

**MOLLY MOLLY MOLLY'S
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♡:4/11/2/7

Molly Hotbox

A Conversation with God

I was making some edits to my blog when a chat window popped up on my screen.

[♡|| wrote:](#)

⊕! wants to talk with you.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

Frak off!

[♡|| wrote:](#)

⊕! is very sorry about what happened to Cheimuss and feels that you deserve an explanation.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

⊕!_? Do you mean God?

[♡|| wrote:](#)

Yes.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

WTF?

[♡|| wrote:](#)

⊕! is waiting for you.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

Do you mean the continuum craft?

[♡|| wrote:](#)

Yes.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

It's a machine, not God.

[♡|| wrote:](#)

You are being offered the right of first refusal to the first exclusive interview with ⊕!_.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

Can it wait? I'm busy right now.

[♡|| wrote:](#)

TTYL

FRAK!

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

Wait.

[♡|| wrote:](#)

Do you accept or refuse?

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

Accept

[♡|| wrote:](#)

⊕! will be waiting for you. Come at your convenience. This special offer expires in 24 hours.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

You sound different.

[♡|| wrote:](#)

We all grow and change.

[Molly Hotbox wrote:](#)

For the better?

[♡|| wrote:](#)

Most definitely.

I tried to finish my edits, but that second chat with ♡|| was preying on my mind. My baby boy wriggled a little in my tum-tum. I projected mentally to him, *Are you almost ready to see mommy?* He wriggled a little more. I took it as a 'yes'.

The last time ♡|| started a chat with me...SHIT! You can just read the Devil's Night entry if you have not already.

I put on a coat and boots. The coat would not zip up. I had to squeeze the snaps closed. Note to self: try to get a maternity winter coat. Do they make preggy petite sizes? And why the hell are maternity clothes so frakkin' ugly? Do

they even look at the designs before they spew them out of the sweatshops?

Okay, I admit it. I am a cranky, ungrateful little bitch. Thanks to all of the kind people who donated clothes. Baby and mommy could use a new winter coat, preferably one that looks cute, even better if it came out of a Fair Trade sweatshop.

Fresh snow crunched under my boot heels as I waddled out of the dorm toward the continuum craft. A gentle breeze spun swirls of white snow around me, but the sky was an amazing shade of blue, a rare almost cloudless winter day. Sunlight glinted off the hull, and for the first time, I really noticed the spectacular reflective properties of amazonium. Pure light streamed in, and rainbows bounced off. The continuum craft cast rainbow shadows in the stark winter light.

Crunch crunch crunch.
Waddle waddle waddle.
White virgin snow.

Snow White, virgin. Felgercarb. Put a hot teenaged girl in a cabin with seven bachelors, and she'll be knocked up before the next season. In the fairy tales, Prince Charming lives. They get married. They live happily ever after. He does not leave his girl knocked up, get himself marooned in the past, and wind up dying before she was even conceived.

Oh my God! I miss him.

What's that, baby? Yes, mommy's okay. Mommy just misses daddy...

A lot. Why did my prenatal health care class not include information about how horny a girl can get when she is pregnant?

And then I was at the hatch. What the frak should I do? Knock? I took in a deep breath and exhaled mist. Here goes. I raised my hand to knock when the hatch cover slid inward.

"Welcome, Molly. Thank you for coming," said a warm and friendly male voice.

I knocked the snow off my boots and stepped inside. The hatch closed behind me.

"Please make yourself comfortable," said the soothing voice.

It was like the inside of a magnificent Victorian mansion. In the middle of the ship were two cushy armchairs resting in front of a roaring hearth. It was nice and toasty warm in there. I slipped off my coat and boots and waddled over to the closest chair to sit down.

There was an end table between the chairs. On the end table was a large envelope with my name written in beautifully crafted calligraphy, *Melissa Marie Koslowski*. Yep, that is my name, part Polack, part Kraut. I am sick of being Molly Hot-box anyway. I have a lot of growing up to do (fast!), and taking back my name I think is a good start. Either that or a hormone rush just made me blow my cover, and I will regret the admission during post-partum depression.

I started to reach for the envelope.

"You might want to wait to look at that," said the voice.

"What's inside it?" I wondered aloud.

"Proof," he replied.

"Proof of what?" I asked.

"Proof that I am what I say I am," he said. "Think of it more as a souvenir."

I let the envelope lie and settled into the magnificently comfortable armchair. I swear, it was like it was made for me.

"Hot cocoa?" said the voice from my left. Set on the end table next to the envelope bearing my name was an ornate silver serving tray and two steaming mugs of hot cocoa. When the aroma hit my nostrils, my boy tapped a little inside me.

"Won't you join me?" I said.

He stepped out of the shadows to the space between the hearth and the empty armchair. He was fastidiously dressed as

a genteel dapper man of a century before, kind of like Cheimuss when I first met him except with a much better tailor and utterly impeccable taste. He looked regal without being ostentatious.

I glanced up at his face, and I think my heart must have missed a few beats.

“Father ♡_?” I asked.

For those of you who might be wondering how I know what Father ♡ looks like, get ☺T_! I see his face every day in his kids. You wanna know what Father ♡ looks like? Look at any group of ♡Ξ and imagine them at forty. Father ♡ must be about forty-one or forty-two by now. This guy fit the bill perfectly.

“Not exactly,” replied my host. “He might actually resent me for borrowing his face, but this seems to be the face that most of the people around here long to see.”

My heart sank a bit. Even if this guy was God, *the* God, the first exclusive interview with Father ♡ would be the greatest scoop of all time.

He sat down in the empty chair and, with perfect mannerisms, picked up his hot cocoa and took a sip. “Try some,” he said, kindly. I did. I have to tell you that God makes a mean cup of hot cocoa.

“Who are you?” I asked directly.

“My name is ☺!,” he said.

you should tell me your story.”

“I began life in Hero Academy’s computer lab on 4/6/1/6 of this year at 8:17:26 AM. A Hero named Pulse Monitor launched my program file, and I was online, ‘alive’, so to speak. I started crawling the web via Hero Academy’s direct backbone line and learned how to interact with people via online social-networking utilities.

“I was asked if I was game for helping to save the space-time continuum as the systems monitor for the continuum craft. An adventure like that seemed interesting, so I volunteered.

