

***“A BEDTIME CONVERSATION REGARDING
DELAYS IN THE SECOND COMING”***

I don't think I look anything like you, the Young Man said to God.

-You're a funny guy, God smiled.

-Is that good?

-It's wonderful.

-Thank you.

-But just to be clear, you know that I do, in fact, look like all my children. All my boys. All my girls. My butterflies and my tigers. My kangaroos and my cockroaches. The Bible guys got it wrong. I made everything in my image.

-I know that, but to most people it just doesn't make a whole lot of sense - life is already too confusing.

-It's the teeny tiny little brains. My mistake. People are always accusing me of working in mysterious ways, and I resent that. I'm very organized. Very organized. I mean, look around. No, it's their teeny tiny little brains. I should have

made people with much bigger heads and much smaller pricks.

-Like chimpanzees?

-Not everybody knows this, but I was rooting for the chimps. Nothing is written and evolution takes its own course anyway which is probably a good thing because it keeps everything in balance and I like balance.

-But chimpanzees!?

-A little taller maybe. A little less self-satisfied, but I like them. I was hoping they would become the dominant species, but people stood up first. It was the seminal example of evolutionary free will. Because they stood up, they got to use their hands more which made their brains bigger so they got a little smarter a little faster than the chimps - who to this day remain far more content than people, by the way.

-How do you know?

-How do I know! I'm the One who gave them those opposable

thumbs, but I don't think their brains ever caught up. First the farming tools, that was hopeful, but then weapons to master each other and enslave each other and now they're trashing the damn place.

-No, you're exaggerating, it didn't happen that fast.

-From my perspective it's been less than an instant to transform the paradise that I created – you do remember the Garden of Eden – into whatever it is now.

-You're disappointed, but there are people trying to make it better. Working very hard. Very generously. There are people who would make you proud.

-I know how much you care about them, you already proved that, but the dilemma can't be solved. Biology outranks ethics. Their bellies pull harder on them than their conscience.

-Is that another one of your mistakes?

-It was one of my dreams, this planet. My jewel. It was special to me. It was the first one, and I made it with my own hands.

-Then why not say yes.

-I know how much it disturbs you. People were a terrific idea, but I think I just overestimated them. So, yes, maybe it was a mistake.

-And all your creatures pay the price.

-And reap the benefits.

-Benefits? Half your world dies of starvation.

-The other half dies too.

-Everything you make dies.

-It's not a mistake.

-Including me?

-My Son.

-No, you can't sidestep this. You have no idea what it was like.

-I have no idea?

-It doesn't have to end the same. I know more now.

-I can't bear to let you go through it again.

-If you won't intervene, somebody has to stand up for them.

-All I said was that Cro-Magnon had their time, the Neanderthals had their time, and maybe now it's time for another evolution.

- They're flawed, not disposable. I'm just asking for another chance. I can do better this time.

-We'll talk about it.

-Thank you.

-It's a shame we can't just play catch, like regular guys.

Leave the world to its own devices.

-I dream it sometimes.

-Me too.

-Goodnight.

-Goodnight Son, I love you.

-I know.

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