

CHAPTER SIX: HERE COMES OUR UR-FATHER ABRAAAHAAAM

In Bible times, since they didn't have clocks or precise calendars, one year seemed such a long time that some people thought a hundred years had passed. They would count the number of moons they lived through, but most of the time, they couldn't be bothered and forgot about the real time. Life went on, season after season, and Job's family and his descendants stopped believing in their ancestor's Goddess. So it was that the now numerous tribe who had settled in the city of Ur on the river Euphrates were adoring many gods.

One night a man named Abram was struck by a lightning, he suddenly froze and thought for a split second that he would be transformed into a piece of iceberg. Every fibre of his body seemed conked out except for his ears. He then heard a rasping voice whose echo made the earth under his feet tremble, which spoke his tongue.

"I'm your one and only Goddess and from now on you shall stop bowing before all those sinful *goldoraky* impostors who pretend to rule the world. Leave your family behind and this idolatrous country and go with your wife to the new land I have reserved for you. I will make of it a great nation, for there, you will raise a new family, multiply and prosper. On condition that you will all remember at all times that I, and only I am your *creatress*."

The icicles that started to melt over Abram's body turned into sweat, on account that he became terribly confused. His wifey Sarai (pronounce it Saraeeee) stood shellshocked and completely *bambiboozed*, like she had guzzled a whole casket of wine.

Upon hearing the news, Abram's old father got into fit of rage and forced the poor man to take him and his nephew Lot along, with all their idols. So, they all trotted to a placed called Haran - hey don't confuse this with the Arabic word *haram*, which means forbidden. If you open your eyes, nowadays every third grocery store in France is *halal*, i.e., it doesn't sell most of the Western food forbidden by Islamic law. Mmm ... do I love all that forbidden food, like pork filet mignon, smoked ham and suckling pig - yes, I said that before, but that's how much I relish all this stuff, hey my mouth is watering already!

Now, Mr Abram was recognized by the flock traveling with him as their master, on account that he was a big and imposing guy with eyes which could throw darts at anyone

who would contradict him. So they followed him, trudging through plains and deserts under a scorching heat for days on end. They became nomads and some of them got really mad - crazy, not fulla rage, you simpletons, though ... some of them did get both *meshugah* and fuming, which is always a very dangerous mixture, specially that in those days they didn't have *spy-kayak-trysts* to lock them up - coz they weren't used to cover such distances on foot, continually changing places, while they longed for the straw beds that stank of donkey piss in their huts back at home.

Abram didn't dare say "What bullshit is this, we're shlepping and shlepping and, not only there's no land in sight, but my people are starting to believe that I lied to them, and some of them are becoming rebellious. *Washmore*, we have less and less to eat and water is very scarce. "Goddesssss ... *Goshhhhhess* .. what a mess", the sounds escaped his lips like he was exhaling and out of breath, so that the *Create-stress* would take pity on him and forgive him, that's what he thought, coz after all, She didn't keep Her promise.

So, without asking for Her permission, he took it upon himself to lead his followers to the land of Egypt, where there was plenty of food and drink. But there was one thing Abram feared, his wife was dangerously pretty, and he was sure Pharaoh would demand that she join his harem. He then said to Sarai: "We will tell him that you are my sister."

Low and bumble bees, His *Devine-ness* the King of Pyramids, of golden death masks and ugly Mummies, wanted to marry Sarai on the spot. In compensation he gave Abram a lot of dough, both in food, goats and money.

Of course, the false brother and sister felt quite uneasy, even if Pharaoh showed himself generous with both of them. Then a miracle occurred - you're supposed to believe that whatever happens, good or bad, is decided from on high. And suddenly the plague fell upon the land, making every Egyptian as sick as hell, for they kept vomiting from both orifices - yeah, ain't that word so much more *softesticle* than 'openings' -, their mouths and their rear ends, filling the air with the foulest smell you could imagine, and if that wasn't enough the sky was filled with a zillion critters, blocking the sun.

Goddess warned Abram that next time he decided to act without Her authorization She would order the wild beasts to have the banquet of their life, by offering them Her Chosen People. To prove that he would always consult and obey Her, the Sinner threw himself to the ground and filled his mouth with sand, forcing himself to swallow it.

"Get up and stop this ridiculous behavior." She told him, "go to the river and wash your mouth, in the meantime I'll wash your brain - that was the first brainwashing a man was subjected to."

And so it was that Abram, his family, his tribe and his flocks of sheep made their way to the Promised Land, as did Lot, his nephew, with his family and his rich belongings. But there was a big problem, on account that the warriors had heard that Lot wanted first choice in the share of the land they were both going to own, and they quarreled knocking quite a few teeth coz they believed that the best part oughta go to their nomadic leader.

Good Ole Abram showed himself *magnanimousey* and said to them:

“Let him have what he wants, I’ll take what remains. Thus and consequently, Lot settled in the valley close to the city of Sodom. Wow, I remember how that name stank.

The years went by - it was supposed to be like half a century later or more - and Abram and his very wrinkled wifey Sarai still had no children, which was a *catastrophic*, coz if you remember, Goddess had ordered them to multiply and fill the world with kiddies.

