

## Curse of the Monkey God

by Nishaun Smith

Once upon a time ago, there was a monkey named Darwin, he lived in the land of Evolution. He always dreamed that one day he may evolve; he did not know how, exactly. Darwin asked his parents, he asked his friend and his pastor but no one could tell him how evolving worked. Darwin really wanted to make himself better but he did not know how he could. Some told him he needed to stand outside and the solar rays may alter his DNA and this would lead to change. By others, Darwin was told that if he broke the correct bones his system may adapt, if he was lucky. Still others told him that he needed to be brave enough to randomly damage some of his internal organs and this may lead to adaptations necessary to become greater.

Darwin was left confused, so he decided to pray to Monkey God, the one all Evoluticans revered. "Mr. Dawkins," he said, "what can I do to evolve, what can I do to make myself more? How exactly do random injuries produce substance?" Naturally, Darwin's ears heard no answer but the truth was clear to him. A mutation could only happen naturally, he could only mutate if his body made a mistake while coding him. It was like finding a million dollars, he thought. He wondered where he could find a million dollars.

As he woke up from his daydream, he wondered, even if he was able to accidentally mutate his own DNA, wasn't DNA just a code that needed to be interpreted, a code that in itself could not create life. He wondered out of curiosity how his body would learn to read the new blueprints that previously did not exist. He was really hoping for an opposable thumb and a set of wings, he questioned how would his body install the upgrades for his new peripherals, once evolved.

As he walked away from Mr. Dawkins' Mosque, he looked around at the people he saw. He did not see many people with mutations, there were a few people in his city with imperfections but he wondered why there wasn't a whole race of highly deformed individuals. He never saw a race of people with a hand on their backs, if you are going to make a lot of mistakes then some of your not so bad mistakes should survive. Darwin noticed that he was in a perfect world filled with quite a few imperfections, not an imperfect world with a few perfectly evolved species. He thought that there were numerous deformities that could exist without preventing survival. If someone was born with an extra hand on his back it would not hurt them so how come there aren't races upon races of monkeys with hands on their backs. Survival of the fittest, his main theology could not explain what was in front of his eyes. Why wouldn't they be fit enough to survive? Even though there were problems most people seemed perfect, they didn't seem to be a result of random mistakes. He knew how his teachers reacted to mistakes, mistakes did not seem like a thing that could lead to positivity. Darwin knew accidents could not be his friend.

Finally Darwin got home, he wondered how he would break the news to his parents. His faith in Mr. Dawkins was starting to wane. Why would Mr. Dawkins create an imperfect world just to force his creatures to kill each other to attain perfection. Darwin started to feel Mr. Dawkins' religion was simply nonsense. Naturally, he started to wonder if Mr. Dawkins was worth following, he wondered if he should become an atheist; for Mr. Dawkins could not be for real.

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