

Adam and Eva

In the early days before the church, there was Adolph. In the beginning he worked alone with scarce resources, but this would all come to change later. Maybe if he knew then what he knows now, Adolph would have been intoxicated by utopian visions of the great future. Maybe he always knew. Back in the early days before the church, what Adolph really wanted was the power to make a difference in people's lives. He wanted the power to help people, the power to change men's hearts, the power to feed the hungry and heal the sick. He wanted the power to bring balance to an unequal world but most of all he wanted to serve God. Adolph was an idealist.

Adolph was about six feet tall. He had Caucasian skin with pale blue eyes and a full beard. His hair dangled past his shoulders, uneven and sandy brown with lots of split ends. He didn't believe in spending a lot of time on his appearance because he thought it was a form of vanity. Adolph wanted to live his life the way God intended. Sure his body was a temple, but temples should not be lavish and grandiose. Temples, according to Adolph, needed to be like nature, simple the way God intended it. He was twenty-two years old and wanted to change the world. He lived by the Bible, a book that according to him, contained the word of God. It gave his life direction. Though he was always isolated and alone, he never felt that way. After all, God was always with him. God would direct him.

Adolph lived homeless in the third largest city of pre-apocalyptic America, just after the turn of the new millennium. The bright blue sky of centuries past had been replaced by the yellow-green haze of the polluted present. Crime was rampant in America: Murder, rape, sexual abuse, molestation, thievery, capital punishment, terrorism, and violence was the norm. Much of the country was still recovering from the strife brought on by the Third World War. It was called the clone wars by the mass marketing conglomerates that controlled the news and tides of public opinion.

The clone wars started as an American state response to terrorism, stemming from middle-eastern, Slavic, and African countries. At least that's what people used to say. Soon the American war was turned upon its own people. As rights were stripped away from the citizens in the name of "security" people became discontent. When protests erupted in the streets, the government quickly and violently squelched them. Branding the protesters as "terrorists" the government used deadly and brutal force to put them down. People's freedoms were suppressed and soon a revolutionary army was born in opposition to the government. Years of war between the state and citizens escalated as technology advanced. In the later decades of the wars, robotic technology and androids ruled in warfare. That was when the media first began referring to the wars as the clone wars.

But the clone wars had long been over by the time Adolph began preaching on street corners. The country was based on a solid dictatorship posing as a democracy but it was posing quite well. People felt free, business was going well for many entrepreneurs and the country was being rebuilt. Though there were many scars from the war, demolished buildings were fast being replaced by skyscrapers in the cities, hollow brick husks supplanted by sleek silver super-towers. The country most closely resembled the latter part of the twentieth century and the beginning of the twenty-first century, the difference being a higher crime rate, more violence, and a destroyed education system. Another difference was the yellow-green sky created by pollution and chemical warfare. During the clone wars different kinds of defoliants and high grade nerve gasses were used intensely. These chemicals, combined with pollutants from industry, cast the sky and everything under it, in a yellow-green haze. The city, from a distance, looked putrid and dull in the ominous smog. Everything cast in the haze looked sickly like a heroin junky caught in the fluorescent lights of a supermarket. Most of the drinking water was contaminated and the environment was more polluted with industrial runoff. But things were getting better, only, a hopeless people needed hope. People without a guide, lost, with no faith, were looking for a leader. Adolph was on a mission to give them hope.

"The Lord is the Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," shouted Adolph as he paced back and forth on the street corner, shouting from his bible. He was reading from 2 Corinthians 3:17. "Have hope, brother," he said to a heavysset gruff-looking man who was passing by. The man wore cotton business pants and a stained un-tucked dress shirt. His hair was short but messy from neglect. He carried a rolled up newspaper in his left hand.

"Piss off, wack job," the man barked.

"May the Lord forgive you, my son."

The man who had already passed him turned and extended his middle finger.

The sound of cars honking, traffic and people murmuring filled the street. The scream of a vehicle braking fast shrieked from a few blocks away and police sirens sounded in the distance. It was a city of millions.

Adolph recited Matthew 5:44. "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." He looked across the busy street. Through momentary windows created by spaces between the passing cars, Adolph could see glimpses of a bag-lady in front of an alley. She tried to push her shopping cart into the alley but the front wheel was stuck on something and she struggled to work it loose. As if in the rhythm of a ticking clock he saw jaded flashes of her after the passing of each car. With each flash, her body position changed slightly, yet she remained in the same spot in front of the alley. Flash, twisted to the left. Flash, hands up in the air. Flash, head turned to the right. Like the flickering light from an ancient movie projector he caught fleeting images of her as if on a screen.

