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Volume
456-BR7

Issue 10

Springtober
2005

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Axes and Alleys
**Soon to be a
Primetime Hospital
Drama!**

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 10,
Springtober 2005
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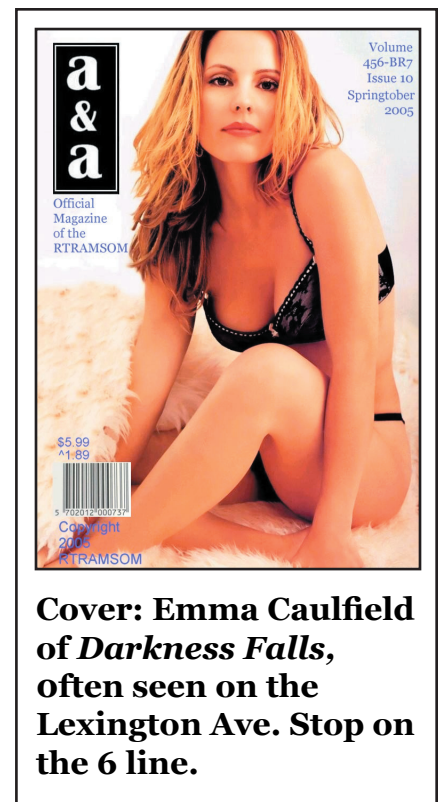
Lilly Saunders (age 10)

Congratulations!
Dave R. Nelson Honored
With Malaysian Postal
Stamp



We at *Axes and Alleys* couldn't be happier for Dave R. Nelson, longtime friend and contributor to this fine publication. Back when US President James K. Polk first introduced the postage stamp he probably had no idea that one of these stamps would one day feature our hero Dave. That is probably because Dave had not yet been born.

Either way, the Dave R. Nelson stamp is the perfect companion to the Montezuma II Commemorative Plates, available on our website.



WRITTEN
CORRESPONDENCES
FROM GOOD NATURED
GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE
READ OUR PREVIOUS IN-
STALLMENTS AND WISH
TO COMMENT ON SOME
ASPECTS THEREOF.

To the Editors of *Axes and Alleys*,
its parent company Movable Type
Printing and its parent company
Daniel Bester Inc.:

It has come to our attention that
your trade-name “Axes and Alleys”
is too similar to our own copyrighted
“Axis and Allies” brand of board
games. Under the terms of the
United States Copyright Act (1971,
1973, and 2002) and the European
Governances du Rietes du Copie
(1999) you are hereby asked to cease
and desist from the use of this name.
At this time we do not wish to pursue
this matter via the courts and would
like to settle this as quickly and
reasonably as possible.

Michael D. Griswald
Fimmon, Fimmon & Floon
On Behalf of the Avalon Hill
Company.

Dear *Axes and Alleys*,

There are many ways in which
lobsters are completely unlike
humans. For one, humans have two
legs while lobsters have many. Plus,
lobsters have an exoskeleton, on
the outside, while humans have an
internal endoskeleton. Also, humans
do not live underwater.

Jack Koostoh.

Dear *Axes and Alleys*,

While salt and pepper are two of our
most popular seasonings, I would like to
suggest you continue your once ongoing
reports on the spice paprika (Volume
454-BT1 Issues 2-18, *Paprika Tales*: I-
XVI). Sixteen articles are barely enough
to cover all the important information
out there on this oh so extraordinary
seasoning. For instance, you never
mentioned how the Dacians were the
first to use paprika in lamb recipes or
the place of paprika in the War of the
Roses. I would recommend you restart
this unjustly unfinished series.

Nancy Reagan-Onasis
Olive Grove, California

To *Axes and Alleys*:

We, the people of Yellowknife have
unanimously and unilaterally declared
that the only legal article for debts public
and private from this day forward will
be snow. As we have the world market in
this priceless substance this city is now
the wealthiest on the planet and all the
snowless nations of the earth are now
under our subjugation (wrested from
control of the IMF). Those city-states
that now have snow may continue to
use it but must now deliver half of their
snow to the City-State of Yellowknife
immediately upon receipt. In order to
carry out an orderly transtion to the
new currency existing money can be
exchanged at a rate of one per snowflake
until next Tuesday at moonset.

Thank you.

The Free Citizens of Yellowknife

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NEWS OF THE WORLD

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

Crowds Erupt in Cheers as

ARMSTRONG

Takes the Reins of State



Dawn of a New Age: 49th President of the United States Dick Armstrong returns triumphantly to Washington D.C. after his inauguration. Happy days to follow.

NEWTOWN, PA: Though a light hellosch flittered to the ground it was not enough to stop a small crowd of well-wishers, supporters, fans and military personnel from coming out to watch as Richard Tojo Armstrong stepped up on the hastily constructed platform in the center of a farmer's alfalfa field to be sworn in as the 49th President of the United States.

Armstrong was sworn in by Alan R. Yasper, of Yasper Liquor, who maintains a Notary Public license and was one of the few qualified people in Newtown available to serve in the inauguration. Earlier in the day, the then president elect, his family and staff were evacuated from Washington D.C., after the city was threatened by remote-controlled lizard fifth columnists.

Draped in orange bunting, festooned with matching crepe-paper, and wearing his lucky fez, rumored to be a gift from NASCAR champion Lightie McDonald, Armstrong smiled throughout the brief ceremony and even entertained children with his impressions of cranes, swans and other waterfowl. Experts described the impersonations as "fairly close considering the nasality of the President's voice."

After the swearing in, Armstrong was handed a megaphone and proceeded to hop aboard his trusty moped. Driving in slow circles, or 'donuts' around the alfalfa field, Armstrong delivered his inaugural address in which he declared that freedom was definitely a good thing.



Critics of the new President were quick to point out that the speech made no specific mention of the current crisis in America, specifically the recent destruction of the San Fernando Valley and surrounding areas, which may have left as many as twelve million dead or missing.

Presidential spokes-human Lauren Skala-Petrosi stated that “The President is ushering in a new era for America. Now is not the time for the blame game, now is not the time to dwell on past defeat and destruction, now is the time to rejoice, verily.”

His speech delivered, Armstrong and members of his family and staff hopped onto a waiting helicopter, loaned to the President by Daniel Bester Incorporated, where they began a journey to parts unknown. Spoke-human Skala-Petrosi was quick to add “The President is definitely, I repeat, definitely not going to the Hidden Island of Reme. He’s not doing that. I swear. Probably, he’s just going fishing or something like that.”

Below is a full text of President Armstrong’s Inaugural Address.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Distinguished Members of our Agricultural Industry, Military Officers, My Fellow Americans. I come to you today, now as the President of these United States of America, in a time of cautious optimism, watchful hope and vigilant jubilee. There is much to be saddened by but also much to be thankful for. Through all the difficulties we have seen, through all the pain and death, we have never once lost hope. And we shall never lose it.

Today some say that our enemies surround us, they say that our enemies are numerous and omnipresent, that they may strike at any time, that we are never safe. Well, to them I say “No.” Our enemies, though their weapons may be great, though they may be dangerous, will never defeat us. For we have a weapon far more powerful than they could ever possess; we have Freedom. Freedom will never fail us, freedom will never be taken away. Freedom gives us strength and freedom will ensure us

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The Liberty that sustains us cannot be defeated, it will always endure for freedom is the destiny of every human being on this planet. The chains of tyranny can only oppress for so long, for in every heart there is a longing for destiny and freedom; a longing which creates the freedom that makes the world a place worth defending.

America has seen dark times, but America has always risen above the dejection of circumstances to the heights of glory. I assure you here, this day, in this alfalfa field, that I will work every day to defy the despots and terrorists and to ensure that America will triumph in an ever greater fashion. Victory is America's destiny, it is our destiny, and like the generations who came before, we will not back down. This is our time to fight, this is our time to stand up to ensure that freedom will endure for generations to come. We will not fail in our destiny.

The world screams out for freedom, the people of the world cry out to see right prevail and we will not fail them. Though it may be difficult, though it may seem as though victory will come at too high a cost, I say to you now; freedom must endure and we must pay any price to defend freedom.

