

The year 657

Let me introduce myself, although it is really quite simple: I'm evil, I'm disgraced and I'm more than likely hated by you. I have the mind numbing job of guarding the gates of Hell (which I may have gained by stupidly signing a contract when I may have been a little bit more than drunk.) I live through days which blur together into weeks, then months, then eventually years. Ultimately, I receive people too sinful to enter the perfect la-la land that is Heaven and make sure to keep them from ever escaping my fiery humble abode. As I said it's simple really and, if you've been following along, you may have caught on to something else: I am the Devil.

The year 658

This can't be right! I haven't seen one slightly bad person since yesteryear. The worst thing I've seen since the beginning of this year is a woman who refused to pay her parking ticket and that's not exactly a Hell justified crime is it now? Unless there's a traffic warden reading this and then in that case be sure that I'm punishing them very effectively. (I like to park my Hell-Horse without paying for a ticket every now and again – everybody likes to live a little!)

The year 659

There has to be a glitch in God's system; none of these new sinners deserve to be here. Even in the pits of Hell they're still trying to find the best out of a terrifically dire situation. The other day I caught one of the good ones (that's what we've started calling them) trying to give a long term Hell resident a therapy session! I mean come on! Down here if somebody slightly expresses some form of emotion the general social etiquette is to spit in their face or stamp on their toes, not to actually try and help! These "good ones" sure need to get some manners about them!

The year 660

I've been deliberating. With all these years forced upon me due to my immortality it's hard not to deliberate or ponder to be frank but, nonetheless, I've been thinking. Have these good ones figured it out? Although they're dead and in, if I do say so myself, the most horrifically terrifying, disturbing wonderland imaginable, they're still trying their best to be happy. Their attempts are pathetic and almost humorous to a degree but something in their positivity draws me in. Am I really as dreadful as I always believed I was? Am I really so inherently evil? It seems pitiful but maybe I'm not as awful as I've been led to believe I am...

The year 661

A new "good one" has arrived. This one is different. This one is unbearable. Even the "good" residents are struggling to cope with them. They are not only good but make it their duty to try and make others their version of it: they are sickly. I get great pleasure out of giving my

residents nicknames, it sort of comes with the whole bullyish job I have. St Sickly seems to fit well with this one.

The year 662

I am not good. I am not peaceful. I am not kind. St sickly has convinced me of this. If I was good I'd be able to put up with their thoughtful nature and supposed kind heart but I cannot. I look at this new one and think of how much I don't want to be like them, it makes me consider how much more wicked and ungodly I can be to offset their apparent good deeds . I hope this glitch is sorted soon as I cannot cope with any more morality in my life - I am demonic and I was born to be demonic and this sickly one has shown that to me.

The year 663

I cannot believe I ever thought I was good. It's embarrassing to consider I could even fathom a sense of goodness. It's strange - before St sickly arrived I could cope with some virtue in my life. It was refreshing, calming, even almost natural. It makes me wonder if St sickly is even truly good - their actions seem too perfect and too forced. But it doesn't matter - I should never have second guessed my evil nature. It's clearly who I am.

The year 664

The glitch has been fixed. I should find some sense of happiness in this, all of those dodgy do-gooders out of my sight for once and for all, but for some reason I'm slightly disappointed. It's as if a hole has opened in my chest, ripped open through missing out on an opportunity. If I was to honestly source the cause of this hole within me I'd have to blame it on my attachment to those merry monsters. How cruel of them to let me believe myself good enough to be one of them.

The year 665

I've made a discovery which is much to my enjoyment. Can you remember St Sickly? They didn't leave with the rest of them after the glitch was sorted. I knew they were too intensely perfect! They must have never been obedient to God after all! It feels good to guard the gates around the sinners again instead of the gates of angels. Seeing as St Sickly didn't go up, I'm going to make sure he gets extra-special devil treatment down here!

The year 666

I am bad. I am evil. I am most definitely hated by you. I proudly guard the glorious gates of Hell and have a controlling objection to the venomous virtue of others in any shape or form. I am now certain of this for two reasons: I find pleasure in others' pain, I cause suffering instead of making it my plight to end it. Also, it turned out St Sickly was transferred to Heaven eventually: they were never meant for down here. This is where I truly realised I was always meant for the deep depths of all evil for I punished the sickly one - I looked certain good in the eyes and chose

to punish it rather than nurture it. No good person would ever or could ever do that. But what did you really expect? I am the Devil after all!