Adolph watched her intently as she freed the front wheel and pushed her shopping cart into the alley. The poor woman seemed in need of help. But who wasn't? Quickly he snatched a plastic bag containing all of his belongings from the edge of the sidewalk and ran out into the street. He was careful to lift the tattered and dirty white sheet he wore so as not to step on it. The sound of his bare feet slapped against the asphalt as he hurriedly ran across the street. Cars sounded their horns as slamming brakes screamed to avoid hitting him.

"Watch what you're doing!" someone shouted, fist raised out the window of a grey sedan. It was a man in his middle thirties. His hair was dirt blonde, short and well kept. A tie hung loose around his neck and the top button of his shirt was unbuttoned. The man clenched the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning white with anger. He cursed as Adolph passed by putting his hands on the hood of a red sports car that pushed into him slightly as it couldn't quite stop in time.

"Bless you," Adolph said. He entered the alley.

The bag lady sat on the ground with her back against the wall. Her clothes were worn, ripped and in rags. Her face was dirty and she reeked of body stench. Her cart was full of cans, used clothing, plastic bottles and other things she collected. "What the fuck do you want?" she said as Adolph approached her.

The first thing he noticed was her age. She was a lot younger than he had initially thought. In fact she appeared to be same age he was. From a distance he thought her to be middle aged but close-up he realized she was not. "I come to share," he said. He reached into his plastic bag and pulled out a half eaten loaf of stale bread. It was going to be his dinner that night but he felt she needed it more than him.

She eyed the bread intensely. She could see nothing else. Quickly, she snatched the bread from his hand and devoured it in seconds, tearing at it like a rabid dog. When finished, almost instinctively, she reached under Adolph's sheet and grabbed between his legs. She held it firmly and began to move her hand upon it. It was the customary rule of the street. Nothing was free in this city.

"No," Adolph said. "It is not necessary."

"Oh you're one of them bible crankers, are you?"

"I serve the Lord."

"Well thanks anyway," she said. "What's your name, bible boy?"

"My name is Adolph."

"Nice to meet you, Adolph. My name is Eva." She looked at him with empty eyes. He seemed harmless enough. She normally didn't like people who carried the word. In the past she had even robbed them, in some cases violently. But those days were in the past. "Are you sure you don't want a handjob?" she asked.

"Yes," Adolph replied. "I am not in want."

"Suit yourself," she said. "People usually want something before they give...you know. My father always did anyway. When I was only twelve years old I'd be giving him a fucking handjob...you know. This city isn't easy." It was nothing for her to talk about her father that way and there was no one she wouldn't say it to. It was an old story and it was the only life she knew. Besides, what was a handjob anyhow? She had given so many in her lifetime. Handjobs brought little rewards.

Adolph reached into his plastic bag, digging. He pulled out a crumpled cigarette and a match. It was one of his habits. He lit the cigarette and slowly inhaled. A blue cloud of smoke rose. He exhaled with a slight gasp and began talking.

□Afterward Lot left Zoar because he was afraid of the people there, and he went to live in a cave in the mountains with his two daughters. One day the older daughter said to her sister, □There isn't a man anywhere in this entire area for us to marry. And our father will soon be too old to have children. Come, let's get him drunk with wine, and then we will sleep with him. That way we will preserve our family line through our father.□ So that night they got him drunk, and the older daughter went in and slept with her father. He was unaware of her lying down or getting up again. The next morning the older daughter said to her younger sister, □I slept with our father last night. Let's get him drunk with wine again tonight, and you go in and sleep with him. That way our family line will be preserved.□ So that night they got him drunk again, and the younger daughter went in and slept with him. As before, he was unaware of her lying down or getting up again□So both

of Lot's daughters became pregnant by their father. When the older daughter gave birth to a son, she named him Moab. He became the ancestor of the nation now known as the Moabites. When the younger daughter gave birth to a son, she named him Ben-ammi. He became the ancestor of the nation now known as the Ammonites. Genesis 19:30-38 □

Adolph took another drag off his cigarette, smiled and looked at Eva. "It's ok," he said. "In times of loneliness one might only have his or her father. If he made you touch him it was because he loved you. If he touched you it was because of his strong love for you...It is God's way. I too have been touched by the great father. For him I am never alone. He is always with me and I am filled with his great love."

"Yeah?" Eva asked him.

"Yes," Adolph replied. "Are you alone in the world?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps one day you shall find your father. You could find him within me for his spirit runs through me. If you wish I will take you from Zoar. We will drink wine and lay together so that we may preserve our family line. We will plant the seeds of a new generation of man. We will change the hearts of men. Genesis... it is God's way..."

