



UNCLE BUGSY'S  
FANTASY EDITION  
WRITER'S CLUB

NOSEH 1  
JOSEHAIR 2  
JOSEH 3

WORLDSTYLES

MAGAZINE





WE DEDICATE THIS  
ISSUE TO FATHER  
LABOSA, JOHN LENNON,  
UNCLE BUGSY, CAPTAIN  
SHEPHERD AND THE  
OYSTERBETTES, AND  
THE WALRI, WITHOUT  
WHOM NONE OF THIS  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
POSSIBLE.....



STAFF AND CONTRIBUTORS

WINDLE

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MARONE

SIDDIQUI

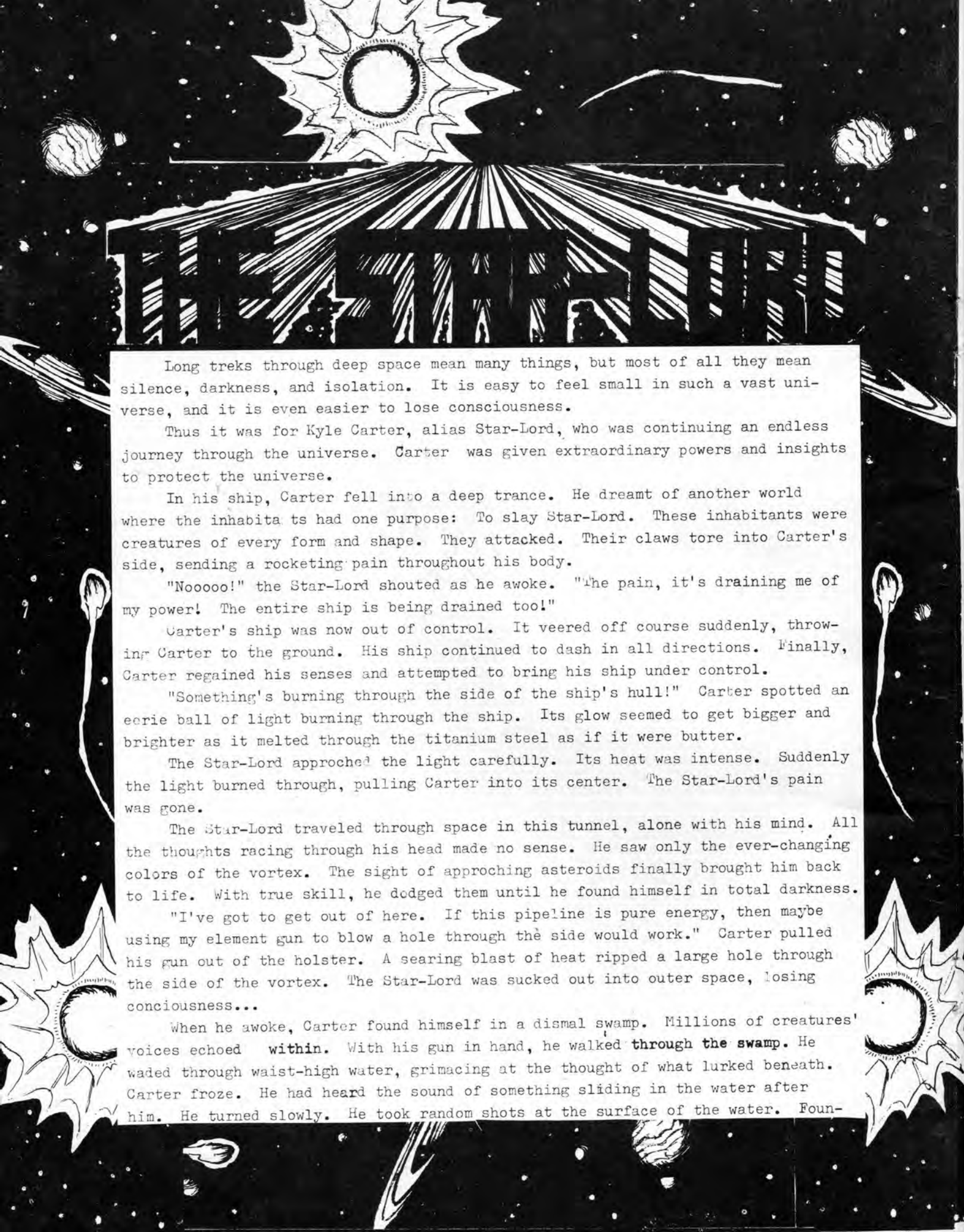
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# EMBER-HUMMERS VICISSITUDES

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Long treks through deep space mean many things, but most of all they mean silence, darkness, and isolation. It is easy to feel small in such a vast universe, and it is even easier to lose consciousness.

Thus it was for Kyle Carter, alias Star-Lord, who was continuing an endless journey through the universe. Carter was given extraordinary powers and insights to protect the universe.

In his ship, Carter fell into a deep trance. He dreamt of another world where the inhabitants had one purpose: To slay Star-Lord. These inhabitants were creatures of every form and shape. They attacked. Their claws tore into Carter's side, sending a rocketing pain throughout his body.

"Nooooo!" the Star-Lord shouted as he awoke. "The pain, it's draining me of my power! The entire ship is being drained too!"

Carter's ship was now out of control. It veered off course suddenly, throwing Carter to the ground. His ship continued to dash in all directions. Finally, Carter regained his senses and attempted to bring his ship under control.


"Something's burning through the side of the ship's hull!" Carter spotted an eerie ball of light burning through the ship. Its glow seemed to get bigger and brighter as it melted through the titanium steel as if it were butter.

The Star-Lord approached the light carefully. Its heat was intense. Suddenly the light burned through, pulling Carter into its center. The Star-Lord's pain was gone.

The Star-Lord traveled through space in this tunnel, alone with his mind. All the thoughts racing through his head made no sense. He saw only the ever-changing colors of the vortex. The sight of approaching asteroids finally brought him back to life. With true skill, he dodged them until he found himself in total darkness.

"I've got to get out of here. If this pipeline is pure energy, then maybe using my element gun to blow a hole through the side would work." Carter pulled his gun out of the holster. A searing blast of heat ripped a large hole through the side of the vortex. The Star-Lord was sucked out into outer space, losing consciousness...

When he awoke, Carter found himself in a dismal swamp. Millions of creatures' voices echoed within. With his gun in hand, he walked through the swamp. He waded through waist-high water, grimacing at the thought of what lurked beneath. Carter froze. He had heard the sound of something sliding in the water after him. He turned slowly. He took random shots at the surface of the water. Foun-



tains of water erupted with each blast. Still he did not sense anything unusual. Then it hit him with magnum force. He was whipped into the air by the tail of a huge lizard. It slammed him into a tree with bone-crushing force. His gun was lost in the water.

Dazed, but still alive, the Star-Lord tore the lizard's tail from his arms and broke off a forked branch from a nearby tree. He impaled the lizard by its neck on the limb, squeezing the life from the creature.

"What kind of welcoming committee wast that?"

After this shaking adventure, Carter ran through water for miles. At last he reached solid ground and dropped from fatigue. He crawled to the water's edge. In the water he saw a reflection: a large dark figure towers over him. Sensing danger, Carter swung his arm around in an attempt to maim the figure. With amazing speed, the figure leapt out of the way. The creature strung an arrow on his huge bow and aimed at Carter.

"Who are you intruder?" said the figure. "No mortal enters this land without my permission. I am Shiran, the Archer, ruler of these swamplands."

"I am Kyle Carter, Star-Lord. I don't even know how I reached your land. This whole thing is a mystery to me. What do you call this place, anyway?"

"You are now in the swamplands of Alaria, a lost city," Shiran answered. "It was once part of Baluk, which was destroyed during the First Galactic War. Alaria is simply a huge asteroid floating through space."

"An asteroid? I remember being sucked out of a vortex surrounded by many asteroids."

"You speak with a strange tongue, Carter. A strange tongue to match the strange way you reached Alaria. I saw you fall from the sky."

"I don't care how I got here," Carter said. "Just get me out."

"Gladly," Shiran said. "I do not wish to have an alien being remaining in this land for very long, especially one who falls from the sky! Come, I will accompany you. We must go to the Provinces of Alaria by way of the Forest of Doom. I must warn you: it is said that the King of terrors, The Grim Reaper, whatever you choose to call it, rules there. No one has ever ventured there."

"As you can see," said Carter, "I am weaponless. With what I've been through so far, a weapon could come in handy."


Shiran unsheathed a large sword five feet in length, and handed it to Carter. Shiran explained that the sword was of an unknown origin. He said it was given to him by his father, who received it from one of the Celestials, a group of gods governing Alaria. Carter was amazed by the sword's size.

"Take my sheath," Shiran said. "Once you learn to feel the sword's power flowing through you, it's weight will be that of air."

The Star-Lord picked up the sword. For the first time in his life, he felt a huge surge of energy flow through his body, followed by a feeling that he could not describe. Carter felt as if the sword were part of his body, meant to be there.

"Let us go, Carter," Shiran said. "We will leave now."

Later, Shiran and Carter reached the entrance to the Forest of Doom. They rode colossal beasts resembling prehistoric dinosaurs. The forest had an unearthly atmosphere to it. As they rode on, both men were overcome with a feeling of terror.



The ground on which both men rode began to quake. Shiran and Carter dismounted and withdrew their weapons. Ahead of them they saw a large beast lumbering toward them.

