

So Long and Thanks for All The Laughs

“Dancing Arthurs” debut at the RATEOTU Party



“Can you have too many Arthur Dents?” That cosmic question was finally answered with a resounding NO at the recent Restaurant At The End Of The Universe (RATEOTU) Party held at “Milliways, The Restaurant At The End Of The Universe” (Revelwood franchise).

This year’s event was special as it both celebrated and mourned the death of the author (not Arthur) that has had the single most influence on the development of Revelwood, Douglas Adams. Douglas explained in words what we have all instinctively felt for some time now. There is a plan for the Universe. But it is only on display in a locked file cabinet in a basement store room with the light out within an abandoned civil service office that has a sign on the door that says “Beware of the Leopard.” It is there. However, you’ll just never be able to find it.

The party was very well attended with a full spectrum of creatures one would expect to find at a seedy little dive. Above, you can see the infamous Dancing Arthurs as they boogie for the judges favor to the club version of “The Enchanter.” VK showed his legs. So he won.

(Continued on page 11)

“Lady... This is Q. If he wanted an elephant up here, it’d be shitting on your shoes right now!”

Heathcliff to a very bewildered hospital dietitian.

Publisher: RW Literary Guild
Editor: The General
Contributors: Cheron
Francisco
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Lady Rosalee

“Family is always embarrassing, especially the dead ones*”

By David K. Coleman a.k.a. Majik of the Misty Highlands "Vagabond Bard and Magician At Large"

My father is what I refer to as the "unofficial family historian." I like to think that he has been training me to take over in that capacity. He has told us kids about relatives that predate the revolution; the only thing we can't figure out is who was the first Coleman to come over from Ireland and/or Wales.

The story that has always intrigued me most is the one regarding my great-great grand father, Charles Riggs Coleman. His name survives in my cousin "Chuck" and my brother whose middle name *is also* Riggs.

This particular story takes place in the late 1700's and early to mid 1800's. At the time of Charles birth the Colemans were really quite well to do. They owned a lot of land in what is now West Virginia. They ran a plantation of some sort, most likely tobacco, and consequently owned a few slaves, which was common enough in those per-civil war days. But, little did the Coleman's know that was all about to change.

At that time the family had a lot of children running around the place. Mostly because they could afford them but more probably to help run the place. The number of offspring varies, depending on who's telling the story, but nine seems to be the general consensus, of which Charles was the youngest. Things were hectic in those days and with all those kids and a plantation to run Charles's mom and dad just hadn't gotten around to having him baptized until much later in life. In fact, Charles had started school without the benefit of a name; everyone just referred to him as "the boy".

One day "the boy" came home from school crying. No one was home at the time except for one of the "coloreds" who was allowed in the house. The story goes that he was in the kitchen at the time peeling potatoes. When he asked the boy why he was making a fuss he was told it was because all the other children at school were making fun of him on account of he didn't have a name yet. That black man stopped what he was doing, thought for only a second, and then said, "The next time anyone asks you what your name is you stand up tall and you stand up proud and you tell 'ern your name is "Charles" ", which of course was *his* name.

Charles and my great-great granddad became good friends over the next few years. The older of the two had no family of his own so he was more than happy to take the younger one fishing with him whenever the need arose. They spent hours on the banks of the Kanawha River together, fishing for catfish while Charles the slave told Charles the owner's son all kinds of stories. It was because of this friendship that my *great grand dad* would eventually become the black sheep of the family, at least in those days anyway.

The fact that Charles was friends with a "darky" was thought of as being kind of cute at the time. Everyone liked both Charles' very much. The older of the two played fiddle and would whittle little animal figures for the young-uns. The younger one was almost always in a jovial mood and tended to make friends easily wherever he went.

My great great grand father grew up opposing slavery because of this friendship. So, when *his* father died when he was nineteen, instead of helping to continue to run the plantation, he took *his* portion of the inheritance and brought himself a little parcel of land in Fayette County.

He opened a little blacksmith's shop just off the Gypsy Trail near a place called Gypsy Rock and got himself married to "Hattie".

This was a prime spot for a shop of this nature as the Gypsy Trail was a main thoroughfare for anyone headed south into Kentucky and beyond. The near-by rock of the same name was an outcropping big enough to get a half a dozen wagons under in times of bad weather and was therefore almost always occupied by one group of travelers or another. Consequently, Charles made a pretty decent living shoeing horses and repairing wagon wheels. He even bartered with the local Indians, trading iron arrowheads and knives for food.

