

500 - Rants
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

Celli

the

Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod

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and in the Earthen Vortex

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Rants
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500 - Rants

Most study guides don't have a section called Rants in them. But then, most books don't have a character named Crazy George in them. You see, Crazy George seems to have the need to go off every once in a while. I mean sure, I go off on tangents, but Crazy George, he... well, he rants.

In some ways Crazy George reminds me of this kid I grew up with in -----shire. We called him Sammy the Snake on account of his inability to tell the truth, or as a Goblin might say, "He speak with forked tongue," like continually and non-stop.

For instance, suppose he got a silver for his birthday. Well, then he'd tell you it was a rare collector's coin, it had magical powers, or that it had a homing device built into it. And it wasn't just that he stuck to his guns and insisted the lie was true, but he'd enlarge the lie as he went along.

I mean, in no time he'd be telling you how:

He worked for the CIDC.

The Dragon had dinner at his house every Tuesday night.

Targor had asked him to be in his next movie, but his mom wouldn't let him, because he was already on retainer to Bruce Brilliant as a creative advisor, and she thought it would be a conflict of interest and unethical.

You know, crazy outlandish stuff like that, and none of it the least bit true.

I hear tell he became a writer... and when that didn't work out the way he had hoped, he turned to politics and became the Realms ambassador to the Orcs -- and you wondered why the Orcs and the Realms are always at war.

Anyhow, Crazy George is the same way, only he seems to believe in the veracity of what he says. And the more you listen to him, the more sense his utterances seem to make.

So if it's not clear, that's what a rant is -- Crazy George going off. It sort of like Hamlet doing one of his soliloquies, only Crazy George tends to start spouting his nonsense after he's had a few nips of the vine -- and it doesn't hurt if he has an audience. And then once he gets going, you can't turn him off. Or if by some miracle he seems to be wrapping it up, to keep him going all you have to do is egg him on a little. Just disagree with him, or point out a small -- seemingly logical -- hole in his diatribe, and he'll be off and running again -- full speed, pedal to the metal, hell bent for leather (whatever the H\$rlk that's supposed to mean).

Anyway, no one else in the story rants except for Crazy George. And although his rants are a Gra'gl-Send when it comes to writing -- you just cut and paste the transcription into your manuscript -- from a study guide point of view...

Well, I just don't feel like wading through a box of tapes, weeding out the filler, and trying to make sense of the guy.

So let's just say, I remember him "philosophizing" about the following, and whoever ends up writing CGTaH can decide which specific rants to include.

Oh, and if you do, and you're looking for a rant on a specific topic, but it's not on the list, or you don't find it among the recordings, just give him a call and mention how you heard X. He's sure to disagree, and explain why Y is the superior explanation as your long distance clairvoyance charges go through the roof... or is that, clairaudience?

Gee, I hope the audience isn't clairvoyant.

If they are, it's going to make working in that twist ending... difficult.

Crazy Georges Rants

Why you can tell if an old book is any good just by it's smell. FYI, mold is a bad sign, while cinnamon and spice are good ones.

Why 8-track tapes (and LPs) are going to make a comeback. Apparently, even though small crystals are cheap, easy to store, and record sound -- well -- crystal clear, they don't have any "soul."

Why the Five Kingdoms is really a misnomer. It's all the same kingdom, so clearly it's just the "One Kingdom," not the five. And don't even get him started on the Seven Realms.

How exactly it is that the phrase, "Meet at the bell and head for the steeple," predates either of these two landmarks. This is supposed to have something to do with the Gra'gl fearing gods of old, but as they are Gra'gl fearing as apposed to Gra'gl loving, I have no need to support their cause any further.

Why it is that the bidding conventions of Bridge (an obscure card game similar to Whist) were originally developed to teach magic. This is complete hokum, but CG insists that if I ever actually bothered to learn how to play the game, not only could Lane and him invite me over whenever they needed a "fourth," but I'd come around to his way of thinking, which -- oddly -- is not the selling point to me that Crazy George thinks that it should be.

