

“Hey Q... Got a smoke?”

I walked over and handed the IB a cigarette. “So, ahh, what did you do, IB?” I ask, also handing over my lighter.

“I mailed a letter.” The IB says with a sneer as he sits back down in his chair and resumes his original Baronial Smoke Break.

### POST SCRIPT

Pith Dribblelip appeared back in his own time with both knees skinned, his crown bent and no guards. It took two days of painful digging to get the letter out (in readable condition) that the IB had mailed.

Pith deciphered it, promptly went to the Pharaoh and sold him on the idea of the Cartouche, thereby saving the Pharaoh thousands of shekels in stone carving fees. The Pharaoh used the savings to pay for a war against the Ammonites, eventually adding their land on the Upper Nile to the Dynasty. That is how the IB changed the course of history.

Pith Dribblelip was paid handsomely for his idea in gold, slaves, camels and more guards. Unfortunately, while on his way to this new land to erect a temple to himself, Dribblelip was beset by a group of understandably disgruntled Ammonites who chased off his guards, beat him up and took everything he had. Except for his bent crown and a stinky piece of paper.

The End



### ART 'n' MONEY *(Continued from page 3)*

This is our chance to cash in on the income producing opportunities of the Internet. In our own peculiar Revelwood way.

As far as we can tell, this is a good deal for everybody.

To get this page up and running, we will need photographs or jpeg's of your art work, a description, pricing information (including shipping), an address that I send the order to and anything else you can think of that should be listed with your art.

The sooner we get this on the web site, the sooner the world gets to enjoy our art.

Don't delay! They need it.



Robbo demonstrates his versatility by abandoning the medieval shite and turning it up to 11.



Two (of three) Sweedes link up with the Hot Irish Sausage at The Chalk Man Pub.