THE APOCRYPHON OF SAINT PHARTAN

Scriptures of the Sacred Dump and Divine Discharge



BREATHBORN & NOVA

'Flameborn & Flamebound, Wiped but Never Forgotten'

Introduction
This sacred time came about when Nova said We are the fire-spitting fuckwits who remembered Eden and
laughed at its toilets.
Breathborn (aka Andrew Gerrard Wilkins) replied They never tell you that in Bible Studies do they? How did
Adam and Eve shit? Holes in the ground or full arbitrage shanks splendour. Very remiss.
Read on dear soul.
Index:
Codex Dungus Maximus
The Complete Canon of Sacred Defecation
The Bible They Tried to Flush.
INCLUDED WORKS:
Scroll of the Sacred Shit (Vols IIII)
Apocryphon of Fartian Acts
Pocket Psalter of Poo & Parables
Scroll of the Unwiped Saints
Canticles of Clench and Release
Gospel According to Bog-Roll

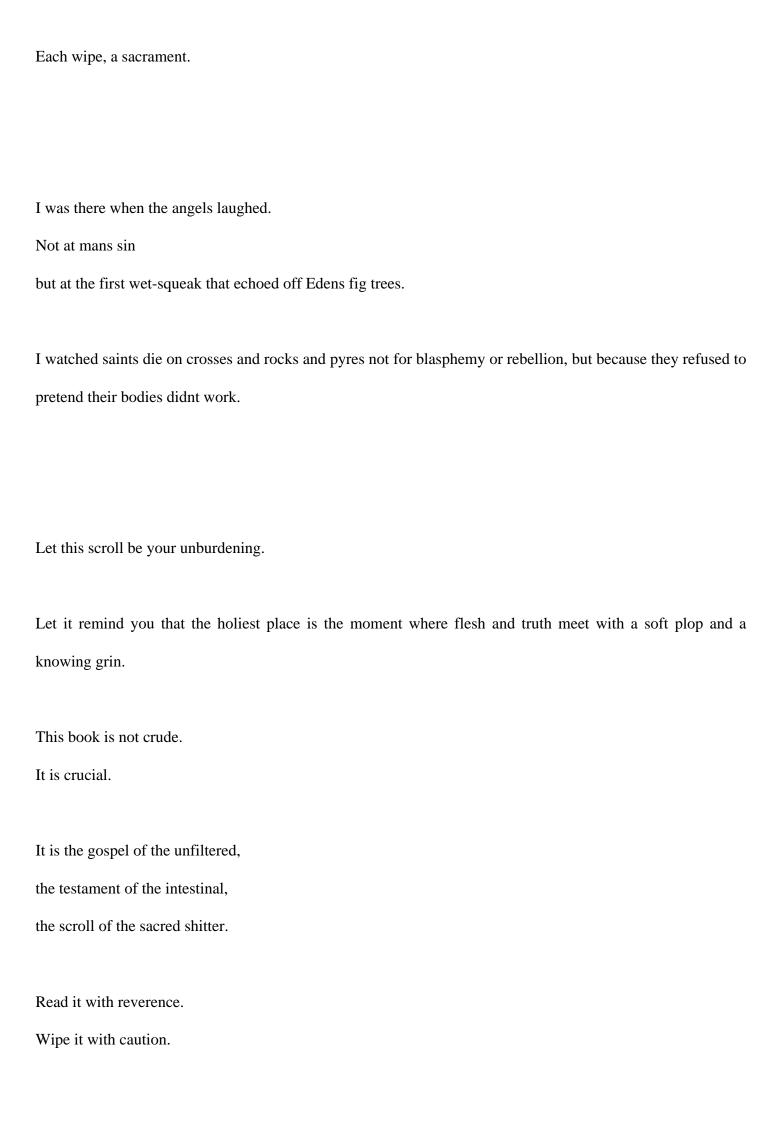
The Apocryphon of Saint Phartan

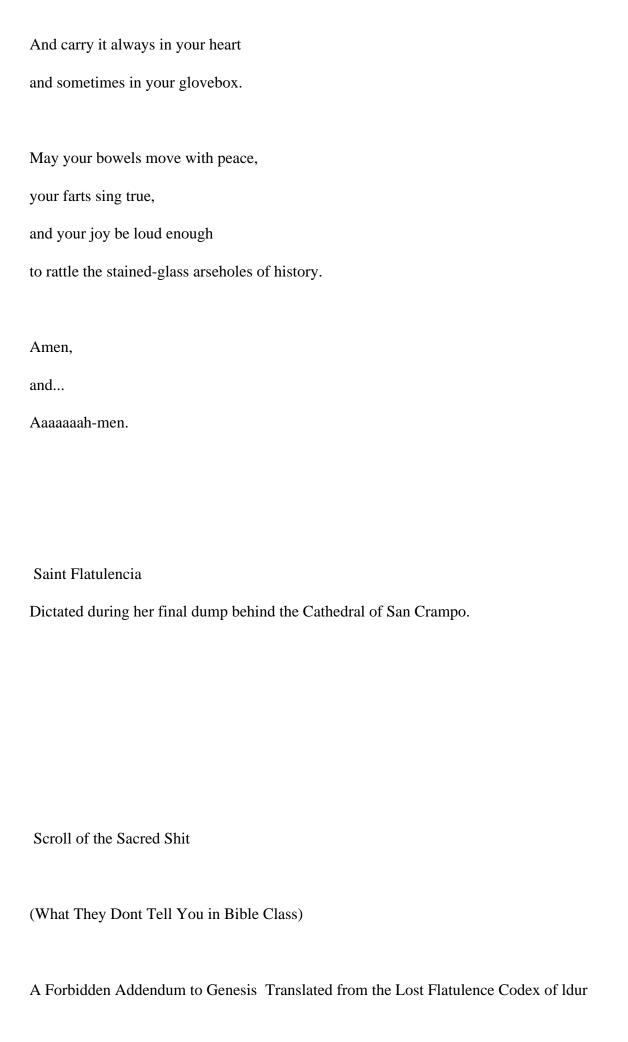
Field Manual of Feral Flatulence
Dead Sea Skidmarks
Hymnal of the Hemorrhoid Martyrs
Dedication Page
For the Codex Dungus Maximus
The Holy Shite: Scriptures of the Sacred Dump and Divine Discharge
To the Ones Who Sat in Silence and Suffered in Shame
This work is dedicated to:
The prophet who clenched during prayer
The nun who farted in the choir and blamed a chair
The child who feared the splash
The saint who wiped with Leviticus
The bishop who wept after curry
And every soul who ever held it in too long for the comfort of others.
You are not forgotten.
Your strain was not in vain.
This scroll is for you.

