

The day I was liberated

It was a beautiful Monday morning in queens, I woke up with a dazzling smile on my face, because today was the day. The day that would change my life by epic proportions, I – Emilia Watson was going to the speed-dating lunch venue just down the street, and this time I was gonna find my Mr perfect and hopefully get married, have 2 kids, a golden retriever, a sky blue house with a white picket fence and be happy for all eternity.

So I got up, walked the two meters to my bathroom, took a long shower (I love long showers in the morning) got dressed, got my groove on by playing “candy shop” by 50 cent dancing awkwardly all around the apartment, eating a fried peanut-butter and banana sandwich (I love Elvis to), when suddenly the doorbell rings it's hellishly destructible “get me out of my happy-place” ring. So I drag myself to the door and look through the (as I call it) “peeping tom hole” and there stands a gorgeous man, tall, with long blond hair, muscular but not in the Rambo way, he has a white pair of jeans and a white t-shirt. Still something is a little off, about him. I can't bring myself to understand what it is, but he seems nice (or his looks seem nice) so I open the door with my dazzling smile and open my mouth to say hello. Then the blackness takes over.

I wake up in my bedroom on my bed, with a painful groin and feel a stinging pain in my head, my vision is blurry and unfocused and as I try to focus my eyesight on my comfy-chair, I hear a commotion in the living room. I try to move but my hands are cuffed to my bed, I start to panic and try to yank my hands free, the metal of the handcuffs makes a rattling noise on the bed handle, I flinch and listen to the now nonexistent noises from the living-room. I start to hear footsteps approaching slowly towards the bedroom, my fear is building with every step, then the door opens.

“Hi sleepy head! I thought you would never wake up” His voice sounds like one of those commercial voices on television, annoyingly chipper...

“Who the hell are you!? And what are you doing in my home!?” I shout to him.

“I'm god! Of course, who else?” He laughs his perfect model laugh.

“OK so he's either a psycho or a drug user, whichever is not good in this situation” I think to myself. “I don't have any values in this apartment, or drugs or anything that you can possibly want!” my voice is shaking “silly girl, what on my green earth would I want with your money, I'm god remember?” He laughs a amused chuckle.

“So (I really don't want to ask this but) what are you doing in my apartment, god?” The last part comes out with only so much sarcasm my mind is able to come up with during this circumstance.

“That I'm gonna explain to you in a moment, first I gotta ask you this: Do you believe in me?”

My face shows probably the most confused expression in my whole life when I say:

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Do you believe in me, god – the father of Christ, the largest most perfect god who created you?”

“I believe in a god but I really don't think that is you” I'm getting even more confused by the minute.

He looks like an intrigued puppy when he says: “How come?”

“You're kidding me right?” I'm baffled. “Why would god who supposed to be like, all good, knock me

unconscious handcuff me to my bed and ask all this fucked up questions!? can you the all knowing god answer me that?"

"of course I can, I'm here to test you" His voice rings with calmness.

"Test me?"

"Yes test you! I'm conducting an experiment on my believers, how devoted they are, to me that is"

"this is not happening" My mind screams, but I'm going to play his little game and hopefully I'm gonna make it, I mean what other choice do I have?

"And if I should fail this test, what happens then, oh powerful beautiful god?"

"Thank you for your compliments, dear child! In the event of failure; then I'm afraid you're just gonna have to be recycled to your next life, but please don't see it as a punishment this is gift from me."

"Oh I'm so dead"

"So shall we begin?"

"Please couldn't you just release me from these first?" I raise my right hand to show him the cuff.

"Little little Emilia, that won't do, your just gonna run away from me, because of your fear of me." He smiles a troubled apologetic smile.

How the hell did he know my name!? He must have been following me for days and spying on me!

"No no god, I promise I will stay and do your test, (as if!) please god it hurts!"

"I'm so sorry Emilia Watson, but this is the most important test in the history of mankind, I can't let even one human be in the way of that. Remember I'm doing this for you to, please forgive me" His tone is actually sincere but I guess in his little world things are as they should be. So the escaping plan is out the window, now I have to ace this test and survive.

"It's alright god, I trust you (not) before we begin I have just one question to you first, If that's alright?" my tone is innocent.

"Go ahead Emilia" He answers with a grin.

"If I should pass this test, do I have your word that you let me go then?"

"I promise on all my creations that you will be freed from these chains and I will escort you myself to the speed-dating lunch venue."

I know this confirmation is totally worthless coming from a psychopath with a god-complex but if I were to do this I need to have some hope even if it is a mad mans hope. How did he know that I was going to the speed-dating thing later? I'm getting officially crazy.

"Remember you must answer these questions truthfully and I'll know if your lying" His face is hard as stone and he's staring me right in the eyes.

"I promise"

"So let's begin question one: Do you Emilia Watson have undoubted faith for me – God?"

"Oh shit" "Yes I have"

"Bye bye Emilia Watson have a safe trip to your next life"

I never got my Mr prefect, Stephen and Marie, a golden retriever named Chuck, a sky blue house with a white picket fence and happiness for all eternity. But hell I got to meet someone in life that few if not non have met in their life, God, I really liked his tattoo on his left arm, it read "beer is good"

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