

Why does everything in the universe spin?

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God and the devil are playing pool.

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1 - Untitled

Why does everything in the universe spin?

The bar is nothing special.

There are four motorbikes outside, a couple of bulbs missing above the specials sign, and the buzz and flicker of worn out neon. Inside, the hum of conversation from a table in the corner and a grubby jukebox playing a song that no one remembers until they hear it and will forget as soon as it's through. The barman mechanically wipes a glass with a tea towel, both glass and cloth too dirty and damp to make it a worthwhile endeavour. In the corner sits a hooded figure smoking a pipe, but the flare as he inhales reveals nothing- there's no face to be seen.

God and the devil are playing pool.

They've been playing forever; the devil always cheats and God always wins. It's the way it's ever been... besides, there's enough variety in the game to make it interesting. Maybe if they'd favored a game of chance, life would have been a very different thing.

Regardless. The game is in progress and the turn is God's. He takes his time, chalking his cue and moving the devil's drink so he doesn't get distracted by the cocktail umbrella. Eventually he's ready, lying full length along the table, closing one eye, shot lined up to perfection. Just as he moves, the devil coughs loudly and the cue jerks, striking off center and shattering the cue-ball into a thousand pieces.

God turns, furious as ever, to meet the devil's smirk (as ever), but his opponent isn't ready with a snappy comeback this time. His attention is fixed on the green baize table, and God turns back, a frown on his face.

The fragments are still in motion, no longer careening madly but sedately spinning, moving in a dance so simple that it seems inevitable, fated. The pieces are varied in size and color, some white and glowing, other small, dull, circling the brighter.

It is strange, and beautiful, and somehow full of potential.

"...I meant to do that."

The devil just smiles.

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That was before. The barman's been dispatched to the back room to fetch a new ball, and the jukebox

has change its tune but not its style. Soon enough the last orders will be called, the lights switched on, the night drawn to a close, but for now there's enough time to clear the table and set up another game.