



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the ninety-first year of Armageddon and the first year of the reign of the noble howse of HanRog at Clodhop in ye land of Muckwallop, the NeverSayDie Good Queen Bronwen, commander of the HanRogians didst make mytie proclomashun. “We’m here in this splendid place of Clodhop and we’m gunna stay my luvlies!” But verily, much was her dismay at the neglect of the Halls of Clodhop. Inaddishun, she was muchly astonished by the roaminarounds Clodhoppians who razethed chants of welcome and declarashuns, and gaspeth “phfew that was a close runfing against munnybags menofproperty”. Also declarin, “we wuz ‘ere first”! Acor-dingly, the NSD Bronwen didst rally all her wisdom and declareth, “HanRogians all! Inflictatin defeate on these ancient Clodhopians will be a taske much uphill; so bettereth we welcome them to joineth our grayte venture”. The Clodhopians then rejoiceth with cries of, “so when is thine ale howse opening?”

The assembled HanRogians maketh dust fly in all direkshuns, and the brushes didst maketh strange colours to bryten the neglected walls of Clodhop. Verily, red was declareth yellow and manie bryte colours didst startle the rooms. And the ancient Clodhopians didst declare “wellineverdid whatever would King Himore have proclaimed?” Then strange creechers and beasties and fish of metal didst appear and the Clodhopians became muchafeared. “What manner of happenings is this? Is the second flood near commeth?” they cryeth.

NSD Brownen then declareth, “I will comandeth my yeomen Owen & Richard to make music!” wareupon strange noyses of clanging and thuding dist emynayte from the halls of Clodhop. When they heareth them, the beasties and strange creechers didst bray and oiynk and quacknflap and the HanRogians didst jumpupndown in frenzydance! And the good people of Newtonab and Clodhopians and manie etals didst visit HanRog at Clodhop and declareth what beauty is this? We rejoiceth that the mytie halls of Clodhop do live again. And the HanRogians didst make celebrashuns of summer and inviteth all goodpeoples to HanRog at Clodhop for feastin and strange likkor from the cellars of Pyymmz. Then a grayte bankwette and ball didst follow and much was the jumpin, cavortin and strange prancins to the music of the chaynesaw by JoeyLip.

But the mostmytieth celebreyshun cameth when Anne, Princess of the Howse of Windsor didst once again visit Clodhop. On this occashun she declareth HanRog at Clodhop open and all HanRogians were presenteth to the Princess and she spake most kindly to all. Then the Princess was serenaded by the muzishuns of HanRog and verily Matti and Sarah

et-als didst beetthehell out of drums. But the Princess was perplexed muchly with such kwestions about X-Faktor. Then NSD Bronwen didst declare speech of welcome and the Princess didst speak with grayte kindness and encouragement to all HanRogians. Verily she declareth what joyning of perfection is this – the howses of HanRog and Sil Hain Clodhop! When the Princess departeth there was much gasps of “Phew, it wenteth withouthitch!” – also grayte tributes to the kindness of the Princess.

Then VeeSee Wendy of PlymUni didst call to Clodhopians to attendeth the cerymony of naming their hallofbooks after the very noble Charles of the howse of Sil Hain. Manie Clodhopians didst agree that grayte tribute should be paid in this way to the Nobel Charles, but some carryeth muchagreement still at the past deeds of the PlymUni moldystraws; foremost in grievance was Oneyounevergess. But ProfFred, Presydent of the Clodhopians and the noble Igg, keeper of the regysters and scribe of the mag, didst belabour that Oneyounevergess with cryes of, “Holdeth thy tung of mischeef and behaveth not like the jerryatrick freeradical thou art!” Then speeches by the moldystraws didst yewlyjise and make much tribute to Clodhop. They declareth muchly that manie famous men of the soil, even from their own howses, are Clodhopians. Twas indeed a mytie seat of learning for which manie are graytefull to havepass'd thro' its halls of lernin. (Verily, all very good reasons to closeth it!) The Oneyounevergess did biteth his tung (but muttereth underbreath still). Then the DocGeoff, Trustchair of the HanRogians didst make a speech most grashus, thanking the PlymUni for those artyfax to be returned to HanRog at Clodhop. Oneyounevergess didst give proper thanks to DocAnita for her organization of the occasun, but returneth home to his dungen and kickethell outof his compewter.

Also in this year a most Noble Clodopian didst reach his century. The kindly and muchly respected “Percy” of the howse of Vear, a most learned man of all plants dids’t receive tributes from manie Clodhopians who expressed gratytude for his teaching. Much was his fame when one Clodopian of tender years hearing of this didst declare, “forsoof! - he of the mighty “Gill n’ Vear” - definyteeve tome of reference of AgriBot?” Yea - the verisame!

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil Hain in this ninety-first year of Armegeddon and the first year of the reign of the howse of HanRog at Clodhop.