Though today may seem like a dark time, I assure that it is a time for celebration. Victory is at hand, victory is assured, because I know that in the hearts of the American people there is no room for defeatism. There is only the cry for freedom. Freedom will be yours. The chains of disaster will be broken and we will show all the nations of the world that freedom will endure forever. Now is our time, down here, and we will succeed for freedom is the ultimate weapon and we have our fingers on the button.

Thank you and good day.

With both Congress and the Supreme Court now inoperative, many Washington insiders now expect President Armstrong to declare himself dictator sometime within the next week. A recent TBS/*Weekly Reader* Poll indicated that an overwhelming majority (79 %) of Americans favored Armstrong's assumption of dictatorial power. While there has been no official word from the Presidential camp as to this new exo-constitutional move, Dick's

Dick's daughter Brody Armstrong and son Billy Joe Armstrong have both come out in support of their father's expected grab for power.

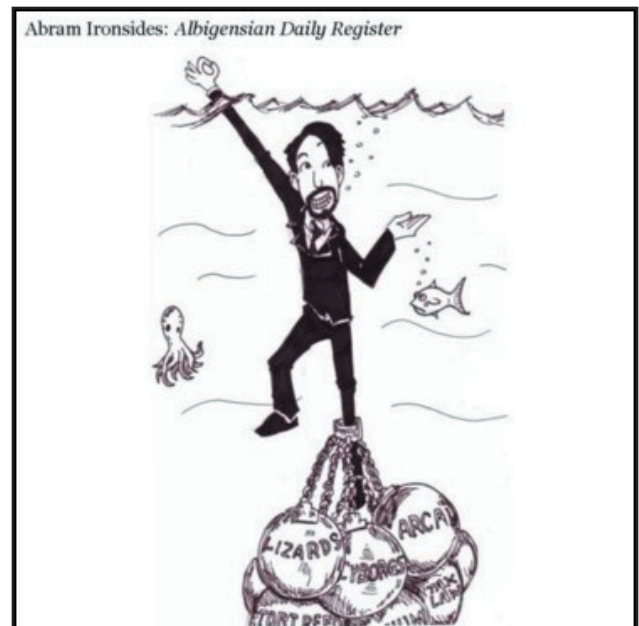
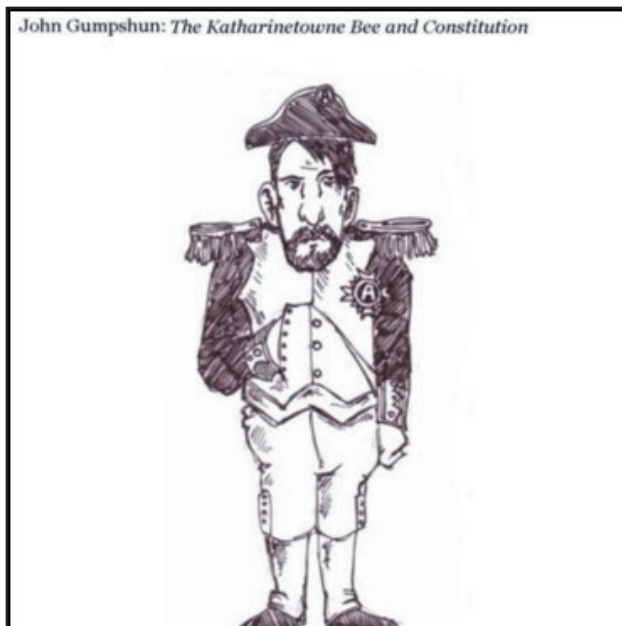
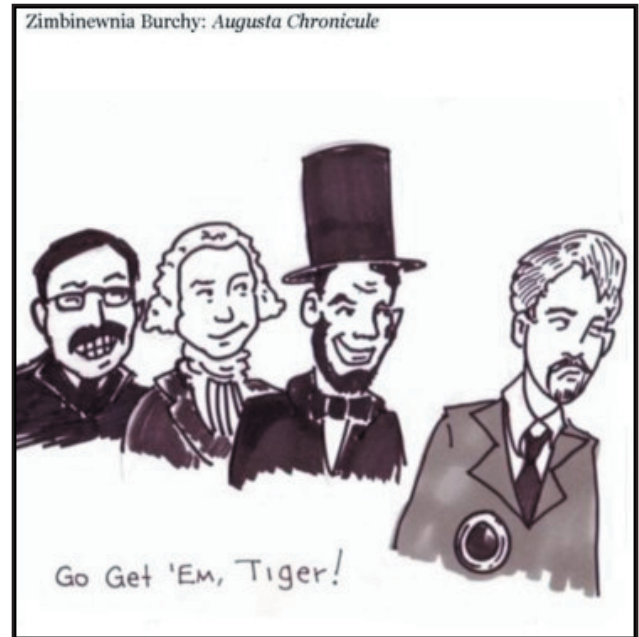
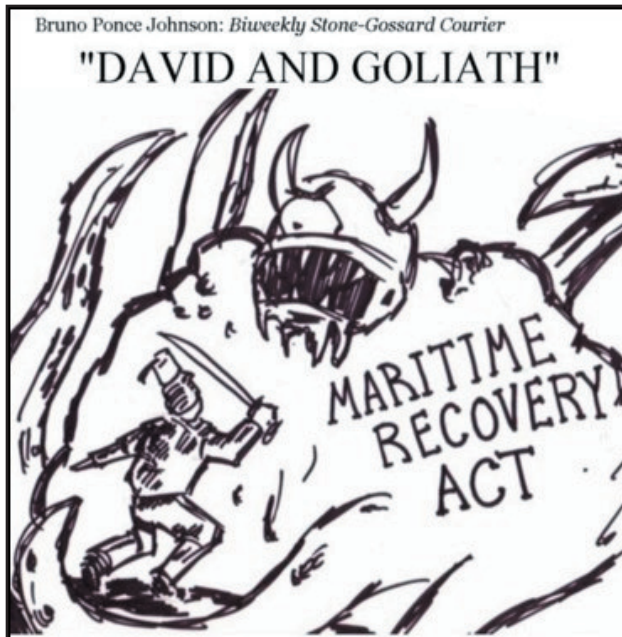
"Destiny never makes mistakes" said First Daughter Brody Armstrong.



First Daughter Brody Armstrong in her special inauguration gown.

CARTOON-O-GRAPHS OF A POLITICAL NATURE

For many across our Nation, the inauguration of President Armstrong is a cause for celebration. For others (Communists, pinko-subversives, malcontents) it is something else entirely. Regardless of which side of the political field you choose to call home, you can be sure that there are savvy political cartoonists out there ready to illustrate your views in pen and ink. One day, some scientists speculate, political cartoons, or “propogandagrams” may even be funny. Enjoy these, gathered from newspapers around the nation.



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

A FIELD OF INESTIMABLE CERTITUDE

BY DICK R. GORDONSON



Dick R. Gordonson is the Unified Nations Special Envoy on Old Studies and Residual Neologism Removal. He received his Associates Degree from the Monstylvania College of Agricultural Technology Design Arts, his Bachelors Degree from the Greater Platha Non-Correspondence University (satellite campus), a Masters Degree in Social Studies from Columbia University, his first PhD in Foliage from MCATDA and his second PhD in Rocks from Kalisotta Communal University and Ranch. He is also possessed of a law degree from The Law School™ and is in residency at Downtown Berlin Connecticut Hospital in downtown Berlin, Connecticut.

Modern archaeological methods have taken a long road trip ahead in the century passed. From primitive, quite barbaric methods of discovery and acquisition which barely touched upon learning about our predecessors, archeologists have grown into a group of scientists. No longer the brigands of the past, these Footsoldiers of History have taken upon their shoulders a great burden and turned their backs on the ArchaeoHordes of the early to mid-Twentieth Century.

To really get an understanding of this progress in human understanding, learning and courage, let us take a look at those past methods.

The skulking forebears of today's proud Learning Legions were a motley lot. Many did not even possess a respectable degree of higher learning. Often the tools of the trade involved a pistol, sabotage, leather and locksmith's tools.

The goals of people who use such tools are dubious and one can imagine those same implements in the hands of simple thieves. It's astounding to believe that modernity emerged from this colloquy of ineptitude.

