

The Rapture: A BBM Conversation with God

by Marisa Roman

An actual transcribed conversation published on Wikileaks between God--the Lord--and his personal assistant, Reba, in February 2011.

GOD: May 21st. 6pm sharp.

Reba: Judgment Day.

GOD: Dun. Dun. Dun.

Reba: LOL.

GOD: It will forever lay in infamy.

Reba: You sound like Bill Pullman.

GOD: Lol. Independence Day reference. Nice.

Reba: I heart Bill Pullman.

GOD: You know, I've been thinking. I don't want to make this like the ark.

Reba: So no floods?

GOD: No, let's not.

Reba: Something bigger?

GOD: Yes. I think I need to make an appearance.

Reba: Oh, God. That's big.

GOD: But where?

Reba: Central Park?

GOD: No good, really my allergies lately...

Reba: Lady Gaga is playing in Barcelona?

GOD: No, I don't want to ruin the show for anyone.

Reba: Oh, wasn't her HBO special to die for?

GOD: Put her on the list.

Reba: She's gonna be raptured?

GOD: Of course. Speaking of, do you have that list in front of you?

Reba: As a PDF.

GOD: Good, I want to make some changes.

Reba: Fire away.

GOD: Bedbugs, out. Gay kid from Glee, in. Chilean miners, in. Gaddafi, out. Sarah Palin, out. Bristol Palin, out. BP employees, out. Dr. Oz, in. Dallas Mavericks, in.

Reba: Raptured and un-raptured. Check. I'll email you the finished copy.

GOD: Good. You know, I can't help but think we need something more.

Reba: Like what?

GOD: I don't know, something. Really shake them up. They are sinners after all.

Reba: Something besides the birds and fish?

GOD: Yes, not a warning. Something like an earthquake.

Reba: I can do an earthquake.

GOD: Just a scare tactic.

Reba: Isn't that a bit mean?

GOD: No. Mean? Come on. Cancelling Oprah was mean. ☹

Reba: God, I know. I just feel like the whole afternoon opened up, right?

GOD: Ok, so everyone being raptured...how do we get them to heaven?

Reba: Stairway?

GOD: LOL, right, and fulfill every rock and roll prophecy.

Reba: Escalator?

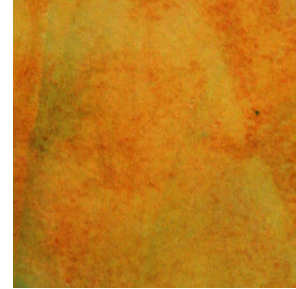
GOD: Better. I can dig it.

Reba: Where do we start with the earthquakes?

GOD: New Zealand.

Reba: Why?

GOD: Russell Crowe.



Reba: Understood.

GOD: Good. So you start with the earthquake, I'll descend, so on so forth. Escalator upstairs, boom, done.

Reba: And everyone left?

GOD: Not my problem.

Reba: And animals? You said no ark, so I'm assuming we're not rapturing any animals.

GOD: Send out the message—Aftertherapturepetcare.com.

Reba: Done.

God: I'll send Gabriel if I need anything further. TTYL.

May 21st, Inching towards 7pm.

GOD: Helloooooo? ☹

Reba: God, I'm sorry. Overslept. Up late catching up on Dancing with the Stars. Reschedule the Rapture? Maybe October?

GOD: Ugh, Fine. Five months from now.

Reba: I can do that.

GOD: Good. Make this the word of the Lord.

Reba: Thanks be to GOD.

God: LOL.

