

The Legend of the Great Pancake

Behold, the Greatest Pancake of All Time! Escapo. No chef on Planet Earth, not one soul, can plunge their fork into his batter. His expertise, agility, is beyond all Human intellectual capacity. No one can catch the Great Pancake.

But alas, few know the secret that Escapo conceals deep within him. He is not alone. No being can advance without instruction. The Prodigious Flying Sausage (Escapo's trainer, usually called PFS) who often lives in hiding, was (for those who knew him) the most wise and noble Sausage that ever roamed Earth. Let us dedicate a few words toward him.

He lived in a well. Not a well with water in it, like a normal well, but a dry well. But not a desolate, unwelcoming hole, like most dry wells, but a comfy, warm well with pots and kettles and such as what one would find in a regular house (but without sausages in the refrigerator). He was very old, almost nine hundred in our years, but in his time he was not much older than forty. And yes, he could fly: the term "Flying Sausage" was not poetic license.

When anyone asked Escapo what his Secret was, he always said: "Because I'm Gifted. *You* couldn't do it." When they said, "You Quack! You have *no purpose* in life!" he would only laugh. Of course, he never let the PFS know of his arrogance, or else he certainly would stick a fork in him. Escapo couldn't escape his Trainer.

One day, Escapo was having lunch on The PFS's roof, when there was a dreadful thump. It sounded like a huge bean-bag had dropped from the sky. All Foods can recognize this sound instantly. It was a Human. Escapo, forgetting about his companion, was gone in a flash. The PFS, however, was too late. In a fraction of a second, he was held mercilessly between the hands of the Human, a devastating, malicious, foul swine. The last card had been played. Then, as quick as a snap, he was heartlessly devoured. But he was not gone.

The Prodigious Flying Sausage was a descendant of the Peppercorn Flying Sausage Legacy. And what this means was that inside the meat of all offspring from this family, a peppercorn is contained, so that if any Humans were to devour them, the spicy taste of the Peppercorn would deprive them of their appetite, resulting in a rapid exit. As the Peppercorn fell into the soft dirt, up came the New Flying Sausage to continue the Sausage Legacy. To this I will return to shortly.

Escapo no doubt had witnessed the murder. But instead of taking it in grief, or horror, or anything of the sort he found it rather *funny*, and began to think how stupid it was of him to ask the PFS to train him. But he was not thinking about this as much as he was wondering how to

get out the dark, cold, wet Place that he was currently trapped in and absolutely no idea how he had gotten in to start with. While figuring out how he had gotten *in* was a difficult task, *where* he was, was not. It was called Nowhere.

When somebody is Somewhere, they are hardly conscious of it. But when Somebody finds himself Nowhere, they are fully aware of their Nowhereness. And when Someone is confined in a Nowhere space with Nothing, his true character rises to the surface and in front of his face. It was Here that Escapo realized that he *was* a Quack, and did not have any purpose as he supposed. But his thoughts were interrupted.

“Who are you?”

“Who are *you*?” asked Escapo a little fearfully.

“Spictascriptio, the Hole-y Cheese.”

“The Hole-y Cheese?! You’re really him?”

“Yes. And twice have I asked now (which I say, is *very* inconvenient) who *are* you?”

“Escapo, the Great Pancake.”

“Oh, *him*? That twisted, stuck-up fool? You have no purpose in life!”

“I know.”

“What?”

“Yep.” Then there was a pause so long that Escapo wondered if Spictascriptio would ever speak again. Then he did.

“You’re clearly not as hopeless as I presumed...”

“Why?”

“If you admit it, you still have purpose.”

“Really?”

“Now that you *want* purpose in life, you’re not hopeless. Purpose is still within your reach.”

“Well...where *is* purpose then?”

“Sonny, I’ve lived ten thousand years (not in the same form I am in now) but never have I discovered where Purpose thrives. But an old Popcorn once told me, ‘Purpose lies within Wood, a Wood so thin it is White. And of the same substance Purpose is written upon, Life was nailed upon, so that we could live.’ That, is all I can tell you.”

“Where *am* I?”

“Why, you don’t know? You’re in the Refrigerator.”

Then there was a horrid flash of light and a looming outline of a Human. She lunged for Escapo, but he had not forgotten his skill. He leaped out of reach of the grab, thanked Spictascriptio, and scrambled off as quickly as possible.

Searching for purpose was clearly not an easy task. Purpose lies within Wood? Where? Life was nailed upon it? Where was he to start?

Looking for wood, of course.

But where was he to find wood that was so thin that it was white? He had never heard of such a thing! Or had he? The concept was strangely familiar. Then it dawned on him.

Paper?

Paper! Purpose...is written...on Paper. But where is the Paper? Should he just go search for Paper? Paper was everywhere! Paper airplanes, Newspapers, Paper boys...

But Escapo was no fool. From Spictascriptio’s description of Purpose, he knew it could not be a new phenomenon. He must look for *old* paper.

But where am I to find old paper?

It was driving him mad! In his sheer anger, he hoisted a stone in the air and flung it into a nearby cave with all his might.

There was a hard thud and then a shattering noise of clay that followed. Escapo wondered what he had hit.

The light was very dim. Groping around, he felt along the wall of the cave until it came to a halt. There at the very end he saw three things, a rock, a large number of terribly fractured pots, and scrolls. They were so old and cracking that Escapo mistook it for sand. But it was Paper. Ancient Paper. Was *this* what he was searching for?

Cautiously, he leaned over for a closer look at it. This is what it read:

מחזיק על ידי למעלה עתה את הבהירות של התהילה שלו, וכן להביע את התמונה של האדם שלו, ואת כל הדברים 3מי
גבוה וקר חטאינו, התיישבתי על יד ימין שלכוח המילה שלו, כאשר הוא היה לבדו מן

שהושג באמצעות ירושה יותר מאשר הם שם יש 4להיות עשה כל כך הרבה יותר טוב מאשר את המלאכים, כפי שהוא
מעולה.

It was clearly Hebrew. Escapo had no knowledge of Hebrew and for that matter no knowledge on any Human language at all. It was useless trying to translate it.

“I know Hebrew.” Said a voice. Escapo turned around and jumped in surprise. A Sausage was standing next to him.

“Who are *you*?” asked Escapo.

“The Elevated Flying Sausage, descendant of The Prodigious Flying Sausage, sent by The Un-small Thing of Up-there in search of any Food that is skilled and circular shaped. I assume you are within that category?”

“I suppose so.”

“Splendid. Now where is this Hebrew business that needs attending to?”

“Here,” said Escapo, and showed him the scroll. The Elevated Flying Sausage squinted and grunted and stared at the figures for a long while before reading them out loud:

“Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high:

Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.”

“Keep on reading,” said Escapo eagerly.

“It’s torn,” was the reply. “I’ll read another one.” He searched for another fully intact paper. At last he found one, and after more squinting, he read it to Escapo.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Who is God?” asked Escapo.

So then all day and far into the night The Elevated Flying Sausage told Escapo what his true Purpose was all along. And years later a young Human discovered the same Scrolls that Escapo had found in that cave and what is now commonly known as The Dead Sea Scrolls.

To this day, the Legend of the Great Pancake continues.