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276 words.

Rotten Potatoes

He could do anything he wanted, if it needed doing, just by thinking about it. He thought through how he wanted things to be and created the world over again, glorious and balanced. He ended warfare, cleaned radiation, carbon dioxide and smoke from our environment, fed everyone and healed everyone. Satisfied with his work, he slept.

He dreamed of murder and war, woke and read news on the internet. Everything had reverted to violence and chaos. The world was as dirty as ever.

"Well, that's rotten potatoes," he said.

Some of his friends talked to him about the power of prayer. He researched prayer so he'd know how to do it. He studied all the ways to pray and picked a way that seemed right for him, modified that way a little, to fit him better, and then prayed for peace, for a clean world, for all human needs met, two days and two nights. Nothing changed in the world.

"More rotten potatoes," he said. "Something stinks in Denmark," he said. "I tried. I did what I could."

He bought a new ipad. He investigated and found new games. "I wonder how much I missed on t.v.," he said. He texted friends. Some of them didn't remember who he was. Somebody said, "We thought you was dead and buried, we didn't hear from you so long."

I got catching up to do, he thought.

He started working on catching up. He studied new computers, and he thought he might buy one. He texted a friend, then another, bought a new game, listened to postings, read opinions.

When you're gone a while, the internet changes a lot.