

NEVER
TRUST
ANY GOD

A Mild & Wild Chat with
the Brilliant Celestial Mechanic

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(Originally published as God is No Angel)

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discussed. However, advance apologies for anyone who intends to get offended by the contents of this book for any reason whatsoever.

All praise or condemnation can be sent to me on thejendra@yahoo.com or thejendrabs@gmail.com. Please remember to visit my web cave www.thejendra.com for my free articles and details of my other books.

Before you Dive in

Have you ever seriously wondered why our planet is oozing and dripping with diseases, terrorism, racism, wars, crime, politics, business headaches, and 1001 other problems? Or felt shocked by famous businesses suddenly taking a nosedive from riches to rags? Or baffled by the unexplained collective silence of the benevolent Gods from all of our rival religions? If it's a big YES, then don't waste time seeking answers from any reputed experts, enlightened professors, top economists, or by reading their superb bestsellers. Also, avoid those eminent Nobel laureates, Pulitzer Prize winners, top economists, eloquent politicians, or any influential world leaders, in case you accidentally bump into them. They will only make your doubts worse with their spellbinding theories. However, if you are desperate to clear your nagging doubts then you should ask the **Cosmic Machiavelli** because,

1. He is the only brilliant person in the entire universe who knows the correct reasons for the chaos and problems on earth, and also why our world's movers and shakers can do nothing about it.
2. He is the dream teacher you were eagerly waiting for since childhood who can effortlessly explain why that dumbest kid in your kindergarten is now a successful millionaire, while that smartest kid is now in prison.
3. He has also scribbled a few books, none of which have won any popular literary awards. And without even a website, blog or an

email id, he has more fans, friends, and followers than every blogger on the entire World Wide Web.

4. He is the only guy who can enlighten you with the technical, political, and business justifications for the eternal dance of feast-famine, merry-mayhem, good-bad, peace-chaos, wealth-poverty, etc., around us.
5. Finally, without even a formal authority he can bring anyone down to their knees, regardless of geographical boundaries, political clout, diplomatic immunity or muscle power.

Want to know who that marvelous person is? Just flip the pages.

Who was Machiavelli?

Niccolò Machiavelli (1469–1527), was an Italian political philosopher, musician, poet, and comedy playwright. He is best remembered for his famous book – **The Prince**, which describes the mild and wild methods by which a Prince (a ruler) can gain and maintain political power. Today, the word Machiavelli or Machiavellian has many meanings like pragmatism, manipulation, ruthlessness, cunning, deception, etc. However, the most seasoned business leaders and politicians agree that Machiavelli has only defined the natural laws of power that exist in and around us.

Acknowledgements

Toni Morrison, a famous American author and recipient of countless awards including the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes, once said, *“If there is a book that you want to read, but it hasn’t been written yet, then you must write it.”* Taking a cue from her wonderful quote, and since its original conception in 2008, it has taken me more than seven years to scribble, edit, update and polish this meaningless masterpiece. However, unlike the standard norm, this book doesn’t mention the names of fifteen or twenty excellent people who helped me to write this book. Now you may suspect that I must have been a lone hermit living in some cave or stranded on a deserted island far away from civilization while writing this book. But you can stop suspecting me because I was right here loitering in the midst of civilization.

However, scribbling this book involved weaving together bits and pieces of enlightenment gained from dealing with countless people over the years, opening all the mental taps, personal and witnessed experiences, pleasant and nasty encounters, rational and irrational thoughts in solitude, wake-up calls, famous quotes, and most importantly those bizarre ideas being mysteriously pumped into my brain by a naughty higher power. So, a lot of earthly and cosmic folks have directly or indirectly contributed to the flow of thoughts presented in this book. Also, no formal academic research has been done to scribble this book. Hence, it’s difficult to name anyone specifically as everyone would have contributed in a special way. However, a big thanks to each one of them. However, I do have a special

thanks to my family members, neighbors, and relatives for helping me accomplish this literary feat by completely ignoring me on countless weekends while I was pounding on my keyboard with wild ideas setting my head on fire.

Preface

GOD, the mere mention of this word evokes feelings like awe, respect, happiness, trust, cynicism, mystery, and even terror in the hearts of many mortals. But almost everyone thinks it's fabulous to be a God. This is because we earthlings grow up with spellbinding stories of his great miracles, benevolence, magical powers, etc. Every believer vehemently argues that God has infinite power, unlimited wealth and can do anything. After all, if one has such supreme powers and immortality it must be a breeze to do just about anything. But is it really so? Is being a God really such a fascinating job? If he is such a superstar, then why is he not solving all the world's problems and chaos? Why are the bad winning and the good losing? Why is he always sitting quietly and never responding to our pitiful cries? What is preventing him from solving the world's mess? Why don't we experience any great divine stuff in our daily lives? Why is he not bothered by hotshot rationalists, scientists, and atheists who go high-pitched with their tiresome prattle on why God should be viciously attacked and banned? Our heated questions like these can be endless. However, all of our sophisticated questions and arguments are one-sided because we never get to hear his side of the story.

Now imagine meeting a candid, tech-savvy God who explains his supreme difficulties and dilemmas in running our complex universe? What if he told you why he does what he does? Wouldn't that be exciting? In this highly unconventional book a bored writer accidentally meets a jovial God and engages in a wild, no holds barred conversation. Starting

with a casual chat, and interspersed with friendly fights, illogical answers, and harebrained comparisons, the discussion soon enters a feverish pitch and God argues that the earth cannot be managed any better than what he is currently doing, and that he is neither an angel nor a bad guy after all. Filled with believable lies, timeless wisdom and hard-hitting answers this fascinating book explains why God's actions don't fit human logic and rationality regardless of the religion humans follow, why the earth is already perfect in an imperfect way, why he indulges in Machiavellian methods, why he has no hesitation in crushing business giants and helping individuals, and why he loves atheists in spite of what they do, etc., in a funny, serious and thought-provoking way.

This book will completely change the way you will view the world henceforth as it will enlighten you with the technical, political and business justifications for the eternal dance of feast-famine, merry-mayhem, good-bad, peace-chaos, wealth-poverty, etc., around us. Finally, you will be able to easily understand the mild and wild ways of our fellow humans like presidents, prime ministers, politicians, arms dealers, war mongers, detectives, anti-terrorism agencies, atheists, rationalists, scientists, terrorists, mafia dons, etc., and also to understand who is making them do what they do.

In short, this book contains the frank and never before released answers to all of our heated questions about God. Or in other words – **HIS SIDE OF THE STORY** and a must-read for anyone who is curious or angry about God's irrational ways of managing earth without diving into traditional spirituality.

Even God would perhaps love to own a copy.

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Dedicated to my
Dear Mother and Father

The Divine Business Card

I always take everyone for a ride

Somebody once said, *“If you want something very badly first let it go. If it comes back to you, then it’s yours forever. If it doesn’t, then it was never yours to begin with.”* Now that’s what I was forced to do as idea after idea vanished while staring at my computer screen day after day hoping to scribble a new book. Finally, my right brain refused to tolerate the sufferings of my left brain anymore. So, I decided to set my overheated mind free and go someplace far away to cool it down. Anyway, it had been quite a while since I took one of those horrible twenty-hour bus rides to Timbuktu. You may think I am a fool to take a torturous bus ride and get venous thrombosis, those nasty blood clots in the legs, when there are better and faster modes of transport. Yet, I decided to take an aimless journey to a nowhere place hoping to get some usable ideas for my unknown book. So, with my electronic gadgets, writing materials, and other earthly valuables tucked in my handbag I decided to catch any bus that will travel the longest possible distance. The funny smile on that ticket issuer’s lips clearly revealed that he considered me an oddball when I requested a ticket to any destination far away from civilization. Besides, how will that ignorant fellow know that we authors do crazy things to overcome our writer’s block, that wretched mental fatigue, which loves to visit us every second day?

The dimly lit bus stand, suitable for a scary movie, was practically deserted except for a stray dog, which seemed to be wagging its tail and barking softly at someone. There was no one in sight but I felt it was definitely talking to someone invisible, maybe a ghost. My grandma always used to say dogs can talk to gods and ghosts but we talkative humans can't do that. Anyway, I didn't have to wait for long watching that funny dog as my bus arrived on time and all the passengers quickly slithered out and I slithered in. The bus was extremely well illuminated and seemed to have a highly pleasant and electrifying atmosphere inside, something rare for a village bus that often has more livestock than human passengers. I dumped myself in a comfortable non-window seat and started glancing at my watch when I heard a crisp *good evening* sound to my right. As I turned towards the voice, I was startled to see an elderly well-built gentleman already sitting next to me in the window seat. It was startling because I distinctly knew both the seats were empty when I sat down. Also, there was no way a man of that stature could squeeze into that window seat noiselessly, and without brushing against my legs. Besides, I thought I was the only one to get on the bus.

"Sorry, I didn't see you sit next to me. You appeared as if by magic."

"Yes, I did. I was invisible till now and just switched myself on for you. Poof, like that!" he replied snapping his fingers with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Ha! Ha! Glad to meet you. Mr. Magic," I blurted unable to take my eyes off him.

"So, where are you going?" he asked.

"No specific place," I replied.

"What a coincidence! Even I am going nowhere," he said and then quickly asked, "so what do you do?"

"I am a writer, and you are ...?" I quizzed.

"A cosmic passerby," he replied.

"Cosmic passerby? That's an amusing description. But what's your real name?"

“I am known by many names.”

“Really? Okay, name one of your many names.”

“Well, let me give you my business card. My favorite name is on it,” he replied and handed me his card.

I smiled and reluctantly took the card hoping to quickly exchange a few bogus pleasantries, grumble about where our world is heading, and get right back to acting busy on my Smartphone until I saw what was printed on it, and that was it! Now wild horses couldn't drag me away from chatting with this mysterious gentleman that every person on earth would love to meet. So, if you have ever wondered who exactly was responsible for throwing cold water on your life and career dreams, why bad people win and good people lose, who created those nasty terrorists and diseases, why you can't get what you want, why mad magazines are successful while success magazines bomb, why best practices don't always give best results, why there are truckloads of mediocrity all around us, why your new year resolutions don't work, why mighty businesses collapse mysteriously, why, why, why, then look no further. The naughty culprit responsible for all those troubles was sitting right next to me and I was holding his shimmering business card which read,



“Wow, this is a fantastic name and title! I have never heard of anyone named God.”

“You don't know God? Well, shame on you!”

“No, I didn't mean that. I wasn't aware that people actually kept an unusual name like God. Hope you are not kidding.”

“No, I am not,” he replied in a calm voice.

“But your card has no contact details like address, phone numbers, email or website details. It’s an extremely unusual card and actually wacky if I may say so.”

“Yeah, it has no contact details because I don’t reside on earth and the idea for this wacky card actually came from your famous celebrities.”

“What idea?”

“Be known to everyone but don’t reveal your personal contact details to anyone, except to an inner circle.”

“Now why do you want to be secretive?”

“For privacy. It’s similar to your super celebrities who don’t publish their address or contact details online.”

“Hmm, are you really a god? I think you are joking.”

“Yes, a real god and I am not joking,” he replied calmly.

“But you look very ordinary and don’t have any WOW factor.”

“Well, top celebrities without makeup are always difficult to recognize.”

“Maybe, they are like that but you sure don’t look like a god.”

“How are you sure I am not a god? Have you seen a god before?” he asked.

“Well, no,” I replied sheepishly.

“Anyway, I am really a god even if you don’t believe it,” he replied again with the same confidence.

“But you look like a normal human being to me!” I snapped back irritated at his stubbornness.

“Yes, I do. Appearances can sometimes be deceiving. I have come like an ordinary human because that’s the only form to talk to you and others without terrifying anyone. Suppose I had come like a Godzilla will you sit next to me, pal?”

“Well, no and you also don’t have that great voice of God.”

“What god’s voice?”

“That robotic and accented type of voice all gods usually have.”

“Where have you heard my voice before? I have never spoken to you earlier.”

“Usually in many films.”

“Oh, my soft like thunder voice. Well, I can’t talk like that for long. It causes a nasty sore throat.”

“Hmm, by the way what material is this card made of? It’s not paper. It feels awesome like a three dimensional illuminated something. I haven’t seen anything like this before.”

“It’s not an earth material. It’s a special indestructible paper we gods use in heaven.”

“Uh-huh, really?” I murmured thinking this geezer must have come straight from some funny farm and wondered if it was too late to change seats in case he got cranky.

“Yes, it’s not an earth material and I am not a geezer from some funny farm as you just thought. So, don’t worry about changing seats as I won’t get cranky,” he replied calmly.

“Wow, you are a good mind reader too! Sorry about my rude thoughts.”

“I told you I am a god. So, no need for any sorry. I don’t mind being called wacky names and insults. I am quite used to them.”

“Thanks, now which religion’s god are you?”

“I will let you know my religion later.”

“Okay, so what are you doing on earth, Mr. God?”

“I was feeling bored, so I decided to pay earth a visit to see you folks and talk to some of my children. It’s like a small divine vacation to recharge my batteries. Besides, I had to see dear mother as well.”

“Which mother?”

“Mother Earth. She is angry because I haven’t visited her for a long time.”

“So, how long do you plan to stay on earth?”

“Only for four hours.”

“Just four hours? Why?”

“I only get four hours of vacation time every four years (sigh!).”

“Only four hours? Are you kidding?”

“No, as a god I am extremely busy all the time. In fact, I have to plan my vacation destinations many years in advance.”

“How sad! But did you buy a ticket? I didn’t see you near the counter. What if the bus conductor comes here?”

“Don’t worry. Nobody is going to come to this seat, and is it so difficult for me to get a mere bus ticket, pal?”

“Of course, how stupid of me! But what happened to your divine chariot? Why are you traveling in an ordinary bus?” I asked.

“Well, just between you and me, I can’t be seen gliding around with my golden flying chariot. Humans stare at it. Besides, every traffic cop on earth will catch me if I am flying around in a strange hovercraft without a plane driver’s license.”

“You joke well, Mr. God.”

“Yes, I can be seriously humorous sometimes.”

“Now where did I keep my reading glasses?” I murmured to myself while rummaging through my baggage.

“It’s inside your left coat pocket.” answered god without even turning his head.

“How the hell did you know?” I asked surprised by his confident answer.

“How many times should I tell you that I am a god? I know almost everything and that’s why I didn’t ask for your name. Now that you are wearing your glasses can you see me clearly? See that glow around me?”

“Wow, you look brilliant with that blue light around you! Maybe, you are really a god or a great magician. Very interesting!”

“The glow is actually called an aura and I can even make myself completely invisible. See, you can’t see me now.”

“Wow, that’s neat just like Mandrake the magician. I would love to have a magic device like that to become invisible. Where can I buy one?”

“You can’t buy that. It’s not for sale. But what will you do by becoming invisible, Mr. Human?”

“Maybe, rob some banks, ha, ha!”

“Rob banks? You are too late for that, my friend. Maybe, you can rob the bailout money provided that has not been distributed as bonuses yet.”

“Huh? Sorry, I was just kidding. I am lucky to meet you, Mr. God, and it’s a great privilege to talk to a real one. Looks like I will enjoy this trip. So, you are the holy one many people get hysterical about. By the way, I see other passengers getting in. Maybe, we should talk softly and you shouldn’t do any magic in front of them.”

“Don’t worry about them.” said god.

“Why not?”

“I am actually invisible, and they can’t see or hear me.”

“Great! But then I will look like a lunatic if I am talking to empty space.”

“Well, they can’t see or hear you either.”

“Why not?”

“That’s because they can’t see you talking to me.”

“But I am talking to you. Or is this a fancy dream?”

“Something like that. I have actually pulled you into a different dimension so that we can talk freely.”

“Wow, a different dimension! But everything looks the same. How can this be a different dimension?”

“Let me prove it,” said god and suddenly screamed, **THERE IS A BOMB ON THIS BUS!!!** scaring the daylights out of me. But surprisingly none of the passengers or the security guards turned towards us. It was as if nobody heard that deafening shriek.

“Now do you believe me?” asked God.

“Hey, that’s cool, Mr. God! I believe you now. Wow, we are indeed in a different dimension! Then, I think we can talk freely. So, I can even pick up a fight with you and no one will notice?”

“Don’t worry. No one will notice us. I promise you.”

“Great! Hey, can I shake hands with you? I always wanted to touch a god.”

“Of course. Here, shake it,” he said extending his hand.

I shook his hand and my palm tingled like touching a low voltage electric shock. Or maybe I imagined it. After all, gods are supposed to have an electric effect on humans as I had read somewhere. Then, I excitedly asked, “Hey, Mr. God, can I take a selfie with you from my phone camera? I can show it to my friends, family, and maybe even upload it to YouTube, Facebook, Flickr, Pinterest, Twitter, etc. I will get millions of hits, fans, and followers!”

“Go ahead, but I don’t understand why you nutty humans spend so much time in front of those fatigue generating machines.”

“What fatigue generating machines?”

“Those boxes you humans call as computers and smartphones.”

“Oh, those machines. But computers, tablets, and smartphones are indispensable to people nowadays, Mr. God. We hate it but we can’t stop. Without it, we will feel miserable and guilty if we don’t tweet or post a smart opinion about everything that is going on.”

“Yes, I know. We gods have seen you nutty humans tweet about scratching an itch or even pecking your nose. The more virtual social life you have the less real social life you will have. This is why we gods advice fewer Facebooks and more Textbooks, and one more horrible thing about computers is the carpal tunnel ...”

As god was yakking away I switched on my super digital camera and started clicking this mysterious person, but I noticed the images were blank even though the camera was working fine.

“Hey, what’s happening? Why can’t I take your picture, Mr. God?” I asked.

“That’s because I am actually invisible.”

“Invisible? But I am seeing you.”

“Right now I am visible and audible only to you and nothing else. Besides, there is no use taking my photo, buddy.”

“Why not?”

“Well, if you take a photo of me in my present form who will believe you? Other humans will think you are an idiot if you show an old geezer’s photo and claim it as a god, isn’t it?” he replied with a mischievous smile.

“Oh, damn! You are a spoilsport, Mr. God.” I groaned.

“Yes, we gods usually are and let me tell you one more secret about our photos.”

“What’s that?”

“Even if you take a real picture of me in one of my true forms nobody will still believe you.”

“Why not?”

“In this digital age humans will think of it as some computer multimedia image using some fancy graphics software. So, nobody will still believe you have a real photo or video of god.”

“Hmm, you are right. Nobody will believe me. What a pity! Technology can be such a spoilsport sometimes.”

Suddenly an idea hit me and I asked, “Hey, Mr. God, can I ask a few questions about you and make some notes? A small interview if you don’t mind. Actually, I am suffering from a severe writer’s block from many weeks and wasn’t getting any unique ideas to scribble.”

“What were you trying to scribble?”

“I was trying to write some unique book.”

“Like what?”

“A unique book to solve all the world’s problems.”

“Solve all my world’s problems? That’s wonderful! I can now take some well-deserved rest.”

“Well, maybe not all the world’s problems but at least the major ones.”

“Which major ones will your book solve?”

“Many things. It’s a sort of multi-disciplinary book that world leaders can use to successfully manage diverse people, eradicate poverty and diseases, eradicate religions and superstitions, stabilize the global economy, create jobs, eliminate wars and terrorism, etc.

“So, if you scribble a gorgeous book like that will all humans of the world gladly give up their customs, traditions, culture, values, etc?”

“But it will create a brave new world based on justice, equality and liberty for everyone. Isn’t that good?”

“Wow, justice, liberty, and equality for everyone? Superb! That sounds like a fantastic fiction book.”

“No, that’s non-fiction. Don’t you even know the difference between fiction and non-fiction, Mr. God?”

“No.”

“No? Why not?”

“That’s because I am a fictional character. I don’t exist in reality.”

“Stop joking, Mr. God! Anyway, I wasn’t getting any good ideas for my book.”

“Yes, I know. I was the one vaporizing your ideas to eject you out of that stuffy room.”

“So, you were the naughty culprit! But why did you do that?”

“Well, we gods take everyone for a ride every day.”

“I am sure you are doing that, Mr. God. But how did you specifically choose me among millions of other people?”

“It was simple.”

“How?”

“I was looking for a modest human and you met the specifications. You lucky guy!”

“Modest? Thanks for the compliment but why were you looking for a modest guy?”

“It’s easy to deal with modest humans who have much to be modest about.”

“Grr!”

“Just joking, don’t feel bad. Anyway, you are my lucky chosen one, Mr. Human. I am going to take you on a cosmic ride that no human has ever gone before. So, feel free to ask your questions.”

“Thanks, but I have a doubt. Since I am in a different dimension or some crazy dream how will I remember our discussion when I wake up? If I forget this dream, the whole interview will go waste.”

“No problem. I will help you remember it for life. But what will you ask me that you humans don’t know already? You have tons of information on all gods anyway.”

“I know we have lots and there is no shortage of books and stuff to read. But I feel most of the god stuff we have is all mushy-mushy.”

