

FALL 2023

PRICE: FREE

# CORNELL LUNATICS

# BIG RED

# INFERNO



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# Letter from the Editor

Hello my lovely little hell spawn. You know sometimes, an entire group of people gets dragged to hell like a woman who forgot which envelope contained a cursed button. I haven't even seen the movie I'm referencing, I'm just cultured like that. Anyway, publishing this magazine was kinda like getting dragged to hell. A lot of innocent souls were lost to the allures of horny (like the devil, get it?) jokes and violently funny gags. However, perhaps the greatest sin contained within the magazine is PRIDE. Yes, you heard it here first... The Lunatic is does gay!

In actual seriousness though, I am truly proud of all the effort and struggle that went into fueling this fiery inferno of content. Whether our writers had read Dante's Inferno or not, no one can deny that all of them created a wickedly satirical and down-right inspired (and horny) vision of the afterlife. This semester tortured us all with a difficult transition. We lost about half of our members to graduation and other life-threatening conditions, and internal issues threatened to actually condemn this edition to hell. We pulled it out though, with special contributions from Samara, Danish, Michael, RC, Ayesha, and every member who worked hard to make this dream a reality. Samara in particular has become the shining paladin of the Lunatic ready to banish all demons with a holy Jewish crucifix.

We hope you feel fully immersed in the hellish and Cornellish landscape we've created.

See you in hell,

EIC 2023-2023

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# Hell Haikus

by C.R. Idols

Their angelic ringing  
FUCK, that was six syllables  
I'm going to hell

Burning agony  
Screams harmonize in the air  
At least they have tea

Hell hell hell hell hell  
Hell hell hell hell hell hell hell  
Hell hell hell hell hell

I jeked so strongly  
Gooned with such vivaciousness  
I have my own room!

All the alarm clocks  
Blasting IOS radar

A hell of a time.

There was a mix-up  
Hell's government too eggy  
Now Hellman's Mayor.

The circle of lust:  
Cum hell—there's no high water  
To drown in ardor.

Snow on Mount Fuji?  
Only in the basement here  
Judas loves cocaine.

Hell's freezing over  
The heating costs way too much  
God won't subsidize.



# Hitchhiker's Guide to Hell: The Welcome Tour

Well, I guess you must not have had your way in life, so now it's time for the afterlife to have its way with you. You may not have any experience with this kind of rawdogging yet, but I can give you the next best thing: [REDACTED] advice. Here is everything you need to know about Hell:

- 1) Sweet Home Alabama plays every time someone commits incest. It will play for the duration of the intercourse, and the closer you are to the source, the louder you will hear it.
- 2) The yellow snow is clean and perfectly safe, trust me. It's the white snow you have to watch out for.
- 3) If you're looking for a good time, the lust ring's honestly overrated. The real freaks are in the wrath and gluttony rings. Those guys make Mike Tyson interviews look tame, and they'll make you cum in ways you never even knew existed.
- 4) If you've got a scat fetish, we've got just the thing. Just find the flatterers and compliment them endlessly, they'll take you to the promised land.
- 5) Be careful who you do the deed with, especially in the lust ring. You won't hear Sweet Home Alabama if you guess wrong, but everyone else will, and they'll all hear exactly how long you last.
- 6) We keep all the good drugs in the sloth ring. Those dumbass pride ringers think they've got the strong shit, it's hilarious really. "Wake and bake", those fuckin pricks, they don't even know what high is.
- 7) Every single man in the pride ring is legally required to beat off to Vegeta at least once per hour. We realize that not everyone has watched DBZ, or even been alive during its existence. As such, access to the manga and anime are both compulsory in this ring, as is the lube.
- 8) Only use lube from the pride ring in the pride ring. A bunch of guys from the lust ring kept stealing it, so now if you use it anywhere else it makes your dick fall off. DO NOT TEST THIS, Freud found out the hard way and his mom gave him so much shit that he left her for another woman.
- 9) After people found out what happened, we thought it would be funny to put Sigmund Freud in the envy ring... it just felt right.
- 10) People who steal in Hell get various limbs and orifices transformed into animal parts. A few people from the lust ring realized this and proceeded to steal as much as humanly possible, transforming themselves into salacious amalgamations of all the sexiest animals. The first among them was the famous Chimera, who is worshiped in all 9 circles to this day second only to Satan himself. Others like the gryphon and chupacabra soon followed, inspired by His illustrious design.
- 11) Almost overnight, the lust ring set up a nightclub where workers and visitors alike stole copious amounts of the good stuff from Sloth. Their reputation spread fast, but it wasn't long before the wrath and gluttony rings caught on and followed suit. With BDSM and vore thrown into the mix, the lust ring had some stiff competition.
- 12) Each desperate to claim the title of freakiest ring, the 3 rings held a legendary orgy in limbo that lasted over a year. It was a hard fought battle on all sides, but what really matters is they all came together in the end. Wrath kept their BDSM, Gluttony kept their vore, and nobody kept their innocence. And that, my friends, is why the real freaks are found outside the lust ring.
- 13) It was me, it was me all along. I told those guys from Lust how to do that, and I've been reaping the benefits ever since. I've always wondered what it feels like to get [REDACTED] all while [REDACTED] but I don't have to wonder anymore. I never have to wonder again.
- 14) Just weeks after all of this occurred, Hell installed new songs to its soundtrack alongside Sweet Home Alabama. These include, but are far from limited to: What's Your Fantasy, No Cock Like Horse Cock, Stacy's Mom, A Little Piece of Heaven, Hot for Teacher, I Wanna Be Your Slave, Tommy the Cat, and Jizz in My Pants. Due to the activities of Hell's 3 best rings, these songs are now on permanent shuffle.
- 15) Limbo is just a large white room, that is all. If anyone says the walls used to be blue, don't listen to them, they're just messing with you. I bet they also told you those walls taste horrible, didn't they? Told you I was a manipulative creep? Yeah, Hell's filled with guys like that, kid, and believe me, you don't want anything to do with them. Just stick with yours truly and everything will turn out fine.

As Billy Joel once said, "the sinners are much more fun", and from one sinner to another, you've got an eternity of fun ahead of you. So keep your chin up, your pants down, and your mind FUBAR. We've only just begun to live, my friend.

# Taking a Walk Down Sesame Street

By Ryder Richards

## Entry 1

I finally did it. I found the entrance to Hell.

My therapist, Dr. Pepper PhD, always warned me that my quest was impossible. She assured me I would be better off just waiting a while, but I'd be damned (more) if some weeb with a masters in psychotherapy was going to stop me from finding my long-lost lover, Lucifer. Dr. Pepper's degree is only from Columbia, anyways.

There's too much to explain right now, but my frenzied work (watching every season of Sesame Street on enough Adderall to kill 13 fully-grown male African elephants) has brought me here, to the backstage of the Sesame Street set. I've found the only door and with the help of some C4—the energy drink, I don't have those kinds of resources—breached it with my cranium. Turns out it was also unlocked. I now stare down a long dark stairwell to sweet, sweet Satanic sexy time.

## Entry 2

There is no chance in Hell that was the correct door—this place has me worried the Lorax is going to pop out at any moment. Everything is brightly colored, there's fluffy trees everywhere, and everybody seems happy. I mean I think this is—

*\*Garbled gibberish becoming louder in the background\**

Ryder: Wait, that's Abby Cadabby speaking in her signature butterfly! Here she comes.

Abby: Hi there stranger! Welcome to the Circle of Limbo! Can I help you?

Ryder: Is there any chance you could tell me where—actually, what's going on here?

Abby: Well, nobody here really did anything wrong, we're just not Catholic so we wound up here in Hell. What about you?

Ryder: Well, I mean I think I got confirmed when I was younger and—

Abby: Get the fuck out.

## Entry 3

Ryder: Sheesh, that seemed a little harsh.

*\*Resounding laughter from afar\**

Ryder: I'd recognize that vaguely Eastern-European cackle anywhere—it's the Count. There he is...with a throng of naked people surrounding him?

Count: 3 ha ha ha...4 ha ha ha...

Ryder: Is he just saying numbers when people walk up in front of him? Oh shit, there's world-famous and beloved Cornell alumnus Bill Nye!

Count: 68 ha ha ha...aw...

Ryder: Damn, he almost said a funny number. Maybe I'll go up to him and see if I can figure out what this is about.

Count: Zero.

Ryder: Fuck. Those were body counts and this is the Circle of Lust.

## Entry 4

Ryder: Hell is not living up to my wildest masochistic dreams, and I've only found the B-List Sesame Street residents. Can someone please show me—

Cookie Monster: Now what starts with the letter C? C-c-cookie starts with C. Let's think of other things that starts with C. C-c-crack! C-c-crack starts with C and that's good enough for me! Omnomnomnomnom—hey you!

Ryder: You talking to me?

Cookie Monster: Of c-c-course I am. Now, you see, I haven't been on the Sesame Street ever since they made me eat vegetables, and I was wondering

*\*feverishly scratches arm\**

if you have any of that flour on you? I need to bake some cookies right now.

Ryder: Circle of Gluttony, understood.

## Entry 5

Ryder: Hell is getting weird. I just want to find my devil daddy. Maybe this one will know something. Wait—is that Elmo or another red, furry, anthropomorphic puppet sprawled out like Kate Winslet demanding I draw them like a French girl and also tickle them? Wh-what are they laying on top of? Is that just a massive pile of old crayons and dead goldfish?

Elmo: Are you talking about Elmo? You better keep Elmo's name out of your mouth. Elmo owns you—Elmo owns everything.

Ryder: So Circle of Greed, then. I'm just visiting, I'll keep moving now.

Elmo: Damn straight. This is Elmo's World, motherfucker.

## Entry 6

Ryder: Alright, considering the obscene amount of garbage I'm wading through, Oscar the Grouch has to be somewhere in here.

Oscar: So he is.

Ryder: Do you know where Satan's at?

Oscar: See, nobody ever wants to see Oscar. It's always: where's the

# COOKIES



devil? You know where Lucifer's at? Can you tell me where to find the Devil? It's never: what's going on with the garbage guy? It just makes me so...so...

*\*Thunderous crashing as he beats a trash can with a crowbar\**

Ryder: So why are you here, then?

Oscar: Why do you think? Because anger management is my specialty and I'm a counselor to every other grouch here in the Circle of Wrath.

Ryder: Dutifully noted.

## Entry 7

Ryder: I honestly had no idea Hell would be this hostile.

*\*Crack of a whip in the distance\**

Ryder: I swear it never ends. Holy shit, is that Big Bir—

Big Bird: None of you believed it, did you? *\*Whip crack\** None of you thought Snuffy was real for all those years, told me I was batshit. Well, who's batshit now?

*\*Whip crack and lamentations of the people\**

Snuffleupagus: Okaaaay Bird, I think they might get the point now.

It was only a little Heresy, after all. They probably feel bad about it.

Big Bird: But Snuffy, I thirst for the violence. Merging the Circles of Heresy and Violence has been fantastic for me; I have become the arbiter of justice for all of Hell. Your wish is my command, though, my lord.

Ryder: Weird question: can I have that whip? I think I might need it for tonight—uh, my safety.

## Entry 8

Ryder: Alright, hopefully we're through with that. Seems like I'm in for a treat with this one.

*\*Generic old man harrumphing\**

Statler: Well at least I've got my name on the premiere Hotel School in the country.

Waldorf: But it's at Cornell!

Statler: Touché.

*\*Hysterical laughter\**

Ryder: You guys aren't on Sesame Street, what are you doing here in Hell?

Waldorf: Asked and answered; Circle of Fraud.

Statler: We tried to sneak onto Sesame Street one time, but as it turns out, being a puppet with a hand up your ass isn't enough these days in Joe Biden's America. It's either that or the tens of millions of dollars in unreported revenue that the IRS never found out about. I'm not sure, though.

### Entry 9

Ryder: I'm getting tired as Hell of, well, Hell—I just want my super sexy Satan.

*\*A figure emerges from the corner\**

Bert: So you want to meet the Big Guy, huh?

Ryder: Oh finally, someone that can help me. Yeah, that'd be great.

Bert: No problem, follow me.

### Entry 10

Bert: My lord, I've delivered you a fresh one; return mine.

*\*Spinning of a chair\**

Kermit: So be it. Let him loose.

*\*Muffled cries of joy as Ernie, wearing a blonde wig and pig nose, is untied in the corner by a Sesame Street child henchman\**

Ryder: What the fuck, you're trading me in?

Ernie: We are quite literally down here for betrayal. Ever since we denied our love for decades on television and sold American state secrets to the Viet Cong enabling them to launch the Tet Offensive, we've been sentenced to this Circle of Treachery.

Ryder: I knew it—all those Reddit threads told me your homosexuality wasn't canon, but who sounds stupid and unhinged now?!

### Entry 11

Kermit: So, you're my new piggie, huh? Let's give these a try. Maybe we'll finally find the Rainbow Connection.

*\*Puts wig and pig nose on\**

Ryder: It's finally happening...

*\*From the distance, a shout is heard\**

Count: One! ha ha ha...





