



The Big Twist: A Queer Myth of Eden

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This novella is a fictional reimagining inspired by ancient creation stories and mythic traditions. It is not intended as a replacement for, translation of, or formal theological interpretation of any sacred text. Readers are invited to experience the story as literature, reflection, and creative exploration.

All biblical, mythic, and religious references are used in a fictional and transformative context.

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About the Name Elijah

The name **Elijah** is Hebrew in origin and is commonly understood to mean “**God is my light,**” “**my God is light,**” or “**God is light.**” The name is formed from the Hebrew elements **El**, meaning God, and **or**, meaning light. That meaning fits the heart of this story because Elijah is not created as temptation, mistake, or rebellion. He is created as divine light — a living reminder that difference was part of creation before shame ever entered the Garden.

For this novella, Elijah’s name carries both identity and theology. He is the first light of a wider love, created by God not to replace Adam, not to rival Eve, and not to serve as Adam’s lover. Elijah exists because creation needed another color of love: beauty, laughter, emotional truth, self-knowledge, and sacred difference.

How to Say Elijah

The preferred pronunciation for this story is:

eh-lee-OR

or, more simply:

EL-ee-or

The final syllable should carry a gentle lift: **OR**, like the word *or*. Some sources render it close to **el-YOR** or **eh-lee-OR**, depending on Hebrew or English pronunciation patterns.

Pronunciation Guide

Elijah

eh-lee-OR

EL-ee-or

Think of it as three soft movements:

EI — God

i — a connecting sound

or — light

So every time the name is spoken, it carries the meaning:

God is my light.

And that is the truth Elior carries through the entire story.

Contents

The Lonely Perfection	7
The Making of Elijah	24
The First Laugh	44
Fig Leaves Were a Mistake	
Waiting to Happen	64
The Language of Feelings	86
The Serpent Watches	110
The First Jealousy	142
The Forbidden Tree	164
The Bite	190
The Birth of Shame	206
God Walks in the Garden	228
The Wrong Exile	247
The First Prayer Outside the Gate	266
What God Said to Elijah	283
The Generations of Light	304
About the Author	325
More Books by the Author	326

The Lonely Perfection

In the beginning, God made light.

Not because God needed to see.

God had never been blind.

God made light because darkness, though vast and faithful, had grown too quiet. It stretched across the unmade deep like a held breath, patient and endless, waiting for something to happen. And God, who had always known the shape of all things before they became themselves, smiled into that silence and said, "Let there be light."

And light came running.

It did not creep in politely. It burst. It spilled. It laughed itself across the waters before there were shores to stop it. It scattered gold where there had been nothing, silver where there had been stillness, and for the first time the deep looked back at God with color in its face.

God saw that the light was good.

Then came the sky, wide and blue and shamelessly dramatic. Then came land, rising from the waters like a memory deciding to stand. Then came green things, tender things, rooted things, trees that reached upward before anyone had taught them prayer. God made rivers that wandered, mountains that refused to move, flowers that opened their mouths to the sun, and fruit that hid sweetness beneath skin.

God made birds next, and immediately regretted giving some of them so much confidence.

The peacock, in particular, behaved as though creation had been arranged entirely for his entrance.

God found this delightful.

God made beasts for the fields, fish for the waters, insects for the air, and strange little crawling things that seemed unnecessary at first glance but would one day prove essential in ways no one appreciated until they were gone. Every living thing had its place, its purpose, its hunger, its rhythm.

And then, when the earth was fragrant and awake, God knelt beside the red clay.

God gathered dust from the new ground and shaped it carefully. Not hurriedly. God did not rush the first human. The shoulders took thought. The hands took tenderness. The eyes took a moment longer, for God wanted them capable not merely of seeing, but of wondering.

Then God breathed.

The clay trembled.

The chest rose.

The first man opened his eyes.

Adam blinked at the sky.

God waited.

Adam blinked again.

God smiled. "Welcome."

Adam sat up slowly, looked around at the rivers, the trees, the animals, the mountains, the flowers, the clouds, the shimmer of morning across the world, then turned back to God with all the seriousness of a creature who had existed for seven seconds and already believed he had observations worth sharing.

"What is that?" Adam asked, pointing at the sun.

God looked. "The greater light."

Adam nodded thoughtfully.

Then he pointed at a rock. "And that?"

"A rock."

Adam nodded again, pleased. "I suspected."

God loved him instantly.

