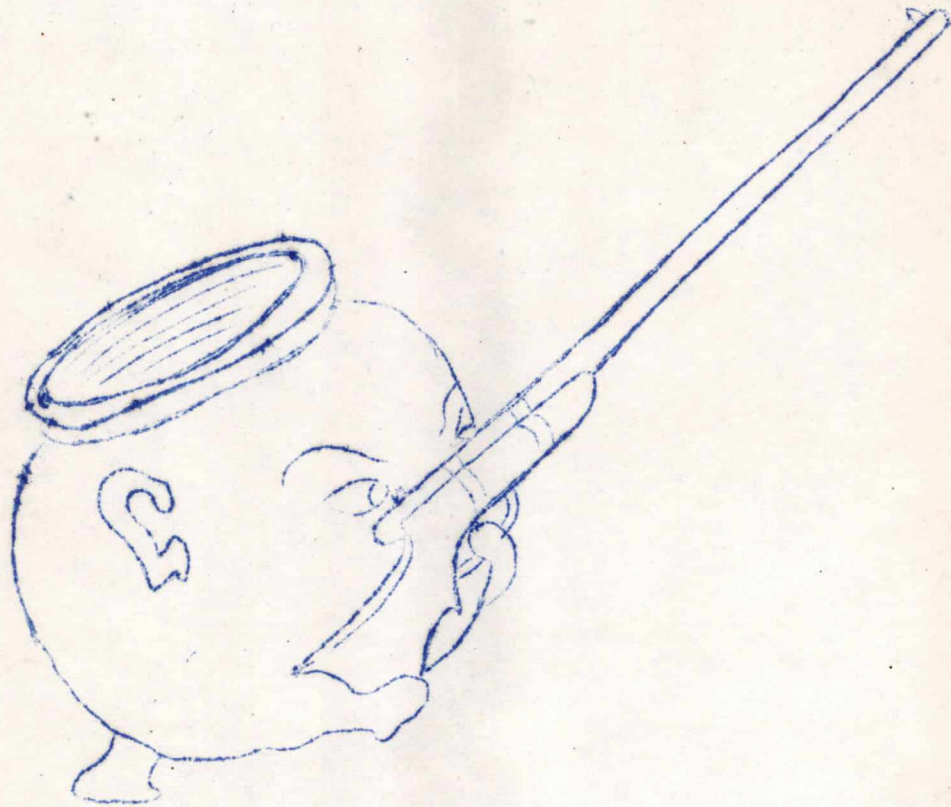


THIS IS NO ONESHOT! THIS IS A...

POTSHOT

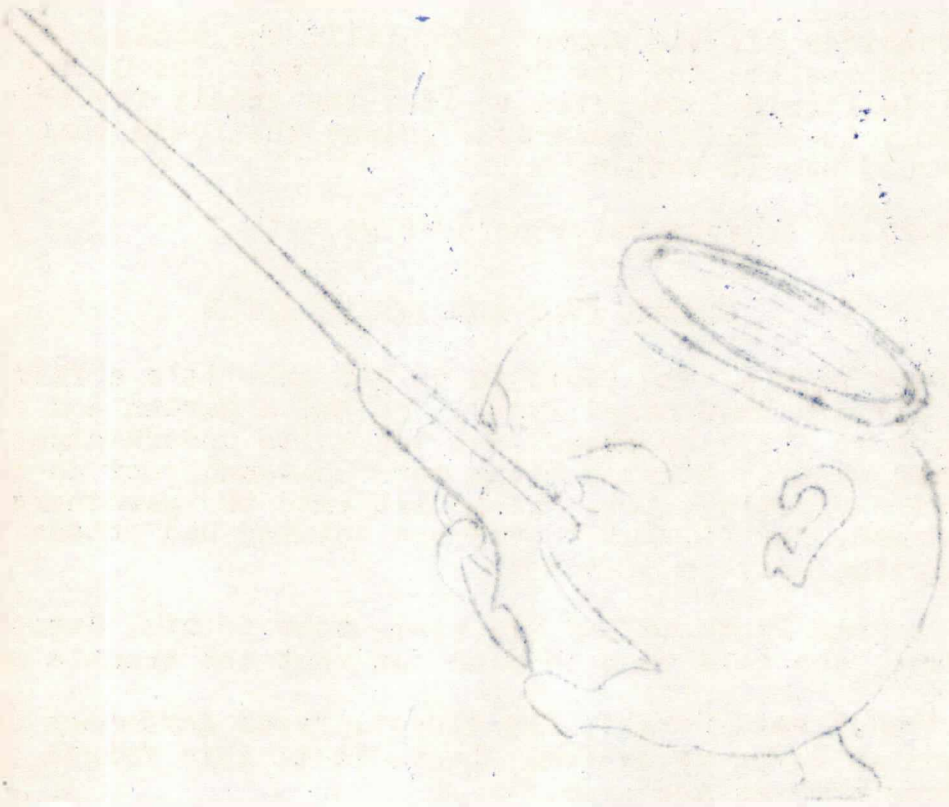


Operation Voldesfan 17

A Still House Publication

THIS IS NO ONE-SHOT! THIS IS A...