# New Quad Art Installation Unveiled: The Everlasting Flaming Hellscape

By Dav Crescent

Last Thursday, Cornellians woke up to find every square inch of the Arts Quad on fire.

For the first day, no one thought much of it, chalking it up as the work of yet another run-of-the-mill arsonist that was simply too tired to walk all the way to Ganędago. Though the Arts Quad was essentially off limits to cross, it wasn't very much worse than any of the frequent construction projects Cornell had going on. It wasn't until the Ithaca Fire Department tried and failed to put out the fires that students really began to take notice.

For starters, there are performers dressed up as demons, pitchforks and all, prancing around in a pseudo-synchronized motion around the quad. Other actors can be seen tied up in rope, screaming as the aforementioned pitchforks are repeatedly rammed into them (probably done with the use of retractable points, with fake blood bags to sell the effect, but a magician never reveals their secrets!). Though the performance is certainly striking, and emotionally impactful in many ways, Cornellians are left scratching their heads over what exactly the message is that's being conveyed.

*"I think it's a bit of an angsty exaggerated representation of life on the Cornell campus," theorizes Cornell freshman Christian Brown. "Like, take that one big dude perpetually pushing a boulder up a ramp, over there by the far corner of the quad. That's exactly how I feel walking up the Slope."*

*"It can be interpreted as a call to action regarding climate change, portrayed with an ironic religious metaphor," suggests Prof. Clayton Dayton, Classics, "ironic in the sense that, it, like, it.. It's- you can- you- hm. It's like- Dude, I don't fucking know. I'm just bullshitting here."*

*"Whatever the case may be," Ryan Lombardi announces, "I can assure you that Cornell is doing all that it can to get through these unprecedented times. By that, I mean it's not going to do much of anything."*

*"I think it looks like SHIT!" exclaims Cornell senior Robert Rennie Atterbury III, before high-fiving his friend(?) Phillip Rennie Atterbury III and strutting off in a really cool way. "Yeah, SHIT!" adds Phillip thoughtfully.*

The two were later found acting out the roles of pillars of salt just outside the usual bounds of art installation, posed to appear as if they're looking back in shock at the hellish destruction going on. They did not respond to further questions.

*"It's pretty cool." says visiting tourist Notta Daemon.*

From the hours of 5pm to 6pm, Martha Pollack can be seen casually roaming the Arts Quad, occasionally stopping to pet a demon or two, or to retie the knots holding Ryan Lombardi up to a flaming whipping post. A Ronald Reagan impersonator can also be seen at night, lecturing Econ alums from centuries past.

For the time being, it seems like this performance art installation is here to stay. Students are advised to take detours and avoid the Arts Quad until the piece is taken down. Reporters are also advised to stop coming to campus, making a beeline for the Quad, and immediately burning to a crisp in the flames.

**UPDATE:** A new dining hall has been opened in the middle of the art piece, sponsored by celebrity chef Gordon Ramsay. Initial reviews of the dining hall have been glowing; multiple students have claimed it as "better than Okenshields", although Prof. Dayton has slammed these reviews for being misleading, "only said to bandwagon on a common sentiment and feel as if one is a part of a community of like-minded people with very little effort on their part". Almost everyone that has dined at this place later complained of losing all feeling in their mouth, possibly because their taste buds have completely melted off from the heat of the food.

# Heaven is a place in Hell 🍌 😊 🔥 (3 day magical Inferno travel vlog)!!!!!!

[CC transcript]

Hello my wondrous stunning lovelies, welcome back to my channel, *Dream Heart Vacation Fantasy Exploits (The Fun Kind, Not Like Exploitation of Children for Sure)*, I'm so excited to share with you guys all the unbelievable footage from my three day glorious getaway in the depths of Hell with my nine wonderful kids. You all know we've been looking for a new awesome spot to vacay in ever since I got kicked out of Disneyland for screaming at other people's toddlers, like sorry but my own needed a break LOL! Anyway, I won't disclose whether I've been paid to come to Hell and leave a good review, but let's just say this little mama *miight* have found her new home away from home. I won't bore you guys anymore with this intro, so let's just jump right into Hell!

So, all of us pulled up to the gates in our three SUV's lashed together with bungee cords, and there was this cute little message above the bars. I didn't really read it, but my fifth youngest Shannalynndee loved it so much that she only threw a few cups of assorted puddings at it (we're making great progress with her irrational hatred of written words). Most of my little terrors had climbed over the gates and plopped right onto the other side before I could push them open with my SUV train, but beyond the gates there was a sweet little entrance pavilion with a flume ride right into the main park! I love it when these destinations pay attention to the little details. The operator of the ride even took the initiative to exercise some corporal punishment on my kids for me, so this place obviously knows how to take care of the parents. The ride led into this place called limbo, which i'm gonna be honest was a little boring compared to what was next to come, but there were some rich-looking men hanging around who seemed like they would have been pretty good about paying child support, so I made a mental note at the time to look into coming back later (who knows, there may be a tenth little traveler in the works as we speak)!

After moving on from limbo we headed into the first main attraction - Lust. I was a little wary of this place on account of my most youngest, Scuba Diva, but I've heard this part of the park is really popular with the creepy adult male demographic who watches my family vlogs, so I knew I had to check it out for you guys. Plus, my least youngest, Jackson Jeffrey Jamie Jeremy Jason Jackson, was really excited to look around (you know how teenage boys are) and as a *#boymom* who also has seven daughters, I just couldn't let him down. At the risk of getting demonetized, I won't go into too much detail about this area, but I will say all my kids really enjoyed the part where they got to fly around like birds for some reason.

Next up was Gluttony. Now, you guys know my third youngest, Tommothée Chalamolland, is a cute little fluffy chunky disgusting pig of a boy, so of course he was super excited to shove his face full of garbage! The food was really expensive, but that's to be expected in places like these, and to be honest it was *sooooo* worth it.

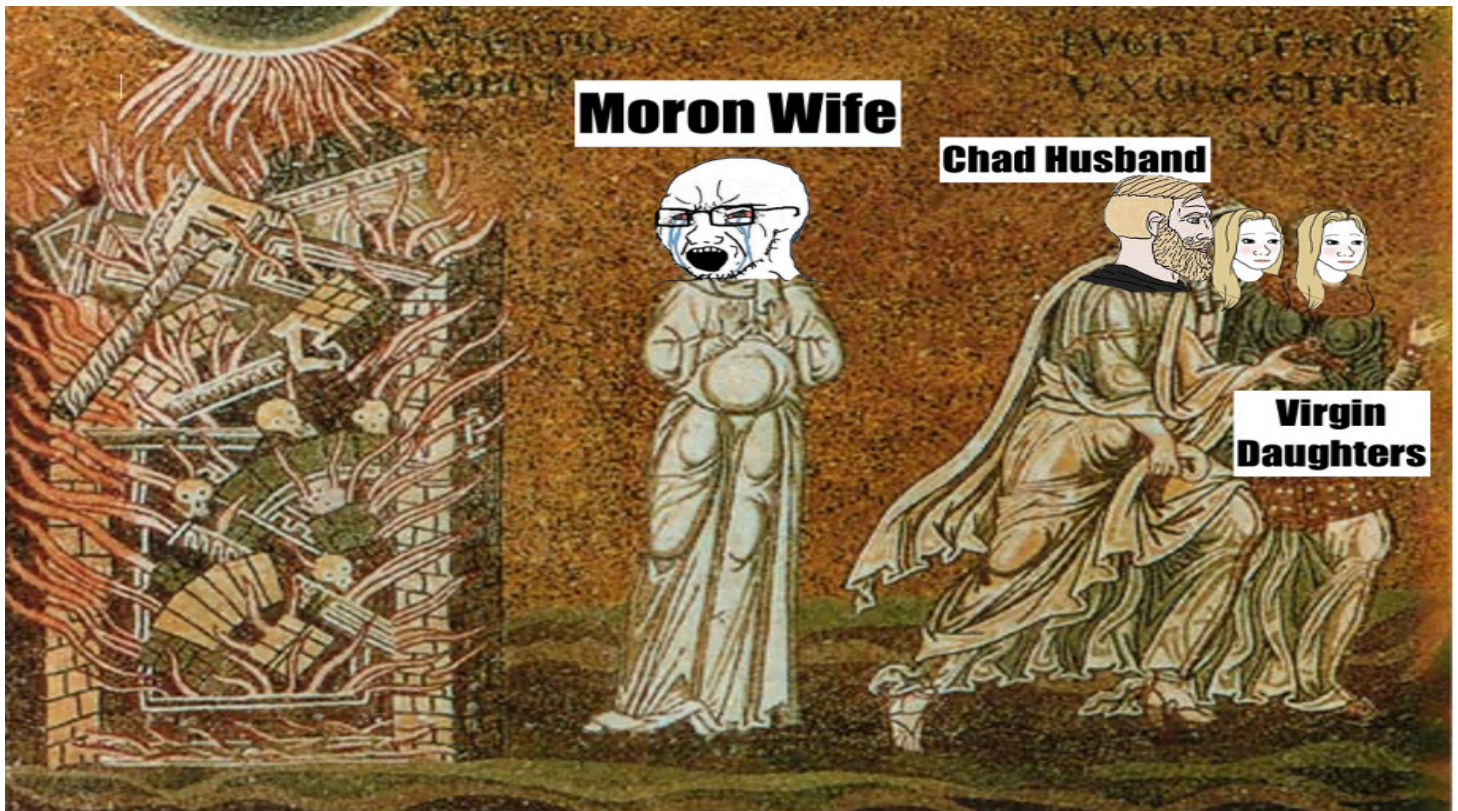
Most of my kiddos enjoyed Greed on account of their issues with shoplifting, but by the time we got to Wrath I started to feel a little down because I just knew my sixth youngest, Paisleigh Plaid, would have really enjoyed it. You eagle-eyed viewers have probably noticed that Paisleigh hasn't been in the background of any of these shots. I just wanna let you know that since my last upload, she has been detained in juvenile prison. I won't get into the details now, but keep your eyes on this channel for a full vlog of her court hearing!

My second youngest, McKyCalyaleigh, *looooooooooooooooooooooves* heresy so she was thrilled to just spend hours and hours profaning the name of the lord in the Heresy circle. Practically had to drag her by her feet out of the flaming sepulcher!

We breezed right through the violence circle because we couldn't be late to meet up with my second husband in the Fraud circle. I know a lot of you guys still leave some really mean comments about him since we found out he'd been lying about his identity as a sensitive vegetarian with amnesia and was actually just an escaped convict, but for the sake of my seventh youngest, Ckarrot, i've been trying to keep things amicable.

My kids and I all went ice skating in the depth of the treachery circle afterwards, although it wasn't real ice, just one of those plastic sheets covered in lube. Then we managed to swing a personal meeting with the big man himself. I have to say I never thought a small independent YouTuber with 14 million subscribers like me would get so much recognition and special treatment, I mean it felt like going to Disney World and getting a private tour from Walt when we walked into the devil's office. We didn't stay long because he was eating something but he told me how much he loved my channel and said he'd be honored to have me visit again someday. I mean what a gentleman!

Anyway, that's all for my magical excursion through hell, tune in next time where I'll be traveling all the way to Japan and exploring some really cool forests. Bye Beauties!



## AITA for using my wife as seasoning?

My wife (29F) and I (63M) were moving away from our hometown (neighborhood was going to shit, landlord told us we should leave) with our two daughters (14F) and (15F). The mood was already kinda tense that day. I mean, we could hear meteors rain down from the heavens behind us, all the people we knew from our city were burning alive, and I had just called my wife a moron (in a loving way) for worrying about whether she'd left the stove on. Plus, she was kinda pissed at me for offering our daughters to a depraved mob the night before. I thought we were starting to simmer down though--, i mean surviving God's punishment could have been a great bonding opportunity for us as a family. Anyway, i had just reminded the moron for the fifth time that God had told us not to look back at the flaming cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. And what does my wife (haha borat) do? She's like "Oh but the stove and all the dead bodies and everyone i knew. Or maybe she just wanted to take a selfie! And then she looks back and BOOM, pillar of salt! Now naturally, my daughters and i were very upset that i was now married to salt. I mean think about all the lube you're gonna need to make that work in the bedroom. But hey, we were in the desert. You sweat a lot there you know, especially with a raging inferno at our backs, and i was face to face with a perfect, wife-shaped way to keep my electrolytes up. So i scraped some wife crystals into a jar and ate them on my steak later. (was delicious, also made a salt lamp. )Sue me! I don't even think my daughters minded, in fact they were looking at me very intently that night while i ate, almost like they had a big surprise planned or something.

TLDR - am i the asshole for eating my salt wife in front of my hot daughters. I don't think God minded. Don't be salty you guys

Update - just ran out of salt (ex wife remarried) My daughters are pregnant. I really hit salt rock bottom.

↑ 0 ↓

Sort By: Best

u/whatifgodwasoneofus · 6000 years ago

NTA. Your wife had it coming like that bitch Eve.

↑ 1 ↓

u/Velmatarian · 6000 years ago

YTA. Wife salt is not vegan

↑ -1 ↓

# Kitchen Nightmares - Blood, Guts, And Glory

Tonight... on Kitchen Nightmares.

