

200 - Glossary
of
Crazy George Takes a Holiday
The Fourth ~~Book~~ Study Guide
in the
Dragon Bound
a.k.a Dra@g©n B©und a.k.a
a.k.a **The D-B©und Adventuring Series** a.k.a
starring
Ruby FireHaven
and so on and so forth

as conceived, written, and enchanted by

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Happy Birthday to the LeeZards

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Glossary
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200 - Glossary

Basically a glossary is that section of a study guide, which contains a list of words followed by their definitions and/or an explanation as to how they relate to the story. You probably already knew that, so all I'm really doing at this point is letting you know that I know what a glossary is: primarily so you don't wind up thinking that I don't know what the word means just because this section doesn't look or feel much like a glossary.

OK? Are we all clear on that?

Perhaps I should put it this way, my association with Crazy George over the years has not been without its consequences. His rambling train of thought seems to have rubbed off on me.

So if this book is the notes to the study guide, then this section is the notes to the notes to the notes. Got it? I mean, if the finished product still looks a bit squirrely and rambles on and on and doesn't seem to make a whole lot of sense, well then, that's somebody else's fault further down, because these are just the notes to the notes.

I mean, if this is what the finished product looks like, then you'll know that someone clearly dropped the ball; and if that's the case, I wash my hands of the entire thing.

CGTaH in Seven Days

Day 1

(Or two really, you don't really think that introductory blurb wrote itself, do you?)

Let's start easy.

The Dragon... say it again, The Dragon, not a dragon, not some Dragon, but The Dragon rules the Seven Realms. In his younger days he was one bad @##, but something happened. Me, I think Ruby happened.

Ruby became the Consort at age 15, which may seem young to some, but then Ruby is a human and not everybody knows The Dragon and his pernicious ways as well as me. I suppose the less said about that, the better.

The Consort to The Dragon is what The Dragon calls his co-ruler, co-creator, and co-mpanion, whatever a ‘mpanion is, but no one seems to know -- least of all Ruby or The Dragon. Anyhow, the first thing Ruby did as Consort -- or actually, before she officially became the Consort -- was to outlaw weapons throughout the Seven Realms.

What a Weapons Ban means should be more or less self-evident to most sentient beings, and as such to most -- but not all -- of the reading public. However what may not be self-evident is that the ban doesn't simply mean weapons are illegal in the Seven Realms, but that they don't even exist there -- not at all.

And for those of you who don't know, The Seven Realms is what The Dragon calls his domain. Mt. Doom is the best know vortex contained wholly within the Seven Realms. While the notoriety of Mt. Doom derives from the fact that its largest city and capital -- a one Rigor Pass -- shares a border with Earth.

Earth not only boasts the highest concentration of portals and gates in the known universe, but it also happens to be the vortex where Ruby grew up. And if you didn't know this already, I would like to know where you have been for the last few years?

OK, maybe I copped a bit of an attitude towards the end of today's work, so I'm thinking I should take a deep breath, relax, and knock off early. What do you say? No sense working myself to death.

Day 2

(Back to the Grind.)

What else might you need to know?

K'fr (pronounced kerf) is one of those magical mind-altering hallucinogenic drugs, and as such is a lot (and I do mean, a lot) of fun. It also has some serious uses and is an ingredient in most of your better tasting potions. I'm going to go out on a limb here and hazard that you could have deduced that K'fr is harvested from the K'fr Vine, but what you might not have sussed is that the K'fr Road is also just another name for the plant itself.

The K'fr Road is a way of traveling between the planes, vortexes, dimensions, or whatever you like calling them. It doesn't actually require the ingestion of any K'fr, but it does require being on friendly terms with the vine -- something that is harder for the Fell than the Fey.

Fell are the creatures that Fell. Duh! They include the verminous nasties like Orcs, Goblins, and Hobblings (horrid little creatures despite what JRRR would have you believe), as well as your more glamorous publicity minded thugs like Depth Fiends, Vampires, and Werewolves.

