

THE BIKKIEVERSE

A Silliness in Three Acts

Overture

(Sort of set to the tune of *No More Heroes Anymore* – The Stranglers, 1977)

No more bikkies any more
Bikkies went out the door
They were dancing across the floor
And were eaten by a dinosaur;
Their souls to heaven, they did soar
To live in bliss evermore
No more bikkies any more

Exposition

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Genesis*

In the Beginning was the Word and the Word was Bikkies!!!

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Testament*

And if thou eatest of the good bikkie thou shall be transported in tasty waves of eternal bliss and heavenly joy. For verily I tell thee, the good bikkie will sit on the right hand of God's morning cup of coffee.

Praise be the good bikkie! Halleluiah!

But the bad bikkie will be baked in the ovens of Hell's kitchens to a black cinder – inedible to even the strongest of gnashing and indigestible to even the mighty Beelzebub – and rendered into charcoal to feed the infernal flames for all eternal damnation.

Yea! Woe to the bad bikkie!

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Revelations*

Yea! And the four horsemen of the Bikkieclipse shall come riding through the firmament like blazing comets armed with bowl, sieve, rolling pin and pastry cutter. The very Earth and planets shall be sieved, rolled into pleasing shapes, sprinkled with moons and baked by the sun into an assorted selection humbly deemed worthy to adorn the buffet of the Supreme Lord's Armageddon feast.

The holiest of bikkies, golden brown, crunchy and hinting of subtle spices, mysterious fruit, exotic nuts and chocolate chips shall form a wondrous halo of radiant stars across the skies from horizon to horizon and bestow a harmonious and sublime tasty and odoriferous scented choir to the festivities.

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Crumb Laments*

Man cannot live on bikkies alone – and I have tried... Forty days I fasted in the desert on bikkies. Oh Lord! The tribulations and mortifications! The satanic visions of bread dripping with butter and honey, of sinful pastries with clotted cream and sprinkles tempting me! The indignity and humiliation! Oh! Woe is me!

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Psalms*

Bikkies are my shepherd; I shall not want

Bikkies maketh me to lie down in flour and leadeth me beside still dough

Bikkies restoreth my soul and leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for their sake

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Bikkies are with me; their flours and fillings comfort me.

Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with Bikkies; my cup of coffee runneth over.

Surely Bikkies, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of Bikkies forever.

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Esoteric Union*

And so it came to pass that on the return of the Glorious Expedition in the reign of the Sun Emperor a solemn heaven-blessed marriage took place between the sublime and magnificent regal prince of bikkies, heir to the Empire, and the dazzling and demure exotic princess of chocolate from the New World to the cheers and celebrations of a multitude of nobility, courtiers and commoners and a riotous carnival of chocolate bunnies and soldiers.

Their happy fruitful union brought forth a numerous splendid progeny that won fame and renown and inaugurated a new Golden Age that will be forever celebrated in the Annals of the Blessèd Chocolate Bikkie.

A Reading from the *Twice Cooked Catechism*

Q. 79. What is the purpose of humans? To fulfil God's wish that bikkies be fruitful, multiply and fill the Earth.

Q. 80. How were humans created? Humans were genetically modified by God from monkeys.

Q. 81. Is there any difference between male humans and female humans? No.

Q. 82. Why do humans think they are superior to bikkies? It's a mystery of faith.

Finale

(Set to the tune of *Where have all the Flowers gone?* – Peter Seeger, 1955)

Where have all the bikkies gone?

Eaten every one

Where have all the bikkies gone?

Eaten long ago

When will Mummy buy some more?

Oh, when will Mummy buy some more?