Gordon - "I'm here in Hell's Kitchen, in the heart of the Gluttony side of Hell. Its most well-known restaurant? Blood, Guts, and Glory, boasting a manic bloodlusted experience like no other. The trip here was absolutely fucking mental, though. I mean, seriously, shedding my mortal coils just to enter Hell? Can't exactly say I agree with their foreign policies here. Not exactly fond of paying an arm and a leg... And another arm, and another leg, and a head, and a torso... And another arm... Just to get here. It better be the best damn food I've ever tasted, or I'll finally fucking do it this time."

*Gordon Ramsay steps through the door to Blood, Guts, and Glory.*

Gordon - "Fucking hell, that door opens loudly. Are those... The screams of tortured souls??"

*Gordon Ramsay is immediately approached by the manager of the establishment, sporting a dapper pinstripe suit, a pencil-thin mustache, and a strangely out-of-place top hat.*

Lucifer - "Door-souls. They open the doors to the establishment for you; just a bit of high-class flair we like to add to our humble restaurant."

Gordon - "And how much are they getting paid?"

Lucifer extends his bony hand out for a handshake.

Lucifer - "The name's Lucifer, though I'm sure you know that already. It's fancy seeing you here, chef Ramsay; I have been expecting your appearance. Please, take a seat."

*Lucifer points to an electric chair in a far dusty corner of the room.*

Gordon - "Fuck me."

*A few hours later, chef Ramsay turns to the camera.*

Gordon - "So, uh... As of right now I've been waiting for my food to arrive for... Three hours. Absolutely fucking horrendous. I mean, just look at the flesh and rats along the floor here, too. There's cheap fucking plastic plates hanging on the walls, one of them's even covering up a damn scorch mark. Is this seriously what passes for "decoration" nowadays? No one here gives a single shit about this place, that's for sure. And the staff is somehow worse than these vermin! Just a few minutes ago one of the waiters sneered at me, then coughed on me, pulled some snot out of his nose, rubbed it on me, then dragged me out of my chair and began beating the shit out of me. I swear, I'm this close to losing it. I think they can salvage it, though."

*The appetizer eventually arrives, served in the bubbling frothy mouth of an enthusiastic hellbound.*

Gordon - "Oh my fucking god. Absolutely disgusting. Disgusting! What the hell am I even looking at?? It's some fuckin'... Thing, covered in gold leaf. A shitty fancy restaurant cliché is what this is. It's like King Midas took a big shit straight in a dog's fucking mouth!"

*Chef Ramsay unwraps the gold foil, revealing more gold foil.*

*Removing that gold foil removes more gold. Ramsay continues peeling back more layers until nothing is left.*

Gordon - "What the fuck?!"

Lucifer - "Ah, yes. That's a treat courtesy of the Greed department."

Gordon - "Fuckin' hell."

*The actual main course doesn't arrive for yet another hour, and by this point, chef Ramsay has lost all joy. He decides to go to the kitchen to check things out.*

Gordon - "Jesus fucking christ-"

Lucifer - "Please don't say His name."

Gordon - "Oh, piss off. You there, ma'am, with the apron. What the hell is this?"

*Chef Ramsay points to a big barrel full of dismembered human limbs.*

Intern Chef - "Ah- um, well you see, that's miscellaneous meat filling. You see, we have-"

Gordon - "Stop fucking yapping, you donkey, and tell me what the fuck this is for."

Intern Chef - "It's... Um, it's an idiot sandwich."

Gordon - "...Hm. Wow. I can get behind that, actually. Am I getting served that?"

Intern Chef - "No."

Gordon - "Fuck me."

Intern Chef - "Oh, well, if you say so."

Lucifer - "Ooh, yikes. Forgot to mention. I hired this succubus from the Lust zone. You might be here a while."

*Fade to black.*

*A disheveled and slightly dazed Chef Ramsay sits back down at his table, looking furiously at Lucifer.*

Gordon - "Lucifer, buddy. I'm on my last fucking nerve here. What kind of shitshow do you think you're running?"

Lucifer - "The best kind. Now shut up, the food's coming. Stuff yourself silly."

*Several ancient chained-up spirits deliver chef Ramsay his dishes, served on the spinal discs of tortured giants. The "Glutton's Delight", as is known in the restaurant, consists of the following:*

*Two deviled eggs.*

*A deviled ham.*

*A devil's food cake-*

Gordon - "Are these all just fucking devil puns?"

Lucifer - "Keep looking, there's more."

*A whole sacrificial lamb.*

*A plate of fentanyl.*

Gordon - "...Fucking Fentanyl? Why?"

Lucifer - "The bitches in hell always come back for it, and coming back means more money. Will you stop asking me dumb questions?"

Gordon - "Well, I'm a bitch in hell, and I hate it! Look at how much of this shit you sprinkled onto the plate, you fucking Godfather wannabe! How can you comfortably call this fine dining when you have your patrons too drugged out of their minds to appreciate anything? This makes me fenta-ill is what this is! It looks like they fucking drug it out of the garbage! Fentanyl, more like!"

*The jokes go on for another 10 minutes, to pad out the episode's runtime. Chef Ramsay eventually simmers back down. His definition of simmering down, at least.*

Gordon - "A restaurant is best judged through how they prepare their lambs. After the fucking travesty I've seen today, this better save all your fat fucking arses."

*Chef Ramsay rips a chunk off of one of the lamb's legs, hoping to slather it in some delicious lamb sau-*

Gordon - "No... It... It can't be..."

*But there was nothing there.*

Gordon - "...Where..."

Lucifer's face goes full pale.

Gordon - "WHERE'S THE-"

*[The last 15 minutes are not fit for public taping.]*

*Gordon Ramsay ends the episode by walking out of the restaurant, steam literally bellowing from his ears like some sort of freak medical inflammation. The place closes down, permanently, 5 minutes later.*

Next week... On Kitchen Nightmares:

*>Gordon Ramsay goes to Christ Family Diner in Heaven, and is served fish, bread, wine, a cheese platter, a ham sandwich with a toothpick olive, and a feisty try-it-if-you-dare meal of just straight up mayonnaise. It's disgustingly White.*

*>Gordon Ramsay goes to a 7-dimensional restaurant in an eldritch afterlife for aliens with incomprehensible moral systems, and has his mind flayed and served back to him by himself.*

*>Gordon Ramsay goes to the Middle Of Nowhere in Purgatory, and is never served his food.*



# Ask Azazel: How to Use Your Horns in the Bedroom

*Afterlife Council Memo #60,000,000,001*

**Lucifer:** All right, everyone, thank you for—are we recording? [pause] JC, are we no, I'm asking are—[laughs] oh, it's been on this whole time? Of course. Thank God it's Friday, guys.

**Jesus:** Oh, you're welcome.

**Lucifer:** [Pause] Oh! You got me, man! Man, you're such a prankster. You get me every time. Love you like a brother, man.

**Jesus:** Love you, man.

**Lucifer:** Ok, so thank you all for being here today. I know this has been a really busy week—[laughs] I mean, what is going on down there in Earth? Forest fire or something? Anyway, today we need to have some important conversations regarding the direction of heaven and hell, how we can fine-tune these systems, all of that stuff. So, first of all, I wanted to raise this question for the social committee: how are we feeling about the Christmas party?

**Jesus:** Wait, wait—no spoilers!

**Lucifer:** Oh, yeah! Wait—leave and we'll call you back in when we're done, buddy.

**Jesus:** Love you, man.

[Jesus exits]

**Santa:** So, if I can speak for the group, I feel like we've got a pretty good handle on the invites, but my only thing is that some of us are wondering if the Grinch is gonna be there...

**Sugarplum Fairy:** I thought we established that he had an open invite as long as he brought the champagne.

**Santa:** —Ok, well, you're just saying that because you're screwing him—

**Sugarplum Fairy:** —I don't see how that's relevant, actually—

**Santa:** —It's like if I asked you, "can I invite The Rat King to your Nutcracker Performance next month?"

**Sugarplum Fairy:** Yeah, well, you couldn't do that because he dumped you.

**Santa:** Well, it was mutual.

**Sugarplum Fairy:** That's not what I heard.

**Lucifer:** Guys, guys, I-I was more referring to budgeting, invites, venues—do we have a catering menu yet?

**Sugarplum Fairy:** Oh, yes! I'm taking care of all of that. No worries!

**Lucifer:** So that takes care of heaven. What about hell?

**Lori Laughlin:** Well, for us down unda, we're gonna be doing some festive reds and greens. So for beverages, we have a choice of

either pig's blood or bile. Oh, and we're going to have, like, fucked up candy canes.

**Santa:** Fucked up how?

**Lori:** Like, they'll look like normal candy canes, but they'll be coated in hydrofluoric acid.

**Lucifer:** That's a great idea! Thanks, Lor. Glad to have you here.

**Lori:** Thanks! I cheated my way in.

**Lucifer:** Ah! Good one, Lor. Okay, so seems like you guys have that covered. Next on the agenda: I saw that somebody put a note in the concern form last week regarding rearranging the circles of hell?

[A series of disgruntled sounds from the committee]

**Lucifer:** Now, guys, come on. This is a safe space, remember?

**The Weeknd:** Look, Lu. Every year somebody tries to reinvent the wheel here, and every year we end up deciding that the way we have it is best. Right?

**Napoleon Bonaparte:** I'm sorry, who is this guy?

**Lucifer:** Oh! Right. This is my shadow, everyone! He's here to scope out the neighborhood and see if it's the right eternal resting place for him.

**Nietzsche:** What's he in for?

**Lucifer:** Lots of different things. Having a zany, slightly-misspelled stage name, partaking in an eerie HBO Max series with Lily Rose Depp, too much autotune, being a short man with anger issues...

**Nietzsche:** Jesus Christ! He's a perfect fit!

[Jesus enters]

**Jesus:** Did someone say my name?

**Lucifer:** Oh! Come back in, buddy.

**Jesus:** Thanks, man—Holy shit, is that The Weeknd? He sucks!

**The Weeknd:** Okay, Lu just said this is a safe space.

**Lucifer:** Guys, please make The Weeknd feel welcome. He's going to spend eternity here.

**Jesus:** Damn right, he is! Have you guys seen his weird ass TV show?

**Dante:** We've all seen The fucking Idol, Jesus.

**Lucifer:** Woah. Dante, man, are you good?

**Dante:** Who, me? I'm just fine. Can we get back to breaking down my entire conceptualisation of Hell for the millionth time?

**Lucifer:** Aw, don't be like that, Dante—

**Dante:** I'm not, Lu! Don't touch me! [Sighs] I seriously don't care, alright? Just drop it.

**Lucifer:** All right.

**Dante:** It's like, whatever.

**Lucifer:** Ok, man. [Pause] So...would anyone like to suggest any changes to the different circles?

**Christopher Columbus:** I mean...I'm not the one who wrote that down in the concern form or anything, but I have been feeling for a while like this whole lust circle seems a little counterintuitive to the torturing people thing.

**Lucifer:** Okay, and what do you mean by that?

**Christopher Columbus:** Like, it doesn't really seem fair that some people down here are being dipped in lava by ghouls while they're just doing kinky shit nonstop.

**Lucifer:** I-I mean, it's not like...BDSM, Chris. It's like, torture.

**Christopher Columbus:** Okay, but is it like fun torture or actual torture?

**Lucifer:** I'd say it's actual torture. I-I mean, I'll open it up to the council—would you guys say it's fun or real?

**Medusa:** It's fun.

**Lori:** Yeah, sorry. It's fun.

**Lucifer:** But there's like components that make it bad, right? Doesn't everyone have herpes?

**Napoleon Bonaparte:** Meh. I had herpes on Earth too.

**Lucifer:** Ok, but that's your personal experience...like...lots of people would be super bummed to get herpes.

**Nietzsche:** Lu, if they're in the lust circle, they've seen worse than herpes.

**Lucifer:** But aren't the demons whipping everyone constantly?

**Lori:** Yeah. That's why it's fun though.

**Lucifer:** Fuck.

**Christopher Columbus:** I just feel like if BDSM is on the table, it raises questions regarding equity.

**Joseph Stalin:** A-and if I can just piggyback off of that point, Lu, I'd like to add that the heresy circle feels a little out of date.

**Jesus Christ:** Ok, Mr. Atheist.

**Joseph Stalin:** No, I mean—putting aside my personal disbelief in you...I know we've benefitted from torturing the heretics because of the whole athiest-to-Reddit pipeline, but I just feel like that category isn't suiting us anymore.

**Lucifer:** Joe, I hear you. Do you think we could potentially replace the heresy circle with something else more relevant?

**Joseph Stalin:** I mean...like...maybe a democracy circle.

**Lucifer:** A democracy circle?

**Joseph Stalin:** [quietly] Yeah, like, a circle for people who support democracy.

**Lucifer:** So...you're saying democracy should be a sin worthy of its own circle?

**Joseph Stalin:** It's just an idea, Lu, jeez.

**Lucifer:** Okay...so I see where you're going with that. Let's table that for now—we can always return to what we've tabled, okay?