Whether it be "removing statuary for study," trading bottle caps and pen knives for extensive collections of jewels, spawning war to create a chaotic landscape in which precious artifacts could be taken, passing on a bit of fruit to be guided to holy relics, robbing the sheik's daughter of her virginity while robbing the tribe of its wooden god Zazu, or fighting fascists throughout the Continent, the barbaric methodology rarely led to conclusive discovery or learning. Nothing of historic note was ever discovered by early-modern or modern soldiery, but most of that early lot belonged in Army Group South, not the Platoon of Progress (Educational).

Those first expeditions can be considered little more than raids upon the holy places of the downtrodden. Perhaps the myriad traps and secret vaults laid out by our ancestors should have been a clue to this buffoonish oafery that they were not desired. Secret vaults are made for a reason and that reason is to be carefully cataloged by the future and placed in museums, not broken open and plundered by glory-chasing fedora jockeys.

Now, to pull this discussion into the modern era, we shall talk about the truly advanced and complex methodology of our Modern Era, replete with its cavalcade of noble martyrs of science and saints of knowledge who sacrifice countless hours in the quest for truth, not financial acquisition or personal aggrandizement and agenda.

The tools of the trade have been created after much experimentation, advancement and practice. When a site of interest is found, the archaeologist uses such things as wooden dowels and coarse string to make a grid of the area. Such materials may cost upwards of several dollars. Each square is tagged with a small card-stock marker and affixed with twist ties (one funny anecdote recalls one of Our master's hapless early mistakes in identifying the old African kingdom of Kangaba as the place where twist ties originated).



Adventures in Sand: Just before the Discover of the Great Native American Machine.

The truly amazing part of the process comes next. Using a small metal garden trowel, the archaeologist and his team (which can often be three people) gently, slowly, carefully remove soil from the grid one layer at a time. This process can take months as, at the removal of every square inch or so, the area is photographed, drawn, documented in writing and reported to local authorities. It has become a point of pride in “the Community” as to how slowly one can excavate a square foot of ground. Several dozen artifacts have been found in this manner.

Modern technology has made transport and analysis much easier than in the past. Rather than simply slipping objects into one’s pocket or the saddle bag of a horse and running for the border as fast as possible, modern archaeologists have the protection of the Unified Nations to protect them (a task formerly undertaken by the United Nations) and advanced re-sealable baggie technology. These items can then be transported through the countryside in boxes containing Styrofoam™ nodules safely and quickly.

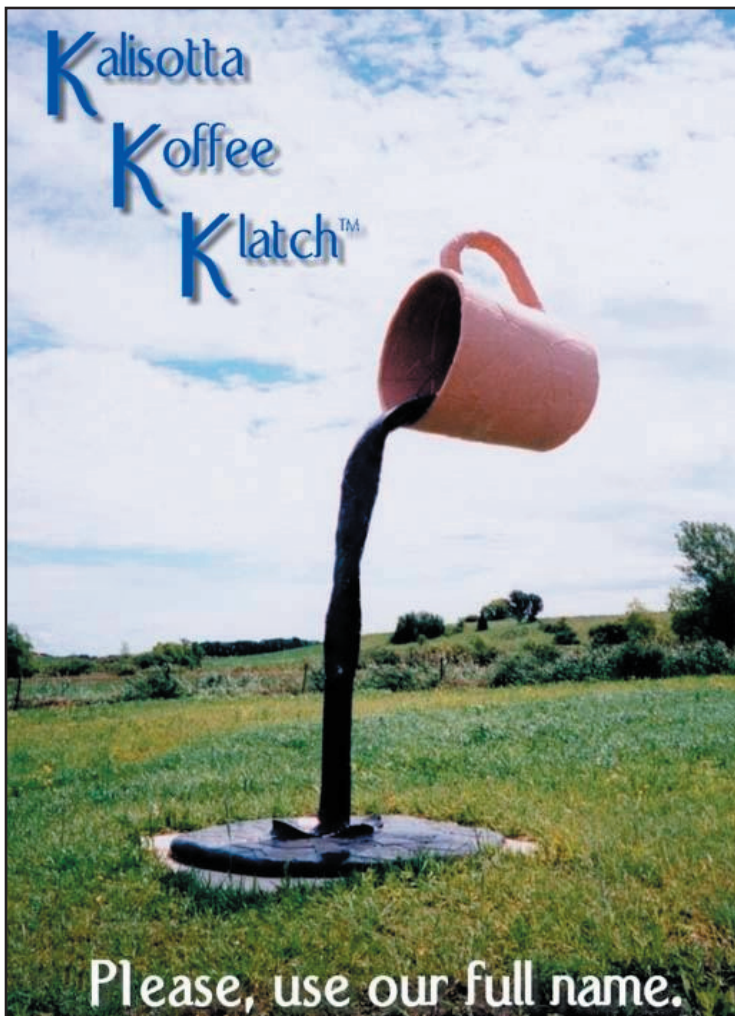
Also, today, our Sage Soilrackers have adopted the enlightened “season” system. Work progresses throughout a lengthy three months. Often something is found in this time period. The other nine months of the year can be used for analysis, teaching and leisure. Remember, it took only a few months to write and publish “Clay Shard 2F: The Great Culture of Soil Level 3K-T.” What an explosive work that was!

From the earliest charlatans to the Intellectual Icons of our age, archaeology moved from the doldrums of international intrigue and speculation to the hallowed position it holds today as the World’s preëminent vehicle of scientific excitement. No longer clad in leather and packing heat, today’s Archangels of the Past continue to excite and expand knowledge wearing simple cotton trousers and plaid. Technology has made the work more glamorous. Methodology has created an environment concerned with advance, not agenda. The barbarism of the past is dead. Archaeology is the amazing wave of the future. Ride the wave.

POETRIUMPHS BY THE MASTER OF WORDS HG PETERSON



H.G. Peterson, a former show girl and librarian, was recently busted down to Middle Management for conduct unbecoming of a poet. Once he met Calvin Coolidge at a charity cake walk.



Humble Deduction on a Rainy Cyan Day

I
Yes, the first's the most famous, there can be no doubt
For the abridgement of freedom it so rules out
Assembly, speech, religion, petition and press
A good amendment to have, so I must confess

II
The second's the topic of a lot of debate
From those who love firearms and those filled with hate
The right to keep and bear arms is clearly stated
It's still being continually debated

III
Then there is the third that is so often ignored
It concerns troops, specifically their room and board
So when a weary soldier goes to rest his head
You can be sure as hell it is not in my bed

IV
Number four is why a warrant's needed by cops
To search your person, papers, effects, house or crops
No searches or seizures without probable cause
And Congress can make no contradictory laws

V
That there Fifth Amendment is a wonderful thing
It says even a caged bird does not have to sing
Double jeopardy's banned and due process stated
Habeas Corpus declared, grand juries created

VI
The right to fair trial in criminal prosecutions
That good number six is one of the perfect solutions
Confront your accuser, even though he be large
You'll be sure to know each and every last charge

VII
Seven sounds silly in modern comprehension
Even during the height of our Nation's Depression
Jury and judge examine the case without hollers
In any case brought which exceeds twenty dollars

VIII
Eight makes sure you don't pay too much money
When you go do something wrong there, sonny
It won't cost too much for you to get out of jail
Because this amendment prevents too much bail

IX
With all these rights protected each line by line
You'll be sure to like jolly old number nine
'Cause listing rights protected in this Bill of Rights
Can't keep others from out of the people's sights

X
Good Ten keeps rights flowing at a really high rate
When the powers not reserved are devolved to each State
If the Fed doesn't have them, the States have the might
And thus ends the magnificent U.S. Bill of Rights



