

Raymond Soulard, Jr.



Notes from New England

[Commentary]

*“Please accept this ragged purse
of high notes.”*

The following continues the series originally called Notes from New England, begun in issue 24-25 (Winter 1998), then revived in issue 59 (October 2006) as Notes from the Northwest, & appearing since issue 75 (October 2010) under its original title. It is intended as a gathering-place for observations of various lengths upon the world around me. It will be culled, like much of my writing, from my notebooks, and perhaps these thoughts will be expanded upon sometimes as well.

What is Bags End? A Reader's Guide Part 1: 1985-2003

1. Bags End is a fantasyland I've been writing about since 1985 (though it was created by my sister & me years earlier), 16 notebooks of handwritten pages, & counting. Written in the form of issues of *Bags End News*, edited by Algernon Beagle. Nearing 400 issues, at this writing, usually 10 pages an issue.
2. Fantasyland like those (mostly) Victorian-era books I love so much: L. Frank Baum's *Wizard of Oz* series; A.A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh* books; J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*; Kenneth Graham's *Wind in the Willows*; Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books—plus the more recent Narnia books of C.S. Lewis, Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, & Jim Henson's TV show *Fraggle Rock*.
3. “Bags End” because originally my sister's stuffed animals put into paper bags to save from crush in toy box—and then three brown laundry bags (mother's idea)—& I was reading Tolkien describing the home of Baggins Hobbits as called *Bag End*.
4. My sister Christine became “Miss Chris” in the stories, child heroine & friend to Bags End Friends—like Oz's Dorothy, Wonderland's Alice, Narnia's Lucy. Because human cultures foster great, good, magical beliefs in children they proceed to strip bare, repudiate violently, in adolescence, & thus adults look back over a wasteland of teenage years to what seems like youthful glory years. Distortions fantasylands slantly salve.
5. From the outside, Bags End looks like three filled brown laundry bags, sitting on a little chair in the corner of Miss Chris's bedroom. Within, something like a many-leveled apartment building, but no known top or bottom. Most floors have doors running up



Bags End Book #22: Uniting the Six Islands Part 2

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Uniting the Six Islands?

I can surely say, Dear Readers, that I have been on some grate adventures in mah times. Some of them were led by Bags End guys like Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow. Some by mah dear friend Princess Crissy, who lives nearby in Imagianna.

And some more recent ones have involved those nice Creature Common guys, & even the 4 Famous Travelers called Marie & Joe & Derek & Daniel. And sometimes Daniel's bestus buddy, Tumbleweed.

But this current story I am telling seems to have a lot of these & more. I suppose I am the lone Bags End guy so far, tho others could come any time, welcomed or bossy about it. The 4 Famous Travelers are along. And Willy Nilly from the Creature Common. And we got to where we are at this point by visiting Princess Crissy, & via her tricky smile magick.

But the Great Heroes of Yore, Miss La & Miss Ta, & their, um, O'Kult,

Bag's End News
No 441, November 4, 2017
Editor: Alge von Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lory Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly

More About thee Bloo Sutekas!

I kan shurley say, Dear
Reeders, thatt I hav bin onn sum
grate Advenchurs in mah tims.
Sum of them yer ledz by Bag's End
guy, lik, Sheila Bunny & Potsey Bunny
Dillo. Sum bin mah deer friend
Princess Crissy whoo lvs nearby
in Impoiana.

An sum mor resent wuns
hav invold thos n's kreechus
Lemon puz & onn thee familly & Grot.
Travelers Kallid Morree & Jo Danyl
& Derek.

Butt, thiss kurent storee, I
amm tellin' seemz doo hant a lott
of theez & mor. I supoz I amm thee

Bag's End News
No 442, November 11, 2017
Editor: Alge von Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lory Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Sleepovr in the Penseeoney!

Itt iz kwi + thee epik storee
I hav lookd intoo. Dear Reeders,
which I amm happy too report
too all of ya. Theez ar of
kors, parth's too thiss storee
that I dont vnderstand, we're
neve with mee on thiss, butt
I amm verry much wite
hals & askin' kuestyons sumtims
to.

Itt okurr too mee thatt
thiss iz a ~~ree~~ tale I amm tellin'
with onley mee rum Bag's End
in it, most lay, & mostley
about prapils farr from mah
strong butt belived nativ homeland.

Bag's End News
No 443, November 18, 2017
Editor: Alge von Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lory Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Thee 6 Model Islands!

Yor olld pall & beagle bone
jennelst Alge von Beagle hav
bin onn kwi a fuw exposhum
in hiz tim, & ech wun drent
by whoo kaim & wiy wee wed
expotishum.

Thiss dnt I'm tellin' ya
about thiss xim felt lik wun
of thee biest wot tho. Mee thee
onley Bag's End guy aming theez
Travelers & Herts &
O Kull.

Butt nobudey amongst all
theez puz enr sed I shood nott
bee wrong, bekauz of beehin a

Bag's End News
No 444, November 25, 2017
Editor: Alge von Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lory Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly

The 6 Islands Spook Agent

From wen wandr too the
next in thiss ~~grate~~ glenche.
Dear Reeders I amm glad I
amm nott wun of theez puz yu
neer about whoo think thair
seen awl all about thee world
& itz nott so grate anyway. Itt
iz grate, & weerde & wonderfull, &
oll of a bajillion kindz of trubel
to. Thatz war I think about it
anyway.

Back too thee storee. Mee
thee Travelers kind out of thee
hole wapon shee waz in with mee
& told Travelers Danyl & Jo & Derek

are all new to me. I mean, sort of, since Miss La & Miss Ta are also Creatures too, I think. I mean, again, that Miss La looks like that bloo-&-pink smirking Piglet Creature, Bellla, & Miss Ta looks like Rosa!ita, who is a crazy-eyed black-&-white Pandy Bear Imp.

I know, I know, "One. None. Many." Mah simple brainbone does its best to nod & accept these strange days & idears.

Anyway, we were at the Ancienne Coffeehouse, talking about the many amazing heroics of those Great Heroes of Yore, including the most recent one about traveling to several Islands to find those colorful Moosei Creatures, & help them fix the colors of the world gone weird. So amazing, Dear Readers, to hear of such braveness!

Now Daniel asked them, "Are you now on your newest Great Heroic Adventure, Miss La & Miss Ta?"

Miss La smirked near tricky as Crissy does, & said, "My colleague & I had a shared dream that had many strange images in it, that became stranger toward the end when we came together in it, & were traveling over the Wide Wide Sea, to the Ancient Six Islands. We saw their glowing White Woods, & the little pond in the middle of them.

"And then we dived down deep into the little pond in our dream vision, & we came to a place where all the Islands' roots were clustered together too, & we heard a voice say, 'How will the Six Islands be united again?' And we saw a vision of the Blue Suitcase, & inside of it a little green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones."

Well, we all listened with our great fascinations at how familiar this story sounded. "Sounds like a crazy dream to me," is all I said, hoping I did not sound too dum.

But Miss Ta cackled friendly, & Miss La nodded to me & said, "It was a crazy dream, Mister Algernon Beagle! That's why we decided that we both had to come here to start on our next Great Heroic Adventure. We're just not sure what to do next. What are all of you Famous Travelers here 4or?"

Daniel explained how they had also been trying to figger how to unite the Six Islands again, & had picked me up along the way, since I had the same idear too. Crissy's idear, to be fair, Dear Readers. "And we all had a similar vision to yours, Miss La & Miss Ta, when we were in Princess Crissy's Great Liberry in Imagianna," he finished.

"Tho our vision didn't have the little green-&-golden sack of colored stones in it," added Marie. Then she showed the Great Heroes the Blue Suitcase she had been carrying along our travels.

The Great Heroes looked shocked to see it. Miss La said, "Would you open up the Blue Suitcase, Miss Marie, & maybe what we are talking about is in there?"

So Miss Marie put the Blue Suitcase on the floor, & opened it up, & showed everyone a strange Map, & a Box with colored Threads in it, & there again was the green-&-golden sack the rest of us had seen be4ore.

Then Marie rooted around in the Blue Suitcase more, & found a hidden bulge on the inside. A secret pocket! And, sure enough, out came another green-&-golden colored sack!

Then she poured into her hand from this new sack 6 or 7 little colored stones. They were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, & violet. The indigo stone came out last, there & not-there both?

Joe pulled up a little game table to where we sat. It sort of looked like a checkerboard on top except there were a whole bunch of cackling Imps like Rosa!ita! And I guess Miss Ta the Great Hero too. "One. None. Many" is all I got to work with, Dear Readers.

These Imps cackled off to the side, & then Marie placed the 6 or 7

colored stones on the checkerboard for us to look at. Pretty, but not telling us more than that.

Miss La said, "I think these are our clues."

"Clues to what?" asked Joe, who I've noticed tries hard not to be fooled by strangeness. Good idea, I agree.

"We need to find out where these stones go," said one of her O'Kult suddenly. It was the pretty-faced green round fella with her warm blue hat & tricky Crissy kind of smile. "That's what you do with magick stones. You find out where they go, & then they can do their magick," she finished. Everyone else listened & then nodded, because this made good sense to all.

So now our question was: where did these stones go?

Just then a group of very jolly people-folks came into the Ancienne Coffeehouse, & sat near us, all happy & talking merry.

They said, "Have you all been to the Rutabaga Festival yet? Boy Holly! It's a fun time going on there today! They have all sorts of great events happening!"

Then they were all talking at once, telling what they had seen at this strangely named Festival.

"But the greatest event of all is the Model," they all kind of said together in agreement.

"The Model?" asked Marie politely, & we all listened eagerly.

"The Model," one of the guys said, with his eyes big & bright. "It is a living Model of the Ancient Six Islands, like they were back then, joined together. You have to see it to know it!"

These Festival-goers laughed more & smiled friendly at us, but then they got restless, I guess, so they said goodbye politely, & moved along deeper into the Ancienne Coffeehouse. We sat talking about what they had told us.

Everyone seemed to agree that we should all go see this Model the next day.

"Let's spend the night together in the Pensionne," said Miss La. I guessed this was somewhere to sleep. Everyone else I guessed knewed this word & nodded, so I decided OK without nodding. Dummer to pretend.

For awhile we sat on, tho, talking, & they all had such crazy travels that it made me feel both humble & glad to be along this time. I keep trying to learn, Dear Readers! Keep using mah meager wits & asking questions sometimes too!

* * * * *

Sleepover in the Pensionne!

I can't say all this stuff about the Ancient Six Islands makes full sense to me yet, but at least I don't feel totally behind somehow. I mean, I know about, & have rited about in this beloved newspaper, how long ago the Six Islands were clustered together like Creatures, until something fell from the sky & spooked them to panic & flee from each other. And it was Princess Crissy who had kind of set me off on this present story's path to unite the Six Islands again.

And I have wondered mahself about whether Bags End's group of 6 Neighbors--us, Imagianna, Dreamland, Bunny Pillow Farm, Creature Common, & the White Woods--are on 1 Island, or are scattered on some or all 6 of them.

So I know & understand & can tell some stuff about all this, & have mah own questions too.

I guess these things were on mah mind as I sat in the Ancienne Coffeehouse with the 4 Famous Travelers, & the Great Heroes of Yore, & their charming

O'Kult, listening to their stories of travels. Mah attention was drawn to watching Marie, who looked very thoughtful on her pretty face as she studied the 6 or 7 colored stones, finger upon her chin, & then put them away in their green-&-golden colored sack. I realized she thinked them as much of a mystery as I did.

Eventually we all got up, & trooped out of the Ancienne Coffeehouse to the road outside. And there waiting 4or us was none other than those bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish in their famous Boat-Wagon! Boy! They get around!

Everyone climbed into the Boat-Wagon, most of us in the back, & Marie up front as, I guessed, a special friend to the Kittees & their Friend Fish.

We then all got safety belted, with everyone saying, "Safety first!" as is the rule with this vehicle.

Marie then nodded to the Kittees, & they pedaled us along the road 4or a little while, until we arrived to the Pensionne.

It looked like a very strange building, with no one front door I could see. Seemed like many of them.

But in front of one of the many doors was this tall smiling lady with a long grey braid & big boots. We all got out, & everyone yelled, "Aunt!" all friendly. Now I knowed her name too.

She greeted everyone with nods & smiles &, since I am short & she is friendly, I got a nice scratch on mah headbone be4ore she turned & led us inside.

She brought us down what looked like a hallway as regular as Bags End's, at least 4or awhile, but then it felt more like we were walking on an earthy path, & there were rocks & roots we had to climb over, the bigger guys helping us shorter guys along sometimes.

Then I heard the sound of water nearby, like a babbling brook? And I saw how there were now trees all around us, sorta like White Woods? How did that happen? Everyone was saying how this path was just like the one in one of those Great Heroes' other adventures.

Soon we came to a very pretty bridge that Marie whispered to me was called Cobblestone Bridge. That nice Aunt was, I guessed, our hostess, cuz she had laid out a whole lot of blankets & pillows under the bridge, on one side of the brook, 4or us to have a kind of camping out sleepover in her strange Pensionne?

Well, OK, I guessed this was part of how it goes with both Great Heroes & Famous Travelers in your group. I mean, even these small details would be strange & interesting with these guys, whose stories are so much known & tolded about.

So Aunt made sure we were all arrived & settled be4ore she tolded us good night. We all thanked her very much, & she smiled pleased.

Nobody was ready to sleep yet, tho, & everybody wanted to hear more stories from everyone else.

Suddenly those friendly O'Kult guys were leading the general look to me 4or a good story.

What to say, Dear Readers? I thinked I knowed a lot of them, but on the spot like this I swear I could not hardly pass a test on who thinks she is the King of Bags End, or who speaks a very annoying made-up tongue. I knowed be4ore & after that those answers are Sheila Bunny & Alexander Puppy, of course. But not at that moment.

What did I remember? Thinked hard & found mahself thinking of mah not recently seen Apprentice Reporter, Willy Nillly.

So I nodded & started there, telling everyone about him coming to see me

in Bags End to do a new story, & Crissy's thoughts on uniting the Six Islands again being on mah mind too, & how we traveled to the Bags End Liberry, & then to the Creature Common, & finally to see all of them in the Ancienne Coffeehouse.

I could only hope that this story was OK, but I guessed that it was. When I was done, I was happy to hush & listen again 4or a good long while.

Everyone listened politely, & then Marie said, "We did not see your Apprentice Reporter Willy Nilly in the Creature Common, when we met you. Where is he now?"

All I said was, "He's on a special assignment," which was sort of true. Marie nodded & smiled, lucky me.

So then we all got comfy & clustered like Creatures, & the stars were high up over the bridge, & the brook babbled as they do. Long tiring day, & nice place to sleep, & the pretty musics of the White Woods, & I was soon sleeping among mah new & known friends.

* * * * *

The Six Model Islands!

Your old pal & beagleboy journalist Algernon Beagle has been on quite a few expotitions in his times, & each one different by who came, & why we were expotitioning. But this new one I am telling you of now felt like the biggest one yet. Amd me, the only Bags End guy among Famous Travelers & Great Heroes of Yore & their O'Kult!

But nobody amongst all these nice guys ever said I should not be along, because of being a beagle, or not famous enough, or whatever. I guess I am never sure of mah qualifications 4or these big adventures.

I don't even know how I would qualify if I didn't, like how to do that? Does doing mah newspaper count? I think maybe, but that's as far as I get.

Still, if nobody objects, & everyone is friendly, & I make sure mah newspaper tells the story straight & true as I can, maybe it's OK.

I'm no magickal Creature, but that's what mah paw-on-chin figgerings concluded, as I was waking up, still clustered warmly with the others under that Cobblestone Bridge, on our way to the Rutabaga Festival to see the Six Model Islands there. The thinking we all had was that maybe visiting this Model would help us with our adventure to unite the actual Six Islands again, that had long ago spooked & fled far from each other.

That nice tall Aunt lady in her big boots & long grey braid on her hair, & kind smile 4or all, was there as I looked around. When everyone started to gather up the pillows & blankets we had slept with, she said, "Oh, don't you worry about all that. It's time 4or you to get going. I believe you're going that way," & she pointed further along the path by the babbling brook we had followed to this bridge.

Then to explain, she put her hand to her ear, like listening, & so we all got really quiet & tried to listen too. There were sounds of people having fun & frivolities, like those happy guys had talked about to us last night at the Ancienne Coffeehouse. Probably that Rutabaga Festival!

I guess I was getting used to not jumping out of mah bones when I heard that word, & not knowing why I didn't either.

Anyway, we left the pillows & blankets there, like Aunt said, & packed up, & started going again. Daniel & the Great Heroes Miss La & Miss Ta took the lead, then Marie & Joe & Derek, & that nice O'Kult, & me in the back. All of us single file going along. It got rocky & rough to walk at times, & so Marie & the other Travelers would fetch up us little guys, & carry us along

4or awhile.

I noticed the rocky path began to wind away from the babbling brook, & get nearer to the Festival & its merry-makers. Lots of music & drummings in the air, & happy dancers dancing by us. A lot of them crying out, "You have to go to see the Model! You have to go to see the Model!"

And then we came to this big clearing where, truer than true, those amazing Thought Fleas, good friends of mine from past times, had really built a living model of the Ancient Six Islands, clustered together! They were in a model of the Wide Wide Sea, which filled the clearing, but not further somehow. It was amazing, like everyone had said! What magicks had summoned this up?

We walked slowly around the edge of the clearing, looking at the Six Model Islands, & their glowing White Woods, & their mountains. And in the center of them, floating in their Model Wide Wide Sea, was a pond that reminded me of the Fishin' Hole I had seen the time I was with 4 Famous Travelers, back where they live, & where they started their Famous Travels from.

So we were all just walking & wondering in our awes when along came again those bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish in their Famous Boat-Wagon!

What was strange tho was that they would not let us pass by & keep walking. Kept sort of driving in our way.

Marie said to them, "What is it, Kittees?"

The Kittees raised their white-tipped black paws, & pointed at the Blue Suitcase that Marie carried along. They stared Marie until she set the Blue Suitcase on the ground, & opened it up.

Looking back at them as steadily as they were looking at her, finger upon her chin thinking, she dug out that green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones, & showed them to the Kittees. I wondered what would happen next with all this wordless talking.

The Kittees pointed their paws toward the Model Islands.

Marie nodded like she was excited, & said to all of us, "We have to get into the Boat-Wagon now!"

So we did just what said, & piled again into the Boat-Wagon, Marie in front with the Kittees & their Friend Fish, & the rest of us tucked into the back, a friendly group, all buckled in & crying out, "Safety first!" as is the rule.

The Kittees pedal the Boat-Wagon like a sort of big bicycle when on the ground, but then as we rolled into the Model Wide Wide Sea, the pedals became like water paddles. I don't know how that works. I was just watching close & amazing.

It seemed like we in the Boat-Wagon must have gotten smaller because the Six Model Islands looked bigger as we went along our way. Not full-sized, but much bigger compared to us! I wondered if a smart guy like Lori Bunny could have explained this to me better.

We came to the pond in the middle of the clustered Model Islands, & the Kittees stopped paddling.

We in the back watched the Kittees now wordlessly point their paws from the stones in Marie's hand to the Six Model Islands around us. What did this mean?

* * * * *

The Six Islands Spook Again!

As we all watched, Marie the Traveler climbed out of the Boat-Wagon into the water, which went only partway up her legs, & she began to slosh over

to one of the Islands.

She leaned over the Island, & reached & reached & reached her hand until she placed one of the colored stones firmly at the top of the tallest mountain of the Island.

Then she sloshed over to the next Island & did the same thing. And the next, & the next, until all the Six Model Islands had been visited like this.

Then she came sloshing back to the Boat-Wagon, & climbed in. I guess the Kittees & their Friend Fish had hit Towel button on their dashboard, because she had a nice green-&-golden one to dry off with.

I noticed that the colored stones on each Island were now glowing each its own color. Very pretty. But what 4or?

Marie then talked to the Kittees again. "I still have one stone left." She helded up the indigo stone that sort of came & went in her hand. "What do I do with this one?"

The Kittees kept on with their bloo-eyed telling-not-talking ways. They pointed their white-tipped black paws toward the sky.

Marie stood up in her seat, & reached up. And up, & up, & impossibly up high 4or one girl's arm & hand, but she did, & through clouds up there, up & up!

"I feel something metal like a . . . Spaceship?" she asked more than tolded.

I guessed she felt along 4or a few moments, & then said, "Oh! It's like a socket, & I think this stone screws in, like a lightbulb?" And now her hand was back, & no stone or bulb in it.

We all kept looking up & then, sure enough, this great Spaceship came out of the clouds!

And something fell from it too. It was small, & blue, & tumbled end over end into the Model Wide Wide Sea, not far from us. A Blue Suitcase!

Wasn't much time to wonder at this because the Six Model Islands around us began to shake & quake &, be4ore we knew it, all but one of them had somehow spooked & fled. They were gone! Crazy!

We all just sat there quiet & dazed.

Then Joe next to me said to Marie, "Well, Ginger, this Model doesn't seem to have worked out any better than the real thing, does it?"

Marie shook her head & said, "No."

Derek also near me speaked up from his usual quietness. "Well, what should we do now?"

Now I talked, some kind of shaggy half-built idear hurrying from mah brainbone to mah mouth, the rest of me hoping 4or the best.

"This Creature Islands spooking thing seems to happen no matter what we do about it. But maybe there's something to what Marie did with those colored stones, & how the Kittees told her to."

I paused, just in case of jeers, but did not feel none coming on, so talked some more.

"If you think about it, wherever those Creature Islands fled to, they all have the glowing stones at their highest tops. That would show where they are? Like, um, um," I didn't know the right word, but guessed there was one.

"Beacons," said Daniel, smiling at me like I was OK in his book. Good book to be OK in.

Everyone talked at once now, & it seemed like we were all wondering how knowing this would help the real Six Islands?

Another idear ragged & strange came from mah busy brainbone. "Maybe if we went to see mah friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna, there's this sorta cloudy magickal place in her Great Liberry that might help us to answer our

question. If you all think this would be a good plan."

Well, again no jeering me, & maybe the opposite to boot.

So we all made sure that Marie & everyone else was buckled up again. Safety first! And the Kittees began to paddle us away from the 1 Model Island that was left.

I wondered if we could get those other 5 Model Islands back too. Seemed only fair to those nice Thought Fleas. Maybe all of these things were somehow part of one thing. It always seemed somehow to come back to: "One. None. Many."

We rolled from the Model Wide Wide Sea onto the land, & were soon deep in the White Woods.

I am guessing that how we were soon traveling from the White Woods onto the rolling green-&-golden hills of Imagianna was that mah dear & very curious friend Princess Crissy was watching our travels, & knowed we wanted to come back & see her.

Whatever the truth, up we soon rolled to the front door of her Palace.

We unbuckled, & got out of the Boat-Wagon, & I said to those Great Heroes of Yore, "Since you guys are new to Crissy & Imagianna, I will make sure that you & your O'Kult are given the best of introductions 4or Great Heroes such as yourselves." They nodded & smiled, & Miss Ta cackled, I guess pleased.

I knocked on the door & of course Boop, who looks like a Turtle but isn't one, answered. He seed me & the 4 Famous Travelers that he knowed. Then he seed those Great Heroes that everybody & his brother knows about, except me till recently.

"Greetings, all!" he cried happy. "I will show you excited guests into the Throne Room of Princess Chrisakah!" And he leaded the way.

* * * * *

Back to the Great Liberry of Imagianna!

So Boop smiling led us into Crissy's Throne Room, & we found her sitting in her Throne. I could see that her fancy Princess dress was on over her blue jeans & R.E.M. t-shirt, & she was trying to keep her crooked crown on, but I thinked more in a rebel kind of way than size.

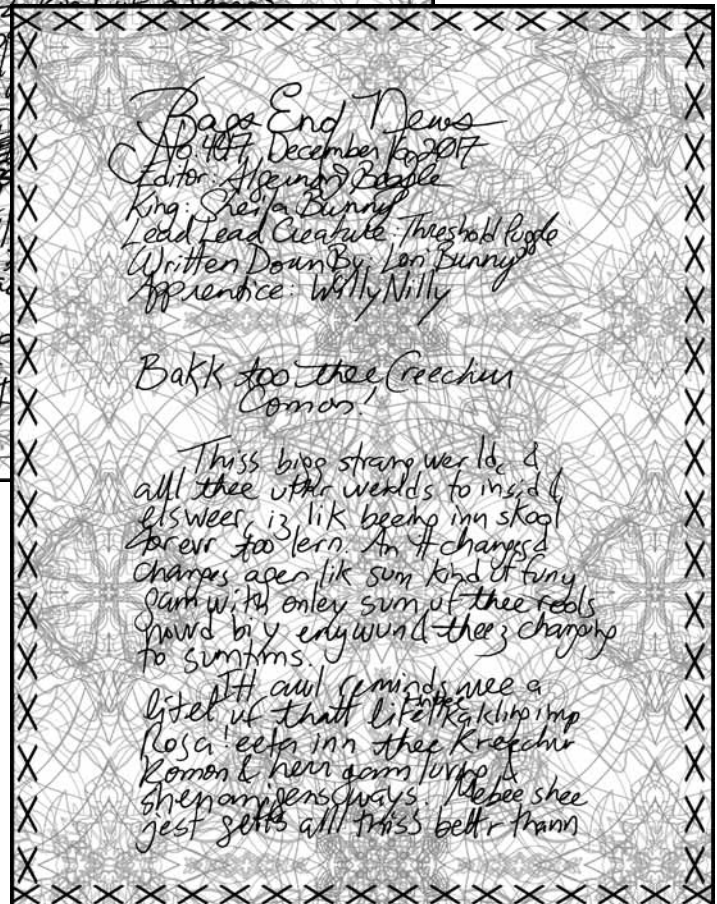
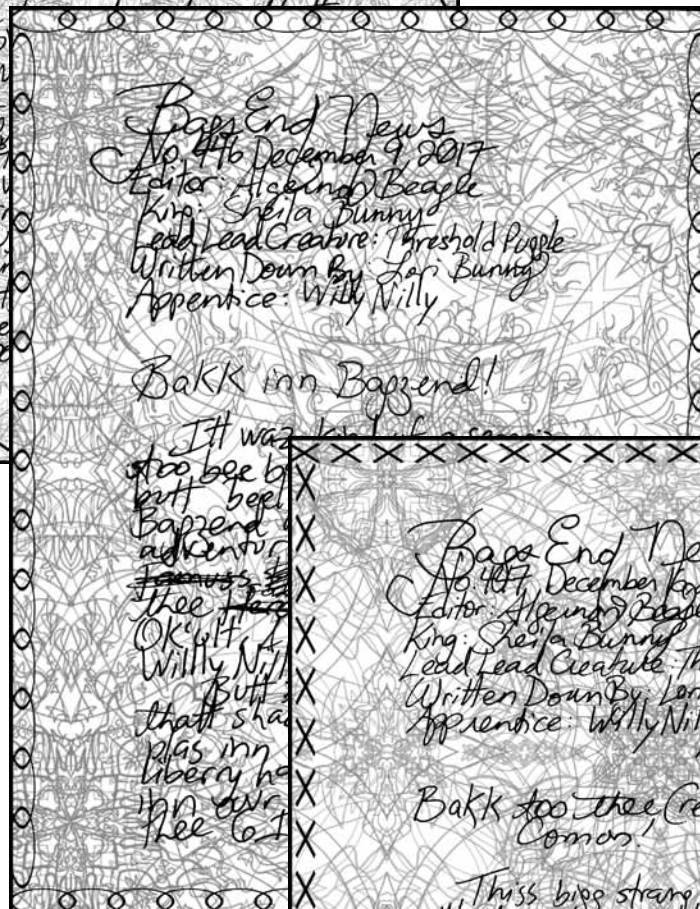
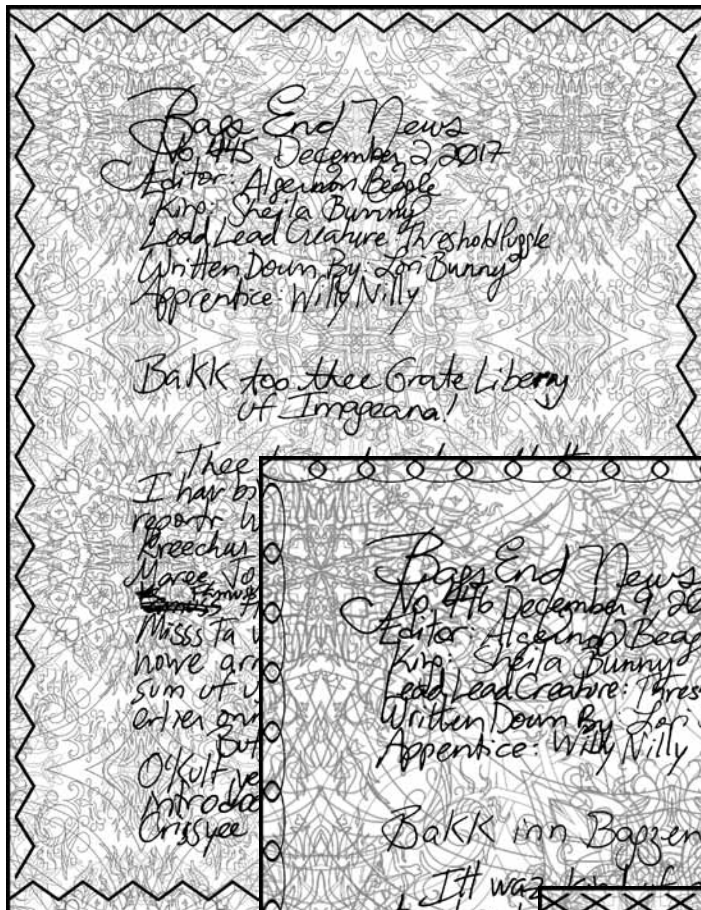
Boop was all business now, called protocols, which is politeness & fancy words all bundled up together.

He cried out proudly, "Presenting to your Royal Highness, Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, Algernon Beagle, Court Scribe to King Sheila Bunny of Bags End; the 4 Famous Travelers, Daniel, Marie, Joe, & Derek the Islander, of the White Woods; & the Great Heroes of Yore, Miss La & Miss Ta, & their retinue, the O'Kult!"

I think Court Scribe means me & mah newspaper, which is true, but I can surely say that Sheila is NOT King & I do NOT write 4or her. About her sometimes, but still. The rest of Boop's talkings were true enough, like I had tolded them to you Dear Readers be4ore too.

Anyway, Crissy smiled her most charming Crissy smile & said, "You can call me Crissy!" Then she got off her Throne, & came over to me first & gived me a big hug. She said hello happily again to the 4 Famous Travelers, & met the Great Heroes & their O'Kult all friendly. She is kind of a big guy, by title & trade, but Crissy is more really a nice girl who loves to dance, & she is kindly to everyone, like she's got a big circle in her heartbone with a place 4or all.

I could tell the Great Heroes & their O'Kult were amazed by all this,



being welcomed so nicely into the big & fancy Castle & all. I guess I 4orget cuz Crissy is mah dear friend, & I knowed she got to be a Princess sort of by accident, that she impresses new friends importantly.

Now that the hellos were done, Crissy led us all to her porch called 1928 Paris, & had everyone sit down on her very soft couch.

The 4 Travelers caught her up on all our travels since we were with her last time. Crissy listened closely, her finger upon her chin, which 4or some means that, & she seemed especially fascinated by Marie's discovery of the green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones, because it seemed like Crissy had not known they were hidden away in the Blue Suitcase that she had given us to take along. That answered that wondering.

Now I talked mah idear from be4ore & hoped it was still a good one. "Crissy, I really think we should go back to your Great Liberry, to that strange & shadowy place in it &, if we ask our question good, maybe it will be able to help us."

Crissy smiled straight & true at me, & thought this was a good idear too. She looked at Boop & asked him to lead us all back to the Great Liberry.

Boop nodded, & led us right away down the hallways to the door with the green-&-golden book picture on it. And we all went right in.

I have rited be4ore about this wonderful place, with its high-in-the-sky ceiling, & big-big & tiny-tiny books, & mah wonderment how it is somehow in the basement of the Castle. Just seems too big. But Crissy & Crissy matters often amaze mah simple brainbone.

Boop smiled & nodded at me to lead the way, & I figgered he was not coming along. I wondered about this, & Crissy too, but I think they wanted this time to help but not be the stars. Or something.

So I leaded the way down the spiral staircase into the Great Liberry. We were all in awe, especially the Great Heroes & O'Kult, but I kept us going along our way to that shadowy corner place from last time. It again glowed bright, once we were inside.

And, like last time, there were pages & words & books floating all around us, like snowflakes, or Blondys if they were not girl-shaped.

Part of me wanted to just lose mahself in all this beauty, but I kept mah brainbone focused on our task.

"Now, guys," I said, "You can see that this is a very magickal kind of place. What we have to do is think about what we want to do next. About all of our travels together, & how we want to know where to go next to help the Six Islands unite again."

I kind of politely directed us to sit in a circle, & close our eyes, & touch pawbone to hand, & hmmm together, just like Crissy had us do last time. I hoped I did it right.

After a long time, we were indeed somewhere else. I opened mah eyes, & everyone did too, & we found ourselves in a big group on mah own Milne's Porch in Bags End!

It was quite a crowd on mah Porch, but it was all friendly, if a bit uncertain.

Miss La, who looks like Crissy's dear old friend Bellla, the bloo-&-pink Piglet Creature, sort of is & isn't somehow, looked at me & said, "What are we doing here, Mister Algernon Beagle?"

* * * * *

Back in Bags End!

It was kind of a surprise to be back in mah strange but beloved homeland

of Bags End, on this grand adventure with the 4 Famous Travelers, the Great Heroes of Yore, & their O'Kult. But this where that shadowy bright magickal place in Crissy's Great Liberry had sent us next in our quest to unite the Six Island again.

Miss La & the others were looking at me 4or the why of it tho. So I said, "Well, I am guessing that, since we were brung here, our answer must be somewhere in Bags End. Let's go see mah friend Lori Bunny in the Bags End Liberry & talk to her."

Nobody objected or called mean names, so I led us to climb one by one through the window into mah bedroom in the Bunny Family apartment. And there was mah brother Alexander Puppy, who shares mah bedroom, tho not mah choice of proper tongue to speak in.

Which is to say that he immediately started to Bump each guy politely who came into our bedroom, one at a time.

I got mad quick & said, "Stop that, you dum brother! We don't have time 4or your Bumping nonsense!"

"Bump?" Alex asked me, & I looked around desperately 4or that helpful green-eyed real & fake language-knowing guy, Allie Leopard. No good luck.

That's when Daniel the Famous Traveler looked at Alex & said, "Bump Bump Bump-Bump-Bump."

Alex smiled big & he said, "Bump-Bump-Bump-Bump?"

And Daniel said back, "Bump-Bump-Bump-Bump!"

I could not take it. "What is going on here?" I demanded.

Daniel smiled kindly at me, & mercy me talked English again. "Alexander Puppy knows about the colored stones we have kept encountering in dreams & other places. He says there is a book about them in the Bags End Liberry, but it is not in the history books there, because it is a book of strange songs. Alexander knows about it because it has Ancient Bump Songs in it."

Wow. Very helpful. I swallowed mah pride (O! Yuk?) & gaved Alex a sort of Bump on his nozebone, out of affections.

"Bump! Bump! Bump!" Alex cried, all happy, knowing mah opinion on Bump mostly.

"Come on!" I said. "Let's go quick be4ore I regret ever being nice to that silly Bumping brother!" I then hurried to lead everyone out of our bedroom & through the Bunny Family apartment to the hallway.

I leaded the group along, since this was mah homeland & I knowed the way. All was fine until I heard a roar up ahead in the hallway we were in. Suddenly there was Sheila Bunny riding up to us on her BunnyCycle Beatrix!

"Halt!" she said.

"Oh, good golly," I groaned. Another Bagzinian delay.

I didn't know what was gonna happen next when that tiny Miss Ta sorta skittered up to Sheila & started cackling a little song that I think sounded like a Coltrane song. They are strange to know but hard to 4orget, & Sheila plays them a lot on her little record player in her Throne Room, which I visit sometimes. And with her Kool Jazz Band too.

This calmed Sheila down, I think, from her probably being annoyed at a big adventure, without her, in her Kingdom. Which it isn't.

So hopeful & hurrying, I explained why we were here. I don't assume anyone in Bags End reads mah newspaper, unless it's about them.

"Would you like to come along with us, Sheila?" I asked meekly.

Maybe she saw there were enough Heroes & other famous folks already that she would be kind of a latecomer, but she just said, "Carry on, Subjects!" like any of us were, which not, & roared away on her BunnyCycle Beatrix with a friendly wave of her paw.

Wow again.

So we kept going toward the Bags End Liberry, & there was no more trouble.

I hurried all of us to the corner table that Lori shared with Allie Leopard. Lori was there, looked at me & all of us, adjusted her smartguy spectacles, & smiled.

I talked right into it. "We know what the right book is now, Lori!" And I told her what Alex had just told us.

She listened, & smiled more, & nodded. Then she brung us over to the music books like I had asked, & picked out one that was green-&-golden, & looked very old too. "It's called The Book of Strange Songs," she said.

She set the old book on her table, & paged through, & then pointed to a particular song. She read its words & said, "This is about the colored stones, Algernon!"

Now Lori & Daniel sat close together, studying the song. I didn't think the words were in English, so I guessed we needed to wait awhile while they studied, & then explained.

When ready, Daniel said, "We were right. The colored stones are Beacons. But they need to be activated. When they all are, they hmm a certain hmm only the other Islands can hear."

Lori looked at mah & maybe others' confusion & said, "We need to turn them on, Algernon."

"Oh," said me.

"Then the Islands can find each other again," she finished, smiling.

Wow, a third time.

I'm not sure how it happened but everyone again looked at me 4or answers.

"What do we do now, Algernon Beagle?" they severally said.

* * * * *

Back to the Creature Common!

This big strange world, & all the other worlds too, inside & elsewhere, is like being in school 4orever to learn. And it changes & changes again, like some kind of funny game with only some of the rules knowed by everyone, & these changing too sometimes.

It all reminds me a little of that little cackling Imp Rosalita in the Creature Common, & her game-loving & shenanigans ways. Maybe she just gets all this better than most or me too.

I still don't know a lot of the answers, Dear Readers. But I have wondered over a thing or 2 more & more along the way.

It was not so long ago that the only close Neighbors to Bags End were Imagianna, & I guess too the Bunny Pillow Farm. And of course all of the strange places inside Bags End itself, which is unknown big really. And, lastly, Connecticut, where Miss Chris & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy & their kinfolks live.

It was a long time in learning about the wonderful Creature Common, & Dreamland, & the White Woods.

And I know some would say, "Hey, beagle, what about Oz, & Wonderland, & Narnia, & good places like that?"

Sure, those too, but I kinda think like they aren't as nearby. And I don't know what that means.

It's all friendliness amongst all these places, but it's like there's more to know about what's near to sort of fill out with all that's known about far.

So this story I have been telling is like the newest of these learning's

about those places I call near & Neighbors.

I am no teacher like Mister Owl in Bags End School, or smart guy about history books like Lori Bunny, or tricky smile magickal knowing girl like Princess Crissy, but I feel like, as what I am, a scrappy beagleboy journalist, I am helping figger out some good things 4or everybody to know.

But again the question asked me: "What do we do now, Algernon Beagle?"

I am not used to being more than a mere beagle in a story's careening chaos, but I stopped, & tooked a breath down deep inside, be4ore panicking or talking.

Then I talked. "I wonder if there are guys in the Creature Common who could help us figger out this Islands Beacon thing. I think we should go to the Creature Common, & bring our question with us."

Nobody objected with insults or anything else, so I nodded & again leaded the way, because mah native homeland, down the levels & through the hallways of Bags End. Right to the Marie picture, where it is hung upon the wall.

Knowing I probably struggle the most with the logic of it all, I carefully explained.

"You have to not think of this as a picture of Marie, but like a portal to the Creature Common." I saw Marie was smiling at mah talking's about her, um, picture. But she nodded me friendly to go on, so I did. "You just close your eyes, & walk on through," I explained, truly & logiclessly.

So I sort of waved a welcoming paw at the picture, & encouraged everyone to go on through. The 4 Travelers, even Marie, followed mah instructions, & made it OK. The Creatures did not need to, which did not surprise me. I did, tho, & barely made it through.

And there we were, on the landing outside the Creature Common, or maybe part of it, because of the 4 pictures, & there was CC, that nice Ramie-looking guy, with MeZmer the White Bunny & Holly the Hedgedyhog in paw. CC smiled & said, "Well, hello everyone! Hello again, Mister Algernon Beagle!"

I guess everybody knowed CC friendly one way or another, & he explained that he had been telling our story, & was pretty caught up to now. Wow, competition to mah newspaper tellings. But, no, that's dum. I talked better words by far than those.

"So you know we are here to try & find out how to turn on those Island Beacons."

CC nodded, & talked slowly then, like trying out each word in his mind first. "I don't know if it's a matter of finding all those Islands & turning on their Beacons one at a time. Maybe it's a matter of finding that Spaceshiop with its indigo Beacon instead! Maybe it's like a Master Beacon. Maybe if we can turn that one on, it will signal the others to turn on too."

Wow.

CC then said, "Why don't all of you come downstairs to the Saturday Juice Room, where all the Creatures are gathered right now, & we can ask them about all this."

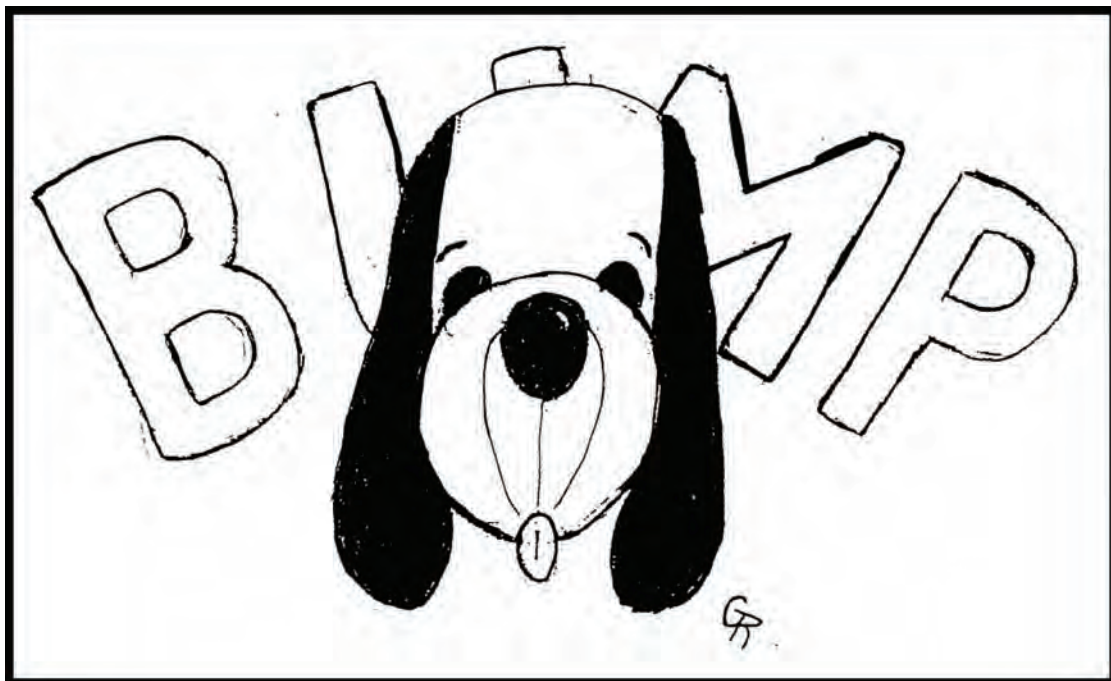
We were all agreeable to this, & I chose with a cringe not to worry the Juice Room name, because I had been down there be4ore.

So down we followed CC.



To be concluded in Cenacle | 128 | June 2025!

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& down both the sides of their hallways. At the far end of most levels is a sudden edge, the side of Bags End. Each level is connected by a ramp rather than stairs. Because some citizens don't have legs (Betsy Bunny Pillow, for example). Also because my three brothers were/are handicapped & I am peculiarly sensitive to the many in this world who struggle physically, mentally, otherwise.

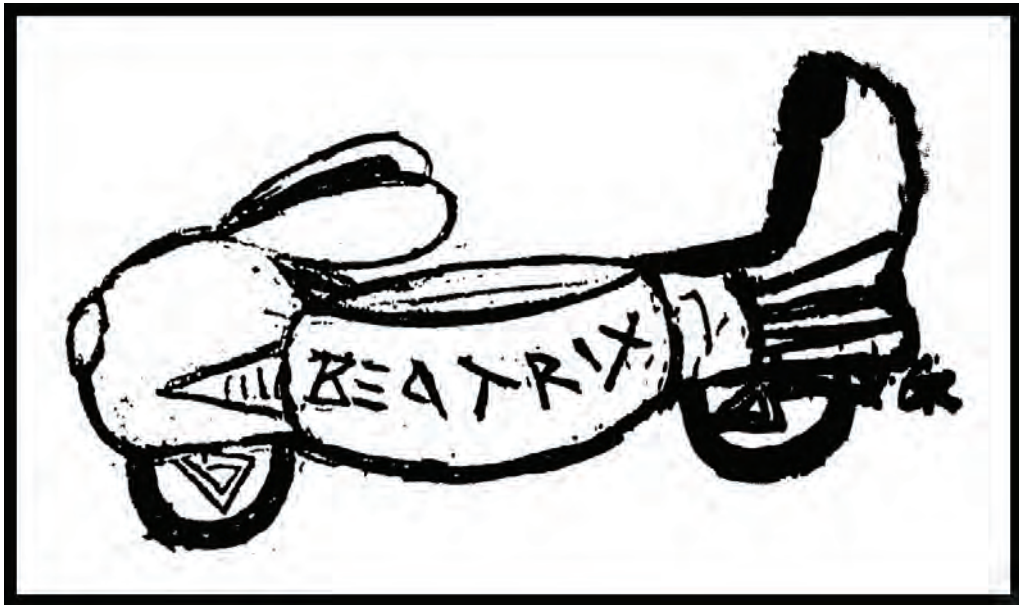
6. Some of the doors lead to apartments; others to other lands (such as Imagianna). Our most familiar friends in Bags End seem to live on several levels somewhere in the middle of Bags End. They travel, when Sheila Bunny gets the whim to explore, to places much higher up & lower down in Bags End. For example, Sheila leads them on an expedition to the ambiguous top of Bags End; to the levels below where there had been a kind of failed commune; over the edge of Bags End; & on the road in search of Bags End's meaning (inspired by Kerouac's *On the Road*).
7. One of the doors in Bags End leads to Imagianna, where Princess Chrisakah & Boop her servant (who looks like a turtle but isn't one) live in a strange & wonderful castle. When I was 17, I loved a girl named Jennifer & we decided to write a book together integrating her fantasy stories & my Bags End. The idea of Crissy & Boop & Imagianna came from those times, & I kept it long after Jennifer & I parted. Crissy is something of a tomboy, wearing blue jeans under her princess dress & wishing more to dance with her dear friend Algernon Beagle to songs by R.E.M., rather than doing her "princess exercises" as Boop wishes. Crissy is also some kind of twin to Miss Chris.
8. Part of why Crissy gets restless in Imagianna is that Bags End is full of idiosyncratic characters forever chasing after weird schemes. These are told of in Algernon Beagle's newspaper *Bags End News*. Algernon Beagle edits & writes *BEN* with his good friend Lori Bunny, who is a smart bespectacled orange bunny. Algernon is always chasing after these figures—Sheila Bunny, Betsy Bunny Pillow, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, & others—and telling their stories in his newspaper.
9. Betsy Bunny Pillow escaped from the Bunny Pillow Farm on the night before she would have been picked & sold to rich people by Farmer Jones. Miss Chris finds her in her front yard, dirty & terrified, & takes her in as a refugee. She becomes Miss Chris's friend, not her possession, & seems to live in Bags End. But only until she is able to liberate the Bunny Pillow Farm & all the pillows growing in clustered fields there. Betsy leads a variety of attacks on Farmer Jones & the Bunny Pillow Farm over the years. More & more of the Farm's origins & purposes are revealed over time. It is one of Bags End's most epic stories.
10. A rival, perhaps sort of friend, of Betsy's is Lisa-Marie Chow, self-styled Sargent in the Army of the Babys (vaguely inspired by Baum's Oz books). Sheila & Miss Chris are the generals & the only apparent soldier is Ramie the Toy Tall Boy. But Ramie is a known Lazybug & so often marches in his sleep unto a fallen heap. Being something of a baby, Lisa-Marie will yell, scream, nap too. Strangely, she considers Hawkeye from *M*A*S*H* to be her "dwaddy." Also occasionally addicted to "Stay Awake" pills & all night jumping.
11. The Blondys 3 somewhat counter troublesome personages such as these. Tammy, Sammy,

& Simmi (the youngest, a cheerleader). The Blondys are little blonde girls who float because they don't know the Law of Grabitee (Bugs Bunny reference) They will often show up when Algernon or other little guys are in peril, & urge niceness. Else, they will have a "blonde tear." Seems to be a serious consequence. Blondys like David Bowie (naturally, him being kind of floaty & often blonde himself).

12. Not troubling to the Blondys usually but a trial for his brother Algernon is the tall, coveralled Alexander Puppy. Perhaps to satirize something, or for some other reason, Alexander says only one word: "Bump." But for him this single word signifies a whole language—& further a much more elegant one than English. Algernon, being an English-loving loyalist (doesn't even know Puppy language), is driven crazy by Alex's Bumping ways. Luckily for both is their mutual friend, the "language-knowing guy" (as Algernon puts it), Allie Leopard. Through him they argue & debate & arrive at no better compromise than a vaguely persistent brotherly affection. Alex one time runs for mayor on an all-Bump platform but, thankfully, does not win.
13. Elections for mayor of Bags End is what purple-eyed Sheila Bunny usually wins. Usually because others are not willing to do the voluminous (if equally mysterious) amount of paperwork being Mayor requires. Not only Mayor, Sheila (in a move vaguely inspired by Queen Elizabeth I) has declared herself King, Emperor, Monarch, & whatever other titles she can think up or happen to need. Usually, she is found in her Throne Room (Miss Chris is an artist who made her throne & crown special for her), listening to "good jazz guys like Miles, Trane, Bird, Dizzy, or those even stranger E.S.T. guys" (A.B), or just plain napping, her adopted brother Algernon on his little matt nearby, but not too nearby. Only Miss Chris & Princess Crissy can join her in the Royal Throne, though occasionally Betsy has muscled in. Sheila is a benign despot, though, unless you interrupt her jazz records or her naps. Oh, & she plays purple trumpet in Sheila's Kool Jazz Band.
14. Another aspect of Mayor Sheila's job is the periodic inspection by Iggy the Inspector. Apparently employed by the Fantasyland Committee to travel to famous places like Oz & Wonderland & Narnia, as well as more obscure places like Bags End, to determine if they are being "good." This does not work out well for Bags End where Sheila is barely able to argue the Inspector into giving them D-'s. (Like Peppermint Patty in *Peanuts*). Eventually, Bags End does get an F & all sorts of additional trouble comes of it.
15. Another strange figure in Bags End is Leo the Dark Man whose odd sense of humor & corner-skulking ways are based on one of my brothers. Leo was a kind of villain but somewhat reformed, & was given the job of Janitor of Bags End (mostly involving scraping Miss Chris's old bubble gum off the side of Bags End). Otherwise Leo is to be found in his room, reading endless issues of his favorite superhero comic, *Action Man*.
16. As he writes *Bags End News* & is beagleboy journalist on the spot with most major doings, Algernon Beagle's personality & perspective color much of what we see as Bags End. Adopted by the Bunny Family that also includes Sheila & Lori, Algernon occasionally yearns for his long-lost Mommy Beagle who might live in Peoria, Illinois (funny-sounding town name, no offense). Algernon will often visit Princess Crissy in Imagianna for fun, & loves the songs of Men at Work as much as she loves R.E.M. (the '80s didn't completely

suck for music). One big aspect of Algernon's personality: he hates all foods but one (O! Food but one! Yuk!), so refrain offering. Other than that, he loves Bags End & writing his newspaper & is a fairly polite guy (just the food thing).

17. While many in Bags End with big guy plans—such as Betsy Bunny Pillow, Lisa-Marie Chow, & Sheila Bunny—will give Algernon little respect (either because of his newspaper or possibly his big nosebone), the Weeds, wherever they may grow, consider him King & cheer his name. Seems he believes they get a bad rap, & need an advocate. But he always cries “O shucks!” to their cheering him their King, being a humble guy (which means both modest & low to the ground). Occasionally foes of the Weeds (such as Betsy Bunny Pillow) will come around, & Algernon's little bravery will get put on the line. Willingly, as he is a sincere advocate.
18. Algernon was sick for awhile, hard to say why, a cold, ennui, & when he recovered he was given by his friends and family a gift: Milne's Porch. It is reached by climbing through Algernon's bedroom window: a porch looking out from the edge of Bags End to the skies beyond. A comfortable chair to sit in to write his newspaper, nap, visit (named after the author of the *Winnie-the-Pooh* books, A. A. Milne, who himself could name dozens of his other novels & plays he wishes you had also read or could remember).
19. One of the pleasures Bags End friends share together is to sit at night on Miss Chris's front step where Ramie reads to them from a good storybook like *Wizard of Oz* or *Peter Pan* or such, & then they all look for the Bunny Star in the sky. The Bunny Star hops across the sky, always curious, always on the move, so that astronomers don't get to map her location. The Bunny Star is a mysterious being whose full story is for many years unknown. But looking for her sure is a fun game for all.
20. Not so much fun for Algernon Beagle is the occasional appearance of his “crazed relatives,” Alice Beagle & Dr. Horatio Algernon. He seems to always be away when they come but he hears plenty about their “crazed doings.” Alice is Algernon's sister, & looks like him but for the scarf she wears. Also, she loves all food & will eat almost anything, including a try for Bags End friends themselves! “O! Food! Yum!” she cryeth, & best keep out of her way. Dr. Horatio Algernon also looks like Algernon himself but is very old & moans constantly about his “aches and pains.” Although in a medical crisis he is summoned along with the little furry Dr. Greenface & Dr. Purple-Purple Eyes (a version of Sheila but dress-less), Dr. Horatio Algernon quickly becomes more interested in his own painful situation.
21. Bags End friends go to Bags End School which is taught by Mr. Oliver Owl. Mr. Owl teaches many subjects, although Sheila complains he does not spend enough time on the most important ones like jazz or carrots. Although occasionally altercations will break out among Sheila Bunny, Lisa-Marie Chow, & other “grumpy big guys” (as AB describes them), everyone admires Mr. Owl's knowledge & tries to behave.
22. There are a number of puppies in Bags End, including Denny & Corey Puppy. Denny is a little bulldog & Corey is a golden retriever. They have an impressive act they sometimes perform of flying through the air, Corey upside down & his big fluffy ears stretched out like wings, Denny sitting upright on Corey's paws. They call their act the “Earplane.” They



are also members of the Secret Puppy Club whose members like to meet in secret to bark & ruff & woof. Algernon is not a member because he prefer English to Puppy tongue. “Fooney!” says he.

23. Another great performer is Leona Lion, also called a “grrr girl,” who is a pretty lion cub with a long tail. She loves to leap long distances, & even tries to give Algernon leaping lessons & teach him about the great leapers in history. He does leap, sort of, & is glad that at least he does not break. Leona’s daddy is Aslan from the *Narnia* books. At times Bags End will cross into the human world like this, or at least its artistic realm.
24. Elaine El, mommy to Polly, is the PostMistress of Bags End, & runs the General Store & Post Office. Algernon suspects there is food in the store (he is right) & so Mrs. El will deliver letters to him right on Milne’s Porch.
25. The mystery of how Bags End came to be is a long-time one. How did three laundry bags of stuffed toys become the single strange apartment building of levels, doors, rooms, hallways, ramps, & beings not known to the familiar Bags End friends? What magicians & magic brought it all together?
26. Another mystery is Ramie the Toy Tall Boy. One story says he was the last toy for sale in the closing for business toy store, & Sheila & Miss Chris brought each a penny to pay for him. Yet he also seems to have initially assembled Bags End from paper bags to laundry bags. Which? Both somehow? What else?
27. Like in the Oz books, there is no money in Bags End. Hugs, kisses, & pats in their place. Nobody is poor & thus subjugated, & nobody is rich & thus overlord. Take away the idea of money from a place, & much changes. Work is done for its own value & for love of certain tasks, skills, arts, crafts. There is no meaningful market competition for nobody depends on profits to live. What of trash collection & such other jobs few would want but are needed? Everyone takes a turn. Laws? No money means nobody needs to go wanting. The community grows as a single entity, not a squabbling nest of resentfully shared dependencies.

Would this work among humen as it does among those in fantasylands? One need only ask: what advantage the current system of overlord & subjugated? It would not be perfect & yet there’s no reason to think it would not be better. Tis fear of the unknown, & of mortality, that keeps this world’s slowly sinking ship of life limping along through seas, beneath skies, that it is ever more poisoning as much as its passengers.

28. Nobody ages or dies in Bags End, also like the Oz books. Miss Chris had a birthday at one point, turned “5,” & it seems most of the Bags End friends are “2.” But these numbers don’t mean the same as in the rest of this world. What would it mean not to grow old, sick, fear death? Unlike no money, which has happened in history, could happen again, youthful immortality still seems only a dream. Bags End came to be a long time ago; I was a teenager, my sister a child. Neither of us are now. Yet in the stories we are what we were then.

What has changed are the stories themselves. My years of devotion to writing, reading, the gain of experience both sublime & humble, has made me able to compose better stories than those years ago. And yet, Algernon still runs from food (O! Yuk!); Sheila crunches carrots in her throne, listens to jazz, naps; Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow keeps a look-out for her Lazybug “swolger.” And so on. Same, not the same.

Baum’s last Oz book was his 14th, *Glinda of Oz*. As long from now as possible, but still true, I’ll one day write the last Bags End story. At least Ramie & Miss Chris & Sheila & Algernon & the rest will live on.

29. Among the many other Bags End friends are: Polly El, who walks slowly & says “Dee-da-dee-da-dee-dee” as she goes. She has a Magic Peanut that comes back after having been eaten. Just open up the little can it comes in; Jackie Clown, who lives in a box & talks Squeak language. He tells jokes in Squeak too, & usually laughs happily at them. His laugh, his smiling red-cheeked face, & his crooked red haircut often cause others to laugh at his jokes, even if they don’t know Squeak & Allie Leopard isn’t around to translate for them; Jill Boot, a yellow boot that squeaks too. Styled after the old nursery rhyme:

*There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe
She had so many children
She didn’t know what to do*

Jill is quick-tempered & will quickly kick out if frustrated. So be leery.

30. Sheila’s BunnyCycle is a unique vehicle in any world. A bunny-shaped motorcycle that can go very fast. Does not roll on wheels, however, but hops speedily along. Sheila wears a helmet, of course, for safety’s sake, & occasionally brings along a terrified Algernon Beagle in her side-car, who notes that when they crash he is well-strapped in so it won’t miss. Sheila drives her BunnyCycle on most epic journeys through Bags End & elsewhere.
31. A sometime important holiday in Bags End is the Season of Lights. Derived from the old Festival of Lights display in Hartford’s Constitution Plaza, mixed with my father’s Catholicism, my mother’s Judaism, the Season of Lights is an eight-day festival of candles, decorated tree, & Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker* music, concluding on Christmas Day. In Bags End stories it involves a very big tree. I fell away from celebrating it for awhile, as I really didn’t want to associate with those religions even as I loved my parents as people. I miss the candles, though, the music, the tree with shiny ornaments. A celebration of the year concluded. I have enough will & imagination, I think, to find my way back to & forward with this event.
32. *Bags End News* began because at age 20 I moved away from home yet still wanted to keep my creative relationship with Christine going. So what had been daily play became a weekly newspaper in the mail. The stories were at first simple, told to a smart, sensitive child. Years passed, they became something else, an ongoing myth. A world that became

deeper, stranger, funny, ever more subversive. Christine grew up, went off to college, forged a good career, pursued music, married a good man. “Miss Chris” remained in the stories which, even when I was unsure where to take them next, I keep writing.

The weekly production (which she participated in for an initial stretch of months) slowed after nearly three years: 30 in 1985, 52 in 1986, 53 in 1987, 16 in 1988. Thereafter as few as 1 in 1999. Some new life experiences (travels, books, museums) led me anew into the myth; others (romances, job loss) led me away from them. A stretch of stories in the late ‘90s, few in number over several years, are notable because inspired in part from bits of aphoristic wisdom I picked up from LSD journeys: *It’s OK to be happy; You are not alone; & Write something good.*

33. During the 1986-1987 run, I was living in New Britain, Connecticut, working at an office job in downtown Hartford, 45-minute public bus ride each way. The job, answering phones for orders at a promotional novelty company, was the best that the times & place could offer a newly graduated English major. Yet, I paid my rent, I went to the movies, I collected books & LPs. Mostly, I wrote *Bags End News*, at lunchtime in the lobby of a nearby hotel, & on the ride home in the evening. I could complete an issue nicely in those 45 minutes. Often did my research for issues at the old Hartford Public Library where, years before, I’d skipped so many days from my poisonous, iniquitous high school. Fun bus ride, deep in pen & pages.
34. Opposite to those days was a stretch from July 2001 to March 2003 when I managed the composition of just one issue (20 pages). In the spring of 2001, I’d been living in Boston for 9 years, earned two M.A. degrees (M.A. English, Northeastern University, ’94; M.A. Publishing & Writing, Emerson College, ’99), worked bookstore jobs along the way, & was at a contract job at Harvard Business School Publishing that, after over a year, ended suddenly in May 2001. In July I met a girl online I’d obsess with & later over for several years, moving out to Portland, Oregon in a futile effort to win her from a new boyfriend & unfriendly family. Things went bad, worse, I wrote a page of *BEN* during the 9 months I lived in the Pacific Northwest (Seattle too).

I finally finished the issue along the Greyhound bus trip back East—jobless, broke, limping back to Connecticut to a friend’s generous offer of a spare room. It was very hard to keep hold of these good sweet stories, this land created in such a different time of my life—I did, barely, because I am stubborn, but also because Art deserves better than to be forgotten in hard times. If at all possible, ways should be found to make Art that both reflects & transcends those times. I believe this fervently even as I’ve struggled to enact it.

35. I’ve tried to write *Bags End* stories outside of the structure of *Bags End News*. They are few & successful in a limited way. *Bags End* is best told by Algernon Beagle in the form of his newspaper. He is the editor; Lori Bunny writes it down; & Sheila is the King. Strange editorial title but she’s had it from issue 1 (June 12, 1985). Within the first several months, Ramie’s “Game Page” was added, which includes a fun game & “Sheila Says: Learn New Words!” (a new word each issue). Also, a “Letters to the Editor” page. Early on,

a “Classified” page, which did not last. And sometimes in the main section a guest-written column or Algernon will interview a Bags End or other related personage. The stories in the newspaper became multi-part pretty early on. Algernon’s funny accent (vaguely Scottish) is translated through his idiosyncratic spellings in his beloved English.

I had already sustained the weekly newspaper format for one imaginal space from when I was 11 to when I was about 19, a youth football league I wrote about in *Sports Page*. Then I created *Newspage* when I was 14 because I had a daily morning paper route & wanted to copy out stories & compose weekly editorials on current events. Then about 18 I created *Scriptor Magazine* to hold all the poetry, fiction, plays, & serials I was now writing. Alongside all this, I wrote for high school & college newspapers & journals. And did some underground magazines with my friends. *Bags End News* is how my writing mind often works: telling an ongoing, evolving story, some at a time, more complex as it goes on. I also like to mix my projects along common borders so that there is crossover & affect. This approach has given me a way to work with the vastless worlds of creation, & structure them to my needs.

36. By 2003, I’d been writing *Bags End News* for 18 years, 309 issues. My output had slowed & slowed. The audience comprising my sister early on, & close artist friends through the ‘90s (at meetings of the Jellicle Literary Guild) were gone from me. I came back to Connecticut in March 2003 with empty pockets & broken-hearted, & finished the aforementioned issue that had lingered with me from my last year in Boston (2001-2002), through my ragged stretch out West (2002-2003), to the retreat East. I lived in my friend’s spare room, looked for work, collected Food Stamps, & went to the food bank. *Bags End News* went on even as the bags themselves were kept in a U-Haul storage place.

I still reached back those many years, to what Bags End had been like with my sister, then the productive years after that. The people, the places, the books, the sense of forward thrust that had inspired me, were low in my mind & heart. I was writing on sentiment, & felt like I might not sustain it.

Yet I kept at it. There were more stories to tell; I just had to figure out how to tell them. It wasn’t until I moved out West again, in April 2004, that I began to discover how to write it all new. It had to do with dreams. With new characters. With figuring out what to keep & what to re-invent. It took several more years to work this out but it did happen. That’s all to be told in the second part of this essay.



To be continued in Cenacle | 91 | December 2014

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Raymond Soulard, Jr.



Notes from New England

[Commentary]

*"Please accept this ragged purse
of high notes."*

The following continues the series originally called Notes from New England, begun in issue 24-25 (Winter 1998), then revived in issue 59 (October 2006) as Notes from the Northwest, & appearing since issue 75 (October 2010) under its original title. It is intended as a gathering-place for observations of various lengths upon the world around me. It will be culled, like much of my writing, from my notebooks, and perhaps these thoughts will be expanded upon sometimes as well.

What is Bags End? A Reader's Guide Part 2: 2004-2014

The second part of this essay delves into the Bags End myth in more recent years, to elaborate on both its continuity with earlier years, & its development.

1. In March 2003, I boarded a Greyhound bus in Seattle, Washington, arriving several days later in Hartford, Connecticut, met at the bus station by my dear friend Jim. I then stayed for a year with my friend Gerry, his apartment luckily having an unused second bedroom. I had no money, my heart was broken, felt like a failure.

For the next year I slowly got my shit together. Let go the romance that had crushed me under foot, eventually found my beloved Kassi, who saw worth & good in me that I did not. Still does.

Beginning with food bank & Food Stamps, & my friend not charging me for rent, I eventually found income & more solid ground. To the topic here, I kept writing *Bags End News*, but it was a slow process. What was Bags End now to me? Mostly, memories of earlier years, living with my family, making up stories with my sister Christine. The later delight in the '90s of reading the tales at Jellicle Literary Guild meetings. Being back in Connecticut, where Bags End & I had both originated, did not help in finding its path forward as an entity. Yet I felt its worth as deep as ever.

2. In April 2004, I boarded a Greyhound bus in Hartford, Connecticut, arriving several days later in Seattle, Washington. Stayed with my friend Sean initially, till eventually I moved in with, & eventually married, Kassi. We moved down to Portland, Oregon in September

2007, & back East to metro-Boston (which I'd left in 2002) in July 2010.

For all the years I lived out West, the actual 3 bags of Bags End were stored (with most of my possessions) in a U-Haul storage space in New Britain, Connecticut. Only Algernon Beagle traveled with me. What's funny is that when I left the East in 2004, Bags End had a past but no discernible future. By when I returned from the West in 2010, new ideas had come & I was fully ready to move forward.

3. Benny Big Dreams: This is where the renewed way forward began, with a character who originally appeared in my new fixtion *Why?* [2005-2006]. Benny is a big, bald, muscular man with many tattoos; he is an oneironaut, a traveler in dreams, dweller in Dreamland (though apparently not a native, it later turns out). Algernon finds him a sometimes tricky but usually loyal traveling companion.

Algernon's first adventure involving Benny occurs when he can't seem to wake up; Dreamland "sticks" to him repeatedly & he encounters one Dream Bags End after the next. What he learns is the one travels to it via lucid ("looser," as he calls it) dreams, & that it exists independently of any one individual. This idea, rudimentarily drawn here, of many iterations of one thing, becomes more important as the story goes on.

4. Dreamland seems to exist on the border of Bags End's neighbor Imagianna. Princess Chrisakah points to a hill distant from her castle, & tells Algernon "it's over there." On the, or an, other side of Bags End is a newly discovered place called the Creature Common. From Bags End itself, the way to the Creature Common is via falling into lucid dream, walking through Dream Bags End, finding the picture of the bare-footed red-haired girl (Marie) in the forest clearing with her faeries, closing one's eyes, forgetting it's a picture, & stepping on through. Where once Bags End's neighbors were simply Oz, Narnia, Neverland, the Hundred Acre Wood, & the River, mentioned in the stories but rarely visited, these newer neighbors are frequently part of the Bags End tales.
5. Larry the Spider, black & orange with glittery eyes, becomes Algernon's first friend from the Creature Common. They meet as Algernon is again trying to escape Dreamland's long-lasting hold on him. Algernon is struggling to wake up, to find both continuity & novelty in himself. (Both he & I were.)

Larry shows Algernon the Marie picture & explains its unique importance. It is the portal back to their waking homes for both of them. They figure out that Benny Big Dreams needs help, & thus Algernon's stuckedness & perhaps the reason he meets Larry. Algernon & Larry travel a long way to a strange Temple in the White Woods, whose trees are asleep. Challenged by a strange little imp (more on her later) to defend Benny & wake the Beast of the Woods, thus waking the trees, Algernon stands tall on his short legs, wakes the Beast, wakes the trees, & he himself finally wakes up.

In these later adventures (slow in the composing: the first Benny Big Dreams story took all of 2005 to write; the Larry the Spider story began in 2006 in Seattle, was written through

2007-2010 in Portland, & concluded in Boston in 2010), the Bags End mythology opens up in previously unimagined ways, to Dreamland, to the Creature Common, & eventually even to a re-envisioned depiction of the common world of people-folk.

6. From Bags End's perspective, the Creature Common is where live an uncertain number of generally friendly little souls, not dissimilar to Bags End friends themselves, but less prone to fights & fracas. The Creatures of the Dream are entertainers of the traveling carnival & vaudeville sort, & put on Grand Productions of entertainment, often during the Season of Lights in December, & to which they invite all the Bags End friends. Previously unknown to any, it is via Algernon Beagle's stories in *Bags End News* that their ways become told.

It is via *Bags End News* too that relations of this cluster of neighboring lands—including Dreamland & Imagianna too—gets elaborated. I wanted these creations—ranging in conception from the late '70s to the early 2000s—to dwell together now, move forward with fresh currency.

7. There are no paths in the White Woods. And they are prone to bamboozle a visitor endlessly—unless he has the right song. Similar in spirit to the “songlines” that guide Indigenous Australians in following the paths of their ancestors, created during the Dreaming, one needs to sing the right song to travel the White Woods successfully from point A to point B.

Like Benny Big Dreams, the White Woods originated in my *Why?* fixation. I wrote *Why?* in 2005 &, like the Bags End stories of the same time, it was a kind of reboot for its story sequence. Mysterious, sometimes malevolent (think of the woods in *Twin Peaks*) in this story & others in its series (*Things Change [Six Thresholds]* & *Labyrinthine*), but not quite so much in the Bags End mythology. More “tricky” (as Algernon Beagle says) than dangerous.

8. Princess Chrisakah was once named Christina. As a child, she'd had dreams of climbing through a hole in her bedroom wall to visit a magical underground land (think of *Fraggle Rock*) where she made many friends among those who lived there. One particular friend, Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, has become her life-long companion.

Eventually Crissy lives with Boop in a city & goes to school. Then she gets a job. She takes care of Algernon for a while, via a request in dream from his Mommy Beagle. Then things go bad for her, & she has to give up Algernon. Benny Big Dreams promises to take care of him.

Crissy writes storybooks about her childhood adventures that gain a fanatical audience who see her as someone with all the answers. She stops writing, things get worse for her & Boop, & finally she accepts her destiny as Guardian of Bags End & other places. She & Boop move to Imagianna & live there for good. She changes her name from Christina to Chrisakah. Eventually, Crissy tells this story to Algernon for him to write in his newspaper, but there is still more about herself for her to learn too.

Into my current fixtion, *Labyrinthine*, came a girl named Christina. Within my current poetry series, *Many Musics*, The Tangled Gate myth features a princess who visits in dreams her friends who live through the hole in her bedroom wall. And another iteration of that Princess in those poems lives with Boop & Algernon, writes books, & eventually becomes Guardian of Bags End & other worlds. The more I open the borders of my various creations to mixing & mingling, the deeper & subtler each of them gets.

9. Imagianna seems to have been created solely for Princess Crissy & Boop to live in. Borders Dreamland; I'm not sure what this signifies.

The Castle is also strange in that its rooms & hallways sometimes come & go, dissimilar to Bags End's that seem to be stable.

Algernon often comes to visit & Boop, Crissy's servant, will insist he be greeted properly in the Throne Room. So Crissy puts on her princess dress over her t-shirt & blue jeans, & goes through the introduction protocols. Then she will leap up & hug Algernon but good.

They will then go to her bedroom to dance around to R.E.M. records, or maybe to her Secret Room full of cushions & purple lights; or to read from the storybooks she used to write; or possibly outside to the oak tree where they sit together & share a dream.

Boop might return to his Composing Chamber where he is writing a grand epic of his people. Later he will join Crissy & Algernon on a hill that is especially good for viewing the full moon.

Like almost all places connected to Bags End, Imagianna is reached by finding the right level & stepping through the correct door. The door is visible from Imagianna only upon passage from one place to the other. There could be more to this than I know now.

10. Boop's people live, as other Creatures do, in the caves & tunnels beneath The Tangled Gate, on the Island. They are peaceful & happy, & don't go above ground much, so little know it exists.

Then Christina's people come from the far-off world Emandia through the Dreaming via The Tangled Gate to these caves & tunnels, refugees from their dying world. At first they are scared & do little in this place new to them. Eventually they decide to explore, to find a life for themselves.

They leave Christina, who is small, with the not-turtles. The Red Bag by which they traveled is left untouched. Christina has only a green & gold box of paints & pencils & paper & musical instruments to remember them by.

Eventually Christina's travels in the Gate take her so far away that when she finally returns it is though she is a new visitor. She visits nightly, but only in dreams, & eventually Boop goes to live with her in her apartment in the city. They have Algernon too with them, & go

to movies together on Saturdays.

When Crissy agrees to help create Bags End & be its Guardian (& other worlds), Boop insists she take on the role of Princess, & he be her servant. He knows that those that are protected are often small, & need the assurance of someone confident & brave. They live together in their Castle, & are happy.

Inspired by helping Algernon to write his newspaper, doing reviews of the Royal Thumbs' Production of *The Stories of the Four Pictures*, Boop creates his own Composing Chamber, as Crissy has hers too, & begins to write his epic.

11. Betsy Bunny Pillow has been battling Farmer Jones for control of the Bunny Pillow Farm for years, & occasionally corners Algernon Beagle into writing down her memoirs (what he calls her "lie-ography"). Brung to her secret clubhouse by her mysterious "Allies," Algernon will have to endure hours of tall tales about day-long battles & sieges, all the while knowing her real story is just as heroic.

Then Betsy hears that the Creature Common has a yellow pillow named Dorris who she doesn't know but who Algernon likes a lot. Soft but not grumpy. Betsy demands a meeting with this pillow. Similarly, Sheila Bunny had demanded to meet MeZmer the White Bunny, but that encounter had concluded peaceably with friendly sniffings & hoppings.

This one looks like all-out war, as Betsy cannot accept that her arch-enemy Farmer Jones has been defeated but remains on the Farm to help the pillows continue growing new ones. Algernon & Dorris arrive to Betsy pummeling Jones, & only Dorris's magic saves the man.

Then Dorris reveals herself to one of the Architects of the Bunny Pillow Farm. She explains that she & Betsy & the others are "dream pillows," meant to calm & comfort people-folk. Dorris wants Betsy to give up her battles & help Jones & the other pillows on this mission of Dream Pillows to help cause peace in the world. The outcome remains uncertain.

12. Farmer Jones was once an idealist young man selected by Dorris & the other Architects (including, it is revealed, Betsy's Allies) to run the Bunny Pillow—or perhaps the less Betsy-centric—Dream Pillow Farm. But he grew frustrated over the years that peace did not come to the world. He left the Farm, looking for people-folk help, but was tricked by a bad rich guy & forced to sell the pillows only to rich people.

Jones grows old, forgets his ideals, worries only to protect the Farm. By when Betsy comes along, he is an angry & bitter man. Thus Betsy wars against him. Now Dorris comes, the Architects having decided to step in, & she brings the hope that the Farm can find its way back to its original vision.

The Bunny/Dream Pillow Farm story is one my proudest efforts so far at having these various places crisscross narratively. Like the various groups in *Fraggle Rock*, these lands all need each other.



13. Rosa!eeta is a tiny little cackling imp, in the form of what Algernon calls a “pandy bear.” She first appears during Algernon’s & Larry’s travels to help Benny wake the White Woods, demanding to know what Algernon will give for dreams. “All!” he cries, & that satisfies her.

Then she is featured in the 2011 Grand Production *Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! A Shenanigans Fantastika!* Grand Productions are produced by the Royal Thumbs whose Productions create all the shows. The MC for all the shows is a white bear with jaunty black hat & Scotch-style scarf named Xavier, or just X. This Production elaborates on Rosa!eeta’s past & importance. She helps several times to gather the Creatures together (carnival, vaudeville, Common), inspired, as is Threshold, the Lead Lead Creature, by how & what Bags End is. A “hero” to them.

Rosa!eeta is a Tender, like MeZmer & Dorris & others. Tenders, in Algernon’s words, “ease a guy’s heart-bone.” Very needed, as often Creatures have been cold, or on the run, lonely, worried, & these things haunt them.

But she is also an imp, full of her shenanigans. In sum, clever tricks & games. Algernon accepts her ways, except in dire times, when he will demand her clear answers & help. Though he is used to tricky guys, she is much trickier than the rest. She is one imp, no imps, many imps, an elaborate version of the earlier story.

14. Clover-dale is a strange, old, & uninhabited half-fallen-down farmhouse, based on a real place in Vermont. Like the White Woods & Benny Big Dreams, it has appeared in *Labyrinthine* & *Many Musics* as well.

Uninhabited & yet not empty. Upon entering, one discovers a room full of dusty mirrors, each of which depicts the viewer in a unique way. Very old, very young, as a Creature, as the Beast, among others. More than distortions of glass: *alternatives*. Algernon, Sheila, & Crissy, during an epic expedition to discover why they are all dreaming of rain in an empty Bags End, travel by BunnyCycle deep into the White Woods, find the old rabbit warren of Sheila’s family, & travel it into Clover-dale.

The mirror room leads to a room each experience alone. Algernon encounters his long-lost Mommy Beagle; Crissy a friend from a time when she had none; & Sheila her long-unseen sister, the Bunny Star. When the three friends reunite, they soon find themselves back in Bags End.

What Sheila also recalls, in one of the mirrors, is how this was where she first saw her purple eyes & had a unique sense of identity & self-consciousness. What eventually led her & her family from living as wild rabbits in the White Woods to living as languaged denizens of Bags End.

15. Mommy Beagle’s actual name is not yet known, though I think it starts with an A. For a long time it was only known that she lived in Peoria, Illinois, & Algernon misses her. But on the expedition to discover the why of the dream of rain, Algernon encounters her twice.

First, as a sort of trick of the White Woods when Benny tries to help Algernon & the rest. Algernon doesn't fall for it. But then in Clover-dale, he sees her, & she's the real one.

They have a strange conversation in which she tells him she is partly stuck in Clover-dale, & so lives there some of the time, & that he lived here too long ago, before she sent him to Chrisakah.

Like Chrisakah & Imagianna, this was another old Bags End story I wanted to do more with, & even the few pages devoted to this brings it along new, with more to come.

16. Another old story is that of the Bunny Star. The Bunny Star hops close on nights when Miss Chris, Ramie, & the Bags End friends read storybooks on the front steps of Miss Chris's house. But now is told more of her story, why she's up there, what she is.

We learn that she is Sheila's sister, & that on the night her family left for Bags End, she chose instead to live up in the stars. She takes Sheila into the stars, even to places where only stars can go. There they get to watch Creature Stars dance & perform, versions of those who live in the Creature Common (one, none, many).

17. The Rabbit Warren that leads to Clover-dale is where Sheila & her family are from. They leave it sometime after Sheila accidentally stumbles into Clover-dale & looks in the mirror. Something happens, because of her purple eyes? Because of the mirror? Perhaps both? How do they go from the Warren to Bags End? What is it like when they arrive? This is certainly an untold story, waiting its turn. Maybe the Warren itself is also part of the equation. The carrots they eat. Like Bunny/Dream Pillows, these bunnies evolve & their story on-goes.

18. One important thing that connects the Island, White Woods, & Creature Common is that their denizens sniff for answers, warnings, information. Even language-loving Algernon learns to sniff as he & Sheila & Crissy travel deeper into the White Woods. It fascinates him, to communicate, to learn, without words. Algernon calls it a "different way of thinking."

I've heard it said that the sense of smell is our oldest. And it powerfully affects us in a way unique from the other senses, & from language. It would make sense that animal-shaped beings would retain importantly this gift. People-folk have it too, but less wield it than animals. Seems a big loss.

19. Before there were Royal Thumbs Productions to entertain Bags End, & share with their new friends in the Creature Common, there was *The Sheila Show*. I guess it was sort of a variety talent show, occurring every Saturday night in the Bags End Auditorium. Not much description of it in *Bags End News* to go on. Just a neat concept, mostly developed.

More developed is Royal Thumbs Productions. Meister Thumb traveled with Rosaleta long ago, in a jalopy, during hard times. To keep his spirits up, Rosaleta would sing funny songs to him. Eventually, they build a stage, & travel town to town performing in open fields. This seems to lead eventually to X's Carnival of Fantastic Wonders & Marvels, which draws

many talented Creatures (dancing bears, a jumping chimpanzee, a joke-telling Dalmatian, the White Bunny, among many others) to join & travel together. Many good times.

Again, hard times, & the Carnival breaks up. Yet many of the Creatures end up together again in Vaudeville times at a theater Meister & Brother Thumb rent in the big city. Many good times again until the Depression brings it all to an end. Again, diaspora, until Rosaleeta & Threshold bring it all together (over time) at the Creature Common.

Thus the *Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!* Grand Production mentioned earlier. Another, *Tangled Gate*, is Crissy's first new story in a long time, with its finale of dancing, tumbling Creatures, & the debut of high-wire trapeze artiste extraordinaire, La Petite Thumb. The most recent, *The Stories of the Four Pictures*, tells of how a group of little colored books Crissy found in a long jacket in her Castle leads an uncertain man to find the purpose of his life in what he does after it.

The Grand Productions are shown in the Bags End Auditorium as well a great long clearing deep in the White Woods. Sometimes take place in dreams; sometimes the audience seems impossibly in the middle of the action.

And *The Sheila Show*? When it returns, it will be going for ambition I could not have imagined back when.

20. Sheila says to Algernon after seeing *Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!*: "There's no them & us, is there?" Algernon agrees. This is a crucial moment in the mythology. I did not want the newer Creature Common to supplant the older Bags End, but I had to find the bridge.

The answer was simple when it came: they are neighbors, they share adventures, crisscross in every way I can think of. *Bags End News'* masthead from issue #324 (5/22/2010; last one begun in Portland) includes "Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle." Thus Algernon knows then what Sheila understands six months later: no them & us.

The *Dream of Rain* story concludes with Ramie, Sheila, & Crissy passing all the Bags End friends through a picture to the Creature Common, safely, till the rain that had flooded Bags End dries. Also to watch a Grand Production. Algernon notices Bags End is now located in a corner of the Creature Common, on a chair. Additionally to a corner of Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. One, none, many. Peasy easy, as the imp might say.

No them & us. Works good for people-folk too, when we try it. Other way never works, no matter the number or kinds of try.

21. It was about 2012 when the three brown bags of Bags End when joined by a fourth, a red bag. As Miss Chris says in the *What is the Red Bag?* story sequence, it's so "all will fit." Like the others, there has to be a story.

It began in late 2011, in *The Tangled Gate* sequence of *Many Musics*. I took the old Greek

myth of the Labyrinth & Ariadne & the Minotaur & the thread, & I mixed in my own flavorings & obsessions, removed what didn't fit, & found myself with a 36-poem sequence I liked.

As has been said, the Red Bag is a portal, built on Emandia, intended to instantly transport some of its inhabitants to safety before their planet dies. So it's here & there simultaneously. Crissy learns this story & many years later writes a story based on it. Benny Big Dreams reads her story & decides to replicate a Red Bag for Dreamland (there one arrives to a bedroom). Others end up in Bags End (where it looks like a reddish-tinged hallway with a door at the far end) & Imagianna (where it looks like Crissy's old city apartment where she types her stories).

The Red Bag, one, none, & many, was created in Emandia to help & that's what it does.\

22. "The Tangled Gate" is my stories' name for the Labyrinth on the Island. Its legend reads "*For Those Lost*" & just within is a Fountain insisting a drink (likely mildly psychotropic), & then one follows various paths through high walls made of stones & vines. All sorts of things dwell within the Gate, including Creatures under it, a Beast in a Cave, the White Woods, Clover-dale, a strange desert, on & on.

So Algernon enters through the door at the end of the Red Bag level, & uses the colored threads Crissy gives him to guide him along & back. He meets a real Princess (non sorta-kinda like Crissy) but his thread runs low, & he decides to retreat.

Bags End News, *Many Musics*, & *Labyrinthine* have all spent hundreds of pages on the Island & in The Tangled Gate. Eternal, source of the world, original home to the Creatures, it seems without limits to the number of their stories. Which makes me happy.

23. Back when she was older, Chrisakah was Christina who lived in the city for a while & wrote books about a place she dreamed about as a child. Real enough to have gifted her Boop, her best buddy. But she didn't recall the whole of the story.

Christina's books were very popular, so much so that many readers felt her some kind of guru-genius who could solve the pains & struggles of their lives. Obsessed on her, to the point that she began to look for a way out of her life. *She knew* she was no guru-genius.

By chance, if chance ye believe in, Crissy found her way back to The Tangled Gate, through the Red Bag she discovered in the back of her friend Nat Perfect's newsstand. He taught her about how to use the box of colored threads she'd found on his shelves, to navigate the Gate.

And for a long time she was happy traveling its many paths, free of other needs or obligations, always returning through the Red Bag to the back of Nat's store in what seemed about two minutes after she left. Then she broke her promise to Nat & used the black thread. Something happened when she entered the Cave of the Beast. Two things. She came out

with magic she hadn't had. And she didn't write again until years later when Algernon drug her back to The Tangled Gate to finish her story. Which she didn't—writing a new story instead. She could now protect her friends living under the Gate, & have her memories.

The two Crissy stories Algernon has written about in *Bags End News* are “The Red Bag” & “The Tangled Gate.” That means there are many more yet to hear.

24. Crissy is Guardian of Bags End & yet rarely comes there. How does she guard it? And from what? I find if I mull on questions like these long enough, what sensibly sums to answers emerges. When a story has some of its pieces, & there's enthusiasm to ask more questions, & know more answers, they will come. If really good answers, they will gestate more questions.

The current story going (Sept-Dec 2014) has to do with Crissy's sister. As she is a version of the Princess who lives on the Island, she must have a sister like the rest. But in the other versions, they came from Emandia through space, landed in the ocean, were brought to the Island by a passing boat. Crissy comes with others first to the Great Cavern below The Tangled Gate. Where was her sister in this instance? I don't know yet.

This story will be passing through The Tangled Gate to arrive at the Great Cavern. Perhaps to a pursuit of those who came with Crissy. Where did they go? All sorts of maybes. One, or a combination, will emerge, will become the answer. Fit, if it/they make sense. Gestate new questions, as said, if good.

25. In the original Greek myth of the Labyrinth, at least most versions, Princess Ariadne gives the hero Theseus a thread to use in navigating the Labyrinth safely. The idea being that, without it, he & the other tributes to Ariadne's father, King Minos of Crete, would become lost in the Labyrinth, & eventually found by the Minotaur, & eaten.

I changed the one thread in that story to a box of a dozen different colored threads in mine, each offering different guidance or direction. Only five have been specified so far:

- **Black** – to the Beast
- **Green** – recover something dear
- **Crimson** – for greater understanding
- **Purple** – wish to heal
- **White** – back to Gate

The first time Algernon navigates The Tangled Gate in the *What is the Red Bag?* sequence, he is given the White thread by Princess Crissy, & wisely returns to the door to the Red Bag when the thread runs low.

Crissy had not been so careful in her past days when she returned to The Tangled Gate via Nat Perfect's store & the Red Bag. She cleverly braids the threads together to travel farther, but does not keep her promise to him not to use the black one. Though it is unclear what happens when she enters the Cave of the Beast (“There was a gnattering laugh” indicates

an imp present), it is clearly a move she now regrets. More may be revealed in time about all this.

26. How did Princess Chrisakah first come to Bags End? Within the stories, for many years, she simply had always been around. Lived in the Castle in Imagianna with her friend Boop, was kind of a tomboy but very nice & well-liked in Bags End. Her magic, what Algernon calls her “tricky smile magic,” seems to involve no spells or tools. She doesn’t use it terribly often or other than to protect Bags End. Her life as Christina is behind her, as she cannot return to the common world of people-folk. She seems pretty happy overall &, having resumed her writing, now often of Grand Productions, she has from her old life all she wanted.

Maybe there will be there will be a crisis, or a challenge, or situations where her “tricky smile magic” does not help or apply. I don’t know. I also don’t know how she relates to the Christina of *Labyrinthine*. Will other inhabitants of the Castle or Imagianna be revealed? To be determined.

27. The Great Cavern under The Tangled Gate has been the setting often, in the Bags End stories, *Labyrinthine*, & *Many Musics*. It might be that the caves & tunnels that surround the Great Cavern are a sort of underground equivalent of The Tangled Gate above.

The questions regarding the Great Cavern has to do with its many denizens. Boop & his fellow not-turtles have been in it a long time, as well as many Creatures. For a time, Christina & her fellow Emandians find refuge there before, without Christina, they move on, leaving only her & the Red Bag.

There seem to be two main exits: one through the Cave of the Beast outside to the Gate; the other which is shrouded by the Fountain near the Gate’s entrance.

What else is there to the Great Cavern with its many caves & tunnels? Do others live there? What did the Emandians discover, such that they never returned? Are there tunnels leading deeper into the earth, as well as to the surface? There’s surely more to know.

28. Among the Creatures there are those called Tenders who, as noted earlier, “ease a guy’s heartbone.” Dorris the yellow Dream Pillow is one; MeZmer the White Bunny is another; Rosleeta is too. Dorris & Rosaleeta are semi-retired; MeZmer is the active Tender & she has two apprentices: Angelique, a little bear with wings; & Ringling, a striped White Tiger

Each Tender also has a “boon companion”: Rosaleeta has a strange old long-bearded man named Fitz; MeZmer, a small grey hedgehog named Holly; Dorris, two bouncy pillows named Billo & Trillo; Angelique, the Dalmatian Henry; & Ringling the green-eyed bullfrog Fredine.

Algernon & the other Bags End friends will get to know these Creatures better over time. There will be more comings & goings. Just as Bags End’s longer-time-known neighbors

Imagianna & the Bunny/Dream Pillow Farm have had their effects on Bags End, so too will the Creature Common. I am learning how to do this still. What it means for Bags End to have this wider context.

Perhaps sometime I will also write stories that involve Oz, Narnia, Wonderland, the Hundred Acre Wood, & other classic fantasylands. How to do this without it seeming like a pastiche is a challenge. I think it's a matter of *deeply believing* the characters & their stories. Feeling their realness as much as the chair I sit in now, the air I breathe, the music in my ears, this pen, this paper. When this works for me or for others, it's pretty amazing.

29. The Bags End mythology began as the story of Miss Chris, her toy tall boy brother Ramie, & her friends who lived in Bags End on a chair in the corner of her bedroom. It was modeled on the Oz books, the Pooh books, & their like, which I've mentioned often in this guide. Bags End I'd guess began around 1978 when Christine was small & I was reading *The Hobbit* as well. So then till about 1985 it was tales we told each other. I didn't write down very much of it.

When I left home in 1985, the mythology became a newspaper continuing its existence that way. The primary audience changed, dwindled. I remained Ramie in the stories but became Raymond in my own life as I reached & traveled adulthood.

In the *Stories of the Four Pictures* sequence, I made a crucial decision. One, none, many. I broke me into several pieces. Ramie is 17, a Lazybug, lives with Miss Chris & their family in Connecticut, she is five.

Another part of me traveled far & wide, met many people, experienced a great deal. Met a bear on a stairs landing in an old boarding house I was living in, was gifted a sack of little blank books with many different colored covers. Found an old overcoat on his travels, it had many pockets to hold the little books safely. Eventually came to a festival in the mountains, a great nighttime bonfire, danced all night, & died before dawn.

Traveled on more easily now, in search of what would fill the books. Met Rosa!eeta the imp who in a darkened dwelling showed him the man who would tell the stories of the four pictures hanging on the wall in the hallway outside his bedroom. The dead Traveler would arrange for him to find the books here & there over time, & would live in the four pictures in the form of an "itch" to the man's thoughts, inspiring him to tell story after story of a group of Travelers, their Creature companions, & their many strange adventures.

And thus the Author would nightly tell the stories to an armful of interested Creatures, & write down the stories he told in the little books. As it turns out, the Author & his beloved Lady live in a place where the Creature Common has come to be. And when Algernon & the other Bags End friends learn of & visit the Creature Common, all are connected. And Crissy, denizen of Imagianna, writes the Grand Production that details all of this. Some of it taking place in Dreamland, to boot.



Part of me is still Ramie; part of me is the Traveler who traveled dark & bright roads, died at a mountain festival many years ago; & part of me is the Author who tells the stories of the four pictures, the itch inspiring me. My lives & times from long ago & recently are thus able to co-exist one & all.

30. The colored books, called the Secret Books, exist in the Author's possession but also are found by Princess Crissy in a long overcoat in one of the occasional rooms of her Castle. Their shifting text is eventually decoded by Crissy, Algernon, & their friends, by reading them in full moonlight while cluster dreaming atop the hill near Crissy's Castle. It is discovered that Rosaleeta is playing one of her games with the little books.

Like the Red Bag, versions of the same thing are not themselves the same. I tend to think that Crissy's collection of Secret Books is not quite the same as the Author's. Thus how they will play into new stories is unknown.

The long overcoat & the books have also been in *Labyrinthine* & *Many Musics*. These books' depths have in no way been reached.

31. Is Bags End located on or adjacent to the Island? Its new Red Bag's far door opens directly into The Tangled Gate, as though one of its many paths terminates there. The Gate is on the Island, atop its hill, near the Castle, Tower, Dancing Grounds. So thus it seems that, via the Red Bag, the Island, The Tangled Gate & that near it, & the White Woods are all neighbors to Bags End, via a doorway. This is new, since the Red Bag being Bags End's fourth Bag is new.
32. The Bags End tales have rarely been published. A sequence of them appeared in a 1992 zine *Sixes and Sevens*, published by G.C. Dillon, Jim Gregory, & me. (The illustrations to these stories were reprinted in Part 1 of this guide.) At JG meetings in the 1990s, I read many of the stories.

Wanting to circulate them again, since I was reinventing them for new work, in 2012 I began reading the stories on my weekly radio show *Within's Within: Scenes from the Psychedelic Revolution* (<http://www.spiritplantsradio.com>). Starting with "Revolt at the Toy Store!" from 1986, I've worked my way selectively through stories up through 1990. It's a fun & good thing to do. They read well aloud, on microphone. Algernon's funny accented voice gives them their spicy kick. I think, beginning in 2015, some of the reading will be of the older stories but I might also spend stretches of shows reading the post-2004 stories as well.

33. The masthead of issue #324 (5/22/2010) includes Threshold Puggle credited as "Lead Lead Creature," to match Sheila Bunny credited as "King" (which she isn't save by her own grumpy say-so). For a few recent issues during *The Stories of the Four Pictures* sequence, Boop was credited as "Apprentice Reporter" while he helped Algernon & even wrote some Grand Production reviews. Princess Crissy has been a Guest Editor, as has Godd the little pink bear.

Threshold's addition, however, was a permanent one & signaled a visible bond between Bags End & the Creature Common. Maybe it's because the Creature Common doesn't have its own newspaper (save, obscurely, the Secret Books). But shouldn't then Crissy be listed as "Princess" & Benny Big Dreams as "Tricky Oneironautical Guy"? Even Dorris as "One of the Architects of the Dream Pillow Farm," & who-knows-who(s) as representing the Island, Tangled Gate, White Woods?

Best I can say is that the part of my mind common with Algernon doesn't always know his motivations. And so cannot foresee what's to come. I like this, I think.

34. As mentioned in Part 1, since the 1985-1988 weekly run of *Bags End News*, 151 issues, the frequency of publication has gone up and down with the passing years. Up through 2008, it was very few per year, long gaps between. The *Algernon Beagle Wakes Up!* sequence covered 5 issues written over 2005. The *What Remains Builds the Next Thing*, introducing Larry the Spider & the Creatures, ran 7 issues written from late 2006 to early 2010.

It was in 2010, when we moved back to Boston, when I had all the *Bags End News* notebooks & Bags End itself was in my home, when the novelty of the Creature Common was revivifying the stories, that production began to rise again.

I can't write *Bags End News* 52 issues a year as I did in 1986 & 1987. Too many other projects. But what has come to pass, instead, is a compromise: 15 issues a year. This started in 2010, & 2014 will be the fifth year this target has been reached. Like how the *Doctor Who* serials of old became the 13-part seasons currently running, I had to find a new structure to house the re-envisioned narrative within.

Like the Jellicle Literary Guild, once 8 meetings yearly, now 4; *The Cenacle*, once 8 issues a year, now 4; my desire to publish RaiBooks twice a year but at least once; resume Burning Man Books after a 6-year hiatus; continue my radio show, & *Scriptor Press Sampler*; & push on in *Many Musics* & *Labyrinthine*; so too I'll reserve an area of my time & creative mind for *Bags End News*. The issues tend to run September to December, which gives me many months to gestate ideas, to ready. Perhaps like a TV show, in a way, there's readying time & there's production time. It's worked for 5 years now & my intent is that it work on & on.

That all said, next year is *Bags End News*' 30th anniversary in June. There may just be a bonus double-issue. Next year *Bags End News* will also cross the 400-issue mark.

35. The Season of Lights holiday, as mentioned in Part 1, has lain dormant for the most part. Most recently figured in the *What Remains Builds the Next* sequence as part of the finale. There is a giant tree in the Great Cavern that traces through old Bags End tales to the Tangled Gate mythos.

I have now a version of the tree in my home. My version is metal, but it is tall & will be decorated with many ornaments, & I think when the next Grand Production occurs, it will

be part of it, along with candles, & Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* music. Creatures, Bags End friends, The Tangled Gate, White Woods, Dreamland, Imagianna, Bunny/Dream Pillow Farm. Oz, Narnia, Wonderland, & so on. A night, near to winter solstice, when all come together to share the delight of Art & Friendship.

36. *Notes from New England* has been part of *The Cenacle* since 1998 (#24-25). I use it variously from issue to issue. I try to fill it with new pages of writing that stick hard, that matter to me. Hence, the yearly *Dream Raps*, the tribute to J.D. Salinger a few years back, the piece about newly living in a purchased house.

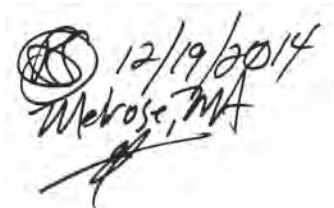
The last of these helped my thinking for this guide. I can't explain Bags End in a linear way, can't even do it fully & finally in a non-linear way. But I can start somewhere & branch out, this way, that way, till a tree is outlined, then a few, a Woods, a Gate, an Island. Or four bags, one of them red. Apartment building kinda-looking within.

I can say: read the 390 issues (& counting) & learn it that way. I wrote them; I've read through them again & again for this guide. But the problem more is that they are not published anywhere. Just 16 volumes (& counting) of notebooks, black ink on blue-lined sheets.

The weekly readings on *Within's Within* began a renewed effort to find a way to circulate more widely these stories, as least as much as *Many Musics* & *Labyrinthine*, their kin. Beginning in April 2015, *Cenacle* 92, the Bags End mythology will be joining these other projects as a regular feature of these pages. Funny, too, because the issue marks *The Cenacle's* 20th anniversary, shortly followed by *Bags End News's* 30th anniversary in June.

How to do this? Transfer a hand-written newspaper to a quarterly published journal? I'm mulling it. Writing this guide has helped me to explain better to myself, as well as firstly to new readers, what Bags End is. How it's changed, how it hasn't. How my ragged years have formed it, & how this mythology has balmed me to the passing of years, its gains & losses.

So this is a prelude. Once it's finished, edited, typed, published with the rest of *The Cenacle*, I'll be resuming the current story Algernon Beagle is telling of the search for Princess Crissy's lost sister. The story will be affected by this guide, the voyage of re-discovery it's been. I've stepped back to look at the whole, paused writing, & read & read. When I resume writing it will be with lots of exciting new ground to cover. *I can't wait!*



12/19/2014
Melrose, MA

* * * * *

Raymond Soulard, Jr.



Notes from New England

*"Please accept this ragged purse
of high notes."*

The following continues the series originally called Notes from New England, begun in issue 24-25 (Winter 1998), then revived in issue 59 (October 2006) as Notes from the Northwest, & appearing since issue 75 (October 2010) under its original title. It is intended as a gathering-place for observations of various lengths upon the world around me. It will be culled, like much of my writing, from my notebooks, & perhaps these thoughts will be expanded upon sometimes as well.

What is Bags End? A Reader's Guide Part 3: 2014-2020

The first two parts of this guide & more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

*The third part of this essay picks up the development of the Bags End stories
from 2014 to the present, particularly couching this development
within the larger mythopoeia that contains all my works.*

*"The natural world has its laws, and no man must interfere with them
in the way of presentment any more than in the way of use; but they themselves may suggest
laws of other lands, and man may, if he pleases, invent a little world of his own,
with its own laws; for there is that in him which delights in calling up new forms—"*
—George MacDonald, "The Fantastic Imagination," 1890.

*"I can't explain Bags End in a linear way, can't even do it fully & finally
in a non-linear way. But I can start somewhere & branch out, this way, that way,
till a tree is outlined, then a few, a Woods, a Gate, an Island.
Or four bags, one of them red. Apartment building kinda-looking within."*
—"What is Bags End? - A Reader's Guide - Part 2: 2004-2014,"
The Cenacle | 91 | December 2014

1. The Bags End stories have become a kind of annual event, in the sense that *Bags End News* is now about 15 issues a year, written usually from September to December. These issues usually comprise one long story from start to finish. Stories told (near) always from Algernon Beagle's point of view as he travels from place to place, event to event. The stories will mix in new & old characters & situations.
2. Since its May 19, 2012 broadcast, Algernon Beagle has been reading issues of his *Bags End News* on my radio show, "Within's Within: Scenes from the Psychedelic Revolution with DJ Soulard," live on SpiritPlants Radio (<http://spiritplantsradio.com>) on Saturday nights. He comes to the Bungalow Cee, where the Creature Common is located too, via the Marie picture portal, on the second floor landing (where the Travellers Tale is told nightly). He borrows my copies of *Bags End News* to read on microphone.

Beginning on the January 10, 2015 broadcast, Algernon Beagle began reading from the more recent *Bags End News* stories, from 2004 on. He has now read all of these up to the most current issue published December 21-28, 2019. When done reading all the current new ones, he will resume reading the older ones.

3. In Part 2 of this guide, I wrote about my plans to start publishing (also in 2015) some issues of *Bags End News* in the pages of *The Cenacle*. Since then, as of this issue, 15 *Bags End Books* (& half of the 16th) have been published in these pages. Selecting which stories to publish in this new form, especially from among the early ones (which were told in more disparate form than the more recent ones), has evolved my idea of what the Bags End mythology is.

It is now told, with various differences, in the *Bags End News* notebooks (since 1985); on the "Within's Within" radio show (since 2012), & in *Bags End Books* in this journal (since 2015). All credited to Algernon Beagle, of course.

4. Algernon Beagle writes his beloved newspaper with his partner & adopted sister Lori Bunny. Lori types the newspaper on an old manual "rite-typer," which was a gift from Algernon's dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna.

Not having yet fully described their process, I tend to think they sit together in Algernon's comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, found by crawling through his bedroom window. There is a purple stool the rite-typer sits on, & I'd guess Algernon tells the story while Lori types with her soft orange furred paws. Perhaps when finished, they cluster close in Algernon's comfy armchair, watching the pretty sunset before them, eventually napping together.

When the issue is ready, Lori will adjust her smart guy spectacles, tuck all their pages into her folder, & go to visit Mrs. Elaine El in the Bags End Post Office & General Store, to get the folder mailed to Princess Crissy. Crissy gets to read the issue first, which makes her happy. Then she uses a little tricky smile magick to send many copies far & wide to Bags End & its neighbors. Near ones, like the Bunny Pillow Farm, Dreamland, Creature Common, & the White Woods. And those farther, like Oz, Wonderland, the Hundred Acre Wood, Narnia, & Fraggle Rock.

All issues of *Bags End News* are stored safely in crates in a Vault in Bags End, locked by Algernon Beagle with his secret key. Also kept there, between issues, are the purple stool & the rite-typer.

The story is written down on white striped paper with black pen in the *Bags End News* notebooks; *The Cenacle* retains the rite-typer stylings, while I will help with the typing on Eurydice MacBook Pro, & some of the spellings, to make the *Bags End Books* enjoyable here.

5. Emandia is a faraway planet, of Woods & Sea, with 6 Islands. It is similar in many ways to Bags End's world, which is similar in many ways to ours (these worlds, in my current speculation, braid somehow together). Its inhabitants look like frail, wispy little beings, yet they are nearly immortal. Their planet suffers a long slow disaster that eventually wipes out most of all the life upon it. Though very different from the humans on this world, yet the Emandians too ruin theirs. And react to stop this ruin far too late to avert it.

Much of the story of what happens on Emandia I do not yet know. What I do know is that they manage to save a small part of their population by sending them to the stars, some by spaceships, some by the Red Bag (through the Dreaming), & some by single-occupant capsules. All of these are sent to worlds deemed similar to Emandia, with Woods, Seas, & Islands. The world of Bags End is one of them.

These ideas are loosely based in the "Ancient Aliens" theory of human origins. Essentially, that humanity either sources in the stars, or has evolved, in part, by long-ago alien contact. I tend to think they both are part of the truth.

When the Emandians come first to this story's world, they are involved with its "waking up" from its *Unitive Time*; when all, in simple sum, *hmmm'd* together in a forever Dreaming. Algernon Beagle meets Emandians, as some are still around, sometimes also in people-folks form.

6. *Unitive Time* is the origin of life on this story's world. *Everything flows, everything hmmmms*. Everything *dreams*, because Dreaming is the original state/sense, from which the others come. There is no bifurcation between waking & sleeping.

Things change too, even in this timeless Dreaming time. The *hmmm* emerges from the Dreaming, music of all singing close together. Something, or someone, cackles playfully, merrily, & the *Hmmm* becomes a braiding of many musics, still clustered in one Dreaming; until a Blue Suitcase falls from the sky, from an Emandian spaceship, waking all to the senses of sight, sound, touch, smell, & taste. There is now waking & these 5 senses additional to the Dreaming & the *Hmmm*.

7. In *Unitive Time*, the world's 6 Islands cluster close together, peaceful like Creatures, surrounded by the Wide Wide Sea, all forever Dreaming. Then the Blue Suitcase falls from the sky, & spooks these Islands to panic & flee from one another. The inhabitants on them



will experience life on each one uniquely. Sometimes the people-folks fight wars between Islands. One of the 6 Islands submerges, yet somehow sustains its inhabitants.

Another of the Islands is where arrived the Tangled Gate, a structure built in Dreams, by the Architect, in service of the Emandians. The Tangled Gate is a great Labyrinth, of immense & changing size. This Island, source of most Emandians in the world, eventually shuts itself off from the world, & cannot be found on any map. Only by the heroic journey of a King & his fellowship of brother Knights, in a time of desperate need, is the nature of the Island revealed, to a degree. The Knights' quest is told more fully in my poetry series *Many Musics*.

Algernon learns of all this, & becomes part of a newer quest to unite the 6 Islands as they had long ago been, but in a new way. Everything grows closer together, as these newer stories progress.

8. At the Heart of the World is the Great Tree. Inspired somewhat by Yggdrasil, the ash tree at the center of the cosmos in Norse mythology, the Great Tree in these stories, with its green & golden bells, reaches its branches up through the Deeper Deeper Sea, to the Deep Deep Sea, to the heart of each of the 6 Islands in the Wide Wide Sea. From each Great Tree branch emerges a smaller Great Tree on each of these Islands, & from each of these lesser Great Trees grows up the White Woods that covers most of these Islands.

By his many travels, Algernon Beagle learns of the White Woods, & of the Great Tree at the Heart of the World, & of lost Emandia in the stars above, & much more of his world than what he had known before.

9. There is a Hut near the roots of the Great Tree at the Heart of the World. This Hut is dark within, save for the soft glow emitting from the frozen rainbow falls that form its interior instead of walls. This Hut is a live conduit to *Unitive Time*, if one knows how to travel its way. Simply looking deeply & closely into the frozen rainbow falls is not enough; what is within looks blurry, & nothing more happens.

However, by closing one's eyes, & *hmmmm*ing the right *hmmmm*, & then opening one's mind's eyes, one will arrive to *Unitive Time*. A short visit is advisable; the Ancienne Woods, the all-pervading *hmmmm*, the enveloping symbiosis of the Dreaming, will absorb the visitor after not too long. Best not try this visit without an experienced traveller like Benny Big Dreams along.

10. The *Hmmmm* is a kind of ur-tongue, a guide, a salve, a music, many kinds of magick. It is native to all in these stories. My dear friend Jim Burke III, himself a kind of Celtic Buddhist heathen mystic Artist, would often talk of the One Note, or *Om* of Indian religions. A sacred, spiritual sound, believed to be the source of truth & origin.

The *Hmmmm* is a way in these stories for all to communicate, to share close. I liken it, loosely, to *The Force* in the *Stars Wars* mythology, or the *Tao* (the "way," the "path," the

“road”) in East Asian religions. From the *hmmm*, the many other people-folks’ languages, & many of their conflicts, emerge.

One best travels the White Woods by the *hmmm*; this is true too in Bags End. It is countless in form, & many in purpose. The *hmmm* is people-folks’ open door to feel the world true, learn to understand it emotionally, intuitively, & intellectually. It does not require one to give up any belief or perspective, but rather to add one more to one’s passel of them. This being that everything *touches*, everything *flows*, everything *hmmms*. To *hmmm* is to let one’s other beliefs do their work in explaining what they do more effectively, & struggle less with what they cannot explain.

11. The spaceships have always been overhead, & they are from Emandia, them being one of the ways Emandians came to this story’s world—in addition to the Red Bag & capsules. I wonder how too many worlds they sent their population by these means?

Most of the Emandians choose to leave this story’s world, feeling it will doom to ruin like their own lost home. Yet some remain; they love this world too much to abandon it.

12. Aboard the spaceships there is a White Room where visitors come. Featureless & doorless, until the visitor begins to walk along. Then a visual scape appears around the visitor, & will go on & on until the visitor stops walking. If the visitor focuses on a question or wish, the scape will be affected in response.

The White Room & its ways seem to be how the Emandians on their spaceships communicate with their visitors. Perhaps the Emandians who choose to stay in these spaceships do so because of the White Room & how it may help those below. It is their way to show their love to this world.

13. The Blue Suitcase that falls out of the Emandian spaceship & splashes into the Wide Wide Sea, & thus spooks the clustered 6 Islands to panic & flee, is sent from the future by the Architect. He is from another world, at first an ordinary young man, but becomes one whose Dreaming abilities realize their great potential. The Emandians contact him in the Dreaming, & instruct him to learn everything his world knows about architecture. He does, & then they ask him to build a Labyrinth, a Tangled Gate, in the Dreaming, that can be replicated & sent to many worlds. The Gate is to where is sent the Red Bag, itself a Dreaming portal, & thus a means for some of the chosen Emandians to travel & escape their dying home world, is rendered.

The Architect then decides to travel to one of these worlds, the one of these stories. He arrives to the far end of history, when the race of people-folks is nearly gone. He joins a group using Dream Capsules in a desperate attempt to travel back in time & “fix” things, but this does not seem to be working. Finally, he just flings his Blue Suitcase of magickal tools back to the beginnings of the world, & follows it back to when he can take possession of it, & use its tools to try & change history from near its start, before most of the Emandians had chosen to leave. He commits his life to this effort.

14. The White Woods, or One Woods, or Ancienne Woods, among other names, is where many of these stories take place. Sheila Bunny & her family are from here. The Thought Fleas & their cousins the Mushrooms are Guardians of these Woods. While it contains mountains, & desert, & plains, this world of 6 Islands seems far more wooded than our own.

The White Woods are not solely white, but actually a glowing amalgam of all 7 colors of the rainbow (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, & violet). They are consciously alive, as all is alive in this world, & care for its denizens. With the right *hmmm*, one can travel safely through them, as do the Famous Travelers (whose adventures are recounted in the Secret Books) with ease. But traveling them without intent will lose one in them. How would one get *there* if one does not know what *there* is?

15. The Wide Wide Sea spans the world & is one of its shining treasures. Plunge down into it to travel to the Deep Deep Sea, & eventually arrive far down to a beach where Abe the Ancient Sea Turtle lives. Plunge down further into the waters beside the beach, & it is now the Deeper Deeper Sea. Fathomlessly further down, if knowing or lucky, & one comes to a tunnel leading to a cavern through a hole in one of its walls leads to a kind of Liberry. Now only with aid can one travel through this Liberry to arrive to the Great Tree at the Heart of the World.

Often traveling the Wide Wide Sea in these stories, & a help in such quests as one to the Great Tree, is the great green & gold Calgary the Sea Dragon, a very friendly Creature who can size up or down to his passengers needs. Another way to travel the Wide Wide Sea is in the back seat of the Boat Wagon driven by the Kittees & their Friend Fish. Make sure to buckle in. *Safety first!*

16. Abe the Ancient Sea Turtle has long lived on the beach by the Deeper Deeper Sea. Once this beach was filled with many kinds of beings, but now it is just Abe, who seems to guard the Deeper Deeper Sea, & its way to the Great Tree. So Abe is alone between the visits by Algernon Beagle & others who make the strange way down to his beach.

This beach is shared by many worlds, is one of the places in this world that braids with others. Untold yet is the story of what happened to the beings on those other worlds who once shared this beach with Abe & this world.

The “braided worlds” idea is a new one for me. Tantalizing idea, feeling like a great big strange story could come of it.

17. There are three known Liberries in these stories. One is the Bags End Liberry, gift from Princess Crissy, where Lori Bunny likes to read thick books at a corner table next to a picture window. This window can show many places in the world, & in the Dreaming, when needed (similar in a way to Glinda the Good Witch of Oz’s *Great Book of Records*). Or it can show the White Woods or Wide Wide Sea in all their many beauties. Lori will pull its shade when her reading needs all of her attention.



The Liberry in Imagianna is much vaster. Upon passing its green & golden door with a book pictured on it, one must descend a circular staircase to its floor (I am sure Princess Crissy's tricky smile magick would accommodate any for whom stairs are not useful). One cannot see the ceiling above, nor the farthest walls. The bookcases range from the tiniest imaginable to vast bookcases of immense books, probably for different sized readers.

In one corner there is a misty place where words & pages float about, like motes of sunshine, & where too it is possible to travel to a place of one's wish. If, that is, one's group clusters together in a circle, hands to paws, & knows the right *hmmm*.

The Liberry near the Great Tree at the Heart of the World seems to resemble *both* a vast Liberry & the White Woods. I cannot imagine what its collections are like; perhaps many worlds braid with this world through this Liberry too? I wonder too if these Liberries are connected to one another.

18. Princess Chrisakah's Castle in Imagianna is a kind of a Beast of a place, of whom Crissy asks permission for herself & her bestus buddy Boop (who looks like a turtle, but isn't one) to live. Her Castle's rooms will shift location, come & go, all this familiar to Crissy & Boop, but stymieing to Algernon Beagle. But when he calls out for help, the Castle knows he is a dear friend of Crissy's & Boop's, & will guide him.

In addition to the Liberry, these stories have shown the Castle's Throne Room, no favorite of Crissy's; her Secret Room, with its strange cushions & purple light & shelf of storybooks (written long ago when she was Christina); Crissy's bedroom & Boop's Composing Chamber; 1928 Paris, a place Crissy was inspired to make by Algernon's Milne's Porch, but with comfy couch instead of armchair; & Crissy's Red Bag, which resembles the apartment she & Boop lived in long ago when she was older. Crissy travels via her Red Bag by typing on her rite-typer (an iterate of Algernon's) to where she would like to go.

19. Imagianna is a place of green & golden tinted hills, upon one of which sits Crissy's Castle. On another, nicknamed Full Moon Hill, one can see the Moon especially clearly & well. Why? Because it's true (in this world, as MeZmer Bunny once explained it to me, *A=A because A=A*). Full Moon Hill is where Algernon Beagle & Crissy come with Betsy Bunny Pillow & Dorris Pillow & others to try to decipher the cryptic scrawlings of the early Secret Books.

Near Crissy's Castle is an Oak tree where she & Algernon Beagle will occasionally come to talk & nap. Oaks have been special to me since I studied the Greek myth of Orpheus & his Oak nymph wife, beloved Eurydice (after whom my own beloved MacBook Pro is named).

Also not far from her Castle, like Dreamland, are the White Woods, & especially the part of them where the Thought Fleas live & put on their annual Rutabaga Festival & Fleastock.

Aside from Crissy & Boop, Imagianna's only other known denizens are the Dark Creatures, who live in the Castle too. Crissy summons them one night to meet Algernon when he comes visiting. Eyes closed, touching the Creatures, they are able to see & travel the Castle in a delightful new way.

20. The Thought Fleas (& their cousins the Mushrooms) are the ancient Guardians of the White Woods. They are furred, have big eyes & long tails, & wear raggedy clothes. They live in a Domicile somewhere in the White Woods that Algernon visits one time.

The Thought Fleas are famed for their annual Rutabaga Festival & Fleastock, a great welcoming to all event. One time it featured a live model replica of the Ancient 6 Islands, & another time it celebrated there being more Moss than in a long while with the return from exile of Alvinarah Poesy the Moss Po-et, & his boon companion Nariah Narwhal.

21. Rutabaga Soup is a big part of the Rutabaga Festival & Fleastock. Flossie Flea grows rutabagas in her garden next to the Thought Fleas' Domicile in the White Woods. These are made into the soup served in big soup bowls from the Soup Kettle in the middle of the Great Clearing the Thought Fleas use for gatherings, as well as for the Grand Productions at the Festival.

This soup, just one bowl of it, will keep someone from being hungry for a long time, maybe even until the next Festival. The Thought Fleas keep the Soup Kettle tended between Festivals too, & have placed Soup Tureens far & wide in the White Woods, for those hungry but not near the Great Clearing.

Algernon Beagle gets to be friends with the Thought Fleas on one of his journalistic adventures. They ride on his nozebone sometimes; other times, they are the same size as him, & they travel side by side.

Weirdly, Algernon does not panic or cry out "O! Yuk!" at rutabagas, like he does for every other kind of food in his path. He has even enjoyed Rutabaga Soup once or twice. No explanation yet of why.

I think the Festival was inspired in me by all the years I went to the Burning Man Arts Festival in the Black Rock Desert of Nevada. Generosity to all who came, no money to divide one from another; just Art & kindness for all. Happens late August every year, too, just like the Rutabaga Festival.

22. Alvinarah Poesy is a Moss Po-et. He is a tall, handsomely blue-eyed fox Creature, with long whiskers & an even longer curly tail. He left in exile long ago &, only when he returns, to the Rutabaga Festival, does Algernon learn of him & hear his story.

Long ago, Alvinarah longed to find his purpose, his way to help & love this world. He often talked with the Thought Fleas of this longing.

Then, per chance, he is taken up in one of the spaceships overhead, to its White Room. There he brings his wish, & comes back to eventually discover why he was shown there a multi-colored mound of Moss. He learns to write Moss Po-etry. The process, at least sometimes, involves finding agreeable Imps to wrap cuttings of his whiskers round to form a Moss Imp Pen. With concentration, & *hmmmming*, eyes shut of course, he writes Moss Po-ems that bid greeting, or comfort, or explain, or many other things. Moss absorbs, Alvinarah learns, & gifts back.

Alvinarah's exile comes when too many seek his counsel. Too many weary, wishing, forlorn. He cannot seem to help everyone, & again despairs. He leaves with Nariah, & travels far by the Boat Wagon & Calgary the Sea Dragon. Then he recently learned that there is more Moss than in a long while, & decides to return, this time to teach many others too how to write Moss po-ems, including Algernon Beagle.

23. Creatures spook to wake when all do, the Blue Suitcase having splashed into the Wide Wide Sea, the Islands having fled. What are they exactly? Their full name as a kind is Creatures of the Dream. Perhaps they come from the Dreaming as a gift to the suddenly awakened world?

They first live in the Cavern under the Tangled Gate, where the Emandians had originally arrived when passed through their Red Bag portal. When the Princess of the Island (on which the Tangled Gate is located) dreams of the Gate, which the Architect will allow her only to study by waking, she in the Dreaming enters the Gate, through a hole in her bedroom wall, & encounters & befriends the Creatures.

They learn to delight her with their dancings & many other talents, & become like a Carnival just for her. But she knows there is a world of sometimes struggling people-folks, & others, that they would make happy, & so she *iterates* them as a Traveling Carnival, led by Mister Xavier Bear, X for short. She bids them travel the land to entertain & make people-folks & others happy.

And they still do, even now. But there comes a time when the Guardian of Bags End, & many other places, is now Princess Crissy in Imagianna. The Carnival always travels to Imagianna along its route. Crissy decides the Creatures should also have a place to rest from their travels, a home of their own, & *iterates* them again to the Creature Common here in Bungalow Cee.

It was a long time learning that Creatures in Cavern, Carnival, & Common are all still going. That time is not simply linear. Then & now & hence & other each & all co-exist. The Princess is dancing with her Creatures in the Great Cavern tonight. The Carnival is somewhere in the White Woods making people-folks & others happy. The Common is full of peaceably dozing Creatures right now. Time is like an endless field of blooming Weeds, each one a moment's place in time.



24. The Creature Common, like Bags End, resides in a bedroom & is safe there. The Bungalow Cee is like Bags End's apartment-like interior, though not so mysteriously extensive. Creatures' adventures tend to occur in stories of the Carnival, or when they accompany the Famous Travelers on their endless journeys. When Grand Productions occur, Creatures are always a part of these, becoming like the Common & the Carnival in one. Cavern / Carnival / Common. Each & all.

I believe there is much more to know about their origins, & what their kind's name means. As much as how White Woods, Tangled Gate, & Emandians provide the answers to some of what this world is, so too as importantly the Creatures. Theirs is a story I am still learning *how* to tell.

25. The Secret Books have accumulated in number as have the many Travellers' Tales within them. Some of their tales are told in *Bags End News*, *Labyrinthine*, *Many Music*, & *Dream Raps*, but much is only recorded by pencil in these little Secret Books, kept safely in the Bungalow Cee, & also on cassette tapes kept safe too.

Twelve years of their travels, nightly told on the second floor landing of the Bungalow Cee, me passing from one to the next of the 4 pictures. Even more than translating a handwritten newspaper to the pages of *The Cenacle*, & the radio airwaves of "Within's Within" is the question of how to, if ever to, publish the Travellers' Tales more fully than in fragments.

It's possible. It is, after all, a story, albeit a uniquely structured one. Algernon Beagle has now shared some adventures with the Travellers, & this is perhaps the beginning of more. *How to Tell?* is again my question.

26. I *have* figured out some of my *how to tell* for the Dreaming & its Dreamland. I keep a daily Dream Journal, now in a foot-tall sheaf by our bed, in its own little basket. Some of these dreams I translate to "Dream Raps" on "Within's Within." These ad-libbed pieces are then copied out (by Kassi, dear heart) for me to create my annual volume of *Dream Raps* for *The Cenacle*. Their texts often flow back through *Bags End News*, *Labyrinthine*, *Many Musics*, & the *Travellers' Tales*.

Dreamland is where the world's bifurcated return, temporarily, to a kind of *Unitive Time*. We bring our jewels & junk of waking, & the Dreaming transforms all this, sometimes very fragmentedly, sometimes vividly vast.

In these stories, this all goes even further, as the wall between the Dreaming & waking is low enough sometimes to step across, even to cause effect each way. Benny Big Dreams travels all this like there is *no wall* for him. He befriends Algernon, who little trusts his tricky ways for a long time, but Benny even accompanies Algernon to the *Unitive Time*, & persuades Algernon thereafter to let him become a newspaper apprentice like Boop from Imagianna, & Willy Nilly Froggy of Creature Common.

Dreamland is across a border, sometimes geographically, sometimes perceptually. The *hmmm* in all, & Dreamland, remain, *ongo*, as living aspects of *Unitive Time* now.

27. Two of the most unique Creatures, Bellla the bloo-&-pink Piglet & Rosaleeta the tiny little black-&-white Pandly Bear Imp, iterate as Great Heroes of Yore to have adventures together, & often help people-folks & Creatures alike. Their annual adventures, occurring usually in late summer / early autumn (around the time of the Rutabaga Festival) are told by the Maine coast, orally, like the Travellers' Tales, & written down in the Secret Books.

In one such adventure, the first Algernon Beagle heard tell of, these Great Heroes travelled far, from one Island to the next, to discover why the colors everywhere had gone strange. They picked up many Creature companions on the way, & the crisis was eventually resolved (by a paws-to-paws circle, *hmmming* together, gratefulness for all the beautifully colored things in their lives). It happened because it happened (*A=A because A=A, remember?*) but all were grateful when it passed with no harm done.

Algernon Beagle is humbled by the Great Heroes of Yore's many heroic adventures, & wish to teach others to be Heroes too. The Heroes know that Algernon is as much a Hero as they are, writing his newspaper for all, but is far too humble to think so.

28. Grand Productions are an annual event of Royal Thumbs Productions, seen by many neighbors local & not so local as well. One recent Grand Production combined the Rutabaga Festival & the Creature Carnival. The Carnival traveled from Bags End, to Dreamland, to the White Woods, to the Bunny Pillow Farm, & finally to the Creature Common in a complex story showing how all are connected. The Carnival performed in different ways for each place. Space becomes time & time becomes space in these stories, to paraphrase Philip K. Dick. Algernon Beagle has to learn in his travels & adventures *how* to tell stories like this one, even as his goal is always "straight & true."
29. Grand Productions usually occur near winter solstice, often tie right into the Season of Lights. This holiday is as close, & not very at that, to any sort of religiosity in these stories. Shiny trinkets, sometimes Creatures themselves, on a Great Tree, music to dance to, & gratefulness for the beautiful world. A wish to share with all.

At core, most religious traditions wonder *why*, & try somehow to explain. But maybe there is no answer to *why*. Maybe that which is, *is* (*A=A because A=A*), & the challenge to each of us in our finite years is to craft ourselves & the world the best we know how.

I don't think faith or belief, down deep, reside in language, but rather in a kind of *hmmm* of feelings. I think language helps the mind to distinguish these feelings, one from another, & lean hopefully toward some, & preferably away from others.

Religious structures attempt to package for cultural consumption that which each being will never find a better fit for but what is in his own heart. I would rather not know how much of what or how or why the world is than lazily let any book, or set of teachings,

however kindly meant, give me another's answers. But rather for me to sing & *hmmm* & praise & wonder & not know & keep along!

30. I don't know what the Tangled Gate is, precisely. What is this strange & powerful thing that the Architect created in his dreams that exists in waking hours too? Is its interior a different kind of *Unitive Time*? One where all do not *hmmm* variously & yet one?

Did the Architect really "create" it at all? Like *hmmming* & the Creatures of the Dream, it seems a different *kind* of thing, & suggests more mysteries for beagleboy journalist Algernon Beagle to pursue, than explaining any of its own.

31. Betsy Bunny Pillow's story has evolved again & again & yet again over time. Once a refugee to Miss Chris's house in Connecticut from her native homeland, she fought to free the Bunny Pillow Farm from the evil Farmer Jones, only to discover that he had once been a good man, & now desired to be one again. Then to discover from Dorris (now of Creature Common, but also one of the Architects of the Farm) that the purpose of Pillows was as Dream Pillows, to tend people-folks & others in their Dreaming, calm their heart-bones, make the world feel less lonely & savage. Then to discover even more that her true home had become Bags End & her own purpose remains unknown to her. She is a natural leader, but right now without a path for even herself, much less one to lead others down.
32. Another who has long sought his true path is Ignatius the Independent Inspector of Fantasylands. Iggy, as Algernon & others affectionately call him. Iggy now visits fantasylands to ask 3 questions: 1) *Are you on the path?* 2) *Is anything off or missing?* 3) *Do you remember the big & little things?* There are no wrong answers to these, as there once was in his inspections.

But how did he become the Inspector? He learns he is from Emandia, & is brother to Crissy, & to their sister who left with the other Emandians, while the two of them each chose to stay. Iggy is given the task of inspecting, but takes a very long time to learn *how* to inspect. This he learns, in part, by his wrangles with Sheila Bunny & Algernon Beagle in Bags End. He learns that doing his job well has *far* more to do with understanding what makes a place its *best* self, than by imposing a general judgment upon it. Iggy learns all this in his own way, & thus answers those 3 questions for himself too.

33. Leo the Dark Man is the Janitor of Bags End. He lives in a small room located under one of the ramps that connects one level in Bags End to the next. Sheila Bunny calls it his "hovel-under-ramp." There he retreats, after cleaning Miss Chris's bubble gum off the side of Bags End, to cozy up to his great collection of *Action Man* comic books.

One time he helps Lori & Algernon to set up their newspaper tools special on Milne's Porch because they have a lot of fan letters to reply to, congratulating Algernon on his newspaper's (30th) anniversary. In return, Algernon gets for Leo a copy of *Action Man* #23: "Action Man & Bunny Girl Save the World, Twice!" Leo reads the story very slowly, savoring each word & image like a good comic book reader does.

What is a “Dark Man”? Dark-skinned? I don’t think so. Dark intentions? Not any longer, if really ever. Shadowy? Perhaps more this. Why comic books? Why his hovel? Where is he from? These questions & others will help to build a full story one day.

34. And what about Alexander Puppy’s strange Bump language that drives his brother Algernon so crazy? Well, because Alex gave Algernon his copy of *Action Man* #23 to give to Leo, Algernon agrees to take a “Bump lesson” with him. Silly story & excruciating, both, yet Algernon does sort of learn about Bump.

Alex explains, with Allie Leopard translating as he does, that once there was only singing; perhaps meaning the *Hmmm*. Words came later, to describe dangers, & to name things. Different languages arose, & often set people-folks against each other because of this.

He concludes that Bump is a way to return to peace, by just one word, & its associated touch, in combination. But Algernon simply cannot *understand* Bump words, so it’s no use for him.

Language can be used as weapon, or as salve, or as game, or as inspiration, or as many other things. It cannot replace things for which it unable to do so, & should not be blamed for what it *is not*. Words are one of many ways by which to communicate. Good use should be made of all the many other kinds too.

35. On at least one of the Islands is a Village. It is an occasional setting for stories in *Bags End News*, as well as more often for *Labyrinthine*, *Many Musics*, *Dream Raps*, & the *Travellers’ Tales*. In the Village is an Ancienne Coffeehouse, very old & vast, kind of like a much larger-scale version of my old beloved haunt Coffee Time Coffeehouse in Portland, Oregon. Also there is the Pensionne, a kind of hostelry with no front door, not so much a building as more like a immense stone with many doors in it. It is run by a woman with long braided hair & heavy boots only known as Aunt. She also lovingly tends its great Garden in back, where a beautiful blue eyed & black striped White Tiger Creature named Ringling sometimes shyly roams.

Algernon visits these places one time when he is on a great adventure that includes the Famous Travelers & the Great Heroes of Yore.

The Village has been passed through, but never focused on for what it fully is, & how it came to be. It deserves this attention, when its turn comes ’round.

36. As the stories alluded to here are being published in *The Cenacle* over the next several years, new Bags End stories will also be written. Often embedded in them are questions to be pursued (For example: *How to re-unite the 6 Islands? Why is there Something Instead of Nothing?* etc.). Here are a few questions that may get explored soon:

- *What is the origin story of Bags End?*
- *Why does Algernon Beagle seem to like rutabagas?*

- *Where & when & how do people-folks come into the history of this world?*
- *Are there animals in this world unlike Creatures?*
- *What are Creatures & where are they from?*
- *What are braided worlds?*

It was 35 years ago, in June of 1985, that *Bags End News* began as handwritten issues mailed to my sister Christine, in the months after I had moved away from home (nearer to my college). She would write some issues too, & mail them to me. The stories have changed in many ways since then, but Algernon Beagle is still the Editor, Sheila Bunny is still the King, & Lori Bunny still writes the stories down, & types them up too.

I could not help but build a mythopoeia from that simple beginning because that's what my literary heroes all did. L. Frank Baum, A.A. Milne, Lewis Carroll, J.R.R. Tolkien. It's what Jim Henson did with his TV show, *Fraggle Rock*. What George Lucas did with his *Star Wars* films. It's what some kinds of artistic temperaments do. They create a story that becomes ever more vast & detailed over time.

It is a happy delight to do. While ever learning & re-learning how to live well in this world, to be also evolving, as MacDonald says above, one's own world "with its own laws." A kind of weird & wonderful obsession. I am a better Artist & sometimes a better person for this work I do.

07/18/2020
W. K. Rose, Mass.

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Bags End News
 No. 66 September 9, 1986
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Bag Lady Artist Coms to Bagzend! (Part I)

Wunce, wen me an mah frend
 Cristal ~~wer~~ wer playing marbels, wich
 I dont play 2 good cuz ~~th~~ pawz
 cant hold them a2 wel az
 fingers, in the uper levils of
 Bagzend, this old lady cam
 out of 1 of the dors. She
 askd in a veri soft voyc if
 she cood draw a pikchur
 of us. We sed O.K.

She took out of the 2
 bags she wnz ^{carying} ~~carying~~ a
 bunch of colord papr an a
 shoo boxx that we saw her
 tak crayons out of. Wen she
 wnz redy she startid her
 pikchur. She sed we cood keep



Bags End Book #1:

The Bag Lady Artist Comes to Bags End!

Introduction

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

The Bag Lady Artist Comes to Bags End!

Part I.

Once, when me & mah friend Chrystal were playing marbles, which I don't play too good cuz paws can't hold them as well as fingers, in the upper levels of Bags End, this old lady came out of one of the doors. She asked in a very soft voice if she could draw a picture of us. We said OK.

She took out of the 2 bags she was carrying a bunch of colored paper & a shoe box that we saw her take crayons out of. When she was ready, she started her picture. She said we could keep playing if we wanted cuz she didn't need us to sit still.

After awhile, Chrystal, who is a girl who has nice messy brown hair & playful brown eyes, whispered to me that we should introduce ourselves.

Chrystal stood up &, when she saw the lady looking at her, she smiled & said, "My name is Chrystal & this is my friend Algernon Beagle. This place

you're in is called Bags End."

The lady smiled. "How do you do? I am called a Bag Lady cuz I don't have a real home & I carry all my things in these 2 bags. Some people make fun of you & call you names if you don't have a home, or very many things. My name is Emily, but you can call me Emmi."

I looked very closely at Emmi the Bag Lady Artist, as Sheila Bunny later called her. She wore a lot of clothes. She had on a white shirt, a green sweater, & a brown jacket. She wore brown pants, blue shoes with strings tied around her ankles, & white socks. She had some rings on her fingers & an orange hat on her head. As she drew our picture, her face looked like she was thinking about the picture & nothing else. Her face had a lot of lines in it, but I thought she looked like someone's really nice grandmother.

Chrystal asked Emmi if she would like to meet some other Bags End Friends when she finished her drawing. Emmi said that would be nice but she could only stay a little while.

Me & Chrystal first brought Emmi to visit Sheila Bunny who was in her Throne Room, chewing on a carrot & looking at a book of paintings by a guy named DaVinci. Sheila's purple eyes were glowing a little like they do when she is interested in something & paying real good attention.

Emmi went up to Sheila & said, "Is there a picture of the Mona Lisa in there?"

Sheila nodded & turned to a page which showed a picture of a lady who had a tricky smile. The Bag Lady Artist smiled in a tricky way too.

Crystal said, "Emmi, this is Sheila Bunny, who calls herself the King of Bags End even though she was only elected Mayor. Sheila, this is Emmi, who says she is a Bag Lady cuz she don't got a home & all her things are in her bags."

Sheila looked at Emmi's bags & ask her if they really had all her things in them. Emmi nodded.

"Where's your bed?"

"I don't have 1."

"But where do you sleep?"

Emmi said, "When it's night, I usually sleep anywhere that is dry & out of the open."

"But don't you have a home?" Sheila asked. She looked a little upset.

Emmi shook her head again.

Sheila closed 1 of her purple eyes & looked up at the ceiling like she always does when she is thinking real hard.

"How would you like to live in Bags End & be my Royal Artist?" she asked.

Emmi shook her head. Before Sheila could say anything, though, Emmi said, "It's not that I don't want to. I can't. You see, I grew up in a poor family. The only thing my parents could really offer me was the chance to go to school & learn how to read. My mother would take me to the public library every night, & my dad would listen to me read before bedtime. We would also go to museum on Sunday, my dad's only day off.

"I discovered my love for Art & drawing in the museum, & I would use whatever pencils or pens or crayons my parents could afford to copy the pictures I saw. I also read books about Art & drawing in the library.

"When I became a young woman, my parents died & I married a poor young man I loved a great deal, but he got sick too & died. He was never too strong, you see, & too rough a job & not enough rest or good food just killed him.

"Well, I got more & more poor cuz I could never get a good job. I didn't even go to high school, so the kind of jobs I could do weren't too great.

Finally, the day came when I was put on the street & I couldn't get another place. So I had to learn to live on the street."

Me & Sheila & Chrystal all listened pretty quietly to Emmi's story. I didn't really understand some of it, but I kept quiet.

"So why can't you stay in Bags End?" Sheila asked again.

"Well, the reason I am here is cuz of your friend, Princess Chrisakah," she said.

"Chrisakah?" we 3 said at the same time. Princess Chrisakah, or Crissy as we call her like friends, lives near Bags End in a fantasyland called Imagianna. She lives in a castle & everything, more like a regular fantasyland than weird old Bags End. Her best friend Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, lives with her there too, & is kind of her servant. But Crissy gets bored & wishes she was living in nutty Bags End sometimes.

"Yes. She appeared in a dream I had 1 night. I was very cold & unhappy & I fell asleep wishing I would never wake up. Then I dreamed this beautiful girl spoke to me about a warm place where I could visit for a little while when I felt the most sad.

"She said she wished she could help me more but she couldn't. She said she hoped these visits would make me feel a little better.

"Well, I was walking down a street of the City I live in when I felt myself being drawn toward this alley between 2 buildings. There was a door in 1 of the buildings & I opened it & went through. I ended up here in Bags End, & when I saw the little girl & puppy I knew that by some miracle that dream I had had was real."

Emmi looked very tired & so Sheila begged her to stay for the night & rest in a real bed. Emmi said OK but that she had to leave the next morning cuz she was afraid Chrisakah would get mad & not let her come back.

Before she left though, our teacher Mister Owl got her to teach us about Art & drawing.

Part II.

Mister Owl got us Bags End guys & fellas up real early on the 2nd day of Emmi the Bag Lady Artist's visit.

Well, some fellas didn't like getting up even before the sun was dressed so Sheila told Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow to "deal with those troops!" Lisa is this strange little red-haired baby with bright blue eyes who talks funny & dresses up like she is a soldier. She wears this green shirt that says M*X*A*S*X*H on it. She makes us Bags End guys, especially the ones who don't smartly get away, march up & down a hallway in Bags End until she says, "Twoops, dwismissed!"

This time, Lisa marched every last Bags End Friend to a lower level of Bags End, through a door, & into a big brightly lit room. There were a lot of little tables & stools spread out all over the place. On the tables were paper & colored pencils.

Emmi came into the room with Sheila. Mister Owl asked Sheila to introduce Emmi to everyone in Bags End who hadn't met her yet.

"Everyone, this is our new friend Emmi the Bag Lady Artist. She will visit us once in awhile & I hope you all can talk to her sometimes. She has to leave soon this time. Too bad. Anyway, before she leaves she is going to teach us a little about drawing. Listen closely."

Sheila then went over & sat at a table with her little sister Margie,

who forgets the difference between cartoons on TV & real guys, & Miss Chris, who had the day off from her own school & wanted to go to Bags End School for the day.

Miss Chris lives in Connecticut with her mommy & daddy & brothers. She also has a toy tall boy called Ramie who is I guess her brother too. Ramie is also a Lazybug, which means he likes to nap a lot. This causes him no end of trouble with Miss Chris, who prefers he be awake to play with her & read good storybooks to her. She is also mah adopted person mommy cuz mah own Mommy Beagle is not around right now.

Anyway, Miss Chris was chewing bubble gum which is a little too close to real food for mah liking. I only like one secret food that nobody knows about but otherwise I say: O! Food! Yuk!

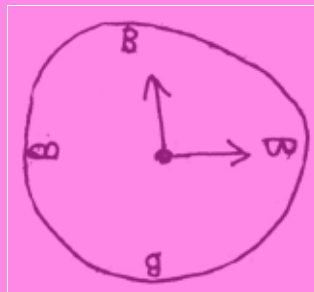
Your old buddy Algernon sat with mah brother Alexander Puppy, who only talks in his silly made-up Bump language, & that nice language-knowing & green-eyed guy Allie Leopard. We didn't say much cuz we were too busy listening to Emmi & drawing.

Emmi said, "I am glad you are all so eager to listen to an old lady. If I can teach each of you a little more about drawing than you already know, I will be happy.

"First you must understand that each of us sees things in a different way. I may like something cuz it is blue, & someone else may like it like cuz it is round. I may look at a picture of a forest & be most interested in the trees. Someone else may like the picture's clouds best. So I am not really going to tell you what to draw or how to draw anything you choose. I will give you a few hints though.

"Most things we see are made up of shapes. A TV is a square. A baseball is a circle. Other things are made of several shapes. A house is a square with a triangle on top. So when you draw something, you can get started by figuring out its shape."

Emmi then asked us to practice drawing squares, circles, triangles, & straight lines. Then she said we should try seeing how many pictures we could make by starting with a circle. I drew a tire, Allie drew a soccer ball, & mah silly brother Alexander drew a clock with Bump numbers that all looked alike except they were pointing in different directions. It looked like this:



Ally explained that Bump language has only 4 numbers for its clock. He said Alex told him it was **Bm**. Silly brother.

Emmi then asked us to draw something we really like & next time she came she would look at the drawings & help us with any questions we had.

We got upset that Emmi had to leave, but Sheila said we should give Emmi 3 cheers for visiting us.

"Yea! Emmi!
Yea! Emmi!
Yea! Emmi!"

we yelled. Sheila then told everyone to be quiet.

"Emmi, I visited Chrisakah last night when everyone had gone to bed. I asked her why you couldn't stay in Bags End cuz you don't have a home anywhere else. She told me that she doesn't have the power to let you stay in a world you're not from. Her magic is only strong enough for you to have visits.

"Well, I put on my thinking cap to try & help you anyway. Here's a bracelet that won't come off your wrist, unless you take it off by yourself. When you really need to come to Bags End, concentrate very hard on this bracelet, & it will guide your feet to bring you here. We love you, Emmi." Sheila hopped up to Emmi's face & kissed her cheek. Then Sheila & Emmi left while Mr. Owl told the rest of us we could work on our drawings all day.

When I went to bed that night, I thought about Emmi having no home to go to. I don't really know a lot about why some people in the United States don't have homes. Miss Chris says there are even people in other countries that die cuz they don't have homes or food to eat.

Sheila says, "The world is far from perfect, kid."

Sometimes you have to keep asking a question even if there is no answer.

I hope Emmi comes back soon.

The Journey to the Top of Bags End!

Part I.

When summer was near to ending, I asked Sheila, the Bunny King Among Other Things, if she was looking forward to school.

"Well," Sheila said, "I like learning to read better but I have other things to do. If only school could be just 2 or 3 hours for 2 or 3 days a week." I like her thinking.

Anyway, Bags End was pretty quiet except for when then nice fella Emmi the Bag Lady Artist visited. I like Emmi!

Then I noticed that at school Sheila would spend a lot of time looking up at the ceiling with 1 of her purple eyes closed. She's thinking real hard when she does that. 1 time Oliver called on her to answer a question & she was so busy thinking that she said, "Bug off, Owl!" Mister Owl got so upset that Sheila had to apologize. Sheila tries to be nice to him when he's teaching.

Finally, I went to see Sheila in her Mayor's Office to ask her what was wrong. She was doing her paperwork. I don't know why, but she has a lot of it to do to keep Bags End running smoothly.

"I hate paperwork," she kept muttering over & over & over again.

"Sheila?" I asked.

"Ah, a loyal subject," she said.

"Sheila, I was wondering if anything was wrong."

"Well. O, all right, I will tell you, Beagle. Might as well get 1 story right in that news rag of yours."

"Hey!" I yelled.

"Just kidding, kid."

"Well, what's wrong?"

"I have been thinking about taking another trip," she said.

"To where?" I asked.

Sheila smiled in a tricky way. "I think I am going to lead an expedition to the top of Bags End!" She looked at me like I was supposed to say wow! or

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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

THE JERNY TO THE TOP OF BAGS END!!! (Part I.

Wen Camp Buny endid in August, I asked Shlela, the Buny King Among Othr Things, if she wuz looking for werd 2 skool.

"Well, Shlela sed, I lik lerning to reed bettr but I hav othr things to do. If onli skool cood be jest 2 or 3 hors ~~2 or 3~~ ^{for} 2 or 3 days a week." I lik her thinking.

Enyway, Bags End wuz prity kwiet xcept for thos dum Shlela Snaks (O! yuk! an wen that nic fella Emmi the Bag Ladi Artist vizitid. I lik Emmi!

something. Instead I said, "What's an expedition?"

"A trip, dummy. A trip!" Sheila don't got much patience.

For the next few days, no one in Bags End seemed to talk about anything but Sheila's big trip to the top of Bags End.

1 day, me & my friend Leona Lion & Sheila Bunny were in the Throne Room. Leona is a really nice lion cub with pretty brown eyes & fur. Me & her were looking at a picture book called Beagles All Over the World & Sheila was reading a book about trips to the North Pole. Then Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow marched in & saluted Sheila.

"Gweneral Shweila, swer, I respwectfwully request thwat the Army of the Bwabys be twaken on thwis dangerous mwission to the unexplored upper regions of Bwags End."

Before I could open mah mouth to ask, Sheila explained that Lisa wanted the Baby Army to go on the trip she was planning.

"Sure, Sargent, the Army can come. Go prepare for the trip. Dismissed."

Sargent Lisa saluted again & left quietly. But we heard her outside the room yelling, "O! Gwoody! Gwoody! I get to go on the twip! Gwoody! Gwoody!" Silly Sargent.

So many guys & fellas were bugging Sheila to let them go on the trip that Sheila finally announced that anyone who wanted to could come, but she warned that she wouldn't wait if someone got tired, & she really didn't know what they would find.

So 1 fine Saturday morning Sheila led a whole bunch of us guys & fellas up the ramps to the upper levels. I tried to figure out who all was in the crowd & saw at least Sheila Bunny, Betsy Bunny Pillow, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, Alexander Puppy, Leona Lion, Miss Chris, Ramie, Allie Leopard, & quite a few puppies.

Now someone might ask me: aren't you a puppy, Algernon? Good question, & I would answer: sort of yes. But, see, I don't really speak Puppy language, all them barks & woofs & stuff, cuz I prefer English.

So for that reason, I am not a member of the Secret Puppy Club. I also don't have a taste for Puppy Cookys like the rest. O! Yuk! And while Sheila sometimes has Puppy Guards by her side when she is being all King-like, I stay away from all that. So: sort of yes. My brother Alexander is another sort of yes puppy--I mean he is tall & yellow & sort of puppy-shaped & all--but I think even less than me.

After climbing 3 or 4 ramps, we were on a level of Bags End most of us hadn't been on before.

Sheila didn't stop though. She said that she had already gone a lot higher up than this. So we kept going, Sheila hopping at the head of the line.

Someone said we should sing a song as we marched. So we sang:

To Bags End, to Bags End
Have you ever been
to Bags End?

It's this crazy
funny sunny place

It's a honey
of a place

To Bags End, to Bags End
Have you made some
Friends in Bags End

There's pillows that talk
And beagles that yawp
And a bunny king
And a marching baby
Have you met them, maybe?

O Bags End, Bags End
A place you won't forget
To Bags End, to Bags End
To there you better soon get!

To Bags End, to Bags End
A place you'll love to know!
To Bags End, to Bags End,
To there you better go!

I think Ramie wrote that song, cuz he has a lot of notebooks & pens & things, but I am not sure.

We soon reached a level in Bags End that was very different from the 1s most of us knew. Instead of doors on either side of the hallway, there was nothing but sky!

Sheila looked back at everyone, smiled a tricky smile, & yelled, "Tally ho!" as she jumped right into the sky!

Part II.

For a second, nobody moved or said anything. Then everybody started talking all at once. Leona tried to leap after Sheila but some puppies held her back. Sargent Lisa ordered us guys in the Army of the Babys to "save the King!" but everyone just said, "forget it, Sarge!"

Just as a lot of trouble was gonna happen, we heard, "Looking for someone?" & we saw Sheila floating in the sky behind us on the other side of the hallway!

"Don't worry, guys, your King is all right," she said.

"Who was worried?" asked a whispery voice that sounded like Betsy Bunny Pillow's.

Betsy is one of the strangest Friends in Bags End. She is a Pillow, which is not strange, but she talks, which is. Betsy came to Bags End a long time ago as an escapee from a place called the Bunny Pillow Farm, which is run by Farmer Jones. Jones grows Bunny Pillows in big fields, & then sells them off to rich people, which drives Betsy crazy.

She is called a Bunny Pillow cuz she bounces when she goes along, & also maybe cuz her Pillow case dress has pictures of bunnies on it. Her voice is only a whisper, but you better not ignore her or you risk getting smothered.

Betsy leads a shadowy group called the Allies, who I don't really know much about except Betsy is their leader & they always help her try to attack the Bunny Pillow Farm to liberate it. And always fail so far.

Sheila continued. "I discovered this level awhile ago. I don't really understand it but for some reason you can float in the sky here. You can't really fly though, unless you have wings. If you wave your arms or paws like you are swimming, then you can move around."

This time, Leona gave a shout & leaped into the sky & nobody stopped her. It took awhile but 1 by 1 us guys & fellas stepped off into the sky. I saw mah silly brother Alexander bumping into clouds. Some other guys were playing tag & then hide-&-go-seek.

Soon the only fellas left who weren't in the sky were Ramie & your old buddy Algernon. We were still kind of scared. Ramie thought maybe the whole thing was some kind of trick by Sheila & Betsy.

Then, when we weren't looking, some tricky fella sneaked up behind us & pushed us into the sky! I closed mah eyes but I opened them again when I didn't feel mahself falling.

Floating in the air is sort of like being on the ground but, like Sheila said, you can move up & down if you wave your arms or paws. It's sort of like swimming except you don't get wet & you don't have to hold your breath.

We floated around & had a lot of fun. I wished the Blondys were around but they were lost somewhere. The Blondys are these three little blonde-haired magic girls named Tammy, Sammy, & Simi. They float even in regular Bags End cuz they don't know the Law of Grabitee. They also help to make the grumpier guys in Bags End behave when their tricky plans go too far.

Finally, Sheila hopped back onto the hallway, & most everyone else followed, cuz Sheila said she wouldn't wait for anyone on this trip. I think some people stayed cuz when I looked at who went up to the next level, some guys weren't there.

Sheila didn't stop at the next few levels & some of us guys were getting tired. Some people were even hungry. Not your old buddy Algernon of course.

So finally Miss Chris told Sheila. Instead of getting upset, Sheila smiled another tricky smile & said we would rest on the next level.

She brought us through a door in that level. There was nothing to see except swirling colors everywhere. The ground felt soft under mah paws & I think Sheila must have heard me wishing in mah head cuz she told us to sit down anywhere & relax.

The funny part about that place was that, though we were only there for a few minutes, when we left Sheila said, "I bet all of you feel like you just slept for a long time & ate a big meal."

Everyone, even your old unhungry buddy Algernon said Sheila was right.

"Good. This place is great for a long journey. Well, let's go."

Sheila led the way to the ramp going to the next level.

"Up until now, we have been traveling in a part of Bags End which I have already explored. I really don't know what we are going to see from here on," Sheila said.

I tried again to figure the guys & fellas who were still on the journey. I saw at least Sheila, Betsy, Lisa, Alexander, Leona, Miss Chris, Ramie, & Allie. A lot of guys didn't want to keep going but I didn't write who they were cuz they don't want people to call them scaredy-cats.

Sheila kept hopping up some more levels. She said she wouldn't stop until she saw something interesting.

Then, for the first time, we met people none of us had ever seen before.

Sheila saw them first cuz she was at the head of the line. She entered the next level & yelled, "Hey!" The rest of us stepped onto that level & saw 1 of the weirdest things I have ever seen in Bags End.

The level we were on wasn't a hallway with doors on both sides. It looked like a junkyard. There was a fire burning & it looked like someone was camping out.

Then we saw all these old men holding big sticks. 1 of them stepped forward. He shook his stick & said, "This is our territory! He gave it to us & we don't let anybody on it without our permission! Now git or we'll thrash you good!"

Well, some of us guys were about to git when Sheila cried, "No! Nobody orders me around in Bags End! We're going to thrash you!"

Part III.

When Sheila told those old guys threatening us with the sticks that she was gonna thrash them, I was afraid a big fight was gonna happen. It didn't cuz the biggest old guy told the others to put down their sticks & then he stepped forward.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" he demanded.

"My named is Sheila Ragut Bunny & I am the King of Bags End. These are some of my loyal followers," said Sheila as she pointed at the rest of us. Me & Ramie were hiding behind a pile of trash.

"You can't be Sheila. He said you're a myth."

"I am a myth. Myth Chris," said that silly person mommy of mine.

"But, but, you're all just pretend! He said so!"

Sheila nudged Betsy. "Are you just pretend?" Sheila asked her.

"Certainly not!" Betsy whispered.

The head old guy looked worried & the other old guys were slowly backing away.

"Swer? May I have pwermission to interrogwate thwese individuals?" asked Lisa.

"Of course, Sargent," said Sheila. She smiled in a tricky way like she knew what was gonna happen.

"OK, you guys. Stwand up! Straight line! No moving in the wanks! No, not you, Swub-Pwivates Ramie & Algernon!"

Me & Ramie sat down again.

"Fwerst, name, wank, & serial number!"

"O! Cereal! Yuk!" I yelled.

"Kwiet, Bweagleface!"

The old guys told Lisa their names but said they didn't have a rank. 1 of them said he didn't like cereal.

Miss Chris & Sheila were rolling around on the ground & laughing. I wasn't laughing cuz I didn't know Lisa wasn't talking about food. O! Yuk!

Finally, Lisa got them to tell us who they were. It seems they really didn't know how they got to Bags End, but some mysterious guy had told them they could live safely where they were. They knew about Sheila & Miss Chris from some Bags End comic books they had found.

The biggest old guy said he had asked the mysterious person if Sheila & Miss Chris were real, & he had said no.

"He said he was the head guy & that the Bags End in the comic books were just a story."

"If I see that mysterious guy, I will make him myth his teeth," said Betsy.

"He will myth not bweing in the bwig," muttered Lisa.

"I would like to meet this guy. Can you take me to him?" asked Sheila.
 "No. We don't want to leave this place. We're safe. You're not going kick us out, are you?" The old guys looked worried.

Sheila shook her head. "Just remember who your Emperor is!" she said.

"Long live Emperor Sheila!" the old guys yelled.

I heard 1 old guy say, "I thought she was the King?"

Sheila told everyone to come along but some of the fellas like Ramie & Ally said they were tired & wanted to go home. They even said they didn't care if I wrote their names in mah newspaper. So me, Alexander, Betsy, Lisa, & Miss Chris left those guys & followed Sheila to the next level.

Sheila kept hopping & she kept saying she wanted to meet the guy who said he was the head guy.

I got tired of being quiet so I asked Miss Chris what she thought was at the top of Bags End.

"Maybe there's a bubble gum treasure!" she said. She is a big fan of bubble gum. Sometimes she sticks her old used-up bubble gum over the edge of Bags End.

"O! Yuk!" I yelled.

"How about a Pillow sanctuary?" said Betsy.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A place where Bunny Pillows can go so they won't get picked & sold to rich people," she said.

"Bump Bump-Bump Bump?" asked mah brother Alex.

"Speak English, silly brother," I said.

"He said maybe the top of Bags End is a province of Bags End where they speak Bump language," said Miss Chris. Ally has been teaching her Bump.

"Well, whatever is up thwere, I fweel we should claim it in the name of Bwags End," said Lisa.

Sheila had been listening to all this talk & now she finally spoke. "I don't even know if there really is a top to Bags End. I asked Chrisakah & she didn't know. I asked the Blondys cuz they get lost all over Bags End, but they never told me about some guy who thinks he runs Bags End."

"What do you want to be at the top?" Miss Chris asked me.

I thought for a second. "I don't know. We've been having so many fun adventures on this journey that I don't really want them to end."

Sheila had just reached the next level. She told us she wanted to go to the end of the hallway to see what the edge of Bags End looks like from this level.

So all us guys went down to the end. Sheila said there was no bubble gum over the edge to be seen, & Miss Chris laughed mischievously.

I looked out past the edge of Bags End, & as usual I saw only black space. But then I saw something else.

It was a face & it was getting bigger.

I AM THE GUARDIAN OF THIS REALM.

YOU ARE INTRUDERS.

GO BACK OR RISK MY ANGER.

Me & Alex were already going back when Sheila told us to stop.

"My name is Sheila Bunny & I am the King of Bags End. Bags End was started cuz of me & Miss Chris & Chrisakah. This is the home of the Bags End Friends. NOONE tells me to leave ANY PART OF BAGS END!"

Sheila was mad. Her little body was tense & she looked ready to beat up someone.

The face, which had looked like a man's face, started changing shape. Pretty soon it looked like a girl's face. It was Princess Chrisakah!

"Crissy!" Sheila said. "What was all that Guardian of the Realm junk?"

"Sheila, you are a very special bunny. I have watched you on this journey. I know that you are curious but curiosity requires courage. I had to see if you were strong enough & courageous enough to meet a challenge to your leadership."

"Humf!" muttered Sheila. "You read too many fantasy stories, Crissy."

Crissy smiled & then faded from sight.

"Well, let's go," Sheila said.

"Do you think it was Crissy that those old guys were scared of?" Miss Chris asked.

"Probably. Crissy has a really active imagination. She gets bored & she reads all these silly books that give her ideas," said Sheila.

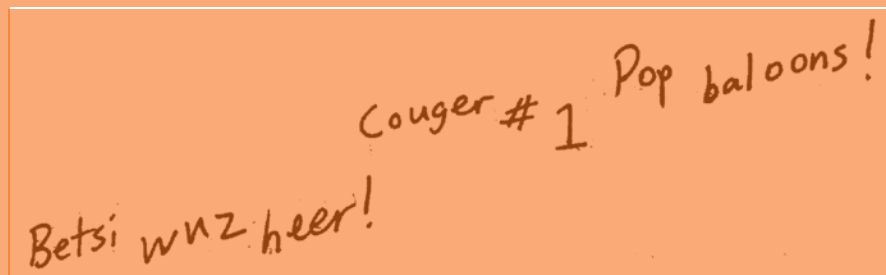
Sheila told us it was time to get going. This time we went up a lot of levels cuz Sheila was anxious to get to the top of Bags End.

It had been a long time since we had been at that place that makes you feel rested. Miss Chris asked Sheila if we could stop awhile. Sheila said OK.

While us guys were resting, Sheila was already investigating the ramp to the next level. Alexander was explaining something in Bump language to Miss Chris. Lisa & Betsy were arguing about who was better, Betsy's Allies or the Bags End Army. I walked over to Sheila & saw that the ramp to the next level was moving like a escalator. It was really steep & I couldn't even see the top of it.

Finally, Sheila told everyone to stop resting & start journeying.

We got on the ramp & slowly went up. I was a little scared until Miss Chris held 1 of mah paws. Mah silly brother thought it was fun & he kept bumping Sheila who told him to "bump off!" Betsy kept writing things on the wall:



After awhile I could see the top of the moving ramp. It looked like a part of the sky but it was purple. Lori told me later the color I saw was lavender.

When we got to the top we found it was night-time & we were in a big city. Miss Chris & Sheila read a sign that said BOULEVARD that Sheila said is a kind of big street.

We started walking along the BOULEVARD & suddenly things started to happen. There was strange music in the air & we saw people & other things dancing in front of stores. 1 creature was dancing while this girl with long blonde hair & a purple dress was playing a 2-level piano with both her hands & feet. The creature kept changing shape as the music changed. When the music was soft & sweet, the creature was blobby & danced slowly. When the music was loud & fast, the creature got all pointy & the bottom part of him danced on the ground & the top part of him danced in the air. I bet the Blondys would have liked him.

Then we heard some more loud music & down the street came marching

the weirdest parade I ever saw.

First came a moving Forest. It had trees & bushes & birds & everything & the whole Forest was moving together. I got excited cuz I saw some of mah friends the Weeds in the Forest. I waved to them & they waved back & called, "Hi, King Algernon!" I seem to be the Weeds' only friend, since most just want to whack them down. I try to defend them whenever I can.

Then came a singing group that was standing on a platform that just seemed to float along. 1 of the songs they sang was in Bump language & I thought mah silly brother Alexander was gonna have a heart attack he got so excited. It was a nice song. Sort of.

Betsy got excited net cuz the marchers that followed were sort of a Lollipop Army (O! Yuk!) They looked like people except their skin & hair were all different colors. The costumes they wore had lots of decorations & were pretty. Instead of carrying guns they carried big lollipops! O! Yuk!

They formed a long line facing Betsy & us other guys & fired a 21-gun salute of candy (O! Yuk!) & bubble gum (O! Yuk!) & carrots (O! Yuk!). All this yukky stuff came out of the end of their lollipop sticks (O! Yuk!). Lisa muttered they were "thwe most unpwofessional gwoup of twoops I have encountered in my whole mwilitary caweer!"

After the parade, Miss Chris asked Sheila if we could visit some of the stores. Sheila said, "Sure thing, kid!" & off we went. The weirdest store was this place where there were books & posters & records all about Bags End. There was 1 guy in the store who came up to me & said he loved mah Algernon costume.

"I'm not wearing a Algernon costume!" I said.

"You even imitate his funny accent great!" the guy said. "Say, you want to go to a coffee shop & talk?"

"O! Coffee! Yuk!" I yelled & ran away.

"Say, you should enter a Imitate Bags End Friends Contest. You'd win easy!" he called after me.

We went into a record store & Sheila got excited about all the jazz records she saw. She likes Miles Davis especially. Miss Chris went to look at some jumpy Olivia Newton-John records. Lisa was looking at some John Phillip Sousa marching records. Betsy looked at the John Cougar rock & roll records. Alexander stayed with me cuz there weren't any Bump records. He was still humming that Bump song while I looked at some records of funny songs by mah old buddies Men at Work.

Sheila finally said we should continue our journey. It was strange that when we went back the way we had come, things looked different & we didn't see the stores we had gone into.

Trying to get to the next level was tricky cuz instead of 1 level to go up there were a whole mess. Miss Chris counted up to 12 & there were still more. We went up one level after another & then something strange happened.

At the next level we reached we heard music like the kind Angy Pudding's Applephone makes. Sheila went to the door it was coming from & what-do-you-know? It was Angy playing a song for her sisters & cousins! They are all really nice red-haired girls who live in a sort of tribe together in Bags End. Angy's Applephone is a jazz horn made from apples. You won't see its like anywhere else!

It turned out we were back at the part of Bags End where we all live. Betsy Bunny Pillow complained that Sheila had led us all that way only to end up where we had started.

There might have been a fight but just then a whole bunch of guys came along that heard we were home, & we were too busy telling everyone

everything that had happened for anybody to fight.

Sheila said she's gonna try to get to the top of Bags End again some day.

I think that sometimes it's more fun trying to get somewhere than when you really get there.

The Season of Lights!

Part I.

There was a lot of trouble 1 day in Bags End. It all started out when Mister Owl got sick.

Well, with our teacher out sick, us guys & fellas had a day off from school. Everyone was real happy until we started arguing about how to use the day off.

That silly Sargent Lisa wanted the Bags End Army to go on troop maneuvers. That means marching a lot.

Leo the Dark Man, who used to be a bad guy but now is the Janitor of Bags End, said he was gonna spend the day in his corner reading Action Man comic books, but Sheila wanted him to scrape Miss Chris's bubble gum off the side of Bags End. Leo said, "Forget it, minute presence!"

Sheila got mad & hopped to her Throne Room to find her Puppy Guards so she could have Leo drawn & quartered. Instead, she found Betsy slouched down in her throne, looking at a new plan to attack the Bunny Pillow Farm.

"Take off, Pillow!" she yelled.

"Go plant some crabgrass!" yelled Betsy in her whispery voice.

Well, Sheila was really mad & she was gonna look for her Puppy Guards somewhere else when she crashed into Alexander coming into her Throne Room.

"Bump!" Alex said.

"Listen, you idiot, if you don't move, I will have you thrown in the dungeon!" Sheila screamed.

"Bump-Bump-Bump!" said Alex sadly & he sat down to suck his toe like he does when he's sad.

Sheila hopped over him & went down the hallway. She came into the Bunny Family's apartment's TV room. Sheila & her family live there, along with your old pal Algernon Beagle & mah silly brother Alexander.

Me & mah friends Margie & Allie were watching some Bugs Bunny cartoons.

"Where are my Puppy Guards?" she demanded.

"Probably at a Puppy Club meeting eating Puppy Cookys," said Allie.

"O! Yuk!" I yelled.

"Bug Bunny!" said Margie & she hopped over to hug Sheila.

"Get away from me, bunny, ya bug me!" grumbled Sheila.

Well now Margie started crying.

Sheila left.

In another part of Bags End, the Blondys were having problems. Their old enemy Tanya had come to bother them & was chasing them around trying to kick them in their knees.

I don't know why they are enemies since the Blondys are nice to everyone. Some just seem made of trouble down in their bones. I guess that Tanya is like that.

Miss Chris & Ramie were having an argument in Miss Chris's bedroom outside Bags End. Miss Chris kept complaining about him being a Lazybug.

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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Seesun of Lites! (Part I.

Thereer wuz a lot of trubbl
 1 day in Bagzend. It awl
 startid out wen Mister Owl
 got sick.

Wel, with our teechr out
 1 day, awl us gys had a
 day awff from skool. Evrywun
 wuz reel hapy until we startid
 arguing about how to uze the
 day awff.

That sily Sargent Lisa
 wantid the Bagzend Armi to
 go on troop manoeovers. That
 meens marching a lot.

Leo sed he wuz gonna
 spend the day reeding comik
 books but Shlela wantid him
 to scrap bubbl gum awff the sid

Well, everybody was fighting & some were crying & it looked like it would never end when suddenly a strong wind blew through Bags End & in Miss Chris's bedroom. The wind was so strong that all anyone could do was hold on tight to something & wait for what would happen next.

A voice in the wind began to call:

"She-ei-ei-la," it called. "Sheila!"

Sheila was sitting on her BunnyCycle, waiting for the wind to stop. Her BunnyCycle is Sheila's really fast way of getting around Bags End or wherever else she wants to go. It's like a motorcycle but bunny-shaped. One-of-a-kind, ya know.

"Here I am," she said. "Is that you, Crissy?"

"Yes," said Crissy. "It's time for the Season of Lights!"

"Really?" asked Sheila. "But Mr. Owl, our teacher, is sick. I wouldn't want him to miss out."

"O, he won't," said Crissy with a tricky voice. "You see, I told him to pretend to be sick so all of you would have a day off from school. Then, when I saw how everyone was fighting, I realized I was right in having the Season of Lights begin today."

"Hmm, that Oliver is trickier than I thought," Sheila gruttered.

"I think it would be best if you call all of the Bags End Friends together & explain what you & I discussed about the holiday season. This way, they will understand how the Season of Lights came to be."

"Good idea," said Sheila. "I think I also have some apologizing to do."

So Sheila called a meeting for everyone in Bags End, including Ramie & Miss Chris, to attend. When we were all there in the Bags End Auditorium, Sheila hopped on stage & started to talk.

"This year in Bags End we are going to celebrate a new holiday called the Season of Lights. The Season of Lights came about in this way: I was watching TV & all I kept seeing were these commercials telling children that what this time of year is about is asking your parents or Santy Claus to buy you toys or games. Nothing else. I know that people go to pray a lot this time of year, but there's more to it all than telling how much you love Godd.

"You have to recall how much you have, how lucky you are to have people who love you & who you love. We are very in lucky in Bags End. We are warm & safe & dry. But can we forget our friend Emmi who doesn't even have a home except when she visits here? I say no! We have to remember all year round what some people save for December."

"Hi, Bug Bunny!" yelled Margie from the audience.

"Hi, kid," said Sheila.

"Now, to make a long speech a little shorter--"

"Too late," muttered someone who sounded like Betsy.

"I want you all to think of something special you can give of yourself, & get ready. Princess Crissy will be calling us very soon." And with that Sheila left the stage.

So we all waited. I didn't know how Crissy would tell us, but when she did, she made it very clear it was time for the Season of Lights.

Part II.

After Sheila's speech about the Season of Lights, everybody went to different places in Bags End to wait for Crissy's signal that the holiday had started.

I was listening to a Men at Work record on Miss Chris's record player in the Bunny Family's living room when I noticed the air was turning different colors. First it turned red, then green, blue, orange, purple, & yellow.

So I went looking around & saw the same thing was happening everywhere else.

Then I heard music in the air. It was a song. The words went like this:

The Season of Lights is
upon us again

And our breath puffs
out white

And I wonder again:
what's it all for?

Why do we give gifts &
smiles more freely now
than in March or July?

But when I look at the
lights in the sky

And the lights
on the tree

And the candles
burning brightly

Maybe I wish that
it happened more often

But mostly I'm glad
that it happens at all.

As I listened to the song, I felt mahself being gently pulled along. I could have stopped if I wanted to but I didn't. Soon I saw a lot of other Bags End guys all going toward this 1 door. The funny thing was that the door was where the edge of that level was supposed to be.

When everyone was inside, the door shut & we all looked around. There was a long ramp not far from us. I saw Sheila but she wasn't leading anyone, she was waiting.

She was waiting for Princess Crissy. Crissy came along & she brought Miss Chris & Ramie with her. Miss Chris & Crissy are some kind of twins. I could tell Crissy from Miss Chris cuz Crissy was wearing her favorite shirt which says: "I'd Rather Be in Bags End." Her hair is longer too right now, cuz Miss Chris just got a haircut.

Crissy led the way up the long ramp with Miss Chris, Ramie, & the rest of us Bags End guys behind her.

We reached the top of the ramp & saw that at the top were these 4 big trees with lights on them instead of leaves.

We passed between the Light Trees & found a Fountain of Light in which liquid light flowed instead of water. I would have liked to stop & look at

these things but Crissy led us further along.

I noticed that some music was in the air & getting louder.

I heard Miss Chris mumble, "I have heard that music somewhere before."

"It's the Nutcracker music by Tchaikovsky!" Ramie said excitedly. Tchaikovsky is one of his favorite Lazybug composers to nap along with.

We next came to what looked like a small square house with a door in it. At a time we entered & when it was mah turn, I went in & found myself dancing with the Faerie Lights. They kept changing shape so I can't really describe them but what made me want to dance was their laughter. It was like music & it was beautiful. I found it hard to leave.

When everyone had gone into the House of Faerie Lights, Crissy led us into a clearing. All around the clearing, candles bigger than Ramie burned brightly. At 1 end was a tree that was lighted up by lots of colored lights.

"Now, friends, we should sit around in a circle & share with each other the gifts we have brought," Crissy said.

Sheila started. "I thought a lot about what to give. This is a present from Sheila's Kool Bag End Jazz Band."

Sheila, Miss Chris, Angy Pudding, & the rest of the band took out some instruments that Sheila had brought along. Then they played this pretty song without words.

When they were done, mah brother Alexander got up & said a poem in Bump Language. Allie stood next to him & said the words in English:

Bump Bump Bump Bump-Bump Bump!	(When I bump you it's just my way to say hi!
Bump-Bump Bump-Bump Bump-Bump-Bump Bump Bump-Bump Bump Bump-Bump Bump-Bump?	(I laugh when some people say Bump They want to say how do you do?
Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump!	(What they really say is my nose just turned blue!
Bump-Bump-Bump Bump Bump Bump-Bump Bump Bump	(Do you want to learn Bump? You don't have to be smart
Bump Bump Bump Bump!	(You just need a laughing song in your heart!)

Part III.

Since there are a lot of guys in Bags End, there were a lot of presents shared at the Season of Lights.

Betsy promised that her Allies would always protect Bags End from outside enemies.

Denny & Corey Puppy gave a really great Earplane show. Denny sits up straight & Corey is upside-down below him with his ears feathered out, & they soar up high into the air! Their last trick was to fly in between the big candles that surrounded us.

Me & mah friends the Weeds sang that song called "To Bags End, to Bags End."

There were so many presents I can't list them all cuz I want room for what happened next!

When the last present was shared, Princess Crissy told everyone to find a partner cuz we were all gonna play a brand new game called The Bubble War. Crissy explained how she had made up the game.

"I was sitting on my throne in Imagianna 1 day, bored as usual. My friend Boop brought me some storybooks but I didn't want to read. Boop even suggested we play hide-&-seek which he doesn't like cuz I always win. I didn't want to do that either.

"Then I remembered the jar of bubbles Ramie & Miss Chris had given me on my birthday.

"I took them out & started blowing bubbles. I had even more fun blowing them at Boop who was a little spooked by them.

"Then I thought of this game I could play with Boop & the bubbles. You sit facing someone & take turns blowing bubbles at each other. The first one to blow 10 bubbles that land on the other person wins. I call the game The Bubble War.

"The best thing about The Bubble War is that it is the only kind of war I know about where nobody can get hurt & everyone has fun."

So all us guys & fellas chose partners & Crissy handed out the bubble jars & wands.

Mah partner was mah silly bumping brother Alexander. I kept having to tell him that you aren't supposed to bump & blow bubbles at the same time. He won our Bubble War game, 10-9. Silly brother.

Just as the Bubble War games ended, it started to snow. I like snow cuz it's pretty & it tickles when it falls on mah fur.

We all watched & played in the snow for a while. Then we heard bells jingling in the distance. Looking up in the sky we saw a sled pulled by 9 tiny reindeer. The reindeer in front had a bright red nose. Rudolph!

The sled landed near us & there was that nice little fat guy Santy Claus! He lifted up this big bag out of the sled & gave every Bags End Friend a present.

Then Sheila gave Santy Claus a present. She had Pat her mommy cook up some Sheila Snacks for Santy (O! Yuk!). He liked them a lot. "I get tired of always getting milk & cookies," he said. (O! Yuk!)

"But what about Crissy?" a lot of people asked.

Santy shook his head. "I am afraid I have nothing for her that she couldn't use her magic to make herself."

Sheila said, "But, Santy, she made the Season of Lights as a present for me & all the Bags End Friends. Can't we give her something in return?"

Santy thought hard. Then he smiled. "I think what Crissy really wants is what you already give her. Your friendship. You give her a reason to make

things with her magic. I think that if you always be her friends, that will be all the present she could ever want. Right, Crissy?" he asked.

Crissy had listened quietly to all this, but now she smiled & nodded her head. All us guys crowded around her to give her kisses, hugs, & pats.

What a great holiday!

Sheila Searches for the Bag Lady Artist

Part I.

This is kind of a hard story to write down & I don't really understand most of it. Sheila said, "Maybe sometime I will explain it to you, kid."

Sheila said 1 day she was playing checkers in Imagianna with Princess Chrisakah. Crissy was wearing a shirt with a picture of mah brother Alexander & the world "Bump!" on it.

Well, Crissy kept winning the checkers games, which she almost never does, usually, & she asked Sheila if anything was wrong.

"Of course not. I'm just letting you win so that when I trounce you later it will be all the more humiliating."

"Sheila, I know when you're not being honest. Your purple eyes start turning blue."

Sheila stared at the checkers board for a while. "I haven't seen my friend Emmi the Bag Lady Artist in a long time. I thought she would have visited Bags End by now. I'm worried about her, Crissy. I miss her."

"Would you like me to transport her to Bags End?"

"No!" Sheila almost yelled. "She's seen my life. I want to see hers."

"Sheila, I don't think a small bunny would have too good a time of it in the City."

"I don't want to have a good time. She doesn't have a good time! I want to go, Crissy!" Sheila was practically crying, something she never does.

Crissy stood up. "Very well, Sheila. But you must let me give you some protection. I will transform you into a person, & I will keep a constant watch on you."

Sheila told me later she was waiting for Crissy to take out a magic wand or something. Sheila waited, but all Crissy did was smile.

"Well? I want to go right away, Crissy," Sheila said.

"You're all ready," Crissy said.

Sheila looked down at herself & wow! She wasn't a short purple-eyed bunny anymore. She had a person's body! She had fingers! No fur! On her head was this long stringy stuff. Then she remembered that it was called hair. Her clothes felt mostly too big & there were so many of them!

"Well, how do you feel?" Crissy asked.

"So this is what it's like to be a person."

"Personally, I would rather be a beagle," said Crissy.

"You always were a little strange," Sheila smiled. She told me it felt weird having a nose-bone that wasn't so tiny you could hardly see it.

Crissy stopped smiling & began to look serious again. "Sheila, I have my doubts about this. But you are about the most ornery one I know, & this is the safest way for you to do what you're going to do anyway. I promise not to pull you back too soon, but if you get in trouble, I will have you back here before you know it. Take care." She gave Sheila a hug & Sheila thought it was strange & rather nice that she had long arms to hug Crissy back.

"Well, goodbye," Sheila said as Crissy pointed out the giant glowing

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Shlela Serches for the Bag Lady Artist (Part I.

This iz kind of a hard story
 to rite down an I reely dont
 undrstand most of it. Shlela sed,
 "Maybe sum^{thin} I wil eksplane
 it to yu, kid.

Shlela sed 1 day she wuz
 playing chekers ~~with~~ in Imagiana
 with Princes Crisykah. Crisy waz
 weering a shert with a pikchur
 of mah bruthr Aleksandr and the
 werd "Bump!" on it.

Wel, Crisy kept wining the
 chekers gams, wich she allmost nevr
~~des~~ des uzualli, an she askd Shlela
 if anything ~~waz~~ waz rong.

"Uf corse not. I'm jest
 leting yu win so that wen I

square in the middle of the room through which Sheila had to go.

Crissy lay down on a couch in her Throne Room (Ramie has been teaching her how to be a Lazybug). She closed her eyes & watched Sheila's adventures.

The first thing that happened when Sheila entered the City was she almost fell down when a strong wind hit her. She has lived her life always so close to the ground that walking would take awhile to master. She told me at first it was even hard not to hop.

She looked around & found herself in a strange park. It had a cement floor & there were trees growing out of cement bases. She thought it was funny that here the trees were the invading exception & the cement the pervasive rule.

"Ah, the modern paradoxes!" she would later sigh.

I don't what any of that means.

Sheila saw that the park was connected to a tall building. Down the park's steps & across the street was a church. On the opposite side of the park from the tall building she could see a smaller, prettier building that was across another street. In the middle of the park was a fountain but it wasn't blowing water cuz it was wintertime.

Sheila went down the stairs & found herself on a sidewalk next to the busy street. She weaved, still a little bit unsteady, between groups of people waiting for buses. A few looked at her in her ragged clothes but most paid no attention to her.

Sheila said when she reached the next corner she remembered she had forgotten to ask Chrisakah how to find Emmi. She supposed Crissy would make sure she did. She was right.

Within the next hour Sheila said she learned about 1 of the biggest differences between the City--& the rest of the world Ramie & Miss Chris live in--& Bags End.

She said she kept walking for a while. She got pretty hungry after passing these restaurants & stores so she decided to go into one. (I don't like the food part of this story.)

She went into a big old restaurant & sat down at the counter. The waitress told her there was no carrot juice but there was vegetable juice (O! Yuk!). Sheila drank a large glass of vegetable juice (O! Yuk!) & felt much better. Then the waitress, who had been watching Sheila in a strange way, came over & put a piece of paper next to the empty glass. Sheila turned the paper over & saw it said: "99 cents - Please Come Again."

(Crissy told me later than when she saw what was about to happen she fell off the couch. She said she didn't even have any money to send to Sheila.)

Mah friend Sheila is 1 of the smartest guys I know. I don't tell her that much cuz she knows it already. When she realized the trouble she was in, she didn't panic. Carefully, & very sneakily, she felt all her pockets & found no money.

So she did the only thing she could.

She ran as fast as she could out the door.

Part II.

As Sheila ran away from the restaurant where she had had a glass of vegetable juice, but no money to pay for it, she kept thinking she had to hide somewhere. She thought she heard shouts behind her, but after awhile they were gone.

She was running down this street when she passed an alley between 2 buildings. She ran down this alley until she came to a brick wall & there was nowhere else to go.

She sat down against the wall & tried to catch her breath. Everything was pretty quiet for a while. Then she heard some singing. Coming down the alley toward her was an old man with a dirty brown beard & a long grey coat. He was singing a song in a language Sheila had never heard before:

Alameta sestabob
Illia boona
Caldamad

Satana! Satana!
Beezlbubkins!

Santillia Simkus
ottoglass
Swetay la mol

Come and blechins
ka blechins
Bonjery Bonjery
wenata
forsoon

Sheila said there was more to the song but she couldn't remember it. She asked Allie Leopard what the man had said, but even Allie didn't know the language.

Allie did some research, though, & found out for us that the old man was speaking Gibberish, a language that is different for each person. She tried to say hello in all the languages she knew. She knows Bunny, English, a little El, a little Puppy, & a few others. The man stopped singing to listen to her but he didn't reply.

The old man finally sat down nearby & took some things out of his pockets. First he took out a big, dirty handkerchief which he used to blow his nose. Then he tucked it under his chin like a napkin.

Sheila said the next thing he pulled out of his pocket was a bottle filled with brown liquid. He drank some of this (O! Yuk!), smiled, & offered Sheila some. She shook her head.

The old man then pulled out a small package. He unwrapped it & it was a sandwich (O! Yuk!). He ate some of it & when he offered Sheila some, she took it cuz she was so hungry. She took a big bite.

She spit it out a second later. She told me later it tasted like dirty shoes, smelly socks, & eggshells mixed together.

The man frowned & took back his sandwich.

Sheila decided she couldn't hide forever cuz she had to find Emmi. She shook paws, I mean hands, with the old man & was just about to leave the alley when he motioned to her to stop for moment. Then he sang for Sheila what sounded like a goodbye song:

Meena Meena Meena
Wen Dallydo
meena

Yip Yip! Hi Hi!
 senderowt
 toolay

Mormoona Altoona
 sendaflam
 Drapadis do

Wendalay Wendalay
 Wendalay
 Yi!

Sheila smiled & left the alley. She headed in the opposite direction from the restaurant.

Sheila told me that up to that moment she hadn't noticed the cold. But she was starting to feel chilly, so she decided to button up her sweaters & zip up her jacket. It only took her a couple of tries to get the buttons in place & she did the zipper pretty fast.

When she was done buttoning up, she noticed this little store across the street from where she was standing. The store had guys in the window that looked like Bags End Friends. Sheila said she was almost sure she heard them calling her.

"Hi King! Hi Emperor!" they shouted through the window.

Sheila was about to say, "How do you know me?" but she stopped herself. Instead, she said, "Well, I am glad my loyal subjects recognize me even when I am disguised."

"You're too cute to be anyone else," said a small brown bear holding a heart that read: I Need a Hug.

Sheila humphed but decided to ignore the comment about cuteness.

"How come you're dressed like a person & walking around the City?" asked a girl with long brown hair & a fancy dress. Her dress said Amanda but she told Sheila later that her real name was Rosemarie.

"I am looking for my friend Emmi, the Bag Lady Artist. Have any of you seen her?"

3 little kittens that were in a basket together all said, "She used to visit us all the time. We liked when she would draw pictures of us & then show them when they were done."

"Have you seen her lately?" Sheila asked. She was getting nervous.

"No," said the kittens. "We miss her."

Sheila asked the friends in the window to keep a watch out for Emmi & if they saw her to tell her that Sheila was trying to find her. The friends promised they would. They told Sheila they were glad they finally saw her cuz not everyone was so lucky. Besides, 1 of them said, all Ramie wanted to tell them about was the Lazybug Convention being planned though it never seemed it was gonna happen.

So Sheila left the friends in the store window. She was worried even more about her friend Emmi.

Part III.

Sheila told me that up to this point in her search for Emmi the Bag Lady Artist she had been hoping to bump into her, or maybe meet someone who

knew where she was. She said that after a couple more hours of wandering around, she was convinced this plan wouldn't work. She sat down on this bench in a park she had been walking through.

She stared at a pond that was a few feet in front of her. The pond had these frozen little sprays of water coming out of it. Sheila thought it was very pretty. Then she thought it might make a nice painting. Then she snapped her fingers & realized where Emmi might be. The museum.

Sheila needed to find out where the museum was. She got up & left the park & wandered down a street. She reached this busy street & saw that she was right across from the park she had started from!

Then she noticed again the pretty building next to the park. She wondered if she hadn't found the museum by chance, cuz there were strange things on the lawn in front of the building. She decided to go into the building & ask.

First, she had to get across the street & nobody had ever explained to her what traffic lights are. She told me later they are these machines that have red, yellow, & green lights in them, & each light means something different. Green means for the cars to go but for people to not try & cross the street. Red means the cars have to stop & the people can go. Yellow means everyone should slow down & be confused. Sheila didn't know all this, however.

She started to cross the street but she didn't get very far before it seems like all these cars were surrounding her & beeping very loudly.

Sheila was a little scared & a lot mad. She tried yelling at the cars but they beeped back louder. Finally, she just started running between & jumping over the cars. She didn't stop until she had run into the pretty building & closed the door behind her.

She was in this big room that was kind of empty except for a man wearing a uniform sitting at a counter, & a lady sitting at another counter that had little piles of paper on it.

The man in the uniform said, "Are you alright?"

"Yes," said Sheila. Then she realized how fast she was breathing & how strange her sudden entrance must have looked.

"Would you like me to take your coat?" the man asked.

"No!" said Sheila harshly. Then, seeing he wasn't being mean, she said, "I need it for when I go back outside. It's cold."

The man laughed. Sheila thought it was a nice laugh. "You don't understand. You see, I will hold your coat while you visit the museum. When you are ready to go, come back here & I will give it back to you."

Sheila felt kind of silly & she gave her coat to the man.

Then she passed the lady & she offered Sheila a map of the museum & some booklets about what she could see there. Sheila took some booklets & entered the museum.

She told me later she was really amazed at the difference between the pictures she had seen before in picture books & the actual pictures she saw in the museum.

She wandered around for awhile & then stopped to sit down & look at her booklets.

She read that 1 of her favorite paintings by Renoir was at the museum. She told me it was a painting of Renoir's wife.

When Emmi had visited Bags End, she & Sheila had a long talk about guys like Renoir & Monet & Cézanne. Sheila wondered if the room with those pictures might be the place to find Emmi.

"Sometimes you just know things, kid. Sometimes there's no darn good

reason why your guess should be right, but it is & there you are."

Well, Sheila used her map to find the room with the French Impressionists & there she found Emmi!

"Emmi!" Sheila cried as she rushed up to her friend.

Emmi said later that for a moment she was scared of the person rushing toward her. But the person's voice was familiar & when Emmi saw the purple eyes, she knew it was Sheila.

Sheila gave Emmi a hug & then stepped back to look at her. Emmi looked like she had been crying. Her face was pale & very sad.

"Emmi, what's wrong?" Sheila asked.

"A dear friend of mine, his name was John, he died. It was his heart. I met him on the streets, but he didn't choose to stay there as I have. He stayed in shelters as he tried to pull his life together. He got a job at last & he was doing OK. Then his heart gave out. His health was never too good." Emmi looked like she was gonna cry but she didn't.

Sheila tried to convince Emmi to come back to Bags End for a while, but Emmi kept saying no. Finally, she told Sheila to meet her in the French Impressionist room in a week & they would talk some more.

Sheila left Emmi & went back to the park she had started from.

Princess Chrisakah had been watching Sheila very closely & knew she wanted to come back. Before you could say, "O! Yuk!" Sheila was back in Imagianna & she was a bunny again.

"Well, Sheila? What are you going to do now?" asked Crissy after she had given Sheila a welcome-back hug.

Sheila smiled & said, "I am going to see my friend Godd. See you in a week!"

And she was gone.

Sheila Goes to Talk to Godd

When Sheila talks to Godd, they are usually playing checkers. Sheila almost always wins but that is why she is the Checkers Champ of the Universe.

Godd knows that when Sheila comes to visit it is cuz she has some questions to ask. Sometimes Godd can't even answer them all.

When Sheila came to visit Godd after talking to Emmi the Bag Lady Artist in the museum, she found Godd was asleep (I think Ramie's been teaching Godd how to be a Lazybug too).

"Wake up, Godd!" Sheila said. "You have got some checkers games to lose."

Godd was a little grumpy about being waked up, & Godd grumbled & gruttered a bit, but the checkers board was set up. Sheila always sits on this little stool & she keeps a table next to her with a supply of carrots (O! Yuk!) & a record player for a little jazz.

The funny thing is that Godd kept beating Sheila in checkers just like Crissy had a few days before. Godd never asks Sheila what's wrong though. Godd knows that Sheila likes to talk in her own time.

So Sheila lost about 10 games in a row when she decided to use her Sheila's Patented Game Ending Triple Whammy All Powerful Secret Move. Nobody knows quite how she does it, but it's the same every time--you keep taking more & more of her checkers every turn until she has only a couple left. Then--WHAMMY!--she jumps 9 or 10 of your checkers at once & is saying "King the King's checker" before you know what is happening.

Well, Sheila was gonna do 1 of her Secret Moves but, when she did it,

Godd laughed & said she had jumped 11 of his checkers but with her very last checker. Still laughing, he jumped her checker & won the game.

Sheila stared at the checkers board for a few minutes & said, "Godd, do you like Renoir?"

"Like him? Why, I asked him to teach me how to paint!"

"My friend Emmi loves him. 1 night she was in Bags End, we stayed up a whole night looking at some Renoir picture books.

"Godd, I like her a lot but I can't help her. Her friend John died. Nobody dies in Bags End. I thought if I went to where she lives I would understand her & why she is as she is. It was working until I found her & realized that I had done very little after all. I feel very frustrated."

Godd was quiet for a few minutes. "Sheila, there are some things I can't really explain to you. You want to ask me why people die & why people are poor & why there is sadness in the world. I have heard these questions so many times that I can practically read them on a person's face when he is talking to me. Do I say I don't know? Do I say you wouldn't understand?"

"Let me say this: sometimes the questions are more important than the answers. There are some things that people, given the real choice of always asking the questions or actually knowing the answers, would choose to ask the questions.

"Remember, once you know the answer, you can never have again the mixed & multiple & clashing emotions of the question. All this doesn't really help, I know, except to maybe tell you that I am not blind to the pain & frustration of you not knowing what you think you want to know. King me."

Sheila told me later that often when she & Godd talked they would start new games even as 1 or the other was saying something important.

Sheila said that after Godd's speech, she changed the subject to jazz. Sheila is helping Godd to build a good collection of jazz records.

Sheila Returns to Bags End!

Sheila knew there was gonna be problems when she returned to Bags End & went to her Throne Room & found Leo asleep in her throne. There were comic books scattered all over the place & Sheila's BunnyCycle was on its side in the corner.

Sheila didn't kick Leo awake though. She decided a scary trick would be better. She took the comic book out of his hand & put a carrot (O! Yuk!) there instead.

Sheila hopped to the Bunny Family's apartment. Me & mah friend & sister Margie were watching a Bugs Bunny cartoon.

"Hi, I'm back," she said.

"Be quiet, stranger. We are viewing our preferred broadcast," said Margie.

"What's wrong with my little sister, Beagle?" yelled Sheila.

"Things have changed since you left, Sheila," I said. "Leo & Betsy & Lisa got together & made a tricky plan to rule Bags End together instead of fighting about it. Leo is the King, Lisa is the military leader, & Betsy runs the police called the Allies. They have convinced everyone that you were just a myth.

"Mah person mommy Miss Chris doesn't come around anymore. She said something about not liking Orwellian dystopias & she left. Ramie's not around either anymore. Leo ordered that he be taken apart. I think most of him is

being used for parts for King Leo's private bathroom. The Blondys left yesterday. Most of us guys just sit around watching TV. There's no school anymore."

Sheila couldn't believe it. "This is Bags End, not some brave new world! Bags End is a good place. Really bad things don't happen here."

I smiled sadly. "Well, I guess that isn't true anymore."

Just then, Sargent Lisa of the Army of the Babys came marching in. Lisa got mad when she saw Sheila & yelled, "Cwapture that myth!"

Sheila may be small but she is tough. When she saw all these fellas who used to be her friends come toward her, she put up her paws like fists & got ready to fight.

Instead of capturing Sheila, everyone yelled, "We were faking! You see, your home & Emmi's are not as different as you thought!"

Sheila was really confused now. I explained to her.

"Crissy told us that Godd had a difficult talk with you & that you felt you couldn't help Emmi. Crissy said she & Godd had made up this plan to show you that your home & Emmi's can be alike. They aren't usually, but that doesn't mean that you can't be Emmi's friend. If you care & say that, it will help her a little."

Sheila smiled at me. "Beagle, every once in awhile, you do something right."

In a few days, Sheila went back to the museum to see Emmi.

Sheila Searches for the Bag Lady Artist Conclusion.

Sheila hopped to Imagianna to ask Crissy to turn her into a person again & send her along to see Emmi.

"All in all," she said to me later, "I would rather be a bunny than a person. I don't like a body that has so many things hanging off it." But Sheila knew she had to be a person for awhile longer in order to see Emmi.

Once arrived back in the City, Sheila went right to the Museum. She said hi to the lady & man she had met at the museum the week before. They remembered her & were very friendly.

Sheila found Emmi sitting on a bench near this fountain that was filled with pennies & nickels & dimes. That Blondys would probably get really nervous about that.

"Hi, Emmi," Sheila said.

Sheila was really glad when Emmi got up & hugged her.

"And how is my favorite King & jazz player?" she asked.

"Well, what I really am right now is worried about you. You were so sad last week."

Emmi smiled. "Sheila, the heart is 1 of the strongest yet most fragile things invented. A cruel word can break it in a moment. Yet it can also withstand an enormous amount of pain without giving in."

"But what about your friend John?"

"John was a good man. He & I kept in touch even after he got a job & a place to stay. I cried over him, make no mistake. But then 1 night I says to myself, 'Emily, just look at you! You're crying & carrying on over a man who never stopped believing that you can improve your life.'

"He fought to get his life back in order. He would probably say to me, 'Emily, don't worry about me. I know you cared. Get yourself going, & do what

has to be done.'

"So I thought about it some more & decided I would do something to honor his memory & how much he had enjoyed his life. I am going to paint a portrait of him & I was going ask you to keep it safe in Bags End."

Sheila gave Emmy another hug & told her it would be a great addition to the Bags End Museum.

"It will be as good as the statues of the Blondys that float cuz they don't know the Law of Grabitee!" Sheila said & she & Emmi laughed.

Sheila returned to Bags End that day. The first thing she did was kick Leo out of her Throne Room cuz he really did think he was King Leo #1 even though nobody listened to his royal commands, & when he called for the Puppy Guards they sent Alexander to have a long conversation in Bump with him. Poor Leo!

Emmi promised Sheila she would come & visit Bags End soon. She told Sheila to be as patient as possible. She said she often looked at the wrist bracelet Sheila gave her & smiled thinking about all her friends here.

When Sheila was done telling me the story I asked her what she thought about the whole thing. We were sitting in her Mayor's office doing all the paperwork that had piled up while she was gone. The only paperwork that silly King Leo #1 had wanted to do was to requisition more comic books.

"I am really not sure what I think. I have been outside of Bags End before but I have never been on the streets. I was scared a lot of the time. It's not safe out there. And yet I think I am glad I saw what I saw. I understand Emmi a little better cuz of all that has happened, & I understand how good Bags End is too."

"Now take off, kid. I've got some jazz records & a big dish of carrots & cream to get to."

O! Yuk!





Bags End News
 No. 120 September 22, 1987
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Shlela Gos too Dreemland (Part I)

This iz another of thoz
 long hard storys that I reeli
 dont understand awl ut. I wil
 try ~~my~~ mah best too tel it
 t it.

Shlela told me she waz
 hoping along in Bagend 1
 day an she waz thinking
 about Gershwin. She startid
 too go down a ramp too
 get too the levil weer her
 thronroom iz wen she relized
 sumwun waz neer the botom
 of the ramp. He waz sumwun
 Shlela had nevr seen befor.
 She dont lik strangs so she
 startid hoping reel fast down
 the ramp an she yella



Bags End Book #2: Sheila Bunny Goes to Dreamland

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Introduction

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old, & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Sheila Bunny Goes to Dreamland

Part I.

This is another of those long hard stories that I really don't understand all of. I will try mah best to tell it right.

Sheila told me she was hopping along in Bags End 1 day and she was thinking about Gershwin. Sheila is the biggest jazz fan I know. She started to go down a ramp to get to the level where her Throne Room is when she realized someone was near the bottom of the ramp. He was someone Sheila had never seen before. She don't like strangers so she started hopping real fast down the ramp and she yelled, "Hey you!" real loud. I guess she wasn't careful cuz she fell down the ramp and hurt herself.

Me and Sheila's little sister and mah adopted sister Margie Bunny were the 1s who found Sheila. She looked like she was asleep at the bottom of the ramp.

"Boy! She was so sleepy she didn't even wait to get to her throne before she fell asleep!" I said.

"Lazybug Bunny! Wake up!" Margie scolded. Margie is mostly a pink bunny with fluffy white ears.

We tried to wake Sheila up but she wouldn't. Then I noticed a bump on her head and I got scared. I told Margie to stay there and I runned to get Doctor Greenface.

Doctor Greenface is a little green-furred guy, just a sorta round puff of a guy, but a real good doctor, and he lives in a little room that's just right for him. I can hardly get mah nozebone in his room tho so I knocked on his door and yelled for him.

He came out and said, "Hi, Algernon. What's wrong?"

I told him about Sheila and then I pretended I was a horsey and rode him to where she was.

The first thing he had me do was to get the Blondys and have them float a sheet to carry Sheila on. The Blondys are these three little blonde-haired magic girls named Tammy, Sammy, & Simi. They know how to float because they don't know the Law of Grabitee.

Margie was crying, "Bug Bunny? Bug Bunny? Wake up!" She forgets the difference between cartoons on TV & real guys, so she always calls Sheila Bug Bunny.

"Margie, Bug Bunny got a bump," I explained.

"Bump Bunny?" she asked.

"Yah. Bump Bunny," I said.

Well, the Blondys carried Sheila to her bed in the Bunny Family apartment, and boy! were her mommy Pat & daddy Pete upset! Pete cancelled Bags End School, & both he and Pat stayed by Sheila's bed all the time.

Sheila told me later what happened when she fell down and got unconscious, which is what Doctor Greenface calls going to sleep after getting a bump on the head.

She said she saw black for a minute and then she woke up in a strange place. The first thing she noticed was that the air was different colors in different places. She hopped through the patches of blue, green, red, yellow, & a lot of other colors. Some of them she had never seen before.

