

# The Five People You Meet in Hell

Someone famous once said: "God is a comedian playing to an audience too afraid to laugh." As such, after the TNR published my last interview with him, God decided to embrace the humor and not strike me dead. And, being the Almighty, He simply changed some of the text on the copy I sent Him. Unbeknownst to Him, I had already sent a copy to Mary. Oops.

So, after the success of a certain book, I decided that I would like to know the Five People You Meet in Hell. After obtaining a temporary death pass, I went down to have a look around and find out for myself.

"We've set this up sort of like one of those old game shows," Satan said as he led me over to a set of five doors. "And, behind door number one!"

The door swung open. "Pat, the high-school bully!"

"Word!" he said. "Yo, remember that time when I made you wear



And I thought my living friends sucked.

my little sister's pink panties and run around the gym in them?"

"Yeah, I remember," I said, gruffly. "I actually got more dates after that than ever." I elbowed Satan in the side. "Am I right?"

He just glared at me. "Behind door number two!"

The door swung open. "Andy,

the boy you 'experimented' with your first year of college!"

I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Yeah, you killed me with that last thrust," he said. "And, by the way, since you insisted on not wearing a condom, I have a surprise for you."

He started to bring out a baby carriage, but the door swung shut.

"I don't know how much more of this I can take," I said.

"Just wait, there's more!" Satan said. "Behind door number three!"

The door swung open. "Mrs. Avery, your ninety-year-old, overweight, 10<sup>th</sup> grade Social Studies

teacher!"

"You killed me with that last thrust," she said before I could even respond, a little drool dripping down her chin. "And, by the way, since you insisted on not wearing a condom, I have a little surprise for you."

She started to pull out a carriage and the door slammed shut.

"It gets better!" Satan assured me after seeing the look on my face. "Behind door number four!"

The door swung open. "Your..."

"Pastor Tom!" I cried.

"Hello, Kyle," he said, a grin playing across his face.

I slammed the door shut before he could say anything else. "Next?"

"And, behind door number five!"

The door swung open. Standing there, behind a kitchen counter, was a middle-aged woman with blond hair.

"Martha?" I said.

"No," she said, looking up at me

and smiling, "I'm Dartha, Martha's equally as annoying, slightly more bitchy, less talented sister."

"But, what..."

"I asked for a Dom. de la Romanee Conti 2001 Romanee St. Vivant Grand Cru, not a Ch. Duffau Lagarrosse 2000 Beausejour St Emilion! Don't you ingrates have any taste?!" she shrieked to someone. "Sorry, what was that, dear?"


"What are you doing here? Did I somehow kill you, too?"

"Oh, no," she laughed. "I'm here in everybody's lineup. It should really be called the Four People You Meet in Hell and Dartha Stewart!"

Interesting. And so ended my time in Hell and, having seen all those people face-to-face again, I could not wait to get the hell out of there.

(Article edited to conserve space. Go to [nutnr.com](http://nutnr.com) for the rest...)

— Kyle Kerr



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## Interview with O<sub>3</sub>

Q: So, describe the "Ozone" a bit more for our readers.

O<sub>3</sub>: The Ozone is, man, like nothin' else.

Q: I see. And you're a... molecule of this?

O<sub>3</sub>: No, man. You're all fuggedying up. I'm a Mole, C? (several minute pause) Ule.

Q: What?

O<sub>3</sub>: A Mole, C? Ule.

Q: So, describe the "Ozone" a bit more for our readers.

O<sub>3</sub>: The Ozone is, man, like nothin' else. Ain't no thing like the Ozone, except his brothers, but that's genetics for you. And genetics, they nothin' but a fancy way of saying "blood generational pass-downage."

Q: Well, the blood itself doesn't actually pass down. . . I mean, you make it sound like an artery or a blood vessel.

O<sub>3</sub>: Vessels would be the MBTA of blood, man. Now THAT's generational. But a lot scarier.

Q: Scarier?

O<sub>3</sub>: You ever ridden on a bus with a bunch of blood?

[Silence, as I consider this possibility].

Q: So. What's our favorite state of matter?

O<sub>3</sub>: Plasma. What's yours?

Q: Also plasma.

Q: What comes to your mind when I say "rice cakes"?

O<sub>3</sub>: .....  
.....  
.....  
Your face!

Q: What? Stop running around. And flip that calendar back to the proper month, please.

Q: Got any special talents?