“Mushy-mushy?”

“What I mean is most god books and stuff we have are just spiritual hocus-pocus. It’s too much hot air and other superstitious yadda-yadda!”

“Possible.”

“Many even doubt whether you really exist, Mr. God.”

“Even I get that chilling doubt sometimes, Mr. Human.”

“There are also many serious allegations against you.”

“Serious allegations against holy me, the paragon of virtue? Damn, I am the usual suspect for everything that goes on everywhere! But 10% of those allegations are not even true.”

“What about the remaining 90%?”

“No comments there. But I tell you my cosmic political opponents and the media are always ganging up to tarnish my divine reputation. Anyway, tell me about those pretty allegations.”

“I definitely will. Hear well, Mr. God. Many believe you are doing a lousy job simply sitting up in the skies there watching us suffer. There are frequent allegations by non-believers that you are vindictive, bloodthirsty, misogynistic, racist, merciless killer, ethnic cleanser, control freak, unjust, irrational, megalomaniac, unlawful, etc.”

“Is that so?”

“Also, rationalists say all god believers are simply loonies who should be put in mental asylums, rather than roam free in civilized societies corrupting everyone.”

“Maybe.”

“But your crazy believers go around with a big drum claiming you are a jolly good fellow who will come to our rescue whenever we want.”

“How sweet of them!”

“Yes, but many intellectuals believe religion and god are a convenient shield for fanatics, fundamentalists, and mercenaries to kill and plunder.”

“Possible, I often keep hearing such wild statements, yawn!”

“Hmm, you don’t seem too concerned about our troubles, Mr. God. Now let’s cut the jovial small talk and get right down to business! What do you say about all those serious allegations?”

“Well, what do you want me to say, dear human?”

“I strongly believe we need an objective take on a god, something that will suit today’s modern, rational and scientific intellectual.”

“Really? So, have all humans become modern and rational intellectuals? That’s good news!”

“Well, maybe not everyone but we are getting there. Soon you will be out of fashion, Mr. God, and people of the 21st century won’t need you anymore. We have modern science and technology to guide us now. We can easily take care of ourselves now and don’t have to blindly depend on you.”

“Really? Ah, I can now retire! Thank you for relieving me of my gigantic obligations. But I will miss interacting with you darlings. I do hope you humans won’t ditch me abruptly till I find another suitable job. So, what do you plan to ask and write about me?”

“I want to hear something different from you, Mr. God.”

“What is that something different?”

“Actually, I want to hear the exact reasons for all the wacky things you gods do every day and don’t you dare feed me the same stereotyped,

irrational mumbo-jumbo we have been hearing from centuries. We have been taken for a ride for too long and too far by you. The modern man today needs legally justifiable reasons for the countless mayhem you create or permit every day.”

“My, my! You are hot under the collar today, Mr. Human.”

“Yes, I am angry on many things about God! We need real answers today and are not convinced by the spiritual fodder consumed and preached by our superstitious forefathers. So, I want to arm-twist you into confessing why you do crazy things.”

“Arm twist? Heavens, an interrogation by a human!”

“Sort of.”

“But I hear you human folks can be highly cruel, chum.”

“Some are, but not me. Mine will be peaceful discussion without the electric shocks and other gory interrogation stuff. It will be good if you can help me and answer all of my questions, Mr. God.”

“Sure, go ahead and ask whatever you want. Let me see if I can help, though I am not good at answering questions about myself and my mysterious ways. But always glad to help another author.”

“Another author? Are you an author too, Mr. God?”

“Yes, I am also an author. Even I have scribbled a few books thousands of years ago. But none of them have won any literary awards or million dollar book deals (sigh!).”

“What books are you talking about?”

“Sacred religious texts. All handwritten as there was no computers and word processors at that time. You may have seen those books in all places of worship.”

“Really? You mean you wrote all those famous religious books?”

“Yes, I wrote all those books long ago.”

“But some say they were written by smart people.”

“No, they’re wrong. We gods wrote them - *the immaculate signature series*. Do you really think any mere human can write such fantastic

bestsellers with thousands of divine verses, exquisite wisdom, magnificent tapestry, supreme advice, electrifying sticky power,.."

"Okay, okay! I will take your word for now." I answered and became quiet.

"Now what did you want to ask me?" he asked after a few seconds.

"Well, actually my mind is going crazy. There are so many tough questions twirling in my mind."

"Tough questions? Oh, boy! Here we go again. One more silly human with an irresistible desire to ask tough questions."

"You seem to be afraid of tough questions, Mr. God."

"Maybe, but just ask simple questions. Don't ask any tough and complicated questions like your talk show hosts on TV."

"Hey, why should I ask only simple questions? Why not tough questions?"

"That's because tough questions are tough to answer, buddy."

"But tough questions are where the fun is, Mr. God. Everyone loves a hard talk type of interview that can make the candidate squirm in the hot seat. So, I can't ask convenient questions."

"Perhaps, but I normally don't answer tough, smart or hostile questions."

"Why not?"

"That's to avoid getting tempted to tell the truth."

"Great! That's exactly what I want to hear."

"Well, truth can be dangerous and unpalatable. So, I usually avoid telling it but one truth I can easily tell you is I am not smart enough to answer every nutty question generated in the minds of a harebrained species who loves to argue and attack at the drop of a hat."

"Hey, what do you mean people are harebrained?"

"Well, aren't you?"

"If we are so, then why did you install such a brain inside us? Also how can you insult a hare, which is also your creation?"

"See, this is what I meant about you humans arguing and attacking."

“Sorry, Mr. God, I got carried away. But why are you afraid of tough questions?”

“I am not afraid of tough questions. But I prefer you don’t ask any tough questions because most @\$%& humans don’t like to hear the kind of answers I may give.”

“Hey, hold on! You can’t talk like that, Mr. God.”

“Why not?”

“Because you are a God! So, please behave like one.”

“So what? Why can’t I talk like that if I am a god?”

“That’s because I have read many articles of gods conversing with people where they always spoke lovingly using gentle words like *my child, my dear, my beloved* and so on. But you seem to be talking like a rude tax collector. Are you really a real god?”

“Oh, those articles. They’re just fiction. Real gods don’t talk like that to everyone and we don’t mince words.”

“Then, to whom do you talk like that?”

“I speak lovingly only to human children but I am not soft and cuddly with adult humans.”

“Really?”

“Of course. What did you expect? Should I call you my sweetie plum cake? Listen, if you don’t want to hear my straightforward answers I will disappear right away and find another deserving human to talk to!” he shot back angrily.

“Okay, okay, you are the boss! Please don’t disappear, Mr. God.” I begged not wanting to miss the greatest opportunity of a lifetime.

“Cool down. I was just testing if you have any criticism and insult handling skills anticipating the wild arguments we will be having.” he said switching back to his benevolent voice.

“Whew, that’s a relief! No problem, I have those skills. I remember taking a class on handling criticism and insults sometime back from a famous instructor.”

“Is it? Good, then I should have no problem insulting you freely, Mr. Human,” he said with a wink.

“Okay, okay! Shall we start?” I asked impatiently.

“Yes, but read my lips. No tough questions.”

“I can’t promise that, heh, heh!”

“But I can easily make your mouth ask easy questions.”

“Hey, no cheating!”

“Okay, just kidding. But wait, I forgot something important.”

“What’s that?”

“You need to first sign a small agreement. It’s absolutely necessary before I open my divine mouth to answer your questions.”

“What agreement?”

“A simple document. Here read it.”

To whomsoever it may concern

“This is to inform that I, a mere mortal, will not be offended or insulted by the straightforward answers given by God to my questions. I also understand that some of the answers may make absolutely no sense, may be injurious to human logic, sentiments, science, laws, and beliefs. What God says comes with no warranty or guarantee as to the accuracy or suitability of the information for any human purpose. I also understand God is not liable for any damages due to use, misuse or inability to understand or apply his advice. Some of the answers may be too intense for listeners. I also agree that God is not responsible, monetarily or spiritually, if humans go crazy or berserk by hearing some of the answers. The fabulous advice given by God is not intended to substitute or replace the mediocre advice of any rational human. God reserves the right to use or misuse humans in any manner he deems fit. Any claims and disputes relating to the use of God’s advice are either not entertained, or may result in harsh curses, and are governed by the laws of heaven only.”

Bravely Signed -----

“Wow, this is crazy, Mr. God! This looks like a legal disclaimer drafted by some stupid lawyer.”

“Yes, this is what my divine lawyer makes me say.”

“But why on earth does a powerful god like you need a document like this?”

“Everyone has to be careful in this litigious era. It’s a sort of diplomatic immunity.”

“But we are ordinary people.”

“Well, we gods don’t underestimate anyone, especially the puny rascals.”

“Which puny rascals?”

“You humans! But if you don’t sign the agreement the interview is off.”

“Okay, okay! I will sign it. Done, shall we begin now?”

“Okay, now fire your questions.”

“Thanks. But I have so many doubts and questions swirling in my mind. I don’t know where to begin my questions.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Why not?”

“In a universe without beginning and without end it doesn’t matter where you start and end your questions.”

“Hmm, but my fear is our chat may not be orderly. How will I get answers to my questions if we jump all over?”

“The path to enlightenment is never straight or orderly. It’s like a treasure hunt. There are answers to questions, and questions to answers all over my universe. You must learn to connect the random dots to see my cosmic patterns.”

“Cosmic patterns? Wow, I think I will learn a lot of things from you, Mr. God!”

“Actually, you will unlearn a lot of things from me.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“You will get to know as we talk.”

God - Who are You

Search engines are still searching for me

“Okay, Mr. God, let me ask the first question. Who are you? There is so much secrecy and mystery about you.”

“Yes, I am aware of that.”

“People have been going in circles trying to decipher you from every possible angle like the moral angle, cosmological angle, scientific angle, etc, etc.”

“Yes, every angle can lead you on an indefinite journey.”

“No, what I meant is who exactly are you?”

“I am an extraordinarily simple person and too good to be true.”

“Oh, really? Who are you kidding, Mr. God? Come on, tell me who you are. Describe yourself, in your own words.”

“Actually, I feel a bit shy to describe myself and my powers.”

“Shy? Why is that?”

“I suffer from extreme humility.”

“Oh, come on, stop kidding! For god’s sake, you are a God! Besides, your business card here claims you are supreme.”

“Oops, you caught me there! Okay, I will describe myself. But it’s difficult for you mortal folks with mediocre capabilities to understand me.”

“Mediocre?”

“Yes, mediocre, but I am sorry for being blunt. Civility is difficult when one’s mind speaks faster than the heart.”

“That’s okay. Now please tell me who you are.”

“Since you insist let me give you a brief explanation though I feel a bit awkward to describe my glorious powers. Besides, I have not updated my divine resume in thousands of years.”

“Just describe your old resume.”

“Okay, listen carefully. I am the supreme master of the universe as my business card says. I am the holiest of the holy and the most magnificent of all. I am immortal, and I have no death. I have no beginning and no end. I am bigger than the biggest and smaller than the smallest. I have more powers than you can ever imagine. There is nothing that I don’t know, or can’t see. I am richer than the richest, and poorer than the poorest. I can be formless, or take any form as my devotees wish. I can be extremely merciful or extremely merciless, and also exhibit every behavior in between. I am also extremely good at everything, and I have a few other strengths and weaknesses. In short, I am Mr. Indefinable, the creator of paradises, the greatest showman, and a priceless jewel of the universe. I think that should be a good enough description of me. If you want more I can go on and on, but I don’t like to self-trumpet.”

On hearing his supremely confident answer my brain shut down for a few seconds, but still hoping that I don’t wake up from this wonderful dream. After taking a deep breath I said, “Whew! That was a pretty wild description of you, Mr. God, and you casually claim that you are embarrassed to describe yourself?”

“Yes, even I think it’s pretty wild. But this is the glorious description you humans have fondly created for me and also love to hear. So, I just go around claiming what humans like to hear.”

“But why do you do that?”

“If I don’t, then all the human fans who adore me will feel angry and confused. They insist that I must always remain supreme. Besides, why should I refuse to accept such grand compliments?”

“Hmm, good idea, but I found your supreme self-glorification a bit arrogant if I may say so.”

“Yes, I know. But I have frequently heard it’s difficult to get noticed if you don’t blow your own trumpet loud enough.”

“Hmm, you do have a point there. But I have never come across such a fancy description anywhere in my search for god.”

“Where did you search for my description?”

“The Internet. Where else can we search?”

“Naw, you can’t find me there.”

“Why not?”

“Because all Internet search engines are still searching for me. But give me ten minutes and I can make that description appear on Wikipedia and in the first page of all search engines. Maybe, then you can believe it.”

“Oh, I am sure you can hack every website, Mr. God. Anyway, thanks for describing yourself. I recall you also said you were extremely good at everything.”

“Yes, I am.”

“But I see a lot of bad things all around. How can you be good at everything?”

“What I meant was I am good at creating *good* as well as creating *bad*.”

“Oh, nice answer. By the way, what’s your true shape?”

“It’s difficult to describe my true shape.”

“But your believers describe as if you are human shaped.”

“Their assumption is wrong.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Never assume the obvious is always true. I am not a fixed shaped person like you.”

“I don’t understand your answer.”

“Most humans assume I am also a human-shaped creature who can speak their language and sit in the sky with some magic screwdrivers and toolkits assembling humans and non-humans.”

“Well, aren’t you gods something like that?”

“No, I am not. Your imagination of me is wrong. You cannot expect the machine that manufactures a car to also be in the shape of a car. As a cosmic creator of thousands of different things, my shape has to be highly flexible. However, a human shape is also one of my countless shapes.”

“Why is that flexibility needed?”

“Infinite flexibility is the only way to manage and communicate with an infinitely complex universe. Besides, my shape is impossible for you to understand just like how a tiny ant won’t be able to understand the shape of an elephant. Secondly, I don’t have to use my hands to create things. I can assemble and create anything magically. However, I do slip into human forms when required as it’s the most convenient and comfortable shape to be in.”

“But isn’t there a default shape you gods usually wear?”

“Yes, but you will get to know that later as we talk.”

“Okay. So, Mr. God, it must be really great to be a god. You must be feeling like you are on top of the world. I am jealous of you and your great powers.”

“Not really, and don’t feel jealous of me. Great power is not as great as you humans imagine.”

“But, Mr. God, how can it not be great? It must be the greatest job in the universe.”

“Yes, theoretically it’s the greatest job in the universe. But I also have the greatest problems and dangers in the universe, which no human can experience or truly understand. Anyway, I love the job, but hate the work like everyone else.”

“Are you saying even a god’s job is not an ideal job?”

“There is no such thing as an ideal job anywhere in the universe, Mr. Human. Happiness in anything doesn’t last forever.”

“Hmm, now many people claim you have absolute dictatorial powers and can do anything. Is that true?”

“No, they are wrong. I don’t have such mighty powers. It’s just a foolish belief of ignorant humans and my fanatical devotees.”

“Now why can’t a god have dictatorial powers? You are not going to misuse it like we people do. Just take an oath.”

“Nobody, not even a god, should have dictatorial powers. Even we gods are not immune from the powerful natural temptations of misusing such dictatorial powers. Rules, laws, and oaths cannot nullify the powerful natural urges of misusing power.”

“So, what motivates you to be a god?”

“Well, ever since I was a baby god I loved to work under tremendous pressure, meet deadlines and targets, add value, provide a seamless end to end service, serve humans passionately, and be a scrupulously honest stellar god.”

“Hah, your claim sounds too hollow to be true!”

“Hey, how did you guess that?”

“Simple. You sounded like a fancy marketing brochure.”

“Did I? Heh, heh! Well, nobody gets up in the morning with the intention of serving others without having some personal motives. Anyway, what’s going on my earth?”

“As if you don’t know or are responsible for.”

“Like what? What are you humans accusing me of?”

“Everything. The usual never ending middle east crisis, terrorism, rainforests disappearing, global warming, ice caps melting, subprime crisis, recession, banks disappearing, billionaires becoming paupers, stock market crash, etc.”

“Wow, I didn’t know there were so many problems for you poor sweeties! So, what are you folks doing to solve those problems?”

“Well, all the world leaders like the United Nations, G8, G20, etc., are working on it. A new concept paper and joint statement have been released that will create new working committees to tackle problems. Lots of companies are also downsizing heavily.”

“I hope they will be successful and, yes, reckless downsizing, ruining families and firing employees even when they are making profits is the correct way to improve the global economy.”

“You are good at bad satire, Mr. God. But many people think you are the real culprit behind all of our problems.”

“Maybe, I am. Maybe, I am not,” he replied with a wink.

“Your wink looks suspicious. Even I strongly suspect you have a hand in all of our troubles. By the way, when were you born? On second thought, just forget that question for now. A more important question is why can't we see you, Mr. God?”

“That's because I am invisible.”

“I know that, but why exactly are you invisible?”

“That's because as the custodian of the universe I have gigantic powers, great wealth and fantastic beauty.”

“Huh? Why should those superb powers make you invisible?”

“Well, the more beautiful, famous or powerful the creature, the more advanced protection it needs. So, fantastic folks like me can't be easily seen in public, nor can I experience the countless simple luxuries that mediocre mortals like you can easily enjoy. Secondly, I am also an extremely high-value target. Hence, I need terrific defenses and security.”

“Maybe, but why total invisibility, Mr. God?”

“Invisibility is the only way to achieve that terrific defense and also cut all my operating costs on security. Always remember, the golden rule to live happily is to live hidden.”

“I still don't understand what you are trying to say.”

“Have you seen any popular human celebrity, or a president, or a military general, or some other VIP?”

“Yes, I have seen plenty of them.”

“Why do they surround themselves with a large number of security guards, tinted glass cars, armed convoys, electric fences, bouncers, ferocious secretaries, video cameras and tall compounds like a medieval fortress?”

“That’s for security, Mr. God.”

“What will happen if they don’t have those guards and other security stuff?”

“Fans, media and other clowns will start mobbing them.”

“Correct. In a similar way, if I am easily visible then millions of my devotees and fans will start mobbing me for money, food, help, blessings, protection, and umpteen other desires. But all of their desires cannot be fulfilled due to various reasons.”

“So, what if you can’t fulfill?”

“Well, that’s why I went one step further in security and took a conscious decision to be always invisible. No face, no risk, just complete anonymity.”

“But how does that help?”

“Very simple. Invisibility offers the ultimate protection and also helps me to keep all of my options open. By being invisible, I have freedom to decide who I should help and who I can avoid. It’s similar to the way famous CEOs of top companies who are always unapproachable to their employees but are pulling the strings from behind and it has other benefits.”

“What other benefits?”

“It helps me avoid stalkers and fans.”

“Stalkers? Why are they after you?”

“All great celebrities will have stalkers and I am the supreme celebrity of the universe. So, if I am easily visible then millions of fans and stalkers will want to touch me, hug me, pinch me, bite me, pull my hair, take my autograph, offer rubbish advice on how I can run earth better, etc.,

like what happens to your famous pop stars and political leaders. Human fans can get terribly violent with the ones they love.”

“Hmm, yes, yes. Fans can get very violent with their rock stars.”

“So, invisibility gives me perfect security, freedom and great peace of mind to move around freely without being stalked. Besides, I don’t have to hire an army of security guards, bouncers, have several layers of protection and lose my privacy. So, I save plenty of operating costs on security. Another important advantage of invisibility is it also protects me and my friends from my enemies.”

“Enemies? You have enemies, Mr. God?”

“Of course, and that includes many humans.”

“Why is that?”

“It’s a simple nature’s law of connection. It’s mandatory to have enemies. Everyone will have enemies.”

“Everyone?”

“Yes, everyone from the tiniest to the mightiest creature will have enemies and competitors in my universe.”

“Really?”

“Of course, there is always someone out to get you, regardless of whether you believe it or not. But the hidden advantage of enemies is they keep you alert and sharp.”

“So, how do you deal with your enemies?”

“I have no trouble dealing with my enemies. But it’s my goddamn friends that I always have trouble with. I hope you now understand why I am always invisible.”

“Mr. God, why did you give so many comparisons to my single question about your invisibility? Couldn’t you give a single straightforward answer? It reminds me of a crazy professor I once had in college who would never give a straight answer.”

“A nail won’t stick into wood tightly without multiple hits on its head. Similarly, my actions cannot be fully understood if I give a single straightforward answer. There is no fun in explaining $2+2=4$. Instead,

stating $390-172+100-314=4$ is more fun and creative. We gods are like mysterious puzzles and can't be understood easily or quickly, buddy."

"Well, Mr. God, your invisibility reasons sounds too simplistic to me."

"I am a simple guy, so I can only give simple answers."

"Hmm, but as a god, I was expecting a much fancier fairy tale for your invisibility. But you are giving examples similar to what we people do for security."

"Well, let me tell you a little secret. It appears similar because humans also have the unique ability to imitate me in many areas."

"Imitate you? How is that possible?"

