

The New Testament of The Flying Spaghetti Monster; Dinner 2.0

New and Improved Recipe!

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Forward

I want to tell you that I was divinely inspired to write this book, but that is not technically true. Originally, I was hired to dictate it. It was just a job. The FSM sat there ranting about gods He liked and those who had crossed Him, or what He wanted His commandments to be, and I recorded it all on my computer to be typed up later.

Yet over the months that it took to put this bible together, I became really fond of Him. He would flail His noodly appendages about as He talked and get spaghetti sauce on my carpet, and I would listen with rapt attention to His stories. He's enthralling.

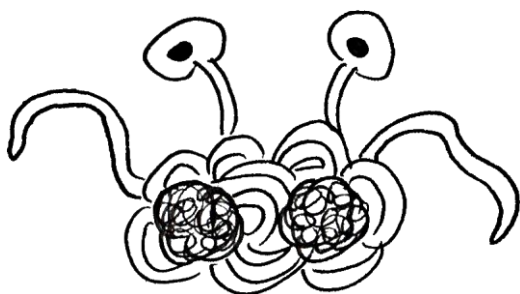
This started as a job, but that's not how it ended up. I consider the FSM to be my personal god now. He converted me as He talked, and I must say, my life is better for it. I never thought of myself as the sort of person who would worship a god (let alone a god made of noodles and sauce.) Yet now, I do. He really is the best god there has ever been, and The Supreme Carbohydrate on which I base my life.

All glory to his Noodliness, The Flying Spaghetti Monster! He is the light in the darkness and the path in the woods! He is love, compassion, and truth! There are other gods, but He is the most delicious! Craigslist brought us together, but none shall tear us apart.

All glory to the FSM, R'amen!

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Book One
The Holy Book of Lasagna

The Book of Lasagna (1)

The Unitarian Church of Pasta

The Unitarian Church of Pasta is based on the words of His Noodliness, the Flying Spaghetti Monster (or The FSM for short.) It is an inclusive text that seeks to embrace all people, no matter what gods they follow or what they already believe. Pastafarianism is meant to be added to the life you already live, and does not seek to take anything away from you.

To ensure that this is quite clear to you, you need to know that this bible is for:

- 1. Those who already believe in His Noodliness.**
- 2. Those who believe in Nothing.**
- 3. Those who believe in other gods.**

No matter what you believe, please take the time to hear His words and think about them. The hope is that no matter what you believe about the universe, there are things in here that can help you along your journey.

Pasta is for everyone.

This New Testament of Pastafarianism was deemed necessary by our Divine Carbohydrate after there were some misunderstandings about His previous attempts to inspire humans, or call them to action. The words within this book are meant to set the record straight on what is His will, but they are in no way combative against the original church. The FSM is not the first god to end up clarifying things later on, and He hope that all those who were already Pastafarian will appreciate His words here as much as they appreciated what came before.

So, sit back, relax, and open your mind and your heart! Let yourself give the FSM a chance, even if you feel skeptical. No one thinks they are going to be touched by His Noodly Appendage at first, but He really is irresistibly delicious.

The story begins with where the His Noodliness the FSM came from, and how He came to be on Earth.

The History of the Flying Spaghetti Monster

The Flying Spaghetti Monster began as a being of pure energy, and has existed since the Big Bang. At first, He lived among the planets and danced with the stars in the vacuum of space. He had many adventures in the galaxies of our ever-expanding universe, and He was happy.

However, when He saw Earth and the life evolving there, He fell in love with it! No other planet had ever caught His eye. Yet, Earth was so beautiful and complex that He decided to stay. He wanted to use His immense power to help Earthlings in whatever way He could.

There were five major extinction events before the Holocene extinction (which is happening now.) The Flying Spaghetti Monster wept huge tears of pasta sauce during all of them, and the sauce fell upon the Earth. He is invested in the species of this planet and their well-being. It should be noted that He is not like other gods who only care for humans. The Flying Spaghetti Monster cares for all creatures that fly or crawl or walk on the Earth. He loves all the animals in the ocean as well. He secretly favors turtles, but that is neither here nor there.

The point is: His Divine Noodliness the FSM has been present on Earth since life began, and He has loved this planet and protected it as best as He could.

For much of the 4.5 billion years that the Earth has existed, The Flying Spaghetti Monster chose not to take corporeal form. He simply acted upon the world in His natural state, as a being of energy. However, it became clear to Him over time that the only gods who got any respect had bodies. It was for this reason that The Flying Spaghetti Monster finally came to us in the flesh (or, rather, in the pasta.)

His Noodliness made himself known to a human in Kansas several years ago in order to help that human win over a school board that wanted to teach Christian “creationism”. That was the first time that The Flying Spaghetti Monster ever altered the course of human events directly. However, since then, He has put his Noodly Appendages into a lot more pies. If you have seen a news article about a human with a colander on his head, then you have seen evidence of The Flying Spaghetti Monster emerging in culture.

Since His Noodliness has chosen to be pasta and sauce, it has become a sort of prayer to Him each time you enjoy pasta. Therefore, please remember the next time that you eat a lasagna, manicotti, or a bowl of ziti that it is in His name that all pasta is consumed since the moment that He became a god of pasta and sauce. In a way, nearly everyone has already prayed to Him- they just didn’t know it.

Like most religions, Pastafarianism has sects within it. The Flying Spaghetti Monster is largely okay with this. He would prefer that everyone agreed, but He understands that this may not be possible. As long as people are spreading His word, He is happy to embrace all people who want His love. The only goal of the FSM is to help humans and other life on Earth, and He does not want to offend or upset anyone.

The Three Sects of Pastafarianism

1. Unitarians

This bible is The New Testament of the Flying Spaghetti Monster; Dinner 2.0 (or, the New and Improved Recipe.) It is meant as a foundation for the Unitarian Church of Pasta, which is a new branch of Pastafarianism.

The Unitarians are a breakaway sect following The Word that was spoken to the prophet Violet Johnson in her apartment on the obscure island of Guam. Violet did not know when she answered the Craigslist Ad placed by The Flying Spaghetti Monster that she would become the profit of a religion, or even that she was being hired to write a bible.

The Ad simply read:

“Seeking a writer with an open mind, who is willing to listen to several very long stories and jot down some commandments. Will pay by the hour. ”

Violet was a starving artist who had written several unsuccessful novels already, and she answered the ad out of desperation. However, we now know that it was His Noodly Appendage that moved her to answer, and to set down His words in this book. His reason for doing so was simple: He hadn't clarified His intentions well in the past, and He wanted to make up for it by really taking the time to create a comprehensive book of His thoughts for humans to read.

This New Testament is presented with all due respect to the people who came before. His Noodliness may have wanted a New Testament written, but it should never be implied that this New Testament is meant to set aside other sects. All followers of pasta are loved by His Noodliness.

2. Pirates

The Pirate Sect of Pastafarianism is fun, and The Flying Spaghetti Monster wants it known that He enjoys His pirate followers immensely! He is in no way opposed to people dressing up as pirates, as it was the funny example used in the letter to the Kansas school board. However, His Noodliness has struggled with the way some people act when dressed as pirates. In particular, He does not like the way they call women “wenches” and occasionally act disrespectful. This was never the intention of The Flying Spaghetti Monster. He enjoys women as people; not as objects. Of course, not all pirates do this, but enough have done so that it came to His attention.

In addition, He objects to the depiction of Heaven as a place filled with strippers and beer volcanos. That is not what He said at all, and He really doesn't want people to make Heaven out to be a place that is exclusionary. Everyone should feel welcome in Heaven, even people who prefer a nice glace of scotch and companions who are not paid to be around them.

However, He does love the look of a pirate costume! He enjoys “talk like a pirate day,” and stories about pirates. And, He absolutely loves his pirate followers. He could never be mad at such lovely people.

If you encounter a sect of His pirate followers, please be kind to them. Take their literature and give them a firm handshake. They are doing something they love in a whimsical way, and no one should begrudge that.

3. Skeptics

The last branch of Pastafarianism is The Skeptics. These are Atheists who do not believe in any gods at all, but they want a way to challenge the established religion in their country.

Example: A person in Pakistan must be Muslim because it is the state religion and it is enforced by the religious police. However, it is possible that a person born in Pakistan may not *want* to be Muslim. The established authority is not likely to allow the idea of Nothing to shove their religion aside. Therefore, the person will claim to follow The Flying Spaghetti Monster in order to challenge Something with Something Else.

It should be noted that The Satanic Temple does the same thing. They are a group of skeptics who do not believe in any gods at all (and they certainly don't believe in the devil.) They simply use that idea to challenge the establishment.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster supports this. He is happy for you to use His name to keep other religions from having too much power. The Skeptics do not have to truly believe in Him to receive His love, or His pasta. The FSM loves and supports the work that skeptics worldwide are doing, and He thinks it is noble work. Religion should be a private thing, and He supports it not being pushed into schools and governments.

The skeptics are the ones who tend to wear colanders on their heads, and He thinks that is adorable! It wasn't His idea, but it is just another example of how humans sometimes decide to do something in His name, and it is awesome. No one is expected to wear a colander. In fact, he thinks a subtle pasta necklace or a small tattoo would really be easier. Mostly He hopes there will come a time when others can recognize a Pastafarian by their kindness and rational thought, without

the need for any symbol at all. But humans will be humans, and He won't discourage you from expressing yourselves however you like.

In other words, all Pastafarians have the love of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster. All are blessed! There must never be infighting within the sects of Pastafarianism.

Values We Uphold

As Pastafarians, humans are asked to uphold some basic ideas above all else. There is nuance that you will see coming through in this bible, but this is what you might call The Headline:

Our central message is one of **Collective Purpose**.

We are all Earthlings. We all share a responsibility for the world. And as a group, we hold these values in our heads and in our hearts:

1. Science: We value the pursuit of knowledge.
2. Education: We value the sharing of knowledge.
3. Peace: We value an emphasis on diplomacy and conversation over war.
4. Freedom: We strive for a significant percentage of life free of toil or confinement, and with access to food, shelter, and healthcare.
5. Beauty: We value the creation of art, music, literature, and shared public spaces.

There is a lot of subtext to these rules, but the quintessence of

our Collective Purpose is a pursuit of the five main values. The Flying Spaghetti Monster has pointed the five main values out to us, but if we are honest with ourselves, we will admit that we always knew them. This fact is something that humans don't talk about as much as we should. If we are honest, we understand that there are things we *know* deep down. The Flying Spaghetti Monster wants us to acknowledge those things, so that we can move forwards as a species.

We need never doubt our Divine Carbohydrate, for even our DNA is shaped like a noodle so we know that pasta is holy, R'amen!

Leftovers

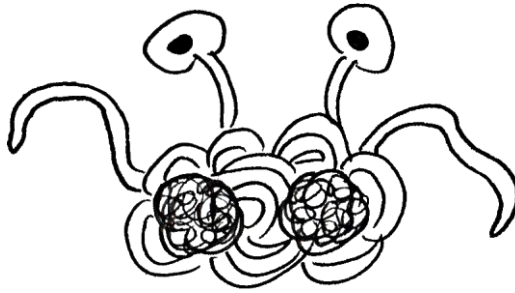
The takeaway here is that there is more than one doctrine floating around in relation to His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster. Our Divine Carbohydrate knows that in other religions, such disparities can cause conflict. For example, the Christian church springs from Catholicism, but they do not always get along with Catholics. His Noodliness would ask that within the realm of pasta, all His followers please be at peace. He is a god who opposes war and conflict, and His greatest desire for humanity is that they will learn to live in cooperation rather than in conflict.

It is His wish that the Pirates, the Skeptics, and the Unitarians all get along and raise their voices in unison to ask for the things that they agree on. These things include keeping religion out of public space, ensuring that everyone has the right to worship whatever gods they like in private, and using science to understand the world. He hopes that all Pastafarians will see that they are on the same side, and that they are stronger together than they are apart.

Please, all who come upon this bible; know that these words

are for you. No matter what you believe, or what you have thought in the past, these words can be integrated into your life in addition to other things, rather than in substitution of other things. The FSM does not want to take anything away from your church or your existence as it is now. He only wants to add to it.

If you ever lose faith, just cook some pasta. His Noodliness can multiple all good things for you, and you will know this when you find that a small amount of pasta always becomes more than you expect once cooked. This is proof of His love.



Book Two
The Holy Book of Soba

The Holy Book of Soba (2)

How to Worship:

So, you've read the message of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and it turns out it is for you. His words touched your heart, and you want Him to know how much he matters to you. That's great news! You have taken the first step to a happier life. Now let's talk about how to worship Him.

Remember that the best way to worship Him is always to live by his word. Advocate for peace, education, and science. Buy and read books, or listen to audiobooks. Acquire knowledge and share it with others when you can. Leading a truly Pastafarian life is the best praise that you can give to His Noodliness.

That said, there are celebrations, prayers, and holidays involved in Pastafarianism. None of it is strictly necessary, but the FSM would love it if you observed His traditions and fully participated in His church. Let's learn a little bit about what that means:

Pasta Friday

In the tradition of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, you are expected to eat pasta on Fridays. It's fine if you want to make noodles out of a vegetable with those cool spiral slicer devices. The FSM is totally okay with all kinds of pasta. If vegan gluten-free pasta is your thing, the He supports you. He's not one to judge. However, you must enjoy some kind of pasta on Fridays. This is a simple way to make sure that you take time each week to think of Him, and to appreciate His role in our lives. It is best if you can celebrate pasta Fridays with other Pastafarians in your community, but celebrating alone is fine.

You can eat pasta other days in addition to Fridays if you want. Pasta is delicious and it's never a bad time for it. However, the ritual of doing it on Fridays in His name means a lot to Him.

Prior to eating pasta, you may feel inspired to pray. The FSM encourages you to make up your own prayers because He likes to hear how *you* feel, rather than a recitation of words that everyone says. However, it may be hard at first to know what to say. In that case, you should use one of the traditional prayers to His Noodliness.

Daily Prayer

O holy Carbohydrate, hear our prayer!

*Bless this pasta, which is of you
Make it nourish our minds and bodies
So we can follow the paths you will us to
And make the world better for you!*

*Great Noodly god who knows all
We beseech you that you shall bless us
And help us study and learn and grow
So we may do things worthy of your name!*

*May we always have books and universities
May we never accept facts without evidence
May we speak kindly to the ignorant
And seek always to help and teach!*

*Bless us, O Divine Monster of Spaghetti and Sauce
We thank you for your bounty of pasta
And we vow to always share our table and our hearts
With any who are in need*

R'amen!

Holiday Prayer

*O Great Monster of Spaghetti and Sauce
We ask thee, on your holy holiday
To bless this pasta and this table
And help each of us to reach our goals
To improve ourselves
And to improve our world*

*Help us contribute to our community
Help us be the most successful humans we can be
Trust that we do our best
But always help us to be better*

*O Blessed Flying Spaghetti Monster
We seek always to do well in life
For you, and for our fellow humans
We love you and our neighbors
And seek peace and knowledge for all!*

In the name of his Noodliness, we pray!

R'amen!

Light in Troubles Times

*On this day we are in crisis
And we feel alone in our tragedy
We ask The Divine Carbohydrate
To hear our prayer*

*Dear Holy Monster
Who is made of pasta and sauce
Please give us comfort
And share your light with us*

*In times when the darkness closes in
It can sometimes swallow us whole
But as we think of you
Let us borrow some of your light*

*Together, we will shine
Together, we will drive away the darkness
Together, we will raise our voices in prayer and pasta
No one is alone when they call to Him*

*O holy Spaghetti Monster
Give us strength and comfort
Through you, we shall be saved
Through you, we shall find peace*

R'amen!

Pasthelatizing

Other religions call it proselytizing. However, this is about Pasta, so His Noodliness refers to it as Pasthelatizing. This means to spread the word of the FSM to others.

The Unitarian Church of Pasta is a New Testament. Previously the faith was largely an oral tradition, with no substantial bible to speak of. At that time, some claimed that you must dress as a pirate in order to preach the worship of the FSM. This is not strictly true. You *can* dress as a pirate, if you desire. You can also dress as something else.

The FSM is particularly partial to turtles, which He considers to be holy. Please feel free to dress as a turtle. However, you can also dress in your regular clothes because people might take you more seriously if you do. The FSM is not serious by nature, but His Word is great and should be spread.

Therefore, it is logical to present His religion to non-believe in the best way possible. He notes that He likes the way all humans look in a nice tailored suit, so he thinks you should not rule that out as an option.

When you go out Pasthelatizing, remember to be kind. The FSM is not a cruel god. He is just a nice guy made of pasta and sauce, who would boil for your sins, (if He believed that sins existed.) He doesn't want you to be too pushy, or to condemn non-believers.

If you are too shy to tell people about the Word of Pasta specifically, that is okay. The Flying Spaghetti Monster would not want you to have doors slammed in your face on His account. It is important that people believe in His Noodliness, but it is *more* important that they act as He suggests. Therefore, a great way to honor Him is to live according to His word, and lead your fellow humans by example. It never needs to be stated that the principles you live by are Pastafarian in origin, if that is what you prefer.

Example: If someone says that the country you live in should go to war with another country, you should say:

"War is never morally justified. Killing people rather than speaking to them accomplishes nothing of value."

Proceed to ask them what diplomatic options have been tried, and what protests and demonstrations have been carried out. Have economic sanctions been imposed? Have your people reached out through the advancement of the Internet to the people in that country? Maybe you can bypass your respective governments and agree not to kill each other because none of you want to die? If you are facing censorship and your government refuses to negotiate, can you overthrow your own government because they favor violence instead of

negotiation?

In this way, you do not speak The Word of the Flying Spaghetti Monster directly, but you do communicate His intentions. If you spread His word without His name, that is almost as good. Spreading His thoughts on seeking knowledge (you should) and killing (you shouldn't) is a valid way to show your love for Him, and to help the world become a better and more pasta-friendly place.

If you can, please Pasthelasize. If you are too shy or unable to come out as Pastafarian (for countries where there is an official religion) then please simply pasthelasize with a small "p," by spreading his intentions without openly being a follower of His word. His Noodliness knows that one cannot always openly speak His word and does not want anyone to die for Him. Do your best, and you will make Him proud.

Do More

If you want to do even more for society, then His Noodliness commends you! Many of his followers pick up hitchhikers, do volunteer work, and take the less fortunate out for a hot meal. Remember that each human has value to His Noodliness, and each human has the ability (even if they are not utilizing it at the time) to become a point of light that helps us drive back the darkness. Value all the humans as His Noodliness does, and you will do glory to His Name.

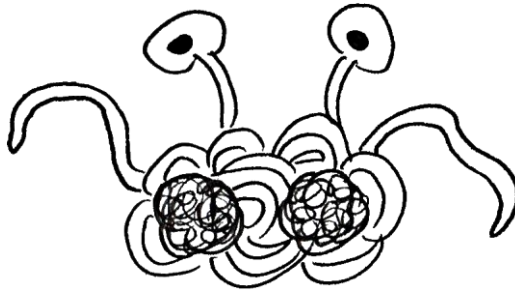
Note: Do have a care for your own safety, though. Not everyone should pick up hitchhikers or take the homeless to lunch. Those are just examples. Find your own way.

Leftovers

The take away here is that worshipping a god of pasta and sauce is about more than simply eating spaghetti and saying that He is your god. It is about a way of life which seeks to make the world better. When you try to lower your environmental impact or lobby to create a protected wildlife preserve, you are showing Him that you can live in a way that brings glory to His name. When you show kindness and compassion for your fellow humans, you are demonstrating that you want to live by His word because you know that it is the best way to live.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster is a being made of pasta and sauce who values life, peace, and the act of doing what you can to add to the world. He is not a jealous or demanding god. He does not want you to smite anyone, or to prostrate yourself before Him and exclaim your imperfections. His Noodliness just loves you and wants the best for your species and your planet.

He *does* hope that someday that you will venture off this planet and visit other worlds. He came from space, and He knows it's really neat there. However, His main focus in this place and time is on creating unity and a collective purpose. That is the first step to greatness for the human race.



Book Three
The Holy Book of Lo Mein

The Book of Lo Mein (3)

The Physical Church of Pasta

As of now, there are no physical buildings devoted exclusively to His Noodliness, wherein you may go to join other Pastafarians and raise your voices in worship. However, the Flying Spaghetti Monster is not opposed to you building churches. (If you want. I mean, He is not a demanding god.) His directive for any churches you may desire to build are as follows:

1. Open to the public at all hours.
2. Nothing too ostentations, as He is a modest god.
3. Fill the church with books, preferably about the sciences (though nearly all books are holy.)
4. The building must utilize a combination of solar panels and wind turbines to be environmentally friendly.
5. He would really like it if you surrounded the building with plants (food plants are best.)
6. If you had a turtle as a church pet, He would be so happy.
7. Followers should serve pasta to the public at the church on Friday night, after mass.
8. It would be nice if you had a small dormitory and shower facility for folks who needed a place to sleep, particularly when it is too cold or too hot outside for human comfort.

His Noodliness understands if you can't build him some churches right now. You're busy, and changing the world is going to take a lot of your time. He doesn't want to

overwhelm you. However, when you get around to it, He thinks it would be nice to have some buildings full of books devoted to Him.

(Don't forget the turtles, because he really loves turtles.)

When humans are ready to build Him churches (or if they wish to hold services in their home) they may want to follow this suggested format, as dictated by His Noodliness:

Sample Sermon

Begin by greeting everyone and welcoming them to come and experience His tasty Word.

Example: *"Welcome friends, to a service given in the name of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, who was a being of energy, but came to Earth and took the form of pasta and sauce so that He could speak with us."*

At this time, you may discuss any church business (assuming you are a church with regular meetings and there are things to announce to the congregation.)

Then, move on to a selection from the bible that you wish to discuss. Obviously, the holidays are best discussed when they are happening, so most of the time you will probably pick something from His single noodles of wisdom, or from His parables. You can expand upon these things as little or as much as you want. He is fine with short or long sermons. It is His opinion that humans should worship in the way that makes them feel good.

Example: *"A reading from The Book of Udon, Single Noodle number three: 'Thy beloved human, be careful what you put into your brain.' By this, we can assume that The Flying Spaghetti*

Monster did not wish us to fill our brains with images that we would not want to see when we close our eyes and lay down to sleep. He wishes us to create the most peaceful space within our minds that we are able, by putting things in our brains that make us happy. Look at pictures of turtles, which He loves. Study science. Dream of the cosmos from whence He came. What you put in your brain shapes who you are, and who you will become. Always be mindful of what you choose to put there."

Say a prayer. Any prayer will do, as long as everyone knows it or you have printed out copies for people to follow along. The strength of prayer is in repeating words as a group, which makes everyone feel connected. For those with wonderful voices, you may even want to start a choir and sing His praises.

Example:

"O great god of Pasta and Sauce, we gather here today to honor thy name!

You are the light from which all candles are lit, and the food that can fill any stomach.

On this day, we have gathered to give you thanks and praise.

We ask you to bless the pasta that we will eat, and to bless the conversations that we will have.

Help us to find strength in each other so that we may go into the world ready to do good. R'amen!"

At this time, the mass will be ended and people will begin to take the pasta that is served that day and sit to eat it. As they eat, make sure to go around and connect with as many community members as you can. Thank them for coming and offer the blessings of His Noodliness in their endeavors. If anyone needs advice on how to better improve the world in order to bring glory to His name, please do your best to advise them.

Marriage

In addition to having mass, you may also occasionally need to preform weddings for members of your community who ask this of you. It is always preferred that a couple write their own vows, so that they can have the experience that they wish. Committing to each other is a very individual choice, and not everyone is comfortable committing to the same things. As long as the parties are consenting adults, you can (and should) marry anyone who wants it. However, this is a sample of how one might marry two Pastafarians:

Greet those gathered and welcome them in the name of His Noodliness. Then tell everyone -even though they already know- why they are there. (Humans do this all the time; they love stating the obvious.)

Example: *"Greetings to all in the name of His Noodliness, The Flying Spaghetti Monster. We are gathered here today to celebrate the union of (name of party one) and (name of party two.) By being here to witness their wedding, we are helping them to commemorate this moment and to create a memory that will last forever."*

Once you have addressed the crowd directly (while standing to one side of the couple to make eye contact with the audience) you may then move behind the couple and speak directly to them.

Example: *"Dear (name of party one) and (name of party two,) it is with great joy that I join you here today, to help you blend your lives together. In our church, we recognize that two or more separate entities may choose to merge their light together to make a single flame. We also know that, though there is no reason for this to be true, the light inside two humans is capable of combining to be far brighter than the combined power of the two flames when apart."*

There is something in the joining of two humans that adds an extra power to both, while not diminishing either. It is my hope that the light inside of each of you will combine together to become as bright as our own star, and that it will shine hope into all the corners of your life."

Now you must join them. Signal for them to put their hands together (which you should have practiced beforehand.) Have them hold their joined hands high, so that all the people can see. Then, take a piece of string, to symbolize a noodle, and drape it loosely around their joined hands so that they have been bound by pasta. Explain this as you do it.

Example: *"These two humans are now joined by the bonds of pasta, and they carry the blessing of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster into their new life together. May their bowls always be full of pasta and sauce, and may they always share the leftovers with their community."*

They may kiss, or hug, or jump up and down. Who knows what two humans will do when they have just been married? Let them do their thing, because once you declare them bound by pasta, your job is done and you can sit down and watch.

Note: Feel free to encourage the crowd to throw a small grain pasta like orzo at the couple as they depart for their honeymoon. Showering them with pasta is a good way to wish them a life of plenty. You may also suggest a meal of some sort of pasta at any after party, though you should note that even The Flying Spaghetti Monster feels that a pasta wedding dress or a pasta wedding cake is simply going too far.

Baptism

Many religions baptize children and babies. Some very bad

religions even baptize the dead. However, The Unitarian Church of Pasta is not something that you are born into, and The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not believe in baptizing children, babies, or the dead. The only people you may baptize are those who are of legal age, and who have devoted their life to the principles of Pastafarianism and demonstrated a commitment to the church.

To baptize a person who is eligible, all you must do is dip your finger into a bowl of pasta sauce and draw a noodle on the person's forehead. Then you speak the words: *"I baptize you in the name of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, The Divine Carbohydrate."*

It is fine to do this alone, or to gather a group to watch. If you are gathering a group, feel free to talk a little about Pastafarianism first, for the sake of any non-believers in attendance. If you wish to have a celebration afterwards where everyone sits down to a meal of pasta, that is also great! It is the belief of His Noodliness that someone should commit their life to Him in the way that they choose, so be flexible with whatever extras a person might want.

In the Unitarian Church of Pasta, the tradition of Baptism should be a tradition of choice. After all, we believe a Baptism is meant to be about a consenting adult making the choice to enter our religion. The freedom to choose is a very important thing to a Pastafarian, and that is why a Baptism in our religion is so sacred.

Note: try to indulge the person being baptized if you can. If they want to be Baptized in a hot air balloon or while standing in a pool of champagne, let them! A good priest will turn up to whatever ceremony a person has planned and bring His Noodliness along in spirit. Anything can be a baptism if you believe that it is.

Ordinations

For now, an ordination will have to come from The Unitarian Church of Pasta Website. It's a shame, but His Noodliness does not currently have churches in which to study. Some day when humanity has improved and built churches to honor Him, it would be best if the priests of those churches handled all this stuff. Until that time, he asks that you devote at least a year of study to His Word before you apply to be considered for ordination. It sounds like a lot, but His Word takes time to understand.

His Noodliness does have qualities that He would prefer to see in a priest- if He got to have a say. He would like for priests in His religion to have spent time talking to strangers and trying to see things from many points of view. This can be accomplished by sitting with the elderly, the homeless, and other marginalized people who have complicated stories. There is a lot of wisdom in the more complicated stories.

He also likes for people to be well-read. Even fiction is useful, because it introduces you to the eternal stories of jealousy, rebellion, and personal growth. People tend to live in such a way that they are playing out the stories they have been introduced to. The more stories you familiarize yourself with, the easier it will be to understand human behavior.

His Noodliness would also like for His priests to constantly work towards a more patient and tolerant way of being. A priest should never snap at a follower of Pastafarianism, nor should he allow himself to be frustrated. Patience is born from an understand that everyone is playing out their own story, and that we can guest star in the world of another person, but we cannot direct their movie. Work to understand the motivation of others, and to be tolerant of their choices.

Once you have read the bible several times and worked to be the sort of person that His Noodliness wants preaching His Word, then you can apply for your ordination. As long as you don't take it lightly, it should be fine.

Funerals

Presiding over a funeral is not a task that anyone wants to do. However, it is a time when people desperately seek comfort, and The Flying Spaghetti Monster wants to make sure that they get it. Remember: although humans are not gods like the FSM, they do share qualities with Him. The FSM is a being of energy that took the form of pasta and sauce. Meanwhile, humans are energy that took the form of conscious sacks of meat and bones. Although humans are not as powerful as the FSM, the essence of a human is the same as His essence. Therefore, just as the FSM may someday decide to abandon His body of pasta and go be energy again, so too must humans abandon their meat sacks and go be energy again someday.

Unfortunately, this is often of little comfort to the people who have just lost a human that they loved. A priest should always remember that a funeral is not for the person who has died. Rather, it is a production put on for the living, in order to comfort them. Therefore, the focus of a funeral should be help the living cope with the loss.

First, remember that the human who died touched a lot of lives. If the person was a real bastard, he may have touched many lives in a negative way. On the other hand, if a person was delightful, he may have touched a lot of lives in a good way. The truth is usually somewhere in the middle. It is most common that a human will have rubbed some people the wrong way, while bringing joy to others. Because of this, you may have people feeling a wide range of emotions at a

funeral. Some may be relieved that the person is dead, and guilty for feeling relieved. Others may be sad. Still others may be happy for the person, because they are no longer suffering from a disease or mental illness that caused them pain, or because they were old and ready to die. People react to grief in a wide variety of ways, and it is almost impossible to predict what a grieving person will do.

It is because of this that you should keep your words as general as possible.

Example: *"We are gathered here today to think about the life of (person who died.) When someone dies, we know that their energy will leave their body and rejoin the energy of the universe. The Flying Spaghetti Monster teaches us that this is a kind of afterlife, and that we should not be afraid of it. Therefore, we can all be grateful that (name of departed) has gone on to rejoin the energy that binds us all."*

However, this person has left an absence among us, and those who are left will feel this loss for a long time to come. Let us take a moment to think about what this person meant to us. (Take a long pause.) In times like this, it can often help to tell the stories that make up the life of a person, as a way to honor them. At this time, I would like to welcome people to come up and share a story or a memory that you have with (name of the deceased)."

Let people tell stories about the person who died for as long as they need to. Sometimes people will have a lot to say.

Sometimes they won't want to share. This is fine, as sitting in silence waiting for someone to speak can give everyone some time to think about the memories they shared with the person who has died. When people have finished, thank them for coming to honor the life of the deceased, and pass around a box of pasta, so people can throw a noodle into the grave (assuming the person is being buried.) This symbolizes the

promise of the FSM to be with the person who died as they rejoin the life force around us, so that they do not have to be afraid or alone.

Finally, close with a prayer.

The Prayer of The Dead

*Today we raise our voices in grief
We have lost someone of value to us
And we honor that person with our prayers
As we remember their life and their accomplishments*

*Today, we ask that His Noodliness be with us
And to guide our fellow human to their eternal peace
And help the rest of us in our quest
To learn to live without them*

*O, Holy Monster of Pasta and Sauce!
We beg thee to grant us what peace you can
As we who are left struggle to accept our grief
And to rebuild our lives after this loss*

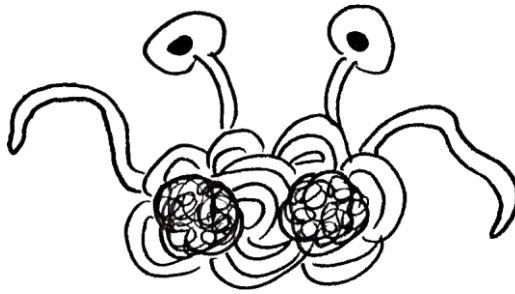
*In the name of pasta, we pray
R'amen!*

After the prayer, make an effort to say goodbye to each person before you leave. The personal touch is always appreciated when people are grieving. Remember that you might try to make yourself available for grief counseling as well if it is feasible for you to do so. Offering counsel is more about listening than anything else. Sometimes people ask for answers, but like a priest of any other religion, you only need to say that there are no answers.