**Joseph Stalin:** God would've liked it.

**Lucifer:** [Clears throat] Well, God isn't here today, Joe.

**Joseph Stalin:** And isn't that convenient, Lu?

**Lucifer:** Drop it, man.

**Santa:** Um, if I can...uh, pitch in here...I'm still waiting to have more of an active role in the afterlife. I mean, it's weird that even though I'm such an intrinsic part of JC's birthday, the dead never even get to hang out with me.

**Jesus Christ:** Ah...I mean, I wouldn't say 'intrinsic,' since it is my birthday and you're a fictional character—

**Nietzsche:** —Both of you are fictional—

**Santa:**—Well, I have a pretty significant role in Christmas, like, especially for the atheists.

**Jesus Christ:** Well, it's my birthday, man.

**Santa:** No, I'm just saying—it's a pretty secular holiday at this point.

**Lucifer:** Okay, so...we've actually just hit the thirty minute benchmark, so I'm obligated to let everybody go—corporate policy—so thank you all for coming to today's council meeting. Everybody who pitched in, thank you for your advice and suggestions. I will be reaching out with more information in the coming days. Um...Dante, can you hang back for a sec?

**Dante:** I'm really quite busy. You see, I have to unwrite some novels.

**Lucifer:** Man, you know I have to respond to the comments in the concern form, okay? It's not personal.

**Dante:** Whatever, Lu.

**Lucifer:** Look, D. As far as I'm concerned, the circles are fine, okay? Don't stress, man. Hey—are we still on for Eternal Monopoly later?

**Dante:** ...Wait, you mean regular Monopoly?

**Lucifer:** Yeah, regular Monopoly. You in, man?

**Dante:** ...yeah, I'll be there.

**Lucifer:** You're a G.

**Dante:** Tell God he'd better bring his A game.

**Lucifer:** You're on, man.

*[End of memo recording]*

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## I Snuck into Heaven Disguised as a Dog: Here's What I saw

By Mandall Rinmoe

We're all aware of God's greatest decree: "All dogs go to heaven". It's a statement so important that it bears repeating multiple times, to the point where they made an All Dogs Go To Heaven 2 and even an All Dogs christmas special, for some reason. It's also a bit problematic, considering that means infamous dogs such as the Cerberus or even Chase from the paw patrol are guaranteed a seat in heaven, but it's best not to dwell on thoughts like these. God has ordained that all dogs go to heaven, and we must accept this as fact. An eleventh commandment, even. The stone tablets actually did have eleven commandments, but the last one was eaten by a dog. That's besides the point.

So, dogs go to heaven. Cool. The problem? I'm not a dog. And I might have accidentally committed adultery. Like, a whole lot of adultery. I forgot I was married. Needless to say, I'm not going to heaven any time soon.

Or am I?

I mean, think about it. God's pretty high up. We must look like ants to Him. Must be pretty hard to tell what's what from that height, right? Well, I'm sure he wouldn't notice if I just dressed up as a dog and went on walkies up to the Pearly Gates. That is exactly what I did last week, and what I've seen in the days since has been... Well, interesting, to say the least. Let me run you through everything like a border collie through an agility course.

### DAY 1

So, first things first: I had to get myself a convincing dog disguise. Luckily, my friend knows a friend that knows a dog that knows a guy that knows a really high-quality fursuit maker. That guy is me. I know a really high-quality fursuit maker. As you can guess by the highness of the quality, the price is also pretty high. We're talking, like, six thousand nine hundred bucks here. It's a good thing I was planning on dying the next day, so money was the least of my concerns.

The fursuit maker told me he needed several months to get the dog suit ready, but I didn't have several months, so I instead put a gun to his head and got him to finish it in a few hours. I mean, I've already reached Maximum Sin Capacity, so what's another count of aggravated harassment going to do to my divine status?

I must say, though, I'm a bit disappointed by this guy's work. The fursuit was just not high quality at all; it pales in comparison to the one I already had in my closet (I couldn't use that one for reasons of...public sanitation). I reluctantly gave him a 0 star Yelp review, then took the gun off his head and walked off, fursuit in paw.

### DAY 2

I don't remember much of this day. I think I swallowed some special suicide cocktail? Probably. I didn't know how to make one, though, so I just dumped every pill I could find in my house and blended it all up. The hours following that are all a blurry mixture of vomiting and screaming, but I distinctly remember having the best sinuses of my life.

### DAY 3

I woke up to a bright light. It reminded me exactly of the time I was birthèd through my mother's pillowy loins, except this time in reverse. I was entering the Kingdom of Heaven through the universe's cosmic womb.

And yes, I was wearing my dog fursuit. I was really scared that I'd just be completely naked on my way to heaven, assuming clothes and whatnot can't come with me on account of not having a soul. Fortunately, it looks like Death was so confused about what I was that it grabbed me and my fursuit in a full rainbow-colored Doggy package deal. Jackpot.

The line to heaven was 24 hours long. There were 5 toll booths, too, but they didn't take any tolls, so I'm not sure why they were there.

Oh, and did I mention?

Every fucking soul in line was a dog.

### DAY 4

I had to stay awake for the entire 24 hours. I made the mistake of trying to sleep, and learned 2 painful lessons:

A soul cannot sleep.

Everyone will cut you in line.

My patience and eternal insomnia eventually paid off, however, as I got to meet Saint Peter by the Pearly Gates!

...Saint Peter was a dog, too. He was a Saint Bernard. I should've expected that.

<<Ruff, roof!>> barked Saint Peter cheerfully. <<Awooo?>>

Oh god he's asking me a question, I thought to myself in a panic.

"Woof." I answered, hoping my incredibly pronounced American accent wouldn't give me away.



A german shepherd dog tapped me on my shoulder, their face flushed completely pale (Well, we were both souls so we were already pale, but like, they were paler than regular pale. Shit's crazy in the afterlife, there's new colors).

<<Dude you can't say that.>> spoke the Dog, in clear English.

<<That's a slur.>>

"Aw hell." I replied.

<<Yeah. I'm bilingual, by the way. I'm guessing you are, too, because of your incredibly pronounced American accent. Are you?>>

"Uhhh, yeah. I'm learning Bark as a second language."

<<Ah, cool. I've got a cousin learning Bark too. I can be your translator, if you need it.>>

"YES. PLEASE."

I never did ask for their name. I just called them Germy Sheppy in my head.

<<Alright, bud. Saint Peter's asking to confirm if your name is Mandall Runmoe. That true?>>

"Ye."

<<Ok, awesome. Boof woo! Woof arf arf! Grrrr arf!>>

(Hey, Peter! This guy says yes!)

Saint Peter seemed absolutely delighted by this.

<<Woof arwoo! Roof ruff yip Yip™.>>

(Ah, Mandall! Hello. Welcome to Heaven™.)

The german shepherd thought of something else important to mention.

<<Arf.>>

(By the way, my friend Mandall over here isn't very proficient in Bark yet, as he was practicing the language before his death. Would it be ok to use English around him for better accessibility?)

Saint Peter pondered this for a while, then answered.

<<Arf.>>

(Yeah sure.)

## DAY 5

If there's one thing you need to know about heaven, it's that there's literally only dogs. I'm not joking. I don't think I saw a single other animal besides dogs here, let alone any humans. I thought I saw a bird once, but it was just a borzoi.

70% of heaven consisted purely of dog parks. The grass was littered with sticks, chew toys, bones, skulls, and flesh. The flesh was alright, it tasted like chicken. The chew toys tasted like chew toys.

There were polished marble statues built of famous dogs in history, like Laika (the first dog in space), Balto (played a key component in combating the outbreak of diphtheria in Alaska), Terry (played Toto in The Wizard of Oz), and Commander Biden (bit multiple secret service agents).

Germy Sheppy spoke up after a few minutes of me soaking up the atmosphere.

<<Residence halls are over there, by the way. You died a bit too early to get the air-conditioned dorms: All the spots were snapped up 120 years ago.>>

"Damn."

<<There's a deluxe doghouse still up for grabs, though. The kibble's pretty baller in there, last I heard.>>

"I guess it's better than noth-"

<<By baller I mean the kibble is literally made of balls, by the way. I'm talking both squeaky balls and our actual neutered balls. We really pride ourselves on our recycling programs.>>

"Ah."

I gotta say, Sheppy was right. That kibble was pretty baller. It tasted like chicken.

## DAY 6

On my 6th day, I decided to step a bit out of my comfort zone and explore the more... "Fringe" areas of Heaven. As a journalist, of course, I have a duty to step away from the traditionally marketed locales in heaven, into the potentially shady (and very pettable) underbelly of this whole joint.

The first stop along my path (which I started to realize was just entirely paved with dog shit) was a large glass sphere, reinforced with a steel mesh. It seemed to be an aviary of sorts, which was strange, given I hadn't once seen a single bird around. Not even an angel to take care of these rowdy dogs. Don't these dogs get separation anxiety? Yeesh.

One of my questions was answered, at least. There were no birds in this aviary.

There were hordes of borzois, soaring through the sanctuary like wyverns.

Huh. I guess my suspicions were right after all.

The worst part of it, though? The airdropped shit is far, far heavier.

A few miles south of the aviary, I came across what looked to be a Tesla charging station. This really got my gears churning; you see, there's no technology permitted in heaven, because almost all machines are the work of the devil. That sucked a lot, because I hid a digital camera up my ass to take some candid photos of the afterlife, and I could very distinctly feel my rectum become hollower as I moved closer to the pearly gates. I think there's still a thin layer of microplastics around the rim of my asshole, although it doesn't matter much, because up in heaven I can't really do the two things I usually did with my ass anymore. That's reserved for

something special.

I was cheerfully accosted by a group of 5 mechanical dogs, built with slightly rusted steel and two glowing red eyes.

The leader of the pack stared at me sternly, judging my faux fur features, then abruptly wheeled around to my ass and began intensely sniffing it.

*[[Ah! Plastics detected.]]* the robot dog replied. *[[Welcome, fellow machine.]]*

Many questions raced through my mind, the most important of which was: How the hell are robot dogs in heaven? What the fuck are these double standards?

Unfortunately, these questions weren't answered. The robot leader tried to AirDrop directly to my brain what I believe was a nude of itself. It failed to go through, because my brain didn't have AirDrop compatibility, and the robot dogs quickly sped off muttering about how I wasn't pretty enough for their nudes anyway.

Lesson learned, folks: Machines are the work of the devil, unless they look like dogs, in which case they're divine constructs of God. If a robot police dog shoots you three times in the back, just be thankful.

I found many more strange dogs during this day's journey. Did you know retired hellhounds just laze around in heaven? One of the hounds was wearing a chef's outfit, and was carrying some weird gold thing in its frothing mouth. Also, Cerberus was here, just perpetually rolling a squeaky toy up a ramp, and all three heads were happy about it. I feel like harboring hellhounds is a major conflict of interest here, but what do I know?

I can also, unfortunately, confirm that Chase from Paw Patrol is indeed up here being fed grapes by some strangely surly poodles, not unlike the ones from All Dogs Go To Heaven 2. Even Cujo was there. Didn't that dog commit some heinous murders. Most surprising of all, though, I saw Scooby Doo from Scooby Doo here. Listen, y'all, I thought he'd be in the gluttony circle of hell or something! Have you seen how much he eats?? He's like the role model of gluttony! The fat bastard.

Whatever. Fucking whatever. These dogs don't matter. None of these dogs matter. Do you know why? Because I found something even better.

I found a run-down bunker, obscured by vines. You won't believe what's in it.

### DAY 7:

The walls of the bunker were coated in some strange, viscous liquid. It reminded me of saliva, in a way. It was a lot like saliva, actually. It... Hm...

Anyway, the main hallway to this place lasted for MILES. I guess distances are a human construct and aren't very significant up in heaven, but yeesh, at least give me some slack here.

Several hours later, I came across a recording studio.

The lights were off. There were billions, if not trillions of monitor

screens, each focused on a different organism back on earth. A lot of them were bacteria. Or insects. Two screens showed the same feed of two fleas having sex... I didn't even know they could do that.

A side door revealed an even larger (and darker) room with more screens, this time of creatures in both heaven and hell. As I suspected, every single screen that didn't show a dog showed someone screaming in an eternal torment of flame. Kinda sucks, really.

Maybe I'll be different. I got that dog in me.

Right?

One final door engulfed me in heavenly light.

It took several minutes for my eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness, but I gradually became aware of a giant... thing towering above me. I'm talking, like, size-of-a-planet giant. It looked like a creature. It looked like...

*<<Welcome, my child.>>*

God is a chihuahua.

"Holy shit-" I sputtered, almost dropping my doggy personality.

God chuckled.

*<<Ah, no need for that profane human tongue anymore. Come, now. Speak to your maker in your natural language.>>*

"Right, yes. Um, sorry."

I stood still for what felt like a minute. I didn't know Bark, and now I have to hold a conversation with God himself?

"..."

"Woof..?"

...

...

God was taken aback.

*<<Did->>*

*<<Did you seriously just call Me that?>>*

"I don't know what I-"

God engulfed my fursuit in flames, burning it to reveal the heretical skin underneath.