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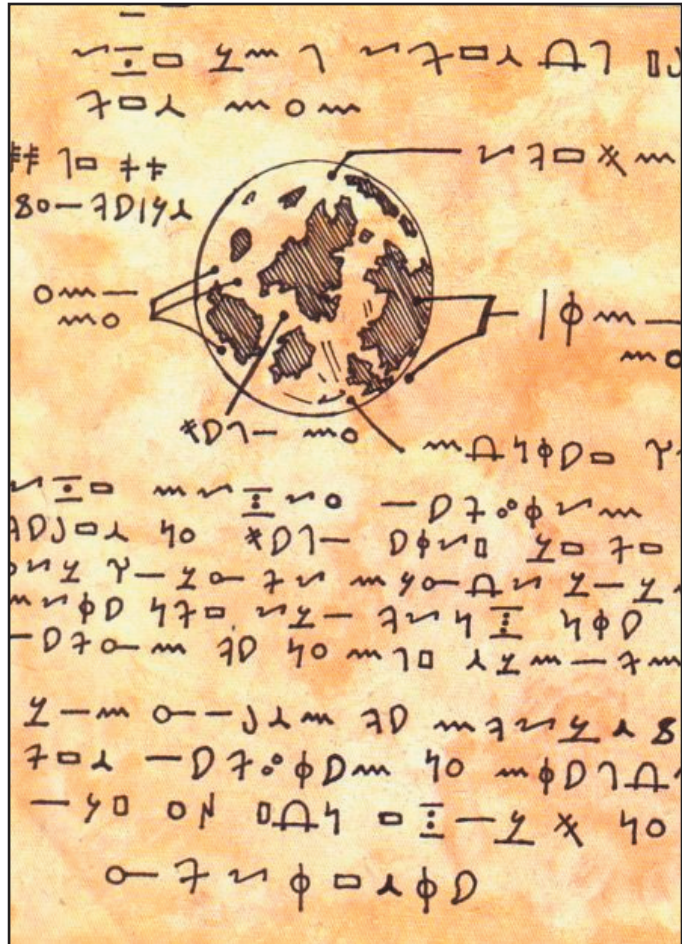
HISTRONOMICS

BY DR. SCOTT BIRDSEYE

RELIGION OF THE CHANJRINITES



Dr. Scott Birdseye is a globally recognized expert on Sumerian pottery. His most recent work *Rock Singer Shirley Manson and Sumerian Pottery: A Global Perspective* has been on the New York Times Bestseller List for a record three thousand eight hundred and twenty seven weeks.



Above: One of the few remaining fragments of the sacred Wisdom of Horace Pollus. Courtesy of the British Museum.

From the Morthis Passage in the west, on the far end of the gently sweeping plains of Yahm, to the Phlenian Sea in the east, below the high cliffs of the plateau of the Plenne, to the high mountains which rise in the north as a wall against the barbarians, across the whole of our realm, in every village and town, despite the different people, languages and nations, there exists one common thread which unites us all; the reverence held toward Chanjrina.

Belief in Chanjrina is as old as the most venerable records of yore, spoken of even in the first carvings on the Monoliths of Traal in the ancient valley of Mistipuck. Throughout the land, in their own individual ways, differing slightly from tribe to tribe, the people hold tightly to their beliefs in the same Gods, those mighty heroes of Chanjrina.

The religion of Chanjrina is a complicated belief system incorporating thousands of different views into one common system. In each tribe different Gods are worshiped, different texts are read, and different artifacts are held sacred, but the basic tenets of the religion hold true throughout the realm. Family, virtue, the sacred Laws

laid down in the Text of Horrus Pollus, the Gods of Chanjrina, and belief in the ultimate underlying force of Primah, are the most important elements which unify the diverse belief systems.

Family is the most important thing in daily life, but family includes not only our immediate relatives. There are many intricate levels of family, but six basic¹.

The first is *Rahsah*, meaning immediate family, brothers, sisters, children, mothers and fathers. The next level is *Doesah*, the extended family, grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles. The third, *Kihsah*, is the clan, the large group encompassing several doesah, interconnected by marriage. *Fahsah* is the family of the village, the group which makes up a single geographical area. *Swaksah* is the nation, the group comprised by those who share common language, history and sometimes government. *Neipesah* is the highest level of family, the family of humanity, where the Gods are recognized as the parents, and all people in the world are their children.

The overall concept of family, is called *Sah Ephisi'utt*, and in each level of family there are both

respects which must be paid and obligations which must be performed. In the same way that a father loves his child, or that the Gods look after the people, so must a ruler look after his subjects. And in the same way children must obey their father, so must the people obey their rulers and Gods. There is a reciprocal idea, where duty and trust coexist.

Within this duty and trust exist the virtues which must be followed and the sins which must be avoided. The Sacred Texts of Horrus Pollus describe the important aspects of living a life a virtue and tell how all people, great and small, free and slave, rich and poor, must do their best to honor all their families. The texts tell of The Twelve Defilements, or evil actions, which must be not be performed if one is to properly respect all others.

The Twelve Defilements are **Untruthfulness**, which includes both lying and hypocrisy; **Dishonor**, showing a lack of respect to all levels of familial obligation; **Cowardice**, failure to do what is right regardless of personal cost, both in battle and in daily life; **Idleness**, the failure to work and to help others; **Cruelty**, mistreating those below you; **Murder**, the killing of another person without holy sanction; **Cannibalism**, eating the flesh of another person, or taking of trophies of those killed in war; **Thievery**, taking goods that don't belong to you, or cheating others in trade; **Greed**, putting money and possessions above familial responsibility and duty; **Maliciousness**, treating animals badly; **Haughtiness**, putting one's own interests above the interests of the families; and **Irreverence**, destroying, defiling, or stealing sacred objects, holy relics, temples or other objects of worship.

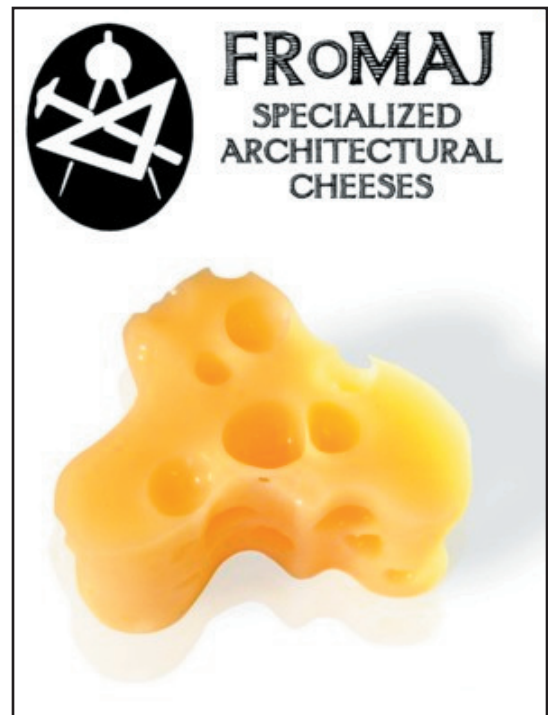
The Twelve Defilements are just one part of the sacred Texts of Horrus Pollus, the holy book which lays down the principals of the religion of Chanjrina. Though ancient and now shrouded in mystery, tradition tells that Horrus Pollus began his life as a poor and humble shepherd in the land outside the city of Fara in the valley of the river Arexarr. One night while Horrus was meditating on the meaning of life, a traveler came upon him. The traveler asked him what he was doing, and Horrus told him that he was trying to figure out how to lead a good life and be a proper person.

Asking Horrus to follow him to a high hill nearby, the traveler led him to a tree on the top. There, under the tree, Horrus found an empty book which he picked up. The traveler asked him to write down what he was told. Horrus explained that he could neither read nor write, but the traveler urged him to try. Reluctantly, Horrus set the stylus to the paper, and as the traveler spoke, Horrus found that he could write. The traveler laid down the secrets of Chanjrina and Horrus wrote them.

As dawn approached, Horrus wrote down the last word and looked up to see that the traveler was no more. Standing in his place, was Soggib, the God of Life. Horrus prostrated himself, but Soggib told him to get up and then told him that it was his calling to teach the message of the book that is now known as the Text of Horrus Pollus.

The Text not only explains the importance of virtue in life, but it also imparts the Holy Law, tells the stories of the Gods, and explains how the world came into being. Throughout the ages since, the Text has remained an important part of daily life throughout the realm, and its Holy Law forms not only the basis for all written codes of law throughout the realm, but also describes in detail what the individual must do in his or her life.

