

spoken to, you dog!"

"Geez Phred, back off..." says the Egyptian guy, putting his palms up in the air with frustration "I did ask him something."

"Oh. Right. Sorry sir." The guard says as he steps back into line. "Just practicing."

The Egyptian shakes his head while looking down. Then he raises his head and looks at us. "Right then." He says with a renewed air of purpose. "My name is Pith Dribblelip and I'm here to beseech Lord Seth to help his faithful servant, me, take over this land and its peoples."

I mouth the name "Pith Dribblelip?" Stonewall grabs his abdomen, doubles up in silent laughter and falls off the chair. The IB never takes his eyes off of Pith Dribblelip. He takes another drag on the cigarette, this time longer than the first, and through a similar blue haze speaks. "Pith Libbledrip? Never heard of ya."

"NO!!! I said Pith Dribblelip!" The Egyptian shouts in a bellowing voice. "I am... The Queph Lord!" Stonewall lets out a howl of earsplitting laughter, crashing along The Barn floor, knocking over pedestal ashtrays, unlit ancient kerosene heaters and a table full of leftover tortilla chips.

I realize that I too am only a breath away from losing my control. I can't wait to hear what the IB is going to say next. Expectantly, I lean in close to the IB, hoping it is a good one. The IB leans back in his chair, flicks his ashes in the spot where the ashtray had been a moment before Stonewall sent it flying and says back to the Egyptian. "Dribblelips eh? Well, we got plenty of those around here. What makes you so special?"

The Egyptian erupts again. "I'll show you what makes me so special!" He raises his staff and suddenly beams of purple and green lights spew forth, surrounding the IB.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...

Citizen of the Month

This issue's Citizen of the Month is none other than Majik of the Mistyhighlands. Majik has been in Revelwood for some time now and is a regular at most events, parties, excursions, parties, meetings, parties and of course parties. Unfortunately, due to a misunderstanding with the local constabulary regarding the treatment of thieves, Majik is enjoying the attentions of our Kingdom's dungeoneers. This explains his inexplicable absence from the last two parties.

Majik is a poet, a storyteller and most of all, a magician (DUH). His legendary slight-of-hand tricks and his ability to befuddle the most observant audience earned him the title of The Iron Baron's Court Magician. That befuddle part comes in handy with the women too.



A lover of fine spirits, Majik is famous for volunteering to taste any and all libations, sometimes even before the owner gets a chance. Some claim this too is magic. I just think he's thirsty.