

Merelandra

number 41

April



From Norton Juster's The Phantom Tollbooth:

THE ROYAL BANQUET

"Right this way."

"Follow us."

"Come along."

"Step lively."

"Here we go," they shouted, hopping from the wagon and bounding up the broad marble stairway. Milo and Tock followed close behind. It was a strange-looking palace, and if he didn't know better he would have said it looked exactly like an enormous book, standing on end, with its front door in the lower part of the binding just where they usually place the publisher's name.

Once inside, they hurried down a long hallway, which glittered with crystal chandeliers and echoed with their footsteps. The walls and ceiling were covered with mirrors, whose reflections danced dizzily along with them, and the footmen bowed coldly.

"We must be terribly late," gasped the earl nervously as they reached the tall doors of the banquet hall.

It was a vast room, rull of people loudly talking and arguing. The long table was carefully set with gold plates and linen napkins. An attendant stood behind each chair, and at the center, raised slightly above the others, was a throne covered in crimson cloth. Directly behind, on the wall, was the royal coat of arms, flanked by the flags of Dictionopolis.

Milo noticed many of the people he had seen in the market place. The letter man was busy explaining to an interested group the history of the W, and off in a corner the Humbug and the Spelling Bee were arguing fiercely about nothing at all. Officer Shrift wandered through the crowd, suspiciously muttering, "Guilty, guilty, they're all guilty," and, on noticing Milo, brightened visibly and commented in passing, "Is it six million years already? My, how time flies."

Everyone seemed quite grumpy about having to wait for lunch, and they were all relieved to see the tardy guests arrive.

"Certainly glad you finally made it, old man," said the Humbug, cordially pumping Milo's hand. "As guest of honor you must choose the menu of course."

"Oh, my," he thought, not knowing what to say.

"Be quick about it," suggested the Spelling Bee. "I'm famished--f-a-m-i-s-h-e-d."

As Milo tried to think, there was an ear-shattering blast of trumpets, entirely off key, and a page announced to the startled guests:

"KING AZAZ THE UNABRIDGED."

The king strode through the door and over to the table and settled his great bulk onto the throne, calling irritably, "Places, everyone. Take your places."

He was the largest man Milo had ever seen, with a great stomach, large piercing eyes, a gray beard that reached to his waist, and a silver signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. He also wore a small crown and a robe with the letters of the alphabet beautifully embroidered all over it.

"What have we here?" he said, staring down at Tock and Milo as everyone else took his place.

"If you please," said Milo, "my name is Milo and this is Tock. Thank you very much for inviting us to your banquet, and I think your palace is beautiful."

"Exquisite," corrected the duke.

"Lovely," counseled the minister.

"Handsome," recommended the count.

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"Pretty," hinted the earl.

"Charming," submitted the undersecretary.

"SILENCE," suggested the king. "Now, young man, what can you do to entertain us? Sing songs? Tell stories? Compose sonnets? Juggle plates? Do tumbling tricks?"

"I can't do any of those things," admitted Milo.

"What an ordinary little boy," commented the king. "Why, my cabinet members can do all sorts of things. The duke here can make mountains out of molehills. The minister splits hairs. The count makes hay while the sun shines. The earl leaves no stone unturned. And the undersecretary," he finished ominously, "hangs by a thread. Can't you do anything at all?"

"I can count to a thousand," offered Milo.

"A-A-R-G-H, numbers! Never mention numbers here. Only use them when we absolutely have to," growled Azaz disgustedly. "Now, why don't you and Tock come up here and sit next to me, and we'll have some dinner?"

"Are you ready with the menu?" reminded the Humbug.

"Well," said Milo, remembering that his mother had always told him to eat lightly when he was a guest, "why don't we have a light meal?"

"A light meal it shall be," roared the bug, waving his arms.

The waiters rushed in carrying large serving platters and set them on the table in front of the king. When he lifted the covers, shafts of brilliant-colored light leaped from the plates and bounced around the ceiling, the walls, across the floors, and out the windows.

"Not a very substantial meal," said the Humbug, rubbing his eyes, "but quite an attractive one. Perhaps you can suggest something a little more filling."

The king clapped his hands, the platters were removed, and, without thinking, Milo quickly suggested, "Well, in that case, I think we ought to have a square meal of----"

"A square meal it is," shouted the Humbug again. The king clapped his hands once more and the waiters reappeared carrying plates heaped high with steaming squares of all sizes and colors.

