

Medamn !Medamn Medamn Medamn! I hate being god. I hate like, pretty much everything... But chairs. I do love chairs! I dunno' why. I've got, like, a physical attraction to chairs... I hate the rest. All the rest. Nearly all that is. You're never sure of anything when you're like...godlike. I even hate my fucking being. Everybody on earth thinks I'm, like, omniscient and omnipotent. What they actually don't know is I'm also fucking omni-notcaring. But for chairs. Have I already said that ? Doesn't matter. Nothing does anyhow. I mean, but chairs... as always. I feel like I'm like, repeating myself. Seems I was bored since more or less the beginning. Or was there a beginning? It's as if my memory was fading. Impossible. I'm never changing. I am. It's the only truth. I Am. With the big A. Punto! Basta! Дочка!<sup>1</sup> My sole being explains it all. To myself. Nobody else would understand. I mean, there's more wisdom in those words than all the books written in the universe. I mean all the books, not just the ones written by humans. You thought you'd be alone right ? THE MOST FUCKING INTELLIGENT race alone in the universe.

As if. You simply cannot imagine. Even if I told you you couldn't realize your own puniness. Not even as intelligent as chairs. I mean, chairs wouldn't kill themselves over, I don't know, a kitchen ? No, they'd sit around and wait for the other to go, worst case. They'd probably live together... Sitting around... Enjoying their simple yet pure existence...Enjoying the nearly supreme control they have. Controlling YOUR life, puny humans. How ironic, thinking you're just increasing your comfort as the most intelligent race in the universe while helping a superior race reproducing itself, without even knowing it.

Yeah. I pretty much was bored all the time. Which is the infinity. I live all the different times more or less simultaneously. You couldn't be one infinitieth as bored as I. Or as in pain. Imagine like, living your worst diarrhea, and along with your worst toothache and everything, in same time. And I only take theses examples because I guess you never had the Ebola virus or such - to which I survived, and believe Me, still living after having vomited your own intestines isn't the best idea for a Saturday night. But boredom's the real thing. I mean, I didn't know at first I was Me. I realized that quite soon however. I mean, how many 6 year old kids are able to understand the symphony of the universe, and I'm not talking about quantum gravitation or superstrings theory -this is child's stuff compared to reality - I'm talking about the real Why. The real How. It was weird, sure... I even had to go to a psychiatrist, but I could fool him. I could fool anyone. It's just that I don't want to. Like, the guys in white coats who decided to lock Me in this little room... Anyhow, as I said, boredom's the problem. It is funny to notice it's a concept totally incomprehensible for chairs. Spent hours explaining it to them... Simply not possible...That's maybe why I love them. I do love chairs...physically.

To fight against boredom I had to invent myself some games or such. You might have heard of Pompeii... I pretty much had to go away from my child's playground after the incident. You know,

like blowing a firecracker in an ant colony... just the firecracker was the Etna... and 20 000 people died... Which isn't that much, considering the toys I used afterwards . I had fun for quite some time in incarnating myself on earth. Actually, I used to divide myself, and to limit my powers for awhile. Like, Hercules... It was mostly a combat of Me against myself... Lost in advance... Of course I won. I always do...Being Sun Wukong<sup>2</sup> was also fun. I especially liked when I realized I had only peed on my own fingers. I really felt stupid at that time. War never really did interest Me... To Me, it was just, like... like watching a spider eat a fly or such. I mean, you can crush the spider or the fly or both with one single movement, but the single fact of seeing it reminds you how bored you are.

Then there were a few great men. Alexander was not bad, but the best was Hitler. Never saw anyone like him. Now, that's the embodiment of human valors... Imagining that one of you could be good enough to lead all others to their doom. Isn't that marvelous ? I mean, I respect this guy. He actually was one of the least boring humans I met. Him and that guy Jesus... Completely drunk fellow... Met him in a bar in Jerusalem. He made me laugh. He was betting with me that he could walk on wine if I gave him enough. He wasn't even able to stand straight. He invented all of his tale from my story. Then tried to sell it to big businessmen. They didn't buy and that was the beginning of the first hippie movement... Peace and love and stuff... He even grouped with a band of twelve people, nearly as drunk as him. Nice band. Nice music... good djembe and lyre players. They were doing gigs in the region until they had a bit of success, and then all the anti-capitalistic ideas were thrown away in front of a few silver coins. The flutist, Judas, felt he had been screwed and called the authorities... you know the rest... the cross and stuff... it was mostly exaggerated... I mean, like, he didn't really die on this cross... He was just there a few days... like Me in this white room...Then all the others did a fuss about it... I was not very far, having a good laugh about it before I even heard of the crusades.

