

# REVELWOOD PEERS UNDER THE HOOD CONTINUED:

## Mims & Tom's Entry



The story that I am about to relate is of one particular trip to Ireland when a certain few in Revelwood that had come together to form a band, went on a trip to Ireland. While enjoying the local establishments along the way our illustrious and sometimes absolutely insane friends in this band decided to have a picnic.

They thought that lunch on a panoramic cliff overlooking the beauty and serenity that Ireland calls its own would be a wonderful memory and maybe even a good photo opportunity. But to get there they would have to travel along a path to the place where there was enough room to eat. No problem to these brave and daring souls. And so carrying their instruments they set off. Now if you will picture The Iron Baron of

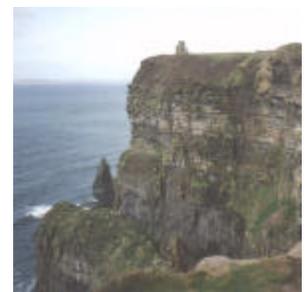


Revelwood, toting his own keyboard, actually traversing a twelve inch path that hugged the steep vertical wall that was this picturesque cliff. With no handholds, no rope tied to an eighteen inch spike hammered into this sheer rock face, our very own Iron Baron walked out to this flat spot to eat his lunch and maybe get a good picture of the band. There is one point that I have neglected to mention about this VERY SMALL twisting path.



In one spot you had to make a small leap to stay on this path, then continue on to the spot where they could luncheon on this cliff. It was about SEVEN HUNDRED FEET UP! These crazy people risked their very lives body and soul for the thrill of playing in the clouds.

As the story goes Q was there with the Iron Baron when an errant piece of plastic tried to blow off this seven hundred foot cliff, so Q goes grabbing for it chasing across this shale covered ledge so it doesn't blow away. I think that I myself would have let it fly!



To picture Q chasing a small bit of plastic with no thought to how VERY high up they were on this sheer wall of granite that had at the bottom sharp rocks jutting up, just waiting for the sacrifice of that American tourist is in itself comic and yet to picture any person that I know that high up running and grasping the air for a piece of cellophane is the most terrifying scene I could envision.