

IT

by

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(About 513 words)

It wrapped its arms around the galaxy, looking down at the twinkling as stars were born, lived their lives, and died out. It backed off until the galaxy fitted between its hands. A push and the galaxy spun faster and faster, bright lights exploding and vanishing.

It stopped the spinning, backed the galaxy past one explosion, moved to a spot one light year from the star and waited. The light as the star exploded was intolerably bright. The pressure wave was tangible. It waited as the light intensity dropped and the shell of gas and matter grew around the star.

“Let Us make man to our image and likeness. Let Us make him here thirteen thousand light years from this nova.”

“Is everything ready? Two asked.

“Let’s see,” One answered. It backed the universe to a time when the earth teemed with dinosaurs.

“Everything is ready,” One said.

“That one will be troublesome,” Two said.

“If it comes to that, I’ll send you to rescue them.”

One said.

“I’ll help,” Three said. “There will be a stiff necked and hardheaded people among them, not giving in to anyone, including Us.”

“Come,” said One. “Let Us also make man elsewhere.”

It backed the galaxy a billion years and moved to another location. “This place will do.” Mammals were dominant and had grown to immense sizes. Reptiles were surviving with difficulty. It moved in time and space, great lapses of time and great distances in space, to make man in myriad locations and epochs.

It seeded man in uncountable numbers, crossing the walls separating universes. In some locations, avians were dominant. Others, life was at the single cell level.

Others, there were no planets in the habitable zones yet.

Uncountable variations on man, in the image and likeness of

It.

It backed off and moved time backward. Backward through the dark period before the brilliance of stars and galaxies, backward through the blazing ionized period, backward through inflation to the infinitesimally small point where the universe could not shrink any further because its physics could not function.

It stepped out of the universe into that nothing without space and time. Only It existed. It came down to where It held the near singularity in the palm of Its hand. It spoke to the point which responded with light to be visible. The tortured body twinkled in violent colors, urgently waiting to be released from its restraints.

“Go!” It said, flicking it away. The object exploded, bringing with it space and time.

It stepped into the space and time of the universe just beginning. This was the most interesting of the myriad universes It had created. In some, inflation failed. In others, galaxies and stars did not appear. In others, the conditions were not favorable for man in any form. In this one, man would rise in many variants with many destinies. They would be alike in one way, made to

Its Image and Likeness.

It saw that all universes were good, particularly this one. It showered all the universes with Its love.