The story goes that Hattie Riggs, as everybody called her, was quite happy as the wife of a blacksmith with one minor complaint. She didn't mind the occasional gypsy dropping by because they never stayed around long enough to become a nuisance. Besides which they tended to barter with some really nice willow branch chairs that she was kind of fond of. She didn't even mind the local "Injuns". She said they seemed clean enough and always paid their way one way or another. No, the problem she had was with this one white fella who used to drop by every six months or so. Charles would always let him sleep by the forge out in the shop on account of Hattie wouldn't let him into the house.

She was often quoted as saying he was one of the foulest human beings she'd ever come across. He chewed tobacco and would spit on anything that didn't move and even somethings that did. He tended to cuss a lot as well. She also didn't like the kind of influence he had on her otherwise tolerable husband. Whenever the two of them got together they would waste the day pitching horseshoes, sipping corn whiskey and telling lies. The reason Hattie wouldn't let him into the house was the fact that, according to her, "He smelled so bad that either he hadn't bathed in months or that coonskin cap of his hadn't been killed proper". That man's name was none other than Daniel Boone.

Anyway, in 1849, Charles and Hattie Riggs had a boy who they named George Sylvester Coleman. George learned a lot from the locals and all the passers-by. Most of this learning had to do with the art of folk medicine. He was so enamored by the topic that he even got himself some books on the subject. From his father he learned that no one human being was any better or worse than the other, no matter what color his skin was.

It wasn't until the civil war broke out that George was ostracized from all but the most immediate of the Coleman clan. That's because at the age of twelve George Sylvester Coleman joined the *Union* army as a drummer boy. He went to war never to see his family again.

His talents as a healer were recognized by an army surgeon, whose name has been lost over the years of the retelling of this tale. He took George off the battlefield and into the operating room.

After a few years in the war, and an honorable discharge, it only seemed right that George put all this knowledge to good use, so he became a doctor. The only problem was that he didn't feel the need to burden himself with a license to practice medicine.

Folks didn't seem to care too much in those days that he was a "jack-knife" doctor; after all, the hills were full of them. All they knew was that he knew how to pull teeth, set bones, birth babies, perform appendectomies, stitch up wounds and saw off offensive limbs. Because of the fact that he no longer had a home to speak of he would wander from one logging camp or coal mine to another prescribing homemade tonics, poultices and tinctures for whatever ailed you.

No, the thing that got everyone up in arms was the fact that he was getting married wherever and whenever the mood struck him. It didn't matter to George what race or color they were; he loved them all. I don't think he was ever legally married to a woman of color but I do know that there are an awful lot of black folks in them hills with the surname Coleman. That could well be a hold over from the slave days; we're not really clear on that point. I do know that there was at least one Native American girl because one of them begot my grandfather.

Anyway, more than one little hamlet in the hills found out about this kind of behavior. I know for a fact that he was tarred and feathered and ran out of town on more than one occasion. Here is how my father found out about one incident.

It seems my dad had made a date with a girl he knew in high school. In those days you didn't take a girl anywhere without meeting the father first. The father was an elderly fellow, closer to the age of a grandfather rather than a father, but that was common enough in that place and time. When my dad shook his hand and introduced himself as David L. Coleman the mans eyes narrowed. He said, "Coleman, Coleman, Coleman. You any relation to a George Sylvester Coleman?"

Now my father had heard a few stories about his granddad, having met him only once at the age of four, none of which were good. According to everyone in the family George Sylvester was an unruly boozing good for nothing vagabond who had left more children fatherless than the civil war. So, without thinking too hard my dad piped up and said, "No sir, I can't say as I've ever heard of a George *Sylvester Coleman*."

The man's voice rose as he said, "Well it's a good thing for you your not! That no good son-of-abitch! He had been married to my aunt in Boomer for a year before one fella from Shilow rode through and recognized him as his sister's husband. We held him down, had him branded and then ran him out of town on a rail." Needless to say my dad was glad to get out of that house with his skin on.

As for George Sylvester, everyone just assumed that he'd gotten himself killed in a gambling related incident or ran afoul of somebody's father, because nobody had seen him in decades. Then one year, it was in 1937, he showed up at my grandfathers house for Thanksgiving dinner. He was eighty-eight years old and not in the best of health. He told everyone that he was "still travelin' about the backwoods helping' folks get cured wherever he could." Everyone had a real nice supper and at the end of the evening George got into his old Ford pick-up and left.

