

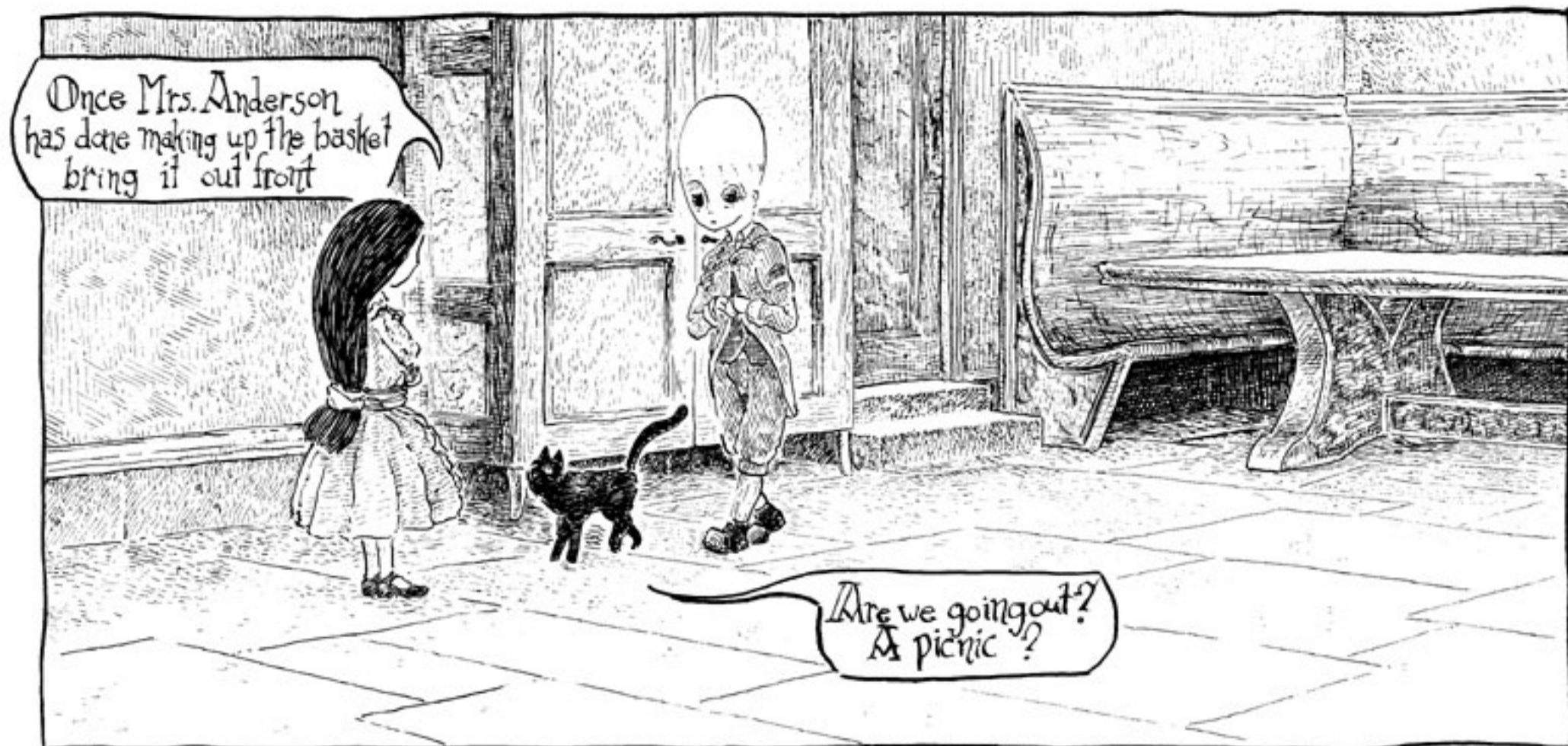
BOLD PICKNICK IN THE PARK



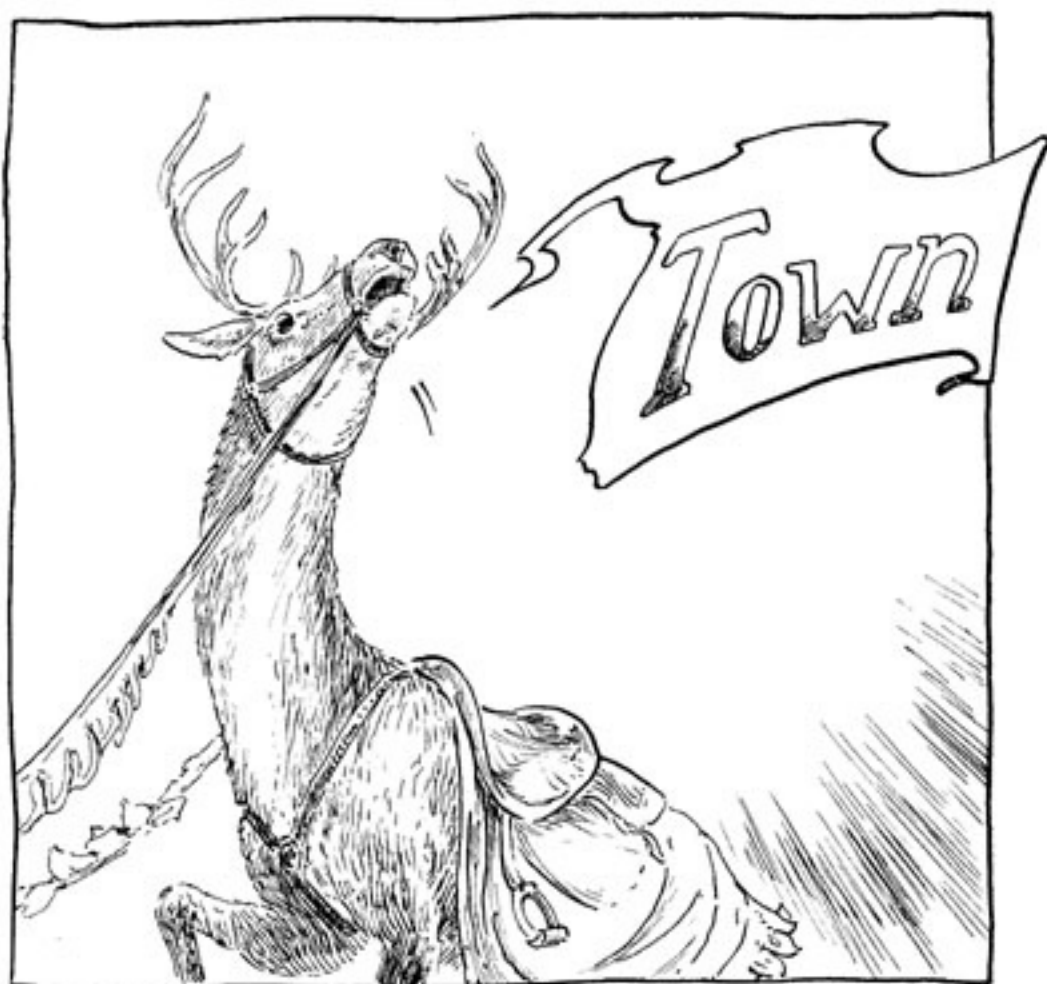




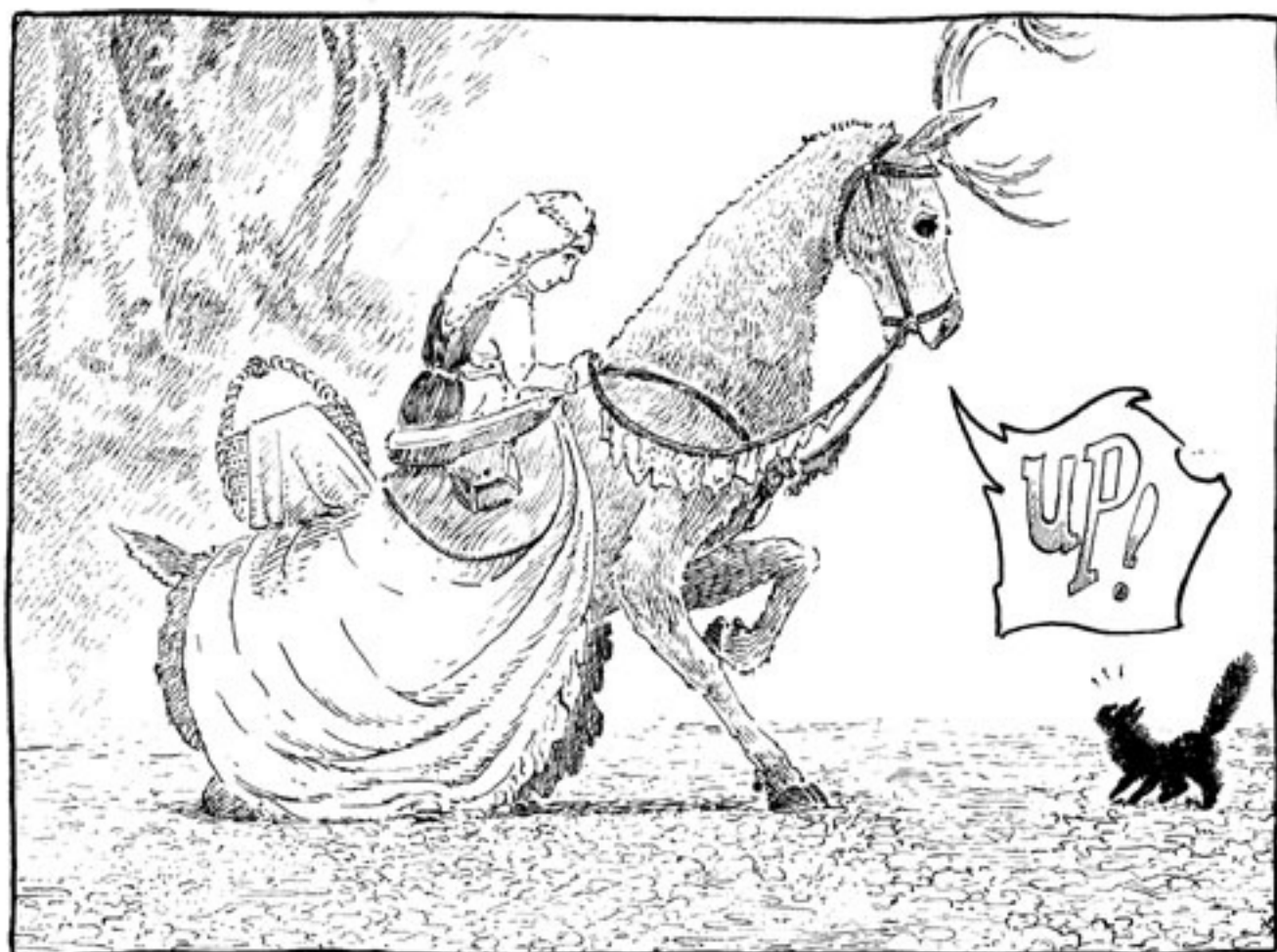


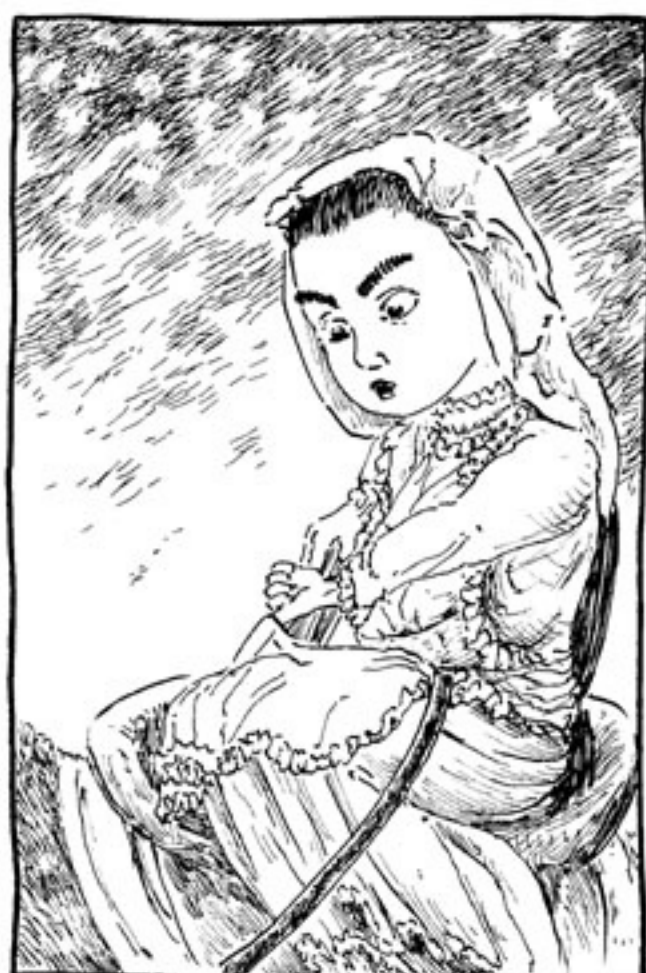


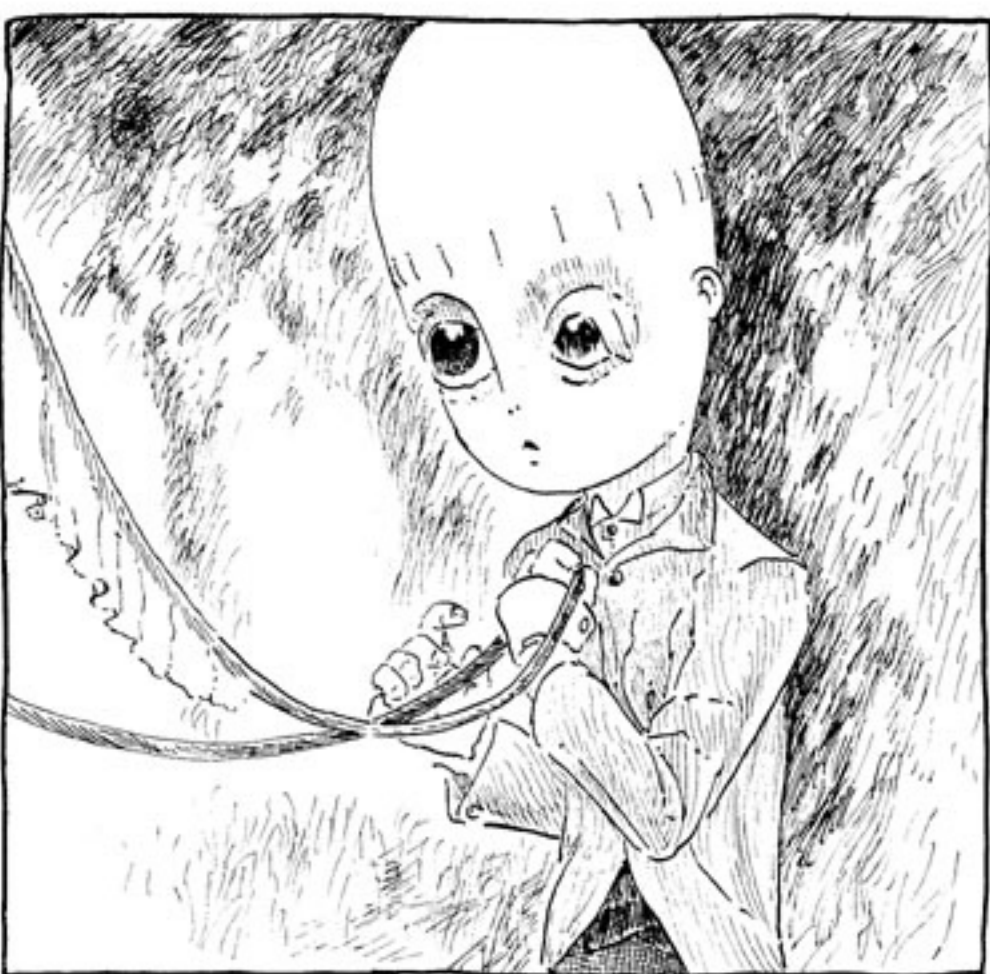
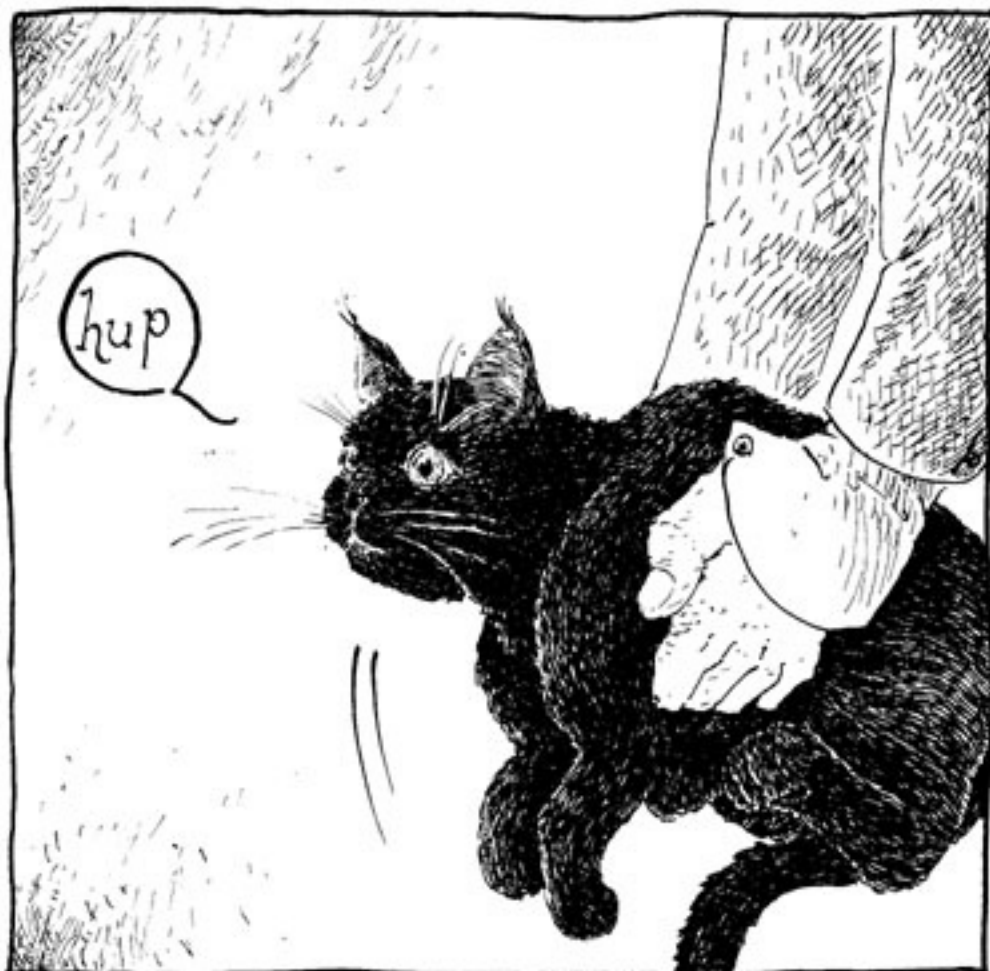


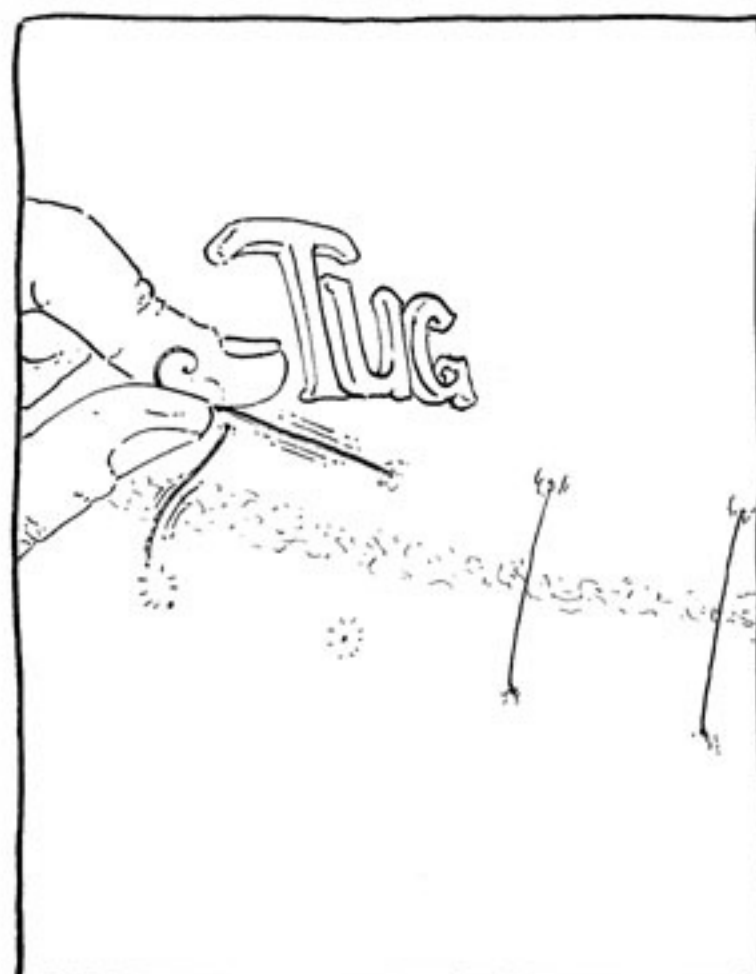


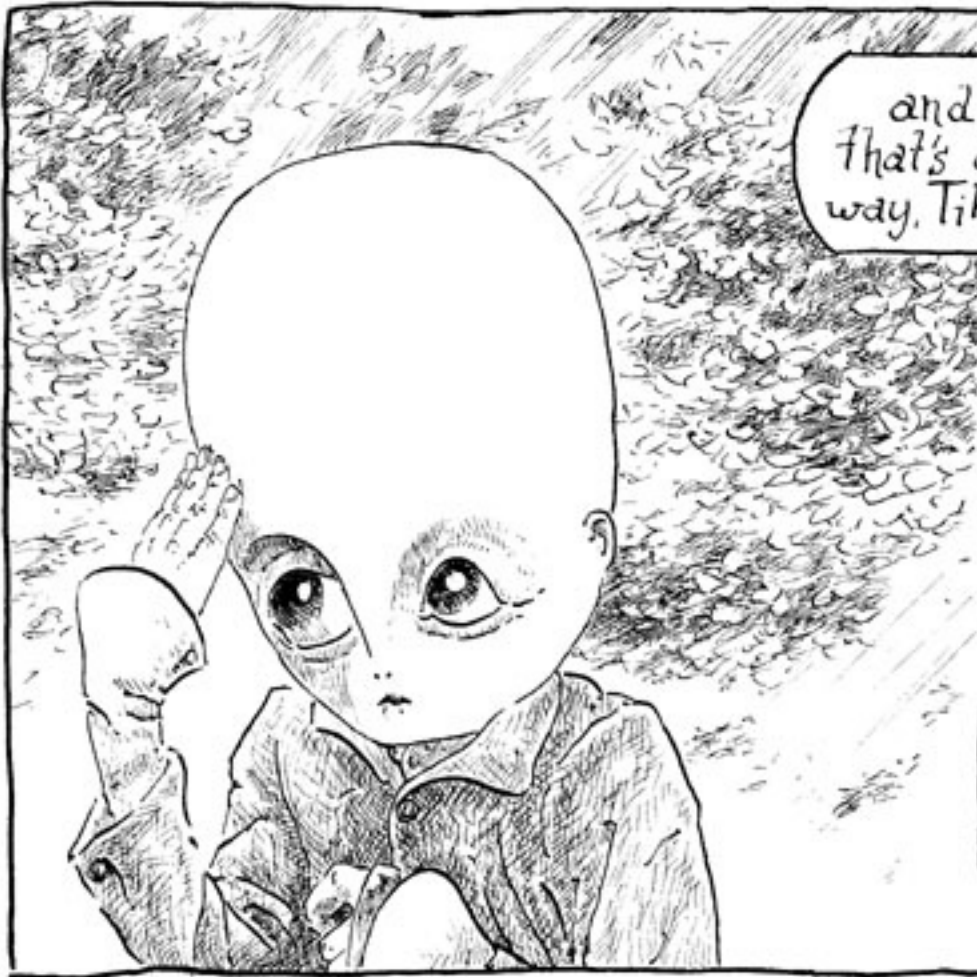




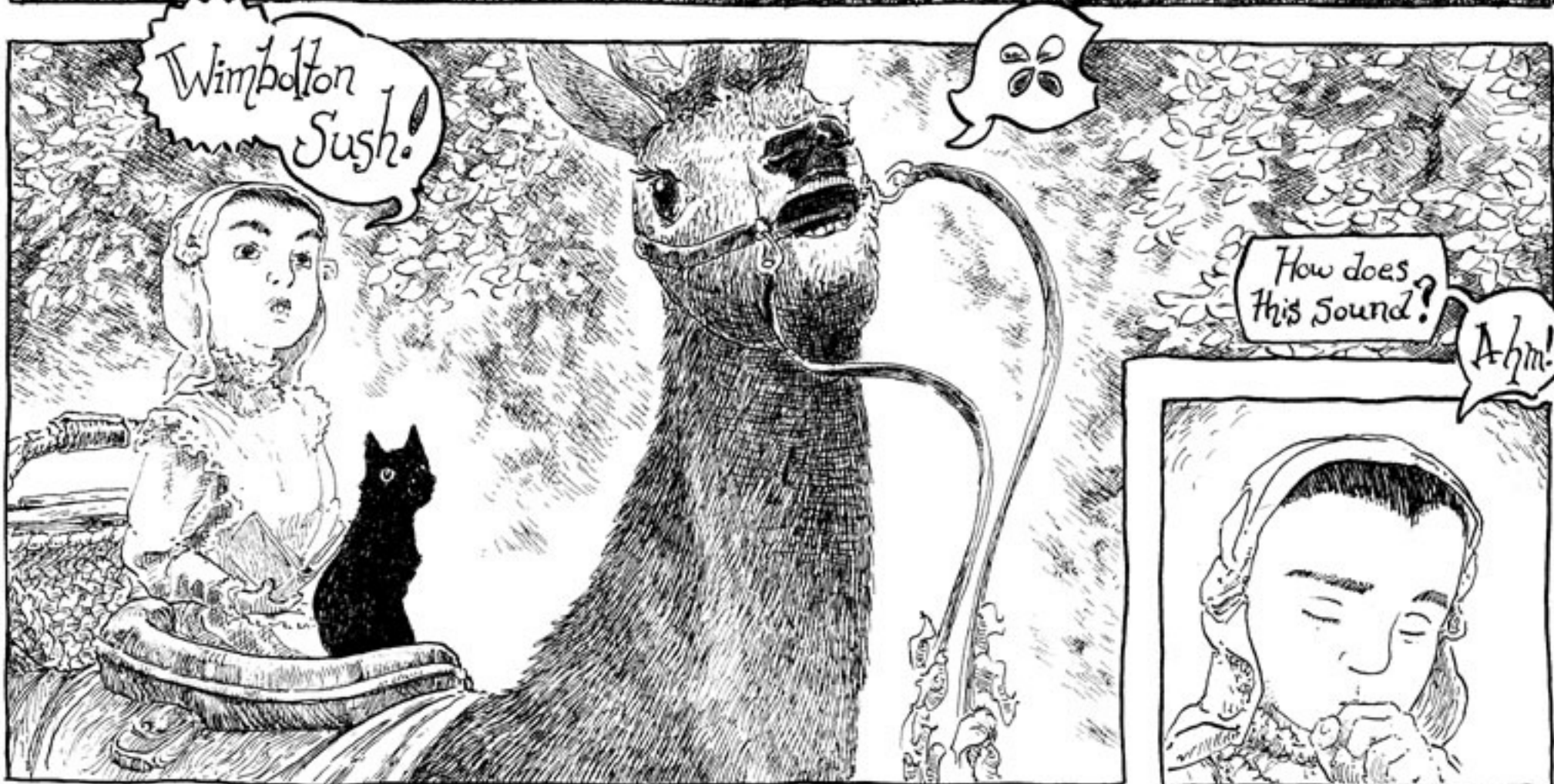


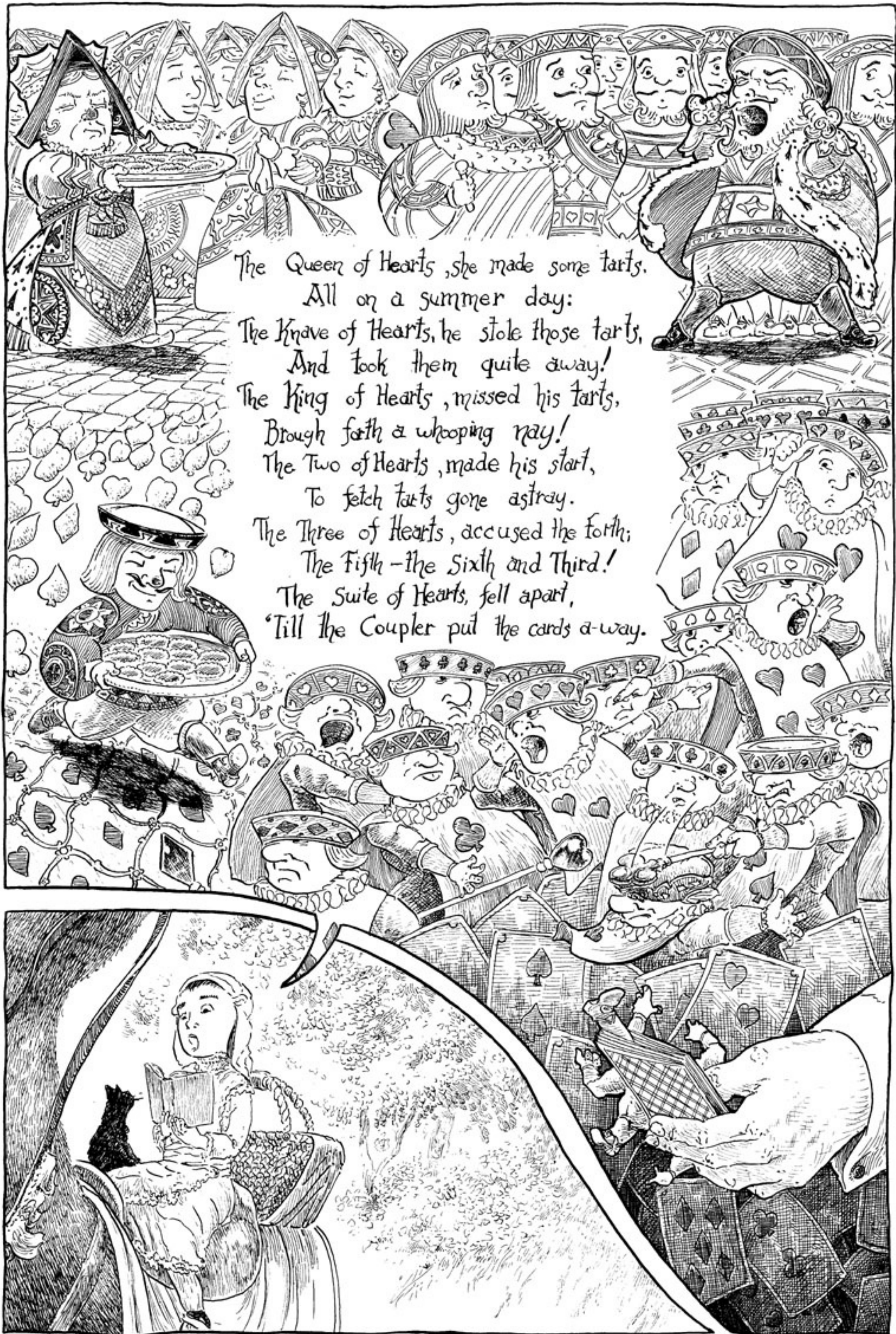














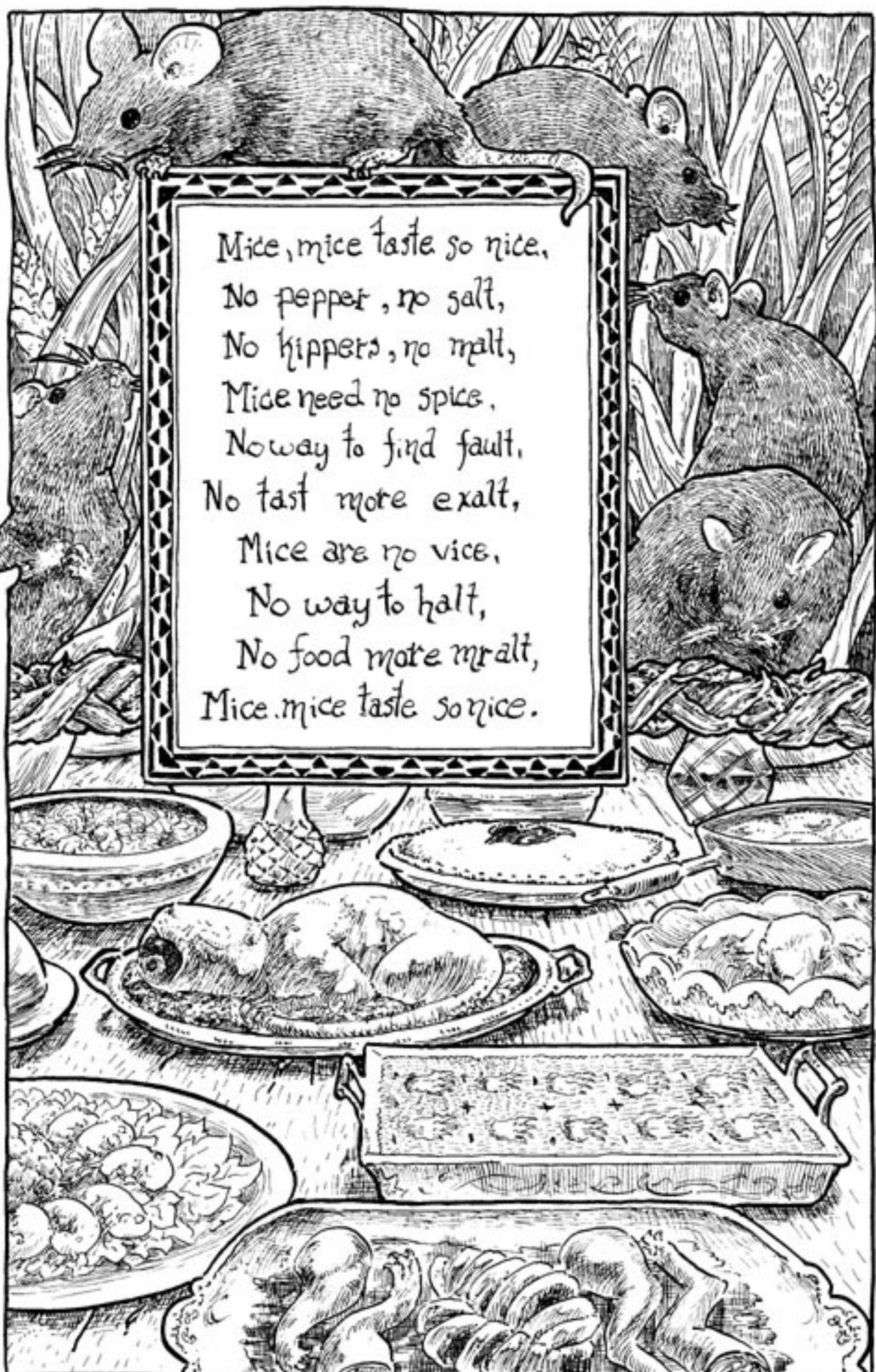
That's pretty good
Elizabeth



'Pretty good' that may
have been a bit better
than 'pretty good'.

Very well Ticky-ticky
you give us one now.

yes



Mice, mice taste so nice,
No pepper, no salt,
No hippers, no malt,
Mice need no spice,
Noway to find fault,
No fast more exalt,
Mice are no vice,
No way to halt,
No food more mralt,
Mice, mice taste so nice.



Marli? I believe.
I have not heard
that word before.



It's a cat word
for a small, tasty
furry animal.



I know many cat words,
(you know very well) and having
not heard 'marli' before now.
I am of some suspicion.

Well it is an old cat word
not much in use anymore. Marli
for small, tasty, furry animal:
mice, vole or small squirrel.

Brall for small, tasty,
slimy animal: fish, eel, or smelt.
At any rate, what would be
the harm of a made up word
to a poem? Mr Carroll has
many poems with nonsense
words, and you have

read them without
well, much complaint.