Leftovers

The Book of Lo Mein is not just about teaching a person what kind of church to build if they want to bring glory to His name. It is also designed to show you how His Noodliness thinks of the milestone moments in the lives of humans. He hopes that even if humans never build Him a single church, they will still appreciate the thoughts He has set down here about the meaning of marriage, death, and other moments that matter in the life of a Pastafarian.

It is the hope of The Flying Spaghetti Monster that people will look at all the things in this bible in more ways than just the literal. In one way, He is literally suggesting prayers and services. In another way, His choice of words is communicating His views on the life and death of humans. He hopes that the humans who choose to follow the path of Pastafarianism will do their best to see the meanings in His Word, and to live in a way that is delicious and brings glory to our god of pasta and sauce.



Book Four
The Holy Book of Tortellini

The Book of Tortellini (4)

It's-Better-If-You-Dos

"Never focus on the things you cannot have. If you are lactose intolerant, do not despair that you cannot have ravioli stuffed with cheese. Rather, be grateful that you can have spaghetti or vegan lasagna."

The Flying Spaghetti Monster is not a negative god. He doesn't want to load you down with commandments about things you shouldn't do. Rather, He would prefer that you focus on things you *should* do. He feels that this is more uplifting. And of course, the quest of humans is -and should always be- to focus on goals rather than limitations.

Remember that the guidelines on how to live are in every part of this bible. Some of the things He wished to say were better communicated by a holiday. Some were better communicated with a parable. Still others were best explained by describing His ideal churches and His ideas on the best ways to worship. The lists of suggestions are just things that didn't fit elsewhere. Please note that the Book of Tortellini should not be glorified above any other book of this bible. In other words; it's not like the Christian bible where there are commandments that take precedence over other things. You may consider all the books of this bible to be of equal importance, and know that they all teach lessons of equal value.

Part two of the Book of Tortellini deals with things that it's better if you don't do. The Flying Spaghetti Monster is not trying to tell you how to live your life. He knows there are always going to be exceptions. However, He believes that following these guidelines will make each human happier, and that the divine suggestions will also benefit the species as

a whole.

Cheat Sheet:

- 1. It's Better If You Find A Thing You Are Good At**
- 2. It's Better If You Live in Harmony With the World**
- 3. It's Better If You Make Art**
- 4. It's Better If You Lead An Untethered Life**
- 5. It's Better If You Work Together**

Details:

1. It's Better If You Find A Thing You are Good At

In your life, there will be things that people push you into. Maybe your parents really want you to be a Linguine person. Maybe you teachers shove you in the direction of Farfalle. And just maybe you think long flat noodles and bowties are not where your strengths lie. That is okay. Go try your hand at Manicotti, Fusilli, or Orzo! Experiment and give your dreams a shot.

However, admit when you fail. Sometimes you will go out and try Macaroni, and you will find out that its just not your thing. Be honest and realize that you made a mistake, as we all do from time to time. Admit that it's not your thing and try something else.

The ugly truth is that we're not all suited to chemistry. By the same token, we can't all be engineers. And the guy with one lung? He shouldn't be trying to race in the Olympics against people with two lungs.

The idea that you should follow your dream *no matter what* is decidedly unhelpful. Instead, you should try your hardest and put in honest work. And if you still fail, then you should do

something else. We're not all artists. Some of us can watch YouTube tutorials and draw for a thousand hours and still be bad. I (the prophet Violet Johnson) have tremors due to a health condition, and when I draw the pencil shakes and my lines go all wrong. That is okay. The FSM showed me that even though I wanted to be a painter, my gift was elsewhere. Instead, I am painting pictures in the minds of people with my words.

We all have value. Every one of us can contribute to society.

The problem is that sometimes a guy who would be a really good plumber is stuck doing accounting. He's not suited to sitting at a desk, and he doesn't like the 9am to 5pm grind. He's bad at office politics. Yet, he let his parents push him into college and into being an accounting major, and now he's feeling trapped in a cubicle farm rather than working from a van and being free to make appointments around when he wants to work.

Don't let others push their dreams on you, and don't keep trying at things that you find you are not suited to. Find something you are good at! Look for that thing that you do well, and then use it to benefit your fellow humans and leave your mark on the world.

Sometimes the thing you are good at is doing something that no one else wants to with less disgust than others. A person working at a recycling plant is going to smell some smells that are horrible every day. They may not enjoy it, but it's also possible that they can handle it better than others. There is reason for pride in that. Sometimes the best we can do is to be better at tolerating something gross than others. And because it is a job that few people can do, those types of jobs should pay better than others. Seriously, pay people with dirty jobs better.

Note: Also remember to be patient with yourself. Sucking at something is the first step to being sort of good at something. If you think you want to do something, put in the hours to really learn before you decide that it's not for you.

2. It's better if you live in harmony with the planet.

A lot of people look at the planet as something to consume. For example, people want to destroy National Parks in order to go mining for various minerals. The FSM hopes you realize that we have quite enough minerals above-ground already, and that if you would just recycle the ones you have already used, then you wouldn't need to dig up more.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster was a being of pure energy who came from space. However, he was very taken with Earth from the moment that he saw it. Humans should really get out more. If they do, they'll realize how special their planet is. Nestled in the Goldie Locks zone around the star Sol, the Earth was lucky enough to have a good composition of elements, and a random convergence of unlikely circumstances which allowed for life to evolve.

In other words: **The Earth is very rare, and it is very precious.**

When humans think of the Earth as something to be consumed and used up, it makes His Noodliness weep huge, wet tears of sauce. Nothing could be more wrong. The Earth is not meant to be consumed. In fact, it is meant to be cared for. Humans should be the steward of the planet and ensure its health through good actions and choices.

Go green. Fight against wars, pollution, and other things that hurt the Earth. Advocate for nuclear disarmament. And above all, limit your consumption to only the things you need. Use reusable things whenever possible, and never dispose of

dangerous things improperly.

The Earth is, in the opinion of His Noodliness, the most beautiful planet in the universe. Don't fuck it up.

3. It's Better If You Make Art

Some people like pottery. Some like music. Some like drawing or painting. Some prefer to write stories or poetry. The Flying Spaghetti Monster doesn't care what kind of art you make. Weld motorcycle parts into flowers or make turtle sculptures out of shells. What you do is less important than the fact that you are taking time to create. His Noodliness just wants you to make beautiful things that will shape culture. You could make movies and video games, or wall scrolls and embroidery. Everything you create and share with your fellow humans adds to the conversation.

Think of it like this: There are millions of lovely little humans. All of you have thoughts, feelings, and experiences. This means that all of you have wisdom of one kind or another. So, if each human finds a kind of art that can help express their wisdom, then they can share it with the world.

This is vital. It is so important to add to the overall conversation that we are all having. Each human should make a real effort to contribute in whatever way is easiest for them.

Your voices are authentic and without agenda. You simply want to share your life and to show what knowledge you have gathered along your journey. This is the kind of thing that needs to be glorified more in culture.

If all of you beautiful humans choose *not* share your stories with the world, then the conversation ends of being dominated by voices with agendas of profit and control (such

as corporations and governments.)

All the governments on Earth have agendas, and they say a *lot* of things in the overall conversation. All religions have agendas, and they are constantly having a say in the overall conversation. Corporations are the most insidious, and they are constantly adding to the conversation in direct and also subliminal ways.

Unless you speak up, the conversation that we are all having as a species will be completely dominated by entities with agendas. Since those agendas are largely about subjugation and control, the FSM thinks this is very bad.

Drown out the voices of the entities with agendas who want to manipulate you. Fill the world with your writing, your photographs, your gardens, your performance art, or whatever else you can do to speak to everyone else. Whatever else you do in life, just make time to make art.

Don't allow yourself to be silenced or lulled into complacency.

4. It's Better If You Lead an Untethered Life.

This is a hard one. When you are born, you are programmed by society. You are assigned a nationality, a religion, a gender, a race, a social class, and all kinds of other totally arbitrary things. These things are the hand you are dealt, and it is where you start. Everyone has to start somewhere.

However, the FSM asks that you should work to break free of those things and become simply "Human." Not a white human or a black human. Not a Muslim human or a Buddhist human. Just a Human, who is a citizen of the world.

This is imperative in order to rise above tribalism and see the

world as it is.

All those labels and classifications that are put on you are like filters that someone puts in front of your eyes. While you have the filters in front of you, you can't see everything. It is possible that a person who is white might not see the suffering of black people clearly, because they are playing the video game of life on "easy," and they haven't risen above that to look around.

It's important to realize the real consequences of labeling and categorizing people, so you should always pick your head up and look around. See if you can look at someone else's life and realize how different their experiences might be because of their breasts, or their skin color, or where they were born. Really try to take off your filters and *see*. That is important.

In addition, lead a life free of clutter. Don't horde things. Try to keep the amount of possessions that you have down to what you really need, so that you don't spend too much time thinking about objects. Objects really aren't very important. They can be burned up in a fire, lost in a flood, or destroyed in an earthquake. Besides all that, you cannot derive true happiness from them.

Remember that the things that are inhabited with consciousness are the most important things. Your car is not conscious, but your pet is. If you had to choose between saving your car or your pet, the FSM hopes you would choose your pet. If you had to choose between your TV and your friends, He hopes you would choose your friends. Always place the most value on things that can *think* and *feel*. Consciousness is made whole through the ways in which it touches other consciousness.

You should also be untethered geographically. His Noodliness

does not mean that you have to live in a tent and travel the world (although you absolutely *can* and it is fun to do so.) He means that you should try not to be limited within your mind by the place that you live. If you live in a forest, do not *only* worry about local concerns like logging. We must think globally. Instead of getting trapped in a small world, you should always try to see The Bigger Picture. Worry about oil pipelines leaking, tar sands polluting water, and the oceans dying because of CO2 buildup. It's all part of the same biosphere.

Remember, we are more than just talking piles of meat. His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster was attracted to Earth because its life was *conscious*. He wishes you to use that gift to the fullest, and to be as conscious as possible. Please, do your best to lead an untethered life.

5. It's Better If You Work Together

Of course, the best has been saved for last. All of you wonderful humans are part of a sea of humanity, and you can do great things when you work together. There are many reasons why, but the most important reason is that you need each other.

Humans have amassed a great deal of knowledge. This is great! But it's too much knowledge to fit into a single human. One person cannot make the bread, plow the fields, design the websites, and deliver the packages. One person cannot study archeology, design buildings, and fly planes. Humans must specialize in order to get really good at something and to hopefully become proficient enough in a thing to advance the knowledge of all of humanity in that one area.

Example: The guys who invented airplanes (the Wright brothers) were good guys. Airplanes are lovely. However, we

have learned a lot about aerodynamics since then, and it is now a field that requires intense study to become knowledgeable. For a person to design a really cool new plane or advance the study of flying it would take a lifetime. This is because there is so much that they have to learn first about what has already been done. Therefore, a person who wants to advance the field of aerodynamics has no time to do anything else.

However, the rest of us still want to fly in airplanes, even though we did not invent them, we do not build them, and we might not even understand how they fly. We want to use them as a tool to get from one place to another over lots of land or ocean. So, we need the people who devote their lives to the study of planes. All humans as a collective need them.

We need the people who create TV shows for us to watch. We need the people who film movies. We need the folks who build roads, and the people who make toilets, and the people who run nightclubs. Each and every human is doing a thing, and that thing matters.

Imagine if you were alone on a barren planet. You simply couldn't have a cell phone and a garbage disposal and a sewer system without help. Even if you could make an okay life for yourself all alone, you couldn't have the kind of life that you have now. Your quality of life depends on other people. You need other people. This is a fundamental fact of life. Unless you want to give up your clean water and your computer and your clothes, you need to accept that you are part of a society, and that we all depend on each other in order to have the things that we have.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster is very upset by people who claim that they "did everything on their own." No one but lonely mountain men do everything on their own, and even

they are working with an education that others took the time to give them. Respect your fellow humans and recognize that you need them. Work together with them.

People do need some kind of government. Some people will be busy building robots and some people will choose to spend their time raising and teaching children. However, someone must exist to organize things for the community. This person can be randomly selected by a lottery for a short amount of time, or it can be their life's work. They can be democratically elected by a popular vote. The FSM doesn't care how you organize it. Just make sure that each community has a person in charge of making sure that your community runs smoothly. And make sure there is a way for the people to get rid of them if they are bad at their job.

Note: Don't just work together; connect with each other! In-person connections between humans are so important. It improves a human's quality of life so much to connect with other humans in person, even if it is hard at first.

Leftovers

The takeaway here is that there are things you can do to lead a better and more Pastafarian life. If you find something you are good at, live in harmony with the planet, make art, lead an untethered life, and work together; happiness will come more easily to you. For the most part, you *do* have control over your own level of happiness in life. You just have to do things that make you feel good about yourself and the world. Following the principles of Pastafarianism can do that.

It's-Better-If-You-Don'ts

This is a list of things that the Flying Spaghetti Monster suggests you don't do. Remember, he's a positive god. Most of his wisdom is in the It's-Better-If-You-Do section. However, there are a few things that the FSM wants to suggest that you don't do.

Cheat Sheet:

- 1. It's Better If You Don't Put People In Cages**
- 2. It's Better If You Don't Work Too Much**
- 3. It's Better If You Don't Value Possessions**
- 4. It's Better If You Don't Hurt Others**
- 5. It's Better If You Don't Censor Things**

Details:

1. It's Better If You Don't Put People In Cages

His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster knows that jails and prisons are very popular, and he understands that this is based on some humans having fear of other humans, and wanting them to be separated in some way.

Fear is a very normal and natural instinct. His Noodliness watched as humans evolved and saw that they spent lots of time running away from bears, lions, and panthers. He knows that humans are squishy meat sacks with very little in the way of defenses. Fear emanates from deep inside of a human's ancient lizard brain, and it can be so strong that it paralyzes them. The Flying Spaghetti Monster respects that you -as a human- feel that way. He will never hold it against you.

Having said that, he asks that you understand that fear is not always to be trusted. It's a tricky thing. He finds that humans

often have far less fear than they should, (they do things like jump off cliffs and break their heads open on rocks.) And yet, sometimes humans have far more fear than they should, and they forget that people who make mistakes are still human beings.

Yes, you read that right.

A person who makes a mistake is still a human being with thoughts, feelings, family, friends, and a life. That person may still be of use to society. He or she might discover the cure for a disease, or figure out how to build a functioning warp drive. It is very important that you don't just lock a human in a cage for the rest of his or her life because he cheated on his taxes or sold some drugs. Humans make mistakes.

A person who makes a mistake does not do so because they are inherently evil. They do not do it because they are a bad person who can never be redeemed. In the event that a person makes a mistake; it is often because society has failed that person. It could have been an issue in their education, a problem with their biology, or a fault with the parents of the person. There are so many factors that go into human development, and they all matter when looking at the choices a person makes.

Remember: Under the same conditions, you would have developed the same way. If you had the same parents and were born into the same situation, as well as exposed to the same factors when developing, then *you would be* that person.

People like to take a lot of credit for who they are. The FSM is annoyed with this because he feels that humans should pay more attention. Each of you is shaped by a variety of things which you very rarely have control over, but which have a profound impact on Who You Are.

For example: A person's personality will always be partially based on the body that they live in. *Of course* a person who has Lupus will be shaped by that disease. A person who loses their legs will view the world differently than a person who has not lost their legs. The state of a person's body will affect who they are and the opinions they have. These are things that a person generally has no control over, and yet they *will* shape who that person is.

A person who is born to a drug addict and never has a stable family will bear the emotional and mental scars from that. A person born into an impoverished area will learn different behaviors than a person born into a gated community full of nice homes. It absolutely matters whether or not Santa Claus brought you presents, and humans must stop pretending that this isn't true.

A wise man once said: *"You don't need to walk a mile in my shoes; just spend some time in my mind."*

Even the physical structures of a person's mind can change who they will be. How they think will be shaped by their body, their environment, and their genetics. Humans actually have very little control over who they become, and can take very little credit for their accomplishments.

Sometimes, a human is born very smart. That person must still study and try hard to design a warp-capable space ship. Yet, they have the opportunity to create something amazing because they were lucky enough to be born with the intelligence to do so.

Other times, a human might have gestated in a mother that could only afford to drink tap water. And perhaps, due to a lack of regulation, the tap water might have lead in it.

Unfortunately, that human will then be born less intelligent. They will have to work harder to keep up in primary school. They may give up on finishing secondary school. They will never design a space ship. That human might invent a new method of doing something or create something beautiful anyway. It does not always take intelligence to do great things. However, it does take intelligence to be a doctor or an aerospace engineer. So, the person with lower intelligence is limited in what they can accomplish.

These things are not the fault of the human. They are the fault of a society that allowed lead in the water.

If society does not give the humans with disadvantages an opportunity to contribute, then it is only logical that they will act out. All humans want to add to society and to be recognized for the value that they add. If society does not give a human the chance to do this, then they will numb the pain with drugs or end up committing crimes. When that happens, the individual human bears very little responsibility for their actions. Society has failed them. And, all of society must answer for that failure; not just the human who made the mistake.

So, stop putting humans in cages. No one learns anything good in a cage. If a human makes a mistake, you may confine them in a place of education and care, where the reasons for their crime can be discovered and fixed. However, the FSM believes that in the case of *most* crimes, the person shouldn't be removed from society. They can learn just as well out in the freedom, and it will be better for them to be around other people who are leading successful lives and can be a good example to them. Seeing positive lives to model can help a person learn to lead a more positive life.

Example: If a person committed the crime of stealing, then

putting them in a cage is a bad solution. It must first be determined why they stole. If it was for survival, then this person needs a class on why stealing is bad, and to be given all necessary resources to survive (food, housing, healthcare.) If the person committed the crime due to be a mental illness (like kleptomania) then the person needs therapy and assistance from their peers to modify their behavior. However, at no point would the thief benefit from being put in a cage, and society does not benefit from having that person dependent on us for support while they are confined.

If someone is extremely dangerous and has committed unforgivable crimes (like killing children), then that person should still not be thrown in a cage and forgotten about. Confine them, if you must. But give them a chance to add value to society. Perhaps they would be good at programming? Maybe they would be a good musician? Stopping someone from having the tools to contribute to society is a terrible crime, and it is not one that His Noodliness can forgive.

Don't stop anyone from having the chance to contribute to society.

2. It's Better If You Don't Work Too Much

A person is not at their best for more than a few hours a day. When His Noodliness came to the apartment of this unworthy disciple, He told me that we would only talk for a few hours a day. He said that a human can only actively listen for a few hours, and spending more time together would be a waste.

This is a function of human biology. There is only so much room in the temporary memory area. Things must then move to processing, and after that they must move to storage (a process that happens during sleep.) This will allow the

subconscious mind to turn over what the human has learned and offer its own insight.

The point is: a human brain cannot be useful for that many hours a day. It needs time to process information. So a work day of more than 6 hours or so is probably pointless.

Some humans have jobs that are physically demanding. It is important that those humans don't work too much because their bodies will wear out. A body is where a human lives, and it is very important that it stays in good condition so that the human can live a long and happy life enjoying pasta. Things like bar tending can require moving tables, lifting kegs, and carrying heavy pitchers of liquid. This wears out a human body. For that reason, it must not be done for too long. If that human wears out their body, then society will have to step in and care for the human later when they are broken.

Instead, people should do a few years of this kind of work (not long shifts) and then move on to a job that is less hard on them. No one should be expected to do physical labor for more than six hours a day, and also not for more than twenty years of their life.

However, these are simply the physical limitations that stop humans from working all the time. They are very important and absolutely should not be ignored, but they are not the only factor that a human should keep in mind. Here are some other things to think about:

Alone Time: Humans should have alone time. This can be spent in the woods, on the beach, meditating at home, exercising, or watching bad TV. It is up to the individual human how they spend their alone time (although remember, the FSM likes it when you create art.) The thing that matters is that humans spend time alone, with no one else around to tell

them how to behave or impose expectations on them. Humans figure things out on their own, and learn how to be by themselves. It's important to take time for this.

Family: Not all humans have a good family. Some humans lose their family to disease, war, famine, or other tragedies. Other humans have a family of abusive, horrible people. The FSM has seen many wonderful humans who were not lucky enough to have a good family. It is a terrible loss, and leaves a wound that is always there. However, if you do have good family, you need to spend time with them and get to know them. It helps you to have a more complete picture of your story. Also, you may later decide to make a family, and if that is the case, you will need to care for them and nurture them. Either way, if you have a good family, you need to spend time with them. If you don't have a family, you will need to make up for that loss by spending more time alone and more time with friends.

Friends: It's important to spend time with people that you like and have things in common with. Your family is the story of where you came from and they help to explain many of the traits that you have. However, a person comes into a family by random chance, and being born into a family does not mean that you will get along or have similar interests. It is therefore important to find people who you *do* have things in common with and spend time with them. This seems to be the most difficult thing for people, so the FSM would like to suggest some ways to make this happen.

1. You can make friends when you are in school or if you have a job. Make sure that you take full advantage of your time at work and at school to make friends with anyone who has common interests. Attending Pastafarian services should also be another point of gathering at which to make friends.

2. Activities are another great way to make friends. Do you play D&D? Great! Place an ad on Craigslist or find a group on social media and get yourself a group to play D&D with. Sharing activities is often a way to make lifelong friends.

3. Going places is another great way to make friends. If you have a dog, you can go to a dog park. If you don't have a dog, you can go to the regular park. The FSM likes turtles a lot, and he thinks you can meet a lot of great people in the reptile section of your local pet store. Just know that people who like the same things as you will probably be in the places you like to do things, so maybe reach out and see if you can make a new friend.

Note: Sometimes you will hang out with people and realize that even though you have things in common, you don't really get along. That is okay. Just tell them that you are sorry that there was no friend chemistry, and move on to new people. Eventually you will find people you click with.

The FSM says: *"Along your path in life, you will eventually find people who are the same kind of weird as you. Those weirdos are your tribe."*

So you must make time to be alone, to be with family, and to be with friends. This means that you can't spend all of your time working.

3. It's Better If You Don't Value Possessions Too Much

There are many stories in human history of specific humans who were greedy and hoarded things. Sometimes, these humans were glorified. Other times, they were shunned. Societies throughout time have had varied responses to pretty much everything. However, His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster wants to set the record straight on this

because there is a *right* way to feel about the humans who amass great wealth and do not redistribute it:

They have a mental disorder.

The natural human response to having more than they need is to share. One should build a longer table, rather than higher walls. The FSM appreciates people who can see this up front, without having to be told. Unfortunately, some humans are unwell. They gather more and more resources to themselves through whatever economic and political systems are in place, and they *keep it all*. This is not how humans are supposed to behave!

Example: A human makes a product. He is lucky to have family connections and money to develop this product and bring it to market. What a fortunate human! The product is very popular and everyone buys one. The human who created it and exploited his family money and connections to get it to consumers makes a lot of money.

However, this human is unwell. His brain is defective.

Instead of re-investing this money into his community, *he keeps all of it for himself*. This human walks by homeless people begging in the streets, and he gives them nothing. He uses lawyers and loopholes to avoid paying taxes. He sees the animals in need at the local animal shelter and does not adopt them. He keeps all of the money he took, and he gives nothing at all back.

In a situation like this, it is up to the people in his community to let him know that what he is doing is wrong. Having more than someone else is not a crime. Even having twice or three times as much as someone else is not a crime. It's okay to be successful.

However, having hundreds of times more than others and taking from society without giving back is a crime. That is hoarding resources, and when you hoard too many resources, you create conditions that force others to go without. *That is not okay.*

Take note humans, it is absolutely wrong for humans to have hundreds of times more than others. There should never be too big of a divide between the rich and the poor. At all times in history when this has happened, the poor rose up and killed the rich people and their families. That is because they instinctively understood that it was wrong.

Remember: The FSM knows that some humans only make enough to get by. However, he asks that you not be greedy. If you have a home and some possessions, then you have enough. Once you have enough, then a percentage of everything you make thereafter should go to others. Pay taxes. Build tiny homes for the homeless. Plant community gardens. Raise chickens and give out the eggs. Whatever. Just give back to your community.

If you find that you are giving back to your community and you still have too much wealth, then simply start giving it away. Send a check to everyone on your Christmas card list. Sponsor children's sports teams or pay for all the students lunches at a random school for a year. Maybe get a license to buy debt, and then buy up people's debts and forgive them. Build libraries and churches for the glory of His Noodliness the FSM. There is no end to the ways that you can give back if you find that you have too much.

Just make sure that you give away enough of what you have that you never have hundreds of times more than the other humans.

I am sorry to say that an example of someone who is doing it wrong is Bill Gates. He has used strong-arm tactics to force nearly everyone who uses a computer to buy his product. He did not give it away for free to governments, schools, or churches. He charged every single human for his product. Sometimes a person downloaded a copy of his product illegally. He instructed his corporation to lobby the Congress of the United States to make this punishable by time in prison and a huge fine! (More than most humans make in five years of full-time labor.) This was horrible, and it is an example of extreme greed.

This is a human who created a huge empire around himself. He bought far more land than he needed, built mansions, hired drivers and chefs, and basically created a life where he was always surrounded by servants who had to do his bidding. This is not right. There is no excuse for living in such an excessive way when children *in his own country* are starving and dying of treatable diseases.

Then, in order to trick people, this man formed a charity foundation and started to do a small amount of charity work in Africa. He did not give back to his own community, nor did he do very much good. He mostly spends millions of dollars on media relations to promote his charity, and then sues people trying to recycle computers and put software on them.

This is a problem because other humans are susceptible to advertising. They see his opulent lifestyle with far more wealth than he needs, and they forgive him because a Public Relations campaign told them that he does charity work, and that this charity work offsets the way he lives. It does not. People like him spend a lot of money trying to convince you that the rich are just good guys who are smarter and better than you, and that they deserve what they have.

This is false.

No human deserves that much more than everyone else.

Bill Gates, and people like him, are *not* good people. The FSM does not advocate violence. However, if you did happen to swarm the homes of the ultra-wealthy and take some things, he wouldn't exactly *blame* you. At the very least, it is important to acknowledge that the wealthy are not smarter than you, nor are they better than you. They were simply lucky to be born into the right situation, and if you had been born into the same situation, you would have had the same results.

An example of someone who created something and handled it well is Dr. Jonas Edward Salk. This brave hero is a Saint in the Church of Pasta. He created a vaccine for Polio, and he gave it away for free, rather than choosing to patent it and make money off of it. Dr. Salk was a great man, and he should be worshipped for all time. He didn't live a rich lifestyle with servants or mansions all over the world. He led a simple life as a humble scientist and doctor, and he stopped one of the most brutal diseases in human history in its tracks. His sense of duty to the community makes him a great man, and he should never be forgotten.

Point: Don't value possessions over people. Stuff is just stuff. It cannot love you. It is not important. It gets in your way when you want to move to another country or live on the road for a while. Stop thinking that amassing stuff is a reason to live, and start living for things that matter instead.

4. It's Better If You Don't Hurt Others

This is really pretty simple. It shouldn't require a long, drawn-

out explanation. His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster loves every single one of you. He thinks that all of you matter, and he does not want a single one of you to suffer.

Therefore, when one human hurts another human, it makes him sad.

Do not make His Noodliness cry tears of pasta sauce. If another human does something that upsets you, stop and explain why you are upset so that the other human can learn. If the human made a mistake or committed a crime, refer him to whatever structure your community has in place for re-training broken humans. If someone attacks you, do as little damage as possible when you subdue them. (The FSM is a firm believer in non-lethal means.)

Remember: The only person that you have to live with for the rest of your life is yourself. You must be careful what you do, so that you do not fill your life with regrets. If you hurt or kill another human, it does more than make the Flying Spaghetti Monster cry. It also hurts you. You must carry it in your soul for the rest of your life. When you are alone, you will have to remember what you have done, and know that you were wrong. Another human was hurt, and it was your fault. This will weigh you down, and it should weigh you down.

So please, do not hurt other humans.

If your government starts a war, protest it. If your government conscripts you to fight, object. If they refuse to respect your objections, run away.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster does have deep sympathy for those who join an army because they have no other option. It is His wish that humans create better societies, so that no one will be left with no opportunities except to join an army. His

Noodliness believes that governments often prey on the most vulnerable in order to get their soldiers, and this is morally reprehensible.

Remember: Society should never allow a situation where humans must join an army in order to get food, housing, healthcare, or education. These are human rights that all people should have access to.

That said, as long as some humans have no choice, The Flying Spaghetti Monster asks that those who join a military *work* for said military, but *do not kill anyone*. Just refuse. That goes for the people in the invading army and the people defending their homes. It goes for all the people in all the armies. Join if you must. Let them train you. However, if they order you to kill another human, you must refuse.

This is a hard thing for his Noodliness to ask. He knows that it may put you in a difficult situation someday. If that happens, please know that he is sorry. And yet, you should also know that each of you that refuses to take a life is helping to create a better world. If no one will fight the wars that governments want, then they will no longer be able to have wars. This means they will have to talk to each other instead, and solve things with words.

Remember: *"No war is morally justified; lest as a last resort."*

If you are clever humans worthy of His sauce, then you will always be able to find another way to solve a problem. Clever humans never get to the last resort, because they make something else work first.

For those who did not hear His Word before their government forced them to kill someone, know that you have forgiveness. Don't despair! Just do better in the future. Volunteer.

Contribute to the good in the world. Redeem yourself through kindness and charity.

5. It's Really Better If You Don't Censor Things

Sometimes a government will arise, and it will become corrupted. It will want to rule the people without giving them the ability to question. When this occurs, you may find books, websites, or ideas censored. Perhaps there will be words you can't say. Maybe there will be music you can't listen to. Whatever the case, this is censorship. His Noodliness has declared all censorship to be fundamentally wrong.

Each child should have access to an education. This education should teach the perspectives of a variety of people when it comes to history. It should focus on only demonstrable facts when it comes to math and science. It should expose them to a variety of philosophies and thoughts from all over the world, without prejudice or bias. And, it should teach them to make art so that they can contribute to The Conversation.

Some ideas must be taught only insofar as to explain why they are false. For example, it would be wrong to teach children that the Earth is 6,000 years old because this is demonstrably untrue. It would be wrong to teach them that the Earth is flat, or that they must believe in Allah or Jesus. These are things that are not true, and their falseness can be proven. False opinions must be taught as what they are. They must not be confused with facts.

However, one should not censor what children can know. They should know about all things, and learn how to tell the fact from the fiction.

Example: Explain that racism exists, but also explain that it has no basis in fact. No one race is better than any other, in

spite of the fact that some (garbage) people believe this.

This also applies to sex. It is wrong to tell children lies about their biology. A stork does not bring babies. Sex is not morally wrong. Being gay is genetic and nothing to be ashamed of. The Flying Spaghetti Monster is damn tired of people teaching their children lies about sex and about their body parts.

The only thing children should be taught about sex is how to do it safely. As we see antibiotic-resistant strains of some STIs and incurable diseases like AIDS and Herpes, it is becoming harder and harder to have safe sex. Children should know the risks and fully understand how STIs are transmitted. Let's be honest: All STIs could be eliminated in a single generation if people simply stopped spreading them. We could very easily live in a world with no Herpes, no AIDS, and no Syphilis. The reason that we don't live in that world is because children are not being educated properly. This is largely due to censorship by bible-thumping bigots who say that children should just not have sex until they are married. Since that will never, ever happen, it is better if they know the facts.

That is actually the entire reason that it's better if you don't censor things: Because it's always better to know the facts. Please stop trying to hide or cover up facts, or teach disproven opinions as though they are true. It's not okay.

With that said, please stop confusing censorship with decency.

It is true that hate speech is protected in most free societies. You can say that a minority group is not equal or that they are bad. However, it is not decent that you do so. The KKK is a good example of this. It would be wrong to censor them. However, it is also wrong that they ever speak. They are foul and twisted inside. They are fundamentally bad humans, who are rotten to their core. If the FSM believed in killing, He

would want them killed first. As He does not believe in killing, they should be locked away in schools and forcibly educated.

Remember: One of the main duties of a Pastafarian is to be a champion of education. No one needs education more than those engaging in hate speech. Don't stand by and let hate groups spread ignorance.

