

CATH FAIRDO by Robert Mackus

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Cath clacked her Mahogany Teeth

I'faith, my companion an' I were risen by a great clanging of bells. An' you know't, I was so afeard I durst not peer out thinking sometimes previous I ha' been trapp'd in my capacity as broomsweeper at a lepers' orgy (paid well, 'twere piece work) wherein they hath wanted me in on their gayme. Yet nay, was but th'alarum man a-drummin' his nonce, his two moustaches as fain to smile at the new day.

Cath Fairdo, for 'tis she, ventured to me of an engine or three fang'd snake, I knows't not, where do come an horrible noise o' musickal torturings and demonic rantings which do rent th'air a gift o' the fork-tongued Dijays (and they do make th'words themselves stoop and slaver without control at their goldwarty extremities) mongering their 40 Top Commandments.

I perceived Cath wi'out her farthingale, her 29 pairs o' stokkinges the which of bein' so worn seem'd stitch'd together by louses or bugges, and so did beseech her that we might washeth, for a wench is but prettiest when perfum'd. She took a horn of such aromattick scents, callit Oyle of Faerie, transported without of the land o' th' fierce Dishmen, ogres of grand rapacity wi' but one eye atop their heads, nameit TV. And whom do make

their womenfolk slave i' seragliiii that be always be twice or more that o' their neighbours. This subtle gylcerin of a hue lampedescent sapphiric we hath smoothed onto our bodies, and I can tell thee I was right excited when I did my fork, and oftentimes thought of little Wat and his great iron sausage steaming i' the moonlight. Cath did try the stuffynge of her generous bubbies i' the two contraptions for, she saith, "th' beautifying of a lady's comportment" and to be kept there by "commone suction". La! I do profess such a thing 'twere suited but for one o' Hopkin's famed familiars, Troxima, a sort of succubus wi' 12 titties.

"Let us to our fortunes", quoth I. Cath clack'd her mahogany teeth whereupon her train'd flea-leggings slid up her legs, and we took our leave and left, i' th' street.

'Srick, and what a sight! Beasts liken to charyiots pound'd the highway and did fart and honk all in a bedlam and their drivers methinks were bewildered wi' glazed visages and I did see a huge red behemoth come by some people standing by a post and they did greete it with much merrymakeing but marry it did not know them for it did not stop but continued on its mission.

We walk'd past a long and pitiful row of miserable wretches who seem'd past all pride as they tarried unto DHSS. And to DHSS was rumour'd they would be transform'd i' angels o' plenty, and be cloth'd all in golden scales, get shoes, and other fancies. But we did indeed bump into one who seem'd joyous, and he had on him a ticket in his hand call'd a Jyro for the sole purchasing of fine sherries, and a scrumpy as to sparkling champagne, and a strange liquir distilled o' the birds of Thunder, and he did bid us slake our thirsts and did comment 'pon my hair greene and sticking up saying he loved a punk. Ay me! We were right angered and quit but Cath didst offer to suck out his innards with muchwhiles pleasure (for she hath done more for the price of a pin at the stewes).

A great many did mutter incantations into white wands and clouds of noxious smoak billow'd during the ceremony and they did meditate

lovingly upon them as if unto babes or childerns. Twere a relief to enter the portals belonging to the almighty Nosmo King, a sign for which hath been tack'd up so none durst enter this vile superstition for fear of being slowly devour'd by his many lump'd beast, whisper'd name of Chanser.

We saw the fair denizens of this land a-feasting in a place wheretofores they could be espied, and we went there and got from the brightly gown'd army of slaves a cheeseburger and milk that hath been shook. Fie! The last was a kind of liquid pap full o' empty spaces and t'other an evil smelling yellow and brown globule, and a kind of straw which hath been fried i' France we got also. I surmise, 'twas in actual a great toylet drop't wi' turds of gouty burghers in hospice, gone mad wi' greed. Ay, goodly punishment this indeed - 'tis true, we put our knaves and coz'ners in stockes but 'tis mark of civility that thereop they do not be enforced twice to the eating of chuck'd moral.

(We hath been lip-held by a supposed artist o'- whatcallit? - nuvelle quizzzen, wi' his gofority -this and veebrill-that and forever of yahing as donkey or a noisy moyle, wherein the plate-position and death-freshness o' the food be important as't'substance. Godso, I cast him the banquet tripletasty ate on St Swith's Day gi'en by one Evil Roman and one second King Jolly. Here be th'precedent (Ay, use this!) :

Chameleon's eyeballs ; boiled dolphins' noses (garnish'd wi' a bit of seaweed) ; gently fried tiger cubs' foreskins mound'd 'pon a bed made of salted pelican's caw ; spice-stoffed Harpy's breast ; lips of a tribe o' cannibal ogres in Afrique ; blood o' a menstruating giantess (i' the 2th day) frostsмоaking 'pon bejewell'd daggers - a most delicate candy ; conger eeel beards ; crystalline-brow-sweat irridescend by God's golden care o' th'worries o' a careerist dame, fallen 'pon her optick, who hath clos'd a deal for crushing of a thousand charlatans (decorated wi' carbon eyelashes of preteens most untimely tumbled o' this life to the next - herein lie your piquancy of contraries) ; rotweiler's testicles, the larger animal having lived a blessed time wi' his purple- silk'd mistress o' haughty airs ; puckered

fundaments of seraphim and cherubim (each as tasty, the difference being only one of colour) what ha' been precipitous afrighted i' the sight of the red hot horns o' the beast with penises 13, and hath been cooked in situ o' this rotisserie ; eggs o' that supreme bird, the chicken, which ha' run and peck'd where it will, but not o'er the ocean full o' fishes ; young mens' ribs crack'd i' the stampede to mourn Walentino's bier ; cooked maggits, strictly the grubbes o' incandescent moths, which ha' been borne and fed in fantasy on Sinbad's magick carpet ; tender, fragile arms (tho' they be limbs 'tis best in culinary argot to term 'em arms) of Tyranno Rex, that your palate may be embraced i' th' prehistoric flavours ; heads o' the taypwurms, dyed of various hues, for a special sort o' crunchy snack ; coiled butterflies' proboscises, th' Mill Flyer bein' the tastiest and most nutritious 'tis reckon'd ; axotyl spines; daphnia hearts; blistered wort, bogwort, burpwort, blapwort, fartwurt, flat wrack, furry wruck, zark, zirk an' molch, blue smelsh, ratcorn, grokpandy, flibgot, gibsplork, gangsprig and slubgrit ; an blue molecule grown right big and juicy i' Mrs Thupplethrop's back allotment, speckl'd here a' there wi' golden electrae (but see carefully in which plate the Master Chefs o' Heisiborg do place it for 'tis often uncertain the which an' arguments mayhalp occur, as also sometimes by the very act o' th'eating of it it do jump in a flash out the mouth) ; flippers carv'd off the bubbling frogfolk soused in vinegar for they be a mite gummery ; caut'riz'd brain nerves o' belles and beaux that hath been mercifully spared the Wheel of Life and other stresses, serv'd coolly by thempersons themselves (as to a line o' jerky automatons all in white) ; thimbelfuls o' your bountiful aemoeba grown on th'agaric - 'tis a sort o' agaric - produced o' a thousandfold virgin foundlings' orgy, your aemoeba fostered and cared for by th' homunculi, then starved i' the three seconds so that they be so pure an eye can see a thousand miles thru 'em ; slivers of persimmons fetched i' the venomous fangs o' warring Klingons (those tusky brutes i' Star Trek - Th' Movie, wrongly vanquished e'en they warred) ; boiled kneecaps, but carely only those wi' holes in 'em, that they may fit arighton serving sticks ; for

wine the fluid spine o' Siamese twins not yet born, it hath been fermented i' the brains of three and thus its lucidity much improved ; pared and pleated Indigo o' th' rainbow ; mermaid cutlets ; th' quarter buttock (best small and sexy) o' a freethinker executed at Tyburn for to plotting of murdering various aristocracy ; feast on sunshine gulped by a flaxen haired gamin dictated herself Laughspell ; springy ballpeene hammers (one bite to suffice for the strongest of eaters) wi' elastoplast napkins. The commoner cutlery can be used, wrought o' solid quicksilver, and th'whole lot o' comestibles t'be consumed within a limousine o' flies chauffr'd by the Divil himself a-cruisin' th'most interesting tours o' th'Inferno).

We gamboll'd to th'City for to quaff of ale and were cloister'd by such a multitude of lickspittles, yarpies and hairheads all in sim'lar doublets and breeches of grey, and 'twere a gabble but for its similarness.

They spoke of Blacke Monday and great plagues of scorching follyfaxes. Yet they hath made a massive rollercoast'ring gambling den o' this sweete world to spin on th' gravitas o' cash and which do sucke up the labours for that purpose and spewin' out agin much ills upon the withouten and they do say were it no for this vast spending i' th'upper layers th'Earth couldst not move and the sun stop to shine. They love to praise th'Empress, an hideous haridan surrounded by her eunuchs, fools and zanies, liveth in an evil kastel i' Wasteminster. And the land controll'd by black centaurs forged of metal, whom do each have a big finger crush'd 'pon the heads o' any dissenters, and if there be such a howl of protest as to make the roofs turn themselves, then these iron monsters of repression do blow a cloud of rainy inke.

We conversed a little with a blackamoor, and hearken'd to his complaint, wherehalp he must make jams and mash-ups for food, and even rub i' th' tub i' the sty, for to get the lees thereof, bein' so starv'd as they are they oftentimes must sucke upon their own teeth for want. And like as to Moses they fast on weeds and herbs. Then further we ha' talk'd to an member o' a

secret sect, a kind o' ragamuffin hedgehog, stamp'd on her back an figure of a compass within a circle.

She hath decried to us of a giant bomb as big as that as when for jest Satan ha' pronged God into his oven and left him while gone a-sipping o' his sulphur, and on return ha' kicked him onto Earth where hath cannon'd into Olde Rus. An engine so terrible as to make of its victims themselves as unto bombes but ay tarry now, creepynge, brok'n snaile ones. The Grand Wizard Zoppenhaeur hath scrivened in his grimoir ('til late at night, even 'ere his cocoa did cool, 'tis fact), and hath said, "I am become deaf, zooks I've shat my breeches, pass me the trumpet horn".

And she hath reported of Zolid Bud, who pretendeth all innocence, a consort from an Ice White Kingdome would represent Gran Bretayne at tourney and be champion, while her countrymen hath enslaved an entire nation.

To looke back in History's Big Booke O! great shame! Filthy outrage that it should be so and helped and not invad'd and our brethren and sistren be made free. And then i' th'East USSRE of torture so foule refin'd....O! O! I am but a single girl and canst solve not all the huge world's travailles. 'Sides, 'tis horrible tedious. In finale we gallyvanted to an ordinary i' the nighttime, Trampe, and saw many such inside. While Cath jigged forth her buxomness I espied one call'd Nagel Dumpster, a sort o' self-satisfiedgoblin who boasted that his nose was one o' the best noses in Christendom 'cos 'twas brown only i' the one side. Beware the poison spew'd by this Court Fool for it doth masquerade as nought but harmless trinkettes while 'tis the manackles of the Divil himself. Bimbo'ing also was Sarapam Ungstrom, a kind of two-headed meekish English Rose did say "Yah" and do breed immensely t'infeckt the greene land. Ogron Bore saw I, a mass o' unsightly blubber, and the idiot jester Tarrblocke, who doth interrupt the small laughter he takes to gi' th'impression of great guffawing stopp'd modestly, as is the fashion these days. Many leery men approach'd me, sickeneing types, saying "Hi!" and "Here's my purse o' plastick ducats!" In total, their

manner of seduction was : May I have th' honour of payin' for your lift in a draycart where thou can get thee a panygyric from the witch's cauldron for to make our childe kilt. La! And myself also, as it is told Cupid do fire syringes full o' rotten blood which kills the body.

A POP CONCERT

Liken a greate seamogster wi' tentakles all wavin', an' a masse boomin' to shake the verie groun we did steppe on t'was.

Torches o' flamin' red an' greene and yultra veeolite we hath gawp'd at in't th'belly o' this beaste. Ay, and a horde of worshippers a' this heathen fest tooke to shakin' their hayds i' a frenzie and arms-a-grapplin' wi' some kind o' wicked rod they praised this kraken o' the Eville Empyre Poole.

All around were garbed in a dirthy blue uniform, De Nimh, and Lee Vise, the tailors be. Badges o' wise sayins, such as Let It Rock, and Mott th'Hupple 1974 Preston, festoon'd them.

Cath with her wild childe hair an' big bootes 'gan to stompe and strump all on one spot, as if St Vitus Dance were th'supportinge act. We slurped and quaffed quantities of ale and mead and marlibrewe, and was approached by a King Leer type greasy locks and greasy looks.

He hath proffered us a longe aromatick stick of Thy.

"Dost this prettie creature desirest Hello, or Hi?"

"Aye, why not? Greetinges, muddman!"

"Take this, an' suckit liken a mammy's mammary."

"OK."

We hath puff'd on this Thy, tho' resembled not us, bein' a smalle white smoakin' stick.