"There is absolutely no time to lose," Shiran said. "It is a gorgon, one of the most feared legendary creatures. Nothing can stop it on its rampage!"

As the beast drew nearer, Shiran and Carter readied themselves. The beast's two curving horns flashed in the little sunlight that broke through the forest's dense foliage. It formed a cover of dirt as its gigantic hooves clashed with the earth.

Shiran's two faithful animal companions bravely tried to block the gorgon's path. They ran side by side, equalling the gorgon's speed with each triumphant step. The two animals met the gorgon's full force with their heads. The gorgon was stopped in its path, and a battle ensued between all three beasts.

"Quickly, Carter," Shiran shouted. "They cannot hold off the gorgon for long!"

Shiran strung his largest and most powerful arrow on his huge bow. He aimed carefully at the gorgon's head. He released the arrow. It landed in the skull of the gorgon with a splitting sound. The beast roared in agony and stood up on its hind legs. In the air, flying towards the gorgon's thorax, Shiran saw the Star-Lord. With the sword before him, Carter soared like a rocket to the beast. A second later, he reached his target: the heart of the gorgon. With perfect accuracy he hit his target like a dart. The Star-Lord withdrew his weapon. Down fell the huge beast, dead at last.

"You have reason to be proud, Carter," Shiran said. "You begin to amaze even me."

They proceeded through the forest, frightfully awaiting he who people call the Angel of Death. Much to their relief, they soon leave the Forest of Doom.

"We are very lucky, Shiran. We have left without coming face-to-face with the Grim Reaper."

"I have always doubted that there ever was such a being in existence. We have already encountered one angel of death: The gorgon. But in that forest there still lurks many others. Look within your mind; there you will find the Grim Reaper. As for the forest, superstition has established itself as a 'grim reaper.'"

A day later they reached the Provinces of Alaria. It was a beautiful city. The buildings were adorned with many different jewels. The city was clean and peaceful.


"I hate to leave so soon," Carter said, "but this is not where I am needed. This city is not even part of the universe. Shiran, tell me where I can be granted permission to leave Alaria. I will also need directions back to my galaxy."

"The huge building in the distance," Shiran replied, "is the dwelling place of Mintor, Supreme Celestial. He will give you permission to leave; he may also give you a craft to go back to your galaxy if he wishes."

A few hours later they reached the palace of Mintor. It was a magnificent structure, with diamond turrets facing in all directions. Mounted troops guarded the pathways branching out from the building.

Going into the palace, Shiran and Carter entered a large room. They were halted by a pair of guards who told them that they must wait before seeing Mintor. Later, they were escorted by a troop of armored officers into the Hall of Mintor.

"So you are Kyle Carter, the Star-Lord," Mintor said. "I know about you. You are the supreme ruler of your galaxy, are you not? As you should know, I rule



this small land called Alaria; but this is too small a space to exercise my power, don't you think? However, I once did rule over the entire planet of Baluk, until my forces were destroyed during the First Galactic War. Everything but this asteroid was annihilated, and we were sent flying through space to the end of our system. But finally, thanks to the ingenuity of our scientists, we have returned to the galaxy from which we were exiled; and thanks to my army, we now have full control of this entire system.

"Carter, do you recall when you were forcibly taken to Alaria? I was responsible for that. With you out of the way, I can easily gain control of your universe."

"My universe?" Carter asked. "What are you talking about?"

"It is fairly simple. You are going to battle me. If you defeat me, you will be granted whatever you wish; if, however, I am the victor, your galaxy will become mine. A choice of weapons can be found in that chamber. Prepare yourself!"

"I must leave you now, Carter," Shiran said. "Remember, you are the Star-Lord of your universe. Prevent Minton from becoming your downfall. Good-bye and good luck." Shiran left the palace of Minton and headed for the swamplands.

For his weapons, Carter chose five blasters, a laser shield, and a battle-axe. He knew that he had only a slight chance of defeating Minton, the gargantuan god of Alaria. Minton carried a myraid of weapons in his armor.

Minton returned and shouted, "Let the battle begin!"

Carter used his axe and laser shield against Minton. He leaped at Minton, his laser blasts only angered Minton. He caught Carter in his hand and threw him to the ground.

This Minton is too powerful, Carter thought. There must be some way of destroying him. I'll try for his head.

The Star-Lord then flew into the air, battle-axe ready. He swung the axe with his whole body weight. The result was a deafening clang.


"You bore me Carter," Minton said. "Now it is my turn."

Minton's fingers turned into laser arsenals. He simultaneously fired each finger at Carter. With incredible agility, Carter dodged the deadly laser blasts and shot into Minton's eye slots with two of his blasters. At last, Minton was wounded. Angrily, he swiped at Carter with his huge hand. The Star-Lord flew away and unsheathed his most powerful weapon : the sword given to him by Shiran. He flew around Minton's head with amazing speed until Minton staggered. With all his celestial strength, the Star-Lord swung his sword at Minton's head. Minton's armor was no match for Carter's sword and strength. His head was severed by the powerful blow of the sword and his huge body began to sway from side to side.

Knowing what would happen when Minton toppled to the ground, the Star-Lord smashed through a wall and watched from a safe distance. What he saw was an awesome sight. As Minton's body made contact with the ground, the earth split under him. Minton's huge frame flashed with bursts of light. Suddenly an enormous explosion shook Alaria. Minton was defeated.

Kyle Carter dashed off into the sky with the craft given to him by Minton's aides, who also gave him directions back to his universe. Carter knew it would be a simple matter to replace Minton. One of the Celestials, probably the next in supremacy, would replace Minton.

As the Star-Lord travelled through deep space, he dreamed of another world again. This time he smiled



# SOLOQUY OF A TIME

I hung as long as I could; however, I was finally hurled away from my khaki companion. I landed in mud that was swallowing me up. As minutes went by, I was watching the giant four-legged mammal stampede away, taking my home on its back. I kept sinking all the while. Finally, I saw some hope. A huge winged animal, generally known as a bird, swooped down and scooped me into his beak. This bird must have been thirty-six times my size. As we gained altitude, I was forced into what seemed like an endless tunnel, which looked like something I had once passed through at the Franklin Institute. After hours of flight, I found myself at the end of this long tunnel. As feathers parted, I dropped out like a paratrooper. Fortunately, the bird was flying over a large building. I was lucky enough to bounce off of a window-sill and land in a huge basket filled with soft materials. From there I was taken to a giant metal container into which I was dumped. Slowly, it began to fill up with water and bubbles, and I was soon covered up. My attention was soon diverted to the center of the bin where a huge rudder surged back-and-forth. Before I knew it, I was sucked into a fierce current of water. This went on for an hour. When the water drained, I was thrown into a spin by a centrifugal force which pushed me into the soft material that was attached to the side of the bin. I was relieved when everything came to a standstill. However, I was soon taken out and hurled into another container which was also metal. I started to spin again, and hot air filled the place in which I was. I was banged around for an hour before it finally ceased. I was totally exhausted. I'd had all that I could take. Suddenly the door opened, and light poured in. The material in this pan was taken out, I with it; the whole mess was put into a plastic basket. Someone moved the basket, and I fell with a thump onto the floor. A familiar hand picked me up off of the floor. Then I heard a friendly voice say, "Hey! This looks like the watch I lost in Mexico!" Then I heard a second familiar voice say, "Would you look at that! And it's still running!"

RICHARD FAVRETTA



LIFE

How can it be!  
Where has it come from!  
Life! a very special thing that can be owned  
by anyone.  
It has taken eons for life to exist.  
No one can hold it or touch it.  
Only God can give life, but man destroys it.



THE TRILOGY QUESTION  
by Joseph Skowronski

How can it be!  
We are all born, we all die.  
Is there an answer somewhere in space or  
time.  
Is it just a mirage?



WAR

A part of **Death**.  
Because through war, death  
and destruction come about.

Why is there WAR!  
Is it because of  
Misunderstanding,  
Greed, or  
Hatred?  
No!



DEATH

A fulfillment of life.  
An ending of each and everybody's life,  
not an ending to thier being.  
It is a beginning of a  
new life.  
A life of peace and joy.



**CAN I  
HELP YOU . . .  
OR WOULD YOU  
RATHER MAKE  
YOUR OWN  
MISTAKES?**

PARA C

**DO-IT-YOURSELF SAVE THE WHALES FUND!**

**STEP#1** - Address one plain white envelope with this address, of course.

**STEP#2** - Cut out this replica of a one hundred (100) dollar (\$) bill. Place this incredible reproduction into the now addressed (and no longer plain white) envelope.

**STEP #3** - Fill out the replica of a Save-the-Whales pledge card. Cut out this replica and place into the now addressed (and no longer plain white) envelope.

**STEP#4** - Mail the entire mess.

**STEP#5** - Laugh.

**STEP#6** - Send a real one hundred (100) dollar check to SE&G.

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I, the undersigned, join the Whale Protection Fund in petitioning the governments of Japan, the Soviet Union, Republic of Korea, Iceland and all other countries engaged in commercial whale killing, to put an immediate stop to the needless slaughter of whales by agreeing to a ban on commercial whaling.



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- Mrs.
- Mr. & Mrs.
- Miss
- Ms.

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- I have sent my postcards to the Fisheries Ministries of Japan and the Soviet Union, urging them to push for an immediate end to the whale slaughter by agreeing to a ban on the commercial killing of whales.
- Yes, I want the whales to live! Here is my tax-deductible contribution to help you continue your vital efforts to save the whale from extinction.

