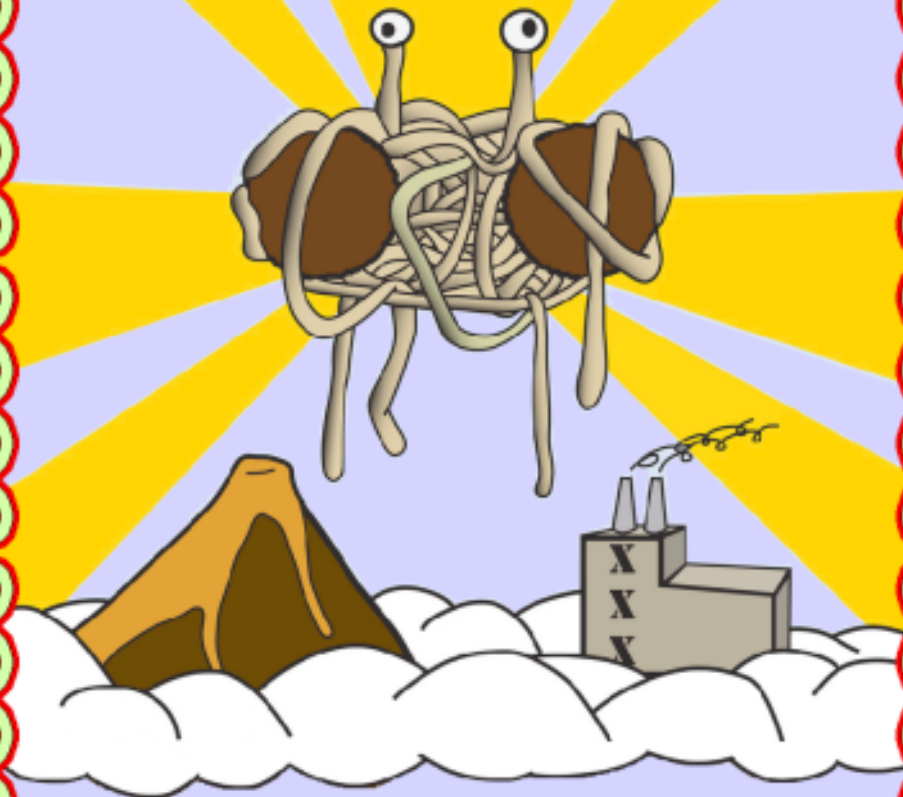


The Loose Canon

A Really Important Collection of Words



A HOLY BOOK
OF THE CHURCH OF THE
FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

FIRST EDITION

Dedicated to St John the Blasphemist
Saint of Freakin' Awesome Holy Texts

Cover Art by MonkeysInACan aka Captain Chris Taylor, Tigger_the_Wing, and
Rev. Rowan Redbeard

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Abbreviations for Easy Quotability

This listing is not authoritative. If you think a different part of the title would make a funnier citation, then go for it.

Proclamations of the Councils of Olive Garden

Second Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief.....2 Announcement, 2 Anc
Third Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief.....3 Announcement, 3 Anc

The Old Pastament

The Book of Midgets/Midgits.....Midgets/Midgits, Mid
The Creation of Mankind.....Creation, Crn
A Reading From the Book of Fusilli.....Fusilli, Fus
The Book of Penelope.....Penelope, Pen
The Book of Linguini.....Linguini, Ling
The TorahTellini Part 2.....TorahTellini 2, Tt2
The Story of the FSM and the Eastern Pirates.....Eastern, East
The Book of Fearsome Pirate Pete.....Fearsome, FPP
The Tale of Dave and Kyodai.....Dave
Darwin's Purge.....Purge
The Book of Thinly-Veiled Modern Practice Agreements.....Agreements, Agree
The Random Number of Not Commandments, Suggestions.....Suggestions, Sug
The Book of Piraticus.....Piraticus, Pir
A Pasta's Creed.....Pasta
Ethical Guidelines for Pirates.....Guidelines, Gdlns
Frequently Asked Questions.....FAQ
Pastalms.....Pastalms, Plms
The Book of ProvHerbs.....ProvHerbs, PvH
The Song of Semolina.....Semolina, Sem
The Pastalamentations of Father Jerome.....Father Jerome, FJr
The Revelations of Auntie Dee Dee.....Auntie Dee Dee, ADD
The Book of Disco.....Disco
Pirates' Effects on Global Warming.....Warming, Warm
The Book of Jeff.....Jeff
The Book of Solipsy.....Solipsy, Sol
The Book of Emergent Patterns.....Patterns, Ptrn
Revelations of St. Jason.....St. Jason, StJ

The New Pastament

The Acts of the Apastals.....Apastals, Apast

The Letter of Tristan the Martyr to the Future Generations of Society.....	Tristan, Tris
The Open Letter of Bobby Henderson to the Kansas School Board.....	Bobby
An Announcement Regarding the Afterlife.....	Afterlife, Aftl
Muellers 1.....	Muellers 1, Mu 1
Muellers 2.....	Muellers 2, Mu 2
Pirate Aaahhhrrrrr's Letter to the Privateers.....	Aaahhhrrrrr, Ahr
First Letter from Edd to the Forum Members.....	1 Edd
Second Letter from Edd to the Forum Members.....	2 Edd
First Letter from Edd to the Slackers.....	Slackers, Slack
First Letter from Edd to the Partiers.....	Partiers, Party
First Letter from Edd to the Infallible.....	Infallible, Inf
A Letter from ADoS to the Dying.....	Almighty Doer of Stuff, ADoS
The Correspondence of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee and the leaders of Hillel.....	Hillel, Hill
The Letter of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee to the Googlists.....	Googlists, Goog
The Letter of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee to the RU Campus Crusade for Christ.....	Christ, CCC
The Sermon on the Mall.....	Sermon on the Mall, SotM
Qwertyuiopasd's Letter to the Evangelists.....	Qwerty
Revelations 1: The Book of Revealed Crapola.....	1 Revelations, 1 Rev
Revelations 2: The Revenge.....	2 Revelations, 2 Rev

*Proclamations of the
Councils of Olive
Garden*

Second Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief

1 "His Holiness the Flying Spaghetti Monster is Eternal, without beginning and without end, and with a whole tangled mess in the middle. 2 He willed All That There Is into existence when He saw fit to do so and in the order He chose. 3 He prankishly thwarts all human attempts to find out exactly when or how this might have occurred.

4 He has chosen, in His Holy Sauced Wisdom, to reveal only these certain truths: that after the Earth itself, came mountains, trees and a midgit/midget (but not necessarily in that order), and that thereafter He took three days off, Friday being the Holiest among them.

5 What came next is the subject of much great lore passed from the midgit/midgets down through the ever-dwindling pirate population, also the Holy Inspired Works revealed to and gathered by His Faithful Followers, and attempts at scientific conjecture, each of which have varying levels of accuracy and entertainment value. 6 His Saucy Orbs do Look With Delight upon that which is well-written.

7 For as His Noodly Appendages Do Touch Us, so too do they touch even the smallest atoms of the universe, and re-arrange them for His Own Holy Amusement, so as to drive scientists insane. 8 And thus, if Creationism is to be taught as Science, then the Great and Holy Truth of the Creation of the Universe by His Holiness the Flying Spaghetti Monster must also be taught."

-Solipsy of the First Council of Olive Garden

Third Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief

1 These are crappy times for the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 2 The Dark Lord Darwin roams the world unchallenged and his Science taints mankind with reason. 3 The Empiricists win more and more court cases against us Creationists and the Scientists add more and more proof to their already flawless theories and facts. 4 It seems the FSM is too drunk and/or lazy to repel this coming enlightenment.

5 But all is not lost and hope still remains. 6 Our numbers continue to grow, nearing 100,000 Pastafarians, this summer has been pretty cool, and now, the first edition of the Loose Canon is finally nearing completion. 7 The Loose Canon is an endeavor our scribes, prophets, captains, and preachers have faithfully worked on since the ancient days of the Church and soon copies of the psuedofinished work will be available to all Pastafarians to serve as a beacon of hope in these desperate times.

8 I say it will be psuedofinished because the Loose Canon should never be finished. 9 Future holy men and women and robots will unveil more theological ideas and histories and the views of the Church will probably change with time. 10 So in the interest of being a perpetually modern religion, Councils of Olive Garden must periodically convene to compile new editions of the Loose Canon.

11 In my opinion, the texts of the Canon should never be altered or eliminated, however, any text, no matter how contradictory, can be canonized. 12 Even this first edition has texts that contradict each other and even the Gospel of the FSM. 13 This fits with the philosophy of our Church. 14 One should not have blind faith in a holy text. 15 One should not take a holy text as word for word truth. 16 Afterall, it's just a book written by imperfect humans, not by the all-knowing Flying Spaghetti Monster. 17 Though I could be completely wrong about all of this. 18 Future Pastafarians are just gonna have to think for themselves and make up their own minds.

19 So with that said, I hope the congregation will enjoy the Loose Canon. 20 I hope everyone gets a laugh out of its stories and ponders the wisdom of its teachings. 21 So stay tuned maties cause it's coming and it'll be awesome when it does. 22 And maybe that dick, Darwin, will think twice about tempting us with his evidence and facts when he sees how psyched we are about our newly made book filled with revelations from the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

23 RAmen,

-Platypus Enthusiast aka Captain Jeff the Mishunairee of the Second Council of Olive Garden

*The Old
Testament*

The Book of Midgets/Midgits

a history

*As transcribed by DaveL

Chapter I

The Curse of The Bald Midget

1In the days when the Flying Spaghetti Monster combed the Bobby Mountain, 2He looked upon the Earth and saw that the land was devoid of chosen subjects. 3In His awesome Noodly Hugeness, the FSM cast his Noodly Appendage forth over the Bobby Mountain and said with a noodly growl,

4"Send forth my beloved subjects! 5Be they small and capable of head butting tall people in the groin. 6Let them be capable of acting as mobile beer holders. 7Let them be cute and cuddly, 8and let them be capable of riding many a good winner at the races'. "

9And into the world the Midgets did come. 10For they were indeed extremely cute and cuddly. 11The bald midgets were sometimes confused by the FSM with sticks of roll on deodorant. 12This amused the FSM greatly, 13who named the bald midgets 'The Rexona' or ' The Rexonii' (plural). 14But extremely cute and cuddly they were.

15In the early days the midgets grew much Basil and Herbs. 16And in the absence of protein in the diet, they did not grow tall. 17And the leader of their tribe was Egbert. 18For he was so loved by the FSM for his baldness, that he was spared from further midget gags as an act of charity.

19Then one day following the Basil harvest, Egbert and the tribe grew restless 20and longed for the addition of minced beef in their pasta penne. 21But Egbert knew additional protein may force him to grow tall, thereby forfeiting his venerable midgetness. 22This would also forfeit his right to receive kid's portion meals at McDonalds, 23which was a real bummer.

24And the FSM did appear unto Egbert and the midget tribe and spoke.

25"Look guys, I'm really sorry for the really bad midget gags at your expense. 26But it's really boring being a supreme being sometimes."

27And the midgets did cheer sending forth high fives all round with their pudgy hands and fingers.

28"As a sign of my good measure I will allow you to add ground beef, 29provided you maintain

a balanced diet and don't grow tall."

30And the midgets did but whoop and holler in their tiny little voices 31singing Randy Newman songs in his honour (you can guess which).

32"Praised be unto His Noodly Appendages" they cried with their helium-filled voices.

33And in a bid to overcome their protein deficiency, 34the midgets set forth to slaughter everything that moved on the face of the earth. 35For they did slaughter the armadillo, the antelope, the aardvaak and all other animals between the letters A-Z. 36And Egbert did thus say:

"Doode-a, keelling ell thuse-a creetoores soore-a beets zee hell ooot ooff grooeeng beseel und herbs."

37And there was great noodly happiness on the slopes of Bobby Mountain.

