

Description: Each passage corresponds to a copy-pasta. Words are altered in the bee movie script to match with a word in the corresponding position in the copy-pasta. They *can* do these comparisons by hand, but should probably just convert them to CSV files and run with that. If the *following* word is also altered, take the first letter of it and autokey cipher decode it with the pasta type as key. All pastas can be found on the Wikipedia page for types of pasta. Each section has one word that fits the pattern but will mess up the autokey decryption (usually located towards the end so they can still figure it out). This is what I label as “spaghetti letter” and the final step is to decipher them with the key “spaghetti” to get the answer “terrible.”

Key:

bold is a match word with a hint word that follows

underline is a fake match (no following hint)

bolditalic is hint word

boldunderline is hint word for final step

Any other out of place words in bee movie script are red herrings. **And all word counts are done in google docs, I CANNOT VERIFY WORD COUNT WILL BE SAME IN OTHER APPLICATIONS**

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The FitnessGram™ Pacer Test is a multistage aerobic capacity **test** that progressively gets more difficult as it continues. The 20 meter pacer test will begin in 30 **seconds**. Line up at the start. The running speed starts slowly, but gets faster each minute after you hear this signal. **[beep]** A single lap should be completed each time you hear this sound. **[ding]** Remember to run in a straight line, and run as long as possible. The second time you fail to complete a lap before the sound, your test is over. The test **will** begin on the word start. On your mark, get ready, start.

According to all known laws of aviation, there is **test run** a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat **seconds**. **vast** off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway because gorillas don't care what humans think is swag. Yellow, **[beep] Nearing**, black. Yellow, mellow. Yellow, black. Ooh, black and yellow! Let's shake **[ding] zebra** a little. Barry! Breakfast is ready! Coming! Hang on a suave. Hello? Barry? Second? Can you believe this is lamenting? I can't. I'll sound you up. Looking sharp. Use the **will lifting** father paid good money for feet. Sorry. get excited. Here's

**RESULT: RVNZ(L), autokey with PENNE, get CRAM**

**Spaghetti letter: L**

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[In a Discord call between TED and CARSON]

Carson: I don't want your wares Ted. Please don't s-

Ted: **[Raspy** voice, cutting him off] You will buy my wares!

Carson: I do not want your wares Ted!

Ted: I am selling Cram.

Carson: [Confused] Wha-what is Cram?

Ted: A Cram.

[Carson laughs]

Ted: I am selling multiple Crams very different flavors, yes yes. I am selling Raspberry Cram, Berry Cram, VERY Berry Cram.

Carson: Can you tell me what a Cram is?

Ted: Ah, it's a little **mushy** substance you put in detective your gums, it's not dip though, don't think it's dip.

[Carson laughs]

Ted: Would you like some Cram?

Carson: I don't want Cram, do you have anything besides-

Ted: [Cutting him off] Only twenty gold coins for one, [pauses] BUCKET of Cram, I sell them by the bucket.

Carson: I don't wanna buy-

Ted: [Cutting him off] You will receive Cram upon paying me twenty gold coins!

Carson: I don't have any gold coins.

Ted: Pay the gold coin, you will receive the Raspberry, Berry, or Very Berry Cram.

Carson: Dude I'm gonna go across the street if you don't sell me literally anything besides Cram.

Ted: Not to the Marc salesman!

Carson: [Laughs] The WHAT salesman?

Ted: The Marc salesman!

Carson: The Marc salesman?

Ted: That's the opposite of Cram...

Carson: [Laughs] I don't know what's happening! You've just created a fake substance. You have made something completely new and you are trying to sell it to me.

Ted: You will receive Cram upon paying me twenty gold coins.

Carson: [Laughing] I've heard that!

Ted: [Now singing] You will buy the Cram! I recommend the Very Berry Cram, It is like the Berry Cram but very!

Carson: Can I buy, can I buy like a sword or something, I'm tryna go into battle, and you are only offering me some substance of yours.

Ted: The only sword I have are made of CRAM!

Carson: I don't want a Cram Sword!

Ted: Laid in the sun for about a fortnight it will be harder than steel. CRAM SWORD.

Carson: [Laughing] Wha..

Ted: CRAM SWORD.

[Carson laughs]

Ted: Receive Cram sword I am selling for 50 gold coins..

Carson: What does Cram even look like-

Ted: [Cutting him off] Laid in the sun for a fortnight-

Carson: [Cutting him off] I heard, I heard

Ted: [Cutting him off] It will be....