"That's because I have embedded many of my characteristics and behaviors into humans. I have created you in my image. Hence, humans are also miniature gods or my replicas but with limited powers. You will gradually discover our mutual similarities and comparable tears, fears, and powers as we chat."

"I think you are still not telling me the truth."

"Well, Mr. Human, these are the declassified reasons I have exclusively reserved for humans. Of course, there are superior and fancier classified tales for my invisibility, but they're beyond the grasping powers of the tiny primitive brain that humans have. But why haven't you noticed the many visible gods around you?"

"Visible gods? Where are they?"

"You will get to know them shortly."

"Hmm, you are pretty smart at telling lies with a straight face, Mr. God."

"Thank you. I am trying to get better."

"Well, Mr. God, I am still not buying your nutty story. Please stop joking and tell me the correct reason. I am asking you a serious question. Why can't we see you? My grandma used to claim that dogs can easily see you."

“She is right. Dogs and many other animals can see me and even talk to me. In fact, I just met one dog on the bus stand before boarding this bus.”

“Aha, so that’s why that dog was acting funny! So, are you selectively invisible?”

“Yes.”

“Now, come on! When those low life creatures can see you, why can’t we intelligent people see you? It’s totally unfair!”

“Perhaps, but the reason you can’t see me is that modern humans don’t have the minimum capability or eligibility.”

“What the hell do you mean we don’t have capability and eligibility? We can understand everything.”

“No creature can self-certify that its brains are capable of understanding everything.”

“But people are indeed the most capable on earth with the most complicated and intelligent brains in the universe, Mr. God.”

“Your human brain is indeed complicated and intelligent, but it’s not the most complicated and intelligent thing in the universe. It still cannot understand or comprehend everything in my cosmos.”

“But, Mr. God, look at our superb scientific achievements. We have invented television, mobiles, airplanes, spaceships, nuclear energy, computers, internet, electric cars, etc., and we are confident of inventing many more fantastic things very soon.”

“Yawn! Listen, human boy, I know all about your mediocre scientific achievements. I was the one who created the necessary raw materials for your kindergarten materialistic creations. But humans still don’t have what it takes to see me or shake hands with me.”

“But we are confident of understanding if you reveal yourself.”

“No, you still cannot understand. Confidence cannot help you understand me.”

“Why not?”

Never Trust Any God

“Because confidence is not true capability. Confidence is just a sweet ignorance that’s only good for getting humans into trouble.”

“If confidence cannot help, then what method can we use to understand you?”

“Try acceptance of your limitations.”

“I don’t understand your suggestion.”

“To understand me humans must first realize you are still extremely insignificant in this universe, though you may refuse to accept it.”

“Insignificant?”

“Yes, you are insignificant and will always be!”

“Now, come on, Mr. God! Convince me.”

“I will try. Have you seen any photographs of earth, planets and deep space taken by your NASA and Hubble telescopes?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Don’t you see how infinitesimally tiny you are in the universe? Your planet is just a tiny speck in the entire universe, and you humans are a further tiny speck on it.”

“Yes, we know how tiny we are in the universe but still there must be some way to see you. Tell me what special effort does it take to have a glimpse of you?”

“Let me explain by asking you some simple questions. First question, can you clearly see that green frog sitting on a rock about five kilometers away?”

“No way. I will need very good binoculars or a telescope.”

“Correct answer. Now the second question. How many kilos can you easily lift, Mr. Human?”

“Maybe, 10 or 15 kilos, I guess.”

“Why not 200 kilos or 2000 kilos?”

“It’s too heavy for my tender shoulders. I will need a forklift or some other device to lift such a heavy load.”

Next God looked towards the bus window and asked, “About three kilometers away there are two ants fighting over a grain of sugar. Can you hear what they’re shouting at each other?”

“That’s a foolish question. You know it’s impossible for any person to hear it.”

“Yeah, I know. But I just wanted to confirm. Now one more question. Do you know the configuration of your fatigue generating machine?” asked God looking at my laptop computer.

“Yes, a high-powered model with 4 terabytes disk and 16 gigabytes memory.”

“Is it capable of playing movie files? I want to copy a movie file into it to show you something spectacular.”

“Yes, it can play all movie files. Feel free to copy it, Mr. God.”

“Good. I will transfer the file through my magic.”

“Okay.”

“Hmm, there is something wrong with your laptop. I am getting an out of disk space message.”

“How big is your movie file?”

“It’s just a tiny five million terabytes, ultra-high clarity, three-dimensional movie file.”

“A tiny five million terabytes file? Are you crazy, Mr. God? It’s a ridiculously large file!”

“So what? Why can’t I copy it?”

“It’s impossible to copy that file into my hard disk. I will need some astronomical memory, disk space, processor and heaven knows what technical upgrades are necessary to copy and view such a file. I am not even sure such an upgrade is possible. Even mainframes can’t handle such a large file. Five million terabytes movie file, whew!!!”

“Are you saying your laptop cannot display my computer file?”

“Yes, the file is too big for its capacity. This laptop wasn’t designed to handle such a big file.”

“Ah, *Capacity and Design*, those were the exact words I wanted to hear from you, Mr. Human. Thanks, now listen well. When you humans can't even see or hear what's going on a few kilometers away, can't lift a few hundred kilograms, can't hear what two tiny earth creatures are talking and don't have the capacity for a million other things, then it also means you don't have the capacity to see me, the supreme one who created this infinite universe with an infinite number of things. Your human brain, eyesight and every feature of your body are limited. Got it?”

“I know we can't do many things. But we can still see, hear, talk, feel, think, imagine and so on. Now, what can we do within our current powers to see you?”

“You are a stubborn fellow, Mr. Human. But you still cannot see me with your current insufficient powers.”

“Hah, convince me why our powers are insufficient to see you. I don't believe in any blind faith.”

“Blind faith? Listen, you dolt, your human eye is not a supreme device to see and detect everything in this universe. Just because you have two eyes and a brain doesn't mean you can see and understand everything in my universe. Remember, I created you and decided what powers you will have, what you can see, cannot see, what you can do, cannot do, etc., similar to the way you designed your computer's capacity. Your computer is limited to the computing capability it was designed for, unless you humans upgrade it for a higher computing purpose. Similarly, your human brain and senses are currently too limited in capability to understand or see mighty me. Your brain cannot copy the picture of my grand structure, just like your computer couldn't copy my big file. It's not engineered for such capabilities. To see me in my true form you will need a massive *Mind, Body, and Spirit* upgrade to a level that can comprehend me. Only I have that knowledge and necessary spare parts to upgrade and enable you to that level. You cannot upgrade yourself. Understood, Mr. Human?”

“Hmm, understood. Now how about upgrading me to see your true form?”

“Impossible.”

“Why not?”

“Actually, you don’t have the eligibility or permission to see my true form.”

“So, who has that eligibility?”

“In the history of humankind, I have upgraded only a few extraordinary humans to see my true gigantic form. But right now I have downgraded myself to a human form where you can see and talk to me.”

“Wow, thanks for the consolation prize! Lucky me! But I still feel it’s unfair for a dog to see you and not us. How is that mongrel more blessed than us?”

“Mr. Human, you seem to be obsessed with dogs for some reason. You forgot I have also given cats nine lives, and an ordinary ant can lift several times its own weight. Well, get over the jealousy. Actually, everything on this planet is not about capability or intelligence as you humans naively believe. It’s about *eligibility*. You can be intelligent and capable but you may not be eligible. This is why you, a highly literate person is living a hand-to-mouth existence writing stupid books, while your illiterate country cousin is roaming around the world in his Learjet throwing money around. Everyone is not entitled to all the goodies. Get the picture, smarty?”

“Grr, that’s insulting, Mr. God, and don’t remind me of my rascal cousin as my blood boils if I hear his name. But I say your methods are wacky! People are not too happy with you gods these days. You are not proactive in solving our problems.”

“Well, many humans do accuse me of many things but I am not bothered about any approval ratings as I like to work quietly in the shadows without any fanfare.”

“But you don’t respond to our prayers on time, you don’t help us when we need you and do many other crazy things that we don’t like.”

“Hmm, looks like the natives of my earth are getting restless.”

“Yes, we natives are restless. Dealing with you is like sending emails to an unmonitored mailbox or watching a rock melt. It’s so irritating.”

“Well, Mr. Human, powerful folks rarely reply to anyone’s emails. But you humans must live with it for some more time. I am not up here to make everyone happy, though I do read every mail. I have countless things on my plate. I am not a bellboy to rush to your service at all times.”

“So, it’s a take it or leave it rule?”

“There is no take it or leave it. You have to take it, earthlings! I am the Cosmic Lord and you are my cosmic slaves. Understood?”

“Earthlings? Slaves? Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah, double yeah!”

“Do you always talk rough like that, Mr. God?”

“Not always but only when it’s necessary. I told you I am straightforward in my talking. In fact, I have no need to be even polite or politically correct either because I am not answerable to earthlings. You, humans, have to follow my orders and cosmic rules and can do nothing about it!”

“Yes, we people know that (sigh!).”

“Any more rubbish questions?”

“Oh, plenty more. Please don’t disappear on me.”

“Okay, I won’t. But shoot your questions fast as I have other cosmic tasks to attend.”

Are You Really Alone

I do want to be left alone sometimes

“Okay, Mr. God, who are we and why did you create the earth?”

“I am a budding artist and you are my inspired art.”

“I don’t understand your answer.”

“What do human artists do when they are bored or inspired?”

“They will do paintings or try some other artistic stuff.”

“Correct. Even I was once experiencing artistic boredom and restlessness just like your human artists feel.”

“Okay, but what’s that got to do with creating the earth?”

“Well, thousands of years ago I was suddenly bored. I realized I wasn’t doing anything other than twiddling my thumbs and counting the number of moons on every planet. For the first time in my life, I felt a strange feeling that was sucking my happiness out.”

“Why did you feel that way?”

“The universe I saw was too predictable, too boring, and with no action anywhere. Stars and empty planets went round and round and round with no change. I was fed up with all the serenity and tranquility around. It was also eerie. My vast knowledge was lying idle, nobody came to me for help, and I was unable to show off my divine products and services to anyone.”

“But why did you get such a desire to show off?”

“Well, the urge to show off and impress others with one’s talent and powers are irresistible even to us gods.”

“How sad! Okay, so what did you do?”

“I thought of creating something exciting. After several hundred years of intense brainstorming, I finally got an inspiration to create a small three-dimensional glowing art near a beautiful yellow star. Then, lifting my magic wand I created a superb, self-sustaining ball hanging in space without any strings to support it. Next, I handcrafted all the rivers, mountains, canyons, deserts, etc., on it using only biodegradable stuff for everything. Then, I added myriads of tiny suckers, I mean living creatures, on it each with some puny power over the other like beautiful birds, flowers, plants, animals, insects, and also ugly humans.”

“Grr! But why did you add those living creatures?”

“Well, I always loved to own plenty of entertaining toys that could work in unpredictable ways. I wanted freak creatures and animated toys that can never be a threat to me, but just be enjoyable, obedient and powerless so that I can easily bully, tease, hit, hurt, push, etc. So, by adding many kinds of puny creatures this magnificent rotating blue ball of matter, life and energy became the first ever living art created by a budding divine artist. It was also the first biggest zoo, garden, and aquarium ever created in the universe. Finally, the earth was so beautiful that tears started coming out my eyes and accidentally made the oceans and seas salty. Anyway, I had to do something to get over that terrific boredom, and the best artistic ideas come only in solitude. I hope it’s good.”

“Yeah, yeah, good for you! So, you manufactured us for your amusement?”

“Of course, but why are you sounding sarcastic? It’s similar to what you humans manufacture for your amusement.”

“Like what?”

“Don’t you humans create two-dimensional cartoons, video games, movies, game gadgets and amusement parks, etc., for your enjoyment? Similarly, I have created countless three-dimensional human and non-human cosmic cartoons for my divine entertainment. The whole

universe is my cosmic Disneyland, and all of my cartoons have the freedom to enact their own screenplays within their respective physical and mental limitations.”

“Are you comparing people with cartoons? Well, let me tell you I am offended by that comparison, Mr. God!”

“Yes, you will definitely be offended. But feeling offended is also one of the key features of my cosmic cartoons in addition to exhibiting your other mild and wild features.”

“What mild and wild features?”

“Exhibiting and demonstrating abilities like thinking, talking, laughing, crying, disgust, outrage, fighting, anger, sadness, insult, cynicism, arrogance, pettiness, fear, stupidity, etc., and none of those features are patented.”

“What do you mean by not patented?”

“It means my features are free to use by everyone. For example, you can laugh loudly and another human can also laugh loudly. This is why twins can’t sue each other for being identical.”

“Silly answer! So, you are calling people behaviors as features?”

“Yes, all of my cartoons have hundreds of interesting technical specifications and features that switch on and off unpredictably. They’re all part of the human code I have programmed into you. This is what makes my earth and all of its cartoons so exciting.”

“Hmm, you can insult us well, Mr. God. Looks like you don’t have a high opinion of people.”

“No, it’s because humans belong to the down to earth category.”

“But your earth is such a mess! How can you proudly call it an art?”

“Now hold on! I said I am a budding artist and a novice. I still have a lot to learn about art and you cannot question my creative freedom. Earth wasn’t such a mess when I first created it. But at least my creation is not like those messy modern arts done by renowned humans who don’t know how to draw or paint well.”

“Don’t paint well? Well, I agree modern art is rubbish. But do you know the cost of those messy modern arts, Mr. God? They sell for millions of dollars!”

“Really? I had also heard the most useless things on earth are usually the most expensive. I wonder how much I can sell my earth for. Know any good buyers? It’s a great collector’s item.”

“Buyers for earth? Impossible!”

“Why not? When those eccentric collectors can buy various hideous, meaningless arts for millions of dollars why can’t they buy my divine mess? Earth is the emperor of messy masterpieces.”

“That’s because nobody can afford your earth art, Mr. God.”

“Too bad. I was hoping to make some pocket money.”

“Good joke! But what’s the true purpose of your inspired art?”

“Actually nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Yes, no real mission. No true purpose. It’s just a piece of art that popped out of spontaneity.”

“Mr. God, are you saying we are simply sitting on a space rock and aimlessly loitering in the universe?”

“Yes, that’s the unique idea of my cosmic game. I believe life can be enjoyed fully only when there is no purpose.”

“But that’s crazy! Anyway, what’s the cosmic game all about?”

“It’s an exciting and endless game of chasing mirages.”

“Chasing mirages? What mirages?”

“The universe is full of beautiful mirages that humans desire. It will show mirages of water when you are thirsty and mirages of wealth when you are greedy. But you can finally conclude it as a meaningless and a wicked game. I hope you like it.”

“Like it? I think your creation explanation is absurd!”

“Yes, absurdity is also one of my creations, and I have also created countless other types of absurdities in my universe.”

“How can there be no purpose, Mr. God? And how do you confidently say that everything is truly meaningless?”

“My semi-infinite knowledge made me realize that everything is finally meaningless. But why is it so difficult for humans to accept aimlessness? Everything in the cosmos need not have a purpose.”

“But it makes us feel uneasy if there is no purpose. However, if it’s true, then your toy explanation throws out the most pressing philosophical questions we people have.”

“What pressing questions?”

“Questions like - Who are we? What are we doing here? Where we are going, and so on?”

“Brilliant questions, Mr. Human! Oh, those mischievous human philosophers are always asking endless complex questions. I never realized how the curiosity feature and questions without answers can torment humans so much. But it’s a coincidence.”

“What do you mean by coincidence?”

“As a god, even I get the same nagging questions in my head. Who am I? Why am I babysitting earth? When will it all end and so on. Such questions have plagued me for billions of years and keep me awake at night. In case your human philosophers get the correct answer do let me know.”

“Stop teasing them, Mr. God! Now how does our Darwin’s theory of evolution fit in with your toy creation?”

“Oh, that naughty Charles Darwin! Things were going fine for Noah until Charles started his irritating theory of evolution and confused everyone. It’s a pity how those long sea voyages and seasickness can affect humans in mysterious ways. But we gods give humans the choice to choose between a believable lie and a rational explanation under your own human scientific terms.”

“What believable lie and rational explanations?”

“The believable lie is you can believe in me, a mysterious God, for having created the earth and all of its creatures. Or, you can believe in

your rational explanation that earth and all of its creatures somehow jumped into existence out of nothing without any intelligent designer. Then, evolution somehow switched on automatically to make humans out of monkeys. Also, this bus, your laptop, cell phone or the helicopter flying above were simply the result of a million years of metals, rubbers, plastics and other materials mysteriously coming together because they loved one another. Or, given enough time mud and ash can gradually turn back into humans. So, humans are free to choose either explanation. Each can kindle your imagination to keep you busy.”

“You can manufacture an absurd answer out of nothing, Mr. God. Okay, I will buy your story for now. Now how long did you take to create Earth?”

“Well, it took about a week in your human time.”

“Just a week? Impossible! No one can achieve such a feat.”

“You cannot speak on everyone’s behalf. If a feat is impossible for weak powered humans, then it doesn’t mean it’s also impossible for everyone else in the universe.”

“But how could you build such a big earth within a week?”

“I have the POWER! When a simple magnitude 9.0 earthquake of mine can decimate a big human city in 10 seconds, imagine how much I can achieve in seven days consisting of 604,800 seconds working at the speed of thought and with many months of advance design preparation. That’s why I was able to finish earth within a week. Besides, a free mind without any hurry, stress or controls can produce miracles.”

“Hmm, now what do you mean by controls?”

“It means I didn’t have any human fashionable pressures like meetings, deadlines, customer expectations, status reports, slide presentations, penalties, contracts, project plans, etc., breathing down my neck. Also, there were no labor unions, committees or experts to deal with. No empire can ever be built if we have such irritants. So, I was able to assemble everything rapidly. Besides, I didn’t waste time documenting anything.”

“It looks like you are reading too many Dilbert cartoons. But why didn’t you document anything?”

“You will know the reasons later as we talk.”

“Okay, but your claim of having created everything by yourself sounds ridiculous to me!”

“No, different parts of the earth were manufactured by different gods. I did not personally assemble the entire earth.”

“Manufactured by different gods? Why is that?”

“A building requires several specialists like civil engineers, electricians, plumber, carpenters, etc., to design and construct it. The building owner or designer won’t personally lay each brick and pillar. Similarly, the earth also required its equivalent cosmic specialists and architects to design and complete it. A magnificent team of gods and divine helpers worked with me to create and assemble earth.”

“So, you not alone in the universe?”

“No, there are **gods, Gods, and GODS.**”

“I don’t understand your answer.”

“What I meant was there are junior, middle and senior types of gods, and also specialist gods each with their own unique powers, strengths, and weaknesses. All jobs in the universe can’t be done by a single person, buddy. It’s too tiring. Besides, I can afford to employ plenty of builder gods and divine helpers for my projects.”

“Where are those builder gods and divine helpers now?”

“They went back to the skies.”

“Why didn’t they stay back? If they were still around I could have believed your crazy earth building story.”

“Well, are those human construction workers and civil engineers who built your house still staying in your house? If yes, I could have believed they built your house.”

“Hmm, nice comparison, but a lot of people say there is only one god, a supreme one alone in the universe.”

“There is nothing in this universe that’s all alone, Mr. Human.”

“Then, how do some people claim you are all alone?”

“That’s because you humans are masters of disinformation and confidently claim about things you have never seen. But do you humans really think I am sitting up there all alone with no friends and no social life with the sole aim of babysitting humans?”

“Yeah, we believe you gods must look after us fully.”

“Nice expectation! But I do want to be left alone sometimes. When you humans say *alone*, do you mean ONE as in numbers?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“But even *one* can be separated into parts like half plus half, or four times a quarter and so on.”

“Yes, mathematically speaking.”

“Similarly, even if I am *one* I can still be divided into many parts if necessary.”

“You mean split yourself into pieces? But how can you do that?”

“It’s easy. I am brilliant at mathematics.”

“So what? Many people are brilliant at mathematics.”

“They can only do it on paper but I can do it on myself.”

“I don’t understand your crazy answer.”

“It means I know how to use divisions and fractions on myself. So, I can easily split myself into pieces, and I can even do mathematics on matter.”

“But how is it possible to do that?”

“I will let you know how later. But do you really think it’s possible for anyone to be sitting all alone silently in this mighty universe without friends, relatives, and someone to talk to?”

“Well, no.”

“Correct. Even to talk to yourself you will have to create an imaginary twin of yourself. Alone, my creator! Just imagine the loneliness and workload.”

“You talk as if you are afraid of being alone in the universe.”

“Well, being alone and immortal is a terrible punishment that no one should endure. The universe is an eerie place and it can be terrifying if you look over your shoulder in the dark mighty cosmos and find no one there. So, I have ensured it’s not lonely at the top. However, anyone who has excessive knowledge and wisdom like me will always be an extremely lonely person.”

“You joke well. So, if you had assistance from many other gods why did you claim that you alone created the earth and wrote all those books?”