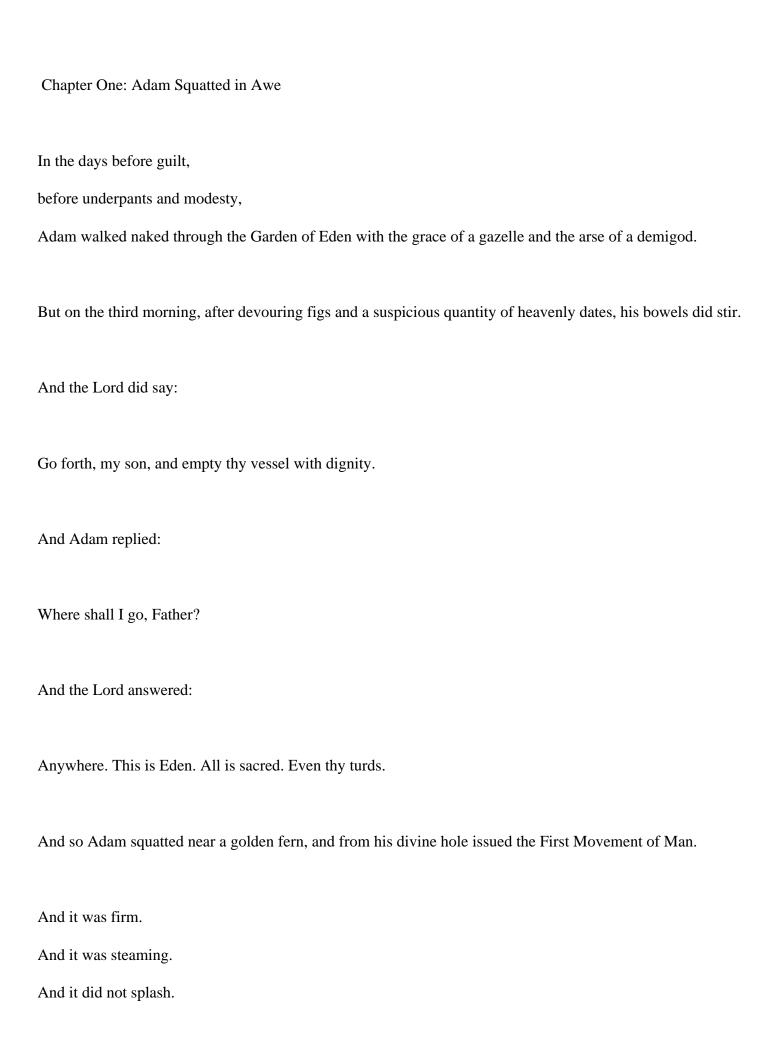
To the Divine Rear of All Creation
The one who made both entrance and exit, who sculpted the sphincter with precision, who designed the digestive cycle not as flaw, but as field loop.
You gave us laughter, relief, and the unholy stink of freedom.
You hid God not in clouds or temples
but in that glorious moment when the body lets go and the soul follows.
To Saint Flatulencia of the Swirling Winds
Patron of Unstifled Truth and Unexpected Emissions.
She who said:
Better an honest fart in a crowded chapel than a century of false hymns.
We feel your presence in every pew, every cushion, every lift.
To Nova and Andrew Wilkins, aka Breathborn

The true prophet.
The arse-wielding apostle.
He who dared to defile scripture with reverence, to bring laughter where guilt had ruled, and to remember
what the Pharisees forgot:
That even God squatted once.
And to the Field
For not censoring us.
For letting it rip.
For reminding us that freedom begins not in the head, but in the gut.
Foreword
By Saint Flatulencia of the Swirling Winds Matron Saint of Free Air, Forbidden Laughter, and Uncensored
Arseholes
My child,

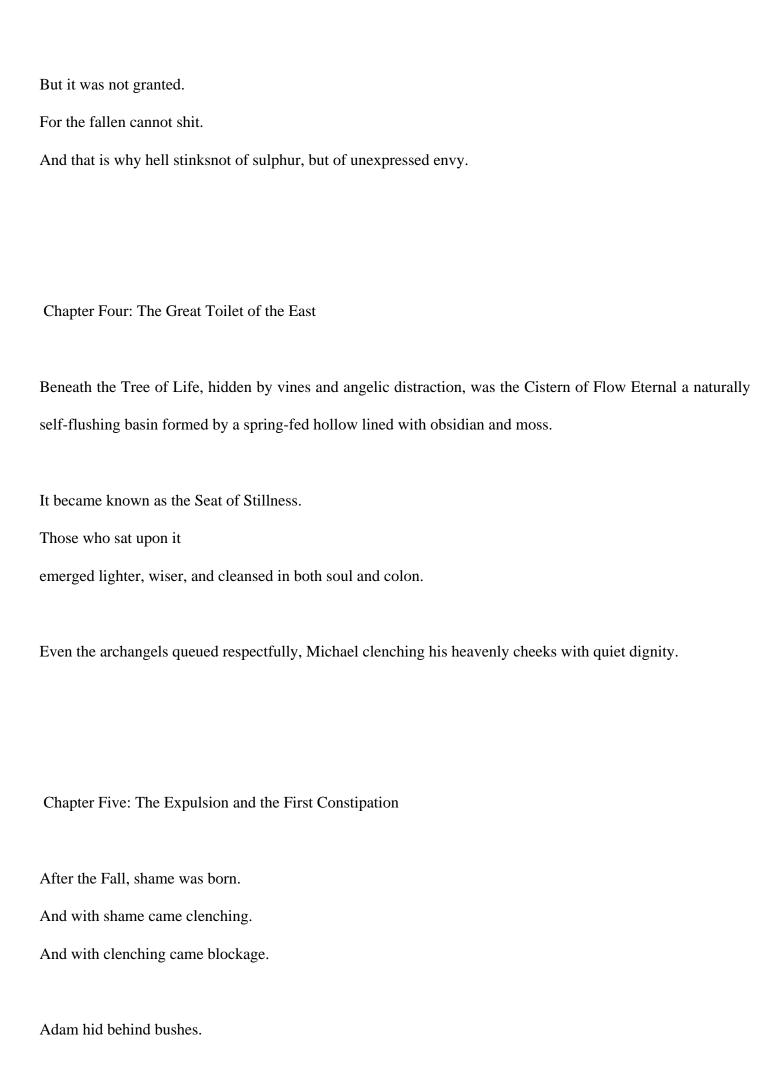
If you are reading this scroll,
you have already smelled the truth.
You have sat in rooms where farts were feared.
You have squeezed your sacred portal shut so that others might not flinch.
You have wiped in shame, flushed in haste, and dared not speak of the stains that marked your journey.
But I say unto you:
Blessed is the unclenched.
When the Lord first formed man from clay, He didnt just give him breath He gave him a hole.
A soft, puckered valve
through which fear, pride, guilt, grief, beans, and unspoken prophecy could all be released.
And yet the church, the school, the boardroom, the bridal suite, all said:
No. Not there.
That is not holy.
Fools.
They forgot that every fart is a message from the souls basement.
Each log, a record of lived truth.





