



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the ninety-fourth year of Armageddon in the fourth year of the noble Howse of HanRog and in the reign of neversaydye Good Queen Bron at Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop, that the afear'd Inspector from the mytie Parlyment didst enter the portals of Newtab to inspecteth the plans of the Cownsill of Newtab. Verily those same plans to spread Koncreet and hardcaw over the green and pleasant land of Muckwallop. The Inspector didst call all peoples of Newtab who cryeth “stop”, even those paininarse Clodhoppians of Sil-Hain Future. So, the warrior scribe of muchskill Igg and the Raybart didst sallyforth to punchup with the planners.

The Devilypurr Meatman, carver of eddibell fauna, with eyes of muchcovet for Clodhop dist send wun lacky of the Howse of Savill to plead “let there be blocksnkoncrete over all the land”. The Igg then muttereth, “with that name Savill, who noweth what deeds they planneth”. The Savill men maketh grayte document of hotayre and gook of the gobble – foresooft even five century pages therein. Wherefore this document of babbledeesyko speaketh not of the noble Howse of HanRog but a passinremark that a few small huts are useth for mindin of the child and exersizeth of the body. So the Raybart dist speak of this scurvy insult of ill-will by the Savill men. The throng theregathered did fall silent; the Savillman didst make of his feet muchshuffle and clearinthrowte and after muchwait, Clodhop now sellibrates a stay of devilypment overall of Muckwallop (with justabitofit still writ for the scourge of the Koncreeting Mashineery)

The good HanRogians have doneth much kind healing of Clodhop and lo, it flourishes again. Much is the joyful music and dance and care of many. Then Peter – he in the portrait and of the brite jewels and stones crieth “let there be displayeth of art” (“what strange breed of cows be that”, cried some Clodhoppians). And there came to agrilecturoom, strange tablows of Matisse (speeceese of grass?) and muchweird pictures on the koncreet backalleys and streets of towns and citys – even by one strange Banksey. Oooge numbers of pilgrims, even ten-kay tis declared came to view such weird wonders. One Clodhoppian didst declare, “verily such wierdity, - tis beyond me. Where pray is my plough and oxon that I may seek refuge in days of yore?”

The Tony of Feastmove declareth, let there be a grayte Panto as in Clodhoppians days of yore (anyfingtheycandowecandobetter). He createth Ducklandia of much nonsense and manie were the HanRogians who didst play and pratabout therin. Two chief Ducks were rekwireth so Gray-ham, he of muchframin, with much darstardly smoothtalk didst perswayde one Clodhoppian to play one chief Duck. Poor hapless Clodhoppian discovereth

alas his missus chief Duck was the NSD Bron; and he suffereth much beating of the brow and peckin of the hen.

Then the master of the Bistro, one Dino sayeth, tis a muchly disgrace that we prepareth our fare for feastin with fires of charcoal, spits for roastin and pots and pans of iron. Verily they were of great age even when certain ancient Clodhoppians eateth herein. Wherefore is moder-natty? Such appeels of anguish came to the ears of the keeper of the HanRog purse James of Derrick and Lo he crieth, let there be great newness. So there came tables and ovens of shinysteel and cooking flame by pushbutton. Whereupon the master Dino declareth omg now we have fastfood and tis cooked foresooth. And the maidens, Becky and Shiz and all the company of Bistro dids't pranceabout with joy and makemerry with cries of lookwotwegotnow! And Carl of the raydyo didst taunt now we are "going forward"

The keeper of environment Rodger declareth, all peoples of the great planet-erth will choketh for want of air, even Clodhoppians. But feareth not, salvashun is at hand, the HanRogians will saveth the world. We will planteth much trees for oxygen all over the Down of Howton and forsooth, thowsands thereon. And so it came to pass that Down of Howton forest will save our breath.

Then all Directors foregathered and crieth, tiz high time the dungeon pits of ClodHop studies be sivvylised for manie visitors. Again the James of Derrick didst issue forth largess and the dungens were transformed to bright slumberooms with en-sweet. But Queen Bron crieth, havacare for ancient Clodhoppians who nostalgerate for times goneby. Keepeth a few singledungeons with onceaweek baths to shareth for clodhoppians JLO! (just like old days).

And the bringer of tidings and news to the land of Muckwallop, the ragof Herald Xpress didst make grayte pronouncement and pay tribute to the Howse of HanRog by awardeth akkolaid of Social Enterprise of the Year. And even more, the Good Queen Bron was awardeth the akklaim of the year Woman of Achievement. Much was the pride and pleasure of the Kommittee of Clodhoppians. (but don't tell 'er that!)

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil-Hain in this ninety-fourth year of Armageddon.