

In the beginning there was God. Nothing else, just God. After a while he became bored. And so god said 'let there be something else'. His problem was he couldn't imagine anything else to create. All he could imagine was himself, and despite his infinite power and boundless wisdom, he just couldn't fathom what else might come into being. He imagined, after long thought, that he might create something else after his own image. He decided against it though; what good would it do if all there was was God and an imitation? He wanted to create something which was unlike everything (for God was everything). To this day he has been unable to make any progress. If you can think of anything which is in no way related to anything you've ever seen or heard or felt, let Him know about it.

After God had come to pass, Man came to exist. The world also came to exist around man. And man had everything he could want or need. But man was finite, and he died. So it came that man created God. The being which was in everyway more than man, which never died and was never restricted in His ability.

Dear Kathrine,

Today there was another attempted break. These men didn't make it either. Their names were Smith and Goldman. Smith I didn't know very well, but Franz Goldman I was very close to. The worst part is when they show the prisoners the bodies.

The rations do seem to be getting a little better. I guess with the gaurds being pretty much sure that they'll win the war at this point, they think they can afford to improve the rations. I hear reports on the radio of how our underground is doing; sometimes we can pick up an allies radio broadcast. They often tell of how the resistance successfully destroyed some stockpile, or caused some trainwreck, but these reports are becoming more and more infrequent. I fear for you, even more than I fear for myself. When they do finally roll into our town they won't be kind to the civilians. All the reports tell of the horrible things that these bastards do to civilians. I beg you, try to get out to a nuetral country soon. The confidence of our captors lately has really gotten to me; I'm scared.

Have you spoken with grandmother recently? How are the children doing? How's Sal, and young Christine? I know it grieves you, but I think it is best you sent them away early like you did.

I love you, and I love the children. Tell them I'm thinking of them if you talk to them. And tell them that daddy will be home soon.

You must remember that we may lose the war, but we must never lose our pride. I know that we were right, we should have waited to be more powerful.

With my love,

Henry

person A made a deal with the devil. He gained all the wealth of his wildest dreams. He bought and sold houses, and companies as he liked. He even made a number of friends, true friends even. Certainly they were lead on by the promise of his wealth, but after time they became as true as true friends can be. After all, he had everything he could want to give them.

person B made a deal with the devil. He got power, the power to control peoples lives. He ruined and made people indiscriminately. He caused more despair and more redemption than you could possibly ever imagine. He had hundreds of people whose only purpose was to obey his every whim. If they didn't run until they dropped for him he would have them tortured and killed. But then some he gave their wildest dreams.

Person C made a deal with the devil. He didn't seem to get anything. He kept on living as he had. He wasn't wealthy, but he wasn't starving either. He had his ups and downs, his loves and his losses. He was often pushed around, and sometimes he tried to strike back, but could a little person like him do?%