

Deny Everything

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"To git thar the fustest with the mostest." – *Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest on military success*

Deny Everything FAKED Three weeks ago, players in *Deny Everything* received an e-mail from Gary Coughlan. In his charming and patient way, Gary convincingly explained to the players that I was experiencing problems (which I'd had early in the game) with new software and had asked him to forward the *DE* "#14" game report. The resulting chaos and chagrin began immediately, especially when Gary used the recent disbanding of the Iliad game to tell those novices there'd be a \$25 "disbanding fee" to be paid. Gary also got Hobby stalwarts Bob Osuch and Mike Barno into the act to make things more convincing. (I had to explain the whole thinking behind fakes and tell the novices was a GOOD THING and something of an honor – one of 'em is still not buying the "fun" part of it.) Gary then "re-started" the Iliad game and faked all Odyssey players as standbys in Iliad, carefully stating that one of the new players had NMRed ... as I'd called NO standbys, each player thought s/he might be the NMR. The resulting confusion was monumental. Not only did Gary spend hours and hours re-writing convincing game reports and pitch-perfect press and GM banter, he timed the fake's release precisely, taking advantage of a slight change from my normal deadline day to get the players to buy into the fake. (The biggest giveaway to most players was the supply center chart, which showed Jim Burgess winning – no one bought that for a second.) I'd thought I'd reprint the entire fake here, but at seven pages it's more than Jim's TAP can tolerate from one of his subzines. If you'd like to see the finest zine fake in the last 15 years, send me or Gary an e-mail and we'll shoot it to you. Gary, many thanks to you for this left-handed honor, and for bringing back a part of the zine faking tradition which was so much a part of the Hobby when I started in the 80's. I hope your effort will help rekindle that tradition.

No Press Gunboat Six signed up for sure, trying to confirm the seventh now. The game will likely start next time. Some have asked why no press gunboat. First, I've never run one. Second, have you seen Odyssey's press?

Kathy Caruso I learned yesterday of Kathy Caruso's death on August 15 of complications from cancer. It's a heartbreaking loss for her family, friends, and her many, many fans in the Hobby. I've known Kathy since 1982 and had the privilege of meeting her and John years ago when they visited CA. We shared a day at Disneyland. My kids were blown away by Kathy – unlike Dad, she was FUN! Few people I've ever met would I call "larger than life", but Kathy was. A terror in her playing days, she also commanded a large and loyal following in the pages of the motley *Kathy's Korner*, her "zinny," as she called it. If she didn't like you, she was polite. If she did like you, she was brutal, and if she really liked you, she'd bestow a nickname of infamy. Nicknames were cherished; mine was "Mushbrain". Probably best known for her devastating Italian play, the moves she used to create tremors throughout Europe are forever known as "The Byrne Opening," (her maiden name). Kathy was retired from Dip for many years before returning to play again in 1998's "Arsenic". We loved having her in the game and I doubt any of us dreamt it'd be her last. My thoughts and prayers go out in earnest to John, her children, and her grandchildren.

How do you say good-bye to a legend? I can't. But I hope she knows how very much she meant to so very many. Though we hadn't talked much the last few years, I will miss her a lot. I have to stop now.

🔪 DIPLOMATIC 🔪 IMPUNITY 🔪 SCOREBOARD 🔪 – Faked Out Edition

Deny Everything Fake	▲ ▲ ▲	Coughlan pulls off first-of-it's-kind e-fake ... DIS loved it, DIS loves Gary – THANKS!
Bush v. Saddam	◀ ▶	Even Republicans wondering about this one ... US re-building stockpiles.
Hillary in '08	◀ ▶	Moving to center from the left ... will Bill have to worry about interns, too?
Firefighters, East & West	▲	Old DIS: Government workers. New DIS: Bi-coastal superheroes.
Baseball Strike	▼	Millionaire players v. billionaire owners – DIS disses greedy non-CEO bastards.
Kathy Caruso	▲	Another unbelievable loss. A great player and a greater person. We love you, Kathy.
Say A Prayer	▲	For obvious reasons.

