

Granted, the Bible states Jesus is the Son of God and achieved many great things on Earth. But, Jesus did not achieve his greatness as the folklore in the Bible states. It is a mystery as to why the writers of the Bible even made Jesus the central figure in the New Testament. According to the Bible, Jesus was supposedly born in a stable of a virgin, and executed at the age of thirty-three for criminal behaviour. Surely, if your old man is God, you'd be born in five-star accommodation, or a private hospital, not a stable. Your health plan would be the best ever. You'd have all the extras. So why write he was born in a stable? And of a virgin, please!

In between his birth and his death, Jesus never travelled more than 150 kilometres from his birthplace and he never owned anything. He didn't write on paper or papyrus, instead he wrote in the sand. Jesus commanded no Army, yet the Bible states he was a King. A King of what, exactly? King of the Jews, some say. But the Jews, the Judeans, had sold their country out to Boat People. Therefore, Jesus was a King of squat. Jesus did no kingly type work. He preferred to hang out with a bunch of long-haired layabouts who spent their time bopping around the countryside trying to convince people he (Jesus) was a wonder-worker. You do not achieve greatness this way.

What the Bible fails to tell you is, because Jesus had two fathers, he grew into a spoilt, cheeky young man who thought he could get away with anything and everything.

'Give me an extra doughnut and the latest edition of the Judean 'Big Titties' magazine, or I'll get my dad to fire a couple of lightning bolts right up your arse, Mr. Shopkeeper.'

'Yes sir, Mr Jesus, sir, please take whatever you like. And my daughter is out the back as well, Mr Jesus sir.'

The Bible also wants us to believe Jesus was executed by way of a couple of good floggings dished out by the Roman Boat People, and finally put to death on the Cross. Let's think about this. The Bible states at John 3:16, 'For God so loved the world he gave his only begotten son...etc., etc., and etc.' And then what, we sent him back to Heaven all beat up and dead. If that occurred wouldn't God be a tad annoyed. God would have freaked out. He would have paid Earth a visit. Not a seeking compassion, solace and understanding type of visit either. God would have arrived with his kick-butt Police Force, and I'm telling you, there would have been none of that forgiveness stuff. He would have levelled the planet.

Jesus did achieve greatness, but not as the Bible states. Jesus achieved greatness by other means. As mentioned, the birth of Jesus gave God an idea. God decided to use Jesus to identify those few who still worshipped him, the strong. He would reward these good people by allowing them to enter Kingdom of Heaven and have everlasting life. These people he called his *Chosen Ones*.

'I'll teach the heathen bastards now; I got me a plan I have,' he hollered from the Heavens.

Later in time, Matthew confirmed God did have a plan. He says at Matthew 5:5, 'Jesus said, blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth.'

‘Let the meek and the weak inherit the Earth,’ screamed God. ‘The Greenies and their dumb-arse policies are going to screw the place up anyway. I only want the strong in Heaven.’

One evening, I told Happy Face to behave himself and I met up with the lovely Golden Angel Jacquetta for dinner. Over a meal of roast beef and baked vegetables washed down with a couple of glasses of fine red, she told me how Jesus had achieved his greatness. Jesus had been badgered into completing an apprenticeship as a carpenter by Joseph, just in case one day he had to pay child support to someone. But, despite his trade qualifications, Jesus couldn’t land a job. He always got fobbed off in his interviews, as the Boat People running Judea were racist.

‘You’re a bloody carpenter, man – we build brick places.’

‘You’ve just completed your apprenticeship – we need more qualified people here.’

‘You’ve just completed your apprenticeship – you’re overqualified for this role.’

‘You can build boats for us you say, why? We don’t need them anymore; we’ve got your entire country!’

‘Jesus Christ, man, only *one* of your fathers can vouch for you – you’re telling me the other one lives in space. You’re a right little Judean nutter, aren’t you? Piss off.’

Little wonder Jesus became frustrated applying for jobs and being knocked back because he didn’t have Boat People heritage. Jesus was discriminated against in his own country, as this is what Boat People do when they take over new lands. Jesus complained to the Judean Human Rights Commission, but the commissioners told him to bugger off as they were all Boat People.

Nobody knows what made Jesus snap around 30 AD. Perhaps it was because Mary and Joseph had decided to stop his pocket money as Jesus had reached thirty years of age. Jesus could have because God wouldn’t help him get a job.

‘You need to get a job based on your own merits, boy,’ God preached. ‘I can’t be seen wiping your arse and blowing your nose. I expect my son to work. It’ll teach you values and you’ll learn to appreciate stuff. And yeah, always wear a condom, will you?’

Jesus pleaded, ‘I’m trying here, but it’s too hard; it’s getting me down. I feel so bad, oh woe is me, and woe is me!’

‘Then try harder,’ God responded.