Fey (oft time referred to incorrectly as Fey'an by pompous fools -- i.e. folks in the Kingdoms and/or yours truly) are the creatures of the forest: Pixies, Sprites, Fairies, and Fingerlings... not to mention the subclass of Fey known as Fey'an. Basically, this lot constitutes the Good People and/or the Fair Folk.

Fingerlings (a.k.a. Buttercup Fairies) are finger-sized Fairies. There's no need to think too hard about how they got their name. Fingerlings figure prominently in this here story, but going into them into any great depth at the moment would be premature. Suffice to say, Crazy George isn't fond of the annoying little buggers, or "Nats" as he likes to call them, and by any reasonable standard, that's as fine an endorsement for their wholesome character as you're likely to get anywhere.

Speaking of which, Crazy George is the title character. He's a cantankerous, curmudgeonly old cuss who's quite crazy, hence the name -- Crazy George. He's also sort of nice, prefers Jazz to

whatever that “loud noise” they play today, and has a cat that thinks it’s a dog.

Rover -- the aforementioned cat -- likes to play fetch, chase its own tail, swim in whatever rancid water happens to be nearby, and even serves as a passable watch-dog... or, er, watch-cat. Those who don’t know any better usually assume Rover was once a dog whom George turned into a cat, but this isn’t correct. Rover is simply a large cat that happens to have dog like characteristics -- a magical offshoot of the Maine Coon for folks who care about that sort of thing.

Speaking of clawed animals you would be well advised not to stroke the wrong way, Lane is the love interest in our little tale. She’s got four arms, could pound you to a pulp (no matter how tough you think you are), and has taken to watching kickboxing on the tele for no other reason than to annoy me. Originally, she hails from the Courts of Chaos.

Yeah, um... The Courts of Chaos are sort of hard to describe. So you know me, I won’t bother. Suffice to say, Lane originates from a different milieu than George, but as I’ve worked with her before and she’s good in a pinch, I wanted to have her around.

I’ve also worked with Nellie in the past, but you may know her better as Jack and/or Nadia these days (so forgive me if I slip up here or there). Anyway, Nellie is a beautiful Pixie, and the two of us shared a berth on George’s boat during the trip. Hubba! Hubba! Of course, this doesn’t appear in the book anywhere, but it’s the kind of behind the scenes trivia that they like to include in these guides -- and by they in this instance I suppose I mean me, because I’m the bragging type.

Speaking of which, I was having so much fun there telling you about me and Nadia that I didn’t even notice how tired my poor throbbing hand had become from holding the quill for so long. Clearly there’s no sense spending anymore time at the grindstone today. I mean, an honest day for an honest pay... is something you’re unlikely to ever get out of me -- from either

direction. But before I go, I do have a few last entries, which I wish to make, before I call it a day.

The Mystic Waters are the watery equivalent of the K'fr Road, which is why this story takes place (primarily) in, on, and about the water -- i.e. a canal. And since a canal isn't very useful if it doesn't go from point A to point B -- and even less so if someone else hasn't already dug the trench and filled it with water -- our little journey is based on a vacation me and the crew took down the already completed Ox'ford Line of the greater Lang'don Canal system.

But if you want to know more about Lang'don, all I can suggest is consulting an atlas. I didn't like the place -- way too crowded... and way too many Fell.

Day 3

(It's going to be time for another vacation very soon, if you ask me.)

Yes, the story is based in part on my vacation. How else am I going to expense all those souvenirs?

No, Crazy George and Lane didn't really smuggle any K'fr into the Realms -- even if that's what the story is about. Smuggling is illegal -- not to mention wrong. And if there is one thing I'm against, it is both evilness and wrongness. Besides, once you get K'fr into the Realms, it disappears, so what's the point?

On the other hand, a Dragon Egg was actually involved.

