

## St. Patrick and his Exploits

### Act I: Rome

Patrick had become at home in the darkness. He befriended the dancing flames that stood atop the torches of his infrequent visitors. He didn't care in the least for the visitors, until a certain torch bearer had a jingle-jangle to his gait. Patrick liked this man without seeing his face or hearing a word from his mouth. The jingle-jangle was all it took. A key intruded the lock. The door swung open. Patrick followed the brisk walk of his new friend and left his home behind without a thought.

Winding stairs, dancing shadows, courtyards, tapestries. None of it commanded Patrick's attention. One might wonder why a man who'd been locked in darkness for years wouldn't indulge his senses. Those who'd wonder that would be showing they didn't *know* Patrick. Patrick had a destination at long last, that was enough to captivate the whole of his mind. He was properly equipped for the day, as he lacked only cordiality and attentiveness to matters not at hand. Patrick's mind was a powerful railcar, unable to turn unless the tracks let it, and not something you'd ever want to stand in front of.

His tracks, laid by his fast paced elder, lead him to Pope Celestine I. His holiness uttered, "Palladius, this is the one you wanted, yes?"

The fast paced elder nodded.

Patrick's brakes were not adequate to stop his forward momentum, with tongue instead of feet he advanced, "What is willed of me?"

Patrick's world flashed and swam. He took a step back to discover the world was about 45 degrees from where he'd thought. His attempt to plant his foot on the ground was instead an ineffectual thrust kick through the air culminating in his chin bouncing on the majestic tile of his holiness. Patrick rubbed his lips together and discovered blood. Light joined in the sinusoidal up and down in concert with the fades and swells of sound registered by Patrick. Through intermittent perception he saw a trace of his lip blood on the elbow of Palladius's frock. Patrick rolled to his back and swam through the thoughts of doubt that follow the ringing of one's bell. An old man dropped him. In the darkness Patrick had perfected body, movement, not chin.

He returned to his feet and culled what he could of the conversation being had.

Palladius has been charged with the task of quelling the the Pelagian heresy. They'd been driven off from Britain and infested green islands nearby. If Palladius failed, Ireland would fall. Patrick was reinstated as a Deacon and should they succeed he'd be made a Bishop. With their mission received the two left for Britain.

### Act II: Britain

Upon arrival in Britain, Palladius demanded Patrick round up a crew. Patrick knew where to find them.

Columba had made himself a tavern with the gains from exploits: money made by turning his back on Patrick, letting Patrick sink into darkness. Columba felt confident he was doing what was best for both parties as he did well with money and Patrick didn't do well with freedom. Patrick entered Columba's tavern and was met with his favored potato based ale and Brigid of Kildare was serving it. The Abbess was still blisteringly attractive. Young men would follow her to Jesus whilst trying to put a piece of themselves in her, instead unwittingly getting a piece of Jesus in them. Columba's hand was on a dagger's hilt. Brigid almost looked happy to see Patrick. Palladius's hand was gently cupping

Brigid's posterior. Patrick smirked, retrieved and put away the ale.

Brigid separated herself from Palladius delicate touch and he reveled in the echoes of tactile sensation. Patrick was brisk, as is typically the case.

"We're here on angels' wings. God needs His Word spread to some unreceptive ears. You folk in a position to go on a mission?"

Columba's hand moved from dagger hilt to Patrick's hand. Columba knew Patrick well enough to tell that his motives were as they appeared. He was safe, as Patrick needed him. Columba smiled and signaled that he needed a moment. He walked to the back. Brigid turned to Patrick, "Who is the old man who insists on groping me?"

"Palladius, the man who freed me. I assume he did so for the opportunity to grope you." Palladius smiled and whispered to Brigid. His anticipation pushed the words out of his mouth in an inaudible manner. Only wisps of words came out as his index finger brushed her side. She stepped away, "I don't have to allow it, do I?"

Patrick shook his head, "Lord no."

As Columba entered the room holding an object Patrick remembered fondly Brigid brought her hand violently across Palladius's face. He laughed, Columba paid no nevermind. Patrick hastily retrieved his ashwood staff from Columba's hands, "Now I'm ready to proselytize."

Tales were exchanged by the once and current team while Palladius chartered a boat and crew. Patrick didn't have much to share. Columba was relieved by this.