Mary would defend Jesus by making him a hot chocolate, rubbing his feet, and telling God to get off his case.

God replied, ‘I’m the one paying child support here, woman. I want value for my money. Tell him to get a bloody job instead of hanging out with them long-haired layabout friends of his! They’re no good, bloody louts, they are.’

The final straw came when Jesus went out one morning to buy a bladder of goat's milk, minus the goat, for Mary.

A Boat Person yelled out in broken Judean, 'How come one of your daddies lives in space; is it 'cause your mama's ugly?'

Jesus was under pressure from many quarters. He couldn't bag a job in carpentry, and so he decided he didn't want to work with wood, preferring instead flowers. He wanted to be a flower arranger, but Joseph would hear none of it. Jesus also had God on his back and Boat People insulting him; he'd had a gutful of the lot of them. Against his mother's wishes, Jesus at the tender age of thirty, ran away from home and kept right on running into the wilderness of Judea. This wilderness bordered the fresh-water Sea of Galilee.

Jesus ran through the bushes and scrubs of Tamarisk, the rhododendron, the Agnus Castus and the Apple of Sodom, all of which grew along the banks of the Jordan River, which ran into the Sea of Galilee. He stopped only to smell some bushes and wild flowers and occasionally hug a tree. Imagine Jesus's surprise and alarm when he was suddenly confronted and crash-tackled by the *Wildman of the Wilderness of Judea*.

Much had been written in the *Judean Times* about this short, smelly, pot-bellied, hideous-looking creature. Some believed he didn't exist and was merely an old wives' tale, a figment of people's imagination. People who swore they had seen him, described him as a food thief with a hairy back. Others stated he wore a large nappy and was prone to jumping out of the bushes, picking his nose and flicking the contents at them. Witnesses who had seen the Wildman of the Wilderness in action, said he would rush out of the bushes whilst they were enjoying a picnic, take off his soiled nappy and throw it at them whilst swearing profusely. As they ran away, the Wildman would steal the food (the bits not soiled) and bolt back into the bushes. Sometimes, he left his business card behind. 'Yogi and Boo-Boo thank you.' In truth the Wildman of the Wilderness of Judea was nothing more than an unemployed Judean bum, who could no longer get welfare benefits under the new Boat People government. Welfare was only for Boat People.

When this law came into effect, Wildman spat it big time. He told the welfare people they should go back where they came from, and take their stupid girl's blouse religion with them. Deeply insulted, the welfare people shut the doors to their office, and went on strike for five weeks. Hence, no Boat People could receive their welfare entitlements. As the death threats rolled in, Wildman headed to the forest to hide out. Apparently, he'd been there for ten years, prior to flower-sniffing Jesus bounding into shrubbery.

Worst of all, so the rumour goes, Wildman was once having sex in the forest, by himself, when the branch of a tree dropped on his head. When he awoke, Wildman believed he was a reincarnated greenie and this convinced him not to live amongst the people again. He wanted to hug trees, have sex alone, or with small animals that sometimes fell out of the trees when he hugged too hard.

One story about Wildman tells us the boat person Governor of Judea, Fat Boy Pontius Pinecone, and his family were picnicking in the woods. They laid down their nice picnic rug, placed their baskets down and went for a leisurely walk through the bushes. Unbeknown to them, as they walked, the Wildman struck. He stole their food and left filthy nappies over their picnic rugs, along with his business card. Governor Pinecone was pissed off to the max.

He ordered the Military Legions of the Roman Boat People to go into the woods and kill every bear that ever was, especially those who had gathered there for a certain occasion, you know the teddy bears' picnic.

The Military bear hunt made it risky for Wildman to expose himself, so he hid. He had no access to food and this made him cranky. Fortunately, the Military never found the Wildman, or Yogi or Boo-Boo. They eventually gave up and returned to their barracks. Not long after this episode occurred, Jesus came running along a camel-track road wearing his backpack. The Wildman came screaming out of the bushes hitting Jesus hard, so hard he knocked the wind clean out of him. Wildman began screaming for food and trying to get into Jesus's backpack whilst Jesus was lying on the ground, attempting to deep breathe and simultaneously scream his lungs out in sheer fright.

Wildman hollered at Jesus, 'Gimme your food before I thump you into next week! I haven't eaten for ages.'

Jesus spat back, 'Nick off hairy back, short arse!'

This comment riled up Wildman. He rubbed a soiled nappy into the face of Jesus, called him a shit head, and proceeded to kick the crap out of him. Weak from the pain of the beating, Jesus told Wildman he had no food left and even let him look inside his backpack. Wildman looked and saw no food. He started to jump up and down on Jesus in an attempt to force him to regurgitate his last meal.

Jesus managed to struggle to his feet by crawling between the legs of Wildman, grabbing a hand full of his dirty, sweaty back hair and pulling himself up. But, the Wildman proved to be a worthy opponent. Despite being weakened from no food, he was still strong; he bent over and Jesus rolled over him. As Jesus got to his feet to run, he slipped in a large pile of camel poo and fell over again.