And yes, as a direct result of the transportation of the Dragon Egg from the Five King to a newly annexed part of the Seven Realms, traveling between the two is now infinitely easier. Which is to say, during their journey, Crazy George and Lane took the easy way.

Oh, and please note how I didn't say, The Dragon's Egg, but the Dragon Egg -- as in, a Dragon Egg. As in, one of many and not biologically related to The Dragon, because in the end, Egg is

merely slang for a Rune Stone, but we'll cover all that later... or so, I hope.

In the meantime, let me switch gears.

The Five Kingdoms is a closely knit alliance composed of (in no particular order): Dwarves, Elves, Humans, Fey'an, and Leprechauns -- sprightly little buggers those 'Cons. I imagine we'll have a longer section of each of these groups later, but for now let's just say:

Humans forged the alliance on which the Five Kingdoms is based and being a crafty lot, they included themselves in the pact -- the sneaky curs.

Dwarves, as everyone knows, get the job done -- the industrious fools.

Elves are beautiful. What more do you want?

While Fey'an (especially in the form of Fingerlings) have managed to set up shop and take up residence in every last nook and cranny of the Kingdoms -- and I mean, every last nook and cranny. A family of four lived in my hotel room's bathroom sink. Believe it or not, it was all they could get -- the cupboards, windowsill, bed board, tea service, and so on were all already taken. In fact, they were happy to simply be indoors and out of the rain.

And finally there are the Leprechauns -- or as I like to call them, 'Cons. 'Cons are the smallest minority in the Kingdoms, but don't feel too sorry for them. They're the ones who actually run the show -- what with their keen understanding of markets, diplomacy, and jet fighter building technical know-how. The later of which seem to crisscross the Kingdom's sky with unnerving frequency.

Anyhow, that's just a primer of the Kingdoms. I'm sure there will be more to come later, but for now let's recap my vacation, so as to make sure I cover every last stop and can therefore deduct it all come tax time.

We started off in Market Harbor -- an original name if I ever did hear one. If you like brain teasers and feel up to it, maybe you

can work out what the name means. Of course, being the softy, I'll give you a hint. Market Harbor is the town where we embarked on George's boat AND met up with Steve at the market, so it's got like a harbor AND a market.

Steve -- the aforementioned Ranger -- has a small, tiny, insignificant role in this story, but he's so desperate for work that his motto seems to be any job is a good job, so who am I to contradict the man. His role is/was to sell a bit of K'fr to Lane -- and a boatload of the herb to George. But it doesn't really happen. It's one of those implied things that appear to happen off-screen, but it's merely a bit of clever subterfuge and misdirection. All Steve really does is talk to Lane and then Crazy George alone -- one after the other -- in the market as they shoot the breeze. Oh, and just as an aside: I should perhaps mention that Steve is Nadia's ex-boyfriend. He might have been a little curt with me. He might have originally had a bigger role. And, I might have rewritten the script so his later appearances disappeared. But let us not linger over things that might have been... of for that matter, Steve.

Buddy (Bull, Minne, and/or Ox) is another one of those characters with a million-and-one names. He had a thing with Nadia in the past, as well -- a role I'd guess you'd call. You know how it is, you work crazy long hours under the searing heat of the bright lights for low pay and at the end of the day you're just looking to relax, but who else keeps your insane hours? Or for that matter, who is going to be willing to travel with you to the location of your next shoot? Your only real choice in this crazy life we call show business is to hook up with someone else on the set. Anyway, Buddy was cool about me and Nadia (or Jack as he knows her). Which is to say -- despite what you may think -- Buddy's role in this production was always slated to be a small cameo. Besides being a farmer and all, he was anxious to get back to his tomatoes.

Obviously there's more to the characters of Steve and Buddy than I just spelled out, but these are just the notes to the study guide of the fourth book in the series. So it only makes sense to

assume that the readers (which means you) have some sort of familiarity with the preceding three tomes. But just in case you don't, let me do a quick -- and I do mean, quick -- recap of the previous books in the Dragon Bound saga.