"Ugh," said the Spelling Bee, tasting one, "these are awful."

No one else seemed to like them very much either, and the Humbug got one caught in his throat and almost choked.

"Time for speeches," announced the king as the plates were again removed and everyone looked glum. "You first," he commanded, pointing to Milo.

"Your Majesty, ladies and gentlemen," started Milo timidly, "I would like to take this opportunity to say that in all the -----"

"That's quite enough," snapped the king. "Mustn't talk all day."

"But I'd just begun," objected Milo.

"NEXT!" bellowed the king.

"Roast turkey, mashed potatoes, vanilla ice cream," recited the Humbug, bouncing up and down quickly.

"What a strange speech," thought Milo, for he'd heard many in the past and knew that they were supposed to be long and dull.

"Hamburgers, corn on the cob, chocolate pudding--p-u-d-d-i-n-g," said the Spelling Bee in his turn.

"Frankfurters, sour pickles, strawberry jam," shouted Officer Shrift from his chair. Since he was taller sitting than standing, he didn't bother to get up.

And so down the line it went, with each guest rising briefly, making a short speech, and then resuming his place. When everyone had finished, the king rose.

"Pate de foie gras, soupe a l'oignon, faisan sous cloche, salade endive, fromages et fruits et demi-tasse," he said carefully and clapped his hands again.

The waiters reappeared immediately, carrying heavy, hot trays, which they set on the table. Each one contained the exact words spoken by the various guests, and they all began eating immediately with great gusto.

"Dig in," said the king, poking Milo with his elbow and looking disapprovingly at his plate. "I can't say that I think much of your choice."

"I didn't know that I was going to have to eat my words," objected Milo.

"Of course, of course, everyone here does," the king grunted. "You should have made a tastier speech."

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Milo looked around at everyone busily stuffing himself and then back at his own unappetizing plate. It certainly didn't look worth eating, and he was so very hungry.

"Here, try some somersault," suggested the duke. "It improves the flavor."

"Have a rigamarole," offered the count, passing the breadbasket.

"Or a ragamuffin," seconded the minister.

"Perhaps you'd care for a synonym bun," suggested the duke.

"Why not wait for your just desserts?" mumbled the earl indistinctly, his mouth full of food.

Nothing would disgust me more, morally, than receiving an Oscar.

--Luis Buñuel

Vital Statistics

Welcome to the Evans Givan Congratulatory Issue of Perelandra (issue #41), an amateur monthly magazine of postal games, fantasy literature, and occasional malicious mischief. Pere costs 75 cents per issue (mischief extra) and is published and edited by Pete Gaughan at 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010 (817-633-3208).

We hereby officially welcome Glenn to the cover of Perelandra. The leprechaun finally has a name, thanks to Ed Henry, who wins a free issue. Tom Hise had suggested "Edmund" from the X-Men comic series, but I certainly wouldn't want anyone to think I'm encouraging Tom's comics addiction.

Game Openings

Remember, all game fees stated here include a subscription for the length of the game. Also, any person signed up in a sub-paid game may sign up for another at half price, and anybody eliminated early from a game may have a 50% refund.

Diplomacy (\$20): We now have six, five of them paid. John Crosby, Steve Langley, Hugh Christie, Rob Wittmond, and Will Woodard are set; Carleton Harris needs to send money. Again, this game could start any day, if a seventh shows up and Carleton pays. Also, if Rob, Carleton, and Will want to send preference lists they may--I don't have any on file for them.

Gunboat Diplomacy (\$20): Four people are now signed up, three paid and have pref lists in. I'd like to fill this game next. It will be run on two-week deadlines if the players don't mind. Also, this will be a no-press game.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings (\$20): Rob Wittmond is paid, and Mark Luedi has sent in a pref list. Needs a bunch--c'mon, folks, this is an excellent variant. The rules are available from me for a SASE.

Snowball Fighting (free): The Championship game starts this month, but there's another full game available--nobody signed up yet.

Ballpark (free): Guest GMed by Tom Hise; Jim Ferguson, Steve Knight, Joe Kott and Pete Gaughan are signed up. Two or three others have mentioned possibly playing, and Kathy Byrne thinks she can get some more from a plug in Kathy's Kornor.

