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own large pile of wood, a waterproof fire pit, (Yes, waterproof. Why Z would want a waterproof fire pit is a question many ask, but if you know Z, you just don't ask), plenty of drink and food for guests, all this and a hammock swinging from the porch. Soon our fire was almost as large as the fire pit's and we began to draw guests to our site. Then we had a visit from someone that made us who we are today. Royalty visited our camp that evening, Revelwood royalty that is.

A stumbling figure approached the site and proclaimed that he was lost and that he needed to sit and think about where he was going for a moment. Seeing that he had had already enough to drink for the evening, Z and I offered him more alcohol. He didn't know that we had substituted water for his alcohol. I did say he was stumbling, right? After about 2 hours, 4 cups of water, 3 marshmallows, 2 hot dogs, and a ½ a bag of pretzels, our guest declared that he still had no idea where his campsite was. Z and I knew what to do. We had brought extra blankets, pillows, and such (OK, Z did. He's kind of anal like that. He did make me carry them though) for just this emergency.

We setup a nice place for the IB to bed down and helped him get there. He slept the night through... then awoke to the smell of coffee, eggs, bacon, sausage, and pancakes. (Probably minus the headache that he thought he would have from imbibing of too much alcohol/water). He was either stunned by these events, or grateful for what we had done for him, or thinking about what a benefit it would be to have us at a Revelwood event, or a combination of the three, but he immediately invited us to a Revelwood event called "The Pipe and Pint Tavern."

History sometimes has some very funny beginnings, don't you think? Little did we know that from that day forward, we would always be The Iron Baron's cronies. Fast forward... At our first Pipe and Pint. Z and I wanted to make sure that we made a good showing, so we did our best. It was great weather for that time of year, so we decided to bring tents. We raked up the entire back area of the barn and set up shop. The Revelwooders were looking rather oddly at us, so I had to ask. It seemed that there was never tenting at The Pipe and Pint. Everyone usually slept in the barn. They mulled it over and thought it was a good idea. Soon Revelwooders were disappearing only to return with tents.

Z and I gladly assisted everyone and a city of tents that had never been seen at a Pipe and Pint soon came into view. We rigged a hammock amongst the trees that was very popular. A moon crater was soon created for a fire pit. Z and I gathered enough wood to last through the week, let alone one evening (Not my idea, trust me). We brought alcohol for the bar, a monetary donation, a special tribute of alcohol to the members of the band that we met that day (this tradition carries on to this day as we Rescue Rangers like to remember our humble beginnings and to give respect to those first Revelwooders who invited us along for all this fun).

During the evening, whatever Revelwood ran out of, we had. Whatever they needed, we had. Whenever they needed something done, we did it. We didn't have reputations yet, but it was a start. The very next day, we fed whoever was awake enough to eat (or had the stomach for it). Then we left cleaning everything in our path before we left and not leaving a trace of our passing...

*Fast forward...*

This continued for the next 2 years. Our reputation was growing and Revelwooders began to remember who we were (After all, most of them only saw us once a year). On this third year, history was made again. Another successful Pipe and Pint was had and Z and I were cleaning up and getting ready to leave. The Vicar and his daughters, Liz and Vicky were watching us with amusement as Z-man did his best to stay organized (without even trying) as I continued to foul things up. (A rather common occurrence with the two of us). It all came down to putting away our tents... Zeon/Z-man folding his tent ever so carefully on the creases that were made when the tent was first placed into its bag at the factory. Tripoth grabbing

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