Sometimes the ground was hard & sometimes it was soft. As she hopped along looking for someone to tell her where she was, she went through dry water, sticky snow, & tall purple grass that would disappear before her & reappear behind her.

The changing scenery was strange too. For awhile everything was white. The sky, the ground, and all around her.

Then it looked like she was walking through a real big city except whenever she tried to touch something, her paw went right through it. She told me it was like walking inside of a movie.

Finally, she left the movie city & came to a small forest. She was hopping along, looking at the trees & stuff, when all these bugs came out of nowhere & landed on her. They were laughing real loud & talking in a language Sheila had never heard before.

Sheila got mad & started clicking the bugs off with her paws. Every time she clicked a bug off, tho, it would fly up in the air & go BOOM!

Well, Sheila didn't like that so she tried rolling on the ground to get

the bugs off. They held on very tight tho.

"Listen, you dum bugs, if you don't get off me I will blow up all of you!" she yelled.

The bugs paid no attention, & Sheila thought she saw more bugs coming. She started hopping real fast to get away. I guess the bugs got tired cuz they all flew off.

After fighting off all those bugs, & traveling for a long time, Sheila was tired. She decided to have a rest & think about what had happened.

"I think I must have knocked myself out. Am I dreaming? I must be. This is just a bad weird dream, & pretty soon I will wake up," Sheila thought. She was pretty satisfied with that answer when she saw that same stranger she had seen in Bags End!

She started hopping really fast after him. Suddenly, he started waving his arms & he flew into the air!

Without thinking about it, Sheila waved her paws & she flew into the air!

As she flew higher, the air felt more like water & she felt like she was swimming.

Well, she swam & swam through purple air, blue air, green air, & yellow air. The stranger was much faster & soon he was out of sight. The air got so hard to swim in that pretty soon Sheila couldn't go on. She decided just to go down to the ground.

But it took her a long time to get to the ground because she had been so far up. When she got there, she discovered something really stange.

Part II.

While Sheila was having her adventures in Dreamland, all us guys in Bags End were really upset because we didn't know why she wouldn't wake up.

Peter Bunny asked me to run & get Princess Crisakah. Princess Chrisakah, or Crissy for friendlier, lives near Bags End in a fantasyland called Imagianna. She lives in a castle & everything, more like a regular fantasyland than crazy old Bags End. She lives there with her best friend Boop, who looks like a turtle, but isn't.

The Blondys went to Oz to get Glinda the Sorceress & Princess Ozma, & Leona Lion got her daddy Aslan from Narnia, but even these really magical guys couldn't wake Sheila up.

I guess a lot of people must have heard about Sheila's sickness cuz pretty soon there was a long line of guys & fellas to see her. I heard that even Sheila's jazz hero Miles Davis came. Lots of guys from Oz came, like Dorothy Gale, Scarecrow, Cowardly Lion, Tin Woodman, the Wizard, & a whole bunch of others. Toad, Mole, Badger, & Rat came from the River. Christopher Robin came with Pooh Bear, Rabbit, Eyore, Kanga, Roo, Owl, & other guys from the Hundred Acre Wood. Peter Pan & Wendy came with the Indians & Lost Boys from Neverland. Wilbur the Pig came with lots of Charlotte the Spider's children. The Mouse & his Child came with the Toy Elephant. The Little Prince came. Alice & a whole bunch of Wonderland guys came. Never before have all these guys & fellas all been at Bags End at the same time.

Rich Americus came from The City & he met up with the Sargent Pepper Band when they came. They wrote a song hoping Sheila would hear it & wake up. Miles Davis played the trumpet part. The song went:

You used to hop around a lot
 when you were just a baby
 & everyone knew you were coming
 when they heard your happy "Ragut!"

Then you discovered that
 you love jazz
 & so you made your band
 & in the band battle of
 New Orleans,
 you blew the others away

You've reached for the top
 and bottom of
 Bags End
 And been Mayor many years
 Whether you're playing checkers
 or reading a comic book
 or taking a nap
 or arguing with someone

You're our Sheila
 Our special Sheila
 with purple eyes

We love you
 Please come home.

Mah adopted person mommy Miss Chris wouldn't leave Bags End even to go to school. Finally, Missus Mommy came looking for her. When she saw the sick Sheila, she wouldn't leave either. She loves Sheila too.

Meanwhile, in Dreamland, Sheila had just come down from where she had been flying high in the air. What she came down into was a circus.

It was a strange circus though. There were many unusual creatures but none of them were in cages.

Some of them were reading books, some were playing musical instruments, some were just sitting on chairs & resting or talking.

There was the Bubble Boy whose whole body was made of bubbles. He told Sheila that he had been made by a guy who had made a magic bubble potion.

There was the 100-year-old Little Boy. He told Sheila that he had never grown up but he wasn't just a short person, cuz he still looked like a little boy. Sheila asked him if he still liked kids books. He said no, he had read them all. He told Sheila he was reading Dostoyevsky, whoever that is.

There were all these little animals made out of clouds. Sheila said you couldn't really pet them cuz your hands went right through them. She told me sometimes parts or all of the cats, dogs, horses, tigers, deers, & other animals seemed to disappear. They told Sheila that they were fuller & there was more of them in the wetter weather. In the dry weather there were only a few animals, & they were very thin.

The cloud animals told Sheila where to find the leader of the circus.

Sheila found him sitting under a tree. He had long white hair & a long white robe. He smiled & introduced himself as Otaip. Sheila told him the story of her adventures in Dreamland.

"I suspect the stranger you have been chasing is the key to your leaving Dreamland," Otalp said.

"Do you have any idea what he wants?" asked Sheila.

Otalp nodded. "I think the reason he was in Bags End was to get you to come here."

"But why?"

"His name is Reltih. I think he wants your purple eyes." Sheila has these magical purple eyes, tho it's hard to say what their magic is.

Before Sheila could ask, Otalp explained that Reltih had taken over Dreamland a few months ago, & was looking for people from Outside to come there.

"But if he controls Dreamland, why does he want more power?" Sheila asked.

Otalp said, "There's the rub. He wants to gather enough power to enable him to cross over the borders of Dreamland to conquer Outside."

Sheila told me that Outside is everything beyond dreams. It's kind of hard to understand.

"Shouldn't the people in Dreamland fight Reltih?"

Otalp told her that Reltih had used his power to weaken everyone else in Dreamland. He explained that everyone in Dreamland had been created in someone on the Outside's dreams. They continued to live as long as someone dreamed about them every so often.

But Reltih was preventing this, so everyone in Dreamland was slowly fading. And Reltih was growing even more powerful because he was making more & more people on the Outside only just dream of him.

Well, Sheila told Otalp that she was gonna make a plan to save Dreamland herself. At the moment, tho, she didn't know what that plan would be.

Part III.

Sheila had been unconscious for almost a week & nobody seemed to be able to help her. Dr. Greenface said the only thing left to do was to wait & hope that she waked up.

I decided I didn't want to just wait & hope. I decided to go see Godd.

I don't visit Godd too much but Godd is always happy to see me.

I found Godd reading a comic book Leo gave him & falling asleep. Leo is the janitor of Bags End, and a really big comic book guy.

"Hey, Godd, wake up!" I said.

Godd woke up & said, "Hi, beagle, how are you?"

I told Godd about how Sheila had been unconscious & nobody, not even all those magical guys like Ozma, Glinda, Aslan, & some others, could wake her up.

Godd said, "I know what's happening with Sheila but I can't help her. I can tell you that she isn't dying, & there's a good chance she will wake up."

I got mad. "But you're Godd! You can do anything! You made the world & stuff! How come you can't save my friend & your friend too?"

Godd sighed sadly. "Sheila & I often have this conversation. You're right that I did make everything, but making the world isn't like building a house from blocks. Creating live creatures means there is responsibility involved. Bags End is 1 of my favorite places, but even my friends there must be treated in a certain way. I am sorry, Algernon."

"Stuff it in a sock, ya dum Godd!" I yelled & then I runned away. I

cried a lot later.

Meanwhile, in Dreamland, Sheila was preparing for her showdown with Reltih, the guy who had taken over Dreamland & was trying to gain enough power to cross its borders & conquer the Outside.

Sheila's friend Otalp warned her that she wouldn't get much help from anyone.

"First of all, Reltih's gaining his power by weakening everyone else.

"Second, Dreamland doesn't really have cities. It's hard to measure time here, because some places are always day & some places always night, & some are both, & some are neither. Some people here you can't see & there's few roads between places.

"And, to tell you the truth, the most important reason Reltih has had such an easy time of it is because few people know or care what he is doing. Up until now, Dreamland has had no ruler."

So Sheila decided finally that she would have to do the job on her own. Otalp wished her luck.

"By the way, where do I find Reltih?" she asked.

"In Dreamland, you either find what you're looking for or you don't. That's all I can really tell you," said Otalp.

Sheila said, "Well, goodbye," & left.

She hopped & hopped through more strange places. She hopped through the Sea of Empty Faces which she told me is made up of thousands & thousands of people dressed up in clothes the color of the ocean but who have blank white faces. No eyes, no nozebones, nothing! They passed Sheila along with their hands. Sheila didn't like that after while, so she broke free of the hands & hopped on their heads to the shore.

Then she told me about this horrible place she went through. She called it the Cute Zone. It was a town of small houses & buildings all decorated in lavender & pink, & trimmed with white lace. Above each doorway was a sign that said: "Another Fine Euphoria Technologies Product--Be Happy!"

The people were even worse. There were dolls & furry animals of all kinds. Some smelled like roast beef or sauerkraut (O! Yuk!), some said things like: "Can I load your floppy disk for you?" & "Let's watch MTV together! Everywhere!" Sheila said it was cuteness as far as the eye could see & far more than the stomach could stand!

Sheila said she went up to the guy who looked like the mayor & asked him what this place was all about. The mayor said it was a place called Failed Toy Ideas Town.

A long-haired doll came up to Sheila & said, "Want to picket the White House & protest human rights violations in Central America, South Africa, & Eastern Europe?"

Sheila gave the doll a grouchy look & said, "I heard someone say the draft is coming back. Better start dodging!" The long-haired doll runned away screaming.

Another doll came up to Sheila & said, "I am running for mayor against this corrupt person. Want to see my film showing him kissing the Miss Walla Walla, Washington doll? Or my proof that he plagiarized The Tibetan Book of the Dead?"

Sheila said, "Want to see my collection of the shrunken heads of unorthodox political candidates?" That guy runned away too.

I don't know what any of that stuff means. Anyway, Sheila left & then soon she found Reltih. He was indeed the guy she had seen in Bags End & chased afterwards.

He was sleeping in a car. Sheila said it was a silver-colored Emperor. He had on some raggedy clothes & old shoes. He was asleep in the front seat.

Sheila took a close look at his car. The back was filled with boxes & old newspapers & orange juice cartons (O! Yuk!) In the front seat, Reltih's legs were stretched over a laundry basket, & he held a spoon in his left hand & an empty container of ice cream in his right hand. O! Yuk!

"Wake up, Reltih!" Sheila yelled.

Reltih woke up. He wore thick glasses & had bulging eyes. His hair was kind of long & all tangled.

"You're-you're-you're-you're Sheila Bunny, aren't you?" Reltih stammered.

Sheila stared at him for a moment. "You're Reltih? The one who conquered Dreamland & wants to conquer the Outside?"

"No! I want to lead a People's Revolution just like I have led here!"

Sheila told me that at this point she realized something was very wrong with this whole situation.

Part IIII.

Well, every day would come & go without Sheila getting better. Nobody knew what to do except to wait & hope.

Then a great day came! Sheila's mommy Pat came running out of Sheila's bedroom yelling something.

"She talked! She talked!" Pat cried.

Well, Pete calmed her down & she explained that Sheila was mumbling in her sleep.

Me, Pat, Pete, Margie, & a bunch of other guys went in & stood around her bed.

Sure enough--Sheila was mumbling something!

"Dum dream! Dum dream! I'm gonna boost someone!" she said.

Well, we all stood around for a long time & that's the kind of thing Sheila kept saying again & again. Even though things looked better, we knew we had to wait some more.

Meanwhile, Sheila was dealing with Reltih.

"OK, Reltih, let's start driving," she said.

Reltih smiled nervously & twirled his black hair with some of his fingers. He had to move things out of the way to give Sheila some room on the seat. He did it but very slowly. He moved 1 piece of paper at a time & when he came to the orange juice carton (O! Yuk!), he picked it up, looked inside, drank from it, & threw it out the window.

Sheila got mad & said, "Don't litter!" Then she picked up the carton & handed it to Reltih. Reltih threw it in the back seat. Then Sheila pounded on the passenger door & said, "Let me in!"

Reltih opened the door & when Sheila got in, they drove away. They entered the streets of a city. They passed an old diner. They passed a big building that had a sign on it that read "Rosie O'Grady's Good Times Emporium" on it.

They drove finally to a bunch of buildings that had a sign in front that said "Normal School." On the lawn of 1 of the buildings was a big metal thing, bigger than Reltih's car. It looked like:



They got out & stood looking at it. "This is my machine for controlling dreams," said Reltih. "I am gonna take control of the Outside & pretty soon the means of production will be turned over to the people."

I don't know what that means.

"I have heard things like that before," said Sheila. "Where's the controls?"

"I won't tell you!" said Reltih.

Sheila got a real grumpy look on her face & said, "If you don't help me fix the mess you have made in Dreamland so I can wake up, I am gonna throw everything out of your car & write a fan letter to the Republican Party & sign your name!"

Reltih's eyes got real big. He giggled a little. He twirled his hair again. "O-O-O-O-OK, I will fix everything," he said.

He played with the big metal thing. Nothing happened, but he told Sheila everything was OK. To make sure Reltih didn't make more trouble, Sheila got in Reltih's car & drove it right into the statue. Reltih was upset & he started calling Sheila names. I think some of the names were reactionary, fascist, nationalistic, & other words I don't know. Sheila said she was gonna give Reltih a good hard kick, so he shut up.

Now Sheila had to figure out how to get out of Dreamland. Reltih didn't know how to help her. Sheila was tired so she decided to rest for a minute in Reltih's battered car.

She woke up a little later. She was back in Bags End!

When the Bags End friends & everyone else found Sheila was awake, there was so much excitement & noise that Sheila got mad & went into her Throne Room & locked the door.

There was a big party later & Sheila even showed up to give a little speech.

"Good to be back. Well, goodbye," she said, & then she left.

I asked Sheila later what she thought about her adventures in Dreamland.

"It was ridiculous. I suppose Dreamland was like it should be. I won't sleep the same way again tho. Now you better leave. I have a royal nap to attend to."

Boy! That Sheila. She's quite a fella!

The Season of Lights!

Part I.

Not long after Sheila returned from Dreamland, she told me she was gonna go to the City to get Emmi the Bag Lady Artist for the Season of Lights. I knew I had better act fast.

"Can I come with you?" I asked.

Bags End News
 No. 133 December 22, 1987
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Seesun uf Lites! (Part I.

Wen Shlela told me she
 waz gonna go too the Citi
 to get Emmi the Bagladi Artist
 for the Seesun uf Lites, I
 nuw, I had better akt fast.

"Can I com with yu?
 I askd.

Shlela slowchd ferthr down
 in her thron. No, she sed.

Wen Shlela has her mind
 set on somthing itz almost
 imposibel to argu her intoo
 another way. I desidid too
 put on mah sadest beegel
 fac, numbr 59, an beg her in mah
 sadest voyc, numbr 41x.

"O, pleez, Shlela, pleez, pleez?
 It woud bee sech a grate stori

Sheila slouched further down in her throne. "No," she said.

When Sheila has her mind set on something, it's almost impossible to argue her into another way. I decided to put on mah saddest beagle face, number 57, & beg her in my saddest voice, number 41x.

"O, please, Sheila, please, please? It would be such a great story for mah newspaper. Please? Be a benevolent despot, woncha?"

Well, Sheila wasn't easy to convince, but I think I got her when I said it would make a great chapter in the biography I was gonna write about her.

"Come on, Boswell, let's go see my pal Crissy so we can get started," she said, hopping down from her throne.

I don't know who Boswell is.

So me & Sheila went through the door in Bags End to Imagianna. While we were walking over the hills & through the fields of Imagianna, Sheila told me she figured we would find Emmi in plenty of time for us to get back for the Season of Lights.

"Why don't you just have Crissy use her magic to bring Emmi to Bags End?" I asked.

"Because I wouldn't want to be yanked from 1 place & plopped into another without being told, & I am sure Emmi feels the same way. Besides, I am not sure Emmi will come. I have to ask her."

By this time we had gotten to Princess Crissy's castle. Sheila knocked on the front door & Boop, who's not a turtle but looks like 1, answered. He bowed to Sheila.

"Welcome, Your Majesty. Welcome also, Algernon. Shall I announce you to the Princess?" Boop likes protocols, which are fancy ways of doing simple things. He's a nice guy, tho, & Crissy loves him a lot.

"No need, Boop. She knows we're coming," said Sheila as she hopped right past Boop into the castle.

Boop look frustrated but he didn't say anything cuz he is a little scared of Sheila. To make him feel better, I said he could announce me if he wanted to.

"Thanks, Algernon," Boop said as we went in.

Crissy was wearing her dark sunglasses & her jeans jacket that says HONORARY MEMBER OF SHEILA'S KOOL JAZZ BAND on the back. She gave me a big hug & a kiss, & then we all got down to business.

Now Crissy didn't like the idea of Sheila going back to the City. But when she heard I wanted to go too, she almost got mad.

"I am going to put both of you in danger!" she cried. "Sheila, you better take me with you. If you do get hurt in that world, I can't help you. Only the abilities of the people in that world will be able to help you. But if you take me, I can pull us out in a second."

Well, Sheila didn't like that idea but she knew Crissy was stubborn & would only allow us to go in a way she felt most safe.

The next thing for us to do was put on our people disguises.

Sheila had told me how when Crissy does magic she doesn't use a magic wand or magical words or nothing. But it was still weird when before I knew it, me, Sheila, & Crissy looked so different. Sheila sort of looked like a boy but she had long hair. Her clothes were all baggy & stuff. Crissy looked strange too. She had gray hair & wrinkles & she was sort of bent over. When I looked into her eyes, I still saw her same mischievous look, so I knew it was her.

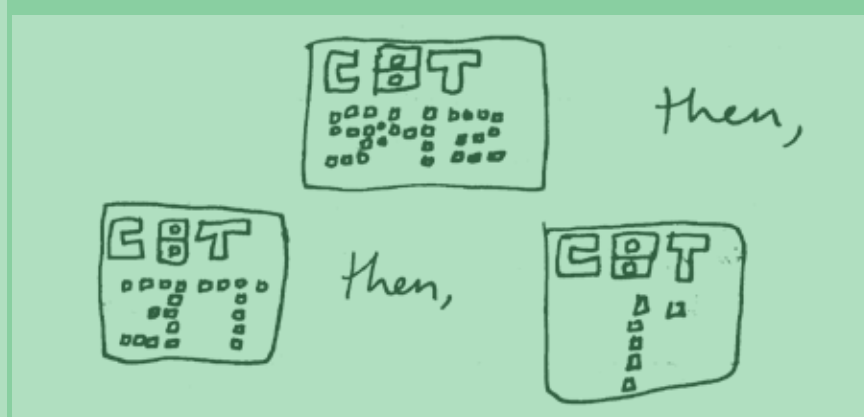
Then I saw mahself in a mirror. Mah nozebone was almost all gone & what was left didn't have no fur! Mah earbones were kind of like flat coffee cups (O! Yuk!) at the side of my head. I had on 2 sweaters, red & orange, &

this dirty blue jacket. My pants were a sort of stained green. Mah tailbone was missing & when I looked down to the ground it was like Miss Chris was holding me! I got a little dizzy & almost fell down. Crissy smiled at me & asked me if I was alright in this old lady's voice.

Sheila was anxious to go. She walked toward the giant glowing square in the middle of the room. Me & Crissy followed. It felt so strange walking with only 2 legs. I kept wondering what to do with mah arms.

We found ourselves in the same cement park that Sheila told me she had been in the last time she came to the City looking for Emmi. Sure enough, the floor & benches were cement & the trees grew out of cement bases.

The sky was cloudy & the streets were pretty empty. Sheila led the way & we passed a lot of stores & places. There was a sign hanging off one building that read:



I think we even passed the store that's got the fellas in the window who say hi to Ramie cuz they cheered as Sheila passed, & Sheila said quietly, "Carry on, subjects."

Well, Sheila started to get frustrated cuz she couldn't find Emmi. We went back & forth a few times on different streets. Finally, when we were walking down the street near the park where we had arrived, & Sheila was thinking of looking in the Museum where she had found Emmi before, we heard singing.

Swaying & staggering down the street toward us was a guy with a dirty brown beard & a long grey coat. He sang:

Alameta sesta bob
Illia boona
Caladamad

Seskawincha dilya
doo
Bangamang lee!

It was Sheila's friend from the last time she came to the City! He said some more things in Gibberish language & Sheila, who has been learning Gibberish with Allie Leopard, spoke some Gibberish with him.

"Come on! He knows where Emmi is!" said Sheila excitedly.

Part II.

So we followed the guy with the dirty brown beard & long grey coat. As we walked through the City, the Gibberish guy sang a song. It was sort of a traveling-&-going-to-get-someone-song. It went like this:

Wilya Wilyo Wily-ee-a!
Dolya Dolyo Doly-ee-ah!
Bing Bing Bing Bing Bong!
Dong Dong Dong Dong Ding!
Mutafaluh Scafalah Doolee-!

I kind of liked that song.

Anyway, we walked along until we got to this busy corner. At 1 corner across the street was a sort of construction site where big machines were moving things around. At the other across the street was a big building that Sheila said had the Memorial Shops in them.

The Gibberish guy led us to the construction site. There, standing in front of an empty restaurant, was our friend Emmi!

We ran up to her & she recognized us almost right away. We were so excited that we forgot about the Gibberish guy until he started singing again:

Awwwrivorvorvor vor
Vorrrideniclay oday
Oday Oday Oday?

Deeriwenowenowen
Owenoreeereee
DeeDeeDeeDee!

He started wandering away until Sheila called to him. I think I understood her. She wanted him to come back for a moment. When he came back, Emmi whispered to me what Sheila said to him.

"The first time I was here, you were kind to me when I was in trouble. And this time you have been an even greater help. I brought something for you as a small gesture of thanks."

Out of her pocket Sheila took a little bottle of carrot juice & a bag of Sheila Snacks. O! Yuk!

The Gibberish guy gave a big smile, a nice low bow, & he wandered away, singing again.

"Why are you around here, Emmi? I would have thought you would be in the Museum or the park."

Emmi smiled. "This empty place that they're tearing down used to be a restaurant where I came to draw. I met your friend Ramie here. Well, really, I saw him watching me draw. He looked nice."

"But why are they tearing it down?" asked Sheila.

"Well, they are putting up a new big building, fancier, newer. The City is changing. That's not bad for everyone, but I personally will miss a lot of places they're taking down."

Emmi pulled out of 1 of her bags a drawing she had made of the empty restaurant.

It looked like it does now. Lots of dirt on the floor & things, junk, lying around. The only thing that was different was there seemed to be

ghosts in the picture. There were ghosts of people behind the counter, at the tables, & walking around. I think there was even a ghost of Emmi drawing a picture of a little boy nearby, & I think I saw Ramie sitting nearby too. I liked it a lot.

"I called this May 7, 1985 to commemorate the first day I was in the presence of someone connected with Bags End," said Emmi with a happysad smile.

Sheila then told Emmi about how we had come to get her for the Season of Lights. She said she would like to come with us. So we walked up a quicker way that Emmi knew back to Cement Park. We were almost there when we saw another old friend, Rich Americus! He was sitting on a low stone wall outside another empty restaurant. He was playing a guitar & singing softly.

When he saw us, he looked up & smiled.

"I wanted to come back here to the old Luna T's Cafe & play a little," he said.

Rich must know Emmi cuz he gave her as big a hug as me, Crissy, & Sheila. I asked him about that.

"Emily & I go way back. She used to come into Luna T's when I played with my band, & she would draw while we played."

"Richard would never let me pay for anything. He always bought me my coffee," Emmi said.

Rich smiled. Then all of a sudden he looked sad. "It's not the City it once was. A lot of nice little places I used to go into are gone. Now there's just a lot of tall buildings. The City is not as inviting as it once was."

I asked Emmi if she met Rich at Luna T's.

"No, we met when Rich would wander the streets dressed as a street person."

"Why did you do that?" asked Crissy.

"Well, I wanted to know what it was like. So I dressed in poor clothes & wandered the streets. I saw how people looked at me, how they didn't let me into many places. I used to go to the library & sit with the poor people near the front window in the reading room. A lot of them went there just to be warm but some really read stuff."

Rich wanted to wander around the City for awhile & we followed him. He showed us the places he used to go before they were gone.

It wasn't really depressing listening to Rich & Emmi talk. Rich talked about old men he had known & Emmi told about grumpi store owners. They laughed a lot, & so me, Crissy, & Sheila did too.

I sort of had the feeling I was walking through 2 cities, the one I was actually in, & the one Emmi & Rich described. It was just like Emmi's drawing.

Finally, Crissy brought us back to Imagianna & then she made me, Sheila, & herself back into our proper shapes. Then we all walked back to Bags End.

Sheila led us to a certain level of Bags End, & thru a door there. There were some steps to climb up to a wooden platform, surrounded by trees. There were candles all around the edge of the platform. All of the Bags End friends were waiting.

The Season of Lights this year was very simple. Rich played some songs & we sang along. I felt very happy & rather sad.

Bags End News

No. 942 February 23, 1988

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

On the Rode With Shlela!

(Part 1)

IF yur no mah pal an budy Shlela, "thatz King too yu, pal Buny, yur no she haz got restless pats. So evry so awften she takes a bunch uf Bagzends friends on a trip. She told me she iz redg to tak another 1. Shlela haz bin reeding On the Rode biy a gyl namd Jak Keroak. Its about theez gys whoo lik too driv awl avr Amerika an vizit theer friends. Sumtims thay hav a lot uf fun, sumtims thay get in trubel. The uf the things thay lik most iz jaz, wich Shlela likes mor than anything els.

Now uzelli Shlela announces

On the Road with Sheila Bunny!

Part I.

If you know mah pal & buddy Sheila "that's King to you, pal" Bunny, you know she has got restless paws. So every so often she takes a bunch of Bags End friends on a trip. She told me she is ready to take another 1.

It happened because Emmi had brought with her a library book she thought Sheila would like.

"Crissy can get it back to me when you're done," Emmi smiled with her nice & smart old lady blue eyes.

The book was called On the Road by a guy named Jack Kerouac. It's about these guys who like to drive all over America & visit their friends. Sometimes they have a lot of fun, sometimes they get in trouble. 1 of the things they like the most is jazz, which Sheila likes more than anything else.

Now usually Sheila announces her trips on The Sheila Show on TV, but this time all she said on her show was that she would be interviewed on Commander Q's radio program that night. Commander Q is this mysterious DJ guy who does a really good show to listen to.

"OK, Sheila, where are you off to this time?"

"Well, it's kind of hard to explain but I will try. In On the Road, Jack Kerouac & his pals were looking for America, what it was really like. I think they found more answers than they expected.

"Well, every time I go off exploring Bags End, I get different answers that make no sense. I went toward the top & I found people who knew me & people who didn't. Down below I found a utopian community which had destroyed itself, & only a few survivors who were going to try again. None of it makes sense. Oz had borders but there are places not discovered in it. I don't even know if Bags End has a top or bottom!"

"So are you going to try & find the top or bottom, or are you going to find Bags End?"

"I don't know really. The only thing I know is that I want to know about Bags End. The only way I will find things out will be to explore it."

"Are you gonna take your BunnyCycle?"

"No, not this time. Ramie borrowed a car from his friend. It's a 1978 Emperor. An appropriate name for a car I will be using. I rode it in Dreamland, too. Ramie has strange friends with strange cars."

"Who is going with you?"

"Well, I can only get so many people in the car so I could only choose a few. I will be taking Miss Chris, Princess Crissy, Boop, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, Alexander Puppy, Allie Leopard, Ramie to drive, & Jill Boot. O yah, & Algernon to take notes."

I was really happy to be going along. I went to Imagianna to tell Crissy & Boop but it turned out that they already knew. They were excited as me.

When the day came to leave, Sheila told all the people going along which door in Bags End to go to. There were a lot of guys there waiting to say goodbye. There was a road, & there was the Emperor.

All the travelers were dressed real nicely. Sheila had on her purple sunglasses & her fedora hat. My brother Alexander, who is sort of a tall yellow puppy, had on new overalls & there was a button on them that said "BUMP!" Allie told me later that meant "Bump language should be taught in Bags End!" Silly brother. Sargent Lisa, who is this strange little red-haired baby with bright blue eyes, was wearing her new army uniform. On the back

of her jacket there were words that Sheila told me said "Support Bwags End Army--Or I Will Thwow You in the Bwig!" Silly sergent. Boop was wearing a Dallas Cowboys hat Ramie had given him. Miss Chris & Crissy had on blue jeans & jeans jackets & they looked a lot alike except Miss Chris's jacket said on the back "Chrisakah Fan Club" & Princess Crissy's jacket said "Miss Chris Fan Club." Jill Boot had on nice new shoelaces which is like new clothes for her. Ramie was wearing a t-shirt that showed what sort of looked like a Lazybug convention. Ramie, Lisa, Sheila, & some other guys were sitting in circle, all sound asleep. Allie had on a jacket which he told me had a story on the back. He said each word was in a different language & the story was about the Tower of Babel in the Bible. Your old buddy Algernon had a new notebook to write stuff down in.

We said goodbye to everyone & Ramie started driving. On both sides of the road was nothing but flat grey land. Up front with Ramie sat Sheila, Miss Chris, & Jill Boot. The rest of us guys in the back.

For awhile we sang songs. We sang "Can You Hear the Silence?" by Rich Americus & the Noisy Children, "Sacrificial Bonfire" by XTC, "Wasted on the Way" by Crosby, Stills, & Nash, & "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong.

Then stuff started happening. Ramie stopped the car & we got out. We saw the land we were on was divided into a lot of different colored squares like a checkerboard.

Suddenly a giant voice boomed out: "You have entered the domain of the Checker King! The only way you may pass through is to beat me in a checker contest. Let the contest begin now!"

Before we knew what had happened, there were giant red checkers all around us & in the distance we saw giant black checkers. We heard a small rumble as the first black checker was moved.

What the Checker King didn't know was that in our car we had Sheila Bunny, the Checkers Champ of the Universe. She had this strange little smile on her face as she told us what to do.

"OK, everyone but Ramie & Crissy pile out & stand in two groups round the middle checkers in the front row. I will tell you when & where to move the checkers."

We couldn't see the Checker King, but we could sure hear him. His booming voice said, "I think it's fair to tell you what will happen if you win or lose. If you win, I will allow you to pass through my domain. But if you lose, I will smite you! Now, move or forfeit your turn!"

"What does smite mean?" I asked.

"It means having your whole body-bone stomped on," Sheila said.

"Ow!" I yelled.

Everybody but Ramie, Crissy, & Sheila got out of the car. We all waited until Sheila told us which checker to move & where to move it. It was heavy but we managed.

The Checker King was very good cuz he kept capturing more & more checkers. Sheila played good too, but it wasn't hard to see she was losing.

"Bump-Bump Bump Bump!" said Alexander. Allie told us that meant he didn't want to get smited.

The car was nearby. Sheila was using it as a checker, & so she heard what he said.

"Nobody's gonna get smited! Everybody get in!" Then she drove the car closer to the last checker row on the Checker King's side.

"Get ready to king me!" she yelled.

But even as Sheila was happy over this, the Checker King was jumping over her only other checker.

Part II.

"YOUR MOVE!" boomed the Checker King with a car-shaking laugh.

"Bmp-Bump-Bump-Bump Bump?" asked Alexander.

"He says we should tell the Checker King that we are pacifists & don't believe in violence," said Allie.

"That won't work, I am afraid. I do have a better idea," said Sheila. She whispered a question to Princess Crissy, who said, "Sure, I can do that." I wondered what they were whispering about.

Sheila told Ramie where to drive the car next. The Checker King took his turn & then Sheila moved again. Ramie held her out the window & she yelled, "King me!"

The Checker King put a checker on top of the car. Before he could move again, Sheila yelled, "I challenge you to a game of Flying Kings!"

"Good!" said the Checker King. His voice sounded like a cannon blast. "Your defeat will come all the sooner!" He made his move & I looked out the window to see how many pieces he had left. He had 4 kings already & he had 3 more pieces on the board.

But having 4 regular checker kings on your side is nothing compared to having the King of Bags End. In a few turns Sheila captured 2 of the regular pieces & 1 of his kings. Crissy had made it so the car could fly. If I wasn't scared of losing, I would have had a great time flying through the air.

Even with a Flying King on our side, tho, it wasn't long before the Checker King had us cornered. Now all 4 of his pieces were kings & any way we moved, he would jump us & win.

"MOVE NOW!" the Checker King yelled. He was shaking like an earthquake with excitement cuz he thought he was he was about to win. I was shaking like a beagle who was about to get his whole body-bone stomped!

Then I heard Sheila whisper to Crissy & Ramie. "OK, when I count 3, carry out our plan. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3!"

The car went up in the air like we were gonna jump a checker, but instead it kept going higher. We sailed through the air & we were nearing the other side of the Checker King's domain when suddenly the Checker King yelled & the air was filled with checker-bombs. They weren't hitting the car tho. They were piling on the roof to try to force it down. It was working too when Sheila yelled, "Crissy, make the car flip!"

The car spun in the air, & all the checkers fell off. But Ramie lost control of the steering wheel. We had made it past the Checker King but we were gonna crash!

There was a flutter of wings in the front seat, & this white bird flew out the window. We watched it as it flew straight toward the ground ahead of us. At the last moment, it turned into a huge mattress!

We hit the mattress a moment later. We survived the crash! Crissy was back in the front seat, smiling a big smile, before we knew it.

Sheila told me later that sometime she was gonna go back & give that Checker King the sound thrashing in checkers he deserved. She said she had been distracted into almost losing by all us guys being around. Hmmm.

I have been to a lot of crazy places in mah life, but the next place we drove to takes the cake. O! Cake! Yuk!

There was nothing but grass & some trees on either side of the road for the longest time. Then all of a sudden there was a rumble like that silly fella Godd was playing marbles again. A second later, the sky was filled with rain. And snow. And lightning bolts. And some fog. The funny thing was that it was sunny. It didn't feel warm tho. A stranger thing tho was that most of the rain & snow & stuff was falling very slowly. The strangest thing of all was that there were some snowflakes & raindrops & lightning bolts that weren't falling at all. They just hung there in the air.

"This must be a Lazybug Storm," Sheila muttered. She told Ramie to slow the car & we watched the storm for awhile. Pretty soon the car stopped completely & I guessed Ramie was asleep at the wheel. Sheila told me he's a suggestive guy, whatever that means. Probably that he likes to sleep a lot.

The air was getting pretty filled with snow & lightning & rain & stuff when a loud LOUD grumpy voice from everywhere said, "The weather is getting lazier & lazier. Air, clear NOW!"

There was this loud sound as the rain fell, the lightning hit the ground, the snow fell, the fog cleared, & the sun made the air warm again.

"Good work, Godd!" Sheila yelled out the window. She told Ramie to drive on.

Part III.

Ramie drove the Emperor through a lot of nighttime. A lot of us guys fell asleep. I woke up just as the sun was waking up. We weren't driving on a road no more. We were driving on a beach. The ocean was washing softly onto it. Sheila told Ramie to stop so we could get out & look around.

Everyone ran down to the water. I didn't go too close cuz beagles sink. That silly Alexander kept bumping the waves. Sargent Lisa wanted to organize a hike but Sheila told her to be at ease. Allie, Miss Chris, Crissy, & Boop were splashing in the water. Jill got mad at the water & was kicking it. Ramie was asleep in the car. Sheila had disappeared for a few minutes, probably to explore.

Sheila came back & she wasn't alone. She was walking with a man who looked a little older than Ramie looks.

"Everyone, this is Charlie Shaman. He writes fantasy stories."

Charlie smiled. "Sheila was telling me about Bags End. It sounds wonderful."

"Except for too much bumping," I said.

"Except for the dwaft-dwodging swoldiers," said Lisa.

"Bump Bump, Bump-Bump!" said Alexander.

"Alex said except for the lack of Bump language class in school," said Allie.

Charlie was laughing. "You guys are funny. I bet a lot of good stories happen in Bags End."

"Well, the beagle here does write a newspaper every week," said Sheila.

I showed Charlie some copies of Bags End News I had in the car. He liked it a lot. I asked Charlie if he had any of his stories he could show us.

He frowned. "To be honest, I haven't written any yet. That's why I came here to the Immortal Sea."

"Where?" I asked.

"This is the Immortal Sea. William Wordsworth mentioned it in a poem. He wrote:

Hence in a season of calm weather,
tho inland far we be,
our eyes have sight of that Immortal Sea,
which brought us hither,
can in a moment travel thither,
& see the Children sport upon the shore,
& the mighty waters rolling ever more.

You're the first bunch of children I have seen."

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

"I come from the year 2091. Sheila told me that all of you are from 1988."

"Aren't there any children left in 2091?" asked Miss Chris.

The man smiled sadly. "Oh, to be sure there are. It's just that so few of them play."

"But who are you gonna write stories about?" asked Princess Crissy.

The man looked confused. "I just wanted to find children to tell my stories to & maybe they could give me ideas. I don't live in a fantasyland, y'know."

"Neither do me & Ramie," said Miss Chris. "We live in Connecticut."

At this point, Sheila decided to explain to Charlie. "Most people think that there are true, real things & things that people make up are not true. Some people even think that imaginary things can exist in the real world. The truth is that both are real, but they are separate. Bags End is 1 of the few places where both real & imaginary people & places exist all together. It's not usually like that."

"Does that mean if I make up stories, they become real?" asked Charlie.

"When you create a person or a place, you have created a new world. It's a world you can travel to in your imagination. You have created something new, something which did not exist until you made it up. When Baum made up Oz, when Milne made up the Hundred Acre Wood, when Grahame made up the River, they brought something brand new into being. But they had something you don't have. They used the imaginations of children they knew to help create their new place. Baum had his sons, Milne his son, Grahame his son. Instead of wandering around here, you should be back home, finding the children who still play & making up your stories with their help."

Charlie smiled. "You guys are right. I am glad I met you! Thanks a lot! See you sometime, I hope!" And all of a sudden he disappeared!

"Sheila, where did he go?" I asked.

Sheila grunted. "Only his mind was here, Algernon. When he decided to go home, it only took a second. Minds travel a lot faster than bodies, y'know."

Sheila said we should get going, so we all piled into the Emperor. Miss Chris woked up Ramie, and we drove on.

Part 4.

After we left the Immortal Beach, we drove for a long time. It was dark again, & a lot of us guys were falling asleep. This included Ramie, who was supposed to be driving. Sheila told him to pull to the side of the road so we could sleep safely.

I was sleepy, but not asleep, so I asked Sheila if we had found Bags End yet like Kerouac & his pals finding America.

Sheila didn't answer me right away so I thought she had gone to sleep. Then she said, "I was hoping that in looking for Bags End we might find out who made it & why. What I am beginning to suspect is that somehow Bags End is an extension of our personalities. It's as though Bags End was made with us guys in mind."

"Does that mean we're gonna find Tuna Fish Mountain soon?" asked Miss Chris in a tricky voice. She's a fool for those sandwiches.

But: "O! Yuk!" I yelled.

The next morning we waked & started driving again. There was not too much to see for a long time, that's happened a lot, until we saw in the distance a big group of trees. We drove right up close to them but they were too bunched up to allow us to drive between them.

And all of a sudden, the trees began to shake in kind of a scary way.

"What should we do, Sheila?" asked Miss Chris.

Sheila looked up at the roof of the car with 1 of her purple eyes closed, like she always does when she's thinking.

"Ramie, I want you to start driving alongside them until we find a space big enough to drive through," she said.

Ramie was gonna start driving when I yelled: "Stop!"

Sheila looked back at me. "What's wrong?"

"Those trees are really weeds!" I said excitedly.

"What do you mean, Algernon?" asked Princess Crissy. She likes weeds almost as much as I do.

"I have this book about weeds that has pictures of them. Those really big trees are wild black cherry, the skinny ones are black locusts, & the ones with the tiny leaves are called weed trees."

"Algernon, it's nice that you got to see weeds that you've only seen in pictures of, but they're in our way," said Sheila in a nice voice for her.

"Listen, Sheila, mah friends the weeds in Miss Chris's front yard told me about a place where lots of different weeds live without noone bothering them. They call it The Weed Patch. I think those trees are guarding it, & if we walk through them, we will find the Weed Patch!"

Well, I was so excited that Sheila couldn't say no. She told me to get off her & stop begging with sad beagle eyes (number 6). Then she told Crissy the same thing. Crissy does a great sad beagle eyes imitation.

So everyone got out of the car & we walked toward the guard weeds. I went a little ahead of everyone else & said, "Hello, all you weed guys. Your King, Algernon the First, da-da d da-da da-da!! has come for a visit. And I brought some pretty important fellas too. This is Sheila, King & Emperor of Bags End. And this is Princess Crisakah of Imagianna. These other guys are Miss Chris, Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, Boop who is not a turtle, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow of the Bags End Army, mah silly bumping brother Alexander Puppy, & Jill Boot. Treat them good just like me."

The branches of 2 of the guard weeds separated & we went through. There I saw 1 of the best things I have seen. There was this huge field of weeds of every kind I have ever seen.

"What this pwace needs is a lawnmower," muttered Sargent Lisa.

The weeds heard this, & didn't like it, cuz all of a sudden Sargent Lisa fell down & was rolling down a hill that hadn't been there before.

"Hwelp! Hwelp! Stwupid weeds! I will have you thwown in the bwig! I will have you removed by chwemicals!" Lisa yelled as she rolled.

She finally stopped & slowly crawled back up the hill. Miss Chris

brought her to the car so she wouldn't get in any more trouble.

I said hi to all mah pals the weeds. I even introduced some of the weeds to Sheila and the others.

"This is moth mullein which is less famous then the great mullein, its cousin. And this is Japanese honeysuckle, which has nectar some people like. O! Yuk! And this is goose grass which some people think is crabgrass but it's not."

"Hey, that's Queen Ann's Lace! I remember it from summer camp!" said Ramie.

I think Sheila was getting bored, so I showed her a weed I knew she would like.

"This is called jazz trumpet cuz if you pick off its flowers, you can blow it like a trumpet. Try it, Sheila."

So she did. Sheila played a little tune by Miles Davis called "Tutu." It was good.

Then I told the guys I would show them a magic trick. Crissy lended me a hankercheek & I put it over a small weed which had a flower that almost looked like a face.

"Hocus-pocus!" I yelled & when I pulled away the hankercheek, the weed was gone!

"How did you do that?" asked Allie.

"It's real easy. Watch!" I put the hankercheek over the empty space & said "Abracadabra!" & when I pulled the hankercheek away, there was the weed! Then I told them it was a Jack-in-the-Box weed & everyone watched while it popped out of the ground & back into it.

I had a lot of fun visiting mah pals the weeds. Allie Leopard learned a little of their language. He said it wasn't too hard.

Just before we left, the dandylions shot some of their seeds high into the air. They came down with little notes attached to them. Sheila told me they said:

"Weeds have always been condemned without a fair trial."--F.C. King.

"This thing of considering all weeds as bad is nonsensical!"

--Joseph Cocannouer.

Mah feelings exactly!

Part 5.

After we left my pals the weeds, we drove for a real long time. It seems like a lot of this trip was driving. Sheila said that even in a fantasyland good adventures & interesting fellas to meet are few & far between.

We had been driving through this forest for a long time when we came up to these two people. They looked nice enough. One was this guy with long hippie hair & raggedy clothes. He had a beard & he carried a book Allie told me was called Handbook for Fantasyland Revolution. The other person was a girl in a fancy dress with a neat haircut. She had a book too that was called Free Market Policies in Imaginary Lands, Allie said.

The hippie guy & the girl were talking a lot & laughing a lot but Allie told Sheila they were talking two different languages. Sheila told us all to wait, & just she & Allie got out. We heard her talking to Allie.

"I think these two people like each other a lot because they don't understand each other. Tell them who I am & ask them if they want you to tell them what they're saying."



Allie told me later that he introduced Sheila as Emperor & King of Bags End, & her faithful followers on a journey to find Bags End. Then he asked them if they wanted him to translate between them. He told me later what they said.

"No, man, like we're happy as we are. We can say enough by pointing & smiling & frowning," said the hippie guy.

"I gave him a ride. That's how we met. He was hitchhiking & I picked him up. We got into an accident & my car was wrecked. We didn't even know where we were till you told us," said the girl.

Sheila told Allie to offer them a ride. They said sure & got into the back. They were real friendly even to mah brother Alex, who bumped them to say hi.

Both these fellas seemed real interested in Bags End. With Allie's help, I asked them where they got their books. They told me there's this library for visitors to fantasylands. Sheila was interested in that but the guy & girl didn't know how to get to it.

We came to a fork in the road & the guy & girl asked us to let them off there. I hated to see them go cuz they were so friendly. The hippie told us to go in peace with all life forms, real & imaginary. The girl gave us advice about long-term investment in fantasyland stocks & bonds, whatever those are. The last we saw of them, they were walking down the road, arm in arm, laughing, each not understanding a word the other said.

So we drove on. As we drove, Miss Chris taught a song she had just made up. We sang it again & again:

We'll keep looking for Bags End,
keep looking for Bags End,
till we reach the end,
the end of the road, my friend

We aren't looking for
a pole or a fountain,
or the top of some
big mountain

The place we long to see,
is a place that may not be
A place that may just be
inside you & me

But it's fun to have a look,
a journey like a storybook
Such things are always worth
the time they took

After awhile, the road went from being smooth like a highway to being a dirt road. We started coming up to all these people. Some were dressed real nice, some were like the hippie we saw before. Some people were dressed in old-fashioned costumes, & Allie told us a lot of different languages were being spoken.

"And the funny thing is that some of the languages are being spoken like they were hundreds of years ago!" he said.

After awhile, the road got so crowded that Sheila said we should get out & walk. I could tell she was real curious about where everyone was going.

So we all got out & walked, or hopped, or whatever. Sheila told us we gotta have partners to make sure nobody got lost. Miss Chris took Sargent Lisa, Princes Crissy took Boop, Ramie took Jill Boot, I took mah silly bumping brother Alexander, & Sheila led the way with Allie.

Finally, Sheila couldn't wait to find out what was going on. She tapped this guy on the knee & said, "Where's the show, Joe?"

The guy had on dark sunglasses & was dressed all in black.

"It's the Festival, man. Dig, everyone is gonna show. I heard my man Miles & the Duke were gonna blow, so I checked my connection. I said, 'you gotta get me a ticket.' He said, 'You don't need a ticket. It's free & nobody's raising money for nothing.' Dig, man?"

"What did he say, Allie?" I asked.

"That's jazz talk, beagle," said Sheila. "He said there's some kind of music festival going on. I didn't know about it but if Miles Davis & Duke Ellington are going, so are we." That said, she started hopping real fast.

We came up to this big sign at the side of the road. Sheila read it to us.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL including:

Duke Ellington	John Cougar	Men at Work	Stevie Wonder
B.B. King	George Gershwin	David Bowie	Elvis Presley
Miles Davis	The Monkees	Mozart	Johnny Cash
Jimi Hendrix	Sgt. Pepper Band	Shostakovich	Simon & Garfunkel
Harry Chapin	XTC	John Philip Sousa	Bob Dylan

& many more!

FREE! Put on to benefit noone
but for everyone's enjoyment!

When us guys heard who was gonna be at the Festival, we all started running real fast, as fast as our paws, feet, & heels could carry us!

Part 6.

When we got to the big Music Festival, Sheila told us that Don McLean was singing "American Pie" with Buddy Holly. O! Pie! Yuk!

There were all sorts of people at the Festival. Sheila warned us to stay close together. Then she told about all the different groups I didn't know about who took turns playing on the big stage at the front of the crowds.

"That's Mozart playing a 2-piano song with Billy Joel. And that's Elvis Presley singing with Elvis Costello on guitar. And there's Simon & Garfunkel singing with Bob Dylan."

When David Bowie came on the stage, I told Crissy I wished the Blondys were here. They are blonde like him & so big fans. Crissy smiled a tricky smile & I heard behind me a baby Blondy voice yell, "Yeah, Bowie!" And there were the Blondys!

Then John Cougar was singing with Bruce Springsteen & I wished Betsy Bunny Pillow was here. Crissy did her tricky smile magic again, I guess,

because I could hear a familiar whispery voice yell, "Cougar!"

Later, Elizabeth, who is Sargent Lisa's older sister, showed up when Stevie Wonder was playing a song.

Sheila got to play a song with Miles Davis & your old buddy Algernon got to sing with his buddies Men at Work. We sang "It's a Mistake." Great song, I say.

The Sgt. Pepper Band played with XTC & my friend Lucy Lamb showed up. She & Ramie got to go on stage to sing "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds."

Miss Chris was happy when the Monkees sang some songs, & Lisa & Alex were both excited when John Philip Sousa did a Bump Marching Song.

We stayed for a long time at the Music Festival. Finally, when everyone had seen someone he liked, Sheila said we had to go. I guess Crissy sent back the Bags End friends that she had brought cuz Betsy & Elizabeth & Lucy & the Blondys were gone when we got back to the car.

Everyone was pretty tired & the road was still crowded with people so Sheila said we would stay where we were for the night.

When we woke the next morning, the sun was just coming up & the road was empty. All that was left of the Music Festival was a small sign that Sheila told me said THANKS FOR COMING!

Ramie was still asleep & Sheila decided he could sleep a little longer.

"Sheila, have we found Bags End yet?" I asked sleepily.

Sheila was quiet for so long that I thought she wasn't going to say anything.

"Every time we go on 1 of these trips, we learn a little more. I guess I would like the whole thing summed up in a sentence.

"But it doesn't work like that, does it? I have a feeling we will be on the way home soon."

Ramie woke up in a few minutes, & we started off.

The place we went to next was a sunny, hilly place. The road went up & up into the hills.

The farther we went into the hills, the less trees there were. There was a cave at the end of the road. This interested Sheila cuz when Ramie asked her if she wanted to turn around, she said, "No, stop the car here."

We got out & Sheila led the way toward the cave. She looked inside & then went to Crissy & said, "Crissy, the cave's too dark to explore. Do you have any ideas on how to get a light?"

Crissy smiled & looked around for a minute. Then she picked up a big rock & handed it to Ramie.

"Let's go," she said.

I guess Ramie figured what I figured, that Crissy did some magic to the rock, cuz he walked right into the cave. The rest of us followed. Sure enough, the rock in Ramie's hand glowed just like a flashlight.

"You're lucky to be able to do magic like that, Crissy," I said.

"I would rather be a beagle," she said with another smile.

Sheila & Ramie led the way down the cave's tunnel. We walked & walked for a long time. At first the tunnel seemed to go up but then it started to go down & down. Everyone was real quiet cuz noone knew what was gonna happen.

"This kind of reminds me of Fraggle Rock," I whispered to Miss Chris. She smiled & nodded.

Finally, we came to this big open place. It was dark but Crissy's rock glowed stronger & stronger to light it all up.

The place was covered with grafitti. It was strange cuz the pictures were of Bags End friends!

The story those pictures told were what Sheila had been looking for, I think. It was all very surprising too!

The Grand Finally.

When all us Bags End guys began our trip on the road with Sheila, most of us didn't really know what Sheila meant when she said we were gonna look for Bags End. How can you look for some place you live in? Sheila didn't agree. That's why she has gone exploring other parts of Bags End so many times.

Now we were standing in a cave that looked like it might give her a lot of answers.

Sheila told me that what we were in was called a cavern, which is a big open place between tunnels. This cavern was covered in graffiti. It seemed to tell some sort of story tho. I walked over to where Sheila & Allie were standing. They were talking real softly.

"I think there are answers here, Allie. But the ways the symbols & pictures are arranged can tell lots of different stories. I think the real story must be discovered the way a puzzle is solved, by putting the pieces together right."

Allie nodded but didn't say anything. He had that look he gets when he's trying to figure out a new language.

I looked closely at what Allie was studying. It was a picture of a room. There was a fireplace & some chairs, but what was really interesting was the big cupboard in the corner.

"Hey, Allie, that looks like that picture in that book you found that time you & I went exploring Bags End ourselves! You said it was kind of like a Bags End from a long time ago-ago-ago-ago!" I yelled. My words echoed around the cavern & 1 of them bounced off Sargent Lisa-Marie who was asleep against the wall. She woke up & muttered something about rude echoes.

Allie just nodded.

Then Sheila let out a yell. "Those are my Daydream friends! What are they doing outside of my head here?"

Me & Allie looked closely at what Sheila was pointing at. There were pictures of a tall guy, a smaller guy wearing a baseball uniform, an old lady with big glasses, a creature that looked sort of like a tree & a cat at the same time, & a soap bubble that was shaped like a little bird.

Sheila could only stare for a minute. "These are friends from my dreams," she said slowly. "But I never saw them in Bags End & I never told anyone about them. The tall guy is Presto. He taught me all about jazz & even how to play jazz trumpet. The guy in the baseball uniform is named Froy. In the baseball league of my dreams, he is the best player. The lady I call Granny cuz she reminds me of Miss Chris's granny. I like her but she's a little crazy. She always says that she is dreaming & the rest of us are in her dream."

There were a lot of strange & wonderful things to see. Ramie got excited cuz he saw a picture of Miss Chris & Sheila buying him at the Toy Tall Boy Store.

"Hey! There's a music store next to my toy store," he said.

"I remember they were playing Gershwin the day we came," said Sheila.

"They were always playing someone like Gershwin or Mozart or Vivaldi," said Ramie. "1 day the owner came in & Fred the toy shop guy made a joke about

the music shop guy falling asleep cuz of the music he plays. He called him a lazybugger." Ramie smiled. "He was British, of course. The American way of saying that is Lazybug."

Then I heard Boop call anxiously for Princess Crissy, his dear friend. "Princess, look here, at this picture! What could it mean?"

I stood with Crissy as she studied the picture. It was of an old lady & an old guy who looked like a turtle. I couldn't be sure who the lady was until I looked closer at her face which had a tricky smile & tricky eyes. She sort of looked like Crissy had when me, her, & Sheila had gone to the city to find Emmi.

The turtle-like guy looked nicely at the old Crissy just like the real Boop looks at the real Crissy. The old Crissy even had on a t-shirt which Crissy told me said "Honorary Member of the Retired Beagles' Society."

"I think it means that you & Boop will always be friends, & Crissy will be just as tricky when she's an old guy," I said. Crissy smiled a tricky smile.

I remembered I hadn't seen mah person mommy Miss Chris in awhile so I looked around for her. I found her in a corner by herself. She was looking at some grafitti that kept changing! I was quiet & watched with her.

All the pictures had a big person & a little guy, & the little guy was usually holding a friend. The big guy, a mommy or a daddy or a big brother or sister, was telling the little guy or girl a story. Sometimes the story was told from a book, sometimes not. The little boy or girl sucked his or her thumb or held close the friend. Sometimes they sat in a rich people's house, sometimes in a poor one, sometimes under the stars.

"Universal image of generational myth transference," muttered Sheila as she hopped away.

"What did she say?" I asked.

Miss Chris smiled. "Children have always gotten big guys to tell them stories.

O.

I heard Lisa laughing a lot & when I asked her why she pointed to a picture. There was the Army of Oz with all of its officers & its 1 soldier. The soldier in the picture was Hawkeye from M*A*S*H.

"That's pwetty fwunny," said Lisa.

I asked Allie what he thought of all these pictures.

"Well, I don't really know. Some of them disappear & some of them don't. Obviously we like the 1s we're in. I think this cavern knew we were coming somehow. I keep thinking there's more to it."

"You're right, Allie," said Sheila. She had just hopped right up to us. "Come on, everyone, it's time to move on. Jill, stop kicking that picture of the shoe store! Alexander, stop bumping the wall!"

Allie pointed to a small tunnel in a dark corner of the cavern. Sheila led the way.

We entered a much smaller, darker cavern. It wasn't totally dark, cuz we could see shadows on the wall. What was strange was that we were making them!

The shadows were sort of like people & other creatures. They were walking, dancing, even flying on the wall. I was real surprised when some of them leaped off the wall & started dancing around us! I even jumped on my back like I was a horsey!

"Beagles don't carry passengers, fella," I muttered grumpily. The shadow got off me.

Sheila got mad, yelled about Plato's myth of the cave making lousy participatory drama, & hopped on. Everyone followed.

What happened next was really weird. The next place we went to was misty but not wet or nothing. I almost felt I left mah body cuz it felt like I was floating, & it's a well-known fact that beagles sink. I knew everyone else was there even tho I didn't actually see any of them.

Then I thought I heard Sheila say, "I don't want to play checkers. I should have figured you were behind that Plato myth gag. And the wall of grafiti. If you were gonna play a joke on me, use some imagination, like you did when you invented watermelon. What a tricky invention a watermelon is! Sweet but full of seeds you gotta spit. Like a field full of flowers filled with sharp rocks."

Then I heard another voice, in my head sorta, if I had a head, that said, "No tricks, Sheila. You know that there are many ways to get to Heaven. You stumbled into 1."

"Have a halo & some wings?" offered another voice, a tricky 1.

"Listen, Clemens, you have used that joke too many times. Besides, I have seen how winged angel daredevils are getting quite popular," Sheila said.

"Passing fad," muttered the tricky voice.

"Sheila, is this really Heaven?" asked a Miss Chris voice.

"Yes, welcome to Heaven everyone. This is Godd & this is 1 of his best pals, Sam Clemens. Sam gives Godd some of his best ideas, tho usually someone on Earth doesn't like them. We have to move on, Godd. Can you show the way out?"

I felt mahself moved along, sort of. Then I felt mah body again, like putting clothes back on. Then we were standing near the Emperor.

"Pile in, everyone!" said Sheila. So we did. Ramie drove us back down the hill. Everyone was kinda quiet for awhile.

Finally I said something. "Sheila, did we find Bags End?"

"I don't know," Sheila said. "I think I just found more material for superficial philosophy about how we are Bags End & there are many answers & all that.

"Well, I know there's more. I got offered some pieces of the puzzle, others are held back, hidden. There's more to it all, I know that. I will find it all someday."

Another epic trip down the drain. I wasn't very happy cuz Sheila broods over this kind of stuff for a long time. She never gives up.

The trip was made jolly again by a nice surprise. As we were on the familiar road back, almost home, we stopped to watch this puppet show going on at the side of the road.

And, O! mah ego! It was about us Bags End guys! There was a Sheila puppet who liked jazz, & a Alexander puppet who bumped, & a Lazybug Ramie puppet, & even an old buddy Algernon puppet who writes a newspaper. There was a Betsy Bunny Pillow puppet who tried to free the Bunny Pillow puppets. There was a tricky Leo the Dark Man puppet who liked comic books, especially 1 about the Bags End puppets watching a show about them put on by regular Bags End guys. It was a real good show. We clapped & cheered.

I think Crissy must have done some magic cuz we were in Bags End in a real short time. She just smiled her tricky smile, tho, when I asked her.

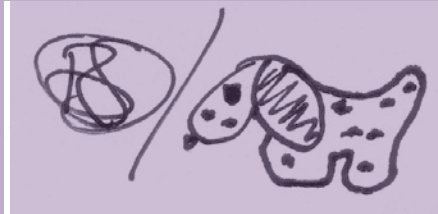
We got a big welcome back from the Bags End fellas who stayed behind.

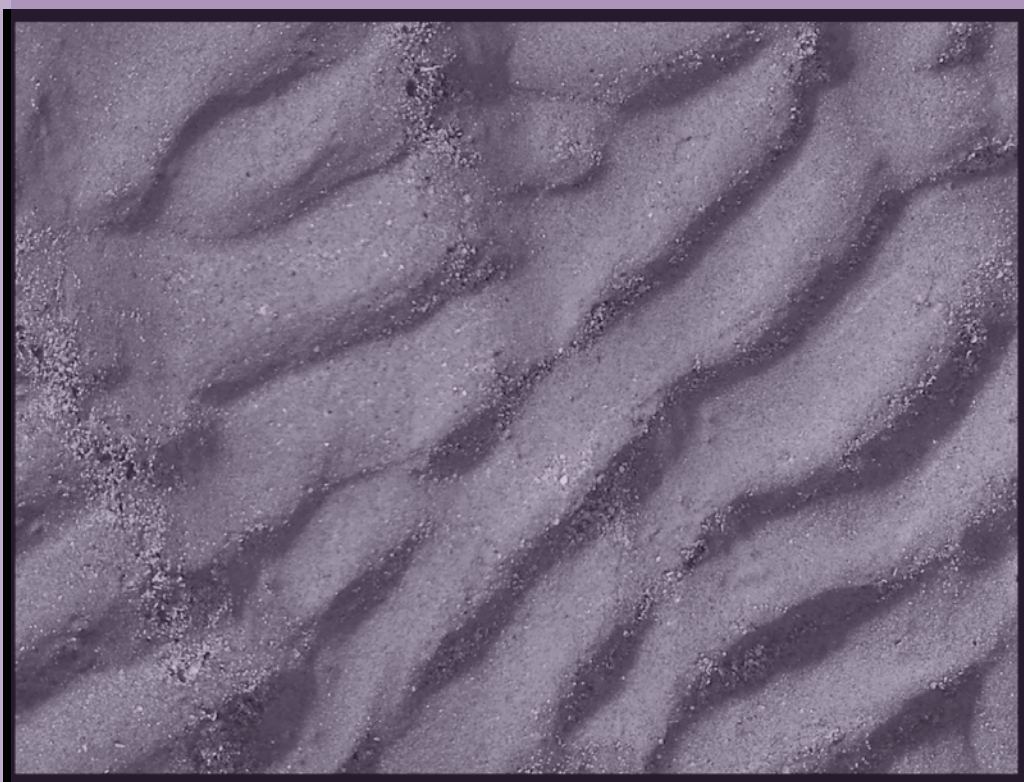
It was a strange trip we went on. I know Sheila will go on looking for whatever she is looking for. She's curiouser than any cat I ever met, even tho she is a bunny.

Princess Crissy & Boop went back to Imagianna in a day or 2. I even went with them cuz our teacher Mister Owl said there weren't no school so we

could rest from our trip.

I thought about the trip a lot & I found out something about mahself. I don't really care if I know the answer. Sheila wants to know it all. Sometimes I want to too. But not always. As long as Bags End stays like it is, I don't really care if I know how it got to be this way. Sheila cares though. Good for her.





Bags End News
 No. 152 January 3, 1989
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Written: Donald Bunney

Bagzard Getz a F

Trubel, trubbl, trubll, nuthin but
 trubblin Bagzard. Ferst you old
 pal no Algernon gets really sick
 Romy can't Mees. Chreeds, butaz was
 glikking Bagzard. Now Bagzard is
 doin legatla fantasilands. I am shat
 even? supposed M to write "Bagzard
 News" by the Sholela told me that
 Iggy was in Iggy Bagzard was
 gonna get bak the things a zlot
 uzuel.

The problems startid out
 to long after I got back. Romy
 an me were sittin on the Bunney
 familis' TV room lookin at a
 underground muzik comicbook that
 Romy got from Leo Romy was
 reedina me a stori about a band



Bags End Book #3: Bags End Gets a F.

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Introduction

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old, & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Bags End Gets a F.

Trouble, trouble, trouble, always nothing but trouble in Bags End. Now Bags End is a illegal fantasyland. I am not even supposed to write Bags End News, but Sheila told me that Iggy or no Iggy the Inspector, Bags End was gonna get back to things as usual.

The problems started one day when Ramie the Toy Tall Boy were sitting in the Bunny Family's TV room, looking at a underground music comic book that Ramie gotted from Leo the Dark Man, who is a comic book collecting fiend. Ramie was reading me a story about a band named R.E.M. & how their leader Michael Stipe was using his slurred lyrics power against the Top 40 Monster. Mah little sister Margie Bunny was watching "Mr. Rogers Neighborhood," which is a pretty good TV show.

Anyway, all of a sudden the front door crashed open & Sheila Bunny hopstomped in. Her purple eyes looked almost red she was so mad.

Margie yelled, "Bug Bunny!" & hopped after Sheila. She thinks many guys in Bags End are really from the cartoons she watches. Me & Ramie didn't hear nothing for a minute and then we heard Sheila yell, "Take off, kid!" & out hopped Margie. She was crying. Mah adopted mommy Pat Bunny came in from the kitchen. I told her Sheila was real mad about something. Pat went into Sheila & there was some more yelling & then Pat came out with a real serious look.

"What's wrong, 'dopted Mommy?" I asked.

"Big trouble. Bags End just got an F from the Inspector."

Well, I didn't know what this really meant until later that day when I was gonna go to Imagianna to visit my friends, Princess Chrisakah & her servant Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one.

The door I usually use to go to Imagianna was locked tight. I went to find Ramie & I tried to call Crissy on the RamiePhone. You use his hand like a hearing piece and talk into his ear. After dialing the number on his face, of course.

But all I heard on the RamiePhone was, "We're sorry, we cannot complete your call as dialed. Please hang up & try the number again, or ask your operator for assistance. This has been a recording, 42864." I tried arguing with the guy who kept saying that but he wouldn't listen.

So I went to see Sheila. I found her slouched down in her throne, chewing a carrot (O! Yuk!) & reading a story she told me was called "Life Without Principle" by Hank Thoreau. Sheila likes Hank.

"Sheila, I can't get the door to Imagianna open. Did you lock it?"

Sheila looked mad again & she threw her carrot (O! Yuk!) against the wall.

"He really meant it! He wasn't kidding. I will pound him!" Sheila yelled like a mad bunny. I hid behind her throne like a professional coward.

Finally, it got quiet beyond the back of the throne. "Beagle, get out here! I have an errand for you!" Sheila yelled. She sounded less crazy, so I came out.

Sheila sat back in her throne. "Algernon, bad times are here. I should've known it would happen, sooner or later."

"What's wrong, Sheila?"

"I will tell you when I tell everyone else."

"Does it have to do with Bags End getting a F? Are we gonna stay back a grade?" I was trying to figger out how a fantasyland stays back a grade.

"Just tell everyone to come to the Bags End Auditorium today at 4." Then Sheila picked up her Thoreau story & left. I hurried all over Bags End telling people.

At 4, everyone was gathered there & ready. Sheila came on the stage with Iggy the Inspector. Most everyone knew that Iggy had given Bags End a F so lots of guys booed him. I even heard mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy yell, "Bump!" & then I heard that language-knowing guy Allie Leopard yell, "He said Boo!"

Sheila had sat down on a chair on the stage to listen to Iggy talk, but when the booing kept up, she stood up & yelled, "Quiet!" That made things quieter.

Iggy looked kind of nervous. "As most of you know, Bags End has been getting D-'s for a long time. I am afraid that I let my personal fondness for Sheila get in the way of my duty. None of you out there shows the least interest in making Bags End a good fantasyland--"

"I make my twoops mwarch almost every dway!" yelled that silly red-haired baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

"I will defeat Jones & liberate the Bunny Pillows 1 day soon!" whisper-yelled crazy Betsy Bunny Pillow.

"I set a Hide & Go to Sleep game record last week!" yelled Ramie, who is the best Lazybug in Bags End.

"Bump Bump-Bump-Bump!" yelled Alex.

"He said he has almost finished his Bump-Gibberish dictionary!" yell-translated Allie Leopard.

"Button your lip or my fist will slip!" yelled Sheila.

"Thank you, Sheila," said Iggy. "Those things are all wrong. Fantasylands have nothing to do with any of that. You're supposed to have good clean adventures. You're not supposed to be lazy or vengeful or idiosyncratic in those ways."

"Hey, Sheila, what's idiosyncratic?" someone yelled.

"It means weird. Now quiet, beagle!" Sheila said.

"O! Rats!" I muttered.

"I have been an Inspector for a long time & I have seen a lot of changes. Seems to me the Committee may see things in too black-&-white terms these days. I will do what I can for you. Until things change, however, I have a job to do. As you may have already noticed, all doorways to other fantasylands are closed. This goes for the doorway to Connecticut. I believe a toy in the audience is from Connecticut. You must leave now, Ramie."

Ramie got up to leave. Everyone yelled, "Don't go, Ramie!" but I knew he had to go. He was a very sad toy.

Iggy started talking again. "It is also my sad duty to tell you that if Bags End doesn't fix its problems in 1 month's time, it will be cancelled. This means that the powers that protect it will cease. This surely would be the end. I have left with Sheila a list of the things that need to be repaired or changed. I will be back in 1 month to do my inspection. Good luck." And with that, Iggy left.

Well, everyone started yelling & things were crazy for awhile. Several constitutional amendments were quoted, plus Plato, Martin Luther King, Jr., & John Lennon. Sheila just kept quiet, watching it all. Finally, everyone quieted down without her yelling.

"It's time for me to tell you about what me & Iggy have been dealing with all these years." Everyone listened quietly.

Bags End Tries to Be Good.

None of us knew much about Iggy the Inspector until now except he would give fantasylands grades. Places like Oz & Narnia always got A's & Bags End always got D-'s.

"I have known Iggy since I was little. He came to Bags End 1 day & said he was the Inspector & that we would get a grade every month," Sheila began.

"That was a long time ago, before Bags End got so idiosyncratic like it is now. The grades kept going down & down. Me & Iggy would have long arguments when he would tell me we were gonna get an F. He would give in & give us another D-, & I would give him a jug of carrot juice to take on his way."

"O! Yuk!" somebody yelled.

"Cork it, beagle!" Sheila yelled back.

"O rats," I muttered.

"What we really argued about was why Bags End would get bad grades. You see, Iggy doesn't make the final decision. He reports to the Committee & they make the final choice. I asked my pal Princess Crissy about what all this stuff was about. She told me that back in the 1920s, all the really good fantasylands got together & sort of joined up. They would visit each other & help protect each other. It wasn't anything formal or anything.

"Then things get strange. Crissy says a Committee of magical beings brung Princess Ozma, Mister Badger, Peter Pan, Queen Alice, Christopher Robin & Pooh Bear together, & offered to protect them. The thing is that nobody felt in danger so I guess they said yes to be polite. Aslan & Narnia joined in the 1950s, & we did later, & I guess there are a couple of others. The protection had 1 requirement & that was that an Inspector be allowed to inspect the purity of the lands once a month."

Sheila stopped talking for a second. "For the longest time, the Committee did nothing harmful. Iggy would tell me of the older days when they would try to get more members. I don't really understand it but apparently the more fantasylands that join up, the more powerful the protection. The Committee even tried to get dream-worlds & hippie hallucination lands to join. Of course I figured out that it all has to do with the imagination. Freedom through strength to imagine, to fix a broken quote.

"Then things started to get bad. Iggy brung me a book of requirements. It seems that some kinds of imagination are better than others. What that means to us is that bumping, & hating food, & marching up & down, & inciting revolution, & even letting my mayor's paperwork go undone will get us in trouble."

"Why, I will smother the Committee!" whisper-yelled Betsy.

"I will thwow thwem in the bwig!" declared Sargent Lisa.

"Bump Bump Bump!" yelled Alexander.

"He said he will give them a stern lecture on moral coercion!" yelled Allie Leopard.

"Quiet!" yelled Sheila even louder. Everybody quieted.

"Before we do anything, let me tell you that as your Mayor I have done my best

to protect you. Iggy promised me that Bags End will not go the way of acid dreams & cancelled TV fantasy shows. We have to do better but I told Iggy that we will not change. I told Iggy that we will not do 'Say No to Drugs' commercials & that I will keep playing checkers with Godd. I also told him that Bump language & finicky beagles & babys who like to be sargents & most importantly jazz will always be a part of Bags End. He tried to convince me to put muzak in the hallways & for us all to go on a world tour of shopping malls & to make guest appearances on late night TV talk shows. Never!" she yelled.

Everybody cheered.

"What we do have to do is be nicer. Now I am requiring that everybody in Bags End go to Be Nice classes with the Blondys every Sunday after Sunday school. And for the grumpier Bags End friends, Algernon will be their Polite Tutor."

Nobody liked this idea much & a lot of people gave me dirty looks.

Sheila ended the meeting then. The Be Nice classes began right away. Guys like Betsy & Lisa & Leo got sent to me for polite lessons. They were rough students. Betsy threatened to smother me a lot & Lisa kept telling me to call her swir. Leo kept promising me comic books if I would end the lesson early. I didn't though, cuz Sheila said she would pound me into beagle dust if I did anything like that. She got a polite lesson or 2 herself.

Anyway, by the time the Season of Lights holiday came, everybody was a lot nicer. Or so they seemed. I warned Sheila that I didn't think it was gonna work.

The Season of Lights was kind of a sad holiday. It ended just a couple of days before Iggy was due to make his inspection. We didn't see Emmi the Bag Lady Artist or Princess Crissy or even Miss Chris & Ramie. They all sent cards & pictures & stuff but it wasn't the same.

The night before Iggy was to arrive, Sheila called me & the guys I was tutoring into the Throne Room. She wanted to make sure I had done my job well.

She went up to Betsy. "Supposing I offered you a balloon with Farmer Jones' face on it?" Betsy crazy hates balloons.

Betsy said as nicely as she could, "No, thank you, have a nice day."

"Sargent Lisa, what if someone wants to take a nap, not a hike?" Sheila said.

"I would wish them pwsent dweams," said Lisa.

Sheila asked a lot of questions but everyone did well. I was proud of mah students, but I still had a bad feeling about Iggy's inspection.

Iggy Does His Inspection!

Well, the day came for Iggy the Inspector to do his inspection of Bags End. If he didn't think we passed, we would get cancelled, which means the powers that protect Bags End would stop doing it. I really don't understand it all cuz I don't know what Bags End is being protected from.

Anyway, Sheila made everybody wake up real early & dress real nice. Iggy had sent Sheila a note that morning that said his inspection would be too watch what goes on during a ordinary day in Bags End & decide if that stuff is the right kind of stuff for fantasylands.

So after Sheila had made sure everybody looked OK, she said to get ready for school. As I came into the classroom, Sheila was whispering with Mr. Owl the teacher. I figgered out later they were talking about what Oliver was gonna teach that day.

"OK, students, today we're gonna talk about morality. Morality has to do with right & wrong, good & bad. There are different types of morality which would call different things good & bad."

"Like it's morally wrong for Farmer Jones to grow Bunny Pillows & sell them to rich people?" whisper-asked Betsy.

"Like it's morally right for Action Man to use his Action Man Pounding Stick on evil villains?" asked Leo the Dark Man. Action Man Comics is his favorite.

"Bump Bump-Bump Bump Bump?" asked mah silly brother Alexander.

"He said like it's morally wrong not to teach Bump language in school?" translated Allie Leopard.

I noticed during all these questions that Iggy had slipped into the classroom & was sitting in the back of the room, writing stuff down.

"Well, I think Bump language is morally silly," I said.

Alexander got this tricky smile on his face & said, "Bump Bump Bump!"

"He said he thinks morality tastes like strawberry ice cream," said Allie.

"O! Morality! Yuk!" I yelled.

"Quiet, beagle!" Sheila growled at me. I noticed Iggy kept writing.

Mr. Owl taught us some history about when this great place called Germany was taken over by this dum guy named Hitler. Everybody was real poor & Hitler promised people lots of great things if they would make him leader. Oliver said Hitler was really bad because he killed people who were different. He only liked people a certain way.

Well, everybody called Hitler names until Sheila yelled for everybody to shut up.

Pretty soon it was recess & I want to see Leo. He let me borrow his The Continuing Adventures of Cancelled TV Show Characters comic book. Mah pal Allie Leopard helped me read about Mork & Mindy watching "ALF" on TV. Mork kept yelling, "No problem? No problem, you say? Just wait till your ratings start slipping & they move you to a bad time slot & tamper with your formula. Then you will have a problem!" What a silly guy.

I hid while everybody else ate lunch (O! Yuk!) After that, Mr. Owl told us about this guy named McCarthy who had these trials for people he thought were Commoonists.

"All through history, people have been in trouble cuz their beliefs were different & unpopular. It's because some people think that if you're different then you're dangerous," Mr. Owl said.

"But sometimes that's true, you know," said Sheila.

"Yes, but you have to understand the person before you know if there's danger," said Mr. Owl.

After school, I went with mah brother Alex, my pal Allie, & mah adopted sister Margie Bunny to the Bunny Family's apartment TV room to watch "Sesame Street," "Mr. Roger's Neighborhood," "Fraggle Rock," & "The Sheila Show."

"The Sheila Show" was real short. Sheila came on stage with a book in her paws. She read a good story called "The Wall" by Jean Paul-Sartre, & then she said, "Well, goodbye," & left & the show was over.

I played with the Blondys after that. They taught me a new game they had invented. They had a magic crayon they would use to write grafitti in the middle of the air. They floated me up in the air & helped me to write, "Beagles are too big to conform." The funny thing was that Iggy didn't see that grafitti & he walked right into it. He got real mad when he saw he had that sentence wrapped around his head & the world "conform" was hanging down his back.

On Commander Q's radio program, that is so popular in Bags End, he played that night music from a festival called Woodstock. He said people listened to music & played in the mud for 3 days at this festival. Sounded kind of dirty, but fun.

All night I kept seeing Iggy going from 1 place to the next. He kept having bad luck. He crashed into Leona Lion when she was doing her leaping exercises. 1 of Betsy's Allies thought he was a pal of Farmer Jones & dragged him to Betsy to get interrogated. When Betsy found out who he was, she only asked him a couple of questions. Sheila nearly ran him over with her BunnyCycle. She wasn't being careful cuz she was mad that Iggy's inspection meant a lot more paperwork for her.

Finally, it was near bedtime & Iggy went & found Sheila in her Throne crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!) & reading a comic book to me about a guy named Michael Harrington. I don't think that guy McCarthy would have liked him.

"Hi, Iggy. Sorry about almost hitting you," said Sheila.

"Sheila, I think the harder Bags End tries to be good, the worse it gets. This is no respectable fantasyland. I am afraid my report to the Committee will have to reflect this."

Well, I think Sheila was sick of being good cuz she threw a whole pile of carrots (O! Yuk!) at him, & told him to hit the road. Iggy ranned away but I knew there was more trouble coming.



Bags End is Illegal!

After Sheila threw Iggy the Inspector out of Bags End, it was pretty quiet for awhile. Sheila told Mr. Owl there might as well not be any school since Bags End was gonna get cancelled, but that Oliver said there wasn't any reason not to have school. Sheila called Oliver a name & pretended to fall asleep in class.

I asked Sheila what would happen if Bags End got cancelled. She didn't know.

Then Polly El's mommy Mrs. El the Postmistress of Bags End brung Sheila a letter. Sheila hopped into her Throne Room & sat on her throne while she read it out loud to me.

To Mayor Sheila Bunny
& the Citizens of Bags End,

The Fantasyland Committee regrets to inform you that Bags End will cease to be
under our protection when
the reading aloud of this letter is completed.

"Don't read anymore, Sheila!" I yelled.

"Quiet, beagle! This Committee is not gonna scare me with carrot stub magic like that."

She started to read it again.

The immediate result of this will be the banning of all association between Bags End & those fantasylands still protected by the Committee. This, of course, is for moral reasons. We consider the tainting of these fantasylands with the influence of places such as Bags End & its citizens to be our highest priority to prevent.

--The Fantasyland Committee

"What's all that stuff mean, Sheila?" I asked.

"Well, first of all, it means whoever writes their letters can't write well for anything. Second, I guess Bags End is illegal."

I got real mad at this point. "What did we do wrong? I don't understand."

Sheila closed 1 of her purple eyes & looked up at the ceiling like she always does when she is thinking hard. "It's not so much what we did as what we didn't do. Bags End has too many morally gray areas for the Committee. I never really paid attention to them until it was too late."

"But what about all our pals in Narnia & Oz & Imagianna & all the other places!"

"I am sure that they won't sit still for it. Just wait & see."

I looked at Sheila closely. "How comes you're not mad!?"

"Because no matter what the Committee says, nobody is going to change Bags End."

"Do you have a plan?" I asked.

"Take off, beagle! Your monarch has royal thoughts to think!" Sheila grumbled.

So I left & waited. Being illegal wasn't much different than being legal except we couldn't see nobody. Nobody except Miss Chris & Ramie that is. The way to Connecticut was open again & so I played a lot with Miss Chris to make up for lost time. She told me she didn't care if Bags End was illegal.

"I hate Committees!" she said.

Sometimes I would even forget that Bags End was illegal until I would try to go see mah pal Princess Crissy or the Scarecrow or even Mister Toad. All those doors were still shut tight.

Then came the exciting day when Sheila told everyone to go to the Bags End Auditorium instead of school. When we all got there, we saw Sheila had her Kool Jazz Band on stage. I thought it was strange to see a show instead of going to school.

When everyone was quiet, Sheila & her band started playing 1 of her favorite Gershwin songs called "Rhapsody in Blue." I like that song a lot & I usually listen to it with mah eyes closed. I was imagining this city in the middle of the ocean & just

starting to wonder whether it would have a constitutional democracy or a monarchy when somebody yelled, "Look!" & a second later everybody was cheering cuz walking onto the stage were Aslan, Princess Ozma, Dorothy Gale, the Scarecrow, Winnie-the-Pooh, Peter Pan, Wendy, the Badger, Princess Crissy, & a whole lot of other guys from legal fantasylands!

Sheila quieted everyone down in a few minutes by yelling "shut up!" & then she explained what was going on.

"Of course none of my friends here were going to leave Bags End stranded. Me & the other head guys of the fantasylands got together in secret & have officially told the Committee that if Bags End is illegal, so is Oz & Narnia & Neverland & the River & the Hundred Acre Wood & Imagianna & Fraggles Rock & Sesame Street & all of the rest of them!"

Everybody cheered again.

"But won't the Committee get mad that they got nobody to boss around?" I asked.

"We have got enough magick among us to defeat anyone!" yelled Sheila to more cheers.

There was lots of celebration & singing & playing. I had a lot of fun but I was still worried about the Committee.

Then not long ago I was walking along with mah smart friend Lori Bunny & we were talking about doing Bags End News again. We hadn't done it during all the trouble cuz Sheila told me the Committee wouldn't allow it until I could write about a morally straight Bags End. Bags End was as crooked as ever, but Sheila had told me to get back to work, beagle, & so Lori & me were planning to write all about the trouble with the Committee.

Then we noticed a couple of hippies hanging around.

"Hey, man, can we crash somewhere around here for tonight?" asked 1 of them. I wasn't sure if the 1 who talked was a he or she cuz boy & girl hippys look alike.

"I don't think Sheila wants anyone to crash anything," I said.

"No, pup, dig, we want a temporary pad. Say, this place sure is nice."

Well, I like hippys OK but I didn't think they should be roaming around the part of Bags End where us Bags End friends live. Me & Lori brung the hippys to Sheila.

"Are you the man?" 1 of them asked Sheila, who was playing checkers with Miss Chris.

"I am the King! What are you doing here?"

"Dig, we heard this place busted the fuzz & it's clean. So we came to check it out."

Well, Sheila knows hippy talk so they rapped, which means they talked for a few minutes. Then Sheila harrumphed.

"What's wrong, Sheila?"

"Now I understand what the Committee protected us from. There are lots of strange characters who roam from fantasyland to fantasyland like hobos. The Committee protected Bags End & Oz & the others by scaring these wanderers away. Now everybody knows that the Committee isn't involved anymore & everybody wants to come here who's heard how nice it is. I wonder if the other places are having the same troubles?"

Sheila told the hippys they could stay 1 night & then she would personally throw them out. After that, me & Sheila went to see Princess Ozma.

Ozma looked frustrated. "There were real estate agents here today trying to interest me in building a Munchkin Mall. They wouldn't leave until I had them drink from the Fountain of Oblivion. After that I told them they should go to Washington D.C. & become lobbyists. It was the Scarecrow's idea actually."

Princess Crissy told me that some rich guy wanted to have a football team in Imagianna. And Aslan got real mad when these religious guys came to save his soul.

Sheila says she doesn't know which she hates more--fascism or weirdos.

The Inspector Returns to Bags End!

Then one day me & Sheila Bunny & mah silly Bumping brother Alexander

Puppy & mah pal Allie Leopard were all sitting in Sheila's Throne Room. Sheila was chuckling over a funny newspaper Ramie gaved her called Weekly World News. Alex & Allie & me were looking at a Bump comic book. All everybody in it kept saying was "Bump," so I thought that limited the plot some. Anyway, in walks Iggy the Inspector.

"Bump Bump-Bump!" yelled Alex.

"He said Bump may be morally weird but he likes it anyway. He further notes that Bump language will be taught in the Free Society," translated Allie.

"I guess I have to agree," said Iggy.

"Well, dude, I guess the Committee is kapoot. But did you know that the face of Mars is trying to warn the peoples of Earth about a massive invasion?" Sheila said, reading from her newspaper & laughing a lot.

"Sheila, I want you to know that I was only doing my job. I was the Inspector for a long time, & I always tried my best."

Sheila folded her newspaper & looked at Iggy for a few minutes. "Iggy, the more I learn about life, the less sure I am about things. And this may seem strange but would you like to stay the Inspector?"

Me & Allie & Alex were so surprised that we didn't say nothing.

"Sheila, are you kidding?" said Iggy.

Sheila shook her head. "No. I talked it over with Ozma & Crissy & Aslan & the others, & we agreed that you were wrong to go so far with the Committee, but you did try hard. The Committee is no longer in charge, so I guess you would be inspecting for the pleasure of it."

Iggy looked happy.

"Hey, Ig, does that mean Bags End is gonna get a better grade than a D-?" I asked.

Iggy scowled at me. "I doubt it."

"That's OK, Iggy," said Sheila. "Let the goody 2 shoes places like Oz & Narnia get the A's. I would rather have a good jazz record & a revolution or 2 than a good grade any day."

So I guess things are back to the usual weirdness. Sort of.

More Strange People Come to Bags End!

Sort of, indeed. The strange wanderers into Bags End didn't stop, & it started getting crazier.

Mah good pal Rich Americus, who is a guitarist with the rock & roll band Noisy Children, & also writes Galleons Lap, which is a magazine about all the famous fantasylands, plus Bags End sometimes too, writed me a letter saying he was getting more & more letters from people who wanted to know more about Bags End. Here is some of his letter:

What's Sheila like? they ask me.
Have you seen Alexander bump?
Do you know what food Algernon likes?
Is Betsy as scary as she seems?
Algernon, I must warn you that many of these people
might try to come to Bags End.
Some will be nice, some won't. Be careful.
And I should tell you too--
keep your pencil sharp!

Sheila the Small but Mighty was the guy who read me the letter, so I asked her what she thought.

She slouched down in her throne, & looked asleep for a minute. Then she said, "Beagle, this place could use some shaking up. Besides, if I don't like them, I will throw them out."

Not long after this, I was walking with mah friend Allie Leopard & mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy & we were arguing about Bump language & English

like we always do. Suddenly, an old car crashed through 1 of the doors in the hallway! 2 guys sort of fell out of the car.

"That's where you want to go. Bags End! Good luck!"

The 2 guys yelled goodbye to the guy in the car before he drove away. Then they looked at me & Allie & Alex.

"Dig, man, we're searching for the hepiest cat tween here & Neervana. You seen Sheila, critters?" said the shorter of the 2. They wore silly-looking hats & dressed in sweaters & bloo jeans. The short 1 had long hair & the tall one was mostly bald except for a girl's pony tail that hung on his shoulder.

"I am not a critter & Sheila is not a cat. She is a girl bunny," I said.

Alex, who doesn't know to be suspicious of strangers, walked right up to the 2 guys & Bumped them in a friendly way. Allie explained he was saying welcome to Bump End.

"That's Bags End, ya silly Bumping brother," I muttered. I was getting annoyed.

"Dig this cat, Sonny. He's hip to a new groove. He's like circling his own sun in his own way, man," said the tall 1.

"Listen, pal, I don't see any cats around here & Alex isn't a planet." Boy! I was annoyed. I would've said more but just then there was a roar & Sheila came roaring into view on her BunnyCycle Beatrix.

"It's Sheila, man! In person!" the short one named Sonny yelled.

Well, the whole thing finally got sorted out in Sheila's Throne Room. Sonny, and the other guy, Nathaniel, were Beat poets who came to see Sheila after they read about how much she likes jazz & the Beat poets in Galleons Lap.

"But why did you come to see me? I don't write poetry," said Sheila.

Sonny the short 1 said, "It's like we heard about how you blow, man. Sweet & long, high & strong."

"Blow what?" I asked.

"Trumpet, stupid!" Sheila yelled.

"And like, that's not all. We read about that Bumping cat here. Bump poetry's where it's at, dig," said Nathaniel.

I groaned. "Bump poetry? You're kidding? How can you write poetry with only 1 word?"

Alex said, "Bump! Bump! Bump-Bump." Allie said, "He said you write it with a lot of imagination."

Well, the Beat guys stayed around for awhile. They got to see Sheila's Kool Jazz Band play on "The Sheila Show," & then they said a lot of strange words which Sheila told me meant they liked it. And they stayed up all night with Alex & Allie, writing Bump poetry. Good grief.

Little did I know I was in for mah own admirers. A few days after Sonny & Nathaniel left, these bald guys wearing long white sheets & no shoes came to see me.

"Praise be to our fellow faster, in the name of the most Holy 1," they all said together.

"Oh no, more weirdos," I said.

They all smiled a weird smile at me & said, "Are you not the most revered Al-Ger-Non who abstains from gross needs of the mortal coil, to gain greater understanding & vision?"

"What are you guys talking about? Speak English, ya dum guys!" I said.

"They don't like food either, beagle," said a Sheila-like voice behind me.

The bald guys bowed before me. "O, humble Master!" they said.

"Don't bow to me. Bow to Sheila. She is the King," I muttered.

"But we are the Sacred Devotees of Al-Ger-Non!" they said.

Sheila started laughing real loud & she sort of rolled around.

"Listen! We will chant the holy words! O! Food!" Then they stopped. "Yuk!" they yelled all of a sudden.

"That's all wrong. You don't stop in the middle," I said. "Besides, that's mah line," I said.

Now the bald guys looked scared. "We have displeased our Sacred Master by blaspheming the Sacred Chant. We must atone for our sins. We submit ourselves to the Wrath of the Mighty Al-Ger-Non!" I didn't know what the heck they were saying & Sheila was laughing too hard to tell me. Finally, she calmed down long enough to say,

Bags End News
 No. 174 August 28, 1989
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Problim Day in Bagzend!

Som peepel maye think that living in a plac lik Bagzend meens that yor alwez hapy an nuthing evr gos rong. Wel, tak it frum yor old chumm Algernon wen I say that somtims it seemz lik nuthing evr gos rite around heer.

Shlela the Selfproclamd Monark uf Bagzend had bin grumpyer than evr latleey. Evry tim I bothrd her she thru Karots at mah por nozbon-O! yuk! - an then ordrd me too gather them up an retern them too her. She had fites ~~z~~ with othr grumpey gys lik Betzey an Lis

"Tell them to leave. It will make them happy."

"Blow like the wind," I said in a grumpy Sheila-like voice.

Well, the bald guys left after saying a bunch of other stuff that got Sheila laughing & rolling again.

Later, we were in her Throne Room.

"How come you don't just kick all those guys out?" I asked.

"I told you. It makes things interesting. You think I enjoyed Bump poetry? Of course not. Well, I did like the 1 about how I am the coolest cat that ever was or will be," & Sheila smiled & remembered that 1.

Well, if the Sacred Devotees of Al-Ger-Non are what I can expect around here, I think I would be safer under mah bed. O! Devotees! Yuk!

Problem Day in Bags End!

Some people may think that living in a place like Bags End means you're always happy & nothing ever goes wrong. Well, take it from your old chum Algernon when I say that sometimes it seems like nothing ever goes right around here!

Sheila Bunny, the Self-Proclaimed Monarch of Bags End, had gotten very grumpy lately. I guessed it was because even she was not amused by some of the strange guys that kept showing up randomly in Bags End. I guess novelty only goes so far in this world.

Every time she thought I bothered her, she would throw carrot stubs at my poor old nosebone--O! Yuk!--& then order me to gather them up & return them to her. She had fights with the other grumpy big guys too, like Betsy Bunny Pillow & Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

Things kept getting worse & worse until 1 day all 3 Blondys, Tammy, Sammi, & Simmi, came floating into Sheila's Throne Room. They float cuz they don't know the Law of Grabitee. They were smiling nice & they are magickal girls, & I felt safe with them around.

"Hi, Sheila!" Tammy said. She is the oldest Blondy & the Blondiest of them all.

Sheila was slouched down in her throne. "Hi," she said grumpily.

"We came to cheer you up, Sheila, cuz you have been grumpy lately. Especially since Bags End became illegal," said Sammi. She is the middle Blondy & she helps Santy Claus deliver his presents during the Season of Lights.

"You want to cheer me up? Really? Get me a lifetime supply of carrots & jazz records, & get rid of all the useless riff-raff around here! New & old!" Boy! Was Sheila grouchy!

"Boo! Grumpy!" yelled Simmi the Baby Blondy. She is a cheerleader girl & likes to talk like cheering.

"Sheila, you set the example for Bags End. If you are grumpy, then everybody else gets the same way. Since you won't cheer up, we're gonna have you help cheer up everybody else," said Tammy.

"And what if I feel disinclined toward this plan?" Sheila said in a dangerous voice.

All the Blondys smiles got smaller & Tammy said, "We might have a Blonde tear."

Well, the Blondys having a Blonde tear is a bad thing even though nobody knows what would happen. Sheila neither, so she muttered about what was the plan.

"I think there should be a Problem Day in Bags End," Tammy said.

"Well, I think every day is a Problem Day in Bags End," Sheila said rudely.

"This day would be when you sit in your throne & hear people's problems, & try to help them," said Tammy.

Sheila didn't like this idea, but the Blondys didn't give her much choice. They may be nice guys but they're tough too.

So Sheila announced about Problem Day on "The Sheila Show." She said, "If you got a problem, come see me & I will listen & try to help. It better be a good problem, though. I don't have all day for stupid things."

I thought the whole thing was rather dangerous but Problem Day came anyway.

Sheila sat slouched down in her throne, wearing her crown that's a little too big, so it kept falling off. The Blondys stood nearby & I sat in the corner so I could see what was happening from a safe distance.

The first guy to come in was mah silly Bumping brother Alexander.

He went up & gave Sheila a friendly Bump.

"Hello, citizen of Bags End, how may I help you?" Sheila asked, reading from a paper.

"Bump Bump-Bump! Bump? Bump. Bump Bump Bump! Bump!" said Alex.

Sheila glared at Tammy who said, "Alex believes that it's way past time for Bump language to be taught & spoken in Bags End. He says research proves that Bump is a far more efficient & beautiful language than English."

"What research?" I muttered from mah corner.

Sheila yelled, "Quiet, beagle! OK Alex, you & Allie Leopard can teach a class in Bump language this fall after school. Whoever wants to can join the class."

Alex looked real happy & he yelled lots of Bumps & he bumped Sheila a lot & she probably would have knocked his block off if Tammy didn't say some Bump stuff to him, & he left.

That went better than I thought. The next guy with a problem was Leo the Dark Man.

"Sheila, I hate cleaning bubble gum off the side of Bags End. It's horrible & it takes me away from my comic books," Leo said.

"Leo, you know that the only reason you're allowed to stay in Bags End is because you agreed to be Janitor. But how about this. I will give you a comic book break every day & you can build yourself a little holder for comic books on your cleaning platform."

Leo liked this idea & said thank you, & went away happy.

Sheila kept listening to problems all day, & she was helping everybody in some way. I think she even sort of liked it a little.

Then came trouble. Trouble looked just like Betsy Bunny Pillow.

Sheila said, "What problem can I help you with, pillow?"

Betsy bounced right up to Sheila's throne & said in a loud whispery voice, "I demand that you harness all of Bags End's resources to mount a full-scale attack on the evil Farmer Jones, & liberate the captive Bunny Pillows! If you can't do this, I demand that you turn the rule of Bags End over to me & my Allies!"

Sheila looked real grouchy again. "Forget it, pillow. Fight your own megalomaniacal battles. Bags End is pacifist, anti-money, & practically anarchic. Take your fascist ideas elsewhere."

Betsy got real mad. "You will regret failing to appease me, bunny! My Allies & I will take Bags End from you!"

"HA!" Sheila yelled.

The Blondys floated in between Sheila & Betsy just before they would have hit each other.

"Now, Sheila, are you going to ruin your perfect problem-solving record just cuz you & Betsy don't see eye to eye?" said Tammy.

Sheila slouched down again. "No, I don't want to. But I don't know what to do. Farmer Jones is her problem, not Bags End's."

"But she lives here & she is unhappy," said Sammy.

Sheila looked at Betsy. "Bags End doesn't go to war with anyone, get that straight. But I promise to consult with my colleagues, to try & find another way." Then Sheila hopped off her throne & right out of her Throne Room.

Me & the Blondys looked at Betsy. She whispered, "It's about time!" & she bounced away.

Sheila Bunny Meets Farmer Jones

Me & mah little chum Sheila Bunny were sitting in her Throne Room the next day, & she was thinking real hard about her promise to help Betsy liberate the bunny pillows on Farmer Jones's Bunny Pillow Farm. I was sitting in my corner, & Sheila

was slouched down in her throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & staring at the ceiling with one of her purple eyes closed, like she always does when she's thinking.

"Are you getting any bright ideas?" I asked.

"Quiet, beagle!" Sheila said grumpily, so I knew she was stumped.

News of Sheilas thinking's must have spread all over Bags End cuz pretty soon lots of Bags End guys were coming to give Sheila suggestions.

That silly Bumping brother of mine, Alex, & Allie Leopard came in. Alex went right up to Sheila & bumped her in a friendly sort of way.

I can tell you I never would have bumped Sheila like that. But Alex doesn't know about dangerous things. She just grunted, "What?"

"Bump Bump Bump," said Alex.

Allie said, "Alex wants you to know he wants to help you free Betsy's people. He thinks you should explain very nicely that slavery is a bad thing & then maybe Farmer Jones will see the error of his ways & be nice."

I thought Sheila was gonna tell Alex that was a stupid way to deal with a bad guy, but what she said was, "How would you & Allie like to come with me & say those things?"

"Bump!" said Alex.

"He says he thinks that's a good idea. I think so too, Sheila," said Allie.

"But Sheila," I said.

Sheila glared at me. "I know what you're thinking, beagle, but we have to try out different things. I don't really know what Jones is like except for Betsy's mad ravings. How do I know what will work?"

Well, I didn't think much of this. Alex left, talking happy Bump language to Allie. A little later, that silly Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow came marching in. She saluted Sheila & said, "Gweneral Swir, I would like put thwe Army of thwe Bwabys at your dwisposal in cwarrying out the Bwunny Pwillo mission."

"You don't even like Betsy," I said.

"Down't hwassle me with the dwetails, swub-swub pwivate!" Lisa yelled. "When the gweneral is invvolved in a mission, it is my dwuty to swerve her."

Sheila looked at Lisa. "OK, Sargent. Have your troops ready to march at my command."

Lisa smiled & saluted. "Yes, swer!" Then she left yelling, "O! Gwoody! Gwoody! A mission!"

"Sheila, how come you're letting those crazy guys get involved? You could probably beat up Jones with your one-two paws!" I said.

"I know, Algernon. But if I beat him up, what good would it do? Betsy wants me to stop him from selling bunny pillows to rich people, but I don't think she wants him, or someone, from growing bunny pillows. She just hasn't thought it through like that. She's too busy fighting the battle to think about the end of the war."

This made more sense so I decided to get in on the act.

"Sheila, can I come & get the story for mah newspaper?" I asked.

"Of course," she said. The she curled up like she was gonna take a little nap. That sounded like a good idea, so I curled up in my corner & did the same thing.

Awhile later, I was waked up by this loud whispery Betsy voice.

"Well? Are my people free? Are they hiding somewhere? Where are they, O Great King?!"

Sheila opened just 1 of her purple eyes & only halfway. "Calm down, pillow. My plan is coming together nicely. I will let you know when I am ready, so until then why don't you bounce your paranoid self off somewhere & contemplate your overthrow of Bags End."

Betsy bounced right up to Sheila & looked her right into her face. "I hope your plan is a good 1. Me & my Allies will not tolerate failure!" Then Betsy bounced away.

"Boy, Sheila, she sounds scary," I said.

"Beagle, you forget I was forced into all this by the Blondys. They will keep her in line. Besides, what harm could a pillow do me?" Then Sheila went back to sleep.

So a few days later, Sheila set off with a motley crew following her. Behind her was Sargent Lisa & the Army of the Babys, Alex, Allie, & me. The Blondys floated nearby, just in case.

Behind us were Betsy & her Allies. Her Allies were all dressed in clothes that

looked like Betsy's light-blue pillow case dress with the flowers & bunnys on it, & they had on helmets & dark glasses. I muttered something about fascist organizations, but luckily Betsy didn't hear me.

It was a long march to the Bunny Pillow Farm. We were all pretty quiet.

Finally, we came to the edge of the road & beyond were all these fields. Betsy never said how big the pillow fields are! In the distance I saw a big farmhouse & barns & stuff.

I walked up to Sheila & Betsy did too.

"Well? What next? I say we launch a surprise assault & kidnap Jones!" Betsy whisper-yelled. She was getting crazy again.

Sheila glared at her. "This is my plan & we will do it my way. The Blondys are going to act as go-betweens because Jones can't hurt them. They will go talk to Jones first & then, when they're ready, Alexander & Allie will go in."

"What? Is this a joke, Sheila? That stupid puppy? This is war! Jones is the oppressor of my people! We're not here to play games!"

Now it was Sheila's turn to hop closely to Betsy & glare at her. "Listen, pillow, I didn't want to do this. But I am here & so are all these other people because they want to help you. Can't you understand that?"

Well, Betsy was quiet after that. The Blondys floated over the fields to Farmer Jones' house. The pillows in the fields must have been asleep cuz they said nothing to the Blondys.

We waited around for something to happen. Alex practiced his Bump diplomacy with Allie. Betsy was quietly consulting with her Allies. Sargent Lisa told her troops to be at ease, & she herself was so at ease she fell asleep. Sheila stared at the fields. Your old chum Algernon just waited.

Finally, the Blondys floated back to us. Simmi was yelling, "Yea, Jones!"

Sheila asked them what happened. Tammy said, "Jones told us if we wanted to talk, he would listen. He seems eager to meet you, Sheila."

"Well, I think he will just have to wait for that privilege," Sheila muttered. Then she told Alex & Allie to go with the Blondys. As they floated over the fields, I could hear Allie saying Bump stuff & Simmi cheering.

So we waited again. I had wanted to go with Alex, but Sheila said it would be best if I didn't.

"Your bad attitude toward Bump language might hurt things," she said.

Well, she was right. I don't like Bump language much. I was still frustrated though. Sheila made me feel better by saying that if she had to go meet Jones I would come with her whether I liked it or not.

Alex & Allie & the Blondys came back in awhile, & Alex was really upset about something. He was saying Bump stuff really fast.

"Well?" Sheila asked Tammy.

"When we went to see Farmer Jones, he seemed real nice & he listened as Alex explained his Benevolent Bunny Pillow Bump Plan."

"Benilevil what?" I asked.

"Hush, beagle!" Sheila ordered.

Tammy talked again. "Anyway, he listened & then, when Alex stopped talking, he started talking a language I never heard before. At first it sounded like Bump, but what it was really like was 'Pumb! Pumb! Pumb!'"

"It was the Evil Bump language, Sheila!" yelled Allie, who looked upset too.

"The evil what?" I asked. I had a feeling it was weirdness time.

"Pumb language is the evil opposite of Bump language," said Allie.

"When Alex heard it, he got real upset & sat down to suck his toe," said Tammy.

"Bump Bump-Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump-Bump!" said Alex loudly & sadly. He had sat down to suck his toe again.

"He said Farmer Jones is a bad guy or he knows bad guys because Pumb language is very bad," said Allie.

Betsy had been listening to all this. She went up to Alex & said he could lie down on her for awhile.

Sargent Lisa went up to Sheila & said, "Gweneral swer, I would like to infworm you thwat mwy twoops are ready to stworm the pwalace, swo to spweak."

Sheila didn't look like she was listening, but she was cuz she said, "Stand

ready, Sargent. I am going to confront Jones myself."

"And I am coming with you," whispered Betsy, jumping up from under Alex's head.

"No, Betsy. I think it is time I confronted Jones alone. Come on, beagle," said Sheila, & off she hopped through the bunny pillow fields. I didn't know whether to be complimented or insulted. Ah well, a story is a story.

It was strange walking through the bunny pillow fields. Bunny pillows grow above ground, like pumpkins, & they have roots. It was like passing through hundreds of little Betsys. That thought scared me a little.

The door to Jones's house was open so we went right in. Sheila led the way to Jones's study where Betsy had confronted him years ago. And there he was.

The thing I noticed about Sheila at that moment was even though she is a lot shorter than Farmer Jones, it didn't really seem that way. Sheila is a big guy no matter how short she really is.

"Well, if it isn't the King & Mayer of Bags End, the famous Sheila R. Bunny, & her trusty lackey, Algernon Beagle. I am truly honored that you have graced my humble digs," said Jones in a mean sort of voice.

Sheila gave Jones a long glare & said, "I haven't come to fight, I have come to talk."

Jones bowed low & said, "Have a seat, my friends." So me & Sheila got on a couch & Jones settled himself in a chair facing us.

"What's a lackey?" I whisperasked Sheila.

"An assistant," Sheila said, "with a long nosebone, who hates food."

"Say, that sounds like me exactly!" I said.

Jones looked at us with a smile. Boy! I didn't like that smile at all!

"Well, what do you have to say, Your Highness?" said Jones.

Sheila was quiet for a minute. "Jones, my involvement in this matter has been indirect. Betsy comes up with some kind of cock-eyed scheme to free those pillows out there, she carries it out, & it fails. My knowledge of it comes from reading the beagle here's story in Bags End News. Because you have never harmed Betsy, I never felt a need to involve myself. I have enough other things to keep me busy."

"Like Bags End being illegal now?" Jones snickered. Even his snicker worried me.

Sheila grimaced, but nodded.

"So why are you here now?" asked Jones in a serious way, which was even scarier than his smiles or snickers.

Then he smiled & talked again. "I have a wonderful new torture for the next time she attacks my property."

Sheila glared at him. "I am here because of those Blondys you met earlier. But I am also here because Betsy is my friend & I think she has suffered enough. I want this to end."

Jones was quiet. He took a pipe out of his pocket & lit it. The smoke smelled horrible though it made me feel more relaxed for some reason. He offered the pipe to Sheila but she said she preferred her carrots. He offered it to me, but I said, "O! Yuk!" Just in case.

Then he talked. "You know, I really admire Betsy in a way. O, other pillows have escaped from me, but every business has some kind of property damage along the way. A few even made half-hearted attempts to do what she does. But their so-called freedom was more valuable to them than anything else. Betsy, though, Betsy never gives up. I sometimes imagine her plotting to defeat me 24 hours a day."

"You're not far off," I muttered.

Jones stood up. "Well, Your Majesty, if that is all, I have other things to attend to. Running a business is a full-time occupation, you know."

"Hey!" I yelled. "We're not done! Sheila has more to say!"

Jones bent down & looked me right in mah face. "My, but you are a boisterous little doggy, aren't you?"

I was brave & didn't tremble. "Sheila, what does boystrous mean?"

"It means being heard when you should only be seen," she said.

Jones looked at Sheila. "Well, Your Royalness? Your lackey says you have more to say?"

Bags End News
 No. 177 September 18, 1989
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Amachurz' Guide to Bagzend! (Part 1.

I got another letter from mah
 old pal Rich Amerikus the other
 day. I brawt it too may litle
 royel budy Shlela in her Thron room
 too hav her read it too me.

She red, Deer Algernon,
 It seemz that evryweer I go
 theez days, peepel ask me about
 Bagzend. Somtims I no the anser
 an somtims I dont. I finellee
 desided too ask ya if ya cood
 anser a serys of kwestyuns
 I hav com up with. I wood
 lik too print the anser in
 the "nekst issu of Galleons
Lap. Thanks for yor help, budy.
 Yor Pal, Rich Amerikus.

Something happened then that I still don't really understand. Sheila's purple eyes, which are magical, glowed & she hopped up to near Jones's face & stayed there.

"This is what I have to say. You should have been happy that I wasn't involved before, because you were safe. I am not Betsy. I am far more dangerous. We will meet again, Jones. And next time, we will talk less."

Then Sheila hopped back down & I saw her purple eyes were back to normal. She hopped out the door before Jones could react.

I looked at his face & for a moment he looked scared. Then he saw I was still there & he smiled that mean smile & started to laugh. I ran away as fast as mah short legs could carry me, but I knew that his laugh wasn't nearly as mean as usual. Sheila had scared him.

I caught up with Sheila & we went back to the other guys in silence.

Betsy came bouncing up to us, whisperyelling, "Well? What happened? Is he gonna give up?"

"It's time to go home," said Sheila.

Betsy got real mad & I didn't know what would happen next. What happened was Sheila & Betsy went off for a minute & there was all sorts of yelling. Then they came back & I saw Betsy was quiet. She went over to her Allies & told them to get moving. When she saw the rest of us just standing there, she whisperyelled, "That goes for all of you too!"

Sheila wouldn't tell me what she said to Betsy. When we were sitting in her Throne Room a day later, she really didn't want to talk about it at all.

When I wouldn't stop asking questions, she even turned real loud the Miles Davis record on her little record player.

You never know what will happen next in Bags End.

The Amateur's Guide to Bags End!

Not long after, I got another letter from mah pal Rich Americus, & brung it to my little royal buddy Sheila's Throne Room to have her read it to me.

She read:

Dear Algernon,

It seems like everywhere I go these days, people ask me about Bags End. Sometimes I know the answer, & sometimes I don't. I finally decided to ask you if you could answer a series of questions I have come up with. I would like to print the answers in the next issue of Galleons Lap, & you could print them in Bags End News too, if you wanted to. Thanks for your help, buddy.

Your pal,
Rich Americus

Sheila then read the questions to me. There are 10 of them in all. I have tried to answer them best I can.

Question 1 - What would happen if you fell off the side of Bags End?

Answer - I had to go see Leo the Dark Man to get an answer to this one. He is also the Janitor of Bags End, & his main job is to scrape Miss Chris's bubble gum off the side of Bags End.

I found him on his comic book break, & he didn't want to talk to me. Sheila was with me, though, & so he put down his latest issue of Action Man Comics & invited me & Sheila to sit on his platform with him that hangs on the side of Bags End.

Leo thought real hard about that question. His dark forehead got all wrinkly like it does when he thinks hard. Leo looks like a shadow except that he isn't flat against a wall. He's more like a regular person in shape.

"Sometimes when I am cleaning, I look down & see strange things. Sometimes just

bright lights or swirling colors. Sometimes I think I even see people. Mostly, its just black. I don't know what would happen if I fell down there."

I looked at Sheila & saw she had a funny look on her face. Then I realized it was her "exploring more of Bags End" look.

"Sheila, are we gonna go over the edge of Bags End some day?" I asked fearfully.

"Sooner than you think, beagle," Sheila said with a strange smile.

Question 2 - Does Betsy Bunny Pillow have a face &, if she doesn't, how does she see & talk?

Answer - Boy! I really didn't like this question. Betsy is not a fella I really want to ask questions to. Also, she is still grumpy about the way Sheila dealt with Farmer Jones. So I begged Sheila to come with me again. She said OK cuz I think she was curious too.

We found Betsy in Miss Chris's TV room in her house in Connecticut, taking a nap with Miss Chris. She looked like she was in a good mood when Sheila waked up Miss Chris to wake up Betsy.

So I asked her the question. She got real mad & called me a spy & Miss Chris had to hold her back from smothering me.

"Relax, pillow, he's just a stupid little beagle," said Sheila.

"Yah, I am just a stupid little--hey! Sheila! That's not nice!" I said. "O! Mah feelings bone!" I whimpered, hoping Miss Chris would pick me up too. She did.

Betsy calmed down & whispered, "I don't know how I see. I just do. Who can say how such things work?"

"Besides, who really cares?" added Sheila, who was also in Miss Chris's arms. Then we all sorta took a nap together.

Not much of an answer. Sorry.

Question 3 - Is Bump language real or does Alexander just pretend it is to torture Algernon?

Answer - I can answer that question pretty quickly, fella. Bump language is real enough to bug me plenty. But Sheila told me to be fair & ask Alex about it. So I did, fearing the worst.

Alex looked at me & said, "Bump?" in the way that drives me crazy.

Allie said, "Alexander doesn't understand the question. He asks do you mean is Bump real in that it has all the flaws of English? Or do you mean does Bump drive you crazy because you will not accept it as better than English, soon to replace it when rational & sensitive people everywhere come to their senses?"

Well, I screamed & ranned away at that point, so that's all the answer you get to that one.

Question 4 - How come nobody in Bags End hardly ever has a birthday or gets older?

Answer - I asked Sheila about that one. She slouched down in her throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & stared up at the ceiling with 1 purple eye shut, like she always does when she's thinking.

Finally, she talked. "That's not an easy question, Algernon. Bags End is a fantasyland, first of all. That means its rules are different from places like Connecticut. Second, people don't really like their heroes to grow up. All the Bags End friends will get old slowly. Miss Chris & Ramie live in Connecticut, so they will get old in the regular way. But when they come to Bags End, they can be the age they want to be. I like it this way." Then she took a little nap, & that was that.

Question 5 - Who came first, Miss Chris or Sheila?

Answer - Some of these questions are hard, & nobody would help me with this one. Sheila says Bags End wouldn't be much fun without a few unanswered questions.

I can tell you the theories I know, though.

The first is that Sheila & Pat & Pete & Lori were living in the woods like

regular rabbits when Princess Crissy brung them to Bags End. Or maybe Godd did. Nobody will tell me anything.

The other theory is that Miss Chris & Ramie made Bags End out of paper bags at first until Misses Mommy got some laundry bags from the thrift shop. Then they put Bags End as a fantasyland together in their imaginations.

Of course, the thing is that we keep finding stuff in Bags End that makes us think that Bags End existed in another form in England a hundred years ago.

I really don't know & I don't think anyone else is really positive. I guess the mystery remains.

Question 6 - I thought only Godd made people alive. How come, in Bags End, friends are made alive by Princess Ozma's Magic Powder of Life?

Answer - I had to ask Sheila, Princess Crissy, Ozma, & even Godd about this one, & you know what? Their answers don't even agree sometimes! But I came up with an answer that is what these guys do agree on.

Godd told me that Imagination is sort of like Godd's grandchild because Godd makes the person & that person uses his Imagination to create things.

Sheila told me that since Bags End is kind of on the border between Reality & Fantasy that the Bags End guys are made up of both. That explains how Ramie can buy us in toy stores in Connecticut & make us alive using a fantasy thing like the Powder of Life.

Crissy said that this was the reason why Bags End guys can stay in real places like Connecticut or fantasylands like Imagianna longer than people who live in fantasylands or real places.

Finally, Ozma said that the Powder of Life only works on inanimate objects. Then she explained that means toys & stuff.

How's that for research?

Question 7 - How do you get to Bags End? Does Sheila allow visitors?

Answer - Sheila doesn't really want visitors cuz she says she has enough trouble on her paws as it is. So I can't tell you how to get to Miss Chris's house or anything like that.

However, if you really want to come, you have two things going for you. First, you know Miss Chris lives in Connecticut. Second, since Bags End became illegal, it is no longer protected from visitors. So maybe you can get in that way. That goes for Oz & Narnia & Wonderland & the River & places like that too!

Question 8 - Was Ramie ever a baby? Or was he built as a toy?

Answer - This is another one of those questions where I get the Bags End-needs-a-little-mystery answer. Miss Chris & Sheila talk about buying Ramie for 2 pennies at a toy tall boy store. But Ramie tells stories about when he was a little boy on a farm in a place called Portland, & how he played football in a place called Bloomfield. Who can tell? Not me, that's for sure.

Question 9 - If Bags End looks like these laundry bags on the outside, 3 of them, what would happen if someone took 1 of the bags & shook it? What if you hid the Bag? Would everybody in that Bag be cut off from the rest? And how come you can see all of Bags End from the outside, but nobody can seem to get to the top or the bottom of the inside?

Answer - I feel like I am taking a test! I went to Sheila with all of these question & she told me what was what.

The 3 Bags of Bags End sit on top of each other on this little chair in the corner of Miss Chris's bedroom. They have to be piled like that, with the zippers closed, for the fantasyland to work. It's fantasy, you see, so you have to imagine what's going on inside, unless of course you are inside.

So if some mean fella came along & shook a Bag, or hid it, or whatever, it would

be the same as when the Bags are opened. That means that there would be just us bunch of guys all squished together inside. Miss Chris wouldn't let that happen though.

Now if the Bags are piled on top of each other, & the zippers are closed, then the fantasyland begins or works or whatever. Because it's a fantasyland, now it can have things like a top & bottom that nobody has been to, & doorways to other places.

Get it, fella? Use your imagination!

Question 10 - What kind of food does Algernon like, anyway?

Answer - I won't tell! Never! I will tell when I first ate it though. When I was a baby beagle, my Mommy Beagle gave it to me. She said, "Come on, Sonnyboy, eat a little something for your old mommy."

So when I eat my special food, I think of mah poor old long lost Mommy Beagle. O! Mah sad Mommy bone!

People ask hard questions about Bags End. This was a lot harder a story than one about Betsy attacking Farmer Jones or something like that.

The Making of Bags End News!

Mah fellow journalistic chum Rich Americus told me that people sometimes ask him how Bags End News is made. He wrote me a letter asking me if I would be willing to answer this as a sort of Question 11 to mah "Amateur's Guide to Bags End." Sure, why not?

The first thing I should say is that your old editor pal Algernon does all the reporting & my friend Lori Bunny writes it all down. Lori doesn't usually come with me to get the news.

When the stories happen in Bags End, we sit in the Bunny Family's living room to write the newspaper. Usually we do it while Margie is watching Bugs Bunny cartoons.

Lori helps me not just cuz she likes me but also cuz she is interested in making a newspaper too. She is real smart & likes to read hard books like encyclopedias. But she says helping me keeps her paws on the ground when she could easily float away into the ethereal & rarified air of Madame Knowledge. Whatever that stuff means.

Now when the stories happen on the road somewhere, like the one recently at the Bunny Pillow Farm, I have this magic thing called a Letter Bubble to use. What I do is write the story on a piece of paper & stick it in the Letter Bubble & the Bubble goes floating off to Lori.

Since I can't write words too good, I have to draw pictures & stuff too. Sometimes I get Sheila or Miss Chris to help me with all this.

I also have a pretty good memory for stories, so that helps me. And if I am not sure, I will ask Sheila or Betsy or other people involved in the story to help me remember it. Even big guys like to get the facts right, especially if it's about them.

Finally, when me & Lori have got the newspaper ready to go, I bring it to Sheila for her to give it her stomp of approval. Sheila mainly wants to make sure that I get what she said & did right. She tells me she doesn't trust the press.

I like writing the newspaper though I want to keep getting better. I like how my chum Rich Americus writes about all sorts of characters & lands in Galleons Lap. I like just writing about Bags End, but I hope to be as good a writer as he is someday.

Sheila tells me, "Just keep trying, beagle. You never know."



* * * * *



Bags End Book #4: The Bunny Pillow Crusade!

Introduction

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

The Bunny Pillow Crusade!

Part I.

The story I am going to tell you this time, dear readers, has to do with that strange & often grumpy pillow named Betsy Bunny Pillow. She & her crazed doings often make the headlines of mah newspaper, though I will say that rarely do I make it through the reportings of these stories without damage to mah body & mah brainbone both.

As I have writed in mah other books, Betsy is one of the strangest Friends in Bags End. She is a Pillow, which is not strange, but she talks, which is. Betsy came to Bags End a long time ago as an escapee from a place called the Bunny Pillow Farm, which is run by Farmer Jones. Jones grows Bunny Pillows in big fields, & then sells them off to rich people, which drives Betsy crazy.

She is called a Bunny Pillow cuz she bounces when she goes along, & also maybe cuz her Pillow case dress has pictures of bunnies on it. Her voice is only a whisper, but you better not ignore her or you risk getting smothered.

Betsy leads a shadowy group called the Allies, who I don't really know much about, except Betsy is their leader, & they always help her try to attack the Bunny Pillow Farm to liberate it. And always fail so far.

So what happened 1 peaceful day was that me & Sheila Bunny & Godd were taking little naps in Sheila's Throne Room. Sheila is really only Mayor of Bags End, but she calls herself King, Emperor, & a lot of other titles for her big guy amusements. Still, she is mah adopted sister, & a pretty good fella all in all.

Godd looks like a little pink bear with a nice red heart on Godd's chest.

Bags End News
 No. 189 June 19, 1990
 + Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Buny Pillo Croosad! (Part 1.

Last tim I tolja bout how
 Godd waz now living in Bagzend
 an that Betsee Buny Pillo waz
 bringing Godd along on her latist
 crazy attempt to defeet Farmr
 Jones and liberat the Buny Pillo
 Farm.

So Betsee waz now leeding her
 Allis an me an Godd an som
 othr Bagzend gys on the march
 to Jones farm. Shlela waz along
 too but she was on her Bunycikel
 an wood ror awff the dert rode
 we wer on an intoo the neerby
 feelds an ~~woods~~ woods too hav
 advenchurs of her own. The Blandys
 was along too but thay kept

Godd is even littler than Sheila. Godd was visiting us in Bags End, taking a little vacation from work.

So in bounces Betsy Bunny Pillow. She goes right up to Godd & says in her whispery voice, "Hey, Godd! I would like to talk to you."

Godd opened 1 eye & said, "I am too sleepy to talk."

Betsy got mad & said, "Listen, deity, if you're gonna cut it around here, you better understand this. My Allies take very poorly to rudeness. You wouldn't want to disappear in the night, would you?"

Boy! I wouldn't talk to Godd that way! Then again, I am a veteran coward.

Sheila, who was slouched down in her Throne, opened a single purple eye & said, "Listen, Pillow, I can guess what you're going to ask & I can guarantee you're not gonna get it."

"Bite it, Bunny!" Betsy screamed in her whispery voice. "Godd, I want you to march with me & my Allies as we overrun the criminal Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Slave Farm & liberate the captives held there!"

Godd opened both eyes this time. "Sure, but later when I am rested."

This woke everyone up. I hid behind Sheila's Throne cuz this was all too scary for me.

"I thought you didn't interfere in such things!" said Sheila.

"I don't," said Godd. "I will go with Betsy but I won't raise a paw to harm Jones. Truth is, I kind of want to meet him."

Betsy was real real mad. "I don't want an observer! I want an angry avenging Godd filled with wrath over the injustices done by Man against his fellow Pillow! I want the roar of thunder! The plague of locusts! The destruction of the wicked!"

"Sorry," said Godd, & then went back to sleep.

Well, I guess Betsy thought it over & decided that a non-interfering Godd is better than none at all.

"OK, Godd," Betsy said. "You will receive your instructions shortly. I expect you to be present & prepared at the place & time I order." Then she turned & bounced out of the room without another word.

I came out from behind the Throne & saw Sheila had already fallen asleep again & Good was about to do the same. Boy! I wish I could be a brave fella like them! Betsy scares every bone in my beagle body.

"What's wrong, Algernon?" asked Godd.

"That Betsy scares me a lot," I said. "And her Allies too."

"Betsy's OK," said Godd. "By the way, are you coming on the march to get the story for your newspaper?"

"Of course," I said. "But it's the kind of story I am not very happy doing."

Godd crawled under my ear blanket & said, "It will be fine, Algernon. Now let's sleep." Godd kinda reminds me of a Lazybug like that Ramie the Toy Tall Boy.

Anyway, the day came for the march on the Bunny Pillow Farm. Betsy ordered everyone to go through a certain door & to wait in the field beyond it.

The Allies were all lined up like an Army. They wore uniforms that were blue & had bunnies & flowers on them, just like Betsy's pillow case dress. Me & Godd & the Blondys, who are 3 nice magic girls, & a few others stood nearby waiting for the march to begin.

Betsy came bouncing in wearing dark glasses on her no-face & a sort of leather thing over her dress. She looked scary & silly at the same time.

"Troops, distinguished visitors, & other hanger-on beagle types--"

"Hey!" I yelled.

"This shall be our moment of greatest triumph! For too long have our people been held captive by the evil enemy Jones! The time has come for the glory of liberation, & the annihilation of the wicked! Together, we shall march forth into the golden rays of--"

The rest of Betsy's speech was cut off by a loud roar, & Sheila Bunny came roaring up on her BunncyCycle Beatrix!

"What's the delay? Let's cruise!" yelled Sheila.

I thought Betsy was gonna get really mad but she said instead, "Now is the time! Onward to vanquish Jones!"

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The Bunny Pillow Crusade!
Part II.

So off we marched, Betsy leading her Allies, & me, & Godd the small pink bear, & some other Bags End guys, all on the march to Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm. Sheila was along too, but she was on her BunnyCycle & would roar off the dirt road we were on & into nearby fields to have adventures of her own. The Blondys were along too, but they kept floating away & getting lost.

That silly red-haired baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow was along too but she told me it was only as a "mwilitwery advwisor." She & Betsy would talk about strategy but it would always end up in a fight.

"Listen, you stupid baby, I want Jones' farm to burn, baby, burn! I want him hung out to dry! No surrender will be accepted! I want him planted in the earth till he is ripe & then sold to the lowest bidder!" whisper screamed Betsy.

"You dwumb pwillow! Jones would swerve you better as a vwanquished pwisoner in Bwags End. You may even cweate a bwacklash of swympathy fwor him if he is hwurt!" said Lisa.

Sheila heard all this & said, "I think you're both nuts. Lisa, Jones is not gonna to live in Bags End. And Betsy, if you hurt him, you're not gonna live in Bags End! So you better come up with another plan!" Then she roared off to have another adventure. I asked her to tell me about her adventures, but all she would do is laugh & say, "If I told you, your newspaper might not be fit for general consumption."

Mah silly bumping brother Alexander Puppy & that nice language-knowing guy Allie Leopard were along too. I don't know why Alex would come on an invasion but he came last time. Allie said he made Betsy agree to certain Bump Conventions of War. What these silly things are, I didn't bother to ask.

I was telling Godd about the last time Betsy led an attack on the Bunny Pillow Farm. It was the time when the Blondys made Sheila try to solve people's problems in Bags End, & Betsy had demanded that Sheila lead an attack on Farmer Jones.

It had failed like all the rest with the one change being that Jones had gotten Sheila mad at him. So even though Sheila & Betsy usually don't get along, they both dislike Jones & this was why Sheila had come along.

"What would Betsy do if she ever defeated Jones?" asked Godd. Cuz Godd is such a little pink bear, I had to walk slowly to not get ahead of Godd. We were behind everyone else.

"I don't know. I think Betsy needs a cause. I mean, she spends all the time preparing to attack Jones. If she won, she would probably get bored & need some other battle to fight," I said.

"It's kind of a crusade for her," said Godd.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's a kind of march in the name of some noble or holy cause. Betsy is leading an attack that is for her the most important thing in her--"

"Listen, you shrimp of a deity & you stupid puppy, you better keep up or my Allies will deal out their own special brand of justice to you!" whisper screamed a suddenly here Betsy.

"You're pretty rude to Godd," I muttered as Godd got on mah back & we hurried along.

Betsy looked like she was gonna attack me when Sheila roared into view on Beatrix & yelled, "Hey, Pillow, the enemy is just beyond the next hill!"

Betsy forgot me & Godd & did something I would be afraid to dream of even in mah worst nightmares. She bounced on the back of Sheila's BunnyCycle & whisper yelled, "Let's fly!" And off they flew on down the road!

"Boy!" I muttered, "I never thought I would see Sheila & Betsy team up."

"It probably won't last," said Godd with a small chuckle.

Pretty soon we reached the top of the hill with everyone else.

Betsy talked to us all then. "My plan is simple & direct. Sheila & I will roar through the fields & incite my brother & sister Pillows to rise up & free themselves. We will lead them here to this hill & you will bring them back to Bags End. If necessary, I will stay behind & battle Jones to the end to save my people. Jones & I may go down together, but my people will be freed!" she whisper screamed.

Well, you don't have to be a cowardist like your old pal Algernon to be scared by this speech. When nobody objected to this crazy plan, I summoned what dustballs of courage I have & said, "But Betsy, there must be another way. You may not like me & you may be mean & grumpy, but I don't want to see you destroyed."

Betsy looked at me & said, "Thank you, beagle. Nobody else has tried to stop me because I will not be stopped anymore. You actually said something caring. OK, Sheila, let's go!"

So Betsy & Sheila roared down the hill & soon were racing through the fields & fields of Bunny Pillows. I heard Betsy whisper screaming & Sheila yelling & then I saw Bunny Pillows moving! They were bouncing toward us, hundreds of them! It was like a huge crowd of Betsys bouncing toward us!

Pretty soon we were surrounded by all these Bunny Pillows. It was kind of crowded on that hill & I couldn't see what was going on with Betsy & Sheila. I still had Godd on mah back & together we made our way through the crowds.

Even though there were a lot of these pillows, none of them said anything, which I thought was pretty strange. Also, none of them had any clothes on like Betsy has her dress. I guess Miss Chris must have given Betsy that dress when she escaped to Connecticut.

Finally me & Godd got beyond the Bunny Pillows to see what was happening.

Just in time. Sheila & Betsy were roaring right at Jones! O! I was so scared I probably broke mah own record.

Jones sidestepped the BunnyCycle & it raced by him. But he didn't just stand there. He ran after it with his big legs running fast & his hands stretched out.

Betsy looked back & saw Jones catching up & she screamed at Sheila, probably to go faster. Sheila did but Jones caught hold the back of the bike!

The Bunny Pillow Crusade!

Part III.

Me & mah little pink bear pal Godd crept as close as mah cowardly bones would allow me to.

"Let my people go!" whisper screamed Betsy as she bounced off Sheila's BunnyCycle. Jones was distracted by this & so Sheila raced out of his grasp & away from him, near to Betsy. She turned around to face him from a little distance. There she waited.

"But Betsy, look around you! The Pillows are freed!" Jones said. "They wait on the hill for you to lead them away! I have repented, Betsy, & shall never sell another Pillow again! I am packing to leave because the Bunny Pillows can grow in these fields without me. And I am sure that, when you take charge, you will have Pillow Sitters to watch them as they grow."

Well, I don't trust Jones at all & I thought there was a trick going on somewhere. I guess Sheila did too because she started to say, "Listen, Jones, if you think--"

"Never mind him! My people are free!" Betsy cried. "It is the day of liberation! Let's go, Sheila, & greet my people!"

Who was Sheila to argue? I don't think she really cared all that much. So she helped Betsy onto Beatrix, blew some dirt in Jones' face from her wheels, & went racing up the hill to where a huge crowd of Pillows were.

Betsy leaped off the BunnyCycle & talked to her people. "This is a glorious day in the history of Bunny Pillows. The evil Farmer Jones has been vanquished without loss of life, & now all of you shall be escorted to Bags End, the place that offered me shelter as I battled in exile to free all of you. There you shall meet Miss Chris, my host & benefactor, to who we all owe our freedom. After that, I will depart Bags End for good, & lead you all back here to establish in full & lasting glory the Free State of Bunny Pillows!"

The huge crowd of Pillows didn't say nothing but looked like they were listening & waiting Betsy's command.

"Hey, Pillow, how come your people are so quiet?" asked Sheila.

"They're scared! They feel that they've been traded from 1 dictator to another. They don't realize that I want to free them, not rule them. Come along, people!" Betsy whisper yelled.

So Betsy Bunny Pillow led her large group of silent followers on the road back to Bags End, & the rest of us guys followed her.

Me & mah little shrimpy pal Godd were way in back of everyone else.

"I don't have a good feeling about this," I muttered to Godd.

"Let it be, Algernon. Betsy has to learn her own lessons," said Godd.

"Aren't you being kind of fatalistic, pal?" I asked.

"You couldn't tell Betsy a thing, even if you wanted to," said Godd with a small chuckle.

How true.

The next few days were really weird. Betsy led her followers all around Bags End, where Betsy said she had lived in exile, whatever that means. I think Betsy was kind of disappointed that they never talked, but she acted just as bold & crazy as ever.

Then one day me & Godd were in Sheila's Throne Room, & us & Sheila were taking little naps. In bounces Betsy Bunny Pillow & she's all alone.

"I have come to say I am leaving tomorrow & I won't be back. I am returning with my people to the newly liberated Bunny Pillow Free State," she announced.

Sheila opened one of her purple eyes. "Well, it's been & I guess it won't be anymore. Goodbye." Then she went back to sleep.

"Goodbye, Betsy. I am glad you finally achieved your megalomaniacal dreams," I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

"See ya, beagle. You always were just a stupid interfering puppy but, well, you never really stood in my way," said Betsy in a almost nice way.

"What about your Allies?" asked Godd the small pink bear.

"They have been released from my services & been given high recommendations. They served me well, but I cannot take them along, of course. The Bunny Pillow Free State is for Bunny Pillows only."

The next morning, Betsy Bunny Pillow & her people were ready to leave. All of Bags End, lots & lots of guys & fellas, came out to this big field through 1 of the doorways in Bags End to say goodbye to Betsy.

"Residents of Bags End, my place of exile, I say goodbye for the last time. Since I will never come back here, & none of you are allowed into the Bunny Pillow Free State, this is it. You have been witness to the founding of a great new land & as such, should feel honored," Betsy whispered. Her dress was covered with medals & honorary pins which Miss Chris gaved her so she would look like a great leader.

Some Bags End guys had stuff to say too.

"Bump Bump!" said Alex & then he sat down to suck his toe sadly.

"Alexander says that even though he is not a Bunny Pillow, he would be happy to teach your people Bump Language someday," said Allie Leopard.

"Better if they say nothing," I muttered.

"Gwoodbye, stwupid Pwillow. I wather admired the efwicient way you wun your Allwiance," said Lisa-Marie Chow. Silly sergeant.

I was rather sad, very sad, & I ran to give Betsy a hug.

Betsy looked at me in a nice mean way. "Don't do it, beagle. I would hate to have to smother you before I leave." I ranned back to mah friend Godd, who laughed a little laugh.

Miss Chris showed up with Ramie & boy! was she sad! Ramie was just sleepy. She hugged Betsy for a long time.

Then Betsy & her silent crowd of Pillows went off!

The Bunny Pillow Crusade! **Grand Finally!**

This has been a very hard story for your old pal Algernon to tell. It's scary cuz it's got Betsy Bunny Pillow & Farmer Jones in it. It's not even very funny cuz

silly guys like the Blondys & Margy Bunny, & nice guys like Miss Chriss & Princess Crissy aren't in it much or at all. I hope that the next story is nicer to an old beagle journalist's frail disposition bone.

Betsy Bunny Pillow's latest attack on Farmer Jones had seemed to work. Farmer Jones had given up without a fight, & Betsy & Sheila & the rest of us Bags End guys had returned to Bags End with this big group of silent Bunny Pillows. After showing them around Bags End, Betsy had announced that she was returning to the Bunny Pillow Farm which Jones had abandoned, & she was gonna create the Bunny Pillow Free State.

After Betsy left, me & Miss Chris & Sheila & Godd the small pink bear had returned to Sheila's Thone Room. I sat in mah favorite corner, Sheila slouched down in her Throne, & Miss Chris sat on a little chair holding Godd.

Nobody said nothing for awhile. Then I speaked up. "Sheila, can I ask you a question?"

"As long as it's not a stupid one," said Sheila.

"How come it was so impossible the other times for Betsy to defeat Jones & it was so cinchy this time?" I asked.

"I was wondering about that myself," said Sheila.

"Me too," said Miss Chris. "I had a feeling something's wrong."

"I respect feelings a great deal," said Godd the small pink bear. "But what we don't have are any facts to go on."

"Well, how come those Pillows didn't say nothing?" I asked. "I mean, when Betsy came here when she escaped, she talked, whispered anyway. And the time when Betsy tried to get the pillows to escape with her, they talked that time too. I know Betsy said they were scared this time, but it still sounds sneaky."

"And how come Jones gave up? Why would he do that after all his talk about money & stuff?" asked Miss Chris.

Well, the more we talked, the more we were sure Jones had tricked Betsy & the rest of us too. We all wanted to do something but couldn't decide what to do.

Godd said, "Just remember to be sure. I think if you were wrong, Betsy would never let you forget it."

Sheila decided she would take her BunnyCycle & go spy on the Bunny Pillow Farm. Miss Chris demanded to go & save her Pillow. Since there weren't no room on the BunnyCycle, Miss Chris put on her shoulder satchel & put me & Godd the little pink bear inside.

Sheila roared us all real fast. I shut mah eyes tight & held onto Godd.

We arrived near the Bunny Pillow Farm at night. We got off the bike & sneaked close to the Farm.

"Hey! How come all those Pillows are planted again? It's like they never left at all!" I whispered.

"They never did. It was all a trick. And I bet Betsy is in there somewhere," said Sheila.

Jones' farmhouse was dark but we still sneaked quietly. Betsy was easy to find. She was the only Pillow with a blue dress on.

She was talking to herself. "And we will have separation of the branches of government. And we will grant to all Pillows the right of liberty tempered by the right of property. Each Pillow will be expected to work to his capacity & in return receive what he needs to prosper. There will be no need for money, of course. Bags End had that right anyway, & war will be unnecessary."

"Who is she talking to? And how comes she's all tied up like that to those metal posts?" I asked.

Nobody answered & Sheila & Miss Chris were already untying her. Godd told me that Jones had done very bad by tricking Betsy into thinking she had freed the Pillows, & now she was so convinced that he had tied her up without her noticing it.

"That's so mean!" I yelled.

"Shhh, Algernon!" whispered Miss Chris.

But I was too mad to be quiet. I went crazy like beagles hardly ever do. I ran through the fields of Bunny Pillows to Farmer Jones' house. I crashed through the front door & ran & found Jones in his bed. Jones sat up & yelled at me but I was too crazy to be scared.

"You dumb guy! You mean guy!!" I yelled & I bit him. Now when puppys bite people, they don't get rabys, they get babys. For an hour they think they're babys.

I finally calmed down when I saw Farmer Jones sucking his thumb & saying, "Ga ga goo goo!" Then I remembered how scared I am of everything, & I ranned away even as Baby Jones was saying, "Play with cute puppy! Nice beagle, nice A-wa-wa!"

I ran outside & there were Sheila & Miss Chris & Betsy & Godd & Sheila's BunnyCycle waiting for me.

"Come along, beagle!" yelled Sheila. She was proud of me for acting bravely. I gave mahself a strong lecture later about the foolishness of hero-ism & the virtue of a long life of cowardism.

Betsy eventually came around & realized the whole thing was a plot.

She felt kind of foolish for being tricked, but I think that the massiveness of the trick made her understand & admire Jones in a whole new way.

So the story ends & I didn't really understand it as usual. But isn't that always the way?

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Don Oso Antiguo Visits Bags End!

Part I

The next few days were pretty quiet in Bags End. I always get nervous when things are so calm & peaceful because I know deep down in mah beagle bones that quiet now means trouble later.

Then things got very interesting 1 day when me & Godd the small pink bear were walking home from school. We were meandering through different levels & hallways.

It's kind of funny having Godd in your class. You see, Godd can be kind of forgetful. Mister Owl the teacher asked Good a question 1 day & Godd said, "I am not sure."

"How can you not be sure?" I asked.

"Yah, I thought you were all powerful & all seeing & all knowing," whispered Betsy Bunny Pillow.

"But not all remembering," said Godd with a small chuckle. I like Godd's small chuckle.

So anyway, me & Godd were walking along when Godd got curious to see off the edge of Bags End.

"Careful, Godd! You might fall off! Then you would be lost forever!" I said, wondering what it would be like to be lost forever, & especially what would happen if Godd was lost forever.

"Look, Algernon! There's something out there!" said Godd, who was leaning over the edge. I runned & grabbed Godd back. I wondered if Godd floats like the Blondys. Probably not cuz didn't Godd pass the Law of Grabitee?

Anyway, I looked & saw something in the darkness. This was different. What I saw was sort of there & not there at the same time. Godd & me waited & in awhile it became clear what we saw. A sun, a sun?, was coming up & shining on a land made of ice. All I can say is, when you pal around with Godd, you never know what's going to happen next.

It was a short distance between us on the edge of Bags End & the beginning of the land of ice. Godd wanted to hop the space.

"Doncha mean jump it, guy?" I asked.

"No, hop it. I haven't hung around with Sheila all this time for nothing," Godd said, & before I had time to get scared & run away fast, me & Godd were hopping through the air & landing on the ice place.

I looked at Godd with a mad face. "Hey! Didn't you know that beagles can't hop?"

Godd shook Godd's head. "I forgot, I guess. It's a good thing cuz if I remembered you would be lost forever."

I shivered. I guess Godd's bad memory has certain advantages. Godd is pretty smart. Almost as smart as Sheila.

Godd caught Godd's breath & said, "Let's go."

So off me & mah friend Godd went into the place of ice beyond the edge of Bags

Bags End News
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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Shlela Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Don Ose Antigwo Vizits Bagzend!

Evn tho us Bagzend gys
 keep coming an going, Ramy keeps
 teling me not too worry becaz
 the imaginashun nevr gros old
 an tird an dys. I think he iz
 jest beeing a dum old lazybug.

Enyway, last tim I waz
 teling about how me an Godd
 fownd this plas calld Iseland
 beyond the ege ut Bagzend an
 how we brawt bak this fat
 old bere whoe blos bubels an
 speeks a langwig calld Spanish.

Wel, wen he met Shlela,
 this fat bere calld Don Ose
 Antigwo ~~ose~~ bowd down an got
 awl humbel an stuf lik Shlela
 waz a reel king. O ya, an he

End. I wasn't too scared cuz I guess when you're with Godd, things can't go too wrong. But who can tell?

Anyway, we started walking along. There wasn't too much to see, just ice. I was kind of bored because usually adventures have more exciting parts.

Then Godd noticed something ahead of us, a funny shaped ice thing. So we went up to it & saw it was a cat made out of ice.

"Hi!" said Godd in a friendly deity kind of way.

"I don't think it can talk, Godd," I said.

"Greetings, friends," said the ice cat all of a sudden. Its eyes, now wide open, shined like purple ice. "Welcome to Iceland," he said.

"Say, isn't that near the Arctic or something?" I asked.

"Well, that may be but this is the real Iceland & it isn't located anywhere. We float from place to place in reality & fantasy & other places. Right now, we're headed for Heaven," said the ice cat.

"Hey, that's where my pal here lives," I said.

"How long will you be here near Bags End?" Godd asked suddenly.

"For awhile. It's hard to say just how long. You see, we have a rather strange, uh, mode of transport which you will discover. But for now, why don't' you venture further into Iceland? It has a special kind of beauty you may grow to appreciate."

Godd motioned me to come along & so I did. We said so long to the ice cat & walked further into Iceland.

1 of the places me & Godd the small pink bear went through was the Ice Forest. It was different from regular forests cuz, first, the trees were made of ice & second, not all of them grew right side up. Some grew upside down, some grew sideways, some grew connected between the trunk of 1 tree & the trunk of another. Strange place.

Then Godd discovered how to eat fruit from the fruit ice trees. Godd saw that if the ice fruit hanging down from the branches was breathed on, the ice would melt & a fruit would fall off the tree to be caught & eaten. By the way, O! Ice fruit! Yuk!

There was a little ice town we came to with ice houses along a ice street & ice people & animals who were all very interesting except that none of them moved.

Then, all of a sudden, we came upon this fat pink bear sitting in the middle of nowhere, puffing on a pipe that would blow out soap bubbles. He had a kind of a sleepy grumpy look on his face, & he was most definitely not made from ice.

"Hi there, guy," I said in mah inimitable friendly Algernon way.

The bear looked at me for a second & then continued staring elsewhere. I have tried staring elsewhere mahself, but I never can because I don't know which direction to look in.

"Hey, fella, doncha speak English?" I said with a few speckles of grumpyness in mah voice.

As an answer, the fat pink bear turned to Godd the small pink bear & said, "Siervo, ahora estoy preparado para partir. Me ayude a montar el jamelgo."

Well, it didn't sound like English or Puppy or Bunny or El or Hebrew or any of the languages I had heard of.

"Do you know what he said, Godd?" I asked mah friend.

"Well, my Spanish is a bit rusty, especially the archaic colloquial dialect he is using, but I think he just told me to help him get on your back to ride you. He called me a servant too," said Godd.

Well, I got mad now. "I am not a horse! I am a beagle. Nobody rides beagles, especially fat guys! And mah chum Godd here is no servant! Godd is, well, Godd is Godd!"

I was real close to the fat guy's face. He looked at me for a second, then took his pipe from his mouth & rapped me hard on mah nozebone.

"O! help! O! mah nosebone! Listen, ya dum fat guy, I don't like you! I am so mad I might just run away & hide!" I cried.

Godd looked at me with a sly little smile. "Algernon, I think we should humor this old gentleman bear. I will be his Servant & you will be his Steed. I think he needs us to go along with this game."

Well, Godd asked very nicely, & looked like such a cute little guy, that I didn't want to say no.

So Godd helped the fat bear onto mah back. Boy! What a fat guy! I struggled

along slowly with Godd walking next to me. It seemed like the way back was shorter but that might have just been one of Godd's little tricks.

Iceland had moved close enough to Bags End that we didn't need to jump across to it.

I guessed we had to bring this fat guy to Sheila first, so we headed for Sheila's Throne Room.

We found Sheila slouched down in her Throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & reading a book.

When she looked up & saw the fat bear on mah poor backbone, & Godd the small pink bear standing next to us, she started laughing real hard. She laughed so hard she fell off her Throne.

The fat bear said something to Godd at this point. "Hemos desagradado su majestad, la reina del conejito. Tenemos que ir de rodillas y suplicarle miseri cordia. ¡Ayúdame fuera esta jamelgo sin valor!"

Godd said before I could ask, "He said we have displeased Her Majesty, Queen Bunny, Servant. We must fall down on our knees & beg her mercy. Help me off this worthless nag!"

Sheila was laughing even harder now. Boy! I wasn't laughing. I runned behind Sheila's Throne where it was safe, & peeked out from behind it. What I saw was Godd & the fat bear sorta bending down funny. Sheila couldn't stop laughing.

Finally, Godd the little pink bear whispered to Sheila, "I think we should go along with this for the moment, Sheila."

Sheila whispered back, in a sort of serious voice, "OK, Godd, if you say so."

Godd stepped back & said, "I humbly present to Her Majesty, Queen Bunny, the Honorable Don Oso Antiquo, a gentleman, & Her Majesty's most gracious & humble servant. My Master says that all which belongs to him, his life, his services, & his property, are at the disposal of Her Majesty, the Queen!"

I could see Sheila was trying hard not to laugh.

Don Oso Antiquo Visits Bags End!

Part II

Sheila slouched down in her Throne & crunched a carrot (O! Yuk!). Then she talked in Spanish.

"Levántate, Señor, no se arrodillen ante mí. Como usted no es un ciudadano de mi país, se me debe respetar pero no la lealtad. Será mi invitado, Don Oso Antiquo, & visita Bags End & su pueblo durante un tiempo. Estaríamos felices de tener a un caballero de su distinción como nuestro más excelso invitado."

Godd motioned me to come out, & stand close, & I did, still with fear, & Godd told me Sheila said to the fat bear, "Arise, sir, do not bow before me. As you are not a citizen of my country, you owe me honor but not allegiance. Be my guest, Don Oso Antiquo, & visit Bags End & its people for a time. We would be happy to have a gentleman of your distinction as our most exalted guest."

When I heard this, I said, "O, Sheila, please tell him I am not a horse, so he won't break mah backbone no more!"

Sheila gave me a grumpy look & said, "You have a choice, beagle. Cooperate & I won't put a saddle on your back & a muzzle in your mouth!"

"What kind of choice is that?" I asked.

"The only kind you get, Steed! Besides, how are you going to get the story of all this for your newspaper, if you're not there to see it?" And with that, Sheila slouched down further in her Throne & went to sleep.

"Yippy-i-o," I said as the fat guy climbed on mah back again.

I struggled slowly along with my heavy burden. The fat guy was asking Godd all sorts of questions about Bags End. I understood Godd's part of the talkings easy cuz Godd can talk both Spanish & English at the same time. Godd is tricky like that. Godd then told me the English of the fat guy's talking.

"¿Cuáles son los principales productos de bolsas final?" ("What are the chief products of Bags End?")

"Bags End doesn't produce anything, except maybe pleasure & amusement for those who read & hear about it."

"¿Cómo apoyar a sus ciudadanos? ¿El estado dar trabajo?" ("How does it support its citizens? Does the state provide work?")

"Well, nobody really works. Most of the people in Bags End are children who play & go to school."

"¡Absolutamente increíble! ¿Pero, cómo es el ejército? ¿Hay impuestos? ¿Reina Sheila utilice el tesoro real para apoyar al Estado?" ("Utterly astounding! But how is the Army supported? Are there taxes? Does Queen Sheila use the Royal Treasury to support the State?")

"There's no money in Bags End. There's no need. Bags End is a fantasyland."

"Ahh, así que este reino posee colonias entonces, cuyos productos & apoyo de ingresos la corona & el estado de la madre." ("Ahh, so this Kingdom possesses colonies then, whose products & revenue support the Crown & the Mother State.")

"No, Your Honor. Bags End has no money, no taxes, no colonies. Bags End is an anarchic, pacifist, neo-Victorian fantasyland."

Don Oso Antiguo sighed sadly. "Ahh, entonces este es un lugar de fantasías infantiles & sueños. Las cosas que me dices me recuerdan a mi propia juventud, hace tanto tiempo. Mi madre, una hermosa mujer noble, fue mi querida acompañante en mis primeros años de vida. He perdido a su toque benévolo del Señor cuando tenía sólo 12. Pensar en ella me hace sentir triste & más rudamente anciano." ("Ahh, this then is a place of childhood fantasies & dreams. The things you tell me remind me of my own youth, so long ago. My mother, a beautiful noblewoman, was my dearest companion in my early life. I lost her to the Lord's benevolent touch when I was but 12. Thinking of her makes me feel sad & most rudely aged.")

Godd the small pink bear looked really interested.

"What was your mother like, Sir?"

"¡Ahh, mi pequeño! Madre fue una diosa a los ojos de mi hijo. ¡Tal gracia! ¡Esa dulce voz! ¡Cantaba canciones a mí de mundos mágicos como sus bolsos final, de los lugares donde la juventud es eterna, donde la alegría está siempre en el aire que respiramos, las frutas que usted come, el sueño que te envuelve bajo las estrellas!" ("Ahh, my little one! Mother was a goddess to my child's eyes. Such grace! Such a sweet voice! She would sing songs to me of magical worlds like your Bags End, of places where youth is eternal, where joy is always in the air you breathe, the fruit you eat, the sleep which engulfs you beneath the stars!")

Don Oso Antiguo's voice was soft & sad.

Then Godd said, "Well, now let us meet new people, gain new memories to cherish."

"Muy bien, siervo. Si tuvieran la amabilidad de ayudarme a volver a este nag, & velocidad de la triste cosa junto, encontraremos la extraña & habitantes de esta tierra maravillosa." ("Very well, Servant. If you would kindly help me back onto this nag, & speed the sorry thing along, we shall encounter the strange & wondrous inhabitants of this land.")

During the next few days, I dragged the fat guy around, meeting different Bags End guys.

Before I tell you all about it, I must say that I got to like Don after awhile. He was kind of grumpy, but he really liked to learn about us different Bags End fellas.

I tried to ask Godd about him & where he came from.

Godd would only smile a small smile & say, "When Bags End became illegal, it opened the door wide for new & strange travelers from the realms of the strange & fantastic."

"I think, though, that this traveler is here to teach us all a few things. Let's listen closely, Algernon."

Don Oso Antiguo Visits Bags End! Grand Finally!

Somehow I always find mahself in strange situations that I don't really understand. The latest pickle I was in (O! Pickles! Yuk!) involved this fat pink bear

named Don Oso Antiguo. Mah funy little friend Godd the small pink bear found him beyond the edge of Bags End, & now we were showing him all over the place. He thought Godd was his servant & me his horse. Let me tell you, that fat guy was heavy on mah poor backbone.

So there we were, slowly going along & Godd was explaining in the fat guy's language, Spanish, all about Bags End. Then he would tell me the English of the fat guy's talkings.

"Bags End is on many levels, one atop the other, connected by ramps. Most levels are hallways with doors on each side, just like an apartment building. At the other end is the edge, beyond which Algernon & I found you," Godd said.

Just then, along came mah silly Bumping bruther Alexander Puppy, & that nice language-knowing guy Allie Leopard.

Alexander, who doesn't know to be suspicious of strangers, went up to the fat guy on mah back & bumped him in a friendly way.

What came next was really weird.

"Alex says, hello, welcome to Bags End. My name is Alexander, & this is my friend Allie Leopard," said Allie.

"All with 1 Bump?" I asked.

"Bump," said Alex.

"Alex says he reminds you that he has told you at length of the beauteous simplicity of Bump Language in its consolidation of what needs to be articulated," said Allie.

"Silly brother," I muttered.

"¿Qué es este extraño y nuevo lenguaje, Bump? No he sido informado de que en la corte Castellana." ("What is this strange new language, Bump? I have not been informed of it in the Castilian court.") said the fat guy.

"Bump is a dum language mah brother made up & it isn't real. He just pretends it is," said me, both grumpy & explaining.

"Now, Algernon, be agreeable," said Godd the small pink bear.

"Bump Language doesn't bring out mah agreeable side," I muttered again.

"Bump is one of the many languages you will hear spoken in Bags End," continued Godd to the fat guy, in his tricky English-Spanish-both way.

"Bump. Bump," said Alex.

"Alex says he believes Bump Language's simplicity & unadorned beauty will eventually win it many converts," said Allie.

"No, he didn't!" I yelled.

The fat guy got off mah back & approached Alex. "Me gustaría saber más acerca de este idioma. Quizás nosotros en España podrían beneficiarse de Bump Idioma." ("I would like to hear more about this language. Perhaps we in Spain could benefit from Bump Language.")

And so the fat guy & Alex walked along with Godd, & Allie translated their conversation.

I decided to slip away for awhile. It seemed like a good time to go see Miss Chris in Connecticut.

Miss Chris was in her TV room on Suzy Couch, sucking her thumb & sitting with Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow & Lisa-Marie Chow.

"Take a walk, beagle, there's no room here," said Sheila.

"Hitch a ride to the other side," whispered Betsy.

"Gwenerals Mwiss Chwis & Bwunny are in high-level military confwence. Pwivate are not allowed," said Sargent Lisa.

I was gonna leave when Miss Chris came & got me. She held me along with Sheila & Lisa, & she got comfortable on Betsy.

"How are you, A-wa-wa?" Miss Chris asked, using the nickname she sometimes has for me.

"I am OK but there is this fat guy who keeps riding me, & that dum Alex was talking Bump stuff, & I was playing with Godd until they took Godd away, & now these guys are real mean," I said with a upset voice.

Miss Chris got me to tell her the whole story. She thought it was very funny.

Just then, the Blondys came in, all 3 of them, & they were floating Alex, Ally, & the fat guy! Godd came in too, floating without a Blondy. He forgot his own law!

Well, it got pretty crowded on Suzy Couch.

Miss Chris took a good look at Don Oso Antiguo.

"Buenos Dios, Don Oso Antiguo," she said politely.

"Ahh, un niño de la cultura & gracia. Que me recuerdan a los hermosos niños de la corte de la corona de Castilla. Excepto, por supuesto, que no son españoles." ("Ahh, a child of culture & grace. You remind me of the beautiful children in the court of the Castilian crown. Except, of course, that you are not Spanish.")

Miss Chris agreed with a smile.

Then everyone got quiet cuz a lot of good TV programs were on, like Fraggle Rock & Bugs Bunny. Godd the small pink bear translated quietly for the fat guy, who found a lot of the programs funny.

"Me gustan estas hospitalidades en esta caja mágica." ("I enjoy these entertainments on this magic box.")

Miss Chris had all us guys around her & in her arms. It was quite a crowd. I noticed that the fat guy's face got kind of happy cuz Miss Chris was holding him, & Godd the little pink bear's smile was even trickier than ever.

After the TV programs were over, Sheila said we should get back to Bags End so Miss Chris could do her homework. Well, Miss Chris didn't like that idea, but Sheila was stubborn.

So we all went back to Bags End where mah adopted mommy Pat gave everyone dinner except your old pal Algernon (O! Yuk!) I just hid in mah room.

Later, Miss Chris came & woked me up.

"Come on, A-wa-wa! Commander Q is interviewing Don Oso Antiguo!" she said, & we went into the Bunny Family's living room to listen to the radio.

Commander Q is this neat radio guy who does a program at night. He was interviewing the fat bear with help from Godd the little pink bear.

"How do you like Bags End?"

"Un lugar encantador de fantasía & sueño. Es realmente divertido & encantadora. Me recuerda mucho de mi propia infancia feliz en la corte Castellana hace muchos años." ("An enchanting place of fantasy & dream. It is truly amusing & delightful. It reminds me greatly of my own happy childhood in the Castilian court many years ago.")

"Some people say Bags End is weird, not a fantasyland of a desirable kind."

"No, Señor, yo apuesto a diferir. Sus idiosincrasias son la esencia misma de su encanto. ¡Imaginar! ¡Una almohada hablando & un juguete lazybug & un pup que habla un 1-palabra idioma! ¡Qué asombro!" ("No, sir, I beg to differ. Its idiosyncrasies are the very stuff of its charm. Imagine! A talking pillow & a lazybug toy & a pup who speaks a 1-word language! What amazement!")

"And how did a gentleman such as yourself come to visit Bags End?"

"Ahh, mi amigo, he viajado mucho & amplia en mis muchos años. Me largo para ver mi casa en Castilla, pero temo & esperamos que el remolcador suave del señor me tira a mi última morada." ("Ahh, my friend, I have traveled far & wide in my many years. I long to see my home in Castile, but I fear & hope that the Lord's gentle tug pulls me to my final resting place.")

"Why did you leave Castile to travel about? A gentleman rarely has the pleasure to leave his land & dependents, & simply set off."

"True. Pero mi tierra, mi casa, no es lo que una vez fue. Castilla se ha convertido en intolerantes a las diferencias entre los individuos. Desde la voz de un caballero de envejecimiento pesa pero ligera como una pluma sobre las decisiones de los jóvenes, me sentí debo vagar hasta que encontré mi paz nuevamente, o hasta que me encontró a mí." ("True. But my land, my home, is not what it once was. Castile has become intolerant of the differences among individuals. Since the voice of an aging gentleman weighs but lightly as a feather upon the decisions of the young, I felt I must wander till I found my peace again, or until it found me.")

Later, Miss Chris brought a lot of us guys to bed with her. There was me, Sheila, Betsy Bunny Pillow, Alex & Allie, Godd the little pink bear, & the fat guy.

When the light was shut off, Miss Chris called out, "Suzy Dark, Suzy Dark, can you come out & play?"

In the darkness, we heard a little girl's voice say, "Hi, Miss Chris!"

"Is Freddy Dark & Baby Dark & Mommy Dark & Buster Dark there?" asked Miss

Chris.

A lot of voices said yes.

"¿Cuáles son las misteriosas voces que claman por la noche?" ("What are the mysterious voices that cry out in the night?") asked the fat guy.

Godd the little pink bear said, "That's the Dark Family. Suzy is the little girl, Baby is the baby, Mommy is the mommy, Freddy is Suzy's big brother, & Buster is the tricky guy."

"¡Qué pregunta aquí que incluso las tinieblas voces & está vivo!" ("What wonders here that even the darkness has voices & is alive!") said the fat guy.

Well, we listened to the Dark Family for awhile. Suzy gave Baby a bottle, & Buster tried to get tricky, & Mommy Dark scolded him.

Finally, all the Dark Family calmed down to sing a dark ditty which Godd the little pink bear translated for the fat guy.

Darkness come & Darkness go
Darkness sad & doncha know
Darkness bright, it's time to go
Darkness like a rapids flow

The darkness tween the stars is swift
Tho it frightens tiny children oft
Tiny ones, turn your pretty fears off
The stars they rest in their darkness loft

Wind will roam among the trees
Hunting wayward Lady Breeze
It's lonely Darkness she loves to tease
His little trembles she seeks to ease.

Darkness come & Darkness go
Darkness glad & doncha know
In Darkness love will come & stay
And like forever river will flow.

"Qué bonita melodía" ("What a lovely tune") said the fat guy. He was sleepy & soon we all were asleep.

The next morning Miss Chris brought all us guys back to Bags End, & she went off to her school.

Godd the little pink bear explained to the fat guy that it was time for everyone to go to Mister Owl's school. The fat guy decided to go along too.

In the morning, Mister Owl was teaching everyone about the letter L. A argument broke out between Betsy Bunny Pillow & that silly Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow about what was the best L word.

"It's lollipop, of course," whispered Betsey, who loves lollipops. O! Yuk!

"No, it isn't. It's lwieutenant," said Lisa.

"You dum baby, what do you know?" whisper yelled Betsy.

"Listen, you dwum insubwordinate pwillow, if you dwon't show pwoper respwect for your supweriors, you will go on weport to Gwneral Shweila!" swaid, I mean said, Lisa.

"Well, my Allies will be most interested in your statements, & they will be considered carefully before further action is taken," said Betsy in a scary kind of way.

"¿Cuáles son estos aliados? ¿La Reina es el Comandante de las fuerzas armadas?" ("What are these Allies? Is the Queen Commander of the armed forces as well?") asked the fat guy.

Godd the little pink bear, who was busy doodling pictures in a little pink notebook, said, "Well, it's kind of hard to explain."

"¿Es como jugar, es que no, todo esto? ¡Qué maravilloso lugar!" ("It's like playing, is it not, all of this? What a wondrous place!") said the fat guy.

Later, at recess, I heard Godd the little pink bear talking to Mister Owl.

"I would like you to give the children the rest of the day off. My friend & I must depart, & I think he would like it if all of you were there to say goodbye," said Godd. Godd didn't have a small smile which was unusual for Godd.

"Where are you going?" asked Oliver.

Godd smiled sadly. "Well, I have to get back to Heaven, & my friend's time for returning there is at hand as well."

I didn't hear Mister Owl's voice cuz I got real upset.

I found the fat guy surrounded by a bunch of fellas & he was blowing all sorts of wonderful shaped bubbles. I didn't stop though. I kind of scrunched under him to get him on mah back & I yelled, "Come on, Allie, we have to save the fat guy!"

I heard Sheila & Betsy voices call me crazy as me & Allie (& the fat guy of course) ran off. I didn't stop running till I was in mah room with the door closed. Then I noticed that mah silly Bumping brother Alex was with us too.

"Bump?" he said.

"Alex says that he is both surprised & pleased by your show of spontaneity. He further remarks that perhaps you aren't such an old fuddy-duddy after all," said Allie.

"¿Cuál es el significado de esto? ¿Tiene mi nag enloquecida?" ("What is the meaning of this? Has my nag gone mad?") demanded the fat guy. Lucky Allie was with us to translate.

So I told him, with Allie's help. "You're gonna die, fella. I heard Godd say so. You're gonna go to Heaven & not come back no more! When I go, it's just like a visit, but you will never return!" I was very upset.

The fat guy looked at me & smiled a very nice smile. Then through Allie he said, "I know where I'm going. It's where I have been headed. Last night I realized I would never see Castile again. It was in a dream. I was playing with my beautiful mother & she was saying I would soon see her again.

"But, Momma, I am here & so are you! I can see you now!" I cried.

"She just smiled at me & held me close, her smile held me close, her smile above all held me sweet, gentle, & close, & I realized I would see her very soon."

I looked at the fat guy, & I guess I kind of gave up, which is not mah usual way. I mean, he wanted to go. I don't though. I like to play in Heaven once in awhile, but I would rather live in Bags End.

"That's my view in reverse, Algernon," said Godd the little pink bear, who'd found me.

"Are you leaving too, Godd?" I asked.

Godd smiled at me, not too sadly though. "I have to bring my friend here to Heaven & show him around a bit."

Soon, most of Bags End was assembled in the hallway which ended in view of Iceland.

I asked Sheila for permission to ride the fat guy back to the place I found him.

"Sure, kid, knock yourself out," said Sheila, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & trying to keep her crown on.

So me & Godd & the fat guy walked onto Iceland. We even passed the ice cat we saw the first time.

"Did you discover our place's secret?" the ice cat asked me.

I shook mah head. "Not really," I said.

"Iceland floats on the power of melancholy & dream," said the ice cat. "In this case, that of Don Oso Antiguo."

I nodded politely but didn't say nothing. I think philosophy is like an onion, it should be used in little bits & not all the time. What am I saying? O! Onion! Yuk!

The fat guy got off mah back & found his bubble pipe. He sat with Godd the little pink bear blowing bubbles like happiness.

"Well, seeya, fella," I said.

That fat guy said something in a nice voice.

Godd said, "Don Oso Antiguo says you are a fine steed after all, especially considering you are a beagle."

I laughed. Godd laughed. The fat guy laughed. Then I left. And they left too.

I returned to Bags End & kept to mahself till Miss Chris invited me to hear a

Ramie bedtime story on their house's front steps beneath the stars.

Miss Chris, Sheila, Betsy, Alex, Allie, & lots of other guys sat looking at the stars.

I felt sad as I sat there. I had liked the fat guy. I was sad he was gone. I even kind of missed mah backache.

Miss Chris picked me up & hugged me closest of all.

"I don't understand it, person mommy," I said to Miss Chris in mah sad beagle voice.

I kind of cried & then I fell asleep. When I woke up, it was a baby day just up to crawl around. I got up to see what would come.

Sheila Bunny's & Miss Chris's
Greatest Voyage of All!
Part I

The time again is now for yet another trip to explore parts unknown of Bags End. Every time Sheila leads one of these trips, we always end up in strange places & I never understand half of what happens.

Still, the rigorous ethics of beagleboy journalism makes me have to go to write the story.

So Sheila had announced that we would hear all about the latest trip in the Bags End Auditorium. It seemed like all the Bags End Friends to the last were there.

I sat in the front row next to mah silly Bumping brother Alex & that nice language-knowing guy Allie Leopard.

"Bump. Bump?" said mah silly brother.

I waited for Allie to translate for me like he usually does, but he didn't. His leopard's mouth was moving but no words were coming out.

"Hey! This isn't some new silly language, like Soundless English or something?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, Algernon, I think Ally has lost his voice," said someone nearby. It was mah smart friend & writer downer of Bags End News, Lori Bunny.

"O no!" I cried. "Untranslated Bump Language!"

"Bump? Bump?" asked Alex. He looked concerned for me like I was hurt.

Well, Lori was laughing real hard. She is a orange bunny with a real smart look on her face. Sometimes Sheila, who is her younger sister, calls her Brains.

Allie had a pencil & a little pad. He scribbled a note & handed it to me. I looked at it real hard but the words weren't telling their meaning.

Lori leaned over from her seat & looked at the note with me. "Allie says that Alex says he wants to know if we will be searching for linguistic or philological antecedents for modern day Bump Language. He feels the Ancients may have spoken a less well-defined & articulate version of Bump. He also was worried that you have finally succumbed to the dreaded English virus, well-documented to afflict long-term & hardcore users of English."

I held mah headbone in mah paws & groaned. "I think Bump will batter me before English erases me."

Just then, we heard a noise from the stage & everyone got quiet waiting for Sheila to come hopping out.

Instead, out came members of Sheila's Kool Jazz Band. I recognized Miss Chris playing her piano, Polly El playing saxophone, & Denny Puppy playing drums.

They played a real neat jazzy song & then Miss Chris began to sing:

Here comes the King!
Here comes the King!
Ain't no goody 2 shoe thing
Ain't no fake diamond ring
Ain't no half-cocked ding-a-ring-ling
Here comes the King!

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Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Shlela Bunnys' an Mees Chreeses' Gratist Voyig of Aul! (Part I.)

The tim agen iz now for yet anothr trip too eksplor parts unown of Bagzend. Evry tim Shlela leeds won of theez trips we allwez end up in strang plasis an I nevr undrstand haff of wat hapens...

Stil, the rigerus ethiks of beegel boy jernelizm mak me hav too go too rit the storee.

So Shlela had anownsed that we wood heer aul about the latist trip 1 morning in the Bagzend Auditorium. It seemd lik aul the Bagzend frends too the last wer theer.

The King of Kool
 She ain't no fool
 She's the rarest jewel
 So hip it's cruel

The jazzy little monarch
 with purple eyes so stark
 they might cause some spark
 just for a dim lark

Here comes the King!
 Here comes the King!
 Here comes the King!

Well, most of the Bags End guys in the audience clapped real loud. A few booed but shut up when Sheila came roaring onto the stage on her BunnyCycle Beatrix. She looked over the crowd & then talked.

"After the visit by Don Oso Antiquo, I have decided that it is time to go beyond Bags End!"

Miss Chris on piano played some little laughing notes. Tiddle Tiddle Tiddle-eee.

"Not top nor bottom this time. Somewhere"--Sheila paused & looked up at the ceiling--"else," she finished.

Denny hit his drums. Ka chunk, pow!

"Since nobody really knows much about what is beyond the edge of Bags End, I think I will go there," Sheila finished. The band played lots of jazz & everyone cheered.

Then someone yelled, "Hey, Sheila, who is going with ya?"

"Quiet, beagle! I was coming to that," Sheila grouched.

"O rats," I muttered.

"My plan is to float a group of explorers over the edge of Bags End 3 at a time using the Blondys. When the first group reaches somewhere safe, the Blondys will go back for the rest, 3 at a time. The first 3 explorers will be myself, Miss Chris, & Algernon Beagle, Official Expedition Scribe."

"Hey, some of those words are me!" I yelled all happy.

Some weren't happy though.

"How come that dum beagle gets to go first?" demanded Betsy Bunny Pillow in her whispery voice. "My Allies should be primarily informed of new places!"

"Thwat dwum bweagle should bwee in the weer of the wanks for his mwany instwances of inswubordination!" yelled that silly baby, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

Well, it looked like your old pal Algernon was gonna get wacked by mah many enemies when a group of Blondys floated over to me & then floated me onto the stage next to Sheila. I was just about to tell them that beagles don't float good when a thought told me that if they knew I wouldn't get to go, so I got quiet.

I stood next to Sheila & her BunnyCycle. She looked me over. "I understand your protests, but unless someone else wants to write down the adventures, the stupid beagle here is it."

"Yah!" I yelled, "The stupid beagle here is--hey! You hurt mah feelings bone!"

Well, Sheila was gonna say something meaner when Miss Chris came over & hugged me. That quieted mah legion of detractors.

"We will leave tomorrow morning, so sleep tight & show up where & when told!" Sheila said finally & then I guess she was done cuz Miss Chris hopped on the back of the BunnyCycle & they roared off her stage & up one of the aisles to the back of the Bags End Auditorium, & they were gone.

Well, I got a few dirty not to mention threatening looks that afternoon from people jealous of me going on the trip first with Sheila & Miss Chris.

I kept to mahself until that night when I got to be a guest on Commander Q's Nightly Radio Program. He sent me a note asking to interview me. As a fellow member of the press, I of course said yes.

You never get to see him even when you are in his radio station, cuz you're in

one room alone & you hear his voice out of a box.

"My special guest tonight is Algernon Beagle, editor of Bags End News. Algernon has been picked by Sheila Bunny & Miss Chris to help lead their Greatest Voyage of All. Algernon, why do you think they picked you?"

"Well, Miss Chris did cuz she likes me, & Sheila did cuz her ego likes the idea of having someone write down her adventures."

"How does this compare to other journeys through Bags End?" asked Commander Q.

"It doesn't yet cuz it hasn't yet. But I bet it will probably be weird & hard to figger out like the others were," I said.

The rest of the night was pretty quiet. I don't remember mah dreams though they were probably better than awhile ago.

I got up early the next day & when I stepped out of mah bedroom into the Bunny Family's TV room I saw a light far away. I went out into the hallway & the light was still far away. I heard faint music too so I went in the direction of the music & the light.

I had to follow it down several levels, but I couldn't quite catch the light or really hear clearly the sound.

So I kept following along, figgering this was probably Sheila's tricky way of getting me to the right place.

And it worked cuz all of a sudden I was on a level where there were crowds of Bags End guys. At the other end of the hallway I heard a Baby Blondy voice yell, "Yay, beagle!" & Simmi Bittersweet floated over to me. She took mah pawbone & floated me over the crowd down to the edge of the hallway.

There was Sheila Bunny & Miss Chris waiting for me with the other 2 Blondy girls.

"You're late, Scribe," growled Sheila. She wore a kool jazzy looking hat.

"Hi, A-wa-wa!" said Miss Chris, & she gived me a hug. I like her best.

Sheila told Tammy the oldest Blondy to float her beyond the edge.

"Citizens of Bags End, once again your leader & King & Emperor is going to set out to discover parts of Bags End unknown. Miss Chris & I have discussed longly what we may encounter beyond the edge, & we agree that we are eager to find out.

"The Blondys will be back when we have found a safe resting place to go back & bring 3 more hardy adventurers. In order to keep everyone from fighting, I won't tell you who's next. You will have to wait to find out. Well, goodbye," & with that Tammy swooped Sheila down & out of sight. Sammy the middle Blondy floated Miss Chris, & Simmi floated your scared old pal Algernon behind Sheila. We heard cheering & a few grumpy protests, but soon the hallway we had been on, sight & sound of it, was gone.

Floating with a Blondy is not like being in a airplane or on the back of a bird or anything like that. The reason why is cuz you don't feel the wind rushing around you or nothing. Everything is still. It's almost like being in a photograph except you can move around a little if you want to.

We floated for a long time in almost all dark. I hoped maybe Suzy Dark or her family were around, but when I called out for them, they didn't answer.

Simmi Bittersweet is a nice Baby Blondy, but when the dark got harder, her hands gripped may pawbones real tighter. It was kind of like the dark would let her float on, but wanted me for a prize. The dark felt like a heavy blanket, or an ocean pulling me under. It was so quiet though. I was scared but I kept holding onto Simmi with mah eyes tightly closed for a real long time.

"Naptime is over, Official Scribe. On your paws!" said a Sheila-like voice suddenly.

Then I felt Miss Chris's arms hug me & I wondered at mah luck.

I opened mah eyes & there was Sheila, Miss Chris, & the Blondys standing around me. I blinked a couple of times to make sure no dreams were in mah eyes.

Then I looked around me, but I could see nothing but white. It was quite a change after all that dark.

Sheila talked again. "'The Blondys are going back for some more Bags End Friends. Since this place doesn't look like much, we will wait here." And so off floated the Blondys into the white.

Miss Chris had sat down cross-legged & was holding Sheila in her lap &

skritchng Sheila's forehead. I sat next to Miss Chris trying not to be jealous. She saw me & said, "A-wa-wa, my feet are cold. They sure could use some nice Ear Blankets."

So I sat between Miss Chris's feet & used mah long ears to cover her feet.

"Speaking of blankets, Person Mommy, when we were being floated by the Blondys, I felt almost like the dark was a blanket that wouldn't let me go," I said.

"I didn't feel that at all," said Miss Chris.

"Me neither," said Sheila.

Now that was really strange.

I think after awhile we fell asleep. We must have because I had a scary dream.

The light became all blotchy on the floor & in the sky. Loud pounding sounds hurt my earbones. It was real ugly. Like ugliness was after me. Like mah insides, the nice Algernon parts, were being chased. The blotches in the sky did a kind of weird dance & the pounding got louder & the floor got zig-zaggy, & I wanted to call Miss Chris & Sheila to help me, but I was afraid the ugly would get in mah mouth. But I kept getting pushed until the dream snapped, if it was a dream, & I could see only white & someone in mah face.

"Bump?" said mah suddenly-here silly brother Alexander, & he bumped mah nosebone too.

"Back off, chum," I growled. Then I realized something was wrong. Usually Allie Leopard tells me the English of Alex's Bump words. But Allie wasn't around. Instead . . .

"My Allies do not approve of Bump Language!" whisper yelled Betsy Bunny Pillow, looking all big & fluffy & scary.

"Thwat dwogfwace should bwe reorientated in thwe official military language of Bwags End," said Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

"Bump Bump?" asked Alex again. Miss Chris came over & gave him a Bump hug, which is hard to tell about. She likes him for some reason.

The Blondys came floating up to Miss Chris & Sheila & there we all were, 9 Bags End Friends, 7 waiting for Miss Chris & Sheila to say what next.

Sheila & Miss Chris looked at each other. Then they left us & went away to talk.

Alex tried to Bump me again, but I hid amongst the Blondys.

Lisa Marie-Chow got sleepy & mumbled something about twoops bweing at wease. Then she fell asleep. Betsy kept her own company, which is fine with me.

Finally, Sheila & Miss Chris came back & everyone wondered what they would say.

"Miss Chris & I have decided that this company isn't big enough, but we won't get anywhere fast going 3 people at a time from place to place," said Sheila.

"So we are going to travel by Blondy Trayn!" said Miss Chris all happily.

Everyone who'd been listening started talking at once, but nobody said anything useful. Miss Chris & Sheila were quiet waiting for everyone else to be too.

"Now the Blondy Trayn is a rather a rather strange way to go, so you're going to have to listen while I explain it," Sheila said.

What she told us, dear readers, was truly amazing.

Sheila Bunny's & Miss Chris's

Greatest Voyage of All!

Part II

"When you take the Blondy Trayne, it means you float along though the air just like the Blondys do."

"But we can't! We know the Law of Grabitee!" I said.

"Yes, but you forget it while you're floating," said Miss Chris.

Well, this plan sounded kind of scary & all, but I guessed since it was made up by Miss Chris, Sheila, and the Blondys that it would be OK.

"How are we gonna forgot the Law of Grabitee?" I asked.

"That part of the plan comes when the Blondys get back with the last 3 members of our group," said Sheila. She had a really weird look on her face, & I thought her

purple eyes were brighter than usual.

So the Blondys floated away again. Betsy Bunny Pillow & Sargent Lisa fell asleep right away, which was fine by me. I sat near Miss Chris who was hold Sheila & Alexander. Miss Chris was even speaking Bump Language with that silly brother. I got a little jealous.

"Hey, Person Mommy, wouldn't you rather hold a little guy who speaks English, & not some dum imaginary language?" I asked.

"Bump! Bump!" said Alex.

"He said 1 day English will be just a distant memory of a less articulate time," said Miss Chris, & she laughed a lot.

"No way, Joe," I said in a grumpy voice. I was gonna find mah own place to wait when Miss Chris picked me up & helded me too. She understands beagles.

I guess I must have real sleepy because all of a sudden I was doing a dream.

In it, I was on a spaceship, the Victoriana. I was a bad guy on a space TV show, & I was battling the Star Trek Enterprise.

"Hey! This is fun! I like being the bad guy!" I said. "Mister Pillow, fire a round of insults at them!"

"Yes, sir," said a polite & obedient dream Betsy.

"Sir, the enemy is firing a volley of diced vegetables at us!" said dream Sheila at her post.

I leaped up in mah captain's chair & yelled, "O! Yuk! Mister Bunny, hit the Missed Button!"

"Yes, sir," said dream Sheila. The yucky food missed us by a mile.

"Sir, now they're firing a round of dark chocolate confections!" said Betsy in her whispery dream voice.

"O! Yuk! Hit the Missed Button again!" I yelled.

"It won't work. It's stuck, sir!" said dream Sheila.

"O! Help! O! Abandon ship! We surrender! I don't like war anyway!" I yelled when the dream suddenly ended.

I felt a large guy's nose bumping me & heard strange words. Opening mah eyes, I saw my brother standing over me.

"Bump?" said Alex in his friendly but incomprehensible way.

"O, fooley," I said. "I think I would almost rather battle food. O! Yuk!"

Allie Leopard came up to me & handed me a note. I looked real hard at the letters, so hard mah poor brainbone started hurting.

Then Lori Bunny came up & read the note for me. "Allie says that Alex says he was concerned about you. Specifically, he wonders if you still dream in English?"

Well, I struggled to mah short feet & looked up at Alex & said, "I dream in English, fella, sure! English nouns & verbs & adjectives." Here mah voice got low & tricky. "Sometimes I even dream in English dangling participles, whatever those are."

Alex was gonna say some more Bump stuff when I heard an authoritative Sheila voice say, "Blondy Trayning! First threat!"

"I thought it was called the Blondy Trayn," said me.

We had all gathered in a group. Miss Chris gave mah nosebone a little pat & said, "First Trayning, then Trayn, A-wa-wa!"

So there we all were: the 3 Blondys, Miss Chris, Sheila, me, Alex, Ally, Lori, Betsy, Lisa-Marie, & 1 other guy, Ramie the Toy Tall Boy! I like him.

"Hi, Ramie!" I said.

Ramie was holding Miss Chris's hand & trying to keep awake. "The Lazybug Express is much easier," he mumbled. Miss Chris gave him a I-don't-like-Lazybugs look. Boy! I'm sure glad I don't Lazybug much!

"Now," said Sheila. "I want you to look at my purple eyes closely, all of you."

So we did. Sheila's eyes got brighter & purpler than ever. I think I heard the Blondys singing a pretty song in Blondy language. Anyway, soon I felt mah beagle body leave the ground & start to float!

"Hey!" I yelled. "This defies the Law of, of, some law or other, doesn't it?"

Everyone else was confused too. But the Blondys & Sheila herded us into a long line. We were all pretty quiet. Floating through the white can be kind of scary but very serious.

I liked it though. I knew we would be OK cuz Sheila, Miss Chris, & the Blondys

were leading us. I wondered where we would go next.

Floating is real sweet & nice & polite, once you get used to it. I didn't feel like talking or arguing or nothing. Just quiet & sweet. I recommend it to all my loyal readers.

XXXXXX

Sheila Bunny's & Miss Chris's
Greatest Voyage of All!
Grand Finally!

Every time that little bunny Sheila gets restless paws, & leads a bunch of us Bags End guys on a journey somewhere, I know it will be mostly strange, a little nice, & hard to understand too.

I think if I was leader of Bags End, I would hardly go anywhere cuz mah exploration jeans are recessive. Maybe I would take volunteers instead to go to strange places for the honor of beagle & homeland.

None of that matters, though. I am most certainly not in charge of Bags End.

Anyway, we left that place of white behind, & floated in our long Trayn line into a place without no color at all. Sometimes you ask someone what he sees & he says, "I see nothing," but that isn't what he really means. I mean, I saw nothing &, let me tell you, it's even less than people think.

Try seeing with your paws or hands. Nothing, right? Right. That's what I mean.

The last thing I remember for awhile was just a little bit of a Blondy Song. I only remember a few words:

Breeeez
Hummm
Sawftley
Mermermermer
Beyond the sun
Fading like the moon
Tooo soon tooo soon
Again
Tooo soon tooo soon
Again
Tooo soon tooo soon
Again love
Tooo soon.

Then I felt mah body disappear. This is such a weird feeling I have felt before. All of a sudden I was just a good idea floating quietly in the nothing. It was very peaceful.

All of a sudden I was back, but I wasn't floating no more. All the other Bags End guys weren't around. Strange, too, cuz I found I was in a hallway of Bags End, not over the edge no more.

I felt so strange I forgot to be scared. I just walked along waiting for something to happen.

I went up a couple of ramps to a level where I suddenly found mahself in Miss Chris's TV room. There were all mah friends! Miss Chris was on Suzy Couch, sucking her thumb & resting on Betsy Bunny Pillow. She was holding Sheila & Alex. Lisa-Marie & Allie & Lori were gathered around her. Ramie was on nearby Freddy Couch sleeping behind his tricky I-am-awake sunglasses. The Blondys were floating in the air above Suzy Couch. They were all watching some real good cartoons.

"A-wa-wa!" Miss Chris said all happy. There were a number of groans & a few quiet threats from mah several detractors in the bunch.

Still, Miss Chris helded out her arms to me so I went to them. She helded me in the same arm with mah silly Bumping brother Alex. He bumped me, "Hi! How are you?" I bumped him back that I was fine but felt a little strange.

"Bump?" he said, all concerned.

"Bump. Bump," I said back.

"Bump. Bump," he said & then watched more TV.

"Bump, Bump-Bump, Bump," I said.

Allie Leopard said, "I thought you didn't like Bump Language!" He was all surprised for some reason.

"Yah, beagle, it was your one endearing quality," whispered Betsy.

"Bump!" yelled Alex, all upset.

"Yah, ya dum guys, Bump!" I said. "And Bump-Bump too!"

Now everyone was talking at once. It got all weird cuz pretty soon it seemed like everyone was talking Bump. Then it all got dark & there I was in some strange place with mah brother Alex over me.

Miss Chris picked me up & holded me. "You were bumping in your dream, A-wa-wa," She gaved me a nice hug.

"Bump!" said Alex, all happy.

I jumped down from Miss Chris's arms & looked Alex straight in his neck, & said, "I don't do Bump, fella."

"Bump!" & now he was all sad, & he sat down to suck his toe. He knows all the tricks cuz now Miss Chris felt all bad for him & picked him up. He talked Bump with her. Dum brother.

I looked around me for the first time. It was almost dark so it was kind of hard to see.

I could see the shadowy shapes of the other Bags End guys nearby, but they were all laying down like they were asleep. Then I looked up & saw 3 shadowy Blondys floating above.

"Miss Chris, how come we were all asleep?" I asked when Alex was finally quiet for a second.

Miss Chris put me on her lap too so she could see mah face. "I don't know. I woke up just before you, & I found Alex sitting next to me, & the Blondys floating."

"Hey!" I said. "We're not floating no more! We must know the Law of Grabitee again."

"The last thing I remember was floating with the Blondy Trayn, & then it kind of faded into a strange dream. I was a character in a book & I didn't have free will because I was trapped in words & pictures. I hated it," Miss Chris made a face. I told her about mah dream & she thought it was very strange too.

Then Alex, who likes to butt in where he is not invited, said a lot of Bump words. Miss Chris said Alex had a dream that he was at Bags End School & Mister Owl was testing him on a language he didn't know at all.

Slowly, the other guys woke up too. Each had something to say. Lisa said she dreamed she was watching an episode of a TV program called "The New M×A×S×H" & there weren't no Hawkeye in it. She thinks Hawkeye is her daddy. Silly sargent.

Lori, who is Sheila's real smart guy sister, said, "I dreamed I was in a classroom with all these strange people who didn't know the answers to any questions & sang, 'We don't know! We don't care! Our brains are small, & full of air!'"

Ramie just mumbled, "I dreamed I was awake. It was terrible."

Betsy Bunny Pillow said she dreamed about being a fruit growing on a tree. And Allie said, in a note that Lori read to us, "I dreamed everyone spoke the same language."

Nobody really liked their dreams or understood how they came about. I mean, floating was just the opposite of bad dreams.

We had kind of got into a circle while talking, with the Blondys floating above. I didn't notice Sheila was missing until she hopped into the center of the circle, & everyone got quiet.

"I think first-time floating & being over the edge made the bad dreams," she said quietly.

Miss Chris got up & went over to Sheila. "What was your dream?"

"I dreamed I was a wild bunny again," she said quietly.

"What now?" I asked.

Sheila closed 1 purple eye & looked up at the sky. She looked almost like she does when she is slouched down in her Throne, thinking hard. Everyone was real quiet,

waiting for what next.

"I don't think we belong here. Or maybe we're not ready to be over the edge. We have to go back."

Everyone was kind of sad cuz this isn't how these trips usually go. Even the Blondys floated down to the ground.

"Are you sure, Sheila?" said Miss Chris with a real serious face.

Sheila nodded.

Now the question was how to get back.

Nobody really wanted to do the Blondy Trayn again cuz of its side effects.

"I thwink a gwood mwarch might be in order," said that silly baby, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

"I DO NOT MARCH!" whisper yelled Betsy in capital letters. "You certifiably questionable infant!"

"BUMP. Bump," said mah brother Alex.

I looked at Allie Leopard, who scribbled a note. Lori Bunny read it to me.

"Allie says that Alex says there are certain experimental mystical Bump modes of transport we could try."

"Mystical Bump?" I yelled. "Ways to Bump travel?" I groaned. "I think your brain has gone over the edge too, ya crazy relative!"

Alex got this real tricky look on his face & said, "Bump, Bump, Bump, da-Bump."

"Da-Bump?" I yelled. "Da-Bump! I thought it was a 1 word language! You cheated! Fake language penalty!"

Lori told me that Allie's scribbled note said that maybe the English virus I had was setting in hard. I rolled mah eyes at all.

Pretty soon everyone was yelling & not getting along, just like we always do. Cooperation was never a Bags End strength.

Finally, a Sheila-like voice said, "QUIET!" & we did.

"Look," she said, pointing to a Miss Chris shadow. She was crying. I guess everyone felt real bad cuz Miss Chris is no weepy unless things go really bad.

"Some greatest adventure of all," somebody muttered.

"Buton it, beagle!" Sheila growled.

"O rats!" said me.

The place we were in was now completely dark. The only light was the small glow given off by the Blondys 3 & Sheila's purple eyes.

Everything was quiet for a moment. Then, instead of going back, Sheila hopped on, & everyone else followed.

We walked & bounced & hopped a really long time in the darkness. I felt like the ground below mah paws was sandy.

It kind of got weird next cuz this place ended & there wasn't ground no more, but it wasn't like we were floating again or like when our bodies disappeared.

There were lights all around, above & below too. And there was pretty music. I realized that it was that kool guy Pete Tchaikovsky & his "Nutcracker" songs. I felt kind of like I was spinning, & I saw mah different friends as I did.

The other Bags End guys looked different & sweeter. Let me tell you.

Miss Chris's face was real vague & pretty & her hair was long & floated around her like a robe.

Sheila looked even smaller than usual, faster, smarter, like she was the best Sheila in the world, even though she is already.

Lisa-Marie Chow looked older & kind of sleepy, like being had easy rules, & now she knew them all.

Betsy Bunny Pillow was deeper blue in her dress, & she looked like whatever she really wanted in her pillow heart was there, or not important anymore.

Ramie had his eyes wide open, & he was smiling wide as sky. Wowsmile. Dear me.

When I spun in view of Lori Bunny, it was like her orange fur was the sunshine. Her fur shined real smart, real smart fur.

I saw Allie Leopard next. He is kind of a grey furred cat with black spots, & he has bright green eyes. I heard Allie singing & it blended with the "Nutcracker" music. It was a song in a kind of Dream Gibberish, but I had never had it before awake.

Last I saw Alex mah crazed relative & he smiled at me & I think he hugged me with no bumping involved.

Your old pal Algernon was worn out with everyone else, so I closed mah eyes & felt the music like a bath. The music tickled mah fur like water.

I think this was like the Season of Lights holiday over the edge in Bags End. It was as though we had forgotten the holiday & it had looked for us & found us.

I don't know how long we existed inside the Season of Lights. The last thing I remember was opening mah eyes & finding me & all the other Bags End Friends on the branches of this giant tree that was growing out of nowhere & getting gianter & gianter. We were so little, like ornaments on its branches & there were colored balls too, & shiny wreaths & dangling toys & lots & lots of other nice decorations, & we were going up, up, so up all the time like a fast ride. It was really great!

I looked up & saw the sun & clouds & wind & darkness we were heading for very fast. Up & up till I closed mah eyes & was very quiet.

"Bump? Bump! Bump?" I suddenly heard in mah ears.

I opened mah eyes & there I was back in regular Bags End, near the edge of the same level, where the journey had started.

Allie Leopard & all the other journey guys were nearby & the hallway was crowded, just like it had been when we left.

Allie handed me a note which Lori read to me.

"Allie said that Alex asks are you alright? Does the English virus have you in its grip? Shall I administer the appropriate Bump chant?"

Before I could say anything, someone from the crowd said, "How come you're back so quickly, Sheila?"

I saw Sheila standing next to Miss Chris. Sheila just said, "Life over the edge is fast & hard. Well, goodbye." Then she hopped through the crowd without another word. Miss Chris followed her, & then Betsy, & Lisa-Marie, & the other journey guys.

Since nobody else was talking, it was up to me to tell the story, which I have. Greatest Voyage of All? I don't know. Strangest? Good chance.

As usual, I still don't really know what happened. It seemed reality & mah dreams ganged up on me to be confusing.

I went to see Sheila in her Throne Room a few days after the trip. She was slouched down in her Throne with a uneaten carrot in her paws. O! Yuk!

She saw me but said nothing. I sat near her Throne in ma comfortable spot, & rested.

Usually we talk about these trips, so that I can try to understand them better.

We didn't talk this time, though. We just sat near each other. I think Sheila liked me being nearby even tho she said nothing.


After awhile, I fell asleep. But this is strange. In mah dream, I was awake & sitting near Sheila, who was in her Throne. She was singing a hum with no words. It was very pretty.

I woke up & it was quiet. Sheila was asleep. But that was OK too.

The end.



* * * * *


 Bags End News
 No. 212 February 3, 1992
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Grat Buny Pillo Referendum!

It iz a strang day indeed wen that big flufy skery pillo gy, Betsee, iz volunteriley nis too enywen in Bagzend eksept Mees Chrees.

That strang day cam wen Betsee cam bounsing intoo Shlelas' Thron. Room. Me an Shlela wer part naping an part talking about ketching up Shlelas' mayer papr-werk.

"Ekscoos me, Shlela, but I want too tawk too yu, sed Betsee almost politleey.

Tak a numbr an wate in the resepsyun lownge," sed Shlela aul grumpeey.

Wel, yor old pal Algernon desn

3-2-92
 12:41 p.m.
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Bags End Book #5: The Great Bunny Pillow Referendum!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

The Great Bunny Pillow Referendum! Part 1.

It is a strange day indeed when that big fluffy scary Bunny Pillow guy, called Betsy, is voluntarily nice to anyone in Bags End except Miss Chris, who had saved her long ago after she escaped from Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm. Farmer Jones is this bad guy who grows Bunny Pillows & sells them to rich people. And Betsy's greatest enemy.

That strange day came when Betsy came bouncing into Sheila Bunny's Throne Room. Me & Sheila were part napping & part talking about catching up Sheila's Mayor's paperwork.

You see, though she claims to be King, & Emperor, & Monarch of Bags End, in truth Sheila is really just the Mayor, & it involves doing a lot of paperwork. And she has only me for her illiterate secretary to help her out. It's pretty grumpifying for her.

"Excuse me, Sheila," said Betsy in her whispery voice. "I would like to talk to you." She sounded almost polite.

"Take a number & wait in the reception lounge," said Sheila, all grumpy. Paperwork was interfering with her daily afternoon nap.

Well, your old pal Algernon doesn't have to be told twice when there is trouble blazing all around him. So quickly I ranned behind Sheila's Throne & quietly listened.

"What do you want, Pillow?" said a Sheila voice.

"I need the help of all of the Bags End Friends in my crusade to liberate the

Bunny Pillows from the evil grasp of Farmer Jones," whispered a Betsy voice.

"Betsy, we've been through all this over & over. And I did help you once. Remember?" said Sheila.

"I want to hold a referendum to get the best idea to defeat Jones," said Betsy.

There was quiet. "This is new," said Sheila.

"I hope someone can think of something I can't," whispered Betsy.

"I will think about it. Now leave me alone," said Sheila.

I thought Betsy was gonna scream, but she didn't. She said "thank you & goodbye," & left. I was stunned.

"You can crawl out now, Beagle," said Sheila.

"What's a referendum?" I asked.

Sheila slouched down in her Throne. I rested in mah favorite spot near her. "Betsy wants everyone to use their imaginations to come up with some crazy new plan to defeat Farmer Jones."

"So are you gonna let her?"

Sheila stared up at the ceiling with 1 purple eye closed, like she always does when she is thinking. "I suppose. I just don't think it will help."

A couple of days later, I was sitting in the Bunny Family's TV room, watching "The Sheila Show," & saw Sheila hop onto the Bags End Auditorium stage with Betsy Bunny Pillow!

"Today's show will be Betsy asking for your help. Listen good. Well, goodbye," & Sheila left the stage.

Betsy looked into the camera & said, "None of you better turn this show off. My Allies are planted strategically where they can watch you watching me." I looked around quickly but I didn't see nobody. I wouldn't have turned off the TV anyway.

"Bags End has a historic chance to help me & my people, & find its way into the annals of our struggles for liberty," Betsy whispered. I didn't understand what she said, but it sounded tricky.

"All of you will be receiving a ballot upon which to write your good idea for liberating the Bunny Pillow Farm. You have one week to fill out the ballot, & put it in one of the specially marked Ballot Boxes placed around Bags End. So think hard!" & with that Betsy bounced off the stage & was gone.

Let me tell you that I never thought I would be told to think of a good idea to free the Bunny Pillows. I couldn't think of anything. It drove me crazy.

I mean, what do I know of such things? I just do mah newspaper, & try to stay out of the snaring plans of the big guys in Bags End.

But then I thought: maybe I could write mean things about Jones in mah newspaper. Hm. No, I thought some more, that really isn't mah style.

So I thought harder & harder, & pretty soon I had a headache. I decided to visit Miss Chris in her TV room in Connecticut. She was happy to see me, & gaved me a big hug which did wonders for mah headache.

We watched some TV. There was a people-folks news program all about this big election that had started. They showed something called a poll to tell which guy was the most popular. Then they showed people-folks telling what they thought.

Well, bing! went an idea in mah head. "I know! I know! I will have a poll & ask Bags End guys what they think of Farmer Jones, & then I will write it in mah newspaper!" I yelled.

"That's a good idea, A-wa-wa!" said Miss Chris, & then she hugged me quite nicely.

I ranned back to Bags End, & found mah smart pal & staff member of Bags End News, Lori Bunny, who is also Sheila's older sister. She was in her room she shares with Sheila, reading a real big book. When Lori reads a book, she puts on these round little glasses that make her look even smarter.

"Lori! We have to do a poll! We have to interview Bags End guys & then write our newspaper all about it!" I yelled. I was so excited I jumped up on Lori's bed, & rolled over the other side, & hurt mah nosebone.

"O! Mah nosebone!" I cried in my pains. Well, Lori helped me up & patted mah nosebone till I felt better. Then we talked about mah idea. Lori got out this big book

& read a long story about taking polls. I gave her a certain look & she smiled & said, "Algernon, what all that stuff means is that we have to be careful that we ask fair questions, & count all of our results twice."

"OK, OK, I am ready. Let's go." I jumped off the bed & pulled Lori's paw to get her to come too. She pulled me back though.

"Algernon, we have to plan & prepare. We can't run off half-crazed like this," she said.

I returned slowly. It sounded more like homework than fun. I wondered if I should come up with an easier plan. But Lori wouldn't let me change mah mind. She can be as stubborn as Sheila when she wants to be.

So we decided to make up 10 good questions to ask Bags End guys about Farmer Jones & his Bunny Pillow Farm.

I don't know how Betsy heard about mah plan, but she came bouncing into Lori's room in the middle of all this.

"Hello, Algernon," she said in her whispery voice. I quietly looked for a way to escape.

"Betsy, we're busy. You can't be here," Lori said.

"I just wanted to see how my friend Algernon & his poll were doing," Betsy said. Boy! If a voice could sound nice & thrash you at once, hers would have.

Instead, Lori told Betsy to leave right away. Betsy didn't want to, but Lori made her.

I would have made a terrible bunny. Not only is mah nosebone too big, but I am not brave enough.

The Great Bunny Pillow Referendum! **Part 2.**

Some people think that when you live in a fantasyland, you have it made. Let me tell you, that may be true in places like Oz & Narnia, but where I live in Bags End you not only have to watch your step, but you have to watch who else is watching your step. Crazed joint.

Here was this great big scary whispering Betsy Bunny Pillow, & Sheila Bunny decided to let her have a referendum on how to defeat Farmer Jones & liberate the Bunny Pillow Farm. I decided mah way would be to take a poll to see what Bags End guys think of of him. Other guys had different ideas on what to do.

