

A CONVERSATION WITH THE DEVIL

by Eulendeutsch

Dedicated to Satan, here is what you asked me for. I hope you leave me alone.

The conversation I had with the devil that very same night, as agreed upon with him, will now be narrated by me myself. Nevertheless, precisely for that reason, I must be the one to warn you that this is not a romanticization of the devil as a figure, nor is it something that should be considered *avant-garde* or taken lightly.

Those who follow the right path will be able to understand the reasons the devil had for making me write this and publish it, but they will also realize that there is as much truth in his words as there is malice. One thing, however, is clear: his warnings are serious.

Before I begin, I must emphasize one last thing: the late Pope Francis himself strongly stressed, during his final days, that one should not even attempt to converse with the devil, just as he emphasized that the devil is not a metaphor, but a real, tangible being—the personification of evil. Pope Francis was emphatic about not engaging in dialogue with him, even using the example that Jesus Himself never conversed with him, not even in the desert, where He merely answered by refuting him with the Scriptures of the prophets.

That being said, *everyone may do as they please*, but I would not attempt to engage in a conversation with him again. I am only doing this because I know he keeps his word, just as I do, and I hope that among the many unwary souls he wins over through this, there will likewise be some who are saved.

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I had been drinking a few beers that night; I did not even think this was going to happen that night. It simply happened.

I want to emphasize that anyone can speak with the devil: no rituals are needed, nor any of the paraphernalia some Satanists claim is necessary, nor is there any need to pay exorbitant prices for grimoires from terrorist publishing houses.

I entered the meeting place, a small café in an undetermined location. I sat down, holding in my hand a phone that an acquaintance had given me a few weeks earlier. It was one of those burner phones, the kind that are almost impossible to find anymore. As such, I had only used it to communicate with that acquaintance of mine, who is also a writer and always takes these kinds of precautions, because his experiences have taught him to be careful and keep a low profile.

I thought about calling him—that is the truth; that was why I had the phone. Even so, I did not. Instead, I ordered a coffee and prepared myself for the person I was going to speak with that night. While I waited, I could feel him telling me:

—There is no hurry. When you are ready, we will talk. But the moment will come.

I did not even notice when he was suddenly sitting in front of me. As cliché as it may sound, he was an old man, gray-haired, with a broad forehead, but without a receding hairline. He was fair-skinned and dressed in black; his tie, however, was white, as was his shirt. The conversation began naturally, because he had known me all my life.

—So this is the deal: you answer me, and I take care of publishing it—I said, pencil in hand—. As such, you know that I am not your devotee; likewise, I know you are aware that many people want to read this shit.

He nodded.

—Why do you do it? What do you gain?—I asked—. You know perfectly well that you will not manage to trap me with this.

He laughed and said:

—It is not about you, but about what you can accomplish—he said elegantly—. That gift my Father gave you, you will use to write about me... You will have readers interested in this material, and I will be able to influence more than a few of them, not to say deceive them, since, as such, I feel that I never deceive anyone—he said before drinking from his cup. It was small; I do not know whether it contained tea or coffee.

—Pope Francis emphasized that you were a gentleman—I said—. He mentioned that you never forced anyone to do anything, that you were polite, that you were the kind who knocked on the door and waited to be invited in.

He nodded slightly as I told him this.

—The truth is, yes. In fact, I am credited with many things in which I did not even have to intervene directly—he said, making a grimace—. While it is true that I have been able to witness certain things, many times all it took was the influence I exerted over certain people, and the rest was entirely their decision. That is what I find curious, and I think it is something you are interested in writing about.

—What do you mean?—I asked.

—I use many channels to reach people, but I am not the one who does these things. To be honest with you, it is human beings themselves and their weak will that make use of their free will and then sour my coffee by exploiting children to produce it—he said, taking a sip from his cup—. The truth is, sometimes all it took was for one of the many channels I have to reach them for them to commit atrocities, and many times those channels are not even direct messages from me. They are merely influence—he made a disgusted face—. But just as they smear me with it, I have watched them kill one another for decades over gods whom they themselves later buried in oblivion.

—These channels you speak of, what exactly do you mean?—I asked.

He laughed, then looked at me, making a gesture with his arms.

—What is wrong with you? You know perfectly well —he said—. Perhaps in the past I needed to whisper things to people; nowadays, I do not. In this age, it is so easy to bombard people with images, images that are ideas at the same time, and sooner or later those ideas lead them to me. Many times, those images are not even my work, but the work of people whom, if I remember correctly, I may have influenced, or perhaps not even that —he paused and looked me in the eyes—. This little interview I am granting you is also a channel, and you will be the one who decides whether to publish it, not me.

—And why should I publish it? —I asked—. Why should I do it? You know that I am Catholic and that this fills me with guilt.

—All the more reason for you to know that I keep my word, and I know that you do as well. Just do it, and the matter will be settled; whatever happens in your conscience afterward is none of my concern.

