

About the Purple Book

In the 123456th year of the XIIIth Age, known as the Age of Misfortune, Ar-G'wan, Duke of Marchmello, ordered his stables and his library cleaned out. Those Marchmellos (1) under sentence of imprisonment for life were assigned to the stables instead, and those condemned to be executed were given the choice of being hanged or dusting the books in the library, which had not been cleaned for fifty years.

All those hanging except one An-M'et-K'in, an avid scholar and sorceress, who had killed a fellow scholar in a dispute over the proper rendering into Mushmouth (2) of the ancient tongue both had specialised in, Hammerikan (5) or Hingulish (4).

Although suffering from greylung, caused by breathing the dust from so many books, An-M'et-K'in whooped (5) with joy on discovering behind the Collected Speeches of the Thanes of Marchmello, which had never been checked out in the history of Marchmello, a large purple-bound book, which the scholar-sorceress recognised as being a hitherto unknown volume in Hammerikan (6).

Ar-G'wan, who was kindhearted au fond, commuted An-M'et-K'in's sentence, on condition that she translate the purple book (7) and refrain from slaying scholars.

An-M'et-K'in fell into a fit of recidivism, when she slaughtered several critics who had claimed her poem, "On First Looking into Chap's Aroma", stank. Ar-G'wan ruled that she should rather be commended for ridding the world of so many critics, and An-M'et-K'in was allowed to continue her work.

The completed translation was published, at the translator's expense, in 1234567, and sold thirty copies over a period of fifteen years (8). Fifty years later, when it was discovered that there were only a hundred copies of the first edition in existence, The Mythbegotten, as An-M'et-K'in called her translation of The Purple Book, became a collector's item and was widely sought after, but, as far as this writer can determine, unread beyond the first page.

Thanks to the miracle of modern printing, The Mythbegotten has been re-issued in a cheap edition, so that it may now be unread beyond the first page by the masses (9)

Fetta Teagle.

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- (1) Inhabitants of Marchmello, known as Mushmelons in the Common Squeak.
 - (2) Principal language of Marchmello.
 - (3) According to An-M'et-K'in (see Selected Works from the Hammerikan, Vol. III Appendix F, section 16a, pages 19 through 26)
 - (4) According to the deceased.
 - (5) or wheezed.
 - (6) or Hingulish.
 - (7) Imaginatively dubbed The Purple Book.
 - (8) It was required reading for Hammerikan 101.
 - (9) That's you, so get going.

Peewee, the Wulf.

Long ago, the Scandalnavians were as hrough a bunch of hrough necks as ever pillaged a village. And no wonder. They were forced by Weird (a female form of Fate) to speak Anglo-Saxon, and spend their time, when not fighting or getting drunk, making up complicated words for easy ones, such as "whale-trail" for "sea".

They came in two social classes: everybody named Earl fought and caroused, and everybody named Carl did all the work.

A great king of Denmark, or Great Dane, was Shill, who passed out so many gold rings that he was known as "The Lord of the Rings". (1)

Descended from Shill were his descendents (2), known as the Shillings. A splendid Shilling was Hroughguy, who built a famous hall (3), called Hrotgut Hall after the quality of the home-brewed mead served there.

Even though Hrotgut Hall was also known as Stag Hall, Queen Wiltthou sat beside Hroughguy while he passed out gold bracelets and rings to the Earls, who passed out from the home brew.

All the noise from Hrotgut Hall annoyed a noisome monster called Grandad, who slunk and slavered along through the fog like Mr. Hyde through Hyde Park. When he got to Hrotgut Hall, Grandad leaped in among the slumbering warriors, tore chunks out of this one and that and crammed the bloody flesh into his mouth. Let's face it, Grandad was a slob.

The other warriors had either passed out completely or thought they were just having D. T.'s. But on the next morning it was discovered that a lot of the happy carousers were dead, and in the most disgusting way.

Nevertheless, the Danish warriors, known thereafter as the Danish Patsies, continued to swill themselves into a stupor, and sure enough, a few nights later, Grandad came back and turned another bunch of them into the mess on the barroom floor.

"Grandad's too hrough!" cried Hroughguy. And from then on, Hrotgut Hall shut down at 6 p.m., and pity the poor Viking who got thirsty after sundown.

News of this terrible state of affairs reached the land of the Goats. King Hygienelac heard it, and all his Earls. What a howl went up, as they realised they might someday be caught in Denmark after six o'clock.

"Never fear! Peewee is here!"

What a comforting thought. Peewee the Wulf, greatest of the Goats! It was he who would destroy the monster Grandad, and re-open Hrotgut Hall as an all-nite meadery.

(1) Now a famous novel by J. R. R. Tolkien.

(2) That's logical.

(3) That is, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl and Carl built the hall. Hroughguy just stood by

Peewee and fifteen stalwart young Goats hauled their ship into the water, rowed and sailed across the whale-trail (4) and landed on the Fords of Denmark.

"Hoozat?" cried the coast-guard. And when he saw Peewee, that giant among warriors, he jumped backwards and peered around a rock.

"I am Peewee, the Wulf, son of Eggthrow!" boasted Peewee to the coast-guard. "And you guys hurry up", he ordered the Goatish warriors, "It's a quarter to six now."

At that, the Goats stampeded up the trail and into Hrotgut Hall, and just in time, too, as the bar was about to close.

"Hail, Hroughguy!" hailed Peewee. "I am Peewee, the Wulf, son of Eggthrow, come here to rid Hrotgut of Grandad!"

Then spoke an Earl called Unfit.