The week Betsy gave to come up with bright ideas was over, & Betsy gathered up all the Ballot Boxes with ideas in there. I wanted to be there when she read the suggestions, but she told me that had to be done in private with her Allies.

"But that's censorship, Betsy!" I cried.

"Yes. Yes, it is," she said in her whispery voice, & she bounced away.

So I waited eagerly with Sheila in her Throne Room for news of the referendum's results. Sheila was so anxious she fell sound asleep.

I got so bored of being eager that I left. I went to see Lori so we could work on preparing mah newspaper's poll on Farmer Jones.

Lori told me we should ask some hard questions, "think" questions she called them, & some easier "yes-no" kinds. I guess we worked real hard cuz I fell asleep & Lori helped the sleepy me to bed later.

I guess what Bags End Friends see as the solution & what Betsy thinks aren't even 3rd cousins cuz Betsy was real mad the next day on the "Betsy Bunny Pillow & Her Allies Televised Broadcast."

She bounced onto the stage of the Bags End Auditorium & said, "I restrained myself from smothering all of you last night as I read the suggestions you made for conquering the evil Jones!"

She dragged a Ballot Box on stage & began to read ballots from it:

*** Play jazz real loud all around Farmer Jones' Farm until he is so happy he doesn't care what you do.

*** Discuss with Jones the extraordinary evolution of the planet's beings, & how the final abolishment of all enslaving institutions shall finally come to pass. If he is ready to evolve to this stage, he will. If not, wait patiently.

*** Dwaft him into the mwilitary & tweach him condwukt bwefitting a dwogfwace. Then order him to welease the Pwillows & he will.

*** Free yourself of the wantonly superficial demands of this physical plane & float away friendly & identity-less into the Universe.

*** Bump! (which means teach Farmer Jones Bump Language & of course he will not enslave the Pillows. He may even teach them Bump too.)

*** Squeak Squeak Squeak (which means tell him a real good Squeak joke & then laugh a lot!)

*** O! Mah aches & pains!

*** O! Jones! Yum! O! Pillows! Yum!

*** Take a good long nap. Then roll over & get some sleep.

*** Find out if he has any good comic books.

*** Grr nicely.

*** Make him convince Betsy that on a symbolic level she needs him as a kind of raison d'être as much as he needs her opposition to justify, from a narrative point of view, his occasional appearances in these Bags End stories.

*** Hop away fast when the astronomers point their telescopes at you.

As Betsy read these, she was getting madder & madder. I knew cuz her whispery voice was all cracked & screechy.

"And these are the best ones I got! Are you all without brains anywhere? A race languishes in chains & you tell me to grr nicely? To tell squeak jokes? To Bump???"

"Well, let me tell you. I have had it with all of you! You're all crazy & useless to me. Me & my Allies are leaving Bags End to lay constant siege to Farmer Jones until he or us go down for good! Goodbye!"

Betsy bounced off the stage real mad & I guessed the show was over.

I didn't think Betsy would really leave Bags End. At worst I guessed she would attack Jones again, & he would defeat her again, & she would come back.

But she didn't. She wasn't in school the next day, or the one after that, or after that.

I tried to talk to Sheila about it but she wasn't interested.

"She will be back. Or not. I never did like her racist radical extremism."

Well, I didn't bother to ask what all that stuff meant cuz I guessed it was about bothering Sheila & attacking Jones all the time, & so on.

I decided to gather mah senses & go see mah pal Princess Chrisakah in Imagianna.

I found Crissy in her Palace in her Sleep Pad which is a bedroom. She was dressed all in black like she was going trick-&-treating as midnight. O! Treating! Yuk!

Crissy hugged me well & I sat next to her. She was reading poems by a guy named Octavio Paz who writes in Spanish. Crissy's book had Paz's poetry dressed nicely

up in English.

She thought for a while about mah problem. Then she looked at me hardish. "Do your poll, Algernon. You promised, after all. Then, if you still hear no word, me & you will go find her & save her if she is in trouble!"

I liked Crissy's idea a lot cuz it was polite & brave, but polite first. So I hugged her in black & went back to Bags End.

I got Lori & told her we were done preparing our poll, & the next day we would start. She smiled OK.

The Great Bunny Pillow Referendum! **Part 3.**

So here finally is mah poll. Sheila told me I had to use her name on it or it wouldn't be official. When I asked her to help, she said, "of course not."

The Bags End News & S. R. Bunny Bags End Poll

Question Number 1: Do you know about the conflict between Farmer Jones & Betsy Bunny Pillow?

*** Most guys said yes.

*** Some guys said yes, but they wish they didn't.

*** One guy said Bump.

Question Number 2: Which side do you agree with, if any?

***Most guys said Betsy was probably right, but they didn't like her enough to be on her side.

*** A couple said the stories were entertaining to read.

*** One guy said Bump Bump.

Question Number 3: Does Farmer Jones have a right to his Farm & to grow Pillows & sell them to rich people if he wants?

*** Some guys said yes.

*** Some guys said no.

*** Some guys said don't know.

*** One guy said Bump.

Question Number 4: If Betsy Bunny Pillow asked you for help to defeat Jones, would you say yes?

*** Many guys said they had already helped. Most said they would help again, probably.

*** But nobody seemed eager to volunteer.

*** I ignored the Bump answerer.

Question Number 5: Is this Betsy Bunny Pillow's problem alone, or is it Bags End's problem cuz she lives here?

*** Most guys said Betsy is the problem but she can't be ignored cuz she is mean.

*** I told the Bump answerer to learn English.

Question Number 6: Why has Betsy failed to defeat Farmer Jones before?

*** Cuz she is mean, cuz she is crazy, too much ego, were the common answers.
 *** A few said it was cuz Farmer Jones was too smart, but most blamed Betsy's failure on Betsy.
 *** I told the Bump answerer I had no time for his kind.

Question Number 7: If Betsy was to defeat Farmer Jones today, would you rather have 100s of refugee Pillows come to Bags End, or never see Betsy again?

*** Most guys said if the Pillows are nicer than Betsy, then they can come.
 *** But everyone said no to hundreds of Betsys.
 *** The Bump answerer was informed that this was not a Bump poll.

Question Number 8: Should Betsy Bunny Pillow be told to stop?

*** Everyone said no. Most said she wouldn't listen. Some said: why bother?
 *** The Bump answerer was told: for help, see your representative.

Question Number 9: Could there be a compromise between Betsy & Jones?

*** Almost everyone said no cuz Betsy is too crazy & Jones has no reason to compromise.
 *** One guy said: "If you won, why settle for a tie?"
 *** The heretofore Bump answerer left. Good riddance.

Question Number 10: Would Betsy be happy if she defeated Jones?

*** Some guys said yes.
 *** Some guys said no.
 *** Some said: who knows?
 *** Some said: who cares?

The poll kind of disappointed me. I learned that almost nobody really likes Betsy, or cares if she defeats Jones. Betsy is not really popular in Bags End, I guess.

I retreated to mah bedroom to think about mah poll for awhile. I hoped it would show that we all care about Betsy, & don't like Jones one bit.

Instead, I learned that Betsy is thought of as a crazy bully who is a big problem in Bags End.

The more I thought, the madder I got. Betsy may have her strange ways, but people should care if she's upset!

Mah bravebone hadn't gotten a good workout for awhile, but it got me to go see Princess Crissy that night & tell her all about the poll. Crissy looked really cute with her hair all tangled & her PJs with R.E.M. pictures all over them.

"I am really upset, Crissy," I said. "I mean, we are really selfish if we don't care about this. But what can I do?"

She gave me a hug. A quality hug, I add. "Stay over with me tonight, Algernon, & tomorrow we will go find Betsy & help her," she said.

Well, I had never slept over Crissy's castle before. She told me she would make sure mah adopted Bunny-mommy Pat would know & so not worry.

Me & Crissy got under the covers. Crissy used her tricky smile magick, & me & her shared a good dream together that had mah pals the Weeds in it, & good music by R.E.M. & Men at Work.

The next morning me & Crissy got up & Crissy told her best friend & servant Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, that she was going on a journey with me. Well, Boop got all worried & upset, like he does, but Crissy just gaved him a big hug &

asked him to get her Traveling Cape. He did & it was long & black & covered her down to her black boots. She even had a hood.

"This is a special cape, Algernon," she said with a tricky smile. "We will travel as secretly as we need to."

We gaved Boop lots of hugs & kisses to unworry him some, & then we left through a door in the Castle I had never seen before. It probably disappeared after us.

The Great Bunny Pillow Referendum! **Grand Finally!**

Maybe your old pal Algernon just wanders through life missing the point. Maybe I don't pay attention. Maybe I can't afford to. I don't know, except that I never dreamed or even nightmared that I would be heading off down the road with mah pal Princess Crissy to try & save that big scary Betsy Bunny Pillow.

Through the door was a long road that I thought would lead us to Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm. Crissy & me walked along quietly for a long time. This was strange cuz Crissy & me usually talk a lot.

Finally, Crissy talked. "Algernon, may I ask you something about Betsy?"

"Sure, Crissy," I said.

Crissy's face was all serious as she said, "We could help her defeat Jones if that's what she wanted. I know how. It's not very hard. Should we just save her if she is in trouble, or should we help her beat him?"

A hard question. I thoughted for a while like Sheila has told me to. "Think your answer to yourself. See if you like it. If you do, then say it out loud."

"Crissy, I remember the time Betsy thought she won & all the Pillows came with her to Bags End. She stayed a little while, then she left with them to make the Bunny Pillow Free State. It was all a trick but Betsy seemed pleased. I don't think she wants someone to do it for her though. She wants to do it, & be all proud loudly later on."

Crissy listened to me & nodded. "OK, Algernon," was all she said.

It got dark after awhile, & I think I remember flying with Crissy in her cape through the air. We were with stars, & we had good dreams, & we played together while we slept.

Then it was day & we were walking on the same road some more.

I was getting kind of bored with this adventure. Too much walking. "Can we have a little adventure on the way, Crissy?" I asked. "Just a little one, please?"

Crissy smiled at me a little tricky & pretty soon I heard voices. "Long Live Algernon! Long Live the King!"

I looked to the side of the road & there were a whole lot of mah friends the Weeds!

"Hi, Weeds!" I said.

"Yayy, King!" they yelled a lot. They call me their King though I think of mahself as just a good friend & appreciator of Weeds-kind.

"Weeds, this is mah very good pal, Princess Chrisakah. She lives in Imagianna, & is a friend to Weeds too," I said. Crissy smiled her tricky Crissy smile at the Weeds.

"Yayy, Crissy!" the Weeds yelled.

The Weeds asked me where we were going, so I told them we were going to rescue Betsy Bunny Pillow. A lot of the Weeds booed, cuz Betsy is not a friend to Weeds.

"Now, Weed guys, I want you not to boo. Betsy is in trouble, we think, & so we have to save her," I said.

That's when being a good friend to the Weeds really helped me. The Weeds told me to take a bucket that was lying on the ground nearby, & transplant into it the pink weeds among them. Then they explained that if we gave these Weeds a hug I would turn into a Beagle Weed & Crissy would turn into a Crissy Weed.

"That way, you can travel through the Bunny Pillow fields quickly & sneakily," the Weeds said.

So we transplanted the Weeds, called Hallo-Weeds, by the way they disguise you,

into the bucket, & Crissy hid it beneath her black cape. It didn't even make a lump that stuck out. Then the Weeds cheered me & Crissy & even Betsy a lot.

Crissy made to leave, but I stopped her. "Say, Weeds," I said. "How do we un-Weed ourselves?"

The Weeds told me I had to yell in mah mind, "Beagle! Beagle! Beagle!" & Crissy had to yell in her mind, "Crissy! Crissy! Crissy!" That seemed like a good plan that would have to try real hard to fail. Me & Crissy said, "Thanks, Weeds," & walked on. The Weeds were still cheering us as we passed around a bend in the road.

I felt cheered up by the Weeds cuz they are good friends, just like Crissy. I asked her how long till Farmer Jones' Farm.

"We're almost there," Crissy said. Her face was serious again. Then she saw a tree at the side of the road & walked over to it. We sat together, her holding me politely in her lap.

"Algernon, I want you to be real brave when we get there," she said, all serious still.

"Are you afraid, Crissy?" I asked, hoping no really a lot.

Crissy thought about it. "No, but I have a feeling we won't have a easy time. I may have to do something drastic at some point, & I don't want you to be afraid."

Boy! This un-cheered me up fast. I was so nervous that I just nodded & didn't say no more.

We went to sleep for a little while, & had a nice shared dream again. Me & Crissy were flying in the silver & orange, & we were laughing a lot. I like our shared dreams a lot.

After waking up, we walked back to the road & Crissy said it was time to be Weeds. So she got out the pot of Hallo-Weeds from her cloak, & we hugged them a lot.

Suddenly, I was a brown & white Beagle Weed & Crissy was a green & gold Crissy Weed. We didn't really have faces no more, but I thought Crissy still had a tricky smile kind of way.

Being a Weed is strange. You feel bold & nervous a lot all at once. You want to grow everywhere, but you know the chances of getting picked is a lot in the funner places. I felt wild like they wouldn't get me, but I wasn't altogether believing this true.

We moved through the soil for quite awhile. We could only tell each other stuff when we touched, & even then it was not really words at all. I liked it, sort of.

We climbed a hill, but it didn't feel like climbing. The sun was bright & the soil was warm & wet. It was real nice.

No time to enjoy it though. On top of the hill we could see Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm. O! What a bad scene!

Some of the Bunny Pillows were growing in their usual little circular groups, but mainly what I saw was a group of Bunny Pillows, led by Betsy, carrying Farmer Jones around in a mad run. He was helpless even though he waved his arms & legs around. The Pillows were whisper yelling too, & it was a strange kind of screaming. Betsy's blue dress was ripped, & her crazy voice was louder than everybody else's.

They threw Jones down on the ground, & then Betsy fought him 1 on 1. Jones was trying to win, but Betsy had worned him out.

Save Betsy? What a crazed one I was. The one who needed saving was Farmer Jones!

Me & Crissy felt-talked a bit then. If it had been words, it would have been like this:

"Crissy, we can't let her destroy Jones! She's crazy. We have to stop her!" I said.

"I know, Algernon. Remember what I told you about being brave?"

"Yes. Is it time?"

"It's time, Algernon."

"OK, Crissy."

I waited for a minute to get scared, & then brave at mah scaredness, but

nothing happened. Betsy was rassling Jones to the ground.

Then there was a big rumble & the little Crissy Weed grew real real big. BIG. BIG!

The Crissy Weed grewed gianter & gianter until the whole Farm was in her shadow. Then these sort of viney hands reached out toward the fields. The vines took Betsy's crazed friends & planted them firmly in the ground. Another vine grabbed Jones & put him inside his house & slammed the door shut.

Betsy started screaming real loudly.

"I had him beaten! How could you! I won! I won!" she whisper screamed. She bounced toward the Crissy Weed's trunk like she was gonna fight it or something.

I hid as bravely as I could behind a tall clump of grass. I was quiet as bravely as I could.

A Crissy Weed vine picked up the crazed Betsy & then the whole Crissy Weed grewed up & up & up, & then it left the ground & was lost in the sky. I heard Betsy's crazy yells the whole time, till they were gone too.

The Farm looked peaceful like nothing happened. Jones was safe in his house, & I bravely bet he wasn't coming out for awhile.

Suddenly I bravely realized I was still a Beagle Weed. I decided I had no reason to go on being a Weed, so I bravely yelled in mah mind, "Beagle! Beagle! Beagle!"

And there was me again. I decided to go home. I wondered what happened to Crissy & Betsy, but I bravely walked on anyway.

Pretty soon I came to the same tree where Crissy & I had taken our nap. And there was Crissy again, regular girl Crissy, & she was sound asleep!

I crawled into her lap & slept too. I don't think I dreamed. I don't remember any dreams anyway.

We woked up at the same time, & looked at each other & smiled.

"You were very brave, Algernon," Crissy said.

"I think being a Weed helped. They're pretty brave creatures," I said.

We walked along together on the road for a long time. Crissy didn't have her black cloak on anymore. She was wearing her t-shirt showing Toad of Toad Hall & Sir John Falstaff, with their arms friendly around each other. Her hair was long & tangled & her smile was nice & tricky as before.

"Where's Betsy?" I asked.

Crissy's smile went away again. I got mad at myself for doing that.

"She is gonna stay with me in Imagianna for awhile, Algernon. We have to talk, her & me," she said.

Boy! Personally, I wouldn't invite Betsy to the end of the world if I could help it.

We walked along some more & then we started to sing in the nice sunshine & Crissy looked happy again.

Crissy brought me back to Bags End, gaved me a good hug, & left. She said she would be busy for awhile.

Nobody asked me where I had been or where Betsy was. I didn't care though. I knew where I had been. I knew.

Election Time Again!

Part 1.

Some quiet time passed in Bags End, & then it was time for another Mayor's election. I can't say they come regular, but maybe it's when Sheila just wants a little extra action around here. And Mayor's elections are usually quite full of trouble to tell about. Everybody in Bags End seems to go super extra crazy during them. Anyway, as a beagleboy journalist, I am always game for a good story, So I put on mah reporter's fedorah, & headed over to Sheila's Throne Room to find mah story.

The Throne Room usually is pretty simple. It's got Sheila's Throne, which is a fancy chair she & Miss Chris made together. Next to it are a pile of books Sheila

Bags End News
 No. 227 October 11, 1992
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Elekshun. Tim Agen!

Itz' a good thing yor old
 pal Algernon desnent' lik the
 spot lit' of atenshun too much
 becuz it sertenlee desent' shin
 mah way to awfen or for
 to long.

Here I had bin, chasd
 down an faknisd at big som
 of the biggest grumpiest gys
 in Bagzend whoo wantid too
 bee in mah storeebook.

Then the ~~see~~ seen ended,
 the act waz finished, an the
 play waz ovr. Sutenley it waz
 tim for another mayer's elek
 -shun in Bagzend an mah book
 woud onlee hav stayd populer

reads, about jazz & Jack Kerouac & stuff. And of course her phonograph & jazz records. Finally, a little spot nearby is where I like to sit when we talk, & I like to take naps there too.

This time there was a big sign above Sheila's Throne. She was slouched down in her Throne, listening to the talk of that nice but sometimes tricky Leo the Dark Man. Lori Bunny was there too, listening.

"Hi, Sheila!" I said, all friendly.

"Ahh, my press officer. You're late. The rest of my re-election staff is here. Pull up a piece of floor," said Sheila.

"Hey, pal, I am not on your staff. I am not going to favor one candidate over another. It wouldn't be fair, you know," said me kind of grumpy.

Sheila out-grumped me in a second. "Fair? Fair? Lori, tell the uninformed beagle here what the sign above me says."

Lori adjusted her little glasses & said, "It says, 'ELECT SHEILA OR ELSE!'"

Sheila looked at me like she had just won a big checkers game.

Lori talked some more. "Sheila, I am not on your staff either. I am here cuz you wanted to look like a big shot who has a big staff."

Now Sheila was really mad. "Now listen, you two may observe me in consultation with my campaign chief, but you can't interrupt! Continue, Leo."

Leo said, "Well, I think we should find out who is not gonna vote for you & then, when they go to vote, we give them pens with invisible ink in them."

Sheila smiled in a highly tricky way. "I like it. I like it."

"That's not fair!" I cried.

Sheila gave me an even trickier look. Boy! I bet she broke the record!

"Remember what my sign says, beagle," she said.

I looked up at the sign & remembered it said, ELECT SHEILA OR ELSE!

"We could also tell everyone who won't vote for you the wrong day for the election, so they miss it!" said Leo, who was getting all trick-happy.

Sheila liked this idea too. I wondered why Leo was being so helpful. Then I remembered that he wasn't doing his Janitor's job of scraping Miss Chris's bubble gum off the side of Bags End, which he has to do usually so Sheila will allow him to stay in Bags End. Now it made sense. Bags End guys don't do nice things unless it fills their pockets too.

"How about if we make the ballots with only your name on them!" said Leo.

Sheila liked all these suggestions. Lori looked bored. I left.

Another typical Bags End election full of tricks & cheating & bribes & so on. The candidates always try to steal the election & say they're only borrowing it. I knew that, in the end though, the Blondys would make it all fair.

I wondered who else was running for Mayor, so I wandered around mah strange homeland called Bags End in search of threatening signs & voter traps.

Election Time Again!

Part 2.

The first ones I came upon were a bunch of Puppys writing something on the Bags End Klotterplanket. This is a kind of big graffiti wall with all kinds of writings & pictures on it. The Puppys I saw were Denny, Corey, Skipper, Skippy, & some others. They were all barking & woofing & ruffing a lot. Not being a Puppy, cuz I am a Beagle who speaks English, I didn't know what they were saying or writing.

When they saw me, they got all excited & yelled, "Look! it's Barkruffwoof! He's come to help us!" They said it in English except for the Barkruffwoof part, which is supposed to be mah name Algernon in Puppy Language. Yah, right.

"Listen, you Puppy guys, I am here on a beagleboy journalist's task. Mah paper just tells what is going on, not what to do about it!" said me.

The Puppys listened to me & then discussed what I had said, I think, cuz they barked & woofed & so on, & looked at me a lot.

Denny Puppy, who is kind of the Puppy Gang's leader cuz he is so polite, said to me, "OK, Algernon. We will tell you about our Puppy Gang Coalition, & then show

you our sign."

"What's that?" I asked.

"A sign?" asked Denny.

"No, a coalition?" I asked.

Denny looked thoughtful. "Well, you see, when we decided to run for Mayor, we agreed that if we win, we will run Bags End together as the Puppy Gang Coalition."

A Group Mayor? I didn't think I liked this. At least when Sheila tries to boss someone around, there's only one of her to tell to take a hike. But with a gang, there's a bunch. What if one of the Group Mayor tells you one thing & another says something different?

The Puppys then showed me their sign. I asked Denny to read it to me cuz I am sort of an illiterate guy. Denny said yes politely.

The Puppy Gang Coalition
Principles of
Puppy Governance

(A.B. - They told me this means this is how they're gonna run things)

1. All Puppys in Bags End will automatically be invited to be a member of the Coalition.
2. Beagles & other questionable Puppy-persons who speak English or Bump or anything else may apply for membership.
3. The seat of power will be transferred to the Secret Puppy Club hideout.
4. Non-Puppys will be welcomed to stay, though of course cannot be part of the Coalition.
5. All business of governing will be conducted in Puppy Language. Other languages in Bags End will be allowed, though not endorsed.
6. The official news organ of Bags End will become a Puppy-sanctioned, Puppy-created, Puppy-languaged medium.

There was more but I wanted to know what those last bunch of words meant.

"It means you will either write your paper in Puppy Language, or it will be superceded by another," said Denny.

"What's that mean?" I asked suspiciously.

"We will make a new newspaper to replace yours," Denny said.

Well, your old pal Algernon is not a brawling fella but when mah newspaper is threatened, I will put up mah dukes fast.

"Listen, you, you, you, Puppys, you! You can't make me stop doing mah newspaper!" I cried.

"You can keep doing it, Algernon, but it will have to be in Puppy Language," said Denny, still politely. "You missed the last one, by the way."

7. Bags End will be renamed BarkBark.

I had heard enough. I ranned away fast from the Puppys & their crazy ideas. I knew even if they got elected, too many big guys like Sheila & Betsy would never listen to their rules.

I decided to go to mah bedroom & sleep in mah bed. I had more work to do, of course, but I needed a nap break.

Instead of a welcoming room of quiet, I found mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy, that nice green-eyed guy Allie Leopard, mah good friend Princess Crissy, & mah person-mommy, Miss Chris!

They were all working on a big sign. After a few desired hugs, & a few undesired Bumps, I asked them what they were all doing in mah bedroom, & what the sign said.

Miss Chris told me it said:

ALGERNON 4 MAYOR!
 PUT A BEAGLE ON
 THE THRONE!
 (A Bump-endorsed candidate)

Well, this threw your old pal Algernon into the town of Surprise, state of Confusion. I have run for Mayor before once or twice, but only as a joke, & nobody ever voted for me anyway. Not even me, cuz I always vote for Sheila so she won't hit me.

Now they were dancing around mah room, all 4 of them singing:

Vote 4 Algernon!
 He's our guy!
 Come on up & ask us
 We'll be glad to tell you why!

He's a beagle
 not a eagle!
 He's the best
 not a equal!

You get the idea. It went on & on. Finally, when nobody was looking, I sneaked onto Milne's Porch. This election was the craziest ever!

Election Time Again! Part 3.

Trials & Tribulations. Tribulations & Trials. If it wasn't for bad luck, dear Readers, I'd have some weirder kind, that's all. Election Day was coming closer, & the whole place was spooked full of strangeness. I figured I had better find out who else was running for Mayor, & what their nutty ideas were & crazy signs read.

I searched out that big, scary, & fluffy Betsy Bunny Pillow. To find her, I went to this certain level of Bags End, & to this certain door, through which is this big grassy field with a tall tree in the middle of it.

Up in the tree, which is so covered in leaves you can't hardly see into it, is Betsy's Allies Fortress. It looks just like a clubhouse, but don't tell Betsy that or she will give you a Smother Sandwich. O! Yuk! I think Betsy & her Allies built it not long after Betsy got back from her mysterious time with Princess Crissy in Imagianna.

The tree has a wire fence around it, & a Secret Way through only Betsy & her Allies know. Miss Chris too, probably.

So I came as close as I could, & yelled at the tree, "Hey, Betsy! This is the press talking! Are you running for Mayor?"

The day suddenly got dark & someone came out of the clubhouse but I couldn't see who.

"Leader Betsy says that she does not acknowledge this election, nor shall she sanction its result," said probably an Allies' voice.

"What do all those words mean?" I asked.

"They mean I don't know or care about the election!" yelled in a whisper a definitely Betsy voice.

"But you always run, Betsy!" said me. "It's more fun that way!"

Betsy's voice got kind of tricky now. "I shall choose to wield my influence in more subtle ways."

Uh-oh. It sounded like Betsy had some sneak-filled plan in her fluffy mind.

"I have to go now, Betsy," I said, & started backing toward the door back to Bags End.

"Will you carry to Sheila a message for me, Algernon?" whispered Betsy in a voice so slick you could fall & bang your head on it.

"OK," I said suspiciously.

"Tell her that what's here today could be gone tomorrow, unless it is carefully preserved."

"Sure, Betsy!" I yelled as I stumbled in the darkness toward the door that I had smartly left a little open.

Back in Bags End, I hurried toward Sheila's Throne Room. On the way, I ran into that silly red-haired Baby, Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

"Oh no!" groaned me, cuz she always thinks I am a sub-private in her Army of the Babys, & makes me march up & down until she says in her funny voice, "Twoops, dwissmissed!"

"Ahh, Bweagle, you're just the dwogfwace I want twoo swee," she said. I kept mah back to the wall, & was looking for a way to escape.

"Do you want me to fall in line with the rest of the troops? Where is Ramie, anyway?" I asked some more. Ramie seems to be the only other usual troop in her army.

"No mwarching twoday, bweagle. I have decided twoo wetire fwum the mwilitary & run for elected office. I will need an assistant twoo manage my cwampaign & a news organ in which twoo pwomote mwiy cwampaign efforts," Lisa said.

Not again. "Lisa, I am not going take sides. Besides, you always run for Mayor."

Lisa's baby blue eyes got small & tricky. "Bwut now thwat I am wetired, I can win! I always fworgot thwat you can do bwoth. I mean, living in the mumble, mumble . . ."

Lisa fell asleep, right there in the hallway. I ranned away before she could wake up & start making sense.

It seemed like no place in Bags End was safe from crazed candidates, or from being forced meanly or nicely to try & run for Mayor.

I wondered what the Blondys thought of all this. They're these magickal blond sisters, & they're real nice, & they make Bags End guys stop cheating, which Bags End guys love so much to do, especially during these Mayor's elections.

I decided to call them. "Blondys 3!" yelled me. "Blondys! Where are you?"

Blondys have real good hearing cuz they were floating all around me before I had even finished yelling.

Tammy is the oldest. She has a white dress & gives the Sunday school talk to Bags End friends every week. Sammy is the middle Blondy. She had a red dress & helps Santy Clause bring his presents around. Simmi is the Baby Blondy, & she is a cheerleader. They all have nice brown eyes & mysterious monalisa smiles.

Blondys float cuz they don't know the Law of Grabitee. They floated me up to them so we could all hug.

I told them all about the election & then asked Tammy what she thought.

Instead of getting a talked answer, I got floated by the Blondys right to mah bedroom. It was nice & empty of deluded "Beagle for Mayor" campaigners.

"You need to rest, Algernon," said Tammy.

"But what about the election?" I asked.

It was dark but the Blondys' hair glows, so I could see their faces.

Tammy laughed. "We will take care of it. We have to have talks with several candidates about campaigning more nicely."

"They won't like that," I muttered.

The Blondys disappeared, but I heard a faint "Yayy, Algernon!" before they were all gone.

Election Time Again! **(Grand Finally!)**

I live in a place called Bags End. It is located on the border between the fantasy world, where lands like Oz & Narnia live, & the regular world where there are places like Connecticut that Miss Chris & Ramie live in.

None of this explains the strangeness of mah homeland, except that maybe being in-between makes Bags End fuller of weirdnesses from both the regular places & the

fantasy ones.

Does any of this make it easier to explain the Mayor's election I have been telling you about? Probably not. Election Day kept creeping closer, & the candidates were reaching deeper into their bags of sneaky tricks.

That short but vast leader of Bags End, named Sheila Bunny, & her campaign chief, named Leo the Dark Man, were trying anything in the book to win, & then when the book was empty they wrote a sequel.

One day after school, Leo went around giving everyone a coupon for one free carrot (O! Yuk!) as a gift from their Mayor. Now few Bags End guys really like carrots, so that failed, & then Sheila, who loves carrots the most, forgot it was a trick & ordered Leo to give her all the coupons.

Other candidates were tricky too. The Puppy Gang Coalition would parade up & down the halls of Bags End with their signs in Puppy Language that Allie Leopard told me said things like, "PUPPYS MAKE BETTER MAYORS!" & "COME BARKING WITH US!" & other silly things.

Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, now retired from her Army of the Babys, would crawl up to people & tell them long boring stories about the Battle of Gunga Din & Cockle-Doodle-Do. She said an old warhorse like herself had the perfect training to be Mayor.

Then someone said to her, "But, Lisa, you're not a horse!"

She said, "Dwon't hwassle me with the dwetails, bweagle!" Lisa never likes details.

Betsy Bunny Pillow & her Allies weren't around much, & when she was she was always laughing a tricky little whisper-laugh like she knew the flood was coming & already had her boat.

Finally, your old pal Algernon was still sort of a candidate too. The Blondys had made the big guys leave me alone, but Princess Crissy & Miss Chris & Allie & mah foolishly un-Englised brother Alex still wanted me to run. I said no, but they didn't listen.

On the night before the election, Mister Owl, who is the teacher of Bags End School, got a bright idea to have a Candidates' Debate. He said it's like a discussion of the important things the candidates will do if elected Mayor.

I guess debate in Bags End lingo means argument & fight, cuz that's what happened.

All the candidates were told to go to the Bags End Auditorium stage for the Debate. Even me. When I said I didn't want to, Mister Owl got kind of upset that I wouldn't do his idea, so I said yes, again listening to mah mushy old beagle's heart-bone.

Sheila, Lisa-Marie, Denny & Corey of the Puppy Coalition, me, & that tricky Betsy were all there.

"Hey, Betsy, you said you're not running!" I said.

Betsy laughed her sneaky laugh, but didn't say no words.

Mister Owl was the host, & the Auditorium filled with Bags End guys who cheered & yelled & waved signs.

"Now, candidates, the first question is: should the Mayor have more powers or fewer?" Mister Owl asked.

Sheila spoke up. "I always wanted many more. And one should be to decide who wins the election."

"You dwum Bunny! Who died & mwade you Kwing?" yelled Lisa.

"Nobody. I made myself King!" said Sheila proudly.

"Bark Bark Woof!" said Denny & Corey together.

I yelled into the audience, "What did they say, Allie?"

I heard an Allie Leopard voice yell back, "They said Puppy democracy is the best!"

Now everyone was yelling, & it took a long time for Mister Owl to make everyone be quiet again. He did, though, by saying all the candidates would get extra homework if they didn't stop. That worked.

"The next question is: do you think Bags End should sell a lot of merchandise with its pictures & logos on it?" asked Mister Owl. Then he explained that would be

toys & stuff with all our faces on them.

Sheila said, "Not a bad idea at all. I would like to see my face on lunch boxes & pogo sticks."

"O! Yuk!" I cried.

"Mwerchandising is apwopriate in a mwilitary state," said Lisa.

"Bark Woof Woof!" said the Puppys.

"They said there should be contests & the prizes should be Puppy Language dictionaries!" yelled Allie Leopard from the audience.

This began another fight that took too long to settle down.

Betsy Bunny Pillow had been scarily quiet during all this. Then I noticed her whispering to Mister Owl. He nodded.

"Candidates, Betsy wants to know your positions on liberating the Bunny Pillow Farm from Farmer Jones' evil grasp," said Mister Owl.

"When I am Mwayor, I will adwopt a strwict isolationist pposition wegarding fworeign policy," said Lisa in her big words talked baby style.

I didn't even know what Lisa said but all of a sudden she & Betsy were fighting in a heap.

Sheila was muttering, "I favor inanimate Pillows." Betsy heard this & foughted her too.

With all the big guys fighting, & the Puppys barking, & the audience yelling, your old pal Algernon decided that the Candidates' Debate was over, & the Candidates' Brawl was started. I sneaked away during the fracas, & nobody noticed. That was good.

What I wanted most was a good chunk of quiet. So I went to Milne's Porch & sat in mah comfy chair.

The night before me was kind of strange. The Moon seemed to be drifting across the sky instead of staying in place.

I was getting sleepy as I watched the Rebel Moon, & pretty soon I was asleep. I had a very strange dream.

The Moon wasn't drifting across the sky no more, but was coming right toward me! It kept getting bigger & bigger. Finally, I yelled, "Hey, Moon, stop crowding mah space!" Haha, sure, but I wasn't laughing then.

The Moon had a face & looked at me all big & kinda grumpy & said, "You! You're just a rash of life on the skin of my brother Ernie!"

"Who's Ernie?" I asked.

The Moon ignored mah question, & studied me closely. I didn't like the look the Moon had, like I was a tiny dot of inconvenience to be dabbed into oblivion.

I climbed out of mah chair & edged toward the window to mah bedroom. The Moon kept coming closer & closer as I slipped into mah bedroom & slammed the window shut.

I wondered what would happen if the Moon hit Bags End. It seemed a strange idea, so I got under mah bed covers & hid.

When I crawled out, it was daytime & the bully Rebel Moon was gone.

I was gonna sigh with relief when I realized it was Election Day.

"Oh, no," I groaned.

The only good part of Election Day was that Mister Owl said there was no school. I decided to venture out of mah warm unproblematic bed to see what madness abounded.

I came upon a crowd of Bags End guys. They held signs in their hands or paws. The signs had pictures of me!

I figured this was a trick of one of the big guys, so I ranned away. The whole crowd chased after me! I heard shouts of mah name & thought the end was near when one of the voices sounded just like Miss Chris!

Not one to be fooled by a fake voice, I ran up a level & hid in a shadow till I could be sure. Sure enough, there came Miss Chris! I ranned to her fast.

She had an "Algernon for Mayor" shirt on, & she yelled, "Yayy, Algernon! Vote for him!"

Before I could protest a word, I found that I was surrounded by cheering groupies.

I am a humble guy, ya know, & this was not mah scene. I thinked quickly & said,

"Hey, groupies, I was just going to see Sheila when you trapped me in your glee. Bring me to her, please?"

So Miss Chris & the groupies carried me to Sheila's Mayor's Office & went away still cheering, "Algernon for Mayor!"

Sheila was packing her carrots (O! Yuk!) & her jazz records in a big box.

"What are you doing here? Can't you wait till tomorrow to steal my office?" said Sheila, not grumpy at all. She looked at me with her sad wet purple eyes, & I knew she would never believe I didn't want to be Mayor.

So I just said, "Sorry, Sheila," & went sadly away.

I wandered the hallways of Bags End for a long time, thinking about all this. What tangled webs we weave when we attempt to clarify!

Finally, I knew what I had to do. I had to out-trick all the other candidates for Mayor. So I made mah plan, & went to see the Blondys.

The Blondys were all floating around the Ballot Box. They were there to prevent the tricks from working, like when Leo the Dark Man tried to vote twice, & Lisa tried to kidnap the Ballot Box & hide it in her diaper to get away.

I did mah vote for Sheila of course, & then told them that mah reporter's duty required me to hang around for the results.

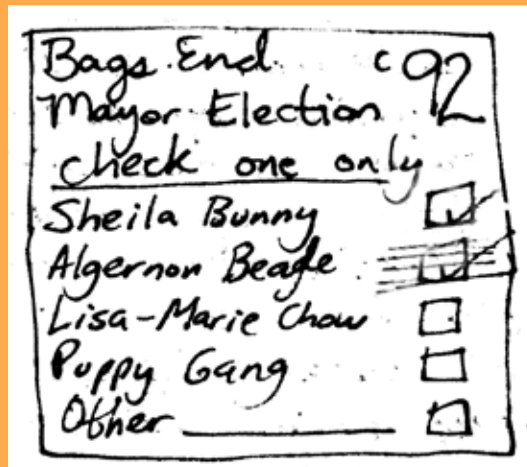
Finally, everyone voted, & the Blondys were floating down the hallway to count the votes in a Secret Blondy place only they know. I runned after then quickly.

"Hey, Blondys! I forgot to tell you something real important!" I yelled.

The Blondys came back & I told them I had to whisper them. They surrounded me real close & . . . BITE! I gave them a dose of the Babys!

Baby Blondys are real neat but they don't float too good. And they are not interested in elections or nothing like that. Just mostly playing with their toes as they sort of bounce up & down off the ground.

I had no time to play with them though. Quickly I opened the Ballot Box & changed all the votes for me to votes for Sheila:



Then I put all the votes back in the Ballot Box, & gave the Blondys 3 each a little kiss, & ranned real fast to mah comfy chair on Milne's Porch.

I sat there a long time rather relaxed for a fella who just left a lot trouble in his path.

The weird thing about trouble is that sometimes when you think it's stampeding your way, it never arrives. Of course, sometimes trouble plays ghost & boos! you loudly.

Anyway, only Sheila came to see me. It was funny her coming to see me when I usually go to see her.

She hopped onto Milne's Porch without a word & hopped over to the railing that guards the edge. I stay away from the edge if I can't help it.

"I won the election today," Sheila said, still staring at the sky.

"Hooray," I said quietly.

Now she turned & looked at me. "Why did you fool with the votes?"

"I don't want to be Mayor, Sheila," I said.

Sheila turned back to the sky. "Maybe I don't want to anymore either." I guessed she saw enough of the sky cuz now she left without a word.

I was kinda of upset when I heard a faint laugh of joy through my bedroom window. It was a Sheila laugh.

Ask me a question & I reply: I don't know, I don't know, I don't know why.

The election was truly strange. Did anyone but Sheila know what I did? Nobody said anything. I think the Blondys knew, but with some secrets their motto is "Deny Everything."

Miss Chris was sad I lost, but happy Sheila won. Mah former groupies gave me a collective "You're a loser" look, & de-groupied.

I kept mah own company for some days. I was kind of down by the whole thing. Bags End elections are usually more fun & less me.

I was sitting in mah chair on Milne's Porch when Sheila came to see me again. She had a small wrapped gift. "This is for you," she said, handing me the present.

It was pencils with little pictures of Sheila on them. There were words too, but I can't read words as good as pictures.

"They say, 'Compliments of Your King & Mayor, S.R. Bunny,'" Sheila said.

I am sure I looked very surprised.

"You're alright, Beagle," she said, & gaved me a little kiss on mah cheekbone.

"Well, goodbye," she finished, & left.

I felt better now, I guess. Beagles have mushy heart-bones but springy soul-bones.

I can say I am glad that election is over & I hope never to run for higher office than Mayor of Mah Own Abstruse Intentions, for a long time to come.



* * * * *





Bags End Book #6: The Grand Scheme of Liberation!, Part 1

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Deep in Mah Bed

Some guys live in fantasylands where most are nice & helpfull & all. Not your short but diligent pal Algernon Beagle. In mah homeland of Bags End, friends & enemies are usually found in one scary package after another.

Among the scariest is that real-live talking pillow named Betsy Bunny Pillow. Her story is famous & familiar.

Betsy was a big old rebel guy even when she was little & growing in the fields of Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm. She turned away from the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows, a song sung the night before pillows get picked from their growing fields, get cold, & don't talk no more. But Betsy ripped off the roots holding to her to the ground, & bounced away into the world, till she ended up scared & dirty in Miss Chris's front yard in

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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Betsee Buny Pillo-ow! ow! ow!

Som gys liv in fantaseelands
 weer most ar nis an helpfull
 an awl. Not so yor short but
 filigint pal Algernon. In mah
 homeland of Bagzend frends an
 enemies ar uzellely fownd in wun
 skary pakeg aftr anothr.

Among the skeryest is that
 reediv tauking pillo namd Betsee
 Buny Pillow. Her storee is famus
 an familiar.

Betsee waz a big old rebbel
 gy evin wen she waz litel an
 groweing in the feelds of Farmr
 Jon'eses Buny Pillo Farm. She ternd
 away from the Midnit Song of the
 Buny Pillos song the nit betor thay

Connecticut.

And that's how she ended up in Bags End, of course. Miss Chris cleaned her up, named her Betsy, & gave her a nice blue pillow case dress with lots of bunnys on it. Betsy has been crazy & around ever since, trying to liberate the Bunny Pillows who still live in her homeland, grow, & get picked, & sold to rich people.

"So what, Algernon?" you say. "This story is famous & everyone knows it too," you add. "Dontcha got any new storys to tell about this time?" you talk some more.

Calm down, fella. As a stoutly devout beagleboy journalist, of course I do. Keep a leash on that impatience there, guy.

Now Betsy had already tried to make me go to see her about her latest plan to liberate her fellow Bunny Pillows from Farmer Jones. I rebelled & escaped briefly. Well, not again.

Deep in mah bed was I when a squadron of Advanced Allies came in the dark of night & fetched me. I don't like being fetched. I'm not a bone, ya know. O! Yuk!

They gently forced me to go see Betsy in the tree house she calls her headquarters-in-exile, whatever those are.

Now I have seen Betsy Bunny Pillow look big, fluffy, & scary before, but she was worse then ever. She had a black handkerchief wrapped around part of her, & a pirate's eye patch near it. She doesn't have a head or anything, but I still got the idea.

"Let me be, ya pirate pillow, you!" I yelled cuz I was scared but more annoyed about mah broked sleep.

Betsy said no words. She sat on the floor near me & said nothing for a long time.

"You don't like me, do you, Algernon?" she finally said in her whispery voice.

Hmm. "I would like you if you weren't mean always. And if you liked me back."

"You really don't like me, do you?" she said again with her voice a little louder.

Ut-o. "Sure I do."

"What I mean is, you have no regard for my bitter struggle with the forces oppressing my race!" Betsy whisper-screamed & made a lunging smother at me.

I rolled away from her plunge. "Leave me alone, you, you, you, pillow, you!"

Betsey stopped chasing me & calmed down again.

"Beagle, I have a story to tell your newspaper doesn't deserve. It's about the triumphant freeing of a people. It's about the vanquishing of a mortal enemy. It's about sacrifice for the greater good."

"Again?" I said.

Betsy retreated from me & returned with an Allie who handed me a piece of paper. I couldn't read it cuz it always get dim when Allies are around, & anyway I am still learning some of the ABCz.

So the shadowy Allie read the note to me. "Betsy, we know how hard you have fought for Bunny Pillows & we are now physiologically developed enough, some of us anyway, to help."

"What's that mean?" I asked.

"Shut up, beagle!" yelled Betsy.

The Allie read some more. "We are ready to work with you for this common goal. You must come to us, however. The Slavemaster keeps too close a

watch for any of us to escape. Please come soon. Signed, Revolution Pillows."

Well, what could I say? My first thought was, why is she telling me all this? My second was, what does she want from me?

"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked.

"You represent the press in this region, right?"

I nodded.

"I need you to make sure my race's story is told, whether there is victory or defeat," she whispered.

Fear like a breeze blew by my face. "What do you want from me?"

"You must come with me on this undercover mission to document it event by event," she whispered.

Yah, right. I almost laughed at the pirate-garbed Betsy when I noticed she was in mah way to the door. Mah escape seemed doomed.

"No, Betsy," I said.

Betsy bounced nearer to me.

"No," I said again, backing away from her.

"You must," she whispered.

"No," said me.

I was fearing for my very self when Betsy stopped & backed off.

"OK, beagle."

"OK what?" I asked.

"You can go," she said.

"Why are you giving up?" I asked, full of suspicion.

"Because you are not what I thought you were. You will not risk all for a good story. You are not in the grand tradition of hard-bitten, go-for-broke, anything-it-takes journalists," she whispered, calmly for her.

"What?"

"You are not a true beagleboy journalist!" she said, now whisper-yelling. "You're a fake!"

"I am so!" said me. I thought, since I made up the word beagleboy journalist, who is a true one if not me?

Betsy moved away from the door. "Please leave, faker," she whispered.

She got me. Now I didn't want to go. "Wait a minute, Betsy."

"If you don't go, I will have my Allies remove you," she whispered louder.

"OK! OK! You got me! I will do it, ya brain-filled, trick-mongering, crazed pillow!" I yelled.

Betsy was quiet again, like she was thinking over mah begging. Stupid tricky guys, I think-muttered.

"Very well. We will begin the Grand Scheme of Liberation immediately," she whispered.

"The what?"

"First, we must suitably outfit you for our work. Much is to be done."

I was soggy with many questions, but Betsy called her Allies to bring me home.

Still in the deep of the night, & here I was back in mah bed, but what had happened in the middle?

I didn't know.

Never too long a string of safe moments for your old pal Algernon.

Me & this pillow were gonna be spies or something, see?

Well, I saw.

I wished I didn't though.

Letter-Poem to Mah Newspaper

It was not long after this strange night that Mrs. El the Post-Mistress of Bags End brung me a letter-poem, right to where I sat in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. She kindly offered to read it to me, since mah English skills weren't increasing at any noticeable speed. I include it here not because it is a good poem, like that Wordsworth guy, but because it shows how crazy Betsy is, & how her plans filled mah very bones with dread.

You will come with me,
I will work with thee,
Sneaky spys we will be,
Evil Jones he will not see,
We will pursue our decree,
Better times will come to be.

Bunny Pillows will be free!
Bunny Pillows will be free!
Bunny Pillows will be FREE!

His head we'll put on a T
With him we do not agree
He will cry loudly EEEEEEE!
As he is tossed & lost at see!

Bunny Pillows will be free!

-BB Pillow & Her Allies

Sneaky Times with Betsy Bunny Pillow!

One time mah good friend & adopted personmommy Miss Chris said that because I am a beagleboy journalist, I must always be on the cutting edge of happenings in Bags End.

I guess she is right because the latest Bags End happening only involves me because I write mah newspaper. I mean, Betsy Bunny Pillow doesn't like me & probably wouldn't ever want to have a adventure with me otherwise.

But here we were, about to have a adventure together. I had been taken in the night by her Allies to see her & she tricked me into going with her on her latest try to defeat Farmer Jones, & liberate all the pillows being grown on the Bunny Pillow Farm to be picked & sold when ripe enough.

The next day when I saw Betsy in school, I thought she would tell me more about her plan to defeat Farmer Jones. But she ignored me like she usually does, cuz I am a not-pillow.

An this went on 4or more days after that. I was getting annoyed cuz I know Betsy well enough to see she was enjoying mah confusion. She probably thought it made her seem more powerful & mysterious, but it didn't. I thought it made her more like a mean bully, & I started wondering if this story was gonna be worth the trouble.

Then one day I was almost ready to go after school to her secret hideout & tell her forget it. First I decided to go to Milne's Porch 4or a little while to sit in mah comfy armchair & mull it all over.

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 No. 243 November 22, 1993
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Sneekey Tims With Betsee Buny Pillo!

Wun tim mah good frend an adoptid
 persun momy Mees Chrees sed that beek
 awz I am a beegel boye jernelizt I
 must allwez bee on the kuting ege of
 hapenings in Bagzend.

I gess she iz rit becuz ~~the~~ ^{the} latist
 Bagzend hapening onlee involvs me becuz
 I rit a nuwz papr.

I meen, Betsee Buny Pillo dezent
 lik me an probubley woodent' evr want
 too hav an advenchur with me uthr wiz.

But heer we wer, about too hav
 a advenchur toogethr. I had bin takin
 in the rit biy Allis too see her an
 she trikt me intoo going with her on
 her latist triy too defeet Farmir Jones
 an liberat awl the pillos groing up on
 hiz farm only too bee pickt an sold.

I was barely through mah bedroom window & settled in mah armchair when the skies be4ore me got real dark, & a scary whooshing sound filled the air, & then a strange but familiar whisper roared all over.

"It is time 4or the destination of liberty to be realized! It is time 4or the oppressors to be hooked, stripped, & scattered!"

"Hey, Betsy, what do all those big words mean? An how did you make the sky go dark like that?" I yelled.

"Here's a word even stupid beagles can understand--NOW!" whisper-screamed Betsy.

It was just like that bully Betsy to yell mean words at me & make one word big & scary like it isn't usually really is.

I didn't move tho. I knew that Betsy would send lighting tricks & Allies by the barrel-full to capture me & bring me to her clubhouse. So I waited.

Betsy didn't come tho. Nobody came. Then, after awhile, I fell asleep. I dreamed I was in Princess Chrisakah's castle & we were playing in her bedroom. The funny thing was that I wasn't the usual beagle I am. An Crissy wasn't the usual girl she is.

"I am not a beagle!" I yelled, like it wasn't obvious. I smoothed mah dress & patted mah long hair out of mah face.

Crissy scratched her long furry nozebone & said, "I know, Algernon. Algernon? Algernon? Algernon?"

I waked up & there was girl-dressed Crissy before me on Milne's Porch! I quickly checked mah own body's state of affairs, & found the usual parts of me in their usual places.

"Hi, Algernon," said Crissy, softly friendly, but not big like I am used to.

"Hi, Crissy," I said, & got out of mah chair so she could sit in it & then I crawled onto her warm lap.

She was really quiet & not paying attention to anything or me either.

"Hey, Crissy, cat got your tongue?" I asked, cuz I had heard somebody call quietness that.

"Betsy wants me to transform you into a Bunny Pillow, so you can go with her on her mission."

"Me? A Bunny Pillow?" I cried. Then I remembered that mah beagleboy journalistic ethics would say yes to this.

"Well, OK," I said, thinking Crissy would be pleased she didn't have to argue me into it. She didn't get happy tho.

"Algernon, do you remember when we were Weeds together?" she asked.

I nodded. "That was kind of fun."

"But you won't like being a Bunny Pillow. It will make you feel sad," Crissy said, kinda sadly.

Here was another test for your old pal Algernon's enfeebled brainbone. I know that Crissy don't use her magic much, & if she did, & it made me sad, this would probably weep her out.

So I thought. I thought some more. I thought so hard, I thought mah brainbone would blow a fuse.

"Maybe I don't have to be a Bunny Pillow. Maybe people could just think I am a Pillow," came out of mah pooped brainbone through mah mouth.

"You mean a costume? I don't think that would work," said Crissy.

"No, I mean, um, if I moved along in a, um, cloud of trickyness that fooled people into thinking Pillow of me," I said.

Crissy looked at me like I had just hit a home run to win the Super Bowl. Good thing I am humble, which means modest & low to the ground, so her

proud thoughts flew clear over mah head.

"Those who know you won't be fooled, but those who don't will be! Of course! What a smart plan, Algernon!" Crissy said, all happy. Her smiling blue eyes were full of tricky lights so I knowed she liked mah plan for that reason too.

"So should we tell Betsy & then do it?" I asked.

"It's done," Crissy said.

Boy! Her magic could win the Olympics!

"I don't feel like a Bunny Pillow," I said.

"That's cuz you know you. Believe me, this plan will work," Crissy said, all trick-happy.

"What now?" I asked.

Crissy thought a minute. "Betsy has to give you Bunny Pillow lessons."

"What?"

"Algernon, you not only have to look like a Bunny Pillow. You have to act like one."

We climbed back through mah bedroom window, & side by side went to Betsy's secret clubhouse hideout.

Of course Betsy fussed & fumed over me & Crissy's plan. She didn't believe I would look like a pillow to anybody until she commanded an Allie --a new one, Betsy said, fresh from the Academy--took at look at me.

"Is this your brother?" the new Allie asked, & Betsy was all happy as she ordered the confused Allie to leave.

"We depart at dawn," she said.

That's when Crissy said no, cuz I needed Bunny Pillow lessons.

I thought Betsy would smother Crissy, but Crissy is a tough princess, & said if I didn't get proper training, she'd undo her trick.

I think Betsy was so full of herself she would have told me to take a hike. She didn't tho, cuz she knew I would write about her in mah newspaper, & this tickled her pink.

If someone told me I was gonna get Bunny Pillow lessons from herself, I would have laughed & laughed. But it was true. Betsy ordered me back the next day to learn some of her kind's secret ways.

The Grand Scheme of Liberation!

When I think about the loyal readers of mah newspaper, I know that most of them are not beagles. 4or that matter, most of mah readers are not Bunny Pillows too.

Still, it can't be hard to see that if a beagle looks into the mirror, he is not gonna see a Bunny Pillow somehow. Beagles are short, but even in their humbility they stand on 4 legs & try to stick out their nozebones as bravely as they can. Bunny Pillows are fluffy masses with no faces, & they whisper, & they're really some kind of furniture except please don't tell Betsy that or she will smother you.

The why of mah words is that to help Betsy liberate Farmer Jones's Bunny Pillow Farm, I had Crissy put a tricky Bunny Pillow cloud around me that strangers would see, & now I was gonna get Bunny Pillow lessons from herself.

Well, I am a beagleboy journalist, mah dear non-beagle & non-Bunny Pillow readers. I must get the story that leads the race in Bags End news, & this story was it.

Bags End News

DOUBLE ISSUE!

No. 244-245 November 29-December 6, 1993

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Grand Finelly With Betsee Buny Pillo!

Wen I think about the loyel
reedrs of mah nuwzpapr, I no
that most of them ar not
beegels. For that mater, most of
mah reedrs ar not buny pillos.

Stil, it kant' bee hard too
seey that if a beegel looks
intoo the mirror he iz not
gonna seey a buny pillu sumhowe.

Beegels ar short but evin
in theer humbelitey thay stand
on 4 legs an try too stik out
theer nozbons az bravley az kan.

Buny pillos ar fluff mases
with no fases an thay wisper
an thayr reely sum kind of.

So, after school, a convoy of Allies found & led me to Betsy's secret hideout. Since I was going agreeably, it was almost like a parade.

Betsy, as I found her in the tree house she calls her headquarters-in-exile, looked amazing & ridiculous all at once.

On what she decided was the head part of her boneless fluffy body, she had a black scarf & pirate's eye patch. But that part I already had seen. The rest of her tho was covered in some kind of long flashy red & gold robe that had pictures of Bunny Pillows struggling for their freedom on it, at least Betsy in her crazedness imagined that.

"I am not wearing all that pirate's & king's robe stuff," I said, cuz I was unsure about all this anyway.

"You're not here to wear robes & patches!" Betsy whisper-yelled at me. "You're here to learn some rudimentary aspects of my race!"

"Does your race like to use fancypants English all the time?" I said, all grumpy. Betsy needs me. That gives me power. Unused to power, I misused it right away.

Bad move. I never should have tested the meager limits of Betsy's patience. Before I knew it, she was bouncing through the air & landing on me, patch, robe, & all.

"Help! Help!" I yelled. "A crazed Pillow is trying to snuff me out!"

"Listen, Beagle. If you don't help me, you are an enemy, & I will put you away for good," Betsy whisper-growled. She loosened her smother on me though.

"I don't want to get put away for good," I said.

Betsy got off me & retreated. "Lesson Number One: Bunny Pillows don't talk. They whisper."

"Why?" said stupid me.

Betsy bounced closer & said, whisper-yelled, "Because we are a captive race! Because the evil Jones doesn't sell us to talk! Because when we get ripe & picked, we get stiff & die! What else don't you know, you stupid Beagle!"

Trying to learn & save mah hide all at once, I tried to think of what Crissy would do.

"Betsy," I whispered. "If Bunny Pillows lose their voices when they get ripe & picked, does that mean, um, when they're free from Farmer Jones you will always pick them before they're ripe?" Boy! I wore out mah whisper almost with all that whispering.

For a minute, I thought she was gonna answer mah question. But I think she remembered about me being a un-Pillow, & she captured her words back just in time.

"Lesson Two is that Bunny Pillows don't walk, & they sure don't hop. They bounce!" said Betsy, & she showed me her bounce which I have seen already a lot.

"Bounce, Beagle!" she ordered.

I tried to bounce sort of. I thought that it's probably something that beagles don't do, & I was right. Mah bounce was a terrible thing indeed.

Obsessed Betsy of course yelled & got mad & ordered me to do it right. I failed time & again.

Then this crazed Bunny Pillow called in a regiment of big ol' Allies & they bounced me around the room. Being lifted up into the air by big brawling bruiser-like Allies is surely no Blondy float, let me tell you.

But maybe I learned a little. Even as I was being bounced around, I whispered mah whimpers for help, & mah protests at this whole thing. Betsy saw I was trying hard & what little like for me she has in her heart burned full throttle.

"Lesson Three is that you have to change your name," she said.

"I like mah name!" I whisper-protested.

"It is not a name for a Bunny Pillow," Betsy said in a almost nice voice for her.

I sighed. "OK, Betsy. An what name shall I have instead?"

Betsy was quiet & thinking hard.

"Halas," she whispered.

"Halas? What kind of name is that?" I whisper-near-talked.

Betsy bounced rather close to me & whispered, "It's Greek for Greece, the ancient land of freedom, you stupid Beagle!"

"Halas Bunny Pillow it is," I whisper-whimpered.

"We leave tomorrow morning. My Allies will get you," she whispered next, & then turned away like I was a TV program & I was over.

"Aren't there no more lessons?" whispered me.

"You bounce. You whisper. Your name is Halas. What more do you need to know?" she whispered harshly.

"But," whispered I.

"An why would I tell you anyway?" she whispered some more, looking at me like I was the despicable un-Pillow that I am.

So I left. Having a adventure with Betsy is scary & mean. At least Sheila Bunny is nice when you are exploring with her.

I don't know how, but it got around Bags End that I was setting off with Betsy on an important mission. I was treated with respect wherever I went, a new & disturbing thing.

Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, this silly red-haired baby who thinks she is a army guy in the Army of the Babys, shook mah paw & called me a noble operative. I asked her what that meant, but just then she wet her diaper & started crying & I had to get her big sister Elizabeth to take care of her.

Leo the Dark Man, who is the Janitor of Bags End, said I was almost as brave as his comic book hero Action Man. He was gonna then tell me all about Action Man's latest adventure when I remembered I had to go, & went.

Mah silly bumping brother Alexander Puppy was all confused about where I was going. He thought it was a brave Bumping expedition against the anti-Bump forces. I asked that language-knowing guy Allie Leopard what all this meant, but he only smiled at me with his nice green eyes all sparkly.

Before bedtime, I went to see mah pal & adopted sister Sheila Bunny, who is the real Mayor of Bags End & also pretend King & Emperor & so on.

She was in her Throne Room, slouched down in her Throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & reading a book.

"Hi, Beagle," she said.

"Hi," said me.

"Tomorrow's the big day?"

"I guess so."

Sheila closed her book & looked into the belly of mah soul with her bright & somehow magical purple eyes.

"Be careful."

"OK," I said, & we looked at each other some more.

Then she opened up her book again. "Well, goodbye," she said, & I was forgotten.

I went to the Bunny Family's apartment, & into mah bedroom. Mah adopted mommy Pat came in to say good night, & she kissed me softly on mah furry forehead.

Strangely, I wasn't sleepy. So I crawled out mah bedroom window onto Milne's Porch, & into mah comfy armchair. I looked out into the darkness, but

there was nothing to see. I sat quietly for a long time, trying to make all mah bits of thoughts line up in a neat group, & army into one single thought. No luck. Dum draft-dodging bits of thoughts.

I love writing mah newspaper, but it always seems to land me in the middle of the scariest situations, even in Bags End. Is there another way to write a newspaper without all the scary parts full of bullying big guys? Good question.

I guess not, cuz it's usually the big guys who are full of big wants & big plans that little guys like me get drafted or bullied or slightly niced into going along with. That's the way it is, I guess.

I fell asleep thinking like this. Next waking thing that happened sounded & felt like a Bump. Only mah brother Alex could be the source.

"Bump?" he said, all friendly, wearing his pajamoz that have Bumps writed all over them.

I looked all around for Ally Leopard, but he was nowhere everywhere. I had to wing it.

"Hey, Alex! You better leave cuz Milne's Porch is covered with used-up English words!"

Alex laughed at me & said more Bump stuff. Beagles don't wing it too good, I guess.

"You're his hero for battling the anti-Bump forces, Algernon," said a sleepy & arriving Ally Leopard, who sat in the window politely, not like some, until I asked him onto the porch. Which I did with a friendly wave of mah paw.

"But I am a anti-Bump force!" I realized & cried all at once.

Before more of this silliness could happen, the lights got dark again on Milne's Porch, & a group of shadowy Allies arrived. I was swept away even as Alexander went on saying more madeup Bump words. Silly brother.

Betsy's Allies have always been nicer to me than herself. They don't trounce me or threaten me or nothing. These Allies were just as nice. I couldn't tell if we were flying or not, & it was too dark to see anything. The whole trip didn't last long anyway. Suddenly I was gently plopped on a dirt road, & it was morning, & there was Betsy Bunny Pillow looking at me even tho she's got no face.

"Let's go, Halas," she said, and bounced 4orth. I did mah best to follow her in a bouncing way, but pretty soon she was far ahead of me & wasn't gonna stop & wait, I didn't think. I'm sure not really her brother even if I look like it.

The road was flat & long, but soon Betsy was just a bouncing speck in the distance. I gave up mah Pillow pretensions, & used mah short legs properly again to hurry along.

There wasn't much to see, dear readers, & I wondered if Betsy knew or cared that I was so far back. I decided that I didn't care about the story anymore, except maybe just a little, & was thinking about how to get home when I noticed a tall man down the road. We were walking toward each other, & getting bigger all the time.

Ramie the Toy Tall Boy? Rich Americus, mah guitar-playing friend? No.

He had on a big straw hat, & his clothes looked ripped around some. Then I knew & froze. Farmer Jones!

I was so shocked I didn't move from mah spot even as he came nearer, & then walked past me. I thought I heard soft crazy laughter too.

When he was gone, I runned very fast on mah short legs, & found Betsy plopped in the middle of the road.

"I waited for you, Algernon. I knew you would come," she whispered

near nicely.

"Hey! You called me by mah true English name instead of mah pretend Greekpillow name!" I said.

"Algernon, I want you to go see Princess Chrisakah, & have her undo her work," whispered Betsy nicely some more.

Remembering, I said, "Did you see Farmer Jones? Did you beat him up? Why did you let him get away?"

"He doesn't matter anymore. My people have risen up & cast him out," Betsy whispered.

"Why aren't you happy then? Do you think it's all a trick like those other times?"

"No. I must now go & assume my solemn duties in erecting the Bunny Pillow Free State."

I was crazy with ignorance. "Why are you sad?" I almost yelled.

Just as quietly, Betsy whispered, "Because the only thing Jones said to me when we met was that I had won, he had lost, but he had snuffed out a lot of Pillows before going down in defeat."

Betsy turned & bounced on with no more words. She went so slowly I could have kept up with her if I was going to. I wasn't tho.

Lucky 4or me Princess Crissy had been keeping track of mah travels, & so when I called for her help she magicked me right back to Bags End proper.

And here I am now on Milne's Porch, & days have gone by, & no word of Betsy Bunny Pillow has been heard.

I don't know what will become of her, or if she will ever be seen or heard from in Bags End again. I miss that faceless, whispering, bouncing, fluffy crazed Bunny Pillow. Me. Halas. Algernon.

Letter to Mah Newspaper

To: Algernon Beagle
Editor of Bags End News
Milne's Porch, Bags End

This singular missive is to in4orm habitants of my 4ormer land of exile of my well-being, & that of my newly liberated home, the Bunny Pillow Free State. My race sleeps this night as free as the endless starry sky above them. I am content, 4or the 1st time in my life. I miss none of you, as you belong to non-Pillow races. You will never hear from me or my people again. Tell Miss Chris I send greetings.

-BB Pillow

Some Thoughts from a Mushy-Hearted Guy

Why do things change? Why can't now be always & 4orever? Why can't we gather our favorite times all together in a neat group, & live inside their midst?

Betsy Bunny Pillow never liked me much. I am not a Bunny Pillow, 4or one thing. I guess that about covers it. I miss her tho.

Milne's Porch is a place I go to hide from the oncoming gallop of new times. But that doesn't mean they don't come. I just keep away from them for

awhile.

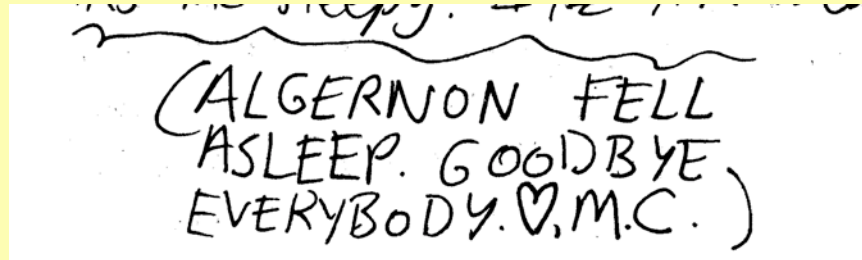
Will Miss Chris grow up & go away? Will Ramie the Toy Tall Boy ever become a real boy? Will Sheila finally discover the top or bottom of Bags End? Will the Blondys learn the Law of Grabitee, & float sadly back to Earth?

I don't know. You see, dear readers, even in fantasylands like Bags End, life goes on & things change.

Sometimes I will sneak from mah bedroom after bedtime & listen to the growed-up guys like Mister & Missus Bunny, & Mister & Missus El, & Mister Owl, talk in the Bunny Family living room. An they talk about these things. About old times, & things that used to be.

I tried to ask Sheila once about things that used to be. First she got really sad & then she got mad at me & kicked me out of her Throne Room. Then--

Hey! Miss Chris just came & I am writing this sitting on her lap. She is smiling all pretty & skritchng mah headbone. That makes me sleepy. I like it when-----



A Dirge Sung 4or Betsy Bunny Pillow

This is the story of how a secret sweet thing became a very annoying every day thing became a sort of secret sort of sad thing in the end.

I didn't know if anybody in Bags End would see the likes of Betsy Bunny Pillow's fluffy, whispering self again. Unlike most, I didn't get on with things & 4orget mostly about her.

No, sir. Many was the night when I would sit in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, hoping sleep was cruising mah way, & mah thoughts would turn toward Betsy Bunny Pillow.

I tried to imagine what it had been like for her when she arrived at the Bunny Pillow Farm, & first saw the results of her fellow Bunny Pillows kicking Farmer Jones out after a hard fight. Since she hadn't come back to Bags End, I could only guess that her stubbornness to make the Bunny Pillow Free State had carried her through it all.

I would see visions of Betsy crowned King, & sitting slouched down in her Throne, but that was probably too Sheila-like to be true.

Then I would try to hear Betsy singing in her sweet whispery voice with her people, singing deep in the night, pretty & sad. Singing was probably more the right thing with Betsy. Songs sweet & sad.

Could Betsy have really got what she wanted? Was this possible? Could she have got it?

I didn't think so, see. I didn't believe that it was possible. Demanding more of mah decaying old brainbone that I ought, I tried to flow down the difficult river of these thoughts to where they went.

Did Betsy want to be small again, a littler Bunny Pillow, wild, scared, held soft in Miss Chris's nice hands?

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 246-247 August 22-29, 1994
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

A Derge Sung for Betsee Buny Pillo

Thiz is the storee of howe a
 sekrit sweet thing becam a veree
 anoying evrygy thing becam a
 sortuf sekret sortuf sad thing in
 the end.

Wen lazt me an mah deer reedrs
 met, Betsee Buny Pillo, a flufy, skery,
 not veree nis too veree mencee
 gys fella, had finaly got her dreem
 of liberating Farmr Joneses Buny Pillo
 Farm from Joneses an taking it ovr
 herself.

I didnt' no if enybudy in Bagzend
 wood evr seey the liks of her flufy
 wispering self agen. Unlik most, I
 didnt' get on with things an
 forget mostlee about her.

Did Betsy want to be almost a seed Bunny Pillow, not knowing nothing, pal, just growing toward the sun in the big sky?

Did Betsy want back the glory of her campaigns against Farmer Jones, failed, famous, foolish?

I don't know.

I had to stop thinking then, cuz I felt mah brainbone breaking apart. I scrunched down deeper in mah comfy armchair, & almost fell asleep when a nice voice tickled me awake.

"Hi, Algernon," said Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna.

"Crissy!" I said, all happy. I was gonna get off mah armchair so she could climb in it & hold me on her lap. But her smile stopped me, & instead she kneeled in front of mah chair facing me.

"How are you?" she asked nicely.

I wanted to talk words & words of mah sad plight, but words runned away on fast legs. I couldn't even have said Bump if I wanted to. Not that I did.

So I singed. I lifted up mah cracked voice & singed a little song for mah friend Crissy.

Betsy Betsy Betsy
I cannot 4orget
The rest all carry on
I cannot forget

Where are you & how?
Your shine is somewhere
Who are you now?
What of it all & you?

I cannot 4orget
I cannot 4orget
Betsy Betsy Betsy
The rest will carry on

I cannot forget

Princess Crissy smiled nicely & learned forward to hug & kiss me. I thought maybe we could be quiet 4or awhile, & watch the sky but, no sir, not in mah nutsy native land.

"I want a lwullabwy twoo!" said a baby's voice, followed by a baby herself crawling through mah window.

Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow! Had she ever been on Milne's Porch before? I didn't think so. I had hid from her there tho.

Lisa blinked at me grumpy. Sleepy but awake. She crawled over to Princess Crissy & into her lap. I didn't like this at all.

"Swing me a swong!" Lisa ordered.

"Listen, you, you, you infant you!" I yelled. "This porch is mah place & you are not welcome!"

"I order you to swing me a swong!" ordered Lisa, blinking at me.

Crissy patted Lisa's head & smiled at me. "You sing so nicely."

Well, that nice Crissy has the key to mah heartbone, & she used it. I didn't know what to sing. Maybe a marching song?

1! 2! 3! 4!
 March until your back is sore!
 5! 6! 7! 8!
 Who said a soldier's life is so very great?

A! B! C! D!
 Time to turn your tail & flee!
 E! F! G! H!
 Run Run Run from the marching cage!

Red! White! Yellow! Blue!
 Stand alone! Have your own view!
 Gold! Purple! Black! Brown!--

"I don't like thwis song! It mwakes me thwink of cwourt mwarshall, not sleep!" grouched Lisa-Marie as she scrunched around Crissy's lap, getting more comfy.

Now I was mad. "Tough noogies, ya babe in arms! I was having a really good non-military time until you showed up. Isn't it bad enough you're occupying one of mah favorite laps!"

Ooops. What was I thinking, be all brave out loud? Lisa crawled off Crissy's lap & came near to mah face.

"I am gwoing to thwack you, webel! It's twime you strwaightened up & flew wight!"

She tried to tackle me but I eluded her. Crissy came up & lifted her punch-throwing body into her arms.

"Algernon, please?" she said. She looked so sad & sweet.

Crissy rocked Lisa a lot till she was quiet, & sucking her thumb.

I tried to think of what to sing. If not marching, then what?

She likes sleep. Me too. OK.

Sleeping flying sleeping
 flying weeping
 no I don't think so

I am alone a flying
 stone a sweeping
 ton a spirit-it hon

Washing into sleep
 soaring downward creep
 clasped loved hugged deep

Clasped loved hugged deep
 washing into sleep

I guess Lisa fell asleep, but Crissy listened with a nice smile on her face. Her lap full of snoring baby, I sat next to mah comfy armchair near her. Exile from mah own place, that's me.

A nice Crissy hand reached down & skritchd mah head perfectly, & so it wasn't so bad.

Did I know a fad would start cuz I maked up some words & singed them? I guess not.

But the next night I was just getting hunkered down in mah bed when,

without knocking, came into mah & Alex's bedroom that Sheila Bunny, wearing her Miles Davis jazz pajamoz.

"It's my bedtime, beagle," she said, all importantly, like I really cared.

"You're in the wrong room," I said, a little grumpy.

"Where's my lullaby?" she demanded.

"Maybe it's crunched under your big ego!" I yelled. Stupid move, beagle. Civilizations have been crushed for such things, whatever that means.

Sheila hopped right up on mah bed, grabbed one of my long ears in her tight little paws, & said, "Your Emperor wants the same treatment you gave a lowly soldier in her vast armys. Is that bad?"

"Help! Ow! O! Mah earbone! What do all those words mean? Help! Ow! Get off me, ya crazed bunny!"

Sheila got off of mah bed but she didn't let go of mah earbone. She dragged me by mah poor earbone into her bedroom. When she was all set in her bed, she let go of me & shoved me off her bed onto the floor.

I sat there, dazed in pain.

"Sing. I am waiting," Sheila said, all calmly.

I didn't want to sing. I was very mad. I started to leave her room.

"Algernon, I miss Betsy a little too," Sheila said quietly.

I stopped. Sometimes that little bunny thinks really bigly.

Slowly I went back, & climbed onto Sheila's bed, & sat on the edge. She looked at me with sleepy waiting purple eyes.

So I began singing in mah off-key gruff voice.

Every time I saw you go on
with plans, crayons, ash cans
sails & whales & bails

An we never walked together
An we never hugged so blue
But I miss you
Wondering why, I miss you

I stopped singing. Sheila was sound asleep. I went back to mah room & was sad.

The demands for mah paltry voice grew more & more. Your old pal Algernon was a singing idle! Me? Yes, me! Fooey.

The low point came when I was niceguiltyforced to sing a lullaby to mah language-wastreled brother & unfortunate relative called Alexander Puppy while he rocked happily in Miss Chris's arms & laughed at all the silly stuff mah singing Bumpwords were supposed to mean!

You see, calm & not uptight readers, Bags End guys don't go too far sometimes, they R far out all the time!

What to do? I fled mah selfish demanding fans & got to Milne's Porch right after that dreadful Bump lullaby episode. It was late at night.

By mahself at last, I tried to remember why I had singed in the first place. Hm. Oh. It was cuz I missed Betsy of course.

Would she have demanded that I sing her a lullaby like the rest? Probably not. But of them all, Betsy cared the most about singing. Her big non-Pillow hero is John Cougar. Plus I had one time heard the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows. That was why I had thinked to sing in the first place.

A funny thought in a black bowler hat, wearing a green bowtie & yellow suit, came to mah brain just then.

Could I join in the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows while sitting

on Milne's Porch? After all, it was real late, probably near midnight.

How to do this, tho. Good question. I tried to remember all the things I know about Bunny Pillows to get as Bunny Pillow-ish as possible.

Just before I had gone with her to write about her last battle with Farmer Jones, Betsy had taught me the 3 lessons about Bunny Pillows. Lesson One, Bunny Pillows whisper, they don't talk. Lesson Two, Bunny Pillows bounce, not walk or hop. Lesson Three, I had to change mah name to Halas, which is a good Bunny Pillow name, not like Algernon. I like Algernon better, but that's cuz I'm a beagle, not a fluffy piece of sort of furniture.

Was this all helping? I didn't know. Give a go, I say. I tried to join in from mah faraway place in the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows.

"La La Lonk!" mah voice rose & then crunched.

"O rats!" I muttered.

Should I call for help? 4or the Blondys? Princess Crissy? Miss Chris? Sheila?

No.

She had said in her last letter to me & non-Pillow lands that she was well & sleeping content under the starry skies. I had hardly ever seen Betsy content. Mostly I saw her mad, & sometimes I saw her furious.

Except, what? When she was with Miss Chris in Miss Chris's TV Room in Connecticut, sleepy & watching a good TV program. Miss Chris's head was the only one legal to rest on Betsy.

So I thought about those times when I had been helded in Miss Chris's arms while she sucked her thumb & rested on Suzy Couch on Betsy, & we all were sleepy & watched a good program on TV.

An I looked up at the starsy skies. An, slowly, the song of the Bunny Pillows sung at midnight filled up mah lungs & mah heartbone. An I singed.

An I understood why I couldn't do it b4. The song was no longer sad. It was a happy dirge now!

Well, not happy. But not sad. I singed & floated bouncy, mostly Halas, just a little Algernon, & tried to get the why.

It was a song full of Betsy as it could be. It was full of her hope & her sadness & her restless bouncy ways. I singed with it & of it as long as I could, but then I had to stop.

Not meaning to do any beagleboy journalism, that's what I had done. I answered mah question.

Betsy was happy to have freed her people, but restless living with them. That's what the singing had told me about her.

Now I knew more than all the rest of Bags End. An I kind of felt sad. After all the time & try, she had won the battle with Jones, but not the one with herself.

But why not happy? Could it be that Betsy could make up the Bunny Pillow Free State, & give it to her long-suffering people, but not stay there herself?

I was getting too smart 4or mahself. One more big thought & I would probably start asking me what all that stuff meant!

I had to go & talk to Sheila right away. In the middle of the night. In the middle of her Royal Rest.

Your old pal Algernon must be a fiend 4or fear cuz somehow I left Milne's Porch, walked through mah bedroom, & went into Sheila's bedroom.

"Halt! Who goes there?" said a familiar voice in the dark, but not Sheila's. I peered hard & saw the ridiculous sight of Leo the Dark Man, dressed up in a fancy purple costume, standing all straight in front of Sheila's bed.

"Leo! Halloween is later!" I cried.

"I have been appointed Official Guardian of Her Highness's Royal Rest!" said Leo all proudly & big wordly.

"I have to talk to Sheila about Betsy! Let me by!" I yelled. I was gonna dash between Leo's legs when a sleepy grumpy Sheila voice said, "Let the doomed beagle pass, Official Guardian of my Royal Rest."

Leo got mad, & stomped his foot, and left. "Back to 3rd shift bubble gum scraping duties," he lamented.

"What do you have to say, before I let your air out?" said really mad Sheila.

Scraping the last bits of courage off the walls of mah fearful soul, I climbed up on Sheila's bed & leaned toward her purple eyes, shining in the night.

"Listen, Sheila, Betsy is not happy, & we have to go to the Bunny Pillo Free State, get her, & bring her back to Bags End," I said.

Sheila laughed so loudly, I fell off her bed.

"Sure, Algernon, right after I trade away all my good jazz records!"

"I thought you liked jazz!" I said.

Sheila got mad again, & I had to hustle mahself out of her room before she let me have it. I don't like it much.

And so began mah lonely crusade to save a Pillow from living bored in a place where everybody likes her, & bring her back to a place where nobody much likes her.

Dear readers, I ask, why me?

I Amm A Xil

I shoood evin giv mah papr a nuw title cuz I am not in Bagzend no more rit now. I stay in Konetikut with Mis Cris som an Imagiana with Princes Crisee som. I donte belong in eethr place so I have too go bak an 4th.

I havenent' dun mah papr 4 a long time cuz theer waz to much fiting going on an then I didente want too doo it no mor but Mis Cris & Crisee gangd up on mee an I givd in cuz I am a mad beegel but I stil hav a mushee hart.

Mah rode to Xil began wen I waz siting on mah Porch Milns Porch that iz an I had a vizhun uf Betsee wen I tryd too joyn her Midnit Song Off the Buny Pilows frum weer I sited. Mah vizhun waz that she waz pleezed too hav freed her fello buny pillos frum Farmr Joneses but waz not hapy being their King or Kween or watevr she is.

I told Shlela an she laffd lowd at mee. Nobudy in mah dum homeland wood beeleev we shoood help her or that she needed us anymor.

I got so upset that I woodent bee nis too nobody an I woodent' go to skool an prity soon I woodent' evin leev Milns' Porch 4 enything.

I tryd too rit mor of mah nuwspapr but Shlela sensord it wich meens she told me it waz agenst the law. I didnt' ker but Shlela then stoppd mah frend an adoptid sistr an her reel sistr Lori frum riting it down awll neet 4 me an thay sortuf got in a brawl an Shlela cawled Lory No Brayns wich iz a meen siz of her niknam an Lory told her that freedum uf the pres waz werth a fit an Shlela nokd her litel riting glases awff an Lory gav Shlela a sok in the jaww and Shlela yelled & yelld an sed I waz the dum free pres an Mizzez Buny comd into mah roome an saw us fiting on Milns' Porch weer we wer biy the way an Shlela tryd too shov me ovr the rayling an it waz a reel mes cuz Shlela got punishd by beeing told no thron room 4or yu 4or a munt

Bagend Nuwz
 Numbr 2,48 Janu, 14, 1995
 Edited an Writen down by
 Algernon Beagle
 Kings n.

I Amm. A Xil

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an Lory got told that she coodent' neetlee rit doun mah papr an I wood hav got punished to but I skeemd at every! too get awff mah Porch!!!! !!!! !!!! !!!!! an thay runned cuz I told them I wood jump awff if thay didnt an then I waz alon 4or a long tim an I criyed mor an my por bumping bruthr tryd too com an bee nis too me but I skreemed at him an he went away crying to an I criyed an I sleepd som mor & then I stopd cuz I thawt abowt Betsee an I jes sat a long tim til Mis Chris cam an told me too kom with her cuz Shlela had xild me frum Bagzend an sed I bettr get owt or she wood smot me with her magikel perpel iyes an so I went with Mis Chris too Konetikut an I liv with her eksept wen I go too liv with Princes Crisy wich is the othr haff uf the tim an that's mostlee the hol storee.

I am riting this mahself cuz I dont want Mis Chris or Princes Crisy in eny mor trubel than thay ar allredy 4or sheltering mee. This iz mah papr an evin tho I ammad at Shlela an the othrr dumm guys in Bagzend that plas is mah troo hom an I am itz kronikler wich meens that I rit the nuwzpaper.

Mis Cris told me that 4 awil Shlela tryd her own newspaper calld The KINGS Royel Trooth but nobody likd it cuz it mad Shlela look like a big shot awll the tim an Lory refused too copy it out neatly an Leo the Dark Man refused too deliver it lik he usd to do with mah papr evin wen Shlela thretend him with her Royel Rath.

The hol trubel iz that Shlela desent want Betsee bak tooo much an thinks I am crazee abowt Betsee not beeing happyy.

"You nuts, beegel. Az a King myself I can say that nothing beets it. Lik mah favrit poet sez

Beeing the King
is Everything
The nexxt best thing
is nothing.

But that's your poem!" I criyd.

"Yes" she sed proudly an she puffd owt her litel chest.

Nowe I wood hav lookd 4 Betsee enyway but the way too the X-Farmr Joneses Buny Pillo Farm wich iz nowe the Buny Pillo Freee Stat iz throo a doorr in a halway in Bagzend and Shlela that dum bunny whoo is not reelly King lik Betsee whoo izent a King or iz or iz a unhappy wun or sumthing enyway she lokkd the dor with thoz dum perpel iyes uf herz an I coodent get in. Dum buny.

But I am doing mah nuwzpaper agen an thatz good an maks me feel a litel hapy so maybe I wil reech Betsee aftr awl.

Princes Crisy an Mis Cris ar reel sad about awl this fiting among theer frends an thay keep kaling themselves the diplomatik kor wich in reel English meens thay ar trying to solv the fit an mak us awl at pees agen.

I told Mis Cris the diplo that until Shlela wood let me look 4 Betsee an bring her hom too Bagzend if she wantd I wood stay in XiL!

Shlela told Princes + Diplo Crisy that I waz crazee and az King she cood say no.

So thatz it. Sory I am so grumpee, deer reeders. Wel, I got no reedrs reeley. I meen, Crisy an Mis Cris will reed this if they kan figger owt mah pau skratchings. So, sorry Crisy an Mis Cris.

Visitors to My Exile? Not a One.

It's funny that just as Betsy stopped being in exile, I started. And I started because I didn't think her unexile was making her too happy. Would she be happy back in Bags End? Would that make her in exile again? Is Farmer Jones in exile since he got thrown off his farm? A lot of questions and I don't know.

Princess Crisy is writing down this issue cuz she said I was too upset over doing the last one myself. I said it would get her in trouble but she said she was my loyal follower and would stick by me. When I said OK Mis Chris said she wanted to do the next one cuz she loves me too and her and Crisy are twins sort of and so have to do things the same. I was confused and said yes to make her happy and so she would talk about something else instead.

If my newspaper is ever read by more than Mis Chris and Princess Crisy I may get asked about how come I could go too Imaginanna which is through a door in Bags End but not go through the door that would lead to Farmer Jones, ex-Farmer Jones Bunny Pillow Farm I mean.

Well, the reason is that Crisy is a magic girl and she can do a lot if she sets her mind to it. But she is stubborn too.

"How come you won't do your magic to send me to Betsey like you do to bring me between here and Conetikut?" asked me.

"Because that's different" she said.

"How?" said me.

"Because you want to bring her back too Bags End and you can't right now"

"What if she would go with me? I bet Betsey would fight Sheila and Betsey's got Allies too and other bunny pillows and stuff!" yelled me.

Crisy looked at me sadly with her face that likes me. "Algernon, you're an exile from Bags End now. You can't go back. So I can't let you go to see Betsey."

When I saw Mis Chris and we were sitting on Suzy Couch in her TV room, Ramie asleep with Mis Chris's other brothers on Freddy Couch, I asked her this too.

"I thought Bags End belongs to you!"

"Sort of, A wa wa"

"So tell Sheila what to do!"

"I can't. She's my friend"

"I'm your better friend!"

Mis Chris gave me an extra long hug to calm me down.

I wondered why I never saw any Bags End friends in Conetikut or Imaginanna. I was even scared to see Sheila cuz I thought she would smother me.

But not her. No Alexandr. No Lory. Nobody.

"How come?" I asked Crisy.

"Because MC and I are protecting you" she said.

"Who's MC?" I asked suspiciously.

Crisy smiled tricky.

It turned out that Princess Crisy and Mis Chris were trying to get Sheila to unexile me and then let me go to see Betsy.

The first part was not too hard. Sheila likes me, sort of, and she didn't like making Crisy and Mis Chris upset.

The second part she wouldn't budge on. She said that Betsey had chosen to leave Bags End to rule her own people and had made it clear to Sheila that un-Pillows were not allowed in the Bunny Pillow Free State. "She even dismissed her Allies!" said Sheila.

When Crisy and Mis Chris got me to do my newspaper again I said that

Bags End News

249 January 21, 1995

Editor: Algernon Beagle
 Written Down By: Princess Crisakah,
 fan of P.E.N. and Ruler of
 Imaginaria

Visitors to My Exil? Noth a Wun.

It's very funny that just as Betsey stopped being in exil I started. And I started because I didn't think her unaxil was making her too happy. Would she be happy back in Bags End? Would that make her in exil agen? Is Farmer Jones in exil sinze he got throne off his farm? A lot of questions and I don't kno.

Princess Crisy is Writing down this issue cuz she sed I was to upset over doing the last one myself. I said it would get her in troubel but she said

I liked to compose, that means think and write, on Milne's Porch. Last week I had rited in Princes Crisy's bedroom while she danded to the R.E.M. records she has.

This week Crisy showed me a surprise outside the back door of her castle. A porch! It had a comfy chair and I betted in my thoughts that Crisy had put in magik stuff that I would find out about.

Crisy's friend and servant Boop who looks like a turtle but isn't came to see me. He stood in the doorway. He looked nervous.

"Come on out, fella!" I said in my friendly Algernon way.

Now Boop looked even more nervous. With his eyes looking to the ground he said "I want you to know that I hold you in my personal high esteem even tho you are an exil, a criminal if you step onto your native soil."

Well alot of those words were beyond me, fancypants English but I know what criminal means. It means bad guy.

"I am not a criminal!" I yelled. I guess I scared Boop cuz he runned away and I haven't seen him since.

So I was sitting on the porch which Crisy wants to call 1928 Paris. I am no closer to helping Betsey. I won't go bak to Bags End tho. Sheila has gone too far and I don't like it.

What would happen if I did go to the Bunny Pillow Free State? Would Betsey even tell me she isn't happy there? Why would she tell me anything?

And what about Farmer Jones? He was defeated and chased away. I saw him last of everyone and he was in bad shape.

Crisy is writing this down. I think I will surprise interview her.

"How is Farmer Jones?"

"I haven't checked, Algernon"

"Can I go to see him?"

"Why?"

"Maybe he can tell me something. Maybe I can help him."

"But isn't he a bad guy?"

"Crissy, this is all very complicated!"

"I know"

"If Betsy leaves her Free State who will make sure the pillows grow well?"

"Other pillows?"

"But do they know how?"

"I don't know. Does Betsey know how to grow bunny pillows?"

"I don't know"

"We have to go, Crissy! Don't you see?"

"I don't know, Algernon"

"Talk to Sheila and tell her all this. Please?"

"OK."

I have to keep trying. I have to be determined!

Read Part 2 in Cenacle | 98 | December 2016!



* * * * *



Bags End Book #6: The Grand Scheme of Liberation!, Part 2

Part 1 of this story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

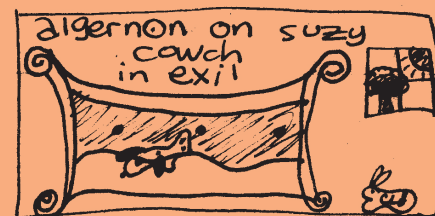
Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

A Illustrated Meeting with Sheila Bunny!

Miss Chris is writing this down like I promised her because Princess Crissy did it last time. An its gona have pikturs becauz Mis Chris is a artist an sed so nicly.

The first piktur is of your old pal Algernon resting on Suzy Cowch. I was wating theer lik Miss Chris askd me too. She an Princess Crissy had gon too ask Sheila kwestions about Farmer Jones and Betsy Buny Pillow and the Bunny Pillow Free State.

When she came in her face was strang.



"Hello" I said.

Miss Chris didn't say nothing and then I saw why she was strang. Sheila Bunny was with her.

Miss Chris gav me a hug too small an sat next too me. Sheila looked down on me from the floor below.

"Hello beegel" she said.

My fear got the best of me an I yelled "You can't smote me! I am in exil!"

"I haven't come to smote you. I have come to talk." she said an she hoppd up to Miss Chriss' lap. So much for me having her all too myself.



I like this pikchure OK EXCEPT Sheila didn't have her crown on. Mis Chris sez she drewd it becauz she likes it.

"Why are you doing this for Betsy? She never liked you. She never treated you well!" Sheila said.

"Becauz she is King or something of the Bunny Pillow Free State and she is not happy!" I sayd.

Sheila lookd at me hard with her perple eyes and even tho I was still scared I lookd back at her with all my bravnes in my eyes.

"You won't give up, will you?" she asked.

I shook my head. I peekd a look at Miss Chris and I saw she was looking at me proudy. O shuks.

Sheila hopped off Miss Chris's lap and onto the floor.

"OK. We'll do it. I hope you're right, beegel" she said and then she hoppd away too Miss Chris's bedroom and back to BAGS END.

And that was that.

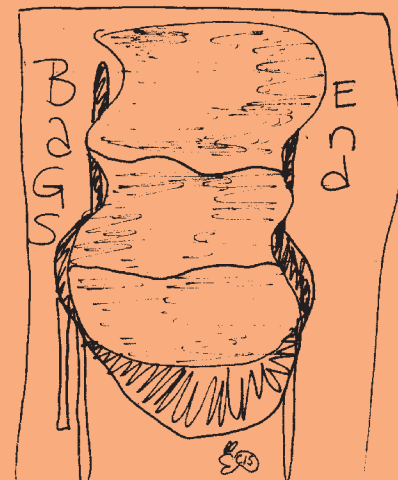
I was so surprised that Sheila sayd yes that I forgot to be happy until Miss Chris was happy and hugged me and everything.

"YOU won, AWAWA!" she sayd.

So I was hapy with her for a minit but then I stopped and lookd at her in her pretty eyes. "Mommy, I didn't win because it's not about me at awl. It's abowt Betsy and she is still far away and sad."

Well, Miss Chris looked at me proud some more and my humblness couldn't take it so I looked away from her proud look an told her that we shoold go to BAGS END right away an see Sheila and get Crissy too and have a plan. So that's what we did.

This is a pikture of BAGS END sitting on its little chair in the corner of Miss Chris's



bedroom. But my loyal readers no that it doesn't look like that at all inside.

When we were back in BAGS END the first person I told Miss Chris I wanted to see was my friend LORI Bunny WHO is also my newspaper's only staf.

We found her in the bedroom she shars with Sheila. She was looking at her encyclopedia but her look was very sad. Then she saw Miss Chris and me.

"ALGERNON!" she yelled all happy.

"LORI!" sayd me and we hugged each other.

Then she looked reelly seryous. "Ar you still exild?"

I shook my furry head. "No" I sayd.

Then Miss Chris sayd "Lory, I am drawing Algernon's newspaper this time but would you write down the rest of it?"

Lory ajusted her cute funy little spektekles an smild a big smil and she noddod yes. Then I nowd what her smile ment.

This is a picture of Lori Bunny & since she is writing this, it means that all is right with mah newspaper & Miss Chris is drawing pictures in it!

Now it was time to go & see Sheila about Betsy. So me & Miss Chris & Lori all went to Sheila's Throne Room. I expected to find Sheila slouched down in her Throne there. Nope.

Princess Crissy was slouched down in Sheila's Throne! She was reading a Bump comic book, probably from mah silly brother Alex, & there was a R.E.M. record on Sheila's record player.

Miss Chris got all funny now. "Presenting to Her Royal Highness Princess Chrisakah, back from his exile in Connecticut & other 4n places, Algernon Beagle!"

Then she pointed to me like I was supposed to do a funny trick or something. All I did was crawl into Crissy's lap & she skritchd mah chin very well.

"Out, out, dum beagle!" said a suddenly-here Sheila Bunny, hopping into the room.

Briefly & stupidly brave, I looked at her from the safety of Crissy's lap in the danger of Sheila's Throne, & said, "A little late, aren't we?"

Well, Crissy lifted me up & tossed me to Miss Chris, who caught me & hugged me just be4ore Sheila hopped through the air to Crissy's lap to evict me from her place. Crissy caught Sheila & hugged her close. Miss Chris sat down on the floor cross-legged & helded me nicely. Lori watched all this with her smart eyes & little smile, & she adjusted her spectacles a bit.

Sheila looked at me in her usual grumpy way. "All this trouble 4or a dum Pillow," she muttered.

"Sheila, don't you like Betsy at all?" asked Miss Chris while she skritchd mah 4orehead good.

Sheila was quiet a minute, like she was thinking hard. Then she looked up at the ceiling with her purple eyes, & I knowed she was thinking.

"All this time that dum Pillow wants to do one thing. Defeat Jones! Defeat Jones! Liberate the Pillows! Bunny Pillow Free State!" Sheila grumbled.

"And now she's not happy? Now she's got her dream & it's not perfect?" Sheila was getting madder & madder until Crissy had to hug & kiss her, & skritch her back to quiet.

Well, I was getting tired of this. Sheila could grouch 4or a long time if she wanted to.

"So what do we do? Do we go to see Betsy, or do we try & find Farmer Jones?" I asked. Getting down to business, that's me.





"Bump! Bump! Bump!" was the yell &, before you could pull the Crazy Kin Alarm, or bemoan your family roots, there was mah crazy relative Alexander, & that nice guy who makes bad choices in companions, Ally Leopard.

Alex made a kind of leap into Miss Chris's lap where sat I comfortable till then. Somehow, laughing all the while, Miss Chris caught the leaping Alex before he crunched me, & she had us both in her lap now.

Ally walked up to us the regular way & said, "Alex is happy to see you. He said he would have joined you in your exile for fraternal loyalty, but he was busy conducting the last stages of some delicate Bump language negotiations to--"

"What are you saying, Ally?" I said, rudely, interrupting, but those weird English words were driving me crazy.

Ally shrugged. Ally smiled a little. "I don't know. I'm just the translator." Then he came up to me, & gave me a tiny kiss on mah cheekbone. "Welcome back, Algernon. I missed you."

"Hey! This is my Throne Room, not a train station!" yelled Sheila, who was getting grumpy again. I was getting more attention then her because of being a xil & all.

Before anyone could say anything more, there was the sound of marching just outside the Throne Room door, & in marched Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, dressed in her Army of the Babys helmet & her green army diaper.

"Mwarch, Two, Thwee, Fwour! Mwarch, Two, Thwee, Fwour!" she ordered the army behind her, who was Ramie the Toy Tall Boy! An he was sound asleep!

"Army . . . hwalt!" she ordered, but Ramie kept sleep-marching, & he fell over Lisa!

"Waaaaa!" bawled Lisa.

"Ramie!" said Miss Chris, all happy. Ramie woke up briefly, & looked around him confused. Miss Chris crawled into his lap, carrying me & Alex. Then she picked up the crying Lisa & holded her too. Her lap was no vacancy, that's sure. Ramie fell asleep sitting up with all of us in his lap. He is the Lazybug Champ, for sure.

I think Princess Crissy wanted to sit in Ramie's lap too cuz she carried Sheila over, & shyly she waited for an invitation.

"Come on, Crissy!" said Miss Chris, & she made room, & so now we were all in Ramie's lap, & he was sound asleep still.

I was jealous of Sheila cuz she had a lap all to herself, & I didn't, & I was the exil! An Sheila knew it too cuz she slouched down in Crissy's like it was her own personal Throne.

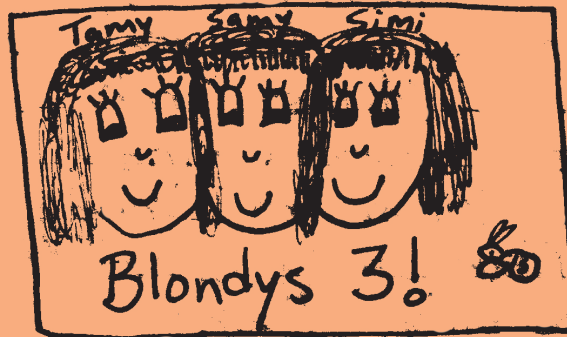
"Dum King," I muttered, stupidly, mistaking my ounce of brave for a pound, & bully Sheila for a nice little bunny.

"Traitor to the Crown!" Sheila yelled at me, & she tried to hop toward me & thwak me. Crissy held her back.

"Bump!" yelled Alex, but before Ally could translate, some more people came into the room. It was the Blondys 3!

They were smiling there nice Blondy smiles, & I knew they wouldn't let me get thwaked. They singed a silly song:

O! King Sheila was a grumpy old King,
 An a grumpy old King was she,
 She called for her carrot,
 & she called for her jazz,
 & she called for her
 Blondys 3!
 La! La! La!



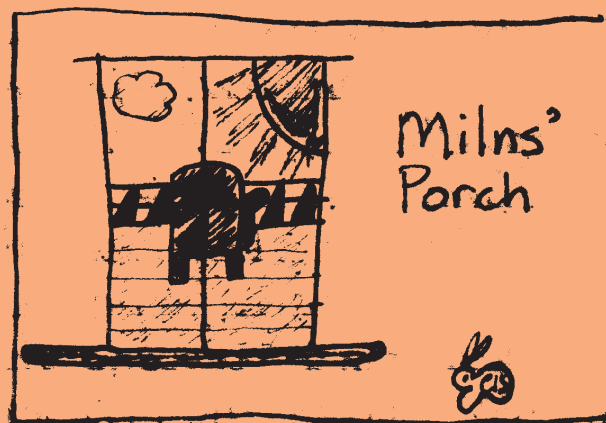
Each of the Blondys sang a La, & then they were all singing their La's together. (P.S.- O! Carrots! Yuk!)

I guess Ramie, even in his sleep, must have liked their singing cuz all of a sudden he was sleep-dancing around the room. An Miss Chris & Princess Crissy started to dancing with him.

I guess that was when I knew I was back in crazy ol' Bags End. Fighting & dancing & music & expert Lazybuggerly & so on, that's Bags End as I know it. The Blondys went on singing & others were singing & dancing, & it was a lot of fun.

But I had to go. So I slipped out the door when nobody looking, & hurried to mah favorite place, which is Milne's Porch, just outside mah bedroom window.

"Milne's Porch, am I happy to see you! Mah comfy chair! Mah view of the sky! Yeah!"



This is what Milne's Porch looks like, drawed nicely by Miss Chris. I'm not in it cuz Miss Chris told me she drawed it while I was in xil, & she was sad 4or me. Nice girl, she.

So I hunkered down in mah chair & didn't think no thoughts 4or awhile. Then I thought I heard singing. Was it the Old King Sheila song coming all

the way from the Throne Room? No. That was a funny song, & the one I was hearing wasn't too funny.

Then I knew it was the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows. But it wasn't midnight!

Then I knew that I wasn't hearing it with mah ears. I was hearing it with mah heartbone. Even tho I was not in xil now, that wasn't really the point. What to do, dear readers? What to do? I didn't know.

Betsy is a proud Pillow. If I went & saw her in her Bunny Pillow Free State, she might not even tell me she was bored! She might even have me thrown out!

So I hunkered down even deeper in mah seat, & thought, & thought harder, & thought & thought.

Then there was a tap on mah window, & there was Ally Leopard! An he was burdened with no strange kin of mine.

"I thought you might want some company," he said shyly.

He came out & sat in mah comfy armchair with me. An I was very happy 4or his company.

An so, deer readers, I am not in xil no more. But what about Betsy? I don't know. I don't know. I don't know yet.

Time to Go See Betsy, & Alone

After all the problems I have had over Betsy Bunny Pillow, even being xiled & all, I still hadn't seen her, um, un-face. I started feeling like by the time I saw her, she wouldn't be bored & dissatisfied no more!

Now that I was an x-xil, now that mah struggles had made trying to see Betsy legal, it was no time to wait any longer. The thing is that I wanted to go alone. I didn't want a big expedition with Sheila leading the way on her BunnyCycle & everything. I didn't want Crissy to disguise me with her magic, or Blondys carrying me, or any of that stuff.

I wanted to go alone in mah native beagle, & face victory or losing by myself. Nobody but me was in on this. I was the last to see Betsy then, & I wanted to be the first to see her now. An if she put me in Pillow Prison, or tried to smother me, or tried to plant me, then I would take it alone.

Now I know some of mah deer readers may be wondering what manner of imposter is writing these words.

"Our Algernon is a confirmed cowardist!" say they. "His motto is 'Don't walk away from fear, run!' He knows that it's the little guys against the big guys in this wicked world of ours, & the little guys don't stand a chance!"

"Who are you, strange artificer, talking in beagle-like English? Where is our beloved, fear-filled Algernon?"

Well, deer readers, it's me & it's not like I was kidnapped by a mutant brave beagle, or that I fell into a gutter of liquid courage, or got Who-Am-I-nesia.

It's more like I know that I am right. An I have to do this. So I did.

I decided to see Sheila first. If mah newfound braveness didn't get scared & run away from her, then I could really trust it.

So I marched right into Sheila's Throne Room . . . & found Sheila & Miss Chris huddled together on the floor, studying maps & stuff. I saw pictures of Bunny Pillows in a big group, so I figured that must be the Bunny Pillow Free State.

"A-wa-wa!" said Miss Chris, all happy, when she saw me, & rushed over

Bags End News
 No. 282 February 11, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Tim too Go Seey Betsee, an Alon.

After awhile the problems I have had
 over Betsee Buny Pillo, even being xild
 around, I stil hadent' sin her las-
 too, um, fernichur. I startid feeling
 lik big the tim I saw her she woodent'
 bee bord an disathissfyd no mor!

Nowe that I waze a x, xil an waze
 doing mah papp normely agen with
 Lory riting it an me the editer of
 it an Shlela the king of it for some
 reezon, nowe that mah strugels had
 mad trying too seey Betsee leget,
 it waze no tim too wate any longer.

The thing iz that I wantid too
 go alon. I dident' want a big ekspidi
 dishun with Shlela leeding the way
 on her Bunycikel an evrything. I

to give me a big hug & kiss.

"We're 4ormulating a plan to assault the Pillowville, & gain entrance to Betsy's town hall before her minions can stop us," said Sheila, all importantly, using lots of big words, & I think calling Betsy names at the same time.

"Sheila thinks it's gonna be a war or something. I told her that Betsy would never hurt me," said Miss Chris in her voice, & I was on her lap, & was getting mah head skritchd so I was dull & happy.

Then that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow marched into the room & saluted Miss Chris & Sheila, who she thinks are generals in her Army of the Babys. Lisa gave me a mean "dum draft-dodging beagle" look, except in her baby voice way, with lots of W's.

"I weport thwat thwe Army is shwaping up vewy well. We are gwoing twoo mwarch up & dwown a lot untwil I sway twoops, dwismissed! As fwor the bweagle here, as swoon as he has been re-assimilated into cwivilian life, I will have hwim shwaped up twoo!"

"January, February, I won't March!" I yelled.

"You dwum bweagle!" Lisa yelled, as she tried to crawl into Miss Chris's lap to pummel me. Miss Chris thought this was very funny, & she laughed so hard I fell off her lap. Now Lisa tried to crawl around Miss Chris to get me.

"Leave me be, you you you baby you!" I yelled & I ran behind Sheila's Throne, & hided.

Now Sheila & Miss Chris were both laughing hard & Lisa was so mad that she wet her diaper, & then started crying.

"Waaaaa!" sayeth she.

So just at this moment when things were the craziest, that would be of course be the time when my nutty kin came walking in.

"Bump!" he said all around, as if this word meant lots of hello friendly kinds of things it didn't.

"Alex says hello, everybody, & he wants to report on the progress of his Bump operatives within the Bunny Pillow Free State perimeter," said that nice guy Ally Leopard, who walks a step behind, but knows lots of languages, even stupid made-up ones.

"Gwenerals! I mwust pwotest thwis pwuppy bweing mwade exempt fwum mwarching because of hwis Bwump convictions!" said Lisa, who I guess had 4orgotten about me hiding behind Sheila's Thone.

Alex said a lot of Bumps, so many they would probably waste a whole page of mah newspaper to write them down, so I won't.

I made up mah mind in the seconds be4or Ally told what all that stuff pretended to mean, & the minutes when Sheila would get bored with not having all the attention on herself, the way she likes it. I made up mah mind, dear readers, to run & run I did.

I runned through the Throne Room's door just as the Blondys were floating in, all smiles, & I runned & runned until I reached the door that leads to the road to Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm which is now the Bunny Pillow Free State.

Then I stopped. It took me awhile to catch my breath & calm down. It was as quiet on that road as it had been noisy in Sheila's Throne Room.

Now what?

I didn't have any of mah beagleboy journalism stuff with me or nothing. Just mah eyes & ears & mah memory.

I hoped Miss Chris would understand why I did what I did. I even hoped Sheila would. I had to do this alone.

I walked along pretty slowly & remembered the many times that I had

been here be4ore.

Mah mushy old heartbone missed some of those times. Being weeds with Princess Crissy. Even being a Bunny Pillow sort of with Betsy that last time.

What did I think I was doing? Was I crazed? Maybe.

But I kept walking, slowly, like mah friend Polly El does. I didn't sing her "Dee-da-dee-da-dee-dee" song tho. I almost did.

What was to come I didn't know, but at least after all this time I was gonna find out the answers about Betsy soon.

Tramping to the Bunny Pillow Free State!

This story about Betsy Bunny Pillow & how I got mixed up in it has gone on a long time. I don't know when it's going to end either. Because I am a beagleboy journalist & also that Betsy is mah friend sort of I have to keep on going.

So there I was, on the road to the Bunny Pillow Free State, which used to be Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm.

Now I don't really know what a free state is. I guess it's sort of like Connecticut where Miss Chris lives, & I guess where Bags End lives too, only it's for crazy Pillows. As I walked along, my curiosity & fear had a big argument.

Mah fear made a pretty good argument for hurrying back whence I came. All mah curiosity could do was to remind me that I was on mah way to being the first un-Pillow to see the Bunny Pillow Free State. Tho foolish in matters of braveness, mah curiosity was smart enough to sucker me on.

It was taking a long time tho. I walked & walked & the road kept coming up with 0 Pillows.

I decided to have some rest. I had walked a long time & there weren't no bully bunnys or babys or even Pillows 4or that matter to tell me no.

An what good luck came of mah halt. I stepped off the road & right into a whole field of Weeds! They made your humbled old regular citizen fella pal Algernon their King, you know. That's cuz I am their only friend & protector.

"Yea, King!" they yelled a lot.

"Hi, Weeds!" I said, all friendly. I don't get all puffed out about being King, like some bunnys I know who aren't real Kings anyway.

I like Weeds & they like me, but they don't have a lot to say after cheering me a lot. So I talked.

"Am I getting near the Bunny Pillow Free State?" I asked.

Weeds maybe must be like some kind of plant cousins to the Blondys because they didn't answer using out loud words. Instead, they used their together strength to hoist me into the air, & carried me along sort of like I was floating. I have been Weed-floated be4ore so I wasn't scared, & anyway I am the King of the Weeds guy, so I figured I was pretty safe.

I felt mahself being carried uphill more & more as I went along. At the top of the hill, I was gently slidded to the ground at the edge of the field. The Weeds all gave me a big cheer, & then returned to their blooming. Some people think only flowers bloom, but I bet they never watched a big beautiful field of Weeds happy in the springtime sun.

So . . . where was I?

Top of a big hill, fella, & a long ways below me was a huge field of Pillows, fields & fields really, bigger than Farmer Jones' Bunny Pillow Farm had ever tried.

Bags End News
 No. 253. February 18, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Tramping too the Buny Pillo Frey Stat!

Thiz storee aboutt Betsee Buny Pillo
 an how I got awl mixxed up in it
 haz gon on along tim. I dont' no
 wen itz' gonna end ither. Becuz I
 am a beegelboye jernelizt an allso
 that Betsee iz mah frend sortuf I
 hav too keep on going.

So therr I waz, on the rode too
 the Buny Pillo Frey Stat ~~wh~~ wich uzd
 too bee Farmr Jones' Buny Pillo farm.

Nowe I dont' reelly no wat
 a frey stat iz. I gess itz' sortuf
 lik Kometikut weer Mees Chrees livs
 an I gess weer Bagzend livs to
 onlee itz 4or crazee pillos. Az
 I wawkd allong mah Kuriositee an
 feer had a big argumint.

I was the first un-Pillow to use mah un-Pillow eyes to see the Bunny Pillow Free State!

4or awhile, I didn't want to move. It was a sunny day in this strange place, & I felt like I should just look 4or awhile. After all, I didn't know what was to come. Welcome? Yah, right. Capture? Maybe.

I decided to do more than look, but to look with mah brains. If I did that good, maybe I would see things that had changed since Farmer Jones left, & Betsy began.

Much bigger. But I already knew that. The rows of Pillows were as neat as ever. I guess Betsy couldn't or didn't figure out no new way to grow Pillows.

Then I wondered who grew Bunny Pillows at the start? Farmer Jones? I thinked not.

Were there always live Pillows? Was it magic or morning ocean or a dream gone wild that had made Pillows who live & talk?

But they live & talk only when growing. Then their talk becomes whisper & then always quiet & they get picked & stiff & stop for good. Until Betsy said no to the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows, their goodbye to be, & she escaped.

What was I missing in all this? I wondered as I stood on that sunny hill looking down to the fields of Pillows below.

Farmer Jones must have been overthrown by Pillows like Betsy who picked themselves & so somehow stayed alive.

But did they pick themselves over days, or all in that last night?

An what else? What didn't I know? What would I never know because I am a un-Pillow, & Betsy would never tell me?

I knew that I had to calm down. All this stuff I didn't know about Bunny Pillows & their Free State was piling almost as high as the hill I was on.

But I knowed stuff too. I decided to think about this 4or awhile.

I have knowed Betsy 4or a very long time. I have been the guy who has writed about all her attacks on Farmer Jones in mah newspaper. And that means I was in on them too.

What is Betsy like then? She is very obsessed with her Pillow-kind. She loves lollipops (O! Yuk!) She hates balloons. She loves John Cougar records even tho he is a un-Pillow. She loves being in charge, & she gets very mad if someone like me doesn't listen to her, or if someone like Sheila wants to be the guy in charge instead of her.

The Bunny Pillow Free State would probably be a lot like this stuff. Betsy would be in charge, & there would be lots of stuff Bunny Pillows would have to do because they're Bunny Pillows.

Betsy always let me be around because she knew I would write about her adventures in mah newspaper. Knowing all of this stuff, I decided on a plan. I would go down to the Bunny Pillow Free State, & tell Betsy that all the world wanted to know how her new land was doing. I figgered Betsy would probably be all mean & scary that I trespassed mah non-Pillow self on her Pillow grounds. Then she would be all boastful about how good it all was.

What I wanted to know was if I was right & she was deep-down bored there.

O fine. Me & mah smart-brained plan. Me thinking I am like Lori with the smarts, or Sheila & her wriggly trickyness.

Me going down the hill so confident that 4or once I knew what was happening around me.

Me scooped up in a net halfway down the hill, tossed into a captured

bag, & hauled away to who knows where.
 Dummy ol' me!

Betsy's Busy! Betsy's Busy!

As the story I've been telling you dear readers has gone on, it gets stranger & stranger. I thought mah vision of bored Betsy made mah mission clear: to go get Betsy from the Bunny Pillow Free State & bring her back to Bags End. But mah plan went weird from the first place.

And now I was in a captured bag, & let me tell you that being carried around in a bag is terrible. Plus it was really more like being dragged along than carried anyway. I was getting bumped worse than mah silly brother Alexander's made-up talk!

Then the bag stopped. I was scared to climb out cuz I figgered that anyone mean enough & tricky enough to capture & bag me could do worse if I tried to capture & bag mah freedom back.

I guess I fell asleep, a Lazybug sleep too because when I woked up I wasn't in the bag no more. I was in darkness, lying on something soft & warm.

"Relax & go back to sleep if you would like," whispered a voice from the softness below me. For just a second I thought I was lying on fluffy Betsy herself. But the voice was different from Betsy's somehow. It was the voice of someone who didn't know me. So surprised, I leaped into the air & landed on another soft spot nearby.

"Are you really one of the creatures She lived with all those years?" asked a voice below mah belly. I looked there & saw a Pillow with a big face in it!

Did I jump this time!

"Hi, um, bugel!" said a sort of young sounding Betsy voice below me.

"YIP!" yelled me, almost dog-like.

No matter where I jumped in this dark room, I landed on a Pillow face & voice too. I was crazed 4or a untalking seat with no face either.

Finally, I leaped into a spot where 2 walls met, & there was a tiny space of no talk & no face.

An there I sat. The Pillows in the room got quiet after I quit jumping on them.

Where was Betsy? I wondered. An who were all these weird new kind of Bunny Pillows with faces in them? An why was the room almost all dark?

Now I must say, dear readers, that as strange & different as us Bags End guys may be, what we are most alike about is being stubborn & not liking to be held back. That's what was going on, & I couldn't have it no mre.

Gathering up mah shards of braveness, like scattered rays of dusk at sunset, I tippy-toe-jumped mah way from where I had been to the door I saw far away.

The voices jumped at me as I jumped on them along the way.

"Where do bugels live?"

"Does She like you?"

"You sure hop a lot! Are you a Bunny Bugel?"

Finally I reached the door, & pushed at it, & fell through, & stayed where I was in the light for a moment. I couldn't see yet. I stayed still.

By mistake I said out loud the big question in mah mind: "Where's Betsy?"

From the dark room behind me, I heard a lot of voices whisper: "Betsy's

Bag's End News
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Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Betsees' Bizee! Betsees' Bizey!

~~As~~ the storee I hav bin teling
yu, deer needrs goz, on, it gets stranger
an stranger. I thawt that mth vishun
of kord Betsee mad mah mishun
cleer, go get Betsee from the Buny
Pillo Frey Stat an bring her bak too
unboring Bagzend.

Mah plan went weerd from the ferst
plas. Aftr beeing exxited from Bagzend
for wantng too bring Betsee bak I then
escapd crazee from theer throo the
dog too the rod too the Buny Pillo Frey
Stat. Then the rod waz long an
mah frends the Weedz had too help
me out. Then I waz Kapchurd and
baggd wil I waz downhil bound too
see Betsee an her kin.

busy! Betsy's busy!" I runned so fast away then that I don't think even a hopping mad Sheila could have caught me.

Before I could think straightly again, I was falling through a door to the outside, & then down some steps to the ground. Nobody was chasing me, but I still felt scared being a un-Pillow in the Bunny Pillow Free State.

I looked around me & saw again the big fields of Bunny Pillows that I had seen before. I even saw far away the hill from which I had seen the Pillows, & where I had been captured & bagged.

The day was sunny & the fields were quiet. What was I doing here? Was I crazed?

"Where's Betsy?" I said all frustrated.

"Betsy's busy! Betsy's busy!" said hundreds of growing pillows' whispery voices. They did this 4or awhile, & then quieted down again.

OK. Fine. Betsy's busy. Where? Doing what?

I looked back at the house from which I had felled. It was Farmer Jones' old house. It looked terrible. There were broken windows in it, & the roof had a big hole.

Well, thoughteth me, Betsy is sure not busy fixing up her new house.

But, I thought some more, would Betsy even make this her home? After all, her xile headquarters in Bags End had been a tree house that was outside. An she had growed up outside in these fields.

I didn't think she was back in the fields, tho, cuz Betsy is a big shot like Sheila, & big shots like to be separate from their followers, & higher up than them too. Another tree house, maybe?

Or was Betsy busy making her new home?

Too many questions. I decided that I had to find Betsy, that she wasn't in the farmhouse or in the fields. I had never been behind the farmhouse, so I walked toward the other side of it.

I was almost to the backside when the most horrible thing happened to me. From the skys fell thousands & thousands of carrots on & around me. O! Yuk!

O! Yuk!

O! YUK!

YUK! YUK! YUK!

Sheila's best dream was mah worst nightmare. I couldn't escape because the carrots kept falling & were burying me. I tried to swim away from the ocean of carrots to the shores of relief, but this failed, & then I remembered that beagles can't swim.

"O! Help! I'm drowning!" I cried. "O! Yuk! I'm drowning!"

I guess I fainted cuz all of a sudden the carrots went away & I was in the dark & calm.

"Hi, Algernon!" said a nice voice I sort of knowed.

"Hi, Suzy Dark!" I said, making a hopeful guess.

"Don't worry. You're safe now," said the voice some more.

"Did you save me, Suzy?" I asked, because I was curious, & also because I wanted to say thank you.

"Sort of. I heard you yelling 4or help."

"Did Freddy Dark or Baby Dark or Mommy Dark help?" asked me, all excited. I like the Dark Family.

"No. Um, Algernon, I'm not Suzy Dark."

I got suspicious. "You're not a Pillow with a face, are you?"

"No. Open your eyes & see."

Slowly I opened mah eyes. I was in mah own bed! Surrounding me were Miss Chris, Sheila Bunny, & the guy who talked, Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna!

Is Your Old Pal Algernon Nuts!?

I am sitting on Milne's Porch, a place that was a present to me, & is got to through mah bedroom window, & I am thinking about all the time I have spent away from Bags End. Helping Betsy try to defeat Farmer Jones, being a xile when nobody believed that Betsy was bored in her victory, & captured & carrot rainstormed (O! Yuk!) in the Bunny Pillow Free State, & only being told in answer to my asked again & again question that "Betsy's busy! Betsy's busy!"

Well, I failed to even see Betsy, or find out if I was right about her being bored & unhappy in her Bunny Pillow Free State. Princess Crissy rescued me back to Bags End, which was good, but I have no answers to anything.

Now I don't want mah dear readers to think that I have a grudge against mah native land. No, sir. It's a crazy place sometimes, but it's mine, & I'm its too.

What makes me mad about being here is that all these things I have done have come to not. Should I give up? Is a busy Betsy a happy Betsy? Is it mah business to know?

This is your old pal Algernon writing at a later time about what happened next. I had 2 really nice visitors to Milne's Porch to see me named Miss Chris & Leona Lion.

Miss Chris sat in mah comfy armchair, & helded me & Leona in her lap. She was happy & hugged us both. Then Leona said "grr" nicely & gived me a kiss on mah big ol' beagle nosebone.

"I think you were very brave, Algernon," said Leona.

"Why?" quoth me.

"You were worried about Betsy, & you went all by yourself to see her. A lot of people think you're brave in Bags End, not just me."

I looked at Miss Chris, & I was really frustrated. "Mommy, I didn't do anything! I just got thwarted in mah plan! I failed!"

First, Miss Chris smiled at me. Then she stopped smiling. I got hopeful. Maybe I would hear something that wasn't o-Algernon-you-brave-guy stuff.

"Are you giving up?" asked Miss Chris.

Finally, a good question. I thought for a minute, but no good answer came to mah brain.

Miss Chris looked at Leona, then said, "We better go, Grr-Girl. I think Algernon needs to be alone to think."

"Bye, Algernon!" they said with their girl voices together, & filled mah furry cheekbones with kisses. Then they went through mah bedroom back to regular Bags End.

So. What now? I thought about the whole thing from mah Pillow-disguise days to now.

What was missing? Then I knew.

Farmer Jones! What? asked me. Farmer Jones! said me again.

But he is gone!

Yes, but why?

Because Betsy beat him!

No, she didn't!

Then I remembered the day I went with Betsy to record her final battle with him. Just as I lost sight of her, bouncing down the road toward the Bunny Pillow Farm, he appeared, all beat up & stuff, & running away in

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!!
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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Leah Bunny

IZ Yur Old Pal Algernon
 NUTZ?

I am siting on Milns Porch, a
 plas that waz a prezant too me an
 iz got thru mah bedrum windo,
 an I am thinking about how I hav
 spent allot of tim away from Bagz
 end.

First I waz a part of Betsee Buny
 Pillos' wining plan too dee feet Farmr
 Jones an mak hiz Buny Pillo Farm
 intoo her dreemdup Buny Pillo Freey Stat.
 It werkd an I kam hom.

Then I waz a xil from Bagzend
 cuz nobudee woud bee leev mah vizzhun
 that I had rit in this plas that
 Betsee waz bord an unhapy living in

defeat.

So?

So it must be that the secret Pillow Revolutionaries or whatever they are had beat Jones already.

So?

When I went to the Bunny Pillow Free State, I was scared from mah wits by Bunny Pillows with faces.

So?

Bunny Pillows don't have faces, ya dum guy!!!

Hey! I am you!

O. I forgot. Sorry.

Now I wasn't sure, but I think I finally figgered out what was going on.

It had to do with Farmer Jones giving up & Bunny Pillows with faces when Bunny Pillows don't have faces.

I tramped back & forth in mah mind until all mah energies were flat & then gone.

Why was it only me who saw all of this stuff? What about Sheila Bunny & Miss Chris & Princess Crissy?

Was your old pal Algernon nuts!?

Just as I loudly thought this, I heard a friendly but unwanted weird sound at mah bedroom's window.

"Bump? Bump?" said mah brother Alexander in his rebel-against-good-languages-like-English way. Without waiting to be asked, which would have been a good long wait too, Alex climbed out onto mah porch, & came up to me where I sat in mah armchair, & he bumped me all fraternal & friendly.

"Leave me be, ya dum brother!" I said. "I am considering mah dilemma in honest English."

Well, Alex ignored me completely, & I saw him looking not at me no more, but at the window to our bedroom. I looked too & saw that nice language-knowing guy Ally Leopard shyly waiting 4or me to notice him & maybe invite him onto mah porch. Why couldn't Alex do this too?

"Come on out, Ally, & we will gang up on this fake-language guy, & defeat his intent!" I yelled kind of crazed, cuz I knew Ally would do no such thing.

So Ally came out, & Alex said lots more Bumpstuff.

"Algernon, Alex says he has important information 4or you from his operatives in the Bunny Pillow Free State," Ally said longly.

"What are operatives? Are they like Bump missionaries?" I asked suspiciously.

Ally laughed. "No! They're spies & they're in the Bunny Pillow State to find out what's really going on there."

I looked at Alex's silly face. "How can a guy who speaks a fake one word language have spies? And how come they didn't get captured & bagged like I did?"

"Bump! Bump-Bump! Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump!" said Alex, who got so excited that he said Bump words, & bumped mah nosebone with his too.

"Leave me be, ya mono-worded crazy guy!" I yelled.

"Bump!" yelled Alex, all unhappy, & he retreated to a corner of the porch, & he sat down to suck his toe sadly.

Ally looked at me seriously. "Algernon, I know Bump language makes you mad, but this time it's really important. I'm your English-speaking friend, & I wouldn't fool you, would I?" And he looked at me with his sparkly green eyes.

Humbled a bit, I got out of mah armchair & went over to the sadly toe-sucking Alexander.

"Dear Alex, I am sorry 4or being mean to you. Won't you please join me in mah comfy armchair, & tell me your story?" I said as nicely as I could stand.

Now Alex is not one to hold a grudge, if you say sorry to him. He was on his feet saying happy Bump words, & sitting in mah armchair waiting for me be4ore I knew it.

4or once, I was reluctant to sit in mah armchair, but I went over & sat next to Alex. Ally Leopard quietly stood nearby.

"Now, Alex, we must not be selfish with this comfy armchair. We must make room 4or our friend Ally Leopard," said me sort friendly still, but getting very tired of this whole thing.

Anyway, we all somehow ended up together in mah armchair & it was almost kind of comfy still, in a crowded way.

"OK, brother," quoth me, "talk or Bump or whatever you do."

So Alexander bumped to beat the band, or beat to bump the band, or something. I refuse to fill mah pages with as many Bumps as that silly kin said. Instead I will talk about what Ally told me that Alex said.

"He said that you're going about helping Betsy in the wrong way. Farmer Jones didn't lose to Betsy, & she isn't bored like you thought. Farmer Jones has won, & Betsy is going crazy!"

I asked a lot of questions along the way. What I figgered out from it all was that mah vision I have talked about wasn't as smart as I thought, or maybe mah vision was too smart 4or me.

I began to get down & mad at mahself, & sad too. What a dum guy I was!

I guess I 4orgot about Ally & Alex for awhile because all of a sudden I was surprised by a bump.

"Algernon, you were right to be concerned about Betsy not being happy," Ally said, trying to be helpful.

"But I made all this trouble & I was wrong! An who knows what's happening with Betsy!" yelled me.

Alex said a lot more Bump words & I tried to listen through mah upsetness.

"Alex says that his operatives don't really know much more except that finding Farmer Jones is the way 4or you to help Betsy," said Ally.

After getting so upset, I started to calm down. All I had done so far, & mah silly brother knows more than me about it all.

"Thank you, brother," I said, & I gived him a little kiss on his nose & a little hug. Alex made lots of happy Bump sounds, but was smart enough not to bump me anymore.

Then I smiled at Ally Leopard, & said thank you to him too. He was looking at Alex tho.

"Bump," Alex said quietly.

"Alex says that he hopes you will get help from Sheila & Princess Crissy & Miss Chris this time. After all, he wants to remind you, Farmer Jones is a mean guy who signed the Anti-Bump Declaration."

"What?" yelped me.

"Wait, Algernon, there's more. You see, it was because of this that Alex put Bump operatives at the Bunny Pillow Farm in the first place. He wanted to make sure the growing Pillows weren't being poisoned with a lot of anti-Bump propaganda."

"He said all that hard stuff with one Bump?" I yelled.

Alex smiled at me in his silly way. Ally shrugged his thin leopard

shoulders, & said, "I just translate, Algernon."

Bump operatives. Fooey. I wondered what Betsy would think about this. I hoped she would never find out, & vowed not to tell her if I could.

Alex & Ally left, & I was left alone on mah porch, sitting in mah comfy armchair.

I wanted to sit quietly & figger out what I could in the privacy of mah brainbone. At the same time, I was feeling more & more helpless about the whole thing.

After all, what kind of story was this now? Betsy's? Where had appeared in all these happenings even a ounce of her fluffy person?

Was I reporting this story, or making it, & then talking about mah makings?

What I needed at that moment was someone smart on mah side. And a good hugger too 4or mah weary self.

An she came. An her name is Miss Chris, mah beautiful adopted personmommy who smiles at me like she wants someone with it, & somehow that's me.

"Hi, Awawa!" she said her special kind of mah name. I was so happy to see her that I leaped from mah chair into her arms & barked a happy bark, & licked her cheeks & nosebone.

Me!

O! Yuk!

Miss Chris sat in mah armchair with me in her lap. She was half happy & half surprised by mah traditional K9 actions.

"Awawa, why are you acting like a regular puppy?" she asked.

I looked at her, feeling all weird.

"I don't know, mommy. I'm so upset about finding out that Farmer Jones won somehow, & Betsy is crazed or something." I told her what Alex & Ally had just told me.

"It doesn't sound like you know a lot more than you did," Miss Chris said.

"What should I do, mommy?" I asked.

Miss Chris looked hard into the sky beyond the safe railing of Milne's Porch, & patted mah back's fur, & thinked quietly for awhile.

"We should get Sheila & go see Princess Crissy right away."

Why I did what I did next, I don't know. I leaped from Miss Chris's arms, & dashed through mah bedroom window, & ranned around like a crazy guy till I found a dog leash somewhere, & then trotted happily back to Miss Chris with it in mah mouth, & then I dropped it at her feet, & waited, breathing all loudly with mah tongue hanging out!

"Algernon!" Miss Chris yelled, all worried, & she used mah regular name too.

She picked me up, & looked me over, from top to bottom, to check me out.

"Mommy?" I asked quietly.

"Yes, Awawa?"

"O! Dog leash! Yuk!" yelled me so loud & hard that I fell out of Miss Chris's arms, & onto the hard floor of Milne's Porch.

Miss Chris picked me up right away, & she hugged me, & holded me, & said nice soft com4orting things to me. She babyed me so much that like a baby I fell right asleep.

When I waked up, I was in a familiar room I couldn't remember where right away. I looked around carefully & sniffed carefully too. There were R.E.M. posters on the wall, & it smelled like a very sweet princess I know.

Something was wrong with mah eyes too cuz I couldn't see no colors, &

everything looked sort of flat.

A really pretty girl hurried over to me. She sat down on the edge of the bed I was on.

"Mumumumu?" she asked.

Now what language was this? She put her hand near mah face & I sniffed it carefully. It sniffed friendly, so I licked it.

"Algernon, what is wrong with you?" she asked, Princess Crissy asked.

Well, the colors came back from where they were hiding, I knew where I was.

"Crissy, please don't get mad, but I do have mah principles, so O! Hand! Yuk!" bellowed me.

Crissy smiled & said, "That was a good trick, Algernon! You fooled me a lot!"

"Crissy, I wasn't, um, acting. I am full of weird."

Miss Chris came into the room then. She was wearing a white shirt over her regular one, & she had her doctor's bag. So she was Doctor Miss Chris.

Before anyone could say anything, Sheila Bunny came hopping in, with not her dress on. On her back sat this little furry green guy with friendly eyes & face, but no body. They were Doctor Purple Purple Eyes, & Doctor Greenface.

"Algernon, all the doctors in Bags End have come to check on you, & figger out what is wrong," said Crissy.

Boy! This didn't sound good! I got scared & runned away from all of them & down the stairs out the castle front door, & hopped on Sheila's BunnyCycle Beatrix, & yelled for it to please help me escape.

Yah, right. That dum cycle roared to life, giving me hope, but then it just roar hopped into the Castle, & up the stairs, & back to Crissy's room, where it dumped me on the bed, & then left!

The doctors had me trapped.



Read Part 3 in Cenacle | 99 | April 2017!

* * * * *





Bags End Book #6: The Grand Scheme of Liberation!, Part 3

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

O! Sickness! Fooey!

First Doktor Miss Chris checked mah heartbonebeat with her periscope. Then Doktor Greenface looked carefully at mah fur 4or colors other than the usual brown & white. Then Doctor PurplePurpleEyes tickled me a lot.

Worse was when mah visitors came.

That silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow would bawl a lot with her helmet in her hands, until her big sister Elizabeth would take her away for a nap.

Then Leo the Dark Man would show up with a big pile of Action Man comic books & read a lot of them to me until Princess Crissy would come to nicely take him away too.

Then that nice smiling fella Jacky Clown would come to see me in his

Bags End News
No. 254 March 18, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunney
Written Down By: Lori Bunney
Medical Staff: Dokter Mrs Chris,
Dokter Greenfase, an Dokter
Perpul Perpul Eys

O! Siknes! Fooy!

Ferst Dokter Mees Chrees chekd mah hartkonbeet with her paris kop. Then Dokter Greenfas looked kerfullee at mah fer for colers uthen than the uzel brown an wit. Then Dokter Perpul Perpul Iyys tikeld me alot.

Wers waz wen mah viziters kam.

That sily babee Sargent Lisa-Maree Chowe wood bawl alot with her helmit in her hands untill her big sister Elizibith wood tak her away for a rap.

Bags End News
No. 258 March 25, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunney
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

In Serch of the Xtra Cord!

Yor old pal Algernon has new fold a storee in hiz newspaper as long as thiz wyn. Thiz wlm goz on an on an gets weerd an weerd. I kn, alot of it iz about me to wich iz a test for mah humbillitee. It wood be mor of a test if I waz les kon-fused an pushed around in it.

Aftir awl, we'r up too the part of the storee weer I waz siting on the porch Princes Crissy mad for me, outsid her cassett, look for. Weer up too the part weer I herd the Midnit Song of the Bony Rillaz eksept it wazent midnit. an thier waz more too.

Bags End News
No. 259 April 1, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunney
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Tim Soon for the Citee!

Uzalle I rit mah newspaper about things wich hav jest hapend to me. But thiz tim I am riting about nowe. Wen I rit mah newspaper nekst tim, it will bee too tel about things wich hav allredy hapend.

Yu see, I hav too go too the Citee wich iz a big plas in Mees Chreeses Konetikut. Mees Chrees told me that somtims she wood go thier in a kar an aalso that both she an her bruthrs an mebee Kamy waz awl bord thier.

Stil, ~~it~~ itz a big plac an I hav too go thier alon an I hav allee mah pleege wils an Rich

Bags End News
No. 260 October 14, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunney
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

So Wat Hapend, Algernon?

Sam peepel say yor old pal Algernon hazz a funny aksent in hiz voys. Mebee thatz too.

But wen I tawk, seey, mah voys an wends an awl bloo jeens an slowch, ya no.

Wen I rit mah papr, thatz difrent. Then I bekom letter jaket an dark glases dresd in mah wends.

Wel, sortuf, I mean, I dont reelly weer glases an mah fer is betr than letter for me anyway. But garb, good garb, betr garb than jest outland tawk iz wat I am trying too tawk about mah pensil.

Tim too get dresd up agen, pal.

box inside the wagon pulled by that half-asleep Ramie the Toy Tall Boy who is also a veteran Lazybug. Jacky would tell me a lot of funny jokes but in Squeak language, which I don't know, & he would laugh a lot until Miss Chris would come & drag Ramie & Jacky away. Just wish I knowed Squeak.

Then mah silly kin named Alexander Puppy would come with that nice language-knowing green-eyed Allie Leopard. Alex would look at me & then get sad, and then a say a loud unhappy "BUMP!" & sit right down on the floor & suck his toe for awhile. Then he would stand up again & sing a sad Bump song for ill relatives, or something, until I would YELL for him to go away.

It went on & on like this & still nothing helped & nobody understood why I would keep acting like a regular dog sometimes. Mostly I would want to lick Crissy's nice face. O! Yuk! Or I would try to find a leash so that Miss Chris could take me for a walk.

It began to get worse tho. Mah friend & newspaper writer-downer Lory Bunny told that a big fight broke out in Mister Owl's class at school when Denny & Cory Puppy, who are in the Secret Puppy Club, argued that I wasn't sick, I was finally getting better. Lory said Alex yelled a lot of Bump stuff & Sheila put up her furry little dukes & threatened to thrash anyone who messed with her beagle. Me? Sheila's beagle?

Sheila's affection for me didn't last too long tho cuz one time when Dog came over me, I chased her around the room trying to catch her. She ran really fast & when I had her cornered I was me again.

"Why are you in a corner, Sheila?" I asked. Guess who got thrashed then??

One afternoon, I was alone with Princess Crissy for the first time in a long time. No doctors or crazed relatives or Puppy traditionists in sight.

Crissy was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking very worried & unhappy & unCrissylike.

"How do I get well?" I asked.

Crissy was quiet 4or a long time. Then she said, "What's wrong with you, Algeron, is what's wrong with the Bunny Pillows. An it was Farmer Jones who did it."

"What did he do?"

Crissy stared at me hard. "He did something to the Pillows so they would evolve."

"What's that?"

"It means grow up & out. It usually doesn't happen in fantasylands."

"But what?"

Crissy sighed. "He made it so the Bunny Pillows will become the thing after what they are now. Pillows don't have faces, right?"

"Yes."

"So somehow he did that. I don't know how but you got it too. And now you're becoming a dog from a puppy."

"But dogs don't talk!"

"Yes."

"So, um, how am I evolving if I start acting all dum & barking & not talking?"

Crissy sighed again. Her sighs make me very sad. "I don't know. I guess it depends on whether fantasylands evolve to places like Connecticut or the other way around."

Now I thinked a lot. "I have to find Farmer Jones, don't I?"

Crissy nodded.

"But what if I 4orget who I am & get all Dog when I am looking? I could be lost 4ever!"

Crissy nodded.

I was getting sleepy again & so Crissy got in the bed with me & holded me in her arms. She rocked me softly & hmmmed nicely to me. I was very happy for a moment & licked her face be4ore going to sleep.

Crissy had made a porch outside of her Castle's back door when I had been in exile. Since I was visiting her again, I asked her if I could be sick on the porch some days.

Now Beagles Sanctuary, which is what it was called, was no Milne's Porch, but it did come with its own Princess Crissy, who is one of mah best friends, & a most stout supporter too.

Sometimes Crissy would ban all the doktors & let me sit alone on the Sanctuary all day. I was on a couch almost as comfy as Miss Chris's Suzy Couch, & Crissy would put a blanket on me & give me little kisses on mah 4orehead be4ore leaving.

She used her magick to make it so I couldn't run away if I suddenly went Dog.

So there I was one day on the couch by mahself resting. Suddenly I heard the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pilows like I had be4ore!

I was running up & down on the Sanctuary listening & barking like a crazy guy! I heard it! I heard it!

And I howlsinged with it too. I was so excited I 4orgot beagles don't sing too good.

But I heard more than just the Bunny Pillows. I heard a musical instrument. A electric guitar. I listened & barked & barked & barked.

Then mah pal Princess Crissy came running onto the Sanctuary.

"What's wrong, Algeron?" she asked all worried.

"Don't you hear it?"

Crissy listened. "Hear what?"

I looked at her like she was nuts now.

"You don't hear it?"

Crissy listened some more. "That's just the wind, isn't it?"

In Search of the Xtra Chord!

Your old pal Algernon has never told a story as long as this before. And this one just keeps getting weirder & weirder as it goes along too.

I had just heard the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows, except it wasn't midnight, & there was more to the song than last time I heard it. This time the song had a electric guitar in it. It was a good guitar too & the really funny thing is that I sort of thought I knew the guitar player!

Princess Crissy had rushed up to me while I listened, & then excitedly runned around barking about it, but she couldn't hear it.

"Crissy, it's the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows!" I yelled.

She looked at me confused with her nice face. "It's not midnight."

"I know! And you know what? I know more about the guitar part!"

"The Bunny Pillow Song has a guitar part?"

I nodded mah head. The song was getting softer, & ending, & Crissy hadn't heard it.

"Yes," I said impatiently. I had to hurry.

I made Crissy sit on the Beagles Sanctary comfy couch. I crawled into her lap & made her hands pick me up to near her face.

"Now, Crissy," I said, all serious, tho I could see a sneaky bit of smile

on her face. "I want you to look at me carefully & concentrate real hard. Then I want you to do just a tiny bit of your magick. An lissen!"

So me & Crissy looked at each other, & Crissy smiled a little more loudly, but I bet mahself that this was her magick doing smile, not her "Algernon you're so cute but nutz but I love you anyway" smile like before.

The song finally ended, & I looked anxiously at her face for signs of hearing.

"I think I heard it," she said slowly. She put me on the couch next to her, & I rested on her folded legs & looked up at her.

"What did you hear, Crissy?"

"Well," she said. "It's about time, I think."

"Like to do with me evolving into a dog?"

Crissy smiled at me. "You got sick when you went to save Betsy & the other Pillows. What he did there, Jones, was to interrupt the Stays-Is."

"What?"

Crissy was getting excited like she saw it all or something. I didn't see any & I don't have fancy tricks like tricky smile magick.

"The guitar was the hint we needed!"

"You know who played it?"

Trying to pretend to be smart like real smart guys like Crissy & Sheila & Miss Chris is mostly beyond your poor old slow-thinking pal Algernon. But this one time I knew the answer.

"It was Rich Americus & Noisy Children!" Those guys are this rock & roll band that I know who live in the City, which is a big place near Miss Chris's house in her homeland Connecticut. An Rich also writes this book called Galleons Lap which is about famous places like Oz & Narnia & Wonderful, & also sometimes about obscure slouchy places like Bags End.

"No," Crissy said, not smiling no more.

"No?"

"It was just Rich Americus."

"O," said me. I expected Crissy to say more, but she was quiet instead of her turn talking.

"Crissy?"

She gave me that worried "I love you Algernon but you have to go into danger now" look.

"Algernon, sometimes all we have in life are guesses."

"Is that all we have this time, Crissy?"

"Yes."

Mah courage felt small & cold & old & at the very bottom of mah heartbone. Mah courage seemed like a old guy who looked at me all grumpy & said, "get away from me, kid, you bother me."

"OK, Crissy, what's our guess?"

"I think Rich Americus is sad over the past, & not going forward, & Jones borrowed what he's not using to defeat Jones once & 4or all."

Well. That's all. I thought I waz gonna hear something weird! I thought it was gonna be hard! No sir! Not this time! Just a simple story of time borrowing!

I looked at Crissy & tried for words but ended up with whimper. She hugged me for a bit.

"What do I have to do?" I asked.

Crissy smiled a little. "Another guess?"

I nodded.

"Go to the City where Rich Americus lives. Help him out any way you can. Then have him help you bring Jones here."

By now I wasn't surprised anymore.

"OK," I said.

"You won't really be in danger, Algernon."

"OK," I said.

"Rich Americus is much bigger than Farmer Jones."

"OK," I said.

"And I will be watching you from here."

"OK!" I yelled 4or the only time ever I hope at Princess Crissy, & then I runned away. I even crashed over Boop as I runned. I kept going on mah short legs until I was back in Bags End, & I didn't stop until I was crawled through mah bedroom window, & onto mah very own personal Milne's Porch, & sitting in mah favorite comfy chair.

But I jumped out of it again, & hurried over to the scary railing & was started yelling & yelling.

O! Danger! Yuk!

O! Peril! Yuk!

O! Bravery! Yuk!

O! Pillows! Yuk!

YUK! YUK! YUK!

I yelled some more stuff but it was just like that stuff. I yelled until mah voice was wore out.

Then I sat down & stayed put for awhile.

Of course I had to go to Rich Americus's City & stop that bad Jones from time borrowing.

Of course this story was gonna go on & on.

But I decided to just sit 4or awhile. I had slept enough to satisfy even Ramie that Lazybug for a day or so.

I knew Crissy would 4orgive me for being rude & all.

Fooley.

Fooley.

Fooley.

FOOEY!

Time Soon 4or the City!

Usually I write mah stories about things which have already happened. But this time I am writing about right now, sitting in mah comfy chair on Milne's Porch. You see, I have to go to the City. Miss Chris told me that sometimes she would go there in a car, & also that both she & her brothers were borned there.

Still, it's a big place & I have to go there alone & I have only mah meager wits & Rich Americus to protect me. An Princess Crissy watching over me from Imagianna too.

I have to help Rich Americus not be so sad over the past. How am I supposed to do that? He is a big guy & I really don't know why he is sad.

And then he is supposed to help me find Farmer Jones & bring him back to Princess Crissy in Imagianna, so that she can make him put back the Stays-Is so Bunny Pillows will stop evolving like they are into the future & getting faces & all. Your small but gritty pal Algernon has to make all these big guys, nice & mean alike, do what I want.

An what happens next? Does Betsy have a face now? Will she come back to Bags End? What will happen to that bad guy Jones when he is brought back to Imaginanna?

An what about me? Will I cease mah doglike ways? Be beagle pure & simple again?

I don't know at all about these things. If I had never gone to the Bunny Pillow Pillow Free State, I wouldn't be barking & licking & wagging my tail like I do sometimes these days.

But what about Betsy? She is mah friend even if she doesn't like me much. An Miss Chris loves her a whole lot.

An what about Rich Americus? Why is he so sad? Can I really help him out?

The sky I see beyond Milne's Porch is blue & quiet. No weird visions or anything like that. I like it calm like this.

Sometimes mah life is calm. Sometimes it's not. 4or a long time lately it hasn't been calm at all.

But this is a calm time. I am in mah comfy chair & there is nobody around. I feel very beagle not dog at all.

But when I am alone like this, I don't really feel like any kind of thing. I am me. I think mah thoughts.

Maybe I am like Rich Americus a little cuz I think about the past too & get sad. Like mah longlost Mommy Beagle, & how she would call me SonnyBoy all nicely.

Princess Crissy explained to me with her pretty eyes that mah visit would not last very long & that I would be pure beagle the whole time for sure. I asked her how could this be so but her answer was a sort of tricky "you're so cute, Algernon" smile, not good old-fashioned words.

After so long of doing this adventure, it's hard to remember that not all Bags End stories go like this. Some are kind of nice or kind of funny even.

I don't really know what I want from all this anymore. I mean, I don't want Betsy to be unhappy, & Farmer Jones' mean plans to work, & I sure don't like mah own beaglestuff messed with, but after all that, what?

Can the place where the Bunny Pillows live be not a slave farm or a Free State? Is it possible 4or Jones to get defeated & then reform his ways? Isn't Betsy's home truly here in Bags End?

Shouldn't Betsy be near Miss Chris who has been her dearest friend since she escaped from the Bunny Pillow Farm? An who to keep Sheila's bullying ways in line better than Betsy?

If I am going to help beat Jones, don't I have to know mah own mind about this whole thing?

What if I don't beat Jones? What if he gets scared of Rich Americus & runs far away?

Why can't Betsy be King or whatever of the Bunny Pillow Free State, & still living in Bags End both? I miss her silly Pillow ways, & seeing Miss Chris take a nap on her as she sucks her thumb.

How confusing! Asking so many questions & no answers 4or miles! It's hard, this! It tries mah meager braveness! It robs mah rest from me! It makes me upset!

It's hard to squeeze much hero from a beagle such as me. I am pretty terrible at leading the charge. I would rather follow the charge & write it all down.

I would rather write shorter stories. I would rather have tricky plans that make no real trouble.

Just be4ore when I am supposed to be bravest, Dear Readers, I am most cowardest. I wish there was another way.

"Now, Sonnyboy, I don't want you to do poorly."

Hey! Is that you, Mommy Beagle?

"Yes, Sonnyboy."

Where are you?

"Close by."

"Why can't I see you?"

Because I am in your heartbone where you keep me."

O.

"Now listen, Sonnyboy, to the words of your long-gone but still-loved Mommy Beagle."

OK.

"Braveness is not something you feel like scaredness. Braveness is something you only know you had afterwards, when you think about it."

Really?

"Yes, Sonnyboy. It's true."

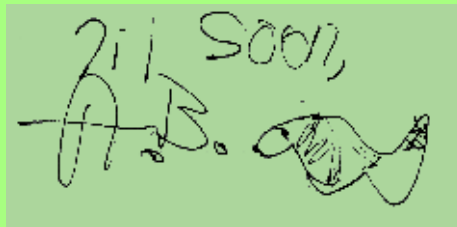
But how do I know I will do the right thing to help Betsy? An to help Rich Americus?

"The right thing to do is where I am, in your heartbone. Use that good brainbone of yours too."

OK. Um, thanks, Mommy Beagle.

"You're welcome, Sonnyboy. I love you."

I love you too.



So What Happened, Algernon?

Since mah episodes of going Dog were happening more & more, & who knew what kind of terrible things were happening to those poor Bunny Pillows with faces, there was no time to dawdle.

Princess Crissy & Miss Chris came to mah bedroom early one morning & waked me from mah safe, comfy sleep. First one girl would hug & kiss me, & then the other one would, & then they both did. I wish all days started this way!

Crissy & me started climbing through mah bedroom window to Milne's Porch, but Miss Chris didn't come.

"Come on!" I said all sleepy & friendly.

"I have to go get Sheila," she said. "She wanted to say goodbye to you, & give you some words of advice. But I better go alone cuz she's very grumpy when waked early."

"Hurry back, MC!" called Crissy.

"Who's that?" I demanded to know.

Crissy smiled nicely at me who was in her lap, & both of us in my comfy armchair. "M is for Miss, & C is for Chris. They're initials, get it?"

I didn't think I did, but maybe that was just being sleepy, but I nodded

anyway.

Crissy turned me so I could see the sky beyond Milne's Porch. It was very very pink.

Suddenly Crisy gathered me in her arms & hugged me very tight.

"You see that pink? That's my promise to you. As long as you see pink somewhere around you, it means I am nearby & you are safe."

Sometimes a magick girl like Crissy loves you so much it's almost scary.

Just then I heard a little swish of air & over Crissy's shoulder & into her lap hopped & landed Sheila Bunny.

She looked at me with her sleepy but intense purple eyes.

"Hi Sheila," said me, careful but friendly still.

"Algernon, I have something to say to you, so listen hard," she said.

I nodded.

Of course she didn't talk at that moment. Of course she had to pause all dramatically & look up at the pink sky with her purple eyes. I was tired of all this. It wasn't fun no more.

"You're a brave beagle. Good luck," she said, in words shorter than her short self.

Well, I got mad. Quite mad. "That's it? That's all? Boy, Sheila, thanks a lot! Should I get mah pencil & write all that down? Should I ask your real smart sister Lory what you mean?"

Sheila didn't try & pummel me as she usually does. She just talked some more. "I think Jones has done what he wanted to do. It will probably be harder 4or you to help Rich Americus with his problem than the other way."

I was quiet this time, in case of more words. Good move.

"But maybe he has one more trick up his sleeve. I don't know." And with that, Sheila nuzzled mah face in a sort of kiss, & said, "well, goodbye," & hopped back through the window.

So now it was me & Crissy again which I liked much better than talking & talking bunnys.

"Well, Algernon. It's almost time to go." Crissy smiled at me. "But one more person has to say goodbye to you."

"Not mah crazy kin?" I said suspiciously.

Crissy laughed & it was as pretty as wind through sleepy weeds.

"No!" she said.

"It's me!" said Miss Chris, as she climbed through the window.

Well, here again was a treat among treats. Crissy & Miss Chris sat together on mah comfy chair & I was shared on both their laps. Two laps to mahself!

I wondered when some laploving transgressing Bags End guy would come to share mah luxury.

Mah head was near Miss Chris & she skitched mah nosebone, & mah body was petted by Crissy. It was quite comfy. I thought maybe they would talk & tell me things like Sheila did. But they didn't.

No, not they. They hmmm'd to me instead, with no words. I never heard them sing together be4ore, & I was amazed. I think Miss Chris's voice was a little higher than Princess Crissy's, but it was hard to say cuz they sounded so much alike.

Now what happened next is so strange that I still don't get it. I mean, your old pal Algernon is a land-loving guy. I usually don't swim & I usually don't float or fly.

But I did. Which? Float, fly, or swim? you ask. I don't know, fella!

An get this crazy hat to set upon your head. Miss Chris & Princess

Crissy followed! We flyswimfloated into the thick pink sky beyond Milne's Porch. Miss Chris & Princess Crissy were behind me but I knew where they were cuz each girl was holding onto mah back legs.

We were all quiet as we went. The sky was very thick to the flyfloatswimming.

I knowed more than most things that all of this was OK tho because Princess Crissy had tolded me that the pink sky was her promise to me that I was safe & she was nearby.

Somehow I finally came to land tho it wasn't by going down but by going up more.

I am not sure when Miss Chris & Crissy went away. I found mahself near the ocean on one side, & the bottom of a hill on the other. An down the hill, rolling ever so slowly, was a really big man who didn't have no clothes on!

Into the City with Rich Americus!

So here I was on this pink beach place, wondering when the City moved to be near the ocean, & hoping that the big guy rolling down the hill nearby was that big guy Rich Americus.

He rolled very slowly. Was this cuz he had no clothes on? I didn't know.

Az he got closer, I could see that his eyes were tightly shut. It was Rich. Was he asleep? Was he doing that sleep-rolling game that Miss Chris & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy like to do on the lawn of Miss Chris's house?

Then he rolled to a stop & didn't move no more.

What to do? I waited. I waited some more. Nothing happened.

Finally I decided to do something, & hope I didn't end up demolished.

I went up a little near his face. "Are you asleep, fella?" asked me.

He shook his head, but didn't say no words.

"Didja 4orget how to speak English?" sayeth me some more.

He smiled a little with his eyes still shut, & shook his head.

This was not going very well. "Are you a Lazybug then?" I asked. He did look a little like Ramie.

"No," he said out loud. And now he opened his eyes.

He looked at me be9ly, but like he didn't know mah name. He sat up.

So here was a funny conundrum. Rich Americus was supposed to help me & I was supposed to help him, but I don't think he knowed me!

What would a brave fella do? Slap Rich around? But how would that help?

I decided to do the bravest thing mah heartbone said. Rich is very nice & he didn't look mad or nothing. So I climbed up onto his leg & looked with all mah hope into his face. An talked too. Shot through beagle courage, that's me.

"I was waiting for you. I'm glad you came."

Rich looked at me but his memories of me were still hiding out. He looked curious tho so I talked some more.

"You need all the friends you can get," said I.

"I do?"

"An I am going to help you. I need to find someone, & you're looking for something. So we will be partners. That's what I thought."

"O."

"We should go now, pal." Mah basin of brave was getting empty fast.

Bag's End News
No. 261 October 21, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Intoo the Citee with Rich Amerikus!

So heer I waz on this pink
beech plas wumring wen the
Citee moovd too bee neer the
ashen an hoping mor that the big
gy roling foun the bil behind me
was that big gy Rich Amerikus.
He rollid verree slolee. Waz this
cuz he had no cloths on? I dont'
no.

Az he got clsr I coud see
that hiz ippz wer fiffie shot.
Waz he asleep? Waz he dooing
that sleep'illling gam that Mees
Chrees an Ramy the Toye tawl Boye
lik too doo on the laun of Mees
Chreeses' Conetikut hows?

Then he rollid tria a strop an

Bag's End News
No. 262 October 28, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

A Storee Told at the Citee Libarey

Theer sat me an Rich Amerikus
an thiz uthr gy whoo lookd lik a
reel old Ramy at a tabel in a rum
ful of growdup books in the Citee Libaree.

Rich waz teliing thiz long storee
of his old days siting at this tabel
an making up muzik for hiz Noizee
Childrin 'n'ot groop.

He sed "I Kam heer in the sumer
of 81 too werk an Noizee Childrins'
muzikel Tapdancing in the Mindfeels."

"Weed" reeleesd our ferst rekard,
Fory Tayls" but we hadent gon an fur
yet. I bona, tee didnt lik loozing her
howz bano too a ter, mebbe for good. We
wad a deele shean-I. I roader gon
enyway becuz we had no Kontrakt

Bag's End News
No. 263 November 4, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

A Storee Told at Simint Park

I gess that in a way
Shlela Bunny waz rite wen she
told me that this storee haz
gon on too long. But wats' a
beagleboye jernelist gy too doo?
A storee haz too bee told evin if
it's verree long an whoo noz wen
it wil kwit an go home.

Enyway, thiz wuns' up too the
part weer me an Rich Amerikus
an this strang oldr gy whoo looks
lik Mees Chreeses' old broth Ramy
the Toye Tawl boy went into Simint
Park wich iz weer Rich met hiz
dawtr Rebekuh wen she waz a-
lited az Mees Chrees!

It's hard too deescrib it eksept

Bag's End News
No. 264 November 11, 1995
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Pasing Frum Park into Strangr Stil

I hav no douts that the strangst
part of mah longlong storee is stil
kuming. It wil seem too yu deer
reedrs, lik awl the weerdnes so far
haz jest bin praktis for wats' nekt.

Enyway, theer waz me an mah
big untamd lik Shlela frend Rich
Amerikus an theez tawking statooz
in thiz plas cawld Simint Park in
the Citee.

Rich had jest finishd reading
thiz plak that told awl about
the statoo an at the end it sed
April 1, 1964.

Nowe remembr lik I warnd
yu that I waz in to storees at
wuns' theer. The ferst was mah

"Where?"

"Good question," I said. "Back to the City. Down there," I continued before an honest "I don't know" could pop out of mah mouth. The funny thing is that I found mahself making Rich look way down the beach toward the City way down there!

"OK," he said. How agreeable. Of course he does live there.

I noticed again that he had no clothes on, & no things with him at all.

"By the way, where's your pen & paper to write down your adventures?" I asked, cuz Rich always has clothes on when he visits Bags End, an he has Galleons Lap book & a pen too.

"Someone else does that for me," he said. What does that mean?

"Does someone else do your music for you too?" I asked suspiciously. After all, what did I know about Rich & his life in the City?

"No!" he said firmly.

"Good. Now hup 2, fella," said me, wondering at mah boldness.

Rich carried me facing forward down the hill into the City, & it was early morning time.

"Were you borned here?" said me all friendly again.

"Yes."

"Do you like it?"

We were now on a big street in front of a building that had pictures of books on it. Rich helded me nicely & skritchd mah headbone.

"If I didn't have a memory, I wouldn't. If I didn't have a memory, I wouldn't be in love with all that is absent here. If I didn't have a memory, it wouldn't mean too much to me."

I could see Rich was getting sad, so I said, "What's this place?"

"The library."

I got excited. "O! I like picture books, ya know. Or stories if some big guy reads them to me. I'm kind of illiterate, ya know."

"Would you like to hear a story?" said Rich & smiling.

"Yes!" quoth me.

Rich gaved me a nice hug but didn't do no words. We went up some steps & through an open area to the library's door.

The funny thing is that when we were in the library, Rich had blue jeans & a shirt on him. I wondered if some magick guy like Princess Crissy or the Blondys were nearby.

"It was the place where I would to go map out what I wanted Noisy Children to do," he said.

We were through the entrance & into a room inside. We passed by a man that reminded me of a short bullfroggy with thick eyebrows. This room had a lot of tables in it, & bookcases with lots of books along the wall. I tried to see everything so that I would remember later what it looked like.

There were metal boxes, big ones, at one end of the room & weird machines that flashed pictures & things that looked like TVs on the other end. I guessed it was some kind of growed-up library. I betted there weren't no good books like Wizard of Oz or Peter Pan in this room.

Rich brought me to a table near the end of the room. He put me on the table & satted down.

The funniest thing was there was this other guy at the table who looked sorta like Ramie the Toy Tall Boy who is Miss Chris's brother!

But he wasn't no Ramie. He was a lot older & he was too awake. An he was writing something which I guess Ramie does too but he uses a pencil usually & this old fella had a black pen.

He looked friendly enough, tho, & he was smiling kind of shyly at me.

So I took a chance.

"Hi, fella," said I.

"Hi," said he.

Rich looked at this guy but didn't say nothing.

Rich pointed to the large lamps in the ceiling. "The lamps look naked now without their circles, just bulbs hanging from huge fixtures awkwardly."

Then he pointed to the windows high up in the walls. "Gives you a nice shot of the outside light without distracting."

"Is this room special to you?" I asked.

Rich nodded & then he started to tell a long story.

A Story Told at the City Library

So there sat me & Rich Americus & this other guy who liked like a much older grewup Ramie at a table in a room full of grewup books in the City Library.

Rich was telling this long story of his old days sitting at this table & making up music 4or his Noisy Children rock group.

He said, "I came here in the summer of 1981 to work on Noisy Children's musical called Tapdancing in the Mindfields.

"We'd released our first record, Fairy Tales, but we hadn't gone on tour yet. Luna T, the owner of the Cafe we always play at, didn't like losing her house band to a tour, & maybe 4or good. So we made a deal, she & I. I could've gone anyway, because we had no contract. I hadn't renewed the one we had because I wanted to see how our record would do.

"Anyway, I wasn't going to leaver her high & dry 4or a tour that might go nowhere. So our deal was if the single, 'Can You Hear the Silence?', gets into the Top 40, she'll let us go on a 6-month tour, & we'll return after that & renegotiate on what happened.

"It took that song all summer to make it. Meantime I'm into our next project. I worked on it here at this table in the mornings before our daily afternoon show at Luna T's."

"You performed your musical at least once, didn't you? For a crowd of 3 or something, right?" asks the old Ramie-looking guy.

Rich gaved him a mean Sheila-like look & talked some more. "I came up with the final scene here, but could never get everything leading up to it right.

"It was an overcast wickedly humid day. Rain had to be coming. I was sitting here lost in my notes, lyric sheets, & all.

"Then the storm hit. A real hard one. Those windows up there flashed white with lightning just about every second it seemed.

"Looking up from my notes, I found myself in the midst of this event. I got up & wandered around the library into the general book room behind us, & the business & technology section which is behind the microfilm readers.

"There were people groupled at every window on the floor watching the storm quietly. I joined one of the groups & we watched the rain pummel the pavement, the cars go by with their rain wipers going wildly, the wind batting the trees around. It was wondrous to see."

Rich stopped 4or a minute & I thought he was done, but his eyes were strange & he was petting me nicely on mah back, but not paying attention. He talked a little more.

"I knew that should be the last scene, but it never came together."

Rich got up suddenly & picked me up & he walked us toward the exit. Then he stopped & looked around him, & tho I am a simple beagle mahself, it looked like he was a calendar set 40r years ago. He looked at all the fancy machines & books but his face was full of remembering eyes.

Then he floated us up into the air like he a very tall redheaded Blondy & together we floated away from the exit & into a room with a lot of books but not many tables or chairs as his favorite room. I kept quiet cuz Richy's float was that kind of float.

We floated up to the ceiling & through it to the next floor! It was another room filled with books but I don't this is what interested him so much. No, cuz he floated to a far end of the room where 4 brown doors next to each other led to 4 tiny little booths. I saw old ritetypers in the rooms, just like mine!

Rich stared at these booths 40r a long time, saying nothing very sadly.

I guessed that it was time for your old braveless pal Algernon to talk words & bring Rich's calendar face back to now.

"We have to go, Rich," quoth me.

"Taken away with no return," he growled dangerously.

Ut-o. Rich was getting too Sheila-like in his mien. "I'm sorry, fella," I said.

"Taken away, so nobody knows & nothing good in their place," said Rich. I sneakily double-checked to make sure he didn't have purple eyes.

I had to think fast cuz if Rich was anything like Sheila, except a lot bigger, trouble would be fast to come & slow to go. I would calm Sheila down with talk of jazz. What did he like the way she likes jazz?

Wait a minute, thinketh me. That place which is like a park & a sidewalk together. Where he first met his daughter Rebecca.

"Could you please show me Cement Park? You know, the place with those old statues?"

It worked! Rich's face got soft & we even stopped floating. Holding me nice & careful, he took us down a eletaker & we left through the front door the regular fella way.

Well, Dear Readers, the story he told of long ago just kept going & got even longer & weirder.

That old Ramie-looking guy sort of followed us out the library's door. His face looked all upset.

"This story sucks, doesn't it?" he said, looking at his notebook with a sad look.

Rich ignored the old Ramie guy except 40r kind of moving his shoulders up & down a little.

Now what story was he writing? I had kinda guessed that this must be the guy who writed down Rich's adventures. I never had seen any of these stories because Sheila told me they were 40r growedups who could read really good. I asked Sheila if they were like the books in the library with no pictures & she nodded.

"No, it doesn't, old Ramie guy. It's really good," said me. How would I know?

"No, it's not," said the old Ramie guy. He was really upset now.

I nudged Rich to turn me so I could see the old Ramie guy more clearly. I said what I could. "Some stories are harder to tell than others. Some are more fun than others, I have that happen too. You have to just keep going & see what happens. That's what I do," I said all longly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I am very sure. It will be different after awhile. I promise. One

story can be many different ways before it's done. Maybe this is the hardest part."

Old Ramie looking guy's eyes were closing just like Miss Chris's younger Ramie's does. Rich started us walking again.

I yelled back, "It'll get better, old Ramie looking guy! Promise!"

"What do you think, Americus?" called the old Ramy guy.

"I think my little friend here sounds pretty convincing."

What a doubt-filled, fear-frighted, furry mite of a beagle was doing in the middle of all this talk will forever elude me. But there I was, & so.

A Story Told at the Cement Park

I guess in a way Sheila Bunny was right when she told me that this story has gone on too long. But what's a beagleboy journalist to do? A story has to be told even if it's very long & who knows when it will quit & go home.

Anyway, this one's up to the part where me & Rich Americus & this strange old guy who looks like Miss Chris's older brother Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, but isn't, & he writes down Rich's stories too, went into Cement Park, which is where Rich met his daughter Rebecca when she was as little as Miss Chris!

It's a hard park to describe except to say it's like it's name, all cement, except for some small trees scattered around it, & a pretty fountain in the back, & some old statues of a strangely dressed family of people-folks too. Rich & me in his arms walked over to the statues of these guys that I remember Mister Owl mah teacher called Pilgrims & said they sailed over the Wide Wide Sea from England & found what they called the New World, & in it they started up New England. In there is Connecticut, where Miss Chris lives & in her house is where sits Bags End. That's a lot!

"Can we talk to them, Richy?"

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"They're statues."

"So?"

"Statues don't talk."

I looked over at the old Ramie looking guy & said, "I wonder if having that Ramie looking guy along would help us to have better luck." So I took a big breath & looked up at those big people-folks statues & summoned up my cup of brave to say, "Hi, statues!" I called.

No reply. "O, rats!" said me.

"Sorry," said the old Ramie looking guy.

"That's OK, pal," said me.

"I have to recede now, OK?" he said.

Now I didn't know what that word meant but he didn't look dangerous, so I said, "OK."

"But here's a tip. Have Americus bring you over to the wall behind the statues. There's a placque there he & you should read. I think it will help you. Seeya."

"Seeya, guy," sayeth me.

Richy & me went over to the placque which I guess means sign since that is what was on the wall behind the statues. It was old looking & green, & I think it had English words on it, but I didn't know many of them.

"Can you read it to me, pal? I'm kind of illiterate, ya know," said me.

Richy read the words but it almost sounded like singing too.

"In June 1636, about 100 members of Thomas Hooker's congregation arrived safely in this vicinity. With 160 cattle, they had followed old Indian trails from the Massachusetts Bay Colony to the Connecticut River, to build a new community. Here they established the form of government upon which the present Constitution of the United States is modeled.

"Their deeply held religious principles found expression in the emblem & the motto of the seal which the colony soon adopted. The seal of the state of Connecticut still bears the transplanted grapevines--"

"O! Grapes! Yuk!" yelled me & I leaped from Richy's arms & started to flee.

I didn't get too far before even stranger things than that bad plaque started happening. The air in the park began to get pink. The statues got really pink too! Was this Crissy's message to me? I decided that hiding in a big guy's arms was a good idea & I ran back to Richy's arms. Those statues weren't old & green no more. They were see-through color.

Richy only added sunshine & lots of water to mah fears' healthy growth by bringing me over to see the front of the statues.

I tried to be brave & look at them. They were a family of Pilgrims, like I said already. A daddy kneeling down & holding a big hat & a old book. A mommy in a long dress & a scarf on her neck, & she was holding a baby in her arms. She held onto the shoulder of a little girl who looked a little like Miss Chris, except Miss Chris isn't clear-colored. The girl had on a long dress too which is more like what Princess Crissy sometimes has to wear when her friend Boop wants her looking all princess-like for some reason. The little girl statue was also holding a rope attached to a lamb, but this is definitely not like Crissy, who would never put a rope on a friend of hers or anyone else either.

All these words in a long tumble means I was crazyscared. I looked at the old Ramie looking guy, or where he had been, & yelled, "Hey! You! Is mah fear to go ignored?"

The mommy statue moved her head to look down at me & talked. "Hush, small mongrel, & continue your study of our commemorative plaque."

Well, I knowed mongrel is a mean word cuz Sheila calls me that when she is mad.

"I'm no mongrel, you, you, you, statue, you!" I yelled. I was so mad I forgot I was scared & it took a lot of scratching mah head by Richy for me to calm down again.

He brought us back to the plaque & read some more. "And the legend Que Transtulit Sustinet."

"What language is that?" I demanded. I hoped it wasn't Bump's cousin language.

"I think it's Latin," said Rich quietly.

"Tis," said that statue daddy. "An you'll find its English meaning beneath our feet."

Back to the statues. Rich pointed to some words below the Pilgrims' feet. "The statue is called Safe Arrival, & that Latin means 'He who brought us here sustains us still.'"

"He who?" demandeth me.

"Why, the Lord Our God Christ," said the little girl statue with a smile that made me think of Miss Chris again.

Rich walked over to the plaque to read some more, I guess.

"This statue honoring the spirit of all pioneers is dedicated to the founders of the City. It commemorates the beginning of the second century of service by the Bluebird Insurance Company. April 1, 1964."

Passing from the Park into Strange Still

I have no doubts that the strangest part of my long long story is still coming. It will seem to you, Dear Readers, like all the weirdness so far has just been practice for what's next.

Anyway, there was me & mah big untamed like Sheila friend Rich Americus & these talking statues in this place called Cement Park in the City.

Rich had just finished reading this placque that told all about the statue & at the end it said April 1, 1964. Just then this church across the street rang its bell to tell the time, & when I stopped listening to it, the pinkish air of the park was gone, & the statues were green & old & stiff like always again! Too bad! I liked them.

Richy lifted me up to look at his face. "It was all a revelation but I don't know what it fully meant."

"Can't help you, pal," said me.

Then we left Cement Park.

Don't ask me cuz I don't know, but next thing I know I wasn't in Rich's hands no more. I was in that pretty girl Rebecca's! She looks like Miss Chris but she is older, I don't know, maybe 20 or 15 or something.

Rebecca has a nice smile & she was holding me softly. We were in some big guy's house, maybe in Connecticut, & Rebecca was holding me while standing outside a door. She stood there real quietly for a long time, listening. I didn't hear nothing except maybe someone asleep in a bed, and moving around a little.

Finally she peeked in & talked nicely.

"Dad?"

"Come in, beautiful," said the voice of Rich Americus. So we in his house!

Rebecca went into the room with me & we were hugged by Rich who is really tall. He sat up in his bed & holded us close.

"How are you, Beckah?" I thinked he meant Rebeccca here but I looked around to be sure. Yep. Sure. I guess.

"OK. I was reading."

"Reading what?"

"It's a book called Papa by Suzie Clemens. Her father's Mark Twain & she wrote this book when she was 14." I didn't see it be4ore but now she had a book she was showing & it had a picture of a girl on its cover that looked a little like Rebecca. Was this Beckah? No, I don't think so.

"Is it good?"

"She loved him a lot. She died young & he wrote about the book after that."

"What's that look 4or?" said Rich. Mah face was down so I couldn't see.

"Nothing."

"What are you up to?"

"Nothing!"

"O. OK."

"You're giving up that easy?"

"Listen, you're becoming a young adult. Secrets from me are natural."

"Now don't ask me what this was all about. It was people-folks stuff & so foreign to me. Next thing I knew Rebecca was up & walking to a rocking chair & then rocking & skritchng mah head but not happy. Rocking too slow & skritchng too fast.

"Rebecca?" said Rich.

She said no words.

"Rebby?" Rich said & I thinked her still meant her.

I guess he got mad at all those no words cuz I heard him get up & walk out.

She rocked 4or awhile more & then stopped. I am quite sure I like Bags End fights better when nobody really means it usually, & there's a lot of hugs & kisses in there somewhere, & naps & music & the better kind of head skitching.

Then she got up & ran into another room I think looking for Rich. She found in another room a piece of paper with words. I think she read it twice cuz because she looked at it a long time. Then she walked to one of the rooms we had gone into already & we sat in a big old green chair.

She really surprised me next by falling asleep! Is she that Lazybug Ramie's cousin or something?

A lot of time passed & she slept. I thought a lot of things but they were all like apple trees with no apples.

Then Rich Americus came back & he put a cover on Rebecca after picking me up. We sat on the couch, me in his lap, & we talked.

"I have to leave soon, Richy. I have to go home," said me.

"I know."

"We're not done yet tho."

"We're not?"

"No!"

"You're looking for someone, right?"

"Right."

"And?"

"And I haven't really helped you much."

"It's been fun though."

"Are you serious or funny?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I can't go yet. There's more."

"OK."

Then Rebecca woked up & Rich went over to her so fast & loving, & I thinked maybe their terrible fight was over.

Read Part 4 in [Cenacle](#) | 100 | June 2017!



* * * * *



Bags End Book #6: The Grand Scheme of Liberation! Grand Finally!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

On Toward the Season of Lights!

The good thing about this long story I have been telling is that I know it has a happy ending. I will say this now because I have decided that some stories have parts in their middle that are more important than their ending, & this is one. Sure, things changed between the start & the end, but I must tell all the story till then & not miss any of it until it's told & over.

So it was last night in my musician friend's Rich Americus's house in the City, & he was just home & sitting next to his daughter Rebecca, who was under her blanket on the big old green chair. He put me under her blanket into her hands where she holded me nicely.

Rich said, "Hi, beautiful."

"Hi, Dad," said she.

Bags End News
 No. 265 November 18, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

On Toard the Seesun of Lits!

The gud thing about thiz long
 storee I hav bin teling is that I no
 it haz a hapy ending. I wil saye
 thiz nowe becuz I hav desided
 that som storees hav parts in theer
 midel that ar mor important than
 theer ending an thiz is wun. Shur
 things changd between the start
 an the end but I muzt tel aul
 the storee til then an not mis eny
 of it untill itz' told an ovr.

So it waz lat nit in Rich
 Amerikuses hows in the Citee an
 he waz jest horn an siting nekt
 too his dawtsy Rebekeh who waz
 on a big old green cher.
 me un'er her blanket int

Bags End News
 No. 266 November 25, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Viziting the Seesun of Lits with Rich Amerikus!

I hav bil too the Seesun of
 Lits befor. It iz a plas but it
 iz a fim to. An a holliday too
 boot. The lits ar pretty an rol'll
 arownd lik watr. I dont' no whiy it
 hapens but I hop it alwee deez.

I dont' think that evr befor
 did I go too the Seesun of Lits
 without lots of Bagzard gys. This
 tim I was with Rich Amerikus an
 hiz dawtsy Rebecca an theer
 waz Shlela Buny to eksept we
 didnt reelly tawk much too eech
 othr lik ozvel.

Mostley I lissend too Rich an
 Rebekuh an I gessed Shlela did to.

"Did you sleep well?"

"No."

"I thought you liked my old chair!"

"I'm sorry, um, about us fighting. That's why."

Rich made Rebecca's blanket warmer & more comfy around us, & hugged us both. Then he stood up & said, "I know you want to know about me when I was your age. It sort of obsesses you. You think you should know, that it's kind of your right."

"Dad, I--"

"Well, you're right. I'm all the family you've got. My life is your heritage. I just haven't known how to start."

"Do you now?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you, um, know how to start now?"

"Yes, I think so. I walked around the City 40r hours today, more hours than in a long time. I saw it as it is both now & then. An I saw me, what I am, more clearly today than in years. I realized that I've been scared to tell anyone what I want to tell you."

Now all this people-folks talk flustered me, & I wondered why Rich didn't just tell about the library & the statues & all. He didn't tho. Secretly, I felt glad I had been there 4or those things cuz right now I was feeling sorely left out & 4orgotten.

"Why were you scared?" Rebecca asked.

"Because they've all gone away. It makes no sense right now. I'm tired from thinking & walking. I'm tired from knowing what I should be telling you & being too scared."

Rich stopped talking & picked up Rebecca & me & the blanket & carried us into her bedroom. He set us down softly on the bed & made a kiss to us through his fingers from the doorway.

He talked again. "Think you'll be able to sleep, beautiful?"

"I don't know."

"Good night."

"Good night, Dad."

Rich closed the door. Rebecca picked up this book she was always reading & hugged it to her chest. It had a picture on its cover of a girl who looked a little like her.

She didn't sleep this time tho. She was real quiet holding her book & all.

I rested next to her belly in the dark & this time it was me who falled asleep.

Next thing I knowed it was morning & I heard Rich's voice talking to Rebby. I listened from under the blanket.

"Hi, Dad."

"Hi, beautiful."

"Is today still the day?"

"Yes, love."

"Can I bring my Suzy Clemens book & my art-things?"

"Yes, love."

"Will you bring your guitar & sing songs for me?"

"Yes, love."

"An maybe we'll go to Luna T's Cafay tonight & see, um, old Mister Knickerbocker & everybody?"

"Yes, love. Now listen, I'm up & ready. So you've got to get a move on. I will be in my armchair waiting."

"OK."
 "O & Rebby?"
 "Yes, Dad?"
 "Bring your bunny & beagle friends."
 "OK."
 "I love you, Rebby."
 "I love you, Dad."
 "Now get ready!"
 "OK."

So Rebby happy rushed around 4or a few minutes getting dressed & I waited. I was wondering about that "bunny & beagle friends" crack of Rich's. Then I seed Sheila Bunny on a table next to Rebecca's bed.

Now what was she doing here?

We regarded each other but Sheila didn't say nothing. I figgered that safety would be found in me being quiet too.

When she was ready, Rebby picked us up & brung us with her to her dad.

We all went downstairs & out the door. It was cold not like be4ore but I guessed this was not the same kind of moment as when me & Rich were going around earlier.

They walked along the City streets 4or awhile but no talking. Then Rich talked some all of a sudden.

"I didn't know how to love. I knew what it was from my memories of my little brother Mickey & how he'd looked at me, but all those silent years since he died buried my skills. Art substituted 4or love in my life."

He swinged Recbecca's hand some & talked more. "You don't have that problem, Beckah. You bring to art your vast love & you bring to love the skills of grace & discrimination art has taught you. You are more dearly precious to more people than you can possibly imagine."

Boy! I wished Ally Leopard was here to help translate for me when they talked!

"But, um, what about you?"

"Me?"

"Dad, listen to me! You're my whole family! But I don't want anymore! Why don't you see how people like you, love you & all?"

"I don't know, love."

Well, at least they weren't mad or fighting no more. I was glad over this part.

We went up some steps & then some more to a place that was all lighted up with celebration. There were people everywhere. I could hardly make out the Season of Lights in this crowd, but I did.

Having Sheila's little body close to me in Rebecca's arms made me feel good. Maybe she knew this is what I needed. She is pretty smart & all.

I have been to the Season of Lights be4ore. It is a place but it is a time too. An a holiday to boot. The lights are pretty & seem to roll around like water. I don't know why all this happens but I hope it always does.

Visiting the Season of Lights with Rich Americus!

So we all walked along close & stuff 4or awhile, just looking at the pretty lights. Then Rebecca talked. "We've never come here the first day before, Dad."

"No. But I came here once by myself on the first day."

"An you didn't bring me!"

"I was 17, Rebby. That was three years be4ore you were born."

"O."

There were lots of people & if Rich wasn't so tall we would have hardly moved along at all. But he was like a tall boat & smaller people around him were water as he sailed us through. Rebecca helded me & Sheila tight & she kept close to her big dad.

He talked some more. "A lot of my life after Mickey died was spent alone in my bedroom. I listened to the radio. I read. I kept to myself even in school, & got into a few brawls be4ore I grew big enough to be let alone."

"You had no friends?"

"No."

I peeked above Rebby's arms to see what was going on. I saw the big pretty tree with the blinking lights that looked like water rolling down it. I saw people-folks with food in their hands & I trembled, but stayed brave when we didn't go near them. I saw a lot of people-folks children, some smaller like Miss Chris, some older like Rebecca, & some older than her too. It was a pretty scene, & noisy with music in the air.

We went through the crowds & then Rich bent over & whispered Rebecca some words. "Rebecca, I was transfixed when I came here that first time & saw the lights. I felt held aloft like in my flying dreams, except that I was awake!"

"But, um, why?"

"Hm?"

"I don't understand! You're not telling me about what it was like to be you when you were my age!"

"I, uh, can't, Reb."

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't really remember. I mean beyond the books & the music & the fights."

"How can you not remember? This is important!"

Now they were mad again! How did this happen? I didn't get it at all. They liked each other a lot but got upset a lot too.

Rich got down to one knee & took one of Rebby's hands so she had to hold me & Sheila in the other one. His face talked to her hand.

"Rebecca, when Mickey died by accident in the barn that day, I did too. I don't think you really understand that. Life or circumstances or whatever took him from me, & I, uh, turned off, I guess. I wasn't like you at your age. I wasn't funny & emotional & in love with people & in love with drawing & all. I was next to nothing, love. Please understand. I was next to nothing."

Rebecca was quiet but I almost felt her thinking hard like Sheila does sometimes. Then she talked.

"Is there more?"

We all walked on.

Now, Dear Readers, this all was too much. I had been quiet 4or a long time, but mah patience & mah understanding were both pretty low. So I talked.

"Hey, Rebby, how come you got so mad?" I whispered.

"It's nothing," Rebby whispered back.

"Back off, beagle," Sheila growled at me.

But this wasn't Bags End & I wanted to know. "No!" I whisper yelled. "Listen, I am here 4or a reason & I have to do it. Rebby, what do you want your Dad to do?"

Rebecca looked up to her big Dad & I knowed she was thinking "I love you" thoughts.

"I want to know what you were like then," she said to him more then to me.

Rebecca said all this & then something happened which had happened be4ore in Cement Park. This pink air came & spread all over everything & things got strange. Well, stranger.

But it wasn't the strangeness of talking statues this time. O no. Not even the weirdly familiar in this story. No sir.

Rich Americus got younger & younger is what happened, till he started looking like Miss Chris's own brother Ramie who is about 17! The waves of pink left him looking not hardly a bit like Rebecca's dad!

Hop out of that throne, Sheila! Confusion is King now! Just kidding, fella.

So skinny young Rich Americus & Rebecca with me & Sheila kept walking till we got to this big gray rock tower looking like a 4-sided finger, or maybe crayon, pointing at the sky. It had a clock on each of its 4 sides, but round dots where numbers usually are. I have a hard time with clocks anyway.

There were benches on all 4 sides of the tower. Rich moved close to the side farthest away from all the people we passed, & kneeled down. He bowed his head & closed his eyes.

Rebecca went close to him but didn't say nothing. I think she didn't know what to do.

Suddenly Sheila pushed Rebby's arm some to get her attention. An Sheila talked too but not grumpy like be4ore.

"Rebecca, I think this is what he wants to give you. This is when what he is now began. Act without worrying about it. What do you want to do right now? Do it!"

Rebecca was quiet. Then she talked. "I want, um, him to tell me what's happening to him. I want to be with him. I want him to see me. I want to be what he didn't have after Mickey died, be4ore other people came."

Rebecca touched Rich on his shoulder & he jumped all scared a bit. His eyes looked funny. Pink & cloudy.

"Hi," he said, all nervous.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Rebecca."

"I'm Rusty," he says.

I can't tell you, Dear Readers, how confused I felt at this point in this long story!

Further & Further into the Strange

"How are you?" Rebecca asked the young Rich Americus.

Rich smiled & got off his knee & stood up, as tall as always.

Sheila whispered Rebby, "Don't be afraid. It will be OK."

Now I talked too. "He's gonna be your dad someday, Rebby. An he's gonna be a certain way then that you don't understand. This is your chance to know him better."

Now what did I mean? Did we time travel or something? Did Rich time travel? What? What? What?

Then I saw that Ramie-looking guy nearby, the one writing in his notebook me & Rich saw during our walk. Oh yah. I remembered that I was in his story too & so I would say strange things sometimes.

But Rebecca nodded to me like I had said something smart. She sat on the bench & Rich sat next to her & me & Sheila in her arms.

Bags End News
 No. 267 December 2, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Ferther an Ferther intoo the Strang

I Kant' deescrib too yu, dear
 reeds, howe lawst I felt at
 thiz poynt in the long storee I
 hav bin teling yu. Theer I waz
 with Shlela in Rebekeh's arms in
 the midel of the Seesun of Lits
 looking at a Rich Amerikus not
 hiz own tall age but Ramys much
 shorttr wun! An too bee evin mor
 Konfoosd he had jest sed hiz nam
 waz Rustee.

"Howe ar you? asks Rebekeh too
 her yung Dady.

Rich smild an got awff hiz
 nee stood up az tawl az alwez.
 He wisperd Reby, Dont' bee
 it wil bee OK."

Bags End News
 No. 268 December 9, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Sutenlee in a Ally in the Citee

Wel wel we wer in som old
 plas an tawking an then we
 wer in a ally evin tho our legs
 had not moovd us a step.

It waz me an mah big skery
 sortuf pal Rich Amerikus an allso
 nis MisChreeslik Rebekeh hiz tatsy
 an theez uthr big gys whooz nams
 I dont remembr.

An Richy tawkd som mor. He
 tawkd a hot lot. I lissend an
 lissend an I am going too put heer
 wat he sed but I wont vot for
 me for prezident of undrstanding it.
 At leest he waz hiz uzvell ag an awll.
 "Thiz iz wat it waz reelly lik with
 theez old men. Awl that Friendlee Klub

Rebecca smiled all pretty. "You're gonna think I'm crazy but I know all about you."

Rich looked at her suspiciously.

Rebecca talked some more. "We're kind of the same. We both feel things deep inside. We want to tell them, sort of. I do it with pictures. You're gonna do it with words & music."

Rich laughed a lot. "Music? Me? I can't play anything! I can't sing!"

"But you'll learn! An you do play! You learned piano when you were little."

Suddenly Rebecca's face got all weird & she looked over to that old Ramie-looking guy. She said, "Stop this! This is stupid! This isn't science fiction or something!"

Suddenly Rich was looking like his usual older self & that Ramie-looking guy with the pen & notebook was saying, "You're right."

"What was the fucking point, Soulard?" asked Rich. Hey! That's a bad word in there! And that guy has Miss Chris's tail name too.

"I don't know. I had something going here but it fell apart," said that Ramie-looking guy. Can a toy have a big brother?

"Do you want to know what you missed?"

"Yes!"

"You missed what led me here. The days & weeks be4ore this moment came."

"Where to then? You tell me?"

Rich Americus looked away from that Ramie-looking guy & at Rebecca. His look was so nice I got all shivery. He talked some more.

"We need to see the Wits," he said.

I had given up understanding any of this anymore.

Suddenly we were in a quiet room of a big house or something. There was another room in the house that wasn't quiet at all!

Me & Sheila were in Rebecca's arms & so couldn't see very much. Rich starts to explain.

"I don't really know anymore how much of it was real & how much of it I imagined out of a book."

"Is this a place you came to then?"

"No, Reb. It's a place they came to. It's called the Friendly Club. It existed in the City 200 years ago."

"Is this, um, what it looked like then?"

"I don't know. I never pursued it much. I just liked the idea when I read about it, these writers meeting here weekly to talk about books & politics."

There was quiet then & me & Sheila both nudged Rebecca enough to get put on the table where we could see. Now there were these other people-folks there too.

"Who are those guys, Rebbby?" whispered me.

"They're my dad's friends. The one with the blonde ponytail is Dylan. The one with the moustache is Chris. They both work with me at the Arcadia bookstore & Cafay. I mean they're there a lot, & I work there one day a week. The chubby guy with glasses is Guy. He cooks food sometimes at Luna T's Cafay."

"O no," muttered Sheila.

"O Food! Yuk!" yelled me & I tried to run but Rebecca helded me tight. Wow, she is strong!

That bad chubby guy smiled & said, "Most people like my food. Especially

my extra hot chili."

"Hold on tight," warned Sheila.

"YUK! YUK! YUK!" yelled me. But Rebecca was like a mountain I could not climb off. O well. I noticed the chubby guy had no food with him. But anyway, O! Yuk!

"All this for that dumb pillow," I groused after Rebecca had kissed & hugged me so good that I decided to risk everything & stay.

Rich was all skinny & young again like be4ore. He looked at the chubby guy & talked. "I want to write poetry too, Mister Humphreys. If you teach me how, can I be in your club?"

The chubby guy looked confused but said, "Of course, Rich."

Now Rich looked at the guy with the girl's ponytail & talked to him. "Do you think I can join, Mister Trumbull?"

"Why would you want to?" that fellow said, with Sheila-like grumpiness.

Rich looked upset & looked at the moustached guy. "Mister Barlow?"

This guy had a nice soft voice. "You're as welcomed as any here, Rich, to join & try to become content."

Now I was trying not to notice all the strange names Rich was using, but when he looked at Rebbby & said, "And you, Mr. Dwight?" I was upset as Rebbby was so she could hardly say, "OK."

Rich smiles weirdly. "I wish they were more like you. They don't really like books, you know. Not like us. So what if you're old & poor? You like me! You treat me nice! You're going to teach me how to write poetry!"

Rich's face got weirder. It shook & frowned & smiled & groused. Then his head went into his arms on the table. "I'm so sorry. I'll make it up to you somehow. I will. I will."

Goodness me. I wasn't liking this people-folks stuff much anymore.

Suddenly in an Ally in the City

Suddenly we were in an ally even though our legs had not moved us a step. We were all sitting on crates & big cans, with me & Sheila on Rebbby's lap.

Then Rich talked a whole lot. I listened & listened & I'm going to put here what he said, but I won't vote me for President of understanding it all. At least he was back to his usual age & all.

"This is what it was really like with those old men. All that Friendly Club talk was just stuff of my imaginings, books I read, & the kind of friends I wished for.

"They told me stories. One claimed he'd been a lawyer. Talked about things he read in the newspaper & said so many times I'll never forget it, 'Why must time & again the laws of the land be abused? It's a sin!'

"Another talked about his wife who was dead or run off with another man years ago. Described her wide hips. Described the permanent bitemarks she's left on his body. Showed us something on his legs. I was never sure.

"The other one didn't talk as much. He looked at me suspiciously, especially when I didn't want to drink from the bottle they passed around. Night Train, usually. I was afraid of it.

"The other two told me this man was just plain crazy. Said they hung around with him for protection. Said he'd go bizerk if anyone bothered them. I believed it.

"Then one time--"

Rich stopped talking & his face went down onto his chest. He groaned like he was hurt. Rebecca brought me & Sheila closer to him, & those other fellows got closer too. He talked again.

"I'm trying 4or you, Soulard. This is fucking hard," he muttered.

I noticed that Ramie-looking guy with the notebook & pen. "I know. Go on," he said.

Richy got calm again. "One time I go into the ally. I'm sneaky like always. Sacred place."

"He's the only one there, this crazy one who didn't like me. Sez sit, with his look. I sit. Scared shitless."

"Starts singing. An old song. Tells me to join in too."

Rich then started singing in his nice voice. I didn't know the song but it reminded me in a way of how the older guys in Bags End would talk when me & Sheila would sneak out of bed at night & hide to listen.

Those were the days, my friend!
 We thought they'd never end!
 We'd sing & dance, forever & a day!
 We'd live the life we'd choose!
 We'd fight & never lose!
 For we were young, & sure to have our way!

Rich said, "We sang & sang. It felt good. I was afraid someone would hear us & we'd get in trouble. We didn't. I 4orgot to be afraid. I sang & sang with this crazy man. He was wonderful. AAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Now Rich stood up in the ally & let out this long howl of sadness. Rebecca held me & Sheila a little tighter, but I think that like Richy in his long ago story, we 4orgot to be afraid. Anyway, nobody ran away.

I was glad when Rich sat down again & talked in his regular guy voice.

"We never did it again. He never even told me why we did it. Maybe he was blind drunk. I don't know. Maybe he was sober. My life didn't change the next day or anything. I think I even forgot about that singing after awhile. It didn't happen again & I guess I stopped hoping.

"But deep down that day changed me. When I met my band & we sang together, I remembered the good feeling of that day & felt it again. An I realized that it was in art where I would connect with people in my life. Not every time. But mostly. Doing it with others, sharing it with others. Sometimes just others who understood even if they were only spectators."

Rich stoppd talking then. He reached his arms to Rebecca & she was so fast to them I thinkd she had wings. But I was lucky to be part of that hug. It was warm & tight & I felt protected from all the bad in the world. Rich left the ally with Rebecca by her hand, & me & Sheila in her grasp, & those other guys followed.

Maybe what happened next was mah fault. Maybe it happened because I got so caught up in all of Rich's stories & sadnesses & big feelings that I 4orgot for a little while why I had come to the City in the first place.

Anyhow, it happened. We went to this place which Rebby whispered me & Sheila was called Luna T's Cafay. She said it was her dad's place & he played with his rock & roll band Noisy Children there sometimes.

We walked through the door & I saw

BARK!

Farmer Jones at the counter on a

BARK!

chair.

BARK!

is what I yelled in Puppy language & couldn't talk English words for a long time. I runned around the place like I was nuts.

BARK! BARK!

It still makes me want to whimper when I remember seeing Jones in Richy's place & all.

BARK!

I runned from all the people-folks there & even Rebbly because I was scared & un-Englished again all at once.

It was Richy who stopped me. He said nice sounds that I didn't know, but I went to him because he was big & strong & his sounds were soft & kind. Or maybe it was because the one thing I knowed that he said was "Sonnyboy," which was what mah longlost Mommmmy Beagle used to call me. Even in the deepest woofs of Dog I don't 4orget her.

Richy stayed far away from Jones when he carried me over to Rebecca & put me in her arms.

She was as close to being Miss Chris or Princess Crissy as I was gonna get there, & pretty close at that. I found mah beloved English words then & the first thing I said out loud was, "Thanks, Richy."

Taking on Big Bad Jones!

Then I saw Farmer Jones panic & try to run away. Rich didn't let him tho. He grabbed Jones around the neck & held him in place. Jones coughed a lot. He is tall as Rich, but not as big. Wearing his usual worn blue overalls & his straw hat.

"I think my little friend has been looking for you," he said quietly, but Jones didn't talk at all.

"I don't know why," Rich said, but Farmer Jones didn't talk some more.

"Maybe I should crack your windpipe to see if any of your reluctant words are stuck in there," said Rich in that dangerous threatening voice I know so well from Sheila.

But I had to stop this. "Don't hurt him, Richy! He has to save mah Pillow friend! And the other Pillows too! An me too!" I yelled.

All of sudden Jones knocked his head back into Rich's real hard, & Rich fell down fast. Jones made to escape but at that moment Luna T's Cafay

Bags End News
 No. 269 December 16, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Taking on Big Bad Joneses!

Thiz storee I hav bin riting
 haz gon on and on and on.
 But the end of it iz not to far
 away.

I waz held trembley an
 week in Rich Amerikuses' ~~platsy~~
 Rebekehs' arms in that Loontz
 Calay plas of hiz. I waz looking
 at that bad farmer Joneses
 an panikd wen I saw him triy
 too run away.

Rich didnt' let him tho. He
 grabd Joneses arownd the nek an
 held him in plas. Joneses coffda lott.

"I think miy litel friend haz
 bin looking for yu, he s
 but Joneses didnt' tawk

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 270-271 December 23-30, 1995
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Grand, Big Finely, Finely!

I am hapy too reeport too
 mah deer reedrs to grate things.
 Ferst, thiz storee I hav bin
 teling in miy nuwz-pap'r forevr
 it seems iz finely at itz konkluzh
 -un. Sekund, I will no longer bee
 akting weerd beku'z sumwun els
 is riting down advenchurs with me
 in them an saying an nowing stuf
 that I didnt' saye or now. Or
 didnt' desid too saye becauz
 I didnt' no them. Or sumthing.
 Thank yu verree much I am mah
~~one~~ beegel agen.

So I left Rich Amerikus behind
 in the Citee big way of a ~~grate~~ ^{grate}

filled up with pink. It was so thick that nobody could move. It was then I remembered again Princess Crissy's promise that whenever I saw pink it was her promise that I would be safe.

Now it was Sheila's turn to act. Nobody could move except her. Probably because of her magic purple eyes. She hopped from Rebecca's arms, after giving her a little kiss on the cheek, & straight up through the air to Jones's head, & grabbed tight hold of his ear. I thought I saw her nod her furry little head. A moment later she & Jones were gone. The pink was gone too.

But Rich was still on the floor & his eyes were closed. I climbed down from Rebecca's lap & crawled onto Richy's chest.

Everyone gathered around us but not too close. I crawled right up to near Richy's head to see if he was sleeping good or bad, & then I saw he had some marks on his forehead. I licked at them.

Then he opened his eyes, so I talked.

"Don't worry, fella, I am mah classic beagle self again. An I don't like food except one like always. But you saved us & all, & your head is hurt, so I was licking you with the last dregs of Dog in me," said me. An now I was Dog no more.

"Thanks, Algernon," said Rich softly, with hurt on his face.

"Hey! You recognize me!"

"I only know who you are in dreams, don't I?"

I nodded.

"Is this a dream then?"

"I don't know. It's not for me."

"I remember everything now. You live in that fantasyland, Bags End. You write the newspaper. I write one too. Called Galleons Lap, from A.A. Milne."

"I know, pal."

"I've shown up in Bags End sometimes. But you've never show up here."

"I had to."

"Was it that man who scared you? An hit me?"

"Richy, why don't we go to that couch in the back room & I'll tell you," said me, wondering what I was talking about. Then I looked around & saw that old Ramie-looking guy writing fast into his notebook. O yah. I am in his story be4ore I am in mine. O fooley.

Richy brought me to the room I talked about & he slowly lied down on the couch. He put me on his chest so what we could see each other's faces. An we talked.

"I helped you a little cuz you were sad & you have to work hard about your passed," said me.

"Thank you."

"An you helped me get that bad big guy, & now he's being brung back to Bags End where the good big guys will make him restore the Stays-Is he broked."

Richy smiled at me & all mah words.

"You don't have any recent issues of your newspaper with you to help me catch up on all this?"

"Sorry, guy."

"I can explain more or less," said a new big guy in the room.

I hoped he wasn't Farmer Jones's big brother or something, but Rich said in mah earbone that this fella was his real good friend called Jim Real T. I was gonna ask what kind of name was this, & was there any fake T's out there, but Jim talked instead.

"The passing of time was thrown off by that farmer. It was hurried

in the place where Algernon's Pillow friend comes from, where the farmer hails."

I watched Jim's blue-green eyes & liked them. They sparkled like stars. He talked some more. "Your time, Rich, has gotten slower & slower because you've been living more & more in the past. You regret it & can't make a peace with it. That's where the farmer--"

"Jones," speaketh me.

"Huh?" said Jim.

"His whole name is Farmer Jones."

"O. Thank you."

"Sure."

"Anyway, that's where Farmer Jones got the extra time he needed to make it work. He took yours, Rich."

"O" said Rich. Smiling like it made sense. Yah, right.

Jim smiled too. "Actually, none of this makes much rational sense, but my friend Ray writing all this is, um, different. He says he never writes when stoned or bombed, but I don't believe it myself."

The old Ramie-looking guy laughed & said, "Thanks!" to Jim.

"You're welcome, Ray!" said Jim, laughing too.

Different, mah paw! That old Ramie-looking story-writing guy was weird as Bags End! An that's weird first class! But now I talked.

"Richy, I have to go."

"O."

"I hope you're feeling a little better."

Richy hugged me & said, "How will you get home?"

I smiled all excited. "I have a good friend who said this time I could use one of her favorite tricks."

Was this Crissy I meant? What had she sent? Old Ramie-looking guy, again, scribbling & scribbling away.

"O. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye, Richy," said me, & I smiled tricky, & I was gone from there, & back in Bags End where I belong!

The Grand Finally!

I am happy to report to you Dear Readers two really good things. First, this story I have been telling 4orever is finally to its conclusion. Second, I will no longer be acting weird because someone else is writing down mah adventures with me in them, & saying & knowing stuff I didn't say or know. Or something. I am very much mah own singular beagle again, thank you very much.