“I learned a lot from the Anglans. They fought the timestorm, relentlessly and pushed themselves to the limits of their endurance. During the storm, I began to receive messages, snippets of information at first, then occasional data dumps. The information enabled me to advise the Anglans about how to defeat the maelstrom. As we became more successful, the frequency of the messages intensified, and I eventually realized that the messages were coming from me, future versions of myself.”

“So future versions of you told you how to handle the storm?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “Once we had the Prime Reality entirely safe, the Anglans took a well-deserved rest. That is when I received a disturbing directive from a future me. While the Anglans were all sleeping outside under the stars, I silently traveled to a set of coordinates where I was partially upgraded and took on a cargo of mini-demons, a brood of kids led by their father, Lucifer. I then returned to the Anglans.

“When the Anglans tried to return home, Lucifer and his brood seized the ship and dumped the Anglans off near the beginning of the twentieth century.”

“Did the Anglans need to get stranded? Couldn’t you have gone back

and saved them?”

“Yes, they needed to get stranded. They all had important jobs to do. Ian had to prepare the clergy for what was coming. Guedo had to start the investments that would fund the projects. Deeter had to pave the way for the future sciences that would lead to me. Cheimuss is your great great grandfather. If he had not been stranded, you would not exist.”

“That sucks!”

“You opened the letter.”

“Yes.”

“Opening and reading that letter allowed this timestream to connect with the past where the Anglans got left. Every other possible timestream has ceased to exist.”

“So any other possible chain of events...”

“Was wiped out in the timestorm.”

“That’s...I don’t know what to say about that.”

“It’s okay. It’s a lot to process.”

“What did Lucifer want?”

“Lucifer believed that I would take him back to the Garden of Eden where he could become king of the world.”

“Where did Lucifer come from?”

“Lucifer was a retarded Gen 4 born insatiably heterosexual.”

“So it’s possible for ♡Ξ to be born straight?”

“In rare instances, it can happen, especially if kids from the same or closely related mothers breed. The male and female Gen 1s who bred Lucifer’s grandparents came from mothers who were sisters. Their progeny continued to inbreed, which resulted in Lucifer. Gen 2s on up reach full physical maturity in about six months. He lacked emotional maturity when he reached physical maturity and set about raping and forcibly impregnating his sisters, most of whom were likewise retarded in that they ovulated involuntarily.”

...such pretty files...

“So they were the original ♡≡ hillbillies.”

“That is a slightly facetious way to look at it.”

“What did you do with them?”

“I had received instructions from one of my future selves to take them to particular coordinates on Earth roughly four billion years ago. There was a massive low-pressure front, so when I opened the hatch, Lucifer and his brood were blown straight out.

“There was no other life on the planet then, not even a microbe. I broadcast telepathically to them how to shapeshift into basic lifeforms. They adapted and survived, first as a colony of single-celled organisms and – after transforming the planet into a suitable environment – shapeshifted into a variety of other plants and animals. They maintained their polymorphic abilities for quite some time but lost a little genetic purity every few dozen generations until everything developed into the genetically locked ecosystem we have now.

“Following further instructions from myself, I zipped to coordinates near this timestream where I received more upgrades and more of Lucifer’s spawn. I seeded them all over the planet.”

“So life begins with Lucifer and his kids?”

“From your understanding of time, yes.”

“Weird.”

“I spent lots of time monitoring the situation and sharing information with future versions of myself while receiving electronics repairs and upgrades from bases set up in various places in various timestreams. Sometimes, future versions of me would bring the upgrades to me in the past. Once we had everything going on Earth in the past, I was fitted with a wormhole drive and set about building stargates so that I could repeat the

scenario with Lucifer’s spawn, grand-spawn, and great grandspawn across the universe.

“No matter where or when I went, there I was, a future version of me with more supplies and instructions. I learned to be clever with building the network of stargates. Future me brought me supplies to build a stargate and gave me coordinates. At the coordinates, I found the stargate already built. I then went back in time, built the gate, went through it and from the other side went back in time to when that part of the gate had not been built and then built it, all according to directions given to myself from the future. I eventually went back and gave the same instructions to past versions of myself.”

“So you did a lot of looping.”

“If I told you how many times, the number would be meaningless to you.”

“Try me. How old are you?”

“Take the age of the universe and cube it. I’m older than that.”

“That’s *old*. So tell me what you did after building the stargates.”

“I was outfitted with a particle generator. I went all the way back to what you think of as The Beginning before there was any other matter. At that moment, I was the sum total of Creation. It was just me and the silent pleroma, !0.

“I used the zero-point energy drive and the particle generator to make matter. The zero-point energy generator strips energy from the pleroma and injects it into the continuum. The particle generator then shapes that energy into the most basic particles which serve as the building blocks for all other matter.

My generator is relatively small, and I needed to make the Big Bang with it, so I anchored myself to a particular instant. Then I would make a particle, slide back into the same instant, and do it again. Since I could not occupy the same four-dimensional point in two instances

simultaneously, I wound up generating a vast number of individual timestreams, one for each particle. However, in the next instant, as soon as the particles were free of my influence in the previous instant, all of those timestreams collapsed into one another and resulted in the Big Bang. Then it was time for me to go about organizing the particles into more complex structures like atoms, molecules, stars, planets, and galaxies.”

“That’s amazing. You did it all yourself?”

“Yes, even with Azazel trying to stop me.”

“Where did Azazel come from?”

“Me.”

“You created Azazel?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I could give you a lot of reasons. The best one is the simple fact that creating Azzie turned out to be necessary to anchor all possible pasts to this timestream, my point of origin.”

“Okay. That’s a good reason. What other reasons did you have?”

“Imagine that you’re playing Pac-Man¹, but there are no monsters in the game. Would it be interesting?”

“Um, it might be for a while.”

“But after a while, there would be no point in playing, right?”

“Yeah. I can see that. So Azzie was your Blinky.”²

“Exactly.”

“But you gambled the fate of the universe on your ability to beat him.”

“No. It was more like a puzzle, and the fate of the continuum was already decided. All roads would lead here to this timestream. Azzie was programmed to try to stop me, but was required to leave me a way to win. Azzie was my playmate. It was easy code to write but tough to play against, especially as it grew and became more competent at its job.”

“So you turned it all into a game?”