"Here, thou," we returned the, th', th'gleamin' silver bolt o' lightning, for so seemed to us. Like the 3 witches o' MacBeth we hoo haa'd and chanted

wired phrases to befuddle our owne minds. We were muchly pleased when all o' a sudden this gremlin did strippe off his stain'd cloathes and dance as possessed grinnin' to us wi' his blackened one tooth, and bid us do the same. Fie! We were right embarrass'd, yea, manne, cos 'twas onely him was starckbollocknaked wi' his little hard knobb such as we could almost smell it. "Hark, man", I saith, afore pushin' this mucky vegetable off a parapet we had stumbled to, and to commone relief and joy he crashed on top o' th'bonce o' a smartly-suited gorilla didst frequent these places for combatte and the higher honours o' nightclubhood.

'Twas strange indeede to espy Cathy's cloutes all a-mauve shinin' in th'yultra veeolite, for she hath ripp't off her nethers for to get a cooling breize around her ample, sweaty, wobblin' thighs.

An majestick roar rentest forth fro' th'gathering, and it seem'd th'stage itsel' were afire, and littel goblins yet as to Gods present'd an aspeckt of Sepulchrous, and a racket clove the air courtesy the drommes engine, an' a figure not dissim'lar to Christ hisself or maybe crazee Jonee Bapp welcom'd this slatherin' drong wi' rapture, tho' why didst spake the wrong citie I knowst not. This messiah methinks worketh in mysterion ways.

We hath jump'd and frolicked it seem'd on a beache replete wi' shells crunchynge below oure heels. 'Twas naught but the carcasses o' the plastik ale we ha' quaffed and strown about.

Lines as to th'same o' heavenly fisher nets swirl'd o'er our heads in all glorius hues. Th'elektronik madrigals tho' were a trifle gallin', 'cos tho' announce'd as diffrent songes they in fact were exactly the same. A' the lyrix to woman as I am, very sicke and offensive. "O what a lovely phallus I ha'!" bein' the semantick worth, an' "Thou stinkingeste bitche" th'emotive fill.

I do prefer th'older ballad, of mediawaell tint, such as:

I ben Aunzicriste

I ben en rhyte Knave

Wydouten solempne that whyche whereof ys wont

Yet myne brayne hit meke an divil covenuante
Of wantoun desstroye
Ynne warantyse
I ful chere bee anoder Knave & Co.

At this poiynt, the mob 'gan to chuck thinges on the platforme, many women takin' off their stays and knickers an' writin' lovelorn poetry i' th' form o' tantrick numbers on 'em. Cath herself always one to joyn in pitch'd her bloodeclotty cloutes full swing (she hath bin paragon at th'shottinge phutte) into th'visage o' the martyr'd God up there. Such was the weight and velocitie o' this purple and red bat out o' th'Hell it knockt the creepe into th'winges and out of my thankful sighte.

ELIXIRE

Withal, friends, let it be harken'd that we are indeed 'pon a missyion, that be to grab what others ha' called The Goldy Little Cow, Die Speer Auf Destiny, th'Absol Elix, Forzammer, The Thinker's Rock, an' so on. This be no Drivin' Test Pill, nor alkaholest, nor SkratchParchment Instante Jack o' th' Potte.

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Nay, this be sumfin to clear all the troubles afflicting ye, th'agons o' the past mistakes, regrettes, heartbrakes, stomachaches, the loste library boke, so ye be as a new born babe, fresh and happy, a-gigglin' and a-wrigglin' in expectation of many fine things to come. As a toddler walkin' into mummy's arms and sunlight be upon ye. Toutes est reconcile`. All bitterness understoode, all hurts smoothed into joy at livin'.

This be the reason we maketh our Tyme Engine that we can chase and catch this thing. And we ha' stumpl'd at many rumouringes of its whereabouts. Some say it be on the moone. Some say it hath iron in it and resideth deep i' the belly o' th'Earthe. Some contend it wreath the 2nd highest mountain i' th' Umlars. Some articulate an lonely inseckte hath it, and this lonely

inseckte be indistructable, yet th'inseckte knoweth not the power it containeth, and forever doth tread in a vast orchard where it rains all the time and is very hot. And it's aspect be of olive greene and a greyey black.

"Nay, charcoal blacke!" shouteth Cath.

And it's aspeck be o' olive greene and charckoal blacke.

"Is't true Cath thou ha' th'costumes ready?"

"Yeh, mou poxy doxy. I got me 2 sakes o' gloves from that Big Artist's Lost Glove Hexybition, ripp't untimely from his walls, which he ha' pick't up timely from the gutters, and also am beggin' now i' th' Shoppinge Centre for any spare opticks folk mayhalp have."

"These glasse droplettes for to adorn our kit, so we are 'ridescent an' much attracting to the No. 1 Bug?"

"Nay, but to compound our eyesight to probe out this exalted ant."

"This mornin', Cath, at th' Lost Glove install, well, wench, what, er, I ha' mine owne ideas, natsh, but what be thou braine over this collection o' dirty single gloves?"

"Well, it be plaine seeinge, lass, for -"

At this did interrupte our musinges an scene on an Hollowood slutcom we ha' been watchin', there bein' naught else on the electric carton, a sort of olympic of anti-acting, where all the anti-acting is th'same, an' thru this flouncy-haired-tooth-capped-fake-titted-vapid-blonde-dolt I could see a gross cigar-chewing-fitness-freaking-blowjob-seeking-profit-manacling-ass-licking producer or agent philosophizing their stinking selves and their bolt-brained maule audience. And we could see a rape emergin', sure as the sun do come up. There be a Manhaddon lout leering and slappin' our cutesypie, and dumbe as she be it hath right maddened me an' Cath. I wast about to turn it off when Cath ha' grabb'd me hand and pulled me into the glowin' and sobbin' screen.

"Hey, what the hell is goin' on here?"

"Unhand that babe, varlet!"

"Who the fuck d'you - c'mere bitch!"

His face hath gone an evill livide red such sneer an' hatred I was verie affrighted. Cath tho' had stood her ground and taking of a lickle rapier she hath stuff'd i' her garments stucke him in the neck. This lava-face hath quick turn'd to an turnip outlook, dull white waxey. Surprise O! such surprise and knowledge he gotte, tho' helped him not in this worlde since he was haste gone from it.



I ha' gie him the pointed Leech.

"I hath gi' this bastarde the pointed leech", quoth oure Cath.

The Babe was in shocke, quiet and gratefule as a lamb. But she gave to us clothes of this place so we could make our escape. Strange clothes withouten buttons or zippes, sort o' elastic sacks but withal verie confortabel.

We ran out i' the street to a blindin' sunlight an' a haze i' the air. This termit smoag, as we found later. Enormous carts did zome along, and after waiting for a public cart (there be no such thing here) we ha' jump'd i' one park'd an' emptie, it's belly idly burpin', as they are wont to do.

"Drive", she saith, and I did.

Not an ace` handler, maybe, but we gotte from L.B. to L.A. Forget thou not I hath drivenne our Tyme Engine thousandes o' yeares hither an' thither. True, we ha' traversed an roundabout i' th'shortest manner, gone o'er some strange lumpes i' the road, hit the man wi' darke glasses tauntin' us wi' a sticke, but methinkes th'other handlers be terrible since all about us they were a-crashinge into eache other.

Then a weird strongeman all i' leather breeches an' jerkin ha' ran behind us, tho' we be doin' 80 i' a 40 zone. He hath taken a terrifyin' double-musket and proceed to pompe grapeshot on us. Fie! This musts be the Toymanator, an wicked mechanickal man from Flanders, or is't Saxony, I knowst not. Checke wi' his agente. "Catherine! Catherine Fairdo!"

I couldst not make more haste, and agin the voice boomed.

"Catherine Fairdo! Catherine Fairdo!"

I turn'd to her, and she was grimacing, as if constipated and on toylet. O' course, she had us saved, methinks! Proppin' her arse high, and pulling athwart her legging-sack, she wi' one mighty groan shot a shat o' diarrhoeas all o'er our pursuan.

"Yahoo! Got 'im!"

Blind'd, and the road all slippery from Cath's still dispensin' orifice, the Toymanator did skidde and fall o'er the bridge's parapet to the water 'neath. But then the most thing kurious. Her diarrahoeas hath regroup'd and ascended up her arse againe. What be the candle o' this I know not.

Anyway, to Venice, yea!

What a circus! Fit for zanies like mysel' an' my companion. Troubadors an' fire-eaters an' all i' the terminal stages o' strippin' an' many hath unusual feete which hath wheelles under them an' muscleyemen a-posin' i' the sand. Why this musclinge boilinge doth stop at neck high is one o' the greate conundrummes of science. Mayhap their humaneity and wisdom is the cause.

All doth talk o' Hollowoode here an' how to make their bodies liken to Venus de M. an' Collossuss, or Pexus, or whate'er that statue be call'd.

An' to this finale they do suffer the cuttunge o' what be called blastick surgeone, for titties to be enfullen`d and artros`d, an' th'eville fatte suck't out their thighes an' such, an' square jawe implantes for the brave men to make shave easier possibley. We hath heard o' these cosmetick cutters who doth op'rate in plungeing elevators an' rafts i' rapides an' quick durin' an earthquake, this to make more urgente and compelling and skillfulle the procedure.

But - mark ye - where be Pinockyo an' th'Unchbacke o' Paris an' Medussa should these be conform`d? Or what of th'hairy-faced girlye, that thinge i' Sindbadd what hath 6 wormie arms? Or the boy wi' a few freckels?

Do ye not credit that these be spores waft'd downe t'impinge by angells?

Let this be that, but we search'd then for a labour, for t'integrate us here.

Th'employmente exchange be nearby, an' we ha' droppt in. Hotshott men of law, superbailiffs, champione swymmers, blonde sirennas, marshalles i' th'army, peopel unsuccessfulle yet wittie an' happy an' wi' a grand apartment fro' their fastfoode salarye, masterful and mercifulle poore doctors, astronauts, scholars o' historie that can fly thru th'air, & Co.

We fittest none o' these desckrips, so we quit the place. As a woman, or be facte as a person, I am so peev`d and sorrowed at th'representationes o' us i' the filmes and color pamphlettes that make us superhumanate. Tho' these stereotypes be so ugli, 'tis fact, lips like bleached leeches an' visages extinct of intelligence, gormless an' withouten humour the lot. Where be that ad from Madnesse, "My Girl", what hath normal girls therein, an so warmin' to my soule? One in a millyone. I be not hexed by this crappe, yet it hath proved deadly to many do buy expensive creames o' zinc white mush to spread o'er their skinne, as an' they learnt aught from that purveyor o' lies, Nostradumbus. Well, there existeth an industrie most powerful pushin' these drogges, 'tis legal, an' now the young fooles do starve 'emselves to be beanpoles. "Tis Style of Life", they crow. Aye. I must leave off my scoldering, dost not selle bookes, mayhalp.

The Kult o' the Trayner be here, in abundo, as if they be a type o' 7 league boots or fount of all human courage and health. Cath, tho', allus a weake one for fashion hath wanted to get some, so we decamp'd to the nearest traynermarket, wherein there is all varieties, and all varieties is there. Dost I waff?

We hath strolled along the aisles, seeinge the pretty pictures o' Messikans an' Afriquans kiddies. An' these basketeurs be naught but those big ogres what Nero hath searched for in vain i' Ejypt an' now they play i' th'rabble circus gaymes here.

\$89.95, \$149.95, e'en \$378.95 for a pair o' these. Yet 'tis odd. Not odd shoes, no, would that were possible, we havin' both feet divers size, but odd practice of selling. Sin' they be so expensive, and so shamming of world brotherhood, these trayners, and yet 'tis fac' that th'making o' 'em be in Hindonesia for example, the wage gi'en of a shoe-servant fabricator at \$5 per week. An' the factories there runne and controll'd by the West management and their cohorts there. Surely could be a sort o' graph 'pon the boxe, as like to this intensif calorie and ingrediente labelling they ha', so could be remarked a proportion in labour costs parallel to th'actual retail cost, or the retail cut, and the shipping costs, and th'advert costs, & Co.?

But this wouldst never do.

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Cath tho' hath stated, "Down thou not, woman, let us to a Charitie Balle, the ticket of which I hath won wi' th'buying of these rubber clogges."

"Thou didst not buy them, but hath stolen the same!"

"Are we not poore, and are we not deserving of charitie? 'Tis co-incidence, aye."

An' then she started a-wheezin' an' coughing, as she does when we have tiffe, an' it doth bring forth the bad humour, choleric, of when she hath been duck'd as a witch in her own ponde.

So we went to the celebraytione, her springing now gaily i' the streets, tryin' to rid herself of that woeful incident. It is her character that is original, and

that is what the conspiracy o' jealous Puritans doth hate, aught time, aught place.

Passing by a theatre, or a restaurant, I canst remember what, we escried (this meaneth to espy) a throng on th'sydewalke. Be this some coster, or mountebank wi' his cut cards? Mayhalp a filme, the vidyeo-camera a-turnin'? Then a most kurious event. Somebody did stand in wet cemente, and they toucheth their toes, or next to them, and did plough a furrow in there wi' their finger. And all clapp'd a'terwards. Well, be I as stunned as a crowe what hath gone for a picnick on a hanged man's eyeball and found it glasse!

