



The Chronicles of Sil Hain

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

AND IT CAME TO PASS in the eighty-fifth year of Armageddon and in the fourth(?) year of the reign of BlackRod that much sadness and wailing besmote the peoples of Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop. For the Chiefs of Plymuni, men of moldystraw, lakinvision and jellysee, didst confirm to putanend to Sil Hain. Much was the rothnanger of the good peoples of Clodhop. Forsooth, even also the multitude of alumni, led by the mighty & neversaydye FlowerJym of the house of Hosk and leader of the Sil Hain Future warriors, didst vent their anger. Much was the writininpress & exhortations by academs & the good people of Clodhop & Nutonab Cownsil, but to no avayle. The VeeSee Unlevenskis & his men of moldystraw were of constypated mind.

Verily, the people of Clodhop pastnpres gathered themselves for last year of grayte memory. Finalyears didst gather a great race of ships for drinkinale. And the wild charyots, much outofcontrol downhill, did scatter allnsundri. There was much boozntears at the endofsesh and the fair maid Emily, she of the clan of steel, didst make an mighty ‘In Caelo Salus’ banner which flewaloft in defiance of Plymuni and proudly proclaimed Sil Hain.

At Graduashun, the peoples of Sil Hain were much vexed by the presence of Unlevenskis. The Ben, calender man of much appendage and Prez of Clodhop, didst besmite the VeeSee with cuttinword. “Whatsyoudoin eare, ye assetstrippin knave?” Much was the scowling & glowerin and the spows of the VeeSee, did spake, “tis notfayre” & grayte was her poutin. But the stowte people of Clodhop didst putinboot. “May his ale goclowdy, gnits infest his beard and his greenvege turn butyric”, they didst curse. Graytest of the aywards that day was to the muchbeloved, noble and now Master Jack. Fownt of all noledge of all creechers that dost creepncrawl & hath tauwt manie generations of inhabitants of Muckwallop. Much was the grattitude to him.

Then the Chiefs of Sil-Hain olduns, the noble Ig, steddfaste defender of the fayth and Martin Exprez didst make grayte call over all the land to olduns. Return to Sil-Hain, for mighty gathering with barbykew, much kwaffin of ale, recowntin deeds of olde, & cussin at moldystraw men of Plym with twophingers. Again the mighty banner of Emily flew and the multitude of Clodhop olduns gathered. The noble Lord Liv, Exprez, bowler of owtswing, and member of the grayte hall of peers, did address the gathered throng. Verily he did berate the moldystraw men of Plymuni. “Ye theives of ass-etts and destroyers of herytage he didst cry”. Twas sed earoles of moldystraw men of Plymuni didst spowt muchfire. Then Tim-Ben, Prez of all the agrimen of the land, did recownt the

bygone battles with haichtwoho in eestblok. The equestrytailed Rod, exsentrik grower of allthings from muknmajic and expert of the pyroteknicals, did make sparksnrockets of fire so magnifi sent, that the mouldystraws of Plymuni didst gaze with awe from afar and make to seleeb Brayte saying, “rejoyce, our troubles are at an end, verily the Rod has incendurated Sil-Hain Clodhop. Oh splendid fellow, foresooth our paininbutt is endeth”. But their seleeb rations were much premee chewer. The Rod didst deceeveth the mouldystraws much and they sed the darstardly fellow has twophingered us. The mighty gathering was such that the kwaffin didst drink the EsU dry. But the resourceful Martin Exprez did make raid upon the local taverns, returning with much bounty of ale.

There came later, a further mighty gathering, this tyme of The Golden Olduns, of that era of grayte Clodhop characters. Their leader, Jeffrey of the Middlewood didst call them from manie parts of the realm. They came with much luv & nost algia for Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop and expreshuns of anger at the mouldystraws of Plymuni. Again, the mighty In Caelo Salus banner of Emily didst proclaim Sil Hain at the mouldystraws. The Golden Olduns didst bring manie parchments, fotos and writings for an exybish un builded within the hall of refuruns of Clodhop by Oldun RayBart, newly returnedd to Muckwallop from faraway advenshors. Manie were the records of misdeeds, which didst incur the rothe of the Great King Himore. The Chronicles of those tymes displayed, didst record that King Himore did exhort these worthy knaves to take their textbooks as food and digest them. But verily they were wise and didst not eat of them, for they were afearred of the colic. But lo, they journeyed instead unto Torki, to seek solace in threedee and the star Marilyn. There were fotos of the Festival of Fan Sidress when grayte was the glee of the maidens and warriors of Clodhop, to behold new fashons. For there were men like unto women and women like unto men. Yea, and there was much mixup. There were tales of crew sades to the ale Houses of the Church, The Halfway, The Passage, Cellars of Coombe, Loco Motive and manie more. Others made journey to the House of Madge for Tee and Kakes or Kofie at the Abbot of GayaTee. Manie were the records of derrin-do of the warriors and maidens on the fields of sportngame. Of tayles of valor against the knaves of Har-pa and Cir-an-Cester

There was a grayte ban kwet, when the splendid Jeff didst thank all the Golden Olduns of Clodhop for their presence. And manie of the company didst express gratitude for the Sir Charles of blessed memory and his splendid college of Clodhop in the land of Muckwallop and the lifelong fellowships it didst pro mowte. Then FlowerJym of Hosk, neversaydye leader of Sil Hain Future warriors and the tigress scribe DocEirene of the florafawna teaching, didst recownt to the Golden Olduns the battles and doings of the Future warriors. Much was the snarlingcussin and gnashin of teeth by the Olduns when they heard of the deseete of the mouldystraws of Plymuni. There was much reflectshun on what those grayte people of Clodhop, no longer with us, would think of these skurvee acts by the mouldystraws. And what of the grayte Kings Ed-Ker, HendHog and Himore, who didst such deeds of leadership to maketh Clodhop a college of such renown and so revered throughout the world? May they haunt those lesser men of Plymuni for their lackofvision and destructive deeds. So endeth the Chronicles of Sil Hain in this eightyfifth year of Armageddon. A year of bittersweet festivals.