

**Gaul Gaul**  
a.k.a.  
**The Thrill of the Hunt**  
a.k.a.  
**In Gaul We Trust**  
a.k.a.  
**Of All the Gaul**

by

**Celli The Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod**

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This is part of my  
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams  
Series

It's likely that Celli has completely forgotten about this story and will never finish it.  
Believe it or not (and many folks don't... mainly those who've never been to The  
Realms), I'm not Celli nor do I write like him.  
So at this point, it's extremely unlikely this story will ever get written... unless of course  
you finish it in your mind, travel to The Realms yourself, or take quill in hand.

It is what it is.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?  
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Or transform it into something else?  
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### 1 A ###

Gaul Gaul

7-1-08

### 1 A ###

The Society of Gentlemen Adventurers in association with the Monster's Conservation Foundation is pleased to announce a fully sanctioned Gaulgaul Hunt this coming Middlemarch weekend. This will be an Official Tourney and all registered Adventurers are invited to participate. Full hunting rights can be had for 10g, or a day pass to enjoy the Isle of Gaul is available for 1g. Please note, the availability of accommodations on the island is limited and attendance will be held at a maximum of 10,000 per day. Reservations will be required, and as with all recent SGA sanctioned events, hunting slots are expected to sell out almost immediately. If presells exceed the allotment a lottery will be held, otherwise terms are first come first serve. No tickets will be held in reserve.

Please be advised, no explosives, incendiaries, or weapons of any kind will be allowed. Please see official rules for further clarifications. The Gaulgaul's decision regarding available equipment will be final, and a complete itemized listing of all party proposals will be required of every team seeking to compete.

This is the first time the Society has been able to arrange for a Gaulgaul hunt, and we are most excited at the prospect. In the days of old, Gaulgauls were extremely rare, and post armistice they have still remained what one can only call steadfastly xenophobic. None have integrated themselves into the larger world of sentients -- ever. As such, any specifics as to what you are in for are unknown. Those close to the Gaulgaul in question have hinted that he possesses "keen magical foresight" and the "ability to mold consciousness," but what exactly this means is not clear. All the Gaulgaul himself would say on the matter was that he considers himself an Itchtly-Chthonic noble by birth, and that he will forgo

his ability to “tame the elements.” As such, “to keep it fair,” all weather magic is prohibited -- fully and in total.

The society has been able to confirm that the name Gaulgaul originates from these creatures haughty demeanor, and well, the overriding gall which they exhibit on a near continual basis. With this in mind, it should come as no surprise that his Majesty and Eminence the Supreme Ruler of the Isle of Gaul, etc. will be holding a press conference prior to the hunt. Interested parties may submit questions to the Society, and in the spirit of sportsmanship the Gaulgaul has indicated that he may answer one or two of them, or none at all, at his choosing.

As to logistics:

Certain locales of the Isle of Gaul will be off limits at all times. Such areas will be carefully marked, but be forewarned, entering such areas will forfeit ALL rights of the attendee, and the Rule of Gaul will be enforced. Details are not available. Caution is recommended.

Those wishing to sail to the Isle of Gaul may weight anchor for a small stipend (see harbor master for details) in Turtle Bay. Motorized vessels (of any sort) are not allowed at any time in the Gaulgaul’s domain, and only ships registered to combatants may lift anchor during the hunt. Please be advised, the Gaulgaul has indicated an intent to sink ANY & ALL ships underway over the course of the weekend by allied forces (i.e. trained sharks, octopuses, etc.). All ships sunk in this manner will be claimed by the Isle of Gaul and the Gaulgaul himself by Right of Combat. Captains are hereby warned.

Furthermore, K’fr is legal on the Isle of Gaul and will be available for consumption. Attendees are reminded that the substance is illegal throughout The Realms, and no attempt should be made to depart the isle until the drug has cleared their system.

As to prizes, there will be ten hidden caches worth 100g spread about the Gaulgaul’s domain (both above and below water) available for claim on a Finders Keepers basis that all attendees

will be eligible to win. In addition, a 1000g premium will be attached to the Gaulgaul himself to any hunter that draws symbolic First Blood. All prizes are guaranteed to be awarded, and in the event no one can rightfully claim the prize his Eminence will choose a recipient, as he sees fit from the pool of attendees.

As always there will be a costume ball (let's keep it tasteful), along with all the typical food, drink, souvenirs, and fanfare that you have come to expect from a major SGA event.

The fun starts Friday, March 13<sup>th</sup> at 12 noon, and lasts until 6pm on Sunday, March 15<sup>th</sup>, with a 24hr dalliance allowed on either side.

Hope to see you there, and as always, happy hunting.

### 1 B ###

Gaul Gaul

7-3-08

Being a much shorter version of 1 A

### 1 B ###

This Middlemarch the most sought after creature in all the realms is a Gallgall, and it's just the sort of thing that'll only go straight to it head.

Considering how much Gallgall's crave attention, it is quite paradoxical that the Society for Creative Adventuring has never before been able to arrange for a Gallgall Hunt, but this Middlemarch that's all going to change.

