

**Title:** excogitation

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**Prompt:** Cues. *Strong sentiments* in 35 mins with spoken dialogue.

**Warnings:** none

**Notes:** In 25 minutes or so, 472 words. Nisha/Megan, but not really femmeslash.

“Do you actually believe all that crap?”

“What crap?” she asked nervously, wondering what she was in for this time.

“That whole... God created the world in 7 days and gay people should die and that’s not natural and God will destroy you if you aren’t exactly what they say you should be...” she waved her hand vaguely while her eyes pierced the girl on her bed, “thing your parents teach you.”

“Oh.” Nisha tried to evade her friend’s stare, letting her eyes follow the wires holding up the higher dorm bed. “I—.” *I don’t know. I’ve never known. I hate that we have to talk about this again.*

“I mean, it’s just so stupid! Blind faith and it’s just ignorance.”

Nisha glanced at Megan without making eye contact. In their whole friendship together, this was the sticking point. Faith. Religion. Beliefs and how it could coincide with science. Agree with science. She’d thought about arguing that faith can’t be blind, that it’s an assured hope... but she didn’t feel like making the effort. She went back to staring at the pale green mattress above her head.

Megan kept rattling on, spewing prattle about how we have proof of evolution, but no proof of creation. Nisha almost thought to say something about how life appeared, and then we have no proof of a missing link, and how even if life evolved, who believes that any evolving we have now makes us better? She thought about it, but didn’t say a word as Megan ranted on about the different kinds of evolution and how her mother turned into some Jesus freak when she found out her daughter believes in evolution and didn’t she understand that it’s possible to believe that God set evolution into motion?

“See, that’s where people are so stupid! They just believe that God is so narrow that he only created something simple and for one purpose. God’s powerful enough to make a million purposes for something. And another thing about the ‘God created this so perfect’ stuff. The eye isn’t perfect. I should know.”

Nisha turned over in the bed to stare over at the girl at the computer who was now passionately raving about the other fantastical ideals in the world. She watched the curve of the girl’s mouth, the way it framed every word and the eyeliner around her eyes making everything stand out in bright relief. She was sure at some point she’d have to

make some kind of motion of agreement or disagreement, but she was content for the moment to sit and watch the girl at work. Same old topic, same old girls; but it never hurt in the retelling.

“Don’t you think?”

She gave a non-committal nod. “If it makes you feel any better, I don’t believe gay people should die.”

“Huh?”