

God Will See You Now

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Introduction

What happens after the last argument is made, the final doubt is expressed, and the heart takes its final beat? For a life lived in the cool, clear light of reason, a life defined by a confident and steadfast lack of faith, what comes next? Is it the silent, dreamless

void that was so logically anticipated? Or is it something else entirely?

God Will See You Now is an exploration of that unexpected and ultimate appointment. It posits a divine audit for those who never believed there was an auditor, a final interview for a job they were certain did not exist. Within these pages, twenty-five souls, each a bastion of their own unique brand of atheism—from the compassionate to the cynical, the scholarly to the salt-of-the-earth—find themselves in the one place they were sure was a myth.

Here, in a reality custom-built from their own memories, passions, and pains, they are granted the one thing they never asked for: a conversation with the Creator. Armed with the ten questions that shaped their disbelief, they step forward to challenge, to accuse, to debate, and perhaps, finally, to understand. This is not a story of judgment, but of dialogue; a celestial Q&A session where the mysteries of existence are unpacked with humour, empathy, and a surprising amount of cosmic common sense. For these twenty-five atheists, the end of their lives is not an ending at all, but the beginning of the most surprising conversation in the history of everything.

Chapter 1: The Philosopher's Echo

Consciousness returned to Marcus, the history professor, not as a slow, waking trickle, but as a floodgate thrown open with cataclysmic force. One moment, the world was a narrow, suffocating tunnel of sensation defined by the clinical realities of his end. There was the sharp, metallic taste of blood and antiseptic coating his tongue, a flavour of sterile finality. The dominant sound was the rhythmic, tyrannical beep of a heart monitor, a metronome counting down his last moments, punctuated by the whispery hiss

of an oxygen machine. The light was the flat, unforgiving glare of fluorescent hospital tubes, bleaching all colour from the room, reflecting coldly off polished steel and white sheets. It was a world of sharp angles, cold surfaces, and the pervasive scent of impending decay masked by chemical cleaners.

The next moment, that entire sensory universe was annihilated. It was replaced by a light so pure and absolute it felt like the concept of 'white' itself had become a physical, all-encompassing presence. It wasn't merely bright; it was foundational, an ur-light from which all other light was born. It pressed against his incorporeal form not with heat, but with a pressure that felt like truth. The light carried a scent that was shockingly clean and electric, the sharp tang of ozone after a lightning strike, mingled with something ancient and profound, like the smell of dust shaken from a star's birthing blanket. It hummed, a low, cello-like note that vibrated not in his ears, which he no longer had, but directly in his bones, in the very essence of his being.

As his perception adjusted, the overwhelming whiteness resolved itself. The absolute light softened, its edges bleeding into a gentle, golden luminescence that filled a space of impossible dimensions. The environment was fluid, a breathtaking landscape that responded to his own thoughts. For a moment, he stood in a garden where flowers of impossible, iridescent hues bloomed and faded in seconds, their petals releasing a complex perfume of rose, damp earth, and some forgotten, honeyed spice from his childhood. The sound was of buzzing, crystalline insects and the whisper of a breeze through silver-leaved trees. Then, with a flicker of academic curiosity, the garden dissolved. He was in a vast library. The air filled with the rich, intoxicating scent of aged paper, leather, and beeswax. The golden light now slanted in dusty motes from

impossibly high, cathedral-like windows, illuminating shelves that stretched into infinity. The cello-hum was now accompanied by the soft, hypnotic rustle of a million turning pages. A thought of his university days, and the library melted into a quiet, sun-drenched quad. The smell of freshly cut grass and old stone warmed by the sun rose to meet him. The sound was of distant, chiming bells and the gentle murmur of scholarly debate, a comforting and familiar chorus.

Standing before him through all these transformations was a figure who radiated a quiet, gravitational calm. This, his mind supplied with a certainty that bypassed all his scholarly skepticism, was God. The figure appeared as a kindly old sage from a forgotten scroll, robed in a fabric that seemed woven from twilight itself, a deep indigo shot through with silver threads. His beard was a spectacle of cosmic proportions, a vast and flowing river of silver light, so immense and intricate that it seemed to contain sleeping galaxies and swirling, nascent nebulae. Within its depths, tiny points of light, like distant quasars, flared and died. The calm he exuded was a palpable force, silencing the frantic questions that were beginning to riot in Marcus's mind. The low, cello-like note hummed from this being, a resonant frequency that seemed to be the source of the place's profound peace.

"Well, this is awkward," Marcus managed, his voice sounding thin and reedy, a stark contrast to the resonant thrum that filled the space. The sound of his own words was jarring, like a scratch on a perfect recording. He tried to ground himself, to find purchase in the bedrock of his life's work, in the logic and reason that had been his only creed. "But as my namesake Aurelius once said: 'Live a good life. If there are gods and they are just—'"

God interrupted with a chuckle, a sound that Marcus would never be able to adequately describe. It was like ancient stones rolling together in a warm, deep riverbed, a sound of immense age and even more immense amusement. The golden light of the quad seemed to brighten and sparkle with the sound. "Yeah, yeah, I know the quote, Marcus," God's voice was as deep and resonant as the hum that permeated everything. "I was whispering in his ear when he wrote it. Welcome anyway, kid. Coffee? It's a custom blend. Tastes like your fondest memory."

Marcus blinked, and the entire sensory landscape shifted with the simple offer. The smell of cut grass and old stone was instantly, miraculously, replaced by the warm, overwhelmingly nostalgic scent of his mother's kitchen on a Sunday morning. It was the rich aroma of buttermilk pancakes on a hot griddle, the sweet spice of cinnamon, the dark, comforting smell of freshly brewed coffee, and a faint, underlying note of his mother's vanilla perfume. The air itself felt warmer, softer. A warm, ceramic mug, the colour of a robin's egg, materialized in his hands. It was the exact mug he had accidentally broken when he was ten, its familiar weight a shock of memory. He looked up, his academic composure completely shattered. "Wait, you're just... real? Then why no heads-up? No definitive proof?"

God shrugged, a gesture of cosmic nonchalance that made the star-stuff in his beard swirl in lazy, beautiful spirals of purple and gold. The light seemed to coalesce and then scatter with the movement. "Free will. I give the answers, the test is meaningless. Plus, I hate spoilers."

The answer was so simple, so infuriatingly reasonable, that Marcus, ever the academic, felt the last vestiges of his skepticism being replaced by an insatiable, burning curiosity. This was the ultimate