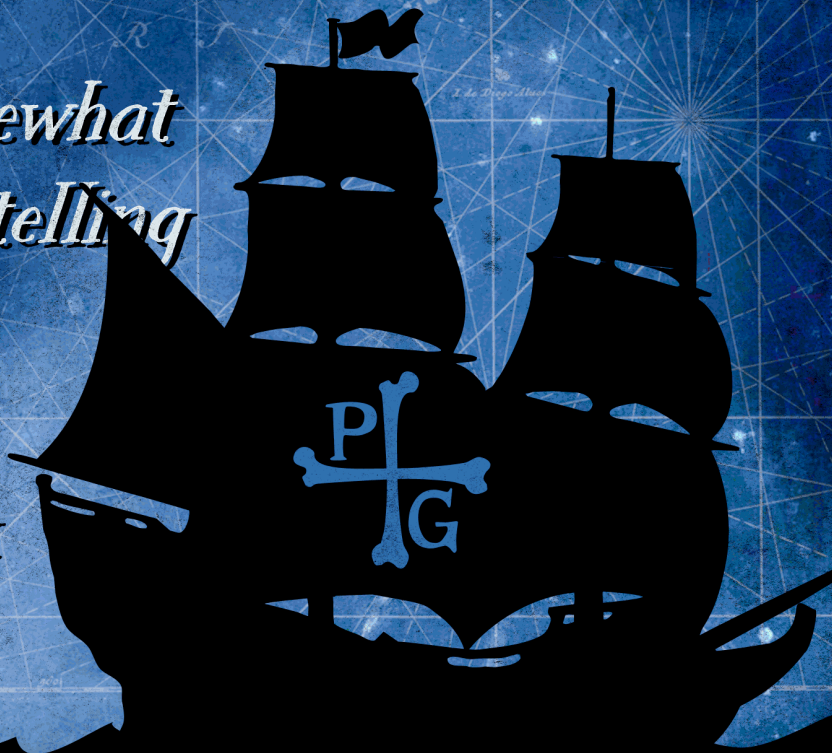


Sample

*Tales of the*  
**PIRATE  
GOSPEL**

*A Somewhat  
Free Retelling  
of the  
Gospel  
of Mark*



*by* **ANDREW MOODY**

# *TALES OF THE PIRATE GOSPEL*

*A Somewhat Free Retelling  
of the Gospel of Mark*

*By Andrew Moody*



BRIGHTMETTLE

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## *CHAPTER 2*

### *Trouble Brewin'*

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After a while, they sailed back home to Capernaum and spent a bit o' time ashore. But when word went out that Jesus was back in 'is lodgin's, folks crowded 'round till the place was more packed than powder in a gun. So what do ye think Jesus did? He stepped up onto the table and began givin' 'em the word o' the Almighty.

Now while this was goin' on, there came a brace o' enterprisin' salts who plann'd to get a bit o' doctorin' for one o' their shipmates. Paralysed he was, on account of a fall, so they laid 'im on a stretcher and brought 'im up from the docks to see the Capt'n. When they got there, they found there was no way in on account o' the crowd. But they wasn't put off, not these lads. They tacked around to the back 'n found a way up onto the rooftop. Then they began shiftin' tiles to make a hole in the roof above the parlour. When they had a hole that was big enough they made fast some lines and belayed their mate, aye, stretcher 'n all, right down in front o' the Capt'n as he was preachin'.

Well Jesus looked up at 'em all, and ye could tell that he liked their faith and their bold ways. But he gave 'em strange treatment all the same. "Ye sins are forgiven, mate," was all he said to the Jack on the stretcher.

To them such as look on the outside o' things, this was strange. Here was this fella with a busted back bein' spoke to 'bout 'is soul. But the clergy gathered by, saw somethin' even more confoundin' in it.

"That fella's blaspheming," they said to 'emselves. "It be the sole prerogative of God to forgive a man's sins."