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2001 A Gaming ΟΔΨΣΣΕΨ

Spring 1906:

⊞Austria (Lischett)
⊞England (Mazzer)

A BUL H, A VIE H.
A edi - DEN, A lon - BEL, A RUH S (ITA) A bur - MUN, A nwy - FIN,
F BAR - stp(nc), F SWE S A nwy - FIN, F NTH C A edi - DEN, F KIE - ber,
F ENG C A lon - BEL, F MID xxxxxx (H), F POR S F MAO.
A BER - kie, A fin - swe(d;anhl), A mun - ruh(d;r Boh,Sil,OTB).
A ven - TYA, A SER S (RUS) A RUM - bul(nso), A TRI - bud, A bur - MUN,
A mar - PIE, F wes - TYN, F ADR - tri, F ion - AEG, F EAS - smy,
F GRE S (RUS) A RUM - bul(nso), F spa(sc) - WES.
A MOS - stp, A ukr - GAL, A sev - ANK, A RUM - bud, F SWY - con.
A CON - bul, F BLA C (RUS) A sev - ANK..

⊞Germany (O'Kelley)
⊞Italy (Coughlan)

⊞Russia (Clark)
⊞Turkey (Burgess)

Game Notes:

- ZAT for Fall 1906 is September 5, 2002, 9:00 pm Pacific;
• ZAT for Winter 1906/Spring 1907 is tentatively October 3, 2002;
• Thanks to Steve Cooley for unused standby orders;
• Proposed draws were all defeated - I, I/E (5N,1Y) I/R/E, R/I/T/E (4N, 2Y);
• Re-proposed is - E/I - please vote with your next set of orders;
• As a reminder, each NVR is treated as a 1/2Y/1/2N vote;
• Supply center chart for Winter 1905 below
• Map for Spring 1906 is on back page.

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1905

Table with 3 columns: Country, Supply Centers, and Count. Austria: Vie Bul (2); England: Edi Lon Lpt Bel Bre Den Nwy Hof Por Kie Swe (11); Germany: Ber Stp Mun (3); Italy: Nap Rom Ven Mar Par Spa Tun Bud Gre Ser Tri (11); Russia: Mos Sev War Rum Smy (5); Turkey: Ank Con (2); Total: 34.

PRESS:

SPRING HAIKU by SHOSAN: "When the spring breezes rise, they play all sorts of merry games with birds and butterflies."

SPRING HAIKU by SUIRIU: "Although the night is damp, the little firefly ventures out and slowly lights his lamp."

ENGLAND to ITALY: Well fiddle-dee-dee, Rhett Coughlan, heah are y'all with that Kaiser-boy, prancin' about with yoah earbobs danglin' and yoah haiah all done up like a scarlett lady. A propuh suthun lady should show some self respect!

ENGLAND to GM: I know it's tough, but try to keep all the press that's sent over the course of a season in one place so it doesn't get lost. The above press was written for W'06 but not printed. But that's ok, Don, I found a lot of England press printed that I did not write. It was pretty good, too! I must have been on some pretty good tihs when I wrote it.

GM to MAZZMATIC: Quit yer noise. You wouldn't believe how confusing it is to keep track of all your press mixed in with all the e-mail trails and every other electro-bit someone thinks should see the light of day. If a piece falls off the table - waah-waah - send it again next time. And as for the stuff you claim not to have written, well, you may be right ... sure beats this stuff you did write ...

ENGLAND: The newest Fleet Street tabloid, The Torch of Bleedin' Cupid, is running a rather scandalous story of how the Pope, no longer enamored of lovely plump little boys, has been courting Kaiser Billy. His Something Less Than Holiness has reportedly made a secret visit to various notorious Berlin hot spots sporting some quite gaudy earbobs under his miter and dancing the Funkische Huhn at Studion Vier und Funfzehn, and later tearing down the Autobahn with the Kaiser reportedly draped on him like a cheap cassock. The scandal sheet further reports that 10 Downing Street is in virtual lockdown, with the PM scarcely venturing from his bedchamber as the notorious Lady Daf has been

seen shuttling in and out of the tradesmen's entrance bringing great quantities of mayonnaise and linoleum tiles with her. The Torch reports inside sources as hearing "continual sounds of squishing and bodice ripping" from within.

GM to TORCH: Based on what follows, methinks the bloom is off the rose in the Pope's relationship with the Hun.

ROME to BERLIN: Sorry, Jim, but Mike made me an offer I can't refuse (I think). Even optimally, I didn't see you by my side for much longer and I would be left fighting England all alone, which would mean a slugfest for many more years to come. I just don't want to invest that amount of time – I think you can sympathize with that feeling – and decided to try to wrap this one up as tidily as possible.

GM to MAZZMATIC: And as for the Lady Daf ...

MA to ENGLAND: Mazzmatic? How many batteries does that take?