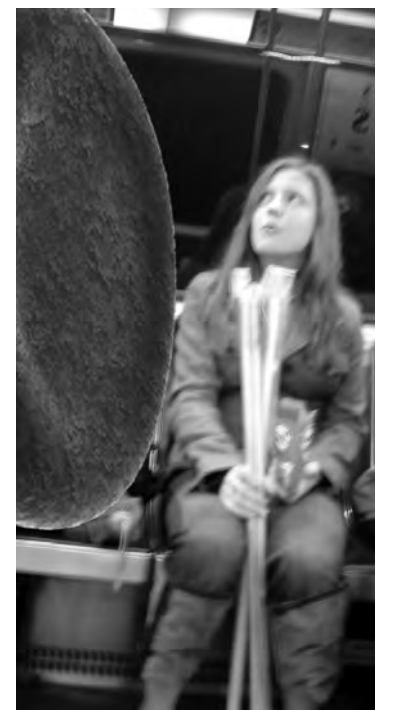
O<sub>3</sub>: I can make whale sounds.  
[Ozone molecule does so.]

Q: Wow, that's pretty impress. . . Hey, are you taking a nap? Wake up!

O<sub>3</sub>: [no response; heavy breathing]

Q: Much has been made of your alleged rivalry with chlorofluorocarbons. Is that real, or a media creation?

O<sub>3</sub>: Well, you know how it is. The media love to report things like that, brew up controversy... [inaudible, gagging]... but there's really nothing to report. You know, I actually got a laugh the other day. I bought my daughter a refrigerator for her wedding, and I thought to

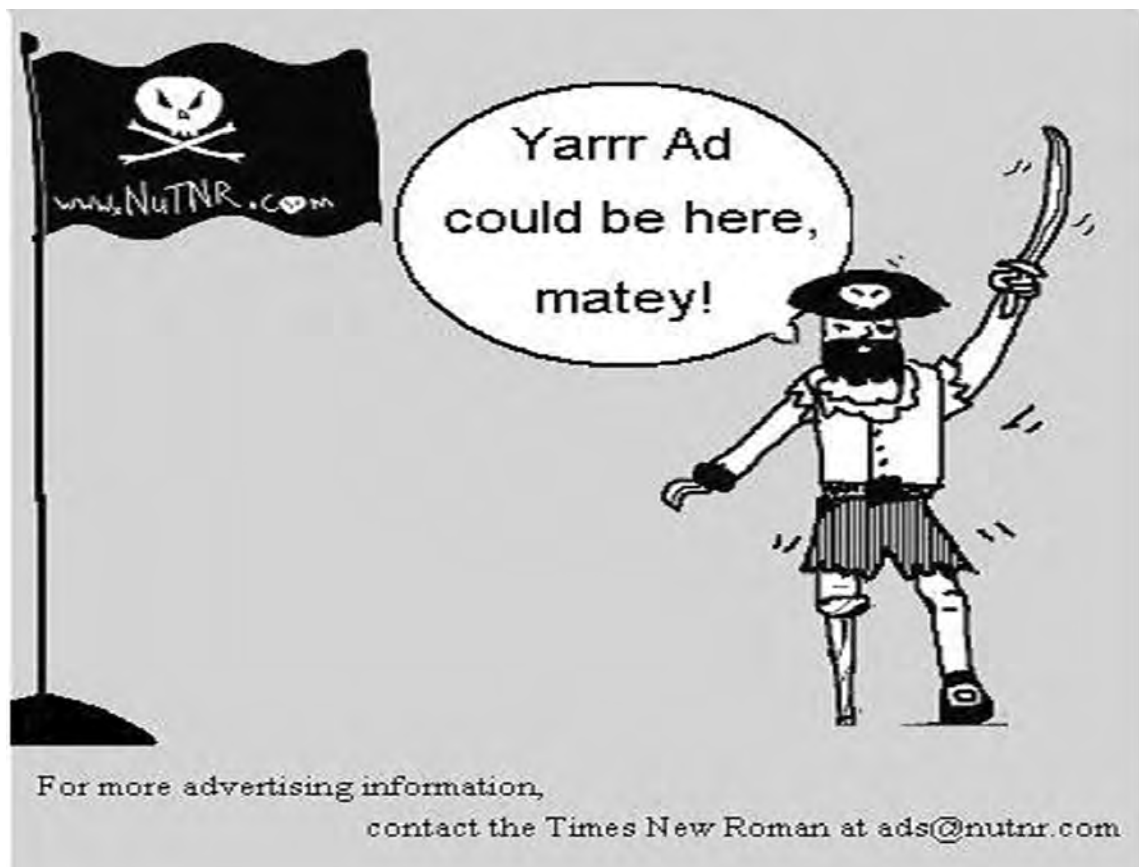


Talk about the RED line...Hi-ooooo myself, you know what? A decade ago, no one would ever expect an O<sub>3</sub> molecule to purchase a coolant. But now, ya know, it's all old hat. We've moved on.

Q: You've moved on?

O<sub>3</sub>: When you've been around for this many million years, you forgive and forget.

— Steven Stites



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