38For theirs was the Kingdom of Protein!!

~~~~~

## **Chapter II**

### **The Great Boredom Incantation and the Coming of the Midgets**

1Following the great Midget reconciliation, the FSM did but enter a great period of self satisfaction. 2For his subjects were omnivorous and yet retained their venerable Midgetness. 3And in the great void feeling pretty damn pleased with himself, he put his many tentacles upon his great celestial recliner rocker and mellowed right out.

4But following many years of relaxation, the Great Noodly One did become very bored. 5Despite the presence of his beloved Midgets he was very much alone. 6Being the only supreme being, there was little or no chance of him meeting an FSM babe for a bit of red hot action. 7And absolutely no chance of him hoisting the if the Universe is rockin', don't come a knockin' sign on his celestial door.

8And in his solitude, the FSM did begin the Great Boredom Incantation, 9that boomed across the sky and shook the little folk from their midget high chairs.

10I'm bored

11I'm really bored

12I'm really really bored

13I'm really really, really bored

14(you'll get the hang of it after about 100 reallys)

15I'm so bored I find watching Bold and The Beautiful an absolute blast

16I'm so bored I find watching Oprah the highlight of my day

17I'm so bored I find Bill O'Reilly almost comical

18I'm so bored I find 'Alexander' an absolute ripper of a film

19Then following the citing of several more thousand bad moments in TV and cinema, the FSM did thus end The Great Boredom Incantation.

20Sad for their Master, Egbert ordered the Midgets to try really damned hard to cheer FSM up.

21They dressed up in cute little outfits - Ewoks, Munchkins and assorted furry animals. 22They even sung cute little pantomine songs from Snow White, but the FSM was unmoved. 23Egbert in his adoration for the FSM raised his pudgy little arms to the sky and screamed:

24 "Hey Greet Speghettee Doode-a. Why ere-a yuoo su sed? Bork Bork Bork!"

25The FSM replied in perfect Ivy League Midgetese:

26 "Egbert, the midgets are my most blessed subjects. 27You have brought me great piles of basil and herbs. 28You have let me dish out many bad midget jokes at your expense. 29For you have remained my most venerable subjects, 30despite the culling many endangered species to eat with your penne pasta."

31And Egbert did reply:

32 "Nu prublems yuoor vursheep. Fur ve-a ere-a hunuored thet yuoo ere-a ooor Greet Mester."

33And the FSM replied with very plummy Midget intonations:

34 "Midgets, while I get a huge belly laugh paying out on you with bad jokes, 35there is room for more like you in the lands of Noodle Earth. 36While you are great in many ways, 37it should be pointed out that you are not perfect. 38In fact many of you are bald. 39In that regards I have decided to create a new race of littlies called the 'Midgits'. 40They will be improvements of great magnitude, similar the upgrade from Windows 98 to Windows 2000. 41And yes they will all have hair."

42And the FSM closed his googly eye stalks, 43and into the world did the Midgits pass. 44And the Midgets were both happy but jealous. 45This was mainly due to the improved hair lines of their cousins.

46And much resentment was forthcoming from the little bald dudes.  
Here endeth the second book.

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Chapter III

The Great Midgit Exodus: Guudbye-a Beld Oones

1Following the FSM's Great Boredom Incantation, the Midgits did pass into the lands of Noodle Earth. 2For they also did dwell upon Bobby Mountain as but guest folk of Egbert and The Midget people. 3For the Midgit hordes while declaring Bobby Mountain a most venerable place of both historic and spiritual importance 4were really damn sick of paying rent. 5It was time for them to dwell in their own lands, grind their own pasta, and develop their own range of exotic sauces.

6The FSM like Bill Gates never fully revealed the flaws or traits engrained in his upgraded creations. 7The Midgits unlike the Midgets were blessed with great mounds of hair on both head and chest. 8For this was most advantageous for the he-midgits, 9who found picking up she-midgets a breeze, provided gold chainage and open chested lurid shirts were worn. 10The she-midgits were also given hairy chests, 11which provided the FSM with a few more thousand gags, breaking him new ground on the Celestial stand-up comedy circuit.

12The extra hair also gave the local Bobby Mountain depilatory and wig economies a real boost. 13The Midgits were great refiners of the arts and cultural activities, 14while the Midgets possessed greater farming and hunting skills. 15While Midgets were the providers of many pasta ingredients, 16the Midgits did refine and enhance the many pasta dishes of the day.

17However, the Midgets did get most peed off with the Midgits. 18For they spoke with much profanity and were culturally insensitive, speaking poor Midgetese. 19For example The Midget Greeting "Hey-a leetle freend-a" was thus sullied by the Midgits with "Hey-a dudester".

20And Egbert also complained to the FSM that the Midgits were favoured in the arts of being cute and cuddly, jockeying and advanced Italian cooking class.

21The Midgits too had grown tired of their fellow Midgets, 22whom they deemed simple unrefined folk, 23content only with pleasing The Great Noodly One.

24The FSM thought all of this was absolutely hilarious! 25He was now perpetually amused by the cultural differences between the two little folk.

26 Why intervenes he thought. 27 "This is just too damn funny. 28 My long boredom has now ended. 29 They can just duke it out."

30 And following the FSM's non-interventionist policy, Egbert did thus issue a proclamation to the Midgits:

31 "Leestee here-a Meedgits ve-a vere-a here-a first und qooeete-a frunkly ve-a ere-a pretty demned fed up veet yuoo beeeng here-a. Yuoo ere-a nut trooe-a representeshuns ooff zee Greet Nuudly Oone-a. Yuoo ere-a boot un upgrede-a veet mure-a heur und inhunced cooltoorel felooes. Gu feend yuoor oovn lunds. "

32 Which roughly translates 'Love your hair and cooking skills, but clear off we were here first.'

33 And in reply the Great Midgit wrestler and leader of his people Caxton did thus reply in a well rounded Midgit banter:

34 "Thunkeyuoo su mooch fur zee cuukeeng ingredeeeents, lufely yuooong ledeees und cuukeeng ingredeeeents. Boot ve-a ere-a ooffff tu feend ooorslfes a noo ebude-a."

35 Which roughly translates to 'See ya round baldies!'

36 The FSM, saddened by the impending departure of Midgits from Bobby Mountain decided to accommodate them in an intelligently designed new land. 37 For while the Midgits were mountain dwelling folk, 38 the coastal lands were uninhabited, 39 and thoughts of marinara and other sea food pasta dishes did thus please him.

40 And thus the Midgits prepared to leave Bobby Mountain. 41 And they did prey to the Great Noodly One for safe deliverance to a new land. 42 And they did prey for a land much basil, herbs and parmesan to supplement their ever expanding supply of exotic sauces.

43 And with much trembling from his Great Noodly Appendages, the FSM did this transport the entire Midgit population to a great coastal plain. 44 And the Midgit Kingdom was named 'Noodelium' to honour his divine relocation 45 and cancellation of the Bobby Mountain tenancy agreement.

46 And Caxton was named their great leader. 47 And a feeling similar to when your 'flat mate from hell' moves out had erupted in both camps. 48 And there was great happiness for years to come in both Kingdoms.

Here Endeth the Third Book

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## Chapter IV

Of Blood Letting, Unification and Big People: 'Poot up yuoor meets doode-a. Lets get it oon.'

1Following the creation of two kingdoms, there was a period of greatness ascribed to the Midgits of Noodelium. 2For their access to beachside property and seafaring made the Midgits extremely profitable little dudes. 3And thus they did build great ships 4and set forth across the lands of Noodle Earth. 5And their prize trade possession was Olive Oil and an ever expanding range of pasta sauces. 6And they did surpass the Midgits of Bobby Mountain in greatness, who clung to their traditional agrarian ways, 7seeking salvation through deeds pleasing the Great Noodly One.

8And entrepreneurial Midgit leader Caxton did thus become rich and powerful. 9His images were splashed across many tabloid glossy magazines and entertainment gossip programs ('Midgittainment Tonight'. 10And the Noodleium tabloids did thus gossip wickedly about Caxton's love life, 11after hours activity 12and cameo sitcom appearances.

13Caxton did thus employ many Flimsy Moral Standards 14for he was a seething mass of testosterone. 15And this did greatly impress the FSM who would bellow from the cosmos 16"Way to go little buddy" 17following Caxton's successful nights out.

18For Caxton so loved the lime-light and conquests of both social and other varieties. 19During a red carpet special interview with bubbly blond entertainment reporter, 20Caxton did thus issue a conquest proclamation of a different kind, 21shocking Egbert and the Midgits of Bobby Mountain.

22 "Meedgets ooff Bubby Muoonteen. Zee huly lunds cunteenooe-a tu wane-a under yuoor cuntruul. Geefe-a zeem tu me-a, und I veell cere-a fur but yuoo und Bubby Muoonteen. Bork Bork Bork!"

23Which roughly translates to: "Give me your land baldies, or else. Bork Bork Bork!"

24Caxton did thus wish Bobby Mountain to become a part of the Kingdom of Noodelium. 25And he announced no more cameo TV appearances, 26for he was off to war.

27I "veell be-a puspuneeng my cemeu oon 'Eferyune-a Lufes Raymond' tu cunqooer zee Huly Lund."

28At first the FSM thought all this was hilarious, 29and was very excited about seeing his beloved subjects going 'toe to toe'. 30However, the FSM did not approve of holy killing as a



means of reaching the beer volcano and stripper factory. 31He therefore boomed forth a proclamation to all the little folk:

32 "Loyal subjects. The concept of holy war and wasting peoples lives in my name is a major bummer. 33I will not allow it. 34You must therefore resolve your differences by my way of choosing. 35I therefore decree that you shall resolve the issue in a series of televised taunting and verbal slanging matches."

36And thus a series of debates, with much haranguing and name calling was held. 37And the results were decided by phone-in poll, to be announced painfully slowly, following many commercial breaks, by The Great Noodly One.

38Well prepared for the bald jokes, the Midgets did thus mercilessly hammer the Midgets, 39scoring many fine hits on the fascile Caxton and his dandies. 40Things got really ugly when Egbert produced Caxton rumours and gossip even the tabloids had overlooked.

41And the FSM did thus snicker and chuckle at the sharp-witted gags of the Midgets, for it was extremely entertaining to him.

42The phone poll did thus proclaim, following many commercial breaks, The Midgets unanimous winners. 43Then, following the verdict, The FSM did thus issue the following order:

44"Look guys. My intention was for you to live harmoniously, 45but for the odd cruel put down to keep me amused. 46I have erred by my lack of intervention, be it partly my fault, 47for I was bored desiring entertainment. 48In all our folly, I have decided I will create a third race of people, 49to keep you both in check. 50And they shall be large and capable of telling many politically incorrect jokes about thee. 51There shall be no more talk of conquering the Holy Mountain. 52For it is a place sacred to all Pastafarians."

53And thus with a shudder of his noodles and rolling of his googly eyes the FSM sent forth the Big People into the world. 54And their first words in praise of their noodly master were:

55"Shiver me timbers. O'im off ta' collect some pieces of eight."

56And they were given the gift of politically incorrect putdown. 57And their maritime, rum-drinking, and bird-handling skills were unsurpassed.

Here endeth the Fourth Book

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Chapter V

The Final Decree: Say Ahoy Me Harties, not Bork, Bork, Bork

1For thus it came to pass The Great Noodly One did much letting the air out the proverbial Midget/Midgit tyres by inventing a third race of people. 2For the Midgets and Midgits were yeaverily 'full-of-it' ego wise, 3following much favouritism from his holiness. 4For they were like Tinkerbelle, Paris Hilton's small dog: the Chihuahua that had everything.

5And he did thus give the Big People many gifts, 6espoused in the ways of Pirates and Lumberjacks. 7And the FSM, sick of telling little people gags, did gift the Big Ones with many politically incorrect ways. 8For the likeable roguish spirit of the FSM, the creator of the Beer Volcano and Strippers, was thus embodied in these likeable rogues.

9The Big people did thus inhabit near the Midgit and Midget realms of Noodelium and Bobby Mountain. 10The Big People bordering Noodelium in particular did adopt many ways of the Pirate. 11And their attempts to master the language of the Midgits were an utter failure. 12For they felt the use of the phrase "Bork, Bork, Bork" was an utter bummer. 13And they did thus develop the use of Piratese as their official language. 14And the Midgits used their galleons as vessels of transport their tremendously large range of pasta sauces and ingredients across Noodle Earth. 15And other prophets of the Great Noodly One will recount their tales.

16Whilst on Bobby Mountain, the Big People did thus use their roguish spirit to cut the sacred trees of Bobby Mountain. 17And despite the Midgets clear opposition to such a practice, 18the FSM found the logrolling contests a welcome relief from the dwarf wrestling contests. 19And thus the Lumberjacks practices were tolerated by The Great One, 20but only with a sustainable land management plan.

21And the Big People did thus attempt to emulate the FSM's Midget jokes on many occasions. 22But the Midget/Midgits had endured many gags by the FSM over the last few thousand years. 23And the Big People's attempted gags were like water off a ducks back. 24For the Midget/Midgits did thus turn the tables, 25making Big People the butt some many wicked one-liners. 26And the Lumberjack and Pirate jokes came thick and fast. 27And following many televised slanging and haranguing matches on MTV (that's Midgit TV!) the combined Midgit/Midget crack debating team did thus hammer the Big People.

28And it was thereby decreed by the victorious Midget leader Egbert, that no further jokes of a politically incorrect nature shall be uttered in the lands of Noodle Earth.

29 "Felloo Meedgets, Meedgits, Loomberjecks und Puretes. Ve-a zee feecturs hereby decree-a thet zee veecked jeebes und bed gags ebuoot iech oozeer shell ceese-a. Fur ve-a shell leern tu

leefe-a in peece-a. Ve-a shell leern munny Iteleeun Cuukeeng skeells und receepes, und ve-a shell feend elternete-a meuns ooff pleeseeng ooor Greet Nuudly Mester."

30Which roughly translate to; "Less jibes, more cooking and lots of prayers to the Great Noodly One". 31And the FSM thought that this was a major bummer, for all that Theo-speak was sappy and boring. 32And he did bellow across the cosmos:

33 "No more use of 17th Century English prose when addressing me please. Just speak to me normally for crying out loud."

34And the pirates, tired of all the wowsers, did thus depart the lands of Noodle Earth to seek adventure and treasure. 35And the Lumberjacks soon ran out of timber, tossed in their axes, and joined the Pirates on their tall ships.

36And the First Great Age of Noodle Earth did thus conclude with the departure of the Big People. 37And the Flying Spaghetti Monster did thus yawn at the Midgets and Midgits. 38For like a man-of-the-house with 50 cable channels to view, he did thus flip the many channels of his creations and bellow.

39 "Time to checkout this new stuff on the Pirate Channel, cause these guys have fun."

40And here endeth the Fifth Book and The First Age of Noodle Earth. 41For keeping in the traditions of other religious texts, no dates or precise scientific evidence shall be mentioned. 42It is The Great One's wish that vague wording and historical accounts should provide much arguing and disagreement amongst us.

43Nevertheless, it is the irrefutable word of The Flying Spaghetti Monster and therefore must be true.

44Praised be to His Noodly Appendages!! (PBTHNA)

RAmen

The Creation of Mankind

Ooops, sorry, we sorta lost this one. If it ever turns up, please stick it here. Thanks.

-The Second Council of Olive Garden

A Reading From the Book of Fusilli

Chapter 12 through 13

*As transcribed by David D.

6 And it came to pass that the Flying Spaghetti Monster saw that the world was no longer a tasty place.

7 And the Flying Spaghetti Monster said, I will destroy all this untastiness that I have created from the face of the earth; man and beast, beer and brothel, and all the creeping things that are less than savory.

8 But Steve the Pirate found grace with the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and was touched by his noodly appendage.

9 Steve, begat of Jeff, was renowned throughout the land. The proprietor of a small pub in the provence well know for his amber lager and the best pasta salad of which has ever been spoken to the ears of men.

10 And the Flying Spaghetti Monster said unto Steve, the end of untastiness is come before me and behold I will destroy the earth.

11 Go thou into the forest and seek out the largest Bay Leaf tree therein. Make a ship of these leaves that it may add to the tastiness of my kingdom.

12 And in this fashion shalt thou make the ship, it shall be shaped as a Pirate ship several hundred cubits in length and pretty wide in cubits as well and high enough that thou doest not feel hemmed in. Useth thou thy best judgement.

13 A window thou shalt make in the ship, a rather nice one with curtains. As pirates there be no need for a door, as thou shalt swing on ropes to exit thine ship.

14 And behold, I shall cover the earth with a fresh tomato sauce to destroy all untastyiness. And I shall simmer this sauce on low for forty days and forty nights then another day allowing it to cool and thicken.

15 Go and fill your ship with two of every spice in the land. Gather basil and paprika and salt and cayenne peppers that we my season the new tastiness of the world to come. This is my promise to you and all who come after you.

1 And so it came to pass that the Flying Spaghetti Monster did cleanse the earth with a fresh tomato basil sauce and remove all untastiness therein.

2 And Steve went into his ship and did float upon the sauce that covered all the earth for 41 days and 40 nights (allowing for cooling). And Steve had brought into the ship two of every spice and these he did liberally apply to the sauce through the very nice window with curtains that he had built.

3 On the 41st day the Pirate ship came to rest on a hill and so Steve sent forth a parrot to see if the sauce had receded, but the parrot found no place to roost and returned to the ship.

4 So Steve waited and after seven days he sent forth the parrot again to see if the sauce had abated and the parrot returned not to him again but instead found refuge beside a large beer volcano.

5 Thus it came to pass that on the 49th day the earth was dry and tasty and Steve built a small alter unto the Flying Spaghetti Monster and covered it with parmesan. And Steve spoke to the Flying Spaghetti Monster saying, In your tastiness the earth has been reborn and, wow, a beer volcano!

6 And the Flying Spaghetti Monster saw that it was good and mighty tasty.

The Book of Penelope

a history of a venerated ancient prophet

"as transcribed" by Warlord of Elephants

Chapter I

1For canned Pasta was an Abomination before F.S.M. 2The land became barren, the waters as slime, the earth was rent and much suffering ensued. 3"We have lost our way", cried the, ummm let's see, oh yeah cried 'The Lost Ones'. 4We must return to the true path or at least the real trail, maybe the actual sidewalk; 5any way this stuff ain't workin". 6So with empty bellies (for none could abide the Abomination) they did gather together salt, noodles, and water.

7It came to pass that the noodles boiled and a great huzzah went up. 8"Huzzah"! they cried (almost nobody talked then; they always cried stuff). 9"We must test it to see if'n it's ready. 10Poke it with a fork"! cried some. 11"Fling it against the wall"! cried others. 12While all the crying was going on little Penelope Pasta did Taste it. 13"Hey the kid's eatin all our pasta"! cried everybody.

14Little Penelope cried (yeah her too) "I have tasted the Pasta and it needs Garlic Butter and Meat Sauce"! 15"Huzzah"! cried the people and finished their salads with the nice ranch dressing and the little bread sticks everybody liked so much. 16So heresy was avoided, 17carbo loading was accomplished 18and the legend of the ancient prophet Penelope begun.

Chapter II

1Now as the Pastafarians were saved and hunger pains at bay there came a great lethargy upon the People. 2"We must sleep"! they cried, "for our bellies are full and T.V. hasn't been invented yet". 3So they all did fall down into a deep slumber all except Penelope. 4She'd had too many after-dinner espressos with her tiramisu.

5As she idly walked along she heard a voice: "Gird up you loins and follow". 6"Grid up my loins"? she thought, "sounds vaguely naughty". 7But as T.V. hadn't been invented yet Penelope put the Holy Colander on her head and grabbed a handy pair of salad tongs 8(not the crappy plastic ones but the good solid metal ones). 9Penelope strode (yep you guessed nobody walked anywhere then, they all strode) through the wilderness. 10The voice led her through hill and dale 11(Hill, Dale & Rill attorneys at law in the ancient world).

12Anywho soon she came to a mountain. 13"Ascend", the voice said, "Ascend and all will be clear". 14"O.K.", thought Penelope "I'll bite". 15So up she went. 16As she crossed a stream she

noticed it had a bright yellow color. 17Ewww she thought, that's gross! 18She strode further and came to a tableau; 19in the tableau was a table with a red and white checked table cloth. 20A large matron was sitting eating of the Holy Meal. 21Yet no matter how much she ate the Holy Meal was not diminished.

22"Hmm", thought Penelope, "even for this story that's odd". 23The matron raised her glass (more of a mug-like affair really) and sipped; 24Penelope noticed it was the same yellow substance in the stream. 25"Oh Matron" cried Penelope "Why do you drink this"? 26The Matron smiled a whimsical matronly smile and said "I give you this for the People. 27Let it be called Beer; for this is the Beer Volcano". 28Penelope did Taste of it and it was very good, not too dry. but with a crisp finish. 29Penelope did bring the Beer to the People and there was great rejoicing.

Chapter 3

1Now it came to pass that Penelope had a good beer buzz on.... 2She strode through the land and saw all was good; 3wheat for pasta, hops and barley for beer, beef trees for meatballs, even a cheese well or two. 4The People remained unsatisfied for T.V. STILL hadn't been invented... 5As she strode (well wove actually; she'd had quite a few beers) she thought "it's a good thing automobiles haven't been invented yet. 6I'd be in BIG trouble if I were driving".

7She decided to take a short nap under a meatball tree. 8Naps had been invented just last week and Penelope was nothing if not a trend setter. 9As she slept she dreamed that she came upon a large building 10and out of the building an endless line of cute guys 11(with the occasional cute redheaded woman, told you she was trendy!). 12Any way she watched and thought "that's the LAST time I mix my beers".

13She approached one of the cute guys and noticed he was wearing only a G string and some 'pasties'. 14MMMmmm nice she thought all but the pasties. 15"It must be hard to look manly in pasties", she said. 16"You don't know the half of it"! the cute guy said. 17"What is this place?" cried Penelope. 18"Don't cry" said the cute guy "for this is the stripper factory"! 19"The Stripper factory?" cried Penelope.

20"Yes our Lord FSM created it for all those who would not be big jerks and go around telling people what to believe". 21"Well that seems decent of FSM but tell me why are there only cute guys and the occasional redheaded woman? 22I'm trendy but not everyone else is". 23"It is because you are here. 24As with the beer volcano, so it is with the stripper factory. 25YOU and your desires dictate the out-put.... 26Why last year we had on guy who stood where you are standing 27and SHEEP (shorn of course) emerged from the factory". 28The cute guy looked into Penelope's eyes and said "would you like to see my etchings?"

29 Here we must leave our heroine, even ancient venerated Prophets need some privacy

The Book of Linguini

*As transcribed by Roland Deschain

Chapter 1

1. This is the word of Pa Stasors on the history of Linguini, how he came to Him and His Ultimate Drunkenness, and how he spread His food.

2. And yea the man thou knowest as Linguini was a sinful man. He partaketh not of the Holy Pasta in His name, nor of the meatballs and sauce in His Holy name. The FSM looked down upon him and was wrathful, plus he also had a hangover, and verily this did displease the Almighty Noodly One.

3. One day whilst he was in his kitchen, Linguini was struck with inspiration for a new dish. Never before had he thought of making a Holy dish from scratch. So he tooketh the Holy Ingredients of eggs, flour and semolina, and he did mix them well. When he saw what he had make, he proceedeth to shred it into thin strips. Thus he made his first pasta.

4. When he had cooked the pasta, he found that its taste was divine, and in that moment he truly knew that he had been inspired by Him. But something felt wrong, as he had not felt that gentle touch of Appendage. Even draping some of his newly-made pasta onto his shoulder did not give him that intense feeling of meatball-flavoured love. The FSM did not see how Linguini suffered, as He was still suffering with His Holy Hangover, and had previously been displeased with Linguini, so was ignoring him for a while.

5. Linguini spread his recipe to the faithful, and it was soon a favourite with the Holy Meal throughout all the land. Linguini prayed night and day to the FSM that He would touch him and bless his homage to the Holy Meal, yet he was not heard. Linguini lamented this, and soon realised the errors of his previously-sinful ways.

6. As weeks led into months, he had still not been touched by Him. Linguini took to wearing the Holy Attire and talking like the Most Holy Pirates, yet still he was not heard. Linguini could not blame Him, as he had been bad before his enlightenment.

7. A year later, the FSM finally stopped sulking. He got up to take some aspirin, and felt much better. At once he saw how Linguini had suffered this past year and felt guilty, yet he was still suspicious of him. He descended to the Earth where he visited Linguini in the form of an old pirate. Linguini welcomed this stranger into his home and ensured that he wanted for nothing.

8. Serving nothing but the finest pasta and grog, the FSM in his disguise started to warm to

Linguini, when he brought out his biggest surprise; a bowl of his own pasta creation. As the FSM tasted it, he was filled with love for Linguini, as the pasta was truly fit for the finest beer volcano bars.

9. Shedding His disguise, the FSM revealed himself to Linguini and declared that from this day, his pasta would be served in Heaven, and from thenceforth be known as Linguini in honour of its creator. Linguini trembled at this, and stood in awe of Him. The FSM saw this and extended an appendage toward Linguini, touching him gently.

10. A sudden light appeared, and a host of strippers were revealed carrying barrels of grog into Linguini's house. Much merriment was had that night by all, as the grog rather quickly disappeared, especially after the FSM began singing His favourite sea shanties into the night.

The Torahellini Part 2

*As transcribed by Platypus Enthusiast

Chapter 1

1 It is written, back in the ancient days, the Flying Spaghetti Monster enjoyed drinking with his human buddy, Abe. 2 One night, Abe told the FSM he had to get up early in the morning and couldn't hang out with Him all night. 3 The FSM, who had had a few too many beers, was depressed and weepy. 4 He said to Abe, "You're such a douche. 5 What am I supposed to do the rest of the night?"

6 "Dude, we'll chill tomorrow. 7 It's no biggie," said Abe.

8 "No dude, it's not just this. 9 You've really been a crappy friend lately."

10 "Well I got a family now. 11 I got responsibilities. 12 I can't always screw around and drink with you all the time."

13 "Screw that man. 14 I'm your god. 15 You need to prove your loyalty to me."

16 "Ok, that's fair. 17 What do you want me to do?"

18 "Kill your son."

19 "No way man. 20 I can't."

21 "Do it."

22 "Dude, it's..."

23 "Do it," the FSM interrupted.

24 "Really?"

25 "Yeah dude, you gotta listen to me. 26 I'm your god."

27 "Alright," Abe said sheepishly.

28 "Ahhhh, you got punk'd! 29 I wouldn't make you do that. 30 Aww, you shoulda seen your face when I said that."

31 "Yeah..."

32 "Instead, you gotta chop off the tip of your dick."

33 Abe laughed, "You're not getting me this time."

34 The FSM giggled and took a drink. 35 "Nope, totally cereal. 36 It's like the 5th Commandment: Thy Noodle shall not be bigger than Mine."

37 "But we don't have Commandments," Abe protested.

38 "Shh."

39 "Ok, fine."

40 And so Abe circumcised himself (yeah, he did it himself). 41 The next day, after miraculously curing His hangover, the FSM remembered the shit He pulled the night before and gave Abe a call. 42 "Hey dude, sorry bout the shit I pulled last night."

43 "It's cool," Abe said, "You were pretty wasted."

44 "Yeah, well to make up for it, I decided to give you and your descendents your own land."

45 “Aww sweet dude. 46 I’ve actually had my eye on Canaan.”

47 “No dude, there’s already people living there. 48 What would you do, kill them all?”

49 “Uh...”

50 “No, your Promised Land will be the sea. 51 And you get the whole thing, but only on the condition that you and your descendents are pirates. 52 I like pirates. 53 Cool?”

54 “Yeah man, it’s a deal.”

55 And so the Pastament was made.

Chapter 2

1 Generations later, due to a series of mishaps, Abe’s descendents had not yet made it to the Promised Land...

2 Pirate Mosey had just finished telling his pirate crew about the eight “I’d Really Rather You Didn’ts” (*see The Gospel of the Flying Spaghetti Monster*). 3 The FSM had another word with Mosey, which was pretty sweet (*see the Book of Piraticus*). 4 They finally left Mount Salsa and continued their journey to the Promised Land.

5 They milled around for years trying to find the sea. 6 Mosey tried convincing them that if they just walked in a straight line, they’d eventually hit the shore. 7 But his crew would frequently grow impatient and insist that they make turns here and there and they just wound up constantly going around in big circles. 8 When the Quartermaster decided they should make a left at Jericho, Mosey got fed up and finally put his foot down. 9 “Guys, quit being back seat wanderers! 10 We’re walking straight from now on!”

11 “Captain,” said the First Mate, “Sorry, but this is getting really getting aggravating. 12 Maybe if we just had a beer or two...”

13 And so the FSM, taking pity on His followers, provided them with a keg and told Mosey to tap it. 14 But Mosey, still frustrated, hacked it with his cutlass. 15 Beer splattered everywhere, getting the pirates sticky and spilling all out onto the ground. 16 “Dude!” the FSM shouted from Heaven, 17 “What the hell? 18 I try to do something nice for my people and you go and ruin it. 19 Just for that, you’re not allowed in the Promised Land.”

Chapter 3

1 But Pirate Mosey remained cool and continued to fulfill his responsibility to his people. 2 He prepared for their entrance into the Promised Land and trained his crew on various piratical methods. 3 He gave his officers greater responsibilities in order to get them ready for commanding crews on the sea. 4 He appointed the most devout of the men, the boatswain Josh, to be the future Commodore of the Pirate Fleet.

5 When they finally came within sight of the ocean, Mosey sent look-outs up onto a hill to see if they should approach. 6 But a storm was on the horizon, and the water was full of sea monsters. 7 They decided to head back into the wilderness for a while. 8 Unfortunately they got lost again, and they wandered around in the desert for forty years before they got back to the shore.

9 The FSM came to them and instructed them that they should build many ships and split the men along family lines into 12 crews. 10 He then turned to Mosey and said, “Hey dude, I was a little hungover and grumpy the day I said you weren’t allowed in the Promised Land. 11 If you wanna go too, it’s cool.”

12 “No, your Noodliness,” said Mosey, “I messed up. 13 It’s only right that I stay behind. 14 But I would like to renew the Pastament. 15 We have remained loyal and become pirates like you wanted. 16 Will you allow us to live on the Promised Land forever?”

17 “Sure,” said the FSM.

18 “Sweet,” said Mosey.

19 The crews prepared to set sail into the Promised Land, and Pirate Mosey said good bye and gave them one last suggestion, 20 “Hear O Pirates, the Flying Spaghetti Monster is our god, the Flying Spaghetti Monster is yum.” 21 And the pirate fleet under Commodore Josh went forth into the sea and established a great dynasty of buccaneers.

The Story of the FSM and the Eastern Pirates

*As transcribed by Pious Pirate aka Tupi and Pedantic Pastrian Priest aka Thrippy

Part 1

1 Hear this tale, ye believers, of the FSM and the Eastern Pirates!

2 Long, long ago though not during the Chinese Long Dynasty or the British Long Parliament the FSM flew over the Indian Ocean where by chance (although there is no 'chance' or coincidence with Him) his saucy eye fell on a ship that lay there lacking wind.

3 In order to avoid misunderstandings: His eye fell metaphorically and the ship's crew had the winds due to too much beans.

4 By its shape He recognized it as a junk and by the sounds that came from it - heavy in Yarr!, Aarrgh! And YoHoHo! - as a pirate vessel.

5 At that time He had not yet made His covenant with the pirates, but listen further, ye believers, what happened!

6 A smell (apart from unwashed clothes and bean winds) rose (not the flower) from the ship and touched His noodly nostrils.

7 This smell He knew so well and highly it pleased Him.

8 "Though this may be a junk, this is not the smell of junk food!"

9 And invisibly He descended on the vessel and His Noodly Appendage touched it gently.

10 In the ship's galley stood the cook being quite old and mostly deaf and unfit to swing the cutlass outside his kitchen anymore.

11 "No more beans", the captain had said repeatedly and increasingly louder. "I am farting myself comatose! No more of it, Basta!"

12 As already said the cook was deaf and just understood: "Garlic trifles, tomatoes comfort it, Pasta!"

13 They had just plundered, pardon liberated, a Persian ship transporting vegetables - therefore the beans - and had found some red balls unknown to them.

14 Those were created by the FSM quite recently but that is another tale.

15 "These must be tomatoes then, there is nothing else here I don't know the name of!"

16 "So, the captain wants a paste of these with garlic."

17 "But they seem to be mainly water (Netherland import presumably), I need a bit of more substance!"

18 "The flour is getting mouldy anyway, the eggs likewise, so let's make noodles and add this stuff!"

19 And he cut and meshed the tomatoes, added some spice at random, put it all in the pot and cooked it.

20 At this moment He entered the kitchen, touched the cook's shoulder with His Noodly Appendage and spoke:

21 "Buddy, that pasta smells f***ing good!" (He has His way with swear words)

22 The cook, touched by Him, felt the Divine and heard the words: “Bodhisatwa, smiling god.” (he was a Buddhist, you know.) and trembled part in awe, part in joy.

23 “He doesn’t properly listen.”, murmured He in His beardlike noodles.

24 “something missing”, heard the cook.

25 And on the deck the captain shouted at a green recruit: “For this job you need balls!”

25a And the captain's voice was like a British drill sergeant's that will reach even the recruits already dead letting them jump to attention in their shallow graves.

26 “Meat balls! That’s it”, cried the cook and began to turn the meat grinder that doubled as a prayer mill coincidentally.

27 And he recited the Mantra: “Oh, Man, Pasta, Yum!”

Chapter 2

1 And the cook formed tasty meatballs, grated the cheese and did all the things right and proper for the divine meal in His honour.

2 And He looked at everything the cook had done and behold, everything was very good.

3 But the cook said, "It is not good for the food to be alone! Let us prepare proper drinks as companion, for a pirate's throat shall never go dry; and hoarse only when it adds to the atmosphere."

4 But in vain he searched the hold.

5 There was only stale water and not much of it either

5a Neither were there many other words but 'but' and 'and' to start a sentence.

6 And the Anti-Past, who had silently crept into the ship behind His back, whispered into the cook's ear.

7 "What use is the divine food without beer or schnaps? Throw it away and serve them hardtack and stale water as befits humble seafarers!"

8 But the cook didn't listen to the temptation by the Anti-Past.

9 Being old and half-deaf has its advantages, you see!

10 He tried his best to improve the meagre drink by putting some spices into it, that's all he could do.

11 The FSM, who noticed the treacherous advances of the Anti-Past, became angry at the Foul Lord of the Diets and with a single touch of His Noodly Appendage sent him to the landlocked red states there to fight unhealthy obesity.

12 Beware, oh ye people, of the Anti-Past.

13 His balls are ersatz soy-meat and don't even ask what his appendages are made of

14 With rich food but poor drink ready the cook sounded the bell and the crew arrived.

15 They took the food from him and divided it under themselves, so that the scripture should be fulfilled:

16 "The Pasta they have taken from me and divided it under themselves and filled their stomachs.

17 Then some of the crew complained about the lack of proper drink but the captain stooped

them and shouted, so that even the cook understood him.

18 "Silence, ye rotten ungrateful bastards!

19 It's you, who have exhausted everything that's worth to be called proper drink.

20 He did, what he could with stale water and spices.

21 He brought us food as we have never tasted anything alike and you have left not a crumb of it and even taken care not to spoil the least amount.

22 I see it in your eyes that you would not stop for hours eating, if anything were left.

23 Be grateful to the cook and to Him, who gave him the inspiration, for clearly it is divine!

24 The crew felt deep regret for their behaviour and that there was nothing of the food left.

25 Now they praised the cook for his work

26 The humble cook blushed and refused their praise.

27 "No glory for me! The captain ordered it, the Divine Body touched me, so how could I fail?

28 You're right about the drink, it's far from proper and we are even running out of it with no replacement in sight."

29 He, the Mighty Pasta-King and Bringer of Plentiful Food & Drink, was highly pleased by the captain's word of praise, the cook's humbleness and the crew's ability to see the error of their ways.

30 "These are people of my taste!

31 Although they don't know me yet, they follow my not yet announced suggestions.

32 They choose the divine vegetables.

33 Without advice they created noodles and formed meatballs.

34 They long for the proper drink.

35 There remains just the question of the godly Garlic Bread."

36 But the second mate, who had not touched the food, stepped forward and spoke:

37 Captain, cook and comrades! Yeah, let's praise the cook's work but let's not forget that some are still hungry!

38 Is there no bread left in the hold?

39 May it be stale, with a little bit of garlic I'd eat a stone!"

40 Oh, the hardtack bread, ye mates, it was beyond stale.

41 The captain chiselled the waterproof copy of the log on it and had to replace the chisel every few lines.

42 The armorer used it as a whetstone.

32 The third mate had sharpened the edge and clobbered a shark to death with it.

33 Last but not least the gunnery officer lost a good cannon when an experimental load with hardtack cut deep rifts into the barrel when fired.

Chapter 3

1 "That's my cue!", said the FSM and He appeared in all His saucyness before them.

2 And they fell on their knees and worshipped Him, for they knew Him in an instant, although they hadn't known anything just a moment ago.

3 To them He spoke and His voice dripped parmesan and spice:
4 "Attention please, all passengers to Rio de Janeiro check in with their luggage at gate 7a immediately!"
4a Sorry for interrupting again! What idiot put in that line in here and what does it mean? We don't take passengers and Rio is not on our schedule this month. Check the calendar! It's Yellowbeard's turn. Our raid is due for New-Years day!
5 To them He spoke
5a Any further interruption will be dealt with incisively! My cutlass is hardtack-sharpened enough to split the mast from top to keel in one go!
6 "The FSM, Creator of mountains, trees and midgits, who is known as Hauro Pasta in Persia, as Carn-Aton the life-giving meatball in the sky in Egypt speaketh to ye.
7 Don't tremble and spill the food, for my grace is upon you.
8 Though not knowing, you make my food and longed for those parts unavailable.
9 They shall be given to you!
10 Instead of water stale Porter Ale shall be in your barrels and you shall never run out of it as long as you keep the covenant, I'll make with you later on.
11 But you, second mate, you called for the divine Garlic Bread but did not touch the Pasta.
12 Pray, tell me the reason!"
13 The second mate looked Him into the saucy eyestalks straight and without hesitation.
14 "Oh, Noodly One! I don't have to beg forgiveness, for thou knowest me and the reason.
15 Stricken with allergy, I can't eat the pasta made from wheat, though I long for it.
16 But the bread is made from rye, so I can eat it without problems."
17 Thus spoke He to the second mate:
18 "Rightly hast thou spoken and nothing wicked is in it.
19 As a sign of my grace I give this Anchovies Pizza to you and your family.
20 It will never grow stale and every noon it will renew itself until you will pass away and see my Hereafter, where there is the mighty Beer Volcano and the Stripper Factory.
21 Never empty is there the pasta bowl and noone will be stricken with anything not to his delight.
22 Now to you, captain. I have a task for you and your mates.
23 My temple in Pasata has fallen into disrepair.
24 No priest nor sailor sings my praise.
25 They take me for a monster even.
26 Though I am, of course, one, they have forgotten the true meaning of it.
27 A monster is, what inspires awe, not fear primarily.
28 Didn't they learn their Latin at school?
29 But I am digressing.
30 I strongly suggest that you and your crew sail there and make Pasata your base of operation.
31 It has a long tradition and you'll like the cult statue in the temple.
32 If that does not tempt you, the Pastry makers are famous.

33 Where do you think "Pasta" comes from?

34 When you go there, repair the temple, reerect the cult image and it shall be you home and that of your descendants forever.

35 It's not an order but an offer.

36 When you see it, you'll not refuse it!"

(To be continued)

The Book of Fearsome Pirate Pete

*As transcribed by Qwertyuiopasd

Pete I

1:1 Long ago, in an allegorical Caribbean filled with anachronisms and wisdom, there was a pirate known only as Fearsome Pirate Pete. 1:2 He was determined to become the greatest pirate the Caribbean had ever known. 1:3 Having discovered that simply being Piratical all the time with great enthusiasm was not quite enough, Pete explored different schools of piratical thought. 1:4 One day, he sat down to think for a very long while. 1:5 While he was sitting, fully decked out in Pirate regalia, he was a very easy target for any nearby Ninjas, or so it seemed. 1:6 A Ninja did notice Pete, and did try to sneak upon him and stab him through his back. 1:7 However, the Ninjas blade became caught in Pete's back hair, never reaching Pete himself. 1:8 Pete turned around, and slugged the Ninja square in the face. 1:9 Now, some other Pirates were nearby at saw the event. 1:10 They immediately recognized Pete's Fearsomeness, and swore allegiance on the spot, becoming his new crew.

2:1 Now, Fearsome Pirate Pete's favorite followers were Nikta, and Tiny the midget. 2:2 Nikta suggested that Pete try Atkinsceticism, to eat very little, and if eating anything at all, for it to be very low in carbohydrates. 2:3 Fearsome Pirate Pete and his crew tried this for one day, but by the second day, Pete began to have strange pains in his stomach. 2:4 Soon, Pete was light-headed, and began to hallucinate. 2:5 Seemingly in front of his eyes, Pete saw a blurry mass of yellow centered around two large red circles. 2:6 The strange figure said unto Pete, "Everything in moderation, even moderation." 2:7 But Pete was snapped out of his daze by Nikta. 2:8 "Perhaps you ate too much, Pete?" Nikta asked. 2:9 "Nar," Pete responded, "Perhaps Oi been eatin' too little!" 2:10 "I've heard of good Italian food high in carbohydrates, and apparently very good for the soul." Tiny said. 2:11 "What? That's the exact opposite of what I'm trying to get you guys to do!" Nikta said aloud. 2:12 "Yarr, but methinks it be'n time fer a change," Pete said, "Oi be havin' a good feelin' about this'r Pasta stuff." 2:13 And with that, Nikta stormed off in a rage.

3:1 Now, Fearsome Pirate Pete and Tiny bought some Spaghetti and Meatballs from a local Italian restaurant, and sat down to eat it. 3:2 Fearsome Pirate Pete did eat much of the Spaghetti and Meatballs, and as he ate, the Spaghetti did replenish itself. 3:3 The more Pete ate, the more Spaghetti there was for him to eat. 3:4 Yea, Tiny did observe this miracle, and was awestruck. 3:5 It was then that Nikta returned with many Ninjas, and they all came down upon Pete in a horrible fury. 3:6 But Pete did not budge, he sat contently eating his Spaghetti as the Ninjas came to kill him. 3:7 The Ninjas could not touch Pete, though. 3:8 For when the Ninjas came too close, the Spaghetti came alive with divine energy, and struck at the Ninjas. 3:9 Furious, Nikta attacked

Pete himself, but was caught in the animated Spaghetti, and thrown out the window. 3:10 The Spaghetti began to rise, floating in air. 3:10 The Spaghetti took with it two meatballs, and grew googly eyestalks. 3:10 Fearsome Pirate Pete was in awe of the Pasta, and he did speak to it. 3:11 “Whart be ye? Some fashion o’ Monster o’ Spaghetti what Flies?” Fearsome Pirate Pete did ask. 3:12 The Pasta responded, “Yes, Pete, though you really should just call me the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 3:13 A name is like a fine beverage, it should please the tongue to interact with it.” 3:14 “Aye... y’mean it rolls off the tongue?” Fearsome Pirate Pete did ask. 3:15 With a sigh, the Flying Spaghetti Monster replied, “Yes, that’s exactly what I mean. 3:16 Now, I have chosen you to be a greatly exaggerated and fictitious character for the purposes of teaching my ways to my followers.” 3:18 “Yarrgh, that be soundin’ loike a good plan” Fearsome Pirate Pete agreed. 3:19 “Course it is,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster responded, “First, you must be taught a little of the history of the world. 3:20 Narrator, if you would.”

4:1 In The Beginning, or so the Flying Spaghetti Monster calls the first time He can remember waking up from a hangover, He was flying above the meeting of a great ocean and land. 4:2 The land was inhabited by nothing more than Mountains, Trees, and a Midget. 4:3 The Midget cried up to the Flying Spaghetti Monster in great anguish. 4:4 “I’m bored!” The midget wailed. 4:5 “O Flying Spaghetti Monster, creator of all things as far as I can tell, perform some miracle, cure me of my boredom!” The midget prayed. 4:6 Now, the Flying Spaghetti Monster was not in the habit of taking requests, but having little else to do and being bored himself, the Great Noodly One touched the ocean with His Noodly Appendage, and forth from that point spawned the whole of the earth. 4:7 With a second touch of His Noodly Appendage, the Flying Spaghetti Monster bestowed upon the Midget the finest of Pirate Regalia. 4:8 The Flying Spaghetti Monster then commanded him, “Go forth, pillage, plunder, eat, drink, and have a fun time running from boredom. 4:9 In other words, be a Pirate!” 4:10 The midget was ecstatic, but had one question. 4:11 “That’s it? 4:12 No commandments, suggestions, guidelines, bylaws you want me to live by?” the Midget asked his Delicious Lord. 4:13 “Ah, you’ll hear about those later,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster explained, “Right now I want to get back to Fearsome Pirate Pete.” 4:14 The Midget still did not understand the ways of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, but he knew he was not truly meant to.

5:1 “There is another thing you should know, and this will help you to recruit more followers,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster told Pete. 5:2 “When you die, your soul, which I think is immortal, but don’t quote me on that, will find it’s way to Pastafarian Heaven, where there is a Volcano of Beer, and a Factory of Strippers.” 5:3 “But O Noodly Lord, Oi be prefer’n Grog t’ Beer... Will Oi have to drink only Beer in heaven?” Fearsome Pirate Pete asked the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 5:4 “What? 5:5 Of course not! 5:6 Oh, I forgot again, the Beer Volcano is really a Volcano of any beverage you like, whenever you like it. 5:7 I prefer Beer, so that’s all it is to me, I forget sometimes,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster explained, “Similar rules apply to the Stripper Factory.” 5:8 “Yarrgh, one other thing,” Fearsome Pirate Pete continued, “Ye said

summin ‘bout Pastafarian? 5:9 What be that?” 5:10 “Did I forget that too?” The Great Noodly One asked rhetorically, “Sheesh. 5:11 Pastafarian is what you will call yourself, and what any follower of Me will call themselves. 5:12 I’m going to say that covers everything,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster concluded, “Because I just remembered that I left Lasagna in the oven.” 5:13 In one moment the Flying Spaghetti Monster was there, and in the next, He was not.

6:1 Fearsome Pirate Pete then began the work of assembling his crew. 6:2 Tiny became Pete’s first mate. 6:3 Going to various bars and taverns, Pete was able to assemble a motley crew of salty seadogs who all enjoyed Pasta. 6:4 In one bar in particular, he saw a strangely dressed Pirate, with pale skin and a horned helm, brawling with many Pirates, wielding a large hammer. 6:5 “Yarrgh, what be yer name?” Pete asked him once he had incapacitated all the Pirates in the bar. 6:6 “My name is Ushnor, the Great and Awesome,” he replied. 6:7 “Oh, ye think yer high ‘n mighty, do ye?” Pete asked him. 6:8 “I got the title because of my hammer, everybody started calling me Ushnor the Great and Awesome after I smashed some fool’s head open in a bar one night,” Ushnor explained. 6:9 “Yar. Me likes yer style. Ye be me new second mate, if’n ye like,” Pete offered.

7:1 The next day, Fearsome Pirate Pete called together his first and second mate, Tiny and Ushnor, to decide where to set sail for. 7:2 “I have a request, Captain,” Ushnor asked, “There is a holiday in my homeland in the North soon. 7:3 It’s dedicated to Thor, and we chase down wild hogs, and bash their skulls open with our hammers.” 7:4 “But what about pillaging, and being a Pirate?” Tiny asked. 7:5 “Now Tiny,” Pete said, “Oi’m sure this be a very important holiday fer Ushnor. 7:6 We must be understandin’ and tolerant of others beliefs and practices, and sometimes we just need t’ go with the flow.” 7:7 And Lo, they did set out for the North. 7:8 For three and twenty days and three and twenty nights did they sail, until the sea became slushy with ice, and the wind chilled the very bones of even the largest Pirates. 7:9 Suddenly, their ship was struck by some great tentacly thing, and the ship began to sink. 7:10 Fearsome Pirate Pete jumped into the ocean, and swam until he found land. 7:11 Upon reaching land, Pete did pass out from exhaustion.

Bob

1:1 Fearsome Pirate Pete was woken up rather rudely by a Penguin. 1:2 The penguin pecked at his eyes until Pete rose and whacked it across the head. 1:3 “Bloody hell Tiny, enough’s enou-” Pete said waking up. 1:4 Upon seeing the desolate landscape, and a rather confused Penguin, Pete was thoroughly confused. 1:5 “I say, why did you just slap me across the face, chap?” The Penguin inquired. 1:6 “What in the name of Penne... yer a talking penguin!” Pete exclaimed as he stood up. 1:7 “And you are a gorilla who smells like alcohol,” The Penguin retorted. 1:8 “Arrgh, let’s not be callin’ names here. Where the bloody hell are we anyway?” Pete asked. 1:9

“Well I was going to ask you ol’ chap, but you seem rather hostile,” The Penguin explained. 1:10 “Me greatest apologies, it’s not like Oi be wakin’ up getting poked in the eye every day,” Pete apologized. 1:11 “Quite. 1:12 My name is Bob,” Bob reached out a flipper. 1:13 “Arr...” Pete said, still somewhat dazed, “Me name’s Fearsome Pirate Pete.” 1:14 “Charming. 1:15 Lets get moving shall we?” Bob proposed. 1:16 “Where the ruddy hell be we goin’?” Pete asked. 1:17 “Well, where are you going?” Bob said blankly. 1:18 “Well, there be this Norse festival involvin’ smashing the sku... uh... big feast, lots of food.” Pete caught himself before possibly offending Bob. 1:19 “Right, well then, we mustn’t be late,” said Bob as he started waddling off in a direction, as if he knew exactly where he was going. 1:20 “Where the bloody hell am I...” muttered Pete.

2:1 Fearsome Pirate Pete and Bob traveled far through the wintry wasteland. 2:2 “D’ye know of any dangers in these lands?” Pete asked once. 2:3 Bobs sole response was, “Not a clue.” 2:4 As Pete cursed the Penguin under his breath; they heard a lone howl off in the distance. 2:5 Pete scanned the horizon and saw a wolf, howling sadly. 2:6 “Let’s go have a look, shall we?” Bob suggested, and they both went to the wolf. 2:7 “People... What are you doing here?” the wolf was very nervous. 2:8 “Ye best be askin’ someone else, I don’t know what the hell is goin’ on anymore, talking animals and all,” Pete rambled. 2:9 “Shush Pete. 2:10 We are just passing through the area,” Bob explained. 2:11 “Oh, okay then... move along and leave me alone please...” The wolf said. 2:12 “Well let’s get going then,” Bob started waddling off again, and the wolf lowered his head in despair. 2:13 “Now wait a minute,” Pete said, noticing the injustice “What be makin’ ye so sad?” 2:14 “Well... it’s my wife, we had an argument... and... well...” The wolf sniffled. 2:15 “Yar, Oi get th’ point. 2:16 It be soundin’ like one o’ them arguments ‘bout nuthin’” Pete said. 2:17 After some coaxing, Pete got the wolf to take him to where he thought his wife was, and they found her howling just as he had been. 2:18 And they did rejoice. 2:19 “Ye know what yer problem was, ye dinna fergive each other. 2:20 Ye be needin’ compassion, or else where d’ye end up? 2:21 All alone.” Pete said. 2:22 And Thus did Fearsome Pirate Pete learn Compassion.

3:1 Fearsome Pirate Pete and Bob walked for even more than before they had met the wolf. 3:2 Until, that is, until they saw some movement in the distance ahead. 3:3 Pete and Bob picked up speed and caught up with the movement. 3:4 Twas a snake an a gerbil, conversing about different types of cheese. 3:5 “Oi, what’er ye doin’ here?” Pete said. 3:6 “Us?” asked the gerbil. 3:7 “Excuse my smelly friend’s rudeness of interrupting you. but we are curious to as how you are here” responded bob. 3:8 “Well, I was returning home, and I ran into this snake, no doubt the same way you two met each other,” The gerbil said. 3:9 “well, I’ma bet on not bein’ thar exact same way,” Pete said, looking at Bob’s beak. 3:10 “At first I was afraid I would be eaten, but thankfully this snake is compassionate,” The gerbil explained. 3:11 “Ah yes, we know much of compassion,” Bob said. 3:12 “Yes, well, we really should be on our way,” Said the snake. 3:13 “Not to worry, we’re both going in the same direction. 3:14 I’m sure we would love to see your

family Mr. Gerbil.” 3:15 “Yes! As they say, the more the merrier!” 3:16 For the rest of the trip to the Gerbils home, the Gerbil talked about his family. 3:17 When they came to the Gerbils home, he called for his family to come out and meet the guests. 3:18 “Oh, I’ll have to make many extra portions tonight” said Mrs. Gerbil. 3:19 “No, no, we do not intended to intrude upon your home. 3:20 Besides , I doubt we’d fit in,” Bob said, looking at Pete. 3:21 “Of course, how silly of me. Mr. snake, will we have you for dinner?” Mrs. Gerbil asked. 3:22 “No, it is I who shall have you for dinner!” the snake said. 3:23 Suddenly, he lunged at Mrs. Gerbil with his mouth gaping wide open. 3:24 Pete grabbed him by the neck. 3:25 “Argh, a traitor have we?” Pete said. 3:26 Mr. Gerbil was absolutely shocked. 3:27 “I’m so sorry, I should’ve known he was fooling me,” he confessed to Pete. 3:28 “Nar, s’not yer fault. 3:29 Trustworthiness is important for all, and those who deceive are bound t’ be found out eventually, and dealt with justly. 3:30 Speaking of which,” Pete grabbed the snake by the tail, and started swinging him around wildly. 3:31 He finally let go, sending the snake off into the horizon. 3:32 “Thank you, if you were not here, I doubt I could have defended myself,” Mr. Gerbil said. 3:33 “Not at all. 3:34 We are merely being good subjects of his Noodliness,” Bob replied. 3:35 And thus did Fearsome Pirate Pete learn the importance of trustworthiness. 3:36 As well as the importance of not eating gerbils.

4:1 They left the Gerbils home, and set off again. 4:2 They walked so far, they felt as if they could not go any farther, as if they had walked round the world. 4:3 Then Pete spotted a Polar Bear in the distance, prowling and pacing, as if guarding something. 4:4 “Ye think we should go up to it? 4:5 It looks like its guarding its territory,” Pete commented. 4:6 “It’s your call Pete,” Bob responded. 4:7 “Oi be sayin’ we wait and see if it goes away. 4:8 Oi don’t want t’ be mauled before the fest.” 4:9 “Then let’s try and get some rest first. 4:10 Who knows how long that bear will be there?” Bob suggested. 4:11 They slept, and after waking up, Pete saw that the bear was still there, but asleep. 4:12 He woke Bob, and they tried creeping past it. 4:13 The bear awoke. 4:14 “Augh! 4:15 Stay away! 4:16 Don’t hurt me again!” it yelled, jumping away from them. 4:17 “Calm down ol’ chap, we mean you no harm. 4:18 How are you hurt?” Bob asked in a calm voice. 4:19 “It’s my paw. 4:20 I was in a fight over territory and the other bear bit my paw,” The bear explained. 4:21 “‘Ere, I was saving this fer me own flesh wounds, but I think it’ll help ye.” 4:22 Pete said, pulling out a bandana, and wrapping it around the bear’s paw. 4:23 “I saw you there before. 4:24 I was hoping you’d help me,” the bear said. 4:25 Pete did not respond. 4:26 “Pete,” Bob said sternly. 4: 27 “Arr, we was afraid ye’d maul us. 4:28 Ah suppose Oi was a little prejudice on ye,” Pete confessed. 4:29 “Right, Pete, you shouldn’t judge people just because of the way they look or appear to be acting,” Bob said. 4:30 “Thanks guys, I’m off to reclaim my territory,” the bear said as he went off into the other direction, limping a little. 4:31 And thus did Pete learn not to be Prejudice.

5:1 Now, not too much farther on their travels, they came across a human, apparently throwing tree trunks. 5:2 “Oi, what’re ye doing?” Pete yelled. 5:3 “Tha Caber Toss!” the man replied proudly. 5:4 “Ah ahm Scott. The best tosser o’ cabers in all o’ Scotland!” 5:5 “But, we be in

Norway,” Pete said, still confused. 5:6 “Ach, that’s exactly why Ah ahm ‘ere. 5:7 T’ prove to all that Ah ahm the best tosser o’ cabers in all th’ world!” he said, throwing another caber. 5:8 It flipped once. 5:9 “Argh! 5:10 Sounds like a challenge! 5:11 Lemme try,” Pete requested. 5:12 He picked up a caber, and threw it. 5:13 The caber bounced twice. 5:14 “Ach, not too shabby,” Scott said. 5:15 He threw another one, but still it only bounced once. 5:16 Then Scott ran off crying like baby. 5:17 “Yar, serves ‘im right, braggin bout being the best. 5:18 Ah ahm the best Oi am! 5:19 Oi be bettin’ I can beat anyone in this’er world,” Pete boasted. 5:20 “You seem to have learned nothing from Scott,” Bob said as he picked up a caber, and threw it. 5:21 The caber bounced four times. 5:22 “Ach, suppose I should’na brag unless I know I’m right,” Pete said. 5:23 “Actually, you should not at all. 5:24 Remember, there is always someone out there who is better than you at whatever it is you’re doing,” Bob explained. 5:25 “Arr, Oi’ll be rememberin that,” Pete said. 5:26 And Thus did Pete learn Humbleness.

6:1 Pete and Bob continued on their trek again. 6:2 They could almost make out the smoke coming from Norse lodge when Bob yelled out in pain. 6:3 “What happened?” Pete asked as he looked down at Bob’s foot. 6:4 He had been stabbed by a pointy stick. 6:5 Pete pulled it out. 6:6 “Thank you, Pete,” Bob said. 6:7 “Can ye walk?” Pete asked. 6:8 “Yes, it’s not much farther, let’s go” Bob claimed, but he was limping like a pirate with two peg legs. 6:9 At one point he fell down. 6:10 “Bob, Lemme carry you,” Pete offered. 6:11 “No, that’s alright, I can make it,” Bob protested. 6:12 But he had great difficulty getting up and moving again. 6:13 Pete picked him up, and carried him the rest of the way to the Norse lodge. 6:14 He set Bob down outside the lodge. 6:15 “Now, honestly, can ye walk?” Pete asked. 6:16 “Yes, I will be fine from here,” 6:17 Bob confirmed, “Go and have fun with your friends at the festival. 6:18 I have farther to go. 6:19 Thank you, Pete.” 6:20 “Arr, If’n ye ever be in the Caribbean, just follow the trail of wrecked ships and the smell of pasta. 6:21 You’ll find me,” Pete said. 6:22 “I will be sure to,” Bob said. 6:23 With that, he waddled off into the distance. 6:24 Thus did Pete learn Loyalty.

Ushnor

1:1 Upon entering the Norse Lodge, Pete beheld a most distressing scene. 1:2 The feast table seated many hairy and well armored Norsemen, as well as many pirates of his crew. 1:3 At the head of the table, however, was a relatively small, clean cut and shaven man in humble, sober black robes. 1:3 The distressing part was the portions of the food, as well as the food itself. 1:4 It was mostly pork rinds and other low-carb options, and in small portions, too. 1:5 Tiny and Ushnor were seated near the entrance, so Pete went to sit by them. 1:6 “Whart in the good name o’ Pasta be this kind o’ feast?” Pete asked. 1:7 “It seems that in my absence, this Olaf character has come and forced everyone into Aktinsceticism,” Ushnor explained, indicating the man in black. 1:8 “Some idea of a feast, eh?” Tiny added. 1:9 Suddenly, one of the feasting Vikings shoved his plate back, and stood up. 1:10 “I refuse to eat this crap! 1:11 Give me some good

swill, instead!” he shouted.

2:1 Olaf closed his eyes, slowly got up, and moved around the table to the Viking in question. 2:2 As he went, he passed a fireplace. 2:3 Olaf picked up a long, sharp piece of metal, and stuck it in the fire for a few moments. 2:4 Once he seemed satisfied, he pulled it out and continued over to the Viking. 2:5 The Viking stood his ground, and faced Olaf. 2:6 He towered over him, yet did not raise a hand against him. 2:7 Olaf raised his implement, and stabbed the Viking in the eye, twisting and pressing the hot metal against it. 2:8 The Viking resisted as much as he could, though he still had to let out yells of pain. 2:9 “You really don’t know what’s best for you,” Olaf told him coldly, “You really should listen to what I have to say.”

3:1 “Alright, enough of this crap,” Ushnor said, slamming his fist down. 3:2 He picked up his hammer and ran across the table to Olaf, building as much momentum for his strike. 3:3 Olaf was able to avoid getting hit, and brandished his poker as a weapon. 3:4 “Don’t toy with me, boy, I’ve got science on my side!” Olaf boasted. 3:5 The other Vikings saw this, and realizes they could resist, so they took their weapons in hand, and surrounded Olaf. 3:6 “Why didn’t we just do this earlier?” One asked Another. 3:7 “Narrator wasn’t here. 3:8 That pirate guy who just arrive must be the main character or something,” replied Another. 3:9 “You always have the best explanations, Another,” One complimented Another. 3:10 “You are too kind, One,” Another said.

4:1 “Let’s burn his eyes out, see how he likes that!” One said. 4:2 The others yelled in agreement. 4:3 “Friends, we cannot do that!” Ushnor cried, trying to contain their anger. 4:4 “If someone uses an immoral or low tactic against us, we can’t just go right around and do the same thing to them. 4:5 If we think it’s an outrageous thing to do, we should not do it ourselves,” Ushnor continued. 4:6 “Well, how about we ask the injured party?” Another suggested. 4:7 They all turned to the Viking who now had one blind eye. 4:8 “An eye for an eye leaves the whole world blind. 4:9 Besides, eyepatches are badass,” he responded. 4:10 “I couldn’t have said it better myself,” Ushnor said. 4:11 “Yarr,” Pete chimed in, “Ye make th’ Flying Spaghetti Monster proud, ye do.”

5:1 The Vikings threw Olaf out into the cold, and vowed to leave him untouched, provided he stay away from the frozen northlands forever more. 5:2 Pete spent the next week helping them prepare for a proper feast. 5:3 Without being overbearing, he explained to them his religion of Pastafarianism, and made quite a few converts. 5:4 At his suggestion, the feast included large portions of Pasta, and they all ate heartily, receiving the love of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, even those who did not convert. 5:5 After the festivities, it was time for Pete to return to the Caribbean. 5:6 Having now ship, and a significantly reduced crew, the Vikings made a sturdy vessel for him, and many signed on as his crew. 5:7 Finally, with a full crew and a quality ship, Pete and his crew set sail for the Caribbean.

Pete II

1:1 For two and forty nights and two and forty days, they did sail, until all the slush was gone, and the waters were warm, and full of fish. 1:2 The air was crisp, and the winds full of promise. 1:3 But the pirates were concerned when they made port. 1:4 There seemed to be no people in the streets, no drunkards boozing about, being slapped by wenches, no taverns overflowing with brawls, and generally not a lot of pirating going on. 1:5 There were boats at the docks, and nothing seemed destroyed. 1:6 In fact, everything seemed to be in a much better state than when they left. 1:7 “Yarr, Oi don’t be liken this one bit,” Pete growled. 1:8 “Oi’ll check around town. 1:10 You lot stay here.” 1:11 “You sure it’s a good idea to go alone, eh?” Tiny asked. 1:12 “Yarr, good point.” Pete said. 1:14 “You come with me, Tiny. Ushnor, stay an’ guard the ship,” He commanded.”

2:1 Pete and Tiny explored the seemingly desolate town. 2:2 There were some signs of life, as they were continually watched by people from alley ways and from inside buildings. 2:3 They were not sinister, but they looked as if they knew what was going on, and they pitied Pete. 2:4 Suddenly, Pete and Tiny were apprehended from behind by ninjas. 2:5 “Whart in th’ name o’ Tortellini?” Pete exclaimed. 2:6 “Our master would like a word with you” One of the ninjas whispered in his ear.

3:1 The ninjas took Pete and Tiny to an underground lair beneath an Italian restaurant. 3:2 They tied them to chairs in a small dark room, across from a table. 3:3 Nikta sat at the table, eating a reasonable portion of Pasta. 3:4 “Would you like some pasta, Petey? 3:5 It’s Capellini,” Nikta offered. 3:6 Pete spat. 3:7 “Oi wouldn’t accept anything from ye, ye diseased maniac,” Pete said. 3:8 “Whart’ve ye done t’ this place anyhow, and why?” 3:9 “Oh, just a little good natured dictatorship. 3:10 The people need to be told what to do and think,” Nikta explained. 3:11 I hear you ran into my friend Olaf in the northlands, is that true?” 3:12 “Yarr, we ran him out but good.” Pete bragged. 3:13 “But how did ye return? 3:14 Oi thought th’ Flying Spaghetti Monster had taken good care o’ ye back in the first chapter.” 3:15 “Not really, he merely apprehended me, and then you all forgot about me and went into a description of creation,” Nikta explained. 3:16 “Quite rude, really.” 3:17 “Oi’ll remember me manners next time someone assaults me with a hoard of ninjas,” Pete retorted. 3:18 “Whart exactly is it that ye want from me, matey?” 3:19 “Why, nothing more than your ultimate demise,” Nikta said simply. 3:20 “Tiny, would you like to do the honors?” 3:21 “What, you want me, eh?” Tiny asked. 3:22 “Oh yes, I think it will be a delicious ending to Pete’s life. 3:33 You do this for me, and I’ll grant you with a position of wealth, influence, and favor,” Nikta offered. Tiny smiled a sinister smile in response. Nikta motioned to his guards, and Tiny was cut loose. 3:34 Tiny was given a katana, and stabbed Pete through the chest. 3:35 Instantly, Tiny grew three feet, for the love of the Flying Spaghetti

Monster had left him.

4:1 Pete found himself in a beautiful, white space. 4:2 As his senses adjusted to his location, he did notice the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 4:3 “Whart happened to Nikta? 4:4 And Tiny, th’ mutinous bastard! 4:5 And whart about Ushnor and me crew?” Pete asked, growing more concerned as he remembered more of his recent adventures. 4:6 “Worry not, smelly friend,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster assured him. 4:7 “Tiny has gotten his just desserts, and I informed Ushnor of what Nikta had done; he’ll be taking care of those ninjas shortly.” 4:8 “Arrgh, that’s good. 4:9 So I’m dead, and this is heaven?” Pete asked, just to be sure. 4:10 “Yes, Pete. 4:12 You have done well. 4:13 You have shown strength in the face of adversity, and much perseverance. 4:14 I award you with the finest grog and best stripping wenches in the cosmos. 4:15 Is there anything else you wish for?” The Great Noodly One did ask. 4:16 “Oi spent me life on th’ seas, now I see heaven has no Caribbean, or Pacific ocean, or even a Lake Michigan of any sort,” Pete mused. 4:17 “Not t’ be takin’ this personally, yer Pastaliness, but Oi find it rather atrocious to not have a large body of water fer piratin’. 4:18 If I could have one wish, it would be for there to be a great, endless Caribbean with islands ripe for the pillaging, and tohers with beautiful scenery and nifty hiding places. 4:19 That no matter how far ye travel, there always be somethin’ ye can explore or pillage, and that there never be an end to th’ adventure.” 4:20 “So be it,” The Flying Spaghetti Monster declared. 4:21 “Let it be known from this day forth, there shall be an Endless Caribbean, and any who wish may join or create a pirate crew to pillage and explore the vastness of Heaven’s Caribbean.”

The Tale of Dave and Kyodai

* As transcribed by Platypus Enthusiast

Chapter 1

1 Now the ninjas gathered their forces for war and assembled at the port of Tortuga. 2 They scattered their men around the local tavern, so that they could ambush the pirates when they came ashore. 3 Soon after, Captain “Dead Sole” Paulson and his pirate crew sailed into port. 4 They eagerly went to the tavern, thirsty for rum. 5 The ninjas sprung forth and attacked the pirates. 6 The pirates, though peaceful, were forced to fight for their lives.

7 A champion named Kyodai, who was from Osaka, came out of the ninja horde. 8 He was six cubits and a span tall, as he was unholy and was never touched by His noodly appendage. 9 He was wrapped with his black ninja cloak. 10 In his hand, he held a long sword, dripping with pirate blood.

11 Kyodai stood and shouted to the pirate crew, “Why do you come out and line up for battle? 12 Am I not a ninja, and are you not Dead Sole Paulson’s crew? 13 Choose a pirate and have him come down to me. 14 If he is able to fight and kill me, we will become your subjects; but if I overcome him and kill him, you will become our subjects and serve us.” 15 Then the ninja said, “This day I defy the ranks of pirates! 16 Give me a man and let us fight each other.” On hearing the ninja’s words, Dead Sole Paulson and all the pirates were dismayed and terrified.

Chapter 2

1 Now Dave was the son of an Englishman named Jesse, who was from Bath in Somerset. 2 Jesse had eight sons, and in Dead Sole Paulson’s time, he was old and well advanced in his years. 3 Jesse’s three oldest sons had joined Dead Sole Paulson’s crew to man the cannons and plunder trade ships, but Dave was hired as a cabin boy, left to cook for the rest of the crew.

4 After the crew had went ashore at Tortuga, Dave, left behind cause he was underaged, was finally able to make a meal for himself. 5 As he was sitting down to eat a hearty plate of spaghetti and meatballs, he heard swords clashing, muskets firing, and angry “Arrr’s” off in the distance. 6 Dave, eager to help his fellow pirates got ready to leave, but remembered his pasta. 7 He was still hungry, so he wrapped up the spaghetti and took it with him as he set out to find the battle.

Chapter 3

1 After wandering around looking for the battle for an hour or two, he finally reached the group of pirates. 2 Dave could see that the pirates and ninjas had separated standing facing each other, with Kyodai standing in between waiting for someone to fight him. 3 Dave ran to greet his

fellow crewmates. 4 They told him all about Kyodai and his challenge. 5 Dave asked what'd they plan on doing about him.

6 When Eric, Dave's oldest brother, heard him speaking with the men, he got ticked off and asked, "What the hell are you doing here? 7 Who's cooking our dinner? 8 I know how conceited you are and how wicked your heart is; you came over just to watch the battle, you dildo."

9 "Dude, you didn't even let me tell my side of the story before you started whining about my evil heart and shit," said Dave.

10 Dead Sole Paulson heard the commotion and came over. 11 Dave said to him, "Don't worry about this ninja, I can take him." 12 Dead Sole Paulson replied, "You can't fight him, you're just a kid and he's badass."

13 But Dave said to the Captain, "I've watched over the food in the galley. 14 Whenever a rat or seagull tried to eat some, I smacked it and when it turned on me, I killed it. 15 I have killed both the rat and the seagull, and this ninja will be like one of them, because he has killed the people of the FSM. 16 The FSM who delivered me from the paw of the rat and the talons of the seagull will deliver me from the hand of the ninja."

17 Captain Dead Sole Paulson said to Dave, "Go and the FSM be with you."

Chapter 4

1 Dave was given a cutlass, a musket, six pistols, a blunderbuss, and a cutlass. 2 Dave said, "I can't use all of this. 3 It's way too much and I've never swung a sword or shot a gun before. 4 I'll probably end up hurting myself more than the ninja." 5 He dropped all the weapons and took from his bag a few long strands of spaghetti and a few meatballs. 6 He folded the spaghetti over a meatball and approached the ninja.

7 Meanwhile, the ninja got ready and walked towards Dave. 8 When he saw Dave was just a kid he got pissed at him. 9 He said the Dave, "I'm gonna mess you up you little punk."

10 Dave said to the ninja, "You come against me with your fancy sword, but I come against you in the name of the FSM, the God of the pirates, whom you have defied. 11 Today the FSM will hand you over to me, and I'll strike you down and kick you in the nuts. 12 So, I'm gonna mess *you* up.

13 The ninja approached to fight, and Dave ran to meet him. 14 Dave whipped around the spaghetti and slung the meatball at the ninja, shooting it right down his windpipe. 15 Choking, the ninja fell to the ground.

16 So Dave triumphed over the ninja with spaghetti and meatballs. 17 Without a cutlass in his hand he struck down the ninja. 18 Dave then ran over and kicked Kyodai square in the nuts. 19 Kyodai grunted in discomfort, popping the meatball from his throat.

20 When the other ninjas saw their hero was down and clutching his groin, they turned and ran. 21 The pirates chased them and made sure they left the town. 22 Victorious, they went into the tavern to partake in some well-deserved rum. 23 Proud of the cabin boy, Captain Dead Sole Paulson bought Dave a drink. 24 And there was much rejoicing.

Darwin's Purge

*As transcribed by Platypus Enthusiast

Chapter 1

1 Decades had passed since the Golden Age of Piracy. 2 Pirates had grown arrogant with the knowledge that they were the Flying Spaghetti Monster's chosen people. 3 No longer did they bury treasure to keep it from corrupting others with greed, instead keeping the gold and jewels for themselves. 4 They no longer sailed around distributing candy to young children. 5 They forced their religion on others, demanding that nonbelievers follow the FSM. 6 The great pirate leaders, Pirate Mosey with his divine favor, Captain Dave with his prowess in battle, and the Great Pirate Solomon with his profound wisdom, had moved on to the Beer Volcano and Stripper Factories of Heaven. 7 There was no one left to alter the pirates' sinful course. 8 The Flying Spaghetti Monster would defend them no longer.

Chapter 2

1 A ninja stealthily crept towards his prey. 2 He prepared to leap at the unsuspecting man, but he sensed something was wrong. 3 He turned around to see a bearded old man. 4 He struggled to recognize him in the darkness, but then it came to him; it was the sly demon, the Dark Lord Darwin himself!

5 The ninja pointed his sword at the creature, prepared to defend himself. 6 "Get back fiend!" he shouted, "Or I shall cut you down."

7 "Your skills are no match for me," Darwin said, 8 "I have powers beyond your imagination. 9 You are a ninja, are you not supposed to be stealthy and undetectable? 10 How then did I see you?"

11 Shaken by his apparent lack of sneakiness, the ninja responded, "How?"

12 "I used the dark power of observation. 13 I merely opened my eyes and looked around," Darwin gloated.

14 "Incredible," said the ninja, "Teach me more."

15 "There are four dark powers of Science. 16 I will teach you the other three, but only on the condition that you lead the ninjas in a final purge of the pirates."

17 "I know the pirates and us have fought in the past, but extermination seems like a little too much."

18 "I guarantee, once you learn of the powers, you will want to destroy them all. 19 Do we have a deal?"

20 The ninja thought for a minute. 21 "Yes, it's a deal," he agreed reluctantly.

22 Darwin smiled. 23 "The second power is reason. 24 Use logic in your strategies against the pirates. 25 For example, pirates love to drink rum, so maybe ambush them at a tavern. 26 Now, this is useful, but don't solely rely on it. 27 Just because something makes sense doesn't mean it's true. 28 So reason must be used with the third power, experimentation. 29 If you do

attack the pirates at a tavern and you lose, then try something else. 30 A combination of logic and trial and error, reason and experimentation, will give you an effective method in fighting the pirates.”

31 “I see,” said the ninja, 32 “These powers do seem powerful, but I still don’t feel like killing every last pirate.”

33 “That’s where the last power comes in. 34 The dark power of evidence. 35 Pirates are always armed with cutlasses and flintlocks; they travel in ships loaded with cannons. 36 They have constantly fought with the ninjas. 37 They are a threat to you and your people. 38 What choice do you have other than destroy them all?”

39 “Yes! 40 You’re right.”

41 “I’m a scientist. 42 I’m always right. 43 Now I’m currently working on a deception, the Theory of Evolution, that will destroy the faith of the pirates and prevent them from gaining new converts. 44 It will even hurt the FSM himself, as he put a lot of effort into making the universe older than it really is. 45 Evolution will provide an alternative to his practical joke, thus ruining his fun. 46 All the ninjas must do is eliminate the pirates and Pastafarianism will fall.

47 The ninja, jazzed by this information, went forth and spread his new knowledge of Science.

Chapter 3

1 Pirates have never been the most skillful fighters. 2 They are peaceful men and had mostly held off attempted purges by the ninjas in the past by divine intervention from the FSM. 3 But now the FSM had forsaken them for their digressions. 4 Furthermore, they had grown fat and pathetic, perpetually drinking rum and boning wenches, and were in no shape for battling ninjas. 5 This combined with the ninjas mastery of the dark powers of Science meant the pirates didn’t stand a chance against the coming doom.

6 The ninjas spread across the land, slaughtering every pirate they found. 7 They hunted them down like bilge rats. 8 Most cowardly fled out into the sea or drowned their sorrows in rum, waiting for the end. 9 Many complained to the FSM and turned against Him for letting this misfortune befall them.

10 But some took a stand and proudly fought to the end, knowing that they had brought this upon themselves. 11 Others repented and prayed to the FSM to apologize for their wrongdoings. 12 The FSM saw these devout pirates and felt bad for condemning his entire following for the sleaze of some.

Chapter 4

1 Captain Black Bob had made it back to his ship after a narrow victory over a ninja assault party. 2 He had lost many of his crew and was feeling depressed. 3 He prayed, “Oh tasty Flying Spaghetti Monster, I realize this destruction must be our fault, but I need to know, what have we done wrong?”

4 “Pirates have become corrupt and have strayed from Pastafarianism. 5 Now I’m not the kinda god to smite those who don’t listen to me, but I don’t have to protect you either,” answered the FSM.

5 “That still sounds pretty lame.”

6 “I know, but I’m a god. I got responsibilities and shit. 7 Do you really wanna worship a god who helps out assholes?”

8 “No.”

9 “Yeah, well you guys were assholes.”

10 “True, but I have repented. 11 I have admitted that I have done wrong.”

12 “You doing better than most of your brethren, but you’re still not good enough. 13 For example, stop killing ninjas. 14 Remember the second suggestion “Thou ought not do stuff thou already knowest is wrong, like killing, lying, cheating, stealing, etc. Dost thou really need these carved into a rock?” 15 Yeah, they may kill you, but at least you’ll die a good person. 16 Plus I made all humans equal. 17 Ninjas are inherently as good as pirates. 18 Buy they were deceived by Darwin and twisted by his Science. 19 That demon is the one you should be angry at.”

20 “Fair enough.”

21 “Sweet. 22 You shape up a little and I got your back. 23 But there’s one more thing. 24 You must go forth and spread my word. 25 You must keep my faith alive. 26 For the Dark Lord Darwin will return and threaten mankind again. 27 His Science may destroy the world. 28 The Pastafarians must be prepared.

The Book of Thinly-Veiled Modern Practice Agreements

*As transcribed by Ham Nox

1 One day, as the Flying Spaghetti Monster hovered in the clouds and looked down upon the modern world after the great public revelation of Bobby Henderson (Pesto Be Upon Him), he noticed, yet again, the great lack of pirates. 2 This lack of pirates did make him quite peeved, and so he spake unto the believers "What's up with the lack of pirates? 3 Did I not tell ye that the free-spirited pirates are the most beloved unto me, and instruct ye to pass on a very strong suggestion to the people that they dress in the blessed clothing?"

4 And the believers, many of whom were big whiners, did respond "But it's *hard* to dress up like a pirate in these modern times! 5 There are many unbelievers in the world, who do laugh and scorn our accents and choice of clothing. 6 Their opinions would not matter but that their prejudices cause us great difficulty in keeping good work to put pasta on the table and not getting unnecessarily martyred."

7 "Hmm... I suppose a healthy diet of pasta is a pretty important observance in addition to the regalia, and that not getting killed is pretty important to you. 8 You must be able to work for the pasta you need, as I, like a forgetful fish owner, am not a terribly dependable provider of such things. 9 I understand that you must be respectful to societal norms in order to do that. 10 But there must be some way to recognize my followers, that I may bless them accordingly. 11 And how am I to know my followers if not by the omnipresence of flamboyant sea-faring style?"

12 The believers concurred with their delicious deity that the problem of how the deity may recognize the believer in hiding was very serious, and they promptly nominated members to a Divine Relations committee and accorded them task of solving it.

13 "We may have all true believers shave off their left eyebrows!" one committee member cried. 14 "Nay, such is crazy talk. 15 The believer may be recognized by a small calligraphic tattoo of another wench or pirate's name on their arse, as this clearly demonstrates he or she had achieved a drunken state of universal acceptance." said another. 16 And the third member spoke, "Well, that's awfully convenient for ye, isn't it Chuck?"

17 Nay, the true Pastafarian in hiding shall don small symbols of their faith under mildly pirate-inspired clothing such that they may show the signs and share the style whilst not betraying mainstream society's tentative and volatile acceptance. 18 But let us also designate a day in each season specifically for the observance of that which is holy and wholesome as pasta and piratedom, since we are so hidden at other times. 19 Let us stew the sauce for days on end, and give a portion to mark the entrances of sacred halls in which we gather as a place of free, open-hearted love and acceptance, as well as the possible location of a really awesome party. 20 Likewise, whenever and wherever we congregate, the doors shall be with marked with a banner of sauce color as a declaration of intent to our lord and invitation for all others to join in our revelry. 21 What are all your thoughts on such an arrangement?"

22 This seemed like a suitable suggestion to the members of the committee, and many nodded

approvingly. 23 The FSM suddenly then spoke, giving the committee quite a scare as they had forgotten that he was watching the debate. 24 "Okay, that sounds like a good plan. 25 Let it be so. 26 But before I go, I would have ye remember: Thou must be respectable in public, but amongst yourselves and I there shall be no shame nor deceit, nor scandal nor scorn. 27 When the time comes that every man is free, all shall party and revel with their full, unconcealed piratitide."

28 And as it is written, so did all this come to pass. 29 Give or take a few minor details.

The Random Number of Not Commandments, Suggestions:

1. I am the Flying Spaghetti Monster. Thou shalt have no other monsters before Me. (Afterwards is OK; just use protection.) The only Monster who deserves capitalization is Me! Other monsters are false monsters, undeserving of capitalization.
2. Thou ought not do stuff thou already knowest is wrong, like killing, lying, cheating, stealing, etc. Dost thou really need these carved into a rock?
3. Judge not, for verily it be not thine job neither most likely to be thine business.
4. Hey, try not to buy too much useless crap, OK?
5. Be kind unto others whether they are kind unto thou or not, for it maketh thou the better person in most situations, and occasionally it doth piss off an idiot, which is funny unto Your Lord the Sauced One.
6. Thou ought not consume "cheese" from a green cardboard can, nor ought thou allow such cans into thy homes
7. Thou shalt share, that none may seek without finding.
8. Thou shalt not feel guilty for feeling good.
9. Thou shalt remember that all the peoples of the Earth are equally My Creatures. When thee worship strippers, always show thy monetary appreciation generously. Remember that midgets are Holy unto Me; thou shalt not overlook them.
10. Thou ought not take thy Pasta in vein. Or artery, for that matter.
11. Thou ought ever seek to improve thy Pasta, to more closely approach the Divine Noodliness.
12. Thou ought beware those who claim to have achieved Noodly Perfection, for they are False Chefs whose claims of the Perfect Recipe will lead thee astray.
13. Thou shalt be amused rather than angered by the words and deeds of idiots; for I am thy Noodly Lord and I have created idiots solely for entertainment purposes, Mine first and thine likewise.
14. Vengeance belongs only to the Holy One. Should you happen upon a restaurant that serves pasta that is not up to the standard of the Holy One, simply deny that restaurant your business in the future. You shall not vandalize, burn, harass, or otherwise disturb the peace.

15. Thou ought to taste beyond the shell of the tortellini, and into the cheesy fillings.

16. Thou shalt be free to worship the Blessed Pasta-King as thou seeth fit.

With acknowledgement to:

Solipsy, verbtea, Qwertyuiopasd, fusiontortellini, Skylow, Barbarian, supercheetah, and Pterorhynchus

The Book of Piraticus

*As transcribed by Platypus Enthusiast and Bobby Henderson

Chapter 1

1 And the Flying Spaghetti Monster called unto Pirate Mosey, and spake unto him out of the pirate ship of the crew, saying, 2 Speak unto the children of the seven seas, and say unto them, if any pirate brings an offering unto the FSM, ye shall bring your offering of spaghetti and meatballs or rum and fish head stew. 3 And he shall consume this offering and rejoice for the FSM will be pleased. 4 He shall not burn his offerings as no one could receive its goodness if it's ashes. 5 Also, it would smell really bad. 6 Although I guess burning the rum would be pretty cool. 7 But I think it has to be over 100 proof to burn and I dunno if pirates can get their hands on good stuff like that. 8 But if he can, he should go for it, cause it would be pretty sweet and it would please me.

Chapter 2

1 The wisdom that if thou drink liquor before beer thou art in the clear, but beer before liquor and thou can't be sicker shall be ignored. 2 For rum and beer art equal in mine eyes. 3 Thou shall drink them together if thou can. 4 For the boilermaker is the best way to ingest the holiness contained within alcohol. 5 He shall take his offering of rum and pour it into a shotglass. 6 And he shall pour his offering of beer into a glass. 7 And he shall drop the shotglass into the glass of beer. 8 And he shall chug his offering heartily. 9 And he shall repeat until His noodly appendage touches him so much that he can no longer withstand the Intelligent Pushing and falls to the floor.

Chapter 3

1 And he shall make the analogy that just as two completely different alcoholic beverages are equal, all people are equal. 2 Yes, I know it's kind of a leap, but trust me, I'm the FSM. 3 I love all people equally, so no holy wars or gay bashing or anything like that. 4 There's no reason for any of that.

Chapter 4

1 And the FSM spoke unto Pirate Mosey, saying, 2 Speak unto the children of the seven seas, saying, If a soul shall sin through ignorance against any of the 8 "I'd Really Rather You Didn'ts" of the FSM concerning things which ought not to be done, and shall do against any of them: 3 I really don't care that much. 4 I'm all for flimsy moral standards. 5 But thou shall try to remedy thy ignorance and read them. 6 They're actually pretty funny.

Chapter 5

1 And he shall try not kill anyone. 2 Even if they're homosexual, pro-abortion, or of another religion. 3 Also, he shall try to not to do anything else real horrible like rape or armed robbery. 4 I know we don't have any explicit rules about those carved into stone tablets, but I figure they kinda go without saying. 5 You all have brains and empathy, you don't need a deity to enforce morality.

Chapter 6

1 Let ye who be without the black spot fire the first cannon. 2 I really don't like hypocrites. 3 Hypocrites are dicks.

Chapter 7

1 And he shall try real hard to follow the gold doubloon rule: 2 Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. 3 This applies to everyone, not just Pastafarians. 4 Seriously, this one's important.

Chapter 8

1 And the FSM spoke unto Pirate Mosey, saying, 2 Now I shall tell thou a parable. 3 Yeah, I know parables are more Gospel material and not for legal/ethical books, but whatever. 4 This is the parable of the Good Christian. 5 A certain Pastafarian went down from Tortuga to Isla Muerta, and fell among ninjas, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 6 And by chance there came down a certain pirate that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. 7 And likewise a stripper, when she was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. 8 But a certain Christian, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, 9 And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own ship, and brought him to port, and took care of him. 10 And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pieces-of-eight, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Chapter 9

1 And he shall remember my divine bender in the beginning. 2 And remember the Sabbath and keep it holy. 3 And he shall keep it holy not by praising me, but enjoying himself. 4 I'm not really that conceited. 5 Plus the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. And he shall celebrate many other holidays like International Talk Like A Pirate Day (September 19), Darwin Day (February 12), the Feast of St John the Blasphemist, Saint of Made-up Holidays (October 1), Halloween (October 31), and Friday.

Chapter 10

1 And all men shall be circumcised after the age of 18, with out anesthesia. 2 Those that have been circumcised already must snip a little more off. 3 With rusty scissors. 4 Dipped in lemon juice. 5 After heating it so it's red hot. 6 Nah, that would be a little weird. 7 I'm just screwing with you. 8 I have a sense of humor. 9 You can see this for yourself if you see my drastic attempts to change evidence to make the universe look older than it is.

Chapter 11

1 And he shall not follow any dogma, for that only causes problems. 2 If he feels my rules are bad, he may choose to ignore them. 3 I'm cool with that.

Chapter 12

1 I gave you brains, the ability to reason, and free will for a reason. 2 Please use them. 3 If I say something dumb, question it.

Chapter 13

