

Almighty Pink Slip

by Teresa Scott

I fired God today. He wasn't showing up for work, slept through meetings, wrote ambiguous memos and killed too many innocents. Things just weren't working out. So I called him into my office where it took him a while to get settled. The orange vinyl chair didn't suit him so he waved an Eames in its place. After he asked for a cup of water (just to make my life difficult) he said he needed to go to the bathroom. *That* took a while. When he finally returned he fell into the Eames with dramatic flair and gave me one of those looks God always gives, a display of indignation that hisses, *Why are we wasting my precious time?* As if he won't live forever.

I had to take control of the meeting so I said, "You know why you're here." Which he did, being omniscient. Then came the waterworks. Good grief, I felt so manipulated. What was I supposed to do? I handed him a box of Kleenex as I pushed a teetering skyscraper of reports across my desk, "You've been written up 794,000,001 times this year alone. If I let *you* get away with crap, I have to let *everyone* get away with crap. But no -- if *they* screw up it's Dante's inferno or worse. Now where's the fair in that? It's time for you to be accountable, mister."

He didn't remark on the damning paperwork nor did he say goodbye. He just stormed out of my office (literally), taking with him both the Eames and the picture we'd taken together in Maui last summer. I thought of Steve Martin in *The Jerk*.

I've gotten calls from prospective employers already and am unable to answer their cloaked question regarding "eligibility for rehire". I can tell you one thing for damn sure - he won't be working *here* anymore. He took advantage, never cleaned up after himself, claimed "mysteriousness" and shit. Since when have murderers and

white collar crooks been able to use *that* line? "My behavior is a mystery. Have faith in the mystery." It didn't work for Dahmer or Enron.

I never understood why such a ubiquitous omnipotent guy found it so difficult to return my calls. Why does he bother to work at all? He's a power addict, *that's* why. He can wave a hot dog or foie gras into being any time he wants, but he wants us to speak in tongues. That's his entertainment. He actually has what he calls "Moron Movie Night" with popcorn, Diet Black Cherry Shasta and Milk Duds. He laughs his ass off. He invited me over once for a show with cast members from Joy Baptist Church in Raleigh, NC. The women were competing for air time, shoving each other out of the way. There was even a fatality. His film library is full of similar scenes. I didn't get his humor but focused on the dark goo of Dud adhered to his left canine which inspired adequate laughter. He was so caught up in his own amusement he never noticed my deception, or so I choose to believe.