* United (\$15): Yes, United. I am opening a highly restricted United league, not to start until August 1. The catch is: you have to apply for entry. Tell me, in 50 to 200 words, why your team should be allowed in. The top 6 or 8 (depending on the number of entries) will form the league. Your essay (don't send money yet) may describe your expertise in soccer, or list some of the outstanding players on your team, or be a completely fictional account of how you join the league. It's all up to you to convince me you deserve a spot.



As of April 1, 1986, I hereby resign my membership in the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League. The League has degenerated into a tool of bourgeois capitalistic dogs, who seek to limit the free expression of the People. I oppose any attempt by Greg Ellis to expand the League.

This page was brought to you by the quintessence Jazz edition of Benny Goodman.

Perelandra

ArlingCon 2

April 18 to 20

ArlingCon 2 will be held right here at Perelandra Central for your gaming enjoyment. Among the contests on the schedule are Dip, Titan, more Dip, Illuminati, more Titan, Snowball Fighting, more Dip, Monopoly, even more Titan, Squad Leader, (you get the idea), Gettysburg, and whatever else the visitors bring.

We now have firm commitments from the following postal gamers:

Greg Ellis
Polly Ellis
J.R. Baker

Conrad Minshall
Mark Frueh
David Baker

Charles Hallmark
Byron Vorenski

and a possible appearance of John Michalski; with the addition of about ten or twelve local and face-to-face players we're looking at nearly 20 attendees!

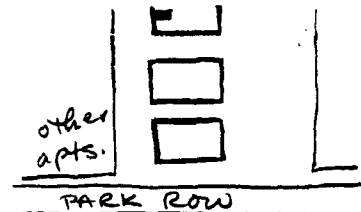
There are only two things missing: a few more spouses and girlfriends (they'll have some time together to complain about the games); and some details on arrangements. I'm hoping to supply liquid refreshment for the entire weekend (although that will be predominantly soda--beeroholics will need to help out). You arrange your own meals; only thing really close is a Sonic but we also have Jack-in-the-Box, Grandy's and a cafeteria within a short drive (besides more expensive places like Bennigan's). Most of the Six Flags/Arlington Stadium area is tuned to big spenders.

If you need motel info just ask; I can probably just fit in the people you see listed above so we will have to start farming some out to other gamers' homes. I will be checking, in the next day or so, to see whether we can get the use of a vacant apartment for the weekend, just for sleep space.

At any rate--whether you're coming or not, whether you need a place to stay or not--CALL US! We need to know who's going to be here and who's not so we don't expect you when you can't make it. If you're local to Dallas/Fort Worth, call to get times--and give me your phone number so we can get you into a game, instead of having you show up ten minutes after it starts! We especially want to hear from John Crow, Will Woodard, Mike Colandro, and Guy Hail, who will be moving back into Texas right around the time of the con.

Okay folks, that's 3121 East Park Row #165, phone 817-633-3208. From Dallas or Fort Worth, take either I-30 or I-20 to Texas 360. From I-30, go south on 360 to the Park Row exit, then turn left under the freeway. From I-20, go north on 360 and get off at the Arkansas/Pioneer/Park Row exit; from I-20 you'll need to stay on the access road through two lights before you get to Park Row and turn right away from the freeway.

So now you're headed east on Park Row, past Sonic, 7-Eleven, and some apartments. After Susan Dr. (the first light) and some more apartments, you'll come to Arlington Park Apts. on the left. Turn left into the complex, and drive past two blocks of buildings. #165 is on the ground level, facing an interior courtyard and laundromat. Most likely Pete will be picking up Mark Frueh at the airport, and Tom will be at work, so you will be met at the door by the one and only Cathy Sexton. You lucky dog.



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Next to Genius, nothing is more clear-sighted than hatred.

---Claude Bernard, Pensees

Literary Quiz

Last month's HARD: Which author created the self-centered Leonora Eyre, the elegant Wilmet Forsyth, the delightful Mildred Lathbury and the intellectual Emma Howick; worked as an editor at the Int'l African Institute; then retired to an Oxfordshire cottage? Well, the only guess came from Jim Ferguson: "It must be the author whose work provided the basis for the movie 'Out of Africa', but I can't remember her name or any of her work. Some answer, huh?" It was a very good guess, but no, it's not Isak Dinesen (pen name of Baroness von Blixen). She was Barbara Pym, who wrote (in order of the heroines above) The Sweet Dove Died, A Glass of Blessings, Excellent Women, and A Few Green Leaves.