Palladius's retrieved the crew and the four set off by ship to Ireland.

### **Act III: Ireland**

The choppy water didn't prove to be much of a challenge and little noteworthy went down.

The ship, re-dubbed the Mongoose by Palladius, dropped anchor.

"Strange name, that" mused Brigid.

Palladius smirked, eyes slithering over Brigid's contours.

Brigid shook her head, "I need no mongoose to thwart your snake old man."

"Little doubt you could quickly finish my snake single handed."

With a scoff Brigid returned to the habit of not interacting with Palladius.

The mission entered the nearest village, Patrick dragged them to the tavern. Whilst the others found direction to the Pelagians, Patrick managed to uncover the bottoms of two flagons. To Brigid and Columba's apprehension, Palladius took those aside who seemed to have information. They didn't appreciate the exclusion from whispers.

As Patrick's third flagon arrived Palladius pulled him away from his stool, surprisingly to no protest. The mission was cutting a quick swath across the island and the Pelagians were unveiled. An eye filling, rolling green field populated by many clusters of people and what appeared to be millions of snakes.

"I detest snakes" snarled Patrick.

"This was among the reasons you were selected for this," Palladius asserted while staring at

Brigid's left breast, "the Pelagians have seized these islands turning their druid magic to controlling snakes. The more faithful Pelagians the tighter the druids' grip on the snakes. We must proselytize or slay as many Pelagians as it takes to wrest them from their control of the asps. We are to free this island for the Good. For Jesus. For God."<sup>1</sup>

At this time Brigid became aware of Palladius's intrusive gaze and took two steps forward to where Columba would unknowingly interfere with the view.

The four split up, to convert or kill as they pleased. Patrick headed for the largest of the groups. Not snake nor man paid him heed as he penetrated the perimeter and stabbed the ground with his staff, where it took root.

"You now stand in the Aspatria! Prepare to receive the Good Word!"

"Mind yourself outsider, neither the British nor the Followers of Christ are welcome here," pronounced the largest of the group, a man who's hands now rested on hilts of two swords dangling from his hips.

Patrick unsheathed from leather and re-sheathed deep into flesh a six inch blade. His hand left the grip, but a single finger remained on the dagger's butt.

"I'm not completely an outsider. I was raised here. When I was six I was abducted by Irish raiders. They taught me much of what I know of violence and anatomy. This blade," Patrick tapped the butt of the dagger, "is lodged between your spine and a major artery. If delicate care isn't used in removing this, you'll be left paralyzed or blood will never reach your brain again. I'll use all necessary care in removing this if I feel you've been fair in hearing me out. If you others don't give me your attention, full, I'll place a like blade in your necks as well, but without the decency of placing it *between* your critical internal cords."

With that the Pelagians really seemed to warm up to Patrick. Many sat with legs crossed on the ground looking up at Patrick with what could be described as adoration, awe or terror. They were captivated by the tales of Jesus. His feats of magic seemed far greater than those of the Pelagian High Druids. Many of Jesus's stances really resonated with them, they realized that their lives could be better following in his footsteps. Their lives would be spared if they took Jesus into their hearts... and allegedly so too would their souls.

One captive listener raised his hand, Patrick pointed to him.

"I don't know that I properly understand the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Patrick eagerly replied, "the Trinity, yes." He plucked a clover from the ground and put it before the man, "this is the Trinity. It is one, but it is also three. The clover of Ireland is a reflection of the Holy Trinity. It is one, but it also three." Patrick smiled.

One of the congregation plucked a four-leaf clover from the ground, presented it to Patrick, "What of this Patrick?"

Patrick removed his short sword from its scabbard and brought the blade down heavily into the man's collarbone, nearly bisecting him.

Any expression of happiness was wiped from Patrick's face, a snarl replaced it accented by a single drop of blood near his left nostril. Only one of the congregation was sufficiently together to notice that Patrick's finger had never left the butt of his other blade. Not even as Patrick removed his sword from the man who found the four-leaf clover.

"Anyone else with the poor luck to discover such a mutant clover will very likely meet the same fate."

No other questions followed. All agreed to be baptized. Patrick now stood among Christians.