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(other)



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**Center for Environmental Education**  
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 Washington, D. C. 20006

A copy of the last annual financial report filed with the New York Department of State may be obtained by writing to: New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231, or the Center for Environmental Education.

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# The Cock, The Mouse, and The Little Red Hen



Once upon a time, there was a pretty little cottage on a hill. The cottage had one little green door, and four little green windows with green shutters. And in the cottage there lived a Red Cock, a Mouse, and a Little Red Hen.

The Red Cock and the Mouse and the Little Red Hen all got along just fine; they were the best of friends. They divided the chores among themselves and they would help each other in their work. In this way they provided for their common good. The Red Cock would do the field work, cutting the hay with a sickle and, on occasion, he would do some blacksmithing--making nails and the like. The Little Red Hen cooked the food and did the house chores. And the Mouse did whatever **else** there was left to do; he helped both of them.

Down from the hill in the wood, there lived three Grey Foxes. One morning the Third Fox said to the First and Second, "I'm hungry! We have to find something to eat. We had nothing to eat yesterday, and scarcely anything the day before."

Well, the crafty Grey Foxes decided to travel out of the wood and maybe they would find something to eat. They left the wood and came into the meadow below the hill where the Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen lived. The First Fox said, "Guess what you guys? In that little cottage there lives a Cock, a Mouse, and a Little Red Hen!"



"How do you know!!" snapped the Second Fox.

"Well", said the First, "Because...that's why!"

"Because why!" said the Second.

"Just because, OK? I mean you want to eat, don't you?"

"Yeah...sure," said the Second, rather shyly.

"When are we going to eat?!!" whined the Third, who was always hungry.

"Aww, shut up!!" yelled the First and Second.

So the Three Grey Foxes went back to their den to get a sack to put the Cock, The Mouse, and the Little Red Hen into.



But what was happening to the Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen all this time?

Well, sad to say, things just weren't right at the cottage that day. The Cock got out on the wrong side of the bed in the morning. The Cock came grumbling down to the kitchen where the Little Red Hen was bustling about. The Mouse was in the parlor, nestled in the Cock's favorite chair, reading.

"Hey, what do you think you are doing in MY chair!" the Cock yelled to the Mouse, "and what is that you're reading anyway?!"

"First of all, what do you mean YOUR chair? As I recall, it was share and share alike around here!! Secondly, I happen to be reading The Complete Works of Edgar Allen Poe, if it is any of your business."

The Cock replied, rather annoyed at the boldness of the Mouse.

"Ah, don't bother to read that trash!" the Cock said as he snatched the book from him.

"But...but wait, that's mine! You can't do that! Hey! Ooh stop!!!" the Mouse cried as the Cock threw the book into the fire.

"What do you mean YOUR book. Remember, community property!! HA! HA! HA!"

Just then, the Little Red Hen came in. "OK, what's going on here? What's all the commotion about? Will somebody tell me?!"

"Why don't you mind your own business. You are soooo nosey!! Why don't you go off and make breakfast or something!! This is between ME and MR. Mouse here, OK?" said the Cock.

"Boy, nobody tells me anything. You'd think they were trying to hide something from me or maybe I was a foreigner or something!!" said the Little Red Hen as she left for the kitchen.

The Little Red Hen got breakfast ready and called them to eat.

At breakfast time they grumbled and argued. The Cock upset the milk jug and the Mouse scattered crumbs on the floor.

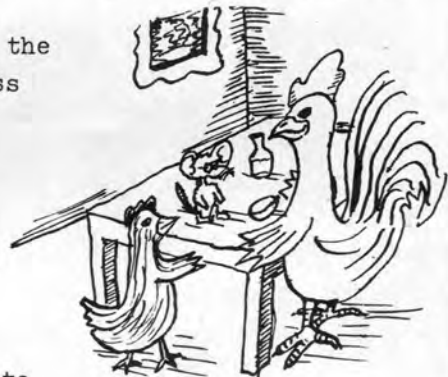
"Who will clear away the breakfast dishes? asked the Little Red Hen, hoping that they would stop being cross at each other.

"Do you expect me to do your work for you, when you know that it is your job!!" said the Cock.

"Geez," said the Mouse, "you are very arrogant!"

At which point they began to argue about who was supposed to do what, and who was supposed to be the leader and handle these kinds of problems, etc.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, "I'll have to do it myself, if nobody will help me."





So, she cleared away everything and swept the crumbs into the fireplace; the Cock and the Mouse each sat in comfortable chair and fell asleep.

Now those crafty Foxes crept up the hill, and into the garden, and if the Cock and the Mouse had not been asleep, they would have heard them knocking about and seen them looking in the windows.

"TAP TAP TAP" the Foxes knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Mouse, half opening his eyes.

"Why don't you go and look for yourself if you want to know," said the rude Cock.

"It's the postman, perhaps," thought the Mouse to himself, "and he may have a package for me."

So without looking to see who it was, he lifted the latch and opened the door. As soon as he opened it, in jumped the Three Grey Foxes, all with a big smile on their faces!

"OH! OH! My goodness! squeaked the Mouse as he tried to run up the chimney.

"Oh! Where can I hide," thought the Cock. Now I am caught for sure."

But the Foxes only laughed, and without more ado The Second Fox grabbed the Mouse by the tail, and put him into the sack that one of the other Foxes was holding. The First Fox seized the Cock by the neck, but he still squawked, louder and louder. Hearing all the commotion, The Little Red Hen came running in to see what was the matter. The Third Fox caught her and popped her into the sack with the others. Then he took a long piece of string and tied it around the mouth of the sack so they couldn't get out. Then they left with their feast.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so arrogant," said the Cock who was fearing for his very life now as they were bumping around in the sack.

The Three Foxes sat down to rest and soon they were fast asleep.

"Well," said the Mouse, "That is what you get for being so arrogant! Now you're afraid they will gobble you up without a thought."

"That's right," added the Red Hen, and she and the Cock began to argue. As they fought, the Mouse chewed a hole in the burlap sack and made his escape. The other two were arguing so loud that they woke the Foxes, who took the sack and continued the journey.

Well, the Three Foxes ate well that night, but the one thing that always bothered them was the missing Mouse. Where on earth had he gone?

# The End



It shocked the world  
He's dead, he's dead  
Murdered, snot to death  
Radio, news, the papers  
That's what they all said  
The music messiah  
Has been shot down  
In Cold Blood  
A radical figure, began to  
Calm down  
Lived quite a life  
Why shoot him now?  
Many unanswered questions  
Many unquestioned answers  
No one knows why  
It happened so suddenly  
He's dead, he's dead

Imagine (Reprise)

Imagine all the people living as one in peace  
And think of how this thought puts our hearts at ease

Imagine all the hope he gave to the people of the world  
Now look back and try to remember the stories he once told

Imagine a world with no fears of death or murders by scores  
This was his world, a world without any wars

Imagine if John Lennon were dead--Would we be sad?  
Now realize today and our shattered dreams  
What hope could we possibly have

Frank Lopergolo



THE YOU IN ME

I Alone walk down life's road,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone find it strange,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone see no way to survive,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone hold out my empty arms to space,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone want security and find disarray,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone question my confused life to find nothing  
But YOU are there.

I Alone cannot find understanding,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone am with others,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone cannot find YOU,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone do not know YOU,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone am alone when I need YOU,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone talk to no one,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone follow and become lost,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone want to be shown and do not follow,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone run and fall,  
But YOU are there.

I Alone AM HERE,  
BUT WHERE ARE YOU.

# THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

J. D. SALINGER

P.M.C.

We try  
harder.

Snow is falling  
Sitting in the snow  
The sky is dark  
Everything is dark  
No streetlights, houselights,  
Nothing  
Pitch Black  
Silence becomes one with me  
Numbing sensation  
Throughout.  
The need of sleep  
Extremely tired  
I'm so cold and wet  
I wish I would die  
Or am I...  
No, it couldn't be  
My memory snaps back  
My childhood, my parents,  
MY LIFE!  
Wait a minute, help me  
I must wake up!  
My muffled screams must  
Be heard!  
HELP M...



INSPECTED BY  
152

THE MOON

The moon, object of love  
tides roll in, tides roll out  
wars roll in, wars roll out  
a moment of peace.

The moon is shrinking,  
so is peace  
war roles in  
people die, their name  
taken out to sea only to be forgotten.

The earth casts its dark shadow  
on the moon  
the moon disappears.  
the love is no longer seen

CIRCLES

When the sun fades behind the clouds,  
Waiting for the rebirth.  
When the rain begins to fall and people  
come to realize what they have done,  
Waiting for the rebirth.  
After the flood, the water clears, leaving  
its change on the surface of the earth,  
No more waiting.  
The sun breaks through, drier up the old,  
leaving only room for the new.

The people start over, all were bathed  
while the earth continues its never ending  
cycle.

The clouds begin to form, once again  
The clouds begin to form...

HOW CAN  
I HELP IT  
I'M  
SURROUNDED  
BY  
IDIOTS



Did you ever see:

How the waves crash upon the rocks  
that lie on the sandy shore?  
And the smell of the salt air?