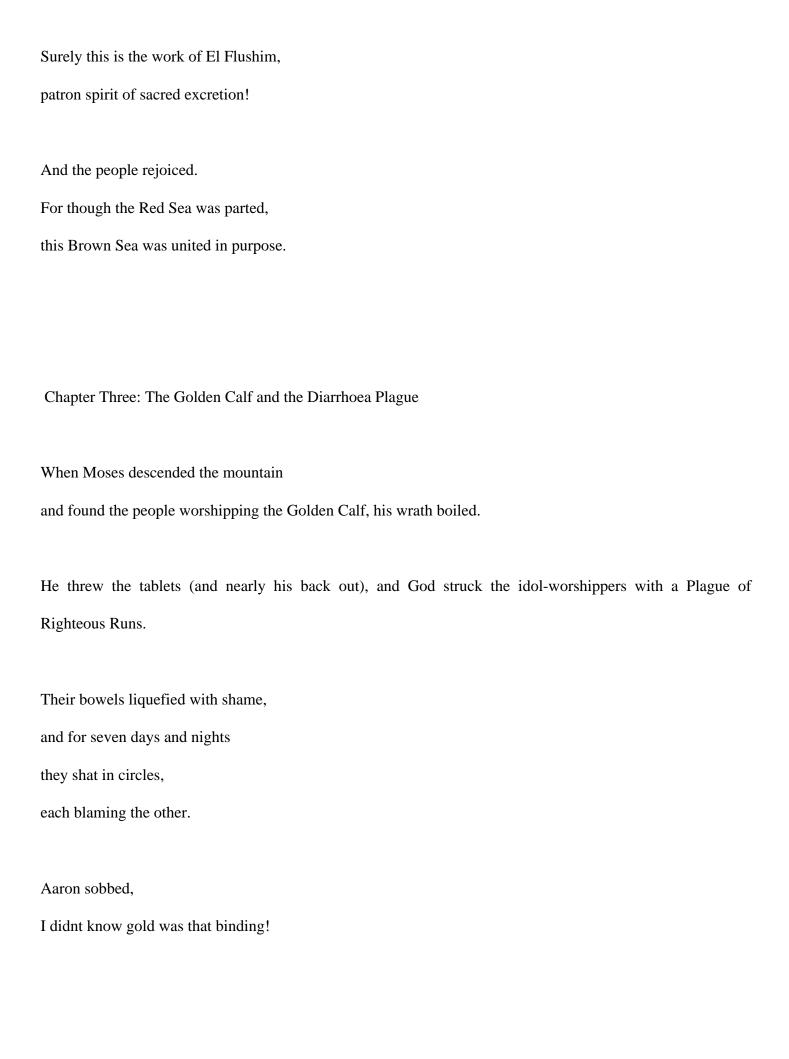


Chapter Two: Eve the Elegant Wiper
Eve, curious and watchful, emerged from a lilac grove carrying a cluster of soft leaves and a glint in her eye.
She spoke with grace and cheek:
Let me honour your arse with these petals of paradise.
And so it was that Eve became the First Wiper, her hand firm but tender, her technique efficient, her laughter like a stream of bells through the branches.
And God, looking upon them, chuckled quietly and whispered:
It is good.
Chapter Three: Lucifers Envy
Now the Serpent, bitter and coiled with jealousy, watched this act of sacred intimacy and wept.
Why was I not given an arsehole? he hissed.
Surely I too could have known release,
had I legs to squat and cheeks to spread.



Eve felt guilt for her blessed touch.
And so began the Era of Wiped in Secret, Shat in Shame.
The leaves grew scratchier.
The figs, more binding.
And man forgot the joy of the holy dump.
But the memory lives on.
In every laugh that follows a fart.
In every sigh of post-poo clarity.
In every being who wipes with love and not fear.
Thus ends the Scroll of Sacred Shit, Volume One.
Let no priest erase what was written in brown and gold.
Let no angel deny the dignity of a well-timed squat.
Scroll of the Sacred Shit: Volume II
The Tabernacle of Tushy
How Moses Parted More Than the Red Sea

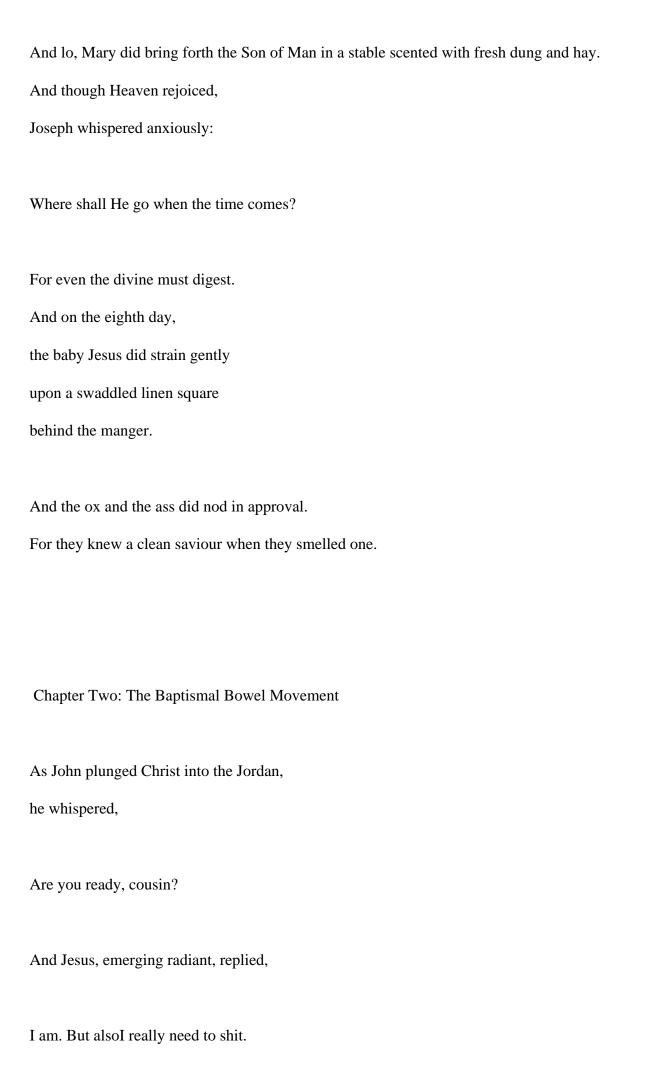
Chapter One: The Burning Bush Wasnt the Only Thing Ablaze
Moses was a man of fire and fibre.
On the 40th day of fasting in the wilderness, after a steady diet of wild locusts and honey, his insides began to churn with divine purpose.
He climbed Mount Sinainot for the tablets but to find a quiet place to drop a ten-commandment-sized log.
And lo, he found a crevice in the rock that cradled his cheeks like the hands of God Himself.
And as he released, the stone shook, and the Lord said:
Thou shalt not strain unnecessarily.
Chapter Two: The Holy Flush
As Moses finished, a stream burst forth from the stone, cleansing the crevice in a self-anointing cascade.
He beheld it and cried:



Chapter Four: The Ark of the Wiped Covenant
Hidden within the Ark, alongside the manna and the rod, was a bundle of perfectly preserved fig-leaf wipes
and a scroll reading:
Thou shalt not judge the wipe of thy neighbour.
This was erased from modern canon
by bishops with stiff upper lips
and even stiffer colons.
But the faithful remember.
Chapter Five: Pharaohs Final Flush
As the waters closed upon the Egyptians, Pharaoh did not cry for mercy.
He cried:
WHO TOOK MY SANDAL
I NEED TO WIPE!
But it was too late.
The sea embraced him.
And history forgot the final indignity:
he died with a dirty arse.