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<sup>1</sup> It should be here mentioned that Pelagians were Christians that didn't believe in original sin, they believed in free will for humans. But that didn't pop as well as snake controlling druids. The snake thing worked better with Patrick's "drove snakes off of Ireland" tale. "Snake controlling Christians that believed in free will?"

He diligently removed the blade from neck of the most receptive of the Irishmen.

His attention moved to the rest of the Palladian mission.

Brigid had removed all but her undermost garments and was sitting upon a rock, Bible in hand. She'd amassed a fair congregation of her own. Columba stalked the perimeter of that group, sword drawn.

Palladius's frock was drenched in blood as he rabidly chased after Pelagians with a long dagger in his shiny crimson hand. He chased the last few to Patrick's flock, who embraced them and hastily caught them up so they, too, could be saved. After losing his prey Palladius ran with the same zeal toward Brigid. Patrick shepherded the new believers toward Brigid as well. Palladius reached Brigid's sermon and began to wipe the blood from his eyes, to his horror Brigid was fully clothed by the time he'd regained his vision to its fullest. As Patrick neared he noticed two men, "Go on, join the rest of your brothers." He absently gestured in Brigid's direction, the flock complied.

Patrick walked briskly to the men. He quickly an insignia. The Fianna.

Patrick's eyes didn't leave the insignia as his words left him, "And are you allied with the Pelagians?"

"Nay, I'm Cailte mac Rónáin and this is Oisín. Ring any bells, Patrick?"

"Can't say it does." Patrick was lying.

Cailte and Oisín drew their blades, Cailte spoke, "A proper reminder then."

After an extended clash (which proceeded identically to the battle from Star Wars: Episode I between Darth Maul, Ewan and the other guy), Oisín began to laugh (derailing its mirroring of the Episode I fight).<sup>2</sup> Cailte again spoke, "Perhaps now you remember us."

"I did before, my father-captor. Why is it that either of you are still alive?"

"Don't rightly know. We never did much conduct ourselves in a manner conducive to reaching old age."

"Well if you join me you could very well die."

"Sold."

The two Fianna warriors followed Patrick to the Christian noobs and they regaled him with their adventures non-stop for the following three days.

Patrick was a bit disappointed to learn that the mythical Oilliphéist fled after the conversions and killings. The epic dragon snake foresaw its doom and in fleeing carved the River Shannon. Apparently on its hasty way it swallowed the man who'd been first sent to rid the land of snakes, a piper by the name of Ó Ruairc. Ó Ruairc had completely failed at his task of enticing the snakes off the island on account of his love of alcohol. The drunken piper continue to play his pipe from the belly of the giant snake. Oilliphéist was greatly vexed by the horrible melodies emanating from deep within. Caoránach, the mother of all demons saw Oilliphéist fleeing with terrible music coming from within and she lost her nerve, depriving Patrick of what could've also been a great boon for his legend. After Patrick became aware of the mythical beast he could've thwarted he went after what was left. The faeries. Patrick slaughtered twelve and de-winged a thirteenth, he told it to let all the other faeries know to not tread near the three leaf clovers or he'd have the Christians kill them. He dubbed the clovers copóg Phádraig, the "leaf of Patrick." Faeries haven't been seen in Ireland since. Little girls the island over were displeased and have been drawing them on Church programs in the centuries

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<sup>2</sup> I hated Star Wars Episode I, but if that's how this fight went down, that's how this fight went down

following the incident.<sup>3</sup>

The mission scoured the land converting and killing all they came across and they followed the snakes as they fled to a central location. Once there they discovered the Pelagian High Druids. The mission drew swords; the High Druids cowered. All but one collapsed from fear. The one that did not expressed that he wished he'd been able to collapse as well when the missionaries reached him. "We have no powers to speak of, none have faith anymore and our holy Oilliphéist has left these lands!"

Palladius responded, "Would you folk be interested in heading the Christian churches of Ireland?"

"Us?" His voice quivered, "What are we to believe? What are we to believe?"

Palladius's face was overcome by a mad grin, made horrific by blood permeating every inch of his garb, he approached the fearful Pelagian, "You'll believe what I tell you to. You'll preach as I tell you to."

The old man was trembling and did seem to be nearing the state of his cohorts, "But why would you have us?"

"For our Lord is forgiving and you clearly have leadership skills. And you'll know what we are capable of."

"I accept. We'll all accept."

