

Adam's Diary

By Daverick Leggett

Adam's diary, paradise 2017...

God called by the other day to ask how we were doing. Well, the breeding seems to be going well I said. We reached our first billion in 1800, two billion by 1920, four billion by 1960 and we should reach eight by 2025. God pulled out his pocket calculator. Nice work he said.

How's the garden? I told him about the improvements me and Eve had been making. Hmmm let's see... We're knocking out 50,000 species of plant, insect and animal every year, we've got 200,000 acres of forest on fire as we speak, we've taken out half the rainforests in the last fifty years and we're currently running at 24 billion tons of topsoil eroded every year.

I smiled at him. God turned to leave. Of course, there has been the usual array of false prophets and I admit there have been a few slip-ups: Chernobyl, Deepwater Horizon, Fukushima but we're making progress. Progress... have you been talking to that snake? Where are you going exactly? God asked. What a strange question.

I didn't know what to say but anyway he was already off down the path at a trot. Oh and we're running out of a few things I called. I saw him later taking photographs of the smallest things. He looked like he'd been crying. Never did understand him.