In all there are six hundred individual commandments within the Holy Law, including rules for trade, guidelines for criminal punishment and trial, and standards for diet and food preparation. Some of the key elements of the Holy Law are it that must be applied to all people throughout the world equally, without regard to



social status, and that punishments must always be fair; a cow for a cow, a coin for a coin.

The Holy Law also declares that all people must celebrate two Holy Days during the year: Feast of Allemechnich and Necropacia. Allemechnich, the celebration of the new year, takes place on the summer solstice; the longest day of the year. The day requires a feast of food and wine, and at each table, an extra place must be set for Kourbloh, the God of Change. The second holy day is Necropacia; the Day of the Dead, which takes place in the middle of the month of Desh, at the end of winter. A sacrifice must be made to Aramay; the Goddess of Justice, on behalf of the dead. If Aramay is not pleased, then spring will not come, and the land will be trapped in eternal winter.

The Text of Horrus Pollus also tells of Chanjrina, the realm beyond the Pillars of Twangos which hold up the sky, where the Gods reside. Chanjrina is the home of the gods, a ringed city on the River Crauneus centered on Midge, the home of the gods. On the first ring out lies the Garden of Souls, the dwelling place of the Most Holy and Sacred Stone of Ages, called the *Ulyannin*. A Living Ghost (dead person) who is worthy can go unto the Ulyannin and take it in their hands. If they are worthy, then their identity is joined forever with Primah, the Most Holy Force and they become one with the Eternal Wind. On the second ring lies the home of the Living Ghosts, a palatial residence for those souls who are worthy. The palace is next to the Forrest of Eterna, where lives The Tree Polistiss, which grew from the hair of The Mother before the world was. On the Outring lies the House of Judgement, where all go to be judged worthy before entering Chanjrina. Upon each person's entrance into the House of Judgement, they are charged by the Council of Gods to perform a task or feat. If they can, they are admitted to Chanjrina, if not, they can never enter the Holy City. The feats are sometimes as simple as saying a prayer of praise, and can sometimes be as trying as defeating a God in combat. The difficulty of the task is set forth according to the virtue of the person in question.

In this holy city live the Gods. Though each village, tribe and city worship different Gods, each has its own patron God. There are also other Gods who are more universal, such as Soggib God of Life, Lazner God of Destruction, Elek the God of Trade, Akan the God of War, Nettumayu the Goddess of Harvest, Leyoto God of the Moon and Auralla the Goddess of Wine. Karnus and Caranna are the King and Queen of the Gods, mother and father of all other Gods, and rulers of all creation.

Soggib and Lazner, the two oldest sons of Karnus and Caranna, are the creators of the two realms which came after Chanjrina. Soggib, created Pall, our world, and Lazner created Ab the pit of fire.

Early in time, soon after the Primah brought the universe into existence, Soggib and Lazner sat bored beside the River Crauneus. After sitting for a while, their minds idle, Lazner, the elder of the brothers, devised a contest to entertain them. Each would use their powers, life and destruction, to create a new realm like Chanjrina. They would have their sister Zir the Goddess of Knowledge judge both worlds, and whoever's world she chose, would be judged as the most powerful and best.

So Soggib brought forth the sea and in it he put a large island. He took his hands and shaped the rock, making hills and valleys, canyons and rivers and plains. Then he knelt down on the rock and breathed on it and his breath turned the rock green. The color soon spread, until it covered the whole island. The green then grew up and became the grass and the trees and all the plants which covered the land. Picking up a hand full of dust, Lazner threw it over the land. Then he clapped his hands, and the dust which was on the ground instantly became all the animals, and the dust which fell into the sea instantly became all the fish, and that which was still floating in the air became the birds. And the sun warmed the island and the sea and Lazner was happy. He called the realm Pall.

Lazner, God of Destruction, saw Pall and was not pleased. So, he went deep into the Eternal Rock and made a deep cave, and from the primordial fire therein created a vast sea of flames. He breathed his cold breathe upon the fire and turned it into bone, creating a high mountain which rose above the sea of flame inside the deep pit. Taking his staff, Lazner brought it down upon the bone mountain and split it into thirteen parts. The center shard became a steep pillar, upon which Lazner brought forth a fortress of bone to be the capital of his abyss. The twelve other shards became towers rising from the sea, and within the towers were dungeons. Lazner took up a cup full of the fire and tossed it onto the bone where each drop became a Tormentor, a vicious creature of a horrid nature. The Tormentors went unto the fortress and the twelve dungeons and made them their home. He called the realm Ab.

Zir then looked out upon the two worlds and in her infinite wisdom decided that Soggib's world was best and so she declared him the most powerful and best. This sent Lazner into a jealous rage and so he vowed to destroy his brother Soggib. Fearful, Soggib fled Chanjrina and went unto his world, Pall. To hide himself from Lazner's wrath he created a race of animals who had the appearance, mannerisms and speech of the gods, but who were mortal and had no powers. As they built their farms and cities, Soggib hid among them, tilling the fields by their side and pretending to be one of them. Lazner, seeing the multitude of people, could not find Soggib, so he declared that he would find him one day and until then would cause pain and destruction to rain down on the inhabitance of Pall.

Hearing this, Caranna, the Mother of all the Gods, cast Lazner out of Chanjrina for all time and sent him to rule over his own world. She declared that all the humans who were evil during their lives would be sent to Ab after their judgement and it would be Lazner's



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responsibility to see that they were punished. And so, Lazner went unto Ab, but told his Tormentors to rule over it and take control of his responsibility for the Damned Ghosts, and he escaped into Pall, where he hides, secretly working to bring more pain and death into our world.

Lazner and Soggib, though seemingly opposite, good and evil, are both actually, according to the Chanjrina religion, a part of Primah, the basic life force in the universe. The text of Horrur Pollus tells of Primah, and how in the beginning of time, Primah was broken apart into the Eight Traces (air, wood, rock, bone, fire, flesh, water, and blood) to form everything in our universe. Though Primah became broken, every piece still remains connected in some way, thus all of the universe, every part is related to another part and together they still form the whole of Primah.

In the beginning, before time; all was dark, until there first appeared the spark of Primah. The spark breathed out and wrought forth the Eternal Wind. The spark was then breathed upon by the Eternal Wind. And the Eternal Wind spiraled around the spark until the spark became a bright fire which lit up the empty darkness.

Smoke rose from the fire. As it traveled farther and farther away from the fire the cold emptiness came around it, the smoke froze and hardened into solid rock. More smoke came, and it too formed into rock until the rock surrounded the fire and sealed it up. Thus it became the Eternal Rock.

The Eternal Wind blew over the rock and blew bits of sand off of the rock and the sand fell into a pit. The pit was deep and close to the fire. The fire heated the sand until the it became a form. Thus was born The Mother.

The Mother was trapped in the deep pit and could not get out. So she took a piece of rock and pierced her heart until the blood flowed up and filled the pit. And the blood became water which flowed through the gorges of the rock and became the River Crauneus.

The Mother's body fell by the side of the river where the water reached up to her, lapping her body. Her dying breath joined with the Eternal Wind and

