



# The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

**AND IT CAME TO PASS** in the ninety-third year of Armageddon, the third year of the noble Howse of HanRog and the reign of neversaydie Good QueenBron at Clodhop in ye land of muckwallop, that a mytie throng of Clodhoppers did’st gather thereto. T’was 100 years since the mytie stone of Clodhop foundashun was laid and manie Clodhoppers didst gather to sellybrate.

Now the QueenBron didst counsell the HanRogians - “trembelyeenot” cryeth she, “for I, QueenBron wilst defendeth HanRog at Sil Hain against these muchpranks Clodhoppers of yore. Harketh ye not to cryes by wun Payneinarse of “we wuz ere first”, for remembereth that our Hannie was of grayter years than their Charlee. But I warnet ye HanRogians all, that verily the Clodhoppers have much praktiss in deeds of darstardlee, so secureth thy rayments and clokes and any eyetem that moveth.” Clodhop ChairMAN Raybart did warneth the QueenBron to gather manie casks of aylebrew, for Clodhoppers have grate thirst. But alas the Good QueenBron heedeth not.

Verilee thows of Clodhopper commytee and voluntere didst laybor muchly during manie weeks to prepareth the Libreree of Muchmemory for ye Grande Opening. The Nobel Igg – keeper of order and records, SymonkeeperoftheWebplace and ScribeKayte, maketh records of Clodhoppers who cometh for sellybrate. And HanRog Iyeteegeek KomputerChris prepareth manie skreens for flikshows and a certain Clodhopper didst regard this as mysterie and magick; and he trusteth it not. And the fair and lovelee mayde Samantha of HanRog didst toyle to prepareth HanRogians for the Clodhopper onslawt. And she toyleth to keepeth all calmandevenkeeyl; but she pondereth, “was I such a myscre ant in my last lyfe to be challangethso in this wun?”

Thows offisurs of commytee didst beseech dee sendents of the noble Charles to be among us as speshalguests, namely Trevor of the Howse of Hayne and Sir Johnbart of the Howse of Seale forto maketh grand opening of the Library of Muchmemory. They gathered first at special reecseptshun, wherat the fair lady Sarah of the Howse of Seale who accompanyeth Sir Johnbart makethed a mightie declaration of reeserch. “Verily I sayeth to all ye gathered that thy tors of ancess, John of the Howse of Rogers and Maria of the Howse of Seale mayavbeen espouserated”. Much was the astonishment and creepeth of skins and cryes of “verily t’was meant to be then”. At this the QueenBron smirketh from eare to eare and taunteth Raybart with strange cryes of “nar-nar-ne-nar-naahhhh”. And the noble Igg, didst utter a sye of much resig nayshun and didst declare,

“spareth us this. Verily I sayeth to all Clodhoppers, t’will maketh the QueenBron unbare able!”

Then all Clodhoppers present didst gather in the Grayte Quad to heareth speeches of much welcome from DocGeoff, chairMAN of the keepers of the howse of HanRag, ProfFred of the Clodhoppers and the QueenBron. And much was the joy, thanks and rejoycin by Clodhoppers that all HanRogians careth much for Clodhop Sil Hain and they wish-ed them well for theyre fewture endeve –ors. Then Esquyer Trevor and Sir Johnbart cutteth the tape and declareth the Library of Muchmemory to be open.

Then from all Clodhoppers who therin entereth and gazeth upon ayneshuntfotos, manyie cryse were heard “omg-wasthatme – forsooth methinks, t’was only last year!” And the mayde Clodhoppers cryeth, “regardeth my locks of the ToniPerm and Armarmi; oh woe is me and howbadwuzthat!” The selly-brashuns continueth with feastin and much remmynishings, and the heavens didst open catsandogs and much was the rayne; but it mattereth not.

And trootoform some Clodhoppers didst venture to forbidden kwarters, even to the mytie Tower, whertherin they findeth strange rayments and donneth them. Weirdeth was the vision of men in maydes rayement and clokes and they createth much mixup and confewshun. Then the mayde Debbie, sorceofallinfo didst declare, verily these Clodhoppers maketh merrie and muchjoy for us all. Even there are men of neere eytey making much pranceabout as when they were inteens.

But then calamytee and katastroff. Wayles of grayte pannick, and shreeks of “woeth” issuforth from the HanRogians. “Verily the Clodhoppers slurpeth ayle of grayte kwantity; oh calamytee, they drinketh our sellers dry! Much will they riot and the rekkage will be grate.” But the fayre and lovlee mayde Samantha, she of much re-sauce, didst command HanRogians to sally forth even to the tavern of Hi-week. Pleadeth to the patron therin “save us master from terrybull retribushun, sell us some of your fine ayle for kwaffinthirst of Clodhoppers”. And so it came to pass that the day was sav-ed. But the payninarise seizeth the moment to get ownback on the QueenBron. “I warn-ed you so, dyneye”, he cryeth. But QueenBron just yawneeth much and retorteth, “just avanother drink and make beltup!” Manie were the letters of thanks to the HanRogians from Clodhoppers and manie of both exclaimeth “when will be the next one?”

And in this third year, much was the progress of HanRog at Sil Hain (Clodhop). Manie are the visytors and pilgrims to HanRog at Clodhop and all rejoyseth at such goodness and merriment. Even first Lady SamCam heareth of HanRog at Clodhop and comandeth, “HanRogians commeth to Numberten Londinium for speshell receptshun. Inviteth thy supporters too - but no Clodhoppranks! And SamCam didst speak of the goodworks of HanRogians and much was the joyallaround.

And QueenBron didst handbagswing at the Cownsell of Teenbridge and cryeth “Ye ainteth building thy cartons of the match dwellings all over Muckwallop. If thee are very

good and pleeseth HanRogians and Clodhoppers thee may have small porshun only. So scarpereth and taketh thy meatman, alias the carver of ediblefauna with thee.”

So endeth the Chronicles of Sil Hain in this ninetythird year of Armageddon