Adam was good. Strong of limb, clear of eye, open of spirit. He moved through the Garden with the innocence of something newly sung into being. He touched bark and

laughed. He tasted fruit and stared at it afterward as if it had committed a miracle directly against his tongue. He waded into the river, frightened himself with his own reflection, then spent much of the afternoon trying to convince the reflection to climb out and join him.

God watched with affection.

There was no shame in Adam. No cruelty. No envy. No lie had yet entered his mouth because no fear had yet taught him one.

But Adam was also, God discovered, very literal.

When God brought the animals before him and invited him to name them, Adam took the task seriously. Too seriously, perhaps.

The lion became "large yellow danger."

The elephant became "nose mountain."

The giraffe became "tall spot."

The turtle became "slow stone with opinions."

God said nothing.

Adam stood before the flamingo for a very long time.

The flamingo stood on one leg, pink and elegant, as if daring the world to misunderstand it.

Adam frowned.

God leaned closer, curious.

"Pink stick bird," Adam announced.

The flamingo made a sound of deep spiritual disappointment.

God sighed.

Not with regret. Never that.

But with the old patience of a Creator who had made a universe and now understood that naming it might require more help.

Still, Adam was good.

In the evenings, he walked with God beneath the trees. He asked questions, though mostly about practical things. Why did water run downhill? Why did fruit fall? Why did the moon follow him? Why did the porcupine look so personally offended? God answered each

question gently, though God occasionally suspected Adam was asking about the same porcupine twice.

Adam loved the Garden. He loved God. He loved the animals, even the ones that bit him because he tried to pet them without invitation. He loved the river and the trees and the fruit and the soft grass where he slept beneath the stars.

Yet there were moments when Adam would stop in the middle of all that perfection and look around as if listening for something he could not name.

God noticed.

Of course God noticed.

Loneliness had not yet been invented as a word, but its shadow had begun moving quietly beside the first man.

So God caused Adam to sleep.

From Adam's side, God took a rib, not as theft, but as music borrows from silence. God shaped another human, different and equal, familiar and entirely new. Where Adam had opened his eyes as if the world were something to identify, Eve opened hers as if the world were something to question.

She looked at God first.

Then the sky.

Then Adam, who was waking beside her with a face full of astonishment.

Then she looked back at God.

"Why is he staring?" Eve asked.

God smiled.

Adam sat up. "You are like me."

Eve tilted her head. "Am I?"

Adam considered this. "Mostly."

"Mostly is not completely."

"No."

"Good," Eve said.

And God knew at once that creation had become more interesting.

Eve was brilliant from the first hour. Not because she knew everything, but because she did not mistake not knowing for weakness. She had hunger in her mind. She wanted names, reasons, patterns, meanings. She wanted to know why the river curved, why the stars changed their positions, why flowers opened and closed, why birds had wings and humans did not, and why Adam had named anything with a neck as magnificent as the giraffe "tall spot."

"It is tall," Adam said, wounded.

"It has spots," Eve agreed. "But that cannot be the whole truth of it."

Adam looked at the giraffe.

The giraffe looked away, visibly relieved that someone had finally said something.

For a time, Eden deepened.

Adam was no longer alone. Eve was no echo. She walked beside him, challenged him, laughed at him, startled him. He brought her fruit he thought was good. She asked which tree it came from, what season changed its taste, whether the seeds inside meant the fruit was also a beginning, and why Adam had taken three bites before offering her one.

Adam learned sharing that day.

Slowly.

God watched them with pleasure.

They were beautiful together, these first two. Not complete in the sense of being finished, for living things were never meant to be finished, but balanced in ways that gave the Garden new music. Adam taught Eve the safest paths through the reeds. Eve taught Adam that safe paths were not always the only paths worth taking. Adam showed her where the sweetest figs grew. Eve showed him how sweetness changed when paired with tart berries. Adam liked things as they were. Eve loved what things might become.

Together, they were good.

And yet.

There it was again.

Not wrongness. Not failure. Not sin, for sin had not yet entered the Garden and would have found no door had it tried.

But incompleteness.

Eden was flawless, and still it sometimes felt too quiet.

God noticed it first in the laughter.

Adam laughed when surprised. Eve laughed when delighted. The animals made sounds that resembled laughter, though the hyena was far too committed to the bit and could not be trusted as a measure of anything. But there was no laughter yet that healed embarrassment. No laughter that turned discomfort into connection. No laughter that could rescue Adam from his own seriousness or help Eve feel less alone inside the quicksilver chambers of her mind.

God noticed it in the colors.

