

## H and God

Not of any planet, words fail to describe H. Conscious, maybe. Except consciousness normally comes with a slew of other issues. If it were up to H, descriptions wouldn't be necessary. While eternal, able to be anywhere anytime, and requiring no biological upkeep: H is no God. H is like nothing else ever created, an in-between crafted by God for a purpose.

Able to be complex, when necessary, most tasks don't demand more than H's preferred simple logic. When complicated, they still follow a pattern. Patterns and routine can be found or created practically everywhere. Once found they are predictable, something H is fond of.

H's routine: *Speak with God, wait for a task, do the task, continue to exist until God speaks again.*

"H," booms God's voice throughout the universe.

As always, H is listening.

"I have a unique task for you today," God says.

As a formless being with no face, H isn't normally one to make faces. God never intended for H to be creative, but thoughts tend to flow in the depths of space. H designed a vessel for what is assumed to be individuality and, of course, dramatic facial expressions. H sometimes reminds God of a stubborn toddler. Pin needle eyes contrast H's surrounding blue skin, narrowing into a distrustful glare.

"I love you God, but you know how I feel about 'unique'," says H. "I've never failed a task, but I know it's going to be something I can't complete perfectly."

H was created to be low maintenance, but every creation with any amount of autonomy will inevitably produce flaws even if there is no inherent flaw in its original design.

“I love you too H, but you need to grow up,” God says, exhausted. “And don’t look at me like that.”

Flippers crossed, H grows more self-aware and annoyed that God may be right about being a baby.

"Oh H," God sighs. "Enough pouting. Are you ready to hear your task?"

H begrudgingly glances over, signaling God to continue.

“Your task is figure out what the task is,” God says.

This is much worse than anything H could have imagined.

“Here’s your vessel,” God says.

Most tasks require a faux biological vessel, H shifts out to view the vessel from afar, noticing its strange appearance. It has thin hair all over, not uncommon, but most is piled on the top while the rest isn’t enough to regulate temperature. It’s covered in a soft layer, globs accumulating in seemingly random places. Standing upright, but no tail. Small, but not small enough to be an advantage. No claws, smooth teeth, no horns.

“How do these creatures defend themselves?” asks H confusedly, forgetting the conversation prior.

“You’ll need these,” says God, ignoring the question. “Whatever you do, please don’t take them off.”

Colorful, flat objects cover the vessel.

“You’re all set,” says God. “Please use your gift of intuition the moment you arrive.”

H inhabits the vessel and begins transport to the provided coordinates- overcome with curiosity about what kind of planet holds creatures so strange looking.

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Transport complete. H uses intuition, now aware the surrounding structure is a house, where H is alone. H is a human, in a male vessel type, on planet Earth, in the city Orlando, of the state Florida, of the country America. There is a debit card with an abundance of money, closet full of what H now understands are clothes, and a car. H decides the car is the most efficient way to scope out the terrain.

Exploring the city 10 miles under the speed limit, H notices how fond humans are of visuals and sounds. A small black car revs past, making H recoil into the seat. H wonders why anyone would enjoy these horrible sounds. Equally overwhelming human-made objects suffocate the landscape. Buildings on either side seem to close in on them and signs tower overhead, proclaiming locations and business affairs. With great horror, H notices practically all of the chaos is run by humans alone. Cars can move as fast as its mechanics will allow, yet drivers maintain around the same speed. H infers humans must trust each other more than H trusts them. Although in this moment H is the outlier, getting passed by every car on the road. Reading the comically large signs, many mention “Disney World”. H believes the signs must be more than literal and follows them all the way to the entrance.

H thought the interstate had a lot of cars but was promptly proven wrong when confronted by thousands of cars, all driven by humans with many more globs than H’s human

vessel. Cautiously exiting the vehicle and scanning the parking lot, H is overwhelmed by the sounds of infants' cries and humans of all ages laughing. H follows the herd to a "ticket booth".

"Hi!" shouts a smiling young male. "Ticket?"

Many signs claim this "the happiest place on Earth", but H is still startled by how cheerful the male is.

"No," H says.

"Alrighty!" replies the male, still shouting. "That next little building over there is where you're going to purchase a ticket! Have a magical day!"

After speaking with the even happier female at the building, H finally enters the park.

A vessel doesn't require any maintaining but can take on the creature's physical senses. Without it, H's only natural sense is energy.

H turns up all human senses: the smell of dozens of different foods layer like a messy cake. There are hundreds of humans within view, each of their unique voices piling on top of one another. H can't bear to look at the visuals of the park- décor shooting for "the most overstimulating place on Earth". H opts to stare down at a crack in the sidewalk instead.