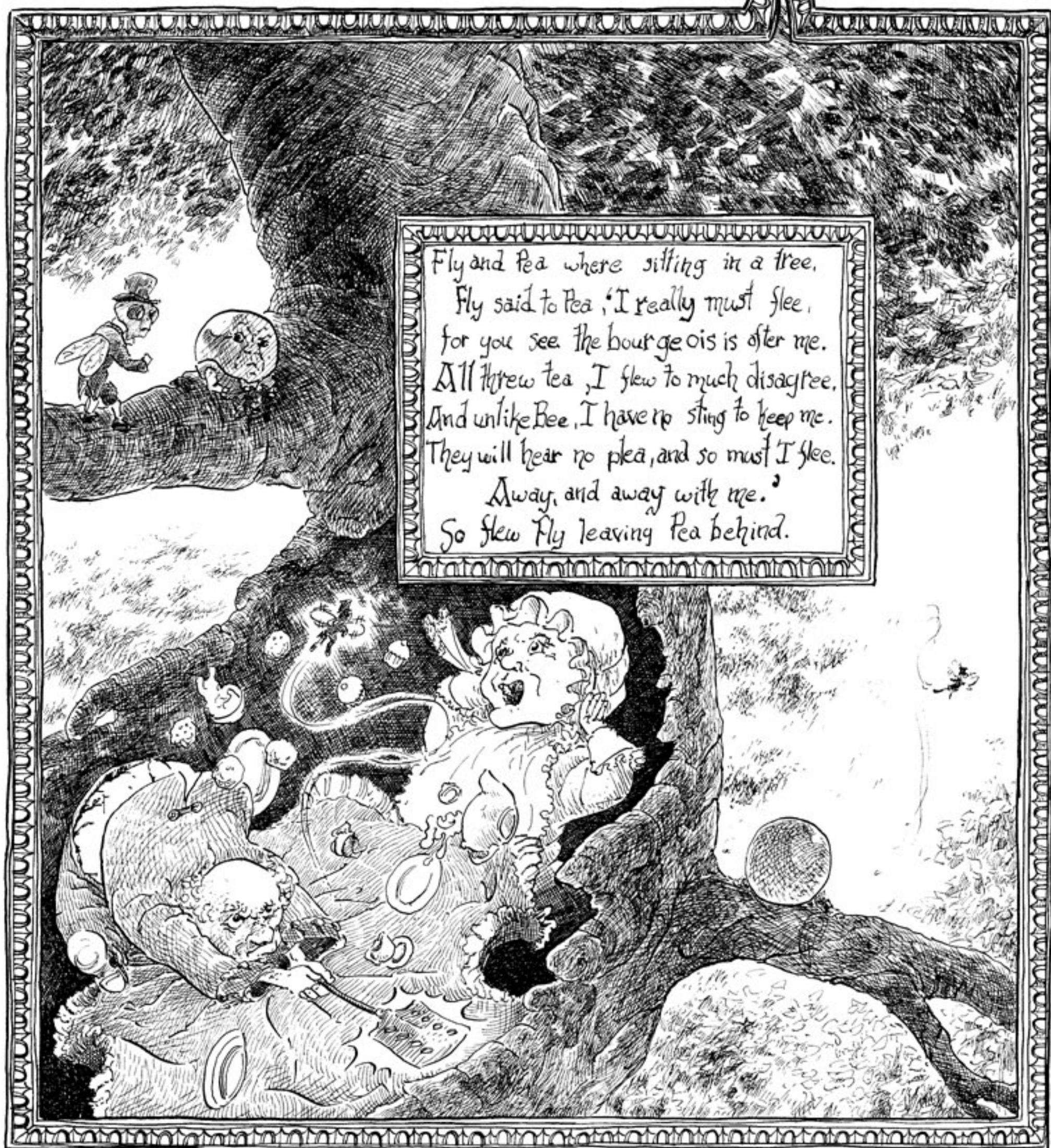
Hum

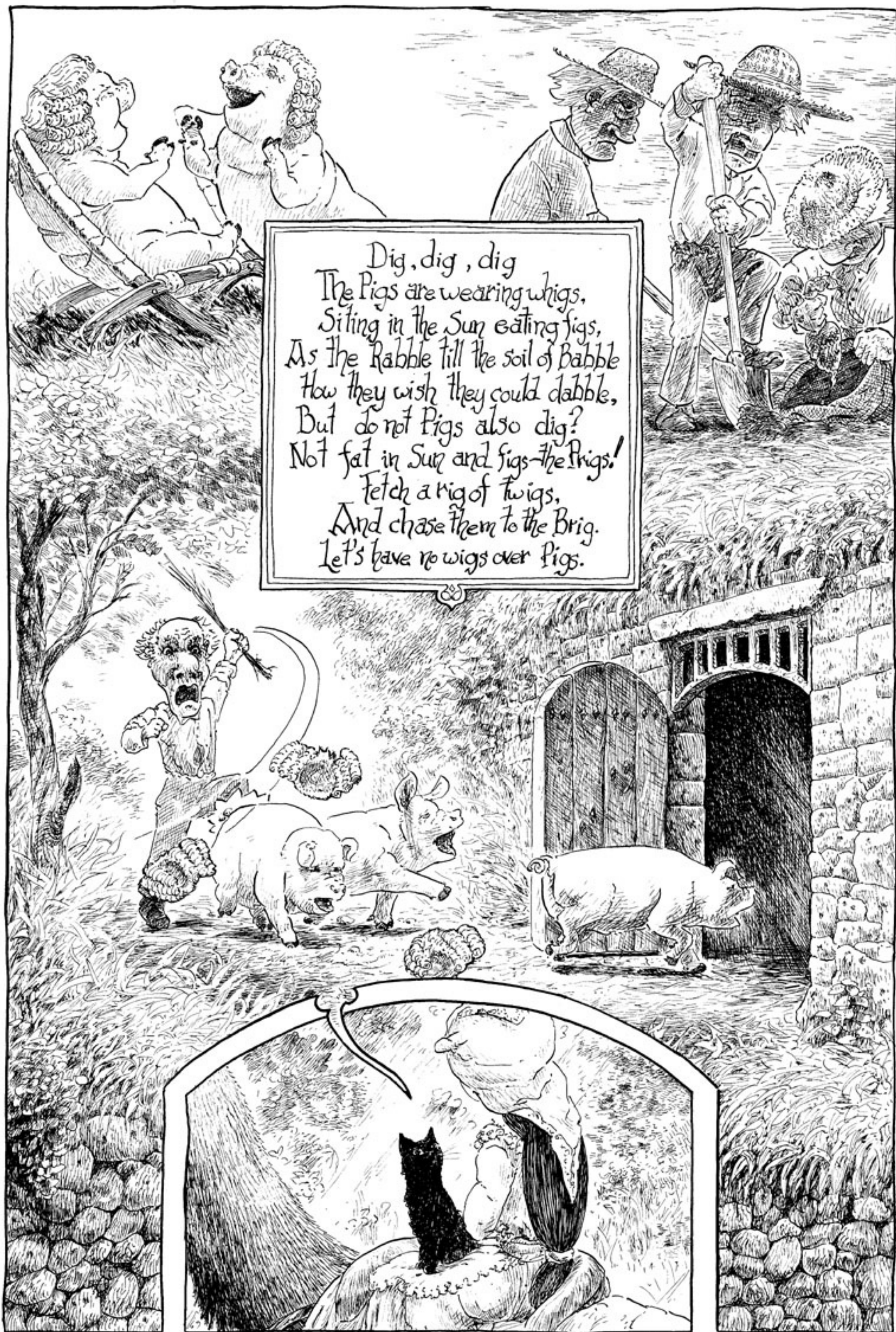
Your turn now
Elizabeth.

Mr Carroll indeed
does make use of
nonsense words, but does
so from the beginning of a poem,
and does so with purpose. Marli
came at the end of your poem, and

not knowing it's
meaning, so raised my
suspicion, that's all.







Dig, dig, dig
The Pigs are wearing whigs,
Siting in the Sun eating figs,
As the Rabble till the soil of Babble
How they wish they could dabble,
But do not Pigs also dig?
Not fat in Sun and figs the Pigs!
Fetch a rig of twigs,
And chase them to the Brig.
Let's have no wigs over Pigs.

A-sitting on a fence.
 One hears many things of little sense.
 As a point of fact, consider this act,
 Of poor Horse sense, in the dispense of six-pence.
 With only hoof and tail to extract monetary value exact,
 Your pocket buttons remain intact.
 Oh! Poor Horse, thumb and finger you lack.
 The Shop-keep became incensed,
 As the transaction did not commence.
 'Are you dense!' cried the Shop-keep tense,
 'I've many customers from whence,
 To there own place they wish to tract,
 Pay the expense, pay it exact,
 Pay the expense, and from my store subtract.'
 Pled the Horse 'I mean no harm, I mean no offence,
 But my pockets stay closed against this dispense.'
 'Sticks and stones and violence,
 Leave my store, closed pockets are no defence.
 Leave my store, to the street-retract!
 So said the Shop-keep, to the Horse of poor sense.
 And retract he did to the street detract,
 Horse with pockets still intact.
 Do you need some moral sense,
 From the story of poor Horse sense?
 Perhaps it is this 'In shops of stacks immense,
 Send not a Horse of poor sense,
 To dispense six-pence, to Shop-keeps tense.'





Mary-Jane came walking along with a cane.
 'Mary-Jane why do you carry that cane?'
 'The reason ought to be plain,
 The bay's been drained by Charlamain.
 Boats and swans disturd,
 By crabs and lobsters germane.
 And now, instead of supine,
 The crustations are all about the Ukraine.
 Vary urbane these arthropods be,
 Coming upon girls unseen that I need a cane.
 To whack them back, and so my path maintain.



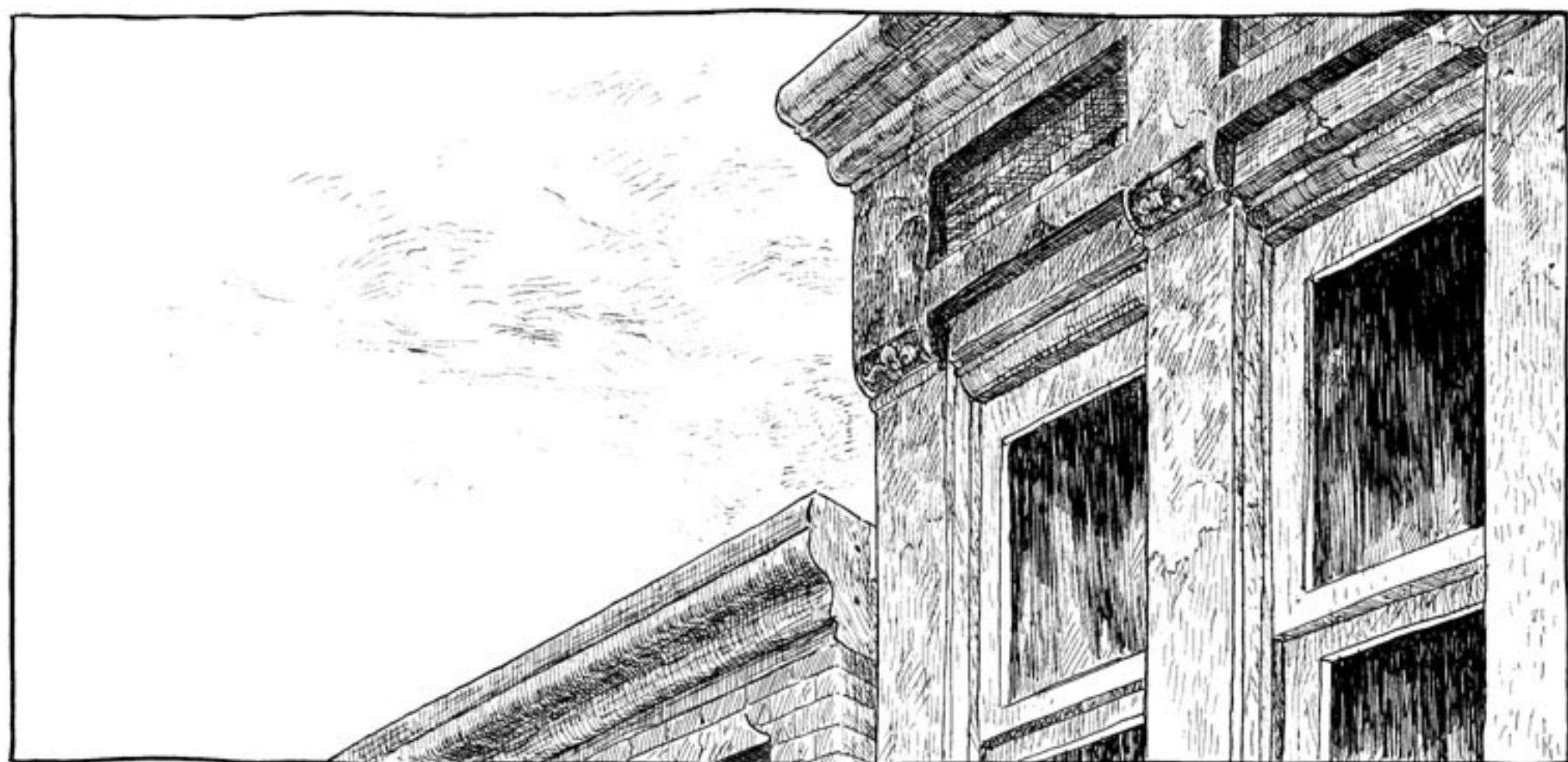
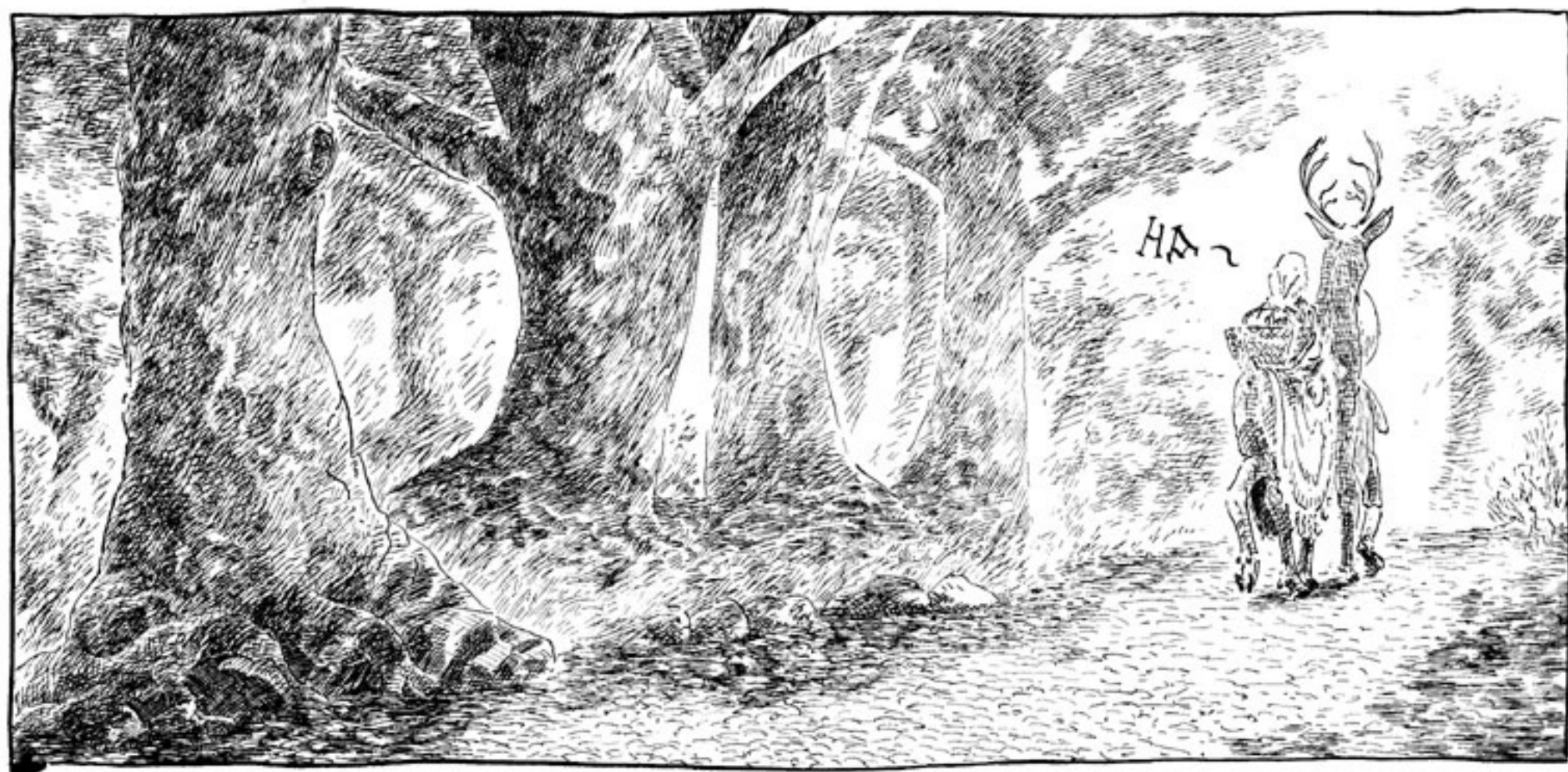


Said the White Knight,
'Smash your head till yer brains dribble like egg white.'
Replied the Black Knight,
'Bash your bones till yer not fit for worms to bite.'
Smash and bash tore through the silent night,
'Till the morn shone light or not but,
Blood n' gore about the shore, the gifts of night.



Getting a little bloody
now Elizabeth?

Bloody, whudy look at lil' Puddy,
Findin' solace in the ships' cuddy,
Protected from language he finds ruddy.
Poke yer' head out Puddy, y'll not get muddy,
Even if yer' guts get spilled upon the fuddy,
'Tis not my falt yer' not a quick study,
Too bad, too bad,
Now off the side with you Puddy,
And find solace in the lap of Duddy,
My poor lil' Puddy.







Now Miss Elizabeth, your father is not all in that way, and most certainly brighten a day if you wished it so.



Certainly he would, would he? More likely he would say —



Now Elizabeth I can NOT simply shape the weather to suit your will, what of the Ash and Chestnut, definitely the Cabbage need watering, and the streams would not otherwise remain full.



Pat my head and further impress upon me the virtues of proper rain ware.

Yes perhaps your right

Elizabeth, there seems to be an evanescent woman heading toward us.

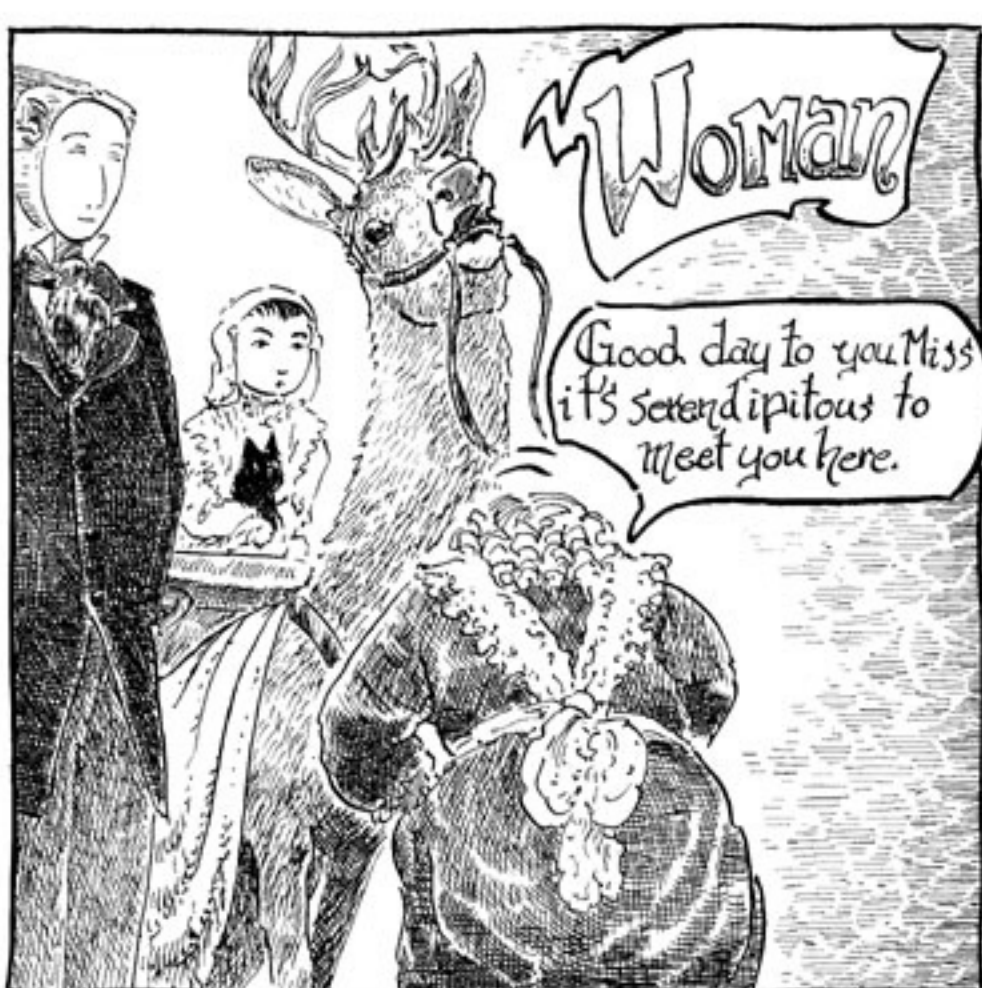


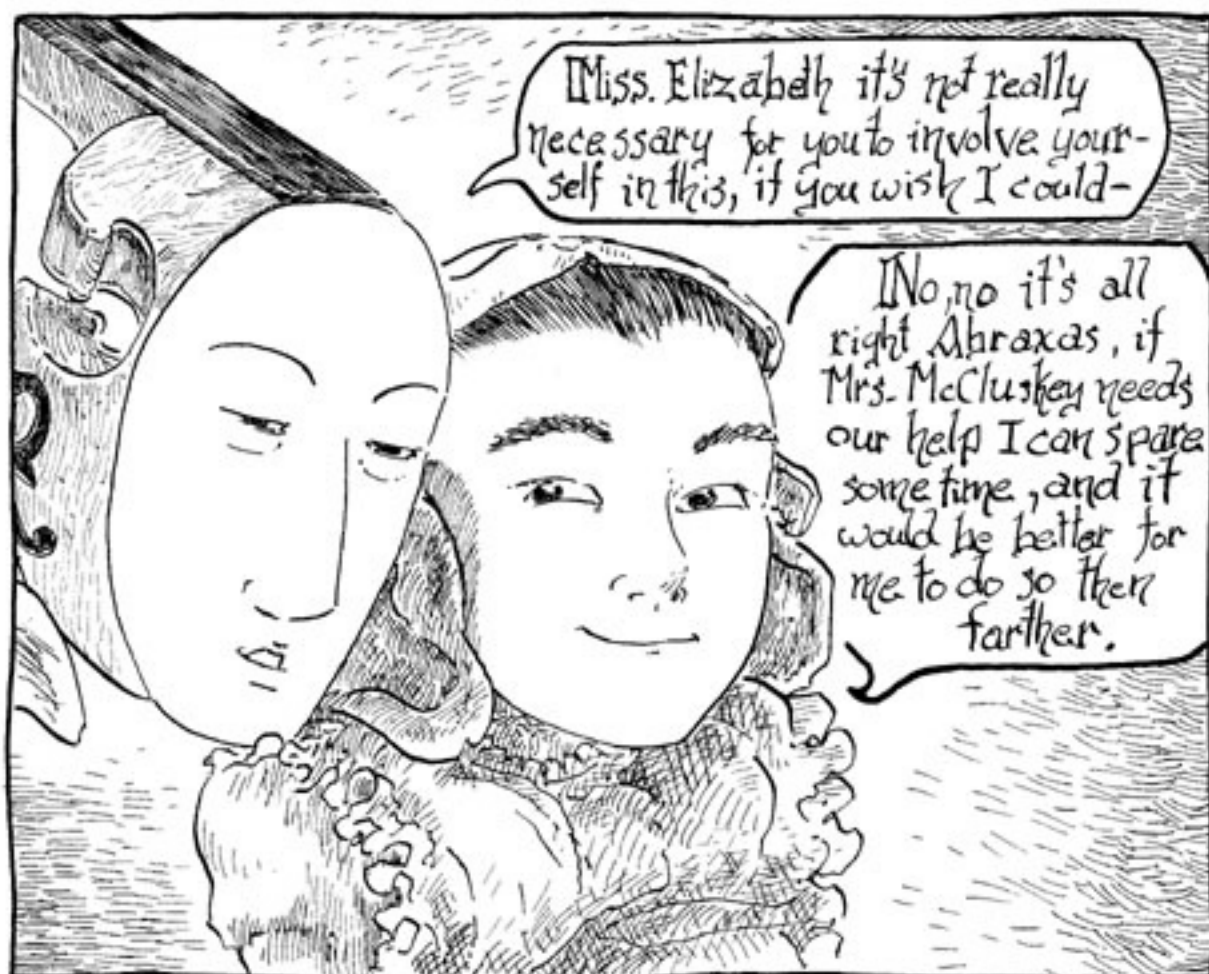
Mr. Anat.

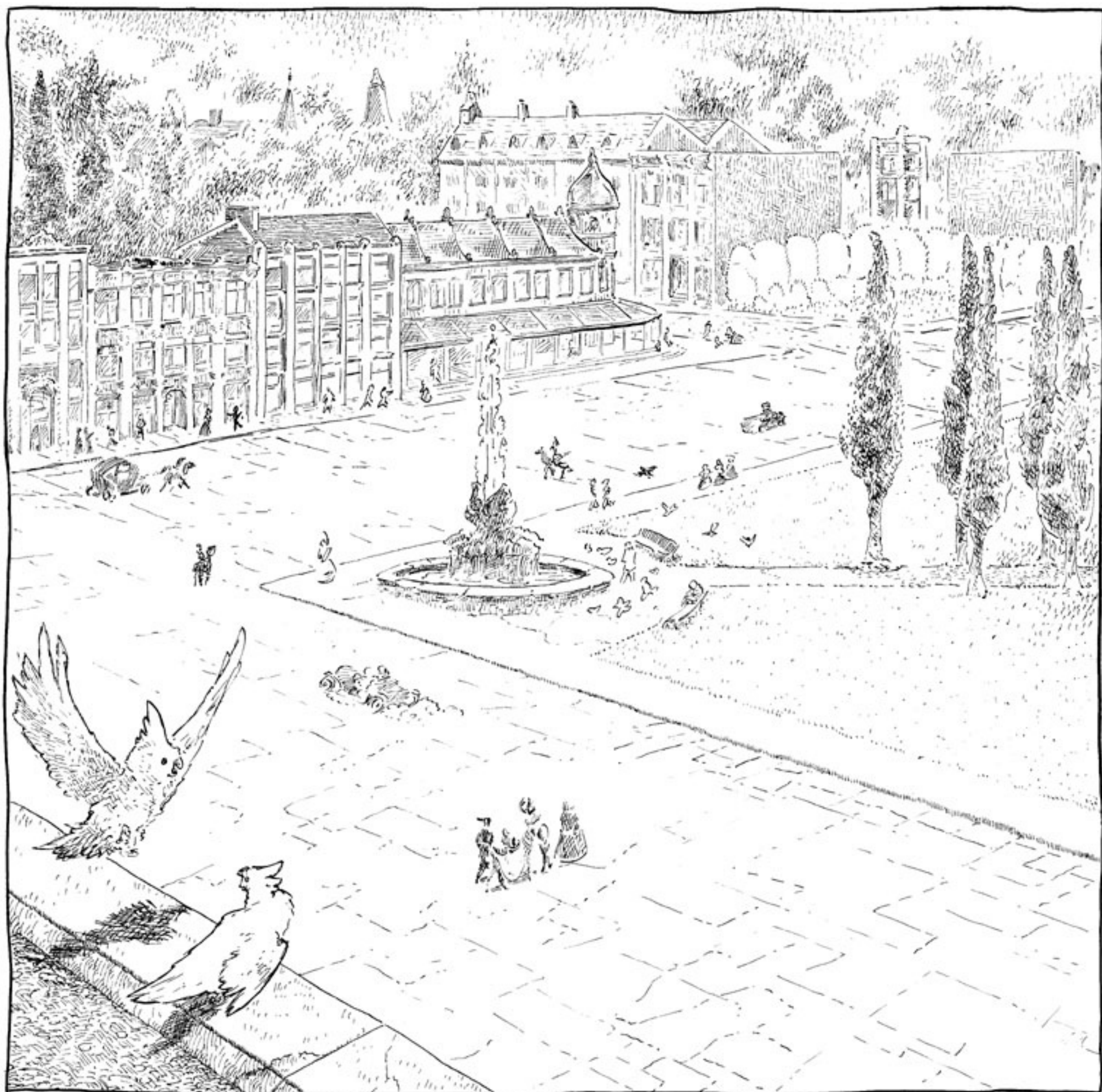


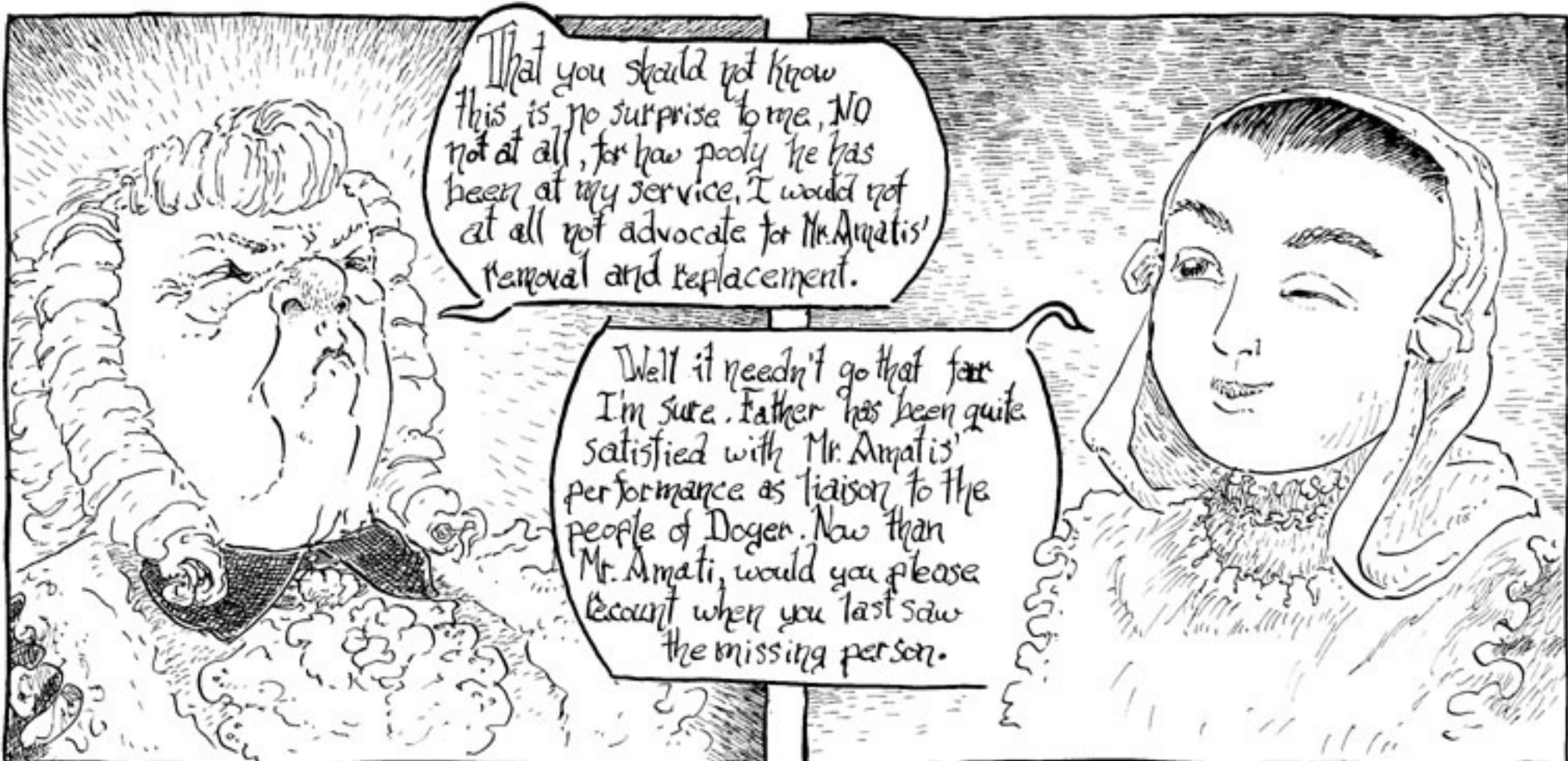
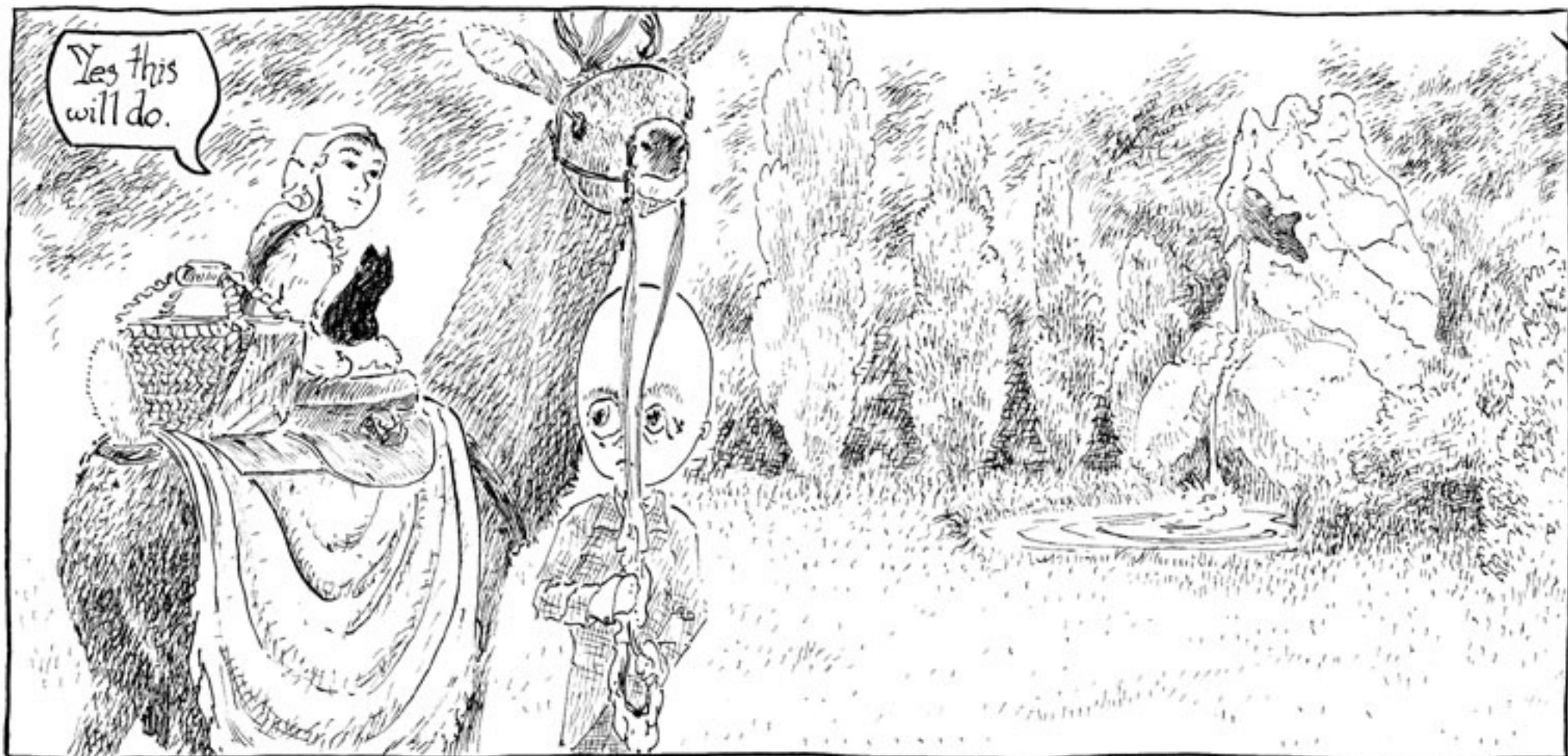
Ahhh Mrs. McClusky

Sniff











I had seen the crows assembling behind the department stores there, and went to investigate, it was there that I found the crows cornering Albert McCluskey and two of his friends (who needn't be named) who were them selves cornering Ballard.

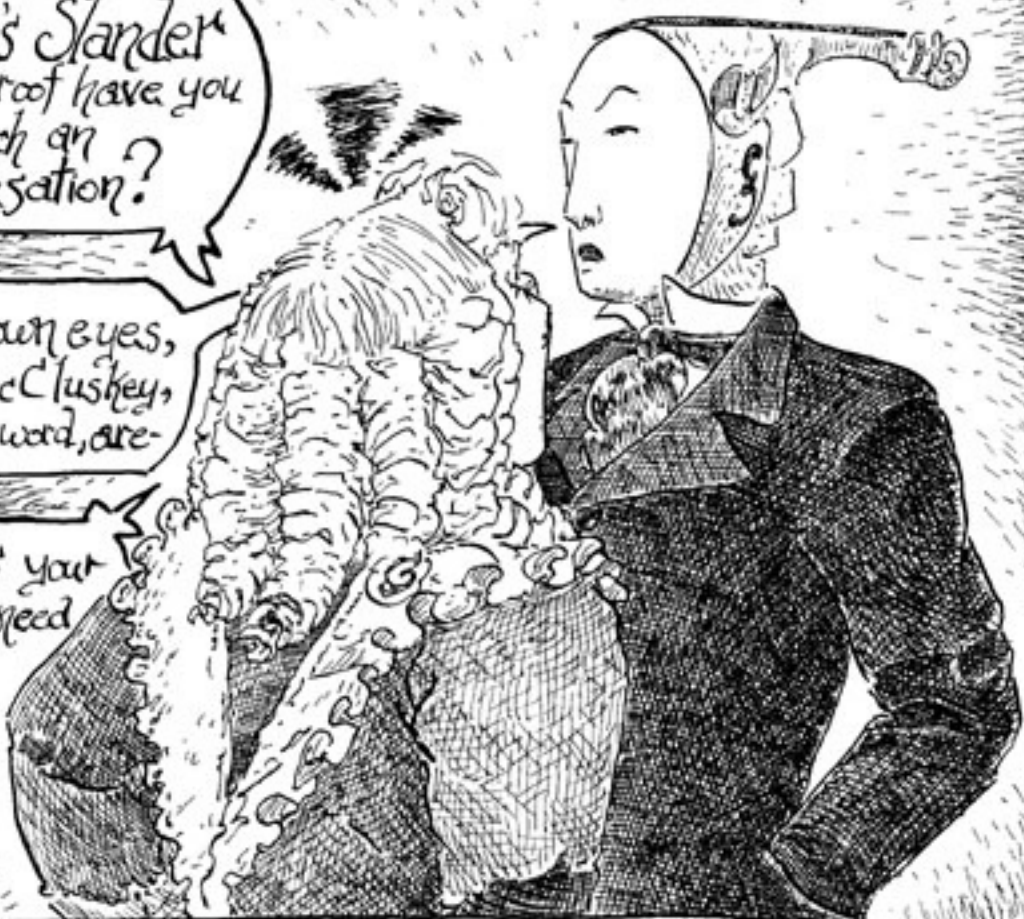


Cornering

That's Slander
what proof have you
for such an
accusation?

My own eyes,
Mrs McCluskey,
and my word, are-

Perhaps your
eyes are in need
of a check up
and I would
not ever go by
your simple word!



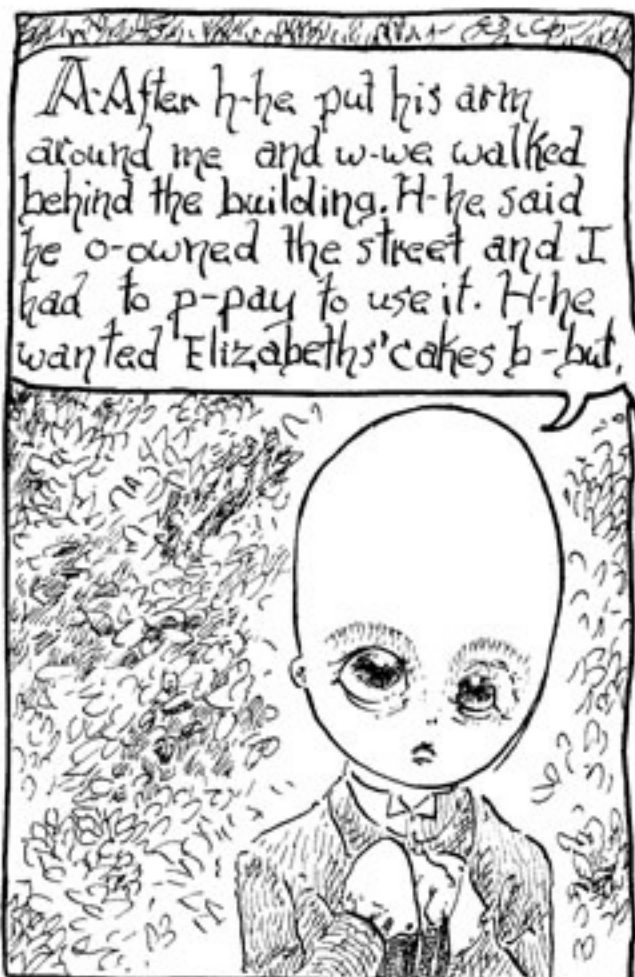
Enough please,
thank ~you.

