

them to the frantic hurdle race. In harmony, the Queph Lord and the guards screamed “WAAAAAAAA!”

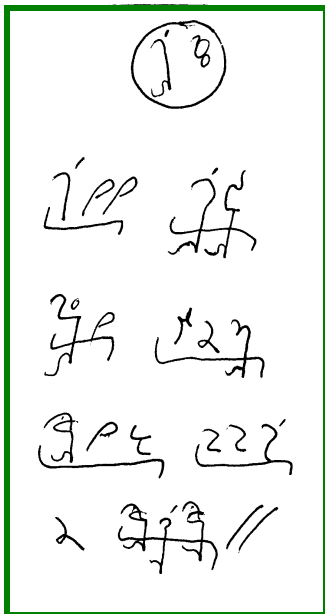
“C’mon, Q” the IB finally answered me with a shrug. “A snake in Revelwood? Like that’s never happened before.”

“IB! Here. Take this.” Stonewall says breathlessly as he scoots between the runners and hands the IB his scribbled message freshly drawn from his pocket.

The IB glances at it and shakes his head in wonder.

“Well you never know unless you ask. Right?” Said Stonewall.

“Let me see.” I said, reaching for the nearest chair and pulling it towards the IB. The IB watched one more lap of the race, then handed the torn paper to me. This is what was on the note...



Across the room, Dribblelip took advantage of the snake's interest in Phred and jumps up onto a pile of archive boxes. He flails his hands over his head and begins chanting.

“Bippity Bobbety Boo! No wait... Damn! That’s not it. No... Uhh... Bobbity Boo Bippity... Boo

Bipbop... Ah Hell.” The Queph Lord buries his face into his hands for a moment and then just as suddenly pulls them off and shouts...

“Bibbity Boo Calamazoo!”

Instantly, The snake turns to foam and dissolves into a long green stain that to this day still can’t be cleaned off the carpet.

There is a prolonged moment of near silence as the only sound in the Barn is eight Egyptian guards panting, bent over with their hands on their knees. Finally, Phred looks up and says.

“Dribblelip, you are a putz!”

A second guard gets enough breath together to look up and say.

“WE QUIT!”

With that, he and the other guards activate the amulet on their forearms and with a POP, vanish from the barn, the same way they had first appeared.

The Queph Lord squatted alone, precariously balanced on a rusted hibachi.

It was at this time the IB decided to make his move.

“Dribblelip, I’ve had it.” he says as he rolls Stonewall’s note into a tight little ball. “Now its my turn to give something to you.”

The IB jumps up from his chair and utilizing the now infamous Baronial Tackle, he, the Queph Lord, the hibachi and about 50 other Barn items crash into a rolling heap. There are sounds of a brief struggle, then an Egyptian exclamation of painful surprise and finally the familiar sound of a departure POP.

The IB emerged from behind the pile of debris brushing off his hands. He looks up and says,