



ARCHIVE

memorial
page



THE GREAT IRISH RIFT VALLEY EXPEDITION

PART PLUS

SPAWN OF THE SEARCH FOR ENEY'S FAULT

BY SID
CROCKETT.

(The Search has come to an end with the discovery of The Fault. Sid Crockett and Mr. Cecil have elected to stay on Venus and continue their researches into the Snogging Cult....)

There was a clomping of shoes on the pneumatic boards of the floor above us. We all looked questioningly at the door and it opened to reveal a pair of heavily worked tan and white shoes standing on the top step. The shoes descended the basement steps and the Vice Clark was revealed to be standing in them.

"There's a trunk call from Lincoln." he said, shoving a blonde off the sofa and sitting down. "I think Mr. Cecil should take it since he might remember who's on the other end."

Mr Cecil rose from a corner of the cellar and spread his ears out wide. They started to vibrate and then we heard Gridban Minor's voice giving us a Message of Great Import. The Message went:- "Archie's in trouble. He says it's time for us to find a Trufannish Balance. His New Order says we're too much trouble for him, so he's going to abolish the Venus Snogging Cult and establish one in Lincoln.

"You'll all have to come back here or he'll forget you and be only half the man he was. You'd better come quick -- he's already become irregular and our lives are tottering..."

The second after Mr Cecil's ears stopped ringing, all the blondes were on the floor and we were outside. We ran to the Transport Section, but Archie's retreat to Mundanity had accounted for the Matter Transmitters, so we had to use the space-ships to get back to Lincoln.

Right now we're in space on our way home. We used all the Guinness up in the take-off - partly because our ship's loaded full, the extra elephant takes up a lot of the room - but mainly because Mr Cecil himself likes the smell of it, and everytime he sniffs.....

We're too late for Christmas, of course, but maybe we'll arrive in time to save the March Mailing. Somehow, we'll restore Archie's sanity....

Y'see, we're bringing the blondes too.....

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(Association Editor: Please give this page credit to Archie Mercer).



Much had I travelled in the realms of Gold,
Through aSF and New Worlds Magazine.
Round many bookshops had I lurked unseen,
In search of wonder 'fore I too grew old.

After a wild expense (I'd been sold),
Ghod heard my pleas via his nirvanic screen
And sent me swift, o'er oceans blue and green,
A copy of TED; ninth wonder of the world.

Then felt I like some odd and tired Pro-fan
When a new promag pays four cents a word.
Or like stout Jophan when to be a fan
He scaled Inertia's peak, and saw Club's fraud,
Then journeyed forth, and stood a Big Name Fan,
Silent, 'pon Trufans Tower, and truly awed.