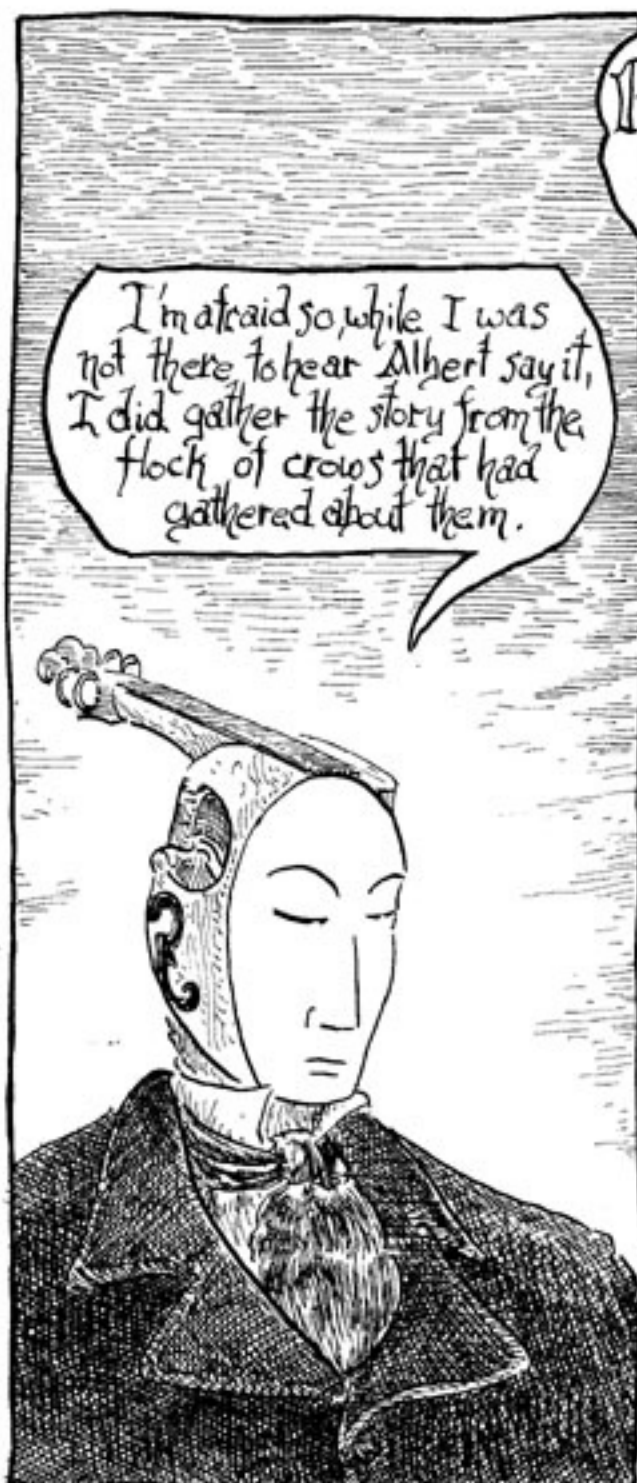


Ballad the last time you were
in town was to fetch the cakes for
tea, you didn't mention anything
about this did you?

N-no

Well? what
happend?







Well Ballard what happened after that?



He-threw a rock at the crow wh-who said he ought not to have said that about y-you. Th-the crow flew off and then all the crows came and they were all talking about wh-what had happened, they d-decided that he, Albert, needed-d to be punished.



What was the punishment the crows decided on?

They w-wanted me to p-punch him in the face.



This was about when I came upon them, but not until after the punishment had been carried out.



So Ballard, you punched this Albert in the face?

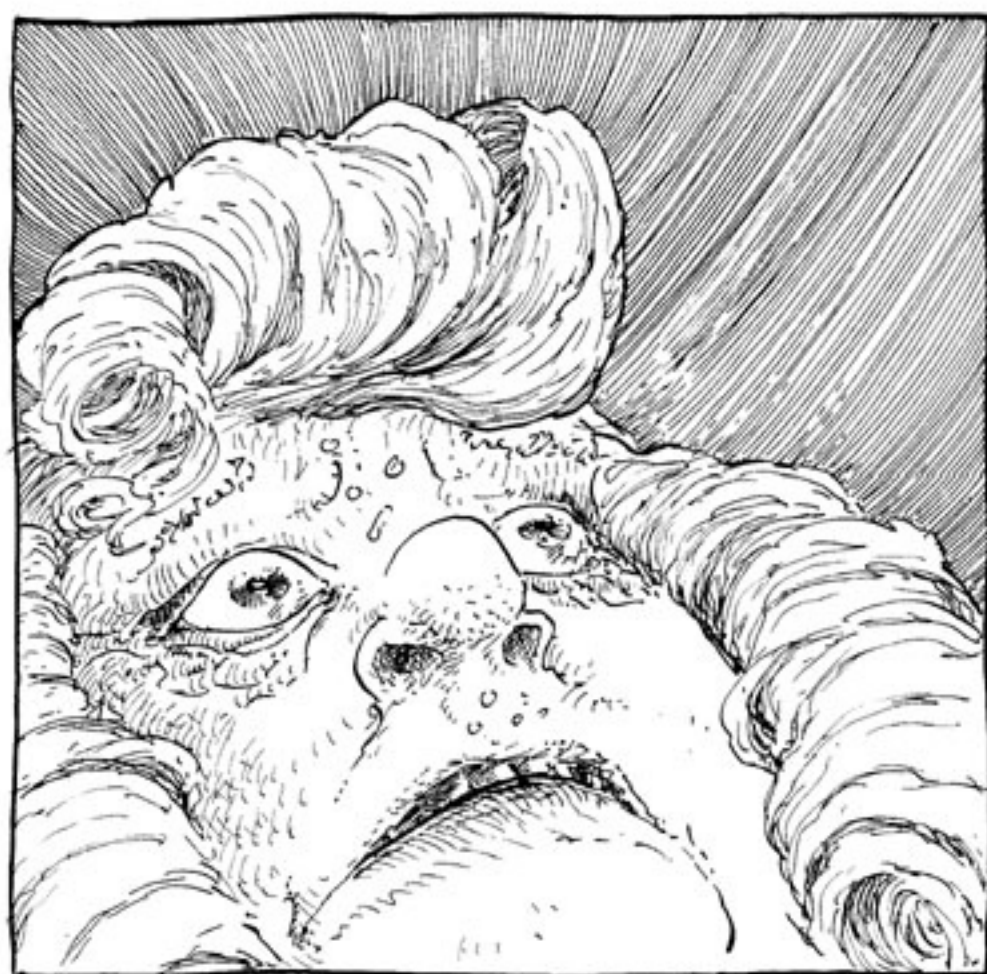
Yes



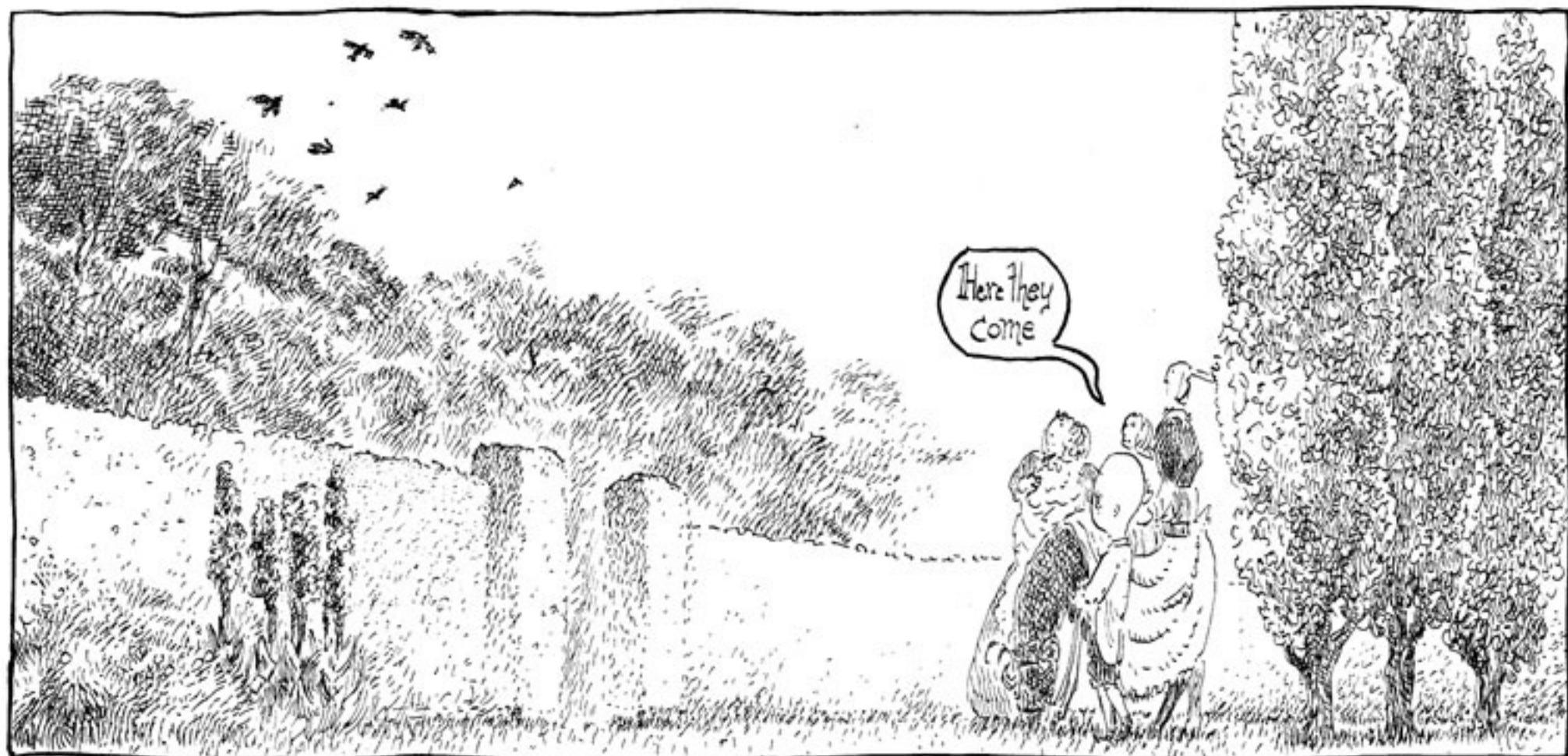
Did you hit him hard?

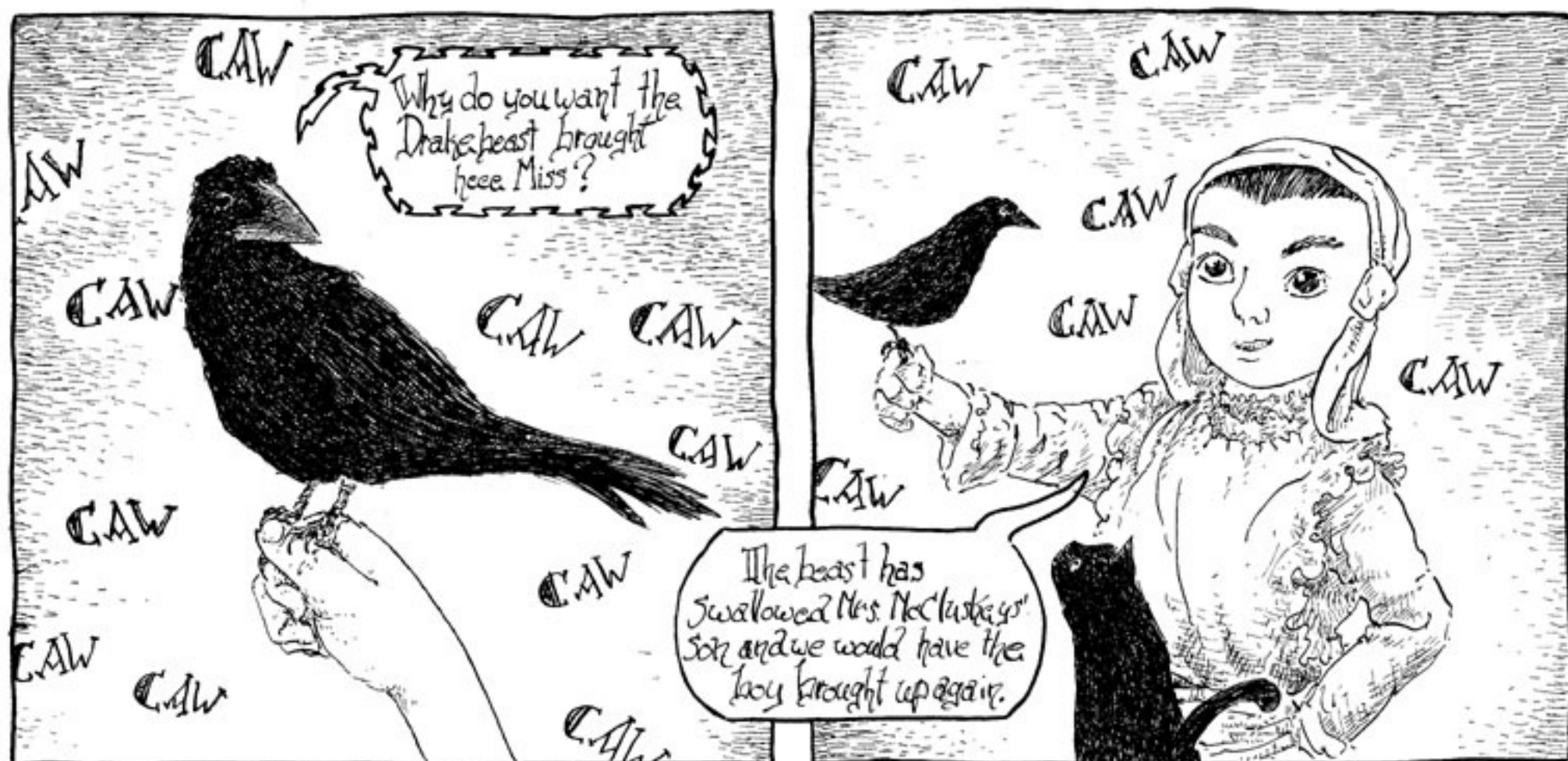


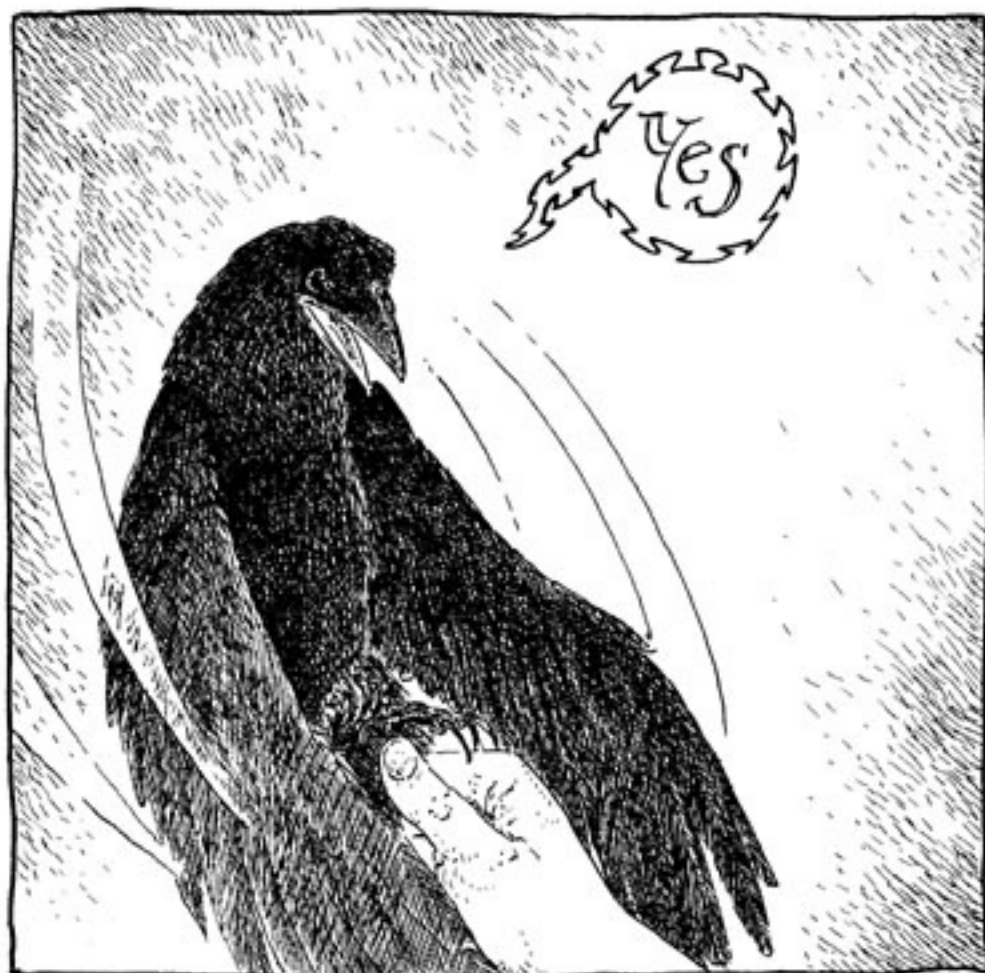














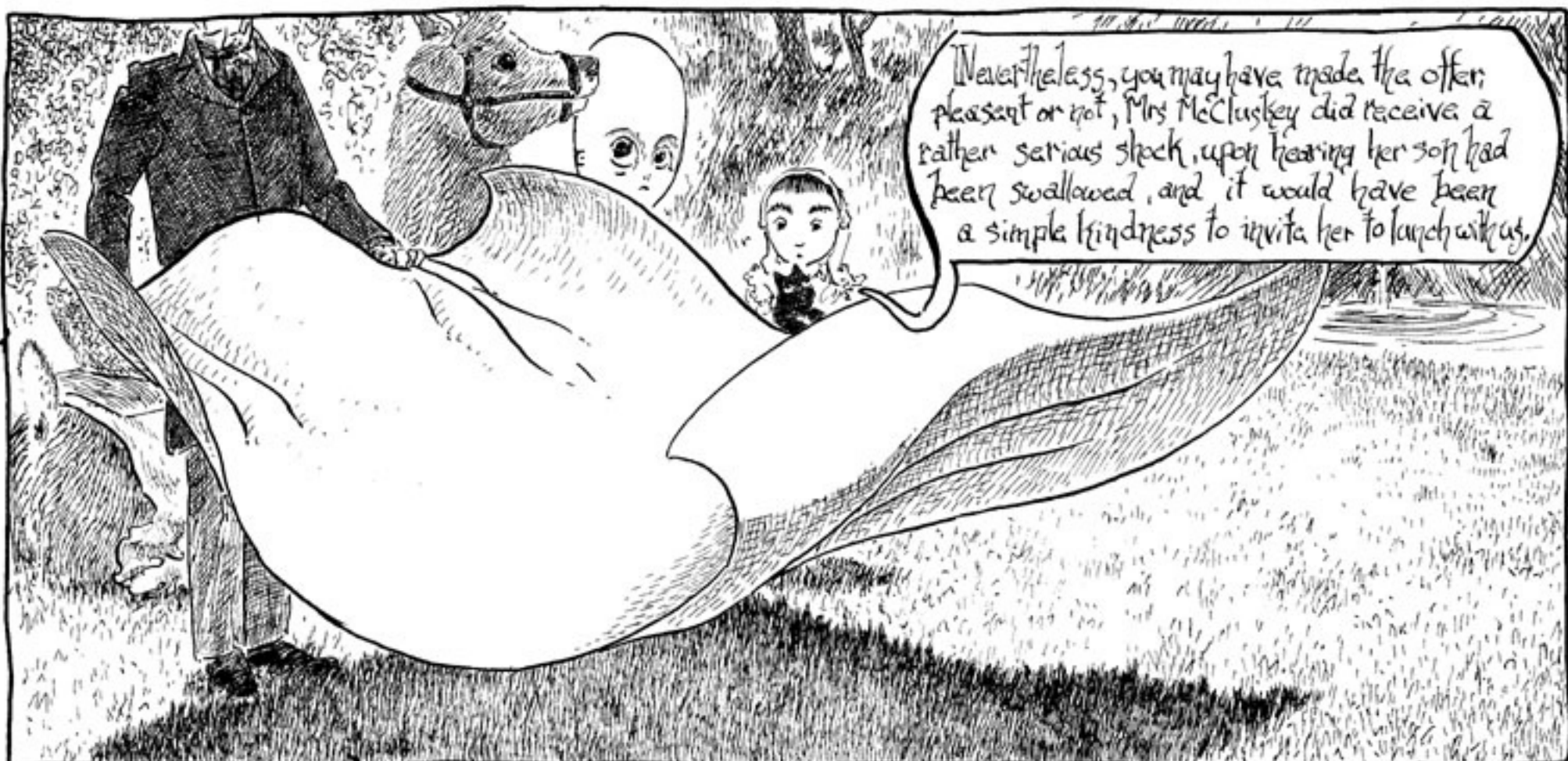


Mrs. McCluskey did not come across as very pleasant, and I would prefer not to have our picnic disturbed by such a person.



Wouldn't you agree Mr. Amati?

I shouldn't wish to speak ill of others Miss, it is your picnic, and yours to choose whom you may wish to attend or no.



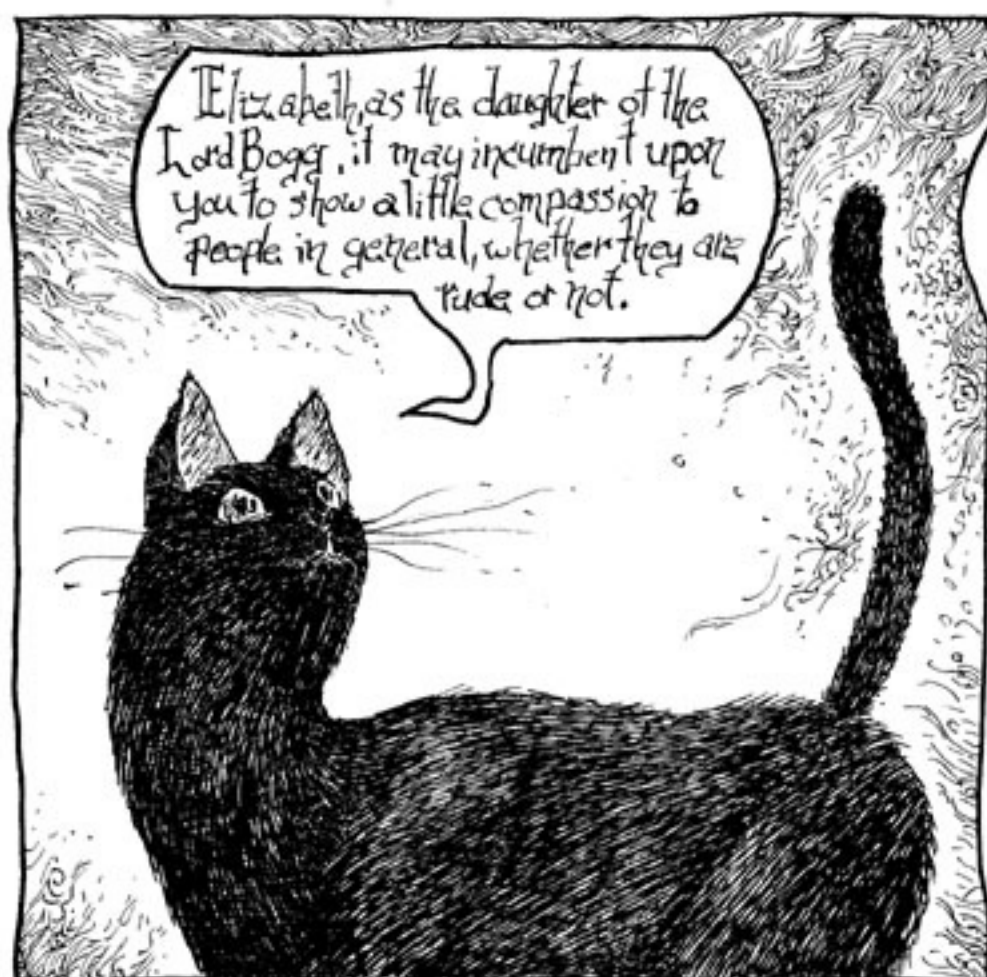
Nevertheless, you may have made the offer pleasant or not, Mrs McCluskey did receive a rather serious shock upon hearing her son had been swallowed, and it would have been a simple kindness to invite her to lunch with us.



Perhaps so tick-tacky, but as Mrs. McCluskey is no longer here, the point is moot, and even if I could make the offer to Mrs. McCluskey to lunch with us again why should I?



You could see for yourself, the woman was very loud and rude, her son did not at all sound any the better.





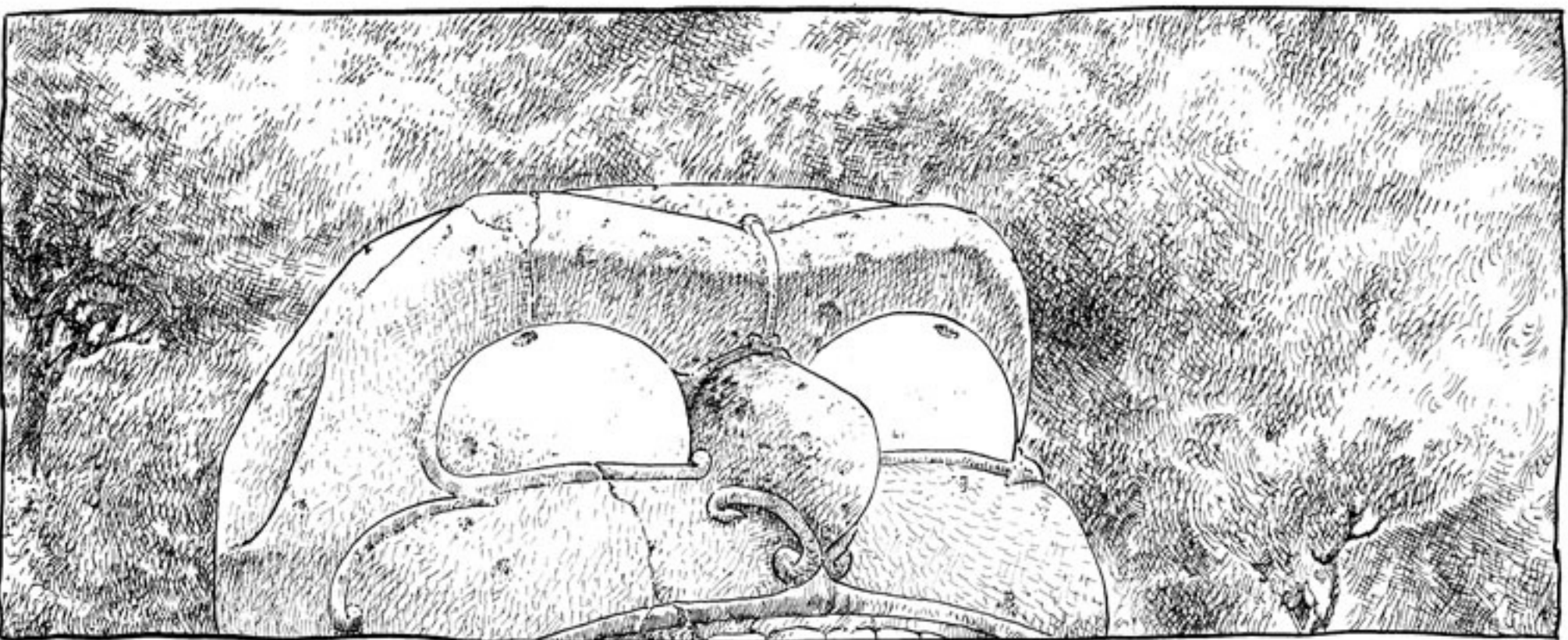
Pith, pitch and pine,
I haven't more time,
to hear silly speak from little things.
They may think themselves kings,
with their feet fixed in lime,
to hear them chime.

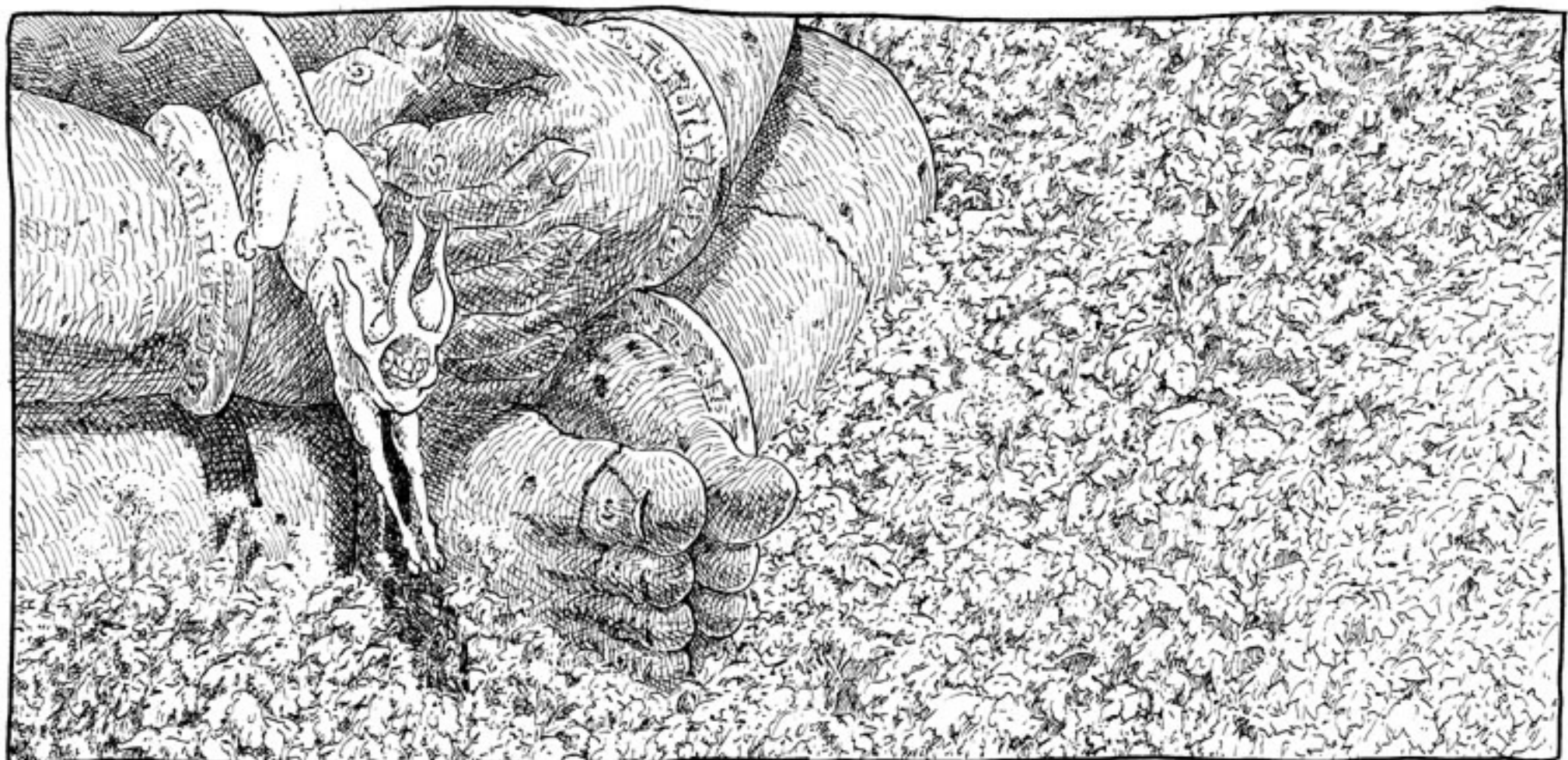
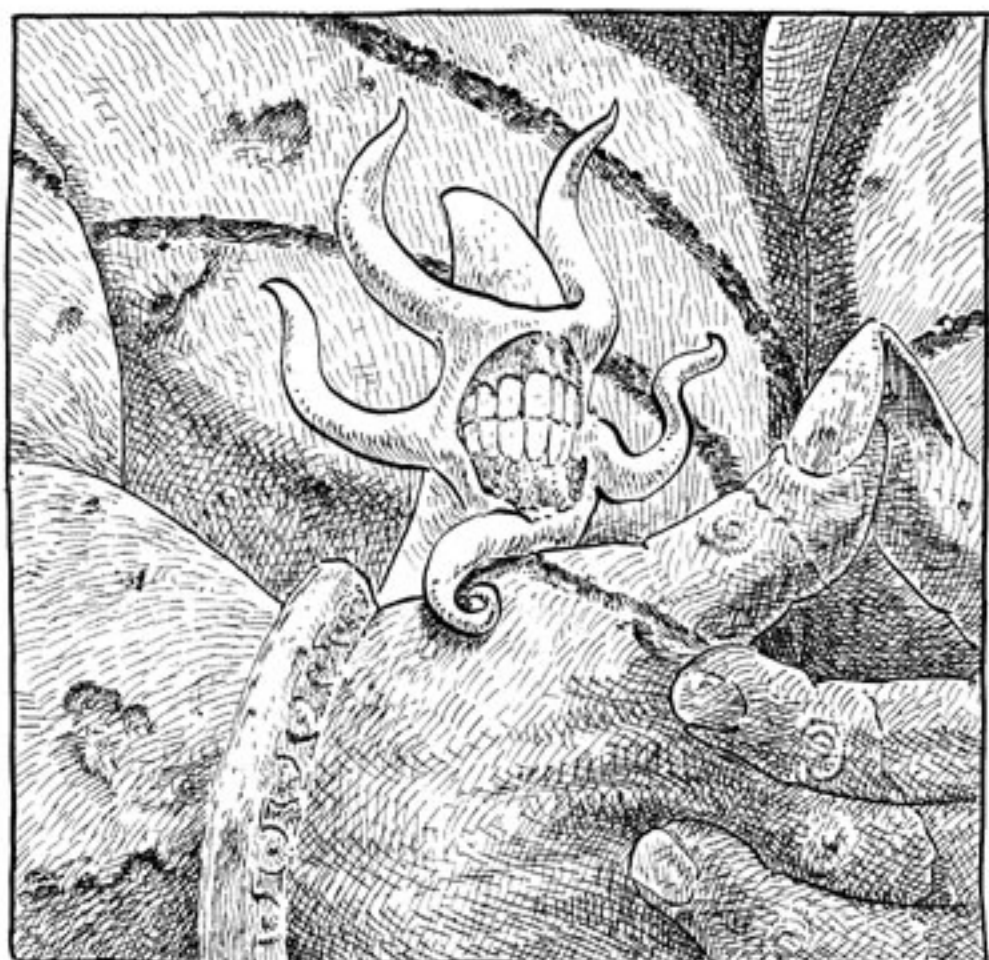
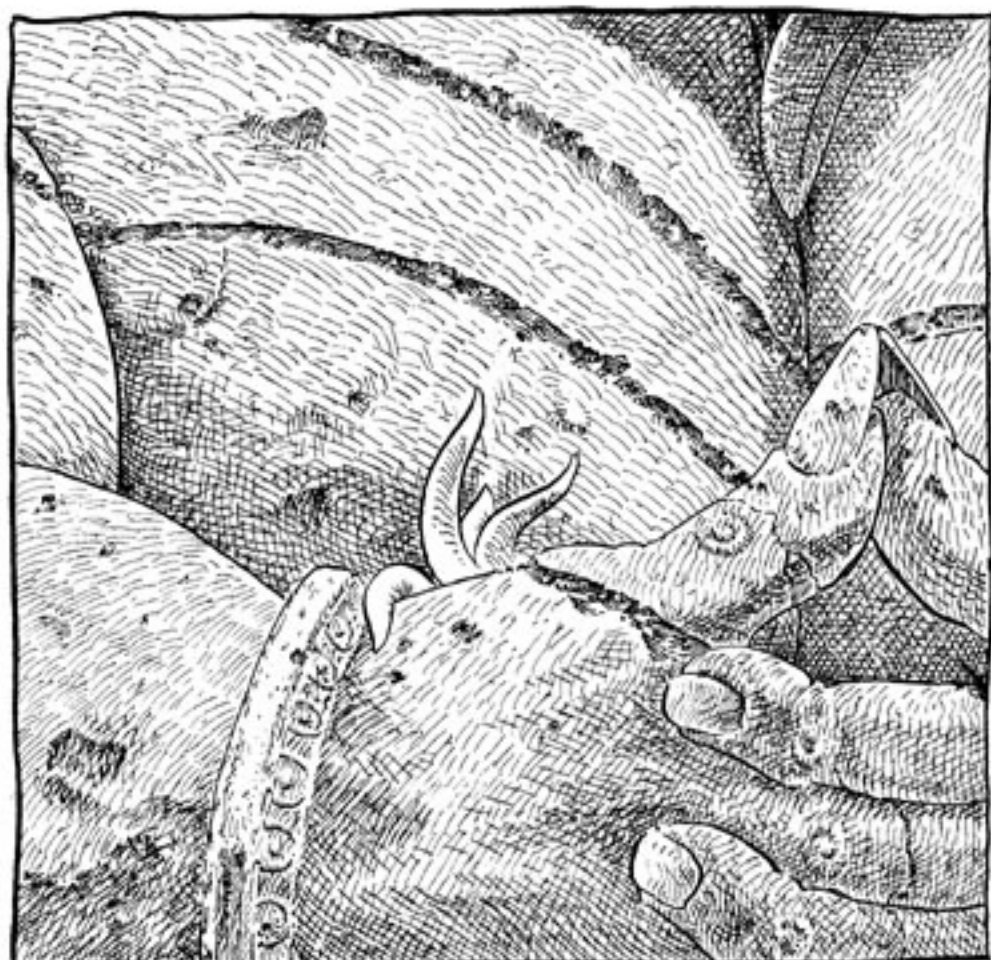
'Pith, pitch and pine,
all that you see is mine
the berries, the bush,
the worms, and toad,
all these things are mine,
Pith, pitch and pine.'