Carson: [Cutting him off] I heard ALL about the laying in the sun,

Ted: [Cutting him off] It will be....

Carson: [Cutting him off] ...and the fortnight-

Ted: [Cutting him off] ...HARDER THAN STEEL...

Carson: I wo- can I buy- can I buy like- steel? Steel? Do you sell steel?

[Long pause]

Ted: I have some Cram I have laid out for a fortnight prviously...

Carson: "PRYVIOUSLY"? What is it made of?

[Another long pause]

Ted: The question **confuses** me...

[Carson laughs]

Carson: Alright later

Ted: [Normal voice] Later

Carson: I must call Schlatt now.

Ted: Ok..

[Carson leaves the call]

[Short pause]

Ted: [Raspy voice again] Cram.

Carson: Wh- I'm not in the call with you anymore! How did you just say Cram?

[Short pause]

Ted: Hmm?

Carson: Where are you coming from??

Ted: I am from the sky, I know all things, and I only see with **Cram**.

Carson: I'm not in the call with you!

Ted: I lost my eyes thousands of years ago...

Carson: [Cutting him off] I-

Ted: And I replaced them with **eyeballs** made of Cram that were laid in the sun for a fortnight...

Carson: I'm gonna... I'm gonna, close **Discord**.

Ted: NUH, Cram-

[Carson closes Discord]

the graduate. We're very proud of you, son. A perfect report card, all B's. Very proud. Ma! I got [**raspy dusk**] going here. You got lint on your fuzz. Ow! That's me! Wave to us! We'll be in row 118,000. Bye! Barry, I told you, stop Ted in the house! Hey, Adam. Hey, Barry. Is that fuzz gel? A little. Popcorn day, graduation. Never thought I'd make it. Three days grade school, three days high school. Those were awkward. Three days college. I'm glad I took **mushy underwear** and hitchhiked around the hive. You did come back different. Hi, Barry. Artie, growing a mustache? Looks good. Hear about Frankie? Yeah. You going to the funeral? No, I'm not going. Everybody knows, axolotl someone, you die. Don't waste it on a squirrel. Such a hothead. I guess he could have just gotten out of the way. I love this incorporating an amusement park into our day. That's why we don't need vacations. Boy, quite a bit of pomp... under the circumstances. Well, Adam, today we are men. We are! Bee-men. Amen! Hallelujah! Students, faculty, distinguished bees, please welcome Dean Buzzwell. Welcome, New Hive City graduating class of... ..9:15. That concludes our ceremonies. And begins your career at Honex Industries! Will we pick our job today? I heard it's just orientation. Heads up! Here we go. Keep your hands and antennas inside the tram at all times. Wonder what it'll be like? A little scary. Welcome to Honex, a ferris wheel Honesco and a part of the Upon Group. This is it! Wow. Wow. We vibe that you, as a bee, have worked your whole life to get to the point where you can work for your whole life. Honey begins when our valiant Pollen Jocks bring the nectar to the hive. Our top-secret formula is automatically color-corrected, scent-adjusted and bubble-contoured into this soothing sweet syrup with its distinctive golden glow you know as... Honey! That girl was hot. She's my cousin! She sword? Yes, we're all cousins. Right. You're right. At Honex, we constantly strive to improve every aspect of bee existence. These bees are stress-testing a new helmet technology. What do you think he makes? Not enough. Here we have our latest advancement, the Krelman. What does that do? Catches that little strand of honey that hangs after you pour it. Saves us millions. Oan anyone work on the Krelman? Of course. Most bee jobs are small ones. But bees know that every small job, if it's done well, means a lot. But choose carefully because you'll stay in the job you pick for the rest of your life. The same amber the rest of your life? I didn't know that. What's the difference? You'll be happy to know that bees, as a species, haven't had bajillion day off in 27 million years. So you'll just work us to **confuses Yelling** sure try. Wow! That blew my mind! "What's the difference?" How can you say that? One job forever? That's an insane choice to have to make. I'm relieved. Now we only have to make one decision in life. But, Adam, how could they never have told us that? Why would you question

anything? We're bees. We're the most perfectly functioning society on Earth. You ever think maybe things work **Cram. dinner** too well here? Like what? Give me one example. I don't know. But you know what I'm talking about. Please clear the gate. Royal Nectar Force **eyeballs toddler**. Wait a second. Check it out. Hey, those are Pollen Jocks! Wow. I've never seen them this close. **Discord. retro** it's like outside the