The Dragon Bound Quartet (Book I and/or Books 1-4, hence the quartet part) tells the true story (more or less) of how Ruby Firehaven became The Dragon's Consort.

It also introduces Grt -- perhaps the most lovable drag-goon in the history of interpretive fiction.

Minataur Tails (Book II and/or Books 5-8) stars Buddy and Nellie (as Jack) and retells the story of how Ruby closed up some of the unforeseen loopholes in her hastily worded Weapons Ban. Oh, and this is another good bit of trivia. Many people believe that Buddy played both himself and Minne in Minataur Tails, but if he did, it's news to me. I mean, how do you fight yourself? And, no. I just don't buy that whole time traveling explanation thing. It's just weak.

Anyway, moving on: The K'fr Road: to Ve'kahn and Back Again (Book III and/or Books 9-12) had nothing to do with either Ruby or Grt and was really just a good excuse to exploit the popularity of the first two books. If the first book was rated G, and the second book was rated PG, then K'fr Road definitely deserved an R rating. But who cares about that? I mean, we got Garg, Bruce Brilliant, and Targor to appear together on camera! It's a literary first -- brought to you by Dragon Bound Publishing, Ltd.. That in itself has got to be worth whatever rating the board wants to throw at us.

OK, so where were we?

Ah, yes.

Everybody who was going on the canal trip -- Crazy George, Lane, the Cobalts (all twelve of them and talk about messy), me (that's Celli the Happy Go-Lucky Celaphopod), Nadia, and a couple thousand of her closest Fingerling friends -- hopped onto Crazy George's magical boat The Feathered Plume and we started on our way down the river -- the river that wasn't.

See, because if you don't know, Canals are sort of like rivers and then again they aren't. Rivers tend to go downhill -- as you might expect. But canals very often go sideways across hills or cruise along their peaks and ridges. Needless to say, this sort of behavior confuses the water. And sooner or later, it just sort of gets dejected, which is to say stagnant and nasty.

Curious about the properties of noxious, stagnant, ill-tempered water?

I think Garg said it best in A-POX-ON-YOU NOW! when he said, "Never get out of the boat. By Gra'gl's honor, never get out of the boat."

Man, I love that movie, especially during the Goblin Fire Raid Sequence when conjurations are filling the sky with their luminescent glow and The Dragon -- standing tall in human form, unconcerned about it all -- says with nostalgia laced with remorse:

"Smell that? You smell that?"

"That's fireball residue, son."

"Nothing else in the Realms smells like that."

"I love the smell of fiery enchantments in the morning."

"You know, one time we bombarded this entrenchment for two days. When it was all over, I walked up. We didn't find one of 'em, not one stinkin' Gob' body."

"The smell, you know that sulfurous smell, that rotten egg stench? That whole compound, the whole pounded remains of that godforsaken Gob' entrenchment smelled like... victory."

"Someday this war's gonna end, son."

Someday this war's going to end.

How true. And then, Ruby comes along and within a week there's a Weapons Ban. Amazing how quickly things change.

And I think I should stop there for the day. I mean, I've got conflicting emotions about including that last bit of dialogue. Not because it's plagiarism or because I blatantly lifted it from some poor sap's movie script without paying him a royalty or anything, but because I'm a pacifist.

Yeah, I bet you didn't know that about me. Right before my trip to Lang'don, I had this very long and disconcerting conversation with my girlfriend about my preoccupation with murderous thoughts and so on. And although I don't know if was before, during, or after the vacation, but somewhere along the way I turned into a peace-loving, head in the sand, let someone else worry about defending it all, pacifist. Odd thing is, it seems to work -- sort of like the Weapons Ban, I suppose.

Eh...

No doubt, I've probably been hanging out with Ruby too much. Lately we've been busy working on the script for the fifth book in the Dragon Bound series -- Rigor Pass 1866: The Manna Boom Years -- which is going to be a full-on western fantasy hybrid, as if you couldn't guess.

