as gold proved very hard to walk on. After two careful steps I slipped, and landed flat on my face. On my journey to the ground I was expecting a world of hurt. A broken jaw at the very least; I fell with that much force. Surprisingly, once my face hit the street of gold I felt no pain. It was then that I realised that I was now in a perfect place, where pain does not exist and jaws are not broken. I felt like crying right then and there, but not out of pain, but joy.

Once I corrected myself I noticed that I was surrounded by other people. They had formed a crowd, there was at least 100 other people all around me. Their appearance startled me. They

all had robes on, like you would imagine they did during Bible times. They shone brighter than the sun, and emitted an aura of majesty and beauty. It was humbling to be in their presence, and it was then that I realised that my body was just like theirs. One of the citizens of heaven stepped forward. He had no face. Actually, none of them had a face. He raised his hand very slowly and pointed his finger at me. He held his arm there for a few seconds before he started to laugh hysterically. Suddenly, the whole crowd started to laugh at me. Were they laughing because I fell over before? I wasn't sure, and was very confused. Nonetheless, I suppose it was funny that I fell over, and I couldn't help but feel unbridled enthusiasm that I was going to be a citizen of heaven just like they were.

Day 7

Once the crowd stopped laughing they all walked away in different directions. A man, not from the crowd, came up to me with a clipboard in one hand and a pen in the other. He started to speak to me:

"Hello there!" he said. "I can see you just met some of your fellow citizens, don't mind them, they like to laugh at new people, you're going to fit right in." Relief rushed through me when I was reassured that I wasn't being hated or ostracised.

I said "Hi! This is all so exciting, are you some kind of administrator?" Even though he had no face, I could tell this guy smiled when I said that. "Yes" he said, "I'm here to show you where you're going to live. Follow me." I followed him down the street of gold. It was kind of unusual that other than the street there was nothing around. No buildings, no plants, no sky. It was nothingness other than the street and this administrator.

Reading my thoughts, the administrator said "Don't worry; heaven will get more interesting soon. We call this the path of enlightenment. It's where new people arrive, other than that it doesn't really serve any other purpose so God decided to just leave everything else blank; other than the street of course."

"Excuse me? How do you know what I was thinking?"

He laughed a bit, "oh, we know everything about you here."

We walked for several minutes until all of a sudden the environment just opened itself up to me. The street was still there, but now there was a large sign next to it that said "Living Quarters." It truly was an amazing sight. There were mansions lined up along a street that stretched to the horizon. The mansions were all identical, but they were so beautiful and grand it did not matter. Luscious green grass was all around me. This was paradise. One slightly weird thing though; the sky was a pale red. Sort of like blood, but more ominous.

The administrator stopped next to a certain house and turned to me, “This is you, Seth, mansion number 300,000,000,450. I think you’ll find it quite to your liking. A few things you should know first.” The administrator looked at his clipboard and started to read off it as if he was bored.

“One – There is no locks on the doors because there is no stealing in heaven. Everyone is given the same things so there isn’t much point.

Two – At 9am, noon, and 8pm you will be fed in the hall of feeding. You will be served manna every day.

Three – You are to get dressed in your best set of robes before 7am, and you are to proceed to the worship hall for daily worship. You’ll sing songs and chant to the creator of heaven while kneeling down. It’s important that you know that this is not voluntary, you have to. Don’t worry about finding the place; just follow where everyone else is going.

Four – If you have any questions, wherever you are, raise your hand and yell out ‘Shika’ and some one will be there to assist you right away.”

As quickly as he appeared, he disappeared. The administrator was gone, and I was left to my own devices.

Settling into my mansion in heaven was no difficult task. The rooms were spacious, the furniture was comfortable, and the walls were covered in beautiful art. Although, it struck me as strange that heaven would even need mansions. My new body does not require sleep, so no need for a bed. There is no marketplace, so no need for living rooms. All food is consumed in the hall of feeding, so there’s no need for a kitchen. Speaking of which, it’s always so bright in heaven. I never thought I would miss the night.

