

Sure! And at 3:00 A.M. when you're tossing in bed and scrunching your pillow.

Hey! How'd You know I always—oh, yeah, You're God.

Right.

Well, in that case, how about hanging out right now? I've got some stuff I need to talk with You about.

Great. This is the moment I've been waiting for.



7

## *On Boyfriends*

I said: *Sigh*. The start of another school year. And once again . . . I'm alone.

God said: Hello.

Well, okay—not *totally* alone. I have lunch with Heather and history with Natasha.

Hello?

Oh, yeah. And You're here, but that doesn't really count.

Excuse Me?

Well, You know. You're *God*. You're everywhere. That's Your job—to always hang around.

Yes, I *am* God. And true, I am omnipresent. But the reason I'm always with you is because I *choose* to be with you.

Hm. I never thought of it that way.

And I'm going to school with you, because I really, really want to.