Anyhow the point is, Ruby may look all cute and innocent, but she's dangerous -- what with her Weapons Bans, innate sense of fair play, and all that kind of deng. I mean, just look what she did to The Dragon!

And now me!

Day 4

(One step forward, two steps back.)

I should probably go over that pacifism thing as it sort of limits the type of stories I'm willing to write.

I shall not kill is a rule I live by -- now, like from here on out. I'm not going to obsess about things in the past. And, no. I'm not going to make restitution either, so don't even ask. But one thing I will do is vow to never maim, kill, or torture in thought, word, action, or deed ever again -- at least, you know, to the best of my ability.

Nor shall I steal, which I usually write as, I shall not Steal. Always difficult, as the edges are really blurry on this one for me. Maybe not for you, but for me they are, which sort of brings up the last rule.

I shall not judge. It's not my job, so I'm not going to do it. Is something right? Is something wrong? Don't ask me, because clearly, I don't know.

And that's all that need be said on that subject. You'll hear no more preaching from me -- and no more side trails, either. I mean, this glossary thing is taking way too much time. It was only supposed to take like a day. So, what do you say we make up for some lost time and get down to it? Which is, really, more of a rhetorical question. But then, hey. If you want to debate the pros and cons of it, I'll wait patiently...

Or then again, maybe not.

The details of the market scene -- when we loaded up with sundries for the voyage -- is sort of blurred and hard to remember. But once that bit of logistics was over, we (the gang, everyone) hopped on the boat and started down the canal.

And what did we see? Bridges, locks, and tunnels. But not just any random array of bridges, locks, and tunnels. They were magical bridges, locks, and tunnels. I mean, we were on the Ox'ford Line of the Lang'don Canal, after all. Anyway, some of you could, maybe, use a magical primer on shifting vortexes and the inner workings of a canal boat, so here you go.

For Bridges, all you have to do is touch the proper brick in the proper way as you pass beneath it; do it right and you'll slip sideways through the ether into another dimension. Easy really, until you get hung up on that whole right brick in the right way thing, and then it sort of gets complicated. Unfortunately, this is just a brief primer, so as much as I'd like to clarify things further, I just don't feel like it.

For Locks, where you end up (which is to say, where the water takes you) depends on how high you fill the lock up with water, how fast you drain it out, and what other type of "extras" you add to the liquid -- like K'fr, wine, beer, or a sacrificial Hobbling or two (just kidding... but not really). I suppose it also

matters whether you tip the lockkeeper or not. They can be sort of vindictive.

The Tunnels, however, are the best. It's just like riding the K'fr Road except without all that nasty business of stabbing yourself in the heart with a two foot long thorn dripping with poison -- man those things are big and it's not like K'fr is an anesthesia, my friends. Anyhow, what you do is simply guide your boat into the tunnel, just straight down the center until it's completely dark -- no light in front, no light behind. Then all you have to do is forget where you've been, imagine where you want to be, and just sort of bring that vision to life as the light at the end of the tunnel gets brighter and brighter and brighter.

Of course, it really isn't that easy. Nothing is. We got lost numerous times. Why? In truth, we don't really know why? No one does.

But that's not a fun answer; it's no fun at all, actually. So, I blame George. George blames Lane. While, Lane... Well, Lane's the stoic type. She probable blames herself as well -- you know, for ever agreeing to do another stupid project with me in the first place.

Anyway, I've already warned you not to get out of the boat. But if you do, remember: always stay on the path. The tended walkways are there for your own protection. Those warning signs are not just part of the ambiance -- they're not mere decorations -- they're serious business and typically understated. For instance, Danger Ahead means that if you take one more step, you will die a nasty death in which ahead is turned into a pun for a head. Fun, lots of laughs for the folks at home, but not conducive to one's continued existence. So word to the wise, stay on the paths and follow the signs.

