

Michael Schmidt-Salomon  
Helge Nyncke

***Which is the way to God, please?, little Piglet asked***

A book for all those who won't let themselves be fooled

Alibri

Text: Michael Schmidt-Salomon  
Illustrations: Helge Nyncke  
Translation: Fiona Lorenz

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*Alibri*

Little Piglet and little Hedgehog were sitting in the bath tub laughing with all their hearts. Just as they always did when the sun was shining or when rain was falling onto the earth.

„I say, aren't we doing fine!" said Piglet.

„Couldn't be any better!", Hedgehog answered and stretched out its arms as far as it could. "I could just embrace the whole world!"

„Brilliant idea!", little Piglet replied. „But first, let's go and pick some apples. I'm ravenous."

„Good", said little Hedgehog.

Just as the two of them had stepped out of the house, they noticed something strange. Over night, somebody had pasted a poster on the wall of their cottage. "He who knows not God, is missing something!", was written onto it. Little Piglet read it to little Hedgehog who hadn't paid all that much attention at school.

„Piglet, do you know God?", Hedgehog asked. "Nope", Piglet said.

"I don't either", said Hedgehog.

This scared the two of them a lot. They hadn't even known they were missing anything! So, they started out to go looking for God.

„Which is the way to God, please?", little Piglet asked every animal they met on their way. But nobody had ever heard of a God, neither Goose nor Rabbit, nor Mole. But cunning Fox at last knew the answer.

„I once heard some humans quarrelling about God", said Fox. "They've built him some grand houses up on Temple Mount". "What were they quarrelling about?", asked little Hedgehog. "I think they can't agree on the house Mister God is actually

living in”, replied Fox and added quietly: “If you ask me, you should rather not go up there! The people up there are quite crazy!”

Little Piglet and little Hedgehog, well behaved as they were, thanked Fox for his good advice. But they were so curious that they climbed the Mountain despite the warning. They just had to find out what they were missing!

As soon as they had clambered the mountain they discovered three huge houses that were standing side by side. They had never before seen anything as enormous.

„This Mister God must be gigantic if he needs houses as big as that!”, said little Hedgehog. And, it also became scared: “Piglet, don’t you think we should better go back home?”

„Balderdash, Hedgehog!”, said Piglet. „Now that we’ve come so far we should meet the Mister!”

That sounded very courageous, but secretly, little Piglet was a little bit scared, too. It just didn’t want to show little Hedgehog.

Hedgehog and Piglet approached the first house. A man with a funny hat and long black curls was standing in front of it. “Which is the way to God, please?”, little Piglet asked. “This is the Lord’s Temple, a synagogue”, explained the man. And he knew what he was talking about, because the man was a “rabbi”, a Jewish scholar.

“Oh, fine!”, said little Hedgehog. “Is the Mister at home? May we have a short talk with him? It won’t take long...” “Only if your mother is a Jewess!”, replied the rabbi. “Jewess?”, asked Hedgehog. „My mummy is a hedgehogess!“ “And mine is a sow”, added little Piglet.

“I’m sorry!”, said the rabbi. „Only Jews are allowed to enter the temple during this ceremonial procedure. And little piglets can never enter!”

„That’s not nice at all!”, said Piglet. “God, the Almighty, is not nice!”, explained the rabbi. “He is all knowing and all gracious, but he can also become quite angry when you don’t follow his Ten Commandments!” And, in order to prove that, he told them the story of the great Flood.

“One day”, said the rabbi, “God, the Lord, was so much annoyed by the humans that he decided to destroy all life on Earth.”

“All life?”, asked Piglet startled. “All human babies, all grannies and all animals? Piglets, hedgehogs, butterflies and little guinea pigs too? “Yes, all life”, replied the rabbi. “Except for one couple of every species. Noah, whom God had taken to, gathered these species on his ship, Noah’s Arc. Then God let it rain for so long until all the other humans and animals had drowned.”

Hedgehog and Piglet fell silent for a while. They couldn’t possibly imagine so many drowned babies, grannies, piglets, hedgehogs and guinea pigs. “That is so very mean!”, little Piglet thought to himself and he decided to stomp on Mister God’s foot very hard if he should ever meet him.

“What evil thing had the humans done so that they would have to be drowned?”, little Hedgehog wanted to know. “They prayed to other gods!”, answered the rabbi. “Oh, so there are other gods too?”, Hedgehog marvelled. “No!”, said the rabbi. „The

humans only imagined that. Actually, these gods exist just as little as ghosts striped blue and green ...”

“Oh”, said little Piglet. It thought for a while. „If humans can imagine gods “, it spoke slowly, „how do we know that you don't imagine your God, too?“

That was a really good question, little Piglet! But unfortunately, the rabbi didn't appreciate it at all. He became awfully angry and began ranting so loud that Hedgehog and Piglet ran away as fast as they could.

