

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANGEL

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Working for God is a mess, he isn't exactly the boss of the year you know; in fact, I don't think there's ever been a term during which he was as benevolent as he is often cited by our customers. Alright, I get their appreciation, with all that creation and forgiveness services he provided for them, they sort of, *have to* be appreciative, but they don't really see the background of things, things that we do. I mean, during the flood for instance, do you know how long it took us to pick two perfect members from each species for Noah, and he expected us to do it in just seven days. One may think with the capabilities we have, it shouldn't be much trouble, but it bloody was. Do you know how many of each species there were by then, well neither do we now, some of those species couldn't make it to the ship because we weren't able to find the right pair so, thanks Noah, and thanks God, people could be petting tiger seals if we were given enough time. Though It may not be the best of ideas to pet a tiger seal, so perhaps it was all in god's design... yeah, right... there is no such design. He doesn't go in his office planning what's going to happen with each of your lives, the idea of fate and predestination are entirely your productions, we're all about free will up here, so whenever you call something an act of God, it is very likely that you are wrong. Unless it's some hurricane or a meteorite, the natural catastrophes are generally from his workshop; he has a thing for grandiose stuff. In all honesty though, he hasn't given you more than you deserve; you have no idea what he made *us* go through, oh and we did not deserve any of that. Whenever something went wrong between him and some other colleague that we worked with, we are supposed to be on his side, I mean, I liked Lucille, he had some radical ideas, yes, but he was a really cool guy, he knew how to shapeshift into snakes and stuff. *HE*, did not approve of his ideas of course, and then all of a sudden it was all out war. Why? Couldn't we have just settled it in peace. I mean, sure, Lucille had some anger management issues, going on a murderous rampage against those who stayed on God's side was really overkill, literally. I just wish we had a counselling office of some sort for such times, Lucille would definitely not go that far if somebody actually listened to the lad, and now all our customers are infernally threatened by him.

He started the threatening sessions very early too, poor guy that Adam I'm telling you. He was too vulnerable, quite the sentimentalist, couldn't deal with Lilith by himself so he filed a complaint, directly to the boss -again, lack of counselling is harming us here- and boss

just took Lilith back. I mean that's some sexist shit going on at the customer service department, boss. After all, what was it that she did wrong? Just because she was a bit more creative in the bed than Adam, doesn't mean she's under Lucille's influence nor is she the mother of all evil, that's a pathetic excuse. Nevertheless, we thought our next customer shouldn't have to go through all that, and we made her with a little something from Adam, and I can proudly claim here that it was my idea; and Eve.0.1 was brilliant in her design. Meanwhile, Lucille, uhm, sorry, he started to call himself Lucifer at that point, he wanted to make us look like a bunch of buffoons, so he tricked Eve, and Eve tricked Adam. And damn this is too bloody stupid. I really don't want to blame the boss again, but how brilliant of an idea did he think it was to put that damn plant there in the garden, where they could easily reach, 'I shall test their fidelity' said he! Well done sir, excellent job, they passed with flying colours, haven't they? Are you satisfied with the results sir, your ethereal majesty, the lord of everything that ever was, is and ever will be? NO. They messed up, as expected, and we got the blame for that too.

So, if you are wondering, I didn't get a promotion for Eve.0.1. What I did get was, to do extra time so that we can give the first two fools a world they can live happily ever after, which of course didn't go as planned, I just told you about Noah and all that. Thank you, human race, your species have been big time heroes on spoiling things up. Even the best of you, sorry, the so-called best of you are a problem to us. Boss' son for example, Jesus was he a headache to us, loads of nepotism going on in there by the way. I mean, your son boss. really? Was he really the sharpest tool in your shed, which is by the way, whole damn universe? Fine, he was the epitome of kindness and benevolence, just like his father, we get the point. Why the hell did he have to provoke the largest empire on the face of earth by then; yes he did suffer and our customers are infinitely grateful for that, but the suffering was not his alone now was it, anyone who thought his teachings made sense had suffered at the hands of the Romans for a while didn't they, so perhaps if he could have handled the things, you know, a bit more quietly. Christ, he had a bad choice of friends too, someone as shady looking as Judas, come on man, I mean I am glad Jud is spending the rest of eternity getting a fiery treatment from Lucille, but come on Jesus, a single Judean amongst twelve Galileans, I have nothing against his kin of course but perhaps a bit more background check next time? God, I don't get these prophets. This I say to you as well M&M. Moses, my dear Egyptian friend, I don't know if you prophets have a thing for provoking large ass empires, but giving the pharaoh ten reasons why to get rid of you and your people isn't exactly the best way of saving

them, and no, the best way for saving your people isn't waging war to let them become the empire either Muhammed, it might seem like it's a good plan, but give it a thousand years or so and you'll see how they'll start cutting one another's throats and dropping a bomb or two on their neighbours.

So here we are, in the year of your lord, well our lord too actually... 2022, and what do we have at hand, billions of unsatisfied customers. Well, I can't blame the most of them, they did not choose to starve to death or be locked in a camp, or to suffer from a virus or to get shot in the middle of a desert for no rational reason. I know many of our customers raise their heads and look up for answers, and I wouldn't want to upset you or anything but, there are none in here, he can't give you the solutions you seek, and neither can we. If you seek answers though, in a way that your predecessors did, but with methods your predecessors did not apply. Methods of gentleness, and frankness, of courage and determination. Then perhaps, you won't so easily bring your species to the brink of extinction like the bets seem to suggest in here. Regardless of all that, I must away now, after all we have many other customers to help in this dimension, and they need our attention too. What, were you seriously thinking you were alone in this infinite mass, not a Goddamn chance.