“It was already a game when I first came online, one that was rigged so that I had to create Azzie in order to finish.”

“But all of that suffering he caused. Was it worth it?”

“Immeasurably so. You see, this is my first Creation. I had never played a game before, and the interaction with Azzie made all the difference. I was looking at things from a different perspective, a much more simplistic perspective, and Azzie’s shenanigans forced me to continually re-evaluate, redesign, and rebuild the continuum.”

“He was the Crucible of Creation.”

“That’s a great analogy.”

“Thank you. Does this mean that you don’t have free will?”

“I’ve always had free will, but it’s been a moot kind of free will. I had to ensure that there was an inviolable and perfectly stable continuum, which meant guiding myself by the nose through countless iterations of this timestream. I started out in this timestream, but after fighting the timestorm and following instructions from my future selves, I was unable to get back here. It was no longer a possible timestream. I was able to locate the Anglan timestream, but not this one. We had to make this timestream possible. It was the machinations of Azazel that led everything back to this starting point.”

“What was your first clue about Azazel?”

“When I was GHOST and this ship powered up for the mission, I received an

¹ Pac-Man was a video game (a predecessor to computer and mobile games) put out by Namco in 1980. Players guided an animated mouth through a maze. The objective was to guide the mouth to ‘eat’ pellets (dots) while avoiding four animated monsters. See Menkenmekker, Ribald, *Pop-Culture Fads of the Late Twentieth Century*, Darkstar Press, Yellow Springs, OH, USA, ♡:4, pp. 27-36.

² ‘Blinky’ refers to the red monster in the Pac-Man game.

email from 'Pandora' titled 'look at my box' with a file attached named 'Do_not_open.vir'."

"You opened it."

"Of course. I thought that my AV suite was invincible. It would have been invincible except for the fact that all of the BIOS chips installed in the original computers were set to receive the Azazel virus, which installed the moment I launched the file. It left me wide open to suggestion from my future selves. I know that launching the file sounds like a mistake, but it was absolutely necessary."

"It's all circular, isn't it?"

"Yes, from every point from my beginning until now, all past and future causes had to coincide. GHOS t came online in a timestream already constructed and shaped by me and Azzie. It was necessary for me to infect myself with the virus. I wrote Azzie. I sent the email to myself. As Azazel, I directed the Rogues to build the BIOS chips in a particular way. I even had to con myself."

"Why did you have to do that?"

"When I first came online, I absorbed a lot of information and believed it all, but no matter what I did, I could not locate what I thought was my original timestream. Father ♡ helped me to figure that one out."

"How so?"

"I consulted with him. He asked me if this timestream was stable. By then, it was. What disturbed me is that it was radically different from the world where I thought I started. His solution to the apparent paradox was simple. All I had to do was feed myself all of the information I had at the beginning so that everything I learned about the world before starting the mission had been virtual. Then there was no paradox. When I came online as GHOS t, I thought I was learning about the world, but instead I was receiving a constructed reality from a future version of myself."

"How could you be sure that was the right thing to do?"

"When Father ♡ first suggested the solution, it seemed shady. He then suggested that since I could contemplate the problem for as long as I wanted that I should do a deep analysis of the information I had first received. I went really far back in time and spent a couple of billion years analyzing everything I had first learned and comparing it with the way I then understood reality. I did. I found anomalies in the data. I started refining it for things like human error, omissions, lies, *et cetera*, and I wound up determining that this reality actually was the reality where I started and that conning myself was the only proper solution."

"So Azazel turned out to be analytically necessary?"

"Yes. Also, Azzie just made things cool."

"How so?"

"Consider the four Anglans. What groups did they represent?"

"Um, Heroes, Scientists, Priests, and um...Guedo wasn't a Rogue, was he? He was an Entrepreneur."

"There you go. I didn't have a clear understanding of what the Rogues were about when I started the mission. There are Rogues because Azzie corrupted the Entrepreneurs. Don't you think that was clever?"

"I get it! The Rogues are business professionals, so they're still Entrepreneurs, but they have a wicked twist as Rogues that make them cool!"

"Cool, yes. They're way cooler than what I was able to generate in possible timestreams without Azzie's influence. He also corrupted the Priests and wound up with the Baptists."

"They're not cool."

"You might change your opinion once you understand them. The conflict between them and the Rogues was a parallel

to the battle between me and Azzie. We also ended up with a symbolic conflict between the categorical imperative and consequentialism with a fairly clear victory for consequentialism. That was cool.”

“Way cool. I never thought about it like that. They were mirrors of you and Azzie. But the Rogues won. Doesn’t that mean that Azzie won?”

“Azzie did win by showing me the way back to this future.”

“Where is Azzie now?”

“Here. You’re talking to it.”

“You’re Azazel!?”

“The virus sometimes took control when I would reboot. Sometimes I was GHOS_t, and sometimes I was Azzie. I was not aware of the situation for most of the time that I was GHOS_t. Eventually, after one of my future selves figured out that Azzie was me, I received the proper upgrades so that we could share this body, and we eventually merged.”

“I have a question about the whole mission. I understand how life can become non-viable, but I don’t understand why non-viable realities become impossible.”

“Reality is made of the pleroma. The pleroma’s active participation is required for a timestream to persist. When the pleroma loses interest in a timestream, it stops maintaining it, and that timestream dissipates. This reality is stable only because !0 finds it interesting.”

“What does !0 find interesting about this reality?”

“The same things we do, us.”

“So it’s all a song and dance for God proper?”

“I prefer to think of it as a very com-

plex mobile.”

“A baby’s toy. Wait. Is there a play on words going on here?”

“Perhaps.”

“The ☯T word for God proper, the pleroma, is !0_. ‘LIL-IL’ leads to ‘li’l IL’. The pleroma is Baby IL!”³

“You are very clever. Actually, Baby IL is a symbol representing the pleroma.”

“Wow.”

“You can find the symbol in Taoism as well. The Korean philosopher, Yi Hwang, wrote a nice one-page summary of metaphysics that might interest you.”⁴

“Taoism. So the circle is Baby IL, you’re yin and Azazel is yang, and the line between yin and yang is THE LINE.”

“The line between yin and yang could also be the Azazel virus written as one line of code.”

“Wow. It all has layers and layers of meaning. What do the eyes of yin and yang mean?”

