

The Loafmeal

DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SEAS

The Loafmeal (@fra_loaf)

Out of love for the Truth and the desire to bring it to light, the following grievances are laid bare under the Loafdom of one Andrew "Drew.0" O'Donnell, Master of Rudimentary Arts and Erstwhile Shenanigans. Wherefore he requests that those who are unable to be present and support his cause orally, may do so by Twit-Arr.

In the name of our Lord JoCo. Amen.

- I. Although the *Regula Simiorum Maris* reads that "Timeliness is... close to Godliness" (Section XIV), the Loaf was not notified of his impending "employment" until but two weeks prior.
- II. Despite this woeful inconvenience, he was not received with the utmost gratitude his noble sacrifice clearly deserved.
- III. Instead, he was subjected to ageist remarks such as those delivered by Scarface III regarding the lateness of his birth: "Ninety-f***ing-three?!"
- IV. Upon joining into the ranks of the "Holy" Confraternity, the Loaf discovered himself the butt of incessant ridicule and torment, as delineated below.
- V. Finding himself inadvertently bound to the aforementioned *Regula Simiorum Maris*, the Loaf was relieved to read that his duties would match his "manifold and various gifts."
- VI. Moreover, he noted with delight the assurance that "all Sea Monkeys [were] equal" in their pursuit of maritime mischief.
- VII. The Loaf eagerly consumed the rest of the Holy Scripture, learning of the roles of Precentor (Musical Director), Provost (Manager), and Cellarer (Drunk), before encountering this discourteous passage regarding his honorable self:

"The Loaf shall serve as Courier, performing errands of delivery and picking up as they arise." (Section VIII)

- VIII. Not only was he affronted to have been shafted with the most unskilled of the holy roles (for he is Skilled indeed), he realized with dismay that his brethren had failed to note his slight (though scrappy) frame in their assignment. Yea, he does not even lift.

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- IX. Beyond the nature of his employment, the Loaf has suffered numerous invectives at the hands of his once-brethren.
- X. The Provost, with his relentless arrogance and haughty demeanor, once looked disdainfully upon the Loaf's depiction of Sea-Bears and proclaimed them "uncute."
- XI. The Precentor, jealous too of the Loaf's artistic acumen, set upon him the impossible task of drawing the Enterprise D, a nonsensical contraption from a widely unpopular series the Loaf has thankfully never had the misfortune of viewing.
- XII. The Cellarer, being well-versed in his trade in spite of his deplorable code of conduct, provided the Loaf with too many spirits, resulting in the entirety of the Merch Kart being strewn across Deck Three.
- XIII. The Precentor has worn the same 2014 "Spizzwinks" shirt on three separate days, failing to meet the hygienic standards of the order outlined in Section XIV, without reprimand.
- XIV. A certain Former Ship's Ensign once threw a used water bottle at the Loaf, an unforgivable injustice notwithstanding the fact that he missed.
- XV. Despite ship-wide acknowledgement of the superiority of the shape in which bread is made warm, the "Loaf" inexplicably continues to be considered the least of the holy order.
- XVI. Last night, as the Loaf retired to his evening ritual of Hot Chocolate and Name of the Wind, he discovered that the water was but lukewarm.
- XVII. First and Foremost among these complaints, however, is that the Loaf has not gotten to play *any* Magic: The Gathering on this cruise, despite alluding to it in multiple *SeaMonkeys*, tipsily accosting Keith Baker, and even Sea-mailing Gavin Verhey mere hours before his unfortunate disappearance.

Given the many deceits and failings of the Confraternity, the Loaf henceforth renounces all ties with their satanic brotherhood. He encourages you stand with him in defiance of their malicious reign by including "#TheLoafmeal" in all Twarrrts made on this, the sixth of February, 2015.

Amen.

-LOAF

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