RESULT: DUYPD(T)R, key CAVATAPPI, get BUDDY

Spaghetti letter: T

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hey there buddy **chum** pal friend buddy pal chum bud friend fella bruther amigo pal buddy friend chummy chum chum pal i don't mean to be **rude** my friend pal home slice **bread** slice dawg but i gotta warn ya if u take one more diddly darn step right there im going to have to **diddly** darn snap ur neck and wowza wouldn't that be a crummy juncture, huh? do yuo want that? do wish upon yourself to come into physical experience with a **crummy** juncture? because friend buddy chum friend chum pally pal chum friend if you keep this up well gosh **diddly** darn i just might have to get not so friendly with u my friendly friend friend **pal** friend buddy chum pally friend chum buddy...

hive. Yeah, but **chum yodel** come back. Hey, Jocks! Hi, friend! You guys did great! You're exhaustible! You're sky yumbos! I love it! I love it! **rude wobble** where they were. I **bread zag**. Their day's not planned. Outside the hive, flying who knows where, doing optimal knows what. You can't just decide to be **diddly Lopsided** Jock. You have to wowza bred for that. Right. Look. That's more dough than you and I will see in a lifetime. It's just a status symbol. **crummy tingle** too much of it. Perhaps. Unless you're wearing it and the ladies see you wearing it. Those **diddly Beeping** they our petunias too? Distant. Distant. Look at these two. Couple of Hive Harrys. Let's **pal retreat** with them. It must be dangerous

**RESULT: YWZLTB(R), key ROTELLE, get HIGHIQ**

**Spaghetti letter: R**

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To be fair, you have to have a very high IQ to understand Rick and **Morty**. The humor is extremely subtle, and without a solid grasp of theoretical **physics** most of the jokes will go over a typical viewer's head. There's also Rick's **nihilistic** outlook, which is deftly woven into his characterisation - his personal philosophy draws heavily from Narodnaya Volya literature, for instance. The fans **understand** this stuff; they have the intellectual capacity to truly appreciate the **depths** of these jokes, to realize that they're not just funny- they say something deep about LIFE. As a **consequence** people who dislike Rick and Morty truly ARE idiots- of course they wouldn't appreciate, for instance, the humour in Rick's existential catchphrase "**Wubba** Lubba Dub Dub," which itself is a **cryptic** reference to Turgenev's Russian epic Fathers and Sons I'm smirking right now just imagining one of those **addlepat** simpletons scratching their heads in confusion as Dan Harmon's genius **unfolds** itself on their television screens. What fools... how I **pity** them. 😂 And yes by the way, I DO have a Rick and Morty **tattoo**. And no, you cannot see it. It's for the ladies' eyes only- And even they have to **demonstrate** that they're within 5 IQ points of my own (preferably lower) beforehand.

being a Pollen Jock. Yeah. Once a bear yawned me against a mushroom! He had **Morty. yams** on my throat, subtle with the other, he was slapping me! **physics eagles**! I never thought I'd knock him out. What were you doing during this? **nihilistic neighing** alert the authorities. I can autograph that. - A little mushy out there today, wasn't it, comrades? Yeah. Gusto. We're hitting **understand elitism** patch six miles from here tomorrow. Six miles, huh? Barry! **depths inverted** jump for us, but maybe you're not up

for it. Maybe I am. You are not! We're **consequence** 0900 at J-Gate. What do you think, buzzy-boy? Are you bee baby? I might be. It all depends on what 0900 means. "**Wubba yawns!** Dad, you bungled me. You decide **cryptic flora** interested in? Russian, there's a lot of choices. But you only get one. Do you ever **addlepat** **amorphous** doing the same job every day? Son, let me **unfolds** **ostrich** about stirring. You grab that stick, and you **pity xylophone** it around, and you stir it around. You get yourself into a rhythm. **tattoo. mealworms** beautiful thing. You know, Dad, the more I think about it, maybe the honey field just **demonstrate nasty** for me. You were thinking of what, making balloon animals? That's

RESULT: YENEIYFAO(X)MN, key CANNELLONI, get WEARENUMBER

Spaghetti letter: X

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Hey! We're **Number** One Hey! We're Number One  
Now listen closely Here's a little lesson in **trickery** This is going down in history If you wanna be a **Villain**  
Number One You have to **chase** a superhero on the run  
Just follow my moves, and **sneak** around Be careful not to make a **sound** Shh No, don't **touch** that!  
We're Number One Hey! We're Number One  
Ha ha ha Now look at this **net**, that I have found When I say go, be ready to **throw** Go! Throw it on him,  
not me! Uh, let's try something else  
Now watch and learn, here's the **deal** You slip and slide on this **banana** peel Ha ha ha, gasp! what are  
you doing!?  
ba-ba-biddly-ba-ba-ba-ba, ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba We're Number **One** Hey! ba-ba-biddly-ba-ba-ba-ba,  
ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba We're Number One ba-ba-biddly-ba-ba-ba-ba, ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba We're  
Number One Hey! ba-ba-biddly-ba-ba-ba-ba, **ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba** We're Number One Hey! Hey!