TORCH OF BLEEDIN' CUPID to DAF: 'Allo luv! Would yer like to be our "page three girl"?

GM to BLEEDER: If she's still sporting those FA Cups, you better make room on pages 4 and 5, too.

ENGLAND to GM: Daf's cups are FA? You mean they're getting smaller?

GM to ENGLAND: Are you kidding? FAs, Double Ds, who cares? Her attributes by any other name would still make your face split in half from smiling.

ON DAF'S "DOUBLE D" – Could P. G. Wodehouse have been meaning Daf when he said "She looked as if she had been poured into her clothes and had forgotten to say "when".

RED DUCHESS to GM: Actually, with FA cups, the object of the game is unique penetration – not necessarily splitting.

ENGLAND to DAF: You've really set my luhstibles to jiggilatin'. Just got my Viagra shipment today, so why not you come out to the home, I'll put my teeth in, put on my formal colostomy bag, set the pacemaker to overdrive, and we'll go out and cut a rug! 23 Skidoo!

GM to MAZZMATIC: Turn that thing off! She said "splitting", not "spitting." (That's comes later. Yes, I know what I'm talking about.) And drop the colostomy bag thing ... I'm no school yard kid, but that's just disgusting.

RED DUCHESS to MAZZMATIC: I can vouch for it – the GM is no boy. Of course, there's that cute little sailor outfit he sometimes wears. But that doesn't mean he isn't all man!

SOCRATES to GM: You been cross-dressing with my wardrobe again, pal?

GM to GAME: Excuse me, could we get back to the game? Sheesh, you people have been fixated ever since the "splitting the 70 virgins" press item came up two issues ago and I for one am sick of ...

RED DUCHESS to GM: Wow! 70 virgins?! To split between them? England and Turkey? Let me know when this event occurs – I need to tell my broker to double my Viagra stock!

GM to RD: Okay, you call your broker, I'll call the paramedics ...

GM to GAME: If you can't beat 'em ...

ON TURKEY'S PLAY IN THIS GAME- Could Winston Churchill have been meaning Jim when he said "His insatiable lust for power is only equaled by his incurable impotence in exercising it."

SOCRATES to BOOB: Would Viagra help "stiffen your resistance," pal?

GM to OTPITG: Won't speak to his play, but it would sure explain his press. He just can't get it up. The silent types are often the worst.

PRESS JUDGE to TURKEY: You were completely silent last time. Keep it up!

GM to PRESS JUDGE: And that silence, in its own way, speaks volumes, eh? Hey, if he could keep it up, he wouldn't be silent. Nice of you to drop by again, Judge.

ENGLAND to GM: Now see what you done, you hurt poor Jim Boob's feelings with your insults and look, no press last season. And you've driven the Press Judge away as well. Anyone who created Admiral Beppi has no place criticizing another's press. Can't we all just get along?

GM to BOOB: Great, now you've got Rodney King of England Dangerfield doing stand-up apologetics for you.

GM to ENGLAND: I deny any knowledge whatsoever of any such naval officer as "Admiral Beppi". If you produce evidence to the contrary, I'll ... I'll just claim it was faked. (It's not like that's never been done ...) Oh, and the Press Judge is just fine, thank you.

GM to RED DUCHESS: Don't go near the "faked" line – you've never faked a thing in your life.

PRESS JUDGE to THE BOOB: I love you, I adore you, I want to spend every waking moment ... oh, wait. The all-caps style misled me. I thought you were the boob; you're actually the Boob. Ewwwww ...

GM to PRESS JUDGE: Oh, blarf! As if you didn't know ... that's disgusting.

PRESS JUDGE to GM: Yeah, right, like you've never written disgusting press.

GM to PRESS JUDGE: No fair reading ahead.

PRESS JUDGE to GM: Damn. I just had to jinx it, didn't I?

GM to PRESS JUDGE: Naw, it was pretty freakin' jinxed even before you showed up.

ENGLAND to GM: Admiral Beppi, as I recall, was the fictional creation of one Don Williams. He appeared in a game that you and I played in (or perhaps I GM'd, you know how old people's memories are).

DUCHESS to ENGLAND: Naval officer? I could do that! Just drop the top of your trousers just a little more ... oooh ahhh, you're an outie!!!

SOCRATES to MA: Hey, toots, hate to break it to ya but that's not an outie, that's his "Mazzmatic". And that's with the Viagra at full strength. You wanna go down with the ship, stay there. But you want experience a real duck, er, dick, er deckhand, you gotta play "Find the Feather" with yer ol' pal Soc!