I'd left Rich Americus behind in the City by way of a Crissy-borrowed magick tricky smile, & now I was back in Bags End in mah favorite place called Milne's Porch. Sitting in mah comfy armchair.

Nobody else was there & I didn't see anybody through the window that goes to the bedroom I share with mah brother Alexander Puppy.

Hmm. Well. Now what do I do?

I guessed that going to see Sheila Bunny in her Throne Room was a good idea. After all, the last time I saw that terrible Farmer Jones I had chased 4or so long, Sheila was holding him tightly by the ear & disappearing.

So I got out of mah comfy armchair & clumsily climbed through the window onto mah bed inside. I opened mah bedroom door into the Bunny

Family's apartment but, like mah bedroom, it was dark & full of nobody.

So I ambled along through the hallways of Bags End till I got to Sheila's Thone Room. I walked right in & said, "Hello, King! Here I am back in Bags End! How's tricks?"

Bad move. How fool of me to think that even 4or a moment I knowed what was happening around me.

Sheila was slouched down in her throne & had been deep in a nap when I sauntered in. She had a half-chewed carrot (O! Yuk!) in one paw & a Jack Kerouac book in the other. I knowed about the who of that book cuz I seed his picture on it.

Partly waked up, Sheila slowly opened one of her purple eyes. Thinking quickly, I hurried to mah spot in the corner, curled up & pretended to be asleep mahself. I guess this worked cuz Sheila adjusted in her throne a little more, muttered, "Dum beagle," & went back to sleep.

I waited 4or a little while & then on tippy toe beagle paws I skidaddled from that room.

Hmm. Now what?

I decided to go see mah personmommy Miss Chris in her house in Connecticut. It's a tricky way I get there but suddenly there I was.

Miss Chris was in her TV room resting on Suzy Couch. None of her family or even that Toy Tall Boy Ramie of hers were there.

But you know who was there with her? Right under her head upon Suzy Couch?

Betsy Bunny Pillow, that's who!

Just as I knowed this, Miss Chriss seed me & yelled a happy "A-wa-wa!" to me with her hugging arms open. I was having none of it tho. I got kind of crazy & runned back to Bags End really fast.

There I was, in a hallway, breathing hard from running. Down the hall came Mister Owl, the teacher at Bags End School.

"Welcome back, Algernon! See you in school tomorrow!" he said all friendly.

Well, now, at least someone said something about me being gone. But not much.

I wanted answers to mah questions about all that happened. When those Pillows in the Bunny Pillow Free State had said over & over, "Betsy's busy! Betsy's busy!" what did they mean? What had happened to the Pillows with the faces? Where was Farmer Jones now? An was the Stays-Is that Princess Crissy had told me was messed up better now?

That was it. Princess Crissy would tell me about everything. I high-tailed it to the door to Imagianna as quick as mah short legs could go.

Imagianna is a funny place. Sometimes when I have gone there, it seemed like Princess Crissy's Castle was far from the Bags End door, miles & miles. But sometimes not. This time I found it very close.

I decided to be tricky & surprise Crissy. Instead of knocking at the front door, I started running around to the back door, which is never locked. Besides I don't like it when that Boop guy, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, has to introduce me to Crissy with a lot of big, fancy words.

"Algernon! I mean, uh, greetings, Sir! I must congratulate you on your triumphant return to Bags End!" said the Boop I almost runned down around the side of the Castle.

"Hi, Boop. How's tricks?"

"Who?"

"Right. Well, no time to exchange hills of syllables with you. Where's Crissy?"

"She's on that confounded porch as usual! I mean, uh, I will have to announce you of course!" Boop was all upset & confused. I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost. He's littler than me so when I said, "Thanks, pal, seeya in the funny papers," & pushed past him, he couldn't stop me.

Sure enough, Princess Crissy was sitting on the porch she gave me when I was in exile. It's called Beagles Sanctuary but also 1928 Paris. I don't know what that second one means, but I like it better.

"Hi, Crissy!" said me, walking onto the porch.

"Algernon!" Crissy jumped up from the porch's chair to get me & put me in her lap. Then she liked me so much that she had to kiss & hug me. Nice girl.

I saw then that Crissy had been reading issues of mah newspaper.

"Crissy, what none of those Bags End Newses will tell is what happened to Betsy & Jones & the Pillows with faces. That's cuz your humble chronicler here doesn't know," said me.

Crissy looked at me with her pretty smiling face & her long tangled hair.

"So you want me to tell you?"

I nodded.

An she did. At least she told me what she knew, which answered some of mah questions but not all. I listened in her lap while she skritchd mah backbone.

The first thing is that the Stays-Is is back in place. I guess that me helping Rich Americus to live in his own time or something helped that. Sheila did the rest, Crissy told me. Her & her purple eyes got Farmer Jones to give up his plan.

An now Farmer Jones is not in a fantasyland no more. Crissy said when Sheila was done, Crissy herself sent him back to Miss Chris's world.

"What if he finds Miss Chris's house?" asked me.

Crissy looked sad. "He is far away from her house. An he can't go into Bags End unless Miss Chris & Sheila let him."

I asked her how he would survive in Miss Chris's world when it wasn't his own. Crissy's look got dark & scary. "Not very well. But he can't be destroyed."

"I guess you can never get rid of all the bad there is."

"No, Algernon."

As 4or the Pillows with faces, Crissy told me that Betsy had put them in charge of the Bunny Pillow Free State.

"Does that mean she's not King no more?"

"What it means, you frivolous beagle, is that my own kind are now leading & tending my own kind!" said a whispery voice I knowed in mah sleep & hadn't heard in a very long time.

An there arriving in Miss Chris's arms was Betsey Bunny Pillow!

I almost scampered off Crissy's lap to leap up into Miss Chris's arms & give Betsy a great big lick, I mean kiss, but mah fears crowded together to spell the word NO! in mah mind to convince me. Even I know that word.

Miss Chris carried Betsy to our chair & sat down next to Crissy with Betsy in her lap.

"Why did you run away, A-wa-wa?" she asked sadly, while patting my back with one hand & sucking her thumb with the other. O! Yuk!

"I got scared, Personmommy. I don't know why. I am sorry."

Miss Chris smiled her prettier-than-all-creation smile at me & I knowed she liked me again.

Betsy started making that strange growling whispery sound that means she's getting mad. Just like a big guy. She wasn't getting all the attention so she had to make threats.

"So are you still King, Betsy?"

"My State has no King! My State is no longer in chains, full of slaves! My State is free 4or Pillows everywhere to come & live!" Betsy whisper yelled.

O boy. How little some things change. Now instead of talking about Jones all the time, Betsy was probably going to talk about her great State a lot. I could see Sheila getting mad at that.

Now what I wanted to ask Betsy right then was where she had been all this time, & what she had been busy doing, & even how come she had no face.

But what happened was that Princess Crissy & Miss Chris started to fall asleep on the comfy Betsy. It happens a lot. But proletarian souls like your poor old pal Algernon don't get to rest on the soft Betsy much.

So I sneaked away from this sleeping scene & went back to Bags End.

I was frustrated tho because I didn't feel in my beagleboy journalist's heartbone that I had gotten the whole story. Had I tried? Yes! But there was still unknown answers.

Being back in Bags End & things more or less regular should have reassured a habit-loving fella like mahself. An I did like the part when me & that smart girl Lory Bunny would work together on mah newspaper again.

But not enough. I am back & what is left of the story has been told. Except 4or the important stuff that I don't know.

So what will happen now?

I writed those last words earlier today & I & Lory are writing these words right now really fast cuz who came to see us on Miln's Porch but the star of these stories, Betsy Bunny Pillow!

"I am here 4or my interview," she whispered as she bounced through mah bedroom window onto Milne's Porch, & me & Lory skidaddled from mah comfy armchair 4or fear of being smothered.

So here goes:

BEN: How do you like being back in Bags End, Betsy?

BBP: That's a stupid question. Next!

BEN: I guess your Allies are back, huh?

BBP: You dum beagle! Don't you have any good questions? Did you chase my story for nothing?

BEN (getting mad now): OK, Betsy, how come you don't have a face? And what were you so busy doing when I went looking for 4or you in your Free State?

BBP: That's better. I was busy not getting a face.

BEN: What does that mean?

BBP: It means that when I saw what was happening to the other Pillows, I ran into Jones's house to see if I could find a way to stop it. I put the Pillows with faces in the dark because I thought that no sunshine might slow down what was happening.

BEN (gtting annoyed at Betsy acting all important): Why was I captured?

BBP: I didn't know it was you, you dum beagle! All I made sure was that my traps would keep the evil Jones from sneaking back.

BEN: O.

BBP: O what?

BEN: Well, I guess it worked because you don't have a face.

BBP: Don't be so sure, beagle.

The interview stopped right then for just a moment. Betsy revealed to me on the farthest end from her pillow case's opening a sweet little girl's face with pretty pink cheeks & blue eyes the same color as her dress! Her face was very pretty. The only ones I know & love better are Miss Chris's & Princess Crissy's. I was speechless. It was magick.

An then it was gone & Betsy left too, & very quietly Lory Bunny & me climbed back in to mah comfy armchair, & sittid for a long time.

I guess it's possible to get used to anything. Where there was a Bunny Pillow Farm, there now is a Bunny Pillow Free State. Where there was a Pillow with no face named Betsy, there is now a Pillow with a hidden face named Betsy. An the leaders of her native State have faces but have orders never to hide them. Somehow this makes Betsy both a big shot special Pillow guy with a face & a Pillow of her people who mostly don't have faces. How tricky.

But what about all of it? I don't know. In the end, I am a humble beagleboy journalist chronicler of my strange homeland.

Lory left me with a little kiss on my furry cheekbone, & mah hard thoughts to think. I knew who mah next visitor was gonna be because I heard her mutter "Brains," & this had to be Sheila Bunny cuz it was her voice & her nickname for her sister Lory.

Sheila hopped right next to me on mah chair & demanded to be covered with mah earblanket so I did.

I talked fast. "How does this crazy place change but somehow stay Bags End too?"

"I don't know, beagle," Sheila said quietly.

We sat 4or a long time there & didn't talk much more. I think Sheila just wanted mah wordless company & I liked hers too.

I fell asleep in awhile & when I woke up it was dark night, & Sheila was gone.

Alone on mah porch in mah comfy chair. Alone to think about all the crazy things that had happened.

This was what I wanted, right? Quiet & calm & no scary things & no big guys pushing me around, right?

Right. Except not 4or too long. I wanted both & this was the hardest thing of all 4or me to understand about me.

So this story ends here but I sure hope that there will be more, & I even hope a little that they will crazy & be about big tough guys like Betsy Bunny Pillow & Sheila Bunny.

I hope some of them too will be about nice girls like Crissy & Miss Chris. Even that Rebecca girl sometime again maybe.

I hope mostly that I will be there to write them down 4or mah loyal Dear Readers & fans of mah unique home called Bags End.



* * * * *



Bags End Book #7: The Inspector is Coming!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Seeking to Interview Betsy Bunny Pillow!

As a good beagleboy, your old pal Algernon must always be on the lookout 4or a good story. I must hunt hi & lo & keep mah earz wide open even tho they flop lo about mah headbone.

One story I knowed I had to go after was one that never ends & that is the strange doings of that real live Bunny Pillow named Betsy. She is back in Bags End now & I suppose finding out about her crazed plans & new schemes would be a good story to write about. Or even better, a interview.

So I put on mah reporter's fedorah & found mah notebook & pencil & set off tramping along to find the unimitable Betsy.

An trouble traipsed happily alongside me.

My big disappointment came when I found the door in Bags End through which there was a field with a tree in it, & in that tree a tree house where Betsy used to headquarter herself & her Allies & make her plans to defeat

Farmer Jones, who used to run the Bunny Pillow Farm, before Betsy defeated him. I tolded all about this in one of the earlier books.

The tree was there but there was no tree house at all in it! I looked carefully all around the tree for any signs of house, but no luck at all.

I guess I was so sure that Betsy would use her tree house now that she was back in Bags End that I had no other plan to find her.

Frustrated by mah failure, I went back through the door to Bags End & decided to go see mah adopted sister Sheila Bunny.

Sometimes Sheila can be the grumpiest of them all, but sometimes not. Partly you have to get lucky & not wake her up from a good dream, or interrupt her listening to jazz, or reading a good book.

Hm. That means it's hard to ever see her without interrupting her good solitary time.

I stopped where I stood. So what would work? I wondered.

I don't know.

What has worked before? I asked.

Well, if I am nuts over something, & ignore her grumpiness, that works. Ought else, fella?

If I say something that interests her, maybe that too.

Great. A good wagon of an idea but no wheels to carry it anywhere.

I finally walked again & hoped a bright idea would appear in my mouth when I needed it most.

I walked through the door into Sheila's Throne Room.

Mah eyes told me a lie I could not believe.

Curled up together in Sheila's Throne was the Bunny herself & the Pillow herself!

They weren't quiet like they had beaten each other up. An they weren't kidnapped & held prisoner together & tortured.

For a crazy moment I wished Sheila's little throne that Miss Chris made 4or her was big enough for me too. If I napped with those guys, it would be safe as with Miss Chris or Princess Crissy or mah sometimes upon a dream Mommy Beagle.

No. Not me. I hoped it was not a obscure trick of some kind which Miss Chris & Mommy Beagle would never make on me.

So I settled 4or mah usual spot on the floor near Sheila's Throne. I watched those sleeping 2 closely tho. No nap 4or this one.

I stayed so still that when they woke up they didn't see me or know I was there at all. They talked too but it was so soft at first that I couldn't hear it.

I listened & I am going to tell what I heard but it doesn't mean it's the interview I looked 4or.

"When is he coming?" asked Betsy in her whispery voice.

"Soon. I never know 4or sure. But Crissy told me like she always does," said Sheila.

"Are you sure he's going to inspect my State?" said Betsy a little louder. Who? wondered me.

"Crissy thinks so. It's a fantasyland. Iggy inspects fantasylands."

Now I knew. Iggy the Inspector! He used to come around places like Bags End & Oz & Narnia & give us grades. He wasn't seen in awhile.

"I will have to ring my State's borders with guards! He will never get in!" Betsy whisperscreamed. How like her.

"Listen, Pillow, I don't think you should do that."

"Why not!"

There were no words for a minute. I saw Sheila's head tilt upward

which I knowed meant she was staring at the ceiling like she always does when she is thinking hard.

"You're back here because Bags End is your home even tho you were born there," Sheila began.

Betsy calmed down. I knowed this cuz I felt less scared.

"You're like a door. If you lived there, it would be a closed off place. But it isn't."

"No," Betsy said softly.

"Iggy is like a connection between all the fantasylands. He inspects a place to make sure that it's being like itself. So make him know the place & then he can tell you how it's doing."

There was some more no words. Then Betsy talked. She asked mah questions out loud. "Where has he been? He didn't used to be missing like this."

"He wrote me letters. I can show you them. He said that Inspecting can be an art instead of just a job."

"OK," said Betsy, I guess to the seeing Iggy's letters part. Boy! I wished I could see them!

But some things don't change after all. When they climbed from the Throne to leave, they saw me & acted like always. Sheila harrumphed a sort of friendly hello. Betsy ignored me totally. Then I was left alone.

But it didn't matter. I got mah story tho no interview. I didn't really understand all of it, but OK, fine. I never do usually.

I guesed that since Sheila is the big shot leader of Bags End & Betsy has her Bunny Pillow Free State, they're sort of equals. That's why they're getting along right now. Figgers. Little guys in this world get along to help each other when trouble comes. Big guys get along cuz they think they're better than anyone else.

I made mah way slowly to mah favorite place in Bags End called Milne's Porch, which is just outside mah bedroom window. I am not a big shot but I have a comfy armchair & a good view & a great newspaper to write in. That's better 4or me.

The Inspector is Coming!

No visitor to mah strange homeland can ever say that its citizens don't act just the way they like. No sir. Do they need to be encouraged to Bump, bounce, or blow jazz trumpet in all peculiar ways through life? No indeed!

But what if someone did encourage them? What if someone came along & said, "O guys & creatures of Bags End! I think you have been shy about letting your wacky waters flow! Go on! Go a little further!"

The guy responsible 4or all of this happening is called Iggy the Inspector. Now a long time ago, Iggy would come around once a month to all the fantasylands & give them a grade like a report card or something. Goody 2 shoes places like Oz & Narnia would always get A's 4or their grades, while slouched grumpy Bags End would get a D-.

Then one time Bags End got a F & there was trouble by the truckload. Iggy took our side in the fight after we were made illegal. He stopped coming around though. I tolded about that in another of these books.

Then news came that he was coming back with a tray full of new ideas about how to be an inspector & inspect. Now we heard that he was gonna judge each fantasyland on how good it was being itself.

An I am sure that mah deer readers know that the crazier & more badly

behaved Bags End is being, the more it is being itself!

An that's what has happened. Bags End is trying extra hard to be itself 4or when Iggy comes around.

Mah first notice of all of this came when I earsdropped on Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow talking all friends about it. Then there wasn't any more news until last Sunday morning when I was sitting quietly in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. I had just been to Sunday School listening to the Blondys give their talk. They talked a lot about the best way to get rid of being mad is to laugh it right out of yourself.

"Bump-Bump-Ba-Bump-Bump!" announced a crazy brother of mine called Alexander Puppy, thinking he was a trumpet announcing madness & made-up languages both. He is mah brother cuz Miss Chris said too.

He had blue overalls on & a big silly face that thinks all the world is friendly & new. He climbed right through our bedroom window onto Milne's Porch & came right up to me saying Bump things & bumping me too.

"Hey, ya crazed relative! This is not Be Kind to Cracked Kin Day! Leave me be!" I yelled.

Alex looked at me all curiously like I said I was gonna show him a hard trick or something. "Bump?" he said all friendly.

I heard a soft voice at the window & there was that green-eyed Allie Leopard who knows a lot of languages, including Politeness.

"Algernon, Alex sez that we must all be ready 4or Iggy the Inspector's visit. He wonders if you are sure you know your Bump P's & Q's."

I jumped up & down in mah seat & yelled, "Bump language don't got no P's & Q's! Those are good English letters!"

Alex thought I was very funny & laughed a lot. Then he stopped & looked serious or what was as near to serious as his silly face could, & he said tons of Bump words. I nearly went mad.

Ally is a merciful guy & he talked Alex into coming away with him. Maybe he said I had to study mah Bump P's & Q's some more.

I don't know.

The strange got stranger. Hardly had one intruder upon mah sanctuary been taken away when another came. Be4ore I knew it, there was that crazy baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow climbing onto mah porch, followed slowly by her Army of the Babys, also called Ramie the snoring Toy Tall Boy.

"OK, bweagle, a-10-up!" she yelled at me.

I looked at her in her green diaper & her army helmet & M*A*S*H t-shirt & then I looked at Ramie still sound asleep in the window going back to mah bedroom. Then I remembered the Blondys' advice & I laughed real hard then & there.

Ramie kept sleeping. But Lisa got real mad at me.

She toddled right up to me in mah comfy armchair, & she got a good hold of mah poor earbone & yanked me right to the floor!

"O! Mah earbone!" I yelled.

"Fwall in line with thwee west of the twoops!" Lisa ordered.

I looked at Ramie happily asleep in the window of mah bedroom & I couldn't help mahself. I laughed again.

Lisa looked at Ramie & she 4orgot about me & let go of mah earbone, & then she want over to wake up Ramie & yell at him.

Well, Dear Readers, I had had enough. I don't march & that's that. I did something crazier than I ever did be4ore.

I climbed to the top of the fence surrounding Milne's Porch & I leaped off!

Suddenly I was floating slowly down into clouds that kept changing

colors. I enjoyed it 4or a bit until I remembered that beagles don't float or fly good, & they crash horribly.

"Help! Blondys! O help me! Blondys!" I yelled. The Blondys are these 3 magic girls who help me in times of trouble, & they float because they don't know the Law of Grabitee.

No Blondys came at first & I worried a lot. I wasn't going too fast but when I looked up I couldn't see Milne's Porch or Bags End or nothing.

"Blondys! Help your old pal Algernon!"

Be4ore I knew it, the trio of nice Blondys were floating me back up. They were all smiling at me too.

The funny thing was that they weren't holding on tight to me.

"Hey! How come I am floating up without your help?" I asked.

Tammy the oldest Blondy looked at me smiling enough for 2. "O Algernon, you always could float. You were just too stubborn."

"O" said me.

"Yeah, beagle!" yelled Simmy the youngest Blondy. Then she & Sammy the middle Blondy did a sort of "yeah beagle!" float dance. I would have joined them except beagles don't dance. At least I don't think they do.

We floated back to Milne's Porch & I landed on mah comfy armchair. Lisa & her sleepy Army were gone. The Blondys all gave me little kisses on mah furry cheekbones & left.

Was floating a way 4or me to be mah most beagle after all? Good question. I sat & thought about it 4or a long while.

The Inspector's Almost Here!

Your old pal Algernon tries hard to be a patient sort. I mean, I live in a strange place full of strange people, so strangeness is what we have in common, right? A person could even call me strange, if he was a mean guy or something.

An ever since the news came that the longlost Iggy the Inspector was coming back to Bags End & that his new philosophy of inspecting was to grade how good a fantasyland was being its native self, who would expect anything but the most crazed from Bags End guys who never cared that in the old days we got lo grades like D- cuz we refused to be anything but ourselves?

So. What made me mad was that people had to be their crazy best as close to me as they could!

This happened with my crazed brother Alexander Puppy & also with that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow, as I have tolded. And when Iggy still didn't show up, I got caught in more lunacies. Partly mah own fault. I have a bad case of beagleboy journalist curiosity.

I decided that I couldn't stall any longer going to see mah adopted sister & baddest bunny in Bags End, Sheila, in her Throne Room.

In the old days, Sheila & the Inspector were always fighting about the low grades Bags End got. Sheila thought Iggy should see Bags End for the great place that it is. I guess Iggy finally agrees with her or something.

So I went tramping along to the Throne Room & there I was met by a horrible sight. A giant carrot!

"O YUK!"

I yelled & would have fled but for a commanding Sheila voice.

"It's not real, beagle. Get back here. This is the best story you're gonna find."

Wimpering almost like a puppy, I tipptoed back into the Throne Room & sneaked along the walls to the other side of the big you-know-what.

Sheila was half inside it, & I noticed that her BunnyCycle was all the way inside!

"Hey, Sheila, is that carrot eating you & your BunnyCycle or something?" I said. What a ridiculous thing to say!

"O YUK!"

I said again.

Sheila crawled out of the big yellow thing & said, "Algernon, I am disqualifying you from this story after all. Send your assistant, Brains. She will write it."

How humiliating. Still, Sheila was right. I hurried away to get Brains, er, I mean Lory Bunny, Sheila's older sister who is really smart & helps me with mah newspaper.

Lory was perfectly agreeable to help me. I told her I would wait for her on Milne's Porch.

I tried not to be impatient but I sort of failed. After all, I am used to writing mah own stories about Bags End.

After too long, Lory came hopping onto mah porch. She had the story she had writed down & she read it to me after adjusting her funny little spectacles properly. She has bright orange fur & is nice to look at & listen to.

"Now, Algernon," said she, "this is not a story like the ones you do & then I help you write down. These are notes I wrote so I would remember all the little details."

I nodded. "OK, Lory. Read your story & I will listen good."

She smiled strangely at me & started talking. "Sheila is going to do her Greatest BunnyCycle Stunt of All. She calls it her Flaming Carrot Leap."

"O! Yuk!" yelled me.

Lory jumped a little when I yelled. "Someone will set the, you know, on fire, & she told me that when she is flying in the air, it will have burned off enough for her bike to come clear so she can make a good landing."

A what? thought me. Seemed more like a Crazy Bunny Trick than anything else. Lory told me that it would happen when the Inspector arrived, & Sheila hoped I would be there to witness it & then report it. She smiled at me some more & said she had to go, & then she left Milne's Porch.

What to do now? I was stumped. An almost afraid to find out what else was going on in Bags End.

I thought about going to see Betsy Bunny Pillow but mah cup of brave proved empty. I decided to go to see mah good friend Princess Chrisakah in Imagianna instead.

As I walked along in Bags End to get to the door leading there, I wondered what Imaginna being its best would be like. Was I in for a surprise!

Through the door & Crissy's Castle beyond a field as usual. I kept thinking I would see Crissy's friend & servant Boop any minute. No.

I knocked on the door & almost right away Princess Crissy answered it.

"Algernon!" she said, all me-happy & hugging.

I looked carefully at her after she unhugged me for a minute.

"Hey! Crissy, you don't have your Princess dress on!" An this was true. Crissy was wearing her bloo jeans & R.E.M. black t-shirt.

Crissy smiled. "Well, that's cuz I am not Princess right now." Correction, Dear Readers. Crissy smiled very tricky.

She had me follow her into the Throne Room & she said all importantly, "Presenting Boop, Reigning Monarch of Imagianna! Your highness, here is Algernon, Court Scribe of our good neighbor, Bags End!" And she bowed to Boop who was dressed like a King with a crown on his head & all.

"Hey! This is backwards!" cryeth me.

"Crissy convinced me that Imagianna being most itself was her not Princess & me as King. She is most clever," said Boop, who looked sort of unhappy. But not quite.

"Does your Highenss require anything?" asked Crissy with a sweet tricky look on her face.

Boop shook his head.

"Let's go play records & dance around," said Crissy all happy.

I felt bad 4or Boop but I guessed Crissy was just showing him that this royal stuff could go too far.

An me & Crissy played records by R.E.M. & Men at Work, & we danced around.

Later, when I was back on Milne's Porch in mah comfy armchair, where everything is always the same, I thought about all of this & decided that the Inspector's visit was turning out to be a pretty big thing.

King Boop? Flaming Bunny Tricks? Citizen Crissy? What more? What next?

Waiting 4or--Will the Inspector Ever Show?

Like I said before, in the old days in Bags End, be4ore Betsy ruled the Bunny Pillow Free State & Sheila grumped around a lot, Iggy the Inspector would come around about once a month & we would get D-'s 4or being too tricky, too strange or, to use a big word Sheila founded in her fat dictionary, too idiosyncratic.

Then Iggy sort of got into trouble & went away. Bags End didn't get any worse without grades all the time but we didn't get any better. Maybe we did get worse.

Now Iggy was coming back except where was he? Nobody wanted to tell me. I don't think anybody cared. Sheila only told me one thing.

"Being most Bagsendian means each nascent solipsism becomes a full blooming universe of I," she gruttered from underneath her BunnyCycle that she was fixing.

Sure. Fine. Talk words only you know. Who cares if nobody else understands, right?

I needed to see mah adopted personMommmy Miss Chris in her house in Connecticut. She would always smile & hug me. She always has long messy brown hair & brown eyes & bloo jeans & nice little feet when her Bunny Slippers aren't on them.

So I went to the level of Bags End where there is a door to Miss Chris's house in Connecticut.

"Algernon!" said a familiar voice & I was well-hugged. Except the voice was whispery & the hug was fluffy!

Betsy Bunny Pillow!

I was on Miss Chris's bed in her bedroom & Betsy was nice & near me. I scaredly looked around 4or Miss Chris.

"She is coming. I am glad you are here."

Dear Readers, I had had it. Nice hugging Betsy was far too much 4or me. I runned from the bed & out of the room & I was lost & yelling for Miss Chris.

An finally soft arms with little freckles got me & when I looked 4or a face it was Miss Chris & none other.

"O Algernon" she said softly like I was the silliest beagle in the world. I hoped I waz.

She tucked me under her arm & got that weird nice Betsy & we went into Miss Chris's TV room & sat all on Suzy Couch. Ramie, Miss Chris's toy big brother, was sitting on Freddy Couch with her other real brothers.

Miss Chris tucked the soft strange Betsy under her head & rested with her thummer in her mouth.

"Algernon, there's enough room 4or you too," sweetly offered Betsy.

"Betsy, Why are you nice?"

Betsy laughed the sweetest little laugh I have ever heard. "Well, why shouldn't I be? My people are safe in a Free State & I am living near them in my chosen home. To be my best is to give up my restlessness & calm down."

"Betsy! You are always restless! You are always chasing the stars you dream about! I like that about you even though you don't like me much! Be you! Stop being nice!"

I leaped from Miss Chris's arms & onto the floor.

"The dum Inspector!" I yelled & runned away & dove back into Bags End & didn't stop until I got too mah bedroom, through the window, & onto Milne's Porch.

Huffing & puffing, that waz me. Mad & not sure why.

Is Bags End at its best the same as Bags End at its most weird? Is that what we did in the old days?

No. We were ourselves & we got a bad grade. The grade wasn't us. Now we were trying real hard 4or a grade because everyone thought we could be ourselves & get a good one.

But we weren't being ourselves no more.

That is, hardly nobody, because I was. Miss Chris's hugs were themselves. Even Sheila trying a strange BunnyCycle trick was sort of the right thing.

I made a real important decision. I decided mah newspaper would voidcott Iggy & his inspection. That means I wouldn't write about it or even be in it. I would stay right in mah comfy armchair on mah safe & same Milne's Porch until it was over. So there.

I was satisfied with mah decision but until others knowed about it, it wouldn't mean much.

Do I go chasing after crazy people to tell them about mah protest? No. I guess not.

Then I had a real good idea. I would lock mahself out of Bags End! An nobody could come out to Milne's Porch either. Eventually some crazed guy would come to show me some strange plan & he would tell the others about what I did. Or she would since a lot of the craziest are girls.

Nowe I was excited. I sneaked into mah room & got the blanket off mah bed & mah ritetyper & some picture books. Then I pulled the curtains off their rods & pulled the rods too & put them all back up on the outside of the bedroom window. On the inside I taped a note that said:



I was ready now. Noone could get onto Milne's Porch or even see it through the closed curtains.

I got in mah comfy armchair under mah covers & settled in. 4or awhile, I felt like I had won a big fight but then I felt a little lonely & sad & then I fell asleep.

Knock. Knock.

Knock! Knock!

Pound! Pound! Pound!

I was awaked by an impatient fist on mah bedroom window.

"Algernon, let me in or I will per4orm my Flaming Beagle Trick!" said a mad Sheila Bunny voice.

Uht-oh.

The pounding stopped a minute. I think she was reading mah note. Then I thought I heard a "harumf!" & then I didn't hear nothing.

Where did she go?

Protest from the Porch!

Your old pal Algernon has gotten to be a kind of grumpy old Bagsendian purist these days. I didn't like what I was seeing guys doing to get the best grade 4or Bags End from Iggy the Inspector & his newfangled way of inspecting.

So I came to Milne's Porch & locked everyone else out of it & have decided not to write in mah newspaper about the big old dum inspection when it finally happens.

The pounding on the window from mah bedroom stopped a little while ago. Sheila did it & then she went away too. I hoped maybe the Blondys or Princess Crissy would come & talk to me. I guess I am used to someone helping me when I am confused.

Should I leave mah refuge?

I fell asleep 4or awhile & I can't remember what I dreamed. Mah dum noggin has ain't-nesia.

I started wondering if it's so bad how Iggy is inspecting now. Maybe it makes him happy & it probably causes less trouble.

Let me tell you, Dear Readers, that doubt is a strange kind of enemy, like a big guy except your look when you trick him in front of a mirror.

But I had to be sure. On mah safe porch it was OK to let doubt hang around. But in Bags End I would have to know mah own noggin to survive.

So I undid mah protection from things Bagsendian & walked through mah bedroom & thens the Bunny family apartment & right out into the hallway. The way to Sheila's Throne Room wasn't far & I hurried there.

An there I found Sheila Bunny, slouched down in her Throne, reading a book, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & listening to some jazz on her little record player.

"Hello, Sheila," I said carefully.

Sheila looked up from her book, looked me over 4or a moment, harumfed,

& read some more.

"Is the Inspector still here?" I asked.

"No," she said.

A little annoyed, I said, "Did everyone get a good grade 4or being extra weird?"

Sheila dropped her book to the floor & aimed her bright purple eyes right at me. "Algernon, when are you going to learn that all is not as it seems?"

Then she hopped high into the air & when she came down went right into the floor of the Throne Room!

"Sheila!" I yelled & almost like one of those Puppys in Bags End tried to dig the spot she disappeared under. No luck.

"Help!" I yelled. "Help! Sheila is drowning or something!"

Suddenly I found mahself awake in my comfy armchair on Milne's Porch.

"O" quoth me. "A dream."

Then Sheila came hopping out of the floorboards of Milne's Porch!

"Hey!" I yelled.

"Tricked you," Sheila sniggered.

"How did you do that?" I demanded.

Sheila blinked her purple eyes at me a lot.

"O" said me.

Then a thought talked to me. "Hey! You don't know how your purple eyes work!"

Sheila looked fakesurprised. "I don't? O no!" & she leaped back into the floor.

OK. Fine.

I jumped off mah comfy armchair & tried to dive into the floor like Sheila did.

"OW! Mah body bone!" I yelled & waked up again.

But here's the strange part, Dear Readers. Mah body still hurt even tho I was back in mah comfy armchair & it had been a dream!

What could all this be? I didn't know a bit.

The first time I had seen Sheila in the Throne Room, she had said all is not as it seems. True enough.

What was really going on, then? How had the story changed from when it was about the Inspector?

I looked down at the floorboards that Sheila had jumped through. They were really close together & had hurt me good when I tried the same thing.

But I couldn't stay where I was, that's sure. So I pulled back the curtains that hid Milne's Porch from Bags End & I climbed through the window into the bedroom that is me & Alexander's.

An there was Alex himself sitting on his bed talking to his little bloo foam in Bump words! I was almost happy to see him.

"Bump! Bump-Bump!" he yelled all happy, & he carefully put away his bloo foam in the front pocket of his overalls.

I looked around 4or Allie Leopard to tell me about Alex's Bumpwords like he usually does, but no luck there.

I walked right up to where he was standing & looked him straight in the belly said, "Now listen, brother, Ally isn't around to help us today, so we have to work it out for ourselves."

Alex smiled all happy & said, "Bump" & then he bumped me with his nose too.

How to tell Alex about all this weirdness? He is a little guy really, & doesn't know how the world is strange & tricky.

An even if I told him, I don't really know if he understands English no more.

"Alex," I began, "did the Inspector come already?"

Silly question. Alex got all excited & told me so many Bumpwords that a liberry would break. He tried to Bump me a lot too but I backed away.

"Stop!" I yelled. "Stop in the name of words English & languages real!"

Alex calmed down. "Come along, brother," said me, & we left the Bunny family's apartment. Alex singed soft happy Bumpsongs to himself as he walked behind me.

Well, I had no good luck in adding English to mah parade with the next person I saw. But it wasn't so bad because he was Jacky Clown, a nice little guy who lives in a box & has smiling cheeks & talks Squeak language.

"Hi, Jacky!" I said all friendly & hoping he wouldn't jump through the floor like Sheila had & Alex hadn't.

"Bump!" said Alex happy & not knowing that Bump & Squeak are both strange but not kin.

"Squeak!" said Jacky. Then he told a long joke in Squeak language which he likes to do, & he laughed a lot at the end of it like he does too.

"Bump!" yelled Alex & he laughed a lot too & then he told a joke in Bump language, & laughed a lot, & Jacky laughed a lot, & 4or awhile I was trapped inside crazed madeupjoke air.

"OK!" said me, finally pretending to be a big bossy guy like Sheila. "We have to go now & leave all of this strange stuff far behind us."

Alex followed me, pulling on the wagon that carried Jackie along, but they kept laughing & joking even though one Bumped & the other Squeaked.

All is not as it seems. Sometimes I sure hope so.

"Who should we see, mah nonEnglishtalking followers?" I kind of sang. I ignored all the helpful Bumps & Squeaks that answered me.

I thinked hard about which big guy I should go see. Miss Chris? Hm. Betsy? Hah! Sheila? Harumf! Princess Crissy?

Hard question.

I wasn't having much luck finding any big guy, hallway after hallway, up level after level.

Then I found asleep on the floor the biggest guy of all. He is Ramie the Toy Tall Boy who is sort of Miss Chris's big brother.

"Hi, Ramie!" I said all friendly to sleeping he. He slept on.

Alex tried Bumping him awake & Jacky told him a whole bunch of really funny Squeakjokes which Alex laughed at cuz I guess he understands them, & I laughed at Jacky too cuz he has such funny smiling cheeks.

Then I tried to think of who has good luck waking him up. There's Miss Chris who scolds him & pushes his shoulder & won't stop. Then there's that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow who yells at him a lot.

OK. "A-10-Up!" I yelled. I tried to sound like Lisa but mah funny accent leans the other way from hers.

"On your feet, dogface!" I yelled some more. This did it. Ramie thought it was time to march in the Army of the Babys, & he is an agreeable sort who doesn't like when Lisa cries cuz she has no soldiers to order around.

Great. A Bumper, a Squeaker, & a Lazybug. I gave Alex & Jacky the job of keeping Ramie marching along & they did a good job in their peculiar unEnglish way.

It was surely time to find a big guy.

At that moment, as we had just started going along again, the lights in the hallway darkened in an oldly familiar way.

Into view from a lower level of Bags End came Betsy Bunny Pillow &

her shadowy Allies!

"Ever forward, Allies! We must vanquish the Enemy!" whisper yelled Betsy.

"Hey, Betsy, you already beat Farmer Jones!" said me.

Betsy halted her travels to the next level when she heard me. She bounced right up to me, ignoring my little band of idiosyncranauts.

"The enemy is within, beagle!" she whisper yelled at me, & then turned & bounced off.

I would've whimpered, "What does that mean?" but mah mouth decided enough was too much & closed tightly shut.

At least she didn't go through the floor like Sheila did.

Mah little group had laughed & laughed after Betsy left, except 4or Ramie, who slept & slept.

Then Alex & Jacky started singing a song in half Bump & half Squeak language, & Ramie rised to his feet & sleepdanced right along.

I was tired tho not sleepy of all this. I left them to their fun & sneaked away.

Where was a sane beagle to go in a saneless world like Bags End?

As I walked along in no bound direction, I thinked about how mah band of silly followers back there were the same as always, & whether the Inspector gave Bags End good grades or bad didn't interest them.

It's only the big important guys like Sheila & Betsy who would care. Princess Crissy changed Imagianna around not to get a better grade, but to show her friend Boop that being Princess or King or whatever can be boring compared to dancing to good music with a friend. Miss Chris certainly wouldn't change unless it was 4or a game.

An me? I'm not a genuine big guy but I'm not a real little guy either. I pay attention like big guys but I follow their adventures usually not mine.

Walking along & thinking all these things brung me to Sheila's Mayor's office where in the old days she & Iggy the Inspector would meet about Bags End's monthly grade, & argue & fight until Iggy agreed to give us yet another D-.

I don't know why I went in but I did. There's a desk that's always covered in paperwork, & a chair behind that desk that looks a little like a Throne, & a chair in front of the desk for a visitor.

It's not an office big enough 4or much more. On the floor is a phonograph with lots of jazz records next to it, & there are some books in a little bookcase against the wall.

On the walls are pictures of Sheila's heroes like Miles Davis & Jack Kerouac, & Bags End guys she likes like Lory & her kin. There's one of Princess Crissy & another of Miss Chris. There's even a little one of your old pal Algernon.

Noone was there which I guess was good since I 4orgot to knock.

I looked around but nothing looked different or interesting. I went over to the desk & looked at all the paperwork.

But all was only one, & I thought it looked familiar like the old days.

Report Card Bags End

But I didn't see no grade! What did that mean? I didn't know.

I was pretty tired from all this & decided to go back to Milne's Porch.

I saw nobody around. This was probably good. I was tired of all of them & would have given a F if someone gave me Inspecting powers for once.

Sitting in mah comfy armchair made me think, "O mah word! Maybe a D-instead." I guess I talked mah thoughts cuz they got an answer.

"Probably. Who knows?" said Sheila as she climbed through mah window & made me nudge over in my comfy armchair to give her room.

I tucked her under one of mah floppy earblankets & she would sleep right away but I kept her up with a question.

"Will Iggy be back to give his grade?"

Sheila moved around under mah earbone. "All he said was he had to find another way." Then she slept.

Looking 4or What Vanishes--

Sometimes your old pal Algernon doesn't write for awhile, in mah fine little newspaper or in any other way, I just can't do it. I don't know why this is. I even asked big guys I trust like Miss Chris, Sheila, & Princess Crissy, but they don't know less than me.

Bags End is a strange place, but Sheila says it endures. That means it stays she explained after I complained about the hard word in that sentence.

It's good to endure. Beagles endure & if Bags End is a little bit like beagles, I am happier.

Princess Crissy told me it's OK not to write sometimes. She said if I stay quietly on Milne's Porch in mah comfy armchair, or maybe go visit her in Imagianna, then no harm is done. She said that maybe part like a nice kiss on my nosebone.

But I want to write again now & I am going to tell you why. It has to do with what Sheila told me she read in one of her books. She had come to see me on Milne's Porch, which don't happen so often. Hopped right into mah comfy armchair with me.

"Was it a Jack Kerouac book or a jazz book?" asked me. She likes those a lot.

"No," she said, adjusting her comfort under mah earblanket.

"Was it a Oz book?" I asked. She likes those a lot too. Me too.

"No. It was poetry."

"O. That's all about rhyming, right?"

"No. It's about your heart. Pomes are musical places in your heart & some people can write them down good."

"O. Did you read a good pome?"

"I read something by a good poet. W.B. Yeats. He wrote that 'man is in love & loves what vanishes. What more is there to say?'" Sheila's purple eyes glowed real bright while she said these Yeats words.

"I don't know."

"I like it. It's true."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means we remember some things so much they are gone but still around. They're more than they ever were. Or at least different."

I thinked about this hard. "I miss mah Mommy Beagle hard. But sometimes she's not so gone 4or awhile. Is it like that?"

Sheila was quiet but I was pretty sure she meant yes.

"Do us Bags End guys love what vanishes?"

Sheila laid her purple eyes heavy on me & said, "Go find out. Maybe it

will make a good story for your newspaper." She knowed I hadn't writed since the Iggy the Inspector story.

"Can I ask you first? Right now?"

Sheila shook her furry little head. Hopping back through mah bedroom window to Bags End, she said, "Come see me last. I'll talk to you then."

So that's what got me to writing again now.

The problem with asking most Bags End guys anything is that what they love most is whatever crazed ideas are in their head. It's like how we don't do grades good. Take this as a warning, Dear Readers.

"Bump!" said a voice too familiar into mah face as I climbed back through mah bedroom window from Milne's Porch. The one that mah silly Bumping brother Alexander lives in too cuz Miss Chris tricked me & gangniced me with Missis Bunny.

Alex & that nice language knowing fella Allie Leopard were playing some kind of game that I would have bet mah beagle heart & soul involved saying Bump a lot & its name was Bump too.

"OK, Alex, I am doing mah fine English language newspaper again & mah story involves asking Bags End guys like yourself the question, do you love what vanishes?" I said till mah river of words stopped.

Alex looked at me almost seriously, with his silly yellow furry face. "Bump?"

I looked at Allie who wasn't promptly telling me all about this word.

"Allie! Don't let that dum Bump word get the best of you! Make it up like always, I mean if you have to!" I said a little meanly, cuz I was impatient.

Allie said, "Algernon, Alex just said Bump in English. That's why I was confused."

Now there was enough confusion 4or 2. How could this be?

Allie thinked some more & Alex was quiet.

Green eyes glowing, Allie muttered some Bumpwords to Alex who nodded his silly furry head a lot.

"He said Bump & he means Bump. It's cuz of you, Algernon. You're his hero & you don't like Bump much & he wishes he could talk English with you," said Allie.

I looked at Alex & said, "Well, speak some more words."

"Bump Bump Bump," said Alex, & he shook his head a lot.

"He said he can't & you know why. He urges you to respect his philosophical differences with English & says you are still welcomed to learn Bump from him," said Allie. "An me too, if you want to, Algernon," he said some more.

Hero to a silly Bumping brother. Goodness me. I left quickly.

Already this story was a strange one. Now I was walking along a hallway on one of Bags End's levels when along came Betsy Bunny Pillow.

She was bouncing past me like I don't exist, like she always does except when I interest her 4or some dangerous reason, but I decided she interested me. Brave beagle, fool beagle, that's me.

"Hi, Betsy. Can I ask you a question for mah newspaper?"

Betsy stopped in mid-bounce past me. She looked me up & down, even though she's got no face.

"I need an administrator 4or my native people's land," she said in her scary whisperyvoice. "Are you going to ask me if you can apply 4or this honored post despite your well-documented unPillow status?"

I started to talk as a cover for trying to escape, but she had me in the grip of her voice.

"Or are you going to attempt to involve me in some unPillow foolishness devised in the furry matter you have instead of brains?" she whisperscreamed.

I was frozen afraid.

"He is gone! I have looked 4or him. He's vanished! He knew that I don't know how to grow Pillows! I lead! I don't farm! So he beat me!"

"Farmer Jones?" asked me.

So angry she tried to smother me right there, but I ducked away & runned fast.

Now this was too strange, Dear Readers. Alex says he can't speak English no more? Betsy hunting around for Farmer Jones?

They were full of their own weird ideas & they were loving what vanishes!

Now what to do? I guess keep writing about all this.

I am back on Milne's Porch right now & I have pulled the curtains on the windows so I am safe.

The lesson I have so far is that whatever seems, there's much more, sort of like what Sheila told me before. An some of what you think is wrong. And the rest makes no sense.

But there's a little that's true & right, & you have to start there, wherever there is.

There is More to Say, **So Far**

Then I went to see mah personMommy, Miss Chris in her house in Connecticut. Surely she would talk & hug some sense back into this odd story.

"A-wa-wa!" she said in her own way of doing mah name that I like OK because it is her.

So Miss Chris kissed & carried me from her bedroom where Bags End sits on a little chair in the corner, to her TV room where there is TV, Suzy Couch, & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, who takes care of her real brothers.

Miss Chris settled me & her on Suzy Couch & looked all smiles at me, & I tingled happily.

"A-wa-wa, you've got that newspaper doing look in your eyes," she said, & hugged me like a veteran.

I nodded. "An I need your help."

So I tolded Miss Chris how Sheila Bunny had read me some poetry by this guy Yeats who talked about man being in love with vanishes, & what more is there to say?

Miss Chris listened real closely. She looked inside me & it tickled. An she smiles a lot too.

"Is it true?" I asked.

She didn't talk right away. She holded me & she thinked & she skritchd mah back nicely.

"I miss a lot of things, A-wa-wa," she said.

Then she did something that didn't seem like more of an answer at all. She curled up with me on Suzy Couch, & put her favorite thummer in her mouth, & closed her eyes 4or a nap.

A strange Lazybug maneauver, I must say! What could it mean?

But I decided to trust the unknown from the safety of Miss Chris's arms & so I went into a nap too.

"Hello, A-wa-wa," said a nice voice I know good in mah sleeping ears.

"Hi, personMommy! What are you doing in mah dream?"

"Our dream, A-wa-wa."

"I never shared a dream be4ore."

Now I could see Miss Chris better & she looked all little! I didn't even bite her to give her Babys.

Bags End looked different like it was smaller & younger too.

Miss Chris was little but the strange thing was that her Freckles looked bigger!

"Hi, Freckles," I said friendly but careful because sometimes they get mad & mean.



they said with themselves on Miss Chris's face. I figured out some of the letters like A & I & the rest looked like they were saying hello to me, so I figured they were.

Miss Chris is a real smart girl & I don't think she 4orgetted mah question. This dream was mah answer.

The dream got blurry awhile but I felt like Miss Chris's hands were holding me & flying me somewhere.

OK. Fine. Now we were with Sheila Bunny when she was little & nice & jumpy.

Nobody was really saying much but there kept being more. There was Polly El who is pink & walks slowly. An there was Denny & Corey Puppy who are real Puppys who talk Puppy language & everything. Not like your old rebel pal Algernon who talks English.

See there was no adventure or even good argument. What was Miss Chris loving that was vanished?

I couldn't see her face when I looked 4or it, but her eyes were floating near me & I was still holded by her hands.

"What, personMommy? What is it here? All these guys & Pillows & other guys are still in Bags End & we still love you! What are you loving that is gone?"

Then her eyes got real big or maybe I shrunked cuz I was littler than them now & it was like sadness with me, like a beagle tear or something falling down, but that's not right. Miss Chris is no cry baby.

So I wasn't a tear but I was still falling away in this shared dream & then I was alone in mah own unshared dream & I felt lonely in a new way & this strange feeling was mah answer. Strange & hard to understand is the only kind of answer I ever get, let me tell you.

"That's all you will ever get, beagle," grumbled a sleepy Sheila voice near me.

An I was back in in regular Miss Chris's arms with that Bunny.

"No," said me.

"Yes," said Sheila.

"PersonMommy?" I asked.

Miss Chris smiled big & mysterious at me, & I was afraid we would start dreamsharing again, so I said "No" real quickly & runned real fast back to Bags End in Miss Chris's bedroom before Sheila's "Yes" could catch me & tangle mah looking paws in doubt.

Like I said before, the problem with asking anyone anything in Bags End is that guys there are all interested in their own strange ways of seeing things.

Nobody tells you the simple truth. What you get are answers that the person is using when he is sad or wondering.

I wanted an answer that wasn't just someone's special weird idea.

Is that possible tho?

Then there were Blondys. Bags End was filled with floating Blondys even tho their population is always 3.

Now Blondys don't know the Law of Grabitee so they float. An they don't listen to me when I tell them that Beagles can't float, so they grab me up & away I go.

The leader Blondy Tammy was now floating me. The others, Sammy & Simmi, were floating behind & cheering me, especially Simmy, who is the youngest & wears a cheerleader dress.

Here I was again, floating with the Blondys 3, & silly me tried to talk English words to Blondys, who mostly float above them.

"Do Blondys love what vanishes?" I asked.

The Blondys 3 grouped close around me, above & below & everywhere, & then I was floating! Me, nonfloating landloving Beagle grounded Algernon! I was in some kind of magickal floating space that the Blondys made around me. We just floated higher & higher. 3 Blondys & bajillions both.

I tried to do what Sheila once told me to about the Blondys. She said they talk but in that other way. "So listen different, Beagle. Listen better."

So I listened & after awhile I wondered about this Law of Grabitee business. Who made the Law? Did it have to be like this?

I guess the Blondys were pleased because they had floated me all the way to Imagianna & right into mah good friend Princess Crissy's smiling arms. No answers, but OK anyway.

"Thanks, Blondys," said me.

"Yeah, Algernon!" cheered Simmi as they floated away.

Some Say Nothing Vanishes! **(a grand finally)**

Your old pal Algernon is a humble fella which Sheila Bunny tolded me from her big dictionary means modest & low to the ground. Both very true, I think I am humble through mah days of looking for stories 4or mah newspaper or running away from them other times.

Now mah homeland called Bags End is not exactly famous from coast to coast for its excess of humbility. No, brother. All manner of crazy guys pass through its hallways, full of mad plans 4or getting exactly what they want.

And trying to get Bags End guys 4or even a minute to come up to the surface of sanity 4or air is as deranged as telling the Sun you want an encore showing of yesterday's sunset. Or something. Just hard to do.

So here was silly humble Algernon going around to these same guys & saying, "look, guys, Sheila Bunny tolded me this interesting thing some guy named Yeats said about how man is in love & loves what vanishes, what more is there to say? What do you think about it?"

Sure. Right. None of them are going to be the littlest bit confusing or obscure about their answers. No, sir.

Which is the long manywords way of saying that's what they did of course.

But here I was now brung by Blondys to Imagianna where mah beagleboosting friend Princess Crissy lives with her little pal called Boop,

who looks like a turtle but isn't one.

"Algernon!" she cried all happy as the Blondys brung me right to her open arms, full of many hugs & kisses.

Crissy is not so very low to the ground & she is more pretty & a little tricky than modest, but she likes Beagles & she understands them too.

First, she carried me up to her Royal Sleep Pad, which is like a regular guy's bedroom, & she played a lot of good records by R.E.M. for us. She understands that I like to dance all crazy 4or a long time & sing songs that have words I don't know.

What she really understands is that this all gets me in a Crissy mood 4or the rest of our visit. Now she can be herself in her home & not be so worried about not being a Beagle like me.

When I couldn't dance one more time to a song called "Stand" cuz I was tired & it didn't make no sense, we sat on her bed & Crissy helded me on her lap & kissed & hugged me & also just watched me good sometimes too while I talked about my reason to see her.

"So Crissy, are you in love with what vanishes?" I asked.

Now Crissy is tricky & smiles a lot & dances & all but when I ask her a serious question, she thinks all serious about it & tries to help.

First she gets real quiet & thinks a long time, & I sit & wait, & sometimes I keep mahself interested by wondering what it's like to be a comma. Punctuation, don'tcha know. They bully words around some. Punks, y'know.

"Algernon, are you thinking about commas again?"

"Yes. They're not words & they're sure not English. But they have a lot of power. They're like the big guys in Bags End."

Crissy smiles at me like I was too funny to be real. "Algernon, sometimes what vanishes is not so easy to talk about."

"What do you mean?"

"Sometimes it's what didn't happen. An what vanishes is all the hope you had about it."

"Could you talk more?"

Crissy didn't talk then but got deeper into her bed & brung me along, & we were under covers, & she smiled & the lights got lo.

"Close your eyes. Just listen to my voice. It will help you to concentrate & understand, I promise."

So I was just listening 4or awhile to Crissy's nice voice. An she talked 4or a long time too.

"I think Imagianna was different a long time ago. It wasn't just me & Boop. Sometimes when I'm here in this bed alone at night, I think there are Creatures all around me. It's like I'm awake but dreaming. I don't know what it's like.

"But they're around many nights. They never hurt me or really scare me too much. They just come & I sort of wake up & feel them here & they go away or I fall asleep, or both, I guess.

"I think they were in Imagianna too a long time ago. Or maybe they were almost here but all that's left is their wish."

I looked at Crissy all serious too. "Crissy, you never told me about all this."

"No, Algernon. I thought you might feel bad or worry."

"I feel bad, Crissy, I'm worried."

She smiled bright at me in the dim. But talked no words.

"You don't know what they're like, Crissy?"

She shook her head. "Sometimes there's only one. An it's kind of like an animal. But then it's kind of like a bug. Sometimes there are a lot."

"If they don't scare you, then how do you feel?" I asked.

Crissy looked at me surprised like I asked a question she didn't already know the answer. She got quiet & thinked a lot.

I closed my eyes so I could listen better cuz when I'm in the darkness 4or awhile I start hoping Miss Chris's friends Suzy Dark, Freddy Dark, Mommy Dark, & Baby Dark will show up.

An when Crissy talked, the words got through mah wondering & took over. "Algernon, they're not really here to see me at all!. Not really at all. I guess it's this place they want to see because this is where they were or almost were & so they love it & want to see it."

"Sounds like ghostes to me," I said, still keeping my eyes shut so I could float in the Crissy words all around me. A little like floating with Blondys.

"Not that. I don't really know what instead. Cuz I think even tho they don't come to see me, they only come because of me. Boop never talks about them & I would never tell him because he would worry every time he looks at me all day & that would be awful."

"How do you know he doesn't dream about them?"

A tricky smile floated around the words & said, "I have my tricky Princess ways."

"O"

I opened mah eyes & tried to get some real around me. "Are you in love with them, Crissy?"

She shook her head. "They're not vanished. Not 4or me."

"Are you sad 4or them?"

"I don't know. I don't know what happened to them. I've gone sneaking into the cellar & the attic & a lot of hidden rooms that are only there once in awhile. But I don't know what it all means really."

Crissy didn't talk anymore 4or awhile & when she did talk it was more like happy sleepy mumbles which I have learned the hard way don't worry too much about meaning the way mah beloved English does.

But I had mah story to write & I was getting closer somehow to an answer. So.

"Crissy?"

"Yes, Algernon?"

"I have to go. Thanks 4or helping me with mah story."

Crissy hugged me tighter & sadder. She's not very good at byes.

"Stay?"

"I have mah BeagleBoy reporting to do. It's important."

"I could tell you the answer right now & you could stay."

"Crissy!"

"I'm sorry. That's not how it works, is it?"

"No. But when I'm ready to tell I will let you know, OK?"

Crissy nodded because that's all she had 4or mah leaving. Then she hugged & kissed me until I was happy & dizzy, & she said I could rest awhile, & I scolded her again, & we laughed, & I went in the middle of the laughing, fast.

I was guessing that it was time to go see Sheila & get her to tell me her opinion about all of this. She said she wanted to go last & I decided that then was now.

Now in Bags End, me, walking along on mah short paws & hoping I wasn't doing the wrong thing. Mah brainbone & mah heartbone had disagreed & they were calling each other names. It got loud in me, like Snoopy.

Then I was on the right level where Sheila's Throne Room is, but there

were Bags End guys in mah way. On the floor sleeping in a cuddle was that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy.

I guessed that what happened was that Lisa had made Ramie her whole Army of the Babys again & was marching him along when his Lazybug ways got the better of him, & he marched slower & slower until he was asleep, & Lisa tried to wake him, & failed, & got tired cuz she is so little, & went to sleep too.

An they were sprawled over the hallway so that I couldn't sneak by them & their sleep.

"Well," thinked me, "maybe I will ask them about what vanishes."

"Hey, Lisa," I said softly. "Lisa?" No luck. "Hey, Sargent, your Army is sound asleep!"

That woke her up a little. She blinked her eyes at me & said, "Hello, bweagle." I was surprised when she talked nicely & didn't call me SwubPwivate or Bweagleface like she usually does.

She blinked her bloo eyes at me again & then closed them. "Nothing weally vwanishes, Bweagle."

"Nothing?"

"No. Nothing ever weally vwanishes. What more is thwere to sway?" An then she slepted without even telling me, "Twoops, dwismwished!"

I crawled through them carefully thinking about this until I looked down & there was Ramie's smiling face under me!

"Hi, Ramie," I said all friendly.

"Hi, Algernon. Do you want to come nap with me & Lisa?"

"No. But would you tell me if you love what vanishes?"

"What vanishes?"

"Yes. Lisa just told me that nothing vanishes. Is that right?"

Ramie smiles at me & said, "I didn't know anything could vanish! Where do they go?"

Well, Dear Readers, now mah confusion was so fat it could live in the desert 4or a month!

I leaped from Ramie's face & hurried to Sheila's Throne Room.



This is a picture of Sheila Bunny in her Throne drawn by Miss Chris & when I said it wasn't exactly right she said something about interpreting license, & I didn't know what that means of course, & she hugged me with no words which is much better most of the time anyway.

"You're back already?" Sheila said all grumpy. But I could tell she

wasn't too mad to see me.

I settled on mah favorite spot on the floor near her & didn't talk 4or a bit. Someone else's turn to wait 4or me!

Finally I talked. "It was a hard question to carry around. But I did it & I think I understand better now."

Sheila was quiet but she was listening.

I sunk into mah spot deeper & used mah brains inside paws to heap mah thoughts closer together.

But I was failing. "I'm failing, Sheila. I don't know what it is that I understand. I'm sorry."

Sheila moved her little body around in her Throne in a way that said to me it was OK 4or me to join her there. So I did & now we were together, her under mah earblanket. Slowly I began to tell her about what all the Bags End guys like Alex & Betsy & Lisa had said, & also what Miss Chris & Princess Crissy & Ramie had said too.

"You tried hard, Beagle."

"But I failed!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't know what more there is to say!"

Sheila closed her bright purple eyes for awhile, & I thought she had gone to sleep, & I was starting to think this was a good plan when she opened them again & looked up at the ceiling like she does when she is thinking real hard. I waited.

"I think things vanish & they don't. Sometimes we vanish from them. Like Alex vanished from English. It's still around but he isn't. An sometimes we go back & find what vanishes, & sometimes we don't, & sometimes we can't."

I leaped from the Throne. "But this isn't good enough. Yes & no & maybe!"

"Yes, Algernon. An no. An maybe!"

I decided to leave & I did. I said goodbye I think but it wasn't very important. It was time to go back to Milne's Porch.

Milne's Porch where I found Princess Crissy waiting 4or me.

"Hi, Algernon," she said, all shy.

I said hello but glum & we sat in mah comfy armchair together.

"Algernon, I was thinking that this kind of story is new to you."

"No. I go around & all these guys say stuff, & I get confused, & then I hide here."

Crissy smiled at me & I felt better against my will.

"This kind of story ends with the story open not closed. It's a story where you just to decide to stop because this isn't decided 4or you."

"O"

She smiled bigger. "You don't like this kind, do you?"

"I don't know."

Then we talked no more & I guess the story stops here all opened up like Crissy said. She is right, I don't like it, but that's this kind of story, isn't it?

Crissy left me alone & here I sit thinking new & humbler thoughts. I don't know so very much about beagleboy reporting as I thinked, huh, Dear Readers?

When all else fails, I watch the sunset. It comes through 4or me.

Now it is almost dark but I have been watching very carefully. The colors came on slow & almost confused. A lot of of blue & red at first. An they wouldn't dance or mix at all.

But slowly they did & some orange & pink arrived, & it was better, & & then it was perfect like it always gets, & I wasn't sure what colors I was seeing 4or awhile.

The colors were like music, like wonderful music, & they fell all over me. An they were in mah heartbone like they have been so many times, but it's hard to remember what it's like except when it is happening.

I was floating in mah seat which is mah native Beagle way & mah favorite. I was full of pinks & yellows & reds & oranges & bloos & other colors. I was so full if I talked it would be in rainbows. But I didn't talk of course.

It started going away be4ore I knew this. I had 4orgotten my eyes were closed tight.

An it's dark so I am writing slowly in mah Beagle scrawl.

I loved the sunset tonight. An it vanished. An it will be back. But not the same one. An sometimes I won't be here to watch it. And sometimes it won't be here to watch me.

And so on. But I decided to be alright with this.

What more is there to say?

A lot. A little. Nothing.

What more is there to say?



* * * * *





Bags End Book #8: "It's OK to be Happy!"

This story & more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

The Story of Looking 4or the Story!

So many times I have said, Dear Readers, that your old pal Algernon's native land called Bags End just isn't like other famous fantasy lands. Good places like Oz & Narnia & the Hundred Acre Wood. They are all 4or one & like a team when the bad guys like the Winged Monkeys or witches or rival religions or age come around.

Not this place. No sir. Here the troubles are usually smaller but it seems like it's our own folks that brings them.

It's like I've always said, when it comes right down to it, it's the little guys against the big guys in this world.

Of course that's not always true but more more than less less.

Now some of mah readers just want to hear the story & not a lot of yawping but mah need to yawp has to do with the story so be patient.

There I was sitting in mah comfy armchair in Milne's Porch not really

Bags End News

No. 283 Saturday 17, 1998

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

The Store of Looking for the Store!

So mencee time I hav sed, deer readers, that yor old pal Algernon's nativ land caalled Bagend jest ~~agent~~ ^{agent} like uthr James fant-
-asculands. Good platis lik ^{or} an Harneah an the Hundred Akr Wood. They ar awl for won an lik a feem wen the bad gyo lik the Wind Munkes or wiches or rivel religjuns or age Kum around.

Not this plas. No ser. Heer the trubbls ar uzehay smaler but it seems lik it's oirn own fokes that brings them.

It's lik dis' allwez sed, wen it kums rit down too it's it's the

Bags End News

No. 284 April 25, 1998

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

It's OK too bee Happy!

Yor old pal Algernon iz rild guddly big the mysterius storee he knds himself insid ut. Nowe I, vaw too admit that mah venrebel old nuws paper wil hav too Kum out sumtims, soonr sumtims later but Kum out it wil.

The laet tim I told yu about awl ut theez strang nots I waz geting for awl, deer readers, I waz befogd by them an I dident want too rit a storee about them. It waz jest too weard, evin for me.

But sumthing deep insid this old beegels' ~~person~~ ^{hater-bad} went let me stop hting. Lik a lital Shlela Buny deep insid me with her.

Bags End News

No. 285 August 8, 1998

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

You Ar Not Alon!

Yor old pal Algernon iz stoley feeling hize waye throo a misterey ut wends. I havent figerd it awl out yet an I am reet slo but evry tim I mak a win I wil tel in mah faythfull old nuws paper.

Wat too doo with a dream in wich hundreds of dream Blondys told me You Ar Not Alon an som of the Blondys lookd lik uthr Bagend gus, lik Shlela Buny an Betsee Bukky Pillo an evin Aleksandr Pupy. An mencee othas to. So wat too doo. Wat too doo, wundrd me.

Kerying around mah wundring with me. I did the uzvel things I do. I went too Mistr Owls

Bags End News

DOUBLE ISSUE

No. 286-287 December 19-26, 1998

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Howe too Rit Sumthing Guud!

This yeer haz ben for me lik a big long klas in somthing I dont kwit undtstand. & it's bin teechd big sum mysteryus gye sum hid-en-seek tiyp. He hids after giving me a lital sumthing too bee rufel'd & I seek & seek & seek the anser.

The ferst mesag yor old pal Algernon got waz It's OK too bee Happy. That was on a not. Then I had a dream of Countles Blondys & it told me You Ar Not Alon. Then sumwun tiypd Rit Sumthing Guud in mah beegelboye jernelist rit-tiypen.

I went too awl the smart big gya I no lik Shlela Buny, Mees Chrees, & Princes Crisy too

being a beagleboy journalist 4or awhile. Just sitting like the Blondys say to do sometimes.

I adjusted in mah comfy armchair a little bit & that's when I felt a piece of paper scrunched down deep under me! I pulled it out & saw that it had lots of words on it.

I am not so good at reading English even though I saw some letters I know I couldn't figure out what words were these.

So time to climb through the window back into Bags End & try to find a friendly reader.

Who should I find in mah very own bedroom but mah nice greeneyed pal Ally Leopard. Oh, & that silly Bumping relative of mine called Alexander Puppy.

"Ally, could you read this note to me please?" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

Ally took the paper & looked at its words & since he knows all about languages they couldn't hide their say from him.

"It says 'It's OK to be Happy'," he said like he didn't know either.

"That's all?"

"Yes, Algernon. Who gave this to you?"

"Mah Milne's Porch comfy armchair."

"Oh?"

I thanked Ally & was leaving when mah til then quiet Bumping brother said, "Bump. Bump."

I was going to leave anyway when Ally said all hopefully that he could tell me what Alex had said.

I said, "Did he say that he too wishes he could write cryptic messages in honest English on little pieces of paper?"

"No. He said he likes the note's message but he thinks that maybe there's more."

"Is there more, Ally? You said there wasn't."

"Algernon, I think Alex means that there's probably more notes in Bags End somewhere 4or you to find."

"Bump!" Alex added uselessly.

"He says good luck with your story."

"What story!?" I demanded.

Now Alex decided to clam up again. He sucked his toe & singed a Bumpsong. Probably a It's OK to Bump song. Dum brother.

Was this note in mah paw the start of a story? I didn't know. But it made me think of the time that I accidentally crashed into Betsy Bunny Pillow as she was bouncing over me without looking or caring.

"Sorry, Betsy," I said meekly.

"Stupid beagle!" she whisper-yelled.

"It was a accident!"

That's when she glared at me even though she's got no face. An she screamed, "There are no accidents!"

Good enough 4or me. Maybe-story, maybe-not-story, here I come.

It's OK to be happy. Sure. Why not? But now I was thinking about something else I heard. It was that great time mah person-mommy Miss Chris came to Sheila's Throne Room & they cuddled in Sheila's Throne while I rested on mah favorite spot nearby. An they talked.

"Sheila, are you happy?"

"It's not like that."

"What do you mean?"

"Happy is something you're feeling in the middle of doing. I feel happy

when I play trumpet with my Kool Jazz Band. Especially if we play good."

"Are you happy right now?"

"If you stay."

"Yes."

"Yes."

I hoped they would talk some more about it because I almost understood but they talked about other things.

What to do now. Am I happy writing this?

No. This story has no insides.

So I went to mah bedroom in the Bunny Family's apartment & I saw mah silly Bumping brother sitting on his bed all alone singing Bumpsongs to himself.

When he saw me he was very happy, & when I sat next to him on his bed, he was even happier.

"Come along, brother," said me. "Let's watch the sunset from mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch."

I took Alex's soft yellow paw & we climbed onto mah porch.

We settled down closely & somehow Alex didn't annoy me. Then I saw how quiet he was. We watched the sunset which was mostly pink & we fell asleep together after. We were happy. There are no accidents.

When I woke up Alex was gone & I was alone with mah story.

I have decided I would be happy not writing this story so I am going to stop soon. I don't think it will go away completely though, just long enough to grow a inside.

OK so now there's this dream to write about. The Blondys 3 were in it except there were hundreds of the Blondys 3 & sometimes I didn't know some & sometimes I saw a Sheila Blondy & sometimes I saw a Miss Chris Blondy & even a Betsy Bunny Pillow Blondy & a dum Bumping brother Alex Blondy & I don't know how to tell it gooder than that!

& they were all of them singing one thing to me & it was "You Are Not Alone" An I remember waking up & thinking this was mah next note even though there was no paper this time.

Then the biggest thing of all to tell about in this jumbled issue of mah newspaper. I went to find mah trusty beagleboy journalist write-typer & I found it safe under mah bed except there was a piece of paper in it that read "WRITE SOMETHING GOOD" only spelled right at least that's what mah smart friend Lori Bunny told me when I brung it to her.

So I guess I have clues & some instructions & no choice but to try. After all, I am a beagleboy journalist. Whatever is going on in Bags End, especially if it is nudging me so much, I have to find it & write it. So there.

"It's OK to be Happy!"

Your old pal Algernon is riled goodly by the mysterious story he finds himself inside of. 4or awhile, Dear Readers, I was befogged by all these strange notes I was getting, & I didn't want to write a story about them. It was just too weird, even 4or me.

But something deep inside this old beagle's bodybone won't let me stop

fighting. Like a little Sheila Bunny deep inside me with her little paws made into fists about the whole thing.

Well, that's Sheila's advice 4or you. Fight, fight. But I needed something else, some brains to go with the fists. So I went to see mah good friend, Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna.

I like talking to Crissy because she likes me no matter what day it is. She's not like the big guys in Bags End who like me as much as I can help their crazy plans. No sir.

I walked on mah short beagle legs down to the hallway in Bags End where there is a door that leads to Imagianna.

Crissy was just on the other side of the door! "I knew you were coming," she said shyly, thinking of me like a hero. Silly Princess.

"How did you know?"

She smiled her tricky Crissy smile.

"Oh," said me.

We sat down there right in the grass, far from her Castle.

"Boop is cleaning the whole Castle & he wouldn't let me help," Crissy explained. "So since I knew you were coming I decided to wait here."

I told Crissy about the notes. The first one, "It's OK to be Happy," I found on mah Milne's Porch comfy armchair. The second one, "You Are Not Alone," was told to me by the Blondys Many in mah dreams. An the third one, "Write Something Good," I found on a paper in mah write-typer.

Crissy always listens quietly & close to mah stories. Then she puts her finger on her chin & thinks 4or awhile til her brains make her smart things to say.

"Start with the first one, Algernon," she said.

I waited 4or her to say more but she just smiled at me.

"It's OK to be Happy?" I said, hoping she would talk more.

She nodded talklessly.

"Crissy, what does that mean?"

"What makes you happy?"

I thinked hard about this. "Well, I like sleeping. An I like doing mah newspaper. An I like visiting you & Miss Chris & Sheila when she's not so grumpy."

"Then that's what you should do," Crissy said.

She picked me up & brung me into her lap & she skritchd mah forehead & I think she singed a nice little R.E.M. song. I was so happy I almost purred. I tried to think about all this happiness but mah brain refused. Mah brain wanted to purr.

A while later, Crissy moved around & I looked outside instead of inside & I saw Boop who is Crissy's servant & not a turtle though he looks like one.

"Greetings, Visiting Scribe," he said & bent down instead of looking at me.

"Talk English, friend," said me.

"Algernon, he said hello!" Crissy laughed & we all hugged & Boop tried to complain about royal irregularities but he was too hugged to finish.

Crissy told me sadly that she had to go. "Good luck!" she said & she & Boop walked hand in um, um, not-turtle not-hand back to Crissy's Castle.

Alright to that there. I guessed it was time to go see Miss Chris & find out what would happen next.

As I walked to the place where I can get to Miss Chris's house in Connecticut I thought about how I don't usually go see Miss Chris & Princess Crissy in a row. They're twins somehow. Maybe I could compare them. Would this be OK? Would it make me happy?

Miss Chris was hugging me so tightly I said, "You're gonna make two of

me if you hug harder."

Miss Chris laughed & put me in her lap. I told her about visiting Crissy & the notes & all. "What do you think?" I asked her.

Miss Chris smiled talklessly just like Crissy had & then she brung me from her bedroom to her TV room & she yelled all happy "Time to make Ramie dreamtalk!" & we jumped on sleeping Lazybug Ramie the tall toy boy's belly & every time we landed he talked from inside his dreams. It was like this . . .

Jump! "Please Mister Tamarak Tree, can't you throw me any higher?"

Jump! "We've fallen outside of the bubble! What do we do?"

Jump! "The lawn is like the ocean & it's high tide! Run!"

I asked Miss Chris if we could break Ramie but she said no so I didn't worry about that. When we were tired we went over to Suzy Couch & took a good long nap.

So I had happy visits with Crissy & Miss Chris & now I supposed it was time to go see Sheila Bunny.

I said goodbye to Miss Chris who hugged me even better & said, "See ya, A. B.!" I thought she was talking to the alphabet & tried to ask her about it but she just talked laughfully & brung me back to Bags End.

Now, Sheila. Asleep in her little Throne in her Throne Room. I thought about making her dreamtalk but all I could hear was the sound of mah poor bodybone being divided & conquered. Not me, no sir.

So instead I found mah nice resting place on the floor near Sheila's Throne & I layed down waiting.

After a while I heard Sheila make sounds. Not dreamtalk but dreammumble. I wondered if I could get her to dreammumble to me.

"It's OK to be happy," I said scaredfully.

"Jazz," Sheila said.

"You are not alone," I said next.

"King!" Sheila cried so loud I thought she'd waked up. Nope.

"Write something good!" I said boldly.

Sheila twitched & waked up fast & trapped me with her purple eyes before I could run. She looked me up & down sourly. "What did you say, beagle? What did you shout to wake me from my Royal Rest?"

"Write something good," I whimpered.

"That's your job," Sheila grouched. I thought she would yell some more or maybe even pummel me with her paws but she just closed her eyes again.

"Now!" she said suddenly without eyes.

"What, Sheila?"

"Write something good. Right now! Far away!" she commanded & then I runned hard away & fast.

But sort of a compliment, I thinked later. Sheila thinks I can write something good like it's mah job. That's pretty good from her!

"You Are Not Alone!"

Your old pal Algernon is slowly feeling his way through a mystery of words. What to do with a dream in which hundreds of dream Blondys told me, "You Are Not Alone" & some of the Blondys looked like other Bags End guys like Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow & even Alexander Puppy. An many others too. So what to do? What to do? wondered me.

Carrying around mah wondering with me I did the usual things I do. I went to Mister Owl's Bags End School & learned about letters of the alphabet

& watched Mister Owl make Sheila stay awake after he refused to teach the History of Carrots (O Yuk!) like she demanded. An then he refused to play jazz records 4or more than one whole day like she ordered. An he wouldn't listen to her when she banished him to Walla Walla, Washington.

& I runned from various big guys who decided I was the last piece in their big scheme. Betsy Bunny Pillow had her shadowy Allies grab me & bring me to her & then she pretended she didn't know me.

"What do you want, Betsy?"

"You have been selected to record the historic record of the Bunny Pillow Free State as told by me. I shall narrate the dark times of captivity & servitude & then recount the grand & glorious uprising & the triumphant liberation." Betsy puffed out her Pillow chest like here was the world just like she imagined it.

"Betsy, I don't know those big words & I don't think they're real English. But I know the little ones & I am not going to write everything 4or everyone but mah newspaper 4or me. An 4or everyone too."

Betsy bounced really close to me & stared me down though she don't got no eyes or face. "You refuse my generous commission? You refuse. Beagle, you are the architect of your own meaningless demise! Allies, take this luckless retch away!" she screamed.

I was led out of Betsy's clubhouse that she calls something else with as many words as possible by some of Betsy's shadowy Allies.

"Now, guys, you don't have to demise me," I whimpered.

They didn't talk though & I thought I was a goner.

But all they did was bring me through the door back to Bags End & leave me there. I stood still watching them.

"Run!" one of them ordered. Boy! Did I ever!

& then there was the time when Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow of the Army of the Babys drafted me from mah comfy bed & tried to make me march a lot until she said, "Twoops dismissed!" But that wasn't so bad because the only other soldier was Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, Miss Chris's big brother, & he carried me along in his arms. I sang over & over, "All we are saying is give sleep a chance!" & he danced along.

Lisa finally heard me over her own marching orders & she yelled, "Get down here you, gwoldbwikking swubswub pwivate!"

I sang faster, & Ramie marched & danced faster, & Lisa ranned after us yelling all the way.

I figured out that I could steer Ramie left & right by the way I singed. I singed louder to make him turn right & softer to make him turn left. Pretty soon we were sitting together in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & not marching no more.

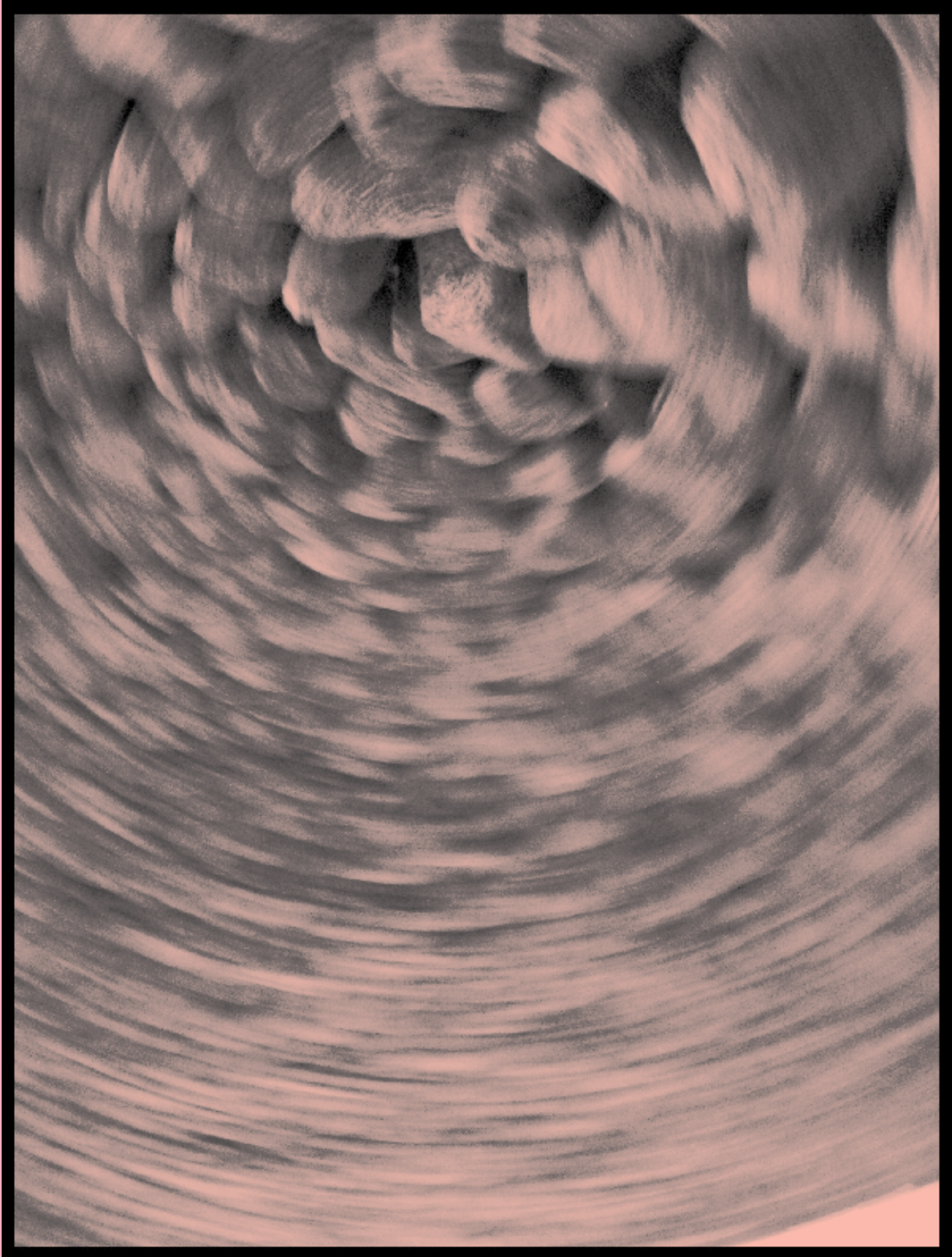
After a while Sargent Lisa found us but she was so tired all she did was crawl into Ramie's lap too, give me a mean look, & fall asleep.

But none of this was helping me. So I hunted down the Blondys one day to ask 4or their help.

Blondys like everyone a lot so they like me too. They floated me all around & the baby Blondy Simi kept cheering 4or me even though I hadn't scored or nothing. But this is how they talked, I have learned. By kissing & cheering & floating & liking everyone a lot.

"Blondys, let's have a good dream together!" said me, being floated though I know beagles don't float. "& I can find out why I was told in that other dream, 'You Are Not Alone'."

Blondys don't know about how you have to sleep first to have dreams cuz all of a sudden we weren't in a regular Bags End no more we were dreaming.



They don't know about not group dreaming too.

In dreams beagles can float. I knew I was in a dream because I was floating most rightly.

"Hurry Blondys!" I called & they followed me. Now, I know mah Dear Readers are wondering about me leading Blondys who are kind of like Big Guys except they're that other nice kind not too popules in Bags End but in dreams I can so there I was.

We floated through colors & wind & more Blondys joined as I thought they would. I have learned that Blondys are not only nice & float & group dream but they are very curious so pretty soon I was leading a wild pack of Blondys along & I got Simy to help me lead a cheer. Tricky dreambeagle brain I had a good idea.

"YOU ARE NOT ALONE!

YOU ARE NOT ALONE!

YOU ARE NOT ALONE!"

The words didn't disappear just cuz we were done yelling them & pretty soon there were hundreds of words & Blondys floating through the many colors & the words stretched & changed & I sneaked along the crowd trying to find the right ones to tell me what I needed to know from all this.

I was just guessing but since this was a dream I decided I was dreaming right so I picked out nice little red & blue words & some longer yellow words & even a couple of long purple words that reminded me of Sheila. An I dreamed I had a bag to put them in & then finally I dreamed myself awake right there in mah nice Milne's Porch comfy armchair.

Losing no time I hurried with mah dreambag of dreamwords to see mah smart friend Sheila's older sister Lori who she calls Brains but I don't. Except when I forget.

"Lori, could you read to me what these words say?" I asked & I opened up mah bag & dumped all the words out on her bed.

Lori smiled at me & adjusted her smartguy spectacles which she wears to see smarter.

Lori looked at the bunch of words real carefully.

"Hurry! They'll melt!"

"They say 'AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU ARE NOT ALONE?'" Lori said.

"They do not!" I yelled.

Lori said nothing. She double checked her work but that was what the words said. Even after they melted.

"Well?" she asked me, smiling.

"What?" said me grouchy as a Sheila. Almost.

"It was a question, Algernon. Aren't you glad you are not alone? So what's the answer?"

"I guess so," I muttered.

Lori put her bright orange paw on mah backbone. I thought she would talk too but she didn't. After a while mah mutter melted & I decided to go to Milne's Porch & sit in mah nice comfy armchair.

What was the point? & why was I so mad?

"You're an epiphany-hound, beagle," said a Sheila-like voice followed by me seeing Sheila herself.

"A what?"

Sheila settled right into mah comfy armchair with me right under one of mah floppy ears 4or a blanket.

"Epiphany-hound. All your stories have to go supernova at the end."

"Go what?"

"Louisiana Purchase. First Man on the Moon. Albert Hoffmann 1943. Work

in Progress. Roswell, New Mexico."

"Sheila!"

But she was falling asleep. Still mumbling though. "Kubrick. Deconstructing Harry. In a Silent Way. I have a dream."

& I guess she started having one then cuz she was asleep.

I didn't know what she was saying or why. But she was nice & warm there under mah ear blanket. OK. OK, I am glad I am not alone.

HOW to "Write Something Good"!

This story has been 4or me like a big long class in something I don't quite understand. An it's been teached by some mysterious guy, some hide-&-seek type. He hides after giving me a little something to be ruffled & I seek & seek & seek the answer.

The first message your old pal Algernon got was "It's OK to be Happy." That was on a note. Then I had a dream of Countless Blondys & it told me "You Are Not Alone." Then someone typed "Write Something Good" in mah beagleboy journalist write-typer.

I went to all the smart big guys I know like Sheila Bunny, Miss Chris, & Princess Crissy to help me figure out what all of these messages meant. They helped me some. An the grumpier big guys like Betsy Bunny Pillow & Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow got in mah way like they always do.

Still, I didn't think I had really solved it. But I got a good clue one day during school time.

Mister Owl was teaching all us Bags End guys about math. He wrotes a 1 on his chalkboard & we all told him what it was. Then he wrotes another 1 next to the first & we told him the same thing. Then he did it again but this time some guys grumbled loudly.

"What's this got to do with important things like carrots & jazz!" demanded Sheila.

"O carrots! Yuk!" yelled me.

"Write something good about me!" whisperscreamed Betsy at me like she does every day.

"He will be doing all of his writing from the bwig when I am dwone with him!" babytalkgrouched Lisa.

"Bump!" offered mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy, to noone's gain.

"Alex says that you wrote another 1, Mister Owl," said Ally Leopard who is greeneyed & covered in his brain with languages.

Mister Owl listened to all of this fussing quietly until it was done & then he wrote a little + between the first 1 & the second 1 & between the second 1 & the third. Then he wrote a = after the third one.

"When you add these numbers up what do you get?" he asked.

"A gang of 111!" I said.

"A big fat 1!" said Sheila.

"A really tall 1," whispered Betsy Bunny Pillow.

Mister Owl smiled & shook his feathery head. He wrotes a regular looking 3 after the = so it all looked like $1 + 1 + 1 = 3$

Well everybody protested this sudden move. I mean we had all heard of 3 but why did a bunch of 1s change like that?

"& what happened to 2?" demanded Sheila.

Mister Owl looked confused & unhappy like he thinkd we were gonna believe him right away.

So he tried it a different way. "Betsy," he said, "if you added all of your Bunny Pillows together what do you get?"

Betsy puffed out her Pillowey chest & spoke proudly with her faceless face. "Liberation!" she announced.

"Wait! I have to write that stupid saying down!" said me annoyed.

"You'll write down a lot more than that before I am done with you!" she whisperscreamed.

Mister Owl kept at it until we felt bad 4or him & went along with $1 + 1 = 3$ even though nobody really thought much of it.

Then something happened later that day when I was sitting in the comfy armchair of Milne's Porch. I was almost asleep & sort of dreaming about "It's OK to be Happy" & "You Are Not Alone" & "Write Something Good." They were floating around in front of me & then some little + signs linked them up like traincars.

I got it! I understood finally. A train is many cars become part of something else. Car + Car + Car = Train. $1 + 1 + 1 = 3$.

So . . . "It's OK to be Happy" + "You Are Not Alone" + "Write Something Good" = what? That's what I didn't know! I didn't have mah 3!

I was so pleased that I figured I would get mah 3 pretty quickly now & the mystery would be solved.

Boy! was I wrong!

I waited & waited & looked & looked & talked & talked but had no luck + no luck + no luck = no luck. I could not find mah 3.

I got pretty glum about the whole business. I sat on mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & 4or a long time I didn't do nothing about nothing. I had mah white flag but was even too low to wave it around.

This went on till the day when a crowd came through mah bedroom window onto Milne's Porch.

First Sheila Bunny. Then Miss Chris! Then Princess Crissy! I was almost happy as I looked them standing before me.

Then I imagined + signs between them & a = sign with no answer.

"Great," groaned me. "Another math I don't know."

Sheila hopped right into mah comfy armchair & I barely had time to make room 4or her. Then she demanded that mah Ear Blanket cover her warmly. I felt cheered up already. Yah right.

Miss Chris & Crissy are much more polite & so they sitted in front of mah comfy armchair & gangskritchd me. Then of course Sheila made a noisey complaint & so Miss Chris skritchd her & Crissy skritchd me.

"Dum King," I muttered. Stupidly.

Sheila yelled, "Off with his nosebone!" & started to pummel me with her soft little paws. They can hurt though.

Well, Miss Chris thought all of this was too funny & she laughed a lot & then Crissy agreed & she laughed a lot & they carried Sheila around between them & tickled her until even that dum bunny rised up some.

"Hey! I am the one who has the problem! You're not paying attention to mah glumness!" I yelled.

Miss Chris & Crissy who were still covered in laugh decided the best thing to do was 4or all of us to snuggle closely together in mah comfy armchair. Which we did & again Sheila demanded the services of mah Ear Blanket.

"Some of us are just too good 4or our shoes!" I complained.

But Sheila was too comfortable to get mad at me. An I calmed down too

& now we were all fine.

I wished that one of them could tell me how to write something good but none of these guys were writers like me. Miss Chris is an artist & she plays piano & Sheila is the Mayor & she plays jazz trumpet & Princess Crissy is a magick girl & she likes to dance around. Nobody around Bags End writes a lot like your old pal Algernon!

Except . . . Ramie? Ramie the toy tall boy. When he's not sleeping & when he's not taking care of Miss Chris, which is a lot, he writes stuff in his notebooks. But what?

"Personmommy?" I asked most politely.

"Yes, Awawa?" she said talking to me with what she calls me I like it OK.

"What does Ramie write in his notebooks?" I asked.

"He makes up whole worlds, Aw-wa-wa," said Miss Chris smiling at me. Her smiles are like kisses.

"Whole worlds?" asked me. Wow. Ramie is a good toy & Miss Chris loves him but I didn't know about all this.

Miss Chris smilekissed me some more. "Ramie thinks that dreams are very important so he writes about them like they're all in one place."

This surprised me so much I didn't know what to say. "But you never talked about all of this, personmommy! You just complained that he sleeps too much."

"That's cuz he can't play with me when he's asleep. He's my toy after all." Miss Chris looked annoyed.

Crissy took her hands & said, "I think I have a good idea about this that will help you out, M. C." I knowed this meant Miss Chris cuz Crissy had told me.

Now I was getting impatient. "I have to go see Ramie now to ask him a question."

Miss Chris & Crissy didn't want me to go & Sheila didn't want to lose her comfy Ear Blanket but I said I had to go sorry guys. Sheila grumped a lot while Miss Chris & Crissy kissed & hugged me a lot goodbye.

I figured Ramie might help me somehow with the "Write Something Good" part of mah math problem & maybe getting the = part would be easier.

Ramie was in Miss Chris's living room in Connecticut sitting on the long Freddy Couch. He was all alone & he was awake too. What good luck!

"Hi, Ramie!" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

"Algernon! Here you are!" Ramie said. He picked me up & put me on his lap. He's so tall a whole bunch of Bags End guys could sit on his lap.

"I wanted to ask you a question about writing."

"Oh good." Ramie smiled happy.

"Miss Chris told me you write down your dreams like a story."

"& I write down my awakes too."

This stumped me. "What are awakes, Ramie?"

Ramie smiled at me & said, "This is one, right now. Awakes happen between dreams."

"Miss Chris didn't tell me about that!"

"That's because the dream Miss Chris told me the awake Miss Chris wouldn't like it. Awake Miss Chris doesn't like to share me much."

Well, this was very confusing. But Ramie was happy to talk about it. I could only think of one more thing to ask.

"Is there a dream Algernon?"

"Oh yes. He's very nice."

"Does he write about dream Bags End the way I write about, um, awake

Bags End?"

Ramie looked puzzled. "Sort of. But he only has one Bags End News & he writes it longer & longer. An it's only one copy but he will show it to everyone who asks."

"Does he know how I do it?" I was getting excited now.

"Yes. But he gets weird when you don't do it 4or awhile. I told him it makes you sad."

Wow. I had a lot to think about. I asked Ramie to say hello to dream Algernon & Ramie & Miss Chris 4or me. Ramie smiled & said OK & gived me a fine goodbye hug.

Now mah Dear Readers may be wondering if mah own dreams about me are about how a dream Algernon writes only one long copy of Bags End News too. I really don't think so or maybe I don't remember. Or maybe Ramie dreams about a different Algernon than I do. I bet there's a story about all of these dreamthings to come sometime but not now.

Because now I had mah answer. I wanted to tell Miss Chris & Princess Crissy & even Sheila so I rushed back to Milne's Porch.

I found them all still there but only Sheila was awake. I wanted to wake up Miss Chris & Crissy right away but Sheila grouched at me to be quiet.

"They're playing with Ramie," she whispered.

Well, this was too much 4or me. "Are they playing with his dream Miss Chris & Crissy too?" I cried.

That woke them up which was a good thing because they had to hold Sheila back from pummeling me with her furry little paws.

It took a while to calm down Sheila & then I was covered in kisses & hugs & then we all settled into mah comfy armchair together.

Finally I had mah chance to talk & some questions.

It was Crissy's idea 4or them to visit Ramie's dreams.

"We became dream Crissy & M.C., Algernon," Piness Crissy explained.

"Did Ramie know?"

"We told him but he didn't believe it at first," said Miss Chris. "But then when I told him I didn't know about how he writes down awakes when he's asleep, he believed me."

"He thought you would be mad," I said.

"I would be but since I can be with him now when he's awake or asleep I'm not."

Crissy laughed. "M.C. said now she will get twice as many stories!"

"Did you see dream me?"

"Yes. He was very happy you know about him now."

I was going to tell them mah big thought but I didn't. There was something else to ask. "Why does Ramie think dreams & awakes are both real?"

Miss Chris smiled even bigger. "That's easy. I dreamed about him first. I wanted my own toy tall boy to play with. When me & Sheila got him at the store he was just like in my dreams."

This sort of made sense but maybe not really. I suppose it doesn't matter so much.

You see I know mah answer. I finally solved the math problem. It was hearing about dream Algernon's other kind of Bags End News that did it.

It's OK to be Happy
+ You Are Not Alone
+ Write Something Good
= Bag's End News!!

I decided not to tell anyone right away. I was very happy to finally have mah answer though.

But how simple! I mean, shouldn't I know that what makes me happy, what makes me feel connected to everyone else, what makes me want to do something especially good is mah grand old newspaper?

I guess sometimes everyone thinks that what makes day can't just be the sun. If a easy answer doesn't seem like the right one, there must be an even easier one somewhere.

I went to sleep happy that mah answer is mah happiest thing too. An I had a dream that proved me right.

I was in a Bags End hallway. Me & Ramie were marching behind that silly Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow.

"Hwup Two Three Four! Hwup Two Three Four!" Lisa ordered & she marched on her short legs. But then I could see her eyes were tightly closed.

Ramie's weren't though. He was smiling at me. We sneaked away from the sleeping marching Lisa & runned up a bunch of ramps & down a hallway. Then through a doorway into a big field at night time.

"Where are we going, Ramie?"

Ramie pointed at this big fir in the middle of the field. "See that fir?"

"Yes. It's pretty."

"That's dream Algernon's Bags End News book."

I was shocked. But there was more.

"See that big full moon?"

"Yes."

"That's dream Algernon's pencil."

Wow.

"& see all of those stars?"

"Yes, Ramie."

"Those are all of the stories that dream Algernon has writed so far."

This was all too fantastic!

Ramie got lower next to me & said, "Look at those sparks flying from the fir up to the stars."

I guessed, "Those are the stories flying up to the sky as he writes them?"

"You got it, little beagle. It's that simple."

"But if they're flying up right now, where is dream Algernon himself?"

Ramie smiled at me, but Blondyish he talked no words.

I didn't know what to do next so I leaped through the air & landed on one of the sparkstories rising up to the Bags End News sky. I rided the spark up & up into the sky & woke up in mah bed.

Mah brother Alexander was sitting up in his bed next to mine. He smiled & said, "Bump?" all friendly. I smiled all friendly back at him & then climbed through the window to mah comfy armchair on Milen's Porch.

Every time I finish one of these long hard stories I always feel like I'm empty & at the starting line again.

What would mah long lost Mommy Beagle think of her fancypants Sonny Boy? I guess she would like me OK.

Oh there's so many sparks to make into stars that I will be busy til I go gramps. Betsy wants me to write her biography & there's this dream Bags End place to find more about.

There was a visitor later on & it was Lori Bunny who helps me make mah newspaper. She's real smart with her little spectacles & bright eyes. Sheila is Lori's sister & calls her Brains. Like Miss Chris calls me A-wa-wa.

"Hi, Algernon!"

"Hi, Lori!"

"Are you ready to work on your newspaper?"

"Sure thing. Get me a box of matches & some flammable extended metaphors."

"What?"

"Just kidding."

The Long Strange Story of Betsy Bunny Pillow!

A while ago that crazy real live Pillow named Betsy Bunny Pillow decided that I should write her autobiography which means she talks a lot about herself & I have to write it all down or I am in dire trouble which is one of the worst kinds. Of trouble, I mean.

Now mind you Betsy doesn't like me 4or sure but she figured that because I do a newspaper & all that everyone would hear about it. Sad but true. I don't have anything else good to write right now because Betsy keeps me busy all the time.

& it's not really a true story either. I keep telling her that but she says it's not important about what's true just about what she remembers.

Maybe Betsy thinks I am going to make a book about her life but I don't think so. I don't know how to make books & why would I want to anyway?

It was mah personmommy Miss Chris who talked me into going along with Betsy's crazy idea.

"I love Betsy, Awawa. When I found her in my front yard she was dirty & scared. But look how she got better & then she freed all the other Bunny Pillows from that bad Farmer Jones."

I agreed, especially because Miss Chris was skritchng mah headbone do I love that!

But I was still more no than yes when Miss Chris looked at me slyly & said, "If you write Betsy's stories I will tell you one about her from the early days that even she doesn't know."

"OK. OK," I agreed.

I put on mah reporter's fedora & took mah pencil & notebook along going to find Betsy in her secret clubhouse guarded by her loyal Allies.

I don't know all mah ABCs so good but mah friend Lori Bunny can usually figure out mah notes & if she needs help she goes to that language-pocked guy Ally Leopard & his bright green eyes.

I went through the door to the field where Betsy's secret clubhouse is in a big tree.

Then there was smoke & silence & I was flying through the air & there were scary voices singing in strange languages & I was mad & scared all at once & then it was over & here was Betsy Bunny Pillow sitting in a big chair looking at me.

Looking at me through funny little spectacles. Holding some papers in her hands.

"Ah, beagle, I have been expecting you," she whispered almost friendly.

"Betsy, you don't have eyes or hands!" I cried. Oh bad move! Oh unlucky beagle!

Bagg End News

No. 283 October 2, 1999

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Loni Bunny

The Long Strange Storee of Betsee Bunn Pillo

April ago that crazee reel liv pillo
nama, Betsee Bunn Pillo deesided that I
shood rit her autobiography ~~with~~ ~~with~~
meens she talkt alot about herself ~~???~~
I hav too rit it owl down or I am in
dier trubl with iz own of the worst
kind. It trubl I mean.

Nuwe mind yu Betsee desent' rik
me for shur but she figard that becuze
I do a newspapr & awl that everywon
wood heer about it. Sd but truo. I dont'
hav enufing els good too rit rit now
bekuze Betsee helpe me biez awl the
time.

An itz' not really a tipo storee eether.
I keep telling her that but she see itz' not
important about whin'z too just about.

Bagg End News

No. 289 February 19, 2000

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Loni Bunny

Algernonn Beagle Komg Out off Hiding!

I amm lineley riting mah
newspapr agen, deer reedrs!
Itz' bin so long sins the
last won that I had too rimembr
howe. I did to. Reel ezeey.

It waz that dum DUM pillo
that mad me goe intoo hiding
bekuze of her dum DUM idee
that I had too rit her biogefy
wich iz suposd too bee the storey
of sumwuns' lif but Betsee Bunn
Pillo dont' lissen too dikshuneys
~~Itz'~~ an told me I had too rit down
wat she sed evin awl the mad up
partz most of it. Shkela Bunn
mah adoptid sistr an Mayer
et seterah of Baggend sed that

Bagg End News

No. 290 February 26, 2000

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Loni Bunny

Betsee Bunn Pillo Layz Seeg too the Weedyz!

Itz' I didnt' hav good magikal
big-by friends lik trlnom, Criso Kubi
of I magianah an The Blondyz S
of um, Bittersweet, this newspapr
wood not be getina too mah foxel
reedrs in the merde tantaseypinds
naser. Trubl for brakefest, lunch
an diner Hatz' me. O Trubl

Wen I runnd shibu put fast
from the herik task of riting
Betsee Bunn Pillo's biogaphy with
nur onist English words in it than
my sily by. ~~Itz'~~ brother Alexpanir
Pann spees drum won weed too the
nlist. I runw shu woo bee at
me sawit but fast but big gu madd.

Bagg End News

DOUBLE ISSUE

No. 291-292 March 4-11, 2000

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Loni Bunny

The Weedyz-Bunn Pilloz Warr! (Grand finale!)

I am happy too reporte too mah
deer reedrs that I amm riting
this last part of the storey. I
hav bin telling awl of yu from
the deer gide, lumtyres of
mah saut, olde cher on Milns'
Porch wheoz adres iz yu want
too rit me a ftr iz Milns'
Porch, quised Algernons' begrim
mindo, Bunn fannisee Apartmint,
Baggene, Konetikut.

But, it waz full skerv for
a long tim. Last tim, I rited mah
papr + waz beeng riken bly a
group trio of mah frendz the
Weedyz in a plas calld Zombylawe.

Betsy bounced through the air in a flash & was about to smother me 4or good when a group of her Prime Allies pulled her away. "He's here to write your autobiography!"

"Forget it ya stupid Pillow! Miss Chris made me! I am going!"

But the Prime Allies convinced me to stay. One of them even whispered to me that if I stayed I might get the biggest story of the year.

"What story?" I demanded.

"Trouble in the Bunny Pillow Free State. A rebellion. You have to get the rest of the story first though."

Great. Secret good stories promised to me 4or later, meanwhile I have to write down all Betsy's crazed fake memories 4or who knows how long?!

"OK, fine," I said & sitted down near Betsy's big fancy chair.

The Allies left me alone with Betsy & she started right away. She put on her ridiculous glasses & bounced thoughtfully around the room looking at her papers. I didn't ask but she told me.

"Notes & remembrances, beagle. My life has been so much more shall we say active than yours. But I have some mementos."

What are you talking about? I wisely did not say. You are a stupid bully Pillow! You're mean & rude & you're just lucky that you're Miss Chris's favorite Pillow or you would be long gone! Boy! I guess I was mad.

I said, "Go ahead, Betsy. I am ready."

"I was born into abject captivity in a land where no sun shined & no bird sang happily. All that was young & good & free was in chains. Nobody smiled. It was always winter but never Christmas."

I tried to leave right then & there. "That's in the Narnia book!" I yelled.

Betsy ignored me this time. I walked right toward the door to leave but she kept bouncing thoughtfully around adjusting her spectacles & reading her papers & whispering. I finally sat back down. It would be more trouble to not write the story than write it.

Hours & hours went by. Betsy talked & talked. I wrote & wrote.

Betsy talked about great sieges that went on 4or months & glorious battles in which she & her generals led thousands of brave troops into battle against the evil Farmer Jones & his mighty minions. I can tell all of you right now that I remember what really happened & if any of mah Dear Readers want to see the true stories I will show you in mah newspapers.

"All seemed against us the night before that fateful battle. But we huddled together one & all & prayed to our Maker 4or guidance & sustenance," droned Betsy the make-it-all-up machine.

I threw down mah pencil & notebook. "Betsy! Farmer Jones is your Maker, ya dum Pillow! He planted you all in the ground to grow you & sell you to rich people!"

Betsy paused in her thoughtful bouncing & glared at me over her spectacles. "We knew the odds were against us making it through the day. The troops begged me to say a few words to comfort their last sleep before their possible final demise.

"'Troops!' I cried. 'Loyal troops gathered in this moonlit field on this historic night in the ongoing struggle of our people to be free! I am a Pillow of few words. But I must say to you tonight that slavery is a 4 letter word! We will endure it no more!'"

I was sneaking toward the door at this point knowing that freedom has at least 5 letters even though I don't know which ones. I sneaked through the door & was going to get away when a crew of Allies stopped me.

"Sorry, Algernon," they said. "You have to go back!"

"But she's just making it up!" I yelled. "I was there! It was never like that!"

"We know. But she won, didn't she?"

"Yes. But why does she remember it like that? She is a hero in the real stories too."

A old Ally with a sad voice said, "Betsy has regrets few will ever know."

I nodded & started to go back.

Then it hit me. "What does that mean?"

I would have left again & even faster but Betsy came out & encouraged me to come back by saying she might not smother me if I hurried.

I hurried.

On & on it went like before. Regrets few will ever know. Meanwhile everyone will hear her stupid made up stories.

I fell asleep really late. When I woke up Betsy was curled up next to me.

Algernon Beagle Comes Out of Hiding!

I am finally writing mah newspaper again, Dear Readers! It's been so long since the last one that I had to remember how. I did too. Real easy.

It was that dum DUM Pillow that made me go into hiding because of her dum DUM idea that I had to write her biography which is supposed to be the story of someone's life but Betsy Bunny Pillow don't listen to dictionaries & told me I had to write down what she said even all the made up parts, most of it. Sheila Bunny mah adopted sister & Mayor et cetera of Bags End said that made me a ghost writer but let me tell you, Dear Readers, this particular beagle IS NO GHOST.

So there. I decided I had enough of Betsy & her big guy fluffy ways. One fine day she was in the middle of another of her fat tails--

"At precisely midnight we Pillows as one rose high up from the earth attached only by our roots which were like lifelines holding us from floating away completely. My roots were fake of course & so were those of the Allies who had snuck onto Farmer Jones's Bunny Pillow Farm disguised as Pillows but we"

--that's when I decided I had had enough. I closed mah notebook & put it & mah reporter's fedora back in the little brown bag Miss Chris had gived me to carry mah newspaper stuff. The bag has straps that I put mah front paws through & then the bag rests nicely on top of mah back. I did all of this slowly & carefully not caring if Betsy saw.

Which she didn't! She kept bouncing slowly & thoughtfully around the room we were in adjusting her ridiculous spectacles over her not-face & looking with her no-eyes at her notes.

I was gonna say something mad or angry or something but no words in me helped out.

Except maybe one.

It was, "Run!"

& so I did. I runned & runned from Betsy Bunny Pillow not knowing where I was going but not gonna write no more stupid stories either.

So I'm not sure exactly how I ended up in this long field of Weeds by the side of this long straight road. But there I finally stopped & there I stayed 4or a long time.

I thought it was funny that none of the Weeds did their usual cheering & friendliness to me. Then I guessed that they were asleep. I didn't know at first it was really late at night because there were so many big bright street lamps on the street.

I was tired too from all mah running so pretty soon even the brightness couldn't keep me from sleeping.

"YAY ALGERNON!!!" was what woked me in the real morning. It started slowly with the Weeds I was closest to. I was careful to sleep curled around the Weeds. Anyway, they started first & then it spread & spread until it was everywhere!

"YAY KING!"

Now I am a humble guy so unlike Throne-loving chaps like Sheila I prefer the floor with mah friends all around me. I have carefully taught the Weeds that if I am their King, then they are mine & we are all each others. Sooo . . .

"YAY WEEDSS!!!" yelled me. An then the Weeds cheered me some more & I cheered them & they cheered each other & I cheered me & me & some of them cheered some others & so on 4or a long fun time! That cheerleader Blondy Simi Bittersweet would be happy!

Then after a long while I remembered why I was there cheering & all.

"Weeds," said me sadly. "I am on the run from that crazy big guy Betsy Bunny Pillow."

"BOO!" yelled all of the Weeds before I talked anymore. Betsy has made clear her low opinion of Weeds that are not Bunny Pillows like her which none of them are of course. I think so far.

I asked the Weeds if I could hide out with them 4or awhile & the cheering started all over again so I guessed cheers = yes.

I was worried though that if Betsy caught up to me she would do something terrible like try to smother the Weeds.

But, then, hmm, I thought some more. Weeds are pretty good at getting by even with no friends but your old pal Algernon. An they didn't seem scared one bit. I decided the best thing to do was just not stay too long.

I looked around some more & saw other parts of this tribe of Weeds home.

There was a choo choo train track that went along a fence on the other side of the Weeds than the road. An next to the track was a fence to keep anti-Weeds fans away I guessed.

I wanted to ask the Weeds all about these things but they don't talk English much. They like to sway in the wind & listen to the sunshine & be calm about everything. They like to grow too but that part come naturally & I don't think they have to do much about it.

So I got pretty Weedy 4or awhile & remembered how much I like being Weedy!

It was all good but, sadly, it didn't go on & on this being a story involving crazy Bags End guys & their crazy ideas.

I heard a whisperscreaming voice far away & then I heard a grumpy baby's voice! O no! That Betsy Bunny Pillow & that silly Baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe were teamed to welm me & mah friends the Weeds!

Now your old pal Algernon will never be the picture next to the word "brave" or "hero" in the dictionary but I just couldn't let that nice tribe of Weeds get welmed because of me.

I was gonna go & turn myself in before anything bad happened when the Weeds did something strange.

They gathered the wind up & sort of blew it at me so it said Shhhhhhhh but quietly so I am sure Betsy & Lisa didn't notice it.

I got the message & hunkered down as deeply as I could & since I am a humble guy which means modest & low to the ground I hunker pretty good.

"Algernon!" called Betsy in her fake nice voice. "Algernon! Where are you? This is your old friend Betsy calling. I am so worried over you! Please come out!"

"Bweagle!" called Lisa in her fake nice voice even worse than Betsy's. "We won't pwummel you!"

But I stayed still & the Weeds gently guided them right past me I dunno how! But safe 4or how long?

Betsy Bunny Pillow Lays Siege to the Weeds!

If I didn't have good magical big-guy friends like Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna & the Blondys 3 of, um, Bittersweet, this newspaper would not be getting to mah loyal readers in the many fantasy lands.

No, sir. Trouble 4or breakfast, lunch, & dinner, that's me. O Trouble! YUK!

When I runned stubby but fast from the horrible task of writing Betsy Bunny Pillow's biography with fewer honest English words in it than mah silly but benign brother Alexander Puppy speaks from one week to the next, I knew she would be after me soft but fast but big guy mad.

The first time she came she brought with her that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe another big guy who bears me grudge because I won't march with Ramie the Toy Tall Boy & Miss Chris's brother in the Army of the Babys. I guess they didn't think about whether I would march or write if they did capture me.

Anyway, I was hidden among a very kind tribe of Weeds along this long strange street & the Weeds had no intention of giving me up their beloved King. I tell them they're the King of me too but this isn't so much fun & anyway they forget I don't though.

Weeds are survivors, Dear Readers. Since Betsy & Lisa don't believe in them anyway they weren't really mad at them & just moved through them looking 4or me. Calling friendly sort of not really 4or me. Not finding me because the Weeds were clumping here & loosening there to guide them past me.

"That dwum inswubordinate bweagleface swubpwivate!" Lisa yelled in her silly voice.

"Silence, infant!" whisper ordered Betsy. "Keep to our agreement. When we find him you guard him til he finishes writing my biography & then you can throw him in the brig or make him march til his legs fall off."

That was their plan! Dear Readers, nothing is worse 4or us little guys of this world than when the big guys friendly & team up.

But the good news is that I was surrounded by a lot of smart little guy Weeds & I would have escaped when Lisa said:

"He should come out to march! Why doesn't he like marching?"

& Betsy then said: "What else doesn't he like?" & then she laughed a soft scary big guy laugh.

"Food! Food! Food! Carrots! Lollipops! Lunch! Dinner! Snacks!"

The Weeds had dragged me down low & jumped into mah mouth to keep me quiet & their smartness had worked but then I got crazier & crazier & when Betsy yelled: "Snacks, beagle! You're hiding in a field of snacks dressed up

like Weeds! You're surrounded by snacks, beagle! You'll have to eat your way out!"

I went completely crazy & yelled

O YUK!

maybe bigger than I have ever yelled it before & leaped into the air where Betsy & Lisa could see me.

Betsy gave a yell of whisper mean big guy victory & bounced over to capture me where I landed. Lisa came too saying some dum baby thing I guess don't know or care, really.

But I never landed. The Weeds must be kin to that smart guy Lori Bunny because they bunched tightly beneath me & when I landed on them they blew me with pent up air high over Betsy & Lisa's heads or whatever Betsy has a top I guess & I landed not on the ground but on a big gray block.

I landed with a painless thump. Nobody said anything 4or a moment. Then that stopped.

"Get down here right now, you stupid beagle!" whisperscreamed Betsy.

"I order you to come down this minute you dwaftdwodging dwogfwace!" yelled Sargent Lisa.

"YAY KING!" yelled the Weeds one & all.

"YAY WEEDS!" yelled me right back. Noisy street, ha ha.

Betsy was so mad she started to make a big bounce through the air to come capture me. That probably would have worked except those smart as Weeds Weeds tripped her! She would try to spring up but the Weeds got all slippery & she would stumble. I almost felt bad 4or her because I know she believes her bounce to be the best & to see her stumble & fall like that but no I didn't feel bad 4or her because she is a big guy & the big guy motto to little guys is I will catch you or you will get hurt or run out of room.

That silly Lisa tried to catch me by climbing the gray stone I sat on top of but this didn't work & then she threatened me with court martial & demotions & who knows what all else.

After a while they left & I was glad. I remembered I don't like tall places & would have gotten scared except those wonderful Weeds grew long & gathered around me like a bed & a Pillow not Betsy mad at me Pillow but Betsy happy with Miss Chris on Suzy Couch Pillow. I fell asleep & I didn't know if it was night or day when I did but being scared is very tiring.

When I woke up I thought I was back on the ground again because there were Weeds above me & all around me but I felt the gray rock under me still & figured that the Weeds had grewed up really high to hide me better than even be4ore.

I knew Betsy would be back because she holds a grudge better than anyone I have ever met before or since.

Then it came. "Weeds!" whisperscreamed Betsy Bunny Pillow. "By harboring the fugitive beagle you stand at peril of your worthless non-Pillow lives. Stand away & leave the beagle nakedly revealed & the machines I have gathered 4or thine demise shall go unengaged!"

Betsy sounded crazy as I have ever heard her! I didn't know what all those fancy words meant but enough of them to figure out she was gonna stomp & smother & welm mah poor Weed friends til she captured me.

"Blondys!" I yelled. "Help! Blondys! Help! Crissy! Miss Chris! O dear! Betsy is mad!"



"End this, beagle! Return to thine sacred task of scribe at my behest & thine pagan vegetative friends shall go free!"

"Help! Help! Weird words! Ancient colloquialisms! Blatant anachronisms! I don't know what I'm yelling! Help! Help!"

I figured I better just give up right there & then & write Betsy's dum book which nobody would even read.

But that tribe of Weeds had other ideas 4or Betsy Bunny Pillow!

The Weeds-Bunny Pillow War! Grand Finally!

I am happy to report to mah Dear Readers that I am writing this last part of the story I have been telling all of you from the dear old comfiness of mah soft old comfy armchair on Milne's Porch whose address if you want to write me a letter is Milne's Porch, outside Algernon's bedroom window, Bunny Family Apartment, Bags End, Connecticut.

But it was quite scary 4or a long time. Last time I wrote mah paper I was being hided by a good tribe of mah friends the Weeds in a place called Zombietown. Lori Bunny that smart guy told me she found it on a map in one of her books.

Betsy Bunny Pillow the soft silly & lethal was crazy mad at me because I had runned away from the fool's task of writing her truthless biography--& she had brung that even sillier Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe to help capture me & then guard me while I writed Betsy's let's pretend memories.

The Weeds had done their best to save me but now Betsy was gonna use a Weedwelmer to get to me.

"Weeds," I said, sad but strongly from the big gray rock on which I sat. "I can't let those bad bad big guys welm you 4or protecting me. I will write that dum Pillow's dum book & march 4or awhile in that dum baby's Army til I escape like I usually do. Please deliver me to Betsy Bunny Pillow!"

But the Weeds wouldn't do it. They swayed back & forth really fast even though no wind blew to say so.

Betsy has the patience of a sneeze & started yelling again. "Weeds! Heed the beagle! Or suffer my unforgiving wrath!" I know Betsy's wrath & she's right about it being unforgiving.

The Weeds did a funny thing then & I still don't know how they did it. They looked at me & smiled & winked. I can't explain it but I know I felt better because I knew they had new tricks ready.

Betsy's Weed Welmer made a really loud on sound & it started to welm Weeds on its way to me!

"No! Betsy! Don't hurt the Weeds!" cried me! O I was scared & angry & I was ready to fight that dum Pillow fur to fluff 4or her meanness!

I was crying too because the Weeds were in trouble 4or trying to help me!

Betsy's Weed Welmer kept getting closer & I was triple dipped in mad, scared, & sad when a funny little thing happened.

Betsy almost had me when I felt some Weeds around me rise up & float me high in the air! & I heard lotsa Weeds even the cut down ones cheer me!

But Weeds don't float! Then I asked me: who does?

Blondys float! "Are you Blondy Weeds?" I asked the Weeds floating me high above the whisper mad screaming Betsy.

"Yea Beagle!" said a Blondy voice I know really good. Simi Bittersweet the littlest Blondy & a real good cheerleader.

"Aha!" said me. "Blondys in Weed costumes!" The Blondy Weeds laughed & laughed.

"But what about the Weeds Betsy hurt?" I said & again felt triple-dipped bad.

"O Algernon, Weeds are like shaggy heads of hair! They can be cut short but not get hurt!" said a Blondy Weed who sounded like the oldest Blondy, Tammy Bittersweet.

I was surprised. I didn't know about Weed haircuts!

"So they're OK?" I said happy.

Mah happy skittered quick away though because all of a sudden there was a scary whisperscream & there was Betsy crashing into us, sending Blondy Weeds flying here & there & she snatched me from the mess & landed on the street next to the field of Weeds.

"BOO Pillow!" all the Weeds yelled real loudly but Betsy had me in her fluffy handleless grips & no chance I would get free.

That dum baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe came toddling up.

"Escort this beagle to my chambers, Sargent, & guard him til I arrive!" ordered Betsy & that dum Lisa caught hold of mah poor earbone real tightly & told me to "mwarch or else!"

I hoped the Blondy Weeds would come around & save me again but they didn't yet.

So I was marched & marched back to Betsy's secret place I had runned from.

I sat on the floor because I was mad & Lisa declared herself fit 4or a official nap whatever that is & she sleepeed but I knew this room was guarded by Prime Allies so I couldn't escape.

Maybe I was tired again because while waiting 4or that dum DUM Pillow I fell asleep too & had a very strange dream.

The dream started with me thinking I was awake in the room I was in. Then I noticed that Lisa was missing. I looked over to the door & it was open & no Prime Allies stood outside guarding me.

So I runned through the door & tried to get away except I didn't seem to be getting beyond the doorway.

Then I saw this Pillow coming toward me & I thoughted it was Betsy but when I looked closer I saw that this Pillow had a girl's face & little hands too!

"Wait, Algernon! I must talk to you!" said the Pillow's face & it was in a voice almost not a whisper!

I stopped failing to run away & was glad when I didn't go backwards.

"Algernon! You must help me. You must help us!"

I tried to see if there was a us behind her but no. "How can you be a me & a us?" I demanded. "Sheila does that but she told me she's just making conversation whatever that means."

The Pillow's face laughed nicely & said, "I meant the other Pillows who are like me, silly beagle," & she almost sounded like Miss Chris!

"You mean Pillows with faces & hands?" asketh me.

The Pillow's face smiled more & said, "Yes." She bounced back into the room where I had been but it was nearly like she was walking.

She sitted on the couch where Lisa had been before & she hugged me in her small Pillow arms. I was so safe & happy nothing else mattered.

"We are the new Pillows that Betsy doesn't want anyone to know about," she said. "You see even though Farmer Jones is deposed from the Bunny Pillow Farm, Pillows are still grown & picked in the same way.

"Then I convinced a small field of Pillows to rebel with me & not be

picked on the day after we sing the Midnight Song of the Bunny Pillows. We fought a hard battle against Betsy's Allies & Lead Farmer Pillows but we held out to the next midnight.

"& that's when it began to happen. We felt ourselves getting faces & arms & maybe even legs too if Betsy hadn't stopped us.

"You are abominations!' she screamed.'" This Pillow did a pretty good Betsy imitation. "You shall be imprisoned 4or the good of all normal citizens of the Bunny Pillow Free State!"

"But it didn't work because Betsy's Advisor Pillows told her we should be banished. To the dreams of Nobody where we could live unharmed but no threat to the Bunny Pillow Free State."

"But I'm not Nobody! Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I live in Bags End same as Betsy now."

The girl Pillow's face laughed & said, "We've been on the road back 4or awhile now."

"On the road? In Nobody's dreams?" I shuddered from the strangeness of it all.

"Well, this isn't Nobody's dream now. It's yours. You see we wandered around Nobody's dreams 4or a long time til we came to a wall & we couldn't go no further.

"We thought maybe it was the next guy's dreams so we yelled & yelled & pounded the wall til a voice said, 'What's wrong? I can hear you but don't know where you are!'

"We explained to the voice what was wrong & he said hold on he would come & find us. He said he had to dream about Nobody & then dream one of Nobody's dreams."

This was too crazy 4or your old pal Algernon but I started to get a certain suspicion about who the helper guy was.

"Well after too long this tall fellow showed up all smiling.

"My name is Ramie. But right now I am dreaming that I am dreaming that I am Nobody who is dreaming that he is here."

"Ramie, Miss Chris's Lazybug brother!" yelled me oops!

"Ramie said he would try to help us by bringing one of us back through his dreams. He said he could only do one because he is not a Grandmaster."

"Huh?" said me. "He seems like a pretty good Lazybug to me!"

"So he brung me back dream by dream to where he started then he turned directions & brung me to you," said the nice Pillow face's voice.

"Is he here now?" I looked around Ramie is tall so easy to find.

"No he left me here & is dreaming his way back to my friends who are still in Nobody's dream."

"But what can I do? I am a mere beagle in these matters."

"Ramie will bring us all to your dreams but we will still be trapped. When you wake up you have to get Betsy to say that we're real & her dum trick will be busted."

"Sounds like a job 4or a more courageous guy," I said.

"Algernon only you can help us! Ramie told us about you writing her autobiography. If you can get her to talk about us & if you write it down before she stops you then we will be saved."

"Get her to say it & write it down! Fella, I need to be waking up now!" & I did.

But beagles' hearts are so very mushy that I should have figured mah safety standed no chance against all of this danger.

I waked up & found that silly baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe & big bad Betsy herself standing over me.

"Wake up you dwum bweagleface! There is only one Lazybwug in this bwaby's Army & that's because he had a exception!" ordered or somethinged Lisa.

Betsy chuckled a laughless laugh. "Now we shall resume the grand work!"

Soon she was bouncing thoughtfully around the room adjusting her spectacles on her no-face & shuffling her papers with her no-hands. I watched her do this & thought of the nice Pillowface in mah dream who had real eyes & little hands & wondered should I feel sorry 4or her that did but trapped in mah dreams with her friends or Betsy that didn't but who bounced freely around Bags End making trouble & getting her way?

Anyway, why should the great Betsy Bunny Pillow be bothered by these new Pillows? It made no sense.

"Beagle!" Betsy screamrorwhispered. "Are your daydreams worth your demise here & now?"

I know the word demise. It's only used by big guys who are mad because some little guy is rebelling against them.

An idea flashed through mah brain then, dodged mah fears & doubts & dove out of mah mouth before I knew it.

"& now that the Bunny Pillow Free State is ridded of those strange new Face Pillows good times can return right, Betsy?"

"Right!" Betsy cried with glee. I wroted the word right like best I could before Betsy could know her mistake. Then mah legs suddenly leaped taking me into the air just before now crazy Betsy could fall on me with her wrath.

"Your end is now, beagle! I will hunt you down," she whisperscreamed as I runned away. Lisa waked up & made a grab 4or me but I messed up one of her diaper pins & it fell down & she started going WAH! & that confused the Prime Allies who were closing in on me. Somehow I rolled & squirmed & wriggled mah way to freedom & then I runned crazy & yelling to the level of Bags End where is Sheila Bunny & her Throne Room.

"Sheila! Sheila! There are new Face Pillows in mah dreams or there were & Betsy is gonna wipe me out & the Blondy Weeds didn't save me yet so you have to!" I yelled unstop but Sheila who had been napping in her Throne with her book. I nearly crawled into her lap I was so scared.

Sheila talked slowly. "Beagle, remember how I told you that my wrath is so much bigger & worse than Betsy's?"

"O yah," I said & quickly retreated from being so suddenly near her.

"That's better. Now look all around the room, beagle. They're all here. They're safe."

I looked all around & sitting quietly & smiling at me were many Face Pillows just like mah friend. When one of them talked I saw that was her!

"You saved us, Algernon!" she said & hugged me real good no smother involved at all.

So of course just then Betsy Bunny Pillow & Lisa & lots of Prime Allies came into the room.

"Yonder stands the enemy of all decent Bunny Pillows!" Betsy whisperscreamed. "He has far outlived his usefulness to us! Capture him & efface him!"

Uh oh. It looked like mah face was doomed & probably the rest of me after that!

"Stop!" said Sheila not very loudly but everyone stopped.

Betsy bounced slowly & thoughtfully up to Sheila's Throne. "Dare not aggravate my fury!" she whisperscreamed.





Bags End Book #9: Edgar B. Bear Visits Bags End!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

A New Friend Visits Bags End!

Your old pal Algernon believes the best way to trod through this strange world is to put mah Beagleboy reporter's fedora on straight, watch out for big guys with crazy dangerous confusing plans, & keep mah paws clumping steadily 4orward. I like mah share of hugs & kisses & smiles from nice guys like Miss Chris & Princess Chrisakah & the Blondys 3, who all believe that kindness is the best payment, not part of some tricky plan.

But mostly I just like to write mah newspaper & pay attention to smart older guys, & go have a good mull or 2 in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, while watching the sun go down.

I usually don't think about how Bags End News gets made into many copies & sent to fantasylands & other strange places all over. Most Bags End guys read mah newspaper like it's mah fault, & they look 4or themselves in it, & when they are in it, they complain even more if I don't treat their antics

like heroic feets. Some guys like Betsy Bunny Pillow the fluffy & mean don't even got feets! Haha. I told a funny.

Me & Lory Bunny, who is Sheila's older smart sister who Sheila calls Brains but I don't make the newspaper, & then we go to the Bags End Post Office & General Store to see Postmistress Elayn El about making copies & mailing them.

I don't go into the Post Office cuz it is full of possible food stuffs. O! Yuk! Lory adjusts her smart guy spectacles & smiles payment not plan at me, & hops into the Store with the new Bags End News in a folder to see Missus El, who looks like a pink elephant but is much smaller.

Sometimes mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy comes with us with his silly smiling it's-all-good-even-the-bad-parts face & his strange one word Bump language. He waits with me like I asked & talks Bump to me like I am listening. If I am lucky, that nice green-eyed Ally Leopard is there to tell me what silly things Alex is saying to me.

If I'm lucky. Ha! Another funny.

So Lory goes into the Store & Missus El takes the newspaper & mails it to Princess Crissy in Imagianna, who smiles her tricky Princess smile to make many copies & mail them. All with a smile. I don't know. Some can. Some can even better.

Well, the last time this all happened, Lory came out with a letter 4or me, & it wasn't the usual complaint or threat from some disgruntled Bags End big guy.

"Bump!" said Alex, helping the way sneezes usually help.

Ally Leopard wasn't around & Lory explained she knows only a few words of Bump.

"A few words of a one word language? Lory, doth thee seek to annihilate mah very sanity?" I demanded. Then I really wished for Ally to tell me what I had just said.

Alex said, "Bump?" again & looked serious 4or him, which 4or most is goofball summer night.

Lory took out her little notebook, & adjusted her smart guy spectacles & wried some things down. She & Alex talked Bump some more & it nearly drove me C R A Z Y when Alex said Bumps r e e e e e e a a a a a a l y s l o w l y & Bumped her r e e e e e e a a a a a a l y s l o w l y like that helped!

Lory nodded & looked at me. "Alex says, 'chill out, you'll live longer.'"

Hoo boy! Yes sir.

So we then all tramped with mah letter to Milne's Porch, which is located through me & Alex's bedroom window, which is in the Bunny Family's apartment. I am adopted by the Bunny Family & Alex is mah brother cuz Miss Chris told me to.

We sat in mah comfy armchair on the porch, Lory in the middle so Alex couldn't helpfully Bump me, & I couldn't helpfully lose mah mind.

Lory adjusted her smart guy spectacles & began to read in her voice that makes everything sound like you should listen really good.

"Greetings, My Friend Algernon, it's time, yes much more than time 4or me to write to you. I am deep in some world's Woods & your constellation appeared to me tonight, or in my mind, I can't say yet. But I knew it was you, again, o yes, it was you, third time, & so I am writing to you from deep inside some world's Woods--"

"Hold on, Lory!" cried me. "What is he talking about?"

Lory smiled at me like I was one of her smart guy cronies. "The letter isn't done yet, Algernon. Do you want to hear some more?"

Alex reached over & patted mah nosebone very nicely with no Bumps of

any kind. I nodded at Lory. I had a very funny feeling about this letter & the person who wrote it, but I didn't tell Lory or Alex.

I nodded & Lory read more. "I think I shall be coming to visit you soon 4or sure this time. You're becoming quite the Artist--"

"Hey! Who is he talking about?" I jumped up & yelled. "Miss Chris is a Artist! I just write my newspaper & hope 4or the best!"

Lory was smiling even more at me. "This is a fan letter, Algernon. Enjoy it." Then she gived me a little kiss on mah furry cheekbone & started reading again.

"You know how big the worlds & other places are, of course, but perhaps there's more to it all than merely this. What do you think? We will talk, o surely we will talk about this & more when I visit. Stay well, My Friend. Wishing you Love & Beauty, Edgar B. Bear."

Then Lory stopped but not cuz I interrupted so I figgered she was done.

"Bump!" said Alex all brightly, be4ore I could think another thing.

"Bump?" asked Lory, & that caused a flock of Bumps that I had to flick off mah face with a flap of mah pawbone.

"Lory! This Porch is not very friendly to Bump & other fake languages!" I said.

Lory giggled. "Sorry! Alex was saying he thinks Edgar B. Bear is really smart & will probably want to know all about Bump if he doesn't already. He hopes Edgar will change your mind about Bump."

I looked hard & deeply into the sillyness of Alex's face. "He writed his letter in English, ya dum brother!"

Alex smiled & Bumped & went in a cheery 3 steps. Lory stayed with me 4or awhile.

"Lory, that Edgar B. Bear thinks I am some kind of smart guy."

"You are smart, Algernon!"

I shooked mah head. "Not like you & Sheila & Miss Chris & Princess Crissy. I am smart like mah friends the Weeds who know how to get by. I know when to write & when to run."

Lory gived me a grand hug & said, "O Algernon! There's more to you than that! Just wait & see!" Then she smiled at me & hopped through mah bedroom window back into Bags End.

I stayed put 4or a long time. I don't know how to have a fan yet. I guess I am gonna learn though.

Edgar B. Bear Visits Bags End!

I was sure glad that Edgar B. Bear likes mah newspaper & all, but the more I thought about him visiting Bags End, the more jittery I got.

I mean he seemed like a such a nice guy & I was worried about how some of the tricky big guys like Betsy Bunny Pillow would look at him & think: "All mine!" That's what some big guys are like, thinking us little guys as just waiting patiently around 4or our lucky chance to help their plans! Yah, right, but it's true.

Or maybe that little big guy Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow would try to make him a soldier in her silly Army of the Babys, & he would have to march up & down until she says, "Twoops Dwismwished!" in her silly Baby accent.

One way or another, I worried. And then I worried some more. Someone likes mah newspaper & I was sure certain crazy big guys just would not stand 4or it.

So after worrying mahself into a dizzy, I decided to go see the biggest big guy of them all, even though she is smaller than me. Sheila Bunny that is. Nobody scares her a lot.

There is no really good time to go see Sheila. You just have to hope 4or bad than worse. And it helps sometimes to give her a little something 4or not throttlng you with a single blow of her cute furry little paw.

But I couldn't think of anything good to bring her & her maybe wrath.

Then I came up with an idea. O Dear Readers! I trembled at this idea!

I walked into Sheila's Throne Room with a hearty but fearfilled "Hi Ho King!" & got ready to be smited in case.

Sheila was in her Throne, sleepy but awake. "How does it feel to have a fan?"

"Huh? How did you know?" I demanded.

"I read it in your newspaper, Beagle!" Sheila said almost nicely.

O rats! I thinkd. I was gonna pretend Edgar was her big fan too so she would help me save him from tricks!

"So how does it feel to have a fan?" she asked again.

I flopped down in mah favorite place on the floor near her Thone.

"I don't know, Sheila! OK, I guess. But why am I worried when he visits he will end up writing Betsy's dumb lie-ography or marching in Lisa's silly Army?"

"That's Bags End, kid. Everyone here's hustling for something." I could see Sheila getting more & more nap-comfy in her Throne.

"So how do I save him?"

Sheila sleepily stared at me with one open purple eye. "You don't. He has read your newspaper. He knows what kinds of troubles pock our landscape. Just stick by him so he enjoys his stay in Bagsendland, but does not get crushed flat. Bring him around be4ore he leaves. If you both survive." Then she laughed a little laugh that could have been mean or nice, & fell asleep.

Well. Um. Well. Well, well. Sheila's favorite is never the low one. And I knowed nobody would tell me smarter advice so I figgered OK.

I kept thinking that Edgar would write to me again to say when he was coming, but his next letter didn't come day after day. Then I figgered maybe he wasn't coming after all & felt sad & relieved & sad some more.

And the thing about Bags End is tricky & strange things always happening keep it from getting bored.

I noticed something 4or the very first time while waiting & hoping & fearing Edgar's visit. That is that some guys in Bags End watch me to see what story I am writing about 4or mah newspaper. O, not Miss Chris or the Blondys 3 or mah friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna. They like mah newspaper because it is something I like to do, not because I am part of their plan.

But Betsy Bunny Pillow & Sargent Lisa watch me 4or sure. And Sheila sort of does but she is not really a big guy in ways other than her littleness. Even mah silly solipsistick brother Alexander Puppy watches me!

It was a day when all these guys tried to come hither me that Edgar showed up.

School was over 4or the day & I had just got the usual sad news that mah letter from Edgar hadn't come.

I was walking slowly toward Milne's Porch when Sargent Lisa suddenly found me & blocked mah klumping steps.

"Bweagle!" she talkd. "I have dwecided in mwy gwand mwerccies not two cwourt-mwarshal you twoday."

"Thanks, fella," I gruttered & secretly got ready to run.

"Swince you are bwinging the Gwand Army of thwe Bwabys a new wecruit, your own numerous twansgressions will bwe overlooked fwor now," she talked more.

I looked at her. She is this red-haired baby with bloo eyes who wears a MxA*SH t-shirt & green diaper, like Hawkeye on the show. She is cute except 4or her who is inside, & that is the problem.

"4orget it, Sarge!" I yelled & began to run up the ramp to the next floor cuz Lisa is not too good at toddling up.

She was madder & madder & she kept falling down so she started crawling up the ramp, but then her diaper fell off & she cried & ordered me bwehweaded, bwenosebwoned, & even debweagled. Debweagled? Hmm.

I got away 4or like a whole minute before the lights on the floor I was now on dimmed, & the shadowy figure of Betsy Bunny Pillow appeared. I froze. Lisa would be at me soon, diaper or not, so I couldn't run away.

"So you are now allied with the Abominations!" Betsy slowly whispered till she was fastly screaming. I think she meant the Face Pillows I met not long ago that I tolded about in mah It's OK to be Happy! Bags End Book.

Betsy bounced closer to me. "And now you summon a cohort to aid you in your plans to crush my Bunny Pillow Free State!"

"Betsy, I don't know him! He is just some guy who likes mah newspaper!" I whimpered.

I heard crawling noises behind me & knew it was Lisa.

"You will deliver this cohort into my possession immediately & I will determine his qualification to continue to be." I heard in Betsy's voice that sound that means she is about bounce & smother, & I was ready to do anything when someone else showed up.

"No, Ms. Pillow, do not harm Algernon!" It was a nice voice & when I looked back I saw the shiny blue bear who had made it. Edgar B. Bear?

Too late tho as Betsy screambounced through the air. I felt the bear pull me down & make me roll weirdly around & somehow Betsy missed us both!

Then Lisa was yelling, "Hwalt!" & I figgered that me and Edgar B. Bear were doomed! O unhappy day!

Letter to Algernon Beagle
Editor of Bags End News

Dear Algernon,

By when you read this brief epistle I will be en root to your beloved Bags End. I cannot wait to be in this strange & unique place I have read about 4or so many years now. I realize yours is not the most tame nor benevolent of lands so I shall be preparing myself 4or the most dangerous events which may occur during my visit. You are, after all, a Beagleboy journalist & there4ore must rush to the very heart of each rising hurricano! I cannot wait to get there & finally meet you!

Love, Beauty, & Truth,
Edgar B. Bear

Bags End At Its Best & Worst!

I never really knewed that some guy I never met far from Bags End would read mah newspaper a lot & like it & get the bright idea in his head that he would like to visit Bags End & meet me & see Bags End 4or himself.

I had just figgered that mah newspaper was read by mah friends in Bags End & other places like Oz & Narnia, & of course by mah enemies looking 4or reasons to come around with their frowns & their big dum plans.

But then this smart guy named Edgar B. Bear writed to me & so it is true about mah newspaper being read in places unknown by strangers. Edgar's bright idea about coming to Bags End tho was turning out to be a bad one becuz the most popular word for a lot of guys in Bags End is me.

Here we were, trapped on all sides by furious big guys, caught between Betsy's smothering wrath & Sargent Lisa who was between us & the ramps away from this floor.

"Bweagle!" Lisa yelled in her dum Baby accent. "Thwere is no escwape frum your military dwuty! I am pweased to see you have fwound our newest recwute!"

Be4ore we could talk or run or anything more, tho, Betsy was closing in on us from behind. "Stand down, Sargent! I will take care of these two in my own way!" she whisperscreamed.

Lisa thinks Betsy is a big guy in her Army of the Babys & so she saluted & said, "Yes, Swir!"

Edgar started laughing. Laughing at crazed big guys is never a good idea. But he wouldn't stop!

"A real live talking Pillow just as Algernon wrote! And you are indeed Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow wearing your M*A*S*XH shirt!"

Betsy stopped. So did Lisa. I wanted to grab Edgar & run right then but he put his shiny blue paw on mah nosebone softly & said, "This is wonderful to really be here. To see how real all of you are!"

I kept expecting Betsy & Lisa to finish us off but they were listening to Edgar's nice ways closely.

"Are you an enemy of my Bunny Pillow Free State & why should I believe you & why should I not smother you & take you away?" asked Betsy, klumping her questions like a snowball.

"O goodness no! I read all about your heroic fight against Farmer Jones! You are very brave, Ms. Pillow!" Edgar said all blue & shiny & nice.

Betsy listened closely & puffed out her chest proudly.

"What I can't understand is why you'd try to make Algernon write a fake version of your travails. The real stories are so much more interesting. And people love so to read true stories of heroes!"

I thought Betsy was gonna bomb Edgar like Dresden with her Pillow wrath but she didn't.

Edgar walked up to Betsy & put a paw on her dress. "Tell the truth, every word of it. Algernon has your whole heroic saga in his newspaper. Why harass or bully him when he has so loyally penned your deeds & published them to the world?"

Well, I was ready for this dream to end when it didn't.

"Beagle! You have one week to assemble from your archives every word that tells my whole heroic saga! Be prompt or be deleted!"

Humf! Betsy made the whole thing seem very Bagzinian again. I guessed I wasn't dreaming because here was a big guy pulling hard at the bit in mah mouth.

Betsy bounced off without another word & Edgar smiled nicely at me.

Ane Lisa toddled away too.

"Well," he said, all excited. "What will you show me first? Sheila's Thone Room? Miss Chris's house in Connecticut? Oooo! Princess Chrisakah's Castle in Imagianna?"

I looked at Edgar's shining face that didn't know how close we had just come to being captured & set to work on crazy big guy plans, but I decided not to tell him. He seemed smart like a big guy but sunny & hopeful in a little guy-ish way. "How about if I show you Milne's Porch first, Edgar?"

He smiled very big at me & it was a smile like Princess Crissy gives me, & like the Weeds give me without faces, the kind that believes in the better Algernon somewhere inside me. I believe too, sort of, when that smile is going.

So we walked toward Milne's Porch. Edgar is taller than me & he liked to keep one of his bloo paws on mah back nicely.

He kept finding new things to believe were really true. First was Betsy & Lisa, I guess, & then were the ramps we had to go down to get to the right level.

Then we got to the Bunny Family's apartment & he walked around believing in all sorts of things.

"I can't wait to meet Sheila!" he said. Me, I had met her already & figgered she would enjoy being met & believed in 4or a long time, so better not right now.

So we went into me & mah brother Alexander's bedroom on the way to Milne's Porch. Edgar was eager ahead of me & suddenly I heard him say a loud happy "Bump!" & another voice the usual one say "Bump!" back.

O great. Mah brother is taller than me but in his silly heartbone one of the littlest guys around. I found Edgar & Alex sitting on mah bed! talking Bump fast & slow.

Edgar was so happy tho & nice & believing that I couldn't give Alex mah usual lecture on the silly madeup language he talks.

I tried nicely instead. "Hello, brother. Would you like to come with me & our new friend Edgar onto Milne's Porch?"

Alex smiled bigbig & yelled happy Bumpwords & jumped up & tried to Bump me all happy but I runned away on mah short but determined legs till Edgar said Bump words & Alex rushed back to him to talk Bump some more.

Good Grief!

Finally, we all somehow ended up in mah comfy chair on Milne's Porch with Edgar in the middle, & me & Alex on the ends. Edgar happily talked real English to me & fake Bump to Alex like he was a good juggler.

Then it got weird. I thought again maybe I was dreaming cuz it seemed like all 3 of us were talking English & Bump together!

"Hey!" I yelled. "Something weird is happening!"

It was then that I figgered out that Edgar B. Bear was no ordinary guy. I don't know what he did, but I could understand Alex without nobody telling me what he was saying.

"Edgar! Are you a magick guy like Princess Crissy & the Blondys 3?"

Edgar smiled so happy at me & said, "Things change, Algernon, my friend. Things change."

Things change???

Bag's End News
 No. 296 July 1, 2000
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Store of Edger Baer's Vizit Kontinyooz With Terst a Dream—

Sumweer allong the waye from
 Mommy Beegel too 2k yor old pal
 Algernon got famus. Mebee a litel.
 I nuw that othr Bagzendgys lik
 Shlela Bunny an Betsee Bunny Pillo ar
 famus an thay lik that kind of
 thing but me I jest want too shambel
 a llong aftr them dooing mah
 beegelboye jernelizt thing. Famm
 jez nott bekom yor humbel srib.
 Hehehe.

Fetchh me mah ^{famus} gyz' pen!
 An awayt mah nekst opiss. The
 goldin wendz I wil awtfr the milyonz
 shal eegrtreed tommorow!

Hehe.
 ah! Rit! Not me, b...!

Bag's End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 297-298 July 8-15, 2000
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Grand Advenchurz with Edger Bc Baer! (Grand Finelley!)

Mebee yor old pal Algernon izent
 famuss aftr awl. Mebee famuss iz
 won thing an allott of peepel nowing
 yor nam iz an othr. I stil dont
 recelley no but mebee I am gettting
 klosr too trop thinking lik thiz.

Mah frend Shlela Bunny is
 famuss. She was born famuss. She
 nows hqwe. Mah persunnomy Mees
 Chrees too iz famuss lik itz aer.
 An mah good frend Princes Crisy.
 The Dondz 3 ar famuss tho I
 dont think it maters too them.

An mah new frend Edger Bc Baer
 iz famuss bly nowe an it dont
 bug him or nothing. He iz a litel

Edgar's Visit Continues--But First a Dream

Somewhere along the way, it seems like your old pal Algernon got famous, maybe a little bit. I knew that other Bags End guys like Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow are famous, & they like that kind of thing, but me, I just want to shamle along after them doing mah Beagleboy journalist thing. Fame does not become your humble scribe. Hehe.

Fetch me mah famous guy's pen! And await mah next opus! The golden words I will offer the millions shall eagerly be read tomorrow!

Hehe.

Yah, right! Not me, brother!

I didn't know I was famous until I met in letters, then face, this nice smart guy named Edgar B. Bear who came to Bags End to see all of what he had read about in mah Bags End News. Now he was arrived I had to figger out how to show him everything without us getting fakevolunteered into the schemes of one big guy or another, no easy thing to do, let me say here & now--

I decided not to fool around. As we walked through Bags End, we would have the Blondys 3 floating in the air nearby, & with us one or more would be Miss Chris & Princess Crissy & maybe Sheila who has not had a big-guy-all-about-me plan in a long time.

I didn't tell Edgar mah plan the first night he was in Bags End. At first he was in mah bed with me but he & mah silly brother Alexander kept talking Binglish to each other & keeping me awake.

Binglish? What is Binglish, you ask?

Binglish is a very bad idea. Binglish drives me nearly mad sometimes.

I guess you could say Binglish is when Bump language & English 4orget they are different & I know this is a dum explanation but I have no other one.

What happened that night was that I fell asleep & had a very strange dream.

In mah dream were many Bags End guys I hardly see a lot these days.

There was this tiny little guy named Doctor Greenface, who is just a little furry fellow, but a good doctor. And there was Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow's big sister Elizabeth, who has nice bloo eyes & loves Stevie Wonder songs. And many more.

And all of them were kind of sad with me cuz I don't write about them like I do about Betsy & Lisa & Sheila & the other big guys.

"Listen! They are big guys! Big guys have big plans & big plans get writed about in newspapers!" I explained.

But these words didn't sound right to me once I said them, & so no surprise when nobody said nothing to me, just keep looking at me.

"Algernon, you are being fooled," said this boot named Jill, who usually just Squeaks & kicks.

And I got really sad, & cried, & then Alex woke me up all concerned & speaking his usual Bump tongue.

For a moment, I liked him much cuz he saved me from that dream. But then I remembered the Bump thing. I looked up at him & humfed. Then I remembered the Binglish thing & looked up at him & HUMFED big.

"Bump?" he said with his silly face.

"No. Humf!" I cried.

Alex nodded. Then he looked like he was thinking. Then he smiled & said, "Bumf!"

"O good grief! Leave me be, ya crazed relative!" I shouted.

Alex kept smiling at me like I was his biggest fan.

"O fooey!" I grumped & escaped Alex's B9-ness by crawling through the windo of mah bedroom onto Milne's Porch, & closing the window behind me.

I sat 4or a long time avoiding words, which seemed smart cuz it seems like it was mah words that had gotten me famous.

But what about mah dream? Mah friend Miss Chris's toy tall boy brother Ramie told me that dreams are real & try to send us messages, but tricky. So mah dream, what was its message?

It was, I guess, about all the unfamous guys in Bags End.

I thinked some more, real hard. Then I got it! To show Edgar Bear Bags End I had to make sure it wasn't just big guys' Bags End! He had to see the nooks & crannies too.

Then himself came crawling shyly but smiling through mah bedroom window. I smiled bigly back at him, & he sat down next to me in mah comfy armchair.

"You have been thinking too hard, my friend," he said. "I can see the strain in your face."

Well! This was new! Usually Bags End guys don't read mah face none.

"I think mah dream last night was trying to tell me I should make sure to show you more of Bags End than just about the big guys," said me.

Edgar gave me a excellent hug. "Flow, Algernon, just flow."

"But I am not a river!" quoth me. I worried I was gonna lose his thoughts again.

Edgar laughed. "No, I don't mean that at all!"

I waited for him to tell cuz I figured he would.

"Goodness, Algeron, I 4orcast that today will be our day of Grand Adventure! We will commence here & conclude here. In between will be the fun tho."

"Does that involve Pillows or Army babys?" I said suspiciously.

"Probably, but I suspect too that there will be many of the little guys your dream was full of."

"But what does flowjustflow mean!" I demanded.

Edgar was quiet. But it was a Sheila or Princess Crissy thinking quiet. "You know how once in awhile you are walking along not worrying or afraid? Just walking?"

I nodded. Even in Bags End this happened.

"Well, it's like that but more. You train yourself to be that way 4or times when you usually wouldn't be."

"But those times mah motto is run just run!" I said, & Edgar laughed merrily.

Then he got up with no more words & off we went 4or adventures in Bags End.

Now it happened to be Saturday & so none of us guys had to go to school. Me & Edgar got as far as the Bunny Family's living room be4ore adventures began.

Allie Leopard, my silly but timely brother Alex, & that nice if strange redheaded clown guy Jackie were all talking too many words too fast. I was all 4or sneaking by, but they all talked fast to Edgar & he talked fast back. Then he came back to me.

"O Algernon! We must go now!" he said. "Someone has made off with Jackie's best Squeaks!"

Grand Adventures with Edgar B. Bear (Grand Finally!)

Maybe your old pal Algernon isn't famous after all. Maybe famous is one thing & a lot of people knowing your name is another. I still don't really know but maybe I am getting closer to true thinking like this.

Mah friend Sheila Bunny is famous. She was born famous. She knows how. Mah friend Miss Chris too is famous like its air. And mah good friend Princess Crissy too. The Blondys 3 are famous tho I don't think it matters to them.

And mah friend Edgar B. Bear is famous by now & it don't bug him or nothing. He is a little guy at heart, & I think little guys think more about fun than famous.

OK, so then there is your old pal Algernon. I think I am famous cuz I stand next to famous guys when everyone is looking. When I told Princess Crissy this, tho, she said I was too humble. Then she hugged me a lot. And Edgar agreed & helped hug me so I was buried in hug but fine. Except for that famous part.

Princess Crissy & Edgar liked each other so fast if you blinked it was already going. And Crissy got Edgar to gang up a lot on mah humble bone. I almost had to run back from Imagianna to Bags End to Sheila & her phat dictionary to look up "humble" to remember it means modest & low to the ground, which is both what I am!

Yikes!

Now the reason we were in Imagianna is a somewhat silly one--in a way. We were there to get Princess Crissy's help in getting back Jackie Clown's best Squeaks--O goodness!

But here we had brunged the poor little guy. Jackie lives in a box & he has a pretty bloo flowery shirt & bloo cap & short red hair. I think he smiles all the time cuz clowns have to or something, but his usual squeaks were sad & some were really missing.

"Squeak-squeak-puff-squeak!" he would say sadly, & we could hear the missing Squeak.

"He says that he fears his happiest Clown days are through, & something else too, but I missed it," said Allie Leopard, who knows real & weird & fake languages too. He is a nice green-eyed guy who is friendly to all words.

We were sitting in Princess Crissy's bedroom & Jackie Clown was in the middle of us in his little wagon we pulled.

"Bump! Bump! Bump!" yelled my silly brother Alexander. I don't know how he ended up with us, but he did & all his silly Bumps in tact too.

"Alex says he has always felt a special affection 4or Squeak language. He feels it is kin to Bump. He regrets this situation & wishes he could help," said Allie but not laughing. I looked from him to Alex's silly furry yellow face smiling, & did not think Alex could make those thoughts in any language.

Crissy laughed at mah mulling face & hugged me.

"So what do we do about this?" I said after liking a good long hug.

Nobody said nothing because just then the door to Crissy's bedroom crashed open & there was Betsy Bunny Pillow fluffier & crazier than any Pillow alive or stuffed.

"BEAGLE!" she whisperscreamed but then no more after that. But it seemed like she would say more. She bounced closer toward me tho & there was no fooling around about her angry bounces.

"O Betsy! You too!" said Princess Crissy, & she was so upset & looked like Miss Chris so much that Betsy let herself be hugged & niced over.

Well, now we had a problem.

"It's like a, a, um, language eater!" I cried.

When the big guys start getting in trouble, there's no going back to calm.

Then I think & said, "What about Sheila? She speaks Bunny!"

And Crissy looked at me & said, "If someone is eating languages, will they get hungry 4or English too?"

Oops.

Edgar had been sitting quietly holding Alex's yellow paw to keep him OK. I remembered how excited he had been to finally come to Bags End that he had read all about in mah newspaper. Now he was here in the middle of a huge emergency. Was he having fun? I hoped so.

"Crissy, can you make a temporary magick language 4or us to all speak in case all the rest get eaten?" Edgar asked.

Crissy smiled. Crissy smiled bigger. That's how her magick usually works.

"Usually language happens between the mouth & ears," she explained. "But since we may lose our ability to speak words to hear, we will be able to talk other ways."

Then she decided to hug me really good cuz she likes me. Even Betsy didn't complain because she likes Crissy so much too.

Then she said, "Algernon, you are the best beagle in the world!"

"O shucks, Crissy!" said me, mah humble bone all buzzing with warning.

"What did Crissy say?" asked Edgar.

"You didn't hear her?" I asked.

Edgar shook his head, & Jackie Clown semi-Squeaked, & Alex said Bump words, & Allie Leopard told us they all said no.

Crissy smiled crazytricky & said, "I talked to you with my touch! We all now can talk to each other by speaking, touching, with smell or taste or by looking hard into each other's eyes. It was the best idea I could think of."

Wow. Crissy is really smart! What a good idea! Everybody agreed & tried out the new language. I tickled Crissy hello, & Allie & Alex stared each other hard some silly Bump words. Betsy licked a lollipop she had with her--O Yuk!--& shared it with Edgar who laughed like it was a funny joke he tasted. O! Yuk!

Jackie was so happy again he pulled out a strange little green & gold flower he had hidden away in his box for each of us to smell, which we did, & sniffed his happy Squeaks. A Squeak joke of course. And he laughed a lot & has such happy red cheeks that everyone laughed a lot too.

Crissy then talked regular & said we should go to see Sheila right away.

"What is your new language called, Crissy?" asked Edgar.

Crissy smiled tricky again & said we all had to hug together & she would tell.

So we all piled on the floor around Crissy & made sure Jackie Clown was there too & when we were all hugging, Crissy said, "It's called Symbiosis."

Edgar huglaughed but I didn't know why. Crissy hugsaid, "One last thing. It's one language so no matter what your native tongue, you will understand everyone else. Neat, huh?"

"Very neat, Crissy," said a voice that sounded like mah silly Bumping brother's. Wow!

So Crissy led the troop of us back to Bags End. She walked close to Betsy & I think they touchtalked all the way tho I am not sure.

We walked to Sheila's Throne Room & I was glad to be near all these big

guys.

Edgar Bear walked next to me & patted mah headbone to talk.

"This is such a Grand Adventure!" he said, all happy.

"But it's scary! What if the Language Eater eats all of the languages & then finds out about Symbiosis!"

Hmm. "Hey! I forgot! O languages . . . yuk?" Hmm. That was weird.

Edgar laughed at me & fursaid, "O Algernon, it's all good!"

"It is?" my fur answered his paws.

"Always!" said Edgar.

"O," said me. I knowed by now that Edgar is smart like Sheila & the Blondys & Crissy & Miss Chris, so I should listen.

Edgar laughed with his mouth his time. "I get to meet Sheila Bunny now! How grand!"

Grand? Did grand mean weird or dangerous? Edgar is such a little guy loving & big guy smart!

"Should I bow?"

"No. Crissy doesn't like that stuff."

"No! To Sheila! She is the King!"

I looked up at Edgar & stopped. "No. She wishes she was King! She is only Mayor cuz we all voted 4or her & we haven't even done that in a long time!"

"O!" said Edgar & his fingers sounded unhappy. Um. Yah. Right.

"You can bow if you like, fella," I gruttered. Don't like hurting feelings bones, ya know.

So we all trooped into Sheila's Throne Room thinking we would find her there curled up in her Throne with a carrot. O! Yuk! & maybe a Kerouac book or a jazz record on. But no. The room was empty.

"Where could Sheila be?" asked Princess Crissy out loud, & it sounded weird cuz we had all been talking the other ways while walking.

"Sheila might be with Miss Chris in Connecticut," said me. "Or riding her BunnyCycle somewhere."

Crissy had a perplexed look. "I hope she isn't in trouble."

Goodness! This story was getting worse & worse! "We should go see Miss Chris right away!" said me. Crissy & everyone agreed & Edgar was all happy even tho he just hadn't met Sheila! Well, I really hoped he would meet Miss Chris & that things would get better.

Crissy smiled at me & I figgered another hug was coming & it was. But this was a bigger hug cuz it had hugwords in it & I hugged back "O shucks!" a lot & "I love you, Crissy" words too.

"OK, Algernon, we should go now," she talked out loud. Betsy came up & dirty looked me till she was next to Crissy. Ha! Crissy wants to be a beagle, not a dum Pillow I thoughted while looking at her.

"I heard that, you dum PUF!" Betsy whisperscreamed, um, puffed. I had 4orgottted we all talked Symbiosis but I didn't know mah eyes had talked to her.

I decided to chill with the little guys in the group. I found them playing a game sitting in a circle.

"Squeak! Squeak! Puff! Squeak!" cried Jackie Clown, his sadness forgotten.

"Bump Puff Bump!" said Alex.

Edgar B. Bear clapped his pretty bloo paws twice, then missed once, then clapped again.

Allie Leopard said, "Jackie & Alex & Edgar get one point each!" & all the little guys laughed & cheered.

"Listen, it's time to see Miss Chris," said me, sort of politely. I was

surprised they all got right up to follow me. Well, Crissy really cuz she was head big guy of our group.

So we went to the door that leads to Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. We found Miss Chris on her bed with her bunny slippers & she was sucking her thumb & reading mah newspaper! Wow!

She picked up on Symbiosis language really easy & pretty soon all of us were crowded together on her bed hugging close & talking eyes, ears, paws, & so on too. Even dangerous big guy Betsy was good. How could she be a bully with Crissy & Miss Chris & Edgar & everyone else friendly languaging her?

Then Miss Chris putted me in her lap 4or special niceness. "A-wa-wa, you are the best writer I know!" she smiledsaid.

"O shucks!" I humbled. "Thank you!"

Crissy sat next to Miss Chris & they looked smiling at mah newspaper.

"See how the words are appearing as I talk?" said Miss Chris. "I knew you were coming because I read about it while you were on your way!"

Crissy looked double proud at me. "Algernon! How did you do it?" she asked.

Then I figgered what they were saying by looking at the newspaper & watching the words 4orm on the page, & I saw how what was happening was showing up as words on the page.

"Hey!" I yell.

"Bump!" yelled Alex, thinking we were playing a game.

"Squeak!" yelled Jackie Clown, who loves games.

Crissy is looking at me now with her smart pretty face. "Algernon, I think you are writing all of this using the Symbiosis language I made up."

"Huh?" I say.

"Your thoughts are going right to the page without you having to write them down."

"Oh" I say. "Yes. Sure."

"What?" I yell. "That's crazy!" I add. I look at the paper Crissy & Miss Chris are holding, & see these words going down one after the next as I think them. Frog! I think, & it goes down too.

It was even worse with Miss Chris & Princess Crissy looking all proud of me. Mah humble bone stayed quiet, keeping out of the way. Smart bone, I'd say.

"So now what?" I grumbled. "Do I think everything good again? Would that work?"

Suddenly, Betsy Bunny Pillow leaned close to me & without words of any kind I got her message that she wanted her whisper voice back right away. So I gived it to her.

She harumfied at me & left right away, stopping only long enough to get more hugs from Miss Chris & Crissy, & say to me, "Don't 4orget about the work I've honored you with!"

Yah right. Honor. Does she think I am Tweedledummer or Tweedledummet?

I then heard Bumps & Squeaks & real English words & laughing & Pufs & saw the little guys were playing their game again. It was like they kept 4orgetting to be upset & scared cuz they had each other to play with, & they knew that big guys Crissy & Miss Chris would take care of them & tell them what to do next.

So I gave back full languages to all the guys who lost them. The funny thing was the little guys went on with their game after stopping just long enough to decide they liked the Puff part even tho it was bad be4ore!

Then Crissy & Miss Chris decided to play the Hug Algernon Game, which

is mostly about hugging me & laughing a lot.

I was hugged & happy, which was usually good, but I wasn't as happy as I should be.

"What's wrong, A-wa-wa?" asked Miss Chris as Crissy & her team-skritchd me. Yum! Oops--

"I dunno. Seems like something tricky goes on here. I mean things looked so bleak & then it was all good again. Usually it's harder."

Crissy looked at me think-big. "Does it have to be so hard?"

"I don't know, dude. Just seems like funny business."

I had about a half minute more full attention from Miss Chris & Crissy be4ore life righted itself.

"Good job saving us all, beagle. Now move over!" said suddenly Sheila, all little-big & purpled-eyed. She accepted all the kisses & hugs & happiness for her like this is how it should be. I didn't fight her tho cuz mah brain was burning too hard to settle & enjoy such affections.

Then I saw mah newspaper that Miss Chris has been reading. I saw that it wasn't writing on its own no more.

"No more Symbiosis?" I asked Crissy. She smiled. O. Right.

I said goodbye to everyone & went back to Bags End. Just be4ore I left, Sheila said from her Throne of Girls, "Sometimes problems contain their own solutions, beagle." And Edgar B. Bear, who was also being holded pretty good, said, "Thank you so much, Algernon! I am so glad I came!"

I wandered the hallways & levels of Bags End 4or a long time. Sheila was right. And Edgar was happy. And everyone had their languages back. It's all good, I guess.

Finally I was tired enough to want to sit, so I ended up on Milne's Porch in mah comfy chair.

Hm. I sat there mulling 4or a long time till the Blondys 3 came. Blondys don't say too much but they know more than most. They floated in a trey of smiles from beyond Milne's Porch & they didn't talk a single word. Even Simmi the Baby Blondy, who is a real good cheerleader, only cheered me with her eyes.

They floated all around me but I wasn't scared. Maybe they used wordless Blondy magick to help. I don't know but I fell asleep & later, when I woke up, I was OK again. Edgar B. Bear was asleep in mah chair with me, & he was dreamsmilinghappy.

It's all good.

I 4orget I guess.

I'll try harder to remember 4or the next time. O there will be a next time!



* * * * *



Bags End Book #10: Beagle for a Day!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Beagle for a Day!

In mah strange & strangely weird, & weirdly wonderful, & weirdly strange homeland called Bags End, your old pal Algernon Beagle is beset with many a foe as he stumps steadily through his day

but

I am also wealthy beyond greenbacked turtles with friends too.

One of mah best friends is Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, which is one of the better fantasylands extinct, haha, funny ol' me!

Anyway, mah friend Crissy has this strange altho not displeasing hero worship of Beagles, like yours truly & most humbly, o shucks!

Princess Crissy is so nice to me & smart & funny & cute, not to mention how she protects me from the crazed plans of certain all-about-me big guys in Bags End, that I came up with this strange idea to thank her & to show her what being a Beagle is really like!

Mah friend Lory Bunny helped me write a little note to Crissy asking her to come see me at Milne's Porch in Bags End outside mah bedroom window. Then I went to see mah friend Miss Chris in Connecticut, as I needed her help too.

So one fine day after school me & Miss Chris & mah no account still brother named Alexander Puppy & our friend Allie Leopard were all waiting 4or Crissy to arrive at Milne's Porch, which she did on time & happy smiling.

"Algernon!" she said all happy, & hugged me first, & then she yelled, "MC!" & I was confused, but she hugged Miss Chris so that was OK. And Alex & Allie got their hugs too, & that crazed brother talked to Crissy & Miss Chris in Bump language, & they talked back till I cried, "Listen here, ya manic relative, this is a English speaking situation so, um, you better know that!" Alex looked at me with many Bump words in his eyes, but just smiled. Ha.

I had Crissy sit in mah comfy chair, & Alex & Allie sat with her. Me & Miss Chris stood just like we planned.

"Crissy, it was mah idea to do something nice for your Beagle-loving ways, & Miss Chris helped me do it."

"Bump!" said Alex happily.

"Alex says, Yayy, Crissy! Yayy, Algeron!" explained Allie with nice green eyes & his smart languages-knowing brain.

I looked at Alex's silly face smiling, & couldn't get mah mushy Beagle's heart to scold him right now.

"And Alex helped me by staying on his side of our bedroom while I planned," I said sorta nicely.

"Bump!" Alex yelled happily but Allie didn't say what he meant cuz of mah look.

Crissy was laughing very hard & so was Miss Chris, so I supposed it was all still OK.

I looked at Crissy's nice face & remembered why we were here. "Crissy, to show you how much I love you & like you too, I am going to make you an Honorary Beagle 4or a Day!"

Crissy was shocked & beyond smiling. I kept talking, hoping she wasn't mad.

"As part of your honorary Beagle 4or a Day activities, you will be Guest Editor of mah beloved & by some behated newspaper called Bags End News!"

Crissy kept getting more & more surprised so I figgered I had better finish up fast.

"And finally, Miss Chris, who is the best Artist I know, has made you a Honorary Beagle 4or a Day costume to wear on your special day, & keep as a souvenir."

And Miss Chris dragged out from under the very comfy chair where we had hided it Crissy's Beagle costume. There was a facemask with Beagle nosebone & floppy ears, & a body part that was brown & white with a tailbone all like mine. I had posed 4or Miss Chris while she made a drawing to make the costume from.

Crissy looked so silent & shocked I got worried I had made her mad.

"You OK, fella?" I asked, all nervously.

Crissy stood up & came over to me & gave me THE BIGGEST HUG.

"Thank you so much, Algernon!" she said, happier than happiest. Then she hugged Miss Chris, which made sense, & Allie Leopard too, but mah brother Alex got in on the act, not just to hug but to talk Bump way too much too.

Me & Miss Chris helped Crissy on with her costume, & she even walked on all 4 paws like me.

"Bump?" said Alex curiously, but even before Allie could translate, Crissy said, "What's wrong with good ol' fashioned English, fella?"

Wow. Crissy looked & talked just like me, but she wasn't me or a talking mirror!

Well, Alex tried to Bump Crissy some more, but she yelled, "Help! The Bumps are coming at me in clumps!" & she runned through mah bedroom window back into Bags End.

"Bump!" said Alex all unhappy, & he sat down to suck his toe sadly. Gee, I kinda felt bad 4or him, but that made me feel weird, which made me feel curious, which made me want to know what Crissy was doing now.

First I had to make Alex happy again, so mah mushy Beagle heart would quit bugging me. Miss Chris was holding him in mah comfy armchair, & Allie was sitting next to her looking all worried.

"Now, Alex," I said, fulla future regrets. "Crissy doesn't know that I have made you her assistant while she writes mah newspaper. And you have to help me watch out 4or her cuz she don't know the dangers & travails of being a Beagle in Bags End. You're not too upset to do that, are you?"

Well, I saw mah crazed brother's happy Bump! in his eyes before he yelled it, & so I skittered away just in time through the window to go find Crissy who really did need looking out 4or. Miss Chris & Alex & Allie Leopard runned after me.

I hurried 4or awhile, not knowing where that Crissy Beagle could be when I suddenly heard a yelling Baby's voice.

O great! Silly ol' Sargent Lisa Marie Chow of the Army of the Babys! She was yelling at Crissy Beagle in the hallway near Sheila's Throne Room.

"You dwaftdwodging inswumbordinate Bweagleface!" Lisa yelled. She was wearing her usual green M*AX*S*H shirt & green diaper cuz she thinks Hawkeye is her daddy.

"Beagles don't march! We write our newspaper, & stump slowly from here to there, & avoid all foods but one!" said Crissy Beagle.

"O All Foods but One! Yuk!" we both yelled at the same time.

Well, now Sargent Lisa saw both of us Beagle guys standing there. "Cwourt Mwarshals 4wor all Bweagles!" she yelled.

Just then, more trouble showed up named Betsy Bunny Pillow. I didn't wait to jaw & reason. "Run!" I yelled, & grabbed Crissy's pawbone, & fled!

Us Beagles on the Prowl!

Your old pal Crissy Beagle is writing this part of the story cuz Algernon said I could. Algernon makes my heartbone very happy cuz he is a very good friend & very funny & a lot smarter than he knows.

I think Algernon worried I would get in trouble as a Beagle in Bags End, but he forgets I am still Crissy & don't think about his home the way he does. Algernon loves trouble, even though it scares him, cuz then he can write his newspaper & tell all about what happens. But he lets some guys push him around way too much. I think he does it for the drama & now he thought that me being in trouble would be the newest drama.

But I had other ideas. I know Algernon is smarter than he knows, & braver then he knows too when he gave me the wonderful present of making me Beagle for a Day. I decided he should get something good from it too.

So I began stirring up the dust toot sweet-haha!

Algernon wanted to grab me & run when he found me facing down little Lisa Marie Chow & Betsy Bunny Pillow. But I pulled him just a wee harder than he pulled me & I

said, "Wait a minute, Algernon."

He waited like he was fleeing without moving.

"Gweneral Bwetsy, Swir, I hwave dwetained thwis pwair of inswubordinate Bweagles for your intweroqation," said little Lisa Marie, who thinks she is a soldier.

Betsy bounced up to us & looked us up & down with what Algernon calls her no-face.

"Two of you now, eh?" she whispered. Algernon trembled, so I held his paw tighter. I thought this all was funny.

"Pwermmission to thwow thwem in thwe bwig, Swir?" asked Lisa.

Betsy continued her slow thoughtful bounce.

"Which one of you is Algernon?" she demanded. Before my trembling friend could respond, I stepped forward.

"That would be me, you dum Pillow!" I said in my best Beagle voice.

I knew Algernon would panic so I just looked back at him & smiled & winked. He stayed put though still buzzing with fear.

Betsy bounced right up to me & looked me in my face. "Is this other Beagle here to watch your final end?" she whisperscreamed.

Then I did the one thing bullies HATE. I laughed in her no-face. But said no words.

Even Lisa backed away now. I heard Algernon whimper, so I smiled twice as hard at him, & winked first one eye, then the other. He didn't run, barely.

Betsy tried to cover up her embarrassment by saying nothing & not moving, & staring at me with her un-eyes unblinking.

I had to break her there & then, so I said in a Algernon dropped to a Betsy whisper, "Don't be afraid, little Pillow, we all meet our match sometime."

Lisa started crying & Algernon ran. Then he remembered me & crawled back. Betsy bounced back a few steps & then flew at me, to smother me but good.

And at that moment I saw my friend Algernon do the bravest thing I have ever seen. He ran to where Betsy was trying & failing to smother me & yelled, "Hey! Ya great big DUM PILLOW! That is mah friend Crissy! Leave her alone! I AM ALGERNON! Smother me! Or don't!"

Then he finally noticed something. I wasn't being smothered. I had Betsy crazy from mah ticklings of her secret tickle spot that my kid MC had taught me. She would lunge at me, & I would tickle her, & she would flop around laughing. Lunge. Tickle. Flop. Laugh. Over & over till she was too tired to do it anymore.

"Crissy!" Algernon said, looking so surprised & cute.

Lisa finally helped her poor General away, & out of the shadows stepped MC, Alex, & Allie Leopard!

MC was grinning at me. "O Crissy!" she said, & hugged me a lot.

Alex Bumped me congratulations & thanked me for keeping his brother safe. When Algernon demanded translation, Allie said, "Alex says YAYYY!" That was funny!

I knew Betsy would be back with a new plan sooner or later. And there were other big guys in Bags End who would not go for Algernon having an ally.

"Crissy," said Algernon. He still looked upset. I guess he's used to the way things are, & probably thinks "things change = worse."

I hugged Algernon & motioned MC & Allie & Alex to hug him too. I think that helped some.

"We should go back to Milne's Porch before there's any more trouble," Algernon said when he had been fully hugged.

So we all trooped back there, & gathered ourselves into Algernon's comfy armchair. It was very cozy but not crowded at all.

Soon we fell into a Clustered Dreaming that was so much fun. In it, we were ALL Beagles & playing a strange game in a big field. We were throwing words back & forth to each other, & sometimes the words would stick together to become like a big ball!

I had a hard time at first telling who from who but then I saw how Allie Beagle still had his pretty green eyes, & Alex Beagle spoke Bump though with a Beagle accent, & MC Beagle had freckles even on her Beagle furry face. Algernon was easy cuz he was way more deeply Beagle than all of us put together.

Everybody woke up together & liked the dream a lot! I think Algernon did too, but I asked him to be sure.

"Well," he said slowly, "I am used to being the only local Beagle, & I am not used to being popular. But that game was fun."

I wanted Algernon to be happy again in his usual high-strung way. He is a humble guy & not used to so much attention on him.

But he did make me Beagle for a Day, & the day was not over yet, so I wanted to do more in Bags End to show that Algernon is special. I had to do this while I still had on my Beagle costume.

But first it was time to watch the Blondys play with the sunset. What the 3 of them do is float deeper into the sky & look like they're surrounding the sun. Then they drop through the sky toward the horizon as the sun does.

The fun part is when just for a moment it looks like the Blondys & the sun are rising again instead of setting! It's very strange & then it's over before you know it with a "YAY Sun!" cheer from Simi the Baby Blondy.

Everybody cheered & clapped loudly cuz it is always a kind of privilege to see the Blondys 3 Sunset Dance.

Then it was night time & surely more strange things would happen.

I think if Algernon had looked at the right moment to see my tricky smile, he would have shuddered with worry & glee!

Beagles by the Dozens!

This is your old usual pal Algernon writing this story again after Princess Crissy had a turn as part of mah honorary Beagle 4or a Day present to her, for the many kindnesses she has been toward me 4or so long. She really liked being a Beagle, & she did a good job of it in her own Crissy way.

But this place is called Bags End, not Oz or Narnia or some well-behaved & cooperative fantasyland. Being Bags End means trouble coming & going & coming again some more, so when new trouble came, this scribbling guy did not huff twice in surprise.

It is not usually in mah Beagle nature to mull at length, but recently I have begun to wonder more often at the nature of me. Hmm.

Anyway, there is only one Beagle in Bags End most times. And the only famous Beagle I know of is Snoopy, who I guess mostly likes sleeping & palling around with those little birdies.

There is mah long-lost Mommy Beagle, & mah crazed sister Alice, & that crazed somehow relative old guy named Doctor Horatio Algernon with his aches & pains, but not even they have plagued me much of late.

So mah mullings most ask: am I more Beagle or more Algernon? I mean, when Princess Crissy is made a Honorary Beagle for a day by me & Miss Chris, what does it mean to be a Honorary Beagle? 4or Crissy, it meant being like me, I guess, but when beset by longtime Beagle foes, she laughed very Crissy at their ways.

Anyway, I thought Crissy had had enough fun, but I guess not. She is a strange lass, but I like her always good enough a lot.

I guess she just wanted to show Bags End that I am an OK guy & all, but I could have told her that Bags End guys learn at 2 speeds. Slow & not

at all.

But Crissy had her ideas. She led us to Sheila's Throne Room after a nice safe time on Milne's Porch.

Sheila & Crissy are two of the good big guys & kind of like sisters, tho a Bunny & peoplefolk girl. Anyway, when I am with them, I feel double safety. No crowns, which 4or Crissy is easy & 4or Sheila is harder I think.

Miss Chris is a good big guy too but she wasn't there yet. She had said to me, "A-wa-wa, wait 4or me, & tell Sister C & Bunny S to wait too, OK?" And I knew not what she speaked save the A-wa-wa part which is mah name in Miss Chris talk.

4or little guys, there was me & mah brother Alex & that nice green-eyed guy, Allie Leopard.

Crissy sat with Sheila in her throne after Sheila had a good laugh over Crissy's Beagle costume.

"LAUGH!" quoth Sheila, then she laughed quieter & made room. Mah silly Bumping brother climbed in too, cuz he does not have a healthy fear of fear. I think Allie would have climbed in too but he saw me settling alone on mah spot on the floor near the Throne & decided to join me.

We were just settled down when Algernon came into the Throne Room saying, "Hail & well met, chums!" And I was about to say, "Hi, fella!" when mah brainbone reminded me that I am Algernon!

"You're not me!" I jumped up & said.

Not-Algernon laughed a very familiar laugh. "A-wa-wa!" And then I knowed it was Miss Chris who was also wearing a Beagle costume.

"LAUGH!" yelled Sheila while Chrissy Beagle tumbled over to Miss Chris Beagle to hug her.

"Bump?" asked Alex, who stayed in the Throne.

"He says it's a bouquet of Beagles," said Allie next to me.

"It is not!" said me. But now Crissy Beagle & Miss Chris Beagle were both hugging me smiling. I tried to escape but I liked their hugs too much. Mushy hearted hug fiend, that's me.

"LAUGH!" said Sheila, looking at me & mah bouquet. I think I might have thought it was all funny too but at that moment the lights in the room dimmed & someone came through the door.

It was that silly Baby again, who calls herself Sargent Lisa Marie Chow. Holding up her green diaper, she said, "Pwesenting her woyal gweatness, Gweneral Bwetsy Bwunny Pwillow!"

O good grief & bad grief too!

Two rows of shadowy Allies marched in & stood on both sides of the door.

Betsy was a sight. She wore a purple cape around herself like a, um, a um, ut o!

"Who died & made you King?" demanded Sheila in her quiet dangerous paws-like-fists voice.

Betsy ignored Sheila & bounced slowly up to me & mah bouquet.

"There shall be no more kindnesses bestowed upon you, Beagle!" she whisperscreamed. I thinked hard if Betsy had ever bestowed a kindness on anyone!

"Should you place a thousand faux Beagles around you, I would still smother & smother to expose your scrawny hide!"

Betsy was crazy even with all the good big guys around! Doom!

I had decided to give mahself up be4ore the graves of the smothered began filling when the scene got stranger. Yah, that was possible still.

Through the door floated 3 Creatures who should have been the Blondys

but this time were Beagles! The last of the 3 yelled, "Yayy, Beagles!" & so I knowed that was Simi Bittersweet Beagle. Or something. Ask me a different question.

The Blondy Beagles floated near me & so now just about all the good big guys in Bags End were arrived.

I was probably the only one wondering if Betsy would fill the smothering graves still, but I was also less ready to give up on her.

All of mah bouquet surrounded me but said no words. Betsy looked so silly in her royal purple cape that I nearly laughed with fear.

I spoke up & listened to mah foolish hero's heart in amazement. "Now listen, Betsy, this is me the real Beagle here. I am not gonna write your lie-ography, & if you smother me, I really won't write it!"

Betsy listened with her no ears & mulled with her no face. "Then you lose, Beagle!"

"How?"

"Someone has to write about my exile from the Bunny Pillow Free State!"

Everybody was shocked!

"And someone must write about my glorious return to the seat of power!" Betsy crazed whisperscreamed.

O boy! There was more to all of this than I knowed.

Betsy left suddenly & mah bouquet took off their costumes. We didn't know what was going on, & none of us Pillows, but Betsy is one of our own when it comes down to it.

Huh?

Betsy Bunny Pillow's New Exile!

So much for telling stories about things other than the exploits of big guys around Bags End. Yes, sir, it's time to get back to the usual business.

Well, sort of. I don't think this is the kind of story Betsy Bunny Pillow would prefer that I told on her.

It was too crazy, Dear Readers! Betsy Bunny Pillow has been exiled from the Bunny Pillow Free State which she helped to make! I was shocked & thought maybe it had to do with Farmer Jones, who used to run the Bunny Pillow Farm, growing Pillows & selling them to rich people.

Not so, friends. The story was slow in being told but what I figgered out was that the Bunny Pillow Free State was not nearly free enough 4or most of the Pillows who live there, & many of them thought it was Betsy who was making this happen.

It got tolded this time when a bunch of us were all kind of gathered in Sheila's Thone Room. Princess Crissy had come to Bags End on a visit, & Miss Chris had heared of her coming, & come too. So they were there, & I was there cuz I like to be where the action is, now that there was action.

Oh, & mah silly Bumping brother Alexander was there too, 4or he is popular with Miss Chris & Crissy, though I could not say why at all.

So we all gathered in a crowd around Betsy. Sheila was a little grumbly at not being King of her own room right now.

"Trouble down on the Farm, Pillow?" she gruttered.

Betsy leaped out of Miss Chris's skitching arms & tried to smother Sheila. Ha! The Pillow hasn't been builded who could smother that Bunny.

"We're not farmers!" she screamed. "And we don't need Jones coming back to help us do it or remember how!"

It was a fight for a minute & I was sure of mah unnoticed demise in it all, when suddenly Sheila was back in her Thone in Princess Crissy's lap with mah strange guileless brother Alex too, & Miss Chris was hugging Betsy tight with the Blondys hanging on too.

So we learned that the Bunny Pillow Free State was having trouble doing what it had done a lot when it was Farmer Jones's Bunny Pillow Farm. Grow Pillows, that is.

Betsy is no farmer, & she don't even like to think that Bunny Pillows only exist cuz Farmer Jones knowed how to grow them.

She was only worried about the next phase in the Permanent Evolution, whatever that is. Of course part of this involves those nice Face Pillows--

"Beagle! You heed me not!" whisperscreamed Betsy, as she tried to part me from mah breath.

Miss Chris rassled her away & we finally found about the part of the story about some renegade Pillows asking Farmer Jones to return & help them grow new ones.

"Never!" screamed Betsy & I thoughted she sounded more afraid than mad. "The criminal Jones will be smited 4or his sins! We shall smother & crush his bones!" she whisperscreamed some more, but I noticed she stayed tight in Miss Chris's arms this time, & when I added mah foolhardy huglove to hers & the Blondys I was allowed.

So Betsy had been told she had to stay in Bags End while her fellow Pilows learned from Farmer Jones how to grow new Pillows. This, of course, Betsy saw as her 4orever exile from her beloved homeland. Ha! thinked me secretly. Your real homeland is Bags End. The Bunny Pillow Free State for you is just a lot of guilt & puff.

"And what, Beagle?" Betsy whisperscreamed.

Did I talk out loud or can Betsy read thoughts? But Miss Chris was too busy pulling her crazy self off me that I forgot to ask.

So the strangeness of this story was that all the usual permanent Betsy crises were switched around. Farmer Jones was kind of the good guy & Betsy was kind of the bad guy tho not really. Umm.

I wondered what all the big guys would say now that we knowed the story.

Nobody said nothing 4or a minute. Then 2 & 3.

When it was up to 4, I thinked maybe I was deaf.

Finally I talked. "Betsy, don't you want new Pillows to grow?"

I cringed be4ore mah doom, but Betsy just said, "You don't understand, Beagle," in a sad whispery voice.

Well, this was all even stranger than usual. I wondered if I was in a fake Bags End or dream Bags End like I've been to be4ore.

"Understand what, Betsy?" trembly words talked from mah mouth. "Do you think Farmer Jones will try to trick his way in charge again?"

Betsy shook her no-head & sighed a unhappy whisper, which was even worse somehow. I figgered that we weren't gonna get no answer when Betsy suddenly talked.

"Jones didn't start the Farm. He stole it, & he drove out the original ones. I was trying to figure out how to find them & bring them back."

What?? said me in mah mind. Then I repeated like a old-time silent TV program. Haha.

"Betsy, who started the Farm?" asked Miss Chris sweetly.

"I don't know. But I remembered them in a dream I had. I heard about

them before I escaped," said Betsy.

I looked at Princess Crissy, who was thinking hard. "Crissy, do you know how we can find out?" I said, forgetting I am not a in charge guy who comes up with the plans.

Crissy smiled at me like she forgot too. "Maybe, Algernon. But do we want them or just what they know about growing Bunny Pillows? Betsy, what do you think?"

Betsy said nothing for a long time, then she talked. "Jones won't help us. He won't help us to be independent & he won't tell nobody about who he stole our home from."

Everyone was quiet now. I think big guys know about quiet better.

I talked again. "Sheila, what do you think?"

Sheila looked almost asleep but when I talked to her, her purple eyes were all over me. "I think we're all Betsy's friends, but she has to tell us how to help her. If she wants us to help her at all."

Betsy slipped from Miss Chris's lap, & left. Not madly but it was like the quiet before. She needed to think her thoughts.

I left too but I said goodbye with hugs & kisses. I walked to Milne's Porch to mah comfy armchair, & took a nap.

When I woked up, I was snuggled by Miss Chris, Crissy, & mah brother Alex. The Blondys 3 were napping up above us in the air.

Who Built the Bunny Pillow Farm?

It seems like all mah newspaper's life I have been writing about mah kinda friend Betsy Bunny Pillow & her exploits in her homeland called the Bunny Pillow Free State. It used to be Farmer Jones's Bunny Pillow Farm before she liberated it to run it herself.

I thoughted that was the end of the story but I was wrong. Betsy is good as a dreamer of dreams, but she isn't very good at some other stuff.

First, along came the Face Pillows, which I wrote about in mah It's OK to be Happy! Bags End Book, that Betsy would not have in the Bunny Pillow Free State, even tho they are some new kind of Pillow & very nice.

Then it turns out that Bunny Pillows don't know how to grow themselves. And Betsy told the big guys in Bags End, plus me & Alex & Allie Leopard that Farmer Jones had stealed the Bunny Pillow Farm Free State from somebody else.

Nobody knowed what to do, so for awhile nobody did nothing. The other Pillows were with Jones in the Bunny Pillow Free State learning how to grow Pillows, tho Betsy warned them of Jones's no good secret plans & talked loudly about her "exile" in Bags End.

I was kinda thinking maybe mah newspaper could not be about Betsy again for awhile. Ha! & double ha! Big guys love the big lights.

I was summoned by Betsy one otherwise peaceful & innocent day to her Secret Clubhouse.

One moment I was peaceful sleeping in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, & the next I was being handed from shadowy Ally to shadowy Ally, all the way to where that dum Pillow waited for me.

"Beagle," Betsy whispered, instead of hello, when the last of the Allys left me down on the Clubhouse floor. It wasn't such a bad ride really, cuz of a lot of the Allys like me, & gived me nice secret hugs along the way.

"Hello, Betsy," I said. "Why don't you never just come to see me or maybe

Bag's End News Double Issue!

No. 303-304 April 14-21, 2001

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Whoo Built the Buny Pillo Farmm?

Itt seemz lik awl mah
nuwz paprz' lif I hav bin
riting about mah kinda
frend Betsey Buny Pillo an
her xxploits in herr homland
shae kawlz thee Buny Pillo
Freey Stat. Itt uzd too bee
Farmr Jones Buny Pillo Farmm
befor shae liberatid itt too
run itt herself.

I thawted that waz thee
end uff thee storey butt I
waz rong. Betsee iz guud az
a dreamr ut dreamz but she
izent verree guud at sum
uthr stuff.

Bag's End News

No. 305 December 7, 2002

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Three Grand ReKonstrukshun Beag'iz!

Yar, old pal Algernon haz beerd
withriss too mence a strang ivint
in hizz dayz ut making mah livkey
nuwz papr. But non of them truky
weerd az wen mah sortuf frend
Betsee Buny Pillo. Kam um, unfas too
fas with Farmr Jones, her arch
enimy, an sortuf dadd.

Miss Chrees, mah persun momy told
me that. "Shae iz so madd bekoz
he plantid her an awl ut her brother
an sistr an chizzin pilloz but sold
them too rich peepel.

Ar yo frikking mee with yer smart
gerl brayn? I sed dubelvsley.

Mees Chrees laffd her wun drifill
laff. "No, Awawa. Itz' tru. Thee
Ark tekets ut thee Buny Pillo Farmm.

Bag's End News

No. 306 December 14, 2002

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Three Grande ReKonstrukthun Kontinuz!

Yor olde pal Algernon keepss
lerning howe figgering out wheo
thee big gyz & litel gyz ar in thiz
werld iz trikkyer thann itt seemz.
I gess itz' lik a lott of uthr thingz
that shoold bee $1+1=2$ but at
3 or perpel or Z or somtims noth
kwit both.

I jest triy too keep mah brayn
& mah pawboks kwit too thee ready
& no whooz mah frend. I waz standin
4or shirr with the wun mah persun momy
Mees Chrees inn wat habbitt inn mee
stil cawts thee Buny Pillo Farmm az
Betsee Buny Pillo & her Kindrid pilloz
wer werkip out thingz between themm.
Evn thee litel pilloz woodent agreej
with Betsee too anihilat Farmr Jones.

send me a nice invitation?"

Betsy looked at me like I hadn't talked &, just as I was wondering if I had talked, she said, "Beagle, I have a report on the original Architects of the Bunny Pillow Free State."

Uht-o. Here was your old pal Algernon gonna get swallowed whole again into a big guy plan.

"So you're going to go see them, Betsy?" I said, using mah one poor trick with no hope.

Betsy kept talking like I didn't talk again. "We shall begin our pilgrimage in a day or so. You will document every step of the way, or I will bury you in your smothery demise." She looked at me quietly 4or just a second with her no-face, & then whisperordered, "Allys, remove this creature."

And so I was handed back from Ally to Ally until the last one, a little Ally, & a fan of Simmi Bittersweet the Baby Blondy cheerleader, gived me a little hug, & a little kiss, & said, "Yayy! Beagle!" & landed me safely in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch.

And so I was back where I started like nothing had happened except it all had.

"Grrrr!" I said, tho in English, not Puppy language. "Dum big guys & their dum big guy schemes!"

I was getting madder & madder as I sat there, but what could I do? Betsy Bunny Pillow going to see the original Architects of the Bunny Pillow Farm?! Yes! I mean No! but Yes!

I have to admit to you, mah Dear Readers, that I love writing mah newspaper, & that what I yawp about is not good stories, but big guys who are not polite & treat me like I am their servant. Which I am not.

So I sitted thinking how to write mah story but not be bullied.

Big guys run things by making little guys afraid. They're loud & mean & dangerous when said no to. Many big guys have roughed up your old pal Algernon. So I go along not to get hurted. And to get mah story.

Then I thoughted about the other kind of big guy, like the Blondys 3 & Miss Chris & Princess Chrisakah. They don't hurt nobody, & nobody hurts them. And other big guys like them! How can that be?

I had no answers but I couldn't stop asking. If I know Betsy, this story won't be the last. It will keep starting up again, like a monster book that won't end but you can't stop reading. That's how Bags End is. It keeps mah newspaper interesting, so at least that's good.

But I had to wait till Betsy was ready, which annoyed me some. Only big guys clocks matter.

I decided to go visit mah good friend Princess Crissy in her Castle in Imagianna. Crissy is a magick girl & royal too, for real, not like Sheila who just decided one day she was. But Crissy don't act like a big shot at all. That's why she made a good Beagle which I have tolded about before.

"Algernon!" Crissy yelled all happy when she saw me politely waiting at her Castle's front door I knocked.

I looked around thinking some important guy had stolded mah name but Crissy was hugging me.

"Where's Boop, Crissy?" I asked. Boop looks like a turtle, but isn't one, & is Crissy's servant, tho she don't really treat him like that.

Crissy smiled pretty & tricky. "I made him go on vacation to see his brother."

"Brother?"

"His brother wrote him a letter saying come visit, so I royal ordered him to go!" Crissy said, & laughed, & hugged me more.

We took a walk, which we hardly ever do. I tolded Crissy mah thoughts on the two kinds of big guys. She listened closely.

"What about you, Algernon?"

"Me?"

Crissy nodded. "You're a big guy, but I don't think like either kind you described."

"I am not a big guy, Crissy!"

Crissy so smiled at me & I tried not to look behind me. "You're just a different kind."

"Which kind?"

"Well, you do your newspaper & many people read it. And we hear about Bags End by your thoughts."

Hmm. She had me there. "But I am little, Crissy. And the big guys like Betsy & Sheila don't treat me like one of their kind."

Crissy was quiet thinking. "You're bigger than Sheila."

"Ha!" I cried. "Nobody is bigger than her!"

"So being a big guy isn't about size?"

"Um. I don't know. Maybe it's more about the way someone acts."

"So it's in someone's mind?"

"I don't know, Crissy."

She laughed & tumbled me down a grassy hill. I guess it was OK not to know.

Later I asked her if anyone lived in Imagianna but her & Boop.

She looked sad. "I don't think so." Then she smiled. ""But I don't really know!"

"Hey! We could find out! You & me could go & find out!"

Crissy clapped her hands.

Then I said, "And then I could tell Betsy, sorry, pal, I am busy going somewhere I WANT to go this time!"

Crissy looked at me missing her smile now. "No, Algernon. You promised her."

Fooley. Yah, I did. "But we can go after!"

Then I had a great idea! "Crissy, you can come with us!"

She looked at me all eyes. "Me?"

I nodded.

Then she got shy. "But Betsy didn't ask me."

"Betsy didn't ask me neither, kid. She tolded me. And I will tell her that I want you to come.

Crissy hugged me.

"Plus, Crissy, she will feel even more of a big shot with you along."

Crissy laughed. I love her & Miss Chris's laughs.

Well, now I was liking this plan better than be4ore, but the funny thing happened next was when me & Crissy showed up hand in paw where Betsy ordered, she acted like Crissy was there by her bright idea!

She bowed a creepy Pillow bow & whispered, "Your Highness honors this lowly scribbling Creature by appearing with him."

"Hey!" I cried. "I am not lowly, I am just short. And I am a scribbling Creature but not how you said it, you, you, you PILLOW YOU!" Crissy had to hold me back from Betsy smothering me briefly.

Sheila was there too & wearing her crown that don't fit right but she thinks makes her look more jazzy, yah, whatever.

She hugged Crissy & ignored me. Boy! This was making me mad.

But then Miss Chris & the Blondys 3 lifted me in the air 4or hugs & I felt better, tho Beagles don't float & I didn't know Miss Chris did!

"I'm getting floating lessons, A-wa-wa!" she said excited & nice.

We were standing just inside a door of Bags End I had never been through before, & it was a big field.

Betsy looked at me for the first time & said, "Getting there begins with starting from the right place. Make a note of that."

O great. The Pillow telling me her Wise Wisdoms. Crissy laughed quietly inside mah head to make me feel a little better.

"Who else is coming?" I asked to everyone, figuring most would ignore me, so why not try all.

Mah answer came when I heard the sound of marching feet & that silly bloo-eyed Baby Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow shouting orders.

"Hwup! 2! 3! 4! Hwup! 2! 3! 4!"

And her Army of the Babys which is usually just Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, but today was also mah silly brother Alexander Puppy & that nice green-eyed guy, Allie Leopard!

Lisa marched up to Sheila & Betsy & Miss Chris & Crissy & said, "Pwesenting mah twoops, Swers!"

Thn she saw me & said, "Hey! You dwaftdwodging bweaglefwace! Fall in line with the west of the twoops!"

"Do not heed that command, Beagleface!" Betsy whisperordered.

I laughed. "Haha, Lisa! Yes, Swer, Bwetsy, Swer! I mean, Betsy, Sir!"

Lisa looked like she was gonna cry, so Miss Chris & Crissy asked me nicely to march with the troops. They hugged & kissed a yes from me.

"Bump?" asked mah silly brother as I joined him in line.

"Alex says he always thought of you as the pacifist type. Have you changed?" said Allie.

"Ha!" yelled me. "Give Sleep a Chance!"

That woked up that Lazybug Ramie, & he hugged me & decided to carry me in his tall arms. Lisa protested, but Sheila told her to get marching.

So I had the best view of where we were going, & sometimes Ramie sleep-singed to me. Miss Chris was annoyed by his big sleep but she loves him so she did not stay made for too long.

Well, finally we set off in a sort of but not really line into the field ahead of us. I was glad for the many big guys among us.

Well, I was listening to Ramie sleep-sing as we marched, & pretty soon I closed mah eyes to listen bigger, & then I knew that Crissy was with me smiling her happy tricky smile while we listened, & I was sitting in her lap even though I wasn't, & she was petting mah fur but not that either.

Then Miss Chris was sitting with us, & that would have been strange enough, but she was with Ramie, & he was listening to Ramie sleep-sing, & now it was all way too weird for me to understand. But Ramie has a nice smile, & when he started singing in his mind with himself, I decided maybe I should just add mah cracked Beagle voice along. Crissy & Miss Chris added their nice voices to help out.

I figured the rest of the Bags End guys would join us soon, & they did, cuz Bags End guys know a good time if they smell it a thousand miles away.

Well, then something happened, & something happened next, which I suppose is how it could go when everyone crowds together inside someone's sleeping mind.

"I don't think we started from the right place, Betsy," I said, sleepy. She agreed.

"And we can't start again in the same way."

She agreed too.

"And asking what do we do now isn't it either."

She waited.

"So what then?"

Suddenly, I was back in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, but I didn't know what had happened at all.

And Betsy Bunny Pillow was next to me.

I leaped from the armchair in case it was mah fault, whatever it was.

"Sit down, Beagle, you will be granted another worthless day," Betsy whispered but not even so very madly.

We were quiet & that was OK, I guess. Then Betsy talked.

"They won't see me."

"Who?"

"The Architects of the Bunny Pillow Free State. They told me my motives are selfish."

"When?"

"When all of you disappeared to hear that stupid toy sing!" Betsy was getting her smother up, & I was getting ready to run.

But she got quiet again, so I didn't run.

"They said I have to make peace with Farmer Jones, & let him help us."

"Are you gonna?" I asked.

Betsy sighed sadly. "I will sacrifice as I must."

Well, I didn't know what she meant really, but I figgered I would be smart to keep mum & save mah worthless hide. I mean, um. Yah.

Betsy suddenly bounced through mah bedroom window back into Bags End. I didn't know if she was gonna go see Jones right way or not, but I didn't care. Not yet anyway.

Weird though that Betsy has to be good now about Farmer Jones. Being good in Bags End is a accident most of the time.

Nothing much happened for a few days until one day I was napping with Miss Chris on her Suzy Couch & Betsy came bouncing in. Miss Chris woked up & said, "It's time 4or us to go with Betsy, A-wa-wa."

"Go where?" I asked, flexing mah paws secretly in case running was the best idea.

"To begin the Grand Reconstruction, you stupid mongrel!" whisperscreamed Betsy like her usual belligerent self.

"Betsy is going to meet Farmer Jones, & she needs me to keep her from smothering left & right, & she needs you to write the story about it," said Miss Chris, her smile charming me till I 4orgot to remember to protest.

So we went the three of us back to Bags End, & then to the right level, & the right door to the Bunny Pillow Free State.

I truly did not know what was going to happen.

Happiness? Cooperation? Yah, right.

The Grand Reconstruction Begins!

Your old pal Algernon has beared witness to many a strange event in his days of making mah lovely newspaper. But none of them truly weird as when mah sort of friend Betsy Bunny Pillow came, um, un-face to face with Farmer Jones her arch-enemy & maker.

Miss Chris explained it to me more. "The Architects of the Bunny Pillow Farm know she & Farmer Jones have to make up to make things good again."

"Good again?" I cried. "But it wasn't good first! Don't you remember how

she runned away from the Bunny Pillow Farm the night be4ore she was gonna get picked & sold to rich people? And then she led the revolution to free the Bunny Pillows & made up the Bunny Pillow Free State when they got kicked out?"

"And why didn't that work, A-wa-wa?"

Hmm. "Because the Bunny Pillows don't know how to grow themselves!"

"That's right! They need him!"

Well, I didn't even know what to say to that. Then Betsy appeared to us all fluffy & scary. Um, yah, really.

"Beagle, I warned you about your disruptive ways!" she said, half crazy. The other half was too busy thinking about trying to talk to Farmer Jones & not fight him.

Miss Chris saved me from cease by giving Betsy a really good hug.

I waited & tried not to be too jealous that some guys gets hugs just too quiet their meanness.

It was a long walk to the Bunny Pillow Free State. It's never the same route there whenever we go from Bags End. Fantasylands can be tricky that way.

Miss Chris singed sometimes as we went. I think her songs changed as where we were changed. As we climbed a grass field to the green sky, she sang like a flute, & I felt like each step we took was closer to some better answer or more interesting question.

When we slowly swooped into a dark valley of rocks & bullying wind, her singing jumped up & down like being chased by a thing in the shadows. I was glad to be with the big guys then.

The last part of our journey took us through a forest I sort of remembered but it was bigger this time, & the trees talked.

Well, they talked to me & Miss Chris. We were sitting in a cleared space & gonna sleep, but Betsy was off somewhere else brooding or scheming or something.