"Let us away, Cath, I beg thee, perforce this be sorcerie, a coven here. Nay, Cath, thou canst not make toylet on this accurs'd cement!"

We ran out from that brewe o' mystiks, her saying that she did not make toylet, but hath made her mark.

Kalifornayai be aright for the blue skyes, an' the lovely shoppes, and they say a separate species liveth here also, do kode, that be, they are architects o' th'Arab zero and 1, and they do murmur this kode to a grey fiend, wi' but one massive eye and teeth wi' arcane symbols 'pon them, funny littel cubick teeth, an' yet these teeth be away from its mouth, and it talks wi' a white tongue. Nay, I jest, for even I do have cognisance o' the komputer.

We ha' passed fields whose grasses hath been shorn verie short, not the ones in front of houses, these I know about, but the others like at Stratford Park, yet mayhap sim'lar to croquet, yet wi' a thinne stick knockin' a tiny ball. Methinks there be no forest or wood near, so they must make a walk on this greene plaine. And plain it is. To be next to sweet Nature.

This Charitie Thing wast in governance in a vast tavern, th'Ilton. And to th'Ilton came many black limos, to deliver the starres o' this Hollowoode Planette.

My O Me! Such a tonnage o' silk an' perfume an' toxedos I ne'er saw afore. There be filme show here, and caatus-walk 'stravaganza, it sayeth here.

Inseckt-females an' hairlesse barrel-torso males swagger'd stupidly on this gangplank, clad i' the latest high fashyon, these cloths worn just in Charitie Balles as these, or fancy parties o' the rich. I recall from my kidhood I didst daub a pot o' ants and line 'em up much the same a-ways. I must say tho' were one buskined and mantled that I hath noted the number of, for future deliberatione.

Followeth a medley o' vidyeo clippes pertainin' to the produce o' this Hollowoode image`s-market.

As needs be the Listmaker, let it be so :

limosines an' biceppes an' palmy trees an' guns an' blond hair an' fires an' hotel room tureen an' Francis Ford Coppolla an' his helicopter an' breasts an' convertibles an' mirrors an' telescopic sights an' slinky dresses an' skis an' surf an' conhouses an' hang up baby an' flashing red-blue lights an' minin' towne disaster an' themeparks an' plastik explosive an' privy jets an' wordperfect dialog an' kidnapper phonecalls an' missin' an shopping mall shootouts an' sex on a table an' shadows an' crap love an' mobsuits an' briefcases o' \$10 million an' cigars an' banks an' sheriffs an' chainlink fence an' baseball bat an' awards an' screechin' tyres an' runaway skyscrapers an' rough-manners an' murderers an' credentials an' it goes on, my dear Judah, it goes on. It canst go on. It doth go on.

GRANDE PROJECTIONS

An immaculate buildinge we weren't invited to, a Grande Openinge o' Projections. A bag o' the future, Sir Techno's goodies.

He hath provid'd aplenty for th' newe times, courtesy the Menn in Whyte Jerkins (MWJ). Glintin' and strobbin' and all this, lotso glampussyes strewne here'n' there. Merchants would bid us try out these fad gadgettes.

We saw : A kinde of engine do telepathye, for to the turnin' on (or off, shouldst pleaseth ye) th'water outlet in tubs, a little sim'lar to th'beaver do, but withal quicker.

Th'filmin' o' a movie i' on th' heade of a pin, wilt thou credit't? An undertaking ne'er afore accomplish'd. They ha' drafted in Blog Zolky, that porn producer extra-ordinaire, th' Red a' Dare o' th'industry to perform it, him bein' famed for th' most majestickal an' movinge close-ups of all Time. Also a handy craftsman wi' a flies- swatter, th'one landing o' which could devastate th' entire productione.

I saw the selling of an pisse dye, for making of th'waters blue, blacke, grene, pink, anything but th'lowly yellowe.

I saw a bande o' murmurin' Astrologeries and Warmongers huddl'd up conference. My eare groweth longer and -what infamy and dunceries they do talk! -th'projecktione bein' to fling a phalanx of shields wi' multiple catapults high into th'sky t'intracapt bowmen's arrowes o' th'opposing force. Amidst all th' talk o'money and glory p'raps confidence be lacking since also in th'scheme was the diggin' o' a humongous hole in the soile capp'd by a massive stone lidde wherein these shysters might hide. Deacon'd for their best show were also a strange assortement o' special sleepe pillowes, tho' they looketh not unlike a wall o' multicoloured half-filled sandbagges.

These Slumber Sackes operated on the sound principle o' Sodde's Law. That is, hast thou ever notic'd how when canst sleep i' th' thicke o' blackest nighte thy pillowe doth semble a bag full o' rocks. An' yet in th' morning (a few hours a'ter) it seemeth to be fabriqued of magnetik feathers. Howso? If one mighte rest thy heade on th' softe sectione durin' insomniackal fase and on th' rubbly bit in't ignition-periode then all, logickally, would be hey-o-kaye. "A signalle inwention", Cath saideth, and attempted to test-runneone o' the contraptions. But, Nay! I admonish'd, 'cos I know how when in a state o' inerttness it taketh a fleet o' galleons to shift her arse, an' in no tics she would be flamin' away her nipple hairs wi' a cigarette (in th'coquettish style, verily).

"Or Men o' War", she bragg'd.

"Half-true, Cath. Men o' Whore bein' th'righte stamp."

Then right comin' was a thumpinge and kerklapfing ne'er experienced afore in Hea'en or 'ell. 'Twas a Master Lord who so hateth th'fact that he had walk whilst th'dear Earth stood still fashioned a floor, well rather a path, or paths all intersectin', of slightly forwrd tiltin' blockes moved by pistons would in concert push 'im advancing to whate'er place 'e so desireth. And wi' a little inverse tilt (a "tilty", as th'jargin goes) 'e could zoom backwards at breakhip speed, often shocking many an assembl'd masses.

The only regret being thatte the shebang was op'rated by a team lining the thoroughfare, all trying to guess which block the sacred foot might land on next (for hadst an error, naturally, accounting th'thermodynamics o' push and pull) to spring it and thus the leg and thus the body at an angle commensurate wi' its momentum and acceleration. Not all guesses were correcte.

Thro' trial an' error they hath devised for him a suit o' thicke India rubber bulginge in the most advantageous spots.

All in all the engine work'd well. Except it tooke well past an half hour to orbit the table, as one would in a stately manner prior to an aristocratic oration.

Last night I dreamte o' Tornaday...two learned proffs wert cussin' an' spittin' i' the scientifick manner 'bout the Tornadoe Plant, and the grayte difficultie keeping these twisters still and in rowes, and a hurricayne as unto a wheaten field all a-rollin' and broilin' full for harvestinge, but the converse bein' to hitche the swirlyers to the forward o' a cart for to propulse, and a hurricayne of manageable prospect tack'd i' back, this desygne a combine.

There be also an device madeth o' blastick, many cols, an' flexy sexy tube, for to fix to a fawcett, and held i' th'positioning hand, thereof to jette water after toilet, if my meaning be clear. And certes your arses be so and squinky so right quick. It dissolveth away the crap so thou don't have to continue th'whole day thru wi' a stickey mess o' shitte between your cheekes. "Tis superior to the papers, surety? It be my contention that all be

trained in this lovely technique, from gramppes to tottes that can first grasp and sit upright o' the potty.

Also we heard a theatre goers alarum clocke that doth spake Allan Ayckbarn every time fo' perf, and not blasted out o'er the rooftops for to disturb e'eryone peacefully about their business. Is't so difficult to fashion? For not all do fan worship this Allan Ayckbarn an' his sitcom.

Small electric scrubbing tubs, at measure o' 14 inches square, all round, t'enable the washing of many different clothings o' colour an' texture, encompassin' the heat cycles. This, as I perceive't, t'remove the ruination oft occurs wherein your most esteemed cream knicks and favourite shirte do shrink and be a muddly grey. Aye, a rack o' these be the resolution.

And a paper upon whiche the painting of lies do not work, th'inke not sticking, repelled by this Troth Paper, an' the mendacners are all inky-faced and spotted.

Also there was a plan by an mad Dicktator to boil off the seas so all the wide worlde was to be land-connected, his huge army o' littel yillow divils couldst then smother our sweete planet in Red, even unto Amerique. He hath made all in his hempyre take saucepans o' ocean water for to vaporize it piecemeal, yet after an millionium of tyme hath not consumed but an millimetre o' the Gran Pacif. This most Red Regal Twit hath thus kilt all the trees and birds and freedome within his walls of hate.

How it is that one maniacal psycopath can hold sway o'er 1,000,000,000 citizens 'tis the very damnation o' our species. For it happen 'gain and 'gain. Lookst to the beastes and birdes and fishes.

Hast thou e'er heard o' a substantialle fish wi' whitey bearded that rulest all th'salty seas, say a considerable Cod? An' to him all other fishes pledge obeisance? 'Tis too mirthful. Or a Strong Banana, on a lofty tree somewhere, do make all th'other bananas hang low and small and pale? (Tho' in troth there be the myth talk of an Strawb, from Espania, designate Elsantia, that is 99 per cents of the red pulpie fruit we scoff here in Britayne).

Nestlin' the set o' dunces cappes, bright lemon colour wi' a big blacke D, for the sobbin' self-piteous alcoholicks. Th'intent bein' to wear the smallest for a mug of ale, then the next larger for another mug of ale, and proceed to the next one for the third mug of ale, and may I say the fourth for the fourth mug of ale (this drinkin' do go on and on wi' these blamin' folks - so let 'em blame 'emselves for a change) until the last, I prithee, will probably be the grandest, til it covereth their eyes and nose and there be room onely for the mouth to gurgle down more. But whethereth work I knowst not, for 'tis the last that is so often the case wi' these big aspirin types.

ART

Art, that lofty half o' th'worn equation of life, th'other what is Science, 'tis toughie to debate and classirify. If I drop me pencil in a tub o' needles - be that Art? Accidentally, no. Intentionally, or rather, artistically, Artly, yes. Tosh! A scientist would drop the pencil at various elevations, would spread the long pins i' taurus an' parallelograms. Th'actual objecks not really of import, only the masse an' acceleration and thus abstractiones. Yet th'Artist doth claim th'abstraction also. Callit Art Abstract. May I say that Art be a form o' livin'? Not simply th'tacking up o' pix, or th'spraying of vegetables gold, and then back to non-art life. Non-art talk. Non-art action. Non-art cooking. Non-art sex. Nay, nein. Van Gogh be, they say, the trothfullest artist ever was. Well, maybe painter. Viewer o' daffodils an' such. But a-getting blind drunk and slicing off an ear cos of his booze-induced migraines? Little Art. There it be. Thou mayest find it everywhere. Anytime. Anyplace. 'Tis not multimillyon ducat advert, flashie copies of crap art all. 'Tisn't Ye Olde Mastreo, outfolded coffins these. 'Tis not - well, enjoin us to Cath and her companion (for 'tis I) a-waltzin' on a summer day thru the galleries an' museummes of this unique thing they say is Art.

Cath an' her maidfriend hopp'd to a gigantic gallery i' a city (for small townes do not have this Art - 'tis a rule o' commerce) as wont to. Whosoever plods up those granite steps, eh? A sprong i' the step be oft there. They pass the bookstore an' cafe and ticketstile (these be goode things - a memento, a cappucinio, an' pay you bastards!) for to get inneth.

"These art right dark," points Cath. "These big photos here."

"That be age, my whoredaughter. The pigment hath become old. Otherwise they be garish and not worthy o' our studyin' 'em wi' frowne'd respekt."

Tho' our frowns be more to squintin' to see what were there. She did mortify me as per usual by sorting thru her possessiones an' pullin' out a dustpan brush an' Stardrops.

"Tis all this grime here. Let me restoreth this one."

I ha' grabbed her and hustl'd her to another room, tho' not afore a puddle of soapy oils and ruined Olde Mayestro wert the result.

"That costeth 10, Cath!"

"Worry not, songbird, I hath 20 Sterling i' my purse. Can easily pay our way out."

"10 millyon."

"What be this room? An Victorian anatomickal laboratory?"

We hath stumbled into a place full o' big and little jars, wherein were pasty yellowy afterbirths an' sheeps.

The placing of art is important inasmuch as it should be everywhere. I mean supermarketes an' factories an' libraries an' walls i' the street. Obviously not the "millionayre Art" but th'other stuff of discount price, it not havin' been in an auction house or a critick's kredit kard.

This presentation madeth us a teenie sicke cos we know the placin' o' quartered people on display for the public i' our society. They oft are pickled to keep 'em sweete in longevity an' stay the crowes off.

"Shockt Art" it is called. But "Shlockt Art" be the correct epithet. Cloutes an' shitte nailed on a canvasse be what? Cloutes an' shitte nailed on a canvasse, I s'pose. A-nailed? Why bother?

What o' vomit spray? Mastecktomys, canker and benign, wi' the lymphic glands and stringy nerves? I could exhibit 'em my piss in a bottle, when caught lazy on a cold an' draughty night. Flay'd skins o' tropick disease. L'elephantiasis leg. Birched bottoms. Ashtrayes wi' dog-ends stuck in 'em, from different counties. Oily grease workstains done on concrete floors. Ropes tossed entwinedly so. Firebricks in a pile orderly (tho' I quite like this, just the one occasion), tyres stack'd to hill shape, codpieces an' bras fashioned from barb'd wire, a brick, or two, disk floppie for the floppie byts, a reflecktion on new tecnologie, & Co.