Day 8

Well heaven just got a bit weirder today, but overall I’m still incredibly excited about being here. Before I get to why today was strange, I would just like to reiterate that despite the several confusions and doubts entered into this journal, I am incredibly thankful to God for creating this place for me. Anyway, after seven hours of relaxing in my backyard, it was almost time for worship. I went up to my bedroom to try and decide what to wear. My closet was stocked full of standard robes, all identical to the one I arrived to heaven with. There was one, though, tucked away in the corner of the closet, which shined with a golden ferocity that was unrivalled by the standard robes. It was clearly the robe that the administrator meant when he said ‘best robe.’

After exiting my mansion, I realised that I really did not need to know the location of the worship hall to find it. A massive sea of people were walking in one direction down the street. I joined the sea, and marched with them for a few minutes. Eventually we reached the worship

hall. It was absolutely gorgeous. The architecture was amazing, and it was easily the largest structure I've ever seen in my entire life. Picture twenty pyramids all piled on top of each other and you'll get the idea of how big a *fraction* of this worship hall was. The sea of people filed inside. None were talking, and no one looked very excited to be here. This was very confusing to me. Why wouldn't people be excited? They were given an eternity in heaven, and all that was asked of them was a couple of hours a day to worship God.

After entering the hall, I was able to find a spot to kneel down on the right hand side of the room. Well, to call it a 'room' is a bit misleading. I'm sure there are some countries in earth that are smaller than this room. The span of the room was jaw-dropping. At the front was a stage so large that everyone was able to see, no matter how far back they were kneeling. On the stage was a huge throne, shining like gold. Suddenly, a thundering voice started to emanate from the throne, as if it was a living entity. I assumed it was God speaking, and that somehow I was not able to see him on the throne (he is a spirit isn't he?). God said "I am your God, begin the worship for today."

As soon as God stopped speaking, I felt a massive force at the back of my head. It thrust my upper body down until my face was one inch away from the floor. I noticed that this happened to everyone in the hall. I can't say I approve of the way that God pushes us down, but I can understand that he wants to make sure some idiot doesn't stand up or something. Right after I was pushed down, these words started to form in my mind. I don't know what they were, but I felt a compulsion to yell these words out to everyone. I was unable to resist, it was like an involuntary bodily movement. I started to yell, and was startled when everyone else started yelling these words with me at the exact same moment. While everyone was yelling "All praise be to our God, we will worship him forevermore." I felt my faith was being tested. My brain kept telling me that this was stupid, that forcing us to kneel like this and yell these chants was stupid. How could I doubt God though? I worshipped God for two hours, it was surreal, but I accepted it.

Breakfast was more of a normal experience. The hall of feeding was even larger than the worship hall, but I guess I have been seeing too many amazing things in such a short amount of time that I was too overwhelmed to care that much. I sat down, ate some manna, and then left. To be honest, nothing interesting really happened. After I left the hall of feeding I felt tired. Not physical tiredness mind you, my body felt energised enough to climb a mountain, but a mental tiredness.

Day 15

I've learnt that worshipping and eating is the exact same experience every day. This doesn't bother me as much as I was expecting, as you don't really have to think while doing them. During worship the chants are imprinted in our mind, and our mouths automatically yell them out. The whole process requires very little input from my mind. Yesterday I even caught myself falling asleep during worship time, despite the fact that I was kneeling in a perfectly prostrate position and yelling these chants as loudly as any other person. To tell you the truth... I know I'm going to regret writing this down, but the prospect of doing this every day for eternity does not really appeal to me.

The rest of my day is usually spent wandering around all of the pretty buildings, and relaxing in my mansion. I haven't met any other person so far, besides the administrator; everyone pretty much keeps to themselves. Although I can't read their expression since they have no face, based on how they walk I think they all appear dead inside. The kind of feeling where you're alive, but you don't really know *why*. I think they're crazy, we're in heaven for goodness sakes, and they should at least look appreciative to God. Nevertheless, I'm determined to meet my neighbours and see what they are like.

Day 16

Like most events in heaven, meeting my neighbours turned out to be a weird experience.

I walked to the house that is to the left of me, and quickly surveyed their property. It really was beautiful. They had a huge mansion, a lawn that was nicely cut, flowers adorned along the edge of the house, and a stone path that looked as though it was fit for a king. It was identical to mine, but fun to admire nonetheless. I walked down the path to their front door, and noticed a plaque that said "The Robinsons" next to the door. I rang the doorbell and enjoyed the tune that it emitted.

