

## Nonsense Avenue

Not too long ago in the country Nil where we were working as reporters for a magazine called Blanch and Rouge, we were assigned by our Editor-in-Chief, Thomas, to scour the Island in an all out effort to produce something new and different for the pages of the awful publication. So, confronted by a chance to enter into adventure and maybe peril, we left our western homeland and embarked with most eager anticipation.

After travelling for six moons and two suns (there were four rainy days) and crossing Portages, Grand Rivers as well as Summer Sides and Traveller's Rests we reached a Mountain, later revealed to be Mountain Saint Vincents, in the dusk of the evening. Somewhat tired from passing Exams on our journey we prepared to rest in the shelter of a Hay-stack. Upon awakening we were confronted by a bright golden sun, which seemed to be reflecting a brightness never before experienced by our eyes. Rubbing out our eyes in a lazy manner, proper to students of literature, we squinted about us to see what might be the cause of great reflection. Lo and behold there before us stood the most dazzling spectacle ever to greet our eyes. A Castle, a Castle with all the external earmarks of a castle in the days of King Arthur. We clasped one another in happy embrace. We now had a story to set our magazine literally afire. Controlling our jubilant natures we moved forward in a determined effort to gain entrance to this magnificent Island structure and discover what it contained behind its towering walls. (Later learned to be solidly built of Discipline cemented with Principle).

Seeing the wall as a seemingly impassable fortress we wended our way around to the East Side in the heat of the sun. No signs of human activity greeted us on the East Side and we continued around to the South Side where we were suddenly halted by a loud rich voice echoing from a Look Out Tower. Raising our heads we saw a knight clad in black armour and a black casque.

"Halt! What army goeth there?"

"But sir, we are no army."

"You do not fool me. I can see. Just a minute till I fetch my telescope."



From our position we heard the splendid knight call to his squire for a telescope. When the Squire arrived with the telescope the elegant knight addressed him as Squire Ryon (Later disclosed to be Squire Ryon of Avondale, an eminent follower of nonsensology. The knight turning his telescope discerned finally that we were only two.

"What be'eth your business?"

"We are reporters for a magazine and wish to gain entrance to your fine castle so we may be able to write a headline story for our magazine." The Knight apparently thinking this idea to be of great public benefit, quickly replied:

"Basically and fundamentally (and maybe actually) there surely is a moat entrance on the West Side. If ye fine gentlemen will follow around the walls, I will send my Squire Ryon to let down the Draw Bridge".

Without waiting to hear further from the fine Knight, we made our way to the moat entrance at the West Side. Our hearts filled with anticipation of seeing actual knights, squires, pages and their fair damsels proper to the pomp and pageantry of Castle.

When we reached the Malpeque Moat the Draw Bridge was down and waiting at the entrance was a squire long of limb, short of hair and bare of face. He was garbed in blue armor with gold braides. Upon his head was a blue Casque. It was Squire Ryon of Avondale the eminent nonsensologician. At his side was a large, black steed, which he called Pontiac. (Note: Squire Ryon was to be our guide during our stay in the Castle). After we crossed the Draw Bridge it was drawn up by two Pages who acted as Centuries. (acted as if they were 100 years old). We were informed that they were Page 1 and Page 1 of the Book of Nencoms housed in the Dormus Sleepers of the Main Aedificium.

Squire Ryon told us that like all visitors to the castle we must first visit His Excellency the Grand Marshal Bruno of Cornwall, (onetime called the Knight of the Growl). who was the director of discipline for the Castle. His Excellency asked us several unimportant questions and glaring at us from behind his teeth reluctantly allowed us to remain within the Castle for one month, (the usual sentence). We were assigned living quarters and were free to record any events that might be of interest to us.

On the first morning we were awakened by neighing and tramping of steeds, returning from the regular Reel-away Jousts and from the illiterate sounds of their riders echoing in Squires Hall, most notable of whom were Squire McGaw who had just won a fair damsel in a poker tourna-



ment. He was followed by his stalwart companion Squire Plums of Bed-e-q who had just attempted to make off with steed Chrysler, (as there were no camels in those days). The magnificent charger failed to respond to the rough handling and the wicked oaths of this Squire.

After counting damsels for a time, (for there were no sheep in those days) we once again fell into a deep sleep only to be awakened by the corridor jester, Craige de Magdalene who aroused us by playing an overture on the harp (for there were no Pianos in thos days). It was the summons to attend matins in the castle Chapel.

The morning devotions were attended by all the devoted members of the castle, from the knaves to the knights with the exception of the unfortunate residents who remained in their dens of the heights of Herald Hall. We were afterwards informed that these ? were confined to their cells because of their malicious nature. They were so lowly ranked in the order of intelligence that they were commonly referred to as Grade XII. These ? were led by an Irish herald Jack O'Lantern (Alias Paul MacDonald). They had freedom but one day each year that day being the feast of their patron Irish Saint, Hall O'Ween. On that particu'ar day, urged on by great self-love they have been known to do assinine deeds such as making off with steeds and littering the court yard with rulls of parchment, and it has been whispered that they so irked Sir Kels, that he referred to their antics as fowl deeds. (as there were many hens in those day).

