Grey Manna

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Class of 2009

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Keywords
creative writing, fiction

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Alexander T. Englert is a junior currently studying abroad at Heidelberg University in Heidelberg, Germany. Born and raised in Colorado, he loves traveling but still misses the west.

This fiction is available in The Mercury: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2008/iss1/30
God died from grief and a weak heart. His body fell in pieces to the earth that He created. His mountain-like skull fell in the middle of an empty desert. A black highway shot by miles in the distance like a strip of black licorice. Once discovered, the mourning faithful made a pilgrimage from around the world to see the great creator’s corporeal remains. The sun burned hot in the day and weeks passed. Faith dwindled for most and those who remained ran out of the little supplies they had siphoned out of the nearest patch of civilization.

The faithful sought refuge inside of the giant skull and out of desperation began to feast on the juicy brain that hung inside. They chanted, “JOIN US!” They sang, “He obviously created us in His own image.” Afterwards, they screamed, “PROVIDER! He will rise again!” In unified prayer, they would say, “Behold how much He left for us to eat!”

For the thousands that lived inside the skull, it ceased to reek. They erected a giant crucifix in the center of the sand floor. Every evening, they read their Bibles, said their prayers, and, with full stomachs, fell to sleep. After they ate everything within reach, they constructed a system of bone platforms and scaffolding from which they continued to scoop the grey manna.

The family members on the outside, who would not follow their loved ones into the rotting skull, watched in horror as its eyes, its ears, and its mouth were boarded up from the inside. Abandoned family members cried out, “They have left us behind and want us to stay out!” Philosophers said, “They have not shut us out, but have shut themselves in.”

A year passed. The skull was smooth and milky white, picked clean by birds. The boards over the eyes, the ears, and the mouth warped and splintered. Then, over 150 years passed. Not a soul was seen. It was said that everyone inside starved once they ran out of brain to eat and juice to drink. They say, scattered inside are only shattered jars, dusty Bibles, rusted crosses, and the tiny, slack-jawed skeletons of the once faithful.