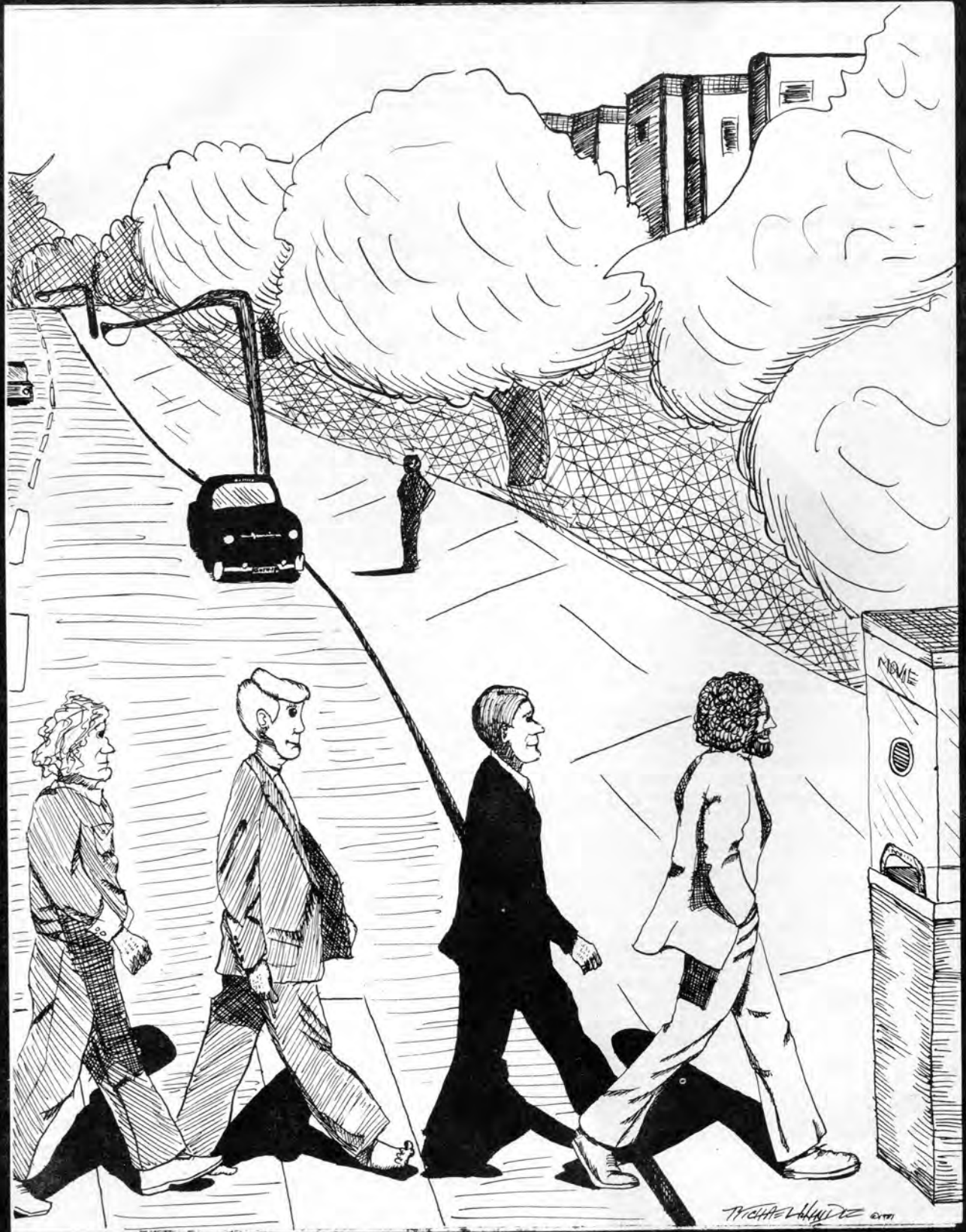
Did you ever see:

The seagulls that fly over head searching  
for prey along in the surf?

And did you ever see:

The creatures that live in the ocean so  
far away, for they too have a place where  
man should not interfere,  
for mans only destiny is to eternity.

# CEDARBROOK AVE



Dr. John Ashton left the office early, and grabbed a quick bite to eat. Still in the white uniform that he wore to work every day of every week, he rushed to the theatre on Cedarbrook Avenue to catch the early show of his favorite film, The Wizard of Oz. Even though the film was aired annually on the tube, Ashton decided to zip over to this local revival house to see it on the silver screen.

Ashton did not understand his passion for this children's classic. Somewhere, deep inside of him, Ashton felt some sort of association with the film, as if he were a part of it. For the good doctor, this feeling was real, as real as the **tin woodsman in the heart of every child.**

Richard Clef, Esq. wrapped up his last case of the day and headed for his office. He picked up a few important documents from his secretary, and wished her a good evening.

On his way home, he saw the local revival house. He stopped. He noticed that an old film was playing that he hadn't seen in years.

He quickly parked his Cadillac on the street adjoining Cedarbrook Avenue, and joined the small crowd of loyal fans who had arrived for the **early show**. He checked the price; two dollars, the poster said.

Hell, he thought, it's worth that just to watch that clumsy lion bounce around.

Robert Oswald Tidestaff, the son of a prominent businessman, decided to disappoint his parents. Instead of joining the family business after he graduated, he became a musician. His father practically disowned him, but Tidestaff's fascination with art, especially music, swayed his choice of a career.

After taping a segment for a morning talk show, R.O. Tide, as he was known by his fans, left the studio. His chauffeur took the scenic route on the way to Tidestaff's apartment. They accidentally passed a small theatre on an out-of-the-way sidestreet.

"Hey, Paul," Tidestaff called to his driver.

"Yessir?"

"Drop me off at that theatre. I want to catch a film tonight."

"Certainly, sir. When would you like me to pick you up?"

"Don't worry about it. I can walk from here."

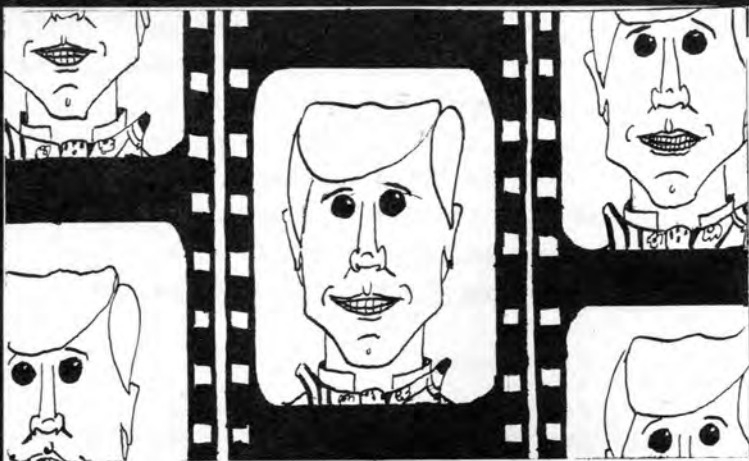
Paul stopped the car. "I don't mean to be rude, sir, but may I ask why you want to see The Wizard of Oz?"

"Because, when I was a kid, I fell in love with Judy Garland."

"I see, sir." Paul smiled as he let his boss out of the car.

George Dash dropped off his garbage truck, picked up his car, and headed for home. He checked the time. He was supposed to play cards with his friends at 8:00, but, for some reason, he was not in the mood for a hot poker game.

He passed the local revival house. When he had collected the trash at this theatre earlier this week, Dash remembered seeing the poster for The Wizard of Oz. For no reason, he pulled over and parked. Looking somewhat like a scarecrow himself,



George Dash joined the small crowd and bought a ticket.

Tidestaff bought a large box of popcorn and a soda before he sat down. He grabbed a seat in the back row, next to the only other two adults in the theatre. He did not feel out of place in his tuxedo since the two men near him were both dressed in suits,

one in white, one in pinstripes.

As he sat and waited for the show to start, he noticed all the children who were anxiously awaiting the start of the film. Their innocent faces made him wish that no one had to grow up, that all could play forever. He realized that this was just a fantasy, that everyone had to become an adult sometime.

Tidestaff tried to picture a world in which everyone was a child. Children were not evil; careless parents and adults made them evil. A world ruled by children would be a peaceful world, a world with no violence or war; it would be a care-free world of joy and happiness--

If it were only possible.

As the lights dimmed, a fourth adult walked in and sat in the same row as the other three elders. He was dressed shabbily in some sort of denim suit, and his hair was uncombed. He stood out in the row of finely dressed people, if only by his stench alone.

The black-and-white film glided through the projector spewing the image of a small girl, a dog, and a farmhouse onto the screen. As the story of Dorothy commenced, Tidestaff began to grow weary. He could hardly keep his eyes open as the harsh storm tossed the small girl into the outer limits.

Soon, he was fast asleep.

He awoke in a strange and colorful world. He looked around him, absorbing all of his newfound surroundings. He noticed that everything in this place was built on a smaller scale, as if the entire village housed midgets. He also noticed that, in the center of town, a strange rock spewed brown water from its side. He stood and walked to the unusual fountain. The water, which was cedar water as far as Tidestaff could tell, formed a small stream which led out of town. Alongside of the stream ran a small cobblestone sidewalk.

Tidestaff took another step and felt a sharp pinching pain in his foot. He looked down and, for the first time, saw that he had no shoes on.

Suddenly, there was another noise which was louder than the murmuring of the small brook. He looked up and saw the faces of children: running, jumping, playing, children.

"Hello?"

The voice of the stranger startled the children. They ran to the nearest

hiding place, and slowly, very slowly, they began to peer out from behind their defenses.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Tidestaff began. "I am a friend. I only want to ask you some questions."

One of the children came forward as if he were the spokesman for the group.