Wildman leaped at Jesus who was trying to regain his footing in the slippery camel poo, and they both hit the ground together, rolling repeatedly down the embankment, through the thickets, prickly pear bushes and finally coming to rest with a splash, as they had both rolled into the Jordan River.

Wildman began to scream like a girl and yelled he was going to drown as he couldn't swim. Fright is a powerful ally; in times of fright people can do amazing things to survive. Whilst Wildman may have been in fright, so was Jesus. The difference being, Jesus was the Son of God. Jesus stood up, yelled to Wildman that now was probably a good time to learn to swim and with that, Jesus began to walk on the water towards the riverbank, towards freedom.

Wildman looked and said, 'How the bloody Hell can you do that?'

As Jesus approached the riverbank, he yelled, 'Look out for the piranhas!'

The Wildman of the Wilderness looked around nervously and promptly shat himself. Mistaking his turd for a piranha, the Wildman panicked and jumped up to discover the water was shallow. This changed the entire game plan for Jesus. Wildman chased after him again. Jesus was buggered from running and the beatings and therefore easy prey for Wildman, who

caught him just as he reached the top of the riverbank. Down into the water they both rolled again.

Jesus managed to break free, and then he did it again. He walked on water; this time he walked to the middle of the river where the water was much deeper. He began poking faces at Wildman and calling him names.

Wildman got to the riverbank and threw stones at Jesus. Bruised and battered, Jesus surrendered. Both men, completely knackered from their physical endurance, collapsed and lay in the mud on the riverbank. They had no more energy. Strangely, a white seagull appeared above them. Wildman yelled at the bird to go away as he didn't have any hot chips to give it. But, the seagull spoke. This is what the seagull said as it fluttered above two grown men, one who had a hairy back, which glistened in the sun as it dried, and one who could walk on water.

The seagull said, 'Bugger me, Jesus. I've always told you to lead with your left when you're in a scrap.'

'I was trying,' replied Jesus. 'But I was weak from running.'

'Then stop bloody running and sulking and man up,' said God.

Wildman, startled by a talking seagull, began to throw stones at the bird and very nearly succeeded in hitting it. The seagull suddenly turned into a size 18 boot and kicked Wildman right up his Khyber Pass with a delivery so hard, Wildman ended up back in the river. Jesus burst out laughing as Wildman emerged from the water spluttering.

'Bloody Hell, I've been out here too long; I'm going loco,' said Wildman. 'I heard a talking bird, which turned into a boot and kicked me. You see that?'

Jesus replied, 'It's only one of my dads jerking around.'

Jesus now found himself in the river, also the recipient of a size 18 boot.

It was now Wildman's turn to laugh. From pain comes pleasure, and from pleasure can develop profound friendships built on nothing more than mutual understanding and the shared experience of a kick up the butt. Jesus and the Wildman of the Wilderness now had something in common. Both been kicked up the date by a hovering boot. This made them both feel happy, really happy.

They hugged and they danced on the banks of the Jordan River and smelled some flowers on a bush. They then threw off their muddy garments and *frolicked* together in the water in the nude.

God looked down through his bird eyes, shook his beak, and said, 'Bloody Hell, get a load of those two, will ya?'

They jumped around in the water and splashed each other and laughed, and showed each other their willies to see who had the biggest.

God, sitting in a tree, didn't know what to make of the carrying on, but at least they weren't fighting anymore. John the Baptist told Jesus he was happy to have found a friend as living alone in the wild can be a lonely experience. Jesus thought for a moment and informed John that the lonely bit probably came from being by yourself.

John nodded his head in amazement and said, 'You're such a deep lateral thinker, profound too, and smart as well.'

The two of them continued to frolic in the Jordan River. Jesus and John even showed each other their bottoms to compare the red marks from the boot of God. At one stage, Jesus told John about his dad in Heaven.

John thought, 'Heck! I thought I was loco, but this Jesus bloke is messed up real bad, a right nutter he is!'

Jesus had an idea: 'Let's start a club for nude swimming in the Jordan River.'

Jesus and John the Baptist both agreed it would be fun to frolic with more like-minded people.

'We could charge a membership fee and make a lot of money,' suggested Jesus.

'We could have cafés selling coffee and buns and other stuff on the banks of the Jordan,' said John.

'And franchise the business further upstream and make more money,' said Jesus.

'And downstream as well,' said John.

'Picnic baskets. We could sell picnic baskets full of food,' said John.

Whatever God was thinking, he now stopped, as he suddenly had an idea so big it should have been photographed.

'Whoa now, you Captains of Industry,' said God. 'Let's have ourselves a little chat about this for a tad.'

