

The Demon Pie from Pasadena.

22/02/2008.

Story written by David Turk.

Using characters and situations created by David Turk.

This copy was downloaded from <http://www.finalsanctuarygaulon.com/>
Visit the website to read other great writings.

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 2.5 Australia License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.5/au/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

The Demon Pie from Pasadena.

The Devil sent one of his troublesome, and quite error prone, Demons to Pasadena to get it the Hell away from Hell.

Doesn't the Devil needs some time away from the Demons?

But in sending the Demon to Pasadena, the Devil quietly cursed that Demon in jest, saying "Shall you for evermore be the first thing you touch with your hands."

The Devil does these things you know, otherwise how would you fear him?

Upon immediate arrival in Pasadena the cursed Demon smelled a very delicious pie inside a local house, and after all these years in Hell, suddenly the Demon felt very hungry, like it had never felt hunger ever before.

Being in Hell you always feel hunger, but being in Hell means never being able to satisfy it, however our little cursed Demon was back on Earth now.

And nothing was going to stop that Demon from eating that pie, nothing.

Flying at extreme speed the Demon had its mouth wide open, and as it reached for and grabbed the pie, the Demons jaws snapped shut.

However things were not going according to plan for our little cursed Demon.

Bolts of lighting flew out from both the pie and the Demon, and the Demon was sucked into a Hellish vortex as it transformed itself into a pie.

The pie.

The exact same pie it tried to eat.

Blinking pastry eyes in astonishment, the Demon Pie let out a blood curdling cry, that woke all of Pasadena from its deep sleep.

However it seems this Demon Pie was still hungry, and being the thing that it wanted to eat would not stop it, other than it now needed to find something other than itself.

But before it could do a thing, noises came from upstairs, and the Demon Pie went all quiet, and Pie like.

The occupants of the house rushing downstairs, wondering what in Hell (so true) could have made such a sound, but found that everything looked normal, as the Demon Pie keeping silent for a moment, and looked just like a pie.

It wanted to eat and not be eaten.

Finding nothing unusual the occupants went back upstairs to sleep, scratching their collective heads as to where that Hellish sound came from.

Meanwhile the Demon Pie had plans of its own.

It could smell many wonderful things, however as much as it could also smell itself, the pie smell, and it smelt good, yet it knew to not eat itself, so it headed for the fridge.

How could it get inside?

Without rhyme nor reason the pie sprang out pastry arms, and with this new ability, it attacked the contents of the fridge in a most amusing way.

The Demon Pie's pastry flapped open, like a mouth, as the food was shoved in.

The Demon Pie grew fat. A fattening pie.

But nothing would stop its hunger. Nothing ever would.

Unknown to the Demon Pie another member of the household was curious about the noise, and the smells, and walked in on all fours into the kitchen.

Who was more surprised?

The cat or the Demon Pie?

The cat? Even with its small animal brain, could not quite understand how something that it would normally eat, had eyes, arms, and a mouth that was licking its messy lips from all that it has eaten from the fridge.

Or the Demon Pie? Because this was the first Earth bound creature it had encountered while acting more like a Demon than just a pie.

What to do?

Run away or eat?

This is what both the cat and Demon Pie both thought in a single moment at the same time, of each other!

The cat of the Pie.

The Pie of the cat.

What a dilemma!

What a sight!

However the Pie had become fat, yet the cat was lean and mean from years of a forced low fat diet, something the vet had advised.

So the cat started to move slowly towards the Pie, and the Pie slowly, and I mean slowly, moved towards the cat, pastry mouth wide open.

Who was going to eat who?

At this point the household dog ran in, a big dog, and all protagonists without any hesitation in short order, the Demon Pie froze, the cat ran out, the dog ate the Demon Pie, and that was that.

Well not quite.

The next day, the household's dog walker took the dog for it's usual 'walk'. You know the walk that needs a doggie bag to clean a certain mess up?

That usual 'walk'.

Well the poor dog was looking a little off after a 'Midnight' snack, but still a walk was in the daily plan, and it wasn't long before with great relief the dog had dropped a large turd on the local path.

The household's dog walker doing his required duties bent down to pick up said turd, but was stopped short, when some eyes popped out of it and blinked.

The Demon Pie had become the Demon Turd!

Upon seeing said Demon Turd, the household's dog walker fell down on his rear end, screaming, letting go of the leash, the dog now free, and seeing the resulting Demon Turd, and hearing the commotion, quickly took fright and was off.

The Demon Turd quickly gathered itself, which was not easy, and quickly headed for a nearby storm-water drain, never to be seen again.

Please remember though, if you are ever missing any pies, please do blame that little Turd from Hell, and not your pets.

The end.

The Demon Pie from Pasadena.