That was the last time anyone in our family ever set eyes on him. We're not even sure if and where he got himself buried. Some folks in the Coleman clan say he probably got himself a jug of corn squeezin's, crawled up into the woods, set himself down under a tree and died there. They figured that having showed up at the house after all those years, and being a doctor of sorts, he must've known he wasn't long for this earth, and that it was his way of making amends and saying good-bye.

I like to think that all the healing he did made up for all the bigamy he committed, kind of a karmic balancing act, and that in the end he found his paradise.

* The title of this essay is taken from a line in Douglas Adams' The Hitchhiker's Guide to Galaxy, which many of you may know is (in Revelwood anyway) considered the ultimate repository for the sum of all the knowledge in the known universe.

Irish Logic

Contributed by Cheron of Wolfe - First Lady of Revelwood

An Irishman named O'Malley went to his doctor after a long illness. The doctor, after a lengthy examination, sighed and looked O'Malley in the eye and said, "I've some bad news for you. You have cancer, and it can't be cured. You'd best put your affairs in order."

O'Malley was shocked and saddened. But of solid character, he managed to compose himself and walk from the doctor's office into the waiting room to his son who had been waiting.

O'Malley said, "Well son, we Irish celebrate when things are good, and we celebrate when things don't go so well. In this case, things aren't so well. I have cancer. Let's head for the pub and have a few pints."

After 3 or 4 pints, the two were feeling a little less somber. There were some laughs and more beers.

They were eventually approached by some of O'Malley's old friends who asked what the two were celebrating. O'Malley told them that the Irish celebrate the good and the bad. He went on to tell them that they were drinking to his impending end.

He told his friends, "I have been diagnosed with AIDS."

The friends gave O'Malley their condolences, and they had a couple more beers.

After his friends left, O'Malley's son leaned over and whispered his confusion. "Dad. I thought you said that you were dying from cancer? You just told your friends that you were dying from AIDS!"

O'Malley said, "I don't want any of them sleeping with your mother after I'm gone."



Tales From the Night Watch: When Lawn Gnomes Attack

By: Francisco (Frank Baby)



12:19 AM Pipe & Pint, 2000.

Right after court was held, and Heathcliff retired as captain of the Night watch to be replaced by the good Sir Eduardo, the Night Watch patrols where resumed as normal. The festivities at Revelwood where in full swing and music and laughter could be heard throughout the woods.

Patrolmen coming in from the woods gave the all clear at the gates. It looked like another uneventful night at Revelwood. The citizens where safe and it would soon be time for the night watch to retire. All of the watch met at the gate for one final report before they too joined the festivities.

Everyone's reports where about the same, all clear, except for that of Collin who was manning the gate while everyone else was at court, or patrolling the woods. It seems a police car had stopped by the gates and asked Collin if he had seen anything suspicious. It seems certain lawn ornaments where missing from the houses of the surrounding area. The police seemed to be looking for maybe a bunch of kids on a pick up truck, or something similar, who might have driven around

throughout the night stealing the lawn ornaments.

“Well, everything has been quiet around here. We have no need to concern ourselves with some drunk kids, running around stealing peoples lawn ornaments.” announced Eduardo. “We are done for the night, lets join the festivities!” he finished. A communal “AYE!” came from the rest of the night watch. People began gathering their weapons and packing up their gear from the gate. “What was that?” exclaimed Hawke. “What?” Several people asked. “That noise. There was some noise in the woods.” He explained. “Not again...” sighed Francisco. “There is NO noise in the woods! Remember. Nothing! You can make it to the privy can't you? Come on, we're heading that way anyhow.” He told him. “No, really, I heard something. Over there!” He pointed.

Then they all heard it. A rustling in the bush. The snapping of twigs, and a high pitched evil giggle. Confusion coursed through the ranks of the night watch, as everyone looked at each other. Hoping it was some kind of prank. “Who goes there!”, bellowed the brave Eduardo. More giggles from the dark woods where his only answer. Swords where drawn and everyone stood at the ready, facing the eerie woods.

“OUCH!” screamed Darin. He bent over and picked up something from the ground. More giggling could be heard from the woods. Darin held up a tiny little woolen hat. “It hit me in the eye!” he said. “What the

hell?” Eduardo asked. “Bastards!” Exclaimed the insulted Darrin as he dashed into the woods, swinging his rapier. “Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!” he screamed as he swung his sword about. Little tree branches flew about from his frenzied swings.

