

THE iPRAYER

HUSTLER (scratching head): Daddy God, it's been ages paaa ooo.

GOD: Oh yeah, son. I dey like I no dey. What's up?

HUSTLER: Oh... nothing much. Was just checking on you. Nothing much.

GOD (surprised): Eeerm... since when have you been checking...

HUSTLER: Hmmm... Often times I want to ooo... but the economic hardships ooo. They just won't let me, you know.

GOD: If you say so. That's okay.

HUSTLER: How's Angel Michael? Been a while.

GOD: Oh he's good. Just taken some time off his schedule to build his muscles.

HUSTLER: That's awesome. Eeerm... Can I kindly ask something?

GOD (smiles): Oh sure! Go ahead.

HUSTLER: Did you say in your Bible that you were going to bless us financially? At least, that's what my pastor has been saying for the past decade anytime offertory is due.

GOD: Sure I did. He can't be lying.

HUSTLER (serious- faced): Exactly. You know what, can you kindly lend me only \$1000 from such yet-to-materialize blessings? I mean my future blessings. In fact, if you make it \$2000, I wouldn't be able to finish thanking you. I don't want the cedi equivalent.

GOD: Only that?

HUSTLER: Not really. My mouth is open widely. Lord, as much as all the money sitting in Ghana Commercial Bank will fill it, especially considering how much profit my offering has yielded over the past decade.

GOD: Great investor. How often do you give to me?

HUSTLER: Oh. Very often. Every 31st December. That's when I go to church, you know.

GOD: Fine. Can I ask you something?

HUSTLER: Sure God! And thank you in advance... for the cash. You rock!

GOD: I always do. What's your favorite sport?

HUSTLER: Soccer, Lord. Soccer.

GOD: Good. What happened on February 6, 1958?

HUSTLER: Ei... you know Manchester United!?! Wow! That was the Munich Air disaster. I know it sooo well.

GOD: Great. What of May 9, 2001?

HUSTLER: Of course, the Accra Sports Stadium disaster. I can see you love soccer, too, God.

GOD: Yes I very much do. So... what of May 29, 1985?

HUSTLER: Eeerm... the Heysel tragedy.

GOD: Very good. What's your favorite scripture?

HUSTLER: John 10: 30. Heerh! I love that scripture. For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son.

GOD: bithg

HUSTLER: What's bithg, Lord?

GOD: Bursting in the Holy Ghost!

HUSTLER: Lool

GOD: Hmm... Have you ever heard of 666?

HUSTLER (excited): Oh yes! Very much! It's a lotto number.

GOD: Hmm... Which testament in the bible is your favorite?

HUSTLER: Me?

GOD: Yes you.

HUSTLER: Testament? Yes. Yes. Old Testament. I can rattle almost every scripture there like I can my whatsapp contact numbers.

GOD: Fine. Ever read on Moses?

HUSTLER: Sure. He's even my favorite character; that tech-savvy dude who first used a tablet in the Bible. He has guts oo! Did he really walk on the Red Sea?

GOD (cringes): Walk?

HUSTLER: Yeah. Forgotten? He walked on the Red Sea and the Egyptians bolted, thinking he was a ghost!

GOD: Hmmm. When last did you read Obadiah?

HUSTLER: Obadiah? Is that one there, too? Thought it was in the New Testament.

GOD: Not really.

HUSTLER: Okay. Not often but trust me, Obadiah is such an inspiration to our women of today. Little wonder she's the strongest woman in the bible!

GOD: She? You are doing well.

HUSTLER: Yes Oh lord. Thank you. I am the Bible Studies leader in my church. So... back to my request.

GOD: Just a few more enquiries. You have a girl friend?

HUSTLER: Hahaha. I have one. Only one. After my request is granted, I would consider harvesting the other 'fields'.

GOD: Eeerm... So you both do 'the thing'?

HUSTLER: But... body no be firewood ooo...

GOD: Indeed.

HUSTLER: Oh!

GOD: So... don't you think you should take your 'firewood-less' body to Mark Zuckerberg or Mourinho for your money?

HUSTLER: Eeeh? But will they give me?

GOD: Why not? You spend more time on them than on me. They should!

HUSTLER: But... but...

GOD: Don't worry. I still have a surprise for you. Angel 'Macho' Michael is bringing it.

HUSTLER: Thank you very much. What is it, if I may ask?

GOD: Oh. When it comes you will see. In fact, you will feel it.

HUSTLER: Oh God. Just a hint, you know. Maybe you can just send it via mobile money?

GOD: Eeerrm... It's my kerosene- soaked cane! I've been saving it for a day like this since the past few decades... for people like you.

HUSTLER: Eeeeh?

GOD: Yes. Yes. It is. What were you thinking?

No response.

GOD: Are you there?

No response. Two minutes later.

HUSTLER: Offline. Last seen 10 years ago!