

### The God and the abdal, part 3

On the long flight back to universe zoo98/43, our God was so absorbed in his thoughts, that he even ignored the pretty stewardess, a gorgeous black Ethiopian Jew, of course. “Would you like sparkling wine, your Holiness?” No answer. “Gin and tonic?” No answer. “Fish and chips?” “Fresh hot hummus and falafels from Kalaboony’s restaurant from the old city of Jaffa?” Gorgeous just placed the dish under His nostrils, and removed the lid. The God finally woke up from His slumber. “Fresh hummus and falafel from Jaffa!?” The God couldn’t believe His eyes; “How did you get it, since we are already a few light years from Earth?!” “Courtesy of the Israeli Air Force!” Answered gorgeous with unhidden pride. “Ah, these guys,” quipped the God, “Who can escape them?”

Back at home, the God clapped His hands. The Court abdal rushed in.

“Yes your Holiness?”

“Summon the Court at once!” ordered the God.

“Yes, your Holiness”, trembled the abdal.

Five minutes later....

The God was facing His courtiers, with long, solemn face. They looked at him with great trepidation. Compassion was not the main characteristic of our God. “Folks, we have a situation; we cannot come to Baba as long as the \*thing\* is not done yet. This is Baba’s order. We are stuck with this \*thing\* till further notice. What did you do with \*it\* till now?!” Shouted the God.

“Your holiness,” the Court abdal was shaking with fright, “We really did our best during your absence. He is eating three sacks of carrots every day, as per your instructions; he is drinking salty lemon juice freely; three naked hags are dancing before him every afternoon; we teach him math three hours a day, and he has to wash his hair daily. During the night we show him holocaust movies till the morning, but alas, nothing helps! We do carry your orders to the letter, but your Lordness, this \*thing\* is tough! I am sure, that your Holiness will furnish us with the proper instructions!” the Court abdal bowed before the somber, pickle faced God.

“Is that so?!” roared the God, and all the courtiers fainted. “Did you give him an enema of orange juice daily, as I prescribed?!”

The abdal prostrated himself before the God “Your Holiness, we couldn’t find fresh orange juice, it is not the season yet, and you didn’t say that we can use concentrated orange juice”

“All the time I have to tell you what to do! But now is the pineapple season! Why didn’t you use pineapple juice?! When you’ll have brains for a change? Yours is a hopeless case; bring the \*thing\* to me!!”

An hour later, four porters were carrying inside the Court an aluminum cage, with stainless lock. Inside the cage (it was quite smelly, to say the least), was seated a young man, giggling.

The God was staring at him with unhappy face.

“When are you planning to become, a serious, responsible person?” asked the God with a sigh.

But the young person was only giggling back at him.

“How can I provide Baba with a person like you, who behaves like a little baby?!

Don’t you want to see Baba eventually?!”

The man stopped giggling for a second; “What stops me of seeing Baba now?”

Wandered the man.

“You stink; you never wash. You never brush your teeth. You don’t use toilet paper. How can I bring you to the Holy Court of Baba?”