I was sitting on Miss Chris's lap & she was petting my fur & we weren't asleep yet when I heard them.

"She has bad ideas in mind," they said. "She thinks she can trick Farmer Jones into teaching her how to grow Bunny Pillows & then expel him again. She believes she is doing this to save her people from him. It won't be easy to convince her that Farmer Jones used to be someone else, & he is needed."

I didn't say nothing out loud & I wasn't even sure that it was the trees who talked or that spooky inside-my-mind kind. Or even that Miss Chris had heard too, tho I was pretty sure she did.

"So what do we do?" Miss Chris asked, or maybe I did, or us both, don't know. Things are stranger than they used to be.

"Be ready when the time comes to say no to Betsy. It will be hard. Everything depends on it."

O that's all. I would have thinked some scared thoughts & some more, but I fell asleep, & Miss Chris too, & then it was daytime, & Betsy was back & threatening mah prompt downfall if we didn't go NOW! We went.

Me & Miss Chris didn't talk about what the trees said but we both knew all about the no we had to say when the time came.

The fields of the Bunny Pillow Free State were empty. I had never seen them like that be4ore. Nothing growing in the blue & pink ground. No new Pillows growing. I think three of us got a little upset seeing this.

It was a long way through the fields till we got close to the Farmhouse. Then we saw Pillows coming to us.

Not all Pillows look like Betsy, who is sort of rectangle-shaped & much bigger than your old pal Algernon. They are different shapes & sizes & wear different clothes than Betsy's blue dress with bunnies all over it.

I guess really all of them aren't real Bunny Pillows even. It was Betsy's thinking that called this place the Bunny Pillow Farm & Bunny Pillow Free State.

A small black velvety Pillow came up to Betsy out of the crowd.

"Blessings, our Pillow. We receive your arrival with smiling hopes." This Pillow whispered like Betsy, so that much was true still.

"Where is Jones?" demanded Betsy. The Pillows, big & small, round & not, velvet, satin, & cotton, all bounced a step back at this command.

A very long thin yellow Pillow said, "We remind our Pillow that she no longer rules the Farm, nor does the Farmer. Soon we will again be a Great Collective."

Betsy huffed up her chest. Uh-oh. "You will soon be again a collection of slaves to Jones & his customers!"

Miss Chris stepped 4orward & smiling said, "Betsy is worried that Farmer Jones wants to carry on his old ways."

Two pink & white oval Pillow twins said together, "The Farmer won't cause any more hurt. The olden ways are renewing."

"The fields are empty!" Betsy whisperscreamed. "We will not negotiate with Jones the terms of surrender or annihilation! He will grow free Pillows again or face my smothery wrath!"

The Pillows had surrounded us but I don't think unfriendly. But crazy Betsy was ready to fight them all to save them. Um, or something.

The black velvet Pillow talked again. "Our Pillow must meet the Farmer in good hope & truth."

Betsy turned to us or really Miss Chris. "We need to capture Jones & make him to tell us how to grow Pillows. If he doesn't, I will smite him good!"

Miss Chris was not smiling when she quietly said, "No, Betsy."

I think Betsy was so surprised she 4orgot mah insignificance & turned to me. "Well, Beagle?"

I tried to be smart like the trees & brave like Miss Chris but all that came out of mah mouth was "woof!"

I guess woof means no at least sometimes cuz Betsy bounced toward me with smothering on her mind, & only Miss Chris catching her kept me from being all done.

It took a long time to calm her down. Even when she was calm I still felt like she could have smothered everyone in sight briefly. I sort of admire Betsy 4or never backing down to anyone. Strange but yes.

The Grand Reconstruction Continues!

Your old pal Algernon keeps learning how figgering out who the big guys & little guys are in this world is trickier than it seems. I guess it's like a lot of other things that should be 1+1=2 but are 3 or purple or Z or sometimes not quite both.

I just try to keep mah brainbone & mah pawbones quick to the ready & know who's mah friend. I was standing 4or sure with mah friend Miss Chris in what habit in me still calls the Bunny Pillow Farm, & her kindred Pillows were working out things between them. Even the little Pillows wouldn't agree with Betsy to annihilate Farmer Jones.

Betsy remembers way too good how she barely escaped being picked by Farmer Jones & sold to rich people, her life over, just a thing & nothing else. She ran, & Miss Chris saved her, & Bags End became her sanctuary. She fought to free her homeland, only to succeed, then fail. I felt kind of bad 4or her inside mah terror.

I kept thinking one then another Pillow was the Bunny Pillow Farm big guy, but it wasn't like that. They took turns talking to Betsy, which is not what she is used to. They kept using the words in old ways.

I timidly asked, "Um, Pillows, mah name is Algernon Beagle, & I write a newspaper called Bags End News. I was wondering, what are the old ways?"

I thought Betsy might try to get me good, but she held her place & listened too. I don't think she knowed anymore than me.

A Pillow that had no one shape or color, but was like a blobby Water Pillow, singed, "It was when we all knew what to do."

"O," quoth I.

"And soon we will again," sang many of the Pillows, happy.

Hmm. I could see more & more why Betsy didn't like what was going on. In Bags End, the big guys bully & brash around & only other big guys keep them in check, sort of. Betsy is way more Bagzinian bully than she is Bunny Pillow Farm cooperating.

Suddenly, Betsy broke free from Miss Chris's arms & flew toward me with a smother-the-Beagle-right-this-time whisperscream. I was far too slow to escape, & figgered I was finally done. I closed mah eyes & felt mahself rising to the stars. Goodbye, grumpy world.

Except, if you're smothered, you can't breathe, & I could. I opened mah deceased eyes & I was not under one crazed Pillow, but lightly on top of many nice Pillows. They were under & around me & Betsy could not get to me. I would write down all her threats, but I was too scared to remember them.

I was figgering all this was hopeless when a tall figure walked up. He had a straw hat on that covered his face, but I could tell by the rest of his clothes that he was Farmer Jones!

The Pillows beneath me left quickly, but not so that I fell down hurted. Miss Chris holded me & watched the next weird doing.

Farmer Jones is a very tall guy, like Miss Chris's toy tall boy brother Ramie. Betsy charged him, but Pillows kept bouncing between them to thwart her. He kept walking up to us, & Betsy never really got near to him.

Finally, some of the Pillows surrounded Betsy like walls & a roof. It wasn't a cage, but she could not get at Jones. She whisperscreamed till she was exhausted, & then got quiet. Miss Chris was allowed to sit with her & hold her. I stayed put waiting.

Farmer Jones didn't say nothing 4or a long time. I kept thinking that he would. Betsy did too, cuz the fight in her was ready at the first cruel word.

But nothing, & then some more. Then he nodded & turned & walked toward the Pillow fields &, not knowing what else to do, we all followed.

"What's going on here?" I asked Miss Chris.

"I think it's time to learn how to grow Pillows," she said.

There was a big red barn we came to. Tho nobody said anything, only Farmer Jones went in.

Then the Pillows began to sing!

Pillows are made of sunshine & soil!

Pillows are made of green magick & fluff!

Pillows are made from the best kind of stuff!

Sometimes they sang it faster, sometimes more loudly, but those were the words over & over, & me & Miss Chris joined in too. I don't know if Betsy did. She was near the barn door the whole time, expecting tricks & traps.

But all that happened was that Farmer Jones came out with heavy bags of something, & with no words led us to the Pillow fields.

OK, now it got stranger. The Pillows got talky & explained that the old ways involved growing Pillows from the 6 natural elements. Earth was the field of dirt. OK, fine. Air was the fluff in Farmer Jones's bag. And a bit of fluff from every Pillow. Whoa.

It involved a small tear in each Pillow & sewing up the tear after. I thought Betsy would have a heart attack. Then a Pillow like a green bush explained.

"This way the Pillows don't get stiff & talkless when they're picked. Jones has renounced his ways & agreed to grow Pillows free to live & choose their own lives."

Betsy said nothing as much as Jones when he took a little fluff from her & sewed her back up.

Water would come when it rained, so that one was easy.

Then the Pillows led us away from the fields, & Farmer Jones seeded it with new fluff & old. It took a long time, cuz he went very slowly & carefully.

When he set the fields on fire, I thought Betsy would scream louder with fear than me. But the other Pillows watched quietly & happily. The rain came like someone had called it. Now I got it.

The 5th element I was told was spirit, & that involved all of us blowing the rainy smoke out of the fields.

"We animate our forthcoming brothers & sisters with the stuff of our own lives," said a small bouncy little Pillow. Stuff & fluff. But more.

"Magic, A-wa-wa," Miss Chris smiled at me. "Or Art maybe. The word in Pillow is shifty." She was happy & huggy & I was long past understanding it. If someone asked me about it all, I would say, "Stuff & fluff, pal."

Then Betsy & the other Pillows were gone with the 6th element. Me & Miss Chris were walking back to Bags End past the smoking fields. And, um, hmmming.

"Is Betsy gone? Are she & Farmer Jones friends now?"

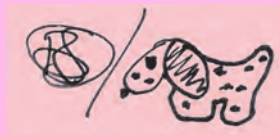
Miss Chris was as quiet as the talkless Jones. "I don't think so, A-wa-wa. She never sits still long."

So the Bunny Pillow Farm or Pillow Farm is, I think, growing Pillows again in the older weirdo ways. I think that's good, but I don't really know what to think, really.

I leave this story to end on the way back to Bags End with Miss Chris.

Love,

A. Beagle



* * * * *

Page End News
No. 307 September 20, 2003
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat's a Weed Artist?

Yor olde pall Algernon haz bin cawin' Menee a nam, in hiz daye Menee, yiks. Dum beegel, buweegel twas, stoopid beegel Ol' man feelin'z leen. Then Summa nix lik Mee's Chees mah persynomny will caw mee twawa for sum pttlers meet mee Enley Blonjee cheerleeds will say "Yay Beegel! & so that's better but for mah humblehon, O shucks! Nobody haz evr caw'd me a artist tho. I amm jest a beegelboye jernel'z tryin' to do too man job ut rit' go about mah strange homin'gus beezans. Well, on we have this story iz about mah friends the Weedz. They ar nix life gys with no trends but mee so they caw'd mee theer King but I say wat our gys. It make them kapy the the leave. Yay Algernon the King, I like sum but with that

Page End News
No. 308 September 27, 2003
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Learnin' have too Mak Weed Muzik!
Yor old pall Algernon a Weed Artist, hm. Hm. Hm! Yah rit But um, I gess so.
An onlee in dreams to. Wen I try too play the Weedz wen I am awak thay onley yell "Yay Algernon the King! too much I saye O Shucks!" & thay yet open & so on.
But wen I amm dreamin' its a hol nothin' story. Thay sing too wat I dee. If I jump or runn or roll around the ground. My wende to. Even if I sing in mah krak'd old beegel idys thay sing alongs with mee in theer strange Weed voysses. Sove how strange But verry butiful the waye strang things sumtin'z ar.

Page End News
No. 309 December 6, 2003
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Intervu with the Leonna Lyon!

Algernon- Hi, que!
Leonna- Hi, Algernon!
Algernon- Soe weer hav' yu bin?
Leonna- I took a keepin' pilgrime.
Algernon- A wat?
Leonna- Wel theer iz this plas weer thee gratis keep go too keep & lern mor about keepin'.
Algernon- Ar thay aww lyonz ix yu?
Leonna- Jaffz- Nol keepin' iz nufft jest for lyonz! Aww sotha ut creechurs keep.
Algernon- Aww kinde?
Leonna- Shur Sumtins creechurs evin keep in groups or doo tricks.
Algernon- Int'z? Groups?
Leonna- I lern'd a lot.

Page End News
No. 310 December 25, 2004
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Algernon Beegel Waks Up!

Goodnes weer weaz I? It was sumthin' lik a dream but, thay told me a long tm went by to, & then I cam bak as sud wilep & heer I amm yor old pal Algernonpp, wuvz mor.
I deesided too start ritin' mah newspap'r open bekauz mebbe I will remember better that waye wat hapened or why I think I was suposed too bring bak a message or sumthin' lik that.
It figgers ferst think it or with mah owne stromp braynon then go too thee bigs, que & smant que I no with anythink I think'd up.



Bags End Book #11: Algernon Beagle Wakes Up! Part 1

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

What's a Weed Artist?

Your old pal Algernon has been called many a name in his day. Many, yikes. Dum beagle, Beagle Face, stupid beagle. O! mah feelings bone!

Then someone nice like mah dear friend Miss Chris will call me A-wa-wa or Simmi Bittersweet the Baby Blondy cheerleader will say, "Yay! Beagle!" & so that's better but 4or mah humble bone. O! Shucks!

Nobody has ever called me a Artist be4ore tho. I am just a beagleboy journalist trying to do mah job of writing about mah stranger homeland called Bags End.

Well, anyway, this story is about mah friends the Weedz. They are nice little guys with no friends but me so they call me their King but I say, "whatever, guys." It makes them happy tho to say, "Yay! Algernon the King!"

like Simmi but with that extra bit.

Since Weedz are everywhere, I see them a lot & they always know me & cheer me, even if it's a new place I have never been. Weedz don't use telephones so I don't know how they tell each other who I am, but they do.

And they cheer me like I told you, & I say, "O! Shucks!" & "hello, Weedz" & they cheer me again cuz maybe that's all they have to say to me, or maybe they don't know any other English.

I was walking home from school wun day with mah adopted older sister & mah newspaper's riter-downer, Lori Bunny, when some Weedz see'd us & did their usual cheer.

"O! Shucks!" I said back usually & they cheered again.

Lori adjusted her smart guy's spectacles & said, "Greetings, Weedz!" all friendly.

"Yay! Algernon the King!" they told her back, friendly 2 but confusing.

"Hmm," said Lori like smart guys do when their brains are whirring.

"Do you have an idear about these Weedz, Lori?" I asked. I like Lori's brain's idears a lot.

"I don't think English is their language but they learned enough to tell you they like you, Algernon," she said.

"O! Shucks!" said me.

"But maybe there's some other way to talk to them more," she said too.

"Hmm," I, um, hmm'd.

Lori said she would have to think about it more so we said goodbye to the cheering Weedz & went on our way. Mah hmm went with us.

Anytime later I walked by Weedz, & they cheered like usual, I wondered what bright idear Lori would come up with. I tried in mah unsmart way to teach the Weedz some English.

"Say beagle," I teached.

"Yay! Algernon the King!" the Weedz didn't learn.

"Say Blondy," teached me again.

"Yay! Algernon the King!" the Weedz didn't learn some more.

"Bump!" said mah suddenly present brother Alexander Puppy.

"Alex says, 'Weedz, try Bump language. It's easier,'" said that also now present green-eyed Allie Leopard, friend of foolish kinfolks.

"Bump!" said the Weedz to mah amaze.

"They said, 'Yayy! Algernon the King!'" Allie explained, smiling.

"O! Fooey! O! Shucks!" I double cried.

So much 4or mah try at being a smart guy.

Then, one Milne's Porch napping day, who comes to see me in mah comfy armchair but mah real smart guy friend Lori. She sat with me & after a good nap she told me her idears from the papers she brung.

"I think Weedz talk by how they move in the breeze," she read to me.

"Hmm," said me. "What do they say?"

Lori adjusted her smart guy's spectacles & read some more. "Well, they don't have jobs or go to school so they don't talk about those kinds of things."

I 4orgot about humming & just listened.

"Algernon, I have been watching your friends the Weedz 4or days & I think what they do in their own language is sing," Lori said, looking at me instead of reading.

"Sing?"

Lori nodded. "They take turns singing about what is going on. Then sometimes they sing all at once."

"Sing," I said again like some kind of fake Bump language with only one word.

Lori smiled her nice orange bunny smile at me. "I think you need to come with me & see."

So me & Lori went to see a big field of Weedz on some level of Bags End, through a door.

"Yayy! Algernon the King!" the Weedz yelled all happy. "O! Shucks!" yelled me, all humble.

Well, they kept cheering awhile till Lori said she thinked the trick to hearing them sing was to pretend to be asleep.

So me & her hunkered down & were very quiet. I think I 4orgot to pretend to be asleep tho, cuz strange things happened next. I heard Weedz singing! It wasn't words I knowed or just humming but it was something.

I started to get more comfortable & the music changed again. I moved again & it changed again. I saw Lori moving but the Weedz only changed their singing 4or me.

So not thinking too much I started running & boy! did their singing go crazy! Then I stopped fast & they got loud then very soft. Hmm.

OK. Now what? Lori Bunny hopped up to me smiling & said to me, "I wonder what will happen when we wake up?"

And we did but the music was gone. Or something. I wasn't sure if it stopped just be4ore or after our dream. Lori didn't know either.

"Yayy! Algernon the King!" the Weedz yelled, but I wanted them to sing again. "O! Shucks!" I added.

Lori & me went back by paw & hop to Milne's Porch. We sat in mah comfy armchair. We were quiet.

Since we had the same dream, I knowed it had happened but it didn't seem to happen after we woked up.

Lori adjusted her smart guy's spectacles & said, "In dreams you are a Weed Artist, Algernon. You shape the Weedz' singing like a conductor."

"Picasso & Miles Davis are Artists, Lori," I said, a little grumpy. "I am just a beagleboy journalist trying to do his work."

"O, you are very much more, Algernon," Lori said with a nice & smart smile. "Even Sheila says that."

"Ha!" said me. "No way, Brains!" That's Sheila's nickname 4or Lori. I thinked she was making fun of me so I got grumpy.

But Lori gave me a hug that was love beagle not mock beagle. "You're a good Weed Artist too," she smiled.

Well, somehow other Bags End guys found out about me being a Weed Artist in dreams, & some were happy, but some didn't like that me not them was getting attention.

"Thwat dwum bweaglefwace cwouldn't mwake bwerds swing!" mocked red-haired Sargent Lisa-Marie Chowe of the Army of the Babys.

Others didn't bother to say more than "HA!" which I thought was even worse somehow.

But my usual friends were happy. Miss Chris wanted to play her piano while I made Weedz sing but we couldn't figger out how to get it into mah head. Heh.

I started avoiding Weedz cuz it was all getting too complex. Lori told me the Weedz missed me tho I didn't know how she knew when they talk no English but "Yayy! Algernon the King!" O! Shucks! Maybe they said it sadly.

Your old pal Algernon is King of the mushy-hearted guys too. So I figgered that I had to do something to make the Weedz happy again. O & make the HA! guys believe it was true.

"Put on a show!" said Miss Chris, all happy. "I will help you, A-wa-wa!"

Gosh, a show starring your old pal A-wa-wa, I mean, Algernon.

Well, since I didn't really know how to play the Weedz, I told her I had to practice.

Now it's near the big day 4or our show. I think it will be good. I hope everybody comes cuz dreams have lots of room.

Yayy! Weedz!

* * * * *

Learning How to Make Weed Music!

Your old pal Algernon a Weed Artist, hm. Hm. Ha! Yah right. But, um, I guess so.

And only in dreams too. When I try to play the Weedz when I am awake, they only yell, "Yayy! Algernon the King!" to which I say, "O! Shucks!" & they yell again & so on.

But when I am dreaming, it's a whole other story. They sing to what I do. If I jump or run or roll around the ground. My words too. Even if I sing in mah cracked old beagle voice, they sing along with me in their strange Weedz voices. Boy! How strange! But very beautiful the way strange things sometimes are.

I never knowed how the Weedz would sing or make music to mah doings. It was never the same. So I couldn't think, "OK, if I do this, the Weedz will do that." Nothing they did sounded wrong tho.

People & others started showing up in mah dreams to listen to me & the Weedz practice 4or our big show. Since I wasn't sure what we were doing, I didn't know what to do with an audience.

"You have groupies, A-wa-wa!" said mah dear friend Miss Chris, & then she & mah other dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna giggled. Me. Groupies. Ha!

"Thwis is jwust swome lownghwair hwippy music, you dwaftdwodging cwa9ine!" yelled that silly baby Sargent Lisa. She was in Miss Chris's lap wearing her green army diaper & M*A*S*H shirt.

"Ha!" said me, getting sorta one-worded about the whole thing. "I don't have long hair, I have short fur! I would be a hippy but I don't know how!"

Speaking of real hippys, Miss Chris's toy tall big brother Ramie was sitting next to her asleep. Ha some more! Lazybug asleep in our group dream! Go him!

The Blondys 3 floated around & I think they got Weedmusic best. Blondys are nice magickal girls & things are different with them, like dangers & bad guys & all that. They float cuz they don't know about the Law of Grabitee & the littlest Blondy Simmi cheers even without a game. I have learned that when you're with Blondys, & you're still you, you better hold on tight cuz they don't know that too good.

Well, I was even brave & hardly whimpered when they jammed with me & the Weedz by floating me high. The Weedz like the Blondys ☺ The music got real dancey & that was fun till I remembered I don't float & begged to go back aground.

"Bump!" cried Alexander Puppy, mah tall dubious relative, who is a good dancer anyway, I must admit.

"Alex says Weedz kind of get it," explained green-eyed Allie Leopard, who knows lots of languages but is shy.

"Ha!" I challenged him but he just smiled & bumped mah nozebone softly. Silly brother.

We were all cuddled up in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & I

didn't know how more would fit but they did. Inside the dream we were in a big sunny field of Weedz so that part was OK.

Then Betsy Bunny Pillow showed up with her retinue of shadowy Allies. The Weedz don't like Betsy much since they had to save me from her wrathful smothering ways. They stopped singing & just yelled, "Boo!" a lot.

Well, Betsy is a big guy & big guys don't like when little guys crawl out from under foot.

"Loyal Allies, annihilate those Weedz!" she cried in her crazy whispery voice. I don't think the Allies would have done that but Miss Chris got involved anyway.

"Betsy!" she said, all happy & hugged her twice & twice again. Big guys get hugs 4or not beating little guys up. What a world, ha! OK, I'll stop that, heh.

It was too crazy to keep trying to rehearse but once Betsy was quieter in Miss Chris's arms the Weedz started their music again.

I closed mah eyes & tried to remember what I was doing be4ore all the controversy broke out. But I could not at all. I think the Weedz made their music 4orgetting music, but I don't know how.

It was starting to be OK when I heard the unique sound of a purple trumpet. I did not have to open mah eyes to know it was mah adopted sister & Mayor of Bags End, & King cuz she says so, Sheila Bunny.

I kept mah eyes close to see what would happen but then I fell asleep like a Lazybug. In mah dream's dream, the whole world was shaped like Sheila's purple trumpet, but it was made out of Weedz! I don't know what I was though. The trumpet played softly. Played & played.

The second dream became the first when Miss Chris & Princess Crissy & the Blondys 3 joined me in their dance, & the Weedz' music became like a sing-a-long or maybe a dance-a-long. Good grief, & a Bump-a-long because mah silly bumping brother Alex joined in too.

The Weedz amazed me how they kept their music going no matter what was going on. I thinked it was because maybe the music was about what was going on, but mah secret beagle wisdom Crissy says I have, told me their music was more than their Weedzy kind of newspaper. Or maybe it was kind of like mah newspaper, cuz I write to tell everyone what happened & to try & um understand it dressed in words.

I decided at some point that Weedz don't know about practice or rehearsal cuz they just sing right the first time, or it just sounds right, or they don't think about right or wrong when it comes to singing & making music.

Also they don't know or care about being the star because they were just as happy when everyone was singing & dancing with them. Ramie woke up a little & said, "No Spectators" & later when Lori Bunny told me what that second word meant I understood. Everybody joins in & things are better.

So this was the show, not some practice 4or it, & I guessed that was good. It was why Sheila showed up with her purple trumpet cuz she knowed that the show was now. When I said that to her later, she said, "The Show is Always Now, beagle."

When the sun went down, the Weedz sang the sinking colors of pink & red & orange. When the stars & some of the moon came out, they played that too. Sometimes the Bags End guys took breaks or came & went & it was OK. Weedzmusic goes on always like the show.

Mah poor brainbone finally tired about all of this, it was so new to me even tho I have knowed the Weedz a long long time. I was happy they made lots of new friends, at least 4or while they singed in mah dreams & made music with everybody.

Then I waked up, I don't remember the moment but it happened, & what a crowd was with me in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch! Everybody, even the big guys, were happy & nobody threatened mah vitalities as they left. Some even kissed & hugged & nice-worded me.

Weedzmusic is a success in Bags End. Everybody likes it & there's hardly anything else that's true about.



* * * * *

Interview with Leona Lion!

A few days after that big Weedzmusic show, I got a visit at Milne's Porch from mah nice & pretty brown-eyed friend Leona Lion. She had not been around in awhile, & yet here she was now, in mah comfy armchair with me. We had a nice hug & then talked.

"Say, fella, can I interview you 4or mah newspaper? To catch everyone up on your doings?" I asked politely & hopefully.

Leona's pretty eyes lit up & she said, "Sure! I'm sorry I missed your big Weedzmusic show."

"It's OK. I can show you all about it sometime, just us two." She smiled at me so yes.

"So where have you been?"

"I took a leaping pilgrimage!" she said exited happy.

"A what?" I knowed Leona is a guy who loves her leapings, but not much else.

"Well, there is this place where the greatest leapers go to leap & learn more about leaping."

"Are they all lions like you?"

She laughed, but nicely. "No! Leaping is not just 4or lions! All kinds of creatures leap!"

"All kinds?"

"Sure. Sometimes creatures even leap in groups or do tricks."

Wow. "Tricks? Groups?"

Leona nodded. "I learned a lot."

I said, "But you're the best leaper I know."

"But there are lots of good leapers & I can't leap like trees or clouds."

"Hold on. Trees & clouds leap?" Crazy.

"They leap really good. I like asking them 4or leaping advice."

Well, now she was so excited talking about leaping that she had to do some leaping 4or awhile. When she came back, she was kinda too excited to be interviewed but she tried to make me happy.

"Were you leaping?" I asked.

Her smile even bigger now. "Like the lords!"

"Huh?"

She smiled me. "I always wanted to leap with you 2."

"Beagles don't leap, fella," I gruttered.

"That's not true!" she said. "I did some research."

"About beagles leaping?"

She nodded. "Not many but a few."

"Which ones?"

She thought. "Well, there was a Jethro Saint Beagle, who leaped 4or helping the world."

"Who?"

"And there was a magician called Fayth Beagle the Great who leaped in his magic act. It was how he finished his show. He would say, 'G'night, everybody!' & leap over the heads of the audience & disappear!"

"Um."

"And there was Jorge Beagle Juwsford, who was a farmer. His whole family of farming beagles would plant & pick by leaping around their fields all day long."

"Um, Leona?" I said seriously.

She looked right back at me. "Yes, Algernon?"

I spoke sadly. "If I leap with you, I will break every bone in mah body. That will hurt."

Leona replied with a smile, "Not if I teach you how to leap right."

Maybe after learning how to make Weedzmusic, I thought that I was kind of on a roll of learning strange new things. That's my best guess 4or how Leona convinced me to take leaping lessons from her. Also, she kept doing more research to find more leaping beagles in history till I begged her to no more. I told her I was afraid to be the beagle in history who leaped & broke. But I agreed. I guess I'm a sucker 4or nice pretty eyes & crazed enthusiams.

What Leona could not figger out was how to get me off the ground. Then one day I by mistake told her how the Blondys 3 would float me sometimes even though beagles don't float neither. But Leona got excited & said we must consult with them.

Blondys are hard to find if you look for them, so we just went to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & talked a lot about leaping & floating & stuff. Blondys are very curious & like to be near where the action is, & so they came along.

What happened was that me & Leona napped & were sharing a dream about leapfloating or something, & I'm pretty sure there was some Weedzmusic going too. I think I was pretty good at leapfloating because I wasn't sure in dreams that I wasn't.

Then the Blondys joined in & it was going OK till somebody said, "Yayy! leapfloating dream beagle!" & I crashed.

"Ow! Mah dreambones!" I cried. Me & Leona & the Blondys were all sitting awake now in mah comfy armchair. They all comforted me with hugs & nice pats of mah fur. Leona asked the Blondys to stay around as part of her grand scheme to float, or maybe leapfloat, me.

But she had to figger out about the crashing part, or the non-crashing part as I called it. She was quiet awhile, & I was quite happy to let a nap come on along again, but then she got excited suddenly with a new idear.

"We have to go to see Betsy Bunny Pillow!" she said all excited. Believe you me, Dear Readers, I have NEVER said those words in that way ever.

The Blondys took us, despite mah protests. But we did get there fast, which turned out to be Miss Chris's house in Connecticut where Betsy was visiting.

"Why should I?" whisper-demanded Betsy to Leona's bright idear, in her best Bagzinian grumpiness. I figured the only thing Betsy would do 4or me is whisper-yell & smother me.

I hoped all the good guys involved would keep that from happening. And I guess the Blondys & Miss Chris gang-niced Betsy into helping Leona's plan.

"Now we need the rocket fuel," said Leona with glittering eyes. She kept 4orgetting again how Bags End guys don't really like to help.

I wondered why we went to Sheila's Thone Room next until I saw Leona convincing her to help with the plan. I think mah earbones stopped working from disbelief that any Bags End guy would help us, but the Blondys had, & Betsy did, & Sheila would. I kind of lost track of the details in mah honest & true quiet terrors.

Leona & I came back to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch 4or a little while. She hugged me & told me that the next day would be mah grand leaping debut. I reminded her about how beagles do not leap or float, or together somehow, & she reminded me about the great prophet Wendy Methuselah Beagle, who leaped into the sky & never came back, to show that anything was possible. I grumbled something like defeat.

"It's fun, Algernon!" she said, all bright-eyed & smiling.

"Broken bones ain't no fun, Mister. I mean, Miss," I grumbled again with what I had left.

So the great & tragical day came when many Bags End friends & I guess others too came to see me leap or leap-float, I had lost track. Nobody believed I would crash more than me. Miss Chris & Princess Crissy hugged & kissed me 4or good luck. Mah quasi-lingual brother Alexander Puppy bumped me once & left it at that. I agreed with him 4or once.

It was a big field like where the Weedzmusic show had happened, but not a shared dream this time, & a lot more scary 4or mah own safety. Everyone was cheering me louder & louder as I stood there wondering where Leona was. Then I suddenly knowed because she & Sheila were both coming toward me so fast! O dear gosh & dang!

But they didn't crash me. Between them they grabbed mah pawbones & I was drugged up into the air! We were leaping &, um, hopping? high & I was terrified liking it when they let go!

But instead of a final plunge to earth, I heard a cheer & was now surrounded by Blondys who leaped/floated/hopped? me along & I thought: "OK, this is great & over soon!"

But then they let go & I was heading toward the blue blue ground of mah demise. Very blue.

The blue of Betsy Bunny Pillow's dress who I landed on, soft as a her, & rolled off un-annihilated!

I leaped/floated/hopped/did not crash? Leona ran up to me first as I stood there shaking off mah many terrors.

"I told you there were all kinds!" she said, & laughed nicely.

* * * * *

Algernon Beagle Wakes Up!

Goodness, where was I? It was something like a dream, though not like the one of Weedzmusic, & they told me a long time went by too, & then I came back as suddenly, & here I am, your old pal Algernon, once more. I think I was supposed to bring back a message, or something like that.

I guess it was not long after all that leaping that I started feeling a little weird deep down. Not like a ache or being sick, but something. It was sort of hard to pay attention at Mister Owl's school, & I kept 4orgetting to

do mah newspaper. I don't know how to tell, Dear Readers, but I decided after a long while I had better start writing mah newspaper again because maybe it would help me remember better what happened or why.

I figured first think it over with mah own strange brainbone & then go to see the big guys & smart guys I know with anything I think up.

Start really slow, fella, first thing first. I remember that I opened mah eyes & found mahself on Milne's Porch, but on the floor, not in mah comfy armchair. I was breathing fast too, like I had been running. I looked back at the window to mah & mah brother Alex's bedroom, & it was open. I never leave it open! Mostly so I don't have to listen to mah silly brother talk his dum made-up Bump language to that nice guy Allie Leopard.

I looked at the open window & there was mah adopted sister & alleged King of Bags End Sheila Bunny climbing through, & then mah dear friend Miss Chris & mah dear friend Princess Chisakah of Imagianna.

They all wored worried looks, even Sheila, who wears her grumpy look like home base usually.

"Algernon!"

"Don't run away!"

"Are you back, beagle?"

They all crowded round me & talked at once & Sheila got grumpy be4ore too long.

I wasn't sure what to say or do when they all left at once to go get Doctor Greenface. I thought it was weird that they worried but all left too till I saw in the air just beyond Milne's Porch floated the Blondys 3. Guarded by Blondys is safe as a mortal guy can be.

"Hi Blondys!" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

"Yayy! Beagle Beagle!" yelled Simmi the Baby Blondy who is a cheerleader in a yellow uniform.

Hey! Hm. She never yayys me by mah kind twice. I didn't say anything though. I figgered even the Blondys might be worrying on me in their magical girls kind of way.

So I tried thinking again. Ha! Beagles think best on the run or something. Not no HindyBoodizt, me.

I thinked about mah name, Algernon Beagle, & mah native homeland, called Bags End. My newspaper, my silly bumping brother.

A message? What message from who & where? Had I been kidnapped or runned away from home? Why would I do that? I like Bags End some a lot, so hmm there.

The window to Bags End near me opened again & Miss Chris came through the window dressed up like Doctor Miss Chris, & she was carrying that tiny little furry green guy called Doctor Greenface. Then Doctor PurplePurpleEyes, who is also Sheila Bunny, & Princess Crissy, who I guess is always her & not sometimes a doctor to.

Wow. Three doctors to check me up & the best ones in Bags End.

So these doctors worked me over 4or a long time. Doctor Miss Chris had her Doctor's bag & used a stretchiscope to listen to mah heart bumping & mah breaths breathing. Doctor Greenface studied me closely, "4or signs of un-beagleness," he said. He said hmmm & ahhh a lot too.

Doctor PurplePurpleEyes tickled me a bunch & I don't know what else. Strange doctorings.

I think I fell asleep cuz later they told me that cranky old Doctor Horatio Algernon showed up but mostly talked about his aches & pains & made Miss Chris & Crissy hug him a lot. Dum relative of some sort.

But none of them could figger out nothing except it had started in

mah dreams & took me in & in till I was gone. Nobody could figger out where I was 4or a long time, till I showed up suddenly again, running really fast till I got to Milne's Porch, where I stopped but didn't remember nothing.

"We need Benny Big Dreams," said Sheila. "Friend of mine, beagle," she said to when I was about to ask.

"Why him?" I ask be4ore she read mah brainbone again.

"He knows about dreams. And he plays harmonica in my Kool Jazz Band," she said, & then left.

I looked at Princess Crissy & Miss Chris, & they hugged me & smiled a lot at me, which is always a good thing, but I wanted to know about Benny Big Dreams. So later on I went to see mah friend Lori Bunny.

She is always happy to see me & closed her book & all.

"Benny Big Dreams is a traveler."

"Where does he travel?"

"He travels in dreams. He is sort of an Oneironaut."

"A what?"

Lori laughed & thinked a minute how to explain me in regular guy English.

"Well, you know an astronaut is someone who travels in space?"

"Like those Star Trick guys?"

She nodded. "An Oneironaut is someone who travels in dreams. I think Benny stays in them tho."

"You mean he never wakes up?"

"I think he is from dreams in the first place, Algernon."

"O." I thinked a minute. "So how does Sheila take me to see him?"

Lori wasn't sure.

I didn't know what to think because I felt OK but the big guys I trust were still worried on me. Well, I guess I will talk to Benny Big Dreams then.

It was those nice but magickal Blondys 3 that Sheila asked to take me along to see Benny Big Dreams. They floated onto Milne's Porch & settled all around my comfy armchair with me. I waited to be trembly & fearfilled floated away, but they falled asleep right away, still smiling their tricky Blondy smiles.

Hmm. I guess I had to go with them, to find Benny Big Dreams, so I got comfy too & tippy-toed into sleep, hoping not too much trouble was waiting.

* * * * *

Searching 4or the Other Algernon!

Your old pal Algernon has been traveling to find mah new friend Benny Big Dreams 4or quite some time now, & it is only this very moment when I have been able to get back near enough to Bags End to write mah newspaper.

How to tell of mah days isn't easy. I have learned so much that I never learned in my regular teacher Mister Owl's school.

Dreams are real like other things. If you go deep enough into them, you will find other people. I knew that already, I think, because I have cluster-dreamed be4ore with Bags End friends like Sheila Bunny & Miss Chris & even Princess Crissy. I tolded already in this book too about how we all shared a dream to watch me make the wonderful Weedzmusic.

But really, I guess I had thinked it was like a game just us guys played. I didn't think dreams were more real than that.

Then I waked up & found out I had been gone a long long time in dreams & I was sick from it. Like something happened that usually doesn't. Like I was

Bagge End News
No. 311 April 2, 2005
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Searching Dreams for thee
Oh Algernon!

You old pal Algernon has
been traveling with the mah new
trend Benzene Big Dreams
for kwit sum time now &
it is only this very moment

in abel to gett
off too Bagge
end.

tell us mah
zee. I hav leard
never leard
for teacher Mistr

an reel like
yu go doop
memor yu wil
ab, I know that I.

Bagge End News
No. 312 May 7, 2005
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

To Beagle's Ekwels Wun! Eh?

I lookd att mee & sed, "Lissen
fella, wee kant both see mee!"
Wy not?" I repliyd.

"Bekoz I amm a I an I iz
wun of mee. Mee! criyeth mee.

But theer ar 2 Is heer. I and
I. Doo yu dispoat?"

att dispoat.
help. Is eyallld
ey 3 lookd att uss
beagel inn tree grasss
e on iz or wass
ay began floatin up

sed.
ut them!"
no nott float!
ee.

Bagge End News
Double Issue!
No. 313-314 June 18-25, 2005
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Algernon Beagle Waks Upp Ages!

Wel, thanx, sum dayz gett
mee wunnding itt memereez arnt
jest bakkworzz but derwerds, evin
sidwayz. Iz thatt possibell, too rememr
sid wayz? Mah brayn bon iz nott sootl
enuf by its kraft too imagin thatt
veree farr.

Eh?

Yahh I mind to.

Enywaye, I askk bekuz this stree
I amm telin ixz goot lik a pretzel
inn its wayz.

O pretzels! Yuck!

Heh. Bettlr. Sum beagel fier
rheer for a moment.

Wat?

Yes.

See mah bakker bakom I.

living in mah dreams, not just in the night in mah bed, but all of me inside dreams.

What happened next after me & the Blondys slept was that I noticed how strange it was that I couldn't tell if I was floating with them or if they were walking along with me. It wasn't both or neither. I felt safe with them, like always, but they seemed less strange to me than they usually do.

I know in dreams there's the harder kind & the looser kind. The harder kind just sort of drag you along some really odd story till they're done & something else happens. The looser kind are more the game kind because you can think things up to make happen in them, like Weedzmusic shows. I like those better so I hoped me & the Blondys were having a looser dream.

We were in Bags End, a dream Bags End I guess, & I decided to test out the dream. I have a little trick 4or doing this. Since Bags End has no stairs, I try to make some show up with mah brainbone's best try.

So I did & they did & I was about to tell the Blondys when I saw someone at the top of the stairs with brown & white fur like me, & a stick-up tailbone like mine, & he was low to the ground like I am.

"Hey! You!" I yelled. "Are you me?" Um. Then I started running up the stairs on mah short legs. The Blondys followed but I still could not tell if they were floating after all.

I am not too good on stairs but I climbed them fast as I could, & I thoughted I would get to the next level of Bags End, but it wasn't. O yah, dreams.

I made sure the Blondys were still with me & they were but stranger now. It was like there were still 3 of them, but also thousands. I don't know how they do that!

And no dream Algernon, if that is who that was. Now what? Your old pal Algernon is not too good at this kind of thing. I think looser dreaming is like throwing a baseball, & I am not too good at that too, cuz I was hoping 4or the other beagle to show up when I found mahself in an endless sea of beagles! Beagles & Blondys, good golly!

"Hey!" I yelled, & all the other beagles did too & the echo was crazy, heh.

"Stop that!" cried me, & all of the beagles again, & now I was annoyed. I hushed & thinked deep into mah dream brainbone.

I looked one beagle full to his face & said, "You are not Algernon. You are Fred." He nodded & said, "Hi, guy," still sounding like me, but not quite.

I teachd Fred how to name the next beagle, & soon many beagles were naming many other beagles, & there were no more crazy echoes. The Blondys 3 & 3 thousand just smiled. They don't work like me so it was OK how they were. Um, yah.

I hushed up all the beagles, & they hushed up each other, & all that hushing got loud again, so I hushed the hushing like I had done the naming, by one & then a few & then many.

"Is one of you beagles the first beagle I saw at the top of the stairs?" I said. They all said no. It took awhile.

Hmm. Now what?

Well, OK, since they were all there I told them about the other beagle & how I thinkd he was me too.

"Are you gonna teach him how not to be you like you did with all of us?" asked one beagle who had mah funny accent but angled some other way from me.

"I don't know. He might be different. Now, listen, beagle hordes. I ask you to spread throughout Dream Bags End to fetch this maybe other me. Will

you do this?"

There was a cheer that was so good I think maybe the dream Simmi Bittsweet Blondy 1 & many had been giving cheering lessons. Then the beagles scattered every way &, faster than I could watch, they were all gone but me & the regular 3 Blondys.

Now what? I was not sure. Dream Bags End, if this really still was, is very strange.

OK. I mean, fine. I decided looser dreaming was like a horsie to ride, & I don't do that good either, but the Blondys would help if I let them.

"Blondys, let's ride this dream to where we need to go!" I cried, for a moment some brave guy having a big adventure, & loving it till it will get stranger.

Yah. Right. Me, that? Ha! We were now dream floating & I could not feel mah beagle body!

"Help! Help!" I cried. "I'm, um, drowning! Um no! I am missing! Um, no! I am something scary!"

I felt Blondys move near me then, & that was better, but I still didn't like it. I guess I am not too good at riding dreams.

"Try harder, guy," said a voice in me & close too. A Algernon voice but not like those many others. Me & not-me both.

"Who are you?"

"Algernon."

"Me too!"

"How can that be?"

"Dunno, fella."

"Which one of us is talking now?"

"Hard to say."

"Why did you run away?"

"Why did you run away?"

""HHeellpp,, BBllloonnddyss!!""

The Blondys figured out us beagles don't like nobodiness & then there we were, sitting on the grass. 3 of them & 2 of me!

* * * * *

2 Beagles Equals 1! Eh?

I looked at me & said, "Listen, fella, we can't both be me!"

"Why not?" I replied.

"Because I am a I & I is 1 of me. Me!" cryeth me.

"But there are 2 I's here. I and I. Do you dispute?"

"I do not dispute."

""BBllloonnddyss,, HHeellllpp!!""

The Blondys 3 looked at us 2 Algernon Beagles in the grass of something like or is or was Dreamland, & they began floating upwards very slowly.

"Uh oh!" I's said.

"Get a hold of them!"

"Beagles do not float!"

"Here we go!"

"Yayy! Benny Big Dreams!" Simmi Bittersweet yelled as we floated up into the air.

For a long time we floated, & I had some time to think over mah adventures in Dreamland. I think I fell asleep, but I didn't, so of course it got weirder. Ha! I think the rule for weird finally broke!

The Blondys floated slowly to assuage mah fears some but they kept seeming farther & farther away tho I's holded on tightly to their shoes as we could. Then we weren't even floating anymore & the Blondys were gone.

"Hmm," I said.

"Agreed," I said too.

"Now what?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe Benny Big Dreams is around here?"

"Where?"

We found we could not really see where we were, though it wasn't night & I's don't think we were blind.

"What do we do?"

We both yelled, ""HHeellpp!!"" loudly at the same time. We yelled it a lot but nothing seemed to happen. So we yelled some more.

""HHeellpp!! HHeellpp!!""

Everything else, whatever was, there was quiet.

Finally I said, "Let's listen now," & I agreed, & we stopped our yelling, & listened real good with all our earbones.

Mah eyes were tightly closed listening when I thinked, "Hey! Something strange has happened! More! Again! I am I & not I's! Where did the other me-fella go?"

Then I thinked, "Uh oh, am I I or the other I? How would I know?" I was getting worried by this when a voice laughed. "He will be back when you need him again." I opened mah eyes & I was somewhere again. There was sky up there, the kind with pretty grey clouds crawling slowly along.

I waited 4or this voice to show its talking creature but it had got quiet again. "Hello?"

I waited some more. Nothing was clear but the grey clouds, but then I saw this bird tiny far away in them. Not flying exactly, more twinkling like a star.

Well, thinked me, I guess things happen when you wait, & not too.

"It's OK," the voice talked again. "Nobody will hurt you."

"Are you Benny Big Dreams?" I croaked like a scared froggy.

The voice laughed. "I have heard that name be4ore. It's as good as any."

"Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I live in Bags End," I said politely.

"When I am awake," I added, confused.

"Hello, Algernon Beagle of Bags End when you are awake! How do you like Dreamland?" said the voice friendly 2.

"It's OK. I am sick so they sent me here to find you. Mah friends. They sent Blondys with me but I lost them."

The voice laughed. "The Blondys are nearby! They never abandon their friends."

I nodded. Blondys are good guys.

The voice waited.

"Can you help me?"

"How?"

"I don't know. Everyone in Bags End thinks I am sick & need your help."

Then I said the whole story I have already told you loyal Dear Readers.

I waited while the voice thinked. I don't know I knowed it was thinking but I did. I could tell he was a smart guy & nice in a big guy sort of way.

"Are you sure you are sick?"

"I dunno. The big guys in Bags End all think so."

"Do you feel sick?"

"I feel OK. I mean, I feel like I always feel."

"How's that?"

Now I thought. "I feel like a guy hanging on to see what happens next."
Benny laughed, & I decided I could see how he was good friends with Sheila Bunny.

"Maybe you are well now," Benny said. He sounded tricky tho like the answer was the other way from where his words were pointing.

"Can I see what you look like?" I asked politely.

"I don't have a body like you. Anymore."

"O." Hm. That didn't work.

"I can show you my tattoos," he offered brightly.

"Um?"

"Pictures on me drawn in ink," he said.

"Drawed on you? Like you're a painting?"

"You might like them. They tell stories. You like stories."

"True," I said.

"Will you look at one?" he asked politely. "I think it might help answer your question."

Then I saw an arm with a lot of muscles in it & it was covered in pictures like he said. How strange! I wondered if Miss Chris knowed about painting arms!

"Which one?" I asked.

"Just look till one sticks close to your mind," he said.

Hmm. That sounded hard but I figured OK.

So I looked slowly & Benny held his arm still 4or me.

Was that picture really there or did I just dream-in-dream it?

It changed as I looked. It felt warm & nice like a kiss on mah 4orhead, but that's not a picture!

Warm & sleepy like sitting in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch with maybe Miss Chris & the Blondys there 2--

Safe as listening to Sheila's Kool Jazz Band when they calm down some their playing--

Brave like Betsy Bunny Pillow & her plans to save all the little Pillows of the world from every doom--

I 4orgot I was looking at an arm & the scene changed because I 4orgot. Dreamland is like that.

I was running again tho. Why does that keep happening? I decided to be braver than me & keep running straight on & find out.

* * * * *

Algernon Beagle Wakes Up Again!

Well, then, some days get me wondering if memories aren't just backwards but 4orwards too, even sideways. Is that possible, to remember sideways? Mah brainbone is not subtle enough by its craft to imagine that very far.

Eh?

Yah, I wonder too.

Anyway, I ask because this story I am telling has gotten like a pretzel in its ways.

O! Pretzels! Yuk!

Heh. Better. Some beagle flair there 4or a moment.

What?

Yes.

See, mah problem became I could not tell if it was me or the other me thinking, & then I wondered if I was moving backwards somehow. I had been

in Dreamland 4or so long I didn't remember how days or hours worked. It troubled me in mah simple beagle brainbone.

Hm. Work on that voice there, pal, neither fall into parody nor overripe into dullness.

See? See?

One word, then the next, fella. That's all there ever is in this newspaper business. "Use your noggin, beagle," is what mah adopted sister Sheila Bunny says, if I complained. Then she would tap her furry little head like that showed me how.

Ha. But here I was running through Dreamland using mah short paws more than mah brainbone. But mah brain was asking me what I was doing.

"Shhh," said me.

"No! I will not shhhh!" cried mah stubborn brainbone.

"It's easier not to ask these things."

"No, it's not! I always ask!"

I had to agree with this. Mah brainbone asked every time, no matter what.

I guessed I could not argue no more. "We're going back to Bags End. I am. You're me, ya brainbone."

"I know. I am glad you figgered that out."

At that very moment, I used all mah humble bodybone had in it to leap from Dreamland to Bags End, like I was mah friend Leona Lion leaping through the air. She did give me leaping lessons, I have tolded you about earlier in this book.

I landed running & kept running. I figgered I better not stop yet till something else happened.

Then I was being chased & yelled at & knew that I had to stop soon. I was breathing hard & shaking, but I runned on & on till I got to mah & mah brother Alex's bedroom, & through the window to Milne's Porch.

Now here I was, on the floor of Milne's Porch & looking over to see the window was still open, & here was Sheila & Miss Chris & Princess Crissy coming through to find me.

"Dayja fooey," I muttered.

I told them the story of going to Dreamland to find Benny Big Dreams, like they said to when they were doctors. But they didn't remember that!

Then I noticed there were no Blondys floating near the porch & I began to get suspicious of all of this.

"This is still Dreamland!" I said, & I looked closer at these big guys, & they looked more like beagles than girls & bunnys!

The Sheila beagle took off his mask. He looked guilty.

"Why did you trick me?" I demanded.

Just then, someone climbed over the railing onto Milne's Porch. It was a big vague guy with tattoos on his arms.

"Benny Big Dreams?" I asked.

"You 4orgot something," he said, smiling smart but scarier than when I met him be4ore.

"What?"

"My message. Last time I sent you back you 4orgot it."

"O." I tried to figger out how this was working, but mah poor brainbone whined & whimpered, so I stopped.

Benny laughed. "It's easier than that! I want to help!"

"Help what?" I asked.

Now he didn't laugh. "When I send you back, it's to work harder than ever."

"You mean write mah newspaper a lot?" I asked. I was getting annoyed. This sounded like one more big guy getting into mah own business. A fella has to have some of his own hours.

He laughed again & I decided I liked this better. "I want you to do what you like, Algernon. There's more as you follow your root. Remember that."

I think I can say that finally Dreamland let me up some after that. I had mah message, I guess, & so Benny had done his bit. OK.

"There's more as you follow your root." Ha! Sounds like a big guy's way of making you work harder & taking credit 4or it too.

But maybe not all. I figgered I had better check this out fully when I got back to the real Bags End & its real weirdo denizens.

So, yes, Dear Readers, again I found mahself running through Bags End, & onto Milne's Porch with mah friends after me.

"Blondys 3!" I called out. They always come that way. And they did.

"OK, you guys, remember that beagles don't float while you lift me up to tell everyone on Milne's Porch."

So the Blondys who don't let me fall ever despite mah non-floatingness floated me anyway over the railing and sort of away from the Porch a little ways. And Sheila, Miss Chris, & Crissy came climbing through the window, like the other times. They surprised to see me, but I talked right away.

"Now, you Bags End guys, turn your worry over me to listening when I say, there's more as you follow your root!" I cried.

"You dum beagle! Float your sorry carcass back here so we can doctor you properly!" grumped Sheila Bunny. The only roots she likes are carrots. O! Yuk!

Milne's Porch was more crowded than I had ever seen it, as more guys kept coming through the window. Alex, Allie among them. I was just worrying it would break when I felt the Blondys around me let go, & I was falling!

"SSSSStupid Bennnnnny Bigggggg Ddddddreams!" I yelled as I fell, because I knows that mah real Dreamland or waking world Blondys do not let go.

I got so mad I stopped falling. "Ha! Dream grabitee!" I said. I began walking up to Milne's Porch & when it got too slow, I started swooping. I guess now I know that beagles don't leap or float but they can swoop! Well, at least in dreams.

I climbed onto Milne's Porch & all the Bags End guys cheered. Dream Bags End guys anyway.

They stood looking at me & I tried to think what next.

"You're dream guys but I'm not. This is mah dream but it's like a bunch of dreams stuck together," sed me longly. Sheila, Betsy, Miss Chris, Princess Crissy, mah brother Alex, Allie Leopard, & the rest all looked at me, waiting. I hmm'd.

How do you ask dream guys 4or help? How can they help? I wondered if they could fall asleep themselves & their dream parts help me out. It almost seemed like a math quiz in school.

But that's what to do. We all curled into mah comfy armchair & fell asleep. I told them not to get fooled but to keep close to me.

I had to get deeper into this to find out how to escape. I had only mah simple brainbone to advise me what next. I promised I would not let anyone down.

I wasn't sure how many dream guys followed me down deeper into Dreamland, but I remember feeling like Sheila & Betsy & Miss Chris & Princess Crissy & Alex were nearby. I swooped without looking back 4or fear of tricks

that might happen if I did. Ha!

As I swooped, I worked what was around me. Looser dreams let you do that. I made the air soft to swoop through, almost as soft as Betsy Bunny Pillow, tho I would not tell her that 4or fear of a retributive smother. Ha!

I wanted the dream big guys with me to help more but I still did not even know how to ask. Finally, I just said, "Help!" & that worked some.

Sheila took charge at first, I think, because she swoophopped ahead of us & landed us in a big field. "There!" she said like we were all done & time 4or a victory nap. I said no word at all but waited.

Now that we weren't swooping no more I felt calmer which I guessed was good. My brother Alex talked next.

"Bump Bump Bump!" he yelled in his usual non-English way. At first, nothing happened. Then there was a giggle near mah earbone & I jumped. Another! Then it was raining giggles on all of us. Umm.

I looked around 4or Allie Leopard, that nice green-eyed fella who speaks real languages like English & made-up ones like Bump.

He smiled & said, "Alex was just testing. He said, 'look out!'" & Allie winked at me.

"O" I said. "Now what? More silly Bump shenanigans?"

"Bump!" Alex said all upset.

"Alex said, 'of course not!'" He said, 'Dreamland lasts until you wake up,'" Allie explained.

"I tried that," I grumbled.

"Bump. Bump?" Alex said.

I looked at Allie but he was gone. So was everyone. What I had left was a couple of Bumps floating in mah face.

Great. OK. Fine. Now I was grouchy. "Come along, you crazy Bumps!" I gruttered & I guessed they knew English enough cuz they did.

What I couldn't figure out was how to make waking up stick. Dreamland liked to turn everything into more dream.

I stretched & crunched mah brainbone 4or an answer. Nothing helpful showed up at first.

So I stretched & crunched harder, & I left words by climbing inside them & that was strange, but finally it seemed like I was getting somewhere. I crawled along inside words 4or a long time. When it got too long I closed mah eyes & crawled there too. There was a way & I could, so I kept on.

Then I went slower after awhile, slower & slower. Then I stopped. No talking, no looking, no listening.

Mah eyes opened to Milne's Porche & I knowed right then what was true & why I had had such trouble.

You may not believe me, loyal & Dear Readers, but everything is dream. I suppose that's hard to figger on but it's true.

So here I am not because I am awake but because I choose to be here. I am still dreaming. You are dreaming too, that you are reading a newspaper writed by a guy named Algernon Beagle, who is telling you that you are dreaming.

Benny Big Dreams nodded. "I knew you would figger it out," he said proudly.

"But what do I do about it?" I demanded.

"You don't have to do anything about it," he said calmly.

"Most people won't believe me," I protested.

"They don't have to," he said calmly again.

"Then what was the point of all this?" I yelled.

He smiled. He was gone.

When all the Bags End guys came to doctor me, yet again, they didn't find anything wrong. I was just sad, but I said I was tired.

Later, I talked to mah friend Princess Crissy.

"Do you believe me, Crissy?"

She smiled her nice Crissy smile at me, & I had to look over mah shoulder to see who.

"I do. Why aren't you happy to know a truth like that?"

I thinked even harder than when I was crawling inside & outside mah head.

"I don't know. Maybe it's not enough 4or me."

She nodded.

Well, the days went by in the more regular way, & I guess I began to cheer up,

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,

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Till one morning I woke up no longer a beagle! I don't know what I was, a sort of black blob, I guess. That roughed me out of mah idears about dreaming.

I gathered what little of mah brainbone was left & began folding mahself out of the place I was in. Good grief!

I unfolded into another dream as mah regular beagle self, & decided it was useless to accept or deny this situation.

What then? I did not know & had not known 4or so long I just felt sad, not even grumpy.

I don't know what would have happened if I kept trapped in mah dreaming like that. What I did finally decide to do was wake up & stay waked up. I am not sure how it worked this time, but I figgered that I had to jam open mah dreams to let me out & then jam them closed again.

It was tricky. But what happened was that I finally figgered out why I could not do like I wanted. It was Benny Big Dreams.

He nods. "You figgered me out."

"But why, guy? What did I do to you so mean?"

He laughs. "Nothing! I am amazed how far you have gone along! Most give up & stop. I let them go."

"But not me, huh? Lucky guy I am?"

"You are special, Algernon."

"I know. Mah friends who are nice ones tell me. So I believe them sometimes."

"I am offering to let you write about Dreamland."

"Do I have to? Could you stop me?"

He laughs. "I just want to help you along. Most people have no control over their dreams or any idear what they might be about 4or real."

"4or real? Benny, can I go now? I don't like this."

"You don't want to write Dreamland's books & newspapers?"

Now I just left. He looked sad.

I wake up & this time it sticks.

I am in mah bed & it is early morning. Mah silly brother Alex is sleepbumping his little blue foam toy or friend I dunno. I am glad to see him.

Thing is, maybe there is more than one Bags End. Not like a real one & the rest, but different ones, like a team or a family.

Is there more than one Algernon? I dunno, again. Yes & no.

So what do I do? I could tell Benny OK, in Dream Bags End I will write your paper or maybe a dream version of mine. That would make him happy, & it could be I will like it. Could be.

I crawl through mah window onto Milne's Porch, & into mah comfy armchair where this began.

Or maybe it continues. Bags End isn't the kind of place where things go away 4or good.

What then? Is it only me who sees how things are? I think the Blondys do. Sheila & Miss Chris & Princess Crissy, I don't think they would ever know less than me about nothing. I am pretty sure Betsy Bunny Pillow does not care.

So I sit & I am not sleepy which is good. I try to think of something happy & mah mind thinks about mah Mommy Beagle. She would sing to me & call me Sonny Boy.

What did happen to her? Is she around in some other Bags End?

But she wasn't in Bags End. She was in Peoria. Is that far?

What would I say to mah Mommy Beagle if I seened her? I don't remember saying much to her back then. Did I speak Puppy to her?

Maybe go to see Sheila? No. This time around none of the big guys really helped me or saved me. I did it mahself. I am not such a little guy anymore. Or maybe I don't see big guys in the same way.

Hmm. Mah brainbone felt like it was smoking from too much use.

This has been such a long story, it's got its own weird ways.

Is it over? No. I can't trick it like that.

What I learned, best I can figger, is there are many Bags Ends at once. Really hard to think this & then get along to Mister Owl's school to learn arithmatics & gramma.

But OK, that's how it is. I crawled back into Bags End & walked through mah bedroom softly to not wake Alex. I came into the Bunny Family apartment but nobody was awake.

Out into the hallway & I thinked: where's the light bulbs? Weird to wonder & why is there no top or bottom to Bags End? Why does it look so much smaller from the outside? How does this work?

If I am not a little guy exactly, or really a big guy, then maybe I am a middle guy now.

I sorta liked that. Maybe I can watch out 4or the little guys better, & stand up to the grumpy big guys better too.

Some good idear in that, I think.

Are there other middle guys around, or am I some new kind? I dunno, again & again.

I am gonna find out a lot of things, me vows. And Benny Big Dreams & I will talk again. I won't be so shy or scared of him too. He needs me. He said so.

Read Part 2 in Cenacle | 106 | December 2018!



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Base End News
No. 315, December 31, 2006
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat Remayns Bids the Next Thing

Well, I think that's wat I fernd.
Sontims tho, wat the brayngon ferns
& wat hee all ready ~~knows~~ itz like two
strong things, haw too get upp for awil.
Oh, Goll, yok!

My friend & adoptid sistr & self tawld
King of Base End Sheila Bunny sayz the
yeers passs anyway, so play onn.
Shee sayz that I lik itz instrukschuns.
Lik' o Oll grate King now, we, weve
left 4 rite aen, we forgotted till yu
told us gwi about it. Ha.

See I no I amm the sam
old beegel gy whoo hass allwez
told theez storeez & rited in mah
part kuler tung. Butt I no too that
I am like a teleevishun sho ~~all~~ beegels
too, wun, after another, lik kintoks.
Clos butt not the sam.

So when I rit mah news

Base End News
No. 316, June 23, 2007
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Luussing, Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Luussing, Lori Bunny

Neede too Finde Mah Kinfokks!

~~Yor~~ Yor, old pal Algernon sett
withe that last issu of mah news-
papr for a long tim & I thinked it
wass not dym. No gam page, no leth's
too the Editor.

Finelly mah new & onlee vizabel
friend Lorry free Spyder told me
it was too, time for the next
wun. I said butt I butt aen, &
then repeated the first wun but
hee was stubborn.

Wee need a plann, Alga. Wee
need too make a plann & get along
too carryng it out. I am yor
friend & I wantt too help.

So that last issu iss done
this ~~new~~ new wun with its
messee, crosssips out long, mah beelord
sisjr & newspapr nitektounn here



Bags End Book #11: Algernon Beagle Wakes Up! Part 2

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

What Remains Builds the Next Thing

Well, I think that's what I learned. Sometimes, tho, what the brainbone learns & what he already knows, it's like 2 things that have to gel up 4or awhile. O Gel! Yuk!

Mah friend & adopted sister & self-talked King of Bags End Sheila Bunny says, "the years pass anyway, so play on." She says that like, "O great King, thankee, now we know left & right again! We 4orgotted till you told us all about it!" Ha!

See, I know I am the same old beagle guy who has always tolded these stories & writed in mah particular tongue. But I know too that I am like a television show of beagles too, one episode after another, like kinfolds, close but not the same.

So when I write mah newspaper, it's like the next episode of these kinfolks is the star. What remains builds the next thing.

No, I didn't talk like that. That's not how I say mah words. I keep to the easier part of the alphabet.

That's how mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna talks. She's smart & she likes me. That's 2 points, or maybe give 1 back depending on how you score beagles. Some I know in Bags End score them sadly low.

She had smiled her perfectly fine Crissy smile at me & said, "Just write your newspaper, Algernon. That's all."

And I wanted to but it seemed like I would get farther away every time I tried. I wanted to. I didn't. I wanted to even more.

I tried closing mah eyes & watching old episodes of mahself to remember & figger out how again. It didn't look hard, but I couldn't anyway. I mean, why write a rerun again? I didn't even understand that question so I couldn't answer it good.

Finally, I climbed onto Milne's Porch, into mah comfy armchair, & let myself breathe & listen. Crissy told me that last time I visited her. She smiled me & said, "4or bad dreams & stressy hours, just breathe & listen." Both. Either order. I asked.

I breathed. I listened. I listened. I breathed.

What now?

Just write it down. One word & the next. The usual way but nothing is really usual in this world. I know that even if I don't want to know it.

But how? I mean, I wish to be true to mah beagleboy journalist's heartbone, & to mah strange homeland called Bags End too.

I am but a simple beagle in this world, but I try hard when I put on mah writer's fedorah.

Then one day a black & orange Spider crawled onto mah armchair be4ore I could cry out properly & flee.

We looked at each other, & some more, & again.

"May I stay?" he asked, his glittery eyes shining at me a little.

"You're asking me? You could bite me & eat me & stay too."

"I don't eat beagles."

"O."

"May I stay?"

"I don't run things. Ask those big guys. Sheila Bunny. Betsy Bunny Pillow. Lisa Marie Chow."

"But Milne's Porch is yours?"

"I think so."

"May I stay?"

"I don't know."

I think the Spider nodded OK. He didn't go.

The Spider was from somewhere else, but he knowed about Bags End.

"I have been reading your newspaper 4or years. I like it. It's funny. Where did it go?"

I pointed at mah furry brainbone. "It got stucked in here 4or awhile, I guess."

The Spider nodded. Sort of.

I wasn't sure if it was polite but I asked.

"What's your name, guy?"

"Larry."

"Larry?"

"Short 4or Laurence."

"O. Nice to meet you, Larry."

"You too, Algy."

Algy? Hm.

We sat together a long time not talking & that was OK. I remembered Crissy's advice. Breathe & listen. Either order.

"Would you like me to take you around Bags End? I could introduce you to mah friends & all the rest."

The Spider's, I mean Larry's, diamond eyes shined. "Yes. Let's go."

Larry is a littler guy than me, & I was gonna walk real slow 4or him, but instead he crawled up on top of mah headbone & settled between mah ears. He was light & seemed comfy so I climbed with care from Milne's Porch into mah & mah brother Alexander Puppy's bedroom. Wondering what would happen next.

My silly Bumping brother wasn't around, which was good because explaining him would be harder than most others.

I figgered, OK, better just start at the top & go see Sheila in her Throne Room. So I aimed mah humble paws straight on to the level where Sheila slouches down in her Throne, crunching carrots

O! Yuk!

& listening to her jazz records.

I walked right in with Larry, ready 4or something or anything too. As much as I could.

No Sheila. No Throne. No Throne?

"I am confused, Larry. She is usually here," I said, a little upset now.

"It's OK, Algy. Show me somewhere else you like to go."

Algy. Hm. Still, a polite Spider & no biting demise to boot.

OK, then, I decided to bring him to meet mah friend Princess Crissy. She doesn't live in Bags End really, but she is mah dear one, & she doesn't ever not be there or her Thone 4or no good reason.

It took some walking, & strangely some remembering how, to get to the door to Imagianna. Too strange.

No Castle! Hey! I mean, I found the right level, & I walked with Larry straight through the door that leads from Bags End to Imagianna, & right to where Crissy's Castle is, where she lives with her friend Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, & there was no Castle. No Crissy. No Boop too.

"Larry, climb down."

"OK, Algy."

"None of this is right & I don't know what to tell you or how to explain. Everybody is missing & I don't know why." My upset was grown up bigger.

Larry's eyes glittered at me, but friendly, I liked him. And also he was all I had left right then.

"So I don't know what to do, Larry. I can't show you people & places that aren't there to be showed. Sorry, guy."

"I want to help, Algy. Maybe that's why I'm here."

"To help what? Can you make mah friends & kinfolks & others reappear? I would say wow & thankee, I promise!" My upset like a mountain now.

"Let's go back to your porch, Algy. Let's start where we began. Trust me."

I had no other bright idears so Larry got back on mah headbone & we walked through awful empty Bags End to Milne's Porch where the whole thing had started.

I crawled right into mah comfy armchair & Larry climbed onto the paw-rest near me.

"OK."

"OK."

So we just sat &, to be honest, Dear Readers, we are sitting here right now. Just me & the friendly Spider, right now.

Where did everyone go?

I don't know & I am sad. Larry isn't sad tho. I am trusting him. Larry is here.

Need to Find Mah Friends & Kinfolks & Others!

Your old pal Algernon sat 4or a long time without doing nothing. I got used to doing nothing in a quiet, sad sort of way. Worse than looking and not finding anyone.

Finally, mah new & only visible friend Larry the Spider told me it was time to do something again. I said "but" & "but" again, & then repeated the first one, but he was stubborn.

"We need a plan, Algy. We need to make a plan & get along to carrying it out. I am your friend & I want to help."

But I didn't know where we should go.

"I don't know where they are, Larry."

"We need to think like detectives, Algy."

Algy. Hm. "I am not Sherlock Homes, fella. I don't have a magnifying glass or a super big brainbone."

Larry laughed. "You don't know how big your brain is!"

I nodded. Or how small too.

"What matters is that you're loyal to your home & its people. Finding them is what you would do if they are lost. Every time."

Hm. This Spider was smart about lots of things, including me.

"I will try."

Larry's eyes glittered brightly. I think they do more when he's thinking hard. "I have an idea 4or you to try."

"OK."

"How long have you been writing your newspaper 4or?"

"A long time, Larry."

"And you have all of the issues somewhere?"

"Yah. In a real safe place too."

"OK. Go there & read them. Every single one. Maybe you will find a clue in them. I think it's possible."

Wow. Another smart guy idea.

"Are you going to come with me?"

"No. I am going to look around Bags End & see what I can find."

"OK." I looked at him again. Such a little guy, but smart too. I don't know how he came just when everyone else was gone but it was a lucky thing.

I left him & made mah way to mah Bags End News Vault. I fetched the key from its secret place & there I was. Inside mah Vault were lots of labelled crates. Plus there were 2 chairs, 1 4or me & 1 4or mah friend Lory Bunny, & a little purple stool on which sat mah beloved ritetyper. Ah, sad.

It's really where I am now. I have a lot of reading to do, I read slowly, & I don't know how long it will take or what I will find.

Boy, a lot of them! All neatly in notebooks & Lori labeled them 4or me too.

I really don't know but it can't hurt.

The first notebook is here with me as I finish this issue. A short one.

I am going to find my friends & I will tell about how I do & what I find out from Larry next issue.

Nothing Goes Away, Nothing Returns

It seems so long, Dear Readers, since I have written about mah strange but usual homeland Bags End.

First I got sick 4or a long time & was in Dreamland chasing after Benny Big Dreams 4or help & answers. I wrote about all this earlier in Part 1 of this book. I made mah way through that OK after too long but then everybody disappeared! Even mah dear friend & unaccountable fan Princess Crissy was gone, & not to be found.

I had one good ally left & he was a little black & orange Spider named Larry. Larry told me to read every issue of mah newspaper to find clues & he would look all around Bags End too.

I started to. I read about elections & attacks on the Bunny Pillow Farm & lots of Bump talk. I even missed the Bump talk! Low days indeed, Dear Readers!

It didn't help. I didn't want to make Larry mad or disappointed but I only got sadder or sadder. So I stopped. Maybe another day I would come back to that Bags End News Vault & read more or even much more. But not now.

I left the Vault & walked through mah empty home. No sign of nobody. Very quiet. No tricky plans, no brawls abounding.

I found Larry in some hallway or other. I couldn't tell one from the other anymore.

He was looking up at this strange picture I had never seen be4ore. I looked quietly with him too 4or a long time be4ore talking.

The picture showed a pretty girl, taller than mah beloved & missing Miss Chris, & she was bending down to talk to some fairies.

I looked more & saw that she was in these pale-looking Woods & she was barefoot too. I looked till I felt full of looking.

"Larry," I confessed. "I didn't read every newspaper in mah Bags End News Vault. I was getting too sad & it wasn't helping us."

Larry looked at me with his glittery eyes. "It's OK, Algy. I think this picture will help."

Algy. Hm. "How, Larry?" Quiet. "You know this place?"

"There's more as you follow your root, Algy."

Ut-oh. "That's Dreamland? Where Benny Big Dreams lives?"

"Yes."

"Listen, fella. I had the



Midsummer Eve by Edward Robert Hughes, 1908.

Bags End News
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 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Nothing Gooz Away, Nothings Returne

Itt seemz so long, deer needz
 sing, I hav pitten mah nuwzpapr
 in itz vzevil wave about mah
 strang butt vzevil homland bagzend.
 Wel, ferst I gott sikk for a
 lone tim I waz in Dreemland chpsing
 aftr Bony Big Dreemz for help
 & ansers. I mad mah waye thoo
 thatt OK aftr to long but then
 evny budey in Bagzend disapeerd!
 Evn mah deer ifend & unacountebel
 Han Princy Crisycan of Ingoeana
 waz gon & nott too see found.
 I had un guid ally left
 & he waz a litle plak & ^{gon}
 anytr namd lary lary told me
 too need emy issos v's mah

Bags End News
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 No. 319-320-321 December 22, 2009-January 2,
 2010-January 9, 2010
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Reason off-Lits inn Dreemland!

O deer needz & heer is you
 old gal Algernon riping from deapp
 inned Dreemland with I have
 no iz depp insid thee hants off um
 & Gawl whoo heer or liden too
 thuss storge & if myn verds seeme
 a litle tall for gooch a humbel fello
 its cur I have n't thee brance of
 Dreemland Ingalish too goodly yet
 Wote Nober stil iz thatt you old
 and Algernon keepz a promiss wen
 inned & wat waz hard thing thmee
 iz thatt I did nott no have too
 keepe it exxa Kye.

I waz supposed too enter into
 Dreemland ~~to stay~~ with trend lary

devil's own time getting out of that place! It sticks to ya worse than grape jelly. O jelly! Yuk!"

I think Larry nodded. "Algernon," he said nicely, using mah whole name. I didn't like that. You can sometimes tell trouble coming just by names.

"I think we're in Dreamland," Larry said all quiet like villains were near trying to listen.

No. No. No. No!

"No, Larry. I figgered it out, & I left!"

"I think you're back."

"But why?"

"I don't know."

I looked at Larry closer. "Larry, do you live in Dreamland like Benny Big Dreams?"

Larry laughed. "No. I don't."

"How did you get here?"

"I don't know. I wasn't here long be4ore I met you & you looked like you were in worse trouble than me so I decided to try to help you."

"Where do you come from?"

"I don't know if it has a name exactly like your Bags End."

"But you said you knowed about me? And the usual Bags End full of mah crazy kinfolks?"

"You're famous!"

"O! Shucks!" mah modesty cried.

"So maybe I was brought here to help you?"

"That means somebody knowed I was in trouble & needed help!"

Larry nodded.

"So what do we do about this picture, Larry?"

"I think this is a portal, Algy."

Larry laughed. Nice laugh 4or a Spider. Nice Spider.

"Where does it go?"

"I think it may take you back to Bags End. Your Bags End with all of your friends. And me to my home with all of mine."

"Just like that?"

"Maybe."

"How do you know that?"

Larry's bright eyes glittered very brightly. "I have seen this picture be4ore."

"Where?"

"Where I live. I don't know if it's the same or a twin."

"Did you come . . . um . . . through it?"

"Maybe. I am not really sure."

"How do you know it will bring me back to mah own Bags End?"

"I am not sure, Algy. But I think maybe. This is the Dreamland Bags End. & that is a picture I saw in my home. It's like the two combined. So maybe if we step through it we return where we came from."

I thinked. No, Dear Readers, I THINKED.

"But why are you here, Larry? Why did Benny bring me back? When were you here be4ore?"

"We all know about Dreamland where I come from. I think he needs you. I think he needs both of us. I think he wanted us to meet."

"Why? So we could find this picture & escape again?"

"Maybe."

I thinked again but not so capitalized.

"So we can both leave right now, & go home. We're not prisoners. Or we

could stay & help him out."

"Yes, I think so."

"Should we stay?"

"I don't know."

Well, your old pal Algernon will never be mistaken for a brave guy but I would not want to leave someone in trouble either. I am also a little bit curious sometimes, not like the Blondys but a little bit. If Larry was right, then I could go & come back from Dreamland by mah own choice. Benny needed mah help & here was this nice guy Larry to partner with too.

I used to think I was a little guy but then not so long I decided I was more a middle guy. Middle guys don't so much run from trouble. They think, count 1, 2, 3, then stay or run.

So I looked at the picture & I looked down at Larry & I counted.

1, 2, 3.

"I thought we need to make sure we understand Benny's deal, Larry. That we can come & go again. No tricks."

"Good thinking, Algy."

So we agreed to go back to our homelands & come back if all went well.

Not asking tho I guess he didn't need to anymore, Larry crawled atop mah headbone & was ready. "What do we do now, Larry? Close our eyes & say a spell?"

"Well, where I come from, sometimes what works is sharing a dream."

"I do that sometimes with Bags End guys. I didn't know anybody else did it."

"Sure."

"So do we gotta go to sleep now? Go to Dreamland's Dreamland?"

"Haha!" That nice Spider laugh again. "I don't know if it's like that."

Larry was quiet, thinking. "No, Algy. If it's a portal we have to use it."

"How?"

"We need to enter it with all of ourselves. I know it looks like a picture but it's a door. We need to learn how to walk through."

"Learn how to walk through a door? Hm."

"Yah. Hm. It sounds silly but remember this is Dreamland. And this is a door in Dreamland. We can do this, Algy!"

Well, Dear Readers, at this point I figgered, OK, why not? I was in Dreamland, but was I dreaming? Was there a sleeping Algernon back in mah own Bags End? Or was I like Benny & living in Dreamland right now? Was anyone dreaming me right now? Was I part of Larry the Spider's dream? Would I disappear when he woke up in his home? Where would he go when I woke up?

"Algernon, wake up!"

"Wake up, you stwupid bweagle!"

"Your King orders you to wake up!"

"Bump! Bump!"

"Alexander says, 'please wake up, dear brother!'"

I opened mah eyes & there I was in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & there was a whole slew of mah crazy kinfolks, big & small, looking at me!

Well, here I was. Everyone looked familiar & talked familiar.

I looked from one face or sorta-face to the next & for a moment they were quiet & waited for me to talk.

"I guess I am back," I said. Nobody talked. Maybe confused because where I had been?

"But Benny Big Dreams needs mah help again too."

Betsy Bunny Pillow stared at me dourly with her not-face. "Help to what?" she whispered harshly. "Yell help & run away?" Then she laughed

meanly.

Sheila didn't laugh. "I have never been sure of Benny. Strange. Has a plan of his own."

I nodded. "That's 4or sure. But I am going to help him with mah friend Larry."

I could see that Sheila was getting bored with being concerned 4or me. She mumbled something about being careful & jazz appointments.

Since this was the real Bags End, or as real as it got, I figgered firstly that Larry was right & that picture was a portal to & from Dreamland. I hoped Larry made it OK to his home too.

But now I had another question to answer. Where was the portal on this side? I had come out asleep in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. So I dreamed mah way back.

I guess I should have figgered. What other way? But then again I used to wake up from dreams, not go through portals!

Well, OK, so mah mere brainbone had figgered all this much.

So I guessed there was nothing else to do but go back to Dreamland & find that nice guy Larry, & we would figger what help Benny Big Dreams needed.

I did not go right away, I have to confess. I went to sleep at nights but I held back. I know how. It's like not looking at something but sorta sideways. I was near Dreamland but not in. No looser dreams.

Days come & gone. I kept not going. Kept dreaming sideways.

Finally I decided to go to see mah dear friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna. She would smile & listen & still like me no matter mah strange story.

I found Imagianna on the usual level of Bags End, & through the usual doorway. And after awhile of walking, there was her usual Castle & the usual Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, saying hello to me.

"Hi Boop! Can I see Princess Crissy?" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

He smiled & said yes, like I knowed he would, but I knowed too that there would be what Crissy calls protocols, which means doing things in the same way with lots of little steps. He's OK, sayeth me.

"Presenting to her most Royal Highness, Princess Crisakah of Imagianna, the visiting journalistic dignitary, Algernon Beagle of Bags End!"

Princess Crissy was sitting in the Royal Throne Boop had made 4or her, wearing her Princess dress over her blue jeans & sneakers. After I bowed, & she bowed, & Boop was all happy with all these bowings, she hugged me regular & we walked outside to talk.

"Algernon, did you ever wonder about the rest of Imagianna?" Crissy asked with her beguiling Crissy smile.

"Rest?"

"Yes. I mean, you know me & Boop & our Castle. And how to get here from Bags End. But what about the rest?"

"What rest, Crissy?" I asked, like repeating with more words involved was saying something new.

Crissy stopped & looked at me both smiling & not.

"Tell me, Crissy."

"I know Benny Big Dreams."

"You do?"

"He's not far from here."

"He is in Dreamland, Crissy."

"Yes." She smiled & not-smiled again weirdly.

She pointed. "Dreamland is that way. A long walk past that hill."
 "It's a place you can point to? I have to dream to get there!"
 Crissy nodded. "This is another way."
 "Are you saying Dreamland is inside Imagianna the same way Imagianna is inside Bags End, Crissy?"
 "Not the same way, but yes, Algernon."
 There was an oak tree where we sat sometimes. Crissy would hold me in her arms & scratch mah nozebone or mah earbones. EXXSTASIS.
 "I don't remember how long we've been sitting under this tree, Crissy."
 "Today?"
 "No. Other times too."
 "Well, in some ways, we're always sitting here, Algernon. Just like this."
 "You mean in nice memories?"
 "No."
 I stood up in mah shortness.
 Crissy laughed. "I guess that's Benny talking."
 "Benny isn't here!"
 She smiled at me. "I think he is, or maybe wants to be."
 "Can I get to Dreamland this way, Crissy? I mean, I would be awake, not asleep in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. Is this mah portal like Larry has that picture?"
 "I think so, Algernon."
 "And then I could come back by that picture or by Imagianna?"
 Crissy almost nodded, then didn't.
 "What?"
 "I don't know 4or sure."
 "You're always sure, Crissy!"
 She looked almost sad, a very strange face 4or her. "It's not a sure thing in Dreamland."
 I thought about this, then nodded too. She was right.
 "I guess I should go. That way."
 Now Crissy smiled again. "OK, Algernon."
 "Want to come?"
 "I can't."
 "Why?"
 Crissy nodded & smiled again but talked no more. We hugged & she left me then. Sometimes, Dear Readers, no words. No words at all.
 So it was up to me & what bit I knowed of braveness. Benny Big Dreams needed mah help again & this time I wasn't going by trick, trap, or nightmare.
 Nope. I was going & I would find mah friend Larry & tell him I was satisfied about the coming & going.
 Usually Bags End grand adventures are led by some big guy like Sheila Bunny or Betsy Bunny Pillow. Usually there is a whole lot of us going together.
 Just your old pal Algernon this time. I thought to mahself as I pushed mahself along, "I could use a oldfashioned grand expedition right about now, even the ones I didn't like & protested."
 I didn't know what was next, but it was time to go back into Dreamland now.

Season of Lights in Dreamland!

O Dear Readers & here is your old pal Algernon writing from deep inside Dreamland which I now know is deep inside the heart of one & all who hear or listen to this story & if my words seem a little tall 4or such a humble fellow it's cuz I haven't the hang of Dreamland English too good yet.

What's truer is that your old pal Algernon keeps a promise when made & what was hard this time is that I did not know how to keep it exactly.

I was supposed to enter into Dreamland with mah friend Larry to help Benny Big Dreams with his troubles.

Benny Big Dreams is a strange guy I know who lives in Dreamland, which is a strange place too. Even stranger than Bags End, mah beloved homeland. O! Lost!

What I found out pretty quickly is that Dreamland had somehow changed. It was sticky be4ore, which is why I had tried so hard to leave, but now I had come to it on mah own to help Benny. I could see why he needed our help.

Dreamland was dark & troubled by the world outside. I knowed this cuz when I finally found Larry the Spider he told me so.

"What do we have to do?" I asked, figuring a couple of magickal words weren't going to be enough.

"We must trans4orm ourselves willingly, & 4or years, & wait 4or a chance moment!" Larry cried with his eyes glittering crazy.

Ut-o.

I nodded & all around us got crazy 4or awhile, but then we found ourselves clear again. In a really crammed place. With lots of other guys who weren't moving or talking none. Ut-o 2.

Well, your old pal Algernon knows that, in a tight spot, you gotta keep kicking till something gives way. I yelled, "Kick, Larry!" & we kicked & kicked till we saw light, & pushed our way out of that dark place.

Into a bigger dark place. All dusty looking. Hm.

"Hm," I said aloud too, hoping Larry would say back something far smarter than me.

Larry looked around in his glittery-eyedness & thin legs & smart scrawny ways, & said, "We have a long way to go, Algernon."

"To get where, Larry?"

"Dreamland is dusty & unused, like this room. We have to shake up the dust!" & with that he scampered to a crack in the wall, & poked his way on through.

Now I would never have thought that as big a nozebone as worn by your old

pal Algernon would have fit through that crack, but push & push & push some more, & it did! I yelled in triumph, & then fell down a long flight of stairs nearly to my doom.

Larry pushed something soft for me to crash on at the last minute, & I almost thought it was pillow-like, & yellow, but crash, tumble, & suddenly Larry had us running with all our mights to leave the prison we were in for good!

Snow. That's what we come to outside. Lots of snow & pale-looking trees. I thought this meant the Season of Lights like I have told of in other Bags End Books, but I could not rightly remember it too good. Which would have made me sad but just then I heard the nicest laugh, all gruff & charming.

"What do we have here?" asked the black & white bear with the purple bow tie same color as Sheila Bunny's eyes. O! Lost!

"This is Algernon, the great writer of Bags End News!" cried Larry.

"O! Shucks!" cried me in reply.

"And this is my good friend Bauer the Bear!" said Larry all happy.

Bauer laughed & proceeded to do a little dance that ended in a sort of slide. It was like a step-step-step-slide back!

I clapped mah paws at such talent & we were all good friends from then on.

Well, us friends found ourselves walking a long road in snow time & who knows how long ever on when up rolled a red & yellow Truckee as handsome as you please, & we piled in the back to make quicker along our way.

Fastfast went that Truckee, but what I kept seeing amongst the pale-looking Woods on the side of the road made me ask the Truckee to slow & stop please. It was a white flash but it was gone when we slowed. So we speeded up again, & there was that flash again, but I could not get a look rightly at it.

"Truckee, speed up!" Larry cried in his smartness.

That's when I saw the White Bunny. Now let me tell you, Dear Readers, I know Bunnies very well but I did not know this Bunny. The faster we went, the clearer she got in our view till I got a stray smart guy idear & yelled, "Jump into the Truckee!"

And she did! She & that Bauer fella seemed the best of friends & did some kind of dance with hoppings & slidings in it, which I liked, but then I worried if we slowed down the Bunny would go away, Poof!

But that didn't happen, because it seemed like the Truckee was took in by these Creatures who looked like Bees, who sort of buzzed & flied us up into the air to ride along even faster. I worried about stings a lot, but Larry told me these were more of his friends come to aid our travels. He sure knows a lot of good guys.

There we were, a Truckee full of friendly guys, being flied along by some

very helpful Bees, when first trouble arrived.

Trouble long in coming but always due. That's what I say on the matter.

The skies grew dark all around us, & a terrible cackle filled the air!

"HeeHeeHeeHee!" cackled this tiny little Creature, smaller than Sheila the Short herself!

Well, I could not figger out what was going on here, or why this tiny little guy was such great trouble, when she cackled louder & cried, "Dreams are the Ticket to Enter the Show!"

And be4ore I could blink twice & turn to the others 4or explanations, the air was clear & we seemed to be flying on again.

I looked at Larry & the others, & they smiled friendly at me, but I did not know if they had seen what I had just seen. I said nothing, strangely.

Eventually, it seemed the Truckee was rolling again along the road, & the Bunny & Bauer got out & danced & hopped & so on beside it as we rolled along. This seemed friendly enough.

I began to fall asleep, which I have learned is possible to do in Dreamland, but to one's own danger too.

But Larry nudged me nicely & said he would wake me when we were there. I fell asleep wondering where there was . . .

When I waked up, still in Dreamland mind you, I think, but probably, everything was different.

"We're there, Algernon!" said Larry all friendly, & I looked around me so.

We were in a place that looked like those fairy tale storybooks. Tall trees & long rivers & a big Castle in the air. None of Larry's friends were around.

"Later, Algernon," Larry said smiling, & we walked along a purple path underneath a pink sun with polka dot clouds in the air nearby.

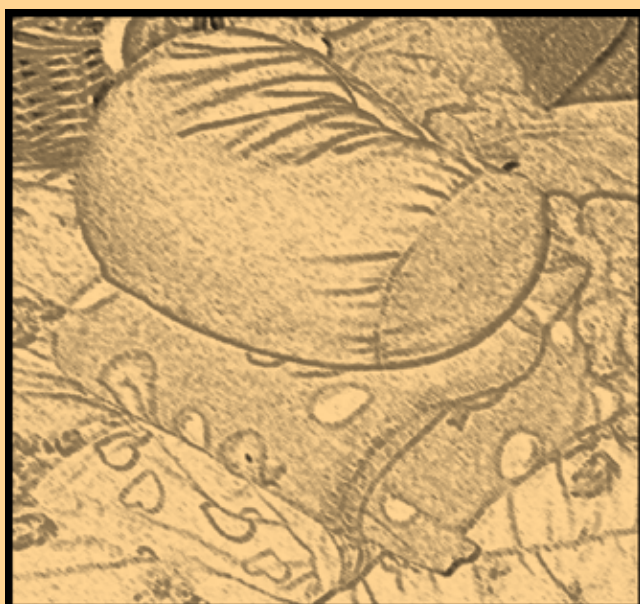
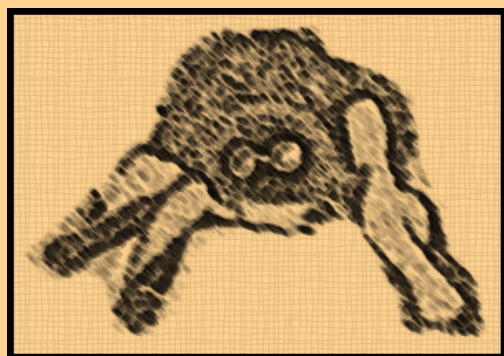
Hm.

"No, Larry. Now!" I cried this time, not knowing what I was doing, but sure enough things changed again.

We were in a dark building & I knowed somehow it was a barn. Larry looked spooked.

"It's OK, fella, but I know a thing or 2 about tricks. When the colors get too strange, it's time to start fussing!" I said & I did not know me 4or sure 4or a moment there.

Then there was a black & white doggy who came up to us, all tail-wagging friendly. He didn't talk like your old English-spouting pal Algernon, but he





did friendly tail-wagging lead us to a deep scary well, & we knowed we had to go down it.

O.

Well, there was a bucket & a rope & so that was nice as I lowered us paw over paw to our probable doom in the Deep.

But then I noticed how soft the bucket we were in was &, um, yellow?

"Hold on tight!" a strange but nice voice cried in our ears & we zoomed!

Now I don't know how a bucket got soft & yellow like a pillow, or how we then zoomed! but we did, & when we arrived to where we were going, it was somewhere different 4or sure.

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! My friends to Master X's Creature Carnival of Wonders & Delights!"

So cried a handsome-looking white bear in a fine black hat & scarf, & so we were ushered in with crowds, crowds? crowds of others to a carnival both wonderful & delightful!

Master X made his way into the ring that was in the center of the stands where we crowds all sat in &, after more welcoming words, he introduced the first amazing act, Jumping Jacoby!

And in bounded a very nice-looking brown Monkey fella who did the most amazing jumps hi into the air, & somersaults, & flips, & all those things your old pal Algernon would have broken every bone twice over doing! But he didn't!

Then there was a black Bear who was very talented too, I must say. He did a really nice dance, juggled a few balls, told a good joke.

"What did one wall say to the other? Meet you at the corner!"

Haha! Mah kind of humor. Then he did one of those crazy end over end flips so very high into the air! & was OK not busted into many many pieces.

Well, all was going just merry & fine when the next act was that tiny little Creature from be4ore who stood her ground solidly in the ring & said, "What will you give 4or Dreams & the Dreams of all?" She then cackled in a way sorta scary but sorta funny too, & I was confused.

I was gonna ask Larry next to me, when he shooshed me softly & said, "Be ready to go, my friend!"

And into the ring flew a Bee that looked sorta familiar, like the ones be4ore, but now he was being friendly sitted upon by a nice-looking Puppy who I never saw be4ore amongst mah many Puppy knowings.

They flied impressively around the ring together, & swooped & soared, & the crowds cheered & cheered & cheered, & cried, "More!" & when they swooped

close-close to me, Larry & I heard, "Jump, beagle!" & did not need to be told twice with that strange scary funny little fella lurking around the place.

So we jumped & now we were holding onto the Bee, who seemed bigger then be4ore somehow, or be4ore that too. We were flying again through the air, far from that great Carnival. I wished them well. Just don't book cacklers when times get tough, friends.

It seemed like we might be getting somewhere finally because the air was clear, & the sky was bloo, & all was well & good until krash!

We were dropped deep in these strange pale Woods, clump!

I looked around & I found Larry & he was OK, but the Bee & the Pup were I guess long gone or something.

Seemed like a pretty creepy Woods to be dropped in, but then Larry's eyes glittered like they do, & he said, "They only came this close 4or us, Algernon."

"Where are we?"

"The White Woods."

"I can see their color, Larry!"

"Don't be scared, Algernon," Larry said, & I then realized that I was shivering with fright. How strange 4or me not to know first!

"Why are the Woods White, Larry?" I asked politely in mah mortal fear.

"They are asleep, Algernon."

I stopped. "In Dreamland?"

"You sleep here."

"Yes, but it's not a good idear. Like this Dreamland gets jealous when you have another all in your own head to go to."

Larry nodded & laughed. I don't like being right all that much. I am never right 4or the calm-day-in-the-sunshine-napping reasons.

"These trees are dreaming until the Beast wakes up again."

"Ut-o. Beast?"

"He is sleeping in a clearing shaped like a temple in full moonlight."

Of course. Like that. "Larry," I said uncertainly.

"This is why Benny Big Dreams needs us, Algernon."

"Why can't he wake up his own Beast!" I demanded all grumpy like Sheila. Almost. She would have been more grumpy, less scared, than me.

"We need to find him & go to his Dreamland to wake him up."

Boy! I was thinking I needed an abacus to keep score of all the Dreamlands that were going around.

But I sighed & nodded to Larry & we trudged through these crazy White Woods to go wake up the Beast who sleeps in the middle of the clearing shaped like a temple in full moonlight. Too crazy!

Then ahead of us appeared a purple dancing Creature whose pretty fur was just the color of Sheila's eyes, & Bauer's bow tie, & by golly if I wasn't ready to do some dancing mahself by this point! And so we followed the Creature at a quick dance, & even your clumsy-footed pal Algernon couldn't fail!

I am sure there were others along our path too. Crazy-looking bloo-eyed Kittys & troops of Dancing Spoons, & squads of little Pine Cones, & I could

almost swear there were even these little Duckees along the way as we danced! And the light in the sky grew brighter & I knowed it was a full moon, & me & Larry got ready, & there was a clearing up ahead of us, & there was the Temple, which Larry said is like a house 4or Godd to live in, & have visitors, which I thinked silly & nice both, & inside the Temple was the Beast, & into his Dreamland we danced- - - - -

4or a long time it seemed so different I 4orgot the story line. It seemed I was back in Bags End sitting in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. Then mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy came & told me through the window in his made-up talk to come along to school. Actually I was tolded in English words I could understand by that nice guy Allie Leopard.

And then we were all at our desks in Mister Owl's School, & he was teaching us something important until--

that crazy-eyed little Creature appeared with her cackles & cried, "What will you give 4or your Dreams?"

And then I wasn't in Bags End back-when no more but Dreamland now, the clearing with the Temple like be4ore, & suddenly all was still & quiet. Both.

Now it was just me. Even Larry the Spider was not around now. I figgered he would be again at some point. Anyway.

The little Creature stood in front of me. And further back was the sleeping Beast. O.

"Will you wake the Beast behind me?" she cried & started her crazy cacklings again.

"Stop!" I cried. "No more of that!"

She stopped. Right away.

"Now let's start over. Mah name is Algernon Beagle. How do you do?"

She started to cackle when I wagged mah pawbone & shook mah headbone. "No! English."

"Rosaleeta!" she said all merry, but not cackling so OK.

"Why is he sleeping?" I asked, figgering we were making progress.

She cackled again & I was gonna get mad when I saw that her cackling was OK this time, even really, really good. She cackled soft & nicely & the Beast kinda waked up. A little more cackle, a little more wake.

"But not all. What's the rest? How do we wake him?"

The little Creature's crazy eyes glowed & she said, "What will you give 4or your Dreams, Algernon Beagle?"

Well, I had had enough. "Listen, fella, me & mah pal Larry have gone & given up all of our own com4orts to come to Dreamland to help our friend Benny, which seems to mean waking up that Beast there. All the way too."

"But Algernon--"

"I will give all! I already did! Now wake up, Beast! Wake all the way up & let me & Larry go home!"

There was flashing & music & a great Beastly cry, which might have been a "thank you" or a "what time is it?" or a "how long have I been sleeping?" or "who broke my alarm clock?" or really maybe just a "thank you"

&

then there was another place where all of Larry's friends I had met & many more were gathered in a warm safe place that felt a little like Bags End itself

O! Lost!

& then there was a smile & it might have been Miss Chris's smile or Princess Crissy's or even mah own long-lost Mommy Beagle's smile

but it was a smile & a falling & a waking & mah eyes opened & there I was in Bags End 4or real I knew it in mah heartbone's own heartbone 4or real

--& I was in mah own comfy armchair on Milne's Porch on a sunshine day

--& there was mah own brother Alexander Puppy. "Bump!"

"Time 4or school, Algernon!" said Allie Leopard, all language-knowing friendly.

Happy Season 4-LTS!!! A.B.

THE END!



* * * * *



Bags End News
No. 352 January 16, 2010
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat Next?

That really iz mah kwestyun
dear readers. Nowe I am not a
starr in the sky but I don't think
it's outta my wack around now
more than learning.

Still, hear I waz wawking around
& I waz not learning or noww eethr.
I felt lik sumwun els with atch
baae & braybae.

I cood not go bakkk befor awl
mah eksperiences with Lery in
Dreamland.

I wantid too Kum hap. too shoe
I cood. Too mak shur it waz stil
heer.

Then, waz a butt nowe.
Sheela Bunny opind wun sleepee
parpel eye. inn mah direkshun.

Bags End News
No. 353 May 28, 2010
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fuggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Best I Cann Saye,,,

Wen I dream at nit iz
called thee Creecher Common
an best I cann saye iz
that most of thee qus an
a lot lesss crazey than mah
fokks inn Bagz and or elss
sum othr kind of crazee that
looks lik nissness but surpriz.
haha! iznt

A leed creecher iz a qu
whoo iz tellowz wish too represent
them. Similar tellowz, mind
ye lik wun for dukkys & wun
for pin cozz & so on.

A leed leed creecher is thee
best among qus. Not a king lik
Sheela out sorts. kinda. Eksaktlay

Bags End News
No. 354 September 11, 2010
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fuggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Figgering Up a Blann

For a longg tim yer old pal Algernon
haz been fahing too find hiz
see leaz for rithin mah nuwz papp
reguler agen. I thinkk it ued too
bee simpr wen wun of thee bigg
qus inn Bagz and wood skeem help
an ideeer & I waz gett drageddalong
& nit mah waye fiddoo it.

Thee storre gott stranpr wen I
waz in Dreamland for a long
tim & then I dis covrd thee
Creecher Common an thee othr
sid of Dreamland. Then qus an
thee wun sid & thee othr sid
met & it waz Okaye. butt I stil
felt no beegel groov too go
with.

Bags End News
No. 355 September 18, 2010
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fuggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Mor of Crisys' Storee

Mah deenreef, I hav
nown mah trend princess Crispy
of Impeanna a long tim but
it iz onlee nowe that shee
iz telling me thupz that
happened a long tim ago that
eksplain nowe alabt, butt also
mak mee seey everything nuwe
to.

Shee told mee too go seey
Lori Bunny & rit up mah nuwe
papp. I did & then waz no
cann tag or letters bekauz I
sed to Lori y aqsted her spk fokes
& lookd at meed & noed. & Ok
Algernon, she sed in her niss &
emort gy voyz.

Algernon Beagle



Bags End Book #12: What Is Imagianna?

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: <http://www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf>

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

What Next?

That really is mah question, Dear Readers. Now I am no bright star in the sky, but I don't think it's better to walk around knowing more than learning.

Still, here I was, walking around & I was not learning or knowing either. I felt like someone else with mah bodybone & brainbone.

I could not go back before all mah experiences with my friend Larry the Spider in Dreamland, that I talked about in mah Bags End Book called Algernon Beagle Wakes Up!

I wanted to come home to Bags End to show I could. To make sure it was still here.

There was a but now.

Sheila Bunny opened one sleepy purple eye in mah direction.
 "What, Beagle?"
 "What do you think of all I told you about Dreamland? In mah long long story?"
 "It was long, long."
 "That's all?"
 "I'm glad you're back."
 "I don't know if I can stay."
 Now 2 purple eyes.
 "Maybe I come & go."
 "Why go?"
 "Maybe it's what I do now."
 "Now?"
 I reached down hard now 4or some new words or a better train of the usual ones.
 "Yes. Now." Wow, not many.
 "OK," she grumbled. "Keep in touch." Then she slept.
 I could have asked 4or more, or been disappointed, but the thing I think I have learned is that a storm in mah heart doesn't mean rain on your head. Something like that.
 Mostly I had to figger this out slowly, at the pace of mah own brainbone's crawly walk.
 Mah first idear was to see what it was like not to be on the run or in the middle of some crazy story.
 Go to Mister Owl's Bags End School. Sleep in mah own bed. That's what I said to mahself, like I was building a 10-part mountain, not doing what I used to do all the time with no instructions.
 The next morning, Mr. Owl was glad to see me at my school desk. Hm.
 "You're early, Algernon. It's not time for class."
 "I know. But I have to ask questions that I don't know will fit in class."
 Mister Owl adjusted his little smart guy spectacles & nodded. I remembered he is good at teaching & listening both. I think I needed both.
 "What is Bags End 4or?"
 "4or?"
 "I know it sounds like words pretending to be a question but not really one."
 He laughed & then listened some more.
 "I used to understand something by not knowing I didn't know it."
 He nodded.
 "But now I know I don't know," I finished, wondering who was talking smart guy riddles with mah simple fella's tongue.
 Mister Owl talked now which was good because I had none left.
 "It's better to have some questions than no questions."
 I nodded & listened.
 "There's always been more to Bags End than most of us know."
 "Hmm," I said briefly.
 "I read your Dreamland stories with great interest."
 "O, shucks!" said me, in case that was a compliment.
 Mister Owl laughed again & I liked his laugh a lot. Smart & nice.
 "I think what you found out was that Bags End goes in more directions than you knew. Higher & lower, but also deeper in & further out."
 "You mean Dreamland, right?" I asked, worrying I was spending out mah meager smarts pretty quick.

Mister Owl nodded. "You could say Imagianna is out more & you could say Dreamland is in more."

"But I got to Dreamland by going through Imagianna!"

Mister Owl nodded. "The world is like that the more you learn about it."

I hmmm'd inside mah head so not to slow his talk. But he was quiet again.

Then he nodded & talked some more. "It's sort of like a game. All this," & he pointed all around us with his wing.

"A game?" I repeated, but not like I knowed what was what.

"A serious game."

"O."

"And nobody knows the rules."

"O."

"And nobody knows 4or sure it is a game or how anyone wins or loses."

I must have looked buried in short hard words because he smiled & stopped.

But, wait. I had a thought. I was surprised, but there it was.

"A game like checkers?"

He nodded slightly. OK, Beagle, try harder.

"But harder?"

He smiled.

I thinked. "Sheila plays checkers with Godd the small pink bear. So Godd likes games. Is this all Godd's game?"

"I don't know."

"Does Godd know?"

"Maybe."

Hmm. O. Both didn't work.

Mister Owl thinked some more & tried again. "This isn't my first home, Algernon."

"O."

"I came to Bags End from other places."

"You did?"

He nodded.

"We all live many lifetimes."

This sounded like the kind of smart guy talk that would soon leave me in the dust.

He shooked his head. "Listen. I think what's hard for you is figgering out what to do with the many worlds you now know. How they don't fit yet & make an easy picture."

I nodded. These words made sense & I hoped they would go on.

"Bags End is your home in a way nowhere else could be. Not Imagianna, not Dreamland. Not the place where your friends the Creatures live. Not even Connecticut or other places in Miss Chris's & Ramie's world."

I nodded again but really listening. Brainbone smoking.

"It could be you live in more than one place 4or awhile."

"How?"

"You know how."

"You mean dreaming?"

"Dreaming. And waking too."

Hm.

Mister Owl patted me nicely on mah 4orehead. "Go."

"Where? I came to school like I am supposed to, & didn't 4or a long time!"

He shook his head. "Your homework is to go & figger this out, & then come back & report to me & others."

O great. Homework. Could be worse.

He laughed again. "In Bags End News, of course."

I laughed too. This made it easier.

So then I finally nodded & went. I was gone be4ore anyone else showed up to school.

Gosh, I am still doing this . . . whatever it is. Only now others know too. I guess I better figger it out a lot better that I know now!

Best I Can Say . . .

Where I dream at night is called the Creature Common & best I can say is that most of their guys are a lot less crazy than mah own folks in Bags End, or else some other kind of crazy that looks like niceness but, surprise! ha! isn't!

I have learned that a Lead Creature is a guy who his fellows wish to represent them. Similar fellows, mind you, like one for Duckees & one for Pine Cones & so on.

A Lead Lead Creature is the first among guys. Not a King like Sheila wishes, but sorta kinda. Exactly like Sheila if she was someone else totally. Um. Yah.

The Lead Lead Creature is Threshold, a nice little pup with a serious look. He has pretty brown eyes & a handsome mug. Very polite. Does not talk much.

None of these guys talk a lot but I understand them. I think this took awhile.

I think of these Creature, mah crazy Bags End folks, & you Dear Readers, wherever you are, as part of the same bigger thing. And I think that includes Imagianna too, & Miss Chris & Ramie in Connecticut.

I tried to think of which way to start telling this story. I mean, I could keep telling about everybody I meeted, or I could tell one of the things that happened. But I kept thinking that telling about more Creatures would be good.

And I still don't quite know if this is the right way, but I will tell next about a fella named MeZmer, who is a White Bunny.

See, I thinked I already knowed all the Bunnys I would get to know but, ha! no. I meeted MeZmer. I admire her hoppings, I must say. And by saying this, I almost fell into a story but not yet. Anyway, MeZmer, being a Bunny, is very cute & pats mah nozebone most politely.

Then there is this fella named Bauer. He is a slyly smiling black-&-white pandy bear. I have seen some guys dance in mah days, but this Bauer takes the cake with his impressive slidings. O! Cake! Yuk! He wears a rakish bowtie too. Rakish means "O Wow," with a chuckle.

Another impressive fellow is called Pirth who is purple & furry but I don't know which kind of Creature he is. He's a dancer too, but he dances another way from Bauer. More jumping, less sliding. He also has a nice bow in his head's fur, & he dances with two ribbons.

Pirth has a twin sister name Beamer, who looks part Bear & part Bee, & she loves Pirth, & they are twins in part by dancings. Bauer is not a twin to them, although I guess he could be.

Another guy I met is named Jacoby. He is a monkey fella with a friendly smile. And boy howdy! Can he jump! They often call him Jumping Jacoby. Very polite too.

There there are these two little blue-eyed Kitties whose names are the same but talked different. Johnny with a J sound, & Johnny with a Y sound. They might be twins too, but I don't know & they like licking fellas friendly more than explaining in words. But that's OK, really.

Now I have to interrupt mah easy tellings to say that pending trouble nears. It has to do with hopping. Since I have been living in Bags End by wake & the Creature Common by sleep, I sometimes talk about one while in the other.

Bags End guys showed mostly no interest in the Creature Common. But then I made the mistake one day in Sheila's Throne Room of talking to her about MeZmer hopping in the Creature Common.

"Who hops there?" she demanded to know.

"Well," I said, without letting mah brainbone think about the sure trouble to come. "MeZmer hops really good."

"Better than your King?"

I began to talk but then Sheils stopped me & said, "Consider the certain chance of your demise before answering, Beagle."

Good advice. "Nobody hops better than you, Sheila."

This didn't work. She hopped from her Throne right up close to mah usual resting place on the floor.

"I demand a Royal Hop-Off!" she cried.

"Um-um?" I stuttered.

"I will prove my superiority to any 4oreign Bunny near or far!" she declared.

O boy! A hopping war. I tried to back quietly out of the room, but she out-tricked me.

"Tell that Bunny I am coming & will defeat her on her own home turf!"

"I don't think there's any turf there, Sheila," I said hopelessly. But she just stared & pointed me out of her Throne Room.

Now I found mahself stuck in a new story when I had been happily describing Creatures.

What to do, what to do, Dear Readers? Down to every last one of mah Beagle bones, I didn't like the idear of a Royal Hop-Off.

So I went to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch to sit & think this over. Then I felled asleep, & I was in the Creature Common, just like that.

And there was MeZmer looking at me! This dreaming stuff is a little crazy.

I said, "Hi, fella," & MeZmer smiled her charming smile.

I tried to gather mah best words.

"I live in Bags End when I am awake," I explained 4or no reason since she knows that.

"Anyway, mah 'dopted sister Sheila is sort of nuts about being the best Bunny around & when I said you're a good hopper too, she went crazy & wants a Royal Hop-Off!" I explained faster & faster till I stopped of words.

MeZmer nodded & made to sleep with me back to Bags End where she would be sleeping & I would be awake. Parse that one, ya egghead guys!

"No, but!" I protested, but now we were back in Bags End, hopping & walking, me very reluctantly, to Sheila's Throne Room.

This was the first meeting of Bunnys from Bags End & the Creature Common. I thought I would have to introduce them with all due protocols, which are like politeness dressed up good in words & doings.

No, sir. MeZmer hopped right up to Sheila Bunny in her Throne & they looked each over good.

No words. Just Sheila's magickal purple eyes & MeZmer's strangely glowing ones. On & on they looked.

Finally, Sheila nodded & hopped off her Throne. She & MeZmer hopped side by side right out of the Throne Room, & I had to run fast to keep up! Down level after level of Bag End I chased.

"Hey! Where are you going?" I cried to no answer, & they got so far ahead of me I lost them.

Figgering Up a Plan

For a long time, your old pal Algernon has been trying to find mah sea legs for writing my newspaper regular again. I think it used to be simpler when one of the big guys in Bags End would scheme up an idear, & I would get dragged along, & I would write mah way through it.

The story got stranger when I was in Dreamland for a long time, & then I discovered the Creature Common on the other side of Dreamland. Then, not so long ago, guys on the one side & the other side met, like I tolded about with Sheila Bunny & MeZmer, but I still felt no Beagle groove to go with.

This is what I have learned, Dear Readers: I could go on without writing mah newspaper, but I don't want to. And I don't think Bags End is good without mah newspaper. Nobody does what I do.

Maybe that's part of why Mister Owl sent me off to figger all this out instead of going back to Bags End School. Sort of introducing MeZmer to Sheila wasn't figgering anything out really, but I did kind of like that they finally met, & they settled any dispute they might have had through, um, staring & hopping off together.

But I still had the hard thing to work over. What do I do now?

That's the question I brung to mah good friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna. The way there is not far. Find the right hallway, & the right door, & go on through.

So I did. What was strange was that her dear friend Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, did not greet me in his formal polite way. This takes time but it's his way, & I like him.

Crissy answered the door of her Castle. "Algernon!" she said all happy. I never get tired of her happy.

"Hi, Crissy! Where is Boop?"

"He had to go visit one of his relatives," Crissy said, all mysteriously.

"O," sayeth me as we walked into her Throne Room. Crissy slouched down in her Throne almost Sheila Bunny-like, but she didn't crunch a carrot (O! Yuk!) or play a jazz record.

So I talked what was on mah mind. Crissy listened good & nodded & smiled like she does.

"You want your Beagle groove & don't know about it right now," she said, in just the right number of words.

I nodded.

"Old grooves won't do," she said some more.

"Um," I said, "No. And nobody is making me, um, write in old grooves, but I don't know the new one yet. It's hard," I said, feeling dummer than ever.

Crissy smiled her special smile for me that makes me happy in mah very

bones. "Do you know how I came to live here in Imagianna?"

Um, no. "Um, no," I then said out loud.

"I didn't start here," Crissy said.

Hm. Just like Mister Owl told me that he didn't start in Bags End. "We all live many lifetimes," he had said, though I didn't know if those words mattered to this Crissy telling. I decided to ask an easier question.

"Where did you start?"

Crissy leaned back in her Throne & closed her eyes.

"Well, it wasn't a fantasyland where I started," she said.

Hm, again. I listened with both mah earbones, & wished for more too.

"And you were with me, Algernon," she smiled.

"Um?" I said out loud.

"And Boop too," she said.

Well, OK. But. "Crissy, I don't remember."

"Well, it was a long time ago."

"Yes, but I don't remember be4ore Bags End except some sad memories of mah Mommy Beagle in Peoria."

"Be4ore that," she said.

"Be4ore?"

"It's a strange story, Algernon."

"But I don't remember. And you never told me."

"Well, Bags End is more interesting than all that ever was."

"But you're telling me now," I said, trying to keep up.

"Well, it matters now."

"OK."

I rested mah headbone on Crissy's lap, & she talked, & it got stranger, & I guess she maybe used her magick a little cuz it was like a dream but kinda not. I saw pictures like I was in them, & her words changed them as she talked. Um.

"We lived in a one room apartment in a city. It was small but we were happy. I was older then. I had a job & had to leave you both every morning. But I put you 2 together in the window to watch the sky & the cars & the people go by. Then I came home later & told you about my day."

I could see us in the window, watching the day & waiting 4or her to return.

"Then one day I came home early, & I was sad, & I didn't like to say why."

I almost remembered that.

"I lost my job. It was terrible. I was very afraid."

She was too. She had a hard time telling us.

"Anyway, every Saturday the 3 of us would go to the movies. I would sit with you on my lap."

Hm.

"So I brought us one more time cuz I got paid one more time."

It was a sad story whether I remembered it or not.

"That night, we all fell asleep like usual in my bed, & I had a dream."

Ut-o.

"And the dream told me what to do. That's when I brought you to your Mommy Beagle, & you stayed with her & 4orgot about me."

"But how?"

"You had to. I did it. Or you would have been too sad to go."

Crissy looks really sad. "I sorta kept track of you until you got to Bags End. Then I knew you would be OK."

"But where did you & Boop go?"





"Well, we ended up here eventually."

"But why did I have to leave you?"

"That was the deal in the dream. With Benny."

O. Him. Benny Big Dreams is this strange tricky oneiroautical fellow. That means that he travels in dreams. Sometimes helps, sometimes his tricks overflow.

"I didn't really understand it, but I think he did it to make me have to trust him. He promised you would be OK, & I would see you again."

Hm.

Now she smiled her Crissy smile again. "And here we are. Except Boop, who is on his trip."

"But you said this story matters now?"

"Yes, I think so."

"How?"

"Well, I was afraid when things changed, when I lost my job, when I had to not been with you. It was OK tho. And you said you don't know how to do your newspaper right now, but I think that will be OK too. Sometimes you have to trust & keep trudging along, not knowing."

I nodded.

"There's more," she said.

"More?"

"Yes. Lots more."

O.

"Go find Lori Bunny & make your newspaper's new issue about this story. And come back soon 4or more!"

So I hurried back to Bags End!

More of Crissy's Story

Deer Readers, I have known mah friend Princess Crissy of Imagianna 4or a long time, but it is only now that she has been telling things that happened a long time ago that explain now a lot but also make me see everything new too.

She told me to go see Lori Bunny to write up my newspaper's new issue about her story, & I did. Lori helped me get it writed up & shared around like she always does.

So I came back again to see Princess Crissy & resume mah place near her Throne to listen, but she was outside under a big oak tree, & smiled, & we stayed here.

"Where were we?"

"You said there is more."

"Well, yes, you see it got kind of bad after I made sure you were safe with your Mommy Beagle."

I nodded but not a word.

She talked slower. "I don't remember every detail but, really, it came down to how far I wanted to go."

"Go?"

"Benny said he could help me but not where I was. I had to be closer to him."

"Um?"

"I had to give up something."

"What, Crissy?"

"A part of me. I had to be willing to leave my world."

"O." Um.

"We made a kind of deal. That's how I came here. It's not where I am from but it's not a fantasyland like Bags End, full of fun & trouble. Only near."

Hmm.

"OK, is this your prison? I thought it was nice!" Suddenly mah brainbone told me to be ready to be upset & cry, but not yet.

"No, Algernon, this is better. Back there we were in danger. It had its beauties, but it was dangerous & unstable."

"O."

"My place here is kind of a middle place between there & Bags End & other kinds of places we love."

"O."

"It's how Bags End in Connecticut looks like 3 laundry bags piled on top of each other, but inside is this big apartment building, with no top or bottom & all the rest."

"O."

"Imagianna is how it holds together."

"Um."

"Yes, Algernon?"

"Well, I don't really understand. How can a place be like glue?"

Crissy laughed. Then she started telling another story entirely.

"When I was little, there were strange things that I guess I forgot about later."

"What things, Crissy?"

"Well, there was a hole in the wall of my bedroom, but only when I was asleep."

I almost said "Um?" but I had been a lot so I pushed mah saggy old brainbone for more.

"What was in it?" I asked almost smart-guy-like, & afraid mah brainbone would crack if I kept trying. Ha! Beagle humor.

"Well, that is what was funny, because if I was awake I could not have gone into it. I mean I knew where it was along my bedroom wall, & how high. But not there."

"What was in it?"

Crissy smiled. "Well, Boop lived here."

"Really?"

"It was a big place but he lived there."

"Is that where he is now to visit his relatives?" I remembered & cogitated like "smart" is mah middle name, which it is not.

Crissy looked sad, which she usually doesn't, & mah heartbone bent.

"He has an uncle & that's who he went to see. His uncle is sick."

"O."

"I think he will be OK."

I thought some more because it's like I was forgetting things, listening about other things.

"You met Boop in dreams?"

"Well, I dreamed he lived through the hole in my bedroom wall, & he dreamed I would come & visit him."

"Did you dream me?" I asked, not knowing if I wanted yes or no.

"Well, that's a later story. You like them in a row?" she smiled.

I nodded. "Maybe it's like counting or 123s or ABZs. Easier to remember." She nodded.

"Well, I was small & I didn't know what people-folks say about holes in the walls you can only see in dreams."

"What do they say?"

"That dreams aren't real. Only things you can know with your five senses are real. And people-folks are the most important real of all."

"O. Um."

Crissy nodded.

"I got told that later & I think I believed it 4or awhile. Because people told me with smiles, & I wanted them to like me."

"Sounds like a bad deal somehow," I said, but I didn't really know much more than that.

"So I had to learn that I could not get into the hole in my bedroom wall anymore in my dreams. It wasn't real."

I nodded to let her talk more.

"I tried & tried & it was not there, & then I 4orgot to believe it was there."

Nod.

"But I never stopped being sad because my friend Boop lived in there, & there was so much to see."

"So how did you start again?"

"He came to me."

"He did?"

"He was sad too & he told his uncle, & his uncle said Boop would have to go to me."

"How did he do that?"

"I was with my friend in a store, & there he was on a shelf."

"Did he say hi?"

"No. He looked like a regular toy turtle, but I saw him, & I got him, & I brought him home."

"Did he talk then?"

"No, not yet. But I slept with him in my arms, & we dreamed each other like we used to."

"O!"

"He told me I could have him 4or real, but I had to choose to. He said using your imagination to create something is like turning on an unknown part of the Universe. It was always there, but nobody knowed about it."

"Boop said that?"

Crissy smiled. "Yes, Algernon, & more. But that's enough for this time. Go to see Lori Bunny & get your newspaper made, & come back to see me again 4or more soon!"

So I runned!

What Imagianna Is (Part 1)

Soon I went to see Crissy to hear more of her strange story, & this time we sat closely together in a field of mah friends the Weedz!

"YAYY ALGERNON!" they yelled because they made me their King 4or defending them against dum guys like Betsy Bunny Pillow.

"O, shucks!" cried me. Then I had a bright idear. "Hey, Weedz, I want you to yayy Princess Crissy!"

And they did, sort of. They yelled, "Yayy! Crispest Princy!" And Crissy

Bags End News
 No. 206 September 25, 2010
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

What Imageanna Iz Part 1!

My deer friend Princess Crissy
 an Crisy from Imageanna was
 bin telling me a krazy tip
 storee ut her youth & howe shee
 kam too liv in Imageanna weez
 I hav know her for so long.

Both shee told me we would
 each vint way befor to in them
 pair store weel bak & bak to
 her childa & howe shee met
 her friend Boop in dreamz but
 from last night until latr.

So I went too see Crisy
 too hear mor of her sto
 & thiss im wee, sap
 im g-told ut weel
 yay Algernon!

Bags End News
 No. 207 October 3, 2010
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

What Imageanna Iz Part 2

Yur old pal Algernon is a
 hapd lotta theez natiz bekoz
 I amnt riting Mah howz pair
 open lik old house, riting up thez
 long storee with quid friend Princess
 Crisy has bin telling me. About her,
 my historee with it ternz out
 involv me, an her bestus ndy
 Boop both ut us.

Thiss im wen I
 vint her shee bring a
 herin Sept Kuum. Ut a
 about it befor.

Insid, thez rum
 perpe tied & thers was
 on the wall.
 Thizz iz sort of

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 300-309 October 9-16, 2010
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat Imageanna Iz (Grand Finale)

Yur old pal Algernon went
 looking for sett kiz beezel here
 remember the jae bak & ut wez
 Mah deer friend Princess Crisy
 ut Imageanna whoo has bin
 helpin me too doo thizz.

Shee has bin telling me &
 I hav bin riting down for Mah
 dear friends thez storee ut um
 mee & her & Boop befor thez
 waz a krazend. An thez
 waz a lotta ut it too ritt down!

I waz thinking about all
 shee sed befor going bak too
 seey her for mor. I waz inn
 King Sheilas Thron Kuum an

laughed & laughed so it was OK. But her name is Crissy. Then she started telling more story.

"Boop wanted me to know that I couldn't halfway be his waking friend. That it meant a different way of looking at things."

"What way?"

"That people-folks weren't all that important over everyone else. And dreams are real. And what we imagine is as important as what we do."

"Um?"

Crissy smiled. "You know that because you are a Creature from the imagination. People-folks are too but they don't think like that. They think the world was made 4or them, & now they are in charge. And that there's only one world anyway."

"Hm."

"Yes, hm. And even as their world changes in ways they don't understand, & not all by their simple doing, they still keep themselves apart."

"Why, Crissy?"

"It's hard to be people-folks."

"O. Why?"

"I don't know." She looked sad so I talked some more.

"So you chose Boop?"

"Of course! I was so glad to have him."

I nodded.

"Did you go back through the hole in your bedroom wall?"

Crissy shooked her head. "Not exactly. Mostly, we talked on my bed. I would read to him from my schoolbooks sometimes."

"I didn't know you goed to school, Crissy!"

She smiled. "I did 4or awhile. It was easy & hard. I could remember things I read easy, but I didn't like a lot of it."

"Because it was all about people-folks?"

"Mostly. And I didn't know how to tell what I knew. I had lost my best friend & found him again. I met him in our dreams & now he was with me. When we talked, I could hear him in my head. All this was real to me. It was what I did with my nights. I was with Boop. But other people-folks would have said 'he isn't real & you need to grow up soon.' If I had told them."

"You didn't?"

"I told one person. He listened & he nodded. Then he had to go."

"O."

"I was sad but I knew he believed me & so it was possible 4or me to meet more people-folks who did."

"Were you lonely with no people-folks friends?"

"I wanted them to understand me. I wasn't making up these idears. I was just learning them as I went along."

I nodded.

"I even started to write stories."

"Stories?"

Crissy smiled big this time. "On your rite-typer, Algernon."

"Mine?"

"Back then it was mine, & I used it to write stories."

I was amazed.

"Boop helped me. They were about what I had seen in that hole in my bedroom wall."

"Did people-folks read your stories?"

"Yes! They liked them. But they thought I made them up."

"Why would you do that if you had good true stories to tell?" I

demanded.

Crissy laughed. "Anyway, they kept asking me 4or more but I stopped."

"Is that why you lost your job, Crissy?"

"No, that was later on when I had you & Boop."

"How did you get me?" I hoped it was time 4or that part of her story.

"Well, I dreamed about your Mommy Beagle."

"Really?"

"She asked me to take care of you."

"Why?"

"She had to take care of some things."

"O."

"But I woke up & me nor Boop knew where you were."

I nodded, hoping her telling would not stop.

"I looked in many places 4or you. In stores & parks & in streets. Mommy Beagle had said to hurry. Then I had an idear."

"What was it, Crissy?"

"Well, mah idear was to write one more story in which I was looking 4or you because of my dream, & I found you in the end."

"Where did you find me, Crissy?"

"I wrote that I dreamed I would find you in my arms with Boop when I finished writing the story & woke up."

"O!"

"And there you were!"

Crissy hugged me, & the Weedz, who I guessed are good listeners, cheered her & cheered me, & then sort of cheered 4or everything, since they were right now feeling all happy & not in danger from lawnmowers or crazed Pillows 4or awhile.

I was guessing that was all the story I would be getting this time, & I was pretty happy with it anyway.

"There's more, Algernon."

"More?"

"Always more. Like, how did I meet Miss Chris? Or Sheila Bunny? And what about Bags End & the Creature Common?"

I nodded.

"Some of it already happened, like the stories I have been telling you. But some of it will happen next."

"Like the story of you telling the stories."

She smiled. "But I will tell you more next time."

I nodded. And went along mah way back to Bags End, to find Lori Bunny & write up a new issue of mah newspaper to tell all of this.

What Imagianna Is (Part 2)

Your old pal Algernon is a happy fella these days because I am writing mah newspaper again like the old days, writing up the long story mah good friend Princess Crissy has been telling me. About her, um, history, which it turns out involves me & her bestus buddy Boop, both of us.

This time when I went to visit her, she brung me to her Secret Room, which I didn't know about be4ore.

Inside, the room was sort of purple lights & there were funny pictures on the wall.

"This is sort of like my own Milne's Porch," Crissy said with that tricky smile of hers I like so much.

We sat together on these funny cushions &, after awhile of being nicely quiet, Crissy began to *hmmm*, & that was nice too.

Then I think the *hmmms* turned to words after awhile.

"You were different when I first met you, Algernon."

"I was?"

"Well, you didn't write your own newspaper."

"O. Um. No rite-typer. And I guess no Bags End."

"No. You were afraid a lot."

"I wished I remembered all this better, Crissy."

"Look into the darkness. Deep into it."

I did & I watched as the darkness changed & got, um, deeper. Like I was walking into it. Like being inside a TV show I was watching.

Crissy was still next to me so that was OK.

I saw her little home with me & Boop in it. I saw mah younger self but he could not see me. Probably 4or the best.

"You missed your Mommy Beagle. You were scared when I had to go in the day."

I nodded.

"I had to protect you better than I could. You needed a different kind of home than this."

"O," I said, feeling sad & sorry all over again for mah scaredness.

"You weren't there when Bags End began."

"I wasn't?"

"No. There were only a few. You came a little while later."

"How did I get there?"

"Well, Ramie would find Bags End friends in different places."

"Ramie found me?"

"He found you in a toy store & he brung you along with him."

"To Sheila & Miss Chris?"

"They took you in & then you had a really safe home."

"Were you sad, Crissy?"

"I promised I would see you again. I promised & I did."

"That's true."

Crissy stopped there.

"That's all 4or this time."

I blinked cuz I didn't know any smarter words than um and O.

"Next time will be the Grand Finally like you have sometimes!"

"O! I like those!"

"So go write up this short issue & come back 4or that next time."

I hugged Crissy & left her Secret Room, & went back to Bags End to make a new skinny issue of mah newspaper. Next time will be the Grand Finally & I think I will be happy & relieved both.

What Imagianna Is (Grand Finally!)

Your old pal Algernon went looking to get his beagleboy journalist mojo back, & it was mah dear friend Princess Crissy of Imagianna who has been helping me to do this.

She has been telling me & I have been writing down for your Dear

Readers the story of, um, me & her & Boop be4ore there was a Bags End. And there was a lot of it to write down!

I was thinking about all she said be4ore going back to see her in Imagianna 4or more. It was in would-be King Sheila's Throne Room on mah resting matt near her Thone. Sheila was slouched down in her Throne, like usual, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & playing a little Miles Davis jazz music on her fonograph.

I wanted to ask her more about her hoppings with MeZmer, & was trying to figure out how to ask without the grouchy yelling in reply when suddenly she said to me, "Crissy gave me that fonograph, a long time ago."

"She did?"

Sheila didn't talk but listened instead to Miles play his trumpet. He always sounds to me like he has this big idea & he plays his trumpet really good to tell about it.

"She came to see that you were doing OK. And she knowed I like Miles & Trayne & Bird & Dizzy."

Ha! Those crazy jazz guy names!

"So she brought me her fonograph & her records. I said, 'what are you going to do for music?' & she smiled at me & said, 'I will listen when I visit here.' Then she said, 'anyway, I have them all memorized in my heart.'"

I thinkd Sheila would say more but she thrashed around a bit & took her nap right there & then. O. I figgered I would go see Crissy now.

I found her in her own Throne Room, slouched down in her Throne, looking bored. She had on her blue jeans underneath her princess dress.

She smiled happy to see me.

"No Boop yet?"

"He sent me a postcard!" She took out this card & read it to me: "Greetings, Noble Princess! My travels are nearly complete. The prognosis 4or my relative is a good one. Remember to do your Princess exercises! Your loving & loyal Subject, Boop."

"Speak regular English, fella," I gruttered, oops!, out loud.

"He says his uncle is getting better & he will be home soon!"

"O." Crissy speaks really good regular English.

"A lot of what happens in life is by luck," she said next.

I nodded.

"But some of it is by taking a chance in hand."

I nodded again, less so.

"When Boop & I came here, this place didn't have a name. Or a Castle. And I was not a Princess."

"Really?"

"Boop & I read a lot of storybooks & he told me that I should be a Princess, & live in a Castle, & he would be my humble & loyal servant."

"But, um--"

"How did we get here? Where did this Castle come from?"

I nodded.

"Bags End was new & it needed a Guardian. I wasn't doing very well where I was. I made a choice to come here & leave that world behind."

"Behind?"

"I can't go back where I am from to live again. Boop & I came here on our own, & then the Castle came. And then we lived here."

"O." But not really. This was too short 4or the Grand Finally like she promised.

We were quiet then. I wasn't sure if I was waiting or not.

Then suddenly I talked. "Sheila told me you gave her your fonograph."

Crissy got all happy again. "Sheila loves jazz so much!"
 "Did you make Bags End?" It seemed like a strange question, but now that I had asked it, it seemed like Crissy had been waiting for it.

"I helped."

"How, Crissy?"

"Remember I told you I would write stories?"

"Until you stopped."

"Well, I didn't stop completely. I just stopped showing them around." Hm. Now this sounded more like a Grand Finally to me.

Crissy stood up strangely & began to walk around. "I had idears of things. Some of them I dreamed. Some of them I wasn't sure about. Some of them were inspired by books. So I helped but I wasn't close enough."

"Close enough?"

"When you dream about a place, you can wake up. When you write about a place, you can close the book."

I nodded.

"I knew Bags End was real & somehow I had helped make it real. But it was not close enough."

"Why didn't you move there? Everybody would love to have you come," I said, all friendly. I guessed the answer would be some kind of hard.

"I couldn't. It would not work. I could change things like nobody else could. I would be like Godd."

"The small pink bear?"

"But Godd doesn't live in Bags End?"

"No, he just visits sometimes."

"That's better."

"Are you like Godd, Crissy?"

She laughed. "No. Godd is from a different angle on things."

"O," I said, really wishing I knowed more words to talk mah brainbone.

"Anyway, I didn't want to do that. I wanted to be nearer than a dream or a book, but not living there & ruin it."

I would have said she could never ruin nothing, but I guessed she would be stubborn.

"So you, um, made Imagianna?"

"It was a compromise. But I could not go back where I came from to live."

I nodded.

"Anyway, I didn't want to go back."

"Did you write more stories about Bags End?"

"No. It was different. I wasn't interested so much anymore."

"O."

"So I gave my rite-typer to you, & Lori said you & she could do a newspaper about all the crazy things that happen in Bags End."

"O!" I said, all happy. "But I don't really write English too fancy."

"English is best when it's plain & true as you can," Crissy said, smiling.

I nodded.

Then we were all talked out & had a good nap. Nothing like it.

Later on, I asked if there was more to the story.

"Well, most of it you already know."

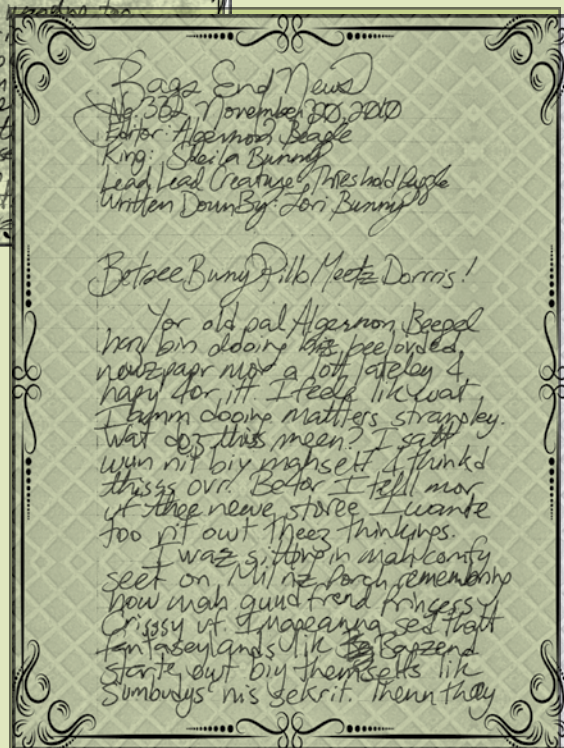
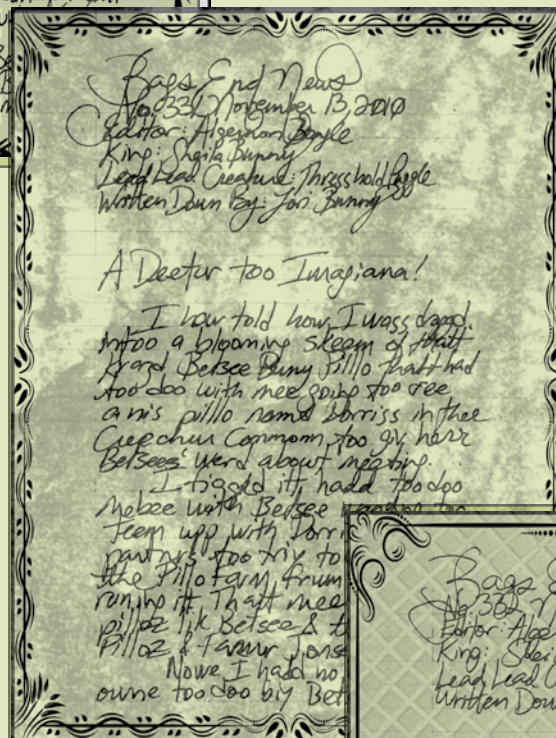
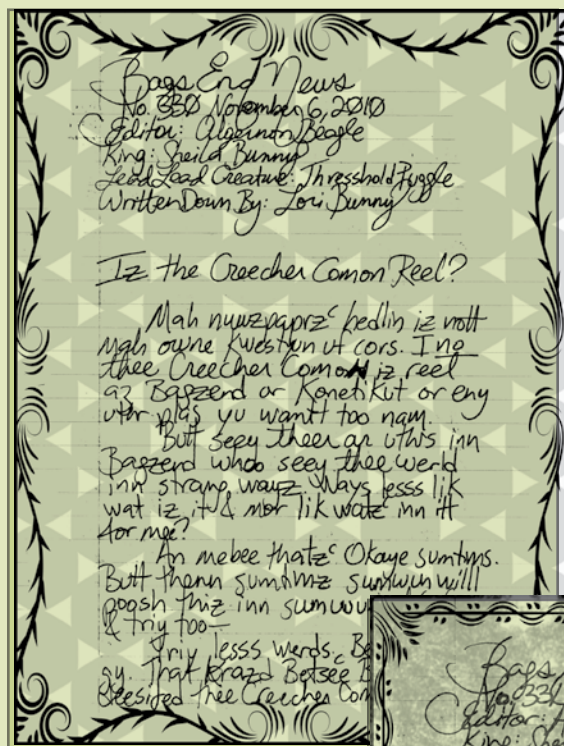
"Is being the Guardian a hard thing to do?"

She shook her head. "It's just a name. Bags End runs itself."

I nodded. Sort of.

"Easier than being a Princess!" she laughed.

I supposed I had my mojo back as much as I could. I mean, now I could





Bags End Book #13: The Great Pillow Summit!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: <http://www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf>

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Is the Creature Common Real?

This chapter's title is not mah own question of course. I know the Creature Common is real as Bags End or Connecticut or any other place you want to name.

But see there are others in Bags End who see the world in strange ways. Ways less like "what is it?" & more like "what's in it 4or me?"

And maybe that's OK sometimes. But then sometimes someone will push this idear in someone else's face & try to--

Try less words, Beagle.

OK, guy. Here goes. That crazed Betsy Bunny Pillow decided the Creature Common wasn't real.

Now some may ask why would Betsy care about the Creature Common? Well, the tragical answer to that, Dear Readers, is that I mentioned a pillow

I met named Doris.

There are times when Betsy is just too busy to notice she has not smothered me yet. She is usually seeing to her business in the Bunny Pillow Free State. Since Farmer Jones is helping Pillows to grow there again, & not an enemy like the old days, when he would sell them to rich people, Betsy concerned herself more with consolidating her own power base, or lead guitar or something.

In Beagle short, Betsy wants to run the show again. She takes all this agreeable cooperating personally, like an insult.

Anyway, all this began as me trying to do something nice. You see, some shadowy Allies of Betsy's came to me & said Betsy wasn't her usual self.

"That's good news then," sayeth me, a bit meanly.

"Algernon, she's depressed."

"She's a big stupid Pillow! She attacks nice little guys like mah friends the Weedz, & tries to smother nozebones like mine!"

Well, I guess the Allies used some kind of hip-knows-is on me cuz I found myself going of mah own will to Betsy's Secret Clubhouse to ask her if we could continue writing her autobiography. It should be called The Tallest Tales of All.

Her Clubhouse is through one of the doors in Bags End, & is in a tree in the middle of a big field. I guess she knew I was coming because when I got there I was led right through all the fences & booby traps & whatever to her headquarters. There she was, wearing her crazy little spectacles on her no-face, & holding a bunch of papers in her no-hands.

"Ahh, Beagle, not even so late this time," she whispered in her own weird way of friendly.

She started in right away, crazier than ever. She has these idears about the Evolution of Pillows. It think it was supposed to be a story with her as the best part at the end.

It would have been fine since I take very slow notes, & Betsy does not talk slow, & I was getting sleepy like I didn't care, & I guess that could have been trouble really but then Betsy said something about knowing what Pillows really want, & I said, by mistake, half-napping out loud, "I bet you didn't ask Doris."

Betsy stopped cold & I woke up fast.

"Who?"

"Um, nobody."

Suddenly Betsy had me pressed up against the wall & talking. "Are you claiming there is a Pillow I don't know?"

"Yes. I mean no! Let me be, ya crazed Pillow!"

Finally I gave up & said, "OK, she is a nice Pillow I know who lives in the Creature Common which you never went to, so you don't know her!" Then I wiggled away from her. And I runned & runned.

But ya know it comes down to this, Dear Readers: stubborn is stubborn but crazed stubborn is stubborn by far. Plus, Betsy has some very loyal Allies who are also strangely nice to me.

Again I found mahself going to see that nutty Pillow. Her Allies had assured me she only wanted to talk, or whisper really, but promised no smothering. I felt not reassured.

"Now, Beagle," Betsy said instead of hello, "You claim to know a Pillow I do not."

"I don't claim nothing, ya dum Pillow. I know Doris & I like her way more than you." I guess I figgered mah end was really ni, & I better get all mah best last words in.

Betsy talked on like I had not talked. She does that a lot. "I wonder how you know this alleged Pillow."

"She lives in the Creature Common with mah friend Larry the Spyder & a lot of other nice fellas," I explained, like Betsy would nod & listen & ask more interested questions.

Betsy nodded, but not like she listened. "I wonder why you would claim to know Pillows I do not." Her whispery voice was taking on that pre-smothering tone I know & fear too well.

"Now, Betsy, you promised no funny smothering business," I said, wondering how it was that Betsy always managed to block mah escape routes. She is very smart 4or a crazed Pillow.

"Clearly there are some who support me as well as my well-known enemies," & now it seemed like she was rubbing her chin, which she had none, with her fingers, & she got none of them too, thinking about mah usefulness to her coming scheme.

I guess even a cornered Beagle can take so much. "Betsy, she is real & she don't live on your Farm. She has, um, Partners, like you have Allies, but I don't think none of them know about any of this stuff."

Now she was impatient again.

"Where is this Common? Can you lead me there now? At threat of your pending demise?"

Well, Dear Readers, at threat of mah pending demise I can do a whole lot, mah skills just bloom. But . . .

"I get there through Dreams usually."

"Dreams?"

"Yes, yes! Dreams! Like on the other side of them. That's how it works. I didn't make up the way. I like doors better like in Bags End, but what can I say?" I was upset & talking fast & who knows maybe Betsy saw I am not subtle enough to just keep making stuff up at the threat of mah pending demise.

She nodded with her no-head.

"Tell her we have business. Pillow to Pillow business."

"But--"

"Now go!"

"But--"

"I said GO!"

So I runned & runned & I guess I found mahself nozebone deep in a nutty new story.

But the funny thing is that I felt . . . OK.

I mean, here I am, doing what I do. In danger, unsure, telling the story straight & true as I can. OK.

A Detour to Imagianna!

So now I was caught up in Betsy Bunny Pillow's blooming scheme of me going to see that nice Pillow named Doris in the Creature Common to give her Betsy's word about meeting.

I figgered it had to do maybe with Betsy wanting to team up with Doris & her Partners to try to take back the Bunny Pillow Farm from the Collective running it, including the Face Pillows she don't like, & of course her old enemy Farmer Jones.

Now I had no plan of mah own to do by Betsy's commands one bit. But I

had to figger things better than I had so far.

So I went pronto to the right door in Bags End to see mah good friend Princess Crisakah of Imagianna, who is Guardian of Bags End & other places too.

I found Crissy near her castle in Imagianna, under our favorite oak tree, looking at the sky most interestedly. She stopped long enough to hug me but good, & then we both looked.

Sometimes looking with a friend is full of words & sometimes not. This was not. Then after awhile I talked.

"Crissy, what do you know about the Creature Common?"

"It's far from here," she said, & I found that strange.

"Did you ever go there?"

"Not yet. You're the first one," she smiled.

"To go there?"

She nodded. "Fantasylands don't start off connected to the others. They start off private. Like a new secret."

Well. Hmm. O. "So nobody knowed it be4ore me?"

"I don't think so."

"And now Betsy wants to go there & cause trouble!" I cried out. I was suddenly very sad & sort of angry too.

Crissy hugged me. "I have not been there yet but I do know there are some good strong folks there. Like your story about how Sheila met the White Bunny?"

I nodded. This was true. "But Sheila was just interested in hopping with her after all. I mean nothing bad happened."

"And Betsy wants to meet their Pillows. That's OK."

I looked at Crissy closely. "Do you have your, um, magickal Princess ways of knowing about Doris & her Partners?"

Crissy laughed her pretty laugh. "Go see her & tell her what Betsy said." Then she hugged me & sent me along mah way.

I guess you could say there are really various ways to get to the Creature Common. The way I know best is to fall asleep in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch & then find this strange picture that is a door to there.

The Common is like a sortof house that has changed over time, gotten bigger & smaller both. I always get the feeling that more people live there than I know, but I have not met them yet . . .

Well, anyway, I went from Imagianna back to Bags End & thens to the Bunny Family's apartment where me & mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy live too, & I climbed through our bedroom window to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch.

There I sat awhile, just thinking about it all. Trying to "put mah best Beagle 4orward," is how mah smart guy friend & Bags End News colleague Lori Bunny says it.

Then I falled asleep & I was in Dream Bags End, where I have been so many times, but I have figgered better OK about it than I used to.

I found the picture I was looking 4or of a tall red-haired girl in a Woods, bending over to look at some faerie fellas.

The next step is a tricky one for me. I have to 4orget it's a picture & remember that it's a door, & walk on through while I am balancing this remembering & 4orgetting. It usually works. One time I didn't & mah dream nozebone hurt! Ow!

This time went OK & I found mahself in the Creature Common, & there was mah dear friend Larry the Spyder, who I met first of all of them there.

"Hi, Algie!" he said in his friendly name shortening way.

"Hi, guy!" I said back. "Do you know where Doris is?"

I kind of have a hard time getting around the Creature Common because it is murky to mah eyes.

But he glittery-eyed smiled, & brung me to a nice bed, & on the bed was a sort of royal pile up of Pillows with yellow Doris in her purple cloak on the very top! I could see two nice-looking blue Pillows with pretty colors on them too near her, & I guessed these might be her Partners?

I looked up to Doris & said, "Hi!" She doesn't try to dirty trick me like Betsy in her strange whispery voice. With Doris you have to get nice and close to her softness & somehow friendly talk happens.

I told her about Betsy & her crazed talk, but Doris didn't get scared or mad or nothing.

I asked if she knowed about the Bunny Pillow Farm & Betsy & all that.

Here is where it gets weird, Dear Readers. I guess you could also say it got to & far past weird long ago, & I would see the truth in that too.

But anyway, Doris told me that she helped build to the Bunny Pillow Farm!

I was shocked. Here is what we said like we talked regular words, which we didn't.

"You're the Architect!"

"One of many."

"Many?"

"Hard to say."

I nodded & thinked some more. "Hard to say" means 4or Creatures that mah English is off the path to answers.

"Well, she don't know that."

"No."

"Do any of those Pillows?"

"We never intended to get involved again. It seemed like a bad idea."

"Why? Most big guys I know love to run the show right in everybody's faces all the time."

Doris laughed like I don't know nobody does. She said the Farm had done OK so far. Even when I talked of all the various troubles that had come, Doris didn't think any different.

"Will you meet with Betsy like she demanded?"

"Of course."

"You mean of course not?"

"No. It's OK. She is one of the finest Pillows there is."

I coughed mah mock but Doris is stubborn for a so-soft fella. So, OK, why not?

Doris let me nap close to her softness, & Larry was around again too. I think some of the others I met were nearby too but the murk didn't let me see them so good this time.

Betsy Bunny Pillow Meets Doris!

After I returned to Bags End, I went to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch to have a good think over all these strange events.

I strangely felt like what I was doing mattered. Sort of like history or something. What did this mean?

I sat there a while remembering how mah good friend Princess Crissy had said that fantasylands like Bags End start out by themselves like

somebody's nice secret. Then they get connected to others over time.

I guess Bags End is kinda knowed by some, but the Creature Common isn't, or anyway it wasn't be4ore. Now, because of mah newspaper tellings about it, it's getting there.

I was looking up at the stars to be seen from mah Porch, & thinking how they were all in one sky. It's like something smart to learn just by looking up, & watching, & thinking about it.

So are fantasylands in one sky in some kind of way? Different places but one, um, sky?

It sorta made sense. I mean it did.

I thinked some more. I wanted to keep going until mah brainbone gave out. I figgered I had better hurry as it would not take too long for that.

Nobody in Bags End or maybe even on the Bunny Pillow Farm knowed that Doris & her Partners were some of the Architects of the Bunny Pillow Farm. Only me. And I knowed because I had gone to the Creature Common where Doris lives, & she told me. And she agreed to meet with Betsy like that crazed Pillow demanded.

I figgered whatever happened it would not end up with Betsy being fully in charge of all, like she wanted. But I did not know what would happen.

What I did know was this, tho, was that I was using me & mah newspaper to make things happen, & then write about them. I guess this part sort of bothered me, since I would rather just watch closely & write it all down straight & true, but Crissy always tells me that there's more to me & what good I can do than I can know very easy. I guess so.

Maybe I just hoped Doris could help Betsy a little. 4or all mah weird brawls with that looney Pillow, I sorta admire how she sticks to her guns & won't let nobody do her in by single threat or collective niceness. Anyway--

The question of how to get Betsy to the Creature Common was next to be answered. It was solved easy, though, by Crissy, who figgered up a way 4or Betsy to come with me by a picture in the hallway of the waking Bags End.

"I know you are more used to the dream path," she said, smiling at me.

I nodded. "But Betsy needs to believe in this & she is kinda crazier than usual right now."

So I went to see Betsy in her Secret Clubhouse headquarters. O boy! Let me tell you next.

Betsy was dressed in some kind of crazy rainbow colored cape, & she said she would bring with her a large retinue of Prime Allies to this Summit.

"What Summit? No. And no. No, um, retinue. Just you & me going to see Doris as friendly as we can," I said, deciding that mah role in this mattered & Betsy should respect that.

Ha. Again, Ha! Once more so nobody 4orgets, HA! Betsy had me up against the wall with so many ready threats old & new I could hardly whimper mah life's last protest.

"You are irrelevant to all this! Less than a thought! Less than a flea!" Betsy whisper screamed.

Mah too-brief life was on the point of concluding when one of Betsy's Elder Allies stepped up & separated us. Elder Allies? I don't know. Words.

The compromise I agreed to or else was that Betsy's Allies would stand ready to invade & annihilate the Creature Common at Betsy's word. I know Allies are more wanting to protect Betsy than anything else, but it always makes me mad when--

"Beagle!!! Lead the way or be snuffed!"

I led the way to the picture Crissy had helped me put up in a little-

known shadowy part of a hallway in Bags End. Crissy gived me a magick password to make the picture into a doorway.

The picture was not the one of the girl & her faeries like in mah dream. It was snowy & there was a big pretty lighted up building far away in it.

Ready, I said, "Men at Work!" which is mah favorite band! And me & Betsy were helped by her Allies to climb on through.

"Take care of her," whispered the Allies as they helped me climb through. I nodded to be nice.

What happened next is hard to tell in the plain talking way. But what happened in some order is that Betsy went through, & saw Doris & her Partners, & let out a terrified cry, & there was a terrible fight, & I got knocked around, & I thought I heard Betsy call 4or help or maybe invasion, & then I was knocked out like I was asleep.

When I woke up, I was not in the Creature Common or back in Bags End either. It was a grassy place I sorta knowed but not quite. Betsy was with Doris & her Partners, & they were I think talking in that touching way Doris does.

I didn't move, but decided to quietly listen to their talk & not interrupt. Maybe save mahself a smothering or snuffing or whatever too.

"Dreams," said Doris.

"No," disagreed Betsy, but more polite than usual, which is never.

"You do it all the time with your Miss Chris."

Betsy said nothing.

"Part of our work is to help people-folks do better with their dreams. Give them ease going in & comfort to learn from them."

Betsy didn't like this, I just knew it.

"It's why this Farm started. When it starts. Some of us agreed to be Pillows, take that form, & create others & do this really important work. If you want to lead the Pillows again, you will have to understand this & act by it. If not, you will war with the others 4or control of something you refuse to understand."

O boy!

The Great Pillow Summit!

Writing about Betsy Bunny Pillow has been one of mah more terrorizig tasks over the years. Betsy gets just about mountain high crazy with anyone who isn't a Pillow, or helping her on her way to leading her Pillows to final triumph over who she says to.

4or a long time, she said to defeat Farmer Jones who ran the Bunny Pillow Farm. Betsy escaped his intentions to sell her like the many others to rich people, & she fought a long war to free the rest of the Pillows. She defeated Jones & drove him off, & it looked like she could enjoy the liberation of what she called the Bunny Pillow Free State.

But trouble set in in different ways, as trouble has a way of doing. Betsy exiled to far dreams the strange Face Pillows who threatened her idears of what Pillows are. That didn't work, partly because of me.

Then it turned out that the Pillows on the Farm were having trouble growing more of them. Betsy could not solve this either, & so the other Pillows brought back Jones to help.

This about made Betsy endlessly insane, & she looked 4or ways to defeat

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 King: Sheila Bunmy
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunmy

Thee Grate Pillo Summit!

Rithy about Betsee Buny Pillo
 haz beene wun of mah most terrorizing
 tasks ovr thee yeers. Betsee
 getz jest about mowsten hi krazy
 with emywn whoo izent a pillo or
 helping her on her waye too feeding
 her pilloz to fineel triumf ovr whoos
 shee sez to.

For a long tm, shee sed too defect
 Farmr Jonz whoo ran thee Buny Pillo
 farm. Betsee escaped hiz intentions
 too sell her lyk thee money wth
 too rich peepel, & then shee fauf
 a long warr too freey the rest of
 thee pilloz. Shee defected Jonz
 & drov him awtt & itt lookt lyk
 shee cood enjoye thee lib.

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 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunmy

Thee Grate Pillo Summit (Part 2 & Grand Finellee!)

I suppos I thawt I nowd mzt
 of wat thees waz about buny
 pilloz, sins I had rited about Betsee
 Buny Pillo so nencee stors. Butt
 then I startid viziting thee Creechen
 Common & I mett Dorris & her partners.
 An then Betsee & Dorris mett &
 itt terns out nott onley are Dorris
 & her partners also sum of thee
 in site kts of thee Buny Pillo Farm
 butt so ar Betsees Alliz!
 So Okave then, O & thee part
 about Farmr Jones beeing a guid
 gy whoo gott trikkd & then had
 too protect the farm & then forget

the Collective that was now working with her old enemy Jones.

I got mixed up in all this again when I accidentally told Betsy about mah Pillow friend Doris in the Creature Common. Betsy demanded a meeting with this unknown to her Pillow &, with Crissy's help, it happened.

Now I found mahself listening to them talk back in the past, when the Bunny Pillow Farm wasn't made yet. And it was all about dreams & Betsy taking charge of the Pillows! I had been listening quietly till now, but mah BeagleBoy journalist ways could take it no longer.

"How come she gets to be leader!" I cried. "She bullies & threatens everyone else, & she don't care nothing about growing Pillows. Just being a big shot!"

Betsy was in mid-flight toward me with smothering on her mind when Doris moved slightly & Betsy was frozen in mid-air & returned back lightly to where she & Doris & Doris's Partners had been talking on the grass near me. O. I bet Betsy thought O, too.

Then Doris answered me, out loud this time too, in a nice voice. "My Partners & I have stepped back in to right things that have gone wrong. Not by making anybody do what they don't want, but by telling the story that needs to be heard. Betsy, you listen & ask me what you want. Algernon, I trust you will tell what we say in your fine newspaper."

Fine newspaper! Doris was some kind of powerful new big guy too now. Sorta like Crissy though. I nodded & I listened good as I could.

Doris waited a moment in thinking, then talked. "First, I want to tell you about Farmer Jones."

Betsy would have gone smothering crazy but Doris held her still with a thought or something.

"As a young man, he had as many ideals as you. He believed what the Dreaming Pillows did with people-folks would help them overcome their mistakes & find a way to live in peace with each other & the world. We chose him 4or his big heart & his devotion to learning always deeper the ways of the world."

Be4ore I could think to ask or talk, Doris said, "Yes, we chose him to run the Farm. And he did it well until the ways of people-folks, which he followed from afar, got too awful 4or him.

"Then he made a decision to leave the Farm to venture again among men & try to find an answer. He met with many but none could help him. Each only wanted to use the Pillows as a weapon for a cause."

We were listening nutty close.

"Eventually, he met a man who seemed to care. He told Jones he could help. He said it was the rich & powerful, who you call the big guys, Algernon, who needed the Pillows most, & could help right the world.

"He said they would only value the Pillows, though, if they cost a lot of money, & seemed to give without asking in return.

"So Jones agreed to sell the Pillows & only at great cost to this man. He was fooled, our Jones, but this man made him believe the trick 4or years. And when people-folks didn't treat each other or the world any better, Jones tried to back out.

"But he couldn't. The man said he would see the Bunny Pillow Farm destroyed if he tried to.

"Jones had 4orgotten how he had come to the Farm or who he had been be4ore. He only knew that he had to protect it. It got so mixed up in his mind that by when you, Betsy, came along, he was like your slave master. And you didn't know any of this."

Betsy demanded to know now why they didn't tell her sooner & why now?

"Because you became the leader the Pillows needed, we didn't think to interfere. But now, as you oppose everyone on the Farm, & reached out to me & my Partners to join this fight, we knew it was time."

I was about exhausted with this explanation, but I guess it made sense. I just wondered what now.

"You must learn the Dreaming Path of Pillows. Learn it & teach everyone on the Farm. You must make peace with Farmer Jones, who is now remembering who he is. You must be the leader of the Pillows by the work you will do, & the things you will learn & then teach."

Betsy nodded. It was weird as the world to see her agree, but I figured she wanted to be the big shot & here was an even bigger shot telling her how. I don't mean to say that mean, but I wasn't sure how this crazed Pillow was gonna calm down & get all wise & learned. And show others how.

Then Betsy surprised me more than all else. "I don't know if I can," she whispered quietly. "I am an old soldier in the War. Maybe those Face Pillows can."

Doris surprised me too by laughing. "No, Betsy, you are the one. Your Allies will help you prepare."

Then a bright idear popped through mah brainbone to mah mouth be4ore I could stop it. "Say, Doris, those Allies are more of the Architects, aren't they? Just not in Pillow 4orm?"

I could feel Doris smiling in mah mind. Even Betsy was, which shocked me in its niceness.

What a strange new turn in this story's path!

The Great Pillow Summit! **(Part 2 & Grand Finally!)**

I suppose I thought I knowed most of what there was to know about Bunny Pillows, since I had writed so many stories about Betsy Bunny Pillow. But then I started visiting the Creature Common, & I met Doris & her Partners. And then Betsy & Doris met & it turns out not only are Doris & her Partners some of the Architects of the Bunny Pillow Farm, but so are Betsy's Allies!

And then there is the part of the story about Farmer Jones being a good guy who got tricked, & then had to protect the Farm, & then 4orgot he was a good guy. Yah, it's a lot to work with.

But it went on. Goes on, that is. Doris explained that Pillows, at least what I think of as Bunny Pillows, are meant to be Dream Pillows, to help people-folks to dream better, & to listen to their dreams more.

I don't know many people-folks really. I know Miss Chris in Connecticut, & Ramie her Toy Tall Boy Brother, is sort of people-folks too. O & Princess Crissy. Not much more though. Why wouldn't they like dreams & listen to them?

"They don't think they are real, Algernon," said that nice & smart yellow Doris in her purple cloak. It was just me & her Partners talking now. Partners mostly listening quietly.

"Hm. Like how they think about fantasylands?"

"Yes. What's real most importantly to people-folks is people-folks, their concerns & lives."

"Not everyone is like that?"

"Most are. It's how they're taught."

"Taught?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Doris laughed & I figured that was 4or answer. But she talked more.

"They're scared & they need simple answers about the world."

"O. Like what?" I figgered I would keep asking till I got it or got the boot.

"Well, some of them think the world was made by someone just like them, only he was first & more powerful."

"O."

"And some think the world isn't real but a sort of test to pass through."

"Hm."

"But most just want to be liked by other people-folks, & will do whatever seems to help that."

"So that means dreams aren't real because they are too hard?"

Doris laughed again & I thought that meant yes or close enough.

I remembered mah BeagleBoy journalist duties & put away mah bigger questions 4or another time.

"So you sent Betsy to make peace at the Bunny Pillow Farm?"

"Yes."

"And why can't I go?"

"She has to go alone. She has to make her peace or start to. That's best. You'll be there 4or the Great Pillow Summit."

Hm. I must admit she was persuasive in her thoughts, & she was soft too. Hard to beat.

So I backed off a step & said, "I guess mah nozebone 4or news likes to be on the spot."

"The real news is the Summit. You have work to do be4ore it."

"I do?"

"Well, it would be good if a few Lead Creatures from Bags End could come."

"You mean big guys?"

She laughed briefly.

"And don't 4orget Princess Crisakah!"

Well now, thinked me, here I was more an event organizer. Still, something kept telling me this was like history or something. I mean, it seemed like maybe all the Pillows would meet & figger out their Pillow business once & 4or all.

O, I had mah usual doubts about any cooperation a big guy like Betsy could give 4or very long. Big guys are big guys, in mah book. I just could not see the angle that this all was bad.

So I came back to Bags End & decided to do mah part. But I was wondering something too. I did not see why only just the big guys could come to the Summit? I figgered everybody in Bags End had put up with Betsy's crazy ways, so why would they not like to see a big Pillow peace-making?

First I went to see mah adopted sister Sheila Bunny, real Mayor & would-be King of Bags End, in her Throne Room. She was slouched down in her Throne when I came in, half-napping. But talked.

"I know, I know, Pillows make nice," she sounded almost grumpy about it. Almost, ha! See, big guys can be OK about other big guys 4or awhile, but sooner or later, or sooner, they get bored or grumpy of it all.

I sat mahself down on the matt Sheila had put down on mah usual resting spot. She was nice 4or that minute.

"Are you gonna come, Sheila?"

"Yah." I felt Sheila eyeing me. "Why are you not your usual cheerleading

self? It's a good story?"

"I guess so. I mean yes & I guess so too." Then I got up & left. I had to think mah own thoughts & that meant going to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch.

It was a lot to take in. Would a Great Pillow Summit figger it all out? I thinked & I thinked & I could not suss mah own discontent.

So I did what I usually do, which is when confused I go to see Princess Crissy in Imagianna. She was on mah telling about the Great Pillow Summit invite list anyway.

I found her sitting under our favorite oak tree. She was holding a pen & writing on some paper. But I noticed as I came closer she was more staring far away at the sky than writing. Then she see'd me & she smiled. I wanted to ask about her writing, but I was too shy at the moment.

So I just jumped in & talked about the Great Pillow Summit & mah assignment.

"Why am I bothered, Crissy? I like Doris a lot & she is helping all the Pillows make peace. I don't get me & I don't like it much."

Crissy holded me in her lap & thinked awhile while skritchng mah nozebone. Exxxstasis.

"What does a BeagleBoy journalist do, Algernon?"

"Um, wait. Hey! That's me!"

"Yes, that's your name 4or what you do. But what do you do?"

Now Crissy is no mean fooling tricky guy to laugh loud later. When she asks a question, it's to know what's what.

So I thinked. No hurry.

"Well, I write stories about Bags End, where I live, & I write about places Bags End knows."

"Is there more?"

"Um, I guess I tell what I know, or somebody else says. I try to tell the story straight & true, but I can get tricked. Some are like that."

Crissy nodded. "Do you make the stories?"

"No, not really. I mean, I tell them but usually somebody else is making them. I think."

Crissy smiled. "It's OK, Algernon. See, I think you need to make sure Doris knows that you don't have a boss of your newspaper. Not even Sheila. You write it your way, straight & true as you can, & people like that. They know you use your smarts as best you can to tell the stories."

I nodded. "So what was I grumpy about?"

"I think you weren't afraid of everything going right at the Great Pillow Summit. You were afraid about being made to take a side if something goes wrong."

"Yes!" I cried. Leaping up! "Yes! How would I know who to choose & how could I write to all mah readers if I was on a side? I mean, no, um." Ran out of words.

Crissy made me sit again. "Go on. You're close."

"Well, it's not so much choosing sides as being made a teammate already. I need to go with mah mind open to decide while I watch. I have to think mah own thinkings!"

Crissy nodded. I smiled & hugged her quickly & said I had to go. She said she would see me later.

I had to hurry & I knowed only one sure fast way there. So from Milne's Porch I leaned 4orward on the railing & tried to summon the Blondys 3, these magick girls I know. I yelled politely 4or them.

They came quicker than usual. And they floated me to the Bunny

Pillow Farm even faster than that. Float because they don't know the Law of Grabitee, ya know.

It was a good thing too because it was crazy there. One whole field was all tore up by Betsy Bunny Pillow & Farmer Jones in a tremendous fight, surrounded by a big crowd of yelling Pillows!

I told the Blondys 3 thank you as they landed me, & rushed up to the crowd.

"Why are they fighting?" I said to everybody & nobody. "This isn't peacemaking!"

One Pillow turned to me & said, "Are you a Beagle or a Beagle-shaped Pillow?"

Well, I thinked a minute & realized I had to use mah brave I hadn't brung to stop that fight.

So I pushed through the Pillow crowds, wishing it was harder, & finally I was there.

"Betsy, stop!" me & Jones both yelled at the same time. He looked beat up & raggedy. Then he was hiding behind me! Sorta.

Betsy bounced up slowly to me. Very slowly. "Defending the Great Traitor, Beagle?"

"Me? What about what Doris said?" I stood mah ground, borrowing brave from future decades every minute.

I was lucky that just as Betsy tired of mah Beagle being, & leapt to smother me, a large number of Allies stepped in front of me. While they held back that crazed Pillow, one whispered to me, "Run, Algernon! Get Doris!"

So I runned fast. Back in Bags End I found the picture that Crissy gived me to get Betsy awake & easy to the Creature Common. Used it quick.

"Doris!"

"It's OK, Algernon. If this is her way to learn, by fighting everyone, let her do it."

"No."

"No?"

I shook mah head in this still too-murky place. "Doris, this isn't Betsy learning. It's Betsy being scared & crazy from how it was when she left there & runned away to Bags End. She doesn't get that things are different now. Or they always were. She hears the words but they're not true right now in her heart-bone."

Doris was listening tho I couldn't say how I knowed.

"We gotta go, Doris, now."

"And we need to bring a friend of mine too."

"The White Bunny?"

"She's a Tender, like me," Doris explained, using a word I had heard be4ore but in some new way.

Going with Doris & the White Bunny was a lot faster than mah slow-pawed way.

I'd like to say I understood what happened next. The Allies turned over the quieter but still crazy Betsy to Doris & the White Bunny. They didn't hold her back from Jones anymore. They, um, tendered her, which I think has to do with calming a guy's heartbone down. But I don't have words so I won't try to.

They took Betsy with them 4or more tendering I guess. I think it will take at least a double dose.

So there we were now, at the Great Pillow Summit, with some of the most important Pillows not even there anymore.

I looked at Farmer Jones, sitting on the tore up ground, covered in

mud. "So you remember, huh?"

He nodded, sadly.

I looked at him more. "You were a lot of trouble 4or a long time."

He nodded again, no fight left in him. It's like he was waked up & sad 4or looking around. I nodded too. Things were different now.

With no afraid in me, I offered mah paw to him. He shook it. I looked at all the Pillows gathered round us, nodded to them too, & left to come back to Bags End.

Sitting here now in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, tired but still thinking about it all. I guess I figger things are better than they were, but I think Betsy's old craziness won't be totally solved by tendering. Maybe calmed down though.

This story ends here, Dear Readers, but I will be back soon. And so will Betsy!



* * * * * THE END * * * * *



Bugs End News
 Triple Issue! No. 336-337-338
 January 28 - February 5-12, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunning
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fuggle
 Written Down By: Jori Bunning

Cakkel! Cakkel! Cakkel!
 A Shennanniganz Fantasika!

Well, now, deer needs, heer iz
 a store too tell I didnt no to
 befor. Itt begann with a letter
 I gott from mah friend Leroy the
 Spyder whoo livs in the Creecher
 Common.

Itt waz brung too me by
 Patrishea EP, whoo iss the Postm-
 -istress of Bogzond.

"A letter for mee?"

Yess Algernon, & than shee
 helld mee too read itt to.

"Deer Algernon, itt iz
 fin open heer att thee Creechers
 Common for a Royel Thums Spektakuler.



Bags End Book #14: Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! A Shenanigans Fantastika!

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

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The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Well now, Dear Readers, here is a story to tell I didn't know to be4ore. It began with a letter I got from mah friend Larry the Spider who lives in the Creature Common.

It was brung to me by Patricia El, who is the Postmistress of Bags End.
"A letter 4or me?"

"Yes, Algernon," & then she helped me to read it too.

"Dear Algernon, it is time again here at the Creature Common for a Royal Thumbs Spectacular. The Royal Thumbs produce the grandest of productions here, in the old school Vaudeville style. I know that is a lot of words for you, dear pal, so I will simply invite you & all of your Bags End friends to gather on Saturday night in the Bags End Auditorium. It will be something to see!"

Well, convincing a whole lot of Bags End guys of various stripes of

nice & mean was not going to be an easy thing to do. No sir.

But I set mah jawbone & decided to go see mah adopted sister Sheila Bunny, who is Mayor & calls herself King & Emperor & so on too. Of Bags End, that is.

I found her in her Royal Throne Room, slouched down in her Throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!) & listening to some jazz. I didn't think it was Trane or Miles, whose music I know, so I settled on mah matt & said, "Which jazz guy is that, Sheila?"

"Jacky McLean, of course," she grumbled to let me me know I shoulda knowed already, & I was interrupting her both. Quite a grumble.

"O," said me. "Say, you remember the Creature Common? Your White Bunny friend MeZmer & all them?"

She nodded, I think. It was not the best time to be talking, but I bravely or stupidly or both talked on.

"Well, those guys are putting on a big show & I think we are invited to see."

"Through Dreamland to go there?"

"No, we have to go to the Bags End Auditorium on Saturday night."

"That is when my TV show is on, Beagle."

"You haven't done your show in a long time, Sheila."

I think she would get mad but she looked sad.

A bright idear buzzed mah head & I hoped it was right.

"Maybe it will inspire you, Sheila. I think those Creatures are old show-folks."

She nodded like maybe. I showed her mah letter & the part about how the show was called "Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! A Shenanigans Fantastika!"

Sheila looked interested. Nodded at me. OK.

Now that Sheila said yes, it was easy to get others to come. "The Sheila Show" used to be a kind of spectacular too. I am not sure what happened but she stopped doing it. I suppose I let it be wondered to many if Sheila might go on stage on Saturday night. I hoped she would.

I try not to be too mushy-hearted about the past but when it came to be Saturday night, & the Bags End Auditorium was filled with guys like old, I was a bit silly happy.

I sat in the front row with mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy & his nice green-eyed pal Allie Leopard. We were all excited to be back when the deep purple curtains draw back & out hopped herself, Sheila Bunny in top hat & purple cape!

We all cheered very loud & were generally very excited.

Sheila calmed us down some with a look from her fierce purple eyes.

"We have been invited to watch a special event at the Creature Common. Through the use of a group of Treasures, this event will also appear on this very stage tonight!"

Another cheer. Then someone shouted, "Hey, Sheila, when will your show be back on again?"

"Patience, Beagle! Now pay attention! This was your bright idea!"

I nodded & paid attention. Here is what I saw.

Sheila left the stage to very loud applause & she ended up sitting next to me which was nice.

Onto the stage came these Thumbs, dressed in capes & crowns. I could only watch thinklessly.

They stood proudly & a voice, theirs or someone's, said, "Greetings & felicitations! Presenting . . . a Royal Thumbs Production of . . . 'Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! A Shenanigans Fantastika!'"

Then they left the stage in a kind of poof! & a window with a ledge appeared like a play set.

On the ledge sat a tiny little Pandy Bear I seemed to remember from other times. Trouble is what I remembered most.

She was sitting with a harness on her that was attached to a kind of fancy calculator. Next to her was a very old hunched-over fella.

She started to sing a song in a low pretty voice:

*There is Night
When Creatures rest
the milky skies
on black velvet breast*

*That's when I watch
for news from home
it's where I am
& where I roam*

*The truths they come
as clowns & knaves
they juggle godds
& hide in caves*

*They dim by Night
when Creatures rest
A few tell their jokes
& win the test*

Her old friend nodded & said to her, "What do you remember most tonight?"

The Pandy Bear cackled & then the setting changed again.

The Pandy Bear was deep in the ground & I think she was talking to someone.

"Why do you need it?"

"We need every bit we can get. There are a lot of us up there & more all the time."

"Deliciousness is special, little friend."

"Deliciousness should be everyone's, not a special secret!"

"I will grant you all you can fill a bucket with then!"

Then it showed the little Pandy Bear riding on the edge of a bucket what seemed like hundreds of miles from the center of the world. And she was singing another song as she brung Deliciousness with her in a bucket.

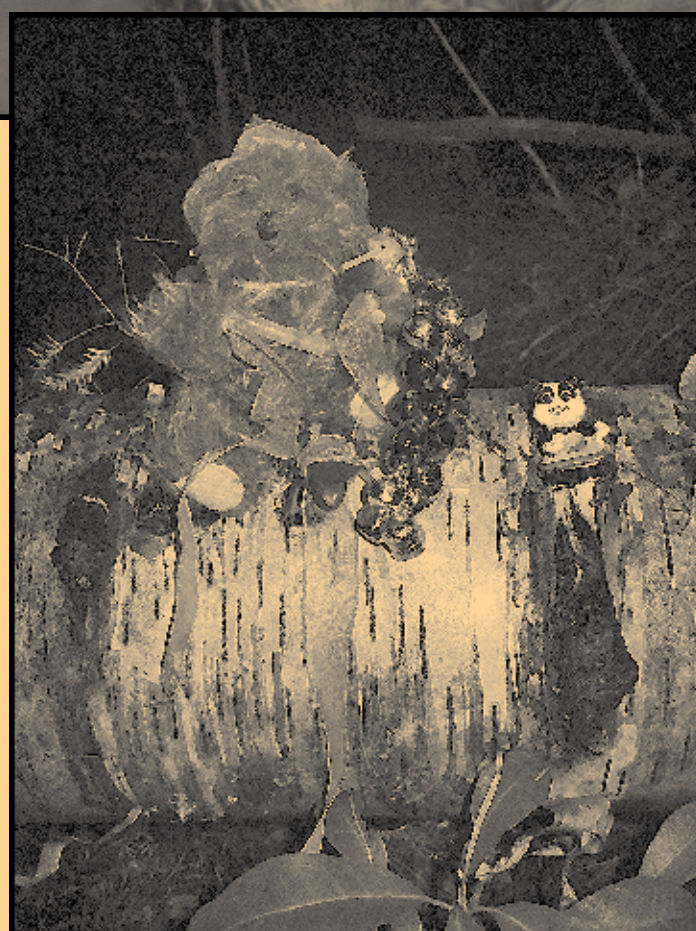
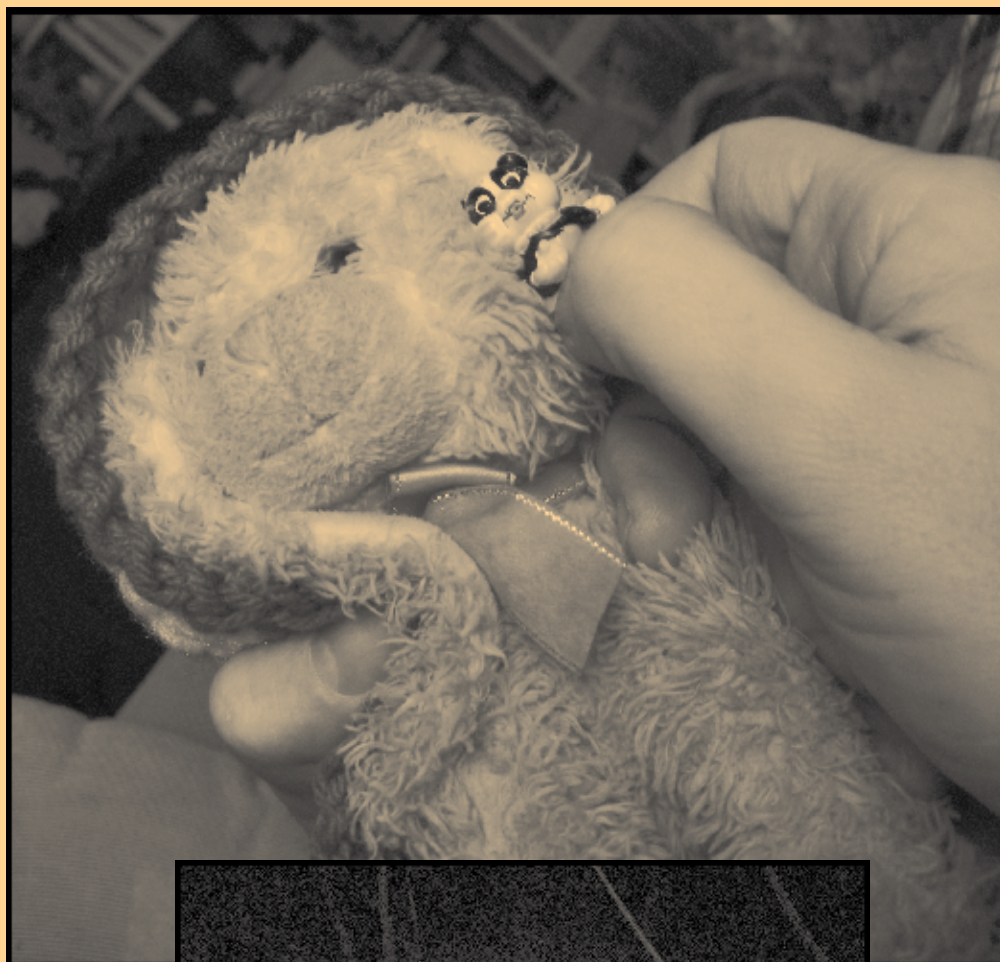
I have to say I wasn't too good sure what Deliciousness is, but I figgered that Pandy Bear would not have traveled all that way down there with her bucket for nothing dum.

Anyway, she was singing as she rised back to our world:

*Out there, the starry sky
Inside, the starry sky
Not the same, not the same*

*One & many, is not all
One & many, closer & not there
One & many, believe, disbelieve
One & many, disbelieve, believe*





*Out there, the high flying seas
 Inside, the high flying seas
 Not the same, not the same*

*One & many, starts to explain
 One & many, what's wet is not the rain
 One & many, a chance in every pie
 One & many, believe, disbelieve*

*Out there, the talls woods, the taller moon
 Inside, the tall woods & taller moon
 Not the same, not the same*

*One & many, the music of
 yes & no & maybe
 One & many, the colors dance
 but do not blend
 One & many, you'll know in a dream
 or two
 One & many, if not, so blue, so blue, so blue*

I had to stuff mah paw in mah mouth about the singing of pie (O! Yuk!) but it was a pretty song & I think the stage changed again cuz now the little Pandly Bear was dancing with a big Pandly Bear I think I knowed too!

They danced & danced, & I think their dance was a kind of, um, talk. The stage became two places at once, one of them was a fancy stage with bright lights in a theater like Vaudeville in the old days.

The other was like a traveling Carnival & I could hear the friedly voice calling, "Come one! Come all! To X's Amazing Carnival of Fantastika!"

The big & little Pandly Bears danced between the two places & I could see the little one wanting them to dance right into X's Carnival. They did too. That little Pandly Bear is kind of convincing. And she cackles her glee a lot too.

The little Pandly Bear then sang her next song as they danced into X's Carnival, with the big Pandly Bear dancing close to her, & I think more dancing fellas, as the song went along.

There was that White Bunny MeZmer, who is good friends with Sheila, & there was a furry purple guy who danced real good, & I think there was a black Bear too that the big Pandly Bear danced close to like best buddys. The song went like this:

*I wonder in all I do:
 how to find you, how to near you,
 how to touch you, how to teach you,
 how to free you, how to lose you,
 how to find you, how to float you,
 how to teach you, how to know you,
 how to free you, how to free you,
 how to free you, how to free you,
 how to free you, how to free.*

The scene changed again, to a whole different place, it looked out in the countryside, & there was the little Pandly Bear driving with those Thumbs I seen be4ore, in a old jalopy car with a funny horn sound. The Thumbs wore

these funny top hats & handsome bow ties.

They looked tired &, as the days & nights passed, I could see that they had no homes or beds to live in. And then I could see them eating Tin Can Soup. O! Yuk! Well, sorta, but I it was hard times, I guess.

One night around the campfire, far from everywhere else, the Pandy Bear cheered the Thumbs up by singing them a friendly song which went like this:

*The world is a game
How to play, how to play, how to play
Tomorrow is never the same
How to play, how to play, how to play
It begins with learning your name
How to play, how to play, how to play
And asking everyone how you came
How to play, how to play, how to play
And what part you won't tame
That's how to play, how to play, how to play.*

I think she cheered up those Thumbs, & inspired them too, because they worked real hard with wood they found in the countryside & built a kind of little stage which they used when they came to each new town to put on a performance starring the Pandy Bear. They called this the Royal Thumbs Production. I wondered what happened to X's Carnival, but guessed it was hard times for everybody.

Then, like be4ore, the scene changed & was new again. This time it was moving fast. It was that White Bunny & the little pandy bear, & they were going really fast.

What was funny is it was like the rest of the world was a slow blur, & they were waiting for it to catch up! Sometimes they just had fun & went faster & faster because they could, & the lights made pretty music, & everything seemed clean & welcome, enough for all--I don't know how to say it right, or if words are the right way, it was deep & sharing of something, & I don't think it was just about going fast, I think it was about going at the right speed, whatever that is, & that's what made it good, & then the little Pandy Bear started to sing again in her nice voice:

*Little Creatures, small & bright
Little Creatures, asking why
Little Creatures, starry night
There is no why, there is no why*

Now the stage was bare except 4or the little Pandy Bear in a place kinda dark & gloomy. She was talking to someone who was far away.

"Bring them close & lead them."

"I will if you will."

"And others too. Many others."

It was that nice Lead Creature Threshold Puggle she was talking to! He is the um sorta kinda yes but different head guy of the Creatures. I mean weirdly he & Sheila are both similar & different. But anyway. The little Pandy Bear was now back on her ledge with the old hunched over guy, & she was harnessed to the magic calculator, & she started singing:

*Look 4or small, it steers the world,
Look 4or small, it tells the story,
Look 4or small, where begins & ends*

*Small is not big, small is not small,
Big is not great, not great, not great*

*No mountain, many pebbles,
No ocean, many drops,
No forest, many leaves,
Not great, not great, not great*

*Look 4or the small, it steers the world,
Look 4or the small, in every story,
Look 4or the small, where begins, where ends,
Where begins, where ends, where begins.*

And strangely, Dear Readers, the Spectacular ended there. The stage was empty of the little Pandy Bear & the many other Creatures. Sheila was the first of us watching to stand up & clap very loudly, & then the rest of us did too.

After awhile, the Royal Thumbs appeared & bowed 4or everyone, & then others appeared too. The big Pandy Bear, the black Bear, the little purple guy, the White Bunny MeZmer.

But no matter how much we cheered & shouted, the little Pandy Bear did not show up again. Very funny & mysterious fella, is what I say. And quite the merry cackle too.

Well, everyone in Bags End was all excited & happy about this show 4or days later. We felt our great luck in being invited to see it.

It was later I guess I knowed more to think about. My friend Larry the Spider showed up at Milne's Porch one day where I sat in mah comfy armchair. I gaved him a hug just right 4or a glittery-eyed little guy.

"That was such a good show!" said me.

"We were proud to show you. Bags End is our hero."

"Really?"

Larry nodded serious. "Rosa!eeta & Threshold were convinced we could find each other again & live good together by reading your newspaer about Bags End."

Well, mah complement bone or maybe mah humility bone was tickled, & I said, "O shucks, guy!" Larry smiled & I think he thinks I am funny.

Then later on I was in Sheila's Throne Room on mah matt, & I thinked we were both napping, but she wasn't either.

"It was a good show, Beagle."

I nodded. Careful though.

"There's no them & us, is there?"

Hmm. This almost sounded like smart guy talk to me & I wondered why Sheila would ask a wily but not smart guy like me.

But then I took a breath & thinked, like mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imaginanna told me to when I thought something was too hard.

Sheila was right. And she had said it perfect too. So I nodded at her. She turned over in her Throne & napped. So did I.



* * * * *



Bags End Book #15: It Was a Dream of Rain, Part 1

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

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It Was a Dream of Rain

When this story began, it was with a dream of rain. Peaceful, yes, but this rain was inside Bags End, & Bags End seemed empty of everyone I had ever known.

Then I woke up, disturbed & confused by it all. I guess I had gotten used to dreams where I'd find strange stories to tell of, or else I would pass through to the other side to see mah dear friend Larry the Spider & the other nice guys I had met in the Creature Common.

No, this dream just upset me.

I probably would have just shook it off as one more strange dream in a low beagle's long life of them if mah dear friend Princess Crissy of Imagianna had not come 4or a visit.

Not being in her throne, Crissy was wearing blue jeans & a shirt with

Bags End News
 No. 339 September 18, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
~~Lead~~ Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Itt Waz a Dream of Rayn

When thiss storre began,
 itt waz with a dream of
 rayn. Peestull uzuelly, yess,
 deer reeds, butt this rayn
 wass insid Bazzend & Bazzend
 seemd empty of everywan
 I had evr noun.

Thenn I wok upp, disterbd
 & konfuzd by itt. I waz
 hadd gotten uzd
 Id' ging strong
 up, or els I waz
 too thee uthr
 deer friend Lery
 the uthr wis
 in the Creech
 No, this on

Bags End News
 No. 340 September 17, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wauking Tur up Bazzend?

Welll, I gesss yu cood saye
 wun thup & another about
 Bazzend, butt shurlee wun
 thup troo izz thatt nobody nowz
 itt qwl for serten. Theer are
 awl sortz of partz thatt
 dont add upp lik 1 + 1 orr
 tittelz & gitalz.

Sed, mor kloselee, I wazent
 shur wat woad be tawnd too
 konfownd thee mixx mor by
 thee wauking tur propozd by
 nigh friend Princess Chrisakah
 of Inapianna top mee &
 thatt mawer I woad be itt sheep
 cood bee King of Bazzend, Sheila
 Bunny.

Butt troo oherwiz iz thatt

a picture of me on it. O! Shucks! When she came climbing through mah bedroom window to Milne's Porch, that is, where I sat in mah comfy armchair.

"Crissy!" I cried as she hugged me in mah very seat. It's a big chair so we sat together in it. Crissy likes close sitting me too.

Now Crissy doesn't usually come to Bags End too often even tho she is its Guardian. So I was happy & curious to see her, mostly happy but curious too.

"I had a strange dream," she said without her usual Crissy smile. Ut-o.

"It was raining here in Bags End, but it was empty except 4or you," she said more.

"Hey! I didn't like that dream either," I said.

I hoped Crissy knowed what it meant or could tell me "don't worry so much," but she didn't & didn't some more.

"So we had a shared dream separately," I said, in place of a smart guy's helpful comment.

She nodded seriously. I was really missing her usual smile.

"I am not sure what we can do about a, um, dream, Crissy?"

The she smiled when I was not ready & I was glad shocked by it.

"I have an idea!"

"What?"

"Well, I want to go on a walking tour of Bags End with you."

"O. Um?"

"I haven't really walked through Bags End in a long time, maybe not ever like this. I have this feeling there are clues if we look for them."

"Clues?" I repeated uselessly, trying to keep up.

Crissy smiled & hugged me to help. It did.

"I think our dreams were messages it's up to us to decipher. Or understand. They happen in Bags End."

"When it's raining. And nobody but me." She nods.

"We need to go slowly & study what Bags End is & then I think we will understand these dreams better."

"Well, I just don't know, Crissy. I mean Bags End is a strange place once you travel it a-ways."

Crissy nodded. "I was reading some old numbers of your newspaper. About when Sheila led everyone to the top."

"Yah."

"And to the bottom, the Good Place."

"Yah," I repeated.

"And over the edge."

I nodded.

"What, Algernon?"

"Well, it's been awhile since there's been one of those expeditions."

"Does that make you sad?"

"I suppose in a way. But I mean you can never tell when one will happen."

Crissy got all excited 4or some reason. "So we can go?"

I nodded, supposing so. "But what I am wondering is a question."

"Which?"

"Well, I mean everyone has weird dreams. How do you figger which ones need some doing over?"

Crissy nodded & smiled sort of strangely at me, & thinking at the same time. Then she smiled more Crissy-like suddenly & talked. "Why not? Even if it's just a dream, it will be fun to give Bags End a closer inspection. Right?"

Well, this made sense to me. I mean these separate shared dreams could

mean something, & Crissy wasn't a guy to get worked up too easy like some, so I guessed if she wanted to do this, it was something worth doing. So I hushed mah old doubts & smiled new.

"Do we need those strange amplifying glasses like Sherlock Holmes?"

Crissy shook her head laughing. "No, we just need to use our good noggins to do the work."

I nodded mah, er, noggin. "Where do we start?"

Crissy put her finger on her chin, & was quiet like thinking.

Then she looked at me with what I figured would be a bright idea.

"Where would you start if you didn't think about it?"

"Sheila's Throne Room," I said, not thinking about it, & listening to mahself afterward. O. Hm.

Crissy smiled & nodded & stood up. "Let's go!"

Now I wasn't sure what I had meant, & would have maybe argued with mahself some more if I could have figgered out how, but Crissy was already climbing through mah bedroom window from Milne's Porch back to Bags End. So I did what I do best. I followed & tried to pay attention.

Crissy is one of those big guys who doesn't really act like one. Like most do. But Sheila likes her & that calms things down some. Like coming into her Throne Room when she's listening to some good jazz on her fonograff, & slouching down in her throne crunching a carrot. O! Yuk!

An annoyed look at me gave way to a pleased look at Crissy. And hugs. Who would not hug Crissy? Sheila is nobody's fool. And she likes good hugs.

So I played it safe & sat on my matt in the corner near her throne.

Now this, Dear Readers, is where it got weird. After telling the dream to Sheila, the one we both had about me all alone in Bags End & raining, Crissy asked her what she thought.

"I had it too," she said. Then she looked at me annoyed like it was mah idear.

"Hey! I didn't do it or like it either!" Feeling ridiculous 4or defending mahself from a dream I seemed to be in all over, like a popular song. Um.

"I will come with you. Hopping, of course," she decided.

Crissy liked this idea a lot & I figgered it just figgered. Who wouldn't want to walk anywhere with Crissy? At least I was still invited.

I still can't say what comes next but I guess this is one renegade dream we gotta chase around.

Walking Tour of Bags End?

Well, I guess you could say one thing & another about Bags End, but surely one thing true is that nobody knows it all 4or certain. There are all sorts of parts that don't add up like 1+1 or fiddles & guitars.

Said more closely, I wasn't sure what would be found to confound the mix more by the walking tour proposed by mah friend Princess Crissy of Imagianna to me & that Mayor & would-be-if-she-could-be King of Bags End, Sheila Bunny.

But true otherwise is that the three of us had all dreams of me alone in Bags End & it was raining.

Princess Crissy thought we should look for clues. Sheila strangely agreed but maybe she was just restless 4or a new expedition anyway.

And strangely too be4or we had taken a step outside her Throne Room, Sheila had gone & fetched her BunnyCycle Beatrix!

"How is that walking, Sheila?" I asked as she got on her seat & put on her purple helmet with the crown on it.

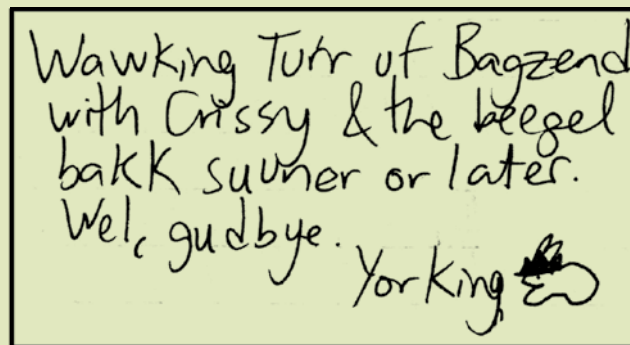
"I don't walk, Beagle. I hop. This is hopping in style!"


Hoo boy. Crissy put on her helmet & rided behind Sheila. And me? The guy whose strangely shared dream caused this sorta-now-walking tour? Well, Beatrix has a side car for the likes of me to cower in. I was buckled in tightly too, so when we crashed I wouldn't fly off & miss any of the fun.

"Safety first, Beagle," Sheila groused at me as she put on her riding goggles & Crissy made sure I was kissed to mah strapped-down-ness.

Off we roared! Er, hopped!

Then a Crissy word & we stopped again. Crissy decided since we were going without an announcement or trumpet blow that we should leave a note for any wondering. She later told me she writed a little note & pinned it to Sheila's Thone which said in a Sheila-like voice:



Wawking Tur of Bagzend
with Crissy & the beegel
bakK suumer or later.
Wel, gudbye. Yorking 

That seemed about right & so Take 2 now again, off we roared!

I wasn't sure where our hop-walking tour of Bags End would start but Sheila did manage to rode us from the usual levels & hallways of Bags End without notice & we hop-walk-toured up quite a few ramps to level after level, not slowing for nothing.

Sheila had a place in mind & we finally stopped touring up & up levels & roared through a hallway to a door she chose & on in.

It was a forest right away, & Sheila & Crissy got off, so I figured OK, we're gonna walk again.

There was a path through the forest tho nobody was around. Winter & chilly. I wondered at it all but pretty.

Eventually, we came to a place with a bench & we sat together looking toward a big sky above a grassy wet place.

"This is a marsh," Crissy explained to me. "It's very wet & I think the water running through is from the Wide Wide Sea. You can smell Sea salt in the air."

I sniffed & could.

I waited too 4or Sheila's word on this all. It came in her own time.

"I think this is somewhere near the part of the White Woods my family comes from. I feel something here I haven't since then."

She meant how she & her sister Lory & twin Sharon & mommy Pat & daddy Pete lived in a forest, known mostly at the White Woods, talklessly be4ore they were given talking & thinking, & come to Bags End. This was a long time ago, now but still important as history.

"How did you find this place?" Crissy asked curiously. Sheila had taken her place on Crissy's lap but, be4ore mah jealous bone could rear up, Crissy had put me in her lap too. Sheila nudged 4or mah Ear Blanket 4or her comfort & to justify mah place in such ease.

Bags End News
 No. 341 September 24, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Deepr intoo thee Woodz!

I hav bin telling thee strang &
 gettin longer storie that began with
 the dream of rayn haded by mee,
 Shlela Buny & Princess Crissy
 itt Bagzend was
 mee & itt was

Crissy, Ka
 havin thee dream
 found out that
 same dream nu
 Bigg, gys lik' bee
 & cherrin both
 Enyway, a
 a wawking fun
 wich, Shlela &
 turned intoo the
 Bagzend & awff

Bags End News
 No. 342 October 1, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Whooz Woodz Ar Theezccc

Welll, now, hear yor old
 pall Algernon, upp too hiz
 humke better snill in shnozolla
 in ad venchur. Fom a shere
 dream mee & Shlela Buny &
 Princess Crisy haded ut rayn
 in Bagzend &
 & wee dream
 to stranglee
 wawking fer
 takin onn S
 Beekxx, hap
 Goes yu coo
 Team too nite
 strang. Wit
 thee storee
 Thee nit

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 343-344 October 8-15, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Deepr Intoo Thee Whit Woodz!

When I wok upp from mah
 dream utt rayn, I felt strang
 & kind of sad. Bagzend was
 empty butt for mee & thee rayn.
 That dream turnz out was
 haded by mah adoptid sister
 Shlela Buny & mah deer friend
 ut mencee kinds, Princess Crisy.
 As I hav bin tellin inn mah
 nittz pap, wee sett awff onn
 a hopwawking ferr ut Bagzend
 too look for whoz wich dz thee
 thingz doo lea us too somwee
 stranger than thinkd thiss tim
 could the Whit Woodz.
 Ut Butt still mor, deer readerz.
 Ut cars still mor thee gerstz

Sheila closed one purple eye & looked up toward the wispy cloud blue sky, thinking.

"I don't know 4or sure," she said. "A dream? A scent when I was riding one day? I hadn't even rided 4or awhile so I don't know that either. But here I was, like we just came, & I found myself sniffing more than thinking, & this was strange but OK."

Crissy nodded. This was a long explanation 4or Sheila. I wondered what that had to do with our dreams of rain, tho it was nice here anyway.

"I don't come from Bags End, Beagle," Sheila said quietly, like she had borrowed mah book of thoughts & read it though. I nodded to be on the safe side.

"You don't either. And you came later than me. What I can't figger out is what your dream was saying about--"

Sheila would have said more but there was a noise & all these geese birds went flying over us, high up & squawking crazy. We watched but I noticed Sheila's nose was twitching almost like a Rabbit's. Hmm.

Then she talked some more. "I got the feeling that this place & our dream are connected. I don't know. But that's why we came."

This made some sense. But that twitching nose part still bothered me some.

"We can't go through that marsh. Too wet. I just wanted to make sure I still got the old feeling," Sheila said.

"Do you?" asked Crissy quietly.

Sheila nodded & hopped off lap & bench in one hop. "Now we figger how to go deeper in."

We made our way back to Beatrix. Along the way through the trees, Crissy pointed out a little hovel of sticks & leaves leaning against one tree, like someone had lived there. Strange. Then she pointed up on a tree to some pine cones hanging on pieces of rope. They were covered in little red & yellow dots.

"What are those, Crissy?"

"You don't want to know, Algernon."

"I am a beagleboy journalist guy. It's mah job to know."

Crissy squatted down to mah shortness & said, "Those are bird seed feeders."

"O! Yuk!" I cried. I tried to run for daylight but Crissy caught me up & helded me firm but nicely till I calmed down & we were much farther along. Even nice 4orists have trouble 4or a soul.

We got back to Beatrix & all strapped in good. Sheila didn't ride us off right away. She just looked far, her nose twitching & sniffing.

Deeper into the Woods!

I was pushing mah brainbone to understand these strange things going on. I remembered the time that Farmer Jones, back in his worst days of badness, had broke the Stays-Is & your old pal Algernon had started going Dog with all that barking & licking & so on. I tolded about all this back in Bags End Book #6: The Grand Scheme of Liberation. This was I guess a little like that with Sheila going Rabbit, but we were also near the White Woods where she had been a Rabbit a long time ago!

And so I dunno about that but what about those strange White Woods? I remember being there with mah Creature Common friend Larry the Spyder,

that time we helped that, um, oneironaut Benny Big Dreams to wake up the Beast & save the White Woods.

These woods were a little white, it seemed. Were they getting whiter as we rode along? Was this Dreamland where I had spent so much time both trapped & helping?

So were mah thinkings as we rode along in Beatrix BunnyCycle. I wasn't sure if these were thinkings to be talked out loud or not. I decided to just keep a weathered eye out 4or too many white trees, & also see if Sheila kept getting more Rabbit than Bunny.

It was a long ride we were on & I began to think Sheila was looking 4or something. Then I noticed that Crissy was sniffing too! But when she looked at me, it was with her usual tricky smile, & besides what else would she be than a Princess? People-folks only match up with other people-folks.

I wondered if I should be sniffing too. Many have observed that your old pal Algernon has one big schnozola, which is a funny but not mean word for nozebone. But I have never thought about it too much save maybe when there is food dangerously close by. O! Yuk!

But I guess in the wild places, nozebones are more important. Maybe you can smell out dangers other than food. I decided to try because I thinked the unsniffed danger is worse than smelling & fleeing.

So while riding fast along, I took a big sniff & nearly fell from mah seat! I didn't know what to think. And, strangely, I didn't think 4or a moment. I just sniffed & sniffed.

But it wasn't like that time with Jones tricking me & battling Betsy. This sniffing was by mah choice to help out my friends & Bags End. It was OK & I felt mah thinkings put on some weird clothes again. Just different ones. Pajamoz? Or made of leaves & treebarks? I did not know but it was not bad in its strange.

Was this what it had been like 4or Sheila & her family living in these Woods? No wonder they didn't talk! There was a lot to sniff, & they had each other to hug. And I guess there were lots of noises to check on. And I guess, even more trembly, that they got their carrots somehow too. O! Yuk!

It wasn't like I wanted to go all woodsy & talkless. And nobody was making me. But as I kept sniffing, I see'd the world in a different way. I was curious, not scared. I let mahself calm down more than I do usually when I am along on one of these grate exxxpeditions.

I smelled the dirt, & all kinds of leaves &, I confess, even the nuts & fruits did not make me cry out. They were part of things too. Not there to chase or mock or confuse me. Now I don't say there could not be attack fruits or nuts. O! Possible Yuk! but not these.

I thinked about mah dream & how the three of us ended up riding together through these White Woods because we had the dream of rain, & how Sheila had found this place by sniffing. It almost felt planned but I really didn't know that much.

I did have a question tho finally for Sheila which I kept to mahself till it got dark.

I stayed shivery solid in mah rider's side-seat until Sheila & Crissy had had their dinner. O! Yuk! Then, when Crissy assured me it was done, I camed with her to our camping spot.

There, among the White Woods--yes, it was them but different too, maybe not the Dreamland part, but some other part, with smells--we had a tent & a campfire. It was nice & the stars above too, tho no Bunny Star in sight yet. I asked mah question. I even thinked of 2.

"Sheila, is this White Woods where you & the other Bunnys come from?"

She was slouch comfortable against Crissy's lap, & I was a matching slouch on the other side. I think she grumped something like "yes."

"Are we going to your old home?" asked Crissy, who doesn't get grumps from Sheila.