John immediately thought, 'Woo bugger me, the talking seagull is back. I'd better sit back down; otherwise, the boot might kick my arse again.'

God said, 'I've got an idea that's better than all yours combined. We can pull a few loose ends together; I can help you and you can help me. Here's what I'm thinking. Seeing as you two get along so well, I want both of you to start a religion, a religion that will worship me as the *one* and *only* true God, because as it stands, I am.'

God explained to Jesus and John the Baptist that by starting a religion, they'd both have employment for life. Whoever heard of a minister of religion made redundant?

'I haven't,' answered Jesus.

‘What’s a minister of religion?’ asked John the Baptist.

God informed them they could both become famous if they worked hard and the religion took off – far more famous than owning a few cafés. They could also combine their religious duties with their frolicking ways. This would enable them to meet many like-minded people. In return for forming a religion, God promised all who followed their religion a place in Heaven for eternity.

‘Wow!’ said John. ‘What a hoot. Count me in. I don’t care if I am agreeing with a seagull, but eternity sounds like a really long time.’

Jesus thought briefly and said, ‘It must be one that can pull women.

We don’t want to start one of those anti-women religions like them cursed Boat People.’

‘I know!’ said John, ‘We could call our new religion the ‘Loopy Ones who Frolic!’

‘Loopy Ones, I don’t like,’ replied Jesus. ‘It sounds like a breakfast cereal.’

God suggested they both put on their thinking caps and come up with a decent name for their new religious group. This name had to be different from the pagan religious names and false gods spreading across Judea.

‘The ‘Religion of the Frolickers’ might work,’ said Jesus. ‘Or ‘Frolicking Good Fun Religion’, suggested John.

‘For Pete’s sake!’ said God. ‘Dead set, you two are brainless. The youth today baffles me. Listen up.’

On this day, as opposed to other days, on the banks of the Jordan River, God chaired his first religious conference. He was a seagull. The other attendees were both naked. The outcome of this conference had ramifications that resounded across the world because at this conference, the Baptist religion was born, so named to appease John the Baptist, as Jesus had won the leadership vote, two to one. After all, blood is thicker than water.

God gave the boys a pep talk as to what he expected from his new religion. In doing so, he wanted all new converts to the Baptist religion to follow a simple ritual, one easy to follow yet different from other known rituals practised by the pagans. The lads and God tossed around many ideas before deciding all new Baptists should be initiated into the faith by way of a Baptism. Baptism is the ancient Judean word for naked frolic. The boys thought this was good, as they had met in the water and had celebrated their friendship by having a Frolic without their clothes on. In some parts of the world, due to the shortage of water, the Frolic changed to splashing a small amount of water on people’s bodies.

On paper, God’s plan was a masterstroke. He had his son installed as the head of the Baptist religion, and its followers, and only its followers, were allowed to enter Heaven. Those who wanted to live for eternity in Heaven had to toss aside their pagan beliefs for a new belief in the Baptists. It was the Baptists who commenced the belief of the one God who lived in Heaven, who had a son called Jesus, who became the Head Honcho of the Baptist religion, yada, yada, yada.

God finally had a method to square up with the multi-god worshipping heathens. This was his *Period of Natural Selection*. Once again, Charles Darwin mentioned *Natural Selection* in his great book. His view on Natural Selection is much supported by eminent scientists throughout the world. For reasons which I find difficult to understand, God received no credit for naturally selecting the Baptists as his Chosen Ones. This is despite Matty confirming for us, in the Bible at Matthew 28:19, that it was indeed the Baptist religion that became the preferred religion of God. It states: 'Jesus said to all of the disciples, go to the people of all nations and make them my disciples. Baptise them in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.'

It is important to note from this biblical text, Jesus said, *baptise*. Jesus did not say Catholicise or Happy Clapperise or Mormonise or Presbyterianise or Anglicanise or Lutheranise or Methodistise or Pasteurise or Homogenise or whatever other religionise there is or was. Jesus said *baptise*.

Let Us Pray

Oh great philosopher from above

Thank you for making us Baptists the Chosen Ones

A bloody Baptist through and through I am

I love sneaking up behind the Happy Clappers

And yelling Boo!

Amen

The Prophecies of Chapter Nine

- Please note that the magazine titled, 'Judean Big Titties' is out of publication.
- If you're Baptist, the evidence is irrefutable; you're going to Heaven.
- The Baptists invented skinny-dipping.
- To be a member of the Baptist religion is the most moving, thrilling, exciting... Aw, who am I trying to kid?
- Never throw stones at birds; you just never know.
- Not all short people have hairy backs.

- When swimming, remember what you see may not be a turd; it could be a piranha. Either way, don't touch.
- If you're *not* Baptist, then I'm guessing the last chapter didn't please you.
- Before taking off your clothes in public to participate in the frolic, please check with your legal adviser first.
- Personally, I love the Frolic.