MA to SOC: Hold onto your pinfeathers, ducky mine. I'm going for down!

ENGLAND to DAF: What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

GM to ENGLAND: Oh, please! Isn't it obvious?

SOCRATES to MA: Sock it to me, MA ... MA ... MA ... o per la MA-donna!!!!

GM to GAME: Words can not express how off-track – not to mention off-color – this whole thing has become.

ON OUR GM'S EXPRESSIVENESS – Could E. B. White have been meaning Don when he said "His words leap across rivers and mountains, but his thoughts are still only six inches long."

GM to OUGE: Okay, you got me! Not Golden Press quality, mind you, but a good one.

MA to ENGLAND: Golden press? Let's see, it also helps if it goes on and on with no end in sight and references obscure musical groups and less-than-obscure literary works.

GM to MA: You been reading ahead, too?

SOCRATES to MA, ENGLAND & GM: Hey, pals, can I have an opinion on this? I think golden press and golden showers have a couple things in common ... 1) It's an acquired taste that not everybody likes, 2) Both are guilty pleasures that leave ya feelin' a little degraded, and 3) self-respectin' people don't indulge at all.

GM ASIDE PRESS JUDGE: That's my contribution to disgusting this time.

NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES – [Naples] ... Cervello di gallina ... When in Rome ... Addio a Monaco? ... One who forgets nothing and learns nothing? ... Olanda! ... Galatians 1:21 ... Addio a Bulgaria? ... Open Sesame? ... L'asino d'oro ... Mona Lisa o mano lesta? ... 1 Nephi 17:43 ... An offer that could not be refused ...

GM to ROME: The crack about Mona Lisa's pretty rude. Is this how you choose to use Italian organs of the state?

DUCHESS to ROME: I once went out sampling various organs. It was sort of like a wine tasting – swirl it around in your mouth then spit!

GM to DUCHESS: Not exactly what I was talking about, but topical all the same.

TORCH OF BLEEDIN' CUPID to NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES: Let's see, Exodus 2:14 – "The man said, 'Who made you ruler and judge over us?'" Is that addressed to me or to yourself? See? I bet you thought nobody looked this stuff up! "Behold Behemoth" – wot? is Olsen coming back? Valkyries are loose – Daf was always free! Ecclesiastes 3:3 "A time to kill and a time to heal" – maybe, but I never liked the Birds myself. Ether 12:40 – "Yea, even as thy wit and charm fail to get a woman to share thy bed, yea even so doth chloroform make her swoon for thee." Right on, bro!

PRESS JUDGE to NAPLES: Citing the book of "Ether" is only going to put us all to sleep.

GM to PRESS JUDGE & TORCH: So, you got the reference to chloroform, too, huh? (Just goes to show what a gifted group we have here – two of you got mileage out of a typo.)

THEM NUA, THEM NUA! NHANH LEN, NHANH LEN! A, DA QUA, DA QUA!!

GM to RUSSIA: I think it's for you. Care to translate? As a novice, you may not know we kind of expect that.

ON RUSSIA'S NOVICE STATUS – BTO, speaking of Bio Thermonuclear Ordinance, could this anonymous person have been meaning Corky when he said "He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear; but then again he doesn't know the meaning of most words."

GM to ORNS: In either language, apparently. Look, here's more.

REZ-ZAM & MIJ-BOB DEN TU HOA-KY. QUA LON! QUA DAI! QUA CHAT! TOI BI DAU DAU! ONG CO THE DUA TOI DEN THO-NHI-KY DUOC KHONG?

ENGLAND to GM: You're opening up a new game of No Press Gunboat Diplomacy? I thought that's what Iliad was.

GM to MAZZER: Yeah, well, call this one truth in advertising. Only player that wanted Iliad to keep going was Corky.

DUCHESS to TSAR: I wouldn't laugh if I were you, Sweet Teeth – you haven't been a barrel of monkeys here either!

RECENT TORCH OF BLEEDIN' CUPID 'EADLINES: "Eyeties Go Bonkers in Balkans." ... "Pope 'As a Knees Up at 'Ofbrau 'Ouse." ... "Typesetters Strike for Overtime Wages for Dropping Hatches."

[ROME] – Last Winter's indictments against three European leaders charging them with "Crimes Against Humanity," AKA "Crimes Against Italy's Place In The Sun" have been modified and, in one case, suspended.

All charges against the English King have been dropped and Lord Mazzer is in the process of becoming an Italian ally following a groveling act the likes of which Italy has never seen in her long history.