"What do you want to know?" he asked.

"I would like to speak with your parents."

"Who?"

"Your parents. The older people...bigger people...like me."

"There are none."

"Who takes care of you? Feeds you?"

"I don't understand. We live here. We play here. There are no big people, they all left one day."

"When?"

"About forever ago, I guess. They went down that path there, and they never came back."

"Thanks." Tidestaff began to walk down the pathway when he realized how much his feet hurt. "Do you have any shoes that I can wear?"

The boy tossed over his shoes. Looking down at them, Tidestaff that none of the shoes in the village would fit. He began to walk down the path when one of the children stopped him and asked where he was going.

"Home, I hope."

Tidestaff had walked for miles in the sunlight. The path led him through many fields and forests. He met no one, saw no one. He began to wonder where this rough road was leading him when he heard a rustling noise in the tall grass on his right. He stopped. Again he heard the rustling. He walked toward the field, looked over the grass, and saw, among a pile of garbage, the body of a man. He was struggling to escape from the trash, but it seemed to have a hold of a man. Tidestaff ran over and helped tear him away from his garbage.

The man stood and held out his dirty hand. Tidestaff grabbed it and shook it despite the filth.

"Tank ya, sir. Ya saved me life. Much obliged ta ya."

"What the hell had a hold of you back there?"

"Couldn't tell ya. Aint smart 'nough ta figger it out."

"What do you mean?"

"Taint gotta brain, sir! Taint gotta brain! Like ta have one, sure as the sun sets in the south, but I dunno how ta get one."

"What do you do around here?"

"I guard the trash and make sure nobody steals it."



"Why?"

"'Cause, I don't got nothin' better ta do, I guess."

"Has anybody ever tried to take the trash?"

"Nah. In fact, I aint seen nobody since forever, I think."

"Why don't you come with me? I need a good traveling companion, you know, someone who knows the area."

"You aint from around here?"

"No. I'm here by accident, I guess. What do you say? Nobody's going to steal your trash. Nobody's even been around here for years, you said so yourself."

"Ya gotta point. Guess I'll foller ya. Aint speaked ta nobody for a long time anyways."

The two men traveled for some time, talking of their pasts. They had walked quite a distance without realizing it because of the light conversation which accompanied them.

They were passing through the empty remnants of a small village when they came across a still figure; made of white metal, the silent image held a knife in what might have been a mechanical hand. They approached the figure and tapped on the round metal torso.

There was no response.

Tidestaff tried to speak with the metal man. He could get no answer. Finally, the trash man grabbed the body of the robot and shook it violently. As if a miracle had taken place, the robot began to move and speak.

"Help me...please..."

"He wants some help, Robby, and I aint know what to do!"

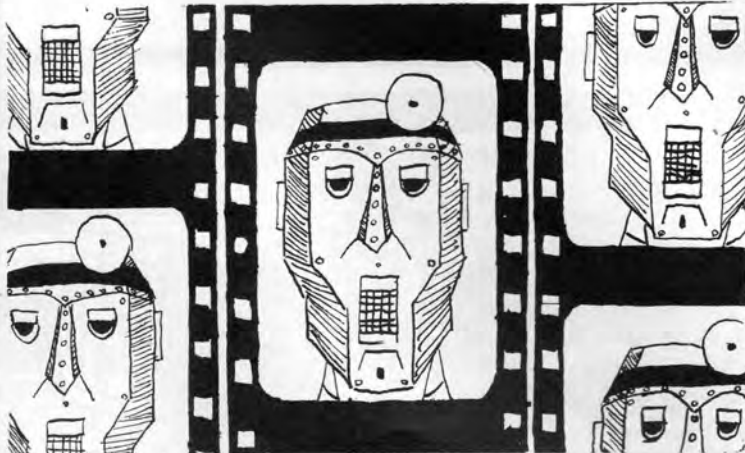
"Relax, Denim, he'll be alright. Grab that oil can behind him and oil his joints."

Denim, the trash man, oiled and loosened his metal joints. When he finally oiled his jaw, the strange metal creation began to speak profusely.

"Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!" I thought I'd never get out of that one. Whew! If you two hadn't come along, I'd have never moved again."

"Who are you?" Tidestaff asked.

"What a clever cliche, young man. I am Whitey, the town doctor. I was built



to aid these people here, and I was doing a fine job. I cured these people from every illness they could come up with. Then the adults packed up and left the kids behind." A small drop of oil seeped from his simulated eyes. "That is when I failed. When the parents left, there grew an illness that I could not cure. It was that incurable illness called 'lovelessness.' I was not equipped with a heart to

show those children parental love and affection. And so, one by one, they grew up from their fantasy world, met a sorrowful reality, and left."

"Where did they go?"

"Down that path along the brook. No one that left was ever heard from again.

"They have to live somewhere," Tidestaff said. "Why don't you join us in our journey? Perhaps you can find those people who belong to your village."

"Sir, it would be both an honor and a privilege to join the men who saved my life."

And with **that** the three friends began to trace the path in the hopes of finding somebody, anybody, who could help them.

In the deepest part of the darkest forest, the three friends felt a sudden fear flush through their bodies. They carefully and cautiously continued walking, each one on the constant outlook for some unknown danger.

Without making a sound, they advanced down the path. A twig cracked under Whitey's foot, throwing Denim into a complete panic. Denim screamed and jumped onto Tidestaff, who also screamed. As the two fell, taking Whitey down with them, the robot let out a metallic moan.

Then there came a fourth scream.

The three friends, lying in a heap on the ground, looked in the direction of the additional noise. There, about twenty yards away, sat a large, dark figure. It seemed to be an eagle about five foot in height. He had his wings crossed over his head, covering his eyes; the most unusual part of his appearance, however, was the fact that he wore a tuxedo.

"Who are you?" Tidestaff asked. The crazed bird flew, as quickly as possible, directly into a tree, and plummeted to the ground.

"I have never seen a response like that in my life," said Whitey.

The trio walked over to the heap of feathers, and helped him to his feet. He shook violently, apparently from fear.

"D-D-Don't h-hurt m-m-me, p-pl-please."

"We aren't going to hurt you, my fine feathered friend. I am a doctor, and I'm programmed to help you, not hurt you. So let me help you, or I'll break your scrawney neck."

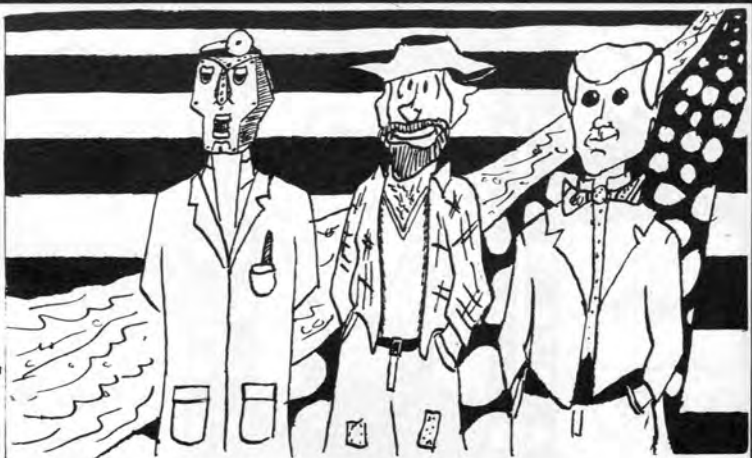
"P-P-PLEASE d-don't h-hurt me."

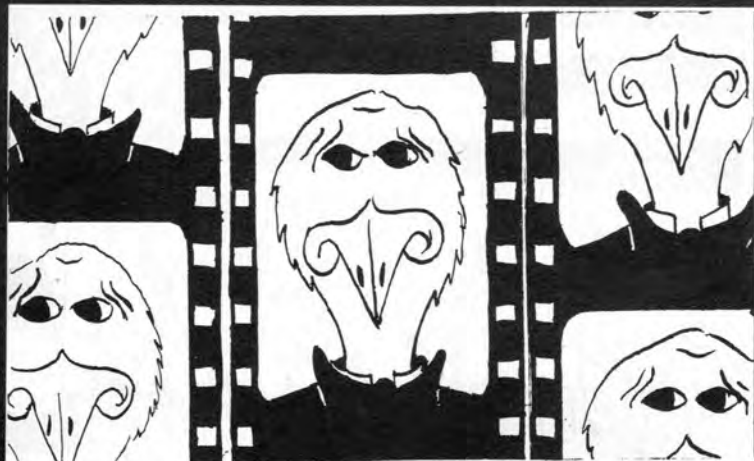
"We won't hurt you. Just tell us where you're injured, and Whitey will take care of you," Tidestaff stated.

"And I can cure anything in the world," Whitey added.

"I'd l-like some c-courage."

"Except that," Whitey concluded.





When they finally got the bird comfortable enough to talk, he began to open up to them. When they asked him who he was, they received a startling answer.

"I am a penguin."

"No you're not," Whitey said.

"You are obviously an eagle."

"I tell you, I am a penguin."

"Face the facts, pal. You are an eagle."

"I cannot face the facts."

"You cannot face the facts? Cannot call yourself an eagle? What kind of idiocy is that?"

"I'm afraid to face the facts, that's all."

"What?"

"Anyway, for all I know, I am not an eagle. I could be a penguin."