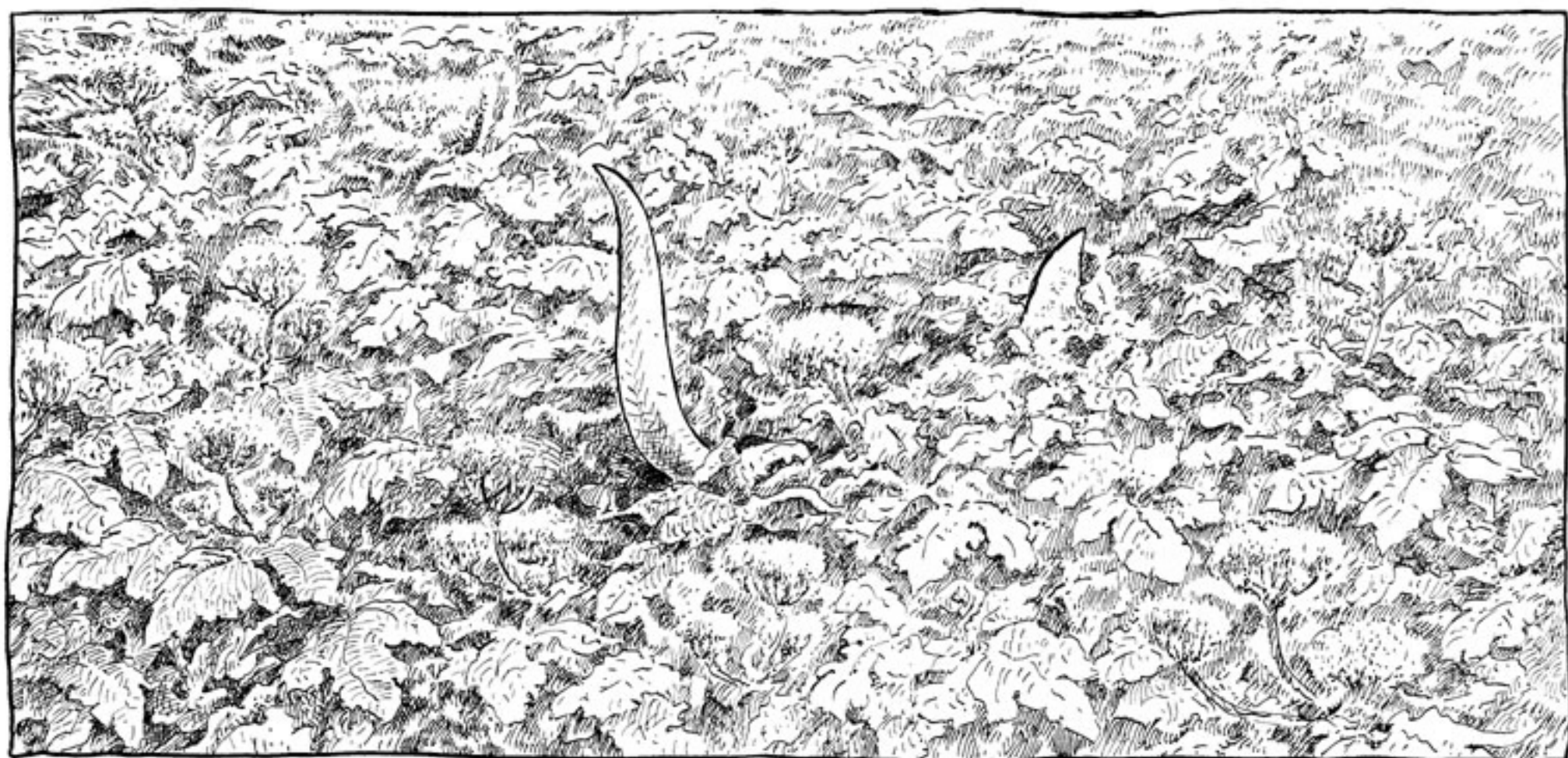
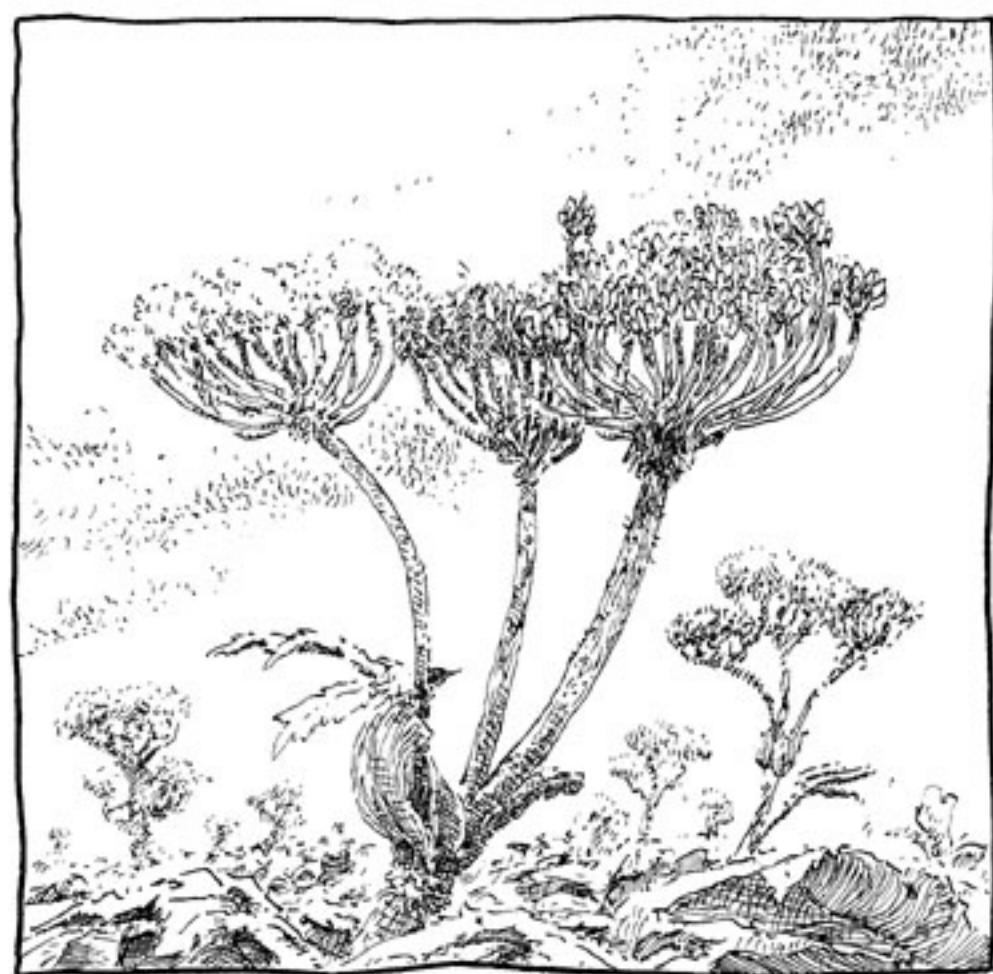
But here comes the Birders,
hands stained with murder.
To catch them up, their necks to break
and strung on his belt, a forest rake.
Where a foot falls on the wooded climb
rise to meet these rhymes.

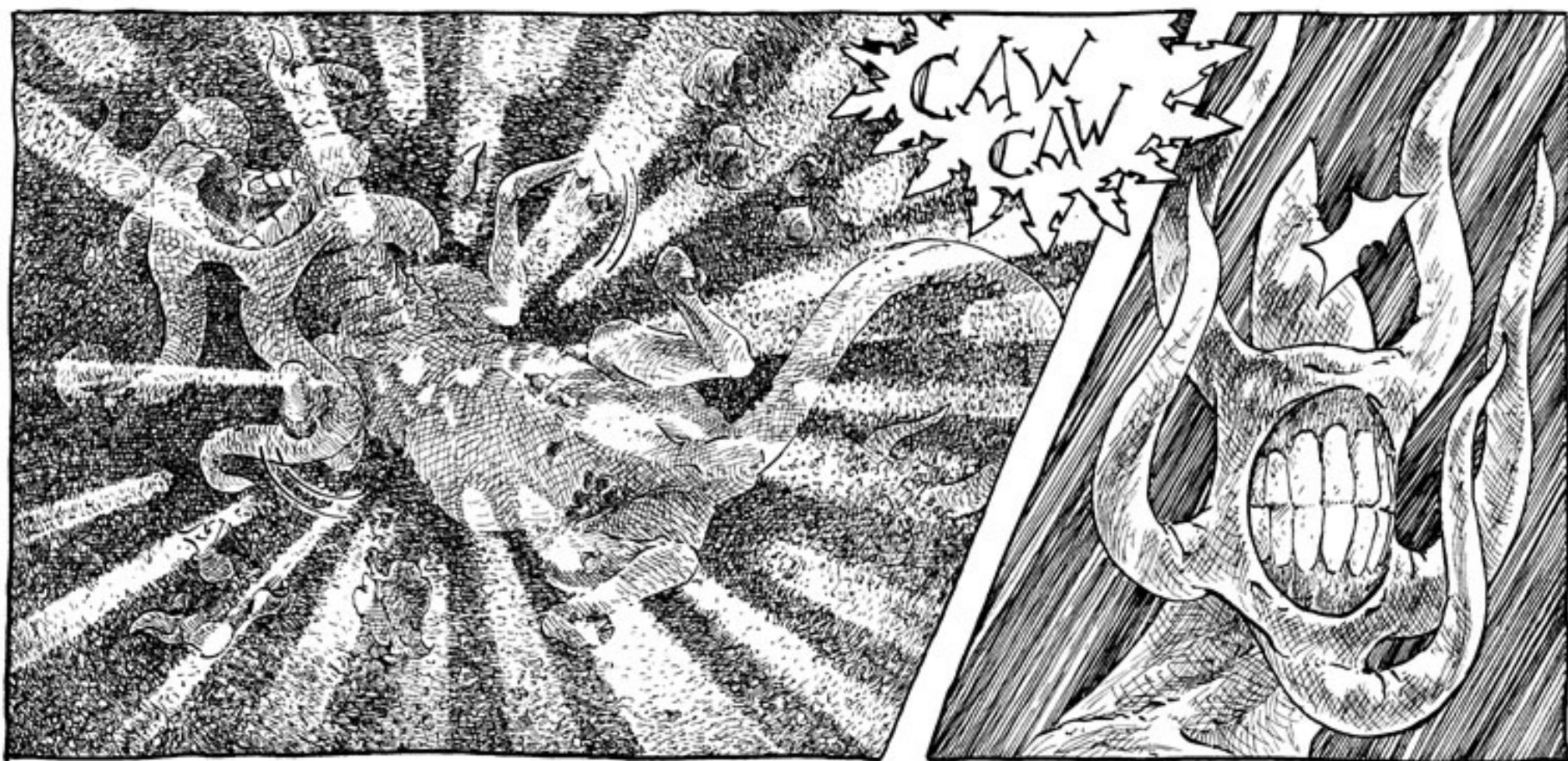
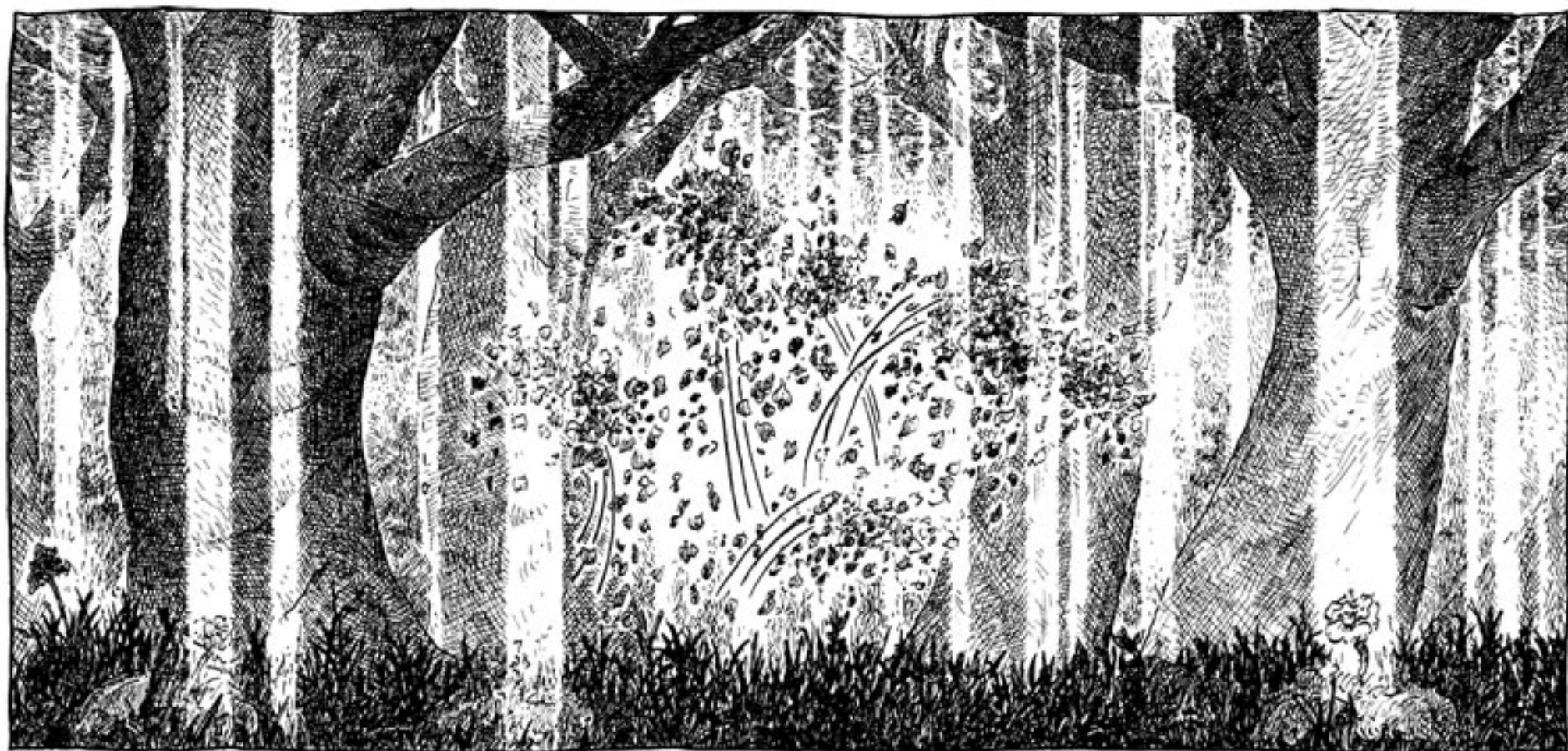
'Pith, pitch and pine,
all that you see is mine
the birds, the trees,
the flowers, and earth,
all these things are mine.
Pith, pitch and pine.'

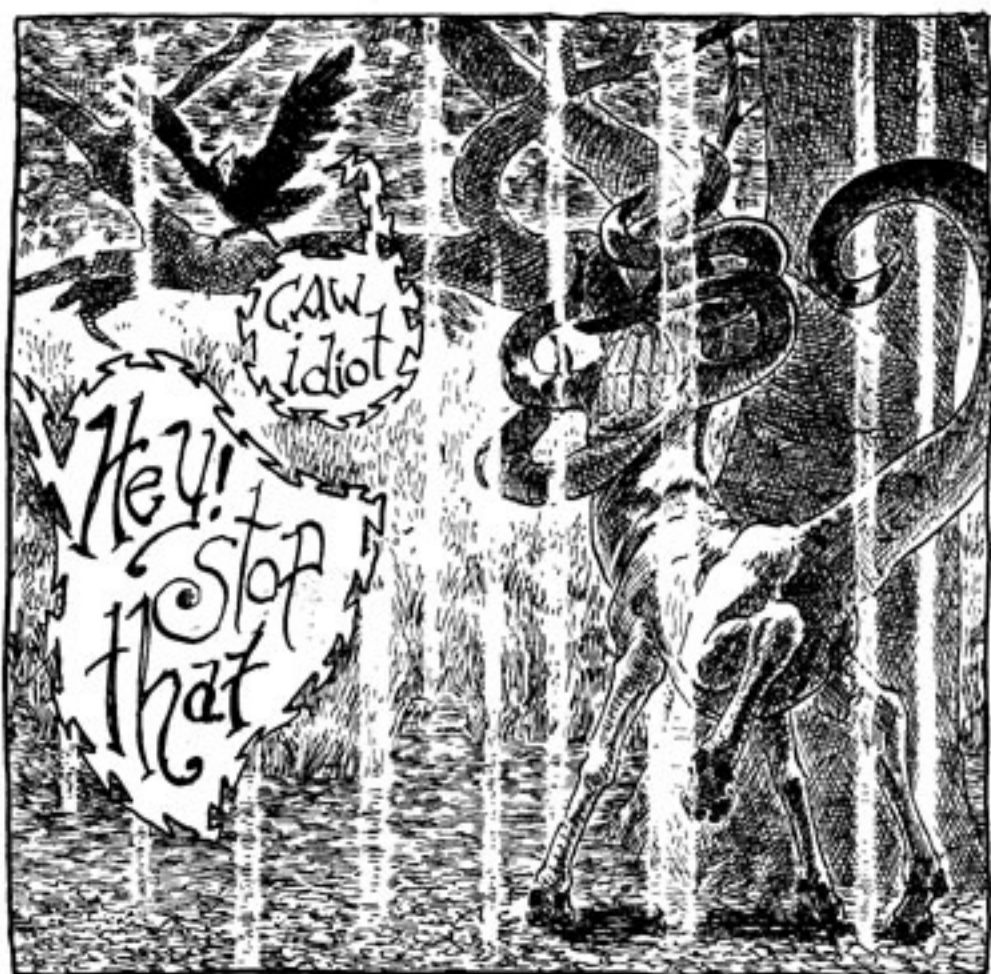


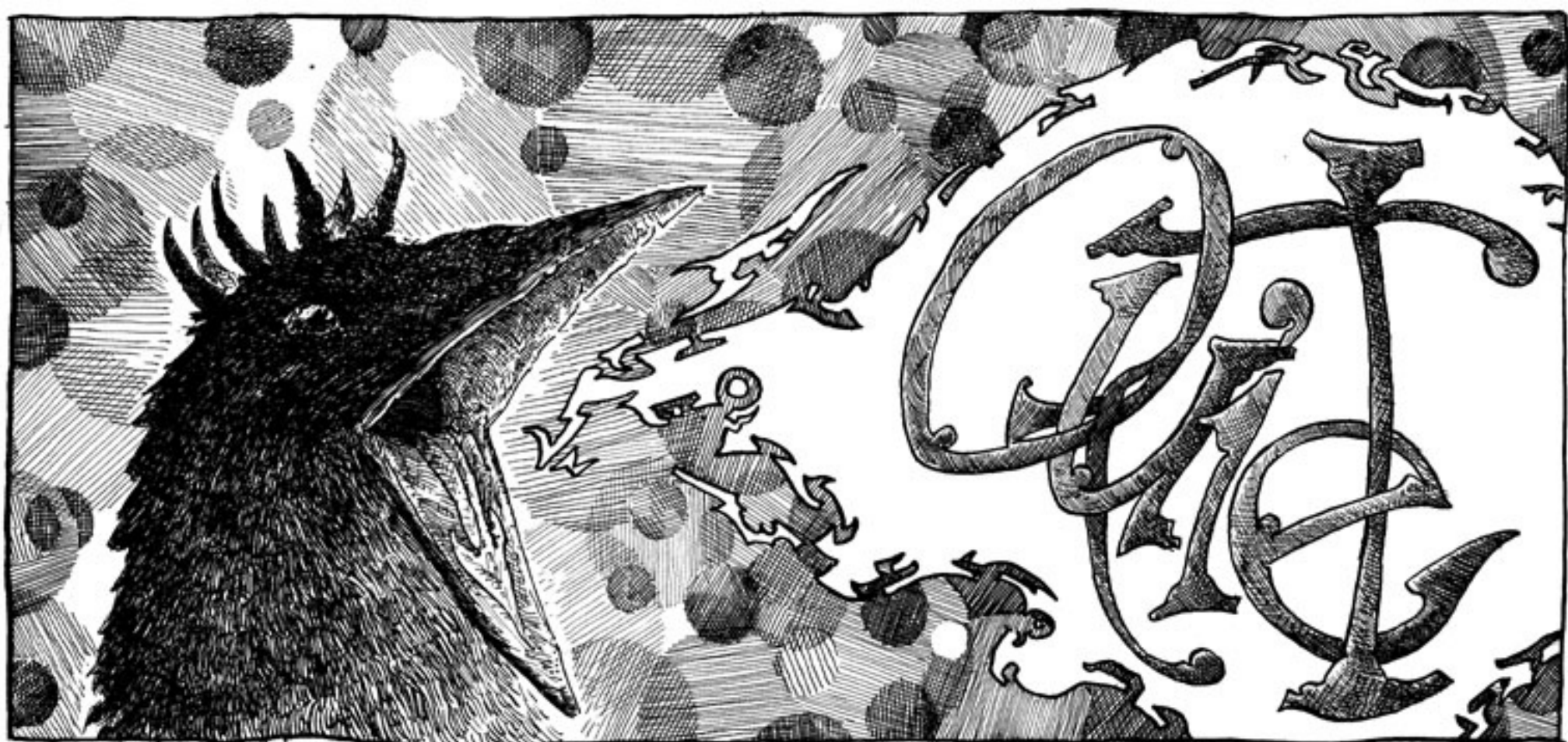


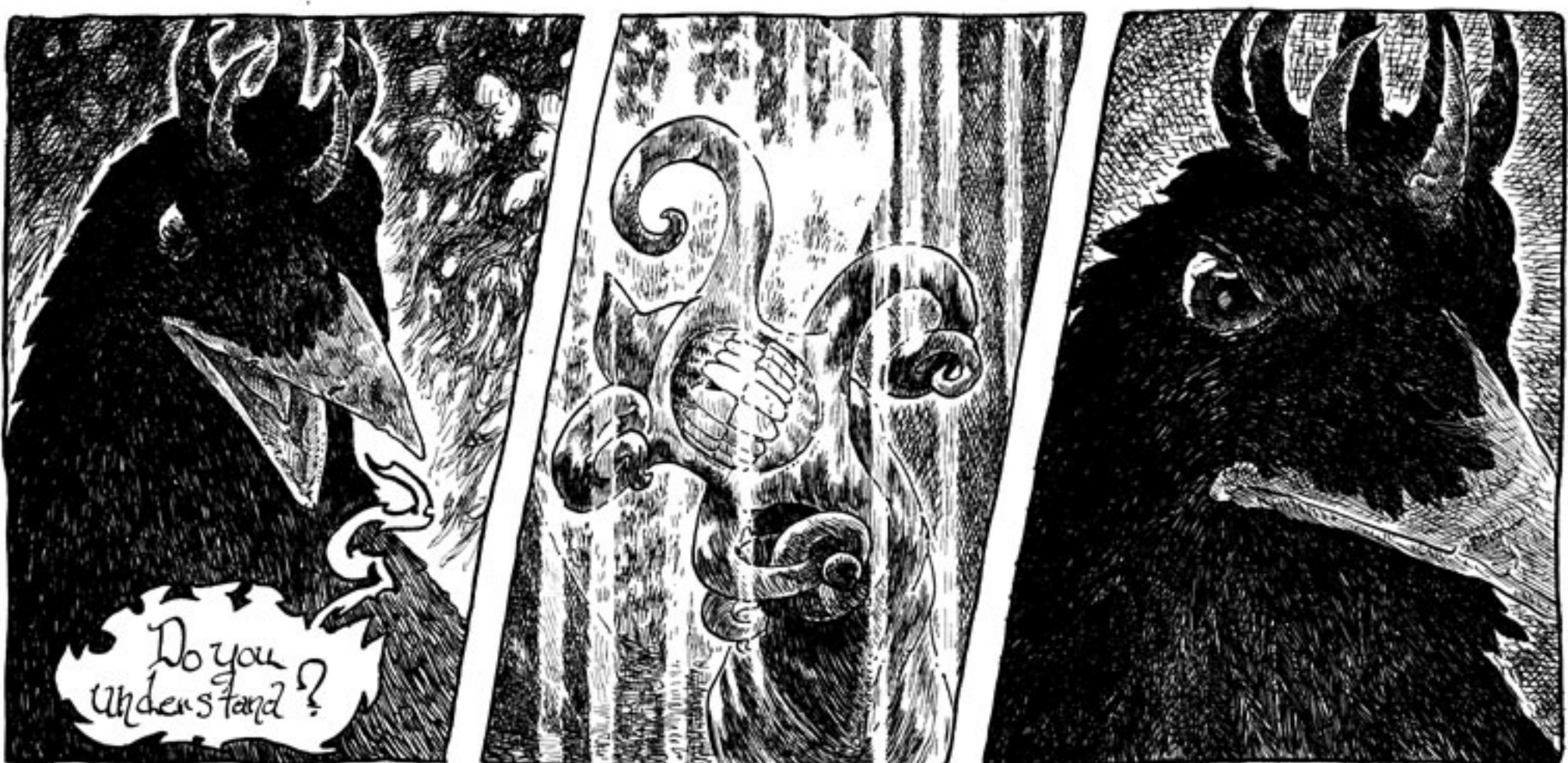
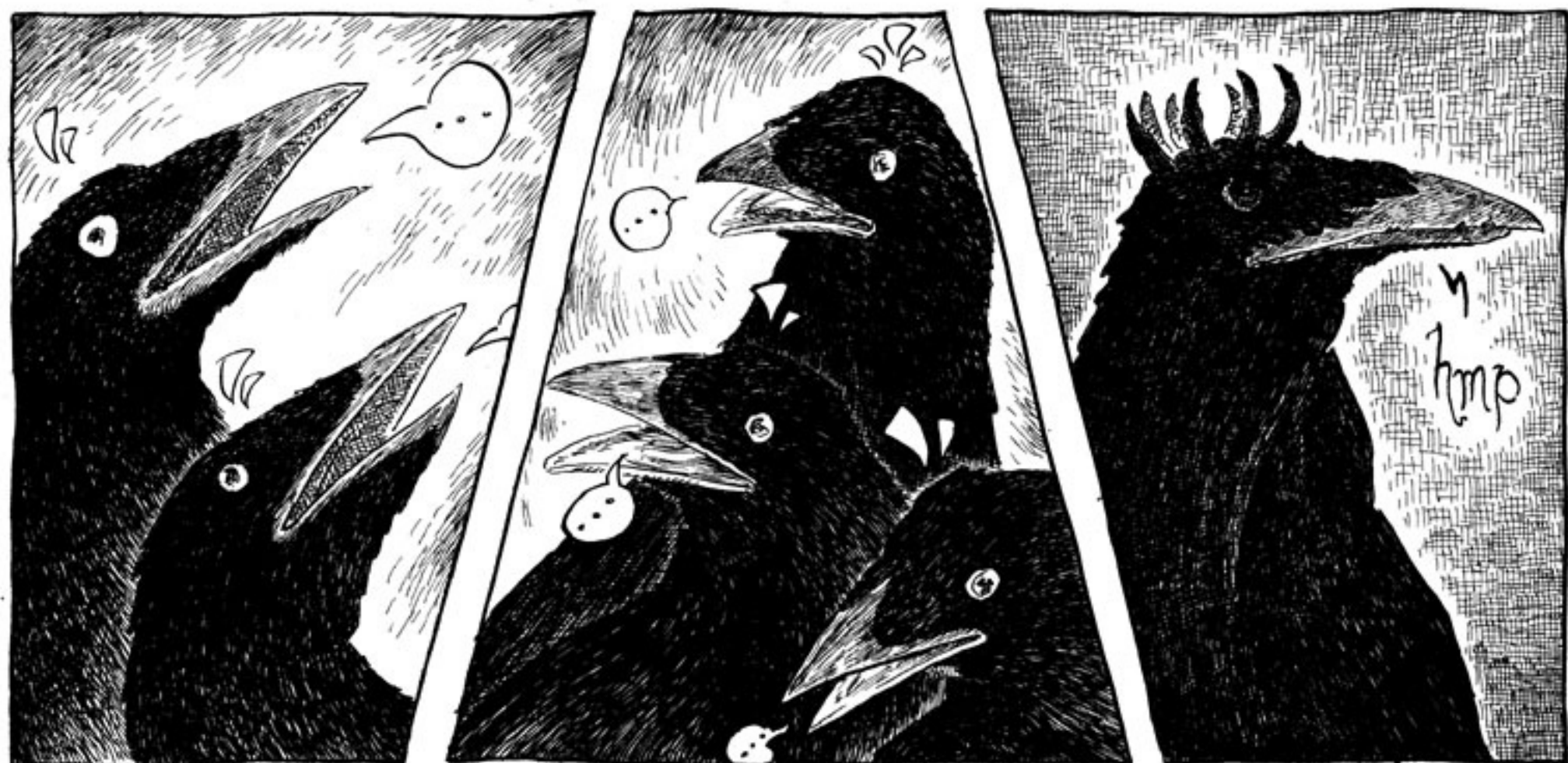


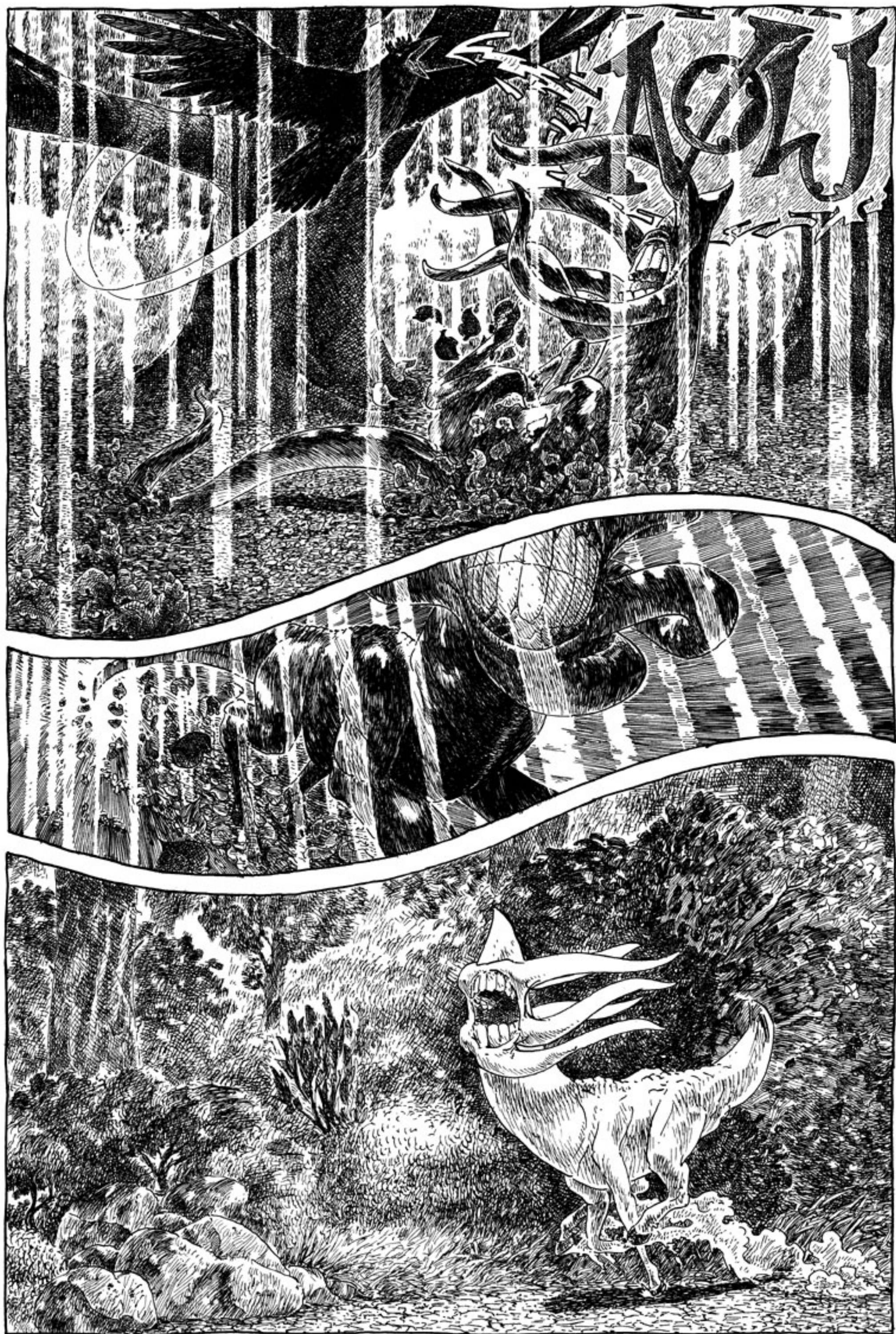


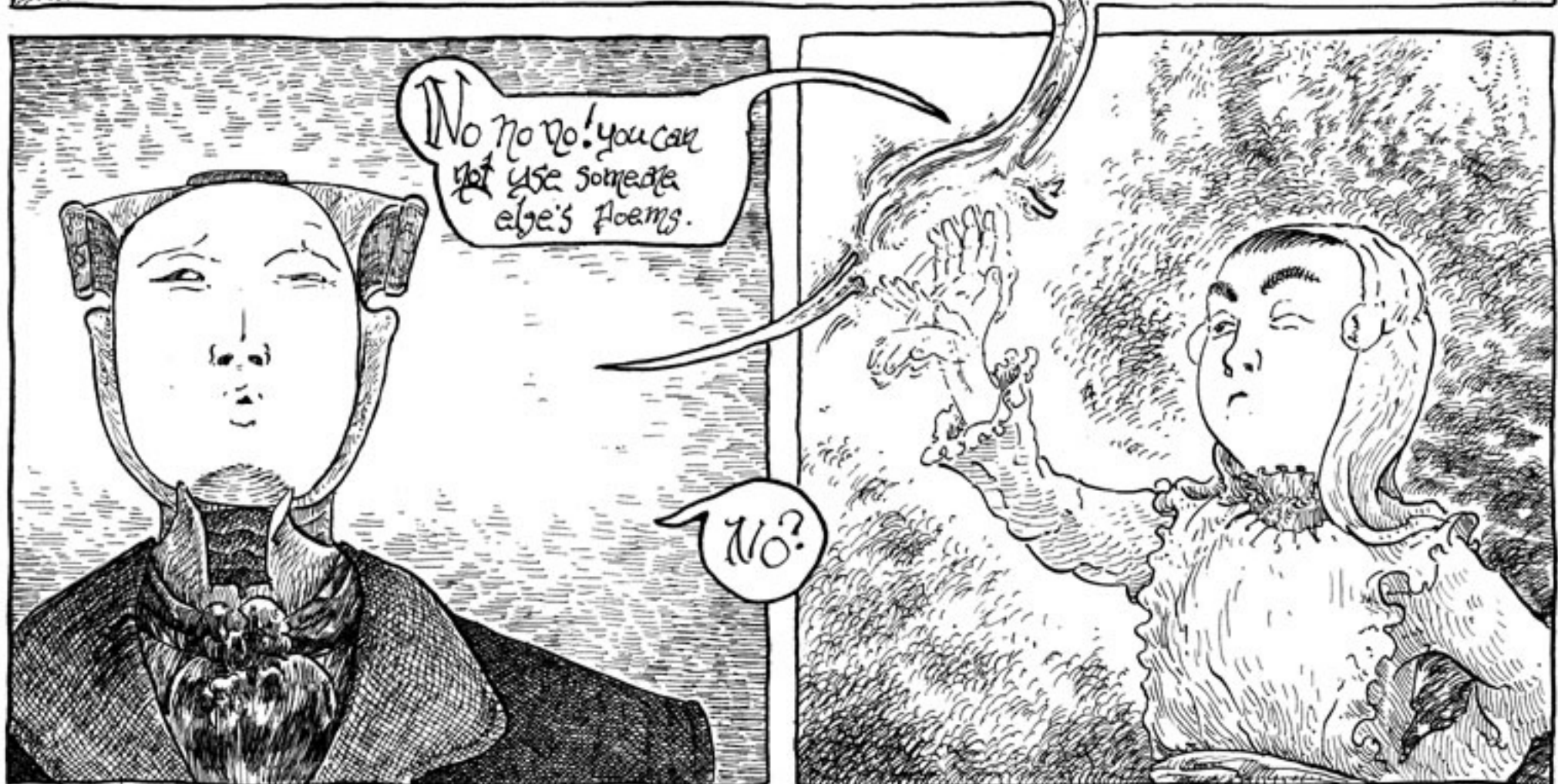
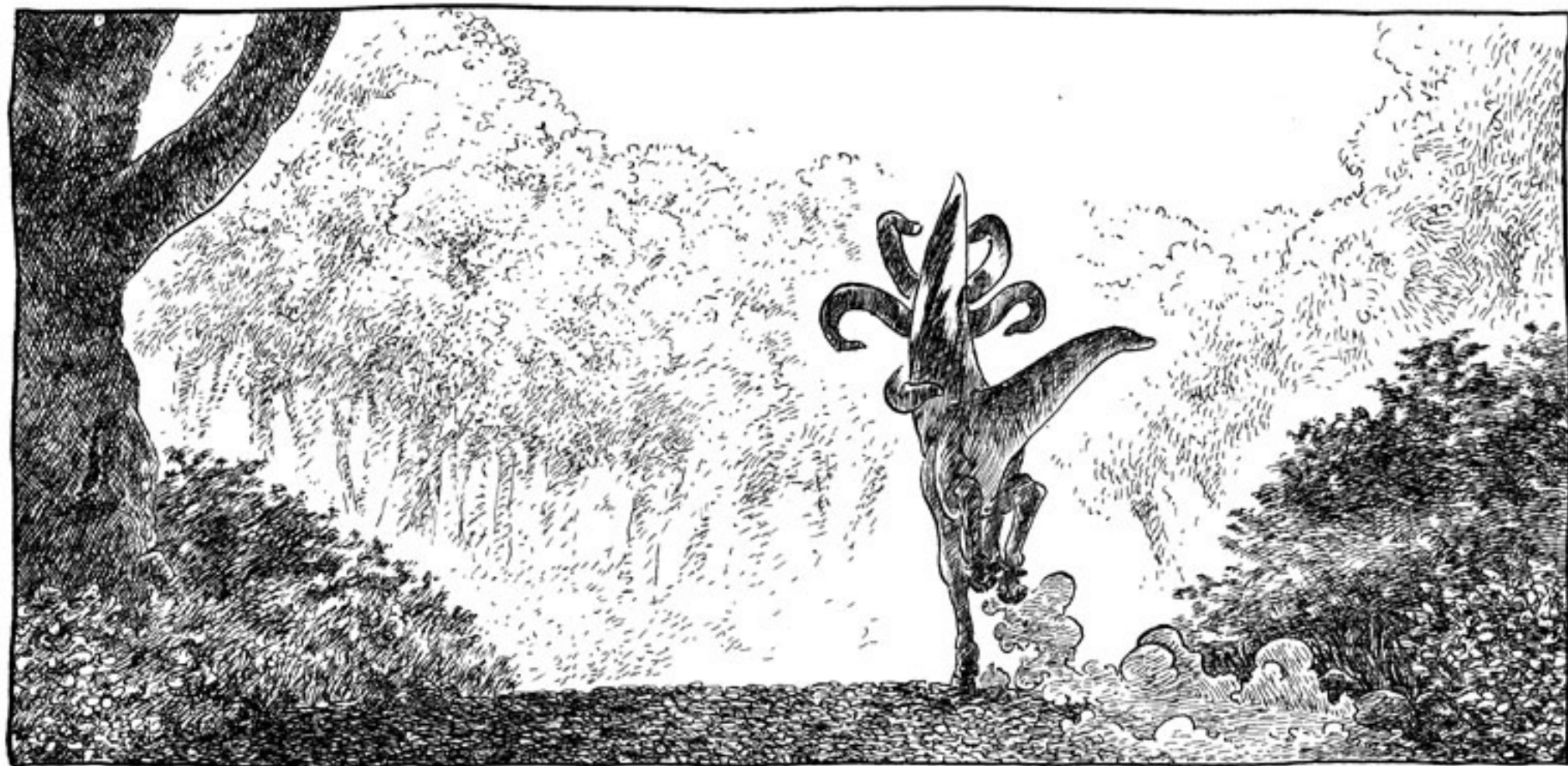