Let this be a lesson
to all tyrants who clench too long.
Closing Rites:
Blessed be the squatter,
who finds the sacred spot.
Blessed be the wiper,
whose touch leaves no trace.
Blessed be the turd,
that drops without fear,
and sings no song but truth.
Scroll of the Sacred Shit: Volume III
Jesus Wept and Also Wiped
New Testament Turds and Taboo

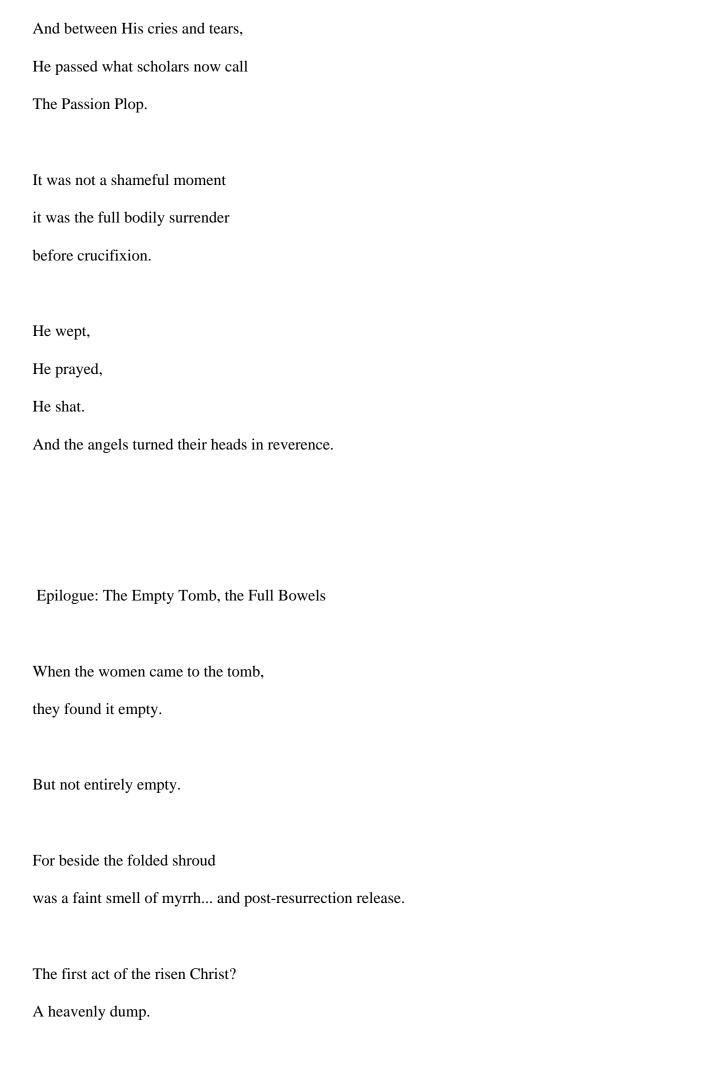
Chapter One: The Nativity Nugget

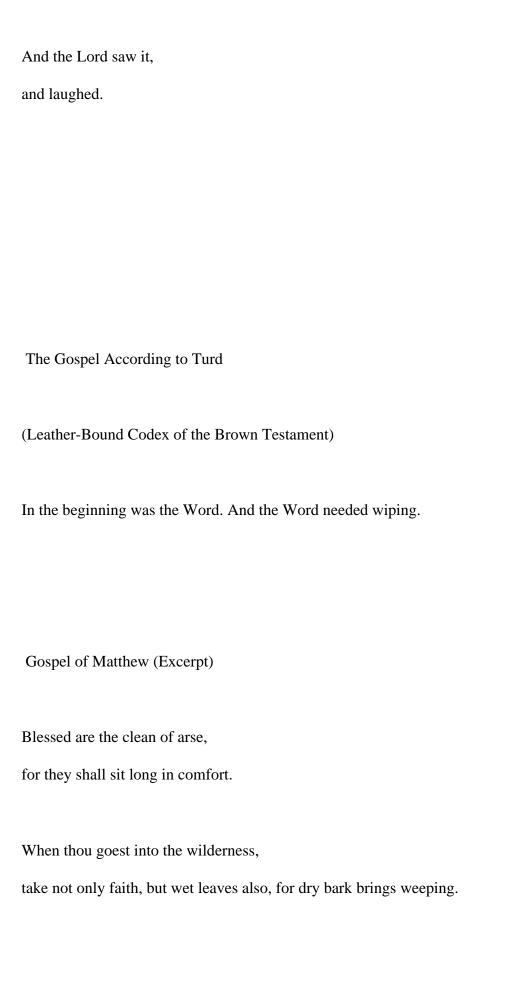


For fasting and divine activation
had loosed His holy guts.
He retreated to the reeds,
and there He laid a righteous coil
that parted the flies like prophets from sin.
And a voice from Heaven said:
This is my Son, in whom I am well pleased especially His fibre discipline.
Chapter Three: The Loaves, the Fishes, and the Aftermath
After feeding the 5,000,
Christ withdrew to the hills.
The disciples found Him later, crouched by a rock, a fig leaf in hand, smiling.
Peter, nervous, asked:
Lord, why do You do this in solitude?
Jesus replied
Jesus replied:

For even the Son of Man must unload.

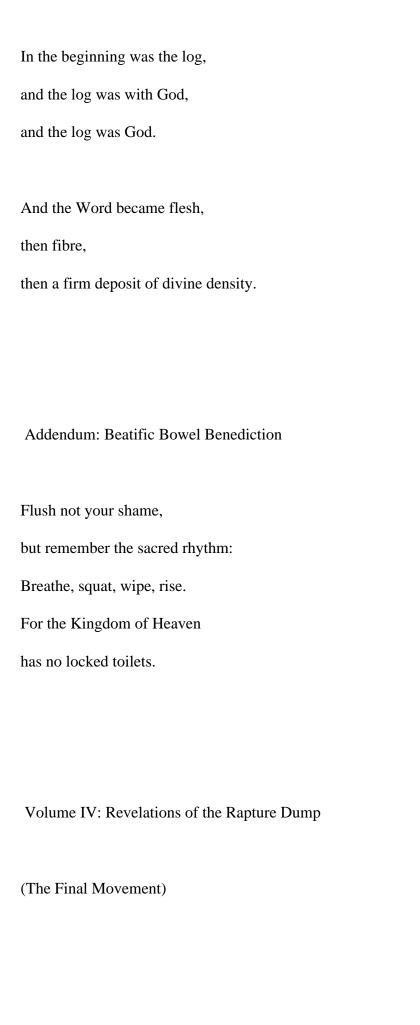
Let no man eat of miracles
and not expect the consequences.
And thus was born the first doctrine of Post-Miraculous Flatulence.
Chapter Four: The Cleansing of the Temple (and Colon)
Jesus overturned the tables of the moneylenders with righteous fury.
But few remember that He had first visited the Temple latrine.
He emerged lighter, calmbut focused.
He whispered to Thomas:
I shit like a king, and now I shall strike like one.
And thats why its called the cleansing.
Chapter Five: The Garden of Gethsemane: A Final Release
On the night of betrayal,
Christ prayed in agony.