When the door opened and another person stood there to greet me, a very strange thought crossed my mind. The plaque said the Robinsons, and so this house had a whole family living inside. However, how will I be able to know which is Mr. Robinson and which is Mrs. Robinson? Our new heavenly bodies removed all gender distinctions, and the lack of a face or hair made it impossible to discern the gender. Because of this, after one of the Robinsons opened the door and looked at me I just stood there like an idiot. No words came out, and I felt like this whole expedition was a very big mistake.

This lasted for only a few seconds, and yet it felt like an eternity. Relief finally arrived when

the person on the other side of the door spoke. "Hello, I'm Jane Robinson, welcome to our home."

"Hi Jane! I'm Seth, I just thought I'd come over here to meet you as I just moved in next door." Her reply sounded forced and monotone, "Ahh, splendid, come sit down and we can talk." Walking through her house I noticed that it was identical to my house. I know this does not sound so surprising since it looks identical on the outside as well, but after walking through a few of the Robinson's rooms it was a special kind of identical. The kind where I don't think a CSI investigator would be able to find one spec of dust, one shred of hair, or even one molecule that was different from my house. It was actually really unsettling, like looking at a clone.

We both sat down on the extremely comfortable sofa. I turned to her and started the conversation with a barrage of questions which, looking back, probably made her very uncomfortable.

"So Jane, tell me, where is your husband?"

"Oh, Tom is off on a hike. He's been a bit unstable lately, and I think he just had to clear his head. He's been gone for about 8 days." The tone of Jane's voice made it clear she was worried and wondering when her husband would be coming home.

"Oh I see, so how long have you been in heaven?"

"Well I have only been here for a few weeks, but Tom has been here for roughly a year."

"Oh wow! It must have been really great to be reunited with your husband in heaven?"

"It was. It was. It wasn't what I was expecting though. When the administrator sent me to Tom's mansion I wasn't exactly greeted very warmly. He was just sitting here on this couch, staring blankly ahead of him as if he was completely tuned out. Eventually he noticed my presence, but even then he did not sound very excited. He spoke to me in a way that sounded like he had been tortured every day till I arrived, it was very strange."

I paused for a minute to collect my thoughts before answering her, "That is very strange. Let me tell you, I've been here for a couple of weeks and it's hard to get used to it. Maybe some people can't adjust to heaven as well as others?"

My words washed over her as if it were an epiphany "That must be it! You must be right! It all makes sense now!" her words were broken, and she gave a short laugh that truly was heartbreaking. She has a nice voice, which is really the only compliment you can give someone in heaven, but you could tell there was a great emotional weight that was breaking her spirit. She laboured through every word, and I realised that her husband's behaviour was slowly killing her.

I tried to steer the conversation to a more heartening topic, "so tell me Jane, what did you and Tom do before you died?"

Her voice perked back up, it was encouraging. "We were missionaries in Africa! We became

saved and joined the Blessed Union Baptist Church when we were five, and eventually grew up, fell in love, and felt led by God to join the mission field.”

“That’s really fascinating, what was being a missionary like?” I said.

“Well, it was ok. People over there are such savages, you have no idea. They kept begging us for stuff, like our food and clothes and vehicles and medicine. They just never understood that if we gave one thing away, we’d have to give everything away and then we’d be no better than they were. You can’t just give things away like that. It was really hard to motivate them to listen to us as well, and several times they asked us to leave the village. To be honest, they were such ingrates. Tom and I dedicated our time and luxury to try and save these peoples from hell, and all they did was ask us for things and ignore the bible teaching.”

“Oh ok. I hear it’s very hard to be a missionary because of all of that, I guess that just makes your service to our Lord Jesus even more commendable.”

“Amen! Well we’re in heaven so I guess I can’t complain about that can I?”