Please join us on the Isle of Gall for a weekend of fun, games, excitement, and of course, a fully sanction society hunt for his Magistrate the King of Gall himself (please see official rules for complete details, advance registration is required.)

Prior to the hunt, Gill, as the Gallgall is known amongst his friends, will hold a brief press conference. Society members are encouraged to submit short questions that may be of interest to the general public and hunters alike.

Oh, and as if that wasn't enough, there will be ten hidden caches of treasure secreted about the Isle of Gall worth up to 100g each, and whoever draws ceremonial 'First Blood' on the Gallgall himself will win a 1,000g grand prize package.

Hope to see you there, and happy hunting.

### 2 A ###

Gaul Gaul

7-10-08

### 2 A ###

{Cameo voiceover with scenes of the tropical paradise, Gall Isle, shown in montage.}

Live! From the Gallgal's secret Lair! Hunts Man and the Adventurer's Channel is pleased to announce an exclusive pre-hunt interview with the quarry himself! Mr. Gallgall!

{Overview of main bedchamber in his highness the Gallgall's secret lair. Cut from fish tank which covers one wall to Rick Reaver pouring himself a Mai Tai, to Gallgall sitting back eating a slice of pizza, to AL E. Gator henchmen trying to work the controls and trying to get a different channel on the fish tank/crystal ball.}

Gallgall (GG): Try to get the Adventurer's Channel.

AL E. Gator (being Alan, Alex, Alvin/Ed, Edward, Edwin/Gator) (AEG): Et da busteder'd.

AEG: Et know'd workees.

Hunts Man's own Rick Reaver (RR): This is recorded. It's not live.

GG: That'll make it harder... How will I know if you're getting my good side.

RR: We have professionals.

AEG 1: Dey not dat goods.

AEG 2: We'd see'd et laster weeks.

AEG 3: Da Meduser'd...

AEG 4: She'd uglies.

AEG 5: Dat da facters.

RR: So maybe we should start with you henchmen.

AEG 6: We'd no'd henchemens.

AEG 1: We'd da pizza deliveries.

AEG 2: He'd no pay'd.

AEG 3: You'd makee'd heem paid?

RR: You owe them for pizza?

GG: It's a long story.

AEG 4: Et not dat long.

AEG 5: We'd bring da pizza.

AEG 6: He'd no'd paid.

AEG 1: Et pretties shorties actually.

GG: It's more complicated than that.

AEG 2: No'd et not.

AEG 3: You' pay'd.

AEG 4: We'd go'd.

AEG 5: You'd pay'd now'd meester?

AEG 6: Yeah! You'd paid now!

AEG 1: Paid now'd.

GG: After the hunt. We'll settle up, then.

RR: Seems like you've got your hands full.

AEG 2: You'd no breakies in der Meester...

AEG 3: Rickers...

AEG 4: Reaver'es.

AEG 5: Yeah'd you'd no breakies in.

AEG 6: We'd settles up now'd.

RR: Persistent little guys. What are they?

GG: AL E. Gators? Something like that. Look I told you, we'll settle up after the hunt.

AEG 1: Dat what you'd say.

AEG 2: We'd got our'd own plans.

AEG 3: We'd huntees you'd!

GG: What?

AEG 4: You'd heard'ees.

AEG 5: We'd pay'd da fees.

AEG 6: We'd huntees you.

GG: You'll get clobbered.

{More than a little distressed the Gallgall displays his physical superiority to the AL E Gators by holding one up in either hand, to which they reply by promptly biting him on the fingers.}

GG: Ouch!

AEG 1: Et da firsty blooders.

AEG 2: You'd be deaders.

AEG 3: We'd getters da gold.

GG: You guys don't stand a chance... besides, I thought you were working?

AEG 4: You'd givee us'd da day off'd.

RR: So they do work for you?

AEG 5: We'd workees for'd da G'narsh'e Pizza.

AEG 6: Da besters pizza'e in all da realms.

AEG 1: An da double G.

AEG 2: Da double ego.

AEG 3: He'd own'd eberyting in da Gall Land.

GG: It's good to be the king.

AEG 4: You'd enjoyer's eet.

AEG 5: Et no lastes.

GG: You keep on saying that. You don't have a chance. Without me, you'd guys would have died out long ago.

AEG 6: You'd keepers telling your'd self dat.

AEG 1: Et makers et easier to sleepies.

AEG 2: You'd sayees whatever's you want.

AEG 3: Butters Saturday's you'd go down.

GG: How? I can read your mind.

RR: So reading minds is one of your powers.

GG: Yeah. ESP, clairvoyance, telepathy, sensory projection...

RR: Sensory projection?

AEG 1: Et meaners he'd da delusionals.

AEG 2: And dat he'd expecters you'd to believer's et.

AEG 3: But et no workes on da AL E Gator's.

AEG 4: We'd be immuners.

AEG 5: And he'd be deaders.

{An AL E Gator takes the opportunity to sneak up behind the Gallgall and poke him in the behind with a stick, to prove the assertion.}

GG: Ouch! Stop that!

AEG 6: See'd.

AEG 1: He'd as gooder's as deaders.

AEG 2: We'd getters da prize.

