

Write

by Matt Potter

I pasted a sample paragraph of my writing on the website *Who do you write like?*

The response was immediate. I suddenly saw myself in long beard and flowing tunic, dispensing wisdom and loaves and fishes.

Switching off the computer, I caught my enigmatic smile on the blank screen.

My wife hurried past, holding an empty tray. "What're you smiling at?"

She disappeared, no time for an answer, door slamming.

I sat, considering this new enormity. I could found my own religion. Some man — prophet, seer, philosopher — develops a system of thinking and wham! they're building worship centres and theme parks and re-naming interstate highways after him.

Makes you think.

My wife hurried through again, tray stacked high with plates.

"I pasted a paragraph of my writing on the website *Who do you write like?* and it said I write like *The Bible*."

She glanced as I followed her into the kitchen. She put the tray down, filled the coffee machine with tap water, spooned coffee into the two-cup filter, stamped it down vehemently, snapped the filter holder into place, flicked the on-switch, and stood, waiting for the first hiss.

She looked me in the face. "So I guess you'll be starting your own religion, then?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I did the same thing and it said I write like the Dalai Lama, so I thought we should move to Tibet. Coffee?"

Normally I'm allergic to bullshit but sometimes it can be a sneaky bitch.