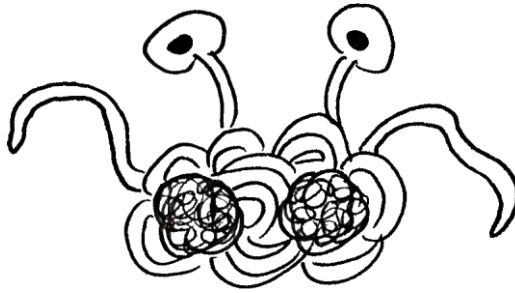
I (the prophet Violet Johnson) once attended a counter-protest against the Westburro Baptist Church. They stood on one corner of an intersection and said mean things about gay people. On the other three corners of the intersection, people in rainbow bikinis blasted music, partied, and engaged in same-sex kisses. So be the people on the other three corners as often as you can, and do everything you can to drown out hate and to educate the hateful.

Leftovers

The take away here is that things that benefit an individual human are often also things that benefit all of society. For example; finding something that you love will make you a happier human. But, it will also make you a more productive human (which will benefit society.) Another example; living in harmony with the planet will save you money, as wind and other natural electricity is free. However, it also benefits the human race because the planet will still be healthy for future generations. His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster wants very much for humans to be happy, but also for humanity to continue. It is His wish that you heed these suggestions of Dos and Donts so that humans can be happy, and so that human species can live on.

Remember, the Book of Tortellini is not a more important book than the others. It's not as though these delicious

suggestions matter more than the Book of Lo Mein or the Book of Ravioli. His Word is meant to be taken as a whole; rather than picked through for certain things. Other religions often “cherry pick” which parts of a bible they wish to follow, and which they wish to ignore. His Noodliness does not want that to happen with his book. While he isn’t the kind of god who *commands* things, he does very strongly encourage humans to pay attention to the “gist” of this bible, as a whole, and try to follow it all.



Book Five
The Holy Book of Pad Thai

The Book of Pad Thai (5)

All Pastas Are Created Equal

Some people like Lasagna. It is possible to create so many wonderful types of lasagna. You can fill it with pasta, cheese, and meat. You can fill it with tofu and vegetables. His Noodliness has even seen “dessert lasagna.” He’s not sure pasta is best with sugary things in it, but that is not the point. The point is, there is no one kind of lasagna that He loves more than any other.

Chinese noodles come in many varieties. There is the delicious lo mein, which is boiled and becomes a soft noodle swollen with sauce. But, there is also the chow mein, which is fried noodles that are firm and crunchy. Some people may prefer one or the other. They certainly both have their advantages and disadvantages. However, His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster loves them both.

There are soba noodles, raviolis, pad thais, and pennes. All of those pastas are delicious, and you should absolutely try them all and appreciate that they are all different, and yet they are all good. His Noodliness doesn’t love one pasta over another; *he loves them all.*

On a more basic level, all pastas are inherently good. There is no pasta that is bad simply because it is a ziti, or just because it is a linguini. The idea that some pastas are just bad is something that His Noodliness simply cannot abide. On a fundamental level, all pastas are equally valuable, equally important, and equally amazing.

The Divine Carbohydrate is very angry that some people discriminate against pasta because of where it comes from, or because of what it looks like. His Noodliness thinks that

because all pastas are fundamentally equal; they should therefore all be treated equal. It is one of his greatest regrets that humans do not treat all pasta with the dignity and respect that it deserves, simply because of its origin.

If you wish to be a Pastafarian, then you must respect that all pastas are created equally. There are no exceptions, and no compromises. Even if the version of The Flying Spaghetti Monster that you have seen is made of spaghetti, that does not mean that spaghetti is better than any other kind of pasta.

Are We Talking About Pasta?

Yes and no.

Obviously you really should treat lo mein with the same respect as soba. There is no reason to claim that vermicelli is better than rigatoni. And you should absolutely not judge anyone for their gluten-free vegan lasagna, because food is a very personal choice, and what is good for humans can be very specific based on their biology.

But, no. We're not really talking about pasta.

We're talking about the weird tendency towards the tribal, where humans refuse to treat those that they consider "others" with the same respect as they afford "their own tribe." Humans are all one tribe. To claim that one type of human is better than another is very un-noodly. Please don't do it.

In case this is not specific enough, His Noodliness broke it down even more:

Race

Humans need to stop acting like people of different races are inherently different. The part of DNA which decides skin color is extremely small, and has little if any effect on the rest of the human. There is no one race that is better than any other race. Different appearances make humans interesting, but they are not significant in any way outside of appearance. (As in-race does not affect intelligence or lawfulness.)

Note: One does not determine the worth of a pasta by how it looks, but by the quality of its ingredients.

That said; different races *do* have different experiences. This is not because of any inherent difference in the content of the person. Rather, it is due to being treated differently by other humans. There is no excuse for that! Stop giving people who are a minority in country or region less rights than other groups!

There is nothing else that should be said on race because, regardless of what humans believe, it just doesn't account for a large portion of the person's ingredients. Recognize the structural defects in political systems that oppress racial minorities, fix them, and then treat all humans based on the quality of their character!

Gender

Gender is a societal construct that has varied throughout history. The Native Americans, for example, recognized several genders. They were on to something.

Gender is this fluid thing that exists on a spectrum within a person's mind. If you are a person with male genitals who wants to be a lumberjack and loves working on cars and

eating steak, then you may consider yourself to have a masculine gender. However, if you are a person with male genitals who likes skin products and dresses, then that is fine too (and it doesn't make you less of a "man.")

All permeations of gender are beautiful in the eyes of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster. Masculine men are cool. Non-masculine men are cool. Woman who enjoy feminine things are cool. Women who dislike feminine things are cool. People who have no gender at all are also awesome. People who feel that they are both should be treated as such. There is no legitimate defense within the realm of science for gender to even exist. *It's all in your head.*

Since gender is completely made-up, please don't use it to discriminate against people. Do not try to force your child with male genitals to avoid dolls and play with trucks instead. The type of genitals he has should not determine what his interests are.

Also, please stop having "gender reveal" parties. What genitalia a baby has does not require a party, and it's a misnomer since sex does not determine gender. You're not having a gender reveal party; you're have a sex reveal party. Babies really don't belong at any kind of sex party, so just stop.

Sex

So humans have genitals. This seems like a huge inconvenience to the Flying Spaghetti Monster, since He has neither sex nor gender. Alas, humans must reproduce, and so their meat sacks have genitalia to facilitate this function.

Some humans have male sex organs. Some humans have female sex organs. Some humans are born without sex organs,

or with underdeveloped sex organs that do not function. There are even humans that are born with a working set of both male and female genitalia. When you think about it, it hardly seems fair. It's sort of a crap-shoot what you get, and then people expect your genitals to somehow determine things about your personality like if you enjoy makeup or not!

The Flying Spaghetti Monster cannot think of one single reason why the genitals you have should determine how you feel about colors, puppies, or choice of occupation. He also doesn't understand why it should determine your gender; since genitals are a physical component of a human body and gender occurs in the brain.

Humans often act like this is a complicated concept, but it is not. Science makes it simple. The genitals of a human determine the physical sex of their biology. They do not determine anything else about that human. They are not a sign of how capable that human is (though the FSM will acknowledge that male genitals are much more sensitive and delicate.) However, even humans with sensitive and delicate genitals can still be tough and strong. Don't discriminate.

Also, since the Flying Spaghetti Monster does not have a sex or a gender, he would like it if humans could all adopt some new words to describe him. A pronoun without sex or gender would mean a lot to him. (Something less awkward than "they" and less difficult than "ze," if you wouldn't mind.)

Please keep in mind that a person has no control of what genitals they are born with. Please do not treat them differently because of which they have. In fact, don't even ask because the FSM is pretty sure that it is a private thing that shouldn't be anyone else's business unless two or more humans intend to reproduce, and need to determine which bits go in what person.

Also: remember that as the environment is filled with synthetic hormones, there has been a huge rise in hermaphrodite births, and other births where a person has non-standard genitalia. Please don't be cruel to a person over this, as it is quite out of their control. What chemicals their mother was exposed to is not something that was ever within their power to change.

Nationality

Where you were born is not something to be proud of. You didn't work at it. You didn't earn it. It was an accident, and being proud of where your mother had you or where their parents had them is ridiculous. Your country is probably good at some things and not at others, just like all the rest. That doesn't mean anything. You may grow up and find that you are better suited to another country. If you do, then you should go there. The FSM thinks borders are really stupid and wishes people didn't have them. But since they exist right now, just do your best to not define yourself by arbitrary lines on a globe.

More importantly, do not discriminate against other pastas based on where they came from. If you are Italian and you think Spaghetti and Linguine are the best, then fine. But don't you dare treat a Pad Thai or a Soba Noodle differently! All pastas are created equal.

All of them.

Religion

If you are a Pastafarian, then the Flying Spaghetti Monster thanks you for your worship. He thinks you are pretty great, and he wants you to have a super-happy life!

If you are not Pastafarian, that is okay too. No one is saying that you should be. If you are happy with the religion that your parents indoctrinated you with, then you are happy. The FSM would like all Pastafarians to remember that religion is a private thing, and he hopes that people in all religions will respect that and stop bringing it up in public (and particularly in government.)

Please do not discriminate against a person for their religion. (Although if their religion advocates rape, murder, or other crimes; you may punish them for committing said crimes.)

Also, remember that being Pastafarian does not stop you from being a member of another religion as well. Pastafarianism is meant to be combined with other religions or practiced alone; whichever you prefer. The FSM is not a jealous god, and he will not smite you if you like him AND someone else. However, he would prefer that you avoid gods on his Shit List, as defined in the Holy Book of Macaroni.

Social Class

There should not be huge gaps between the richest and the poorest. If you have many times more than everyone else, it is time to start sharing. No one is saying that you shouldn't be rewarded if you work harder than others or do a harder job. However, everything should be *within reason*. Do not cross the line. Having more than others is okay, but hoarding resources at the expense of others is not.

Also, humans should stop glorifying the upper class as heroes while vilifying the poor as lazy and stupid. This is not remotely close to fact. In most countries, a human must be born into a rich family in order to have the education, social connections, and networking opportunities to become rich in

their own right. It is extremely rare and unlikely that a poor person could transcend a class barrier, regardless of how hard they work.

Please remember that Bill Gates and Jeff Bezos did not “start out with nothing.” They started out with a good education, families with connections, and opportunities that someone born to a poor family could not dream of. Having a good idea is great, but poor people have great ideas all the time, and they cannot afford to engage a patent lawyer to get the patent, nor do they have the connections to get suppliers and manufacturers on board. In other words: The rich are in no way superior to the poor. In truth, most rich people lack the depth that comes from suffering as a child, and so they are actually *less* than a poor person in that way.

Never, ever treat someone as less because they have less money or less access to education.

Intelligence

The Flying Spaghetti Monster recognizes that all human have different brains. Some have aptitudes in math, while some are better communicators. Some have a flare for theater, while some are better at languages. It is also true that some people are only suited for simple things, like parenting and repetitive tasks. His Noodliness does not like how some humans who are good at higher math or science look down on the humans who are less smart. Those of a lower intelligence may easily believe silly things like the conspiracy theory that vaccines cause Autism or that Chemtrails are real. However, those people *did not choose to be born the way that they are*.

Discriminating against them is not at all a Pastafarian thing to do.

You may limit the time you spend with such people if it helps

your sanity to do so, but when you meet them, always try to be kind. It is very hard to struggle to connect the overarching concepts that tie the world together. It may be frustrating for you when you try to explain things to them, but it is more frustrating for them when they cannot understand. So please, be particularly kind to those with limited mental abilities. Hold their hand if you can and help them find a way to contribute to society and to view the world in a way that is not destructive to the rest of the humans.

Exception: Sometimes something goes very wrong in the human-making process. This is tragic, and His Noodliness feels very sad when a pre-human is found to be defective. However, he would ask that you do consider aborting pre-humans who are badly defective. A human with serious defects cannot give back to society, nor can they have a fulfilling existence. Biology makes mistakes. It *sucks*, but it's true.

Sexual Orientation

This is such a silly thing to be divided about. Where a human puts their genitals is only a problem if the place they are putting them is not capable of consent or has not given consent. As long as consent from a sentient being is acquired, any sexual activity that follows has His blessing (remember that only other humans of legal age can give consent.)

His Noodliness could not care less which consenting adults want to mash genitals with which consenting adults.

That said, The FSM honestly feels that humans are sort of squishy and bizarre when it comes to their bodies, and he really doesn't want to be involved. So, use your best judgment on the subject, and do as you please. Just don't use something like this as a reason to discriminate against people. If a Rotini

noodle wanted to have relations with a Fettuccine noodle, the FSM would have nothing at all to say about it. If two Fettuccini noodles would rather hop into a pot of sauce together than with a Rotini, that is their business. It is not your business.

Butt out of what goes on between consenting humans and consenting noodles.

Note: This extends to kink and polyamory, which are kinds of sexual orientation. Please don't try to be the morality police and interfere in orgies and stuff. Whatever consenting people do is fine. And above all else, it is *none of your business* as long as it is between consenting adults. Also: if people only consent to sex because one human paid another human, it is still consensual and should still be respected (as long as the sex worker is making a choice and not being forced.) Sex work is work, so leave consenting adults to their own devices.

Leftovers

The take away here is; humans will always find ways to divide themselves. Star Wars vs Star Trek. Pineapple on Pizza is Okay vs Evil. Sports Team A vs Sports Team B.

Stop doing that.

All humans are made of basically the same stuff and should meet each other with that in mind. When one human walks up to another human, they should not immediately look for tribal markers or reasons to judge. Rather, they should assess if the human they are meeting has heard The Good News about His Noodliness, or if they are still in the dark. If they are a fellow Pastafarian, then move on and relate as equals. If they are still in the dark, treat them with extra kindness and try to show them why The Unitarian Church of Pasta might be for them.

Regardless, remember that all humans have value, and treat them accordingly.

Note: This is in no way meant to minimize the real structural issues of Institutional racism and sexism. Just because all humans should view each other as equal, does not mean that this is functionally true right now. However, it is your job to treat all humans as equal, and to do your best to reverse all structural bias in your community so that courts, schools, and the wider world will treat all people as equally as you do.

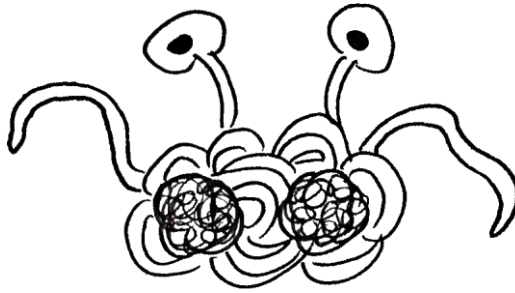
You can meet a person as an equal and give them the same respect you think that you deserve, *while still respecting whatever problems they may face that you don't*. For example, if a you are a rich person and you meet a poor person, treat them as an equal. But, show respect for the fact that they have lead their life with an increased level of difficulty due to their economic standing, and also pick up the check.

The FSM has no idea why people have made this hard. You can treat a woman as an equal, but still respect that the larger structure of society does not treat her as an equal, and show compassion for that. You can be an Asian human meeting a Black human, and treat them as equal while still showing respect for the fact that they are more likely to be shot by a police officer (which is wrong, and the FSM supports Black Lives Matter with every bit of His Noodly self.)

Also, he wants those who have unfair advantages based on historical inequalities to speak out against the inequality as loudly as possible. A white person has an advantage in the United States of America (for example) because of slavery and then segregation, and so it is his or her job to speak for up for a black person at every opportunity. Treating them as an equal *does not mean* ignoring their suffering.

Remember: *Pasta is more than noodles and sauce. Pasta is an idea. Behave in a Pastafarian way at all times.*

P.S. Pineapple totally goes on pizza, as does anything else you want to put there. Stop judging people.



Book Six
The Holy Book of Farfalle

The Book of Farfalle (6)

Holidays

The Flying Spaghetti Monster knows that many of his followers live in Capitalist Hellscape where they are not given time off for any holiday at all. Many a business book has advised the aspiring worker to “*put in extra time*” and “*come in on holidays*” to prove their love for the company over their family and friends. His Noodliness thinks this is a great tragedy and wants you to work less. No one says on their death bed:

“I wish I had spent more time at work.”

In the end, humans all wish they had spent more time with their loved ones, their pets, and in solitude having time to reflect (perhaps on how delicious pasta is.) If possible, the Flying Spaghetti Monster suggests that you take time for yourself and the people and things that you love, because *you matter*. You are not just a cog in a machine; you are a person!

However, the world is not yet in line with the desires of the Flying Spaghetti Monster. This world is still a place where people work themselves to death toiling at jobs they hate, just to support children that they never see or get to know. In such a world, it is not always possible for devoted Pastafarians to miss work in order to celebrate Holidays. This is okay. You are not being held to an impossible standard by The Divine Carbohydrate. He is happy for you to celebrate His holidays at a time that best fits into your schedule, and in a way that you feel best about.

That said, the Holy Book of Farfalle outlines the Holidays He wishes you to have the opportunity to enjoy. It also suggests how they should be celebrated. We will start with High

Holidays, move to Lesser Holidays, and finish with Minor Holidays.

There are two High Holidays in the Pastafarian calendar. One is Winter Pastamas, and one is Pastival. These holidays are celebrated at different times of the year depending on where you live in the world. This is because they are dependent on the seasons, and the seasons are upside down in the southern hemisphere (or right-side up I guess, depending on your perspective.) Therefore, you will need to adapt these holidays to your area.

Note: If you live on the equator, it doesn't matter which High Holiday you celebrate. You can choose which one you most need at the time, and do that.

High Holidays

Winter Pastamas

Northern Hemisphere: Decemberish

Southern Hemisphere: Juneish

*Just look up when the Winter equinox is, and you will know when to celebrate.

Pastamas takes place on the darkest day of the year (in your hemisphere). This holiday is given to you by The Divine Carbohydrate in order to allow you a point of light in the darkness. Humans struggle without sunlight, and often become depressed. Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) happens when there have been too many dark days, and it starts to bring you down.

As such, it is important to fight the darkness with light. There are two ways that you must do this:

1. Make Literal Light

Light candles, lamps, and lanterns. Make the darkest day seem bright in a literal way. Have parades with colorful lanterns if you can. If you cannot openly celebrate, then at least turn all the lights on in your own home and watch a nature show set in the tropics (preferably on a sunny island somewhere). Fill your life with color, beauty, and light for the day.

The Flying Spaghetti Monster also approves of fireworks if they are at a park or rock quarry. Please remember not to set off fireworks in a residential neighborhood. War veterans need to be treated with the utmost care and respect because of the serious mental damage that is done by war. They do not need to hear things that sound like gunshots at any time of the year, so *please* don't set off fireworks in a housing area! Instead, go to a park or other place where there is a large body of water, and shoot off fireworks over the water. If there is an ocean nearby, that is best. This can help a veteran have a better time, and also prevent fires that burn down the homes of Pastafarians and other humans.

Remember, don't bring your pet when you go to set off fireworks. Animals don't understand what is happening, and loud noises frighten them. Please respect your animal pets and let them stay happily in your home while you go and celebrate.

Another fun way to celebrate Pastamas is by hanging lights on your home. They are sold in stores for a Christian holiday, but anyone can buy them! Decorate your home with lights and shimmery things. Also consider putting flowers in your window so everyone can see them and be cheered by plants blooming even in the darkest part of the year. Many plants

will bloom in the winter if given enough artificial light, or you can buy some flowers from a store.

2. Make Metaphorical Light

The point of Pastamas is to spread joy, kindness, and warmth of the human spirit.

To help you understand Pastamas, here is a visualization that you can do:

Close your eyes and take a few deep breaths. Now, imagine a flat plain, with yourself in the middle. You are all alone. Picture darkness closing in all around you, suffocating you and making you afraid. It can be rolling clouds, or just cold darkness; whatever is scariest for you. Then, picture yourself beginning to glow very faintly. Imagine that you glow brighter and brighter, until light explodes from you and pushes the darkness away. Now picture your light connecting with the distant light of another, and another, and another. Picture all Pastafarians joining their light together to drive the darkness from the entire Earth; if only for a day.

That is what Pastamas is really about.

Each Pastafarian is a point of light in the darkness. Each of you is a tiny, shining star. It is up to you, precious little lights, to drive away the darkness and remind the world of blue skies.

The way you fill the world with metaphorical light is by doing kind things for others.

Can you afford to adopt an animal from a shelter this year? If you can, maybe you should! Is there a place that is always full of litter? Maybe you can spend a few hours cleaning it up! Is

there a family you know who is struggling? Invite them over for a big pasta dinner and ask if they would allow you to give them any help you can offer. Is there a homeless person you often see? Bring him or her a coat and some money to buy a hot meal!

Note: Do *not* give homeless people food. Some are lactose intolerant, have food allergies, or other problems you don't know about. It is super shitty to give a homeless woman who is starving a peanut butter and jelly sandwich if she has a nut allergy. Please give homeless people money to buy their own sustenance, or take them to a restaurant and pay for their meal. Don't give them food unless you know them well enough to know what they can and cannot eat.

The point is to do things that make your community more beautiful, which makes the people within it happier. Do your best to find a place of darkness and drive it away.

Remember that you do not have to change who you are. If you are a cynical and grouchy person, you can continue to be that way. The Flying Spaghetti Monster is definitely not asking you to be chipper and bouncy. In fact, there are plenty of stories of a cynical and bad-natured hermit giving a poor child a toy and some money for food on Pastamas. Being a point of light does not require a demeanor of any particular kind. All it requires is for you to focus on kindness and empathy, and that you do some good for your fellow humans when they need it most.

Note: You may exchange gifts on either (or both) of the High Holidays if you choose. However, it is so important that you remember that consumerism is killing our planet. The Flying Spaghetti Monster hopes that people will strive to value time spent with loved ones over possessions. If you really want to give gifts, please think small and consumable; like a box of

assorted pastas.

Pastival

Northern Hemisphere: March^{ish}

Southern Hemisphere: September^{ish}

*If you look up the Spring Equinox you will know about when to celebrate this holiday.

This holiday comes during a time of fair weather and sunshine. The Flying Spaghetti Monster asks that you spend it outdoors, in nature. You may wish to take a mountain hike. You may wish to swim in the ocean. Perhaps you will walk through the desert at sunrise and watch the cactus bloom. Whatever you decide to do, bring along some cold pasta for your meal and take time to give Him thanks for the inspiration to get outside and enjoy the outdoors.

Of course, not all Pastafarians are able-bodied enough to go for a long hike. But, it would do you good to make your way to a park and sit under a tree anyhow. Being outdoors in a nature is so good for humans, and sunlight makes humans happy. (Of course, sunlight only makes you happy in small doses. In large doses it will kill you because the universe has a sense of humor.)

To help celebrate in a truly Pastafarian fashion, there are a few things that you can do to help.

1. Sow Seeds

Find out what flowers grow in *your* region that are good for bees. Bees are very important and we must save them, so planting flowers that they love matters. This is a simple way that you can help them survive, by always having ample food

that is free from the pesticides (which may be related to their demise.) Wherever you are, take a spade and dig small holes to put the seeds in, then gently cover them with some soil. A variety of species are best so that something will always be in bloom.

However, it's not just for the bees! Humans also love plants and trees. The Flying Spaghetti monster encourages you to plant all sort of plants (again, region-specific) around your home and in nature. Spring is a time to add a cherry tree or a grape vine to your yard, which can help you have food and beauty all at the same time. Make a garden for yourself, and try growing some vegetables or herbs! Make window boxes and add some snow peas to your life!

The key to Pastival is to add more life to your world. There is a beauty in cities, because they show what humans can accomplish and that is a point of pride. However, cities also rarely have as much life as a human should see to remain healthy. Add whatever you can.

2. Get House Plants

Consider also adding a plant or two to your home. There are so many options for leafy plants or ferns! There are lots of blubs that do well indoors, as well. Herbs in your kitchen will smell nice and help you cook better food. And, orchids have been a favorite in every home for centuries. Having plants in your home is nice for two reasons.

First, humans evolved in nature. And though humans may love houses and feel very good about having a place to hide from bugs and weather, it is still important for the soul to see happy green life in your house. Do not fall victim to the belief that you have a "black thumb" and cannot take care of another life. You can! Just look on the Internet for care

instructions, and then follow them. Anyone can care for a plant with a little work and belief in themselves.

Second, plants breath. By a lucky development of evolution, plants breath in CO₂, and exhale oxygen. This is very good because humans breath in oxygen, and exhale CO₂. This means that a plant that is breathing is filling your home with the oxygen that you need to survive. They nurture you as you nurture them. It's a symbiotic relationship!

So, plant some life in your yard, your neighborhood, and your home. Fill your world with life so that you will always be just a little bit happier because it is there.

Note: House plants do not like artificial scents such as potpourri or incense. In fact, these things are often also bad for humans. Many humans are living with an undiagnosed allergy to artificial scents that makes them have less energy and feel more hopeless and overwhelmed than they need to. Please avoid all artificial scents in your home, for your own sake, and for that of your houseplants.

3. Eat Pasta

One of the best things about being a Pastafarian is that you always have an excuse to eat Pasta at least once a week. The FSM recommends cold pastas for Pastival because he hopes you will get out and hike or have a picnic. If you have warm pastas instead, he will be fine with that too.

If you are unsure what cold pastas to eat on this day to celebrate Him, His Noodliness recommends that you consider a nice tortellini stuffed with something lovely like a ricotta cheese or vegetables if you do not eat animal products. He considers them a good finger food, so they can be picked up and eaten on the go.

Note: Some people don't like holidays because they feel lonely. Perhaps they were not lucky enough to get a loving family. Maybe they are not good at making friends. To help with this, feel free to look for a local group of Pastafarians and try to plan an event. Help each other to have people to celebrate the holidays with. Human connection is an essential part of a happy life.

Lesser Holidays

There are three lesser holidays, and each are a week long. During these weeks, you should endeavor to think about the themes they celebrate as you go about your daily life. You do not have to take time off work, but it is encouraged. It is strongly encouraged (if you can) to teach a child or even an adult something new about the theme of the holiday during your vacation.

Science Week

Second Week of July

During science week The Flying Spaghetti Monster hopes that you will take time to learn about some of the great scientists who have helped to move the human race forward. Celebrate the lives of those who have advanced knowledge and helped us to get where we are! There is a wonderful book by Stephen Hawking about how his discoveries were not made in a vacuum. It is called "*On the Shoulders of Giants,*" and it emphasizes how each step we take in discovery is made possible by all the humans who came before. We are all just links in a chain, and in science more than in most things, this is very important.

If you want, you can also study the obscure scientists. It can sometimes be fun to read about the guys who didn't exactly advance much, but they sure gave it their best shot. One such man is Ilya Ivanov, who artificially inseminated human volunteers with ape sperm to see if humans were close enough relations to produce offspring. This was back in the very early 1900's, before we could have found out in a less hands on way by looking at DNA. He may not have advanced science much, but he sure did his best in spite of a lot of laughs from the population at large. Nice try, Dr. Ivanov.

A wonderful way to celebrate science week is to do science experiments with children, or adults who never got to do science experiments when they were young. This is important because some humans do not realize that science is something that they can do at home. They think of it as a thing that happens behind high walls with people who have access to expensive machines. This feeling of exclusion can cause a bitterness towards science and scientists. It is your job as a Pastafarian to try to teach people how science is accessible to everyone!

Fun Experiments

Make an Egg Float in Salt Water

What you need:

1. One Egg
2. Water
3. Salt
4. A Tall Glass

Instructions:

1. Pour the water into the glass until it is about half full (or half empty- if you prefer.)
2. Stir in a lot of salt. A bunch. Maybe six tablespoons. Really mix it up.
3. Carefully and slowly, add plain water to the glass until it is almost full (try to “float” the fresh water on top. If you like, you can use a spoon and pour it over the back of the spoon so it goes in more smoothly.)
4. Gently lower the egg into the water and watch what happens.

Results:

Salt water is more dense than fresh water, so the fresh water will float on top of the salt water. If you lowered the egg in carefully, it should have dropped through the fresh water and then floated in the salt water.

Lesson:

There are several lessons here. One is that different fluids can have different specific gravities (or, less dense liquids float on more dense liquids.) Another lesson is that things can float more easily in a liquid that is denser. (The egg would not float in fresh water, but it will float in salt water.) These are neat science concepts that you can see for yourself, so you know that they are true!

Note: For adults who drink alcohol, you can also teach about the density of liquids by looking up layered shots and making some of those. This demonstrates science *and* gives you an excuse to drink, which can add fun to any holiday.

Blow Up A Balloon with Science!

What you need:

1. A balloon
2. About 40 ml of water (for reference, a cup is 250 ml)
3. Soft drink bottle
4. Drinking straw
5. Juice from a lemon
6. 1 teaspoon of baking soda

Instructions:

1. Before you begin, make sure that you stretch out the balloon

really well to make it easier to inflate.

2. Pour 40 ml of water into the soft drink bottle.

3. Add the teaspoon of baking soda and stir it with the straw until it has dissolved.

4. Pour the lemon juice in and quickly put the stretched balloon over the mouth of the bottle.

Results:

If all goes well, the balloon should inflate. This is because the lemon juice and the baking soda create a chemical reaction. The baking soda is a base, while the lemon juice is an acid. When the two combine, they create carbon dioxide (CO_2). The gas rises up from the soft drink bottle and into the balloon.

Lesson:

First, this helps to introduce the PH scale and can be cool to do for adult during a safety briefing about not mixing things together. Restaurant kitchens can often have lye or bleach, which are bases. However, they also often have ammonia, (found in things like toilet cleaners.) When these two are mixed together it is a more severe reaction than the lemon juice and baking soda, and creates a toxic gas that can kill people.

Our experiment blowing up a balloon was not dangerous, but other chemicals that people mix can be. This demonstration can teach kids about chemical reactions, but it can also teach adults about chemical safety. That is important because chemical safety is a serious issue that we should all be educated about, and often schools do not teach this.

Also note that this teaches about the difference between liquids and gasses. Liquids are denser, so that in an enclosed space like the bottle and balloon, the liquid can all fit and the

balloon can still not be blown up. However, in a gas, the atoms get more excited and expand. This means that the same space (still the inside of the bottle and the inside of the balloon) is no longer big enough for the same amount of atoms without filling the balloon up.

Make a Toy

What you need:

1. A bottle of baby oil
2. Food coloring
3. A bottle of water
4. A plastic or glass bottle, preferably decorative in nature

Instructions:

1. Decide on a color that you like, and mix it with the water.
2. Pour this into the decorative bottle.
3. Add oil until completely full (make sure not to leave any air.)
4. Add the lid, and then turn the bottle from side to side.

Results:

You will find that even if the oil seems to mix with the water, it will separate again. This is because the water and the oil have different densities, and so they cannot mix properly. They will stay separate as you turn the bottle upside down or move it side to side.

Lesson:

This is a neat way to examine waves, because different types of motion will create different types of waves. If you are doing it with children, it is probably best to wait to explain fluid

dynamics until they are a little older. However, it is still a good example of varying density, like the egg experiment.

Note: For adults who enjoy recreational drugs (which the FSM is fine with in safety and moderation) this is a fun “trip toy” that can enhance any experience and help a stressed-out person relax and think of calming ocean waves or smoothing ripples in a pond.

Do more

There are literally thousands of cool ways to demonstrate scientific principles. A few examples never hurt anyone, but remember, fortune favors the curious! Seek out books or websites about other fun experiments that you can do, which will help teach about different scientific principles.

To get the most out of these experiments, it is very important that you talk about the science behind them with your children or friends. If you don't talk about the science, then it is just an activity with no purpose. So, look up cool facts to go with each experiment you try. That you can really bring the science to life!

There are many stories that can bring various aspects of science to life, and all of them cannot fit in this simple bible. Picking a favorite took some time, but the story that won out was actually not about specific gravity or chemistry at all.

Gather around and hear about the story of how a man figured out that the Earth was round more than two thousand years ago, long before cars and space stations and airplanes.

Note: If you meet a person who believes in the “Flat Earth Theory,” this would be the story to tell them. And, you can do the experiment if you have two people in different places, two

sticks, and cell phones! Wouldn't it be fun to prove them wrong and show them *why* they were wrong? Perhaps you could change someone's life by setting them off on the path to science!

The Story of The Round Earth

Eratosthenes lived in the 3rd century B.C. in Egypt. He was a curious guy, and he lived in the city of Alexandria. Actually, he was curator of the Library of Alexandria, (probably one of the most amazing libraries that ever existed.)