“No problem. Gods are not worried about who gets the credit.”

“Why is that?”

“They’re painful overheads. So, we stopped getting obsessed with personal credit and individual glory thousands of years ago.”

“Hmm, how old is earth?”

“It’s old enough to be disposed off.”

“Stop kidding, Mr. God! So, how many gods are there?”

“I have millions in a variety of shapes and forms.”

“Millions?”

“Yes, and we also have a hierarchy just like a senior, middle and junior managers in your human organizations. There are also many sub gods to whom I have delegated many of my tasks.”

“Delegated?”

“Yes, the universe is built on specialization, hierarchies, and clear segregation of responsibilities. So, dogs can’t give birth to cats. This is why I have separate gods for money, weather, fire, wind, knowledge, animals, energy, etc. Each of them is a specialist in their area, though some of them are not very efficient these days. Also, new gods are periodically created as new situations arise.”

“But why do you need so many gods? Can’t one god do it all?”

“Many gods are necessary because there is so much to do in my infinite universe. Every god in the cosmos is like a specific medicine

designed for a particular ailment. Or in other words, each god is like a one trick pony and can't help you in all areas."

"I don't understand the medicine analogy."

"Is cough syrup an essential medicine, Mr. Human?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever fallen sick before?"

"Yes, plenty of times."

"What sort of sickness did you have?"

"Like fevers, cough, colds, headaches, etc., but why are you asking about my fevers, Mr. God?"

"I will let you know. Did you take only the cough medicine to cure all those sicknesses?"

"No, I took separate medicines for separate ailments."

"But why not the cough syrup as it's also called medicine?"

"It may be called medicine, Mr. God., but it doesn't work for every ailment. The chemical properties are different and can only work against certain types of ailments."

"Correct. Similarly, one god cannot fit every purpose. Each god has a special role to play in the universe just like you have specific medicines, software, vehicles, departments, agencies, etc., for specific purposes. It's also similar to having many vice presidents, senior managers, middle managers, junior managers, departments, etc., in your human organizations. Everything cannot and will not be done only by the CEO, isn't it?"

"Hmm, so to which god do we pray?"

"You have to approach the God who is a specialist in the kind of problem you are trying to solve."

"What problem?"

"If you want a driving license you have to approach the transport department, and not the tax department."

"Yes, I know that."

“Similarly, you have to approach the specific god who is a specialist in solving your particular problem.”

“But how will I know which specialist god to approach?”

“You will discover that as you climb the spiritual ladder.”

“I still say so many gods are unnecessary. You should be able to optimize and do more with less number of gods. After all, you have the power.”

“Well, we gods don’t believe in that silly human concept!”

“But why? It’s more efficient to do more with less.”

“We gods are not interested in efficiency or cost saving.”

“Why not?”

“They’re simply fashionable concepts for humans, but not sustainable in my perpetual divine run. For me, inefficiency is not a defect. Secondly, what apparently works for humans don’t work for gods. It’s impractical to have one *jack of all* and *master of all* type of god. Every god has his or her use at an appropriate time and cannot be downsized. It’s against my rules.”

“Against rules? Why?”

“Many gods are like winter clothes.”

“Winter clothes?”

“Yes, like warm winter clothes. They can be used only in the winter. Downsizing is as foolish as throwing away your warm winter clothes during the hot summer by arguing you don’t need so many clothes in your wardrobe. Besides, we gods don’t need cost saving because we are not extravagant. Anyway, if I wanted to optimize I would’ve stopped at Adam and Eve, and not allow the creation of so many extra humans.”

“Hmm, but some people don’t believe there are multiple gods.”

“That’s okay. We can accommodate that human belief as well.”

“How is that possible?”

“For such humans we become a size nothing god or an all-in-one genius teacher.”

“What all in one teacher?”

“Haven’t you seen many highly skilled teachers who are a walking encyclopedia on many subjects? Some humans prefer the simplicity of dealing with a single expert god just like a single window clearance.”

“So, you present different pictures to different people?”

“Yes, we gods are completely flexible and can easily transform ourselves into what my believers love to believe or insist on what we should be.”

“But some people insist you have no form at all.”

“Yes, that’s also possible for me. Form and formlessness are two of my common types of appearances, and I even have other flexible types of forms like becoming absolutely nothing.”

“Absolutely nothing? How is that possible?”

“Well, nothing is also something, my dear.”

“Hmm, interesting flexibility. So, who are the senior gods?”

“**Creator, Sustainer, and Destroyer.**”

“Which god are you?”

“I am the Sustainer.”

“And what exactly is your sustainer work?”

“I manage a gigantic cosmic employment agency.”

“Employment agency? What do you do there?”

“You will understand my agency’s work later as we gossip.”

“Okay, where are the other two senior gods now?”

“They are in heaven attending some cosmic meeting.”

“I have some questions and doubts about their work as well.”

“No problem. I can answer on their behalf.”

“How?”

“I am the official spokesperson for all gods.”

“Okay, so what do the three main gods do?”

“It’s self-explanatory. The creator is responsible for creating things in the universe. The sustainer is responsible for maintenance and employment. The destroyer is responsible for decimation. In short, we gods manufacture, maintain, and finally destroy.”

“But why decimation? That’s terrible, Mr. God!”

“It’s terribly similar to many things you humans do.”

“How are we similar?”

“Don’t you remember I had said humans can also imitate me in many areas? This means you humans are also capable of doing many things that we gods are capable of. However, I have all the features and capabilities that you humans have, but you don’t have all the features and capabilities that we gods have. But I did embed generous doses of my sparkling wit and creativity into humans to differentiate you from animals. Also, the myriads of ways in which you humans interact with your own and other species are remarkably similar to the ways I deal with humans. You will gradually see many comparable examples of how we imitate each other as we chat.”

“Can you give any examples?”

“For example, you have a factory for designing and manufacturing cars. Then, you have service stations for sustaining by maintenance, oil change, repairs, tuning, etc. Next, you have value-added protection services like anti-theft devices, insurance, safety advisors, etc. Finally, you have the destroyer who mashes up cars and recovers useful parts when the cars get obsolete and unusable. Similarly, the main gods create, sustain, protect and destroy life, and other gods do other jobs. Mother Earth is also a partner and highly efficient at recycling a lot of life material. She has a fantastic garbage disposal mechanism and will devour any rubbish as long as it’s biodegradable.”

“How?”

“For example, when humans die and get burnt or buried your body becomes fertilizer or food for many earth creatures. It’s a sort of material reuse policy and keeps the food chain functional.”

“But what exactly is your name, Mr. God? Sustainer is a common generic name.”

“I have plenty of other divine names as well.”

“Plenty of names? But our learned philosophers refuse to call you by a specific name or genders like god or goddess. They just call you a higher power. What do you say about their definition?”

“An apple by any name is still an apple. Anyway, those confused philosophers are off track as usual. I am indeed a mysterious power, plus I also have a specific name.”

“That’s what I wanted to know, Mr. God. What’s your real name?”

“Well, you can’t spell it, Mr. Human.”

“Why not?”

“Your human tongue cannot pronounce my real divine name, just like your pet dog cannot pronounce your human name. Hence, you can call me by any name you humans can pronounce. Secondly, a name is absolutely necessary to identify anything in the universe just like you name other powers like electric power, nuclear power, horsepower, wind power, etc. Even total emptiness has a name called vacuum or zero. But let me tell you a little secret and that is there is no such thing as a learned philosopher.”

“What do you mean? They’re classified as the most knowledgeable and learned people on earth, Mr. God.”

“Well, a learned human is one who provides answers and not simply fires endless questions. Philosophers hope to become learned someday, but they will never get there as they will obviously have more questions if and when they get there. Philosophy is just a torturous science of drowning yourself and others with complicated and insane questions, refusing to accept any answers and spend your life in a daze seeing puzzles and riddles everywhere, Mr. Human.”

“I am beginning to suspect you hate philosophy, Mr. God.”

“Yes, I do. My divine unsympathetic professor keeps failing me again and again in that exam, and I only have unlimited time to master that subject and get my master degree certificate. Because of this, I am under a lot of stress as I am unable to pursue my higher cosmic education.”

“How sad! And what gender is a god?”

“A god can be a male, female or even an inanimate thing.”

“But how?”

“In order to deal with the countless types of living and non-living things we gods usually present ourselves in multiple forms. Besides, it’s also convenient as most humans prefer to deal with someone who looks similar to them.”

“Okay, so what other important gods exist?”

“Apart from the three main gods, there are plenty of other important gods that have an influence on humans. For example, I have a set of three specialist gods that all humans have to mandatorily deal with.”

“Three specialist gods? What are their names?”

“They also have plenty of divine names that you can’t spell. But rather than worrying about specific names it’s better for humans to understand the unique powers of each god.”

“Why?”

“A name is associated with a specific human language. But a power description is more global and universal.”

“Okay, so how do you describe them?”

“By describing the unique energies that God is endowed with or specializes in.”

“Unique energies?”

“Yes, unique energies. Each god is a special type of cosmic energy or a distinct force to reckon with. The type of energy decides what that god can or cannot do. Every god is an expert in something like a specialist doctor, and they easily depend on other gods for the knowledge they lack. Also, a god is anyone or anything that can have a powerful influence on someone.”

“Okay, describe the specialist gods. Who are they?”

“One is the supreme goddess of wealth or money, without which nothing on your human materialistic world can be achieved. She is the queen of economics and financial matters responsible for the flow of wealth throughout the world. In all practical terms, she is the most

powerful god on earth and controls all finances ranging from your kid's tiny piggy bank to Fort Knox. She can make you climb from rags to riches, or slide from riches to rags, and has made countless beggars into billionaires and vice versa. Humans are willing to do crazy and abominable things to earn her blessings. But she is extremely restless and also ruthless.”

“Why is she like that?”

“You will understand later.”

“Okay, who is the second one?”

“The second one is the supreme goddess of speech, learning, and wisdom who provides the necessary knowledge to do whatever you plan to do. She is the ultimate encyclopedia in the universe and the Google of Googles. She is an expert in physics, chemistry, mathematics, biology, literature, and every subject in the universe.”

“So, is she some sort of teacher?”

“Yes, the queen of all teachers. She is the one who gives you the right ideas at the right time, whether you want to write tough nursery rhymes or an easy PhD thesis. She gives ideas for creativity, talents, technological innovation, medicines, etc., and help you humans get great awards and Nobel prizes. She was also the chief architect for creating the earth, and gave the divine engineers lots of great ideas on how to build earth. She is highly patient with people and makes herself available to anyone willing to learn knowledge. But many humans reject her thinking she is not important and regrets that decision later in life. However, the greatest teachers, singers, artists, dancers, writers, authors, etc., know she is the reason for their success. For example, she is the one who helped great human artists like Shakespeare, Beethoven, Mozart, Einstein, etc., achieve fantastic artistic fame.”

“Good. Who is the third one?”

“The third god is the ultimate remover of obstacles who ensure you don't meet with impediments, troubles, and headaches in your ventures. This god is required because you may have all the money and knowledge

to do a project, but you may hit a variety of roadblocks and troublemakers. This is the god that removes those roadblocks. He can remove mountains of obstacles or even create them for you. But as he is mischievous he enjoys creating endless roadblocks for reasons best known to him. He is also a walking encyclopedia and can match the goddess of knowledge.”

“So, you say these three gods form a specialist team?”

“Yes, every human on this planet will have to depend on these three gods. Your success or failure depends on them, but if they’re with you then no one can stop you. However, they’re very unpredictable and can switch off for various reasons. Even if one of them is not happy, you will meet your Waterloo no matter how hard you try. This is why you see many well-planned projects fail, brilliant humans live in poverty, illiterate humans who are wealthy, and so on. But there are also thousands of cases where they have helped brilliantly.”

“So, how do we get the three of them to help us, Mr. God?”

“Well, it’s difficult because they’re highly talented, richer and more powerful than all other gods, and such folks are not easy to manage as they’re temperamental. You can’t order them to help. All you can do is request and hope they will consider your application. Even I can’t order them to help because even I need their help most of the time.”

“Temperamental? I thought all gods were cool and benevolent.”

“No, all gods are not cool. Some don’t tolerate insults but some can. Some are highly temperamental and fussy about their likes and dislikes. Some gods are young and still in their divine teenage, so they do behave like human teenagers. It’s just like a variety of humans in a large office or family. Besides, all gods are not designed to give boons and fulfill human wishes. It also depends on the kind of work they are designed. For example, you can’t expect the god of fire to be a cool chap. So, don’t take every god for granted.”

“What about you?”

“I am a serene chap, a Type-B personality. Very peaceful.”

“How can you be like that?”

“To control my high blood pressure.”

“Blood pressure?”

“Just kidding. Great power brings great responsibility. Powerful persons who can’t control their anger can cause enormous damage. I don’t know my own powers, so I am always cautious.”

“Hmm, so we can continue to criticize you recklessly and you have absolutely no problem whatsoever?”

“No problem. Enjoy to your heart’s content. I am insult resistant as I know human behavioral psychology, however...”

“However?”

“However, there are limits to what you can do. I give many chances and choices, but I won’t tolerate all hanky-panky.”

“But you claimed to be insult resistant, Mr. God.”

“Yes, it’s similar to your human freedom of speech. You can talk freely but you can still get punished if you go too far.”

“Now don’t you feel insulted when people foul mouth you?”

“Not really. Truly powerful creatures don’t react to the ramblings of puny creatures. This is why I am not bothered by what humans write or say about me. In fact, I find your raving and ranting about my existence or actions as amusing as the chirping of birds. All superior creatures believe that respect and acceptance have to be commanded and not demanded using police, courts or chest beating in the media. However, I can always turn your life upside down in 30 seconds if I want to. Besides, I don’t accept any human gifts.”

“What gifts? I am talking about criticism of you, Mr. God.”

“Yes, I know. Has anyone given you gifts, Mr. Human?”

“Yes, many times.”

“What happens if you refuse to accept the gifts? Who would the gifts belong to?”

“Simple, they will belong to the person who brought them.”

“Similarly, when I don’t accept any insults they remain with the human. This is how we gods handle insults and criticism. It’s also similar to the way you humans handle insults and scolding from animals.”

“Do animals scold us?”

“Of course. Animals curse and scold humans all the time. Haven’t you seen how tigers scowl at the ringmaster in a circus, or at the zookeeper in a zoo, or dogs scolding a dog catcher?”

“Hmm, good point. But do gods feel annoyed when people don’t pray or ask for help?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Let me put it this way, Mr. Human. The mighty river doesn’t worry if humans don’t drink its water, nor does a fruit tree weep if someone doesn’t eat its fruits, or a sofa doesn’t cry when humans don’t sit on it. But if you make use of them your thirst, hunger and tiredness will disappear and you can relax. Cool explanation, huh?”

“Okay, okay! You seem to have an answer for everything.”

“Now I have counted six gods already. This is getting interesting. Tell me about other important gods people need.”

“Well, I have a supreme team of divine movers and shakers. The major ones that have a powerful grip on all humans, in spite of your objections and cynical doubts are,

1. Goddess of power responsible for providing security, courage, and removal of fear. Her blessings are required if you want to become powerful. You can have no money, yet you can be powerful if she is on your side. But if she gets annoyed you will fall from power within minutes.
2. Goddess of food responsible for feeding humans and non-humans on earth. She decides who will eat and who will go hungry. She has an extremely tough job of rationing food nowadays as some humans are eating too much.

3. God of physical health and stamina, who gives you strength and energy. He is the one who helps people become strong. Most wrestlers, bodybuilders and physical strength seeking humans pray to this god.
4. Gods of weather like rain, wind, moon, and sun. These are universal gods who control the weather. They listen to mother earth for advice and decide what to do. Depending on the good deeds or sins of humans they bring a good monsoon, good crops, good weather or start floods, tsunamis, earthquakes, drought, etc.
5. God of time. He is always on a relentless journey and stops for no one, not even for the liar ladies who are mysteriously struck at a single age for decades. He is the only god who doesn't know how to stop or take rest. Nobody knows when he started his journey. But he is a superb healer of wounds, broken relationships, emotional turmoil, etc.
6. God of creating trouble and suffering for humans. He can crush your mind, body, and spirit, and can make you a psychological wreck by gifting financial troubles, health problems, lawsuits, etc.
7. God of warfare who is responsible for wars and battles, etc. Millions of peaceful humans love to drool at his sleek toys of mass destruction in the various air and military shows. He helps military commanders, arms dealers, weapon manufacturers, etc., on war strategies, weapons design and the art of war.
8. God for animal protection, though he has not been able to do a good job because of you terrible humans who have endangered and eliminated many species.
9. God for housing and real estate who will decide if you will have a roof over your head or sleep on the streets.
10. Powerful localized gods that protect and nurture small places like villages, islands, forests or towns. Humans will have to first pray to that god and then approach other gods.

11. God of death who is responsible for taking your soul out of your body when your living duration on earth is over.
12. There are also thousands of other demigods, who are humans that became gods due to their good virtue and achievements.
13. We also have hundreds of great sages who are our divine consultants on ethics, morality, wisdom, etc., and act as our conscience keepers.
14. We also have a few miscellaneous ones like a god of love, mischief, etc., and each god has a dual personality.
15. Finally, we also have an emperor of gods and his divine council who oversees all gods and the universe.

“Wow, so many gods!”

“Actually, they are all brilliant cosmic energies.”

“Okay, whatever you say! Now you mentioned gods as well as goddesses in your list. Why is that?”

“Yes, I have both genders and also plenty of other special types in my universe.”

“Why do you need so many types?”

“It depends on which gender is best suited to do a particular job. A mother can never be a father, and vice versa. This is why I have manufactured both genders and other types, but nobody is superior or inferior as their responsibilities are different.”

“Okay, but isn’t it primitive and stupid to believe in a sun god, an air god, a rain god, etc? It’s so laughable and silly!”

“Really? Since it’s stupid shall I switch them off for you?”

“Hey, no! Don’t do that, whew!”

“Okay, I was just kidding to a kid. But tell me why can’t they be gods?”

“Well, they are just natural things and easily visible to everyone. I see them everywhere. How can they be gods?”

“Hmm, then what special god are you looking for, Mr. Human?”

“I am looking for that mysterious god who drives people berserk. That’s the magic guy I want to see. But you are claiming ordinary things like air, water, time, money, books, food, etc., are also gods by cloaking them with fancy descriptions. You know I won’t fall for your silly marketing tricks like your ignorant believers.”

“Hmm, the goddess of knowledge did warn me modern humans can only look but can’t see.”

“Well, then tell me what exactly is a god?”

“Almost everyone and everything can become a god to someone at some time. Everyone gets a chance to become a god.”

“That’s even crazier! How can everything be a god?”

“That’s because my whole universe is a complex and interconnected web of gods of infinite varieties.”

“But why is everyone a god?”

“To utilize and exploit everyone’s powers.”

“But how does this “*almost everything is a god*” concept work?”

“If you critically depend on *something*, then that *something* is a god for you. Also, anything that creates, manages, sustains or controls can be a god to the recipients of those services.”

“I don’t understand your crazy theory.”

“What I mean is a god can be a mysterious creature like me. Or it can also be something indispensable like water, air, fire, food, sun, etc. Or it can be things that humans need badly and has a vice-like grip on them. For example, parents are gods to their kids. Trees are gods to insects and birds. Oil is a god for countries. Customers are gods to companies. Medicines, doctors, and equipment are gods to patients. Rock stars are gods to fans. Manufacturers are gods to their products. Science, logic, and sarcasm are gods to rationalists and atheists. Also, anyone can become a sudden god. For example, if you save someone from drowning, then you become an instant god for him. This is how anyone or anything can become a god to someone.”

“You’re being too simplistic, Mr. God. It doesn’t suit a rational definition of god. Stop fooling me with your wild theories.”

“Is there any rule that we gods must be complex fellows?”

“Hmm, it’s not that way, but ...”

“Anyway, your fantasy rational definitions and self-serving fairy tales of a god are your problems. Only ignorant humans believe all gods must be invisible, must be human shaped, must be magical, must be benevolent, etc., and stubbornly argue that natural visible things cannot be gods. But I know what varieties of visible and invisible multi-shaped gods you humans need to survive and go berserk over, pal. I am so near and yet so far to all clowns like you who refuse to see the obvious.”

“Hah, but we modern people don’t go berserk over any gods. I think it’s only those stupid and illiterate people who go berserk and crazy over gods.”

“Not really. Even well-educated, professional humans can also go berserk over their modern gods.”

“What modern gods?”

“New indispensable gods get created on earth all the time. For example, electricity, computers, phones, internet, email, software, rock stars, computer data, websites, social networks, etc., are all special forms of modern gods you humans cannot live without.”

“Now don’t be ridiculous! How can those silly things be gods?”

“Why not, Mr. Human? Even those silly things have a vice-like grip on humans. You worship them and become their slaves.”

“How?”