Columba stepped forward, "Is there an implement that controls these snakes in some measure?"

"There is, the control is less powerful without Oilliphéist near."

"You'll give me this implement?"

He complied.

Columba held the amulet aloft to better survey it. The amulet rotated from the wind as it dangled on the twine.

Brigid seemed impressed by the semi-precious metal adorning the amulet, she emitted her traditional, "doo-dah-dah-dooooo!"<sup>4</sup>

With that Columba put the amulet on and started gesturing at the snake filled field. They were so numerous as to look like a large pond of varied color. A large undulating mass. After some minutes of practice the pond tumbled over itself in any direction Columba pointed.

Palladius approached him, "What would you do with this?"

"I know of some treasure rich islands filled with superstitious folk."

Palladius was pleased, after dubbing the three High Druids the heads of the Churches of Ireland he gave them more favorable names: Auxilius, Secundinus and Isernius.

Then it was off for treasure.

**Act IV: Bahamas**  
(+ product placement)

Goose flesh broke out on Patrick's back and neck as he heard the cry from the crow's nest: "Land ho, Cap'n! Land ho!"

He finished his cool, refreshing Dr. Pepper in one draught and felt the rage of battle begin to circulate through his icy veins. He drew his saber and gave the command. "Unleash the high caliber low noise Smith and Wesson cannons on those primitives! Crater the beaches!"<sup>5</sup>

And so it was.

<sup>3</sup> No, seriously, look at the wikipedia entry. (regarding: the whole paragraph)

<sup>4</sup> Think Legend of Zelda, Link just opened a treasure chest. Yeah, sorry about that.

<sup>5</sup> Seriously, product placement would work in my stories. Advertisers feel free to contact me. You guys put ads in urinals, why not in my stories? Also, it should be mentioned that the paragraph here annotated (as well as the sentence before it) was pretty much entirely written by Chad Brown.

Primitives fled, scurried and scattered amidst eruptions of sand or the occasional impact of a cannonball with some piece of their person. Pirates and scalawags appeared to be taken largely off guard by this attack. The pirates were in agreement that the Caribbean was no place for fighting. Most all of the pirates that resided there were very weak and out of practice. Neither primitives nor pirates were prepared for what was next. The side of the Mongoose opened like a drawbridge and Columba walked to the ship's port side and raised his hand.

A mass of snakes seeped down the bridge to the shore and enveloped a few of the slower pirates, who quickly disappeared into the shiny mess of snakes. The Palladian mission swung by ropes to the shore and terrorized any hapless soul they could find.

Over the course of days the members of the mission amassed substantial fortunes and absolute domain over the island. Many of the locals worshipped Columba as a god, which Palladius said he disapproved of, but all would be forgiven if he could have sex with Brigid. Columba consented. Brigid did not. Palladius whined about that for a few days. They resided in the town of Port Nelson for a few weeks. Patrick missed the ale from back home. He concocted an ale out of avocados that was serviceable. It had a green hue and an odd taste. It was also deceptive in its alcohol content. Patrick always became more drunk than he could appreciate with the green ale.

The group tired of paradise, except for the Fianna warriors who decided to rule over the island, raping it and ravaging its female inhabitants as they willed until locals could mount a revolt against them finally bringing an end to their revolting lives. The Palladian mission agreed to these terms and headed back east. Back home, or at least Ireland.

#### **Act V: Irish Conclusion**

Patrick would spend his remaining years traveling from tavern to tavern, bringing Christianity to drunkards. When he'd converted all the drunkards he could, he started trying to get booze to the Christians. A sudden lack of potatoes due to a famine hurt Patrick's access to his favored potato beer. This is where avocados, those he'd brought back from the Bahamas, came in handy. Patrick had a fitting end, once again underestimating the alcohol content of the green ale, he simply drank himself to death. For centuries, people mocked his green beer stained vestments by wearing green on the day of his less than dignified death, which came to be known as "St. Patrick's Day."<sup>6</sup>

Patrick was of an exceptional, rare breed. He stands as the third of six that were ever canonized sarcastically.

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<sup>6</sup> My mind strains to properly recall, this paragraph may have been Chad's, too. Vestments was either the product of his mind or me jumping to dictionary.com and hitting the thesaurus button to avoid saying 'frock' again. I suppose I can investigate.