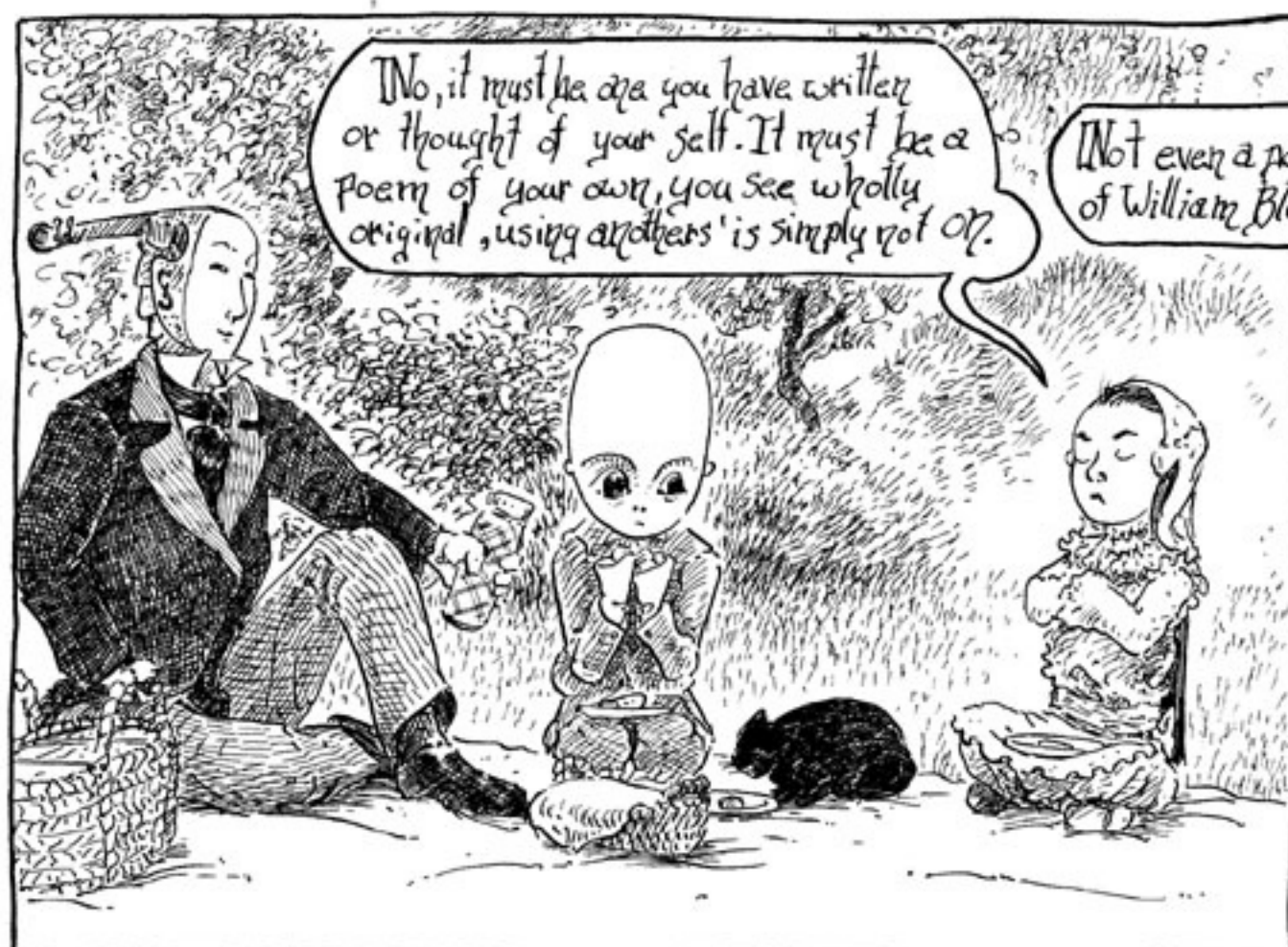






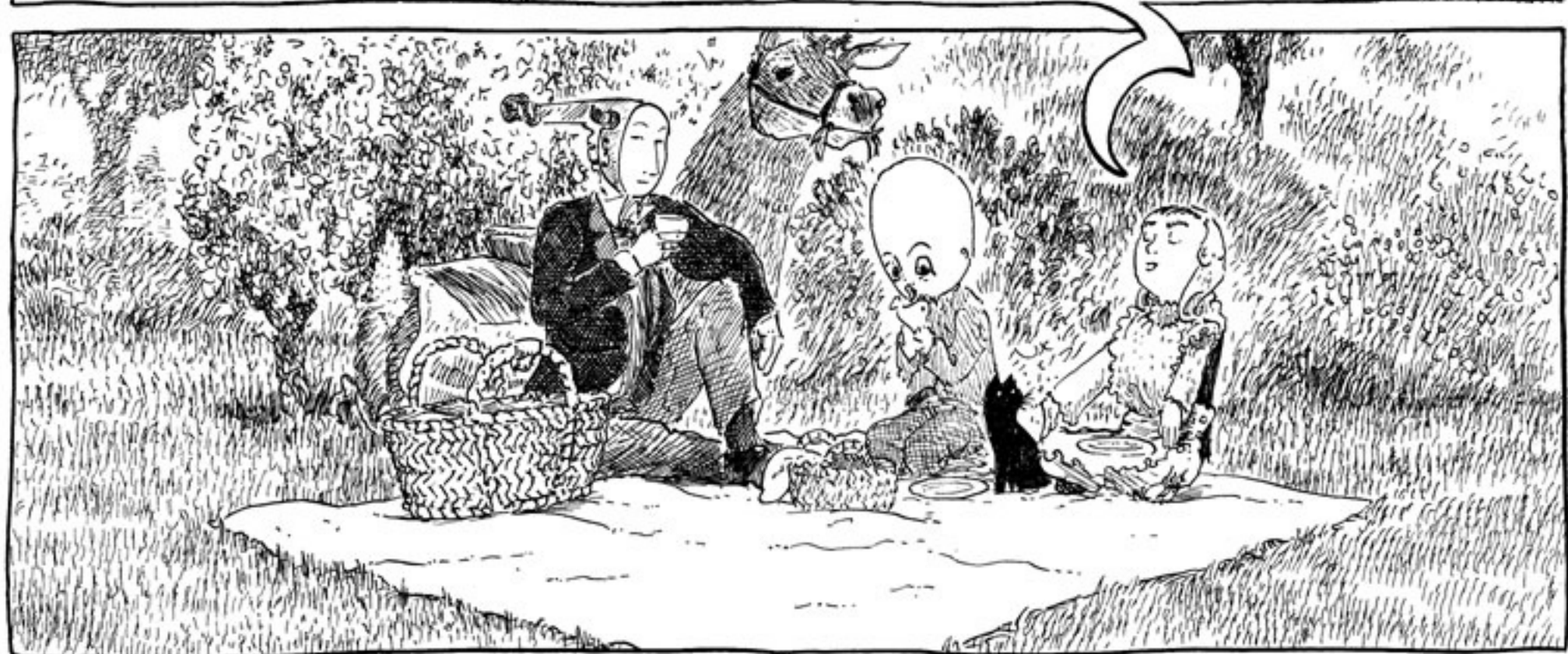


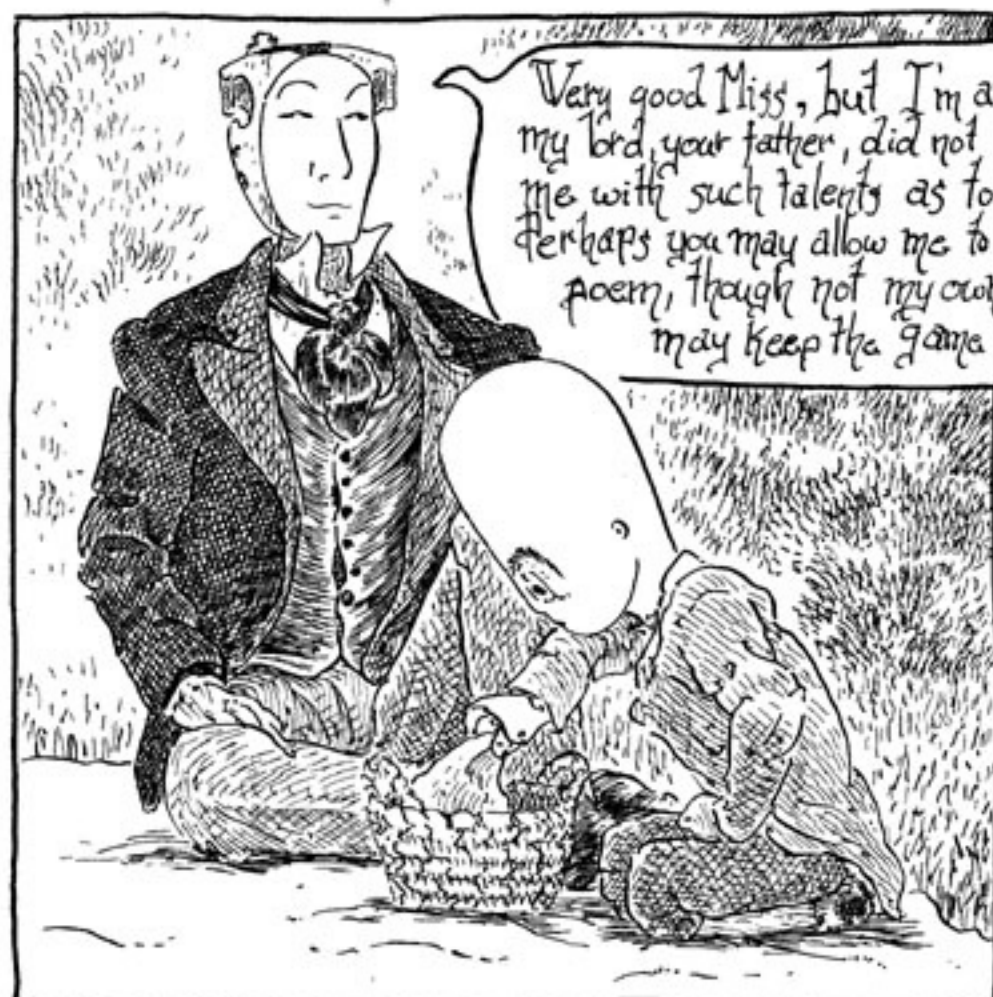






A crow beat his wings against the gale,
Head bent, took shelter in the dale.
Why do you brave the fearsome hail?
Our kings' moods are terribly low,
Soon all the ground will be laid in snow,
Where no fruit or flower grow.
And so to raise my kings' delight,
I go to fetch a sunflower bright,
That will stay off long winter nights.





Very good Miss, but I'm afraid that
my lord, your father, did not imbue
me with such talents as to counter.
Perhaps you may allow me to recite a
poem, though not my own, that
may keep the game going?



Well if you insist,
who I'm I to resist,
Requests small,
of persons tall.



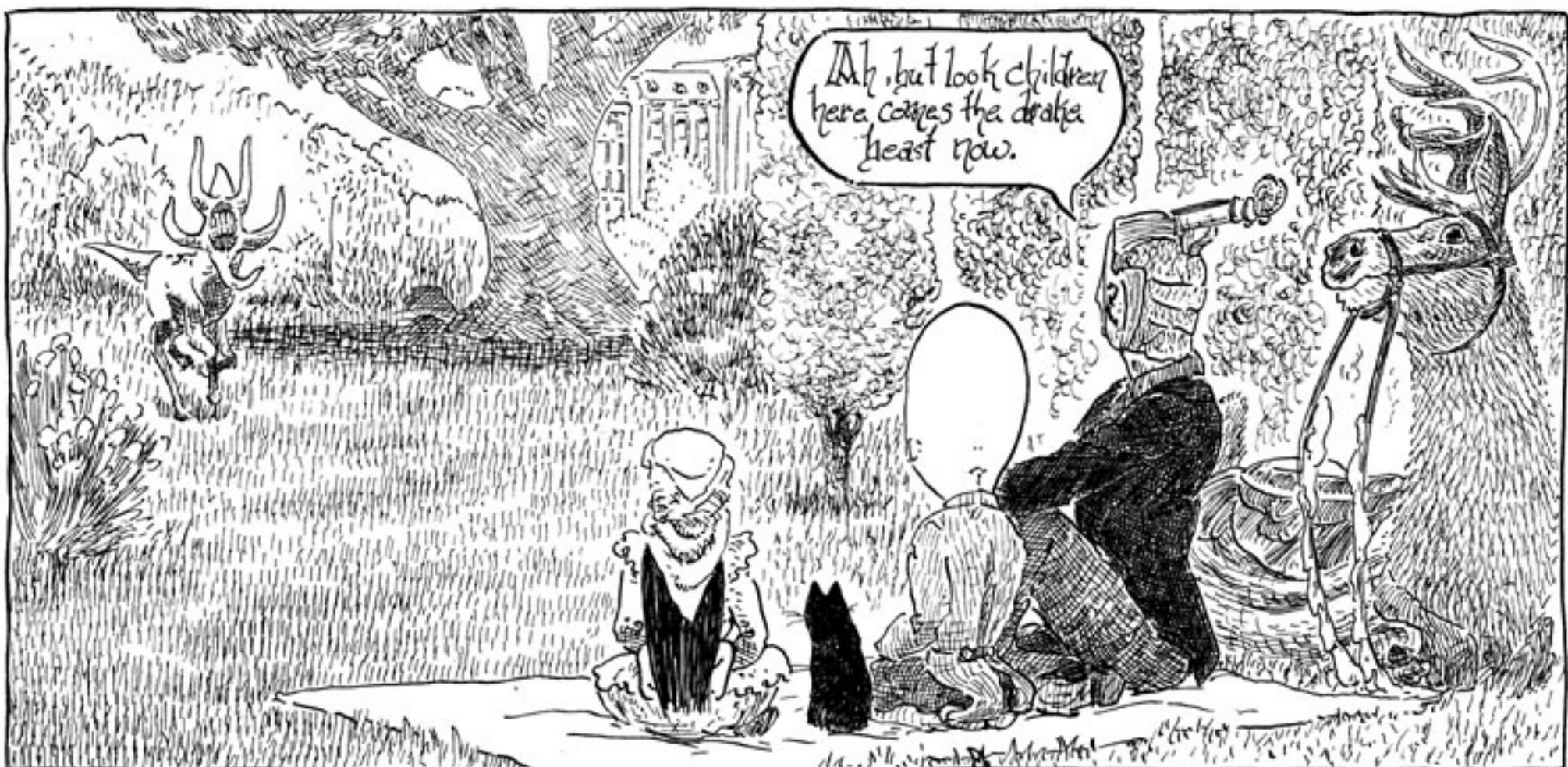
Yaa'mura and Ueh'moor,
laid in the sands obscure,
their union begot twin sons,
Kar'mora & Sip'mora.

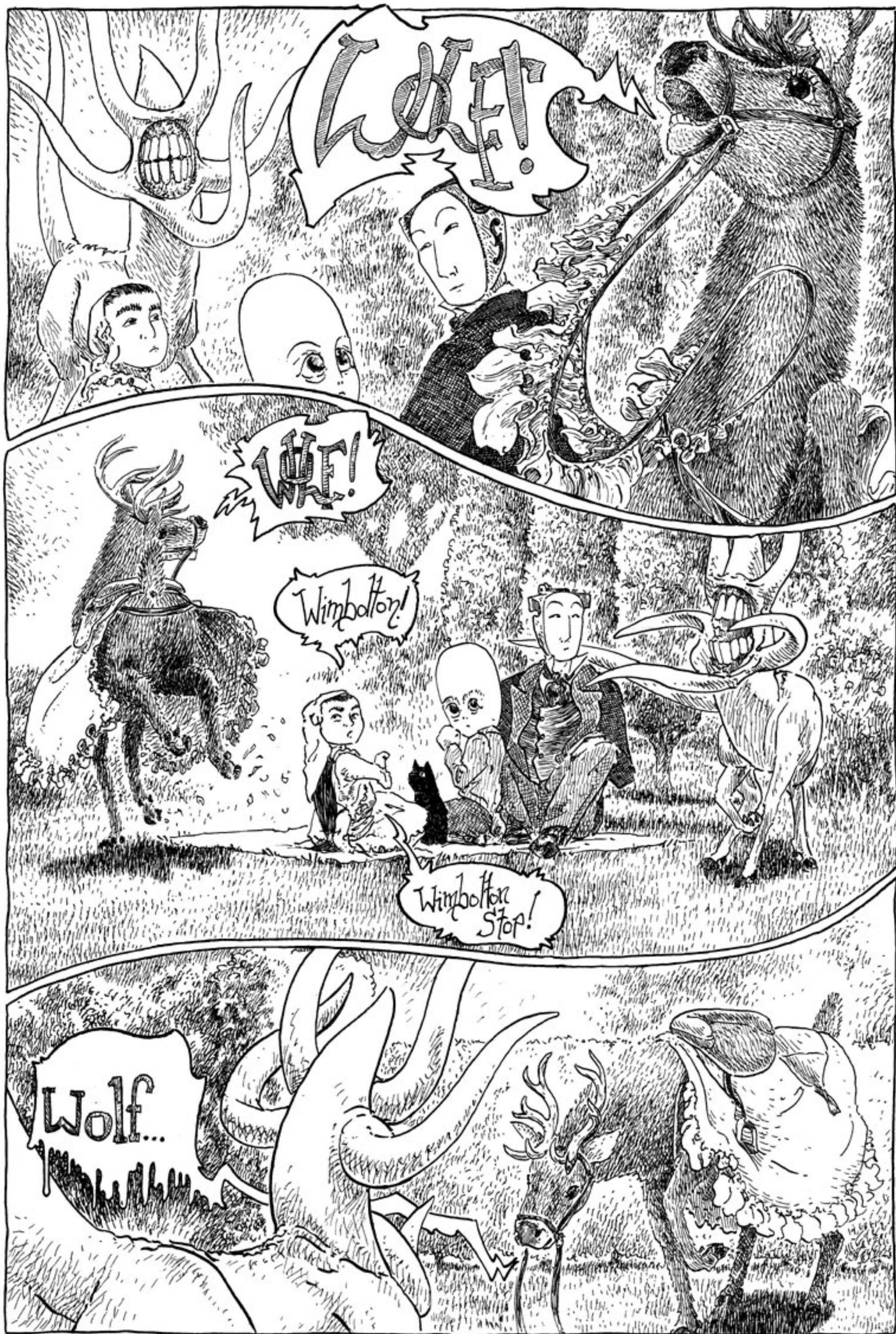
To flourish their children with land and light,
raised the earth on which they might.
But unseen by parental love,
progenus' hearts hid greed and spite.



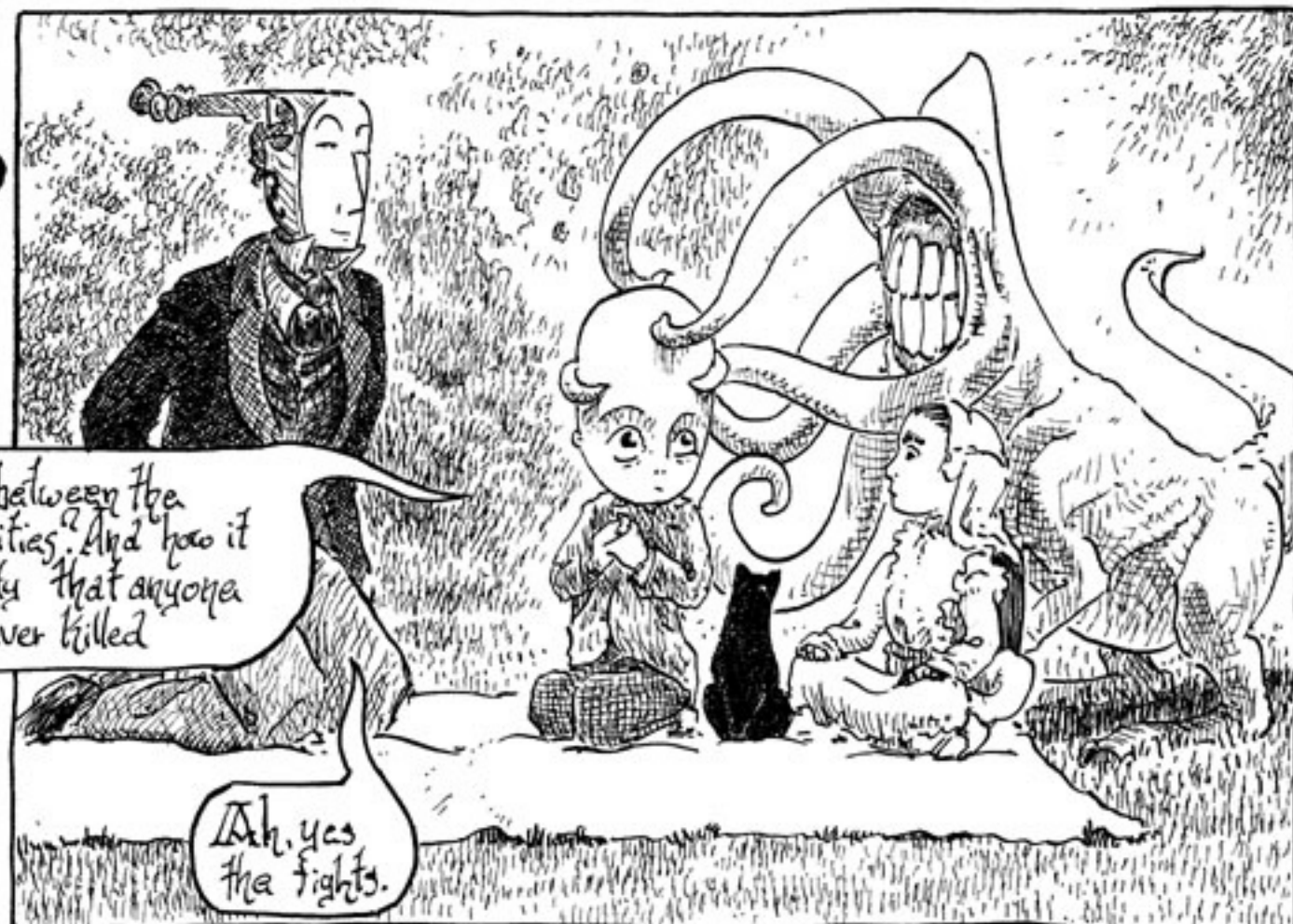
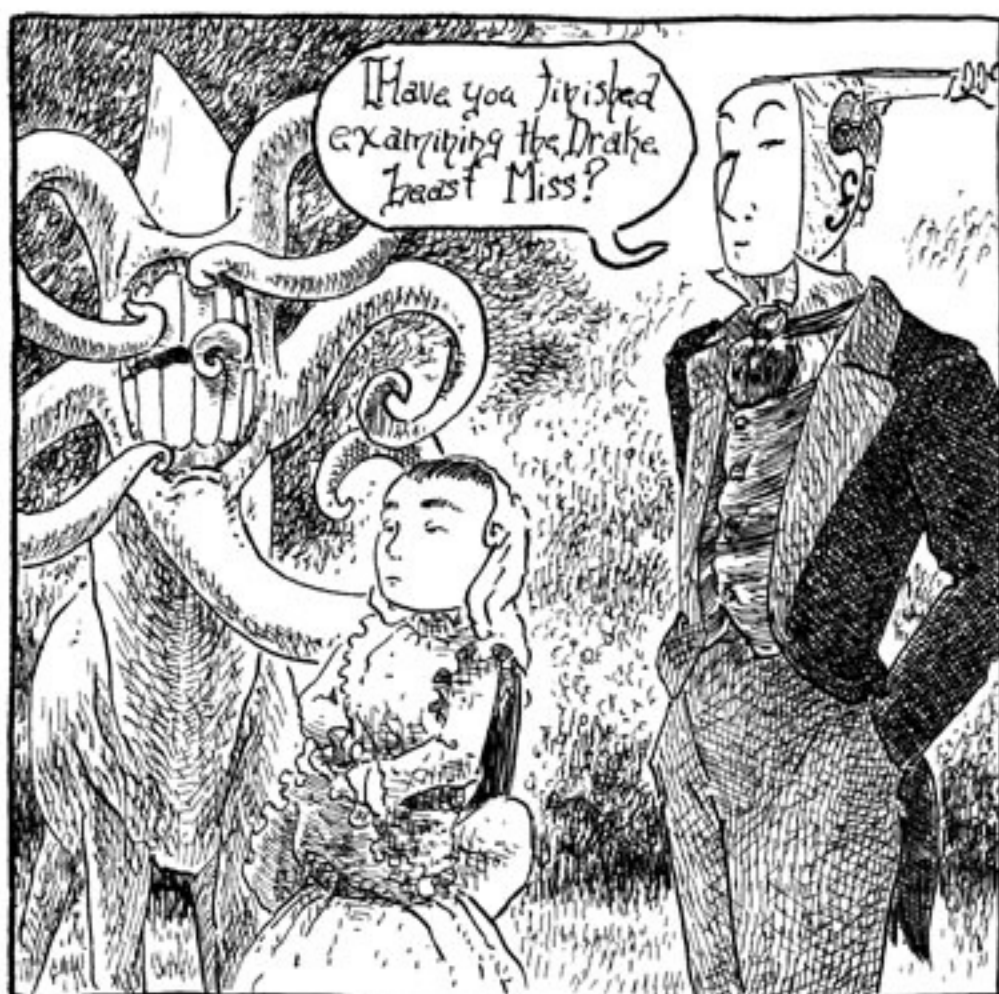
Each sought to deprive the other of his inheritance,
and so hold all the earth alone without temperance.
Set at once upon his brother's throat,
between the two there was no love devoted.
So the parents gouged a valley wide,
with each son placed on either side.
To keep watch 'aa'mura became the sun,
Utz'moor became the moon.







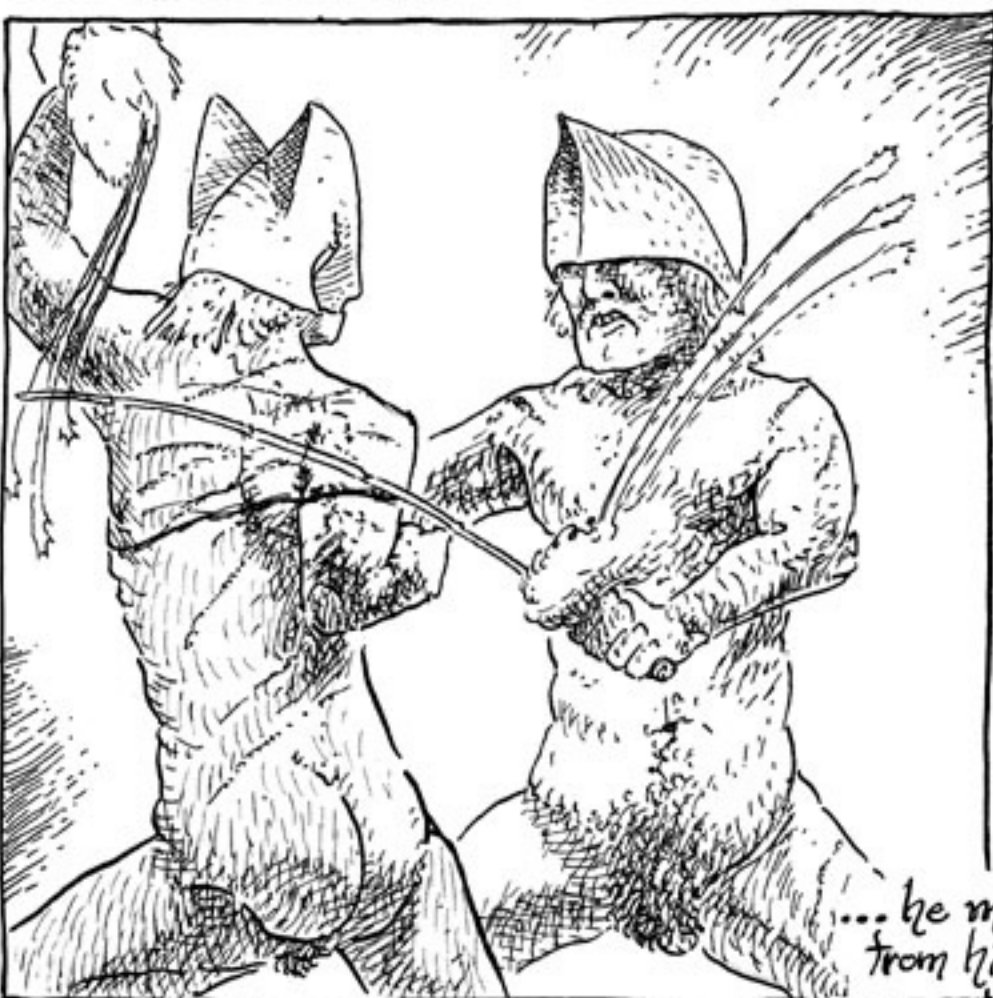
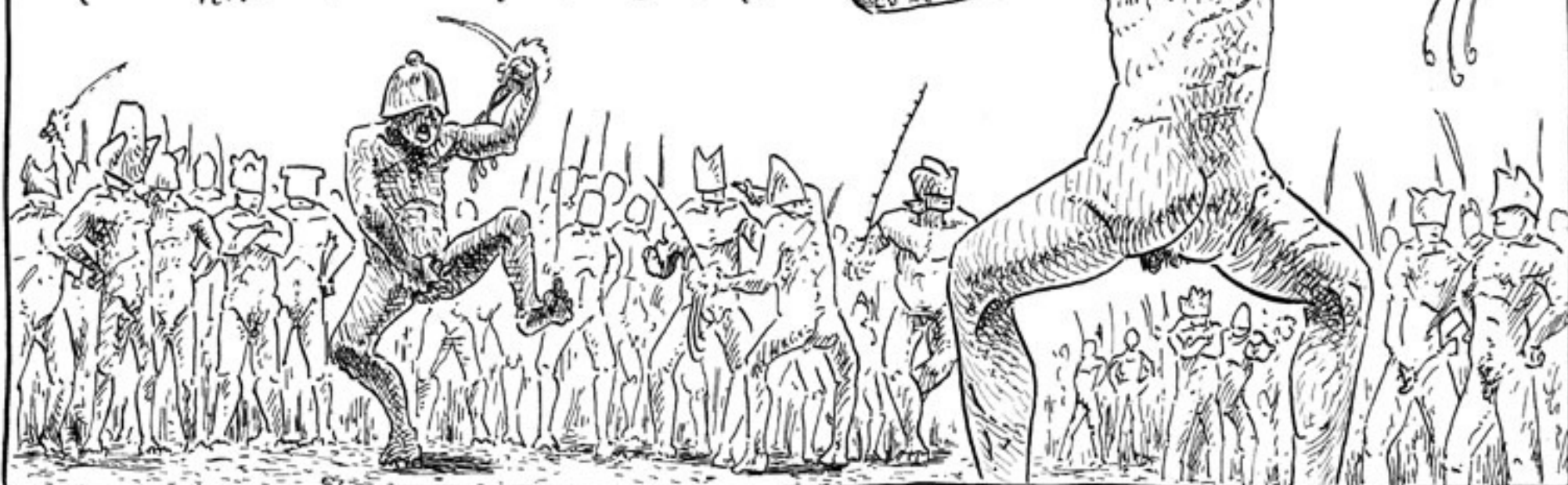




The fights, as I may have said, are part of a yearly ceremony to celebrate the births of the brothers. After two days of festivities the people of the two cities gather in a natural amphitheater, with the men gathered at the bottom. The fighting consists of two fighters facing each other, stopping around in a circle spewing insults and profanity at their opponent, all the while holding aloft a large switch.

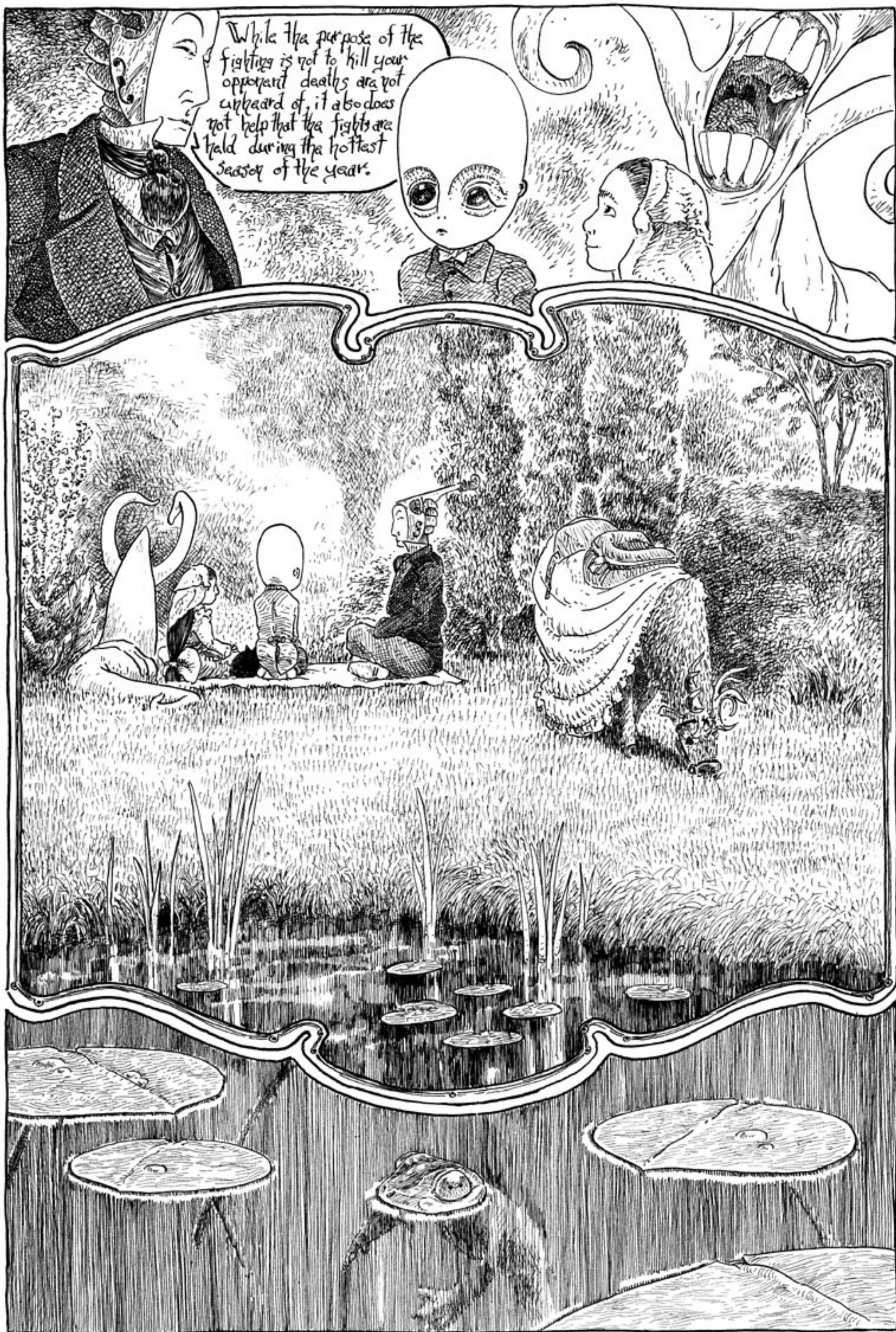


When one or the other fighters loses their nerve, or receives a particularly hot insult, the fighters will then begin to whip at each other with their switches. A bout will end when one fighter retreats, however that does not mean that the whipping will end, for should a fighter retreat too soon or lose a bout badly...



... he may receive blows from his own side.

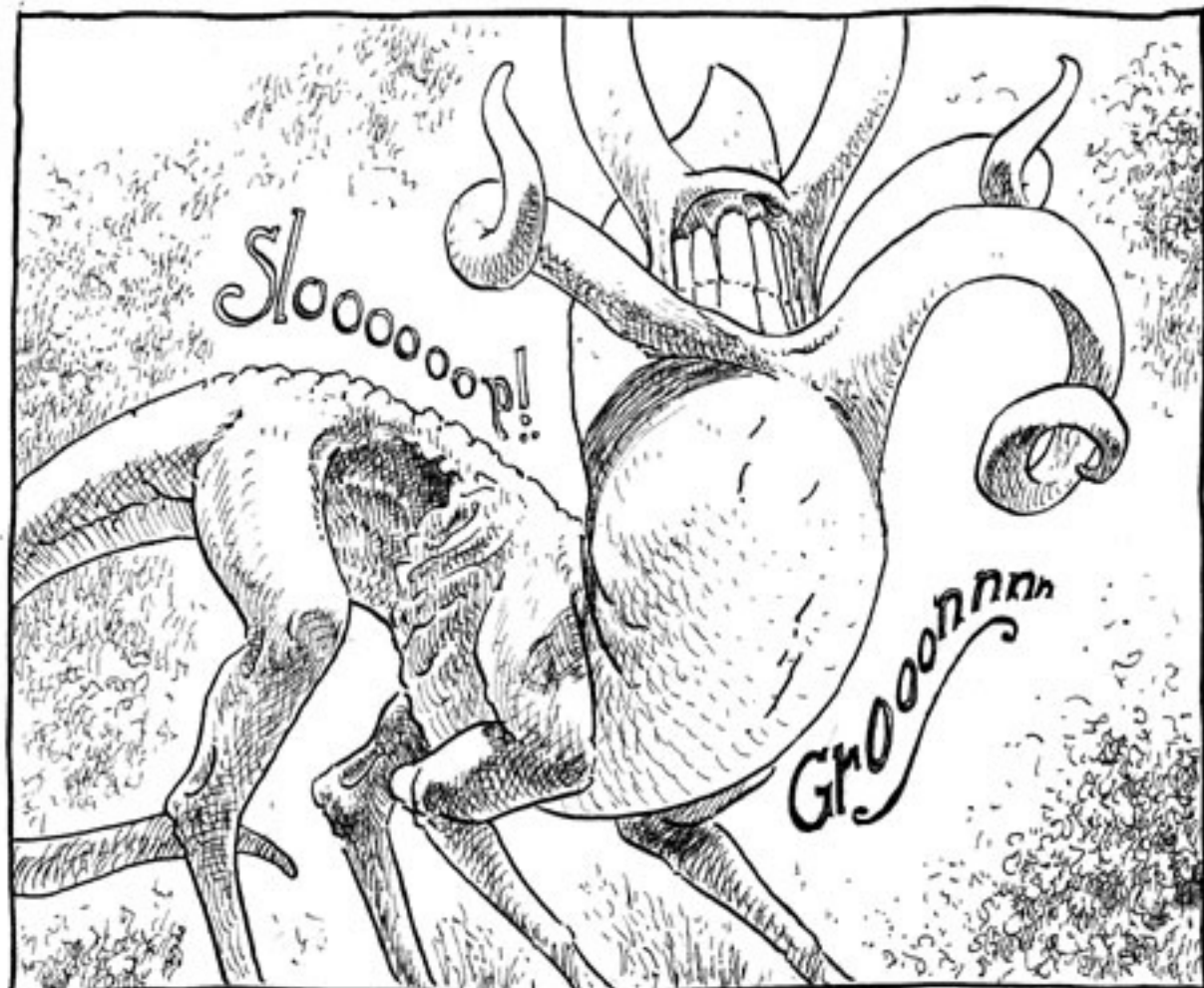
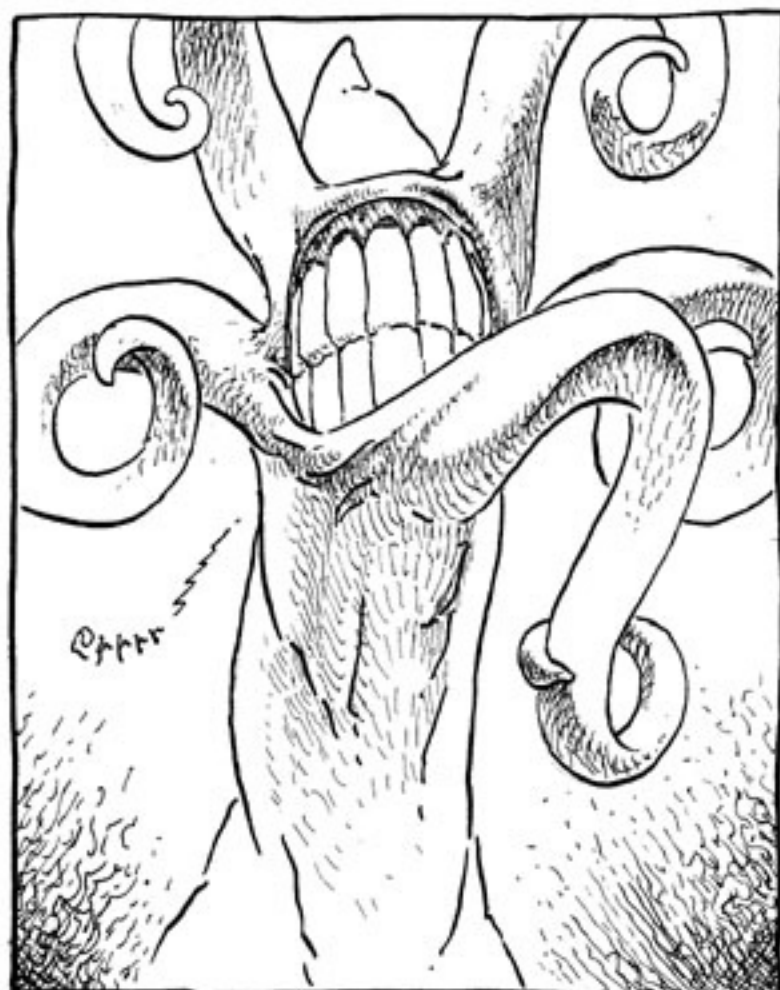




