



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the eighty-ninth year of Armageddon a grayte sadness didst cloke the good peoples of Clodhop in ye land of Muckwallop. The noble and beloved Jim of the howse of Hosking, past UniPres and mitey defender of Clodhop didst pass from them. Verily he was a champyon for Clodhop and Kurno and of fortitude exceeding uncommon. Manieth time he didst smite those Men of Moldystraw at Plymuni with his words of cuttinedge in his gallant defence of Clodhop. A mitey throng of KurnoCelts, Clodhopyans and maynie others didst gather even filling to the galleree, the grayte Cathedral of Truro in the land of Kurno. The throng didst offer much giving of thanks for the lyffe and deeds of the noble Jim. Manie were the yulygees and tribuwts and recowntin of joyus tymes with the noble Jim. A grayte champyon among us indeed, the throng didst declare.

By grayte contrast to the noble Jim the Mouldystraws didst woop hurrahs muchly when their agents Le Grymme declareth, “yooreeka an jumpeth forjoy a buyer for Clodhop taketh the bayte”. Moreover and forsooff he is an arry-stocrat of the realm of Scot, Dukie Buckaloo. And His Gracehood didst bring Crofters of Raven to make the College of Clodhop a waytin for God Plushhome for Jerry-at-Ricks. And the eyes of the ScotDuke didst twinkle, his bags of pipe skurle and his kilt taketh flyte at the thought of manie howsebild on and muchlolly from, the pastures of Muckwallop. And the Mouldystraws of Plymuni didst do orbit overthemoon; they declareth “at last we will be rid of the trubblesum howse of Clodhop and paininarse men of Clodhop Future” Verily we will fill the empty coffers of concrete Plymuni.

But oh lackaday and stappeth our vitals, someone pullethrug. The Crofters of Raven didst espy the first to register for the Clodhop Plushhome for Jerry-at-Ricks was the raker-of-muck Raybart!! Oh horror and gadzooks they didst cry. Surely they declareth, following the Raybart later will be Simon Marchhare, Wizzard-of-the-Web, Igg the Prosscutter and Keeper of Records and DocEirene the tigress and protector of the rurals. The paininarse Clodhoppian Futures will be deep in our midst and will bringeth dollops of FYM. Whereupon, the Crofters of Raven didst depart in muchhaste and their deryyares were not vizzybal amid much flying of ordure and dust,

Witnessthing this debbaackell his Gracehood Buckeloo refuseth to put his kwill to parchment and declareth och Jymmie there seems much trouble at Clodhop. Moreover, a man of our own kin, ShreddinFred has plungeth his grubbymits into our coffers, which are now much depleted. Whereupon, the Mouldystraws sayeth to the agent men Le

Grymme, ye naves to trust the forryner Scot. Sally-forff to the market place again with much haste and lifteth the burden of Clodhop from our furrowed brows.

Then the new Vice Chancellor of PlymUni, a Prof from the Howse of Wendy maketh a grayte proclamation at the Conference of Rural Future. The VC “Wendy” didst declareth with much gook-of-the-gobble, jar-gone and babble-of-the-syke, that the future of all the land and beasties of the yeomen and peasants of the Sowthwest of this mytee Queendom is safe-in-the-mitts of the Plymuni. (now there’s a fing) We will flexybal agenda-rate and delivereth skills of much hyte. We will inerr-elate through the lookin-lens of enterprise and expurtees across dissy-plins. All this verily we will embed in our fillysoffy. Innit! Forsoof, even as I speak, we (of the Royal) comaandeth the agents Le Grymme to make haste to spreddeth the dwellings and byways of concrete o’er the green pastures of the land of Muckwallop; and next, all over the pastures of Sowthwest. We letteth not, the grass grow under our footsies.

Then that man-of-energy, mytee servant of Clodhop and Clodhoppians, Martin of the Howse of Hall didst declare his plan to leave Muckwallop to a lyfe downunder. Much is the grattytude of Clodhoppians for his fortitude and steddyness under the fyre of PlymuUni cannons (although their ayme was strayteth not). But he declareth to carry the Clodhop torch in the Ozzyland of convicts.

And so, the hitherto declarashun to the Mouldystraws by the committee of Clodhop Future and all Clodhoppians that we aint going-awaymate has commeth to pass yet again. We’em still ere Mouldystraws! And we’em gunna stay ‘n all.

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil-Hain in this eighty-ninth year of Armageddon