And On The Seventh Day God Texted?

December 13, 2007 By David Weiss

Instant gratification freak that I am, I opened my Christmas presents this morning even though it was a few days early. The first present was an Iphone given to me by Cupcake. The moment it was activated by AT&T, a new message appeared on the email in-box. It was from God. I was skeptical of course, but when you get an email from the Big Kahuna, you ignore it at your own risk. Here is what it said:

?Dave - I am very unhappy with what you people are doing down there on earth, and we need to talk..?

When I first saw the message, I quite naturally assumed that he was irritated with me for having opened my presents early, but I was wrong - he had something else on his mind.

?My child, you kids are really screwing things up. I know you have your problems, but I?m a very busy entity, and when I send you messages I expect you to pay attention.?

?When I created your world, I worked like a dog to get it right, and I thought I did a pretty good job. So what have you done with my creation? Not much.?

?I spent an entire day (and we?re talking cosmic entity days here, not your 24 hour earth days) filling the swimming pool for you. I spent another whole day putting together some nice property for you, complete with ponds, lakes, rivers and streams, so that you?d have a nice place to live. I spent another day of my very precious time stocking the pool, the ponds, the lakes and the streams with fresh seafood so that you?d something to eat besides manna (which I confess, can be a little gritty, but hey, it?s free.) I took another day doing a lot of landscaping to increase your property value. After that, I pulled together as much fresh air as I could scrape together out of the ether, and finally, I gave you baseball and Bono, so you?d be able to enjoy yourselves and have a couple of good laughs during your miserable little lives.?

? In short, I gave you a very nice planet with all kinds of really neat stuff to play with and I even gave you a few pointers on what to do with it, and what have you done with it? Nada.?

?Now maybe I should have given you more than those ten commandments, but because I created you in my image, I assumed you?d be bright enough to understand the instruction manual, even if it was written on stone tablets in a font that was perhaps a little hard to read. But it seems that you kids haven?t been paying attention to the rules.?

?The moment I turned around and left you kids alone, you started to screw up the whole thing. You?ve been peeing in the pool, killing off the fish, fouling the air, and in just over a hundred or so years of your earth time, you?ve almost used the whole tank of gas and oil that I gave you so you?d be able to run

things for a while until you figured out how to take care of yourselves without my help.?

?What am I going to tell your mother when she comes home from her job??

Needless to say, this was a very disturbing email. But there was more.
?You know, I really don?t ask very much of you. All you had to do was use your tiny little brains and play together nicely. Instead, you spend half of your time arguing about who I really am, and the rest of your time you spend bickering with each other over idiotic nonsense such as what my name is, how to call me for help, and who owns what. It?s really starting to piss me off.?

?If you guys can?t get your shit together, its your problem. I have other worlds to create and I?m not going to waste any more of my time watching out for you. Fix it! - G.?

I switched off the Iphone and put it back in the box. If there?s one thing I can?t stand, it?s a self-righteous deity without a sense of humor.

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