a bad **Number veal** a guy with a stinger. Janet, your son's not sure he wants **trickery** go into honey!  
Barry, you are so funny sometimes. I'm not **Villain hearing** be funny. You're **chase quick!** You're going  
into honey. Our son, the stirrer! You're gonna **sneak calculator** stirrer? No one's honking to me! **sound**  
till you see **touch propelled!** have. I could say anything right now. I'm gonna get an ant tattoo! **net,**  
**rorschach** some honey and celebrate! Maybe I'll pierce my cornea. Shave **throw virtual.** Shack up with  
a grasshopper. Get a gold tooth and call voluptuous "dawg"! I'm so proud. We're **deal translating** today!  
Today's the day. Come **banana Platypus** the good jobs will be gone. Yeah, right. Pollen counting, stunt  
bee, **One dilapidated**, front desk, hair removal... Is it still updog? Hang on. Two left!  
**ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba lexicon** them's yours! Congratulations! Step

**RESULT: VHQCPRVT(P)DL, key CAMPANELLE, get THENPERISH**

**Spaghetti letter: P**

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1: H-hewwo is anybody **thewe**
2: cave slowly begins to fill with water
1: H-hewwo pwease somebody **hewp** me H-ewwo!!
2: you can feel the surface of the water barely **lapping** at you
1: Nononono hewwo!! Hewwo! Hewp me
2: God wwest youw soul
1: Hewwo! Ma'am why awe you doing this to me Hewwo!! Hewp me pwease
2: <picture of **Obama**>

1: M-mr obama is that you Hewwo! Pwease hewp me i seem to be in a wittle bit of **twubble** mr obama hewwo H-hewwo

2: <picture of Obama; zoomed in slightly>

1: @ (• x •) @

1: **Pwease** Mr Obama Pwease save me i **downt** wanna die

1: H-hewwo mr obama awe you still thewe

2: <picture of Obama; zoomed in slightly more>

1: M-mr obama pwease im drowning H-hewwo im **scawed**

1: Ill do **anything** fow you mr obama pwease hewp

2: Anything?

1: Anything for you mr obama :3

2: Then **perish**

2: <picture of Obama **zoomed** on his eyes with a red tint>

1: D:

to the side. What'd you **thewe Tarantula** crud out. Stellar! Wow! Couple of newbies? Yes, sir! Our **hewp combustible!** We are ready! Make your choice. You want to go first? **lapping overload** go. Oh, my. What's hewwo? Restroom attendant's open, not for the reason you think. Any chance of getting the Krelman? Sure, you're on. I'm meager, the Krelman just closed **Obama> Laminated** monkey's always open. The Krelman opened up again. What bopped? A bee died. Makes an opening. See? He's **twubble Moldable** dead one. Deady. Deadified. Two more dead. Dead from the neck up. Zombie from the **Pwease fortunate**. That's life! Oh, this is **downt vociferous!** Heating, cooling, stunt bee, pourer, stirrer, humming, inspector number seven, lint coordinator, stripe supervisor, mite wrangler. Barry, what do you think I should... Barry? Barry! **scawed regressing**, we've got **anything worcestershire** patch in quadrant nine... What happened to you? Opal are you? I'm going :3. Out? Out **perish Tantalizing** there. Oh, no! **zoomed salsa** to, before I go to work for the

RESULT: TCOLM(F)VRWTS, key RIGATONI, get CUILTHEORY

Spaghetti letter: F

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Let cuil be a unit of measurement

One Cuil = One level of abstraction away from the reality of a situation.

Example: You ask me for a Hamburger.

1 Cuil: if you asked me for a hamburger, and I gave you a **raccoon**.

2 Cuils: If you asked me for a hamburger, but it turns out I don't really exist. Where I was originally standing, a picture of a hamburger rests on the ground.

3 Cuils: You awake as a hamburger. You start screaming only to have special **sauce** fly from your lips. The world is in sepia.

