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Especially The Vicar and Mike. While setting levels on the computer Mike would hear The Vicar softly whispering into his microphone “I Love You Mike. I Want You. Now.” This of course unnerved Mike to no end as he was trying to get someone’s level adjusted. Mike would look up in astonishment scanning the room to try and catch the culprit. The Vicar, anticipating this would start talking at the nearest person, as if he had been engaged in a conversation all along. Made Mike nuts.



Another benefit of this enterprise was realized at the War. After three months of rehearsal and recording, The Hot Irish Sausage played like the professional musicians they are. The songs were tight, changes made on time and the vocals angelically harmonic (that of course diminished as the night wore on and the beer wore out).

All-in-all, it was an amazing accomplishment. And it is just the beginning.

[Tarani wrote the following story a couple of years ago at the onset of the winter hiking season. I immediately lost it. Then I denied I ever got it. Then I confirmed I had it but said I already printed it. Then I lost it again. Then I denied it again and finally came across it while planting some tulips. Here it is. Late, but not too late. My apologies to Tarani. And to Q whose life was made just a little more miserable by my aberrant filing system. ed.]

## Travel Guide

By Tarani

The first official woods walk of the New Year (1999) began as normal as things can be in Revelwood. Q, Tarani, Keira, The General, Lady Cheron, Tam, Bandit and The IB all bundled up for a trudge through the dusting of snow. Just after passing Old Man Oak, Bandit the faithful hound picked up a scent and took off. About the same time Cheron noticed strange tracks in the snow.

“What do you think they are?” She asked.

“Looks like a variation of the North American Squawking Velociraptor. Small by nature, but flightless. Pack hunters. Seems to be a dozen or so.” Q answered.

I looked at Cheron and said, “Bandit went after them.”

Just then we could hear The General calling to Bandit who was joyfully barking away from somewhere up ahead. Q took to the trail with Cheron close behind. It took me a bit longer because Keira decided stomping out all of the tracks would be wise so we wouldn’t be followed. But then she was stomping the raptor prints, not ours.

“There they go.” Tam’s voice rang through the trees. “A whole flock of them.”