Last month's EASY: An American journalist and writer known for his ambitious portraits of sometimes entire continents was moved, mid-career, to turn away from public subjects to write about his son's tragic death, from a brain tumor. Name the author and the title of his book, which was taken from a sonnet written by Donne. Jim again: "By your description, this must be James Michener. However, I have discovered that I own no book by him--I guess I borrowed the titles I have read. So, going to my Donne sonnets, I draw one at random (more or less) and come up with a guess: 'Death, be not proud' (Holy Sonnet #10)."

Greg Ellis came up with the same title, but no author. Sorry, it's not Michener--it's John Gunther--but you both did well to catch the title. Both questions were a bit of misdirection, and Jim went with the tendency both times.

Thus the standings remain unchanged: Ellis 4, Ferguson & Burgess 3, Kazur 2 and Lew 1.

HARD (2 pts): Name at least 2 of the 6 characters who committed suicide in the following works: The Sound and the Fury, Death of a Salesman, Nicholas Nickleby, Jude the Obscure, Sister Carrie, and The Brothers Karamazov.

EASY (1 pt and you better all get it): "Beware the Ides of March," cries a soothsayer to a Roman general in a famous play. To whom was the warning given, in what play, and what are the ides of March?

Literary Calendar

1 April 1924: Adolf Hitler is imprisoned for his involvement with the Beer-Hall Putsch, and begins to dictate Mein Kampf to Rudolf Hess. Its original title--Four-and-a-Half Years of Struggle Against Lies, Stupidity, and Cowardice: Settling Accounts with the Destroyers of the National Socialist Movement--leads on way to comment: "Everyone needs an editor." April 3, 1920: F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda Sayre are married at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Honeymooning at the Biltmore Hotel, they behave so boisterously the management asks them to leave. 6 April 1327: Petrarch (Francesco Petrarca), 22, sees a beautiful married woman in the Church of Santa Clara, Avignon. He will write 366 poems to her throughout his life, addressing her always as "Laura", never revealing her true identity.

12 April 1827: Johanna Spyri, Swiss writer, is born in Hirzel, Canton Zurich. Many of her children's books have been gathered, in English translation, into a single work: Heidi. 16 April 1746: The defeat of the Roman Catholic pretender to the British throne, Prince Charles Edward ("Bonnie Prince Charlie"), also ends publication of Henry Fielding's anti-papist weekly The True Patriot. 23 April: William Shakespeare is thought to have been born on this day (in 1564) in Stratford upon Avon, where he dies, on his 52nd birthday, in 1616. A curious will awards his "2nd best bed with the furniture" to his wife, Anne Hathaway.

25 April 1898: Convicted of embezzling funds from the First National Bank of Austin, Texas, William S. Porter enters the Ohio penitentiary where he begins to write short stories under a name borrowed from a guard--O. Henry. 30 April 1844: During a fishing trip near Concord, Henry David Thoreau accidentally sets fire to the wood, burning 300 acres and causing \$2,000 in damages.

You want to hate somebody if you can, just to keep your powers of discrimination bright, and to save yourself from becoming a mere mush of good-nature.

--Charles Dudley Warner, Backlog Studies

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Snowball Fighting

The game name is Cimmeria, ASF4 (meaning the fourth American Snow Fight), and the winner will be crowned American Champion. But we begin with some very bad news.

Daf Langley is in a hospital in Albuquerque, NM, with a brain tumor just behind her nasal cavity. Surgery on 24 March removed about half of the large tumor, but she is still going to need extensive treatment. Steve arrived in New Mexico (where Daf was visiting relatives) on the day of the surgery; because of spring break, he could not even get a standby flight the two days before.

That sums up a very complex and upsetting situation, but if you want to know more, Don Williams, Kathy Byrne and I are trying to stay in touch with Steve and Daf through her relatives. In the meantime, I will start this game but will postpone it if Daf is simply unable to participate.