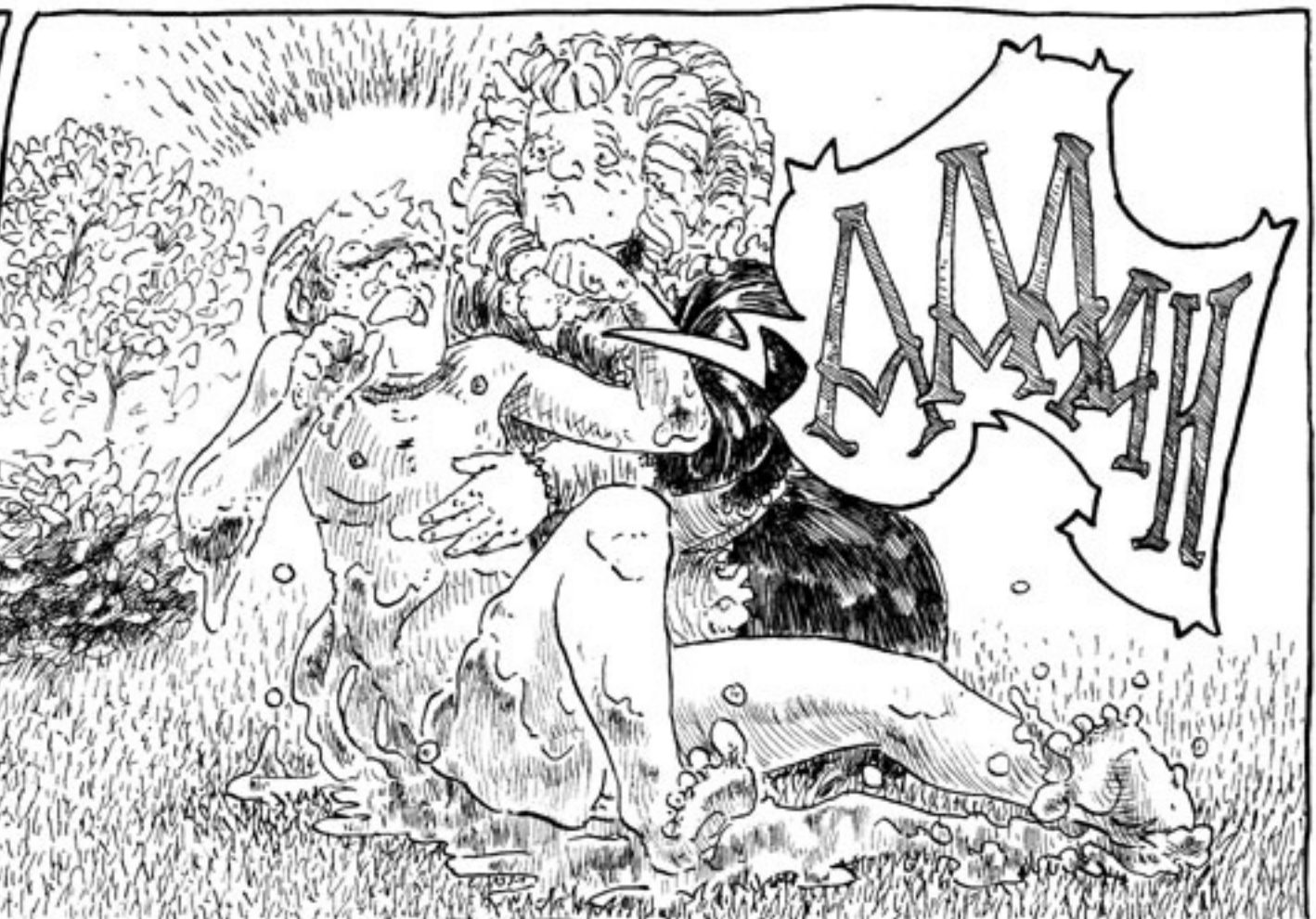
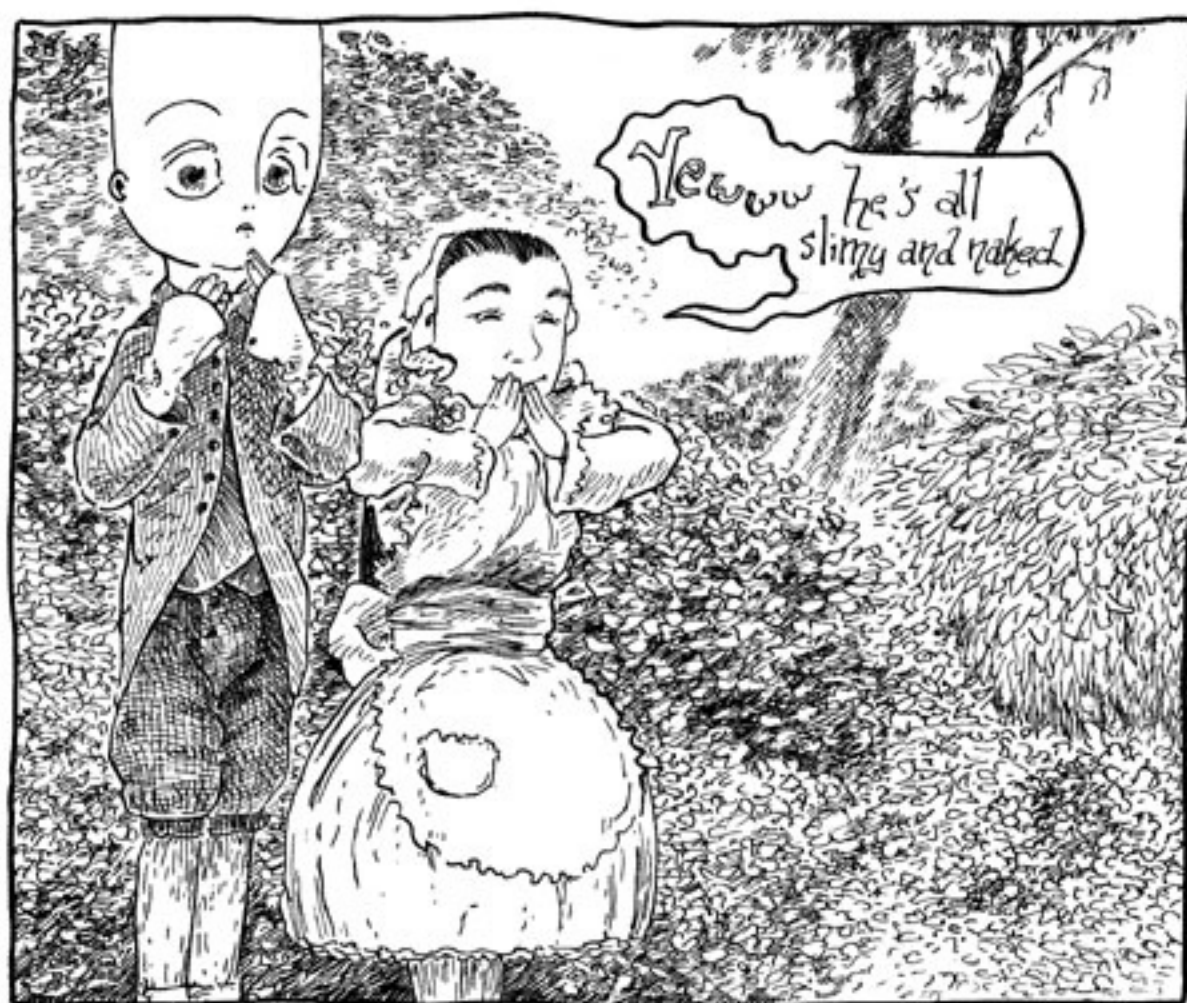




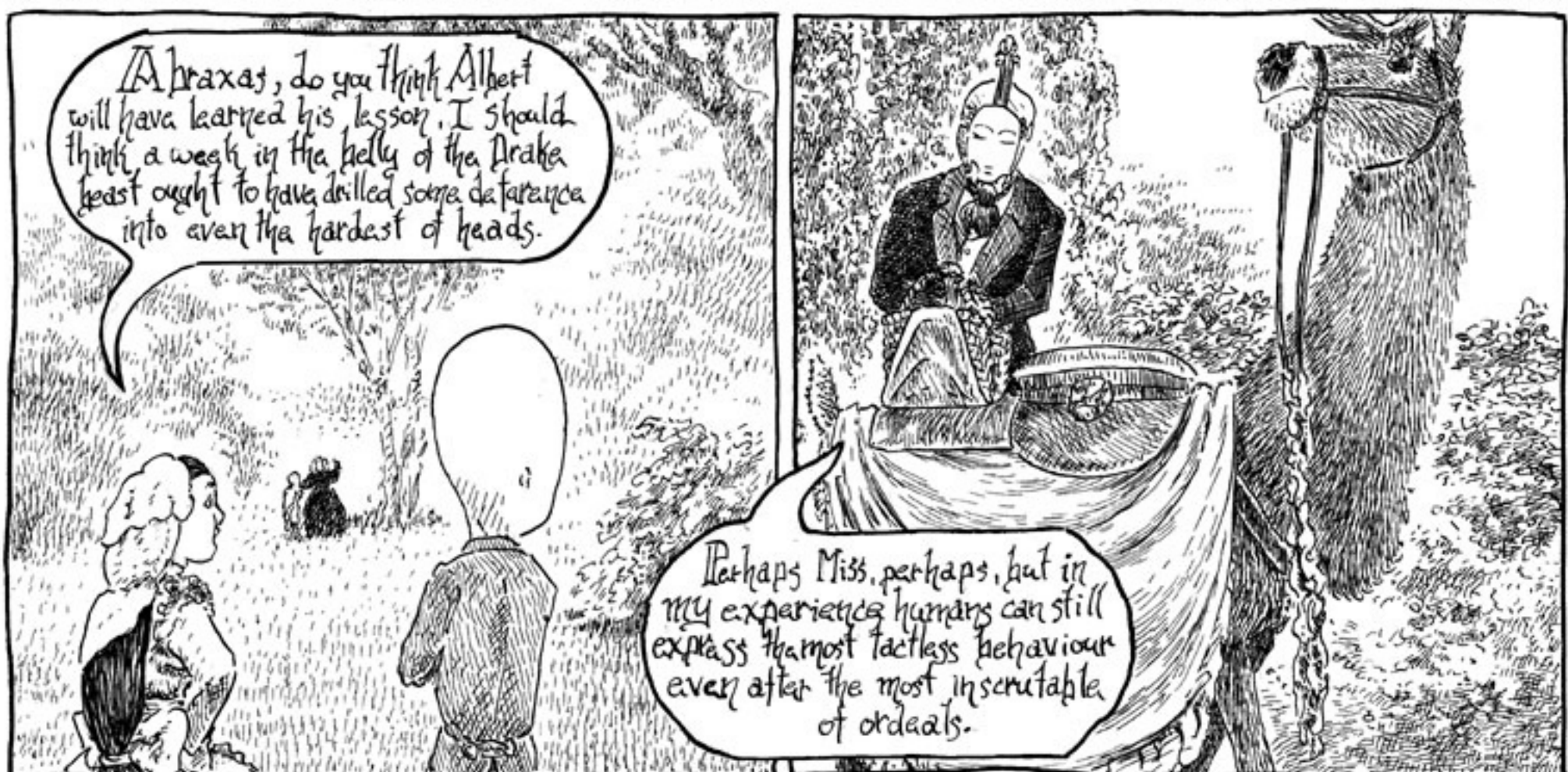
All right, now Beast I want you to bring that boy you swallowed up again.

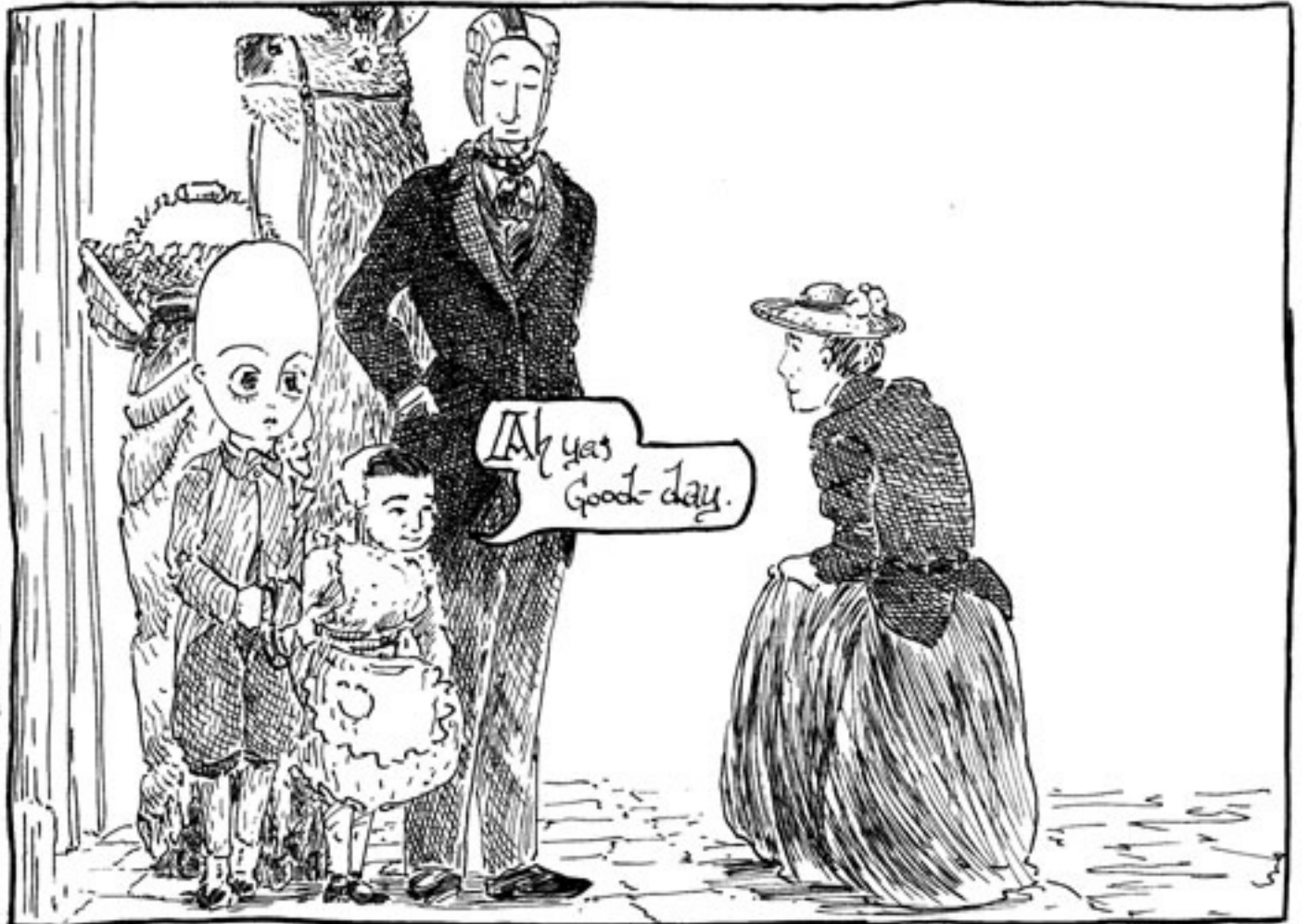


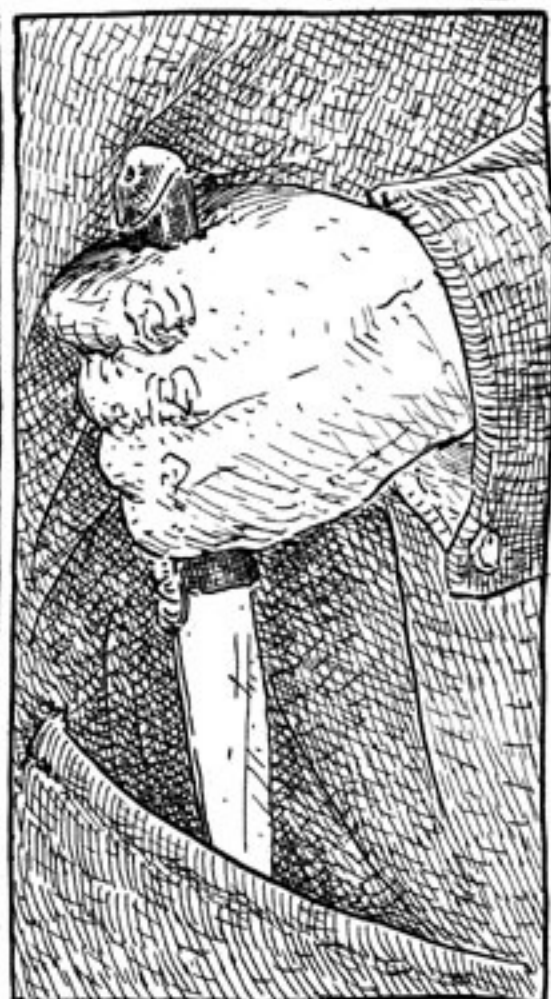
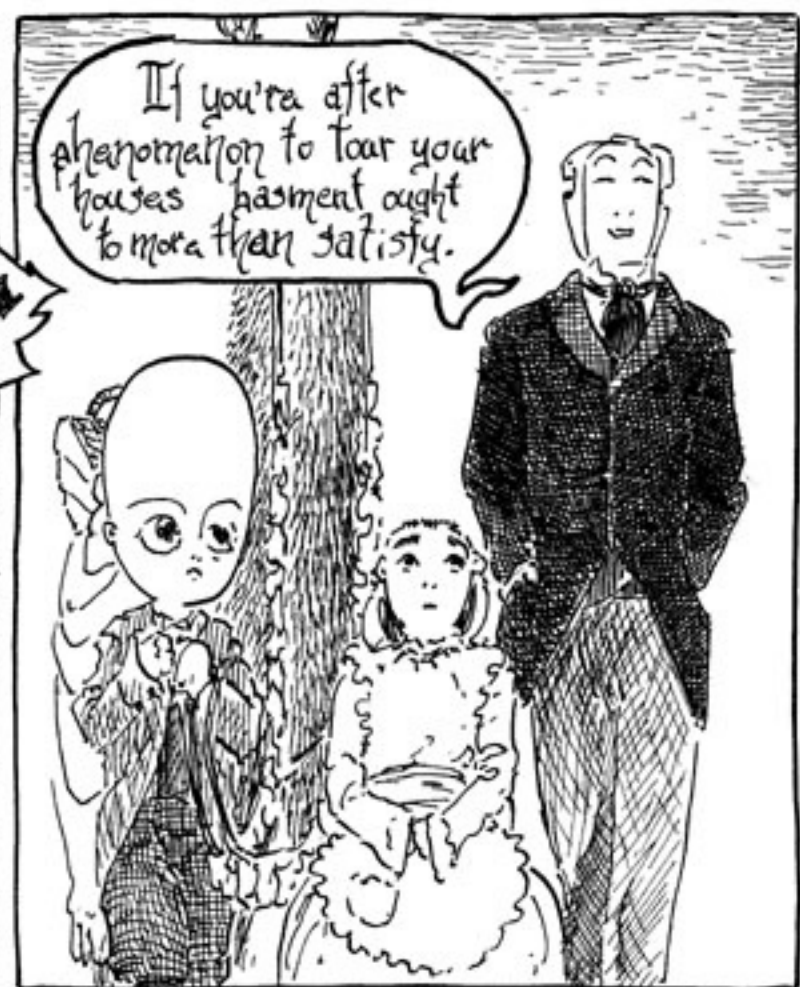






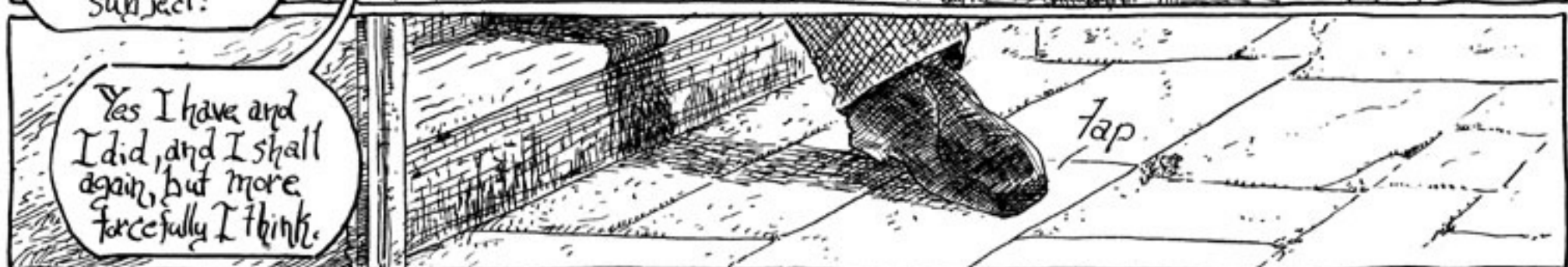








Have you given any thought of approaching your father with this subject?



tap

Yes I have and I did, and I shall again, but more forcefully I think.









"M'lord, after a quick search of the body all I have found is this knife."



"I apologise for not having acted quicker, and I apologise to you to Miss Elizabeth, I ought to have detected the threat sooner."



"No need Abraxas, you could not have acted any sooner than my own precautions and as it is no harm has been done. Have the remains gathered up and perform a thorough examination of the body and its clothes."

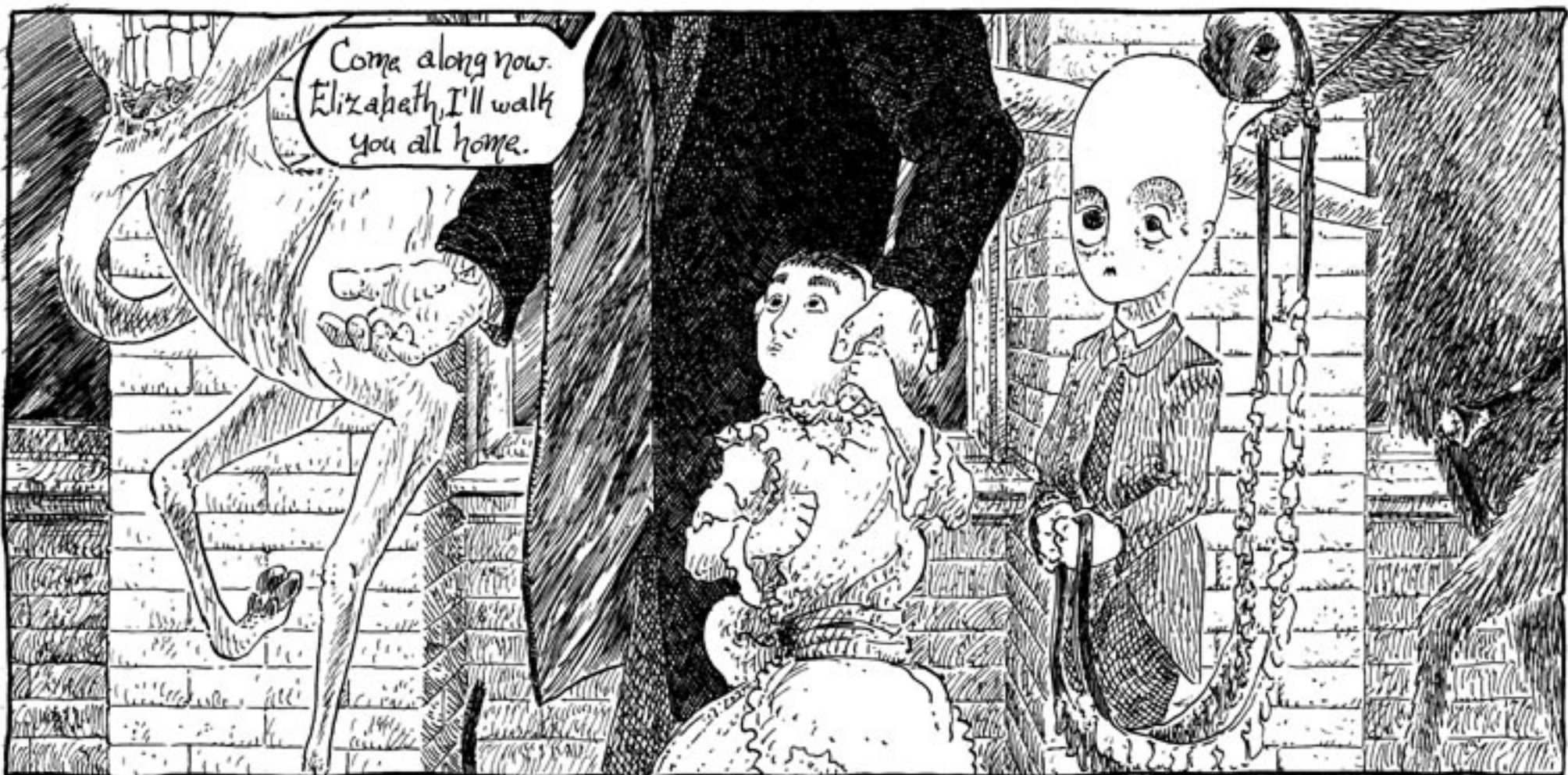
"The man could not have acted alone to hide so close to us."

"Yes Sir."

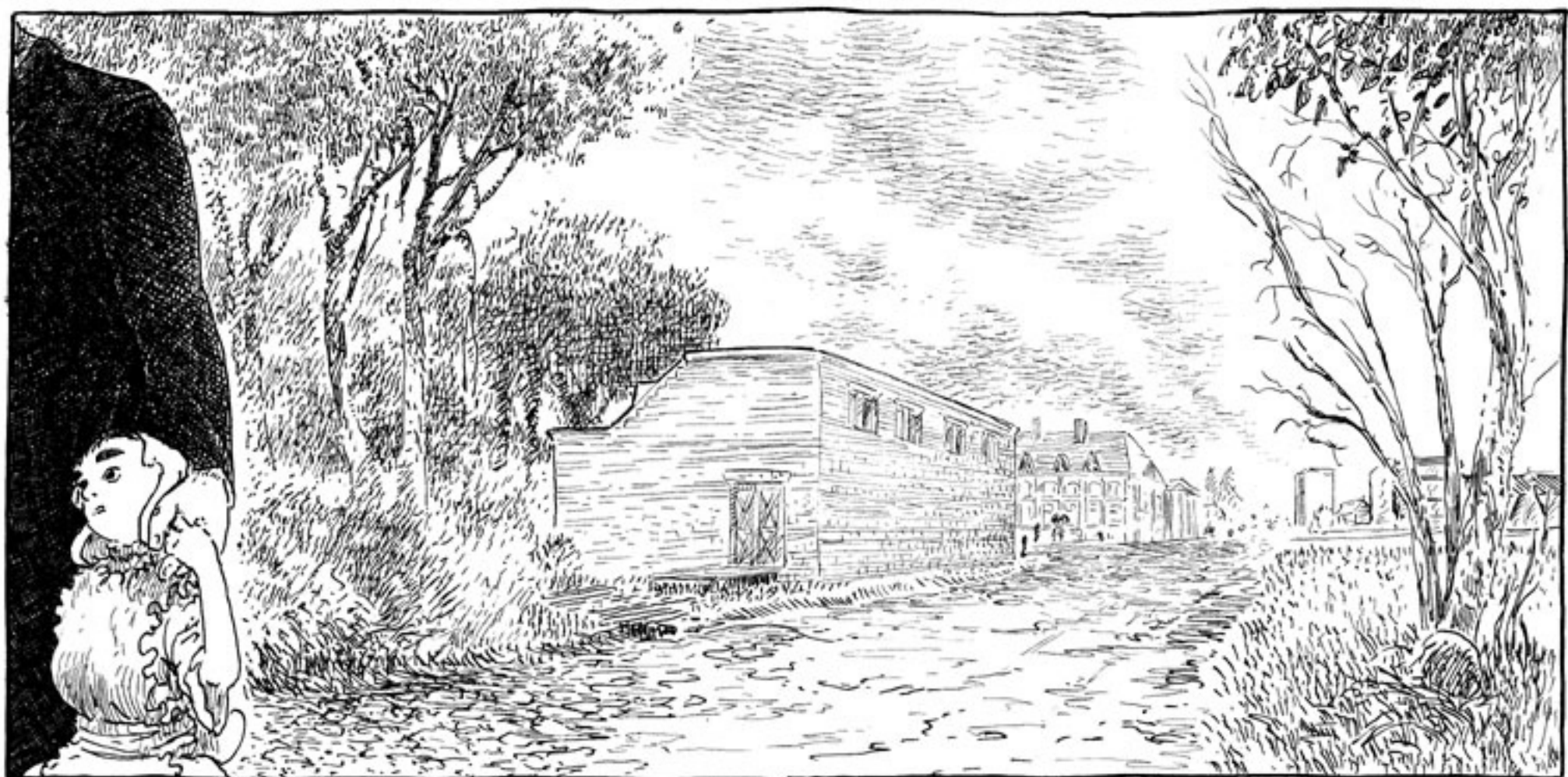
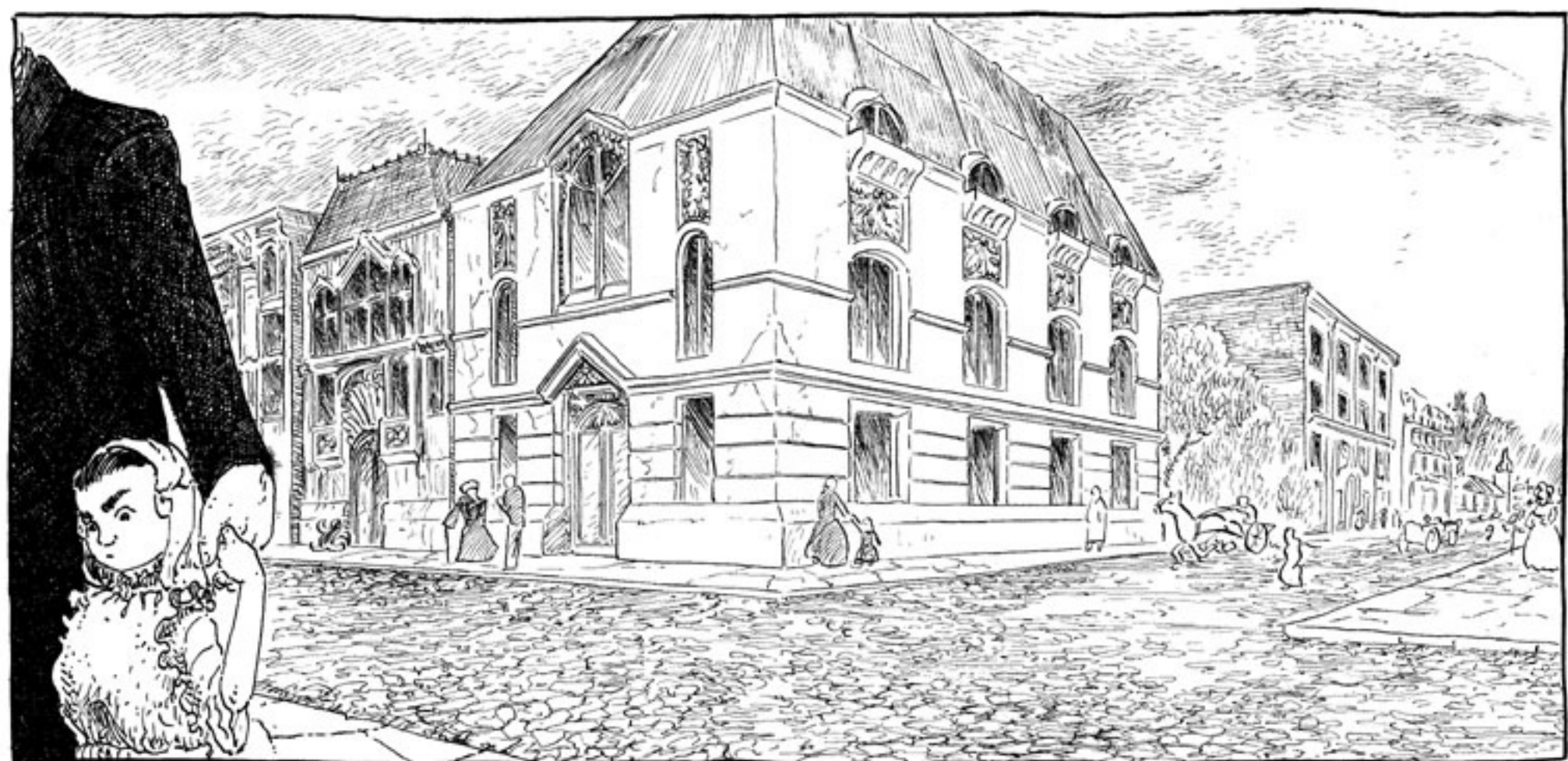
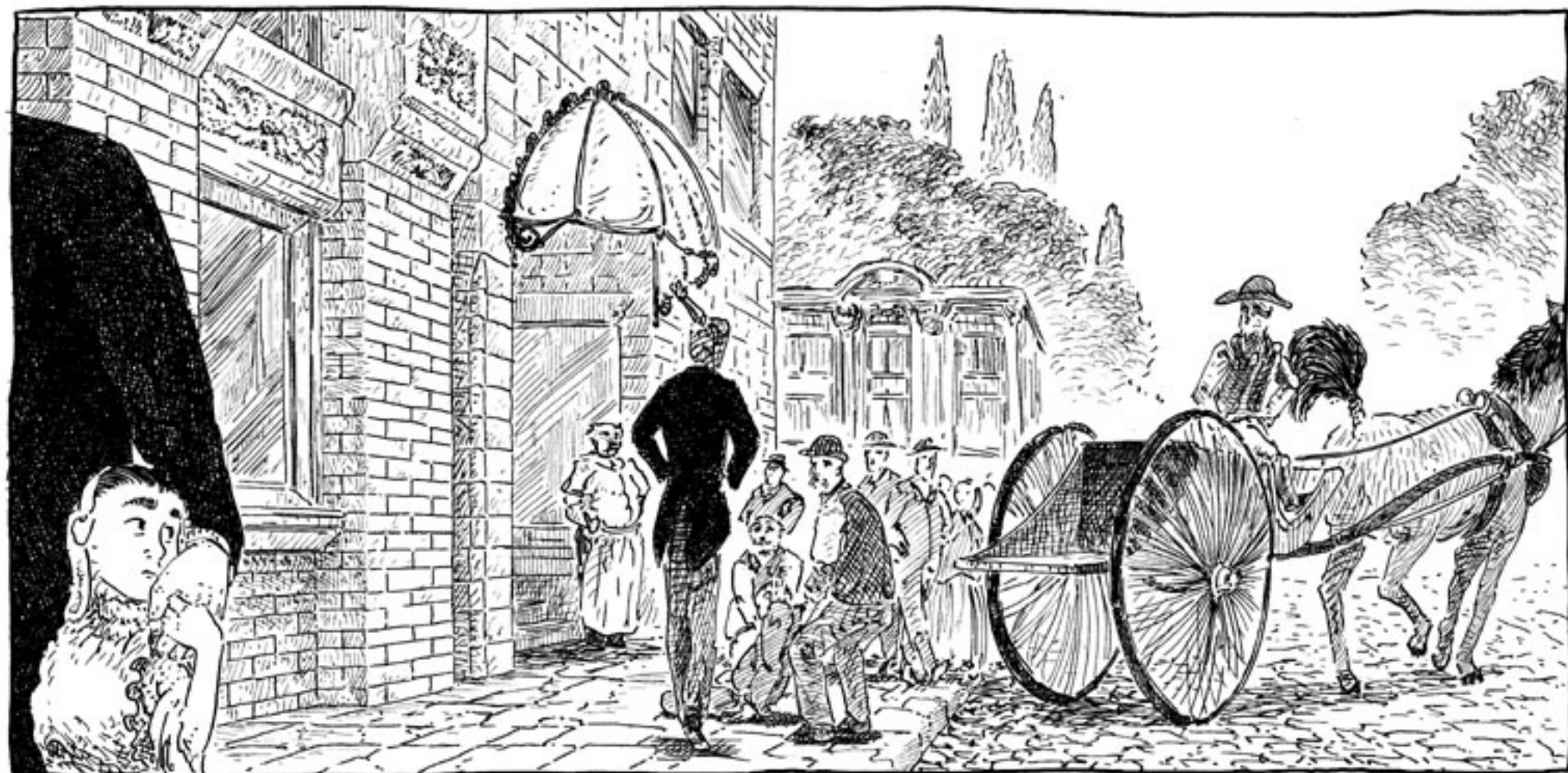


"I will take the children home, come up to the house this evening with what you find."

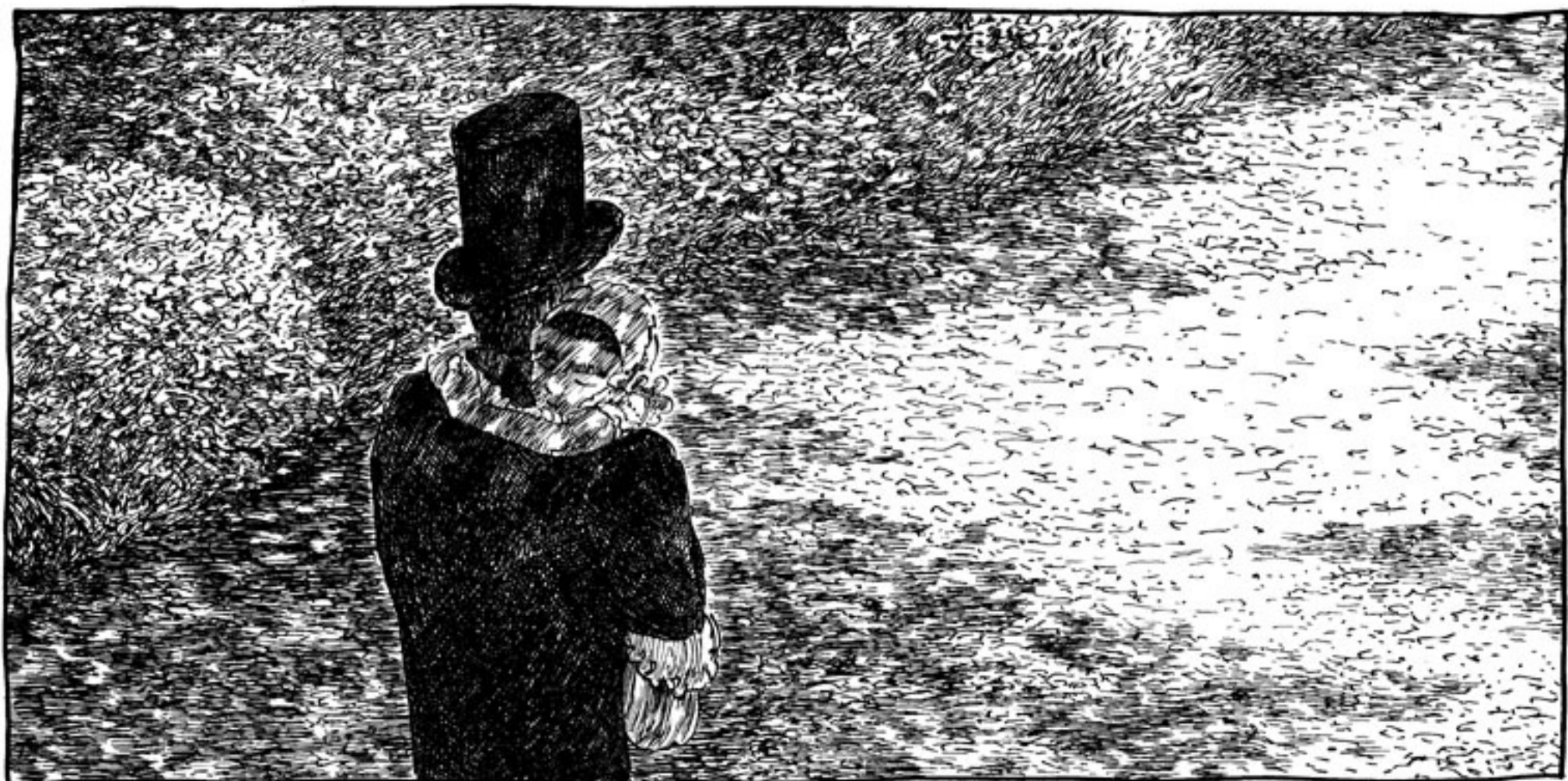
"Yes Sir."