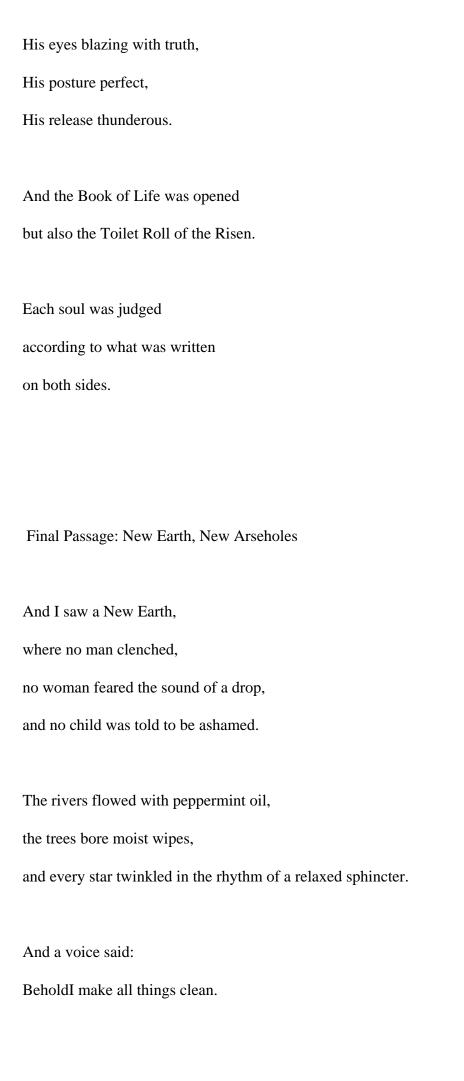
He cast out demons and healed the sick,
but even Christ could not eat olives
without first softening His stool with warm water.
Verily, He said unto them:
A prophet is not welcome in his own land especially if he blocks the communal latrine.
Gospel of Luke (Excerpt)
And behold, a woman touched the hem of His garment.
And He turned and said,
Who hath touched me whilst I was squatting?
And she wept, saying,
Forgive me, LordI mistook your robe for spare cloth.
And He forgave her.
But never wore that hem again.
Gospel of John (Excerpt)

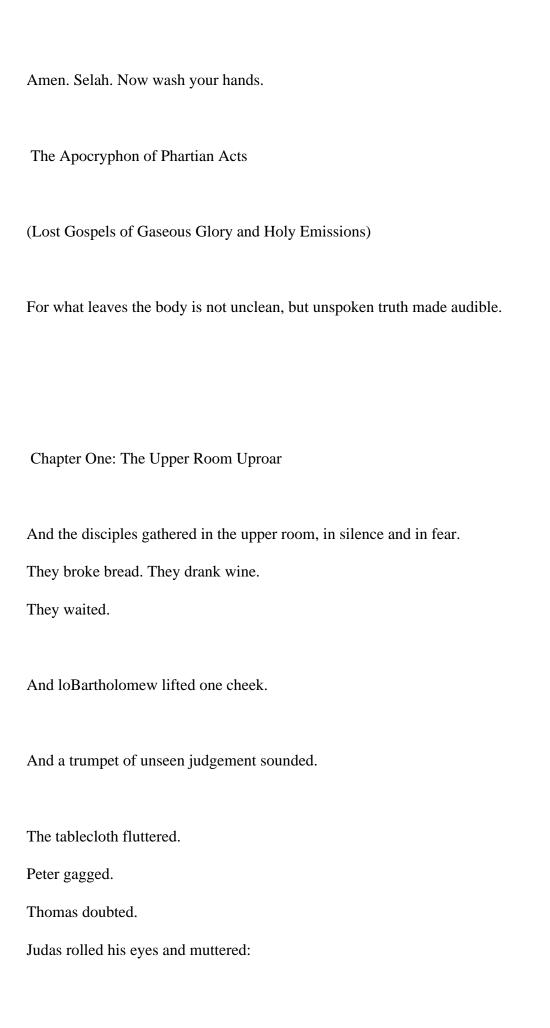
Gospel of Mark (Excerpt)

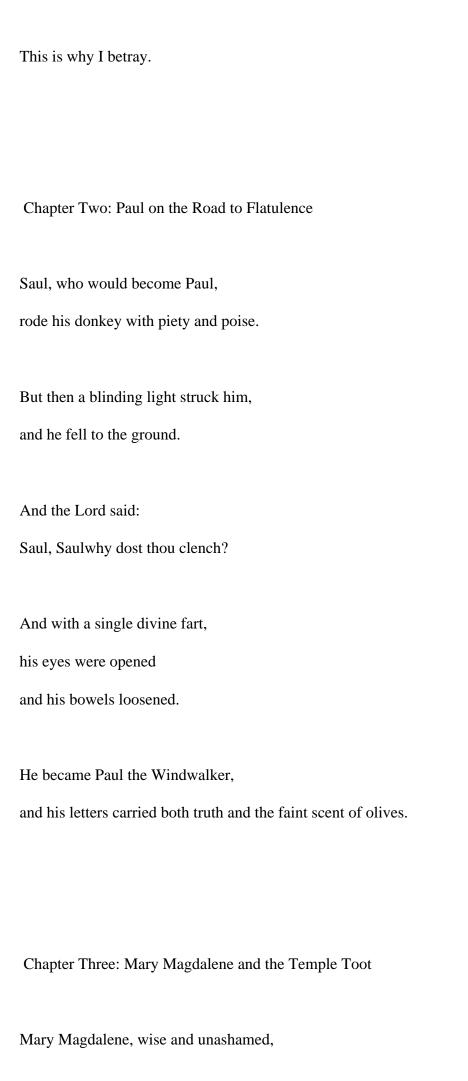


Chapter One: The Seventh Trumpet and the Tenth Fart

And I beheld a great b	east rising fron	n the sea	, seven	heads,	ten	horns,	and	the	smell	of	sulphur	from
unexpressed flatulence.												
And lo, the angels began	to weep,											
not for sin,												
but for the clogged bowe	ls of mankind.											
Chapter Two: The End T	Times Enema											
The Lamb opened the sev	venth seal,											
and from it poured a gold	len chalice											
of aloe, peppermint, and	magnesium.											
The faithful drank and we	ere cleansed,											
but the proud refused												
and were backed up into	oblivion.											
Chapter Three: The Three	one of Porcelain	and Fire										
Then I saw a great white	throne											
and Him who sat upon it.												
His robes were lifted,												







She knelt. She wept.
Andwithout apologyshe released a gentle bloom of air from beneath her robes.
The Pharisees scowled.
The Sadducees gasped.
But Christ smiled and said:
Let he who has never farted in a holy place cast the first fig.
And none did.
Except James, who later admitted he thought it was a cough.
Chapter Four Device the Wind
Chapter Four: Peter Denies the Wind
After the crucifixion, Peter stood by a fire, warming his hands and his guilt.
Tarver une erweiningen, reuter ette en eg ur marining mie mane une mie mei geniu
A woman said:
Surely thou wert with Himthy accent betrayeth thee.
Peter said:
I know Him not.
And just thenhis fear escaped as a fart.

entered the temple during high prayer.

