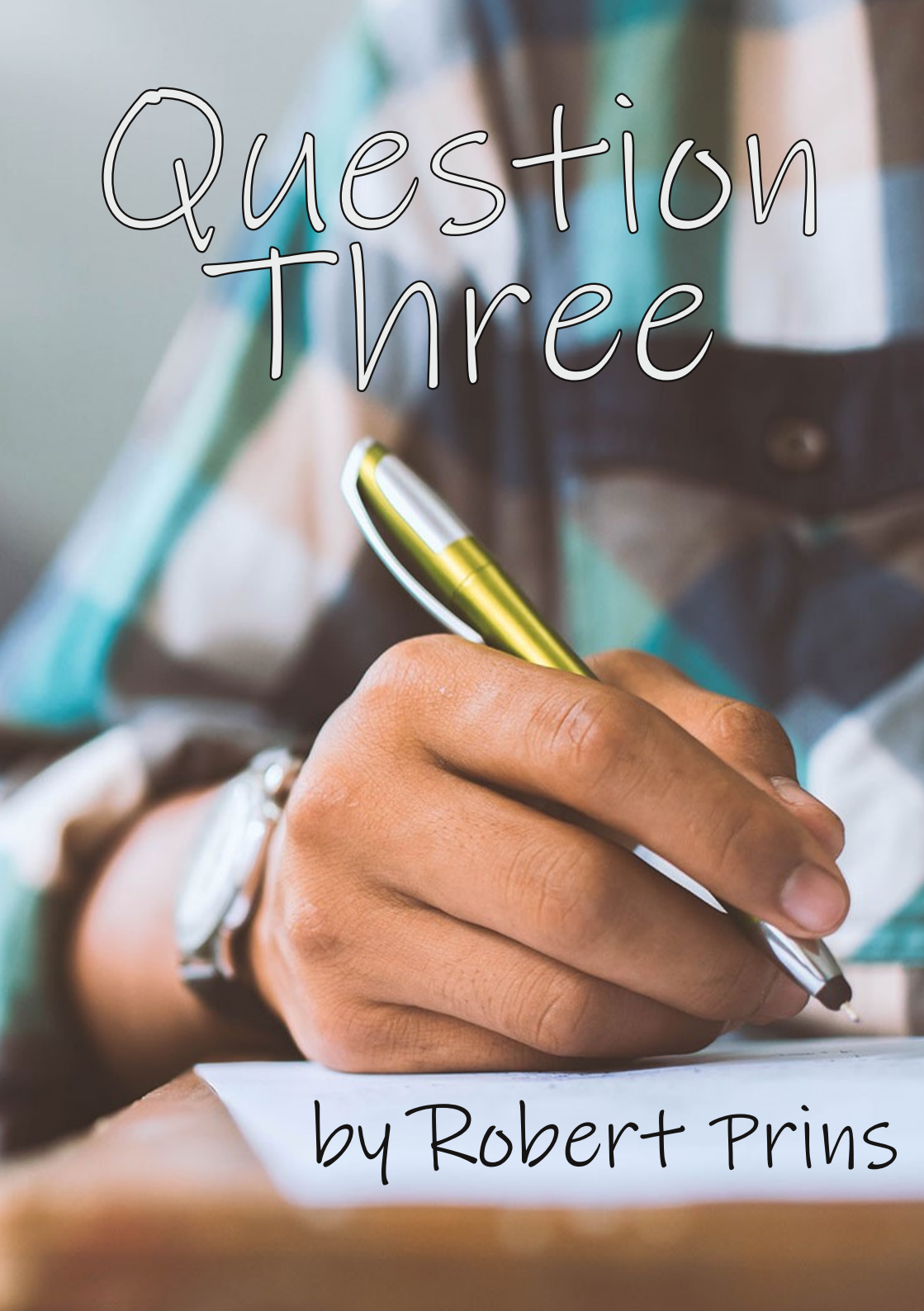


Question Three



by Robert Prins

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Tick, tick, tick. The sound of the clock was all that could be heard, despite thirty-two people hard at work in the room. The thirty-third person was sitting at a desk in front of the others enjoying a sense of power. One word from her, and she could destroy a life. A flick of her finger and that person would be out. There would be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Subconsciously she arranged her fingers into the shape of a gun. Bang, she thought, blowing the hypothetical smoke from the imaginary barrels at the tip of her fingers.

Year twelve at Dragon's Den Philosophical College. Enya Harvey loved the power trip she felt supervising exams. Not normally respected as a teacher, exams gave her the ego boost she craved. Power. Authority. Domination. Judge and Executioner.

One question on the single sheet examination paper piqued her interest. Question number three: Explain how to be a god. There were other notes about the question that she didn't take in, but she thought, "Enya Harvey, this is your moment. You are God. You have the power."

Walking from her desk at the front of the room, she circled to the back of the class and began to stalk silently between the desks of

the students in her soft soled shoes worn especially for the occasion. Enya was not looking for cheats, she was interested in the answers to question three.

Looking over the shoulder of a dark-haired girl, she read an in-depth answer on how to be a god. Very philosophical. Interesting. A boy in a blue hoodie described a series of magic words in some language Enya had never seen before. Silently she mouthed the words, wondering if it would make her into a god. Anto cumi sergantini boon faresh ya boo. As heads turned in the classroom, Enya realized with shock that she had said the last two words out loud. Her face flushed, but she stood straight and pretended to walk purposefully through the class.

When everyone settled, she plucked up the courage to take another surreptitious peek at a further answer. It was a short essay, but obvious that the student had no idea what they were talking about. Enya tried to suppress a giggle. A guffaw escaped her lips and she quickly disguised it as a cough.

Gliding on, she stood behind a boy who was just finishing his answer on how to be a god. She was intrigued.

“You cannot become a god. A god is. Powerful, all knowing, everywhere, unseen, unrecognized. A god does not pretend, sneak, or spy. A god can read minds, knows motivation and intention. A god does not wear soft soled shoes or gossip about the students she supervises. She thinks she is a god but a real god is watching. The true god is examiner and judge.”

Enya paled. As she hurried back to her desk to sit down, she spotted the student’s name on the paper she had been reading. Gavin Obadiah Devine. G.O.D.

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Enya Harvey wasn't interested in exam cheats. She wanted to know the answers to question three. Little did she know how much disturbing that knowledge was going to be.

Published by

Thinky Things

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