The Austrian Emperor Andrew went into hiding and will be tried in absentia. Should his heir-apparent, Steven, become the new Austrian Emperor, all Italian war measures against Austria will be reviewed. The new ruler would seem to be "a voice of sanity and reason" who, as "a precocious pre-teen adolescent" learned "in the shadow of the burgeoning legend that would become Don 'The Duck' Williams, the fine art of toadying." Never forget those words "young padawan apprentice."

Even now, a full-scale Italian Armada has been dispatched to the East, ably assisted by Russian and Austrian units, in order to bring the Turkish Sultan to trial and justice for his many crimes. In a futile effort to divert the powerful military forces assembling against him, the Sultan even stopped issuing his insane press releases. Noting this, the Italian Foreign Minister stated: "It is not enough that the Sultan ceases writing the press he does. He must be rehabilitated! We will haul the Sultan to Rome in golden chains and forcibly enroll him in a press writing school! This Sultan could relapse at any time and threaten all of Europe with endless ennui!"

LAW WEST OF THE HOBBY to ITALY: You're far more "cockabullum" than "cockalorum." Actions speak louder than words they say, so I guess you are the exception that proves the rule.

ROME to VIENNA: Remember, what's yours is mine and what's ... I forget how the rest of that saying goes ...

SOCRATES to COCKALOROMAN: And you call yourself a Diplomacy player, pal!

GM to VIENNA: Hmm, that nails it – if you can't finish that phrase in your sleep, I KNOW you'll never be married.

MA to AUSTRIA: What – no press from you?? If memory serves, you can cut a pretty good press rug. What do we have to do to get you into this mess we call Odyssey press?

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Unnecessary stabs are stupid. You could have attacked me when I entered this game, without making me look foolish. I expected it, and you knew that you were going to attack me (probably down to the exact season) but you chose a charade instead. You could have accomplished the same thing in 1903 without wasting my time, and you wouldn't have announced to everyone watching that you can't be trusted. It was slick, Gary, but for what? No, wait. Don't answer that! No more fairy tales (like the English/Italian war, which is going to *start any second now*), please. I haven't answered your latest letters because I haven't opened them.

GM to MA: I think you just got it, Sweetie.

ENGLAND to SPAIN: Today, the Prime Minister announced that the redeployment of the British fleet from Spain to Portugal, in order to teach Luis Figo how to play Football, is nearly complete. The PM – who is fluent in Castilian Spanish – sent a communiqué to the King of Spain in which he said: "Ay, cabron! I got to split, Jesse¹, but I left that pinche dago puto in charge, so don't be no pendejo and give him chit, Jesse, or he'll cut off your cojones and feed them to the chickens, Jesse. I'll be back for you later, carnal. Peace, out."

ON ENGLAND'S STRATEGIC INTELLIGENCE – Could Jed Clampett have been meaning Mike when he said "If brains was lard, he couldn't grease a pan."

ON GERMANY'S GAME POSITION- Could P. G. Wodehouse have been meaning Jim when he said "If not actually disgruntled, he was far from being grunted."

DUCHESS to KAISER: And you! We've had some rip-roaring e-mail discussions, of which you have been sent every word, and I've yet to hear a peep out of you. So, what gives? Don't tell me we are too low brow for you! This from a man who mentions oral sex and knee pads in the same sentence. Get with the program – no one has to work THAT hard!

[NAPLES] – After his recent encounter with the Turkish Sultan last Winter, the Mail Marshal has been seen aimlessly wandering over Europe muttering the following over and over again ... "Look, you got a first baseman? ... Certainly ... Who's playing first? ... That's right ... When you pay off the first baseman every month, who gets the money? ... Every dollar of it ... All I'm trying to find out is the fellow's name on first base ... Who.....The guy that gets ... That's it ... Who gets the money ... He does, every dollar of it. Sometimes his wife comes down and collects it ... Who's wife? ... Yes."

Showing that he is still a factor to be reckoned with, the Mail Marshal recently censored emails sent to the Red Duchess which contained the words "old fart" and "friggin".

ENGLAND to GM: So are we going to see any of the "unofficial press" that occasionally broke out on the e mail waves in print? Are we going to cause GWAVA and Net Nanny to choke?

GM to ENGLAND: Maybe they need to borrow O'K's kneepads?

DUCHESS to DOGE: Why can't these guys all be like you? You're fun, you write back to keep an e-mail exchange flowing and you have such a wonderful flair with words. And, honey, the shoes around this game could sure use the upgrade!

