

Spagheturtleism

By Minette

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Hello there, my name is Dr. Lait, and I recently came across a land never discovered before while sailing on my very expensive scientific motorboat. My fellow historians and I are currently exploring that island, and we found out that the people that inhabited the land may have had their own religion. It has taken me and my team many months to translate the drawings into words, but I urge you to join me on this adventure, and let me tell you about the story that is carefully encrypted in the large chunks of ancient ruins.

Long ago, on the islands I like to call “the broken land” because of the huge, long, jagged river that cuts through it, there was an ancient tribe called Kales. They had some of the most beautiful ancient architecture I’ve ever seen. Intricate castles all connected by large stone bridges all held up by the wood of the yolka tree, almost as strong as metal, and smaller villages, with houses built from stone and large tree leaves. The islands are also infested with creatures never even seen before, for example, the Tordie, a bird-like animal, with the head similar to one of a frog, and other strange animals. Anyway, this story begins with a small boy named (from our translations) Gale. Gale lived a happy life with his parents, Male, Bale, and his little sister, Aale. They all lived in a small stone home in one of the many villages of this land. This one was called Yale. The village consisted of about 30 families and 40 buildings, and it was located on the outskirts of the island next to a small beach called Tale. Although Gale didn’t live in one of the richest villages on the island, he was happy living with his family and spending his evenings playing on the beach.

Everything was just about perfect until Gale was about 8 years old. He was playing with 6 year old Aale on the beach when all of a sudden, he saw a large ship with a yellow flag coming towards the island. Gale had only ever heard of ships, he had never actually seen them, for it was

forbidden for any ship to set sail and leave the island. King Rale of the "Broken Land" was afraid that if the people of his kingdom found other land, it would cause war and spread illnesses, and the people were perfectly fine with his decision. The Broken Land had plenty of riches, food, and clean water supply. So when Gale saw the boat with the unfamiliar flag coming towards his island, he was pretty surprised, but mostly scared. All he could do was stare and point. He only did something after other villagers crowded onto the beach, and Rale started tugging his sleeve, but all he could say was "look" as more ships appeared to be closing in on the shore. Soon enough, the island's warriors were fighting as hard as they could, but that wasn't enough. They had never faced war or battle before so they didn't exactly have the skills or experience. The next day, the island had been taken over by the Elaks, and their beloved King Rale, was killed and replaced by the new king, Relak. They had shown some mercy and decided to let the Kale's live, but they had vacated the castles and sent everyone to live in the smaller villages, to work as farmers, which soon became overcrowded. It didn't help that most of the food was sent to the Elak's which were living in the luxury of the castles. The Kale's lived like this for years, not being able to do anything about it, for the Elake's were too powerful, but Gale was getting fed up, but it's not like anybody agreed with him. On the eve of his 13th birthday at around 11:00 at night, and he went to the beach by himself. He saw something strange emerging from the water, he wondered if he was dreaming, as large turtle was lifted up by the waves and brought to him on the shore. Gale pinched himself. He was not dreaming. The turtle then started to speak, Gale had started to think he was going crazy, but he listened anyway.

"I know that you are getting tired of these people treating this island like it's theirs and not the Kale's."

Gale responded.

"How did you know that, I didn't tell anyone." Gale replied.

"I am your God" replied the turtle. "I know this may sound alarming, but I will help you get out of this mess, but you must worship me, pray to me,

and give me the best spaghetti you can make, once every year, on the fourth of May.” said the turtle, with much seriousness.

“I will do whatever I can to free my people from the Elakes.” Said Gale.

“Then I will help you.” said the spaghetti-turtle. “By tomorrow morning, I will have built ten indestructible ships that will be lined up on this beach, by tomorrow evening, you must prove your faith in me by getting all your people on this shore. I will then prove to all of you that I am indeed real. You must not worry about King Relak, for he will not be able to stop us.”

This sounded like a hard task to Gale, but he was willing to do everything for his people, so he agreed to the spaghetti-turtle, and returned to his home to rest for the evening.

The next day was Gale's birthday, but since the Kale's did not celebrate birthdays, he went out to the beach to see if the turtle was telling the truth, as he was greeted by ten miraculous boats, he soon realized the answer to that question. As both the Kale's and some of the Elak's crowded around the beach to see what had happened, Gale climbed to the highest mast of all the boats and yelled out as loud as he could, “Welcome, Kales!” There was no welcome for the Elak's, for Gale was not there to save *them*. “You may be wondering why and how these boats got here. Well, the amazing spaghetti turtle visited me last night, and agreed to help us get away from here, if we worship him as our god, and bring him our finest spaghetti every fourth of May. Now, you may think that I am speaking nonsense right now, but I am telling the truth. in order to escape with the true believers, you must be at this beach by sunset, and the spaghetti turtle will prove his greatness to you.”

“You won't get away with this!” replied one of the Elaks. I will report this to the king immediately!”

