

# The ultimate con

## Azrael At The Advent Of The End Of The World With A Comical Twist

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It was a bright sunny day down on Earth. Right on schedule, Azrael, the angel of death, on his very own deadly Harley Davidson, descended to ring in the apocalypse. He was all prepared to cross things off his elaborate to-do list; ready to hear the panic and the screams, the apologies and the unfulfilled dreams, the confessions and the cries! But, oh, did Azrael underestimate just what God created when humans came into existence!

Looking for the most crowded place to begin the apocalypse, he zapped in at a place that seemed like a market to him. No sooner than he could even finish relishing the thought of chaos he would cause when suddenly a group angels, demons, and devils walked up to him. "Oh, man, you fit in just right with our group. Let's take a picture!" said the demon. Taken aback by the words that were said to him, he looked around to see one of them dressed up exactly like him. Astounded, he demanded, "How dare you imitate me? The boy responded, "Just like you, I saw the outfit online as well, man. Chill!"

Azrael, stupefied by the unexpected nonchalance, shouted at them, "I am the original one! This isn't a costume, puny human." An awkward silence followed by sudden great laughter infuriated him further. In a tone laced with sarcasm, one of them said, "Okay, chill, of course you are the real one," as they left with chuckles and whispers. "What a lunatic!" "Exactly! All this for a costume he probably got on that great Amazon sale."

It had been barely 20 minutes on Earth and

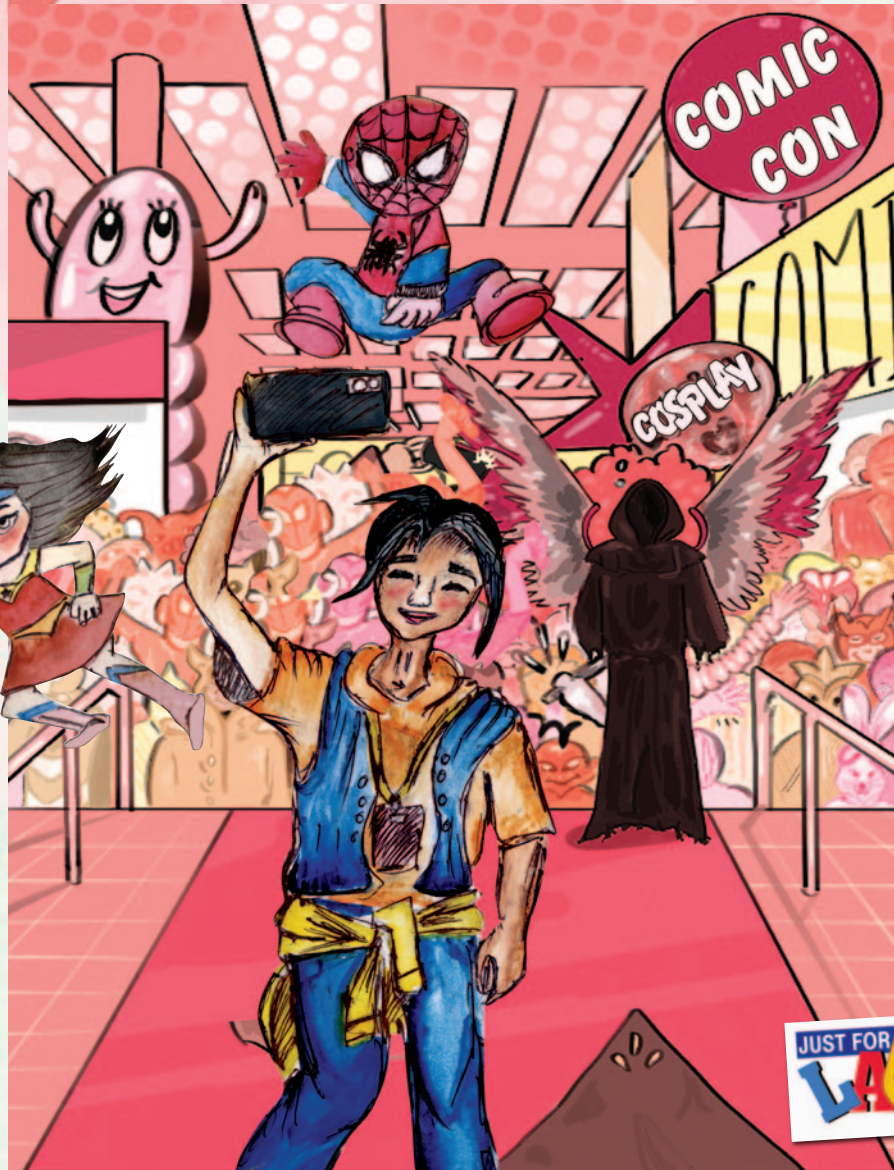


Illustration: Akshita Bhandari, XI B & Rudrakshi Joshi, IX D, AIS Pushp Vihar

he was utterly confused. Right then, he heard someone say, "Tall, grumpy, and so dreamy! He's just my type." The last straw

was pulled, and he had had enough. He gathered his force and released the energy on a loud group of youngsters. And thud!

Suddenly, their faces turned pale as they stood there soulless. Ready to see the fear, he turned around only to see the crowd around clapping with astonishment. "That was such a well-executed act! How about we create our very own version of Avengers?" Loki proposed. Bewildered about what in the multiverse was happening, Azrael looked around and saw a banner that read Welcome To Comic Con! That's when he realised that he had stepped into his worst nightmare.

Azrael was done with the façade. In a tone as deep as the connections humans wish to have but always fail, he announced, "I am here to take your souls and one by one they will be mine." Just as he thought he had accomplished scaring them, the Ghost Rider asked, "What about me? I already sold my soul." Then bellowed Thor, at the top of his lungs, "Funny how you all are trying to prove your might when I, the God of Thunder, have graced this gathering." "Pfft, always an attention seeker," scoffed Loki impersonator as he rolled his eyes.

No one realised when did the debate become a brawl and the brawl became a deadly battleground. In a weird twist of events, the humans just made the job easier for Azrael. All he had to do next was grab a bucket of popcorn and coke as he watched them argue and beat each other up, thus initiating the beginning of the end of the world.

Ticking things off his extensive to-do list, he thought, "God has always had peculiar ways to get the work done." Maybe he did pay heed to that young man's suggestion who asked him to have a little fun.

Pics: Ani Gandhi, AIS Pushp Vihar, X B

In spotlight



The leaders of the team: Moksh Gauri & Deetya Gambhir



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