¹ Pronounced "Essay". It's a nickname for "Jesus". The Admiral is showing off his command of gutter Spanish learned in the back streets of Tijuana. Or maybe it is Castilian. Hard to say.

DUCHESS to ENGLAND: Now this is a man who knows how to e-mail. I've blown through two keyboards drooling over his conversational tidbits!

[ROME] -- Another season in Odyssey, another apology. Oh no, not about the moves -- the apologies this time go especially to Tennessee "I'm Not Don" Williams, Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor and the wonderfully campy movie, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" (if you rent it at a video store, you'll understand this parody much better) as this game heads South in more ways than one ... because this is ...

"BOOB ON A HOT TIN ROOF"

-- Memphis Gary

PROLOGUE: A muggy, sultry, sky-high humidity/wrapped-up-in-a-smothering-blanket Southern summer afternoon. No breeze in the air. No air conditioner. If you think it's been hot where you live, it's hotter here, on the "Odyssey" Plantation in Mississippi about 50 miles outside of Memphis where Jimmie Fancy "the Boob" Burgess is trying to rouse her husband, Jimmy Frodo O'Kelley, into getting ready for the family reunion that's about to take place in their spacious upper floor living quarters.

Jimmie Fancy Burgess is keeping cool by wearing a tight white silk slip (a la Elizabeth Taylor in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof"), which emphasize her full C cup figure, topped off by spiked black heels and black beard. Yes, Jimmie Fancy could pass for the bearded lady in a circus who sells Pronto Pups (all right "corn dogs") on the side. Jimmie Fancy sweeps in from the veranda ...

Jimmie Fancy: Jimmy Frodo, honey, ain't you going to get ready? They'll all be heah soon to watch "Big Brother 3" and we don't have many moah chances to achieve our goals heah at Odyssey. Come on, Sugah, throw that crutch away and try to be nice to Big Daddy, Big Momma, yore brothah Mikey Bubba Cupid -- you two used to be so close -- and his wife, Garie Velma.

Jimmy Frodo: She pronounces it "Gay-ree", why you keep sayin' "Gair-e"?

Corky Ray "Russia" Clark: 'Cause Aunt Jimmie Fancy is mean! I'm gonna tell ever'body what you up to!

Jimmie Fancy: Get out of here you little no-neck monster! (Corky Ray scurries out). There's spies everywhere heah at Odyssey! Corky Ray may be your deceased brother Bobby Vlad's, heir but he has gotten on my last nerve.

Jimmy Frodo: Now, now Jimmie Fancy, don't fret so. Corky Ray is just high-strung and Big Daddy's partial to him so I'd try to be nicer to him if I were you. I've think I played too much "Goofy Golf" with Corky Ray over at the Corondolet store and he's become a little unsettled. Now, what was you sayin' about Garie Velma?

Jimmie Fancy: Garie Velma's always putting on airs. She's not French, even if she does have all of France. Why, that brother of yours, Mikey Bubba Cupid, even let her keep Paris as part of some separation agreement. And she's pregnant again. Says she's gonna give birth in Venice. She thinks she's come a long way since she was the Cotton Carnival Queen up in Memphis and them drunks spat that tobacco in her big cotton candy hair!

Jimmy Frodo: Damn, that's eleven bambinos running around now ain't it? And Mikey Bubba Cupid's got eleven of his own. Maybe them two do belong together. Thinks there's any chance of them reconciling? Big Daddy'll just give Odyssey over to those two flat out in that case.

Jimmie Fancy: And that's what we aim to stop, dahling, you and me. I, Jimmie Fancy the Boob am alive! The Boob is alive! I might not be more than poor white trash, but Fancy is my name! And I am not about to go back to Rhode Island a penniless pauper. And please get your nose out of that "Lord of the Rings" book. Maybe if you had read it less and paid more attention to what's going on at Odyssey, we wouldn't be in this fix. Nobody so poor that they can't paid attention, honey.

Jimmy Frodo: Get off my back! Maybe if yew hadn't told people about my Livonia convoy or had warned me about my two brothers, Garie Velma and Flash Fassio jumping me that time, I wouldn't need this crutch.

Jimmie Fancy: I swear baby, I didn't know they all was going to pounce on you at once or I would've said something. But that's been three years ago now and.. (There's a knocking on the door). Just a minute, I'll be right there. Now, Jimmy Frodo, they're heah so let's work together to stop Mikey Bubba Cupid and Garie Velma's machinations!