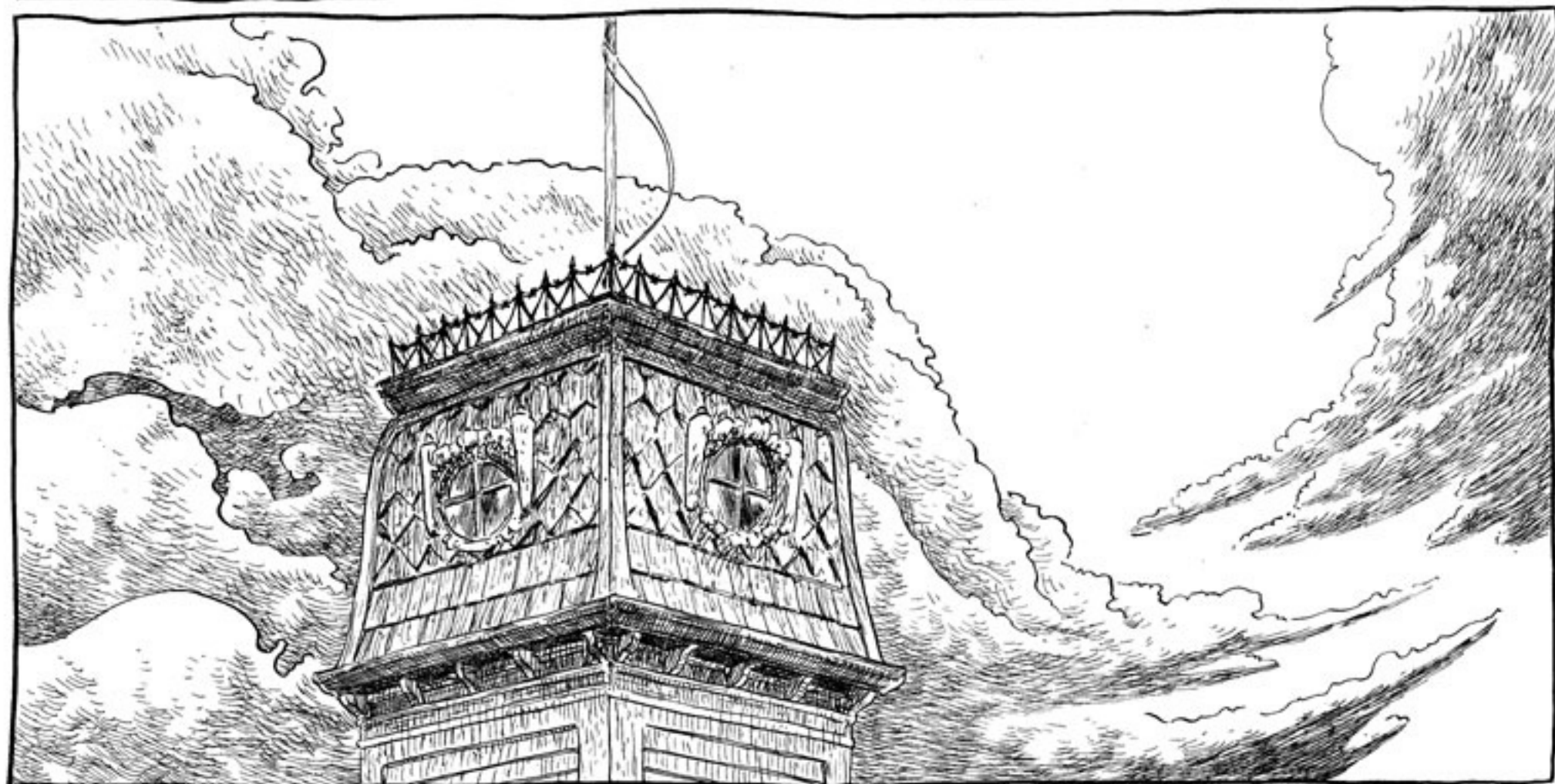
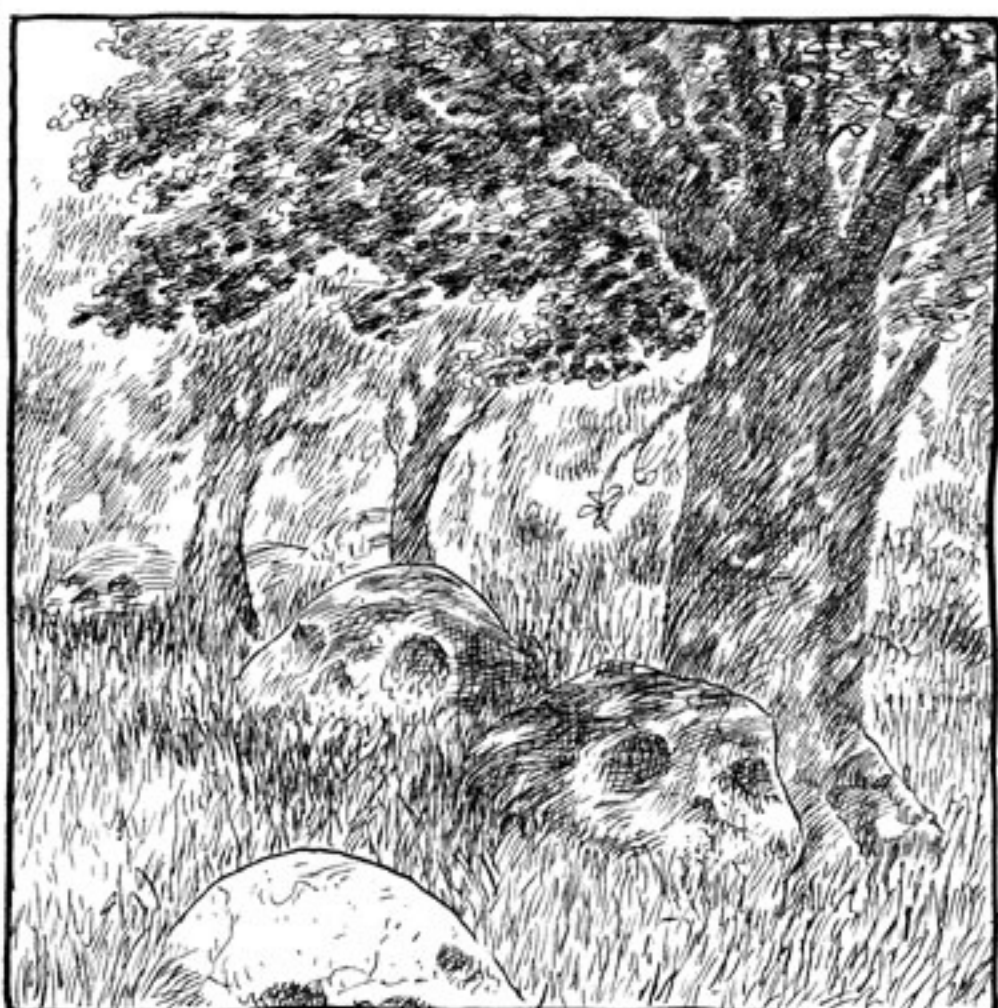


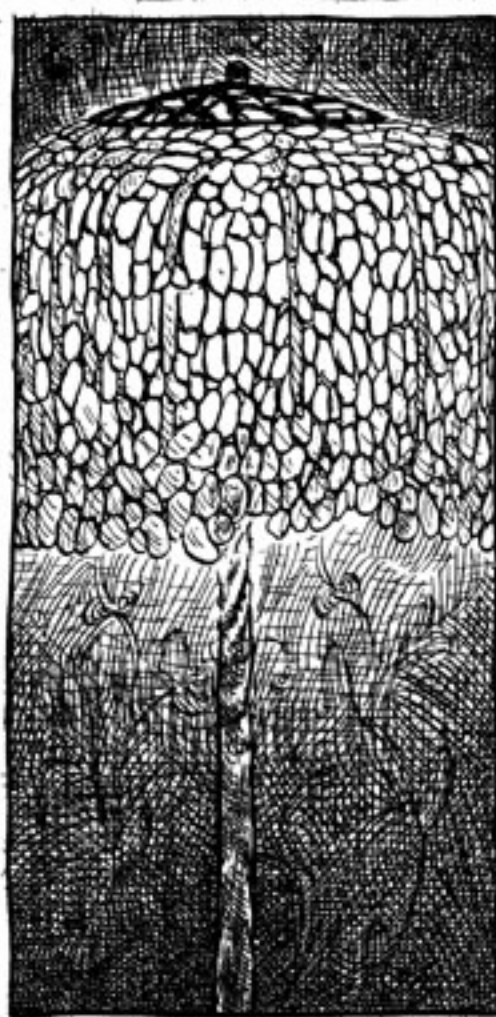
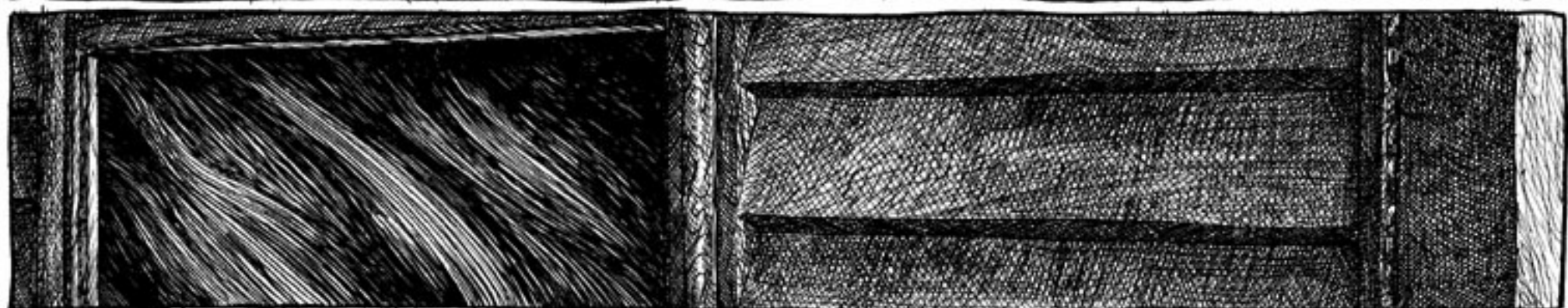
"Come along now, Elizabeth, I'll walk you all home."

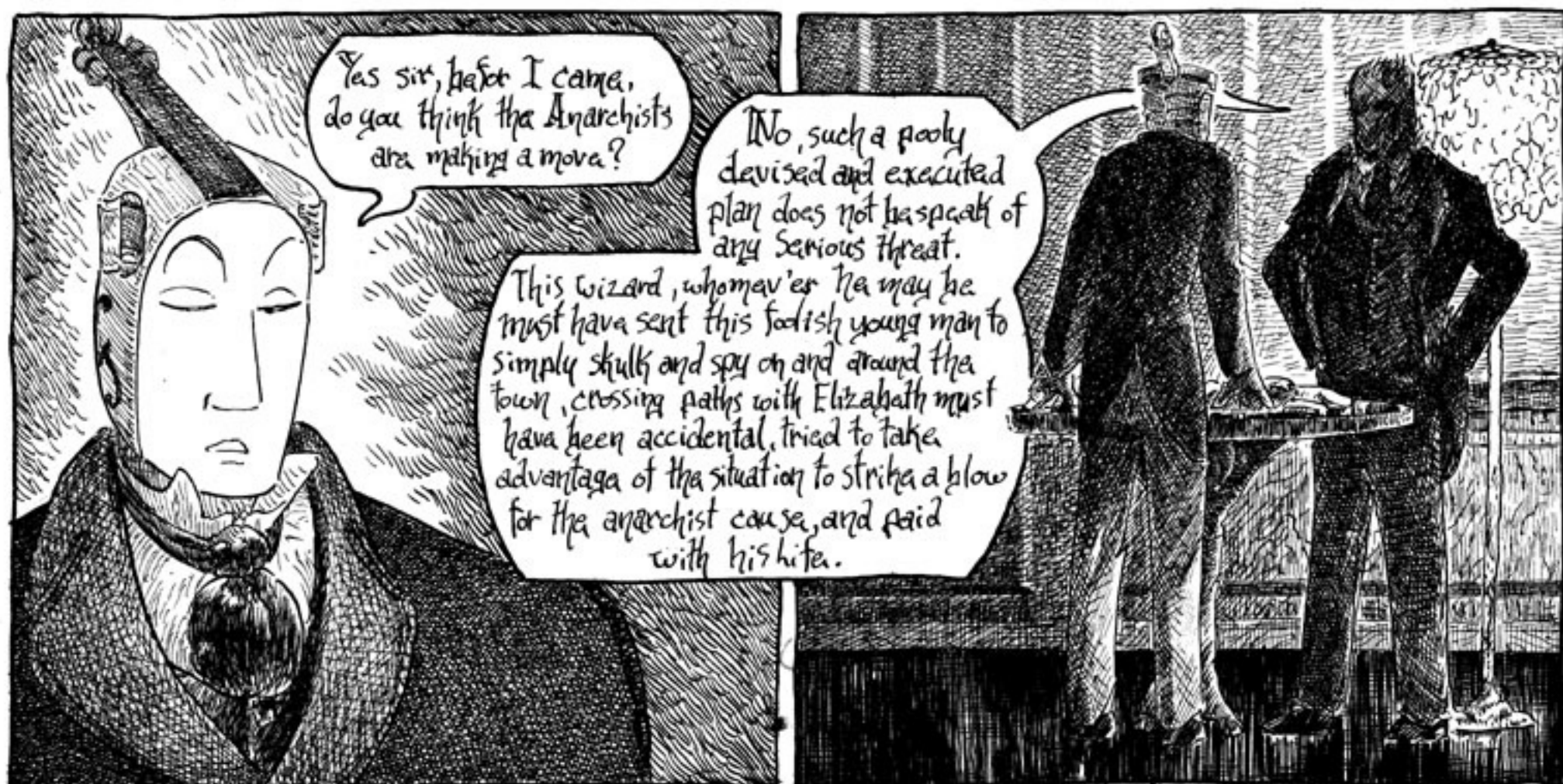
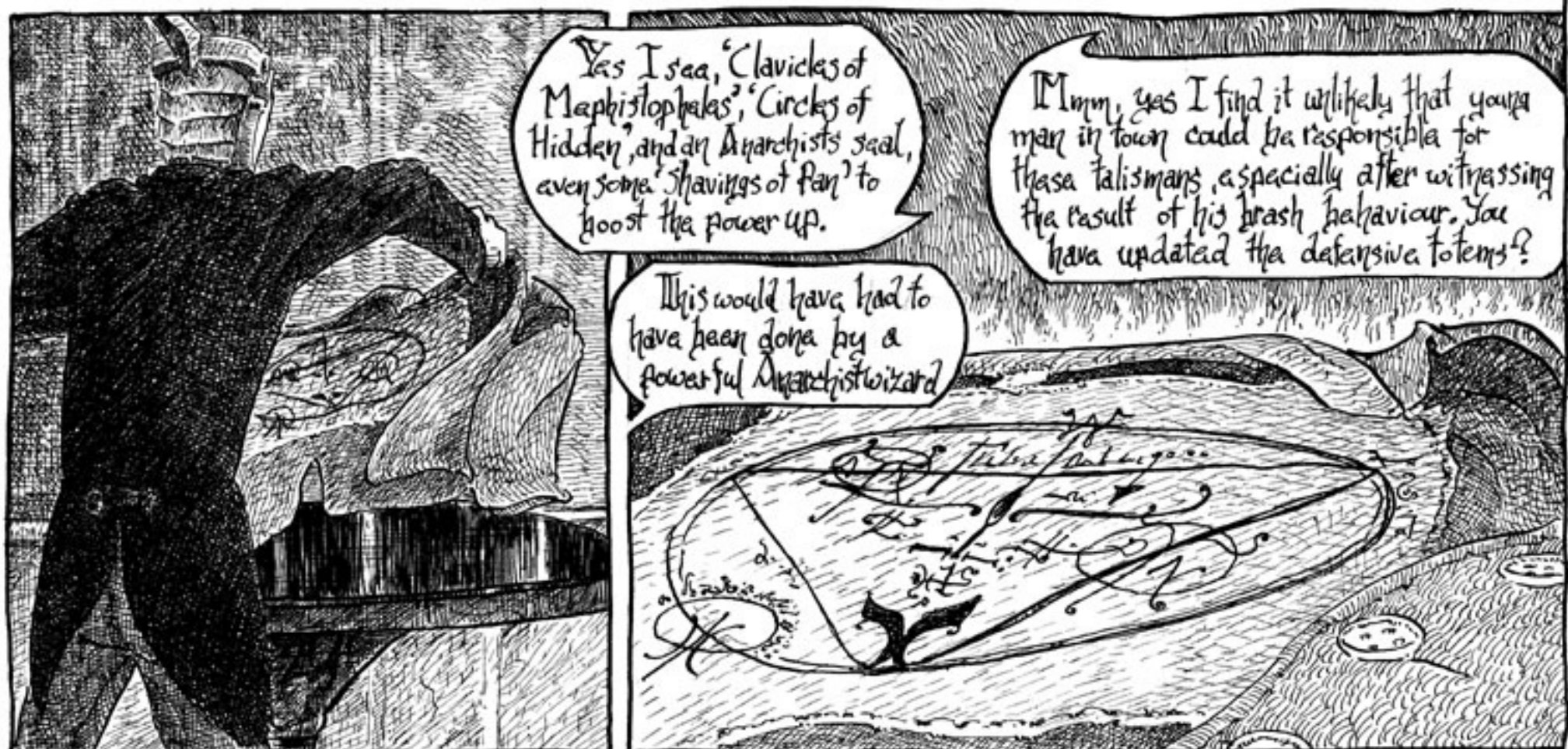






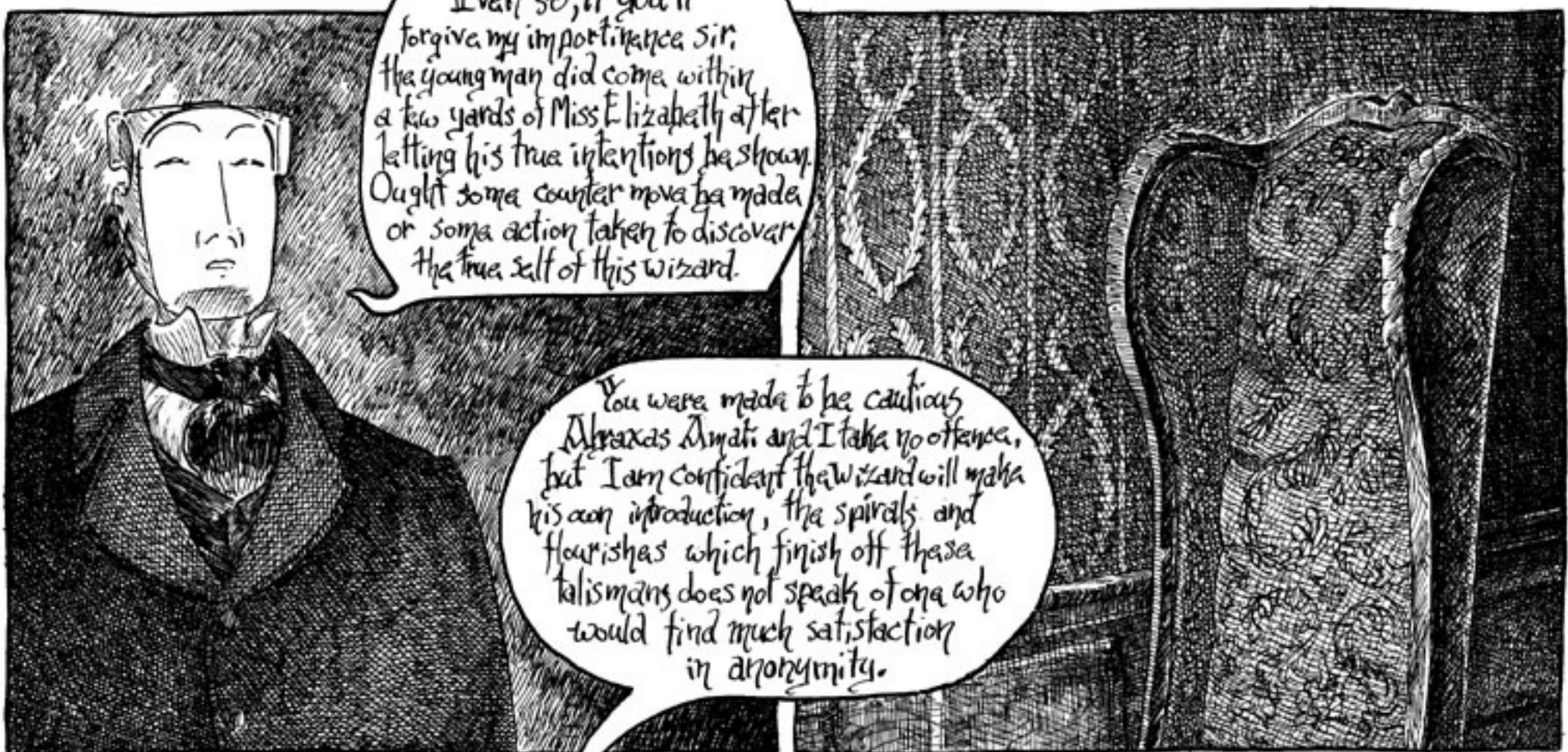






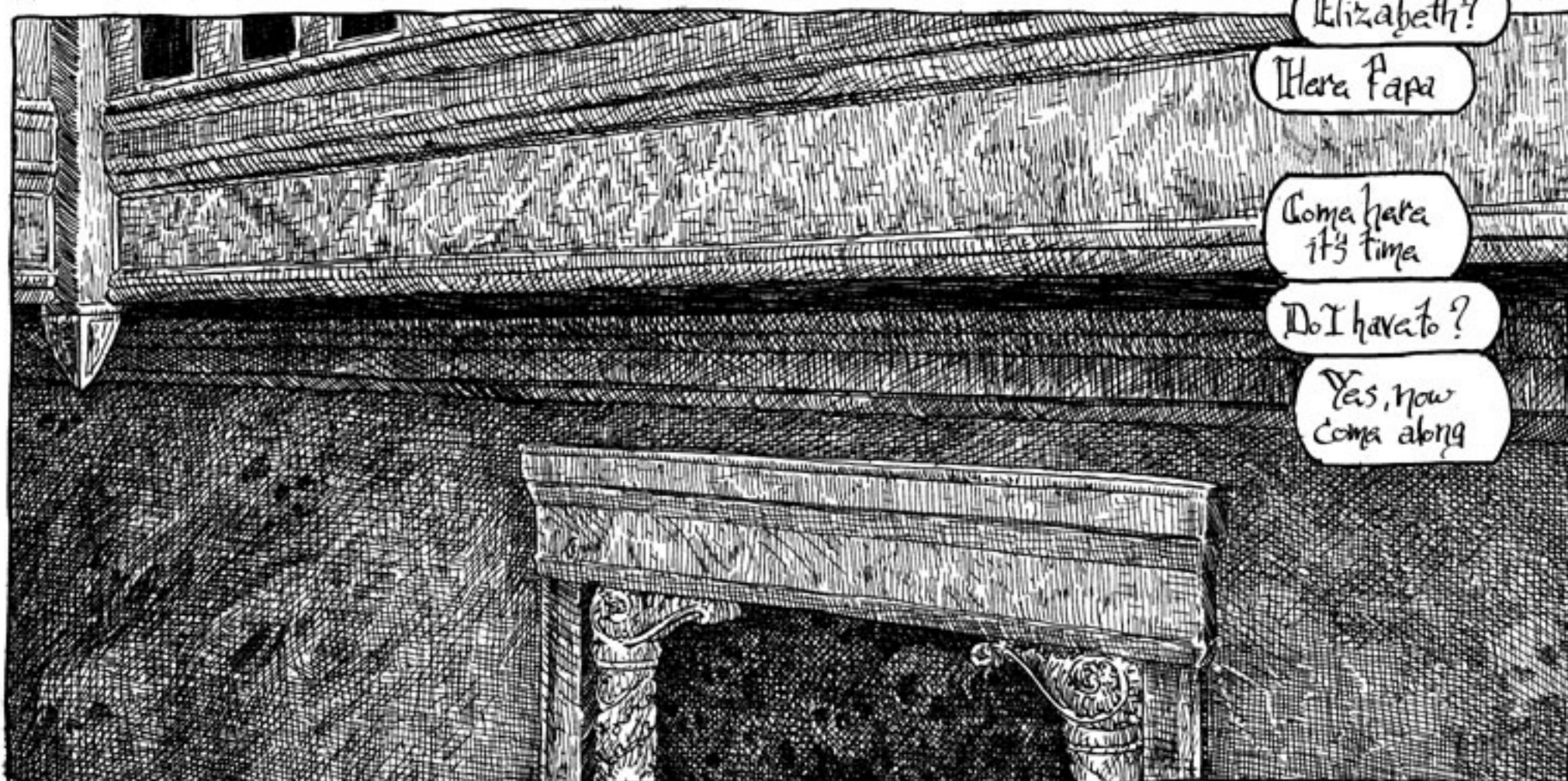
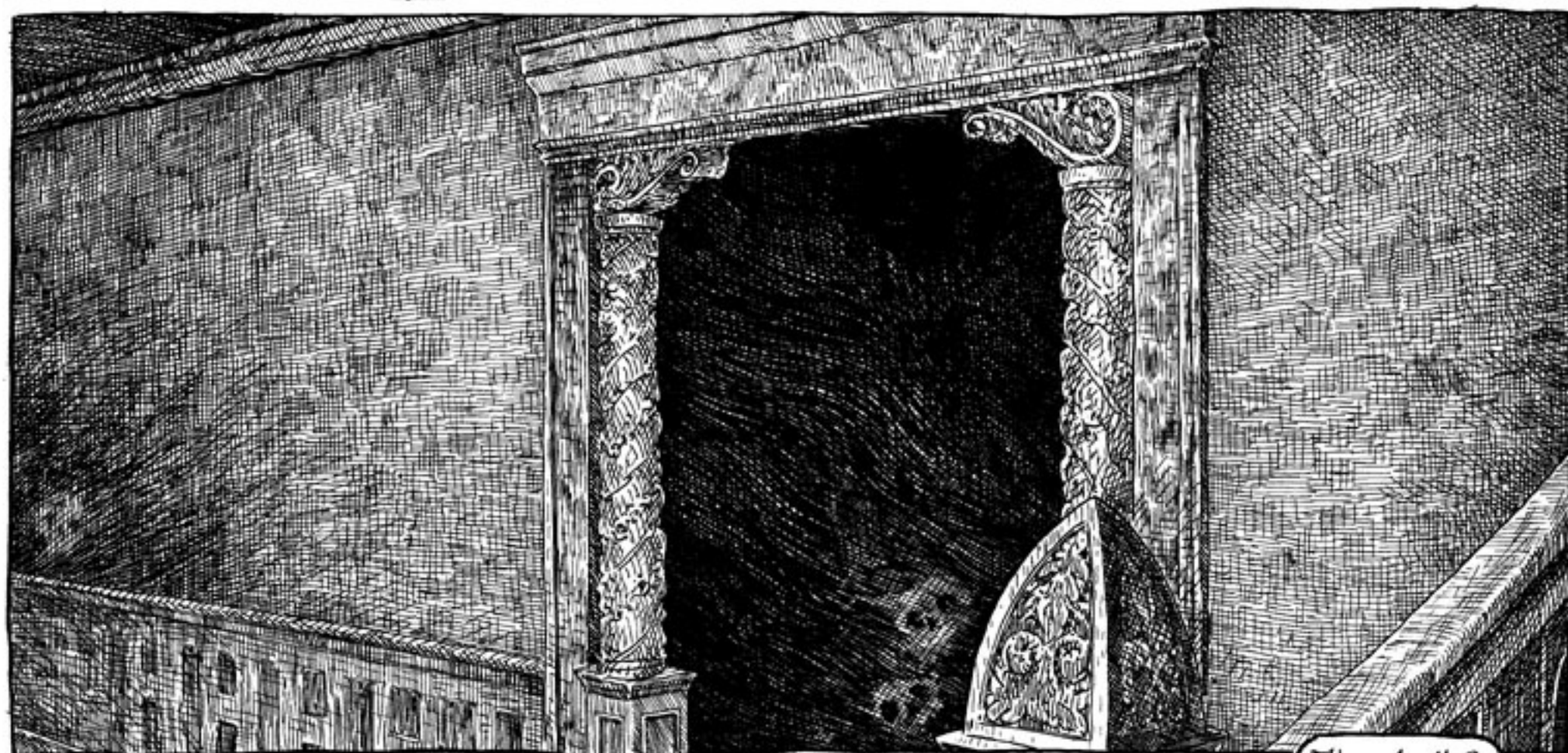
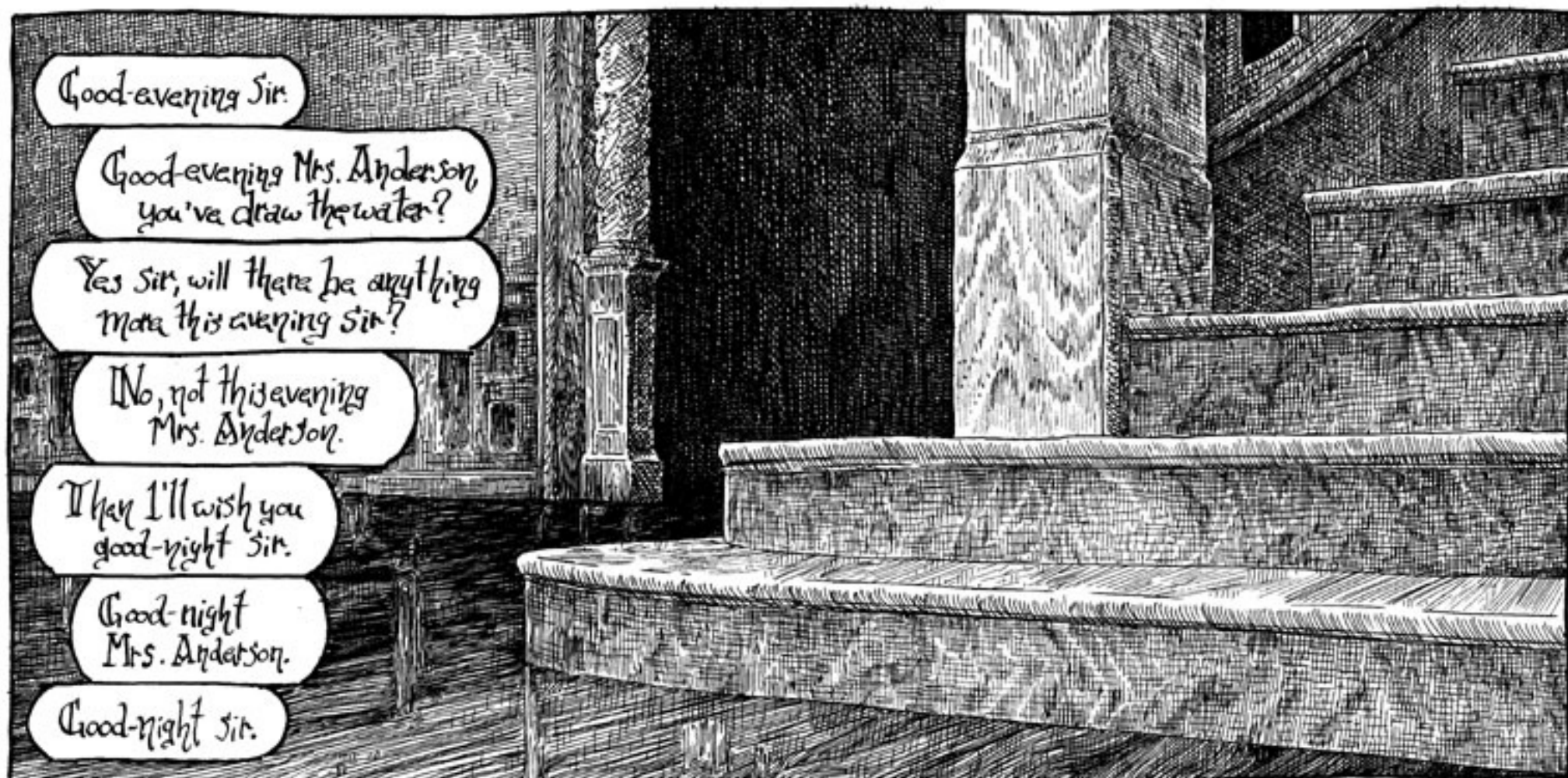


I don't think that will be necessary, not a harm was had. Better to let this Wizard think his little agent has gone away, rather than discovered and come to disaster.

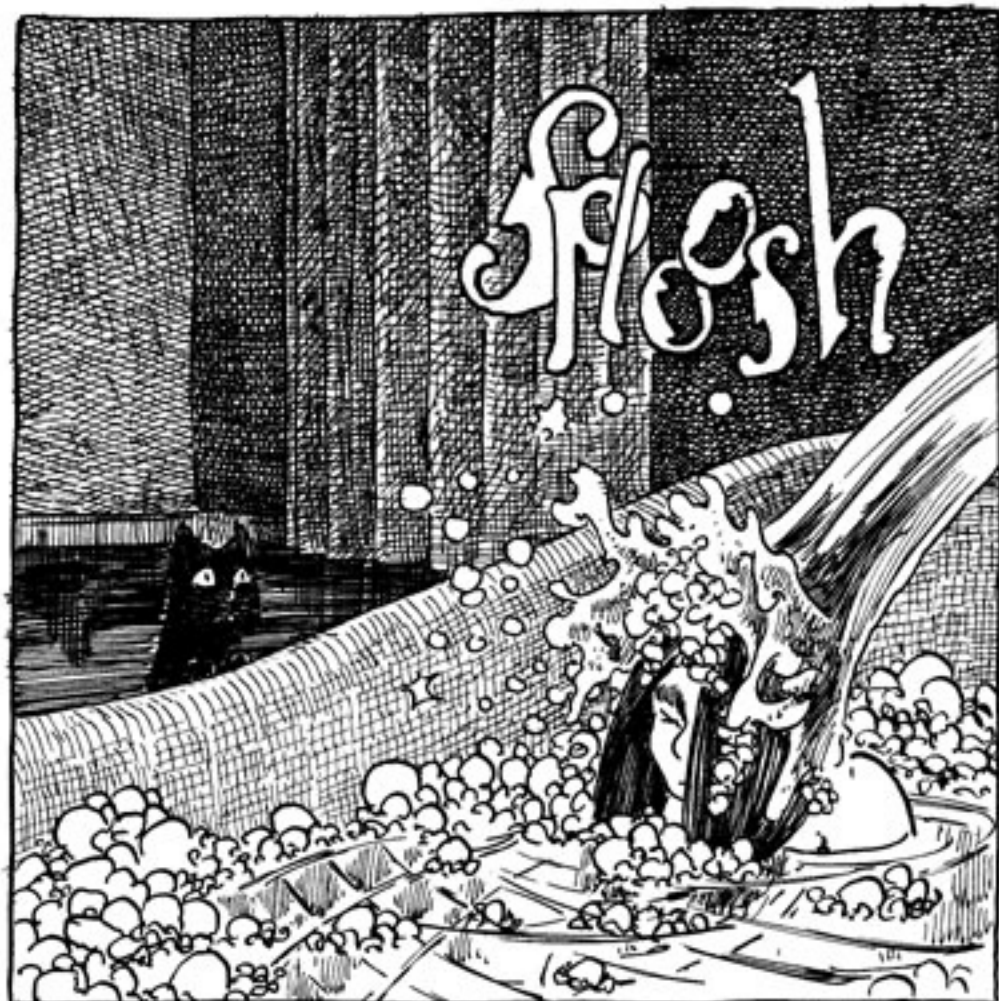
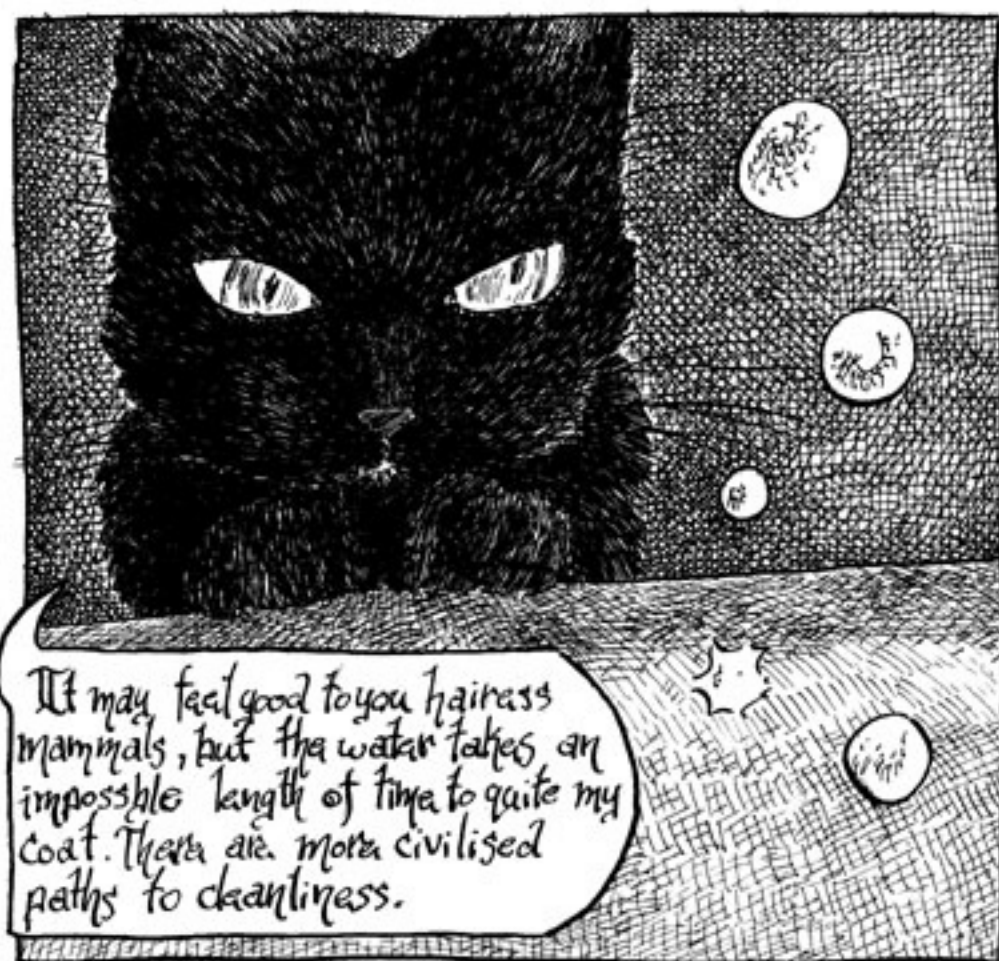


You were made to be cautious. Abraxas Amati and I take no offence, but I am confident the wizard will make his own introduction, the spirals and flourishes which finish off these talismans does not speak of one who would find much satisfaction in anonymity.