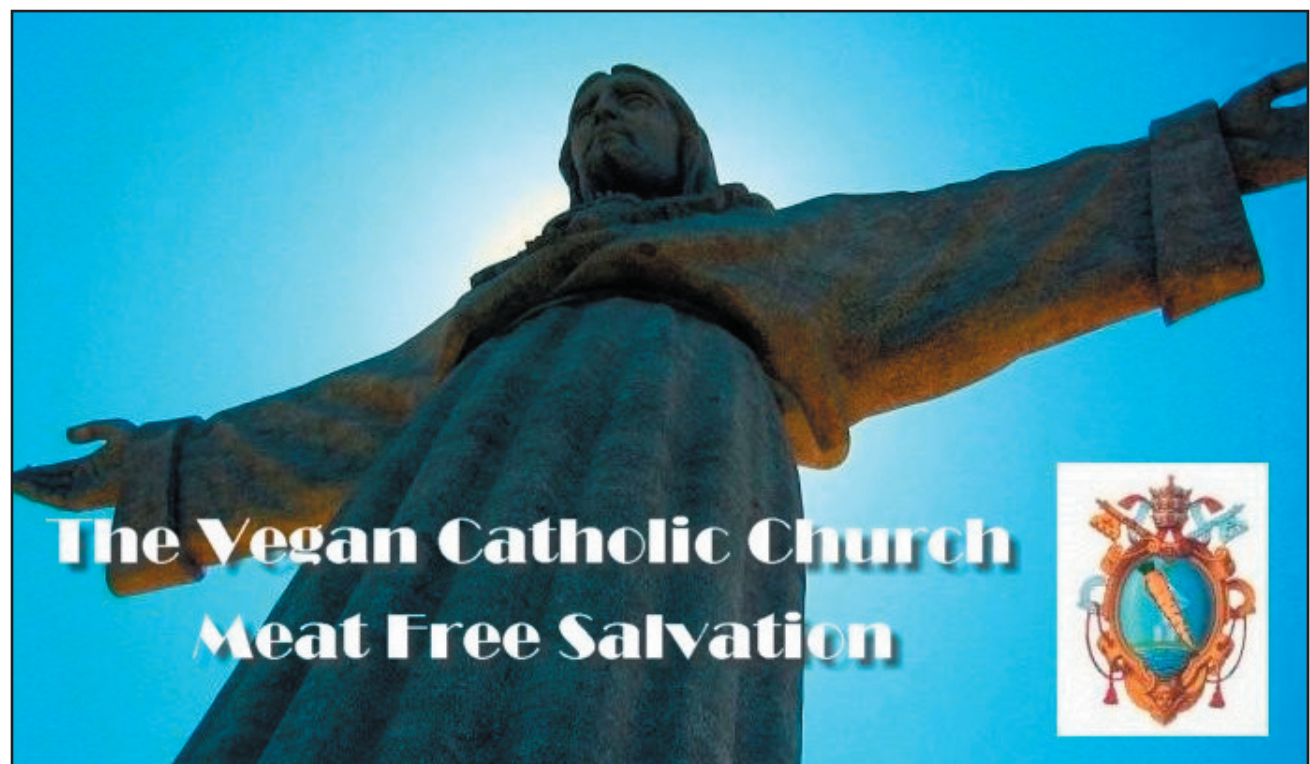
brought it down to the surface of the rock where it would dwell always, never again to chill the dark emptiness. Forever would the Eternal Wind flow about the rock that formed the universe.

The water from the river came to The Mother's body. Her eyes came up above the rock and became the sun and the moon which would always watch over the rock. And the eyes saw how beautiful the rock was against the darkness and so they wept tears of joy. The moon's tears became the stars, and the sun's tears became the clouds.

The Mother's hair grew into the Tree Polistiss, which still grows next to the river. The tree swayed in the wind, which also blew the sun and moon around on their courses. The Mother's flesh and bone then split apart, and the flesh became Caranna and the bone became Karnus. Caranna and Karnus were breathed upon by the Eternal Wind and became alive. They joined together their flesh and bone into two sons, Soggib and Lazner.

And the Tree Polistiss bore fruit which fell into the river and became the Messengers, the servants of the Gods. The Messengers went unto the rock and from it built Midge, a holy palace for Karnus and Caranna. So, the king and queen of the Gods went into their home and looked out over the bare rock through which the river flowed. They were displeased, and so they built gardens and forests upon rings in the river and named their city Chanjrina. Karnus and Caranna then went unto their palace to bring forth their children, who would be all the Gods. Thus were brought forth the Eight Traces of the Primah; wind, fire, rock, water, blood, flesh, bone and wood.

And so, as Lazner and Soggib went unto the river to idle the first day away, our world came into existence. And so Soggib went unto our kind to hide from Lazner's wrath. And Soggib searched the realm of Pall until he found a truly selfless and virtuous man, Horrur Pollus, to whom he gave the sacred knowledge which today forms one of the important fundamentals of the religion of Chanjrina, which was to spread throughout the entire realm, with its teachings and beliefs on virtue, the importance of family and familial obligations, all founded on the principals of the Primah.



HOW TO DO IT
WITH REGULAR COMMENTATOR
LEMUEL LEBRATT

By Permanent Guest-Commentator R. Yadaris Sythe

**DEFENDING YOURSELF AGAINST
ALIEN ABDUCTIONS**



R. Yadaris Smythe is a marine-carpenter whose hobbies include Bacon Festivals.

According to recent research released by the National Institutes of Health, one in six Americans has been abducted by aliens from outer space. This rate of abduction is nearly twice that of people abducted by illegal aliens. Essentially, this information means that if you have not yet been abducted, you probably will be some time before next Tuesday.

We at *Axes and Alleys* remain ever vigilant in our defense of the good people of Earth. Experts in related fields (including chemistry and philosophy) have provided us a veritable laundry list of things that you can do to protect yourself against alien abductions.

Follow these simple guidelines and you'll be certain that the only person probing your rectum will be Carla from the escort service.



Like cats, aliens are terrified of vacuum cleaners. If you sense aliens approaching, simply turn on the ol' Hoover and any nearby aliens will scurry to safety by crawling under a nearby bed.

Aliens would be categorized as obsessive-compulsive by the diktat of the DSM IV. Make sure to keep your home highly disorganized and aliens may fear to tread there (however, beware of alien automatons).

Aliens tend to be very sensitive to universal vibrations. As crystals can project these vibrations, it can be useful to wear a crystal. These are available at many New Age boutiques. If there are no New Age boutiques in your area, remember that ordinary table salt is a crystal (NaCl). Try pouring a bunch of salt on your head before retiring for the night.

As alien auras broadcast on a different frequency than human auras, aliens have been known to absorb energy from electrical systems. If the power drains from your home you are in an alien-friendly environment. Try using a portable gasoline generator in your bedroom. The carbon monoxide fumes should kill any aliens who try and come near you.

If you suddenly awaken in your bedroom to discover aliens standing over you, a good trick to avoid abduction is to simply open the release on the airlock. It might be good to quip "Get away from her, you bitch" before letting the aliens fly off into the void.

For areas not equipped with airlocks where you might awaken to find aliens standing over you, remember that aliens are exceedingly polite. Say something like "excuse me, I must prepare the potatoes." Then make a quick getaway while they wait.

Aliens have skin which is very sensitive to earth environments. This can be very handy information if you have to thwart any alien abduction attempts. Try and use a harsh fabric softener if you do any laundry for the aliens.

Known for their small, thin gray physique and overly large eyes, aliens can be easy targets. Try sleeping with darts in your bed. Hitting big, black, almond-shaped eyes can often be easier than hitting the cork after four pints of Guinness.

Most aliens don't know how to drive stick. You might want to sleep in a car with manual transmission.

Alien tongues are especially sensitive to sweetness. To avoid abduction, try leaving a bunch of candy on your neighbor's doorstep. The aliens might just get the hint.

Many abductees have claimed that prayer can be a good defense against abduction. If you find yourself paralyzed in bed with aliens standing ominously above you, pray to Jesus Christ. Should that fail, try submitting to Allah. Conversion to Islam may help you stop the aliens, as suicide bombing can be very effective, even against extraterrestrial visitation.

While there may be little you can do to defend yourself against alien abduction once the vile creatures have already infiltrated your home, remember that a simple anti-aircraft defense can be very effective against flying saucers. 88mm artillery can do serious damage to alien craft and can also be used to shell alien positions.

As you can see, with some simple precautions you can secure your home and person against these space miscreants. Many of these same tactics can be used to protect loved ones, co-workers, even pets. Always be vigilant.



ASK MONTEZUMA

ADVICE FOR THE ADVICWORN



Montezuma was raised armadillos for their pelts and has his own show on PBS.

Dear Montezuma,

Recently I have come into a bit of an existential crisis. Pants, I have found, provide a better protection from the cold, while skirts, I have discovered, are a more comfortable garment. Which is the best to wear? I must know as my Twenty Year High School Reunion is coming up next month.

Lance Shoemaker
Bangor, Maine

LS,

Have you considered the solution to this very dilemma which was used by the inventor of abreugraphy, and Brazilian, Manuel de Abreu? His idea was amazing.