Jimmie Fancy opens the door. Standing before her is Odyssey's Patriarch, Big Daddy "Don" Williams and Odyssey's Matriarch Big Momma "Daf" Langley. Peeking out from behind them is Corky Ray ...)

Jimmie Fancy: Big Daddy! Big Momma! How grand it is to see you, y'all do come in. Would y'all care for some sassafras iced tea? And Corky Ray, you come over here and give your Aunt Jimmie Fancy a big ol' Russian bearhug! I got some M&Ms just for you over there on my portmanteau in the vestibule!

Big Momma Daf: Sounds kinky -- I'm in! Uh, I mean, I seem to have forgotten myself for a moment. Jimmie Fancy, Corky Ray here says you've been tormenting him again. Says his aunt Garie Velma, on the other hand, treats him nice and gives him good lines to say in these movie parodies. Say some of them lines, boy. Do Big Momma proud.

Corky Ray: "BTO" stands for Bio Thermonuclear Ordinance.

Big Daddy Don: Corky Ray! Boy, you made that up your own self, not Garie Velma. Mendacity, lies and liars! I love it. Damn, Jimmie Fancy, your beard is as thick as mine and almost as gray. Any Pronto Pups to go with this sassafras iced tea? No? Corky Ray, go downstairs and get Big Daddy a co-cola and a moonpie.

Jimmie Fancy: Corky Ray, honey, be sure and watch those stairs on your way down. They can be so treacherous. (Corky Ray leaves the room). Big Momma, Big Daddy, I love Corky Ray. You know I was going to take him to Ankara last fall and he didn't show up!

Big Daddy Don: Jimmy Frodo, son, come over here and cut my hair for me. Ankara? You mean Arkabutla, don't you? Is that spot near Senatobia?

Jimmie Fancy: No sir, it's in Turkey. And if offering Corky Ray Ankara don't show love, I'd like to know what it does show.

Big Momma Daf: It shows stupidity. You're up to something Jimmie Fancy. What are you after? Nobody tries to give away a home supply center on a fall turn unless'n it's somebody else's.

Big Daddy Don: That's right! How can you two expect to turn Odyssey into a winner if'n you do crazy stunts like that? Jimmy Frodo, if you could play Dip like you can cut hair, you'd be another Robert E. Lee. I swear you do such a good job, I think you missed your calling. (Corky Ray returns with Big Daddy's refreshments). Thanks, Corky Ray.

Jimmie Fancy: I was trying to protect Corky Ray's rights at Odyssey, that's all and in my press releases..

Big Momma Daf: There is nothing more powerful than the odor of mendacity, except the stink of your so-called press releases! Where did you get that silk slip, Jimmie Fancy? You been shopping at Sears again with that Charlotte that's got that birth defect?

Jimmie Fancy: No ma'am, Big Momma, I got this slip at Dixiemart and Charlotte don't have no birth defect.

Big Daddy Don: Charlotte was born in the Nawth, wasn't she? That's a birth defect, haw haw! I love that Dixiemart commercial. Sing that song, Corky Ray, for Big Daddy!

Corky Ray: "Dixiemart and Corondolet, the stores of tomorrow are heah today!"

Big Momma Daf: That's so precious! Corky Ray, go get Big Momma her Jack Daniels medicine (Corky Ray leaves). Jimmie Fancy, I didn't want to say this in front of Corky Ray and I don't want to sound politically incorrect but you have been seen publicly consorting with ... uh ... Abyssinians.

Jimmie Fancy: Everyone of them was a Prince, Big Momma!

Big Momma Daf: But 262 Abyssinian Princes?! That's excessive, even by my standards. I have to admire your stamina, if nothing else.

Big Daddy Don: Stamina? Uh, uh, I think my GMing is acting up again. Maybe I need to go on another vacation to Santa Clarita. Or Asia Minor.

Jimmie Fancy: Yes? Oh you didn't mean me.

Jimmy Frodo: Oh, Big Daddy, you know we feel your pain. When your GMing acts up, we hurt just as much as you do! Even more!

END OF PART I – TO BE CONTINUED, NEXT TIME ... Will Big Daddy recover from his bout with GMing? Will Jimmie Fancy ever put a dress on over that slip? Does Big Momma like Dixiemart better than Sears? Is Corky Ray really a "no-neck monster"? Does Charlotte know she shares her birth defect with millions of other Americans and is not alone? Will Mikey Bubba Cupid and Garie Velma show up at this family reunion? Does any of them like Amy on "Big Brother 3"? TUNE IN NEXT SEASON AND SEE ...