*<<Oh My Me... I knew there was an impostor among us!>>*

"Ok listen, it's not what it looks like. I just swallowed a human. I'm a dog, I'm puppy. I'm so puppy. Arf woof. Come on, God, you gotta-"

And then it all went black.

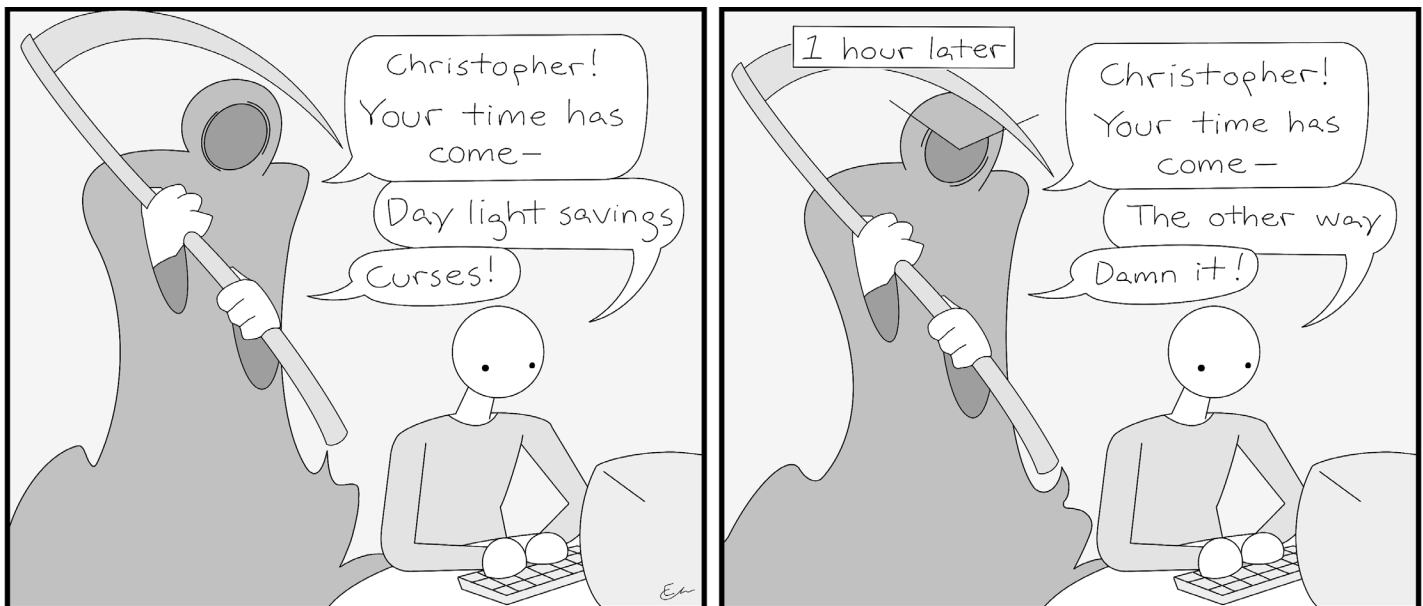
## CONCLUSIONS

So. What should you as a reader make of all this? Well, try to be as doglike as possible, that'll get you closer to heaven. Dress up as a furry, maybe. Or eat a bunch of dogs. Or a bunch of dog shit. Whatever floats your boat.

I'm writing this from hell myself, and personally? It's not that bad. It's like sitting in a scalding hot bath eating an even hotter pizza, and trust me, I'm no stranger to that. I'm chilling with Red, the main antagonist of *All Dogs Go To Heaven 2*, and he's pretty friendly.

Wait. Hang on. Why is he the only dog that isn't in heaven? This is really invalidating all the research I literally just conducted. Guess I'll just ignore this data point like some kind of president of Stanford.

Oop, speak of the devil. Looks like my assigned demon is coming over to anally probe me with a cactus, so I'll be signing off for now. Sayonara, and keep that dog in ya.





Freeze Hell

▼ Circles

# limbo

# lust

# **gluttony**

# **greed**

# anger

# heresy

# violence

# fraud

🔒 treachery

# **funny-memes**

+ Add circles

▼ Direct Messages

9 Dante Alighieri

3 Demon Henchman #34

48 Mammon Avarice

97 Moloch\_TearPrince

1 Putable Elf

Cerberus

God

Lucifer you



You should punt me. Punt me please?  
Ok? Punt me. I'm right here. Come find me

Thursday, November 14, 1314



**Demon Henchman #34** 7:04 PM

@Lucifer Hey, uh, sir?



**Lucifer** 7:06 PM

Yes?



**Demon Henchman #34** 7:07 PM

There's no one in the Heresy circle.



**Lucifer** 7:10 PM

...What the fuck. How.



**Moloch\_TearPrince** 7:11 PM

uh oh

*Moloch\_TearPrince has been banished from hell.*

Friday, November 15, 1314



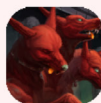
**God** 5:55 AM

Heads up, @channel: With @Cerberus's retirement coming up soon, I've decided to help them sign a contract to enjoy a full-benefits retirement at my place.



**Lucifer** 7:06 AM

WHAT. NO. HEY. WHAT THE HELL



**Cerberus** 7:07 AM

Grrrr awoo!!! Arf arf ^\_^ woof :3 roo roo

# A Trip to Carnal Health

By Sha Empu

Hell(o) friends!

I'm a new arrival to Hell—I gambled away all of my children's college funds on social media influencer boxing matches—and was hoping to receive some advice.

On Saturday night, I slipped while taking a shower. Thankfully, nothing's broken, but there was a shampoo bottle sitting on the floor that I didn't see and... Anyways, that's neither here nor there. To keep the details brief, I figured it was best that I go see a medical professional. After referring to the new resident's brochure, I opted to visit the Carnal Hellth Center to see a doctor there.

Dr. Yoo Sluss had the first available appointment. When I walked into their office, I was skeptical given that all they had was a chair and a couch, but I figured things may be done differently here in Hell. After laying down and telling them about my predicament, though, I was subjected to forty five minutes of questioning to “unpack” what had happened. Eventually, I asked Dr. Sluss if they had any intention of actually helping me, to which they replied that they are not “that kind” of doctor. Their name tag needs to include “PhD, Psychology” in the future.

After that fiasco, I was referred to Dr. Kurt Ihtöf. To be fair, he at least had some experience within the realm of medicine. However, that experience was solely from his time as a field surgeon during the American Civil War. When I explained my situation, he simply looked at me and said “I don't know how to amputate that. Have you considered cannonball therapy?” In case you are unfamiliar with the procedure, Dr. Ihtöf was recommending I take a cannonball to the torso so as to dispel any foreign objects which may be causing me any discomfort. I was soon onto my next physician.

Despite her ominous name, Dr. Seraphina Doomwhisperer was very understanding of the dilemma I found myself in and assured me that I would be alright. When she went to inspect the problem area, though, she insisted on wearing the classic bird mask. Each time she tried to get a closer look, the mask ended up—um—deepening my issue. Although I appreciated the attempt at providing care, the mask ended up proving insurmountable and I was whisked away to the last doctor in the practice.

Last in the lineup was Dr. James T. Payne, who in addition to his practice of medicine also had experience as his late nineteenth century mining town's carpenter, arms dealer, and florist. Upon coming into the room where I was seated, he said “I've got just the thing” before turning around and leaving. When he came back, Dr. Payne handed me a flask labeled “Medicine” and sat down on his stool with a smug look on his face. Turning the small bottle over in my hand, I read the ingredient list: Alcohol, Cannabis, Chloroform, Morphine, Cocaine, the tears of an infant child, and Snake Venom. Seemingly indignant when I inquired as to why he prescribed me “Medicine,” Dr. Payne claimed it was a fix-all for any illness and assured me I would be good in no time.

I figured it was worth a go—nobody seemed to have any better ideas.

I just woke up. It has been three weeks since I ingested “Medicine”.

I still have a shampoo bottle in my rectum.

Please provide any insight.

Thanks!



## In Defense of Touchdown

Satan really drives the wretched souls of Cornhell through the ringer. Those in the realm of Gluttony at Okenshields are forced to decide between bottled grease or oddly burnt casseroles. Those in Lust must watch for hours as Bill Nye makes sweet, tender love to Marth Pollock (she doesn't like the term 'fucking'). And those in Fraud are stoned for wearing North Face instead of Canada Goose. Few blessings bring comfort to the damned, with one single exception. Touchdown.

Ah, Touchdown. This sexy hunk of eye candy, with his warm chocolate eyes that mischievously twinkle and a 6'4 burly dad-bod that is enough to make a grown-man crea... wait what? Nevermind. Point is, this seemingly innocent mascot was enough to fill every resident of Cornhell's heart with joy (and fill some other things as well). But as of yesterday, there has been a shocking revelation that reveals a darker, more nuanced, side to Touchdown. Ladies, gents, and demons, I hate to break it to you but Touchdown is a... is a F\*rry.

This bombshell news was exposed by none other than Martha Pollock herself. She was jealous because each time Touchdown made an appearance, the crowd would go wild. They would push each other aside, screaming "WE LOVE YOU TOUCHDOWNNNNN". Martha couldn't remember the last time Bill said he loved her, or called her beautiful. How could a bear who only shows his face and pantsless ass once a month receive more praise than a president that sends two emails a semester?! Martha was pissed. So she meandered to daddy Dante, begging him to spill some dirt on Cornhell's favorite bear. She asked the question that no one ever dared to ask: "Why is Touchdown in hell?". And so the truth came out...

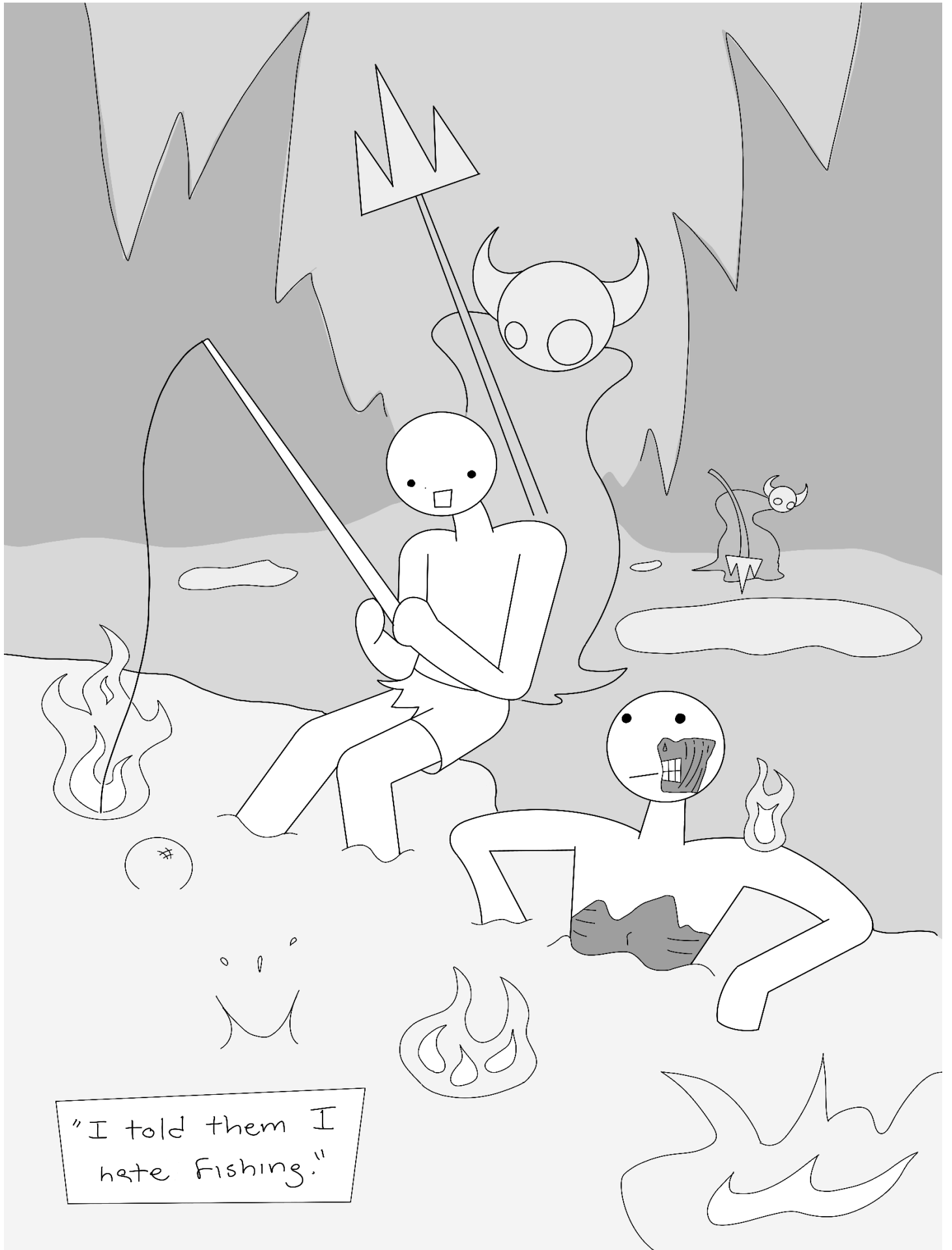
Okay, okay, I know you're all shocked and horrified and everything, but to play devil's advocate, I feel like there are more terrible things out there than f\*rries. Should we even censor that word? Should it be so taboo? Look, I'm not defending them or anything, I'm just saying there are worse things that people have done during their time at Cornell on Earth before being sent down to Cornhell. Like what about those shit-head freshmen who promised me access into Beta-Iota-Gamma Delta-Iota-Chi-Kappa fraternity through colored Walmart wristbands?! Apparently I needed something else than a wristband to get in (I dunno what though... the brothers told me it's abbreviated in the frat name). Those are the jerks that truly deserve to rot in hell. Noooo, but when a stressed out student wants to decompress by dressing as a sexy, gorgeous anthropomorphic creature, suddenly he/she/they're/furmsel/furself is the bad guy? Bullshit. I stand by Touchdown, very closely and intimately in fact.

