

“Henry, wake up.”

Henry murmured in his sleep and rolled over to the other side of the bed. It was a Saturday and it was only 6 o'clock in the morning.

“Henry! Get up! Now!”

This time the screams succeeded and Henry woke up, but he didn't give in so easily. He still laid in bed pretending to sleep heavily, managing to achieve the perfect fake snore. It wasn't obviously too loud, yet it wasn't quiet enough that you couldn't hear it either. Years of practice were all that could teach such perfect technique.

“Look, Henry. I know you're awake. You'll need a bit more than that to fool me.”

A sudden thought ran right through Henry's mind as he processed the words: he had no idea where they were coming from! He lived in an apartment by himself, and no one had an extra key. Not even his mother. The voice was clearly male, yet had a powerful undertone unlike anyone he had ever heard before. Henry concluded that whoever had been trying to wake him was someone he had never met before.

He sat up abruptly and looked around. Darkness. He thought he human shaped object at the foot of his bed in the flood, but couldn't tell if his eyes were just playing tricks on his mind. Without taking his eyes off of the dark figure, he slowly moved his right arm to the table next to his bed and yanked the string attached to his lamp. In a split second the room was illuminated and Henry thought he had saw a man where the large silhouette had been, but his quickly blinked in response to the new lights and when he opened his eyes once again the man was gone. Nothing was in his room, or at least not that he could see.

As the worry subsided and Henry began to feel more and more awake his head began to pound as the new flood of light infected his sight. When he came to his senses he pushed the blanket on top of him away and turned his legs to the edge of the bed to his right. His feet touched the hardwood floors, which felt unusually cold for a summer morning. In fact, as he continued to regain his awareness he noticed that his entire apartment was far too chilly for July.

Henry walked slowly to the thermometer. It read eighty-five degrees: fairly normal for a Saturday morning in the middle of the summer. But it surely did not feel so warm in here. He checked to make sure the air conditioning wasn't turned on and it wasn't.

“Well, that's weird,” Henry whispered to himself.

He continued into the small kitchen and opened the refrigerator and took out the milk carton. It was empty. Henry grumbled quietly and put the useless carton in the trash. Annoyed and hungry, he proceeded to take out the orange juice and

poured some into a glass sitting on the counter. He didn't remember taking the cup out of the cabinet, but he reasoned with himself that he probably just left it out the night before.

He walked the three steps or so to his kitchen table and took a seat. He usually wasn't up this early in the morning so he felt more tired than normal. Henry looked at his glass of orange juice and refusing to think about anything else put his head up and took a long swig from the glass. As he brought the cup down and opened his eyes he spit out what was left of the half swallowed juice and dropped the cup onto the ground. It shattered on the wooden floors. Henry blinked once more to make sure he wasn't dreaming and when he finally saw again nothing had changed. A man was sitting across the table staring directly into his eyes. The same man he was sure he saw this morning at the foot of his bed!

"What's going on? Who are you?" shouted Henry, attempting to sound angry but the fear in his voice was all too evident.

"Calm down, calm down. I'm just here for a little visit," the man said. It was definitely the same voice that had woken him up this morning. The strength in his quite voice was palpable.

Feeling compelled to slow down, Henry calmly replied, "How can you tell me to calm down? You are the crazy stranger stalking me in my own house. What are you doing here?"

"Like I said, I just came for a visit. This is a nice place that you've got here. Renting, I assume?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well the interest rates these days are above the roof. I was just wondering what a place like this goes for right now."

"Well, my landlord is an old high school buddy of mine so he gives me a good deal." Remembering that is conversing with a stranger who had broken into his house, Henry got back on topic and said, "Hey! Wait a minute! You didn't answer my question. Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Jeff," he answered.

"And what are you doing in my house?"

"For the last time, I'm just visiting."

"What does that even mean? I don't know who you are! And how did you get into my house anyway?"

"You're front door was unlocked."

“Oh, damn it,” replied Henry, who wasn’t feeling too smart at the moment. “So how do you know me?”

“Well, we go way back,” he said. “I was there when you were born. And I was at your tenth birthday party.”

“So what are you my uncle or something?”

“Damn, do I look that old?”

“No, I just wasn’t much of a party kid, so mostly just my family came to those stupid parties.”

Jeff sighed angrily. Being called Henry’s uncle had really gotten to him. “Well, kid. I was there, and I’m not your uncle.”

“So who are you?”

“I’m God.”

Henry broke into a gentle laugh. At the sight of this, Jeff frowned and tried to back up his argument.

“I’m serious!” said Jeff.

“Prove it, then,” Henry countered as he managed to stall his laughing fit.

“I don’t have to. Haven’t you ever read the bible? It’s all about faith! You just have to believe in me!”

“Well, actually I made it a few pages into Genesis before I fell asleep.”

Jeff grunted. “Look, Henry, the whole basis of this job is that you have to believe in me, I don’t have to prove anything to you.”

“Well in that case, I’m Elvis.”

“No you’re not.”

“Look, man, you’re going to just have to believe in me. Have faith, Jeff!”

“Fine,” he answered with an obviously annoyed tone. Jeff pointed his finger at Henry’s cup of orange juice with an aspired look on his face and then a second later lowered.

“Uh, what was that? You didn’t do anything,” stated Henry.

“Taste it.”

“Why?”

“Just do it.”

Henry lifted the glass once more and took a sip. When the expected taste of orange juice didn't come and was replaced with that of apple juice, Henry's eyes widened with excitement.

"Dude! You really are God!"

Jeff sighed once more.

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