ROME to GM & ODYSSEY: My press is a little shorter this time due to the fake Deny Everything and the energy I expended on it. (Translation: I'm sick of Diplomacy press for a few weeks!). More next time ...

ON THAT FAKE DENY EVERYTHING – Could Abraham Lincoln have been meaning Gary when he said "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met."

GM to OTFDE: Well that was certainly uncalled for! Hey, Grimme, you're definitely excused. Thanks for the huge – and always entertaining – effort. Got one more bit for us before you go?

ROME to GM: Jimmie Fancy ... una camionista? *//I don't know if he's a truck driver or not.//* Daphne ... una donna da froci! *//Woman I know, but "froci" is a new one.//* Mikey Bubba Cupid ... un wannabe ragazzo che marchetta ... *//But "male prostitute" is so much cruder than "gigolo". Kind of like kissing a pig ... the male chauvinist kind.//*

MA to GM: Kissing a pig? What kind of crack is that? But it sounded oh-so-good in Italian, so I forgive you!

ITALY to GM *//VIA ENGLAND//*: Gawwwwly! Ah shore do lahk speakin' Eye-talian. Bon-Journals, Cigar! Pasta fazool to y'all, too. Now Don, y'all gotta translate that Eye-talian for them ignorant Yankees who cain't talk so good.

CHARLES DODGSON to THE ITALIAN CHAP WITH THE SOUTHERN AMERICAN ACCENT: I say, I found your parody of my little opus quite amusing though I found the inclusion of Daf quite inappropriate. She is rather not my type, I prefer lasses to be under the age of 12.

ENGLAND to ALL: From now on, so's y'all will know which press is mine and which has been fabricated by some no 'count hornswoggler, the real Mazzer press will be the usual scintillating, witty, airy badinage. The faux-Mazzer press will have corn-pone southernisms in it like "y'all" and "hornswoggler." The Mazzer press that does not appear will be the press that Don is censoring.

GM to MAZZMATIC: There you go again. Look, I'm not saying that I believe in censoring press. I do say, though, that I understand the Mail Marshall's sensibilities better all the time.

ENGLAND to GM: Is my press getting "burgessian"? If so slap me.

GM to ENGLAND: Bend over, I got your slap right here on the end of my arm ...

ENGLAND to GM: In 2006 we take it all!

GM to ENGLAND: Think so? Well speed it up to, say, maybe 1912 or so, will ya? I don't want to be here until 3001.

ENGLAND to ITALY: Allineare no, conservo la mia scrittura del obscene per il giornale. Se non ha il significato, incolpano dei pesci de Babele.

GM to GAME; This is garbled, but says something about "alliance" or "alignment", then says he saving his obscene writings for the newspaper, then to blame the Babel Fish if it all doesn't make sense.

VOWEL INFO - Espana is a vowel and you already have Espana (Spain), Queen of Lettuces so let us alone

GM to GAME: Here's the time in every issue that I take a little mental vacation and start shoving together the various bits that don't seem to fit anywhere else. Any questions?

DUCHESS to GM: Who said you could go on vacation?

GM to GAME: Like that one, for starters.

DAF to GRIMME: Nice ta meetcha - Grendel, cute name. Wait a minute, are you the one that went to the witch's house and almost got cooked? You know, with your sister Hansel?

DAF to ROME: Actually, Butch, I was talking about a little incident in a Wichita airport when someone was trying to get you to read the word.

GM to GAME: And two more ... we're almost there.

ENGLAND to GM: Odd how the favored teams in the World Cup crashed (France, Argentina, Italy), soccer "minnows" did well (USA, S. Korea, Turkey) and two traditional finalists reached the finals with teams that were distinctly considered inferior to teams of past greatness (Brazil, Germany). Don't you all find that fascinating? Hello? Are you awake?

GM to ENGLAND: I am, but I have to be - I'm driving this rig. The rest are in the back, comatose from the read.

PRESS JUDGE to GM: But then, everyone's used to that in this game, aren't they?

SOCRATES to GM: He's got a point, Williams. The entertainment value of this issue of DE is dropping like Enron stock! If DE were a woman, right now she'd be as sexy as Minnie Pearl and as popular as Bella Abzug, pal.

PRESS JUDGE to SOCRATES: Ride on, Il Duce!

GM to GAME: Great effort everybody - see you all next time!

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