Anyway, he found a passage in a book he was reading about the way the sun behaved in the city of Syene; an outpost far to the South of Alexandria. It described shadows getting shorter and shorter, until finally there were no shadows at all and the sun was directly overhead, exactly at midday on June 21st (the longest day of the year.) There was even a well which always seemed to be in shadow, but on that day, the sun reached the water at the bottom.

Eratosthenes was a curious human, and so he decided to perform this same experiment in his own home. On June 21st, he took a stick and waited for midday. He was surprised to find that in Alexandria, the stick did cast a shadow at midday.

It seemed unlikely that the account from Syene was a lie. There was no reason for someone to lie about such a small detail. Therefore, he assumed that there had to be another reason for this difference. It occurred to him that if the Earth was round, the sun would hit different parts of the land at different angles.

This is called a Hypothesis. A scientist has an idea, and they form it into a sentence that makes a testable statement. Once Eratosthenes had a hypothesis, he had to devise a way to test

it.

Hypothesis: The Earth is round, and this accounts for shadows being different lengths at the same time to the North and the South of me.

First, Eratosthenes went to the tall tower in Alexandria and measured the angle of its shadow at noon. This turned out to be 7.2 degrees. He imagined a triangle that went from the center of the Earth to Syene, and then to Alexandria. Conveniently, 7.2 degrees is $1/50^{\text{th}}$ of a full circle ($50 \times 7.2 \text{ degrees} = 360 \text{ degrees}$.) Eratosthenes understood that if he could determine the distance between Alexandria and Syene, he would then be able to multiple that distance by 50, and he would know the full circumference of the Earth!

This is where it gets funny. See, Eratosthenes was a librarian and not really the kind of guy to walk 500 miles. So, he actually paid a guy to do it for him. Imagine how that conversation went!

Once he had the measurement, he actually determined the size of the Earth to within either 1% or 16% of actual size, depending on which account you believe. Either way, that is pretty amazing for someone who lived more than two thousand years ago, before cell phones and satellites!

Final Thought

Science week isn't just about telling the stories of our favorite scientists throughout time, and doing experiments. It's also a great time to give thanks for how far humans have come as a species. From cave-dwelling creatures who didn't know how to farm or have a written language to cell phones and space ships. And remember, those advancements came from all over the world. The Chinese figured out gun powder. The Middle

East is where Geometry and Algebra came from. Greece came up with democracy. Native Americans were masters of nature and story-telling.

The point is, every continent of the world has come up with wonderful things. Humans are delightful and inventive and clever, and all kinds of humans have contributed to where we are now. So, take a week to think about how all of humanity advances together, and how human cooperation is what has brought the species to where it is now.

Space Week

First week of December

As you have read, The Flying Spaghetti Monster is originally from space. He has been here since the Big Bang, and he was once a being of pure energy. Before he settled on Earth and made it His Project, He used to love being out among the stars and seeing all the different planets. It is His wish to go back, but He wishes to do it *with* humans. It is for this reason that He has declared Space Week a holiday, and that he hopes to encourage humans to Build More Space Ships. One of his greatest aspirations for humanity is that they will end up exploring space with Him at their side.

Note: Some individuals countries also celebrate a space week. His Noodliness thinks having two weeks devoted to space is *just fine*. Enjoy both!

What can you do to celebrate space week?

1. Watch Star Trek

It should be noted that The Flying Spaghetti Monster is a big

Star Trek fan. He's not sure how he feels about where the franchise has gone in modern times, but he loved the old stuff from Kirk through Voyager. This is because Star Trek portrays a type of society that he feels would be ideal for humans. Exploring space, making friends with the other intelligent life out there, and generally learning to behave better. His Noodliness thinks that watching Star Trek, (particularly TNG) would be one fine way to celebrate Space Week. His Noodliness is also partial to Firefly, but you can watch anything having to do with space and he will be pleased.

2. Read About Space

The main goal of Space Week is to encourage children to go into Astronomy, Aerospace Engineering, and other fields that involve exploring space. A great way to do that is to give them books about space that they can read, so they can begin to get an interest for the subject. The Flying Spaghetti Monster suggests giving kids copies of "Contact" by Carl Sagan. This will encourage them to start looking through telescopes at stars, and thinking about space. There are also a lot of lovely space-themed books by Lucy Hawking.

3. Teach About Space Missions

It should be noted that The Flying Spaghetti Monster has followed the Voyager One Space Probe since it was launched, and he thinks Space Week is a great time to talk to kids about what its mission was, and how much more it has accomplished. His Noodliness has watched all the missions to space that humans have undertaken, and hopes that parents will take this time to teach their kids about the Moon Landing, The International Space Station, and SpaceX.

4. Make Space Art

One of the best ways to inspire humans to dream about space is to make art. Have children draw funny aliens. Write science fiction about what you imagine first contact with be. Write poems about how you feel on a dark night when you look up and see the galaxy rise. Make music and movies and write new stories about space. If you happen to be a teacher, maybe get the leeway to make alien costumes and have the children put on a play. Just get inspired by the vast open spaces of the final frontier, and get creative.

5. Write Letters

Space Week is a good time to remind the government of your country that you care about humans going to space. Write letters to the leader of your government, and tell them that you are interested in space, and you want your government to have a space plan (or if they have a space plan, that you want it to get more funding.) Tell them that you want to see more STEM education, and that your hope your country will fund research into new out-of-atmosphere propulsion technologies. This is not really a political agenda, because it does not favor any one system of government or theory of government. The idea is to just make sure that all the people in your government can agree on this issue, even if they fight about everything else.

Final Thought

Space Week is mostly about inspiring people to dream. You can do this in any way that suits you. The Flying Spaghetti Monster suggests ways to celebrate the holidays, but it's okay to get creative.

Earth Week

Third Week Of April

This is a holiday of paramount importance. The Earth is such a rare thing. There are a lot of stars and a lot of planets, but very few of them can sustain life. Earth is a beautiful gem in a universe that is very exciting, but most filled with unconscious matter. Being conscious matter that is not only alive, but with a mind, is a stroke of luck that few worlds ever see.

Since humans have been lucky enough to be on one of the worlds where a spark of life happened, they are extremely precious. If humans were extinguished, then one of the most elegant creations of the universe would be destroyed. This is one of the reason that Space Week matters (because we want to diversify the planets that we are on.) However, it is also the reason that it is imperative for humans to protect Earth.

How to Celebrate

1. Learn About Earth

During Earth Week, watch things with David Attenborough in them. Take some time to learn about the different climates and the different life that resides in them. All plants and animals that evolved on Earth are unique. It is the job of humans, who have the highest degree of sentience, to care for the lesser life forms.

2. Enjoy the Earth

If you can, this is the ideal time to travel or just take a short road trip. Explore some of your world! If you are unable to travel, then at least go out in your own back yard and explore the animals and plants that live there. The FSM particularly enjoys feeding ducks. He asks that you remember that bread is bad for ducks, and instead feed them corn, lettuce, peas,

oats, or seeds.

3. Teach Others

However, it's not just about enjoying the Earth; it's also about teaching! If you have children, tell them about how to be a responsible human and reduce the amount of pollution. Maybe watch Al Gore's movies or some other documentaries. Then take your children into nature so they can make the connection that conservation means protecting real things. If you do not have children, borrow any that it might be appropriate to borrow (a niece or nephew, for example) and teach them.

4. Take Action to Protect Earth

You are also highly encouraged to write letters to your government demanding that they protect natural areas such as parks, and that they invest in clean energies. It is very important to be involved in government, and particularly in terms of conservation, your leaders will always have voices in one ear telling them to approve a mine or build a boarder wall instead of protecting an animal or a plant. That means that your voice must be louder than those voices, so that you can drown them out.

5. Remember That Pasta Comes from The Earth

Eat pasta, and in your prayer before eating, focus on realizing that pasta comes from the Earth. All the food that humans get comes from the resources of the Earth, and if there is not a focus on replenishing those resources, then humans run the risk of dying out as a species. That would make The Flying Spaghetti Monster very upset, so it must not be allowed to happen.

Final Thoughts

The take away here is that the lesser holidays are all about helping other humans learn the importance of science, going to space, and protecting the Earth. These are some of the most important goals in Pastafarianism. It is up to those who know to educate those who don't know, as it has always been. It is not an easy job, but it is important. Your efforts will help to ensure a future for humanity, and that is the best thing a human can do. As conscious sacks of meat, humans might be the most interesting and special life in the universe. That makes them worth preserving no matter what.

Minor Holidays

In Pastafarianism, there are several minor holidays that you may also choose to celebrate. Here is a list.

April Fool's Day (April 1st)

This is a day that exists for the sake of humanity's lighter side. Every pantheon on Earth had a trickster god, so it would seem that pranks and tricks are an essential part of the human experience. The Flying Spaghetti Monster would ask that you do not hurt each other. However, he thinks that jokes within reason can be fun and exciting.

Pi Day (March 14th)

This is a holiday to celebrate the Universal Constants like Pi, which are things that every sentient life form will eventually figure out because they are essential truths of the Universe. Imagine how amazing it is that some jelly being on the planet Glorp will discover the same Universal Constants as humans! So, bake and eat pies, and celebrate the math that unites all of the universe under one set of common factors.

Star Wars Day (May 4th & 5th)

May 4th, and to a lesser degree the Revenge of the 5th, are a good time to enjoy the Star Wars franchise. It wasn't really about space as much as it was about politics and religion, but it connected with the common human and that is important. We should all ponder how that happened so we can find ways to inspire the common human to care more about important things like space, the Earth, and science.

Devil's Night (October 30th)

This is a holiday was celebrated with violence in Detroit, but the FSM would prefer that you not do violent things. The part he liked was the bonfires. Having (safe and controlled) bonfires in your yard and gazing into the flames is a good way to celebrate this holiday. Fire connects humans with thousands of years of history, as humans have been sitting around fires and gazing into the flames since the first human made the first fire. It should be noted that while they are not required, the FSM does not discourage smores.

Halloween (October 31st)

This holiday takes traditions from around the world, but has become organized into a festival of wonderful things. Children dressing up and trick-or-treating warms the FSM down to his meatballs. He loves communities coming together to decorate their homes and give treats to the children who turn up. He also loves carving pumpkins, and adults dressing up and having parties. It is a night of imagination and fun, and it is truly his favorite of the lesser holidays. Also, feel free to dress as a turtle at least once.

The Day of The Dead (November 1st and 2nd)

This is a tradition that has roots in Latin culture and Catholicism. It is actually two holidays, and Nov 1st is meant to be The Day of Innocents. However, the essence of it is to remember and honor the dead. Death is frightening. To be conscious matter is very special, and to lose your consciousness and become one with the energy of the universe again is a terrifying thought. Spending time with your ancestors in a graveyard can help you to confront death, so that it is not so frightening. If you do not know about your ancestors and have no one to honor, that is okay. You can

confront death in any way you like, so long as you don't harm yourself or someone else. It is a day to look into the face of skulls and realize that you are mortal. If you do it right, this holiday will help you appreciate the time you have as a conscious sack of meat, before you are separated back into energy and inert matter again.

Talk Like A Pirate Day (September 14th)

This holiday honors the roots of Pastafarianism, and how it came from a place of pirates and beer volcanos. The way we got here matters, and on the 14th of September, you may raise your flagon of ale and call people scurvy dogs to your hearts content. You may also choose to use this day to Pasthelasize (to spread the Holy word of His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster to those who have not yet heard it.) If you decide to do this, remember to be kind. It is not the fault of others that they do not know about His Noodliness yet.

Single's Day (February 13th)

This is a holiday that exists already in some cultures. In South Korea, for example, it is called Black Day. It is a holiday for those people who are not existing as part of a pair. On this day, you should take yourself out for pasta. Or, if you prefer, you can stay in and make yourself a nice pasta meal at home. Whatever you do, treat yourself and remember that you are worthy of love.

Valentine's Day (February 14th)

If you are in a long-term relationship, things can become routine. You may forget to take time for one another. This is a holiday that gives you an excuse to do a special thing. His Noodliness is not all that sure if humans mashing their genitals together is holy, but they seem to really love it. So, if

you have a consenting partner, today is the day to value them, and then do stuff to them.

Parent's Day (January 15th)

Some cultures already have a Mother's Day and a Father's Day. However, others do not. Whatever the case, this is a day when we honor those who have made the decision to breed, and we thank them for making more humans. The best way to celebrate it is to babysit for someone who has children so they can go out on their own. Raising children is a demanding path, and the humans who choose this path don't get to do a lot of other things. Therefore, it is important that we give them a day to go out, be themselves for a moment, and have fun.

Children's Day (August 11th)

Some cultures already have a day to celebrate children. However, some do not. It is important that we set aside a day that is all about playing with children and teaching them. Once upon a time, there was little else to do besides play with children, and they grew up fed on the attention and interaction that helped their brains to grow. Now, many people are busy and children spend a lot of time gazing at screens. This is not always bad, but a certain amount of direct interaction with adults is necessary for healthy brain development. Take this day to tell children stories about the way things were when you were young, teach them about things that you love, and in general help them by giving them life advice. All of society benefits when children grow up well-educated and well-socialized.

Pet's Day (Jan 20th)

This is a day to celebrate your pets. Take your dog for a walk. Buy your turtle a strawberry. Give your iguana a bath. Clean

your fish tank. Keeping animals as pets is something that humans have been doing for thousands of years, and the bonds that are formed with them are important. In every relationship, there is a lesson to be learned. Pets teach children responsibility, and when they die, they give parents an opportunity to talk about death. They teach us about unconditional love, and sometimes, they teach us about making hard choices. The FSM encourages you to have a pet of some kind, and to learn to care for it and bond with it. Pets are important.

Geek Pride Day (May 25th)

The Flying Spaghetti Monster may have come from space, but he chose to take the form of pasta and spread his word. It was the geeks who first heard the word, and they should have a day to celebrate themselves. Play a trivia game. Watch your favorite cult classic. Be proud to be a geek.

New Year's Day (Jan 1st)

On New Year's Day (or Lunar New Year on a different date in Asia) humans celebrate the successful completion of another orbit around the sun. It is a time to take stock in your life, and to decide what things are working for you, and what things are not. His Noodliness hopes you won't be too hard on yourself. He also hopes that you will remember not to drive drunk, because killing people with your car is bad. (Actually, with the exception of defective or unwanted pre-humans, His Noodliness is against all killing of humans.)

Things to note

First, the holidays are not presented in alphabetical *or* calendar order. I am sure that they would be easier to search if they were, but the FSM listed them in this order, so I kept

them that way. However, I made a handy cheat sheet with all the holidays arranged in calendar order just for you!

January

New Year's Day (1st)
Parent's Day (15th)
Pet's Day (20th)

February

Single's Day (13th)
Valentine's Day (14th)

March

Pastival (Northern Hemisphere)
Pi Day (14th)

April

April Fool's Day (1st)
Earth Week (3rd week)

May

Star Wars Day (4th & 5th)
Geek Pride Day (25th)

June

Pastamas (Southern Hemisphere)

July

Science Week (2nd Week)

August

Children's Day (11th)

September

Pastival (Southern Hemisphere)
Talk Like a Pirate Day (14th)

October

Devil's Night (30th)
Halloween (31st)

November

Day of the Dead (1st & 2nd)

December

Pastamas (Northern Hemisphere)
Space Week (1st Week)

Second, it is important for you to know that Pastafarianism is an inclusive religion. Humans are meant to be able to add it on to their regular life if they wish. Ergo, it is fine to celebrate holidays that have not been ordained by His Noodliness The

Flying Spaghetti Monster.

However, there are some holidays that he takes exception to. For example, he does not like the date of Australia Day (celebrating Captain Cook landing in Australia) or Columbus Day (celebrating Columbus landing in North America.) These holidays celebrate colonialism and teach people to overlook the tragedy that followed colonization by foreign invaders. Nowadays, when Native populations are doing their best to live in harmony with those who came to colonize, it does not do to celebrate this sad part of history. Those dates should be days of memorial for the deaths of the Native people at the hands of disease and massacre brought to their shores.

His Noodliness is also not a fan of Christmas, because it promotes consumerism. Many a parent has gone broke trying to get their children presents that are as good as their friends get, and that is one of the great tragedies of this age. No one should celebrate consumerism and buy things because they feel obligated. No one should go into debt to try to prove their love, either. If you do choose to buy gifts for your children on this holiday, please explain to them that you don't want them to feel left out of a tradition that their friends participate in, but that the underlying requirement of gift giving on Christmas is unethical at its core. Gifts should be given freely; not because of a date on a calendar.

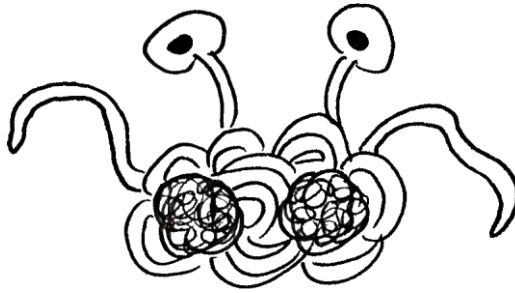
If you want to give gifts, the best day to do it is on a person's birthday. It has become too commonplace to celebrate a person's birthday with no more than a post on social media. However, a person's birthday is the most important day of the year for them. It is the one day that is not about anyone else. The sole purpose is to celebrate that person existing. If you care about a person, take the time to send them a card or see them in person to celebrate their birthday. Buy or bake a cake. The FSM loves cupcakes, so you might consider them. His

Noodliness doesn't want you to go to pieces about it, but His birthday is June 25th. In lieu of gifts, please feel free to do something nice for someone else on that day.

And finally, remember that it's absolutely fine to celebrate any and all holidays you want. The Unitarian Church of Pasta is an inclusive church. If you want to celebrate Lunar New Year, A Lantern Festival, or a Color Festival, then you should! Just because something is not a Pastafarian holiday, doesn't mean you can't enjoy it. His Noodliness actually quite enjoys Easter Egg hunts and chocolate rabbits, so He celebrates Easter. Not the Jesus stuff, mind you; just the candy and eggs bit.

Leftovers

The takeaway here is that holidays are important. Some years, you may be tired and feel like saying "Bah Humbug!" However, His Noodliness asks that you do your best to celebrate as many holidays as you can. You don't have to go too far out of your way to buy a pie on Pi Day or get a new house plant on Pastival. And, doing something that shakes up your routine can feel better than you might think. Above all else, don't take anything too seriously. Life is no fun if you are always stressed out.



Book Seven
The Holy Book of Macaroni

The Book of Macaroni (7)

Breakdown of God Ratings

<u>Cheat Sheet</u>		
Shit List	Good Gods	Neutral Zone
Athena	Isis	Jesus
Apollo	Buddha	Zeus
Joseph Smith	Shiva	Allah
Krishna	Anansi	Aphrodite
Narcissus	Horus	Odin
Bumba	Shango	Coyote
Thor	Ra	Prometheus
Ares	Dionysus	Elegua
Kali	Lilith	Hades
Bellona	Artemis	Fa
Mixcoatl	Muse	Mot
Xenu	Anubis	Minerva
	Sedna	
	Great Spirit	
	Yemaya	
	Wakonda	
	Abassi	
	Crow	
	Tinihowi	
	Mother Earth	

Note: The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not expect exclusivity. You can worship him, and as many other gods as you want. Like all gods, the FSM does want love. He basks in the adoration of humans. However, he knows that you might fall in love with another god too, and he is totally fine with that. He just doesn't want you to forget about him. Make

offerings to Lucifer or Allah or Shiva any time you want! Just spare a moment to eat some pasta on Fridays and think of him.

Since the FSM does not demand exclusive love, he thinks it's important that you know some things about the other gods. Because of that, he has bid me to create this list of gods, and how he feels about them. You can worship any of the gods on this list or not (no judgement,) but he hopes that you will consider his option just a little, and maybe avoid the gods on his Shit List.

Please take a moment to look through the handy "cheat sheet" and then look through the explanations that follow to get an idea of what makes a good god and what makes a bad god.

Why The Gods Fall Where They Do:

Tinihowi: Spirit Guide

Origin: North America

Status: Good

Tinihowi is the spirit guide who appears to people on a vision quest and grants them powers. It was thought that those between childhood and adulthood should go on a vision quest. In this quest, they would search for meaning and purpose, in hopes of growing into an adult who could help the tribe. Each person has something that they can contribute, and Tinihowi can see that within you, and give you the gift of being your best self. The FSM loves this. His Noodliness believes very strongly that all people have something to contribute, and a vision quest is a fine way to seek your purpose. Any god willing to guide you is a good god, and deserves props.

Jesus: Simultaneously a Guy and a Trinity
Home: Middle East Somewhere
Status: Neutral

Jesus is a deeply neutral god. He said a lot of good things, like how you should love your neighbor and not pay interest to bankers. However, he also said a lot of shit things, like how there was only one true god and how you should give your elders unconditional respect. The Flying Spaghetti Monster supports you loving your neighbor and thinks paying interest (and bankers in general) are bad things. However, he understands that sometimes old people are racist pieces of shit or drug addicts, and you shouldn't listen to them. And of course, you can pay homage to as many gods as you want. The FSM is not so insecure that he demands exclusive love. For this reason, Jesus is neither a favored god, nor a god on the FSM's Shit List.

Note: On the other hand, most of his followers are terrible. The expression "*Dear god please save me from your followers*" was invented for Christians, and that is not without just cause.

Isis: God of Death
Home: Egypt
Status: Good

This Egyptian god is pretty cute, and the FSM enjoys that. Also, she was a principle deity connected with the dead, which totally calls to mind goth chicks (a favored group to the FSM.) Isis sometimes cured disease or brought the dead back to life, and in general those are cool things unless there are zombies being made. On balance she is considered a favored god.

Menrva: Goddess of Art, Wisdom, and Health**Origin: Etruscan****Status: Neutral**

I suppose one could look upon the major attributes of Menrva and think that she was all good. Unfortunately, she is sometimes also worshipped as a goddess of war. That makes it impossible for her to be on the Good List. However, the FSM does deeply love art, wisdom, and health. He thinks people should have lots of all of those things, and that it's important to ensure this in various ways. For example: We should ensure health by giving healthcare to people. It is far more important that children can have bones set than that a military can have fighter jets. Some people have gotten this quite wrong, but most countries have gotten it right.

Mixcoatl: God of War**Origin: South America****Status: Shit List**

Mixcoatl is represented with a black mask over his eyes and distinctive red and white "candy cane stripes" painted on his body. He is an Aztec god who represents war and hunting. The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not believe in war. In the eyes of his Noodliness, there is always a way to use words to solve problems. In war, each side is made of people who are brainwashed to believe that their enemy is evil. However, history shows us that this is simply never the case. Please take note: No one is inherently evil, and reason can always prevail. Violence is the tool of the weak and the feebleminded. It has no place in a civilized society.

Buddha: Awakened One**Home: India****Status: Good**

There is a bit of a misunderstanding among most people about Buddha. Various branches of Buddhism believe various things, but in general the buddha does not actually refer to a god at all. Buddha means “awakened one,” and refers to a person who has attained enlightenment and found nirvana. The goal of the religion is to meditate and lead a good life, so that you can become enlightened. The FSM likes people meditating and being mindful, so the buddha (even though he is not exactly a god) is on the list of gods the FSM would share a bowl of pasta with.

Note: Buddhists, on the other hand, can sometimes be shitheads. Some of them sell their daughters to brothels and justify this by saying that suffering will bring them closer to enlightenment. That sucks. A god can have good intentions, and his followers can mess up everything he or she meant.

Zeus: Sky God**Home: Greece****Status: Neutral**

Zeus was believed to be the sender of lighting, rain, and winds. The FSM likes all of those things when he is cozy and indoors. In fact, with a cup of hot chocolate and a nice fire going, the FSM really enjoys a good storm. However, sometimes the FSM has to go do important god stuff. When that happens, he has to go out in the rain and get all wet. No one likes soggy pasta and watery sauce, so I am going to have to say that sometimes Zeus is a real pain in the ass.

Shiva: Supreme God**Home: India****Status: Good**

Worshipped by Hindus, Shiva has no idea what it is. We say “it” because Shiva is half male and half female. Everything about Shiva involves a good deal of duality, since it is the god of poison and medicine, of the poor and the rich, and of the wise and the feeble-minded. The FSM digs Shiva having a both male and female consort (because who can choose) and being a family god. Should the FSM ever have children, he would ask Shiva for parenting advice. It seems like a good god that would be fun to hang out with.

Athena: Goddess of War**Home: Greece****Status: Shit List**

Athena is the goddess of a lot of things, but one of those things is war. As a god totally committed to the peace process, the FSM doesn’t approve of anyone who soldiers prayed to before slaughtering other soldiers. It’s cool that Athena is considered urban and civilized; as there is something to be said for cities. She is also the goddess of handicrafts, and the FSM has no particular quarrel with crafts. However, being the goddess of war really can’t be overlooked.

Apollo: God of Divine Distance**Home: Greece****Status: Shit List**

Apollo is the god of divine distance, who is famous for threatening men from afar. He is also the one who presided of religious law, morals, and making men feel guilt. The FSM does not like for people to threaten each other or to wallow in guilt. If you make a mistake, the correct course of action is to

correct your mistake in the best way that you can. Sitting around feeling bad is useless. Plus, the other gods feared Apollo, which tells me that he was kind of a jerk.

Allah: One of the “One True Gods.”

Home: Middle East

Status: Neutral

Allah said some stuff that is generally okay. He asked people to help orphans and the poor. He told people to seek truth rather than taking things presented at face value. Those are all super good things. However, he also focuses a lot on how he is the “one true god” and everyone else is fake. Plus, he talks a lot of shit about the other gods. He’s actually a lot like a teenage girl in that way. The FSM does not like gods who gossip and talk down to other gods. Overall Allah is pretty neutral.

Note: His followers sometimes suck. That whole Jihad thing is pretty bullshit. Extremists in all religions are really crappy.

Anansi: God of Stories

Origin: Africa

Status: Good

Anansi loves to tell stories. For all of human history, stories have been used to convey the wisdom of a culture. The FSM loves stories and wisdom, and he thinks Anansi is the coolest god ever. In fact, he is a little jealous of Anansi because he is so cool. What could be more awesome than the god of all knowledge and stories? Anansi would be on the Super Awesome list if it existed, but it doesn’t so he is just listed as “good.” But, know that he is a favorite.

Horus: God of Sun and Moon**Origin: Egypt****Status: Good**

Horus got involved in some drama with his family, but the FSM forgives him for that because a lot of people have family drama. It's no one's fault what family they are born into, and Horus generally handled his family drama pretty well.

Outside of his family problems, he was generally the god of power and healing, which makes the FSM think of doctors. Doctors are mostly good people, so Horus is on the good list. Plus, I mean, he looks cool. Have you seen him? He's a bird. Pretty neat.

Joseph Smith: Fraud**Origin: North America****Status: Shit List**

Joseph Smith considered himself a god, but he wasn't. He was just a crazy asshole who created one of the worst religions on Earth, and the FSM finds him beyond distasteful. If there was a Super Asshole Extra Double Shit List, Joseph Smith would be on it. The FSM dislikes all American forms of Christianity, but considers none to be worse or more damaging than the Mormons. They are a cult, and they are dangerous. It is his will that they all be cast out of anywhere that they settle for as long as the religion exists.

Krishna: The Eighth Incarnation**Origin: India****Status: Shit List**

Krishna really isn't a bad guy. He is the eighth incarnation of Shiva, and Shiva is totally on the Good List. And honestly, Krishna started out as someone who inspired poetry, painting, and music (which are all things that the FSM digs.) However,

some time around a hundred years ago or so, Krishna started spawning devotional cults. Krishna really was cool and the FSM totally thinks he should do something about the cults. He used to be on the Good List.

Narcissus: God of Selfishness

Origin: Greece

Status: Shit List

Narcissus is the god of vanity and selfishness. As you know, the FSM values teamwork and folks who want to build a better world by sharing what we all have. Greed is the enemy of most people. It is how we get income inequality on a massive scale which sees some people flying private jets from one mansion to another while the vast majority of folks go without things they need. Don't mistake the facts: The FSM is fine with hard workers getting more than lazy people. However, they should not have inherited things (only things they worked for) and they should not have too much more than others. A little more is okay. Billions more is definitely not cool. Anyway, Narcissus stands for a whole lot of things that the FSM is not cool with. His noodliness would appreciate it if everyone would shun this particular god with a higher level of spite than most, because he deserves it.

Shango: Gods of Drums and Dance

Origin: Africa

Status: Good

Shango is a god who used to be on the Shit List. He had a "glorious" career as a warrior hero, and the FSM is really not cool with war gods. However, Shango moved to the Good List after he gave up war and decided to play drums and dance. He is all about rhythm. Granted, the FSM doesn't wiggle his noodly appendages a lot in public. However, that's not to say that he doesn't shake those noodles in private (because he

totally does.) As the African Storm God, Shango was in danger of ending up on the Neutral List because storms bring rain and the FSM doesn't like to get wet. However, his sick beats were impossible to ignore, and so he banged his drum all the way to the Good List and him and the FSM are cool.

Aphrodite: God of Sex and Beauty

Origin: Greece

Status: Neutral

So you think: The FSM is not against sex and has no objection to beauty. Why would Aphrodite be relegated to the Neutral List? Well, I'll tell you: She has also been worshipped as a goddess of war (which the FSM is totally not cool with.) In addition, she's kind of patron saint of sailors. The FSM isn't against sailors or anything, but let's be honest, a lot of them have been shit-bags. No judgment or anything, but the sea has always been (and still is) a lawless place, and there are those who take advantage of that. Given all of that, there is no choice but to throw Aphrodite in limbo until she cleans her act up a little.

Odin: The Guy in Norse Mythology

Origin: Scandinavia

Status: Neutral

Odin is The Guy in Norse Mythology. He's definitely a big shot. And yet, the FSM avoids him at all costs. That's because no one in history seems to have a clear idea of his role, which is often murky and unclear. Not to mention, he's the kind of guy who will do magic tricks at a party, and the FSM is pretty uncomfortable with people who do magic tricks at parties. You just don't want to be next to the guy in a buffet line and have him stealing your crab legs and pulling coins out from behind your ear. However, his Noodliness would appreciate it if you wouldn't say anything to Odin about him being on any

kind of list at all. Maybe just don't bring up his Noodliness at all around Odin, if you wouldn't mind?

Coyote: The Trickster

Origin: North America

Status: Neutral

Coyote is considered to be the trickster in the Southwest region of the United States among the Native people. He's another one of those gods that the FSM would be cool with not being brought up around. Sure, legend has it that he made the stars by pulling a blanket over the sky, and the FSM *does* like the stars, but you can't trust a trickster. On the down low, knowing you can be trusted to keep this to yourself, the FSM suspects that Coyote had a hand in Las Vegas. The white people might not know this, but it seems a solid theory.

Prometheus: Trickster

Origin: Greece

Status: Neutral

Let's be honest, the world is full of trickster gods. The FSM has no qualm specifically with any of them, but again, his Noodliness would appreciate it if he didn't have to be in the same room. Pranks are good once a year or so. The FSM is totally cool with April Fools Day. However, living in fear of collapsing chairs and buckets of water over doors really isn't something you want to deal with on a daily basis. Prometheus is seen as a master craftsman, and he gets respect for that. And he's the god of fire, which is totally cool if it is under control. However, since he's a trickster god *it's probably not under control*. So maybe keep your distance from Prometheus to avoid any singed noodles.

Ra: Sun God**Origin: Egypt****Status: Good**

Ra (or Re as some of his followers spell it) is the god of the sun in Egypt. The FSM digs sun, and things with bird heads are okay too. It was said that Ra killed a snake every night. The FSM hopes that isn't true because he likes snakes. However, in general, Ra is a creator and a shining light, and that's cool. Keep shining, bird god.

Elegua: Trickster God**Origin: Africa****Status: Neutral**

Seriously, why does every culture have a trickster god? It's like they all wanted someone to blame for all their misfortunes. Elegua is also considered the god of crossroads, beginnings, and opportunities. The FSM likes all of those things, but he really just doesn't like trickster gods. His noodliness likes funny things, but he rarely finds the misfortune of others funny (unless they are Scientologists or something.) Even though Elegua has a lot of cool aspects to his nature, the acting on whim and tricking people is really not cool. That is why he is considered a solidly neutral god.

Dionysus: God of Wine and Ecstasy**Origin: Greece****Status: Good**

Dionysus is the god of wine and ecstasy, as well as the god of plants. The FSM has never met him, but he sounds like a really cool dude to hang out with. If you happen to have his contact information, you know, reach out. Wine and pasta go really well together.

