



### Do Gods Have Bad Days?

Before the Beginning there was infinite, eternal, Nothing. No space, no time, no energy, no matter, no light, no darkness. Just Nothing. Suddenly, Nothing vanished, space unfolded in all it's dimensions, time raced from beginning to end and the *Cosmic Cartwheel* began. Matter exploded into space, energy grew from motion creating light, suns began to burn, Order unified the universe and galaxies swirled in awesome splendor.

And the sentience that was Jawrk thought it's first thought.

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"I am."

"I am ?"

"I am alone."

"But I can change that."

So it did.

The entity that is Jawrk exists, has existed, through space and all it's dimensions, from the beginning to the end of time and pretty well enjoyed the whole thing. Jawrk was, is, a poet, an artist. It's medium is sentience, civilizations, cultures and how they flex and grow across their own small microcosms. Planets and suns, whole galaxies are formed, then Jawrk works its art. Civilizations form, grow, meet other cultures, trade, fight, flourish or die. Jawrk flits through space and time, changing here, adjusting there until it's creations ripple through space time in a harmonious flex that drives Jawrk into frenzied joy. A cosmic orgasm, kind of.

But sometimes Jawrk's art fails, and it senses through veils of dark depression the majestic ruins of creation gone sour. A dark moment for any artist.

Like now.

Things could be worse, Jawrk thought.

(Flashing scenarios, patterns, programs, integrated formats, winged computations penetrating multi-layered dimensions of space and time. Average cosmic heat increased one degree.)

But thinking further, it couldn't see how.

(Depression, sixth level, gray. Acute.)

Five civilizations, rock steady after twenty three millennia of constant development, constant refinement, constant progress towards that pinnacle of socio-flex that Jawrk sought for so desperately. Gone. Wiped out. Snuffed out to the last being. Sixteen races, fifty-seven sexes, uncounted millions of uniquely individual entities. All existing together in an exquisite, harmonious social fabric that was sheer joy to observe flexing in poetic ripples throughout the many orders and cross layers of their universe.

(Sense of loss, intensity level Gamma)

A tendril of emotion penetrated Jawrk's dark thoughts, thoughts and feelings not it's own. Samiak was Jawrk's creation, but become so suffused with life and perception that now they were sometimes companions, sometimes rivals, sometimes lovers. They touched, gently,

across vast chasms of time and space. Depression became sadness, then lifted, leaving them just...together.

Samiak indicated the two sex mode, and became female. Jawrk assumed masculinity and portions of the two beings joined together in fiery union, thundering through the cosmos. Galaxies spun crazily out of control, stars novaed, cosmic lightning flashed through their shared consciousness and the heavens did in fact move. Separating, each retained part of the other. That was their way.

They stayed connected, erotic tendrils of emotion entwined.

"There can be no blame." She sent the thought lazily, direct, without nuances.

"I blame no one. But there was a flaw, and I must eliminate this imperfection, this mistake, that has destroyed my work."

"I understand. But perhaps your very determination, your obsession with your work, caused the flaw that you seek."

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"All through the time line I have tried for you but I am always blocked. You have not changed your spatial line of existence for some time, and I fear mental diminishments. You must enlarge your mental horizons, leave this space and time, or even you shall perish, along with your toy universes."

Jawrk regarded Samiak with amused affection.

"I promise, my treasured one, that we will spend more time together, and soon. But first I must find the destructive flaw that destroyed my work."

Samiak withdrew, throwing an impish love thought towards Jawrk and leaving an image of it's female self in Jawrk's consciousness. Swirling colors faded into infinity, leaving but a hint of Eros behind. Jawrk enfolded the images in low memory, treasuring them.

It was time to go to work.

Jawrk spun backwards through time, searching. It moved through time/space like a willow-the-wisp, searching here, searching there, until finally, on the third planet of a minor sun in an insignificant portion of

the universe, it found the mistake, the blunder made in formulating something called humanity. It observed, gathered data, experimented on a small part of the whole.

All was not lost. Just a small change, and it's masterpiece would be reborn into even greater glory than before.

(Relief, level one. Exaltation, pure.)

Jawrk returned to a propitious time before the cataclysm, made the changes that restored the creation to it's former glory, then called for Samiak to witness the time of change.

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The tiny creek flowed cheerfully through the secluded copse of hardwood trees, distant birds trilled cries of hunger, food, sex and blood through clear skies and Nadine felt the fullness of life. She watched Nigel sleep, her blond slimness tucked next to his husky, swarthy shape, her long hair flowing over one bare shoulder and into the valley between her breasts.

She knew they would have to leave soon, this favorite place of theirs, but for now she was content to watch him sleep and anticipate the time when he would awake and see her naked, and take her again before they dressed and returned home. Perhaps this time she would conceive. A child born of their love, conceived in this sylvan beauty, could not help but be beautiful, happy, a joy to it's parents.

Nigel awoke, she felt his hand on her breast, her nipples hardened and she sent her hand down, to feel of the life there.

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Together, Jawrk and Samiak witnessed the time of change...

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Thunder roared, the ground shook and red fire rained from the skies. The burning rain fell on the lovers as they rolled feverishly in the slop of their mating mud. Nadine encircled Nigel's scaly neck with one tentacle while naked claws ripped him from groin to neck. He screamed in pain and sexual fulfillment while she fed on his entrails. The glistening pods were there, large, healthy, ripe. Nigel was an electrifying mating choice,

ecstatic in death, screaming his love. She could feel the sperm from the pods attacking her eggs, and Nadine felt the fullness of life.