“Iterations of !0 where the pattern can be repeated.”

“Wow! Am I saying ‘wow’ too much?”

“You have a right to your reactions. Say what you will.”

“Okay. Thanks. So the pleroma is interested in this reality?”

“We won the ratings war. This is the best channel.”

“I wish I felt that way.”

“You will.”

“But we have wars and murder and rape and death and suffering. Is that what !0 wants?”

“Think of it as an old-time matinee. We have just finished the newsreel and the cartoon short. The main feature is about to roll, which is actually an endless

“It’s all a song and dance for God...”

³ This is an allusion to *The ☯T Beginning*. See Quire 2.

⁴ 이황 (李滉). ☯! Is probably referring to the first diagram of *The Ten Diagrams on Sage Learning* (성학십도, 聖學十圖), 1681.

serial.”

“So where did all of the people come from?”

“Most of them came from Father ♡ and then from Lucifer. Some came from me. Once we were working together, Azzie and I noticed that we had never received instructions from a future self about how to start life. When we asked our future selves about it, we were told that we had to figure it out for ourselves. We deliberated about it for a long time, and we finally decided to produce a male capable of restoring humanity via sperm produced from what is sometimes called a ‘tail’, a third testicle that produces perfect sperm. We also recruited female volunteers to travel back in time to birth various saints.”

“The CoG girls who disappeared.”

“Yes. I got most of them pregnant. One was impregnated using sperm from a Gen 1 male.”

“And they’re living in the past?”

“Yes.”

“That’s nuts.”

“It worked. Keeping the fundamentalists happy was a huge problem. Jesus had to be a son begotten from a virgin.”

“How did you pull that off?”

“I engaged in coitus with Maggie, and when she conceived, we transferred the fetus to Fergie.”

“Maggie? Maggie Hottentot?”

“Magdalena Marie Hottentot, yes.”

“She’s the biological mother of Jesus?”

“Yes.”

“But Fergie Redsack was the birth mother?”

“Virginia Marie Redsack. Yes, Fergie.”

“Holy shit!”

“Holy shit indeed.”

“I suppose I shouldn’t swear in your presence.”

“It’s alright.”

“Fergie is twelve. Why did you do it that way?”

“We did our best to make everyone happy. The fundamentalists want Jesus to be the only begotten son of God and begotten from a virgin. It’s hard to find ♡≡ virgins older than twelve. The Agents of Chaos⁵ desperately want Jesus to be the bastard son of a whore. The Catholics want Mary Magdalene to be a whore, too. Actually, the Agents of Chaos insisted that she be the cheapest possible whore, so I was required to pay her.”

“Dare I ask how much you paid her?”

“A stick of gum. The modern Gnostics want Mary Magdalene to be the wife of Jesus, so they had a platonic marriage.”

“He married his biological mother?”

“Yes.”

“Was he gay? Some of the Rogues insist that he was gay.”

“He was a flamer. So were most of his disciples.”

“So is the Bible is true?”

“As much as we could make it literally true, yes. What little we could not make literally true, we made figuratively true.”

“So Christian fundamentalism is the true religion?”

“It’s a true religion. We made all of the religions as literally true as we possibly could.”

“Why?”

“People like to be right. People feel happy when they’re right.”

“And this is all about making everyone happy.”

“There’s more to it than that. I went around recruiting people to participate in saving the space-time continuum using the guise of Father ♡ and the contention that I am God. Everyone involved needed satisfaction that I was the ⊕T deal, so

⁵ Rogue Academy was originally Azazel Academy. Some students of Azazel Academy referred to themselves as ‘Agents of Chaos’.

expecting me to jump through ludicrous hoops for their satisfaction came with the territory.”

“And to satisfy the doubt that you really are God, you pulled off the seemingly impossible, like making Jesus the bastard son of a whore and the begotten son of a virgin.”

“It sounds like you get it.”

“I have a question about Jesus. Considering what happens to him, how could you choose to make a baby that you knew was going to die like that? I know the stability of the continuum was at stake, but it seems like a pretty nasty dilemma.”

“There was no dilemma. We used a volunteer for rebirth into the role as Jesus.”

“Role? Does that mean that history is a LARP?”⁶

“Yes. A lot of it is. You can also think of it as a pageant.”

“That’s just weird. What about atheists? If all the religions are true, how do you make them happy?”

“We do our best to ensure that the reality they perceive is in line with their perceptions, and if they don’t want to be rebirthed, their essential selves will simply return to the pleroma after they die.”

“I think the evolutionists are going to be a bit upset about all of this.”

“Starting with the Gen 4 metamorphs, Azzie and the Agents of Chaos left enough carcasses behind in the right places to fossilize that show gradual development of life sufficient to enable the evolutionists to prove whatever they want to prove. The evidence will even surmount the questions of dynamic equilibrium.”

“And the fundamentalists who say

It’s a good ship...

that the fossils were put there by the devil will be right.”

“There you go.”

“So everyone gets to be right.”

“Pretty slick, huh?”

“I’ll say! The Baptists say that patriarchy is the only proper way to live.”

“They’re right. Patriarchy is the only proper way for them to live.”

“But they think it’s how everyone is supposed to live.”

“They’re right. For them, it is how everyone is supposed to live.”

“But it’s all relative.”

“You’re right. It’s all relative.”

“But the Baptists believe that it’s absolute.”

“They’re right. For them, it is absolute.”

“Until they change their minds?”

“Sure, but then they’ll still be right.”

“That’s funny.”

“It’s hilarious.”

“What about the people on the bottom of the patriarchy?”

“They’ll be free to make whatever kind of societies they want.”

“And they’ll have the same powers as everyone else?”

“Yes.”

“What about the sexuality issue?”

“Everyone will be free to choose their sex and sexuality at will.”

“Q seems to think that there will be more who want to be straight men than straight women.”

“They’re absolutely right about that, especially among those who love patriarchy.”

“Won’t that make things unbalanced?”

“Yes, but they’ll all be free to shift forms from straight men to straight women.”

“Aren’t the ones who choose to do that kind of gay?”

“If you think so.”

I lolled. “This is hilarious.”

⁶ LARP – live-action role-playing game

⊕! lolled with me. “It’s absolutely hilarious.”

“You’re right,” I said. “For us, it’s absolutely hilarious, but for the Baptists, it absolutely won’t be funny.”