"Aren't you the Peewee that was outswum by Breakfast?"

"I outswum the Markspitz of Spitzmark before Breakfast", announced Peewee coldly. "And I outswum Breakfast too." And, wow, did that shut Unfit up.

That night Peewee stayed in Hrotgut Hall, and the fifteen Goats, to a man, volunteered to stay with him and keep the home-brew company.

After they were well soused and drowsy, Grandad popped in, popped a Goat into his mouth and reached for another before he had even stopped chewing the first one. I'm telling you, that Grandad was a slob.

Unfortunately for Grandad, the Goat he reached for was Peewee. A smashing, crashing evening followed, ending with the departure of Grandad less one arm, which Peewee hung from the rafters.

"Whoopee! Peewee!" Boy, did the Danes and the Goats celebrate Peewee's victory over Grandad! Everybody tried to drink Hrotgut dry, and the benches were loaded with sprawling, dawling warriors. Eventually, they all fell asleep.

Only a mother could love Grandad, and Grandad had a mother. That night, Grandad's mother, Grandadsmother, dropped by and did some devouring of her own.

Next morning, Hroughguy looked at Peewee and said:

"Thanks for getting Grandad, but what monster have you slain for us lately?"

"Have my sword, Grunting, Peewee," said Unfit generously.

"All right, already," said Peewee, "so where does this Grandadsmother hang out?"

Nasty, ugly and altogether like an oil-slick was the tarn (5) where the monsters had their lair. Peewee plunged right into the tarn, Grunting in his teeth, and Grandadsmother grabbed him and pulled him down to her cave. It would have been all

up with Peewee, except that was the air in the lair.

Grunting bent like warm taffy on Grandadsmother's horny hide. In fact, she was getting the best of the battle, when Peewee just happened to see an unbeatable sword that just happened to be hanging right over his hand in the monster's cave.

Even so, it wouldn't have done you or me any good (assuming that we hadn't already drowned on the way down to the cave, or choked on the oil slick or been torn up by Grandadsmother), because it was a giant sword, and it took a Peewee to swing it.

Having used the giant sword to dispose of Grandadsmother, Peewee chopped the head off Grandad's body, that he found lying about in the cavern. Then the giant sword melted like a hot popsicle. But Peewee didn't need it anymore, anyway.

In the words of the Angry-Sexy epic:

"He leoft it deod
And wid its heed
He cam galumfing baek."

Since there were no more monsters to slay, Hroughguy told Peewee thank you and goodbye, and the Goats sailed home.

Back in Goatland, Hygienelac was still King, but later he got killed by the Frizzies.

Eventually, Peewee got to be King, and even a very old King, despite the best efforts of his enemies, the Sweets.

Three hundred years before (6) some rich warriors called the Jukes had filled a cave with a hoard of gold, silver, jewels and fancy weapons. Then they died, most likely from inbreeding. (7)

A nasty fierce dragon, or worm, got wind of the hoard, swept down on the few miserable left-over Jukes and broiled them. Then he took over cave and hoard.

"Bloated,
He gloated,
Nasty
Hoard-hoarder."

One night (8) a slave crept into the cave and swiped a goblet while the dragon slept. Slave took goblet to master and bought freedom with it.

Well, when the dragon woke up, you wouldn't believe he'd notice that one little goblet was gone, would you? (9)

(6) Look sharp there. The way this story jumps around, you blink and you miss your turn off.

(7) Ask your mother about the Hallikaks and the Jukes.

(8) 500 years later.

(9) Sure, you would, especially if you've read The Hobbit

Sniff, sniff, sniff! "Where is that goblet? One of my favouritas, too. Used to drink out of it every day. It's gone. Gone, gone, gone. And somebody's going to pay! No, make that EVERYBODY'S going to pay!"

Up rose the dragon! No living thing escaped the fire he poured along the Goatish shore. If somebody didn't stop him, the whole Goat population would be broiled.

"This is a job for Peewee!" cried Peewee. And the Earls too. They sure didn't want the job.

Peewee took thirteen lucky Earls and set out for the dragon's cave.

Ooooh. All the gold and silver and stuff inside! Too bad there was a dragon lurking about ready to roast you if you so much as thought about touching it.

Peewee stood awhile in uffish thought, Uffishly, he thought about Old King Hressle, about Hairball and Hathsin and about how he himself had hugged Ugh the Sweet to death. Ugh!

Finally, Peewee grasped his metal shield, and dared the dragon to come out. At this point, all the Earls except young Wigstand found they had urgent business behind some trees. (10)

Flaming flame, here came the worm. Wigstand, who was nothing if not brave, ran after Peewee and caught up with him. Wigstand's wooden shield burned away, and he crouched behind Peewee's metal one.

Peewee struck the dragon with his sword, Nagging. But Nagging didn't help. It cracked.

When battling a flying, firebreathing, fifty-foot worm, one would do well to fight dirty. So Wigstand, who was nothing if not intelligent, too, started stabbing below the belt. Peewee, seeing that this bothered the dragon, drew his dagger and joined in.

Well, dragon died and Peewee died and Wigstand got to be King and threw out the Earls who had hid behind the trees.

And the Goats built a barrow for Peewee on the Headland of Horseneck. There they heaped the dragon hoard, and on top of everything, they built a beacon, as a symbol of Peewee, who had been a regular beacon for the Goats. I mean, when he got lit, he got lit.

(10) And who's to say what he'd do when faced with a flying, fire-breathing, fifty foot worm ?

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And where they really were.

Peewee the Wulf

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