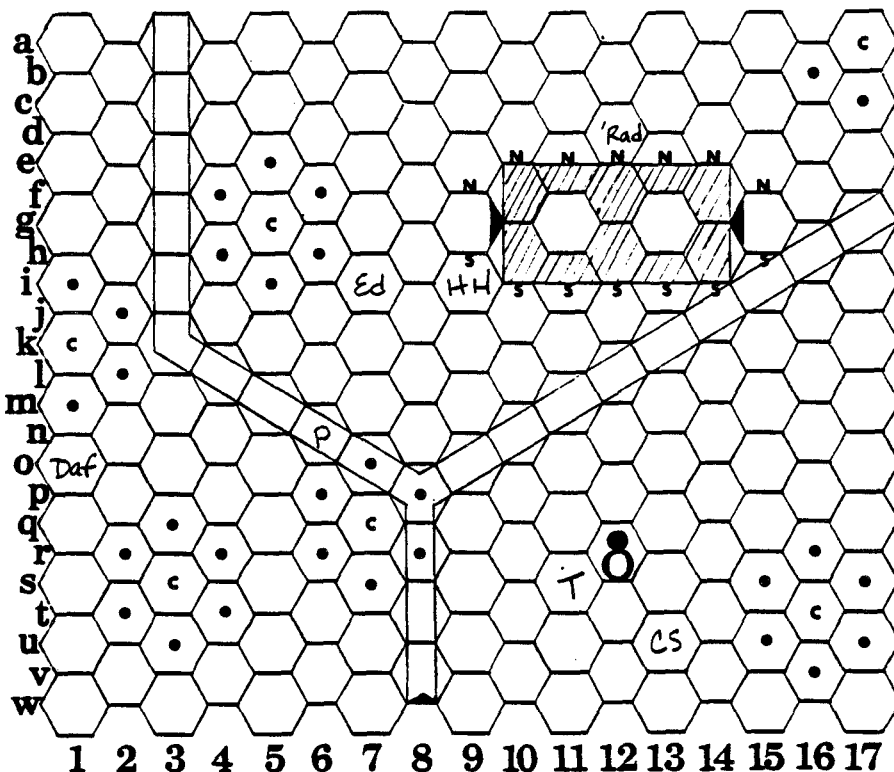
I did not hear from everybody, so some of you will play under your real names until you send a nom de guerre. Jim-Bob Burgess will stick with his winning label, Coke Sniffer ("Hey, gimme some snow, man!"), and Greg Ellis checks back in as Houston Halfling (he's from Houston though he now lives in Austin): "3 inches tall, very fast with missile weapons, and hard to hit...add 3 inches of Texas swagger and that's me!"

My roommate, Tom Hise, has chosen Timmy the Snowflake; thus, "Timmy is a nine-year-old boy who is constantly being picked on. They continuously call him a flake, so one day his mother told him he could be any kind of flake he wanted to be. Timmy thought long and hard, and decided that instead of a cornflake, soap flake or wood flake, he wanted to be a snowflake. So now Timmy calls himself a snowflake, but all in all Timmy is still a flake."

And from J.R. Baker: "Polaris [po lar' is] n. The North Star; the outermost star in the handle of the Little Dipper. --I enjoy ASF; it's just plain fun. I haven't tried to ally, or lie or cheat. I just toss the snow and a little B.S. to amuse myself and if you all get a chuckle from my antics or misfortune that's fine too! But if you toss some my way you'll best be fleet o' foot 'cause sure as shootin' you're gonna get yours with interest!"

So the starting lineup looks like this:

player	character (abbrev.)	location	address
Jim Burgess	Coke Sniffer (CS)	U13	100 Holden St, Providence RI 02908
Daf Langley	-----(Daf)	O1	c/o Pete
Ed Henry	-----(Ed)	I7	31507 106th Pl SE #S207, Auburn WA 98002
Greg Ellis	H. Halfling (HH)	I9	700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701
J.R. Baker	Polaris (P)	N6	3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539
Conrad Minshall	-----('Rad)	D12	3702 Tarragona Ln, Austin TX 78727
Tom Hise	Timmy (T)	S11	3121 E Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010



A couple of notes that I missed...Tom also guessed wrong on the HARD Lit Quiz this month (Stephen Crane, When the Sun Sets). And to the list of games which will be played at ArlingCon 2, Texas Trivia--J.R. says we will spend some time Yankee-bashing (over my dead Yankee body, Bob!).



Herelandra

1985CS Tanith

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES WITHIN OUR CONTROL...

The Spring 1902 turn has been delayed so that players can negotiate with the new Austrian. The board at right is accurate--deadline for Spring is 11pm, Saturday 26 April 1986.

Austria: Tom Johnson, 2 Chaucer Drive, Newark DE 19713.