“ARRRGHHH!!” came the scream from the woods. The hacking had stopped. No more leaves flew about. Only his low groans could be heard, and that evil giggling that never seemed to stop. A dark figure stepped out from the bush. All swords pointed at it. He was barely recognizable, hands holding his crotch, and something white covering his head. As light hit him, the night watch could see Darrin, stumbling out of the woods. His underwear pulled up from behind, all the way up over his eyes. Blinding him. Holding his crotch, he collapsed with a low moan in front of the rest of the watchmen. “OoOwWOo” moaned the rest of the men in empathy. “That poor thing!” exclaimed Hamish. One of the largest, and according to him, vicious warriors on the night watch. Standing over 6 feet tall, weighing about 300 lbs, and with a head to match, he loomed over his fallen comrade. “ I will avenge youuuuuuu!!” he screamed as he charged the dark woods. And then they came.

Before Hamish could even step a foot into the woods, a dozen small figures about a foot in height, ran out from the brush. They darted between his legs, and charged everyone else. What followed was chaos. Tiny, giggling, little things darted about. “Jeeesus!!” someone screamed. Swords began swinging, hitting nothing but air. People began tripping over their own feet, trying to follow the darting little creatures. “What the hell is going on!?”, asked Hamish. “Gnomes! We’re being attacked by Gnomes!” replied Hawke. Suddenly it stopped.

Tiny little Gnomes lined up by the gate, making obscene gestures at the watchmen, giggling the whole time. Standing in the light it was easier to see them now. Small little people, with long beards, strange looking hats, sharp dirty nails, and some wicked looking grins.



“Form a line! None must get through!” ordered Eduardo. The watchmen quickly fell into formation, blocking the way into Revelwood. The giggling stopped momentarily as the Gnomes charged at the defenders. All hell broke loose, as the battle went into full swing. The quick little pests kept darting in between peoples legs, and swords kept failing to make any contact. “AAACKKKK!” came the first scream. This one from Lumiere, who now laid twitching in the ground, in a condition very similar to that of Darrin. It seemed one of the little bastards, after having ran in between his legs, jumped up behind him, grabbed a hand full of underwear, and tugged with all it’s might. By the sound of the scream, these where strong creatures indeed.

“It’s got a hold of me! It’s got a hold of me!! Get him off!! AAIiiiiiii!” was the last anyone heard of Hamish. The large man toppled over, crushing one of the little critters. All of the men seemed to be in a similar predicament. Rhiannon, the only sword wielding female in the watch, seemed to be having more luck than anyone else. The Gnomes seemed to ignore her completely, trying to step around her to get to the men. Skirt flowing as she turned, she brought her sword across one of the small intruders. Tiny little Gnome bits flew as she danced her deadly dance with them.

The men kept feeling the brunt of the battle. Their screams were horrible, as one by one, they fell to their knees, holding their crotch. "Daffaed! Fetch Heathcliff. Only he can save us now!" ordered captain Eduardo. Daffaed, otherwise known as Kiera's Pirate, had done an excellent job of keeping the Gnomes at bay with his great two-handed sword. He appeared to be the only one in any condition to run. "Hawke, Tallis, cover his retreat." ordered Eduardo. "But... The PAIN!!!" objected Hawk. "Oh, quit whining and take it like a man!" snapped Tallis as he stepped in front of Daffaed, covering him. His loud grunts could be heard by all, as the angry Gnomes that were being held back by Daffaed, took out their frustrations on his underwear. But still, he stood. "Is that all you've got!! UGH! Is that it? UUGHH!! Give it to me! UGGhh!!!" chanted the seemingly crazed warrior. "Now there's a man with brass balls." whispered Daffaed as he quickly ran up the road to fetch Heathcliff.

Captain Eduardo, stayed towards the back of the fray, intercepting any of the little bastards that managed to get across the front line. With quick swings and thrusts of his masterful swordplay he managed to push back the Gnomes that got past. The last line of defense between the Gnomes and Revelwood, he kept throwing the enemy back at his men. Who were none too happy to have more Gnomes at their backs with easy access to their already stretched out underwear.

