

THE MOODRAT CHRONICLES

Vol. I



THE GOSPEL OF CHEESE

PROLOGUE

THE BIRTH OF CHEESE

Before noise, there was hunger.
And before hunger, an idea:
that something as small as a rat could understand the gods
if it ever found enough cheese.

Thus began the Age of Melting.
The sky split in two like a poorly cut pizza.
From the dark side fell faith; from the bright side, doubt.
And in between, Moodrat was born —
his soul made of crumbs, one paw in chaos, the other in
mercy.

He wasn't created to save.
He was created to taste.
Because even the universe, in all its eternity,
needed to know what meaning tasted like.

And it tasted like cheese.
A little sour.
A little divine.
Like truth.

CHAPTER 1 — THE CHEESE ECLIPSE



The sky opened like a luminous wound.
It didn't roar. It didn't warn.
It simply began to melt.

From the edge of the night, the moon bit the sun with an ancient hunger, and what fell upon the earth wasn't fire — it was cheese.

Slow, thick, golden.

A celestial spill that smelled of stale eternity.

Moodrat watched it from the rooftop, surrounded by dead antennas.

He held a slice of pizza in his hand and the suspicion that the gods were dining without him.

The city curved under the viscous light of the eclipse, and the temples bent down as if praying to the melted cheese.

"If this is the end," he said, lifting the pizza to the sky, "may it find me chewing."

The eclipse flickered, as if it had heard him.

A thread of cheese fell upon his shoulder — warm, bright.

Moodrat licked it without thinking.

And in that simple gesture, without faith or fear, the story of the universe changed its flavour.

CHAPTER 2 — MOODRAT IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SILENCE



No one knows who built the Cathedral of Silence.
It is only said that its bells ring whenever someone stops
lying to themselves.

Moodrat entered with pizza in his right hand
and cheese under his arm.
He wasn't seeking redemption — only Wi-Fi.
But there was no signal there,
only old echoes still praying.

The walls oozed melted light.
An insect wrote sudokus on the altar with ink made of
shadow.
A rusted angel chewed on a Bible made of bread.
And the air smelled of burnt faith.

Moodrat sat on a broken pew and thought:
"If silence were hungry,
would it also eat a piece of me?"

Then he bit the pizza.
And the world trembled.
Because in every bite
there was a question the gods never learned to answer.

CHAPTER 3 — MOODRAT AND THE GOLDEN COCKROACHES



They say that when the world grew tired of praying,
the cockroaches inherited the churches.

Moodrat learned that too late.
He arrived with pizza in hand, believing the miracle still
smelled of cheese.
But the floor was covered in shining insects,
like breathing coins.

Each cockroach carried a word engraved on its back:
Fear. Desire. Faith. Lie.

And as he watched them crawl toward the altar,
he understood they all meant the same thing.

Moodrat climbed onto an empty baptismal font,
raised the pizza like a host, and said in the voice of a weary
prophet:
“Eat — this is my piece of the absurd.”

The cockroaches clapped with their feet.
And the temple lit up
like a celestial oven.

CHAPTER 4 — MOODRAT ON THE DIGITAL CAMINO DE SANTIAGO



The sun no longer rose.
It just updated.

Moodrat walked among broken antennas and neon shells,
following yellow arrows made of code.
Each step was a 404 error toward faith.

In his backpack he carried three things:
a slice of cold pizza, a cheese that glowed from within,
and a question no one wanted to open.

The digital pilgrims passed beside him like tired
holograms, repeating binary mantras:
“There is no destination, only connection.”

Moodrat stopped before a pixelated hermitage and prayed:
“If you exist, reboot me.”

The wind replied with a long beep.
And the cloud — not the one in the sky, the other one —
rained data upon the path.

Moodrat lifted the pizza to the air, and the code blessed
him with a new line:

“The soul cannot be saved. It must be uploaded.”

CHAPTER 5 — MOODRAT AGAINST THE GOD OF COLD



Winter didn't come from the north.
It came from silence.

The God of Cold had no face, no name —
only breath.
And His breath turned words into frost.

Moodrat found Him in a white field,
without horizon or footprints, only an echo whispering:
“Freeze, and you will be eternal.”

But Moodrat wasn't looking for eternity.
Only warmth.

So he lit a fire with his thoughts and placed his pizza on it.

The cheese hissed like liquid gold, and the God of Cold
trembled.

Then Moodrat said, with his mouth full:
“If eternity has no flavour, I'm not interested.”

The ice shattered like a mirror.
And the world began to breathe again.

CHAPTER 6 — MOODRAT: THE LAST SUPPER ON VHS



There were no disciples.
Only ghosts on pause.

The banquet was an altar of forgotten objects:
a cold pizza, a half-melted cheese, and a pile of VHS tapes
still breathing light.

Moodrat placed them one by one in a circle,
as if they were twelve plastic prophets.
Then he pressed play.

And the cathedral filled with images —
borrowed lives, background laughter, pixelated storms,
memories of a humanity that no longer remembered.

Then Moodrat said:
“This is my archive. Play it in my memory.”

The screens flickered like candles.
A cockroach crossed the table dragging a piece of cheese.
And for an instant, the universe felt at peace.

The noise ended.
But the echo kept chewing.

The noise ended.
But the echo keeps chewing.

EPILOGUE

THE SILENCE AFTER CHEESE

When everything ended, there were no trumpets or fire.
Only a click — the sound of a tape rewinding time.

Moodrat looked at his reflection in the melted cheese
and understood: the gods hadn't died; they were simply
full.

The last bite had been his.
The last thought, too.

He placed his pizza inside a box of light,
climbed to the rooftop of the world's end,
and let the eclipse turn him into a rumour.

Somewhere, a cockroach is still writing sudokus with its
feet.
And the echo of its pencil says:

“Absurdity is hungry, too.”

MOODOLOGY



A rat found the end of the world.
And tasted it.

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The Gospel of Cheese

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