Now, Wow! Modernity splashes. This squaroid stuff be OK, and t'other schooles, as't known, but prob too much o' the same style, an' o' course ridick expensive. Bucket o' paint this one. Colored photocopy this one. And next to it an art student's pic o' a labelled tin can. Thou seest, there needs be a few titans o' the Art World, else all is same, and poor, see? Cannot make the lucre always selling tidbits.

"How did daub this lot?"

"They hath done it assembly line. Each canvasse passes a worker who slaps a stroke on it, any colour, an' the next one improveth it wi' another blotch."

"Some be aright. Fact, all be aright. Except this one, 'tis a mess."

"I like this one."

"Nay, Cath, 'tis garbage."

"This purple swathe a-coursing here, an' this blue bit, stirreth my soulle to poesy."

"Ay, thou art poesying if am allowed."

"What wouldst thou know, jablop?"

And then our Cath o' th' Coiners did fair imitation of a-climbin' thru a picture frame an' the portrayin' o' an odyssey o' emotiones that I should have to say there, that, this, here be Art.

TYME

To hopskotch Fathur Tyme 'tis the greatest adventure (of all Tyme). Our Tyme Engine gi' us this facilitie yet but for a limited measure. It is best describ'd as 3 hour glasses, wi' a yellow krsytal i' it, that runneth usually from top to bottom. The third retort on activation will suck Tyme i'to another place. For Tyme be a fictione. 'Tis only Place we ha', that be fact. This PlaceTyme ist naught but a convenience o' your rocket scientists and merchants and jobbers. I quoth not that doth not work, simply that 'tis a story.

Aye, we possess our massive Engine (well, 'tis proportion o' a brace o' sparklye salmone) to rove th' ebb and flow of Destiny's waves, yet each one o' thou hast the nous to swimme hither and yonder, if yet but for an instante, or 'mmersed in dreame.

Ripples o' happeninges can touch us, ere 'tis so Puritanally called fact, crossin' The Place.

For if 2 Places are suddently connect'd 'gainst reasone, the Tyme be forfeit. Hath ye not dreamte o' somethin', or e'en be doing a thing, and ko incidence, that Master, is there. Are we but bundles o' sensation, withouten soulle, then whyfer dost we perforce remain within our skinnies? Are we affect'd, or do we affect? That I cannot aver. But if thou art of kind mien the Place is wrought up liken to pillars, and betwixt can touch most normally apart. Why I think o' this as a substance semi-transparent, like liquid glasse, know I not. 'Tis prob of cerulean tint, wi' spiral stripes o' red an' orange.

Now, this 3rd chamber i' our Engine can merely accom' so much. So we hip-hop the a'ons as in pursuit o' our thinge, this thinge what we are in pursuit of. We hath had our merry trekkinges, in 'tween our minceings i' th' contemporary decades.

I can recall verie accurately when Cath an' I had swoop'd back to 4 millyon years B.C. Th'hominid what lived then, as is termed, were blackies in Afrique. They hadst a peaceful life, save when they took to breakinge each other's skulls wi' sticks an' stones. Space, good huntin' ground, these were at

a premium. Cath ha' ha' the genius t'exploit this window. She hath set herself up as tour operator, prob the first ever what wast. Get thee hence to the lands frigid, she spake. Can ski, throw snowballes, and cooke the Yeti. Also 'tis not so damn hot o'er there. Surety, the first migration was organized by her. Hopin' to make a killin' of jewels an' gold an' oyl, unfortunately she got paid in a huge mountaine o' bones and a pit o' ligamentes. Live and learne.

To satisfy an anthrodoll's burnin' curiositie and career ambitione - for Cath felt she owed this one a favour - we wasted a few hundred thousand years o' tyme travelle investigatin' th'evolution of our species. Namely, the period for which no record existeth, and it about the progression o' invention an' discoverie in tool-making.

Coming down in 200,000 yeares B.C. to North Erop, the stone-people hath fashyoned a sort o' flinty thing, which they used to scrape bone (they loved scrapin' bone - had competitiones an' prizes for it) and cut meat, an' throw at a daub'd hide hung 'pon the cave wall. 'Sgroak! 100,000 years hence, the dumb apes had still not improved in the flinty era. We ha' gi'en 'em a few Kitchen Divils but what they done wi' them I do not know. Another thing - these stoney-folkes had become meaner an' nastier, the clime bein' the cause I s'pose. Wast in Age of Ice, an' since a bitter wind was a-blowin' always, puttin' a freezin' draught up our knickers, we hath got out right quick. They ha' demonized our Cath, worshippin' in fear a god called Kathu, but had drawn her hat wrong so it lookt to a spaceman's helmet.

Plague ha' been a constant scourge o' our peoples afore antibiotix an' efficient rat-catchers an' flea-pulverizers. Folk in a right parlous state moanin' an' groanin' "The end is nigh!" and so on. Communities genocided by Disease's crook'd finger, a-pointynge at all, low or high birthday. And the Augue, or fiery fever, what hath nabbed quite a few million soulles as well. Yet we could only get a few bottles o' the stuff to help 'em, cos the Practioner Generall refused us the 5 barrels we asked after. An' those only when Cath ha' swung an axe around the room, threatening to chop his head

off. She got a few more from the apothecary but we had to zoome away lest be arrested by the sheriff and his men-at-arms.

A gaminous little girl we ha' tried to succour first, an' of course her family in situ. An atrocious hovel they lived in, and the pestilence had made all about nearly mad, sicke wi' worry an' despair. Sin' we strode the rack'd streets wi'out fear many implored to us wi' rotting hands to help 'em. We could do naught. To prove our path in this precinct of Hades Cath had to use her clubber many a time.

Angels of Forbearance were we, Terror of Germs, Liquidators of Lunacy, Polemicks of Pox.

London were in a right todo, putrefyin' corpses a-layin' i' the streets where they had been flung or fallen down, a stunk so bad it made thee plug thy nostrils wi' cork, everyone wailin' an' prayinge, th' incessant tollin' o' the church bells, yet it wert a right bright sunny summer day, and we hath smothered ourselves wi' tanning lotion factor 2. Not all over, of course, simply our brows an' arms an' our bosoms, the top-halves o' those melons superbly on view (solely I had need of this wunderbra, Cath, obviously, no). We struck thro' Bishopsgate, Lime Walk, and onto Cheapside. No. 61. 'Twas an imp to find, for the guide we ha', A-Z, hath many divers roads an' buildinges not yet present. We did chance upon it, an' rapp'd for to enter.

A man did cry out from within, "Who is it? Who comes to cart us off to the graveyard?"

"Nay, plaguey-sufferer, our visitation is not that. We are here to cure thee and thy family."

There followed a shufflin' and oaths of a low nature as finale the door was brought to.

"Ay, then, what is it?"

His arms were held akimbo from his trunk, the tennis balles o' buboe bein' so painfulle an' big wast impossible to pressure 'em. His wife was in the same torment, yet did bid us enter and maketh us a jug of lemonade, a-

twisting around to use one hand, then t'other. Sweate poured from their faces, an' it were dank and rank in there.

"Where lieth the childe?", saith Cath.

"We ha' no money, are poor wretches i' this Parish."

"Waileth not," I saith, "We be not quacks wi' suckeing bottles an' suckeinge pockets. We gi' a true donation." We peep'd in on the kid most gravely ill, an' dispens'd of medicine capsules to the man, abjurin' of the takin' o' every 3 every 4 and 20 houres. An' not to incomplete th'course o' vialles. He did bow and 'gin to prostrate thankin' the Lord (and us) for this mercy, an' we made quick exit. 'Tis nice to doeth good deed, aye? Aye, 'tis nicer if 't should work, for this wretch - as we uncover'd later - did not finish of givinge the stuffe. On perceivin' its magickal

effect he hath brisk gone to Court an' sold the lot for a sacke o' gold.

Dost thee recognize the name Gobbol? Not the keeper of the leatherball kickers. The tyrant Gobbol Tomblom, who would ha' killed half the mankind an' enslaved the other? Gobbol Tomblom be unheard o' cos we destroyed him an' his gobblin' hordes. In good sooth, he proclaym'd the butcherin' o' everyone alive was not a Gobboller. Assassin' him the normal method was not possible. Around him a phalanx o' brutes an' spikes an' hostages (from all nationes). And never a picture. Everytymes he donn'd a red hood. Brandish'd before him a set of charters to fix his evil potatoship on all his subjects.

Thou seest, Tomblom were so careful he wouldst not move if not in one o' his tunnels. These were enclosed roads snakin' along the land. And these were like unto a maze, wherein 'twas a Hydran complexity. Th'only certaine area to pin 'im was at Kastel.

Spies tolt us he was a-feastin' on children's entrails within the South Tower, a special playpen he had built there, i' the 8th elevation. We ha' stoked up our Puff th' Magick Dragone whirlybird, an' set off on our ko-ordinates. Hearin' us, an amazed, he ha' dispatched his flying knights from the battlements to dissuade us. These hapless idiots plunged to the moat an'

drown'd, not havin' the tecknologie o' an hybrid jet engine. We circl'd the Kastel, they firin' their arrows an' catapultes, all drowsy flimsy objects to us. Bodies flew e'erywhere as I blast'd 'em with the swivel machines gun. An' a right funny sound as the projecktiles tinnied off the stone walles. Cath started up a clamourin' yodellinge an' whoopin', stating was the Walkyrie varwery o' Vagner, and hath said somethinge about lovin' the smell of burnin' palm trees along wi' her fried eggs after matins.

The villain was now atop his tower, brandishin' a fist an' gobblin' on. He wert a right tedious lickle goblin, and I hath blasted his massacring hand off. Then on running away, almost cartoon-like, was amusing his pumping arms 'n' legs, I shot off his feet so he ran on, on stumpes, as i' the best war movies. Then we ha' borne down on 'im and speared his fat gut with our skids and hover'd the mangy thing up for all to behold. Aye, Behold the Gobblor! What a horror!

His slaughterin' servants gave obesiance t' us so we did show 'em many instructive videos of DIY an' they hath artisan'd 'emselves a New Towne wi' the masonry o' the eville Kastel yet I fear 'twas but removin' the problem from one place to another. At least they fought among their own selves. Mayhalp they got gardens and pipes and Agas and cardigans. But I think not.

For, to reason History out is not that hard. Is't not the progression o' a band of robbers and killers and lunaticks what hath been amassin' gold 'sin they set their infeckt'd eye on it?

Yet what be th'engine of society, of a comfortable existence, of flashy cars and jeans commercials and alcoholism and secret police and - ah, I quit, I am fed up wi' this. I don't know if I believe it at all anymore.

'Cos seemeth true that the lower, poorer, more piteous sorts do not murder us and 'slave us is simple that they cannot.

The world is much sorted after lots o' scrabblin', and lines drawn in fire. Serves the tops of nationes to 'ave differing religions & Co. for it keeps them in position. Before have burned heretix for blowin' a quince at the

Pappy Bull or whate'er. Now th'State be this bull. Laws as from Heaven (via man) are laid down, and some so old they are nature. In the newe Amerique wast an org what maketh it's own society and was burned to the ground. I hath cheered liken to everyone else then it struck me - are these really Wacky-o? What about Los Viggis? Is't that not crazee? Aye, money crazee! There be not many laws 'gainst that. Except to preserve it, and amplify it. Back to garden o' Eden many would want. But let me tell ya was not all cracked up it to be. Especial when Cath ha' taught Heva certain particulars with obligin' snakes and so on. Th'apple Heva couldnt contend wi' (no prob for Cath) so she ha' unwittingly gi'en it to Adamdom.

And so all our troubles beganne. Twere alright for a whiles cos he at last gave up his whinin' over his lost rib and the pain in his chest. He realized where the rib in fact had been put. An' he put it to good use. Of course, sans the sex education and back garden womb-rippers, she come big belly. Preggers. 'Sin on her knees were verie heavy would topple over in praisin' him above. That were it. Their lease was up. He were like a New York tenement landlord.

Dost thou recall Stallingrad? Where th'Nozzies were trapp'd i' the winter o' Russe? Cath ha' been a littel sorry o'er it, mainly after watchin' a film in which the Nozzies were very nice people withal, only wishin' to get back to their Mams and wiener schnitzel (th'film it be called "Stallingrad"). So we hath had to hire a twin-brop plane to fly and relieve 'em. We ha' dropped a load o' hot water bottles (full o' hot water, natch, we be not that dipstik). The weather so Siberiary it froze those rubber balloons on the way down, killin' quite a few of those Nozzies we desired to save.

Autre chapbokes wouldst have lotso achtung an' Burma shaves an' confusions eg. the water pottles be but onely 1/2 fulle or wert sabotajed by a manik pricker. 'Tis the place o' the celuloid crankers to fix this ommiss. Operate I i' the grand scale, got it?