POTATO



of action. K. L. H. F. 117

A Still-House Publication

Duck, you fools! it's Potshot, the **MAD** one-shot.

Here we go with another fizzing, maybe fizzling, one-shot from Karen Anderson & co., powered by nuclear fizzes. Courtesy of Marvin Larson who brought us some cointreau, and the U-Save Market down the block which will sell you a bag of ;emons as late as 10:59. Praise be to Phthalo!

Present besides Larson and two Andersons: another Larson, Jean by name; Bob Buechley ("Don't let anybody tell you mountain goat is any better than valley goat, because it isn't. They're both as tough as they can be."); Arb Kingsley, ~~new~~ to thw ranks of fandom; and the never-failing Jonathan Dawnflower, who turns up in as many places as Kilroy.

Consider all the above (especially the nuclear fizzes) to be responsible for the following story. The OE (me when I'm sober) is firmly instructed to give the credit for this one-shot only to Karen K. Anderson, unless she feels that someone else could use it better.

Hold on to your hats; here we go with

PRINCE IVAN AND THE FIREBIRD

Once upon a time (this is so you know it's a fairy tale) there lived a Czar named Pyotr. He had a garden and orchard of which he was very proud, and was quite understandably hopping mad when it started being torn up---and just as the cherries were ripening, too. So he lit into the gardeners and groundsmen. for it, but they swore nothing had gotten in, and particularly no peasants.

So Czar Pyotr called his three sons to him, Sergei, Alexei and Ivan, and told them to find out what the trouble was,

"Dad," said Sergei, the eldest, "your gardeners are cubical and as dense as osmium. Leave it to this frigid feline, and your worries are over."

"Osmium hasn't been discovered yet, or invented, or whatever," said Czar Pyotr. "But you may be right."

The next day, the orchard was in worse shape than ever. The finest cherry tree was stripped.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Sergei?" asked the Czar.

W.A.D.

Thank you for the 10's Potatoes, the

one-shot

Here we go with another fixings, maybe fixings, one-shot from Karen Anderson & co., governed by nuclear fixings. Courtesy of Marvin Larson who brought us some company and the U-Save Market down the block which will sell you a bag of; among as late as 10:59. Treatise be to Richard!

Present besides Larson and two Andersons; another Larson, Jean by name; Bob Buckley (Don't let anybody tell you mountain goat is any better than valley goat, because it isn't. They're both as tough as they can be.); Art Kinsley, who to the ranks of Larson; and the never-failing Jonathan Dawn flower, who turns up in as many places as Kinky.

Consider all the above (especially the nuclear fixings) to be responsible for the following story. The OI (me when I'm sober) is firmly instructed to give the credit for this one-shot only to Karen M. Anderson, unless she feels that someone else could use it better.

Hold on to your hats; here we go with

PRINCE IVAN AND THE WISARD

Once upon a time (this is as you know it's a fairy tale) there lived a czar named Ivor. He had a garden and orchard of which he was very proud, and was quite understandably pompous and when it started being torn up---and just as the cherries were ripening, too. So he lit into the gardeners and groundsmen for it, but they swore nothing had gotten in, and particularly no peasants.

So Czar Ivor called his three sons to him, Sergei, Alexei and Ivan, and told them to find out what the trouble was.

"Dad," said Sergei, the eldest, "your gardeners are cunning and as dense as camels. Leave it to this rigid Elaine, and your worries are over."

"Camels hasn't been discovered yet, or invented, or what-ever," said Czar Ivor. "But you may be right."

The next day, the orchard was in worse shape than ever. The finest cherry tree was stripped.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Sergei?" asked the Czar.

"Dad," said Sergei, "those nightingales are the coolest. When I dug them singing I was gone."

So Alexei stepped up. "Inasmuch as it is now my turn," he said, "I will watch tonight."

"Man," said Sergei, "wait till you hear those nightingales. You'll be gone."

"You may be right," said Alexei, "and I certainly cannot go so far as to say you are wrong; but nevertheless---"

"This isn't being written by James Branch Cabell, you know," pointed out Czar Pyotr.

"Quite so," admitted Alexei regretfully. "Well, we shall see."

The next morning it was the same story. When he heard the nightingale, he went to sleep.

"It is your turn, Ivan," said the czar. "Let me point out to you that you are my third and youngest son, and by all the laws of fairy tales you are required to succeed where your elder brothers have failed."

"I'll try, father," said Ivan, as befitted a youngest son of a fairy-tale czar.

So Ivan got some thorns, and arranged them in a sort of collar around his neck; and when the nightingale sang, and his head began to droop, they pricked him awake. This was rather painful, but what can you do when coffee hasn't been introduced yet, let alone benzedrine?