„I bet he only invented the story to scare us!“, panted Piglet while they were running away. “But who could be so stupid to believe a story like that?” “Well, I certainly don't believe in a God who drowns little guinea pigs, just because some people see ghosts!”, said little Hedgehog.

And so, Hedgehog and Piglet went to the second house. “Come to me all ye who are weak and heavy laden!”, said the man who stood in front of the house. He was wearing a funny purple cap on his head and a strange garment that reached to the floor.

“Which is the way to God, please?”, little Piglet asked the man. It turned out he was a real bishop which is why he had to know what he was talking about.

„This is God's house, a church!“, the bishop explained. “When we gather in the name of the Lord, he is in our midst!” “Fine!”, said little Hedgehog.

So they walked into the church.

It was quite dark inside and it also smelled kind of weird. “Now, where is this Mister God?”, asked little Piglet. The bishop pointed to the front. Hedgehog and Piglet stared at a frightening half naked man whose hands and feet were fixed to a cross with pointed nails. On his head he was wearing a crown of thorns and his body was covered with blood everywhere.

“Ouch!”, said little Hedgehog. „Doesn't that hurt awfully?“ “God the Lord sent us his son, Jesus Christ, who died for our sins on the cross!”, the bishop explained. “Oh, the Mister wouldn't have had to do that”, little Piglet said. “Little Hedgehog and I have always been good...”

„The Lord washed away our sins with Jesus' blood!“, the bishop said. “With blood? Yuck!”, little Piglet replied. “And I always thought you should wash yourself with soap”, little Hedgehog wondered.

„God gave us good news: if we follow him, the kingdom of heaven will be awaiting us!”, the bishop said.

“Well, the people here aren't looking very happy!”, little Piglet thought to himself.

“They rather look as though they were moping miserably!” No, Piglet certainly didn't want to stay here any longer. But then it discovered something that appealed to him: Lots of cookies! They were lying on a big, golden plate which was on the table at the front. And, because little Piglet was still hungry, it popped a few of them right into its mouth.

But that didn't appeal to the bishop at all! “For God's sake, what are you doing there!”, he cried out furiously. “I'm eating some cookies because I am so hungry. “But

these aren't cookies, it is the body of Christ!", the bishop ranted. He pointed to the man on the cross: "It is the flesh of Jesus, who sacrificed himself for us!"

Oh, that made little Piglet very sick! It loved to eat apples and carrots, and mushrooms too, but not a man who had died so many years ago! Quickly, it spat out the strange cookies and took Hedgehog by the hand. "Away here immediately!", it cried. "These are cannibals! If they even eat Mister God's son, who knows what they'll do to little hedgehogs and piglets..."

After they had left the church, little Piglet and little Hedgehog actually didn't feel like having a look at the third house. On the other hand, they really wanted to find out what they were missing. So they gathered all their courage and took a last chance. A man with a full beard stood in front of the third house. He had pulled a cloth over his head, which reminded little Hedgehog a little of his grandmother Frieda. Although granny Frieda didn't wear a beard, of course.

"Which is the way to God, please?", little Piglet asked. "In this mosque you may encounter Allah, the Lord", the man said. He would know, because he was a "mufti", an Islamic scholar. "Come in!", said the mufti.

"I'm curious about what awaits us here", little Hedgehog whispered as they entered the mosque through the huge door. Little Piglet nodded his head in agreement.

"In order to get to know God, meaning Allah, you have to become Muslims!", the mufti explained. "And how do you become a Muslim?", little Hedgehog asked curiously. "Well, first you would have to be able to repeat the Islamic statement of faith", the mufti explained. "And you must faithfully follow Allah's Commandments. First and foremost, you must pray five times a day!"

"Five times?", little Piglet asked. "Yes", the mufti answered. "And, before praying, you must always wash yourselves thoroughly!"

"Wash myself five times a day?" Little Hedgehog rolled his eyes. "That means washing myself thirty-five times a week, and one-hundred and fifty times a month!" Little Hedgehog would have liked to calculate how many times that would be per year, but that was too difficult for him.

"Dear me, does Mister God have a mania for cleanliness?", little Piglet asked himself. To climb into the bathtub with Hedgehog once a week was fair enough, but not thirty-five times!

*"I will certainly not pray five times a day!", little Hedgehog said. "I do have other things to do!" "Then you cannot become a Muslim!", the mufti explained. "Well, then I'll just let it be!", Hedgehog said, shrugging his shoulders. "Shouldn't be all that bad..."*

"Not all that bad!?" The mufti's eyes were blazing. "If you don't obey the Lord, you will end in hell and roast in hell's fire forever!" "Just because we haven't washed ourselves often enough?", little Piglet wondered. "Because you have violated the Commandments that Allah gave to prophet Mohammed!", the mufti said.

