

Revelwood Goes Baby Booming

It would appear that Revelwood has become religious and has taken the advice to “Go Forth and Multiply” to heart. Everywhere you turn, someone else is gestating. Zygotes, embryos, fetuses, infants, toddlers and pre-teens abound in the once sublime environs of The Barn, Party Hollow, The Perimeter Trail and The Oasis.



What does all this mean?

It means, times they are a'changing.

Despite the diaper reference, we will now see Revelwood take a next generation turn. The once prevalent sound of the ardent partiers will be out amplified by the wailing two-year old. Piles of empty beer bottles and Guinness cans will be topped by piles of soiled Huggies.

Pediacare will replace Vicar Brew as the beverage of choice. A section of the bar will become a “Kowala” changing station. Although we're used to stepping on toys, the new ones will be made by Fisher Price rather than Roland or Gibson.

Get used to it citizens. Revelwood is with child.

The question now becomes, will the children get their own Guild?



Majik Update

For those of you following the saga, there is news from our faithful serving citizen. According to his last missive, Majik sees a light at the end of his tunnel. No, not a tunnel of his own creation, but that provided by those finicky folks at the NJ-Department of Corrections.

Majik received a moderate sentence. Therefore, with time served, he can expect to attend his next Revelwood party in the year 2002, give or take a month or two. Maybe sooner if he tells them who really framed Roger Rabbit.

Like the true Revelwooder he is, Majik intends to spend his time constructively and creatively. No, wait, that's a Mousketeer. Well, anyway, Majik is compiling a treatise on Celtic Bards, is writing lyrics and continuing his training in illumination. He also hopes to get some college courses in, care of the State. Seems appropriate to me. I'd rather my tax dollars go to educating Majik than some of the other ideas our politicians come up with. Enough with the junkets already.

If you'd care to send him a letter of support, or a joke, or something else, you can write him at:

David Coleman #192711B
Central Reception and Assignment Facility E-2-A
PO Box 7450