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his tent, rolling it into a ball, and proceeding to stuff it into its bag, ripping the zipper in the process and not being bothered by this in the least.

A small argument between Z and myself ensued about proper procedure and what I was doing wrong (OK, not an argument, just him babbling and me pretending to listen because I do have a very short attention span). We turned to the laughter of the Vicar's daughters, who were quite amused with our antics. I cannot remember which of the two said it first, but it was the beginning. "You two act like Chip and Dale of the Rescue Rangers!" And that was that. The Vicar mused it over in his head for a few moments, smiled, and said, "You now have a true Revelwood name." Yep, that's how we came about. Thank you to the Vicar and his daughters for their insight. They were pretty much on the mark and being actual cartoon characters in real life, we liked the name. Not that we had any choice. Once a name sticks a little at Revelwood, you never shake it.

*Fast forward...*

Through these many years, (13 so far) we Rangers have seen and done a lot. We continued our tradition of having almost everything (Only the Swiss Army Chick has EVERYTHING). If Revelwood needed a tent set up at 3AM, a ranger was found. If someone was lost in the woods or missing, the Rangers were asked to find them. The fire pit was always set up, the back of the barn raked up, wood found, food supplied during the evening and in the morning, etc.

The Rescue Rangers became a common name amongst Revelwood. On our 5<sup>th</sup> year at the Pipe and Pint, Z and I were given our pins. We were both surprised and very proud of the fact that we were now Revelwood citizens. We vowed to do something special for the next year...The next year, was the year of the PUNCH!

Yes, the glowing red liquid that most of the Revelwooders stay away from was showcased that year. We opened the container at 12:00 PM (it might have been a little too early) and it was a great hit. Many hours later, when court was held, the barn was only ½ full and the Tripod of Power was frantically looking for the Physical Throne holder, The General, who was otherwise occupied removing the Punch from his stomach without consent. 10 gallons of Punch was imbibed that day and it was seen on everyone's face the next day. Z and I smiled to each other. It was a hit. The Rescue Ranger Punch is now a common staple wherever we go. We have done various things over the years such as games, different flavored punches, pig sacrifices, the slitting of a Pokemon's throat and the drinking of its blood/wine, and a myriad of other things.

We have seen a lot also. A woman's orgasm by the fire pit, the Vicar and his infamous spanking technique, several assassination attempts, Cassie and Ian (Odd enough to mention), dead punch bodies being taped around for police use, a new stage, an upgraded barn, an 800 LB bridge, and through it all, just plain fun.



because of a Pipe and Pint. Thank you.

As I sit and run through things in my mind, we Rangers have a lot to thank Revelwood for.

On a personal note, my son was conceived at a Pipe and Pint. Who says, the Rescue Ranger Punch, the Pipe and Pint, and semen doesn't mix? *[Ed. Note: Another good reason to stay away from the Rescue Ranger Punch without protection!]* Little Joe is my pride and joy in life and he came about

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