Why the lottery is a better short term investment than either stocks or bonds. But not, apparently, as good an investment as all that other crap Crazy George has on his boat. Take him to a flea market and Crazy George's favorite phrase is, "How much for

everything?” And when he says this, he means, well, “How much for everything?”

Why the average chest in the average dungeon is actually worth more than it’s contents. Crazy George was actually very convincing on this one. Poison darts aren’t cheap, you know.

Why staying on the walkways, and/or obeying the signs by the side of the road is for suckers and lackey’s of... the Man! Which one could simply turn around and explain that only those who wish to henceforth be known as Crazy This or Crazy That should ever leave the designated paths in the Kingdoms.

And without further ado, that probably brings us to the feature rant we’ve all been waiting for.

Crazy George’s Jazz Rant

Once again, I’m not wading through the tapes, so this bit is going to be from memory. But that’s how Crazy George does it -- on the fly, wet and wild, no holds barred -- so rather than being lazy, I like to think that I’m just going with the flow and giving it all that certain authentic feel, you know, as a sort of nod to Crazy George’s indelible -- and incoherent -- style...

Oh, but wait!

Better yet, wouldn’t it be neat-o -- i.e. stylish and trendy -- if I completed the section in the form of a Beat Poem?

Why, yes. Yes, it would.

We’re talking,
Authentic stream of consciousness,
Unfiltered by the editorial constraints of...
The Man!
Which means,
You’ll be lucky

If you understand,
Just word one.

Crazy George's Jazz Rant

A poem by that dark sunglass wearing hipster
Celaphopod, Celli the Happy Go Lucky

Early morning mist.
Music pumping,
Boat a rocking,
And Crazy George,
Waking the dead,
Playing the sax.

Rippling the ivories,
As Lane watches on.
If only his fingers,
Were working their magic
Playing her keys.
Such sweet notes she could sing

She's mixing her metaphors,
But she doesn't care.
Sliding under his spell,
And into his arms...

The song suddenly over,
Before it began,
Pulling apart,
Breaking away,
Breathlessly asking,
Who was that?
What was that?

Getz, Harlem, Desmond on the sax?

Davis, Armstrong, Baker on the horn?
Reinhart, Atchins, Smith strumming the strings?

So?

If you could be one?

If you could be any?

Who would you be?

That's easy.

Brubeck,

But then,

The downside to that is...

You can't carry a piano,

On your back.

Why him?

It's the sexiest instrument.

Like plucking a harp.

Pluck...

Pluck...

Pluck...

And once again,

She falls under his spell,

Like butter,

Melting in the sun.

The primitive rhythm of the jungle,

The Charlies as play,

Mixed with classical accents,

A Fairy, a Celaphopod,

And the folk songs,

Of the Kingdom,

Not to mention the Realms.

Strong,
Driving,
Primitive,
And base:
An unstoppable mixture,
An unstoppable embrace.
An unstoppable force.

It started in brothels,
In started in bars.
The grinding,
The jazzing...

It was,
Music to live by,
Music to jazz by,
No need to wonder,
At the name.

To which Lane,
Laughing,
And slipping away,
From under his spell,
And away from his arms,
Responded,
By way of Sturm
And by way of Drang:

Plague of Mediocrity!
Life of Banality!
Ostentatious!
Presagatious!
Beat down...
The beatific...

Until nothing is left.

A sarcastic performance for one
Overheard,
By all.

Interested in taking it further?
A Celaphopod might recommend
The Intellectual Slave,
The Holy Barbarian,
Or, The Lonely Subterraneans.

To which the Charlies,
Having broke from their work,
And joined the fray,
Might retort:

Dat gooders books...
Dat Subter-teraniums
Of course,
We's just likers da name.
It sounders...
Like et good..

Which probably says,
It all.
All...
You really need to know
Regarding poetry,
Unrehearsed,
And un-pre-formed,
In the midst of the jungle's,
Early morning mist.

Eh, if you don't like it, just give Crazy George a call, and ask him to explain the difference between Jazz, Beat, Sturm and Drang, and all the rest. I'm sure he'll have some sort of opinion on the matter.