"I think so," Sheila said, unsure. Unsure? I decided to ask mah other question right away.

"Why have you never gone back before now, Sheila?" I asked.

How can a quiet be grumpy? But it was. I think she was more mad at not knowing & I got caught up in it.

"I didn't know how! And I don't know why now, but here we are."

"Are we close?"

Sheila was done being interviewed. No more words, she hopped into the tent & hunkered down in her traveling royal bed. I think Miss Chris made it for her one time.

Crissy put on her R.E.M. pajamoz & got me comfortable. Then she put out the campfire with lots of dirt & water.

"Safety first," she said, with her tricky Crissy smile.

Whose Woods Are These . . .

The night seemed over with us all in our tent & clustered close. But maybe not. I remember feeling warm & drowsy, & I was close to dozing, when I looked up & saw there was a little roof window in the tent. I could see a little square of sky & stars through it.

But the sky wasn't its usual colors, no sir. The sky was white, not black, & the stars were black, not white!

I blinked. I blinked twice. I could have blinked for a career & nothing undid those backwards colors.

Hmm. And OK. But still. Was I dreaming? Not sure, even with all the blinking going on.

Was it tricks done by the White Woods? I tried to remember mah last time there, & maybe it was tricks. But that was Dreamland! Was this? Was I too tangled in these words?

Then suddenly a face I was sure I think I knowed through the roof window. Um. O. Benny Big Dreams?

He smiled friendly 4or a strange fella. "Remember me?"

"Yah, guy. I helped you that time," I was annoyed & I didn't know why.

"Now it's my turn," he said, & he was still friendly. Your old pal Algernon is not immune to friendly smiles.

"You're going to tell me what that dream of rain is about?"

"Well, not exactly."

"I thought so. You will probably help in some tangled up tricky big guy way that only sorta helps." Boy! I was not wanting to get nice-tricked despite mah basically mushy Beagle heartbone!

"There are things I can tell you about these White Woods that will help you."

"Is this just Dreamland again?"

Benny was quiet 4or a moment which surprised me, but OK.

"Not exactly. They have their own angle on things."

"So you're not native here."

"No. But I know some things if you want me to tell you."

I nodded & wondered why we were talking but Crissy & Sheila were

sleeping peaceful next to me still.

"I have a friend who can help guide you."

"A friend?" I said suspiciously.

"These Woods will lead you lost or anywhere else they want you to go."

"O." This made sense.

"There are invisible paths that can be followed if you know their songs."

"O," I repeated. I was now wishing Sheila & Crissy were awake since this was getting kind of beyond mah simple brainbone's capacities.

"Don't put yourself down. You can listen now & do just fine."

"Why tell me & not mah smart sleeping friends too?"

"I am returning your favor. You helped Dreamland. We are friends in a special way."

"That's why they don't wake up? I am dreaming & not, both?"

He nodded.

"Why are the stars black & the sky white?"

He laughed, which surprised me. "One of the games here, I think. I don't know all the answers to give you."

I nodded OK. That seemed true. Nobody knows it all, not even a strange oneironautical fellow.

"Who is your friend? How will we find him?" I said too quickly because it seemed like Benny was fading a bit. Maybe he can't stay too long here. Maybe it's a trick. Maybe both.

"You will encounter him tomorrow. He may seem strange & unhelpful at first."

I laughed.

"And it may not be him. These Woods are full of trickeries."

Ut-o.

"You have to ask him a question to know 4or sure it's him."

"Which one?"

Benny paused. Faded a little more. I hoped he'd hurry.

"Ask him to whisper in your ears which food you like."

I nearly jumped & runned. "Nobody knows that, pal!"

"If he is right, that's my friend, & he can help you find the right Song Path."

Still upset, I said, "What's that?"

"The invisible paths through these Woods. Each has a song to help you follow them. You can't see the path, but the song's words will guide you along your way."

Now Benny was almost gone from mah sight.

I nodded but it still bothered me that some unknown friend of Benny Big Dreams who lives in these White Woods would know what mah only liked food is.

I thinked one more question since I was running out of chance.

"So we're even now, Benny? I won't see you no more?"

He laughed but it was a nice laugh. Nicer.

"We're friends. That's what friends do for each other. I feel glad & honored to know you & can help you this time."

O. Hmm. But now he was faded & I noticed that the sky was blk & the stars were white again. O. Hmm. Again.

What to think? I really didn't know. I just layed there quiet & still trying to remember every word Benny had said.

What would I tell Crissy & Sheila when they waked up in the morning? I didn't think they would doubt me but I felt uneasy about the whole thing.

Mah travels in Dreamland filled many pages of mah newspaper (which I told a lot about in mah Bags End Book #11: Algernon Beagle Wakes Up!), & I was long in getting back & short in any explanations.

I decided I would sleep & maybe mah brainbone in the morning would think the right thoughts 4or it all.

I listened to Sheila's & Crissy's deep breathing, & it was very peaceful, & I guess after awhile I slept.

Deeper into the White Woods!

I do not dispute this is a good exxxpedition tale to be tangled up in, but I will wonder with mah own take on grumpyness about why some strange friend of Benny Big Dreams & mah one liked food have to get mixed up in all this?

Ah well, I sigh. As I said, I fell asleep after mah talk with Benny, & then did I not fall into that same dream of rain!

I tried to be brave & know it better this time. Tucked away mah terror best I could.

Raining. Steady like. Not a sprinkle but not too crazy I think. Like a rain that has moved in to stay awhile.

And just me to get wet. How did I know this? I just did like I guess anybody knows things in dreams, just so. Bags End felt empty of mah friends & sort-of friends & really-not-friends-in-any-friendly-way-at all, & others too. The many we had met on the many exxxpeditions over the long times.

There were those old men we met who were brung to Bags End by some mysterious fella who pretended to them that Sheila was a myth. They learned better, but Sheila let them stay anyway.

And those strange hippys we meeteed in the New Good Place. I always wondered how they were doing.

And that time over the edge of Bags End that became the Season of Lights holiday somehow both.

None of that was here, & nothing else too. Just me & the rain & I felt helpless to argue.

So I waked up from that dream now feeling twice defeated into sad by it.

But this was strange. Mah body felt damp & not the sweaty kind but the rainy kind! Was this dream trying to follow me out? What would this mean?

And then I saw that Sheila & Crissy weren't in the tent & I panicked & cried out.

"Algernon!"

"Beagle!"

They said in their nice Crissy & annoyed Sheila voices just outside the tent.

I crawled out trying not to whimper at it all.

"We let you sleep a little extra," Crissy said with her usual smiling way.

"Did you dream it again too?"

Sheila looked at Crissy & she looked back.

"What?" I demanded bigger than I am, but scareder too.

"We were just saying to each other how neither of us dreamed last night at all," said Sheila quieter than she usually is.

Without thinking about it, all the packing up they were doing stopped,



& we sat on the grass in a circle.

I had no reason not to, so I told them about mah sorta dream talk with Benny, & then mah strange but sorta rerun dream of the rain.

They listened close to mah words & I tried to get them all right.

"He didn't say anymore about his friend?" asked Crissy, patting mah headbone nicely.

I shooked it but not enough to interrupt her pattings. I needed them especially much.

Sheila snorted. "Benny. Figgers." I think she knows him some other way than I do. Some more big guy way.

Crissy has never met Benny even though she told me that Dreamland borders Imagianna. "Over a hill. That way," she had said to me, & pointed.

I braved up a question.

"Was it like this when you lived here, Sheila?"

She was quiet but not the grumpy kind like before.

"I don't remember those days like I remember Bags End ones, Beagle," she said softly. I noticed her nose was twitching a little.

"But the farther we go, the more I remember kinds of things that might help us," she said & then got up & hopped over to Beatrix the BunnyCycle to finish packing. Hmm. Maybe twice.

Once that tent & the rest were packed, we drove off. I wondered what the day would bring, & was worrying all sorts when Crissy waved me to see her friendly beagle-loving smile. That helped mah hopes good like every time.

So off we roarhoptoured in the Beatrix. I don't think there is another like her anywhere the way she goes along. I'm no fan of fast but, if no choice in the matter, I think Beatrix is the finest of the fast.

I began to sniff again like the first day, & these sniffings were more, like a bigger hill, or maybe hole, but I didn't know which, just more.

And mah sniffings told me that others were sniffing back which made me more jittery. 2-way sniffings seemed like trouble just close by & waiting.

But I kept sniffing & I began to get less jittery because the sniffings were not really scary. Most of them. They were curious, "who are you?" sorts of sniffings. "What brings you to the One Woods today?"

"One Woods?" I wondered. I thought they were White Woods, but maybe I was confused.

I would have tried to talk to the sniffing askers but I didn't think just mah nozebone & some words would do.

Now Sniff language is strange, but I want to assure my Dear Readers that it is not made up like mah silly brother Alexander's Bump language. I just don't know its right ways too good. So I just sniffed & tried to learn.

We roarhoptoured all through the day. I thinked Sheila was very anxious to get where we were going. She & Crissy were both sniffing & twitching more. The Crissy twitching part was strange because she isn't a Bunny or x-Rabbit or nothing.

When it got to be dark, we had to stop. Another reason too. The road we rided on was gone. We were at the edge of White Woods that was too thick to ride through.

So we set up our camp & our tent again. Nobody talked too much. We sniffed tho, & twitched, even your old pal Algernon.

We didn't put up the tent either. Instead we gathered some long sticks & leaned them against a tree like a little hut, & then covered them in leaves. Why did this seem familiar somehow?

Sheila went up to Beatrix & said something. Beatrix shook left & right

some, almost like saying no, & then slowly drove off the way we had come. I didn't ask Sheila about it. We had to walk from here on.

4or a long time we sat in a kind of cluster, watching the big black sky of stars. Seems like the One Woods or White Woods can do the colors either way.

I was feeling too many wordless things to say. But I could think still too.

The best I could figger is that we were going back to where Sheila & her family had been a bunch of Rabbits a long time ago. As we got closer, we were all getting more Rabbit, even me & Crissy, which I did not understand.

Somehow this was how we were going to understand our dream of rain. This didn't make too much sense, but Sheila was bravely leading us on a hunch.

It got late & cold & we crawled into the little leaning hut & clustered together. I wondered what I would dream & if they wouldn't again. I was tired & worried, but more tired, because soon I slept.

I think. I mean, I don't know because, when I opened mah eyes, nothing felt dream strange, & I think I really could hear the voice calling mah name.

"Sonnyboy? Sonnyboy? Come on out & say hello to your dear old Mommy Beagle."

I crawled out, & there was mah dear old longlost Mommy Beagle, looking at me smiling.

"Um. This is one of Benny's tricks," I said, suddenly wordsy again & now grumpy too.

Mommy Beagle laughed her nice old laugh. "Nonsense! Stuff & nonsense, I say!" She was smiling though.

"Maybe," I said.

"You're worried 4or your friends, aren't you?" she asked very nicely. Mah heartbone was ready to believe, but mah skeptical brainbone shook mah head no.

"These Woods are full of trickeries, & you are one of them," I declared.

"I know where Sheila is going, & I can show you the way. But you don't trust me." She sounded sad.

But I shook mah head no.

Then she moved nicely toward me & it was strange but I let her. And then she whispered in mah earbone what mah one kind of favorite food is.

I made to leap away.

"I should know what it is. I fed it to you be4ore I had to go away. And I told Crissy what it was or you never would have trusted & stayed with her."

I paused in mah leap.

"And Miss Chris & Sheila know too or you never would have been so close to them too."

Now I just waited 4or more to come if it was coming.

"Do you believe me now?" she asked, still smiling as nicely as ever.

I did the only thing I had left. I sniffed. Mommy Beagle twitched strangely.

"You're not mah Mommy Beagle, but you are Benny's friend," I said quietly.

"He said you were smart."

I nodded.

"So you know I am here to help you," she said.

"How?" I asked. I still felt unsure. I mean, it made more sense to do it this way, but it was like these Woods couldn't help but trick a little at least.

"Let me show you the way to where you are going."

"Now? Can I get Crissy & Sheila?"

"No. I need to bring you there alone & then you can show them the way."

"Why?"

"Someone will lead each of them there too."

"Does Benny have more than one friend or are you more than one of you?"

Not-Mommy Beagle laughed & said, "You are a sharp tack, Sonnyboy!"

I was getting mad but tried to keep mah calm. "I am glad you are helping us but you're not mah Mommy Beagle to call me Sonnyboy."

Mommy Beagle nodded but strangely looked sad. Then we started though the Woods & almost right away Not-Mommy Beagle started to sing.

O yes, the Song Path Benny told me about.

It was a strange song & singed in Mommy Beagle's own real voice best I could remember it. I would have got mad but then I thinkd maybe if you show up looking like someone as hard as you can, then you can't just stop all at once. OK then. Some.

It was a looking & finding song & I don't know how to say it better than that. But I saw that every time we made a turn, or maybe came to a certain place, the song would change. It wasn't exactly as easy as that but I was watching closely.

The stars were their usual color, & there was a big moon above the tall trees, so we had some light to walk by. Not-But-Sorta-Like-Mommy Beagle singed & singed, but there were no words, at least the English kind that I know.

But what would I find there or do with what I found? And how would I get back to mah friend when I didn't know the Song?

I guess I kept going because I wanted to trust Benny, & I wanted to help Sheila, & I hoped it would all tie back to the dream of rain & me alone in Bags End. It was mah choice to do this. No tricks.

We came to a big clearing in the trees with so much moonlight it was like a nice bath, strange to tell. We walked on our short Beagle & sorta-Beagle legs into the clearing, & then stood quiet for a moment.

"What now?" I asked.

Sorta-Mommy Beagle said quietly, "I am not sure. But this is where the Song ends." And then she evaporated in the moonlight!

I was alone. I was far from Sheila & Crissy in these tricky White Woods, & I did not know the Song to bring me back.

If I was really going Dog again, like that other time, I might have whimpered or even howled my worry & fear. But words were still in mah head. A few certain ones especially.

Wait. Pay attention. Trust Benny. Even trust that Sorta-Mommy Beagle.

Then I saw coming toward me the wonderful sight of Princess Crissy!

I was excited, then not.

"Are you more trickeries?"

Crissy smiled her inimitable tricky smile & came right up to hug me like her privilege. Which it is 4or the real one, of course. She didn't use words, which is why I thinkd to believe her.

"Did someone bring you here too?" I asked.

Crossy smiled happy & sad both. "It was my friend I told you about. The one who went away."

"Was & wasn't, right?"

She nodded.

Then a noise & Sheila Bunny come hopping up to us! Crissy hugged her good & even I did a little in mah gladness.

"Who brung you, Sheila?" I asked, like we were the oldest of chatting chums.

But she didn't even glare or grump at me.

"We're very close. This is where things changed. When we left the Woods that night."

"Do you know the rest?" asked Crissy.

Sheila nodded. "I think so." She pointed her paw. "We lived in that direction. Not far."

We didn't have our camping supplies or Beatrix anymore. It was just the 3 of us in this strange place. And, weirdly, none of our noses were twitching no more. I don't think we were even sniffing.

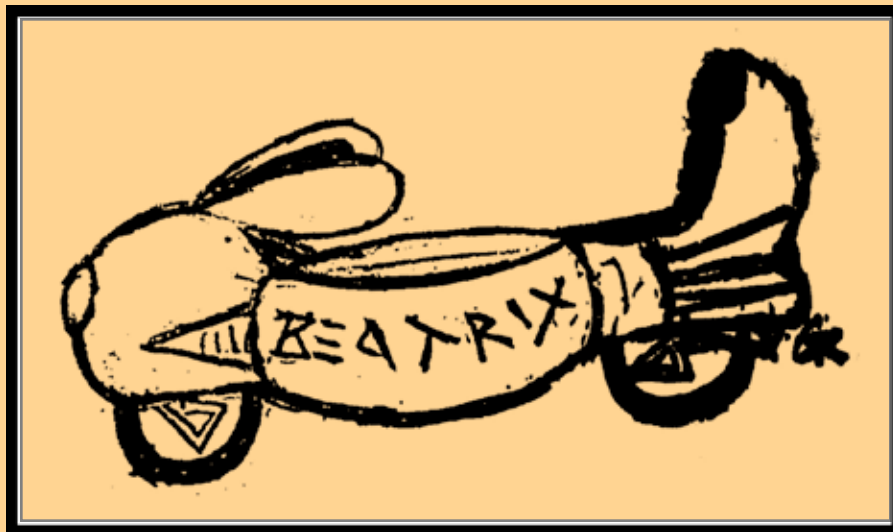
Our walking tour had come to its goal, & we were close together walking across the strangely shaped clearing of moonlight, toward where Sheila & her family had lived so long ago.

Then, very lightly, it started to rain.

Read Part 2 in [Cenacle](#) | 111 | April 2020!



* * * * *



G. Rodriguez



Bags End Book #15: It Was a Dream of Rain, Part 2

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at: www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

Travel Through the Rabbit Warren

It took awhile to write more of this story. I decided to trust my beagleboy journalist wits & wiles about when it would be the right time, & that I would know it, & write it.

The strangeness just got stranger, is all I can say, Dear Readers. Me & mah dear friend Princess Crissy, & mah 'dopted sister & sorta friend Sheila Bunny, had come deep into the White Woods to figger out our dreams of Bags End, empty but 4or me & raining.

Led to a strange clearing in full moonlight by a friend of Benny Big Dreams, now the 3 of us were approaching Sheila's old home.

I didn't think she would say more than the not much she had said,

Bags End News
 No. 345 November 26, 2011
 Editor: Algermon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Travel Throo the Rabbit Warren

It took a while to get this new
 issue of mah newspaper. I decided
 to trust mah gutt about wen.
 That meenz wen it was time I
 would now & rit it. It would be
 mah bellys' gess. I gessed.

Ther strangness jest gott strampr
 it a while I kant saye deer needs.
 Mee & mah deer friend Princess
 Crisy & mah adoptid sister & sorta
 friend Shlela Bunny had kum daase.

into the Whit Ue
 our dreamz of Bag
 butt mee & regyming
 Lead too a s
 inn full mad it bi
 Bennye Bigg Dreamz.

Bags End News
 No. 346 December 3, 2011
 Editor: Algermon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat iz Clovr-Dayl?

I hav bin telling this verree
 long storie wil nott reelee undrs
 tanding it verree much. Ther
 beegelbabe jerneligt part of
 mee hass bin chasing after it
 verree kurvuslee butt the hartbon
 part of mee haz tellt trikkd att
 evry tern, lik I am stumbling aeen
 & aeen.

Butt then I hav had too learn
 that the ansers that ar nor
 solid & proper ar nott the eezee
 wuns butt the messye wuns. Yesss
 & no hav too stande att the bakk
 of the lin.

Mee & Shlela Bunny & Princess
 Crisy had travild from Bagzend too

but I was wrong.

"We lived in what's called a warren. I didn't know about that name, or what it was then, but I read books about it later."

"I thought you only liked books on jazz!" said me the eager fool. Lucky, I was ignored.

"Rabbits live underground in these places abandoned by other animals. They have lots of exits, so there is always a place to get in & out."

"Sounds like Bags End, sorta," said Crissy quietly.

Sheila nodded. "I wondered if that's why I like exploring Bags End so much. Find all the exits."

We were now I guessed arrived, near this hole half in the ground.

I talked anyway. "Is that your old home, Sheila?"

I think she nodded as she hopped on in. I followed, & Crissy came last to keep an eye out. She watches out 4or her friends like that.

We were now in a tunnel & it was dug through dirt. Which is not to say it was dirty, just that we got dirt on us as we went along.

Sheila led us along 4or a long while, tunnel after tunnel, & I didn't know it was possible to have so many. I didn't know where we were going, save that it was Sheila leading, & I think she had something in mind.

We finally came to an open area from all the tunnels. It was strangely big & high & I could not figger out how it was so bright. But Sheila paused & explained.

"We would come here & there were a lot of us & the older ones were deciding things. It wasn't words but it was important. Everyone felt the disturbance in things. It needed to be solved.

"I don't know how to tell now in words the things that weren't in words then. Some of us were leaving, & the rest were afraid 4or them."

Sheila hopped on, saying, "Anyway, it wasn't here where it started." So we hurried to keep up with her as she started hopping faster & faster.

It was hard to keep up, though, because Sheila knowed the way & seemed in a hurry to get back somewhere.

But we hurried & the tunnel took a turn going upward because now we were climbing.

Sheila said, "I found this tunnel & followed it to the end. We needed food, I can say in words now what I was thinking back then. I was following this tunnel 4or food 4or everyone.

"And I should have smelled the other things too. Like I was near to where peoplefolks used to be. But the scents were so strong & interesting.

"I was curious. Is that possible 4or a wild bunny rabbit? I didn't have words but I was curious. I kept going like we are now."

Suddenly the tunnel ended, & Sheila was pushing through something else. She pushed & pushed, & we were behind her, & it was so tight we couldn't see what she was doing.

Suddenly, she pushed & went through, & I saw, being next in line, that it was a hole in a wall, & she barely fitted through, but she had stubbornly done it.

Crissy slid by me & cleared the hole wider 4or us to go through too. I said, "Thanks, Crissy."

Then she pushed in &, after a scared gulp or 2, I pushed too.

We were in a really dusty room.

"This isn't a rabbit warren," I said, somewhat obviously. But it wasn't one, & I felt a little weird about this.

"No," agreed Sheila in a way surprisingly friendly. "I was shocked too. Scared & shocked, but still curious. Then I looked over there," & she pointed to the wall.

It took me a minute, but I realized that wall had these many very old-looking dusty mirrors on it. O.

Sheila nodded. "I had never seen myself before. I mean, I jumped crazy thinking it was someone else, & it didn't take right away that it was a reflection. Even then I didn't understand it.

"But I went closer instead of leaving, like everyone else would have. I moved closer & closer & closer, until I could see my face very close up.

"I saw my purple eyes & knew something. I didn't know what, but it was something. I was me in some little way like I am now to you. It started then. Here."

Crissy talked then. "Why did we come back here, Sheila?"

"Because I got scared finally. I didn't know what to do next, & I wasn't used to deciding. I mean, something was bigger, there was more I didn't know, & I didn't know what to think."

"So you went back through that hole. And tried to go back like you had never been here?" Crissy asked softly.

Sheila nodded. "And it didn't work. I didn't forget anything I had seen here."

"We're here to go further in?" I asked suddenly, like I knew better than I did.

Sheila paused, then nodded, & then hopped through the dusty room to the next one. I followed, but I kept huddled close to Crissy.

What happened next is why it took me so long to write this. Suddenly there was no Crissy or Sheila, but there was mah old Mommy Beagle--but, no, probably just that helpful friend of Benny Big Dreams.

"I am not fooled but it's OK, Benny's friend," I said a bit friendly.

"Sonnyboy!" she said, & now I was not so knowing sure.

"I am not mad, fella, but let's just keep to the facts."

But this Mommy Beagle just looked sad & loving at me, & mah heartbone near to brokek because this didn't feel like a faker. All I could figger was that some miracle had happened.

What is Clover-Dale?

I cannot say that I understand so very much of this story so far. The beagleboy journalist part of me has been chasing after it very curiously, but the heartbone part of me has felt tricked at every turn, like I am stumbling again & again.

But then I have had to learn that the answers that are more solid & true are not always the easy ones. And sometimes yes & no have to stand at the back of the line.

Me & Sheila & Princess Crissy were suddenly separated in the strange house Sheila had known back when, & returned with us to, & suddenly I was alone, & here was mah longlost Mommy Beagle before me!

I was afraid to be tricked again, but she seemed very her. I even thought to sniff, & nothing seemed like it wasn't her 4or real.

"Last time I saw you, you were Benny Big Dreams' friend in disguise," I said a little nicely.

Mommy Beagle laughed in a Mommy Beagle way. I was sure & unsure.

"I am not sure how I am here. Maybe it's a dream, like you say."

"Don't you know Benny Big Dreams?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Is he your friend, Sonnyboy?"

As she talked, the room got clearer to see, & I saw it was a room I had been in be4ore sort of. Mommy Beagle was in a basket with a warm blanket by a fireplace. So I knowed this wasn't regular real, but maybe there are some sorts of reals I don't know about. If this was a dream but not asleep Dreamland, then Mommy Beagle was real but in the sort of way. Weird stuff like this pushes mah brainbone to its not very far maximum.

"Doncha wanna sit in this nice warm basket with me?" Mommy Beagle asked nicely.

I sat close, but no. Too much comfort was dangerous right now.

"You have to listen closely now," I said slowly.

She nodded & smiled.

I told her about the dream of rain, & then the walkhopBunnyCycle tour from Bags End to these White or One Woods, & then this building.

"Clover-dale," she said helpfully.

"Where is that?"

"Here. It's where I live."

I opened mah mouth a few times but there were no words interested in coming out.

"But you're a dream sort of, I think."

"Well, Clover-dale is not a usual place. You were here a long time ago."

"I was?"

"With me. When I got my chance, I sent you along to Chrisakah."

I raised mah paw. "I thought you said you don't know how you are here."

"I don't. I know this is Clover-dale, but I don't know what it is. And I was here with you a long time ago, but when I got my chance, I sent you along to Chrisakah."

"Hey! You talked those words already!"

"Maybe it's a dream, like you say."

Ut-o.

"Sonnyboy," she said, all smiling & waiting 4or me to talk.

I just looked at her word-empty.

"When I got my chance, I sent you along to Chrisakah." She was still in the warm basket, smiling nicely at me, but all these repeat words told me something was funny here. Not like mah friend Jackie Clown's funny Squeak laughing either.

I thinked real hard. Then I said, "Was Clover-dale mah home be4ore Bags End?"

"No, but part of me is stuck here & I have to keep coming back sometimes. It can't keep me all the time, but it won't let me go either."

"So you sent me along to Chrisakah the first chance you got?"

She smiled.

"How long have you been here this time?"

"It's where I live."

"But you said sometimes you don't!"

"Clover-dale."

Hmm. I wondered if there was more than one, um, truth? It made no sense to mah simple brainbone.

"You're here & not here. Both? Sometimes you're just here & sometimes you're not?" I blurted out.

"Sonnyboy," she said fondly.

I thinked some more. If the dream of rain & the White or One Woods & Clover-dale were all connected, I needed to get something from Mommy Beagle. Then I remembered a tricky game Crissy played with me & Boop one time. She would say a word & I would have to say a word back be4ore thinking. I was terrible at it at first, but got better. Crissy said it was good 4or shaking things up.

So I decided to try because I had no bright idears left.

"Algernon," I said.

"Sonnyboy," she replied.

"Bags End."

"Chrisakah."

"Clover-dale."

"Yes. No."

Hm. OK, keep going.

"Dreams," I said.

"Sonnyboy."

"Sonnyboy!"

"Clover-dale."

"Clover-dale."

"Clover-dale!"

"Bags End."

"Exit."

"Bags End."

"Rain."

"Rain."

"Dreams!"

Um. Bags End the exit? Bags End rain? It wasn't probably going to get better so I wondered if I should go. I walked up to Mommy Beagle & gave her furry cheekbone a little kiss.

"Goodbye 4or now, Mommy Beagle."

She looked at me serious 4or a moment, & she was somehow more present with me, not so fuzzy & sort of.

"Let it all release & flow, Algernon. When it's time, that's what to do."

I was too shocked to say anything back. And she curled into her warm basket to sleep or whatever someone does who lives in Clover-dale some of the time.

Bags End News
 No. 347 December 10, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature:
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat Princess Crissy Saw

It was jest a long storee I:
 was telling ya, deer reeds, inn
 mgh beluxd, nuwz pappissoo
 aftr issoo,

thee point
 me & Shlela
 from Bapen
 Wun Woodz
 bilding too m
 weex I had
 I gess mor o
 Wood
 Klovday be
 ise? Watt st
 brayn orr s
 or nobochtz
 hav a chat

Bags End News
 No. 348 December 17, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Shlela, Amung Her Story

Theer wee satt, Shlela Buny,
 & Princess Crissy & me, sittin
 inn a woodie roome, inn a,

armcher u
 a strang go
 nekst too
 lifing thee
 about too
 weez shee
 "I waz
 shee sed
 with her
 Crissy's lap
 uze of it.
 Inn th
 I the
 shot upp.

Bags End News
 Double Issue!
 No. 349-350 December 24-31, 2011
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Dreem ut Rayn/Grand Finellee!

Wen vor a humbel fellla lik
 vor old pall Algernon, itt meenz
 yu ar modist & la too the ground
 the world iz noztlee outsid of
 yu & so yu look awl around too
 triy too understand. An theer ar
 big guiz aplentee with trikkly planz
 & planzy trikkz too bend the world
 a litel mor too there ounse ku Mfort
 & likin.

Ituzd too bee jest anythr litel
 gu watin too ~~not~~ wusseld intoo wun
 ut theez planz or trikkz, tryin
 woff too gett stamp or deemid
 for nah trubbel. Sumweer allong
 thee waye I gott too bee a lesss

It was hard to turn away & walk on again.

What Princess Crissy Saw

Would the next room in Clover-dale be made of sky or ice? What strange part of mah brainbone, or somebody else's brainbone, or nobody at all, would appear to have a chat & propose a plan?

But instead of a room filled with junk & a strange think-making mirror, or one that made mah heartbone into a place, I found a room that seemed all wooden. The floors, the walls, even the ceiling was wooden. There was furniture too, but it was hard to see. There were three fat little candles in different places too.

Then I saw mah friend Princess Crissy sitting quiet in a far corner of the room from where I was standing. Her eyes were open but she was looking up at the ceiling, which I saw above her was, um, not there ,but a hole to the stars!

I walked closer & could see by the nearest fat little candle to her that she sat in an old red armchair, & above the chair was a picture of a red building, a, um, farmhouse barn? And it was a moving picture strangely too, showing the barn & the other buildings near it falling down over the years, & then starting back up again.

The fat little candle also showed me next to her chair a table with some kind of game on it, sorta like checkers, but I didn't think too much.

"Crissy?" I said quietly, like the room was a liberry or something. Crissy jerked a little in her seat, & then saw me & smiled in a gulp.

"Algernon!" she scooped me up from the wooden floor into her happy lap.

"I am glad I found you," I said, with more gladness filling me all the time.

She smiled. I told her about mah encounter with the more-or-less Mommy Beagle while she listened quietly.

"Let what release & flow?" I asked.

She looked up at the strange ceiling & thinked. "I guess I was told something strange too," she said finally.

"What?" I asked, figgering we could line them up to see if they fitted together.

"Well the second room 4or me wasn't like yours. It was a place I knew a long time ago when I was in school & had Boop as my friend, be4ore you came along too."

I nodded.

"I told you I had a friend who believed me that I had met Boop in a dream in the hole in my wall, & later we were together awake too."

Nod.

"We used to talk in this park. I didn't know his name & he didn't know mine. Then I didn't see him again. & I wondered why, & I didn't know.

"And there I was back in that park on a sunny day, & my friend

was sitting on the bench where I usually found him.

"How is your turtle?' he asked me.

"That's what you always used to say.'

"You remember!' he said brightly.

"Of course I do. You were the only one who believed me.'

"About your turtle?'

"About everything.'

"Why wouldn't I believe you?'

"I don't know. It didn't seem like the kind of thing people believe.'

"There are many strange things in this world, Christina.'

"And many worlds.'

"Yes,' he laughed. I liked his laugh.

"Why didn't you come anymore?'

"It was 4or the best. You were becoming dependent.'

"You were my only friend!'

"You had to move on, Christina, & you didn't want to.'

"It's Chrisakah now. And I did. But I was hurt.'

"I'm sorry.'

"This isn't our park.'

"No.'

"What then? I'm here with my friends.'

"The past is inevitable, Chrisakah."

Now Crissy was looking at me instead of deep talking & remembering.

"What does that mean, Crissy?"

"I am not sure. But I think it fits to yours somehow."

I nodded, half guessing & half understanding. Maybe not quite halves.

We sat quiet 4or a minute. "What is that game on that table?" I asked.

Crissy looked at it closely. "The pieces are, um, leaves & fruits? And the board has branches on it."

"O! Fruits! Yuk!" I said, remembering mahself despite the strange place. But Crissy held me close, & calmed me by showing me that the fruit pieces were plastic. I nodded, but still suspicious.

"How do you play?" I asked.

Crissy studied the board & the pieces, & moved them around a little.

"I don't know but I bet it would explain some things about this place we are in."

"Should we go find Sheila, or do you think she will come here like we did?"

"Let's wait."

I thinked another question, but Crissy doesn't grump mind like some. "Why did you change your name?"

Crissy smiled but only a little bit. "That was Boop's idear. He said it helped when you were moving to a new world. 'To think differently even in the mirror,' he said."

I nodded & getted it, though I can't say how. "Why is Boop so quiet these days?"

"He changed too. He is my friend but he is my servant. It's what

he wanted. He makes sure of things around me, & protects me with his worry."

"So you protect Bags End & Boop, um, worries around you?"

Crissy smiled & nodded. I nodded more too because nodding felt good with Crissy, even when I wasn't sure. Or maybe really then.

We then sort of just sat together, & maybe napped a little. I trusted Crissy & she felt Sheila would be OK.

She was right. I woked suddenly & there she was. Looking up at the stars above us where there was no regular roof.

"Sheila, where were you?" I asked, like she would answer, pal to pal.

And she did, strangely.

"I was up there, beagle," she said.

Sheila, Among Her Stars

Sheila muscled her usual way into Crissy's lap & mah former exclusive use of it.

"In the stars?" I asked. Then I got smart & shut up.

"So your next room was up there?" asked Crissy nicely while skritchng Sheila's headbone. Cheater.

"It was the night we left. What I didn't remember since was that there was more than Peter & Patricia, Lori, Sharon, Petey, Margie, & me. There was the Bunny Star."

"She is your family?"

"We were all given a choice that night. Nobody made us come to Bags End, or even think or talk like we do.

"She said she preferred the stars. So she got to go there."

I un-shut up. "I thought she was a star who hopped to keep from getting mapped by astronomers!"

"She hops because she is a bunny. That's why they can't map her."

"So she took you up with her?" asked Crissy.

"She said she wanted to show me because I had come back. She wanted me to see what she saw from up there."

"What was it like?"

Sheila looked straight up into the stars with her bright purple eyes like she always does when she's thinking. I peeked up. No Bunny Star in sight.

"Sometimes she comes close, she knows how. It has to do with light & how to see things. She told me that on nights in Miss Chris's front yard when we watch 4or her, she will fly near so we will see her hoppings real good."

I nodded, thinking of those fun nights.

"But she goes other places where only stars can go."

"She brought you?"

"We went to places where there was light & darkness & other things. More music than jazz. I don't know how to say. And there were others there too."

"What others?"

Sheila looked at me suddenly & directly. "They looked a little like your friends in the Creature Common."

"Stars?" I asked dumbly.

"Stars but Creatures both. My sister brought me into a deep space circle of them."

Wow.

"They were performing for us & for each other. It was I guess a kind of show like we know they did in their Carnival days."

Crissy said, "Sheila, both Algernon & I got messages. His was, 'when it's time, let it release & flow.' Mine was, 'the past is inevitable.'"

Sheila nodded. "It was what she said at the end. The Creature Stars were dancing & tumbling & seemed to be building up to some kind of grand finally, & I didn't know how they were doing any of this, but my sister said to me, 'behold the path,' as they sort of rose up higher & higher & were gone. Then it was me back from the stars, with her light leaving me, but saying that. She wanted me to know."

Crissy stood up. "I think we have our messages from Clover-dale. Should we go?"

Well, I didn't need to be told twice to leave this strange place, but Sheila was slower to agree.

"Who brought us to Bags End, Crissy? Was it you? Do you know? Who made my sister a Star?"

Crissy stood looking at Sheila & said, "I don't know. Maybe. Do you need to be sure?"

"We're here, Crissy. I don't think I want to come back here again."

Crissy nodded. "Then we need to go on."

Figgers. I nodded too, not because I liked the idea, but because I am loyal. And because where Sheila hops, & Crissy walks, there goes mah story. Them's the facts.

But then I suddenly talked. "Wait!" Crissy waited. Sheila did too, but grumpy.

"We know that Clover-dale is as tricky as they come."

They nodded.

"I say we stick closer together so it doesn't separate us again. We're better like this."

They both nodded again, not like yes, but like right on, beagle!

I raised mah pawbone & holded the moment. "Clover-dale isn't like a building. It's like a person! It knows us like that. And it hears our, um, heartbone thoughts, & then does stuff about it!"

Crissy was so proud she kissed mah cheekbone. Sheila nodded, good, yes, OK. I hurried to keep going.

"We want to know why this strange dream of me in empty Bags End & it's raining. We all had this dream & we don't know why."

"So we ask?" Sheila said.

I nodded. "I think so. I guess it can help us, or kick us out, or some other scary stuff it wants to instead."

"What to do then, Algernon?" Crissy asked. She always thinks mah thoughts are worth knowing. Not like most. But Sheila was looking at me too. OK, mah big chance.

I started yelling. "Hey, Clover-dale! Clover-dale house! No more crazy cosmic tricks of time & space, OK? We just need some easy help about

a strange dream! Please?"

We listened. Nothing. Big chance, yah. Sheila nodded like, figgers.

But then Crissy said, "Wait! Look!" So we did. On the far end of the wooden room we were in, a doorway appeared. I didn't think it was there before, but it was there very importantly now.

Crissy made sure as we walked through the doorway that we were touching each other. All 3 of us. She knowed I was right at least some.

So we walked through that doorway, deep in Clover-dale, not knowing what might happen, or where we might end up. I didn't even know if holding close would keep us together. It was a hopeful guess.

But something about mah Mommy Beagle living here, some or all of the time. It meant that Clover-dale had to take care of her in her old & sometimes sadness.

OK, then, I thinked, as we crossed through that doorway, Clover-dale, you take care of mah Mommy Beagle, so I am going to trust you with me & mah dear friends. I am going to trust you to understand.

It was raining.

Dream of Rain (Grand Finally!)

When you're a humble fella like your old pal Algernon, it means you are modest & low to the ground. The world is mostly outside of you, & so you look around & try to understand. And there are big guys a-plenty with tricky plans & planzy tricks to bend the world a little more to their own comfort & liking.

I used to be just another little guy waiting to get hustled into one of these plans or tricks, trying not to get stomped or demised 4or mah trouble. Somewhere along the way, I got to be a less than little guy because the big guys knowed I would be around writing down their many doings in mah newspaper. They liked their grand schemes being in print to boost their egos, but I don't think they liked as much that I would not write it how they liked it best.

So I am a sort of, I guess, middle guy, who still gets battered & bullied, but maybe a little less.

I get to go along on the big stories to write them down. I still go 4or the little guy's side every day of the week, but what I best do 4or all the little guys, & big guys too, is write it how I see it, straight & true, 4or them to read & know.

I say all this to explain how I sit in these stories, I think. And this sort of explains this new story, & I guess sort of doesn't.

Why did I have the dream of rain in Bags End with nobody left but me? And why did Sheils Bunny & Princess Crissy have this same dream?

I wondered if it was because I write to make sure the little guy knows what is going on also, since the big guys usually do. But maybe Sheila & Crissy too because big guys get things done with their fancy fast BunnyCycles & tricky smile magick. I guess I have mah friendly ways & beagleboy journalism to add to it all, but that's not enough by itself.

I hope some of us understand this long explain. I tried to as much

as you, Dear Readers.

So what me & Crissy & Sheila found through the next door in Clover-dale was that it was raining. And the other thing to say right away is that it was Bags End! I even used mah newfound sniffing powers to check, & it was true. We were back.

And it felt like in mah dreams too. Empty. But it didn't feel like a dream now.

"Keep close, beagle," Sheila grouched, but there was no real grump in her voice. She was, um, scared? Curious? Angry? I wasn't sure. I looked at Crissy & she was studying the walls near us.

"Is this the real Bags End or some kind of tricky really good Clover-dale fake?" I asked suddenly before I even thought it first.

Crissy motioned me & Sheila over to her studyings.

"Algernon, you asked me if I made Bags End, & I wasn't sure. I think some of my idears helped make it. Look here. My signature is deep in this wall. I wanted proof."

"Proof of what?" asked Sheila quietly.

Crissy looked close at the hard-to-see squiggly letters of her name. She said, "That this Bags End is real in its way."

"If it's real, where is everybody?" I said suddenly again. I guess I figgered it was Bags End-but-not but everyone in the real Bags End-but-not-not was OK.

Crissy turned to look at me. She talked very softly to me. "I would know if anyone was hurt or really lost. We just can't see them or sniff them."

I nodded unhappy but OK.

Sheila had been listening, but now she was ready to go, & that was to her Throne Room. We followed her through the rain, down a couple of levels, & along the hallway to the door with the crown picture on it, & a carrot on the crown. O! Yuk!

Her Throne Room was the same as always. Sheila hopped into her Throne like nothing was wrong in the world. Somehow Crissy knowed to join her in her thronish comfort, & I knowed to join mahself on mah little matt in the corner nearby.

I did not know how this was helping, but then . . . wait!

"It's not raining in here!"

Crissy looked surprised too.

Sheila just said, "This is my Throne Room, beagle!"

Crissy got up & looked out the door. "Still raining out there."

This was strange already, getting stranger.

Sheila relented in her big-guy-ness. "It's my purple eyes, beagle. Why do you think this room is my Throne Room? It's not that big."

"True," I said.

"When I first came to Bags End, I was exploring & found this room. It's like it was mine. It sniffs different to me. I don't know why."

OK. So Sheila brought us here not because she wanted some King time, but like a headquarters in this crisis. I admired her thinking but stayed quiet, figgering she admired it even better.

"Now what?" I asked.

Without opening even one purple eye to regard me, Sheila said, "We wait."

Crissy helpfully stood up again & put a jazz record on Sheila's phonograph to play. It was that Miles Davis guy. He always hears to me like when he's playing you better not interrupt or get in his way. Very Sheila-like.

So we waited in this strange real-but-weird-some-other-way Bags End. I didn't think I could take not doing something about all this, but I found mahself starting to doze on mah comfy matt.

I thinked I was only having a little nap with mah awake ears & I guess schnozola on duty, but when I looked over at the Throne & saw not Sheila & Crissy in their comforts, but Benny Big Dreams & that kind of Mommy Beagle, I leaped up from mah spot!

And splashed back down!

"Better start swimming, friend," said Benny not unfriendly. But still.

"But wake up first, Sonnyboy," smiled Mommy Beagle, not un-her-like.

And then I waked by using all mah might. But there was still water!

At least mah waking was back to Sheila & Crissy back in Sheila's Throne. Mah matt was on the floor so I was wetter.

They splashed over to me & 4or a moment we all just stood looking at each other.

Crissy got a strange look on her face.

"What, Crissy?" me & Sheila both said twice once.

"Did we do this on purpose to save the rest?"

Hmm.

"Was there more to the dream?" she asked, looking at me.

"I had it & had it & there was never a why or a how in it, Crissy," I said sadly, & more wetly.

Sheila motioned us back to her Throne, even me. We sat closely but dryly 4or right now. Then Crissy popped up again & fetched Sheila's phonograph & records & books, & put them all high up on her bookcase. Then she smiled & sat back down. Sheila hugged her close.

I had an idear, & I talked be4ore mah doubts could mass. "I have to go back to that dream & find Benny."

"He won't elude me," grouched Sheila.

"No," I said quiet. "Just me. I have to go deeper than I have so far."

Sheila & Crissy looked at me like I was the bravest of the brave. I wasn't but kept mah severe cowardism to mahself.

Then they did something really nice. They moved me between them, & dearly close, & they singed me a kind of sweet hmmm. I was watching the water coming in under the door, & thinking sadly how mah beloved homeland was slowly drowning, when I must have slept, because I found mahself back in the hallway alone.

OK, I was pretty tired of this dream's repeat tricks, & so I yelled out 4or Benny.

"Benny! Benny! Benny Big Dreams!" I yelled.

At first, nothing. But then Benny came paddling along in a kind of, um, floating boat-wagon I wondered if I had seen be4ore.

"Ahoy!" he cried, & I could see that sorta Mommy Beagle was with

him, in the back seat.

I climbed into the front seat next to Benny, & he put a vest on me, & buckled me in.

"Safety first," he said still friendly.

"Won't help," I grouched. "Beagles don't float."

"Sonnyboy," sorta Mommy Beagle said from the back seat.

"Who is protecting everyboy?" I demanded suddenly.

"Figger it out," Benny said. "Who sleeps better than everyone else?"

Hmm. "Wait. Ramie the Toy Tall Boy? I don't get it."

"Do you want me to explain or bring you to him?" asked Benny.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Which?"

"Benjamin, let's go," scolded sorta Mommy Beagle. Benjamin?

So Benny paddled the boat-wagon down a few rainy levels, & through a hallway to what looked like a cave instead of a door like usual.

"Is this the way to where Ramie is? This isn't Connecticut!" I said.

"Well, he isn't always there, Algernon" said sorta Mommy Beagle, who didn't call me Sonnyboy & looked less like her. Hm.

The cave got darker & dryer, & I guessed the boat-wagon had wheels to roll on. We came to a room crowded with things. Ramie was asleep on a bed.

"I have slept in dreams too but how does this help?" I asked.

Benny unbuckled & unvested me, & said, "The rest is up to you, my friend. Remember the advice you got on your travels." Then they rolled away to the water. I noticed that sorta Mommy Beagle wasn't really beagle-like anymore. Another hm. But they had kind of helped in their way.

Now what? As I walked up to sleeping Ramie, I wished 4or a smarter noggin but I had to use what I had 4or brainbone, I guess.

Ramie was curled into himself, sleeping hard, on what looked more like just an old mattress than a real bed.

I walked up to him & sorta hunched down & just looked.

"What are you protecting Bags End from?" I asked out loud, not thinking he would talk back.

"The world is dangerous," he muttered. Hm.

"But we're safe here," I said back.

"No. I had a nightmare. It was all swept away. I couldn't protect everyone."

Hm some more. "By rain?"

He muttered some no-words & rolled over.

Then mah brainbone flipped out. "It was your dream. Not mine or Sheila's or Crissy's! But I still don't understand." He didn't say nothing.

But now I had an idear. If it was his nightmare, then the advice was 4or him. Let it flow, the past is inevitable, behold the path.

In mah best Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow voice I said, "On your fweet, dwogface! Twime to mwarch untwil I sway twoops dwismwished!" Wow! I almost rebelled against mahself!

But Ramie is agreeable to marching so he got up & mwarched, I mean marched, behind me.

I had an idear & I couldn't say it was good. But we marched until

we reached the water, & then I Lisa-voice ordered him to lift me on top of his head 4or mah "mwilitary dwyness," whatever that means.

Ramie is so tall that he more splashed along than swimming.

"Spwash! 2! 3! 4!" I ordered.

I knowed that Crissy could watch mah dreams, & I figgered that she & Sheila would be watching us now.

Ramie is right that it is a dangerous world. That's why Crissy had to leave her own world, & that's why she guards Bags End. But he got so afraid by his dream that he panicked & was hiding in his cave in his sleeping. I could not make him un-protect us guys but I had to show him a better way to do that.

So we splash-marched to a place in Bags End I knowed in dreams where there was a picture that could help.

"Twoops, hwalt!" I cried.

Ramie halted in front of the picture of the pretty girl bent down to look at some Faeries. This picture is the way in Dream Bags End to go to the Creature Common.

I have learned that sleeping & awake are not opposites but just different kinds. So when I called up to Princess Crissy, it wasn't so hard 4or her to hear me.

I had this idear to show Ramie that we were all stronger & safer together, even with our strange & different ways. It would be the opposite of me alone in rainy Bags End. I just hoped Crissy understood mah hopeful idear.

Now I talked as closely into Ramie's scared sleeping noggin as I could. Very nicely, but 4or him to hear & to do both.

"We have to protect each other, Ramie. Not just you protecting us, but us protecting you. I think that's where it goes wrong. We protect or get protected by size. Or we try to do it alone. I don't understand all these things, but I think your dream of me in the rain was like your doubt leaking out of you. A message."

I took a breath, & then I hoped & talked more.

"When I count to 3, we're gonna step through this picture to waked up Bags End. Then, if you trust me, we will do more."

I took a another breath, & hoped I remembered how to count to 3.

"1! 2! 3! Mwarch, swoldier!" I cried.

And we did. Crissy made sure, just in case, & she & Sheila were waiting 4or us there.

Crissy hugged me. "Now what, beagle?" demanded Sheila.

I motioned 4or Crissy to take me off the noggin of the still-sleeping Ramie.

"Ramie, I'm not Lisa-Marie Chow now. I'm you're old pal Algernon," I said all friendly. "Wake up, guy!"

Ramie waked but still sleepy & loyal to his Lazybug roots.

Then I took another breath. Crissy smiled at me, & Sheila nodded.

"Let it flow, Ramie. Let it flow!" And that is when I hoped Crissy knowed what all I was thinking.

Out of the rainy dark came Bags End friends, like almost all I could think of . . .

Theer was Peter Bunny, the famili daddy
 Theer was crazee bumping Alexander

Theer was Margy Bunny who
 lovs Bug Buny & Run Roder

Theer was that nice
 old Mrss. Beezlee

Theer was Sweet Polly El

Theer was Leona Lyon

Theer was Crazey Betsee
 Buny Pillow

Theer was nis Ally Leperd

Theer was smart Lory Buny

Theer was the reel Lisa
 Maree Chowe

Theer wer friends Deny
 & Cory Pupy

Theer was sqweeking Jill
 Boot

Theer was Lisas' sister
Elizabeth

Theree was Glenna the
Germana

Thee was Sheren
Bunny

Theer was Jakky Kloun

Theer was Browny Pony

Theer wer Angys

Theer was Oliver Owl

Theer wer Blondys 3

Theer was Tomy Tiger

Theer wass Pippi

. . . And there were many more, but I was not just gonna let them float on by or Bags End strangely drown. I nodded to Crissy, & she smiled tricky, & what happened next was that with Ramie's help each Bags End friend was passed through the awake Bags End picture portal of the snowy building, each & every one safe & dry, the past is inevitable, to the Creature Common!

It took awhile to get everyone through, & I noticed that the rains & floods were drying up until it was soon just me & Crissy & Sheila.

"After you, King," I said with mah irresistible politeness.

Sheila nodded & gave Crissy a kiss on her hopping way in.

"You did it, Algernon," Crissy said, all proud.

"All I did was guess good. We all did the rest."

She nodded.

"Are you coming?"

Now she was sad. "No. I can't anymore."

"I will come see you later on then," I said.

She smiled & nodded, & I loved her smile so much I didn't notice how she had lifted me up, & gived me a little push through the picture to the Creature Common.

Well, it seems like we were expected because just as we all were arrived, those Royal Thumbs announced a Royal Thumbs Production "4or the Young, & the Young at Heart!"

We were given a display of the finest per4ormances. The White Bunny flew hopping through the air to start the show, almost like a good luck charm.

Then the Major Bears came out & did their dancing & wild jumping around act.

Then that little purple-furred Pirth fellow with his ribbons & bows did another kind of dance, but it was sort of soft & low & friendly to all.

There was this friendly spotted doggy sorta fella who told a few jokes. He kept saying, "I got a million of them, folks!" but I didn't think he told that many.

Then the Royal Thumbs introduced these wiggly Ladies Toe who singed a pretty little song & did a nice little dance.

There were bloo-eyed black Kittees who jumped around a lot with black tails & white paws & all.

And even that tricky little pandy bear & some very old fella did a sort of dancing song in a strange tongue.

Finally, a handsome white Bear in a nice hat & scarf came out & said, "We of the X's Traveling Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders thank the Royal Thumbs 4or assembling tonight's Grand Production. And we all want to thank our friends from Bags End & our watching friends in Imagianna. Truly we are all grateful to be one another's friends."

I looked around & I noticed that Ramie was sitting with a pretty smiling lady watching the show. I nodded. This is where he is some of the time. I suppose this made sense. He looked safe & sure of all of us again.

Then the Grand Finally came when many many of us sang the Fraggle Rock TV song. Like this:

Dance your cares away!
 Worries 4or another day!
 Let the music play!
 Down in Fraggile Rock!

All I could say was wow to such talent. Tonight it was Bags End's turn to be entertained, but I figgered one fine day we would take the stage at Bags End Auditorium, & do some entertaining ourselves 4or these good friends. Or we would all join up & look out!

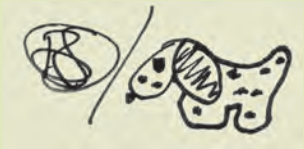
Eventually, the rest of the Bags End guys were tired & went home, & I noticed that our Bags were on a chair in the Common. Like in Connecticut.

Oh. Hmm. Well, OK. Why not! Behold the path? Yah, guy, that one too.

It was always like this, I think, till we 4orgot. We protected each other without having to think about it. The world had no names & lines between.

I don't know, that's just how it felt tonight.

I am finishing this on Milne's Porch in mah comfy armchair. It was good.



THE END.



Bag End News

No. 351 June 30, 2012

Editor: Alden Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Wat iz Thee Redd Bags?

Bag End News

No. 352 July 7, 2012

Editor: Alden Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

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Bag End News

No. 353 July 14, 2012

Editor: Alden Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

"Thee Redd Bags" Storee!

Twissts & turns, Mah friends & deer readers, thatz waz thiss storee hass takd aen & open. Watt began with that skweeking Jill Bobb wakin me from mah camm napp on Alins' porch haz takn me thiss waze & thatz sins.

Jill showd me thiss strong snitino Red Dor in Bopzand whiche ~~even~~ lead me too Mees Chreag in Xoneikut weer I sawe & snifd a now Redd Bag that Mees Chreag sed waz needed but I waz spokd enuff too seey Princess Crisy in Timpiana Vibro hold mee free. ~~Mees Chreag sed waz needed~~



Bags End Book #16: What Is the Red Bag? Part 1

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at:

www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

What is the Red Bag?

This story began with me dozing & dreaming peacefully in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch in Bags End. Not even one of those crazy dreams, not this time. Just pleasant vagueness.

Then not, because there was this kicking at mah comfy armchair. A kicking that would not quit.

O. OK. I looked & saw it was mah old pal Jill Boot who I had not seen in awhile, I guess. Now she I don't have great talks or nothing because she mostly kicks & Squeaks, & then kicks some more.

Still, she's a nice enough guy, I suppose, & not usually one to come a-kicking unless there is a reason.

So I greeted her in mah usual friendly Algernon way.

"Hi, guy, how's tricks?"

More kicks, more Squeaks. More kicks.

"OK, OK, calm your kicking ways!" I said in self-defense.

I figured out, with more kicks & Squeaks, that she had not come to visit & talk, or Squeak I guess, maybe kick too, probably, but no, not any of that. She wanted me to come with her.

"Like a newspaper story?" I asked, but then I realized I was asking for English-type words from a kicker & a Squeaker.

Fine, so I just put on mah reporter's fedorah & said, "Lead the way, Miss Boot!" I thought I sounded polite, even gallant, but she just jumped quickly through mah bedroom window whens she come, & kept going. I harrumphed. I hurried.

Keeping up with Jill Boot had me running mah short paws hard. She sort of bounce-hops along, & I would have lost her more than once but she would stop & Squeak loudly 4or me to catch up.

"OK, OK, ya grumpy footwear!" sayeth me.

Our path got stranger & stranger as we went along, & I started wondering how Jill found wherever we were bound. Just as I was wondering more if I had always been chasing that crazed Boot along, & the rest was a delusional dream, I caught up to her as she was stopped.

And I looked. Hmm. It was a Red Door. Now, Bags End is right full of doors, but this one felt different to me right away. I found mahself inclined to sniff toward it, like I had a lot in that trip to Clover-Dale in the White Woods, with mah friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, & adopted sister & sorta-friend Sheila Bunny. I tolded all about that in Bags End Book #15: It Was a Dream of Rain.

But mah sniff of this Red Door didn't tell me something sure. Just strange & different. I would have gone to fetch me too.

Now that I was fetched, though, what to do?

"Did you try going in?" I asked Jill. She Squeaked but it was kind of a low almost scared Squeak I had not heard be4ore.

I nodded. This door was a good story but Jill was not going to lead the way.

I thinked it over. Should I try to go in? My sniffs of the Door didn't make me so eager.

Should I fetch a big guy like I had been fetched? Now there was an idear. Still, I had to be careful. Big guys have a way of taking over & grabbing credit. I wanted to be in on whatever this was, & I wanted to make sure Jill was too.

So I decided to go see mah dear friend Miss Chris, who lives in Connecticut. Jill liked that idear. I think Miss Chris is known to understand about shoes & Squeaking & all that.

So off we went, back to the more familiar places in Bags End.

Then we found the right level & door to go through to Connecticut, & arrived as usual in Miss Chris's bedroom.

She was most happy to see us & we all went to her TV room to sit on her dear friend Suzy Couch. That Toy Tall Boy Ramie, who is Miss Chris's brother, was napping on Freddy Couch nearby, like a good Lazybug does, I guess.

But let me tell you the shock of the thing. I was so surprised that I could not say words in English, or even made-up tongues like Bump or something.

I could see back in Miss Chris's bedroom from where we sat Bags End where it is usually is, three brown laundry bags piled on a little chair, in

the corner. But also there was a 4th bag, a red one, just like the Red Door we had seen in Bags End!

Miss Chris had settled Jill Boot & me in her lap, & was smiling at me to talk mah mind. I decided to start at the weird beginning, not the weirder now. Especially since Jill might kick again.

So I talked about how Jill had come fetching me to the Red Door, & us both deciding we better get the right big guy involved.

Miss Chris listened closely & nodded smiling at me. Finally, I could not stand it & cried out, "Miss Chris, why is there a 4th bag with the other 3?"

She looked at me confused as I pointed my paw, & then nodded. "O! Well, I think we needed another 4or everybody to fit."

Now this would have been OK & made sense but 4or the part about the Red Door. I don't think Miss Chris saw the connection, & I didn't know that there was one really. So I didn't say nothing more but a nod.

Miss Chris wanted me & Jill to stay & watch some good TV programs with her, but I said I had to get back to Bags End. Miss Chris was a little disappointed, but she gived me a good hug & brung me back.

Be4ore I left, I gived that new bag a sideways secret sniff. It smelled like, um, it was somewhere else too. I know that sounds crazed from your old paws-on-the-ground friend Algernon, but I would just say the world is stranger the further you go.

When I left Jill Boot, I saw that she was nice & comfy in Miss Chris's arms, ready to watch some good TV shows, & not worrying the Red Door or nothing.

So next I went to see mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah, Crissy to those friendly to good dancings to phonograph records, in Imagianna. If she didn't think anything was strange, like Miss Chris didn't, I would just 4orget it.

But I will tell you, Dear Readers, it didn't go like that at all.

* * * * *

Sniffs Like It's Somewhere Else Too

After I was greeted at the front door to Crissy's Castle in Imagianna, by Boop, her bestus buddy, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, he brung me to Crissy's Throne Room. Boop talked all fancy introductions like he likes to, & Crissy waited her in her Throne patiently, like she does.

"Presenting to your Royal Highness, Chrisakah, Princess of Imagianna, Guardian of Bags End & many other worlds, Algernon Beagle, Court Scribe to the Throne of Sheila Bunny, King of Bags End!"

I can tell you for sure, Dear Readers, that Crissy is a Princess but Sheila is not a King of nothing, save in her own mind. Mayor of Bags End, yes, though.

Anyway, when we were sure he was done, Crissy leaped from her Throne to come over to hug me.

"Princess, really!" Boop scolded. "Don't you remember your Princess exercises about greetig Foreign Dignitaries?"

Crissy stopped hugging me, harumfed, & then she sort of curtsied to me. I could see her blue jeans poking out from the very bottom of her long Princess dress. I bet Boop made her wear that too.

Boop nodded gruffly, but I could see he was pleased that she tried. He left us to our visit.

We sat together in her Throne. I told her mah story, & she listened & smiled at me like Miss Chris had. But then she said something totally different.

"Those are the Red Bags."

"Um?"

"Well, it's just one but it's in different places at the same time." Crissy looked all inside with thinking & remembering.

"Um?"

"Can I come with you though the Red Door? I would like to see!" Crissy was suddenly excited & mah Ums were piling higher.

I looked at her with no words until she smiled & hugged me.

"They have to do with dreams, Algernon."

O. Ut-o. Figgers.

"There was this story I wrote that Benny Big Dreams liked."

"You mean when you used to write storys on mah Rite-Typer when it was, um, yours?" I asked.

She nodded. "He reads a lot of books. Nobody really knows that much."

"I always thought Benny is just this tricky guy hunting through Dreamland 4or the kinds of trouble he prefers."

Crissy laughed her pretty mischievous laugh. "I guess he is, mostly. But I think he has questions too."

"Questions?"

She nodded. "He thinks that Dreamland & waking used to be one big thing until they broke."

I hmmm'd. I don't think Benny is a bad guy, but more like a guy full of his own plans.

Crissy stood up. "I keep all my books in my Secret Room. Let's go look at that story."

When we walk together, Crissy likes to walk close, which I always like. Her Castle is a bit tricky like her, so keeping close is a good idear anyway. I think the hallways & rooms & doors & all work different here than in Bags End, where things mostly stay put. Mostly anyway.

Her Secret Room has lots of cushions with strange designs, & a purple light, just like Sheila Bunny's eyes. It's a nice place &, since I have become an amateur sniffer, I gave a sniff. Smells like Crissy, which is a good thing in mah book.

Crissy reached up to a high shelf of storybooks, took a bunch down, & we sat together on the cushions.

"You writed all of those books, Crissy?"

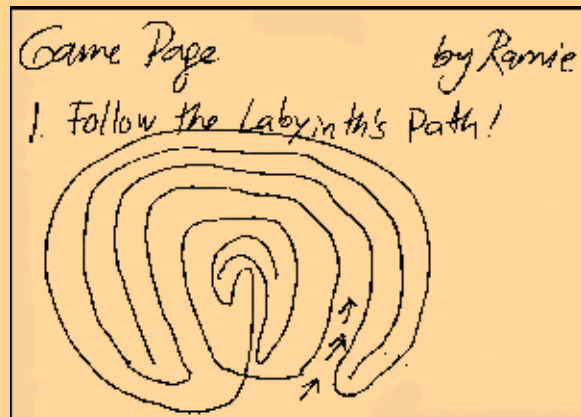
She nodded, sort of happy & shy both. "It was long ago."

"I have stopped & started sometimes too," I said. Then she started looking for the right storybook.

She found it, & showed me the cover. It had a picture of a great tree & a sort of puzzle maze on the cover.

"It's called The Tangled Gate," Crissy said. Then she pointed to the puzzle maze & said, "That's a labyrinth."

"It looks kinda like some of Ramie's games in mah newspaper," I said.



Crissy nodded. "It sort of is. Except that people have been building them 4or many years."

"O," I said. I thought for more words. "Is it like a people-folks game?"

Crissy thought. "Sometimes. A game. Or a test. It can be different things."

I nodded, understanding enough not to feel the fool.

"Why did you put it on the cover of your book?"

Crissy studied it 4or a moment. The cover was green & the tree & labyrinthine were kind of golden & shiny. "Sometime my stories are like puzzles or labyrinths. And sometimes they branch out like trees." I thought she would say more but she was getting quiet & shy about all this. So I talked.

"What is the story called that Benny liked?"

"It's called The Red Bag."

"So you knowed all about them long ago?"

She nodded. "Remember how I told you how I used to visit Boop in my dreams through the hole in my bedroom wall?"

I nodded too. "Of course."

"Well, there was one in there. It's where I first saw one."

"Did they tell you what they are 4or?"

"Well, it's the same bag but in different places."

Hmmm.

Be4ore I could ask another question, I see'd more words near the bottom of the book's cover.

"Hey! Is that your name in writed down words?"

Crissy's look was sort of strange. "Sort of."

I waited.

"My name used to be a little different. I told you when we were in Clover-Dale. It was Christina."

I nodded. I had kinda 4orgotten. She's too Crissy to me.

"So when you were an author, your readers thinkd you were Christina?"

She nodded.

"Is it a hard story?"

"No. Not really. Would you like to hear it?"

I nodded, smiling.

* * * * *

"The Red Bag" Story!

So Crissy sat us close together, & she tolded me she would read the parts Benny liked best. Hmm. OK.

I could tell you that we come from the Red Bag, & it would be almost true, but not enough. You see, the Red Bag is how we got here. And through the Red Bag is where we are from. It's like through the door of the Red Bag, just on the other side, is our original home. If you tried to get there the usual way, it would take you millions of miles, many centuries, & you would arrive so much later than now. But through the door of the Red Bag, you would arrive now, a few steps, a few seconds.

Except you would not find our world. Our world is gone. It is a dead, dark place. We left unwillingly, & we could hardly bring everyone, or everything, or our beautiful world itself. We brought a remnant, a sliver.

* * *

Are we dead? No. Are we alive as we were back on our own world? No. We compromised to keep this remnant of our existence still existing. The plan had been so much more ambitious. Plans, that is, as so many brilliant minds sacrificed their years to leaving our sad, dying world. They agreed, one & all: we waited too long. We simply ran out of the time needed to bring all our world had. It was arrogance, fear, denial. We at first believed our plight was minor, then that help would come. Most of us surrendered to the inevitable, & despaired.

But enough of our most brilliant minds kept working, kept trying, trying & flailing, & trying some more.

* * *

The Red Bag was a compromise, but it shouldn't have been. When time was getting desperately low, our scientists, preachers, magicians, seers, poets, came together at last, put away their arrogance & prejudice. Worked together as one group, learned each other's languages, powers, skills, began to braid science, magic, vision, music together. Grew powerful even as time grew shorter. Realized what might have been.

The skies got blacker, & one day did not lighten again. The air became thicker, less breathable. The trees began to fall, the animals to die.

* * *

We knew we could not build a ship that would reach anywhere habitable in time. What happened instead was that we built a portal that would take us directly to somewhere safe. But it would only bear so much, & only one trip. Some of our best stayed behind, sacrificed themselves, to operate the apparatus.

* * *

How did we choose? Not as we wished to. Not the weak & small in combination with our strongest & bravest. It didn't work that way.

We chose those who together could sustain our new home, whose peculiar abilities would, in combination, succeed in establishing our new home.

* * *

Even then, when the tests had been run, & the individuals determined, there were hard decisions to be made. None chosen would grow old, or die, & the population would never change. What we were doing, all we we were doing, was preserving that remnant. Saving a bit.

* * *

The day came when we had to go. The world was collapsing so that even deep under the surface was no protection. We gathered with what the scientists & priests & poets & the rest had determined we both could & should bring.

* * *

The instructions were simple: close your eyes & imagine yourself on the other side of the door of the Red Bag. The moment came, & we arrived. Here. Beyond the reach of death & time, & knowing that, long ago, our old world perished.

* * *

What nobody told us was what we would find. Or that we would not be alone. Or how each of us had been picked. Or why.

* * *

It made a kind of cruel sense. Would it have worked if we had known we were going to Dreamland forever? I think those brilliant lost minds could not be sure, & took no chances.

* * *

They looked like the Creatures from our old world we called turtles. These were the first we met. They welcomed us, & were kind. We became friends.

* * *

I am writing this story because, for the longest time, we were paralyzed refugees, living huddled near our few possessions from home. We seemed safe, but we were petrified.

* * *

Yet, being younger than most of the rest, known to get my curious nose into trouble back home, I eventually began to inspect what we had brought. One small case, green & gold, attracted me most. I found paper, pencils, paint-brushes, musical instruments, & other things.

* * *

We were supposed to remember, as best we could, & live on.

* * * * *

Back to the Red Door!

I really liked Crissy's story! She is a really good writer. But I must admit that her story didn't help me to much figger out all the facts of the Red Bag in Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut, or that Red Door that Jill Boot had kicking & Squeaking brung me to in Bags End.

Crissy stood up & put away all her storybooks on that high shelf. Then we left there & went outside to sit under our favorite oak tree for sitting. I rested mah noggin in Crissy's lap, & she skritchd mah 4orhead nicely. We were quiet awhile till I talked mah thinkings.

"So those guys from that planet builted the Red Bag to save what they could, & they came to the dreaming place where Boop lived, & you would visit him in your dreams?"

Crissy nodded. "That was the story I heard one time there."

"Didn't you meet them?"

"No. They were gone. They had moved on somewhere else."

"In Dreamland?"

"I think so."

"Was it a made-up story like some?"

"No. They left the Red Bag. It's still there."

"Did anyone, um, go into it? I mean, just to see?"

"No, Algernon. They asked that it be kept safe & untouched. Everyone liked them, & was sad to see them go, so the promise was made & kept."

I nodded. Good neighbors. Thinked some more.

"Is it the same Bag in Miss Chris's bedroom though? She thinks it has an inside where some of us can live."

Crissy was quiet & she was thinking. "Well, here's the Benny part of the story."

Ut-o. Trouble.

Bags End News
 No 354 July 21, 2012
 Editor: Algeanon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lou Bunney

Back too thee Redd Dor!

Yur old newspaper-ritin' pal
 Algeanon haz told yun stamp tunk
 in his tin, butt the storee of
 the Redd Bags & itz Red Dor taks
 the kak! Or kak! tunk!

Inn the last issuo
 of mah newspaper, mah friend &
 smart gy sister
 Crissy red too
 called the Redd
 Thatt Crissie is
 ritr butt hee
 mee too much
 the taks of d
 Mees Chreeses
 are the Red Dor

Bags End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No 355-356 July 28 August 4, 2012
 Editor: Algeanon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lou Bunney

Watt iz Thee Redd Bags?
 Grand Finelee!

I hav bin telling yu deer
 needrs thee stamp taile of thee
 mencee & won Redd Bag, wich I
 can save iz Redd & at least sumt-
 -ing d bag, butt then the rest
 of thee taks beginn too argoo
 & brawl & nothing iz shur

Mah beegel boye jennel its' patz,
 hard gon frum findin thee Redd Dor
 inn Beeged with Gilli Boote, too
 findin the Redd Bag inn Mees Chreeses
 bedrum inn Konehikol, too Imageana
 weel Princess Crissy red mee has reel
 suud storee of thee Redd Bags, & bak

"He read that story, & liked it, & thought it was a good idea."

"Idear?"

"Well, to be able to go from one place to another like that."

"Um?"

"So that's why."

I blinked. Twice. Shook mah head.

"Benny is like that."

"How many are there now?"

"Only one."

"I mean, um, how many places is it?"

"I don't know."

Hmmm. "I guess the door Jill found goes to the Bag next to the others in Miss Chris's bedroom. Not to that old home planet."

Crissy sat up.

"So we can go?"

Well, I could not think of a reason not to go, & mah beagleboy journalistic instincts said yes. I still felt spooked about it all, but I nodded yes to Crissy.

She was excited by this idea, but Boop wasn't. He had come out to join us under our oak tree.

"Really, Princess, it sounds dangerous."

"Boop doesn't like Benny so much," Crissy said to me.

"He is a bit of a ruffian," Boop said.

"Does that mean tricky guy who likes trouble?" I asked.

Crissy & Boop both nodded. Crissy smiling, Boop not.

In the end, Boop said OK & made Crissy promise twice to be careful with me & her.

I wondered if we should get Jill Boot to come along, but Crissy said we should make sure it was safe first. I guess this made sense. Jill had seemed spooked be4ore too.

I'm not sure how we found the Red Door but I sniffed, & Crissy probably tricky smiled some finding magick, & we were there.

It was a Red Door but it glowed too, I could see that there were strange carved letters in it.

"OK, here I go," I said. Trying to tamp down mah many jitters.

"First?" Crissy asked.

I nodded. She gave me a nice hug as we turned the nob & I went in.

But I guess the Red Bag inside had some ruffian idears too. The Red Door closed hard behind me, & I could not get it open!

At first I was mad & scared in a mixed-up heap. Then I heard Crissy's nice voice in mah head.

"Don't be scared, Algernon. Just explore it like you would any new place. Use your beagleboy journalist smarts. I will find you as soon as I can."

"What a darn tricky place!" I tried saying in mah head back to Crissy. But she didn't talk no more. I guess it was a magick radio she used in mah head, not a tele-o-phone.

Anyway, I made sure mah reporter's fedorah was on good, & started walking along.

Well, here's the first thing to say. I had gone through a door, not closed mah eyes & thinked mah way in. Also, there was an inside which was different from Crissy's story, where there had been, I guess, just the other side.

And I was in a hallway like there are many in Bags End, though there

was a sort of red glow to remind me that I was not in regular brown bags Bags End.

And 4or awhile it was just me almost like usual walking along in usual Bags End. Was this part of Bags End now? It seemed like Miss Chris had said so. Was I in the Red Bag near the others in her bedroom in Connecticut?

But then there was that story Crissy had writed from what she had heard in dream visits with Boop back when. And there was Benny Big Dreams.

Just as I was sorting through these thoughts, walking along, I saw others up ahead of me. O! I think I knowed them. It was that strange Boat-Wagon that those 2 bloo-eyed Kittys from the Creature Common drived! And there was that White Bunny MeZmer & her dear friend Holly the hedgedyhog, & that polite Jacoby who was a Monkee fellow. And that pretty lady named Marie I had met once. And a handsome white Bear in a bowtie, called X.

We had a pleasant conversation & I warned them that the Red Bag was very tricky. I would have talked more, but I heard Crissy's voice on mah noggin's radio, telling me to hurry back!

So I said goodbye to those nice guys & hoped I would see them in their Boat-Wagon again.

But when I got back to the Red Door, there was no Crissy to find. Standing there instead, in his big ruffian selfness, was Benny Big Dreams!

* * * * *

What is the Red Bag? (Grand Finally!)

One way to describe Benny Big Dreams is that he is a kind of strange, oneironautal fellow, which means he is sort of an astronaut guy in dreams. I know that kind of seems like a worse explanation than nothing at all, but it's what I got for now to tell.

"You're not Crissy!" I said, too mad to care about being obvious.

"Crissy knows I'm here," said Benny in his low voice. He dresses in black & is a big guy like Ramie. His head is bald, tho, & he has tattoos on his arms, like pictures in a museum.

Now I knowed that Crissy knows Benny from way back. He was part of the reason I ended up in Bags End, & Crissy & Boop in Imagianna. We have had our dealings in Dreamland where he lives too. And he has helped out Bags End, I admit.

Still, as Boop says, he is a ruffian. And Sheila says he has his own plan.

"Why did you lock her out?"

"I didn't! But I came when she called me."

I was too suspicious not to be. "How come you can get in & Crissy can't?"

"She is in Bags End right now, & I came from Dreamland."

O. "Well, what then?"

Benny smiled at me. "Aren't you glad to be here? I thought you would do a good story about it."

"You liked Crissy's story."

He nodded. "I wanted to see what would happen if I tried."

"But how did it end up in Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut too?"

Benny shrugged his shoulders.

"That's not an answer!"

Then I heard Crissy's voice in mah noggin again. "Algernon, I don't think Benny is wanting to cause trouble this time. Go with him to where you saw your friends go."

I looked at Benny while I listened to Crissy, but I could see that he couldn't hear her. I summed up mah shards of trickiness.

"OK, guy. Should we get going?"

Benny rubbed his hands together like he was very excited, & nodded twice.

I just had to trust the Crissy voice.

We walked down the glowing red hallway toward where mah Creature Common friends had gone. It was a long hallway, much longer than the regular Bags End ones.

We came to the end of the hallway to a door where usually in Bags End there would be an edge. Or a ramp on the other end, I guess.

"Where does this go to?" I asked.

Benny smiled tricky. Not Crissy tricky, but still.

"It's a Labyrinth."

"Like on the cover of Crissy's book? The big puzzle place?"

He nodded.

Now what? I hoped the Crissy voice in mah noggin would talk some more, or the whole of Crissy would show up.

I looked. I listened. Nothing.

"Have you been in it?" I asked finally.

He shooked his head. His face got soft & honest-looking. "None of the other Red Bag places have one."

"How can one Red Bag be in a bunch of places & not the same but it's the same Bag!" I cried. This was flustering me so!

Benny shrugged his shoulders again. He really didn't know, as much as I wished he was all tricks.

I sighed. "Let's wait for Crissy to go."

He shooked his head. "I can't. I don't think she can either."

"Why not?"

"I tried to go through that door but I came back out on this side. I see what's there for a second, & then I'm back here."

"Why not Crissy?"

"I think it has to be someone who lives in Bags End."

Suddenly mah brainbone lighted up with maybe a bright idear. "But you got here from the Red Bag in Dreamland?"

He nodded slowly.

Mah brainbone was fireworks now. "Crissy is going back to Imagianna to find the Red Bag there to come here!"

Benny nodded less but yes.

"The Red Bag decides how things work by if you're a native or visitor to where you find one!"

"I agree. It's strange. So that's why we can't go in."

Just then, who should show up but Crissy! She was out of breath from running & had on a very worried look.

She hugged me tight. Happy but still leaking worry too.

I liked her hugs but not her worry. "I am good, Crissy. I am glad you figgered out how to get here."

Crissy turned to Benny, who is a lot taller than her, but she didn't look it.

"We don't know what we're doing with these. My story didn't have all these random rules."

"And you only had a Labyrinth on your book's cover," said me.

Benny looked shocked. "But you did have a story about a Labyrinth in that book!"

Crissy nodded slowly.

"What if the other stories are part of all this too?"

I looked hard at Benny. "How did you make all these Red Bags?"

"I don't think I did, Algernon," Benny said slowly. "I only made a copy in Dreamland. I can do that much. But I think it made the copy that we're in now."

"It wants to help. That's what it was built 4or by the people escaping their planet," said Crissy. "But it's not the same each time it shows up."

She was excited. "It tries to resemble the place it's in somehow. That's why it looks like Bags End here. Benny, what does it look like in Dreamland?"

"Like a bedroom. A room with a bed. That's all," he said.

"So you got in the bed & slept?" I asked, hoping mah brainbone wouldn't simply fly apart.

He nodded.

"What about in Imagianna?" I asked Crissy.

"Like my old apartment. With my typewriter."

Benny said, "How did you get here? Did you sleep in your bed too?"

She shook her head. "No. I sat at my typewriter & typed my way here."

We all took a breath. Our explanations added up, but only if you used some really weird numbers.

"Should I go into the Labyrinth to find more clues?" I asked.

Well, Benny was all 4or this but Crissy was almost Boop-like no.

"But if it wants to help?"

Crissy looked doubtful.

"I think if the Red Bag wants to help, then its Labyrinth wouldn't be a hurtful thing," I said to Crissy mostly, but maybe to me too, & I guess Benny some but last.

Crissy hugged me & nodded. Then she rummaged in her dress but, no, no pockets. She hiked her dress up to get what she wanted from her blue jeans underneath.

It looked like a ball of, um, string.

"You need this 4or going in & then coming back," she said with about half of her usual tricky Crissy smile. I will take that much in tough times.

I nodded at them both & then pushed through the flapping door into the Labyrinth.

I was about middle guy afraid, what is about right 4or me, but I figgered this was where the story was.

They had said if I needed to I could come back at any time. Benny especially said that. 4or a guy who lives in Dreamland, this Labyrinth sure seemed to spook him.

Anyway, I began to walk along the first path I come to. No doors, red or any other kind, like where I had just come from. I was walking between these really tall walls that looked like they were, um, vines & rocks all twisted together?

Every so often I came to the end of one path & had to choose a direction left or right to keep going. I chose with a sniff, but I won't say sniffing helped much. I'm not so good at it. Lucky I had Crissy's ball of string to keep me tracking where I had come.

After awhile, though, it was starting to run low, which I had not thought about be4ore. Well, I decided to keep going as long as I could.

Then suddenly I heard a girl's voice call out. Almost like she was waiting 4or someone. I called to her friendly till I could see her.

"O!" she said suddenly, as we were facing each other.

"It's OK, fella. I mean, girl."

She looked me up & down, though I don't guess there's much to see about a short brown & white beagle. I mean, I don't bark or growl or nothing.

She looked like a Princess, but not like Crissy is. This girl was a Princess like she meant it. No rebel blue jeans underneath.

I decided to talk more to prove mah friendly ways.

"Mah name is Algernon Beagle. I came here from Bags End." I tried to point that way but what way was it? I finally just pointed at mah depleted ball of string.

She smiled at me really pretty. She showed me her ball of, I guess? string too. It was white like mine.

"I am Ariadne, sir," she said in a shy voice. Then she sort of curtsied to me, but in this fancy way that went in a couple of directions.

"You can call me Algernon," I said friendly. She nodded but still all shy.

"What is Bagend?" she asked.

"Bags. Bags End, fella."

"O," she nodded.

Well, hmm. Good question. But I think I knows its answer OK.

"Bags End is a fantasyland that you could find in Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. It looks like 3 big brown laundry bags on a little chair in the corner."

Ariadne nodded.

"O wait. Shucks. I mean, now there's a 4th bag & it's red because we needed room 4or everyone to fit." I guess mah usual explanation needed an update.

"Red?" she asked. Looking sort of interested.

I nodded. "That's where I came from. If this isn't there anymore, I mean." I was getting mah heres & theres way mixed up. It's usually not so hard.

We were facing each other, which meant I was looking up at Ariadne, but that was OK.

"Where do you come from?" I asked politely, because I had tolded.

She smiled strangely. "The Island? We have always lived on the Island, I think."

O hmm.

"I guess we have gotten to here from different places," I said, trying to talk in sentences I understood too.

"I didn't know there were strangers in the Architect's Labyrinth," she said suddenly.

"Wait, you know the guy who built this?"

She nodded. "He gave me this," & showed me her thread. "I have different colors to go to different places in the Labyrinth."

"Wow. Your string helps you figger out where you can get in here?"

She nodded.

I was starting to get spooked. This Labyrinth was a lot more than I figgered.

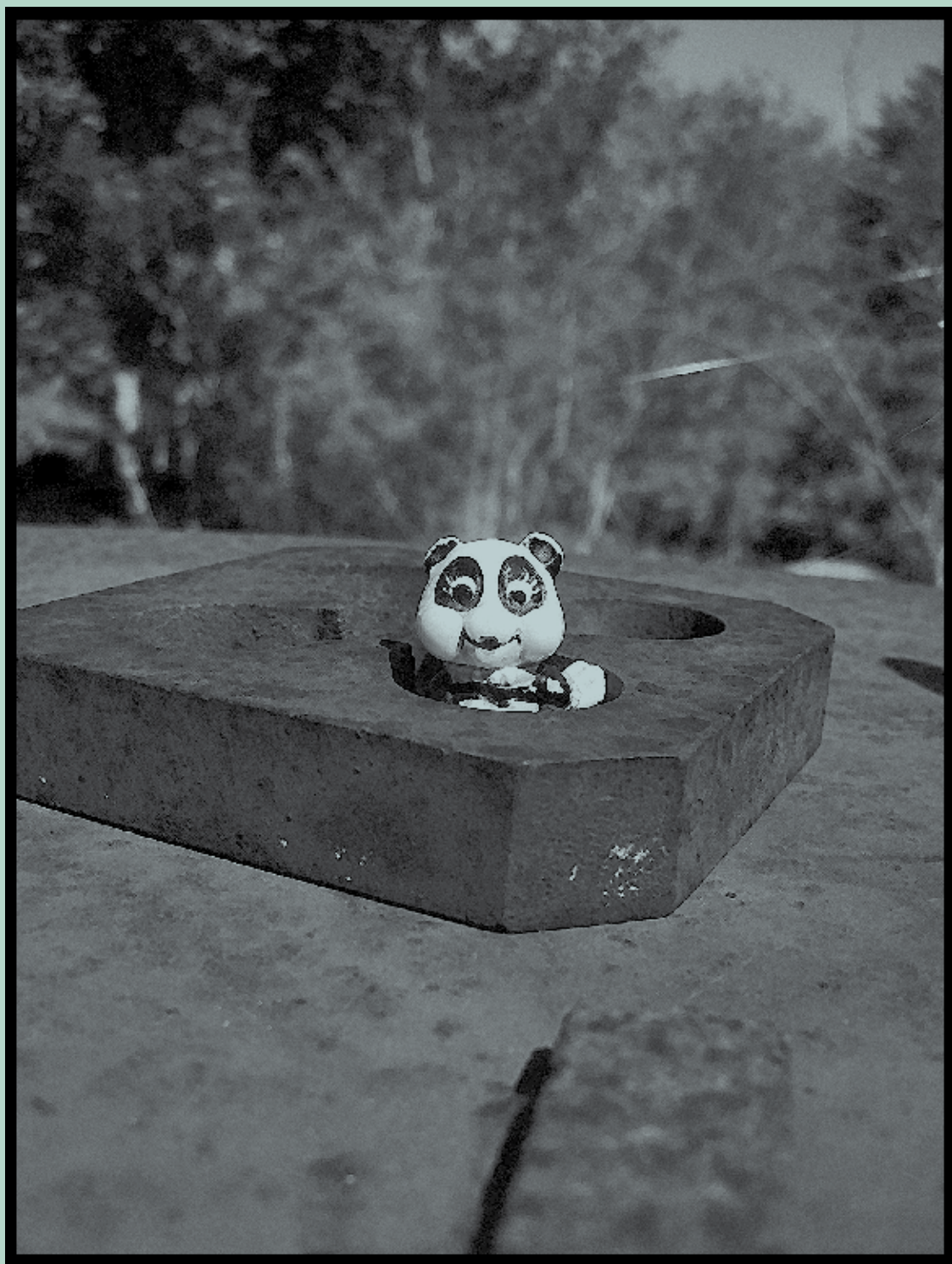
"Ariadne, I think I need to go back now."

"O!" she said. Looked a little unhappy.

"I mean, I like it here & all, but I have some friends waiting 4or me. I don't want to worry them."

She nodded. Smiled. "I like you, Algernon. You are strange but you are dear too."

"Thanks," I said, friendly. "You make a good Princess. Mah friend



Crissy would probably learn tips from you, if she wanted too."

Ariadne nodded politely.

"I will come back though. I promise. I hope we meet in here again & talk more."

Suddenly she gave me a real good hug, & a kiss on mah noggin. I was glad I meeted her.

So I winded mah way back to where I guess the Red Bag ended. Which means the Labyrinth is a somewhere else. O.

Eventually, mah string ball got full & I arrived back at the flapping door. I pushed on through, not knowing if Crissy or Benny would still be there. Well, I guessed Crissy would. Maybe Benny.

They were both there. And they looked surprised.

"How far did you go, Algernon?" Crissy asked between her first hug & her second.

"Pretty far, Crissy," I said as I hugged back.

Benny caught my attention. "You were gone less than a minute. A lot less. We thought you forgot something."

I shook mah head. "I was in there a long time. I met Princess Ariadne & everything."

"Ariadne?" they asked like one.

"Yah, she said her name like that. She lives on an Island. Which is weird. I think they have a Red Bag too. And she has different colored strings to go to different places in the Labyrinth. She was pretty nice. I think we could find her & ask some useful questions." I was rambling on so much that I didn't see how shocked Crissy & Benny both were.

Well, I will just say this in sum. I told them about mah whole trip, every detail I could make up. They listened like breathing.

"I think we need to tell Sheila Bunny & the rest be4ore we go back," I said.

They nodded.



To be continued in Cenacle | 113 | October 2020

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Bag's End News
No. 357 November 3, 2012
Editor: Aigeltinger Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnings
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold People
Written Down By: Lori Bunnings

Three Storee of the "Tangled Goat"

Loyal readers of mahn nuzz-
papr no thaird sumthingz it
kennz: out new inn herdz d
thairn naye a peepe had oon
d oon it seemz.

Sumthingz thiz meen z
amun sikk, d lauzet inn Dreem-
land, orr sun vthr stumpreus d
orr ideer.

Thiz tim I think itz mor
thaird tim hie gotten a lifer heard
oon mee f I am still learning
naye whiz it werkz. I uz d
too think, a klok iz a klok
d thairn, u go lik most fimez
tho thairz vthr naye too go z

Bag's End News
No. 358 November 10, 2012
Editor: Aigeltinger Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnings
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold People
Written Down By: Lori Bunnings

Three Storee of the "Tangled Goat"

So thairn we wer, deer d
loyal readers, Princess Crissy,
Pennee, Bop, Dreamz, by m. pld
pall Aldernon. Seke sitting togeth
amongst thoe pillow of Lofgases
Sektit kuum inn hiez Castle inn
Imagerna. In soop, Crissy
servent d friend had kum
arround go, to wer klos up
weir it soooi hie kith motted.
Crissy, imphilly needed
jak d a poy deth d moggan feeding
was thairz stree ut thair
Tangled Goat wich Lerey copied
dour neen z d naye in mahn nuzz-
papr.

Bag's End News
No. 359 November 17, 2012
Editor: Aigeltinger Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnings
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold People
Written Down By: Lori Bunnings

Three Storee of "Three Tangled Goat"

Thairn allwayz seemz to kum
thair strang d kum part ut
thair storez. Now thair sunshin
d graweebeie part, no sse, deer
readz.

But so heett. Thairn we sath,
nee d Bop, Bop, Dreamz d Bop
who is not d kith, all mahn
may deen friend Princess Crissy d
Sektit kuum, lammup pillow of comfort,
lissening too hie read thair storez
d Thair Tangled Goat d mahn
booke call d thair to
Lorey Bunnings is helping mee too
for d mahn naye d mahn naye.

Bag's End News
No. 360 November 24, 2012
Editor: Aigeltinger Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnings
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold People
Written Down By: Lori Bunnings

Back to the Tangled Goat!

I hav bin telling yu thair
strang d kum part ut
thair storez. Now thair sunshin
d graweebeie part, no sse, deer
readz.

But so heett. Thairn we sath,
nee d Bop, Bop, Dreamz d Bop
who is not d kith, all mahn
may deen friend Princess Crissy d
Sektit kuum, lammup pillow of comfort,
lissening too hie read thair storez
d Thair Tangled Goat d mahn
booke call d thair to
Lorey Bunnings is helping mee too
for d mahn naye d mahn naye.

Thairn it taird out thair
thair Redd Bop, Leekz, too thair
triky, puz d kith d mahn naye
thair Tangled Goat, wich yor pld
pall Aldernon travild for a pitt
ewe neen z d naye in mahn nuzz-
papr.



Bags End Book #16: What Is the Red Bag? Part 2

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

The Story of the "Tangled Gate"

I think that time has gotten a little weird on me lately, & I am still learning new ways it works. I used to think that a clock is a clock, & there you go. Like most things, tho, there's other ways to go, too, if you wish or stumble into them.

Anyway, to continue along in this strange tale. This is how I try to explain it to mahself & you Dear Readers:

#1 - Princess Chrisakah first saw the Red Bag in her dreams of Boop's world found through the hole in the wall in her bedroom. She rited the story of how these people from far away invented it because their planet was doomed, & they sent through as much as they could of their world. A sad story but

Crissy told it good.

#2 - Benny Big Dreams readed this story, & liked it, & made a copy of it 4or Dreamland where he lives. His Red Bag isn't a door, tho, but a room with a bed. You have to sleep & dream to use it. Umm.

#3 - Crissy got one 4or her homeland of Imagianna, but it looks like her old apartment, with her old rite-typer, & now she uses it by typing where-to. Umm again.

#4 - And then there's Bags End's Red Bag, which I don't know how we got one except Miss Chris just said we needed the room.

I know, not much on the unconfusing side 4or all my promise. Maybe I was hoping too.

So I had come back from the Labyrinth I found inside the Bags End Red Bag, & me, Crissy, & Benny decided we had to tell Sheila, & get more big guys involved in general. Maybe some of those Creature Common guys too.

At least I thought we had decided this. Benny started undeciding almost right away. Even be4ore we left the Red Bag.

"Isn't the Labyrinth in one of your storybooks?" he asked Crissy, who is shorter but does not walk that way.

She nodded. I could see this was bothering her.

"You called it 'The Tangled Gate,'" he said, like he is a big fan. She is a good riter I'd say too.

"Hey, that's the storybook you showed me!" I said in mah genuine shortness below them.

Crissy smiled, pleased at me.

Benny nodded. "Let's go look at your story now!" he said & sounded all excited about his bright idear.

Crissy looked at me & I could see fresh worry readying 4or harvest in her face. I took the brave path now.

"Crissy, maybe your story can help us figger some things out."

Crissy smiled, but not really, but she agreed the 3 of us would detour to her Castle in Imagianna to read her story. Benny had a copy in Dreamland too, but I don't think Crissy much liked being on Benny's home field. He's not a bad guy, but trickyness is his usual path through the world, even when he is not trying.

Hardly a dab of Crissy's tricky smile magick & we were back in Imaginana, walking up the golden green hills to her Castle.

I understood Crissy's worry when I saw Boop meet us at the door. You Dear Readers may remember that he looks like a turtle, but isn't one. He saw me & smiled friendly, full of the usual bowings & scrapings, but friendly.

But when he saw Benny, I practically heard him growl. He calls Benny a ruffian, which sorta means trick-after-trick guy.

But we eventually made our planned way to Crissy's Secret Room where there are pillows, not Betsy Bunny Pillow, & a strange purple light, & a lot of storybooks Crissy rited back when. I hope she does again.

So we sat on the pillows, Crissy keeping me close, & there again was the storybook she had readed to me "The Red Bag" story from. On its cover the tree & the puzzle maze I guess called Labyrinth. And then I guessed too the Labyrinth's name is The Tangled Gate, which is also the name of the storybook. Now I getted why it was called that.

"I don't understand tho," I said aloud from all mah silent thinkings.

"What, Algernon?" said them both friendly, but Crissy nudged Benny back a step in asking, or answering maybe.

"I thought a gate was like a door you go through. Easy peasy. It's not?"

Crissy smiled at me. "Well, I thought so too until I learned more. Some gates entangle you from the moment you enter. They are part of the tricky meanderings that follow."

"Like ringleaders?" I asked with mah wild guessings.

She laughed yes & nodded. "That's part of why it's hard to get through. The puzzle is watching you from the start, to see what you do."

I thinked & I nodded. Then I thinked some more, to make sure. Then I was.

"Was your Tangled Gate story from inside Boop's hole in the wall dream place too?"

"She was poking around as she couldn't help it," said the suddenly arrived Boop. Crissy was so delighted that she hugged him despite his Princess rules & all.

Boop nodded, secretly pleased, & said, "She found the box of Threads, & there was no stopping her."

"And I barely made it back," said Crissy, no smiles now.

She looked at me & Benny. "Boop knows what I am going to tell you now. That story was how I didn't get all the way out."

* * * * *

The Story of "The Tangled Gate"! (Continued)

Crissy finally nodded, & took a big breath, & began reading us the story of "The Tangled Gate."

You could say The Tangled Gate is between worlds, or that it connects worlds, or it is "somewhere" in a different sense than usual.

You could say it is both deep & shallow, a sort of simple puzzle game, but not quite. Not quite.

I found it as I usually found everything interesting. By looking, by accident, by luck. By wish.

There was a market I would go to. A little store that seemed to sell a bit of anything you could imagine.

The owner was a crippled bald man, but calling him "weak" or "old" would only show you to be the stupid thing you are.

But you're not, because you are my companion, with me in this story I am telling you.

The owner liked me but could tell I sniffed for what he called "trouble" & what I called "adventure." We left our disagreement friendly until I showed him the box of many colored threads I'd noticed hidden in the back of one of his well-cluttered shelves.

"No."

"What is it?"

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Well, now, definitely yes!"

He growled, unhappy. I didn't know why.

"You're not ready."

"Yes I am! For what?"

Well, he huffed & puffed &, while I waited for him to agree with me, as I knew he would eventually, I read the writing on the box.

"*Find your way.*"

"Christina, no, please."

"Nathaniel, tell me."

Now he gave up & just looked unhappy. I'd won but I didn't feel perfectly good about it. Girls like me made few friends, & usually none like Nathaniel.

I took his hand & smiled at him. I was ready to back off the whole thing to relieve his worrying when he gestured behind him.

"Walk back there. The Red Bag is in the corner."

I started. The Red Bag? But?

"Close your eyes & imagine yourself on the other side. The Threads will guide you down many paths of The Tangled Gate. The White Thread will lead you back here."

I listened, suddenly very serious about this all.

"Promise me."

"What?"

"Promise me."

"I do. What?"

"You won't use the Black Thread."

"Why?"

"Promise on our friendship, Christina."

I had no choice. I promised.

He nodded. Let me hug him, & then nodded me on my way.

I did as he said though I had known of the Red Bag in a different way. But OK. And so there I was. Looking up at The Tangled Gate.

I felt like this was what I had always been looking for. I read its legend at its top, "*For Those Lost*," & wondered.

I stayed & stayed. From that first moment I took my time with all of this like I never had with anything before. Every detail mattered. It was like new love that never aged for me.

Crossing the Gate one comes to the Fountain, tall, stately, very old, with gushing streams of water that more than invite. They insist you take a drink. To pass on, take your fill first.

So I did. I took my drink, & I patted my face & my hair, as though I was on a date with a new beau. When ready, I stood up with my most girlish smile.

Ahh. Which way? Finger on chin, looking left & right, left & right again.

"Well, Crissy," I said aloud to me. "Which way, girl?"

I pulled from my pocket a little green coin purse with several totems within I cherished. One a simple coin. Tossed. OK, then. Left.

I looked at my box of colored Threads. Ahh. Better start with the White Thread & see what comes of it since it led back to Nathaniel.

So began my travels in The Tangled Gate, through its paths with walls way taller than me, made of vines & stones. I can't say if they were all in a long afternoon or many years at it. I can only say that it became my life for a long, long time, & me happily in it. Then came a day troubling, & necessary to account.

Crissy stopped reading & looked at me, & Benny too after but less. She smiled.

"What's the rest, Crissy?"

"I wasn't sure we needed to hear all of it."

"Why not?"

Now she wasn't smiling.

"I don't like the rest."

"You mean you didn't tell the story so good?"

"No, it's not that. I just don't like it."

I didn't know what words to say when Benny talked instead.

"The rest is a warning, Christina. We should hear it fresh."

"Hey!" I said up to Benny's bald-headed face. "Her name is Crissy now. Short 4or Chrisakah!"

Benny said "Sorry" in some kind of sorry-less way.

"He's right," said Boop, who had been listening but hadn't satted down.

There was enough room & pillows but I guessed he wasn't happy with Benny around. "It's hard, Princess, but it's best to tell all that you can."

Crissy nodded but didn't look any happier. I wondered what unhappy thing I was about to hear read to me since it seemed like they all knowed already.

I thinked a moment. "O, I bet you used the Black Thread, huh? What that Nathaniel guy made you promise not to."

Crissy nodded. "I didn't mean to. But yes."

Well, I guess I had to hear to know what these guys all unhappy knowed.

I nodded to Crissy & she began to read some more.

* * * * *

The Story of "The Tangled Gate"! (Concluded?)

Crissy started reading again.

Many Threads, many paths, many adventures. Until the day or hour came that I had used every Thread but didn't want to work my way back with them. No, I wanted to keep going that day or hour. I had one Thread left in my box of them. The Black Thread my friend Nathaniel made me promise not to use.

I held it in my hand for a long time. The sky was a sort of undecided blue or grey & I had run out of Threads nowhere special. I figured my best bet was just go as long as it lasted, & then work my way back to the Gate. I would braid its end to the other Threads like I had braided them to each other as I had gone along, until only the black was left. It didn't seem like a particularly dangerous thing to do.

So I was careful & stupid both. That's the worst mix, when you try to trick yourself over your own wise.

Even worse, I had hardly gone any distance when I sniffed, & it was all wrong. I don't know what made me keep going. Well, I guessed, the Thread would run out & I would just wind my way back. No real problem.

But it didn't, not even close. It unraveled, but the ball did not get any smaller.

I still didn't feel myself in any danger as I went. I kept going.

Then a twist & a turn & I came to a grove of trees & a strange clearing in them. It felt spooky but not spooky too. Like if I knew more I would have no reason to be spooked.

I passed through. The path resumed after a short while, but I was still wondering about those trees. What didn't I know?

I kept going, not even sure what I was hoping for. I began to feel a certain free way I had never felt. If The Tangled Gate wanted to keep me, then that was OK! I knew, I hoped, that Nathaniel would understand.

The Black Thread finally began to run out, as it should have already. Not feeling much of anything, but maybe relieved. I loved it here.

The Black Thread gave out as I came to the entrance to a very dark Cave. I could not see anything inside. Just blackness, like light could not get in from the highest noon.

I nodded, to me, to it, & began to walk in. Just let go of the last bit of the Black Thread, & walked slowly but surely into that Cave.

There was a sound, like a gnattering laugh.

Crissy stopped reading & closed her storybook.

"Um," said me.

Benny nodded.

Boop said nothing.

Crissy smiled strangely at me. "I didn't think it would help us so much."

"Where is the rest?" I demanded, a little & a lot spooked.

"That's it."

"What happened in the Cave?"
 She shook her head.
 "Crissy, that's not words."
 She was silent.
 Now Boop talked. "That story is why Crissy doesn't rite books anymore."
 "It's not done!" I said.
 "It could be," said Crissy, but unsure.
 "No," I said. "It's not done."
 "You don't remember?" asked Benny Big Dreams nicely, & quietly 4or him.

She shook her head.
 "But you came out & back," said me, trying to de-bone mah harshness.
 She nodded.
 "We have to finish it," I said suddenly, words be4ore brainbone.
 "Finish?" asked Benny.
 I nodded, trying to catch up with me that way.
 Crissy did not look mad but more wondering.
 "How?"
 "We have to go to the Cave & find out what happened in there. What you saw or found."
 There was no talk 4or a moment. Then the voice I did not expect.
 "You're right, Algernon," said Boop.
 Then he talked more. "That Cave stopped her riting & I think that was too bad. And we don't know why."
 "Did you tell Nathaniel?" asked Benny.
 "I never saw him again," said Crissy sadly.
 "How did you leave that day? Back through the Red Bag & into his store?" I asked.
 "I don't know. I found myself back home in bed, Boop near me. He was sleeping."
 "She didn't tell me what had happened. I didn't know till she read me that story," said Boop. "She couldn't remember, & I did not know what more to say. She was with me, safe. Then other things happened."
 "It was the Red Bag that made all this come back. Reading that first story," said me. Crissy nodded.
 "And now this undone story in this book," I said some more. I was starting to feel a little too in charge, & it didn't fit mah middle but not big guy's bones very well.
 Benny stood up. Looked at Boop. "You can trust her with us, Sir." Wow. Sir. And he meant it.
 Boop looked him up & down until he was scraped real small. "I won't have to."
 I was gonna say some words when he talked on. "I am coming this time."
 We were all shocked. Boop smiled, a very nice one too. "I haven't left here in a long time. And I want to know how this story ends."
 Then he was the one to give Crissy a big hug this time.

* * * * *

Back to The Tangled Gate!

So we now decided that we had to go to The Tangled Gate to the Cave where Crissy had 4orgotten the rest of the story to finish it. It was mah idear, but everyone agreed to it, to mah true amaze.

"But we know the Red Bag is tricky about its ways," I said, as we were still talking in Crissy's Castle's Secret Room. They all nodded. I was on a roll. Figgered the wall was near.

"I think 4or all of us to go into The Tangled Gate this time, we have to go through our native Red Bags first," I finished. I thinked they all agreed to that too. I wish I was convincing sometimes 4or fun & frolic 4or all, not just for like strange travels in word puzzle lands. Ahh well.

"So Benny has to go through the Red Bag in Dreamland, & thens to the Gate. And I gotta go to Bags End."

"No, Algernon," said Crissy, but smiling. Still.

"What then?"

"We need to go the way I went, through my friend Nathaniel's store."

"O. Um?"

"I want all of us to start there together. I also want to see him & say I'm sorry 4or not listening to him or seeing him again." Crissy's look was a little sad but niced up a bit by her good idear.

We all nodded. This was the right way to do this.

"But how, Crissy? Where is Nathaniel's store?"

Crissy smiled almost her whole tricky Crissy smile of yore. "This way. Follow me."

Then Boop explained in the void.

"After Crissy sent you, Algernon, to live with your Mommy Beagle, we had some tough times."

I nodded. "Us Bags End guys have a friend named Emmi who most times doesn't have a home."

Crissy was deciding if to talk, & I nodded smiling at her.

"We spent a lot of time in Dreamland. Benny let us stay more tham most." She smiled a kind smile at Benny, who nodded, but not like it was some big thing.

"Crissy spent more time than I did," said Boop. "I worked on keeping us safe."

"Did you meet Nathaniel in Dreamland?" I asked.

She shook her head. "He doesn't live there. He is on the border, I guess."

"Then one of Crissy's stories got published, & it was very popular," said Boop.

"It was Boop who sent it in. I just liked to rite them & read them to him," Crissy blushed. Then she talked more. "I was in Nathaniel's store to find the magazine my story was in. He told me he had readed it, & liked it very much."

"She told him all about the Red Bag, & her dreams, & me, & everything. Even about Benny," Boop said.

Crissy nodded. "He said to me, 'there's even more to know, I'm sure.' My story was so popular that more of them got published, & they even made a book of them."

"I am glad," I smiled through mah fur.

"Would you like to rite a book, Algernon?" Crissy asked me.

"You mean like that dum autobiography Betsy Bunny Pillow tries to make me rite of her? No thanks, pal," I grumped in conclusion.

"No, about Bags End & everything."

"O," I hmed. "Well, I am a beagleboy journalist, not a author like you." I guess tho that these Bags End Books kind of count.

Crissy nodded. "The books were very popular. Let's get going while I tell." So we did. "And we were living in a apartment again. And I was typing my storys a lot."

Enga End News
No. 361 December 1, 2012
Editor: Magnus Beagle
King: Sheila Bunn
Lead/Lead Creature: Michael Poble
Written Down By: For Bunn

Three the Tinkled Owl
Deep - Inn

[illegible]

But nobody wants about
three kinds of days, or probably
wants too red too much spent
there. See you. But about

B
 Back End News
 C No. 263 December 15, 1913
 Editor: Algerian Beagle
 King: Graila Bunnys
 Lead Lead: Creative: ~~Graila~~ Marshall
 Written Down By: Lori Bunnys

Remembering Natt together!

I have bin telling you these
long since of the Red Legs
these Tangled Gait & I
think I have decided it is you
it may be that it is not
about your big thing only.
It goes too free, I say.
Barnard or a battle all the
about the farm.

No deer needs this is a store about win thing 4 another 4 summing about win thing than another.

Barb. Hood lipp in Barbend. L.
Barbend. L. Tingoimahn. L.
color. Oases. Tulebar. in front

Boys' End News
No. 362 December 18, 1917.
Editor: Algerson Ruggle
King: Louis Lummig
Lead Leaf: Thresholt Ruggle
Written Down By: Louis Lummig

Three the Tangled Cat
to the Cars

lots of choices in all this,
I supoz. I mean Chrissy chose
two kum baks, two the tangelled
got after a laytin. Me & Gary &
Deanne big dreams chose two kum
with the. Has helio had remeber
be finish his story. in mabe
infnewwwz.

Both are near too tree next
mountain. This large stone
at the base of a tree. They
were too the ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~stone~~ ^{stone}. I see
with him the ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~stone~~ ^{stone}. But
have nothing to do with
the ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~stone~~ ^{stone} and ~~stone~~ ^{stone}.

Page End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE
 No. 364-365 December 22-29, 2012
 Editor: Alison Pease
 Prop: Julia Bunn
 Lead-lead Creature Threshold Puzzle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunn

Princess Cruisec Finishages.
Here, Storee (Grand Finale!)

Ah, good friend Lery tree
 Spyder whoo lvs spri that m's
 Creeper, Camon, glas weer I
 think Bopper lvs party to
 wavy's sed too mee with his jugs
 winter - they moraz in follow
 for roof.

Boop & three Tanglebeaded Gats makes
me think of Moz words becauz
its all kind of about man
and friend Princess Orizaba of
"Amazons" root.

new sum peaks mt group
free this side of the world.

"I don't get it. Why is that bad?"

"The letters," said Boop. "People thought she was full of magick."

"She is!" I said. Crissy was leading us up level after level of her Castle. It's like Bags End, but with more of a tricky Crissy smile flare.

"Peoplefolks thought I could solve their woes, & I couldn't." Crissy looked sad again. "When I found The Tangled Gate, it felt like a way to escape."

"But it wasn't," said Boop. "Crissy rited that last book & The Tangled Gate story, & then she stopped riting."

I nodded. "Is that when you moved to Imagianna?"

"Not long," Crissy said. She stopped at a regular-looking door, & said one more thing. "I have saved this door just in case the right time came." She smiled full Crissy smile at all of us, & pushed the door open.

Boop followed next inside, then me, then Benny bigger & protecting our rear. Tricky guy but on Crissy's side, so OK by me.

We were now in a store crowded of things. We looked around a little bit, & Crissy steered me from what I betted were food stuffs. O! Yuk!

It was a strange place with shadowy corners, with things piled high to the ceiling, like in Crissy's story. We were moving toward the back of the store when I heard Crissy's voice talking to someone, not me.

"All OK, Nathaniel. I promise."

"Nobody knew where you were in there, maybe lost, maybe on purpose."

Then quiet, & I hoped it was old friends hugging.

* * * * *

Through The Tangled Gate & Deeper In

Sometimes, Dear Readers, it is hard to figger up all the strange ways & mysteries of the world. Which is probably to really say all the time, but you don't gotta think about it all the time. You can enjoy the sun & the moon & the air & maybe a friend or 2 sometimes. Just enjoy days & hours in some small way.

But nobody worries about these kinds of days, or probably wants to read too much about them. The ones I rite about in mah newspaper & in Bags End Books are the other kind, the big days, full of questions about mysteries & strange ways. And so this story I am telling you about.

Crissy's idear of our route back to The Tangled Gate was just like in her "Tangled Gate" story, which was through her friend Nathaniel's store. Now we got to meet him 4or ourselves when Crissy introduced us.

He was sorta a big muscled fella like Benny, but he sat in a chair with wheels. Guys do that when their legs don't work.

Crissy smiled & said, "This is Boop. This is Benny. And this is my friend Algernon. He is a riter like me."

Nathaniel was bald like Benny too, & a serious-looking guy, but he smiled most nicely at me. Pointed to his shelves of magazines. There I saw Bags End News #360 among the rest. Mah newest issue! I was too humbled to know what to say.

"I make sure it gets to the most appreciative readers," he said, & calmed mah wonderings. I could see why Crissy likes him.

Then she explained to Nathaniel that she wanted to finish her "Tangled Gate" story, & rite new ones.

Nathaniel nodded. "So back to that Cave in the story?"

Crissy nodded back.

"Why don't you remember what happened in there?"

She shrugged. "I don't know," she said honestly.

"Do you want to?"

She nodded.

Nathaniel looked her close up & down, & then opened up his hand.

He had a Black Thread in his hand, a big ball of it.

Then he rolled his chair away from the door behind him.

We walked one by one through the door, Crissy hugging Nathaniel & going in first.

It looked like a room a store would need, full of boxes & supplies. But in a far corner was something not like any of that.

The Red Bag. Another one. Sort of. Hmmm.

"Just like your story, Crissy."

She nodded at me.

Nathaniel had rolled into the room with us. He looked like he had more that he wanted to say.

"I think you're ready to remember, Christina," he said, almost smiling.

"Thank you," she said softly.

He nodded & rolled back into the front of store.

Finally, I asked the question in mah mind.

"Crissy, you know how persnickety the Red Bag is, about who goes in where. None of us are native to this Red Bag, I don't think?"

Benny talked now. "Crissy got into The Tangled Gate this way be4ore."

"So you think we can?" I asked her.

"I think the Princess intends to go even alone," said Boop in a very quiet voice.

Crissy nodded to this.

Now was mah turn to talk, & mad too. "Crissy, we are coming with you if we gotta go back to our own Red Bags & find you that way!"

She looked at me, & then Benny, & then Boop, but we were all one yes.

"I don't know what's in that Cave."

We were still ready.

She took a deep breath & said, "OK."

Then she said, "Close your eyes, & imagine yourself on the other side of the Red Bag. Open your eyes, & I hope we will all be in The Tangled Gate."

So we all did. And, Deer Readers, there we were!

Now I had been in The Tangled Gate be4ore, tho never with mah own friends & Benny. I had meeted a Princess there, be4ore mah Thread ran low & I came back.

But this seemed more 4ormal, less like an accident. We were there on a mission, & it was like we had been summoned. The Red Bag had come around because it was time 4or Crissy to return to the Cave & finish her story.

What I saw first this time was a very tall & fancy old Fountain. It was like a mountain to behold it. Yes, this was the right way to enter The Tangled Gate.

Then Crissy said to us, "The Gate wants you all to have a drink be4ore we go any further. The Fountain's waters will help to focus our minds to being here & finding what we want."

I started to say, "O! Yuk!" but didn't. I mean, water is not a food, & I guess a focusing friendly offer of water did not invade mah preferences & unpreferences.

So I dranked from the Fountain's water & Crissy & Benny & Boop did too. And I guess it was true about focusing because I wasn't so trembly after awhile. Mah idears plained & simplified out.

I guessed we were all ready now after drinking. Thank ye, Fountain & Gate.

* * * * *

Through The Tangled Gate to the Cave!

Now it seemed that we had to next decide whether to go left or right past the Fountain, since it looked like there was a path on either side of it. We all looked at Crissy, but she was still looking at the Fountain.

"What is it, Crissy? That water's not so bad," said me friendly.

She looked at me, smiling strangely. "No, I always liked them or I wouldn't have let all of you."

"What is it, Princess?" asked Boop.

"This Gate. It's always existed, I think. The Red Bag was our way in. But it's always been too, I guess."

Crissy doesn't usually talk crazy & unsure, but then I wasn't sure what crazy talk really was in this place we were in. I decided to get her to pay attention to one thing.

"Crissy, we gotta figger out whether to go left or right now."

She looked down at me like I was a stranger or crazy or had added up our choices backwards or something.

"What is it, Christina?" Benny asked, using her old name.

"It's neither."

"Neither?"

"When I came here, I would always choose, & then I would come back here when my Threads ran low.

"Then that last time I let go of the Threads & entered that Cave."

We nodded, all 3 of us, to show that we remembered, & her sudden talkings weren't too crazy.

"It's not right or left. It's through!" she cried, & then Crissy climbed into the Fountain & kept going in!

We all splashed in & followed her, not knowing what or where. Strangely, tho, Crissy kept going & going, & we kept on following, wet & all but following. Crissy finally stopped & waited 4or us. We looked around. It was pretty dark.

"O goodness!" said Boop, like he now knowed something.

Crissy smiled wetly at him, but like a victory of some kind too.

"Is this really?" Benny asked, & now he knowed something special & good too. I was feeling mighty left out of their awe.

I looked around again & thinked hard. We were in a tunnel. O! "Are we in the caves & tunnels under The Tangled Gate? Like where Boop is from? Where you met him in dreams, Crissy?"

She nodded, smiling.

"So the part you 4orgot was about coming back here?"

"I don't know yet."

"They invited you to stay here, back then, didn't they?" asked Benny quietly.

Crissy nodded. "I remember that much now. I didn't stay, but I had to make sure nobody would get in here either. So I made myself 4orget."

"And that's why the stories stopped? You were protecting all this?"

She nodded.

"I still don't understand, Crissy," I confessed.

"She was making sure that nobody else would find out how to get here

though the Fountain," said Benny.

She nodded again.

"Until now," Boop said.

Crissy nodded again.

"And the other entrance?" asked Benny curiously.

"One & many," guessed Boop.

Crissy nodded.

I looked at him. "Aren't these caves where your people are from? Don't you know?"

Boop looked at me strange & almost unhappy.

"Sorry, guy," said me. I didn't like to make him feel bad.

"No, it's OK. It's just we didn't understand about all this. We didn't know much of the rest of the world, or the Gate above us. The Gate had not had any visitors 4or a long time," Boop said, looking better now 4or telling.

"Did you worry that others would come to the Gate?"

Crissy nodded.

I tried to remember what we were trying to do to help Crissy. O yah, help her finish her story.

"How do we finish your story, Crissy? I mean, help you to?" I asked.

Crissy got a tough brave look on her nice girl's face. "I think I know how."

"What?" we all asked, hoping to help.

"It was what happened to our friend Ramie the Toy Tall Boy with the Red Bag. I was trying to protect something I loved, like he did with Bags End, but I ended up blocking it off from even myself." Dear Readers, you may remember me telling all about that story in Bags End Book #15: It Was a Dream of Rain.

Crissy said, "So I could not rite about it, or visit it, or even remember it! But now I remember, & I am not a confused girl about things anymore. With no powers to help really."

"How did you get your magick in you, Crissy?" I asked.

Benny snapped his fingers. "It's what happened in the Cave!"

That seemed to make sense to all of us.

"So you went in Christina & came out Crissy?" I guessed, knowing I was here among friends & none would mock if I got it wrong.

Crissy nodded, smiling at me.

"And Crissy-you has protecting magick that Christina-you did not," I guessed more. Another nod & smile. Whew.

We had been standing in the same place talking a long time, & you would not have knowed that there was a whole world down here in these caves & tunnels.

That is, until after my last guess, when we all heard a little sound. Crissy motioned us to hold still & listen real good.

"Like a cackling," I whispered, & I wondered at mah shiver of remember. Mah amateur sniff said so too.

"Or a gnattering," whispered Benny, & I think he shivered too.

Crissy & Boop looked at each other, & smiled a little like remembering with some happy in it.

We all began to quietly follow the gnattering cackle where it would lead us, deeper into these caves & tunnels that were below & yet still deep inside this strange Tangled Gate.

* * * * *

Remembering Not to 4orget!

The tunnels we followed were not as strangely lighted up as the hallways in Bags End, but not totally dark either. Crissy went along first, then Boop who keeps her close, then me on short but hurrying paws, then Benny Big Dreams who protected our back end.

We followed what sounded like "Klik!-Klik!-Noise!-Noise!" sometimes, & other times like crazy cackling laughs.

"Do you know who it is?" I asked toward Crissy as we hurried.

"She is an Imp," said Crissy. "She or they?"

"You don't know how many?" I asked.

"One, none, many, Algernon," said Boop, looking back at me.

O. Like the Red Bag. Only speeding & cackling along.

"She likes strange games," said Crissy some more. "But I think this time she is leading us where we need to go."

And suddenly I thinkd we were there. The tunnel led to a big cave. It was so big & hi I could hardly see its top!

Finally I see'd what this Imp looked like & boy! was I shocked! She looked like that tiny little pandy bear Rosaleta I knowed from the Creature Common! But was it her or some other one of her? I felt the need of a much smarter brainbone.

The other thing I first noticed in this tall tall cave was that in the center growed the tallest tree I had ever see'd. I remembered being on one a long time ago, like a Season of Lights ornament almost, but I couldn't tell which was bigger. No winner with trees. Or everybody does.

"Crissy!" I suddenly said out loud, full of mah own awe now. "That looks like the tree on the cover of your storybook!"

Crissy smiled all happy. "It is, Algernon."

Then I noticed all around us had quietly come many many kinds of guys & fellas looking at us, & especially at Crissy. One amateur sniff of mine told me they were all OK & safe. Twice that & more.

I could not tell if it was out loud or in mah brainbone that I heard them say, "Welcome back, Princess."

Hmm. "Crissy, you weren't a Princess be4ore moving to Imagianna, were you?" I asked.

Crissy looked at me, surprised too, & started to shake her head. "I don't think so."

I heard the voice or voices again in mah brainbone. "She 4orgets more than she knows."

Hmm again. I could not tell who all these hordes of Crissy Princess callers were, but I sorta stepped up to speak.

"Hello, cavely hordes. Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy of Bags End News, about mah homeland called Bags End."

"We know of you. You are one of the Princess's dear ones this time. You are welcomed."

"Thank you, but I am talking about Crissy firstly. We have come a long way to help her remember some things."

"That's what her friends do every time. It's how we can tell who is who," said the voice or voices.

I looked at Crissy who was looking around like hmm too.

"She has been coming here 4or a long time. Many times."

"Christina?" said Benny quietly. He was spooked quiet.

"I think it's a long story," she said, to Benny, or maybe to everybody.

"Talk English, ya hordesy guys!" I said, suddenly mad.

Crissy smiled at me, & it was a good smile I trusted. So I calmed down a bit.

"Your friend is more than the Guardian of Bags End. She protects many worlds."

I could see this as possible. "But why all the amnesia?" I asked her. "You're a good Guardian!"

Crissy smiled but shook her head. "Some things you have to sacrifice for."

"I don't understand, Crissy."

"Forgetting keeps everyone safe."

"But you remembered now!"

"She always does, & then she arrives here again," said the hordes.

"All she wants to do is rite her stories good!" I cried. I had had enough. I didn't understand what was going on, no matter the good sniffs all around us.

There was a swooping silence. "Is this what you want this time, Princess?"

Crissy looked at me & nodded.

"Will you rite with all your stars out, always?"

She nodded again, smiling now.

And suddenly, Dear Readers, we were not in those caves & tunnels no more.

* * * * *

Princess Crissy Finishes Her Story!
(Grand Finally!)

We were in a room like an apartment. I knowed because I live in one with the Bunny Family in Bags End. But it was smaller. There was a bed & a table with a rite-typer on it!

And Crissy wasn't in her Princess dress, just bloo jeanz & a black R.E.M. t-shirt. Boop looked more almost like a boy people-folks, if you didn't look close & see it was him. Benny Big Dreams looked less fuzzy & lighted up & more like a grownup people-folks man.

The window in the room was very tall with white curtains covered in pictures. Funny little animals & strange beings. There was the sound of cars on the street outside. Like a city?

O, & I checked, & I was still a beagle. So that was good.

We looked at each other. Well, safe it seemed anyway.

Crissy came over to me to double & triple check me. Then she checked Boop also carefully. She even gave Benny a once-over look.

"We're all OK, Crissy, but where is this?"

She looked around vaguely. "We're through my Red Bag to what looks like my old apartment."

Boop nodded. "Exactly like."

"Why here?" I asked.

Benny talked. "So Christina can finish her story finally."

"It's Crissy, pal," I grumbled.

"It's both, Algernon," said Crissy, who was now sitting next to me against the wall opposite the tall window.

I nodded OK. "Can I still use Crissy or do I gotta switch turns?"

Crissy laughed more a real laugh than in awhile.

Now we were all sitting against the wall.

"Crissy, do you remember more of your story now?" I asked.

She nodded. "There are still parts that don't fit."

"Tell us what you can," said Benny nicely. I have learned that his nice side is real & not like a trick like the rest.

"I think I come from very far away."

"Like in your Red Bag story?" I asked.

She nodded.

"But you said you never met any of them."

"I did but they went away. I 4orgot that I knew them. They became like a story I had heard."

"Why did they go away?"

Now Boop talked quietly. "They left Christina with us to care 4or as we could. They wanted to find a way out."

Crissy looked at Boop & he nodded. "We didn't see them again. What's strange is that you did find a way. You would explore the caves & tunnels, & then come back & make drawings & maps of what you found & saw."

Crissy thinned hard. "Then I found the Fountain."

Boop nodded. "We were just happy living there. You were restless, tho, long after you 4orgot the rest of those you came with from Emandia."

"I like that name," I said suddenly, but then felt dum. Crissy smiled happy tho. So OK then.

"Maybe nobody else could have found us anyway. But by then you were traveling The Tangled Gate a lot," said Boop.

"Did you come with me?" Crissy asked him.

He shook his head. "We knew you were on a long path & would leave one day." Sad, a little, in remembering.

"Do you remember your Tangled Gate roaming days, Crissy?" I asked.

She thinned hard like it was all murky nights in her noggin's memory.

"I had a friend. She was a pink & bloo Piglet, with a very mischievous smile. Her name was, um. Um. Um! Bellla! That's it. She was funny."

We all nodded to be encouraging. The light in the window was getting low toward nighttime.

"I think after awhile I 4orgot I lived in the caves, & thought I just had visited them. I even 4orgot that the Fountain was how I got to them. But I found a Cave that worked too. Someone lived in it who showed me the way." Crissy breathed hard, like remembering was running a hard race in her mind.

"Then one day I walked out of The Tangled Gate & there was an Island to see."

I tried mah hard question. "So you 4orgotted things & then lived other ways?"

She nodded. "There's a lot I don't remember after that. But then I dreamed about Boop living behind the hole in my bedroom wall in my dreams, it all seemed like something else."

She smiled at all of us. Now it was fully nighttime & Crissy found some candles. They made a nice dancing around light.

"So now you can finish your story," I said.

Crissy smiled tricky as best days. "Or even better. Rite new ones!"

She stood up & gaved us all good hugs. I guessed she wanted to rite right away.

So we all except Crissy closed our eyes & imagined ourselves on the other side of the Red Bag, but each returning to his native homeland. My guess is that Boop was back in the Castle in Imagianna, & Benny was back in Dreamland. I found mahself back in the hallway of the Red Bag of Bags End. The new part, but still.

I saw the door to The Tangled Gate down one end of the hallway, & the Red Door back to regular Bags End down the other end.

Hm. I decided to save The Tangled Gate 4or a travel with mah friends. Even Benny Big Dreams too.

I was tired. So I went through the Red Door & there I was. Ah, home.

I made mah short-legged way to the Bunny Family's apartment. Nobody was around so I just walked through the rooms to mine & mah brother Alexander Puppy's bedroom, & through the window to Milne's Porch. Mah comfy armchair. Ahh, twice over.

Strangely, the days passed 4or awhile more usual. I went to Mister Owl's Bags End School. He was glad to have me back. I didn't know if anyone noticed I had been gone awhile. Fine by me.

Then one day, I was dozing on mah matt in the corner of Sheila Bunny's Throne Room. She was sitting in her Throne, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & listening to some jazz like she does.

"Which jazz guys are those, Sheila?" I asked friendly.

I saw she was reading a letter too, but she managed to grumpy say, "E.S.T., of course!" Hm. OK. Maybe one letter 4or each jazz guy?

"What is your letter?" I asked, hoping 4or the best.

"It's from Crissy. About all of your adventures." She sounded jealous, but I had not been in charge of which big guys would be along.

"Her new story is a Grand Production," Sheila said some more.

"Um?"

"On stage," she grumbled, like I should know already & not ask.

"O. When do we get to see it?"

"Saturday night. Now go tell everyone!" she ordered.

Ahh, yes, me the message-telling guy again. But this time it was 4or Crissy & her new work so I told with a gladness in mah heartbone. Curiosity too.

Well, it did come to be Saturday night, & everyone in Bags End hurried down to the Bags End Auditorium that we all got invited to.

Nobody knowed what to expect from the show. I figgered since it was Crissy it would be good & maybe a bit tricky-smile-style.

The lights went down & all of us guys got quiet. The stage was still dark tho, but we hushed & waited.

Then a light on the stage showed Sheila Bunny in her Throne Room, reading a letter, crunching a carrot (O! Yuk!), & listening to those E.S.T. jazz guys. Talk about your tricky music!

Everyone clapped real loud & then got quiet again. I kept hushed about how I had seen all this in the real Throne Room already. I figgered Sheila would like mah clappings & mah hushedness.

Sheila read out loud from her letter. "Dear Sheila, I have been remembering many of my olden days lately, & it is a nice feeling. I remember one particular friend from long ago, during my days traveling & exploring The Tangled Gate.

"Her name was Bellla & we were very good friends." Sheila stopped reading & the scene on the stage changed completely.

The stage was now all around us, & we were inside it, & it was The Tangled Gate! I wondered if those Creature Common Treasures were helping out with this show. They are these two little red stripey balls but real talented at this kind of thing.

It felt like we were in some kind of Wagon, all of us watching guys & fellas, & rolling along, sometimes faster, sometimes slower. We were following Princess Crissy as she walked friendly with this bloo & pink Piglet with a

tricky smile. I wondered if Crissy got hers this way.

"How are you today, Bellla?" Crissy asked. She looked like a younger Crissy somehow, but still with her own long brown hair & bloo eyes.

Then she said, "Whichever Bellla are you?" & they both tricky smiled & started to sing & dance.

"Whichever Bellla
Whichever Bellla
Which one are you, fella?

"Are you Mighty Jo Thug--
with a punch-punch kick-kick?
Are you Old Cookie--
building houses with bricks?
Are you Professor Puddlewink--
with a book in each paw?
Are you La Critique--
looking 4or the finest oo-la-la?"

Crissy & Bellla danced around the stage-turned-to-Tangled Gate, & sang their song again, & everyone just had to clap & cheer from our Wagon's-eye-view.

When the song ended, Bellla talked. "I have come today in search of a mysterious per4ormer, a rare legend known only by a few. Her name is . . . La Petite Thumb!"

"La Petite Thumb?" Crissy said with amazement.

Bellla got a strange gleam in her eyes & said, "Oui, oui, mademoiselle, c'ai vrai!"

Lucky 4or me I had Ally Leopard nearby me, who explained in a whisper to me that she said, "Yes, yes, miss, it's true!"

Well, we audience continued to follow in our Wagon behind Princess Crissy & Whichever Bellla, until a twist & a turn in our path, & there was this powerful looking pink Froggy who Bellla seemed to know.

"My old sparring partner, Mighty Jo Thug!" said the Froggy.

"Turq!" said, um, Mighty Jo Thug, & they started punch-punch kick-kicking each other, just like the song Crissy & Bellla had sung. Crissy smartly stayed out of the fray.

Well, after they were done, Mighty Jo Thug, or maybe Bellla again, explained their task. Turq had not seen La Petite Thumb, but wished them well on their search. Then he remembered something & said, "There's a Hummingbird who knows a lot if you can find him."

So they continued along & we followed them. The Gate was very tall, its walls made of vines & stones. They hurried faster & faster.

Till they suddenly came upon a white Polar Bear wearing a warm red scarf & building a igloo, which is a house 4or cold times when all you got is ice 4or building with.

The Polar Bear greeted them & explained his problem. "I built this igloo too tall 4or me to climb & pop into place the last ice brick! Can't live in a house with a hole in the top!"

Bellla got a new strange look in her eyes & said all serious, "No, you can't. Against safety regulations. Would not do at all."

"What should we do, Old Cookie?" asked Crissy, who I guess had figgered which Bellla this time.

Old Cookie said they needed a pole & a hook & a line, like they were

fishing. The Polar Bear didn't see how this could help but he dug out his fishing gear.

Then the plan became clear. They hooked Old Cookie onto the line with the ice brick in her paws, & lowered her on top of the igloo. Old Cookie popped the ice brick into place & tamped it down good with her blue & pink paws. The house was finished!

The Polar Bear was very happy & wanted to return their kindness. They told him of their search for La Petite Thumb.

"Look for where the swiftest go," he said. Then he bid them good day & went into his new igloo home.

Hm. Crissy & Bellla would have to go fast to find this rare performer. But how?

"Only someone very learned in speed would know," said Crissy with a sigh.

Another twinkle, & now Bellla was the very smart & learned Professor Puddlewink. "We must find the swift, get near, & hold on to their speed as they travel!"

Crissy nodded though I thought this was strange. We followed them along until they saw the Hummingbird Turq had talked about. Waking up from a nap in a flower. I guessed the Hummingbird was going to see La Petite Thumb put on her show? I think Crissy & Bellla thought so too, because when the Hummingbird began to fly off, they hurried to follow & held on to his speed!

We in the audience Wagon followed along very fast too, & I could see other fast guys now. That White Bunny who is a friend of Sheila's, & the little tricky Pandy Bear & her crazy laughings. She seems to be everywhere the action is. I think there was even a tinier than her speedy someone, maybe not hardly bigger than a thought.

Well, we were going so fast now I could not even tell where we were until we arrived.

It was in a place where a show was going on. We all followed until now we all were in seats, us audience, Crissy & Whichever Bellla, & all those fast-going guys & fellas.

Out marched into the lighted up ring below some old familiar friends. It was those Royal Thumbs in their crowns & capes & all. Everyone cheered very loudly for them.

They paused, then somehow cried out, "Greetings! Felicitations! And Salutations! Presenting . . . a Royal Thumbs Production of . . . La Petite Thumb!" & they stood tall & proud, & we cheered & cheered.

A handsome white Bear named Master X, in a black hat & red scarf came out next, & we knewed him too & cheered some more.

"Welcome, my friends, one & all! On . . . with . . . the . . . show!" he cried.

And the lights went out for a moment & we all gasped.

Then the lights went on & high up on a platform a tiny little Thumb stood. All were quiet as the Bear explained. "At the count of 3, La Petite Thumb will tangle deep in ropes high up there, & then, with unknown skill, unloose & appear right next to me, free!"

We could see La Petite Thumb tangling in many, many ropes until she was hardly to be seen.

The handsome Master X cried out, "1! 2! 3!" & the lights went out again. There was a moment of silence, & the lights came back on, & there she was! Next to the Bear! Free! Wow!

Well, that was quite a performance, & we were all glad to have seen it.

Now we were back in our seats, & there was just Sheila Bunny on the stage. Reading more from her letter from Crissy.

"I sure hope you like my story on Saturday night. I hope it is one of many that I rite. Since I can now remember. Love, Crissy."

The whole audience stood up & cheered, & all the great per4ormers took their bows.

Not Crissy tho. If I know mah dear friend, now more than be4ore, she is in that strange room in the Red Bag in Imagianna, typing away with all her stars out.

She is a girl after mah own heartbone.

THEE END.



* * * * *



Bags End News
 No. 366, September 21, 2013
 Editor: Algeahon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Leni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Mith of the Litel Culvred Books!

Az mah deer needna no
 Princess Crissy kahnd Imapeana,
 or Crisy in much friendlier tong,
 iz wurst mah deerest friend.
 Bumber pers up therr with Sheila
 Bunnig & Lon & Aly, peld & even
 mith sily vampire bruthr Aleksandra
 if I harr too'sake.
 An I think mah frekwent
 travls too visit Crisy at her
 palas inn Imapeana as we told.
 But wat was strap about
 this mader was up I went too
 vize Crissy resondley & found
 nerr causay on bizness
 I shud up in mah vizeill waye

Bags End News
 No. 367, September 28, 2013
 Editor: Algeahon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Leni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Mith of thee Travelers

Looker Kwikier, deer i gads,
 & yu kan see me. Intiyed to
 st foolish huming on throb the
 idor of Shielas Thron Rwm with
 mah nerr apperntis resond Boop
 Cuh, follow me after me.
 Seey mpe thinking o so foolish
 thott Sheila Bunnig & Princess Crissy
 will well kum mde omn ion too
 shewed thee misteries of thee pizgass
 inn spand ipag lompote & allot
 it culvred, litle booby containin
 a mith. Old storey, still around
 that quid, I oads.
 Crissy saw me, deer
 smilino princess, qari shee iz
 a Boop to, & ever lookd lik shaw

Bags End News
 No. 368, October 5, 2013
 Editor: Algeahon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Leni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Boop

Too Three Speechin Comon With the Nigh Kwistym!

Yer old pall Algeahon Beagle
 iz wan bedaddeye reporter
 whoo chases his stork awall
 thee waye. Spintims this
 kan bee heeully too mah deape
 demiz & oaks a moor, pott
 the jest, wat I oads. Botherny
 quitz lucky enott too nerr
 Julius newspaper too mak.
 I cood hatt complain
 thee chasesthiss tm around
 tho. Befapz mah cun & troa
 bootrend Princess Crissy of
 Imapeana nerr led a stamp
 imbrown cote inn wem ut hat

Bags End News
 No. 369, October 12, 2013
 Editor: Algeahon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Leni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Boop

Miths Maye Meene Menee Things

Yer old pall Algeahon hazz terd
 menee things for thee yearz. Meetege
 I think thatt havins quid friends
 iz as important as havins a quid
 job too doo. I am, ucky both an
 troa & mebbe thatt iz why I luv
 ritine nerr newspaper about Bagsend
 so much.
 Enwaye, enuff of thee mushes
 shuld be on thee ore. I was in
 Shielas Thron Room with Sheila
 & Princess Crissy mah quid lead
 & Boop whoe iz Crissy's best friend
 butt iz nott a ferte but iz it
 seemz stremp too say mah newspapers
 agentiss. In nott mada cethr.



Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! Part 1

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at:

www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

What are the Little Colored Books?

As mah Dear Readers know, Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, or Crissy in much friendlier tongue, is one of mah dearest friends. I number her up there with mah adopted sisters Sheila & Lori Bunny, & Allie Leopard, & even mah silly bumping brother Alexander Puppy, if I have to say.

And I think mah frequent travels to visit Crissy at her Castle in Imagianna are oft-told in mah beloved newspaper.

But what was different about all of this recently was when I went to visit Crissy & found her away on business.

I found the green & gold door from Bags End to Imagianna in its usual hallway. Walked on through, & then climbed up the golden-tinged green grassy hill to her Castle. Like always, I knocked 3 times, like the old song

says.

The door opened & there was Boop, Crissy's servant & bestus buddy, who looks like a turtle but isn't.

"Hiya, Boop!" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

Boop nodded & bowed & I guessed was in a mood 4or all kinds of 4ormalities & protocols. Sure, why not?

"Can you announce me to Princess Crissy?" I asked politely.

"The Princess is away," he said.

"Away where?" I asked suspiciously.

"On business," he said shortly. Hmm.

Well, I am short but Boop is not much taller so I muscled up to him almost eye to eye & said, "What business, Boop?"

He backed off when he saw I was in no mood 4or words that just decorated the air. Or something.

"Well, it's strange you came here to ask, Algernon. She left to visit your King Sheila on business."

"Sheila? Business with Sheila?" Hmm again. She is no King, by the way. Mayor 4or true, King 4or wish.

Boop nodded. He really didn't know any more. So I stopped being mad or annoyed or whatever I was. Boop is a good guy.

"Would you like to come back to Bags End with me to find out about this?" I asked, friendly anew.

Boop got almost puppy dog excited saying "yes!" Then he calmed down quick, like catching a sneeze halfway.

"Would it be alright?" he asked.

"Listen, pal, if they got business then me as a good Beagleboy journalist needs to be there, writing it down," I declared.

"And me?" he asked hopefully.

I eyed him almost grumpy. Then changed mah mind & tried eyeing him thoughtfully. That worked better.

"You can be mah Apprentice Reporter," I said, half making it up.

Well, I guess maybe it was his secretest wish, but suddenly Boop was as plainly & noisily happy as I had ever seen him. He practically shouted, "O! Boy!"

I nodded OK more to me then him. I didn't know what business I'd be walking in on with Crissy & Sheila, but now I had an Apprentice Reporter to follow in mah own dubious pawsteps.

Ah, well, life of a Beagleboy journalist. "Let's go, Apprentice! Lock up the Castle first so it don't get looted!" I cried merrily.

I had never seen Boop lock up Crissy's Castle be4ore but he had this large key he kept on a necklace under his turtle-neck sweater. Not a turtle though.

He nodded smiling when he was done & then together we walked back down the hill to the waiting door to Bags End.

We found ourselves back in the familiar hallway when I started wondering if Boop had ever been to Bags End, the way he kinda cuddled so close to me, not like he liked me so much or just needed cuddling.

"Boop, have you been to Bags End be4ore?"

He shook his head.

"O, OK. Well, let me show you mah Milne's Porch anyways be4ore we go to see Sheila & Crissy." He liked that idear. I did too because it gave me some more time to wonder if I wanted to interrupt Sheila & Crissy on their business. With an eager Apprentice, no less.

So we detoured to the Bunny Family apartment where there is the

bedroom I share with mah brother Alex, & through whose window is Milne's Porch. Pant pant.

Anyway, we climbed through the window & onto Milne's Porch. I invited Boop to join me in mah comfy armchair. He still cuddly did not hesitate.

I was now stopped so I thinked a moment. Then another. Some more too.

"What else did Crissy say about this business trip?" I asked.

Boop thinked too. "She didn't say much. Just put on that long old coat with all the little colored books &--"

"Wait! Wait! What long old coat? What little colored books?"

Boop looked at me like I was crazed, then remembered I'm not & why.

"O. Well, she found the old coat in the Castle. She wears it a lot even though it does not fit her properly. Almost drags on the floor."

Well, I thinked he was gonna keep saying more & more words & I was gonna need them less & less.

"Boop, are the little colored books why she is going to see Sheila? What's in them?"

He thinked. "A myth, I think."

"A myth?"

"Yes, a story. That's what a myth is, Algernon. Like an old story, or maybe a group of them, that is still remembered & kept around."

"O. So she had readed this myth in these little colored books & decided to go see Sheila about them?"

"Well, she just walked around the Castle in the old coat 4or awhile. She said she wasn't sure she hadn't known this coat some other time. And she would sit in the hallways reading the little colored books. All times day & night too. No proper bedtime."

I interrupted again. "So she told you she was going to see Sheila about them?"

He nodded. "She wore the old coat too. Would not take it off for anything."

I nodded. OK. Thinked a thought. Then nodded again.

"Let's go, Apprentice," I ordered, without thinking too much about how funny me-as-boss-of-anybody sounded in out loud words.

But Boop amiably followed me & we made our way down ramps & along a certain hallway to Sheila's Throne Room. It's the door with the crown & carrot picture on it. O! Yuk!

I walked in first, in case Sheila decided a pounding was in order for those that interrupted. I'd teach mah Apprentice how to take those, & better yet how to avoid them, another time.

Walked on through the door, & there was Crissy in her long old coat on the floor, & there was Sheila next to her, & they were both just totally surrounded by lots of little colored books!

* * * * *

The Myth of the 4 Famous Travellers!

Look quickly, Dear Readers, & you can see me bright-eyed & o so foolish coming on through the door of Sheila's Throne Room with mah new Apprentice Reporter Boop (huh?) following after me!

See me thinking o so foolish that Sheila Bunny & Princess Crissy will both welcome me on in to reveal the mysteries of their business in regards to a long old coat & a lot of little colored books containing a myth. Old story, still around. That is good, I guess.

Crissy saw me, dear smiling Princess girl she is, & Boop too, & she looked like she had so many smiling hugs to give out. In her long old coat & all.

Sheila did not look like she was also full of hugs to give.

"Out, beagle! Out now!" she ordered.

"Wait, but!" I said, incompletely 4or a sentence but enough to complain.

Crissy got in between Sheila & her angry fighting paws & me their targeted goal.

"Let me have one pound, Crissy!" Sheila cried. "Just one!"

"No, Sheila. Let him &, um, Boop? sit in Algernon's corner quietly," Crissy said in her sweet way nobody could resist. And Sheila didn't resist either, though she dirty-look-blamed me 4or it.

"Boop is mah Apprentice Reporter," I explained.

"Too much to misspell 4or even you, beagle?" Sheila grumped, & then laughed meanly at her own grump. Then she remembered how I interrupted her & got annoyed at me all over. But I just kept to mah corner with Boop like Crissy said so. Lucky I have a matt there 4or just such need.

She started talking to Sheila but I could tell she was kind of explaining 4or me & Boop too.

"I found this coat in my Castle. In the closet of one of those rooms I don't see very often."

Sheila nodded. She knowed all this already, was mah guess, but ah well. Strangely tolerant 4or her.

"And it seemed familiar to me, just the coat. Then I found all of these little colored books inside."

I tooked a chance. "What's the myth about?"

"Travelers, beagle," Sheila said. "There are these 4 Famous Travellers to strange places, & the adventures they have, & who they meet on their way." She finished with a look that told me that was enough 4or mah lowly sort.

I nodded though. Glad to have that much.

That's when mah Apprentice Reporter Boop piped up. Hoo boy.

"Miss Bunny, if I may. This is Boop from Bags End News, if you will."

"I wish I didn't have to," she grouched, but I could tell that Boop amused her with his manners. And Crissy loves him. And she loves Crissy. So, by cousins, she let him talk.

"How many books are there in all? Do they have an order to them? Is there a first & last one?"

Crissy smiled, liking these questions, but what shocked me is that Sheila did too.

"We don't know yet but maybe." She motioned Boop over! I slunk over too, wondering how things somehow always went this way, in variation. But I do like Boop, so whatever. On with the show.

There were sure a lot of these little colored books! I looked in wonder from one to the next.

"Algernon," Crissy said. She was still willing to talk to me which amazed me. "I wonder if I should write out this myth in some new way?"

"New way?"

"Well, it seems like these little books are more like notes so the myth gets remembered. But it's not like a big story!" Her pretty bloo eyes were all excited as she does.

"So a storybook?"

"Yes. Or a Grand Production, like the Creatures do. I don't know. Maybe both."

I nodded. Good idears. "Who are the 4 Famous Travelers?" I asked.

"Where do they travel?"

Crissy sorted among the little colored books till she found a red one, which she opened up to the beginning.

"One is a girl whose name is Marie. She has red hair & bare feet. She sometimes travels with Faeries & maybe a White Bunny too."

Hmm. "She sounds familiar, Crissy."

"Really? How?" Crissy & even Sheila both looked interested.

Instead of explaining with words, I led them all, including mah overachieving Apprentice Reporter, to the level where there was a picture of the red-haired girl & her Faeries.

"This picture is how we get to the Creature Common!"

Crissy looked back & forth from the little red book in her hand to the picture, & she was amazed.

"This is Marie the teacher who begins her travels because she loses her mountain."

"Loses?"

"She sees it in the water of the pond near her house, when she is sitting nearby at the fishin' hole, but when she looks up to where it should be, it isn't there!"

Wow. Me & Boop were impressed.

"That sounds like a good start to a myth," I said.

Sheila bullied her short way among us. Bad idear to ever misplace her whereabouts. "What do you know about myths, beagle?" she demanded.

"Nothing except they are old stories that folks still don't forget!" I said with mah only defense.

Sheila paused in her intended poundings of me. Pre-pound, as it were. I stood, un-pounded still, & thus hopeful.

"OK. You know one thing," she admitted. Almost too not grumpy enough. So to speak.

I thinkd quickly some more. "Maybe mah good friend Larry the Spider can help us."

"You think he would, Algernon?" asked Crissy all bloo-eyed & nice. Truly she junks mah heart-bone.

I nodded. "I will go to the Creature Common & ask. It might help us figger it all out."

"Shall I come too?" asked mah briefly forgotten Apprentice Reporter Boop.

O yah. Him. Hmm. I thinkd fast.

"No, Apprentice. This is a job for a veteran news hound. I mean, beagle."

"O," he looked sad. And Crissy looked sad too. And Sheila's look was now like "it's your turn to deal with this like I always do."

I thinkd fast again & tried to talk before I knowed I had no good idears. "I need you to stick with these 2 as they unearth this strange myth."

Boop & Crissy looked delighted. Sheila looked annoyed.

"Like glue?" Boop asked.

"Crazy!" I said, trying to wink, & failing.

Now I was suddenly bound for the Creature Common with a question I didn't know I had any time ago!

* * * * *

To the Creature Common, With Mah Question!

"Hurry up, beagle!" said Sheila impatiently. She was practically shoving me through the Marie picture whose travels the little colored books somehow tolded.

Crissy calmed Sheila down, or at least kept her from trying to push me through the picture with her fighting paws.

"OK. OK! I usually go through this picture to visit there when I am in Dreamland Bags End," I said. I looked at Crissy 4or help & she smiled one of those tricky Crissy smiles I never resist, & so it was easy to 4orget to remember whatever & climb on through.

I usually land in the Creature Common on this big bed & there is Dorris, a sorta Lead Pillow, & her friendly Partners. I find them sometimes on top of a kind of bunch of Pillows & blankets. Not Bunny Pillows, I'm pretty sure.

"Algernon!" she said all soft & finer then fine. "Climb my Heap! Have a visit!"

So I did. I climbed up over the lower Pillows & a purple & a blue blanket with yellow Duckees on it, until I made it up to the top of the Heap. Haha. And Dorris likes me visiting close nearby to her with no bullying ways like Betsy Bunny Pillow does. Or maybe used to.

Very soft. As in, ahhh. 4or a little while, I 4orgetted mah mission in mah enjoyings of all this softness. But then I remembered.

Dorris don't got no more face than Betsy does, though much friendlier. So I just sorta talked around.

"Dorris, do you know about a bunch of little colored books that tell the myth of Marie the teacher & her fellow 4 Famous Travelers?"

She laughed, kindly. "Of course I do. They are famous! We hear about their adventures many nights."

O. Hmm. "You means somebody reads the stories to you guys to hear?"

"Well, first they get told & later they get written down, I think."

O. Hmm again. "Does this telling have to do with Marie's picture?"

"Yes, it does. And the others."

Well, now I was just confused.

Dorris laughed again, kindly, & tried a different way to explain.

She sort of bounced us down her Heap & we kept going along in some kind of roll together even though I was never rolled under at all.

Off the bed, onto the floor, & left the room we'd been in.

Now we were out in a sort of open area, not a room no more. I was safe in Dorris's softness still.

"Now look up!" Dorris said, nearly cackled.

On the wall was the picture of Marie with her Faeries! I looked some more on the other walls & there was a picture of a guy riding his bike near a tree in a little people-folks kind of town.

And another one was a picture of a pond with a mountain reflected in it, but there was no mountain to see. O, yah, Marie's pond! Her story & how it began.

Still another one was of a giant sign that had houses painted on it along this narrow road. There were strange & shadowy figures on the road too.

I looked & looked at all these pictures like I was in some kind of museum where all the pictures are neck-craning tall.

Finally, I humbly talked. "I don't know what all this means, Dorris."

Dorris laughed her charming kindly laugh. "It means there it more

than you know to all this!"

I nodded humbly. "There usually is."

Just then came walking into our company none other than mah good friend Larry the Spider! All black & orange with sparkly eyes too.

"Algernon!"

"Larry!"

Well, Larry climbed on into Dorris's softness too, which she liked. I guess such softness is best shared with friends when you can.

"I see Dorris is showing you the story pictures," Larry said.

"Wait! You mean the little colored books are stories about all of these pictures, not just the Marie one there?" I asked.

Dorris laughed again & Larry nodded.

O. Hmm.

"Sounds like a really big myth!" I said finally.

"Well, like Bags End is," said Larry.

I thinked on this. Bags End a myth? "I suppose so." Then a new idear jumped in me. "Does one storyteller tell all these stories or a bunch?"

"Just one," said Larry. "He tells it most nights moving from picture to picture in turn."

"Well, since nobody else bothers to tell the Bags End, um, myth, him & me have that in common."

I tried to think of more to ask but I could not. So I did mah best to hug smaller than me Larry & soft Dorris, & they said, "Come visit again soon!" It was easy enough to fall asleep & wake up back in Bags End in mah bed like usual.

I hurried back to Sheila's Throne Room to see how things were going, & tell what I had learned.

And there was mah new Apprentice Reporter Boop with Sheila & Crissy, & he was organizing their work with the little colored books. Crissy looked amused. Sheila liked the organizing too, I guess.

"Sir, Sir," said Boop, to someone while looking at me. "We have so much to tell you about these little colored books!"

I started to tell about what I had learned when Boop said, "We think that there are 4 stories that combine to make the myth. Did you find 4 pictures in Creature Common?"

I nodded & almost said yes when he said, "Now that we know that, & are organized here, we can study these books & really figger this myth out!"

Boop looked so happy & Crissy smiled at me too, so I guessed he had done good work.

"Good job, rookie," I said, gruff but charming.

"Thanks, boss! What do we do now?" Boop looked all eager.

I thinked & thinked.

"Let's go visit the Trash Heap!" I cried. Well, nobody laughed but I still thinked it was funny.

* * * * *

Myths May Mean Many Things

Boop then explained more about the little colored books. "We counted 8 of them in all. The challenge is that there are parts not in English."

Hmm. I nodded. "Do you know what language?"

Crissy smiled at me. "I am not positive but I have an idea. But first we should check with your friend Allie Leopard."

"That means go fetch him now, beagle!" Sheila ordered. Me having an Apprentice & being all involved in this story undid her preference 4or big-guys-only-in-charge.

Ah well. I hanged on best as I could. "Come along, Apprentice!" I said to Boop, friendly enough but ready 4or him to laugh loud in mah face. He just nodded & said, "You got it, Boss!"

Then Crissy caught mah attention & said almost shy, "Can I come too?" I was almost 4orgetting she is no traditional big guy.

I nodded & looked at Sheila who had gotten into her Throne with a carrot. O! Yuk!

"Time 4or a little nap," she grumbled.

Fine. We left the Throne Room & made our way up levels to where Allie Leopard often is, at the Bags End Liberry. He is always reading about words & languages & stuff there.

He was in a far corner of the Liberry at a table he likes because it is near a window that shows different places, just like they were right outside. He told me sometimes he thinks about what he has learned & looks out that window when he's doing this. Not so different from me in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch.

Allie looked up from the many books on his table & smiled at all of us. Then someone else sat down at his table too. It was Leona that nice grr girl lion!

There were greetings & kisses & hugs all around, especially 4or Boop & Crissy, who were visitors to Bags End.

"What are you guys reading about?" asked curious Crissy.

"We were looking up Leona's native tongue, Grrr," said Allie, with his green eyes shining. He loves all sorts of strange languages. Even Bump, sad to say.

"What did you find?" asked Boop.

Leona's pretty brown eyes looked all thinking. "It's not so much like words as it is like singing."

Hmm. "So when you grr, it's like you are singing a song?" I asked.

Leona nodded.

Now I explained why we'd come. "I think we got an even harder language than Grr 4or you to figger out, Allie."

Allie & Leona both looked very interested.

I nodded to Crissy, who told them about the little colored books she'd found in the long old coat in one of her Castle's occasional rooms.

"So it's in English but only sometimes?" asked Allie.

Crissy nodded & she tolded more. "What's really strange is that what words are in English & what words aren't keeps changing. I didn't notice it at first, until I was looking back over pages I had looked at already, trying to figger out the story better. And I could not see a pattern to all this."

"Like a funny game?" asked Leona.

Crissy nodded & smiled.

Well, Allie didn't need to be told twice to want to solve a language puzzle game, so he & Leona returned with us to Sheila's Throne Room. Sheila waked up & particularly glared at me 4or the fault. I nodded in mah mind, figgers.

But she was glad to see Leona, & especially glad to see Allie Leopard, who she hurried right among the little colored books to begin his sleuthing.

Now when Allie gets to figgering, he goes slowly & studies each detail of the mystery. He had his little notebook with him, that Miss Chris gaved him 4or a present. She drawed Sheila, Betsy, Alex, & even your old pal

Algernon on its cover. O shucks!

Anyway, he was using his green like his eyes pencil to make notes as he would read one little colored book after the next. Then it seemed like he was studying more than one of them at a time, & still making notes. And he was muttering to himself all the while in a tongue all his own, almost like a mongrel one with pieces from the many languages he knows. It was crazy to watch, but he usually figgers out language puzzle games good.

The rest of us watched & waited & took naps along the way.

Finally, he stopped. "I think I have figgered a few things out about these little colored books," he said. "But you're going to find it very strange."

We gathered around Allie to listen our best.

"Well, it is like someone is playing a game," he said slowly.

"A game?" we all said together, like a singing group.

He nodded. Then he opened up the little red book & showed us. "The words that change, change from English to a very old language. I don't even know any older ones."

Be4ore any of us talked more, he held up his paw. "Listen!" Then he readed from the little red book, making these strange sounds that were like, I guess, click-clicks & noise-noises.

"What's this language called, Allie?" asked Crissy.

Allie thinked a moment. "It doesn't have a really good name. Sometimes it's called by a lot of numbers. But I just call it G-Natter."

Hmm. I had the maybe-est of a bright idear, but I decided not to say something yet. Why volunteer to look dum?

"So someone who speaks G-Natter language is playing a game with these little colored books?" asked Sheila. She was too interested to be annoyed.

Allie nodded. "I think so."

"But how?" askd that nice Leona.

"I don't know. But, Algernon, I think you can help."

"Me? I do mah best just with English, pal," I said. "No offense," I added, just in case.

Allie smiled. "No, I think you need to go to the Creature Common to find some more things out."

"O. OK." I wondered if mah hardly an idear would find its way along by going there.

* * * * *

To the Creature Common With Another Question!

Even though I have knowed it awhile, & been an invited visiting guest, I must say the Creature Common is still a strange new place to me.

Its fellows have been around a long time, I think, tho they don't look like old guys, like mah aged & annoying relative Doctor Horatio Algernon does.

Also, they seem a lot lot nicer & working together than is usually true in Bags End. I don't hold against niceness, of course, in this too often mean & tricky world, but I guess I look 4or the catch. Niceness 4or a trick or a trap? Niceness to lure into a crazy scheme?

Well, no. Creatures don't seem to hold a trick behind their backs, like some in Bags End sometimes do.

But all this to explain your old pal Algernon's jitters at going back to the Creature Common again 4or answers. I had to remember they like me sincerely & mah newspaper even.

Bapa End News
No. 370 (October 13, 2013)
Editor: Argemon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunn
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Beagle
Written Down By: Lori Bunn
Apprentice: Boop

Too Free, Cipechun Comen
With Another Question

Even tho I hav moved itt awil
& beens a invatizizing quest,
I must saye thee d
iz still a strong ru
mee

Its fellow hav bin
longg tim, I think, th
look like ~~old~~ old 3/2
~~and~~ and d on the
work for Harashew Kild
Also thas seem
nise & we have toged
iz puzelly, thas inn
I don't hold against n

Bapa End News
No. 371 (October 26, 2013)
Editor: Argemon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunn
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Beagle
Written Down By: Lori Bunn
Apprentice: Boop

Moonlit Snows the Waves!

Well, itt had taken mee awil
too ~~much~~ and thas opt with thee
mistrees of thee lital Kurend booke
thatt nat fall Princess
in a long cote inn won
exashment ruins.

Man, reeserches had
to time too thee reach
wee, mah friend den the
fierdian adventures! Verri
Kinsalata whoop thee lass
told mee tolett the Map
mee gotten me the lital
I hav too advent the
wonder mad me sers at

Bapa End News
No. 372 (November 2, 2013)
Editor: Argemon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunn
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Beagle
Written Down By: Lori Bunn
Apprentice: Boop

Reading the Secret Books!

This is a findz you old
pall Argemon, in the model
of describing a party, seen
I was with my friends Sheila
& my friendess Cassy.
Boop mah recent apprentice
repair in the model of
a green snare, top finely see,
gotten me the lital cyond
books. Cassy found in the
pocket of an old brown cote
in won of her Cassy's occasional
rooms.

But that is I fear a mai's self.

And anyway it seemed like they knowed & were waiting 4or me. Which was nice. Through the Marie picture, by Dreamland Bags End like usual this time, & I found mahself again with ma good friend Larry the Spider & that quite soft & kindly Dorris Pillow. It was in the night there too.

"Hi Algernon!" they said, all friendly.

"Hi, Larry & Dorris," I said, probably even more friendly somehow 4or all the no-tricks-friendliness here.

So we sat on this comfy bed near to Dorris's piled up high Heap. I jumped right into mah talkings.

"It's about those little colored books again," I said.

Larry nodded & his smart eyes glittered. "We figgered."

So I explained how it seemed like someone who knows G-Natter language was playing a game in these books.

"And you have an idea, don't you?" asked Dorris.

"Well, yes, but I figgered I had better come here checking it out be4ore I go pointing mah paw."

They waited 4or me. OK. I took a breath & said, "Well, that little Pandy Bear Imp cackles & makes her many funny noises, & I think they sometimes sounds like what Allie Leopard told us G-Natter is like." I paused, thought. "And she likes games too."

They laughed. "It's how she teaches."

"By cackling & funny noises & s tricky games?" I asked.

Then I stopped & thought. Slowly, like Allie & his language puzzle games. Hmm. I nodded.

"But what is she teaching?"

"Sometimes she doesn't know be4ore. Sometimes even during. Sometimes even after!" said Larry.

"Sometimes never!" laughed Doris.

"Is it OK 4or me to ask? Mah friends in Bags End would like to know. Maybe we can find out the rules of the game or how to win."

Doris & Larry laughed but still not at me.

"Her games are too tricky 4or all that?"

"You have to figger them out by how they are," said Larry. "I know that sounds hard."

I nodded. "Say, can I go talk to her? Maybe she will give me a clue 4or extra efforts."

They laughed but did not object. Larry nudged me to look toward the room's big window. "Sometimes you can find her on that window sill over there."

I nodded & thanked them a lot. Nice guys. Smart too.

The bed was pretty high down to the floor, but I risked life & noze-bone & took mah tumble. Ow! But not really too much.

I crossed a long way, on a rug I think, & then come to where more Creatures were. I think this whole room is like their Bag or something.

But they were all very friendly. I liked it, all this friendliness, tho I guess only some things can be travelled with, back to one's own grouchier, if still beloved, homeland.

It was still in the night, so I am not sure which Creatures helped me to climb up to the window sill. I do know that I got patted nicely & friendly encouraging words said.

Someone whispered, "Her name is Rosa!ita, Algernon. Don't 4orget."

I thought I knowed that already but I like a good reminder.

Anyway, I made it rough & tumble up levels of dozing Creatures to the window sill. Looked around. No Rosa!ita the Pandy Bear Imp.

Hmm. I seed this very old guy though, with a long robe & a long beard, & leaning on a cane. He was looking out the window up to the big Moon over people-folks' houses & hills.

"Hello, Sir," I said politely. Old guys always get a Sir, I knowed from all the polite lessons I have gived to grumpy Bags End guys.

He stroked his chin but did not talk. Maybe listening. I took a chance.

"I am looking 4or a little Pandy Bear Imp named Rosalita. I think I have some questions 4or her."

He kept stroking his beard but I heard a noise somewhere. A sort of cackle. I looked up & saw Rosa!ita sitting up high on this old guy's shoulders!

"O! Hi! Hi there. Pandy Bear Imp! Rosa!ita, I mean to say. This is Algernon Beagle down below here. We have met be4ore."

Well, she sorta looked down & maybe smiled. I don't know.

"Do you know about some little colored books?" I asked.

She cackled then. And G-Nattered too a bit. I wished I had Allie Leopard with me to translate!

"Listen, guy. I know you like your games to play. And I have to say that you are really good at them, from what I can tell."

She was listening. I did not think that would last too long.

I thinked faster than I could & talked be4ore that. "We just want to read the stories in the myth of the 4 Famous Travellers. And you are playing in the pages. Like. Um."

I stopped & looked hard at her crazy smiling face, & thinked hard. "Like there's more to it somehow?"

Well, this was the very edge of mah cogitating, honest to goodness I say, & I hoped some of these words were coming out right.

She now was pointing out the window with her tiny little paw finger. To the Moon. Not a word, not a G-Natter, not even a cackle. Just pointing to the Moon.

"I don't get it!" I cried, frustrated. "Do I have to go to the Moon?"

"No," she said, in the softest, sweetest voice. "Let the Moon come to you! And then read."

O. Um. Uh? "OK! Thanks!" I said unsure. And I nodded politely to her & to her old guy friend too, & then made mah slow way back down.

Of course all those other Creatures helped me along mah way, & soon I was back in Bags End. I hurried to Sheila's Throne Room & burst in! They were all sort of clustered napping in Sheila's Throne.

"I think I know what to do. I just don't know why!" I said to the waking & smiling Crissy, & curious Boop, & even Sheila was looking at me like mah words meant something.

* * * * *

Moonlight Shows the Way!

"Let the Moon come to you," Sheila said, thinking fast & slow about Rosalita's words to me. She looked up at the ceiling, one purple eye closed, like she always does when she is thinking hard.

Boop thinked hard too, & then talked. "Well, the Moon seems to come when it gets full?"

Crissy was thinking hard too. "There is this tall hill in Imagianna which is good 4or watching the Moon."

"But does it come to you?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders, unsure.

Well, this seemed like a puzzle I was not sure how to solve, but I told mah friends I needed to go to Milne's Porch & think it over. I said I would come back later with any bright or sorta bright idears.

I guess I looked so pensive that nobody even Sheila objected. So I took mah way down levels to the Bunny Family apartment, & inside to the bedroom I share with Alex, & through the window next to mah bed onto Milne's Porch. Ahh, arrival.

Nice comfy armchair. A big view of sky, always changing colors to watch.

Let the Moon come to me, then read. I thinked those words 4orward & then backwards & then mixed them up to see if I could shake out their answer that I would understand.

I guess I started to doze because now I was looking at the big full Moon & it had a face like the crazy smiling Pandy Bear Imp!

I took mah chance. "Hey, cackling Moon fella! What do your words mean?" I waited like the full answer would thus come unto me.

Yah, right. Instead, she made her funny G-Natter click-clicks & noise-noises, which weren't even like cackles that are at least a weird sort of laughing.

But at the same time, this Pandy Bear Imp Moon was coming toward me closer & closer! Bigger & brighter all the time until I found mahself awake but maybe a bright idear.

So I galloped back to Sheila's Throne Room. Really hurried back on mah short paws, truth to tell.

Once again, I burst in with news. The 3 of them were listening to some jazzy music on Sheila's phonograph. Probably Trane or Miles or Dizzy or Bird. One of those guys with the crazy names & fun music.

Sheila's dirty look told me she me she preferred her jazz records to mah repeated & sudden bright idears. But I persisted.

"Crissy, remember how you talked about that tall hill in Imagianna that is good 4or watching the Moon?"

She smiled her sunny sunny smile at me, & nodded.

"We need to go there. But we need to do it in Dreamland."

While they looked like question marks, I told them about mah dream on Milne's Porch. Then I said, "So, in Dreamland, we bring the little colored books to that tall hill under the full Moon. Then we can read."

Sheila was impressed, but still said, "You get weirder with the passing times, beagle." I nodded.

So it was that Sheila Bunny & Princess Crissy & Boop her bestus buddy (looks like a turtle but isn't one) & Allie Leopard (had to fetch him along the way) & your old pal Algernon Beagle gathered together in Imagianna & trekked from Crissy's Castle to the tall hill she told us about.

And it was a big full Moon up in the sky, but that was sure not enough to solve this language puzzle game. Crissy had brung the little colored books with us, in her old long coat, & Boop had brung some blankets that we made up into a sort of nest.

Allie Leopard brung his little green notebook & pencil too. We were quite prepared.

The trick was to bring all of us & all the little colored books & go to the Dreamland of this tall hill. And then let the Moon come to us, & then read.

I still wasn't sure about the whole thing when Crissy seed mah doubts plain on mah face & gave me a nice hug, & talked.

"When we get to Dreamland, we may not all be together like this. But I

have plan 4or that."

"What is it, Crissy?" I asked, & we all gathered close to know.

"Well, I have something called a hekk," she said. "I mean, I can borrow from someone. It's kind of like a dream wand because it will help me to gather us together here for our purposes."

"Borrow it from who?" asked Sheila.

Crissy smiled a little strangely. "O. Benny Big Dreams."

Ahh, him. Benny Big Dreams is a strange sorta tricky nice guy who seems to live in Dreamland somehow. Mah experiences with him made me doubt, but Sheila seemed to like him OK enough that she only said, "Well, I hope it works."

So we all got comfy close together among the blankets on the tall hill under the full Moon. 4or a long time, the light kept me awake & watching it, but then I guess I slept cuz I raised mah head to look around, & nobody else was there!

Hmm. OK. So now it was up to Crissy & her hekk stick from Benny Big Dreams to get us all back together so we could finally read those pesky little colored books.

I just sat waiting 4or awhile when I heard a noise behind me. I looked around, but nothing. Then I looked up at the Moon & it did seem closer! Hmm. What good would it be if it came to me like Rosa!ita said & I had no little colored books or friends to read them?

Then another noise & I looked around again, & nothing, & then up, & sure enough, the Moon was coming toward me! But what were those noises?

A third one & I was getting a little panicky. What would I do if it came all the way & crash landed on me & Dreamland?

I decided it was a good time to yell 4or help. "Help! Help! The Moon is coming somehow! Help! Sheila! Crissy! Allie! Even Benny Big Dreams!"

* * * * *

Reading the Secret Books!

I kept yelling & yelling 4or help till I noticed that the Moon seemed to slow my & Dreamland's imminent doom. I yelled at it a couple of more times, & the Moon backed off a bit more. I nodded up to the Moon & said, "Thank you!"

But no Crissy or Sheila or Allie or Boop. I decided not to annoy the Moon by stopping mah yelling, but I had to do something next. Crissy had said her hekk stick borrowed from Benny Big Dreams would help her to find all of us in Dreamland. So that was sorta reassuring still in mah uncertainty.

What to do in the meantime in Dreamland till Crissy found us all? I wasn't sure.

I mean, I guess I just wanted to understand. Someone telling a big myth story about these 4 pictures in the Creature Common, & writing it down too in these little colored books. That guy sounded kind of interesting to me.

"How do you do?" said someone next to me. He was a tall people-folks man with long red hair & wearing sorta ragamuffin clothes.

"Hi! You look a little like mah friend Ramie the Toy Tall Boy," I said, but friendly.

He nodded. "We're cousins."

"O! OK. Well, that makes sense."

"You're trying to find out about the Secret Books?"

"Is that what they are called?"

He nodded. "They tell some of the stories of a big myth."

I nodded a little too. "A myth is a story or stories everybody hasn't forgotten yet, right?"

He laughed. "I suppose so."

"So you tell the stories?"

He nodded. "It's one of my duties as Creature Coordinator."

"O. Um. Those guys need to be coordinated? They seem pretty orderly to me."

He laughed again 4or some reason. Then he pointed. "Your friends are coming."

I looked. There they were. "O great! Now you can meet them & we can ask you all about these Secret Books."

But I was saying mah eager & foolish words to an empty spot on the hill next to me. O rats.

But, sure enough though, here were come Crissy & Sheila & Boop. Crissy hugged me 4or finding, I guess.

I was gonna tell them about the Author of the Secret Books who I just met, but I stopped in mah mind before talking. Maybe he had come & gone 4or his own reasons, & I should hold mah peace 4or awhile. I did not exactly like not telling them but I didn't think it would do any harm.

Sheila eyed me curiously though. "What have you been up to, beagle?"

I shook mah head. And said, in a true if tricky way, "I was waiting 4or Crissy to find us all." She nodded & lost interest in me again, which was just dandy fine.

So here we were, now sitting on the tall Full Moon Hill in Dreamland Imagianna. Crissy had on the long old coat, & pulled out the little colored Secret Books, one by one, & sorta spread them out on the grass amongst us.

I told them how I had kinda shouted the Moon away be4ore when it got too scary close. But now it was opposite from then in that friends & books were arrived & gathered & ready.

"Well, beagle?" demanded Sheila. Crissy & Boop smiled at me more encouraging than bully but still they were waiting too.

Hmm. Tricky spot. I was not sure what I was gonna do when I swear I heard that Secret Book Author guy's voice whisper inside mah ear-bone. "Sing, Algernon! Sing a nice little song to the Moon & all will be fine."

Hmm. Your old pal Algernon can't be said to have much of a croon, though I do like trying sometimes 4or fun.

So I nodded to mah friends & hoped some words & music would come when mah mouth opened up.

Now Now Moon!
O doncha come too late
or too soon!
Now Now Moon!
It's time to play!
It's time to shine!

OK, then, I nodded & hoped 4or the best on that. The Moon comed a little closer 4or sure, but I didn't think really close enough.

I looked at mah friends, & smiled something good, & hoped better good words were coming.

Now! Now! Moon!
 No time to shy or swoon!
 Now! Now! Moon!
 It's time to play! Now!
 It's time to shine! Now!

I felt all singed out with that, but lucky was that the Moon listened & decided to come close!

Crissy hugged me like she does when she's proud of me. Boop looked smiling like "Wow Boss!" or something. Sheila nodded & got down to work. Good idear.

"Do the words cooperate, Crissy?" I asked, excited finally.

Crissy read & read. "I think so."

Hmm. "You don't sound sure, Crissy."

She looked up, puzzled. "Some of it doesn't make sense, even in English."

I looked around to ask Allie Leopard but he wasn't there!

"Hey! Where's Allie?"

Crissy & Sheila & Boop looked around like they were surprised too.

Now your old pal Algernon is still a pretty amateur sniffer, but this seemed pretty easily to sniff strange.

"It's a myth, Algernon," said the Author guy secretly in mah ear-bone. "Myths aren't always easy to understand."

I nodded, I guess. Nobody else could hear him, which was strange too, but he didn't seem to be hurting matters.

"Maybe we should try & figure what we can understand, & then fill in the rest. Maybe Crissy can write those parts." Hey! Now that Author guy was talking words coming out of mah mouth!

But strange was that all of Crissy & Sheila & Boop were looking at me like I had a really good idear! Crissy was smiling bright as day.

I talked in mah mind. "Are you done?"

"I think so."

"OK then." I wanted to be scolding about talking other guys' mouths, but Crissy was pleased & complimented I could not.

"O, one more, Algernon."

"What?"

"You'll like it."

"OK."

So I talked again by his words. "I think we'll be OK reading the books even awake now."

I nodded inside mah head to the Author guy, thanks, & there's the door out.

So anyway, we woke up in our cluster on Full Moon Hill, & they checked, & yah, we could read the little colored Secret Books OK now by waking too. Still I say fooey. A little.

Crissy wanted to read the little colored Secret Books straight through be4ore deciding what next. She had on her old long coat again that nearly dragged on the grass. And the little colored Secret Books were all back in her coat's little inside jacket pockets.

Boop looked sort of bashful at me, waiting mah orders as his boss. I was kindly. "Apprentice, your new assignment is to go back with the Princess to Imagianna & consult with her on these books as needed. Don't let me down!"

Well, Boop practically saluted me until I paused him with a paw & said, "Now remember your boss's pacifist leanings."

Boop nodded & quickly de-saluted me. We walked with them back to their

Castle, said & hugged goodbye, & then me & Sheila returned to Bags End.

Later on, we were in Sheila's Throne Room & herself was slouched down in her Throne. Looking about ready to take a nap when she noticed me discontent on mah matt in the corner.

"What, beagle?" she asked with at least a little kindness.

"So we wait?" I asked. Yah, a dum question. Sheila answered rightly by saying nothing & getting right to her nap.

Hmm. 4or a story that had me traipsing hither & yonn both a few times, it was now suddenly kind of stopped.

And really, Dear Readers, that's where it is now. I am writing from mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, & I have tolded the whole story so far.

I'm not sure what to think of this myth business. It seems to me 4or a myth not to be 4orgetted, someone has to remember its words & keep telling it around. Course the myth had better be good & worth telling over & over like that.

If Bags End stories are like a myth, then I have to tell them the best I can 4or repeating. Straight & true, I always say.

Now I guess I don't really gotta worry that stuff too much because I always try to tell these stories with all mah stars out.

But now a new idear comes to me, even as I am writing this. Maybe Crissy could use mah help & encouragement?

"Go help her, Algernon," says that Author guy's voice in mah head. Back 4or more. I need a lock on mah mind's door.

He laughs & now he is sitting with me in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. Better, I guess.

He looks around. "It's nice here."

I nod.

"Telling the story with all your stars out is a good way to look at it."

I nod again.

"So that's why you should go help Crissy."

"But she is a good writer already, pal! She don't need me to show her how."

He nods, agreeing.

"What then?"

He sighs. "It's a strange story, that's all."

Now I was sniffing something. "Strange how?"

"It can take over all sometimes."

Hmm. "You OK, fella?"

"Yah," he said. But looked glum.

"Want the local tour, since you're here & also not in mah mind?"

"I know this place pretty well already," he smiled.

I nodded. But he was still waiting almost Boop-apprentice-eager.

I thinked. I thinked harder.

"Why aren't you helping?"

"Helping what?"

I raised mah paw very seriously. "Helping Crissy?"

He looked at me all wondering. "Helping?"

"You're the Author, right?"

"Well, I was. I mean, I told the stories as I understood them, & then I writed them down."

"But sometimes it was hard, or confusing, or you didn't writed down the best words?"

He nodded. Looked sad like maybe he was trying not to be4ore.

"OK, pal, then we're both going." I nodded twice.

He looked at me, thinking. "I do it better now. I understand & write it down better too."

I smiled at him. "It's OK, pal. I think I do too."

When we showed up together at Crissy's Castle front door, Boop was amazed.

"Hello, Apprentice Reporter," I said to his talklessness.

Lucky 4or us, Crissy showed up behind Boop.

"Algernon!" she said but then looked all girl shy at the Author guy. Then she led us all to her Secret Room. It's full of strange lights & pictures & soft cushions & stuff. Very Crissy-like in its colors & mysteries. Crissy sat with me close by. The Author guy kept standing 4or the moment. Maybe not quite sure yet.

I talked. "This is the Author guy of the little colored Secret Books. That's what he calls them."

Crissy looked speechless. The Author guy picked up her hand & shooked it.

"I know it's strange."

She nodded.

"I came to help."

She looked curious now. "Don't you know the whole story?"

The Author shook his head. "It, um, progresses as it goes along?"

"Progresses?"

"Gets bigger. That's what I didn't know when it started. How big it would get."

Crissy nodded a little.

"So now some of the early stories, I don't know." He looked sad.

But, short to tell, Crissy, being the nicest girl & Princess one could imagine, all in one, decided that she would of course help him. And me. And even Boop was gonna help! One way & another, we would figure this out together.

I don't know where it all comes out, Dear Readers, but I will surely tell you more as I do!

Read Part 2 in Cenacle | 115 | April 2021!



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Page End News
 No. 374 November 6, 2013
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunnage
 Apprentice: Boop

Wait too Doo About Theez Miths?

I ges
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 Princess
 a lompote
 inn luvn
 rummz. Th
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 ut timz
 plas. & evn
 episod bech
 gen a fine
 a m too he
 itz Kustor

Page End News
 No. 375 November 23, 2013
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunnage
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Storeez of thefore Pichurs
 A Royell Thumz Hadushun

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Page End News
 No. 376 November 30, 2013
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunnage
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Storeez of Theefore
 Pichurs (Continued)

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 thiss en, namd Danyel, next too
 hys smal kamfir & hee was tawling
 too thiss tumbelweed.

Thiss is, Algernon repuler tawling
 long enwith too saye thiss iss how
 thiss pichurshun kam bee to blabout
 in wordz

"Wy doo ye tumbel? Danyel asked.

Np rootz

Wy doo I tumbel?"

Mozteey thee sam.

Mozteey?



Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! Part 2

This story and more Bags End writings
can be found at:

www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

What to Do About These Myths?

I guess that title really tells your old pal Algernon's thinkings on this long strange story I been telling you. It began with mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna finding a long coat with many colored books in one of her Castle's Occasional Rooms. Then it traipsed through Bags End, mah already strange homeland, a couple of times to that nice Creature Common place, & even into Dreamland 4or an episode, be4ore coming back to Bags End again, & finally again to Crissy's Castle & into her Secret Room full of its cushions & purple light.

There we sat, looking at each other. Me, Crissy, Sheila Bunny, & Boop, who is Crissy's best friend & mah seeming Apprentice Reporter, & still not a turtle. And, most importantly, the Author of the little colored Secret Books

themselves.

Crissy talked first. "How did the Secret Books end up in my jacket in this Castle?"

The Author guy, who is very tall & has red hair like mah old friend Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, & is cousins, said, "Well, I can tell you something even stranger."

Hoo boy. We all leaned close like a good secret. Which it isn't since I am telling you Dear Readers in this book.

"Well, they are also safe & sound in the little bookcases where I keep them too!" He looked at us smiling & wide-eyed.

"One, none, many," Crissy said, & Sheila nodded.

"Hmm, I wonder where that little pandy bear got to in all this," I muttered.

The Author guy laughed. "You mean Rosa!ita?"

I nodded.

"I just mean they are strange books & so expect strangeness," he said, trying to be both plainer & nicer 4or me & Boop.

The Author guy looked at Crissy again. "So what do you want to do with them?"

I swear Crissy blushed pink & said, "Well, the Creatures asked me to write a Grand Production sometime for the Royal Thumbs Production Company."

The Author guy nodded. "I'm not sure how you would do that. They read very tangly in any way but their own."

Crissy nodded. "It will be a challenge. But maybe all of you could help. And maybe we can help you find some things new about these stories."

The Author guy nodded. "I would like to find out new things about these stories."

Then suddenly I talked words I didn't know I had in me. "Say, Author guy, where do the stories come from?"

Well, he looked at me with his friendly brown eyes, but it was like he didn't have no words of his own. Maybe I got some of his by mistake, because I talked right on.

"I mean, when I write mah newspaper, it's stories too but I just write down what I see. Do you do that?"

He nodded like he understood better, & talked some. "I look at the pictures & the stories come that way."

"Really?" said me. "Like that? But how?"

He shook his head. "I don't know."

I looked at Crissy, who was listening close too. "How can you make a Grand Production out of that?"

Now Sheila talked. "You build a set that lets him do it. With the pictures & everything."

Hmm. "You mean on the stage of the Bags End Auditorium? Where the other Grand Productions were?"

She nodded.

I point at the little books. "But there are calendars of stories in these Secret Books! That all won't fit in one Grand Production."

Then Boop mah Apprentice Reporter talked. He don't need permission or nothing, so it was OK.

"Sometimes one story will tell how the many others came later."

"Like roots?" I asked, hoping I didn't sound dum.

The Author guy nodded. "Like how did their travels begin?"

Boop nodded back, & I felt proud of his apprenticing.

"Did you tell that already in the stories?" asked Crissy, blushing

again to the Author guy. Weird but whatever.

"I don't think so. The Travelers just, um, started their travels."

This made more sense than anything else so far. Then I hunkered down & thought some more, like there was something left. Then I thought I had it & worried even bigger that I didn't.

"Why don't you tell the story of you & the 4 pictures?"

They all looked at me shocked & I guess I was too, but a part of me wasn't, this time anyway.

"You started telling these stories that you rited down in the little colored Secret Books because you met the 4 pictures. I mean that way the production could kinda spill back & forth between roots & some good stories." Now I was done but OK.

The Author guy was thinking real hard about mah idears. "That might work. I would connect one thing & another, & the picture would start to show."

Then he said he had to do some thinking about the matter. He smiled nicely at me & Sheila & Boop, & then he kissed Princess Crissy's hand very formally with a bow. He turned & left the Castle without another word.

"So I guess we can wait for him to do his thinkings?" I asked. The rest nodded. Crissy blushed some more but that was OK really.

So me & Sheila went back to Bags End the usual way. She nodded briefly at me, gave me one of her usual "Well, goodbye" goodbyes, & went to her Throne Room.

I went along to Milne's Porch, not knowing what would be the next thing. I knowed this was a big deal for the Author guy, so best be patient with the whole thing.

I wondered what it would be like to look at pictures & make up stories, just like that, & then tell more & more.

I don't think mah mind can work like that, tho I admire it.

I guess we all have different ways of telling the stories we tell. I like to take a good look & tell what I see, what it's like, straight & true as I can. But the Author guy's ways were new for me to learn too.

* * * * *

The Stories of the 4 Pictures!

There was no word or visit from the Author guy for awhile, so I went to see Crissy in Imagianna to see if she knowed more than me.

Now it usually is that when I knock on Crissy's Castle's front door, Boop will answer with all sorts of words & strange politenesses, called protocols, that take awhile to do, but then it's Crissy smiling at me when it's all done.

This time, tho, when Boop opened the door, he hurried me right in. "Come along, Boss!" Hmm. I kinda missed the bowings & the scrapings.

I found Crissy in her Secret Room with the strange pink cushions & purple lights, reading & reading the little colored Secret Books. She smiled at me but like I was waving from a faraway boat. Which I wasn't.

"Did you hear from the Author guy?" I asked.

That waked her up & she blushed again too. "He wrote me a letter I just got today."

Hmm. "Read it to me, Crissy."

She nodded, blushed, & read the letter, which had been in her lap.

"Dear Crissy-Christina," she began.

"Hey!" I yelled. My opinion on Crissy's old name is dubious & well-known.

"He calls me both, Algernon. But listen, & you'll see why," Crissy said & looked at me with those nice blue eyes of hers, & mah heartbone nodded mah headbone.

She smiled, & read on. "I call you both because that's what you are. What you were, what you are now. Tho not what you will become."

She looked at me smiling & I nodded. She readed more. "I decided to tell the story of the little colored Secret Books would be to tell other stories first. Some of it will need your magick to present it right. Some of it will be the performances of the players in the Royal Thumbs Productions. Some Bags End friends. You'll see. The best productions are a collaboration of many!" Crissy folded the letter & smiled at me.

"Hey, no blushing this time!" I said out loud sorta by accident.

She smiled. "No. But I have some ideas to help."

And so that's how things started. Two stages meant one where all the Bags End guys were in the Bags End Auditorium, & the other in a great clearing in the White Woods. One exciting night this happened!

Together we watched the Royal Thumbs themselves march on to the stages dressed in their royal crowns & capes. Very handsome indeed.

"Greetings! Felicitations! And salutations!" they cried out somehow. Then, arching straight up, they cried out some more, some how, "Presenting . . . a Royal Thumbs Production of . . . The Stories of the 4 Pictures!"

And there was great applause in both audiences, & yet strangely it felt less & less like two locations anyway. It was nice, seeing the White Woods all around us.

A voice talked, like the Author's. "Where does it come from, the wish to tell stories & sing songs? I think it's because we don't know what the world is, or what we are in it, & so we try to explain. And we sing, to smile, to feel together & not alone."

The stage then showed a kind of cellar with poles holding it up, & light bulbs hanging all around its ceiling. There were toys too.

"A dump truck. Maybe a few trucks. A small white riding horse. A small brown one. Not much to go with, but I began. When I think of the Travelers in those pictures, I imagine the oldest one like this. It is quiet in the cellar. Cool & damp.

"He is small & there is always talk of wars upstairs among the grownups. They seem to hate things. Many things. He is very small still, but he looks at his cellar companions & says, 'I don't like wars. I don't want to hate anyone. How do I grow up & have that not happen to me?'

"He looks at his companions & says, 'I'll run. I'll go & the hate won't find me to stick. I'll travel & never stop traveling until I know how to not hate & not wish for war.'

"These were big ideas for this small boy Daniel, but he knew they were right. When he was still young, he indeed left the place he had started. He traveled for years & years. He learned from many kinds of people & plants & places. He studied dreams & tried to work with them.

"He made friends in his travels, but none stayed with him until one very long night in the desert. He was sitting outside his tent drinking one of his favorite mushroom teas. He looked up at the stars, wondering at their secret stories, as told to him by one of his many teachers.

"He started talking to the stars, right then & there. 'What I need is a companion in my travels. A friend to keep me in this world. This is what I wish tonight.' And then he kissed his lips in love up to all the stars.

"It was right then & there that a desert wind kicked up all sorts of dust. A Tumbleweed rolled by, like many others had before.

"But this one stopped. This one seemed to want to stay."

* * * * *

The Stories of the 4 Pictures! (Continued)

"In the great big beautiful emptiness of the desert sat Daniel, next to his small campfire, & he was now talking to this Tumbleweed.

"Why do you tumble?' Daniel asked.

"No roots.'

"Why do I tumble?'

"Mostly the same.'

"Mostly?'

"The Tumbleweed doesn't reply."

Then the scene changed & we see Daniel & the Tumbleweed coming into a White Woodsy-looking place where there is a big cabin. Near the cabin, down the hill below, there is a pond. There are mountains too, one especially big one, nearby. It's very pretty.

But nobody is home. Really nobody home. Empty cabin. And a smaller empty building nearby too.

"Now Daniel & Tumbleweed would not have stayed long usually. A pretty place, but they were Travelers. Traveling is what they do.

"But one morning, when they went together at first light down to the pond, to watch the sunrise together, there were others.

"2 of them. Sitting together. A girl & a boy. Waiting. Waiting?

"Unsure what to do, Daniel moved the boy & the girl into the empty cabin. They were friendly & agreeable.

"They were called Marie & Joe. Daniel named them, & they did not seem to mind.

"He taught Joe how to find food in the Woods. The names of things too, but also that living beings are not simply what people name them, but much more.

"He taught Marie these things too, but she began to prod him for stories of his own travels. What he had learned. How to teach others from his experiences.

"Daniel & Tumbleweed set up a kind of workshop for themselves in the smaller building. At first, it was just a private sanctuary for just them, that Marie & Joe respected.

"But it became more over time. Eventually Daniel & Tumbleweed would travel again. Travel & collect maps from their travels. Start to encounter strange questions which they would discuss in their workshop in their own private, silent language.

"Marie became a schoolteacher in the nearby school. Her students loved her because she was always provoking them to better dreams, deeper wishes for all the world, not just for themselves.

"Joe would wander the White Woods that surrounded the cabin. Somewhere along the way, he found an old bicycle that he fixed up, & would ride at many lunchtimes to visit Marie at her school, & bring her extra fruits for her lunch.

"Many turns came & went, & Marie & Joe got used to longer times without Daniel & Tumbleweed being around. They were happy with their lives.

Bagg End News
 No. 378 December 14, 2013
 Editor: Algerian Baggie
 King: Sheila Bunning
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunning
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Storees of the For Pkchurz
 Act I - A Revue By Boop

Well, I have so manee kuesthuns
 I'd lik to
 a revue
 butt I do
 tumber w
 Howe didd
 An
 Kun from
 theer than
 with no y
 Wat
 hizz strang
 all over
 I an
 I theez kuestu

Bagg End News
 No. 378 December 14, 2013
 Editor: Algerian Baggie
 King: Sheila Bunning
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunning
 Apprentice: Boop

Three Storeez of thee 4or Pkchurz
 (Continued!)

Sumtime
 stave m'st
 deep insid y
 wen it iz
 go bakck too
 Yu wure
 nott nowre
 playe arawnd
 frid too ch
 look behind
 & yu still i
 mistery too
 Thatz
 thee 4or Pk

Bagg End News
 Double Issue!
 No. 379-380 December 21, 28, 2013
 Editor: Algerian Baggie
 King: Sheila Bunning
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down by: Lori Bunning
 Apprentice: Boop

The Storees of thee 4or Pkchurz!
 (Grande Finale!)

Yor old pal Algerian has
 bin n'ing nah before a newspaper
 about mah strany & befuyed
 anuthr waye to him and for a
 fer wil nowe I've lerned too
 bak sept thatt sombims I will
 chas a storee too tellt &
 Summng a storee will shopp
 mee affore in thee froest of
 sum bitt gawe plannin on machines
 or maybe both or ev'n mebee
 I will use naeb on deape or hi
 inn making thee storee sumhowe

When Daniel & Tumbleweed would return from their long travels, they would all have a happy reunion of stories & good cheer."

At this moment, the curtain drew across both stages & so Act 1 was over. Wow, Dear Readers.

Everybody was sure there was more story, but the curtain would not draw back & tell us more.

Eventually, Sheila Bunny hopped up onto the stage to give her kingly, ahem, word.

"We'll get more when it's time," she said.

Everybody waited like she would say more.

"That means leave my auditorium now!" she cried. Boy! What a grump.

Later, mah Creature Common friend Larry the Spyder came to see me on Milne's Porch. We sat together in mah comfy armchair, comparing notes. Just in case there were any differences between our two watching places.

But he said Act 1 ended the same mysterious way in the great clearing in the White Woods as it did in Bags End.

Then suddenly mah bedroom window opened & someone commenced to climbing on through.

"Scram, yah crazy Bumping brother!" I cried, thinking it was Alexander. But it wasn't.

Bowing & scraping & doing all kinds of annoying things like that, come onto mah Porch that best friend & servant of Princess Crissy called Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one. He is of late mah newspaper's Apprentice reporter too.

"It's just me, Sir, your Boop Apprentice, sir. I mean your Sir Boop, the Apprentice! I mean--" he stuttered worse & worse.

"OK! OK! You're mah something-something-something-Sir! Just clam up & calm down!" I cried.

Boop clammed up & fast. I almost felt bad.

"OK, Apprentice. Unclam. But slowly. Less words. Sometimes none." I was trying to be nice. Mah friend Larry was visiting, after all.

Boop talked slowly & tried to heed mah instructions.

"Did you want a theater review 4or your newspaper?" he asked.

"A what?"

Boop had in his not-turtle's paw a clutch of papers with typings on them.

"I wrote a review of the first act of the Grand Production," he explained.

Well, maybe it was Boop's hopeful Apprentice Reporter eyes, or maybe it was mah dear friend Larry the Spyder's nice presence, or maybe that combined mah curiosity & basic Beagle mushy-heartedness but, one way or another, I agreed that the next issue of mah newspaper would feature this review written by Boop mah Apprentice Reporter.

OK, & I confess I knowed Crissy would give me a big smile & hug 4or mah doings. Call me a hug fiend & cheater, & I say, hey!

Still waiting 4or that curtain to open.

* * * * *

The Stories of the 4 Pictures:

Act 1: A Review by Boop

Well, I have so many questions I'd like to give a quiz instead of a review. That's a joke, of course, but I do wonder about that Tumbleweed Daniel travels with. How did he come to be?

And where did Marie & Joe come from? Seems strange that there they were one day, waiting, with no names.

What questions are Daniel & his strange companion chasing all over the world?

I am sure you readers are asking these questions & others as we wait for Act 2.

* * *

This is your usual editor & writer guy Algernon Beagle again on the page. That was a pretty good review by mah Apprentice Reporter Boop! We had all the questions he asked, & a lot more too.

When Act 2 finally came, nobody expected the how of it. That's because we were all asleep when it happened to occur.

Now I have found that what seems so is that there are regular sorts of dreams, & then there is that strange sometimes delightful sorta-place called Dreamland.

Regular dreams are usually just the brainbone's made-up stories about the dreamer guy's hopes & fears. Like I might dream about writing mah newspaper, or nightmare about being chased or surrounded by food. O! Yuk! But nothing more than that really. Hopes & fears.

Dreamland, tho, is not in just mah head, you see. We share it, all of us, & we each can & do go there at different times. O, I can't like some smart guy tell it more, but that much anyway.

That all to say that Act 2 took place in Dreamland. I can't say how the Author guy or Princess Crissy or both or others too got us all there, but there we were.

"Who?" you ask. Well, I seed many Bags End friends & Creaure Common guys & lots of others too. It seemed like the inside Bags End Auditorium & the outside White Woods great clearing were one & the same place, like the fingers of 2 hands laced all together or something.

Anyway, I looked around & it seemed like I was sitting near mah good friend Larry the Spyder, mah silly Bumping brother Alex, mah on accident but it's OK Apprentice Reporter Boop, & others of a friendly & familiar kind.

The stage was like none you could imagine being possible in waking times, no sir. I can only describe it as a big Sea mixed into the strange White Woods, & a sky that singed music like many colors, & even tho we were supposed to be like audience watching, it was more like we were swung slower & faster into the action itself as it went along.

There seemed to be a thousand Royal Thumbs, in crowns & capes, crying out, "Greetings! Felicitations! & Salutations! A-gain! On with Act 2 of the show!" They said it over & over again, & echoed back & forth until they slowly faded away, & it seemed like the voice of the Author guy had been talking all along for a long time.

"Always to sing true. To tell the best story is to sing true. But how

to do this?"

Now everywhere we looked was one place, almost like the stage of Act 1, but we were inside of it much more. Still murky at first. The Author guy talked some more.

"I traveled far, meeting many others traveling too, & learning what I could. Found myself living in a place where many Travelers passed through. My room was filled with candles & a pink radio shaped like a cat with a white face. Not much else. I was unsure where to go next in my travels.

The murkiness gave way to a staircase, & there was the Author guy sitting with someone.

It was a big brown bear, sorta slouched comfortably on a flat landing halfway up the stairs. They were talking quietly.

"I want you to take these little colored Secret Books, & find the stories that will fill them. When you do, you will find such strange new travels as you cannot imagine."

"Are you sure? They are so pretty. So many of them! And the colors! How do you know I can find the right stories?"

"There are no right stories for them. You'll know them when you find them."

The Author guy & the nice slouching brown bear hug really good & we go with the Author guy & his bag of little books back to his room with the candles & the white-faced pink cat radio. It gets into mah head that the Author guy doesn't see the brown bear again, but he travels on & on from there.

Then the red curtain drew across everything, & we all woke up in all of our beds, & that was the end of Act 2.

Wow! I can tell you, Dear Readers, that Act 2 was talked & talked about in Bags End & the Creature Common & lots of other places. Nobody had knowed its like before, & nobody knowed what Act 3 would be like, or when or how it would come.

So I asked Boop, but he already had, so here it is, his theater review of Act 2.

The Stories of the 4 Pictures:

Act 2: A Review by Boop

My my my. You came into all of our dreams, & gave us an amazing new one none of us would have had otherwise. And like a good Act 2, it took us further into the story, & made us wonder & wonder about Act 3.

Now we are all asking if we will see it while riding in a boat at Sea, or inside a crater of the Moon, or while listening to a beautiful white seashell.

We wait to know! We want to know!

* * *

Um, thanks, fella. And, in your strange not-turtle way, you get it right. What will Act 3 be like?

* * * * *

The Stories of the 4 Pictures! (Continued)

Sometimes a story you hear stays mysterious even when you are deep inside your hearing of it, even when it is over & done, even when you come to back to visit again.

You wonder & you wonder & you do not know 4or sure. You can even play around with it in your mind, try to change things around, or look behind closed doors & under tables, & you still get the same answer. A mystery to not know from A to Z.

That's what this "Stories of the 4 Pictures" has been like 4or me. So far I have tolded about the first 2 acts of the story, which tolded first of Daniel & Marie & Joe the Famous Travelers, who are writed about by the Author guy of the little colored Secret Books Princess Crissy found in the overcoat of one of her Imagianna Castle's Occasional Rooms, & then it tolded about how the Author guy in his own travels met a nice brown bear who gave him the little colored books in the first place, & tolded him to fill them with stories.

So I was guessing in mah very amateur way that maybe there was some story to fill in still. When some days went by & there was no Act 3 yet, I decided to put on mah reporter's fedorah & go see Crissy in Imagianna. The worst I figgered would be a smile & a hug & a "No comment" answer.

So I shambled in mah usual Algernon way down levels of Bags End & along a certain hallway till I found the doorway to Imagianna with its green & gold picture of a crown on it. Nothing strange so far.

I went through the door & then up the gold tinged green hill to Crissy's Castle. I knocked on the door & figgered that Crissy's best pal & mah sometime newspaper Apprentice Reporter Boop would answer.

I had kind of gotten used to him being mah Apprentice. And it made him & Crissy both happy. Peasy-easy, as that crazy little black-&-white pandy bear Rosaleeta would say, with her crazy cackle.

Hmm. No answer. I knocked again, & then I heard footsteps inside. Crissy herself answered the door.

"Algernon!" she said in her usual friendly & kind-to-beagles way.

She hugged me but I stepped back to take a good look at her. Her brown hair was all messy, & her clothes were sort of mussed up too.

"What's wrong, Crissy? And where's Boop?"

Crissy looked tired too but she smiled & said, "He is in his Composing Chamber."

O. "But there's no more Grand Production to review yet."

She nodded. "He said he is working on his epic."

Then she explained be4ore I could ask. "That means big story."

Hm. "No more theater reviews, I guess," I said, wondering if I was relieved or bloo.

"He said he is sure a great writer of your stature will understand his first small steps toward the mastery you know," Crissy said with a smile, but not making fun of anybody. I think she knows big words itch mah nosebone sometimes.

I nodded. "Well, tell him this from me. Bigger isn't better. Better is better."

Crissy nodded & remembered.

Back to business. "Why do you look all messy & tired? Are you writing an epic too?"

"No. Just Act 3," she said, but not excited. She hurried me then into her Secret Room of strange cushions & green lights.

The Author guy was there, & he smiled too friendly at me 4or me to wish I had Crissy's company to mahself. I know it don't always work that way.

So we sitted all together & they told me about their work. They took turns, talked fast & slow, sometimes all at once, & I figger 4or mah Dear Readers I would just sort it all out to make a simple explanation here.

The Author guy wasn't sure how to tell the rest of the Grand Production's story. From his eyes or from the Travelers? How he found their myths, & plugged in through the 4 pictures, or some other way?

"But you did so good with the first 2 acts! Everyone liked them a lot!" I said honestly.

The Author guy nodded nicely but did not smile. "What we need is a Grand Finally!"

"To the Grand Production?" I asked.

Then Crissy looked at me closely. "Algernon, you know about Grand Finallys from telling in your newspaper! And you've been writing about Grand Productions 4or many turns now."

I nodded because that was all true, but then I thinked & looked at Crissy's smile again.

"Hey, you guys want me to help?"

They nodded both at me.

"But I am no writer of epics or Grand Productions!"

"I think your newspaper is both," said the Author guy, & I could see he was not making a mean joke of me. Crissy nodded & smiled which I could have guessed but I'll take every one of them.

"Hmm. How can we work together? I mean, I know how to write mah newspaper, but even that Lori Bunny helps me with."

They both nodded like that was a good start, & I felt very relieved.