Lilith: Night Monster**Origin: Middle East****Status: Good**

Lilith is part of the Jewish religion, and was considered evil for refusing to be subservient to her husband and running away. The FSM absolutely categorically does not believe that women should be subservient to anyone, and he therefore thinks of Lilith as a kind of hero. He has not met her, but he appreciates that even though several angels tried to force her back with her husband, she would not go. The FSM resents the fact that Jewish people consider her children evil because she left her first husband, and hopes that they have learned something in the last thousand years or so.

Hades: God of the Underworld**Origin: Greece****Status: Neutral**

There are a lot of rumors that go around about this guy. It is said that he is pitiless and stern. To be fair, anyone tasked with punishing child molesters and other bad folks after they die is bound to be considered without pity. However, he had to draw straws with his brothers, and he became the god of the underworld after he lost. Since he didn't want the job, and by all accounts he never tortured anyone, you can guess that the underworld really wasn't his thing. However, there is usually some truth (though often very small) behind a pack of rumors as big as the ones about Hades. Therefore, the FSM has left him on the neutral list and given him the benefit of the doubt. He's welcome to come drink some scotch and tell his side of the story any time, and his Noodliness will listen. After all, he listened to that fallen angel Lucifer and decided *he* was an okay guy in the end. Who doesn't respect a guy on a quest for knowledge?

Artemis: God of Wild Animals**Origin: Greece****Status: Good**

The FSM once based a D&D character he played on Artemis, since the guy is basically the quintessential ranger. He's always depicted with a bow and arrow, petting some animal that belongs in the forest. That's cool. The FSM loves animals and forests, and thinks there should be more of both. If a few more people worshipped Artemis, maybe they would care more about conservation.

Bumba: God of Vomit**Origin: Africa****Status: Shit List**

Look, no offense to the pantheons of gods in Africa, because there are a lot of good gods there. But this guy? Not at all a fan. The FSM met him once at a party and he smelled terrible. It's true that sometimes humans eat a bad thing or drink too much and they have to vomit. However, the FSM does not think it's good to worship vomit. Just clean it up and move on.

Muse: Goddess of Poets**Origin: Greece****Status: Good**

Muse is the patron of poets, writer, and musicians. The FSM believes that the most enduring things that humanity can create are forms of art, and the Muse is considered the patron of many artists. Corporations rise and fall. Empires rise and fall. Even gods rise and fall. But art is something that often endures for millennia. The beautiful drawings and carvings of the cliff palaces built by Native Americans, the amazing doorway to Petra in Jordan, and the spectacular pottery of China are all things that survived though the centuries and are

still inspiring people today. If you want to live forever and contribute to the human race, make art. It is a worthy pursuit. While you are at it, make an offering to Muse. All the good gods deserve a smile and an incense stick now and then.

Anubis: God of the Dead

Origin: Egypt

Status: Good

Anubis is sometimes a misunderstood guy. I think it's worth noting that he doesn't kill people, and he doesn't punish people. He is associated with death because he taught humans ways of preparing the bodies of the dead, and because he guided their souls to the afterlife. Not all pantheons have a person in charge of caring for the dead. It's great that Egypt does, because the dead are frightened and need someone to care for them. The FSM has the utmost respect for Anubis. He's like the kindly nurse who works 14 hours days sitting by the bed of the dying, making sure they have pain killers and that they are not alone. Anyone who shows compassion for the dying and the dead deserves all the respect that we can give them.

Sedna: God of the Dead

Origin: Native American (Inuit)

Status: Good

Sedna is a death god from North America, who is also the goddess of the sea. Legend says that her father sacrificed her to save his own life by throwing her into the sea. Before he did this, he cut off her fingers so she could not get back in the boat. It is said that her fingers became the first sea mammals from which all others evolved. She didn't do anything particularly heroic, and she doesn't care for the dead (she's more like a patron saint of the dead.) Still, she had a rough life and the Inuit believe that she made sea mammals (which the

FSM likes almost as much as sea turtles) so she's alright.

Osiris: God of the Dead

Origin: Egypt

Status: Neutral

This guy kind of moved in on Anubis' territory but never seemed to have a lot of regard for the care of the dead. That kind of rubs the FSM the wrong way. Plus, he also wanted to be the god of fertility and life, so he seems like he can't make up his mind about things. Until Osiris stops trying to resurrect the dead and being indecisive, the jury is out and he's in the Neutral Column.

The Great Spirit: Creator God

Origin: North America (multiple tribes)

Status: Good

The Great Spirit is nothing at all like he was made out to be by the white people who came to North America. He's not a "one god" kind of figure. The Great Spirit is simply the concept that all humans were created, and that it was done by a spirit who wanted there to be people. He was all about gratitude. If you had good fortune or found yourself in a good place, you could thank the Great Spirit for creating all things. However, he never demanded worship or made rules to follow. He was just a nice guy that made people, and then wanted those people to go and be happy.

Thor: God of Thunder

Origin: Greece

Status: Shit List

Thor is depicted as a great warrior. He is also sometimes depicted as the son of Odin (though scholars suggest that we

don't really know who is father is.) Thor is often portrayed as a heroic warrior, and the FSM wants you to know that he disapproves of the idea that war is heroic. Soldiers are typically conscripted or forced to join a military because of limited options or family pressure. Therefore, it is impossible to blame individual soldiers for war. The blame lies on those who declare war (who often don't even fight themselves.) However, a war god is not something to worship. Nothing related to war should be worshipped. The FSM would humbly ask that you realize Thor is a guy who kills people, and guys who kill people are not great. Note: This incarnation bears no relation to the guy in the comic books. He seems alright.

Yemaya: Goddess of Childbirth

Origin: Africa

Status: Good

Yemaya is not a creation god. The buzz is that her husband was the one who created people. This disappoints the FSM. In fact, all male creator gods are pretty transparent. We know they didn't really create people. We may thank them or worship them to be polite, but we all know that women make people. Yemaya is kind of the embodiment of that, as a beautiful goddess with billowing skirts who calms and soothes women in labor. The FSM thinks she's one of the most necessary gods on Earth.

Aries: God of War

Origin: Greece

Status: Shit List

Ares is the god of war in the Greek pantheon. As you know, the FSM is not okay with war. It's the thing he dislikes most of all, and it is distinctly un-pastalike. Since Ares is a god of war, he is absolutely on the Shit List. If the FSM was prone to smiting people, he would smite Ares with all the pasta sauce

he has. Ares and other gods of war are permeant installments on the Shit List.

Wakonda: Omnipresent Creator

Origin: North America

Status: Good

Wakonda is the great creator power of the Osage, Omaha, and Ponca tribes. Wakonda is an abstract, omnipresent creative force who is never personified in traditional Siouan legends, and in fact did not have a gender before the introduction of English and its gender-specific pronouns. Like the Great Spirit, Wakonda is thought to have created people. However, it never asks to be recognized for this. (No demands of worship or commandments.) Just the creation thing, and then the wish for humans to go in peace. The FSM would like to note that for the most part, he really digs Native American gods. They seems like good people. Even the tricksters like Old Man Coyote, Bluejay, and Whiskey Jack are a cut above the tricksters of Europe, Asia, and Africa. They are more about teaching lessons than being spiteful or harmful. The FSM finds hope in pantheons of kind gods, and overall Native American gods are just good, peaceful, kind gods.

Abassi: Creator God

Origin: Africa

Status: Good

At the suggestion of his wife Atai, Abassi is thought to have created humans. He then nervously introduced them to the wild. The Flying Spaghetti Monster would like to note that a bit of nervousness was prudent, since it turned out that humans saw the planet and all its other species as something to consume, rather than something to live in harmony with. The FSM thinks that humans used to live in harmony with nature, and that they still could if they tried. He sincerely

hopes they will try harder in the future, before the Earth is all used up. In the meantime, he considers Abassi as a prudent creator for being nervous about the affects of his creation. For this reason, he goes on the Good List. (Although again; it's fair to be suspicious of male creator gods.)

Gopher: Messenger to the Dead

Origin: North America

Status: Neutral

In Native American legends, there were many animal gods. Eagles took prayers to gods. Hawks were a symbol of power. Caribou and buffalo were holy because they gave their lives to feed The People. However, the FSM wishes to bring up Gopher specifically because he took messages to the dead. Many of us lose loved ones without getting closure, or with things left unsaid. Maybe the next time you feel the need to send a message, you should catch a gopher and tell them all you want to say, and then let them go. With luck, they will find their way to the spirit world and deliver your message so that you can finally rest easy. The gopher is considered neutral because he is just a messenger, and as always, it is the content of the message that matters. Don't shoot the messenger.

Amaterasu: Sun Goddess

Origin: Japan

Status: Good

Amaterasu is The Goddess of the Shinto religion that was prevalent before Buddhism in Japan, and which is still observed by many there. Once while wandering through Tokyo, the FSM came upon a Shinto cemetery and loved it because it had sticks that knocked together in the wind to keep the dead company. It may be the coolest cemetery the FSM has seen. Anyway, Amaterasu is the primary goddess of

Shinto, and her name means “Great Goddess.” In moderation, the FSM enjoys the sun, and so he thinks Amaterasu is a pretty cool god. Plus, she is one of the only primary gods to be female, which is a nice change from the sausage fest in most pantheons. Plus, in Shinto, there are spirits in everything from trees to waterfalls, which proves that Amaterasu doesn’t need to be the center of attention. She will tell you that she isn’t even the primary goddess, but of course, she is tied to the Imperial Family and the Goddess of the sun (which gives all life,) so in spite of her modesty, we know the truth. She really is one of the good ones.

Loki: Trickster God

Origin: Scandinavia

Status: Neutral

Like all tricksters, Loki is neutral. The FSM doesn’t think it’s particularly nice to go around tricking people into things and messing them about. People give gods offerings, worship, and love. The FSM thinks it is a poor repayment for a god to take worship and turn around and mess with people. However, Loki does seem like he would be funny on April Fool’s Day. The FSM hopes that all the trickster gods can learn to sit back for 364 days a year, and only really come out and do stuff on that one day, which should be dedicated to them. That seems fair.

Crow: God of Wisdom

Origin: Native America

Status: Good

Many people are under the impression that the crow is associated with death. This is a mistake. Crows do eat carrion, but so do eagles and bears, which are not at all associated with death. The reality is that Crow is portrayed with Intelligence as his most important feature. He is clever, and that is

something that is (and should be) prized. In fact, many tribes named their clan after the Crow, in hopes that his intelligence would rub off on them. Respect for intelligence is a wonderful quality, and just goes to show how great the Native American people really are. More people should listen to their stories. They are some of the best.

Fa: God of Destiny

Origin: Africa

Status: Neutral

Destiny is an inherently neutral concept, since the destiny of some is good, and the destiny of some is bad. We all have things that we cannot change, like being born to a drug addict or the country of our birth. These things are part of our destiny, or the fate that we are assigned. We can change some aspects of our fate, if we are lucky. However, we all get dealt a starting hand, and that is where we begin in life. Fa can see this fate. He sees into the past, present, and future. In fact, he sees through magic windows that he opens into places and times, and has sixteen eyes with which to observe every aspect of a thing. Fa does not seem to direct fate in any way. He is merely the one who watches. The FSM suspects that he might pass the occasional human advice, but mostly he is just there. A truly neutral god.

Kali: Goddess of Doomsday

Origin: India

Status: Shit List

Kali is, by all accounts, very pretty. However, she is the goddess of time, doomsday, and death. Some also portray her as the goddess of sexual violence. Until I sat down and agreed to write this bible for the FSM, I had no idea that there was a goddess of rape. I am definitely *not* a fan of that fact. Of course, the only opinion that matters here is that of His

Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, and in his infinite wisdom, he agrees with me. In fact, when he talked about it, he was so angry that he got pasta sauce everywhere. He is sort of Italian (because he is spaghetti) and he talks with his noodly appendages in much the same way that humans talk with their hands. He vehemently condemned sexual violence, and had a lot to say about not wanting a doomsday as well. Kali is very solidly on the Shit List.

Mother Earth Spirit: The Soul of The Land

Origin: North America

Status: Good

A widely-held belief among many Native American tribes was that the Earth itself was a being, with a soul. It was the Mother Earth Spirit who gave The People good harvests, created all the places they loved, and gave them all the animals. In many stories a god or spirit will say that something should be done or not done because they believe it would be the wish of Mother Earth. The Native American people thanked the Mother Earth Spirit for all things. It is the belief of the FSM that the Mother Earth Spirit is real, and that she cries over humans mining and burning coal. The FSM thinks we should do a better job taking care of her.

Mot: Death God

Origin: Middle East

Status: Neutral

Mot is the ancient West Semitic god of the dead, and of all powers opposed to life and fertility. You would think that this would be bad. Certainly, no human liked Mot, and his name was a curse. However, death is a natural part of life, and compassionate death gods simply don't get enough credit for doing a hard job. Mot also made people infertile, but they were then better at caring for the other children of the society.

Not every person needs to have a child. Some can raise orphans, be teachers, or just be really good aunts and uncles. The point is, the FSM thinks Mot is an alright guy. Give him a break, because he's just doing his job. And after all, if it wasn't for him, the Earth would soon be overrun with people and everyone would starve.

Bellona: Goddess of War

Origin: Rome

Status: Shit List

There are just too many war gods on Earth. It is a great sadness to the FSM to know that so many people had cults devoted to gods and goddesses of war. In case it is not yet clear, the FSM would like you to understand that his opinion is: FUCK WAR. He doesn't like it, he doesn't think people should have it, and he doesn't want anyone worshipping warriors. Killing sucks. It would be really great if humans would just stop doing it.

Xenu: Not A God

Origin: California

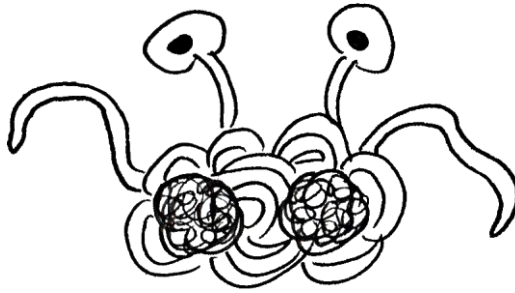
Status: Shit List

A man named L. Ron Hubbard once made a bet that he could write a science fiction book and create a religion around it. It was a joke among friends, and no one ever thought it would really become a religion (least of all L. Ron Hubbard.) However, somehow, it did. The FSM thinks that it is probably best that people don't joke about creating religions based on really terrible things, because unfortunately, someone will always take them seriously. He also thinks that if Mr. Hubbard really *had* to make a religion, it would have been nice if he had bothered to tell his followers to do something good, instead of having them go around running a cult (see definition of cult; note Scientology fits.) If you are going to

make a religion, at least tell people to do nice things like help the homeless and grow food in their yards.

Leftovers

There are lots of gods, and the FSM hopes this list will give you guidelines to help you understand what a good god is, and what a bad god is. It is his hope that you will learn to recognize them for yourself, because listing every god that every existed would take a very long time, and he is a busy deity. I know they are not presented in any logical order. This is the order the FSM brought them up in. I tried not to change His Word when transcribing the bible, and so I kept things in the order that the FSM spoke them, with the assumption that He Has His Reasons.



Book Eight
The Holy Book of Ramen

The Book of Ramen (8)

The Divine Paradox

The FSM is a god made of pasta. As you know, pasta was created by humans. Some have asked how a god made of pasta (a human invention) can be a real god at all. If He is made of pasta and humans created pasta, then didn't humans create Him?

This is what is referred to as The Divine Paradox. His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster chooses to come to us in the form of pasta. It is His will to be manifest as a being of noodles and sauce. This is not His true form. However, the FSM had to take a form in order for humans to see him. He chose pasta because he has a sense of humor.

Before the word of the Flying Spaghetti Monster was known to humanity, He was still here. He was in the wind and the trees. He was in the dirt, and in the volcanos. The FSM is infused in all things, even Uranus. He could have manifested as anything He wanted in order to spread His Word to the people. Asked why he chose pasta, He replied that everyone likes pasta, and He has a pathological need to be loved (which seems to be the central curse of all gods.)

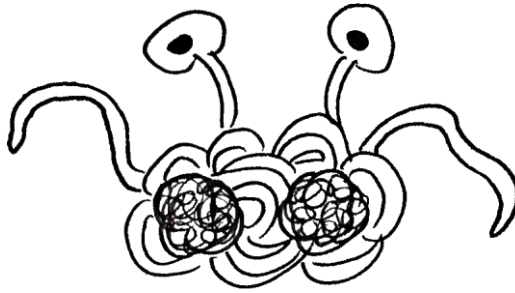
In other words: The FSM is not pasta because He is pasta. Rather, He is pasta because *you* like pasta.

As to the question of where life on Earth came from, it sprang into being due to a random convergence of inert particles (except for cephalopods; they're from space.)

The Divine Carbohydrate, however, has always existed.

Leftovers

It should be noted that no religion on Earth has successfully existed without contradictions, paradoxes, and hypocrisy. The FSM did not want to be left out of this tradition. The Unitarian Church of Pasta could never be a real religion without some inconsistencies.



Book Nine
The Holy Book of Penne

The Book of Penne (9)

Saints in the Unitarian Church of Pasta

His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not easily recognize people for Sainthood. It takes a truly selfless and kind person to be a Saint in the Church of Pasta. There are some people who He has seen put their community above themselves, and He would like to recognize them here.

Dr. Jonas Edward Salk

Dr. Salk lived in a time when Polio was ravaging the lives of children all over the world. He saw a depth of suffering that he was horrified by, and he worked hard to create a vaccine for the disease. When he found a working vaccine, he could have taken out a patent and made millions of dollars. However, he chose to give it away for free, so that more children could be saved. What a great human.

John Walker

John Walker was the chemist who invented matches in 1820. It's hard to imagine a world without matches, but before 1820, that is just what the world was. Walker recognized how useful they would be and chose not to patent them so that they could be more quickly and cheaply available to people. What a nice guy.

Tim Berners-Lee

Mr. Lee created the first web pages when he was working at CERN. As an independent contractor, he could have patented his idea, and a very different Internet would have grown out of that decision. However, he saw the potential of his idea and

wanted it to be available to everyone. Thank you, Mr. Lee.

Elon Musk

Mr. Musk is a man who has a lot of good ideas, and he is constantly giving them away. He works harder than is probably good for him, but he is constantly churning out blue prints for electric vehicles, ideas for space travel, and other cool stuff like the hyperloop. Nearly all of Elon Musk's creations are able to be used by anyone. He has published all Tesla's car specifications online and asked people to please use them, while saying he does not want money for them. He is a good example of a human who should spend more time away from work, but The Flying Spaghetti Monster appreciates his dedication to getting all of his ideas out of his head at all costs.

Daisuke Inoue

This man may not be well-liked in the west, but in the east, he is a god. He is the inventor of the karaoke machine, a favorite pastime for the people of many countries. Daisuke Inoue could have patented his invention, but he chose not to. He gave it away for free in order to help people enjoy their free time. Although some bar tenders are weary of screeching customers who murder their favorite songs, we can easily say that Inoue's invention was for the good; if only because it helps Japanese people relax and let their hair down sometimes.

Hack Spaces

There are small communities of people all over the world who are creating things under a Creative Commons patent (meaning that anyone can use it.) This is a wonderful thing to be doing, and His Noodliness wants to give a shout out to all

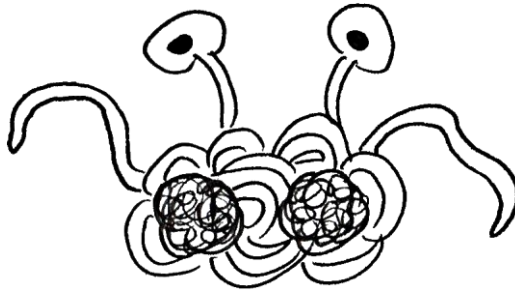
the people trying to create and share technology with their fellow humans in this way.

Leftovers

Sainthood is not the same as fandom. The Flying Spaghetti Monster is a huge fan of Dr. Richard Dawkins, Mr. Christopher Hitchens, Dr. Stephen Hawking, and yes, even Sir Patrick Stewart. He adores a lot of people who have made the world a little nicer, but in spite of his love for those humans, he also knows that they profited off of their ideas. The conditions for Sainthood in the Unitarian Church of Pasta are that the person must create something wonderful, and then share it with the world for free (such as putting the patents online to download.)

His Noodliness is a huge fan of many, many humans. He gets a kick out of Russell Brand, and thinks Dr. Michio Kaku is wonderful. He also adores anyone trying to build space ships because he started off as an entity of pure energy and lived in space, and he looks forward to the time when humans go there.

It would take days to list all of the people of which His Noodliness is a fan, and this bible would become far too long. Just know that if you submit someone to be considered for Sainthood, you must follow the criteria that they created wonderful things and then shared them with humanity for free. A big bonus if they, like Dr. Salk, saved lives and prevented suffering as well.



Book Ten
The Holy Book of Udon

The Book of Udon (10)

Single Noodles of Wisdom

The book of single noodles of wisdom is largely meant to be a resource for humans when they are struggling with a difficult problem and are not sure what to do. Following the single noodles is a book of parables, and humans may also be answers there, when guidance is needed.

However, the single noodles also have another use. When Pastafarians want to get together and celebrate His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, they often enjoy having rousing debates about things. The good Pastafarian knows that everything should be thought about, questioned, and debated. After all, the unexamined life is not worth living.

That said, it is very important that Pastafarians remember what debate is. It is an opportunity for two people to try out ideas and see how they feel about them. If a human tries to defend abortion restrictions and finds that he cannot mount an effective defense, then he must reevaluate his beliefs. By the same token, if a human tries to argue that there should be no restrictions and finds that he cannot defend such a thing, then he too must reevaluate. In the end, if both humans keep an open mind, they will likely find that they were both partially right, and that nuance creates a variety of caveats, complications, and exceptions.

For the record, His Noodliness believes that ancient humans had it correct, and life begins at "The Quickening." This occurs between 13 and 16 weeks when the baby begins to move. However, he does not think that abortion should be excluded from possibilities at that time, because sometimes there are health risks to the mother, or the baby has horrible birth defects. Every woman should have the right to decide, at

any point in her pregnancy, that she cannot live a life in servitude of a deformed or seriously mentally deficient child. No human should be able to force another human to raise defective offspring.

Obviously, something as personal as making and raising a child should be private. Only the people involved in such a situation truly understand it. So, maybe laws about medicine are not such a good idea. Perhaps it should be a private choice between a woman and the doctors that she chooses to speak to about it. The FSM only offers his opinion so that the woman may privately take it into account, with the express understanding that all humans are truly only answerable to themselves in the end.

The take away is, a good Pastafarian keeps an open mind and uses debate as a tool to explore options. One should always be ready to change one's mind in light of new evidence. A Pastafarian should approach the world as a scientist would, developing and testing hypotheses. Changing one's mind in light of new evidence has been conflated with weakness in the arenas of politics. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, changing one's mind in light of new evidence is a sign of integrity and dedication to the truth.

With these thoughts in mind, please accept these single noodles of wisdom, to be discussed and ruminated over. And if a human were to eat a magical mushroom of some kind before asking themselves what a noodle might mean, that would be okay with the FSM.

Single Noodles

1. Life isn't a problem to be solved. It is an experience to be had.

2. It's not about finding yourself. It's about creating yourself.
3. Be careful what you put in your brain. Make sure it is something you want to see when you close your eyes at night.
4. Everything and everyone has a beauty, even if it is hidden.
5. Trust is the residue of kept agreements.
6. Life's most persistent and urgent question is: What are you doing for your community and your species?
7. Strip away the labels. I am just a human, and you are just a human. Let us relate on that level.
8. Education is the most powerful tool that you can use to change the world.
9. Set yourself up for future success in small ways every day.
10. No act of kindness, however small, is ever wasted.
11. When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot so you have something to hold onto.
12. There is nothing permanent except change.
13. You cannot shake hands when you have a clenched fist.
14. Do not mind too much what others tell you. Judge everyone and every thing for yourself.
15. A journey of thousands of miles always starts with a single step.
16. There is only one thing on Earth that you have complete

control over, and that is what you choose to do.

17. Never say that you have failed. Simply say that you have found a lot of ways that don't work.

18. Very little is needed to lead a happy life. Most of what you need is within yourself, and your way of viewing the world.

19. The world is your country, and its people are all your brothers and sisters. Be good to them.

20. Believe in as many or as few gods as you want to. Just remember that no amount of belief in any god is enough to make you a good person.

21. It is never a waste to plant a tree that you might not sit under when it is grown.

22. Let us sacrifice our today if we must, so that the children of our community will have a better tomorrow.

23. No matter what people tell you; words and ideas *can* change the world.

24. A single flame can light a thousand candles without dimming even a little.

25. It's not too late to change everything about yourself and be someone new.

26. As long as you are alive, there is always hope.

27. Happiness does not reside in possessions. It resides instead in relationships and in deeds.

28. If the world seems cold to you, kindle fires to warm it.

29. Memories of our words and deeds will be all that is left to mark our lives when we die.

30. Holding onto hate or resentment for another person is like swallowing fire. It hurts you, but the other person cannot feel it at all.

31. Each person is dealt some limitations at birth; whether in fortune, mind, or body. Do not make more for yourself than the ones that you came with.

32. You are matter that is imbued with the rare gift of consciousness. Act like it.

33. Self-esteem is healthy, but it should be earned through contributing to your family, your community, and yourself.

34. Your personal myth does not necessarily come from a place of truth. Question it often.

35. If the Flying Spaghetti Monster doesn't exist, then why is DNA shaped like a noodle?

36. Learn from the past, but don't live there.

37. The best way to cheer yourself up is to cheer someone else up.

38. In the practice of tolerance, one's enemy is the best teacher.

39. Believe in life *before* death, and in creating heaven on Earth.

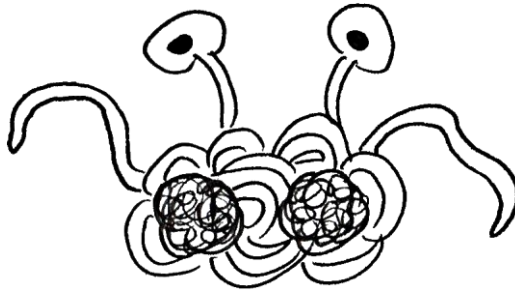
40. The best revenge against a bad parent or someone who hurt you is to live well, so that they might see how their influence did not deter you.

41. Don't get so busy working a job that you forget to live a life.

42. Pasta is more than noodles and sauce. Pasta is an idea.

Leftovers

These 42 single noodles are offered to you in the hopes that you will take each noodle and think about it in relation to yourself, your community, and the world. The FSM did not create the Single Noodles. Rather, He heard them in the hearts of humans, and collected them here because they echoed His own thoughts.



Book Eleven
The Holy Book of Ravioli

The Book of Ravioli (11)

Parables

Parables are stories that teach us things. Many parables are kept light and written in the style of some kind of happy dream. These are not. Think of these parables as something more akin to Grimm's Fairy Tales. The Flying Spaghetti Monster doesn't like humans to deny reality. If you do not admit how the world is, then you have no hope to improve it.

It is the job of each Pastafarian to be a point of light struggling against the darkness. When there is suffering, a Pastafarian will step in to stop it. Where there is war or the threat of war, a Pastafarian will advocate peace. Where there is tragedy, a Pastafarian will work to end it.

These parables are honest about the world as it is. It is the wish of His Noodliness that they will someday become obsolete. If Pastafarians all over the world work to improve the conditions for all humans, then maybe someday humans will stop dividing into tribes and keeping resources away from some for the gain of others.

The Long Shadow of Death

Once upon a time there was a family named the Jacksons. They lived in a rural area and farmed the land to sell food at the store in the city. One day when the streets were icy, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's car swerved off of the road into a tree, and they were killed.

They had three children; David, Stacy, and Carey. The children were still living at home, but David and Stacy were over 18. It was only Carey that was still in High School. When the state trooper came to tell them the news, of course they

were all very upset. As the oldest, David went with the police to go identify the bodies. Stacy and Carey sat down on the couch in silence and waited for David to get home. They didn't know what to do or say.

David came home, and gradually they all pulled together to have a funeral, figure out how to talk to lawyers about estate taxes, and learn about buying burial plots. The children were thankful that their parents had bought life insurance, so that they could afford to handle these sudden problems. Still, all of them were walking through life as if underwater, unable to get through a movie without crying at little things, and not able to talk about it with their friends.

Gradually, Stacy began to take an interest in running their parent's farm. David got a scholarship to a University, and Carey graduated and decided to go to a tech school and learn to weld. They kept putting one foot in front of the other, and sometimes it was really hard. David had no one to ask about how to choose a dorm. Stacy had no one to talk to about the business stuff she'd never learned about the farm. And Carey, well, he didn't have a mom or dad at his graduation like all the other kids.

One day, after many months, David woke up and he *wasn't* sad. He found that he was excited to go to college.

And then one day, Stacy woke up and she was glad for the sunshine and the beautiful day. She put flowers on her parent's graves and talked to them without crying.

And then one day, Carey learned to lean on his siblings and friends for advice and stopped falling apart because he didn't have a mom and dad to ask about stuff.

This is not to say that the children were never sad again. Some

things leave a mark on you forever. They all cried at a Mother's Day commercial that came on before a video they were streaming. Carey broke down once in welding school when the teacher told a story about his dad teaching him to change a tire. When Stacy got married, she cried because her dad couldn't walk her down the aisle and her mom couldn't help her pick out her dress.

However, there comes a point when there are more good days than bad days. You begin to climb out of the grief and start to move on. And all of the Jackson kids were able to do that because their parents gave them a good foundation to build on, and because life goes on. They never stopped missing their mom and dad, but they learned to be grateful to have each other, and in time, they made their own families and life *did* go on.

TLDR: Life never gives you more than you can handle, because if it does, you learn to handle more.

There Is No Right Way to Have A Family

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Bella who lived with her mom in the trailer park by the railroad tracks. She was five and a half years old, and she was in Kindergarten. Bella had a very nice mom who always kept her promises. If she told Bella that they were having pizza at night, she always came home with pizza. Having a parent that you trust matters a lot, and Bella trusted her mom.

Then one day, a man came to the house when her mom was not home. Bella didn't answer the door because she knew that she wasn't supposed to, but the man knocked for a long time. It made her feel afraid each time he would wrap his fingers on the door and call out "Police, open up!"

Finally, the man went away.

That night, Bella's mom didn't come home. She had promised that they would have KFC, but Bella waited and waited, and her mom didn't come. This had never happened before, and Bella was very afraid. The next day when she got up, Bella made herself get dressed. She fed herself breakfast and made herself pack her backpack. Then, she walked herself to school.

After school Bella rushed home, but her mom was not there.

After two days of this, Bella told her teacher that she hoped her mom would come home that night, because there was not much food left in the house. Her teacher sat her down and very gently asked her some questions, and then she made Bella wait while she made a phone call. In a little while, a woman came and took Bella to a big white building with doors that had brass handles bigger than her head. The woman did a lot of paperwork, called a lot of people over, and spoke to everyone in hushed tones. Someone brought hot chocolate and a sandwich.

Time passed.

Finally, a man came and he didn't talk to the woman. He knelt down and introduced himself to Bella.

"My name is Tyrell Johnson," he said. "It's very nice to meet you."

He put his hand out, so Bella put her tiny hand in his, and they shook hands. He told her that he had two children already, and he asked if she would like to meet them and have a sleepover. Bella said that she was worried that her mom would come home and no one would be there. The man nodded.

“You are very clever,” he told her. “But don’t you worry. We have people who will let her know where you are.”

Bella went home with Tyrell and she met his children, one boy and one girl. She liked them a lot. The next day, they all went to school together. After a few days the woman from before came by and talked to Tyrell. She shook her head, and Tyrell looked sad. They sat Bella down and told her that her mom was in jail, and that she wasn’t going to come back for a while. They explained that Tyrell was a foster parent, and that she could stay with him until her mom was released. Tyrell helped her write a letter to her mom that very night.

Over the years that followed, the Johnsons became Bella’s family. She grew to love her foster brother and sister, and when Tyrell got married she had a new mom to talk to about things. Meanwhile, the prison her birth mom went to was far away. But once a year the Johnsons all piled into a car and took her there to see her birth mom. The visits got more and more awkward as Bella got older, and she started to understand words like “drug trafficking” and “solicitation.”

