

The Mouse in the Spiritual House

NoMo deSlogo was not noted for his looks or his brilliance or his charm or, for that matter, much of anything. However, as with most Mouseans, he had one magnificent idea in his lifetime - that greaser mice, having both a very short lifespan and a hyper active nature, would be attracted to the idea of some form of life after death. He was wildly correct.

NoMo approached Very Round Mickey and his sizeable Mousean Council. He began with the simple concept that sentient beings were not necessarily limited to the physical realm – and then paused to let that thought sink in.

The room was at first silent. The pause was then followed by a squeak here and there. Then suddenly an explosive crescendo of squeaks so loud that a now frightened NoMo suffered a seizure. He fell to the floor paws outstretched. His body quivered and twitched convulsively. His voice squeaked in a unique and rhythmic fashion. Those in attendance swore that what transpired was miraculous.

It was not easy to decide how to proceed religiously. There was resistance, and a segment of the Mousean culture considered the idea of life after death to be silly. Best to stick to wine, women, and cheese, and forget the hard work associated with doing things that would meet the demands of an afterlife. The leadership of Mousean society, always sensitive to division in the ranks, questioned whether a religion and a church were necessary to believe in life after death.

NoMo, who by now was nearly a God among mice, thunderously squeaked that without a place and ritual of worship, the spiritual would be overwhelmed by the comings and goings of the frenetic mouse life. Thus arose the Church of the Golden Mouse, the feast of the sacramental Limburger, and the marriage of the multitude all of which are still shrouded in mystery. (Notably, on a prescribed date, every Mousean believer would disappear. The lack of squeaking was a blessed relief for all humans, animals, birds, fishes, and more, - although cheese of all kinds was in short supply.)

A thriving and productive religious experience for mice had quickly come into being,- but then disaster struck in the form of NoMo's untimely and bizarre death at the hands of a tiny blade of grass. (It seems that NoMo was

allergic to the sneezarian mutation of a rare fungal harzianian grass. As the story goes, NoMo had imbibed a bit too much Mousean sacramental limburger and accidentally stumbled into a patch of the deadly grass. As he lay amongst its blades, he began to sneeze, and sneeze, and sneeze and sneeze and sneeze ----- . Oh, the horror of it.)

The funeral was a somber affair with greaser Mouseans and other dignitaries from all over the nation in attendance. It fell to Very Round Mickey to deliver the eulogy, and stirring it was as he began with “Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a mouse like me. I once was lost but now am bound to fly across the sea”. (Notably, there were those in attendance who swore they saw NoMo’s spirit floating blissfully in the smoke filled room.)

What followed the NoMo burial was true folly. Greaser mice reasoned that if something as simple as a blade of grass could bring down a near God, then maybe spirituality wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. They , of course missed the point entirely. But, -----

The Church of the Golden Mouse and its Limburger ceremony quickly passed into the pages of history. However, the marriage of the multitude, quite popular among Mousean males, continued into law and politics.

By Bob Warren