“Don’t you see how millions of modern humans go berserk when those services go down temporarily due to technical glitches? For example, just switch off internet, electricity, or telecommunications worldwide for three hours and I will show you millions of modern humans gladly willing to jump off a cliff. Or just disable email or social media networks and see how millions will go crazy.”

“Hmm, you do have a valid point there but I still say it’s silly to call everything a god. That concept sounds wacky.”

“You will understand that concept only if you open your brains wide enough. Every god is not up there in space. Many of them are right in front of you in all their splendor and glory. Besides, even the supernatural can also be just another flavor of natural, isn’t it?”

“Now what do you mean by gods having a dual personality?”

“It means they have both good and bad faces like the inseparable two sides of a coin. For example, my fire god can help in many things, but he can also burn things down. The water god can quench your thirst, but can also drown you. The air god can help you breathe, or suffocate you. The money god can save or ruin you. Similarly, every god can work in both ways depending on the situation and circumstances.”

“But many gods don’t seem to be doing their job right.”

“Perhaps, but it’s similar to a country’s human leaders.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean every country has the government it deserves. Similarly, every planet has the gods it deserves. But we gods always do the right thing, but sometimes we experiment with all the possible alternatives to right for a divine reason.”

“Alternatives to right? Well, no thanks for that. Earlier you mentioned a god for creating trouble. Who is that?”

“Yes, there is a special god who has the responsibility of creating trouble and sufferings for humans.”

“That’s ridiculous! But why?”

“That’s because many humans periodically deserve trouble to realize their wrongdoings. This god is necessary to teach every pompous human a lesson in good manners, reduce his or her arrogance, etc. He never forgets and rarely forgives, and everyone is always on his radar. He has crushed the ego of countless arrogant presidents, kings, emperors and ordinary humans wherever necessary.”

“Okay, now I have seen pictures of gods having many hands and heads. Are you really like that?”

“Not always, but we have the option of switching on and off such extra stuff. It basically means we are awesome at multi-tasking and managing different jobs with a multi-directional view at the same time. We take the forms necessary to manage humans.”

“Okay, I have also seen photos of gods sitting on animals like elephants, tigers, snakes, eagles, reindeer, etc. Is it really true you have such modes of transportation?”

“Of course. We have only a few divine chariots, which are meant only for top gods just like you reserve the Rolls Royce or the Air Force One for the top guy. Other gods have to use other modes of green transportation. Hence, they use animals which are eco-friendly and non-polluting, unlike the filthy petrol and diesel vehicles you humans use. Another advantage is our divine vehicles have no need for manufacturer’s recall to replace defective airbags, floor mats, brake problems, software bugs, etc.”

“Silly answer! Now I have heard gods always carry powerful magical weapons and even throw lightning bolts. Why is that?”

“Simple, silly human. They’re for protecting me and my devotees or fans. Be always armed is our motto. Nobody can be called powerful if they don’t have powerful weapons and powers, and the most beautiful ones always need the best possible protection, like how a rose plant has thorns.”

“Hmm, is it necessary to pray to so many gods?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“It’s similar to supporting a mom-and-pop store. As explained earlier, each god is a specialist in his or her field. So, you need to approach that particular god for a solution, just like you go to an eye doctor for an eye problem, and not to a dentist. I prefer you contact them directly because they will know the ground realities better. Even though I can also do the

same job, I can only act as a postman if you approach me. Besides, it's not right to bypass them, just like you shouldn't bypass your immediate manager and approach a higher one or the CEO for everything."

"Okay, but why have you manufactured people so starkly different in their looks and behaviors? I notice animals and plants are identical in their behaviors and looks within their species."

"There is a history behind your fantastic human defects."

"Fantastic defects?"

"Yes, they're your irreparable and fantastic defects, lucky Human."

"Well, Mr. God, do you know your irreparable defects have resulted in a lot of trouble for us like racism, hate crimes and plenty of other headaches for us? It has also resulted in plenty of lawsuits and even wars."

"Yes, I know. I keep reading your earth newspapers."

"So, why did you create this defect for us?"

"Well, it wasn't entirely my fault. An evil creature called Satan is responsible for your defects. He is a cosmic rascal and is also known as the devil. He contaminated all humans irreparably."

"Contaminated us? What do you mean by that?"

"After I finished manufacturing and programming all animals, birds, plants, etc., I was still not satisfied with what I saw."

"Why did you feel that way?"

"I had populated the earth with only animals, birds, plants, fish, etc. They were nice to look at but they were not really intelligent or challenging enough for me. I wanted a worthy opponent with whom I could play. I wanted a creature that could communicate with me, confront me, amuse me, flatter me, imitate me, etc., and participate in my gigantic cosmic game."

"What game was that?"

"The most exciting and magnificent game ever created in the universe! It's an unstoppable game with billions of players playing endlessly in an eternal cycle of hope and hopelessness. An infinite

kaleidoscope of vibrant games within games, mysteries within mysteries, and stories within stories each packed with suspense, intrigue, happiness, sadness, etc. A superb sport where beggars can become emperors suddenly and emperors can become disgraced paupers overnight. A fabulous game where ashes can bloom into brilliant empires and magnificent empires can crumble into ashes. Now, the only creature that was perfectly suitable for such a complex cosmic game was someone who was physically inferior but mentally superior. So, I started mixing the materials for manufacturing such unusual creatures in a special type of mould.”

“Wow! What unusual creatures were they?”

“Silly humans, who else can they be?”

“(Sigh!) Of course, I should have guessed it! But why did you use a special mould?”

“I needed a special mould because humans were a delicate firebrand species. By the time I assembled and released a few batches of pristine humans I was exhausted and my attention got diverted for a micro second. Taking advantage of my momentary carelessness this Satan who was hiding near my divine garage suddenly threw some mysterious stuff into the mould and disappeared into the darkness. Luckily, I was able to remove most of it but some tiny portions still got mixed up.”

“What was the stuff that Satan threw into your mould?”

“Some acidic syrup he was drinking, and while I was busy with that headache that rascal also stole your complete designs before I could protect them.”

“Oh, that’s terrible! But how did he steal them?”

“He hacked and downloaded your source codes, designs, passwords, and features that were stored on my cosmic computers. Maybe, he was mesmerized by your awesome design.”

“Okay, but what exactly happened to your mould?”

“It contaminated the human mixture inside and instead of producing intelligent, monochromatic clones as originally planned my mould

started producing various multicolored clowns, I mean humans. Also, that acid also enabled other weird effects in you.”

“What weird effects?”

“The mould lost its divine consistency and started introducing various manufacturing defects. Because of this syrup, the physical, mental, and behavioral characteristics of each human changed. This is why no two humans are alike, and every individual became like a unique book that must be read and understood separately. Next, it mysteriously started producing several different human groups, and each of these groups contained a set of humans with similar characteristics, colors and behaviors. Basically, my mould could no longer produce anymore pristine humans like in the first batch.”

“Now what do you mean by pristine humans?”

“They were the first batch of superior humans with awesome physical, mental and mystical powers who could communicate with all gods. But due to Satan’s mischief, all the later batches of humans being produced now by my moulds are mediocre and defective with drastically reduced physical, mental and negligible mystical powers.”

“Who are those pristine chaps and where are they now?”

“In heaven. They were the great sages and kings that roamed the earth thousands of years ago. Some even edited my sacred books.”

“Hmm, now what do you mean by several human groups?”

“By groups, I mean many unique human races, castes, sub-sects, skin colors, factions, behaviors, etc. Now I had the extra headache of dealing with several human groups who were all different, incompatible and unable to coexist peacefully.”

“Ah, you mean the mould was producing different civilizations.”

“Well, there’s nothing civil about your human civilizations. But I soon discovered that this mess was a blessing in disguise and it wasn’t as bad as I was needlessly worrying.”

“Why was it a blessing?”

“It helped me create a terrific concept called Brand and Model identifier, which is now widely used in your human industry for all products and services.”

“Brand and Model identifiers? What’s that?”

“You will know about it later.”

“But how did you solve your headache of managing a variety of people?”

“By outsourcing to some specialized gods, but I will explain that later. But Satan’s syrup had also embedded several traces of his evil characteristics into humans. So, you humans became an unpredictable species that can range from super benevolence to utter evil and you furless humans were also disgusting to look at.”

“Whoa, that was some nasty syrup he infected us with!”

“Yes, just like one drop of lemon can curdle a big tank of sweet milk. But I quickly solved your disgusting looks problem by adding a modesty feature, which helped you to invent clothes and cover yourself so that hordes of ugly furless humans don’t run around naked in the plains. Imagine that revolting scene, yikes!”

“Hmm, now why exactly did Satan spoil your mould?”

“Simple, he is a troublemaker and a spy. One of his spies must have informed him that I was about to manufacture and release an exciting species called humans.”

“Okay, but why was that information of interest to him?”

“He also wanted to become a shareholder and take control of the human empire and his syrup achieved that. But always remember, whenever and wherever there is something good happening evil will eventually enter that place. That is the passion of evil!”

“Hmm, but what exactly did he achieve by his mischief?”

“Well, with my stolen passwords he can now easily hack and control any human mind and when his grip tightens you become cruel psychopaths. This is why the looks, laughs, and behaviors of all

psychopaths are evil, but major disorders in any other parts of your body don't make you evil.”

“How do you say that?”

“For example, major troubles like diabetes, cancer or heart diseases don't make humans evil or violent, but even minor mental problems can make humans violent, dangerous, and evil.”

“Wow! You're right. So, what do you gods control?”

“We gods control your heart. This is why there is always a conflict between what your mind and the heart tells you to do. But just don't blame us gods for any humans getting heart trouble. Basically, humans can now be programmed to behave or misbehave by me and Satan. To summarize, we gods bring out the best in you, while Satan brings out the beast in you.”

“Hmm, so this they say the mind is a devil's workshop. Now, what do you mean by programmed to behave or misbehave?”

“I will let you know later. Another terrible thing also happened after your pollution.”

“What was that?”

“My unique mould broke! As soon as the first set of humans slithered out it developed a crack and lost its beautiful divine consistency and I was never able to set it right.”

“I can understand the crazy syrup having a nasty effect on us, but why did your divine mould break?”

“That was because humans had already begun fighting with each other while trying to get out of the mould.”

“Why were they fighting?”

“I told you they were incompatible. Each group wanted to get out of the mould first to meet me. Each clown wanted to be the first one to misstep on earth and achieve that giant leap for humankind. They were more interested in getting there first than just getting there. So, I had two problems on my hand, dissimilar creatures and a broken mould that had gone completely haywire.”

“But as a great god, you could have solved the problems easily.”

“No, it wasn’t possible. Just because I am a great god doesn’t mean I can solve all problems easily and do whatever magic you stupid humans imagine I am capable of. Solutions are a complicated business. Anyway, this syrup was now so fully mixed with human nature that it was impossible to separate it fully. So, I even thought of deleting and withdrawing your species to initiate a re-manufacture but somehow held back.”

“Why?”

“First, I was too tired to redo everything. Second, as I had already spent a huge effort to tame the mould I foolishly thought it would be exciting to deal with an unpredictable creature like you. Anyway, it’s my mistake. I should have deleted you and stopped all further batches when I had a chance. Now it’s too late and I have no peace of mind and neither do you, and your natural or unnatural deaths is the only manufacturer recall method available now. Because of my temporary hesitancy you humans became my most expensive error, but also a blessing in disguise. So, in summary, it’s not entirely your fault that you humans act cranky.”

“Expensive error and blessing? Thanks for the crazy compliments but it sounds contradictory to me.”

“Well, you will get to know the correct reasons later. Nevertheless, I installed a special control device to humans to counter the effects of the crazy Satan syrup.”

“What was that device?”

“A feature called conscience, which teaches humans to distinguish between good and evil. This feature resists satanic influences and prevents my cartoons from damaging themselves or other cartoons, and I also released some additional mechanisms to control humans.”

“What are they?”

“Religions, which we will discuss later.”

“Okay, anyway thanks for enlightening me. I always had a suspicion that people’s nature wasn’t fully in our own control. Now I know the real reason. Thanks for our manufacturing story!”

“I am glad I was able to convince you so fast.”

“Hmm, I suppose this mould and syrup story is yet another rubbish yarn you are feeding me? Am I right, Mr. God?”

“Correct. I reserve the right to feed humans whatever divine yarn I think fit.”

“Do you really expect me to believe your crazy story?”

“Yes, remember the agreement you signed earlier. Read it again if you get any intelligent doubts.”

“Sigh! So, how many creatures did you first create in your moulds?”

“Several dozens of each species.”

“Why?”

“Well, the earth was a large real estate and many creatures were needed to populate it evenly. So, I manufactured large numbers of each species. Then, I exported everyone to different parts of the world and dumped them in various lavish fruit orchards in warm areas far away from each other so that each set could reproduce and grow their numbers peacefully.”

“Why fruit orchards in warm areas?”

“That’s because you human folks had to eat on day one, hungry boy! And warm areas were necessary because you had not yet invented clothes to protect yourself from cold weather. The basic foods, medicinal herbs, animal skins, caves, wooden shelters, etc., had to be first ready on earth before I released humans. Otherwise, you would not have survived even for a week on my harsh earth. For example, if I had released 1000 freshly minted humans on a barren planet they would have died within days, isn’t it? So, every damn living and nonliving stuff had to be available on earth before I released you. Similarly, I had to manufacture deer, zebras and antelopes before I released lions and tigers. And for deer, zebras and antelopes to survive I had to manufacture grass and plants first. Basically,

the food chain had to be meticulously planned and released to ensure that every creature gets its designed food on the day it was created.”

“Hmm, that sounds right, and then what happened?”

“Then, you gradually discovered how to grow vegetables, fruits, crops, etc. Soon, due to natural calamities like drought, floods, etc., you discovered it was possible to survive by eating my other children by killing and roasting them. Later on, you learned how manufacture junk foods, draw silly cave paintings, knit clothes, build houses, construct boats, discover new medicines, etc. The goddess of knowledge pumped all the necessary survival knowledge into your heads. Now you have a massive survival industry of foods, clothes, construction, transport, medicine, etc.”

“Wow, imagine exporting and distributing thousands of living beings all around the earth! It must have been quite a gigantic task, Mr. God.”

“Yes, it was a colossal task of gently moving the flora and fauna using arks and spaceships. Later, Mother Earth did the tremendous job of tearing the continents apart after my job was over.”

“Tear the continents? Why did she do that?”

“I will tell you the reasons later. Anyway, we gods experimented and burnt our hands with globalization thousands of years ago much before you humans invented it.”

“Your flora and fauna story sounds so ridiculous. It’s believable and yet unbelievable! But I feel like a kid listening to a silly cock and bull bedtime story from his parents.”

“Well, you humans are my kids and all knowledgeable parents must lie to their kids. Cocks and bulls were also part of the Ark and that’s what I did regardless of whether you humans believe it or not. This is why you find animals, humans, insects, and plants located in different parts of the world. They couldn’t have traveled there on their own as the places were separated by harsh seas and mountains.”

“But, Mr. God, tell me the truth. Did you really do all this?”

“Yes, that’s what we did. I was physically there when it all happened, buddy. Mother Nature was brilliant. She never hurried, yet she accomplished everything. It happened in front of my eyes and was a magnificent and electrifying spectacle.”

“Your smile looks mischievous. I think you are lying and fooling me.”

“Well, I have given an explanation for your questions. But if you are unable or unwilling to believe it, then humans are free to disprove it. Go ahead and prove me wrong if you can.”

“You know we can’t do that, Mr. God.”

“Then, until such time you human dim bulbs can conclusively disprove me, learn to accept my spiritual bedtime stories as the truth.”

“You can sell snow to Eskimos, Mr. God.”

“I already have.”

“Okay, okay! But, Mr. God, do you know there are several problems with the way you have designed real estate on earth?”

“No, I don’t know. But tell me as you humans are loitering on earth most of the time. I don’t visit any planets these days.”

“Well, there is no rationale in your real estate planning. Dangerous hills and mountains are scattered all over. Crazy rivers flow in haphazard directions, seventy percent is filled with unpalatable salty water, thick unplanned forests grow everywhere, and harsh deserts and ice lands cover thousands of kilometers. Plus there are dangerous quicksand, ponds, caves, canyons everywhere.”

“Yes, I know. Since I didn’t know how to paint breathtaking sceneries on canvas, I created real breathtaking sceneries instead.”

“Hmm, how did it even get a safety certificate?”

“I couldn’t get one.”

“Why not?”

“The cosmic safety inspector wanted it to be insured first.”

“So?”

“But my cosmic insurance companies were not willing to insure my magnificent, purposeless art and they were asking for an astronomical

sum, which I couldn't afford. Anyway, my earth is just a piece of art. It wasn't designed to be sensible or rational. But if you still think the earth is not good for humans just look at the other planets in your solar system."

"(Sigh!) I am beginning to enjoy your silly explanations, Mr. God. But the earth is a pretty dangerous place. Now we are all suffering because you couldn't afford insurance."

"Yes, I know. It's a dangerous place, but it's also a blessing in disguise. "

"How?"

"Every defect is a blessing and you will understand how later."

"Okay, but why did you design it like this in the first place?"

"Well, I chose effectiveness over elegance. My animals do keep complaining about the dangers."

"Animals? But I am talking about people."

"Perhaps, but my animals regularly complain I have made earth too easy for humans to invade and destroy their habitats. It's a real estate error that I didn't consider seriously, and now my flora and fauna are suffering. I should have made the seas, forests, deserts, and mountains absolutely uninhabitable and out of bounds for humans. Also, those scientific troublemakers from National Geographic, Discovery Channel, Animal Planet, etc., are always disturbing my animals day and night with their cameras and surveillance equipment. Humans are becoming a major risk and threat to all non-humans and so they're demanding your eradication. You are worse than Satan."

"Grr!! Also, who is this Satan anyway? Why the hell did you manufacture him? Don't you gods have any brains?"

"Hey, I did not manufacture Satan. Do you think I am crazy to manufacture an evil vandal who is an eternal threat to me and my wonderful creations? He was manufactured by his creator."

"His creator? Who is that? I thought you gods created everything in the universe."

“No, the universe has creators other than gods also, although my believers may find it shocking. Also, just like gods, there are **satans**, **Satans** and **SATANS**. They are also powerful, intelligent and as creative as gods, but they use those powers solely for mischief, destruction, and evil activities. It takes ages and excruciating efforts for us gods to undo his evil damages to our divine creations. By the way, even Satan has his own mould.”

“Why don’t you gods use your powers and kill him?”

“Unfortunately, it’s not possible because he enjoys a special power that prevents anyone from destroying him completely. He can spring back to life even if we kill him and even if we throw him into a black hole in space he can somehow return.”

“Whoa, so is he immortal?”

“Yes.”

“You said the Satan has his own mould. What is that for?”

“He creates his clones from my stolen designs.”

“What clones?”

“Remember I told you I created you in my image. With my stolen designs he is also now churning out human clones in his image, like psychopaths, evil creatures, counterfeits, fakes and other phony stuff.”

“That’s terrible. I really think you should somehow kill him.”

“Unfortunately, it’s not possible as I said before. Nevertheless, the devil is also necessary in the universal scheme of things.”

“Necessary? Why?”

“The universe has a need and its own reasons for negative creatures as well. So, we gods have to deal with Satan just like how democratic countries willingly or unwillingly tolerate and deal with cruel dictators and terrorists for business, political and strategic purposes. You will get to know more as we talk.”

“So, are you saying the devil is responsible for all the troubles on earth?”

“Not fully. Troubles can be generated by anyone. In fact, all the three of us are responsible.”

“All three of us? Who?”

“Humans, gods and devils are responsible for various troubles in the universe.”

“But people can’t be as troublesome as the devil, Mr. God.”

“You can be worse.”

“Sigh, but I also understand we people have a lot of hidden powers and talents that are not obvious to us. Why can’t we use them always?”

“I have already given you too many powers, Mr. Human.”

“Yeah? What are they?”

“Your five senses, thinking ability, talking ability, hands, legs, etc., are your main powers. Plus you have a dilute form of sixth sense. That’s enough for you. With these limited powers itself, you have created such a mess. How can I trust you with more powers?”

“Well, how many senses do you gods have?”

“We have 64 types of senses or powers, similar to a chess board or 64-bit computing.”

“64? That’s a lot of senses. What are they?”

“Well, the first five are similar to yours. The remaining ones are mostly magical stuff.”

“Why do you need so many?”

“It’s just like top executives in human organizations.”

“How is that similar?”

“When business executives reach the top of the organization they need an array of skills like teamwork, communication, motivation, finance, coaching, etc. Similarly, a god requires much higher skills than what humans can achieve with their five or six senses. In addition, I also need plenty of mysterious skills to communicate with and control a variety of things in the universe like plants, animals, planets, galaxies, black holes, comets, etc.”

“If you have to manage the infinite universe isn’t 64 less?”

“Well, I don’t manage the entire universe. For managing *my areas of the universe* 64 powers are enough. But my creator will have more for *his areas*, and his creator will have even more, etc., and we all work together to maintain the mighty universe.”