In between the screams of pain, the evil giggles from the Gnomes, and the swooshing of blades, Francisco crawled to the back of the line to report to the captain. One hand on his crotch, and the other feebly holding on to his rapier, Francisco spoke. "It's horrible sir! Only three of the little bastards are dead. The men are in bad shape. UghhGh. Most can't even stand, and a few have lost consciousness. OoOoO. It hurts... It hurts! OoOoO..." he said, catching his breath. Eduardo gave a nod of acknowledgment. "Heathcliff should be here momentarily. We MUST hold them off until then! Be brave, and get back to the front. Remember, Revelwood needs you.", and with that, he ushered Francisco back to the battlefield.

They fought a losing battle and they knew it. Rhiannon was the only one that managed to take out any of the small intruders. But she was only one woman with one sword against a tiny horde. All hope was lost when the men heard Eduardo scream, his manhood now added to the list of casualties. They had broken through. Nothing stood in the way now. The citizens of Revelwood would be caught totally by surprise. The wounded men watched in horror as the mass of tiny creatures began running up road towards the music. A sigh of defeat escaped some of the men's lips as they lost sight of the Gnomes.

"Back you foul things!" Daffaed could be heard yelling, followed by the loud swoosh of his great sword. He had charged down the road and repelled their attack. There was a feeble attempt at cheering by his fallen comrades, as the group of yelping Gnomes retreated back towards the gate. The Gnomes had been surprised, but now began to regroup. Daffaed stood there, brandishing his giant sword, blocking the way for the Gnomes. "CHARGE!!", came the high pitch voice of one of the intruders, as the small band of Gnomes ran full speed at Daffaed. It looked hopeless for him.

As the charging band neared the defender, and he readied himself for a mighty swing, a loud voice was heard over pitter-patter of tiny feet. "Now!"

Daffaed spun out of the way and dove into the trees by the side of the road. The Gnomes ran right past the spot where he stood and were confronted by Heathcliff. He stood in the middle of the road, weaponless, with a defiant look on his face and his arms held up on either side, hands on his waist. He made quite a sight with his kilt flapping in the wind.

One after the other, the Gnomes ran in between his legs for their excruciating attack. A small cry of surprise escaped each one after they encountered the unexpected under his kilt. No white cloth to pull

over his head, but something else they dared not pull on. After running under his kilt, one by one the Gnomes ran away at full speed moving away from Revelwood and it's defenders. Cheering came out in between moans, from the men's lips, as they painfully picked themselves off the ground. "What the hell just happened?" asked Lumiere as he limped over towards the rest of the group, which was now gathering and groaning almost in unison. "Is everyone ok?", asked Heathcliff. Most of the men had come to their senses by now.

All except for Hamish, who after closer inspection was pronounced dead by Francisco. "Uh... Captain Eduardo sir. We lost Hamish." he reported.

"What do you mean LOST?" inquired Eduardo.

"Well... I don't know how to put this.... It seems he was wearing a thong sir..."

"OwwWww", the men groaned in empathy.

"Does anyone care to explain what just happened here?", asked Hawke.

Heathcliff, one of the few people, whose mind wasn't on his groin, quickly took charge. "You and you! Build a small fire", he pointed. "Rhiannon, please fetch these poor men some ice packs and some cold beer. Daffaed, you'd best help her out. We're going to need much beer to help numb these men.", he finished.

"How come it's always nasty scary things we run into? Dark shadowy things, or evil nut cracking Gnomes." Asked Collin. "Why can't we ever run into some cute, naked, little fairy chicks or something. Dryads, why not dryads? I like them. I mean, seriously. For once, I would love to go walk into the woods and run into a happy little Gnome that said 'Here Collin! Have a pot of gold', instead of a very rude one that without even saying 'Hello' jumps up behind me and tries to make me spit out my own testes.", he ranted.

"That's Leprechauns you moron! Leprechauns have the pots of gold.", corrected Francisco. "Whatever! The point is it's never anything nice. I mean, last year I go for a little walk around the woods in the morning, and what do I get for my troubles? A troll turd stuck to the bottom of my shoe! Have any of you ever smelled that? Why not fairy dust?" finished Collin. Francisco started giggling and turned to Heathcliff and Hawke. "I told him we had trolls in the woods last year.", he whispered. Which got him a slap in the back of the head from Heathcliff.

"Calm down Collin. We're the Night Watch. Not the NICE Watch. It's our job too keep all those things away from the citizens. If that means we have to put our.. errr.. jewels in the line, then so be it.", explained Eduardo. Which got him a few nods of agreement from some of the men.