AEG 3: Maybe's we'd buyers dis place.

RR: I don't see why you'd want to, this place is a bit of a dump.

GG: Hey!

AEG 4: You'd righters Rickers.

AEG 5: But da AL E Gatorees.

AEG 6: Dey be da nostagicers ones.

GG: You haven't caught me yet... All six of you sign up?

AEG 1: Yeppers!

GG: That's money down the drain... How you planning on catching me anyhow.

AEG 2: Oh'd dat easy!

AEG 3: We'd putty out da pizza's.

AEG 4: Den we hide behind da busheries.

AEG 5: Da GirlyGirl...

AEG 6: Dat what we call heems.

AEG 1: Da GirlyGirl!

GG: Stop it!

AEG 2: Da GirlyGirl smell'rd da pizza.

AEG 3: He'd comers closers.

AEG 4: Den pounce!

AEG 5: He'd be deaders.

AEG 6: Yeah'd you'd neber'd stand da chance.

AEG 1: Almost makers you'd feel sorry'ers for da GirlyGirl.

AEG 2: But noot reallies.

AEG 3: We joost split up.

AEG 4: Putta da slicers da pizza by eacher of you'rd hole's.



AEG 5: And den...

AEG (the lot): POUNCIES!!!

GG: Aren't spreading yourselves a bit thin if you spit up?

RR: I think the far more import question is, is it fair for the other competitors for you to hunt the Gallgall, seeing as how you have inside information.

AEG 6: Dat be'd da good objectioners.

GG: I'll say. Here. Here. Nice try. But no hunt for you. I guess you'll be working the concessions, after all.

AEG 1: Oh'd, no'd ways.

AEG 2: We'd getters da day off.

AEG 3: You'd promisers.

GG: Sorry, but it just wouldn't be fair. You'll just have to work.

{AL E Gators go into a huddle. In the parlance, this is known as a Conspiracy of Gators.}

AEG 4: Okey's dokeys.

AEG 5: We'd deciders.

AEG 6: We'd declaries da revolties.

GG: The what?

AEG 1: You'd go'erd deafies?

AEG 2: We'd revolties.

GG: You're certainly revolting.

GG {to RR}: Good one. Huh?

AEG 3: Laughies eet up.

AEG 4: Da troop revolties.

AEG 5: We'd hunters you.

AEG 6: And da rest of'd us go'erd as da guides.

AEG 1: Fivers ggg.

RR: 5g?

AEG 2: Yeppers.

AEG 3: Fiver ggg'rs, buys da AL E Gator guide.

GG: No. Wait. You can't do that.

AEG 4: You'd going down meester GirlyGirl.

GG: Fine. I'll give you the day off... I'll pay off the pizza... How much do I owe you anyhow?

AEG 5: One tousanders.

AEG 6: In da golders.

GG: You're crazy!

AEG 1: And you'd da deaders.

{The AL E Gators stream out of the Gallgalls bedroom suite at this point, and so we shall take this opportunity to break for station identification.}

### The End ###  
And That's All Celli Wrote  
Of All The Gaul  
### The End ###

*5-8-14 Brett Paufler*

*{Note (5-8-14): the AL E Gators in the above were played by Charlies -- Cobalts, I do believe they are. And seeing as how they work cheap, I wonder if they would be interested in a little freelance work on the side. Maybe bribe them with cookies... or beer... or cookies and beer. Now there's a thought, Cobalts on cookies and beer, probably not a pretty sight. And then after they're all liquored up, turn the subject to Celli, mention the size of his latest royalty check, and how they were supposed to hunt him in this story. And well, the rest of the adventure almost writes itself.}*

*AEG: Cookies, Meester.*

*AEG: Somebody mention 'er'd the cookie's'er.*

*AEG: And da beer.*

*AEG: Oh, yeah.*

*AEG: No want to forget da beer.*

*AEG: I no forgetees.*

*AEG: I's just starteets with da cookies.*

*AEG: Askee me's, he gots his prioritories all wrongs*

*AEG: You'd saying da beers be better dan da cookies*

*AEG: You'd saying da cookerries be'd better dan da beers*

*AEG: 'Cause, da Bears got da awesomers offence*

*AEG: Oh!! I got's da idears.*

*AEG: Mee's, too!*

*AEG: We's need to get da bears!*

*AEG: We get da bears!*

*AEG: We'd get da girlyGaul!*

*AEG: And den, we'd get da gold!*

*AeG: Okayer's*

*AEG: It da good stories, now!*

*AEG: We'd bring da pizzaria.*

*AEG: You'd write da script.*

*AEG: And da Gual...*

*AEG: He'd da going down!!!*

*Or something like that.*

*AEG: What'd he'd mean?*

*AEG: Or'd da something likers dat?*

*AEG: It be juster's like'd dat!*

*AEG: Maybe we'd done with da girlGaul,*

*AEG: We'd hunt da poofBalls*

*Hey, wait! I just bought you cookies.*

*AEG: And da beers.*

*AEG: Best not forgetters da beers.*

*And that, perhaps, was my mistake. Angry drunks them Al E Gators. Oh, no. Now they're going to start singing...*