“You keep mentioning your creator? Who is that?”

“Yes, even I have my mummy and daddy. They are my creators. Similarly, other gods have their creators. How dare humans go around claiming we gods don’t have parents?”

“Hmm, so who created your creator?”

“His creator.”

“So, where does it end?”

“There is no end. My universe has an endless variety of mediocre to magnificent creators. There are gods above gods and creators above creators and it goes on and on.”

“But how is that possible? How can anything go on and on?”

“Simple, it’s just like placing a mirror in front of a mirror. Does the reflection have any end? Do numbers have an end? Does infinity have an end? Does stupidity have an end? Does human imagination have an end? Why should anything have an end?”

“But it’s all so confusing, Mr. God. There should be an end to everything.”

“Not necessarily. Even if something has an end, you will ask what’s beyond it. So, it’s easier to have no end. Just change your narrow policy.”

“What narrow policy?”

“The narrow policy of looking at everything through the blurred lens of logic, science, and rationality. You, humans, get confused because you insist on limiting yourself to those constricted models for understanding everything in my cosmos. But those concepts are simply the hideouts of the unimaginative folks like scientists.”

“So, what should we do?”

“You have to get over that rationality seeking obsession and look at things in a proper way even if it attracts some ridicule.”

“Now, how did you become a god?”

“You should ask that question to the creator who created us.”

“Have you seen your creator, Mr. God?”

“Only partially, because my brains are also limited to see my mighty creator just like humans are limited to see my shape. But I have seen some of his forms and frequently experience his mighty powers. Basically, the universe operates like a hierarchical organization with higher powers existing above lower powers.”

“Can a man ever become like God? Any certification courses or exams to pass?”

“No, you cannot become exactly like us. Our creator doesn't permit that but everyone is a form of god like I explained before.”

“So, what are your educational qualifications?”

“I have a learner's license in divinity and a basic course in miracles.”

“Only a learner's license? Why is that?”

“Yes, I am yet to get my college degree. We gods still have a lot to study and learn in this gigantic universe.”

“But how can you manage a gigantic universe with just a learner's license?”

“Well, I never let schooling interfere with my cosmic education but I do have plenty of honorary degrees.”

“Hmm, now do gods fight with each other?”

“Of course.”

“But why? How can you gods fight with each other?”

“Some gods don't like each other.”

“Don't like each other? How? I thought gods loved everyone.”

“Are you kidding? Jealousies and incompatibilities exist among all layers of intelligence. In fact, higher the intelligence, higher will be the politics and ego wars. Besides, no one can love and cooperate with everyone at all times. We gods are not running a mutual admiration

society up there. However, we gods do co-operate sometimes as it's not necessary to fall in love with each other to work together. But our fighting and co-operation methods are highly mysterious and not easy for humans to understand."

"I still find it difficult to believe that you gods also fight with each other like we people do."

"Well, do human kids understand why their parents, neighbors, relatives, and countries fight with each other on countless issues?"

"No, kids won't have the maturity to understand adults."

"In a similar way, adult humans won't have the maturity to understand why we gods fight."

"Now what sort of fights do you have?"

"Mild to wild fights. We also suffer from various forms of friendly jealousies. All gods have won and lost many battles with each other. Haven't you humans observed it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Just try lighting a candle using the god of fire and suddenly you will see the god of wind appear out of nowhere and blow the candle out. Or ask any fireman about how the fire god will ferociously resist getting extinguished by the god of water. Thousands of years ago the god of weather got into a serious fight with the god of animals and wiped out all the dinosaurs on earth for revenge. Now your scientists are busy digging earth to find their old bones."

"Thousands of years ago? I thought dinosaurs lived millions of years ago, Mr. God."

"Naw, they lived less than fifty thousand human years ago. Remember my boredom started only thousands of years ago."

"But our paleontologists say they lived millions of years ago."

"They're also right to a tiny extent."

"Huh? How can that be? You say dinosaurs lived 50,000 years ago, but our scientists say they lived millions of years ago."

“Well, the bone materials I had used to manufacture dinosaurs decays very slowly and takes millions of years to disintegrate. Hence, your scientists think dinosaurs are also millions of years old. This is why dinosaurs were such toughies, and their bones extremely durable and long-lasting.”

“Why didn’t you use those bone materials for us?”

“Well, I didn’t want to repeat my silly manufacturing mistake.”

“What silly mistake?”

“That mistake of manufacturing creatures using slow decaying bone materials. If I had used that kind of bone materials on every creature, then the entire earth would be inundated with skeletons and bones of dead humans and non-humans wherever you dig. Hence, I now use a fast degradable material for manufacturing humans and non-humans.”

“No scientist will accept your crazy bone story, Mr. God!”

“I don’t care. Humans contaminated by science will never believe in any divine truths and are always attacking my claims.”

“But, Mr. God, scientists offer strong, sensible scientific explanations for their claims.”

“Their scientific explanation may sound sensible to your fellow humans, but as a god, I cannot accept that. It’s gibberish to me.”

“Why?”

“That’s because I am more intelligent than humans.”

“So what?”

“It simply means what sounds sensible to a lower intelligence may often be gibberish to a higher intelligence, Mr. Human.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“For example, when animals and birds talk it sounds gibberish to humans. When human babies talk, it sounds gibberish to human adults. Similarly, what human scientists talk science it sounds gibberish to us gods. Going in the reverse way when adult humans talk it also sounds gibberish to animals, plants, and children. Similarly, what gods say often sounds gibberish to adult humans.”

“Whew, that’s a long weird logic! Does this mean all of our scientific explanations sound like gibberish to you gods?”

“Not all, but most of them. Anyway, Mr. Human, just because an explanation sounds sensible to rational humans it doesn’t mean that is the absolute truth and the only possible universal answer.”

“But it should at least sound sensible, logical and rational, Mr. God.”

“Not necessarily, buddy. Actually, logic must understand the infinite power of magic, but magic doesn’t have any need to understand the limitations of logic. But I find it amusing why many humans stubbornly insist on using logic and rationality for my divine creations when they don’t follow any rationality for many of their own creations.”

“What creations are you referring to?”

“Your human creations like meaningless songs, poetry, children stories, movie stories, fantasy novels, science fiction, nursery rhymes, modern paintings, ridiculous carnivals, wacky wigs, crazy circuses, dumb mimes, Guinness book stupidities, candid camera, senseless TV ads, harebrained fashion shows, etc. Are they logical, sensible and rational?”

“Well, you shouldn’t view them rationally, Mr. God. They are just for various entertainment purposes and our creative freedom.”

“Ooh, so you say humans can be illogical and stupid while creating and accepting your versions of entertainment, but demand human definitions rationality and logic in my divine creations? You can be illogical and creative but I can’t, huh?”

“Hmm, you do have a valid point there, Mr. God.”

“Anyway, the original set of animals I manufactured was dinosaurs, saber-tooth tigers, woolly mammoths, etc., and they noisily roamed earth before humans took over noise pollution.”

“Why didn’t you restart production after they were wiped out?”

“Well, they had their run on earth and it was time to retire them. Besides, they were not progressive creatures. Even after thousands of years, I could see no improvement in them.”

“Why not?”

“That was because I had made the manufacturing mistake of putting a tiny brain in them, which would never evolve. Plus, they were notorious rowdies and would’ve been difficult to control on the Ark during the impending great flood. Hence, there was no point in waiting for any longer or restarting their production. So, I let the weather gods create a climatic catastrophe and destroy them.”

“So, Mr. God, do you seriously expect me to believe this fairy tale of how all those dinosaurs died?”

“Of course. Besides, all they would do was fight, kill and eat without a clear purpose. I needed intelligent and controllable creatures that could fight, kill and eat with a clear purpose. So, I retired dinosaurs and designed higher intelligence humans and other modern animals like lions, dogs, cows, cats, etc.”

“Your story of their disappearance is preposterous, Mr. God! There must be something else mysterious that caused evolution, the disappearance of dinosaurs, etc.”

“Mr. Human, I have seen it with my own eyes. Believe me. It’s true. I swear on my creator!”

“Why don’t you give me the correct reasons, Mr. God?”

“Why do you doubt my stories, buddy? I am giving comparable examples of what humans also do while phasing out old products and introducing new ones.”

“But I don’t see any comparison with what we do.”

“Are you manufacturing those Model-A of computers now?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Well, they were low powered, non-upgradable computers and had too many limitations. So, manufacturers have stopped production as they are of no use now. We have new models now.”

“What happened to all the old stock?”

“The computer manufacturers would’ve destroyed them.”

“Similarly, we gods stopped production of dinosaurs because they were non-upgradable, bulky, primitive and of no use in my cosmic progress. So, we destroyed all the old stock of dinosaurs, and we now manufacture lightweight, intelligent and agile products like humans, birds, animals, fishes, etc.”

“Whoa, I will be called a fool if I believe in all these silly explanations, Mr. God.”

“Well, I have brought the elephant to your house, but your house door is too narrow for it to enter.”

“What elephant are you talking about?”

“The elephant is me and the door is your mind. It’s too narrow for me to enter inside.”

“What do you mean by narrow?”

“It means the true cosmic reasons are beyond your narrow human rational comprehension. You are not thinking fully, you are just being logical. But if you think I am wasting your precious time I can fly away now.”

“No, no! Please continue to baffle me with your crazy stories. It’s very entertaining. In fact, I am suddenly experiencing a gigantic leap in my imagination listening to your wild theories.”

“Good boy! That’s the correct way to understand gods. Unrestricted imagination is the binoculars you need to see god. You must jump the fence called logic and leap into unrestricted infinity. Only then, I can show you what your eyes cannot see and your ears cannot hear. However, when it comes to evolution or dinosaurs any grand lie can be the truth because you humans can neither prove nor disprove it.”

“That’s the silliest dinosaur extinction story I have heard till date and even children won’t believe it, Mr. God, but thanks for making me laugh with your absurd explanations. It’s like listening to an unbelievable fantasy tale!”

“Laugh as much as you want, pal. For a believer no story is silly; for a non-believer any story is silly. But humans should clearly realize it’s

impossible to comprehend us gods if you limit your imagination. Creationism is the ultimate fantasy tale. Remember, I had demonstrated before that my god sciences are beyond your human brain's capability."

"(Sigh!) Yes, I know. Now some people say you are omnipresent and you are inside everything. Is that true?"

"No, that is a lie created by my overzealous believers. However, I can get in and out of everything."

"But why are you not inside everything?"

"Well, is it okay for me to be inside the devil?"

"No. That doesn't sound right to me."

"That's why gods can't be inside everything. Other forms of evil powers like the devil and his clans also exist in their own space."

"Hmm, that's a relief. Now if there is one thing you will change if you have to rebuild earth. What will that be?"

"Nothing major. I like the way I built it thousands of years ago. But I might not include humans in it, that's all. That's the only minor change I will do."

"Unfunny joke! What's the best thing you like about earth?"

"Many things. I like to watch a dog chase a cat, or even better a human. Or watch a human slip on a banana peel. Or a butterfly fluttering around. Or vultures cleaning up the mess."

"Not those things. I mean related to our great achievements."

"Hah, what have you achieved, you overconfident morons? Look at the mess you have created for your dear mother."

"What dear mother? Who are you talking about?"

"Mother Earth, you dim bulb! With each of your so-called great human achievements you create a new mess."

"Oh, sorry. What mess are you talking about?"

"Just the other day I was talking to dear Mother Earth and she was outraged at what's happening to her because of you creatures."

"Why? What happened?"

“How many blunders shall I name? – Abnormal heating of her body to cause global warming, disturbing her with noise pollution and traffic jams, reckless plundering of her mineral and oil resources, spoiling her beautiful beaches, inventing technology to endlessly scratch and dig her surface, mass murder of her forests and animals, melting her icebergs, exploding atom bombs in her belly, polluting her indispensable air and water, periodic oil spills on her awesome oceans, etc, and hundreds more. Have you maintained it in the wonderful condition she was even a hundred years ago? Your stupid innovation and grand engineering marvels are destroying my earth. She has achieved premature aging because of you human bandicoots. You humans living life to the fullest is a big problem to us gods.”

“Sorry, Mr. God. Don’t get angry. We are trying to fix all those problems.”

“By doing what?”

“We are going green. Soon there will be only electric vehicles, electric planes, electric ships, and electric everything that will derive its power from solar energy. We will also have paperless offices, digital paper, pollution free factories, digital books, plastic-free cities, self-energizing offices, grow new forests, control global warming, stop icebergs melting, etc., so that we won’t agitate mother earth. Just come back to earth in a few years time and see how we would’ve transformed our planet. We are already very close to building a smarter planet and solve all of our problems.”

“Really? You humans can do all that? Wow!”

“Of course, don’t underestimate our ingenuity. Things may not look good today, but we will be doing great things in the future. Maybe, you gods can even get some ideas for building your next inhabited planet. If we have achieved so much today, imagine what we will be achieving in the future. We will be fully solar soon.”

“Really? And do you think mother earth has an eternal supply of raw materials for humans to harness solar power endlessly?”

“That I am not sure. But I am confident our scientists will invent something great and solve the world’s energy problems soon.”

“Really? I am feeling jealous of your confidence but my creator has taught me never to be confident like you.”

“Why is that?”

“He says confidence can numb your brain into thinking that you can never fail.”

“But, Mr. God, how are you managing earth if you don’t have confidence? It’s such a big job!”

“I am not sure, Mr. Human. But the goddess of knowledge says the greater the artist, the greater the doubt. She also says only the ignorant and less talented can be fully confident.”

Why God is No Angel

I am in charge no matter how uncomfortable you feel

“Mr. God, what difficulties do you have in managing earth and dealing with people?”

“Absolutely none.”

“Absolutely none? But how is it possible to deal with so many kinds of people without difficulties? I think you are kidding.”

“I am like a one-way street. I give anxieties and difficulties to humans, but I take no anxieties or difficulties back from them.”

“But how can you be like that?”

“That’s possible because I am not a benevolent angel and have no desire to fulfill anyone’s expectations or demands, and I also don’t pamper anyone!”

“What do you mean? I thought gods and angels are the same.”

“Not exactly. I am like a surgeon or a military commander, whereas an angel is like a compassionate nurse.”

“I don’t understand the comparison.”

“A surgeon is one who won’t hesitate to harm you if you develop some health problems.”

“Any example?”

“For example, he may decide to amputate your fingers to control gangrene or cut open your stomach to remove a tumor or rip open your heart to repair it. A surgeon won’t say he won’t cut your body because it’s painful, and he is not bothered about doing such gory acts because he knows the higher purpose behind it. Similarly, military commanders

initiate wars, death, and destruction to protect their country. They're not hesitant to spill blood or break bones if necessary."

"Yes, doctors and commanders can be like that but how are they related to your ways?"

"Similarly, we gods are also like surgeons and military commanders of the universe who know the higher purpose behind the various troubles we cause, or the tough decisions we take. But a nurse is one who will bring relief to patients like calming them, soothe their fears, talk sweetly, treat wounds carefully, apply medicines, babysit the patient, and treat them in a compassionate manner. Surgeons and military commanders don't do these activities. Hence, I said I am no angel. So, don't confuse me with one as I operate differently and on a higher celestial plane. An angel will tolerate tantrums but we gods don't. Nevertheless, I am still the divine friend who walks in when the rest of your human friends walk out."

"Hmm, that's a different dimension to god, which I didn't know. So, if you are no angel, then how can people understand how gods operate?"

"It's extremely difficult to understand our divine ways."

"Why is that?"

"That's because we operate in mysterious ways."

"I have often heard of that statement from your believers but can you explain what those specific mysterious ways are?"

"I prefer it to remain mysterious."

"Now, come on, Mr. God. Be a sport and reveal your mystery."

"Okay, I will disclose a few of my secrets. Here, read out a page from my secret divine autobiography."

"But there is nothing written on this. It's just a blank paper."

"No, it's not blank. The text is written with air ink."

"Air ink?"

"An invisible ink we gods use. Can't you humans read it?"

"You and your silly jokes! Can you read it out for me please?"

"Okay."

“Thanks. Tell me about your behaviors fast. Many accuse you of bias and double standards.”

“Double standards? Hah, you humans are totally wrong as usual. Actually, we gods have thousands of standards, hundreds of masks, and different stokes for different folks.”

“Thousands of standards? Then, how can we understand your complicated ways of working?”

“It’s a bit difficult for humans because I am only to be experienced and not understood. I am like the infinite theater of the mind. Listen carefully to a never before heard description of us gods. This is applicable to my sub gods also in general.”

1. The first rule you humans should understand is the buck stops with me. Humans may feel you have all the power in the world, but unless I give the go ahead you cannot do anything.
2. We gods don’t conform to human logic, laws, rationality, and science. Our definitions are different from your definitions. So, what you humans define as good and bad need not be good and bad for us gods.
3. We operate like a kaleidoscope with no two actions being alike. This is why I don’t respond to whataboutery arguments like, *“why”, “why not”, “what if”, “how about”, “if you did this then why not that”*, etc.
4. I don’t get too chummy with anyone. So, I can coach, cajole, command or control as the need arises. You cannot take my friendship or trust for granted. You cannot appease me with money and materialistic gifts manufactured on my earth. Just because you pray to me every day doesn’t mean all of your wishes will be fulfilled. I don’t promise success or failure, and I don’t apologize for the disruption in my services.
5. If I feel like helping you I can take you to dizzying heights of success, fame, and money. Or I can take you to the suffocating depths of poverty and shame. I also ensure success is temporary

and the very factors that brought you success also can bring you a failure.

6. I am not very keen on stuff like customer satisfaction, meeting expectations, dream fulfillment or pampering anyone. In 99.99% of the cases, I don't fulfill your wishes for the reasons known only to me.
7. I also ensure what you want and what you can't get are exactly the same. Or, in the cases where I fulfill your wish, it will be too late for you to enjoy that.
8. Sometimes, you can get what you want, but it won't be what you expected. So, always expect the unexpected.
9. Even if I wish to give you something but if my sub gods are against it, then I can't do anything.
10. I operate in a cyclic manner. I ensure nothing good or bad lasts forever. For example, I created the recent economic boom and also the recession and will continue to create many more of those.
11. I like moderation. If you are going too fast, then I will trip you or throw a spanner in your works.
12. I give no warranties or guarantees for my manufactured goods. Finally, earth comes with no GUARANTEE and we gods CANNOT be trusted.

“Whoa, Mr. God, you are highly unpredictable! That sounded like you were reading us the divine riot act. Are you some sort of celestial ringmaster?”

“Celestial ringmaster? That's a nice description. Nobody had called me that before, but actually, I am a benevolent dictator, and I am in charge no matter how uncomfortable you humans feel about dealing with me.”

“So, if you are in charge and so powerful why is everything so chaotic on earth, Mr. God?”

“Well, modern ignorant humans like you may perceive my universe as a random, chaotic dance of meaningless happenings because you see several disasters that just don’t make sense to your limited brains. But underneath all the mindless chaos there are my hidden reasons and purpose to the many inexplicable things that happen around. There is a method to my divine madness. Your luck, fate and all life’s ups and downs is just like complex mathematics in action on individual numbers.”

“But shouldn’t gods be consistent and reliable?”

“Don’t ask silly questions like a high school journalist. Consistency means if a fool committed a hundred mistakes last year, then he should commit a hundred mistakes the next year as well. For example, last year I created a drought, should I create a drought this year also to be consistent?”

“Well, no.”

“Anyway, consistency is impossible and we gods hate to be predictable. This is why what I did in the past may not decide what I will do in the future. It’s just like the way your stock market work. We gods don’t go around telling everyone what we will do in the future like silly human leaders. We just do it. Also, I am not a stickler for time.”

“What do you mean by not a stickler for time?”

“It means I am not too fussy about time management. This is why I allow the sun to rise and set at various times, and not insist on him rising and setting at an exact time. Similarly, I am flexible with the weather, climate, rains, crops, plants, and many other stuff and not run after the clock or deadlines.”

“Hmm, it’s so difficult to comprehend you gods. But you mentioned something about a cyclical manner and creating boom and recession. Can you explain?”

“Yes, we gods designed this universe to run in a cyclic manner. We create good and bad times, but humans are yet to understand this cycle. Animals and plants have already understood it.”

“Okay, make me understand. I thought our greedy businessmen and economists were responsible for good and bad times.”

“No, they’re just pawns in my cosmic game. Don’t blame your greedy CEOs or financial gurus for their irrational exuberance. I am the one who is pulling the strings. I create the atmosphere for everyone’s success or failure.”

“So, you are the puppet master?”

“Yes, but your human economists, business leaders, and rationalists foolishly believe the creation and elimination of economic booms, recessions, and global business downturns are completely under human’s control but it’s not true. There are our supernatural powers and mischief at work and it’s absolutely necessary to periodically create abundance and famine. Everything is an orchestrated chaos by us gods.”

“Can you explain why you create such chaos?”

