

Minions or Hordes?

Jason Freddie, Satan's administrative assistant, sat at the security console, his twisted features bathed in the orange glow of the emergency beacon. A monumental crisis, a threat to East Hell's very existence, was brewing, its source was that mysterious and dreaded square red brick government building in Quaintsville.

Threats from outsiders was nothing new, though. There was the time that his tiki-god friend Bob had been snatched by trenchcoated thugs from that same building and taken to the Outland Institute. Some mad scientists there had tried to discover what made a tiki-god tick. They soon found out. They were unaware that Bob could manipulate time and matter, and found themselves suddenly aboard a tramp steamer in 1869, wearing grass skirts, sailing towards Tahiti.

However, this latest threat was different, and demanded immediate action. His finger was poised, wavering between two flashing lights. One was labeled "Minions," the other said "Hordes." His hesitant digit hovered briefly over one, then the other, then back to the first. He just couldn't make up his mind.

I've gotta think!

If he pushed "Minions," he would unleash thousands of those nasty gargoyles, an immense army of four foot tall Danny DiVito look-alikes, flying drunkenly through the streets, crashing into buildings, terrorizing the populace.

If he pushed "Hordes," a half million chimpanzees dressed like Hannah Montana would knuckle walk into town, block every highway in or out of the city, and bring human activity to a screeching halt.

Ok, which one? Minions. No, Hordes! No...wait!

The beacon was flashing, insistent. Something had to happen, and soon.

Dammit! Where's the boss when you need him?! Why am I the one to have to make this decision? Well, I guess it comes with the territory.

He picked up the phone and spoke to the IRS agent who had been on hold.

Mr. Stone! Sorry I kept you waiting. Now when would you like to do the audit?

"How about this afternoon, say, one thirty?"

"Sure, heh..heh. Unless something comes up between now and then...thats fine. Yep, OK with me...heh, heh."

"Fine, I'll see you at one thirty."

"Sure, bye."

Jason Freddie hung up the phone, paused for three seconds, then pushed the third button, the one marked "Reiki."

This unleashed a vast army of reiki masters. They were the insanely weird masseuses who would, for several hundred dollars, do a complete body massage without ever touching you. They would simply float their hands about six inches away and declare your pain gone.

Perfect.

Those IRS agents would never know what had not hit them. Satan would be pleased.