Once the fire got going Heathcliff gave a few last orders. "Throw their dead into the fire. They might be gone for now, but only the smell of their burning dead will keep them away forever.", he said. Once this was done, and the men a little less irate, Heathcliff called everyone over. "Everyone sit around the fire now. I will tell you a story. One that will explain what happened here this night. It is called...

The story of THE LAWN GNOMES".

[PART TWO - NEXT ISSUE]

A Day In The Life...

by Q

There I was, in the hospital again. Feeling very much like the stuff you scrape off the bottom of a pony's hoof (there are tubes sticking out of my body for Christ's sake). I'm feeling pretty down as you might imagine when suddenly the phone rings. Little did I know that sound would signal a major change in my life.

It was Harley. "I'm coming to see you. Want me to bring any thing?" He says. Now I haven't eaten or drank anything in three days and the thought of food was right out. However, I was thirsty as anything and ice chips only go so far and the thought of a pint of ice cold Gatorade seemed divine.



"Gatorade." I managed to croak out from behind dry and cracked lips. OK. Pretty straight forward so far.

Who could have foreseen the arrival of a dietitian who could only be described as "frippish?" She was 5' 1" tall and 103 pounds soaking wet with the short "bobbed" haircut, stylishly but casually dressed and she held a clipboard. She flashed a smile that was too cheerful for her own good. Now I'm sure she was just doing her job, but I felt like talking to her as much as most people feel like having oral surgery. After all, I had Harley coming over soon and I had to marshal all my energy to put the "face" on and *oh shit* here comes another attack...

(Several minutes pass – what most people would call an eternity - back to consciousness...)

She wants to know about Porphyria. This is important. Tell everyone you see about your disease is the rule here. Luckily, Karen had printed up several pamphlets about Porphyria for this very occasion. So I reach to the bottom drawer of my bed stand and whip out a folder, which I hand over to the dietitian. She opens it and scans the first few pages. Then she proceeds to tell me, and quite cheerfully I might add, how she is going to save my world with just this folder and her ideas of "Modern Nutrition."

I can feel it coming. It's stewed prunes and alfalfa for the rest of my life. Oh God, can it get any worse?

Suddenly, in walks Harley with an eight-pack of Gatorade (I don't know where he got it – It was Fierce Melon for those of you who care) and sets it down on the floor.

The dietitian's eyes grew very large. She looked at Harley, then the Gatorade, then back to Harley and with a sickly smile she said, "That's an awful lot of Gatorade!" You could hear the disapproval in her voice as she assumed the hands on hips, feet spread shoulder width apart, and shoulders back dominatrix position.

Harley turns, gives her his best deadpan look and without missing a beat says "Lady... That's Q. If he wanted an elephant up here it'd be shitting on your shoes right now."

Well, it looked like she imploded but in actuality she sped out of that room faster than the human eye could follow with nothing but a single piece of loose-leaf paper left to slowly waft down to the chair she had most recently occupied.

Harley looks at the piece of paper with a smirk on his face and says “Feeling better now Q?”

I never did answer him because I had already turned inside out from laughing and as you can imagine when ya got tubes sticking out of you it gets really messy. It was also at that moment that I started healing and so I would like to take this opportunity to thank him and pass this Jewel of Life experience on so others may benefit as well.

Although it did take Harley twenty minutes to turn me right side out and sort out the various tubes (very gently).

And the answer to Harley’s question is... “Yes. Much

(Continued from page 1)



The IB dazzled all as the sparkling MC for Milliways. The Barn will be glittering for ages to come.

Meer left his mark by planting “Passion Pucker Red” lipstick on everyone he kissed. And he kissed everyone. Tracey adds the finishing touches as Meer’s compact mirror was inadvertently used to supplement the IB’s jacket.



Stonewall and Chrissy took some time out from parenting to hang loose at Milliways.



The General won the Best (Worst?) Vagon Eulogy with his piece “Broken Tooth Ooze.” The text and additional RATEOTU pictures are available on the Revelwood Web Site at www.revelwood.org.

The Art Show is scheduled for July 13 and the theme is “Dreams and Nightmares.”

JUNK MAIL

PO Box 1, Stratford, NJ 08084 : www.revelwood.org

Mike The Mage discovers that there is some fight left in his Post Traumatic Syndrome Saint Patty's Day lobster dinner. A tradition with Revelwood bands, this therapeutic excursion helps to eliminate a substantial portion of any money earned from the gigs.



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