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Ken Langness

Evil Baby 666

I drove my VW to Niagara Falls to see what all the hoopla was about.

When I got there, I found out you could get famous
for going over the Falls in a barrel, so I got a barrel
and put in a sandwich and, for luck, a black-and-brown cat I found in a parking lot.
I set the barrel at the river's edge and got inside.

The current took me over the Falls. The raucous noise was deafening.
The barrel popped back up and floated down the river.
It stopped at a bank, and I got out.
There was a woman there, hiking her dog,
and she said, "I heard about you. You're the Evil Baby.
They said you were going over the Falls. So you're Lucifer?"
I said, "That's one of my names." Just then, the cat climbed out of the barrel,
but instead of being black and brown, he was all white.

Evil Baby 7

I went to the cafeteria and sat next to the Russian janitor.
I had in front of me an equation from my physics class.
I looked at it and said, "The Hell with this!"
and the janitor said, "Let me have a look."
He looked at it and wrote down, "711.xy."

I took it to my physics teacher, and he said it was correct
and gave me an "A." I went to the cafeteria again
and sat next to the janitor and told him he was right.
I said, "I thought you were just a janitor."
He said, "In USA I am janitor, but in Russia I am physicist."
And he said, "I heard around campus that you were Evil Baby,"
and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Satan?" and I said, "Yes."
He said, "In USA, you are Evil Baby.
In Russia, you are poleetical leader."

Evil Baby 8

I switched campuses because I couldn't smoke on my old campus.
I was enrolled in a sociology course.
The first day, the teacher asked us our names.
I told him I was Daemeon Hades.

We were assigned a project where we interviewed a person we thought was interesting.

I interviewed a mentally ill man named Jim.

At the end of the interview, I said, "So a simple 'How's it going, Jim?' can go a long way."

Later on, the teacher called me into his office and said,

"Your name's not Daemeon Hades, is it?

You're the Evil Baby? Satan?" and I said, "Yes."

He said, "I liked your interview. I want to thank you for the attitude you've brought to my class."

And I said, "Well, you know, we demons from Hell, we aim to please."

Evil Baby 9

I drove my VW to Washington, DC, and went straight to the White House.

The guard asked me who I was and I told him I was the Evil Baby.

He took me to the Oval Office, and I went inside.

I said, "Hello, Mr. President," and Trump said,

"So you're the Evil Baby," and I said, "Yes,"

and he said, "Satan?" and I said, "Yes."

He asked, "How can I help you, Mr. Evil Baby?"

I said, "I don't like the way you've handled the Korean missile crisis."

And Trump said, "What can I do?"

I said, "Nuke 'em!" and he said, "Bomb the Hell out of them?"

and I said, "Broil their ass!"

Trump said, "That's what I'll do. I will, I will."

I said, "That's very presidential of you."

I rubbed his head with my hand and said, "Attaboy, Donald."

Trump said, "I love you, Evil Baby."

And I said, "That's alright, Donald. I love me too."

Evil Baby 10

I waited for Santa on Christmas Eve.

Around midnight, he plopped down the chimney.

I said, "I'm glad you're here. What did you bring me?"

He said, "I brought you a lump of coal.
You're the antithesis of everything I stand for.
They call you the Evil Baby, right?"
and I said, "Yes," and he said, "You stand for evil."

I said, "Well, forget you. Bah, humbug! You go to Hell."
Santa flipped me a finger and then scampered up the chimney,
and I never saw him again.

Ken Langness has published work in *The Oak*, *Plainsongs*, *The Story Teller*, and elsewhere. He has also published the chapbook *Too Much Thinking*. He lives in Nebraska.