

## The Satan of UC Berkley

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A raised voice: "What does that mean?"

My eyes flick from the sale display I've been perusing to the Discount Fiction section of the Berkeley bookstore.

"You're excused," says a person wearing demonic goat horns and a red skirt. They continue explaining themselves to the old man they're talking to. "You said excuse me and I said you're excused."

"Well that's a snotty little remark," the man sneers, his white mustache furrowing parallel to his brow.

"Why did you ask to be excused if you didn't want to be excused?" The college kid is being a dick about polite social interactions like college kids are.

The man looms over the other person and says something I can't quite make out.

"Oh yeah? Makes you feel big to be mean to a 20 year old?" Baphomet shouts.

Old guy starts walking away in a huff with his hands in his denim jacket pockets.

"You're 20? I thought you were 12!" he hollers.

"And I thought you were a man! But I guess I was wrong." It seems the Satan of UC Berkley has resorted to weaponizing the patriarchy.

“You wouldn’t know what it means!” comes from denim jacket, now in the New Non-Fiction section. “You and your whole generation,” he mumbles in Psychology, where I had retreated to relative safety.

The two have separated and the interaction is over. There are a few minutes of tense quiet in the store.

As I am perusing the dishearteningly small Ethnomusicology section, the devil with a pentagram Sharpied onto their forehead is chatting up a scene girl they seem to be on a date with.

She takes a book they’ve handed her. “How did you flip there?” She gasps.

Budget Lucifer responds in the mansplainiest tone ever heard in human history, “I spent several seconds looking through the book while you were distracted looking somewhere else. I mean... it was my inherent sense of romance.”

I am not interested enough in the dusty tome of Korean folk song I am browsing to stand here any longer. I take my two half price novels and book it.