Oh, and if we ever get separated (for whatever reason, but if you get off the boat, you know that it'll happen), remember to "meet at the bell and head for the steeple." Now, the meaning of a cryptic phrase like this is never very clear in opening pages of a fantasy novel. In fact, it took Lane half the trip to figure out what

George meant by it -- leading to several humorous situations, I might add. But here in the study guide (or at least, here in the notes to the study guide), we'll explain what "meet at the bell and head for the steeple" means right up front, right here, right now, in easy to read black and white, without any attempt at deception or duplicity -- which you've got to admit doesn't sound like nearly as much fun, but whatever.

In the Kingdoms The Bell is the generic name for a pub. Every town has one.

While The Steeple is slang for a church. Once again, it's something that every town, village, and/or hamlet seems to have.

Our bell of choice was the Bell of Gumley. Me and Gimlet -- the Gnome who owns the place -- go way back, so we worked out a mutually beneficial deal for the location rights.

I might not have done that if I'd known in advance that it would be at the Bell of Gumley that I'd learn that Sea Sickness is caused by withdrawal of the Waters just as often as it is by their presence -- sort of like how it works with K'fr or any other psychoactive substance. But even odder than that, even if you're coming down off the Water, you can still travel on its receding tide, its receding ebb and flow. Here's what you do. While sick or approaching that state, you'll note that everything rocks back and forth. It can be kind of fun at first (for the first few weeks), but it gets old -- especially when the rocking becomes maniacal or if you ever manage to flip all the way over. If that happens, be prepared to lose your lunch (quite literally) and to begin noticing some very strange things. Remember, a world turned topsy-turvy is just that.

Somewhere along the way, I want to mention the Fool's Gold Detector Gimlet keeps behind the bar and the magical Binders hanging on the wall; but as this is only the introduction, and we're planning on revisiting each of these locales again later, for now we can simply move on without mentioning either.

Did you notice how cleverly I glossed over those last two entries? Well, the next item is going to be even worse. The steeple

we ended up using was the Raven's Claw Church. Sort of creepy sounding, huh? You know, sort of Fell?

Which should come as no surprise, as the "church" -- if that's what you want to call it -- is located within Morgana Fieldstone's domain. And that's a subject which I shall leave until the 'morrow when the sun is high in the sky.

Day 5

(Misery loves company)

As you may already know (or as you may have noticed during the recap of the Dragon Bound books a while back), each Dragon Bound book comes in four parts. Typically, I have some sort of idea what each of these parts will contain before I even begin. That's called advanced planning, my friends! But in the end, it's just that -- a plan. And in fantasy novels, plans always go awry -- one way or another. No doubt, this story will be no exception.

Still, as I hope I've made perfectly clear, my primary objective while working on this piece of literary genius is for me to do as little work as possible. This is the driving force, the conceptual objective, and my overriding concern. Thus towards this end, I have arranged for my friend, Harry the Story Finishing Gnome, to write both the beginning and end of the novel, while the second and third sections will be done by two separate guest authors.

To recap:

DB Part 13: The Mystic Waters is to be written by Harry the Story Finishing Gnome -- a good chap who works for donuts (preferably jelly filled) and hot cocoa.

DB Part 14: Sterling Watford: All that Sparkles is not Gold is to be written by some hack of a bard too desperate for work to realize his words are worth far more than a copper a page -- whoever that might be.

DB Part 15: Kiss'wick is to be written by Morgana Feldstone -- a nicer, kinder, sweeter witch, never the written word has known.

DB Part 16: The Dragon's Egg will, once again, be written by Harry the Story Finishing Gnome -- a lovable little tyke that looks an awful lot like a furry throw pillow -- and kind of throws like one too.

As a work in progress, the details are obviously still up in the air. Who knows, maybe you'll write the second section. Stranger things have happened, after all. The important part is that I don't have to do any of the work; I get a ten percent override; and if the finished product sucks, there will be plenty of other folks involved to blame. Wouldn't want to be in Mr. Bard's shoes if the critics pan CGTaH -- which seems likely considering they're, well, critics.