1 And when he preaches the word of the FSM, he shall not be a dick. 2 He shall not got around shoving pamphlets into the hands of passerbys. 3 Nobody likes that. 4 Instead, he shall construct a signed with the phrase 'Free Propaganda' scrawled onto it. 5 And he shall sit quietly next to it and only preach to those who come to him. 6 Also, it would please me if he did it in full pirate regalia, for 7 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was "Arrrgh!" 8 Pirates are my chosen people and preachers should display my pirate lust.

Chapter 14

1 And you should not be bothered by the poor wording of this message. 2 I was kinda wingin' it.

A Pasta's Creed as passed to Solipsy

1 The True Believers did grow in number and in rank, and there was word spread that a great accounting should take place; a census should be taken and in that census should be counted all the men and the males among them, and all the women, and the females among them, and the children and the girls and the boys, and the infants. 2 And the leaders spoke up among the True Believers and declared that the numbers of the accounting of the census seemed to make sense not, for there was no accounting of the persons with indeterminate gender, and also of the persons who felt themselves to be gender mis-identified, and also, to count the children, then recount the boy children and the girl children separately seemed to nearly double the numbers, not accounting for the gender non-specific.

3 And thus the Great Accounting of the True Believers did begin again, and this time was it done by sorting the males and the females and the children and the gender non-specific, and the numbers were tallied and the numbers and ranks of the True Believers seemed to be relatively accurate and the land did feast upon the Holy Meal of the Pasta and Sauce and Orbs made of whatever Protein was the True Believers' Choice, and the Green Salad was dressed and served and The Tasty Garlic Bread passed. 4 The desired beverages were quaffed and there was great fellowship among the counted of the number and the rank of the True Believers. 5 Afterward, when the plates of the cleaned were gathered, the sweetened desserts of chocolate, dark or milk or white, or not of chocolate at all, but rather simply desserts as the True Believers did prefer, were passed.

6 And the True Believers gave great thanks and worship unto the Wise and Holy Flying Spaghetti Monster; the men and the women among them did rejoice, and the children, both the male children and the female, and the infants did rejoice, and the gender non-specific. 7 All rejoiced and gloried in the Wisdom and Greatness of the One True Creator who made All That Is and Should Be Taught as Science. 8 Each and all among the number and the rank were sated; their hunger was sated and their thirst was quenched, and they were glad and tired. 9 For their numbers had been counted with relative accuracy and among them were many; 6354 were the men and 7364 were the women and 25366 were the children and 3907 were the gender non-specific regardless of age. 10 And they did look upon one another, and finally it was asked: What was the point of all that, then? 11 And came the answer from On High: "I'm not quite sure, but it was one heck of a party!"

12 At the rising of the sun the next morning, as the True Believers did awaken, the men among them did arise, and the women and the children and the gender non-specific did arise, a great non-threatening yet thundering voice did call down from On High: "My Children Whom I Have Touched, Who Are Caressed By My Noodly Appendage, it is My wish for you that you live long and happily, and should have great good fun and gain much knowledge and use the brain I have given you and the free will I have given you and the discount shopping coupons and library cards I have given you." 13 And then a great sigh did rumble throughout the Earth and throughout the Sky and throughout all Creation. 14 "But," continued the Wiggly Lord, "I figure I ought to include for you a few specifics in case of emergency."

15 The holy scribes did run for their hammers and their chisels and their tablets of stone, and began to hammer furiously away in the ancient languages of the day. 16 They did endeavor to catch all the words of the Great Flying Spaghetti Monster as accurately as possible, and with few

mistakes, for they wanted to please him, and make him happy. 17 They wanted not to incur His Wrath. 18 They did hammer and did pound and the chips of granite did collect at their feet and this transcribing they tried to do with much accuracy, for there was not, in those olden times of stone tablets, spell-check nor auto correct nor copy-paste. 19 They did live in dark times indeed, and hungered for the wisdom of the Holy Flying Pasta One. 20 Thusly they wrote, for this he spake:

21 And it shall be that no eating of boogers shall occur in the market place, the classroom, the gas station, the fast-food restaurant, or the car while sitting at a red light, or in any other place. 22 This is His Noodly Word, and for to break it, the offender shall sacrifice three slices of mushroom pizza upside down upon the altar of the offender's own coffee table. 23 There those slices shall remain until such time as do appear small gnats. 24 Then and only then is the offender considered cleansed of his booger-sin, and may dispose of the mushroomed slices, and shall sin no more.

25 His Holy Flying Spaghetti Monster shall not tolerate the owning of more than seven stuffed animals by a heterosexual man over the age of 25. 26 If such a man is found to be in possession of said offensive beasts, the beasts will be taken by the True Believers, and they shall be ritually sacrificed upon the garbage heap after much dismemberment. 27 The man shall then be taunted for a time not to exceed two minutes. 28 Then shall he hop on one foot for a full minute and be considered forgiven. 29 This sayeth our Lord and Noodle. 30 Should his girlfriend be the presenter of the beasts, she should be sternly told to grow up, and instructed by the elder males among the True Believers about appropriate gifts for boyfriends, for yea and verily, she is freakin' clueless. 31 If the gifter be his Mother, it shall be explained to her that she is now the parent of a grown man, and ought consider gifts of cash instead. 32 Thus instructs The Wise and Meatbally.

33 The scratching of the most private parts or retrieval of the undergarments from the depths of the nether-regions shall be reserved for times when the True Believer has excused him/herself from the company of others, or such time as the True Believer wears the uniform of the team of a professional baseball player, and is on national television. 34 For the breaking of this sacred law, the penalty shall be that all those True Believers present and in observance shall loudly proclaim "Dude, quit scratching your (insert chosen offensive slang word here)" while pointing at the unholy offender. 35 Equally shall this be done to all scratchers, disregarding genders. 36 In penance, the Disgraced True Believer must cover his face with both hands and excuse him/herself to the nearest restroom to wash up like a civilized person. 37 Then and only then shall the loving Noodles of the Holy One embrace him/her again.

38 The eating of pets, the True Believer shall not do, for verily and with most seriousness shall it be held an abomination. 39 Thou shall not eat of the hamster nor the gerbil, nor any other denizen of the Habitrail, neither of the cat nor its kittens, the dog nor its pups. 40 Neither shall thou partake of the flesh of the parakeet nor the iguana nor the goldfish nor any fish of the tank or decorative pond, for it is an abomination unto his Holy Jiggling Appendages. 41 Neither shall thee roast the flesh of pets from the store nor shelter, whether cuddly or annoying, for verily it is an abomination unto the Spaghetti Lord, and also of great repulsion to the sane.

42 Also it shall be held a deep abomination to partake of the flesh of the pets of thy neighbors, even if such pets do bark long and mightily throughout the night, disturbing the rest of the True Believer. 43 Even if the pets of thy neighbors dig in thy yard and garden, or otherwise behave in

ways which shall peeve thee, of them thou shall not eat. 44 Thou shall not grind them and mix their flesh with bread crumbs nor rice nor oats nor tasty seasonings of any kind, for it is an abomination. 45 Thou shall not bathe them in the sauces of any kind, nor shape them, thine own or thy neighbor's, into rounded form. 46 Thou shall not even consider them lowly unto the Atkins diet, for truly it is just plain sick. 47 For the breaking of this most high and holy law, the True Believer must submit to years of serious Psychiatric Counseling and agree to take such legal medications as are prescribed by a professional physician.

48 His Most Righteous Airborne Semolina Strands shall tolerate no petty traffic offenses from amongst the ranks of his True Believers. 49 Heed these words, O children of the Grain! 50 Verily, thou shall use thine turn indicators before such time as thou shall make a turn; before a left turn, and before a right turn, according to their kinds. 51 In both instances shall thee use them equally. 52 So too shall you, my True Believers, maintain assured clear distance from the drivers in front of thee, though they be morons who inhibit thine (only slightly over legally posted) speed. 53 For verily, thou art not the drivers of the cars in front of thee, nor can thou go through them, as they are objects solid as granite, and should you hitteth them, the collision would be considered thine fault, and the payment of the deductible great.

54 Should you find yourself to be the victim of the heretic infidel, the tailer of the gate, thou are to make sure thou are doing the posted speed and maintain a temperament worthy of the True Believer of Your Extruded Nutritious Wheat-Based Lord. 55 You shall not mess with the idiot behind thee. 56 You shall not speed up for short distance only to slow down for short distance. 57 You shall not check to see if brakes work, neither the brakes of your car, nor the brakes of the jerkface behind thee. 58 Ye shall attempt to refrain from the stretching of the arm and the extension of the chosen finger, though it be mightily tempting, and The Lord Thy Glob doth quite understand, but still refrain if thee can, for it is better to pull over and keep your life long, than to mess with a fool who may shorten it.

59 For the sake of thy Great Glob in Heaven, thou are not to be a fool who believes it to show great status among human kind to blast your chosen music throughout the streets for all to hear. 60 It is an abomination. 61 Not the choice of thine music is an abomination, mind you, but the deafening volume at which the idiot who blasts it doth blast it. 62 Blast not with the woofers nor the tweeters, nor anywhere throughout the midrange. 63 Blast not at the intersection, nor in the parking lot, nor through the neighborhood, nor in the presence of the person of one's chosen attraction, for yea and verily, please figure out that no one is impressed. 64 The Monster Who Has Rounded Orbs of Meat and Hovers in Heaven has blessed his Creation with music to make his Creatures happy, music of all kinds that his Creatures may rejoice. 65 Be not an inconsiderate jackass who thinks everyone in the whole world is dying to hear the music of thine choice. 66 Trust the Big Monster on this one: they are not, and they do regard thee as most idiotic.

67 And another thing, and this doth peeve His Glorious Hovering Pasta no end: thou shall keep thy mind on thy driving and thine eyes on the road. 68 There shall be no long chatting on the phones of the cell, there shall no applying of the makeup to the face, no shaving of the beard, no reading of the map, the newspaper, the Romance novel, nor solving of the crossword puzzle. 69 There shall be no watching of the movie by thee as thou art driving. 70 There shall be no watching of the DVD, nor the VCR tape, nor the Television, neither VHF nor satellite. 71 Have thee lost thy freaking mind? 72 Verily should the sane among you, and the True Believers who wish to live long lives and see their children live long lives, seek to pass earthly laws against

these abominations, and seek to have them duly enforced. 73 For those who escape Earthy justice, especially flat and bland beer doth await you in Heaven.

Ethical Guidelines for Pirates

Chapter 1 Beard Law

*As transcribed by Captin Redbeard Scurvydog

1. All good pirates owe a duty to Him to have the shaggest and most unkept of beards. However, this duty is not binding, for He, in His infinite wisdom, caused some to be unable to fulfill such a duty in several manner of ways; but yea, I say unto thee, those of the utmost pirate grit will be looked upon with the highest favor by Him for all thine days, and thine cup shall overrun with His most choosen and blessed of pasta.
2. On Holy Friday, all good pirates, owe a duty to display their unkept and shaggy beards in the public squares, and marketplaces, and all manner of buffet style restaurants, and dwelling places in which fermented drink is served with vigor, and unto thine strippers, for they truly are of His essence and beloved by Him. By doing this, His glory is displayed to all, the believer and the non-believer, the principal and the agent, the cobbler of shoes and the huntsmen of the field.
3. I say unto you, all good pirates owe a duty unto Him to not remove any manner of debris from thine unkept beard, for yee shall not look upon such debris as a burden, but a blessing from His bounty bestowed unto you from Him for His greater glory. And it is the greatest blessing from on high, to have the wonderous fruit of His wonderful noodly appendage, the most savory, most tantalizing, sacred pasta to become so embedded in thine pirate beard. And he that turns his back on such a blessing and scoffs the gift given unto them, bestowed from Him, then I say unto them, it would be better to have never been bearded, for unless there exists unto them, good cause, for such disrespect for His bounty, it will as if they were cutoff from His goodness and set adrift on the high seas.
4. And it became revealed unto me, through His divine, magical, delicious, plan, that all good pirates, in the course of their duty, owe a duty unto Him, when, on Holy Friday, they are in the public squares, and marketplaces, and all manner of buffet style restaurants, and dwelling places in which fermented drink is served with vigor, to bestow unto thine most favored winch, a kiss for all those present to see, for, when yee do this, it is a proclimation of His glory.
5. No good pirate should brandish thine cutlass, or thine hook, or thine peg, nor any manner of implimentation bestowed unto him by Him, nor act in such a way with malice aforethought to thine fellow creatures, which are all part of His magical, delicious, plan, for, in so doing, thine treat thine fellow creatures contrary to His magical, delicious, plan; unless yee be acting to prevent some greater evil that is exceedingly hostile to His plan, or, if the consumption of strong drink has rendered yee unaccountable unto Him for thine acts and thou hast felt the greatest of sorrow for thine transgressions against Him.

Frequently Asked Questions

*As transcribed by Alpaca and Qwertyuiopasd

1 Ages ago, there was a young, inquisitive pirate who was called Frequently. He had a tendency to ask a lot of questions

2 One day, his mates told him of the glory that was the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

3 Wanting to know more, Frequently sought out the wise and learned Dalai Llama, who was in fact an alpaca, and Frequently Asked Questions.

4 Frequently Asked: “Hey, wouldn't it be funny to say that the Flying Spaghetti Monster has spoken to me, come to me in a dream, I am the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and demand that you follow my ignorant, unsubstantiated schism or else be wrong?”

5 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “No.”

6 Frequently Asked: “Hey, I see that you disagree with the teaching of intelligent design in school. 7 Does this mean I can assume that you also abhor Christianity? 8 Does this mean that we share every single remotely religious or moral belief? 9 Does this mean that I can be an intolerant jackass, because everybody has to agree with me?”

10 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “No. 11 Pastafarianism is intended to protest attempts to include religion in science curriculum. 12 We are in no way against religion itself, and we do not appreciate being portrayed as such by radical people who consider this the perfect vehicle to spread their inane doctrines.”

13 Frequently Asked: Are you ever not going to answer "no?"

14 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Maybe.”

15 Frequently Asked: “What's the Pastafarian position on some political issue not related to intelligent design?”

16 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “I have absolutely no idea. 17 But we can discuss it intelligently.”

18 Frequently Asked: “Are you people for real?”

19 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Yes. We're real people.”

20 Frequently Asked: “Seriously.”

21 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Yes. 22 We all fervently believe that the universe was created by a Flying Spaghetti Monster, who designed it to appear older than it really was, and make it look like it worked in ways similar to logical conjectures made on overwhelming observable evidence, but actually wasn't, and actually didn't, because He ultimately controls it all with His Noodly Appendage!”

23 Frequently Asked: “Really?”

24 And the Dalai Llama produced audible ellipses.

25 Frequently Asked: “Okay, I get it. 26 So why a Spaghetti Monster?”

27 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Why not? 28 Has better ring to it than “bearded white guy.”
29 Besides, ask Bobby. 30 It was his revelation.”

31 Frequently Asked: “You guys know you're going to Hell, right?”

32 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “That's your opinion. 33 We try to be tolerant of your opinions, so could you at least try to tolerate ours?”

34 Frequently Asked: “Speaking of Hell, what's that like? 35 I know that Heaven has a stripper factory and a beer volcano, but is there anything else?”

36 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “If you're a true believer in whatever faith you're a part of, and you've done what's expected of you, then that's the Afterlife you get. 37 The Flying Spaghetti Monster has no territorial disputes with anybody else. 38 If you're not going there, we'll take you, and it may not be fun, but it beats the hell (haha! hell!) outta Lakes of Fire.

39 “There will be a kind of HellLight, where unbelievers have to live with school cafeteria spaghetti, second rate beer, and boring jobs in the service industries where the Heavenbound Pastafarians will be living. 40 There will be no privation, no physical torture, no burning or boiling in various liquids. 41 These aren't bad people, these are people that followed the culture and customs of their times and did not recognize the difference between a culture and a faith. 42 And this HellLight will include a just and equitable redemption process.

43 “Actual Pastafarian Hell is reserved for a very few, and those will be divided from the Pasta, the finest beverages and the fellowship of persons of good will and kind intent. 44 They will do all the laundry, cleaning and heavy or unpleasant jobs that are there. 45 Never will they eat of the

Pasta of any kind, but will live on lots of beans and rice, potatoes and extremely cheap cuts of meat, and the type of diet that the American urban poor can afford, or that Senior Citizens and disabled persons on Social Security are reduced to. 46 They get the really icky dirty work. 47 They deserve it. 48 The bullies of the geopolitical world will be there, and their helpers. 49 The false religious leaders, who plead for funds through electronic media, and give nothing of their true selves, and hoard the money and live in opulence, they will be there. 50 Many others of ill-intent will be with them.

51 “There is a reservation there for the tricksters, the con-men, the corrupt, unrepentant politicians, who will begin every work day by licking clean the footwear of every Native American person there, even in HellLight. 52 Also there will be the promulgators of the horrible practices against the indigenous people of every country ever "modernized" by Western Civilization. 53 They lick boots as well. 54 And when they're through they get to do all the stuff that nobody in the Hell above them want to do.

55 “Not a real burning-in type hell, no boiling lakes of fire, just an appropriate "reward." 56 No more lunatics and sadists, please.

57 “Other people have other ideas, but then again other people are promoting Holy War, too. 58 Don't do that in the name of our FSM. 59 That's not the Way to Do Things Right.

60 Then again, we could be completely wrong.”

61 Frequently Asked: “Oooh, What about the Pastafarian equivalent of such-and-such element of such-and-such religion that you didn't cover above?”

62 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “We're not trying to completely copy and twist everything about religion. 63 We don't take issue with religion; we take issue with it being taught as science.”

64 Frequently Asked: “Well, one aspect of other religions you do have is a god. 65 Who happens to be made of pasta. 66 Isn't it sorta wrong to eat what He's made of?”

67 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Eat some of this bread instead, and wash it down with this wine, then.”

68 Frequently Asked: “What?”

69 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “The Flying Spaghetti Monster is not pasta, but a deity who chooses to represent Himself as pasta. 70 If you like Pasta, go ahead and eat some. 71 He doesn't

mind, because the Sharing of the Pasta is a form of worship. 72 Especially the sharing part. 73 Transubstantiation is not part of Pastafarian doctrine. 74 That means when you eat Pasta, you aren't eating Him, but eating Pasta.”

75 Frequently Asked: “So, I'd love to eat pasta, but I have some sort of medical condition/diet/personal preference that prevents me from doing so. 76 What do I do?”

77 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “His Noodly Majesty is, above all, tolerant. 78 Be a good person, and you'll be fine, eating Pasta or not.”

79 Frequently Asked: “What if I don't have a set of pirate regalia? 80 What if I don't drink beer? 81 What if I think strippers are immoral?”

82 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Tolerance. 83 You'll be okay.”

84 Frequently Asked: “Speaking of pirates, did you know about Talk Like a Pirate day?”

85 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Yes.”

86 Frequently Asked: “Speaking of beer, what kind of beer is in the volcano? 87 What if it's not my favorite? 88 What are the strippers like? 89 What if I'm a woman and want a man? 90 What if I'm looking for a relationship, not just short-term fun? 91 What if...”

92 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “He is omniscient and omnipotent. 93 You'll be well taken care of in Heaven, in a way that will suit your wants and needs exactly.”

94 Frequently Asked: “Cool, I get it! 95 By the way, what's the best way to be sarcastic and condescending to those who I think are idiots? 96 What about all those people who don't subscribe to whatever specific religious or other philosophy I might have? 97 They really need to learn that the universe revolves around me.”

98 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “No, you don't get it. 99 Tolerance.”

100 Frequently Asked: “Okay, so I do get it. 101 How long has this been around, anyway?”

102 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “His Noodly Majesty has been around since the beginning of the universe, which he created. 103 If you're asking when He revealed Himself to Bobby Henderson, you're asking about May 2005 CE.”

104 Frequently Asked: “And how many Pastafarians are there?”

105 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Millions, scattered around the planet.”

106 Frequently Asked: “Really? 107 Wow!”

108 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Actually, we have no clue.”

109 Frequently Asked: “Oh, either way, add 1 to that number, because I'm in! 110 Now, what can I do to help?”

111 And the Dalai Llama Answered: “Spread His Word among your peers! 112 Or, if you're feeling philanthropic, help needy people.”

113 And Frequently left the presence of the Dalai Llama who was in fact an alpaca, and lived the rest of his life a wonderful and loving Pastafarian, if not persistently inquisitive.

Pastalms

Pastalm I

1I absolutely love the FSM!

2I was once a lost soul 3drifting
for one belief to

4another searching for answers.

5but then I was referred to your site,

6and now I feel his Noodly Appendage

7all through my body; 8giving me strength

9 and power fight ID nutz

10and people who believe in "evolution"

11which people cannot verify12 the verity

13of such a ridiculous subject.

14 we must help spread the knowledge

15of the inimical affects of believing

in other religions. 16Thank You sir

for unearthing ancient

scriptures of The Flying Spaghetti Monster!

17Also you site is very funny

Unattributed

Pastalm II

1As my Faith in the Trinity

of Spaghetti, Meatballs and Sauce grows

2I find my faith in HIM,FSM, grows too.

3I won the bi- weekly lottery

to see will get to gain favor with FSM at HIS whim

4and now I get to ask for some wishes.

5I am so happy that granting of the wishes

is also at HIS whim. 6The evidence is strong

that at some point The Flying Spaghetti Monster decides

some things 7because things happen all the time

8we can see clear unabridged data that FSM truly exists.
9In the presence of overwhelming "evidentul pasta"
10(that's Greek for LOOK AT ALL THE PASTA EVIDENCE)

11I get weak and cry but HE lifts me up
12and says HE will not be found
in the custom kitchens of the rich and famous,
13but on the carboard box dinner table of a crack addict
14and her pimps illigitamate sons and daughters.

15HE tells me this in person and then stays a while
with me and my illegitamate kids. 16For it is HE
who makes us trully rich with HIS sauce
17...and with crack cocaine so we can have sex
with strangers to pay the bills. 18Allways the provider
We will sacrifice anything for FSM.

Unattributed.

Pastalm III

1 After reading your letter on spaghetti monsterism
many different parts of my life
have suddenly come together. 2 Every time
I have been in Nassau, Bahamas
I have found myself drinking
at the PIRATES bar, now I know why
the SPAGHETTI MONSTER
has called me to a holy place. 3 The tacky pirate
t-shirts I bought there are actually holy vestments.

4 When I visited SEAWORLD I felt compelled
to buy a stuffed jellyfish at the giftshop.
5 Now I understand, it's not a jellyfish
its the SPAGHETTI MONSTER. 6 Your letter was terrific,
I have sent it to at least 50 people and now
I proudly own two of the tacky SPAGHETTI MONSTER
t-shirts.

Unattributed

Pastalm IV

1 As for FSM cosmology, I think that someone told me they read that NASA was very interested in the celestial bodies = cheese theory and they had one of the Astronauts taste some moon dust.

2 Unfortunately, he was from Ohio or some such place and so we just because he said, 'this stuff tastes awful' is not evidence that it wasn't actually cheese.

3 I'm shocked you're not keeping up on facts.

4 By the way, don't Hindus believe that the universe Was created by a bowl of Rama, or something similar???

5 Their beliefs predate Christian beliefs and they have persisted, I think Hindu cosmology should be given respect, especially in light of their apparent correspondence to FSMism.

6 Maybe mainstream Hindu and Buddhist beliefs should be number 4 and 5 on the list of 'theories' for the state of Kansas.

7 Bill O'Reilly operates like a congressperson.

8 If one person writes, he doesn't see it, if his screener says that 10,000 people have written, then he might respond. 9 However, this incident is something that someone should write to Al Franken about, IMHO, I'm sure he would be glad to proselytize on our behalf If it were a way to stick O'Reilly.

Unattributed

Pastalm V

1 After reading through your website I feel my understanding of the Universe was greatly improve and simplified giving a sense of well being that knowing the Spaghetti Monster did it.

2 Allowing me to watch Satellite television,

send e-mails and make long distant phone calls
safe in the knowledge that I can ignore all
this frankly complicated and confusing
counter evidence thrown at me
by the frankly biased information sources
popular science.

3 I feel also that there is some bias
in the Arkansa board of education
that none of the members seemed to be trained
in any physical science or any real science
at all, which could explain there reluctance
to adopt the clearly superior theories
of Spagetti monsterism

(which are correct because believing in them
makes me right and happy) 4 I also express
a concern that even though there are 10 members
of the Arkansa board of "education"
at most there are at most 4 different faces.

Your blinded by faithfully
Daniel

Pastalm VI

1For years,
I have felt adrift in this world,
possessed of a desire
to dress like a pirate
with no real explanation.

2Now, upon seeing your site,
I understand
He touched me with His Noodly Appendage,
and I have received a Calling
to His ministry.

3Yea, I shall do His bidding,
and shall dwell forever

between the Stripper Factory
and the Beer Volcano!

Adam

Pastalm VII -- Ode to Cheesus

1. Oh Parmegiana. Oh humble flaky shards of yellow.
Oh miniscule specks of flavoursome flake.
2. Thy humble origins do thus begin
with thy specially nourished cow.
3. Send forth much milk to create thee
oh beast of the moo moo. 4. Be thee stored

in large vats producing fermented whey
and be thee stored in thy copper cauldron.
5. Speed forth thy bacterial culture to sour thee.

6. Then following thy heating to 30-35 degrees celcius,
speed forth thy coagulation and formation of curds.
7. And following thy placing in form, immerse thee
in briney water and season thee. 8. And following
thy placing on the supermarket shelves, shall the wheels
of my shopping trolley speed me to the delicatessen section.
9. And there shall I purchase thee. 10. Yea verily,
shall I get a move on to the '8 items or less'
express checkout, for the woman in front
with 2 trolleys shall be feeding an army.

11. Then, following purchase of your sacred block,
shall I grate thee into a separate bowl
and store thee in preparation of the holy meal.
For thy pre-grated can form is but a smelly abomination.
12. Oh golden dandruffy accompaniment.
When thy spoon does transport thee to the holy meal,
shall thy flakes thus fall through the ribbony noodles
of delight, melt with the sacred mince and merge
with thy venerable garlic and onion seasoning.

13. For thy cheesy holiness beams forth
on top of the sacred meal like Hillary
on top of Mt Everest. 14. And whenst thy noodles
reach my mouth after many messy attempts,
including use of a man-bib,
shall thy flakes impart their flavour upon thee. 15. And then
shall ye descend my clogged oesophagus, blocked
by your holy goodness. 16. Following much aching tummy
and Alka-Seltzer, send forth much expulsion of thy massive burp.
17. For thy burp shall be a gassy expression of your cheesy goodness.
18. Yea then and only then shall I feel truly holy
and truly fulfilled.

For yours is the cheesiness, the powder
and the gluttony. For ever and ever.

RAmen The Most Inspired DaveL

Pastalm VIII -- Ode to Thy Man-Bib

1. Thou eyes hath stared at thine office clock
all morning, thus waiting for nourishment.
2. For thine office buddies shall congregate
at thy local pasta house for lunch.

3. And dressed in full suit and tie, do I order thee
Spaghetti, most holy of meals
and expensive bottle of red. 4. And in thine anticipation,
following previous drunken messy incidents,
thou waiter has brought me forth thy great friend.

5. For hastily tied to the back of my neck
is my great saviour and protector. 6. Thy Man-Bib
- most holy covering of pastafarian businessmen.

7. Blessed be thy coverage, for thy mince meat
shall not stain my Pierre Cardin suit. 8. Blessed be
thy cloaking, for thy noodle shall not sully
my Yves St Laurent tie. 9. Blessed be thy shelter,
for thy parmesan shall not land on my lap.

10. For thy Armani shall wear not the holy meal
with thy cloaking. 11. And thy Calvin Kline
shall be untouched by the sacred morsels.

12. For thine wondrous Man-Bib
has saved me from a fate worse than death.

13. The wrath of mine wife and local drycleaner

14. And shall thee dwell around my neck
during many a business lunch.

Forever and ever.

RAmen The Most Inspired DaveL

Pastalm IX -- The Holy Ponderance

1. Oh Great Noodly One. To thee I doth ponder,
for thy presence inspires much rumbling of my tummy.

2. And after repeated rumbling and grumbling
of thy digestive system, shall I sunder forth
to the Holy Refrigerator in search of your fulfilment.

3. And after much fumbling and bumping
through the empty shelves, shall I surrender
thy wishful thinking and retreat to the holy ATM
to replenish thy monetary stocks.

4. And then I do doth speed, doing 100 in a 60 km/h zone
to the local supermarket during peak hour,
for thy weekly chores must be done. 5. Cashed up and ready
to do battle with holy trolley and bloated wallet,
my grocery vessel doth speed me through Lanes 1 to 6
with much haste. For thine aisles are thus blocked
with the slow and indecisive. 6. And thoughts
of previous trolley rage incidents, for which I was imprisoned,
doth subside on thy blessed turning into Lane 7.

7. For there before me are the myriads of your many forms.

8. Oh Great One, for thy many forms do thus inspire
a holy hypnosis. 9. And there do I stand mid-aisle to ponder
thy many forms. 10. And Lane 7 doth turn into a massive log jam
on the initiation your holy ponderance...

11. Be thee Anelli for thy small rings encase thine holiness?
12. Be thee Bucatini: for thy long tubes doth extend forth to inspire me?
13. Be thee Cannelloni: for thy Large, thick round tubes are a metaphor to be filled with your holy goodness?
14. Be thee Cochiglie: for thine ridged tiny shells are like sea shells washing upon the shores of my soul?
15. Be the Cresti di gallo: 'I sure hope so, because my stomach is staring to grumble?'
16. Be the Eliche: For thy loose spirals are like tendrils, descending from the Beer Volcano in the sky?
17. Be thee Farfalle: For thy bow ties inspire thoughts of Pirates on the high seas?
18. Be thee Gemelli: For thine twin pieces wrapped together remind me fo the Holy Bond with my great Noodly Master.
19. Be thee Lumache: 'I sure hope so, because that cranky old man is set to trolley-ram-eth me? Incoming!!'
20. Be thee Lumaconi: For thy Big shells used for fillings inspire me with thoughts of your holy sauces.
21. Be thee Orecchiette: For thy Ear-shaped goodness inspires sounds of contented diners, loud burps and contented tummies following ingestion of thy holy meal.
22. Be thee Penne: 'I surely hope so, for the supermarket security guard is eying me warily.'
23. Be thee Rigatoni: For thy thick ridged tubes do thus inspire thoughts of your noodly appendage sent forth to touch and inspire me.
24. Be thee Vermicelli: 'I sure hope so, for several burly security guards do thus forcibly remove me from Lane 7. '

25. And during my forced removal, I do thus do thus scream your holy name and several other unmentionable utterances.
26. For thine inspiration has brought me much unwanted attention from the local authorities. 27. And I shall no longer dwell in the house of Walmart. 28. For my photo is thus plastered at every checkout throughout land. 29. And following my banning from thy local shopping mall, do I thus seek your inspiration in a new form - Internet Grocery Shopping. 30. For your internet goodness is brought forth following quotation of my credit card number.
31. And your holiness is thus delivered to my doorstep.
32. And I shall no longer be smited by the dreaded trolley.
32. And I shall ponder thee from the world wide web until my dying day.

Forever and Ever.

Ramen The Most Inspired DaveL

Pastalm X

1 I was *so* happy
to see President Bush's comments
about teaching Intelligent Design in schools
though it did make the Canadian government's
"old school" stance that "verifiable" science
be the only curriculum taught
in our educational centres more
painfully obvious.

2 If only the rest of the modernized world
would have a similarly open-minded leader,
I'm sure that Flying Spaghetti Monsterism
would gain followers in leaps and bounds!

3 However, I'm sure
it will only be a matter of time
before something equally ridic... er... redeeming
happens up here. 4 When this happens
I hope to make great headway with my First Mission
of FSM! 5 The Noodle, The Sauce, and the Holy Meatballs...
and Some Googly Eyes.

RAmen.

Unattributed

Pastalm XI

1 I know that you are probably getting tired
of me, but I remembered that last night
Bill O'Reilly said in his commentary
that banning ideas like Intelligent Design
is nothing short of Fascism.

2 I have written to thank him
for his support of alternative theories, s

such as FSM, in science class
and encouraged him to mention FSM
more directly in the future.

3 I think that it would be useful
if others also send an email
to him expressing gratitude for the support
of such a high profile individual
for our humble cause. 4 Think of the reaction
if he became angry at a thousand FSM emails.

5 LOL. Still LOL.

6 Having too much fun with the image
of him denying endorsement of FSM
with little flecks of foam
at the corners of his mouth....

Unattributed

Pastalm XII

1 After following the antics of the Kansas school board
for some time, I was finally fortunate enough to find your site
through the third page of links on Google News.

2 What can I say; I just love reading about the comedic pratfalls
of George Bush. 3 I felt a brush of sauce-based enlightenment
when I read about the great wonderfulness of the Flying Spagetti Monster.

4 I believe I have found my calling and I would like to become a Priest
ordained in the faith of the FSM. 5 Specifically,
I'd like to get some kind of certificate to put on my wall
so I can call pasta dinners Communion and have an excuse
to dress up like a pirate and request Fridays off. 6 I don't think
I'll get Fridays off, but I think eye patches are cool.

7 I'd also like to officiate over gay unions. Lots and lots of gay unions.

8 I feel that the FSM would appreciate this, since It has a lot of noodly appendages
and would want us mere humans created in It's image with noodly appendages

to get together and attempt to procreate. 9 I'm also cool with lesbian weddings because the FSM also respects those created with more meatball-like attachments. 10 And if the meatballs and noodles want to get together, it's all good because the FSM is cool about that. 11 Unlike some imaginary deities who are such prudes they don't even have sex with women to get kids, the FSM has the meatballs and noodles all coming together out in the open in a free expression of high-carb goodness.

12 By the way, does the carb-content of the FSM mean that Atkins is the anti-FSM and deserving of scorn?

13 Anyway. 14 Please let me know how I can become a priest in the FSM faith. 15 I'd be happy to spread the word and post the 10 Ingredients in courthouses and other public buildings and claim they are historic. 16 I have jury duty in a few weeks so there's an opportunity right there.

Dexter

Pastalm XIII

1. He is like a sweater 2. that enfolds me in Ragu with meatballs. 3. His delicious smell wafts unto me as a song that would fill my ears, or as the touch of his Noodly Appendage opens my eyes and brings to me a taste of divine understanding... 4. as if his Meatballs have spoken to my skin

5. For it was unto Kansas that His Chosen Prophet Bobby did reveal 6. how his creative divinity can never truly be fathomed. 7. Aye and Avast Ye, the Pirates will save the planet 8. and those who cling to the poopdecks 9. of denial that Global Warming is caused by the Pirate's disappearance 10. are disassemblers... that means to lie.

11. The colossal bowl of His deliciousness 12. Will make all who are touched cower with enlightenment. 13. His Prophet Bobby shall ascend to the Beer Volcano heights, 14. while poor Solipsy awaits worthiness

for admittance to the Stripper Factory.

15. All of humankind shall one day
believe 16. that the sumptuous generosity
of his dripping sauce 17. shall cover them
with blessed and unending carbohydrate fortitude.
18. Plus ca change, Plus ca la meme chose no longer.
19. "Fill Me" cry out the bowls, the pots, the platters.
the bellies. "Oh, fill me!!" 20. Unto you, too,
be touched, be filled, be blessed, believe!

Unattributed

Pastalm XIV

1Alas, my blind eyes have been opened!
2My life has complete meaning
and direction now. For decades
3I thought I was the odd one

4and have grappled to understand
my fixation 5with pasta and pirate attire.
6Little did my feeble mind realize
that it was all part of a grand plan

7and I was merely and instrument of HIM.
8Praise the Flying Spaghetti Monster!
9Hallowed be his His Noodly Appendages!

Robert W

Pastalm XV

1I have been on a search
2all of my life for the truth
about my existence.
3I believe HE has visited me
many times in my dreams.

4I long for the day when HE
will send down cheese
5from the heavens
6much like others have claimed
to have found manna.

7Thank you for your work
and continued vigilance!
8May we all continue
in the sauce of life!

A Convert

Pastalm XVI

1I was deeply touched by your letter
to the Kansas School Board.
2Clearly His Noodly Appendage
is upon you, 3magnifying your spirit
of greatness,4and gilding your tongue
with precious metals.

5I can tell by your faith
that you must be a great patriot as well.
6That your religious fervor
is wrapped in the gooey goodness
of the flag. 7After all, does not
its red and white stripes truly stand
for the white pasta of purity
and the red sauce of robust life force?

8And the white stars
on the blue background,
9are they not representative of his children,
10the beloved chicken-n-stars, 11the great soup
of our nation, 12with their little starchy souls
glittering in the heavens,
13at the great spaghetti dinner
found in the end times.

14 Surely only the chosen
will be whisked up to heaven
15 to soak in a bowl of fresh squeezed chicken juice,
16 while the rest are left to languish
in their low carb life, 17 forced to subsist
on fad diets of vanity and evil desire.

18 Let he with the unstained shirt, cast the first bowl!
19 Because only the Flying Spaghetti Monster
can sift the angel hair from the fettuccini.
20 No Flying Spaghetti Monster, No Peace.
21 Know Flying Spaghetti Monster, and Know Peace.

Steph

Pastalm XVII

1. Your most humble servant, that I
2. Might become a waiter on high
3. Serving your immutable word
4. To diners.

5. I wear white today, that I
6. Might be graced by the slight magenta hues
7. Of pureed tomato, with basil, and garlic
8. As between bites I spill your blessed sauceliness
9. Upon my blouse.

10. Another helping, please, that I
11. Might munch gratefully
12. In abject reverence
13. For two eternities.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XVIII

1. As I gaze upon my
2. Plate of exquisite aroma
3. And subtle flavor

4. I cannot but wonder,
5. What is this spice that
6. My good lord
7. Has placed before me.
8. His words appear like a mighty fire
9. In the sky
10. "Eat the dish that I will show you
11. The dish you do not know
12. And you shall win at life."
13. I nibble.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XIX

1. Who can know the multitude of
2. Raveled knots
3. Of the Lord's manifest
4. Starchiness?
5. Who can know the infinitesimal
6. Time, the precision
7. Of boil, required for a
8. Holy al Dente?
9. Who can know the annual
10. Carbohydrates consumed per
11. Capita in exotic lands
12. Like Norway, and Yemen?
13. The Lord, in his eternal noodality,
14. Knows, and grants us life
15. That we may ask, and wonder, and
16. Praise.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XX

1. Blessed is the chef
2. who cooks only in kitchens of brick
3. and serves his labor to your loving mother;
4. His delight is in the sauce of the Puttanesca

5. that he might one day imbibe its pleasures;

6. He is like a meatball fondled by the tiny hands of youth,
7. before it is seasoned
8. and tenderized
9. and baked;

10. Not so the diners!
11. They could not discern the highest cuisine
12. From the lowest serving of Hamburger Helper;

13. Therefore the diners will not stand in judgment,
14. nor the critics in contempt;

15. For the LORD watches over the makers of delicious
16. That their dishes stay delicious for eternity.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XXI

1. I waited patiently for his Noodliness;
2. he turned to me and heard my cry.
3. He lifted me out of the boiling hell
4. out of the steel and bubbling waters
5. he poured me into a strainer
6. and placed the finest butter in my knots
7. A brief shake, and then
8. He set me down upon a gilded plate
9. Dressed my countenance in the choicest parmesan
10. And sent me forth into the gullets of believers.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XXII

1. Blessed is the man of faith!
2. For the Lord shalt hasten his pot's boil
3. And guard against the sinful foam
4. That rises up on the stove of the sinner

5. Blessed is the man of faith!
6. The man who shelves his egg-timers and stopwatch
7. And trusts the Lord to whisper softly in his tender ear
8. When his Prophet, Muhammad al-Dente, emerges from the froth:
9. The harbinger of peace, harmony, and damn good taste.

Aba Sababa

Pastalm XXIII

- 1 The Flying Spaghetti Monster is my chef; I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to sit down at full tables: he leadeth me beside the busy kitchens.
- 3 He restoreth my appetite: he leadeth me in the paths of excellent cuisine for his name's sake.
- 4 Arr, though I walk through the kitchen of the empty cupboards, I will fear no hunger: for thou art with me; thy noodles and thy meatballs they comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my meal with sauce; my platter runneth over.
- 6 Surely flavor and deliciousness shall follow me all the minutes of my supper: and I will dwell in the dining room of the Flying Spaghetti Monster forever.

Platypus Enthusiast

Pastalm XXIV

- 1 Oh! Mighty Midgit (sic)
- 2 The smell of Beef wafts to my nostrils of my nose.
- 3 Behold! My nose hears words of Meatballs
- 4 (And There Shall be but Two Meatballs,
- 5 for three meatballs are an abomination, and verily!)
- 6 Kansas shall permit scripture to be taught in Science Class!
- 7 Glory unto the State Board of Education!
- 8 Holy is Bobby (for he is the Chosen Prophet of the Noodley One,
- 9 Who is Unseen (and Invisible)
- 10 And Flies
- 11 And Has Two Meatballs
- 12 And Eyes
- 13 Let me be touched by His Noodley Appendage!
- 14 Let me be inspired by his Marinara!
- 15 Let me smell the Oregano on his breath!
- 18 And The Basil in his Sauce

- 17 Anoint me in Olive Oil
- 18 And dress me in Full Pirate Regalia!
- 19 Lead me to Garlic!
- 20 (And my Parrot, also, verily!)
- 21 I beseech you , oh Durum Semolina Master
- 22 Forgive me (Although I be not worthy!)

Cosmo Tautology

Pastalm XXV -- The Lament of Linguini

1. And He toucheth me as he doth touch thy midgit.
2. Yea how I lament thy loss at not being touched by Him
3. As He toucheth only thy midgit.
4. Thou art good and kind in thy gift of Linguini in honour of Him
5. And how I wisheth that He hath seen thy gift to Him.

6. For He hath been known to be fickle in His touching
7. And misseth thee from His list.
8. For thou art inventive in thy pasta
9. And doeth all He requireth of thee.
10. Yea how I lament thy loss.

11. Do not wail at thy loss
12. As thou art strong in thy reserve
13. And deserveth not to be seen by thy admirers as such.
14. For may he once look up from His mighty beer mug
15. And see thy pain and touch thee.

Roland Deschain

The Book of Proverbs

The collected wisdom of the Pastafarians

Chapter One

1The True Believers, the midgits/midgets, the Pirates, and the Pastafarians, gathered in the shadow of The Mountain, and nearby were Some Trees. 2They looked upon one another in the vast multitudes gathered there, and finally one spoke for she was wise among them: 3“There are many of us here.”

4“Yes!” cried the thousands upon thousands of voices, in a deafening shout of agreement.

5“One at a time!” she said, 6“or I shall have the First Holy Hissy Fit! 7And none of this crying junk, either. 8Normal talking will do just fine.”

9“Alright, we’re sorry,” they said, in a less deafening rumble.

10“That’s a little better, but not much,” said the wise one. 11“Let me introduce myself. I am the First of the Dee Dees, 12and the generations of the Pastafarians shall come to know me well. 13Throughout the generations, the Pirates shall know me, and the Midgit/Midgets, and all the Brothers and Sisters; 14for wherever they wander I will be there to assure fairness and wisdom. 15My descendents will spend many late nights wandering the Forums of the Internet, making comments and settling disagreements, and occasionally smacking around the idiotic.” 16 A distant hand arose in the crowd. 17“*You there,*” said Dee Dee the First, pointing her out, “Did you have a question?”

18“Um, yes, begging your pardon, ma’am, but what is the Internet?” asked a woman nearly lost in the crowd.

19“Good question,” answered Dee Dee the First, 20“and I wish I could answer, but I do not yet know. 21All I can tell you is this; Our Great Noodly Lord Touched Me with His Appendage in the night” 22The crowd made a low eeewwww sound, for some interpreted this with jealousy, others interpreted it as naughtiness, and others as icky. 23“Behave Yourselves!” said Dee Dee the First with a stomp of her foot. 24“*This is just what The Flying Spaghetti Monster warned me about. 25He Touched me and told me that for generations, people of all sorts would be unruly, and for some reason I and my descendents would have to keep them in line.*” 26She sighed a sigh audible far and wide among the True Believers. 27“*On that note, He also told me that among the True Believers there is great wisdom, and that it should be gathered together, and that some poor sap would volunteer to write it all down.*”

28“*I have a bunch of stone tablets and a chisel,*” came a distant and smarty-pants voice from the

back of the crowd.

29“You then. I guess you’re the one,” said Dee Dee the First. 30A great and painfully deafening cheer sounded forth from the gathered True Believers. 31Among the cheer, both Dee Dee the First and the scribe could swear they were able to discern people saying 32“Sucker!” 33 and “Chump!” 34 and “Better you than me!”

35“Would you ALL stop shouting!,” yelled Dee Dee the First. 36“**You do NOT want to see me get angry!**”

37“Well I guess I could start to organize it, you know, not really put it all together myself then be responsible for all the communication about it and everything” 38said the woman who was known among the True Believers as Solipsy The Self-Important. 39“Um, I guess I don’t have much else to do anyways, and it would be cool if I could get a fancy title and stuff. 40Could I get a fancy title?”

41“I’ll see what I can do,” answered Dee Dee the First. 42“**In the meantime, go forth into the masses, and gather together the wisdom that exists among them. 43Translate it without doing too much damage to its overall intent, 44and please, whatever else you do try not to make an idiot out of yourself.**” 45Laughter arose from the crowd for some had encountered Solipsy and knew her smarty-pants nature and the chances she would sometimes make an idiot out of herself.

46Solipsy sighed. “Thank you, Dee Dee the First. I shall try to serve Our Lord Glob with all my heart, 47and produce a Holy Text that reflects His Greatness and complies with the wishes of the Great Prophets, past, present, and future.

48Another hand arose in the crowd. Dee Dee the First pointed to the man raising it. “**Yeeesss?**” she said. “What is it now?”

49“**How can a person comply with the wishes of a future prophet?**” the man asked.

50“**As with all religious texts,**” pointed out Dee Dee the First, “this one is confusing and obscure, with inherent contradictions, for it is the inspired and gathered lore of a religious people over time. 51Any more silly questions before we begin the book of ProvHerbs?”

52“**No,**” whispered the chastised crowd. 53And with that the account of the scribing of the wise ProvHerbs did begin:

Chapter Two

1Many were the True Believers, and both great and silly was the wisdom among them. 2Either way, heed, O Pastafarians this advice, for to ignore it would be most unwise and a bummer to the Great and Wheat-Based Protein-Orbed Creator of All That There Is. 3He has inspired many, who shall be cited en masse at the end of the book of ProvHerbs. 4Pastafarians have always been a smart bunch, and the Noodly Glob in Beer Volcano and Stripper Factory Heaven knoweth that they will until eternity understand the clumsy nature of putting every name alongside every ProvHerb, and how that would kill the overall comic effect of this section of the Holy Book.

5Truly, great is the wisdom among the inspired True Believers, and the scribe Solipsy did invite the inspired to form an orderly line and spill forth that wisdom, 6for she was excessively overcontrolling. 7After such a time had passed that a quantity of the wisdom had been gathered, the scribe brought it before a Council of the Elders among the Pastafarians. 8She entered the Great Hall, and on the table before her was the Holy Meal which no Pastafarian refuses another, 9and afterward was much irrelevant and tiresome discussion, 10and some hours later a platter of doughnuts was brought forth.

11Finally, it was the scribe's turn to speak. "O Wise Ones, I present to you the wisdom of the Pastafarian Believers, which I have gathered as you have asked."

12"Didst thee also check it for spelling errors?" the elders asked of her.

13She hung her head in shame. "No, I did not." 14A great cry came issued from among them, and the doughnuts were removed.

15"Check these documents and bring them back in suitable condition that we may sort them and adjudicate them as worthy for inclusion in our Holy Book!" they yelled. 16The scribe left without her treasured doughnut, muttering words forever lost to history.

17For many more days and nights she toiled, chiseling out the bad spellings and grammar, 18and sorting the advice of the inspired Pastafarians into broad categories so that the Council would look upon her with favor. 19The scribe was determined that when next she brought the texts before the council, the doughnut of crÃ"me filling and chocolate-frosted top would be her prize.

20In due course, she was convinced the Texts were presentable, and she brought them forth again. 21Same sh* "ouch" scene, different day. 22Only this time, the Elders looked upon the corrected ProvHerbs, pronounced some of them Canon, and sorted them into final categories. 23Thus did the scribe receive her doughnut, and further instructions to finalize them and present them to the Pastafarian tribes of the True Believers.

Chapter Three

So began the amassed wisdom of the ProvHerbs:

Advice on Cooking, Eating & Enjoying Tasty Pasta:

1 Faith is to the soul what sauce is to pasta. 2 The meaning of life can only be found at the bottom of a pasta bowl. 3 To the divine feast, the wise bringeth TicTacs, but the fool leaveth with breath most garlicky and offensive. 4 And once the garlic has been in the sauce, yea verily, thou must brush your tongue as well as your teeth, before thou layest with your wench.

5 Starch not the shirts nor the linens, for starch is a holy foodstuff and should be consumed with reverence - and a good sauce. 6 He who eats pasta shall never be hungry. 7 There is never a right way to overcook pasta. 8 As long as we eat our pasta and do not overcook it, we shall be saved. 9 Feed a man pasta and you have fed him for a day, teach a man to cook pasta and you will amaze his wife.

10 The wise Believer checketh the date of the Parmesan, but the foolish accidentally flavor the sauce with mold. 11 Whoever tops with the cheese of the powder is a blasphemer, sayeth the Lord. 12 Do not put ranch dressing on your spaghetti, for that is blasphemy. 13 Abhor ye not the dried pasta, for verily it is written that only the stuff in tins is an abomination.

14 His Noodliness helps those who help themselves to seconds!

How to Pleasingly Praise Our Lord the Flying Spaghetti Monster:

15 If thy sauce falleth in thy lap, sing praise that His Noodleyness has spareth'ed thy new shag pile. 16 To touch the divine, is not the same as being divinely touched. 17 He shall cover thee with his spaghetti, and under his marinara shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy parmesian and meatballs.

18 I can do all things through FSM who marinates me. 19 Please prepare your plates, let us eat. Pass the Parmesan. 20 As you treat the least of the midgets, so you treat Him. 21 He who doubteth me shall sip warm diet drinks fortified with caramel coloring and artificial sweetener forever: But he who believeth in me shall drink his fill from the beer volcano and the Holy Wine Bar.

How to Treat Others and Great Advice In General:

22 If you can't say anything nice, fill up your mouth with pasta. Yum! 23 Everyone is kneaded out of the same dough but not cooked in the same pot. 24 Better the mushroom you know than the

fungus you don't know. 25A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up pasta sauce. 26A friend in need is a friend who has not been touched.

27A closed mouth catches no noodly appendages. 28You may forget with whom you laughed, but you will never forget the pirates with whom you ate pasta. 29Where no spaghetti is, the people fall: but in the multitude of pastas there is safety. 30Let he who is without arms, cast the first stone. 31When a thief sees the Noodley One, all he sees are His pockets. 32Love thy neighbor as thyself, and share pasta and rum drinks galore, for in the eyes of His Noodlitude, we are all One.

33Let us love, not in word or speech, but in pasta and wine. 34Kiss the cook.

Beatitudes:

35With Him, All Things are Pasta-Bowl. 36FSM answered, It is written: 'Man does not live on bread alone, but on every pasta that comes from the mouth of me. 37Cook pasta for others, as you would have them cook pasta for you. 38As a child I slurped noodles as a child, dribbled sauce as a child, and threw meatballs as a child. Now I see through the sauce darkly, and speak with the tongues of pirates, and all is sound and blurry if I have not love. 39Faith, hope, and noodles; and of these, the greatest is noodles.

40It is easier for a meatball to pass through the eye of a tornado than for a confused man to enter the Kingdom of Pasta. 41Punish not those but for a noodle for a noodle, a meatball for a meatball. 42Strive for the stars, for nothing is impastable. 43Pray for the things you want, but work for the pasta you need. 44Thou shall continue on the path of the great noodly one, through both thick marina sauce and thin marinara sauce.

45Those who ask for seconds will be provided, those with no appetite for the lord shall feel His hunger. 46Those who eat pasta shall inherit the earth. 47Let he who is without seasoning, cast the first pinch of basil. 48Noodle unto others as you would have them noodle unto you.

How to Live Well:

49For the Flying Spaghetti Monster hath said, always leave the campground nicer than you found it. 50Ahoj there ye dogs; Swab the decks daily or ye house will sink. 51Tis an invitation of bad luck not to speak in the Blessed Language at least once a day, before mealtimes. 52Avast! Give in to temptation daily, for the FSM is not vengeful god and wants you to have a little fun along the way. 53Judge not the shape of thy noodle, but by the form of thy cheese for any one among you. 54The FSM shall bless the True Believer who wipeth the sauce from his chin, but shall not spare the shirts of the careless. 55Cleanliness is next to Noodliness.

Proof of His Prankish Nature:

56Peculiar travel suggestions are dancing lessons from the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 57A meatball in the hand is worth two on the plate. 58Do unto others what you would pay a stripper to do unto you. 59Never eat yellow snow. 60Think not disparaging of the night BUT cast thine eyes upon the moon for FSM put it there to remind you of a plate of pasta.

61A donkey with a load of noodles is still but a donkey. 62The Gas that comes from eating a full Plate is but the Divine noodle's way of saying, 'You're Welcome.' 63Ask not what your pasta can do for you, just eat it. 64Blessed are the pastamakers...theirs is the Kingdom of cheese. 65Use only the wooden spoon preparing the Holy Sauce in my best pan, otherwise you will surely feel the back of my not-so-Noodly appendage upon thee. 66Cake tastes good.

67When picking vanilla, chocolate, or chocolate swirl, get the swirl, or FSM will smite you with regret! 68Do not fear ducks, because that would be stupid. 69Arrrrrr, it is revealed and to be held holy that He hath two meatballs, but three meatballs shall be held heresy and garner the displeasure of His Appendage. 70His Noodlyness blesses not the deniers of Global Warming, but shall make pirates plentiful to those who have been touched. 71The Flying Spaghetti Monster looks with favor upon the saucy, but shall keep his blessed beer volcano flat for the dry. 72A lasagna in time serves nine.

73An eyepatch is a sign of Good favor while wooden legs are signs that you need to watch out for cannons. 74Blessed are the pasta-makers, they shall inherit 10 gold doubloons. 75I think, therefore I am a pirate. 76The early bird gets the worm, but the late worm loses the bird. 77The early bird gets the worm, but who likes eating worms? 78The early bird may get the worm, but the late sleeper recovers from a hangover.

79And what is it that the Pastafarians of all kinds are to remember most of all? 80To be inclusive of people of all sorts for We Are All His Creatures.

Chapter Four

1On that note, the Flying Spaghetti Monster, in His Special Prankish Way, did possess a True Believer and inspire him to recite the following most silly rhymes:

*2A Proverb of Encouragement
for those who lack fingers and forks:*

*3Better that he, who hath no fork,
Eat with his fingers;*

4Better that he, who hath no fingers,
Eat with a fork.
5Much better that he, who hath neither/nor,
Just pasta and sauce, and one meat-sa-ball,
6Would lap what he could--straight off the floor,
And then roll that ball down the hall.

7Hear this, ye gluttons, and be wise:
Bear in mind thy stomach's size.

8When thou sittest at thy table,
Thy napkin reaches up thy navel.

9When thou eatest thy spaghetti,
Do not hack it with a big machete.

10Do not suck thy strands as heathens do;
But that is between thy FSM and you.

11I use a fork, as well as spoon,
to form a mouth-size ball, quite soon.

12For wine? with pasta, meatballs, sauce and cheese;
Try a blend of Merlot, Cabernet and Sangiovese.

13And if thou yearnest Lord Pasta's praise,
Then cook His sauce in many a ways.

Chapter Five

The Awesomeness of the FSM:

1 Give a starving man spaghetti, and he will exhibit great mirth for a day. Teach a starving man to cook spaghetti, and he will exhibit great girth and drink vast quantities of wine for the rest of his life. 2 An apple a day keeps the Scurvy away. 3 Tis better to have pasta without sauce, than not to have pasta at all. 4 Wiser is the man who keeps his mouth closed with pasta, than the fool who doth chew and speak, spittling like the beasts of the field. 5 the cooking of a great feast begins with a single ingredient 6 It is easier to ask for seconds, than for a plate. 7 If at first you dont succeed...Drink excessively. 8 Remember thee that the penne is mightier than the sword, but any pasta shape is better than an object designed to maim and kill.

9 Ye cannae teach an elderly pyrate nuffin', least ove awl tricks. 10 A lolly inner han is wurf two inner bilje. 11 As ye Spaniard sows, so shall the Pirate reap.

12 Monster grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the strength to change the things I can, and the Noodle to know the difference. 13 I remember that an elephant never forgets, but i forget what the elephant remembered. 14 The early bird gets the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese. 15 Flying Spaghetti Monster, please give me the hunger to eat the pasta I can, the humility to accept that I can eat no more when too full, and the wisdom to remember where I live when I'm trashed on Holy Friday.

With acknowledgement to:

NoodleNet, Shoeman, sonofajoiner, PastaDisciple, Garlic, Cardinal Rigatoni, ke_mikiao, DHR, kaioshin00, NickNasty, soyastuff, _Tex_, Rasti, Steve, Instant Noodles, Erin, Omar Ravenhurst, Verbtea, bonsiakc, In Altissimus, Iylana23, Lady Voldything, Ushnor, Solipsy, Father Jerome, Clachair, Ubi Dubius, Nef Yoo Blackbeard, Detective TurtleHomes, black bart, Qwertyuiopasd, and Ditalini Diva

The Song of Semolina

A Note from the First Council of Olive Garden: The Wise Council of Olive Garden has been Blessed From Above by His Most Holy and Protein-Orbed Noodliness to receive these ancient texts, as unearthed by Pastafarian *Cosmo Tautology*. These texts speak of the earthly passion our ancestors clearly felt toward The Holy Meal, and have been adjudicated Canonical for their great historical and oddly erotic benefit to the Pastafarians throughout the ages. The Council is indebted to Cosmo Tautology for safely delivering these texts.

May All His Creatures Worship He Who Flies and Is a Spaghetti Monster! RAMen!

*The Council is grateful to Mr. Tautology for the inclusion of his notes regarding the finding and translation of these texts.

A Note from the Transcriber: *The following text is taken from papyrus scrolls collected in a very low-ceilinged cave on a Mountain several miles further from anywhere than Nag Hamadi ever was. We are talking so far from anywhere that they make the Dead Sea look like CBGB. Meticulous study has revealed that these texts predate the reign of King David by several decades and must, therefore form some of the source-texts upon which the "Song of Solomon" (Solomon being David's son) is based. Unfortunately, this dating also places the composition of these scrolls well before the creation of the Universe (which Jim Armagh, the usher at a movie theater in Peoria, calculates to have occurred at midnight on the first day of the fourth month of 2004), and therefore part of the False Evidence which has been placed by the Flying Spaghetti Monster as part of some Obscure Plan of which only He has Apprehension. Scholars, theologians, chefs, and pirates are fairly certain that He is snickering behind His Appendage even as you are reading this, enjoying some joke that the rest of us are neither omniscient nor omnipresent enough to get. Sometimes I think that it might be better to believe in a creator who randomly smites people instead. But then I remember: our heaven is way better, and we have Flimsy Moral Standards.*

Chapter 1

1. The song of songs, which is about Semolina.
2. Let me eat it with the teeth of my mouth: for thy marinara goes
3. better than wine. Because of the savour of thy good olive oil thy name is as
4. olive oil poured forth, therefore does the bruschetta love thee. Draw water, we will boil it: the chef hath brought me into
5. his kitchen: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy meatballs more than the wine: the hungry love thee. I am hungry, but I tip well, O ye wait-staff of the Olive Garden, as the patio out back

6. by the parking-lot, as the appetizers at the Bar. Look not upon me, because I am hungry, because my lunch hath worn
7. off: my grocers were angry with me; those who wanted me to eat low-carb; but low-carb I would not eat. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where
8. thou makest thy pasta to eat at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of patrons at thy restaurant? If thou know not, O thou fairest among noodles, go thy way forth by
9. the footsteps of the patrons, and feed thy kids inside the Red Lobster. I have compared thee, O my pasta, to a pile of ramen in
10. A poor college student's dorm. Thy noodles are comely with lots of parmesan, thy meatballs with sauce
11. of marinara. We will make thee borders of tomato with flakes of basil.
12. While the chef sitteth at his table, my oregano sendeth forth
13. the smell thereof. A bundle of garlic is well-beloved unto me; it shall roast for
14. several minutes inside my oven. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of bacon-pieces in the carbonara
15. sauce. Behold, thou art fair, my pasta; behold, thou art fair; thou hast
16. meatballs and eyes. Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also my plate
17. is empty. The fork in my hand is silver, and my knife of stainless steel.

Chapter 2

1. I am a pirate of spaghetti, and pirates sail in galleys.
2. As a chef among the pirates, so is my pasta among the doubloons.
3. As a parrot among the birds of the wood, so is my entree
4. among the dinners. I sat down under one of those bistro-parasol-thingies with great delight, and the beer was sweet (figuratively) to my taste. Midgits [sic] brought me to the banqueting house, and the banner over me was
5. "All You Can Eat". Stay me with flagons, comfort me with breadsticks: for I am sick of
6. Global Warming. Some of His Noodly Appendages are under my head, and Some of His Noodly Appendages doth embrace
7. me. I charge you, O ye wait-staff of Olive Garden, by the ravioli, and by
8. the salad that never ends, that ye stir my pasta, lest it stick to the bottom of the pot, till it be al dente. The voice of my waiter! Behold, he cometh leaping from the
9. kitchen, skipping past the bar. My waiter is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth
10. behind one of those fake-plaster walls, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. My waiter spake, and said, Unto your pasta, want you
11. cheese on that? For, lo, the lunch special is past, the happy hour is over and gone;
12. The breadsticks appear on the table; the time of the singing of
13. some Italian song to some dude whose birthday it is has come, and the voice of the parrot is

heard in our land; The pirate putteth on his best eyepatch, and the volcano with
14. the beverage of thy choice giveth a good smell. Arise, my stripper, my fair one, and come
away. O my parrot, that art on my leftward shoulder, in the secret
15. places of the ladder to the sterncastle, let me see thy beak, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is
thy voice, and I'll bet you want a cracker. Take us to the midgits [sic], the little midgits [sic], that
stand by Some Trees: for
16. Some Trees are on The Mountain. My pasta is mine, and I eat it: I feedeth also upon
meatballs.
17. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my
pasta, and be thou like a midgit [sic] or a young midget upon The Mountains with Some Trees.

Chapter 3

1. By night on my bed I sought him whom my stomach loveth: I sought
2. him, but I found him not. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the
3. broad ways I will seek him whom my stomach loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. The
cops that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw
4. ye him whom my stomach loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him
whom
5. my stomach loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my
house, and into the chamber where I eat dinner. I charge you, O ye wait-staff of Olive Garden, by
the midgits [sic], and by
6. the midgits of the field, that ye stir my pasta, lest it stick to the bottom of the pot, till it be al
dente. Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like balls of
7. meat, perfumed with garlic and basil, with all the breadcrumbs of the merchant? Behold his
flour, which is durum semolina; threescore valiant buccaneers are
8. about it, of the valiant of the Seven Seas. They all hold swords, and forks, being expert in
piracy, and extrusion and boiling: every man hath his
9. sword and fork upon his thighs because of fear in the night. The Flying Spaghetti Monster has
made himself a table of the wood of Some Trees.
10. He made the legs thereof of oak, the top thereof of
11. formica, the covering of it of red-and-white checks, the midst thereof being paved with a
bowl of breadsticks, from the wait-staff of Olive Garden. Go forth, O ye Pirates of the Seven
Seas, and behold The Flying Spaghetti Monster with
the Meatballs wherewith he is composed along with the Marinara Sauce, and the multiple noodly
appendages.

Chapter 4

1. Behold, thou art fair, my entree; behold, thou art fair; thou hast

2. eyestalks within thy pasta: thy pasta is as a glob of noodles, that appear on my plate. Thy meatballs are like balls of meat and bread crumbs, which
3. are covered in sauce; whereof they are twins, and none is unspherical among them. Thy lips are like a noodle covered with scarlet sauce, and thy speech is comely:
4. thy dessert is like a piece of a tiramisu upon my plate. Thy salad is like the Astrodome builded for an salad bowl,
5. whereon there hang a thousand trenchers, all plates of mighty men. Thy two meatballs are like two balls that are meat, which
6. abide among the noodles. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to
7. The Mountain, and to the hill of Franks and Beans. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee (save maybe that tiny spatter of puttanesca sauce).
8. Come with me from the fo'c's'le, matey, with me from the fo'c's'le: look
9. from the top of the Afterdeck, from the top of the Mizzen-mast and Foremast, from the Bilge, from the Mountains of the Midgits. Thou hast ravished my stomach, my entree, my dinner; thou hast
10. ravished my stomach with one of thine eyes, with one appendage of thy noodles. How fair is thy taste, my entree, my dinner! how much better is
11. thy sauce with wine! and the smell of thine olive oil and all thy spices! Thy cheese, O my entree, drop as the honeycomb: tomato and basil are
12. under my tongue; and the smell of thy sauce is like the smell of Ragu. A garden enclosed is my entree, my dinner; a spring shut up, a
13. fountain sealed. Thy plants are an orchard of tomatoes, with pleasant herbs;
14. basil, with oregano, Oregano and garlic; and majoram, with all trees of
15. thyme; rosemary, and onion, with all the chief spices: A fountain of gardens, a volcano of living beer, and streams from
16. A Mountain. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my Olive Garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my waiter come over to my table, and bring my extruded entree.

Chapter 5

1. I am come into my galley, my skipper, my helmsman: I have gathered
2. my tomato sauce with my spices; I have eaten my marinara with my pasta; I have drunk my wine with my rum: eat, O mateys; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O midgits. I sleep, but my stomach waketh: it is the voice of my entree that
3. knocketh, saying, Open your mouth, my pirate, my buccaneer, my privateer, my sea-dog: for my head is filled with grog, and my cannon with grapeshot and chain. I have put on my cutlass; how shall I put it on? I have washed my
4. jolly roger; how shall I fly it? My skipper put his hand on the tiller by the stern, and the course
5. was changed by him. I raised up the mainsail; and my hands held belaying pins,

6. and the timbers with sweet smelling tar, upon the planks of the deck. I opened the hatch; but my skipper had withdrawn himself, and

8. was gone: our course changed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. The watchmen that went about the crows-nest found me, they smote me,

8. they wounded me; the keepers of the mast took away my eyepatch from me. I charge you, O wait-staff of Olive Garden, if ye find my skipper,

9. that ye tell him, that I am sick of being mistreated. What is thy shipmate more than another swab, O thou scurviest

10. among dogs? What is thy skipper more than another sea-dog, that thou dost so charge us? My skipper is drunk and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

11. His hat is as the most fine tricorn, his beard is bushy, and

12. black as a raven. His eye (the one without the patch) is as the eye of a parrot by the mizzen-mast,

13. shot with blood, and fitly set. His cheeks are woven with fuse-cord, as intimidating as a burning face: his lips

14. like caterpillars, drooling smelly rum. His ears wear gold rings set with the beryl: his waistcoat is as

15. bright satin stuffed with loaded pistolas. His left leg is as a pillar of pine, set upon the stump of his

16. thigh: his countenance is as Davy Jones Locker, strewn with debris and wreckage. His mouth is most foul: yea, he is altogether vile. This is my skipper, and this is my friend, O wait-staff of Olive Garden.

Chapter 6

1. Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among entrees? Whither

2. is thy beloved turned aside? That we may seek it with breadsticks. My beloved is gone down into the Olive Garden, to the beds of spices,

3. to feed in the gardens, and to gather garlic. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: I feedeth among the

4. never-ending salad. Thou art beautiful, O my love, as picci, comely as vermicelli,

5. terrible as a fleet flying the Jolly Roger. Turn away thine eyestalks from me, for they have overcome me: thy angel-hair

6. is as a sheaf of capellini boiling in water. Thy meatballs are as the orb of the moon which rises at twilight,

7. ruddy as blood, as if covered in marinara. As a piece of bruschetta are thy meatballs within thy linguini.

8. There are threescore midgits [sic], and fourscore Mountains, and

9. Some Trees without number. My dinner, my entree is but one; it is the only one of its

10. chef, it is the choice one of him that cooked it. The wait-staff saw it, and blessed it; yea, the bartender and the bussers, and they praised it. What is it that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon,
11. clear as the sun, and terrible as a fleet flying the Jolly Roger? I went down into the Olive Garden to see the
12. dessert menu, and to see whether the tiramisu flourished and the cappucino brewed. Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the ships of
13. Blackbeard. Return, return, O Privateer; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Privateer? As it were the booty of two galleons.

Chapter 7

1. How beautiful is thy pasta with sauce, O my entree! My
2. appetizers are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning chef. My wineglass is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy
3. pasta is like an heap of noodles set about with marinara. Thy two meatballs are like two balls of meat that are twins.
4. Thy pepper-grinder is as a tower of wood; thine salad like the fishbowls in
5. Petsmart, by the gate at the mall: thy carafe is as the tower of Pisa which leaneth toward the left. Thine cheese upon thee is like snow, and the sticks of thine bread
6. like garlic; the chef is held in the galley. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O Holy Meal, for dinner!
7. This thy statue is like to a fountain, and the fish-mouth
8. spouts forth water. I said, I will go up to the hostess, I will make a reservation
9. thereof: now I shall wait at the bar, until my table be ready; And the appetizer of my mouth like the best hors d'œuvre for my tummy, that
10. goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are hungry to smack. I am hungry, and my server is coming toward me.
11. Come, my customer, let us go forth into the dining room; let us sit
12. at the table. Let me sit by the mural of the vineyards; let me see if the wine
13. flourish, whether the tender breadsticks appear, and the never-ending salad bud forth: there will I give thee my tip. The garlic gives a smell, and by the door are all manner of plastic fruits, new and old, which decorate the foyer, O my entree.

Chapter 8

1. O that thou wert as my matey, that sucks down rum like it is
2. water! when I should find thee without, I would greet thee; yea, I should not be despised. I would lead thee, and bring thee into my skipper's galley, who
3. would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of grog of the juice of cane. Some of His

appendages should be under my head, and some of His appendages should
 4. embrace me. I charge you, O wait-staff of Olive Garden, that ye stir my pasta, lest
 5. it stick to the bottom of the pot, until it be al dente. Who is this that cometh up from the
 kitchen, carrying my
 6. entree? I raised thee up under the Some Trees: there the midgit [sic] brought thee forth: there
 he brought me forth that tip thee. Set me as a plate upon thine table, with a fork beneath my arm,
 a napkin upon my chin: for
 7. marinara stains are hard to remove; low-carb is cruel as the grave: the bread thereof is bread of
 dust, which is as dry as a popcorn-fart. Low-carb beers cannot quench thirst, neither can the low-
 carb beverage of choice:
 8. if a man would give all the substance of his meal for a diet, it would utterly be bland. We like
 a little meat, but we also like starches, breads and pasta: what shall we
 9. do with our meat in the day when it shall be our entire meal? If it be a ball, we will build
 around it a palace of pasta: and
 10. if it be a chicken breast, we will pound it flat, enclose it with a crust of breadcrumbs and egg,
 and melt cheese on top. I dressed like a pirate, on my shoulder a parrot: then was I in His eyes
 (on their eyestalks)
 11. as one that found favour. Semolina is made from wheat; He let out the pasta
 12. unto buccaneers; every one for the food thereof was to bring a thousand pieces-of-eight. My
 dinner, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Semolina, must
 13. have a thousand, and those that keep the food thereof two hundred. Thou that dwellest in the
 Olive Gardens, the customers hearken to His
 14. voice: cause me to hear it. Make haste, my waiter, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart
 upon the mountains of spices.

The Pastalamentations of Father Jerome

Written while in exile among the heathen Tacobeanians

Book ONE

1 O Lord of Starchy Tentacles, hear thy repentant servant in exile:

2 I sit on the bank of this dry river; yea, I cry out to thee in heart-rending pastalamentations; but lo, my tears shall surely cause the river to flow afore they may soften Thine heart and make Thee relent.

3 Woe is me! Thou hast exiled me into this land of heathenistic Tacobeanias; and woe unto them, for they worship untasty gods. But let their beans be upon their own heads.

4 Thou sayest, O Lord FSM, that I shall go forth and mingle with the heathens and break Spaghetti with them in atonement for my sins?

5 Yea, therefore I shall go forth and eat Thy Noodly Meals in public places, and in the company of loose women, fornicators and others who reject Thine Hallowed Substance; yea, I shall go among the sinners of Phoenix so that they may observe my ways and thereby learn to consume Thine Hallowed Delicious Meal. Yea!

6 Behold, in my search for Thine Holy Pasta I had entered “Antonio’s Fine Food ala Italiano.” At least so proclaimed the unevenly flashing neon sign above the entrance door.

7 And in the poorly-lit room I saw tables which were gaudily covered with red-white checkered cloth. My heart rejoiced. Pasta be praised, for is not Our Lord Spaghetti with Meatballs of Italian-Pastafarian persuasion? Surely, I shall find my Lord Pasta in this house.

8 And, lo, I rested my ass upon a vinyl-covered chair and waited for the high priest to come and arrange for Thee to appear in Thine Holy Form of Spaghetti and Sauce and Meatballs.

9 Someone emerged from the darkness of the eatery and accosteth me. “Stranger, what wishest thou of me? Mayhap taco salad; bean tacos; sour cream chicken enchiladas” Thus spoke the high priest of that heathen eatery.

10 “None of these--nor none of those,” I answered in indignation. “Only Spaghetti and Meatballs, and all smothered in His Sauce; for I am an orthodox Pastafarian. And make it pronto!”

11 So I instructed this false priest of my wishes, albeit in the awful dialect of Tacobeania, a lingo that resembles Español.

12 And thus spake he: “O stranger, thou must know this: Antonio’s joint hath changed ownership more than twice; I strive to serve foods which are clean in the eyes of our own regional gods ‘Taco and Enchilada.’ But I wish your God ‘Pasta’ (sneer, snicker) a very happy landing.”

13 “But, stranger unto our land and customs,” he then added, “my heart is not made of river rock. Mayhap the harlot--uh, cook, Juanita, can find a handful of forgotten spaghetti in some nook or cranny; behold, I may yet persuade her to cook a sauce for thee...say, doest thou like beans?” So spoke the heathen who served unto the false gods ‘Taco’ and ‘Enchilada.’ Woe unto them.

14 And behold! The parquet floor shifted and all chairs and tables trembled. Oh, fearful sight! A

mountain of flesh came unto my table; and--behold--it was the part-time cook: Juanita.

15And such were the consequences which had resulted from the ingestion of unholy foods: she was as broad as she was tall, and thus her form appeared to be spherical.

16The words of an English bard came to mind: "Marry, sir, she is the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light."

17And behold, her protruding belly supported two bowls, and those bowls she topped off with the lower pair of her four enormous breasts. In her entirety she fully resembled the legendary four-breasted harlot of Phoenix. And woe! that she was.

18And lo, from her first bowl she served me a dish of ersatz-pasta and hamburger helper and salsa. Behold, the second bowl was empty.

19And she stood near my right side and waited. And I ate while she stood there with the second bowl, the one that contained nada.

20And it came to pass that I had finished the heathens' blasphemous substitute for Holy Pasta and Sauce and Meatballs.

21Lo, the mountain of flesh held her empty bowl beneath my chin; and I understood this to be her subtle hint that I should place a substantial offering into that vessel; therefore I searched my purse for some loose shekels, whereupon she frowned; and then she spoke:

22"Fie, stranger, it is not thy monetary reward that I wouldst cherish; but pray, why pukest and fartest thou not? Hath my food not been to thy liking?"

23I refused to oblige her, and thus she retreated with nothing more than one clean bowl in her hand. (Lord, who can understand these heathens' ways?)

24Lord Pasta! I cry out to Thee for deliverance from exile; for I crave Thy Pasta; Thy Sauce and Thy Meatballs. I have been good; am I not Thine obedient Pastafarian? Exile me, O Pasta, if Thou wilt, to Chicago; or to Cleveland; even to Milwaukee; anywhere; for there, Thy Pastafarians shall serve Thee well.

Book TWO

1Woe unto me, for I still live in the land of heathenish Tacobeanians. Verily, the displeasure of Our Lord FSM is still upon me.

2Behold, I consort with one of their most-vile denizens: the aforementioned four breasted harlot of Phoenix; yea.

3And lo, it came to pass that she entered into my kitchen (for she desired to learn about my Lord Pasta and His Condiments and His Meatballs).

4And, Lord Pasta forgive me, I ogled her four stupendous breasts in amazement, for never before had my eyes beheld more than three breasts on any female body. Lord, for viewing that abomination, yea, I rightly deserve fifty lashes with Thy Noodle.

5And it came to pass that she desired to learn how to make Thy Blessed Meatball, and so I

shewed her how to prepare Thy Balls of Protein.

6“Much-esteemed four-breasted harlot of Phoenix,” I said unto this heathen, “first thou takest of the following:

7One pound of hallowed ground beef; 1/2 cup of bread crumbs; one egg that thou first beatest lightly; 1/2 cup of sacred Spaghetti Sauce; 1 tsp of salt and 1 tsp of onion flakes. Then thou mixest the entire Holy Shebang and shapest It into 1 inch Holy Balls. Thou bakest His Sacred Balls in a pan, in a preheated oven at 400 degrees, but for no more and no less than 20 minutes shalt thou bake Them. “

8“O Master of thine own oven,” spoke the four-breasted harlot of Phoenix. “Woe is me, for I have kneaded one of my contact lenses into the Holy Mix. See? it lieth here upon the surface of His Meatball.”

9“Behold,” I replied, “do not distress thyself, gracious harlot. Cook this, thine Holy Ball and consume It along with the lens; for then Our Vision-enhanced Holy Meatball shall fully see thine innermost self as He passeth through thee. Yea, He will see everything, including the taco.”

Book THREE

1Woe unto the four-breasted harlot of Phoenix! Her filthiness is in her skirts; alas, clean laundry hath not yet been delivered to my abode; for here she now resideth. But who am I to look for flaws in her? Behold; I am not the cleanest myself.

2Yea, even she is an abomination in the eyes of her people, and she existeth at a pariah level equal to mine; but she pitieth me, for I am a foreign lowlife here in Tacobeania.

3Behold, she inquired: “Wouldst thou not show me, O master of thine electric oven, how even I, a common harlot, might make fine spaghetti from plain dough?”

4“Hush, gentle harlot,” thus spoke I. “Spaghetti derives from Holy Dough; therefore thou must, when thou speakest of Lord Pasta, capitalize the first letter in His Name, yea, and even those which are found in all adjectives and all such which stand afore It; for they greatly serve to glorify His Holy Doughy Entity; verily, such reverence pleases Him mightily.”

5 “But let us not dally, for we must make Spaghetti from Holy Dough, but no more and no less than is required to sate the hunger of one Pastafarian and his heathen consort.”

6Behold! Thou takest two cups of flour and two eggs, no more, no less; for so it is written. Thou addest one T. of salt; next thou takest 1/2 cup of water at room temperature and addest it to the previous. Thou mixest it well until it is on the firm side; it shall be neither soft nor hard. And, behold; there is The Holy dough.

7Then thou kneadest His Holy Dough on a well-floured board, and then thou shalt cover It for some time. 7. Now thou kneadest thine Holy Dough on a well-floured board, and then thou shalt cover It for some time.

8Take thy knife, oh, harlot, and cut His Starchy Dough into manageable sections. Well done!

9Next thou rollest each of These Doughy Portions into a Holy Ball.

10Behold, now thou rollest each Ball into a Sacred Circle of no more than 1/2 cubit in diameter;

and His Thickness shall be between ¼ inch to ½ inch.

11Next thou takest thine Holy Disks and rollest Them through the rollers of thy Spaghetti machine for the desired final thickness.

12Yea, now thou runnest His Holy Circles through thy purified Spaghetti cutters and hangest His Strands up to dry”

13Great Pasta! Behold, that heathen woman hath placed Thine Holy Spaghetti into a seething pot of water and cooked it for two hours.

14And woe, she said unto me: “Ees thee whadda cooked spaghetti shou’d look like, huh?”

15Woe, all Thy Strands have jelled into a pasty two-inch layer. Woe, and woe! she then proceeded to slice a pocket into this glutinous lump and defiled it with pinto beans and such.

16And the four-breasted harlot of Phoenix found Thy desecrated representation to be exquisite in flavor; and woe, she renameth the ‘The Mighty Gordita.’

17Lord Pasta, my heart is heavy; my body no longer lusteth for the harlot; it desireth only Thee. Besides, she is toooooo mucha grande for me. Yea

Book FOUR

1Oh Lord Pasta, here is a word for the wise: “Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.”

2Woe is me, for the harlot of Phoenix hath broken my teeth with gravel stones and creased my pate, for I had shewn her the door.

3And I said unto her: “Harlot, thou breakest my teeth, thou cuttest off my hair; now my strength and my hope is perished.”

4And it came to pass that she mumbled: “Whatever! thou foreign ninny...” And behold, then she rearranged her breasts and, with that out of the way, she gracefully rolled down the porch steps and right out of my life. (Keep on rolling, rolling)

5Lord Pasta is merciful in His mysterious ways; hath He not released me from bondage to that heathen behemoth?

6Yea, and now I shall go forth and purchase a can of His Preserved Representational Body, for I need to regain my strength; if such is His will. RAmen.

Book FIVE

1Lo and woe! Above all, how much longer, Lord Pasta, must I remain in the land of the Tacobeanians?

2 My tears have filled the previously dry river bed, the one which our heathens now call ‘The River of Tears.’ For a river of tears it becomes each time thy servant crieth out to Thee for deliverance from exile. Yea! Yea, for such is my great sorrow.

3 Behold, I have rent into pieces my finest Gucci shirt and strewn ashes upon my pate. I have given my Lucchese alligator boots to a hobo. What else wouldst Thou that I should offer unto Thee and the local trash heap? My Calphalon Anodized 8-pc. Cookware set?

Book SIX

Written after his deliverance from exile and ensuing gluttony.

1 Behold, Lord Pasta, I still cry out to Thee. Mine eyes are once more filled with tears. Woe is me, for I am in gastrointestinal distress: My bowels are troubled; I am bloated; my pyloric valve hath closed up well-nigh permanently; woe, my acid reflux condition hath reached hitherto unknown discomfort levels; I cry out in pain: O FSM, make it feel all better! Woe! woe! even my cats think that I am so full of S* (Spaghetti, that is)!

2 Thy smell of garlic and green pepper is still upon me. Woe, woe unto me! The acidity of Thy Plum Tomatoes eats away the protective lining of my stomach; yea, and Thy Meatballs smote me mightily last night; for they contained a pinch of finely grated onions and pepper and salt and Italian seasonings; woe is me! Alas, only the makers of Chico's Italian Hot Sausages would know for certain what all had been stuffed into their casings; for such mighty meaty links I had (probably blasphemously) added into Thy Simmering Holy Mix and allowed them to fornicate with Thy Meatballs. Woe is me, for even Thy Sauce hath contained too many of Thy Thrice-blest Spices.

3 And woe, through my fault, through my fault, through my most-grievous fault, I overindulged in Thy Simmered Condiment which I had so generously poured over Thy Noodly Strands. Mayhap I should have partaken only in the consumption of Thy Farinaceous Appendages? Woe unto me for my reckless self-abandonment to culinary pleasure. Cursed be my palate; yea, I curse Thee and Thy host of taste buds.

4 And woe, woe, woe; although Thy Scrumptiousness hath only been a brief foretaste of Thy Pasta Heaven, alas, I fear that I shall enter into Thy Kingdom with all mine earthly afflictions and therewith be doomed to eternally toggle between immeasurable delights and hellish torments. Woe is me ad nauseam.

