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## DEVIL DARTS ~ HUGH FINDLAY

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"Thank you for taking the time to



I was hanging out drinking beer and throwing darts at my local pub when the devil walked up and asked, *Wanna play a game?* I knew he was a regular and I didn't trust him, so I replied, *Sure, but not for my soul.* He said, *How's about for a drink then?* I agreed and we commenced to play.

Fifteen minutes later, the game came down to bullseyes—the devil needed three, and I needed just one. *Let's up the ante,* he suggested. *Sure,* I said, *but not for my soul.* He replied, *OK let's play for a testicle—you got two, and a real man only needs one.* I'd already had a few beers and was feeling pretty good about the odds, so I accepted the bet. Not that I really knew what I'd do with a devil testicle, but the very idea of relieving him of half his manhood sounded pretty awesome to me.

Problem was, on my next turn, I suddenly developed a case of the nervous "yips" and flat-out missed everything. The devil smiled, revealing two sharp fangs, and his eyes flamed bright red. Then he calmly nailed three bullseyes for the win. *Crap,* I thought, *this is gonna hurt.* But like a good sport, he bought me a Fireball—in preparation, I guess, for what was to come.

*Let's do this in the bathroom,* he suggested. A bet is a bet, I figured, and followed him toward the toilets. I was debating which testicle I would prefer to part with, when I saw a pool cue lying on a nearby table so without thinking, I snatched it and cracked him over the back of the head.

The devil went down, completely knocked out. A collective gasp came over the bar. Microseconds later, six guys pounced on him like a Pit Bull on a poodle. All of the guys seemed handicapped—one was missing a leg, another a hand, and a third, I swear, had no ears or nose. The rest limped in ways suggesting they had lost body parts that were best left unmentioned.

They punched, kicked, stabbed, and even shot him a few times. One guy impaled him on his own pitchfork, and another cut off his tail for a souvenir. Like me, I guess they had their reasons. Then, as a group, they tossed him into the back alley with the rats and garbage, shouting *That's where he belongs!* Those with hands gave each other high-fives and back-slaps and generally agreed on a job well-done.

After all the excitement died down, I went back to the dartboards and there, to my surprise, was Jesus throwing darts. Apparently, he had been watching from the shadows and was now glowing with a halo of satisfaction. *Way to take out the trash!* he said, and then he bought me a congratulatory beer. As we toasted each other in celebration, he asked, *Wanna play a game?* I paused, then replied, *Sure, but not for my soul.*