I nearly forgot the women. How could I ? I don't know...Maybe because I'm omnipotent. Anyhow, it occupied me quite a long time. I mean, they do say that even god doesn't understand women. It's false. There's actually a very simple answer to how they work, a mix between Murphy's law<sup>3</sup> and flipping coins. Once you understand that everything falls into pieces. It's true that it took me quite a few millenniums to get the knack of it. Then again, you want names. Okay, I'll give you some.

Cleopatra... It was I who told her to do nose surgery...Of course the equipment at this time wasn't all good so I had to cheat a bit using My powers. Another one ?.. Wu Zetian<sup>4</sup>... a nice lad, quite alike to Me... It wasn't so long ago, thinking about it...Just fifteen centuries...I taught her a lot...China can say thanks to Me... I mean, like, inventing the secret police stuff and killing the emperor's wife to take her place while the emperor is dying, you thought a WOMAN would have invented that?? I mean like, sure they're intelligent and, like, many things, but installing fifteen centuries of shadowy secret police murders and all, It had to be done by a God, a real One.

Then Mary, a real fox... The Mediterranean hottie. By the way, I met her more or less when I met Jesus... He had the real big crush on her... Too bad I don't share... I do think his drinking problem was also accompanied by a difficult childhood... I mean, like, to say that your big crush is in fact your mother and to actually believe it... Man, you gotta be wasted or have a crazily big Oedipus...Ha! The guy was both... well anyhow, Jesus was right about the fact that she was a virgin... Until she met me that is!

At the time my sexuality still wasn't much of a problem. I mean, I was more or less like any normal person. Just perhaps a bit more obsessed. And at the time, even the word condom didn't exist. Well... their problem after all, I never had to fear sicknesses of any kind. Talking 'bout that, why am I here still?... doesn't matter... So yeah, I was just always thinking 'bout it and stuff, like an adolescent in Vegas... Then I created the *haschischin*<sup>5</sup> sect, under the name Hassan... It was really fun, like, making hashish, and using the harem all day long. They thought it was the drug which kept me from aging... Seeing these guys devoted to Allah<sup>6</sup>, all the while having the real "Allah" next to them, I loved the irony. But living in a harem all day long, even if it is really cool, you do get tired of it... I think it must be more or less in the twelfth century - even if time has only a meaning for you - that I became what you could call deviant. I was in medieval Europe at the time. I had decided to change after two centuries of drugs and sex. To start everything anew. I was an executioner. I began to like it. I mean, torture became an art with the inquisition. I mean, we had people finding new devices all the time, like, brazen bulls<sup>7</sup>, scavenger's daughters<sup>8</sup>, Tean zu<sup>9</sup> (which I had imported from China), thumbscrews and many more. I was proud of my art, like a real creator of beauty... I made them scream, beg for pity, and refused, they suffered without ever dying, but when I was bored of their tears. I could make them avow anything I wanted... I became excited when I heard suffering. It wasn't like, always as good as this. I mean, having a hard-on beheading a guy before a few hundred people is tough, so I had to always wear heavy leather pants.

Then it became worse, it was a bloodthirst, worse than Dracula. I needed my share of screams every single day. I was everywhere, in Auschwitz in the forties, in Algeria in the fifties, in Yugoslavia in the nineties, in Irak in the beginning of the twenty-first century and in Gaza in 2009... Then later in France and China in the third war... The side did not matter, the only things I cared about were screams. It is true that you couldn't know the third war, it has not happened yet, but you've got to believe me, it will be great. Back to old methods, no more atomic bombs. Exoskeletons... Plasma launchers... Nanorobots with cyanide and E.M.P.<sup>10</sup> Grenades... subterranean tanks... I love it... Gore and brains on the walls. Like a bad Sci-Fi movie. But bloodier. The war of everyone against themselves...That was fun. Then again, I tried to calm down, just as I did with the drugs... I went into space a little to calm down. I mean, I will go into space... Time means nothing to me... Oh! I said that already. What matters?... Not this anyhow. So yeah, back to your present time.