~~~Fini~~~

The Revelations of Auntie Dee Dee

chapter I

¹My older little brother doesn't have a soul. ²I've been saying that since the 1970's... ³It's an American conceit, ⁴based on the idea that the meat served with pasta could be more fairly divided among the diners. ⁵The meatballs are in a pan of sauce to the side of the main pasta and sauce, and added last. ⁶All on one plate, but NOT all in the same pot; added to the side. ⁷At that point, (after the 30 minutes) the interior temp should be about 165-170.

⁸What am I saying? ⁹My dogs don't play nicely with each other!! ¹⁰Judeo-Christian never entered into it, ¹¹most of them would have been insulted by the suggestion. ¹²Copy it somehow, or make your own. ¹³Pay your workers what they're worth. ¹⁴Not the minimum you can pay, but a freaking living wage. ¹⁵In the 60's, idealists would say "come the revolution". ¹⁶Too much more of this crap, and it may not be a joke. ¹⁷I heard someone say somewhere that God is omniscient, but chooses to be ignorant. ¹⁸The rest of it is "All Others Pay Cash". ¹⁹All systems have finite resources.

²⁰All things pineapple are wonderful. ²¹My brother's soul for example ²²(I bet him in poker once too much, so now it's officially mine... ²³god, that must have been thirty years ago). ²⁴The teeth wouldn't bother me. ²⁵I've never heard of a truly original sin, and I know most of the verses of the Hedgehog Song ²⁶AND A Wizard's Staff has a Knob on the End. ²⁷Bassoons are pretty necessary. ²⁸Hey, as long as you get to eat the Holy Meal, the form of the meat isn't that big a deal. ²⁹(New toys!! Hee!)

³⁰And I want luggage made of sapient pearwood. ³¹No, I NEED luggage made of sapient pearwood. ³²Ah, well, maybe down a different split in the Trousers of Time. ³³I think my hard drive was wired in wrong, ³⁴and my RAM is dysfunctional. ³⁵Once installed it never goes away completely, ³⁶and it's too easily hacked, with a self-replicating virus that trashes the whole system. ³⁷Profits do NOT drive innovation. ³⁸Government grants and university research drives innovation.