After Jane had said that, we heard noises coming from her backyard. We stood up to go investigate, and apparently Tom was returning from his walk. He was screaming absolute nonsense, and walked to about 100m away from the back door and knelt down. He yelled for a long time while banging his head against the ground, and writhing in apparent agony. I had not seen anything like it in my whole life. I looked over to Jane who was silent, and decided it was time to go. The sight of Tom creeped me out so much I was actually running. Not running to my house, either, but merely a place that was far enough away to not hear Tom’s screams.

Day 20

Every now and then I hear random screams coming from the Robinson’s house. Tom must be insane. The whole thing actually got me quite angry. How am I supposed to relax and enjoy heaven with his insane ramblings going on next door? I eventually decide to go over there and shut him up myself. In my life I’ve done several stupid things, like smoking a cigarette when I was eighteen, or going to a rock concert when my parents had forbidden me, but never had I sworn at someone. Let me tell you, I was so angry at Tom and his insanity I was ready to swear at him.

I walked to their house in rage, and didn’t even worry about ringing the doorbell before I opened the door with great force. Tom was in the living room, sitting on their sofa. He had his hands up to his face, and he was shaking pretty bad. He was rocking back and forth screaming something indiscernible while Jane was next to him trying to calm him down. I walk up to them and think to myself “Call Tom a prick for being so annoying!” With a sense of pride, I let out the first swear word of my life.

“Tom, you are such a good friend!”

That’s right, I wanted to say prick but it came out as good friend. This happened several times before Jane started laughing at me. It must have been quite a sight to see me yelling at the top of my lungs about how I think Tom is a good friend. Apparently in heaven you can’t swear. If you ever try to, your mouth will convert it into something more benign. After calming down, I realise the logic in God’s decision to not allow swearing, but it upset me at the time. Another part of my autonomy had been taken away in heaven. With no vent for my frustration, I punched a wall in the Robinson’s house several times before running away again. It didn’t hurt my hand, but I actually *wanted* it to.

Day 25

Tom has stopped screaming. When leaving the house for worship time I can see him walking in the crowd as if he were dead inside, just like everyone else.

Day 60

After almost two months in heaven, I only just realised something very strange. Why can’t I talk to God or Jesus? In all of the stories I heard as a kid, Christians in heaven were able to talk and walk with God or Jesus, and ask them all kind of questions. I remember because whenever a kid asked our Sunday school teacher a question, they often replied that they didn’t know, but that the kid should ask God about it when they get to heaven.

I walk out of my house this morning determined to find a way to talk to God. I had a plan, I had purpose. For the first time in heaven, I felt like I was going somewhere. Worship and food time was same old, but instead of returning to my mansion I decided to go back to the worship hall. My reasoning was that God has to go somewhere after worship time, and it is probably somewhere around the worship hall. I get there and find the field in front of the worship hall completely deserted save for two people. The closer I get to these two people the more I realised that they weren’t like me. They had wings, and they actually had faces. Strangely, they also had pointy tales. I don’t remember anything in the Bible about tales.

I get close enough to ask them a question “Hey guys, I’m just wondering if you could help me out for a second.”

One of the strangers turns to me, “sure thing, what’s your problem?”

“First of all, who are you two and how come you have faces and wings?”

“We’re angels Seth, our function is to serve God and the people in heaven.”

“Oh ok. Tell me, how come you have tails? I don’t remember reading anything about how angels have tails.”

One of the angels looks at me with suspicious eyes, and says “Oh it’s in there. I think it’s in the book of Ecclesiastes.”

I really don’t remember anything about angels having tails in Ecclesiastes, but I decided to give them the benefit of the doubt since they were angels. “Oh ok, well then you should probably be able to help me then. I want to speak to Jesus.”

The two angels laugh at me, “Jesus? You won’t find Jesus here.” They give me this strange smile, laugh again, and then vanish into thin air.

What did they mean by that? Of course Jesus is here; its heaven. I started to feel really depressed. After all of these strange things over the past two months, I just happen to talk to the only two angels in all of heaven who love to play practical jokes on people. I didn’t know what to do, so I decided to sit down and have a rest. I couldn’t help but notice that I could not see one soul around me. It was then that I remembered back to the administrator, and the fourth rule. I got up, raised my hands in the air, and yelled out “SHIIIIIIIIIIIIKA!” as loud as I possibly could. I sat back down in expectation, waiting for someone to come to my aid. No one arrived, however, and I tried screaming it several times before I eventually gave up. I felt so alone.

