



The Chronicles of Sil Hain

(With acknowledgement to “The Records of ASA, forerunner of The Chronicles)

AND IT CAME TO PASS in the eighty-eighth year of Armageddon that the PlymUni men of mouldystraw didst wayle and cryeth when they discovereth that thyre grayte coffers were in dyer straytes muchly. Verily they commandeth the agent men of the howse of Le Grymme, “be rid of that trubblesum house of Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop” they didst crye! Foresooof ye men of Le Grymme, “offereth a great daucus carrota to the men of property with promise of rich lands of gold and maketh much lolly for the PlymUni coffers”.

Then the Mouldystraws didst further commandeth, “offereth Clodhop also, to those yeomen of Lifeworks et al who wouldst maketh Clodhop open again for cherished educayshun” This will pleazeth those paininarse men of Clodhop Future. But exersizeth the ploys of stringallong until too layte for Clodhoppians. Then pulleth the rugg on the men of Clodhop and avagoodlarff. Those yeomen must not mayketh Clodhop grayte again; verily t’would maketh us look meganerds. So selleth to lollybags bilders.

So verily, the agents men of the howse of Le Grymme, calleth to the scribes of the press in the land of Muckwallop to assemble at Clodhop for grayte proclamation, “The Mouldystraw men of PlymUni wisheth us to banisheth Clodhop for muchlolly” they declareth. But alas, some men of Clodhop, Martin of the house of Hall and his good companions didst assemble also. And the noble Keith of the howse of Smith, Mayor of the people of Newtonab didst also join the assembled. “Oh those paininarse Clodhoppians are here” the convene-ors didst wayle. “We will have to declareth our plans to them” Present among the convene-ors was a senyor Mouldystraw from PlymUni. He didst declare “we move-ethed the teaching from Clodhop to the mytee halls of concrete PlymUni; no longer will the stew-dents have de-grees of the ‘halfe-baked’ kind”

At this dastardly insult, those Clodhop men present, Martin of Hall, Anthony of Rew & the Raybart, didst make to caste the senyor Mouldystraw man of PlymUni into the pitofslurry. But then they stopped, with muchsniggering and saying, verily those “halfe-baked de-grees are awardeth by the PlymUni. Theyre sniggers didst change to grayte mirth when they realizeth that the Mouldystraw man had shootethed his arrows verily, strayte into his own feet. “Tiz a tuff olde liyfe innit Mouldystraw” they didst declare.

And as prophisieth by all the peoples of Clodhop, the men of Mouldystraw of PlyUni didst call upon two mytee moneybags men of property to a final jowsting to decideth who will be awarded the spoils of Clodhop. So verily, the dee-ceet planned nineteen long

years before, maye finally bringeth forth much lollyfruit for the men of Mouldystraw at PlymUni.

But the leader, Martin of Hall, the Scribe and Keeper of the Records Igg, the DocEirene, Simon the Wizzard of the Web and et al warrior members of the committee of Clodhop Future didst declare to the Mouldystraws, verily, weaint goinyonder yet. We will yet bring ye much paininarse for your dee-ceet and duggery of the craniyam; so pre-pair to sleepeth with trubble within thy halls of concrete.

So endeth the Chronicals of Sil Hain, in this eighty-eighth year of Armageddon.
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