When the morning Devotions were over we followed the famished mob to the scullery where we partook of potatoes which served as the main course for all the meals as Sir Frank was unable to sell them, (There being no marketing board in those days).

Immediately after this sumptuous repast we were summoned to the court of the Grand Marshal where the knights were gathered about the Round table for the day session (as there were classes in those days). The Grand Marshall maintained order by leaning on the table with a .45 Excalibur Sword) (as there were no gavels in those days.) When we entered, the session was in mass confusion, and the Grand Marshall after thumping several times with his .45 Excalibur sword (as there were no gavels in those days), finally received their attention and introduced each of the Knights to us.

L  
Histor  
Arith  
t  
Alche  
V  
Physi  
t  
Latin  
C  
Philos  
Y  
Theol  
I  
Fren  
L  
Lang  
I  
Burs  
V  
Exte  
I  
Biolo  
I  
Dete  
Mus  
Bank  
Chap  
Opto  
  
steed  
in th  
nobl  
nigh  
  
Roun  
Sein  
we  
be a  
Ouij



## List of the Knights:—

- Historian—Sir Bully of Gore, Knights of the Any-Anyway.  
Arithmetician—Sir Francis of Agoosie, Knight of the Cantheat.  
Alchemist—Sir Frederick of Cass, Knight of the Tony Wave.  
Physicist—Sir George of the Golden Tongue, Knight of the Poking Stick.  
Latinist—Sir Kels of the Hens, Knight of the Class Disorder.  
Philosopher—Sir John of the Rouge Tete, Knight of the Yes'n Yes'n.  
Theologian—Sir Cardinal of the Indians, Knight of the Inward Speech.  
Frenchist—Sir Adrian of Egmont, Knight of the Slim Figure.  
Languages—Sir Brandy off Gradyville, Knight of the Beaucoup Amis.  
Bursar—Sir Frank of the Greenbacks, Knight of the Wounded Steed.  
Extensionist—Sir Billy of Simpson, Knight of the Spud Board.  
Biologist—Sir Ricardo Ellswortho, Knight of the Hillman Horse.  
Detective—Sir Wilfred of Peanult, Knight of the Mountain Vincent.  
Musician—Sir Larry of Sturgeon, Knight of the Long Night.  
Bank Manager—Sir Twisty of Morningham, Knight of the Gong.  
Chaperon—Sir Cleats of Algebra, Knight of the Shifting Face.  
Optometrist—Sir Allane of Surely, Knight of the Flickering Candles.

We learned that the conference was debating whether steeds owned by squires should be allowed to remain within the Castle Walls. As confusion maintained among the noble knights the discussion lasted for three days and three nights, without a break.

When we left the discussion and the knights of the Round Table we proceeded to walk about the courtyard. Seeing the two Centuries still standing at the drawbridge, we made haste in their direction, hoping that they would be able to answer some of our questions, (as there were no Ouija boards in those days).



The two Centuries, (Page 1 and 2), were most obliging and even consented to lower the draw bridge for us. We were told that the Manor across the moat was the abode of the ladies-within-waiting, and that many of them were betrothed to Squires and Heralds of the Castle, although often many of the Pages and Knights tried to win their respect.

Taking leave of the Pages (who had to return to their books) we made our way to the jousting field where many combats were taking place. Several of the Squires, Heralds, Pages and Knaves were contesting their prowess to gain the honor of the day. In the middle of the field was the Court Jester, Craige de Magdalaine, who announced the events to the crowd, (as there were no fans in those days).

The first and most spectacular event was a hair growing contest. The chief contenders were Sir Alum of Ajax and Squire Irish of Lemieue. The results were recorded on Scotch tape by Squire Dormir of Richmond. There followed such events as Puss Puss in the corner, Hop Scotch, Frog, and Basketball.

Here is a brief summary of a few of the most stirring events which took place during the remainder of our stay at the Castle Sante Dunstance.

Oct. 17th.—

Sir Allane of Surely sighted the Dragon Dracula approaching the South Wall. This Dragon was reported to be devouring young Shandlers. Immediate orders were issued by Sir Tin of Iona for a party to leave the castle and subdue the monster at all costs and bring him to Sir Bully of Gore. The party was composed of two white-haired Squires of great daring from the hamlet of Mont Stuard accompanied by Herald Kayyys and Page 6 (M. Bearge).

Squire Jon Rirdone was seen leading broken-down steed Pointack to the castle blacksmith, Knove Braddlee, a man of tremendous strength.