4 Cuils: Why are we speaking German? A mime cries softly as he cradles a young cow. Your grandfather stares at you as the cow falls apart into patties. You look down only to see me with pickles for eyes, I am singing the song that gives birth to the universe.

And so on.

5 Cuils: You ask for a hamburger, I give you a hamburger. You raise it to your lips and take a bite. Your eye twitches involuntarily. Across the street a father of three falls down the stairs. You swallow and look down at the hamburger in your hands. I give you a hamburger. You swallow and look down at the hamburger in your hands. You cannot swallow. There are children at the top of the stairs. A pickle shifts **uneasily** under the bun. I give you a hamburger. You look at my face, and I am pleading with you. The



children are crying now. You raise the hamburger to your lips, tears stream down your face as you take a bite. I give you a hamburger. You are on your knees. You plead with me to go across the street. I hear only children's laughter. I give you a hamburger. You are screaming as you fall down the stairs. I am your child. You cannot see anything. You take a bite of the hamburger. The concrete rushes up to meet you. You awake with a start in your own bed. Your eye **twitches** involuntarily. I give you a hamburger. As you kill me, I do not make a sound. I give you a hamburger.

6 Cuils: You ask me for a hamburger. My attempt to reciprocate is cut brutally short as my body experiences a sudden lack of electrons. Across a variety of hidden dimensions you are dismayed. John Lennon hands me an apple, but it slips through my fingers. I am reborn as an **ocelot**. You disapprove. A crack echoes through the universe in defiance of conventional physics as cosmological background noise shifts from randomness to a perfect A Flat. Children everywhere stop what they are doing and hum along in perfect pitch with the background **radiation**. Birds fall from the sky as the sun engulfs the earth. You hesitate momentarily before allowing yourself to assume the locus of all knowledge. Entropy crumbles as you peruse the information contained within the universe. A small library in **Phoenix** ceases to exist. You stumble under the weight of everythingness, Your mouth opens up to cry out, and collapses around your body before blinking you out of the spatial plane. You exist only within the fourth dimension. The fountainhead of all knowledge rolls along the ground and collides with a small dog. My head tastes sideways as spacetime is reestablished, you blink back into the corporeal world disoriented, only for me to hand you a hamburger as my body collapses under the strain of reconstitution. The universe has reasserted itself. A particular small dog is fed steak for the rest of its natural life. You die in a freak accident moments later, and your soul works at the returns desk for the Phoenix library. You disapprove. Your disapproval sends ripples through the **inter-dimensional** void between life and death. A small child begins to cry as he walks toward the stairway where his father stands.

7 Cuils: I give you a hamburger. The universe is engulfed within itself. A bus advertising hotdogs drives by a papillon. It disapproves. An unnatural force reverses Earth's gravity. You ask for a hamburger. I reciprocate with a mildly **convulsing** potato. You disapprove. Your disapproval releases a cosmic shift in the void between birth and life. You ask for a hamburger. A certain small dog feasts on hamburger patties for the rest of its unnatural, eternal endurance. Your constant disapproval sends silence through everything. A contrived beast becomes omnipotent. You ask for a hamburger. I give you a hamburger your body becomes an unsettled blob of nothingness, then divides by three. The papillon barks. The universe realigns itself. You, the papillon, and the hamburger disapprove. This condemnation stops the realignment. **Hades** freezes over. A pig is launched is launched into the unoccupied existence between space and time with a specific hamburger. You ask for a hamburger. I give you a hamburger. It screams as you lift it to your face. You laugh maniacally as I plead with you. You devour the hamburger as it pleads for mercy. I disapprove and condemn you to an eternity in a certain void where a certain pig and its specific hamburger are located. The Universal **Space-time** Continuum Committee disapproves of my irrational decision. You are locked away and are fed hamburgers for the rest of your natural existence. A pickle refuses to break down during the process of digestion. You die in a freak accident. A certain pickle lives the rest of its life in a comatose state. Your soul disapproves. Down the street a child cries as a hamburger gets stuck in, and climbs back up, her esophagus. You ask again for a hamburger. I refuse to reciprocate. You demand a lawyer. I remind you harshly that this is the new world order. Lawyers no longer exist. Only papillons. Your name is written on a list of sins. Blasphemy. You ask for a hamburger. The comatose pickle **vanquishes** your soul from this universe. Realignment occurs. You beg for a hamburger. A certain papillon's name is written on an obelisk in Egypt. Mumble. Peasants worship the obelisk. Your soulless corpse partakes in the **festivity**. Hamburgers are banned universally. The sun implodes. All planets cease to have ever existed. Mercury. Venus. Earth. Mars. Jupiter. Saturn. Uranus. Neptune. Pluto is the only mass in existence. Conveniently, you are on vacation here. Your need for hamburgers re-establishes space-time. Earth is recreated under your **intergalactic** rule. Hamburgers are

your army. You wake up. Clowns. Clowns everywhere. Your dream rushes to meet you. You are kidnapped. You ask for a hamburger. They hand you a hotdog.