"Well, Mister Penguin, you are an eagle. And that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"How do you know what the 'truth' is? For years I was supposed to tell people what the truth was. I sat in front of men and women, listened to them argue over their problems, and tell them who was right and who was wrong. I used to pick the winner of an argument that, in reality, had nothing to do with the original dispute. And when I was finished, I had no more idea of what the truth was than before I started. I could only hope that I made the right decision. Now you have the nerve to tell me what 'truth' is, and you know less than I do."

"It obviously took courage to stand in front of people and make such firm decisions. Why the fear?" Tidestaff asked.

"Because, I realize now that I cannot face the truth. For years I determined that which I could never fully understand. It scares me to think that I told someone who was right that he was wrong, and vice versa. Lies, truth, truth, lies; it is all the same to me. And that is what makes me a penguin, or an eagle, or a rooster. I am so mixed up, I cannot tell the difference."

"Why don't you come with us? We can help you find, and face, the truth."

"My dear sir, if you can do that I daresay you are a god."

The four companions roamed the country-side for many days. The cobblestone path and the brook which ran alongside of it became a common sight for the quartet as they traveled. They had no idea where the walkway would lead them; they, in fact, were not even sure that it would ever end. They just walked...

And walked...

And walked...

And stopped.

There, looming in the distance, was a red city. The path they were on led directly to it.



The foursome ran to the gates of the city. As they approached the entrance, a loud voice shouted at them.

"HOOOOOOOOOLD IT!!!"

"Yes, my good fellow, what seems to be the problem?" responded Whitey with a negotiative air.

"The problem? I'll tell you the problem! You and you and you and you are trespassing! That is the problem!"

"Oh, I see."

"Well? What do you intend to do about it?"

"Pardon us, sir. We are going to have to discuss our options."

The four friends huddled together.

"Well?" asked Whitey.

"Well what?" Tidestaff answered inquisitively.

"Well, what shall we do?"

"We want to go inside, right?"

"Right," said Whitey.

"Rightness," added Denim.

"Wrong," said Penguin.

"And we want to see some form of authority, right?"

"Right."

"Rightness."

"Wrong."

"So, why don't we let this clown arrest us?"

"Excellent Idea!"

"Taint a bad ideer, nither."

"No, No, No. That won't work."

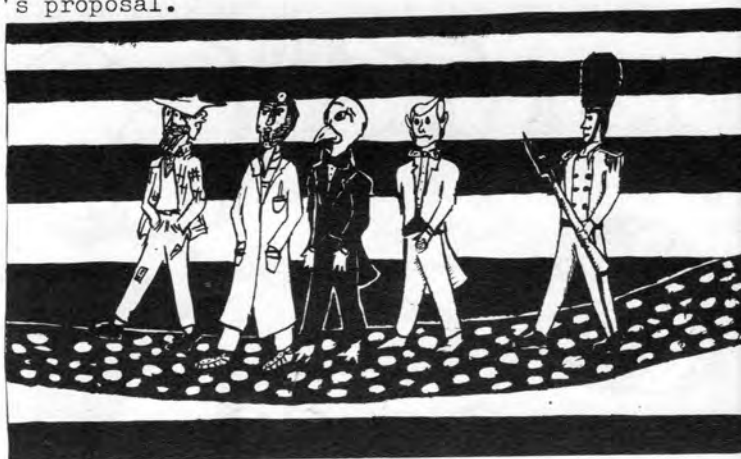
"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to get arrested."

"Well," began Whitey, "you've been outvoted. If you want to say here alone and rot, that is your option."

Penguin looked around. At least if he went inside if he joined his friends, he would be protected by his allies. "All for one and one for all," he said quietly as he agreed to Tidestaff's proposal.

The quartet was marched through Scarlet City (as the locals called it) by about thirty armed guards. They passed hundreds of people as they were led down the streets; no one that they saw had a happy expression on his face. There was a pervading gloom that seemed to threaten the inhabitants of this



large town.

"There's something wrong here, Whitey."

"I know what you mean, Robby. Seems like something's missing."

"You know something, Whitey? I haven't seen a kid since we've been here!"

"Quiet in the ranks! Prisoners are not allowed to speak!" the guard shouted.

"Do we get to make on phone call?" Tidestaff asked the guard. Just then a huge whip cracked down upon his back. The pain brought him to his knees. "I guess not," Tidestaff mumbled as he passed out.

Tidestaff's vision was blurred when he came to. He had been dragged the rest of the distance, so his friends told him, and they were now awaiting sentencing.

"Sentencing? When the hell was the trial?"

"There was none."

"What?"

"We are guilty. No trial. No lawyer. Nothing. And any minute now, they are going to pull us into that room and sentence us."

"THE PRISONERS MAY NOW RISE!" The door in front of them opened slowly. "ENTER!"

"Nobody moved."

"YO, I SAID 'ENTER'!"

The four friends looked at each other, and then they began to enter. Penguin needed a little extra assistance, of course, but they finally made it into the chamber.

"YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF VIOLENT TRESPASSING. YOU HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THIS. IN APPROXIMATELY SIX HOURS YOU WILL ALL DIE. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THAT?"

"I want to know who's speaking," asked Tidestaff.

"THE ONE, THE ONLY, WIZARD OF RED."

"Well, I'd like to see someone who's in charge."

"I AM IN CHARGE HERE!"

"Oh yeah? Well I'd like you to know that your officers did not allow me an attorney, a quick and speedy trial, or my optional one phone call. It seems we have a case on our hands. A, I right, Penguin?"

"Yes, Robby, I think we do."

"WHAT GIVES THAT MANGY BIRD THE RIGHT TO TELL ME WHAT IS RIGHT OR WRONG?"



"I happen to be," said Penguin, "the Judge of the Ninth District. It is my job to interpret the law. So there."

"WHY ARE YOU HERE THEN, BIRD?"

"I came to find the courage to face the truth."

"IT SEEMS THAT YOU HAVE ALREADY FOUND IT, FOR YOU WERE ABLE TO STAND IN FRONT OF PEOPLE AND MAKE LIFE-AND-DEATH DECISIONS

EVERY DAY. THAT IN ITSELF SHOWS A COURAGE UNOBTAINABLE BY THE COMMON MAN. I RETRACT YOUR SENTENCE AND ASK YOU HUMBLY TO REMAIN IN MY CITY. I WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH IF YOU WOULD ASSIST ME IN MY INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LAWS!"

"Why, sir, it would be an honor and a privilege!"

"AND YOU, WHITE ONE, WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR HERE?"

"I, sir, am a doctor by trade. I have come here looking for a heart."

"AND WHY DO YOU NEED A HEART?"

"Sir, I can cure any disease found. There is, however, an emptiness within me; it is the need to show affection.

"YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU HAVE THE POWER TO AID PEOPLE, TO SAVE PEOPLE! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SHOW AFFECTION! YOU SHOW ENOUGH KINDNESS AND DIGNITY BECAUSE YOU CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE THAT YOU HELP!"

"I am programmed to cure, not care."

"ALL THE BETTER! YOU HAVE THE GREATEST POTENTIAL AVAILABLE, THE ABILITY TO MAINTAIN LIFE! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHETHER YOU CARE OR NOT! I ASK YOU TO REMAIN HERE IN THE CITY AND CURE MY PEOPLE, KEEP MY PEOPLE ALIVE! IF YOU HAVE THE HEART TO DO THAT NOW, THAN YOU HAVE HAD THE 'HEART' ALL ALONG!"

"Thank you, sir. I will stay and use my newfound heart."

"YOU THERE, THE ONE IN BLUE! WHAT HAVE YOU COME HERE FOR?"

"I comed here ta ask ya for a brain."

"AND WITH GOOD REASON, IT SEEMS. WHAT NEED DO YOU HAVE FOR A BRAIN?"

"I wants ta better meself. I wants ta become like Whitey and the bird."

"AND YOU WILL! YOU WILL! I ASK YOU TO REMAIN IN SCARLET CITY AND GET YOUR EDUCATION. IT IS HONORABLE TO HAVE A GOAL LIKE THAT."

"Tank Ya. I preessate it."

"AND YOU, THE ONE WITH THE BARE FEET! WHAT PURPOSE HAVE YOU IN COMING HERE?"

"I'd like a pair of shoes, sir."

"SHOES! I'D SOONER REMOVE YOUR FEET!"

"Actually, sir, I came to ask you for a way home. I don't belong here."

"THAT IS QUITE OBVIOUS! HOWEVER, I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?"

"I am a musician." The faces of his three friends turned and smiled.

"A MUSICIAN? WHAT PURPOSE DO YOU SERVE IN LIFE?"

"I make people happy. I make them smile."

"AND WHAT GOOD IS THAT! YOU HAVE NO GOAL IN LIFE, YOU DEFEND NOBODY, SAVE NO ONE. YOU ARE WORTHLESS! IN FACT, YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF DYING HERE AT SCARLET CITY! LEAVE, FOOL! YOU ARE BANISHED FROM THIS TOWN! COME YOU THREE! LEAVE THAT CRAZY PERSON TO HIMSELF! HE DESERVES TO BE EXILED!"

Tidestaff looked at his three friends. They were moving slowly away from the musician, heading deeper into the haze-filled room.





"Do I? Do I deserve to be exiled? What have I done wrong? Nothing!" He spit on the floor. "All I have ever wanted to do was make people happy, make them feel good inside. And you have the guts to tell me that isn't a valiant occupation? Well you are wrong, very wrong! When I play the piano for a large crowd, and I look into the audience, I often see one solitary smiling face. And

that, in itself, is worth my whole life. You were right! I am not worthy to die in your city! I am too good for that! I know how to love, how to face the truth, how to better myself! I do not need none of your smooth talking or--"

"LEAVE BEFORE MY PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED, OR YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF TOO DEAD TO WALK OUT OF HERE!"

