



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the ninetieth year of Armageddon, that a new reign didst begin at Clodhop in ye land of Muckwallop. When his Gracehood Duke Buckaloo didst pullowt his bid and departeth with much haste to his highland caves, there was much waylin, nashinofteeff and ringinofmits by the men and maidens of mouldystraw at PlymUni. Then VeeSee “Wendy” – she of the jar-gon, gook-of-the-gobble and babble-of-the-syko, didst rage at her miny-on, Berk of the Iene, “seeketh dubblekwik another moneybags howsbuilder to bring us muchlolly for the anny-rexit coffers of PlyUni, and on payne of death, riddeth us of those paininbum men of Clodhop.

Verily, Berk of Iene didst sallyforff and bee-rate the agent men Le-Grymme. “Get us anuvver moneybags howsbilder and goeth! goeth! goeth!”, and Le-Grymme men dissypeared in all directshons. Then grayte joy! They didst pressgang one moneybags to maketh bid, and Berk of Iene didst cellybrate and dunketh his biltong in supagruel. But alas, his extassy sellbydate was much short, for there arriveth the Neversaydie Bronwen of the nobel house of HanRog to putinbid for Clodhop.

Neversaydie Bronwen ordereth “thee mouldystraws of PlymUni, thee will sell to the nobel howse of HanRog (and none of yer fancy prices mate!). Forsoof we will maketh Clodhop live again with good lyfe and educashun for those who needeth it most”. “And we will invyete the good people of Newtab and all the lands to come to Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop with purpose to makeart and enter prise, even as the nobel DameHanrog didst wish and benefactor RyteHon Charles Sil Hain didst bekweyth”.

So it came to pass that the goblets of PlymUni didst not so graytly runover but didst cumacropper and decantereth their cellybrashun ale allover, makin much stikkifloors. Then VeeSee Wendy didst say to Berk of Iene, “mayketh bestofthis”. “Don thy cloak of rityosness and thy holyerthanthow haylow and seeketh Newsmen of Westernmornin”. “Declareth to them forsooff our joy is grayte for the nobel tradishon of educashun at Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop is ashored”. “We men of mouldystraw at PlymUni are hippocritts-not”. At this, uppeth went a mytee cry, “ha-bludy-ha!” Then the Berk of Iene retreateth to his dunjen room where he beateth his heads against wall and sticketh pins in effygees of those Clodhoppians and men of Sil-Hain Future. He didst mournful wail, “take me back to de ole Transvaal”.

Then the N-S-D Bronwen didst call for peoples of Muckwallop to rollupsleeves and mendeth much PlyUni neglect at Clodhop, and spur’d along by raker-of-muck Raybart,

dootifully a band of Clodhopyans and many others didst sallyforff to help. And Richard of HanRog didst command the Clodhopyans to much clearing of PlymUni truffids of neglect. DocEirene, tigress and protector of the rurals didst attack the truffids with her slasher at speed and calleth, “follow me clodhopyans, we will clear the truffids to the waterpond of wildlife”. Much was the flyin of truffids, tearin of hands and cloaks and oathin at neglect by PlymUni.

All Clohoppians were sad at the passing of Clodhop, but many putteth kwill to parchment and declareth ree-leef at the ridding of PlyUni and rejoyseth for the Dame of the Howse of HanRog and the future of Hannahs at Sil Hain.

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil-Hain in this ninetieth year of Armageddon in which beginneth the first year of the reign of Hannahs at Sil-Hain