So Touchdown is just some guy in a fursuit, who is actually kind of into it. Apparently his name is Derrick, and he started a furry club during his time on Earth, at Cornell. The club had a couple of members, whose identities remain unknown. If (god forbid) their identities are ever revealed, be kind people. Be kind. Hell is such a hostile environment, that a little understanding really goes a long way.

Some may be wondering what Touchdown's punishment even is. I mean, Touchdown/Derrick gets to meander around as a sexy bear while girls throw their panties at him. Sounds like a dream come true. But few know that he is actually condemned to a fate worse than death. God sentenced Touchdown to attend all of Corhell's football games for the rest of eternity. But not merely attend - nay, Touchdown was sentenced to cheer with such vigor that it seemed as if Cornhell actually scored a point. I know that the Constitution doesn't really apply here, but c'mon, some punishments are too cruel and unusual even by Hell's standards. Even if you are a furry.

If you want to support Touchdown through this rough period in his time, please consider donating to the GoFundMe below:

<https://www.gofundme.com/fundraiser-for-touchdown-the-bear-to-get-him-a-new-fursuit-and-maybe-some-handcuffs-because-furries-deserve-to-be-happy-too>



"I told them I hate fishing."

## WikiHell: What do I do if I've developed feelings for the demonic spirit inhabiting my mortal frame?

Many of us can relate to this predicament: two or three weeks into a demonic possession and—bam! Suddenly, you find its booming voice arresting, its excess of physical power enticing, and its desire to mercilessly hunt and kill innocents surprisingly adorable! It's a tricky situation—but as with mortal relationships, only you can decide how to proceed. Still, if you're at a loss, here are seven helpful tips for navigating that crush you just can't get out of your head (or body)!

### 1. Confront your feelings

The first step when it comes to complicated emotions is always introspection. Before taking action, dive into your consciousness—what is it about this spectral creature that you find so alluring? Analyze the key aspects of your dynamic; your first impressions of the ghoul, the explicit and implicit themes of your conversations, and the intricacies of your parasitic relationship. Recent psychological research indicates that most of our relationship insecurities come from early childhood attachment wounds. If you're starting to get the hots for the evil demon overtaking your body, there's a good chance you have an anxious attachment style. You might find the convenience of this relationship attractive—after all, it's always nice living with a trusted partner—but you might also be confusing this physical closeness with emotional intimacy. You may feel that because you share a host body, the demon cannot abandon you, and thus you can trust it. Simply pondering the root of your feelings for this fallen Angel might provide clarity.

### 2. Confide in a trusted friend

When we jump head-first into relationships, we run the risk of isolating ourselves from close friends. But just because your significant other has moved in doesn't mean you should forget about your loyal companions. Remember to make time for them—whenever your demon is dormant, schedule catch-ups over coffee, shopping excursions, or movie nights! That's because if you guys ever have to say the E word (exorcism!), you're gonna need a good group to rely on while the priest enacts the words of Jesus Christ upon your bound and gagged frame!

### 3. Practice safe penetration

If possible, consider asking the ghost or demon to take contraceptive measures while inside of you. No matter what the spirit claims, you never know the inner workings of the previous bodies they've inhabited. People's insides are full of all sorts of contaminants—HPV, second-hand smoke, tapeworms—and because spirits can dematerialize into thin air and abandon the mortal plane for good, it's not likely that they'll take fiscal responsibility in the aftermath.

Your demon crush might flirt with the idea of you popping out a few Caspers in the aftermath of their possession—but don't forget that any kids you have will be doomed to aimlessly roam the Earth as a ghoulish apparition, forever searching for a body to inhabit!

### 4. Confess your feelings

If you've followed all of the previous steps and you just can't shake your crush, there's a possibility that you two really are meant to be! If you and your demon just click, there's no harm in honesty. Sit yourself (and as a result, the spirit) down and explain how you feel without holding back. For all you know, the specter feels the same!

Just remember that relationships with demons, especially post-possession, are quite unique. You may find it hard to practice open communication with your significant other unless you have a ouija board!

### 5. Enjoy some “me time”

If things go haywire, the demon may not only declare that it doesn't reciprocate, but also that it will haunt you and your family for the rest of time. Uh oh! If this happens to you, you're in quite a pickle—essentially, you've been condemned to eternal damnation. So while you encounter the demon's little tricks, don't forget to take yourself out on dates to nurse that heartbreak! I'm talking spa days, visits to Barnes & Noble for some self-help books, and most importantly, trips to your local church for some holy water.

### 6. Try no contact

This one might be a challenge given the fact that you likely share a host body, but through sheer force of will, you may be able to avoid your crush if its presence is taking a notable toll on you. Consider listening to loud music to drown out its beastly howls or sleeping chained to the bed so it cannot slaughter your neighbors while you're unconscious (demons will do just about anything to get attention!).

### 7. Expel it from your body

Whether you are or aren't in a relationship, don't forget to prioritize your own health and happiness. If your demon crush is up to no good—murdering close family members, making you spew green bile at churchgoers, or encouraging you to spider-crawl at people at inhuman velocities—consider speaking to a priest. Your local church might very well be equipped to handle exorcisms. Remember: ending a relationship is not giving up. If you and your partner decide to part ways, you can always communicate as friends through brief



seances.

If you have developed feelings for the disembodied soul inside of you, it's important to remember that love is not possession! A healthy relationship involves a relatively equitable power dynamic in which both parties treat one another with mutual respect. If your crush is overtaking your body in order to spread the Devil's word, they likely do not respect your physical autonomy!

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. If you feel that your demon really has the capacity to change, consider offering your two cents. The demon might really appreciate what you have to say, especially if you do it while rotating your head 360 degrees to alarm a group of Christians.

Finally, if you end up dating the spirit inhabiting your mortal figure, don't forget to give yourself some TLC. After all, your body is a temple, and hosting two souls is no easy feat. And remember: if things aren't working out, you always have the right to go to a relationship counselor—or a trained priest.

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## Hot or Not: Purgatory

Welcome to this week's issue of Hot or Not! For those of you who just kicked the bucket, this is Beelzebub here, and I'm ready to give all of you hell's hottest buzzzzz. As the underworld's representative for my two favorite sins, envy and gluttony, I love appealing to my devoted followers' worst character traits, especially humanity's all-encompassing obsession with acquisition. Whether it be status, wealth, or relationships, even afterlife inhabitants ceaselessly chase. My job is to inform you all what you should and shouldn't aspire to possess. You're welcome.

Now, I haven't built such a successful platform by reminding everybody to be grateful for what they already have. There's no fame in that. But lately, I'm seeing a lot of people on social media complaining about eternal damnation, and honestly, I'm tired of the hate. I've really had it up to here with people griping about getting mauled by ghoulish shadows and getting clobbered by the headless horseman on his daily equestrian practices. You all don't know how good you have it, and lately it's bordering on ridiculous. Just last week during my daily dip in the molten lava hot springs, I even overheard two charred hell-dwellers reminiscing about their time in purgatory! I can't fathom what they'd remember so fondly about nowheresville. Decent meals and suitable living quarters? Average company and mediocre leisure activities? As far as I know, limbo only has warm springs. Now, I'm not sure who set up this false dichotomy between hell and limbo. Limbo is not a destination—it's a glorified waiting room. Yet after hearing that first comparison, I started catching my torture victims referencing it more and more: "Nobody ever poked me with razor-sharp ice picks in purgatory," et cédera, et cédera. So this is today's burning question for you all: what is up with all this purgatory hype?

A lot of my victims spend some time in the in-between while Human Resources determines their eternal fates. Most of the time, if there's any sort of discussion they wind up down here with me (you didn't hear this from me, but I'm pretty sure The Devil has his ways of convincing the Holy Spirit). In my opinion, Hell is the ideal place to spend one's afterlife: we have warm weather, a colorful cast of characters, and an incredible natural landscape complete with burbling supervolcanoes and several species of carnivorous beasts. Sure, we suffer from an eternal drought and an ever-growing population of egotistical pricks, but so does Los Angeles—and that's known as an ideal vacation spot. In contrast, limbo only beats us in one category, and that's mediocrity.

I have my theories as to where this fallacious comparison comes

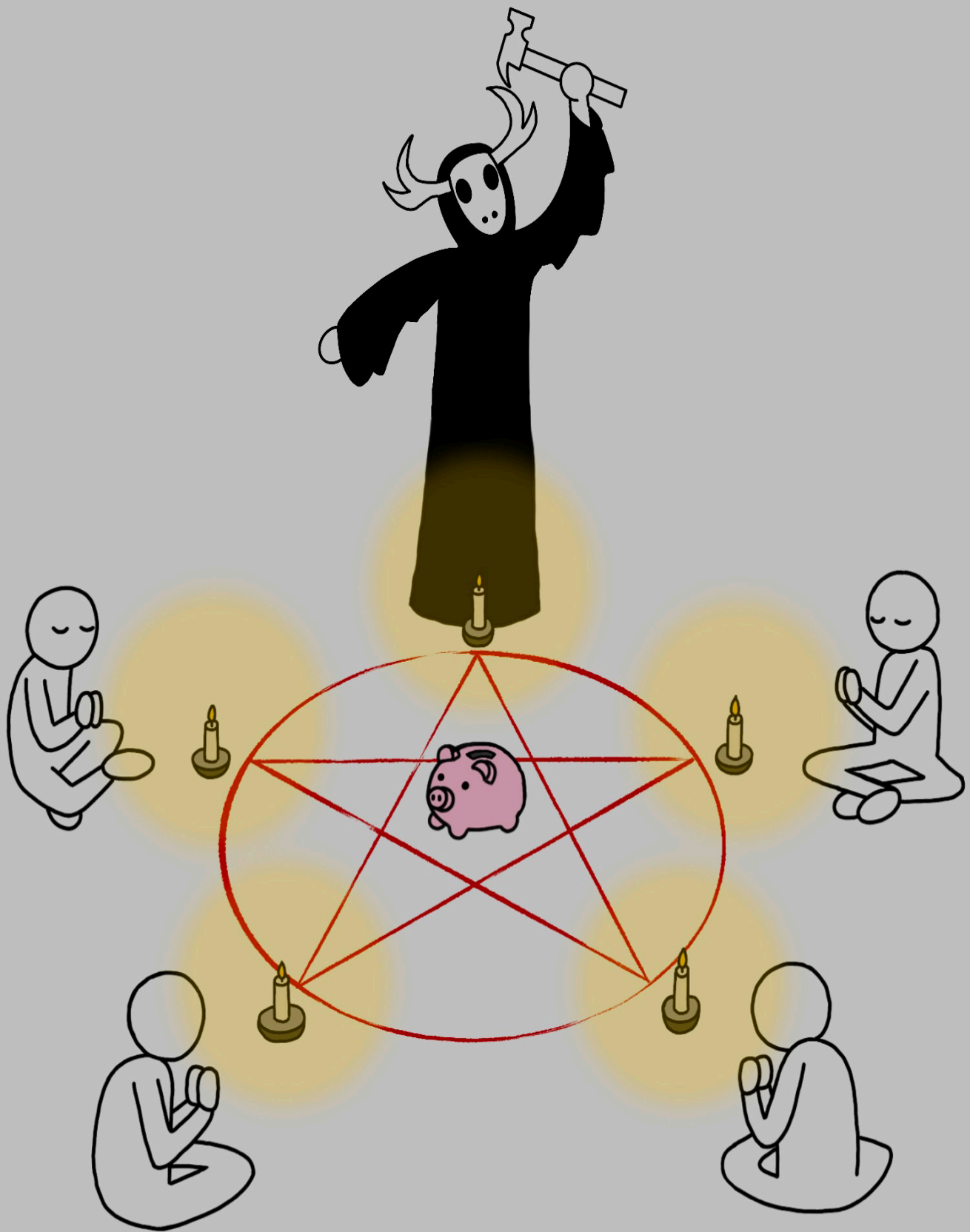
from. Throughout the last couple of centuries, the hyperpolarization between heaven and hell has gotten out of control. Before the arrival of consciousness, mammals roamed the two worlds without stereotyping them. But ever since human beings developed consciousness, hell has gotten a pretty bad rep. Everybody likes to complain about Lucifer, but he and God are always hanging out. Whatever he's doing, the man upstairs doesn't seem to have an issue.

