When God was a boy, He made the earth in a sandbox and the sun at the stove. He made leafy green things with pipe cleaners and construction paper and a thunderous rolling sea with the salty Alizay from His mom’s side of the fridge, making the dolphins leap and fish fly. On the side of the road, across from His neighbor’s picket fence, God hefted a large, rotting cat tree into this premature world of mold from a lunch box long lost yet somehow found. He brought forth monsters for the land, sea, and sky inspired from His monthly subscription to National Geographic to eat up the cut corners dripping with the glue of the art project due Sunday. His teacher gave Him a C, so He threw it in the fireplace after school and got high off the glue’s resonating fumes.

God tried again and again, though He wouldn't admit it. In His latest model, He watched them all sink to the core through the crust and mantle of the fireplace. A world forged in fire yet it was always seeming to lose its light.

Embers twinkled like Christmas lights, they winked and sparkled, enumerating reasons to wrestle with divinity over the power of worlds. But it went awry when the mice were introduced. Right away there were some that jumped over the maze or ate holes in the walls. Some got lost in the dead ends and quite poetically died. With all the different promises that kept circulating around the exits, some of them developed a taste for fish, others for discipline, and a few for the watery wine left out in the rain. All in all, you could say that it was a good try, but the outcome was always the same in His little experiments.

God’s little brother took His favorite Mouse and splayed His arms to the side and held His feet down with staples; the color from the Mouse's red eyes dripped down His white body to His tail. His brother wrote a few words, listened to a couple weak squeaks from the loyal Mouse, and it was over. When God found the Mouse's body under a rock in the driveway with a few gold shekels, He wept. After His tears had retreated back into the Jordans of His own eyes, He closed the lifeless eyes of His friend and threw His body in His brother's bed before the other mice had a chance to forget its name.

God didn’t get everything He wanted, so He started making up for it by probing the lives of the mice in their world. He wanted a puppy, so He made all the mice’s dogs die. He wanted shepherd's pie for mid afternoon-brunch, so He told the mice to spread lamb blood on the door frames as a joke. When His parents took the mouse farm away for a week, God told His teacher that they died and he got to keep the world He created for fun.

Some of the mice got sick, hallucinating, jumping off cathedrals, damning His name. This was unacceptable; heads rolled and the gates of hell were opened wide, but all God could coax from His brother’s room were a few grasshoppers, bad weather, and a hatred for firstborns.
One night, God got fed up with all of the mice’s games and decided to pour a bucket of club soda on the whole thing. Most of the mice died, but God was able to save a couple in a McDonald's chicken nugget container.

The second He turned His back, the mice had regrouped to form their own worlds, to a certain extent. They tore at the earth for guns and poison, for the precious gems and gold that started the killings all over again; ideas were founded to base reality on the math homework they found in God’s pocket along with a cigar band from His father’s drawer. Water became more scarce, the weeds began to outnumber the hands that pulled them and the hierarchy of the rats became less and less distinguishable from the past they were prophecized to repeat.

Around the time of His staged death, He resurrected the words of Simon, Paul, and Peter to prove a point to Caesar that he would be better off in hell than in the same room as Joseph. For centuries he has labored to the forgotten muses he created as a midterm exam project and has made a religion out of a few million copies of a touchy subject. God is the star of his own action comedy with a dark twist. It's all explained pretty diligently, outlined as a rise and fall of life. The uncertainty is what keeps viewers hooked; it's quite common to see the celebrity guests quietly cheat the system using ancient morals and spur-of-the-moment pain as a gun, knife, and noose.

Mice who listened in science class don’t bite their tongues to keep from restlessly trying to break away from the original formulas and structures God’s teachers gave him to use. They break away from the maze and create their own ideas about how to kill the other mice.

God used to leave the world’s reset button on his desk but moved it to a drawer after he heard Hiroshima scream. God likes to watch someone's life go by. The ups and downs are easy to get high on, leaving a blunt’s charred tobacco paper behind on an altar to the golden calf.