—Could you give me some rhetorical example of these channels? —I asked.

He smiled.

—Pornography —he said bluntly—. I have accomplished wonders through pornography alone, so much so that lust has been romanticized above other sins that are neither more nor less evil, in fact —he said, raising his index finger; it was incredibly thin—. Here, I would like to make an aside.

I gestured for him to continue.

—Humanity makes a grave mistake by devoting all its attention to the recent events the press has brought to light, which they classify as sexual crimes, especially against children, committed by the elites —he said, laughing—. It is true that these are “bad” things —he said mockingly—, but they are neither more nor less evil than stealing a piece of candy or lying. Evil is evil here and in any dialect; it cannot be measured, just as perhaps pain cannot be measured either... although I cannot tell you anything definitive about the latter.

I smiled.

—Do you think that this whole thing about pedophilic elites could even be a smokescreen?

He nodded and added:

—Absolutely. I do not deny that it shocks them and that, at the same time, it is sinful, that it is “wrong,” but those things happened years ago, and now, in parallel, while countless people pretend to be surprised as they read things that were an open secret, powerful and not-

so-powerful people are making moves that are neither much better nor much worse than those things.

—You said that pain cannot be measured. What do you think of Christ? —I asked—. His suffering was what saved us from sin.

—And what do you want me to tell you? —he said with a look of contempt.

—I think you understand me when I tell you that God Himself gave His Son so that we could live free from sin. You tried to intervene there; it is written, and even so, He defeated you.

He made a mocking face and said:

—You are very rude, but even so, I will tell you that, in the same way that Jesus Christ was the one who died for the sins of all of you, I tell you that it was not the Son of Man who forgave you. In fact, had it not been for the Father, *you would have remained buried thousands of levels below me*. The Son of Man asked the Father to forgive you, because he, at least, was not going to do it. It was his final act of generosity toward you.

At that moment, I began to feel dizzy. I felt that I had already obtained answers that were interesting enough, and the drowsiness that overcame me was so intense that I could not conceal it.

—Is there anything else you would like to have on the record? —I asked—. I promise I will publish this —I said nervously.

—Nothing else —he said—. What I have said will be written, and those who understand the value of words will comprehend it, just as I hope many will not —he said, laughing—. It was a pleasure speaking with you —he said, breaking into a smile that was far too wide.

At that moment, I stood up and picked up my umbrella. I slowly moved away from the table in that café we had been using. I could see him sitting there, giving me one final look, with that smile that could easily remind you of Tim Curry's Pennywise. The door was right in front of me, and he remained seated. I did not take my eyes off him. I decided to leave.

Once outside, beneath the rain, I cast one final glance toward the window beside the table where I had spoken with him.

There was no one there.

I called a friend to take me home and, despite everything, I was not afraid. I was calm; I only felt somewhat disgusted at having to write this, and there was also something in his mannerisms that I could not capture in writing here that made me despise him. Be that as it

may, I felt like a journalist interviewing or writing an article about a serial killer. At that moment, I remembered Paul Avery and the Zodiac Killer.

When I arrived home, however, I realized that he was not going to let the insolence I had shown him go unanswered either, and so I did not have good dreams that night. In those dreams, I saw him again in other forms, perhaps more ominous ones. Even so, that is something I will keep to myself and that has no bearing on this account.

I can bear witness, in the name of the Most Holy Virgin Mary and everything that this entails, that the conversation I had with the devil was genuine. Likewise, I want to bear witness that everything he said, to me, constitutes warnings that more than a few people will ignore and that, on the contrary, will only make them more interested in him.

He achieved what he wanted. He used me as a channel, and all I obtained was this account which, I reiterate, I swear before Almighty God, is genuine.

As I finish typing it, I feel somewhat relieved, and I think about how to reconcile my conscience, considering myself a Catholic, after what I have just done. Even so, just as Pope Francis had said, one must not dwell too much on what the devil tells you; if you do, you lose your mind.

I do not believe that what I have done is something evil, at least not as long as it remains limited to that particular encounter and dialogue. What happens in the future, I do not know, but I place my will and my faith in Christ.

I do not know what the real impact of this account may be, nor do I doubt that many people will consider me insane. I even find myself thinking that exorcists, when recounting their conversations with the devil as part of their work, have a far greater impact than this, and I think about how they themselves became channels through which the devil speaks, ultimately ensnaring unsuspecting people through those priests who claim to have defeated him. The truth is, at least for me, that this is of no interest.

I have only one final moral duty, and that is to advise all of you never to attempt to address the devil as I did, or in any manner whatsoever. He will always outsmart you. He is more intelligent than human beings, but bear in mind that he is neither rude nor violent; he is polite, and he will only manage to get inside your head through ideas, which can reach us through words or images.

But precisely for that reason, one should never attempt to converse with him... if what you want is to remain far away from him.

But if your interest is in getting closer to him, then I suppose, yes: he achieved what he wanted, managing to get me to write this little account of that night when I spoke with the devil.