Tidestaff looked at his receding companions. He turned and left the room. As he was leaving he heard a faint voice tell Whitey, Denim, and Penguin "not to pay attention to the radical." The crazed wizard had roped them in. They would never feel freedom again.

As he walked through the misty city, a tear fell from his cheek.

The sound of a scream woke him from his sound sleep. He was startled by the voice of a young girl.

"Help! Help! This man is bleeding!"

The usher ran over to see what the commotion was. The little girl pointed to the shabbily dressed man next to Tidestaff. He had blood slowly dripping from his ears, mouth, and nostrils. The usher felt for a pulse, but there was none to be found. He looked up and asked the other three gentlemen to clear the row.

Tidestaff got up and jumped over the seat in front of him. As he was walking out of that row, he heard the usher trying to rouse the other two men who had also fallen asleep. They would not wake up. Ever.

They were also dead.

Tidestaff woke up the next day, as usual, but the shock of what had happened still had him somewhat dazed. He turned on a local radio for a report of the incident. He was shocked even more. George Dash, a garbage collector, had died of cerebral hemorrhage. Richard Clef, a lawyer, had died of shock; he was literally "scared" to death. John Ashton, a doctor, had died of heart failure.

And the only man who walked out alive would never smile again.

# Barry Hummel



western union

# Telegram

TO: UNCLE BUGSY

HEERROEM IOSN A CHLSUAEC FOONR

YOOGU TOHNE WEAVLIRTUASGEESN

AOROET GCITHBTEORG MDOIOARSE

HAUSMOMREALL GOO GOO G'JOOB



Here's the spot to tell a tale that  
Everyone should know about

Quintuplets less a pair  
Unicorn plus a twosome  
Imagine  
That

Tusky Walri have there been  
Holding together a sinking ship  
Envy of their peers

Suddenly a suppressed horror  
Took the leader of the crew  
And soon the rest moved up the ladder  
Fondly remembered after they were gone  
Fools! Where have all the Walri gone?

Uncle Bugsy



The voyager is coming in a sinking ship  
I tried using d'eggman's sump - that worked  
Only 'e didn't even fix the hole

The Dallas Whaler  
And a mighty chap  
Men who take our Johns away

The Eggmen know  
The Rhode Island Red  
They cut off his head  
To make him crow louder

Captain Shellpile



The staff of the Vicissitudes is proud to present the following selection. It is part of a recently released novel by Steven Gimber and Barry Hummel. After careful consideration, and the growing realization that we were falling short of material for this issue, we at Vicissitudes opted to print part of Chapter Four of this satirical novel. The section includes their ever-popular epic poem of murder and intrigue. The staff hopes you will enjoy this insanity. And speaking of insane, how about the two lunatics that wrote this? They must be crazy! I have never seen two individuals act like they do in my life! Gimber is the only guy I know who practices self-hypnosis, and Hummel thinks he's a Black Irish!

Now that I have used up the extra space at the top of this page, we know proudly present

# Derek Looking Through A Glass Onion

## CHAPTER FOUR

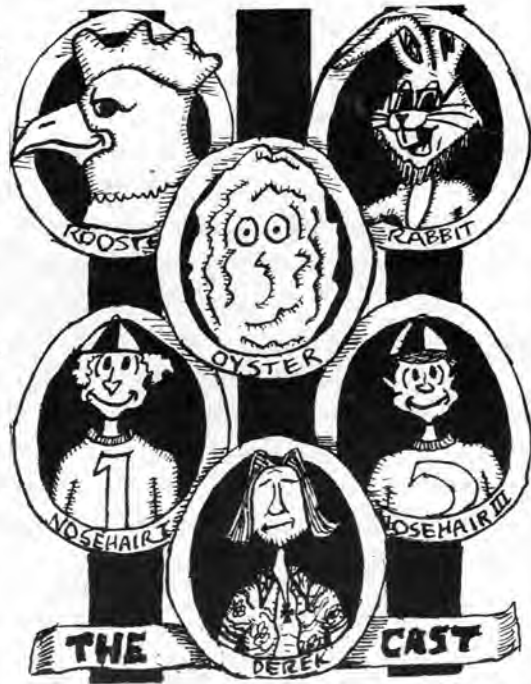
Now that Derek was finally reduced to his original size, he was able to continue his incredible journey.

He walked for hours in the direction that the Green Rabbit had told him. Then he ran into a slight problem: the path branched out and continued in four different directions.

"Oh, what will I do?" Derek asked. He heard a strange voice. He looked up and saw a Cardinal sitting in the tree above him. "Do what you were told to do," the redbird said.

"Oh how obvious!" Derek responded. He then continued down the path in the direction he had been told.

He stopped to rest near a small brook. While napping, he heard a mumbling sound from the west. He jumped up and looked in the direction from where he had come. Two strange



figures in dark clothes were heading straight for him.

"Who are you?" Derek asked rather naively. They proceeded to tell him, of course.

"I'm Nosehair Number One!"

"I'm Nosehair Number Three!"

"We're both a part of the same group!"

"As you can plainly see!"

Derek giggled, and the two oddly dressed people laughed until they stopped. Then the two lapsed into a semi-catatonic state for a few moments before continuing to speak.

"We followed you here"

"To tell you that"

"You were going"

"The wrong way."

"I was?" Derek asked.

"Of course. You were heading"

"Easterly when you should have been"

"Heading Westerly. Do you see?"

"Oh. I'm sorry. I forgot."

"We will now escort you"

"Back to the junction where"

"You made your mistake."

"Oh! Thank You! You are so kind!"

"We know."

The trio left and headed in the opposite direction. The two Nosehairs began to talk along the way.

"Would you like to hear a story"

"About a strange event that"

"Happened four years ago when"

"We were in your shoes, young man?"

"Certainly, Masters Nosehair. Please tell me."

The two Nosehairs began to tell their strange story in unison as they journeyed toward the junction up the road. Derek listened attentively as the lyrical words rolled off the tongues of the two human oddities:







"We're in the town of Borneo  
 A country can't you see.  
 And in the heart of this strange state  
 The meeting then took place.  
 The Oyster came from quite a ways,  
 The Rabbit not so far;  
 The Rooster -- he was there too soon  
 Because he came by van.

The Oyster came from Israyall,  
 The holyland of course!  
 He came to leave the shah behind  
 But he's already dead.  
 The Oyster was a clammy chap  
 His dress was very plain;  
 The gray he wore around himself  
 Had David's star outside.

The Rabbit came from Warner Brose;  
 They're not the Brothers Grimm.  
 The hunter who had chased him out  
 Talk right he could not do.  
 The Rabbit could have won the war  
 His prose was really grand.  
 The money he collected then  
 Resembles peanuts now.

The Rooster did not save the day  
 Because he crowed too loud.  
 The Rooster felt that he was great,  
 But he is just an elf.  
 The hens he rules know he's a sap,  
 And that he's full of crap.  
 Yet he still thinks that he knows all.  
 Yes, he's still in a daze.

The three stood there among the dew  
 In front of Rooster's van,  
 Each one prepared to start the phase  
 That he might finish soon.  
 The Oyster had a wad of welf;  
 He was as rich as you!  
 He had his pennies in a can;  
 The Rooster he did stall.

The wad of welf -- it was so great  
 Of marc, of pound, of yen.  
 We saw him count it out, you know;  
 We saw him count it out.  
 The time it took! 'Twas quite a pain,  
 That mighty wad of welf!  
 And then he spilled it in the dew;  
 He laughed until he cried.

The welf was gone forevermore.  
 Did disappoint the three!  
 The Rooster with a loud crow said,  
 'I hope that was not all!  
 We need the money to put out  
 According to your plan.  
 It surely will take many days  
 To fill that empty space.'

The Oyster he just shook his head,  
And said, 'I hope you know,  
That can was filled up to the brim,  
And that was all my welf.  
I hope you will not scream and shout,  
Like Edgar Allen POE;  
For when they kicked him in his can  
He too was in a daze.'

The Rooster, he began to shout,  
'What am I s'posed to do?  
To do the work, I need the welf!  
Oh how I need the welf!  
So I would sure appreciate  
If you could fill that can.  
I know that there are many ways  
That you could earn the dough.'

The Rabbit had a little pride;  
He had his feelings too.  
Eventually his mouth he ran  
Although it took him days.  
The Rabbit sang a Looney Tune  
Which Rooster thought was dim.  
The Rabbit said, 'Give us three days,  
And we will have the dough!'

The Oyster left, the Rabbit too;  
And they had their three days.  
They had no way to go about,  
They had no thing to do.  
The Rabbit he produced a map  
He'd stole in Borneo  
The two decided rather soon  
Exactly how to stall.

While both were walking through the grain  
Into Potrogepo,  
They saw a Walrus turn his head;  
And then he fell down dead.  
A crowd of people stood and grew  
According to the plan.  
They stood there and they stared two days;  
They mourned his death with yen.

The Oyster saw the mounting welf,  
He filled his can to brim.  
He watched the Walrus who was dead  
Get up and leave the place.  
The Walrus looked and smiled then,  
In brilliant shining rays.  
Again he'd used his clever whim  
To save the Oyster's show.