Day 110

I think I’ve finally figured Heaven out. Its problem is that it’s too perfect. I feel like I’m in a goddamn movie from the 1950s. Everyone is the same. Everyone shares the same values, everyone wants the same things. There’s no ambiguity or moral choice. There is an accepted way to think, to feel, to live, and the environment can’t sustain alternatives. I haven’t written in this journal for two months, and the reason is because there’s been nothing to write *about*. Once you get over the initial weirdness, every day just blends into the other. I could sleepwalk my way through this whole eternity in heaven. In actual fact, heaven reminds me too much of my life before I died.

Today I decided to change all that; it was getting to be too much. At 6:55am I walked out of the front door of my goddamn mansion, on this goddamn street, in this goddamn heaven, and watched as seas of people were walking east towards the worship hall. I turned west, and started walking. For the first time in my life I felt like a rebel, and it was really good. I could tell people were looking at me as I headed west, like a salmon swimming upstream. Instead of going to the worship hall, I went further away. I don’t care where this road would take me, I’d be happy so long as it didn’t lead to the goddamn worship hall.

I love God, I really do, and a part of me still finds it an honour to worship him. I just can't do this anymore. As I marched against the tide, I felt *alive*. It felt like what heaven should feel like all the time. Anyway, I kept going for quite awhile, and eventually there was no more people walking past me to the worship hall. Two angels appear out of nowhere, and look at me strangely. Like the other ones I had met, they had tails. The one on the left started speaking to me in a voice that was high-pitched and fierce. "You there, where do you think you're going? The worship hall is the other way."

I would be lying if I said they did not scare me, but I was resilient. "I know it's the other way, I'm just not going to worship today; to hell with worship."

The angels started to smile, like I just made their day. "Ok, whatever you say. Keep on walking." Then they laughed at me. I'm getting really sick of angels laughing at me. I started to become angry as I said "what? But worshipping isn't supposed to be voluntary, aren't you going to punish me?" This made them laugh even harder, "Punish *you*? Are you really that stupid?" Then they vanished. I had trouble understanding what they meant. Did they think I was stupid because I didn't know that angels don't have the authority to punish born-again Christians?

Whatever the case, it still felt like a victory. I kept on walking in defiance of heaven; in defiance of God. I walked for at least half an hour before I saw it. It was the most horrifying sight I have ever witnessed in my entire life. It utterly ruined me. Before my eyes was the worship hall, standing as tall and as proud as it always has. I now know why the angels were laughing at me; they knew that I'd somehow end up at the worship hall anyway. It made no sense, I was walking away from the worship hall, the road did not bend, and yet I arrived at the worship hall.

Seeing that behemoth of a building was absolute torture. Rage filled inside me as I stood there, not quite sure what to do next. One of the angels appeared beside me again, still laughing his goddamn head off. His laugh infuriated me. I have never hated someone so much in my life as that angel. I took it upon myself to choke the life out of him. On earth no one had considered me a violent man, but that is only because no one had annoyed me this much. I turn towards the angel and extend my arms out menacingly. Surprisingly, in this split second he does not recoil or stop laughing. My brain tells my hands to wrap themselves around this angel's neck and squeeze until there is blood coming out of his eyes. But they don't. Instead, my arms take it upon themselves to wrap themselves around the angel's body, and my legs step forward for an embrace. I wanted to kill this angel, but my body hugged him.

My body isn't even my own anymore. If I had known that this heavenly body would not follow my orders all of the time, I would not have agreed to the exchange. The angel never stops laughing as I withdraw from the hug and walk away. I became resigned to my fate, entered the worship hall, and worshipped.

Day 364

In six days it will be my first anniversary in heaven. How many more years to go? Infinity, you say? Kill me now.

This afternoon I had a bright idea. I was thinking about my experiences in heaven, and I remembered when Tom, my next door neighbour, went insane. I had just met Jane Robinson when her husband came back from a very long hike. He screamed and writhed in pain as he returned. Jane tells me before the hike Tom wasn't insane at all, just depressed and non-responsive. What happened to Tom on that hike that made him go insane? I felt curious, and I haven't felt curious about something in a very long time.