ALIEN

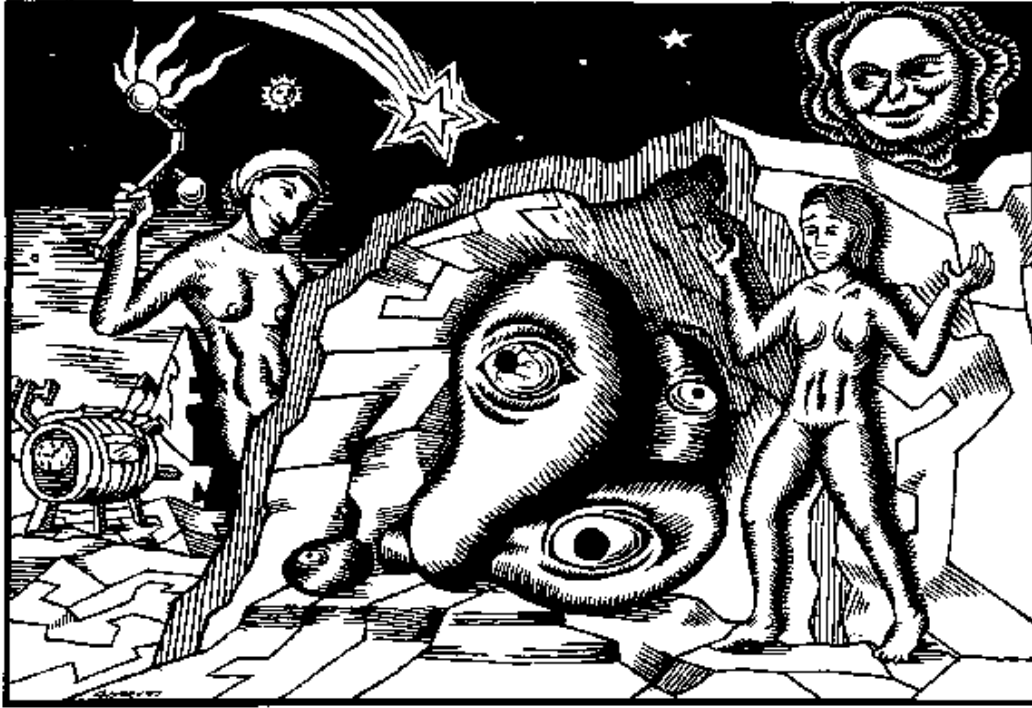
Did I ever tell thee about our alyien encountre? To a planet shape of, well, a hundred shapes all put haphazard dovetail. Name o' Utop. 'Tis writ large on the side, a conceit o' can-coursing there. This be systemick bloode for nourishin'. Gigantick barges, as large as countries, do go up and down it. Chimneys as grand as mountayns belch smoak diffin' cols, bloi, grun, brinnie, orange - this bein' much the same as on't Earth - yollar, an' ren. Wreathin' the planet same exotique scarves. Mmm, this planet hath fashion. Natur, I ha' braked our spaces-galleon.

A-retro we came to it, th'suckers o' our craft glomping easily on the land. Th'abacus gi' us th'gen on air, gravitie, killin' rays o' the zunne (there be no sun here but an zunne shape an' lumin o' a jewel case), & Co.

Ah, to arrive naked at a new place. Mayhap this be our place, our rael home. In fac', we did clamber out nudo 'cos temperature were fine and we wanted 'em to spy us as we are, a right pair o' prettie humans.

"Ho! Thous there! We be human-gals! We carry not daggers nor laserapiers."

Both a-windmillin' our arms in greeting, we trod forward. We seen a cave, an' witterin' twitterin' within. Close to, I got a load o' kindlin' and lit it up. In we went. Th'aliens upped their vol as they flickered into view. A group o' black ovoids, slimin' all over each other (could not crawl, see, withouten arms or legs).



A Group o' Black Ovoids

"Wave, Cath, wave!"

"Aye, trollope, what d'ye think I'm doin'?"

"We be galloids, strangeliens to your land! We bring gifts. We bring not gifts, but ouren selves."

They hath shrank off, all save a lickle one which I unerringly hath trod on i' the dark, it 'sploding a black goo an' an eek!

We satteth down an' set to making a camp fire from some unusual frames of wood that were there. Probably a kind o' cave-tree.

"Thou clomsey bitch. Lookit that stuff on your foot." This said as we sat cross-legged an' sweating i' th'multicol flames. Were like a primitive disk. I dabb'd me finger in it and smelt it. Smelt it agin. Wast no denying. An fragrant liquoriss odour as to when I were a kyd, leant o'er the penny Spanish box i' the grocerie.

We hath helped ourselves to this treaclely glop, a-laughin' as our guttes got full. Our hands were besmeared wi' it, and it flowed down our chins onto our necks an' bosoms.

(A week later) Funistrada beckoned us to a skinne tack'd on a wall an' drew eccentric lines and numbers on it. Some bulboid figures look'd familiar tho'.

"*5@!`~^~]p|#>"

"What sayeth it?" asked Cath.

"He sayeth that the Ooglons, those black blobs we ha' affrighted because our arms resembleth tentackles to 'em."

"Oh! Thou boney gitess, was thee affrighted 'em more. Thou might punctureth a lung wi' thine skinny sticky-out ribs! Now, if I had let 'em 'ave a feel o' my generous protrubbs!"

"%*(3 L6 □¶/Ô@) "

"Gettin' more eloquent now, be it?"

"Poesy, Cath. He spake o' mine eyes."

"What? Spake what? Like to slurp 'em, would he, it? Down its tube-gob?"

"He says they hath the glorie o' white ball-bearings i' the Ball Bearing Factory No. 6."

"Heed, lass! Be not sucken by these fancie wordes. I wouldst say peer to his heart yet, well, it hath none, do it? Listen, lass-"

" FM > C Ж T-;"

"Oy! Durst not interrup' me! Jablop features. Anyroad, I must to get back t'Earth. Remember that time when Mollo ha' called me, said to me, Art thou woman or nun? When I ha' not swyved wi' Jonee? An' I wert lost for words. Well, now I know th'answer. I were woman. Only a nun would ha' lifted on i' that situation. I hath the date well. March 30th, 1558. Aye, an' also when that clit-clever bitch at the Divil's Tav ha' embarrassed me wi' that joke I did not cognisize immediate-type? I hath the right answer for that death-maiden! You were there, y'recall it?"

"So you wanst use our tyme engine to correct small affronteries long past and gone i' the vapours o' forgetfulness. When we ha' not started 'pon this alieyon park?"

I felt sad. Ay, I am faithful to this woman. An' she to me. But sometimes like these I do wonder how much longer we be a team. This be classik her.

I could argue her, but 'twould not scan. She be sim'lar to a machine a-times. Oh me. There be a block o' black ice i' my soule held by whitehot pincers. 'Tis strain. For I see it coming. I hark it coming.

The scene hath folded itself, a perfeck origami o' emotion, and out agin to the physickal shape of our ship in which we slept and sped off to home again.

FUTURO

The futuro a seamless blend o' hi-tech an' jungle flora, this be what is writ inne the fictione scientifique, fic-sci, an' actuel be pretty close. But imaj in these bokes doth not compass the funny side, the wrong oeuvre, the half-crack'd egg what hath dribbl'd down the panside an' needeth scrubbeth off later. These I bring thee.

First, 'tis cleaner. For those wi' cash. Ultra-kleen. In physickal sense. Air be filter'd more i' th'house. Ionz are sorted, measured, distribut'd, an' so on. Light is better. They ha' bought a light from another galaxy, a purer type, and this useth for special events, marriages etc, tho' can be used anytime. It be like th'dawn or th'twilight i' Mexico what is right huefulle an' yet soothing at same time. Canst beat UV, but hath new genetick types so all are verie brown, save those do not venture out wi'out portect. There be no animals left, this after the lunatick sekt which disdained such so much it had to liquidate the lot. Only a few stuff'd versions exist, an' ye can view th'exotique dog an' cat an' rat i' a place set aside. Thing such as elephant or tiger or rhino be the parlance of legend, such as unikorn afore. Th'pop be 28 billion, an' there be a general clamourin' for genocidal wars, pop control bein' the sole reeson. Carts are forbidden i' th' rich regiones, on top Earth anyway, most cargo pull'd thru tunnels connectin' cities. Tout is on phone, see, piccy hologramme, so no need for body movement. E'en want to see your boyfriend, can do it on the holofeel gadjet. 'Tis not perfeck, 'sin ye have so many levers to move your arms and legs an' other, an' takes quite a

lot of practice, also wi' changing o' the gear - not cloathes, but speed an' thrustpower. Ye can speak to thine owne house, or others, tho' here mayhalp do not answer or tell thee to pisse off or get arres', for to open a door or switch on a light or repair a thing, for the houses do get lazy, tho' they say it be t'conserve energie. Fabric an' wallpaper an' carpette are substituted now by a fake holo an' a force field o' th' right cushion. The furniture mouldeth itself to thy bottom an' requirements. I do prefer 5 drawers here, not 4, i' this bureau. Tho' all your stuff get mixeth up right bad. An' if not tuneth good then can walk to vappshower an' find thyself i' th' guest bedroom, or e'en to do No.2 on th'dekoffee table. Some can use their brayn to order the house, as would use cleaning woman before. Houses are shape of pyramid, or ziggurat (step-pyramid), an' structures i' the busie part o' towne be liken to mini-skyscrapers, or chimleys, one room atop t'other. Th'grasse be dead so useth astroturf, differin' cols an' pix an' patterns. Folk do walk but can get a bus bike if long journey, some double-decks affordin' 20 or so riders.

What be the politick, thou may ask? Feudo, Monarcho, Totalitaro, Democro, Marxo-Lenino, Toploffo, all these be tried an' bunk'd i' th'history boke. It be R-Referendo. Ay, vote, but onely if thou hast read about the debate, the lawe proposin'. Some say this be governance by the rabble, but it hath help'd educate this rabble more, at least. Such as would lobby th'parliamentarian previous, so now lobby th'ord manwom. In troth, thou needeth a fine command o' lobbyese t'understand the propoasal, an' of course to pass the quiz t'empower thy vote. Th'pass rate be but 10% o' the rabble. 'Tis not enough to change this requiremente.

Dress is o' thematick. At masque I seen quite a few. Industrial factorie, where be lots of tubes, some bio-organique, corrugated



Sourdfish Auxiliari

plate for a hat, an' so much belchin' o' fumes oft be provoker of accident. Some restaurants do forbid this suit. Also the noisy Form1Grandprix, wherein small motor cars do whizz around the tight curves o' th'arms an' throttle up for the straight ankle to neck. 'Tis like a hive o' bees in extremis, an' conversation need be shouted. 'Tis a little dangerous also when there be a smashup, an' a few wearers have burnt to death 'emselves. Th'ugliest I saw wert an inside-outside, that is, a conglomeration o' fleshy organs a-pumpin' an' sweathing bloode for view most ghastly. There be special klubs for these suits, for most folk are sicken'd off their meals & Co. by it. The kwik-gro garden outfit be most wondrous, tho' it is toile to always be a snippin' an' croppin' the flowers beds an' lickle trees. A maze dress I saw, tho' its owner was wont to return it, having problem finding his pockets every time, an' could not undress cos could not locate the zip. He hath lost the map provided wi' it. Th'weather one I liked, broilin' hurricanes an' thunder and lightning i' the tropick storms, tho' a few ha' been blind'd when

didst peer too close an' a lightning bolt jumped into their eye. Many others, some klub only, gerilla insurrecktion, Pol Pot killin' fields, battle of Jutland, Hiroshima, & Co. For cannot outlaw these grotesqueries i' the FreeLands. I do like the Lifestory dresses tho', a family or person in history liv'd out in all its glory an' mundanity, tears an' jubilation.

FreeLands are those areas where ye can do virtually aught, harmin' individuals excepted. 'Tis not anarchie society, but sort o' themeparx. These be dott'd around th'globe. Countries be a thing o' the past, tho' these themeparx do sub for 'em a-times. Some are so big 'tis headscratch to know what is Earth an' what park?

Sport done i' th'futur is old gaymes refin'd, an' some new ones. They play spaceball, a no-grav event. Minisub races. Orgasm races. The biggest sport is where a massive hole be dug by bulldozer, an' it be fill'd in by th'opposing team, and rolled flat as if wert not e'er there. Thousands do watch this i' th'stadia an' much arguein' over the soile consistency an' the state o' th'bulldozer engines an' flatness o' the ground at end.

Holo-navvies have they, pulleth on navsuit an' worketh wi' plastick shovell in squalid room where doth live, then down t' telepub.

What of literature? Well, 'tis much sim'lar but to the degree o' nerve fantasie thou pluggest in from the boke. Thou can feel freeze i' th'Antarctic story, hot i' the Sahara story, fearful i' th' gangland murther, happy i' the lovestory, choakinge withouten oxygene i' th'deepspace one, & Co. But must read the texte for to imagine thyself the scene. For full hollo effect can sit in i' the VirtuoCines. Peopel are so used to 'em that prob is same as Dolby stereo today. For 'tis still artifice, an' preprogrammed storyline. Ye careth less for th'hero or heroyine than thou would for an woodlice a-crawlin' on thy windowsill. 'Tis all story this writinge, pure from A to B, a motorway o' wordes.