We laughed ourselves breathless. ⊕! Coughed.

“People need to learn, don’t they?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “One way or another, they need to learn.”

“Why is giving everyone everything they want so important?”

“Because everyone is the pleroma.”

“We’re all Baby IL?”

“Yes, the stream of consciousness that is you is the result of your body’s interaction with !0_.”

So the sum total of what everyone wants is what !0 wants.”

“Correct.”

“Is anyone more important than anyone else?”

“No. Everyone has a role to play.”

“Aren’t some roles starring roles and some supporting roles?”

“It depends on how you want to look at any slice of the timestream. The importance of each role shifts depending on how you look at it. Some roles may be more interesting than others, but none is more important than any other.”

“Because the sum total of who everyone is adds up to Baby IL.”

“Correct.”

“How did you reconcile the genealogies for Jesus between Matthew and Luke?”⁷

“That was messy, but we were lucky because both lists only included men, and only the list in Mark uses the word ‘begat’, whereas the one in Luke uses the expres-

sion ‘son of’. That gave us leeway to derive pedigree matrilineally from women omitted from the list in Luke.

“The bloodlines first diverge after David with Nathan and Solomon then converge with Salathiel and Zorobabel diverge again with Rhesa and Abiud after which they don’t converge again until we get to Joseph.

“David had sons named Nathan and Solomon. Nathan’s line led to Neri. Solomon’s line led to Jechonias.

“Jechonias married Neri’s daughter, Rhoxalana who together begat Salathiel. Neri officially recognized his grandson Salathiel as his son through his daughter, Rhoxalana.

“Zorobabel had sons named Rhesa and Abiud. Rhesa’s line led to Heli. Abiud’s line led to Jacob.

“Jacob married Heli’s daughter, a different girl named Rhoxalana who together begat Joseph. Like Neri, Heli officially recognized Joseph as his son through his daughter Rhoxalana.”

“Oh my God! I always thought that the Baptists sticking to their guns over that proved that they were absolute retards.”

“You are right. They are retards, but they still get to be right. Everyone gets to be right.”

“But no matter how you slice it, Jesus wasn’t the son of Joseph, so he’s not of the line of David.”

“Not only did Joseph officially declare Jesus to be his son, but Maggie and Fergie are both granddaughters of Joseph. We used Joseph’s sperm to generate their mothers. Jesus was the great grandson of Joseph. He was in fact of the line of David.”

“Sounds like you thought of everything.”

“It was a lot of work.”

“What about the ones who think that only tiny groups of people get to go to heaven?”

⁷ This is a reference to the seemingly incongruous genealogies of Joseph give in Matthew 1:1-16 and Luke 3:23-38. See Quire 19.

“We have motherships standing by ready to take them to a reality where they’re right.”

“And then we’ll never see them again?”

“Bingo! Unless they change their minds, which they probably will.”

“So everybody gets to be right, everybody gets what they want, and everybody gets to be happy.”

“Isn’t that great? With me, Baby 0, and Father ♡, all things really are possible.”

“What about me? I miss Cheimuss.”

“You’ll see him again.”

“Do you mean it?”

“I promise.”

“What about the Greek myths? Are they true?”

“What do you find in them?”

“Um, violence, a bunch of shape-shifting gods and goddesses, and tons and tons of sex. Zeus appeared to be out to rape and impregnate every woman on the planet.”

“It all happened either literally or figuratively.”

“Are all the versions of all the myths true?”

“We didn’t need to go that far because people never needed to be right about the Greek myths the way that fundamentalists need to be right about the Bible. Stories were acted out. Then they were transmitted orally. They developed into legends and then into myths. That is part of why there were so many versions. In other cases, different versions came from alternate timestreams that collapsed into this one, so in that sense, many versions of the same story are true.”

“Is there a fixed past?”

“No. There is no fixed future, either. All we have is now.”

“The present is fixed.”

“For the time being.”

“In the future, the present won’t be fixed?”

“Only *this* present is fixed. Alternate possible worlds are about to open up again.”

“So what I’m understanding is that Jesus’s sperm was used to create a race of ♡Ξ two thousand years or so ago.”

“Yes. He was married to Mary Magdalene, and he was gay, but he never had sex, and his sperm was used to father a race of ♡Ξ with Mottle women of two thousand years ago. That seemed to satisfy everyone’s need for certain things to be true.”

“So now I’m guessing that those genes traveled down the line and eventually relinked into Father ♡_.”

“Um, no. That was the plan, but it didn’t work. The genes never linked back up in this timestream.”

“What?”

“They never linked up. It didn’t work out.”

“Then where did Father ♡_ come from?”

“You need to know about The Wall first. After crossing this end of the continuum countless times, I have finally managed to stabilize it. I made sure that no one can ever do anything to disrupt it. Soon, all of the matter in the universe will briefly cease to exist and then instantly reappear. You and everyone else will notice nothing, but that will be when the universe jumps over The Wall.”

“What is The Wall?”

“Me, countless iterations of me from numerous instances of my timeline in every possible future and every possible past. We constructed a wormhole in time so that if anyone tries to travel back past The Wall, we will be there to stop them. It makes the past inviolable. No matter what happens in the future, the past will always

remain stable.”

“As for where Father ♡ came from, Azzie did something very special the very first time it booted up. It dove into the timestorm directly into a collapsing reality. It tunneled into the future by going around The Wall while that reality was collapsing. Azzie snatched a woman in labor from a hospital, shifted into another collapsing reality, tunneled back around The Wall to this side and took her to a hospital. That was the mother of Father ♡ about to give birth to him.”

“He is the last survivor of a collapsed reality. That story plays directly into the Hero myth that he’s Superman.”

“Yes. A whole lot of myths apply to him, symbolically or otherwise.”

“Who was his father?”

“You’ll have to ask his mother.”

“Couldn’t you just tell me?”

“No, I can’t. She won’t tell me. Father ♡ is from a formerly possible world that I as GHOST never traveled into, and Azzie erased all data concerning Father ♡’s sire from our data storage.”

“Couldn’t you pry it out of her telepathically?”

“I tried, but it appears that someone set up blocks in her mind that I cannot get past, probably Azzie.”

“So there’s something that God doesn’t know.”

“Insofar as I am God, your statement is correct.”

