

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

Many, many years later He created me.

I wonder what the idea was?

Exclusive Interview with God

Few November days are as exceptional as this fifth one was. The reason was by no means the fine, warm weather, which has been known to occur even in mid-autumn; nor was it the elegiac atmosphere induced by rustling leaves under one's feet and bare trees – this is the same every autumn. What made this day so unlike others was the fact that the sky had a hole in it. Looking up, I was able to see it clearly: the blue sky had a circular hole, and it was yellow. A radiant egg yolk yellow. But much more than just see it I was able to feel that Heaven was open. In a sense I felt God to be closer, and here, perhaps, was an opportunity finally to have the conversation with God that I had booked a long time ago and that I had attempted to call in several times. The authorities in charge had not exactly left me hopeful, as connections between Heaven and Earth were faulty and usually interrupted. Now, however, the moment seemed to have come. I heard a clicking sound and then a deep, euphonious voice.

Hullo. This is God. Is that you, my son?

Yes, it's me. Hullo. Can you understand me? I've been told that you would be willing to reply to a few questions I have on my mind.

Oh, yes. We'll see.

Now, to begin with: did you create me for any special reason?

Well, no – not that I know of. I just let things take their course, actually. And then, on and off, I experiment a little. Why do you ask? Aren't you satisfied?

Oh thanks, yes. Up to a point. But regarding the world as a whole, I don't really know. Why did you create it?

Because it was fun. I just like to experiment. Wanted to entertain myself.

But the problems! All those problems ...

Oh, tosh! God's voice almost sounded offended. Don't you go reproaching me. I've always said it and I'm saying it again: something doesn't become a problem unless you make it a problem.

His voice had become louder and I was a little cowed, so I paused a few moments before asking the next question: My dear Mr God! If I were allowed to transmit one sentence from you to humanity, the most important, the most comprehensive sentence: what would it be?

Well, well, I don't like to say this. But sooner or later, I suppose, you'd be bound to find out anyway:

In the final analysis everything is just a game.

I was struggling for words: Do you mean to say that everything, the whole world, is just your toy? There's nothing serious about it? There's no overarching purpose?

What on earth are you getting worked up about? Game – seriousness. What do you want with that? What do you know about games? I set *it* going, I gave directions over the whole scene ...

The laws of nature?

If you will. Now the whole thing is running by itself and I find it quite entertaining.

And you don't interfere?

What for? Creating it was trying enough. Now I want to be an amused spectator. Of course, from time to time one experiments a little ...

Again my interest in science came through, and I asked: And all this – game, as you call it, this game that proceeds unhindered and develops countless different facets, and that fascinates and amuses you so much – isn't that all to do with uncertainty?

Oh, to Hell with your scientese! It just drives me totally crazy! But let's call it that – you probably won't get it if we don't – so here goes: it's not the game for the sake of uncertainty, but uncertainty is necessary for the sake of the game. All right?

I'm just a little confused at the moment – isn't that the same?

No. But it doesn't matter. Perhaps you could tell me something for a change: what do you do it for – this science?

Oh my God! Humankind always wants to know what is behind things. And since you so rarely show yourself, as great God, the beginning of everything, there are the scientists, as little gods, in a sense, pretending to others they know when, where and why things are the way they are.

Hum. I don't like that one bit.

But it's all because you don't show yourself. If you, as the only deity, as the Church says

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Nonsense! I know what I'm doing and not doing.

All of a sudden I noticed that the circular, egg yolk yellow hole was beginning to darken.

Mr God, I called out, please wait. I wanted to ask you a few questions about the Church.

Mr God! Mr God!

With an awful thundering bang the hole in the sky fell shut. But much more than just see it I was able to feel that Heaven was closed.

Oh my God, He's rung up.

When somebody wants to write, he writes ...