

*(Continued from page 1)*

Another wag of the happy tail to Goody and Mike the Mage for their direction of the preparations of the Revelwood Camp. The banners were well displayed for all the naked people to see. The entrance way was inviting and well lit. Most of us were well lit too but that wasn't their fault. Praise and thanks was also given for the transformation of Deryk's Home for Wayward Boys into the Party Tent. I have flashbacks of one late evening in there where almost all of Revelwood, a substantial number of Chalk Men (and women), Stonewall's Doppelganger and possibly a sheep or two partied until it all faded to black. It was so sweet being in that condition and not having to travel far to crawl back home.



It should go without saying that The Hot Irish Sausage greased up the Chalk Man with the usual benches set aside for the musicians. We were also proud to present a quarter-keg of the Vicar's Dark and Lovely Ale to the Chalk Man for distribution. It vanished in record time and was replaced by a new Chalk Man beverage Hennesy called "The Raspberry Something." It was, shall we say, rather sweet to the palette, like a cube of sugar soaked in maple syrup, or a liquid Twinkie. The IB

immediately went into insulin shock and Conner couldn't stop smacking his lips for almost an hour. But we drank it and were grateful.

Another moment of delight occurred after our visit to Vykland's encampment at the crest of the newly opened camping area. It was a very, very, very long climb up to the camp. But Revelwood is dedicated to visit certain camps and Vykland is one of them. When we arrived, although Gunnar was engaged in a medical emergency with one of his warriors (fortunately it turned out OK), we were made very welcome by fellow citizens Justine and Xu. We played and partied until we were able to recover the buzz that was lost on the journey in. Hence the name "Buzz Kill Hill."



However, so as not to lose the much desired state-of-mind, Van generously offered to transport Revelwood back in his van. That is when the fun began. All eighteen of us with instruments packed ourselves into the back of Van's van. Oh, did I mention there was a wheelchair also? After we packed ourselves so tight that The Vicar and Max are now engaged, someone said we had to get out. So we did. Then someone said we had to get back in for a picture. So we did. Then the camera didn't work. Then someone said that we would have to go through the Troll checkpoint and that they wouldn't allow this many people to go through because they would have to check for medallions. So we got out again. Then someone said we didn't have to go through the Troll check point so we got back in again. As you can imagine by the time we were done, those who weren't crippled decided to walk anyway.



*(Continued on page 5)*