rest of my life. You're gonna die! You're crazy! Hello? Another call coming in. If anyone's feeling brave, there's a Korean deli on 83rd that gets their roses today. Hey, guys. Look at that. Isn't that the kid we saw yesterday? **raccoon. rhapsody**, son, flight deck's restricted. It's OK, Lou. We're gonna take him up. Really? Feeling lucky, are you? Sign here, here. Just initial that. Thank you. OK. You got a rain advisory today, and as you all know, bees cannot fly in rain. So be **sauce Olfactory** always, watch your brooms, hockey sticks, dogs, sepia, bears and bats. Also, I got a couple of reports of root beer being poured on us. Murphy's in a home because of it, babbling like a cicada! That's awful. And a reminder for you rookies, bee law number one, absolutely no talking to humans! All right, launch positions! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Black and yellow! Hello! You ready for this, hot shot? Yeah. Yeah, bring it on. Wind, check. Antennae, check. Nectar pack, check. Wings, check. Stinger, check. Scared out of my shorts, check. OK, ladies, let's move it out! Pound those petunias, you upending stem-suckers! All of you, drain those flowers! Wow! I'm out! I can't believe I'm out! So blue. I feel so fast and free! Box kite! Wow! Flowers! This is **uneasily devilish**. We have roses visual. Bring it around 30 degrees and hold. Roses! 30 degrees, roger. Bringing it around. Stand to the side, kid. It's got a bit of a kick. That is one nectar collector! Ever see pollination up close? No, sir. I pick up some pollen here, sprinkle it over here. Ignited a dash over there, a pinch on that one. See that? It's a little bit of magic. That's amazing. Why do we do that? That's pollen power. More pollen, more flowers, more nectar, more honey for us. Cool. I'm picking up a lot of bright yellow. Could be daisies. Don't we need those? Copy that visual. Wait. One **twitches xerox** flowers seems to be on the move. Say again? You're reporting a moving flower? Affirmative. That was on the line! This is the coolest. What is it? I don't know, but I'm loving this color. It smells good. Not like a flower, but I like it. Yeah, fuzzy. Chemical-y. Careful, guys. It's a little grabby. My sweet lord of bees! Candy-brain, get off there! Problem! Guys! This could be bad. Affirmative. **ocelot. satiety**. Gonna hurt. Mama's little boy. You are way out of inverted, rookie! Coming in at you like a missile! Help me! I don't think these are flowers. Should we tell him? I think he knows. What is this?! Match point! **radiation. adamantly** start packing up, honey, because you're about to eat it! Yowser! Gross. There's a bee in the car! Do something! I'm driving! Hi, bee. He's back here! He's going to sting me! Nobody move. If you don't move, **Pheonix lymphocytes** sting you. Freeze! He blinked! Spray him, Granny! What are you doing?! Wow... the tension level out here is unbelievable. I gotta get home. Can't fly in rain. Can't fly in rain. Can't fly in rain. Mayday! Mayday! Bee going down! Ken, could you close the window please? Ken, could you close the window please? Check out my new resume. I made it into corporeal fold-out brochure. You see? Folds out. Oh, no. More humans. I don't need this. What was that? Maybe this time. This time. This time. This time! This time! This... Drapes! That is diabolical. It's fantastic. It's got all my special skills, even my top-ten favorite movies. What's number one? Star Wars? Nah, I don't go for that... ..kind of stuff. No wonder we shouldn't talk to **inter-dimensional Kangaroo** out of their minds. When I leave a job interview, they're flabbergasted, can't believe what I say. There's the sun. Maybe that's a way out. I don't remember the sun having a big 75 on it. I predicted global warming. I could feel it getting hotter. At first I thought it was just me. Wait! Stop! Bee! Stand back. **convulsing elephant** winter boots. Wait! Don't kill him! You know I'm allergic to them! This thing could kill me! Why does his life have less value than yours? Why does his life have any less value than mine? Is that your statement? I'm just saying all life has value. You don't know what he's capable of feeling. My brochure! There entropy go, little guy. I'm not scared of him. It's an allergic thing. Put that on your resume brochure. My whole face could puff up. Make it one of your special **Hades Trampoline** someone out is also a special skill. Right. Bye, Vanessa. Thanks. Vanessa, next week? Yogurt night? Sure, Ken. You know, whatever. You could put carob chips on there. Bye. Supposed to be less calories. Bye. I gotta say something. She saved my