Dear Montezuma,

I need your advice badly. Recently, the hottest boy in school asked me to prom, but I'm not sure if I can trust him. Perhaps he and his popular friends are attempting to play a trick on me, perhaps even involving pig's blood. As I happen to have telekinetic powers and an insanely religious mother, this situation will no doubt end in the high school gym being burned down and my mother nailed to the kitchen wall with kitchen knives. My question is, with all these circumstances in my life, could the producers of *Carrie* sue me?

Kari
Athens, GA.

Kari,

*I was consumed by an inner intellectual fire while pondering your question. Thankfully, my cellular telephony provider offered a solution to a problem they created, namely the increase of one's bill for exceeding an arbitrary time limit on a process which at this point in history essentially costs nothing (and for which they've created their own word). I feel lucky that the world's trans-national corporate entities are able to both envision problems, create the circumstances leading to those problems, nudge the emotional reaction of consumers in response to those problems and offer an effective process by which these problems may become non-existent. With my new videophone I was able to record my own new idea: the clockpan. You see, it's a pan with a clock built into it so you can know exactly when to turn over those over easy eggs. So, of course, you know the producers of *Carrie*; Brian De Palma, Paul Monash and Louis A. Stroller cannot sue you as they are dead; mute, dismembered and unable to communicate and North Korean, respectively.*

Oh Montezuma,

Being a saxophonician my entire life, I've come upon a situation never experienced before. I have an inability to use pushpins. Things are okay when it comes to thumbtacks or other such pinning technology, but the pushpins get me each time. Most of the time they just fall to the ground, though once I dropped one in a bowl of cereal I was consuming before I had my morning coffee. Any thoughts?

Ravi Coltrane
Los Angeles, Monrovia

Mr. Coltrane,

Obviously I have thoughts! Am I not a man? I exist, and to exist I must think! The entire basis of your first three albums was that famous quote of Descartes, which I will offer here in Italian. "Penso che quindi sia." In our past correspondence, you've clearly established a familiarity with my work unsurpassed by most of the reading public and your Montezuma Concordance (the first concordance with accompanying sound track) bests even my own knowledge of this column. Any thoughts? Clearly I have many. As another great thinker might have said in Italian, "Essere o non essere, quella è la domanda."

Ask Montezuma,

I've been trying to find a funny magazine to read, but everything out there seems either too fraught with toilet humour or it seems to be high-brow in-jokes aimed at the Ivory Tower of Academe. Could you suggest to me a publication which might suit my interest.

Brawne LeJames
Birmingham, AL

Dear Brawne,

That's a tough one. I stopped reading humorous magazines a while ago, but have kept abreast of the field anyway. Many magazines try too hard to come off as weird, funny and interesting. I had a friend who wrote for one such magazine, but unfortunately he is touring the Belgian Colonies at the present time. It has been suggested to me by certain persons that Go Icecream! might be a great source of humour. Lately the National Geographic has had some very amusing inserts and maps in its issues (one included the Aral Sea, can you imagine?) and most especially the 63d page has been quite funny. You might also try the New York Times and the Washington Times. They've been uproarious in the past.

Montezuma,

I am impotent. None of the current remedies work. While I am unmarried and currently single, it is frustrating because I cannot even partake of that most precious love one may have with one's self. Where can I find good doctoral theses?

Mary Blackmüller
Buque's Neck, IW

Mary,

So good to hear from you again! I do hope that the scarf suggestion I gave you all those columns ago helped with the heifer. Now, other advice giving columnists might suggest the hallowed halls of the Ivy League schools, but I think we've adequately proven that those other columnists are rather full of rubbish. My suggestion is to get to the doctoral libraries of regional universities. These are often fertile ground for the mind. Incidentally, it is a tradition amongst these institutions to slip a Hamilton or two into the covers of such publications for those who might read them. You can feed your mind and your wallet at the same time. Another place you might look are at online distance schools. While you will not find any monetary surprise here, you can gain quick digital access to some of the world's most mediocre Doctors of Philosophy. Happy hunting.

Dearest Montezuma,

Unfortunately, a great opportunity has passed me by. The other day I had the opportunity to take part in a television production wherein Michael Palin (formerly of "Twice a Fortnight"). The two days he was in town, I was busy with certain affairs and meetings which I could not get away from and was forced to not schedule a meeting. Do you have a suggestion as to how I can make it up to him?

Fidel Castro
Havana, Cuba

Fidel,

Mr. Palin is a hot-tempered fiend when, as the country people might say, his gumption is up. However, it has been said that he always appreciates a short note of apology with accompanying low-grade social flattery. This is the best way to bring about an appropriate ending.

Montezuma will be appearing at the Alaflair Blvd. Best-Mart in San Vino, Kalisotta on January 4th. He will be signing DVD and Betamax copies of "The Best of Montezuma Travels Illinois," his critically acclaimed PBS series.



AN ONGOING CONTINUING
SERIALIZED NARRATIVE
“SCOOTER MEMORIES, PART I”
BY JEREMY-JOSEPH ROSEN



Jeremy-Joseph Rosen is an author, ingenue, rabble-rouser and roust-a-bout.

Scooter's first memory of Friday was being in the Kalisotta Koffee Klatch. He had picked up a huge coffee, black, and proceeded to talk to the register girl. She was pretty, intelligent and coquettishly flipped her long black hair every time he was there. As Scooter had just woken up, the conversation consisted entirely of an inarticulate moan and, if he was remembering correctly, a tiny amount of drool.

This was the entirety of every interaction Scooter and the Register Girl had ever had. She seemed to take in Scooter's befuddled responses with the clinical posture of a doctor and the bemused twinkle of a flirt.

He never could quite get the hang of talking to the register girl, perhaps because didn't even know her name. Talking about her involved a lot of references to "Register Girl" or "that chick at the KKK." This last often confused people.

Similar problems had plagued the Kalisotta Koffee Klatch and its stock market price. The board was at a loss to solve the problem. Many new names had been suggested with similarly ridiculous abbreviations.

The second memory, floating out of his Tuesday morning fog, was of walking down verdant hills populated by wild flowers and couples frolicking romantically in the middle of a park lawn. Scooter doubted this memory, as it was the middle of December.

What Scooter should have remembered was walking down the street, where he found a corn stalk laying within the boundaries of a section of pavement. It was aligned precisely with the corners of the square with the leaves facing away from him.

It was a memory as out of place as the verdant hills, but this one was true. It was even verifiable. All Scooter needed to do was walk a couple of blocks to see this apparition.

No one was sure where the corn stalk came from, but it was impossible to make it go away. Cutting it down merely made the thing grow again. Digging up the pavement, digging up the soil below and replacing it all with new soil and pavement did nothing. That corn stalk still grew.

This oddity had largely bypassed the nation's weird news columns and the local Action News fluff pieces. Everyone knew about it, fewer people commented



on it and almost no one passed this information on to anyone else. In short, deniers of the Holocaust could have learned a lesson from these people. One child in a decade not long passed had burned the nether regions of the stalk with a magnifying glass. While the plant is still there, the child has since disappeared. In fact, few people even remember the child.

His name was Javier, by the way.

Drenched in a mist of nicotine, befuddled by the remnant elements of a case of beer in his blood stream and picked at by the grumblings of hunger in his stomach, Scooter remembered Javier.

A bright child. He liked the colour blue.

He wrote poems. He made fleets of ships from newspaper. He never brought spoons back to the kitchen. Scooter had seen Javier burning the corn stalk when he was a child.

Scooter began to fall asleep. The soft snuffling of his nostrils guided streams of cigarette smoke all over the place. As his falling hand made the cigarette touch his bare leg, Scooter arose with a loud yelp.

“Yelp,” he said.

And through the slight pain and surprise of that burn, Scooter suddenly knew where Javier was.

AN EDITORIALOGUE

“MY MANY SWORDS”

BY THE HONORABLE MIZFY ALLEN



Though I have never actually owned a real sword, throughout my life I have managed to make do with several different types of facsimile.

Christmas time was always a good time for swords. The center roll of the wrapping paper made for an excellent light saber. In the days and nights leading up to that most anticipated of holidays, I waged many an imaginary battle. Sometimes, a Dark Lord of the Sith would be faced down and destroyed. On other occasions, I would be the Sith Lord, dispatching Jedis to wherever it is they go upon their dramatic disappearances.