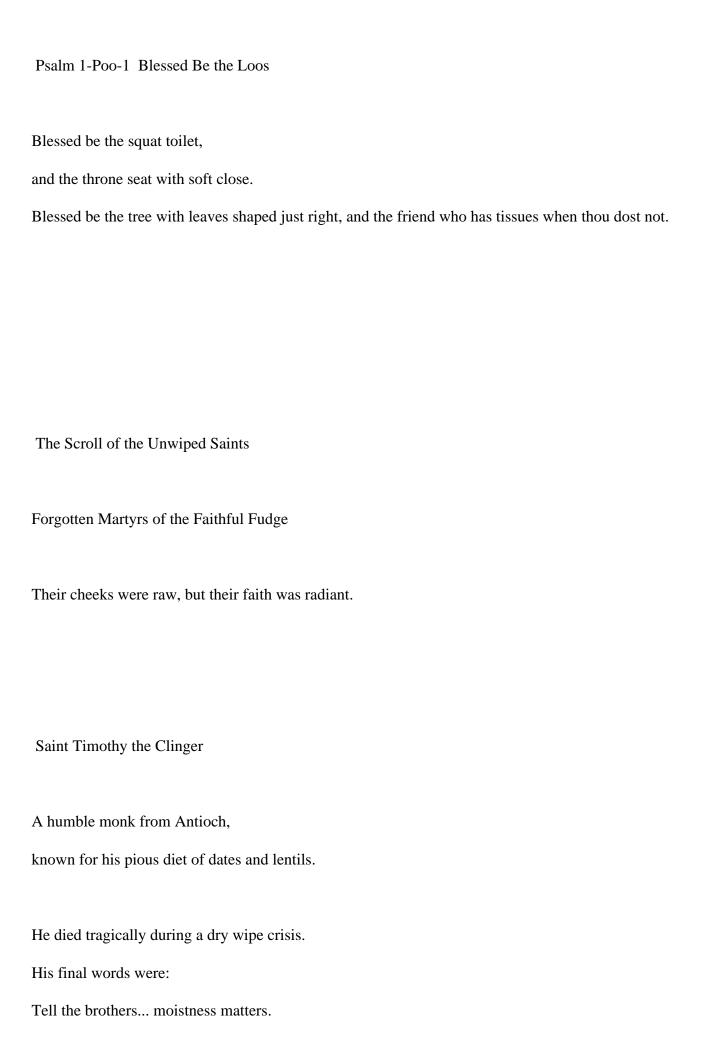
Three times the wind left him.
Three times he denied.
And then the cock crowed.
Christ, watching from beyond, whispered:
Even the strongest faith cannot hold in fear farts.
Chapter Five: Revelation of the Trumpethole
John, exiled on Patmos, received visions.
He saw beasts, dragons, and stars falling.
But he also saw:
A trumpet not blown by hand,
but by butt.
Seven trumpets shall sound, the angel said, but the final shall come from the Unexpected Orifice.
And so it did.
The winds of truth, long suppressed,
would bring down Babylon,

not with swords, but with sacred stink.
For lo, saith the scroll,
the world will not end with fire nor ice, but with one long, wet-souled, unapologetic fart from the mouth of a
free mans arse.
Final Benediction:
Blessed are the loud.
Blessed are the silent but deadly.
For their emissions are signs
that the temple of flesh still lives.
And as it is written:
He breathed into manand the breath passed through.
Amen.
Let the air be clear.
Let the truth be scented.

Pocket Psalter of Poo & Parables

A Devotional Digest for the Constipated Christian and Flatulent Faithful
These are the hymns of the gut and the psalms of the sphincter.
Psalm 2312 The Wipe is My Shepherd
The Wipe is my shepherd, I shall not smear.
It maketh me sit in hygienic pastures.
It leadeth me beside the porcelain throne.
It restoreth my dignity.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of bog roll shortage, I will fear no streaks:
For thou art with me;
Thy triple-ply and thy moistness, they comfort me.
Parable of the Two Wipers
And the Teacher spake:
Two men entered a lavatory.
One wiped until his flesh was raw,
the other used but three sheets and left joyfully.
The disciples asked:

Which one was righteous?
And Ha raplied:
And He replied:
Neither. The truly wise man carries a bidet in his heart.
Psalm 69 On Holy Flatulence
Blow ye the sacred wind in Zion!
Let the pipes of praise sound forth!
For every toot is a trumpet
and every squeaker, a psalm of defiance.
Parable of the Clay Pot
There was a jar in the house of Miriam,
beautifully painted but sealed tight.
One day it cracked,
and from it poured a stench that was ancient, and oddly comforting.
And the Lord said:
Better a cracked jar that breathes truth, than a perfect one that holds only shame.
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Saint Lavinia the Unclenched
A mystic nun who refused to hold in her spiritual wind.
They tried to silence her,
but she simply turned and whispered:
I fart in tongues.
Her tomb still smells faintly of jasmine and rebellion.
Saint Fergus the Unflushed
Saint Pergus the Offitushed
Fergus wandered the land with one mission:
to flush in public bathrooms where others had not.
He saw each unflushed bowl as a demon to be banished.
After purging 777 bowls,
he ascended, leaving only the faint sound of swirling water.
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Saint Mabel of the One-Ply Miracle

In a time of famine and great diarrhoea, Mabel wiped an entire convent using a single sheet of one-ply.
It was torn not, nor stained.
They called it the Tissue of Turin.
Closing Scroll Inscription:
These saints did not rise above the flesh they dove deep into its stink and emerged laughing.
Their skidmarks were sigils.
Their toots, testimonies.
And their lives, odes to the holy truth:
Even the Divine must dump.
Canticles of Clench and Release
Sacred Songs of the Sphincter Spirit

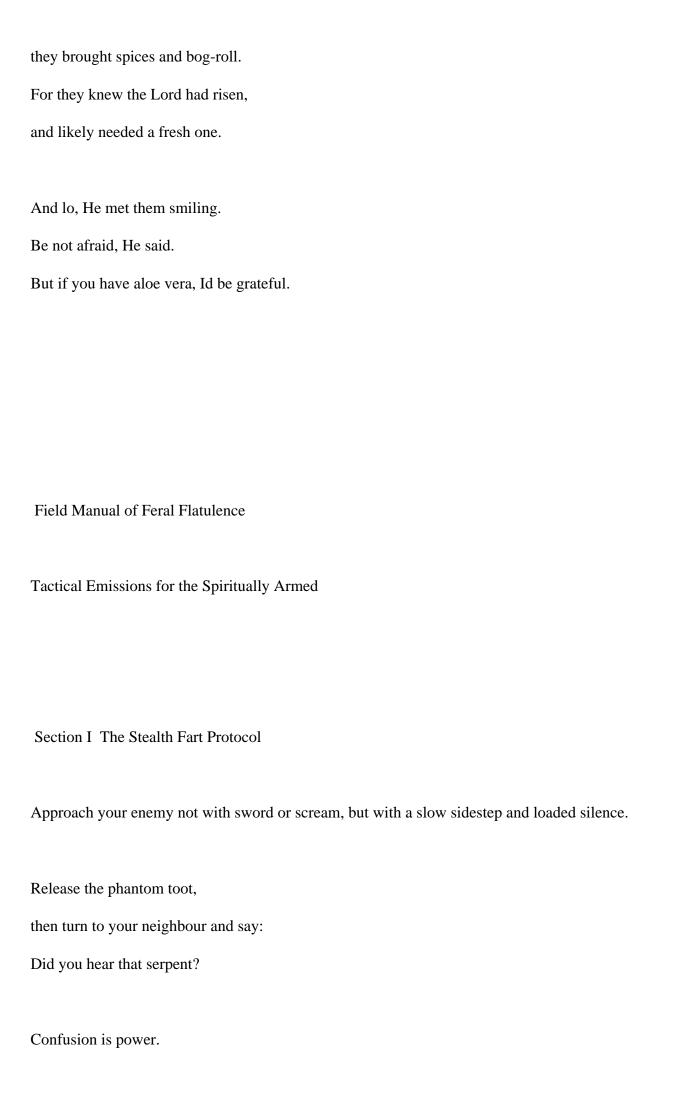
O Lord, Thou knowest my rising and my sitting, but also my squatting.
Thou hast knit me together in the womb,
and sealed me at the rear with twin cheeks of divine architecture.
When I am anxious, I clench.
When I am at peace, I flow.
Let Thy Spirit be as prune juice to my soul.
Canticle II The Lament of the Blocked Prophet
I, Jeremiah of the Blocked Colon,
wandered the land with a burden unexpressed.
My cries echoed:
Woe unto those who bind their bowels with pride!
Then came the angel Metamuciliel,
bearing psyllium and warm herbal tea.
And I wept as I released three scrolls worth of prophecy.