His devotion to duty was rewarded; eventually a beautiful bird, glowing as though it were on fire, flew into the orchard and began eating the cherries. Ivan took out his sling-shot (sure, he was older than that, but fairy-tale princes generally have sling-shots by pure accident when they're going to need them) and shot at the Firebird. But he only knocked a feather off, and it flew away.

As soon as the czar saw the feather, he determined to have the bird. That's just like fairy-tale characters---they want things, regardless of who owns them and how much they want to keep them. But come to think of it, real people are that way too.

So Prince Ivan, lucky boy, got to go out and hunt for the Firebird and steal it for his father.

The... of the... are the...

... it is not...

... will be...

... and I...

... would...

... while...

... heard...

... the...

... of a...

... in a...

... had...

... his...

... and...

... had...

... want...

... for the...

In the approved fairy-tale fashion, he journeyed until he came to the thrice-ninth kingdom to the east. There, one day as dawn was breaking, he saw the Firebird fly into the palace gardens. That night he sneaked into the grounds and spied out the bird (don't ask us why it wasn't out stealing cherries; it must have known that the destiny-protected Youngest Son was in the neighborhood). It was in a shabby old cage with the door open. He started to close the door, but then noticed a shiny golden cage nearby.

He suspected a trap at once, but shrugged his shoulders. "What the heck," he said. "This is too easy. I've got to be caught if there's no story." So he took the golden cage off the hook, and a burglar alarm cut loose. Ivan was captured and taken to the czar.

The czar wanted to chop off Ivan's head at once, but Ivan pointed out that he couldn't very well, Ivan being the youngest son of a czar. The bird's owner agreed, and decided on an alternate plan.

"The czar of the thrice-ninth kingdom to the east," he said, "is the owner of the finest horse in the world. Get me that horse and you can have the Firebird."

So Prince Ivan set off again, quite happily, for he was sure he could manage somehow to get the horse for himself as well. After all, he was a youngest son.

When he sneaked into the horse's stable, which seemed unguarded, he became suspicious. When he saw that the horse had a cheap, worn bridle on, and a fine jeweled one hung nearby, he was certain---but what the heck, he couldn't get into serious trouble, could he? So he took down the jeweled bridle, and an air-raid siren nearly blasted him out of his quaint trunk-hose, and a small army rushed into the stable and haled him up before the czar.

As soon as the czar found out what he was up against, he threw a tantrum. "Dammit," he said, "who makes these rules up, anyhow? All I had was an eldest son, and he got himself killed trying to win an Unattainable Princess that a youngest son walked off with a few weeks later!"

His minister said, "Your Majesty, since the death of the czarina eleven years ago you have been lonely. Why not send this youngest son to fetch you the Princess of the Tower?"

"Excellent!" cried the czar, regaining his humour almost at once. "Of course he shall do that. Listen, young man. In the thrice-ninth kingdom to the east, a Princess lives in a tower. No man save her father has ever seen her, and you are to win her and bring her to be my bride."

and to these and other "physical" things. It
 says for you. "I don't need even my own
 "person" and to establish my right of
 these "things" and "rights" and "powers"

in "the" way of "the" "right" and "power"

and "the" "right" and "power" and "the" "right" and "power"

and "the" "right" and "power" and "the" "right" and "power"

and "the" "right" and "power" and "the" "right" and "power"

and "the" "right" and "power" and "the" "right" and "power"

and "the" "right" and "power" and "the" "right" and "power"

Prince Ivan naturally jumped at the chance. "After all," he said to himself as he started off, "a Firebird and the finest horse in the world are all very well, but a beautiful Princess never seen by any man before me is certainly a prize worth striving for."

So, when he came to the thrice-ninth kingdom to the east, he rode up to the castle and told the czar his errand. "I'll tell you," said the czar, "I won't give you my daughter for that old goat; besides, he's an eldest son, and that's two ~~re~~ reasons why he can't marry a fairy-tale princess. You shall marry her yourself."

Prince Ivan liked the idea very much, so they were married at once. But did he ever get a shock when he looked under her veil!

That, of course, was why her father kept her locked up in a tower.

IT'S EVERYBODY'S FAULT



Prince Ivan naturally jumped at the chance. "After all," he said to himself as he started off, "a wizard and the flying horse in the world are all very well, but a beautiful Princess never seen by any man before me is certainly a prize worth striving for."

So, when he came to the thirteenth station on the road he rode up to the castle and told the czar his dream. "I'll tell you," said the czar, "I won't give you my daughter for that old goat; besides, he's an eldest son, and that's two reasons why he can't marry a fairy-tale princess. You shall marry her yourself."

Prince Ivan liked the idea very much, so they were married at once. But did he ever get a shock when he looked under her veil!

That, of course, was why her father kept her locked up in a tower.

IT'S EVERYBODY'S FAULT