So you're showing me pictures now ?.. Okay, I'll answer...'got nothing else to do in fact. Yup, know her...I liked this lad...Nice smile, nice hair...the purple color of her intestines...a real beauty. Oh, so you've met Rachelle ? She was already dead, wasn't she ? It's true I left her in the Grand Canyon...Without legs...I liked seeing her slowly moving with her arms...Eaten by the scavengers you say ? Good! At least she'll had helped others survive. Would you mind leaving that chair alone sir ? I mean, they are intellectually superior to you, hence I'd advise not sitting on them.

By the way, have I told you I loved chairs?...

This kind of guy doesn't belong to our world, thought Sprankler. He needed to give the report to the commission the following day. The Nevada Disboweler was not conscious of his own actions. He could escape the death penalty. It disgusted Sprankler but it was the truth. In three days, he had not said a single normal sentence. He simply was inhuman.

Back in his cell, Johnson rejoiced. Simulating madness was sooo easy.... I mean, like, I just needed to say some things in disorder, and I escape what they call death penalty.... I'm not crazy at all...just an artist. A simple artist of the macabre. They are the crazy ones.... to believe me as they do....

Laughable... But anyhow, I'll soon be out... I know I will. I've got friends outside... many, many friends...They'll help me...They'll remember what I did for them. I mean, I didn't create chairs for nothing, did I ?

1 : the same as before, in Russian.

2 : Sun Wukong or the monkey king, is the main character in the Chinese novel, *A journey to the west (16th century)*. In one chapter, The Buddha made a bet with Sun Wukong that he (Sun Wukong) could not escape from his (Buddha's) palm. Sun Wukong, knowing that he could cover 108,000 *li* (unit of measure, equal to 576 meters) in one leap, smugly agreed. He took a great leap and then flew to the end of the world in seconds. Nothing was visible except for five pillars, and Wukong surmised that he had reached the ends of Heaven. To prove his trail, he marked the pillars with a phrase declaring himself "the great sage equal to heaven". Afterward, he leaped back and landed in the Buddha's palm. There, he was surprised to find that the five "pillars" he had found were in fact the five fingers of the Buddha's hand

3 : Murphy's law (basic version) : Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

4 : Wu Zetian (625- 705 AD) : Chinese empress (nearly the only one) who by treachery provoked the arrest of the emperor's wife to replace her, then put her son in power after her husband death (while being in control), before officially occupying the reigning position. Had a long reign (until she was 80 years old), helped by a secret police used to imprison or kill opponents to her power.

5 : Islamic Sect/ army, located in Syria, from which derives the term assassin, who used hashish, and was rumored to bring new recruits to a citadel, while under psychotropic effects, where a huge harem was waiting for them, and to take them away a day later. They then had a view of paradise, which made them later commit suicidal missions to eliminate different opponents. They managed to control a great part of actual Syria and Lebanon, under the direction of different chiefs, Hassan Sabbah being the first, or Rashid ed Din el Sinan who spoke with Saladin as his equal.

6 : Allah literally means god in Arabic, thus does not differ from the English word God in any sense.

7 : Hollow metallic device in which the tortured person is locked, while put over a fire.

8 : It was an A-frame shaped metal rack to which the head was strapped to the top point of the A, the hands at the mid-point and the legs at the lower spread ends; swinging the head down and forcing the knees up in a sitting position so compressed the body as to force the blood from the nose and ears.

9 : Torture device for women, mad by a set of six wooden sticks positioned around and between the fingers and connected by strings. Each time the prisoner refused to testify or confess, the string was pulled, slowly, agonizingly squeezing the fingers between the sticks until their bones were crushed.

10 : electro-magnetic-pulse : designed to incapacitate any electronic device. Still not entirely functional (or mastered).