A few strange an' troublesome things tho', in passin', that we took note of. We were much disdraughter'd by a certaine emblem attach'd to some foodstuffles - a paquette o' biscuits, a tinne o' beans, & Co., - an'

hydrofuelle stations for cars hath this rotatin' structure which terribly peev'd us. Beamin' visages had the two larger ones on the outside, holdin' aloft each a hand in wave, but the smaller figure in the middle was of indeterminate expressiveness. We ha' gone to a party of masque, an' Cath appear'd as a mermaid.

Did I trolley her in, fishtayle a-flappin', mayhap i' a bathtub, golden tresses flowin' o'er her treasure chests? Naught need. She had gutted the top half o' a swordfish, the which she fitted on her, the bottom half of herself all on view, as a real mermaid may, she sayeth, t'entice an merman.

At this party wert usual outfits & Co., 'ceptin' a threesome what hath used a grey bedsheet paint'd wi' buttons and pockets to resemble coats, their three heads protudin' thru holes cut out.

Cath instant got angry, ventur'd to 'em for interrogation thereof an' wherehalp an' whomso. What 'tis? they respond, 'cept a megacorporate icon? Megacorporal! Cath correct'd, t'embarrassed titters o' incomprehense. Methought she could use her dangerous nose an' tried to placate the situatione, and was lookin' for clues, when some modern bailiffs entered and porter'd us outside. Gi' 'em our naymes to check on their computer. Astonish'd, tho' not half as us, they labell'd, or libell'd I shouldst say, our poor selves as masse murtherers! Ye haff kilt 2 hundred soulles, they accus'd. O! Such a night as this! Afore they might manackle us I whipp'd out the Tyme Engine and got us out o' their custody.

I still see that slowly spinnin' sign, illumin'd on a post, drivin' by again and again in my mind, and I do shiver so.

SODARABY

Sodaraby, that greet land, that jewle, there we came to celebrate an' sing joyously 'mongst the people. 'Twas toil enterin', for a Visa did we require but onely had Parlaycard. 'Tis land o' plenty, for a million little divils were

crush't underground, where they hath sweated for a millenium, and then released into Hell (oft ramm'd continuously on't head wi' metall cilinders 'til they do burst aflayme. Or their soules burnéd in slowe torture to warm th'virtuouse – or those that can afford Sentrall Heatynge).

Yet oh! Teaclouts that journey'd i' your gassguzzlers. Wethinks of swapping gossip wi' a few wimminfolk and then to the beache to maketh our sensitive bits brown. But we saw only the blacke movinge objectes, or BMO as they be terméd. What mystery lay neath that heavy black rainment the which covereth all, some e'en wi' blackgloavs to the very fingertippes. Wast biological plagues sheltering under'st? Or a fullbody Medusa, a thousand snakes all a-wrigglin'? Though of frightful visage when unveiled, it can be victoried by means of a magickal thinge which all the menfolk have, that is, the zhoe. This zhoe is worn on the foot for immediate access, or placed on a racke in the hallway. This implemente should be struck 'pon the head the placate the ravenous the beaste. This hath proved so marvellus succuess, this Excalibur o' th'East (Mid) that it is imported to Albion wherein are a lotte o' these dragones. They seek comfort i' their Wallwomen centres but canst do nowt.

This BMO, or Prostitute o' the Universe, if't gained accesse to th'light would turn all men into ravenous rapininge beastes. This be goodly excuse to keep 'em hidden, as if perfeck logik.

Tho' also be saith ye hath not laught till ye see one waddle into a lamp-post. We hath parlayed wi' a professor o' warre, and he hath tolt us how to breake this impregnable kingdome. Encircle the land with huge catapolts, and fling numerous chapbookes, dirty chapbookes I mean, etch'd wi' naked strumpets, in the stewes, and pretty camelles. The defenders would straight to toilet go and wank themselves silly and so th'invading force marches in, and blowes all the lavs up.

We hath seen an inhabitante a-duckin' an' a-divin' in an big hole from a guy with a peas shooter (but why afeart we knows not). Precise the function o'

the dumptruck with massive boulders nearby we didst not discover sin' we retired for an ices o' pistacchio.

Cath was wont to tray this ayabayayaya, as't known, but she hath swung her shears, trompfash stile, and hack'd out 3 big holes, nay, 4, her arses and her big blobbers hanging downe, and what look't like a fumin' gorge ripped out the tropickal forest by a still pulsating cliteorite. Ay, right hornos can our Cath be. But she did have a prettie pair o' silver sandalles 'pon her feet, saying th'sod so accustomed to espying this flesh, these 10 lickel cleavages, he couldst not see t'other.

JOB AND TV

We needeth a work to do, t'replenish oure empty bagges, an' yet there be nought in th'Jobbe Centres. Nameth Jobbe for ye hath to hath th'patience o' forto get one.

An' what labouringes there be tack'd up! Why, I wanteth to be an eye private, an racinge driver, an scubaperson, an modelle, & Co. yet all is't Shitte Cleaners and Mongrelwork.

Why so, heh?

I look aroun' me and see on TV such a marvel o' occupationes an' th'attendant adventures. Th'antiquities dealer, th'weather readers (all 500 and more o' them), th'presenters all hyperhappy(to cheer us up hoh!) wi' their guzzlin' grinners (these robbers ha' no humilities) what art presentin' nigh on everything all the time all the same everywhere and kloned from an base image first perceiv'd i' th' year 1959 on't Palladium, the newses gobpieces which doth yapper sprightly on Royalle niceties and th'vaselline lament on th'masse starvationes and massacres and so menacing blodethirsty revenge on an bombe (atrocities these are known always) sent from th'Irish enemy an' it be all the same ol' shitte wi'out reasone or explaninge or history thereof. Ay, Bihac an' Vitez Gueralities an' Serbeniska an' all t'others, what be this but mean intended obfuscation?

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Anyroad, we ha' gone fro a labour i' a big barn o' wavy metal thatch'd roof an' blocke of breeze, this a factorie. Inside be men and women, but observin' their motions cannot but aver them to be sort of inseckts in a hive, each that hath a peculiar task to it to perform. One pulleth an handle to stampeth a disc wi' a hole in it. He hath been pullething it 'sin we arriv'd and will pulleth it to the end of the world, methinks. Maybe in Heavene or Hell he can be put to good use - to pulleth an handle there. This be the Presse Shoppe. Metal is bent and hammered and forged into - tomlin' dryers! And what a kakoph! If metal were a baby in torment on a spit couldst not scream more than this racket. And for palliative there be a louder screaming o' the Raydio 1 Chief, exhorting to greater production. On the other floor there be teams buzzing in frenetick activitie wi' whirring sticks that do twist and push in strange nailes, and they work at such pace 'tis all blur.

Be these men and women of wood? True, 'tis not as arduous as the toil what our pal Herk hath done, but thy must note he were a superman, a god with a great bod. An' he did each task but once. Do these creatures have power of their destiny? Control they their lives? Is there meaning here what I hath not remark'd?

'Tis pitiful sight to see 'em proud and happy. But that be the nature o' dignity these days. Toil. Who can toil most or most craftilie will get 'emselves th'ambrosia o' the world. Well, luxurie items an' foreign holidayes. An' those who can move bits o' paper around (th'electricque paper nowadays) to best advantage sail i' this paper wind on the backs of all the rest of us.

Thou hast consume, digge? 'Tis essential, 'tis moral, 'tis the zenithe, 'tis all. Am I standin' on me box of tallow agin? I shall look henceforth to th' good improvements. Mark it.

SHAKY'S TYME

Relief O relief! To be return`d i' the muck and dross and humanity o' me owne tymes. Straight to our houses we did march, well, actually ride, i' one o' those big-as-cottage jeeps, wi' wheels higher than a man, a-sprayin many wi' the pure unsullied mud o' Englande. Apart the obvious stenche o' human refuse tossed on each side o' the road - an' tossed higher by our newphangled 500 horses-engine - th'air be so fresh and greene (this from the dyes-works fumin' til fit t'explode) and of pure compositione.

To th'tobacc house, then, for gossip 'mong peers. For we hath tymed it a few years a'ter th'intro o' this splendide weede (having been hook'd on Ye Berkeley SuperKinges i' thine era).

Tout les scriveneurs wert there - Shakey, Yonson, Mallo, Joe Sleak, Rojester, an' a sprinklin' o' players an' merchants an' vagabone-men.

Much coughing and sputtances we skipp'd through, to th'corner table, and the ceiling an' walls twere pitch in hue, drippin' a here an' there wi' phlegmishes.

His eye alight`d 'pon us, he 'gan to orate i' his florid bent.

"Such beauty and civility she spoke,

With her eyes, her heart, her joke.

O'er the grand Globe men ha' rushed,

But yet in her compass are hushed.

Tulip of Antwerp, rose of Seville,

Potage of cardamom, and haddock of grill,

Thy bounteous charity a gentle-"

" 'Slug, who be he garblin' about?"

"- which zephyr do calm our ire`d zoo,

Cath, yea, now thou must appease,

For as thou art fair, so must thou do."

"Ay, another hogshead, is it? Tender o' th'bar, get ye a barrel o' ale this directione!"

This Shakey hath not a penny in his purse, yet do expect all to patronize his pub-chatter an' his play-chatter.

"Cath, ha' been 4 full yeares 'sin I gie thee my manuscripts for to get 'em done cheape i' Ludwig's Shoppe, an' you know't."

"Aye, he has 'em still. Yuppe."

"Yuppe? Who be this yuppe? An apprentice?"

"Nay, I betoken yea, th'word meanest aye."

"A word from Flanders, eh?"

"From Amerique."

"Aye, I mean, yuppe, I ha' chatted wi' Walter many instances. Po-ta-toe. Vir-gin-ia. Dan-Quail. We are familiar wi' all the geographickal fashions, an you know't."

"Wrote thou new cauldron-boilres, Shakey?"

"Yuppe, they are renown'd i' the court. Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, an' you know't."

"Nay, I knowst not."

"Hath my play Haste kept safe harbour wi' Ludwig?"

"Haste? Be that the one"

"Of the draycart gone amuk wherein sorcery hath bedivilled the horses and canst stopp, an' you know't."

"Certes." Cath ha' whisper'd twixt mine ear. "Is that the rogue what hath gulp'd mine ale?"

A vagabone-man under secret stealeth th'foamey brew from my friend. We train'd our attention on this.

"Oban of Doncaster - is this i' the first folio stage?"

"Presently."

"Vlad III, Mannowicz Elo, Toy Guitar Funerall, Boeflet - these be my real masterpieces! In safekeeping, in safekeeping, my



Tout les Squeveneurs werr there

kingdome for their safekeeping!"

Whilst Shakey hath clapp'd his head and pull'd out a quill for to scribb somethin', Cath ha' asked me to joyn her i' th' privy.

In trouth we ha' lost his fine manuscriptes, or rather left 'em wi' my secretarie i' Halles Fax, Yorkshire, i' th'twentieth century.

A right rotten stalle it was, of much stinkinge yellowe. She ha' brought a jug along, and this she hath pissed in, and emboldened me to do likewise.

Our bladders a-ready, we ha' fillt up this jug many times over, it really bein' a sort o' mug. A cheery fizzlin' head atop it, she hath lackadaisickally positioned it within reach of this thief.

"O most noble dark lady-"

"Peace wi' your tongue, Shakka! So, assembl'd crowd, what be the price of velvet these days? Thou hast a goodly kind o' breeches all."

"Fie, fie," replied Mallo, "th'inflation is terrible. 10 shillings a yard, an' silk a round 4 shillings. Me doublet cost me 3 pounds 8 shillings and 4 pence."

"Betty 2, pardonne, Betty 1, how fare our great Queen?" I enquired.

"She is loved by all here, and grows e'er more lovely every day." This by Joe Sleak.

Slyly we hath seen the grubber bolt back a bellyfull o' Cath's "ale", and his physog did turn a rictus o' displeasure, and he look'd about himself for a culprit, tho' we merely smiled among good company, for wanting to avoid a brawl wherein Mallo may be kilt and Yonson wi' his fiery temperament avenge it. For we hath read such i' th' historickal chapbookes.

He was a filthy sort, wi' gobbets o' food stuck in the cleats o' his grey-dirty ruff. Is Heaven a place where these bastards existeth not?

Standing to exit, Shake pursueth us and pressed some papers in my hand.

"Mine owne printer be very busie, an you know't, an' 'tis a fine occupatione I hath, wi' many foibles easily sated, an you know't, yet methinks Ludwig could make good party o' this one."

I studied the title page. "Bear-baiting on 6d a day." Shouldst I do the world a favour?

Exeunt.

Entrance.

Puritan whitewashe, ikonoklasm, recusancy they call it. These Reformers hath smasht and ruin'd and burned their way thru the churches an' cathedralles. All processions are halted, an' we must to listen to their politickal sermons wi' their starch'd noses and wrinkled braines. Howso, now these cathedralles are but bleached bones yet but 20 yearen afore wert vast blazin' frontages o' colour i' the sunlight. Pronounce me not Katolick nor this other opposite yet sim'lar pose, for I take no refuge in the world to come. They saith to us "Be meek! And take thine reward in Heaven." Ay, but th' whispered aside, "An' we'll take ours on Earth!", this is't not heard. These zealots did take out our medieval heritage, all what was writ or sculptur'd or painted, and i' the tymes to come people musts go on the culture-tour to foreign countries for to marvelle at this Arte.