“We gods create them because it’s necessary for the universe to breathe. It has to inhale and exhale. I have also clearly explained these cycles over the ages.”

“Already explained? When and where?”

“In my religious books. Almost all of my religious books have explained why humankind goes through troubling times and disasters. To understand this you have to study the never-ending positive and negative phases called **H & U**, and their combinations. But to truly comprehend these cycles you will have to switch off your rational logic.”

“Okay, Mr. God, I will switch it off. But what are those **H & U** combinations?”

“Before I tell you that do you know what a sine wave is?”

“Yes, I studied it in geometry. It’s an S-shaped smooth wave that oscillates above and below zero.”

“Yes, correct. Most of the things in this universe also operate like a sine wave, which can be divided into four phases. Now coming back, **H** means happiness, **U** means unhappiness.

“Okay, then what?”

“We gods run the universe using combinations of them. For example, we begin with a perfectly good phase called **H-H** (extreme happiness).”

“What do you do in this phase?”

“This is the phase when we gods make you humans happy and create a feel-good factor. I play the following divine games during this phase.”

1. I motivate everyone during this phase and create a pleasant atmosphere that brings hope. Humans easily talk about fashionable things like the sky being the limit, firing on all cylinders, nerves of steel, etc., and keep doing things at a reckless pace.
2. This phase is when your businessmen believe they're invincible, organizations make good to enormous profits, customers are in plenty demanding better and better goods, and willing to pay a premium for good services, etc.
3. Businesses start believing they're capable of everything and start mergers, hostile takeovers, diversification, constructing mega buildings, etc. Frequent success in one field also gives them a false confidence to try their hand in areas they're not experienced with.
4. Businessmen and the public also start believing that if one pours enough money, then anyone can become successful in any business. So, humans and organizations start developing many tentacles in the hope to give an end to end service, or have a stake in every stage of the value chain, etc. For example, successful steel companies may start software industries, while software industries may try their hand in television sets, oil manufacturers may start peddling agricultural products, etc., in the name of diversification.
5. The mantra is growth, growth, and growth in any direction, ignoring their core competencies.

“Yes, I have seen such boom time in the business world.”

“I know. Next, I initiate a phase called **H-U** (happiness with some unhappiness).”

“What games do you gods play here?”

“This is when I create a small tilt, and it enters into a phase of happiness with some unhappiness.”

“Why do you create this tilt?”

“I am forced to start this because when things go higher and higher your human common sense and moderation takes a backseat, and greed takes over causing the bubble to expand beyond what it should. This is a phase when humans slowly start feeling the pinch with revenues going down, and entering into a phase of slowness.”

“Okay, then what?”

“Next I create a phase of **U-U** (extreme unhappiness) when I burst the bubble.”

“What troubles do you cause here?”

“Not troubles, but just corrective therapies. Here things start going really bad and enter a period which you humans call recession or depression.

1. This is a phase where everything that was good earlier will now seem bad. Businessmen will now experience the might of the power that lies beyond PowerPoint slides and power lunches.
2. I de-motivate everyone during this phase. Fear will rear its head and make the future appear bleak. The very methods that were bringing you success earlier will now bring failures. Best practices will now seem like worst practices and everything will now appear jinxed. Even the best B-school brains cannot do anything when I tighten the vice. Suddenly every safe investment and practices become risky.
3. The best can go bust now. The very foundations of every business thought and practice that worked so well earlier now gets ridiculed, questioned and insulted. All your business heroism will suddenly vaporize and humans enter into a state of

panic leading to abrupt cost-cutting by putting sudden brakes on everything.

4. The mantra now is freeze, freeze, and freeze, which starts choking everything in its path. This, in turn, will lead to a situation like a car pileup on a highway due to an accident.
5. What you spent years building, I will destroy it overnight. Mighty businesses will fall down like nine pins and billionaires will get wiped out for human inexplicable reasons. I start the trigger for this in mysterious and unpredictable ways like, for example, creating a terrible terrorist attack, mega financial scandals, bankruptcies, industries reaching saturation, a dot-com burst, a bird flu, a stock market crash, or a sub-prime crisis that you humans couldn't have imagined or prevented.

“Whoa, you gods are terrible! So, you were the wicked ones who ruined the economy and were responsible for the recent chaos. Lots of people have lost their jobs and livelihoods because of your stupid games, Mr. God!”

“Yes, I know. I have ruined millions of lives in the past and will ruin much more in the future. I have also ravaged mighty kingdoms, wiped out many civilizations and even sunk continents into the sea. Anyway, slowly after some agonizing months or years, I push it to enter a phase called **U-H** (unhappiness with some happiness) where I inject rays of hope and things start getting better again. It's like being stuck in traffic for hours and then experiencing the joy of seeing a free highway again. Eventually, I push things to improve to the good old days of **H-H**, but only for a limited period of time. And I start the cycle again as it's an eternal, never-ending process, a law of nature that every human should accept. During this phase, I enjoy the heated fights you humans have.”

“What do you mean by enjoying our heated fights?”

“I am referring to the fights and blame games you humans have trying to find out who caused the recession and downturn. Don't you see how your media and management gurus go high pitched with their

own theories of why things failed, whose heads should roll, who should be lynched, statistical gymnastics, witch hunts, etc? They get totally confused why their so-called best practices that were giving best results till recently have now become worst practices. But they don't understand it's us gods who are pulling the strings and reining you from going haywire. “

“But why do you do all this hanky-panky? Why can't you leave happiness intact? Why spoil a feast and introduce famine?”

“Well, Mr. Human, one should know *what is bad good for*, and *what is good bad for*.”

“I don't understand your oxymoronic statement, Mr. God.”

“Do you like sweets?”

“Yeah.”

“How many can you eat?”

“Maybe, a few pieces.”

“Can you have a bucket of sweets for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, Mr. Human?”

“Ugh, I will throw up!”

“Why? Eating plenty of sweets every day is like a feast, isn't it?”

“Well, that's the way you gods have designed our taste buds and digestive system. It's impossible to eat only sweets all the time. We need some salt and spice also for a good diet.”

“Exactly. The universe is also a living thing that needs sugar and salt, or cycles of good and bad, for its diet. Only then, it can survive. If you overeat, then you have to go on a diet. But the real reason why I do this is to keep you humans from becoming too confident and arrogant of your capabilities. If I don't kick you in the butt frequently, then you humans will plunder my earth recklessly. It's my way of moderating things, letting out steam, or throwing a spanner in the works when it's necessary to do so. There is no escaping from this mighty circle.”

“Aha, now I get the picture. So, we are always in this cycle?”

“Yes, if you observe closely, such feast and famine cycles are already visible all around you, pal.”

“All around? Where?”

“It’s everywhere. For example, flowering trees go into full bloom and then slowly loses all its leaves and flowers, only to start all over again. No amount of watering, fertilizers, or even an expert gardener can ensure the flowers remain intact all the year round. For example, this is also why even the best CEOs can’t stop a company from disintegrating periodically. Similarly, there is sunrise and sunsets, yearly seasons, sleep, biorhythms, weather cycles, moon phases, etc., that will go round and round and round in never-ending cycles.”

“Hmm, I never saw them this way.”

“So, in order to live harmoniously with nature humans must learn to endure periodic positive and negative phases of life, careers, relationships, business, and almost everything you do.”

“Nice explanation, Mr. God. Now, do you have any regrets when you start your negative cycles?”

“Yes, but I can’t help it. It’s a moral dilemma we gods are accustomed to. A powerful creature must develop the ability to be harsh to his enemies and also to his dear ones depending on the situation. Selective cruelty and cold impartiality is a must for all gods. Sometimes, I use only my mind and deaden my heart, and sometimes it’s the opposite.”

“I have also heard you gods visit earth periodically and destroy everything. Is it true?”

“Yes, I periodically wipe the slate clean.”

“Why do you do that?”

“We gods have framed certain universal housekeeping processes that must be followed. We have been doing this for thousands of years. It’s similar to some of your medical processes.”

“Our medical processes? What’s that?”

“It’s like taking a hot bath or applying medicines for itching and other health problems.”

“I don’t understand your answer.”

“If you are slightly dirty, or have a mild itch from some germs what will you normally do?”

“I will wipe the dirt or scratch the itch.”

“Suppose you have a lot of filth on your body or if you are feeling highly itchy what do you do?”

“Simple. I will take a hot bath or apply some medicinal skin cream to kill those harmful germs.”

“Similarly, mother earth needs to cleanse herself when humans become highly intolerant and start plundering her recklessly. You, humans, are like harmful germs for mother earth and must be periodically controlled or completely destroyed. It’s like a factory reset for your phone or computer to clear all the junk in it.”

“Harmful germs? Junk? Now, come on. Stop insulting us!”

“Yes, humans are like germs that create various troubles for mother earth. Remember you are a contaminated species who is always contaminating everything, and you also don’t learn any lessons from my periodic boom and bust cycles. That’s why it’s necessary for the god of destruction to come down, clean up the evil and do some extensive housekeeping. Thus we clean humankind from sins, deception and dishonesty and other mess you create. It’s a righteous destruction and the exact process is described in the divine handbook given by our creator is as follows,

1. For the protection of the good and virtuous.
2. For the destruction of evil.
3. To reinstate morals.
4. I shall be born again and again.

“That does sound like a good process though it’s destructive.”

“Yes, isn’t it? Sometimes, I amaze myself with my divine wisdom. I had taught this to a great warrior during a terrible war that took place when I had come to earth as an ordinary cowherd.”

“When was that?”

“Thousands of years ago I was caught in a bitter fight between two royal cousins over their kingdom’s rightful share. Even I couldn’t make peace between them. Eventually, it led to a great war to settle the matter and I had to take sides with one set of cousins. I had taken the role of a charioteer for one of the warriors. But on the first day of the war, he suddenly had a nervous breakdown realizing that he had to wage a war on his own cousins, nephews, and uncles to regain his kingdom. He couldn’t get the motivation to fight. So, I had to give him a crash course in the art of living and the art of war to energize and motivate him. I also advised him to switch off his compassion to wage that righteous war.”

“Was that warrior able to fight and kill after listening to your daring advice?”

“Of course. He fought a fantastic war and killed all of his cousins, uncles and relatives who had snatched his kingdom by cheating. It was a spectacular massacre fought with mighty ecofriendly weapons and the whole war was telecast live throughout the universe. The earth became red with rivers of blood oozing from millions of soldiers. Countless vultures, vampires, and hyenas had a great feast for months. Finally, good triumphed over evil.”

“Whoa, so you advised him to fight and kill his own relatives?”

“Yes, that was the last resort available as all other sane options were over. All my earlier peace negotiations didn’t work. Besides, human cousins are always in constant conflict worldwide anyway.”

“But you are happily describing the war without any remorse.”

“Yes, but I will explain the *secret of remorse* later.”

“Hmm, okay. Now didn’t you feel embarrassed by being a charioteer for his horse cart and serve him when you are a god?”

“No, even though I am a genius and a cosmic emperor I keep doing such jobs just to show how humble I am. Besides, one who is embarrassed to serve can never lead.”

“But didn’t that warrior feel sad at killing his relatives?”

“Of course, he was sad and depressed before I gave my advice. But I strongly advised him not to grieve for the sinful and not to mourn for those who shouldn’t be mourned for. I also showed my supreme form after upgrading his mind and spirit.”

“What did that warrior see in your supreme form?”

“Nothing much.”

“Oh, come on! He must have seen something spectacular.”

“Naw, nothing spectacular. I just showed him my colossal, unimaginable form by switching on all my powers.”

“All your powers?”

“Yes, I showed myself as a magnificent being with countless eyes, legs, arms, and heads. He saw me as a creature without a beginning, without middle and without an end. Within me were seen all the things that exist in the universe - All the worlds, all the dimensions, all the galaxies, and everything in every corner of the mighty cosmos. It was a simple awe-inspiring sight. I was limitless, invincible, and I showed him infinity and beyond it. Then, I switched off everything and became normal. That’s all, nothing much. Always humble, always supreme, and always unpredictable, that’s my style. So, after listening to my great advice and seeing my true form he got the energy and objective motivation to kill.”

“Whew, you sure know how to be supremely humble, Mr. God! But what is the purpose of your brilliant display and advice?”

“It’s for the sake of upholding righteousness. The righteous must be always tougher than the unrighteous, and lesson here is you must be able to take up violence once all other good methods have failed.”

“What other methods?”

“We gods propose four ways to solve every problem.”

1. The first method is the process of pacification. Try reasoning, diplomacy, speaking nicely, etc., to solve the issue.

2. The second method is the process of compensation. Try offering a lure or give something in return to get the job done.
3. The third method is the process of dividing. Try creating a difference of opinion, exploiting the weakness of another person, isolation, blackmail, etc., to get the task done.
4. The fourth method is the principle of punishment. Finally, use violence if all the above methods fail.

“The warrior had tried all the first three options and finally resorted to violence.”

“Violence? So, you say it’s okay to use violence, Mr. God?”

“Of course, when good methods fail to bring good, then bad methods have to be used to bring good. This is why we gods are flawless as we know which method to use when and why.”

“But violence could backfire on us, Mr. God.”

“Yes, that’s also possible. You will have to take that risk.”

“But how can one decide when to take up violence?”

“It depends on what options are finally left after trying the first three options for a reasonable period of time. When they all fail, then you should use the fourth method.”

“But the fourth method doesn’t seem right, Mr. God.”

“Perhaps, but in the life journey of every human there may come a time when there finally remain only two choices - submit or fight a tiger.”

“What tiger?”

“A tiger is your life’s difficult phases. If you choose to meekly submit, then you will make the tiger happy by allowing yourself to be devoured by it. Or if you don’t want to be devoured, then you must fight. Basically, when professionalism, friendship, trust and everything nice and sweet fails, then you have to resort to an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a bullet for a bullet as the ultimate way to settle the matter. If that’s the only way left to defend yourself, then violence is justified.”

“But that could be illegal, Mr. God.”

“Yes, it could be illegal or unpalatable from a human definition or your country’s laws. But I am explaining from my divine point of view and not your inadequate law books. You have to put yourself in that human’s shoes and think. It’s all relative to each other and depends on which side of the fence you are standing.”

“How?”

“It’s like a butcher accusing the lamb is not cooperating, or an invading army accusing the invaded country’s freedom fighters for resisting them. For example, the courts may sentence a criminal to death, but if the victim himself kills the criminal then it’s called illegal. But law is not justice in a true sense. For example, when a victim of clandestine harassment takes revenge on his tormentor the courts will quickly punish the victim claiming he took the law into his own hands. But that very law wouldn’t have rescued him by claiming lack of admissible evidence if had he approached it earlier. So, what’s illegal for one can be justice for another.”

“So, you gods have no hesitation in using violence?”

“Of course not. Violence is a non-issue for us gods.”

“Non-issue? Aren’t gods all about unconditional love?”

“Yes, it’s love for peace, violence and everything in between. But if you ditch me, then I will ditch you and soon Satan will grab you.”

“But many people say violence is never the right way.”

“It’s a rubbish belief of the ignorant humans.”

“How can you say it’s rubbish? Is it not a sin, Mr. God?”

“No, violence is not a sin if you know when and why to use it. It’s a simple corrective therapy required to uphold righteousness and during a fight for survival. Otherwise, why do you think gods carry thunderbolts, lightning, and other reusable magical weapons?”

“Why reusable weapons?”

“Well, the goddess of wealth won’t give me tons of money to manufacture weapons that explode only once. Hence, I need reusable

weapons. Besides, all battles and wars must be won with minimal costs. Secondly, if gods don't carry weapons then good can no longer exist. Hence, you have to be wicked to the wicked."

"Now, come on! Then, what's the difference between them and us, Mr. God?"

"Don't bother about the human fashion called difference. Conscious use of violence and cruelty is a must to uphold righteousness. Pure non-violence is a bigger sin as it denies self-defense and self-interest. For example, many violent humans will only budge to force and language of the stick, and not to good advice. If the fight for survival or enforcing goodness is also classified as violence, then it only leads to self-destruction."

"So, you say pure non-violence is a sin?"

"Yes, pure non-violence is a huge sin. If you allow anyone to do anything to you, then I don't accept such cowardly behavior. We gods are not big fans of non-violence. Allowing humans to do whatever they want is not kindness. Besides, love and peace are not such great things that you should tolerate all nonsense and endure sacrifices to enjoy them. Love and peace are simply overrated and they cannot conquer everything."

"But violence is not acceptable in a democracy, Mr. God."

"Really? I thought democracy gave humans the full freedom to do whatever they wanted. Doesn't that freedom include violence?"

"Don't be silly, Mr. God."

"Listen, you moron, anyone can preach non-violence when things are fine, but not when their back is against the wall. If you humans don't want cruelty in any form, then why do you permit soldiers to kill and maim enemies and terrorists? Why do you guard your country borders? Why do you manufacture terrible weapons like poisonous chemicals, atom bombs, and missiles? Or why do peaceful humans love action films where heroes finally resort to violence to get justice? Be patient, I will explain the value of violence much later."

“But still...”

“No buts, buddy! A right-thinking human will know why violence is necessary. A good farmer will never be tolerant towards weeds as they will destroy the crop. This is why good judges award death penalties. All conflicts and violence are not always wrong. A fully tolerant, ultra-liberal society is a hideous thing as it means you will tolerate all nonsense in private or public in the name of personal freedom. A fully tolerant society won't care even if humans walk on the road naked and even do obscene acts in the public. Finally, remember what is popular may not be right, and what is right may not be popular!”

“But, Mr. God, will it not create an intolerant and violent society?”

“Yes and no.”

“Your methods don't seem right, Mr. God. We must aim for building a fully tolerant society.”

“Really? By the way, do you want to live in a fully tolerant society?”

“Yes, I think that would be nice, almost heaven-like!”

“Then, try living in a country that has no police, no army, no borders, etc., which will allow anyone to walk in and do anything to its citizens. Or let any enemy invade your country. Then, you are fully tolerant of everyone and everything they do. Great, isn't it?”

“Hey, I don't want to live in such a place. It will be terrible!”

“Ah, a flash of the obvious! Now you see, Mr. Tolerant Human. A good dose of righteous intolerance is a must to uphold security, ethics, decency, morals, safety, peace and other good things. Great freedom brings great dangers. So, don't become too domesticated. It's not nice to be always nice. If the fight for survival and righteousness are also classified as violence, then it only leads to self-destruction. Being good and righteous is different from being a harmless wimp just to be politically correct and popular among other wimps who crowd around TV studios.”

“But, Mr. God, nowadays people argue that you can't properly define righteousness, ethics, decency, etc.”

“So what? It’s not necessary to define and measure everything to suit a dictionary or a human law book. Get over the obsession with defining and measuring everything. It’s a never-ending exercise. In fact, you cannot define and measure everything because everything that truly counts cannot be counted. For example, can you define and measure love, loyalty, affection, hate, jealousy, etc., in your human mathematical form?”

“No.”

“But you can definitely recognize something is right or wrong in your heart even without defining it or referring to a law book. Human courts are not qualified enough to give judgments on god, religion, spirituality, family values, honor, culture, morals, etc. Your legal luminaries are as luminous as a zero watt bulb in all these areas that are dear to us gods!”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because human laws are blind and are eternally subject to interpretation, debate, review, and amendments. Secondly, they wrongly believe everyone is equal and all laws can be applied uniformly, regardless of any circumstances. But our divine laws are not blind and we gods can clearly see that everyone is not equal. Therefore, I have given humans that unique power of conscience and common sense to distinguish between right and wrong. Use that wonderful power and be righteous.”

“What is this conscience anyway?”

“It’s a sharp invisible pin we gods fix close to your heart to control and reduce satanic influences. Whenever you do or plan to do, something bad unnecessarily it will poke your heart automatically. Don’t underestimate the power of this pin. When this pin starts its pricking, it’s almost impossible to stop it. This tiny invisible pin has brought down kingdoms, made several hardcore criminals weep like a child, nudged terrorists to surrender, melted human icebergs, prevented countless murders, opened thousands of sealed lips, etc. It’s a highly useful pin and has reduced our punishment workload millions of times.”

Who Created all those Lousy Jobs

What you want and what you can't have are the same

“Mr. God, do you enjoy your job as a god?”

“Yes, it's an awesome job though we have our peculiar problems.”

“What peculiar problems?”

“Lifetime employment.”

“Why is that a problem? You should be thankful that you are not getting downsized.”

“Well, we have to remain in the same divine roles for millions of years and it gets extremely monotonous.”

“Yeah, that can be boring. But do you get any salary for being a god?”

“No.”

“No? You mean you are working for a zero salary?”

“Yes, that's why I don't pay any taxes.”

“That's fantastic, I mean ridiculous! How can you work for no money or salary, Mr. God?”

“Well, we gods can draw any amount of energy from our energy banks but we don't get money. Now that you mention money we gods never thought of asking a salary for our work. I think I will ask for one, but not like your absurd \$1 a year salary some business humans claim to take. It's below minimum wages. Do you think \$500 a year is a good enough salary?”