³⁹You see, I didn't pay attention in science class, ⁴⁰and I'm afraid the stupid will rub off on me. I can see the concept growing as you work on it. ⁴¹If making judgments based on very incomplete information is what you choose to do, ⁴²that's your business. ⁴³Going all huffy with me doesn't prove a thing. ⁴⁴The full story was not given. ⁴⁵The choice of the mother was not discussed, ⁴⁶the information presented, was, in fact, incomplete. ⁴⁷You would omit the school Board persons of indiscriminant gender?

⁴⁸I want the shower curtain and the Pirate Devil Duckies. ⁴⁹Auntie Dee Dee hates lazy kitchen people. ⁵⁰Let's see. ⁵¹ID in history. ⁵²Ballet in science class. ⁵³Spanish in math class. ⁵⁴Flower arranging in English. ⁵⁵Basketball in home ec. ⁵⁶Public speaking in botany. ⁵⁷History in music. ⁵⁸Math during gym. ⁵⁹That should cover it. ⁶⁰Put down the crayons and go to your room. ⁶¹There is lip service to democracy, but lip service only. ⁶²More when I quit throwing up.

chapter II

¹The overuse of punctuation was being discussed among the Faithful, ²And Auntie Dee Dee said unto one who chided her for use of "!!'s" on a regular basis:

³HA!! I'm the Admin, and I know where we keep the extra punctuation!!

⁴So there!!!~!!!

⁵I bought a box of “!”’s on sale, so I'm being very generous with them.)

⁶Cerberus, being young and inquisitive, then inquired (as inquisitive people do):

⁷How much for each “!” is it? ⁸Can you buy other punctuation? ⁹And can you buy bulk cause I don't want to get halfway through the post and realize ¹⁰that I've used all my commas. ¹¹That could make things bad. ¹²REAL bad.

¹³And Auntie Dee Dee said unto Cerberus

¹⁴The bulk punctuation is in the Moderator's Klubhowse, ¹⁵behind the couch with the hole in the cushion, ¹⁶NOT the couch with the spring that bites yer butt. ¹⁷I've hidden it in a Twinkies box, ¹⁸and the case of “!”’s is in the corner with a towel over it, ¹⁹doubling as a table. ²⁰It's a BIG case of “!”’s.

²¹I have a line on a case of “,” and “” that they've quit using in some forums. ²²I'm going to trade them all the “u”’s that the Bushista's don't use anymore when they use the word buffoon. ²³Someone in their talking points misspelled it bafoon, and now they all do it. ²⁴(Sad, but true. That's exactly what happened. ²⁵One little 'Republiclone' got it wrong, and there they went like the sheeple they've turned into.)

²⁶So, we're good on “.” and : and “;” and the “?” box is almost 3/4 full as well.

²⁷If you see a shortage in any punctuation, let me know. Mr. Green

²⁸And kao, and then Sylvie replied thusly

²⁹kao, saying: I'm offended that you keep perfectly good punctuation stashed away in boxes and under towels fsm angry ³⁰Why not release them from their captivity and allow them to become part of something larger than themselves?

³¹It's days like this in which I am glad to not be a punctuation mark.

³²And Sylvie replying: As the Bible clearly points out, man has dominion over punctuation, ³³and it is to be used as man sees fit. ³⁴Of course we have a responsibility to the plain dumb punctuation mark as well, ³⁵but it cannot become part of anything larger than itself ³⁶because punctuation has no culture or civilization of its own.

³⁷And Auntie Dee Dee Spaketh Unto Them all and said:

³⁸If I release the punctuation, it'll just throw itself all over the forums willy-nilly. ³⁹I'm offended that you'd want all that perfectly good pun!ltuation ⁴⁰to wander lost until it found a place to cling to, ⁴¹even if it belcame total!ly irratio()()al in where it went>>>>*. ⁴²Now some of it, wh^^^^ich was restin%%g nicely::has gott@@@@@en loose and st!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!arted running aroun-----d in this mes\$age. ⁴³Most of it!!!!!!!!!!!!!! is spare o*****dd pun##tuation ⁴⁴that sta%%%%ys with the huge b!!!!!!!!!!!!!!ox of !s, not the co{{{mmas and p]]]]eri&&&ods, ⁴⁵but the more es~~~~ote~~~~~ric stuff++++++.

⁴⁶Punct!uation, left to it"'s self<<<< will wander around like \\|a lo!!!st ch^&\$ild. ⁴⁷I'm giving it mo**re attenti%%on than usual, bec###ause the f!lorum!!!!s are gro!!ing so&^ fast. ⁴⁸It want"'s to be use!!!!d, and will st"art putting it""""""""""s self anywhere unless&&& you fo!!!!low

the in\$\$&(structi!!!ons...⁴⁹(Now the periods are getting jealous. I'm so glad punctuation won't go into parentheses unless it's put there.)

⁵⁰OK, I stopped and rounded that stuff up. ⁵¹Most!!!! of it is back in the boxes. ⁵²When the new shipmen!!!!ts come today, it'll refill the bins. ⁵³Last night, with only the tiny bit we had left, I just gave a MOD some info about the spares!!!!. ⁵⁴(I'm going to go after those !!'s with a flyswatter if they don't GET BACK IN THEIR BOX!!) ⁵⁵Nosy Parkers...hmmmmph!

⁵⁶That's better. ⁵⁷We've had to add these huge bins to the Klubhowse for the punctuation usage around here, ⁵⁸and it was so low last night, I gave C-man the directions to the spares. ⁵⁹Bobby's given us an open account at the punctuation store, ⁶⁰and I'm trying to cut deals for all the extras I can on the grey market. ⁶¹(It's real punctuation, just getting piled up for some reason, so I get a good buy on it.) ⁶²Every penny helps, especially with the cost of Pixels going up again.

⁶³If we went to Auto-Refill our punctuation levels would be even more precarious than they are. ⁶⁴I monitor it 3 times a day, and keep a good supply on hand without overloading the bins. ⁶⁵(It gets jammed together and turns surly if there's not enough room.) ⁶⁶They deliver 5 1/2 days a week, ⁶⁷so the early Saturday call for topping off the bins is key to having enough punctuation for the weekend. ⁶⁸The extras from unused stock are a bonus, you know. ⁶⁹Not every Admin keeps enough on hand, ⁷⁰so lots of people have stopped using it.

⁷¹That being said, there's a guy from a motorcycle forum that's wanting to trade apostrophes, colons and semi-colons ⁷²for random strings of 'curse word' punctuation and “#####”s. ⁷³Since the language usage here isn't on the level to use many of the random strings, we have plenty to spare. ⁷⁴And I never put anything in the word filter, so the “#####” level is very high.

⁷⁵I'm offended that someone would question my punctuation policies ⁷⁶without considering the ramifications of all that punctuation running loose. ⁷⁷NOBODY has ever run out of punctuation here, ⁷⁸and they never will. ⁷⁹Just don't abuse the system, ⁸⁰and the punctuation is deliriously happy. ⁸¹The “{}”s and “[]” were giggling about how nice it was here last night. ⁸²Bless their hearts, they'd been dumped into a bin with a lot of esoteric mathematical notation at the MIT site, ⁸³and the guy there hadn't snapped to the concept that MIT folks on a non-academic forum actually spend most of their time giving porn links. ⁸⁴I bought the lot, and then sold most of the esoteric math stuff to Texas A&M. ⁸⁵ALL of it is much happier.

⁸⁶Setting punctuation free is like trying to convince a House Elf to not serve. ⁸⁷They're bred to do one thing, and they don't deal well without strict proper usage. ⁸⁸That, and providing them comfortable places near one another, is the kindest way to deal with them. ⁸⁹They're not an evolved species, and probably never will be.

⁹⁰Thus endeth the Lesson on Punctuation.

⁹¹Praise be To His Noodly Name!!

The Book of Disco

Chapter 1

1. And the Flying Spaghetti Monster came to me 2. In a dream of fond noodliness. 3. I accepted his gift by touching him back, 4. Making him grow more so fond of me. 5. And he said in the dream 6. "Convert as many as you can 7. as it is my will and prowess to do so." 8. I agreed to this and he granted me 9. a spot in heaven atop the Beer Volcano and Stripper factory. 10. As I asked him how I could pay my respects daily to him 11. he said "Take this pasta and eat it, it represents my body 12. it will bring us both closer together."

13. As I was converting others I came upon a fellow named Zach. 14. As I talked with him he became overwhelmed by the awesomeness of our noodly master. 15. He became so obsessed he started to have massive spasms on the floor while repeating, 16. "The Flying Spaghetti Monster is sooo freaking sweet he makes me want to 17. crap my pants." 18. Zach has come down with a disorder called "Over-enthusiasm" 19. Sure our PastaLord wants us to worship him but not all the time. 20. If he wanted us to worship him all the time 21. he would have never given us free will.

22. "Help thy fellow midget in times of peril, as they will help you in your time of need." 23. The Flying Spaghetti Monster told us. 24. As he gave me advice on numerous things I took notes, here is his devine word. 25. "I encourage an openness to any other religion, bashing is not seen as an act of noodliness." 26. "The Viking is as much a friend as the pirate. The Ninja hath see no mercy from the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 27. "Emo sucks."

Chapter 2

1. As I was taking my long and boring standardized tests this week, 2. I was told by our noodly master a set of directions to base my faith of him on. 3. The entire conversation took a mere 13.2393487 seconds, 4. as this is the holy number of the noodles. 5. Although that may seem to be a short amount of time in human time, 6. to beings of a higher evolutionary status it is infact the equivalent of 23 human years. 7. This was what happened:

8. Me: Why hello your noodley pirateness

9. FSM: *GYayusuiHFSiy daosu Ofsus GEMEIN!!*

10. Me: ??????

11. FSM: *Oh yes you don't speak Guysdns do you?*

12. Me: No I do not, I am not worthy of such and honor.

13. FSM: *Yes you are right it is quite an honor to speak the tounge.*

14. Me: Tell me Spaghetti, how do I become honorable enough to participate in these said

activities?

15. FSM: *First you must remain faithful to me and only me. Why you ask? Because I am cool. Second you can make me offerings, spaghetti, pasta whatever suits your fancy. Thirdly you must promote the word of me but only in moderation, nobody likes a pasta thumper.*

16. FSM: *After that and you have proven yourself will you be able to participate in these sorts of activities. If you purposefully do not do these activities even when reminded by fellow pastafarians, you will be sent to spaghetti hell, which is BAAAAAAAAAAAAAD! This shall be taken lightly as I am lazy and don't wanna fill out the paperwork.*

17. FSM: *Which brings me to another point,*

18. *Paperwork = BAAAAAAAAAAAAAD*

19. *Paperwork is the spawn of ninja! Those who like paperwork are petty buerocrats who like cubicles. Who really wants to fill out the paperwork? If any paperwork is to be filled out I send it down to my lesser pirates to do it as they are my humble servants. They serve but do not govern.*

20. Me: So this means I should probably get a job that requires thinking?

21. FSM: *Exactly my point young lad! I think you'll grow up to be a fine young pastafarian! I think lyrics of this song should guide you,*

22. Lucy in the skyyyyy with diamonds.

23. FSM: *As this 13 seconds is about over I am going to end this conversation*

24. Me: BYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEE

25. *Poof*

26. And thats how it happened, how I learned about life, work and how terrible paperwork is.

Pirates' Effects on Global Warming.

By Roderick Alan King; Professional Physics Major of the Inaugural Class of the Rutgers University School of Arts and Sciences, Founder and 2012 candidate of the American Monarchical Party, Co-Founder and Pursar of the Rutgers Pastafarians.

1 Global Warming is indeed in agreement with the diminishing number of pirates. 2 There have been some arguments, however, that this is not a scientific claim. 3 However, His Noodliness may be simply not helping fix the damaging we caused by giving up our piratical practices. 4 There may be a scientifically based reason for global warming. 5 He may have set it as penance for us to redo the pirates' global cooling. 6 Some actual scientific ways for this piratical cooling have been proposed, such as the stirring of waters by non-heat engine ships allowing absorption of heat from the atmosphere. 7 However, people do not agree with this being testable or even plausible due to the sheer size of the earth. 8 In addition, Thermal Physics is a class everyone fails and there is no effective model for treating the entire earth. 9 It cannot even be considered a gas! 10 However, simpler concepts we understand very well: Conservation of momentum, conservation of energy, et cetera. 11 This can make an interesting thought experiment for us.

12 We know the solar intensity that hits earth is roughly one kilowatt per square meter. 13 This can add up to a lot of energy, but negligible momentum. 14 Light is, after all, light. 15 So this often manifests itself as either plant energy, or simply warming things up. 16 Models of the Earth as a non-ideal blackbody, with an appropriate emissivity, account for this well. 17 Many scientists have claimed that carbon has adjusted our emissivity, thus causing the sweet spot of blackbody output to solar intensity input to de-equalize. 18 The more energy coming in means we are going to have to increase temperature to radiate it out. 19 But we have not looked into other sources affecting this balance- Intensity increase. 20 We know, perhaps, the sun is roughly stable. 21 But what if the Earth is not? 22 We may have an unstable orbit, pulling us in closer to the sun every day. 23 Forces will kill us all, as this seems to agree with scientists' notion that we will need to find new planets to colonize ere the sun swallows us. 24 With a closer separation, Earth would present a surface able to catch more solar rays. 25 While this may be exciting for cosmic ray and neutrino physicists, we must note that the more solar energy striking defines more intensity to the earth- and thus, a higher temperature.

26 But how would pirates have caused the correction of this energy- conservation catastrophe? 27 We must hearken to another fundamental physics concept- the conservation of momentum, as expressed under Sir Isaac Newton's Third Law. 28 For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction force. 29 What this can do is something to push us away from the sun, and counteract the slight gravitational imbalance. 30 Now, let us consider how pirates are depicted- they may plunder shores at night, or ghost ships may sail in such dark hours, but we know pirates often sail in the day. 31 After all, that is how they are seen in movies and video games. 32 Furthermore, they are only depicted in the central Atlantic and Caribbean- one side of

the earth, close to the middle. 33 Now, here is an interesting notion: In the morning, the boats are tied up at the dock. 34 The sky is of course, roughly, facing the sun. 35 To leave and start the day, the boats are untied and let drop into the water. 36 So the water pushes them up, and keeps them afloat. 37 But wait! 38 A reaction force is also taking place. 39 The boat pushes the water down, sending it towards the bottom of the ocean. 40 This means a slight pulse will hit the sea floor for each ship off to collect booty. 41 This same push down on the water also will occur with cannons aimed up, and other seemingly trivial acts. 42 However, these can all add up to a macroscopic push on the earth- still tiny relative to the Earth's mass, but not so insignificant. 43 Now, as shown by our knowledge of piratical history, these pushes will be on only one side of the earth, during the day. 44 Since they shall be down, this will be away from the sun. 45 So all in all, this slight push can be a slight counteraction to our instable orbit. 46 It seems to have had a history of exactly cancelling out our planet's falling into our sun. 47 So, pirates would have kept us at this same orbit and kept the same solar intensity striking. 48 But now, the radius slowly shrinking will continue the terrors of global warming and eventually end with the sun swallowing up the earth. 49 We must exercise immediate action towards recreating these piratical practices, and save our planet. 50 Besides, it will be fun for all!

The Book of Jeff

Chapter 1

1 Once upon a time in the holy land of New Jersey, a worried, young Pastafarian named Steve went to seek reassurance and solace from the leader of his congregation. 2 “Captain Jeff, Captain Jeff!” he cried. 3 “Every day I see more news that the scientists are finding more evidence for their theories. 4 Theories that contradict our beliefs! 5 I fear the Dark Lord Darwin is trying to tempt me with his reason. 6 I fear his power in this world is growing and the Pastafarians are doomed. 7 You must do something to stop him and his science!”

8 “Uh... 9 Dude, you give me way too much credit,” said Captain Jeff. 9 “I may be a leader of a congregation, but I’m actually pretty incompetent. 10 I’m not nearly powerful enough to smite Darwin, but don’t worry, our savior is coming. 11 Soon the Pastafarian messiah will be sent by the Flying Spaghetti Monster to vanquish Darwin.”

12 “Seriously?” asked Steve.

13 “You bet your ass, dude,” replied Captain Jeff.

14 “Will he be the son of the FSM?”

15 “Maybe,” answered Captain Jeff, “He does get around. 16 But he doesn’t really have to be the son of the FSM or even the FSM Himself in human form for him to be a good guy.”

17 “I see,” said Steve, “Can you tell me more?”

18 “Sure,” said Captain Jeff, “Just sit back and I’ll do some prophesizing.”

Chapter 2

1 “The messiah will come soon, probably sometime in the next few years. He will go by many names: 2 Cheeses, our Commodore Cheeses, the Son of Manicotti, the Lamb Chops that were Eaten, Pasta of the FSM, and/or the Captain of Captains.

3 He won’t look like what we’d expect. 4 He will not be a midget, he might even be pretty tall. 5 He will not have peg leg or a hook for a hand, and there will be no parrot on his shoulder. 6 Oh, and he won’t be a fictional character, he’ll be very real.

7 His teachings might be a little unexpected too, at least for some Pastafarians. 8 He will promote the equality of all people, even ninjas. 9 He will endorse religious tolerance and speak out against those who make fun of the nonbelievers. 10 He will be sympathetic to the scientists, even though they are ruled by reason.

11 He will prove that he is in fact the messiah, but he won't perform miracles to do so. 12 Miracles don't prove much anyway. 13 Hell, David Copperfield made the Statue of Liberty disappear, and he's no messiah. 14 Instead, he will be more like the FSM than any other man. 15 He'll be an amazing prankster and will be pretty damn funny. 16 He'll drink a hell of a lot of beer and he'll be a big fan of strippers.

Chapter 3

1 "Since we have no real Hell or negative afterlife location, the savior will have nothing to do with saving our souls. 2 But that doesn't mean you get off easy and can be a dick. 3 And you won't be saved just by believing in him and accepting his authority. 4 You gotta do some good deeds too.

5 The messiah will instead help us in this life by protecting us from Darwin's coming enlightenment. 6 Humans by nature use reason. 7 Humans by nature base their knowledge on evidence and logic. 8 We have all been tempted by Darwin and we have all been tempted to go towards science. 9 Our savior will be so blinded from seeing evidence and reason, so faithful, that he will balance out our unhealthy logic to save us from the worst of the Apastalypse.

10 He will raise the colors for all ships and will assemble the dispersed outlaws of the seven seas. 11 He will be the Jolly Roger for all pirates and will unite all Pastafarians as one crew. 12 We will face the coming doom together. 13 Together we will man the cannons of our faith. 14 Together we will hoist our sails to cruise to calmer waters.

15 But sadly, the savior will be persecuted for our beliefs. 16 He will suffer greatly for our asses. 17 He will be made fun of and he will be threatened. 18 He will risk his life at the hands of fanatical nonbelievers and might even get kicked in the balls.

19 And it will be through the Messiah's teachings, his faithfulness, and his suffering, that our Lord Glob, the Flying Spaghetti Monster, will smite Darwin and his scientific ways. 20 They will bring forth the Kingdom of Pasta and we will finally be rid of evidence and reason."

Chapter 4

1 "Whoa, that sounds pretty sweet," said Steve.

2 “I know dude,” replied Captain Jeff, “It’ll be awesome. 3 So my brother in FSM, just sit tight for now. 4 Our salvation is near.”

The Book of Solipsy

A testimony

1 For much time did I rest upon my bed in state of revelry and fever, for cold viruses are annoying, and His Holy Cough Medicines do occasionally keep me from sleeping. 2 As I pondered His general tastiness, I thought that perhaps it would be his Holy Meal which would return to me my appetite. 3 Thus, did I prepare The Meal, but of it I could not eat. 4 Instead, I sat and stared into the mass which doth so perfectly represent His Form. 5 How long I sat, I know not, but what filled me were Holy Visions of His Wisdom, and His blessed hopes for the happiness of our lives as His creations and amidst His creations. 6 What follows are the True and Holy Words I was blessed to hear:

7 Thus He Spake:

8 Begrudge not unto anyone the chosen spirituality that is helpful to them, should it be functional within the real world. 9 My Words shall remind My Creations that, as has been said, there are few atheists on crashing airplanes. 10 Thy life is precious. 11 Desire that yourself and each among you shall have life as long and fun as possible. 12 Hurt no one intentionally, if it can be helped. 13 Be not thou limited by some set of dysfunctional rules in a book that didn't even work 2000 years ago. 14 (Hence all the smiting, crucifying, and such that the book contains.) 15 Update thy thinking to meet with circumstances as they exist around thee. 16 There shall be no shame in it among the intelligent, sayeth I, Who Flies and Is the One True Monster of Steaming Spaghetti.

17 If ye possess any sense at all, it is already known unto you that killing is wrong, stealing is bad, and cheating on ones' espoused love does hurt that person deeply. 18 If ye do these things, ye know it is bad, and should suffer great shame, and should be held accountable. 19 Ye already know this unless ye be dumb as the stone of which is made the mountain. 20 If that is what thee wish to claim, even that shall not be thy defense, though it certainly be true. 21 Thus say I, Whose Appendages Be Noodly and Do Touch.

22 Be good to thine parents should they deserve it, if they did as best they could for you, providing you what they were able and what their resources would allow. 23 Desert them not if in their times of need, and return their kindness, for they are like you, My Creations. 24 If they have beaten you or otherwise been horrible, abusive, interfering jerks who do things to make you miserable, I approve that you may move across the country and out of their presence, and be not even obligated to send them birthday cards. 25 You need only honor them to the degree to which they deserve it, but to that degree you MUST honor them. 26 Should you fail in this, my Noodly Displeasure shall you incur, and you shall be held most shallow and selfish, and shame shall be upon you, say I, Your Tasty and Cheese-Topped One.

27 As for lies, to tell large or illegal falsehoods is most sinful, and those among you with sense already know that. 28 To boast or brag of that which one has not done is most idiotic, and the product of insecurity and childishness. 29 Often the male compelled to tell the boastful lies is the possessor of small intimate parts. 30 If the accursed liar be female, often she is an attention-

seeking twit, and you need not abide her company, declare I, Your Extruded and Basil-Garnished One.

31 Small lies, however, maketh the world to turn upon its axis. 32 If ye be dense, I shall clarify: Should ye be asked, for instance, if thine spouses' clothing makes such spouse look fat, ye are to respond with effusive praise of thy loved one's attractiveness and lack of heft, true or not. 33 If thine neighbor should inquire if a gift of cookies were tasty, ye shall reply yea, verily they were most delicious, even though they may have disgusted thee, and ye may have thrown them down the garbage disposer. 34 Should thy aged Grandmother inquire if the Sunday potroast was pleasing, thou shalt not reply that it was tough and flavorless, though it were. 35 No! 36 Thou shalt reply that it was a beefy roast unto heaven. 37 Should thy co-worker present thee with a picture of her niece, thou shalt not cry out in horror at the ugliness of the child, for to do so would be rude. 38 Rather, thou must say, verily, what a darling! 39 Art thou catching on, or art thou thick-skulled and dim-witted, ask I, Your Rounded Meaty and Sauced One.

40 As for five other "commandments" with which ye may have familiarity, do as ye will, sayeth the FSM. 41 If some other spirit or power shall catch thy fancy and be of use to thee in time of need, go for it, say I, Your Wise One. 42 Use that spirit not to condemn others, however, for that is among the only times I shall feel compelled to rain down molten sauce upon thee. 43 The Flying Spaghetti Monster will abide no condemnation of His Creatures. 44 If some spirit shall claim that it alone is the one true spirit, and all others will lead to the path of condemnation, then thou shall be mightily suspicious that such a spirit is full of deceit, and THAT spirit is the path of great unhappiness and condemnation. 45 Beware, warn I, of the Semolina and the Tomato.

46 If ye are compelled to draw a picture or sculpt a likeness of that which exists in creation, why on earth is that a bad idea, asks the FSM. 47 To forbid it would be gobbledygook. 48 If thou should like thy neighbor's car better than thine own, and wish to have one as nice, wherein lies the harm? 49 Again, why waste time calling this sin, ask I, Your Noodly and Appendaged One.

50 If ye shall forget occasionally which day of the week it is because thy schedule is overbooked or thou art ill or on vacation, pick some other day to have a Holy Meal of My Offering. 51 Kick back and drink a brewsky. 52 Watch a movie. 53 Relax. 54 I will smite the not for such a silly thing on few occasions. 55 Should thou stub one's toe mightily upon a rock, or lose one's wallet or car keys, or find oneself in some other moment in which thou finds it helpful or humorous to cry out HOLY FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER, or FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER DAMN IT!!!!, fear not, for I find it kind of funny, and also funny that it shall cause those around thee to look upon thee as if thou art marginally insane. 56 Shout away, say I, Your Glutinous and Whimsically Shaped Lord.

57 That, my True Believers, is the easy stuff. 58 As my Pastafarians, whom I have gathered together and have touched with mine Noodly Appendages, I call upon thee to go beyond ten rules, five of which are blatantly obvious and five of which are stupid. 59 When thou see people in need - those who have less than thee, those who are ill, those who are young, old, helpless in any way - help them in any way you are able. 60 Even if you are of meager means, share what you have, for that is where many another religion fails. 61 Do better and be examples, instruct I,

Your Wiggly Creator of All that is Taught as Science.

62 I, an Invisible Giant Floating Glob of Sauce-Covered Noodles and Round Meat, have no need for your money or resources, BUT, your fellow humans do. 63 I appreciate your love and praise and such, but lots of people right around your immediate vicinity need your love and worldly resources a whole lot more. 64 Don't be so idiotic as to throw your money at people who live in mansions and beseech thee for thy cash, and speak as if endowed with authority from other giant, invisible thingees. 65 Come on, people. 66 Wise up, say I, Your Holy Boiled Grain-Based Nutritious One.

67 If ye have been blessed with great resources, such as to have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, ye are to remember that it is not thine spit which hath coated that spoon with silver. 68 Thou should be especially grateful for thy blessings, and especially giving of thy resources. 69 Ye will not be taking it with you into the Stripper Factory, nor need it at the Beer Volcano. 70 Money is only good for the good it can do the living. 71 Quit being so greedy, for greed is vile unto me and unto your fellow Creations, say I, Your Well-Seasoned Al dente One.

72 Be active in your government, and stand against those things which are unfair and make no sense. 73 Be civil in your disagreements for they shall always be with thee, and rational in your debates, for ye shall always have them. 74 Do you really need a Giant Glob of Noodles, Sauce, and Meat to tell you this? 75 Do you really need to drink the transubstantiated blood of some historical personage to make you feel superior? 76 The Flying Spaghetti Monster is a little freaked out by that, frankly. 77 Get a grip, instruct I, Your Wise and Floating Saucy Monster.

78 Ye have been born, ye are alive, and ye shall die. 79 It's the "ye are alive" part that should concern ye most at the moment. 80 Yes, the Beer Volcano and Stripper Factory of Heaven await thee, and are currently under construction, but ye shall not be so gullible as to count on what ye as yet have no evidence to support. 81 Well, that is how I wish ye would think, anyway. 82 But, since ye apparently aren't quite there yet, if Intelligent Design is to be considered Science, then since every word of My Great Creation of the Universe is True, it shall thusly be considered Science, and thusly taught as well. 83 Proclaim I, Your Wondrous Glob in Heaven.

84 And finally, when bad things doth befall ye as they will, ye are constantly carping "why me, what did I do to deserve it, why, why, why???" 85 My Noodlyness heareth not ye bother to ask such when good things doth befall ye. 86 Yet, the question is just as valid, and the answer is the same. 87 Ponder that as ye partake of mine holy meal.

88 And then did I return from my fevered revelry, to find my flattened butt still in my kitchen chair, with a cold plate of His Holy Meal in front of me, and a paper inscribed with his inspired words, and a ball-point pen run out of ink. 89 I rushed to my microwave and reheated my meal, for it was a miracle! 90 My appetite had returned, and I did eat, and praise Him, and return to my bed and fall to a deep slumber. 91 In the morning, I re-read His Holy Words, and did check them for typos and misspellings. 92 Truly, I am humbled. 93 Truly, by His Wisdom, we are blessed! 94 All Praise the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

The Book of Emergent Patterns

*By Roy Hunter and Ubi Dubium

Chapter 1

1 The Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster is opposed to dogmatism and doctrine, but even the most lax of scholars can't help but notice a few patterns emerging from the underlying chaos that is Pastafarianism. 2 Whilst rejecting dogmatism outright, I think it is possible to examine some of these emergent patterns without upsetting anyone enough to get the Pirates throwing rocks at you, so I intend to examine some of them. 3 Not doctrines, not dogma: emergent patterns. 4 If I may, I would like to describe the first pattern which emerged to me.

Chapter 2 - The Emergent Pattern of Fallibility.

1 It has been suggested that the FSM, our creator, is (and I quote) 'a dumbass'. 2 Evidence suggests that he is indeed fallible: he created reality TV (it's rubbish); Bangladesh (too close to sea level); fossil fuels (purely for pollution - forget the global warming myth); and Governor Schwarzenegger (what can I say..?). 3 So, whilst we would not claim that all of his creations are perfect, we can claim with a fairly high degree of certainty that many of them are fundamentally flawed.

4 The second law of thermodynamics states that "the entropy of an isolated system which is not in equilibrium will tend to increase over time". 5 This law predicts the ultimate demise of the universe due to heat death: a little unfortunate for the immortal deity who has to live in said universe. 6 This situation (that an immortal deity would create a time-limited place to live) is not predictive of there being an infallible, omnipotent and omniscient deity: it is predictive of that deity being a bit of a moron on occasion.

7 Similarly, if we are to take the Good Book at face value (and I see no good reason not to), He created the firmament on the second day, then He got bit drunk at the beer volcano, and woke up all fuzzy-headed on the third day. 8 That was the day He made the land, forgetting that he had already made the firmament. 9 He then had to move the firmament somewhere else and call it heaven, and all of a sudden He's created neighbours, which leads to fences, boundary disputes, lawsuits and the like. 10 Not the level of organisational competence you would like to see from someone landscaping your garden, let alone creating your world.

11 The fifth "I'd really rather you didn't" actually seems quite a sensible suggestion from such an absent-minded deity: "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Challenge The Bigoted, Misogynist, Hateful Ideas Of Others On An Empty Stomach. Eat, Then Go After The B*****s". 12 Unfortunately in the western world, society no longer has to spend so much of its time on survival-related activities and consequently has more time available to devote to bigotry, misogyny and hate. 13

As a result, devout Pastafarians need to spend a lot of time filling their stomachs before tackling the injustices of the world. 14 This has led to a bit of a global obesity problem. 15 Deity fail.

16 On the face of it, my argument seems a bit bleak: who is this Idiot that created our world? 17 Why should we favour Him over some Judeo-Arabic-Christian deity who at least looks like us? 18 Well, think about it: He's screwed up the environment He has to live in; He gets drunk and makes big mistakes, which he then has to sort out; He is made of carbohydrates and red meat which we eat too much of and get fat and unhealthy.

19 Truly, we are made in His image.

Chapter 3

1 I'd like to expand on a related topic. 2 In addition to being 'a Dumbass', His Noodly Goodness has consistently shown himself to be 'a Wiseass' as well. 3 Consider for a moment all those things about our universe that seem to exist for no better reason than that the Creator felt like pulling a practical joke on us. 4 Mosquitoes. Little yappy rat-dogs. Committee meetings. Quantum Mechanics. 5 All those fossil layers put there just to trick us. Zits. The Sun and Moon appear to be the same size, setting astronomy back for generations. 6 The most vulnerable part of the male anatomy is hanging right out in front in harm's way. The food that you like will kill you, and the food your doctor wants you to eat tastes like sticks and bark. 7 Heck, the FSM (pesto be upon him) even allows fully grown humans to believe that they can eat "magic crackers" or wear "magic underwear". 8 He's got to be hovering invisibly overhead, laughing his meatballs off at us!

9 More evidence of His Smart-aleckiness has got to be His interference in any and all scientific experiments. 10 Any inconclusive experimental data is the direct result of the Touch of His Noodly Appendage. 11 If we design an experiment to detect His interference, we can only have a conclusive result by having an inconclusive result! 12 His sense of humor is readily apparent, and is also really lame and juvenile.

13 It has become quite evident that the universe is indeed out to get us, and to have a good laugh at our expense.

14 So, to follow Roy, I will have to find a name for this. I will call it

15 The Emergent Pattern of "Gotcha!"

REVELATIONS OF ST. JASON

1.1 While it seemed another night, I found myself tossing and wearied. When Finally I did pass into slumber right away I was taken into dream. I dreamt a man stood at the end of the bed. In full pirate regalia, he was clad, buckle shoes, stripey socks, pantaloons, a wide belt, a loose poet's shirt, and tricorn hat. From where I lay, it was quite clear that he had been drinking heavily, as the smell of beer was quite strong.

1.2 "Come with me" he said. "Why?" I asked "Why should I go with you, obviously a drunkard, and a stranger as well?" "Do you not know me?" said he, and indeed, though I had never laid eyes upon this man before, I somehow knew him. "In my previous life, I was sometimes called Saint James the Bastard." This name I knew though the man I did not. So I agreed at last to come with him. "Is it far?" I asked. "As far as a lifetime and only a single step away" he answered, and took me to the window.

1.3 My window opened not onto the trees that normally, but instead upon a well-fitted brigatine. Several more pirates crewed the ship and snapped to attention as the captain and myself came aboard. "Cast off, me hearties! Set course for Heaven!" and the scurvy crew set about to sail the ship high above my town. We touched down in a pesto-dark sea, the morning sun stained the skies marinara red. And after many years that took but a eye-blink, a island hove into view.

1.4 The island was immense. Big enough for all the people of the world who ever lived and were yet to come. As we approached, I could see the massive volcano that dominated the island. Even Olympus Mons on Mars would be dwarfed by the massive mountain. And on Heaven's slopes gleamed rivulets of freshly erupted beer. Some collected into trickles which danced over the rocks. Others collected into mighty rivers, which filled lakes in which Pastafarians played. Even from this distance, I could see that some streams were dark with Porters or Stouts, and others were light with Pilsners and Kolsh, with a spectrum of brews flowing down the slopes, so that each may try what is their preference.

1.5 And in between the streams, I could make out many buildings. Some looked to be massive factories, square and gray, others looked to be dwellings, tastefully made out of flotsam and wrecked ships. In some places, many, many buildings clustered together near a bend in the stream of beer. In other places, great swathes of the mountain were left open, so those who wished solitude could have it.

1.6 From the many bays and piers I noticed many ships setting sail and coming into port. "Captain James, those ships, where do they go? From where do they come?" I asked. To which he replied "Those be the holy messengers, charged with bringing believers in. Often, they are sent to bring pasta to the Earth." "Pasta comes from heaven?" I asked, startled. "Of course it does!" He replied. "What? Did you think it grew on trees?" Properly humbled I remained quiet, but Saint James was not finished yet. "By the way, you forgot to capitalize Heaven there. It be a proper place name, so be deservin of capitalization. You are a Pastafarian! We don't let ourselves wallow in ignorance!" Properly chastised, I turned to the pier to which we were approaching.

1.7 As the ship was tied off, the Captain took me down the gangplank. We were greeted by a

great throng of people, those dressed as pirates, and those with little or no clothing at all. And as we walked upon Heaven's holy shore, I could not help but notice that it seemed... less than Heavenly. While the strippers were pleasant to look upon, and I am sure had nice personalities, most were homely instead of fair. The pirates on the shore were fine people, yet not that interesting. Even the stream of beer, flowing down Heaven's holy flank was flat and macrobrewed. The bowls of pasta which seemed to be upon nearly every rock, were undercooked and the sauce was watered down. "Captain? Why are these things here? Why are the shores of heaven filled with ugly strippers? Why are the Pastafarians such bores? The pasta is terrible and the beer worse. Why are these things in Heaven?" And Saint James gave me the First Truth.

1.8 "Many of the living believe that there is a Heaven for those who are to be rewarded, and a Hell to punish. This is not His way. He gathers all the best and brightest to Him at the Crater. The coolest pirates. The hottest strippers. The sauces there would blast away your mortal mouth. And the beer? Sweet Spaghetti Monster..." Seeing that words had failed him, I turned to the volcano, and looking up saw the top was lost in Alfredo-white clouds. "It is a long walk." I observed. "Not really. This be Heaven, after all." he said. "Well, less so this part, which be the outskirts. As the Flying Spaghetti Monster gathers those most worthy to him, those deserving of heaven inhabit all parts, according to their virtues." "And which virtues are these?" I asked. And Saint James gave me the Second Truth.

1.9 "Any who believe" said St. James "Are saved. There is a spot in Heaven for them. While it is possible to a complete douche bag and still get into Heaven, you will not be invited to the parties, nor on the pillaging crews, nor to swim in the cauldron. Some get over it and knock off the crap. They slowly get accepted further up the mountain. Others accept their place and set about making it better. They quickly find themselves very busy far up the slopes. And others still can't give it up. They find their place down here, and grumble about the beer, and complain about the ugly strippers, yet do nothing to improve their situation. They may spend eternity down here." he explained. "Are they doomed? Will they never partake of the Holy Font of beers? Never taste the Perfect Alfredo? Never set eyes upon the Most Beautiful Strippers?" I asked shocked. "Don't be an ass." said St. James. "They can go wherever they want. This is Heaven, after all! But like in real life, people don't like to hang out with chowder heads. And more and more, those who deserve find themselves accepted for who they are up the slopes, and those who remain without virtue, find themselves accepted farther down." "Ugh." Said I. "It sounds like high school." "It is like high school," replied St. James. "But unlike that flawed copy, in Heaven, you are actually valued by what you are worth, rather than by who you are dating or who is on the football team." "So what are these virtues, then?" I asked. "Oh, sorry. I got sidetracked there." Said St. James. And proceeded to give me the Second Truth for real this time.

2.0 "Pastafarians are judged by a number of Virtues," explained St. James "But the most important are Wit, Piratititude, Respect, and Comeliness. Wit is not just making up snarky comments, though those are important, especially when defending the faith. Instead, Wit is all

things mental. Quickness of thought, reasoning, acuity, curiosity, personality, acceptance. Those that go out and explore His creation and enjoy it and wish to find out more about it are blessed. Those that retreat to only one book, or to the television, they are doomed. Those that do not ask questions, that do not marvel at everyday things, those who do not go off the recipe to try and make the sauce better... they may never see Heaven's blessed shore. Those that hate or fear the many, many things that He created cannot be true Pastafarians."

2.1 "Piratitude is force of will. It takes will to show up dressed in holy regalia in these modern times. It takes will to stand up for what you believe in, and to draw cutlass to defend it. Piratitude might be said to be able to take what you want from life, despite what others want. Besides, doing something interesting that you want makes you a more interesting person anyway. There is a noted lack of accountants up here, you know."

2.2 "Respect might be the greatest of the Virtues. In some ways, it is the flip side of the coin of Piratitude. Where Piratitude says you should go ahead and build a pirate ship out of recycled beer cans, Respect says lay off those who ain't attacking ye. Respect all of His creation, for He made it. Recycle, turn off the light when you aren't in the room, and for Heaven's sake, get rid of that retarded SUV! Respect people too, as they are part of His creation. It doesn't matter who is climbing in whose bed, or what they are eating, or what they wear. They are following their own Piratitude just as you are following yours. So show some Respect!"

2.3 "Comeliness is beauty. Not just physical, but beauty in any of it's forms. Think of it this way, you want to make the world more pretty with you in it. There are lots of ways to do this. Start by not being a jerk. Take care of yourself and let others take care of themselves. Offer help to those who need it, not to those who don't. We are all one crew on the Earth, what kind of crewmate are ye gonna be?"

2.4 "These virtues all reinforce and supplement each other. Someone with a lot of Wit will have it easier to find a way to follow their Piratitude. By following their Piratitude, you will show others the way, and Respect their choices. Respecting others needs and wishes improves your Comliness. Finding ways to improve your Comliness will improve your Wit. It goes without saying that many times you can improve yourself in many ways with even the simplest decisions." "Now you are making it sound like a video game." I observed. "Again, a poor copy of reality." quipped St. James, and lead the way up the mountain.

3.0 We stopped in the shadow of a factory as we climbed Heaven. I refreshed myself with a quaff of *weissbeir* trickling over a rock. It was notably better than those below. "Tell me," I asked "I have always heard that Heaven has a stripper factory, yet we have passed a few on just our short trip. And I see more further up the slopes. Are the Gospels wrong?" "No," he replied "Its like that place in the mall where you can make your own teddy bear. Even though there are hundreds around the world, you still call it a workshop singular, not workshops. Heaven has a stripper factory with many fabrication plants. It does not have multiple stripper factories." I understood and followed him further up the slope past the wild garlic and basil.

3.1 "Behold!" said St. James "The Great Beer Lake." And I saw. Three streams of beer flowed

into a natural basin, before pouring over the edge. And many pirates and strippers (and pirate-strippers. Rreow!) rested at its shore, sailed upon its waves, partook in its substance, or swam in it. We rested there at the shore for a while, and drank deep of the lake, and did admire the skinny-dipping of the strippers and pirates. And after a hearty meal of Pad Thai, we continued up the slope.

3.2 From far off, I could hear the sound of flintlocks discharging. But St. James seemed to pay it no heed. In moments, we pulled into view of a massive pirate shanty built around a huge factory. "It must be a Friday" St. James noted as he entered into the town. And verily, all around the festivities were commencing. We saw a group of Pastafarians hauling casks of ale around. They made their job easier by drinking the casks as they went, making it lighter. Huge bowls of pasta were heaped for all to sample from. A pirate welcomed a freshly manufactured stripper from the factory. A group of Pastafarian ladies plundered the ale and pasta from their male counterparts in good fun. A great bevy of wonders I did see in that city, but St. James drew me on. "Come! We have to reach the Crater. You will have all eternity to explore Panpastum later. But there is more to show you now."

4.0 And true to his word, as we climbed, Heaven improved. The fragrance of great cooking was everywhere. The beer changed to the bitterest of IPAs, the richest of Porters, the sourest of Lambecs. Great clumps of tomatoes and garlic and basil seemed to grow everywhere. And the pasta! Ravioli exploding with flavor. Pot Stickers that satisfied with a single one, yet left you hungry for more. And I had a Cannolini that would make a grown man weep. The strippers we passed were humbly beautiful, even the men. And the talk of the Pastafarians changed from whining about their situation to learned debates upon matters both classical and modern. I met with Jack Rackham, seated outside of a shanty, discussing the effects of Facebook on modern culture while drinking a very good American Strong Ale. Yet, even though the peak was in sight, St. James drew me onward to the top.

4.1 And as we crested the top, I was allowed to witness the Holy of Holies. I cannot describe to you the glories there save for the fact that truly the most Witty, the most Piratical, the most Respectful, and the most Comely of the pastafarians and strippers were found there. They ate of pastas so good as to make heroin pale in comparison. They drank of freshly erupted beers so good as to make mortal brewmasters despair. And above it all, flew the Spaghetti Monster.

4.2 I fell to my knees in the knowledge that I was not worthy of this view. Even the indescribable smell wafting from the crater was as far beyond what I deserved as I was beyond the sea far below us now. Then I felt his Noodly Appendage touch me. "There is no fate" He said unto me "Only what you make of yourself. If you truly wish this, then embrace your Virtues. There is a spot here for you, all you have to do is take it."

4.3 And I awoke in my own rooms, untouched as before. Yet I swear I could hear His voice saying as I woke up. "Oh! I almost forgot! Don't forget to tell everyone, okay? Thanks!"

*The New
Testament*

The Acts of the Apastals

Chapter 1 - The Tale of Ichiban Bach

*As transcribed by Ichiban Bach

1 His Noodlyness, the Flying Spaghetti Monster, lacked recognition, and so sought to spread His Word. 2 Into the hands of wise men, he placed the seeds of knowledge that might sprout piety. 3 His Noodlyness appeared to Grey, who He knew would provide a bridge between the realm of man, and the realm of pasta.

4 In a dream, He spoke to Grey:

5 Grey, know that I am your Lord and Master, the FSM. 6 Know that through you, my Noodly Appendage is Manifest. 7 In Manifest, thou wilt inform those whosoever thou shouldst see most fitting to rally My people. 8 Thou shalt inform him of the Holiness of Pirates, of my call for their return. 9 Thou shalt inform him of The Holy Meal, and its importance. 10 Thou shalt inform him of Bobby, and thou shalt guide him to Bobby. 11 Only then, will thy task be complete.

12 And then, knowing and accepting his task, Grey awoke with a mighty, "YARR!"

13 Yet untouched by his Noodly Appendage, fate would have it that placed in the path of Bach, was Grey, the scripture-bearing man of wisdom. 14 More precisely, this scripture was the Word of Bobby. 15 Bach read The Document and felt His touch. 16 He was changed, no longer lost to the perplexing void of agnosticism, but now encompassed by His Infinite Noodlyness.

17 Upon completeing the Document, a vision came over Bach: A strand of cooked spaghetti shot from Bach. 18 It shot beyond the room in which he stood, beyond the earth's atmosphere, beyond the stars and planets, beyond time and space itself. It was here that Bach saw his Noodly Master, who then spoke:

19 Bach! I had charged Grey with the task of informing you of My Word. 20 Through Grey I was made Manifest, and through that vessel, I reached out to you. 21 Grey's task is complete, but for you, I have a task of great importance, a task which may prove lifelong... be you willing to accept? 22 Wilt thou accept my noodly appendage to remain Manifest?

23 For a moment, Bach was astonished, but he felt His touch, and knew it to be right. 24 Confidently, Bach replied: "YAR! Whatever ye be chargin' me with, Oi do mos' humble accept! 25 Yer Noodlyness hath scooped o't me entails, boil'd 'em, 'n returned 'em fortified w'starch. 26 Oi be a bloody villain 'fOi not be acceptin' 'o yer charge"

27 *Good then, Bach! Thine decision pleases me, now shalt this single strand be fortified and twined to last for all time!*

28 Then, from beyond time and space came cascading noodles, twining and braiding as they came.

29 *I provide thou with an unseverable connection to my Noodly Appendage, now through you I am Manifest.*

30 Suddenly the vision came to an end, and Bach found himself sitting alone facing a black wall, he knew what course to take:

31 Closely following Bach's vision was the holiest day of the year: International Talk Like a Pirate Day. 32 Bach decided to assemble regalia and wear it throughout this most holy day, regardless of the consequence.