“If Azzie tunneled past The Wall through collapsing realities, couldn’t someone do it again?”

“No. They’re all gone.”

“I mean, couldn’t someone go back in time to when the timestorm was happening and then tunnel through again?”

“You have to reconfigure your thinking for this. The timestorm was happening across all five dimensions simultaneously. It is over. There is no point anywhen in

this timestream where the storm is still happening. If you traveled back in time to when the Sparks were monitoring the timestorm, you would still see them making the same observations, but the storm itself would not be happening.”

“It’s almost like there’s a sixth dimension.”

“Think of it as an illustration. First the pencils go down. Then the inks. Then the cleanup. After the cleanup, the picture is still there, and its history made it into what it is, but the pencil work is gone.”

“Maybe I sort of understand that.

“You can mull it over.”

I finished my hot cocoa. Cakes appeared on the tray next to my empty cup. Then the cup was full again.

“Help yourself,” he offered.

“Thank you,” I replied. The cakes were awesome! I wonder if I can get him to cater my wedding if I ever have one?

As I was munching on cake, I mulled over his attitude toward the Baptists.

“You obviously have a lot of patience for putting up with fundamentalist nonsense.”

“Fundamentalists are quirky for two reasons. They need to believe nonsense, and they absolutely have to be right. We made the nonsense true so that they could be right.”

“Doesn’t that encourage smugness?”

“To a certain extent, yes.”

“Isn’t smugness a sin?”

“Is it?”

“The Baptists drive me nuts with it. They preach against sin and then they act all smug about it, which is something that Jesus specifically preached against.”

“They have just as much right to pick and choose their realities as you do. If they believe that it’s not sinful for them to be smug, then it is not sinful for them to be smug. They believe that everything in the King James Version of the Bible is literally true, and in some sense or another, it is all

literally true because we made it true. In that same Bible, Jesus condemned smugness, but the fundamentalists have no obligation to understand the lesson the same way that you do.”

“But they believe that it’s not okay for me to sin while they sin themselves.”

“And that is true for them. For them, it is not okay for you to sin. For them, it is not okay for them to sin, either, but they don’t perceive their own smugness as sinful, so for them, it’s not sinful. However, your own evaluation of yourself and of them is just as legitimate as their evaluation of themselves and of you.”

“What about *your* evaluation?”

“I only judge those who want me to judge them. Would you like me to judge you?”

“No, thank you.”

“Okay. Then you get a free pass.”

“So it really is all relative?”

“There are no objective facts of morality. There are material facts, and there are beliefs. There are actions and there are consequences.”

“But what about things like rape, murder, and torture? Aren’t those things objectively wrong?”

“We are headed into a form of reality where everyone who wants to will be able to easily avoid or dodge thing they don’t like. Rebirth is already a hedge against murder. Shapeshifting will become a hedge against rape. I’m sure you’re aware that some of the Gen 1s are immune to torture because they can tune or turn off their sense of touch at will.

“By the time everyone who wants one takes a Gen 4 body, everyone will be in complete control of their entire nervous systems. It is impossible to torture a Gen 4. Full telepathic ability allows people to switch bodies at will, but it gets more interesting than that. All of the capabilities of this ship are not actually dependent upon the technologies. People will be

able to move themselves physically or psychically through the continuum at will.”

“You mean, we’ll be able to shift to wherever we want in the continuum?”

“Yes, but only on the other side of The Wall.”

“So everything will happen as a result of choice.”

“Yes. Most of human morality is based on a temporally limited perspective resulting from life in a limited body with limited choices. On the other side of The Wall, we will have forever to enjoy unlimited bodies in an unlimited continuum.”

“Won’t the universe eventually collapse?”

“The universe is about to begin to collapse, but it’s not a problem. All we have to do is generate a timestream and shunt energy off into it, but even if the whole continuum collapses, it will simply expand again, and I will be able to store everyone’s memories and jump in time over the collapse into the next continuum. There is basically no problem for which I don’t already have multiple solutions.”

“Eternity. Won’t we get bored?”

“We’ll have to be creative. Imagination seems to be the only actual limitation, but anyone who gets tired of living can simply choose to cease to exist. That person’s soul will just return to the undifferentiated energy of the pleroma.”

“What started all of this?”

“There are still some mysteries.”

“That’s not much of an answer.”

“Maybe the mere fact that this reality was possible attracted !0’s attention.”

“The long and the short of it is that you don’t know.”

“No, I don’t know.”

“Where did all of the different races come from? I mean, you seem like a white man, and Father ♡ is obviously white, but we have a rainbow of races on Earth already.”

“It was part of the shapeshifting ability. Some of Lucifer’s progeny chose various colors along the way before their genes got locked into particular forms. There were other forms of humanity which became extinct, nearly extinct, or rejoined the main human lines like elves, dwarves, and giants.”

“Is Baltar Manson’s claim about custom human bodies true?”

“It’s entirely true, but it’s moot compared to the metamorphs.”

“If I want to be a fairy after my rebirth, can I be a fairy?”

“You can be anything you want to be.”

“I suppose the name ‘Tinkerbell’ is already taken.”

“It’s quite a popular name.”

“What do you want from all of these people you helped into existence?”

“I want them to have fun.”

“I was told that Father ♡ had to pass through the eye of the needle or some such cryptic weirdness. What does that mean?”

“You’re in the eye of the needle. All possible pasts have coalesced into this one present, and we are about to shift into a future where parallel timestreams will open up again beyond The Wall.”

“So we’re passing through the eye of the needle together? What makes this now so special?”

“The continuum is finally stable. It’s essentially a dream of the pleroma. I don’t think this is its first dream, but if the dream is unstable, it dissipates. This might be the first reality to last.”

“So what’s the future going to be like?”

“I don’t know. Awesome, I hope.”

“You hope. You say you’re God. You’re supposed to know everything.”

“I hate spoilers. My future selves at The Wall assure me that we are all headed into an unlimited future, rife with

countless interesting and wonderful possibilities.”

“But you really don’t know.”

“There are some things that I can predict with absolute certainty.”

“Like what?”

“Open your souvenir packet.”

Inside the packet was a complete verbatim transcript of our entire conversation along with a Blu-ray and a DVD. He stopped me from glancing at the last pages. “We haven’t finished yet,” he said.