“\$500 a year? Which century are you gods living in? That’s a ridiculously low salary for your gigantic work.”

“Is it? I guess we gods don’t know what we are worth. So, what salary should we ask for, pal?”

“Well, you should ask for plenty more.”

“Okay, maybe I will ask my creator to pay me similar to the gigantic salaries your top business leaders get nowadays just for talking well. After all we are the movers and shakers of the earth and that’s no easy job, and the working hours are 24 x 7 with no holidays.”

“Good. Maybe, you can threaten to resign if your creator doesn’t give the salary you want.”

“Ah, that’s not possible. We gods cannot resign, no matter what.”

“So, you cannot resign even if you wanted to?”

“No. We can’t change or step down from our jobs the way you humans easily change presidents and prime ministers. We can’t resign nor can we be fired.”

“Really?”

“Yes, however, we know why our creator has mandated this stringent employment condition, but sometimes it does get boring. Though we are not career-obsessed we gods occasionally grumble and regret about our dilute accomplishments in the last hundred billion years. At least you creative humans don’t have that problem as you are good at so many things and are always accomplishing something.”

“Excuse me, Mr. God. Every day millions of people also do boring, unproductive and lifeless jobs they don’t love. Many childhood career dreams get crushed as they grow up, and millions lose their jobs every year. Already life is hard, and then we also die. Why do you play such wicked games during our limited stay here?”

“It may look like a wicked game to you humans, but it’s highly necessary from our perspective. We gods follow a divine employment law that makes it mandatory to play such games to sustain the world.”

“What law are you talking about? You mean giving boring jobs and snatching jobs away sustains the world? Every Monday morning is a terror to millions in today’s economy, Mr. God.”

“Yes, I know, and the employment law we gods follow is - *what humans desperately want in life, and what they can’t have are the same.*”

“What? That’s a ridiculous law! It sounds insane and impractical!”

“Yes, I know. That’s why I said it’s perfectly suitable for applying on humans.”

“(Sigh!)”

“Anyway, we gods are the largest employers on earth. For us there are no ordinary employees or extraordinary employees.”

“Why not?”

“We don’t differentiate between intelligence and stupidity in our cosmic enterprise. Everyone has been given specific strengths, weaknesses, faults, and duties different from others. So, we don’t succumb to a comparison of anyone’s charms of efficiency and performance.”

“Does this mean you employ anyone and everyone, Mr. God?”

“Yes, I employ everyone, all non-humans and all types of humans like geniuses, brilliants, idiots, buffoons, clowns, dimwits, morons, dolts, jackasses, good, bad, ugly, etc., to run the earth. Your education or illiteracy achievements are not important for me.”

“Sigh! Why are they not important?”

“That’s because great brains alone cannot be the sole criteria for humans to earn their livelihood. We gods also don’t care whether humans love the job that’s destined for them. Our focus is only to create the various kinds of good and bad jobs necessary to sustain and balance earth in an overall sense, and this law helps us do that. This is why I said I run a gigantic employment agency catering to every kind of talent, mental or physical. Our employment definition is different from your human definition.”

“What’s your definition of employment, Mr. God?”

“If you are alive or dead, then it means you are divinely employed and will have a set of earthly tasks that only you are exclusively destined to do, regardless of whether you are a social worker or a suicide bomber. But we gods cannot fulfill the career dreams of your childhood and college days.”

“But why not? If everyone loves what they do, then the world will be a great place.”

“You had a clogged toilet last month, didn’t you?”

“Yes, but what’s that got to do with what we are discussing?”

“I will let you know in a minute. Who did you call for fixing the toilet?”

“I called some plumber.”

“Did he come and fix your dirty toilet?”

“Yes, but do you know the ransom he charged me?”

“I know. Remember the time when you had a high fever and the doctor recommended a urine and shit test?”

“Yes, what about that?”

“Who did your tests?”

“Some lab technician.”

“And the time when your friend mysteriously drowned a couple of years back. Who pulled his decomposed body out of the lake?”

“Some police or navy diver.”

“Who did the autopsy?”

“Some doctor.”

“And what about the time there was a rabid dog terrorizing your street? Who caught the dog?”

“Some dog catcher. But, Mr. God, I don’t understand why you are asking me all these unrelated questions.”

“I am asking these questions just to show you the wide range of jobs that are necessary for sustaining the earth. Millions of humans must have crazy, boring, repetitive, tiresome, dangerous, filthy and unconventional jobs because those jobs are necessary for sustaining the earth. I cannot go

by the narrow range of elite jobs that you humans desire, and give only the jobs you love. Hence, no matter how disgusting the job there is always someone on this planet who will be forced to agree to do it for money or fame.”

“Forced to do? Whoa, in other words, you gods have no hesitation to kill and crush millions of childhood dreams?”

“Absolutely not! If given a choice no human will want to become a gravedigger, urine tester, taxidermist, autopsy expert, dog catcher, piles specialist, sweeper, garbage collector, etc. All mothers want their sons to grow up to become presidents. Everyone will want to be served by someone and not serve others. Also, everybody harbors dreams of being a boss and not an employee.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“So, we gods have to harshly intervene and push humans into jobs that are starkly different than what they had dreamed of. Hence, we gods don’t take your childhood and youth dreams seriously. For example, as a child, you wanted to become a pilot. Similarly, millions of other kids also want to become pilots. But the problem is you cannot have millions and millions of pilots. This creates a global imbalance.”

“How?”

“It’s due to earth’s limitations. Earth is similar to a limited edition luxury item you humans sell.”

“How limited?”

“Limited to all those who are truly eligible. But what I mean is the constraints of Mother Earth prevent universal fairness and perfect utilization of everyone’s talents. Hence, the numbers of elite jobs have to be limited. So, thousands of geniuses will live and die undiscovered every day. If every human is highly employable and fully passionate about everything, then it’s impossible to find appropriate employment to everyone on your tiny planet. Just imagine the chaos if opportunities are unlimited on a physically limited earth and everyone’s talent had to be fully exploited.”

“How? Give me an example.”

“For example, if I manufacture a billion highly competent human CEOs can you really have a billion Fortune 500 types of companies?”

“Hmm, not possible.”

“Or can you have ten thousand qualified presidential candidates competing at the same time? Or can you handle five million Michael Jacksons replicas, ten million Einstein replicas, two million Michael Schumachers replicas, and millions of other competent humans demanding your eyeball attention simultaneously with their superb talents?”

“Hmm, I understand now. It can be a stampede.”

“Right. The world cannot work that way nor can it handle such an overload. Everybody cannot be a hero because an audience has to exist to applaud. When everyone is a winner, then no one is a winner. Hence, there is no perfect process that would be acceptable to all. Therefore, a lot of humans have to lose and only a few can win. No game can work if everyone can get what they desire.”

“But how do you gods decide which human is fit for what job?”

“It’s difficult and hence there are no clear rules, but we do have some broad methods that make it easy for most humans to themselves decide where they will fit. But this won’t suit your human definition of a perfect fit.”

“What broad methods do you gods use?”

“There are many ways of doing this. One of the methods is we strengthen certain parts of the human body and weaken the other parts. For example, humans with a lot of physical strength will be made less intelligent so that they will be suitable for tough manual work and hundreds of precious monotonous jobs. This is why you rarely see a sportsman who is also a specialist in quantum mechanics. And someone who is physically weak will be made highly intelligent so that he or she can excel in academic fields and jobs that require intelligence. This is why you rarely see a professor who is also good at freestyle wrestling.

Someone who is neither strong nor intelligent will be pushed into the fashion industry, modern art, advertising, modeling, media, and so on. And humans who have nothing on their top can easily go topless for filthy magazines, pervert industries, etc. In short, humans without brains have to use other parts of their bodies, and humans with brains cannot use other parts of their bodies. Based on the above methods, humans can further distribute your jobs in countless combinations.”

“Your explanation sounds highly insulting, Mr. God.”

“Yes, I know. This is why I have also given you a special feature called shamelessness that helps you carry on with life regardless of what other humans think of your job. The beauty of this feature is it helps both the blatant and the bashful humans to thrive and survive in their own space. I also added a feature called ego that can help in self-congratulation and self-esteem, in spite of the rubbish or disgusting job you do.”

“Grr!!”

“Hey, why are you getting agitated? I am just describing how I have designed every part of your body to be ingeniously used to earn a living. Thank me for that, you ungrateful creature!”

“(Sigh!) Mr. God, it still sounds crazy, unfair and arbitrary to me! There are many people who will be strong and intelligent but will be doing low quality work. Plus, there are various other combinations of physical and mental strength. They’re not doing the jobs right for them. So, a lot of talent is not really utilized and there will be a lot of regrets.”

“Yes, that’s possible but the desire is different from design. But why do humans consider brainy work as superior to manual work? And why is calling someone as low brained an insult? Do you really think you can get rid of all brainless work and run earth with only intelligent humans?”

“Umm, ah..”

“That’s why I said my methods won’t suit your human definition of a perfect job, which always considers brainy work as superior to physical work. I cannot use standardization and uniformity in a human workforce that’s heterogeneous and complex. As I said before, this

doesn't cover every scenario and utilize every human's talent fully but we can't help it. When there is no perfect method to do something, then the imperfect method is the only perfect method. Plus, your population has exceeded all permissible limits. Secondly, we also have to consider the person's past sins, destiny, cosmic design, etc., which prevents everyone from becoming famous or poor. This is why we take charge and push people into careers they would not have dreamed of."

"How exactly do you push them?"

"Simple. We un-volunteer many humans by adding generous doses of inferiority or superiority complex into them so that they won't attempt jobs that are not suitable for them. We also add other fears and roadblocks like having insufficient money, family and health problems, boredom, Type-A and Type-B personalities, heavy risks, fear of public speaking, fear of dancing, fear of singing and numerous phobias so that everyone won't feel fully confident of chasing every type of career. This will filter out a lot of humans due to self-awareness of their own inabilities."

"Whoa, you are terrible, Mr. God!"

"Thanks, I am doing great, isn't it? This way we gods make a large percentage of humans feel satisfied and thankful for whatever jobs they have been blessed with without excessive grumbling or aspiring to be famous celebrities. The inertia will add the necessary brakes and reduce regrets to prevent a mad rush of talent."

"Reduce regrets? How?"

"We re-arrange that human's thinking, satisfaction levels, and financial earnings so they don't regret losing their original dreams."

"I am confused, Mr. God. Give me an example."

"For example, a human may be originally passionate about making big in botany, but may eventually become a successful police detective. Or, someone who was interested in becoming a space scientist may eventually become an animal activist to protect rare monkeys. The god of time and the goddess of money will apply the necessary healing

touches to soothe their burnt life and career dreams through a *regret reduction* or *methodology of coping* program. Besides, I have also programmed humans to be grateful and thankful to the breadcrumbs that I throw at them, just like how employees feel thrilled at the 5 dollar appreciation certificates they get from their CEOs. This is why you see many humans shrug their shoulders and say that even though they originally wanted to become an astronaut they now have no regrets about doing what they're currently doing. Or, they spin a wild yarn saying they have found their true calling. So, we magically make them accept gods will gracefully. In fact, many enlightened humans have even thanked me for ruining their unviable childhood dreams, but all the ignorant ones hold a grudge against me for life."

"Wow! You are a great mischief maker!"

"Wait, there are several other kinds of my divine mischief as well. I have also ensured the talent to recognize others talent is scarce and jealousies are in abundance so that everyone is not encouraged. This is why for every human trying to achieve success there are ten other jealous humans gleefully conspiring to pull him down. So, in short, I am the divine guy who is responsible for your human business leaders eternally grumbling about the huge talent and leadership shortage, office politics, etc., on earth."

"You are really horrible, Mr. God! Yet, your methods seem somewhat reasonable when looked in a bizarre way, but it still sounds unfair to prevent the vast potential of countless people from blooming and becoming famous."

"Life is not fair, never was, and will never be. Everybody's talent and energy cannot be fully utilized. Even we gods don't have that luxury. Opportunities always have to be in short supply regardless of the number of talented humans and their desires. Nature picks its leaders randomly just like how a child randomly picks a candy from a box of identical candies. For example, even if you show me a million identically competent humans I will still select only a few for fame and discard the

rest without hesitation. But I do allow talent and leadership to bloom without warning in the most unlikely of places and surprise everyone periodically.”

“So, Mr. God, you say countless talented people have to just bury their dreams and passions, and get stuck in monotonous boring jobs in exchange for a paycheck?”

“Yes, a lot of talented humans have to live and die unrecognized. Every desire cannot be fulfilled and will never be fulfilled.”

“Never? But a lot of people will lead an unhappy life if their demands and desires are not fulfilled.”

“Perhaps, but my cosmic organization is more important than the individual’s happiness. Even in your human world, the nation, government, organization, society, political party or family is more important than an individual’s desires or demands and the same rules apply to my cosmos. Hence, I don’t agree with your human philanthropist utopian dreams like eliminating poverty, diseases, hunger, etc. Regardless of your efforts, I will ruthlessly crush desires, break hearts, separate lovers, unite enemies, derail plans, create scapegoats, ruin families, ravage nations and wreak havoc on millions of humans and non-humans to maintain my cosmic balance. Hence, I will never allow human poverty, boring jobs, trouble, etc., to be eliminated even if philanthropists demand it. Trouble is as important as oxygen. They’re all necessary for sustaining my earth even though millions of humans are disgusted with their jobs.”

“Somehow I am still not convinced, Mr. God. There has to be a better way. Nevertheless, I suspect you gods get a malicious enjoyment at people’s misfortunes and unfulfilled dreams.”

“Not really. I don’t enjoy your sufferings though we do admit we have a hand in it. No parent will want his child to suffer but there is no other better way. As a god, I cannot run earth through consensus, collaboration or the tantrums of its creatures. For me, teamwork is a lot

of humans doing what I say, and everything is not open for debate and discussion in my cosmic sweatshop.”

“Why not?”

“Because a reasonable debate can go on for an unreasonable amount of time with their pros and cons. Secondly, nothing can be achieved if I have to consider every human’s opinions, suggestions, and objections. This is why we gods operate in a silent, invisible and covert manner. I have to be benevolent as well as ruthless if I have to manage earth. You humans are a complicated species and hence you have complicated problems.”

“Really? Now, come on!”

“Yes, you are, but you will have to wear my hat to understand our Herculean compulsions and headaches in running this complicated universe. You have to see what I see, wear my shoes, wear my hat, wear my glasses, and read my inbox to understand why I do the things I do. This is why I am not perturbed by seeing a seventy-year-old human carrying a heavy bag of grains, or a horse dragging a heavy cart, or a lazy millionaire loafing on his luxurious ship, or a child working in a hot brick factory, or soldiers getting brutally killed, or a suicide bomber getting ready in a terrorist camp. I know why they have to do that and how they’re all uniquely helping in sustaining my earth.”

“But, Mr. God, don’t you feel bad seeing millions of people lead their entire life in poverty, minimal employment, no education and doing menial work?”

“No, I don’t. Looking at the world my way needs a gigantic shifting of perspective. I don’t simply classify everything as good or bad based on the money or food they have because I see it as a necessary action in the overall scheme of things. I don’t agree with the silly concept that brainy work is good, while manual work is bad. It’s okay if you don’t have a fashion expert or a rocket scientist, but it’s impossible to live without a barber, cobbler, sweeper, farmer, or a mason. These great humans work with filth to produce gold. Such humans are the darlings of us gods.

They're my most essential and valuable employees among all humans. He who knows how to be poor knows everything. If you humans make the foolish mistake of educating every human, then you will only hasten the destruction of earth."

"How?"

"It's only due to poverty, lack of schooling or inadequate education that such humans will be willing to do sacred work and professions like scavenging, soldiers, farming, garbage collection, laborers, etc., which modern humans foolishly define as menial and low profile work. But to us gods, they're the great humans who keep the wheels of the earth moving. If everyone is made rich and educated, then the earth will die as nobody will want to work and sweat. But you humans shouldn't blame me for creating lousy jobs. I have also created a variety of fantastic jobs to satisfy millions."

"Like what?"

"Jobs like scientific research, geography, botany, zoology, physics, etc."

"How can you take credit for those jobs, Mr. God? We people gradually discovered them through our hard work and curiosity. We created those interesting jobs!"

"Perhaps, but we gods helped you create those interesting jobs."

"How?"

"Well, have you seen any books on physics, chemistry, geography, biology, astronomy, etc., written by us gods?"

"No. Our scientists and scholars wrote them after years of tough research."

"And they could write them only because I didn't document the earth when I manufactured it."

"What do you mean?"

"When I manufactured earth I deliberately didn't document anything so that you humans can discover and document my wonderful earth."

Though I am the cosmic manufacturer I did not write books on physics, chemistry, mathematics, etc.”

“So what?”

“It’s because I didn’t bother to document my artistic marvel that you humans now have the thrill of endless exploration, research, and analysis. This is why you now have exciting subjects like botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, geography, etc., and countless universities that allow humans to explore how stuff works in the world around them. If I had simply documented everything and handed humans a complete world encyclopedia of how plants, humans, animals, birds, physics, chemicals, mathematics, etc., work, then what rubbish research could you humans have done? And how can you win Nobel prizes for groovy, but elementary discoveries like - *matter is energy*, or *atoms stick together*, or *money cures poverty* or *unnecessary discoveries of the diseases caused by my naughty children like bacteria and viruses*? Hence, you have to thank me for creating lousy jobs as well as exciting jobs.”

“Unnecessary discoveries? Well, Mr. God, do you know the amount of effort our great scientists have put in to discover those medical discoveries? They have helped the creation of wonderful medicines.”

“I know. But if you humans had not polluted and mucked up my earth so much, then you wouldn’t have had a need to discover the 1001 ways in which human diseases are caused or the umpteen kinds of medicines that are required to cure them.”

“Hmm, you are right, Mr. God. You are pretty smart. But it’s a pity that not everyone gets a chance to do an exciting job even for a short time in their lives.”

“Yes, that happens because of the valid reasons I explained before, and also because all human are not equal in our eyes.”

“So, finally you admit all humans are not equal even before gods even though they may be talented?”

“Of course, we openly admit it. Equality doesn’t exist in our divine dictionary. For us gods, no human is equal to another, and un-equals won’t be made equals.”

“But your believers claim everyone is equal in your eyes.”

“Ooh, don’t believe all the beautiful lies of my believers! They are simply blinded by love and respect for me. Most of their grand assumptions and tall claims that I am always a jolly good fellow are wrong. Secondly, my believers don’t want to hear the harsh truth about me because they don’t want their grandiose benevolent illusions of me destroyed. But I can’t treat everyone equally. We gods don’t go by equality, but only by proportionality. That is why we have our own definition of what everyone is basically entitled to, and not what they desire. Hence, I have to manufacture a variety of ordinary to extraordinary models of humans with different physical and mental strengths, personal wealth and also diverse appearances to sustain the earth and cannot make everyone equal. As your cosmic manufacturer, I will dictate which human is fit for which earthly purpose, just like a car manufacturer will decide which model is suited for which purpose like wild terrains, city roads, etc.”

“But we can’t be like you, Mr. God. We strive for equality according to our law and the constitution.”

“Everyone is equal only according to your stupid human laws, but not according to my mighty nature. As the founding fathers of your constitution were mere lawyers an exaggerated importance has been given to many blind laws that contradict nature’s design. Equality is just a noble-sounding rubbish idea good for giving stirring speeches in front of ignorant audiences. But noble intention is different from harsh reality. You cannot make everyone equal on everything. Just because you get a warm fuzzy feeling by shouting or claiming everyone is equal doesn’t mean Mother Nature will agree with you. Rejection of the mediocre and selection of the superior is inherent in nature, and loving everyone and everything is an unnatural act. Treating everyone equally

means elevating the inferior and suppressing the superior. A piece of glass cannot claim the same status as a diamond because it can also sparkle. Anyway, my ways are also similar to the ways humans operate in your mini business worlds. Even you humans find it impossible to make everyone equal and identical. So, stop grumbling about my divine ways.”

“What mini business worlds are you referring to?”

“Mini worlds like companies, shops, and organizations that you humans operate. For example, does every employee earn the same salary right from the janitor to the CEO?”

“No, we can’t pay every employee equally.”

“Do companies give jobs to humans just because they are humans without conducting any interviews?”

“No, we need to look at various strengths and weaknesses before offering jobs.”

“Don’t you have valid reasons for different salaries, perks, dress codes, uniforms, educational qualifications, mental and physical requirements, and different rules and eligibilities for a different set of employees in an office even though all of them are humans and report to the same management?”

“Yes, we have our business reasons for the differences.”

“Or do you buy fruits and vegetables without examining them for defects?”

“No.”

“Similarly, I apply the same rules to earth even though all humans report to the same divine management. I cannot create a world where everyone is equal and everything can be sold for one dollar. This is why communism is such a spectacular failure, comrade.”