

A Monologue About Skyscrapers

by Jowell Tan

Everyday the buildings seem to be getting taller and taller. Like a literal race to the top. Eventually one of these buildings will end up being so tall that it'll poke through the clouds and meet God, almost like if the Earth was the guy in that Michelangelo painting and the building was his finger, almost touching but not quite.

Then we'll put somebody important in the office on the top floor, like maybe the Pope, or the U.N. President, or somebody like that. And everyday he'll get 5 minutes with The Big Man Above (because, y'know, The Man's probably a really busy guy) to ask the big questions we all wanna know the answers to, like "Why do you let wars happen?", or "What is the meaning of life?"

I always think of God as this really overworked person who seriously has no time for your shit, like that colleague of yours who's just rude to everybody and doesn't want to make friends with anybody. And I imagine that someone would ask "How could you let this happen, God?" and He would unleash a tidal wave of fury upon the poor soul.

"Mother Fucker", He would shout, "I didn't 'let' it happen, you fuckers MADE it happen!" And the earth would tremble slightly, and the people on the street would stop and look up, clouds darkening and lighting bolts firing, and think, "Well, someone's in a mood today."

"All I ask", God would say, "Is one day, One Single Fucking Day, where I don't have to hear you fuckers whining, or asking me to fix your shit, or, or whatever else you idiots turn to me for when you run out of ideas. I made all this in just 7 days, okay, and I haven't

stopped working or taken a break since then. I can't just willy-nilly solve every problem or answer every prayer that comes to me - what would be the point?" He would throw a stack of paper from his desk to the floor, landing in a mess in front of the day's representative. "This stack of shit never ends, man, and it's always involving you guys! Here, look - I have to meet the guy running the oceans because he's having problems keeping the ice caps from melting - Which was your fault, by the way - Then I have to head down to Hell because Satan's requesting for more space, which I don't have because I didn't cater for this much evil people, then I still have this other thing and..." His voice would trail off, His mind already fixated on other things.

And the representative would stand there, unsure of what to do, until God notices that he is still there.

"Whatever the question was, I want you to tell them that that the answer is '*It's because you guys are assholes.*' Hopefully that wakes somebody up. Now get out of here."

The representative will walk slowly backwards out of God's office and back down to Earth, where a huge throng of reporters would be waiting for him. And the representative, with nothing of value to present, can only say,

"God has no comment on today's Question."

And everything would be exactly the same way it was before. The people who believe will find reasonings for God's behaviour, the people who don't will say that it's all a sham, and the people who don't give a shit will continue not giving a shit.

And the Earth will rotate, and its finger will still poke through the clouds, and humanity will send representatives to ask questions, and God will simply keep keeping things afloat, without a break.

Day, after day, after Single Fucking Day.