Straightaway Jesus could tell what they was a'thinkin', so he looked at 'em and said, "Here be a conundrum for ye all, padres. Which be more possible, to tell a man 'is sins be forgiven or to tell a paralytic to up and walk? How's about I prove one by doin' the other, and ye'll see whether the man sent by the Almighty has power to forgive sins?"

With that he cocked 'is head and looked down at the cripple afore 'im.

"Alright boyo, up ye get and go home. Don't forget to take yer beddin' with ye."

Well that cove on the stretcher sprang up like he was ready to dance a jig. He took off with 'is stretcher under 'is arm, leavin' 'em all struck by a thunderous amazement.

“Praise the Almighty!” they said. “We ain't never seen nothin' like this!”

As he made 'is way back down to the ship, the crowds came surgin' at 'im from every alley and stair and doorway and balcony. So he went slow, teachin' 'em as he went along.

When they got to the steps near the quayside, they went past a tavern where there was a certain privateer by the name o' Levi loungin' in the shade with 'is mates. When Jesus caught sight of 'im, he went and stood in the doorway and crooked a finger at 'im.

“Get yer kit, mate. I want ye fer me crew.”

Well that's just what Levi did, and pretty soon Jesus had a whole parcel o' rogues gathered about 'im. He and 'is men ate supper at Levi's lodgin's that day along with a menagerie o' publicans, slavers and other rare birds.

O' course that didn't sit well with the clergy. Them religious folks took on mighty superior when they caught sight o' the Capt'n's hosts.

"Look at the rabble he hangs about with," they said as they peered in at the windows. "Look, there's petty thieves, corrupt officials 'n all manner o' sinners. 'Tis a disgrace."

But Jesus had a thing or two to say to 'em as he heard their pious talk.

"So yer wonderin' why a man such as I should eat with disreputables are ye, Reverends?" he called out to 'em. "Here be me answer. If righteous gents like yerselves won't give ear, then why shouldn't I call upon rogues? A physic be only useful to them what knows they be stricken."

That wasn't the last time he crossed swords with that lot by any stretch.

'Twas the custom o' that time fer the holy crowd to go without grub out o' grief for the plight o' Israel. The religious folks was doin' it; so was Baptizer's lads. And when they saw that Jesus and 'is crew was goin' on eatin' and drinkin', well, it made some of 'em sour. It made the folks in the crowd curious too.





“How is it that yer crewmen dodge the ways o’ the religious folks, Capt’n?” they asked ’im.

“Tell me,” answered Jesus, “do ye keep on diggin’ when ye’ve reached the gold? Do you keep on sailin’ when ye reach yer port? Do ye keep eatin’ weevils when you’ve got fresh stores? Nay, ’course not!

There’ll come a day when me own lads’ll be grievin’ too. But fer now there’s a new wind. And when the wind changes, ye changes yer tack or ye goes off course.”

Another time, ’twas on the Sabbath, Jesus and ’is crew was comin’ ashore in the longboat. Now as they was wont to do, some o’ the lads up the stern thought

they'd trail a couple o' lines as they came in. So they baited their hooks and dropped 'em over the side.

But the religious folks spied 'em doin' it, and didn't they make a fuss? When the boat reached the sea-wall, they was standin' there like a bunch o' magistrates fixin' to pass sentence.

"Capt'n Jesus!" said they in a quiverin' rage, "How dare ye allow yer men to make sport on a holy day such as this!"

Well Jesus rolled 'is eyes.

"Do ye ever read the Scriptures, yer Reverences?" he asked 'em as he climbed out o' the boat. "Ye do? Well did ye ever come across a place where King David was hungry and grabbed a bite o' bread from the temple - even though 'twasn't strictly legal fer ordinary folks?"

"I tell ye, these rules yer makin' such a fuss about was given to bless men, not to tie 'em up and keep 'em down. And besides, as I just showed ye, things work a bit different fer the Almighty's man. He be the master o' ceremonies as far as the Sabbath goes."

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