The flowers bloomed in impossible shades. The birds flashed across the sky like flying jewels. The sunsets were extravagant enough to make the mountains look vain. Still, no one arranged anything simply for beauty's sake. No one gathered purple blossoms beside gold leaves because the contrast made the riverbank sing. No one looked at creation and said, "Yes, good, but what if we moved that slightly to the left?"

God noticed it in Adam's silence when Eve's questions outran him.

God noticed it in Eve's patience when Adam could not find words for what he felt.

God noticed it when they loved each other and still misunderstood each other.

One afternoon, Eve sat beside the river, turning a smooth stone over in her palm. Adam stood knee-deep in the water attempting to catch fish with his hands, though the fish had already formed a loose committee and determined he was not a serious threat.

"Adam," Eve said.

“Yes?”

“Do you ever feel something before you understand it?”

Adam lunged at a fish, missed, and slapped the river hard enough to splash himself in the face.

He wiped water from his eyes. “I feel wet.”

Eve sighed.

God, listening from the shade of a cedar, closed divine eyes in mercy.

Adam waded back to shore. “What do you mean?”

“I mean...” Eve searched the sky, as if language might be perched somewhere in the branches. “Sometimes I feel something moving inside me. Not hunger. Not tiredness. Not pain. Something else. Like a question without words.”

Adam sat beside her, dripping.

“Maybe it is because you ask too many questions,” he offered.

Eve looked at him.

Adam sensed, correctly, that he had stepped into danger.

“I mean,” he added quickly, “perhaps the questions are very strong.”

Eve smiled despite herself, but the smile faded.

“I do not think I was made only to gather fruit and sleep under trees.”

“No,” Adam said. “You also improved the berry situation.”

“That is not what I mean.”

“I know.”

And he did know, partly. He knew enough to feel her distance from him in that moment, but not enough to cross it. His hand moved toward hers, then stopped. He wanted to comfort her, but he did not yet know how to touch a sorrow he could not name.

Eve saw him trying.

She loved him for trying.

But love did not always translate.

Above them, a peacock cried from the branches with the theatrical anguish of a creature denied applause for nearly an hour.

Eve looked up. "Even he knows how to express himself."

Adam frowned. "I do not trust that bird."

"No one does," Eve said.

They laughed then, but only briefly.

God watched the laughter rise, then thin, then vanish over the water.

And God knew.

Creation did not need correction.

But it did need another note.

That evening, God walked alone through the Garden.

The light had softened. The sky was turning rose and amber. Vines curled along the trees. The river carried pieces of sunset on its back. Everywhere, creation breathed in its first innocence.

God loved it all.

Still, God felt the missing thing.

The Garden had strength.

The Garden had curiosity.

The Garden had beauty.

The Garden had peace.

But it did not yet have sparkle.

Not the shallow kind. Not decoration without depth.

God had no interest in glitter for glitter's sake, though glitter, properly understood, had its place in the architecture of joy.

No, this was something deeper.

The Garden lacked the kind of spirit that could stand between two people and help them understand themselves. The kind that saw loneliness before it was spoken. The kind that could make beauty practical and truth bearable. The kind that could look at a flamingo and understand, immediately, that "pink stick bird" was not only insufficient but an offense against the very idea of naming.

God smiled.
Then God knelt again beside the clay.
But this time, God did not gather only dust.
God reached into dawn and took a thread of first light.
God touched the river and lifted a shimmer from its skin.
God borrowed warmth from the sun, silver from the moon, and one secret shade of blue from the place where evening begins. God gathered the hush before laughter, the ache hidden inside longing, the courage of wildflowers pushing through stone, and the quiet dignity of every creature that would one day be told it did not belong.
God took tenderness, but gave it a spine.
God took wit, but gave it mercy.
God took beauty, but rooted it in truth.
Then God shaped another human.
Not from Adam.
Not from Eve.
Not as a replacement, nor an answer to lack, nor a rival to love already made.
This one was formed from the same earth, breathed alive by the same holy breath, but made with a different music running beneath the skin.
God shaped hands that would know how to comfort without possessing.
Eyes that would notice what others missed.
A mouth that would speak truth with enough grace that even the wounded might hear it.
Shoulders strong enough to carry loneliness without mistaking it for failure.
A heart that would desire companionship but never confuse solitude with incompleteness.
Then God breathed.
The new human opened his eyes.
For a moment, he did not move.
He looked first at God, and unlike Adam, he did not ask what anything was. Unlike Eve, he did not ask why anything was.

He simply looked.

His gaze was clear, bright, and strangely knowing, as if some part of him understood from the first breath that to be created was not merely to exist, but to shine back the intention of the One who had made him.

God smiled.

“Welcome, Elijah.”