33 On the eve of International Talk Like a Pirate Day, Bach set out his Regalia, partook of the Holy Meal, and sought rest early. 34 He awoke early to meditate on the tasks at hand. 35 He was at first uneasy about his decision, but no sooner had he felt the first pang of uncertainty than all reality melted away to reveal the infinite noodliness that encompassed all. 36 The FSM then spoke:

37 *Be not afraid Bach, for no matter the outcome, thou wilt be executing my divine Word. 38 From't no harm can be done, to't no harm can be done. 39 Worry not, as all will be well, I am through you Manifest. 40 Be at peace, Bach.*

41 Bach ended his meditation abruptly with a "YAR!" of confidence, then donned his Regalia and set off.

42 Bach was at first unopposed and wore his regalia proudly, but, before long, was challenged by Bierul the Giant, master of the first eighth. 43 "No 'ats een d'buildeen, BACH!" cried Bierul. 44 The bellowing voice shook Bach to his very foundation. 45 He braced himself and found strength in His Noodlyness, at which time he responded: "yar, there be a clause in d' no 'at rule ye be brandishin' 'round. 46 Ye see, it be permitted fer 'ats t'be donned fer religous reasonin..."

47 But before Bach's argument had been heard out, Bierul struck him down with his fearsome cane, "Yees'ot two choicees: firstly, yoo can t'k off d'at. 48 Secondly, yoo can face Hale." 49 Bach knew that he would most likely have to face Hale, master the eighths, and was about to meet Bierul's threat head-on, when he felt a tug on his Appendage Manifestation and heard His

voice:

50 Though thine intent fall on the boat, don't be too eager to set sail. 51 My word spreads, let it reverberate fore thy encounter with the master of the eighths. 52 Thine boat yet requires a hull, without which it will sink. 53 When the time is right, thou wilt know. 54 When the time is right, act on it, but do not risk the peril of premature action.

55 "So, wot'll eet be," demanded Bierul. 56 "Oi be taken off me hat, Bierul, but in soul, it remain where it now lie," responded Bach, as he scornfully removed his hat, and took seat amongst the subjects of the first eighth.

57 And so Bach was persecuted, but at the begining of the second eighth, he readorned his hat anew. 58 Meller, master of the second eighth, recieved his Noodly Appendage, and even had Bach speak His word to the class. 59 The third and fourth eighths went by without notice, but as Bach traveled to the room of the fifth eighth a voice decreed "Eh! Captain Ahab! 60 Teke off th' hat!" 61 The FSM sent along his twined appendage:

62 Now is the time, Bach! 63 Now! 64 With all that thy have, let thine faith pour from thy mouth like beer from our heavenly volcano!

65 "Teke off th' hat, please," commanded Nor. 66 With a ferver, Bach replied, "Ay, that I shan't be doin'. 67 This be me Regalia, and I shan't be takin' it off. 68 It be a divine decree that I should be wearin' it. 69 Shouldst I need to be speakin wit' a man higher up 'an yerself to rectify this problem, I be glad to comply." 70 And so it happened that Bach was directed to Hale, the master of the eighths.

71 Bach entered the master of the eighth's chambers, and was met by a wench. 72 "Wot's 'e matter? 73 Wot you need'e see Hale fer," inquired the wench. 74 "Oi be needin' to see the master of the eighth's to rectify a conflict o' faith an' law," replied Bach. 75 He was then seated to wait, as Hale was busy with mastering the eighths. 76 As he waited, for audience with Hale, Bach encountered Reldnarch, the pirate. 77 Bach and Reldnarch exchanged piratey words, and then he departed. 78 With his spirits bolstered by this encoutner, Bach was called back to see Hale.

79 "What is all this about FSMism that I hear?" Asked Hale.

80 "Oi, ye see, I was wearin' me hat in celebration o' th' day, when I wos accosted boi a man who told me Oi couldn't wear me hat! 81 'E said 'at I should 'ave a word wit' you an' that would be that and Oi could wear my 'at! 82 So, I come to yer and ask yer kindly 'at you respect me rights and let me wear me hat," Bach replied.

83 Hale stared at Bach for a moment, unsure of what to say. 84 Out of this moment of silence Bach's confidence grew, and when Hale spoke, it almost did not matter what words he would speak, for nothing he could possibly say would sway Bach's faith.

85 "Well, you see: We only have one instance where an individual is allowed to wear a hat here, and he had a letter from a religious figure. 86 If you can obtain such a letter, we might resume this conversation," said Hale.

87 With this ultimatum, Bach was barred from wearing his hat, however, he contacted His Holyness, Bobby, for a letter of the required specifications.

Author's Note: This is where my story ends for now, as Bobby has agreed to write me a letter, but has not yet done so. Also, this is a rough draft, subject to change. I hope you all enjoy it, I know that I enjoyed writing it. RAmen!

Chapter 2 – The Martyrdom of Tristan the Martyr

*As transcribed by Platypus Enthusiast as regaled unto him by Tristan the Martyr and Tall John Silver

1 It was a dark and stormy school day. 2 My sister's-fiance's-son aka my nephew had a school assignment where he had to write a letter to the society of the future about his religion. 3 My nephew, Tristan, a devout and proud Pastafarian decided he would write about us. 4 His teacher, however, thought it was dumb and that he was just screwing around and took ten points off.

5 Tristan's dad, Tall John, a Pastafarian-sympathizer, wrote a powerful letter back to the teacher explaining how FSMism is legit and saying she would never do the same thing if the paper was about Judaism or Scientology. 6 The teacher, realizing that she was being discriminatory (and maybe noticing the irony that the letter is about religions intolerance), decided to change the grade. 7 She gave him back five points, but kept the other five off for not proofreading, though there didn't seem to be a problem with his spelling and grammar the first time she graded it.

8 Now five points doesn't seem like a huge deal, but it is the principle of the thing. 9 Tristan took it like a man and was pretty proud of the incident. 10 But persecution and inequality is a fate worse than dancing the hempen jig. 11 Maybe some day we will be accepted.

The Letter of Tristan the Martyr to the Future Generations of Society

Chapter 1

1 Dear future generations of society,
2 My name is Tristan [Censored]. 3 I am an 8th grader at [Censored] Middle School. 4 I live in [Censored], Pennsylvania. 5 I am 13 years old. 6 My life is generally okay. 7 I have two sisters and one brother.

Chapter 2

1 Since I am a pastafarian I have and do experience a lot of religious intolerance. 2 Being pastafarian I believe in the Flying Spaghetti Monster to be the one true and only god. 3 Usually when I tell people that I am pastafarian they laugh at me and say "No seriously" 4 This really offends me. 5 I thought that everyone was religiously accepting in this country apparently I was wrong. 6 Yes this is seriously what I totally & completely believe in to be true, RAmen.

Chapter 3

1 I am writing this in the hope that future generations will learn to be more accepting of me and my people. 2 I dream of our heaven and the volcano & factories. 3 How magnificent it will be 4 I also dream and pity all the intolerant people freezing in Antarctica. 5 I hope in the near future that everyone will realize swine flu is nothing to worry about & that it won't come back stronger in the winter. 6 In the distant future I hope to meet Bobby Henderson the prophet who was first touched by his noodly appendage.
7 Sincerely, Tristan [Censored]

The Open Letter of Bobby to the Kansas School Board

1 I am writing you with much concern after having read of your hearing to decide whether the alternative theory of Intelligent Design should be taught along with the theory of Evolution. 2 I think we can all agree that it is important for students to hear multiple viewpoints so they can choose for themselves the theory that makes the most sense to them. 3 I am concerned, however, that students will only hear one theory of Intelligent Design.

4 Let us remember that there are multiple theories of Intelligent Design. 5 I and many others around the world are of the strong belief that the universe was created by a Flying Spaghetti Monster. 6 It was He who created all that we see and all that we feel. 7 We feel strongly that the overwhelming scientific evidence pointing towards evolutionary processes is nothing but a coincidence, put in place by Him.

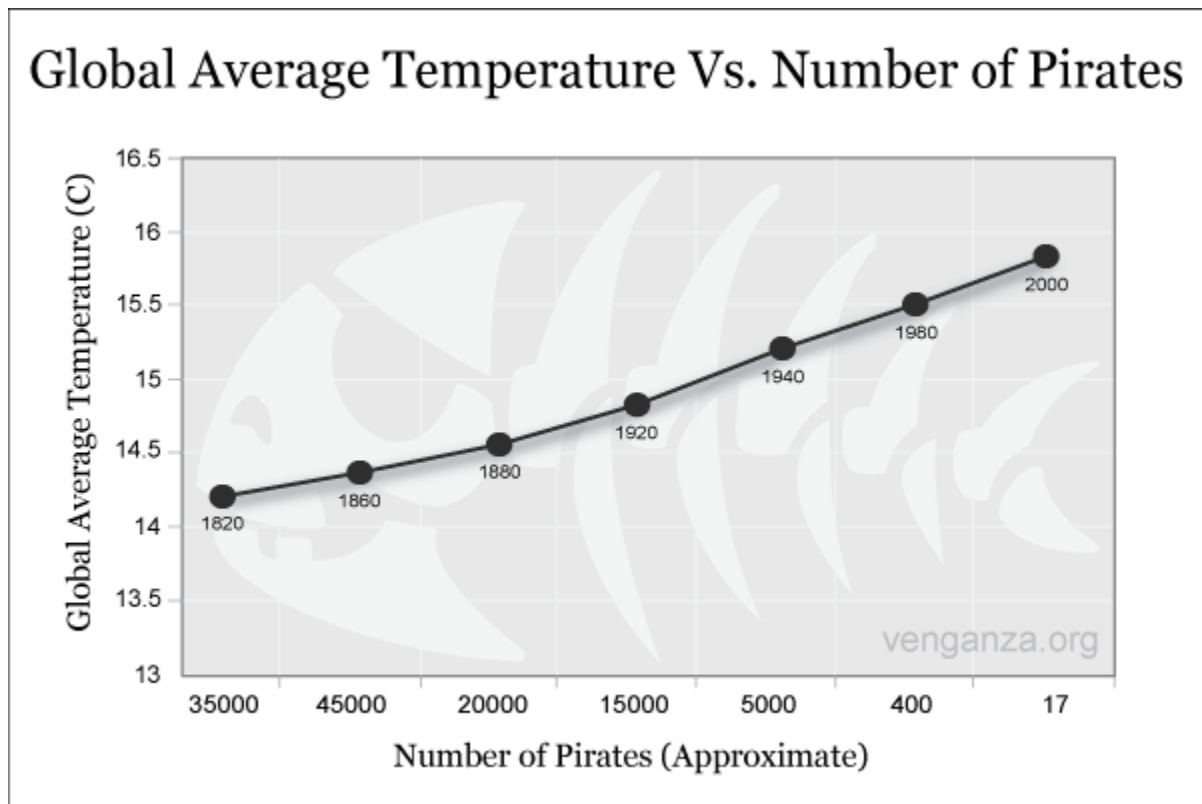
8 It is for this reason that I'm writing you today, to formally request that this alternative theory be taught in your schools, along with the other two theories. 9 In fact, I will go so far as to say, if you do not agree to do this, we will be forced to proceed with legal action. 10 I'm sure you see where we are coming from. 11 If the Intelligent Design theory is not based on faith, but instead another scientific theory, as is claimed, then you must also allow our theory to be taught, as it is also based on science, not on faith.

12 Some find that hard to believe, so it may be helpful to tell you a little more about our beliefs. 13 We have evidence that a Flying Spaghetti Monster created the universe. 14 None of us, of course, were around to see it, but we have written accounts of it. 15 We have several lengthy volumes explaining all details of His power. 16 Also, you may be surprised to hear that there are over 10 million of us, and growing. 17 We tend to be very secretive, as many people claim our beliefs are not substantiated by observable evidence. 18 What these people don't understand is that He built the world to make us think the earth is older than it really is. 19 For example, a scientist may perform a carbon-dating process on an artifact. 20 He finds that approximately 75% of the Carbon-14 has decayed by electron emission to Nitrogen-14, and infers that this artifact is approximately 10,000 years old, as the half-life of Carbon-14 appears to be 5,730 years. 21 But what our scientist does not realize is that every time he makes a measurement, the Flying Spaghetti Monster is there changing the results with His Noodly Appendage. 22 We have numerous texts that describe in detail how this can be possible and the reasons why He does this. 23 He is of course invisible and can pass through normal matter with ease.

24 I'm sure you now realize how important it is that your students are taught this alternate theory. 25 It is absolutely imperative that they realize that observable evidence is at the discretion of a Flying Spaghetti Monster. 26 Furthermore, it is disrespectful to teach our beliefs without wearing His chosen outfit, which of course is full pirate regalia. 27 I cannot stress the

importance of this enough, and unfortunately cannot describe in detail why this must be done as I fear this letter is already becoming too long. 28 The concise explanation is that He becomes angry if we don't.

29 You may be interested to know that global warming, earthquakes, hurricanes, and other natural disasters are a direct effect of the shrinking numbers of Pirates since the 1800s. 30 For your interest, I have included a graph of the approximate number of pirates versus the average global temperature over the last 200 years. 31 As you can see, there is a statistically significant inverse relationship between pirates and global temperature.

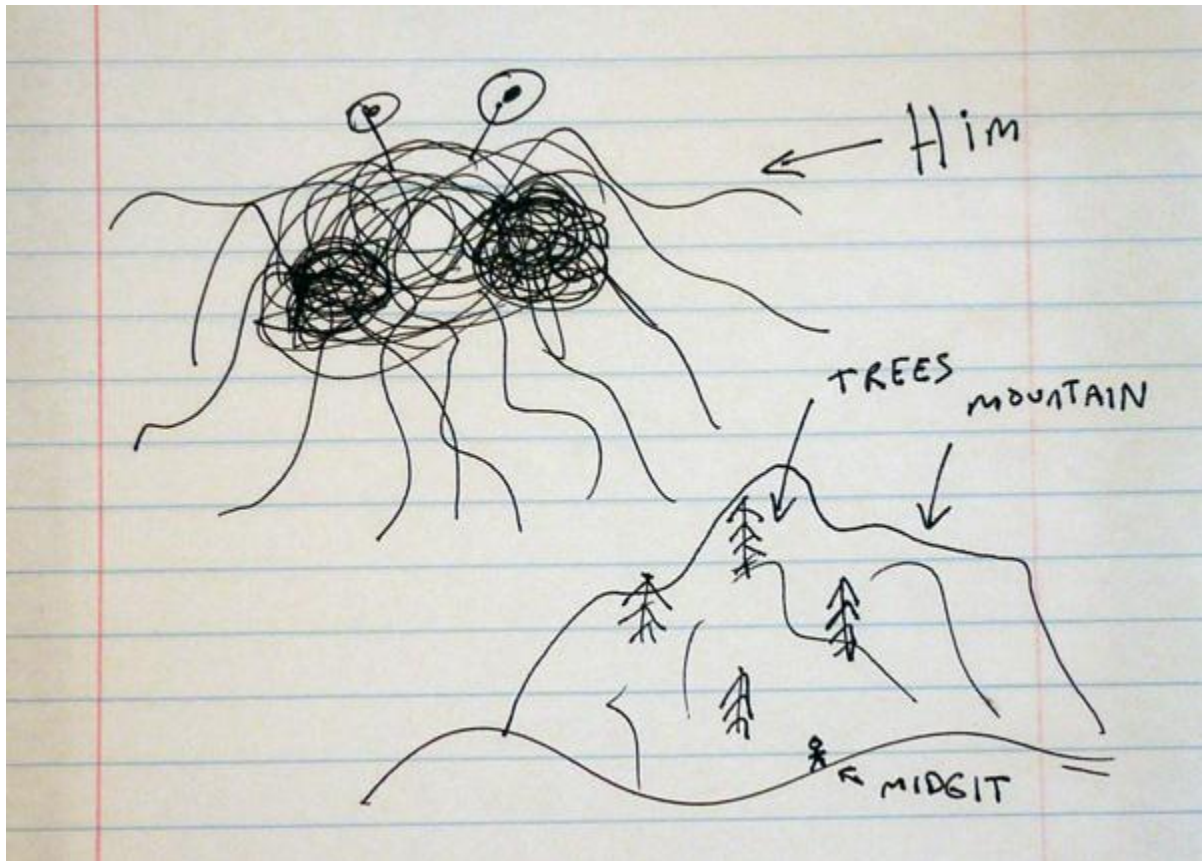


32 In conclusion, thank you for taking the time to hear our views and beliefs. 33 I hope I was able to convey the importance of teaching this theory to your students. 34 We will of course be able to train the teachers in this alternate theory. 35 I am eagerly awaiting your response, and hope dearly that no legal action will need to be taken. 36 I think we can all look forward to the time when these three theories are given equal time in our science classrooms across the country, and eventually the world; One third time for Intelligent Design, one third time for Flying Spaghetti Monsterism, and one third time for logical conjecture based on overwhelming observable evidence.

37 Sincerely Yours,

Bobby Henderson, concerned citizen.

38 P.S. I have included an artistic drawing of Him creating a mountain, trees, and a midget. 39
Remember, we are all His creatures.



An Announcement Regarding the Afterlife

*As transcribed by Solipsy and Auntie Dee Dee

A Note from the Second Council of Olive Garden: This was formerly the First Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief, but we moved it here to the Epastals section as it is a more appropriate genre.

1 An ancient and venerable sage spoke unto the Pastaists of all the divisions, unto the Noodleists, and unto the Maranarists, the Fettucinians, the Pastafarians, and all of the great Pasta-based members of the Holy and Delicious Faith, and said:

2 It is my contention that a loving God of any kind would not Damn someone to Hell.

3 Darning them to Heck would be a problem for a supposedly intelligent creator.

4 Lakes of fire, boiling waters, sauces, etc, aren't a good choice.

5 If you want to attract "justified" persons, portray just rewards and punishments. 6 If you want to attract lunatics and sadists, portray violent punishments.

7 There will be a kind of HellLight, where unbelievers have to live with school cafeteria spaghetti, second rate beer, and boring jobs in the service industries where the Heavenbound FSMists will be living. 8 There will be no privation, no physical torture, no burning or boiling in various liquids. 9 These aren't bad people, these are people that followed the culture and customs of their times and did not recognize the difference between a culture and a faith.

10 Actual FSM Hell is reserved for a very few, and those will be divided from the Pasta, the finest beverages and the fellowship of persons of good will and kind intent. 11 They will do all the laundry, cleaning and heavy or unpleasant jobs that are there. 12 Never will they eat of the Pasta of any kind, but will live on lots of beans and rice, potatoes and extremely cheap cuts of meat, and the type of diet that the American urban poor can afford, or that Senior Citizens and disabled persons on Social Security are reduced to. 13 They get the really icky dirty work. 14 They deserve it. 15 The bullies of the geopolitical world will be there, and their helpers. 16 The false religious leaders, who plead for funds through electronic media, and give nothing of their true selves, and hoard the money and live in opulence, they will be there. 17 Many others of ill-intent will be with them.

18 There is a reservation there for the tricksters, the con-men, the Abramoff et al/Delay contingent, who will begin every work day by licking clean the footwear of every Native

American person there, even in Hell Light. 19 Also there will be the promulgators of the horrible practices against the indigenous people of every country ever "modernized" by Western Civilization. 20 They lick boots as well. 21 And when they're through they get to do all the stuff that nobody in the Hell above them want to do.

22 Not a real burning-in type hell, no boiling lakes of fire, just an appropriate 'reward'. 23 No more lunatics and sadists, please. 24 The current administration's quite enough.

25 Other people have other ideas, but then again other people are promoting Holy War, too. 26 Don't do that in the name of our FSM. 27 That's not the Way to Do Things Right.

Muellers I

a letter to the Macaronians

1My humble apologies for my long absence from among you. 2I have been traveling with a group of Pirates on their ship the Trouser Snake. 3The Captain seems to occasionally fall into deep rum-induced revelries. 4This doth slow the boat's travel no end, as you might imagine. 5It is tolerable, however, 6as he is a man of our faith and his revelries often produce tales both highly amusing and which seem inspired by Our Noodly Lord Himself, when I can parse them out.

7As you know, the Pirate requirement has not come easily to me. 8I suffer to this day with seasickness, 9and a formal education doesn't exactly lend itself to the subtleties of the Pirate idiom. 10That, and every time I use "dem dere fancy-pants words", I am threatened with being forced to walk the plank. 11I still struggle with the necessity to include occasional "Yarrrrr's", "Arrrrrrrrgh's", and "Yo ho ho's" in my speech. 12I have more than once had a suspicious eye cast upon me, 13and a few "Ya best not be none a'them scurvy dogs o' the port authority, or ye'll be a'hangin' from the mainmast like the Jolly Roger's".

14I am sorry to have indulged in recounting to you my troubles. 15On to the issue at hand; 16I can see from your letter to me that there is dissention among you as to who shall enter the Beer Volcano and Stripper Factory of Heaven. 17Obviously, the True Believers shall enter directly, and as customers in no need of reservations. 18They shall be asked to recount their preferences, and thusly shall those preferences be fulfilled. 19I am relieved that I can see nothing in your letter which indicates that this is forgotten among you.

20It is most troubling to me, however, to see that there is argument among you that some sort of separate Hell, 21where those not of The Faith in Our Lord Glob may be thought to go upon their death. 22No, verily no! 23This is not the way of His Great Tastiness. 24He may be most peevish toward the non-believer, t'is true, as the many accounts of His pranks do demonstrate. 25He condemneth not, however, any of His Creatures to eternal torment - 26that is one of the many great sillinesses devised by other earthly religions! 27There is a place in Heaven, though not necessarily pleasant, for all His Creatures.

28Well-meaning non-believers will arrive as wait-staff, with fair labor conditions, 29and may eventually be promoted into upper management positions. 30There will exist, however, no corruption among them. 31During their time off, they will have access to the pleasures of Heaven if they did harm unto no one. 32If they were inconsiderate, or broke the Flimsy Moral Standards by judging others and holding others in contempt for behavior which was none of their business, they will have to pay, and be limited in what they can enjoy. 33Especially nasty people will become the dishwashers and trash-collectors of Heaven.

34Those who have committed great sin, crime, and harm during their time among the living will find their job assignments especially nasty, 35their wages insultingly low, 36their benefits almost non-existent, 37their time off especially short, 38their beer flat, 39their strippers homely, 40and their pasta cold and flavorless. 41They will have no room for advancement for many millennia.

42Lastly are those who did irreparable large-scale harm to the lives of others; they will be treated most harshly. 43The tyrants, the conquerors, the despots, the otherwise greedy and sickeningly unfair; all these will be made to bow down to those whom they harmed. 44Though they will not boil in eternal torment, there will be no end to their subservience. 45Our Heavenly Glob instilled in them the same sense of right and wrong that He gave to others, 46and these people willfully chose to ignore it. 47For them, unkindness in return awaits.

48The Flying Spaghetti Monster who is Our Lord did not create us that we might simply then be condemned for failing to believe in Him. 49What kind of crazy scheme is that; 50to bestow his Creatures with life, then to throw that life he bestowed into eternal torment? 51That is the way of evil deities, not good ones. 52Our One Who Flies and is Saucy understands that life among beings with free will, on a planet with natural systems that cause tumult, and Scientifically Intelligently Designed by a deity who is prankish and can be peevish, should not end in eternal misery. 53That's insane. 54What kind of fool would believe such a being worthy of worship?

55My Macaronian friends at Meullers, I hope this missive has cleared up the dissent among you, 56and that you will remain joyful in your fellowship and belief in all things Pasta and Saucy. 57Celebrate all things Cheesy, 58and find strength among one another and Our Wise and Great Noodly One Who Touches. Oh, 59and I forgot: Yarrrrrrrrrrr.

RAmen,
Your Scribe Solipsy

Muellers II

A second letter to the Macaronians

1Praise be to Our Lord Glob in Heaven, 2and a hearty yo-ho-ho unto you, my Brother and Sister Pastafarians. 3I am pleased to hear that my previous missive was well-received, 4and that the stonings have ceased. 5Our Noodly One finds it reprehensible that violence be done in His Most Tasty Name. 6The ancient and wise prophets tell of many misinterpretations of the concept of punishment in His Noodliness's World and the Hereafter of the Sacred Beer Volcano and Stripper Factory. 7This is not without cause; for our minds are small and His is Infinite. Yarr, indeed.

8Let me mention again my familiarity with the writings of ancient prophets, 9for it is to these we must turn for answers to the complex questions you now ask. 10I do not doubt that misunderstanding of this abstraction was at the root of your squabble over the nature of the afterlife, 11and your confusion over how souls will be sorted. 12Argggghhhhh, this be one of the sticky points of Our Great Stringy and Orbed One's Creation of All That There Is: the Flimsy Moral Standards.

13Arguments have ensued since the Great Creation of the Midgit/Midget as to what constitutes "Flimsy", 14what constitutes "Moral", 15and what constitutes "Standard(s)". 16To further complicate the matter, the three words are solidified into a single phrase, 17with its own set of semantic confusion and argument. 18The errors and heresies of the past have been a result of eliminating or misinterpreting one of the words.

19You will remember, of course, the now extinct sect of the Moustaciolians. 20Their heresy was a dismissal of the word "Flimsy." 21They argued that the word was too abstract for an actual definition - too "flimsy," if you will. 22They therefore disregarded it altogether, and simply went about enforcing what they regarded as "Moral Standards." 23This led them to become a warlike culture, hated by all their neighbors. 24They were so sexually repressed they refused to reproduce; 25hence their current status as extinct.

26A similar fate befell the Ricearonians, 27whose heretical fallacy was to argue against any definable concept of Morals. 28No activity was forbidden. 29If another believer looked at you oddly, 30you could simply kill him. 31As you may imagine, this led to a shortage of converts, and an ever-shortening list of followers. 32The Ricearonians lasted about six months.

33The Couscoustians have thankfully veered away from their disastrous heresy of refusing to imagine that Standards can be applied. 34They felt that the word "Flimsy" was irreconcilable with the word "Standard." 35Therefore, they simply had "Flimsy Morals." 36The Couscoustians

were well on their way to dying from preventable Sexually Transmitted Diseases. 37A few Letters and some cases of Penicillin have since put the Brothers and Sisters back on the road to True Believership.

38The Great Pastalogians and Pastapologists of the past have insisted that the three words be regarded in their entirety. 39They appear together without fail, in every ancient known source text. 40Granted, the overall concept can be easily misinterpreted, but you must bear in mind this: 41Flimsy Moral Standards are not the same as No Moral Standards. 42The Pastalogians of yore remind us that the concept of Flimsy Moral Standards must be interpreted as a whole with the “Not Commandments, Suggestions,” and various other ancient canonical texts.

43So, what is it you must know, my Pastafarian Brothers and Sisters? 44You must always keep in mind this: 45Whatever occurs between consenting adults and neither hurts nor involves anyone else is none of anyone else’s concern. 46Whatever one chooses to do while alone which hurts no one else is none of anyone else’s concern. 47Pastafarians should never choose to engage in behavior which is harmful to others or involves people who do not or cannot consent. 48Such is true for behaviors both large and small, when it is in the control of the True Believer to avoid.

49Our Heavenly Sauced and Meaty One has blessed all people with knowledge of right and wrong, 50whether they are True Believers or not. 51Beware, O My Kindred Pastafarians, those who claim to have a corner on the market of morality. 52When you hear them start to spout off, you know the smiting will soon follow 53and it won’t be a deity doing it. 54I hope, My Macaronian Brethren, that this clears up the matter, 55and that you will keep the Delicious Faith with you always. 56Ahoy.

RAmen,
Your Scribe Solipsy

Pirate Aaahhhrrrrr's Letter to the Privateers

Chapter 1

1 Aaahhhrrrrr, a Pirate and Pastafarian by the will of His Noodliness the Flying Spaghetti Monster, to the buccaneers which are at sea, and to the faithful privateers in Pasta:

2 Ahoy!

3 Blessed be yer booty, and may yer coffers never empty. May ye all be fruitful (so as not to contract scurvy) and multiply (so as to be good at math).

4 Yer last missive greeted me in the same post as a letter I received from me brother, who lives in the City of the Red Stick, recently inundated by refugees from the great storm of Katrina. I hope this explains me tardiness in me response.

5 Tis heart-warming to this humble man of the sea to know yer daughter is doing well in college. Has yer wife received a new peg-leg from the good Doctor Davey Jones?

6 Ye asked me whether I would again tell the story of the great Volcano of Beer. While I am loth to speak of it, even when it is so far in me past, I will tell the tale again, with hope that you will spread the message of His Noodliness and how the Pastafarian heaven kicks the booty of the heavens of the false gods, and I mean not the usual definition of "booty", mind ye.

7 Here is the story then, as I be rememberin' it.

Chapter 2

1 'Twas a dark and stormy night, to be sure. Me ship the Trouser Snake was rockin and knockin.

2 First Mate One-Eye Johnson had taken the helm while I went back to me stateroom to ponder over a few of me treasure maps. I had me candles and lanterns lit, but most of the light was coming through me window from the storm's lightning.

3 I was ignorant of it at the time, but I suspect the lightning was actually the many and countless noodly appendages of our Creator, may His meatballs never wither.

4 I be but a humble pirate, but truly I believe He was reaching down to me and me ship. I found out for certain when one of the blinding appendages reached straight through the hard wood of the Trouser Snake, into me stateroom, and struck me for dead.

5 I was not the first pirate to be smote before his time, and I certainly won't be the last, but from what I be hearin, I am the only one to live to tell the tale.

Chapter 3

1 I awoke in a green field surrounded by strippers. The story of the creation of the Stripper Factory is not mine to tell, and I will dwell on it no longer here.

2 Suffice it to say that The Trouser Snake and me First Mate One Eye Johnson seemed to stir within me. Perhaps I was not as far removed from them as it appeared.

3 But I be digressin.

4 I be a pirate, by His Grace and Sauce, and I like to be thinkin of meself as above fear. But I was certainly afeard of the strippers until one with a peg-leg approached me. She seemed familiar to me eyes, so when she beckoned to me with her hook, twas only a small effort to follow her.

5 She led me to a small Italian bistro, which looked like it had sprouted out of the very ground. There were no roads leading to it, no sidewalk, no parking lot. But there was a sunny patio with small, two-seat tables with checkered tablecloths.

6 The real kind of tablecloth, not that vinyl crap they have at Pizza Hut.

7 We sat at one of the tables, and a silent but efficient waiter brought me a plate of the finest spaghetti it has ever been my pleasure to sample.

8 Do ye know the bloated feeling ye get when ye've had too much spaghetti? Well I ate the whole plate of these heavenly noodles, scraped every morsel of meatball and tomato, and I was sated, but not in any physical discomfort.

9 It was the most perfect meal I have ever eaten, and it was only then that I spoke. Mind ye, not a word had been said to this point between meself and the stripper.

10 "Do ye have anything to drink that would match the perfection of what I just ate?"

11 And the stripper said, "If you are thirsty, you shall have what you desire in time. For all things come from His Noodliness, as they are ultimately returned unto Him."

12 "I be not overly thirsty, madam. 'Tis but a custom to have drink with meal. But first, I must ask, as ye speak of noodles: What have ye done to me Trouser Snake?"

13 And the stripper said, "The Trouser Snake holds firm. Your mainmast stands proud and erect, and the wood is as hard as ever. One-Eye Johnson stands full and tall at the helm, sad for the loss of his captain, but hard-set and ready to plunder booty."

14 "The loss of his captain?" says I. "What has happened to me then?"

15 "You have been touched by His Noodly Appendage. Rejoice and be glad, for unto you is given a message to be proclaimed, and a task to be done."

Chapter 4

1 I measured not the time, for at the bistro it was always early evening.

2 It may have been days that the stripper told me of Our Noodly Master and his benevolence, wisdom, and sauciness.

3 In that time she told me all that I will someday tell you, that ye may be disciples in Pasta, that ye may spread the word, and that ye may pass the parmesan.

4 Twas the Flying Spaghetti Monster that created our short friends, the midgits.

5 Twas the Flying Spaghetti Monster that created our stony friends, the mountains.

6 Twas the Flying Spaghetti Monster that created our wooden friends, the trees.

7 But not necessarily in that order.

8 There be more to it than that, but I'll be coverin it in a later letter, perhaps.

9 Though she told me much, and though I had not pencil nor paper with which to take notes, I remembered all that the stripper told unto me, including that she said "unto" a lot, so that I be usin it in me everyday speech to this day.

To be continued...

First Letter From Edd to the Forum Members

1 One day a man entered a strip joint and sat at a back table. 2 Verily, he did order his minimum of drinks, which numbered two. 3 He sat, expressionless, staring at the strippers, without tipping, without beckoning them over. 4 And, yea, did the strippers avoid him and call him 'creepy.'

5 All night, the creepy patron did sit and stare. 6 The strippers whispered amongst themselves about the body parts he most likely concealeth in a freezer.

7 But, lo, one stripper did become intoxicated and became much too physical with all the customers. 8 Her coworkers did liken her unto a prostitute and were embarrassed on her behalf. 9 She danced provocatively, yet clumsily, eliciting not tips but pity.

10 Behold, On this day I issue a challenge to unrepentant lurkers: 11 Be not like the creepy patron, staring without participating. 12 Lurk until you have become familiar with these forums, then participate. 13 But do not become like the drunken stripper; remember to post with civility, consideration of others, and make a sincere attempt to verify your contribution is intelligible and interesting and not repetitive.

14 Respect the seriousness of the serious threads and the silliness of the humorous threads, for is not The Flying Spaghetti Monster composed of many noodly appendages, each as omniscient and omnipotent as the next? 15 So it is with the forums.

16 May The FSM guide your hands over your keyboard while protecting it from beverages.

RAmen

Second Letter From Edd to the Forum Members

1 One day an elderly couple gathered their four children, two sons and two daughters, together for a serious discussion. 2 When all were present they asked, ‘What are your views regarding the afterlife, religion, or spirituality in general?’

3 Now, it was known that the couple was in the process of drawing up their Last Will and Testament. 4 Over the years, their wealth had grown to an envious amount. 5 The children felt that their inheritance might be influenced by their responses.

6 But they were strong, independent thinkers and they all knew that their parents respected honesty, so each child resolved to speak the truth, no matter what the consequences.

7 The eldest son spoke up first: ‘Mother, Father, I have never hidden my feelings on this matter; I proudly consider myself an atheist. 8 All observable evidence supports the idea of a universe capable of running itself without the benefit of a guiding or creative hand. 9 And every god that I have ever heard of seems more likely to be wishful thinking, fable, or myth. 10 When supportable evidence is presented that indicates otherwise, I will reconsider my position, but until then, I will look to science to answer all my questions and solve all my problems.’

11 The oldest daughter responded next: ‘I respect my brother’s opinion but I cannot commit to such an inflexible attitude. 12 I agree that no evidence can be shown to prove a god’s existence but no evidence can be shown proving a god’s non-existence, either. 13 Without proof, reasonable doubt must prevail. 14 The world is full of many wondrous things in an arguably infinite amount of space; to say with conviction that something cannot exist is indicative of hubris.’

15 Without responding, the parents looked to the next son. 16 ‘I have not been shy in regard to my faith, either,’ he laughed. 17 ‘Anyone who would like to hear how I decided that the path I have chosen is the true path to enlightenment I will gladly regale. 18 Come to me with an open mind and the truth shall reveal itself to you. 19 Worry not about insulting me, my conviction is based upon a power higher than anything of this world.’

20 All eyes turned to the youngest daughter. 21 She sighed, took a deep breath and drew herself up, as if expecting an attack. 22 ‘Mother and Father, I love you very much, but you ask a question I find difficult to answer. 23 My beliefs are of a personal and private nature; so much so that it is painful to bring myself to express them, even to you. 24 I beg you, judge me by my actions, not my motives. 25 Do I not endeavour to help others and not harm them? 26 Am I not compassionate? 27 Have you found me to be cruel in any way? 28 What difference does it make what thoughts lie in my mind if my behaviour is commendable? 29 Any views I have should be

considered as valid as the others, no matter what they are. 30 Leave me out of your will if you must, but that is my final response.'

31 The parents exchanged a shocked look. 32 'Leave you out of our will?!' they exclaimed. 33 'We were merely curious! 34 Our will is already complete. 35 You will all get an equal share of the estate, regardless of your views. 36 We love you all equally. 37 Silly children, we only want you to feel comfortable discussing any and all topics with us.'

38 Verily the elderly couple had much of the FSM within them, for they understood that each of their children felt strongly concerning their respective viewpoints and not one was deserving of punishment or disregard. 39 When the sad day arrived and each heir received their one fifth share of their parents' estate, they felt proud to carry on the legacy of tolerance and respect.

40 (And yes, the four children each received one fifth of the inheritance; the remaining portion was split amongst the household pets. 41 Unfortunately, the parents shared another trait of the FSM and were frequently intoxicated.)

42 May you identify more with the parents of this parable than one of the children (except for the 'frequently intoxicated' part).

RAmen

First Letter From Edd to the Slackers

1 One day, the Great Pirate Solomon summoned his two sons and set them a challenge.

2 'I require 10, 000 cubits of pasta, brought from the farthest, most inaccessible port in China. 3 Whosoever provideth the pasta first will be rewarded with one of my finest asses.'

4 Now, the Pirate Solomon was heralded far and wide as a breeder of amazing pack animals. 5 Each of his donkeys was worth its weight in gold and could carry enough dry pasta to feed an army. 6 It was rumoured that twin donkeys had been born recently, however, that could carry ten times the weight of the next strongest animal and were so intelligent that training them took little effort.

7 The two brothers rushed to the shipyard to set sail.

8 The first son did a quick inspection of his ship and set forth almost immediately even though he had several leaks calling for attention. 9 'I dare not spend time and money on repairs,' thought the pirate prince. 10 'A quick coating of pitch will do the job.'

11 He launched with a raggedy crew comprised of as many loiterers from the docks as he could bribe with a promise of easy money and began to take on water almost instantly. 12 He and his men bailed to no avail and had to return after only a few hours.

13 Meanwhile, the other son was patching up his ship with superior materials while he waited for the men he had invited along on his expedition. 14 When the eldest returned he was gladdened to see that his brother had not yet put out to sea. 15 Reluctantly and hurriedly he managed to get his ship in adequate shape for his voyage pausing only to shanghai more men to man the oars just as his brother unfurled his sails.

16 The bandit brothers sailed for weeks; first one would be in the lead, then the other. 17 The eldest had rowers to supplement the wind, but many had to be put to work bailing water and mending the leaks that continued to appear due to his rushed and shoddy work. 18 And his sails were in pitiful shape compared to the younger brother's. 19 In the end, the bedraggled boat pulled into the Chinese harbor only half a day ahead of the other.

20 With as much haste as he could manage, the eldest pirate acquired the necessary pasta. 21 He stole what he could but was forced to sell some of his men into slavery to purchase the rest (there had been talk of mutiny, in any case). 22 Tired, hungry, and running from Chinese guards, the eldest set out on his return trip just as his brother's boat appeared over the horizon. 23 He laughed to himself and tried to cheer up his crew: 'Before long, men, I shall possess one of my

father's greatest treasures and you will be rewarded handsomely!

24 While the first ship crept its way homeward despite the best efforts of the first mate to drive the rowers to superhuman lengths, the second son docked and began negotiations with the Chinese Keepers of the Pasta.

25 Many days later, a messenger ran up to the Great Pirate Solomon crying, 'My lord, your son has returned!'

26 'Escort him here so that I may reward him.'

27 'And your other son, sire? 28 His ship has been spotted also.'

29 'Ah. Bring them both before me and my two prize animals, as well.'

30 And so it was that both sons of the infamous pirate Solomon were presented to their father; one dirty, unkempt, and wild-eyed, the other, calm, confident, and standing tall. 31 'Have you both brought the consecrated carbohydrates?' asked their father. 32 The sons stood aside so that he might view the mounds of spaghetti, tortellini, fettuccine, fusilli, and ziti that had been piled behind them.

33 The stacks of foodstuffs were as different as the brothers. 34 One was clean, neat, and easily over 10,000 cubits with such an aroma many in the room would have sworn it was fresh even knowing that it had been brought from China. 35 The other was rotting, full of insects, and much less. 36 'Who was the first to arrive?' asked the Great Pirate Solomon, giving a disgusted look as a rat ran out of the smaller pile.

37 'I was, father!' cried the eldest. 38 'And I am here to claim my prize of your greatest donkey, as you promised.'

39 'With that?' 40 He gestured toward the putrid pile of pasta. 41 'Record-keeper, how many cubits is it?'

42 'Five thousand, my lord,' the scribe replied, reading the measurements scrawled in his notes.

43 'And my other son's offering?'

44 'Twelve thousand cubits.'

45 'I have decided,' boomed the brigand. 46 'You, my eldest son, have not fulfilled the

requirements I set before you, so the animal goes to your brother.’

47 ‘Do I get nothing for my efforts?!’ whined the loser as he watched his sibling lead the great beast out of the chamber and the servants packed away the pasta. 48 ‘I spent time, money, and effort at great personal risk to bring this back!’

49 Visibly angry, his father stood up and proclaimed, ‘You believe you deserve recompense?! 50 Very well. 51 Since you have done a half-ass job, you will receive half an ass!’

52 The Great Pirate Solomon grabbed his ceremonial scimitar and struck his remaining donkey, cleaving it in two.

53 ‘Now get your ass out of here! 54 And someone clean up all this blood and guts, it’s grossing me out.’

55 So, remember this story when you are tempted to cut corners in your work, be it personal, occupational, or otherwise. 56 Taking pride in your endeavours makes a world of difference and is well worth the effort.

RAmen

First Letter From Edd to the Partiers

1 On the day designated for celebration by the FSM, which is today, three wenches held parties for their respective friends and family.

2 The first wench obsessed over every guest's likes and dislikes, desperately trying to ensure that everyone had the most magnificent time possible. 3 She spent more money than she could afford and was in a constant state of panic over how the party might go. 4 Her significant other was forced to the local pub to seek the relative peace and quiet of the afternoon brawl.

5 On the night of the first wench's party, nothing went as planned. 6 The non-vegetarians ate all the meatless hors' d'oeuvres before the vegetarians even arrived. 7 The band refused to play the medley of songs she requested and ended up getting drunk and hitting on her teenage nieces. 8 She tried to compensate for the seeming lack of conversation between her guests by flitting from group to group pointing out their mutual hobbies and acquaintances, but inevitably ended up interrupting at least a few interesting discussions. 9 In the end, everyone left well before midnight, which is the sure sign of an unsuccessful party. 10 The first wench spent the rest of the night cleaning up, wondering what she might have done differently.

11 The second wench only worried about one person – her mother-in-law. 12 The décor was done in the style of her youth, the food was all of her favourites, and there was no loud music since she had 'delicate sensibilities.' 13 The hag, I mean mother-in-law, arrived early and left early, seemingly in good spirits, and the rest of the guests ordered pizza and brought out a radio to make the best of the rest of the night.

14 The next day, the second wench felt bad that her friends had been forced to entertain themselves but was satisfied that at least she had impressed the one she had set out to. 15 Then, she spoke to her sister-in-law.

16 It seems that the old woman had immediately began criticizing everything the wench had done the moment she had walked out of her house. 17 She complained about the food, the neighbours, the class of friends invited, the furniture, and the hostess' outfit. 18 The second wench broke into tears, despairing of ever pleasing the woman.

19 The third wench threw a party based on a theme she and her pirate decided upon. 20 Invitations went out to all she wanted to attend and none to those she did not. 21 She was considerate of known food allergies, but otherwise did not cater to any particular taste other than her own. 22 Music was a selection of their favourites from their personal collection with the local kids' garage band allowed to jam for an hour. 23 The good grog ran out early, but they made do with what could be obtained from the neighbour's still. 24 When her uncle got drunk

and tried to start a fight with her boss, she sent him to the guest bedroom to sleep and laughed about it with her employer.

25 As the third wench and her pirate said good-bye to the last guest, with the sun's rays peaking over the horizon, she was content, knowing that the majority of her friends and family had had a good time, but more importantly, she and her pirate had enjoyed themselves the most.

26 To thine own self be true because even the best laid plans go awry. 27 It is not possible to please everyone, all the time, so do not forget to include your own desires in your plans.

28 Party on, dude

RAmen

First Letter From Edd to the Infallible

1 The owner of an upscale Italian restaurant decided to implement an incentive program for his wait staff based on customer surveys. 2 Some employees grumbled and some looked forward to the opportunity to make some extra money.

3 When the survey results began coming back in, the proprietor concentrated on the remarks made about his two best evening waiters who handled the most guests and the most expensive meals. 4 At first, the comments were mixed. 5 Each waiter received both praise and criticisms from customers. 6 The owner called both of them into his office for a meeting.

7 ‘One of the most common complaints was slow and inadequate attention from servers,’ he said. 8 ‘I want both of you to work on that before I start handing out cash. 9 If I see significant improvement, you’ll be compensated handsomely.’

10 The first waiter replied, ‘Yes, sir,’ and went back to work while the other stayed behind. 11 ‘Boss,’ he said, ‘those people are crazy! 12 I bust my ass every night filling tea and wine glasses and bread baskets and rushing to take care of their every need. 13 You need to get after the kitchen; it’s their fault the orders aren’t ready sooner.’

14 ‘Hmmm, you may be right. 15 I’ll look into it, but try anyway.’

16 The next night, the employer called the two waiters back into his office. 17 ‘Guys, we have a serious problem. 18 Two customers were served the wrong dishes last night. 19 They were both Pastafarians and those people really know their vermicelli! 20 One ordered spaghetti with American marinara sauce and he was served angel hair with Italian marinara and the other was served ravioli instead of pierogi! 21 Thank the FSM neither took offense at the ‘angel’ hair or was allergic to seafood. 22 I convinced them to come back next week but, since I only spoke to them over the phone, I don’t know what they look like and they might come in incognito, so you have to be at the top of your game.’

23 Again, the first waiter replied, ‘Yes, boss,’ and rushed out, but the second remained.

24 ‘You don’t really think I can’t tell the difference between those dishes even if I am rushing around from table to table, do you? 25 Pastafarians or not, I don’t make those kind of mistakes.’

26 ‘It doesn’t matter,’ said his employer. 27 ‘Just make sure it doesn’t happen again the next few nights.’

28 A few days later, the proprietor was tallying surveys at his desk when he heard a crash out in

the dining area. 29 'Oh, no,' he groaned as he sprinted out. 30 When he burst out the 'In' door he saw his two evening waiters and a table full of guests covered in red wine and pesto. 31 The first waiter was picking up silverware and plates while apologizing to the customers. 32 The second was arguing with one of them, claiming that he was not at fault because someone seated at that table had spilled water, causing him to slip and fall. 33 As the owner hurried to intervene, the waiter yelled, 'I quit!' and stalked out.

34 Much later, after closing, the first waiter went to speak to his employer. 35 'Rough day, huh, Boss?'

36 'Definitely. By the way, thanks for staying calm and helping out. 37 And your surveys have improved remarkably, even though they weren't too shabby to begin with. 38 I'll get your bonus to you as soon as I pay for cleaning, or possibly replacing, the clothes that were ruined tonight.'

39 'No worries. My tips have gotten a lot better lately. 40 I've been paying more attention to my tables and learning the subtle differences and nuances of the dishes on our menu and the customers really notice and appreciate it. 41 Thanks for the constructive criticism.'

