



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the ninety-second year of Armageddon and in the second year of the noble howse of HanRog in the reign of neversaydie (nsd) Good Queen Bron at Clodhop in ye land of Muckwallop, that the Clodhoppers didst declarest “ ‘tis 100 years since a mitie stone was laid on which Clodhop were built. We must make call to all warriors of Clodhop to gather at Muckwallop for grayte sellybrashun”. Wareupon they pestereth nsd Bron to open the doors again for manie Clodhoppers to gather and give thanks to the noble Charles for creatin the muchluded Halls of Clodhop. They cryeth to the nsd Bron “foresoof, we wuz ere first”, at which the nsd didst retort “but our Hannie twas older than thy Charlie so nare!”

But the cowntynance of nsd Bron dist appeareth as thunder and much was the cloudes and murk of smoke of the products of tabac. So she gathered all the HanRogians and declareth, “braceth thyselves for a mitie invashun of Clodhoppers and hideth thy dawters and chayneth thy chariots”. For tis known they are those of muchpranks. Verily they do hoist chariots to the very top of northblok. They do buildeth walls of bricks across the portals of thy sleeping chamber and howse of thy pottie. They driveth the beasts of the field to the chamber of books where the creechers doth pransabout making strange noises of moo and oink. Worst of devilish deeds, they hoisteth on high from Northblok across to the mitie tower the privie undergarments of the maidens of Muckwallop. Even they hoisteth the titsling and garments of the maiden’s netherbum. The HanRogians were much afeared. But the messengers of the Queen’s mail delivereth the news to Clodhoppers of all kwarters anyway, (even to those downunder) to hasten unto the land of Muckwallop in the month of June foreto gather to sellybrayte the good king Charles and Queen Hannah for their kindness to man (& women) kind.

Verily the offisurs of Sil-Hain didst gather. The Noble Ig prepareth a wideblanket for the kompewter of the scribes Kayte & LibrariAngela and they didst make records of the Clodhoppers who harketh to the call. Then SymonkeeperoftheWebplace, dist copy all the pictures of the kamera and presenteth them to the gathering each week of the offisur Clodhoppers. He declareth, “maketh with these a record in grayte books so all Clodhoppers and etal persons may readeth and looketh upon the Chronicles of Clodhop. Those gather’d were the stallworts Patrishathepersistant, Anita Dococrops, Yasmin-Manyidea with Anthony, Paul and Raybart the ancients. They worketh much to seeketh order from cunfushun and much were the cries of “waretheshallistickthis”, and “sodoffraybart”.

But even as Clodhoppers prepareth to sellybrate the noble Charles and Hannah, a grayte clowd didst appear over Muckwallop. Much was the shock'nd dismay when the paper of news didst report that there cometh to Newtnab the Tribe of Planners of Great Counsill of Tinbridge and much was their declarashun of gookygobble and sykiebabble. They speaketh of sustainerating and opshuns and stratigy and preference cores (cores of apples being exceeding scarce) of dwellings for score years hence, meaning, "We're gunna build all over Muckwallop". The Tribe of Planners who dwelleth in sustaining Koncrete and watcheth of the joys of eastenders dist crie "away with these peasants in the land of Muckwallop, they grow and nurture strange flora and fauna, and maketh claims of much outrage that their makings are for sustynance for all the peoples of the land. Forsoof, who are these farmers and HanRogians? Wethinks they must be a new band of minstrels – or summinck? Verily what fools and naves do they think of us when we knoweth well that our food and ale do cometh from the halls of T'sco, Sanesbree and other merchants of bounty".

Then reading of this declarashun, there cometh a man of venture and oppytunity from the tribe of the Carvers of Edible Fauna. He presenteth a great plan of much shine, with words of strangeness and spurie. The thoughts of the bounty didst make him licketh his chops and slappeth his tenderloins. Verily, he stapethed his vitals and the plan didst maketh his very chitterlings gurgle with joy. All that the Muckwallopians and HanRogians shall see and touch will be blessed by the God of Sustainable. Verily even the concrete and the hot gasses that issue forth from the Carver shall be sustainable. The Carver tribe knoweth only the grayte God of Lolly, and this Carver declareth "if I cannot taketh my muchlolly with me when I go, knoweth ye all, - I aint gunna go". But he knowethed not the ways of the good peoples of Clodhop, HanRog and the howse of Hayllor 'cos Andy of the howse of Hayllor doeth much to care for the land of Muckwallop, and the nsd Bronwen and her stallwurt HanRogians have done much goodness to Sil Hain and those peoples therein who needeth lotsovhelpe. But the Carver man knoweth not of these ways and careth even less. "Why cannot thee taketh the howsebild lolly and dissypeer and be mirthfull?" he crieth. He was much perplexed at the wroth of the nsd and those muckraker Clodhoppers. But taketh thou our advice and donneth thy slurrysuit Carver man, for grately will be the muck to be flungeth in thy directshun dreckly!

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil Hain in this ninetysecond year of Armageddon.