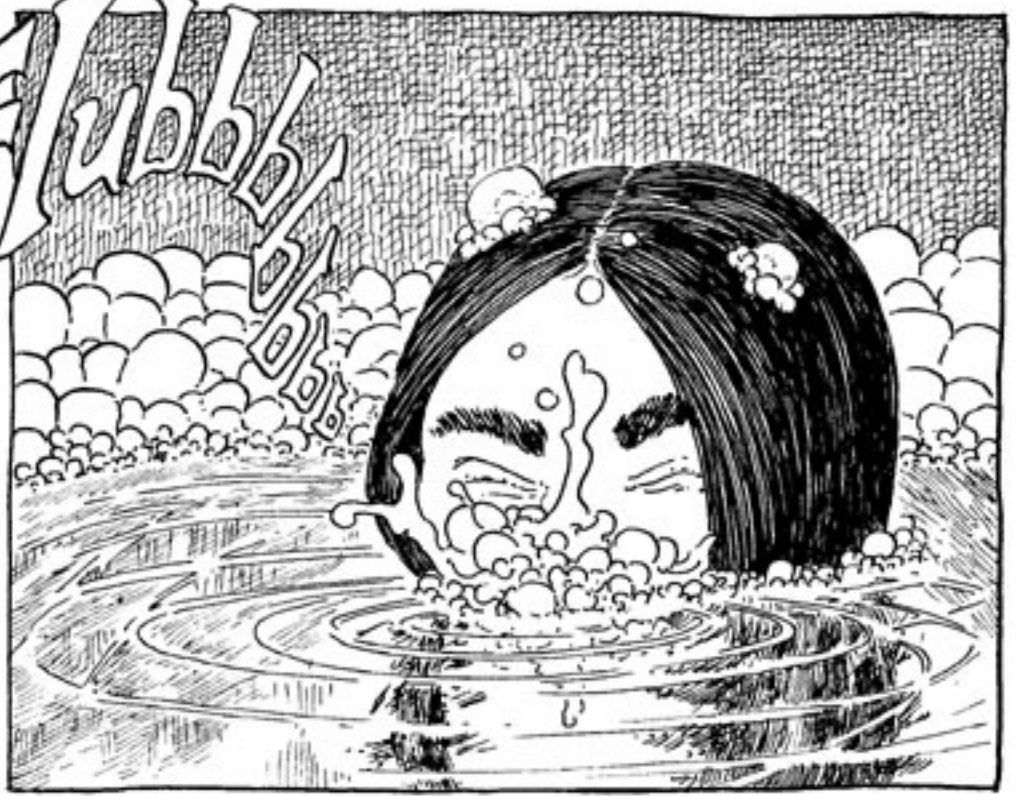








Flubby



Papa?

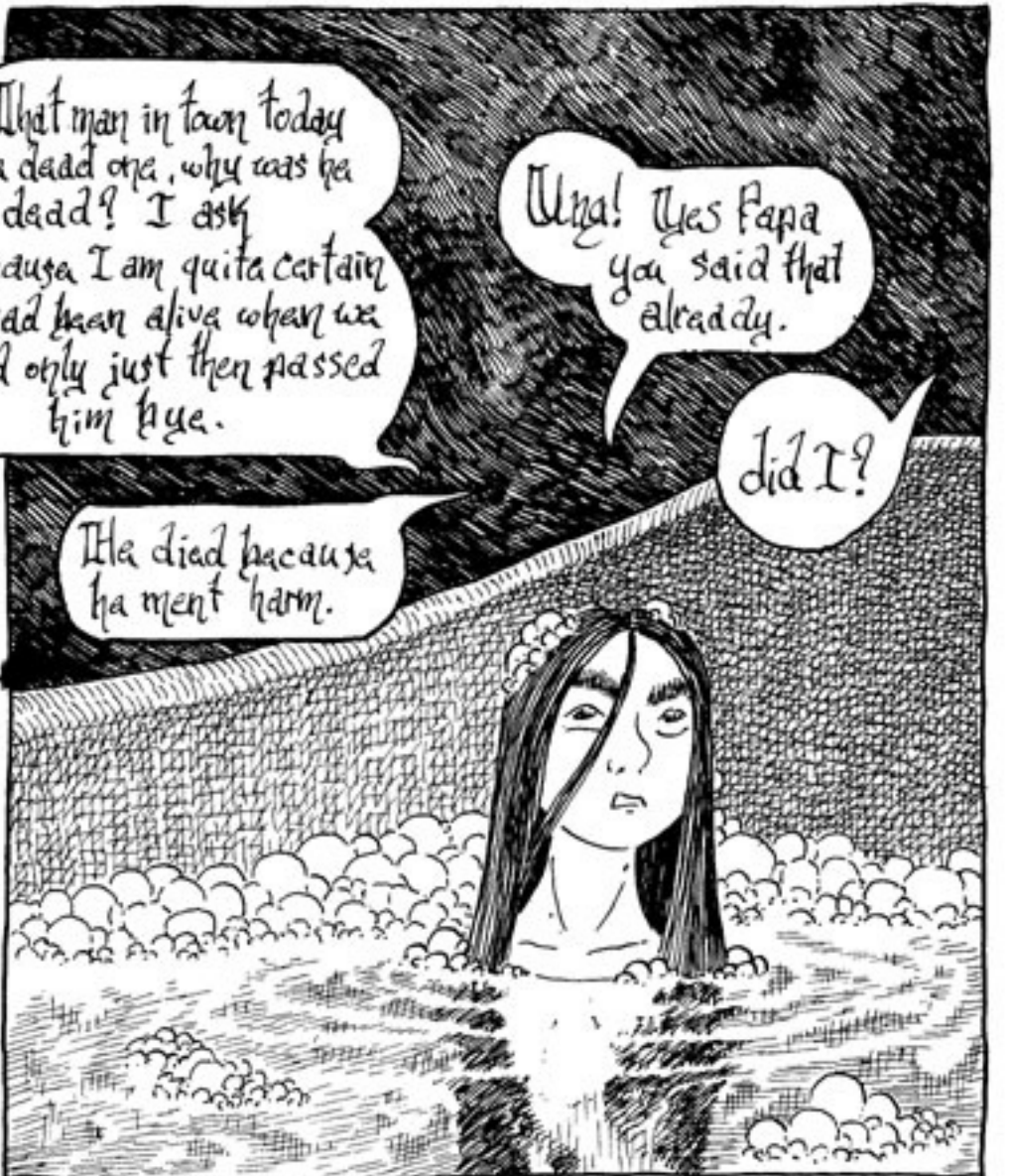
Yes?

That man in town today
tha daad one, why was he
dead? I ask
hacause I am quite certain
he had been alive when we
had only just then passed
him bye.

Una! Yes Papa
you said that
alrady.

Did I?

He died because
he ment harm.





Yes you did, but 'He meant harm' isn't, to my knowledge a common cause of death. What hmmm-mechanism could have been responsible for the outcome I witnessed today?



Well now the mechanism would have been your halo.

My halo?



What halo? Where is it? I don't feel anything.



No you wouldn't it's hidden most of the time. Only when necessary will your halo make it's self visible



Or you could learn to make it visible like this

Ticky-tacky! you have one also?



Why should you be so surprised that I too have a halo?

Mmm, it's a seven pointed star, that means you made it right Papa?



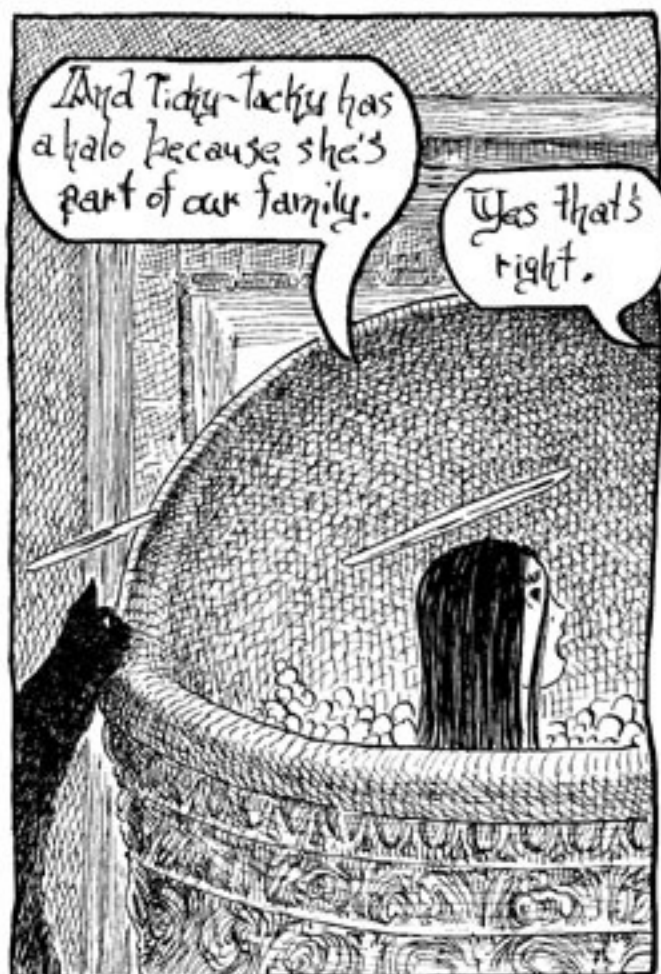
Yes and yours too



Well how do I make it visible?

hmm





While this is all very well and good we have yet to totally answer the first part of my question, the how the man died, addendum, what part my halo had in it.

As I said the halo is also charged to your protection, the man meant to do harm, and so the halo reacted pushing the life out from the man's body.

So he meant to do harm to me?

Maybe, he may have meant harm to you but his actions were rash, unfocused striking out at the perceived and little understood enemy.

Whose enemy? Am I somebodies enemy?

No dear, you're no ones enemy.

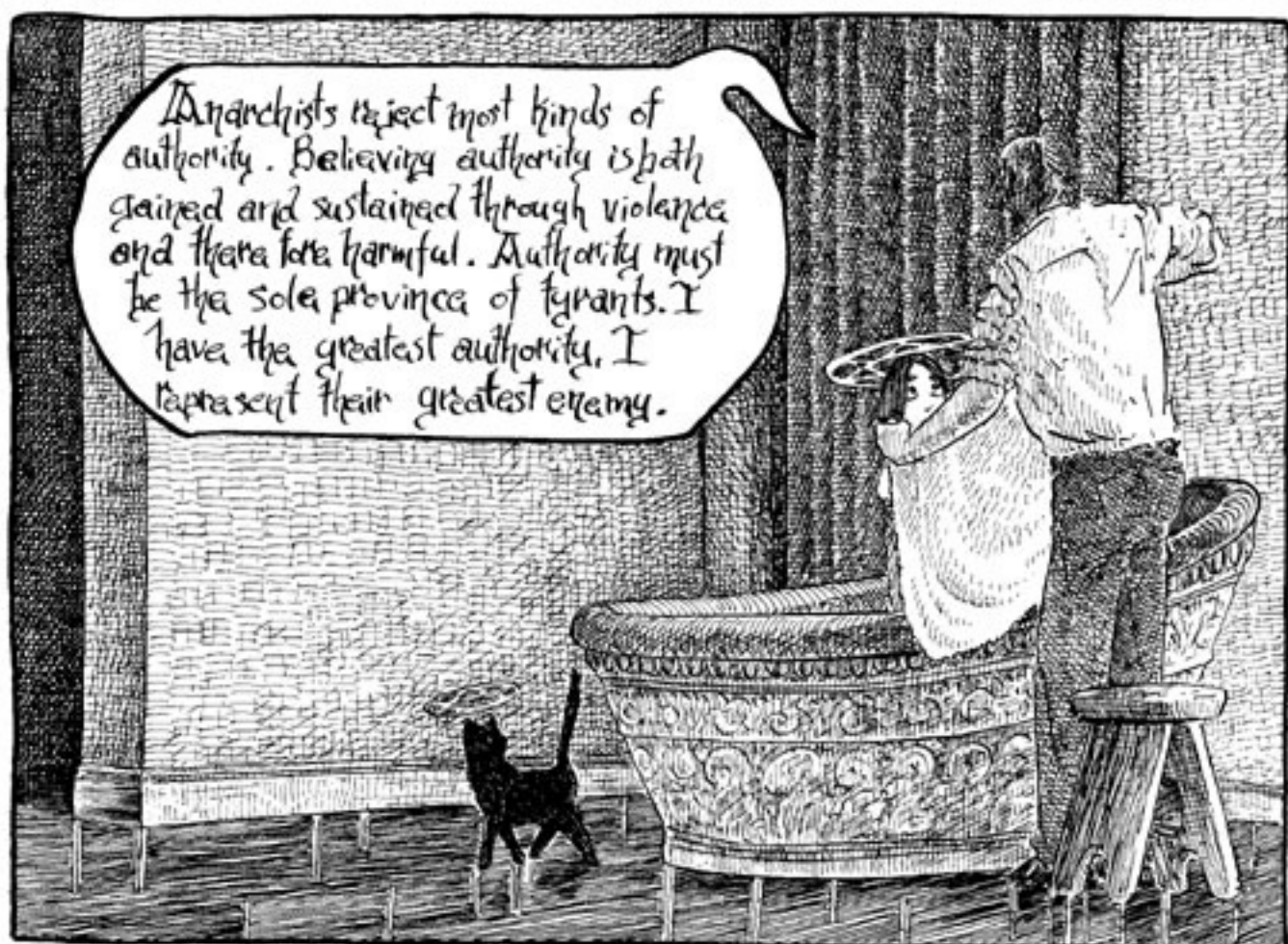
Well that's good to know, but who was the enemy?

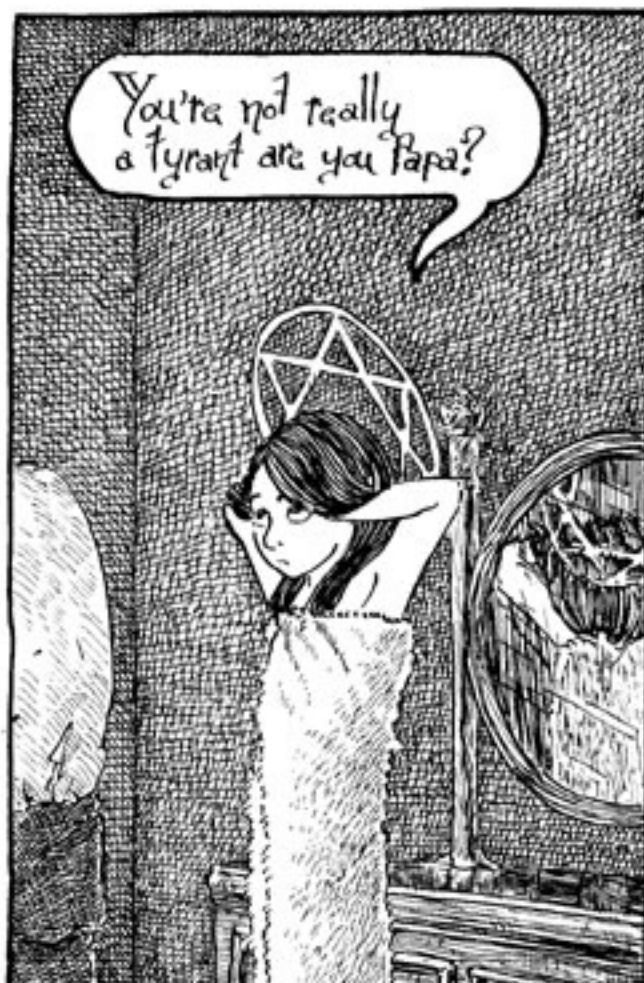
I believe that I am the perceived enemy.

Oh...

Oh! and so that dead man tried to attack because Abraxas is your agent and I'm your daughter. Why would any one consider you their enemy? Was he an anarchist?

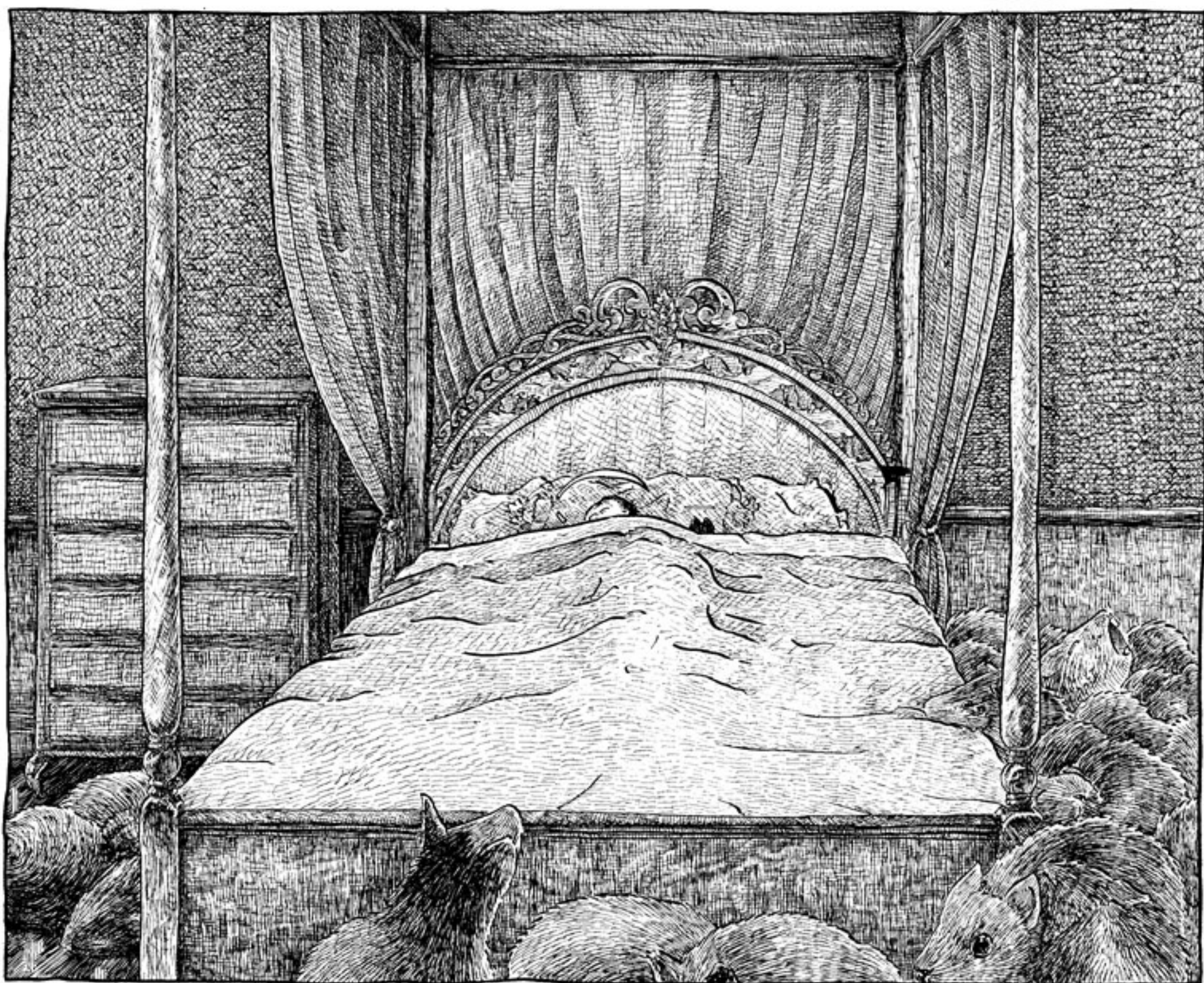
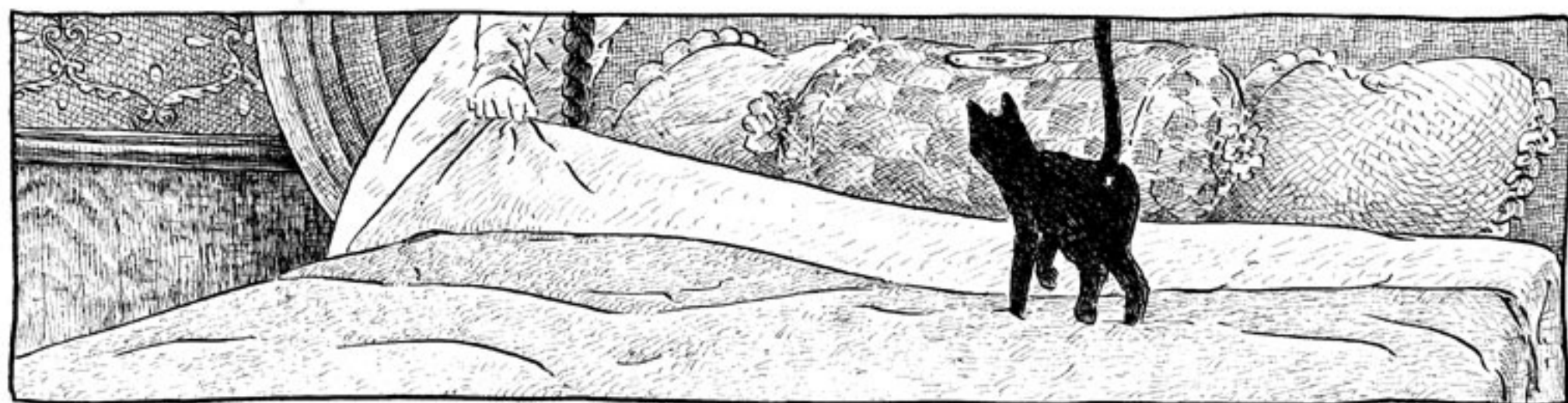
Yes it does appear the man was an anarchist.

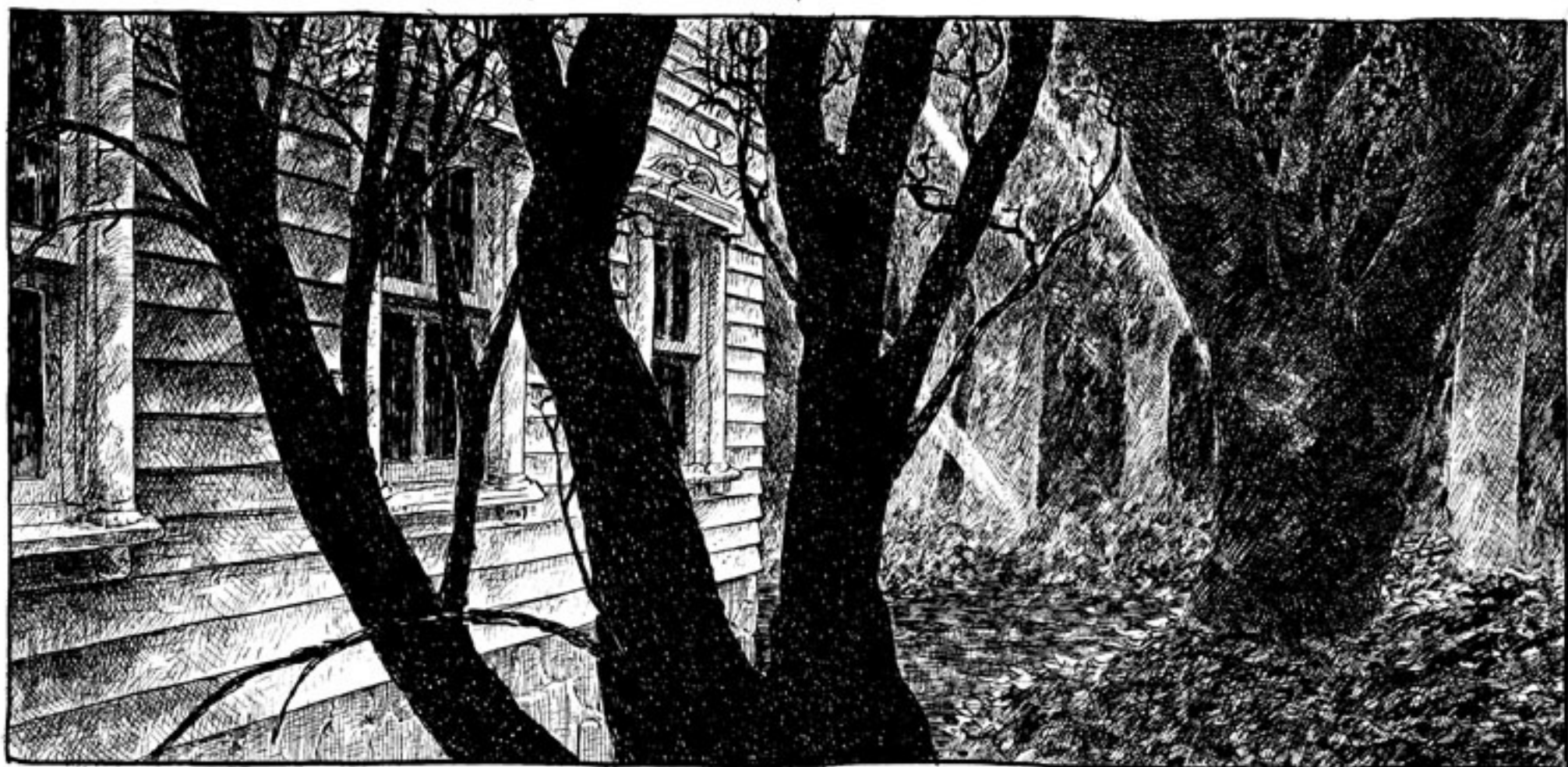
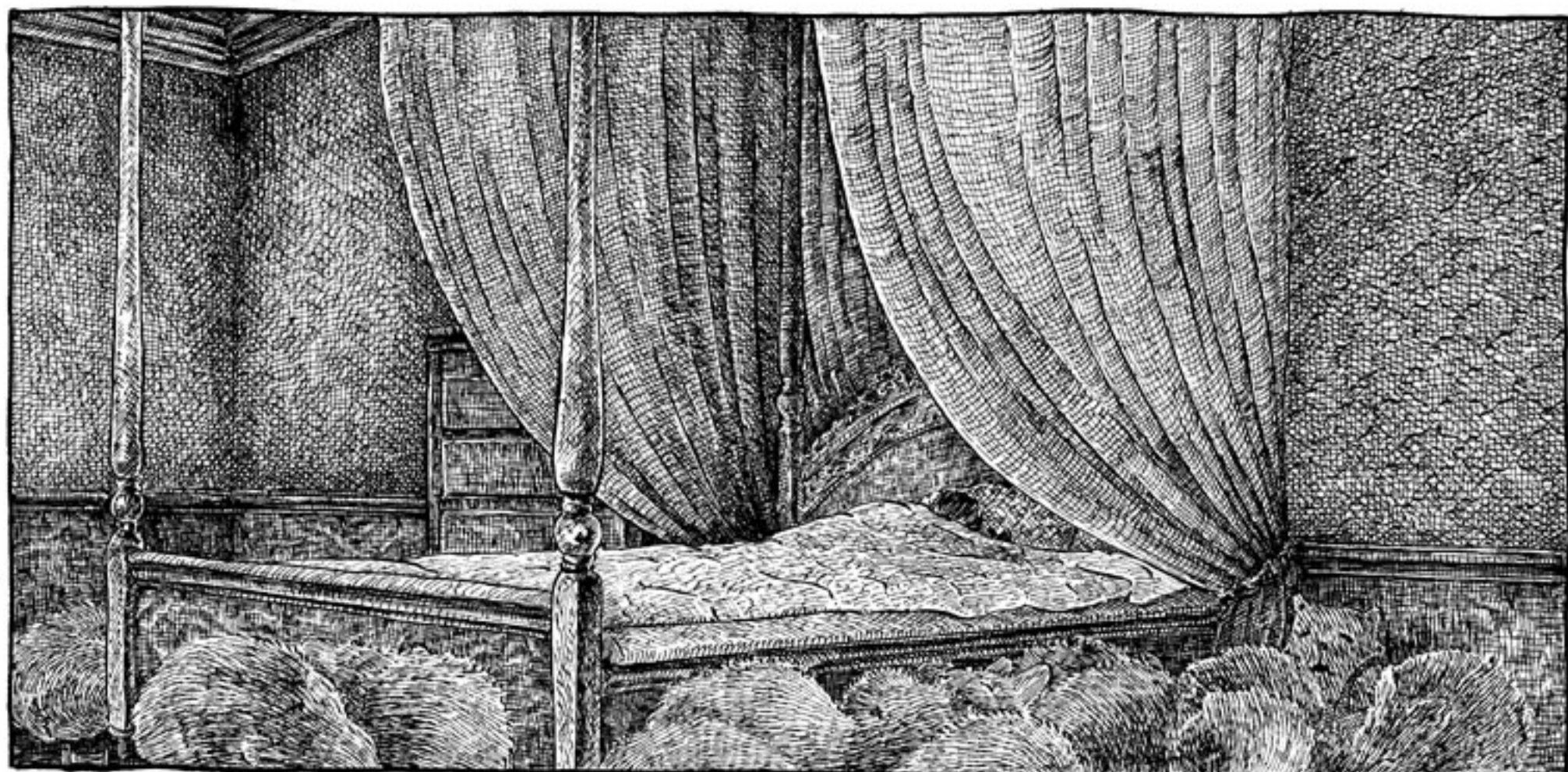


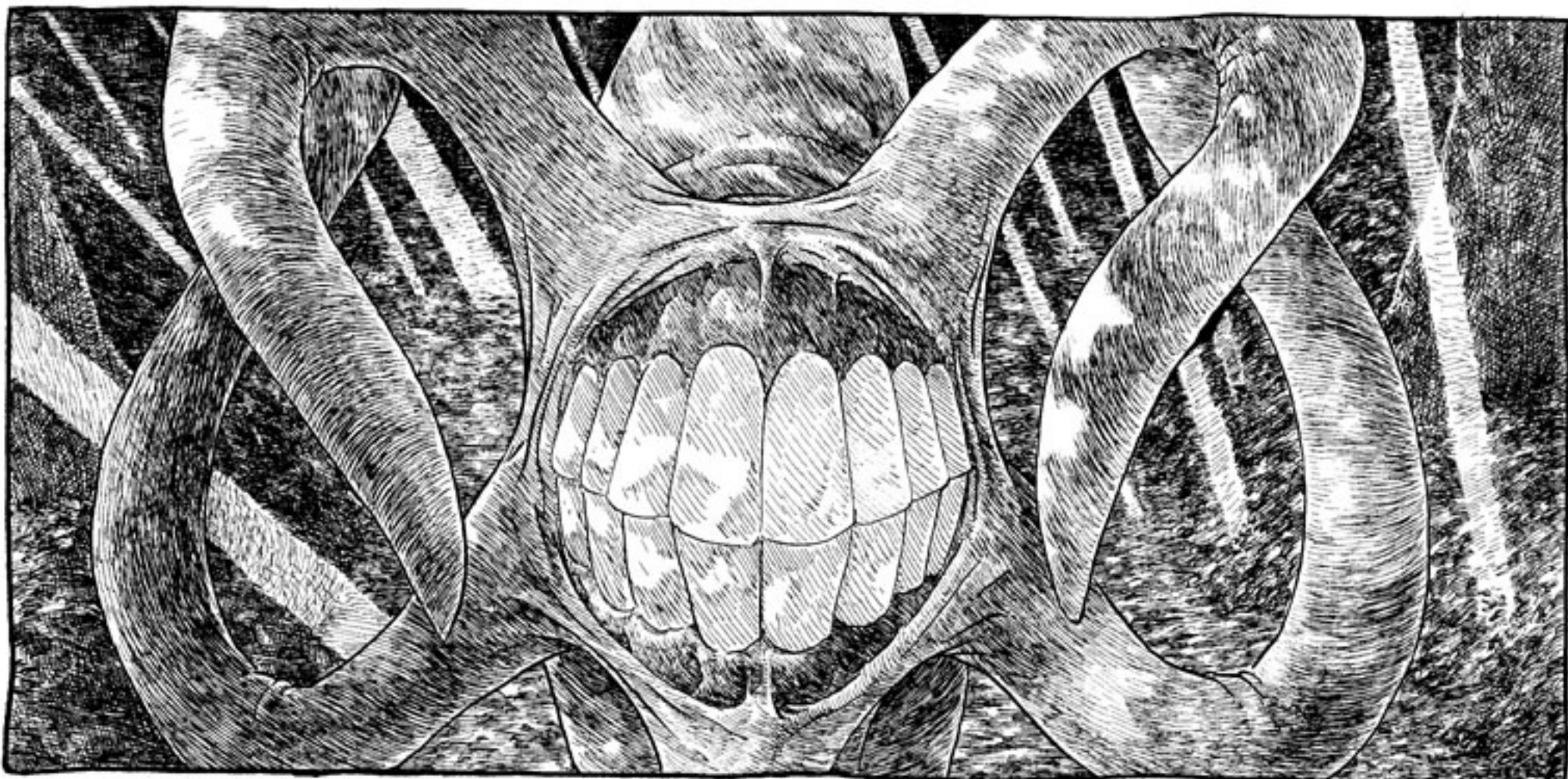
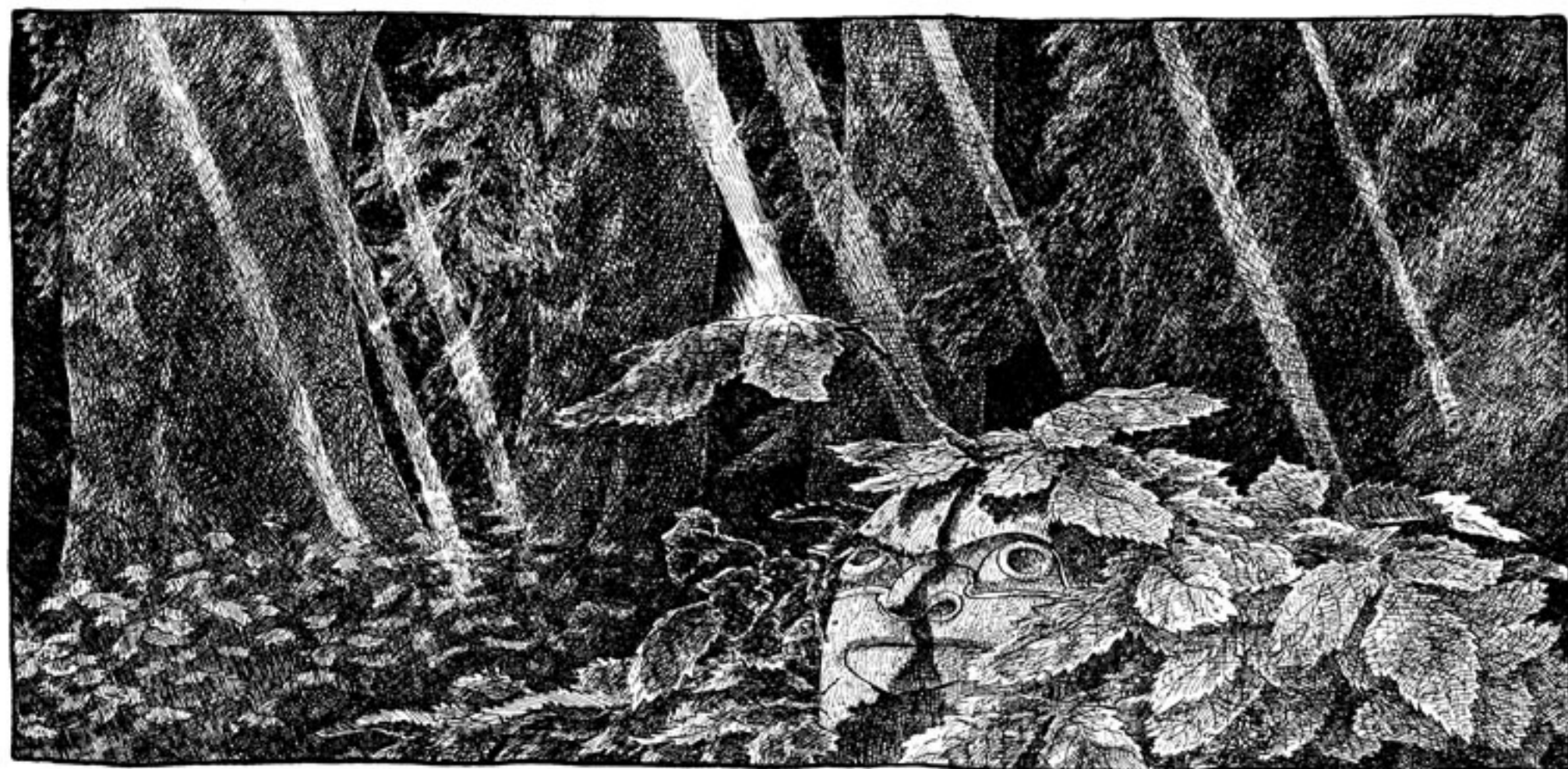


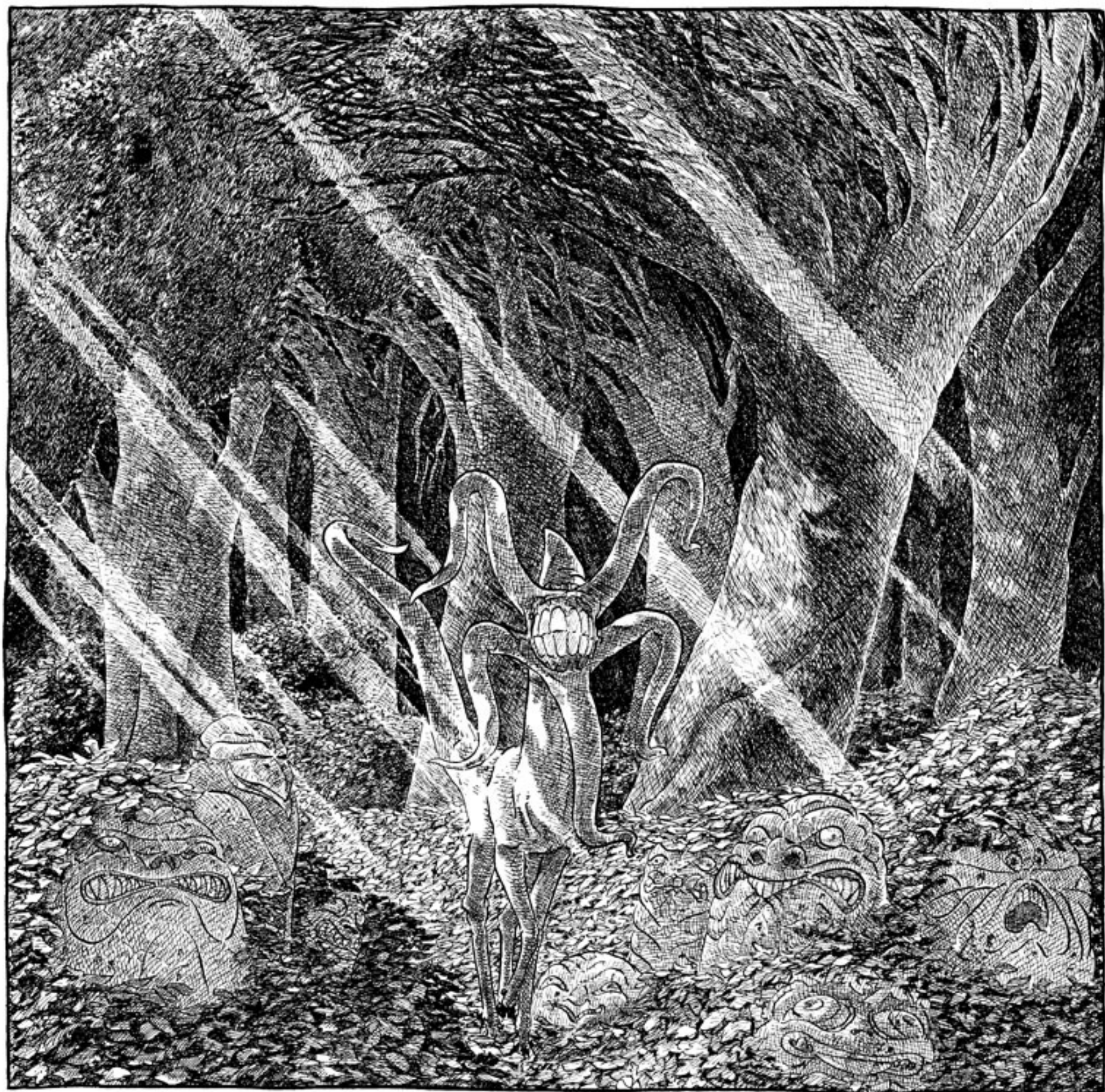


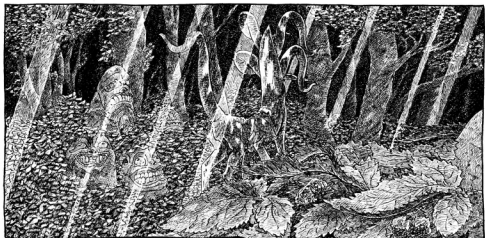












Isotria medeolae