"Well, who says that your Mohammed didn't just make that up?", Piglet asked.

"Maybe he actually was no prophet, but was just making fun of you..."

Oh, little Piglet had better not have uttered that! Because now the mufti's feelings were hurt. "You goddamned non-believers!", he screamed and madly ran towards Piglet and Hedgehog. They both ran to the exit of the mosque as fast as they could.

*But, oh dear: Outside, the rabbi and the bishop were already waiting for them. "Seize them!", the rabbi cried. "They have blasphemed!" "And they have defiled the body of Christ!", the bishop roared. "And they have also insulted the prophet!", the mufti screamed, who just came running out of the mosque.*

Hedgehog and Piglet were rigid with fear. "Uh-oh, I believe we're for it now!", little Piglet stammered.

„They are possessed by the devil, but I'll exorcise him soon enough!“, the bishop cried. „No you don't! We've exorcised demons long before you came into existence!“, the rabbi replied. „The prophet was the first one to show how to handle non-believers properly!“, answered the mufti. „Anyway, our hell is a lot hotter than yours!“ „What cheek!“, the bishop ranted and hit the mufti on the head with the bible. „Our hell is the most, most worst!“

And so, a serious argument arose among the three servants of God. During which they began bashing each other so wildly, they didn't notice Hedgehog and Piglet secretly sneaking away.

When they had arrived back home again, little Hedgehog said: „Piglet, now I know what we were missing the whole time...“ „What would that be?“, little Piglet asked. „Without God we had no fear!“, said Hedgehog. „That's right!“, Piglet said. „But did you miss the fear?“ „Nope!“, little Hedgehog replied. „Mister God with his strange servants can honestly stay away from me!“

Hedgehog and Piglet once again had a look at the mysterious poster. „I think, there is just one word too much!“, little Piglet said, and scored out the word „not“ with a thick pen. „It should actually say: 'He who knows God, is missing something!' Namely up here...“ Little Piglet laughingly tapped his forehead.

Little Hedgehog nodded approvingly: „The people from Temple Mount really are crazy! I believe there actually is no God! And if there were, he certainly wouldn't be living in these ghost castles!“

„Spot on, you're absolutely right, Hedgehog!“, little Piglet said. „But what are we going to do with the poster now? Shall we leave it hanging there?“ „No!“, answered little Hedgehog. „I have a far better idea!“

He tore the poster off the wall and folded lots and lots of tiny paper planes out of it. Then, little Hedgehog and little Piglet let the planes fly really high into the sky. Hey, that was huge fun! Finally, the two of them could once again laugh with all their hearts. Just as they had always done when the sun was shining or when the rain was falling onto the earth...

And the morale of the fable is:  
If you don't know God, be glad about this

P.S.

Just in case someone might follow:

„Who knows not God, must be quite hollow!“

A secret I will break to you

(And you may tell others about it, too)

The faith in God around our globe  
Is just bad magic, just a joke  
Rabbis, priests and muftis, too  
Are “naked apes” like me and you  
Only, they see floating „ghosts“  
And wear quite funny caps and clothes

They couldn't fool our Piglet, when:  
It laughed and laughed at all of them...

**Michael Schmidt-Salomon**, Dr. phil., born 1967, is a free-lance writer, philosopher and musician and, among other things, acts as spokesperson of the board of the Giordano-Bruno-Foundation. His publications at Alibri Verlag are: Erkenntnis aus Engagement (1999); Stollbergs Inferno (Philosophischer Roman, 2003), Manifest des Evolutionären Humanismus. (2005, 2006); Aufklärung ist Ärger... Karlheinz Deschner: Leben – Werk – Wirkung (editor, with Hermann Gieselbusch, 2006); Die Kirche im Kopf. Von „Ach, Herrje!“ bis „Zum Teufel!“ (with Carsten Frerk, 2007). Michael Schmidt-Salomon lives in the Eifel near Trier with his “postfamilial family” (2 biological + 3 kindred children + 3 further adults). For further information, please visit: [www.schmidt-salomon.de/](http://www.schmidt-salomon.de/)

**Helge Nynke**, born 1956, has a diploma in design, is an illustrator and an author. He has illustrated, written or invented countless school, specialised and children's books, games and animated films for children, as well as critical essays, scripts, cabaretistical and free texts for adults. Beside these activities, he has also found the time to design works of art or refurbish children's hospitals. The father of four and multiple creator of ideas lives and works in Mühlheim/Main.

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