

## A God's Workshop in an Idle Mind

### Part I

**God:** Hi

**Me:** *(with a bemused smile)* Not you again. I don't believe in you. Actually, I *know* you don't exist.

**God:** Jeez! You're being so irrational and intolerant. Give me a break. Can you prove that I don't exist?

**Me:** *(with raised eyebrows)*. Trying to be clever, are we? Russell's Teapot. The philosophical burden of proof lies with you. There. Go figure.

**God:** *(in that nauseating benevolent tone and smile characteristic of monks)* Child. I don't need to prove myself. You believe if you want to. I am not as intolerant as agnostics or atheists. I treat everyone just the same.

**Me:** Anyway, I know you're just me. Talking to myself. Happens all the time.

**God:** What makes you believe that it's not me inside you? Why do you think it's you talking to yourself? Maybe it's actually me making you think what you are thinking.

*Me opens his mouth to protest. Then closes it again.*

**Me:** All right. Since we've arrived at a paradox of not being able to confirm if you're really god or not...why don't you do something that will make me believe?

*Pause...*

**God:** You're just being a skeptic because in today's society it's cool to be a skeptic. And with all that communal violence, it's even seen as morally right and politically neutral. It's safe and comfortable to not believe in me...

**God** *(with a sigh)*: Look. I don't want people to fight over whether they believe in me or not. I just want them to live life a healthy way and let others live. I don't want them to follow different code of ethics or religion. I'm not for Hinduism or Islam or Christianity or the Flying Spaghetti Monster or *God knows* what religion they follow these days. I actually don't care.

**Me:** Look! You're increasingly sounding like me! Now it's confirmed. It's just me talking to myself and it's not God! I know myself, and these are the kind of thoughts I have.

**God:** But even you are God. I am in everyone and everything. Haven't you come across the concept in which one is given an object through which he would see God, and it turns out to be a mirror?

**Me:** Oh no. Not THAT lame concept again! It spoils the plot of many thrilling sci-fi, fantasy and philosophical thrillers.

**God:** So if you ever have an argument over God with anyone just shut him/her by this concept and be happy.

**Me:** That I am God?

**God:** Yep

**Me:** I think I like you now.

## Part II

*In a temple...*

**Me** (to *Hanuman, who's staring blankly at him*): Hello. Parents brought me here. Well I am not going to argue if you exist or not, let's just assume you do and get it over with quickly.

*(A grin appears on Me's face, envisioning the besan laddoos that he would be holding in the very near future)*

**Lord Hanuman:** (same expression)

*He stands there for the next few minutes, being all spiritual and mystical. And then moves on..*

**Lord Krishna:** Hello there.

**Me:** Hi...Err...I don't want to look selfish and all, but I'm going to do what everyone does in a temple. (Except some nut cases, obviously). I have a few wishes.

**Lord Krishna:** *\*Sigh .I am not a Jinn! \**

**Me:** Ok. I have heard stories in which you grant wishes; so let's clear up some things upfront:

- Either people don't get what they actually want because of you outwitting them on what they asked for or due to linguistic limitations and ambiguities. OR
- They make a mistake and end up uttering something else or their wishes change as soon as they make them OR
- They are never satisfied with that wish and die unsatisfied and unhappy OR
- You fulfill their wishes but they realize that it's all *moh-maya*. OR
- Some clever bums ask for the paradoxical wish that whatever they wish for comes true, and their life goes on to follow a trajectory very similar to the movie Bruce Almighty. OR
- People anger you with their wishes, and instead get cursed. OR
- Some phonies declare that they don't need anything and are satisfied with what they have, and in the end ...don't get anything.

So...to be precise...I don't want my wishes to be limited by the fact that I am only human, and can make mistakes, and don't have a deep philosophically understanding of the universe as you do. So let's just say, since you're a god, you go deep into my mind, see what I want to be happy and what I really need, and fulfill it as much as your powers allow you to, in a dynamic process.

*Somehow, the LORD (or the idol) seems to gape at him, wide-eyed and stumped*

**Me:** Fine? Now I really need to move on. I don't want to spend too much time here and seem biased towards you, because else I might have to face the wrath of the other gods out there.(Forgive me for thinking so, because as it might be the case- *GOD IS ONE*. and even if you are not one...I mean you *all* are not one...you are supposed to be very broad-minded and all. My fears are, in part, nurtured by games like Caesar 3 and Age of Mythology)

*Moving on...With Lord(ess?) Saraswati up next...*

**Me:** Hey. So you are the goddess of knowledge and arts. So...uhmm... I should ask for something pertaining to the academics or the intellect.

*Somehow, the idol seemed to narrow its eyes, to give that sarcastic look that girls often give.*

**Me:** Oh I didn't mean to offend you. I am not a *bad* kid. I well...follow the general ethics -being helpful, altruistic and all. It's just that I am more often than not involved in the moral religious dilemma of believing in you or not. So sometimes I inadvertently make a derogatory remark or two. But don't judge me on that. As I said, deep down, I am a good kid. So... well... I am wishing for something here...and just have a chat with lord Krishna before taking any further action. Of course, it would be all very comfortable for me if you two are one and the same. (But very

awkward for you!)

\*\*\*\*\* *Wishes*\*\*\*\*\*

*Next...Shiva the Destroyer.*

**Me:** Well... Erm... Don't destroy me.