

Page Break

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They say that when you die, one chapter of your life ends, and another begins. This is what happens between the pages. A man died, it did not make much difference which, men die all the time, and it was always the same.

Upon finding himself dead, man has a lot of questions. Firstly did he exist, if so why? Well *cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am), that took care of the first question, for the moment at least. The second however was offering a little more trouble, as man searched his mind for an answer he realised he was not alone, the shadow of enormous intelligence loomed over his thoughts.

“Shit.” said Man

“Good Morning” said God

“Good Morning?”

“Always focusing on the little things” said the warmth in his mind “well ‘Good Morning’ is a greeting for the beginning of the day, and no day has ever ended for me, and the time before one ever will is infinite, so... Good Morning”

“Oh... Good Morning”

He felt that warmth again, filling the gaps between the strands of his cognition, then nothing. The enormous intelligence did not leave, or change in anyway, it just waited as if time meant nothing, and it didn't. In a place such as the one Man was in, time lost it's meaning. The man lost all sense of where he was, almost who he was, as time defines so much about a person.

Sometime later (there is no point trying to define the amount of time, a second and hundred years would make no difference) Man spake unto God,

“Erm.... I didn't worship you.” He felt vaguely guilty at this,

“didn't you?”

“Erm... no, sorry.”

“Oh, well never mind.” The man was surprised at this, Why would God not be angry?, he expected him to care a little about how humans viewed him. An eon passed, then a few more, and a fraction of a second later man says,

“Excuse me?” Said man, indignity in his voice.

“Tell me, how does the worship of yeast feel to you? Or in this case, the lack of worship” This question momentarily flummoxed man; he was not quite sure how to respond, did yeast worship?

Was yeast capable of intelligent thought? Of course, if anyone knew it would be God, but still the concept seemed impossible to him. He tried to answer the question as honestly as possible,

“I...I don’t really know, I’ve never thought about it, I suppose I don’t care”

“Exactly, your race created vats of life, thousands of little workers unknowingly performing the task of turning sugar into alcohol just by living, so long as they do this you care little of worship”

This response sounded almost rehearsed, as if God knew exactly what Man’s answer was going to be, and was already prepared for it. It enraged man to be compared to a mindless fungus.

“BUT I AM NOT YEAST, I am a *human* with thoughts and emotions, I belong to a culture that has created art and music and philosophy”

“I imagine the yeast is quite proud of turning water into wine.”

This was Mans limit, he was not yeast, he was better than yeast, he and his race deserved praise at his accomplishments, he should not be told that yeast has equal status to him,

“I don’t care if the yeast is proud! You simply can’t compare us to yeast! Think about our achievements, the great wall of China, the pyramids, space exploration...”

“And think about your follies. You make the same mistakes over and over again, it gets very boring, and so whilst you may have achieved something I quite frankly wouldn’t blame anyone for wishing that they were yeast instead..” With this speech, man was rendered slightly lost for words. It was very difficult to argue with God.

“I have never heard anything quite as outrageous in my entire life”

“You are not alive, and you can’t hear, because I am not speaking” The confusion this caused in Man, made him forget his anger.

“Then *where* am I and *how* are you... communicating with me?”

“You are here, and are also now, there is a limited before and after, but just for your convenience. As for how I am communicating with you, well you are a sort of scaled down version of me, and I need a way to get the data out of you, so we sort of *think* together. That’s the best I can do on the explaining front really, didn’t really make you to handle understanding”

“What data?”

“The information you have been gathering for me” This really added to the pile of confusing things that had happened since Man’s death, there has been so much confusion that he was becoming numb to surprise.

“What?”

“It’s hard to explain, you don’t have the thoughts, or the mind to understand, and I do not wish to give you either of these”

“Why not?”

“It would not benefit me, so I have no reason” Man was seriously beginning to wonder if people would still worship God if they knew how he viewed them. To him, they seemed to be no more than pawns in a much bigger game,

“Well, try my limited mind.” Perhaps he should have been more polite, as God was a figure of significant power, but it rather slipped his mind as he got carried away in the moment.

“Well I am, but I am more, and you are that which is more.”

“Try again.”

“Ok, so you have a project, what is the first thing you do? You create some space. Well in my case I created all of it.”

“Okay...”

“Then it can’t all happen at once, so there was time in the space. This is not space by the way, this is just here, and as I said before the limited before, now, and after are just to make things a little easier to cope with”

“Oh, thank God for that, without that I certainly would not be coping with this all”

“You’re welcome.” This reply further irritated Man. By this time he was rather wishing that God would just get to the point.

“Once we had time and space” continued God, “We could actually get started, that’s where you come in, I am just me, and here is everlasting, unchanging, but you are a being of time which means you can experience. You live, and you die, but in between is experience. Though your experience, I experience and grow, you are the learning mechanism of your universe.”

“oh, WOW” So it turned out life had a purpose after all, of course it was not as perfect as many philosophers would like, but it was grand, and it existed. “Or at least that’s how it’s meant to work; it has been producing diminished returns for quite some....time”

This certainly put a damper on the ultimate answer “What’s going wrong?”

“You have stopped changing; your history has become a wheel, the same set of stories repeating over and over again.”

Man thought about this “We don’t learn from our mistakes,”

“Exactly.”

“But that’s your fault; we only get one chance at most the biggest and most important mistakes. After we learn the lesson, we almost never get the chance to do it the right way, we don’t have time machines, but if history repeats maybe all we need is to remember that last time on the wheel!”

“I can’t let you remember all your lives, you are not capable of it, but maybe a gradual leak from one to another....Yes let’s give it a try.”

A man lived, it did not make much difference which, men lived all the time, but this time it was a little different.

THE END