The Rabbit opened up his map,  
He opened up his map.  
They'd used up two of their three days  
To get to this grand place.  
They had no reason now to stall;  
Now all they had to do  
Was get the welf to Rooster's door  
Before he took his ride.





They hurried with their new found welf  
Up to the Rooster's door.  
The can was filled up to the brim.  
The Rooster cried...you see,  
The Walrus whom they thought was dead  
For both of those two days  
Was to the Rooster many ways  
An enemy in Pride.

The Rooster took the welf-filled can  
Just short of the three days.  
Then he thought that he was too kind  
By letting Rabbit stall.  
To Oyster's plan he shook his head,  
Which rendered his plan dead.  
'You will get nothing,' Rooster says,  
With a smile on his face.

The other two had to disband  
Each with an empty hand.  
They started walking to the sea,  
And to the ocean gray.  
They heard a hollar from the place  
Where Rooster parked himself.  
They turned to face his distant call;  
He did not have to strain.

The Rooster started speaking soon.  
He told them what to do  
If they wished him to use his plan  
In sunny Borneo.  
'Here's what I'd like you two to do  
To implement your plan.  
There's certain things I need these days.'  
He handed them a map

'Find these -- I'll use your plan for sure,  
So go and hunt these out.  
There's one thing else that you should do:  
I'd like them dead, you see.  
Again I'll give to you three days,  
And lend to you my van.  
I'll surely use your plan you know;  
Just bring to me their head.'

The things were creatures near and far  
In parts of Borneo.  
The first one that they hunted out  
Was easy to kill dead.  
The eggman sat in yellow rays;  
He too was in a daze.  
They cracked the shell on his right side;  
They busted him in ten.

Next victim in this hunting craze,  
A pilchard in the dew,  
Crushed by a tire on the van,  
The second beast to fall.  
The fish had died with little pain,  
Our two friends had been kind.  
They left to find the last two then;  
They still had left two days.

The Oyster put a piece of lead  
Into the gun he fed.  
He had no use for the gun then  
It merely was for show.  
The Rabbit he began to grind  
Next victim into maze;  
The penguin smashed looked like a fan;  
He went to short from tall.

The last man on this list of crap  
Was one they'd seen before,  
An enemy to Rooster's pride  
Met just the other day.  
He'd helped them to regain their welf  
When they were rather poor;  
They'd show that they were just as kind  
By putting him in pain.

They jumped off of the van itself;  
They Walrus found again.  
He lied in corn among the dew  
In front of Rooster's van  
It seemed much like a rodeo,  
They roped him in the dew.  
This was a trioute truly great  
For one who gave his welf.

He spoke -- his flippers he did flap,  
Their faces he did slap.  
'Remember this forevermore:  
You must be half insane.  
I helped you in the past. I saw  
That you were down and out.  
And so, to me, you now say POO!  
You have a lot of gall!'

'We merely want to join the state,  
It surely is our fate,'  
Said Oyster, 'cording to his whim.  
To that the Walrus says,  
'I will see that Rooster pays  
Because he acts so snide.  
I'll see that he is not so proud --  
'Cause we will have our day.'

The Oyster took his gun out now,  
He aimed it at his fren.  
He pulled the trigger with his hand  
The bullet starts to bore  
A little tiny hole right through  
The Walrus' briny snout.  
He hit the dirt and tried to swim,  
Blood gushing from his nose.

And so the Walrus, he has died.  
He gave to them his welf.  
The Rooster must have been insane  
To lose the brilliant chap.  
But when he saw the Walrus dead  
He was to Oyster kind.  
He 'greed to Oyster's plan of course,  
All happy after all.





The Rooster jumped into his van  
He drove away at noon.  
The Oyster who had traveled far  
Went home in many days.  
The Rabbit also left the place  
Upon that very date.  
It was a pleasant sight to see,  
When they'd left Borneo."

"I like the Walrus best," said Derek,  
"because he felt a little sorry for the  
Oyster."

"How brilliant of you"  
"To pick that up!"

The trio reached the junction, and the  
two Nosehairs began to take their leave of  
absence.

"Wait, Misters Nosehair. I have one  
more question."

"Yes, what"  
"Is it?"

"You are Nosehair Number One, right?"  
"Right!"

"And you are Nosehair Number Three,  
right?"  
"Right!"

"Could you tell me, please, what became  
of Nosehair Number Two?"

"Oh, how horrible"  
"It was! You see"

"He died many"  
"Years ago when he"

"Was crushed. It was"  
"Quite a terrifying experience!"

"Yes," Derek interjected, "it must have  
been. I'll never let anything like that  
happen to me!"

"Good for you. Now"  
"You continue down that path there and"

"You will be safe."

"Goodbye, Nosehairs," Derek shouted as  
the creatures vanished. He turned and  
headed into the land of the setting sun...


TO BE CONTINUED

Thomson 1971

"I am the editor," said Steve  
 "No you're not!" said Little Nicola  
 I will not compromise...  
 You have a real wit  
 I think they should make a movie about it  
 Ah, Yo! I SAID 'YO!  
 B.T.B., B.M.L., I.Y.M., Ah, journal that will ya  
 Scared o' that!  
 For sure...cosmic baby...duh!  
 The rabbit did not die, for his seed is in the oyster  
 That was good, Larry, duh! Duh!! DUH!!!  
 Jeese...bizarre...cosmidity intact  
 Dis is de shlope off de line...dis remind you off someting?  
 Are we going to stay after school on Wednesday?  
 No, I gotta work for some kid who need Wednesday off so he can stay after school  
 Ah, we got one of those rust-colored jackets with no sleeves...  
 You know...one of those rust-colored jackets with no sleeves...  
 I get paid peanuts!  
 Speaking of the south of Naples...  
 'That was a good idee I had, wasn't it? You like my idea?!  
 Yea, wotk for me, baby!!! I thought they outlawed imported help...(?)  
 Tell me that doesn't look sharp! TELL ME THAT DOESN'T LOOK SHARP!!  
 Okay...that doesn't look sharp.  
 You mean he had one eye?  
 Hello Carlo...((URRMPH!))  
 He's got more chins than a Hong Kong directory  
 Listen, if you knew the plight of the whale...  
 I mean, me and my boyfriend came here from California and...ah...  
 I WILL NOT COMPROMISE!  
 i will give you your way...  
 Give the lady a beer!  
 Oh, now I am drunk...  
 Half a glass...  
 Blind kids read my face.  
 ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS.....  
 I shave with a riding mower  
 MOO! MOO! MEOW! GOO GOO GOO JOOB!  
 Dis one's for da Gipper  
 And if you think this is obvious, keep looking... . . .

*Inside #9*  
*Joke*

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## UNCLE BUGSY'S CRAZY WRITERS CLUB

It was twenty months ago tonight,  
Uncle Bugsy taught the gang to write  
They've been trying many different styles  
In the hopes of raising many smiles.  
So may I introduce to you  
The gang you've known for all the while,  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
We're Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
We hope you will enjoy this mag.  
We're Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
We hope the stories will not drag.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy, Uncle Bugsy's Crazy  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club.  
It's wonderful to be here,  
It certainly is fun.  
We hold our readers truly dear,  
We'd like to write for you next year,  
We'd like to write next year.  
I don't want to interrupt the show  
But I thought you might like to know,  
Our Writer's gonna tell some tales  
In the hopes that he'll increase our sales.  
So let me introduce to you  
The one and only Shellpile  
And Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club.

## BEING FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. HORSE!

For the benefit of Mr. Horse  
There will be a show of course in Magazine  
The characters will all be there  
Late of The Ground Hog's Day Fair-- what a scene  
Over heroes, villians, traps and weapons  
Lastly from a building of real fire  
In this way Mr. H. will challenge the world!  
The celebrated Mr. H  
Performs his feat on saturday  
At Trigger's Place  
The characters will sit and drink  
As Mr. Horse goes on the blink  
A true disgrace  
Messrs. G and H assure the public  
His production will be second to none  
And we've seen Mr. Gangrene feeding the birds!  
The film begins at ten to ten  
When Mr. H runs it again with all the sound  
And Mr. G will demonstrate  
The nap that he will undertake in Laundry Ground  
Having been some days in preparation  
A splendid time is guaranteed for all  
But today G and H are topping the bill.

## UNCLE BUGSY'S CRAZY WRITERS CLUB (REPRISE)

We're Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
We hope the publication stays  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
We're sorry but we leave in days.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club.  
We'd like to thank you all again.  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club  
It's getting very near the end  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy  
Uncle Bugsy's Crazy Writers Club.

## A DAY ON THE STAFF

I saw the magazine oh boy  
Written by lucky men who made the grade  
And though the book was rather good  
Well I just had to laugh  
I read the photograph.  
He blew their minds out with a farce  
Then they all noticed that his tone had changed  
A crowd of people missed his work  
They'd seen his face before  
Nobody was really sure if he  
Was from the land of moors.  
I saw a film today oh boy  
The white detective had just lost his war  
The students did not understand  
But I just had to scan  
Having played the man.  
It loves to turn you on  
Woke up, crawled out of bed  
Wrapped a tie around my head  
Found my way downstairs and washed my hands,  
And looking grand I noticed I was great.  
Found my coat and grabbed my patch  
Caught the bus without a catch  
Found my way inside and had a cake  
That somebody baked and I went into a dream  
I saw the magazine oh boy  
A little ink upon the cover front  
And though the lines were rather small  
They had to cut them all  
Now they know how many lines it takes  
To beat him to a pulp  
It loves to turn you on