"Adolph?"

"Yes."

"Do you like me?"

"You are a child of God. I love all the children of God."

"Yeah?" she said incredulously. Her eyes began to tear up as she was overwhelmed with feelings. She usually wasn't very emotional and couldn't understand why she should be upset. She hadn't cried since she was a child. But she wasn't sad...she was happy. As tears began to stream down her face she smiled, confused, happy, overwhelmed with emotion. She cried tears of joy. "Oh Adolph," she said. "I hope you will be my father."

While looking at her he felt a great affection for her. She was the first person to listen to him in a long time. She seemed to understand him. She seemed to understand the message of God. But mostly she was open to him. For the first time in many years he felt a fondness distinct from his fondness for the Lord. She was the first person to give him honest respect. She was his first real follower! She would be the ideal person to help him start his Church. The perfect person with whom to start a union. She would help him spread the good word of God. She would help him found a new generation of followers.

“This reminds me of something,” he said to her.

“What?”

“Nothing really...it’s just...it reminds me of my favorite bible quote. Matthew 10:34-35...”

They sat in silence smiling at each other.

That was the first time Adolph saw Eva. They were the days before the church, when he worked alone. As time went on, Adolph began to accumulate a small following of beggars and homeless people from within the inner city. The hopeless people were given a leader and within that leader they found hope.

The church began as a small congregation in alleys and on street corners. Over time it grew until its sheer size mandated public meetings in parks and in rented congregation halls. Money was raised through collection of offering and begging. As their meetings became more public, citizens became discontent. Many people feared the organization of the church and soon the state police tried to shut them down. But this only fueled the followers of Adolph. State opposition was a form of accreditation. Throughout it all Adolph preached his message of hope, love, and brotherhood. And throughout it all there was Eva.

Adolph grew closer to Eva in the beginning by talking to her in the alley in the afternoons after preaching on the street corner. They would share cigarettes and talk about the coming apocalypse while reading quotes from revelations. As the church grew in size Eva became more devout but she also grew closer to Adolph. She idolized him. She loved him. Soon she was pregnant.

By the age of thirty-four Adolph’s church had grown to enormous proportions. Growth was largely the result of three things. Firstly, after gaining support amongst the disenfranchised people of the inner city, Adolph began searching for followers amongst the middle class. He mostly targeted business people and company owners. Secondly, money from the church was invested in stocks managed by devout followers with an understanding of money markets. Thirdly, much of the profit earned by the church was used in mass marketing schemes, to acquire media and produce advertising.

Soon Adolph was the leader of one of the largest congregations in the world. Though his message was based on love, Adolph began to base much of his teachings on old Watchtower publications from the Jehovah’s Witness church of the twentieth century. These publications would soon become the basis for the name of his

church, the church, he named “The Eye.” The name was based on the idea of the Watchtower. The Eye of God was always watching. The Eye of God saw all.

The church was no longer in its infantile stage. It was the ever watchful Eye. It had thousands of followers within the city and millions from around the world. Owner of nearly half the media, newspapers and television stations, The Eye was able to reach hopeless disparate people around the world. Its main office was no longer in the gutter of the street. The Eye was located in the largest skyscraper in the city. It was a tall mega-structure that dominated the skyline, towering far above the other large skyscrapers. It’s shiny, metallic, outer surface reflected the buildings around it in the bright, wretched, yellow-green light of the muted sun.

Adolph looked out the window of his office on the hundredth floor. His appearance had changed drastically over the years. As the church changed its appearance to reach a broader range of people, so did Adolph change his appearance to fit. He now had short neatly cut hair, was clean shaven, and always wore a dress shirt and tie. He had to look good for his many television appearances.

Peering out the window he looked at the ruins of the inner city. Everything was lit in a dim green haze as the sun was just beginning to make its decent into darkness. “Fucking sinners,” he said in disgust. He had lately become more appalled by the behavior of nonbelievers. “We must do more to reach them,” he said to Eva as she entered his office. He was sitting on a chair in front of his desk.

Eva too had changed much over the years. She was Adolph’s wife now and no longer looked like a bag lady from the inner city. She wore subtle makeup, long dresses, and nice shoes. Her brunette hair was long and healthy. She was no longer dirty. She was no longer homeless.

Eva walked towards him with a smile. She was carrying two glasses of red wine, one for each of them. “Don’t worry so much,” she said. “Drink of his blood.”

“My blood!” screamed Adolph. He smashed his fist into the desk.

“Your blood,” she said correcting herself. “Of course.”

“Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Psalms 128:3.”