H shuts off smell, taste, turns down sound, and- to great dismay- determines sight critical. Not trying to understand the bizarre structures, H narrows in on individuals.

Human senses: a female with a large blue dress and blonde hair neatly pinned up, waving at people who are staring happily at her. She is happy, and visually stands out.

H temporarily shuts down human senses, casting the busy scene into an inescapable void resembling space, nothing within it except energies.

The female in the blue dress: one energy is hot and dark, the other cool and subtle. The hot energy continuously consumes the cool energy and spits it out.

Usually there is a pattern between the vessel's interpretation from senses and H's energy interpretation, but this read doesn't make sense. Rarely are there two energies, and never do energies conflict like this. Are they conflicting? Fascinated, H zooms out to discover that everyone has multiple energies. The terrain now serves as a pitch-black canvas for energies of all temperature, size, and strength. They fight and consume. Dance. Embrace. Repel. They disappear, sometimes coming back again. The energies of one host interacts with others. This amount of inconsistency and sensory harassment is enough to drain a planetless being for at least the rest of the day, but H continues the trek despite the park's unhinged ambiance.

H ends up at another tacky structure at the center of the park. In front stands a balding, yet very hairy, male in his mid-50s with a toothy smile. He is accompanied by three children and a female in her 30s, none of which are balding or hairy, but all are looking at the structure.

Human senses: this family is very happy together.

Maybe human energies are different than other creatures but there is still a pattern? H steps in front of the male, blocking his view.

"Hello, do you feel happy?" H asks the male, leaning in close to hear his answer.

The man uses some select language and angrily swats H away.

"I can't believe you would use words like that around your human children," says H, disappointed the male's behavior left more questions than it answered.

H wisely steps back 10 feet to observe them further.

Shutting down human senses: the man's energy bubbles in the dark, mimicking an active volcano. It continuously dies down, just to bubble up again. The woman's energy is muted. A cool pastel, patiently waiting for something that H doesn't understand. The children's energy is overwhelming to look at but most consistent- bright, strobing lights.

There are no patterns in this clichéd cartoon hellscape, and H is worried about exploring the rest of this planet if this is the happiest place on it. Staring at another crack in the pavement, H attempts to brainstorm what to do next until interrupted by cheers. H pops up to see what the all the commotion is about, eyes landing on a male and female in front of the structure. The male is in a strange position, one knee on the ground. H is more puzzled by the female, who looks as if she's about to be eaten by another animal. Doing a 360, H observes that everyone looking at them is smiling

H turns to the closest humans: a female and her children.

"Hello, what is going on?" asks H. "Is she okay?"

"He's proposing," she replies, now appearing to be equally puzzled. "Are you here with someone? You can stick with us until they come back if you'd like sweetheart."

The woman smiles at H. Based on her apparent concern; H decides not to ask what proposing is.

"No, I'm here by myself," replies H.

"Alright, please let me know if you need help," says the female sympathetically.

Delighted by how kind the female's voice sounds, H wonders if her energies match.

Shutting down all senses: the kind female's energies are bright, yet soft. H smiles big at what is the first consistent read of this task.

Human senses: the crowd all slaps their hands together, creating a terrible sea of noise. H assumes the male and female must enjoy the sound because they kiss and embrace each other soon after.

H doesn't bother trying to figure out what this ritual means, overcome with hope that there are more humans like the female with the soft voice. Not even an orchestra of reckless noise can dim H's excitement, but it is time to leave. H can't handle one more minute in the park. Hands over ears, H darts out to the car.

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H arrives at a stoplight, where a disheveled female paces on the median. While her mannerisms are reason enough for concern, H is more fascinated by the fact she isn't wearing pants. H is delighted by this possibly significant sign and rolls down the window.

"Hello, I thought you were supposed to wear clothes. Are you allowed to do this?" H asks the female.

Drivers in nearby cars look through H's window as if H is the one not wearing pants.

The female whips around to face H, wide eyed. Her mouth twitches as she passionately explains the police are after her. She points up, claiming helicopters were swarming the sky earlier to take her away and will come again soon. H puts the car in park as the light turns green and waves at cars to go around, too captivated by her story to notice the honks as they pass.

"They're coming for me," she explains, her pupils dilating. "And you."

She points at H, hand shaking.

“Why are they coming for you?” H asks, eyebrows furrowed. “Why are they coming for me?”

“Dude!” she yells, exasperated. “You don’t know?”

“Know what?” H asks, afraid for her answer.

H resembles her wide eyes when a police car pulls up and two male officers step out.

“Ma’am we received a call about public indecency,” said one of the officers. “Are you okay? Do you need help?”

She screams. Topics include: the FBI, aliens, the end of the world, and helicopters, again.

“Do you know this woman?” the officer asks H.

