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Also, if you haven't noticed, the Rescue Rangers have grown in size since the Z-man and Tripoth days of old. From our humble beginnings of 2, we have over 30 members in our circus. I don't think we could have gathered such an array of people without the draw of the party known as the Pipe and Pint. New friendships have been made from this. Thank you again. These are things that you don't really think about. Yes, you are responsible for the Rescue Rangers, you Revelwooders!!! I think there is a warrant out for your arrest somewhere in the world for this... I digress....

Although we have been around for a long time in the background getting things done and running our own little party behind the barn, we have never taken the spotlight until now. We decided to step forward and pay tribute to those who gave us our beginnings. To this end, we decided to take over the Tripod of

Power. (Insert insane laughter here). Yes, it was a rather poorly conceived notion and a very disorganized attempt, but what do you want, Z-man wasn't around to help me plan it out.



Do you think I changed that much from the disorganized goof ball I was when I first arrived? The only thing that changed there was for me to become the useless figurehead. Hmmm. I don't know when it happened, but that story is for another day....

Back to the story at hand...

It was our time. We stormed the thrones and grabbed the holders (Calidor and Tom gave Cedric/Big Mike, our over 7 foot thug such a fight). We began our tirade. As I stood upon the throne and looked out into the crowd, I kind of understood why it is good to be the IB. At this time, however, most of those faces were in shock. They had just seen a 7-foot tall monster remove the throne holders and the quiet, unobtrusive Rescue Rangers take the thrones. I had to stifle a small laugh at the theatrics of the situation. The White Cups came to the Iron Baron's rescue, by demanding us to spare his life. Out of respect for the White cups and because the crowd was unanimous (I think) in wanting his life spared, it was made so. This same crowd finally overcame their shock and turned ugly, as they didn't take too kindly to this uprising. No sooner did I begin to go through my tribute to the Tripod of Power than the crowd cuts us off, including the microphone (damn them). bringing the garage door down in front of us and then raising it to find that Heathcliff had come back from retirement to save the throne holders from their fates with the Guard. They were very persuasive. Pointy objects do wonders in certain situations. Oddly and frightening enough is that they came for me. Yikes!! With a quick mumble and hiding behind the frame of Cedric, I escaped the barn with my life. Whew!!!!

And that is where this whole story began. In the punch's glow, I wonder if anyone actually really thought that the Rescue Rangers ever wanted to hold a throne. We don't. We have been around long enough to know all the crazy stuff that comes with the power. There are new responsibilities, a lot of work, people you have to put up with, cleaning, outhouse hole digging, Yeesh!!! Forget it. We're not crazy enough for that job. Just remember, the Rescue Rangers will be back next year, probably with more people and with more fun in store for Revelwood. It was nice to take the spotlight for once, but I prefer to be a useless figurehead. None of the work, some abuse, but I get to go to parties and have fun. Thanks again for all the years of fun and Becki and myself would like to thank you for making us purple cups. That was a very big surprise and very welcomed. Well, we will keep having fun together as the years go on and we hope that there are many years to go.

(Ed. Note: We are more grateful to you than you realize for embodying the spirit and camaraderie of Revelwood.

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