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## 5 Questions

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# 5 QUESTIONS

*Samantha Guess*

I know it before I even open my eyes, something is wrong. The air is cool and fresh, it feels like the calm before the storm. What happened to me? The last thing I remember is seeing the headlights of that truck coming at me, and...I bolt upright and wince with pain. My head is pounding, and my body is aching all over. That truck, I realize once the pain dies down, it wasn't just coming at me: it hit me head-on. Then I notice I'm not in my car, nor am I in a hospital. I'm in a white room. I stand up, look around, and realize there are no windows or doors. It's just a plain white room. Suddenly, a chill runs down my spine.

"Left or right?" I jump at the voice and turn around. What used to be just white space sits a man at an office desk, with one door on his right and one on his left.

"What?" I manage to get out.

"Left or right?" he repeats calmly, not even bothering to look up from the paper he's reading. My head is swimming with questions. Who is this man? How did he get there without me noticing? What are those two doors, and where do they go?

"Left or right?" he repeats again, this time more sternly.

"Why do I have to choose?" I ask. The man looks up as if seeing me for the first time. Now that I can see his face, I realize he's barely older than 25 years, and he's by far the most beautiful man I've ever seen. His hair is black with shaved sides and longer on the top. His face looks as if it was carved out of marble, with sharp cheekbones and full lips. He's also dressed from head to toe in a black suit. I can't help but stare at him. Then I recognize what gave me that chill earlier. He's breathtakingly beautiful with a voice as thick and smooth as honey, and his eyes are red.

They look like drops of blood on his face. It's like I was falling, and suddenly, I hit the ground. The haze that I felt lifted like a fog, and I knew then that I must be dead, because the devil was right in front of me. While I come to these realizations, the man just stares at me.

Then his face breaks into a smile and he says, "Interesting, no one's been able to get out of my hold before."

"And what do you mean by that?" I inquire.

His smile just widens, and he asks again, "Left or right?"

"Why do you ask?" I respond stubbornly. If he wants my answer, he's going to have to answer my questions first.

"Because it's my job to ask," he replies curtly.

I was really starting to get annoyed. Devil or not, if I get the chance, I might punch him in the face. Instead, I stand there with my arms crossed determined to be as stubborn as him. It feels like I'm playing a mental game of cat and mouse, and whoever breaks first

loses. I'm not sure how much time passes, but eventually, he sighs, and I know I've won.

"You get five questions, then you must answer mine and pick a door," he replies, slightly irritated.

I already know what my first question is. "Are you the devil?"

His face goes blank, and I wonder if I'm even allowed to ask something like that. Then he bursts out in laughter, and relief washes over me.

"Yes, I am the devil," he answered after catching his breath. "You've got four more questions now."

I know I should be thinking over what I should ask, but I can't help and blurt out, "What's your name?"

He looks extremely amused as he answers, "My name is Lucifer. You have three more questions." Cocky bastard. Sorry if I don't just assume that's your name. I only have three more questions left, so I should probably be more strategic with what I ask now. The devil is sitting right in front of me, which means I'm most

likely dead. The two doors probably go to heaven or hell, and I must choose one. Why do I choose? I thought God passed down judgment, not the devil. The devil was the one who tempted you, led you astray. My head starts pounding again with all my questions and possibilities racing through my skull. I take a deep breath and look Lucifer in the eye as I ask my next question.

“Why do I choose which door to go through?”

Just like that his grin and arrogance disappear. I knew this was going to be a tricky question, but I need to know the truth. Lucifer just sits there looking at me. I can see his mind working, trying to come up with a suitable answer without giving anything away. More time ticks by as the devil stares at me. Finally, he gives me his answer.

“You must choose the door because it will decide where you will spend the rest of your life.”  
“Really?” I say incredibly annoyed at this point, “Is that why there are two doors there? I thought one led

to a broom closet and the other to the basement. Of course, I realize one goes to heaven and one goes to hell, but I want to know why it’s my choice!”

