

It happened again last night.

The distant banging. Followed shortly by a mild earthquake. People are not sure what to make of it. Some attempt to monitor it, attempt to find out the scientific reason for it *'because there has to be one'*. Some seek religious advice, seeking help in what they believe is an omen, just what the omen is for they do not know.

It certainly does not help that it is only us who can hear it. People who live even just one city away cannot, nor can anyone else. Our seismographs can detect it, measure the earthquake and our devices can record the sound. Yet nobody else's can. Even taking a step outside of the city lines and these things fail to exist. People are worried. There has been talk of an evacuation or literally moving the city piece by piece to somewhere different. However, when it comes to action, to doing something, nobody does. It is like they have come to accept it. Whatever *it* is.

THOOM.

There it is again. The whole city will stop to count the seconds before the earthquake, trying to estimate its distance away. This time, however, the quake happens immediately. We stop, in awe, as our skyline changes. What used to be hills and mountains was suddenly a wall of white. Most people drop to their knees, praying to it, while the rest of us stand here. Everyone is still.

THOOM.

And the wall comes down on the other side of the city. That is not what drew our attention though. The shadow looming above the city, blocking out the sun, reaching high into the clouds, seems like more of a priority.

I don't know how to describe it.

I don't think anybody can.

But I'm pretty sure.

No, certain.

This is God.

*

Spencer smirked.

He had planted a foot on separate sides of the city, sealing off the main methods of exiting. Although this just seemed to be part of his performance and not necessary. The city was so small, so insignificant, that he could have just finished it off without making them aware of his presence. *"But that's no fun."*

He could hear each voice in his head, praying, pleading to be spared. Each voice regaling some story of why they should live and how they will be a better person and spread his word et cetera, et cetera. *Boring.* He crouched down, squatting over the city. No matter how much they would beg or plead or bargain, he had already made up his mind. If they were truly his subjects, his believers, they

would have already accepted that this was their time and they were giving themselves to a better cause.

I mean, a God's gotta keep himself amused. Right?

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People keep praying. I'm not so sure how affective that will be right now. This is God. He hears prayers every day, there is no way your pleading would make a difference. But go ahead, what do I know about God? I definitely did not know he was a miles tall wolf.

He crouches down and his presence grows. He seems normal, ignoring the whole size thing. If he were walking down the street at our height, I probably wouldn't bat an eye. There's nothing special about a grey wolf, but that makes sense, God should represent the norm.

I find myself examining him. God is certainly attractive (*a side note: that may have been my weirdest thought*). Naturally buff with a handsome smile; the type of guy I would have pined over at a bar or pub but would never approach. Maybe everybody sees him differently, as some sort of regret or ideal. I do not know, I can only say what I see.

His smirk is unsettling. God is forgiving and kind. This smirk suggests he has something planned and he is going to enjoy it.

But I guess we probably won't.

*

Spencer felt the rush of emotions that overwhelmed the tiny citizens. Each speck of dust feeling something different as they looked up at their God. Some felt fear. Others admiration. A pocket of his toys felt a smugness, that they were right, that this is their forgiving Christian God. Unable to stop himself from laughing loudly, this sent a rush of fear his way. This is what he was after, to know that they unanimously feared him. He wasn't forgiving. He wasn't kind. They meant nothing to him. Just toys to amuse his lonely existence.

"Y'know," He spoke, his tone mockingly cheerful, "Sometimes I think about telling you all how worthless praying is. But then I think, where's the fun in that? It makes you all the more scared when you find out."

There it was again, the rush of fear, panic, dread. He bit his lower lip and inhaled sharply, muttering a low 'yes' in the process. His toes curled, digging miles into the Earth like it was just mud, and his tail swished in excitement. The build-up was always better than the event.

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A deafening roar knocks us all over. It dawns on me that this may just be some primal beast, not a God, but just a massive being.

Wait.

No.

I'm wrong.

That's laughter.

God is laughing at us.

I do not quite know how to react. How would you? Your creator is laughing at you. Finding your reactions to his presence amusing. He's just some sadistic ass looking for amusement. And that, quite honestly, is terrifying.

He speaks. He speaks words, English words, but again I cannot process them. Too much. I'm overwhelmed. I don't know what to do. I want to run but I also don't. I want to protest and cry out and revolt but I also accept what is happening. My mind battles with itself. Between the natural instinct to survive and the unnatural, hypnotic obedience I have towards the behemoth.

He returns to standing above us. To his proper place and we unanimously look up. I know what's coming and I also don't and I just-

The world beneath me rumbles and our attentions turn towards his right foot. He scrapes it across the landscape briefly before lifting his foot up. Debris that included mountains and acres and acres of farmland fell from his foot like sand at the beach. Our insignificance is more obvious now than ever. His foot hovers above the city, large chunks of field and rock drop from between his toes and from his sole into the city, smashing things as they land.

The foot lingers there above the city and I feel odd. Not being much off a *foot-guy* and yet I want this foot to come down on top of us, to destroy us, so that we could be one with it. I want to massage the thick pads and clean it with my own tongue and the thought sickens me but I want it. I want it so much.

Please bring it closer.

Please God.

That's all I want.

Yes, block out the world, all we want is that...

Oh God what am I saying? Fuck, help.

But I just want to-

Why? Wait, why? Fuck.

Plea- I-

*

Spencer brought himself back up, standing above the city. The fear washed through his body, sending some God-tier release of endorphins through him. He was tapping them out of their emotions and they were succumbing to his presence. It would soon be boring, just a bunch of worthless toys in his servitude.

So it was definitely time now.

Dragging his foot up from the ground, he let it hover above them for a few moments, letting them struggle with their desire to please him and their free will. He didn't bring it down slowly, he didn't just smother them for a moment.

No, his foot smashed right down, completely covering the city, destroying it. Another surge coursed through him, endorphins egging him on to keep going. He twisted his foot side to side, smearing

bodies and buildings alike between his foot and the earth. It was over pretty quickly, leaving only a large paw-print in the ground.

Spencer admired his achievement for a second before scraping off the remains against the nearby ocean floor. He, immediately, forgot about that city and moved along. He had to choose which place to end next, and he had to choose a fun way to do it.