England: Jim Ferguson, 112 Old English Dourt, Jupiter FL 33458

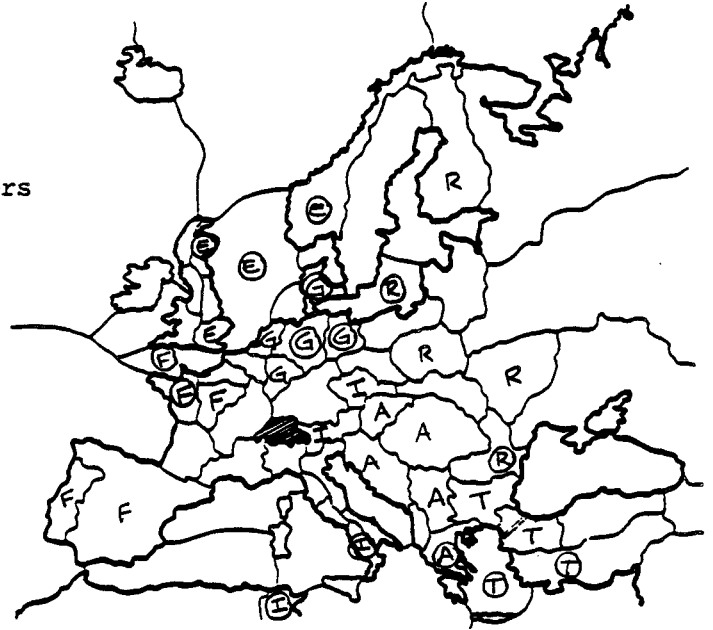
France: Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016

Germany: Mike Colandro, 1714 Brightside Lane #B, Baton Rouge LA 70810 (please make a note of this new address).

Italy: John Crosby, 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester PA 19382.

Russia: Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Court, Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606.

Turkey: Jim Diehl, 10530 West Riverview Drive, Eden Prairie MN 55344.



Now Hatred is by far the longest pleasure,
Men love in haste but they detest in leisure.

--Lord Byron, Don Juan

1983 G - Darkover

THE ENVELOPES PLEASE.

Just before last issue was mailed Guy Hail called to say that he could not accept the standby slot in Tanith. He did not resign from this game, so legally he receives a survival, despite his nmr. John Crosby doesn't get one, as E/F divide and conquer this turn. Which leaves us with Evans...

Summer 191 : Austria retreats f ven-adr,
a tri-alb; France retreats f ion-tun.

FALL 191

Austria (John Crosby): a alb-tri (f adr s).

England (Evans "Blade" Givan): f mid, f iri,
f eng, f pic, a bel, a bre all hold; f tyn s
Ff ion-tun (f wes s), a ruh-mun, a tri ms a
bud (a vie & a tyo s a tri)(a gal s a bud),
a ukr-rum (a sev s), a mos s a sev.

France (Greg Ellis): f spa/sc-wes, f lyo-tyn,
f tun-ion, a ven s Ea tri, a tus-rom,
f apu-nap.

Turkey (Guy Hail): nmr. f bla, a ser, a bul, f ion, f aeg, f eas, a gre hold; a rum ann.

FINAL SUPPLY CENTER CHART, WINTER 191

Austria	xxi xxi																					2/0
England	edi	lvp	lon	nwy	den	hol	swe	bel	kie	stp	ber	war	mos	bre	mun	vie	bud	TRI	RUM	SEV		17/20
France	par	mar	spa	por	tun	rom	nap	VEN														7/8
Turkey	con	ank	smy	ser	gre	xxi	bul	xxi														8/6



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To make your endgame statements a bit easier, I include the game chart this issue. Deadline for statements is 25 April 1986. There's a little press left...from me. "UTA to Blade: Well done, sir. Please do visit here again, soon."

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	
Aus	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	7	4	4	3	3	2	0	Blair Cusack (drop F09), John Crosby (out W14)
Eng	5	7	9	11	11	12	13	13	14	16	15	16	17	20	Evans Givan (wins)
Fra	5	6	7	9	9	9	9	10	10	8	8	7	7	8	Greg Ellis (survives)
Ger	4	3	1	1	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	James Makuc (out W05)
Ita	3	3	3	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mike Mazzer (out W04)
Rus	5	6	5	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rick Ragsdale (out W04)
Tur	5	3	3	6	6	5	4	4	6	6	8	8	8	6	Hector Roybal (drop Sp03), Mark Luedi (res F10), Guy Hail (survives)

A friend is someone who dislikes the same people you dislike. (Anonymous)

1983HC-Mimir

SCANDANAVIAN WALTZ

A major malfunction in the Perelandra Diplomacy Ajudication Program (PerDipAjuProg) last month sent several units reeling. The Russian unit in question is an army (retreating from Nwy to StP); F Swe sat tight. Both Germany and Russia sent orders which indicated that they were much more aware of reality than I.