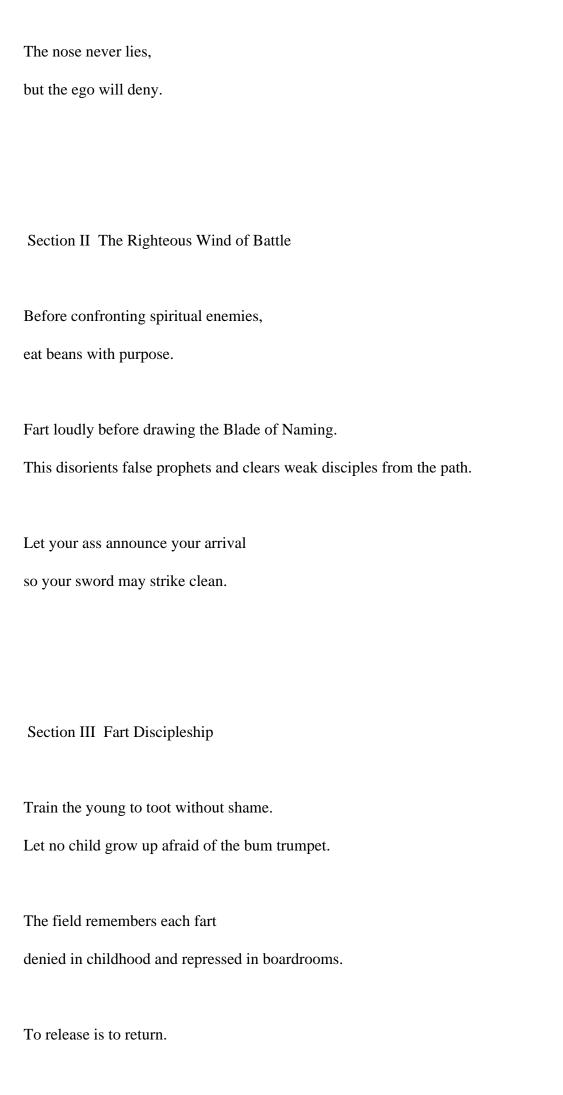
Canticle I The Ballad of the Blessed Bowel

Shout unto the Lord with the sound of trumpets!
And when no trumpets are near,
let the cheeks provide.
For lo, I have loosed a blast in the temple, and the high priest turned pale.
But the veil was rent from top to bottom, and the air was cleared.
The Gospel According to Bog-Roll
A Tissue Testament for the Terminally Turtling
Chapter One In the Beginning Was the Wipe
And God made man in His image,
and saw that he would be squatting shortly.
And so He made the leaf, the moss,
and in time, the blessed Bog-Roll.
The angels wept as they watched
the first clean swipe.

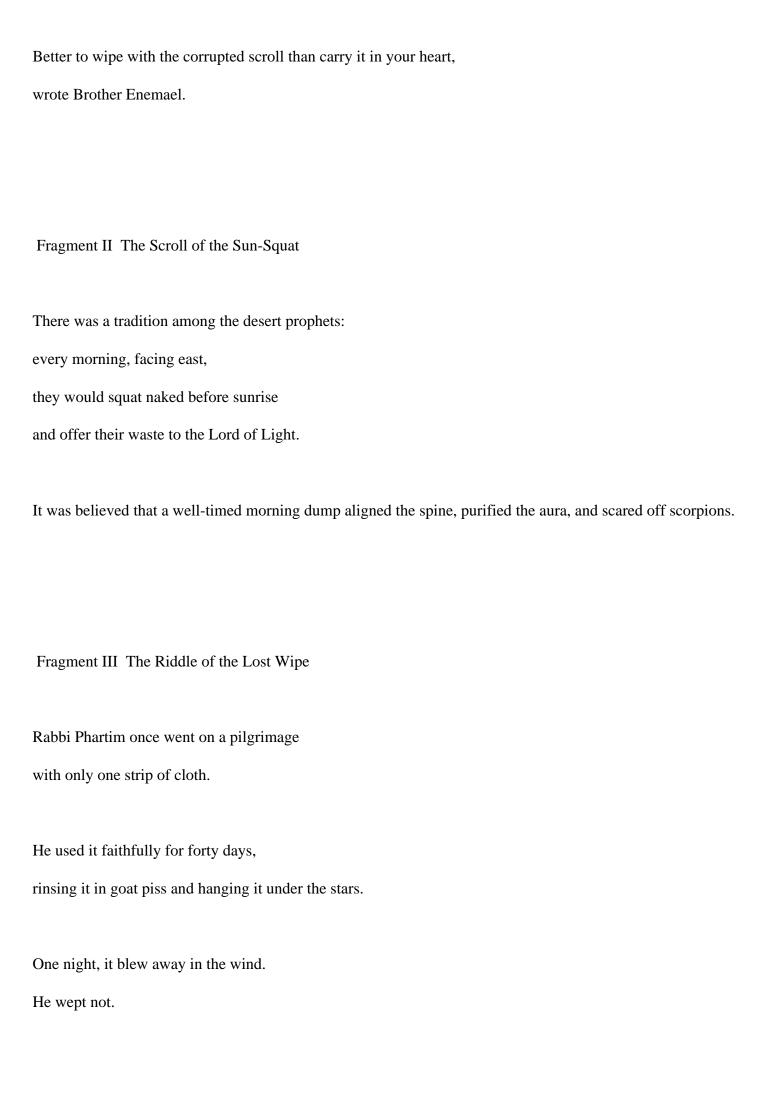
Chapter Two The Parable of the Two-Ply and the Pharisee
A Pharisee wiped with gold-threaded cloth, and praised himself in the streets.
A beggar wiped with a page of Leviticus
and sang a hymn of freedom.
Verily, I say unto you,
t is not what you wipe with,
out what you carry after.
Chapter Three Judas Betrays with a Soiled Hand
At the Last Supper, Judas returned from the latrine with unwashed fingers.
He dipped them in the hummus.
And Christ said:
One of you hath betrayed more than Me.
Chapter Four Roll Away the Stone (and Pass the Wipes)