“Of course,” Eva replied.

As Adolph drank the red wine, Eva began to unbutton his shirt. Then his pants. “The Eye of God is always watching,” she said.

“Then do onto me as he would do onto you. Do onto me as I would do onto you.”

Without taking off her cloths, Eva lifted her skirt and pulled her panties to the side. She sat on his lap

and started. She moved over him animalistic, undulating, allowing herself to feel him fully inside her. There was not much time now for Adolph was to appear on television in just twenty minutes. It was over quickly.

“Where are thine olive plants?” screamed Adolph. “Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Psalms 128:3.”

“I will get the children in a moment,” she said. She smiled at him warmly. “Together we are the seed of generations to come.” She kissed him on the cheek. “You’re my Adam and I am your Eva.”

“Eve,” he corrected her.

“Eve,” she replied. “Together we will eat the fruit.”

He smiled at her. “Of course.”

“I will get the children,” she said.

Hurriedly, Eva walked towards the door. Before exiting she turned. “Stay as you are,” she said. “The children too must eat off the tree.” She left.

Adolph stared out the window at the ruins of the inner city.

“Fucking nonbelievers,” he said. “They will burn.”

Seven years passed and The Eye was no longer based in the office building in the city. Pressure from the state became harder to ignore and discontent amongst non-believers became virulent like a disease. They wanted separation of Church and Media. Soon there were verbal attacks. Then the attacks became real.

As a response to growing antagonism, Adolph left the city with many of his followers. Though they were disrupted they managed to stay well organized and were still able to get the message out on the airwaves. However, Adolph himself didn’t make many appearances. And since he wasn’t appearing on the screen, he no longer saw the need to keep a tight appearance. He grew his beard long and reverted to many of the older dress habits from his younger years. He no longer bathed frequently. He walked barefoot and wore a robe. Though he had lots of money he refused new clothes.

Looking out across the vast congregation of people, Adolph could see the city skyline in the far distance. A large field, indeed a great plane was cleared for the occasion and an ocean of people stretched out as far as the eye could see, disappearing with the horizon as they mixed with the skyline and buildings of the city. The

sky was green with pollution and everything was cast in a yellow-green light. The people were waiting for their leader to talk. He stood next to Eva on a hill above them, a sea of bodies below. Many people wore tattered clothing, robes, and sheets. Yet others were dressed in suits and dress clothes.

Adolph turned to Eva and spoke. "They all look like me," he said. "They look just like me."

"The seed will be planted," she replied. "Soon we will fill the world with God's love."

Adolph looked upon the army he had created with great pride. They were almost ready. He worked hard to gain their trust over the years. He worked hard to cultivate and direct them. He worked hard to mold them, to show them God, to teach them love. He gave them hope, they gave him power. He was always their leader, but now, for the first time, he could really feel the power. He finally saw clearly. Adolph reflected: The non-believers had become too vocal with their discontent. Society was polarized. There were those who believed and those who did not. Believers were blessed. Non-believers were sinners and sin had to be destroyed. The snake had to be eradicated.

Adolph looked at a small, brown, cloth sack held with his left hand. It was small enough to fit in the palm, worn, dirty, and smelled of death. The top was tied shut with a frayed piece of string. In it were six little fingers, one from each of them. It was all that remained of his children. He stared at the sack but said nothing.

"It is God's way," Eva said. "The seed was bad...the seed was not full of love for the father. It would not have been good to sow."

"Yes," Adolph replied.

"We will replant the seed," Eva said. "Soon the seed will be planted...God's love will live on through them." Eva gestured to the army stretching out across the great flat. "They will bring the message."

"Yes," Adolph replied. He glanced away from the small brown sack and focused his attention on the crowd.

From the hill, Adolph could see everything. He was almost ready. A large menacing smile twisted across his face as he thought about what he was going to say to the multitudes. He knew now that he was not Adolph. He, like Adam before him, was the seed. He and his wife Eva would bring Genesis to the barren desert of man. The non-believers would be brought to the light, reborn, or they would be crushed by his army. But his name was not Adam either.

Over the years he had realized many of his dreams. He found the power to make a difference in peoples lives. He helped people by giving them direction, changed men's hearts wicked, fed the hungry a vision of power and dominance. He healed the sick by giving them self worth and purpose. Now he would bring balance

to an unequal world. With a wicked grin, he spoke to himself out loud. He was reciting his favorite bible verse Matthew 10:34-35. It had been with him all along and he knew it by heart. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother."

No...his name was not Adolph and his name was not Adam. His name was Jesus Christ and he was the son of God. His enemies would soon be destroyed.