Oddly, for some reason this section has ended up turning into another one of those long winded asides -- exactly like the type of thing I promised myself I wouldn't be doing anymore. I mean, the only reason I unveiled the breakdown of authorship at this particular time was so I could prepare the proper context (set the stage as it were) for my introduction of Morgana.

Miss Feldstone -- or Mistress Morgana if you prefer -- is the author(ess?) of the Kiss'wick Chronicles and has agreed to author(ess?) the third section of Crazy George Takes a Holiday (henceforth to be written as CGTaH, because I'm getting sick of writing the full title out). But if it turns out that Morgana is past her prime, which seemed sort of likely from the look of... things, we're still covered, because we optioned the parody rights to all of her major works and anyone can do the ghostwriting.

Which is really just another way of saying (and a long winded one at that) that once we got to Kiss'wick, we got off the boat, looked around, and met up with Morgana... because we said we would and because the engine had stopped working, but that last is just a minor detail. Who wouldn't want to spend a fortnight in Kiss'wick chatting a renowned figure like Morgana up and down and back up again.

Anyway, as you may know, Kiss'wick is located smack dab in the heart of the Lake Shire District. It's a wonderful little town, and in the town center (next to Mortimer -- the town tree: a weathered, crotchety, and brittle old oak) is Moot Hall (inspiration for Morgana's dweomer Dream Vacation and which now doubles as a tourist informational booth).

Turning city hall into a tourist pagoda isn't as strange as it sounds. Weird things tend to happen to a locale once a successful author(ess?) settles in the vicinity and starts writing about it. Word is, the townsfolk have (out of fear or gratitude) handed Morgana the keys to the city and named the nearby woods in her honor. I am, of course, referring to the aptly named Feldstone Forest. I guess not all of us have the gift of imagination. But then, Feldstone Forest does sound sort of inspired when you compare it to the Heinmillerstien Estates, which is what her ex-husband Fritz renamed Water's Abbey after he bought the place. I should perhaps mention here that their divorce was not without its... um, drama. The Estates are in ruins, as are Fritz's love life, his writing career, and any hope he might once have had for a future filled with any modicum of happiness. Word to the wise, don't marry an evil, vindictive, black-hearted witch.

Witch seems as good a place as any to break for the day.

Day 6

(Just like Harry the Story Finishing Gnome -- short and sweet)

This next bit is probably how I should have been doing the glossary section all along -- rapid fire, from the hip, with no looking back, and no remorse.

Hero: a Mistress Morgana story that takes place in Am'blin.

Am'blin: a town in the Lakes in which the Dwarves have gotten the upper hand and the Elves work as "indentured servants" -- the term slavery having such negative connotations.

Fence Top Gardens: what you'll see a lot of in Am'blin. Seriously, I saw a family of ten living in an ashtray outside Morgana's boarding house -- once again, they felt lucky to have it.

Fairy Queen: do you really need to ask? Her Gardens figure prominently in the aforementioned Hero story.

Luigi: a lady's tree if I ever did meet one. The sexy, buff, copper barked hunk makes his home in the Fairy Queen's Garden's where he can often be found sunbathing -- au gratin!!!

Stump Head: one of those moss-creatures. Though, he looks more like a Manta Ray than a stump-head if you ask me.

Ghost'wait Garage (henceforth known as Gimley's Garage or whatever I end up changing it to for reasons of privacy and libel -- wouldn't want anyone to know the place's real name) is where we got the Feathered Plume's leaky fuel line fixed, and is why we ended up overstaying our welcome in the Lakes. Speed it not their specialty... nor for that matter is customer service, reasonable rates, or quality craftsmanship.

Sterling Watford: just one of the local gentry we met while going through the Watford Locks. Probably the cause of our engine problems now that I think about it.

Sterling Manor: where Sterling lives.

