

While gunky crusts are still in control of most eyelids and the sun is reluctant to get up, there is already light burning in the back-office of 'The Hottest Hardware Store.'

Three men are sitting behind a desk; two on one side and an one opposite of them. In between there is a tension strong enough to split the Red Sea.

"Sir, I'm not sure .."

"Please, just call me God, 'Sir' makes me feel so old."

"All right. *God* ..., with all due respect but, ... "

Air blast trough Gods nostrils, irritation covers his face, *he* knows what 'with all respect' means; it means, I think you are a dumb shit, but please do not hit me in my face.

The man continues. "Your son is thirty-three, can't he speak for himself?"

Four eyes are locked on the third man who stares in front of him like a bored goldfish and asks himself why the room smells like roasted testicles while playing with a string of beard between his yellow fingernails.

"**Jesus!** do you want to pay some attention for a moment," God spits through his teeth.

Long, skinny fingers release the ginger beard and an uncertain whisper sounds, "It's just that I expected more from my return, I think."

"The reason I sacked you was because you showed up to late, *three times this week*. I doubt you're suited for this work."

"I,..I just need to get back my in to my rhythm a bit," Jesus mumbles.

"Damn me," God spits out while slamming the table with his flat hand, "My son worked as a carpenter for years. He's a good boy, you know."

"I'm not sure," the man looks at Jesus as if he is checking a secondhand car.

"Read it in the Bible, "God says at a almost pleading tone.

"With all due respect,"

fists squeeze, toes curl, jaws clench,

"but we both know who wrote that book."

An uneasy silence holds on for seconds.

Jesus puts on his puppy eyes and God his severe look.

The man on the other side stares at a point just above the table, sighs and then shrugs.

"Okay, maybe I have some something else for you to do."

And then there was hope.

"I still need someone to clean the floors and toilets, diarrhea is quite a plaque lately. If you work hard you can work yourself up again. '

God pulls his face into cursing folds and then calms down.

"Well," his arm stretches across the table for a firm handshake, "start tomorrow?"

"Start tomorrow."

God takes Jesus, who mumbles a thank you, by the arm and drags him out.

The shop owner takes a proud look at himself in the mirror. He combs his greasy hair and flattens his mustache beneath his thumb and index finger, spays on some eau du sulfur and pins on a name tag. A big wink and a shiny NATAS reflects from the mirror.

- Great fucking way to start a workday.