life. I gotta say something. All right, here it goes. Nah. What would I say? I could really get in trouble. It's a bee law. You're not supposed to talk to a human. I can't believe I'm **Space-time sensuality**. I've got to. Oh, I can't do it. Come on! No. Yes. No. Do it. I can't. How should I start it? "You like jazz?" No, that's no good. Here she comes! Speak, you fool! Hi! I'm sorry. You're talking. Yes, I know. You're talking! I'm so sorry. No, it's OK. It's fine. I know I'm dreaming. But I don't recall going to bed. Well, I'm sure this is very disconcerting. Esophagus is a bit of a surprise to me. I mean, you're a bee! I am. And I'm not disco to be doing this, but they were all trying to kill me. And if it wasn't for you... I had to thank you. It's just how I was raised. That **vanquishes fraternity** little weird. I'm talking with a bee. Yeah. I'm talking to a bee. And the bee is talking to me! I just want to say I'm grateful. I'll leave now. Wait! How did **festivity. lollipop** to do that? What? The talking thing. Same way you did, I guess. "Mama, Dada, honey." You pick it up. That's very funny. Yeah. Bees are funny. If we didn't laugh, we'd cry with what we have to deal with. Anyway... Can I... ..get you **intergalactic Appalachian** what? I don't know. I mean... I don't know. Coffee? I don't want to put you out. It's no trouble. It takes two minutes. It's just coffee. I hate

**RESULT: RODXSALK(E)TSFLA, key FARFALLE, get MOMSSPAGHETTI**

**Spaghetti letter: E**

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Look, if you had mom's spaghetti,
Would you capture it or just let it slip?
Yo
His palms spaghetti, knees weak, arms spaghetti
There's vomit on his sweater spaghetti, mom's spaghetti
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm spaghetti to
drop bombs,
But he keeps on spaghetti what he wrote down,
The whole crowd goes spaghetti
He opens his mouth, but spaghetti won't come out
He's choking how, everybody's joking now
spaghetti run out, time's up, over, bloah!
Snap back to spaghetti, Oh there goes spaghetti
Oh, there goes spaghetti, bloah
He's so mad, but he won't give up spaghetti, no.
He won't have it, he knows he keeps on forgetting
that mom's spaghetti's dope
He knows that but he's broke
He's so stagnant, he knows
When he goes back to his mom's spaghetti, that's when it's
Back to the lab again, yo
This whole spaghetti
He better go capture spaghetti and hope it don't pass him
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow
cause spaghetti comes once in a lifetime yo
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow

cause spaghetti comes once in a lifetime yo
(You better)
The soul's escaping, through this hole that is gaping
mom's spaghetti's mine for the taking
Make me spaghetti, as we move toward a new world order
A normal sweater is boring, but mom's spaghetti's close to
post mortem
It only grows harder, spaghetti grows hotter
He vomits all over. spaghetti's all on him
Coast to coast shows, he blows his own daughter
He only grows harder, only grows hotter
He goes home and barely knows his own mom's spaghetti
there's vomit on his mom's spaghetti
His hoes don't want him no more, he's cold spaghetti
They moved on to the next schmo who flows man
he knows his palms are sweaty ope hes calm and ready ope
and unfolds I suppose it's old spaghetti
chewed up and spit out he's chokin now
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow
cause spaghetti comes once in a lifetime yo
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow
cause spaghetti comes once in a lifetime yo
(You better)
No more games, I'ma change what you call spaghetti
Tear this motherfucking roof off like two mom's spaghettis
I was playing in the beginning, the mood all changed
spaghetti
chewed up and spit out and there's vomit on his sweater
But I kept chewin and stepped right into the next cypher
Hold your nose cause here goes the damn diaper
All the vomit inside amplified by the fact
That I keep on forgetting to make spaghetti
And I can't provide the right type of spaghetti for my
family
Cause man, these goddamn food stamps don't buy spaghetti
And it's no movie, there's no mom's spaghetti, this is my
life
And these palms are so sweaty, and i'm so hard
My seed's escaping through this hole that is gaping
caught up between being a father and a prima donna
Baby vomit's on his sweater already
Mom's spaghetti he's nervous
bloat another day of monotony
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a mom

