Confessions of an Undying Man

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For my wife, Cherry Gagni
You'll forever be my muse.

I sold my soul to the devil.

What I did was a mistake... I know that now. I have been selfish... and foolish. It was an easy mistake to make.

It was 1905. Everyone in town were making lots of money. All, except for me. It was so unfair! I was a devout, religious man... they were not! I had money... but it wasn't enough to give me luxuries. In short, I became envious. So I sold my soul to the devil.

I was so angry... I stopped believing in my faith.

One evening, I came home drunk out of my mind. The rain pounded upon my roof but I didn't care. All I remember now are the loud, crumbling noises... a thick dark cloud in my head... a heavy burden in my chest. The pain I felt inside was so unbearable that I cursed my life... my faith.

At that moment, I heard a soft voice. The woman's voice said soothing words, telling me it was all gonna be fine. As I sat down, she whispered into my ear: “Tell me what you want and I shall give it.”

I told her what was in my heart: Money, lots of it. Before she could respond, I asked for one more... 'I never want to grow old'. She said she would give both to me for a small price. When I asked what it was, she said two words that thrilled and chilled me at the same time: 'Your soul'.

It only took a second before I shouted, 'Yes!' I felt a slight chill in my spine as I heard the woman's soothing voice turn into a man's devilish laugh. But thinking about it now, it didn't really sound like a man... it was something else entirely! I turned around to see who, or what, it really was. But there was no one behind me. I only felt a slight breeze that was eerily chilling. A cold hand touched my neck but I never got a chance to see who it was... I fainted.

When I woke up the next day, I felt like a new man. And I was, I really was. I had hundreds of servants attending to me. Different mansions in plush neighborhoods at different countries, I owned them all. I had my fill of beautiful women in my bed... models, actresses... blondes, brunettes.

I had all I've ever dreamed of. I had to be happy... but I wasn't. All that money and women was never able to fill up that void inside of me. It was then that I realized my happiness didn't come from all these fake, worldly nonsense. It came from something I've hidden deep within me a long, long time ago... my faith.

That evening, I tried to summon the devil who granted me my worldly pleasures, but the trickster never showed up. Never again.

Not even now, more than a century later. I might look like I'm in my 30's but I'm already past that age, way past it. And I'm sick of it! For all I wanted now was to finally sleep in peace, forever. I've tried to make amends with my faith but nothing seemed to work. I gave all the devil's riches to those in need... but death still eluded me.

Damn! What must I do?

I'm so tired...

Oh please, forgive me from my trespasses.

I'm so, so tired.

As I write now, I've become more exhausted. My body feels much heavier.

And yet... my heart finally feels joy.

Please, forgive me.

I'm sorry.

I'm sor...

About the Author

Though the author spent his 10-year career working as an IT professional, he always had a passion for writing. During that period, he wrote poems for his wife. He also went on to write some short stories and essays for a blog. When his wife received information about sites that offer self-publishing, it renewed the "writing flame" inside of him, triggering him to refurbish three of his surviving works and self-publish them. That compilation was what he published thru self-publishing sites, most recently with Lulu.com, which the author hoped to share with a lot more people… along with the new short stories and the novella he recently finished writing.