Apparently nowadays people in Europe couldn’t care less about Her holy commandments, on the contrary, they want less and less children in their homes, on account that the *ladder* make too much noise when the adults watch TV or are busy, each secretly searching for partner swapping on the Net, and that their screams give them tummy aches during their meals, then too, they cost an earth to raise. This is called freedom of *Nespression*. Oh, so you don’t get my clue! Try one of them *ladida* stores that waft - woof woof - the most delicious smell of roasted coffee and you’ll want to stay hours in there, sipping that hot star of nectars. And like gorgeous Georgie Clooney - who isn’t a clown, even if sometimes acts like one -, says, ‘What else!’, meaning that he much prefers to spend his time there than wiping a baby’s tushy and giving him a bath, before he has to put him in the cot, singing some stupid lullaby to shut him up, while he himself is dying to sleep, on account that after spending three quarters of the day shooting a film, he will have to take care of the baby, while his beautiful feminist of a wife is working late at her lawyer’s office. Hey, I’ve just learned that they finally decided to have a baby. Go figure what goes on in people’s minds. A last *ass-side*, whether you like it or not: during the long years they lived together, Angelina Jolie and her very ‘joli’ Brad Pitt collected babies of all colors like they were M&M’s. And now that they are divorced, these poor kids - actually they are very very rich; ain’t it funny to call someone poor when he has millions of dollars kept in trust - are so frustrated that they keep munching M&M’s all day long, and that their parents are now suing the company for producing irresistible rainbow-hued candie, uh uh.

At this point Abram and Sarai were older than *May-fuse-salaam* and still had not produced any kiddies - hey, have we become products like tomato Ketchup or Nutella?.

So, Goddess appeared to him in a dream and repeated Her promise: “You will have

more children than the stars in our galaxy.” She didn’t mention the cosmos, on account that Abram would not have been able to imagine anything beside the sun and the moon. And to prove that She was serious, Goddess changed the names of the couple into Abraham, which means Father of the Many, and Sarah, on account that the *ladder* would soon become the Mom of all Nations.

Still believing that she was much too old to become pregnant, and that thus and therefore Goddess was again bullshitting her, Sarah told her hubby: “Try to do the business with our maid Hagar.” Just after having *uddered* those words, she bit her tongue, almost cutting its tip, out of jealousy, a feeling women hadn’t known yet. “What the heck have I suggested?” she thought, introducing the first adulteress to humanity.

A lovely son was born to Hagar, named Ishmael. He grew up to become a handsome and vigorous lad. Hagar was very proud of him, and knew instinctively that the descendants of her son would spread over the mountains, the deserts and the oceans.

Sarah noticed how fresh and *ladida* her maid was getting, and started pulling her hair then stuffed her fingers in her nostrils, trying to commit suicide. But she was tougher than the hide of an elephant great-grandmother, and soon she was breathing as loudly as the future trumpets of Jericho, causing a mini storm around her. Poor Abraham was in a fix, now that his wifey and his maid started hating each other’s guts.

In the meantime, furious that Lot and his tribe messed around *setchually* and otherwise, Goddess destroyed their city, and they consequently all had to flee. Poor Lot’s wife turned around in spite of the fact that he had forbidden her to do so. That was when she turned into a statue of salt - she became the first Jewish mummy.

This terrible turn of event scared Abraham to the marrow - whoah, do I looove to spread bone marrow on rye toast and to sniff the smell of burnt bread and warm goo for a few seconds, before sinking my teeth into it!

Why do you suppose Goddess acted with such harshness? To warn Abraham of course, so that he wouldn’t try any kind of untoward shenanigans. From then on, the *ladder* swore to himself to act righteously, so much so that his teeth began to chatter, knocking off his incisors. That’s when people became chatterboxes, on account that they wanted to replace the lost teeth with wordy nonsense. Nowadays billions of humans do the same on social networks. You oughta read what trash one finds there!

Loo and beebee be bop a lula hold your breath, toothless and her hair as rare as the dried leaves of a burnt corn field, old Sarah expected a baby. She gave birth to a boy her hubby and she named Isaac. Ishmael who was already a pre-teen started to boast that he was the important guy of the family and he started bullying his half-brother. Sarah

didn't like that at all and complained to Abraham. Things between Hagar, Sarah and their two sons were getting really bad. They couldn't stop quarrelling. So Abie asked Goddess what they should do. She told him to listen to his senile wifey and to send Hagar and Ishmael away, for She would provide for them. Well, we all know how ultra generous with these two She was, coz they multiplied and multiplied, so much and so forcefully, that their descendants, the Muslims, thanks to Allah and to his prophet, accounted for two billion souls in 2020, whereas those of Isaac never reached the number of twenty million. What was Goddess' plan, making such a huge difference? Did She want the Jews to become the Happy Few, and if so why did She let the Christian and the Muslim folks torture them continually? What kind of blessing was that for the so-called Chosen People? Or maybe She chose them to play the game of hit or miss, and to see what happened, preparing for the Nazi doctor Mengele to experiment with the millions who were dragged to the concentration camps? How do I know this? In our history class we are being taught the Holocaust, among all the terrible other things that happened during WWII.

Now Goddess, yeah I'm talking to you personally again, and you don't scare me one bit. Either most people who believe in you can't think for themselves, or you are the greatest magician-hypnotist there ever was. Yet, I often feel like beating the hell out of you, for all the misery you allow to spread over our planet, provoking earthquakes, tsunamis and fires, and pushing people to kill and maim each other. Ok, humans are also responsible for smashing the friggin ozone, but you never stop them anyway. I imagine how much you enjoy watching them tearing each other apart, like they were comics figures in a video game. Shame on you! Yeah, I know some of your followers would like to place a fatwa over my head - a fat lot, these nerds know about what is really moral and what is wrong - they call me a blasphemer, like that poor Bibi in Pakistan who chose to live as a Christian, even though she came from a Muslim family.

Muesli-Christie's-Hybrid porridge is what I call that awful mixture of *fondamentalists*, with twisted brains. How else would you call them who want to impose their religion by the sword and the gun?