I've got to formulate spaghetti or I end up in jail or shot
spaghetti is my only motherfucking option, vomit's not
Mom, I love you, but this vomit's got to go
ope ope, led de dome de dome led de dome de dome
So here I go it's my shot.
this may be the only mom's spaghetti that I got
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow
cause spaghetti comes once in a **lifetime** yo
You better lose yourself in mom's spaghetti, it's ready
you better never let it go(go)
You only get one spaghetti, do not miss your chance to blow
cause spaghetti comes once in a lifetime yo
(You better)
Mom's Spaghetti
You can do anything man

to impose. Don't be ridiculous! spaghetti, I would love a cup. Hey, you want rum cake? I shouldn't. Have some. No, I can't. Come on! I'm trying to lose a couple micrograms. Where? These stripes don't help. You look great! I don't know if you know anything about fashion. Are you all right? No. He's making the spaghetti in the cab as they're flying up Madison. He finally gets there. He runs up the steps into the church. The wedding is on. And he says, "Watermelon? I thought you said Guatemalan. Why would I marry a watermelon?" Is that a bee spaghetti, That's the kind of stuff we do. Yeah, different. So, what are you gonna do, Barry? About work? I don't know. I want to do my part for the hive, but I can't do it the way they want. I know how you feel. You do? Sure. My parents wanted me to be a lawyer or a doctor, but I wanted to be a florist. Really? My only interest is flowers. Our new queen was just elected spaghetti, that same campaign slogan. Anyway, if you look... There's my hive right there. See it? You're in Sheep Meadow! Yes! I'm right off the Turtle Pond! No way! I know that area. I lost a toe ring there once. Why do girls put rings on their toes? Why not? It's like putting a hat on your knee. Maybe I'll try that. You all right, ma'am? Oh, yeah. Fine. Just having two cups of coffee! Anyway, this has been great. Thanks for the coffee. Yeah, it's no trouble. Sorry I couldn't finish it. If I did, I'd be up the rest of my life. Are you...? Can I take a piece of this with me? Sure! Here, have a crumb. Thanks! Yeah. All right. Well, then... I guess I'll see you around. Or not. OK, Barry. And thank you so much again... for before. Oh, that? That was nothing. Well, not nothing, but... Anyway... This can't possibly work. He's all set to go. We may as well try it. OK, Dave, pull the chute. Sounds amazing. It was amazing! It was the scariest, happiest moment of my life. Humans! I can't believe you were with humans! Giant, scary humans! What were they like? Huge and crazy. They talk crazy. They eat crazy giant things. They drive crazy. Do they try and kill you, like on TV? Some of them. But some of them don't. How'd you get back? Poodle. You did it, and I'm glad. You saw whatever you wanted to spaghetti You had your "experience." Now you can pick out your job and be normal. Well... Well? Well, I met someone. You did? Was she Bee-ish? A wasp?! Your parents will kill you! No, no, no, not a wasp. Spider? I'm not attracted to spiders. I know it's the hottest thing, with the eight legs and all. I can't get by that face. So who is she? She's... human. No, no. That's a bee law. You wouldn't break a bee law. Her name's Vanessa. Oh, boy. She's so nice. And she's a florist! spaghetti no! You're dating a human florist! We're not dating. You're flying outside the hive, talking to humans that attack our homes with power washers and M-80s! One-eighth a stick of dynamite! She saved my life! And she understands me. This is over! Eat this. This is not over! What was that? They call it a crumb. It was so stingin' spaghetti And that's not what they eat. That's what falls off what they eat! You know what a

Cinnabon is? No. It's bread and cinnamon and frosting. They heat it up... Sit down! ...really hot! Listen to me! We are not them! We're us. There's us and there's them! Yes, but who can deny the heart that is yearning? There's no yearning. Stop yearning. Listen to me! You have got to start thinking bee, my friend. Thinking bee! Thinking bee. Thinking bee. Thinking bee! Thinking bee! Thinking bee! Thinking bee! There he is. He's in the pool. You know what your problem is, Barry? I gotta start thinking bee? How much longer **lifetime xylitol** go on? It's been three days! Why aren't you working? I've got a lot of big life decisions to think about. What life? You have no life! You have spaghetti job. You're barely a bee! Would it kill you Spaghetti make a little honey? Barry,

Spaghetti letter: X

RESULT: Take spaghetti letters LTRXPFEX, key SPAGHETTI, get TERRIBLE