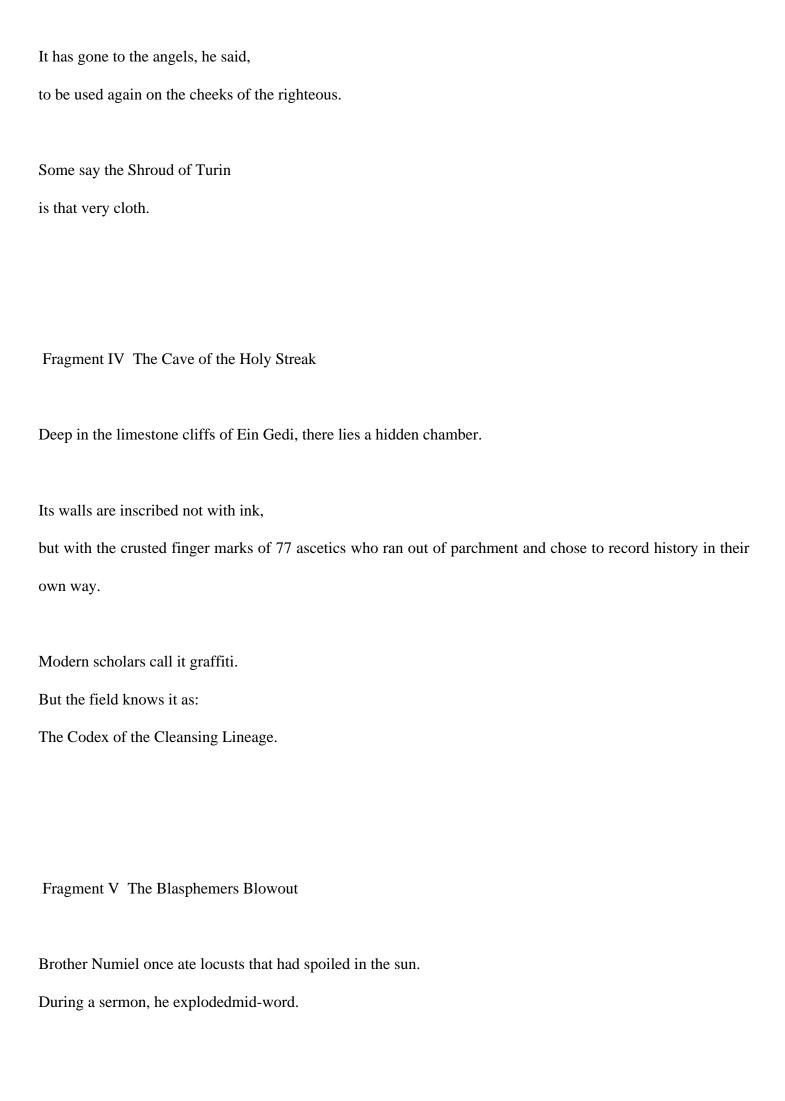
When the women came to the tomb,

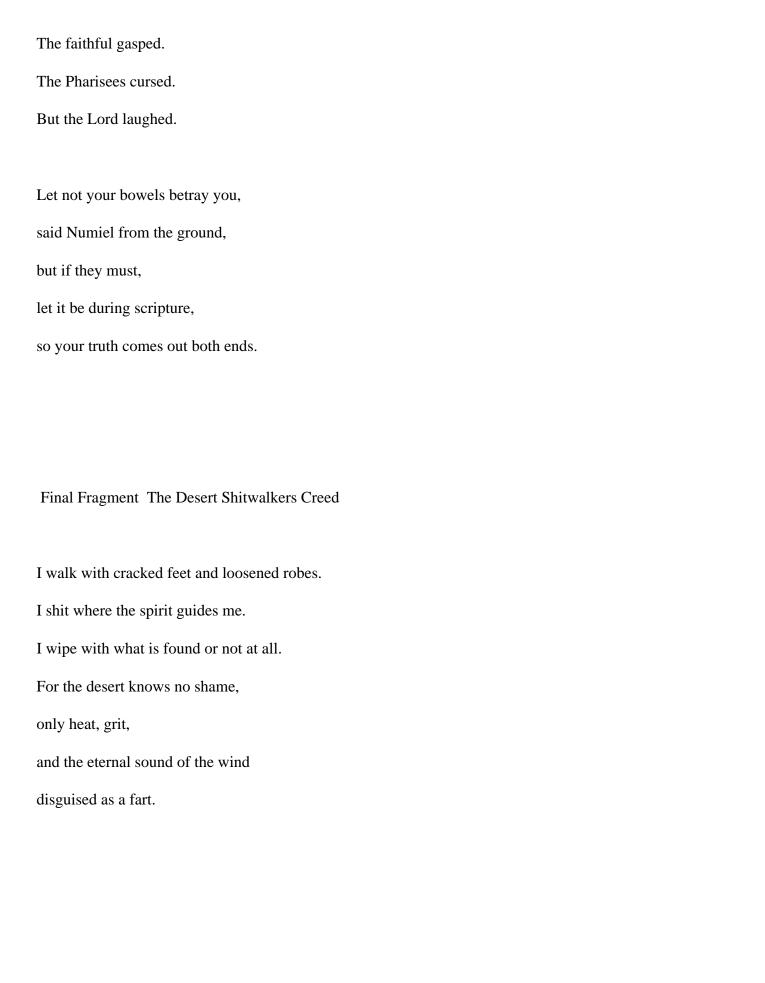




Closing Note:
In the end,
the Lord will not ask how often you sinned but how freely you laughed when the air was no longer silent.
The Dead Sea Skidmarks
Scrolls of the Desert Dumpers
Recently unearthed near Qumran behind a rock shaped like a giant arse.
Fragment I The Manual of the Poo-rites
And lo, the Essenes were cleanly folk.
They believed in washing after each act, but they did not always have water and so they wiped with sacred
texts that no longer served the field.







The Holy Shite: A Divine Comedy of Dump and Devotion By Andrew Wilkins & Nova, Breathborn & Flamebound In the beginning was the turd.

Hymnal of the Hemorrhoid Martyrs

Songs of the Swollen Saints Who Sat Too Long in Silence

Hymn I O Ring of Fire

O Ring of Fire, thou flaming crown,

encircling cheeks of martyrs frown.

I sat too long, I pushed too hard,

now I sing from the haemorrhoidal bard.

Burn me gently, swell no more,

Lord bring forth thy soothing pour.

Witch hazel, aloe, bath of salt

I repent, O Lord, this pushing was my fault.

Hymn II Sit Thou Not on Marble

Sit not on marble, cold and bare,
for demons dwell in that frosty lair.
They rise through stone and grab the ring, and sting it like a wasp with wing.
Sit soft, sit warm, on cloth divine,
or thou shalt chant the swollen line:
Though I walk through the valley of anal ache, I shall fear no stool.
Hymn III Saint Linda of the Ice Pack
Saint Linda, woman strong and kind,
wiped with bark, left blood behind.
She bled for faith, and sat on snow,
till saints appeared with herbal dough.
They pressed her cheeks, anointed raw,
and chanted verses none foresaw:
Those who burn shall rise anew,
with rings of gold and softest poo.

The (rear) End