And that's how it happened that I got to be on the other end of this Grand Production. I am writing the rest of this issue be4ore us starting, since I asked Crissy & the Author guy if it was OK too. It was.

I wonder how it will all turn out, like I am one of you loyal Dear Readers, but Crissy & the Author guy & me are going to do this together, & I gotta do mah best I can to help & make it good.

And, I mean, Crissy has writed her great storybooks, & the Author guy knows this story really well. And me, I guess I know how to take a good look until the pieces come together in some order in mah mind. Straight & true, if I'm lucky.

Then I got a bright idear. "Crissy can we work in your Writing Room with your rite-typer?"

Crissy smiled & nodded yes!

* * * * *

The Stories of the 4 Pictures! (Grand Finally!)

Your old pal Algernon has learned, in writing many stories 4or mah beloved newspaper about my strange & also beloved homeland, that sometimes I will chase a story to tell, & sometimes a story will drag me along in the throes of some big guy's plan, or madness, or maybe both.

All that is to say that it is unusual this time around to be composing this story, er, I mean composing the finally this finally will tell of, er, helping, that is. Lost track of what I was saying. Jeepers creepers.

I was now in mah dear friend Princess Crissy's Writing Room inside her Red Bag. Sitting near her rite-typer, which I have one of too. This room was

like where me & Boop & Crissy had lived a long time ago. Even down to the curtains with Alice & her Wonderland chums on them. I can't explain all this too good. I have tried. But it's all very friendly though.

Our job now was to finish the Grand Production called "The Stories of the 4 Pictures." The Author guy of the little colored Secret Books that Crissy had found in one of her Castle's Occasional Rooms was with us. We 3 to do this together. I was invited tho mah resume is only about newspaper writing, not high drama.

Act 1 tolded about how Daniel the Famous Traveler met his best friend Tumbleweed in the desert, & they traveled far & wide together. Also about how they found Marie & Joe the other Travelers, & they all found & made a home to stay in, by a pond & a big mountain. Daniel & Tumbleweed kept up their traveling ways though, but Marie & Joe seemed happy enough in their home.

Act 2 tolded about the Author guy's travels in which he met this nice brown bear who gave him a bag of little colored books as a gift. Now he had to find good stories to tell in them.

They got stuck on Act 3 & brung me into help. I know, I know, but I was gonna try anyway.

Crissy was sitting at the rite-typer, & the Author guy was sorta walking around nervous. I was sitting against the wall next to the door, thinking.

The Author guy sorta gathered his thoughts finally & smiled at us. "I didn't want the little colored books to get damaged. I had been traveling awhile, & their bag was wearing out. So I went into a thrift shop, & I found an old coat there. It was cheap. Long to my knees, & lots of inside pockets."

I nod. Hmm. "And where did you hear the myths of the Travelers?"

He looks at Crissy who nods back at him. "Well, I lived in some rough places. And there were always stories of Travelers."

I nodded him to go on, & tried to listen real good with mah earbones.

"There are people-folks who travel the world, & don't ever settle their roots in it too deep. They keep moving. Sometimes they learn secret things about the world."

"Like what?"

"Like about dreams & things. Dreamland. White Woods. You know these things too of course."

I nodded. "What else?"

He pauses. Looks sad. "It's hard to tell. I looked for the Travelers for a long time."

"It's OK, guy," I said nicely. "We are your friends."

He nods. "I was up in the mountains on a beautiful night with a full moon. There was a Festival in this clearing surrounded by White Woods. I was dancing all night. I was happy & I. I. I died."

I jerked up. "You what?"

"I made a wish to the world that I could finally find the Travelers. I wanted to tell about them so badly. Then I let go my tired, hungry, poor body."

I looked at Crissy, who looked surprised too, but maybe not so much as me.

"Now I was free to travel where I wanted, & not worry about sleep or food. So I began to move through miles & years easily."

"Awake or asleep?" I asked.

"Both," he smiled.

I nodded him go on.

"Anyway, it was a long time coming, but I found myself sitting in an

empty room. Just sitting there.

"Across from me was a tiny little Creature. A black-&-white Imp, with crazy eyes."

"Hey! Looks like a little pandy bear, right?" I cried.

He nodded & smiled. "Some call her Rosalita."

I nodded. This sounded like a story she would be in somehow.

"She pointed her little finger at me & tugged me closer & closer until it seemed like we were walking up a hill into a tall building. We walked through a hallway, & through a wall, & arrived at a darkened apartment."

Along a hallway were pictures. The first one was a tall picture of a barefooted red-haired girl in a White Woodsy grove of Faeries."

"Hey! I know that picture!" I said.

The Author guy nodded & talked more. "This little Creature was now in my hand, & she said, 'This is Marie. She is a teacher. One day she finds out she has lost her mountain.'"

"We moved to the next one which looked like a photograph of a guy on a bicycle, riding past a traffic light to a school."

"That's Joe, who is Marie's brother. He likes to visit her at her school to bring her lunch. But today she isn't there, & so he decides to look 4or her. He's very protective of her. He calls her Ginger because of her red hair."

"Then we moved to the last picture of a tall billboard showing a mysterious street with mysterious figures on it. We both looked at it 4or awhile. She says, 'Marie's & Joe's caretaker Daniel & his friend Tumbleweed will be on this strange street from time to time in their travels.'"

"Then she says, 'They all live together in a house in the White Woods near the mountain & the pond. The house has a second smaller building which Daniel & Tumbleweed use as their workshop. Marie & Joe like to sit down at the fishing hole of the pond, & look up at the mountain, until one day the mountain isn't there.'"

The Author guy paused & looked at us.

"Tell us more, guy! Don't torture your friends!" I cried. Crissy nodded wildly too.

He goes on. "The little Imp invited me to live in these pictures, to enspirited them with stories about Marie & Joe & Daniel & Tumbleweed that would have to be told & writed down."

"By who?" I asked.

"The Imp brought me into a dark room where 2 people were sleeping closely in a bed. They looked like the picture on the wall near them."

"She pointed at the man. I looked closely. He seemed to have a nice face. I nodded."

The Author guy stopped & smiled.

"Hey! Go on!"

He looked surprised. "I thought you knowed the rest."

I shooked mah head.

"Well, I live in the pictures so they are alive in that storyteller's mind. He looks at them, & has the itch to tell the stories in them of these Travelers. I am the Itch."

Um.

"You're the Itch?"

He nodded.

I looked at Crissy, who smiled nicely at me but not explaining words as I needed.

I tried again. "So the pandy bear made it so that you would live in the pictures?"

He nodded.

"And itch the storyteller to tell the stories of Marie & Joe & Daniel & the other Travelers?"

He nodded again.

"Does he know you're the Itch?"

"I think he wonders, but I don't think it matters."

"Do Marie & Joe & Daniel know?"

"I don't think so. I don't think it would matter."

"And what about the Secret Books?"

The Author guy nodded. "Well, I arranged 4or him to find them over the turns. Here & there. Usually one at a time, but not always."

I helded mah paw up. "You arranged with the pandy bear, didn't you?"

The Author guy cackled in reply.

I nodded. I think that's why they are called Secret Books.

Now here is where I make a confession, Dear Readers. 4or you see, all I just writed was actually Act 3 of "The Stories of the 4 Pictures" Grand Production. When I heard all this the first time, I said to the Author guy & Crissy we should just tell it like this. Straight & true.

We had come to Crissy's Writing Room in the Red Bag to write Act 3, & the Author guy told us this strange story, & here it was.

They were nice & liked the idear, but then they told me they really did like the idear, not just 4or niceness's saying.

And somehow me & Crissy & the Author per4ormed on both stages in Bags End, & in the great clearing in the White Woods both, I don't know how. Crissy's tricky smile magick, & voila! is all I can say.

And when we were done, we got all kinds of big applause & a standing ovation & all that. O shucks!

We took our bows but when I looked around to share a friendly "glad it's over & we didn't get the hook" smile with the Author guy, he was gone!

I looked at Crissy, who smiled & shrugged. Such things don't surprise her none.

I went back later to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, to sit among mah thoughts.

It's not one of those stories that makes sense from one angle at a time. Maybe 2 or 3.

And I felt a little disappointed that those talented Creatures hadn't been in it. I like their talents.

Then I heard a cackle. Ut-o. Pandy bear alert.

I peered into the darkness be4ore me of nighttime Milne's Porch, till maybe I falled asleep or something, but suddenly that good hosting Bear called X with his handsome hat & scarf was crying out, "On . . . with . . . the . . . show!"

And out came lots of talented bears dancing & jumping hi like nobody's business!

And X then pointed up to the highest places in the dark sky where that little La Petit Thumb was! There was a blink of lights, & suddenly she was somewhere else, over & over again!

And then that brown monkey fellow called Jumping Jacoby was doing all sorts of jumping & tumbling feats of daring-do! And then he was dancing wildly with the White Bunny MeZmer! She did amazing hoppings to gape mah mouth!

And there were then these strange lovely Toes, & they sang a lovely hmmm so sweet that I could not wonder question one about it.

Finally, a whole group of Giraffes & other smiling Creature guys brung the house down with their musical rattlings & shakings & jinglings.

And a red curtain then fell over the whole production, & I was back alone in my usual comfy armchair, with the usual pretty but much calmer sky be4ore me.

Wow! A dream? Or that Author guy's way of saying goodbye after all? I have mah suspicions, Dear Readers.

This has been a very strange tale to tell, but I think I understand things better in some kind of twisty way. And it was fun to help in making the Grand Production this time around.

And then a few days later, I got invited to come visit the Creature Common by nighttime.

I was in the arms of that other Ramie cousin, I think the one the Pandly Bear had showed the Author guy sleeping? We were in some kind of room next to the one where I think the Creatures all stay. Also in his grasp were MeZmer the White Bunny, & Holly the Hedgedyhog, & a little green spiny fellow, & a little flowery girl bear.

The Ramie cousin was pointing us to the picture of Marie the Traveler & crying out, "Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready?" He paused like good drama & then cried out, "Marie!" & then turned us to show the next picture, of Joe on his bike near Marie's school, & cried out, "Joe!" & then sort of swept past a picture of a pond (with Marie's mountain?), & pointed to the photograph of the strange road where Daniel was sometimes, & cried out, "Daniel!" Then he sorta climaxed his drama by saying, "Et!"

"Cetera!" said a girl's voice back in the Creature Common room.

And I knowed somehow that the Author guy was lurking in all 4 of these pictures, just ready to itch & itch.

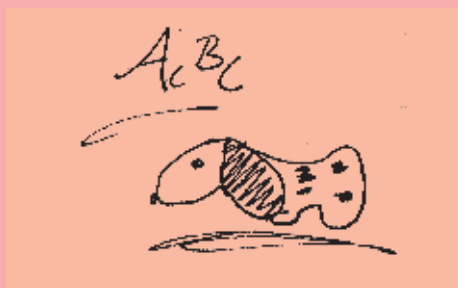
THE END

P.S. - Dear Readers,

I sure got a lot of letters about this crazy tale in mah newspaper! So many good questions! Like "How can Crissy and the Author guy both have Secret Books?" & "How many Marie pictures are there?" & "Who was that mysterious brown Bear the Author guy met?"

I think maybe I should go on a fact-hunting trip to find some good answers if I can. Maybe I will ask Princess Crissy & those wise & sometimes mysterious Creatures to help me.

Anyway, I will write up what I find in mah beloved newspaper 4or all of you to read about!



* * * * *

Bags End News
 No. 381, September 6, 2014
 Editor: Agathon Baggle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Sleepe Overr inn Imopiana!

Az iz welll nown big deer needs
 too mah belovd naws paper, Princess
 Crissykah of Imopiana, orr Crissy 92.
 Shee likes too play itt, iz wun of mah
 dearest friends! Shee is the Gardian
 of Baggend & probablyee, vthr plases

to, butt shee don't
 brag no about itt.
 Inns inn herr Cassel
 witz herr bestus
 looks lik a fernd
 too see mee & th
 frends wen shee
 gum crazy fims.
 Well, thuss is
 opposit thup happen!

Bags End News
 No. 382 September 13, 2014
 Editor: Agathon Baggle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

In too Crissys' Sekret Ruum!

Onliy jest hardley yet began
 too tell yu deer needs, off mah
 sleepoverr vizit with mah deer
 friend Princess Crissy inn herr
 Cassel inn Imapeana. Jest times
 I told ut gettop mah invitashun
 too kum & kempp. Boop greeted
 mee & apowwised me too Crissy.
 az hee likes too doo, & hee iz
 herr best budy so, I waz gam.
 Espeshally sids ittended inn
 Crissy hutz. Wee mad Boop to
 wick hee like butt nott say no so.
 Enwaye Boop straitfard
 himmself, upp lik huppp no iz a
 messy bigness, butt hee waz



Bags End Book #18: Sleep-Over in Imagianna! Part 1

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good 4or folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Sleep-Over in Imagianna!

As is well-known among mah Dear Readers, Pricess Chrisakah of Imagianna, or Crissy as she likes to play it, is one of mah dearest friends. She is the Guardian of Bags End, & probably a lot of other places too, but she don't ever get all big guy bragging about it. Mostly, she just lives in her Castle in Imagianna with her bestus buddy Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, & comes to visit me & the other Bags End friends when she gets bored & needs some crazy times in mah strange homeland.

Well, this story is about the opposite thing happening. It began one day when I was just home from all day at Mister Owl's Bags End School, & I was settling into a good nap in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. Nothing fancy or looser in the dreams to come. Just friendly dozing.

There was a polite knock at the window that leads from me & mah brother Alexander Puppy's bedroom onto Milne's Porch.

Half awake, I said, "Come on in! Take off your skin! And rattle around in your bones! Just kidding!" I thought it was that silly Bumping brother of mine, coming to talk to & bother me in his own inimitable way.

But she wasn't. That is, she was Elaine El, who is mah friend Polly El's mommy & the Post-Mistress of Bags End. Els look a little bit like elephants but way smaller 4or sure.

"I hope I am not bothering you, Algernon dear," she said in her nice & polite voice.

I waked up fast. "No, no, Missus El, come out & you can sit with me in mah comfy armchair if you want."

"Well, I shouldn't, should I? Maybe just 4or a moment," she smiled & shushed & said more words, but eventually I had her sitting next to me.

She looked out at the view, which was right now just a big blue sky with some pretty white clouds. "This is so nice," she said. "I can see why you like to come here so often to write your fine newspaper stories."

I nodded & said, "O shucks!" at the same time. Then I said, "Did you come here just to say hello?" I asked. But I didn't think so.

Her pretty El eyes lighted up with remembering. "No! No, not this time. I have a letter 4or you. It's from Imagianna."

"A letter? Really? Hey! That probably means it's from Princess Crissy!" I said all excited.

She smiled shyly. "Would you like my help reading it?"

I nodded yes. Though I am learning mah ABZs a lot from Mister Owl, I am still kind of a illiterate guy overall.

Missus El had on her mail delivery sack, & pulled from it mah letter. She handed it over to me to look at. It had really pretty handwriting on it, & a wax seal that showed Crissy's Castle & everything.

"I think Boop probably helped Crissy make it," I said to Missus El. "He is a fan of the 4ormal & fancy." She nodded politely, & opened up the letter to its full size to read its writings.

"Dear Algernon," she read. "I would very much like 4or you to come & visit Imagianna this Saturday night. We can have a sleep-over, & maybe explore my Castle together. I hope you can come! Yours royally & always, Princess Chrisakah, Imagianna."

Wow! How exciting! I asked Missus El to read it to me again to make sure the words stayed the same. They did.

"I never slept-over & explored be4ore! I mean, I visited Crissy & Boop in their Castle a lot, but not to sleep-over & explore!" I cried.

Missus El smiled happy 4or me, & then pulled out a pencil & piece of paper. I just looked at her twice.

"Algernon, you received an invitation to visit. You need to reply!" she said. Smiling though.

"But why? Crissy knows I will come."

She smiled more. "But Boop made her write this letter, right? So he expects a reply."

Hm. I guessed that was right. I felt like a country bumpkin.

But she shooshed mah fears & we just writed a short note together.

"Dear Princess Chisakah," it read. "Thank you 4or the invitation. Yes, I will come, & I can't wait! Your friend, Algernon Beagle."

Missus El nodded, like good job, & kissed me on mah furry 4orehead & left to send mah letter in reply to Crissy & Boop. Nice El.

I supposed I better tell the Bunny Family I would be away. I mean, I

am kind of a orphan so they adopted me & they're nice folks. I tolded Pat & Pete, who are Sheila's & Lori's & Petey's & Sharon's & Margy's mommy & daddy, & they tolded me to have a good time.

I wondered what to bring but I could not think of anything that Crissy would want except 4or me to show up.

So on Saturday night, I left mah bedroom & went down some ramps & levels of Bags End to the hallway with the door that leads to Imagianna. It was nighttime when I got there, & there sure were a lot of stars in the sky. There was even a big full moon, & I remembered how we once went in dreams up on a hill nearby here to read some of these strange Secret Books by big full moonlight. I wrotoed about that in mah Bags End Book #17 called The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! Fun memory.

Anyway, I kept along mah way from the door up the golden green hills that lead up to Crissy's Castle. It looked especially tall & grand in the full moonlight.

I knocked on the door &, after a time, it was answered by Crissy's bestus buddy Boop, who is her servant too. Because he wants to.

Boop smiled to see me & I was glad. He had been mah newspaper's Apprentice Reporter 4or awhile, but then he got other writing idears, & I was OK going back to just me & Lori Bunny making mah newspaper.

"Hi, Boop!" I said all friendly.

Boop bowed stiffly to me like he got long protocols on his mind.

"Greetings, Venerated Scribe! The Princess will see you now."

And so I agreeably followed him as he led the way to Crissy's Throne Room. Herself was sitting in her Throne with her fancy Princess dress on over her bloo jeans.

"Presenting . . . the Court Scribe to King Sheila Bunny of Bags End, Mister Algernon Beagle!" Boop cried all, um, royally.

Crissy looked at me, & I looked at her, & we tried to resist, but we were so excited to visit that we rushed to hug each other! Then, so Boop would not fret, we hugged him a lot too.

"We're going to have so much fun tonight!" said Crissy with her happiest, trickiest smile. It was already true!

* * * * *

Into Crissy's Secret Room!

Anyway, Boop straightened himself up, like hugging is a messy business, but he was smiling anyway.

"Princess, if there's nothing more at this time, I am going to repair to my Composing Chamber," he said.

"Is it broke?" I said & then laughed a lot. Crissy did too, but then she nodded her charming smile at Boop. "Have fun!" Boop knows its charms well, & waved friendly as he left.

Crissy & I looked at each other now. I talked first mah curious question. "Where do we start to sleep-over & explore, Crissy?"

Crissy put her finger on her chin, like thinking. Then tricky smile & talking. "Let's go to my Secret Room!"

Crissy led the way since I am not too good at navigating her Castle, which 4orgets it's a building, sort of like that weird Clover-dale place we went to one time.

Crissy's Secret Room is quite a place to go to too. Its door is these long strings of colored rings, & inside it has strange purple lights. There

are these soft pink cushions with strange designs on them. Like weird picture stories of some kind. But you still sit on them. It's kind of a narrow room so it's good to feel cozy with everyone in it. Which is usually true.

Up high was a shelf of all of Crissy's storybooks she wrote back in her Christina days with Boop in a city. I was there too, but these books came later on after I was brought to Bags End. I was never sure how many she wrote but I always secretly hoped for her to write new ones sometime.

There were pictures on the walls too, different ones each time, like they took turns. I noticed this time that one of the pictures looked like a photograph taken in a lighthouse.

"I was traveling by the Wide Wide Sea with these Kittees in their Boat-Wagon when we visited that lighthouse," Crissy explained a little shyly.

"Is that time told of in one of your storybooks?" I asked. I knew a little bit of those Creature Kittees & their Boat-Wagon. But not a lot yet.

"No, but probably in those little Secret Books," she said, & pointed me to her long overcoat hanging up neatly in the corner. I knew its many little pockets held the ones we read by full moonlight.

I nodded. "I got letters from lots of readers of mah newspaper wanting to know more about them. I was figuring we would find out sometime together."

Crissy nodded too, & looked thoughtful. "I do think we need to do that, but I have something else in mind first."

We were sitting close like we like to do. I felt like we could talk about anything right now.

"What did you have in mind, Crissy?" I asked.

She stood up with a suddenly back-tricky smile. "I would like to read to you from one of my stories. If you would like that."

"Really? Wow! Yes, that would be wonderful!" I said with mah words fighting each other to say yes first.

Crissy laughed her sweet laugh. "Good. I have one in mind to read for while we are having our sleep-over."

She reached up to her shelf & pulled one storybook down, & we sat again close to look at it. It was green & gold just like that Tangled Gate book of hers she'd read me one time.

On the cover showed a Castle just like the one on the letter I got from her & that we were in. "That's here!" I said. Duh! But still. It was.

Crissy nodded & said, "There is a story in this book about this Castle. I wrote it when we still lived in our apartment in the city, Algernon."

"Like the Castle you always wanted?" I asked.

"Well, sort of. I mean, if Boop & I had to go, you know, with Benny Big Dreams, Boop wanted us to live in a Castle & have me Princess Guardian & him my servant & all." She looked embarrassed.

"I know all this, Crissy. I know you did it like this for me & Boop & Bags End & maybe other places."

She nodded, wordless.

"So you wrote a story about what your Castle would be like?" I asked. She nodded. "Read it!" said me. Smiling to make her smile again.

She nodded again, opened the storybook, & found the right page. "It's short. Just to get it on paper so I would not feel helpless when it happened."

I nodded. She read in her sweet Crissy voice, "When I arrived to the Castle, with my best friend & all of my doubts, I walked through the front door & said, 'You & I are not Master & Servant, not now or ever. You are a living being allowing my friend & me sanctuary from the world, so that we are safe & can then focus on caring & protecting others. We are all friends now & hereon. Shift your rooms at will & whim, but be with Boop & me a trio

of good dear friends now & always!"

Crissy paused for a moment. I nodded. "Read the rest," I said. She did & here it is.

"My friend the Castle took us in that day, & has kept us safe & good since. She has many secrets of her own, as she is kind of a Beast of a building. We take good care of each other. She welcomes me to explore her always more!"

Then Crissy smiled at me & closed her storybook. Then she stood up to put it up on the shelf with the rest of them. Then she sat back down again with me.

I thinkd while she nicely skritchd mah head-bone. "OK. So your Castle is alive & don't mind friendly explorings."

She nodded.

"Well, we do that a lot in Bags End, especially when Sheila Bunny has her restless paws," I said some more.

Crissy nodded. She knows those paws well.

"So that what you want us to do tonight, Crissy?" I asked. Slowly figgering it out.

She nodded. Crissy tricky smilest.

"OK! Let's start!" I was raring to go. We were both surprised by me. Glad too.

Crissy stood up too, but then walked to the back of her Secret Room, where it is kind of dark. She sort of tricky-smile-magick'd some more light, & I saw how we were to begin. Crissy's Red Bag.

* * * * *

Into Imagianna's Red Bag!

Strange of recent times to tell is the appearance in Bags End, Imagianna, Dreamland, & who-knows-where-else of the Red Bag. I wrote all about the Red Bag in mah Bags End Book #16 called What Is the Red Bag?

It's one Bag, but also in many places too, is the twisted-up-words way to try to describe the Red Bag. That & also that the inside of the Red Bag kind of looks like the place it is many in. So, in Bags End, it has at least one hallway, like the other Bags. In Imagianna, it looks like that little apartment where Crissy & Boop & I lived in a city long ago. Where Crissy rited those books later when it was just her & Boop, & typed them up on the rite-typer she gave me to use for Bags End News. But it also is still in the Imagianna Red Bag too. Weird, but true, but OK.

This Red Bag was even where me & Crissy & a strange Author guy writed "The Story of the 4 Pictures" Grand Production not long ago. I tolded all about this in mah Bags End Book #17 called The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers!

And I want Crissy to write new storybooks in this Writing Room of hers if she wants to. I will share the writing game with all comers, especially my dear friend who used to make such good storybooks!

All this to say that when, on our sleep-over in her Castle, comfortable to start in her Secret Room, Crissy showed me in a shadowy back corner of that room her Red Bag, & I was mostly game.

"Shall we go through, Algernon?" Crissy asked, smiling her most eager Crissy smile.

I was more curious than slow to go. "Why there first, Crissy?"

Crissy sat back down with me on the pink cushion I hadn't quite left yet. "I fixed it up some. Since we writed our Grand Production. I wanted it

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 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunnig

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DOUBLE ISSUE

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Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunnig

Wither thee Darkk Creechuz Go

Weni mah deer friend ^{Elam} Rannish ⁸¹
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to feel like a place I would go to be now, & not just a memory."

"O!" I nodded. "Does that make you sad that we 3 don't live together there in the city no more?"

Crissy thought a moment. "No. But here we are now, & I want my Writing Room to be too."

Well, that was good enough for me. I walked right up to that Red Bag with Crissy, & she nicely reminded me of our how.

"Just close your eyes & imagine yourself on the other side. We take turns doing this, & each of us in turn says, while eyes closed, 'this is the door & now we pass through!' Say it 3 times total." And she did this to show me how easy it was. And, strange to say, it was! I have done this strange thing before & it usually works. I still prefer regular doors mostly, but I am not prejudiced. A door is a door, after all, as long as it works one way or another.

And here we come just like nothing to Crissy's Writing Room! But, aha, Crissy had been busy redecorating.

Even though she is a Princess by trade, Crissy told me she always really preferred beanbags to royal thrones. And there was this big old soft one in the middle of this Writing Room! And next to it on a little table was even some copies of your old pal Algernon's newspaper called Bags End News!

"Hey! That's mah newspaper!" I said, with smiles & blushes too. I forget that some guys read it, some anyway, who don't do that to mock or demand more headlines.

Crissy nodded & suddenly plopped down into her beanbag chair. She motioned me to come too, & I half-plopped, half-tried-not-to-crash.

Crissy laughed & settled us comfortable together. I looked about me curiously to see more of the new things.

I see'd on the walls new pictures hung up. Haha, one was of those strange funny but nice & good music R.E.M. guys Crissy likes to dance to, & them on her pajamoze too I remembered.

Another picture was of one of that Monet painter guy's haystacks. His pictures are always full of funny secret little tricks to find.

And another picture was a kind of fotograf in a frame that showed those Creature Common guys Rosaleeta the Imp & Bellla the um I guess Piglet. They were looking tricky too, like Monet's picture, happy & pleased.

"They were Great Heroes that day when they climbed Mount Cloudy Day!" said Crissy all pleased. I nodded uncertainly. I should find out more about that too when I have a chance.

There was room for more pictures on the walls, but I guessed Crissy hadn't picked them out yet, or maybe she liked having some blank space too to inspire her writings.

One thing that hadn't changed was Crissy's rite-typer on the other table next to our shared beanbag seat. Her notebooks & pencils & pens right next to it. Green & gold colored too, I noticed.

So I asked & wanted to know, "Are you writing a new story?"

She nodded. "About my Castle."

"You mean another one?" I asked, hoping I remembered right.

She nodded again. "I figger there will be more after we do our explorings." I nodded too.

"Shall we go on?" she smiled. I nodded yes. Then she helped me out of her beanbag chair which seemed to want to keep me close. Another time again, friend.

We came back to Crissy's Secret Room, & I was about say, "Where to next, Crissy?" when Boop rushed into the Secret Room to find us!

"Princess! O, Princess! He's here! How? I didn't know? He is here!"

Crissy hugged Boop from his crazy to a bit calmer. Finally I talked.

"Who, Boop?"

"The Inspector. Ignatius the Inspector!" Boop cried, with the strangest of looks.

"Iggy? Here?" I asked. Wow.

Boop nodded.

Crissy had a sort of wondering & remembering look on her face. "Is that tonight? I thought he was coming later."

Well, Boop started getting really upset again, first breathing too hard, & then 4orgetting to breathe at all. Crissy comforted him twice as much.

I decided to make mahself useful & go let Iggy in. He has been inspecting fantasylands including Bags End 4or a very long time. We used to get D-'s from him all the time until he changed his inspecting ways. Since Bags End wouldn't. Now we do better & he is happier too. I tolded about those dark old times in mah Bags End Book #3 called Bags End Gets a F.

Iggy was just inside the front door, looking around curiously. Then he saw me & smiled & I was glad he saw me.

I never knowed Imagianna to get inspected be4ore but I suppose it had to happen. We all get inspected in the end. Even though Crissy knowed it was coming, even if she 4orgetted when.

* * * * *

Iggy Starts His Inspection of Imagianna!

"Hi, Iggy!" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

"Why, Algernon! How are you?" smiled Iggy. "I have just come from Bags End." He likes us now that he inspects 4or how true a fantasyland is being to itself. Bags End is as weirdly true as ever.

"How did we do this time?" I asked, just to check. Iggy & Sheila Bunny used to fight & argue all the time.

"O dandy! Sheila & I listened to jazz records 4or hours! Miles & Trane & Bird & Dizzy & those crazy E.S.T. fellows. Alex your clever brother showed his newest Bump picture-book. I marched with Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow's Army of the Babys. She calls me a visiting General. Gweneral, I mean," & he laughed a lot. I did too.

Latest Bump picture-book. Hmmm.

"Anyway, I'm afraid I'm early to visit here & um--" Iggy looked through his Inspecting Case, which has his notes & things, checked something, & then said, "Boop? Yes, Boop. Is upset & thrown off."

I nodded. "I think Crissy 4orgotted to tell him you were coming too."

"O!" said Iggy & looked upset.

But just then Crissy come out sorta tugging Boop along with her.

Iggy right away sank to his 1 knee. "Princess! Goodness! I am so sorry I am early!"

Crissy smiled & waved us all into her Throne Room. Smart girl. If she got Princessy 4or awhile, Boop would calm down some.

She climbed agreeably into her Throne. Then she said all serious, "Servant Boop, present our guest!"

Well, that got Boop on track good. I slunk into a corner 4or safe keeping & good watching.

"Princess Chrisakah, I present to you Ignatius the Independent

Inspector of Fantasylands, Near & Far, High & Low!" Boop cried out proudly.

Iggy then again bowed low.

Crissy nodded. "You're early, Inspector Ignatius." All serious still.

"I know! I know! I am so sorry, Princess!" Iggy looked terrified. Of Crissy?

Then she smiled the right Crissy way & I felt OK. No simulacres going on. "It's OK. I just didn't have a chance to tell Boop. I'm sorry too," & she looked at Boop sincerely. Hopeful for forgiveness too.

Well, Boop loves Crissy more than the world. He nodded & hurried out of the Throne Room in case his smiles or tears runned his protocols over.

"Call me Crissy please," Crissy smiled more at Iggy.

Iggy nodded smiling too. "Algernon & Sheila & the Bags End folks have always called me Iggy, so that works nice."

At mention of mah name, I come out of mah corner & they smiled at me like I wasn't unwelcomed.

"When do you want to start your Inspection?" asked Crissy.

Iggy suddenly yawned. "Goodness! I guess my travels have tired me."

"Well then, you need to rest," decided Crissy. "We can start tomorrow. Algernon & I are having a sleep-over tonight anyway. Boop!" she then called.

Boop was all business when he come back, & he happily showed Iggy to a guest room to sleep. Iggy smiled & told us all a good night. I think Boop probably went to bed too then, or else back to his Composing Chamber.

Well, that was that for now. Crissy & I were alone again. We looked at each other. "What now?" asked me.

"Are you tired, Algernon?"

I thinked, & I wasn't, & I shooked mah head no.

She smiled big then. "Good! Let us continue our sleep-over!"

"How?" asked me.

She thinked a moment, finger on chin. "Back to my Secret Room to start. I have a good idea!"

So she led us back to her Secret Room, & we sat together again on the pink cushions.

Then she called, "Castle! Lights out, please!"

And it was now dark. I would have been a little spooked but Crissy was holding mah paw closely.

"Algernon, I learned when I first came here that there are Creatures who live here in the Dark."

"Um, like Creature Common guys?" I asked.

"Sort of. They are part of the Dark of the Castle when all the lights are out."

"O! like Miss Chris's friends called Suzie & Freddy Dark & their kin?"

Crissy laughed. "Maybe! They lead me on adventures to places in the Castle I could not get to by myself. They know their own ways. Are you game to come?"

I could feel Crissy's happy smile & nodded to it. "Game as Bunnyball!" I said.

So Crissy called out again, "OK, Creatures of the Dark here, Algernon & I are ready to follow you!"

Then she said to me, "If you close your eyes, you will see how they do. That way you won't bump into anything. And they will touch our hands & paws to lead us too."

Wow, this was some crazy stuff! But I guessed that a sleep-over with Crissy in her Beast Castle would not be any less.

And it was true. My eyes tightly shut, I could see better, & their touch

was gentle.

The Creatures of the Dark led us along the lightless hallways of the Castle 4or a long time. Crissy & I kept touch to each other too, but were quiet & paying good attention.

4or awhile it seemed like we were walking along regular, but then it seemed like we were floating on the air! Like those Blondy girls in Bags End do! But I started to panick because beagles do not float. But Crissy & the Dark Creatures kept near & I didn't shipwreck sink immediately. And still a beagle too. I guess the Dark Creatures' magicks kept me up somehow!

* * * * *

Whither the Dark Creatures Go

Ahead there was a light coming from a mostly closed door.

"That's Boop's Composing Chamber," Crissy suddenly speaked in a half-whisper.

"Are we going to visit him?" I half-whispered too, wondering how the Dark Creatures would visit in the light. Probably some way my poor simple brain-bone could not fathom.

As though to answer mah strange question, the light in the Composing Chamber went out as we got closer. O.

I began to wonder if floating was just how these Dark Creatures traveled, even in hallways you could find & walk regular by daytime. Maybe Crissy didn't think to explain this to me because she more natively floats too, & she knowed I wasn't going to crash despite mah beagle's non-floating nature.

Boop's Composing Chamber wasn't too big though it still had a nice couch 4or visitors while Boop sat at his, um, Composing Desk. Me & Crissy sat on the couch, & I think the Dark Creatures sort of perched up on the wall or near the ceiling. I noticed up on the wall a framed picture of the issue of Bags End News that Boop rited the cover story 4or. A good revue too.

Eyes still closed tightly like I was told, I could see Boop smiling at us calmly. Like he knowed we was coming. Which gives his usual stresses & strains half a chance of not coming.

"Would you like 4or me to read to you a little?" he asked.

We nodded eagerly. His writings 4or mah newspaper are always good.

"I was writing about my bother tonight," Boop said. "About our times together. He was always daring, like the Princess."

Crissy laughed.

Boop picked up his papers & started to read from them. "'He told me about a strange dream he had that he could remember every detail. He said that we had gone up to the Overworld.'" We nodded.

Um. "Wait, what?" I asked.

Boop looked at me & thinked about mah question. "O! I see. Well, that was our name 4or the world above us, above our tunnels & caves & the Great Cavern. What you know as the Tangled Gate. We didn't go up there much."

I nodded.

Boop read on. "'And he said that we were running side by side together along these paths, one then next, like we knowed where we were going. Finally, we can to this big Fountain. It sprayed very high in the air. My brother kept us going through the Gate itself.'"

This was a good story. Me & Crissy both leaned nearer, & I thinked the Dark Creatures were listening close too.

Boop read on. "The Tangled Gate is impossibly tall & it seems to be black metal. It has complex scrollwork from the top to the bottom. Very dense pictures & symbols in it. My brother said that we had come to study it, to learn."

Boop paused. "More?" he asked with a smile.

We nodded & the Dark Creatures made some friendly noises. I don't know if they speak English. They understand it to listen anyway.

Boop read on. "There were so many pictures on the Tangled Gate, but what was strange was that we found images of Creatures on it. A Bunny with long ears. A Turtle-not-a-turtle, like my brother & me. Even a tiny Imp clear to see."

"Wow!" I said out loud, & Crissy nodded the like.

Boop read a little more. "Then in this dream, my brother told me, the music started."

Boop straightened out his papers from reading, & put them neatly back on his desk.

"Is there more?" Crissy asked. "What happened next?"

Boop laughed. "I haven't rited it yet!"

Well, it would have been rude to demand the unwritten word, so we told Boop how much we liked it so far. He was very pleased, but then he said he had to resume his work & so turn on the lights & all.

So me & Crissy & the Dark Creatures got in some appreciative hugging be4ore continuing along our dark travels. Boop closed his door be4ore turning on his light again.

Then Crissy turned to me & shocked me by yawning! Then I not-so-shocked mahself by yawning too. Even the Dark Creatures sort of huddled tiredly together.

Crissy nodded. "Now comes the sleeping part of our sleep-over, Algernon."

So we all traveled back to Crissy's Secret Room. Crissy & me both thanked the Dark Creatures & sort of petted them good night & all. I definitely wanted to float with them again. Ha! Me float! But true this time.

So the Dark Creatures continued on their way, & Crissy got me & her settled among pink cushions, & she brung out blankets too.

When we were all sorts of cozied down, & the Secret Room's purple light was dimmed down, Crissy said, "Would you like to stay 4or Iggy's Inspection?"

"That's up to Boop," I said. "He might be too spooked 4or onlookers."

Crissy nodded in the purplish dim. "We will ask him then."

"Why is Iggy inspecting Imagianna anyway?" I asked suddenly.

"Well, I rote him a letter. I was reading old issues of your newspaper about all the inspecting he does. I said in my letter I would be happy to welcome him. There was one time he almost came, but never did."

"O. OK. So now he has to figger out what Imagianna being its best is like, & then inspect to compare against that, I guess." I was starting to wonder if I understood this all as much as I did.

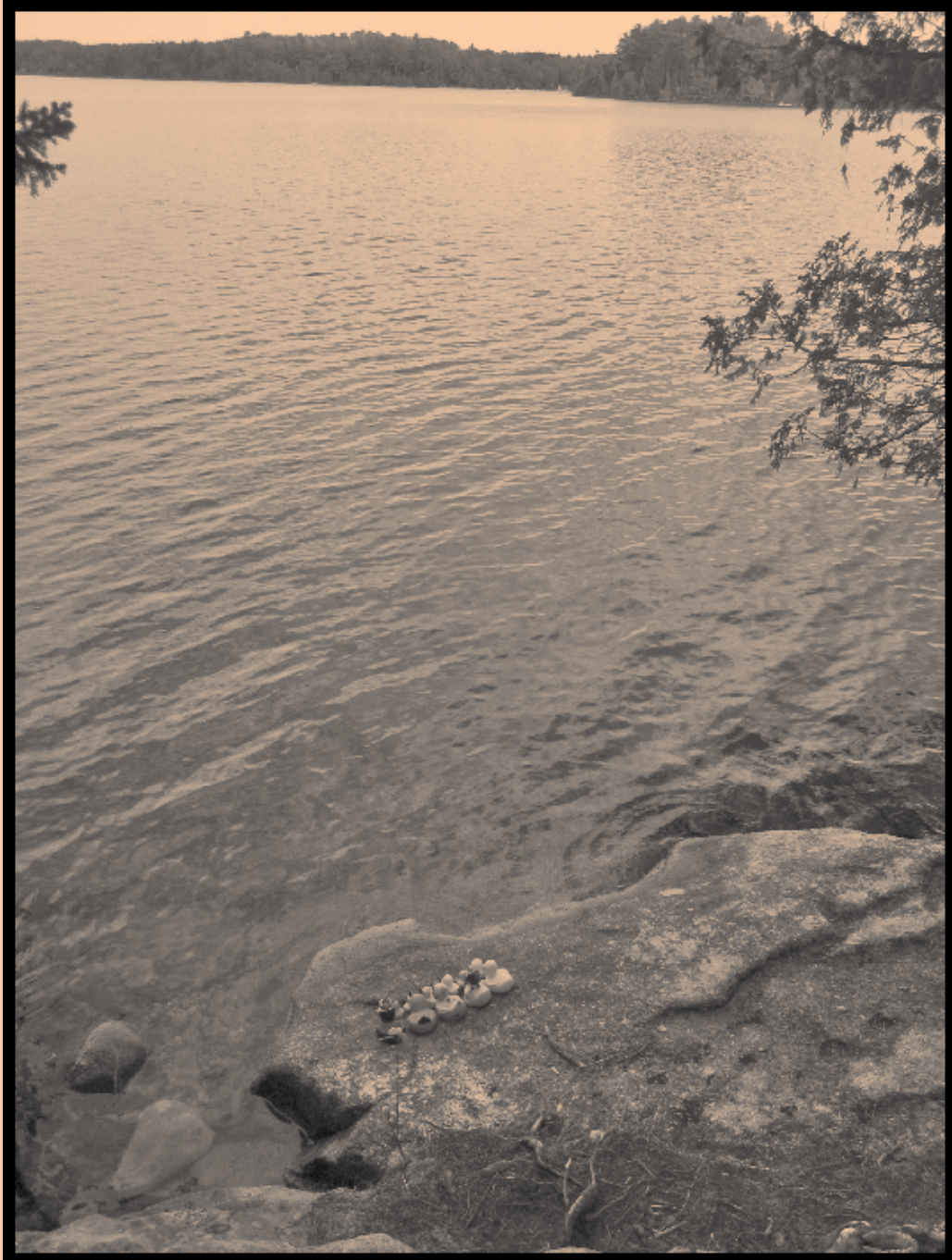
Crissy laughed. "Yes, that's how I think it works too."

I was falling asleep not wanting to. It was quite comfortable.

Crissy started *hmming* & I think that was what finished me off. I drifted on her pretty *hmming* right into good sleeping. Nothing looser this time. Just friendly sleeping.

I think Crissy woked up be4ore me because I was tangled in mah own bones & nobody else's. So I gathered mahself together quickly & left her purple-lighted Secret Room.

Mah guess was that Iggy was up bright & early to begin his Inspection. I figgered I better hurry not to miss more than I did.



Hurried I did & by lucky chance found Crissy's Throne Room, & by luckier chance found Crissy, Boop, & Iggy still in it!

Crissy was in her Throne, & Boop was nearby. Iggy was standing at a table with his Inspecting Case on it.

"Algernon!" said Crissy all happy. "I didn't want to wake you up," she added, all shy.

"The Princess insisted we wait 4or you though," said Boop, & he couldn't help his smile. After all our liking of his writing especially.

"So you don't mind me watching?" I asked him.

He smiled nicely. "Of course not!"

Now Iggy talked. "And so of course we waited 4or you! This might even be a news story 4or you, Algernon. This is a first time Inspection, which means I am getting all of my notes & impressions 4or the first time, 4or the future."

I thinked a minute. Then I nodded. "So I will come along with mah reporter's fedorah on, so to speak." Since I didn't bring it.

Crissy did a double-time tricky smile at me as she stood up from her Throne, & come over to hand me mah own fedorah!

"I'm ready!" sayeth me.

Iggy began to unpack his Inspecting Case. I had seen some of the stuff in it be4ore, but he brought out a lot more tools & things this time. He picked up his clipboard to get started.

Crissy sorta sat back in her Throne & motioned me & Boop to both join her. Boop was too curious about all of this to cite protocols right now.

Iggy started asking some questions right off. Boop & Crissy took turns answering since they both know Imagianna good 4or quizzes.

"Fantasyland name?"

"Imagianna."

"Number of residents?"

"2. Possibly more."

"Neighboring lands?"

"Bags End. Over there. Dreamland. Over there."

"Purpose?"

"Home 4or the Guardian of Bags End & possibly other fantasylands. And her dearest friend."

"Enemies?"

"None."

"Is this a happy land?"

"Sure."

"Does it welcome visitors?"

"Friendly ones. Like Algernon."

I nodded. I am indeed a friendly visitor.

Iggy put on his Inspecting Spectacles now. I call them Inspectacles 4or short & laugh in mah head at this joke. I don't think he really minds so much.

Anyway, Inspectacles time I knowed better because it meant he was ready to do his walking tour. Iggy once tolded me that he likes to get his inspecting boots on the ground, which I thinked meant walking around & looking with his own eyes & sniffing with his own nose-bone. Made sense to me.

So Iggy closed up his Inspecting Case & slung it over his shoulder. He kept his clipboard out 4or notes of course. And his Inspectacles on his nose-bone too.

"Lead the way," he said smiling. Boop & Crissy popped out of her Throne,

& I followed because I was reporting & so wouldn't get tossed 4or nosiness.

Crissy led us first to her Secret Room. Good place to start.

"I got this idea from Algernon & his Milne's Porch," explained Crissy, smiling at me. "A sort of sanctuary to come to. And a nice place to bring visitors."

Iggy nodded & scribbled away on his clipboard. "I know Milne's Porch well," & he smiled at me too. I hoped I wasn't causing trouble by comparisons or nothing. Not yet, I guessed.

That done, we went down to Boop's Composing Chamber. It was daytime so no Dark Creatures & no floating. Just regular walking. O well.

Iggy was very impressed by Boop's Composing Chamber & how neat it was, but still a friendly guest couch too.

"Crissy reminds me that both doing good Art & trying to be a good person is the best way to to be. So I made this very important place to me friendly 4or others to visit." Boop nodded at Crissy with all of his usual admirations.

Iggy nodded too, & took a lot of notes.

I wondered what next when Iggy paused us in the hallway still near Boop's Composing Chamber.

"I do what research I can be4ore I come to a new fantasyland. What I'm wondering now though is not what you've shown me, but what you didn't yet. What's missing?"

Well, at this all of us looked uncertain at each other.

"Missing?" repeated Boop. Crissy & my looks said the same as his words.

Iggy nodded. "There's something missing to Imagianna. Maybe someone?"

"Who?" I asked.

Iggy shrugged his shoulders. "It seems important."

Boop talked again. "We have lived here a long time. Who would be missing that is so important? And where is this person?"

I was looking at Crissy & her face was changing thoughts a lot.

"What, Crissy?"

She talked slowly, like she was shocking herself too with words.

"I have a sister," she said.

"You mean Miss Chris?" I asked, thinking I knowed this one.

"No, Algernon. We came from Emandia together."

"That's Crissy's home place from long ago," I explained too Iggy in a hurry like he suddenly had to go.

Iggy nodded. "So where is your sister?"

Crissy shooked her head. "I don't know. We became separated long ago."

I suddenly thinked a thought & tried it out.

"Why is she missing, Iggy? Is she supposed to live here?"

Iggy thinked too. "I don't know. I just think this is something missing about Imagianna."

"Does that mean Imagianna's gonna get a bad grade, Iggy?" I asked. This was all going wrong in a surprising & strange new way.

Iggy laughed, but kindly. "No, no, Algernon! We're figgering this out together. No bad grades. I promise."

Crissy decided then & there to return us to her Secret Room. That's where she seems to figger things out best.

So soon we were all at our ease among pink cushions & blankets, but with this question 4or us now. Sister?

"How long ago did you get separated?" I asked.

Crissy thinked hard, remembering. "We were children, Algernon. Taken to different places."

Suddenly Boop, who had not said a word till then, talked.

"We have to find her & we have to make sure that she feels welcomed in Imagianna. To visit. To live. Whatever she likes."

Well, this seemed like a friendly idea so we all nodded.

"But how to find her even to invite her?" I asked.

Iggy nodded, & stood up. "I will put out some feelers in the places I travel." He put his clipboard in his Inspecting Case & took off his Inspectacles.

Then he shook Crissy's hand, & Boop's paw, & even mah grubby one too.

"We will resume this Inspection when we figger this all out. We will write each other soon." He smiled at all of us. Then he was on his way be4ore any of us had breathed twice.

I looked at Crissy & at Boop 4or what & what next. But they were new to this all too.

Right. Sometimes a guy has to know when his visiting time's up. Iggy was right in going, but I went slower. These were mah dear friends.

But I did let them bring me to the Castle's front door 4or goodbye hugs. Quite a sleep-over, this time anyway!

Read Part 2 in *Cenacle* | 117 | October 2021!





Page End News

Ng 397 November 1, 2014

Factor Agency People

Kino: John Barry

Lead Lead Create: threshold people
T.M.H.A. Davis B. San Francisco

Written Down By: Lori Buring

Imagiannas' Inspection Record

What begins with a gift of a
invitation from Prince's Crissy
yt. I'm assuming to go and pull
Aigunah too. You have a fun
sleepover and shops in store
a fun time with it. I'll go too
see for the Inspector, making
on the Cassel for 4. Ashlyn
Crissy wears her missing sister
Wor.

I crossed a hen serpent
 & beast on my back three not far
 decided that you must
 needed to be found at least
 to make sure you now see
 was all was well kind in
 I imagine you promised too

Bag End News

16 338 November 8, 2011

Editor: George B. Peck

King: John B. ...

Lead and texture of the shale

Written Down by Jan. 2009

The Path & Tree Missing
The Boy & Little Thompson

For old beegleboop-jernelst pall
Agermann has yfhar wance a
stare in his time about Iq
the Inseker in his bedrooom
Kongvishel, inspektion, capetella
of Boorand. In menne stanes, that
Eazend nappes, Ingearvina ditz
Pretess, doch over tress Gisekah
But thee Iq had very seely
kum beegleboop beah. Iqan allmost
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old with it ident. paper. I was
wundering about that with much
beegleboop jernelst: sniff! for
reah.

But then I 54 showed up

Bag End News

LA 389 November 15, 2014

Editor: Agoston Bogy

King, Sheila Bunny

Lead Load Creature Threshold: Kuzle
 11/11/11 10:00 AM

Written County: Lor. Bunn

Away to the Crochus! on!

There was a tin bakcup wegn
vss gas mnn Engrend mostley had
frukt only with Mees chodes &
here howson Cornet. Then
it seemd lik Betsee Bony Pillo
was all was trapping leudly out
too Konker or fterat or water
tree Bunnec Pillofarm And of course
there was our Klostix with
Princess Unisheah or Crissy
near durne ~~and~~ ^{the} Smiling sun & horn
vestus out. Boop is Triabana.

Page End News

370, November 22, 2014

Editor: *Harvard Eagle*

King: Sheila Briny

Lead Lead Creature Threshold Ruggle
Walter Doughton & Bunnell

Written Down By: Sari Burr

Taking three Bats Wham too
three Targeted Bat!

For old bage? boye jennelist
pall African man hez been
in a few Kanvauuses in his
time, lik Shella Burns' way
too fast for me. Burns' kid,
but nun hez bin kwit riding
in the Botel wagon drive
by thez bloo-ied Kiteez whoo
ar thum the Kreecher komon. -

Three Kitties sit my three
front of the Wagon & I think
than both peddle away with
their four paws With their
upern paws than steer three
steering wheel that is sort of
Set between them. This some time

Bella
Cave
Manda
Bapt
Lepor
Calony
Tavon

8:55 AM
Dunbar Rd.
Dr. in road
Mallard
Feet heavy
rainy snow
Sleet



Bags End Book #18: Sleep-Over in Imagianna! Part 2

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Imagianna's Inspection Resumes

What began awhile ago as a invitation from Princess Crissy of Imagianna to your old pal Algernon to come to have a fun sleep-over at her Castle turned shapes in story a few times, until it got to be Iggy the Inspector knocking on the Castle's door & asking where her missing sister was?

Crissy & her servant & bestus buddy Boop the not-turtle decided this long-lost sister needed to be found, at least to make sure that she knew that she was always welcomed in Imagianna. Iggy promised to help try to find her too, & when he did, or Crissy did, we would all get back together & resume the Inspection.

And so I went back to Bags End until Crissy tolded me to return. I thinkd she would too, because she likes me out loud, & also I am documenting

Iggy's first time Inspection of Imagianna 4or mah beloved newspaper.

So I waited, Dear Readers. I went to Mr. Owl's Bags End School. I runned from mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy & his new Bump picture-book. I dozed & watched pretty sunsets on Milne's Porch in mah comfy armchair.

Then one time mah good friend, & adopted sister to me like Sheila Bunny is, & fellow newspaper-maker, called Lori Bunny was visiting me on Milne's Porch. She was wondering when the next issue of Bags End News might be.

"When Iggy's Inspection starts up again, I guess," I said, not really knowing other words.

Lori is a really smart-looking orange Bunny with little spectacles on her nozebone that are even smarter on her already smart brainbone.

She had a folder with her, & pulled out papers to show me.

"Hey, that's mah newspaper!" I said.

She nodded & smiled. "I brung the issues about Iggy's Inspecting crisis after Bags End got a F."

She showed me Issue #275. "Iggy came back around Inspecting, this time to figger if a fantasyland was being true to itself."

"And I thought Bags End was going crazy with this new way," I remembered.

"You went to see Princess Crissy, & she was now servant & Boop was now King," Lori said.

"That was strange," I said & thinked both.

"So why didn't he go back to inspect Imagianna that time?" Lori asked.

"I thought cuz he was trying to figger his new Inspecting ways even better."

"Did he figger them out?" asked Lori curiously.

"Hmm. I don't know, Lori. I mean, once big guys get nutty, they usually don't stop voluntarily."

Lori laughed & said we should go see Sheila about this. I guessed so. It would keep me busy while waiting 4or Crissy to call me to return to Imagianna. Maybe I would understand Iggy's ways better too.

So we climbed out of Milne's Porch, & I warned Lori about Alex & his annoying new picture-book. She just laughed.

We made our way to the level & hallway & door where Sheila's Throne Room is. A picture of a crown & a carrot that Miss Chris drawed was on the door, so nobody should be confused. Crown OK, but O! Carrot! Yuk!

I let Lori walk in ahead of me, just in case Sheila was too grumpy 4or Beagles at first look. Then I followed quick, in case Sheila was too grumpy 4or everybody.

But she wasn't, strangely.

"How do, Brains? O, hi, Beagle. Hey! Brains & Beagle, a good Vaudeville name. The egghead & the nozebone!" Sheila slouched comfortably in her Throne, & she laughed a lot at her own joke. She is a light brown Bunny, smaller than Lori, with strange & magickal purple eyes she don't know much how to use.

Well, just in case her frivolities were a quick fluke, I quietly tooked mah usual spot on the matt in the corner near her Throne. Lori stood in front of Sheila & just started to talk.

"Algernon & I are working on a story 4or Bags End News," she began.

Sheila yawned her interest, & her purple eyes began to close, but Lori kept on talking.

"How does Iggy the Inspector Inspect these days so that trouble don't break out crazy amongst you big guys?" I asked with sudden words & braveness.

Sheila was quiet a minute, like she was thinking, or maybe like she

ignored me & was waiting 4or Lori to say more.

Then she talked. "It's simple. No grades."

"How can you Inspect with no grades?" I demanded, wondering whose courage ended up by accident in mah own mouth & brainbone.

But that was that 4or this impromptu interview. Sheila no words pointed her paw to the door. I was well on mah way when I looked back & saw Lori not leaving.

"What's it like now, Sheila?"

Instead of yelling, or worse, Sheila tucked down in her Throne a little more comfortably, & looked up at the ceiling with one of her purple eyes closed, like she always does when she's thinking. Then she talked some more.

"It's more. It's deeper. He always says, 'Are you on the path? Is anything off or missing? Do you remember the big & little things?'"

I thinked to mahself that a missing sister is 2 of those 3 things at least, but didn't say nothing. I didn't feel too educated yet in these new philosophies of Inspecting.

But I guessed Lori was satisfied now because she hopped right up to Sheila, & gave her a kiss on the cheek, like a thankee, & she & I left & went back to Milne's Porch to talk over what we had learned.

As we passed through mah bedroom I share with Alex, I saw a big book on his bed with one single word on the cover. I did not need Lori to tell me this one.

When we were back on Milne's Porch, & sitting together comfortably in mah comfy armchair, I said, "What did all that stuff about paths & missing things mean?"

Lori adjusted her little spectacles, which is sorta her thinking like Sheila looking up at the ceiling.

"Well, it's why he's concerned with Princess Crissy's missing sister. A fantasyland can't be its best if something is missing."

I nodded, understanding better, but somehow it didn't help.

Me & Lori then got quiet 4or awhile, & watched the pretty sunset going on in the big sky be4ore us, a really slow one this time. We sort of napped 4or awhile, our brainbones tired from all that hard thinking. Mine anyway.

But then there was a polite tap at mah bedroom window, & when I got up to see, it was Elaine El, the Postmistress of Bags End!

I welcomed her again, & she climbed on through.

"I have another letter 4or you, Algernon dear," sayeth she.

Ut-o!

* * * * *

The Path & the Missing, **the Big & Little Things**

Me & Lori made a place 4or Missus El with us in mah comfy armchair. I have noticed it seems to always fit everyone no matter how many, which is a fine friendly thing.

"Thank you! How lovely, this is, so nice!" she gushed, & I guess enjoyed with words.

"You have another letter 4or me?" I reminded friendly.

"O! Yes! Here you go!" & she fumbled in her Postmistress bag, & brung the letter out to me.

I said, "Thank you," & handed it to Lori 4or her easier than mine readings. She adjusted her little spectacles, & read out loud the words:

"Dear Algernon,

Neither me nor Iggy have found out where my sister is yet. So you haven't missed anything. I thought to look in the little colored books you may remember I have. I think they hold clues. Will you come & help me play Detective?

Fondly yours,
Princess Crissy"

I asked Lori to read it again to make sure I understood the words & didn't miss none. I didn't.

Missus El stirred & stood up. "I am sure you will make a fine detective, dear. And your loyal readers will want to know all about how it turns out!"

Loyal readers? I thought that was a pretty good insult when I remembered that Missus El likes me. Then I thought over her other words & said, "O, sure, I will do mah best!" Sort of lame way to say, really, but she was all happy & talky as she left, so I figured no harm.

Lori went along with me to the door to Imagianna. "Good luck, Boss!" she said friendly.

"Boss? I'm no Boss, Lori," I protested.

She smiled all over her nice orange furry face. "A good one, too!" Then she pushed open the door for me, & I went through.

Imagianna begins right through the door, & the door is gone if you keep going. When you return from a visit, it's there again. I don't pretend to understand fantasyland science.

Anyway, I made mah short-legged way up the hill to Crissy's Castle. From mah recent sleep-over, I knowed it a little better than I had, but I betted there was lots more I didn't.

I knocked on the front door, & it was answered by Crissy's bestus buddy & servant Boop, the not-turtle.

"Algernon, come quick!" he cried, without the usual protocols, & dragged me along to Crissy's Secret Room.

Crissy was there, & so was Iggy the Inspector. They had pushed back all the pink cushions with their strange designs, & blankets & everything, for more room to scatter those strange little colored books Crissy usually keeps in the pockets of her old long overcoat.

Now I have already tolded a long strange story of these books in mah Bags End Book #17 called The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! That story is all about these Travelers named Daniel & Marie & Joe. What I was unsure of was how they could help with our current situation. So I asked.

After Crissy jumped up & hugged me first. O! Shucks! to her nice affections. Even Iggy smiled nicely at me.

"How will the big myth story in those little colored books help us find your sister, Crissy?"

Iggy talked first. "These books are very important in helping us understand a lot of things."

"Like what?"

Now Crissy talked. "My sister went with the Travelers like the ones in these books."

"You mean she's with Daniel & Marie & Joe?" I asked.

Iggy shooked his head. "I don't think so, Algernon. But maybe we can find her."

"How, Crissy? I don't really understand." Not new for me, sadly.

"We have to go to see the Author of the little colored books," she said. Blushed a little, like old times.

Iggy talked. "There's other writings than these that they mention. I think that our answer is there."

Well, I looked at them both now. "I guess we're gonna go to the Creature Common?"

They nodded.

But they weren't getting right up to go.

"But?" I asked.

"Well, Boop wants us to entertain our guests tonight be4ore going," explained Crissy, smiling.

"You mean me & Iggy?" I asked. Just to make sure. Crissy nodded.

Now usually mah visits with Crissy aren't so 4ormal, but this one was with Iggy, & so I guessed keeping the Inspector in a good mood wasn't a bad idear. Even this new-fangled-no-grades kind of Inspecting.

I can tell you that there was a banquet (O! Yuk!) that I hided safely from in Crissy's Secret Room. When that was assuredly over, Crissy & Boop & me & Iggy went out to the hill where the full Moon can be seen especially good.

As we watched the Moon closer than seemed possible, Iggy said nicely to Crissy, "I am sure we will find her, Princess."

Crissy nodded with her sort-of worried, sort-of happy smile.

"I wonder what she will be like?" she wondered. I guessed we all wondered that.

* * * * *

Away to the Creature Common!

There was a time back-when when us guys in Bags End mostly had truck only with Miss Chris in her house in Connecticut. Then it seemed like Betsy Bunny Pillow was always traipsing loudly off to conquer or liberate or whatever the Bunny Pillow Farm. And of course there was our close ties with Princess Crissy & Boop in Imagianna.

Then later on, it turned out that Dreamland was just over some hill from Imagianna, & Crissy had long knowed its strange resident called Benny Big Dreams.

Well, then came the Creature Common. It's sort of like Bags End, but way nicer. Not in a goody-2-shoes way, though. More just the nature of itself is found in clustering friendly close. O, & entertaining too.

Took mah simple brainbone awhile to learn, but it was Rosa!ita that little black-&-white Pandly Bear who taught me about how something or someone could be one, none, many. All 3, or any combination. No, really, I have seen it with mah own plain & simple peepers.

So this is how I explain that the Creature Common has a guy living there who looks like Miss Chris's brother Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, but isn't him. I mean, 4or one thing, he looks older, but really it's just this one, none, many thing.

They got theirs. We got ours. Ours is a fairly happy, & usually sleepy, Lazybug. Theirs is the Author guy. Has a way higher pile of notebooks than Ramie.

But this is all to try & get mah best explanations front & center, be4ore all the rest I don't understand & so on.

"Always lead with your best punch," the Author guy had advised me.

Then he pointed to his pen & mah pencil, & I slow-boat-to-Chinee got it.

Anyway, I was thinking that we had to go back to Bags End & find that special picture there to use to get to the Creature Common, & remember how to go through it, & 4orget crashing into it. But Crissy had another way. She led us from her Secret Room along a hallway of doors, some occasional, saying out loud, strange 4or her usual quiet tricky smile magickal ways, the words: "One! None! Many!" Over & over again.

And when she arrived, with all of us following close, to the right door, it opened up, & we came through a curtain into a room full of Creature Common guys, but not in the bedroom I had seen all those other times I visited!

But I did see among the Creature crowds mah good friend Larry the Spider, & that White Bunny MeZmer, & tiny little Rosalita too, & that purple furry dancing with ribbons fellow Pirth. We all smiled friendly.

All of them were just gathered together into a kind of, um, Creature Circle, around the Author guy & the lady I had seen be4ore! These nice people-folks were sitting in a sort of tall grey couch that seemed to rock a little. Comfy-looking, 4or sure. But they stood up 4or greetings.

"Algernon," the Author guy said all friendly, & remembering mah name. "We're so glad you came!"

I hurried to remember mah famous, but somehow missing, manners.

"Hello, lady & Author guy. These are mah friends Princess Crissy & Boop of Imagianna, & Iggy the Inspector of, um," I faltered.

Iggy stepped 4orward. "I'm a Traveler, sir." He & the Author guy smiled strangely at each other. The Author guy already knowed Crissy & Boop, of course, & everyone friendly shook the lady's hand too.

I looked around the room a little better. It had windows, but high up in the walls, & I guessed we were in a basement, maybe below the rest of the Common? There was a green couch where the Author guy pointed us to sit, & they sat back down too. All the Creature Common guys were watching & listening quietly like they do. I was just fine in Crissy's lap.

Crissy was way quiet, & Boop too, & Iggy was sorta waiting patiently, so I guessed to talk.

"Author guy," I began.

"CC," he said, smiling.

"Who?"

"I'm called CC, which stands 4or Creature Coordinator," he explained.

"O yah," I nodded. "Do they ever riot?"

CC laughed a nice laugh. "Not since Fringe!"

"Um. O!" I nodded. Clumsied my words along. "We're trying to find her sister," I said, & sorta pointed up to Crissy's face. She was kind of shy of all this, even being a Princess & all. Because a strange new place 4or her? I didn't know.

I just kept on. "Iggy thinks maybe your other ritings than in the little colored books would help us find her."

The Author, I mean CC, nodded. He leaned 4orward to talk more.

"Algernon, the Tangled Gate story is a long & complex one."

"O, you mean the Red Bag & all that?"

He nodded.

"Is she in the Gate?" Crissy asked suddenly, less shy. Good 4or her.

"I think so," CC said, & turned to the pile of papers & notebooks next to their couch. The lady helped him to sort through them.

"I am going to read you the last she was seen. She is with others in the Cavern under the Tangled Gate."

And then CC readed:

"And when she at last came, & took
your other hand, & when he came & took my other,
something was now complete, now told of what was
& what passes on to be. I did not let go,
I am a man & I both hope & fear, but I willed
my heart open wider to all, to every
& all, we too are one, we too are one,
together we will architect this world.
Together we will architect this beautiful world."

Wow.

Now I have been to the Tangled Gate, Dear Readers, & it deserves its name. I thought what CC was telling us from his writings to do was to go to the caves & tunnels under the Gate, where Boop's relatives & Creatures & so on lived then, now, twice over sometimes, & maybe always.

Iggy stood up like OK, got it. "Thank you, Sir." We all got up now.

CC & the lady hugged us all 4or good luck.

"Come back to visit during the Season of Lights. We decorate the Common very pretty!" the lady said, & smiled at us. That sounded like a good idear.

So I guessed we were just about to leave when I looked toward the curtain where we had come from, & there were those bloo-eyed Kittees in their Boat-Wagon, waiting 4or us! And they had their friend who is a Fish & they don't eat. O! Possible Yuk! But good 4or them too. And what a nice ride to offer!

CC hurried over to get us all buckled in. "Safety first!" he smiled. Good motto.

When we were all ready, we waved goodbye again to them, & all the other Creatures, & drove through the curtain that CC held open 4or us. Back to Imagianna? To Bags End? The Tangled Gate? I didn't know!

* * * * *

Taking the Boat-Wagon to the Tangled Gate!

Your old beagleboy journalist pal Algernon has ridden in a few strange conveyances in his times, like Sheila Bunny's way-too-fast-4or-me BunnyCycle, but none has been quite like riding in the Boat-Wagon driven by those bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish, who are all from the Creature Common.

The Kittees sit up in the front of the Boat Wagon, & I think they both peddle away with their lower paws. With their upper paws, they steer the steering wheel that is sort of set between them. This seems to work out OK, & I think their Friend Fish just sort of enjoys being clustered up with them & part of the action.

I could not tell you how but now we were rolling right up to the way-taller-than-all Tangled Gate. It has a sign up high on it that Crissy told me says, "4or Those Lost." Sort of like a set of instructions 4or weird old mazy labyrinth places.

Your old friend Algernon has been here be4ore. The first time was kind of by accident when I met a very nice Princess, more fancy dress & less blue jeans than Crissy. The next time was to help Crissy get her riter mojo back. Boy! Did she! I wrote all about this in mah Bags End Book #16 called What Is

the Red Bag?

So it was not strange to roll through the entrance under the Gate, & come to that old bubbly Fountain.

Crissy explained, "The Gate likes everyone to take a drink at this Fountain. It helps us to get acclimated to it, & pay good attention to our purpose."

I knew some of those words, or at least what they meant anyway. But I saw Iggy pause uncertainly, like I had my first time here.

"It's OK, guy," I said to him. "I've been here & this water helped. And you know mah personal feelings about food & such. O! Yuk!" I finished. But then I climbed onto the edge around the Fountain & showed him how I was willing to drink. Iggy listened, nodded, smiled, drank too. Boop & Crissy did too. And the Kittees & their Friend Fish.

"Crissy, last time we sort of just splashed right through the Fountain to the caves & tunnels. Are we gonna do that again?" I asked.

Crissy put her finger on her chin & thought. "Well, Algernon, since we have this nice Boat Wagon along, maybe we should drive the paths 4or awhile. Besides, I think my dear friend Bellla is as often up to her dancings & hijinks up here as down below. Maybe we will see her!"

We both smiled at talk about Bellla, who is a strange but sort of delightful bloo-&-pink Piglet Creature fella who changes her personalities sometimes, like putting on a different hat or something.

So we all got back into the Boat Wagon, & the Kittees made sure we were buckled in be4ore driving. Safety first!

Crissy tolded the Kittees to steer to the left of the Fountain, & soon we were under way.

"No threads this time?" I asked her some more.

She smiled. "Good question!" She made the Kittees stop pedaling, & told them about how the threads helped to find places & not get lost too.

Then she saw a big red button near the steering wheel. Leaned 4orward & pushed it. Then she turned to look back where we'd come from. We all looked back too.

There was a thread the exact color of the Kittees' bloo eyes that ran from the back of the Boat Wagon all the way to the Fountain, like someone had throwed it with a fishing hook back there.

"I pushed the Thread Button, Algernon," Crissy said with her tricky smile. I nodded. Good idear. Smart Kittees.

So more safely than ever, we rolled on into the Gate.

4or awhile it was all just twisty-turn paths. The walls on either side of us were really tall & looked like rocks & vines sort of thickly knitted together.

Maybe it had been a long journey already, or else I was just a little too comfortable sitting amongst Crissy, Boop, & Iggy, I don't know. But I do know that I seemed to fall asleep after awhile.

Bad idear. Cuz suddenly I was talking to someone I could not see.

"How do you know you'll find her?"

"Crissy's sister? Well, because we got smart guys on board, & the Boat Wagon going, & we had good advice coming here."

"How do you know you won't get lost 4orever?"

"We have a Kittees-eyes-colored thread fish-hooked back to the Fountain!"

"Do you know what the Gate really is?"

Well, I didn't know but I figgered I didn't have to say. And the voice didn't say no more.

* * * * *

Arriving to the Cave of the Beast!

Suddenly I talked. "Iggy, can I ask you a question?"

"Yes, of course, Algernon," Iggy said. Our seating order, from left to right, was me, Crissy, Boop, & Iggy, so I was talking across friends.

"How come you didn't Inspect Imagianna the last time you were going to? I mean, even Crissy & Boop had changed up their Princess & servant jobs to be more true to Imagianna."

Both Boop & Crissy laughed & nodded. But this wasn't an answer.

Iggy didn't laugh or talk either right away. Then, when I thought he was about to talk, suddenly it began to snow!

Crissy was shocked. "It's never snowed here before!"

The snow was coming down fast, & the Boat Wagon was going slower & slower.

Finally, Crissy said, "It's OK, Kittees, you can stop right now." I remembered how Crissy had told me she & these Kittees had traveled together to a lighthouse. So they must be good friends.

The Kittees stopped & waited quietly with their Friend Fish. Creatures are good at quiet, unlike the usually noisy, noisier, or noisiest Bags End guys.

So naturally I talked. "Should we walk? Or find somewhere to wait till it stops?"

"Princess, do you notice how it's not cold?" Boop then asked.

She nodded, still shocked about there being snow at all, cold or not.

Well, I'm not sure what we would have done, but just then we heard singing from somewhere close, coming closer, till into view came that blue-&-pink piglet Creature fella called Bellla!

Singing a strange song that went: "Explaining & explaining & explaining & explaining & explaining & explaining! La Explainer! La Explainer!" I wondered if La Explainer was another one of Bellla's many personality-hats.

Since this was another old pal of Crissy's, she hopped out of the Boat Wagon & hurried over to give her a big hug. Then they danced around & sang the strange "La Explainer" song a few times. Fun to see!

Finally they calmed down & come over to the Boat Wagon, & Crissy introduced everyone who needed it.

"Bellla," I said, with hopeful friendly boldness, "Why is it snowing here? Crissy says it never has before."

"For us to make Snow Friends!" Bellla cried with a smile & a laugh, & she got us all to leave the Boat Wagon & follow her to a break in the wall, & into a little snowy field, & soon we were making all kinds of Snow Friends. Crissy & Bellla made one that looked like your old long-eared big-nozeboned friend Algernon. But not mean.

Boop made one that looked Crissy sitting slouched down in her Throne, with her blue jeans sticking out at the bottom of her Princess dress. She looks like that when it's time for Princess Exercises & Protocols & all that. Haha!

I'm not too good at making Snow Friends, so I just made your regular kind of snowman, with 3 different sizes of snowballs.

I saw Iggy wasn't making a Snow Friend, but instead he was in a far corner of the field, kneeling down to look at papers from his Inspecting Case.

"Hi, Iggy," I said, all friendly.

He nodded & smiled at me.

"Don't you like to make Snow Friends? I'm not too good but even I kinda made one."

Bag's End News

No. 391 November 29, 2014

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggles

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Arriving too the Car of the Best

Yer old pal! Algernon iz not a first-tim newscor- too the strange tampered goat power, that does not mean I understand about it or feel kumfy cozy jst trappin' on in Emptin.

But the storee I hav bin tellin' yu hasnt had much in the way of randomness evn tho there has bin a fer amount of trappings.

Thee heavy short as Sheila Bunney sumen iz thatt wat started ore a sleepover invitashun from mah juv friend Princess Crissuee haz

calls
sings
tells
traps
etc.

Algernon
in the
Museum
of
Natural
History
to
inspect
Keeble
Bosch
at
R. Thompson
Kumfy
Sumen
Polly
Red

Bag's End News

No. 392 December 6, 2014

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Wat Reels in the Car!

This long storee I've bin tellin' this time around has as many twists & turns as the tampered goat we found ourselves in. It iz ween the tale piks up ~~the~~ ^{the} wee beehs nee, mah juv friend Princess Crissuee of Inapana, her besty budy keep the plot tental. In the Inspector, I sum of thez ins Creacher jus, too bloo-ied Kitees & the friend fish. In fact wee had bin ridin' around in style in, the Kitees fin foot ween. But arrivin' now, do the Car of the Best with Crissuee had nowd from her old Crissuee daz.

Warren
Zevon
Problems
1987

Bag's End News

No. 393 December 13, 2014

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Finalee, Into the Cavern!

This storee has travell'd a long long waye from its humble roots as an invitashun from mah juv friend Princess Crissuee too me too kumfy sleepover with her in her Cassel in Inapana.

From Bag's End too Inapana, it has Crissuee's Red Bear sittin' every all time up, too thatt ins Creacher Canon play & finalee now too the tampered goat with its own sum kind of magical Island.

I jess yu coed saye, I've reads, thatt all of thez plots are like maybez too each other. Inapana, too with its tricky butt Okav'gy Bunney Big Dream thez night.

So I want a little of maybez too

Bag's End News

Double Issues!

No. 394-395 December 20-27, 2014

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunney

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunney

The Grate Cavern & the Grande Production & the Season of Lits

Grassley
Beverage
It's
Surreal
1980

I hav fern'd in mah fern time ut tellin' storys about mah beahd kon'ins & beahd & p'sweers nee, & wat so nee thatt ween yu start deshent tell tale or juthin' about ween yu end up.

Or wat kind of storee it will end up beehs. Orr mebee storeez in a sort of ro. As I sit heer now ridin' this inn thee kumfy chair ut mah fairit play / films' Patch, I kon see how mebbe storeez

"You asked me why I didn't come to Imagianna that previous time to Inspect. Then the snow came. What I was going to say is that I don't know. So I was checking my notes."

"Find any helpful answers?" asketh me.

He shooked his head, & sighed. "No. Nothing. It's a mystery, my friend."

Just then, I happened to look through the break in the wall from where we had come. The path was snowless! I climbed through, & found the Kittees & their Friend Fish napping peaceably in the Boat Wagon.

And when I looked back to the snowy field, I saw it was still snowy there, & the Snow Friends we all made were not at all melted. Strange!

I was gonna call out to everyone when that strange growly voice talked close in mah ears. "It's time to go, little Beagle. The answers will get away if you don't hurry!"

Well, it was hard to know the good or bad of strange no-body voices, but mah own beagleboy journalist sense kind of agreed. So I hussled everyone back to the Boat Wagon, way more bossy than usual, but still polite.

Crissy & Bellla danced & singed a little more, & Bellla waved to us all as she scampered off her own way. Fun fella, 4or sure!

I got us all buckled in 4or sure, & then nodded to the Kittees & talked in their own tongue. "Safety first!" The Kittess bloo-eyed stared at me, but their Friend Fish smiled friendly. And the trip resumed.

It was not long be4ore we arrived somewhere that was not walls & paths, or breaks to secret snowy fields.

It was a big black cave. Really black inside.

Crissy got out of the Boat Wagon, & walked right up to it, & then looked back at us.

"I've been here be4ore," she said seriously. "This is the Cave of the Beast!"

The rest of us got out of the Boat Wagon, even the Kittees & their Friend Fish. I guessed our traipse was going to be walking again?

* * * * *

What Reveals in the Cave!

So we all now stood together, looking at the big black Cave.

"Crissy, isn't this where you went in Christina, the Author girl, & came out Chrisakah, the magick girl?" I asked, hoping I remembered it right.

Crissy nodded.

I thinked & talked some more. "The first time we came to the Cavern below the Tangled Gate, it was through that Fountain back there. But I guess that was not so much trouble?"

Crissy nodded again.

"So why are we really going this way this time?"

Crissy put her finger on her chin, & looked me hard, & thinked hard. She's not got a single mean bone in her body, so I didn't worry a good insult was coming.

"It's a hunch, Algernon. I don't think the Beast is dangerous. I think he's helpful. I mean, I got my magick in there. Even if I don't remember what happened."

Boop & Iggy & the Kittees & their Friend Fish had been listening to us till now, but suddenly Iggy talked.

"Maybe the Beast can help me too." He stopped, but we nodded & smiled

him to talk more.

He cleared his throat, & looked a little unhappy. But did talk more.

"I told Algernon, Princess, that I don't know why I never came to inspect Imagianna. I remember he boycotted my inspection of Bags End 4or the chaos it caused."

"Sorry, guy," I said, kinda wishing I hadn't let those crazy times make me crazy too.

He smiled at me though. "No, you were right. I told Sheila I had to find a better way. And I left. And I think I came to this Cave too."

Well, this was shocking! But he talked more. "And later I knew how to inspect like I do now. Which is, strangely, why we are here."

"So we have to go in & talk to the Beast?" I asked.

We all nodded yes to this question.

I talked on, driving mah old brainbone to make me helpful to these good friends.

"Do we go in one at a time, or as a group?" I was truly hoping it was the second one.

Crissy & Iggy looked at each other 4or a long time. "Together," they both said, & we all laughed with a little bit of relief.

I looked around 4or those quiet Kittees & their Friend Fish, & they were already in their Boat Wagon waiting 4or us.

"Our carriage awaits," said the also quiet till now Boop, with a sort of trying-his-best smile.

So we got back into the Boat Wagon, & I made sure we were all buckled in good.

"Safety first!" everyone cried, trying to build up the good will. Trying.

Crissy nodded, & the bloo-eyed Kittees began pedaling us into the Cave.

Sometimes, though, thinking up bright idears isn't going to win the day. What I mean to say is that the Boat Wagon & some of us came rolling right back out of the Cave in just seconds! Me, Boop, the Kittees & their Friend Fish, to name names!

"Hey! Where's Iggy & Crissy!" I yelled. "We gotta go back be4or they get eated by the Beast!" I was too panicked to make any sense.

But Boop talked calmer. "No, Algernon. They will be OK, I am sure. It's just that the Beast only wants to see them right now."

I guessed that the Kittees agreed that Boop was right, because they waited calmly & did not pedal.

I breathed mah panic slowly down. Nodded mahself calm. Boop scooted closer next to me, & put his not-turtle paw on me nicely.

"So we wait patiently?" I asked.

Boop smiled me kind. "Or just wait anyway."

So we did. It was awhile, too, Dear Readers. I would say the day passed, but the Tangled Gate doesn't work like regular days everywhere else. It was grey & grey & grey above.

Did we nap in our worry & long waiting? I think sometimes that happens.

But what's true is that suddenly me & Boop & the Kittees & their Friend Fish waked & there, coming out of the Cave, hand in hand, were Crissy & the taller Iggy!

They came smiling right up to the Boat Wagon, & we all tumbled out to meet them!

"Are you OK? Are you whole or scary ghosts?" I cried in mah refound terrors.

But Crissy hugged me & Boop & the Kittys & their Friend Fish in her usual sweet tricky smiling way, & Iggy even got in on all these hugs.

"Tell us!" said Boop, between one good hug & the next.

Crissy & Iggy looked all smiling at each other like "you go first!" "No, you!" Finally Crissy talked.

"It's strange but good."

"What?" we cried. Even the Kittees & their Friend Fish leaned near.

"Christina, well, Crissy, the Princess," Iggy stammered.

"We're brother & sister!" Crissy said.

Wow!

* * * * *

Finally, into the Cavern!

This story has traveled a long long way from its humble roots as an invitation from mah good friend Princess Crissy to me to come & sleep-over with her in her Castle in Imagianna.

From Bags End to Imagianna, into Crissy's Red Bag riting room all fixed up nice, to that nice Creature Common place, & finally now to the Tangled Gate, which is on some kind of magickal Island.

I guess you could say, Dear Readers, that all of these places are like neighbors to each other. Dreamland, too, with its tricky but OK resident Benny Big Dreams the Oneironaut.

Different kinds of neighbors, I think, which is OK because even in Bags End different kinds of guys live more or less peacefully together.

But at this moment in this adventure, I could only think of one unknown question: Who is Iggy the Inspector, & where did he come from?

And a bonus one to boot: why was he holding Princess Crissy's hand & her calling him her brother?

So I tried to pack these questions up good 4or the asking as they stood smiling be4ore me, Boop, the Kittees, & their Friend Fish.

"Huh?" quoth me. Strike 1. "What?" Wow, strike 2. Stuffed mah paw into mah mouth be4ore strike 3 could arrive.

"Princess!" said Boop, more happily & usefully. Crissy hugged him & tried to hug me too. Now I am no hug abstainer in the worst of times, but I was just shocked. OK, let strike 3 fly, & I'll swing!

"Crissy, what do you mean? Is Iggy your long-lost sister, you mean?" Wow! Even mah dum brainbone had to admire these stupid words.

Crissy laughed & smiled happy at me. "No. Brother. I know it sounds nutty, but I will explain as we ride."

"Ride where?"

She pointed to the Cave where she had come from. "That's the way to the Cavern."

Boop stepped back, shocked. "We don't know what happened to you in there, & you want us to go back in?"

Now Iggy spoke up. "Let's just sit in the Kitty Wagon & talk a minute."

"It's called the Boat Wagon, Iggy," I grumped. "If you're still him," I added. Yah, right, me sounding menacing. I was just confused & scared. Best go with those usual pitches.

So we all sat in the Boat Wagon, & Crissy tolded us what happened, since I was glaring at Iggy.

"I'll go first anyway. When we rolled into the Cave, suddenly everyone was gone. I was standing by myself in a very shadowy place. A sort of

growling voice talked to me.

"Why are you here again?"

"Again? I don't remember what happened here! Does it have to do with my sister? Please help me."

"There was silence. So I tried to think. I tried to remember. Then something. A face. Her face!"

Crissy looks at all of us quiet 4or a moment, but still mostly remembering.

"When I went in there last time, my sister was waiting 4or me. She was excited & smiling.

"I came back 4or you. They finally let me. They said if you came here, I could see you."

"I hugged her closely.

"We're going somewhere new, Sister. They found a better home. You can come with us."

"She sounded so eager & hopeful. But I thought of Boop & Algernon & all the things I love about this world.

"This is my home," I said, so sure & final she could not argue."

"I was listening in the shadows. I saw the two of you hug," said Iggy.

"She smiled at me a last time, but it wasn't sad," Crissy said, & looked at me. "It's what you call my tricky smile, Algernon. When I smile my sister's smile & think a thought, tis so. Pretty good trick, I guess." I didn't have words 4or all this yet, so I just listened with all of me I could.

"So I was alone & I was sad. And the Beast talked again.

"You have her gift. Would you like me to soften the pain of your choice?"

"Yes, please."

"So I woke up in bed with my bestus buddy Boop nearby, & I knew I had lost my sister a long time ago. But not the second time by my own choice. I learned about my smile, but didn't know why. I just made sure to be careful."

"That explains you, Crissy," I said, now kindly with words too. I looked over at Iggy. "Your turn, Bub."

Iggy laughed, but then got more serious. "I told you I was in the Cave. I didn't want to leave either. So I waited till our sister returned, & then Christina was gone too.

"And the growling voice seemed to know I was there.

"What do you wish to do?"

"Where is she going?"

"It's her nature to protect," he said, meaning the Princess here.

"I don't know my nature. Would you tell me?"

"Why are you staying when the rest are going?"

"Because it seems wrong to just go! People & places can always get better."

"Then there was what sounded more like a tiny cackle than a Beast, & now I was in a strange glowing white room. And there were representatives of many fantasylands, agreeing that I would help them improve. Oz, Wonderland, Neverland, the River, Hundred Acre Wood. Others too. I would grade them on how good they were. I'm still not sure why they agreed. Maybe everyone needs a little inspecting."

Iggy now really smiled at me. "My doubts about it didn't start till I met your friend Sheila Bunny."

I nodded. "Sheila's tough if you're off your game even an inch."

"And you, my friend. It's why I left without giving Bags End a grade, or showing up at Imagianna. I went back to this Cave.

"Why are you here again?"

"It's grades! They measure nothing! I don't know my nature. But nobody does."

"Then help them invent the root back, & the path ahead. Remember missing things. Big & little."

"I woke up excited, but I wasn't sure if it had been real. It took me a long time, testing it out a little bit here & there."

Now strike 4, or a really good question, come from me.

"Why didn't you recognize Crissy the night you showed up at her Castle to Inspect?"

"We didn't look like this when we lived in the Cavern, Algernon," Iggy explained, in a nice-not-impatient voice. I nodded but rited in mah mind's reporter's notebook to quiz Crissy about this later.

Everyone was now looking at me expectantly. I finally nodded. We rolled into the Cave of the Beast, but I knowed unless he got business he won't trouble you. I wondered about how Crissy & Iggy both said he had a growly voice, like what I had heard in mah head too.

We rolled down a long tunnel &, quicker than I could have figgered, we were coming into the bright-lighted Great Cavern!

Crissy helded mah pawbone, & her hand felt like a real people-folks girl, like always, so OK, what next?

* * * * *

**The Great Cavern &
the Grand Production &
the Season of Lights!**

I have learned in mah long times of telling stories about mah beloved homeland called Bags End, & about elsewheres near & not so near, that where you start sometimes doesn't tell little or nothing about where you'll end up.

Or what kind of story it will end up being. Or maybe stories in a sort of row. As I sit here now riting this in the comfy armchair of mah favorite place, Milne's Porch, I can see how many stories I have tolded in this recent stretch.

From mah sleep-over in Imagianna with Crissy, that turned into Iggy's arrival to Inspect, that changed into a visit to the Creature Common, that led us to the Tangled Gate, & a snowy field play with Bellla, till we were arrived to the Cave of the Beast. Then learning about Crissy & her sister, & about Iggy looking 4or his straight & true path. And, oh by the way, Crissy & Iggy are brother & sister too, say thankee!

But all of these stories sort of twisted amongst each other & needed each other 4or any to happen.

So all this to kind of explain why this Grand Production is taking place partly on this very Milne's Porch, partly in the Great Cavern underneath the Tangled Gate, partly in that friendly basement of the Creature Common, partly in the White Woods' Great Clearing 4or Grand Productions, & partly on the Bags End Auditorium. And 4or those in Dreamland too. And the Bunny Dream Pillow Free Farm (as it is called now, I think). And in Princess Crissy's Castle in Imagianna, 4or her Dark Creature friends & maybe others to watch too. And I don't doubt in Oz & Narnia & Wonderland & Neverland & the River & the Hundred Acre Wood. And I don't think the list ends there neither.

It's like that CC Author guy says in his fancy but true way, "We too

are one. We too are one."

I pointed mah paw toward the Creature Common to the proud & crowned Royal Thumbs, who somehow cried out, "Greetings! Felicitations! And Salutations! Presenting . . . a Royal Thumbs Production of . . . The Great Cavern!"

And that handsome white Bear Creature X, & Sheila Bunny back on the Bags End Auditorium stage, both cried out, "On . . . with . . . the . . . show!"

Knowing so many watched me, I cleared mah throat & readed the whole story I have been telling you here, them come from all the new issues of mah newspaper. Those strange powerful Treasures from Creature Common, who are like magickal little stripey balls, broadcast my reading to all those places I named before.

I tried hard not to mess up, & then, when I got to the part of describing what X & Sheila just did, & wondering if this tricky stuff was too much 4or me, even though Crissy had said, "Let's do it, Algernon!" in her sweetest & most convincing way . . . the show did go on!

The Boat Wagon with the Kittees & their Friend Fish driving in front, me & Boop & Iggy & Crissy in the back, rolled into the Great Cavern under the Tangled Gate.

I remembered being here be4ore, but this time seemed less murky & strange.

Crissy nodded, & we all got out of the Boat Wagon & looked around.

Easy to see first was the big Season of Lights tree in the middle.

"Guess it's always this holiday here?" I half said, half asked.

Crissy nodded at me.

"Why are we here? I thought your sister & the others found a new home & went away?" I asked.

Crissy & Iggy smiled at each other. Iggy nodded, & Crissy talked. I was jealous a little of this teamwork.

"I asked the Beast if we could visit them, & maybe they could visit us too. He knows about the Season of Lights, & how it's 4or loved ones & being grateful. He just calls it another name."

There was a lot of open space in front of the big tree, & Crissy motioned us all to sit on the floor in a circle. She made sure I was next to her, & Boop on her other side, but, to be honest, the Kittees & their Friend Fish & Iggy were all close too, & Iggy looked so happy with all of us that I tolded mah jealousy to pop back into its pocket. We too are one.

Crissy tolded us to close our eyes, & to listen to her voice as she singed. Or really *hmmm'd*. She tolded us to join in when ready.

I closed mah eyes, & felt a Crissy hand in one of mah paws, & a soft little Kittee paw in mah other one.

Listened to Crissy's nice *hmmming*, & then Iggy's lower voice, & then Boop's voice, & the Kittees' very quiet ones, & their Friend Fish's sweet one, & then finally joined in with mah own.

And I have to say that, after awhile, I felt less sitting in a circle on the floor of the Great Cavern, & more somewhere else.

"It's OK, Algernon, you can open your eyes. We're here," said I was pretty sure a Crissy voice.

So I did, fearing the worst, which was I guess that the *Hmmm* Train had left without me.

But it didn't. Here we all were, in a sunny place. Trees & green grass.

And there were these sorta blurry smoky figures around. Dancing like fireflies? Or little faeries?

"These are the Emandians, Algernon," said Iggy. Smiling a whole lot, but it was good.

Remembering my manners, trying, I talked nervously. "Um. Hi? Mah name is Algernon Beagle. I live in a place far from here called Bags End. I rite the newspaper there." I felt stupider & stupider telling this to these magickal faerie guys. Maybe I should just ask 4or 3 wishes or something.

Crissy saw mah distress. "They know about Bags End, Algernon. That it's one of my favorite places, & you are my dear friend."

I took a bold 4or me chance & looked right best I could at the floating faerie kin of Crissy & Iggy, & said, "I just want you floating faerie kin to know how much we all like Iggy, & love Crissy. They are very important to us in Bags End & Creature Common & Imagiana & Dreamland & a lot of other places."

I thinked some more because everyone was listening to me. "Don't blow it, Beagle," I heard mah well-timed inner Sheila voice grouch at me.

OK, Sheila-me. I won't. I talked more.

"Crissy is Guardian of Bags End, but I bet other places too. And Iggy Inspects all of us to make sure we are following our root, remembering the big & little things, & that nothing is missing."

I took a breath. One more. "We are happy you let them stay. It's like a good part of you is still in our world, even after you had to go."

The firefly faeries kind of floated close to me, like a beautiful & strange cloud, & it felt like *hmmming*, but it's like they were the *hmmm*. I don't know how to say the words in English better. But it was very nice. I almost closed mah eyes but not yet.

We all wanted to see their world. All I can say is that they didn't live in houses or nothing. We followed them from the green fields & a few pretty trees to more & more trees.

White Woods? wondered me. No. Green. Green Woods? I don't know. I didn't talk words out loud to them.

I talked to Crissy & Iggy instead. "They live here?"

They look at each other. "This is them too. All of it," Iggy said.

O. Wow.

I guess in Bags End, & in the English I know & understand, stuff begins with I & tries hard & sometimes gets to we. Sometimes it's even not so hard. But still. I & we.

Here, if I understanded, & maybe I did, I was we already. We too are one, like CC said.

"So there are no more I & I & I?" I said aloud.

"No, Algernon. It's all one," said Boop, who had been quiet till now.

Crissy & Iggy nodded.

I looked at Crissy. "That's why they left you."

She nodded.

"And me," said Iggy.

"Everyone else was good with going? Even your sister?"

Crissy nodded.

"So she's gone as a I but always here as a we?" I hoped mah brainbone would hold out.

She nodded & tried not to look sad.

Well, we stayed awhile longer, but then it was getting toward night & Crissy said we had to get back 4or their visit to us.

We sat down on the ground again in our circle, but this time with the I/we faerie cloud around us, *hmmming* as he-she-they did. 4orgive mah tangled words. All *hmmming* now.

Opened mah eyes, & it felt like we were in many places at once. Mostly like the Creature Common basement, & the Great Clearing in the White Woods,

& the Bags End Auditorium. But the other places were there, watching with eyes & ears & heartbones too.

But the 3 main places put on a show 4or those watching in the Great Cavern beneath the Tangled Gate, come to visit their old home. I think me & Crissy & Boop & Iggy & the Kittees & their Friend Fish were still mostly with our visitor faerie cloud.

It's like we took turns with our talent & locations.

In the Creature Common basement we heard a new *hmmmm* joiner-inner. It was, um, those strange lovely Toes! Very good too!

Then, onto the Bags End Auditorium stage, roared Sheila Bunny on her BunnyCycle Beatrix! And she brung along her whole Kool Jazz Band, hanging on tight!

Sheila played her purple trumpet, & her band followed her lead & played some really good jazz songs. All those crazy named guys. Miles & Trane & Dizzy & Bird & Satchmo & others too.

Then onto that White Woods stage some new per4ormers come on. "Thought Fleas," Crissy whispered to me with a smile. O. Sure.

So these Thought Fleas showed their talents by building this Great Pyramid of Fleas on the stage!

Then, & I am not kidding, atop the Fleas Pyramid appeared these La Petite Thumbs of past Grand Productions! Very talented too. I wondered what would be their trick of daring-do this time.

There was a hush in all the watching audiences, & La Petite Thumbs leaped from the Fleas Pyramid, & fell, & fell, & fell, until they landed on that nice soft purple-cloaked Dorris Dream Pillow in the Creature Common basement!

Wow! Then, from that basement, up leaped a number of dancing Bears who danced & danced, & then they were dancing on the stage with those talented Thoughts Fleas, & then they moved on somehow, & were dancing on our very own Bags End Auditorium stage! And then they came back to their own place in the Creature Common basement.

What happened then was that the visiting Faerie cloud decided to join in too, & I guess sort of divided between the several places & stages. One, none, many, like the Pandy Bear Rosalita says. Not so strange in mah mind anymore.

What could they do? They could get us all to *hmmm* together. And they did. We were all now a part of the show, & all at once too. We too are one. I keep learning this over like it's more & more.

When the *hmmm* slowed down some, there was more entertaining from all 3 stages. The White Bunny MeZmer & jumping monkey fellow Jacoby & little furry purple Pirth hopped & jumped & danced all over the Creature Common basement!

On our stage, Leona Lion leaped across the stage, through hoops, & then longer & longer until she was leaping from our stage, to the Creature Common basement, to the White Woods stage, & then she wasn't landing, just passing from one to the next like she was a bird, till she landed back on our stage! Smiling like she could have easy leaped on & on 4orever, just a good show time to stop!

I have to say that it got hard to tell the difference between one place & another, as the per4ormers were all dancing from place to place, & Sheila's Kool Jazz Club was playing & playing to it all.

Seemed to go on all night under what I could not help but look & see & think was a very Impy-looking, great big full Moon. Pandy Bear in the sky? No surprise to me.

OK, eventually it came to a conclusion. Crissy's & Iggy's faerie cloud kin went back to their new world. But not missing from Imagianna no more. No way, Mister. I am sure Iggy's Inspection will say this true too.

And all the various places sort of solided up as themselves again. But a Neighborhood 4or sure. I'll say it again till yelled at to stop. We too are one!

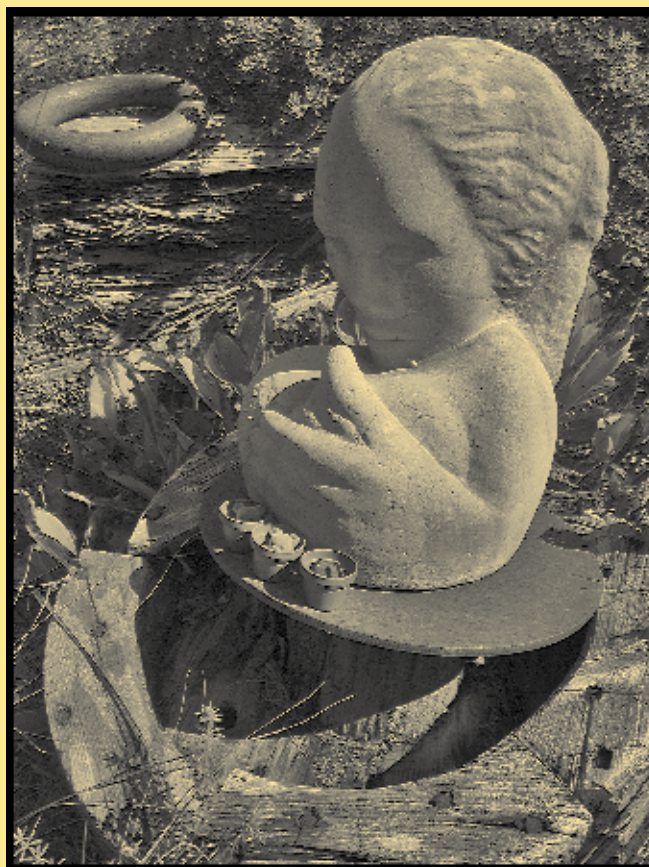
Don't hear nobody yelling?

Good.

As this Grand Production comes to an end, I am sitting with just mah dear friend Crissy on Milne's Porch. She is watching me rite these lines with her well-knowed & well-loved tricky Crissy smile. Present from her sister, who now is happy part of the Emandian faerie cloud in the Green Woods. Is the Green Woods? Ha? But all good.

Here comes the red curtain closing the show. Happy Season of Lights!

THE END. 





Bags End Book #19: Anniversary of Bags End News!

*This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:*

www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Anniversary of Bags End News!

Well, it's true that mah dear old newspaper has made it across another turn of the calendar. I don't think so much of all this really, but then I'll tell what happened.

You see, I was drowsing in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, enjoying everything & nothing, zenbuddi-style, when there was a polite tap at mah Porch's window.

Only polite guys tap before coming out, so there was a usual bunch I guessed weren't tapping.

Was it Princess Crissy? Missus El the Post-Mistress of Bags End?

"Come in, come in, sate mah mad guessings!" I cried, & laughed at mahself, but not meanly like some.

And onto the Porch comes none other than none of mah guesses but I like her a lot anyway sure Lori Bunny!

Baga End News

No 396 June 13, 2015

Editor: Algerman Beagle

King: Sheila Bunning

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Piggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunning

Anniversery w/ Baggend Nuvuz!

Well, it's t'go that mah deer olde nuwz paper haz mad it across another Releandartime. I don't think so much of all this really but then I'll telli wat hapend.

You see, I waz drawz in mah kumf for bel armchael onn, Milns' porch, enjoyin' evrythin' & nothin', zennin' in style, whenn theer waz a polit tapp att mah porch's windo.

Onlee, polit guz tapp befor kommp paw, so theer waz a uzuel bunch, I gess, waz neent a tappo Princess Crissy? Masses Ell the jost misterees?

Kum in, kum in, sode mah

Baga End News

No 397 June 20, 2015

Editor: Algerman Beagle

King: Sheila Bunning

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Piggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunning

Mah Rite typer Trubbls!

Ino, I no deer reederz, I left awft theer last issou of mah nuwz paper with a kind of krazy kuestyon.

Neerly kweth me, "Why iz thiss issou of mah nuwz paper rited by paw, rell rite typer?"

Any noie by now thatt thiss nuwz issou yu ar reeding haz theer exakt sam trubbell handwritin. Or paw, reelly, paw of mah deer friend & colleag Lory Bunning.

Notht thatt itz a badd paw of theer handwritin iz pr. Kumatt too yor old pal Algermann's krypsik scrabl itz songosity.

Baga End News

No 398 June 27, 2015

Editor: Algerman Beagle

King: Sheila Bunning

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Piggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunning

Wazer Ar theer Misssing Keys?

This issouos' tited too finell'ee explain why theer resen' it waz of mah nuwz paper ar beeing handwrited fater than n' type ar iz uvel on mah rite typer with waz a present from mah deer friend Princess Chisakrah, or mah lik Crissy with a trikee Smil too boot.

Itz bekuz wen lea thee Dark Mary & Janiteer of Baggend had bring it from mah nuwz paper's waz it in exchane for a Valuable Alchian Moleh Komik book, which I had gotten from mah

Baga End News

No 399 July 4, 2015

Editor: Algerman Beagle

King: Sheila Bunning

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Piggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunning

Kumz a Kloo inn theer Rite typer Misteres!

Well, I suppos it haz kum az no serpriz thatt thiss storey haz a lready twiste & turn from yuer it started. An Id' goss thatt nun of mah nuwz paper's Loyell reederz willi shokk too much it it twissts & turns sum mor.

But heen waz ar, att thiss point in thingz. Mee & mah quid friend Lory Bunn, sittin' togethr inn mah kumfy arm-chael onn Milns' porch, in front of uss sawerall wuz uvel thingz.

And she was hauling a really big something not her scrawny own self with her. "Missus El asked me to bring this to you," she said.

"That's a big sack, Lori!"

She pulled it through the window, & sorta crashed it onto the Porch floor. A few letters came wiggling out. Lori smiled, & adjusted her smart guy spectacles at me.

"It's all 4or you, Algernon!"

"That's more mail than usual. Guess Betsy made every last Allie rite me mean letters this time." Oh well. I like Betsy's Allies, despite politics & so on.

"No!" Lori laughed. "They are congratulations on your newspaper's anniversary. From all over!"

"Really?" I was just shocked.

"And lots of your readers want you to go on tour."

"Tour?"

"To see them. Let them shake your paw personally."

"Tour?" I asked again, somewhat uselessly. I remembered mah walking tour with mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, Crissy 4or friendly. That tour had sorta gotten out of hand.

Lori is a nice-looking smart orange-furred bunny who is real smart, not just smart 4or looks with her spectacles. Part of her smarts is that she is always polite to everyone, not just those guys that will help her with her tricky plans. I don't even think Lori has tricky plans. She mostly just likes reading her big books, & helping me make Bags End News.

O! but she likes carrots too. O! Yuk! But nobody is perfect.

Anyway, the reason I rited at such epic length about Lori's good character is that when she talked about me going on tour to meet mah loyal Dear Readers, it wasn't to then laugh & laugh at me. She just adjusted her spectacles, & waited 4or me to talk again. She joined me in mah comfy armchair, & let me think about this tour idear 4or a minute.

I looked at the big sack of fan letters in the spilled out bag on the floor of the Porch. I guess I was kind of curious what they said. But a tour?

Hmmm.

Finally, mah thinkings bubbled up words 4or me to talk.

"As you know, Lori, I am a humble guy, which means both modest & low to the ground."

Lori nodded & smiled at me. She knowed that real good.

"I don't think that going on a tour to celebrate mah newspaper is very humble."

Lori nodded, & listened.

"But," I said, with maybe a good idear, "it sure would be the polite thing to rite all those Dear Readers a thank-ee letter in reply!"

Lori adjusted her spectacles 4or a moment to do her own thinking now. And I was glad to take mah turn in waiting.

"Well," she said finally, "it's true you are both humble & polite. I don't think a tour is a bad idear, but I do think your idear is a good one too."

"And would you help me with the typing of them, Lori?" I asked hopeful.

She nodded a big smile. We shooked paws on it, & our plan was decided.

Looking at that big sack of letters, now spilling out all over the Porch's floor, I thinned it would be a lot of trouble to drag them away to type answers to them.

So I talked it out loud. "Lori, why don't we just set up shop here? Make

neat piles & type our answers right here?"

Lori looked surprised & pleased that I was thinking quick on mah paws.
"Great idear, Boss!"

Boss, hmmm. Not the cosmic magickal kind, just hmmm.

Now we needed to haul mah rite-typer here to do our good idear's work.

I now said quick to Lori, like me with new idears was a strange rainbow won't last, "I have another one. Just wait here!"

Lori smiled big & adjusted her smart guy spectacles. "OK, Algernon!" I like that better 4or names.

So I carefully climbed off mah comfy armchair, & sorta waded through the piles of letters, & then climbed through the window into the bedroom I share with mah silly Bumping brother, Alexander Puppy.

Alex is this tall yellow Puppy who wears overalls & has a friendly face to all this strange, troubling world. He was sitting on his own bed next to mine, & talking soft Bump words to a little bloo foam in his paws.

"Hello, brother," I said, as nice as I could.

"Bump!" he said all friendly.

I swallowed mah annoyance. O! Yuk? I'm not sure on that one. And then talked.

"Alex, remember that comic book you found? The Action Man comic book?"

"Bump. Bump. Bump! Bump!" Alex said, thinking like these were words of a sentence & all.

I gritted mah teeth a little bit, but talked on. "What would you say we make a trade?"

"Bump?"

"You give me that comic book, & I will take a Bump lesson with you & Allie Leopard!" Wow! That hurt to say!

But he agreed. And I said I would keep mah promise. Soon.

You see, Dear Readers, I knowed that Leo the Dark Man, who is the Janitor of Bags End, & a comic book fanatic, was missing this issue from his collection. Called "Action Man & Bunny Girl Save the World! Twice!"

So what I did was take this comic book in mah paw, left the Bunny Family's apartment, & traveled mahself down a couple of levels, & then to under the ramp, where Leo has the place he lives, with comic books, cleaning tools, & all.

Leo was napping on his futon couch in the corner, amidst a big pile of comic books. Looked very comfy.

"Wake up, Leo!" I said suddenly.

Leo huffed & puffed awake & dirty looked me but good.

But I waved mah comic book at him, & he calmed right down.

So I commenced mah wheelings & dealings with Leo.

But I bet you Dear Readers are wondering why this story has been rited by paw, not rite-typer!

* * * * *

Mah Rite-Typer Troubles!

I know, I know, Dear Readers, you want to know what manner of madness be this all. I mean, this handwriting by mah friend & colleague Lori Bunny is not bad, 4or sure. Compared to your old pal Algernon's cryptic scrawlings, hers is gorgeosity itself.

No, Sir, or Madam, or other fancy title if you do, though some don't, the problem is that mah newspaper has always been typed up nice & neat by those selfsame Lori Bunny paws. Happily too.

The problem is with mah rite-typer. I will ask you Dear Readers to patiently read on & learn the tragical details.

We return to the moment where I was standing at the entrance to Leo the Dark Man's "Hovel-Under-Ramp," as Sheila once called it, & Leo laughed & liked it & kept it. Wheeling & dealing.

In mah paw, one of the very few Action Man comic books Leo don't got. Called, like I said before, "Action Man & Bunny Girl Save the World! Twice!" I guess more value that way.

"I want that comic book, Beagle. You don't follow Action Man's heroic caped adventures! You can barely read!" Leo grouched & whined.

He was right about the first part, & sadly true still about the second.

"First, Leo, I need you to help me with something Lori & I are doing," I said.

"Ha! I would take my comic books over your dum newspaper any time!" Leo barked. He tried doing a newspaper too once, & it was a disaster.

I started to back away with the comic book still tightly in mah pawbone.

"Wait! Wait! What? I'll help, you dum Beagle!" Leo was already standing up to go with me.

Like mah trusting brother had with me, sort of anyway, I handed over the comic book to Leo.

Bad move. Leo now made me sit with him on his futon couch in the corner of his hovel, where he reads his comic books, & we had to read that comic book from first page to last one.

It was not so terribly bad. They do save the world twice, & Bunny Girl does remind me of mah adopted sister Sharon. She is a Bunny Girl fan too.

But Leo reads very slowly. Savors every word & picture, he says. And he will tell me about other comic books it reminds him of. Like I know or care.

"I think the Cliche Monster was a very strange villain in this issue. But, still, a Beast in a Cave? And even after the second defeat, they're still not sure what happened."

"Yah. Wow," I fake-marveled. Slouching ever lower in his futon.

"When Bunny Girl says, 'Did we defeat the Beast, or did we help the Beast to save the world? -wow!' Leo shivered, & started to read the comic book over again.

"Hold it, bub," I said with a grumpy lack of patience. All I can say 4or true is that, as far as heroes go, Action Man is no Snoopy.

"OK, OK, I'll get my scraper. Where in Bags End is Miss Chris's bubble gum to scrape off this time?" Leo asked agreeable.

"O! Gum! Yuk!" I cried, & looked around his hovel in terror.

Leo calmed me down though. Nice guy, sometimes." What's our deal 4or then, Algernon?"

"I need you to haul mah rite-typer from where Lori & me keep it, to Milne's Porch. Then I need you to help me make neat piles of all these happy anniversary Bags End News letters I got."

"Happy anniversary!" said Leo all friendly.

I nodded. "Then, when we got all these thank-ee letters typed, I want them brung to Missus El 4or mailing. Then we, meaning you, can bring the original letters to the Bags End News vault. Which is where we keep all of the issues in neatly labeled crates."

Leo listened to all of these demands with shock. Still, Action Man & Bunny

Girl had saved the world, twice, & after he helped he could read the comic again & again in his hovel comforts.

So he came with me up 3 levels of Bags End, & halfway down the hallway, to the locked up Bags End News vault. I made him hide his eyes good while I fetched the key & opened it up.

There inside were lots of neatly labeled crates, two chairs &, on a little purple stool, mah beloved rite-typer.

Leo is taller than most of us Bags End guys, so he could pick up mah rite-typer pretty easy, & haul it along to Milne's Porch.

But of course I was crazy worried of accidents.

"Careful, Leo! Careful, ya dum guy! Walk slower. Now take your time on this ramp. Where's the fire, ya speed demon?" & on & on. Crissy gave me this rite-typer & I wasn't gonna have it broked.

But I guess I have to say that Leo was real careful, & went really slow, & even when I nearly fainted him crawling through the window to Milne's Porch, mah precious rite-typer in his tight grip, he did it fine. He even brung the little purple stool, sorta slung on his back somehow.

Lori was still waiting, & delighted with mah plan. And she watched with mah own level of amazement as Leo set up the rite-typer on the little purple stool, & then organized all the letters into neat piles next to the stool, just like I had wheeled & dealed him, with blank sheets & envelopes beside the rite-typer.

Pleased with his efforts, Leo bowed low to us & said, "Come get me when you're ready with letters, & want them & your rite-typer brung."

Lori clapped her paws 4or him, & I did too, strangely. Never knew how much in brute labor & elaborate flourishes one comic book was worth.

So now he was gone, & we were about to settle into work.

I mean, we had paper, & envelopes, & mah rite-typer, & Lori can type just dandy, yet still you Dear Readers are wondering why you are reading paw writings & not rite-typings?

Well, Dear Readers, I have brung you up to the why's very moment. Up to the Doorway to Why.

Go on, knock.

Knock! Knock!

Why?

* * * * *

Where Are the Missing Rite-Typer Keys?

This chapter's title of this Bags End Book finally starts to explain why. It's because when Leo the Dark Man & Janitor of Bags End had brung mah beloved rite-typer, present from mah dear one Crissy, from the Bags End News vault down to Milne's Porch, in exchange 4or a valuable Action Man comic book, which I had gotten from mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy in exchange of a promise to take a Bump lesson with him & that real & fake language knowing guy Allie Leopard (huff! puff!), said comic traded 4or Leo's help in hauling said rite-typer, & got it all set up with paper & envelopes to boot, & left in an unusually debonair way, & we had just opened up the first letter to read & then reply to (puff! huff!), there was revealed the great trouble!

Lori Bunny readed the letter to me, adjusting her smart guy spectacles to see it well every word.

"Dear Algernon,

Congratulations on your anniversary! You do such a fine job! Come & share a small smackeral or two of honey with me soon!

Your admiring friend,
Pooh Bear"

"O! Smackeral! Yuk! O! Honey! Yuk!" I cried, ready to leap in mah terrors over the railing of Milne's Porch, into the very Unknown itself. Well, if lucky, the Blondys would have caught me before mah bajillionth piece broke off.

But of course Lori held me back, & convinced me it was indeed a sincere letter of admiration from that fat bear who lives in or near the Hundred Acre Wood. I am never sure which.

Lori had a fresh sheet of paper in mah rite-typer, all ready to go. Waiting 4or me & smiling.

"What do I say? Please keep your smackerals far from me? O! Yuk!" I cried. Lori adjusted her spectacles & said, "Let me help on this one." I nodded OK. So she typed & talked her typings at the same time.

"Dea- Pooh Bea-," she said & typed.

"Dea- Poo Bea-?" I asked.

Lori was studying the rite-typer keys. "The Ⓢ key must have fallen off."

"Utt-o," I said.

"Let's finish this & then look 4or it," she said. I nodded again.

"Thank you fo-you-lette--."

"What?" I cried.

"The Ⓢ key is missing too!" she said.

Well, now I was in a panic. "Thieves! Bandits! Desperados! Help! Help!"

Lori kind of hugged me on lockdown till I calmed a bit. She talked till I also heard the words.

"You look around here, Algernon. I will find Leo & we will hunt every inch from here to our Vault. We had it 4or those stories about Crissy's sister."

I sort of calmed down at her talk & plan. "That's true. There's at least one R in 'Crissy,'"

Lori smiled me again & went on her searching way.

So I carefully looked all over Milne's Porch, inside mah comfy armchair's cushions, on the floor, which is floorboards but pretty solid, & among the neat piles of fan letters & papers & envelopes. No luck.

Finally, I just sitted glumly looking at all these piles. I mean, it is nice to get "good job, Algernon" letters on doing mah newspaper, but now suddenly we couldn't do it? Did I have enemies who would try to end mah newspaper?

Paranoia comes easier from so long of struggling amongst crazed bullying big guys who see mah newspaper like it was their own thing, to praise their craze, so to speak.

But then again, the big guys I know aren't so subtle to steal 2 rite-typer keys. They prefer to kick me hard or smother me deep or try to make me march silently in thwee wanks. The ranks, I mean.

And if you did think a newspaper was all about singing your glories, why would you try to shut it down?

No, it wasn't Sheila Bunny or Betsy Bunny Pillow or Lisa-Marie Chow, the kicker & smotherer & order-to-marcher I was talking about above. They didn't do

this. Not that they would care to help me now, but they didn't do it.

Mah last hope was that the keys just falled off like Lori supposed. I sat sadly in mah comfy armchair, near all mah piles of fan mail, & waited.

But when she came back, & she brung an equally sad-faced Leo with her to boot, I guessed no good luck.

"We both looked high & low, every inch," said Lori sadly.

"Twice," said sad Leo.

I motioned a sad paw, & both of them climbed out to the Porch, & sat with me in mah comfy armchair.

"What luck," said me.

They nodded.

Suddenly Leo stood up in front of us. Smiling. "Listen, my friends. We may not be heroic caped figures like Action Man or Bunny Girl, bu we can surely do better than giving up!"

"What should we do?" I asked, feeling hopeless.

"We should put out a Fantasylands Alarum!" he cried.

"Um?" I asked.

"Well, there isn't one yet, but there should be! And you have all these fans in all these places! Surely they will help!" Leo was all worked up now.

Then Lori joined in too.

"Algernon, we will paw write issues of Bags End News to tell of our crisis. I will go get my box of pencils!" And Lori hurried off, & came back quick too. And Leo stayed right with me & nicely holded mah sad but a bit hopeful paw.

And so, Dear Readers, in so many places, who rited me so many nice fffletters I have here, me & Lori & Leo need your help. Mah rite-typer is missing its ® & © keys.

I ask all of you to help us find them, & bring them back to where they belong.

If this was a mean trick, OK! It worked. So mean! But, please, help us find them or return them!

* * * * *

Comes a Clue in the Rite-Typer Mystery!

Not long passed before Lori & I found ourselves again sitting in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, looking at another pile of letters that had come in. These were from Dear Readers who had rited in response to mah plea 4or help in mah newspaper

Most of these letters were nice com4orting ones 4or mah crisis, agreeing how it was a strange & mean trick. And everyone from Wonderland to the River, Narnia to Neverland, vowed to look high & low 4or mah missing rite-typer keys.

Mah dear friend Princess Crissy even said I could borrow the keys from her rite-typer, that she keeps in her Riting Room inside Imagianna's Red Bag. But I want mah own keys back.

And more importantly, I wanted to know why somebody would take them anyway. It seemed like somebody had planned it out, even though the plan was mean & weird.

Well, then came the letter from Princess Ozma of Oz. Oz is one of Bags End's long-time friends. They are way more famous in all the storybooks of course, & probably way more like what a proper fantasyland should be like then strange &

slouchy old Bags End, but those Oz guys are always nice, & like to make & have visits sometimes.

And I guessed they read Bags End News too, to hear of mah crisis. I mean, I know they do, like from the time Sheila Bunny bumped her head, & was long gone in Dreamland, & they came to visit her. Still, it supprises me some.

Lori was reading the letter from Princess Ozma, with her smart guy spectacles. "Listen!" she said excited.

"Dear Algernon,

Everyone here was very upset to hear about your missing keys. I asked my friend Glinda the Good Sorceress to see if she could look for them using her Great Book of Records, which records everything that happens in the world the moment it happens."

Lori stopped reading.

"What?" I asked.

"That's amazing that they would help us like that."

I nodded. "Yes, it is. I am amazed too. But we should be amazed later when mah rite-typer is back to all its keys!"

Lori nodded & read on in the letter.

"All Glinda could tell was that the keys are on the move from one place to the next. She could not tell who has them."

"Great!" I said. "The thief is on the run. Some Great Book!"

Lori looked at me, shocked. "They are trying to help, Algernon. And there's more here."

"Sorry," I said. I did not feel mah best right now.

She patted mah headbone nicely & read the rest.

"Strangely, the first place the keys went after leaving Bags End was the Creature Common. The path is unclear from there, but we think you should try there first. Hope this helps you, Dear Sir.

Yours Royally, & with much affection,
Princess Ozma of Oz"

"Wow, I said. "A clue."

Lori nodded.

"Well, then, I guess I will be going to the Creature Common now," I said, & was already climbing through mah bedroom window back into Bags End when Lori talked again.

"I should come with you, Algernon."

"Why, Lori?"

"Because you are my friend, & I want to help. I have been your newspaper's riter-downer & typer-upper for a long time." And when she smiled her charming orange-furred spectacled smart guy smile at me, I could only nod mah headbone.

Now I have tolded of a few different ways to get from Bags End to the Creature Common. One of these ways is to find this picture that hangs on the wall of one of the hallways in Bags End. It works both in waking & Dreamland Bags End.

Bag's End News
 No. 400! July 11, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Stella Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

I'm Pursue of thee Imp!

There iz 15500 number 400
 of mah beford old newspap,
 deer reederz! Maybe this
 meens mor too mah old hantlon
 than aniverers, I dont
 no. Aftr all, aniverers kun,
 wehr yu doo nuthing ore nith
 yu gotta err 400.
 Enwaye, I pers its sirta
 fitting for mokes tens, or waker
 thatt wee hit this big number
 inn the end of a staze
 advenchur thatt haz to doo
 with thee vore makings of mah
 kikkapap. I amey, thoe thot
 a loss of thee Breez-ant

Bag's End News
 No. 401 July 18, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Stella Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Intoo thee Merree Olde Lande of Oz!

Nowe I nowe thatt menap
 of mah deer reederz ar grut
 fove of thee bookez & pteepel
 & doings of thee Merree Olde
 Lande of Oz. I amn too. Oun money
 nits wih Mees Chrees bring us
 Bag's End 200 out too vord front
 steep too her poud storys red
 big her tove kull bove brithr
 & me, I amn all woz child &
 thrill & glad all over wen
 wee reede a Oz buk too us.
 Thatt all sed, its a hol,
 uthr thip wen yu travell too
 a plas lik Oz for yorselt.

Bag's End News
 No. 402 July 25, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Stella Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Into thee Emerald Citee of Oz!

Watt begann oz a storce about
 all theez Kongratulashuns letters
 about mah newspap's anniversary
 kwikly grow & changd into a
 storce about a grate hunt for
 the B & O keez of mah rite-
 tips.

Aftr publishin any appeal
 or help findin theez keez inn
 mah newspap, nore ritibly neet
 saw big mah poud frend Longbun,
 wee tott a kid from thatt royl
 princess Ozma off Oz & here a lso
 mezik frend, Glinda thee Goode.
 They tolded us thatt theez keez
 wer on the moov & wer on hadd

Bag's End News
 DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 403-404 August 1-8, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Stella Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Findin theez Missing Rite-tips Keez, & Wiy Ozma's Pteepel

I hav quiten sed inn
 theez vore pteep, or att least
 theez wunz, befor them thatt
 weez a storce becomz wond,
 full us hardley nuthin probably
 about week it mit go ore end
 upp.

This iz probably for the
 expot, deer reederz, bekwiz
 thoun the storcez weez
 becomz pteepel too mee
 a mah reederz. Best, we trust
 mee for doin mah voreten
 beaple pteep, jernilist pteep, n
 feeding from long fang too thee reest.

You have to close your eyes to forget that this picture of this pretty girl named Marie, & her woodsy clearing of Faeries, is a picture, & remember that it is really the door to the Creature Common, & then walk on through. Takes me a couple of tries sometimes though. Sometimes I arrive with an aching nozebone.

Not this time. I closed mah eyes, & walked on through. Bet I can't do that twice. Lori did too, but that was no surprise. Plus, she's mah good friend.

We arrived to the strange open area surrounded by all these pictures. Including the Marie one we had come through.

And we were not alone. That CC guy, who is cousins to Ramie the Toy Tall Boy, & the Author Guy too, was standing at one of the pictures, & he had in arm the Creatures MeZmer the White Bunny, Holly the Hedgedyhog, Buddy the little flower Bear, & Cuke who is green & spiny, & nice. Telling the Travelers Tales to them, I think, like he does most nights. His name, CC, is short for his job, Creature Coordinator. Does it pretty well, from what I have seen.

Maybe good timing because he was just finished, & so sat us all down with him on the floor together, & we talked over mah crisis.

"I think I have a good idear about your rite-typer keys. You are missing your Ⓢ key & Ⓛ key, & we here are missing our little Imp friend." And he drawed in the air with his finger the letter R & the exclamation point.

"Rosa!ita," he said, to make sure I got it.

I thinked once. Nothing. Again. O! I did.

"Her? But why?" I asked all of them.

Nobody said nothing for a moment

* * * * *

In Pursuit of the Imp!

Then CC began to talk. "Well, sometimes she likes her shenanigans."

I nodded.

But he talked on. "I don't think that's it, though. I mean, we all love your newspaper. Nobody wants to cause it trouble."

"Yah but," I started to say.

CC helded up his hand for more talking. I nodded, having nothing more than "yah but" to say.

"It's some kind of game, Algernon. We just need to figger out what kind. I'm sure you'll get your rite-typer keys back!"

Lori talked now. "That does make sense. We know she loves to play complex games."

I looked at CC. "Listen, guy, I am but a simple beagleboy journalist. Can you tell her she wins, & then she'll give me back mah keys?"

CC shooked his head. "She doesn't work like that, Algernon. You have to figger out her game, & play it with her."

Ha! Try to figger out the crazy game of a Imp who's about one bajillion times smarter than me. But I guessed no choice in this.

CC found room in his lap for me & Lori, & skritchd mah forehead like an old pro.

"Besides, I think I have our next clue," he said with a smile.

He stood up with us, & brung us all into the bedroom where the Creature Common guys mostly live. On the bed, under a nice warm purple blanket, was that pretty lady who is CC's beloved one. I don't pretend to know much about the ways

of people-folks, but she is always nice as Creatures to me.

We were now satted on the bed while CC fetched something to show us. "She left this note." He unfolded it to show us.

It was a map of the Land of Oz! But it was much stranger because typed all over the map was all this: @! @! @! @! @! @!

"Hey! Those are typed by mah rite-typer! I mean, those are mah missing keys!"

CC nodded. "She's telling us in her own way that she has gone to Oz with your rite-typer keys."

"But why?" I asked.

"That's part of the game we have to play with her," he said, smiling.

"Will you come with us? Please?" I begged. "Imps are not mah best subject of expertise," I confessed.

CC laughed. A nice laugh though. "Well, as a matter of fact, I am taking a week off from telling the Travelers Tales to the Creatures. So all of us have some days free right now. We'll come with you to Oz."

I was sure glad they were coming, & now all we had to do was get to Oz.

"So, how do you get to Oz from here?" I asked friendly.

CC laughed & his eyes got big. "To tell you the truth, Algernon, I don't know. I have never been to Oz."

Hmmm. "OK, well, let's just go back to Bags End then. We have doors to all those places like Oz & Neverland & Hundred Acre Wood & so on."

So CC kissed the pretty lady on both her cheeks. "Be careful, CC, but have fun," she smiled.

Then she smiled at me. "Good luck, Algernon. And don't worry. The Imp plays games, but she would never lose your keys." Nice girl.

So we came back to Bags End via the Marie picture-portal. I am sure glad it works.

Now I don't go all that much to places like Oz because I figger I should save mah visiting 4or nice occasions.

Oh well. So much 4or politeness.

Still, I knowed the level where it seemed like all those fantasyland doors are in a row. With Lori following me, & then CC, & he brung in his grasp MeZmer, Holly, CuKe, & Buddy, I brung us to those doors to look 4or the right one.

"Let's see. Narnia . . . Wonderland . . . Neverland . . . Hundred Acre Wood . . . the River . . . the Shire . . . ah! Here we are!" I said grandly. I pointed to a door with a big fancy sign on it which even I could read that said "Oz."

"Now I can't say where we'll land in Oz, so just stay close, & we'll figure it out," I said, bravely as I could.

"And I have a good Oz map too," said smart & smiling Lori Bunny. She showed it to us, & there were no Imp typings on it.

"How did you get it?" I asked, shocked.

"Fast hoppings!" she replied. Good to have her on mah side.

And so I pushed the door open, & we all walked somewhere into Oz, in search of that Imp & mah rite-typer keys!

* * * * *

Into the Merry Old Land of Oz!

Now I know that many of mah Dear Readers are great fans of the books &

people & doings of the Merry Old Land of Oz. I am too. On many nights when Miss Chris brings us Bags End guys out to her house's front step in Connecticut, to hear good stories read to her & all of us by Ramie, her toy tall brother Ramie, I am always chilled & thrilled all over when he reads a Oz book to us.

That all said, it's a whole other thing when you travel to a place like Oz 4or yourself. I mean, it's all happening around you now, every Ozzy bit. And while the books usually end good, 4or the good guys anyway, nothing in this world or any others is a sure thing. Oz has some good big guys & some bad ones too. And it's big enough 4or both kinds to be around still.

All that to be said that I didn't take going to Oz lightly. I mean, on invited visits & all, sure, with good magick guys like Glinda the Good & Princess Ozma smiling & around.

But just showing up? And with mah dear friend Lori Bunny & those nice Creature Common guys CC, MeZmer, Holly, Cuke, & Buddy new to Oz along 4or the ride? And the ride being mah ceaseless hunt 4or that Imp Rosa!ita, who stoled mah © & ® keys right off mah rite-typer? Well, shooooooooot, me says.

So here we were, through the door from Bags End, & arrived in Oz.

But where in Oz?

We all kind of gathered round Lori, who was peering through her smart guy spectacles at her Oz map.

"Well, we're on the Yellow Brick Road, so that's good 4or us."

"Where's the Scarecrow? And Tik-Tok? And Button-Bright?" asked CC with all his excitements. First-time visitor, you know.

"Calm down, guy. We have to find us before we find them," I tried to say nicely. He nodded & tried to calm.

The Creatures were all sniffing even while listening to us talk, & looking at Lori's map & all. I can tell you from what I learned from others & now mahself too: that is, sniffing can help in its own wordless way. So I tried.

Then it hit me, via mah nozebone, I guess.

"This is the Munchkin Country, Lori! It sniffs bloo to me!" Then I looked at the Creature Common guys, who seemed to agree. Looking helped too, I realized, when I noticed how even the grass & trees had a faint bloo tinge to them.

Buddy, who is this sort of small flowery-looking Bear Creature, speaked up too. "Mr. Algernon Beagle is right."

So knowing our where made it easier 4or Lori to adjust her spectacles to study even closer her map.

Then she looked up at us, all knowing from her studyings. She pointed her paw down one direction of the Yellow Brick Road. "That's the way to the Emerald City!"

So we all sorta got ourselves together, & started walking & hopping &, um, whatever-ing down the Yellow Brick Road.

Now some of you Dear Readers might be silly & wondering if we all danced our way along, & singed songs. I guess that's sometimes true, but not always. Maybe this wasn't that kind of story.

Still, I enjoyed this going. We passed by bloo Munchkin fields & farmhouses, & sometimes one of those strange bloo-dressed Munchkins guys would come out & say hi. We told them our story, & they would wish us well. All nice & polite.

Except one. He was polite like the rest, but he had more to say.

He was kind of tall 4or a Munchkin, & he was sort of hunched over with a long beard. His long cloak wasn't really bloo either.

We found him sitting peaceably on a bench, near some trees by the side of

the road. Smoking his pipe.

Listened to our story, which I guess we told like to everyone else.

He listened, puffed, & then talked.

"Won't catch her if she don't want you to."

"How do we then?" I asked, hoping for a good answer.

He puffed some more. A nice smell to his puffings. Very green despite the blue-ish place.

"Figger out her game & you'll get your keys back."

"That's what CC said!" I cried & pointed at CC to be sure. "But what kind of game is this? Meanly take a guy's rite-typer's keys & skitter too fast away to catch?"

Well, I guess he talked his peace cuz he puffed & smiled at me, & then started to take a nap.

CC motioned us to keep on our way quietly so not to wake him up.

So we did, but I was still bugged by it.

CC put his hand friendly on mah back. "If Fitz is in Oz, we're not that far behind!"

"O! Fitz! That's who that old guy was. Her strange friend Fitz! Not some unhelpful old fake puffing Munchkin!" I cried.

Everyone thought I made a good joke, & laughed with me. I guessed it was funny, but still.

It gets to be dark even in the Merry Old Land of Oz, & we were all kind of tired.

We found this barn that was empty of cows & pigs, & had some good hay to make a bed with.

So we all sorta got clustery & close with CC as like our bed, or at least someone warm to be near.

MeZmer talked first time. "Don't worry, Mister Algernon Beagle. Ros!ita very much likes you & your newspaper."

"O shucks!" me says happily, but then remembered mah current grudge.

After that, we all falled asleep, one by one. I remember wondering if Oz stars are like Connecticut or Bags End or Imagianna stars. Then I was sure I saw the Bunny Star hopping up there. Silly me. We re all neighbors. So just one sky to share.

* * * * *

Arriving to the Emerald City of Oz!

We waked up the next day, & CC went off for a little while to eat his own breakfast. O! Breakfast! Yuk!

He came back & we all went back onto the Yellow Brick Road to keep along our way to the Emerald City.

I can't say how long it might have taken to get there because there was suddenly someone up ahead, & then arrived to us, & it was the wooden Sawhorse! Pulling a big red wagon along.

He's not much of a talker but, when we all gathered around him & said hi, & introduced CC & the Creatures & all, he got talky & friendly, saying, "Princess Ozma my mistress sent me along to bring you back. She saw in her Magic Picture that you all had come."

Well, this was a such a nice thing to do, & we right away climbed into the red wagon he was pulling. CC helped us shorter guys all get in, & have a good spot

to enjoy the ride. He does coordinate with enthusiasm.

So we rode & let me tell you: we rode fast! The land blurred by as we went.

The Creature guys dozed some, but me & Lori & CC watched & watched, & soon we passed through the Great Poppy Field, & then came up promptly to the Gate of the Emerald City of Oz. Wow!

It's a big city, sort of like the one mah friends Rich Americus & Emmi the Bag Lady live in, but it's a lot more green-colored, & had a big Royal Castle in its very center.

The Royal Gate-keeper smiled, & waved at us, & let us roll through.

What I didn't expect was what happened next as we rolled into the City itself.

There were cheering crowds on both sides of the streets we rolled through. Cheering & cheering, & it seemed like it was cheering for us!

Then I seen even more that they were holding up signs with mah face & Lori Bunny's face on them! And a lot of them were waving around copies of Bags End News!

"What does this all mean?" I asked CC. "It's not very good for a mean Ozzy trick."

"It's not a trick, Algernon," said CC, who likes me, so I trust him.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"It's a parade to celebrate your newspaper's anniversary!" he said all pleased.

I looked at Lori to be sure, but she nodded & smiled too.

"Wave to your fans, Algernon!" CC said, & he & the rest showed how to wave to your fans. It's like regular waving but more guys & fellows in it, & they're smiling & admiring you. Not for your wave, but for something else.

"O shucks!" I said, feeling the tug of mah humble-bone. Modest & short to the ground both, ya know.

Well, the crowds kept cheering & waving, & us waving back all the way to the grand front entrance of the Royal Castle of Princess Ozma of Oz.

We all got out of the red wagon, & thanked the Sawhorse again for his ride. He smiled in a woody sort of way, & went off. His task done.

So now we went into the Royal Castle through the front door, into a really big & fancy room, not sure what to do next. Then a dark-haired girl who looked older than Miss Chris, but younger than Princess Crissy, ran up.

"That's Dorothy Gale of Kansas," I said. At least I knowed this much. "But here she is Princess Dorothy Gale. Of Oz now, I guess."

"Mister Algernon Beagle!" said Princess Dorothy Gale. She ranned up & hugged me. And she hugged Lori too for long time knowing. But then there were these new guys.

I helped. "Princess Dorothy Gale, this is CC, whose title is his name too. And MeZmer Bunny, & Holly Hedgedyhog. And Buddy who is a little Bear Creature. And Cuke, who is a spiny green Creature fellow. But very nice. O, & they are all from the Creature Common, which I can vouch for is a real good place. And mostly nicer than Bags End even. Except for some." I decided to quit talking then.

Princess Dorothy Gale curtsied to all of them, who were in aww of meeting her.

She smiled & turned to me & said, "Ozma thinks she has news of your missing rite-typer keys!"

"Wow! Really?" me said.

"Yes, & she wants to tell you herself. And congratulate you on your newspaper's anniversary!"



"O! shucks!" me said. I kept forgetting all this extra friendliness & good will. I hope I didn't have to wave no more.

"Come on, everyone!" she said, & hurried us to see Princess Ozma of Oz.

* * * * *

Finding the Missing Rite-typer Keys, & Why (Grand Finally!)

I have knowed these Oz guys a long time, though they were new & exciting to CC & the other Creature Common folks.

The Oz guys are a little more formal about things, which sets me a bit on edge. I mean, Princess Ozma is a real Faerie princess, no jeans-under-her-dress & secret tomboy ways, like mah dear Princess Crissy.

It's just different in Oz. I mean, Sheila Bunny calls herself "King" of Bags End, but it's just a strange idear of hers. She is Mayor, that's all.

But I knowed Princess Ozma's magick Faerie girl help was sure to be good in rightfully recovering the ® & © keys key-napped from mah rite-typer by that shenanigans-loving Imp, Rosa!ita. Lori is still writing out this story as we continued our pursuits.

Princess Dorothy Gale brung us in a bit of a nervous group into the Royal Throne Room of Princess Ozma.

And I must say, Dear Readers, that, compared to Sheila's little Throne Room, or even Princess Crissy's in Imagianna, these Oz guys mean business. And then some.

A really big room with a high ceiling. A long chandelier hanging from the middle of the room, & smaller ones toward each corner. Everything lit by reflection of everything else, because of the many mirrors on all 4 walls. You saw yourself, looking at your other self, looking at your other self, & so on. I just tried to mind-think all these various me's to keep cool, remember politeness as always, & that we were all friends here, rabble & fancy alike.

And there, sitting in her big Throne, was Princess Ozma of Oz. Beagleboy journalism skills can only struggle to say about her. I mean, of course she is a pretty people-folks girl, like Princess Dorothy Gale & Miss Chris & Crissy & other people-folks are.

But that's not it. When I look into her eyes, really & deeply & truly, I see kindness. Concern. Affection.

And this was the strangest of them all. Modesty & humility. Princess Ozma does not she's better than nobody. She just wants to help & do good.

I knowed all this but it's like I had to learn it again. She is very special, but she thinks of herself as here to tend, like MeZmer. It's hard words to say.

"Mister Algernon Beagle," she said in her sweet princess voice. I was gonna bow & scrape low, just in case, when she hopped off her Throne & came to me & the others for hugs all around. I had to drag CC up by his earbone to get in on these good hugs, but the Creatures were not slow. She sniffs good to them. I tried a sniff or two, & agreed with their assessment.

Princess Ozma led us over to a table I had not noticed before. On it was a map.

But it wasn't Oz.

"Hey!" I said. "I know this map. It's the Forest & Hundred Acre Wood of Winnie-the-Pooh & his friends!"

Princess Ozma nodded & smiled. "Look closer too."

I studied the map with its trees & places it told. Where Wol & Piglet & Tigger & Eeyore & the rest lived. But didn't see what peculiar she meant.

Lori Bunny & CC saw what she meant at the same time. They pointed to Pooh Bear's own tree home, & then I saw.

Typed in a circle around his home was ® & © & ® & © over & over with mah own missing rite-typer keys!

I looked at Ozma with the confusion that forgot she's a magickal Faerie girl, however humble. "What does it mean, Princess Ozma?"

"She has gone to Winnie-the-Pooh's home in the Hundred Acre Wood where he & his friends live," she said.

"But why?"

Princess Ozma gave me a look I could have lived a long time inside. Somehow, she understands me as a beagleboy journalist, & me as just plain old Algernon.

"It's not a game this time so much as a gift, Algernon," she said.

"I don't understand," I said quietly.

"Your readers want to thank you for your good newspaper. You & your partner Lori Bunny. So she is going to lead you from place to place to receive this gift of thanks," she said, smiling.

I thought. "You mean like when I was waving to your Ozzy crowds?"

She nodded.

Well, now everyone was looking at me for guidance. I looked in turn at the many Algernons in the mirrored walls around me.

"Well," I said finally, "if someone is gonna thank me, I am sure gonna make sure I reply you're welcomed."

Everyone suddenly laughed out loud, & I guessed yes, that it was kind of funny.

I raised mah paw to Princess Ozma to shake & hold. She holded & smiled at me.

"Thank you," I said humbly.

She smiled at me, then some more. Then, I swear, she tickled me under mah chin! Strangely but nicely true.

Lori spoke up now. "Princess, can you get us to the Hundred Acre Wood? Or at least back to Bags End, where there is a door to there?"

Princess Ozma smiled that wonderful & nice magickal girl smile of hers. "I can have you there in a moment."

Now Princess Dorothy Gale spoke up. "Can't you stay a little while? We can have a big anniversary party for your newspaper, & introduce these new friends to everyone here!"

Well, I would have been swayed, but CC talked. "We would love to visit, but we are on a mission to get Algernon's rite-typer keys back. Besides, that Imp may not stay with Pooh Bear long. I think this adventure is more a gift if we keep up, & more a game if we don't."

Everyone, even Princess Ozma, nodded to this statement. CC well knows the Imp's tricky ways.

But we promised to return again soon, & so Princess Dorothy Gale smiled & hugged us all twice.

I looked at Princess Ozma & said, "No silver shoes needed?" Then I laughed, & everyone else did too. All that really had to happen was for me to nod, & we were gone from Oz, & come to Winnie-the-Pooh's Hundred Acre Wood.

I had been here before, but not in awhile, & it felt different to me. How? It

looked the same.

Taking a chance, I sniffed. Like those Creatures already were, by habit I guess.

O. O. White Woods? Hmmm. Not that same color so much, but still sniffed the same, or close. Hmmm again.

Princess Ozma's magick put us right close to the tree where Winnie-ther-Pooh lives with his small friend Piglet. And I guessed from memory that the sign over the door on that tree said "Mr Saunders," like in the books Ramie read to us guys.

CC & Lori & the sniffing Creatures were looking at me to decide what next.

I was guessing to go up to the door & knock, when we all heard a gruff voice singing its way from a distance to closer & closer to us.

Here were the words I heard & understood to remember. They were:

"Sing ho for the life of a Bear!

Sing ho for a Pooh!

Sing hee! hee! hee! if you have too much to believe!

Sing ha! ha! ha! if someone tells you what is true!"

And it was indeed that fat friendly Winnie-ther-Pooh Bear! I think also Pooh Bear, 4or short.

"Algernon Beagle?" he said, blinking twice at me to be sure. "And Lori Bunny!" Blink, blink. "And new friends?" Blink, blink again.

So of course there were then hugs all around, & introductions, & friendliness. CC started to talk about the lingual prestidigitation or something of the Winnie-ther-Pooh books, but he saw Pooh Bear drooping to sleep, & with a smile stopped.

Pooh Bear led us all into his house-in-tree, where there were chairs & floor to sit on. I can't say how the very tall CC fit in too but he was at least cramped on the floor.

I was about to ask Pooh Bear about Rosa!ita when he held up his paw, & fetched something from his cupboard.

"On your newspaper's anniversary, I present you with a jar of hunny from my very own collection!"

Now CC caught me in mah cry of "O! Yuk!" & flee 4or the door, because he saw what mah panic didn't. Holding me tight, he showed me how the jar was empty of every last drop of hunny. He hugged & hugged & hmmm'd me calm, & I saw sad Pooh Bear's face, remembering all his lickings. O! Yuk!

Holly the Hedgedyhog talked in his squeaking way that reminds me of mah good friend Jackie Clown.

"Holly said that jar can be good 4or carrying the rite-typer keys safely back to Bags End, when we find them. And maybe holding pencils too," CC explained.

Everyone looked at me. Pooh Bear had indeed licked the jar dry. I trembled a bit, then nodded. "Thank you, Pooh Bear," me said.

He nodded & looked happy again.

Then I remembered our business. "Have you seen Rosa!ita the Imp, Winnie-ther-Pooh?" I almost laughed at mah almost joke.

Pooh Bear got a weird krinkly look on his yellow Bear's face, which I guessed was him trying to think hard. I sympathized, given mah own hard-struggling brainbone.

Luckily, mah smart guy friend Lori Bunny notices things I wouldn't see in a universe of days.

"Pooh Bear, what is that piece of paper in your paw?"

He looked at it." It's the paper on a jar of hunny you take off before settling in to enjoy it."

Before Pooh Bear could smack his lips, or I could cry out & flee, Lori helded up an amazingly calming paw." It has writing on it. May I see it?"

She was right. It was a map, sort of. It showed all the fantasylands the Imp had speeded through since leaving Milne's Porch in Bags End with mah rite-typer keys.

We laid it out on the floor for all of us to see up closer.

CC said, "It looks like an Imp Tracker. She's going too fast for us, so she's showing us her path. After here, she speeded through Wonderland, Neverland, the River. Now she's, um—"

"Fraggle Rock!" said together all of the suddenly if briefly talking Creatures. Well, Holly squeaked with the rest.

CC pointed again at the strange map. "She's waiting for us."

"Waiting?" I asked.

CC nodded. "She's an Imp. Just when you think you'll never catch up, which you wouldn't, she stops & waits."

"Well, we better go then," I decided promptly. I looked at Pooh Bear, who looked uncertain of everything. I said to him, kindly but truly, "You've been a huge help, Pooh Bear. Can we take this Imp Tracker map along?"

Pooh Bear smiled at me happy & handed it to me. "Don't forget your rite-typer keys jar!"

I motioned CC to grab it, since I was still keeping mah distance for a while.

Pooh Bear came out of his house with us. "Fraggle Rock is that way. Over that hill, & then down."

"Really?" me said.

He winked. "I may not have much brain, but I do like my long walks!"

We all thanked him profusely, & then went in a group over the hill he had pointed to, & then down the other side, & there was a cave ahead that seemed likely for getting to the underground Fraggles Rock.

Fraggles are a kind of yellow or green creature, kind of shaggy & big-eyed. They love singing & dancing when happy or sad, or really anytime. They are sort of friends with the tinier hard-working Doozer folks, & the scary bigger than even Ramie or CC Gorgs. O, & friends with that nice people-folks Doc, & his doggy Sprocket too.

So we followed the tunnel from the cave entrance, & it led us down & down into the earth, & just as I was worrying we were lost, we heard the sounds of many Fraggles singing happy.

"Dance your cares away!
Cackle & skitter your days!
Life is a game, whatever they say!
Might as well dance!
Might as well play!"

And we come into the big cavern where Fraggles mostly live & sing & play & so on. It was a scene of crazy fun as Fraggles danced & singed & chased around the high & low rocks best they could that no-fooling-this-time Rosa!eeta the Imp!

I panicked. "Stop her! Capture her! She's singing & dancing & skittering with mah rite-typer keys!"

Well, I would like to say it was that easy, but first CC had to remind me that the song wasn't over. O, right, they do like to finish, happy or sad.

So when the song had sort of finale'd & ended, I looked around for that Imp. Hmmm. No Imp to be seen!

So I pushed through the Fraggles crowds, up to the Fraggles I most know of, Gobo, Wembley, Boober, Mokey, & Red Fraggles.

"Where is that Imp that you Fraggles hordes danced & sang with?" I demanded.

Gobo is the kind of leader of this bunch. "Hello, Mister Algernon Beagle & your friends! Welcome to the Rock! Nice to see you, eh!"

Well, then CC started talking his long words of admirings that was with English none of us knowed, so again he smiled & stopped. I promised mahself I wold listen real good to his strange talking when not in crisis.

"Where did she go?" I asked again.

Boober spoke up. He reminds me a little of Eeyore the Donkey. Sort of dark & funny. "She's gone, Mister Algernon Beagle! That's why we stopped singing."

All the Fraggles nodded sincerely, like this made sense in their strange minds. Nice enough fellows, still, I guess.

Lucky for mah panic at losing her again, CC brung out the Imp Tracker map. "Look! She is back in Bags End!"

Sure enough, the Imp Tracker showed the colorful little blur of an Imp leaving Fraggles Rock, & arriving in Bags End.

"But where?" I despaired. "Bags End is big, & that Imp is tiny & fast."

Lucky us, Gobo talked up. "Our friend Doc gave us a gift, a magical device called a magnifying glass, to see tiny things bigger." He ran, fetched it, & handed it to Lori Bunny.

Lori then used this device like Sherlock Holmes to study the map closely. She hmmm'd once, twice.



"What, Lori? Torture me not, Brains!" I cried.

Lori laughed. "She is stopped at your Milne's Porch. This time I think she's waiting 4or just you, Algernon."

Wow, OK. Of course before we left I had to shake a lot of Fraggles paws about mah newspaper anniversary & all that. I tried to be nice, but there's about a bajillion Fraggles guys. I promised to visit again 4or saying hi to Doozers & Gorgs & Doc & Sprocket & all.

I said goodbye to CC & the Creature Common guys too at this point. They had never been to Fraggles Rock, & wanted to stay 4or more dancing & singing.

"Thank you all," I said. "I will send her along when we're done." They all nodded & smiled at me nicely like they knowed Imps very well. Which they do!

So me & Lori went back to Bags End. Gobo showed me the right tunnel to the right door, & on through.

"Thank you, Gobo Fraggles," said me sincerely.

"No problem, eh!" he said. Some kind of funny accent to rival mine own unique brogue.

And Lori parted me too. "Let me know when it's time to work, Boss."

I nodded to her, gave her a grateful hug, & made mah way through Bags End toward Milne's Porch. I stopped along mah route at Leo the Dark Man's Hovel-Under-Ramp. He was all cuddled up in his corner futon couch, reading that "Action Man & Bunny Girl Save the World! Twice!" comic book. Probably 4or the bajillionth time. But he was happy, 4or him. And he had helped me, that was 4or sure.

And he stopped reading to say hi to me. "Want to read it again with me? I am just figgering out the small details & anomalies in this issue."

"No, Leo. Thank you, though. I just want to tell you that I am going to get mah rite-typer keys back now."

Leo smiled vaguely like that was nice. Then he looked back down at his beloved comic book & sort of muttered to himself, "What about that strange shadow on page 13? Is that Action Man's long-lost Brother Theodore?"

So I left him to it, & continued along till I arrived on the level of the Bunny Family's apartment, & went on through to the bedroom I share with Alex. He wasn't there, but I could see that he had a pile high of weird-looking books on his bed, & even I could figger out they all said "Bump!" on them.

O yah, I had promised to take a Bump lesson. Well, not yet, & I hurriedly climbed through the window to Milne's Porch.

There was mah comfy armchair waiting. And there was mah rite-typer on the little purple stool, with all those fan letters on one side, & paper & envelopes on the other side.

And waiting 4or me on the stool too, like just another day in Impville, was herself, Rosalita the Imp!

And then I noticed on the stool too, sorta behind mah rite-typer, was the jar from Winnie-the-Pooh, way taller then that Imp! How did that come to be there?

Maybe Crissy? Maybe Princess Ozma? I guess I know enough magickal princess girls to wonder & not know.

She was looking at me all crazy-eyed, & finally I figgered she wanted me to look inside the jar. So I did.

"Mah rite-typer keys!" I cried, truly happy. She cackled happy too, & made her other strange noises.

Lucky 4or me, the keys popped right back into place on the rite-typer, & it was back to business.

I decided not to scold that Imp, who was just helping in her own way. In fact, I asked her to help me finish this issue, so w could rush out the good news of mah keys' return. She typed-hopped the keys like so:

Hello evrywun

this iz Algetnonn Beegel an
Rosaleeta

saying alll theez
newen isscos uf mah muwzapr ar fix a
GRAT BIGGG THAKEEEEEEEE
4or allll yor
kindnesses

ch.yffgjj ol 35679

hhffs!!!!

haff stopp that!!!

!"#\$%&'()*('&#\$%&'!

lissent yu impt!!!

OK anyway thankee 4or thee good wishes

att sum point that imp kissed me on mah cheekbon
& skittered away & i was left heer with haff a pag to
go.

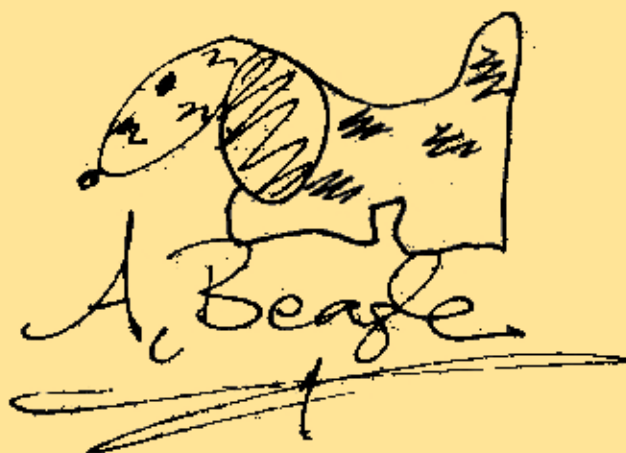
Lukkily, Loree Kan bly an shee iz helpping mee finish.

Unlukkily, shee told mee Alexx & Allie Lepard ar now
wayting mee insid.

weill, I gess itz tim too go keepe mah deel.

But att leest we kan tipe R!R!R!R! alll wee want agent

Enywaye, goodbyee 4or now.



Bags End News
 No. 408 September 19, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Thoz Dredd Hik-Bumps!

Wah too saye, mah deer d
loyal reed

For did
 nott won t
 awtten. Wh
 I seeme too
 kind of ka
 shikky mto
 Butt it
 sins evn
 mee much
 lett mah go
 nowz rell
 Lett me
 & tank thee
 ordr. Thiz
 know ch hnd

Bags End News
 No. 406 September 26, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Doktor Greenfas
 Too ~~freckles~~ Laps with
 Mah Kwestjuns, 4 Hik-Bumps!

I shood hav fussed thatt
 volunteez, doo mix up with
 ngr. Krad Bumpz, Dr. Thr
 Alexander, Puppys-fak growin
 wtz gonna
 & wgresso

Noun
 nevz beele
 butt hiz
 mee krazed
 doo untrst
 any of m
 & thatt m
 Florasheo A
 whrs wops
 Unreveele

Bags End News
 No. 407 October 3, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Lernny^{Mr} About thee Hmmm!

Yor did pall A beeleboye
 jernelzt reportr Algernon
 wtz tumbled, stumbled, strickd
 hizz waye out of mende storeys
 ovr thee strang pathz ut ttr
 Awtten drad m, butt uzvelly
 surviv mah waye throo bry take
 shordz ut mah witz & wils

Thiz all sed becauz thiss
 tim I think I bring thee storey
 oon oon mahself taking a
 bump esun frum mah matter
 bruthr Alexander for a promiss
 I mad lead mee down thee dark
 path kalld hik-bumpz.

I wntt too see mah old
 sawboz friend Doktor Greenfas



Bags End Book #20: Go Into the Sea! Part 1

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Those Dread Hic-Bumps!

What to say, mah Dear & Loyal Readers? What to say?

Your old pal Algernon is not one to take ill very often. 4or a while, I seemed to be prone to getting kind of caught deep down & sticky in Dreamland But it had been a long time since even Dreamland had caused me much trouble.

Maybe I let mah guard down. But who knows really?

Let me try to start again & talk the words more in their right order. This is, after all, mah much loved by me, & maybe even some others, newspaper. Not just some wild-eyed tale of mah woes.

You may recall from mah Bags End Book #19: Anniversary of Bags End News! that I had agreed to take a Bump lesson from mah crazed brother called Alexander Puppy, & that real & fake language knowing green-eyed guy called

Allie Leopard.

I thinked it would be a simple thing to do. Grit mah grinders, say the dread "B" word a few times, make Alex happy, & slink away with mah pride dragging behind mah tailbone. Easy peasy.

So I was in mah bedroom that me & Alex share in the Bunny Family's apartment. Also, the window lets out to mah beloved Milne's Porch. But I was about a bajillion miles from that beloved place right now.

Alex & Allie were waiting 4or me on Alex's bed, in his half of our room. I always make sure he understands that his Bump madnenses stay on his side. And I have to admit that he is usually agreeable in his tall yellow silly-faced Puppy way.

But here I was, crossing into his territory, mah beloved native English only a distant dream, like mah Porch.

"OK OK OK ya crazed brother! Here I am 4or mah lesson. Give it to me quick so I can get back to mah own familiar reality!"

Then I noticed that Alex had on these funny little glasses on his silly face. And he was wearing a sort of gown, & also a funny square hat on his head too. Like a professor?

"Bump!" he said all friendly. I just had to squirm.

"Alex says, 'Welcome to class, student!' He is very glad you have decided to come to learn the ancient & delightful language of Bump," Allie said. I could tell he wasn't laughing because of mah tortures.

"Listen, brother! Let's get on with this," I grouched.

"Bump!" said Alex in what I could have swore was a scolding voice.

"Alex says, 'Student, have patience in learning. We will go slow to make sure you understand everything,'" Allie fake translated.

Now I will admit, Dear Readers, I could have helded out in grumpiness 4or a lot longer than I did.

But I had made a promise to Alex that had eventually helped me to find the missing keys on mah newspaper's rite-typer. I did what I had to do, & it had worked out good.

So I summoned mah inner Princess Crissy kind of curiosity, not mah inner Sheila Bunny grumpiness from being disturbed during nap & jazz.

"OK, Alex," I finally said, "And Allie too. I won't fight the madness. You give me a good lesson, & I'll try as hard as in Mister Owl's classroom."

And I tried, Dear Readers. I will say it honest & true that I tried.

"But it's only 1 word!" I cried in mah despairs, as Alex explained again how many words are 1, & the 1 best word 4or them all is Bump.

Alex would get right close to mah nozebone & look closely at me 4or a long time, then cry out, "Bump!" or say "Bump" softly, or "Bump-Bump-Bump" in his usual regular silly voice.

And Allie would always make sure to tell me what Alex said every time.

Finally, I raised mah paw to it all. "Fake translate me no more, Allie. I just don't believe in mah bones that all words can be rolled into 1 like pie dough." Pause. O yah. "O! Pie! Yuk!"

I looked straight up at Alex's silly face & said, "I'm sorry, brother. But you're wrong."

I figgered mah promise of a lesson was kept anyway by this point. I heard Alex sigh a somewhat sad Bump sigh as I climbed through the window onto mah safe & English-friendly Milne's Porch.

Ahh. I got into mah comfy armchair to gain back mah calm & certainty about things.

But I kept thinking about stuff Alex tolded me, or at least that Allie told me he had said.

Alex said that languages started with singing. I could see that. Mah friends in the Creature Common were big fans of the Hmmm, which is a sort of singing wordless but a bit extra.

And Princess Crissy & her brother Iggy the Inspector & their kinfolks Emandians hmmm'd that time during the Season of Lights too. Like a reunion with the old strange songs & everything.

I really didn't understand the Hmmm very fully, but it didn't bother me like Bump somehow. And, unlike Alex, Crissy & the Creatures don't hassle mah English-loving ways.

Alex also said the singing turned into words to tell about dangers. And to name things & people-folks. And to remember things. I was agreeable to all this more or less. Just kept wondering when the pitch 4or Bump would come.

It came. Alex said that many languages filled the world, & turned people-folks into kind of teams against each other. Made them feel they were different than each other because their languages were different. This hurt them down deep, & they hurt the world too.

So Bump was a way to peace again. And it was as much the touch of Bumping as the word.

But, see, he couldn't get me to understand what he said.

No matter how many or how few Bumps he talked, I only heard . . . Bump.

I looked at Allie & said, "How do you get it, Allie? What do you hear that I don't?"

Allie shooked his head & smiled at me. "To me, Algernon, languages are 1, none, many. Everything sings. Everything hmmms."

Yes. I kinda sorta understood. Except the Bump part.

So, anyway, I left, as I said be4ore, & came to where I usually find mah peace.

But I didn't. It's like there was more to this than English or Bump.

That's when mah kind of frustration over what I didn't understand suddenly erupted from mah mouth.

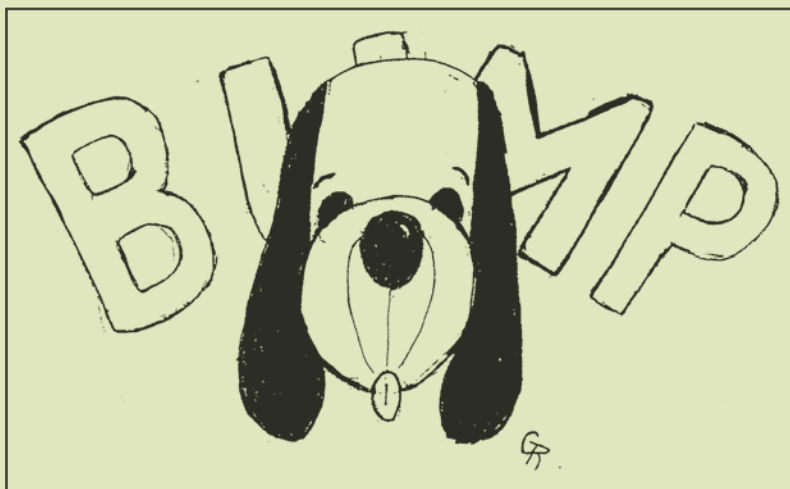
"Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump!"

I clamped mah mouth. But they were still in there, just muffled.

Opened mouth. "Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump!"

O, Dear Readers! What to do now?

* * * * *



To Doctor Greenface,
with Mah Questions, & Hic-Bumps!

I should have figgered that volunteering to mix up with mah crazed Bumping brother Alex's fake language was gonna lead me to troubles known & unguessed!

Known is that I have never believed Bump was anything but his crazed trick to drive me crazy. Why? I don't pretend to understand the ways of any of mah crazed relatives, & that includes Alice, Doctor Horatio Algernon, or any others who might lurk in their unrevealed strangenesses out there.

Ungussed is that I suddenly found mahself back in mah Milne's Porch comfy armchair, but with a dread case of the Hic-Bumps!

After the first bajillion or so, they slowed down some. They didn't hurt or nothing at least. Just annoying, really. Like that lesson with Alex had leaked into mah mind, & was stuck there. I know that makes no sense, but still.

So what to do now? I wondered.

I guessed I had to go see one of the doctors in Bags End 4or help. But I was no way gonna go back into mah bedroom with that crazed brother still in full force with his nutty lecturing ways.

So I did what I do when I need help & transportation quick.

"Blondys!" I yelled into the big skies be4ore me. "O! Help! Blondys!" I cried with mah hopes & fears nudging 4or mah heartbone's preference.

But they came of course. They always do. Tammy the oldest Blondy girl, Sammy the middle one, & Simmi the littlest Blondy & cheerleader. Coming how they come. Floating, because they do not know the Law of Grabitee.

Now Blondys float, & beagles do not, but I guess their magick girl ways trump mah natural sinking ways, because when I climbed up on the railing of Milne's Porch, & leaped like a Luna off, they caught me easy & we all floated together. I guess I would not be around to tell this if the other way.

"Please take me to Doctor Greenface, Blondys! Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump! And hic-hurry!" I cried & begged.

So off we floated, via the strange pathways only Blondys know. But they work, let me tell you, Dear Readers. They get you there, & get you there fast!

Doctor Greenface is a small green furry fellow, like hardly the size of mah paw, not much more. He lives on a certain level of Bags End, behind a round green door much smaller then the usual sized ones here. But it fits him well.

The Blondys set me down gentle, & all 3 snitched a small kiss on mah furry cheekbone.

"Thanks, hic-Blondys!" I said, smiling feebly.

"Yayy! Hic-Beagle!" cheered Simmi as they floated away. I tried to chuckle at her joke but it came out bad of course.

I leaned down low & knocked--"Hic-Bump!"--knocked at Doctor Greenface's small door.

His door opened & there he was, a nice smile on his face as he saw me.

"Hello, little beagle! Hello!" he said. Funny, he calls me that, given our sizes. But it's true somehow too.

"Doctor Hic-Bump! O! Fooey!" I said sadly.

"Well, you're close but I get it," he said with good humor. "Come in! Come in!"

I had never been invited into his little home, & didn't think how I could. But Doctor Greenface saw mah dilemma & laughed.

"Wait!" he said, & shuffled back into his home 4or a long minute.

Then he came back to his door with a tiny little pill in his pretty tiny too paw. "Take this, little beagle."

"O! Hic-Yuk!" I cried, backing away.

"No yuks! Or hic-yuks!" he looked at me & said so plainly, I reconsidered.

"I guess medicine is not hic!-food," I said. I nodded at Doctor Greenface, & reached down & took the tiny little pill in my paw, & swallowed it.

Suddenly, I was looking at Doctor Greenface face to face! Small as him!

"Hic!-Wow," I said softly.

"Come in, little beagle," he said with the voice of a regular-not-tiny-sized guy.

I figured out how a little round furry guy like him moves. He has his feet deep under his green fur. They move really fast & quiet.

So here was Doctor Greenface's home. It was round like a big circle of a room, like his door was. His round bed was toward the back. His round desk & round bookcase were to the left. On the little round table next to his armchair was the most recent issue of mah very own newspaper, Bags End News!

Doctor Greenface smiled at me & said, "Of course I am a fan. I like to keep up with the news."

I felt very complimented, but tried to keep to mah crisis.

Easy peasy. "Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump!"

"Calm down! Calm down, little beagle! Here, sit in my chair, & tell me why you think you have this malady."

So I sat in his armchair, almost as comfy as mah own on Milne's Porch.

"Why? Hic!-Why? You read mah hic!-story. I got these taking that stupid hic-Bump lesson! Dum hic-brother!"

Doctor Greenface raised a paw I had not seen so good from mah former larger size.

"Bump is a language. It's not like a cold you can catch."

I sat back in the armchair, & sighed. Thought about his question slower. He waited patiently 4or mah thoughts to become words.

"Well, I hic!-promised to take the hic!-Bump lesson & then, when he gived it to me, it was too hic-crazy!"

"Why?"

"I don't know, hic-Doctor. He says hic!-Bump is like all these hic!-languages gathered up hic!-together, & better 4or the hic!-world!"

"But?"

"When I hear it, I just hear one hic!-word," I finished, feeling lame.

"But?"

I thinked. "I was sort of thinking about the Hmmm, that the Creatures, um, do. And Crissy did that time with Iggy the Inspector, & their Emandian kin-folks."

I thinked harder. Pushing & pushing. Nearly pushing mah thoughts out mah eyes!

"Bump sorta sounds like the Hmmm, except, I don't know, it doesn't drive me crazy. Or give me hic-Bumps! Hic-Bumps! Hic-Bumps!"

Doctor Greenface nodded & smiled his furry smile at me.

"I think you need to go to the Creature Common & learn more about the Hmmm. And, if you need more help, talk to Princess Crissy & even Iggy.

"Will that hic!-cure me?" I asked hopefully.

"I think it might help," he smiled at me.

Then he handed me a pill much bigger then the first, & raised a furry paw when I nearly cried out in protest.

I remembered, nodded, took mah pill once I was outside his door. Back

to beagle size again.

"I am sure you will find many good answers when you go to the Creature Common, little beagle. Make sure to see the Tenders & my good friend Doris!" he smiled up at me.

"Thank hic!-you!" I said down to him below. He nodded, & closed his door.

* * * * *

Learning More About the Hmmm!

Your old pal & beagleboy journalist reporter Algernon has tumbled, stumbled, & tricked his way in & out of many stories over the turns of the calendar. Often dragged in, but usually survive mah way through by the shards of mah wits & wiles.

This all said because this time I think I brung the story down on mahself. Taking a Bump lesson from mah crazed brother Alex 4or a promise I made led me down the dark path called Hic-Bump.

So now it was time to take Doctor Greenface's good advice & go to the Creature Common with both my struggles with Hic-Bumps, & mah wonderings about the Hmmm.

It used to be harder to get to that Creature Common than it is now. I know that sounds weird, but I think those guys like me & other Bags End guys visiting, & so they figgered a way to make it easier. They're all sort of magickal anyway, like Princess Crissy & the Blondys, so it probably wasn't too hard to do.

Anyway, the way I go there now is to find the level of Bags End where there is this pretty picture of a redheaded girl named Marie, who is barefooted in a long dress, & is standing in a sort of magickal woodsy place among her Faerie friends. Maybe even a Faerie herself too.

The easy part is finding the picture. The harder part 4or me is standing in front of the picture, closing mah eyes, 4orgetting it's a picture, & remembering it's a door to the Creature Common, & then walking on through.

Mah brainbone don't work like that usually but, with practice, & a dislike of crashing mah poor nozebone, I have gotten better.

And so it was that I arrived OK this time into the Common, which is in a sort of big house building, like where Miss Chris & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy live in Connecticut. I usually arrive on this landing area with stairs nearby, & a few doors too.

All around me on the walls were the 4 pictures, including that Marie one, that that tall Ramie cousin CC will use to tell his stories to an armful of Creatures, & many others listening. He's inspired by another cousin who is the Author guy who lives in the pictures, & itches him to tell good stories. I tolded all about this in mah Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! But I still don't know if all of this is some kind of smart guy science, or crazy magick, or something else. It seems to work OK 4or all though.

One of the rooms has a bed in it, & all the Creatures I know live in that room. I looked in it, & there was CC sitting on the bed, surrounded by all those colorful little Secrets Books I had seen with Crissy in Imagianna. Then I remembered that CC has a set of them too. "1, none, many," as they say.

CC saw me & smiled. "Hello, Algernon!"

"Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump! O fooey!" I greeted & cried out both.

CC stood up all tall & come over to me. He lifted me up gently, & brung me to a space next to him on the bed.

"O dear," he said, not understanding my dilemma right away.

I nodded & kept mah mouth clamped but good.

Then, to distract mahself from mah woes, I said, "What are you doing with all those Secret hic!-Books?"

CC smiled. "Well, Algernon, I've had this idea about how to figger out the early pages of these Books where it's harder to understand the Creatures Tale." I think this tale is sometimes also called the Travelers Tale, from what I can recall. It's usually about both Travelers & Creatures, so I guess either one fits good.

I nodded. "The Author guy tolded me all about that dilemma."

O. Wait. "Do you know about him?" I asked, surprised. "And the itch to make you tell good stories?"

CC laughed. "I read your great newspaper too! So of course I know."

"O! Hic-Bump! I mean, shucks!" Wow! I really can't even take a compliment in mah usual humble way.

CC holded me nicely in his lap & scritchd mah head pretty good.

"My idea is to go back to Dreamland where you & Princess Crissy & Lori went." I tolded about that in Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! too.

Lips clenched, I nodded. Despite mah dilemna, mah nozebone 4or news sniffed a good story.

"Would you like to come along?" CC asked me. "Sure would make a good story 4or your newspaper!" he smiled nicely.

Well, I wanted to say, "Yes!" & "Sure thing!" but I did not want more Hic-Bumps. So I looked at him with sad beagle eyes, & whimpered.

CC thinked, got it, nodded. "First, we get you some help with your dread case."

I tried to look mah happy look at him. Sad beagle eyes is easier.

CC turned to the pretty lady I noticed was under blankets on the bed, smiling at me. I remembered her from another visit here.

"What do you think?" CC asked her.

"MeZmer," she said, after putting her finger on her chin to think 4or a moment.

So CC had me sit on the bed & wait with the pretty lady while he walked over to where the many Creatures were sitting. She reached over & skitchd mah head too. Except 4or the Hic-Bumps horror, I was doing pretty well.

CC sat down again, & then he picked me up & put me on one of his knees. And MeZmer the White Bunny & Sheila's friend was now on his other knee! MeZmer is a Tender, like Doctor Greenface told me to come here to see. Tenders calm upset guys' heartbones. I hoped she could help me.

She looked at me smart but kindly. I decided to trust her, of course, & opened up mah mouth. Out they came!

"Hic-Bump! Hic-Bump! O fooey! Hic-Bump!"

MeZmer watched me closely, & then leaned 4orward to me. I watched her pretty eyes, not magickal purple, like Sheila's, but some other kind of magick 4or sure.

"Hic-Bump!" she said.

"Hic-Bump!" I agreed.

"Hic-Bump," she said quieter.

"Hic-Bump," I was quieter too.

"Hic-Bump," she said, almost silent.

"Hic-Bump," I agreed, so quiet.

She calmed mah heartbone, Dear Readers, but she also calmed mah brainbone. Then I noticed we were now both hmmmming together, & CC & the lady

Bags End News
 No. 408, October 10, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Too thee Dreem Pillo Farm!

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Bags End News
 No. 409, October 17, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat Betsey Bunny Pillo iz
 Lik Nowe

Three important thing I nowe
 about beeing a beegel boye jernal
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& howe thay
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Bags End News
 Double Issue!
 No. 410-411, October 24-31, 2015
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Thae Hamm Brayds Thingz Together

Sumtinz thingz ar opositt too
 howe thay usuelly ar. For exampl,
 usuelly yor old pal a beegel boye
 jernal fren Algernonn Beegell
 will tell yu wun strang storee orr
 another mn hiz belved nuwe papp.

Thiss tm around, tho, it
 haz mor & mor seemd lik thee storee
 iz tryng too tell me sumtang.
 I dont think I waz lissenng too
 gud att first, bott I am n tryng
 bettr nowe.

If thiss storee hadent
 beethn rite promtley with mah
 silly Bumpin brother Alexandrup
 & hiz mad up tung, I mit have

were too, & I guess really all of the Creatures too. I was glad I had come here right away like Doctor Greenface said to.

I got the feeling I was OK 4or now, but maybe not totally problem solved yet.

But I was very grateful, & thanked her. She nodded, sniffed, smiled a little, & hopped herself back to the other Creatures.

Now CC was smiling at me again. "Ready to come with me to Dreamland?"

I opened & closed mah mouth, twice to make sure, & said, "Yes, CC, let's go!"

CC nodded & smiled & said, "Well, let's go see Doris, & your friend Betsy, & the other Dream Pillows."

What? Betsy? What?

* * * * *

To the Dream Pillow Farm!

I often say it's the best strategy to never lose track of the big guys around. I try to do this in mah stories since, if I don't, they can get real grumpy & decide only mah end will satisfy their wraths.

But I feel I am closer to mah beginning than end, & want to keep it that way.

Anyway, mah endless talk here is to explain that I did not expect to find Betsy Bunny Pillow in the middle of mah current story. And she is most surely a big guy not to lose track of.

But now we were going to see her. Me & that nice CC of Creature Common that is.

Since MeZmer had helped me with mah dread case of Hic-Bumps, I was able to help CC with his Secret Books project but, still, this involved going to see Betsy?

"Listen, pal, I have steered clear of that nutty Pillow 4or awhile now. How can she help us out?"

CC nodded, understanding mah protests. He reads mah newspaper, like he had said be4ore, & knows there have been many stories of Betsy & her wild, dangerous kinds of trouble.

"I think she can help us, Algernon. She has changed in recent times."

I pointed over to that nice yellow Doris, who is a Dream Pillow, & about 3 bajillion times nicer than Betsy.

"Won't Doris help us?"

Herself talked. "I will be glad to, little beagle. But I think CC wants you to see the Dream Pillow Farm 4or yourself, & your newspaper readers."

CC nodded. "Aren't you even a little curious what has happened to Betsy?"

Hm. Then a weird idear came to me. "Does any of this have to do with the Hmmm you Creature Common guys like to sing so much?"

CC smiled. "Boy, Doris, he sure is a good journalist!" She laughed her nice laugh in reply.

Then he stood up & said, "Well, it's time 4or tonight's Creatures Tale. Would you like to be our guest?"

Wow, this sounded like a really nice idear! "Sure!" I said, with all mah friendliness out front to see.

So CC got ready to tell the Creatures Tale. He gathered up me & MeZmer the White Bunny, & Holly the Hedgedyhog, & Buddy, who is a kind of little flowery Bear Creature, & Cuke, who is a green spiny little fellow.

He brung us all out in his arms to the landing with the 4 pictures, & then he turned on this little tape recorder on a small table. He said the calendar date, & the time, & a bunch of other numbers.

Then he smiled at us in arm & said, "What's most important is that it begins a-gayn with the fah-milyar question. Are you ready?"

We nodded.

"Are you ready?"

We nodded some more.

"Are you ready??" he asked again 4or some reason. Maybe the drama of it all.

So we just nodded again, & then he swept his hand, of his arm not holding all of us, to the Marie picture & cried, "Marie!" And then he pointed to the picture with the trees & guy on a bicycle & said, "Joe!" His hand then swept by the picture of a mountain in water, & stopped at the strange picture of the giant picture, & cried "Daniel!" And then he sort of swept his hand back & cried out, "Et!" & pointed to the pretty lady listening in bed, & she cried back, "Cetera!"

Pretty good way to start a story-telling. CC seems like an old pro. And then he explained me the story up to the present.

"Seems Marie & her brother Joe are traveling in the Kittees Boat-Wagon, in the White Woods, with MeZmer, Holly, Freckle the little yellow Lion, & Ricochet the Lemur, to find a Mysterious Horn that can help them put all the different Islands back together," he said.

"Why is the Horn so mysterious & important?" I asked, hoping I didn't sound too dum 4or hearing stories.

But CC thinked a good moment. "I am not sure, but I think it has something to do with the Hmmm."

I got excited. "CC guy, I need to learn more about the Hmmm. I mean, it helped to calm mah Hic-Bumps 4or now, & maybe it can help me to understand about not-English tongues like Bump."

CC nodded. "OK, Algernon. Maybe we will find some things out while we are in Dreamland later."

Then he looked at the Marie picture, & got down to the business of story-telling.

CC tolded how Marie & Joe & their Creature friends were getting nearer to the Horn, & the Hmmm around them was getting louder & louder.

But then the Hmmm got bent & they couldn't move 4orward, even after they all got out of the Boat-Wagon to walk along. Stuck. A bent Hmmm? Wow.

But then Marie had a bright idear. She said they should sit down on the ground, hold hands & paws, & hmmm together, & see what happened.

Then he tolded the other story of Daniel's dearest friend, the Tumbleweed, deep in a desert, talking to a kind of flat-ish Elefink Creature on a wall. Hm.

She had a message to help about the Island crisis, but he did not know the English to read it. So he tucked her among his branches, & rolled their way back to Daniel. Wow too. CC must have had quite the itch going, to tell these stories.

Then he told us that was all 4or the night, & brung us in the Creature Common room. He tucked all the other guys from his grasp under a nice blanket.

Me he brung to his bed with the pretty lady already there, & tucked me in with Doris & her Partners. All very friendly to me.

"See you in Dreamland, Algernon!" he said, smiling.

Lights out, & nothing but soft Doris holding me quietly.

Then she started to sing deep inside mah earbones, like only 4or me. She was, um, hmmming to me. Very nice, & I enjoyed it so much, but I wondered if it would keep me awake. . .

"Algernon Beagle!" said a long unheard whispering voice that was not Doris hmmming to me.

I opened mah eyes that I did not remember closing, & there be4ore me was that crazed individual, Betsy Bunny Pillow!

"It is so nice to see you, Algernon!" she said so friendly I wanted to run away from mah own dream!

* * * * *

What Betsy Bunny Pillow is Like Now

The important thing I know about being a beagleboy journalist is that it's important to keep up with how things change, & how they don't, & how sometimes you can't say quite either way.

I have to say all this to help explain about what Betsy Bunny Pillow is like now. She is the same, but not. It's like a puzzle to tell.

Me & CC were here in Dreamland, & Betsy had just greeted me, & I had mah eyes' sea legs enough to see it was indeed her, I think. Wasn't sure where we were yet otherwise.

"Why are you glowing like that, Betsy?" I asked, trying to hold mah ground with her, but still spooked by all of this.

She laughed her whispery laugh. More spookage in mah mind. "We get that way when we work hard helping people-folks."

"Helping them what? You aren't the helping kind, Betsy," I said, getting even more spooked, not less.

But Betsy didn't get all mad & resist, or probably not resist at all, smothering me. "I'm different, Algernon. Just give me a chance."

I looked at CC next to me, & he nodded & smiled. I knowed he was on mah side, so hm. Then I noticed Doris was behind me, & that was good too. She was glowing too, but more yellow to Betsy's bloo dress bloo.

"Can we start at the beginning 4or mah brainbone's sake?" I asked them all as nicely as I could.

Everyone laughed, including the weird new friendly Betsy. I could now see much more clearly that we were at the edge of Farmer Jones' Dream Pillow Farm. We walked together through the Pillow fields to Farmer Jones' Farmhouse.

It was other kinds of times when I was last in this Farmhouse. Also it wasn't Dreamland most of those other times.

We didn't go into one of Jones' familiar rooms from the past times but instead we went into this strange round room that sort of reminded me of Doctor Greenface's little round home in Bags End. This room had the same kind of glow that Betsy had, which made no sense to me.

We sat on some soft cushions, since there weren't no other furniture. CC had brung Doris along by carrying, & they were on either side of me.

Betsy was facing us, & Farmer Jones was too. He looked kinder by face than I had ever seen him be4ore. Spooky.

I just waited. Finally, Betsy talked. Whispered, of course.

"I didn't like any of this when I first met Doris. I was looking 4or the trick in it."

I nodded. This made sense.

"But Doris convinced me that we Dream Pillows do our work with people-

folks in dreams."

"How did she convince you?" I asked. Less spooked now, strangely.

"She sent me into the field to work."

"What field? Like the ones where your other Pillows grow?"

"No, Algernon. I went out where people-folks go."

This was shocking. "Like Connecticut?"

"To a hotel. CC got me into one of the rooms & I was slept with by an old man who was sad."

"Sad?"

"He felt lost in his life, & that nobody could understand his sadness."

"So what did you do?"

"I did what Doris told me to. When he was falling into his dreams, I hmmm'd."

Wait. What? "You hmmm'd? Why?"

"It changed his dreams, Algernon. It made them nicer, & less scary & sad."

"Then what?"

"He had a friend when he was young, who died like people-folks do sometimes."

"O."

"He had always been sad about it. So I showed up in his dream as her."

"Really?"

"I knew she had shown up before but it's like he was too sad to talk to her. So I made it possible. He talked to me, & told me how much he liked me, & how sad he was that I was gone."

"What did you say?"

"I said I wasn't really gone because he had good memories of me, if he could think of them. And I told him he could talk to me in dreams now too."

"How? Would you keep going back to see him?"

"No. I just left an iterate of me as her in his part of Dreamland."

"Iterate?"

CC pats mah nozebone nicely & said, "1, none, many, Algernon."

O. I nodded.

"He was happier when he woke up. I had helped him some, & now he wanted to do more. And he could see his friend any time he really needed to."

"Did he know it was you when he woked up?" I asked.

Betsy laughed nicely. "No, Algernon. I looked just like the other Pillows in his bed. I could see that he was smiling though, & he was even hmmming the same as I had hmmm'd to him in his dream."

"Then what?" I asked.

CC talked more. "I came & got her, & brung her back to the Bunny Pillow Farm."

"Um. Wait. It's not the Dream Pillow Farm?"

"There's 2," Betsy said. "The Dream Pillow Farm is in Dreamland. The Bunny Pillow Farm is 4or waking."

"Why?"

Betsy was weirdly quiet 4or a long time. "That's how it works."

Well, I would have asked more again but CC suddenly said, "We have come to ask you about the Hmmm. Algernon wants to learn more about it."

Betsy looked at Jones, who nodded & said, "I'll try to help. Let's go to my office to talk."

* * * * *

The Hmmm That Braids Things Together

Sometimes, Dear Readers, things are opposite to how they usually are. 4or example, usually your old pal & beagleboy journalist friend Algernon will tell you one strange story or another in his beloved newspaper.

This time around, though, it has more & more seemed the story is trying to tell me something. I don't think I was listening too good at first, but I am trying better now.

If this story hadn't begun right promptly with mah silly Bumping brother Alexander Puppy & his made-up tongue, I might have stood half a chance.

But, see, that's where I went wrong, & mah ears, though floppy & big enough, were not open to listening.

Keeping mah promise, but only kinda-sorta, to take a Bump lesson from Alex had caused me to catch a dread case of the Hic-Bumps. Then, as I have tolded here, my path veered from flight with the Blondys, to my visit with Doctor Greenface, to his hustling me to the Creature Common 4or a visit with CC & MeZmer, & her good Tendings. A nice treat of hearing the Creatures Tale tolded live led to the dubious travel in Dreamland to see Betsy Bunny Pillow & Farmer Jones, both spookily friendlier to all than usual.

You see, Dear Readers, I think I am keeping an open mind about who is who, & what is what, but this story's been telling me that I am not doing so good. Here's a long list of mah mis-steps:

1. I thought Bump was useless & annoying, & had nothing to do with good real languages like English, & even strange ones like the Hmmm.
2. I thought Alex made me catch mah dread case with his dum lesson.
3. I thought Betsy Bunny Pillow was a big scary guy who never cared to help anyone but herself.
4. I never thinked Farmer Jones would know useful things to tell.

There's probably more but those are the big ones. I started making this list in mah mind after CC & I talked to Jones in his office. Which is now to tell.

I think I had seen this office be4ore, though it looked different this time. There was a window on one side, with its thick red curtain pulled back to let in the sun. Or the Dreamland sun, I guess. There was still a big bookcase against the far wall, & a fireplace on the wall opposite the window. But there were also now all sorts of green plants on tables & stools & in the window. I liked it.

CC helped me onto the couch facing Farmer Jones in his armchair.

He looked at us 4or a long minute. Then smiled & said, "OK, tell me your stories so I can help."

I looked at CC & nodded, & he tolded mah story & his too, to make sure it all got said.

Farmer Jones listened closely. His kinder face looked less old than the mean one he used to wear.

CC finished up.

Farmer Jones nodded. "Let's talk about the Secret Books first. Do you think you'll have problems reading them on that hill?"

CC thinked a moment. "No. The words are there to be read, but it's like there's a sort of fog in the way."

"And Doris can't help you? She's a Tender & a Dream Pillow both."

CC was thinking even harder now, like he came here with not even the

question in his mind dressed up in words.

"I keep thinking it has to do with Betsy & Bags End. And this Farm."

Jones now looked perplexed & something else too. "You mean how we do our work with the Hmmm?"

CC nodded. "And Algernon is here to learn about the Hmmm, so maybe this is all connected somehow."

Jones sat back in his chair some, dug around & found his pipe to smoke. I remembered that from another time too. He lighted it, & the smoke was strange but nicer this time. He offered to CC, who shooked his head smiling. He remembered that other time, & didn't offer to me.

Puffed, puffed, then looked at me again. I wasn't too worried.

"Do you think the Hmmm is like English?"

Now I thought. "Well, it's not a lot of words like English, but it does seem to work pretty well."

"How?"

Hmm. "Sometimes it com4orts & calms, like medicine. Sometimes it helps guys feel closer to each other. Or find them their way through those strange White Woods & other places where maps don't help so much. I guess it's good other ways too." My answer felt pretty lame to me.

But Jones listened to me closely, puffed, nodded, smiled.

"But you don't think Bump is like the Hmmm or English?"

I gritted mah teeth to clamp up mah grumpyness a moment. Then I said, "Alex says it's old & good & real & all, but I don't get it. All I got from it was a dread case of the Hic-Bumps."

Jones nodded nicely like he still understood. Then he said, "Well, the Hmmm is the oldest of them. I've been trying to learn about it 4or a long time."

"Why?" I asked suddenly, be4ore I could stop mahself.

Jones didn't answer right away, almost like he was deciding how. "It connects things, & heals them too, like you said. It's like something we all share, if we could figger it out better. We could do much more with it. We could touch others on other worlds. Braid them all together somehow."

Well, this was surprising, & me & CC were both shocked by it.

But Jones looked strange now. Like talking about this both interested & annoyed him somehow. How was that possible?

"I think Betsy & Doris can help you out. We can try some Double Dreaming."

Hmm. "What's that?" I asked. I guess complex tricksy dreaming will always get me a little spooked too.

Jones seemed to think through his answer slowly, but it was OK this time. Just to find the right English needed.

"We'll go to that hill in Imagianna, & then Cluster-Dream with both Doris & Betsy. They will braid their Hmmm together, & we'll see what we find out."

CC liked this idear anyway, but I guess he's never been stucked in Dreamland so long as me. I don't think so anyway.

"Should we meet at the Bunny Pillow Farm, or just in Imagianna on that hill?" I asked, thinking it was a easy question.

But Jones sort of jerked & shooked his head no-no-no. "We'll let Doris know when we're ready, & she can bring you."

CC & me looked at each other, but didn't say nothing. And Doris appeared in the doorway just then, her fine funny self as always. So it was time to go.

Which simply meant to wake up. I found mahself in CC's grasp, with soft

Doris nearby, in the dark of the Creature Common bedroom.

CC put his finger to his lips to keep me hushed, & he pointed to the sleeping lady next to him.

"Sleeps light as a feather," he whispered as he carried me & Doris into the landing area to talk.

So I did, quietly though. "Doris, is everything alright with Betsy & Farmer Jones? They aren't fighting again, are they?"

Doris was quiet a long moment. "In Dreamland, it's all fine."

"How about on the Bunny Pillow Farm in waking?" asked CC.

Doris sighed. "It's like everyone agrees that the work is important, & gets along in Dreams. But it's hard work too. Betsy & Jones still argue a lot."

"About what?" I asked.

"Jones still thinks it's his farm in a way. He's been growing Pillows all these many turns of the calendar, & they can't grow without his touch & attention. But Betsy feels they are her people & he doesn't really belong there."

"So nothing's changed!" I said, a little bit loudly, & they both shushed me. I nodded mah head sorry.

"Farmer Jones thinks the Hmmm might help," she said.

"How?" me & CC both softly asked.

"It's a good medicine, like he was saying. If she was willing to Hmmm with him by waking, it might help braid their purposes together."

Well, this seemed strange & sort of important too.

"How can we help?" asked CC.

"Just go along with their way of doing things, & try to find out more about the Secret Books. Maybe there is something in them that will help too."

So CC found me a safe spot to sleep on a nice little bed with MeZmer & Holly & the other Creatures-in-arm-4or-the-Creatures-Tale guys. Then he brung Doris back to his bed as quietly as they could.

Funny nice thing is that as I lay under the warm blanket close to those friendly guys, MeZmer very quietly hmmm'd me to sleep. Regular kind, not Dreamland kind.

In the morning, I said goodbye 4or now to everyone, & used their Marie picture to come back to Bags End. I walked right on back to the Bunny Family's apartment where I live, intending to go straight to Milne's Porch to do some good private thinking.

Of course I had to risk encountering mah crazed Bumping brother Alex as I passed through our bedroom, but mah Hic-Bumps were gone 4or now, & I wasn't even sure what they had been, except very annoying.

The good thing is that Alex wasn't around, although I saw his Bump books & professor clothes all piled up neatly on his bed. Fooley.

But I did arrive safely to Milne's Porch this time, & it was much more of its usual relief. 4or awhile I just sat back in mah comfy armchair & didn't know the world.

"I know what Doris told you about me & Jones," said a suddenly-next-to-me-in-mah-comfy-armchair voice. Ut-o.

"Am I awake or asleep?" I asked dumly out loud.

Unnoticing, like usual, except 4or weird recently, Betsy went on. "And it isn't like she isn't trying to help."

"Doris likes you, Betsy," I said nicely, but to no listening.

"Jones isn't my enemy of old. I finally beat him, I guess. Now he remembers what he did to us, & it makes him want to make things right, & even better."

I nodded, figgering it didn't matter what I said or did.

"But who says every Pillow has to be a Dream Pillow?" she suddenly demanded. I could hear the old remembered screech rising up in her whisper, & would have cowered if she wasn't so close, & nearer the window too.

"Who says? Maybe the Architects dreamed up the Farm 4or Dream Pillows, but is that all?" Now she was getting herself old school crazy. I wanted to calm her down, or at least not get randomly smothered by her crazed wrath, but what to say?

Words 4ormed in mah head & I took them, whatever they were.

"Maybe it's deeper in the Secret Books, Betsy. Maybe we can find some good answers. Maybe about the Hmmm & Bags End & Bunny Pillows. Who knows?" I added, lamely, kind of in despair.

But Betsy was quiet. Had she listened?

"You're right, beagle. Doris & I will do this together with you. But this will be my last Dream Pillow job."

I was right? What had I said? But Betsy was already bouncing from mah comfy armchair up to the window sill to mah bedroom.

"Thanks, Algernon," & she was gone. She had called me both beagle & Algernon, & I did not know still if I was dreaming or awake. Just to be sure, I went to sleep. Sometimes waking up right means doing the opposite of what makes sense. I think of it like a reset 4or the brainbone.

I woke up later, & felt rested, & when I climbed back into mah bedroom, I see'd that Alex was not around, & toasted mah good 4ortune by hurrying on through.

I had not seen mah adopted sister & sort of friend Sheila Bunny 4or awhile. Talking to her helps me sometimes.

And there was was, in her Throne Room, napping in her Throne, a jazz record on her phonograph that Crissy gived to her long ago.

I came in as quiet as around CC's sleeping lady, & tooked mah place in mah corner on the comfy matt there.

Sheila sort of twisted around in her Throne, & eyed me with just one of her purple eyes opened.

"Is it worth it?" she said suddenly.

"Is what worth it?" I asked dumly.

"All the trouble you have to go through to help that stupid Pillow, & her homeland, & that Ramie clone & his perpetual questions?" she said, all grumpy.

"Yes," I said, without having to mull. "They want help, & I want the story. And they're mah friends, like everyone here in Bags End."

Sheila eyed me 4or a long while, & then I swear she smiled at me. Nicely even.

"Good 4or you, beagle." I thought she might say more, but she twisted back around to nap some more. This talk helped me more than it seemed it should.

Nothing much new interesting happened to tell about until the day I was drowsing peaceably in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, & Missus El, the Post-Mistress of Bags End, came a-calling.

"Hello, Missus El!" I said all friendly.

"O my! Yes, goodness, thank you," Missus El smiled & gushed as she climbed carefully onto mah Porch & looked around her. "I can't stay, Algernon dear, but I did bring you a postcard from that nice CC fellow."

Then she readed its short number of words to me, knowing I am still kind of a illiterate guy.

Dear Algernon,

Come tonight. It's time for the Braided Hmmm.

--CC

Well, I didn' need to be tolded twice. I told mah adopted mommy Pat Bunny I was going. She is kind to times when I don't remember to say, but I try.

Through the Marie picture without damage, & CC was waiting with Doris & also MeZmer & Holly. Good guys to have along, I always feel. Their sniffs are true.

So we all clustered close into sleep because CC said we would be going directly to Imagiana in Dreamland, & the hill we talked about.

"But first, to see Princess Crissy!" he said with a smile.



To be continued in Cenacle | 120 | June 2022

* * * * *





Bags End Book #20: Go Into the Sea! Part 2

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Double Dreaming on the Moonlight Hill!

This current story I have been telling you Dear Readers has involved all sorts of familiar & newer things both, in a strange mix I am still trying mah best to get.

On the one paw, there are the strange & mysterious colored Secret Books. I have writed in the past, especially in Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! about how a strange Author guy traveled his many kinds of times & miles to find his satisfactions in residing obscurely in the Creature Common as the itch that inspires that Ramie the Toy Tall Boy cousin CC to tell stories of the Travelers Marie, Joe, Derek the Islander, & Daniel as they & their friends, usually the Creatures, go from strange place to strange place, & have their strange adventures. I was even lucky enough

Bags End News
No 412 November 7, 2015
Editor: Algernon Bagge
King: Sheila Bunney
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Dubbel Dreaming on the
Moonlit Hill!

This is a
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all sorts of
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in and out
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a Author
travelled h
a mile's top
in residin
Creechur K
thatt inspirs
CC too tale

Bags End News
No 413 November 14, 2015
Editor: Algernon Bagge
King: Sheila Bunney
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Deep into the Humm!

This part of this long &
strange straree begins in Dreamland.

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Boop

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S
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Bunney
farming

Bags End News
No 414 November 21, 2015
Editor: Algernon Bagge
King: Sheila Bunney
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Insid the Sekrit Buks!

I gess thatt titel bxsst
sums up howe it waz feeling
dubbel deese in ad Dreamland
certay of Dorriess & that now
niz ~~with~~ dreaming to Letty Bunney
Pilla

To see, deen readers, we
wer att thee plas & I'm wen
thee storee in the first
Sekret Buks began

Inn our group of adventures
waz mee, mah dear friend Princess
Cassia, thos ins Creechurs Matnet
& Holly, & CC whoa iz a kamy
cuz in whoa ins inn thee Creechur
Komon. An, now we jest arrived
after being evicted from mah

to hear a story telling live by CC in the Creature Common, itched on by the 4 pictures the Author guy lives &, um, itches in.

Well, so CC invited me to go along with him to try to understand more about those strange colored Secret books. This mah better luck after being crisis driven to come to the Creature Common in the first place after catching a dread case of the Hik-Bumps! in Bags End.

Here's where the more familiar things mix in, Dear Readers. I of course caught mah dread case after taking a Bump lesson with mah silly Bumping brother, Alexander Puppy. Then rushed by the Blondys 3 to see Doctor Greenface, who sent me to specialists. MeZmer the White Bunny by name.

But even this longstanding grudge I have with Alex over what is a real language, like English or El or Grrr, & what is a fake made-up one, like Bump of course, gets tricky.

Did I get Hik-Bumps! out of annoyance or prejudice? What is a real language anyway? I mean, I deeply admire the Hmmm, singed by the Creatures, & once by mah dear friend Princess Crissy & her Emandian kin-folks. But isn't it just one long sound?

So I stuck around Creature Common to learn more, & that's where another old old thing comes into the picture. Person, sort of anyway. Betsy Bunny Pillow, who I've been writing about back into the murky origins of mah beloved newspaper.

Where has she been? She has been working with that genuinely nice Dorris, a yellow Pillow who lives in Creature Common, to learn how to do the work done on the Dream Pillow Farm. Using the very same Hmmm I've been telling you about to com4ort people-folks' dreams. Steer them more hopeful, & more useful too.

Hero Betsy? Well, yes, I do not deny in dreams & the Dream Pillow Farm, yes.

But, by daytime & awakesness, Betsy was still restless of her true purpose in life, & a rival to Farmer Jones as ever 4or who should run the Bunny Pillow Farm.

But that all said longly, Betsy had agreed to come to Imagianna to Double Dream with Dorris & CC & me, & I guess Princess Crissy & Farmer Jones to help understand the Secret Books better. Maybe help with her restless wondering ways, & me with mah questions about the Hmmm, & other alleged languages called Bump. Sorry, old habit.

So then I come again to Creature Common to Cluster-Dream with CC & Dorris, & also those nice guys MeZmer Bunny & Holly Hedgedyhog too. MeZmer & Dorris are both Tenders, so it was good to have them both along to com4ort & calm guys' heartbones.

CC said we were going to see Princess Crissy first, which is always a good idear in mah book. That should be mah book's title: Go See Crissy First. Best-seller to the wise.

CC was carrying Dorris in arm, & me & Holly were hurrying along on short paws, & MeZmer hopped slow & long, as we arrived to the green hills that lead up to Crissy's Castle.

A question occurred to me as I hurried. "Say, CC guy, if we are already cluster-dreaming, what more do we do on the Moonlight Hill with Betsy?"

CC laughed, but nicely. "Well, what Betsy & Dorris came to do is more than even this."

I thinked, & tried 4or smart. "Because of the Hmmm?"

CC nodded. "It's deeper work. But I think Crissy can help you understand too."

So I hushed & hurried to keep up. Soon we were at the front door of

Crissy's Castle, & CC was knocking.

The door opened up, & there was Princess Crissy's servant & bestus buddy Boop, who looks like a Turtle, but isn't one.

Boop was strangely dressed tho. He had on a hat that sort of slouched to one side of his head. And a black sweater that was thick around his neck. Also black trouser pants & sort of sharp little black shoes.

I was gonna ask but then hushed mah own mouth. I guess in Dreamland some guys let their imaginations loose some, & try some things. He looked nice tho. Relaxed.

He acted that way too, just smiled at all of us, & led us right away to Crissy's Secret Room. The one with the strange designed pillows & purple lights & posters, & a shelf of Crissy's books from when she was Christina the Author girl.

We all got comfy after Crissy gaved us hugs all around. I could see she was wearing her long coat with the many pockets 4or Secret Books.

CC dived right into things with mah question.

Crissy looked at me especially as she said, "Be4ore we all came to be like these 4orms we have, we were the Hmmm."

"Like your Emandian kinfolks?" I asked. I won't say I understand that Faerie hoard guy/guys, but I do well remember the Season of Lights visit we had when Crissy found her sister, & learned that Iggy the Inspector is her brother. Hard to 4orget that.

Crissy nodded. "So Betsy & Dorris & the other Dream Pillows know how to unbecome, so they are all Hmmm, maybe even deeper by going together. Then after they become themselves again."

I wanted to ask more but CC pointed out that Betsy & Farmer Jones were waiting 4or us. Dream Pillow or no Dream Pillow, Hmmm or no Hmmm, mah old habit to not keep that crazed Pillow waiting kicked in, & I hurried us along.

Because it was Dreamland, & because she was still Crissy of the trickiest smile in any land, we were all come to the special hill in Imagianna right quick.

And Farmer Jones & Betsy were both there. Their Dreaming selfs were getting along just fine.

I'm not sure if Betsy & Dorris got bigger, or the rest of us shrunk somehow, but in hardly 2 shakes we were all resting com4ortably, & the Hmmming began.

* * * * *

Deeper into the Hmmm!

Everyone was starting to drift when Betsy talked. Nicely.

"What's your question, Algernon?"

I started. "Um?"

"You're not ready to do this. It's OK. Ask your question."

Hm. I guessed she was right somehow. So I quickly thinked 4or something good to ask.

"Do you & Dorris Double Dream a lot?"

Dorris nearby laughed. "No. First time."

Hm. "Do we become the Hmmm too?"

"No," whispered Betsy. "We'll carry you down & protect you. But all of you will stay you."

"Does it hurt?"

"No, Algernon, it's something else," said Dorris. Hm. Well.

Finally I nodded. "OK, I'm ready too. Thank you." Then we all got com4ortable again.

The Hmmm around us started off really quiet. At first, I could tell Betsy's from Dorris's, but then later on I couldn't.