Rat Bastard: what Sterling most certainly is.

Jealous: what I am most certainly am not.

Um, let's see. Who or what else is there?

Ah, yes. Yogesh: he's the Rastafarian camel-ish creature who acts as Sterling's gamekeeper or something like that. I don't know. The ale was flowing and he was working the tap. Who am I to question whether he was supposed to be giving away Sterling's brew or not? Really, it's not for me to say. Haven't I already covered my extreme religious orthodoxy? I -- my good man -- shall not judge.

If only Sterling were as big a man as I -- 6'7" and that's while slouching, ladies. I'm a long, lean writing machine.

Day 7

(The beat goes on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on...)

Let's put an end to this glossary thing, shall we?

Stef'fan: is an Elf -- arrogant, self centered, and full of himself -- who lives in the...

Sandwich Isles: the aforementioned land, which was annexed into the Realms, and which is where the adventure ends.

Sturm and Drang: means quite literally, stress and relief. Lane prefers this to...

Beat: a type of poetry that is anything but, and...

Jazz: an archaic form of music, which appears to have only one rule -- that there are no rules. Crazy George would beg to differ, and he'll get his chance in the...

Jazz Rant: which is the name I have chosen to give to one of George's more moronic soliloquies. It's classic Crazy George. We got it all on tape. George just goes... crazy for hours on end. He wouldn't let up. Anyhow, Harry's got the tapes and he'll integrate it into the sections he's doing however he likes.

Harry also has the tapes of Crazy George and Lane discussing, yelling, arguing, and/or negotiating about:

How to Make Ginger Snap Cookies: CGTaH is a romance after all. And, everyone knows there is no better test for long term compatibility than cooking something with your perspective mate.

The Merits of Playing the Lottery: Crazy George is for it. Lane is against it. Guess who wins this argument? This is how the Cobalts enter the story by the way. Scratch three matching symbols and you win the corresponding prize. In this case a dozen Cobalts. Lucky you.

The Mysteries of Bridge: believe it or not, this is a card game. Proving he truly is insane, one night after his second bottle of scotch, Crazy George tried to explain magic by likening it to a game of cards with impossibly complex and esoteric rules. Gra'gl help you if you understand this section.

That's pretty much it. Just a last few entries to tie things up neatly and we'll be able to move along.

Celli the Go-Lucky Celaphopod: is as close to a name as you're going to get out of me.

The Vixenous Elf: is my girlfriend. She doesn't really appear in the story, but I do send her a few postcards, and Harry claims to have a recording of her yelling at me on the phone for over an hour. Something about how our relationship isn't going to last if I insist on vacationing with my friends, sleep with every woman I meet, and not, at least, invite her along for the ride. I don't know. Girl stuff. I got a romance to write here. I can't be concerned with some girl feeling betrayed.

And then there is The Bank: this is a fancy restaurant where the adventure ends -- basically because Stef'fan had a bunch of two-for-one coupons for the place. This is, also, where I have my only cameo -- as an obnoxious customer. I know, I know. It was a stretch.

And just to make sure I don't leave anything out, I should mention La Migra. They confiscated my meat-pie on reentry into the Realms. They said it looked like a land mine. It really has nothing to do with the story. But it cost me 2-pounds sterling, which is one heck of a lot of gold, so I'm making sure that sucker gets expensed. I mean, I didn't even get to eat it. So a meat-pie and La Migra are going to figure somehow into the story; you can count on it.

Oh, and I suppose, as long as we're going on about customs, I should mention that while I was being strip searched over a meat-pie Crazy George was going on about his celery allergy.

A celery allergy!

You tell some characters to improvise, and what do they come up with? A celery allergy!

Genius, George. Pure genius. And you wonder why they call you crazy.

Anyhow, with that last tidbit, that last little appetizer to wet your appetite, as it were: I will now leave the glossary behind and

move on to... the mysteries of the Mystic Water: revealed and explained in black and white!