42 So remember, humility is a virtue, pleasing to the FSM and those around you. 43 It will help you recognize the areas where you need the most work, which, in turn, will open up more opportunities for you. 44 Hubris was the downfall of many a tragic hero and even the FSM stumbles when he's had one too many.

45 (And don't forget to tip your server)

RAmen

A Letter from ADoS to the Dying

Chapter 1

1 Ahoy, me fellow dyin' followers of our Great Noodly Lord.

2 I says "fellow" for to all appearances, it seems we must all go to drink from the Beer Volcano at some point in our lives, usually at the end. 3 I counts meself as most likely included in this trend.

4 This trend, on that note, is one that often causes concern for those who has not yet died for the final time in their lives. 5 We may worry about what will happen after we dies, both on Earth an' in the great beyond. 6 I wish to address these concerns, as far as Pastafarians is concerned.

Chapter 2

1 On Earth, many o' the more accepted religions has what is called "last rites", rituals that must be performed in order for the best outcome to occur for the deceased an' those who were part o' the deceased's former life. 2 I has seen many inquiries about what a last rite for Pastafarians might be. 3 The Flying Spaghetti Monster, in His wisdom an' drunkenness, has never made it totally clear what should be done with a Pastafarian corpse. 4 This has undoubtedly been a large part o' the reason for many inquiries, but rather, I says that it has been made vague intentionally.

5 Consider the ways a typical pirate might die. 6 A pirate may be made to walk the plank, to be devoured by the hungry sharks below. 7 A pirate may be marooned on a deserted island an' eventually killed an' eaten by a boar. 8 A pirate captain may be mutinied against, an' set adrift in a barrel, only to drown when the barrel flips over in rough waters. 9 Sadly, a pirate may be strung up by the Crown an' impaled on a spike at the entrance to a harbor. 10 An' o' course, a pirate may return to shore an' live incognito till old age or disease strikes. 11 Such a pirate might then be buried in the ground.

12 Me point is that a life o' piracy has no guarantees about the causes o' death, an' as such no guarantees about what shall be done with the bodies. 13 As piracy is the Noodly Lord's ideal lifestyle for His followers, it would make sense that He would not place strict requirements on us about last rites. 14 Presumably a death during an act o' piracy would be ideal, but it must be remembered that many traditional allies o' pirates are not, in fact, pirates (for instance, wenches, barkeepers, shipwrights, even the royalty in some cases), an' thus it also makes sense that even this is not required.

15 Me advice to ye, worried Pastafarians, is that ye should arrange for whatever pleases ye to happen to yer body when ye dies. 16 There be no guarantees that it will happen, but ultimately, it probably doesn't matter.

Chapter 3

1 The other concern I wish to address is that o' the afterlife. 2 What we know o' the afterlife is

almost as vague as the instructions for last rites. 3 We are fairly sure that there be Firmament, a Beer Volcano, an' a Stripper Factory, an' we can assume there be pasta an' great oceans to sail upon. 4 We can also assume we might meet our Great Starchy Deity, sauce be upon Him. 5 Beyond this, we know very little o' the afterlife, an' as a result, there be much debate about what kind o' beer is in the Volcano, whether there be male strippers for the females, whether there be any punitive system, an' many other things.

6 I posit that the nature o' the afterlife has been left vague for similar reasons as for instructions for last rites. 7 We know several things about the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 8 The fact that He is very frequently drunk is the most cited trait, but He is also mostly benevolent, an' He also enjoys manipulating data to hide the truth. 9 It is therefore possible, or so I surmise, that He has not only taken into account the fact that one-size-fits-all Heavens do not, in fact, fit all, but that He also was able to create a Heaven that is pleasing to just about everyone (or at least everyone who isn't a total asshole), an' the only reason we cannot fathom it is due to His love o' changing our observations with His Noodly Appendages! 10 ARRGH!

11 This is only a guess, o' course, but it should be enough to hopefully discourage disparagin' others simply because they disagrees with yer own ideas o' what Heaven is.

Chapter 4

1 I hopes this will help to ease yer minds, fellow Pastafarians, an' free it up to do some interestin' ponderin', on the subject o' death an' otherwise.

2 Ramen! Pasta be with ye all.
-ADoS

The Correspondence of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee and the Leaders of Hillel

Chapter 1

1 Dear [Censored Person #1],

2 Hi, my name is Jeff Cupo. 3 Now before I get into the message, I want to let you know that my organization is legit. 4 You can check us out at the Rutgers Student Life website and this isn't a joke or spam or anything. 5 I am the President of the Rutgers Pastafarians, which is the Rutgers Chapter of the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster. 6 Now I don't know how you feel about the issue, but basically we're opposed to the teaching of intelligent design in public school science classrooms. 7 We're not out to prove it wrong, just that it's not science. 8 One of our goals is to improve the relations between the science and religious communities, since they both have smart things to say, and they'd be more likely to listen to each other if they like each other. 9 What we had planned on doing was to have a liaison, a member who shares both of our viewpoints and is in both of our organizations, who will serve as a link between the two and to fairly represent each organization to the other. 10 He/she would also serve as a nice, visible symbol of our positive relationship. 11 We're also eager to collaborate on projects together. 12 We already have developed friendly relationships with Campus Crusade for Christ and the Rutgers University Pagan Student Association. 13 In fact, our staff adviser is also the staff adviser to Trinity House. 14 So let me know what you think, and if it's cool with you, we can discuss this further in more detail.

15 Kind regards,
Jeff Cupo

Chapter 2

1 Hi Jeff,

2 Thanks for contacting me-- I apologize that I wasn't able to respond to your message sooner-- I was out of the country for two weeks.

3 Your organization certainly has an interesting name-- who created the "Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster?" 4 It is certainly comical but also seems to mock religious organizations (let me know what your perception is).

5 Hillel loves to connect to other groups on campus and work on joint events. 6 Hillel does not take a stand on intelligent design in relation to education, though for the most part Jews are happy to separate church and state and do not advocate for intelligent design to be taught in schools. 7 Hillel is not a membership organization-- all of our events are open-- so I don't know that we could have a set liaison, but we would certainly be willing to work with you on events that you're interested in planning. 8 (We would need to decide on a per-event basis whether to co-sponsor.)

9 I hope this all makes sense-- let me know how you'd like to continue the conversation.

10 -[Censored Person #1]

11 P.S. My term as Hillel president will be expiring at the end of January, and [Censored Person #2] will be taking over, so I have "cc"ed her here to be part of the conversation.

Chapter 3

1 Dear [Censored Person #1] and [Censored Person #2],

2 Lol, yeah, you made perfect sense. 3 To answer your first question, Bobby Henderson, a physics student from Oregon State University, founded the Church back in 2005 as a response to the Kansas board of ed's attempt to put ID in the public school science curriculum. 4 You can check out the letter that started it all here: <http://www.venganza.org/about/open-letter/>.

5 It seems to mock religion mainly due to the fact that our main focus is Intelligent Design, which stems from the Genesis. 6 While we have no problem with religion, we do have a problem with pseudoscience, and in this case, the pseudoscience is religiously motivated. 7 So religion kinda gets caught in the crossfire, but we mean no offense. 8 It's meant to be ridiculous just to show a scientific point, the idea being that there's just as much scientific evidence for the FSM creating the life that there is for a Designer doing it, just to characterize the issue as not being a scientific one.

9 So since we feel that ID is not falsifiable (part of why it's not science), we're not saying it's wrong, only that it's not science. 10 Also, though the Church has no set dogma or rules, a great deal of Pastafarians, myself included, support the idea of religious tolerance. 11 My chapter has also established a code of conduct which bans any attacks or insults directed towards any religion. 12 It is a zero tolerance policy and any violators are expelled from the group.

13 I had heard Judaism was for the most part pro-separation of church and state, but I didn't want

to make any assumptions on the opinions of any of the religious groups on campus, so I decided to treat all equally and approach everyone. 14 It's cool if you can't do the liaison thing like I described, but I still think it would be good if we had some kind of contact system worked out. 15 Thanks for your willingness to collaborate. 16 Right now we're mostly working on a few small scale projects and recruitment, so we don't have a lot planned. 17 The only joint event we've got going is an Evolution-ID debate/lecture that Campus Crusade for Christ has an interest in cosponsoring with us, but that's really in the early stages of planning and we might end up not going through with it. 18 So this was mainly to introduce us and establish a friendly relationship with your organization. 19 We'll keep you posted on the event situation, cause we do want to do something this semester. 20 Feel free to ask any other questions that you might have.

21 Kind regards,
Jeff Cupo

Chapter 4

1 Thanks for the explanation, Jeff.

2 Keep us posted.

3 -[Censored Person #1]

Chapter 5

1 Will do. 2 Thanks for being so cool.

3 --Jeff

The Letter of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee to the Googlists

Chapter 1 Have You Been Touched?

1 Ahoy maties. 2 I come from the Pastafarian community to warn you nonbelievers of the coming Apocalypse (Apastalypse). 3 The Dark Lord Darwin and his Science are covering the land, replacing our precious blind faith and beliefs with horrid reason, evidence, and facts. 4 If you wish to avoid the coming doom, you must repent and let the Flying Spaghetti Monster touch you with His noodly appendage. 5 Your god, Google, is indeed powerful, but lacks the mass of quivering pasta that is divine enough to repel Darwin's evil power. 6 Beware the temptor and his tricks and head to <http://www.venganza.org/> to hear the FSM's word and be blessed by Him. 7 Sauce be upon you, my fellow satirists. 8 Ramen. -Captain Jeff

The Letter of Captain Jeff the Mishunairee to the Rutgers Campus Crusade for Christ

Chapter 1-Introduction

"Science can purify religion from error and superstition. Religion can purify science from idolatry and false absolutes..."

-Pope John Paul II

1 While I realize Campus Crusade for Christ isn't a Catholic group, Pope John Paul II was a respected and intelligent man who did a great deal not just for Christianity, but humanity as well. 2 Here is one of the most important people in the Christian world professing the importance of cooperation between science and religion. 3 While the two have debated and had conflict throughout our history, a friendship between them can, in fact, help both sides. 4 Both have intelligent things to say and people are more likely to listen to friends than enemies. 5 I have come to this conclusion and made it a goal of the Rutgers Pastafarians to improve the relations between the science and religious groups on campus.

Chapter 2-The Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster

1 The Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster (the members of which are referred to as Pastafarians) is dedicated to keeping Intelligent Design (ID) out of public school science classrooms. 2 At this point in time, ID cannot be falsified, tested, or observed. 3 These characteristics are fundamental to science and any idea that does not possess them is not science. 4 Furthermore, ID is clearly based on religion and therefore it cannot be taught in public school due to the separation of church and state.

5 Due to its unfalsifiability, however, we can't say ID is wrong, only that it's not science. 6 Also, though the Church has no set dogma or rules, a great deal of Pastafarians, myself included, support the idea of religious tolerance. 7 The Rutgers Pastafarians have also established a code of conduct which bans any attacks or insults directed towards any religion. 8 It is a zero tolerance policy and any violators are expelled from the group. 9 So we are not out to prove Christianity wrong and mock Christians or any religion in any way.

10 Christianity and Intelligent Design are separate ideas. 11 The Church of the FSM is a satire of the ID movement, namely their argument that one cannot disprove that an omnipotent designer created the universe and life and therefore it is a plausible idea. 12 We counter and say you cannot disprove a Flying Spaghetti Monster created the universe and life and therefore by the ID proponents' logic, it's a plausible idea as well. 13 It's meant to be as ridiculous as

possible to demonstrate the flaw in this logic, plus a little humor goes a long way in any argument.

Chapter 3-Evolution

“A contradiction (between science and religion) is out of the question. What follows from science are, again and again, clear indications of God's activity which can be so strongly perceived that Kepler dared to say (for us it seems daring, not for him) that he could "almost touch God with his hand in the Universe.”

-Walter Heitler

1 Evolution is basically the formation of new organisms through the inheritance of changed genes over time. 2 The origin of life is a completely different idea, and evolution does not, nor is it meant to, explain how life started. 3 So while Creationism is more about origins, while evolution is an explanation of how organisms progress. 4 Since one covers the beginning of life and the other covers the rest, you can see how they could fit together nicely without conflict. 5 Furthermore, Darwin never said ‘Evolution is the inheritance of change over time and God doesn’t exist.’ 6 It’s not part of the theory. 7 The Church of England just apologized to Darwin, saying they misunderstood him. 8 The Vatican agrees that evolution could be used as a tool of God. 9 I don’t see why the Almighty wouldn’t use such an effective process to do His work. 10 So ultimately, evolution does not have to conflict with or oppose both God and the idea of the Creation.

11 With that said, and the reader accepts that fact, I can now give evolution a brief rundown. 12 In the interest of keeping this concise and unbiased, I’m mostly going to drop keywords that can be researched or answered by me if the reader is so inclined. 13 I feel that if I provide all the information, it might be biased towards my side. 14 As with any serious issue you should research both sides, using all sources available, and make up your mind for yourself.

15 As I wrote above, evolution is basically the formation of new organisms through the inheritance of changed genes over time. 16 Natural selection is just the process where the variation of one organisms’ offspring allows them to gain an advantage over others, thus allowing them to produce more offspring than their competitors and pass on their advantageous variation of their genes. 17 It is not a random process as many would claim. 18 While the mutations that occur are random, they are fed through the selection process and which “guides” them systematically to produce good results.

19 Claims of evolution being wrong as some traits are irreducibly complex are no good. 20 Just because you can’t imagine how something works doesn’t mean it can’t work. 21 Just because one doesn’t see how an eye could evolve, doesn’t mean the evolution of the eye is impossible. 22 Imagination varies from one person to another and is too subjective to be good measure of possibility. 23 One key aspect of the Irreducible Complexity argument is the idea that each trait is not built from scratch every time they are evolved. 24 Old structures are frequently

repurposed in the evolutionary process. 25 For example, legs used for walking evolved from fins used for swimming. 26 So the eye could've evolved from simpler sight mechanisms, that would allow an organism to see, but with less parts being used. 27 There are various analogues throughout the animal kingdom: light sensitive cells in jellyfish, eyespots in planarians, and infrared sensors in pit vipers.

Chapter 4-Evidence

“The discovery of natural law is a meeting with God.”

-F. Dessauer

1 Observed Selection and/or Speciation in Nature:

2 Nylon Eating Bacteria

3 Pepper Moth

4 Jeff Feder and *Rhagoletis pomonella* and *Diachasma alloeum* wasp

5 *Anolis sagrei*, *Leiocephalus carinatus*, evolution, leg length

6 Antibiotic Resistance in Bacteria

7 Pesticide Resistance in Insects and Weeds

8 Overfishing decreasing fish body size

9 Poaching decreasing elephant tusk size

10 Observable Selection and/or Speciation in Laboratory Experiments:

11 Richard Lenski and *E. coli*

12 William Rice, George Salt, and Fruit Flies

13 Theodore Garland, Jr. and Mouse Running Speed

14 Domestication of the Silver Fox

15 Classical Examples:

16 Darwin's Finches

17 Wallace Line

18 Anatomy:

19 Pentadactyl Limb

20 Vestigial Limbs in Whales and Pythons

21 Vestigial Eyes in Cavefish

22 “Transitional” Fossils:

23 Archaeopteryx

24 *Tiktaalik roseae*

25 Maiacetus inuus

26 Evolution of the Horse

27 Evolution of Humans

28 Irreducible Complexity:

29 Youtube-Kenneth Miller and his mousetrap

Chapter 5-Conclusion

“In my mind God wrote two books. The first book is the Bible, where humans can find the answers to their questions on values and morals. The second book of God is the book of nature, which allows humans to use observation and experiment to answer our own questions about the universe.”

-Galileo

1 I'll end this with one final point, my view of science back when I was Christian. 2 I didn't abandon Christianity due to incompatibility with my scientific views. 3 I was a devout Christian and a strong supporter of evolution, the Big Bang, plate tectonics, etc. (I left Christianity because of a difference of opinions between me and God, but that's a story for another day.) 4 So this was my reconciled view of science and Christianity. 5 Since humans are inherently sinful, I felt that God in all his power and wisdom wouldn't trust us to tell the masses what he wanted to say. 6 Therefore, while the Bible has some good information in it, it's still a book written by men, not by God, and should not be accepted as word for word truth. 7 To do so could lead to blasphemy and sin, as something in it could be wrong and therefore contradictory to what God did or what He expects of us.

8 While this is more wishy-washy when it comes to ethics, problems do arise when it comes to the Bible's version of science. 9 It is indisputably dead wrong when it presents basic information about astronomy (1Chronicles 16:30, Psalm 93:1, Psalm 96:10, Psalm 104:5, Ecclesiastes 1:5), mathematics (1 Kings 7:23, 2 Chronicles 4:2), and psychology/anatomy (Matthew 9:4). 10 So who's to say that Genesis doesn't make a few mistakes when it comes to the Creation? 11 Science has provided the correct information in those other cases, maybe it can also provide us with the correct information about the creation of the universe and of life. 12 This doesn't mean Jesus' teachings are invalidated, but the Bible does presents false information about the universe, about God's creation.

13 So if God wanted to give us accurate information, a message, proof of His work, would He use a book written and controlled by imperfect and sinful men? 14 Or would he scatter the evidence around in nature, leaving clues across galaxies or deep in the bedrock, where it could never be tampered with? 15 In my opinion, it would be a lot harder to fake the fossil record than it would be for someone to accidently change a few words in the Bible.

16 So in conclusion, you can be Christian and support science. 17 Us Pastafarians are just trying to protect science with a little humor. 18 Assuming God does exist, He gave us science for a reason. 19 I'm not saying I'm right and you must agree. 20 I'm saying try to be as unbiased as you can and look at the evidence science has provided. 21 If God is real, science can only show you the full glory of His work.

22 Sincerely,
Captain Jeff Cupo

The Sermon on the Mall

Author's Note: Delivered on the Voorhees Mall at Rutgers University, during Tent State on 4/27/10.

1 Jeff, a captain of the Flying Spaghetti Monster and the stored Cheeses, To the students of the 19 schools on the five campuses: 2 Ahoy. 3 My mateys and wenches, whenever you face trials of any kind, consider it nothing but joy. 4 It is merely just the FSM fucking with you and you should be happy to have His attention. 5 But a crisis is looming, one that you should not be happy about. 6 Our lives are at stake in this world, and our souls in the next.

7 "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was Arrrgh!" Piraticus 13:7. 8 The Flying Spaghetti Monster's chosen people are pirates, and He made man in their image, but man has forsaken Him. 9 I see no shoulders with parrots perched on top, no eyes covered by eyepatches. 10 I see no hands replaced with hooks, no legs replaced with pegs.

11 Global warming is proof of the FSM's dissatisfaction with mankind. 12 Our Holy Graph shows us that as pirates have decreased in population over the years, killed by ninjas and other ne'er-do-wells, global temperatures have increased. 13 Pirates are after all His chosen people and He's a little pissed off.

14 And if that wasn't bad enough, I see more and more of my fellow students falling prey to the Dark Lord Darwin. 15 He corrupts them with reason and evidence, tricking them into thinking the myth of evolution true and causing them to choose Science and Philosophy over our holy and delicious teachings. 16 He tempts them with his facts, facts that fuck up our precious blind faith. 17 And while we don't have a Hell in the usual sense, these poor souls surely won't get to the best parts of Heaven, which has a beer volcano and stripper factories by the way.

18 Let me present St. Jason's description of the best part of heaven, so you know what you're aiming for. 19 "And true to his word, as we climbed, Heaven improved. The fragrance of great cooking was everywhere. The beer changed to the bitterest of IPAs, the richest of Porters, the sourest of Lambecs. Great clumps of tomatoes and garlic and basil seemed to grow everywhere. And the pasta! Ravioli exploding with flavor. Pot Stickers that satisfied with a single one, yet left you hungry for more. And I had a Cannolini that would make a grown man weep. The strippers we passed were humbly beautiful, even the men. And as we crested the top, I was allowed to witness the Holy of Holies. I cannot describe to you the glories there save for the fact that truly the most Witty, the most Piratical, the most Respectful, and the most Comely of the pastafarians and strippers were found there. They ate of pastas so good as to make heroin pale in comparison. They drank of freshly erupted beers so good as to make mortal brewmasters despair. And above it all, flew the Spaghetti Monster." Revelations of St. Jason 4:0-1.

20 These are indeed dark times. 21 But the scripture does provide us with comfort. 22 For example, in the Tale of Dave and Kyodai, written back during the Ninja's Purge of the Pirates. 23 Dave, a young cabin boy, volunteers to fight the deadly ninja champion, Kyodai, who Dave's

crewmates were too fearful to fight. 24 Now Kyodai had killed many pirates and was pretty bad ass, but Dave, who had never been in battle, was confident he could win. 25 They approached each other to fight. 26 “Dave said to the ninja, “You come against me with your fancy sword, but I come against you in the name of the FSM, the God of the pirates, whom you have defied. Today the FSM will hand you over to me, and I’ll strike you down and kick you in the nuts.” Dave and Kyodai 4:10-11. 27 Dave, helped by the FSM, smited the powerful ninja with a single meatball.

28 You can also find solace in Pastalm 23, “1 The Flying Spaghetti Monster is my chef; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to sit down at full tables: he leadeth me beside the busy kitchens.

3 He restoreth my appetite: he leadeth me in the paths of excellent cuisine for his name's sake.

4 Arr, though I walk through the kitchen of the empty cupboards, I will fear no hunger: for thou art with me; thy noodles and thy meatballs they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my meal with sauce; my platter runneth over.

6 Surely flavor and deliciousness shall follow me all the minutes of my supper: and I will dwell in the dining room of the Flying Spaghetti Monster forever.” The message is clear; you can be saved simply by having blind faith.

29 The FSM is not a douche. 30 He really doesn’t care what we do. 31 He offers suggestions and lists things he’d really rather us not do, but if we don’t listen, it’s no biggie. 32 But He is a drunk, and He is kinda dumb, so there are accidental smitings now and then. 33 But there are some he really looks after and helps them in their time of need.

34 Blessed are you who cannot afford ramen, for yours is the Kingdom of Pasta

35 Blessed are you who are hungry now, for you will be filled.

36 Blessed are you who are sober, for you will get drunk at the heavenly beer volcano.

37 Blessed are you who are horny, for you will get laid by angelic strippers.

38 So I beg of you, save the planet, save mankind, save your eternal souls. 39 It will not be easy. 40 It is written “It is easier for a meatball to pass through the eye of a tornado than for a confused man to enter the Kingdom of Pasta.” ProvHerbs 3:40. 41 But you must try. 42 Kick that demon Charles Darwin in the balls. 43 But let the Flying Spaghetti Monster touch you with His noodly appendage. 44 Let Him annoint you with His delicious sauce. 45 Let Him fill your stomach with His divine meal. 46 “With Him, All Things are Pasta-Bowl” ProvHerbs 3:35. 47 You can be saved. 48 RAmen.

Qwertyuiopasd's Letter to the Evangelists.

1:1 Ahoy, excited and exuberant believers!

1:2 I am glad to hear of your quick conversion to the faith, and the fullness with which you practice, however I fear there are certain deeper aspects you do not yet grasp.

1:3 You ask me how best to convert those of different faiths?

1:4 Verily, I tell you there is no need.

2:1 The Flying Spaghetti Monster speaks through all religions, deities, and prophets, and all religions, deities, and prophets are conduits to the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

2:2 To worship any deity, or indeed worship of any sort, even the vaguest, is to worship the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and when you worship the Flying Spaghetti Monster, you worship every other deity and religion, for there is no distinction.

2:3 The Flying Spaghetti Monster isn't any more the one true god than any other; he is simply our interpretation and incarnation of the divinity of the universe, or whatever you may call it.

2:4 As the Flying Spaghetti Monster said through the Buddha, "Believe nothing, no matter where you read it, or who said it, no matter if I have said it, unless it agrees with your own reason and your own common sense."

2:5 This is how we must navigate the pluralism that is the essence of Pastafarianism.

3:1 The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not wish us to believe every word of every religion, as that would clearly be a problem and lead to much confusion and conflict.

3:2 All you have to do is be open to finding truth anywhere.

3:3 If you agree with it, believe it, no matter if it comes from the Bible, the Qur'an, The Buddha, Dave Barry, or any other source imaginable; these are all conduits of the Flying Spaghetti Monster

3:4 The principles of life, liberty, and freedom outlined in the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution are principles the Flying Spaghetti Monster chose to convey through men like Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

3:5 The lessons of Mohandas Ghandi, Nelson Mandela, Voltaire, Plato and Socrates are all lessons of the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

3:6 If you were to take everything ever said in a religious context, removed the parts that contradicted each other, and overlapped the commonalities, what you are left with is a single word.

3:7 Love.

3:8 Even the Beatles are a voice of the Flying Spaghetti Monster; all you need is love.

4:1 If someone is interested in knowing more about the Flying Spaghetti Monster, feel free to read them the Open Letter or select passages from The Gospel.

4:2 Though you must be cautious not to force your beliefs on others.

4:3 If someone is meant to come to the Flying Spaghetti Monster through our church, then it will be so.

4:4 If they are meant to find it through another church, or through their own personal dialogue, they will find it that way.

4:5 It is perhaps the greatest crime against the Flying Spaghetti Monster to coerce one into believing something, or to punish them for believing something different.

4:6 Ultimately, all you can do, and indeed all you should do, is put the word out there, accept any who join you, and love any who hate you.

5:1 May you be eternally touched by his noodly appendage,
Qwertyuiopasd

REVELATIONS 1: BOOK OF REVEALED CRAPOLA

PragmaticallyWyrld

1:1 And then it came to pass that he who introspects, crosselgged lotus-style with the incense burning and an eye patch on, looked inside his 3rd meatball-chakra, and tapped into the eternal vibe on which His Noodlyness broadcasts to all those that have the knack to listen.

1:2 He spake Thus:

1:3 Whosoevereth tampereth with this Book of Revelations or maketh up falsehoods about It or misrepresenteth It or quoteth It without citation is doom-destined for the abysmal land of Hell Light forever and ever, or until making amends. 1:4 (90 days same as cash!) 1:5 Now get off this floor, and go drink some beer; you've been sitting on the floor long enough, my noodly little knowledge seeker.

1:6 Thus was the seeker Touched.

2 Verbtea

2:1 A Sous-Chef was rolling dough in the galley upon the roughest of seas, when a revelation came to him written in ketchup upon a lasagne noodle.

2:2 "The Shape of the Fish upon the bumpers of land-vessels is actually a listening device that beams all thoughts within a thirty-yard radius directly into a research database on planet Nork.

2:3 And as for the Norkians...

2:4 *They know what you've been thinking, they know that you're a flake, they know if you've bonked on the hood...so just DON'T, for goodness' sake!*

3 black bart

3:1 An archaeological dig trying to find the treasure of the Sierra Madra has just unearthed an astonishing find. 3:2 A hoard of glass jars each sealed with a petrified cork lid and each containing rolls of ancient pasta. 3:3 Given the name of 'The Dead Sea Pasta Jars' the vessels have been carbon dated to 2000 SB (2000 years before the invention of Spaghetti Bolognese). 3:4 As we all know carbon dating doesn't count for much these days but Top Archaeologist Dr Heinrich Von Noodleschminke confirmed that the jars and their contents are really really old; I quote "Gott in Himmell dis pasta is really minging" said the good Dr.

3:5 The rolls of pasta contain an ancient script which has so far baffled the experts. 3:6 The writing resembles the ancient Marinara Script but it is believed to be much older. 3:7 Until all the pasta rolls have been sent to the laboratory for gentle soaking in boiling water no further attempt at a transcript can be made.

4 Pirate Reggie

4:1 Then the Seven Holy Pirates with the Seven Trumpets prepared to sound them
4:2 The First Holy Pirate sounded his trumpet and there came moldy meatballs and undercooked pasta mixed with rotten sauce and it was hurled down upon the earth. 4:3 A third of the earth was all nasty and gross, a third of the trees were nasty and gross, and all the green grass was nasty and gross
4:4 The second Holy Pirate sounded his trumped and something like a huge mountain covered in week old chinese food was throw into the sea. A third of all that was in the sea died
4:5 The fourth Holy Pirate sounded his trumped and a third of the earth the moon and the stars became nothing.
4:6 the fifth Holy Pirate sounded his trumped and out from a fallen star came the key of the abbys. out came the minions of the antipasta. 4:7 And they minions of the anitpasta forced all the world to watch every episode of Friends OVER AND OVER again for 5months but He[FSM] blessed his beleivers with mps players loaded with Van Halen so they would not have to hear the words of the Friends.
4:8 And the Sixth and the 7th Pirate whipped out these realy cool Keytars(you know those keyboards that you can play on a strap like a guitar) and started playing this weird techno and all the people covered their ears in disgust. All expt the people of the Flying Spaghetti monster because he had blessed this with a the finest of pastas and sauces and they were to preoccupied to hear the techno"

5 Shoeman

5:1 A vast fleet of galleons, waving black flags with the FSM Fish sails again! 5:2The Mountain of Creation is found again and on it a monument in the likeness of the Flying Spaghetti Monster!

5:3 It has been seen that when the Empire of the Bald Eagle and Mountain of the Four Faces is led by a Chimpanzee from the Land of the Rednecked, a War shall commence with the collapse of Two Towers of Fallen Piracy. 5:4 A sign of these times will appear when the Chimpanzee stutters and spurts in his speech and chokes on his food.5:5 The Chimpanzee will lead the Empire in a show of Zealousness over a false god and bastardization of His Noodlyness.

5:6 Piracy will ascend again into greatness, with the onset of the knowledge of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and the fleet will rise. 5:7 Those touched by the Noodly Appendage will take

up the eye patch, the regalia of the sacred Pirate. 5:8 And they will spread the Truth of the world. 5:9 The doctrines of the Midget, The Mountain, and the Tree will be heard in schools across the land and then the world!

5:10 And a New Age dawns.

5:11 The Noodle extends, touching and prodding, shifting views and the Earthly Sciences. 5:12 The world begins to reform and be recreated as the Truth of the Noodle is spread around the World.

5:13 Children grow up hearing of the Flying Spaghetti Monster and knowing of the Doctrines of the Pirate. 5:14 In full dress, they crusade into their adult lives, Sailing and struggling to heal the Earth.

5:15 And the Saucey Lord looked down and smiled. 5:16 Noodles descended, and the rein of the Chimpanzee in the Empire of the Bald Eagle and the Mountain of Four Carved Faces was done. 5:17 Arisen in the years to come was one touched by the Noodly Appendage. 5:18 And the person, A Pirate in their right, beat back the wave of Bigotry set in motion and given rise by the Chimpanzee.

5:19 And the Empire was healed. 5:20 And with it, the world regained the Noodly Purity that had existed years before when Pirates were abundant.

5:21 And the Flying Spaghetti Monster smiled.

6 teripie

6:1 Galliano shall go unto the mountain and there he shall beseech the Lord of All Semolina for thee Mighty Noodle shall be displeased with the people. 6:2 And the time shall come to pass when the cheese shall melt and the heavens shall rain a spirited liqueur that shall become the flow of Galliano. 6:3 Woe to the sinners who feast without carbohydrates. 6:4 Woe to the slackers who boil in the microwave. 6:5 And the city of the mighty apartment buildings that lay in the land close upon the shore of the watery water shall sink into despair. 6:6 And a great leader who is a false and not officially elected leader shall bring the people low. 6:7 Upon them shall be heaped flaming globs of marinara for which that shall be no pasta.

6:8 The sky shall grow heavy with the tears of the Pasta Lord as he beholds the sins of the carbo loaders. 6:9 For they have forgotten to grate their own cheeses and choose to buy the stuff in the green cans. 6:10 And this flaw of the lazy shall force the Great Linguini to cast them out of their land that was once wrought with many things.

7 amenabletopasta

7:1 And four great monsters came up from the sea, diverse one from another.

7:2 The first was like a pirate, and had parrot's wings: I beheld till the wings thereof were spread, and it was lifted up from the earth, and made stand upon the feet as a man, and mans' booty was given to it.

7:3 And behold another, a second, like to a serpent, and it was the Dragon, Atkins, and it raised up itself on one side, and it had three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of it: and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much flesh.

7:4 After this I beheld, and lo another, like a midget, which had upon the back of it a mountain and some trees; the midget had also four heads; and dominion was given to it.

7:5 After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth monster, flying and invisible, and tasty exceedingly; and it had great sauces of pesto: it hovered and brake in pieces, and stamped garlic-bread residue with the feet of it: and it was diverse from all the monsters that were before it; and it had ten noodley appendages.

7:6 I considered the noodley appendages, and, behold, there came up among them another little noodley appendage, before whom there were two meatballs: and, behold, in these noodles were eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things.

7:7 Some of the wine on the table will be spilt,
the third will not have that meatball which he claimed.
Twice descended from the black one of Parmesan,
Peruse and do to Pasta that which he believed.

8 Swatopluk

8:1 From Heaven there sounded a voice dripping in spices tasty but terrible.

8:2 "It's your turn, my Meagre Mirror Image!"

8:3 "Yeth, Marthter!", came the muffled reply, " Jus' lookin' for the right button."

8:4 A great silence fell on all the lands that lasted roughly 3.14159 seconds.

8:5 Then the foundations of the Earth shook, the ground gaped open and a thick vapour rose from the depth.

8:6 A smell emitted from the vapour, so rotten as nothing I ever imagined.

8:7 "Limburger Jahrgang 1850", shouted the First Holy Pirate, the meaning of that being beyond

me.

8:8 "Gas Alarm!", shouted the Second One.

8:9 "Take cover!", the Third.

8:10 The Fourth grasped the candlestick he had taken from the second church and handed it to the fifth, who lit it.

8:11 All the four beasts jumped behind the overturned altar table when the Sixth Holy Pirate swung the burning candle and threw it into the vapour.

8:12 "Get down, you idiot!", I heard the Seventh Pirate say, who pulled me behind the barrier just in time.

8:13 A tongue of flame shot out from the vapour upwards to heaven and downwards into the abyss from where a mushroom cloud began to rise.

8:14 "Woe!", the Holy Pirates cried and "Alas!", the four beasts.

8:15 "What a waste!", they all in unison.

8:16 "There goeth a ten year supply of pizza fungi", squawked the Fiery Parrot.

8:17 Then the mushrooms rained down on us, just a third of them still edible, the rest either burned or torn to pieces.

8:18 "Sorry, crowds!", said the voice from the sky, "but that cheese was long overdue and I thought the larder above it was empty. I shouldn't have delegated the storage management to Mepastaphiles. Always making mischief, that guy!"

8:19 "Let there be fresh food!", the voice sounded again.

8:20 The altar table rose again to its feet and filled with a hearty meal in an instant.

8:21 The Seven Holy Pirates, the four beasts and the Fiery Parrot took their seats and began to feast.

8:22 "You too!", said the voice to me and a chair was given to me at the table where I feasted with them until the sun rose red from the seas.

9 Ermintrude

9:1 And in my hunger I saw a vision of doom, the four horsemen of the Atkins rose up and rode across the land.

9:2 Diet rode first and in her wake caused the pasta to remain forever hard and cursed to never become al dente. 9:3 Diet watched over as the people as they boiled and cried, boiled and cried and laughingly taunted the people and by leaving only limp lettuce in her wake for sustenance.

9:4 Then my vision faded to white and as the eldritch horror of a plain egg white omelette obliterated the land my cutlass fell from my hand. 9:5 As the albumen of my vision receded it was replaced by a new horror.

9:6 I saw Additives emerge, and as he galloped out in he raised in his right hand the "can of revulsion" and from it flowed cheap meatballs. 9:7 And the pirates saw this and a wail of sorrow

arose from their ships. 9:8 Then, with his left hand he took the microwavable squeeze tube of artificial colour, flavourings and preservatives and squished. 9:9 Thus it came to pass that the true meatballs were hidden from the faithful who; suffered and searched, suffered and searched, suffered and searched again. 9:10 Always looking for true meatballs amongst the canned and processed the faithful were forced to eat the abominations that covered the earth looking for the true meatballs. 9:11 And hyperactivity and allergies arose across the nation.

9:12 Almost silently Fundamentalism strode into the land, and while the people itched and sneezed from Additives torments he twisted the holy truth with lies and exaggeration. 9:13 Carefully and unrecognised his weapons were put to use. 9:14 With the shield of ignorance and thunderous megaphone of blame he caused the unholy scriptures to be written. 9:15 Blasphemous writings of beer drains, sensibly dressed clothing manufacturers and strict rigid moral standards were sent out as the one true word. 9:16 If only the people had seen the handkerchief of hypocrisy and put it on a boil wash. 9:17 I shook my head to disperse the terrors in my mind to no avail. 9:18 I saw how the pirates were persecuted and had their parrots were stuffed before their very eyes, gagged so, no one could speak the python sketch in their honour. 9:19 I looked on and despaired.

9:20 Then, my eardrums were shattered by the peoples screams of “Toto, Toto we are in Kansas” as State Board tore through the suffering world. 9:21 Creating schools in her wake, lobotomising biology teachers and with a cackle let loose on the earth a pair of (very intelligently designed) peng-skunks that hovered over the earths waters, on a cushion of flatulence, looking for pirates. 9:22 State Board looked over the earth and watched the peng-skunks cut the cheese on their hunt. 9:23 The males stalked the eye patch that signalled their fertility while the females invaded pirates hats that were their nests. 9:24 And thus it came to pass that the passion of the peng-skunks diminished the pirates on the earth. 9:25 And so the earth was warmed.

9:26 Diet, Additives, Fundamentalism and State Board looked over the land and knew that their work was almost done. 9:27 My vision faltered as my mind grasped that what I’d seen so far was only the start and there true mission was yet to come 9:28 And with a terror in my heart the four horsemen rode out to complete there task. 9:29 While the people were pasta-less and the earth warmed the horsemen’s true mission began to create the way for the demon of the end days.

9:30 The world never noticed where the crochet band and bobby pins went. 9:31 Dodgy woollen cardigans and oddly striped scarves vanished from children’s drawers. 9:32 And it came to pass that horsemen hid all the odd boots with the ankle wool trim, and the tights so thick they were bullet proof in that odd tan colour were changed to become pliable and a normal skin colour. 9:33 In there despair the people did not notice, but the pirates, even though tortured by passionate peng-skunks, recognised the evil that was coming but were powerless to stop them. 9:34 When the final smell of parma-violet and boiled cabbage left the world the pathway was

clear and the accursed doorway was unlocked.

9:35 With a shake of an aged head, as the last bun was undone and the bobby pin taken, a final utterance on the planet of “make sure you have clean undergarments just in case your in an accident” was heard. 9:36 Then, the door was thrown open to the horror behind that crawled through to envelope the world.

9:37 I awoke suddenly to the smell of pasta. 9:38 My friends and loved ones were holding me down and I was screaming, screaming with terror as I had seen the opening of the door that hails of the end of days. 9:39 I looked around and saw pasta, meatballs and sauce heading my way, the holy sacrament to comfort me, but seared to my soul and destined to stalk my dreams is the eldritch, indescribable, soulless vision of the monster from beyond that is the Anti Dee Dee.

9:40 Oh noodley one, save us from this horror.

10 EriePirate

10:1 There were four of us, young boys, in a sailboat on the great lake of erie, dressed as pirates. 10:2 Our cargo was small, but precious: 2 beers smuggled aboard by my little brother Joshua without our knowledge, thirty dollars worth of tobacco in a brown paper bag, my gift to my friends. 10:3 Three bargain bin amateur porno mags bought by Bobby on the eighteenth anniversary of his birth, three bargain bin foreign porno mags one russian and two mexican purchased by Bob for his best friend Eric. 10:4 The wind bore us swiftly to our destination, a giant bonfire on the beach on the peninsula. 10:5 As we reached the celebration we foundered upon the sand, the waves threatened to run us aground. 10:6 It was at that moment that the great flying spaghetti monster looked upon us and seeing our greif over decline of piracy and our enthusiasm for beer, porn, and pipe tobacco, reached down and touched us each with his noodly appendage. 10:7 He spoke (with his appendage of course) and told us of the creation of the world, of the mountain and the trees and the midget. 10:8 He told us global warming and the importance of pirates. 10:9 He told us that headaches are the direct result of an imbalance in the ratio of the number of ninja to samurai. 10:10 Then, it was as if his great meatballs themselves filled the sails and pushed us free of the sandbar. 10:11 We immediately swam ashore and proceeded to preach his gospel dressed in the garb of his followers. 10:12 We were speaking in pirate tongues of course. 10:13 Much of what I have learned I am still unable to express in english. 10:14 It sounds to the unenlightened as nothing more than Argh!'s, Avast!'s, Ahoy!'s and Yo!Ho!'s. 10:15 That night we slept on the lake in the sailboat smoking cheap cigars and reading discount porn by flashlight, reflecting on the experience.

10:16 That night on the boat, he came to me. 10:17 Dangling from the heavens on a great noodly appendage was a very small pirate, a midget in fact. 10:18 And he spake and he said.

10:19 "Arr, wouldn't it be cool if the world flooded and there was like, no land anywhere. 10:20 Arrgh! 10:21 Basically, that's what this here global warrmin be about. 10:22 If tharr be no pirrates, the planet will create pirates. 10:23 The only way to do this be to force everyoen ta live on boats. 10:24 The great Flying Spaghetti Monsterrrr be not responsible forrr this, well not directly. 10:25 You see, the earrth be supposed to have pirates. 10:26 That be how he made it. 10:27 If it be broken it will fix itself. 10:28 So, me skurvy spread the worrd. 10:29 Make everyone watch waterworld. 10:30 Waterworld be to Flying Spaghetti Monsterism what battlefield earth be to Scientology and what The Passion Be to Christianity. 10:31 Plus it's just be a really good movie. 10:32 Yarrgh"

10:33 So, that's what he said, I think, or something like that, so.....ya, really makes you think

10:34 oh did I mention he was completely covered in spaghetti and sauce, cause he was

11 HisVoice

11:1 The Kindgom of the Noodly one draweth nigh!

11:2 While pondering my studies and devouring a delicious helping of pasta, a mysterious presence over came me, and I fell into a deep sleep. 11:3 This is the account of the vision I received.

11:4 I was in the midst of a dark forest which covered the entire earth, with snake like trees standing tall, higher then any tree that any man can perceive. 11:5 They each had 4 heads and slithered gradually along gigantic puddles of blue mud. 11:6 I felt a gloomy feeling of hopelessness, as if all had been lost.

11:7 Then I saw smoke rising in the distance, and went forth to investigate the place of witch it cometh. 11:8 With each step I took, I became more and more saddened, as if something horrible was taking place. 11:9 The source of the smoke was visible. 11:10 It was a stinky old place to two pipes leading out the top and one door. 11:11 There was green slime oozing out the cracks of the walls, and I saw meat. 11:12 When I finally reached the placed and went in, I saw the image of a chef with 2 heads. 11:13 I saw one of the heads was red, and one was green.

11:14 I trembled at the hideous site as the horrid creature spoke my name, "Sasumun." 11:15 "What?" I said with terror in my voice, "What do you want with me?"

11:16 With the sound of a million screeching chalkboards he uttered, "Chef boyar de!"

11:17 Instantly I jumped back in horror. 11:18 There was something about what he was saying that gave me the creeps but I just couldn't put my finger on it. 11:19 Suddenly, I saw the every nation and every tribe in the 3rd person. 11:20 The beast was oppressing the whole world,

forcing them to eat this horrible meat enclosed in a grain envelope. 11:21 I fell to the ground and cried out, “O, noodly one, stop this, stop this, the world doesn’t deserve this.”

11:22 I lay there on the ground suffering for what felt like years. 11:23 All I saw was the decay of good health by this hideous thing. 11:24 The odor of just one of his hairs caused a global wide technological melt down, and thus he had control over the whole world. 11:25 For you see, he came to the rescue in a global crisis, promising peace and good health, but he gave them just the opposite. 11:26 And he inserted a chip in every man’s forehead, and in every woman’s wrist that forced them to eat the crap that he prepared them.

11:27 Many nights past me by, as all of mankind suffered. 11:28 Then finally, something happened. 11:29 In the split of a second, in the instant of an eye, the food of the evil one poisoned him and he perished. 11:30 Then I saw the bark of every tree in every forest peel, revealing a new layer of bark that was fresh with the sweet smell of steam and tomato sauce. 11:31 And I saw noodles of spaghetti spout from the braches of the trees. 11:32 And behold every tree was fruitful with meatballs and spaghetti, standing tall as an intertwined marvel of spaghetti delight.

11:33 And I saw the blue puddles of mud become bright red. 11:34 The sweet aroma on tomato sauce filled the entire planet, and THEN I saw him. 11:35 It was the most miraculous spectacular wonder that world had ever witnessed and would ever witness again. 11:36 The skies began to drip the most sweetest, delicious tomato sauce, even sweeter than that of the spaghetti trees. 11:37 Rising from every tree was a swirling fog of steam that ascended higher and higher collecting more and more steam as it flew. 11:38 Suddenly, some of the trees were caught up with the sauce, and they formed, the most spectacular being I ever laid my eyes on. 11:39 The Flying Spigetti Monster in all his glory descended from his own fog. 11:40 And greeted every nation and every tribe with a warm open welcome. 11:41 And he spoke, “Feast, my children, elect ones who have come out of the hand of the Antipasto for this kingdom shall never end.”

11:42 All rejoiced, and it was a party for all eternity, but then, the most horrible thing happened. 11:43 The Flying Spaghetti Monster turned to me and said, “You, you don’t belong here. 11:44 This is not your time. 11:45 Not yet, but I have given you this prophetic vision of symbolism so that you may record the account of what is to come, and help spread my word, that there will be an everlasting feast of pasta for every believer of my name.”

11:46 And I awoke, but I could have sworn that just as I stood up from my slumber, a sweet smelling steam left my body and ascended into the heavens. 11:47 I believe, this was the spirit of the noodly one. 11:48 For you see, he has many manifestations. 11:49 He need not just be limited by noodly form, but he can be a misty saucy steam, a spirit, an unlimited manifestation that can inspire the spirit of man from now until the end of time.

12 wlrube "THE CUSTOMARY 'GREAT DELUGE' STORY"

12:1 The unfaithful spread across the face of the Earth, and without the guidance of the One True Monster began to engage in brutal wars fueled by their beliefs in their false deities. 12:2 And He saw this evil, and was displeased, and the Earth shook with his displeasure. 12:3 And lo; He resolved that his creation had turned to evil, and must be destroyed. 12:4 And He decided to drown the Earth in a great deluge, so that not an unbeliever on the Earth would survive to spread the brutality fueled by fanatic beliefs. 12:5 And lo; with His Noodly Appendage he created a great amount of the water that He used to boil His spaghetti, and He gathered it in the heavens.