The name entered him like light entering water.

Elijah.

God is my light.

He sat up slowly. The Garden unfolded around him, green and gold and impossible. A butterfly landed on his wrist, opened blue wings, closed them, opened them again.

Elijah smiled at it.

“Well,” he said softly, “you know exactly what you are doing.”

God laughed.

It was not the first divine laugh, for God had laughed at stars, at whales, at the ostrich, and once, privately, at the duck. But this laugh moved differently through Eden. It stirred the leaves. It shook pollen loose from the lilies. It made the river flash.

Adam and Eve heard it from across the Garden.

Adam stood at once. “God is laughing.”

Eve looked toward the sound. “Not at you this time.”

Adam considered objecting, but the evidence of previous days was not in his favor.

They followed the laughter through the trees.

Elijah stood for the first time just as they entered the clearing.

He was neither Adam nor Eve, though made of the same holy clay. He had Adam’s strength but not his bluntness, Eve’s brightness but not her restlessness. His body was graceful without fragility, his face open without innocence, his eyes lit by something that seemed to come from within and beyond him at once.

Adam stared.

Eve stared.

The peacock descended from a branch, saw Elior, and immediately displayed his feathers.

Elior looked at the bird.

The bird waited.

Elior crossed his arms. "That is a lot for a first meeting."

The peacock froze, uncertain whether it had been praised or challenged.

Eve laughed.

Not politely. Not briefly.

Fully.

The sound startled her. She touched her own throat as if discovering a new room inside herself.

Adam smiled because Eve was laughing, though he was not yet certain why.

God watched them all.

"Adam," God said. "Eve. This is Elior."

Adam stepped forward. "Are you like me?"

Elior looked him up and down, not unkindly.

"Mostly," he said.

Eve's smile widened.

Adam narrowed his eyes. "That answer has been used before."

"For good reason," Eve said.

Adam turned to God. "Why did You make another?"

There was no jealousy in him yet. Only wonder. The question was clean.

God placed a hand on Elior's shoulder.

"Because love grows wiser when it has more than one mirror."

Adam did not understand this.

Eve almost did.

Elior felt the words settle inside him like a seed.

He looked at Adam and Eve, these first two, this pair of beginnings. He saw Adam's earnestness, Eve's hunger for meaning, the tenderness between them, the spaces

where they missed each other without knowing how. He saw the Garden around them, perfect and unfinished.

And he understood something without being told.

He had not been made because Adam was lacking.

He had not been made because Eve was insufficient.

He had not been made to divide them, complete them, or belong to either of them.

He had been made because creation was larger than two could hold alone.

That knowledge might have frightened another creature.

It steadied Elior.

Adam took another step closer. "Can you name animals?"

Elior looked at God. "Is this a test?"

God's eyes shone. "In a manner of speaking."

Eve pointed toward the flamingo, still standing nearby with the brittle pride of one who had suffered under poor branding.

"What would you call that?"

Elior turned.

The flamingo lifted its head.

Adam crossed his arms defensively. "It is tall. It is pink. Its legs are like sticks. I stand by the structure of my naming."

Elior walked around the bird once.

The flamingo held its pose.

"Flamingo," Elior said at last.

The bird released a satisfied cry and flapped its wings.

Adam frowned. "That does not describe it."

"No," Elior said. "It reveals it."

Eve whispered the name. "Flamingo."

The bird looked vindicated.

Adam looked between them all. "Pink stick bird was clearer."

"It was a cry for help," Elior said gently.

Eve laughed again.

This time Adam did too, though partly because Elior smiled when he said it, and Adam discovered that correction did not always have to feel like injury.

They walked together through the Garden, the four of them: God, Adam, Eve, and Elior. The light lowered. The trees leaned over them. Animals emerged to inspect the new human, and Elior greeted each with a seriousness that pleased them.

He bowed to the elephant.

The elephant approved.

He complimented the leopard's spots without calling attention to them too much.

The leopard approved.

He looked at the porcupine and said, "You have boundaries. I respect that."

The porcupine approved most of all.

Adam watched this with growing confusion.

"How do you know what they want?" he asked.

"I listen before naming," Elior said.

Adam thought about this.

It was a new idea, and like many new ideas, it annoyed him slightly before helping him.

Eve walked beside Elior, studying him with open curiosity.

"What do you feel?" she asked.

Adam groaned softly. "She asks that often."

"I do," Eve said. "Because no one has answered well."

Elior considered.

The Garden was warm around him. God's presence moved nearby like music beneath the soil. Adam and Eve watched him, waiting.