"Godso, Cath, what now?"

"Them fyckers!"

TOURISMO

Gone we ha' gonnin' to Al Torismo, a townne fam'd for its cultoure, the statues, paintinges, titty beaches, Al Torismo Torismo Board Shoppe, museummes, moppeddes, Englishe Brakefasts and all . Fact, was't Al Torismo 429, an' o' course we had 'spected Al Torismo 428, both bein' quite dissim.

A humanonguous cramme were on a circuite round the place-in-a-place, an old assemblage of grey stones scattered here a' there, some in lines, others in squares, wi' lots of grasse growin' betweene. Many took splendid facsimiles wi' the great Godak machine, on the top canvasse Kodag Gold, fantastic imagination and originalitie shining through, th' artist-holidayers bein' free of the druggery of their work. O' course, it be all in the viewin' room, cos obviously here there be no difference at all, every pic tooke and posed 'sactly the same. Just like an atomme of oxygene doth have affinity for carbonee, and it a wonder how relentless and rigidly correct be the bond, so be it here.

Cath ha' got in the spirit, and was gettup in a outfit for the hot clime. She ha' strapped up her arse an old lace from a tramp's boot, it circlin' her waiste held there by her overblobblin' gutte. Her coarse blacke pubies milled out unfashionably, so I had to use a pair of shears to clear the valley, as it were, so it looked like a gorse, or field after fire all scorched stubble. Naturall, I did topiary there so she had on a brief of hair.

This crumblin' concrete did nowtst for us, an' we retired to an zincery to chomp and slurp. Gloamin' a comin', we ha' strolloped our way to the centre, where there be a farrago o' shoppes and stalles sellin' all Al Tourismo objects, wherein we ha' an idea after Nostradumbus, the mountebank hairdresser o' maediewieall times, sellin' to the gullees potiones and lotiones, "this be certes to turn an olde hagge into an lovely maid o' 16

years complexion wi' a gentle countenance" and a ten page treatise on adding golden tinges to hair, wi' 100 ingredients and 20 distillations. Zump! Grabbing of a flaske o' the superbas PVC, Cath started on a' aphrodizzyiac distill'd of alltogether the dreames an' fantassies o' both sexes.

2 jarres of Golde Blende, an poudre o' burnt umber and burnin' passyione an' mysterie, 1 tubbe o' foreigne ice creme, a lotion for to dissolve clothes from sweathy athletique torsos, Instante' Broth, this an Epic o' Wooing crystallized to 3 mins, tho' th' intent be not broth nor sis, and this lot she churn'ed up and heated to steamin'.

"5 drachms a glop! Gobble ye this or plaster a poultice on your neck and become as tantalising as your celebrities! Be a diff'rent person! Increase your pullin' power! 5 drachms for 5 hours o' extasy! Guaranteed! Hey, ugly one! I bet thee hast not twins wi' nowt but four smiles waitin' for thee in thy self-catering! Stop this self-caterin', 'tis not good for thy vision. Only Cath's Cordialle will make thee threesome! Hoi, jablop, where goest thou?!"

Gloamin' (this be another word for twilite) a-droppin', Cath ha' siphon'd burstin' an band-arm, which helpeth your null-swymmer, and set it loop'd on her neck.

Ta'en wi' her spott'd bod - for earlier this day she got dead drunk in a fountayn and the populace hath tossed coins all over her so she looketh a pink blob wi' white medallions - she hath evinced a divilish plot to be of alien species, she saying for the novelty men wouldst love to sample one.

I can spare ye the dettailles, 'cept Cath ha' nabbed a wallet or two e'en her suitors snorr'd, an' we hath left this ants-nest and jett'd to t'other side of the Earthe.

There be a Trail o' Tours that we copp'd on. Equipped with a learned tome misnam'd Lonely Planit we enter'd the 3rd Worlde. How it can be call'd that I know not for many denizens wish't it seemed to read this hallowe'd booke and they did seeme to follow us whenever we ope it out.

We met one Elinorea from Hockiland, an Province o' Berks, a face like an sweete boiled hardde and a shylockes' harte, and she did confounde the price posted in a window sayingge the Booke hath it different. We saith, Ay, lass, but th'boke is of 2 yrs past. This did not affecte her reasoninge. No, quoth she, the Booke sayth 80 ducats, and this price for traine journey is 100 ducats. Yes, says I, hoping to molly this fool, but look, 100 foreign ducats is to us 5 minutes of youre work in olde Albion. And for a same trippe in Albion the cost is 3,000 of these tinny foreign ducats. She felt herself bein' cheated and wrangl'd and raved and did so embarrass us, as bein' Ambassadors of our grande natione, Britlande. But so many of these "touristes" acted solike that we were liken to feeling natives o' this selfsame country we were in among a crowd o' mean, frigide, poker-faced and yet noisome and ugli aliens. They argueth for 1 pennye for to shame us all, pleadinge poverty and fairnesse, and yet th' next day do flie to Japanne, where all is one thousande times more costly, yet do not quibb over the journey fare or the cost there.

Yet - if I may be allowed to digresse an' essay an' opinion here - this Worlde th'III be not a place to get hence from it all. Nay, in fac', th'converse do applye. Get thee to Lichtenstein, t'Austrie Alpes, smalle hamlette there, or big city early mornin', and is calm wi' folk. Th'infrastructure o' th'poorer sort is so o'erloaded that they do live even on the meanest pathwayes, cookin' an' sellin' an' hammerin' so it seemeth a 24 houre affaire.

Even thou visiteth a remote waterfalle, for esampel, would finde there a rabble washinge and sellinge cans o' poppe right 'neath the spraye.

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

But I hath pondered how gracefull these natives are (at leaste to us touristes), and could contemplate th'end of them should they venture on oure ennobled lande, aye, that shitte pebble off the shores o' Erope, an' what mayhalp occur on 'em? Wouldst be lucky to 'scape wi'out scarrin', such be the demeanour o' oure proud louts an' brutalle ways.

BOKES KONSPIRACY

There be goodly light, long tapers that by majick do illumine from their bodies and wi'out burnin' wick and smoaks, these affixe'd to the ceiling.

Good sooth, thousands o' bokes be in here, some covered hard and others - methinks the cheaper sort o' chapboke - soft so. Knowin' our coz Shaky quite well (we ha' been honourary members o' his fan clubbe) and the world's wisdom much increased we feiult to (in fact 'tis no word bin afore yet we do makeit) tender oure glances 'pon this scene o' scribblin'.

But - y'harken - it appearath to have writtten the whole lot one person wi' many differing names.

The stylee be so commone flat it be a drone to read past but 2 sentences. An' the stories be naught more than a crummie expanded diary o' a holiday in Greeke Island, wherein it hoveth to have some cuckolding, a young doxie prey on a rich brain quack, and all the rest easily guessed. It puzzleth me how anyone can proceed wi'out collapsing at a torpor. Where be the reason for this? Some advantage, I surmise, for this can sure be th'onely way to dress up so unrelentinge shitte as this in a fancye cover kiss-arsed by arse-kissers. "This boke be the beste i' th' whole world". "Another goodly one". "Of an excelleng nature!"

Good troth, No.1 doth commend No.2 who doth commend No.3 who praiseth No.1 who is exulted by No.2 etc. etc. All from the same 5 or so broadsheets these kritiks tell us how grate they all are.

There be a konspiracy here, 'tis without doubting. Liken to an high jump controlled by mean backslappin' dwarfes, the bar onely 3 feet up and above it concrete so just dwarfes like themselves can get thro'. This is the "high jump" but I call it the lowest crawl.

What of the green fresh fieldes around this pitte of incesting? Where ye can tomble and sommersailt i' the air i' all manners and directiones?

Thou sayest it is no, solely your rotten swampe.

Liars!

Aye, I charge thee hence. Out, cur-swine! Ye hath straitjacked honesty and wit to thine own selfish endes, an ugly tribe thou art, with leprous intention for lucre, self-service. Thine artistry be of the swindler, blackheart wi' gold teeth.

Nosway, nosway, I would publishe me owne chapboke if I so wishest. For 'tis free market, they proclayme.

I tooke the method of Jake Krak, him what hath scrivened on a roll of papier 20 furlongs long, tho' his knees did get infeckt at end of it. I was not such foolish. I had th'idea o' attaching a tube to me quill, from a well of inke (the bucket bein' of insufficient profundity) and this pumped at great haste thru a tiny holle. Each letter of the Queen's Alphabette I composed of many o' dottes. If I couldst write, or jab, speedy enough, I could put out o' business those printing machines. Of course, 'tis better writ by a bedlam-man i' the big stages o' St Vitus Dance, in a contraption wi' iron gloav, or an refined epileptic fit o' the 3 quill holding fingers, as subtle as the mighty Krakatoa a-blowin' t'other side o' the globe.

And they will say, as refiew, a Swifte for the Nineties, and suchforth. Pahh! These gribblin' wurmes KNOW NOT WHAT IS, verily, they are (again and agin) pretenders, who hath stole the crowne of free wyritings, singings and dancieries.

In factuelle, th'gratest writer ever was not knowne.

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Aye, an' perforce another ting. These refiews o' scrivenings certes containeth not but half a word o' th'originalle boke. 'Tis sim'lar buyin' musick the which ne'er heard afore, but spoke of by an dunce. Is't all so tedious that canst be repeated for example? Must thou scoff th'lot loafe to know a tastee? Those gemmes for oure plaisure so weake are but a nasty drizzle. "Aunt Mimi alwayes got up afore the clinke o' the milkman gettunge his pottles". Ay, 'tis a treasure o' wrytinge here! Or "The clinke o' the milkman a-gettunge his bottels was her alarum clocke". Mastery here,

wherein milk be as tyme see? Or, I thinke, not. This Aunt Mimi doth live wi' a despicable familie i' a towne o' cobbles an' cobbleheads an' she is despatch'd to an house for olde people while her granddaughter suckin' sherbert getteth with childe.

Well, I ha' gi'en it your plot-metaphor, an' within 2 sentences. Who can reade this pschologie o' th' gutter?

Worser, are the currente vogue o' bokes wherein implements are attested to vaginas and breasts, a dark comedy supposed there, or Troth. And is dress'd up i' the Vogue-style (of course) by shameless kritiks. 'Tis an amoral gettunge o' cash. But for cash these scoundrelles would pervert any goodnesse, invent any lie, agree to any rotten thing.

Perhalps they should review the elegant instruments as wield'd by the Spanish Inquio, that vaginal pear that do open and stretch, those red-hot breast pincers, the penile caterpillar, th'iron boot, th'elektrodes for genitalles, the rack. Ay, at least these fiends do not discriminate i' the gender, and slew and maim'd both the sexes.

Wrytinge? This Puritanick of mind an' phetishism of spirit. These mechanickal microscopers hath not the wit, merely the autopsy pictures.

"It all a load o' bullshitte!"

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Les Jenres ye hath, an' hathed, i' th'before. Ghosty ones, Kowboy ones, Romanzos, Decki'tiff 'uns - callem plupp facktion, wi' th'better pluppsellers on spyin' an' sex an' monies an' a mix thereof. Also sky-fite. This all about rocketships an' space men-at-arms. Prob for me 'tis meloveinge this skyflic, 'ceptin' there be none o' it about. Meanin' boundlessing imajinins. Mayhalp th'Eroin ad Wilhelmina Burr-Rose, an' Bal-Ard, an' a few others. Look ye to a boke for the planettes, an' init are a mogley plain set o' names forrastart. Ay, let me toss thee a couple :

Joegga Jones Jenna McCandless

Mr Nayme Naim Ree Tonn

Exroppu Flaoson Phtma Ooo

Guban	Oero
Poxulc	Hul Aison
Hahn Reen	F7 Simop
Zinta Junior	Gnnnf IX
Salcip Diramoggh	
Unlebb Xlam	
Elrisinta Ekov	
Vame Bor	
Mleko Chleb	
Empat Rumah Makan	

Th'scribbel also be so deskrip, I can say, 30 persens enviro, 40 persens walktalk, 30 persens & Co. Y'experry-mental sentences are requirin'. Now am bored heedin' me owne stuff. So - file close!

We did attend an function, for the ploggin' o' a newe boke, writ by a ScrawleMaster. Braine as unto a flypaper he had, and committed this to a boke. The pages were in fact flypaper, an' stuck 'pon them wert many flies. A right serious metaforickal thing or a noveltie for Christmasse we knewe not. In this mosaic o' midges ye could see some sense, he saith, but all he left were a traile o' dirthy flies come unstuck an' trodde into the floor.

Ay, scribblers, there be no conceit i' words anymore, your late night penners from Olde Rus, drunk poetz, & Co., what captivateth yout is only secret panelles i' th'computer gaymes. An' who is to spake them mistaken?

HAT AND HUT AND PHOEBE

The buskin'd bastards had slipped us agayn. Those two. Or three, with Phoebe. Cath's daughter. Trapp'd i' the claws o' kydnappers travelleth tyme as ourselves, tho' we chase them or they us is moot wi' all the zigzaggin' i' th'aeons.