My bright idea was that I would go on my own hike. I'd walk through the back door of my mansion, chase the horizon, and don't stop until something happens. Jane says that Tom was gone for eight days. Walking for eight days with nothing interesting around you sounds excruciatingly boring, but at least I would have a goal. I'd be progressing somewhere, and that is more than I have in this goddamn mansion. At 5pm I set out.

Day 385

I've finally stopped screaming. What I saw and heard on that hike sent me into an anger that could only be expressed with two weeks of insanity. My eyes have been opened. Everything is now so clear. I wish I never went on the hike; all it did was confirm what has been in the back of my mind for awhile now. I should probably recount what happened, even though it all seems meaningless now.

Walking for four days in heaven isn't as tiring as it sounds. I don't think I can even get tired in this place. I walked and walked and walked until I finally reached the end of heaven. It was quite a peculiar sight, the grass and sky just *stopped*, and the only thing that was beyond it was blackness. It was like seeing the edge of the universe. I tried to walk into the blackness before I noticed something appear a few metres away from me. It was a lamb. I actually felt excited for once, I thought I was looking at the Lamb of God. I was finally given a chance to speak to Jesus after all this time!

Before I could say anything, the Lamb spoke to me. "Hi Seth, I know why you're here."

"Jesus!" I said, "Why haven't I been able to speak to you until now?" The lamb showed no expression, it just stared at me blankly. "Seth, I am not Jesus."

The revelation wasn't actually that surprising. After all of the things that have happened, being disappointed in heaven stopped surprising me. I let out a big sigh, wondering if this nightmare is ever going to end. "Who are you then, just a regular talking lamb?"

The lamb smiled at me. It might sound strange, but the smile looked evil. "They call me Satan. You're in hell Seth, are you enjoying it?"

It hit me like a ton of bricks. I was expecting bad news, but not this. I started hoping that this was just some kind of practical joke, I grasped for straws in my mind to try and disprove the idea that I was in hell. "But hell is a lake of fire, with demons and pitchforks. It's in the bible! The bible says it is a lake of fire, so how can this be hell?" I was so pathetic I actually believed that this reasoning refuted the notion.

The lamb's evil smile grew even wider. "Well, that was the original plan, but we all agreed that this would actually work better."

I walked back, consumed with feelings of meaninglessness, depression, and agony. I screamed the entire time. I just couldn't stop screaming. My mind has been shattered. I've been sent to hell for all of eternity. Where is my God when I need him? I was such a good Christian, I prayed, read the Bible, converted the lost, preached in church, and had devotions every day. What *was* all of that? Was it all meaningless? I now realise that my whole life was meaningless, and now I'm going to spend forever in hell.

I kept screaming and yelling gibberish when I reached my house. In a few days I got to the point where I had one to two minute pauses between the screaming, and in those few lucid minutes I decided to kill myself. I wasn't sure how I'd do it, but I improvised the best I could. I climbed to the roof of my mansion, and walked to the side of the roof. There was only a couple of metres distance between this side of the mansion and the fence that linked my house with the Robinsons. The fence had sharp tips, enough to impale a man. I jumped off the roof and positioned my stomach to land right on a fence post. I timed it right, but the fence post failed to pierce my skin. I just bounced off it like rubber. This place truly is hell.

Day 400

Today I decided to walk down the path of enlightenment. There were a few other tortured souls with me. Our bodies are immaculate, but our minds are broken. I walked to the place where it all started. There was about one hundred others there with me, all wandering around the aura of light where new people are spewed out into this hell. How could God do this to me?

I hovered there for a few hours when someone new appeared from the aura of light. It was a new person. He looked so damn happy. I can't blame him, I can remember back to how happy I was during my first day in hell. I walked up to him, as did the other hundred or so people also here. We formed a circle around him. He slipped and fell on the gold paved road, and as he was getting up someone started pointing at him. He looked confused, but still really excited. We stared silently for a few seconds before laughing manically at him. We were laughing at how he is about to learn, the hard way as everyone else did, that he is in hell.

By Timothy Neal