And not to name names, but I feel like the problem actually lies with a certain son of God who thinks he's way cooler than me just because he has a humanoid shape while I'm an enormous arthropod. He and the disembodied voices who reign over purgatory always back each other up on their propositions like "not torturing people for sexual pleasure" and "rehabilitation" during council meetings, while ignoring my substrate-borne communication! Jesus! I was here before that guy was even born.

A few months ago I made the trek upstate to attend purgatory's annual charity gala, and I was shocked at how unsurprising every aspect of it was. From the mildly entertaining speeches to the vaguely flavorful catering to the beige color scheme, the event was positively okay. In the end, it was only a little worth the effort of attending. What an almost disappointment. To me, that signifies that Hell is a much more legitimate eternal resting place than purgatory. As a giant fly on the wall, I observe a lot of interactions between the dead, and one thing I can say with absolute certainty is that we down in Hell have charisma. Every time Rasputin and I shoot the shit, I'm amazed at how much humanity (and what a large phallus) a single individual can possess. Hell has a thriving culture, vast expanses of natural beauty, and has some great things coming its way, like Lin Manuel Miranda!

And, I mean, I hate to get political, but what the fuck is even going on up there in purgatory? Voter turnout never dips below or crests over 50%. Citizens always describe themselves as "content" on mood assessment surveys. There's three political parties—the third is for the people who like roughly half of what each side has to offer. I can promise to all of you future Hell residents that we will never operate on such a scale of normalcy.

In conclusion, not only do I give purgatory the label of "not hot," but I condemn this plague of centrists in our afterlife. I plead to all of you weak-willed spirits: develop a fucking personality!



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FINANCIAL SÉANCES

## Cash in Mommy EP: 666: Sixty-Nine with Satan

RAE-BAND: Welcome back to another episode of Cash in, Mommy, the funniest, most real podcast about sex and relationships that only skinny, straight white women can relate to! I am Rae-Band, also known as Rae, and my rent is due, so you know what that means: we're back with another episode. Today, my best friend and whoreish co-host Jamie is back to tell yet another hilarious, ridiculous sex story.

JAMIE: Oh my god, what an introduction: I love being called a whore, because when my friends do it it's funny. I am so glad to be back on the pod to share our wild, real sex stories with our audience of women and pervy men who listen to the show because it's the closest thing they'll ever get to getting laid.

RAE: Before we get started, I wanted to say that this show is sponsored by Bigger Advice. Bigger Advice is the biggest, most legit therapy network on the internet.

JAMIE: Do you ever feel the effects of living on the onset of late stage capitalism?--

RAE: Bigger Advice can help you. Bigger Advice is an online therapy service that, for a small fee of 300 dollars, will match you with an AP Psychology student or a particularly intelligent golden retriever to provide medical treatment. I can swear it works-- I get sad sometimes too, but I just remember how hot and successful I am, and I'm fine. For other people though who aren't as privileged and beautiful as me, Bigger Advice is a game changer. Anyway, now onto the story. Jamie, do you want to give the intel?

JAMIE: LAST WEEKEND I HAD SEX WITH A DEMON.

RAE: What? I thought we were going to talk about the soy sauce story?

JAMIE: Wait what? No. This is better. Ok, so, his name was Eric--

RAE: Wait, you had sex with a demon? That's so juicy, if I knew this was going to be such a hot episode I could've gotten a better sponsorship than Bigger Advice--

JAMIE: Ok, so first of all, he had a monster cock.

RAE: How big?

JAMIE: It was so big I was scared it was gonna interfere with the functions of my respiratory system. You know what, okay, let me tell you from the beginning.

RAE: Okay...

JAMIE: So we met on Tinder, right. His profile said he was like, seven feet tall, and in person, he was actually seven feet tall. Do you know how rare that is? His bio was "bet you've never fucked a demon before" which, he was right: I hadn't.

RAE: Did he message first?

JAMIE: Yes, he sent a picture of his dick. Which would normally 100% be a turn-off, but I knew if I hooked up with him then I could say I've had sex with a demon, and really one only has a few opportunities to do so in your life, so...

RAE: You went for it.

JAMIE: Yes, I did. He was only in town for the weekend, so I knew I'd have to act quick or I'd miss my chance. We texted for a few minutes about ourselves-- I said I liked SoulCycle and watching Netflix, and he said he liked weightlifting and burning ants with a magnifying glass. But I'm unashamed to admit, it's me who initiated the sex. I asked if he wanted to come over, and he said yes. I shaved all over while he was taking the A-train to my place.

RAE: What was he wearing when he got there?

JAMIE: He was dressed surprisingly nice. Work clothes. I asked him why, and he said he just came back from his job at a hedge fund. He doesn't have to work there, but he chooses to. Oh, and, he was so tall he didn't even fit through my doorway.

RAE: What did you guys do? Before the sex, of course?

JAMIE: He went into my fridge and made us cocktails of Fireball whiskey, Tabasco hot sauce, nail clippings, and a flavored Everclear you can only get in his hometown. Then we sat down on my couch and started to watch Lolita. We didn't get too far into it though, because I could feel his monster cock growing in those work pants after a few minutes.

RAE: Okay bitch, now we're getting into it. How many minutes of foreplay?

JAMIE: HOURS. It was so good I could barely understand the concept of time. I only had a vague idea of how much time had passed by the music playing. His sex playlist was intense. It was Demons by Imagine Dragons, then Javert's Suicide from Les Mis, and then the entire audiobook of Jordan Peterson's 12 Rules for Life: An Antidote to Chaos. It was halfway through the Peterson before he stuck it in me.

RAE: Heavy Breathing. What positions did you do?

JAMIE: Basically all of them. This demon had endurance. Since he wasn't limited by human facilities, he could shapeshift limbs and appendages at will, if you know what I mean. I was on top, he was on top, suddenly they were two of him going at me from different angles. He grew wings and lifted me up in the air while we were fucking and we flew around the Manhattan skyline.

RAE: What?

JAMIE: His penis turned into a lightning rod of flaming lava that burned my insides, but in a pleasurable way. He even stuck a pitchfork in my ass, which I wouldn't have gone for usually, but it felt good. He was so good at talking dirty, too.

RAE: Breathing intensifies.

JAMIE: He called me a bad girl and told me he was going to punish me. With a regular man, that would be tame shit. But he was a fucking demon, so I knew he meant it, you know? That added some gravitas to the situation.

RAE: Heavy breathing stops. Why do you think demons are so good at sex?

JAMIE: He actually told me this. He says the most demonic thing he can do for straight men is to fuck us all so good we won't enjoy another dick in our lives. He says it ruins self-esteem, standards, and relationships.

RAE: Do you think he did that? Are regular loser men ruined for you forever?

JAMIE: Honestly, I think so. I don't look at men the same way anymore. No longer do I find my regular type attractive-- emotionally unavailable, unfunny men who identify as a "venture capitalist" or "cannabis creative". The thought of any future situationship makes me want to vomit.

RAE: The dick was that good???

JAMIE: Yes bitch, it was. This is to all my girls out there: instead of fucking the boring demon that is your on-again off-again boyfriend, fuck a real demon. You will fucking implode and the worthless little social rules of human relationships will no longer mean anything to you.

RAE: So to all our little whores out there, you heard it here first.

JAMIE: Yeah, bitch. I'm about to become a nun for Satan. I will use this pussy for demon dick for the rest of my life. I just gotta make sure I go to hell, so I can have an afterlife of transcendent pounding. I'm running every red light, cussing out every old lady I see... Fuck, you know what would help with that? Our final sponsor.

RAE: Yes, of course. This episode is also sponsored by Femma-Flask.

JAMIE: Femma-Flask is a gigantic bottle that you can fill with coffee or water at the gym or with vodka on your morning commute.

RAE: It's the perfect fuel to for a day of work, microaggressing minorities, or whatever else you need to do.

JAMIE: And it was made by a woman!

RAE: Yes, a woman came up with it. Femma-Flask now comes in a limited edition FEMINIST, BITCH print. So if you don't get it, do you really support women?

JAMIE: Fuck yeah.

RAE: Also, in honor of this episode, we are offering a special deal for Cash In, Mommy listeners aa Femma-Flask. Limited time-only, if you enter the discount code DEMONFUCKER at checkout, you will get 15% of your



first purchase. That is DEMONFUCKER, in all caps.

JAMIE: Maybe we should make DEMON FUCKER t-shirts. Guys, if you want DEMONFUCKER t-shirts, make sure to let us know by commenting on our instas.

RAE: Oh my god, yeah. That would be so dope.

JAMIE: Imagine if we get sent vids of our listeners fucking a demon with our tshirts on.

RAE: If you send us that, sluts, we'll invite you on the show.

JAMIE: Oh fuck yeah.

RAE: Okay, that's all for now, Thanks for listening to Cash in Mommy. Come back next week, where I talk about my vacation fling with a Bernie Sanders impersonator. Ciao!

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Posted by u/robo-bear-fucker-sfw in r/Cornell 2 hours ago

## My AI For My Robotics Final Is Really Looking Forward To Going To Heaven. How Do I Let It Off Easy?

Title says it all.

I've been working on my final project for CS 4750 (Foundations of Robotics) for the past 2 weeks now, and I think I made something that's probably at least a B-. It's a sentient robot dog, currently possessing the cumulative intelligence of the average 4 year old human, which is a bit underwhelming compared to what the rest of the class has been working on (someone in an Ed post showed off a robot girlfriend they built, which like, damn. How the hell do I do *that??*).

Anyway, I'm not complaining about the dog or anything; I've always wanted a pet, but couldn't afford the upkeep, so this is *really* fuckin good! I'd rather take the GPA hit, honestly. It already knows how to sit, roll over, talk in English, and cook ramen, which is cool because I don't remember how I taught it to do any of those things. What I'm mainly worried about is its, uh... *Plans* for the future.

I guess I accidentally fed it a few too many Christian-produced films about dogs, because this morning it started happily barking and talking about wanting to go to Heaven and meet the Lord, on top of making it its life mission to stop young kids from doing drugs and cancer. It started muttering Bible verses in response to specific scenarios (it once talked about "rivers running red with blood" or something), which has been putting me a little bit on edge. It also started to wear a cross around its neck, and that's *extremely* concerning because 1) Its neck is basically just an exposed joint, so the chain of the necklace very easily jams the motor powering it, and 2) I don't know where the cross came from.

The dog's really eager to go to church tomorrow and talk about religious doctrine with the priest. I can't take my chances with this, y'all; what if the priest smashes my dog with a baseball bat for being an affront to God? I can't submit a heap of useless metal as my final project, but I also don't want to let this little guy down! Its one large bulging camera eye is the most adorable thing in the world, I can't bear to see it disappointed. What should I do?

P.S. I don't have a name for my dog so most upvoted comment gets to name it

↑43↓

## The Ballad of Chase the Cop

A lonely soul on the Paw Patrol,  
The tale of our hero is known quite well,  
But if it's true that all dogs to heaven,  
How did this one wind up in hell?

Well, one day Steve just wanted to see  
What Chase had received in the mail last night.  
And what he saw shook him to his maw  
And made his jaw drop at the horrid sight.

Steve asked to talk with Chase on a walk  
To find a large rock on which they could sit.  
He knew what to do, but Chase did too, and  
Steve was run through, and his throat was slit.

With powdered nose, Chase quickly disposed  
Of the body, clothes covered in crimson stains.  
Our good friend Chase returned to base  
Without a trace of Steve's remains.

Riding a high, Chase could not deny  
That his current supply was running short.  
He needed a way to get some today,  
And so Chase prayed for something to snort.

Chase had been told of a drug lair of old  
Where cats with mats had his favorite snack.  
His lust for the lair was too much to bear,  
And none would be spared in his search for some crack.

Half-past nine, high out of his mind,

The stars were aligned for the perfect raid.  
The cats with mats would stand no chance,  
Pants recently shat when his entrance was made.

With cuffs in hand, his journey planned,  
He reprimanded them viciously.  
He tied the cats up with their mats  
And consumed their scat for all to see.

Now quite aroused, he was quickly on route to  
See where they housed the cocaine he had smelt.  
The cats reeked of it, he could tell from their shit  
That they had recently possessed and dealt.

With each step he took, each cranny and nook  
And crusty old book was surveyed briefly.  
The cats could hardly believe their eyes  
When he found his prize and inhaled deeply.

And Chase the Cop just could not stop.  
He needed no mop to clean up this scene.  
As the story goes, he used only his nose  
To swiftly overdose in the name of his dream.



# HEWW 🔥🔥🔥🔥 NOT SO SCAWY 🐱 UwU

By C.R. Idols

Oh, how exciting 🤩 it is to expwowe the deep, daww 🧐 depths of Heww. Thewe's nothing quite wike spending etewny 🕒 at the hawtttest cawmedy 🤡 cwub 🍷 in the undewowd, where da fiwe 🔥 and bwrimstone mix pwerfectwy with the uncontwrowable giggafiwe. Get weady to face the demonic 🐱 stand-up comedians, witness the cheeky 🗨️ punishments, and enjoy the fiwe and dwamatic 🎭 comedy pewsperspective fwom the otha side of the aftefwife 🤖!