“Do what you wish.” said Gale. “This will not stop me, in fact there is nothing you can do to stop me. You have reigned over us for far too long, and it ends now! Kale's, join me and the spaghetti-turtle on these beautiful boats, and we will conquer the Elak's once and for all!”

He was answered with a deafening cheer from his fellow Kale's. He had convinced them. Gale had done his part, but now it was the spaghetti-turtle's next move.

The news had spread quickly, and the strange boats and rumors about this marvelous spaghetti-turtle had soon become the talk of the town, (more like talk of the islands!) and the King was outraged. "We conquered them fair and square! They'll never leave this island, I'll make sure of that!" the King ranted in his castle for hours, plotting against Gale, and yelling some angry insults while he was at it. Soon, the king came to a conclusion. He would make a special appearance at the beach that night, accompanied by 100 of his finest soldiers, and he would stop Gale and his followers, imprison them, and get on with his pompous life. So when evening rolled around the corner, the king had been dressed up in his fanciest armor, which he would not be fighting in, of course, and traveled all the way from his castle, to the beach, where his soldiers fighting would begin. But when he got to the beach and sent his soldiers out to fight, the turtle rose out of the sea and threw spicy spaghetti sauce at their eyes. The soldiers could no longer see, and soon after that, the turtle came after the king, and threw spaghetti sauce at his eyes too. Once all the Elak soldiers could no longer see, the turtle disappeared, Gale and his people set off to sea, and Gale had a plan. Instead of looking for new land, Gale and his people would stay out at sea for a while. The ships were loaded with food and water so that wasn't a problem. After they had been gone for awhile, the Elak's economy would crash. Without farmers and workers, they would have to do it all themselves, and they hated working. They soon sent out ships with over 1000 soldiers to find the Kale's, but Seth had lead them around the island, so when all the soldiers had left, Seth led the Kale's back to their island, out of sight, and made a deal with the remaining people. The pact was written on the Yolka tree wood. It said:

"If you, the Elak's, agree to leave this island forever, we will spare your lives, if you choose to stay, we will hunt you, and have to kill you."

The king felt very threatened by the spaghetti-turtle, so he chose to leave quietly, but was eventually shunned and murdered by his own people, for being a disgraceful leader. The Kale's never heard of the Elak's ever again.

A couple months later, Gale was elected the new king of the Broken Land. All of his people were given proper jobs and better housing. All was well, but the people didn't really know what to do. The fourth of May, (nicknamed spaghetti day) was far away, and the religion didn't have virtues, or really any laws. The people had started to lose their faith. The turtle had to return. So, in the middle of the night, when King Seth was deep asleep, the turtle woke him up. Gale was awoken by a turtle that was floating above his bed.

"Your people have stopped believing in me, Gale. You need to get your stuff together, man." said the turtle. "I have decided to make laws of this religion. If your people do not abide by these laws, when thee die, they will be sent to live at the bottom of the deep, dark, ocean, and have to live with sharks for all eternity. If your people do abide by these laws, when they pass, they will turn into turtle like me, and live in beautiful coral reef paradise for all eternity. I will now list these laws to you, Gale.

First, they will worship me as their only god. I am their savior, and i will continue to be their savior, if they have faith in me. You and your people will never kill a turtle, they are your sacred animals. Second, You will build a temple, lined with gold and silver. The roof will look like a turtle shell, and there will be shrines inside, where your people can worship and pray to me. You will gather together in these temples every friday for 2 hours and sing spaghetti songs. You will also eat spaghetti as your only meal that day, and wear only red clothing. As you know, every fourth of may, you will hold a spaghetti competition. Whoever makes the best spaghetti will be automatically granted entrance into the afterlife. Every Sunday will be your peoples day off. They will not have work, and will be able to spend time with their families. March 2nd, the day which you conquered the king will also be a holiday, and tomorrow, when these laws are announced, June 1st, will also be a holiday. When a baby is born, they will be dunked in sea

water, and then named on the beach. Your people must not steal from anyone, kill anyone, or leave this island. You must also engrave these laws, and this land's history on the temple walls, which will be read by every citizen by age 9. When you die, a new king will be elected based on their faith in me, and spaghetti making skills."

"I agree with these laws, they will make the kingdom much happier," said Gale.

"I am glad you agree." replied the turtle. "From now on, I can advise you no longer in physical form. I will visit people in their dreams, and answer their prayers, but i can no longer appear, because even turtles must leave this life eventually. Goodbye Gale, and good luck. I will be watching over you."

"Goodbye, spaghetti turtle." Gale replied

And just like that, with a poof of blue smoke, the turtle was gone. Many centuries passed, but sadly, when I, Dr. Lait came across this island, the people of this beautiful land had been wiped out by a disease that we suppose came along about 100 years ago. We are still exploring this land, but thank you for letting me uncover the broken land's history to you.

Goodbye and good luck, from Dr. Lait.