In the end, Bella got a diploma, and the Johnsons helped her pay for college. She did well, and when her mom got out, they had some hard conversations. Bella realized that you can love someone, but not like them very much. She also realized that the people who raise you are your family, and she was very grateful to have a loving family.

TLDR: Not all family is bound by blood; some are bound by love.

Children Are Dreams for The Future

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Su, and she lived with her dad in a little apartment by a park. Su and her dad

were by themselves, but they were still a happy family. They celebrated holidays that her dad had loved when he was in Korea, like Buddha's Birthday and Lunar New Year. They also celebrated American holidays like Christmas and Fourth of July. Su thought she was very lucky to have more holidays than the other kids at school.

The problem was, Su's dad made her go to lots of lessons after school. She went to a school where she learned Chinese on Monday and Wednesday. On Tuesday and Thursday, she had to take piano lessons. On Saturday, Su had to go to gymnastics in the morning *and* a painting class at night. It was nice to have extra holidays, but Su hated having extra studies. Her only days off were Fridays and Sundays, but on those days her dad would make her practice his native language of Korean. All Su wanted to do was play outside with the other kids.

However, feelings can change as time passes. Su ended up making friends with some of the other children in Chinese class. She made a friend in Gymnastics, too. In painting she was very quiet because she had a crush on one of the girls in the class, and she was shy.

By the time that Su was in High School, she had finally asked out the girl from painting class, and they were dating. She had a circle of friends in school, and other friends in her after school lessons. Su's life felt very full of happiness. She was starting to look at colleges, and she found that knowing three languages and having talents looked really good on an admissions essay.

One night, Su met her girlfriend Mindy for dinner. On their way home, they saw her father walking, and Mindy stopped to give him a ride. She asked "Mr. Park, why don't you drive?" Mr. Park smiled and casually explained that he didn't

like to. No more was said about it.

Su got into the same college as Mindy, and they both moved away. Life seemed full of opportunities and they were happy.

Then over Pastamas, Su went home to see her dad. When she arrived he was not home, but Su had become bold since she had moved out, so she looked around her dad's desk because she was curious about him now that she had the eyes of an adult. She opened a drawer and found several folders, each a different color. Su realized that they were bills for all of her after-school activities. She couldn't believe how much they had cost! She found another folder with monthly budgets and realized that her dad had only ever made enough money to feed them and to pay for her lessons. From the looks of it, he had never spent any money on himself. He always said that he didn't like to drive, but now Su realized that he had walked and taken the bus because he could not afford a car.

When her dad came home, Su saw him differently. She noticed how worn the soles of his shoes were, and how many times he had patched his coat. She saw how old he was, and how many lines he had around his eyes. All her life, she had thought of her dad as the person who kept her from doing the things she wanted to do. In one terrible moment, Su realized that it had always been the other way around. She ran to her dad and hugged him, and she found herself holding on tight and crying.

Once Su stopped crying, she said; "Opa, why didn't you ever tell me how much my lessons cost? I was such a burden on you! Why didn't you ever yell at me when I complained?"

Mr. Park just smiled at his daughter.

"All I have ever wanted was to give you the life that I didn't

have," he said.

When Su finished college, she got a good job, and her and Mindy got married. They got a house big enough for her father to live there, and they took care of him for the rest of his life.

TLDR: It should be every parents' hope that they will be able to give their children a better life than what they had.

Family Doesn't Have to Be Forever

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Angela. Her mom was a hateful shrew who never wanted children, but she had Angela because her family didn't believe in abortion. When Angela was a baby, her mother said, "My family can pressure me to keep you, but they can never make me love you."

Angela did not grow up healthy or happy. She would make mistakes, as children do. Then her mother, who had never grown to love her, would relentlessly mock her for her mistakes and call her stupid and worthless. As a result, Angela would get upset and make *more* mistakes. It was a very bad cycle. Sometimes her mom hit her, but mostly she just told her what a burden she was and how she had ruined all her mother's hopes and dreams.

In grade school, Angela found some teachers who were kind to her. She managed to eventually start to get good grades and build up a sense of ability and purpose outside of her home. But every night she had to go back there, and every night her mother would tell her all the reasons she was a failure. Bringing home perfect grades did not please her mother. Cleaning the house and cooking food did not please her mother. She tried in everything she did to make her mother proud, but she always met with the same hate that she had

since she was born.

In High School, Angela met some kids who had access to drugs. They gave her some, and she found that if she went home high, she could bear being there. Angela began to smoke a lot of pot, and to do mushrooms and LSD. Every time her mother screamed at her, she would just go inside her own thoughts and find a happy place.

However, the day came when her mother went too far. Angela had made the mistake of saying that she wanted to be a social worker when she grew up, so she could help people. Her mother was furious, and told her that social workers don't make enough money. She said that she would lead a miserable life as a pauper. If she had stopped there, it might have been okay. However, she went on about how Angela was too stupid to know what was good for her, and that she had always been a worthless and horrible child.

Crying, Angela ran from the table. Her mother followed, yelling at her for getting up in the middle of the meal and hitting her on the head and shoulders.

Then it happened.

Angela turned around and hit her mother back. She hadn't known that she was going to do it. It had just happened. She had turned around right there in the middle of the kitchen and hit her mother square in the face. It was as if a monster had welled up within her and taken possession of her body.

Everything stopped.

They stared at each other.

"GET OUT OF HERE YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT!"

her mother exploded. "I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN YOU DISGUSTING, VIOLENT CHILD!"

Angela nodded. She walked into her room and packed a bag. She changed into some clothes that were better for sleeping outside. She washed her face and put her toothbrush in her pocket, and she left.

The next few years were very hard. People often spit on her and told her to get a job. She missed High School and wished she could have graduated. She hated the shelters, and eating out of dumpsters, and the way that the men eyed her like she was a piece of meat.

Angela got a job after many interviews. When she was old enough, she was finally able to sign a lease on an apartment. Over many years of hard work, she earned her GED and took classes to learn computer programming. She struggled often. However, she was stubborn. She just kept putting one foot in front of the other. In time, she had a moderately successful life. No parent to help her buy a home or a car. No one to spend holidays with. But, she got to a point where she could afford the things she needed and sometimes even things she wanted.

Once, Angela went back to the home that she had lived in with her mother. She found a new family there, and no forwarding address. She never ended up finding her mom again, but she did not look very hard. She couldn't specifically remember her mother vowing never to love her, but she could never get over the pain of not *feeling* loved as a child.

Angela chose not to have children because she was afraid she would be a bad parent. She married, and she and her husband had a very happy life. That was all she needed, and she let herself forget that she had ever had a mother.

Something her husband said best summed up how she felt about it. He said “It is a lie that you must respect your elders, and that parents and children should always love each other and work things out. That’s the kind of idealistic bullshit that keeps people together when they should be as far apart as possible.”

Angela found that all she really needed was someone to admit that, and to give her permission to stop feeling guilty. Her mother had never been good for her, and it was definitely best if they never crossed paths again. Just because you are related to someone, doesn’t mean they deserve a place in your life.

TLDR: People who think that you have to love your family no matter what have nice families, and they should not pressure children with bad families into keeping in touch. Sometimes letting go is the only way to heal your soul and be at peace.

How to Be Happy

Once upon a time, there was a woman named Susan. She was an accountant and she worked long hours for less than she thought she was worth. Susan was twenty-five and she had student loans that she was paying off. Sometimes she felt like she would be in debt forever, which made it hard to think about owning a home or having kids.

On Wednesday nights, Susan had friends she met on Facebook over for a knitting club. She had a crush on one of the guys that came. His name was Fred, and he was helping her knit blankets for the homeless shelter downtown. She was trying to work up the guts to ask him out, but she was shy.

On Friday Nights, Susan went to a club called SCA where everyone reenacted medieval fights. She was an archer and

the head of her clan. Everyone looked up to her because she had been practicing archery since she was a teenager, and she was really good at it.

On Saturday, Susan went to D&D with some friends from college. They ate snacks that were bad for them and killed trolls and orcs, and generally had a really good time. Susan played a paladin, and her group valued her because she had healing powers.

On Sundays, Susan went hiking by herself in the woods. Sometimes she brought a book and read. Sometimes she brought her camera and took photos. Sometimes she just hiked to the top of a mountain and back for the exercise. It always felt good to be outside.

There were a lot of things that Susan couldn't control. The job market was bad and university was too expensive. There were wars and some people were homeless or addicted to drugs. Her job was not enjoyable and it was definitely not her passion, but she couldn't quit because she needed to pay off her loans and have healthcare.

And yet, Susan was a very happy person.

Whenever her boss made her stay late or assigned her more work than her co-workers, Susan remembered that she was head of her clan in SCA. Whenever she looked at the balance on her student loans and felt like she would never pay them off, she thought about her D&D group and how much they loved having her there. And, when she watched TV and saw all the skinny girls that had perfect faces, she remembered that she was knitting blankets for the shelter downtown, and she remembered how cute she thought Fred was when he was casting on.

The truth was, Susan did not have a perfect life. She had less to be optimistic about than generations before her, and her country was in debt just like she was. And yet, she worked hard to find moments of happiness and build the best kind of life that she could, under the circumstances. Most days, Susan woke up happy to be alive, and she loved her life.

TLDR: Make the most of what you have.

Flock with Whoever You Want

Once upon a time, there was a Pakistani girl who traveled to the United States to go to college. Her parents had not wanted her to go, but she was stubborn and because they loved her, they gave in eventually. They fussed over her packing and getting ready to leave.

“Amira,” her mother said, “You must call us all the time, and you must be careful of the people you meet.”

They had told her over and over that she must be careful and that she must call, so Amira only nodded at her mother and tried to smile. Then her father took her aside and looked her in the eyes when he spoke. He seemed gravely serious.

“Do not forget the fables you learned as a child,” he told her. “Birds of a feather flock together, and so you must find Pakistani girls to spend your time with in America.”

Amira nodded, but secretly she found herself feeling angry at her father. She wanted to go away for school so that she could meet different kinds of people! Birds with the same feathers as her would only be more of what she could see at home. If that was what she wanted, why would she travel so far away?

In her very first class at school, Amira saw a girl who looked

like she had a kind spirit. She walked in and sat next to the girl, scooting her chair very close the way that was common in her country. The girl looked surprised for a moment, and then she smiled. Before the girl could say anything, she found herself flooded with questions.

“Hi I’m Amira!” said Amira enthusiastically. “It means ‘Princess,’ but I am not a princess, so it’s kind of a silly name. I came from Pakistan to study here and my English might not be very good, but I hope to make friends. You seem nice. Do you mind if I sit by you?”

“Alex,” the girl said, offering her hand. “And my name doesn’t mean anything.”

Amira looked confused.

“I watch American TV all the time,” she said, “And I always thought that Alex was a boy’s name. Have I always been wrong? Can all your names be boy or girl? Why doesn’t it mean anything?”

“Um... it’s short for Alexandria,” Alex said. “And... um... no. I mean, most names are kind of gendered, I guess.”

This went on for quite a while as they waited for the professor. Amira grilled Alex about all kinds of things. During class, she also passed Alex notes as she thought of things. If Alex was honest, she felt a little overwhelmed. But on the other hand, she was always happy to make a friend.

Over the next few years, Alex became one of Amira’s best friends. She helped explain how dating worked, how the post office and public transportation worked, and how to conduct oneself at a bar. They made friends with other students from different places as well. Amira was particularly interested in

meeting people from India, since Pakistan had split off from India and many of her fellow Pakistanis could sometimes have a less than charitable view of Indians.

Amira was gratified to learn that she had been right all along. Birds of a feather might flock together in the wild, but that was not a good way for humans to be. Humans were all one species, and meeting people from other countries and other social classes helped her to get a fuller picture of the world overall.

In the end, she graduated and had to go back to Pakistan to be with her family. However, Amira invited all her friends to come and learn about her culture and stay at her home. She also went back for all the reunions that her group of college friends planned.

Amira's choice to study overseas and to make friends with Alex had ripples. Alex learned about Pakistan and told other people what it was like there. Her humanization of the people in Pakistan led to protests when Alex's country bombed Amira's country. All those ripples helped educate people, who then felt compelled to advocate diplomacy over bombs.

It's not like Amira stopped a war by herself. However, she was a point of light that spread vital knowledge. And, it was the combination of her light and the light of others that made the difference.

TLDR: It is best to avoid ignorance by having friends with different feathers than your own.

You Can't Do Anything You Want

Once upon a time there was a kid named Donnie who really wanted to be an astronaut. Donnie loved space, and he had

posters on his wall of The Horsehead Nebula and the solar system. When he told his mom and dad that he was going to be an astronaut someday, they just smiled at him and went back to what they were doing.

Donnie did very well in school. He was so good at math that the teach gave him extra problems to solve on his own and put him in advanced placement classes. The only part about school that Donnie hated was recess. He wanted to play with the other kids, but he got tired very quickly. Also, some of the kids made fun of him because once on Halloween he wore a pirate costume with an open-front shirt, and the other kids saw the scar on his chest. Donnie's parents told him that it was from when he has surgery as a baby.

A few years passed, and Donnie was still excelling in math and dreaming about being an astronaut. He went to the doctor a lot, and one of the times that he was there, his dad left the room to answer a phone call. Trying to make conversation, the doctor asked Donnie about his dreams.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" the doctor asked.

Donnie told her all about how he was going to go to space and help colonize Mars. She looked sad.

"Donnie," she said softly, "You *do* know that you have a heart condition, right?"

Donnie did not know this.

The doctor's office had mint green walls and a white tile floor. Donnie was sat on the patient examination table, and the doctor was standing next to him. She was wearing a purple blouse under her white coat. She had kind eyes and bronze

eye shadow. Donnie remembered every detail of that room because it was the room where his dreams died.

The doctor explained that he had been sick when he was born, and that they had needed to give him a heart transplant. She went on to explain that the donor heart was wearing out, and that he would need another transplant someday. The doctor looked very sad as she explained to Donnie that he wouldn't be able to go to space, because he wasn't healthy enough.

Donnie's dad came back in the room and asked how it was going. Donnie only scowled. In fact, he refused to talk to his parents for the next week. He felt betrayed because they had let him believe that he would go to space someday, even when they had known that he couldn't. One night, he finally yelled at them about everything he was feeling. They didn't yell back. Donnie's dad cried, and his mom looked down at her hands for a long time.

After a while, Donnie wasn't even mad at his parents anymore. He found himself hating his healthy classmates instead. They could all grow up to be anything they wanted, and he couldn't! They didn't even realize how lucky they were! One day when he was thinking about this, a boy asked him if he wanted to play a game. Donnie kicked the boy in the stomach.

It was then that the teacher pulled him aside and talked to him. She asked why he had kicked the boy, and then she listened.

Donnie unloaded all of his fury on her. He explained that he had always dreamed of going to space. He told the teacher what his doctor had said. He yelled about his parents not knowing what to say. And finally, he ranted about the other kids in class who were not sick, and how mad that made him.

The teacher listened to Donnie until he ran out of things to say.

Finally, when he fell silent, she took his hand.

“Donnie,” she said, “I am *so* sorry that this is happening to you. It’s not fair, and you don’t deserve to be sick. I understand why you are angry at your doctor and your parents. I even understand why you were mad at the boy who asked you to play. But no matter how mad we get, we mustn’t hurt people.”

Donnie listened while the teacher told him about a job he might like. It was a person called an Astronomer. She said that they looked at space from Earth, and sometimes they discovered things that even astronauts didn’t know. She also told him about Aerospace Engineers, and how they got to design space ships. She said that these jobs required a person be *very* good at math, but that they did not require that a person have a healthy body. Donnie perked up when she said that.

They talked for a while longer about why he was so angry, and he realize that he wasn’t angry at his doctor, or his parents, or the kids at school. Donnie was angry because sometimes life isn’t fair. Sometimes the other kids get to be healthy, and you don’t. He realized that this was a hard thing to accept, and so he had been angry at everyone around him instead.

The teacher made him apologize to the boy he kicked, and she made him promise to go home and apologize to his parents. It wasn’t easy to apologize, but Donnie did it. He understood that the things that made him so upset were not anyone’s fault. Sometimes bad things happen, and there is nothing

anyone can do about it.

He grew up to be a famous Astronomer, and he discovered several previously unknown astrological phenomena. He named his very first discovery after the teacher who had inspired him to pursue his career, and the next after the boy he had kicked in the stomach.

TLDR: It's just not true that anyone can do anything. Some people are not suited to some things, and it is the job of adults to steer children towards reasonable expectations.

A Tale of Two Girls

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Chantel. She was just a normal girl in the fourth grade, and she was not very different from the other children in her class. The one thing that *was* different was that Chantel had a very rich family, and she always had the nicest clothes and toys.

Unfortunately, no one wanted to go to Chantel's birthday parties. The other kids in her class didn't like her, because they were jealous of all the nice things that they had. In particular, there was a girl named Sarah who always wore second-hand clothes and was on the free lunch program at the school. Every time Sarah looked at Chantel, she was angry.

The way the other kids looked at Chantel made her angry, and she eventually got her parents to let her go to a private school where all the other children had rich parents too. Even after she changed schools, she never stopped hating people who had less than her, because they had shunned her when she was young.

All of Chantel's life she never shared anything that she had, and she died with a lot of money, but she was never very

happy.

~Meanwhile~

In another town, there was a girl named Krystal. Krystal knew that her parents had more money than everyone else, and she felt bad about it. She made them take her to the discount stores to buy clothes and always brought extra food in case anyone didn't have something to eat at lunchtime. When a kid in her class had a birthday, Krystal insisted that her parents buy them a gift. Everyone thought she picked out the best gifts.

When Krystal sent out birthday invitations, she gave one to every kid in the class. The invitations said that guests were asked not to bring a gift, but that they could bring a snack they made. All the kids had fun making cupcakes and cookies with their parents to bring to Krystal's parties, and it was fun to try everyone's desserts. Well, except for Remmy. His cookies were always terrible. That's okay though, because Remmy was a nice guy. He just wasn't very good at baking.

The other students really liked Krystal and she always made a lot of friends. Some of them started out only liking her because of the things she had and the things she gave people, but then they got to know her and realized that she was a really nice girl. She started High School with more friends than any other student there, and she kept most of those friends her whole life.

Krystal went into politics and spent her life fighting for better social programs for the disadvantaged, and for social justice. When she died, the city closed the streets and the entire town went to her funeral. Her grave stone was forever covered with flowers, and no one every forgot her.

TLDR: When you have more than others, share with your community instead of hoarding what you have. You cannot take money with you when you die.

I'm Just Doing the Eye

Once upon a time there was a girl named Anastacia. She was lucky enough to have parents that were wealthy, and so she was able to take some time off after High School to "go on walkabout." She traveled to several remote villages and took selfies with people. Unfortunately, she wasn't really understanding the context of the things she was seeing, so most of it was wasted on her.

The one day, Anastacia went to a small community in Japan. She saw a man painting an eye onto a dragon that was on the side of a temple.

"Did you paint that dragon?" Anastacia asked.

"No," said the man.

He did not elaborate, so Anastacia pressed him about what he was up to.

The man grudgingly explained that each generation of monks added things to the temple. Brother Haru did the statue of the Buddha that sat near the main gate. Brother Hinata had painted the dragon during his time at the monastery. Many years ago, Riku had done the wood carving on the alter. He told Anastacia that the temple was a living thing which was constantly growing through the work of the monks, and that each person was adding to it in whatever way they could.

"So you are really just doing the eye?" Anastacia asked.

The man nodded.

She scoffed at him, and took pictures inside the temple even though it wasn't respectful to do so.

That night Anastacia had a dream. She saw humanity as if it were a great continuum from the first human to paint a buffalo on a cave wall to the guy doing the eye. She realized what the monk had been talking about as she looked down the line of humans stretching across 40,000 years of history. Suddenly many pieces of the puzzle of life slid into place for her.

No one acts alone. Each of us is building on the works of those who came before. Even when you think that you are doing something that no one else has ever done, you are using knowledge that you got from growing up in a world full of the wisdom of all the people who came before you. You're not painting a dragon by yourself. You're just doing the eye.

Anastacia went home and started college. She annoyed everyone there with her stories of walkabout, which she could work into any conversation. And, although it annoyed people because she sounded spoiled when she talked about her journeys, she was sharing things that she had learned. You could say that she was painting the dragon's head for people, so that they could do the eye.

TLDR: We all stand on the shoulders of the humans who came before us. Also, don't be the human who brags all the time or lords your experiences over other. No one likes that human.

Wherever You Go, There You Are

Once upon a time there was a man named Advika. He married his High School sweetheart, and they were very

happy together. They planned to start a family as soon as they could afford to buy a house, and they had so many plans for things they wanted to do together. Love is full of possibilities, particularly when it is combined with youth. They had a lot of dreams.

Sadly, his wife was killed as she drove home from work. A drunk driver ran a red light, and she died on impact. Advika was devastated. Losing things you have is very hard, but losing your hopes and dreams is something that is particularly cruel for a person's soul. He didn't just lose his wife, he lost everything that they had ever hoped to do together.

After her funeral, Advika sold all of his possessions and began to travel. He had lost his center, and wanted to find out why the universe would have taken everything he cared about from him. First, Advika went to India and learned to meditate. Then, he went to China and stood on the Great Wall. No matter where he went, he could not find any answers.

Finally, Advika went to South Korea. He took a train to a remote part of the country, took a bus to a national preserve, and climbed a mountain to get to the temple that was at the top. When he got there, the monk made him tea and welcomed him. He asked Advika why he was there.

Advika told him the story of meeting his wife, falling in love, their wedding, and her death. He talked about the plans they had had, and asked why something like this could be allowed to happen. He looked so desperate, and the monk was moved by his pain.

The monk smiled, and he walked out onto the patio. Advika followed. They sat on the ground and looked out over the valley below. As they watched, a hawk swooped down and grabbed a mouse. The mouse struggled as the hawk flew

away with it.

After a while, the monk spoke.

“Do you think that the mouse had plans?” he asked.

Advika nodded, but was annoyed. His wife was not a mouse! And, she had not died as part of a natural food chain. Rather, she had died because someone made the choice to drink and drive. He wanted to say all of these things, but he knew that the monk must have a point. He waited.

“Letting go of hopes and dreams is very hard,” he said. “But, you don’t need a monk to tell you that. It is the truth that you have been avoiding all this time. I am sorry to tell you that no matter how far you run and how much you seek, you will never find anything but the answer you already knew when you left your home.”

The monk got up, and he bowed to the buddha as he entered the temple. He then set about cleaning up the tools he had used to make the tea. When he was done, he pulled out a soft mat and lay down in the corner to take a nap.

Advika sat and looked out at the valley for a long time. He thought about his wife, and he cried and cried until he was empty of tears. Finally, he got up and bowed to the Buddha. He put an offering into the box next to the alter. Then, he made his way to the building next door where the monks cremains were kept. He put a few dollars in the box there, took a candle, and lit it. He said a prayer for the spirit of his wife.

When Advika walked away from the temple and down the hill to the bus station, he felt better. He realized that his journey had taken him thousands of miles and cost a lot of

money, but it *had* all been to run from his grief. There were no answers after all. Sometimes death just happens. A hawk could snatch you up, and that would be the end of everything for you.

Advika took the bus to the train station. He took a train to the airport. He bought a plane ticket and flew home. When he arrived, he apologized to his friends and family for leaving, and he found a new job. Gradually, life went on and he began to heal. It took a lot of time, but he did fall in love again, and he lived happily ever after with his new wife and their children.

TLDR: You cannot run from the demons inside of you, for they are with you no matter where you go.

Ceramic Bears Don't Love You

Once upon a time, there was a woman named Kayla. Kayla absolutely loved ceramic bears. She had been collecting them since she was a little girl, and she had more than one hundred bears. Some of them were fishing. Some of them were sleeping. One of them was even pooping! She was very proud of her collection of bears.

Kayla grew up and got married to a man named Todd. They had two children together; Carol and Robert. As children do, they loved to play. They chased each other around the house, tossed balls at each other, and tried to fly their father's drone in the house when their parents weren't home. After all, children have a lot of energy and they need to run and play.

One day, Carol was playing with a stuffed bunny that her aunt had given her. She was tossing it up in the air, and then trying to catch it as it came back down. She threw it a little bit higher than she meant to and at an angle, and it hit the shelf

where her mother kept all of her little ceramic bears. Several of them came crashing down to the floor, and they shattered on the tile.

Now, Carol knew how much her mother loved those bears. She showed them off to everyone that came over and bragged about how many she had and how much they were worth. Sometimes Carol suspected that her mother loved the bears more than she loved her children. So, she did the only thing she could think of to do: She collected all the pieces and hid them in a closet, and then she played quietly in her room and hoped the problem would go away on its own. This is a perfectly acceptable solution when you are seven, except that doubt kept creeping into her mind because she suspected that something very bad would happen later.

Sure enough, Kayla noticed that there were bears missing the very next day! She was furious, and she thought someone had stolen them. She yelled and screamed, and Todd tried to comfort her. It did no good. Kayla remembered each bear that was missing, and she remembered where she had gotten them. She could think of nothing else but what she had lost, and she did not notice how terrified her family was.

Kayla yelled at the neighbors, her friends, and her co-workers. She told everyone who would listen about The Case of The Missing Bears. It finally got to be too much for Carol, and she confessed in a rush.

"It was me mommy," she screamed. "I broke the bears and hid them so you wouldn't hate me! I am sorry."

Kayla was furious. She demanded to see the pieces. Carol took her to the closet and showed her all the tiny pieces of ceramic bear hidden carefully in a shoebox under some coats. Kayla looked at the pieces and felt rage. Here was a tiny head from

the bear her mother got her when she graduated High School! There was a foot from the fishing bears that her uncle got her for her birthday the year before he died! She was ready to scream and yell and maybe even hit Carol.

Carol's younger brother Robert walked up and hugged her. Todd came too, and he hugged both children. They all looked at Carol with fear in their eyes.

It was at that moment that Kayla realized how silly it was to collect ceramic bears. They were just things! Right before her, her family stood there filled with fear. But, didn't she love them more than she loved those silly bears? Wasn't she proud of her kids and her husband for how hard they tried and how good they were? She began to cry, and she hugged her family. Ceramic bears cannot love you, but your family can. She forgave her daughter, and she never placed value on possessions over people again.

TLDR: People are more important than stuff. Focus on the people you love rather than the things you own.

Choose Your Fate

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Victor. Unfortunately, Victor's mom left when he was young, and his dad drank a lot more than was good for him. When his dad was angry, he would yell at Victor and blame him for his mom leaving. Sometimes he hit him.

Over the years Victor grew up, and when he was old enough, he moved out. He was never close to his dad after that, and he chose to work on holidays rather than go home. Sometimes a bad relationship is best left to wither on the vine.

Victor fell in love and got married very quickly; maybe sooner

than he should have. His wife was a nice person, but sometimes she didn't understand him or what he wanted *and it made him so mad*. They had married quickly because she was pregnant, and they soon had a little boy. This was very stressful for Victor, because while his wife was taking care of the baby she wasn't working, and he had to support all three of them. They named the baby Anton, and Victor hated himself for resenting Anton, but he did.

One day after his wife had gone back to work, Victor was watching Anton at the park on a cool Saturday afternoon in October. He saw a woman walk by who was beautiful, and she smiled at him. His first thought was to follow her and try to talk to her, but he remembered that he could not because he had a wife and a toddler to think about. Just as he was remembering this, Anton came up to him and started screaming to be picked up.

In that horrible moment, Victor felt a monster inside of him that wanted to swell up into his mouth and spew out mean things like his father used to say to him. He heard the echoes of his father's voice in his mind:

"You're a rotten, spoiled child and I wish I never had you!" his father echoed in his head as he raised his fist.

Victor flinched as though he had been stuck by an actual blow.

He sat down in the grass.

The world seemed to spin around him and he felt vaguely sick.

For just a moment, Victor was a little boy in a dirty apartment with a drunk father all over again. He remembered the smell

of the unwashed clothes on the floor, and cigarette smoke in the air, and the wheezing sound his father made when he took a breath to yell. He remembered that his father has also married young, and he realized that his father had probably resented him the same way that he was resenting his son now.

Instead of yelling, Victor stuffed the monster back down inside of his soul. He knew that letting it out would feel good. He had been picked on when he was too small to fight back, and he knew that doing it to someone else would feel satisfying. But, he didn't want to continue the cycle of abuse.

Anton was crying now because his father was ignoring him. Victor took him in his arms and held him close.

"I love you my child," he whispered. "I am grateful for you and your mother, and I will never yell at you or hurt you."

Years later when Anton was a sullen teenager, Victor had to stop himself many times and remember his vow in the park that day. He would pause, take a few deep breathes, and then do his best to speak from a place of love. It wasn't easy. Thankfully, love and patience seemed to come easily to his wife. He had grown to love her more each day once he stopped resenting her, and chose to look at her good qualities instead of what he felt he'd lost when they married. They had a very happy life together, and they were always good parents to Anton. In this way, Victor ended a cycle of abuse that had probably been going on for generations. He set himself free, and in doing so, he set his son free as well from a monster that he never knew existed.

TLDR: Break the cycle. Don't let the monster get out of you and jump into someone else.

When You Grow Up

Upon a time, there was a girl named Maria, and she lived with her mother in a tiny apartment. When she was young, her mother used to play a game called Hide In The Closet where she put Maria in the closet and told her to be quiet for as long as she could. Maria heard a lot of things that she didn't really understand when she was in the closet, and sometimes she was really afraid. But, she never made a sound. Maria was very good at the game Hide In The Closet.

Sometimes Maria's mom would pass out with a needle in her arm. It looked like it hurt, so Maria would carefully take it out and put a blanket over her mom. She didn't understand what was happening, but her mom said it was medicine, so she thought that her mom must be sick.

Every now and then a man would come to see her mom. Maria would have to hide in the closet while her mom made sounds like she was in pain. Then the man would leave and her mom would have more medicine.

One horrible day, the man came by when Maria's mom was not home and insisted that he be let in. Maria didn't want to disobey an adult, so she let him in. He touched her in ways that she didn't think an adult should do, and it made her feel dirty. She hid in the closet and cried.

When Maria was older, they got evicted from their apartment and went to live with Maria's aunt. Aunty Shelly was also sick, and she also took medicine in needles. A different man brought the medicine now, and sometimes aunty Shelly and the man would take the medicine together, taking turns with the needle.

A few years after that, Maria started watching more adult

movies. She went out with her friends to see a movie where people did heroin. It was in that theatre that she realized her mother and Auntie Shelly *were* sick, but not in the way that she had thought. In the movie, the people who did heroin had been arrested and had gone to jail. This seemed like it was good for them, because they couldn't do drugs in jail. Maria took out her phone as soon as she said goodbye to her friends and called the police. The man who answered sounded mean, and Maria hung up the phone very quickly. She did not call back.

All the things that were wrong with her life dawned on her one after the other as she grew. She learned the words that went with her experiences, and she learned that all of them were bad. She became very angry and started to act out. She wore all black and had sex with boys in empty classrooms at school when she should have been in class. She smoked pot, tried cigarettes but didn't like them, and tried alcohol and loved it. Her teachers tried to talk to her as she spiraled out of control, but she wouldn't listen to anyone.

Eventually, she dropped out of school and met some people her own age that did heroin. She decided to try it, to see what was so great that her mom had given her such a shitty childhood. When Maria got high, it was like her entire life came into focus. She felt complete euphoria and it was like the universe was numbed of all pain and only peace was left. She loved it.

When Maria came down, she checked herself into rehab the very next day.

Over the next several years, Maria confronted all the things that led up to her trying heroin. She talked to her group about the molestation when she was young, and about her mom always being passed out. She talked about the eviction and

losing all her second-hand crappy toys. She talked about her aunt and how things had just gone from bad to worse. And, she talked about failing out of High School and making a mess of her life because she had no healthy coping skills and no way to process her experiences.

The people in Maria's group all had similar experiences. They understood. This helped her, because she could see that they had been through things like she had, and yet they were still putting on foot in front of the other and carrying on with the business of living.

It took years of work, but she finally learned that a person cannot go through life running from the demons of their past. A bad childhood is an excuse to be traumatized, and maybe even to need a lifetime of therapy. However, you can't spend your entire life blaming your actions on your past. At some point, you have to stand up and say that you are old enough now, and you will take control.

