



I never thought I'd say this, but nuns and noodles can change your life. Well, maybe they don't change **everyone's**, but they definitely changed mine. And not just once, either, which is so freaky I don't even know how to measure it with a spoon.

No one thinks nuns are going to be life-changing. Sorry, but that's the truth. Especially not the kind of nuns who sing in trees and make clothes out of curtains like Maria in *The Sound of Music*, which is a musical extravaganza about not-your-usual-type-of-nun and whistling captains and singing children and double-crossing Nazi boyfriends and female deer and lonely goatherds high on a hill singing 'layohlayohlay-eeh-oh'. Which sounds nuts, I know, but it kind of makes sense when you see the movie. Kind of. It's





still pretty nuts, though, even then.

And I don't even like noodles. But if something's going to change your life, I guess noodles are better than the Black Death, a monster earthquake, a plague of poisonous frogs or a million other terrible things.

This all happened a while ago now. Let me just say, I was a different person back then. I don't know if you're going to like the old me much when you hear what I was like, but I've changed. Stuff happened along the way - all kinds of stuff, actually. Nuns and noodles were just the beginning.

So maybe we should start there. At the very beginning. It's a very good place to start.

