

Word Fail
By
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“That’s game,” Beelzebub grinned, setting the cue aside. “I own your soul.”

“Yep,” Gary smiled back, shaking Beelzebub’s hand. “Fair and square.”

Beelzebub eyed Gary carefully. “You’re mighty calm for a man facing Eternal Damnation.”

Gary fished a coin from his pocket and held it out. “Damnation? You need to double check the fine print. You’re secretary misspelled soul. It says sol. As in the Peruvian Sol, their currency between 1863 and 1985. I collect coins.” Gary handed Beelzebub the shiny silver disc. “I’m gonna miss that one. It has sentimental value.”

“Damn spell check,” Beelzebub muttered, taking the coin.