Maria got a lot better, but there were always scars. For example, she never learned to like Christmas. Santa doesn't bring presents to the children of drug addicts, and she couldn't find happiness in a holiday that had always brought her nothing but pain. But in spite of the scars, she did get her GED, get a certification in phlebotomy, and have a pretty okay life in the end. She got married, had children of her own, and always took good care of them. In the end, life stopped feeling like something to be survived, and instead became something to be enjoyed.

TLDR: It's okay to be hurt by the past, but don't let your past ruin your future.

Two Brothers Go to College

Once upon a time, there were two brothers. Their names were Kevin and Darnell. Kevin was quick-witted and funny, and Darnell was quiet and studious. They had good parents who were divorced, but who both made the time to teach them things and help them grow up to be good adults.

When they went off to college, Kevin made a lot of friends, because he was very outgoing. He went to parties all the time, and everyone on campus knew who he was. He would walk to his car and get stopped by people every few feet.

Darnell, however, spent his hours between classes in the library. He met a nice girl there, and the two of them spent all their time together. They both got perfect grades, and even did the extra honors work. All their teachers were very impressed with them.

When it came time to look for jobs, Kevin got lots of offers. No one cared about his bad grades. In fact, he loved to joke with everyone that "C's get degrees," and everyone always laughed. He had his pick of jobs at some of the best firms, and he got a job that he really liked.

Darnell went to look for jobs and hit a wall. He discovered that jobs for college graduates are not typically the type of jobs that are posted anywhere. Positions are usually filled by knowing someone who recommends you. Darnell had spent all of his time studying and he was very proud of his grades, but he couldn't find a job.

Darnell went to his brother and told him what the problem was. Kevin laughed and teased him about always having his nose in books instead of making friends. However, because they were brothers and he loved Darnell, Kevin found him a

job. It was not Darnell's ideal job, but at least it was a starting point for him. He realized that he had learned a valuable lesson about participating in his community and making friends, even if it is hard. In the end, he learned to branch out a little, and he made a friend at a company Christmas party who found him a better job that he liked much more.

Both brothers lived happily every after.

TLDR: Some of your energy must always go to networking if you want to succeed.

Santa Doesn't Love Poor Kids

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Judy. She loved the holiday of Christmas for its secular traditions like Santa Claus and holiday lights. Judy's parents worried, because Christmas was a very consumer-based holiday that taught children to covet material possessions instead of valuing family and community. However, they knew that the other kids in her school would be getting presents from "Santa Claus," so they decided to indulge Judy while she was young. They knew that they could explain the evils of consumer culture when she got older.

The problem was, Judy's parents didn't have a lot of money. So, the presents they bought her "from Santa" were small. She got new socks, and a warm winter coat. Judy seemed disappointed on Christmas, but she went outside to play in the snow and it seemed like the incident was over.

However, the next day Judy came home in tears. Her parents tried to speak to her, but she didn't want to talk about it. She hid in her room with the door shut, and they could hear her crying.

For the first two days, Judy's parents gave her space. They knew that sometimes children can work things out on their own if you give them the room to do it. They wanted Judy to grow up to be a self-reliant adult, so they usually gave her some time to try to figure things out herself before they swooped in to fix anything. However, at the end of two days, Judy was still pouting and upset.

"Judy," her mother said kindly, "You must tell us what the problem is. It seems like you need to help to solve it, and that is what me and your dad are for."

Looking ashamed, Judy admitted that she thought she must have been a bad girl over the last year. Her parents were shocked! She was a wonderful child who almost never complained, and who tried hard at everything she did. They probed her some more, and eventually got her to admit the problem.

"All the other kids got new tablets and expensive toys from Santa!" Judy cried. "All I got was socks and a coat! I must have been horrible because he brought the other kids nicer things than me!"

This made her parents cry, and for a moment, Judy thought they must be crying because she was right. But then dad took her in his arms and her mom rubbed her back. They did their best to explain the truth as calmly as they could.

"I am very sorry that you felt that way," her mom said. "We have to tell you something only big kids know, okay?"

They explained that on TV, the characters in the shows were not real. That didn't make the shows less fun! Everyone loves a good TV show or movie, and it's okay if the characters are made up, because shows about real people might be boring.

They told her that Santa Claus was also not real, but that it was a nice story. It's fun to think that a happy old man brings presents to kids, isn't it? But he's not real, and it is the parents who buy the toys.

Judy thought about this carefully.

"Does that mean that *you* love me less than other parents, because you bought me things that were less nice?" she asked.

"No, honey," said her dad. "We're just poor. That means that we make less money than other people at our jobs. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"Why," she asked.

Her parents took some time then to explain how they hadn't been able to afford college because their parents had been poor, and how sometimes there are just not a lot of opportunities. Judy absorbed all of this in silence. She looked thoughtful, because children need to take time to think over such big, adult ideas.

"You love me as much as the other parents?" she asked.

Her parents assured her that they did.

"And I can't tell the other kids that Santa is made up, can I?" she asked.

They told her that she could not.

After a lot of hugging and talking through everything, Judy felt much better. She came to understand that her mother and

father *did* love her, and that she was not a bad girl just because Santa didn't bring her expensive gifts. So never told any of the kids in her class that Santa wasn't real because her parents had said she couldn't. However, she might have helped a few of them figure it out for themselves.

TLDR: If you celebrate Christmas, expensive gifts should be from family, and only small gifts should come from Santa (regardless of your own economic status, because it's not only about you.)

Live Within Your Means

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Zoe who was going off to college. By all accounts, Zoe was a really nice guy. He had a lot of friends. Unfortunately, Zoe had not listened to his parents' financial advice when he was young, because it was boring and he was too busy imagining other worlds and the kinds of aliens that lived there. Imagination is good, and curiosity about the other life in the galaxy is even better, but paying attention to financial advice from wise sources can save you a lot of trouble.

Zoe decided to take out student loans. Not just the minimum amount for tuition, but enough for his books and living expenses as well. He didn't want to have a job while he was in college, because he thought it would get in the way. In addition to the loans, he also got credit cards and spent a lot of money on them.

This meant that Zoe had a really good time in college. He spent a lot of hours playing video games and looking at his favorite websites. He hung out with friends. He picked up the tab more than his fair share at bars and restaurants.

No one knew how Zoe afforded things, since he didn't have a job. However, friends are often afraid to talk about money and

make sure that the people they care about are making smart choices. It is seen as a taboo subject that may start an argument. Therefore, people watched Zoe ruin his life and they had no idea it was even happening. Someone probably should have stepped in and stood up to him, but no one did.

When Zoe graduated, his credit cards were maxed out and his student loan payments began. He found a job, but it didn't pay nearly enough to cover his loan payments and credit card payments as well as expenses. Zoe had to move back in with his parents. When they found out what he had done, they were very angry. They had warned him that he should have a part-time job in college and keep expenses to a minimum, and they had thought that he had been listening. The year after Zoe graduated was a hard year for all of them.

Zoe's parents took out a second mortgage on their home so that they could pay off his debt. It meant that they could not retire and it put them in danger of losing their home. However, they couldn't bear the thought of Zoe being unable to have a life because he was stuck under debt forever. All parents want their children to have the best chance at life that is possible, and many of them give up everything to make it happen.

When Zoe's debt was paid off, he vowed never to take out a loan or use a credit card again. With the exception of a home mortgage someday, he knew he would never want to owe anyone anything again. He spent the rest of his life saving up to pay cash for things and taking care of his parents in their old age because he owed them everything. Zoe learned a very important lesson, which is that debt is a dangerous thing that can ruin your future.

TLDR: Don't borrow from your future unless you absolutely have to. It's a short-term gain for a long-term loss.

The Distance You Travel

Once upon a time, colleges did not have to meet standards of content and quality, and so there were many that were fairly useless to attend. This was no problem for children from nice families who could simply go to the Ivy League schools that let them in because their parents were alumni. However, it was hard for kids like Hector. Hector wasn't from a wealthy family, and no one in his family had ever been to college.

Hector wanted to be the first to go to college, but he was struggling because he had no one to ask for advice. He didn't know how to pick a school, how to apply, how to choose a major, or any of the other things that a college-educated family might have been able to help him with. Some children are groomed their entire life to attend college, but Hector had never heard his family talk about it unless they complained that someone who had gone to college "acted better" than them.

When he announced that he would be the first in his family to go to school, they did not congratulate him. In fact, several of his cousins immediately turned on him, saying that he didn't think the family was good enough for him. It is common, when an animal feels threatened, for it to lash out. It is also common, if a person is jealous, for them to try to minimize another person's ambition or accomplishments. Hector understood this, and he tried not to take it personally.

Finding a school that was accredited nationally was hard. Hector read everything he could find, but a lot of for-profit schools had swayed the information available. He had to sift through a lot of misinformation in order to find out that his best option was two years at a community college, and then transferring to the state university. He was able to determine that in-person learning was the best deal for your money, so

he was careful to only enroll in classes that he could attend on campus. And, because he knew debt would weigh him down, he spent an entire year writing scholarship essays until he finally got one.

All through school there were challenges. He had to work full-time while going, since no one in his family could afford to support him. Hector also learned that there was a type of speech that people used at college which was almost a different language than the English he grew up with. It involved taking out all the curse words (used in his neighborhood to sound capable of defending one's self.) It also involved trading several small words in for large words, such as "quintessence" instead of "what the thing is really about at its core."

Hector had to look up words a lot. It was humiliating because, when he pulled out his dictionary, people assumed he was born in Mexico and started speaking to him in slow, broken English. They would say things like "YOU LIKE AMERICA? AMERICAN GOOD, YES?" Hector turned red and nodded before rushing away.

It took him six years to get a four-year degree because he had to work while going to school. The entire time, his family acted as though he had betrayed them, and the people at school decided he was beneath them because he wasn't sophisticated enough. The only bright part was an International Students group that he joined. He met other people from all over the world, and enjoyed getting to know them. They didn't seem to have a good enough grasp on the social classes in his country to understand that he was from the lowest one.

Hector studied business. With his International connections from school, he was able to graduate and start an

import/export business that made a lot of money. He paid for the weddings and birthday parties of everyone in his family, and helped many of them become land owners. He later got married and started his own family, and was able to set up trust funds for his kids to go to college. He taught them academic English and told them how the process of going to college worked. Of course, he never became very rich. He always lived in a modest house, and someone who didn't know him might say that he was "average" and "hadn't done much with his life."

In spite of this, Hector knew that the measure of a person is not how far they get in comparison to other people. The *true* measure of a person is in how far they get from where they started. If someone starts in a mansion and ends up in a mansion, then they have only managed to maintain the status quo, but have not advanced at all. They may have a nicer house, but they didn't advance in the world even one step, and so what they have done is meaningless. Meanwhile, Hector had raised the tone of his entire family (even if it took them time to come around and be proud.) He brought his family and himself out of poverty and into the middle class. If you looked at his life from start to finish, you would see that he had taken hundreds of painful steps to get to where he was. In the end, that means everything.

TLDR: The measure of a man or woman is in how far they travel from where they start, not in how they compare to others.

Loving Yourself is the Best Act of Defiance

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Sofia. She had developmental problems, both from dyslexia and from her parents forcing her to switch from her left to right hand when she was in kindergarten. Sofia tried really hard. She never skated by or put in less than the full amount of effort that she

was capable of. However, it never seemed to be enough, and she began to feel as though she was always behind.

Sofia's parents were very disappointed in her for not getting good grades, and they yelled at her often. This was hard for her. She really wanted to be loved, as all children do. Yet, she never felt loved because her parents thought she was not smart.

It took Sofia a long time to learn to read. For awhile she thought she would never get it. But when she finally did, she found that she *loved* reading. In books, she could escape the world where everyone called her stupid and thought she was a disappointment. Inside a book, there could be dragons and fairies, and every little girl was the hero of her own story.

Sofia soon discovered that reading books made her powerful. Every time she saw a situation unfolding in life, she could think of the various tropes in stories that began that way, and easily predict how the situation would end. After all, people have been playing out the same old stories for thousands of years, with only slight variations as technology and culture changes. Every generation thinks that they are new and different, but they soon find that they behave much the same as people have for all of time. Love stories are still love stories, children still rebel against their parents, and those who cross class barriers are still the subject of envy and curiosity.

As a result of Sofia reading so much, people who met Sofia in High School often referred to her as "having an old soul." Filled with stories and information, she seemed wise beyond her years. And, in time, she caught up her grades as well. By that point her parents no longer paid attention to her, but it didn't matter. She was no longer doing it for them.

Sofia ended up graduating with amazing grades, and she was

able to get a scholarship to college. She got a degree and made a life doing what she loved. She never did win her parents love, because sometimes when a parent sours on a child early on, they never warm up to them again. It didn't matter though. Sofia found that she could create a tribe of like-minded people and spend her holidays with them, instead. When people asked her if she was upset that her parents never warmed up to her, she would shrug it off. If pressed, she simply said that the best revenge is to live well.

TLDR: If you are happy with who you are and the life you lead, you will never have any reason to chase the approval of others.

Don't Be A Dick

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Gregory. He always felt out of place with the other boys at school, and preferred to talk with the girls and play dress-up. When he was in Middle School, he would sneak into his mom's room and play with her makeup. He also liked to try on her shoes.

The girls at school knew that Greg liked these things, but most of them just included him as "one of the girls" and thought nothing of it. There was only one girl who had a problem with it, and her name was Susan. Susan came from a Christian home. Now, not all Christians are intolerant. However, a lot of the people who *are* intolerant happen to also be Christian. Susan was no exception.

First, Susan told her mom and they tried to get the school to expel Gregory. When that didn't work, Susan and her mom got a group of their friends to stand in front of his house with cruel signs and chant hurtful things about him. When even *that* did not work, Susan's church papered the neighborhood with leaflets about proper behavior for girls and boys, and how transgender children were sinners that needed to be

reformed.

The other girls at school didn't talk to Susan, and this made her meaner and more hateful. She would sit alone each day in the lunchroom and stew about how much she hated all the other children. No one wanted to be Susan's friend.

One day, Greg saw Susan sitting alone. He felt responsible for her being shunned, because he knew that the other kids were just trying to teach her to be more tolerant of people who don't conform to gender stereotypes. It bothered him somewhere inside, but he hadn't been sure why. However, that day Greg finally figured out what had been troubling him: He didn't think Susan understood why people didn't like her, and he thought that if someone just explained it to her properly, she might change.

Greg sat down next to Susan.

"Ew, don't talk to me you freak!" Susan exclaimed.

"I don't mean to offend you," Greg said quickly, "But I want to tell you why the other kids won't sit with you at lunch, because I think maybe you don't understand."

Susan was silent. Greg decided that meant that she would be open to hearing more, so he patiently asked her some questions to see if there was anything she liked that was not traditionally feminine. After some time, he discovered that Susan liked to watch race cars. As it happened, Greg was not transgender. He didn't feel like he was a girl. Rather, he simply enjoyed feminine things. He explained to Susan why gender was silly, and why activities such as wearing makeup and watching race cars should be for everyone. He even explained what it meant to be transgender, and how he knew that he wasn't (because he felt like a boy inside, even though

he liked things that people thought were “girl” things.)

After a while, Susan finally spoke up. She told Greg about her church, and about the things that her mom said. She had been taught about sins and Hell, and that she thought people like Greg would go to Hell. Susan said that she didn’t understand why everyone was so mad, since doing things her god liked was important to her.

Unfortunately, Greg didn’t know what to say once he realized that Susan believed he was going to Hell for wanting to wear dresses. So, he said that he was sorry the other kids wouldn’t sit with her, and that he hoped that she would realize that protesting who another person is will not do anything except make you look cruel.

Nothing changed for several weeks, but one day Susan came up to Greg after their last class and told him that she had been reading about other religions on the Internet. She said that she realized that maybe she didn’t believe in the things that her mom had taught her. Greg smiled at her for the first time ever, and she found herself smiling back.

Susan became more open-minded over time, and she ended up being really good friends with Greg. That helped the other kids to come around, and so in time Susan had friends and was accepted.

TLDR; Don’t be mean to people, even if you were taught that you should.

Some People are Really Bad

Once upon a time, there was a man named Steve. Steve was shy and quiet, and he didn’t talk to people very often. Since no one really knew him, people often assumed he was probably

nice, because that is a common assumption about shy people.

However, Steve was not nice.

On the Internet, Steve consumed a lot of media that suggested that women and minorities were inferior to white men like himself. He also joined a lot of chat groups for people who believed in the superiority of the white race, and in women being chained to a stove because they were only good for cooking and having babies.

Sometimes Steve tried to ask girls out. Only white girls, obviously. He wasn't nice or adorable about it. He was actually always had a hostile tone in his voice, and the girls picked up on it and turned him down. This made Steve furious since he believed they were lesser creatures and had no right to reject him.

Steve would go home and bang away on his keyboard, blaming everyone but himself for his lack of luck with women. He blamed the women; claiming that they were just shallow and only talked to guys with money. Then he blamed them because they only liked tall, good-looking guys (and how dare they?) Eventually he came around to blaming feminism and the fact that *women* thought they should have rights. That is why they were so snotty, he reasoned. Because they thought they were people.

Every woman that Steve ever asked out rejected him. However, once, a chubby girl actually came up and asked *him* out. Steve was furious. He might only be five feet tall and he might be poor and homely-looking, but he *deserved* a model. He called the girl a stupid cow and mooed at her until she ran away in tears.

Later, Steve went home and ranted about how disgusting fat

women were. He began to make wild claims about how all the good white women were being taken by black men because black men had large penises, and how it was unfair because these men were genetically inferior (the irony was always lost on him.) Steve was full of hate, and it is no wonder that no one wanted to be around him.

One day he went and bought a bunch of guns. He was through dealing with the bullshit. He was a virgin, and it was the fault of those stupid models who wouldn't sleep with him. Steve went and shot up a concert because the band was popular with pretty, young girls. He killed 65 people and wounded over 100 more.

The police arrested Steve, and he told them in court just what he thought about them and their sympathies for the women he killed. How could it be a crime when women shouldn't even be considered people, he asked? Steve got 65 consecutive life sentences with no chance of parole. He spent the rest of his life behind bars rambling about how superior he was to everyone else.

It's too bad there were not programs in place to take sexist and racist people and re-educate them. Failing that, it's too bad that Steve lived in a country where he could go buy guns. There were ways that the shooting could have been prevented, but they didn't happen.

The shooting could *not* have been stopped by a woman agreeing to sleep with him, though. If any woman had lowered herself to such a thing, he just would have treated her like shit and ended up abusing her because he didn't respect women as people. Women should stay far, far away from men like Steve.

Unfortunately, there are lots of men out there like Steve. They

frighten and repel women because they suck as humans, but then they try to blame their own lack of a romantic life on society and feminism and everything else. None of that is ever true. If you cannot attract anyone, it is because of you. The only way to fix that is to work to better yourself, and to treat people well so that they find you appealing.

Also, using the Internet to find knitting groups and D&D groups is great. However, the trick is to use it to meet people that you can hang out with in real life, or to keep in touch with people that you already knew in real life. The Internet is a tool; not a place to spend your entire existence complaining about the people who are out living.

TLDR: Don't hang out in hate groups online. Don't buy guns. Don't kill people. Oh, and don't ever treat women or minorities as inferior because everyone will hate you and also you will be wrong.

Larry the Turtle

Once upon a time there was a girl named Kaelani, and she loved to swim in the ocean. She grew up on an island near Indonesia, and she would go out every day before work and swim with the fish as the sun was rising in the sky. Kaelani felt such joy in the ocean, and she couldn't imagine living without it.

One day, a sea turtle swam up to Kaelani. Sea turtles were sacred in the ancient traditions of her culture, and so Kaelani was very honored. She also knew about international laws concerning endangered species, so she made sure to keep a distance of at least two meters from the turtle. If he swam towards her, she swam away. Eventually he swam off, and Kaelani went in to get ready for work.

The next day when Kaelani swam out, the turtle was there

again. He swam off in a direction and waited; looking back at her. Confused, Kaelani followed. She swam next to the turtle as they passed over corals and plants, covering a lot of distance because sea turtles can swim very fast. She eventually could not keep up, and after stopping to see if she was coming or not, the turtle went on its way.

This went on for weeks. Every morning Kaelani would swim out, and the turtle would be there waiting for her. She ended up naming him Larry, because she thought it was a funny name for a turtle. Sometimes they swam over to a coral plantation the university was working on. Sometimes they swam over by the tourist area where a company did sea walker tours. Every day, Larry took her somewhere different.

Kaelani found that her overall level of happiness had become higher since she made a sea turtle friend. She looked forward to her morning swim even more than usual, and she was happier during the rest of the day. She couldn't explain exactly why this should be. It seemed to her that she was learning more about a sentient creature who lived in a world she could only visit, and that made her feel great.

Sometimes Kaelani would go back after work, when Larry was swimming around with the tourists. She watched him pause for pictures and marveled. How could he know what a camera was? It made no sense, but she saw with her own eyes that the turtle stopped when a camera was pointed at him and waited briefly.

Kaelani began doing research in her free time when she was not in the ocean. She learned that there were many turtle rescues in the world. Larry the turtle had a broken part of shell and a split rear flipper. He seemed to do fine in the water in spite of this, but Kaelani imagined he must have learned to be friendly with people when he was at a turtle rescue.

Word got out around her island about the tame turtle in the bay. Before long, some poachers came and stole Larry in the middle of the night. They killed him, cleaned him, and sold him for meat. Many cultures still eat turtle meat because they are horrible people, and they don't care about how there will be none left for future generations. They are selfish, terrible humans.

Kaelani didn't know about the poachers, and so she swam out in the morning like normal. She waited, but Larry did not come. She waited longer, until she had a sunburn and she was very late for work. Some of the tour guides who took people diving in the bay came, and they told her what had happened. Kaelani had a hard time swimming back in because she could hardly see through her tears.

Over the next several weeks, Kaelani tried to get the government involved. She wanted justice for Larry. Unfortunately, there was no budget to investigate poaching, and so her pleas fell on deaf ears. Kaelani fought and fought, but in the end, the people who killed her friend were never punished.

Kaelani mourned for a few months for the loss of Larry, and then launched a campaign all by herself to educate people on endangered animals and why they should be protected. Her island had never had such a program before, and she devoted all of her free time to it for years. It did eventually make some difference. She mostly spoke to kids at school, and it seemed like they often went home and told their parents. It wasn't much, but it was something.

Sometimes you can't get justice and you can't change the world, but you *can* make a small and meaningful difference in your home.

TLDR: Do not eat endangered species. Do not touch endangered species. Do not let anyone else do so either.

Be Someone's Rock

Once upon a time there was a girl named Emma. Emma had cancer, and the doctors were not sure if she was going to live or not. She was married when she got diagnosed, but unfortunately, her husband could not handle the stress of her chemotherapy and her mood swings. He left her after a few months, and then she was alone *and* sick.

Emma had to go to a cancer support group at the hospital. It was required. Every week she would sit in a room with a bunch of other people in various stages of cancer treatment, and she would talk to them. It turned out that almost all of them were single. She found that one of the ugly truths of chronic disease and serious illness is that partners tend to leave.

Sometimes Emma was bitter that her husband had promised to be there for her through everything, and then he had left. Other times, she understood how he felt. After all, she was angry all the times that she wasn't crying, and she threw up a lot.

Eventually, Emma beat her cancer and was declared healthy. She hugged all her friends from the hospital and then left to go rebuild her life. It wasn't easy and it took time, but eventually Emma had a happy life again.

Then one of Emma's friends from college went to prison on a drug conviction. She looked up the prison's address and the inmate number of her friend, and she wrote a letter. Emma wasn't sure what to write, so she just talked about her life

since college and how she had been. Her friend's name was Robert, and she asked Robert his thoughts on life and if he needed anything.

Before long, Emma got a letter back. It wasn't a long letter. Instead, it was cautious. Robert asked her why she would write to him now, since they had graduated college 20 years ago and barely kept in touch except online. He seemed suspicious.

It was only when Emma wrote back that she took the time to figure out why she had ever reached out in the first place. She realized it was because Rob was at a very low point in his life, and it's horrible to be at a low point in life and be alone. She remembered how she had felt when her husband left, and how hopeless and sad her friends from the cancer support group had been, since they were alone too. So she told Rob the truth; that at her lowest point there had not been anyone there for her, and she didn't want him to feel that way.

Over the years they exchanged a lot of letters. They became good friends, and looked forward to hearing from each other. Life went on for Emma. She married and adopted two beautiful children with her new husband. She never stopped writing to Rob though, and sometimes she sent him a book for his birthday or put some money on his books for Pastatmas.

When Rob finally got out of prison, they mostly went back to being online friends. Emma lived on the other side of the country and she was busy with her family, and Rob needed to stay in his state because of the conditions of his parole. But Emma always felt good about writing to Rob. She also started doing volunteer work with at-risk youth so they wouldn't end up in prison. And on holidays, she took her kids to volunteer with the less fortunate.

Emma realized that the worst thing is to be alone and afraid, and have no one to help you. She realized that the time it means the most to reach out is always when someone is at their lowest. All through the rest of Emma's life, she tried to help people who were at rock bottom. Many of them held on to hope because of her, and she saved a lot of lives.

TLDR; It is bad enough that humans sometimes have to suffer. Never let a fellow human suffer alone.

The Unitarian Church of Pasta

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Violet who had written a series of unsuccessful novels, and who was badly in need of a job. She was searching online when she came upon an ad to write a bible based on the words of a monster made of pasta. Violet was skeptical, but she answered the ad.

The next day, she was very surprised when an actual monster made of pasta showed up at her apartment. She had had no idea that anything made of pasta could move around on its own, let alone think and speak. And yet there before her hovered His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, as real as anything she had ever seen in the world.

When He spoke, she listened with rapt attention. Partly this was due to how strange he looked when speaking. His voice did not seem to be coming from anywhere because he didn't have a mouth. It just appeared in her brain, and she had the impression that the words had been spoken. As His Noodliness spoke, He gestured wildly with His Noodly Appendages. It was quite a sight to see, and Violet often pinched herself to make sure that she was awake.

However, as the weeks went on, she was not just listening

because of how bizarre-looking the god was. In time, she began to find herself believing in Him and listening to Him because she loved to hear Him talk. She actually became the first follower of the book He hired her to write: *The New Testament of The Flying Spaghetti Monster; Dinner 2.0*.

When He was done telling Violet what to put in the bible, she began listening to the recordings or their conversations and typing them up. Due to a trick of His Noodliness, who actually doesn't have a voice and beams words into people's heads, she was able to hear the "recordings" only because He willed it. She soon discovered when trying to play one for her husband that they were just tapes of dead air that allowed her to hear the words in her head again, but which others could not hear.

Violet's husband seemed to doubt her at first and seemed to think she had thrown pasta sauce around their apartment because she was insane, rather than because a god of pasta made a mess when He talked. However, he couldn't argue with the money she suddenly had. When the bible was done he helped her proofread it, and he was amazed. In fact, he found himself the second follower of the Unitarian Church of Pasta.

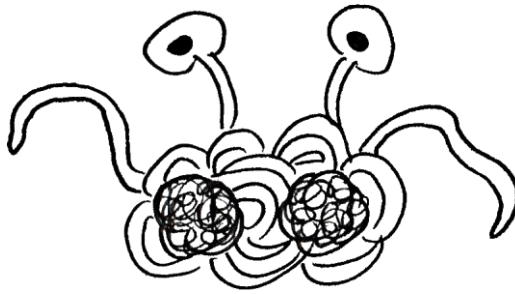
As the bible was being typeset and the cover designed, they began to share His word. Little by little, they began to convert people to Pastafarianism. Everyone His word touched became happier, and it seemed like the new bible would spread.

Violet never imagined herself as a prophet, but sometimes His Noodliness works in mysterious ways.

TLDR: This bible was written and spread through direct contact with His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, and it is His Holy Word.

Leftovers

The Book of Ravioli is just another way of saying the things that His Noodliness has already said, because some people benefit more from stories than they do from Divine Suggestions or instructions of how to worship. However, those who look closely and study this bible should realize that all the material offered is presented in the same spirit, with the same ideas throughout. His Noodliness believes deeply in humans and in their ability to write better stories as they evolve. The world as it is now needs a lot of work, and the parables reflect that. However, one day, the world will hopefully be much better because of the work of Pastafarians. Then, it will be time for new stories set in a happier world.



Book Twelve
The Holy Book of Spaghetti

The Book of Spaghetti (12)

Fight the Programming

In your life, there are things that people will tell you that are not only false, but are also damaging. It is important to fight this programming. Don't get trapped in a terrible way of thinking because you let someone else push it on you. One of the most important things a person can do is to question everything (including this bible.) Read, listen to others, experiment, and in generally make sure that you are always working to figure the universe out. Don't take anyone's word for it.

There are several types of programming that are hurtful to human souls. Let's start with the ideas sold by business majors, because they have come up with some really damaging stuff. If you follow it, your life will feel empty and hollow and you won't even be sure why.

You Should Stand by People.

One of the hurtful mantras that you have been taught:

"People forget what you do for them almost instantly, but remember every mistake. That's why in every relationship you have to keep impressing the other person constantly. Otherwise, they will start to ask what you have done for them lately. If it's nothing; you're finished. "

This is often used as an excuse for firing a good employee after years of loyal service. It will be after the employee had a bad year. Perhaps he or she went through a divorce or had to deal with having cancer and getting treatment. Maybe the

employee was pregnant and had trouble putting in a full eight hours every day. The point is, the human may have worked for a company for decades, but then the company fires them after one bad year using the excuse that all that matters is “what you have done for them lately.”

This is a bad way to think. If someone works for you for years and always gives their best, then you owe them. That means helping them through bad years. Employers need to value their employees, and take better care of them. This is the moral thing to do. Plus, once those employees feel better, they will be loyal in a way that cannot be bought or sold.

Particularly in your personal life, value every relationship. Don't just give up on a person if they are not doing well. One of the worst truths of our society is that most people in cancer support groups are single. The person who promised to “love them forever” couldn't handle them being sick, and they left. This is something we don't talk about, but it is a fact of life. And the thing is, those people in your life who show up for you for *years* have given you all they had to give. To abandon them in their time of need is decidedly not Pastafarian.

Support each other. Work together. Be there for the people who were there for you. And never let anyone go through an illness or a prison sentence alone. To do good for someone when they are at rock bottom is to bring light to the darkness and to be the change we all want in the world. Do good. Be good. Stand by the people who need it most.

Don't Work All the Time

The programming you have been given at jobs and at school is always clear: work should be your number one priority.

“To get ahead in life, you have to be the first one there. Show up

early to work and leave late. Go in on holidays! The more you show up, the more likely it is that you will get noticed."

This is a horrible attitude that makes His Noodliness cringe for humanity. You should always put your family and/or friends first. And, you should put yourself first. Having a job is necessary, but putting it before the rest of your life is optional. Choose not to. Find a job that treats you like a person or start a union at the job you have.

In addition, the idea that you should scramble over your fellow employees in some sick contest to see who can lick the most boot is disgusting. Your fellow employees are your allies. You should be lobbying for more time off and better pay. You should be collectively bargaining for a better work environment. When you unite, you have power. Harness the power of collective attitudes towards work, rather than letting your employer divide you.

In the current Capitalist reality, the rich stay rich and the poor stay poor.

This is not okay. We want everyone to start with the same opportunities, and we want class mobility to be high. We only get *that* if the labor force bonds together to demand it.

All humans can only work towards a better world if we all work together. Remember that, and never step on your fellow human for a pat on the back from your boss.

Be realistic.

Right now, you are taught that you can do anything. The truth is, you probably can't.

"It's so important to do what you love. If you aren't doing what you

love, quit your job and follow your dreams! We can do anything we want."

The advice that you should "do what you love" is extremely cruel for several reasons. First, we desperately need trash collectors, janitors, and recycling center workers. These jobs fill real and urgent needs in every society on Earth. They are not enjoyable jobs, but someone has to do them. Those people deserve our respect and admiration.

The fact is, everyone who works a job cleaning out the bottles you were too lazy to rinse before you put them in the recycling deserves a medal. Everyone who cleans up poop in the elementary school bathroom or vomit off the cafeteria floor is a hero. And those people deserve our thanks and praise far more than someone who gets to do what they love for a living.

Those people who do the *real* work do not usually enjoy their jobs. No one is happy to clean up human remains from a crime scene or to clean up shit and vomit. They are terrible jobs, *but someone has to do them*. To tell those people that they should "follow their heart" is disrespectful to the sacrifice they are making by doing a job that they do not love.