Oct. 19th.—

Nothing much occurred the next two days. Squires Mulin and Shane failed to attend morning devotions, Herald Davee spent the entire day on the jousting field engaging in many strenuous combats.

Oct. 20th.—

The following were appointed servants in the scullery: Sir Loin Viande, Syr-Up Juice, Sir Costic Food, Miss Blanche Pain and Squire Teddy Beard.

His most exalted excellency Urban was presented with the highest award of the country, a gold broom for his outstanding exploits in the Wars of the Corridors.



Sir Blades of Andee a valued guard of the Main Aedificia was taken ill and had to be removed to the Infirmary of a near by hamlet.

Oct. 24th.—

A delayed despatch from our Editor-in-Chief reached us via the fair maiden Dooras which warned of his grave peril in his obligation to her and to the magazine.

Squire Moony, the courtyard crier, announced woe-fully the jousting events which were to take place on the castle jousting field the next day. The Squires of the Castle led by Sir Album of Ajax were to oppose the wild gladiators of Sakvile.

Oct. 25th.—

The members of the party sent out to subdue the dragon were lost in the mountains of Morehell.

Squires Plums and Winn successfully defeated the gladiators of Sakvile and the Grand Marshal Bruno officially proclaimed that the evening be given up to feasting and yeasting.

Evening finds old members of the Castle Sante Dunstance arrayed in their finest armour crossing over the Draw Bridge, creaking from infrequent usage, Page 1 and 2 were the centuries.

The Squires and Heralds upon reaching the Hamlet visited the manors of their ladies fair, later gathering at Ye Olde Spaine for a mug of mead before proceeding to the ball at Rolling Away. The Knaves and Pages meanwhile held their banquet in Ye Vendore Taverne.

The most gracious Squires at Rolling Away were Charles of Iona and his loyal companion Champ of Baddeck. Their ladies-in-waiting, Her Grase of Seemen and the most fair of countenance, Her Grase of Patsee.

Among the other notable personages in attendance were: Squire Brothers of Slowly and his fair Damsel, Margot Freesine. Page 8( A. Warn) and Lady Vino. Heralds, Slim and Lady Domestic and Gionet and Lady Farmer.

Oct. 31st.—

This day was a holiday in the castle and there was great celebration and merriment. The party had subdued the dragon and he was brought before the Knight of Any-  
anyay. The dragon was banished to a dungeon of Suan-  
ters.

Many Heralds were seen chasing fowl into Dilton Aedificium and were reprimanded by Sir Kels of Hens in whose chamber the fowl had been roosting.

Pages 9, (G. Whootin) 10 )G. Muckgugan) and 11 (F. MisDonal) were placed in charge of feeding the dragon.

for  
in  
rve

ive  
tra  
gh  
ing  
sea

ER

TTE

NS



These Pages were chosen for their keen intelligence, ambitious natures and their close relationship.

Squire Plums was present at all castle activities and showed most keen interest.

Nov. 3rd.—

Many were absent from morning Devotions. The most devoted members Herald Button and Herald Desie were seen wandering about the courtyard long after the gong had sounded.

Several visitors arrived at the castle from a new Province of the country. They brought his excellency presents of fish and screech and were invited to remain withing the castle for a year.

Nov. 6th.—

A group of travelling players and musicians were in attendance before King Urban much to the enjoyment of the castle members. These musicians Elton Crag, Billy Cameruin and Wiff of Guilles gave an outstanding concert.

Page 1 and Page 2 remained as Centuries at the Draw Bridge. Squire Thor of Tegnesh was awarded a Nobel prize in languages. Ford of Celeste was seen on the jousting field endeavoring to tame many wild steeds.

Nov. 8th.—

It was reported that the Alchemist Sir Frederick of Cass had discovered a new element called water.

Nov. 17th.—

This day being our last one at the castle, we packed our quills (as there were no type-writers in those days) and made our exit. Crossing over the Draw-Bridge, we noticed that Pages 1 and 2 were still standing guard just outside the castle walls. We met a day Squire by name, Ernest Lardskin. After breaking into a mild conversation with this man of learning, we inquired as to the names of Pages 1 and 2. Squire Ernest told us that this was a secret, known only to Sir Bully of Gore and that it would be impossible ever to learn the names of those two noted Pages. We thanked Ernest and wended our way back to the office of the Editor, who at this very moment is in conference with Cod Quinn a staff writer, who has been doing a series of articles on the likes and dislikes of the Squid.

Cod Quinn has just left the Editor's office and it is now our turn to submit our article to this ardent scholar, so if you don't see it printed in this edition of the Blanche and Rouge, you'll know that it wasn't accepted.

Hist  
Arit

Alcl

Phy

Lat

Phil

The

Fre

Lan

Bur

Ext

Biol

Det

Mus

Ban

Cha

Opt

stee  
in t  
nob  
nigh

Rou  
See  
we  
be  
Oui