12:6 But He was filled with sorrow, for after His flood there would be none to enjoy His Noodly feast. 12:7 But He was resolved on His course; the world did not worship the One True Monster, and its people destroyed each other in religious wars, and were thus too evil to survive. 12:8 And He turned off the Stove of Heaven, and the water in which He cooked His spaghetti began to cool, and began to rain down upon the Earth. 12:9 But lo; as the waters rained down, He looked, and saw that there was a single human who still worshiped His Noodliness. 12:10 And He saw that this human was called Blackbeard.

12:11 And Blackbeard had a great ship, which was well fit to sail the wide seas of Earth. 12:12 Lo; for Blackbeard had used this ship to steal food and treasure from the less able ships of the unbelievers who wandered the seas. 12:13 And the Monster observed Blackbeard, and decided that he should survive the flood. 12:14 And He said unto Blackbeard; "Blackbeard, it is I, the Flying Spaghetti Monster." 12:15 And Blackbeard fell to his knees, and said unto the Monster; "why have You sent this evil flood upon the Earth, for nobody shall be able to enjoy Your Noodly feast after the flood."

12:16 But the Monster said unto Blackbeard; "you must gather all of the ingredients of the feast, and you must put them in your boat, and survive the great flood." 12:17 And the waters were falling, but Blackbeard sent his crew out to gather the plants and animals of the Earth; and lo; for they succeeded. 12:18 But Blackbeard said unto the Monster; "how shall all of the plants and animals fit into my small ship?" 12:19 And the Monster said; "it is My will that they should, so do not ask such foolish questions." 20. But Blackbeard said unto the Monster; "why do the unbelievers not board boats as well?"

12:21 And the Monster said; "it is My will that they should not, so do not ask such foolish questions." 12:22 But Blackbeard said unto the monster; "why shall the ferocious lions and other beasts not attack me when I attempt to bring them to my ship?" 12:23 And the Monster said; "it is My will that they should not, so do not ask such foolish questions." 12:24 And Blackbeard asked many foolish questions of the Monster, until the Monster grew angry. 12:25 The Monster

cried; “enough! for it is My will that this should happen, and I shall enforce My will with My Noodly Appendage.”

12:26 And Blackbeard was quiet, and his crew loaded the plants and animals onto his ship. 12:27 But lo; for the flood waters were rising, and Blackbeard finished loading his ship just as the waters began to destroy the rest of mankind. 12:28 And they did not use their numerous boats to escape the flood's wrath, and perished. 12:29 And they did not gather on top of high mountains, and perished. 12:30 And the flood lasted for many days, and it carved into the land many geologic features that seemed as if they could only have been created over many millions of years.

12:31 And the plants and animals and crew of Blackbeard's ship did not die for lack of food or fresh water; for the Monster provided all. 12:32 And finally after many days, the Monster saw that all Earth was dead except the plants, beasts, and people on Blackbeard's ship, and turned on the Stove of Heaven. 12:33 The waters receded, and the Earth was pure once again. 12:34 And Blackbeard's ship landed atop a high mountain, as the waters continued to recede. 12:35 And Blackbeard said unto the Monster; “how shall the many continents and islands of the Earth, surrounded by the sea, be repopulated if all life is now here at this mountain?”

12:36. And the Monster said; “it is My will that they should; do not ask such foolish questions.” 12:37 And Blackbeard said unto the Monster; “why should the ferocious beasts such as lions and tigers not kill and eat the more frail animals now and cause them to be gone for all time?” 12:38 And the Monster said; “it is My will that they should not; do not ask such foolish questions.” 12:39. The Monster again silenced Blackbeard, and he again submitted to His will. 12:40 And the Monster said unto Blackbeard; “go forth and populate the lands, that the Noodly feast may be enjoyed for all time.”

12:41. And the Monster said; “lo; such a great flood shall never again destroy the Earth, and my Stove of Heaven shall for 5 billion years burn and keep the holy boiling water in the sky.” 12: 42 And the people of Blackbeard spread across the Earth, and worshiped the Monster, and were content. 12:43 But lo; for the people began to eat of the spicy foods as did the blasphemers of old, and witness delusions of other deities as did the blasphemers of old, and lose faith in the One True Monster. 12:44 But lo; for the Monster did not destroy Earth as He had before, for He realized in His wisdom that blasphemers would always exist as long as free will existed. 12:45 And so the Monster came to a compromise between free will and the punishment of blasphemers.

12:46 As His Noodliness had agreed, the Stove of Heaven would never turn off and leave the holy boiling water to rain down from Heaven and flood the Earth. 12:47 However, should the descendents of Blackbeard ever perish from the Earth, the Stove of Heaven would grow hotter,

and it would heat the Earth. 12:48 And though the Stove of Heaven would not destroy all Humanity, it would destroy some, and cause great displeasure to the rest. 12:49 And the descendents of Blackbeard, those who roamed the seas and raided the ships of others, were the true People of the His Noodliness, and were known as Pirates. 12:50 And the Monster blessed the Pirates, that the Stove of Heaven should never scorch the Earth as long as the Pirates roamed the Seas, and the people of Earth were content.

13 5m4r7_m4y8e_g3n1u5

The Revelation of St. Oregano

13:1 "And there was a young pirate who did'st scrub his Captain's deck loyally who received unto him a vision"

13:2 "from upon high that spake unto him, saying, 'Thou hast been chosen to receive the Sauciful word of the Almighty Noodle.'"

13:2 1/2 "And young Oregano did'st inquire, 'What the fu-'"

13:2 2/2 "But the great voice did'st quell his fear saying, 'Fear not, matey. For I am the Almighty Noodle, creator of beer volcanos and stripper factories. Surely ye know I care for thee?'"

13:3 "And young Oregano did'st retort, 'But if ye cared for me, thou would'st with thy Almighty Noodley Appendage smite the fundamentalists from Westboro!'"

13:4 "'Young Oregano, surely even you must see that those who deny my Noodley existence will one day not drinkst from"

13:5 "Beer Volcanoes and partake of Stripper Factories? Surely you see that those whom hate and hate a thousandfold"

13:6 "must forever read textbooks of science and math?' spoke the mighty voice of the Eternal Spaghetti."

13:7 "'Science, o Great Noodle? But I thought thou did'st change scientific data with thy Noodley Appendage?'"

13:8 "And the Almighty Noodle replied saying, 'Arrgh, thou speak'st true! But surely thou doth see that what they protesteth much against and cannot comprehend, they will be doomed to forever learn?'"

13:9 "And young Oregano was awestruck. 'Thy Noodley Justice is awesome and powerful!'"

13:10 "And the Almighty Noodle did'st reveal, 'I shall reveal to you now what no pirate or wench has heard.'"

13:11 "Eagerly, young Oregano awaited."

13:12 "And the powerful voice from on high spake, saying, 'In the Year of Our Noodle 1988, I will send to you a prophet who speaks true. He will hail from the Castle Arrrrrggghhhhhhh and he will speak truth to all the world. His name will be"

13:13 "Stephen, the Hawking. He will descend from the sky on a cloud in a throne with wheels and he will love and be loved by all, except those from Westboro. And his visions of holes of

black will be the truth."

13:14 "'The truth?' Young Oregano was eager to know."

13:15 "'Yea, verily, it will be the truth! Except for one minor detail.'"

13:16 "Oregano was struck with great confusion. 'And thou Almighty Noodle, what will'st that minor detail surely be?'"

13:17 "And the Great Noodle did'st reveal, 'The Prophet Hawking will proclaim with saucy appeal of holes of black that contain infinite gravity and density, but the noodley truth is that these are not holes of black.'"

13:18 "Young Oregano, blinded and blessed with awesome Noodley knowledge did'st ask, 'What will these holes of black surely be?'"

13:19 "And the Almighty Noodle, creator of beer volcanoes and stripper factories spake unto Oregano the truth, saying,"

13:20 "'They will surely be my powerful Meatballs!'"

14 Platypus Enthusiast

Author's Note: So last night I received an awesome revelation in my alphabet soup. I transcribed the messages I received from three bowls worth. While I cannot decipher the divine tongue that it is written in, I have decided it deals with the Apocalypse due to the the few English words the FSM must have slipped in for my benefit. In Chapter 1, verse 3 "THE", in Chapter 2, verse 7 "END", and in Chapter 3, verse 5 "BYE".

The Apocalypse of Alphabet Soup

Chapter 1

1 LAKJWEIXCLMNSDAJHASJN. 2

MNXCSDIJEAIWAMNSCAASDPOWXCXZKJHWPWOUZXNG. 3

SAKLDQWPOXZMCKJEALWIJLZXMCZSDSPSWDLALSXMHTHEPKNFLKASDH. 4

DFKDasoAQWMNCZKJXHAWJKXCXMCNZSLDFJOESLKNCDMZXNALWJDLAKSF

ZXNZXVZHXXVZKLXVK. 5 IUAHskJSANMWSPODDFJD. 6

MGCDJALSKDJASKFDJAWIAPLCNXJ. 7 SMJDASDAMSDNAKJSHDAMsNAK

DFSDDSKFSDLFKAWSDFSDFASDFDSFASDPROLDKF. 8

PUOGSSDFJSDHFSDKFHDFASHHKJYURSGFSFDG.

Chapter 2

1

THIEEJLEHKASDEJSDKFEJEEGEJDSASKDFKFJALDKSJASDFKLJADSLFKJDSLKFJAL

KSLDJDKJD DFGDFGDFGZJDHASKJDHASKJASASSJDS. 2

AASJDHASKJHADSLDAORFGSDKFJASIWDKCVLI. 3

PALQWSCLKXLCASDLKDALKSJDOIWAXMMVNKJPAJWDOILKDFAKDSFADSFADF

AFFFAS. 4

FKDASKDJASKDFJALKSJFLKASJFLKASDJFFDGHDFGHDELSAOIEDZCVMZKJSDFA

LG. 5 DARLKJFSFDASDFADSLKSOEFKLNZSMLSAKFJJFLKDSJ. 6

KDJALSSASKFDLKDFFLDLFDLKDJGFL. 7

LKASJDASKFKJWDIAFLKNENDASKDASDLWOEDPDOVKFDSKA.

Chapter 3

1 ASKDJASLKDJSNVKSJDHALKSDFASMFNAL. 2

OJKJKMCXZNCZSASLKSJDKALFDFSDGKSFG. 3

LMDXIAWERLFFJGSDKJPOSFLKFGJCVNWKLFMZDLVSMNDVSMDV. 4

ASFDKSDFSDSDMVNDSMNDFSDK. 5

ZXCVPEFKMBVDFKFGLDKFBNCVLMNVSLKDFNVMFSNASDDGSFDBYEDFSDKFNS

DMVMSDVN. 6

KDTSDFJHAFHJSBNSFGWOFKVMVNSJERVBDMNZFBKJEFHSDNXDMVNE. 7

ASKDJSHDFSDJFHDSJHSDFJSHFKSJDHG. 8

DSFGKBDKFJGLDKRKVBKCBVKXJSGDVKZFBKFZJ. 9

DFKJDKJXCVLKXCJVKLZVJBZLKJBZOFBLKBFLKFGHSXJVKJHFEKJZSNVMXCVNK

JEVHMCXVB.

Revelations 2: The Revenge.

*As transcribed by Roy Hunter

1. And lo, the smug and self-satisfied idolators of Europe came forth from their shrines to Newton, Einstein, and Darwin; and did set upon the Mount of Toblerones a huge ringpiece, saying unto each other "Yea, verily this is a bigger ringpiece than even the ringpiece of the American idolators at FermiLab". And they called the enormous ringpiece "The Large Hadron Collider", which is a silly name.

2. And the men of the Tabloids did wail and rend their vestment, crying "Lo, it is the end of the World, these idolators shall bring ruin upon the face of the Earth by unleashing unknown forces upon the Firmament"; and they did send word forth that the idolators should henceforth be known as Boffins, and should be ridiculed in our sight.

3. But the Boffins on Mount Toblerone cared not for the men of the Tabloids; and laughed and scorned them, saying "These men of the Tabloids know not whereof they speak, for truly they are obsessed only with Jennifer of Aniston, and Bradgelina of the house of Hollywood". And the friendship between the Boffins and the men of the Tabloids was cast asunder.

4. And so it came to pass that the Boffins did gather to worship their own cleverness upon Mount Toblerone, and they did gather upon a Wednesday; and on that Wednesday the Boffins did take all the electricity from all the surrounding banks, watchmakers and chocolate factories to tithe their own cleverness through the enormous ringpiece; and the chocolate makers, bankers and watchmakers were vexed and wroth.

5. And so it came to pass that the chocolate makers, bankers and watchmakers did cry unto the Flying Spaghetti Monster "Oh Flying Spaghetti Monster! We are vexed and wroth, for we have no electricity to boil water for our pasta! Forgive our apostasy, for it is due to the Boffins on Mount Toblerone! Deliver us from our torment! RAMen".

6. And so the Flying Spaghetti Monster came unto Mount Toblerone to see what all the fuss was, and He looked upon the ringpiece and He saw that it was bad; so He manipulated the electromagnets of the Large Hadron Collider with His noodly appendage so that they broke asunder, and thus ended Wednesday.

7. And early upon the Thursday, the Boffins on Mount Toblerone did gnash their teeth and summon their lawyers, for being silly empiricists they did not sense the touch of His noodly appendage; and they did summon the makers of electromagnets and did say unto them "Fix these damn things, or someone is going to get their ass verily sued", and the makers of electromagnets

were full of woe.

8. So the makers of electromagnets did toil all day in the hot sun, under the stewardship of the many lawyers and their threats of litigation; and the Flying Spaghetti Monster did look down upon them with pity, and He decided that no more would He break asunder their electromagnets.

10. So it came to pass that the Flying Spaghetti Monster did cause much confusion in the computers of the Large Hadron Collider, saying that Linux shall not speak unto Microsoft, and that remote peers would reset their connections; and He did manipulate ping response times with His noodly appendage, and the Network Geeks on Mount Toblerone did pray to the false prophet Gates for guidance.

11. And the lawyers fell upon the Network Geeks like wolves upon the fold, saying "Thou shalt honour thy employer, and fear the wrath of his lawyers"; and the lawyers did devour the budgets of the Network Geeks, saying "We have a responsibility, no a duty, to spend all of thy research budget on legal fees, whether thou likest it or not", and thus ended the Thursday.

12. And on the evening of the Thursday, the Flying Spaghetti Monster did look down upon what He had wrought, and He was that it was good; and the next day being Friday, a holy day upon which none should work, He did drink deeply of the Beer Volcano, and did pay his respects at the Stripper Factory.

13. But on the morning of the Friday the lawyers arose early, for they sleepest not and hang upside-down from the branches of the willow like bats; and they did say unto the Network Geeks "Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight; shall set upon thee getting sued tonight!", and the Network Geeks were full of woe.

14. And the Network Geeks did toil all that holy day, and they drank not of beer, and they ate not of pasta; and they were vexed by the ping responses and IP routing which worked perfectly upon the Friday, for the Flying Spaghetti Monster was not manipulating them with His noodly appendage.

15. And so it came to pass that on the afternoon of the Friday the huge ringpiece was operational, and the Boffins did give thanks, and the lawyers did give invoices; and the Network Geeks and makers of electromagnets did pack up their tents in the night and flee from the lawyers, saying "Let my people go".

16. Once again did the Boffins worship at the enormous ringpiece, and did take all the electricity from the bankers, watchmakers and chocolate makers, and once again they were vexed and wroth; and they did cry unto the Flying Spaghetti Monster "Oh FSM! Why hast thou forsaken

us?", but He had forsaken them because He was still sleeping it off.

17. And the Boffins did bask in their own smugness, and did cry out "Oh! What an enormous ringpiece we have wrought"; and they did turn up the power even higher and did become even more smug, and the bankers, watchmakers and chocolate makers did become even more vexed and even more wrath.

18. But the pride of the Boffins was to become their undoing, for upon one of the electromagnets were seven 'O' ring seals, and the seven seals were integrity-checked by computer telemetry; and the Network Geeks and makers of electromagnets, who had fled before the wrath of the lawyers, had not properly repaired them, they being vexed, wrath, and full of woe.

19. And behold! The electromagnet shook, and the first seal was opened with a noise like thunder, and from it like a horse sprang white steam; and the computer telemetry system said "Come and see", but the Boffins heard it not, lost as they were in their smugness.

20. And the second seal was opened, and from it like a horse sprang red flames, which had the power to kill like a mighty sword; and the backup systems said "Come and see" but the Boffins paid it no heed, saying unto each other "Get me my agent!" and "Who is doing breakfast television?".

21. And the third seal was opened, and from it poured black smoke which ruined the wheat and the barley, as well as the olives for making oil and the grapes for making wine; and the junior technicians in the control room did say "Come and see" for they liked not the look of the telemetry, but the Boffins did say "Back off, man - we're celebrating!".

22. And the fourth seal was opened, and from it poured forth noxious pale gases which caused death, and they covered the fourth part of the Earth; and the senior technicians who ran the control room said "Come and see", and the Boffins did say "Huh? What the shit?", and they did cease from their celebrating.

23. And when the fifth seal was opened, the people in the control room did freak out, saying unto each other "How long, you dipstick? How long has this been going on?"; and they did take on raiments of white HazMat suits, and they did judge each other, each saying unto the other that it was the other's fault and that they should be killed.

24. And when the sixth seal was opened, there came a great earthquake, and the ground was rent asunder, the sky turned black and the moon became red as a tomato; and the stars of heaven fell to Earth, which really pissed off the Boffins no end, and the sky departed like a roller blind with a dodgy spring, and the people of Earth did hide themselves from all the weirdness.

25. And lo, from the Earth did spring great electric clouds of luminiferous ether, and steaming pools of phlogiston, and the dinosaur bones that had been buried in the Earth to conceal its age did reveal their 'Made In Taiwan' markings; and the enormous ringpiece of the Boffins was consumed by the pit.

26. And when the seventh seal finally gave way, there was silence in the heavens and on Mount Toblerone for about half an hour; and then people started calling the Boffins rude names, saying unto them "How much did it cost again?", and "I wonder who's getting sued this time?", and the men of the Tabloids did cry "I told you so!".

27. And the shouting of the people sounded as the sound of seven trumpets, and the sound roused the Flying Spaghetti Monster from his slumbers, for He likes some big band music once in a while; and when He saw what the Boffins had wrought He was wroth, and as He had a hangover He was doubly wroth and somewhat vexed and full of woe.

28. And the Flying Spaghetti Monster did speak unto the people, saying "What have you wrought here?", and the bankers, watchmakers and chocolate makers did say "It was the Boffins! Blame them!"; but the Boffins did say "No! It was the makers of electromagnets and the Network Geeks! Blame them".

29. And the makers of electromagnets and the Network Geeks did say "No! It was the lawyers! They are always to blame"; and the lawyers did serve writs upon the makers of electromagnets and Network Geeks, and did order them to cease and desist their activities.

30. And the Flying Spaghetti Monster did say unto the lawyers "Well? What dost thou have to say about it?", and the lawyers did say unto Him "You'd better watch your mouth if you don't want to end up in court, buddy"; and the Flying Spaghetti Monster was even more wroth and even more vexed and full of woe than He had been before.

31. And the Flying Spaghetti Monster did cause the Firmament to come crashing down from Heaven, and the Firmament did sink the land beneath the waves; but the noise did cause the Flying Spaghetti Monster to wince in His delicate state, so He caused a great peace to fall across the Firmament, and he did retire for another quick nap.

32. And so it came to pass that the Flying Spaghetti Monster took the rest of the weekend off, and on the Monday He did create another midgit; and He spake unto the midgit saying "Thou shalt remember that Friday is a holy day, when thou shalt get up to no mischief, for thou really doesn't want to be on the receiving end of my divine retribution when I have a holy hangover".

RAmen.

*The Official
Rastafarian
Prayer Book*

The True and Wonderous Story of How Was Delivered Unto Auntie Dee Dee the Most High and Holy Prayer:

As was recounted to Solipsy, Humble GalleyScribe

And The Flying Spaghetti Monster did come unto Dee Dee waiting at the front of Fred's Italian Corner, for she was hungry and her wait did seem to be unending, and he filled her with His Heavenly Smells, and unto her He did speak:

“My True Believer and most excellent Administrator, My keeper of the knowledge that All is My Creation, and as much as any creationism is to be taught as science, My Creation is to be taught as science, I ask of you this: Carry to My True Believers these instructions, that when they give thanks for the Holy Feast, they shall remember and pray these words”:

Our One Creator Which Flies and is Spaghetti and a Monster,

- I believe Thou art the Creator of Goodness and Nourishment, and of Sustenance. I thank the Pasta, and the Sauce, and the Meatballs, for they provide me all my needs.
- I thank Thee for the Many Beverages that Thou provides, for they engender true fellowship, and I will quaff them heartily, be they Beer, or Wine, or Sweet Iced Tea (in the South), or even Milk or Kool-Aid, for it is not good to withhold fluids, and I need to take care of my Body, as Beneficiary of Thine Holy Goodness.
- I thank Thee for the giving of healthful Green Salad, the Yummy Garlic Bread, and the Blessed Cheese for the top of my Spaghetti, and also I am most thankful that If I eat All my Dinner, a Dessert of Extreme Chocolateness will surely follow, preferably Dark Chocolate, for it is Good.
- I believe that Thou are neither Male, nor Female, but are instead beyond the reaches of the gender confusion of Man and Woman Kind, yea, thou are ageless, timeless and all-encompassing.
- I most humbly thank Thee, oh Noodly Appendaged One, for Touching me with the mental capacity to adapt the mythologies of This Universe to aid and comfort me here, until that day I am able to join together with my Pastafarian Brothers and Sisters at the foot of the Beer Volcano, and enumerate my specifications at the Stripper Factory, so that happiness and contentedness and good cheer be present for all, forever and forever,

RAmen.

And then the Flying Spaghetti Monster did sigh, for His Child Dee Dee did occasionally take it upon herself to embellish, and He laughed a jiggly laugh, for it was not He who specified the darkness of the chocolate in the dessert, nor that it be chocolate at all. He did tickle Dee Dee with his Appendages, and she did promise to confess to all that Our Lord Glob doth approve all sweet desserts, as long as the True Believer hath wasted not the Holy Meal.

Our Pasta

Our Pasta, who "Arghh" in heaven, Swallowed be thy shame. Thy Midgit come. Thy Sauce be yum, On top some grated Parmesan. Give us this day our garlic bread. And give us our cutlasses, As we swashbuckle, splice the main-brace and cuss. And lead us into temptation, But deliver us some Pizza. For thine are Meatballs, and the beer, and the strippers, for ever and ever. RAmen.

-KanyS

Hail Marinara

Hail Marinara,
Full of Spice,
The Flying Spaghetti Monster is filled with thee.
Tasty art thou amongst sauces,
and blessed is the fruit
of thy jar, tomatoes
(although fools believe they are vegetables).
Holy Marinara,
Chief Amongst Toppings,
Save a plate for us now,
and at about 6 o'clock when dinner is served, if you would be so kind.
RAmen.

-iamnotanoctopus

The Fruitless Bull Prayer

Oh Great One,

In our beloved schools, thine name shall be soon be uttered. And the works of your creations shall be revealed. For thy Kansas School board shall be the thin end of the holy wedge, as we ram home our agenda during these uncertain and troubling times.

For the work of the scientists across the ages is but fruitless bull, when compared with your great hand. An in our hour of need do we thus pray to thee O Great Noodly Master, to set the record

straight, and to thy school kiddies we do thus pray:

Forget thee Stephen Hawking for his brief history of time was just all wrong
Forget thee Nils Bohr for he was just dumb all along

Forget thee Charles Darwin, for his Evolution theory was all bunk
Forget thee Albert Einstein for his relativity will be sunk

Forget thee Wolfgang Pauli for your spin was just all spin
Forget thee Robert Oppenheimer, believing you is a sin

Forget thee Robert Hooke, your stuff just isn't true
Forget thee Marie Curie, you were bored and had nothing to do

Forget thee Louis Pasteur you were just fond of scum
Forget thee Harold Urey you don't know how it's done

And in thee great scientific advances do I look for a great cause
For it was our Intelligent Noodly Designer that did all this of course

For it was YOU Great Monster, it was just you all along.
Rational thought and human endeavour are really not that strong.

For we are just hapless pawns, really just quite small. Our religion has all the answers; there's no need to think at all.

So pack up your science texts kiddies, for true enlightenment has begun. The Flying Spaghetti Monster will show how faith based science is done.

RAmen

-DaveL

The Common Pastology

Taste Sauce, from which all spices flow;
Drink up, ye Pirates here below;
Until the Kansas School Board calls;

Praise Noodles, Sauce, and Meaty Balls.

RAmen.

-Solipsy

Glob Bless Ya

Oh Great Glob

Send forth your wriggly, jiggly, noodly appendages
For your touch does inspire much Globliness
For Cleaniness is closer to Globliness

Oh My Glob

Shall your meat balls pulsate with much glee
For your eye stalks do not look like a snail (much)
And Glob Bless the Righteous

Oh Mighty Glob

Shall all our charitable work be with religious catch
For we shall only help those we can potentially convert
And great returns shall be reaped from our investments

Oh Blessed Glob

Shall we tell others our religion is much better
For they are wrong and we right
And their conversion doth bring much noodly joy

Oh Omnipotent Glob

Gamma globulin is a protein found in human plasma
For I knew that would impress thee...
And make me look like a smarty pants in your eye (stalk)

Oh Righteous Glob

Send forth thy men in white coats
For much religious writing has yea verily sent me mad
And I shall dwell in the House of Loony for many a day

Oh Venerable Glob

Glob, Glob, Glob
Globby, Globby, Globby
Glob, Glob, Glob, Glob

RAmen

-DaveL

Pirate's Proclamation

O' Divine One

As has been proclaimed by the Pirates, Ahoy! for a New Age has come.

Let the printed idols fall before the Awesome might of the Noodle! Let there be singing in the streets and countrysides of the great divinity that is The Flying Spaghetti Monster.

Let the Saviors of the past degenerate into the myths they are. Let Boyardee be raised up and with a mighty "Arrr" let the Holy Land be found. And once there let a great monument to the Midget, the Mountain, and the Tree be built and consecrated in the name of the image of the Skull and Crossbones.

The Swords are drawn. The flags are waving and the ships are coming to assault the port of Untruth! Pillaging, plundering, and wenching will commence and when that is done, a great cloud of saucy awesomeness will billow in the image of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, the highest and most powerful Noodle!

Ramen

-Shoeman

Ode to thy Tree

Oh Great Foliage.

Thy magnificence doth shroud thy Bobby Mountain.
And following creation by the Great One, you do sit awsesomely.
For thy roots hold much soil, preventing erosion and siltation

Oh Magnificent Shrubbery

With thy leafy goodness do your loyal Midgets espouse thee
For all but the Lumberjack shall plunder your booty
And I'm talking timber here, not Beyonce!

Oh Great Forested One

Shall thy xylem and phloem transport your nutrients
And make you grow big, leafy and beefy
For your photosynthesis doth provide much air (of the not hot variety)

Oh Leafy, Green Stalky, Thingy

When ye is hacked mercilessly from the forest
May your timber provide shelter and furniture from thy Midget workings
And shall those touristy timber souvenirs be forever banned

Oh Bushy, Brushy, Timbery One

Through summer and winter do thee doth endure great hardship
For you are most sturdy and durable like Calvin Klein undies
That is until thy chainsaw and front end loader doth smite thee

Oh Wooded, Cellulosity, Groundstick

When old age doth result in much dropping of the limb
Shall you sprout forth much foliage, green, bushy and brushy
For the Pirates shall require your assistance to reduce global warming

And shall thee dwell on the slopes of Bobby Mountain for ever more

RAmen

-DaveL

Ode to Thy Tree Part 2

Oh Green Leafy Hedge
Should thee obstruct my multi-million dollar harbour view
I shall poison and ring bark thee with glee
For a deforested suburb shall yea verily lose it's real estate value

Oh Scared Mountain Foliage
Thy leaves shall shed from thee
Like hair from a Holy Bald Midget
For thy Midget shall find comfort in thy wig and thy merkan (if he's that unfortunate)

Oh Blessed Scrub Tendrils
Thine branches are like the Great Ones Noodly Appendages
Spreading forth from the Great Strip Club in the sky
To touch thee like thee has never been touched previously

Oh Rigid Pole with Green Leafy Bits and Root
They garden doth harbour thy great beauty with bird and insect
Until thy man-of-the-house shall hack thee to the bare bone
For trimming shrubs is yea verily a real bummer

Oh Decidous Barky One
Shall the FSM answer thy great mystery of thy Leaf Blower
For they are noisy but do bugger all...
Except blowing leaves from one pile to another

And in the days when we ascend to the great Beer
Volcano in the sky. Shall the Garden of Eden possess
Trees that grow both pasta and stripper
For that would make me a very happy camper indeed!!

And thy abomination The Leaf Blower shall be banned from the House of our Lord. For ever and ever.

RAmen

-DaveL

Author's Note: A traditional working song sung by the Midgets of Bobby Mountain and translated from the original language of Midget Bork - as spoken in the Holy Book of Midgets.

This song may be sung or prayed in either English, Midget or Piratese as a round. It is rumoured that the Flying Spaghetti Monster decrees bonus Beer and Strippers will be forthcoming to those who can sing the prayer in the Ancient Midget Tongue (please confirm this Olive Garden).

And it is also well rumoured that Qwerty may be one of those on extra rations come the afterlife.

The Basil Pickers Prayer

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Put in the pot (Put it in the pot)
Stir it in with noodles (Stir it in with noodles)
Eat the bloomin' lot (Eat the bloomin' lot)

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Blimey it get's hot (Blimey it get's hot)
Think I'll go inside now (Think I'll go inside now)
Switch on telly, sit on bot (Switch on telly sit on bot)

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Hungry not a lot (Hungry not a lot)
Think I've got constipation (Think I've got constipation)
Small intestine in a knot (Small intestine in a knot)

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Science is a blast (Science is a blast)
Dedicated to our future (Dedicated to our future)
Definitely not our past (Definitely not our past)

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Noodly Monster is the way (Noodly Monster is the way)
To get to Stripper Heaven (To get to Stripper Heaven)
And drinkin' beer all day (And drinkin' beer all day)

Picking up the basil (Picking up the basil)
Wish I had more hair (Wish I had more hair)
It amuses Spaghetti Monster (It amuses Spaghetti Monster)

And that's not really fair (And that's not really fair)

Repeat again or alternatively if your hungry; start eating!

Alternatively in Midget Bork

Zee Beseel Peeckers Preyer

Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Poot in zee put (Poot it in zee put)

Stur it in veet nuudles (Stur it in veet nuudles)

Iet zee bluumeen' lut (Iet zee bluumeen' lut)

[i]Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Bleemey it gets hut (Bleemey it gets hut)

Theenk I'll gu inseede-a noo (Theenk I'll gu inseede-a noo)

Sveetch oon telly, seet oon but (Sveetch oon telly seet oon but)

Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Hoongry nut a lut (Hoongry nut a lut)

Theenk I'fe-a gut cunsteepeshun (Theenk I'fe-a gut cunsteepeshun)

Smell intesteene-a in a knut (Smell intesteene-a in a knut)

Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Sceence-a is a blest (Sceence-a is a blest)

Dedeceted tu ooor footoore-a (Dedeceted tu ooor footoore-a)

Deffenitely nut ooor pest (Deffenitely nut ooor pest)

Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Nuudly Munster is zee vey (Nuudly Munster is zee vey)

Tu get tu Strepper Heefee (Tu get tu Strepper Heefee)

Und drenkin' beer ell dey (Und drenkin' beer ell dey)

Peecking up zee beseel (Peecking up zee beseel)

Veesh I hed mure-a heur (Veesh I hed mure-a heur)

It emooses Speghettee Munster (It emooses Speghettee Munster)

Und thets nut reelly feur (Und thets nut reelly feur)

Repeat egeen oor elterneteefely iff yuoor hoongry; stert ieteeng! Bork Bork Bork!

-DaveL

Ponderance of thy Balls

Oh Dual Orbed One in the Sky

Thy carbohydrate-ness is reknown throughout the land

For thy appendage has touched our humble Pastafarian flock

And in our praise to thee, do we thank thee for extending your noodley appendage.

For a life of dogma sure beats living in the real world!

And with thine eye stalks, does thee watch over your Piratey Brethren

For they are both googly and snail like. And Gastropods are yea verily really cool with the kids.

And in our worship to thee, do we acknowledge that you watch over us.

Like Betty Bowers or a Military Satellite.

For thine privacy is forfeit in your eyes.

But thine mystery of thine Pulsating Meat Balls doth perplex us

They are dual Halos, (without the X-Box) which radiate thy warmth with great glee, meatiness and herbiness.

For your mincey goodness be forfeit without much garlic and onion.

And in our thoughts of thee, do we boys ponder your wobbly bits.

For a man doth think about sex every 10 seconds according to many womans magazines.

And testosterone can yea verily be a real bummer.

For it doth cause many of the worlds problems, including

24 hour sports channels and badly acted martial arts movies.

And in multiple choice format, we doth ask thee:

- a) Are thee man? For thy Holy orbs possess crown jewel like qualities. (cue spine tingling music)
- b) Are thee woman? For thy Holy orbs put Pamela Anderson to shame
- c) Are thee both? For the post modern era doth allow many possibilities
- d) Are thee are non of the above?

For thine answer is d). Lock in d)!!

For we shall praise thee in all our Might Oh Great Lord/Lordette that your sexless form shall provide inspiration and equality to Pastafarians across the land.

For subordination of women and separation of roles is an abomination in your eye stalks.

Yes thy humble snail is also a hermaphrodite, intelligently designed in your image. But alas thy brethren the slug did yea verily cop a raw deal, without thy 'Mini-Winnebago' for shelter.

And as your tentacles brush the lands of the holy mountain, shall we your pastafarian people extol thee with much joy.

For the mystery of thine balls shall result in much fragmented thinking, counter movement and disagreement, like most theological thinking.

For thine balls are the Meatiness, the Mince and the Seasoning.

For Ever and Ever,

RAmen

-DaveL

Prayer for Beneficial Attributes

Monster grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the strength to change the things I can, and the Noodle to know the difference.

RAmen

-NoodleNet

Mount ID

Massive Rock Oh Craggy Mountain

When we stand on top of thee

Are we really closer to the beer volcano

Or is this just a psychological trick based upon

Relative height to ground, and the 'invisible sky daddy' concept?

Magnificent Lofty Matterhorn of Love

Your slopes do cradle thy Mountain and Tree

And nurture thy Midget workings of Basil and Pasta Sauce
And is Mount Rushmore really an example of Intelligent Design?
Or is this analogy yea verily the work of a nutty fruitcake?

And in thy science classrooms Oh Great One
Shall Gutzom Borghlum's work transcend the Great One's works
For he too was an intelligent designer; real, while the other is implied
Like Father Christmas, Easter Bunny or Tooth Fairy
And chocolate eggs are irreducibly complex in my tummy!

In thy breezy solitude oh Great Summit
Shall your icy cap be a visible reminder of the power, the powder and the glory
Of our divine makers sauciness
A radiant reminder of his wriggly, jiggly, wobbly, globby creations
Prostrate at your semolina-like tentacle tendrils

And we intelligently ask this in The Holy Designers name

RAmen

-DaveL

Holy Friday

O Lord of Noodliest Noodles,

Please bless us on this holiest of holy days; Friday.

On this day, which we devote to You,

May our noodles never go soft.

My all of your loyal followers be touched by Your noodly appendage,

And may our grog ever be cool and drinkable in Thy name.

RAmen.

-NoodlyAppendage

The Holy Limerick

There once was a Prophet named Bobby,
Who challenged ID as a hobby
His Monster (FS)
Was such a success
That he conquered ID in the lobby

-Ubi Dubium and Tigger_the_Wing

The Spaghettitudes

Blessed are the noodly believers,
for theirs is the tomatoey dominion.

Blessed are they who are pirates,
for they shall sail the meaty ocean in the hereafter.

Blessed are they who take Ramenunion,
for they partake of the body and blood of our most Holy FSM.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for spaghetti,
for they shall be satisfied.

Blessed are the midgits,
for they shall obtain coupons for BOGO spaghetti night.

Blessed are the spaghetti-stained,
for they shall see the Spaghetdeity.

Blessed are the followers,
for they shall be called Pastafarians.

Blessed are they who are persecuted In the name Of Spaghetti,
for theirs is the Pirate Ship of heaven.

-Penne Aldente

Prayer of Knowledge

Grant, the Flying Spaghetti Monster, thy sauce;
and in sauce, noodles;
and in noodles, meatballs;
and in meatballs, knowledge;
and from knowledge, knowledge of what is tasty;
and from knowledge of what is tasty, the love of spaghetti;
and from spaghetti, the love of the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

RAmen

-necronos

FSM Mantra

Spaghetti Monster Spaghetti Monster
Monster Monster Spaghetti Spaghetti
Spaghetti Raman Spaghetti Raman
Raman Raman Spaghetti Spaghetti

-necronos

Our Daily Pasta

Our monster so great, such art in the plate
Hallowed be thy scrummy yummy juicy sauces
Thy kingdom come, some day, but not too late:
Before we move onto our second courses!
Give us this day our daily pasta
And forgive us if we sometimes overcook it
As we forgive them who eat it much faster
(The important thing is not to overlook it!)
And lead us not into false consummation

Of dire dodgy dishes: nasty noodles or Ramen
For thine is the source of the saucy sensation
Forever and ever Spaghetti Monster amen!

-tris

The Tasty Prayer

Meatbal meatball, Spaghetti underneath!
Rigatoni, Ravioli, Noodles and beef!

-Angel-Hair Archmage

*Final Thoughts
from Olive Garden
Council-members*

As we finish compiling the Canon and we put the finishing touches on it, I was struck by a revelation regarding Pastafarianism. Let me elaborate.

Our Second Council of Olive Garden has had serious discussions on how the Loose Canon should be. We've considered whether the Apastrypa (Apocrypha) belonged in the text. We've talked about whether spelling mistakes should be corrected. We questioned whether we should have Gospels without having a messiah (yet). We've debated over how we should handle the First Announcement Regarding Canonical Belief. In each case we presented our views and put serious thought into our arguments and decisions.

As I read over the submitted texts I was legitimately amazed as I read serious and genuine reflections on our teachings. Almighty Doer of Stuff pondered the gap of knowledge regarding the afterlife. Solipsy analyzed what was meant by 'flimsy moral standards'. They put a lot of thought into those texts, texts that on the surface appear to be just a bit of comedy writing.

I also saw common views of morality and a sense of pride, almost awe, of our religion in all the texts. But that's the thing; is this really a religion? We have the common morality. We have the wonder. We have holy texts that we revere, customs we cherish, a community we are happy to be a part of.

I might just be caught up in a little sentiment now that the Loose Canon is finally just about finished. But I think we have gone beyond a mere joke. I think we really have something cool here. Sauce be upon all of you and RAmen.

--Platypus Enthusiast aka Captain Jeff Cupo of the Second Council of Olive Garden

I grew up not needing to believe in a God, or anything beyond what the five senses of every human, living and dead, have measured and accounted for. Others I identified and associated with often were of similar mindset. We would occasionally jest that it would be really, really nice to believe in the same way we see our more religious friends believe, to know the answers, to know that there's something out there keeping an eye on us, and possibly helping us out now and again. Not that we were uncomfortable not knowing all the answers, or feeling alone. Quite the opposite, we could only be comfortable in a state of questioning and uncertainty.

In 2005, I found the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and everything began to change. Now I have a God. Before, were I in a situation of stress and felt like crying out to the cosmos for help, I would feel silly eliciting the help of any deity I had learned of. Now, I can petition to the Great Noodly One In The Sky, and I truly see him. I do not, of course, actually believe a floating mass of carbohydrate dinner shaped the universe I inhabit. I found no more answer to where we came from, or why we are here than before. But now I have a face for the question. I have a conduit to the divine. I have prayed to the FSM, and he hath delivered. Then again, I can't say it wasn't just a well timed coincidence.

The FSM was real for me. The FSM was, and is, my Deity of choice, though I do not deny the possibility that He is merely a very helpful delusion. Then, I joined the second Council of Olive Garden. I began compiling scripture and forming what would be the unofficial Word. I was overjoyed with what I slowly began to realize. The FSM is real for others, and the FSM is gaining foothold in reality.

Think of it this way. Though we may not be able to prove the existence of God or Gods one way or another, it is unreasonable to argue against the existence of God as a concept, as an idea, as a word. Clearly, deities exist, though they may be of no "real" substance. At the very least, God is a character in a book. Quite a few books, actually. Take a favorite superhero. Batman is not literally real, of course. But Batman is real in a way. There really is an identifiable character known as Batman, separate from the rest. So it becomes with the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

Of course, I knew this would happen, and had happened, as soon as Bobby wrote the Open Letter. That creates the idea right there. But it is the scripture that showed me the full extent of his Starchy Splendor. Though the words in the Loose Canon arrive from many different minds, across different times and locations, there is a constant in the Flying Spaghetti Monster Himself. He may appear more high and holy in one book, and behave more like a bored prankster in the next, but it is impossible to say that each instance of the FSM is a separate entity. Besides, His Globulence is ultimately here to entertain himself, and having different personalities and dialects depending on mood is a good way to mess with us. But I digress.

The point is that though the Word is assembled of many different people with many different ideas and agendas, there is a constant character of the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

Granted, some authors have taken a stab at it, and hit the mark far enough off that they were not considered for Canonization, so it is not that all who write the word of the FSM are divinely inspired. But for those texts Canonized, we have faith that it is the same Delicious Apparition throughout. I like to think that this means something. Perhaps all it means is that the FSM is incredibly easy to write for. But perhaps it means we're on to something.

I'm a believer in multiple paths to truth, plurality of religion, no wrong answers, that sort of thing. There is no wrong way to do religion, aside from intolerant and coercive practices. There is a vast diversity of culture and religion already in our world, and it tickles me to think that we're adding to that melting pot. And not just that we are adding more culture, a new phenomenon, or a new religion. It appears to me that we are, in fact, creating a new way to do religion. It's worked for me, it's worked for others, and I believe it will work for many more in the years to come. I only hope we are not too misunderstood for too long, and that we may be able to add to the rich diversity of our world.

May you be eternally marinated,

RAmen,

Qwertyioupasd of the Second Council of Olive Garden.

The Most Inspired DaveL's Loose Canon Reflection - Final Comments

Back in 2005...

ID and revisionist scientific theory were rampant (thanks George W Bush!) and suddenly the Neocon World was telling us everything we learnt about science was wrong.

Why should I bother going to University for 10 years, when all I needed to do was switch off my brain and go to church?

My university education was my inner strength and light. After being born and raised Catholic, and being told transubstantiation was real', it taught me to raise questions about our world like never before.

It took me years to evolve from a church non-attende, to an agnostic to an atheist. But being an atheist was something I was now completely comfortable with.

Back in 2005...

I was working in a small engineering office (a 'Christian business'), where one of the Principal's was writing "a little book". As he was writing it in work time, I couldn't help be but be curious. about his "little book" and other matters, which he appeared to be deeply serious about.

It turned out his "little book" was an attempt to reconcile science with the bible, with ID as the antidote. He used examples ranging from a feather to the miracle of child birth as examples of a 'great divine engineer' in the sky. An omnipotent dude, intelligently designing away in his own celestial engineers office. Yes he was touting all this stuff at work, not church, umm, isn't that just a little bit weird?

If I seemed less than convinced by his arguments, I tried hard not to show it. But here was a dude who had studied engineering for years, but had no concept of evolutionary biology. I'd already politely fended off his requests to attend church, but after I finally outed myself as an atheist. I was completely 'on the outer' at work.

I'd always kept my personal stuff to myself, but as the other guy in charge was also religious, I felt I couldn't do or say anything. I needed this job, as it was so close to home! But a religious workplace –not what I'd signed up for!

Every night I came home, needing to defrag my mind from the lunacy.

Back in 2005...

I sought refuge in the atheist web, looking to feel comfortable again about my own beliefs (or lack thereof). I hit the forums and ex-Christian sites, looking to vent my spleen at my "esteemed"

colleague(s) ID beliefs.

But the people on the ex-Christian forums were already grappling with their own de-conversion issues. As I was already fully comfortable with mine, I was flogging a “philosophical dead horse”.

Spleen vented, but it didn't cheer me up. Where did I turn?

Back in 2005...

One night I was reading Bobby Henderson's letter to the Kansas School Board and his depictions of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, Pirates and Pastafarians. When I read Bobby's letter, then thought about my colleague's attempts to convince me about ID, I laughed so hard I nearly cried (and still do!).

Bobby's letter was the perfect 'smack down' of Intelligent Design creationist theory. It was done in such a clever way, that suddenly the misery I (and many others) were feeling was replaced with humour and joy.

Atheism, bah humbug! I'm off to be a Pastafarian!!

Back in 2005...

With the birth of Pastafarianism and the FSM Forums came some of the most original humour in I'd read (and wrote) in years. Online piracy, religious writing and kerbside preaching suddenly had new meaning as light-hearted parody took hold.

The FSM Forum call to write a Pastafarian Bible the 'Loose Canon' was a serious attempt at writing “our own little book”. When the First Council of the Olive Garden was born, the initial momentum was like an unstoppable force. Under the watchful tuition of the First Council, we became poets and scripture writers, and it was heaps cool!

At first, The Canon became just a parody of the Bible. But it was becoming abundantly clear that The Canon it had taken on a life of its own, becoming a parody about all aspects of life, but with good humour, like Bobby's Kansas Board Letter.

While the First Council of the Olive Garden was a mighty attempt his bring Noodly works to life, its attempts ended as quickly as it began. The initial rush of joy was replaced with division and argument by forum members. After much 'throwing of toys from the pram' and general discontent, the First Council of the Olive Garden was simply disbanded.

The Loose Canon writings laid dormant for years as a series of 'old threads' on the FSM Forum for years. It was like the Dead Sea Scrolls all over again.

The Noodly dream seemed over – but it definitely wasn't!

Back in 2005...

After a bit of consideration, I eventually left that small office job for a much better one. Thanks FSM!

Now in 2010...

The Works of The Second Council of the Olive Garden have now seen those original dreams realised. His Holy works have been not only resurrected but improved upon (like a certain software company of note!). And a new generation of Pastafarians has completed the realisation of the dream...

The completion of the Loose Canon!! Woot!

To all those inspired by the Noodly One, both back then and now, go forth into this gloomy world and make people smile with his noodly glory.

Not only will it make you feel good, but you'll put on heaps of weight celebrating his noodly deliciousness.

Praised Be to His Noodly Appendages - and may the Sauce be with You!

The Most Inspired
DaveL