

The Art of Spatulation

As requested by the Lady Floria on the twenty third night of March in bequest of Baron Von Munchausen to one the Honourable Hyacinth Dunkley. Being transcripts of some merit.

I've heard that your something of a dab-hand with a spatula. Can you tell me how you learnt the noble art of Spatulating from a crippled monk in northern Bath?

Thank you so much for the compliment, I do very much pride myself on my Spatulating.

Captain Sir Robert: I have indeed heard of your hand-to-hand spatula technique. I had been planning to teach to many of my men and was wondering if you give us lessons at some point?

Absolutely, the secret of good Spatulating is in the grip. It needs to be not too tight and not too loose. But certainly, to reach the levels of Spatulation that I am at, you need to study with a good teacher. Señor Augistipa who was my teacher, in Bath, who was a Spanish man. Señor was very strong in the mental side of Spatulation. I was not allowed to pick up a spatula for fifteen years.

Lord Peter: But surely training must have been somewhat difficult considering he had a vow of silence

This was the point of all his mental work. Once I learnt to read the senor's mind...

Lady Floria: Did you not find at that point that you found that the he had in fact been dead for 15 years?

Which is what made the mind reading so much easier. Because the physical, corporeal being no longer important, I was able to stop focusing on any of these extraneous things to the purity of the mind to mind connection. Once he was there and speaking to me, I found that my grip, my control of the spatula was so great that with slightest twist of my wrist, the slightest little flick of my fingers I could turn the ordinary everyday cheese, sweet potato or sponge cake into the most glorious creations. My favourite was the day I turned it into Duck A L'Orange. It was simply marvellous.

It's something I take great pride in. It's something I would be very pleased to pass my skills with on to other people. As long as they are prepared to make the commitment. They must come. They must study with me, for fifteen years, until I die. And then, once my corporeal being is gone, they reach in to the inner sanctum of the strength of my mind. Then they too can be the greatest Spatulator that ever lived.

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