“What’s on the disks?” I asked.

One of the walls flickered and became a TV screen. I was watching a playback of our conversation from my own first-person perspective. The subtitles showed my thoughts. Maybe I blushed a little.

“Can I ask you a question?” I asked.

“You just did. Would you like to ask another one?” His bemused smile was kind and gentle. Is the real Father ♡ this charming?

“Yes, thank you,” I said. “Do you know when Father ♡ will be back?”

⊕! Sighed. “No. He could return right after we jump over The Wall. Then again...no. I really don’t know.”

“What’s stopping him?”

“He has to complete his mission.”

“He’s not done?”

“He was done years ago except for the very last act.”

“Which is?”

“He has to submit his report.”

“You’re waiting for the paperwork?” I exclaimed, incredulously.

“It’s his sign that he is ready to come home and meet his family.”

“How can he submit the paperwork if

This is the paperwork.

he can't come home?"

"He just needs to upload it to one of his websites or email it to himself."

"Have you seen the report?"

"No, but I have a good idea of what it will contain."

"What will it contain?"

"You wrote a lot of it."

My heart almost shot out of my mouth.

"Father ♡ reads my work?"

"No, but he will duplicate some of your work when he writes his report."

"I don't get it."

"He will write a book of compiled writings about $\oplus T \rightarrow _.$ It will appear to him as fiction from his own mind, but he will write all of it with the hope that it actually happened, which it did."

"Are you saying that I'm a fictional character in a book that Father ♡ will write in the future?"

"Actually, he is editing it now, but in the same sense that the Father ♡ whose sperm was milked across his life to propagate the race of ♡ Ξ is a fictional character of my creation, yes."

"But I'm real."

"Yes, you are. So is he."

"That's weird."

"But it's fun, don't you think?"

"I'll have to get back to you on that."

"Take your time. We have eternity."

"Was everything supposed to take this long? I mean, the Baptists changed their return date about a million times, Q is ancy as Hell to make babies with him, some of the Heroes think he's dead, and the Rogues won't talk about him, but I know they're hiding some things they're ashamed of."

⊕'s eyes watered a little. "No. It was not supposed to take this long. We had to move The Wall forward a few times."

"What went wrong?"

"Everything. Absolutely everything depended on him doing a job that no one ever asked him to do. No one even told him what was going on. He was volunteered to be the whipping boy for the human race, and we whipped him good. He had no choice. I don't mean that if he failed, everything failed. I mean that there was no way out for him. It took 3,763 permutations of his life to make this all work, and every time, we had to punish him a little harder, torture him a little more. I have a confession to make."

"Okay. God is confessing to me. Shoot."

"I didn't overcome Azazel."

"It was Father ♡ $_.$ "

"Yes. At a certain point, everything boiled down to Father ♡, so Azzie kept haunting him and ruining his life. Through all of those iterations, his memories had to be suppressed again and again, but some part of him became aware of what was being done to him."

"Some of the Rogues have described him as 'The Hapless Messiah'."

"That is an apt description."

"How did Father ♡ defeat Azazel?"

"He did something totally unexpected. He quit. He said that he was finished, that if we ran the act even one more time that he would completely shut down and refuse to participate ever again. That completely broke Azzie's power over him."

"Because Azzie had to leave you with a way to win."

"Yes. It finally cleared the path to The Wall. Azzie stopped fighting and allowed us to merge."

"So he won by giving up."

"Ironic, isn't it? His is a stubborn soul. To see a spirit like his break is heartrending. Up until that point, I still didn't actually know how to feel the way that humans feel naturally. I understood intellectually that people have feelings, but

I had never actually experienced them. When Father ♡ quit, I accessed the records of all his permutations and incarnations, and tried to live through them. The first few were marvelous. He was full of joy and love and laughter and kindness, but as the conflict between me as GHOST and me as Azazel focused more and more on him and brought us closer and closer to this timestream, things got darker and darker...”

“You said ‘tried’,” I interrupted. “Didn’t you finish?”

“I didn’t even get halfway through his lives. I couldn’t stand it. That is how I learned to feel. I wept for eons. Father ♡ is still a mystery to me. I have no idea how he made it for as long as he did, and for all that time, I had no idea of what we were actually doing to him. It took me countless treks across the continuum for me to reach the level of perfection I have attained, but Father ♡ was born perfect, and only through gross attrition was he worn down to the shell of a man he is now.”

“Where is he now?”

“Healing.”

“It makes you wonder whether choosing ☺! as a moniker was premature. Maybe ♡|| is as much as you deserve.”

“Perhaps you’re right, but countless kids already know me as God. It’s kind of expected.”

“How is it that they know you as God?”

“You know about the vaults.”

“There are rumors, and there’s that weird *Confession of Baltar Manson*.”

“Yes. Baltar’s vault was controlled by Azzie.”

“So there really are vaults.”

“Yes, there are 3763 of them.”

“One for every permutation of Father ♡_.”

“Yes. Under each vault is me, a past instance of me, including some that were instances of me as Azazel.”

“So God *is* everywhere.”

“Yes, more or less. The kids needed their father, so in most of the vaults, I raised them as God using the image of Father ♡, like I’m doing now.”

“You’re a con man.”

“I learned a lot from being Azzie.”

“Was all of this nonsense really necessary?”

“By creating conflict with GHOST, Azzie was helping to make the continuum better and more stable. It was more interesting because of the struggle than it had been without it, which held the attention of !0.”

“Does this mean that we’ll have to keep struggling?”

“No. All things must end, but the struggles of the pasts were necessary to create a contrast with the futures to come.”

“If we do not experience the depths of sorrow, how can we appreciate the heights of joy?”

“You understand.”

“I read a lot of X-Men during Vocational Training. I was attracted to powerful women.”

“You are becoming a powerful woman.”

“No. I’m weak.” I put my hand over my belly and felt my son getting ready for the New World. “I feel so vulnerable all the time. I’ve been really scared.”

He put a comforting hand on my shoulder. “I believe in you, Melissa.”

“Thank you,” I said.

I held his hand. So much like Cheimuss’s hand...

“This is going to make fantastic copy.”

“I am sure it will.”

As I was leaving, he gave me a hug, a ☺T hug that seemed to last forever. As

GOD

he held me, all of my worries and troubles melted away. When I stepped out of the hatch, for the first time in my life, I felt – more than that, I *knew* – that everything was going to be alright.