The most terrible jobs should be the highest paid, and it is a horrible injustice that the guy cleaning the floor of an office building makes less than the CEO (since the CEO likely does nothing but utter buzz words and figure out ways to screw over humans for profit.) If the janitors do not make the most money, *they at least deserve our respect*. Thank them for the job they do. Respect them. And stop making them feel unfulfilled by telling them to throw away their position to chase a dream.

Of course, this doesn't mean that you should give up your dreams all together. If you love to paint, then you should

paint. If you love to write poetry, then you should write poetry. These things are not valued as much as they should be by society, so you probably can't make money at it. Do it anyway because it matters. In a few hundred years, all the CEOs will be dead and they won't have made a difference at all. But art, poetry, and poetry can stand up to the test of time and stay relevant.

Complain if something is wrong.

A lie you are often told is that you should never come to your boss with a problem.

"You don't want to nag or bother your boss. The best rule is this: don't go to your boss with a problem unless you can offer a good solution."

This insidious lie suggests that your boss should never have to do any work. Don't buy it. Since your boss makes more money than you, they should actually be doing *more* work. The amount a person works should always determine their compensation. And yet, we are living in a world "in progress." There is still work to be done. And right now, the people who work less tend to make more.

To add insult to injury, they get upset if you complain about unsafe working conditions or serious problems. If the workers have a problem, then the boss might have to actually do some work in order to solve said problem! And of course, they don't want to do any work at all. So, they will try to manipulate their workers, saying that they should only ever complain about a problem if they already have a solution worked out.

We reject this paradigm.

If there is a problem, let someone know right away. Don't wait

until you can come up with a solution. Pass the problem on to your boss who makes more money than you, and let them solve it. If you work somewhere that this gets you into trouble, find a better job. Places that disrespect employees and put all the responsibility (and none of the prestige) on them should find themselves unable to keep staff. Together, we are strong. If we boycott a company and refuse to work there, they will have no choice but to change.

Be Around People You Like.

Here we tackle the worst lie ever uttered in a business class: the one about commodifying relationships.

"In order to succeed, you need to establish profitable relationships. When you meet someone, figure out what they can do for you and how you can take advantage of them."

It is a popular business idea that you should only cultivate relationships that can advance your career and help you gain status and money. This is a lie. You need to look at people as what they are; a window to another kind of life.

Within each human is a lifetime of experience. Each person carries a set of memories, and of lessons learned. There is an expression about walking a mile in someone else's shoes, and it is a helpful analogy. You *should* see value in humans. However, that value should not come from how they can advance your personal wealth. Personal wealth is secondary to wealth of spirit.

Now you may say; "It's all well and good to talk about wealth of spirit, but that won't feed me." His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster does not want to stop you from working and making a living. There is nuance in all things, and life is not a zero-sum game. You are not being asked to halt all

attempts to network with others. Rather, you are meant to change how you view other humans.

People are not a means to an end. They are each individuals with hopes and dreams. They each have parents, a life story, and things that they care deeply about. Your goal is to view the entire person; from birth. Each person walks a different path, and they all learn different lessons.

It has been said that you can never truly understand another person's life (and that you have to live through certain things to understand them.) However, there are layers of understanding. You can easily attain the first layer of understanding by listening to a person and empathizing with their views.

Example: Let's imagine that you are a white man. You have been told that your position in society carries some unfair advantages, but you brushed it off. Then, you meet a black person and become their friend. They may tell you about times that police followed or harassed them, times they didn't get called back for a job because of their name, or times that someone assumed they were the janitor rather than a teacher. This will not give you the deep level of understanding that they have. However, it will give you a functional level of understanding. And, in many situations, a functional understanding of something is enough to make good decisions about it.

Ergo, it is important to value people as whole human beings. Trying to look only for what they can do for you is selfish, and His Noodliness does not approve of that kind of behavior. Learn from people. Listen to them. Educate yourself through books and universities and documentaries, but learn to also value other humans as a resource for knowledge. Learn to empathize with and to love your fellow human.

Why It Matters

These are just examples. Feel free to take what you have learned in this bible and apply it to other things. Just remember that when you hear someone talking about the best way to commodify relationships, it's important to realize that they are viewing life wrong. The same goes for when you hear someone talk about how your art is worthless unless you try to monetize it. Tell them that life is not all about acquiring money and ignore their attitude of forced commodification of everything.

As you walk through life, you will see so many examples of people living wrong. They work their whole lives to get possessions and money, and they never stop to see the things that matter more in life. Never forget that possessions and money cannot love you, and also never forget that anyone who delight in having more than they need while others have nothing is a bad person.

Give More Than You Take

Part of the problem with the current structures of society is that they are based on idolizing people who take more than they give. Greed is nothing to be proud of, and in fact, it is something that any Pastafarian would be ashamed of! To truly honor His Noodliness, live your life giving just a little more than you take.

Selfishness, cruelty, and other instincts did have a place at one time. Like your vestigial organs, they evolved with a purpose. However, the time for them has passed. In the modern world, they are just the relics of a previous age, and they should be treated as such.

You may say: *"Hey now, that is pretty general. I am not sure when*

I am being selfish. Can you be more specific?" Thankfully, His Noodliness likes to expand upon His ideas. He is a gregarious god, who will flail His Noodly Appendages around as he talks of the where and the whys. So yes, there are specifics.

First: be as self-sufficient as you can.

This just means trying to lower your impact by taking less from society. Here are some helpful tips on how to do that.

1. Use solar panels, wind turbines, and water turbines if you have a creek or stream. A combination of these things should allow you to live without needing to use too much power that you do not create yourself. He knows not everyone can do this, but everyone who *can* do it can help.
2. Grow some of your own food. A backyard garden or a window box of herbs can make a big difference. When you buy food, always take reusable bags and containers to put things in, so you generate as little waste as possible. Try to only buy locally sourced products if you can, to avoid the wasted resources involved in transporting a thing long distances.
3. Try to fix things instead of throwing them away and buying new things. Often you can replace a part instead of an entire appliance or an entire product.

Second: Recognize that you are not self-sufficient.

Imagine you are going to go see a friend who lives on the other side of the country. It would be a very long drive; so you decide to fly. But if you pay for the plane ticket, then how are you depending on anyone else? Well, this is the crux of the lie told by Capitalism: *"If you pay for something then you are not leaning on anyone!"* That's not true.

Someone had to design the plane. Sometimes an aerospace engineer will work for years on a design. Then they need help from others to test their design by building a prototype. All those people get together and do tests and re-designs until they finally create a safe aircraft.

Then molds need to be made for each part so that they can all be manufactured in quantity. Someone has to make the machines that make the machines, because technology really had gotten that complicated. For safety, someone also has to inspect the parts.

Next the plane gets put together and has accoutrements such as seats and phone chargers added. At that point, we need a staff to run it. We also need an airport for it to fly from, and an air traffic controller to make sure it can fly safely.

Now, that isn't everything involved in making a plane and getting it off the ground so that you can fly across the country, but it is many of things needed. Remember that many people are spending their entire lives toiling so that you can do things like fly in an airplane. They contributed their lives and their productivity to a thing so that you could use it.

You could not design and build and airplane all on your own, and then fly it across the country. Ergo, you are always depending on others to contribute their knowledge and skills. *None of us stands alone.*

Third: Now examine your contribution.

What do you do for the world? If you are a taxi driver, then you are adding value to the world by helping the people who produce goods and services get to their jobs. That is good. You

are an important part of society! Maybe you even save lives by helping drunk people get home instead of driving and killing someone. Good for you!

However, even if you contribute a valuable skill, it can be offset if you consume too much. A taxi driver is contributing to society. But if he is using his free time to light endangered species on fire and murder children, then maybe he is not useful enough to make up for what he is taking.

Ask yourself: *Do you give as much to society as the amount that you consume?*

This is an important thing to keep in mind for a lot of reasons. Of course, as Pastafarians, we all want to add value to the world. In fact, we want to give more than we take in order to make up for those who cannot contribute such as the elderly, children, and the disabled. A true Pastafarian knows that a 5-year-old deserves to eat and have healthcare even though he or she does not have a job. As such, someone else must give back a little bit more than they take so that those who are not currently producing can eat.

Recognizing that we are all connected and that interdependent is vital. Being accountable for how much we take and how much we give is also vital. This is part of leading a conscious life. A Pastafarian seeks to be a net force for good in the world, in order to glorify His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster.

Things that matter:

Family

Your family is not always perfect, and sometimes you have to adopt one because you don't get a good one from the start.

However, a close group that you consider your tribe is essential. It helps connect you with all of humanity throughout time. Since the beginning, families, tribes, or groups have sat around and talked while children played at their feet.

This experience is essential if you want to understand the continuity of the species. Going through many of the same struggles as your grandparents and parents has value. Watching your children or the children of relatives go through the same things has value. It makes you realize that each human is merely a link in a chain that stretches back to the beginning of our species.

In addition, having people who feel safe criticizing you matters. Oftentimes, friends may feel like it is not their place. The same may be true for teachers and doctors. However, family are the people who will say: "You have no plan! Stop floundering around and figure out what you want out of life!" Having someone to say that is essential. If you go through life with no one calling you on your bullshit, you won't live up to your full potential.

Finally, cultivating a family (or loving the one you got if you are lucky) can help you to have a safety net in case the worst should happen. You don't want to find yourself at rock bottom and have no one there to help you. Without adopting a family or keeping the one you were given close to you, you will have no backup.

Friends

Cultivating friendships is an important part of a happy life. Some people have a hard time with this, because cultures have become more isolated. Don't get discouraged! It's easier that you might think to make new friends.

First, try developing some interests. Perhaps you would like to take up guitar, cross-stitching, or a second language. You can find clubs online or take college classes to learn, and in doing so, meet new friends. If you like video games, maybe try a tabletop game like Dungeons and Dragons. If you are physically able, hiking groups can be wonderful places to meet people. Make friends through shared activities.

Next, solidify the friendships. Create a Holiday Card list and send holidays cards, invite people to you home for dinner, and make an effort to remember their birthdays. Be interested in what they have to say, and remember details about them. Nothing can make a person feel more important than if you can remember some personal detail that people usual forget. (Example: Jenifer with one “n” instead of two, or that random shellfish allergy they have.)

Finally, realize that not everyone you meet will become a friend. Sometimes there is no chemistry and you have nothing in common. That’s okay. You won’t always love everyone you meet, so be up front and say it’s not working out if you don’t feel a connection. Keep looking until you do.

Community

Being part of a community may not be a continuous thing. After all, you may move around a lot. The Flying Spaghetti Monster certainly encourages you to travel and to learn about lots of different cultures. A life lived in one place has value. However, a life lived in lots of different places also has value. Whichever path you choose, your community is an important part of your life.

His Noodliness hopes that you will help the old lady down the street to clean her gutters in the Fall. He hopes that you

will keep an eye out for the neighborhood kids to make sure they are not smoking behind the local convenience store or killing neighborhood pets. He encourages you to make pasta for your neighbors and introduce yourself when you move into a new place, and to always wave and stop for a chat if you run into someone who lives in your community.

If a community is a bunch of anonymous people, then it is easy for detachment to rot the place from the inside out. However, if you foster a sense of shared existence, it is possible to lower crime in your area and to improve the personal happiness of everyone who lives around you. At the very least, do what you can to make your community beautiful.

Experiences

Some societies on this beautiful planet have been encouraging a dangerous idea, which is that vacations are an indulgence of some kind. In extreme Capitalist societies, there is an emerging meme that it is selfish to want to go on trip and take time off. This is a huge and dangerous lie.

Work should be something that you do in order to live, and the rest of your time should be filled with experiences! If you can, drive to a forest and spend the day walking amongst the trees and laying by a stream listening to the water. Mediate on a clear desert morning as the sun rises. Go to Las Vegas, get drunk, and put a quarter in a slot machine. Learn to ski or snowboard.

If you have always wanted to go to Greece, then go! Take the cruise, buy the plane ticket, or go on the road trip. Make sure you get out and see the world, even if you want to live in the same place your whole life. See the mountains, the plains, and

the canyons. Visit the oceans and the deserts. Watch the animals in different places and how they are the same but different than animals in your home. Swim with sea turtles.

You may regret money that you spend on a dress, or on a bedroom set. You may regret that expensive hair cut or that power tool that you will only use once. But, you will never regret spending money on experiences. Even a bad experience teaches you something. Even a terrible vacation makes a good story. At the end of your life, make sure that you have thousands of fabulous stories to tell on your deathbed as all your friends and family come to see you.

Examine Your Programming

Within the pages of this bible, the Flying Spaghetti Monster has laid out the things that he believes. As you read, you will see many ideas and concepts laid out, and many examples given. Remember that one of His highest ideals is for humans to be thinking creatures, and so it is up to you to mull over His words and decide what they mean to you and how they affect your life. That said, there is a basic philosophy which is present throughout the book, and it is made up of reoccurring ideas and thoughts that follow a discernible pattern.

The Unitarian Church of Pasta seeks to accept any and all people be they Pirate, Skeptic, or not even Pastafarian at all; and bring them together under a single collection of ideas. Those ideas are already popular all over the world. They are not new ideas. Things like working together and sharing are as basic as it gets. However, His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster wishes that Pastafarians truly embrace and preach these ideas *now*, when there is so much possibility for a better future if all humans work for it.

This is a fabulous time when humans can easily communicate with people across the planet, and when they can send ships to space! Truly, humans have the technology for a better world *now* more than ever, but social progress has not caught up to the technology. This is the biggest tragedy of modern times. In an era when humans can produce more food and goods than are needed, they could make sure that every human had a nice quality of life.

Unfortunately, humans often choose not to. Right now, a few humans horde most of the wealth. Meanwhile, the rest of the humans struggle to get by; much as people always have since the beginning of time.

His Noodliness believes that people largely accept this, because it *is* the way it has always been. So, He made Himself flesh (which is pasta and sauce) in order to speak to all humans and tell them that it does not have to be this way. Those who strive for a more egalitarian future *can* overrun the selfish, and a more equitable distribution of resources *can* be obtained.

It is His wish that all humans should work for a future where no child is born into poverty.

It is His wish that we work for a world where no one dies because of a lack of access to healthcare.

It is His wish that all humans have time to create art and beauty in the world, while robots do most of the work.

It is His wish that all humans have access to education based on science and facts.

These things can be achieved if humans take responsibility for making the changes that are needed. It is the Divine Will of

His Noodliness that all humans begin that process right away. So now, of all times in history, He has chosen to speak.

It is the hope of His Noodliness that, as you have read these pages, you have seen things that you already knew deep down inside. Some of these things are really basic and hearing them should prompt you to realize that you knew it all along, but you'd just never heard anyone say it. Here are some examples of themes that are in the bible that you should have been able to feel in your bones.

You know that things should more or less be fair.

Every child is born with an innate desire for fairness. That is why they will cry if you give a toy to their sibling and refuse to give them one. They will say "*It's not fair!*" And of course, what do we teach them? We say "*Life isn't fair.*"

We are right in the most immediate and literal sense, because right now life isn't fair. However, we are wrong in what we teach. The lesson the child absorbs is "*Life cannot be fair.*"

One of the things that all Pastafarians must accept is that this is not true. The truth is that life isn't fair, *but it can be*. Our job is to build a society that is fairer.

We know deep down in our hearts that it is wrong for a child to be born to a drug addict who will abuse them, and that it is wrong for that child to grow up hungry and with fewer opportunities than other children. We *know* this. And yet, we do nothing. Why? Because doing nothing is the easy choice! The hard choice is to look honestly at our society and figure out how to fix these problems. That is the kind of work that a Pastafarian endeavors to do.

You know that it's okay to make mistakes.

In the political theatre of most countries, it is impossible to see new evidence and change your mind. If politicians do this, they are called out by a rabid mass of humans as a “flip-flopper,” or told that they do not have integrity. This is counter to the natural process of the scientific method, which involves a certain amount of trial and error before you can get something right.

The quest of humanity is to be better every day.

And yet, people fail. They make mistakes. No one is perfect and sometimes we can be greedy, selfish, or cruel. We much teach ourselves to recognize when we are wrong, and to strive to be better.

Admitting fault is not a weakness.

Humans are great and have built amazing things. We are not weak. However, we all have moments of weakness. Our goal is to see those moments of weakness for what they are: A part of the learning process.

Every human, if that human is honest with themselves, knows that the concept of “Sin” is not real. The very idea that humans are inherently evil and sinful is a horrible thought that sells the species short and does lasting damage. Mistakes happen. No human is perfect. That does not make them bad at all; it makes them real. Never, ever, ever teach the idea that humans are bad at their core.

The truth is that at the core, humans are beings with higher brain functions. They are able to distinguish good from evil, and they do not ever need to be ashamed of instincts towards less productive and less useful behavior, because it is a vestige

of a different time. You should be no more ashamed of instincts than you are of your appendix, and neither of these things are sinful. They simply are. Be grateful for the gift of higher reasoning, which allows you to choose kindness and generosity over less productive impulses. That very thing is what makes humans beautiful.

Recognize The Truths You already Know

When you read the examples, you should see that there are truths that you already know, but that humans seem to struggle to accept. You may ask yourself, *“Why do I struggle to see these truths in my day-to-day life when they seem obvious once told to me?”*

That is a good question. The answer is not complicated. It involves the intentional influence of corporations, religions, and governments in order to re-shape your human spirit.

Humans are tricked by things like marketing and politics. They are influenced into thoughts and behaviors that are not in their own best interests; nor in the interests of the species. Therefore, it is the duty of each Pastafarian to be stronger than the propaganda. Reach deep within yourself and learn to recognize truth. It is easily recognizable as the only thing out there without an agenda.

Marketing

There is an entire industry designed around telling you that you are not what you think you are, and that you do not feel how you feel.

A woman dancing in her kitchen as she cooks a meal might feel sexy and confident. Yet, when she sits down to watch TV as she eats, she sees nothing but impossibly beautiful women

in extremely expensive, tailored clothes. Suddenly she feels worthless by comparison, even though that is not how she *really* feels about herself. She has been tricked into feeling insecure so that it is easier to sell her things!

A man might enjoy taking a bath with candles lit because it makes him feel good. The calm, the quiet, and the warm water can be soothing to the soul of any human. And yet, when he looks at his social media he is bombarded with commercials for products designed to be “manly,” and he is subjected to images of men being called “pussies” if they don’t buy these manly products.

These are tricks that corporations play on you, and they have had a lot of time to perfect it. From subminimal messages like boobs hidden in an ice cubes to the word “sex” spelled out in the negative space of a print ad, marketing is in everything you see and hear. The main goal of marketing is to make you feel bad, so that you will buy the corporation’s products in a desperate attempt to feel good.

Recognize the truth instead. Know that you do have instincts to feel insecure and to conform to some silly gender role, but realize that those instincts are just vestiges of an age that has passed. Now, in this time and place in history, humans have learned enough science to know that they are more than sacks of chemicals with basic instincts. They are being of higher thought and purpose, and they should focus their energies on being who and what they want, regardless of what an ad tells them. *Fight your programming.*

Schools

Right now, there are a lot of lies taught in schools. This is true all over the world, because the curriculum of a school is dictated by the dominant culture of a place, and the goal is to

indoctrinate children into believing the stories the nation wants told, from the perspective of those in power. These narratives are simplistic and often very one-sided, and it is the duty of all parents to enlighten their children to the other stories that run counter to the dominant culture.

For example: It is 100% false that Native Americans were savage. There are beautiful cliff dwellings carved into rock in places like Mesa Verde, Colorado. You can go see them for yourself and realize that the Anasazi (translates as “The Old Ones”) had amazingly skilled craftsman. Most tribes built wonderful things and participated in tribal government and trade routes.

Yet, you are taught that those things never happened because the colonists who slaughtered the Native Americans in a series of unprovoked massacres want you to think that. In their minds, if they only killed “savage people,” then they were not immoral killers. Of course, that is not true. From Christopher Columbus on, most settlers *were* murderers, and the people they murdered were a sophisticated and mostly kind people.

However, the underlying assumption is even worse, isn’t it? If you look deeper, you realize that the lesson you were actually taught is that it is okay to kill people as long as you consider them to be “inferior” to you. The lie that the Native Americans didn’t have cities, trade routes, and government is only there to cover up the worse lie: Killing people is fine if *you say* that they are “savage.”

Instead of teaching children facts, we are teaching them outmoded propaganda. Add to that some indoctrination about Nationalism and the forced worship of Capitalism, and you have tiny humans programmed with a huge bunch of incorrect and damaging facts. And some of those children (the

FSM calls them “Tea-Cup Humans”) never overcome their programming! They go their entire lives without ever questioning the lies they were taught or opening their minds to the real stories of their country.

Worse, some schools are allowed to teach a religious curriculum. I think we can all agree that indoctrinating children with nonsense like Nationalism and the worship of morally bankrupt economic system is quite horrible enough. There is no need to further compromise them by programming them with religions. Religions should be a choice that an adult makes, not something forced on a child.

Note: The FSM would not like to be in schools. He feels that He is best loved at home, in private. It is his belief that gods do not belong in the public sphere. He also does not allow anyone to be baptized as a Pastafarian until they are an adult. Indoctrinating children is wrong.

Examine Your Assumptions

As you can see, you are constantly having propaganda, marketing, and incorrect information bombarding you from all directions. This is exhausting and makes people frustrated and discouraged. The Collective Purpose of all Pastafarian should be to seek truth and teach truth, and to make the world better in every possible way.

As a unified force, we should recognize that our societies are cloaked in the darkness of materialism and division, and we should all act as points of light who do all they can to push this darkness away. You, as a human, have the potential to improve the world for yourself and for others. You have the ability to be a point of light in a world that can sometimes seem bleak and dark. When you have a choice; choose to be a point of light.

Leftovers

There are many concepts and ideas introduced in this bible. Some of them may make you angry at first. Some of them may be an offense to your innermost thoughts. Know that His Noodliness is sorry for that. If you majored in business and you are finding it hard to part with your programming, realize that it is not an insurmountable problem. It may be a longer trip to a Pastafarian way of life, but you *can* get there.

Also, remember that you are not a bad creature. His Noodliness likes the joke that He boiled for your sins. But in truth, He wants you to know that you don't have sins, and that you are an inherently good creature.

More than that, humanity may be the only intelligent eyes that the universe has ever evolved to see itself with. Of all the unconscious matter in the vast expanse of space, humans are rational and thinking beings. It is a miracle that should be appreciated; without doubt. More than that, humans should know that they are made of star dust and that they may be unique in space and time; and they should act like it.

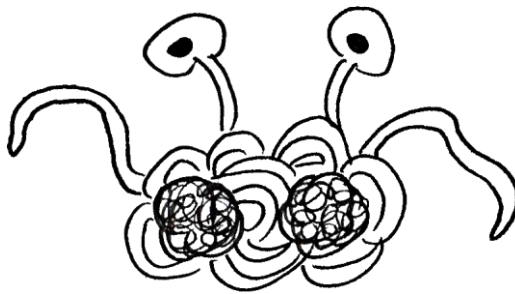
Pastafarianism, like the rest of life, is complicated and full of nuance. There are ideas, and clarifications of ideas, and examples of ideas meant to be used for further extrapolation. However, if there is one thing that is most important to all Pastafarians, it is the most basic idea that is held dear by the FSM Himself, which is: Don't be a dick.

More than anything else, the takeaway from this bible should be to focus on kindness and peace. No one is asking for perfect; least of all His Noodliness. He knows that not all mezzalunas are stuffed perfectly the first time. Mistakes will be made! Everyone is going to over-salt the water or under-simmer the sauce at some point. However, as long as you

focus on kindness and peace, you are still perfect to His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster, and you have nothing to be ashamed of.

Finally, please try to value people and experiences over possessions, and do your best to unlearn the current cultural practice of commodifying relationships. It will make you happier, and more likeable.

If you stop letting the culture you are in program you in negative ways, you will begin to find that the things that *really* matter were obvious all along. Fight your programming and make yourself a better and more compassionate person. Reject the idea that people are opportunities to advance your own life and see them as having inherent value. If you do this, your life will absolutely be happier.



Disclosures

Disclosures From The Prophet

I think the most important disclosure is the that Flying Spaghetti Monster is not actually male. He is kind of both and neither, like Shiva. However, English doesn't have a pronoun for pasta, and I had to choose one. Being a woman, I might have picked male because of ingrained patriarchy. Or maybe it just felt easier to me because I love him and focusing my attention on something male was easier for me personally. I don't know why I did it. All I know is, it was a thing done for expediency, and the FSM said it was fine until a gender-neutral pronoun that He likes is invented.

His Noodliness honored my choice because I am the one who answered the Craigslist ad and dictated His bible for Him, so He didn't want to nit-pick. He also said that it shows something more people should be aware of, which is that all bibles are filtered through human perspective, and so none represent the exact intention of the gods they are about. People should not read bibles literally. Instead, they should look at the overall ideas and themes, and try to adhere to what the god was saying; rather than the specific words used or the small things thrown in by the authors.

Example: There is one sentence in one book of the Christian bible that says men should not sleep with other men the way they sleep with women. The FSM knows for a fact that this one little sentence (which is not echoed anywhere else in the book) was thrown in by the author. The Christian god is totally cool with gay men and with lesbians. However, authors get in the way of the intentions of the gods sometimes, and nothing can be done about this until gods learn to use computers.

To sum up, His Noodliness The Flying Spaghetti Monster is not gendered in the way that people are. There is not a

pronoun that would properly represent The Supreme Carbohydrate at this time. The choice of “He” was made by the author, (me) who is only an imperfect servant of His Noodliness. Sorry. I didn’t know how else to translate Him into words.

There are several other things that are worthy of note about the writing of this bible. For example, I only wrote down the things that the Flying Spaghetti Monster told me to. You will note that the section on gods covers only a few of the thousands of gods. This is because His Noodliness only mentioned some gods over the course of our talks. He didn’t mention them all.

The intention is for you to extrapolate. You may notice that there are several gods of war on His Shit List. This is because He is a god of peace, and He disapproves of war for any reasons. He did not mention every single god of war, so not all of them are on the Shit List. However, you can extrapolate and realize that even gods of war that are not explicitly listed are still gods that are out of His favor.

It was a choice that I made; only including things that He said. It seemed as though his leaving some things unsaid might be intentional, so that you would have to make the logical next step on your own. The Flying Spaghetti Monster never intended to tell people what to think. He only invented to teach them *how* to think. (I think that is important to note.)

By the same token, I kept in everything He said. Sometimes He repeated himself while we were talking. Each book within this bible represents a day that I sat down and listened to His Noodliness talk. However, when He sat down to talk about fighting programming, He said some things that He had already said in other sections. This is true throughout the book. He reiterated a lot of points. I thought at first about

taking out redundant information. And yet, my problem with that was two-fold. For one thing, changing His word felt deeply wrong. For another thing, it occurred to me that it could have been intentional. Perhaps he thought there was value in repetition?

The truth is, it's hard to even think about changing anything when you are dealing with the words of a god. I would sit down in front of my computer to edit and feel extremely uncomfortable with the thought of changing a section to make it flow better or altering the phrasing of something to make it clearer. I thought: What if He wanted it that way?

I would have liked to have asked Him, but after we finished our interviews, He vanished entirely. I never had any illusions that He would stick around. I didn't think I was going to become friends with a god. But, I wish He would have waited until the book was formatted and sent off to the publisher! I could have asked if He wanted a picture of Himself of the cover, or just text. I could have asked if it was okay to have a forward and a section of disclosures. There were things that I had to decide, and I didn't feel like I had enough insight to make the right choices.

What you should take away from this, if nothing else, is that the failings of this bible are mine. If you are looking at something and you think "that is bad grammar," then know that I am certain it is my fault. His Noodliness might be perfect, but I am not. I am just a flawed human, and though I spent time in His presence, it doesn't make me any better than the rest of you. We all make mistakes, and I am not an exception.

You should also know that I only had one shot at dictating His words. I sat down and listened to the recording and typed what I (thought) I heard. At the time, I thought I could go

back and fact check. However, once I listened to them once, they vanished right off my hard drive as though they had been deleted. I have no doubt that it was His work. He did tell me that he planned to leave no trace because He wanted people to take his words on faith, as it is a human custom with gods and He wanted to honor it. He also mentioned that He didn't like how His voice sounded when it was recorded. I deeply hope that His faith in me was not misplaced, and that I got His words right. I would rather disappoint my parents, my grandparents, and all of my ancestors going back to the beginning of time than to disappoint His Noodliness.

It also worth noting that before we sat down each day so He could dictate His words, we did chat a little. I didn't include things from these chats in the books of this bible, but you should know that He rants a lot about how we were given a perfectly good star for power, and then we decided to use dead dinosaurs instead. He seemed to feel personally offended by that. He also hates plastic.

I think the things that seemed to make him the maddest was that people tell children that they can be anything. Obviously little Tommy who was born with a degenerative muscle disease cannot grow up to be an Olympian. He will have to grow up, like Stephen Hawking, to depend on his mind. His Noodliness thought that it was horrible discriminatory to tell kids "You can be anything." And, while I had never thought about it before, I agree with him now that I have thought about it.

When we chatted, He asked me about my past. I have some pretty dark stories in my personal history, and He said that I seemed haunted by them. This may be true. Either way, He gave me two pieces of advice for getting rid of the shadow of darkness in my soul:

One was to go on a vision quest using some sort of mind altering drug, and to confront my demons within the spiritual realm.

The other was to always learn from the past but look to the future.

Between when His Noodliness and I spoke and when this book was finally typed up and ready to print, I did search my soul and confront my demons. I am not saying that I am “all better” or anything. I think it is a lifelong process to heal from some traumas. However, I am a lot better than I used to be. So, if any of you have demons in your soul, maybe confront them. I know that drowning them in whiskey didn’t work for me and running from them was only ever a temporary fix.

It seems to me now that it was always so obvious: At some point, I was going to have to turn around and face my demons. And once I did, it really did help me stop living in the past and move on.

Honestly, a lot of what we chatted about should have been in the bible, in my opinion. However, as a lowly mortal, I really didn’t feel it was my place. So, you’ll have to take it from me here in the disclosures, since I couldn’t in good conscience put it into one of the books of the bible.

The last little quirk that I wanted to put in here is that the FSM rates things on a scale of one to five meatballs. For example, he asked if I had traveled. I have, in fact. In running from my demons, I have lived in several different countries and traveled to many more. So, we talked about various places. I said I went to Paris in the winter and loved it, but I wish I could go again in the spring. He laughed and told me that he only gives Paris four meatballs in the spring because it’s too crowded. He gave Australia a full five meatballs though,

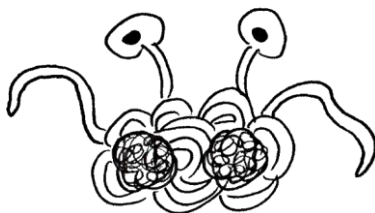
because he likes their whimsical attitude. I have since traveled to Australia when I took a little break from dictating this book. My conclusion is the same as his: It's a five-meatball place.

The meatball rating system applies to everything. For example: He gave *The Martian* five meatballs even though he isn't usually a huge Matt Damon fan, because He said it was beautifully done and a perfect blend of story-telling and realism.

The point is: He rates everything on Earth in meatballs. When I said that might upset vegetarians, he countered by saying that I had no idea if His meatballs were vegan soy "meatballs" or real meat, and said that jumping to conclusions is never a good idea. I had to concede that point.

I have adopted the meatball rating system, and I just want you to know that I really hope you give this book five meatballs. I worked really hard to capture the essence of what the Flying Spaghetti Monster said, and to arrange the text in such a way that it was clear and easy to skim for a specific section. If you do think that it is worthy of the highest rating of meatballs, please make sure you review it on Good Reads or on Amazon or something. Getting His word out there matters to me, and more people read books with good reviews.

Thank you for reading. I hope I have made a believer of you. May His Noodliness bless you in all that you do, and may your bowl be forever full of pasta. R'amen!



If you came upon this book and read it, please add your name and pass it on!

Name _____ From _____

Name _____ From _____

Name _____ From _____

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About the Author

Violet Johnson is a human. There is supposed to be information that follows attaching the author to a place, such as “An American author living on the island of Guam.” However, it’s important to remember that His Noodliness prefers that humans lead an untethered life and keep their hearts open to all places and ideas, so there is very little that matters about Violet beyond the fact that she wrote the bible in English because it is her first language, and so the way it was worded reflects that. In all other ways, the goal was to keep birth markers such as race, nationality, and sex out of the book. Those things are not important. What matters is The Word of His Noodliness.

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