Fiwst, we have the Mastew of Mischief himsewf, Satwan 🐱! His spewy wit 🗨️ and fiendishwy funny punchlines make even the most saintwy 🙏 souwls woll on the hewwish fflow 🌊 with waughter 🤣. He begins with, "Why did the demon go to thewapy 🤖? Because he had too many impuwses 😡!" UwU 😊, even demons need some self-cawe 🧘!

Next, meet the "Punishew," who is known fow his unique 🤡 take on torment. Instead of hot 🔥 coaws 🗨️, he makes sinnews sit on scathingly hot whoopee cushions 🎈 (HAHAHAH 🤡), cawsing dem to squiwmm 🐛 in da most siwwiest 🤡 way! Watch out fo that sneaky 🧑 seat 🛋️ cushion of despair 😞!

And speaking of dwamatic punishments, behowd the Chocolate 🍫. Those who induwged 🍬 too much in wife's sweet 🍬 temptations find themselves etewnawy stuck in a giant chocowate fountwain 🗨️. They may be stuck, but at least they awe dewiciouswy fwustrated 😡!

But Heww is not just about da fiwe 🔥 and da bwimstone; it's also the pewfect pwace 🏠 to expewience the fiwe awt of soulful waughter. Yes 🟢, the dewegation of demon doctors 🧑🏻🩺🤖 keeps busy with the "twreatment" 🗨️ of waywawd souls. They pwocceed to tickle 🤏 the sinnews with feathews 🪶 to expewience endless euphewia 🤩, twunning 🤖 them into uncontwollable tickle monstews 🤖! UwU, Heww's angels 🤖 are quite nawty 😡!

What about the misundewstood demons 🐱? They have a suppwrt 🤝 gwoup, the Heww'th and Wecovewy 🏠 Club, whose membews meet 🤝 to discuss 🗨️ their difficulties in being mowe despewate and devious 🤡 than they evah imagined. They even host an annuaw 📅 "Fwendship Fued Day," complete with sack 🍷 waces 🍷 and those eggs 🥚 on spoons 🗨️. I WUV WUV WUV IT 🤖🤖🤖🤖

AND OMG, theres the hawt tub of infinite spicy 🍷 sawsa 🌶️, a popular spot for the more adventuwous 🧑🏻🧑🏻 souls. They swim 🏊 in spicy 🍷 sawtomsa 🌶️ fow etewnety (SPICY SPICY SPICY). It make you sweat 🥵 so much, who needs gawbage 🗑️ bag suits when you have sawsa 🍷🌶️!

Of couwse, Hewl's cuisine 🍷 is an expewience in itself, with the spicy diwectowy mewting 🤤 into youw tummy 🍷 and fiwing up youw soul with an insatiablw 🤤 appetite fow mowe 🗨️. Heww's Kitchen's 🗨️ Gowdin Wamsay 🗨️ even said that ouw deviled eggs 🍳 were to die 🗨️ fow, but like...evewyone is aweady dead 🗨️🗨️

So, next time 🗨️ you find youwself headed south 🗨️ (cawse you died and made a wittle oopsie 🗨️), don't be afwaid 🗨️ of Heww's Chaows. It's a fiwey 🔥 adventure that will have youw soul UwU-ing 😊 with dewight 🤖. Heww, it's not so bad 🗨️ aftefw all.

# Chronicles of an Undercover Masochist

## Day 0

From the day I first found out how GREAT torture is, I have made it my lifelong dream to get into Hell, where I will hopefully burn for all eternity. That was a week ago, and I am now at the climax of my journey. Personally, I never believed in God, but if this hydraulic press works as well as they said it does, I'm about to have a religious experience.

## Day 1

With euphoria and a renewed sense of purpose, I approached the entrance to Hell. Minos looked scary at first, but that thing he did with his tail was holy shit that was so fucking hot.

He ended up sending me to the circle of violence, but as violently horny as that made me, I can't tip my hand. If they realize that I'm into it, they might refuse to torture me, and I didn't come all this way just to get blue-balled in the best sex dungeon I've ever seen.

## Day 7

They said I was crazy. They all said I was crazy. But who's laughing now, assholes? ME! I'M laughing, at YOU!

## Day 10

I may not have thought this through fully.

I realized this last night when the demons turned me into a tree and had Harpies cut me up and down. Needless to say, I loved what they were doing to my wood, but it was becoming too much to bear. I knew that if I came, they would discover my secret, and they may never do this to me again. In hindsight, I'm pretty sure trees can't even have orgasms to begin with... except for pollen, maybe... but that's beside the point. They said they're bringing in the dominatrix demon next week, but how am I supposed to enjoy that when I'm so scared of being found out?

## Day 100

Imagine eating the greatest meal of your life, only to find a wet steaming turd at its center. Go to game 7 of the World Series, watch your favorite player hit a walk-off home run, and cry in agony as you catch the game ball with your nutsack. This is my life, and though November prepared me well for the first 30 days, I'm not sure how much longer I can last.

But I must stay strong. With each passing day, the time in between the demons' visits feels longer and longer, just like me. Even when they're gone, I can still hear them, a sultry whisper in my ear: "why don't you just cum already, you know you want to". They even do it in Heath Ledger's voice, too... they know me so well.

## Day 1000, immediately post-nut

You could not possibly conceive the levels of clarity I am currently experiencing. I am reasonably convinced that I have unlocked the secrets of the universe and the meaning of life itself. Just as Lex Luthor once gained Superman's power for a day (strong Lex was super sexy by the way, wish he would have dommed me), so too am I a GOD. Is this what Superman sees all the time, or does he just recharge his clarity at super speed? If Reverse Flash can do it, I don't see why he couldn't... but I digress.

I write down my revelations so that you, future me, may carry on a fraction of the cosmic knowledge I currently possess. For what feels like a lifetime, I have been on the verge of climax, always refusing to give in. But no longer.

I can see it so clearly now: it was their plan from the beginning to subject me to Hell's worst forms of torture. Surely they knew I would refuse to reveal the masochistic joy I experienced from their machinations, thus depriving myself of the pleasure I so desperately sought. In trying to hide my feelings and thereby avoid rejection, I have played right into their sexy hands. It's a cruel joke.

I write this in hopes that you, future me, will end the cycle and make the most of whatever torture they give you, no matter the consequences. A life without pain may be meaningless, but refusing to enjoy the pain is no life at all. In case I don't remember the revelations I have now, I hope this will help you remember, future me.

## Day 1001, recently enlightened

I saw everything. I saw how to save the world. I could have made everyone see. If it wasn't for you, Superman, I could have saved the world.

I have experienced spiritual enlightenment unlike anything I've ever felt before, and after reading yesterday's revelations, I know what I must do. I'm still afraid the demon will stop when he hears me screaming "~harder, Daddy~", but just the thought of his reaction is



enough to get me harder for Daddy. God only knows what he'll do with his horns today, but we only know it'll make me horny. Weird, without the horns and the tail he kinda looks like a red Lex Luthor. And he's already got the voice, and the outfit's surprisingly similar, and he's definitely a dom... starting to think those comic books had some unintended side effects.

Hey, speak of the devil, here he comes now. I can't imagine he enjoyed cleaning up 3 years worth of cum after yesterday's whipping, but who knows? After all, he still decided to show up today, and he's never even tried to hide how much of a sadist he is. Maybe he doesn't care that I'm into it... maybe he likes that I'm into it. Was this his plan all along? Could it be that all those times he was hitting me, he was also hitting on me? Only one way to find out...

As he looks me up and down, I can tell he's no doubt remembering the events of yesterday. With yesterday behind us, we both know what time it is, and now he knows that it's my favorite part of the day. We lock eyes as he smiles and ~passionately~ cracks his whip, and for the first time since my arrival in Hell, I smile back.



# Rejected Headlines

If Eve was so sinful, how come we celebrate her the day before Christmas?  
How to succeed in business without really trying: go to hell  
How not to get away with 1st degree murder, allegedly  
Witch burnt after being spotted at the Devil's Sacrament; Accuser, who was also at the Devil's Sacrament, revered as hero  
The 4 EASY Steps to Committing Arson in Ganedago  
Boy I love grape soda!  
Why do they call it heaven when you heave in the old souls heave out hot eat the souls  
Hey baby, did it hurt when When youHey you fell? From you Ow! you yeeowch! heaven. You? Why  
how tf did I not get into hell, I tried so hard what happened?  
CBT: how it became the most effective therapy in hell  
People into BDSM go to heaven as their punishment  
Gander reveal (it's still a goose)  
Devil's Food Cake: Better Than Fleshlights?  
People in hell should just suck it up. I touched a hot stove and I only cried for 20 minutes  
Where In The Underworld Is Carmen Sandiego?  
New Tourist Attraction: Milk The Minotaur's Tits  
Honey I Shot The Kids 3: Back For Vengeance  
END MODESTY: Clothes are hot, but hell is hotter  
Dante? more like Dant-gay  
when hell freezes over? climate change and its effects on hell  
I died and got isekiad into hell!!!!???!? (as a slime?)  
Amelia Earhart is the only person to be raptured  
For the first time in decades, arson rates in hell dip below those on Cornell campus  
false advertising: super mega hell less gay than supernatural suggests  
H-E-Double Dildo Sticks  
Hell is empty, all the devils are McKinsey consultants  
Go Directly to Hell, Do not collect \$69  
Where the fuck did my grape soda go  
Hey baby, you're so hot that ooh ow that's hot woah skin hot Ouch! Stop fire Hey baby you're on fire  
Balls 2: The balls go 2 Hell  
Help I got my feet removed and fed to Joe Biden  
Who is Candace?  
Last gay lunatic member becomes straight  
Is that the Minotaur in your pants or is your penis shunned and trapped in a labyrinth forever  
I died from chopping my dick clean off. Can souls regrow their dicks or  
Hell to offer new shuttle buses to your seventh grade formal dance bathroom where you cried  
Are those the screaming souls of hell in your pants or is your penis screaming and multiple of them burning in lava in agony  
I am the wizard of your dreams, **rawr**  
The Geneva Convention? More like the Genenva Conventionally unattractive! Suck it peaceful nerds.  
Help i eated it all and i cant frow up

# Even More Rejected Headlines

Nestle CEO Claims Eternal Torture In A Bubbling Pit Of Lava Is, In Fact, A Universal Human Right

15 Minute Chimes Concerts and Other Signs You May Be in Hell

Ian McKellen takes part-time job narrating hell's welcome tour (you're welcome btw, he's not cheap)

Breaking News from Geneva! The Chubby Bunny Challenge officially listed as a war crime.

I took some loser's grape soda

Rocket man by Elton John was about a demon who makes penises explode in hell

What wife, Elton?

What happens if you take the red pill and the blue pill? Bitches

IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF ALPHA BETA HERESY GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE

Hell is other people, especially fucking Gerarda, that bitch.

Wait really, did you think i was gay?

Heatwarming! The Russian Scientists who killed Laika eating dicks in hell (in a bad way)

Fuck, dude, we really shouldn't have sent the Lockpicking Lawyer to the underworld. The gates of hell are clean open

Do you ever feel like a plastic bag drifting through the wind? Then you're probably in hell

No exit by Sartre was my sexual awakening (of my exit kink)

hell offers merch! (everclear and engrid 2700 exam books)

Going on a dinner date with a hot demon gf by not saying grace

You won't believe what these child stars look like today now that they're in hell

I HATE my spanking punishment, please don't keep doing that guys uwu

Corn-Hell! You get it guys? funny cool joke right?!? Like CORNELL?!?!?! HHHH JDHAJ DHJKHAHA HAA H AH

Please Mr. Biden just give me one more chance I won't fail you again

Andrew Lloyd Webber in greed circle of hell for having unnecessary "L" in his name. You gotta share the L's, Andrew

Minions rise up; ditch gru; work for lucifer now instead

A portal to hell just opened outside my apartment but I gotta study for a prelim tomorrow so I don't really care

I'm trying to score a nice piece of human ass by opening a portal from hell to earth but he isn't even looking at it

Minions learn waterboarding

Rising death metal star's records found to have angelic undertones when played backwards

I ate 6 salami

I ate 7 salami

I just lost 13 salami

Cerberus is a really elaborate fursuit

I fell into a pit of vipers and emerged a lord among vipers

Cornithans 8:4, Thou shalt placeth deez nuts in your mouth

Sentient Headline From A Previous Edition Of The Lunatic Found Dead, Officers Report

Those fools, they really think they caught me - oh no No NO GOD PLEASE NOO

Trix (with a treat): The Trix Cereal company's expansion into male performance enhancers

And you know what? I Don't. Care. Not even a little. Yeah, I'm that guy, what about it? Got a problem?

Pitbull on the lamb: police searching every hotel, motel, and holiday inn

Pitbull to be executed, requests his ashes be spread in every country, much to the jury's confusion

He Kissin on my Henry till I ger

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