

GENESIS

by Tom Lombardi

And the rib, which God had taken from man, made he a female. And George awoke and stared at the female and said, "*Whoa*, man."

And she did fiddle with George's hair before saying: "God, you're a mess, and -- ugh, you smell *awful*!"

"Ain't easy bein' the only man on earth, whoa-man."

"How about you call me something sweet -- like, Alice or Eve or . . . *Laura*?"

George paced with a furious step. "Who do you think called them animals in the field and them . . . slimy things that creepeth?" George pointed to a lion, who ceased licking its paw. "That there's a lion. First I called him *mouse*, but something wun't right. 'Cause I'm the . . . bestest name caller in all E'den. So when I say you shall be called whoa-man, it's, uh --"

"So?"

"Damn straight, whoa-man!"

The whoa-man took a seat atop the sleeping bear and folded her arms. "Well, I don't like it."

"Know you as cranky as the tiger in the mornin'?"

"Look, if you're not going to respect my wishes, I'll go live over there by that really tall thing --"

"Uh, it's called a *giraffe*. And don't expect much conversatin' -- it don't make no noise."

"Well, then maybe the giraffe will listen to me!"

"Fine," said George unto his wife before kissing her with a passionate fury. And they were naked; and they were not ashamed.

Now the oil can was more subtle than any thing which God had made. And it said unto Laura: "Did I overhear God say you can't eat *every* tree in this garden?"

"God said we if we eat that one we'll die. So, you know, we tend to stay away."

Thee oil can chortled.

"Know something I don't, mister?"

"You eat that fruit, you'll see shit only God can see."

And Laura took a bite from the apple. And then brought the apple to her husband.

"I call this the *apple*," said George, "like them pears -- only crunchier."

"Don't talk with your mouth full, sweetie."

And George suddenly saw that they were naked. And he tore leaves from a fig tree and handed some to Laura. When Laura saw her reflection in the river Euphrates, she said unto George: "We look ridiculous."

"Why do whoa-men *question* so much?"

And the garden rumbled. "That's my daddy," said George, "in the sky."

"Where art thou?"

"I heard your big o'l voice in the garden, Lord, but we were --

"*Were*," whispered Laura.

"We *were* buck-ass naked. So we --"

"Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

"It was the whoa-man's fault, Lord, she --"

"The oil can beguiled me, Lord. So I ate it."

"The apple," said George, his shoulders rattling with laughter, "not the oil can."

And God said unto the oil can: "Thou art cursed above the cattle, and above every beast of the field. And deep the ground shalt thou go."

"Mother," said the oil can, "*fucker!*"

And unto the whoa-man God said: "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

"Thanks," said Laura to George after God's voice had left, "you realize how many centuries it'll take for whoa-men to *undo* this scorn?"

"Always knew that can was oily."

"Wait -- you *knew* the oil can and you didn't warn me?"

George slapped her buttocks and said unto her: "I call that a *spank*."

And Laura ran away so fast George could not keep up.

George was drinking from the river Euphrates when the lion bit him in the buttocks. "You hairy som' *bitch*! I name you and this is the thanks I get?"

And the garden rumbled again with anger: "What hast thou done now?"

"That whoa-man you sent me, Lord. She's . . . stupid."

"Didn't I tell thee to bring forth children?"

"Oh . . . shucks. Hey -- don't worry, Lord, I'm your man."

"I'll believe it when I see it -- and believe me, I *see* all!"

George spent many nights scouring E'den before he found Laura sleeping in the bear's cave. And he shook her awake and explained that God wants them to bear children. And then George said unto the bear: "Sorry, guess I named you after a word that already exists and shit."

Laura bit her fingernails and said: "I'm afraid of making children with you, George. You're not . . . the brightest man in E'den."

"See, fear is like that white oval thing that falls out the chicken's butt -- *useless*."

"But what if we're not good parents, George? Then the whole word will be screwed up 'cause of us."

"Whoa-man, you *think* too much."

"I just don't want to rush into something so . . . critical."

"With God on our side, we ain't got nothin' to worry about, Laura. And the world's goin' be just fine."

And Laura's countenance did radiate a sudden trust in her husband.

"I know so. . . . now -- bend over."

"*Excuse me!?!*"

"I'm just teasin'," said George. He slapped her up side the buttocks and said unto her, "but if your inner'rested I can show you somethin' I learnt from that dog feller."