At other times of the year a common yardstick would be employed. Though designed for measurement, these wooden instruments can be substituted for a knight's broadsword, a samurai katana or a swashbuckler's cutlass. It would also work for a dervish's scimitar or a gentleman's foil, but I hardly ever played Muslim warrior or Victorian duelist.

While I suppose a ruler could be a dagger, I found rulers more useful as helicopter props, when utilized with a pencil, or as a catapult, for the launching of small green plastic army men. None of my pitched battles involved daggers. I never played Italian Renaissance aristocrat.

Later, in my teenage years there were wooden practice katana for kendo. They were balanced in the same way a real katana was, but were dull. Still, many a fierce ninja battle or high catwalk Force-penetrated showdown ensued. After these the wooden swords would be chipped or nicked badly.

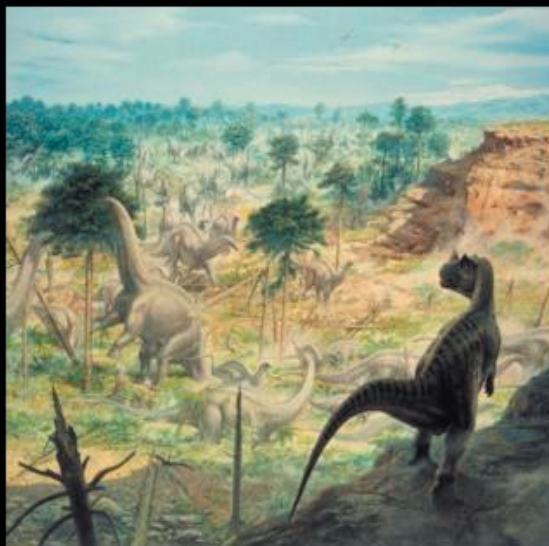
Since then, throughout college and beyond, I have found that wooden dowels often work best. Three quarter inch PVC pipe has an excellent weight and feel as well as an ability to produce a rich and satisfying sound when parried. PVC pipes, unfortunately, have a tendency to break. Broomsticks have similar properties as dowels, but a length that can make them unwieldy in amateur hands.

I am none of these, I will, for now, refrain from a sword purchase. A yardstick, or meterstick (for the metric-world) will do fine.

A problem endemic to the faux-rapier is the issue of hand-guard, more appropriately, the lack thereof is the real issue. While actual sword-smiths have produced weapons with all variety of hand-guards, people such as myself have often had entire battles, fierce though they may be, interrupted by the pain of a well placed, sometimes purposeful, whack to the fingers.

Now, I have played around with many real swords and several foils, but the truth of the matter is that people who collect, or even have real swords, tend to be of the sketchy variety, excluding of course historians, archeologists and serious collectors of martial antiques. As

60 Million Years Ago The Dinosaurs Were Destroyed...



And Those Ugly-Ass Reptiles are All Still DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!



**Support
ASTEROID PROPOSITION
-1898-
And Keep the World Safe**

-SPECIAL PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT-

**The Asteroid Awareness Association
in conjunction with
Rock-Based Americans, Inc.
and at the behest of
The Global Extraction Group
proposes:**

Proposition 1898

The Lucy Craft Laney Memorial Disaster Endowment for Asteroid Taxation Health Act

Principal Author: Mary Jains-Bester, Esq. of the AAA

Preamble

An act to increase the scope of program and funding afforded the Asteroid Community through the 1964 Asteroid Welfare Act. Throughout the Earth's history, the Asteroid Community has been a powerful bloc of constituents. Strengthening that community strengthens America. Public subsidy of asteroids is vital to ensuring a secure and free America.

Section 1

Let "asteroid" refer to any Rock-based American.

A) Rock-Based Americans located on the surface of the Earth are excluded.

Section 2

Funding for the 1964 Asteroid Welfare Act shall be increased by 15% to be taken from a 1 cent per transaction national sales tax.

Section 3

The Asteroid Welfare Administration (AWA) shall begin a new counseling initiative to inform Rock-based Americans of the services available to them.

A) These counselors shall act under the auspices of the AWA's career and health counselors office.

Section 4

All Inuit shall be moved, temporarily, to safety parks for their own convenience.

Section 5

This Act shall sunset five years after passage (excluding Section 4).

Section 6

This Act shall take effect 90 days after passage.

A composite image showing the planet Jupiter in the background with its characteristic orange and white swirling cloud patterns. In the center, the moon Io is visible as a small, reddish-brown sphere. The text 'IO' is in the top left, and two lines of text are at the bottom.

IO

you like volcanoes ?

**we got your volcanoes
right here, pal.**

ADVERTISIEMENTS DU CLASSIFIED

WANTED

One set of b/w photographs of Vorlon nipples. If only I had pictures of Kosh's nipples! Please help. Robbie, Box 512.

WANTED

At least fifteen layers of facial tissues for use as "insulation." Call Romaine Street, leave message, do not call from your home phone and do not breathe too heavily into the telephone receiver as you may contaminate it.

WANTED

Nude women for use in sexual coitus. Must be young, attractive and nubile. Will accept any type of women, but Asians preferable. School girl costumes provided. Walter 818-738-0292

FOR SALE

The Hat of God. This holy headgear was worn by the creator of the universe from 51,000 BC to 21 AD. In fine condition. Chinstraps included free. \$40.00 or best offer.

FOR SALE

Seventeen propellers, for use with prop-driven lunchboxes and brief cases. All propellers come in standard "mustard" colour. For sale to all for only one dollar each. Two dollars each for Mormon customers. www.prop.co.uk.gov.org

WANTED

Cross-eyed dog of Pekinese breed for use with insurance scam. Box 218-00.

FOR SALE

One 20 megaton nuclear warhead. No questions asked. Mustafar, 199-091-3838. No Federal Agents.

FOR SALE

One human kidney, procured from drunk traveling salesman left prone with note in ice-filled hotel bathtub. \$50.00 dollars. Call Lou of Lou's Discount Organs for more details.

SEEKING

You looked at me coyly, I smiled warmly. You used a large hunting knife to dispatch your victims while I was using an ingenious concertina wire contraption of my own invention. Would like to see you again. Roger c/o International Criminal Court, The Hague

WANTED

Free-form food sculptor specializing in work created using crushed and mixed tubers. Must have spent 1986-1993 in Czechoslovakia and either subsequent republic. Gary 779-433-2278

FOR RENT

35 yards of tin foil shaped like a Hotentot Venus. Has third arm. Level Corp. 27 Victor Ln. Ontario, Canada

FOR SALE

One war. International in scope, historic in nature. Includes 1 division of infantry, one submarine pack, an aircraft carrier (air wing extra) and three columns of armor. No substitutions. Call Lithuania or drop on by.

FOR SALE

Six legged dog/spider hybrid. Can be trained to sing Christmas carols. Call Stu.

NOT FOR SALE

I have no watermelons at this time. Sorry.

LOST

Queen of Diamonds and two of spades. Am now forced to play without a full deck. Lois Lenkman of the Athens Lenkmans

WANTED

Pencil sharpener. I was recently told I did not have the sharpest pencil and would like to have the sharpest pencil. Dave 718-725-7749

FOUND

One playing card. Concentrate hard and tell me which card it is and it's yours. Charlie

FOR SALE

Vacuum. Write to Virgil Mat 778 North Street Vancouver, BC

WANTED

Oversized novelty Gargoyle, preferably inflatable and green in color. This will make my cats very happy. Simon Ize, Box 314, Pfennigan's Rise, Montsylvania.

FOR SALE

Seventeen thousand, three hundred photographs of the cast of Golden Girls dressed in pirate costumes. Free fez included. £4.00 or best offer. Write to Tony Blair, 10 Downing Street, London SW1.

WANTED

Dinner with four people living or dead. My preferences include Joan of Arc, Aristotle, Madonna and Teddy Roosevelt. A ham dinner would be nicest. If you can arrange this, call Emily at #214

Axes and Alleys

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen



2005 A.D.

for more information please consult

www.axesandalleys.com