Autumn 1910: Germany retreats a tri-alb;

Russia retreats a nwy-stp.

Winter 1910: Germany builds a ber.

SPRING 1911:

Austria (Ed Henry?): nmr. a rom & a nap h.

France (Tom Hise): f mar-lyo (f spa/sc s).

Germany (Greg Ellis): f nth-ska, a den-swe (f nwy s, f bal s)/f nwy r bar nwg nth otb/, f mid-wes, a mun-boh, a ber-sil (a pru s), a pie-tus, a vie-bud (a gal s), a tyo-tri (a ven s), a alb-ser.

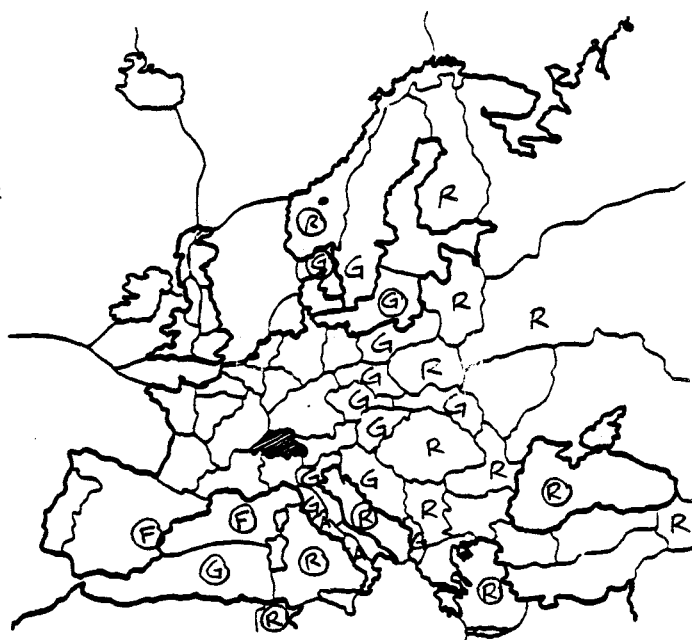
Russia (Pierre Touchette): f swe-nwy (a fin s), a stp-mow, a lvn s a war, a rum-gal (a war s, a bud s), a tri s a bud /ann/, a ser s a tri, f bla h, a smy-arm, f con-aeg, f ion-adr, f tyn s Aa rom-tus /nso/, f wes-tun.

France to World: The French economy finally turned around and showed a profit. Economists expect the end of the depression with the sudden influx of German money into the French economy.

Deadline for Summer retreat and Fall 1911 orders is 11pm Saturday, 26 April 1986.

There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn.

--Albert Camus



Well, the ConMobile has broken down, right on schedule. I hadn't had any trouble since Thanksgiving, and now the points and resister are shot. It should be out of the shop tomorrow, tho. Overall, I'm doing well (ask me about it if you want to see how someone can be happy and pessimistic simultaneously)--now if Daphne would get healthy, almost all would be well with the world. Credit Cathy if I seem more cheerful than usual; I'm not allowed to go around gloomy any more!

A chara, *Pete* Pete

The Last Word

How Mr. Rabbit Was Too Sharp for Mr. Fox, by Joel Chandler Harris (told by Uncle Remus)

W'en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar-Baby, he feel mighty good, en he roll on de groun' en laff. Bimeby he up'n say, sezee:

'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee; 'maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de een' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' 'roun' in dis neighborhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintance wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I'm gwine-ter bobbycue you dis day, sho,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble. 'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

'Hang me des ex high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fos,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

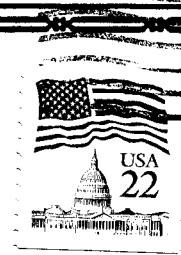
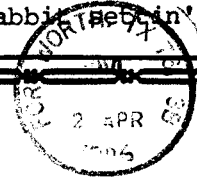
'Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Foz, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

Co'se Brer Fos wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ex he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwinter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit in' cross-legged on a log.

Herelandra

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We trade

Your sub ends with issue 44

'Bred an bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox--bred an bawn in a brier-patch!'

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