

Cage

By

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Catching God is the tough part. It takes more luck than skill. I'm embarrassed to tell you how I did it. Once you've got Him, however, it doesn't take a very big cage to contain Him.

Oh, I suppose you *could* keep Him in a big cage if you really wanted to. When the Emperor-Priest DeSaWhing of the Lesser Morades had Him for a month, he erected a cage around the Crab Nebula by stringing lengths of barbed wire between the black holes, leaving Him a number of choice worlds to graze upon.

The Emperor-Priest DeSaWhing was a big showoff. That's what most people remember him for these days. That, and the Purge of the Fathers....

Me?

I'm not looking to impress anyone. We keep God in a hamster cage. It's that plastic one over on the table in the corner. It cost fifty dollars, plus tax. My youngest daughter Kasey's beloved pet, Mister Nibbles, lived in it for about two months before he made an ill-advised break for it. We looked high and low for him, but we never saw him again. We were all heartbroken when he escaped, so we never looked for a replacement.

It's fortunate that we didn't get another one. Perhaps it was fate. When I trapped God, I had this nice clean cage waiting for Him.

That was a little over a year ago. Since then we've really come to love Him. Can you blame us? Just look at Him. He's cute. He's quiet. He's clean. He's amusing. And He loves His little wheel. Sometimes He'll run in it for hours without stopping. Getting nowhere, of course. He'll run and run until sparks start to fly and creation starts to warp. He seems to know His limits, though. He always stops before things go too far.

I know what you're thinking. It's the obvious question.

The hamster escaped. Why can't He?

I wish I had an answer to that question. Frankly, I don't. It's something I ask myself every day when I read the newspaper. Look at everything that's happening in West Africa. In Canada. In our own South. What about the Middle East before it was bombed back to the Stone Age? God's got some real issues to deal with. We could really use His help.

Instead, I watch Him as He stuffs his mouth with pellets. He'll take as many as he can fit, then He'll store them in His little house. I don't think He eats them, though.

We aren't terribly vigilant. He could be free with minimum effort. Right now, however, He just wants you to play with Him. He likes the attention.
Go ahead. Don't be afraid. He doesn't bite anymore.