Lucifer looks taken aback like he hasn’t been yelled at in a while. His cocky grin and arrogance fall back in place. He says, “Then you should have been more specific with your question. Two more left.”

Oh yeah, I’m definitely going to punch him. While I ponder how to ask my last two questions, something Lucifer said to me earlier comes to mind. Something about getting out of his hold. Then it hits me, I know what my next question is. “What hold did you have over me when I first got here, and why is it important?” I hold my breath as I wait for another clipped answer or snarky comment. Instead, Lucifer looks pleased.

“I’d say that wouldn’t count, because it’s two questions in one, but I’m impressed you remembered that, so I’ll answer both.” He pauses and takes a deep

breath before continuing. "The "hold" I had on you earlier was to make sure you were calm and level-headed when you answered my question. This is important because it's your eternity to choose and you shouldn't pick the wrong one because of the shock of being here. Last question"

While his answer does make sense, there's still something nagging at the back of my mind. The same dread I felt when I first arrived, something is wrong. I can't forget everything I was taught and held dear growing up and living as a Christian. The devil is the source of all temptation and evil, so why is he trying to help me choose the right door? When I first met Lucifer, he had me under some sort of "spell" that compelled me to choose a door, and kept pestering me about it. Why is it so important that I choose a door? He could have easily told me which one to pick when I was still under his control. It's something to do with those doors.

"OH!" I exclaim. It finally hits me what's felt so wrong about

this whole situation. Now I'm the one with the cocky grin as I look at the devil and ask my final question. "Am I dead?"

I know I'm right as soon as the words leave my mouth. Pure hatred rips apart Lucifer's beautiful face and leaves only the devil in place. Matching his arrogance I ask again "Am I dead?"

"I heard you the first time," he snaps out.

"Call it karma, since you kept pestering me about the doors," I snap back. Man, if looks could kill, I'd be dead after the one Lucifer just gave me. "I'm waiting." It looks like Lucifer is using immense control not to jump up and strangle me. After a few more minutes, the devil answers my final question.

"No, you are not dead."

"In that case," I sing with a triumphant voice, "I choose neither door."

"Are you sure?" he replies.

His voice lacks conviction while mine is dripping with

confidence. I respond, "Absolutely."

"Fine," he replies sourly and snaps his fingers three times. Suddenly, the white room and Lucifer disappear around me as I start falling. I try to scream but nothing comes out. I close my eyes as I wait for the end to come, but I hear voices instead. I crack open my eyes to see what happened and come face to face with a giant "get better" balloon. I open my eyes more and see that I'm lying down on a hospital bed. My mom, dad, and sister have their backs to me as they talk with the doctor standing in the doorway. I try to get their attention by calling out, but all that comes out of me is a moan. My sister turns around and cries out when she sees me awake. She and my mom race to my side as my dad breaks out in tears in the doorway. I blink a few times, just to be sure I don't wake up back in that white room again. Finally, I was back home with my family. After I find my voice, I ask my sister what happened.

"You got into a wreck!" she exclaimed. "You were going around a bend and a truck hit you! We got a

call from the hospital saying you were in the ER undergoing emergency surgery. Afterward, the doctor said it would be a miracle if you ever woke up again."

"So, what did I have to have surgery for?" I ask.

My mom replied, "You had a punctured lung and a ruptured spleen."

"Is my face still intact?" I tease.

"Yes," My mom and sister breathe out, "your face is still intact."

"Dad, why are you just standing there?" My father had just been standing in the doorway the whole time crying.

"Just looking at you. I love you, Bunty." I smile as my dad says my childhood nickname.

"I love you too, daddy," I say. After more tears and laughter, it's just me and my sister in the room. My parents had gone to the cafeteria to get us something to eat.

"So," my sister inquires after a few minutes of silence, "did you see God?"

"No" I laugh in reply, "I didn't see God."