

# THE LITTLE GODS BY JACOB AUSTIN

The little gods are a pain in the ass. They invaded our planet and we have been powerless to stop them. How many of them there are, it is hard to say. There seems to be one for each of us. They can be killed, and quite easily, but a replacement is sent down rather immediately, and you are charged a fine for the crime, so few of us see the point. They demand prayer incessantly. It seems to be their only sustenance. As you bow your head, they sit in your lap and tilt their heads up. They have a most mesmerizing gaze. It holds you in contemplation for far longer than the old God ever did. So mesmerizing, in fact, that their nasty little habit of licking your eyeballs throughout the prayer goes almost entirely unnoticed until afterwards, when the stinging sets in.



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