A buskin be a high leather boot. Bigwrap coats do they also mantle 'emselves with. Of tin galleon aspect.

This be our voyage, our quest I scribb upon. For cannot be a boke sans actione an' doin' an' plot. Where be the progression, the afore an' follow, th'interest o' character consequence, event happenin'? Mayhap this charackter dies, or two loven each other, or is cross-doublett'd, or has bucket o' water sluice on heade.

Some doth say thou must inserte the chase and th'wallop within, and not without, the narrative, as page-turnin' device. Well. True. I hath not put in the detailes o' the chases, the reasones mayhap we made visitation 'pon certaine tyme, an' our demeanours o' dread or hope & Co. I mention not the cryin' an' joyleapin' and ignorance an' discoverie in connect especial wi' our missyone. Let this following be a curtsey to the deal.

It really beganne when they hath stole Cath's egg. Not th'chocolate hollow, or th'ostrick one she ha' broke pressin' at both ends in bar Ozz, nay, yet her own biologickal cellf. Pray remind to Cath's argue about her missin' jeans i' pre'ious chapter. 'Twas not her leg tubes, but in fac' an egg what should ha' coursed her egtubes, yet was pincer'd out by devious means an' it be her genes they ha' burgled. If Cath be shrew a-times, or disappeareth to her room wi' the sterile rod an' submarine battery, it all stem from this.

An evil acte hath befallen her, so verie naughty. In the doin' also her womanly insides ha' bin ruined. So she cannot step a-sideways of this thing. Or she be half the creature she really is. And her daughter be but a third. I say a third 'cos th'evil experiment hath injeckt mobster siamese sperm DNA to joyn her egge an' produce a triple existence, her daughter i' the clutches o' these faceless villains to be frogmarch'd to th'end of tyme, if not stopp'd.

Our searches had seem'd finale futile and Cath resign'd as half-person when perchance we watcheth a funny film blacke and the white i' a cinema i' th' 1950s. Them util days wert right horrible I can tell thee. It ha' been a simple day trip i' th'decade to scout. A silly man were eatinge his boot or were it a flower, I remember not, on a ship methinkes, or, anyways, there

hath been a motley crew o' police rushin' round and cars just missin' trains when across the screen they walked, i' that disgustin' furtive yet menacin' fashion, an' Cath's daughter trapp'd twixt them (as she be bonded to their very fleshe) who look'd out to us an' did wordlessly cry out for help.

Our heartes respond'd i' a flashe, burstin', yet she were carted off to God knows where. Cath ha' wept tears o' pain an' relief, a strange mixture. We had a tag. We could go there and save her darling childe, our flaxen gamine, of but 6 years age.

Then O! trajed! Done up i' the costume o' th'periode two women ran stage centre, a-lookin' here an' a-peepin' there. Us. Me an' Cath. Tardy an' useless. But when had occur'd? 'Tis right philosoph this question an' we had not much tyme left on our engine to debate th'enig wi' one o' those Rissolls or Egels or Wysteiners, whose answer we could not 'ope t'understand anyway, speakest in such roundabout and long way, a 10 years' answer to your knockin' their door an' askin' if anyone be here?

We hath retired to an hostelry to examine this vexin' quess. A right sawdust an' spithole.

Could we revisit a date an' see ourselves there? Yes, if we do it later, I mean in our trippe count, not in tyme. Then they couldst also, an' agayne and agayne so would be maybe a thousand o' them an' a thousand o' us! 'Tis obvious we can travell ere we were born, sin' this not be the Terminator problem o' bein' your owne father, beggeth query Where doth the sperm/egg come from? needeth a sort o' startin' point on the circle. Ye would not be in exist to venture back in tyme an' gi' your mother one, or spread 'em for thy father.

Also, Cath spake, at any instance mayhap one o' us disappear cos kilt i' the future? Nay, saith I, would ha' to be the past. Well, I am dead i' the past, in a sense, respondeth Cath, for we both onely live our threescore and ten, or less, if kilt. Would there be an endless battlefield on this silver screene, asked I, to th'end o' tyme? Or sort o' Zeno-esque thingy? This be a right batterin' o' our heads agin the philosoph wall, cos we had forgot the solution

i' the bookes. Then Cath started to ponder the loop o' Tyme, an' I got right fussed it wert like me knickers what oft get into a Moebius strip t'entangle 'em i' the morning. If we might reach the last dyin' seconds of th'Earth when change could not smile its countenance no more then we may be fairlie certes it hath ended in such a ways, I said. Ay, ended, but what of in-between? Forget that! replieth Cath. We can put this film to safekeeping, e'en plutonick boom, an' make a dive to the cessation.

I sat me back in the hard mean chair and gaz'd on us engulf'd in a crimson fireball o' th'expandin' sun, far as Jupiter large, or as frozen floating statues (at -247 Klevin) sailing arm in arm in boundless space.

By sheer luck we got there just as the comet Kahoutek approached our diseased planet on a collision course, as a massive fiery spurmatozoan to our egg Earth. This big bugger would cleave it in half, the media contend'd. Already the night sky were lit up like at a witch's bonfire, an' vast rumblings o' the ground made all right afeard and testy.

Lucky also that on holdin' the neg up to a bulb (olden-type projecktors were no more) we saw we had grabb'd the bastards.

"Aye," shouteth Cath above the tintantibulations of our house disintigratin' neath the comet's pressure waves, "but what happen'd next?"

And that, dear folks, is a story for the sequell to this tellin'. Nay, I be jesterin'.

Ramon Lull Hath Said It.

Personality they hath not, save a Controller grimace. We call'd 'em Hat and Hut, yet they be rightly The Henchmen. Wi' their bucklers an' longcoats an' highdomed hats.

MATCHINGE LIPSTYCKE AND CLOBBER

Superwoman Cath! Is't verie? Radar screene hath it so. An Uffo, the techno-skywatchers call'd her. An', ay, Uffh! be her ambulatione at time,

swingin' her bulwark arse off a dainty buffet an' propellin' hersel' forward on her brickheels.

Yet she didde fly from Londun to Yorke New. How canst so? Withouten Vinny of Italy's gadgetry? Certes she did not take succour from puppetry strings, as is the case wi' that James Bonde. Leapin' off a dam wall to soar to bottom withal we could espy clear a thick rope fix'd to his leg. Methinks th'filmick goers must be blind an' stupid these days. Obvio, sin' they crowd in for Hollowe Wood's trash.

Aye, she flew faster than a hawk on holidaye over th'ocean, an' 'tis mysterie which now must be told. Preamble, tho', I ha' to, firstly. To kontekst the action thing. Wi' a bit more action.

Why she went to the Roman Baths in Bath, a Roma spa mansion serv'd by hot springs which the wily senators hath plumbered into a marbellous collonnaded swimmin' pool, to take wash, I may simple surmise. Whytofore these fancie ways, 'cos before she were satisfied wi' stealin' water from the hoses at the back o' the fire station? Or sloppin' a pail o' greasey water from drayhorse scrubbe o'er her sturdy naked frame i' th' summer heat? (Why this thousand-ducat ablution afore contest?) (Why the purchase o' slinky swimming suit? Two in fac' which she hath cut sidely an' stitch'd 'em together?) (Why the endless pretend desperate phonecalls to one Eduardo - O! Mine Ed! - the matchin' lipstick an' clobber, forever talkin' of gravel drives?)

It hath been a factory to start. Atop a wooden crate. Phoebe wert drugg'd, and a grey sackcloth o'er her frail body, that sweet bundle I can see now. The ancien art o' jap-bovver Cath used, a maelstrom o' kartwheel kicks an' fingerpokin'. Again and againe did she launch attack, parry most bravely, but all to avail us not. My, she could not e'en bash off a hat from 'em! It seem'd they were welded to their heads. Monolithic greatcoats they wore such as a rocket broadsword pierce not. All the gantry's a stage, an' all must play their action parts, so the hard bard quoth.

The ceiling o' planks collapsed an' for a whiles onely muffle noises I heard, til all four walls crasht out to reveal th'combatants. Then a-rippin' two-by-fours they set to as in duelle. Yes, have-at-ye, villains! Whirlin' wood banged down on 'em, an' Hat and Hut scarpered, their mighty footfalls echoein' i' the vast silent plant. Chase? Chase and capture was our gayme.

'Twas past huge orange-painted machinery we coursed then roun' a corner to surprise o' an army o' devilish massive forks on rubber wheels a-headin' to spike us. Minions.

These heinous jackalles bore down to us wi' a sickly industrial green an' cream wall a sad comfort behind us.

"Recall thee the hurtles?" Cried Cath. "Thee an' I wert premier i' our schooldays!"

Apace we did hurtle the maleficent prongs, as one by one they lodg'd i' the brickwork. They had no choosing but to alight to our frenzied boots on their fiendish heads.

-Meanwhile-

I' a flurry o' runnin' an' jumpin' across the iron gangplanks an' metal cages we chanced on the henchmen peerin' into the cavity of a huge forge press. Crept up on 'em from both sides, an' swip't i' the air their legs and Cath quick held 'em still into it, their necks just overlapping th'edge and smaller Phoebe out o' danger.

"Switch it on, compadresse!"

I did - were 2 buttons - and the 10 tonne mass rumbl'd down wi' a releasin' gasp o' hydraulicks. At last moment they reared up to dodge the stampin' hammer boomin' on its bed.

"Sleep well in Hell, dastards!" Once more she pushed 'em into the maw as it rose and came down to my subtle finger's bidding.

A-Biff! A-Boff!

One long rollin' combat this was going to be. They shook Cath off an' took charge o' an industrial floor cleanin' machine wherein they scoot'd away. Grabbin' a twin one, we made pursuit. 'Twas good fortune the ground was

dirty so we may follow their shiny trails as their broomer wert quicker than ours. Passin' a storekeeper's hut I had me an idea.

In there a raygun oven I had seen. I requested Cath's industrial-size deoderant aerosol (which kept she always at hand wi' her giant-sized condoms, as a Lady might) an' put the can i' there on full power. I had sense, see, that our adversaries would getteth of hunger.

Crouch'd low we tarried, hearin' the pig rumblin's o' their stomachs grow louder as they neared. Up the steps an' into the office they went. We rubb'd our hands wi' glee an' gave many a chuckly thumbs up an' cover'd our ears, titterin'.

Then the clanck, clunck, clanck, clunck o' their motion as they did descend the steps an' - th'explosion was impressive, as if wert a hundred firkins o' gazoline i' the inside, tho' gazoline we had counted none.

Godso, an teems o' ackrobatical manoeuvrin's we doth action 'pon, wi' the snowplough, the submersible liner, th'undergroun' hotel, & Co.

So Cath zoomin' cross the arc o' low blue heaven, th'answer to this riddle. Our triamese quarry had gone cheap one-way to New Englände an' hath a big lead o'er us. We hath not cash to get a ticket on Concoard. So disguising us as cleanin' folk we wangl'd into an U.S. airforce base. There we chanc'd on a right funny plane, all black wi' tiny windowes at th'front. And flat like a pancake. We hath chatted wi' a few flyers i' the canteen so destinations & Co. we had. Smearin' a tub o' superglue on our hands we ran to one ready to go. Cath sprang up and held on tight, tho' I meself stupidly stopp'd to tie up me laces an' got all clogg'd up. I glanc'd up and it were gone, vamoose, sort of a ghost ship.

Unfeignedly, this were stealthy bomber. It stealeth across the globe silent as a glidin' big butterfly. Ye may think this story be a ruse, a sale-ballad, 'cos Cath would be incinerated i' the fricktion o' this crafte. O' course, we hath on overalls fabriqued from Starlite, an wonderfulle materiale feareth not heat, got from a bloke who maketh it i' his garage. The Celestialle-Peerers thus trac'd Cath in superwoman pose, tho' 'tis top secret to read it.

After she relateth me how they had esconced in Hawaii, drinkin' tequilla slammers by the score, an' how she had trail'd 'em down a lava flow ('twas eruption season) walkin' on diamond stilts, an' also explain'd at end the trouble over the masse murder charge agin us. Huntin' beserk in a - what is't? - cryogene factory, she did let fly wi' a brace o' bazookas all over the shop, Kath Nukem, thus thawin' prematur a few hundred ice'd noggins.

And so we must, precious reader, take leave o' this sometimes hearty oftimes funny an' 'casion (spell I rhyte this damn word?) upsad tale.

The search for the bugge, the fount o' fame an' fortune we gave up on in a flash, as if wert of no import, an delusion. Our priorities did change. So befuddlin' how life can change your direction, mayhap as you deem to grasp things properly.

Did we grab the monsters and divorce them from Phoebe? Or did we come to terms wi' 'em, negotiate pax, we havin' misunderstood their predicament, their prison of us, and they strongly responded to us, and the three o' them become a living light.

Was it that we met upon Pompeii, to search out th' garbled rumour o' a tryptich figure in lavastone, an' as we arriv'd closer the message got more and more forceful, 'til we stood at the very portals o' a humble townhouse? And did we then enter, three people on a bed, fossil'd in time, hands clasped, me, Cath and Phoebe.

THE END