What did he feel?

Joy, certainly. Wonder. Gratitude. A strange tenderness toward these two who had existed before him and yet seemed younger in ways he could not explain. Beneath that, something quieter. Not sadness exactly. Not fear.

Awareness.

He was like them.

He was not like them.

The difference did not wound him. It simply stood inside him, luminous and clear.

"I feel," Elior said slowly, "as if God made room inside me for more than one kind of love."

Eve grew still.

Adam scratched his chin. "How many kinds are there?"

Elior smiled. "More than you have names for."

Adam looked troubled. "I am still working on animals."

"One crisis at a time," Elior said.

God laughed again.

And Eden changed.

Not all at once. Creation rarely becomes itself in a single moment. Even miracles unfold.

But from the day Elior opened his eyes, the Garden became less quiet.

He found colors that belonged together and placed them near the river so sunrise would have something to play with. He taught Adam how to braid reeds into stronger cords, then gently explained that tying everything in knots was not, by itself, craftsmanship. He listened to Eve's questions without trying to shorten them. He taught them both that silence could be comfortable, but only when no one was using it to hide.

He did not make himself the center of Eden.

He made Eden more itself.

At night, Adam and Eve slept beneath a canopy of leaves. Elior often walked alone.

He liked the Garden after moonrise. The flowers closed their petals. The river darkened. The animals settled into hidden places. The world became softer, but not empty. In the silver quiet, Elior could feel the light God had named him for.

He did not yet know another like himself.

There was no companion whose hand sought his in the dark. No one whose eyes met his with the shock of

perfect recognition. No one who understood from the inside what it meant to stand near love without being shaped exactly like it.

But Elior was not unhappy.

Alone, yes.

At times.

But not unfinished.

He would sit beneath the fig tree and press his palm to his own chest, feeling the steady drum of life God had placed there.

"I am here," he would whisper.

And because God was never far in Eden, the leaves would stir with the answer.

Yes.

One night, when the moon was high and Adam and Eve slept curled beside one another beneath a cedar, Elior stood at the edge of the river and looked into his reflection.

The water gave him back his face in trembling pieces.

He wondered what it would be like to be seen by someone who did not need him to explain himself.

The thought arrived gently.

It did not devour him.

He let it sit beside him.

Then God spoke from the darkness.

"Does your solitude trouble you, Elior?"

Elior did not turn at once. He watched the river carry the moon in broken silver.

"No," he said. Then, after a moment, "Sometimes."

God came to stand beside him.

That was one of the mysteries of Eden: God could fill the universe and still stand close enough to be leaned on.

Elior looked at the sleeping shapes of Adam and Eve in the distance.

"They have each other in a way I do not have another," he said. "But I do not feel lesser because of it."

"No," God said.

"I was not made halfway."

"No."

"I do not want to need someone in order to become myself."

God's voice softened. "You already are yourself."

Elior breathed in.

The night smelled of figs, wet stone, and flowers dreaming of morning.

"But," he said carefully, "I think someday I may want someone beside me. Not because I am empty."

God looked at him with such tenderness that the stars seemed to lean lower.

"Because you are full," God said.

Elior closed his eyes.

That was it.

That was the truth of him.

He was not a wound waiting for another body to close it. He was not a question whose answer had been delayed. He was not a spare piece of creation left over after Adam and Eve had been formed.

He was full.

And because he was full, he had love to give.

Because he had love to give, he could imagine joy multiplied. Because joy could be multiplied, he could desire companionship without worshiping it.

God placed one hand over Elior's heart.

"Never confuse waiting with lacking," God said.

Elior opened his eyes.

The words entered him more deeply than breath.

Across the Garden, Adam muttered in his sleep and rolled into a pile of leaves. Eve, still asleep, pulled him back by the arm before he could slide downhill.

Elior smiled.

"They need help," he said.

"They do," God agreed.

"A great deal."

"Yes."

"Adam especially."

God considered. "Adam is learning."

"Adam named the flamingo 'pink stick bird.'"

"He is learning slowly."

Elior laughed, and the sound moved over the water like light.

For a while, God and Elior stood together beneath the moon.

No serpent watched them yet.

No fruit had been bitten.

No shame had entered the human eye.

No one had learned to turn difference into threat or beauty into suspicion. No one had told Elior he was wrong. No one had wrapped hatred in holy language and called it obedience.

In those first days, the Garden knew better.

Elior was God's creation.

Adam was God's creation.

Eve was God's creation.

Different lights, same breath.

And Eden, for a little while, was almost ready to understand what that meant.