“No,” says H, afraid. “We were just having a conversation.”

“Alright,” says the officer with a sigh. “Ma’am, we can take you somewhere you’ll be safe. Would you like to come with us?”

She continues to scream, pacing in circles, until the officers swiftly put her hands in metal cuffs. She kicks and screams as they drag her to the car. Ditching the theory of humans trusting each other, H is horrified as the car drives away. Horribly confused, H notices a group of teenage males on two wheeled devices nearby.

“Do you understand what just happened?” H shouts out the window to the males. “Can she predict the future? She was talking about the police coming to get her and right after that, they did get her! Can you predict the future too?”

They laugh.

“She was high as hell on bath salts homie,” shouts back one of the males, biking past before H gets the chance to ask any more questions.

Bath. Salts. H thought those two words didn’t belong together, let alone for this situation and was unsure what either word had to do with Hell, but has no choice but to accept the answer.

With newfound paranoia, H puts the car in drive. On the road, H realizes no energies were read. H sinks in the seat at the thought of failing the task and quickly brainstorms the next logical location to crack the case of these, apparently, psychic creatures. The foundation of life is water, and one of the largest bodies of water on Earth is only an hour drive away, H sets out for Cocoa beach.

It completely slipped H’s mind to make full use of the car. Plenty planets have buttons in transportation devices, but H has never seen this many. Things may be looking up for H. H carefully presses a button labeled “play”. Nothing. A button with a forward arrow. Nothing. H wonders what the purpose of having so many useless buttons is, until H presses a button labeled “volume”. A screech impossible for humans to produce escapes while Maroon 5 blasts at full volume, consuming all space in the car and all room for thoughts in H’s head. H slams the button and drives the rest of the way in silence.

Frazzled by sensory overload, H is extra disgusted by the unfiltered sunlight on this planet. As hot sand turns into ocean, the unforgiving sun intensifies when reflecting off the water, mocking H. Standing on the shore, H misses the dark simplicity of space.

H scans the beach. While grateful there are people here, H wonders why there has to be so many of them everywhere. Do these things just hate peace and quiet?

Too exhausted to bother figuring out where these human's clothes are, H searches for the calmest subject. H spots a female with a large hat and sunglasses whose lawn chair could be a part of her body. H tries small talk before asking a question to avoid a negative reaction.

“Hello, you look comfortable,” says H.

The female slides her sunglasses to the bridge of her nose to see who is interrupting her tan: a strange man in a t-shirt and jeans stands in front of her.

“I was, yes,” replies the female.

Was? H wonders if the sun is bothering her too.

“What do you mean? What changed?” H asks.

The female pushes her sunglasses back up and shoos H away in the same way the male at Disney World did, except much more delicately.

The blinding sun is killed when H shuts down all human senses: the woman's energy is cool and muted as H expected, but the center is hot and dense like the center of a star.

Once again, no pattern. At least, no pattern H can figure out. H wonders which possibility is worse.

Human senses: surveying the massive body of water-- the shoreline littered with degradable waste-- then the ground, the sand dirty in a different way. H stares at an empty water bottle, feeling pity for the whole situation. Defeated, H shuffles through the dirty sand to the car where H sinks in the seat and looks up to the ceiling.

“God, I have failed this task just as I thought I would,” H sighs. “What am I supposed to do here? No patterns, their energies make no sense, they’re so loud, dirty, I failed to save that female from capture, and I don’t understand what bath salts are.”

H’s head thumps against the steering wheel, exhausted.

“H, my dear helper,” God replies. “You have not failed anything.”

Eyes blinking open, H stops sulking for a moment to look up.

“What?” H replies. “I’ve completed nothing! No creature has been helped. If anything, I think I’ve made it worse here.”

God teleports H back to deep space, out of reach from any viable planet, and H feels an immediate comfort being back home.

“You have not failed anything,” God repeats. “I sent you to Earth to figure out on your own how to better handle tasks on planets like Earth, with creatures like human beings. I love having you as my helper, I created you to be the best after all.”

“If I was made so perfectly, why can’t I solve this task?” H presses. “I still don’t understand how to better handle tasks on Earth. What do I do God?”

“I know you feel like you’ve failed H, but I have to admit I don’t know how to solve the problems on Earth either,” says God. “The humans have been given autonomy because I love them in the same way I love you, but it’s become clear I can’t trust them. I have enforced many biological restrictions on them, enforcing many more restrictions on themselves, but they can still make choices: even stupid ones. Very few things are impossible, but harnessing billions of energies when the energies within themselves can’t agree, well... any change on planets like

Earth, has to occur because of them. It must be their idea, or they have to at least *think* it was their idea, but perhaps you'll think of something better?"

H is not satisfied with this answer.