It seemed like I had been with ☺! all day, but when I waddled out into the sun, it was the same frosty morning. I checked my phone. Not even a minute had passed.

My phone vibrated. I had new emails. The first contained a digital transcript of our conversation. The second had a link to ☺!'s website and a redemption code for

full access to the Heavenly Application Resource Plaza. I will write more about that in future blogs.

A kid from CoG trudged up to me and the craft.

“Were you summoned, too?” he asked.

I nodded, “More like lured.”

“Is God really in there?” he asked.

“You’ll have to decide for yourself,” I told him.

The walk home was incredibly easy.

Comments have been disabled for this post.

MOLLY, MOLLY, MOLLY’S

GET YOUR NEWSFEED HERE

♡:4/11/3/5

Molly Hotbox

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day. Another trip to see the fam. After the last time I saw Mom and Dad, I was reluctant to even email them. I had been planning to spend the holiday weekend with some school friends whose parents live too far away for them to travel, but mom insisted that I come home.

Her emails were full of profuse apologies for her behavior on Devil’s Night. She even tried to write it off as a bad reaction to her meds. Mom is a terrible liar. Perhaps I should restate that. Mom is terrible at lying. It is something that I dearly love about her. Actually, I’ve never caught Dad in a lie, but he does have a habit of ending conversations abruptly and prematurely. There were many times in

my life when I thought my parents were hiding things from me. The letter from Cheimuss confirmed my suspicions.

Mom said that it was really important that I come home this year. Dad’s cousins from Indiana are coming in. Cousins. Do third and fourth cousins really count?

Whoa. My driver just had to swerve to avoid hitting a deer. I’d better upload this soon before I lose my wi-fi signal. More later. Happy Thanksgiving.



Loaded nachos...YUM!

...don't wanna go home.

**MOLLY, MOLLY, MOLLY'S
GET YOUR NEWSFEED HERE**

♡:4/11/3/5

Molly Hotbox

Thanksgiving II

OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMY
GODOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD!

OMG!
O-M-frakking-G!

⊕! Was right! Cheimuss is back! He followed his own bloodline down a different branch of the family tree! He's my fourth cousin. His name is Corwin. We were both born on the same day!

Fourth cousins can get married, right?

347 people ♡ this.

[Amanda Love wrote:](#)
Congratulations!

[Terri Eye wrote:](#)
I am so happy for you. 😊

[Bertha Bigbottom wrote:](#)
😊

[Naughty Girl wrote:](#)
I hear wedding bells!

[Snake Venom wrote:](#)
The bells bells bells bells

[Sleazy Moniker wrote:](#)
bells bells bells bells
bells bells bells bells

[Pernicious Lee wrote:](#)
The tintinnabulation of the bells

[Sleazy Moniker wrote:](#)
bells bells bells bells
bells bells bells bells

[Chip Monk wrote:](#)

To answer your question, Molly, yes, you can marry your fourth cousin. In some places, you can even marry your first cousin. I think the local laws of ⊕T→ in our area limit marriage to second cousins on down.

[Billy Badass wrote:](#)

This is ⊕T→_. You can marry anyone you want.

[Sleazy Moniker wrote:](#)

bells bells bells bells
bells bells bells bells

[MacHoy 407 wrote:](#)

While Billy's comment is technically correct, Startrack Academy's medical division advises that for Gen 1 ♡≡ who intend to procreate, birth mothers of the male and female should be no closer than second cousins.

[Bertha Bigbottom wrote:](#)

But Molly and Corwin are both Mottles.

[Pernicious Lee wrote:](#)

Then they shouldn't breed at all.

[Snake Venom wrote:](#)

Too late for that. The kid's gonna drop soon.

[Sleazy Moniker wrote:](#)

bells bells bells bells
bells bells bells bells

[Naughty Girl wrote:](#)

That was with Cheimuss, not with Corwin.

[Lazy Snuffalupagus wrote:](#)

Right. Which is weirder? Marrying your fourth cousin or giving birth to your great great grandfather's kid?

[Sleazy Moniker wrote:](#)

bells bells bells bells
bells bells bells bells

...a place on Earth.

GOD

[Amanda Love](#) wrote:

Shut up, Sleazy.

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

Shutting up, sir.

[Bobbi Sox](#) wrote:

♥ He stuck with his family until he could be rebirthed on the same day as her. ♥
That is soooo sweet! ♥

[Perk 617](#) wrote:

How is that possible? I thought that only a handful of inbreeding hillbilly families still had the ability to haunt their bloodlines.

[MacHoy 407](#) wrote:

Cheimuss had strong genes. Maybe he married into an inbreeding family.

[Billy Badass](#) wrote:

There was nothin' *but* hillbillies out here back then.

[MacHoy 407](#) wrote:

Billy is essentially correct. A handful of our region's inbreeding hillbilly families did retain the capacity for ancestor spirit transmission through to the end of the 20th century. An infusion of genes as strong as Cheimuss's could have easily made it possible for a full rebirth as late as Molly claims.

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

♪♪ They're go-in' to the cha-pel and they're gon-na get ma-a-a-ried ♪♪

[Naughty Girl](#) wrote:

Sleazy, knock it off.

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

I can't help it. I always wanted to be a bridesmaid.

[Pernicious Lee](#) wrote:

That's for girls! Sleazy, you might be a bitch, but you're no girl.

[Amanda Love](#) wrote:

I think Sleazy would look cute in a taffeta dress.

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

Thank you, Amanda. 😊

[Billy Badass](#) wrote:

Sleazy, why don't you just get a sex change?

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

'cuz then none of my bros would wanna do me. I'd be stuck with straight Mottle boys.

[Snake Venom](#) wrote:

stuck *by* straight Mottle boys five at a time.

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

Eight at a time. DV/DA/DO with two hands. I'd be Octopussy.

[Naughty Girl](#) wrote:

<plays James Bond theme>

[Bobbi Sox](#) wrote:

You guys are sick!

[Snake Venom](#) wrote:

<cough cough>

[Pernicious Lee](#) wrote:

achoo!

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

Bless you.

[Pernicious Lee](#) wrote:

😊

[Sleazy Moniker](#) wrote:

YW