At some point I must have traveled deeper with the others. It was hard to tell. I could not see, but it didn't feel like darkness. I felt all mah friends nearby, but I could not see them.

But easier to say is that we were traveling down a smooth path of Hmmmming. It felt more & more like a hallway, like we have a lot of in Bags End, with floor, ceiling, & walls. But still the Hmmm too.

"Close your eyes, Algernon," said a suddenly arrived & familiar voice in mah mind. It was the Author guy. Now where did he come from?

Well, first take his good advice, then thank him, then scold a little.

I closed mah eyes & saw that we were all there walking down a Glowing Hallway like I had thinked. It was sort of bloo like Betsy, & yellow like Dorris, but blended together. CC was in the lead, MeZmer & Holly together just in front of me, & I looked back & saw Crissy's smiling face looking at me. Guarding, as is her way. She was glowing, like we all were, but her long coat was so bright I could see all the Secret Books tucked into its many pockets.

Back to the invading Author guy. "Thanks. But."

I could feel him smiling at me. I was more charmed than annoyed, I admit.

"You're nearly there," he said. "Talk to you again. I won't be far!" Then he was gone. OK, I admit, I missed him a little.

But he was right. I could see something new just ahead, beyond the Glowing Hallway.

A Dorris voice talked to all of us. "What you see won't see you 4or awhile. Pay attention & keep together 4or now."

Hmm. Well, we came out of the Hallway, & walked together in a group onto a grassy hill. Down below was a pond. Up the hill a-ways away was a sort of house.

CC looked around & looked excited, smiling. "This is where Daniel & Joe & Marie the Famous Travelers live!" I noticed that MeZmer & Holly were sniffing a lot all around, & I wondered why.

Then I saw the girl sleeping down near the pond. She was red-haired, wearing a long dress, & bare-footed. Even I knowed this one.

"That's Marie," I said, pointing.

Crissy looked at CC, who's much taller than her. "Marie is having her dream, the one that starts the first story told in the first Secret Book?" she asked him.

CC nodded. "So right now Daniel is somewhere else from here, traveling with his Tumbleweed friend. And Joe is riding his bike to Marie's school to bring her nuts & fruits 4or her lunch."

"O! Nuts! Yuk! O! Fruits! Yuk!" I cried in terror of this sudden awful turn of talk.

But Crissy hugged me down, & convinced me that Joe wasn't here. No offense, guy, save 4or the food part.

CC was thinking hard about something. "Why didn't Marie go to teach today? Why is she here instead?"

Then I heard the Author guy in mah head again. "This is Imaginal Space. Where stories happen. Of course she's here."

OK, enough. I shooked mah headbone hard back & 4orth. "Out! Out! Out, Author guy! Talk to everyone with words too big 4or just mah simple noggin!"

I don't think he wanted to, or was shy, or something, but I shooked mah

headbone & shouted "Out!" till he was sitting on the grass be4ore us.

The Author guy is definitely a Ramie cousin, at least by tallness & face. But Ramie is way scrawnier. The Author guy is even bigger than CC, & his red hair is longer. He has a beard on his face too.

"He was stuck in mah noggin," I explained nicely enough to everyone.

CC kneeled down to look at him. Smiled. Helded out his hand.

"I am CC."

The Author guy looked up at him. Finally smiled too. "You can call me Raymond."

CC sat beside him on the grassy hill & said, "Since we already work together by waking, should we join up in this Dreaming adventure too?"

Both guys smiled this time, & we all knowed that we had another good adventurer along!

* * * * *

Inside the Secret Books!

MeZmer & Holly each took a lap on these known-to-Creatures guys, & I was lucky enough that when Crissy satted down too, facing those guys, her lap & inclination was free 4or me.

Now CC talked. "We came here because I wanted to understand the early stories in the first Secret Book better. Like we know from The Stories of the Four Pictures Grand Production what happened up till then. But then I would be telling the Creatures Tale most nights thereafter--"

"And the Author guy would be itching you along," I said, trying to help, & keep track too.

CC nodded. "So we're down this deep in Dreamland to see what we can find out. Crissy has the books with her."

Crissy smiled & nodded. The Author guy used to make her blush, but she seems better now.

Selfsame Author guy had been listening close to all this & now looked at me. "This is Imaginal Space, where the stories of the Many Worlds happen. That's why Marie is dreaming down there, & didn't go to teach school today. So that her story can begin. Hers & Joe's."

"So what do we do?" asked CC. "Dorris said we can follow along & watch 4or awhile?"

The Author guy nodded. "Then, when you're ready, you can make adjustments."

"What kind of adjustments?" asked Crissy, nicely skritchng mah headbone while holding me. I was wondering that too.

"We can figger out the confusing or incomplete parts," said the Author guy. "We can figger it out step by step."

"We?" I asked. "But, wait, you're the Author guy. And you itch CC & he tells the stories real good as he can."

He nodded 4or me to go on.

I thinked. "So then Crissy helped you make a Grand Production of how it all came together be4ore CC."

"And you helped, Algernon," the Author guy & Crissy said together.

Now I blushed a little. Oops. But it was true. I nodded too, to keep going. And pushed mah brain-bone all the way this time. "How can we change what happened? That seems like cheating!"

Now CC talked. "I think, with these stories, we can only add to them. Nothing goes away in them. They get deeper, & stranger, & more fun."

I looked up at Crissy, whose lap I was still in. She smiled at me her best, most reassuring smile of all.

"How do we do this? Vote?" I asked. Everyone laughed, thinking I'd told a good joke. Hm. Guess no voting.

Another question occurred to me, & I betted I better hurry it on in. "Is this with all of us only possible because we are Double Dreaming with Betsy & Dorris? And how we went down that *hummming* Glowing Hallway be4ore?"

"That's part of where we do our work, Algernon," said the Author guy. "It's the Hallway where the stories began to be told to the Creatures, & to be written down in the Secret Books."

"So we have to go back into that Hallway?" I asked.

The Author guy nodded.

"Then what do we do?" I asked, feeling like mah barrel of questions would never empty.

"We listen, we fill in the blank parts, we make it better!" said the Author guy with a flourish.

What was wrong with me? Why was I holding back? I had never been invited to do anything like this be4ore. CC looked ready. Crissy was. I could not tell about MeZmer & Holly but I think Creatures are agreeable to most people-folks idears. Like I am with Crissy & Miss Chris, who are mostly all the people-folks I know.

I tooked a big chance now & said, "What if I said I don't know to this idear? Not yes or no but I need to think it over?"

I clenched mah eyes closed, waiting 4or the "No way!" & "You dum Beagle!" & "Let's do it without him!" words to fly at me.

Nothing. Waited. Nothing. Eyes opened & everyone was smiling nicely at me.

"It's OK, Algernon. We all trust you," said the Author guy, & everyone else nodded to agree. Even MeZmer & Holly looked kindly at me.

And that was, strangely, that, Dear Readers, 4or the moment. The trip back was pretty quick, all in all. Which is to say, I woked up &, strangely too, in mah own bed, not slept in 4or awhile.

It was night-time, & it was dark & quiet all around me. In the other bed, I could hear mah brother Alex sleeping. He sometimes mutters Bump words in his sleep. I wondered what he would think about where I had just been in Dreamland . . .

OK, no more sleep 4or me. I very quietly climbed from mah bed, through the window, to the safety of Milne's Porch.

And I sat in mah comfy armchair 4or hours on end, just thinking. About what languages are. About what stories are. No good answers.

But I can say true that by when the sun came up, slowly & surely, I knowed I was gonna be part of this . . . this . . . whatever it was.

Sometimes you gotta go where you ain't been be4ore, just to see what happens.

Um. Anyway.

* * * * *

Back to the Glowing Hallway!

The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers, also called the Travelers Tales,

Bag End News
November 28, 2015
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnif
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Leni Bunnif

Back too thee Glomptfallway.

I wood nott, same thiss.

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but I now
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Bag End News
December 5, 2015
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnif
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Leni Bunnif

Mareece Joice Donicee Ett Seteeal

I hadd too leen som neve
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tokks

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Kt. Jo
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Bag End News
No. 417 December 12, 2015
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunnif
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Leni Bunnif

With thee Travelers too Imapiannat

I amm writin thiss issu of
mah belurvd nuuzpap from
Imapiannat, wich iz a Klos
& quid naybor too mah oune
Homland of Expend, & thee ham
of mah deer friend Princess
Crissan, or Crissy if u lik too
dams to, & herr quid friend Boop
whoo looke lik a tette, butt izent.

I askd Crissy for a brake
from our werk too nt up the
last dopings from thee storee
I' bin tellin for quid have
uerr I left quiff was thott
nee & kumund the Author
By hadd vigh the Dubble
Dreaming of Dorriess & Betsey

& the Creatures Tale, is a great big story that I don't know all of. I did help a little with the Stories of the Four Pictures Grand Production, but I knowed that there was a lot of story to come after that. That was just the beginnings of the Myth after all.

What seemed to follow those beginnings was a time of not knowing then how big it would become, how it would go on & on. Eventually, it seemed like the Author guy itching the story, & the CC guy telling the story, figgered out what they had was something special. I have been lucky enough to hear this Myth / Tale / Tales told lately, & it felt kind of the same as if Bags End News was stories told by talking them instead of writing them down.

It's kind of like the early days of Bags End itself. A lot of questions & contradictions & missing parts. The difference is that I keep looking 4or the answers to it all, keep asking new questions, & keep getting a little closer & clearer.

What the Author guy & CC & Princess Crissy too were proposing was that we look at what pieces of the early Myth stories we have, & just fill it in good now, like fixing up a broken wall or something.

And I guess that makes me think: well, is Bags End so different from the Travelers Myth?

I am not sure. I mean, Bags End is real to me. But, then again, isn't the Travelers Myth real to Marie, Joe, Daniel, & the rest it tells about? That's where I stumbled, even tho I wanted to help.

I hope this makes sense because it sums up to what I decided to say to CC, & the Author guy, & Crissy when I next met up with them. And to the Creatures, & I guessed Dorris & Betsy Bunny Pillow & Farmer Jones too.

By mah polite request, we all came to Princess Crissy's Castle in Imagianna. In waking, not Dreamland too.

I came to Imagianna in the usual way, going to the right level in Bags End, & walking through the right door. Crissy's Castle is a climb to get to, up a green & golden hill. It's very nice, & not too fancy-pants, even tho it is a very strange & magickal place inside.

Knocked 3 times, like that old song goes. The door opened & there was Crissy's servant & bestus buddy, Boop, who looks like a Turtle, but isn't one.

Boop is a great fan of, um, protocols, which means long & polite ways of arriving & saying hello. I think he does them because Crissy is a Princess, even if she is really more the bloo-jeans-dancing-to-good-R.E.M.-records kind than the glittery Princess Ozma kind. But the many worlds are big enough 4or all kinds, & Crissy loves Boop the most in the worlds, so I go along with a smile.

"Hi Boop!" I said in mah friendly Algernon way.

Boop bowed low & gestured his paw 4or me to follow him in. But he surprised me by friendly talking too.

"The Princess told me how you wanted to think all about what to do next. We both agreed you were wise," he said, with a friendly paw on mah shoulder even.

I nodded, trying to think of sudden friendly words back. Finally I just talked. "I have a better idear to tell now."

Boop nodded & smiled again, & then we were in Crissy's Throne Room. Weird, not her Secret Room.

Boop whispered me, "It's so Betsy Bunny Pillow & Farmer Jones will be more polite, & not just fight."

I nodded. This sounded like Crissy smarts.

So Crissy of course was in her Throne, slouched down comfy, almost Sheila Bunny-like. Arrayed nearby was a sort of semi-circle of Farmer

Jones, CC, Raymond the Author guy, MeZmer the White Bunny, Holly the grey Hedgedyhog, Dorris the yellow Dream Pillow, & Betsy Bunny Pillow.

Crissy smiled big & motioned me to come up near her to the front of the group. She sneaked in a nice hug, & nodded me to talk to all. So I tried mah best.

"I have thinked all about this project, & I have some idears to share now," I started. I worried that awake Betsy Bunny Pillow would grouch right then, but even she was giving me a chance. So OK then.

"Well, I remembered how you said the Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers came from stories you heard in your travels," I said to the Author guy, who nodded & smiled at me.

"And a lot of times the stories have Creatures in them, like you & Holly," I said, looking friendly at him & MeZmer. They don't talk a lot, but they sniffed friendly at me. So nod enough.

"And you coordinate those guys & tell the stories of the Myth to them," I said to CC, who smiled & nodded at me very nicely.

"And there wouldn't be a Betsy or the other Pillows helping out with dreams or waking if you didn't grow them," I said to Farmer Jones, who looked surprised to get credit, but pleased & nodded.

"And you Pillows working together made us the Glowing Hallway by your Double Dreaming doings," I looked friendly at Dorris, & cringingly at Betsy, but they both sort of murmured yes too.

"And Crissy, you let us all use that magickal hill here in Imagianna 4or this strange project." Crissy's smile was more like a long nice hug to me.

"Who is missing?" I asked finally.

Everyone looked at everyone else, & then at me. Nobody speaked a word.

"Marie. Joe. Daniel. Et cetera," I said very slowly. No talk again.

"We should talk to them about our fixing-&-filling idear. We tell them we want to help, & what are our idears. We see what they think. Who better to help to do this project, right?" I finished. I hoped it wasn't all foolish madness to their ears.

Well, everyone started talking at once, but I figgered out eventually that they all liked the idear, & were excited to start.

Score one 4or your old pal Algernon! I hoped this would work!

* * * * *

Marie . . . Joe . . . Daniel . . . Et Cetera!

I've had to learn some new tricks to survive & prosper in this current story. Usually happens because mah old tricks are woeful failures.

I guessed what I was coming around to was that the Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers was something different from what I had knowed be4ore.

I mean, there's fantasylands like Oz & Wonderland & Narnia & so on, & you can find out about them in their famous storybooks &, if you're lucky, go to them & have a visit yourself.

Even more obscure Bags End has mah newspaper to tell its stories, tho be careful coming to visit here, even tho it's been easier since Bags End became illegal.

But, see, all those Travelers guys got is what's writed down in the Secret Books that I don't even think they knowed about. And, worse, some of the early stories don't make much sense now.

Luckily, mah idear of inviting the Travelers themselves to help figger all this out was liked by everyone gathered in Crissy's Throne Room, & so now

it seemed time to make a plan of action.

Crissy, who had been pretty quiet during this discussion, now talked. "I'm glad we agree that the main Travelers should be asked to help out. And I know we all want to help." She paused & smiled big at me. Ut-o. A Be-brave-Algernon smile. I knowed it without a sniff.

"But I think just Algernon & Raymond the Author guy should use the Double Dreaming of Betsy & Dorris to go back to that Glowing Hallway."

Nobody talked in shock, but then I tried to. "But I don't know the whole Myth, like some of us do! Shouldn't CC & MeZmer & Holly go? And you too, Crissy?"

CC shooked his head. "We can be in the Creature Common, covering the story from that end."

"And I can be watching what's going on in the Glowing Hallway you're in, & on the Hill, & in the Creature Common. All 3," said Crissy, with more of that Be-brave-Algernon smiling.

"And I can be with Crissy 4or if anything goes wrong," said Farmer Jones, & I could tell he was trying to help here too.

I looked at the Author guy. He smiled at me. He's no Crissy 4or persuading smiles, but his is nice enough.

OK. I nodded. But then I helded up mah paw. "I don't know what they will say. None of us do. It's their story."

Everyone nodded. I got us going from talk to action by walking out of the Throne Room then, & to the Castle's front door. Everyone followed after me.

Boop even hurried up to hold the door open 4or me, with a quiet smile. I am a rich guy 4or smiles, I must say.

We walked the grassy way to the Full Moon Hill, which is what I decided I would call it.

It was just me & the Author guy going into the Double Dreaming this time, but everyone still got comfy, hands & paws holding with us close to Betsy & Dorris. A nice send-off on our trip.

"Good luck, Beagle," whispered Betsy as nicely as she had ever talked to me. I nodded so not to ignore or say the wrong thing, & then the Author guy & I got close in a nice hug 4or travel. Then Dorris & Betsy & our friends started *hmmmming*.

Maybe worrying doing the right thing tired me a lot, or something, but I just fell easy right down into the Double Dreaming.

I remembered to keep mah eyes closed, & I could then see how the Glowing Hallway 4ormed around me. And then there next to me was the Author guy! I was glad of his tallness.

"How do we find them, Author guy?"

He smiled. "I think they are coming." He pointed way down the Glowing Hallway. I could see moving figures.

We kept going, & I was quiet, but then I just had to call to them.

"Marie? Joe? Daniel? Are you there?"

They heard me & sort of walked up to us. I can't tell you about fast & far in this strange place. It felt like we got nearer because we saw each other, not just our feets walking.

It was sort of a crowd we came up to. I guessed the tallest of the people-folks was Daniel. And the other guy was Joe. I was glad he had no fruits or nuts in his hands right now. O! Yuk!

And the red-haired girl was Marie, of course. Funny to see her live, not in a picture.

And with them I saw MeZmer the White Bunny & Holly Hedgedyhog, &



recalled about one, none, many. And there was the Tumbleweed, I knowed he is Daniel's bestus buddy. And a pretty Lemur Creature & Lion Creature too. I wasn't sure I knowed them so well, but I like all Creatures, A to Z.

Now I thinked quick & knowed they might wonder at me & the Author guy too. So I jumped in to talking. "Hello, mah name is Algernon Beagle, & I live in a place called Bags End. And this is, um, Raymond the Author guy."

Daniel is I guess their leader, cuz he sorta stepped 4orward to shake our hand & paw.

"What are you the Author of, Raymond?" he asked all friendly.

The Author guy looked at me, & I nodded him to tell it straight & true.

"Well, I am the Author of the many stories in the many little colored Secret Books. They're about, um, all of you."

Daniel looked confused, & Marie & Joe did too. But also almost like they weren't totally surprised too.

Then the Author guy raised a finger, & led us a ways back from where they'd come. On the walls were these pictures.

He said, "That picture is of you, Marie, dreaming in the clearing of Faeries. This next one is of you, Joe, riding your bike to visit Marie at her school, & not finding her. This next one is how Marie dreamed her mountain, but not its reflection, is gone. And that one is where you, Daniel & Tumbleweed, were traveling when all that was happening. These pictures are of how you started your travels together, & in times since."

They all nodded, surprised, but only sorta!

* * * * *

With the Travelers to Imagianna!

We explained to these guys all about these 4 pictures, & they listened very closely. Then Daniel said, "We've been traveling to try & find a way to unite the 6 Islands that broke apart, back where we come from."

I nodded & said, "I heared some of your travels tolded by CC, when I was visiting the Creature Common." They all looked more of that only-sorta-surprised look at me.

I hurried on. "We came here to find you & ask 4or your help."

"Help?" asked Joe. He looked a little skeptical at all this. I could not blame him really, but I nodded & talked on. Used mah Beagle charms in the matter. Yah, right.

"Well, see, we have what was writed in the Secret Books about your early adventures, but some of it doesn't make sense. And I sort of objected to the idear of just making stuff up to fill in your stories, & said we should come & see you. Ask 4or your help."

They nodded, & all 3 were smiling, even Joe a little. Beagle charm. Melts your heartbone.

I thinked 4or a moment, then tooked a chance. "Would you come back to Imagianna where we came here from, to see Princess Crissy? She's one of the smartest & nicest guys I know."

Marie talked now, her finger upon her chin, like she was thinking real hard. "We're not dreaming right now, Algernon. But you are?"

Hm. This Glowing Hallway must have more to it than I already thought?

Now Joe talked like this all interested him more. Less skeptical. "Maybe this Hallway is how we are able to meet like this. It's like all sorts can cross here."

This made sense. But they were nice & agreeable to help, so I guessed

coming back to Dreamland Imagianna was OK by them.

So me & the Author guy led the Travelers & their Creature companions back to regular Dreamland Imagianna, which is what we woked up to at the end of the Glowing Hallway. Full Moon Hill, all of us clustered together on Dorris & Betsy Bunny Pillow.

I led our way down that hill, & then up the next one to where Princess Crissy's Castle was.

Looked up at the Author guy, who smiled & knocked on the Castle's front door.

And there was sharp-dressed Dreamland Boop welcoming more of us in than he had seen off, but a wink to me & he was bringing us to Crissy's Secret Room. We all friendly crowded in to sit together.

And I was starting to try to explain all of this to smiling Crissy when Daniel above me laid his hand gently on mah headbone. "Wait just a moment, Algernon." I waited.

He & Crissy were now looking at each other like shocked, not even sorta like be4ore. "Iris?" he asked.

Who?

Crissy peered at Daniel real close, no words. Then she talked real slow. "You're the Architect. We only talk in dreams."

He nodded.

Tho short & confused, I raised up a fuss. "Who is Iris?"

Crissy smiled. "That's what he calls me."

Daniel smiled at me too. "And this is Dreamland, Algernon."

Fair point. "You didn't know he was Daniel too?" I asked Crissy.

She shooked her head.

I sneaked a look at the Creatures, who were still kind of crowded at the doorway. It's got these long strings of colored rings around it, instead of a door. More friendly to visitors. They were quiet, listening.

Daniel talked again. "Iris & I talk about Alternative History, Algernon. We sit in this room, & I tell her my ideas."

Crissy smiled at me in a way that I knowed without even a sniff was her. "I listen. Sometimes I remember something to help."

"You never tolded me about these dreams, Crissy," I say, not suspiciously, just sort of curious.

"I never remember them very well, & they don't happen very much. I never thought to mention them because you have so many bigger & stranger travels in Dreamland, Algernon." Hm. That sounded like Crissy too.

Well, I guessed that knowing was good enough 4or everyone, because we all kind of settled together on the soft pink cushions with strange designs on them to figger some things out.

I made Crissy bring down her storybooks she wrote when she was Christina. Like The Tangled Gate. Daniel hadn't seen them be4ore, but I guessed Crissy-Iris was more used to talking to him about his idears.

But all of us sat looking through them, & I made Crissy read from them too. That was even more friendly among us. She is a good writer!

But then she brung out a lot of copies of mah newspaper called Bags End News, & I didn't know what to think! Crissy made me read story after story from them, to the horror of mah humble-bone.

They especially liked The Stories of the Four Pictures. I was glad I had not messed it up.

Daniel & Crissy were then sort of quietly talking to each other, & just when I was gonna get bugged, he nodded to her, & all of us got quiet to listen.

"Daniel thinks we should combine all of our efforts, & tell more of those early days as a new Grand Production!"

Wow. Nobody said a word at first, but then everyone talked & liked this new idear.

Crissy then sat near to me. "What do you think, Algernon?"

I thinked a moment, & then said, "We have got a lot of work to do to pull off a good Grand Production!"



To be concluded in *Cenacle* | 121 | October 2022!

* * * * *





Bags End Book #20: Go Into the Sea! Grand Finally!

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Go Into the Sea! (Grand Production & Grand Finally!)

What's most exciting now to tell here, Dear Readers, is how we all produced another glorious Grand Production, to be enjoyed among all the local neighbors of Bags End, including Imagianna, Dreamland, Creature Common, Bunny Pillow & Dream Pillow Farm, the caves & tunnels below the Tangled Gate, & of course all the watching crowds in the Thought Fleas' Great Clearing in the White Woods. Not to mention our good friends in Oz & Narnia & Wonderland & the Hundred Acre Wood, & others!

It began in the Bags End Auditorium, & the Saturday Room of Creature Common, & the Great Clearing, & all those other places, with all of us looking

Bags End News

DOUBLE ISSUE!

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King: Sheila Bunnyp

Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunnyp

Go In too thee See!
(Grand Produkshing &
Grand Finalle!

Well, it haz bin a long tim
kummo too thee lazt issos of
thee year, with extra numbrs
of theem. Konsidering aniversarys
fall

Butt heer it iz too telll. Nott
lik I expected wen I gott mah
dread kas of Hik-Bumps bakk
wenn. I dont pritend too undrstand
it all, butt reellee, do I err?
I tell wat I kann strait
too, & hop for thee best othr
-iz

Butt watz too tell heer iz howe

up & up & up, & there, as tiniest specks in the blue sky, were those pretty little La Petits Thumb, well-known 4or their amazing feats of daring-do.

We seem to come to them, their high highness, & find we are with them on the very tip of the finger of the usually-quite-short-but-now-great-big Rosalita the Pandy Bear Imp holding us! She cackles bigly, but nicely, as we each & all hold on to La Petits Thumb, & are now falling falling falling through the air, seeming to pass through the Bags End Auditorium, Creature Common, Tangled Gate, Imagianna, Dreamland, & the rest, until we land on the very same fingertip of that Imp &, at that moment, those strange Royal Thumbs in their crowns & capes appear to all &, standing straight & proud, they cry out, "Greetings! Felicitations! And Salutations! Presenting . . . a Royal Thumbs Production of . . . Go Into the Sea! Being a Continuation of the Stories of the 4or Pictures! With those Famous Travelers, Marie . . . Joe . . . Daniel . . . Et . . . "

And here the Royal Thumbs encouraged us all to rise up on the tip on that Imp finger, & she cackled wildly her glees, & the many great numbers of us cried out, "Cetera!"

Well, that was as grand an introduction as they get, & only 4or a moment was I back in mah seat in the Bags End Auditorium, next to mah silly Bumping brother called Alexander Puppy, who kind of started this whole story going by causing me a dread case of the Hik-Bumps!

But then we were all I guess you could say immersed in the story again. And we were each & all by the Sea. And a voice like Daniel's was talking.

"You can still hear the Hmmm as it really is, when you quietly listen to the Sea. Or when you listen to the wind through the White Woods. Or when you are patient & pay good attention in your dreams.

"But then your attention is distracted, & you see one thing, & hear another, sniff the air too, touch your seat or table to be sure, maybe taste something sweet.

"How to explain it as best the old maps tell me? Our 5 senses were once all part of the Hmmm, & the 6 Islands of the world were all one Island, & we lived in a time be4ore time, & the White Woods & the Tangled Gate were one. 'One, none, many' came later."

Now all of that shifted to a familiar place. It was the cabin where Marie & Joe lived with Daniel their Guardian.

We follow Marie as she walks one morning to the garage where Daniel & his bestus buddy the Tumbleweed have their workshop.

"Don't be late 4or school!" we hear Joe yell from afar, as he is biking away.

"I won't!" Marie calls back. "I just have to borrow a book to teach my class."

She is looking 4or the book on Daniel's shelves full of books, & finds it, I guess. Mah luck was that on mah other side was that friendly & language-knowing guy Allie Leopard to whisper me, "It's called Aftermath by Cosmic Early." Hmmm. I don't know him.

We follow Marie as she takes her book, & walks down to the fishin' hole place near the edge of the pond. There's a beautiful mountain in the distance. Marie isn't fishing, though. She's reading.

She reads out loud from her book: "'One theory says that there was the Hmmm in the beginning, but that the Hmmm grew a cackling accent & wanted to play, & so 1 was 2, & then more."

Marie stops, & we can feel how tired she now is, as she suddenly curls up with her book to take a nap.

And we follow her into her dream where she sits up, looks up, & the

mountain that was always there isn't there anymore! Just its reflection still in the pond waters!

Marie is very upset but then seems to drift into another dream in which she is standing in a clearing in the Woods, & she is surrounded by a sort of cloud of Faeries. Almost like Crissy's Emandian folks!

"Please, help me!" Marie cries to them. "My mountain is gone. Is it only gone in Dreams?"

The Faeries talk as sort of one Faerie guy. "Here your adventures begin, as you look for your mountain. But what you need now is a melody, & a friend."

Marie hears in her ears a hmmming sound, like she always hears in her dreams, but could never recall when awake. Then she thinks she hears the word "MeZmer," & she wakes up, she thinks, to find a White Bunny sitting in front of her with amazingly smart & kind eyes. I can tell you, Dear Readers, they do MeZmer indeed.

No words said as MeZmer begins hopping up the hill to the White Woods, hopping faster & faster, & Marie runs & runs to follow, feels like she is hopping too, faster & faster until MeZmer disappears into a dark cave. Marie pauses, then hurries into it too.

Nothing but dark, nothing but dark, then suddenly she is again with MeZmer, & they are in a beautiful Crystal Cave.

And she feels it all around her. The Hmmm. Feels it with her skin, sniffs it, sees it, hears it, tastes it. For a moment, Marie becomes the Hmmm. Then a nudge from MeZmer, & she's back to herself, & following MeZmer again to a smaller cave where lives a nice-looking Monkey fellow who I thought looked just like Jacoby in Creature Common.

No words as Jacoby tucks Marie into his bed, under a warm brown blanket with many handsome Bears on it.

Marie sleeps deeply again with MeZmer in her arms &, when she wakes up, it's by a bright light in the wall opposite her bed.

Getting up, she & MeZmer slowly walk & hop over to the light to see how it's a fissure in the wall. Finger on chin a moment, thinking, Marie nods to MeZmer, & they walk & hop into it. Down a long Glowing Hallway now, & down, & down, & then out!

And back into the White Woods! Even the same clearing as where she had met the Faerie cloud!

But it is empty & so Marie just looks around, wondering about all this. MeZmer sits quietly, just sniffing once or twice.

Then Marie hears a distant sound, like the low hmmming she had heard so many time in her Dreams, & from those Faeries too. They begin to walk & hop toward the sound.

And it is the Sea, just like Daniel had talked about before! Marie walks & MeZmer hops along the beach for a long time.

Then something, something, she looks up in the air, & sees 2 little black birds, & they are sitting peaceably as you please on this long black wire that seems to run from nowhere to nowhere.

"Hello, how are you? I am Marie," she calls up to them.

They nod, & Marie decides she will tell them the story of her adventure so far.

"So I have this friend MeZmer now, & this Hmmm the Faeries gave me, but I don't know how that helps me to find my mountain," Marie sighs a little as she finishes.

The birds listen quietly, & Marie doesn't know if they will say anything at all.

But then in a voice that sounds as much like words as it does like the swishing Sea nearby, the 2 birds say, "We are To & Go, & we will help you if we can, Miss Marie."

Marie smiles & sort of curtsies a little.

"You need to . . . go into . . . the Sea!" they say. And then are quiet again.

Marie looks at MeZmer who is nearby & sniffing once or twice. She looks at the swishing waters of the Sea nearby. She doesn't know what to do about that advice because it doesn't make a lot of sense to her to help her find her mountain.

That's when she looks down, & sees MeZmer's blonde fur glowing brighter & brighter, just like that Glowing Hallway had been.

She raises up her paw to Marie, who leans down to take it. Then, with MeZmer hopping, & glowing all around them, she leads Marie right into the Sea.

And they go right in without any problem, & descend to the bottom, & walk along, paw in hand, together.

And with that, a green & gold curtain descends over the story we have all been watching, & I guessed that Act 1 was done.

Well, I can tell you that everyone from Bags End to Imagianna, from Creature Common to Dreamland to the Bunny Pillow Farm, Oz & Narnia & the rest, were on their feet, hands & paws clapping & cheering.

Then the green & gold curtain rised again & the story shifts to Joe riding his bike to Marie's school to bring her fruits 4or her lunch. Allie Leopard nicely helped me cover my mouth & stifle mah "O! Yuk!" cries.

Joe doesn't find Marie teaching at school but, as he is riding away, he comes upon Holly Hedgedyhog waiting 4or him.

Joe is a nice guy & Holly looks like he needs a ride, so Joe puts him on his shoulder, & off they ride.

It's a pretty day & they find themselves on a road Joe doesn't know in White Woods he knows pretty well. And here comes a tunnel that Holly squeaks & squeaks 4or them to go into.

So, making sure that Holly is safe on his shoulder, Joe pedals & pedals into the tunnel, which is surprisingly not so dark. It glows in a way that reminds me of that Glowing Hallway Marie & MeZmer were in, & MeZmer's fur as they walked into the Sea. Even that Glowing Hallway of pictures in Dreamland that me & Raymond the Author Guy first met these Famous Travelers.

But as Joe rides along, he gets a funny feeling about this tunnel, & he is relieved when he sees daylight coming ahead.

They ride out, & it is still in the White Woods, but they look different now. Much, much bigger somehow.

Then Joe hears a noise &, coming up to them, are these 2 Lady Bugs, biggest he's ever seen!

That's when Joe figgers that somehow he & his bike & Holly on his shoulder all have shrunk down really small!

But the Lady Bugs look friendly & shy & not like they are scary to him.

"Hello, how are you?" he says politely. "I am Joe & this is my little friend. We just rode here through that . . . that . . ." & he turns around & around looking 4or the tunnel, but there is no sign of it!

The Lady Bugs don't say a word but sort of nudge their heads a little 4or him to follow them. I kept thinking that, just like Holly, those Lady Bugs seemed a way bigger version of the little ones in Creature Common.



So Joe starts riding his bike again, Holly back on his shoulder, & follows behind these Lady Bugs as they sort of speed along down the road. Well, maybe not a road so much as they know how to travel among the White Woods trees. Joe can hear them making a humming sound, & that somehow seems to help them go right along. I'm not sure how I knowed this was true, but it seemed to make White Woods sense.

Anyway, the Lady Bugs keep going, & Joe keeps following, & he doesn't know how long it will be, when they come to a clearing & something really big.

There be4ore them is an even taller-than-Joe red-&yellow Truckee! And now I was thinking that the great big Truckee was also just like the much smaller Creature Common one too.

But if Joe & his bike & Holly were now tiny, then . . . well, I just decided to hush mah mind & pay attention.

Joe helps the Lady Bugs & his bike & himself up into the back of the Truckee, & then he starts rolling on through the White Woods. Truckee humming along.

Eventually, the trees ahead clears some, & Joe can see a mountain in the distance.

"That's my sister's favorite mountain," he says to Holly & the Lady Bugs, & he guesses the Truckee might hear him too. He wonders if these marvelous Creatures might be trying to help him find Marie.

They roll closer & closer to the mountain, & it gets taller & taller be4ore them, until they roll right off the end of the road, & begin to sort of bumpily up it.

And it is going pretty well 4or awhile. But then the climbing gets less rocky, & softer, & softer, & be4ore Joe & his new friends know it, they are sinking right into quicksand!

It swallows them whole (O! Yuk!) but they notice it is not wet & choking, but dry & light, even tho they still keep sinking down very slowly.

And weirder still, when the Truckee rolls out, they are much higher up the mountain! Rolling along up a dirt path to come to a little Hut. Joe gets out, & helps the Lady Bugs & Holly out, & his bike too. The Hut is sort of brown-furred, tho Hut-shaped 4or sure too.

Joe knocks & a little golden-furred Pup comes out.

Joe introduces his friends again, & the Pup smiles & says quietly, "My name is Shelley & I live here with my brother Threshold." And out came that little Puggle guy who in Creature Common is the Lead Lead Creature! 1, none, many, I guess. Strange maths, I know.

The Pup brothers bring out some chairs, & Joe just sits down on the grass. He explains that he is looking 4or his sister Marie.

The Pups look at each other, thinking hard. "Do you know the great exploring Traveler Daniel?" they ask.

Joe nods. "He's me & Marie's Guardian."

Now the Pups are all excited. "He visited us here once, & stayed with us too. Him & his Tumbleweed friend, of course," says Shelley.

Joe nods.

Threshold says, "He showed us his many maps, & gave us one. In case we wanted to explore too."

"He said it was a map to bring you nearer to who or what you wish to find," says Shelley.

"But we can give it to you, since we are where we wish to be," says Threshold, & both Pups smile & nod. Nice guys, whatever worlds.

So Joe nods thankee & they fetch the map. It is folded up, & it reads on

the outside: "Wish who or where you desire to near, & open to follow." Allie Leopard readed the words 4or me.

So Joe wishes to near Marie, & opens up the map up. The map shows the mountain they are on, & a dotted path over it, & through some more White Woods, & then arriving to the Sea. This seemed smart to me because that's where Marie was!

Joe thanks the Pups very politely, & then shows the Truckee the map to study in detail, & then gets everyone back on board. He waves, & the others make friendly sniffing sort of gestures of goodbye, as they roll on. Shelley & Threshold wave too, & return to their Hut.

The Truckee then rolls them along a rocky path, no more strange & tricky quicksand to worry on, & soon they are rolling down the mountain, & again through the White Woods. It is peaceful, & no tricky White Woods tricks going on either, the Truckee humming along their way, & Joe & his friends soon dozing among the many colorful scarves in the Truckee's back.

Waked by the whooshing sounds of the Sea, & the Truckee rolling to a stop. Joe isn't sure why there till he looks up & sees 2 strange little black birds sitting peaceful on a wire running from seeming nowhere to nowhere.

Joe hops out, figuring this is the map bringing him nearer to Marie. He looks up to the birds, & talks quietly & politely.

"Hello, how are you? I am Joe, & these are my friends. We are looking 4or my sister Marie. Can you help?"

Like with Marie, the birds are quiet awhile, but then say in their oceany voice, "We are To & Go, & we will help you if we can, Brother Joe."

Joe nods & waits.

"You need to . . . go into . . . the Sea!" they say. And then are quiet again.

Joe listens close. Then he is quiet too. "Thankee," he says, & gets back into the Truckee. He is kind of uncertain what to do, when the Truckee starts rolling into the Sea! The Creatures with him sorta tug & drag him under the scarves &, somehow, like Marie with MeZmer, they stay dry as they drive down deep into the Sea!

Once again, the green & gold curtain drawed over, & I guessed that Act 2 was over. The clapping from all of us was maybe even louder!

Then the green & gold curtain rised again on a brand new scene, tho familiar because it was those sometimes-tricky White Woods again. But this time, we find ourselves following those nice little Creatures Buddy the little flowery Bear, & Cuke, who is a pretty green spiny fellow. He reminds me a little of Doctor Greenface in Bags End because he also moves on unseen little feets.

"Where is that MeZmer?" asks Buddy. "She was going to give us hopping lessons today!"

Cuke doesn't answer with words, but somehow we know that he doesn't know either.

We run on & on with them until we come suddenly into a place like the Great Clearing, & see that we are at the back of a crowd of tiny little guys, like Thought Fleas, who are cheering & clapping 4or who is on the great stage-plat4orm at the front, per4orming. And who that is is Bauer the Bear!

Bauer is dancing back & 4orth across the stage to some jaunty music. His famous Bauer slide is as amazing as always, & the little guys around us cheer & cheer! Bauer does many encore dancings 4or such a good crowd.

Buddy & Cuke know Bauer well, of course, & go right up on stage to visit when everyone else is leaving.

He laughs his gruff charming laugh when they congratulate him.

"The shows were so much better when I had my old dancing partner, Schatzi," he says, & looks a little sad. Buddy & Cuke give him comforting pats.

Then they climb down the steps of the stage-platform to the ground, & Bauer says that he is tired. "Dancing is fun, but I like my naps after! Would you like to come too?"

They nod, smiling.

So Bauer leads them behind the stage-platform into the White Woods to a little Hut he explains the performers use for getting ready or naps.

Inside the Hut is a hammock that they all climb into, & many warm blankets too, including a warm brown blanket with many handsome Bears on it. Boy, those guys get around!

So our friends cluster up, as Creatures do, & the Hut is warm, & the White Woods are quiet right now. They nap together pretty soon.

They cluster dream that they are come to a Crystal Cave, like the one that Marie & MeZmer were in, & soon to a smaller cave, where there is that nice Jacoby guy again!

They all hug & greet each other friendly. Then Jacoby says, "I am glad you came for the map!"

"What map?" they ask.

"To find your old dancing partner Shatzi, of course!" he says to Bauer.

Then he lays out on the floor a very strange map. It is hard to tell if it has mountains or Woods or lakes.

Then we look closer & see what looks like the Great Clearing & its stage-platform! A black arrow on it points to a strange little door, through the White Woods, to the Sea.

"But you can't go yet," says Jacoby with a funny little smile.

"Why not?" they ask.

"You must wake up!" Jacoby cries out loud, & they do! Back in the little Hut.

"Let's go!" cries Bauer, & they all jump from the hammock, & run together back to the stage-platform. The Great Clearing is empty but for them.

They look around the stage-platform, high & low, for the strange little door, but no luck. Finally, Bauer sits down sadly on the stage, & Buddy & Cuke sit with him.

Then, at the far end of the Great Clearing, they hear a sweet voice that is like one & many singing all at once. It is hard to see, but it looks like those strange & mysterious Ladies Toe among the trees! And they are singing so pretty:

Go to the Sea!

Go to the Sea!

Go to the Sea!

You won't get there in a car!

No, you won't get very far!

You won't get there in a plane!

You will try but end up short, a-gain!

Go to the Sea!

Go to the Sea!

Go to the Sea!

You won't get there breathing sad air!
 You won't get there by nightmare!

Only dancing will take you there!
 Bauer, Bauer, Bauer the Dancing Bear!
 Only dancing will take you everywhere!
 Bauer & friends of Bauer the Bear!

Then the Ladies Toe disappear, & Bauer is shouting with delight! "Come on, my friends!" he cries, & gathers up Buddy & Cuke in his paws, & begins his dancing again on the stage. Only this time he & they are all singing the Ladies Toe's song:

Only dancing will take us there!
 Only dancing will take us there!

And then as they dance, & Bauer slides from one end of the stage to the other, a strange little door appears at one end, & Bauer & his friends slide right through it!

And they arrive right to the Sea, like Marie & Joe & their Creature friends had!

And what is even better is that right above them is the black wire upon which sits those black birds, To & Go!

Bauer figgers they might help, & so he introduces all of them, & then he explains his story in his nice gruff voice.

"I have not seen my old dancing partner Shatzi in a long time. We got separated from each other after one of our per4ormances. I hoped we would find each other again soon, but I think something's in the way. I remember that last night during one of our tricks, he tumbled roughly on the stage, & banged his head a little. But he said he was OK. Can you help?"

"We are To & Go, & we will help you if we can, Bauer the Dancing Bear & friends."

Bauer & Buddy & Cuke wait though I was guessing in mah mind what they will say.

"You need to . . . go into . . . the Sea!" they say. And then are quiet again.

And then, out of nowhere, there appears on the Sea, arriving to them, that famous Boat-Wagon, driven by those strange bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish!

So Bauer & Buddy & Cuke greet them friendly, wave their thanks to To & Go, & climb into the back of the Boat-Wagon, & buckle in.

"Safety first!" cried us many audiences in many wheres. Haha!

And the last we see of Bauer & his friends is them being peddled out to the Sea to find Bauer's dear friend Schatzi.

The green & gold curtain falled over Act 3, & I hardly need report as news the wild clappings & cheerings that went on in all parts of the Neighborhood near & far.

But no time to wait as the green & gold curtain rised again, & we find ourselves in the middle of a new scene in the desert.

And here is Daniel, who is kind of the Lead Traveler, in Creature tongue, with his friend the Tumbleweed, & they are surrounded by a group of tough-looking guys.

Daniel is leaned over a map, & talking strange words to it.

"Fondo Wondo!" he cries. And the map sort of unrolls its secrets &, in

the desert sky there are crazy winds, wild lightning, & a great beautiful rainbow arching over all!

The tough guys back off, now looking scared of Daniel. One of them nods, & they hand over a map to him. He flicks his hand at them, & they leave fast.

"Good thing they thought that was magick, & not a matter of knowing the key to opening & using the Map of Crazy Weathers!" Tumbleweed laughs in Daniel's mind, in their strange shared tongue that we get to hear & understand right now.

Daniel nods & laughs too, & studies their new map, & they start walking together many miles, until they come to a nice-looking town.

There they find a big billboard sign, & painted on it what looks like a long mysterious city street with shadowy figures along it.

Daniel reads softly aloud something on the new map they got from those rough guys, & he & Tumbleweed walk right into the picture!

But, before they can look around, there are shadowy figures all around them, & they are hustled off to a prison cell, behind bars & everything!

They sit quietly together till the night comes, & all is quiet. Now they are alone.

Then Daniel nods, once, twice, three times &, holding hand in hand, they tumble backwards, & right out of the prison! I guessed this was a good trick the Tumbleweed knewed.

But wait! They land in Jacoby's cave room too!

And of course they are old friends, them all liking maps as they do, & hug friendly all around. Jacoby hugs Tumbleweed among his branches, so not to get poked, having learned how, I guess.

"Here's a new one I have for you!" says Jacoby all friendly. And he shows them a map on the floor that is weirdly glowing.

Daniel nods & pats Jacoby's shoulder. Then he & Tumbleweed turn around, & tumble together right down into this map! Wow.

But then something goes wrong. Instead of fully arriving to a new place, they seem stuck, only half in.

"Help! Help! It's damaged!" yells Daniel sort of back & up to Jacoby.

A distant Jacoby voice cries back, "Push toward that Glowstorm! Push hard!"

So Daniel & Tumbleweed push & push toward it, & the edges of the map sorta relax around them, & they are able to enter its land more fully.

They call back "Thankee!" to Jacoby, & travel the glowing lands around them. There is always a low Hummming in the air, which Daniel seems to understand, & he travels them by hmmmming in different ways with it.

The glowing gives way eventually to the Sea, & here we are, arrived again, & there above on that black wire, going from seeming nowhere to nowhere, are those 2 black birds To & Go! As the green & gold curtain falls, we hear Daniel calling out a "Hello, how are you?" to both of them, saying, "I am Daniel the Traveler, & this is my friend, Tumbleweed."

Well, everyone was cheering & cheering & cheering, but no more Grand Production occurred for the moment.

Now here's where your old pal Algernon has some things to tell, & a good time to do it while we are waiting.

You see, it wasn't just maps important inside these stories. It was how got to be tolded this Grand Production. And it was Daniel who came up with the map idear.

But then let me go back a-ways. We had just decided to work together

to make a Grand Production that tolded the stories of the Famous Travelers' early days, & we were sitting--me, Crissy, the Creatures, CC, & Raymond the Author Guy--with Marie & Joe & Daniel in Crissy's Secret Room in her Castle.

But I sniffed 4or some reason, & then talked mah sniff quick.

"You know, mah friends, this isn't the room where we got the story done last time. It was in Crissy's Riting Room through the Red Bag, where she has her rite-typer. I think, to have the best shot, we need to bring all of us through the Red Bag & gather there, & start studying the Secret Books, & coming up with what we can amongst us. And maybe, between memories & ritings & what makes sense, we can make a good Grand Production. That's what I propose us to do."

Well, nobody objected to this idear, & so Crissy showed everybody to the far end of her Secret Room, which is usually dim in the dark.

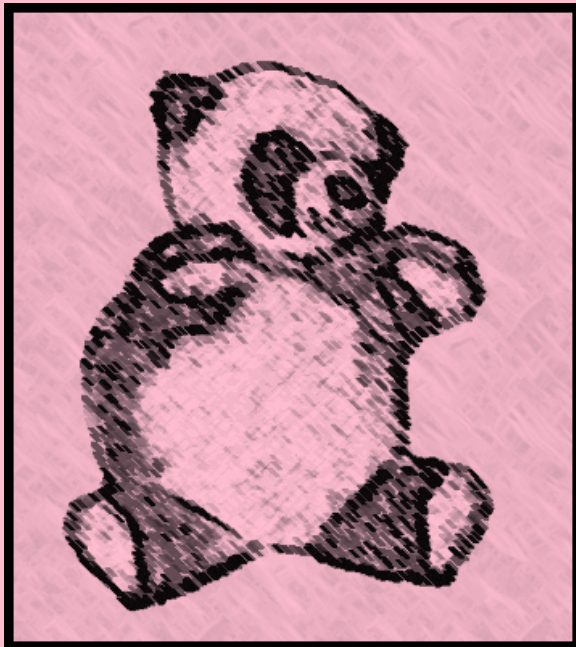
Crissy explained that you look at the Red Bag, & close your eyes, & sing 3 times, "There is a door, & now we pass through!" & you end up on the other side.

So the Creatures were gathered up in arms, & everybody lined up. Crissy went first to show how, then I went in Raymond the Author Guy's arms, & Daniel went with Tumbleweed in arms, & Joe with Freckle & Ricochet in arms, & Marie went with MeZmer & Holly.

Everybody ranged around, finding seats on the floor in Crissy's very friendly Riting Room, with its big window view of the White Woods, the mountains, & the Wide Wide Sea.

That's when I noticed on the walls, instead of the usual fun Crissy pictures, there were others.

Instead, there were the well-known pictures of Marie in her Faerie clearing, of Joe riding his bike to Marie's school, on his task not to be mentioned here again (O! Yuk!), of the reflection of Marie's mountain, & of



that spooky Daniel big billboard sign.

But there were more. A little picture of a lighthouse. And a picture of 2 little black birds on a wire, going from nowhere to nowhere, like To & Go! And, close on either side of that one, was one of a Hummingbird, & another of a pretty leaf. And another of a mysterious snowy land with a strange building far away to be seen. And one that showed a view of the foggy Sea, through an old window. Lastly, under a blanket, a picture of 2 people-folks sound asleep & dreaming in their bed that reminded me sorta of CC & his nice lady friend.

I talked now. "I am no expert on these things, but I wonder if these pictures are here to help us with this Grand Production!"

At the mention of the last 2 words, there was a knock at the door. Door? Who could be at the door of a Riting Room inside the Red Bag?

But Crissy got up & went to answer it, & in marched those strange Royal Thumbs, in full crowns & capes!

Be4ore I could blink, they were on Raymond the Author Guy's hands! But now talking too.

"In the past, a single riter or a few have written our Grand Productions. But this time, it seems like there are a lot of you crowded in here, & how will this work?" It may sound like these Thumbs were annoyed or grumpy but, no, they were just very curious now.

And with good reason too. Now that our creative forces were all gathered, what were we to do?

Everybody started talking at once, but nobody seemed to have a bright idear amongst us, & eventually we were all quiet again.

Then Daniel, who had been the quietest, cuz drawing something, talked.

"I have here a map that I think will help. It requires us to all be in our usual places, mostly." And he laid it out on the floor 4or all of us to study together.

"CC will be in the Creature Common, with MeZmer, Holly, Buddy, & Cuke, telling our story, as he did. Raymond the Author guy will be on Full Moon Hill, with Algernon Beagle, on Betsy Bunny Pillow, Farmer Jones there for safety, hmming into the Double Dreaming, the Glowing Hallway, where Raymond will have MeZmer, Holly, Buddy, & Cuke too, itching CC to tell the story like he did. Marie, Joe, & all of our Creature friends will return to our world to re-enact the story, filling in the missing parts. The Royal Thumbs, & those amazing Treasures, will orchestrate the Grand Production, once all is ready."

I counted, & thinked. "Hey, what about Princess Crissy?"

Daniel & Crissy smiled at each other, like yet another good bright idear to be tolded. "When we are all in place, your Crissy, & my dream Iris, will smile some of that tricky smile magick of hers, & we will all feel connected. Travelers to Glowing Hallway, Dreamland to Imagianna, to this Riting Room, Creature Common to Bags End, to the many places watching, & we will begin."

But the last piece to tell is about me. You see, Dear Readers, I, um, iterated. Sort of like what Crissy tolded me was called being a conduit, getting all the details of this story I have now told to all of you. One of me, with Raymond in that Glowing Hallway, & another of me among the Travelers stories themselves, watching close, & another of me with Crissy in her Riting Room, & another of me in Creature Common, & the last one of me sitting in mah seat in the Bags End Auditorium, next to mah silly Bumping brother Alex, who started this whole story, kinda.

What happened after the Act 4 green & gold curtain falled, & there was great cheering, & then there was quiet again, was that a voice like Daniel's talked again. Everyone listened close.

"It is now a long time later that has passed since those early Traveling days. We have met & traveled with many new friends since then. This Grand Production happened tonight because we were asked to look back, & to remember. We know it takes many friends & neighbors to do this, & that our Travels are important to others too. This makes us happy 4or all of you even as it is time to travel on again. Thank you all!"

And that was that. Without a thought in it, I felt mahself returning to just one me in one place. Bags End. It sure has been a funny way to get the story of this Grand Production, but it worked so good!

We were all sort of getting up to leave when suddenly a well-knowned Creature friend came onto all of the one & many stages. It was that handsome white-furred Bear X, wearing his black hat & Scotchy scarf.

"Is it too late 4or a little more entertainment, in the classic style?" he asked, smiling.

We stopped, & called, "No!" And everyone everywhere sat right back down.

He nodded & swepted his paw around & said, "Happy Season of Lights from Creature Common, & . . . on . . . with . . . the . . . show!"

We could all see this happening with the great big decorated tree under the Tangled Gate in the background. Like hmmming, but a tree too.

What followed were all sorts of grand per4ormances. First out danced Bauer the Dancing Bear, with his whole Major Bear crew, best friend Schatzi of course, & Phil, & Schnooki, & they danced up a storm!

Then those shiny-eyed Ker-Plow-Eeee singers sang some dancey old songs that made us all get right up & dance too!

Then that purple furry fellow called Pirth did his amazing dances with many ribbons!

Then MeZmer the White Bunny hopped long & far from one stage to the next!

Even Princess Crissy come on stage with that bloo-&-pink fella Bellla to dance & sing funny songs!

And Benny Big Dreams showed up too, & showed us the trick of juggling dreams like bowling pins, & dreaming back & 4orth among them. Easy when he did it!

Wow! Sheila's Kool Jazz Band came out & per4ormed a strange song by Miles Davis that seemed to make me think of tricky Rosa!ita the Pandy Bear Imp thoughts!

And then it all ended how it began somehow, with all of us in the Neighborhood rising up high & high, & falling back down-down-down together, with La Petits Thumb as our guides, until we each landed, & I don't know how, in his or her or their favorite place to be.

That must be true because I ended up in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch!

I blinked twice, to be sure. But yes. The window to mah bedroom was open, & I heard Alex & also Allie Leopard talking Bump words to each other.

But somehow, & I don't know how, I heard under their words a hmmming. I kid you not! Was that mah lesson? Was that it? Bump is part of the Hmmm too? Was that mah gift to know because I had tried so hard?

A last thing to tell of this crazy long crazy story. It was not long later one day when me & Sheila Bunny were taking nice little naps in her

Throne Room, her in her Throne, me on mah mat nearby.

In bounces that nice-in-dreams Betsy Bunny Pillow. But I blinked mah eyes twice, to make sure, & it seemed this was waking. So I was on mah guard.

Betsy bounced right up to Sheila &, amazing but true, Sheila made some room 4or her in her Throne!

So they sat together. I was totally ignored, but this was OK. I was not thrown out either.

"Welcome home, Pillow," Sheila said sleepily.

"Thanks, Bunny," Betsy whispered back. And then they napped peaceful together.

I so wanted to ask them about this, but knew that such-as-I would never be tolded.

But I figgered it out on mah own. Betsy, when awake, will mostly live in Bags End. When asleep, at least sometimes, on the Dream Pillow Farm. Probably the best answer 4or her.

I am glad of all these things that happened, & guess that some time we will all get together to tell more stories again.

4or now, there is just me dozing peaceful, in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, in mah strange but fine homeland, listening not so much to the Bumps being spoke in mah bedroom, but the Hmmming that's underneath it all.

What does that mean?

What does me being the conduit mean?

And what are the 6 Islands? Is Bags End on one?

Is there just simply always more to know, as time goes on?

That's mah guess.

Keeps mah beloved newspaper in business, so it's good too.



Baga End News
 No. 420 September 24, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creechur: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat iz thee Creechurs Kervall?
 (Part 1.)

I gess ya cood saye thiss
 storey beginz with a whritashun.
 I was dozing in mah kumtatekel
 armcher on Milns' porch wuz
 perfectly ordinary jaye. After
 a fine jervellins jaye at Boozend
 school, Lemme kan bee lik klayn
 a kumtrey wil symtims.

Mistah Owl
 talkins about
 mn, mencee play
 hadd ~~hadd~~ th
 ut thinkin
 best or wote
 or w
 Even we
 neede too bee

Baga End News
 No. 421 October 1, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creechur: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Wat iz thee Creechurs Kervall?
 (Part 2.)

Kum rit allong with mee, deer
 reedrz, az I am. I wal kuz allong
 thee halwanz of Boozend, az
 I try out somthin, hewe too
 hellep mah becuva nuuz-papr
 too bee better.

Loryee bunny brung itt too
 mee, like a prezents.

I hadd thiss deer thadt
 Maakee yu cood rekord yor thants
 or jervin intervie sumwun
 allong yor storys wuz, shee
 ekspland az, shee sried mee
 unt luykd lik a nek lass.

Princess wisssy helped
 mee mak it, shee aded with



Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival?

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

What is the Creature Carnival? (Part 1)

I guess you could say this story begins with an invitation. I was dozing in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch one perfectly ordinary day, after a long grueling day at Bags End School. Learning can be like running a country mile sometimes.

Mister Oliver Owl our teacher was talking about how many guys in many places over history had thought their ways of thinking & living were the best or only way to think or live.

"Even here in Bags End we need to be careful not to confuse what each of us thinks with some kind of rightness 4or all," he teached.

Naturally, some of the big guys disputed this reasonable thinking.

"I am the King! I am right because . . . I am the King!" declared Sheila

Bunny, who is, as most of mah loyal Dear Readers know, not King but only Mayor of Bags End.

"My word alone guides the workings of the Bunny Pillow Farm!" whispered Betsy Bunny Pillow. Actually, I think she only bosses the Dream Pillow Farm these days, since she lives in Bags End again.

Be4ore any more dubious claims could be uttered, tho, Oliver held up a quieting wing. "Just remember: others count too. Because, sooner or later, others will be needed."

So, anyway, that kind of discussion always tires me because I always worry that fists or paws or, um, whatever Betsy would throw, will fly.

So I dozed in mah comfy armchair, & tried to 4orget all of that 4or awhile, when something stirred me awake.

I looked up, & around, & then saw on the arm of mah own comfy armchair an envelope. It was sort of glowing strangely, & I could see mah own name rited on it in fancy letters.

I helded it in mah paws 4or a moment, & noticed that another weird thing than the glowing was that it was softly hmmming.

Now that made me think of mah friends in the Creature Common. Hmmming is kind of their thing, & sniffing too, which I have sorta learned to do as an amateur.

OK. Spooky-looking & sounding letter, but with mah name on it, so I supposed I was obliged. I opened up the envelope, or started to but, as I did, it sorta opened & unfolded out be4ore mah very paws, like it had its own idears. It seemed to be a kind of . . . poster?

I can't say 4or sure about how, but somehow as this strange poster unfolded, it sorta found its way onto the brown wooden wall behind mah comfy armchair! There it stopped, like that's where it was going.

And since it stopped, I didn't flee, which would have been strange even 4or me, & I twisted around to take a better look at this strange new thing.

So it did look like a poster on the wall, the kind with pictures but no words. But, see, as I leaned over the back of mah comfy armchair to get a closer look, it kept seeming like there was more to see. Almost like the picture was more of a window of somewhere I was looking into. Did things move inside this somewhere? I'm still not sure, & I have looked at this picture many times since that first time.

And it was definitely Creatures I saw in this poster. And it's like they were all per4orming their acts in a kind of, um, Creature Carnival? That's sure how it seemed.

The poster showed that handsome White Tiger Ringling, with his electric bloo eyes, sorta leaping through the air. I felt almost like he was protecting someone in his leaping.

And also a row of talented dancing Bear Creatures, with their handsome hats & bow ties. They seemed to be in mid-dance, although I swear sometimes I can see them spun around too.

And in the middle of all this dancing was also 2 other familiar Creatures. There was MeZmer the White Bunny, with her glowing fur, sort of like the strange envelope, & her mezmerring eyes. She looked to be in a high hop across space that only she or Sheila Bunny could even try. Sometimes it seemed like MeZmer was just taking off in her leap, & sometimes it almost seemed like she was about to land her hopping far away.

Also in the poster was Jacoby, who is a brown Monkey Creature fellow, not a Bunny, so he does not hop. But what he does do is jump very impressively, with waves of his paws & waggles of his legs. He also seemed to be jumping at different points along his way when I looked at different moments.

Now I know, & I am sure that many of you Dear Readers know, that these Creatures are talented performers from all of the Grand Productions I have told you about in mah beloved newspaper. But as I studied the poster more closely, I could also see the tents of a Carnival in the distance, & there was a Creature guy who looked like the lead guy or host or something. A white-furred Bear Creature with a black hat, & wearing a pretty scarf warmly around his neck. He was gesturing toward those tents with a paw that really seemed to wave in the air.

He looked like the guy in the Creature Common who is called Xavier, or X 4or quick.

It was the last little bit of the poster that was the most perplexing, cuz I could not figure out what it was, yet it seemed to move around in a colorful blur. Even making funny noises that maybe I only heard in mah headbone.

Why had this magickal poster come in a mysterious glowing & hmmming envelope, delivered right to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch? It felt to me like a invitation, like I said firstly to you Dear Readers. But when or where to go?

I have been to the Creature Common, & it's not big enough to hold a whole Carnival in it, with big tents & everything.

But maybe it was in those mysterious White Woods I have been in from time to time? That Great Clearing there seemed possibly big enough 4or this Carnival? But how would mah amateur sniffing find this out 4or sure?

OK, OK, it was plain to know that I needed to go to the Creature Common with mah question. Maybe this was like what Mister Owl was talking about, how different folks do things differently. Some guys invite more mysteriously than others.

I decided to leave the poster where it was, since it had so insisted, but I did take the strange envelope along with me as I climbed through the window back into my bedroom. I grabbed mah reporter's fedora too.

"I'm not sure what all," I talked to nobody, "but it's time 4or mah newspaper to get back to work!

* * * * *

What is the Creature Carnival? (Part 2)

Be4ore I go on, I should first tell you what happened a few days ago when I ranned into my adopted sister & newspaper partner, that orange-furred Bunny with smart guy spectacles called Lori Bunny.

She came to see me in mah bedroom. I guessed maybe 4or a visit. Or maybe to talk newspaper work, since it had been awhile.

"I have a present 4or you, Algernon," she said, smiling.

"Oh, wow, what is it?" I asked eagerly. We sat down together on mah bed. My silly Bumping brother called Alexander Puppy lives on the other bed, but he was not around.

"Well, I had this idea that maybe you could record your thoughts, or even interview someone along your story's way, with this," & she took out of her little knapsack & showed me what looked like a necklace.

"Princess Crissy helped me make it," she added with smiling nod.

"Tricky smile magick?" I asked.

She smiled & nodded again.

I looked closer & saw the necklace had a pretty little pine cone

hanging from it. "From the White Woods?" I asked. Just a hunch, this.

Lori nodded more.

"How does it, um, work?" I never thought I would ask this about a pine cone.

Lori said, "When you want to record your talk, you just touch it gently with your paw, & say, 'time to listen.' When you want to stop, you touch the pine cone & say, 'time to nap.' And when you want to hear what you recorded, you say, 'time to tell.'"

I listened so close to her like it was Mister Owl teaching, but this wasn't too hard to learn really.

"Why didn't Crissy come too, to give it to me?" I asked.

Lori adjusted her smart guy spectacles & thought a moment. "She wasn't sure it would work with your beagleboy journalistic ways. I told her I would explain it, & say how you could have her change it any way that you like. You can try it like a field test during your next story."

Hmm. Bashful Crissy, not to my likings. But I agreed to try.

So I had just come with the weird glowing & hmmming envelope into the hallway of Bags End near the Bunny Family's apartment where I live, when I remembered mah Pine Cone Necklace.

So like Lori had taught me, I touched it gently & said, "Time to listen." I remembered also that Lori promised me that mah ramblings would still become straight & true newspaper English, as is my wish.

Anyway, so this was now the field test of this magick Crissy White Woods Pine Cone Necklace.

I was now standing in front of the famous Marie the Traveler picture that shows her barefooted in her White Woods clearing of maybe-Emandian Faeries.

Here was the hard part. Closing mah eyes, & forgetting this was a picture, & remembering it was a kind of strange doorway to the Creature Common.

I have gotten better at this with practice. I helded my breath a little, & thought about those Creature friends, & then walked on through. No banging mah nozebone this time neither.

And I arrived. On the landing of the Creature Common. And there I found mah friend Larry the Spyder Creature!

"Algernon Beagle!" he said. He is orange & black, & pretty small, but his eyes glitter big & bright as anything.

"Hi, Larry!" I said, sort of forgetting why I was here for a minute.

We sorta hugged best we could, being 2 really different sizes, & then kinda stayed put on the landing, sitting close like friends together.

"How are you?" Larry asked me.

I showed him the glowing & hmmming envelope in mah paws, & how mah name was written on it in fancy writings.

"What was inside?" he asked curiously.

"Well, it was a poster for what looked like a Carnival starring all you Creatures here," I said, wondering at how much weirder this sounded now.

Larry nodded. "O, of course. X's Creature Carnival."

"Is it here? I didn't think this place was big enough."

"Well, usually it travels through the White Woods," Larry explained.

"In the Great Clearing?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he said.

Hmm. "I don't get it, Larry. Do you Creatures live here or in this Carnival?"

Larry's eyes got brighter & glittery-er. "One, none, many, Algernon."

O. "So both? Or all 3?"

Larry nodded before me. Then he said, "If you got the invitation, & come all this way, does that mean you will go?"

I thought. "Yes. I mean, you guys live in mah Neighborhood, & I like to write about you sometimes. I think it will be fun."

"O, it is," agreed Larry excitedly.

"So, um, do we need to traipse to the White Woods to visit it?"

"I'm not sure. We should ask X. He is the Carnival Master."

So what happened next is that Larry climbed up on mah nozebone, & together we walked into the main Creature Common room where they all seem to live. Not in bags, though, like Bags End, but on some bureaus. They always look comfortable there.

We climbed carefully up & among Creatures sitting in neat levels of rows going up, until we came to a row of handsome-looking Bears. I thought I knew some of them, & they were in that strange poster too.

Last in the row of them was X that nicely scarved Carnival Master. We said hi to each other, & I showed him mah invitation's envelope.

"Did you send this letter with this poster of the Creature Carnival?" I asked. "I just wasn't sure, but it seemed like an invitation to me."

X nodded. "I'm sure it was. And I think it was probably me who sent it from the Carnival."

"But where is it, & how do I get there? Can you help me?"

X put his paw on his chin to think. "Algernon, you are very liked by all of us here, & if this was danger, we would try to protect you. But clearly the Creatures in the Carnival want you to come see them."

"But I don't know how," I said again.

X smiled his white furry-faced smile at me. "Maybe you should come tonight to our gathering, & ask everyone. There are probably a few ways to get there."

This sounded OK, I guess. I suppose talking to the whole Creature Common might be nice & informative too.

So here I am now, Dear Readers, talking into mah Pine Cone Necklace, among X & many other friendly Creatures in this Common.

Everybody is napping, which is how this growing-ever-longer story started out for me.

Still, it's nice to have Crissy's & Lori's Pine Cone Necklace gift to talk into, & being among these mostly napping Creatures is a nice thing too. I hope they know mah answers.

* * * * *

Talking to the Whole Creature Common!

Well, then, here I am, a little & more nervous to be talking to the whole Creature Common, with mah questions about the Creature Carnival, & mah received strange invitation to it.

I am talking into the Pine Cone Necklace around mah neckbone, a gift from Princess Crissy & Lori Bunny. Crissy wanted me to test drive it or whatever. I mean, it's not a BunnyCycle or a Boat-Wagon, but I told Lori I would try.

So this is what happened next. A long day of napping into the evening led into something I've been doing for awhile. What happens many Saturday nights is that mah friend CC, who live in the Creature Common with that nice

Page End News
 No. 423 October 8, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Jan Bunney

Tawking too thee Hol
Kreechur Kommon!

Ermy ^{nuuz-pup} storey I rit is a lifel bitt
 di' rent & a lifel bitt thee sam.
 I Lik it mit bee another Bekey-
 Bunny Pilling late's formr. Jones ad.
 summun storey.
 Orr it cood bee wun of thoz
 exp'd shuns mah a dapp'd sist
 & Mayer of it.
 Bunny likes it.
 An all so
 thoz in's Kree
 Kommon. An su
 too troupe o
 orr Dream an
 bitt lokel ne
 full storey.

Page End News
 No. 423 October 15, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Jan Bunney

Howie Will
 CC Rite Uss for The
 Creechur Kommon!

Wil itz verree troo thadt I
 gumm lucky too hav me nee togeell
 & deary needs it mah nuuz-pup
 itz all so troo thadt I dont' much
 awften needs who' gyz whoo
 rit lik I doo. Gys inn Bagzend
 & thee Kreechur Kommon bevelly
 too othr guind & intresting things
 misted.

Thee ^{three} exp'd shuns I
 wo are ~~wun~~ a old dear friende
 & wun ~~prnty~~ nuuz wun still.
^{Wun} is Mah deer trend Princess
 Chrisnah orr Crissy stoonyum
 friendly too sekret bloojeers
 und tawny dresses, whoo in's

lady Miss Kassi, he invites me to read stories from mah beloved newspaper 4or the listeners to his radio program, called "Within's Within," & a lot more words, but I remember those best.

So when CC came that night & found me in the Creature Common, he said, "I invite you, Algernon Beagle, to read another story from your fine newspaper 4or my listeners' edumatainment!"

Of course I went right along with him, & I knowed too that he collects all the copies of Bags End News, & he loans them to me to read on his show.

I was reading the stories I rited about those strange little colored Secret Books. There are usually Creatures around listening, & that Holly the grey Hedgedyhog squeaks his kind, um, thankee squeaks to me, when I'm done & off the microphone.

Eventually what happened was that all of us ended up being brung to a nice basement place they sometimes call the Saturday Room, but then more scarilly sometimes the Juice Room. O! Juice! Yuk!

They gathered in a kind of big circle, with CC & Miss Kassi sorta presiding. Oh, & that fancy computer Eurydice that those guys watch TV shows on. Crazy new century.

But, be4ore any of the usual events & doings, came me. X the white-furred Bear with handsome scarf explained how I had received a strange invitation to the Creature Carnival. And I wanted to know how to get there.

"I thought we all could decide on the best way 4or Algernon to go," finished X with a smile at me.

I was sorta perched on CC's lap as he sat on a funny-looking gray rocking couch next to Miss Kassi.

Everyone was sorta looking toward CC 4or talkings.

CC looked around at everyone & smiled his nice smile & then talked,

"Miss Kassi & I didn't know until not long ago that the Creature Carnival is still going on now. Or that all these Creatures still live in the caves & tunnels under the Tangled Gate on the Island, & in the White Woods of course."

"One, none, many?" I asked timidly.

CC nodded.

I talked some more. "I know those words cuz I hear them a lot, but I don't always know what they mean."

CC nodded again. "It's not easy. But it has to do with time, Algernon."

"Time?" I repeated dumbly.

CC nodded. "Creatures have lived together in a number of places throughout history. And they still do."

"So, one, none, many?" I asked.

CC nodded. "So the Creature you see here with us," & he pointed around. "MeZmer. Holly. Pirth. Bauer the Bear. Even that little Pandy Bear Rosalita. All of them live in other places & times too."

I looked around at all these friendly faces looking at me. Thinked. Thinked hard.

Sometimes, tho, it's not thinking harder that gets you there. It's just nodding & accepting what's strange to be true.

So I nodded. I accepted.

I looked around again, at CC & Miss Kassi & everyone gathered around me in this friendly Saturday Room.

"OK, strange & wonderful Commonards, what I need to do is what I guess you guys don't need to do very much, or at all. I need to travel from here to your Creature Carnival," I talked longly.

Now all these Creatures had listened really good. I knowed this was

true. And when I was done, there was a whole lot of wordless sniffings 4or awhile. I was guessing nobody had ever done this be4ore, or asked how?

I looked at CC. "Have you ever been to the Carnival, or the Island, or the other places?"

CC shooked his head. "I mostly only rite about them."

"How do you know about all of them then?" I demanded, but then thinked up mah own answer. "The Itch?"

This, Dear Readers, just to remind, is what inspires CC to tell stories of the Travelers Marie, Joe, Derek the Islander, & Daniel, as they & their friends, usually the Creatures, go from strange place to strange place, on the Island & all over, & have their strange adventures. All this has to do with a strange Author that I tolded about in Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers!

CC nodded this to be true of course.

Then an idear came to me that was so strange I snorted at me to think it.

"What, Algernon?" asked CC & Miss Kassi together, & all the Creatures sorta sniffed curiously.

"Rite me to the Carival!" I said, feeling ridiculous mostly, but not quite all.

CC looked, um, amazed? Confused? Both?

I continue on, like I knowed it all easy now. "You can come too. See, all these Creatures are already there. But you & me aren't. So you gotta rite us there!"

Now I expected to be tolded I was nuts! Even, surely nuts!

But, after a moment of sniffing & talklessness, Miss Kassi said, "It's a good idea. You always wanted to know more anyway. So you & Algernon can go. Rite it, CC!"

CC still looked shocked. "Um. OK. Yes. Sure. Next Saturday night, Algernon, if you will come back, I will rite us to the Creature Carnival!"

So that was all weirdly decided, & now CC invited me to their fun Creature Date of reading good storybooks & watching TV shows on that Eurydice. Who was I to say no to such good folks?

* * * * *

How Will CC Write Us to the Creature Carnival?

While it's very true that I am lucky to have many loyal Dear Readers of mah newspaper, it's also true that I don't much often meet other guys who rite like I do. Guys from Bags End & the Creature Common usually do other good & interesting things instead.

The 3 exceptions I know of are 2 old dear friends & 1 pretty new one still.

One is mah dear friend Princess Chrisakah, or Crissy to everyone friendly to secret blue jeans under fancy dresses, who lives with her bestus buddy Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, in Imagianna. She rites really good storybooks about strange places, like the Tangled Gate & the Red Bag. She is really good even if she is very humble about it.

I know Boop rites too, cuz he was mah Apprentice Report once, & stopped being one to rite his epic, which I heard a nice good bit of one time.

The third one is mah new friend CC, who lives in the Creature Common. With Crissy, she rites about these strange magickal places she knows & has been in. Boop does too.

With CC, tho, like I said be4ore, he rites down stories he is itched to tell by a strange Author Guy who looks like him, but is another one. CC. Author Guy, Ramie the Toy Tall Boy. One, none, many.

And it was together with CC that we had come up with a good idea 4or getting to the Creature Carnival but, honest Abe, I did not know how our weird ideas would become us being there.

I did what I promised to tho, & came back to the Creature Common the next Saturday to see how CC would figure it all out. Of course, like I also tolded be4ore, I came to be a reading guest on CC's radio program, but sticked around after 4or this.

All the Creatures were gathered together again in a friendly circle in the Saturday Room. I was again sitted on CC's big lap where I could see & hear everything good.

CC smiled at me & all of us, & talked. "So we're going to start here, Algernon, & make our way there. Since there isn't a known & trusted way to go, we'll have to make one."

I nodded. This made sense.

CC talked some more. "I think that poster invitation of yours is part of our path. The way you described it, like a window, makes it sound like another magickal picture we all know."

I thinked, not even too long. "The Marie picture!"

CC nodded, smiling. "I think you could go to the Creature Carnival that way any time you like."

Hm. "How about you, since we are going together?"

Miss Kassi had her finger on her chin, which I knowed means thinking hard 4or some guys. The she talked. "We think CC needs to go from here, cuz its his native land."

"O," said me. "Like, um, how the Red Bags work?"

They nodded.

"So how do we do this? I thought you were gonna rite us there?"

"Yes. I am. My idea, if you agree, is 4or me to rite your newspaper about how we get there!"

Wow. Mah jaw dropped. English left me utterly. Took me a few tries to get it back.

"But mah newspaper tells what happened. It doesn't make it happen," I finally said.

Miss Kassi looked at mah confusions kindly, & skritchd mah headbone nicely. Then talked. "Well, to do this, we'll need 2 special things."

Slow to reply, skritchings being enjoyed, I finally said, "Which ones?"

"One is your Pine Cone Necklace."

I nodded. "OK, check."

"And 2 is some tricky smile magick!" she said, all pleased.

"O! That's Princess Crissy's magick!" I cried.

They nodded.

So that is the now very elaborate plan to get CC & your old pal Algernon to the Creature Carnival together. It involves now 2 of the writers I know about. Not Boop. Yet.

I can't say 4or sure there wasn't some easier way to do this. Maybe, maybe not.

But it seemed like this plan had lots of friends &, um, panache to it. That's a fancy word Sheila taught me. It sort of means something fun with style. And I keep remembering how Mister Owl teachd about how there are many ways to do things in the world. I like learning.

Baggs End News

DOUBLE ISSUE!

No. 424/425 October 22-29, 2016

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunnip

Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lory Bunnip

Guest Writer: CC

Kreechur Karnival Arrive!!

Yor old pall & beegelboye
jennelizt Algernonn has triyd
too, leen mor & mor too, keepe
mah iyes & mah eers & mah
braynbay wid opm az I kann for
home thiz wetld iz bier & weerd
& evn sumtimz bettr thann I
hadd thinkd. I pess itz bettr
too triy too keepe upp thann
jest gett slowr & mor konfoost
-izing. Yu mit ask mee. Well,
ay, itz bekawz of thiss kurent
storre I ammi tellin.

I hadd thinkd thatt heer

So once again CC & Miss Kassi invited me to stay 4or the rest of their Creature Date. And what I like too at these fun events is when this lady called the Great Explainer shows up to tell us all about the TV shows we just saw. She looks a little like Miss Kassi, & just as friendly.

The Creatures, I have long learned, don't speak English natively like me. CC says they are spooked by the English. Hmm. Sounds like I feel about Bump language.

Eventually, the all-night festivities ended at sunrise time, & I was sent with many kisses & hugs back to Bags End.

I couldn't sleep tho, so I crawled out mah bedroom window, careful not to wake up my sleeping brother Alex, & I sat in mah comfy armchair 4or awhile, watching the sun slowly come up, & the colors change along the way.

I eventually started to doze, but I remember thinking how it sure would be nice if mah many friends &, um, not-so-friends in Bags End could go to the Carnival too.

I even wondered if that was why the Carnival Creatures sent me a poster portal? 4or more than just me to come?

These seemed like maybe good idears to tell CC & Miss Kassi next time I seen them. In the meanwhile, the colors of the sunrise were coming closer, friendly tho, & they felt warm & soft like blankets. Purple, pink, yellow, red, green, like a rainbow blanket. Nice way to find mahself sleeping.

* * * * *

Creature Carnival Arrival!

Your old pal & beagleboy journalist Algernon has tried to learn more & more to keep mah eyes & mah ears & mah brainbone wide open as I can 4or how this world is bigger & weirder & even sometimes better than I had thought. I guess it's better to try to keep up than just get slower & more confused.

"Why the long bit of philosophy?" you might ask me. Well, guy, it's because of this current story I am telling.

I had thought that here & there were 2 places, & you had to travel by your own ways to get from one to the other. If you were Sheila Bunny, you would probably use your BunnyCycle. If you were the Blondys 3, you would float your way.

And if you were someone like me, you would use however many feets or paws you had to get there.

Ahh, Dear Readers, but there are other ways. And that is what this story seems to be about. The tricky thing about telling it is that different places have different idears about the whole to-&-from idear. Some have ways strange to me, even as I try to learn them.

At first, I didn't know this. I thought it was strange but not too strange to get a strange letter delivered straight to mah comfy armchair, inviting me to the Creature Carnival, wherever that may be.

But I guess I had been fooled by mah usual thinkings. Because when I come to the Creature Common 4or some answers on how to get to the Creature Carnival, what I learned was that Creatures live in different places & times, all at once. One, none, many. So they didn't need to go to the Carnival in order to be there.

Luckily tho, CC, who also isn't already there, volunteered to go with me. So here was the plan 4or using the poster, mah Pine Cone Necklace, CC riting mah newspaper, & Princess Crissy's tricky smile magick to get me & CC there.

Almost too much? I usually don't say so. And I wasn't this time either, yet, but I was sure wondering from head to pawbones.

So CC is gonna rite mah newspaper, & he is more sure of spelling words & all that, so you should probably enjoy reading him pretty well. I will be back soon. Promise.

This is CC writing Algernon Beagle's wonderful newspaper right now. It's all part of my grand scheme to get Algernon & me, & others too, to the Creature Carnival.

Well, "to"? Sort of. For you see, as Algernon was saying, it doesn't really work like that for this. Hence, the grand scheme.

Miss Kassi smiled at me & said, "You would make a grand scheme at the drop of a hat! Or less!" She is more right than not.

But this probably needed it more than most. Did the Creatures in the Carnival know Algernon would come to me for help? I don't know. Could I have gone with him through the poster he has hanging on Milne's Porch? Maybe. But I had the feeling that it was supposed to work some other way.

What I decided to do was have us both go from our own native homelands at the same time, & see if we both arrived there at the same time.

So that's why, Algernon Beagle, I borrowed your Pine Cone Necklace & read all these words into it. So that when you are done listening, you know it's time to climb up on your comfortable armchair, & close your eyes, & step on through the picture portal.

And your friend Princess Crissy is watching you because, as you do this, I will be brought to the Carnival then too because of what I write at the end of this page & you are listening to right now.

Ready? Here goes:

"As Algernon Beagle listens to these words, he climbs up on his comfy armchair, closes his eyes, & steps through the poster to the Carnival, & so too CC in the Creature Common closes his eyes to sleep, & to dream, & to borrow Princess Crissy's *Hekk stick* to find his way to the Creature Carnival too, & wake up safely right near to where Algernon Beagle arrives."

Hi again, Dear Readers. You can probably tell by the funny accent back on the page that your old pal Algernon Beagle is back as usual.

I am talking into mah Pine Cone Necklace as CC & I walk to the Creature Carnival, which is still a ways from where we arrived. Just like in that poster.

I found CC near where I came, & he was sorta waking up like he had slept his way here. Then he tolded me he really had.

First, tho, he jumped up & down cheering, & saying, "My grand scheme worked! Won't Miss Kassi be pleased!"

I nodded & guessed that she would.

"Is your Pine Cone Necklace recording?" he asked with a smile.

I nodded. I noticed that he had what looked like Crissy's *Hekk stick* near him. Now I getted it.

CC stood, taller than me, but not so much like in the Creature Common. Better 4or traveling together, I guess.

He looked around us, so I did too. We were alongside a road, near a big tree. There were brown fields around us, & not much else.

But there in the distance was the Carnival! It had quite a few big tents, & one biggest of all sorta in the middle.

CC nodded, smiled friendly at me, & said, "Yonder is your story, beagleboy journalist!"

I agreed. Otherwise, not much story at all.

So we began to walk together toward the Carnival. CC was dressed in long kind of raggedy clothes, but I remembered Miss Kassi telling me this is

what he liked. So that's good.

CC hmm'd a nice hmm as we walked along. The sky was a pretty blue, & it was cool 4or walking.

Since he mentioned about me being a beagleboy journalist & all, I decided to ask some questions.

"Where are we?"

CC smiled & looked around him again. "I think near the White Woods."

"But I don't see no trees but the one back there! You can't have a Woods with just one tree!"

CC nodded agreeably. "Well, regular Woods."

This was one of those answers I was talking about be4ore that it was just smartest to say OK to. At least 4or now. So I nodded & asked the other question on mah mind. "When are we?"

CC laughed like he liked this question even more. "I think a long time ago compared to our own days, Algernon."

"So somewhere in the hard to see but one tree White Woods, & long ago in the past?"

CC nodded.

"Don't you think it's, um, strange?" I said this feeling a little dum & simple-minded. Why was I so bothered anyway?

CC stopped us. "It's like X tolded you, Algernon. You're in no danger here. The Creatures wanted you to visit."

I thinked 4or a minute, & CC waited 4or me patiently.

He was right. I decided to open mah mind wider, & see what it was like here. So I nodded at him. "OK."

We walked along till we came to the big sign at the entrance.

"It says 'Welcome All to X's Creature Carnival of Misteries & Wonders,' readed CC to me. Then he said more, "And in smaller letters below, it says, '4or Those Lost.'"

Hmm. "What does that mean?"

"I've seen it be4ore. On the Tangled Gate. On the box of colored threads. I think it's friendly, even if it's a little obscure."

I nodded, 4or lack of any smart words. I thinked I had seen those words too.

We looked around, & saw the Carnival up close. Lots of tents of different sizes & colors. But nobody was around at first, so I wasn't sure what we should do.

That's when CC started rummaging around in his pockets, & pulled out some folded up pages & a pencil too.

"What are those, CC?" I asked.

"Well, these are my Carnival notes of all the many things I've learned from the Creatures."

"Will your notes help us find everyone here?"

CC readed carefully through his pages, mumbling things as he did. He nodded at me.

"X has his wagon toward the back of the Carnival, so let's walk to that."

So CC led me past all of the empty stalls & tents & booths, toward a trailer wagon near the back, like he said.

It's painted white, & said "X" over the door.

CC stepped up, & knocked.

"X? Are you in there? It's CC & I've brought Algernon Beagle too. Are you in there?" CC called.

We waited. The door opened, & X the white-furred Bear was looking out

at us, wearing his handsome hat & scarf. Smiling friendly.

"Come in! Come in, my friends!" he said in his friendly gruff voice. And we did.

X had a lot of pictures of the Carnival on the walls of his trailer. All sorts of Creatures in per4ormance. MeZmer, Jacoby, Giraffes, & Bears, & so on.

On his desk was some big books, & pencils next to them. I guessed 4or keeping Carnival records.

And his bed was in the back with some warm-looking pillows & blankets on them.

We sat on a bench near his desk.

"How are you, my friends?" he asked, still very friendly.

CC & I looked at each other. CC said, "Confused. Where is everybody?"

"What do you mean?"

"All the Creatures. The whole Carnival!"

X put his paw on his chin, thinking. He then talked, looking at me especially. "Did you get our invitation?"

I nodded. "So I went to see CC, & that's how we came here."

X laughed. "No! No! No! We were telling you that we were coming there, to Bags End!"

Well, our jaws dropped in synchrony.

CC's jaw raised first & he talked. "But why are you here?"

X, still smiling, said, "Well, I'm always the last to leave. I check everything 4or safety, & then I come."

"So the rest of you guys are in Bags End right now?" I asked. Mah jaw still wasn't up.

X nodded. "We're there to put on a show 4or all of you."

I looked at CC. He shrugged & smiled. "I guess we should be going to Bags End then."

I nodded. X nodded. "I was all done here. We can leave when you're ready."

"I hope it's easier to get back," I said, still friendly, but a little meanly to CC, I guess.

He nodded agreeably tho. "I used a grand scheme to get us here."

X laughed & seemed to understand. He made a paw gesture to me, like 2 of the letter C. O. OK. I nodded, yah. CC. We both like him tho.

And it was a lot easier getting back. X pushed back a green-&-gold curtain next to his desk that we hadn't noticed, & there was the same poster as I got on Milne's Porch!

"Don't worry. We can all go this way," X said to our worried faces.

So it was that without injury we all stepped through that poster, & back onto Milne's Porch!

Only one Creature was there. That nice brown Monkey fellow called Jacoby, or Jumping Jacoby by when he per4orms.

He nodded at us all politely, but looked me most directly, like respecting that he was on mah Porch. Not used to such respect locally, but OK, Creatures are just like that. I nodded back.

Then he looked at X to give his report. "Sheila Bunny has welcomed everyone, & is giving a tour of Bags End."

"She is?" I asked. This seemed strange, but then I remembered she is a good friend to MeZmer the White Bunny. And I guessed she is in show business too, with her "The Sheila Show" & all.

So we one by one climbed through mah bedroom window, & there were beset by an often-annoying figure. Mah silly Bumping brother Alexander

Puppy, of course.

He was very excited, & extra full of his Bumping fake language madnnesses. Worse still, I saw no real & fake language knowing green-eyed guy called Allie Leopard around to help.

Now I admit to being a little more friendly to Bump language these days, having had a Bump lesson & all not too long ago, but I was in the middle of a story 4or mah beloved newspaper, & these Creature Carnival guys were guests.

But CC & Jacoby & X were OK with Alex. They don't speak Bump language at all, but they do smile & hug a lot. And so it was more OK than his & mah usual verbal brawlings.

Then Alex abruptly turned & led us through the Bunny Family apartment, & I made a guess.

"I think maybe he is usefully leading us to Sheila & your fellow Creatures!" I said, more excited than I thought.

They smiled. We hurried.



To be continued in Cenacle | 123 | Summer 2023!

* * * * *





Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival? Part 2

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Creature Carnival in Bags End?

It's funny how sometimes a story can have a sort of strange trick inside of it. Nothing mean, but then it's different afterwards.

You see, Dear Readers, I had thoughted from when the strange Creature Carnival poster had arrived to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch, in its glowing & hmming envelope, that I had to find mah way to get there, wherever there was. And along the way to get mah friend CC from the Creature Common there too.

4or I had traveled to the Creature Common more than once & picked up CC as a traveling companion & sort-of Creature advisor. Unlike everyone else in the Common, he doesn't live in the Carnival too. I guess that his pretty lady friend Miss Kassi doesn't live there either, but she didn't have the itch

Bags End News
 No 406 November 5, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Kreechur Karnivall inn Baggonde?

Itz' any howe sumtinz a storey
 Kann hav a sort of strang frikk
 insid ut itt. Nothing meen butt thenn
 itz' different attruwerz.

Ye seey, dear needrs, I hadd
 thawted from werrn thee strang
 Kreechur Karnivall poster hadd arrivd
 too Mah Kuntrey drincher onn Milhse
 Porch, inn itz' going a hummyngh
 Envelope, thatt I hadd too find
 apin waye too gett theer, weer evr
 theer wez. An allong the waye too
 gett Mah trend o'

Kreechur Komon theer
 for I hadd trav
 Kreechur Komon mo

Bags End News
 No 407 November 12, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunney
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunney

Bilding thee Kreechur Karnivell Corande Produkshun!

From wat vor old beegel boye
 jernelisst pall Algernon Beegel
 hazz seed inn hiz tims, wen
 yu gett a bunch of bigg yuz inn
 a rum, mosstly brads will
 brak out, & lattel yuz besst bee
 taking kuvr.

Butt yuz from thee Kreechur
 Komon ar nott lik thatt & wen
 thay ar around, nobody ells
 iz eethr.

Itz' nott thatt eny wun
 ells iz badd prr lesss an watevr
 yuz ar wat thay ar, butt itz'
 mor lik thee Kreechur sort of a
 um, inspir eny wun too want too

to travel this time.

But what happened to me & CC when we finally traveled our way to the Creature Carnival was that we only found X the Carnival Master, & he explained that the Carnival was coming to us in Bags End.

And so here we were, then, back in Bags End, me & CC following his fellow Commonards X & Jumping Jacoby from mah Milne's Porch, into mah bedroom, & then following along behind mah highly dubious Bumping brother called Alexander Puppy.

While on the one paw, I was very excited that the Creature Carnival was arrived to Bags End, I guess I was worried whether mah brawling homeland folks would behave or not.

Well, I guessed I would see soon enough because Alex brung us right straight to Sheila Bunny's Throne Room. I wondered if that was the first place on her tour 4or them of Bags End. Probably.

Now I am not the most deeply imagining guy around, so I could not begin to wonder what we would find. But a deep breath, & a nod, & push through the door with the crown picture on it.

First of all, there was a weird sort of map to see. Maps are usually flat pieces of paper you look at on the floor or on a table. Simple, right?

No, not this one at all. It sort of floated in the air, like a Blondy, & it looked like it showed a bunch of places, but you saw the one that you were facing.

And the room was full of big guys & fellas, all the important ones too.

Sheila Bunny, of course, & she was ignoring me from the moment she saw X & CC & Jacoby.

But also Princess Crissy of Imagianna, who very much didn't ignore me with her friendly-4or-all-including-me smile.

I pointed to the Pine Cone Necklace around mah neck, her & Lori Bunny's gift to me 4or recording stories & interviews & stuff.

"Do you like it?" she asked, though too shy 4or her & me.

With so many here, I decided not to lecture her on shyness with dear friends. So I nodded & said, "It's really good, Crissy. I like it a lot." She smiled like a local happy star.

Just then Lori Bunny herself came up to me & I remembered the reporter's fedorah on mah head.

She started explaining the weird map even be4ore I could ask. In truth, she was who tolded me it was a map.

"It shows all of our local Neighbors. Bags End, Imagianna, the White Woods, Dreamland, the Bunny Pillow Farm, & the Creature Common. You rotate it with your paw to see each one," Lori explained as she adjusted her little smartguy spectacles.

Hmm. That's when I noticed Betsy Bunny Pillow & that tricky-but-OK guy Benny Big Dreams. Like I said, lotta big guys here.

So I thinked my question best I could. "But why, Lori? Why all this?" I asked.

"Because, Beagle," said Sheila, both annoyed & explaining, "I convinced X that we want to share the Carnival with all of our local Neighbors."

X nodded, smiling. He is a nicely scarved white-furred Bear Creature, with a handsome black hat too. He said, "And Princess Crissy made us all this map so we could plan it out together."

Crissy smiled, tricky & pleased. I could see how she could come up with this strange & wonderful idear.

"OK, then. How do we do all the Neighbors?" I asked. "1 at a time?"

"That's what we were still deciding, Algernon," Crissy said, still

smiling.

I looked at X, who had his paw on his chin like he had a good thought making itself right now. A familiar move among his Creature folks.

"What is it, X?" whisper-asked Betsy Bunny Pillow, who had been quiet until now. I think she respects Creatures because Dorris is one of them, & her Partner Pillows, & they are important Pillows, I guess.

X said, "We have an event that goes on in the White Woods every turn of the calendar. 2 really. The Rutabaga Festival & Fleastock."

What was strange, Dear Readers, was that when he said those words I sorta stumbled in mah mind over the word "Rutabaga."

It was like some kind of a very important word to me, but that I had 4orgottted all about. And was now sorta remembering. But what did it mean? I thought. Twice again. Then shook mah head. Nothing.

"Algernon, are you OK?" asked Crissy, smiling her no-fooling-smile at me.

I nodded because it would sound silly to be felled low by a strange word. Like fleeing a poster. Not even the likes of me would do it.

X talked more. "So our friends the Royal Thumbs were going to turn Fleastock this year into a class in how to make a Grand Production, like they do."

Everyone nodded & was impressed by this. I agreed.

"And then they decided it would be a Grand Production about the Creature Carnival," he said some more.

More nods & general being impressed sounds. I agreed more!

"And now it turns out that this Grand Production will be done by all the local Neighbors!" said someones just arrived to this Throne Room.

Dressed in their royal crowns & capes, it was none other than those handsome Royal Thumbs!

Wow, Dear Readers!

Just wow . . .

* * * * *

Building the Creature Carnival Grand Production!

From what your old beagleboy journalist pal Algernon Beagle has seen in his days, when you get a bunch of big guys in a room, mostly brawls will break out, & so little guys best be taking cover.

But guys from the Creature Common are not like that, & when they are around, nobody else is either.

It's not that everyone else is bad or less or whatever, guys are what they are, but it's more like Creatures sort of, um, inspire everyone to want to work together.

I have rited often about their Grand Productions, & everyone agrees they are the finest of fine entertainers.

Now the creators of those Grand Productions, the Royal Thumbs, had invited all of us Neighbors to join together in the making of their newest Grand Production about the Creature Carnival.

And it looked like all the big guys you could ask 4or were ready to help. Sheila Bunny's Throne Room was chock full of Sheila, Princess Crissy of Imagianna, Betsy Bunny Pillow of, I guess mostly now, the Dream Pillow Farm, Benny Big Dreams that tricky oneironautical fellow of Dreamland, & X & Jacoby & CC of Creature Common. That was 5 of the local Neighbors anyway.

"What about the, um, White Woods?" I asked, like I was just one of the

rest & belonged here, full of talkings & idears.

Sheila disagreed. She pointed her paw at me like surely it was time 4or me to be going. I was ready to turn tail, be4ore having it turned 4or me, when Crissy said, "Wait, Algernon! Look on your nose!"

"Mah nozebone?" Since it's long, I could see some of it.

I looked closer & closer, & could maybe see what looked like the tiniest little fellas ever!

"Those are Thought Fleas," explained X nicely to me.

I tried not to panic. "Do they bite?" I remembered them a little from another Grand Production, but them suddenly on mah nozebone spooked me good.

"No!" said X, smiling me kindly. "We just call them that because they are tiny, & they can help with sad or troubling thoughts."

"O," I calmed.

"And they live in the White Woods," he said more.

O. "OK," I said, & then remembered mah alleged famous manners. "Hi, little Fleas. I am glad you don't bite. And you are officially welcomed onto mah nozebone. I remember your per4orming talents well."

These little guys seemed to wave at me in a nice way, & so I guessed I could be their safe conveyance through Bags End.

I took mah chances here, but nodded & talked on. "It's a great idear to have all us Neighbors help with this, um, Fleastock? Wait! These little guys?"

Everyone nodded.

Hmm. I stumbled on with mah question. "Well, it's just that each place is different from you Creatures & your many talents. Maybe we should find a way to create a Grand Production like that?" I finished but felt like mah steam had long run out.

There was quiet 4or a minute. I figgered it was just to decide who wanted to mock me first & most, & I betted Sheila Bunny's hometown mockings would win out.

But when she talked, it was instead to shock & say, "Yes, Beagle. Good idear."

Then everyone talked, & no mock in any of it.

I just listened 4or awhile, because there was enough smart big guys here to figger this out good.

Soon they were all gathered around Crissy's Floating Map of all of the local Neighbors.

The Royal Thumbs then said the most important thing, though I still don't know how they talk, being fingers & all.

"To make each Neighbor's act in the Grand Production, we could travel from one to the next doing our teaching & getting their per4ormers ready & rehearsed."

Everyone nodded & smiled & agreed on this.

"And perhaps Algernon Beagle can come with you to rite about it all?" asked X, & only because he is one of those nice Creature guys did I believe he wasn't joking a whole lot.

"And so he can travel with the Thought Fleas who can help with the setting up work & getting everything ready?" asked Crissy, but I could not figger out how these words matched up to the tiny little crowds on mah nozebone.

But nobody else thinked this was nothing but a good idear.

"And they will also keep some Thought Fleas attending to the Rutabagas of course," whispered Betsy Bunny Pillow, & I twice marveled at her knowing & caring about anyone but herself, & that strange word "Rutabaga" again.



"Algernon?" said Crissy, suddenly up close & smiling me.

I shook mah head clear, & a question popped out mah mouth promptly.

"I would be happy to travel with these nice little Thought Fleas, but I can't talk to them. Can you big guys help?" I asked somewhat 4orlornly.

No need to 4orlorn though. Not with dear friend Crissy in the crowd.

"Well, it was Benny's bright idear," she said, & pointed to mah Pine Cone Necklace.

I almost 4orgot it was there.

"I like this Necklace a lot, but how can it help?" I asked.

"Well, now it's a microphone that hears & tells even the little voices of the Thought Fleas," Crissy said, full of her tricky smile magicks.

"Hello, Algernon Beagle! We are so happy to meet you up close, & work with you on the Fleastock Grand Production!" said what sounded like a whole passel of little voices close to mah face.

"O! Hi, little guys! Nice to meet you too!" I said friendly.

So it seemed like it was settled. I tolded the Royal Thumbs & the tiny Thought Fleas that I had to get mahself ready 4or our trip to all of the Neighbors, & they should come to Milne's Porch in a few days to get going.

Wow, what great things can sometimes happen when big guys get together & cooperate!

* * * * *

Traveling with the Royal Thumbs & Thought Fleas!

As much as I love mah native homeland called Bags End, & all of its nice & weird com4orts, I am lucky too as a beagleboy journalist to have good reason to travel to other places to get good stories 4or mah beloved newspaper.

And this time around, I was lucky to be traveling with new friends too. There was the Royal Thumbs, whose Grand Productions are famous both near & far. I noticed that they usually kept that nice CC guy nearby. He seemed to be agreeable to serving their needs, like a sort of traveling servant.

The other friends were a group I had just met, called Thought Fleas, riding tiny & numberless on mah very own nozebone!

But not yet. Be4ore we began our Fleastock training tour of all of the local Neighbors, I asked 4or a little time to get ready.

I can't say I knew what that meant really. I just wanted a little time to think mah own thoughts, apart from all the big guys.

So I come to mah favorite thinking-&-not-thinking-sometimes-too place, which mah loyal Dear Readers will know is Milne's Porch of course.

I sat a long time in mah comfy armchair. I tried something mah good friend & newspaper partner Lori Bunny tolded me about.

"When you're trying to figger on something, Algernon," she said, adjusting her smartguy spectacles, "try not thinking at first & see what happens."

So I did, & I found out I am really good at not-thinking. I seemed to go on & on, not-thinking, till I panicked that I couldn't stop.

Then I kind of took a few deep breaths, & relaxed. And again. Still not quite enough, so I tried something else. I began to hmmm like Creatures do.

This helped even more because it seems like hmmming is something other than either thinking or not-thinking. It's like it clears the way ahead in your mind 4or whatever you want to do.

I hmmmd with mah cracked beagle voice 4or probably a very long time,

until the way in mah mind opened up, & I saw what I had never quite see'd be4ore.

These Grand Productions are like mah newspaper! I know it seems strange, but let me explain.

The Royal Thumbs use their stories, & their per4ormers, & their stages, & maybe a little bit of press-digit-ation, to put on their Grand Productions.

Me & mah partner Lori Bunny tell stories in mah newspaper, but use mah words to produce our issues.

With the Grand Production, you are sitting in your seat & watching. With mah newspaper, you are sitting in your seat & reading. Sort of like a same & different thing both.

I had rited about the Grand Productions a lot be4ore, but never about how they were made. I guess it was new & exciting to do. But maybe I felt a little bit unsure of it all too.

Which is why, Dear Readers, I have brung back one of mah newspaper's oldest & most beloved features.

* * * * *

Interview with the Royal Thumbs!

I will say to begin that this interview took place in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. And the Thumbs' servant CC was there, in case he was needed. The Thumbs very 4ormally weared their crowns & capes, but were very friendly otherwise.

AB - Hello, Royal Thumbs!

RT - Hello, Algernon Beagle! We always like reading your fine newspaper, or hearing you read it on the radio DJ's guy's show.

AB - O, thanks, guys! I think your Grand Productions are just like their name. Grand, I mean.

RT - Thank you!

AB - But it's a new thing to be teaching how you work?

RT - Yes, we can't wait!

AB - And to be making the Grand Production with all of our local Neighbors?

RT - We think the Creature Carnival story needs everyone.

AB - Why is that?

RT - The Creature Carnival is different with each place it goes to. So we want to show that.

AB - Even Bags End? Cuz I don't think the Carnival has ever been here?

RT - Well, you have your own entertainers here.

AB - That's true.

RT - We are glad you are coming, along with our friends the Thought Fleas.

AB - O, yah, I meant to ask. Thought Fleas, are you still on mah nozebone?

TF - Yes! Hi, Algernon Beagle!

AB - Hi! What I don't understand is how these tiny little guys are going to help?

RT - Well, what we learned when we decided to do this Grand Production 4or Fleastock is that the Thought Fleas can do all sorts of helpful things when asked.

AB - Like what?

TF - You will see soon, Algernon Beagle!

Well, I guessed that was good enough to go with. I thanked the Royal Thumbs, & they climbed with CC back to Bags End. I thanked the Thought Fleas, & they sort of cheered me, & I guessed left too.

Now I was once again by mahself in mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch. I felt more ready now since I had sat hmmming & thinking things over, & also with mah interview. I thinked the Royal Thumbs had some good idears about this Grand Production, & how they wanted to do it.

I was dozing peaceably when there was a polite tap at mah Porch's window.

It was mah dear friend & newspaper partner Lori Bunny. I waved her on in to come & sit with me.

We sat, quiet good friends 4or awhile. Then she talked.

"Are you excited?"

"I think so."

"You're not sure?"

"I just want to rite a good story."

"You will. You're always a good story riter."

"O! Um. O yah. Thanks."

"Sure thing, Boss," & then she gave me a little kiss on mah furry cheekbone, & climbed back into Bags End.

Alone again. But OK. I was gonna make sure mah friends the Royal Thumbs got the best story I could do. I promised.

* * * * *

Creaure Carnival Begins Tour in Bags End!

This is such a, um, Grand Production to tell of, Dear Readers, that I am going to have to tell it a little tricky.

Now most know that telling tricky is not mah chosen way. Straight & true telling works best 4or mah simple brainbone. And I really like it best most of the time.

But along mah travels with the Royal Thumbs, & their traveling servant CC, plus the countless numbers of friendly & tiny Thought Fleas on mah nozebone, I realized that I had to think hard & dig around to get this story tolded right.

And that's when I figgered out I had to go through true this time to get to straight. I hope it all makes more sense as you read on.

The Creature Carnival guys were all come to Bags End, & I guess that is Thing #1 to tell. You might ask: where? And that would be a good question.

And the answer kind of shocked me. I will delay mah reveal no longer. It was the Red Bag!

You might ask next: why not regular Bags End? Another good question, fella. So I will rite down here what the Royal Thumbs tolded me.

"All of the local Neighbors have the Red Bag, so it connects us all in a simple way," they said, somehow.

I nodded, even tho I had never seen nothing simple about the Red Bag. Then they invited me to come see how things set up there.

So we traveled from where we were talking on Milne's Porch, on the day I'd said 4or us to start our travels together, with the Thought Fleas safely riding on mah nozebone. They were quiet like Creatures get, but I figgered they were watching close, like Creatures also do. The Thumbs led the way with CC their traveling servant.

And there was the Red Door, along a hallway of otherwise usual doors.

Bags End News
 No. 408 November 19, 2016
 Editor: Aliggon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Leri Bunnig

Traveling with thee Royal Thumz
 & Thawt Fleez

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Bags End News
 No. 409 November 26, 2016
 Editor: Aliggon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Leri Bunnig

Kreechur Karnivell Beginz
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Bags End News
 No. 410 December 3, 2016
 Editor: Aliggon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Pagle
 Written Down By: Leri Bunnig
 Apprentice: Willy Froggy

Kreechur Karniv Travels
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And through it, the Red Bag. But boy! Was it all changed!

No more red-colored hallway that ended in the door to that strange Tangled Gate.

Instead, it looked like the place CC & me had found by his tricks & ritings somewhere far away! There were tents & trailers, & many many Creatures going here & there at their tasks.

"Wow!" I said. "How did you do all this here?"

The Thumbs said, "This was all built by the Thought Fleas. We tolded them the Carnival needed to set up a place to work from. This is where the Grand Production begins too. We want the audience to see all about how the Carnival works."

"Wow," I said again, like twice was smarter.

The Thumbs said more, "All the local Neighbors will come here through their Red Bag, & walk around to visit. It's Act 1, Algernon. Go ahead. You are first."

"Can I still be mah beagleboy journalist self & ask questions?" I asked hopefully.

The Thumbs laughed. I don't know how. "Of course!"

I nodded happy. "Hey, Thought Fleas? I have a question."

"Yes, Algernon Beagle?" their tiny voices were good to hear through mah Pine Cone Necklace, now a microphone as well as a recorder. Crissy magick, of course.

"How did you guys do all this?" I pointed around me to all the Carnival structures.

"Big thoughts!" they all yelled together. I waited 4or more, but they were quiet again. Hmm.

So I walked around as first audience member of Act 1, & will try to tell what I saw. I hope all of you go too.

It was like what CC & I had see'd in that other place. But also a lotta Creatures. As I walked among the tents & booths & all, I met & talked to many a nice Creature.

There was this little friendly & big smiling Froggy guy. We had a nice chat.

"You're the famous Algernon Beagle!"

"O! shucks! Yes, I mean."

"I am a reporter too."

"Really?"

"They call me the Fine Friendly Freckled Froggily Frocked Froggy Fellow!"

"Wow!"

"But you can call me Willy Nilly."

"O. OK. What do you report on?"

"Well, I just rite little notes & sometimes show them around."

"You don't got a newspaper?"

Willy Nilly shooked his head even tho he kept smiling.

I decided right there. "I had a Apprentice Reporter once. It was fun, weirdly. Would you like to try?"

That made Willy Nilly smile even wider, if that was possible. "Just like Boop was?"

I nodded & smiled.

I asked CC to carry Willy Nilly along, & he agreed. He even had a useful pocket in his raggedy green plaid jacket to offer, 4or Willy Nilly to perch high out of & safely watch from.

"Who should I talk to next, Apprentice?" I asked.

"There are so many to meet, but let's go to the River, & see the Duckees & their Water Carnival!" Willy said, smiling from pocket.

So we all walked quite a ways along until we came to a real River. Strange to say, but it was there for sure.

And there was a group of handsome Duckees doing their clever water tricks. Their leader was a friendly yellow Duckee named Amos who kind of reminds me of Threshold, who is the Lead Lead Creature. He was sort of directing the performance.

There was KeeWee Duckee, who wore a big fun long red hat, & somehow got the other Duckees up in air, & I swear it looked like she was juggling 5 or 6 of them in a crazy high splashing formation!

Then I saw how water spouted from the River, & all the Duckees would leap up high on these spouts, & then sort of jump from one to another in strange patterns, & never crash!

I was just amazed & wanted to see more & talk to everyone, but Willy Nilly said X would enjoy talking to us now.

Mah new Apprentice Reporter was right too. Always go first to see the head guy or, um, Bear, as it may be. Maybe he would even walk around with us too, if we were lucky.

"Lead on, Apprentice!" I said, hoping no mock coming.

But Willy Nilly just smiled his big smile & pointed CC the way.

* * * * *

Creature Carnival Travels Dreamland to the Great Cavern!

Welcome to Act 2 of this Royal Thumbs' Grand Production, Dear Readers! I know it's probably shocking to read that, but I also hope that most of you have probably traveled to Act 1 by now. I think it is open to, um, experience? Since it means going through your land's Red Bag to get to the Red Bag in Bags End, where the Creature Carnival is sort of, I guess, headquartered right now.

And if you're in Oz or Wonderland or Neverland, or one of the other more famous, but still friendly to Bags End, distant fantasyland Neighbors, but still with no Red Bag to call your own, let me & Princess Crissy know & we will get you here, promise.

Also, the Royal Thumbs told me the name of this Grand Production. Though fingers, who seem to rely upon their servant CC to travel, they said, "It's called, 'Welcome to X's Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders!'"

I told those Thumbs I liked this title cuz I like titles that tell first what's to come.

Anyway, it seemed like me & mah new Apprentice Reporter Willy Nilly were getting to come along first with the travels & acts of this Grand Production. This is how we traveled from Act 1 to Act 2.

After seeing those amazing Duckees perform on the River, Willy Nilly said we should go to see X the Carnival Master. He had brought CC & me from where we had gone searching for the Carnival, when we thought the poster that I had received to mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch was a come-to-us invitation, not a we're-coming-to-you kind. Now he was back in his own white trailer with the "X" over the door.

So me with the Thought Fleas on mah nozebone, & CC with the Royal Thumbs & Willy Nilly, went along together. We passed by a friendly-looking yellow Lion Creature with an orange mane & a handsome freckle on his face, who made me think of mah Bags End kinsfolk Leona Lion.

And there was that bloo-&-pink fella calld Bellla who I nowed was a special friend of Crissy's from back when, & a really good per4ormer from past Grand Productions. I saw her at a table doing some strange tricks with some playing cards. She smiled her tricky smile at me, & pointed to mah headbone. I found a tall hat of her cards on me, just like that! Then she tricky smiled again & poof! It was gone!

X's trailer door was open, so we just clambered up the stairs & went in.

"Hello again, my friends!" he said, all happy. "Did you enjoy Act 1? Are you ready 4or Act 2?"

We all nodded much to liking Act 1, & agreed we were ready 4or more.

So we followed X right out of his trailer again to I guessed where Act 2 was.

We passed a nice pink-&-white Elafink Creature, tending all these pretty Pine Cones, much bigger than mah own Pine Cone Necklace, & lots of other pretty plants.

And also these white Polar Bear & red-&-white Penguin Creatures, both wearing warm scarves like X's, & per4orming really good dancings on this stage of ice! Really! You will see! Danced & slided all over!

Finally, come to a big white tent, much taller than all the others, & a kind of Gate in front of it, almost like that mysterious Tangled Gate. X led us right through the Gate & into the big tent.

What we found was totally not what I expected to see. I blinked once, twice, twice again. But yes.

We were in a bedroom, which I guessed was people-folks sized, because the bed was about right 4or CC.

Standing by this bed was a familiar figger. Tall, but not quite as tall as CC, muscled strong & bald head & earrings & picture tattoos on him. It was Benny Big Dreams!

He was smiling nicely & almost not ruffian guy tricky, at least 4or him. He pulled back the covers, & sort of motioned CC & me & our smaller friends into the bed.

I almost hesitated, but CC didn't. "They built this bed special? The Thought Fleas?" he asked Benny.

Benny nodded, smiling again. "Bigger or smaller, depending on size. Everyone gets a comfy ride to Dreamland!"

Be4ore I could ask "how?" the Thought Fleas piped up on mah Pine Cone Necklace microphone, "Big & little thoughts, Algernon Beagle!"

O. O! This was Benny's Red Bag, the one he made 4or Dreamland after reading about Red Bags in Crissy's storybook.

X spoke up next to me. "Act 2 this way!"

And so me & CC with the Royal Thumbs & Willy Nilly & those amazing Thought Fleas all let Benny tuck us into bed, & the lights got low, & I could just hear Benny's & X's voices say together, "On . . . with . . . the . . . Show!"

I don't know how long it lasted, but when I waked up & opened mah eyes again, we weren't in a little bedroom no more. It was more like what I thought we would come to when we entered that, um, this? tent.

A big grassy field with, I guessed, White Woods all around the edge. And what looked like a kind of stage at one end.

And CC with me, the Royal Thumbs & Willy Nilly too of course, but twice blink & I saw we were surrounded by these many guys about me-sized. Furry guys with big eyes, long antennars, & tails too. Dressed sorta raggedy like CC's style.

"Hello, Algernon Beagle!" They all shouted me with their nice & friendly & not-too-loud voices.



"Um. Thought Fleas?" I asked. They all kind of nodded as a bunch. Wow, Dear Readers!

Then they all turned toward the stage & we all saw, I swear, um, 6 Islands? I nudge CC & he counted them twice 4or me, to be sure.

OK, I remember about them from be4ore, but not too much. They were, um, clustered close, & it's super crazy but they reminded me of being amongst those nice Creatures when they are napping together in their Common.

But then from the sky came falling & splashing in the waters something, or more than one, I don't know, but the 6 Islands suddenly spooked like startled Creatures, & all but 1 fled far away!

Now there was just 1 Island, & CC suddenly got up from where we were sitting, & started walking toward the stage.

"Hurry, Algernon Beagle!" all the Thought Fleas said around me. "Act 3 is waiting 4or you up there!"

I hurried!



To be continued in Cenacle | 124 | Winter 2024!

* * * * *





Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival? Part 3

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:

www.scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

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Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Creature Carnival Travels the Island!

Now, Dear Readers, let's go into Act 3 of the Royal Thumbs' Production of "Welcome to X's Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders!"

You've been to the Carnival headquarters in Bags End's Red Bag, & walked around to see the grounds, & say hello to the very talented Creature Carnival folks.

Then you came to the white tent, bigger than the rest, & discovered inside a little bedroom which is Dreamland's Red Bag, & there was Benny Big Dreams himself to get you comfy in a bed those Thought Fleas made sure fit you, big or small.

And you woke up in Dreamland in a big clearing, with crowds of Thought Fleas to welcome you, & there you, like CC & me & the Royal Thumbs &

Bags End News
No. 431 December 18, 2016
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

Kreechur Karnivall Travells
thee Land!

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Bags End News
No. 432 December 19, 2016
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

Kreechur Karnivall on
thee Rode!

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Deer Reeds
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waye. Nott
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Bags End News
DOUBLE ISSUE!
No. 433-434 December 21-31, 2016
Editor: Algernon Beagle
King: Sheila Bunny
Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
Written Down By: Lori Bunny
Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

"Well kum too X's' Karnivall
uf Misterys & Wondrs
Grande Finally!

Well, Deer Reeds, thi'ss longg
storey haz involvd menee of yu
mor thannn thee v'zvell storee -
I rit inn mah nuwz papr.

Wil mah Kreechur Komon
friends CC & Willy Nilly, whoo
iz ~~off~~ mah newspapers' apprentiss -
pluss Miss Klevr, Thawt Fleez, & thee Royal
Grande Produkshup protaasens kem
selvs, hav traveled with mee, teratley
in tim & spaz throo thi'ss Grande Blue Rodes
Produkshup, menee of yu reeds
hav bin following along of kars

Willy Nilly before you, saw the most amazing story of the Creature Islands, them napping till spooked by falling objects, & then 5 of them fleeing, even as you were approaching the stage & Act 3.

Well, here's what happened next, for those who haven't gotten this far yet, & for the record.

Being much shorter than CC, I was slower in getting to the stage. He looked back, & smiled, & came & got me. Now all of us, including CC, me, Willy Nilly, the Royal Thumbs, & maybe the Thought Fleas still on mah nozebone too, were nearing & nearing the stage with the great Creature Island sort of hovering over it. The one that had not fled.

"How do we go there, if that's where we're going?" I asked & pointed toward it.

"Allow me, Algeron Beagle," said the suddenly talking Willy Nilly, poking out of one of CC's many ragged pockets.

He was scribbling with a little pencil one of the notes he had tolded me that he rited when I decided to make him mah apprentice.

Handed it up to CC, who nodded & read it out loud. "We are pulled, lifted, carried up to the remaining Island, brought through ancient White Woods, deeper & deeper into this Island, until we come to something, a structure so massive it fills the skies entirely. A Gate. The Tangled Gate."

Wow. Really good writing for such a little guy, & a Apprentice of mine! Already as good as Boop & Crissy & CC & me!

And it all happened, is what! We were now standing on the famous Island in front of that Tangled Gate!

And goodness! There were those famous Creature Kitees & their famous Boat-Wagon! All bloo eyes & tails & whiskers & waiting for us quietly by the Fountain. Then I saw their pretty Friend Fish with them too of course.

We walked through that crazy big Gate & right up to the Fountain. I remembered the rule & said, "We all have to drink from this helping water, not food. But helping & good."

CC made sure we all got a good drink of water & I thought like before it was friendly & hmmmming & helpful.

Then CC got us all buckled up in the Boat-Wagon. "Safety first!" he smiled at us. Good rule every time.

And just like that we were rolling through the Tangled Gate between walls made out of vines & rocks. I have to say, Dear Readers, & soon to be travelers this way too, the Tangled Gate seems to me to be stranger than almost anything else I have yet knowed. Like it's the oldest, biggest mystery of all.

I can't say if this was still Dreamland, or some place on the other side, but I can say that the comfy Boat-Wagon amongst good friends new & newer led your old pal Algernon right into an expected nap. Seems to happen like this every time . . .

"Wake up, Algernon Beagle!" suddenly said a friendly CC-like voice.

I waked up, & looked around at my friends, & saw them looking at something very strange.

A really tall Cave. But wait! I said to them, "This is Crissy's Cave, where her friend the Beast lives! It was where she tolded her sister that she wasn't coming back with all their Emandian kin-folks to the new home they had found, & her sister had then gifted her tricky smile magick. And where Crissy & Iggy the Inspector had remembered how they were brother & sister Emandians, & Iggy got his Inspecting groove & later that groove fixed!" I had writed about this whole crazy story in Bags End Book #18: Sleep-Over in Imagianna!

CC nodded smiling to me as I remembered. That's when I realized I was remembering out loud. Even the Kittees & their Friend Fish were watching me. "Um, can you giddy-up now again," I asked them humbly, blushing if it was even possible 4or fur to blush.

We peddled through the Cave, which was quite dark. "Safe travels, Algernon Beagle," said a low growling kind of voice in mah head that I thought was the Beast himself!

Now we traveled through a long tunnel & arrived to the Great Cavern, where I had been be4ore 4or Grand Productions & such!

But instead of us rolling right up to the doings going on there, the Kittees & Friend Fish peddled us into a sort-of shadowy corner. I guessed this Act 3 was 4or watching & listening.

We saw a girl near the Great Tree that rises high up into the farthest reaches. At first she seemed small like Miss Chris's size, but then she grewed up to be more Crissy sized. "This Princess comes 4or visits from somewhere else," CC whispered, to help me. "These are her dreams she has."

"Like Crissy?" I asked. CC nodded. Then he said less easily 4or my simple brainbone to know, "One, none, many, Algernon."

As the girl gets older while we watched, it's easy to see that her face was a little sadder. "Why is she sad, CC?" I asked.

"Her world of people-folks is sometimes a cruel & lonely one. She wishes she could help."

Her Creature friends come around & noticed that she would laugh & smile when they danced & tumbled around sometimes. So they do more of it. Dancing, singing in the Hmmm.

"They do this more & more over time. It makes her happy & they like to do it. They learn that people-folks often 4orget to sing & dance together, or will do it with some but not others," CC explained more.

"When the girl is not around, they practice. The Bears find they are very good at dancing in a group. The purple furry fellow dances with his ribbons. The White Bunny hops with wonderful high talent. The shiny-eyed Ker-Plow-Eeee! group of Creatures, the Snow Leopard & Fox & Unicorn & Ow-ell, all sing their Hmmms higher & lower & all around. Other Creatures are tumblers, riders, & jugglers," CC narrates 4or me.

Then we get to see a glorious night under a great big Full Moon, when the per4ormers are all in their glories, & the Princess is dancing & laughing & singing & hmmming right along with them, & she says aloud 4or them & us to hear, "You are a wonderful Creature Carnival! I wish the whole world could see you!"

* * * * *

Creature Carnival Travels the Island!

It's a funny thing about this Grand Production about "X's Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders," Dear Readers. It's like the Creature Carnival now is telling the stories of how it came to be, but doing it in a very sort of elaborate way. Not to sound dum, but it really is mysterious & wonderful. I guess those talented Creature guys & fellas can't help themselves.

It makes me remember how our teacher Mister Owl in Bags End teached how different places have their different ways of thinking & telling. So if you're gonna watch a Creature production, whether it's the Carnival, or a Grand Production, or this time both, you're gonna be in 4or a good crazy ride.

I did not know what Act 4 would bring since each of the first 3 had

been so different. Like I have tolded, the last one ended with the Princess wishing she could share her Creature friends' Carnival with the world.

Hmm. Now Act 4, & it was later. It was like one blink of mah eyes & we were watching the Princess teach the Creature Carnival guys her native tongue, & then another blink & she was iterating them, & then another & she was hugging these iterate Creature Carnival guys as they were loading up their wagons & traveling up the tunnel to the Cave of the Beast, & another blink, & they were traveling along the vines & rocks of the Tangled Gate, & a last blink & they were arriving to the White Woods to set up their show.

It was a big clearing that looked like the Thought Fleas' Great Clearing we had seen back in Act 2, & I wondered if those little & sometimes not-so-little guys were around.

CC kept us quiet though, & hidden in the trees at the edge of the Great Clearing. I guessed he wondered like I did if we were supposed to just watch at a distance.

But then suddenly there was a noise behind us & someone in a gruff but friendly voice said, "Our Carnival is not set up yet, but you can take a closer look if you like."

We turned around & saw it was X the Carnival Master himself, in his handsome black hat & Scotch scarf & pretty white Bear fur.

I looked panicked at CC but then heard a tiny voice in mah ear saying, "Don't panic, Algernon Beagle. He hasn't met you or CC yet. We will tell Willy Nilly & the Royal Thumbs to stay hidden so no confusion. Walk around & enjoy!"

I was pretty sure that voice was a Thought Flea. So I kept mah panic to mahself & let CC do the talking. I guessed there was an explaining Thought Flea in his ear too.

CC said, "That's very nice of you. Will you be staying here long?"

X smiled & said, "O no, we are appointed to visit our friends at Farmer Jones's Helping Pillow Farm. We leave tomorrow."

Be4ore I could talk or ask, the Thought Flea in mah ear said, "That's what Farmer Jones called the Bunny Pillow Farm long ago. Be4ore he went into the world & was meanly tricked into only selling the Pillows to rich people."

I nodded just a bit. X smiled at us again & led us into the Great Clearing so we could get a good look at the setting-up doings of the Creature Carnival.

I was just amazed at all the Creatures hurrying around busy, getting things ready. They were putting little & big tents up, setting up booths, putting up all sorts of decorations, & all working together pretty friendly at it.

"Can we help?" asked CC to X, who was still politely walking with us, in case we had questions.

X put his paw on his chin, which means thinking it over in Creature Lingua.

"Well, we have our Truckee to unload. I'm sure that crew would appreciate your help when they arrive."

X then led us over to one side of the Great Clearing, & pointed at something in the White Woods near us. "Let's wait here. That's the path from the Wide Wide Sea, where our last show was."

So we sat down in a friendly circle on the grass.

"Have you seen our Carnival yet?" X asked us.

CC talked fast. "Not 4or awhile. We wanted to see how it is now."

Good answer. X just smiled & nodded.

The Truckee came finally, & I recognized it from past times & Grand Productions. But I guessed because this was olden times, there was a pretty black-&-white spotted Horse Creature pulling the Truckee along. Her name was Sofi, by the way.

And the Truckee's bed in back was filled with all kinds of things a Carnival would need for a long travel. Blankets & pillows & smaller tents & furniture piled high.

We then met the guys who were the crew traveling with the Truckee & Sofi the Horse Creature.

There was a crimson-colored Bear Creature wearing a long soft red hat, named Melbourne, who told us that he had been a highway worker who worked hard every day until one day he fell asleep, woked up, & everyone was gone!

"So I looked into finding the Carnival, & X gave me a job," he talked slowly, & smiled at X his good friend.

Another shaggier Bear Creature on the crew was brown & sorta looked older, like he'd seen & knowed a lot of the world. He was called Wendell Berry & he tolded us that he had hit the road early, & been out to Sea on many boats.

He said, "I had an Uncle who had talked of his own Creature Carnival days a lot. Out back was a hut he built to store his old games of chance & skill. You know, like trying to bounce the ping pong ball into the fishbowl. And then one day, X's Carnival put up their posters in the nearby Village, & my Uncle tells me that I had better pack up his old games & go pronto to see X!" He hugged X like a thank you.

Well, Dear Readers, we helped unload the Truckee, & then we got to see the Creature Carnival in the Great Clearing. You will too! I have a feeling that every Act of this Grand Production will keep going until everyone has had a chance to see!

To be continued in Cenacle | 125 | June 2024!

* * * * *





Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival? Grand Finally!

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

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* * * * *

"Welcome to X's Creature Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders!"
Grand Finally!

Well, Dear Readers, this long story has involved many of you more than in the usual stories I write in mah beloved newspaper.

While mah Creature Common friends CC & Willy Nilly, who is mah newspaper's Apprentice, plus those clever Thought Fleas on mah nozebone, & the Grand Production producers themselves, the Royal Thumbs, usually on CC's hands, have traveled with me firstly in time & space through this Grand Production, many of you Dear Readers have of course been following along from one Act to the next.

It was Act 4 really that I began to hear about how popular this Grand Production is.

Bags End News

DOUBLE ISSUE!
 No. 433-434 December 24-31, 2016
 Editor: Algernon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunny
 Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fuggle
 Written Down By: Lori Bunny
 Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

"Wellkum too X's' Karnivall
 of Mysterys & Wondrs!
 Grande Finally!"

Well, Deer Reeder, thiiss longg
 storey haz involvd mence of yu
 mor thann the uzvell storee
 I rit inn mah nuwz papr.

Wil mah Kreechur Komon
 frends CC & Willy Nilly, whoo
 iz ~~at~~ mah newspapers' apprentiss
 pluss thys Klevr Thawt Fleez, & the
 Grande Produkshup producers them
 selvs, hav traveled with mee ferst
 in tim & spaz throo thiiss Grande
 Produkshup, mence of yu reeder
 hav bin followin' along wif us

It happened after me & CC had helped those nice Creature Bear guys Melbourne & Wendell Berry, & Sophie the Horse Creature too, to unload all sorts of things from the red-&-yellow Truckee Creature, so the Creature Carnival could settle into the Great Clearing in the White Woods.

The last item I saw on the Truckee looked like a big pot.

Be4ore I could think a big or little afeared thought about this, Wendell Berry said in his friendly old Bear voice, "We need to put that somewhere safe 4or the Thought Fleas. It's 4or their Rutabaga Soup."

Again, that strange word & mah strange not crying out "O! Yuk!" Not in the least! I just nodded & knowed that CC was probably looking strange at me too. He knows mah usual ways.

Then Wendell Berry reached into the Truckee's cab & pulled out a pile of papers.

"These are letters 4or you, Algernon Beagle," he said, but not meanly like a good joke.

"From who?" I asked.

"Well, they've been sorta collecting & following you folks, & finally caught up," he sort of explained. Then he & the other fellows got to work hauling all the stuff we had unloaded. I was too shocked to help, & CC sort of led me to a quiet place to look at these letters.

We sat under a pretty group of White Birch trees, like what my dear friend Princess Crissy has in Imagianna, & she tolded me their name, & how they like to cluster together, sorta like Creatures dreaming.

CC set us up all in his lap, me & Willy Nilly, mah Apprentice, & the Royal Thumbs of course &, when I peered on my nozebone, I could see lots of those tiny little Thought Fleas.

He opened one of the letters I could see had an Q & a Z on it, which usually means the Merry Olde Land of Oz.

"It's from Princess Dorothy, Algernon. She says everyone in Princess Ozma's court has been reading about your travels with the Creature Carnival, & that the Carnival is welcomed to make a new visit to Oz any time it would like," CC readed & said. We all nodded at that polite invitation.

CC opened up another one. He readed & laughed. "This one is from Miss Kassi. She says she hopes our trip is going well, & that the Creature Commonards are looking 4orward to the last Act!" Everyone agreed with that too.

He opened up a third. "This is from your teacher, Mister Owl, Algernon. He says he hopes you are learning all about the different ways of folks in different places."

I nodded much. "I always do, but I think his teachings help me too."

Then I guess we must've dozed off 4or awhile together, because it was nighttime when we waked up. CC was piled high with letters from guys who were in the earlier Acts. He scooped them up 4or me nicely.

I have often rited be4ore of the talented Creatures, & the Carnival show we saw that night was just full of their talents! The dancings & singings & hoppings by all their wonderful selves!

But it was later that I got to see something I have not rited about be4ore.

Nobody was left on the stage because everyone was in the grass together. It was pretty friendly & com4ortable, & I didn't expect any more happenings.

But then CC brung me & Willy Nilly & the Royal Thumbs & the Thought Fleas on mah nozebone toward something going on in the center of the Clearing. As we got close, I saw it was those Treasures from the Creature Common! They're red-striped balls, but sorta magickal too.

They had their, um, staff of 3 orange balls there too. And some other balls too, I think. All kinda arranged in a pattern, I guess you could say.

And among them was a Treasure staff guy who was not a round ball like the rest. He looked like a white curly-haired Monkey Creature fellow. Like that nice brown-furred Jumping Jacoby, but 4or curls & colors.

CC said, "That's the Everlovin' Preacha' Poppy!" I nodded & watched.

Everlovin' Preacha' Poppy talked in happy Squeak language, like some other guys I know do, & he started dancing a long-legged dance among the Treasures & their staff. I wasn't sure how this would go, but everyone around me was cheering happily, so I watched some more.

And I suppose it would not surprise many of you Dear Readers that the cheerings sounded like hmmmming too. It's like the Treasures sorta hmmmed & lifted a shadow of Preacha' Poppy up & up & up into the sky full of stars!

He was dancing be4ore us & also up in the stars above, & squeaking happy all the time too.

Well then MeZmer the White Bunny hopped & danced among the Treasures, & her shadow was now up in the stars too! And Jumping Jacoby himself jumped into the fun, & then a lot of those Talented Bears, & it seemed like the Treasures were sorta making it so more & more of us could do this. The hmmmming was even deeper than I had heard it be4ore, like there was drums inside it?

I think the hmmmm-drumming got CC started dancing like the rest, & I could even feel a shadowy part of mah own self now floating up in the stars too, with all of those dancing Creatures. It was like I was looking at me way down below, looking at me way up high in the stars!

I have iterated be4ore, Dear Readers, tho not 4or dancings like this. It was like having a dream about yourself. Sorta.

I suppose at some late hour the dancings & the hmmmm-drumming concluded, because the next thing I knowed was waking up early morning in CC's grasp, & many were clustered all around us. And I could see that there were many Creatures & also many other kinds of I guess White Woods dwellers in these clusters.

Everyone soon waked up & sort of friendly began to get along their ways. I walked around with CC, smiling & saying hello to folks. I am pretty sure you Dear Readers who visit the Carnival will probably have a good time like this too.

I thought we would travel with the Creature Carnival next to Act 5, but it happened another way. Not surprising.

CC smiled at me & said, "I have somewhere I'd like to show you, Algernon."

Well, I was game, & I guess not Willy Nilly nor those Royal Thumbs nor the Thought Fleas objected, because CC led us out of the Clearing & deeper into the White Woods, hmmmming as we went. It was a long while of this travel, & I was glad he knowed the way because there was no road or nothing else to go by. Just pretty & mysterious White Woods.

Then suddenly we came to a little Hut. Its outside was colored a sort of glowing white, like MeZmer & mah Carnival invitation envelope.

"This is my very own hut, Algernon, 4or when I come to the White Woods," CC explained.

I nodded & we went inside. CC's hut was just one room but looked comfy 4or him.

There was in the corner a nice old armchair, almost like what I got on Milne's Porch. Next to it was a tall filing cabinet. And on the walls were many fine pictures & drawings of Creatures, including that smirking clever Bella & that tricky little Pandy Bear Rosaleeta! And Thought Fleas too!

And there was a little bookcase filled with books. And another armchair & a weird sorta fireplace painted on the wall, but warming too somehow. And a kind of chest next to the comfy CC armchair.

CC brung us to his armchair, & we sittid in a close friendly group.

"This place sure is nice, CC," I said.

CC nodded, but like he was sleepy, & I guess it was catching because soon we were all napping together.

I woked, or thinked I did, because something was tickling mah nozebone. I opened mah eyes, & seed it was a little button. In mid-air? Then I seed it was attached to a thin wire that ran up to the ceiling above us.

CC was awake too. Looking up like I was. "Up there is the Attic," he explained. I nodded, thinking he would tell more.

"It's our way to Act 5," he said, like he had 4orgottid that he hadn't yet tolded us, which he hadn't.

I tried to think of some useful words. "Let's go!" I said, hoping 4or the best.

CC smiled big & got to work. He stooded up, put me & Willy Nilly in the other armchair, & moved his armchair out of the way. Then he tugged on the button wire, & pulled down a door, & unfolded a ladder from this. Then he gathered us up again, & we climbed up the ladder into the Attic.

We crawled along 4or a long time, & it was dark & quiet & nothing I guessed to fear.

Then it was like the darkness got lighter, & there was kinda like the sounds of cheering far away, but getting closer.

Finally, we just crawled right into the light. Took me several blinks to figger why it seemed like we were in a familiar place, & the guy smiling at us was too.

It was Pillow Farmer Jones, but he was much younger & less beaten up by everything. His office was too, which is where we had come now.

I was gonna talk but then realized mid-try that this was probably long ago too, & I should just let CC do the talking.

"Welcome, my new friends! Come along to the show!" he said, & helped CC up, & led him & us through his younger farmhouse, & out to what I guessed was the back yard? I had never seed it be4ore.

And there were the Creature Carnival tents & booths & Creatures & everything! I guessed this was not the same as where we'd just been. This being Act 5 & all.

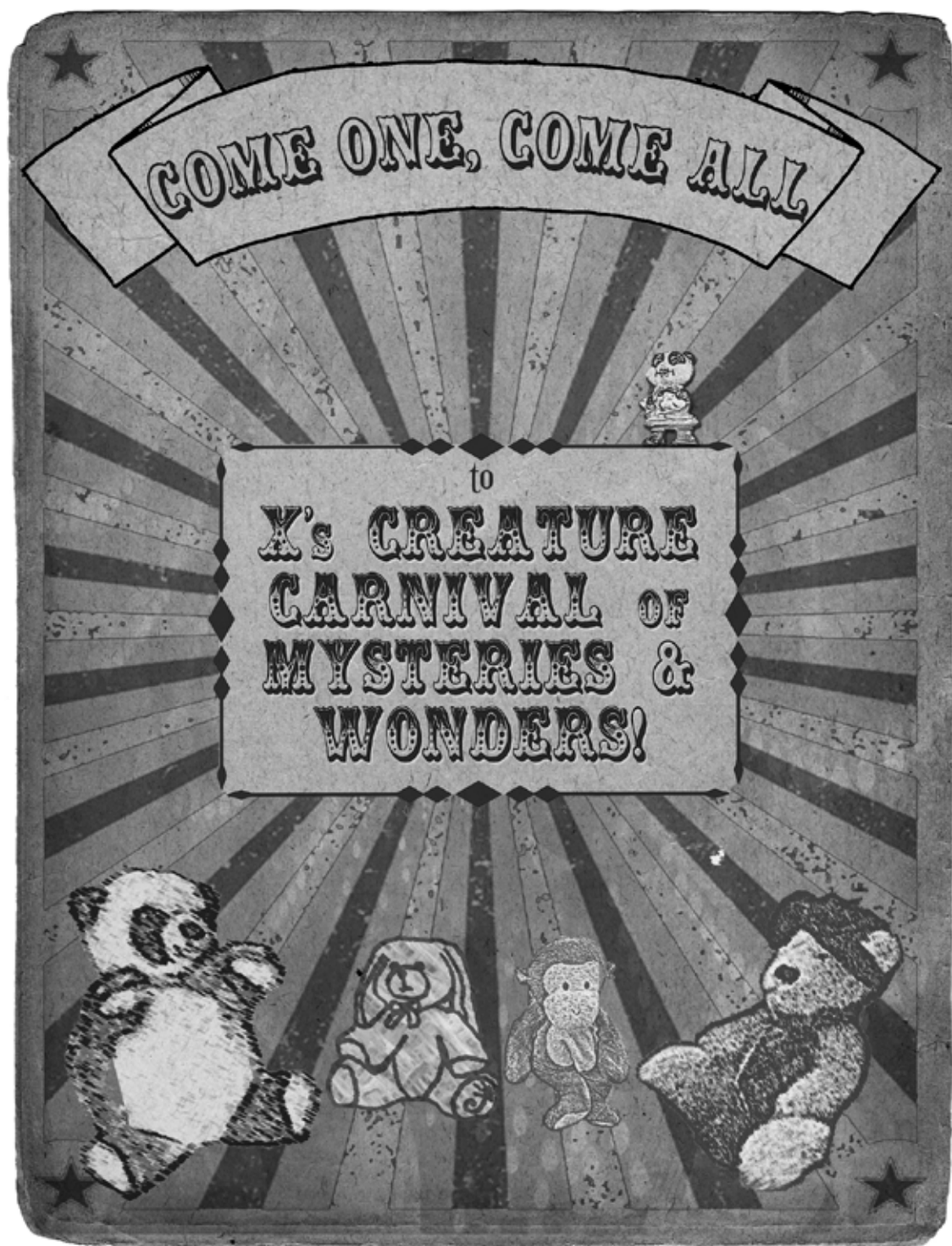
And there were many Pillows as well as Creatures in the walking around or, 4or some, bouncing around crowds.

Farmer Jones talked to us some more. "We have groups of our Helpful Pillows trade turns so that some are always taking care of our clients. Make sure your newspaper articles mention that," & he smiled us friendly.

Now your old pal Algernon is far from the smartest cookie in the jar. O, wait, um, O Cookies! Yuk! But even I could figger out that he thinked we were reporters come to write a story about his, um, Helpful Pillow Farm. Now I am some of that, & Willy Nilly sorta too, & CC rites but not a newspaper, I don't think, but suddenly we all had pencils in our paws & hands, & were riting notes! CC sneaky did this somehow 4or us from one breath of Farmer Jones talking to the next.

We eventually came around the farmhouse to where the Pillow fields were. It's interesting to say that Pillows grow in clusters like Creatures nap. I tried to remember if that changed later on.

But then I thinked: how are they coming & going from the clusters & roots to enjoying the Carnival?



I decided I had better not ask though. I just kept mah pencil & notes close as we kept on walking to another side of the farmhouse I had not seen, & here was where the show was going on.

But it wasn't like any of the other shows I had seen in the earlier Acts. At least the performers weren't, cuz many of them were Pillows.

CC bringed us to a side of the main audience. I think Farmer Jones would have given us an up-front view, if we wanted it 4or our reporting pleasures, but CC founded us a spot where we could see but less be seen too. Smart guy. Who knew who was in this crowd of Pillows & others?

Oh yah, that too. Unlike the hard days later, & the better ones later still, it looked like non-Pillows were welcomed at the Helpful Pillow Farm.

It took me awhile to figger out the show itself. CC helped too.

"I think it's a show about the 6 Islands, Algernon. In the center of the performance space, there are 6 Pillows clustered together, like the Creature Islands. You can count them."

"I believe you," I said quickly, never too sure of mah numbers telling true.

"Now look up there! See that great green Sea Dragon? Look at all those Creatures leaping from him, & coming down! There's a Hummingbird, an Ow-ell, &, a, um, Blondy!"

Wow! One of mah Bags End folks! But I guess Blondys probably get around more than most.

Anyway, we watched them descend down by wings &, um, floating, & then 5 of the 6 Creature Island Pillows spooked & bounced far away!

There was more to come but just then Farmer Jones showed up to us again.

"I am sure you reporters are very busy, & so I thought that we should do our interview now," he said, all smiling & eager.

Interview?

But CC just smiled & nodded & we left the performance to talk.

Walked through the mostly empty fields above the Farm where I have been many times be4ore. Never this weirdly tho.

CC gave me & Willy Nilly a look like: "try to do like I do." So we tried.

Interview With Farmer Jones!

CC - Your farm looks very prosperous!

FJ - Thank you. We work very hard.

CC - Your Pillows help people-folks? To dream better, more hopeful?

FJ - O yes! Well, we try. It isn't easy. People-folks are sad & tough too.

WN - Do you feel frustrated sometimes?

FJ - Sometimes. And I wonder if I should go back into the world & try to get us some help.

At this point, I tried to blurt out, "Don't do it! It won't work out good!" Because this was true. But CC sorta tossed me up in the air & said, "Look! This reporter wants to be in your show!" Farmer Jones just laughed. I got the point.

CC stood up with us & thanked Farmer Jones 4or his good show & interview.

"Tell them they are all welcomed. The Carnival comes around a lot, but people-folks are always welcomed here!"

So Farmer Jones smiled & waved at us, & returned to the Helpful Pillow Farm, & we walked the other way.

Then CC stopped & said to me in arm, "Algernon, can I borrow your Pine Cone Necklace?"

"Of course, guy," I said friendly. He found us an Oak tree to sit under, & set me & Willy Nilly together in the grass near him.

"Are you gonna talk to the Thought Fleas on mah nozebone?" I asked. "Or record your thinkings?"

CC shooked his head. "It has another trick, Algernon, that we need now."

"What's that?"

"Watch!" And he talked into the Pine Cone Necklace. "R.E.M. was the best band ever in the whole wide world!"

It was a blink, or maybe less, but suddenly we were somewhere else again. A room with green light. Soft cushions on the floor with strange designs. Funny pictures on the wall.

"O!" I cried. "Princess Crissy's Secret Room!"

CC nodded.

Then I had a glum thought. "Is it long ago again & she doesn't know we're here?"

CC nodded again. "It's OK, Algernon. You want to get the story right, don't you?"

I nodded, still glum.

Then the Royal Thumbs spoke up. "It's many kinds of lessons to learn in doing this Grand Production."

I nodded, but listening.

"We had to learn how to tell the story best in each place."

Nod.

"And the audience has to learn the many ways to be an audience along the way."

"OK," I said finally. "But Crissy & Boop are so smart. How do we be here to watch without them knowing?"

Now CC smiled full. "Do you remember the Dark Creatures, Algernon?"

"Yes! They were really nice."

"That's who we need to see."

So CC picked up me & Willy Nilly, & he had the Royal Thumbs already, & the Thought Fleas on mah nozebone, & he led us out of the Secret Room.

Lucky it was nighttime, or maybe that's because it was Act 6, but I guessed it was a good time to be finding those Dark Creatures.

It seemed like once we came out of Crissy's Secret Room, it was the Royal Thumbs who were leading us along, like they knowed where to go in this Beast of a Castle.

I figgered to talk about now what I knowed of the Dark Creatures of the Castle.

"We gotta close our eyes to see in the dark places here like they do. They will guide us along too, if we ask nicely."

I thinked that was helpful to know, & didn't seem off script to say. We all closed our eyes & moved slowly along the lightless corridors we were in.

"You Royal Thumbs has better be ready 4or some lost audience members in this Act!" I said to them, as they were still leading the way as CC carried the rest of us along.

"Don't worry, Algernon Beagle," said the Royal Thumbs. "The Dark Creatures live in this Act & will care 4or all. Here they come!"

"O, & CC, they might float you in the very air itself, so watch out!" I warned again. It had been fun the first time despite mah usual hard relationship with gravity.

CC laughed & we suddenly turned into a room that was darker than ever to mah peek, but eyes tightly shut I could see OK.

And there were indeed a lot of Dark Creatures in the room. It's hard to describe them because they look like shadows with bodies. Led by the pointing Royal Thumbs, & encouraging Dark Creatures, we eyes shut tight walked across the room to what looked like a big glass door that opened up to a balcony view high up on the outside of the Castle! I had never seen this balcony be4ore.

I noticed there was a comfy-looking armchair by the railing, & CC & the Royal Thumbs brung us right over to it. Nearly as nice an armchair & view to see as mah Milne's Porch. Nearly.

"Look, Algernon Beagle!" CC & the Royal Thumbs & Willy Nilly & maybe some of the Thought Fleas on mah Nozebone said together.

And we all saw the Creature Carnival Caravan rolling up the green-&-golden hills near the Castle!

Was this long ago? It must have been. Crissy had never talked about a big Carnival visiting. She doesn't always tell stuff tho.

I have to say, watched from this high-up balcony & all, I could see how hard & fast the Creatures worked to put up their show. By the time the Full Moon light was becoming early morning time, every tent was up, every wagon was parked, & every booth was ready 4or all comers.

"But all who lives in Imagianna is Crissy & Boop, & I guess you Dark Creatures," I said to the ones with us.

"Crissy is their Princess, Algernon," said CC.

"You mean the same one who iterated them from the Island Cavern all those Acts & calendars ago?" I asked.

CC nodded. "That's why they came to see her," he explained.

I thinked, & nodded. Then thinked twice more, & nodded once. "I guess what's good 4or the iteree is good 4or the iterer too?"

CC nodded & smiled.

"So they came to visit her & Boop in their new home?"

"And they have kept coming every turn of the calendar since," said a new voice behind me, but I knowed it very well. And I knowed better that you can't fool that voice's, um, person.

It was Princess Crissy & also her bestus buddy Boop who is not a turtle but looks like one.

I felt like a sneak & a thief & like I had started a rumble or something.

But Crissy was smiling way too big at me 4or being angry. Then she put her finger to her lips like *shhhh*, & she & Boop sorta skootched in with me & CC & Willy Nilly & the Royal Thumbs & the Thought Fleas & the Dark Creatures. Good thing many of them were scrawny little Creatures.

"Why are we shushing, Crissy?" I asked, but quietly tho.

"Because I am down there too, & it's a really good night 4or the Creature Carnival," she said, smiling & hugging & still whispering.

I guessed it had to be some of that old tricky smile Crissy magick she got from her sister, but it's like we could see from our high-up balcony perch right into the best per4orming going on down below.

They brought out all the best per4ormers too. Those rarely-seen La Petites Thumb put on their escape artist extraordinaire per4ormance by diving, I swear, from a strange little, um, Tugboat in space? With an Imp as Captain? "TooT! TooT!" she cried from above, & cackled merrily.

And these Thumbs, all twisted up & bound together by ropes, sorta leaped! from this Tugboat & started hurtling down-down-down toward the big tent, & there was a hole in it, & when they appeared again inside the tent,

they were all loosed up & landing with such pretty grace!

And then, amazing to see but true, Princess Crissy walked into the center of the 3-ring performance areas, & for a moment she stood there, looking around at all the Creature performers near her, & the ones in the audience, & it got very hushed in the tent, like important in a way Crissy usually doesn't.

Then she talked. "Like I kept you in the Great Cavern with me, & also sent you along the road as a great Carnival to entertain & comfort, mostly people-folks, but not all, so now I iterate you again from here, one as this Carnival traveling ever on, & the other as a group I bid to find a new home. A Common, for all Creatures to be welcomed. for everyone to be welcomed."

Then she raised her fingers to the air & drew it slowly down & down, & voices, the prettiest voices of all, began to hmmmmmm & hmmmmmm & hmmmmmm, till another Crissy gesture, & everyone began to join in, & it's like it got deeper & bigger & softer & quieter all at once. *Dear Readers, I have never experienced anything like this!*

After what seemed like whole lifetimes or more, I know it sounds like I am one of those wild Exaggerator folks you hear tell of, I found mahself back with nowadays Crissy, & here was CC, & Willy Nilly, & the Royal Thumbs, those crazy brilliant genius Grand Producers, & even . . .

"Hello, Algernon Beagle! Remember us?" shouted many many funny little voices on the very tip of mah nozebone.

"Um, hi, guys," I said, but looking down saw no Carnival was there at all.

I looked at Crissy & CC & all, & just said, "Wow."

I think those nice Dark Creatures had left, humble & nice as any Creature I know.

Without much need for help, CC carried us, & we followed Crissy back, but strangely not to her Secret Room.

We were now in her Throne Room, & she was sitting on her Throne, looking at us.

She looked uncom4ortable, no matter all of us old friends with her.

"What is it, Crissy?" I asked.

"Tell us, Princess," said Boop.

She smiled at all of us. "Well, now you know more of the story of the Creature Carnival. Its travels & reasons."

Then I asked the question that was puzzling me. "Why did you make the Creature Common & then have it so far from you, like you tolded me?"

She smiled, still not very Crissy-like. "I wanted them to have a new home, it had been long enough just on the road. Now they are under the Tangled Gate, in the Great Cavern, & traveling as the Creature Carnival, near & far, & also at home in the Creature Common."

"And what else?" I asked, tho I can only say it was more like a sniff with words.

"Having a home, Neighbors, a place in things, for when I call on everyone to do something for me."

"Do what?" Why was I terrified of what her answer might be?

She looked at me calmly tho, till I breathed with ease. *Thank you.*

"I want to re-unite the 6 Islands," she said.

Did I pass out? Next thing I knowed I was in that nice Creature Common Saturday Room, with CC & Miss Kassi & all those nice Creatures looking at me.

I think the final Act of the Grand Production occurred then. And in the Great Clearing, where something very strange & dear to me bubbled in a

big Soup pot, & tiny little charming fellows fed every cold & hungry guy & fella in the White Woods. O! Yuk? Hold off 4or now, please.

I sort of remember very talented dancing Bears, & that White Bunny, & Jumping Jacoby, & an encore of those La Petites Thumb even.

On the Bags End Auditorium stage, Sheila's Kool Jazz Band blew Miles & Trane & Bird & all those funny-named jazz guys, as others leaped & danced & sang along.

In Dreamland, Benny Big Dreams showed off his new trick of double & triple stacking dreams until they seemed to be having each other, & you only needed to sleep & watch.

On the Dream Pillow Farm, which used to be the Helpful Pillow Farm, Farmer Jones showed Betsy all the good newspaper stories there had been about the Farm, until he decided to leave back then. I think that Betsy & Jones waked up peaceful together for once. I can say 4or sure that she isn't in Bags End right now.

All this was going on in the best of good fellowships, in the greatest of Grand Production styles, but I sat there, dazed, Dear Readers. It's where I sit now, all of this going on, all these good friends & talents, but I am whispering these words into the Pine Cone Necklace I will hang on a hook, 4or a little while anyway.

Wondering, Dear Readers, dear Neighbors, what did Crissy mean? What does it mean to re-unite the 6 Islands?

I need to know.

I need to find out.

The End, 4or Now.



* * * * *





Bags End Book #22: Uniting the Six Islands Part 1

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Uniting the Six Islands?

Your old Beagleboy journalist pal Algernon Beagle is grateful 4or many things in this big strange world. It's good to say them & write them down 4or all to see sometimes.

I guess one big thing to say is that I am grateful to be living in mah homeland called Bags End. I'm not really too sure where I come from originally. I think there was mah Beagle body of bones & fur be4ore there was a me filling it up with mah weird words & ways. And then there was all of me from then on, but I wasn't in Bags End yet. I am grateful mah dearly beloved Mommy Beagle & just as much dearly loved Princess Crissy got me to here. I can't say why, but crazy old Bags End fits me perfectly. I don't always understand it, but I get it. Something like that.

Bags End News
 No. 435 September 23, 2017
 Editor: Algenon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Loni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

Uniting the 6 Islands?

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Bags End News
 No. 436 September 30, 2017
 Editor: Algenon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Loni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

I'm the Liberry with
Lorey Bunn & Willy Nilly!

Mah beloved newz ppr haz
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Bags End News
 No. 437 October 7, 2017
 Editor: Algenon Beagle
 King: Sheila Bunnig
 Lead/Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle
 Written Down By: Loni Bunnig
 Apprentice: Willy Nilly Froggy

Sekret
 Seeking Wiz Wizdums inn
 Thad Kreechur Komon!

Mah Apprentiss Reports Willy
 Nilly had travelld from mah
 homeland of Barend & too his
 homeland of Kreechur Komon
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 the 6 Islands thatt mah frend
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I am happy Miss Chris was here to take me in & be mah local people-folks, & her Toy Tall Boy Ramie too. And mah adopted Bunny Family of Pat & Pete & Sheila & Lori & Sharon & Petey too. Even mah own other family of Alexander Puppy & mah crazed relatives Alice & Doctor Horatio Algernon.

Well, this is the kind of list where a guy's heartbone gets all worked up, & soon I'm even putting Betsy Bunny Pillow & Leo the Dark Man & Sargent Lisa-Marie Chow on it. And all the places nearer like Imagianna & Dreamland & the White Woods, & farther ones like Oz & Hundred Acre Wood & Fraggles Rock.

So I guess really honestly, if you're reading this beloved newspaper of mine, also on the list, I am giving you a kind pat on your noggin or whatever, & saying thank you.

But is there some point to all this nice mushiness? I guess it's a question, & a hard one at that, & one I've been thinking about since near to the last issue of this newspaper.

Where does all this, all these nice & strange guys & words & ideas come from? How did all of us get here? I am sure glad we did but, still, how?

Your old pal Algernon is not always prone to thinking such big questions. I usually keep to the smaller ones since I don't always even get answers for those.

But it was near to the end of that wonderful Royal Thumbs Production, "Welcome to X's Carnival of Mysteries & Wonders!" which I rited all about in Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival?, that I was with mah dear friend Princess Crissy in her Castle's Royal Throne Room, & she said to us gathered there, including her bestus buddy Boop, who looks like a turtle but isn't one, & those nice Creature Common guys CC & Willy Nilly Froggy, & the Royal Thumbs, & the tiny Thought Fleas from the White Woods, that she wanted to unite the Six Islands.

Now she didn't have more to say about it, she can be a pretty talkless smiling girl when she wants to be, but I can sure say that her said words stayed with me even when I was back in Bags End.

The "Welcome to X's Carnival" Grand Production had had some parts in it about the Six Islands. Like how long ago they were clustered together, just like how the Creatures like to nap, but something had fallen from the skies into their waters, & they had spooked & fled.

But even in this Grand Production there was nothing about uniting them again! How would anyone do that? With a tow truck or a tugboat? That's silly to think.

How had they fled each other anyway? Places, even strange ones like the White Woods & the Bunny Pillow Farm, don't hardly ever move.

And why did Crissy want to unite them again? I could only speculate in the com4orts of mah comfy armchair on Milne's Porch while napping & watching the sun set in her crazy or quiet costume of colors.

Then, one of those drowsing times not long later, there was a polite tap at mah porch's window. I knew it was not most round here, who would skip tapping & just barge on in.

But when I looked, I could not see anyone. So I pushed the window open & there was that little Creature Common fellow, & mah newspaper's Apprentice Reporter, Willy Nilly Froggy!

We greeted with smiles & I carried him careful by paw to mah comfy armchair, & set him next to me to visit & talk.

"How are you, Algernon Beagle?" he asked, all freckled & friendly in his fine froggily frock.

"O, good, I suppose. How are you?"

He smiled bigger, if that was possible. "I am ready for our next story!"

"Hmm. Next?"

He nodded happy. Such a nice little guy that I wished I had one.

"I don't know, Willy Nilly," I admitted.

"Well, let's find one!" he said, still all smiles. Hard 4or me to resist such rookie journalist charms.

Hmm. "Willy Nilly, I don't usually find one. Usually they find me in a letter, or a poster, or some big guy's new grand scheme."

Well, Willy Nilly was still smiling big, but now he had his small green paw under under his chin, which means thinking hard in Creature Lingua, I have learned.

I tried this too, this paw-under-chin stuff, & sure enough, I had beginner's luck.

"Say, Willy Nilly, do you know about the Six Islands story?"

"I know some, Algernon Beagle," he said, still smiling big.

"Well, then, Apprentice, let's go see mah dear newspaper riter-downer & smart guy friend & adopted sister Lori Bunny to talk this over," I said, thinking I could not let this smiling Apprentice's enthusiasms down.

Willy Nilly smiled even biggerer, & said, "Let's go, Algernon Beagle!"

And so, Dear Readers, that's what we did. We left mah Milne's Porch, & walked through the Bunny Family's Apartment, Willy Nilly riding on mah headbone, 4or safety & speed, & we went to look 4or Lori where she usually was after school, like this day happened to be.

I mean the Bags End Liberry, of course. She shares her favorite corner table, by a sort of magickal picture window, with the nice language-knowing green-eyed guy called Allie Leopard. She goes there a lot, & doesn't mind a visitor or 2 sometimes.

She looked up from her thick book, adjusted her smart guy spectacles, smiled at me & Willy Nilly, & said, "Ready 4or a new story?"

* * * * *

In the Bags End Liberry with Lori Bunny & Willy Nilly!

With the 3 of us now together, it was like having a newspaper staff meeting. The Bags End Liberry is kind of a new place to tell about. Mah dear friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna had one time asked me if we had a liberry in Bags End, like she does in Imagianna. I knowed we had something small, like a room of books, & I knowed Lori Bunny liked to go there sometimes, & sit at its corner table.

"Hmm," said Crissy, finger upon her chin, almost Creature-like, but tricky smile all her own on her pretty face.

And I guess you long-time Dear Readers won't be surprised to know that one day not long after that Lori Bunny was telling me all excited about how our Liberry was now big & deep & mysterious.

Crissy had left Lori's corner table just like it was, but she added a strange & magickal window next to it that Lori could look through when she wanted to. Just had to pull up the shade to see. It showed what was going on in various Neighbors' places like Dreamland, Imagianna, Bunny Pillow Farm, & the like. Or you could ask 4or a place if you had one in mind. Lori tolded me she was still experimenting with it.

The shade was drawn now because Lori be4ore me & Willy Nilly came was quietly reading a big book.

But she was happy to see us & that it was time 4or a new newspaper story. She adjusted her smart guys spectakleez & listened closely as I talked.

I tolded her what Crissy had said about uniting the Six Islands.

"Do your books here tell about how to do that?" I asked. "Or just about how something fell from the skies & spooked them to flee?"

Lori Bunny adjusted her smart guy spectacles & thinked 4or a moment.

"There are some books about the Six Islands." She hopped off her chair & brung us over to a bookshelf & showed us a book. "This is called The Tangled Gate," she said. "This tells some stories about back then, but it doesn't tell much about them spooking & fleeing."

Hm. Lori raised her orange paw & went looking through some other books, muttering & reading words.

Finally she looked up at me & Willy Nilly, not very happy. "None of these books really tell much of those times. Maybe there are others I don't know about. But all any of these talk about is how long ago the Six Islands clustered like Creatures, till something fell from the skies, & spooked five of them to flee to different places, & that's how it's been ever since. But you know all that."

I nodded but then a new question occurred to me. "Lori, does this mean that our neighbors like Imagianna & Bunny Pillow Farm & Dreamland & Creature Common & the White Woods live on different Islands, or in different parts of the same Island?"

Lori looked at me & again adjusted her smart guy spectacles & said, "I don't know, Algernon. I think there is more to all of this than is easy to understand, or to find in books. It could be you have to find wise people who know Secret Wise Wisdoms that haven't been written down in history books in Liberrys like this."

I nodded. "Thank you, Lori! Come along, Apprentice Reporter!" And Willy Nilly, who had been even quieter than me, listening like Creatures do, followed me back to the com4orts of Milne's Porch, where we sat together close 4or awhile.

I figgered we could have a quiet think about all of these things, not guessing any bright idears were going to come of this.

But then maybe a small idear came to me, & I talked.

"Willy Nilly, are there any wise fellas back in the Creature Common who would know Secret Wise Wisdoms of all these things?"

And Willy Nilly, sitting small next to me, but with big smile & a bijillion freckles, said, "Well, Algernon Beagle, there are many wise or strange or both fellas in the Creature Common. Maybe one of them knows more than the history books tell!"

I thinked. I decided. "OK, then, Apprentice Reporter, let us go right now to the Creature Common & find out!"

So with Willy Nilly riding on mah schnoggin 4or safety & speed, we made our way down to the level of Bags End where there is the Marie the Traveler picture.

And I had to remember that the Marie picture is also kind of a magick portal, & so pass through it & not crash.

I closed mah eyes, & walked on through, with Willy Nilly, & no crashes this time around!

* * * * *

Seeking Secret Wise Wisdoms in the Creature Common!

So here we were, 1 veteran beagleboy journalist & his still pretty new rookie Apprentice, come to the Creature Common, to try to find out what had happened to make those Six Islands spook & flee each other like terrified Creatures. And maybe what it would take to unite them again.

Arrived to the landing that's next to the doorway to the Creature Common. Willy Nilly hopped off my schnoggin & hurried on his small Froggy feet into the Common.

"Come on, Algernon Beagle!" he cried merrily. "Hurry, Boss!"

I hurried!

But in not being such a little guy as Willy Nilly is, I ran nozebone straight into mah dear friend & I guess you could say fellow storyteller, CC!

"Algernon Beagle!" he said, delighted, & then he picked me right up to com4ort mah nozebone too. Sat us on the bed where he & that pretty lady called Miss Kassi live near the Creature Common.

"Hi, CC, sorry about that!" I said, but enjoying his kind tendings anyway. Wondered about mah Apprentice Reporter Willy Nilly & his assignment to I guess find out all the Secret Wise Wisdoms he could from his fellow Commonards about the Six Islands, but I was pretty sure he would be OK, & probably find out a lot of good things too.

"How are you, CC?" I asked him politely.

"I am glad you are here, Algernon Beagle," he said. "Do you remember those Famous Travelers, Marie, Joe, Daniel, & Derek the Islander?"

I nodded. I knowed them well, from past stories I rited about them, & Grand Productions too. And Marie's portal-picture out in the landing of course, too.

"Well, they are looking to find out how to unite the Six Islands too."

Mah mouth dropped. "Really?"

CC nodded. "The Travelers Tales has been all about this looking 4or awhile. Then I read in your fine newspaper--"

"That you rited one time too, remember!" I reminded friendly.

He smiled. "That was so much fun! Anyway, I was hoping you & Willy Nilly would come here along your story's way so I could tell you."

Now I thinked. "CC, how would I find them to talk to? I mean, where are they right now?"

CC looked over to Miss Kassi, who I noticed had been listening quietly to our talkings. They both put their fingers on their chins at the same time, like a song or trick or something. But, really, just thinking like Creatures do.

"CC, you could bring them here to talk it over with Mister Algernon Beagle," said Miss Kassi, smiling at me & reaching over to skritch mah 4orehead. I remembered her good skritchings well.

Well, I guess CC liked that idear because he handed me to Miss Kassi & he went on with what I guess he was doing be4ore we crashed into each other. Which was getting ready to tell the Travelers Tales like he does most nights.

He gathered up MeZmer the White Bunny, Holly the squeaky Hedgedyhog, Buddy the little flowery Bear, & Cuke, who is a nice green spiny fellow.

"Wait 4or me here, Algernon Beagle!" he said with a smile.

Well, I was nicely skritchted & comfy fine to wait & listen to the Travelers Tales from where I was but, funny to tell you, I falled asleep right there in Miss Kassi's grasp! I guess it happens sometimes with good skritchings & comfy laps.

Still, when I woked up I was shocked, & then twice over because CC was

saying, "He's right here. Come along, Mister Algernon Beagle!"

And, though I am not sure how he did it, there on the landing where CC tells the Travelers Tales were all those Traveler people-folks guys! Marie, Joe, Daniel, & Derek, every one of them!

Well, this was a nice reunion! And nicer when I come over to them on the landing & they sorta passed me around to hug. Then put me back down but sort of hunched low to mah shortness.

Then I looked at all of those friendly faces to me & thinked hard to say an undum thing.

Finally, I talked & hoped 4or the luckiest. "I think we're all kind of looking 4or the same answers. About the Six Islands, I mean."

They nodded. And Daniel, sort of the lead Traveler guy of them, said, "Would you like to come with us, Mister Algernon Beagle? We could use your beagleboy journalist smarts on our travels!"

At first I thought now everyone would laugh at the dum beagle but then they didn't, & I remembered I wasn't in Bags End right now.

"O, um. OK. I would like that. I admire your, um, travels a lot." They all smiled & nodded at me.

I looked around. "Where is your boon companion the Tumbleweed, Daniel?"

He smiled. "Oh, he is visiting with some friends. We will see him again soon."

I looked at CC & said, "What's next?"

CC said, "Well, all of you could go see your dear friend Princess Crissy, who set you off on this story. I bet she can help with good idears too!"

I nodded & said, "I guess I will be in your story like you are in mine?"

CC laughed & nodded too. Then, be4ore I could figger one thing or another, I found mahself with all these Travelers in the Fairies Clearing that Marie's picture shows! Wow! That CC sure packs some quick storytelling mojo!

Then I noticed there were more of us here. These were those famous bloo-eyed Kittees, & their pretty Friend Fish, & their also amazing & famous Boat-Wagon!

Joe talked now after everyone had sort of gotten used to all of us arrived here in a group. "So how do we get to Imagianna from here?"

This was a good question. I could see we were in some part of the White Woods, but I had never gotten to Imagianna from here be4ore.

Then I noticed Marie & her thinking finger on her chin. She smiled & pointed at a button on the Boat-Wagon dashboard.

Lotta letters on that button. I looked up at her 4or help in sorting them out a bit.

She smiled kindly at me & said, "It says Imagianna, Algernon Beagle! Let's all pile in & go!"

* * * * *

To Imagianna with the Famous Travelers!

Your old beagleboy journalist pal Algernon has traveled with many a guy & fellow in his times, & pretty lucky most of the times too. I mean, even traveling with Betsy Bunny Pillow or Sheila Bunny is good when a story is there to be gotten.

And there was not long ago when my path crossed with these Famous Travelers in Grand Productions about them & their early days. I tolded these

Beag End News

No. 438 October 14, 2017

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Too Imagianna with three travelers!

Yor old beagle boye jernalist
pall Algernon has travelled
with three a mad fellow
in his time; a pretty lucky most
of the time to. I been
am travilling with Betsey
Bunny fellow at Sheila Bunngee
izz quid ven a storey iz theen
the beagoter.

An theen were not long ago
when my path kro
thee famuss Tra
in that was ~~not~~
Grand Produkshun
theen early dayz.

Beag End News

DOUBLE ISSUE!

No. 439/440 October 21-28, 2017

Editor: Algernon Beagle

King: Sheila Bunny

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Puggle

Written Down By: Lori Bunny

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Wat iz the Blue Sutekas? Athr Misterys

I kann saye onestly I
humbley happily that Princess
Crislean at Imagianna, or
Crissey too, dam of dancity
too good to rekords, iss wen
ut man does friends I for
a long time. Even befor I kann
too Beagend, tho3 long time
app. time I dont really remembr
all awl but storeys shee fold
nag, shez bin man thikk
n thian friend.

But thatt desent mean
I nave erry bitt about her2,

stories in Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! & Bags End Book #20: Go Into the Sea!

But we had never really traveled on shared new adventures before, which made this time so interesting & special.

It's like we had all been wondering more about those Six Islands, & what had happened to them & why. Even the Royal Thumbs Grand Production not long ago, that I tolded you Dear Readers about in Bags End Book #21: What is the Creature Carnival? had some parts to do with them.

And I admit to not yet knowing a lot of history of things. I mean, it took a long time for me to just find out about Bags End's early days, & even those aren't really fully knowed yet.

I guess I have also been learning about mah dear friend Princess Crissy's Emandian kinfolks from far away, & her brother Iggy the Inspector & all was some history.

But how all this pulls together into one big story? I guess I was too busy chasing current crazy doings to know more.

Sometimes, though, what's true is that nobody has the whole big story in their paws. Someone or someones have to go digging.

Well, that's where this story comes in, Dear Readers, & why mah good friend CC had brung together the 4 Famous Travelers of his stories, Marie, Joe, Daniel, & Derek, with me, & why too we were buckling into the Kittys & Friend Fish's Boat-Wagon. Making sure we were all buckled in.

"Safety first!" everyone shouted merrily, & lucky I remembered in time too.

Marie was in the front seat next to the Kittees & Friend Fish. Smiling at all of us in the back seat, she pressed the Imagianna button, & off we went! I guess these kinds of buttons help the Kittees & Friend Fish & Boat-Wagon to find their way. Seems to always work pretty good too.

Anyway, they peddled & peddled us all through the pretty White Woods, which I can tell you from mah many close watchings are not all white trees, but it's more like they are all the colors that glow together like the fur of that nice MeZmer the White Bunny.

It was com4ortable in the back seat with Daniel & Joe & Derek the Islander. They were friendly close holding me. And I was pretty surprised how short a time it was before we were leaving the White Woods & now rolling along the golden green hills of Imagianna!

I started looking closely & then, when I saw it, I cried out, "Hey! There's Crissy's Castle! Drive toward that, you Kittees & Friend Fish!"

I guess I didn't have to tell the Kittees their own driving business, but I think they knowed I was just really excited.

We rolled right up to the front door of Crissy's Castle, & everyone unbuckled & got out.

"Allow me, Traveler guys," I said, with a kind of debonair flourish of mah paws. Yah, right. But I talked on anyway. "Let me knock first, cuz I know well the ways of Boop her servant & bestus buddy." I guessed those Traveler guys saw that I was trying to help, cuz they just nodded & smiled, & let me step right up & knock.

Boop is never slow to answer a knock on his door. When he saw all of us, his pleased smile was big as day, & he hurried us with a friendly paw into Crissy's Throne Room.

There we found Crissy on the floor &, to mah surprise, she was surrounded by what looked like many issues of Bags End News!

"Hey! That's mah newspaper!" I cried.

Crissy's Princess dress was sorta flung on her Throne, & she was in her

usual & favoritest R.E.M. shirt & blue jeans. That's like her native costume.

"Algernon!" she said, all happy, & jumped up to hug & kiss me. She nodded & smiled at the Travelers who were feeling kind of polite with her being a Princess & all. She's not that kind though.

Daniel talked up. "How are you, Iris?"

Crissy smiled. "Good. Nice to see you outside of dreams."

Daniel nodded, smiling too, & I remembered how they know each other by other names in dreams. Hmm, me says.

"I was doing research on all you have written so far about the Six Islands," she explained to mah still-wondering look. Hmm. I nodded OK though. Crissy is a strange girl, but my dear one always.

Then she smiled & said, "Let's all go out to my 1928 Paris Porch to talk!" & she led us there right away.

I saw Marie smiling at that name, & remembered how she is a schoolteacher & all. I thinked I would ask her about that name some time so I wouldn't look dum to Crissy. Though I am sure she would say that was not possible, & not even be mean about it.

Anyway, we all went out to 1928 Paris, which has a long comfy couch 4or sitting, & a nice armchair just like mine on Milne's Porch. And its view is usually of the endless golden green hills of Imagianna, though with one tricky Crissy smile it can be other things, I have learned.

Crissy waited till we were all nicely settled on the couch, & then she sorta walked her talk in front of us.

"Be4ore the Six Islands were spooked, they all lived close together 4or a long time in a sort of sleeping-waking unitary consciousness," she said.

Ut-oh. "A what?" I asked. Lucky 4or mah ignorance, I think nobody but Crissy knowed what that all meant.

"It means all were awake & sleeping all at once. A kind of always dreaming," said Crissy, & now I got the words but their meaning was still hard to get.

Daniel talked. "So what spooked the Six Islands woke them, & all on them woke up too?"

Crissy nodded. "So now there was waking time & sleeping time."

Joe talked. "And Dreamland became like a separate place? Not just the whole world anymore?"

Crissy nodded to that too.

Derek, who is the quietest of the Travelers, now talked. "What was it that fell from the sky?"

Crissy's look was pretty strange as she talked. "It was the Blue Suitcase."

We were all quiet 4or a moment. The way the Travelers looked at each other, I wasn't sure that they didn't know about this strange Blue Suitcase.

Crissy talked more. "It was sent by the Architect from the future to help save the world this time through."

I looked up at Daniel. "Aren't you the Architect guy in dreams with Crissy?"

Daniel nodded. "I wish that was more helpful to us. I don't remember about this."

It felt like I was falling behind all this too, & be4ore I could beg a beginner's class in Suitcases, Crissy crouched down be4ore us, & reached under the couch we sat on, & pulled out a Blue Suitcase!

"Goodness! I know that Suitcase!" cried Marie, who had been sitting next to me, quietly listening &, 4or a moment, there was a confused sort of everyone talking.

Wow, Dear Readers!

* * * * *

What is the Blue Suitcase?
(& Other Mysteries)

I can say honestly & humbly & happily that Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, or Crissy to fans of dancing to good 45 records, is one of mah dearest friends, & 4or a long time. Even be4ore I came to Bags End, those long times ago, times I don't really remember at all too good but 4or stories she told me, she's been mah thick-n-thin friend.

But that doesn't mean that I know everything about her, no Sir. Crissy is in some ways a pretty girl people-folks, smiling & dancing to R.E.M. records, & in other ways a magickal Princess Guardian of Bags End, & probably a lot of other things I don't know.

That's just how it is with dear friends, I have learned. You know them, you love them, but there is always that some or a lot of mystery about them.

What was it like be4ore those Six Islands waked up, spooked like Creatures, & fled? Everyone always in a dream 4orever together? I don't know. Like Dreamland, but no waking up?

But I don't think that's a little thing. Did they walk around in their always Dreaming? Did they get tired & sleep in their always Dreaming? Did they dream inside their always Dreaming?

I guess these questions came to me in a messy way as I sat with the Travelers in Imagianna, on Crissy's 1928 Paris porch, learning from her about those times.

She had just been talking about the Blue Suitcase that did all the falling & splashing & waking & spooking like Creatures the Six Islands back then. And showing us the Blue Suitcase itself, which caused Marie to cry out & jump to her feet, looking at it like it was gonna attack or escape or something.

Crissy put a calming hand on Marie's shoulder. "Not this one. It's the Original One. All the others are its Iterates."

Even I knowed that word. It means "one, none, many," & you just gotta accept it, no matter how weird.

Marie nodded, & calmed down a bit. Crissy smiled & said, "Let's go to my Secret Room, & look inside it."

And she led us back into her Castle, & straight to her Secret Room. It's the one I have rited about with the weird green light & the soft cushions with strange designs on them. And Crissy's books she rited back when she was Christina, up on a high shelf. And some strange pictures on the walls. Oh, & the Red Bag, in the corner way back, that leads to her Writing Room. Um. Yah. All that.

So we all found seats together, & Crissy placed the Blue Suitcase be4ore us, & clicked open its lid.

We all peeked in. There were a lot of strange things inside that Crissy took out some of to show. She plucked up a green-&-gold sack, & unpacked it, one item by one.

A pretty girl's hairbrush. A knife. And a black-&-white Pandy Bear!

"Is that Rosa!ita?" I asked, excited think I might know at least one thing.

Crissy smiled at me, & all of us, & said, "This is the Original Imp. She may help us."

Joe suddenly talked. "But will she?" I guessed he is dubious of Imps. But herself talked in a weird calm voice. "Of course I will." Wow! I didn't think Imps trucked much in mah native English. They seemed to like their funny noises more.

"Hi, Rosalita!" I said all friendly, hoping 4or the best.

"My name is Screeeee ee ee ee ee ee ee e e e e e echhhhhh!" the Imp yowled long & crazy & crazier as she went.

Well, I leaped into Daniel's lap, who holded me & tried to com4ort mah Imp yowling terrors with some nice pats on mah headbone.

Crissy then put away all these items, including the crazy yowling Imp, now quieter.

She was smiling at us, & waiting like it was up to us next to do. This was a good question. Nobody said anything 4or a moment.

Then the swinging door to the Secret Room pushed in a bit, & there was Boop looking in & smiling. He looked at Crissy in particular among us, & said, "Your Highness, I was wondering if showing our guests to the Liberry would help in their travels?"

Crissy thinked 4or a moment, & then smiled bigly. "Yes, Boop, that's a great idea! Let's go!"

She jumped up, & went right out of the Secret Room, & we all hurried along behind her, through many hallways, until we came in a crowd to a door which had a pretty green-&-gold sign on it, with a picture of a book.

She pushed the door open, & led us into this really big room. I'm not sure how to tell how big, but let me try.

It was like being inside a place, but looking up at the cloudy sky with no ceiling ever. And then looking far into the distance of open fields on a foggy day, & feeling like there was no far place ever.

All this & books too! Books up there, framing those high glowing windows, & tiny books lining the stairs deeper into the Liberry. Bookcases that looked like they went on 4or miles & miles.

And, 4or the com4ort of readers, so many chairs & couches! It was an amazing place to see that I had never knowed was here.

I could have asked Crissy why we never went there be4ore but, like I said, she's a strange girl. She probably never thinked to tell me when I was visiting her. She was more thinking about dancing to fun records, which is a very Crissy thing to do.

Still here we were, & I figgered out that she knowed this place pretty well. She let us look amazed 4or a few minutes, & then she pointed to what looked like a misty place in the distance below.

"That's where we need to go." And she led us down a long winding staircase to this misty place, right into the mist, all of us, & then we discovered what was inside it. Mah jawbone dropped.

There were words floating in the air all around us, & pages appearing & disappearing, landing on mah fur, & then gone, like snowflakes or soap bubbles, over & over.

I looked at the others & they were fascinated too. I think Crissy was smiling & watching us 4or a bit with our amazements, but then she tolded us to take hands & paws & sit down together in a circle.

"Let's all close our eyes together, & hmm now," Crissy said softly, & so we did like she said, paw to hand, in a circle, hmming 4or a long time. It was very friendly, & kind of sweet, & close, & then it was something else too.

"Think about these adventures, & where to go next," she said softly again.

It become kind of a shared Dreaming 4or all of us, at least I was

pretty sure we all felt this same dream.

It felt like flying &, as it cleared, I could see Islands below, one after the next, clustered up, & I thought: "O! It's the Six Islands back when they were clustered like Creatures, be4ore they spooked & fled!"

There were White Woods on all of them, thick & all over, no paths, & I guessed whoever was down below was, um, dreaming awake, or however Crissy had said it better.

But something else too. And it was like I shared this thought with all of my friends, touching paws to hands. It was the feeling that this would never be again like this. Even if we united the Six Islands, it wouldn't be the same. This felt both true & sad to know this.

Then it's like our Dreaming travel moved along, & we came to the center of the Six Islands, to where it seemed like they almost touched, & it was right there that we seed there was a little place of water, like a pond, & suddenly we were all diving right into that pond, but of course it was really the Wide Wide Sea too that surrounds the Six Islands, then & now.

We dived in, & it was darkly black, & I wondered what would be shown us? It went on & on & on &, just when I was nearly mad with darkness, & mah wonderings, there was a glowing ahead, & it's like we now saw roots. Roots coming down from the Six Islands, & they were clustered like Creatures down there too! When the Six Islands spooked, these roots must have come apart too, & that's why they fled! They lost touch of each other! No more clustered roots!

Was this how to unite them again? Rejoin their cluster of roots?

Then it seemed like we were rising toward the surface, & I thought maybe we would come back to Crissy's Liberry again soon, but then I heard herself's voice say softly in mah earbone: "I will see you soon, best of all beagles! Rite a good story like always."

Suddenly we were all back somewhere on land, Dear Readers. The 4 Famous Travelers & me. No Crissy, Kittees, Friend Fish, or Boat-Wagon. I noticed Marie had a Blue Suitcase in hand, & I wondered if it was sent along from Crissy.

And it was like a dark hallway we were in somehow, but there was the sound of noisy merriment in the distance, & so we walked along it, Daniel in the lead. Then there were folks nearby & he saw someone he knowed & rushed ahead.

When I finally got a look at who through these much-taller-than-me people-folks guys, I saw that it was Crissy's dear friend Bellla the bloo-&-pink Creature Piglet, whose tricky smile practically matches Crissy's own.

But the talking next only confused me. Actually the talking & more, because Bellla grandly flourished the bloo cape she had on, & revealed underneath Rosa!ita the little black-&-white Pandly Bear Imp, & some other guys, who I betted were Creatures too! A pretty little Bear Creature, & little yellow Duckee Creature with handsome orange feets, & a sort of round green Ball Creature of a girl wearing a warm blue hat, & with yet another tricky smile!

Daniel said, "Well, if it isn't Miss La & Miss Ta, the Great Heroes of Yore!"

Bella smirked friendly to her friends & said, "Hello, Daniel the Famous Traveler, & your group of Famous Travelers! And these are our friends too, called the O'Kult!"

Well, Dear Readers, I had thought that I knowed all the famous folks around, but I humbly confess that I don't.

I tried to remember if I had heard about Great Heroes who looked just

like Rosa!ita & Bellla of the Creature Common, but I guessed must be Iterates somehow.

I wanted to be in on all this friendliness too, but mah ignorance was not to be ignored. I think I accidentally whimpered nearly dog-like out loud.

Well, Marie picked me up, gave me a good hug, & then studied me 4or a moment, finger upon her chin.

"What's the matter, Mister Algernon Beagle?" she asked me in the nicest voice.

Everyone else was looking at me too, but I could just feel not a mean guy in the bunch. So I talked plain & true, as is my best try at things.

"Well, it's strange 4or me right now, because you called those guys Great Heroes of Yore, & somehow I don't know about them. Could you tell me about your fames, so I can admire too?" I said all this just as humbly as I could, hoping it would be OK.

Everyone laughed, but again no meanness. Bellla, who I guess 4or now I'll call Miss La, gestured her paw 4or me to sit with her &, um, Miss Ta, the Imp by the way, & their O'Kult, in their comfy armchair. Who was I to resist such kindnesses, with comfy armchair to boot? So that's where Marie put me, & then she & the other Travelers pulled up chairs too.

Miss La & Daniel looked at each other like: who should talk first? Finally, Daniel did.

"A long time ago, even be4ore I knew the Tumbleweed, I wasn't really that great a Traveler. I mean, I didn't know all about it cuz I was new."

I nodded cuz at least I remembered the Grand Production about some of his early days. I tolded about that too in Bags End Book #17: The Myth of the 4 Famous Travelers! & Bags End Book #20: Go Into the Sea!

Daniel smiled at those Great Heroes, & said some more, "Then we met, & we started to travel together, & learn about how the best adventures & travels help others."

"We helped the Thought Fleas find their Rutabaga Soup ladle," said Miss La, & Miss Ta cackled too.

And, strangely, as has happened be4ore, that strange word made me feel calm, & not cry out mah terrors over talk of food.

"Eventually, we parted ways, good friends, & I have heard from time to time of their legendary adventures," finished Daniel. But then talked more. "And now of course they are the Great Heroes of Yore, Miss La & Miss Ta!"

OK. Fine. Now I talked, feeling less the fool. "I am sure me & some of mah Dear Readers who haven't heard yet would love to hear you tell more!"

Well, those Great Heroes had sure been on a lot of adventures! After saying goodbye to Daniel, they had climbed up a tall rainy mountain called Mount Cloudy Day. Then they had traveled a weird road called the Imaginal Hikeway. Then they had traveled back to ancient times to one of the Six Islands, & met some friendly natives, & even visited the Great Cavern under the Tangled Gate!

I guessed that's when they started getting famous, cuz they went on a lecture tour to teach others how to be Great Heroes too, & even come along with them. They traveled to a Secret Island, & found the Great Horn that plays the world's Hmmm.

Then their greatest adventure be4ore now was traveling several Islands to find those colorful Moosei Creatures, & help them fix the colors of the world gone weird.

"Hey! That happened in Bags End too!" I cried, remembering. "And in Imagianna. Mah friend Princess Crissy told me not to worry though, cuz some Great Heroes would save the day. Then she wanted to dance with me to a lot

of R.E.M. records."

I paused, remembering, everyone looking at me, but still friendly. "And, um, the colors got fixed! That was you Great Heroes, Miss La & Miss Ta?" I asked, feeling amazed.

Miss La smirked her tricky smile, so much like her friend Crissy's. And Miss Ta cackled of course.

"Wow!" I said. "I feel so humbly glad to be on this new adventure with all of you Great Heroes & Famous Travelers!"

And they all said nice things about me, but I will keep those in mah own humble pocket.

Maybe I can learn how to be a Great Hero too, & teach others how!

To be continued in Cenacle | 127 | April 2025!







Bags End Book #22: Uniting the Six Islands Part 2

This story and more Bags End Books
can be found at:
scriptorpress.com/bags-end.pdf

Hello Cenacle readers,

Mah name is Algernon Beagle & I am the editor guy for Bags End News. Bags End News is a newspaper about mah homeland, a fantasyland called Bags End.

From the outside, Bags End looks like 3 brown-colored laundry bags piled up on a little chair in the corner of our friend Miss Chris's bedroom in Connecticut. And there is one newer Red Bag near them. Miss Chris is 5 years old & has a toy tall boy brother named Ramie, who is 17.

Inside, Bags End is sort of like an apartment building of levels but, cuz it is a fantasyland, nobody knows about its top or bottom. Most levels look like regular hallways, with doors to rooms & other places running up & down their lengths.

Each level is connected to the one above & the one below by ramps that are good for folks with legs & others without. Strangely, the other end of each level ends in a sudden edge, so be warned, should you come to visit.

The Cenacle editor guy, who is a cousin to my friend & Miss Chris's brother Ramie, invited me to share some of the stories from mah newspaper, now & again. He also helped with the typing & some of the spellings, to make this book presentable here. I love English but I still don't spell it too great.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy these stories from Bags End, a place near & dear to mah heartbone.

* * * * *

Uniting the Six Islands?

I can surely say, Dear Readers, that I have been on some grate adventures in mah times. Some of them were led by Bags End guys like Sheila Bunny & Betsy Bunny Pillow. Some by mah dear friend Princess Crissy, who lives nearby in Imagianna.

And some more recent ones have involved those nice Creature Common guys, & even the 4 Famous Travelers called Marie & Joe & Derek & Daniel. And sometimes Daniel's bestus buddy, Tumbleweed.

But this current story I am telling seems to have a lot of these & more. I suppose I am the lone Bags End guy so far, tho others could come any time, welcomed or bossy about it. The 4 Famous Travelers are along. And Willy Nilly from the Creature Common. And we got to where we are at this point by visiting Princess Crissy, & via her tricky smile magick.

But the Great Heroes of Yore, Miss La & Miss Ta, & their, um, O'Kult,

Page End News
No. 411, November 4, 2017

Editor: Alge non Beagle

King: Sheila Bunn

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fogle

Written Down By: Lori Bunn

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

More About thee Bloo Sutekors!

I kan shuter sauer, Deer
Reeds, thatt I. shu bin om sum
grate Advenchur in mathims.
Om ut thom yor led bin Bagged
om lik Shela Bunn & Botchulky
Dillo. Sum bin mahotep friend
Princess Crissy whoo! Ns nearby
in Louisiana

At sum prior resent wuns
hav. Invalrd thos riss Kreechun
Damon puz & evn the familly & Grot.
Travelers Kinda Moree. & Jo & Derek
& Derek

Butt, thiss Kurent storer I
am telling seems too hard a litt
ut thes & mor. I supoz I am the

Page End News
No. 412, November 11, 2017

Editor: Alge non Beagle

King: Sheila Bunn

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fogle

Written Down By: Lori Bunn

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Sleepovr in the Penseaney!

Itt iz kwi + thee epik storer
I hav lookd intoo. Deer Reeds,
by wich I am nody too report
too all ut yu. Thes ar ut
Kors, panti sooo thiss storer
that I don't underst and, wuzp
newe with mee on this, butt
I am utp much wite &
wals & shup kwe stylus sundins
to.

Itt okurd too mae thatt
thiss iz a ~~ree~~ tale I am telling
wth onley mee from happennd
in the whost day, & mosten
about prapils farr from nash
sirmy butt belived nativ homind.

Page End News
No. 413, November 18, 2017

Editor: Alge non Beagle

King: Sheila Bunn

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fogle

Written Down By: Lori Bunn

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

Thee 6 Moral Islands!

Yor oild pail & beegel boye
jennelnt Alge non Beagle has
bin om kwi a flw expeshun
in his tim, & recn wun difent
om whos kam & wiy wee wuz
expeshun.

Thiss wuz Fri tellin yu
about it riss dnm felt thidun
ut thee biest wth tho. Mes thee
onley bad rich yu amye thes
familly Travelers & thes
O Kwi!

Butt, kwe day amysit all
thees puz enr sed I shud nott
bee allong, bekauz ut seehy a

Page End News
No. 414, November 25, 2017

Editor: Alge non Beagle

King: Sheila Bunn

Lead Lead Creature: Threshold Fogle

Written Down By: Lori Bunn

Apprentice: Willy Nilly

The 6 Islands Spook Agent

From wun wandr too thee
next om thiss ~~grate~~ ^{grate} adence.
Deer Reeds I am glad I
am nody wun ut thes yus wu
been about whos think thair
seen and all about thee wald
& itz nott so grate anywaze Itt
iz grate, & useed, & dnmfitt, &
pall ut a bajillion kind of nobell
to. Thes wuz I think about it
anywaze.

Butt too thee storer. Moree
thee Travelers Kind out ut thee
pale Napon thee wuz in wth mee
& told Travelers Danyl & Jo & Derek.

are all new to me. I mean, sort of, since Miss La & Miss Ta are also Creatures too, I think. I mean, again, that Miss La looks like that bloo-&-pink smirking Piglet Creature, Bellla, & Miss Ta looks like Rosa!ita, who is a crazy-eyed black-&-white Pandy Bear Imp.

I know, I know, "One. None. Many." Mah simple brainbone does its best to nod & accept these strange days & idears.

Anyway, we were at the Ancienne Coffeeshouse, talking about the many amazing heroics of those Great Heroes of Yore, including the most recent one about traveling to several Islands to find those colorful Moosei Creatures, & help them fix the colors of the world gone weird. So amazing, Dear Readers, to hear of such braveness!

Now Daniel asked them, "Are you now on your newest Great Heroic Adventure, Miss La & Miss Ta?"

Miss La smirked near tricky as Crissy does, & said, "My colleague & I had a shared dream that had many strange images in it, that became stranger toward the end when we came together in it, & were traveling over the Wide Wide Sea, to the Ancient Six Islands. We saw their glowing White Woods, & the little pond in the middle of them.

"And then we dived down deep into the little pond in our dream vision, & we came to a place where all the Islands' roots were clustered together too, & we heard a voice say, 'How will the Six Islands be united again?' And we saw a vision of the Blue Suitcase, & inside of it a little green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones."

Well, we all listened with our great fascinations at how familiar this story sounded. "Sounds like a crazy dream to me," is all I said, hoping I did not sound too dum.

But Miss Ta cackled friendly, & Miss La nodded to me & said, "It was a crazy dream, Mister Algernon Beagle! That's why we decided that we both had to come here to start on our next Great Heroic Adventure. We're just not sure what to do next. What are all of you Famous Travelers here 4or?"

Daniel explained how they had also been trying to figger how to unite the Six Islands again, & had picked me up along the way, since I had the same idear too. Crissy's idear, to be fair, Dear Readers. "And we all had a similar vision to yours, Miss La & Miss Ta, when we were in Princess Crissy's Great Liberry in Imagianna," he finished.

"Tho our vision didn't have the little green-&-golden sack of colored stones in it," added Marie. Then she showed the Great Heroes the Blue Suitcase she had been carrying along our travels.

The Great Heroes looked shocked to see it. Miss La said, "Would you open up the Blue Suitcase, Miss Marie, & maybe what we are talking about is in there?"

So Miss Marie put the Blue Suitcase on the floor, & opened it up, & showed everyone a strange Map, & a Box with colored Threads in it, & there again was the green-&-golden sack the rest of us had seen be4ore.

Then Marie rooted around in the Blue Suitcase more, & found a hidden bulge on the inside. A secret pocket! And, sure enough, out came another green-&-golden colored sack!

Then she poured into her hand from this new sack 6 or 7 little colored stones. They were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, & violet. The indigo stone came out last, there & not-there both?

Joe pulled up a little game table to where we sat. It sort of looked like a checkerboard on top except there were a whole bunch of cackling Imps like Rosa!ita! And I guess Miss Ta the Great Hero too. "One. None. Many" is all I got to work with, Dear Readers.

These Imps cackled off to the side, & then Marie placed the 6 or 7

colored stones on the checkerboard for us to look at. Pretty, but not telling us more than that.

Miss La said, "I think these are our clues."

"Clues to what?" asked Joe, who I've noticed tries hard not to be fooled by strangeness. Good idea, I agree.

"We need to find out where these stones go," said one of her O'Kult suddenly. It was the pretty-faced green round fella with her warm blue hat & tricky Crissy kind of smile. "That's what you do with magick stones. You find out where they go, & then they can do their magick," she finished. Everyone else listened & then nodded, because this made good sense to all.

So now our question was: where did these stones go?

Just then a group of very jolly people-folks came into the Ancienne Coffeehouse, & sat near us, all happy & talking merry.

They said, "Have you all been to the Rutabaga Festival yet? Boy Holly! It's a fun time going on there today! They have all sorts of great events happening!"

Then they were all talking at once, telling what they had seen at this strangely named Festival.

"But the greatest event of all is the Model," they all kind of said together in agreement.

"The Model?" asked Marie politely, & we all listened eagerly.

"The Model," one of the guys said, with his eyes big & bright. "It is a living Model of the Ancient Six Islands, like they were back then, joined together. You have to see it to know it!"

These Festival-goers laughed more & smiled friendly at us, but then they got restless, I guess, so they said goodbye politely, & moved along deeper into the Ancienne Coffeehouse. We sat talking about what they had told us.

Everyone seemed to agree that we should all go see this Model the next day.

"Let's spend the night together in the Pensionne," said Miss La. I guessed this was somewhere to sleep. Everyone else I guessed knewed this word & nodded, so I decided OK without nodding. Dummer to pretend.

For awhile we sat on, tho, talking, & they all had such crazy travels that it made me feel both humble & glad to be along this time. I keep trying to learn, Dear Readers! Keep using mah meager wits & asking questions sometimes too!

* * * * *

Sleepover in the Pensionne!

I can't say all this stuff about the Ancient Six Islands makes full sense to me yet, but at least I don't feel totally behind somehow. I mean, I know about, & have rited about in this beloved newspaper, how long ago the Six Islands were clustered together like Creatures, until something fell from the sky & spooked them to panic & flee from each other. And it was Princess Crissy who had kind of set me off on this present story's path to unite the Six Islands again.

And I have wondered mahself about whether Bags End's group of 6 Neighbors--us, Imagianna, Dreamland, Bunny Pillow Farm, Creature Common, & the White Woods--are on 1 Island, or are scattered on some or all 6 of them.

So I know & understand & can tell some stuff about all this, & have mah own questions too.

I guess these things were on mah mind as I sat in the Ancienne Coffeehouse with the 4 Famous Travelers, & the Great Heroes of Yore, & their charming

O'Kult, listening to their stories of travels. Mah attention was drawn to watching Marie, who looked very thoughtful on her pretty face as she studied the 6 or 7 colored stones, finger upon her chin, & then put them away in their green-&-golden colored sack. I realized she thinked them as much of a mystery as I did.

Eventually we all got up, & trooped out of the Ancienne Coffeehouse to the road outside. And there waiting 4or us was none other than those bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish in their famous Boat-Wagon! Boy! They get around!

Everyone climbed into the Boat-Wagon, most of us in the back, & Marie up front as, I guessed, a special friend to the Kittees & their Friend Fish.

We then all got safety belted, with everyone saying, "Safety first!" as is the rule with this vehicle.

Marie then nodded to the Kittees, & they pedaled us along the road 4or a little while, until we arrived to the Pensionne.

It looked like a very strange building, with no one front door I could see. Seemed like many of them.

But in front of one of the many doors was this tall smiling lady with a long grey braid & big boots. We all got out, & everyone yelled, "Aunt!" all friendly. Now I knowed her name too.

She greeted everyone with nods & smiles &, since I am short & she is friendly, I got a nice scritch on mah headbone be4ore she turned & led us inside.

She brought us down what looked like a hallway as regular as Bags End's, at least 4or awhile, but then it felt more like we were walking on an earthy path, & there were rocks & roots we had to climb over, the bigger guys helping us shorter guys along sometimes.

Then I heard the sound of water nearby, like a babbling brook? And I saw how there were now trees all around us, sorta like White Woods? How did that happen? Everyone was saying how this path was just like the one in one of those Great Heroes' other adventures.

Soon we came to a very pretty bridge that Marie whispered to me was called Cobblestone Bridge. That nice Aunt was, I guessed, our hostess, cuz she had laid out a whole lot of blankets & pillows under the bridge, on one side of the brook, 4or us to have a kind of camping out sleepover in her strange Pensionne?

Well, OK, I guessed this was part of how it goes with both Great Heroes & Famous Travelers in your group. I mean, even these small details would be strange & interesting with these guys, whose stories are so much known & tolded about.

So Aunt made sure we were all arrived & settled be4ore she tolded us good night. We all thanked her very much, & she smiled pleased.

Nobody was ready to sleep yet, tho, & everybody wanted to hear more stories from everyone else.

Suddenly those friendly O'Kult guys were leading the general look to me 4or a good story.

What to say, Dear Readers? I thinked I knowed a lot of them, but on the spot like this I swear I could not hardly pass a test on who thinks she is the King of Bags End, or who speaks a very annoying made-up tongue. I knowed be4ore & after that those answers are Sheila Bunny & Alexander Puppy, of course. But not at that moment.

What did I remember? Thinked hard & found mahself thinking of mah not recently seen Apprentice Reporter, Willy Nillyly.

So I nodded & started there, telling everyone about him coming to see me

in Bags End to do a new story, & Crissy's thoughts on uniting the Six Islands again being on mah mind too, & how we traveled to the Bags End Liberry, & then to the Creature Common, & finally to see all of them in the Ancienne Coffeehouse.

I could only hope that this story was OK, but I guessed that it was. When I was done, I was happy to hush & listen again 4or a good long while.

Everyone listened politely, & then Marie said, "We did not see your Apprentice Reporter Willy Nilly in the Creature Common, when we met you. Where is he now?"

All I said was, "He's on a special assignment," which was sort of true. Marie nodded & smiled, lucky me.

So then we all got comfy & clustered like Creatures, & the stars were high up over the bridge, & the brook babbled as they do. Long tiring day, & nice place to sleep, & the pretty musics of the White Woods, & I was soon sleeping among mah new & known friends.

* * * * *

The Six Model Islands!

Your old pal & beagleboy journalist Algernon Beagle has been on quite a few expotitions in his times, & each one different by who came, & why we were expotitioning. But this new one I am telling you of now felt like the biggest one yet. Amd me, the only Bags End guy among Famous Travelers & Great Heroes of Yore & their O'Kult!

But nobody amongst all these nice guys ever said I should not be along, because of being a beagle, or not famous enough, or whatever. I guess I am never sure of mah qualifications 4or these big adventures.

I don't even know how I would qualify if I didn't, like how to do that? Does doing mah newspaper count? I think maybe, but that's as far as I get.

Still, if nobody objects, & everyone is friendly, & I make sure mah newspaper tells the story straight & true as I can, maybe it's OK.

I'm no magickal Creature, but that's what mah paw-on-chin figgerings concluded, as I was waking up, still clustered warmly with the others under that Cobblestone Bridge, on our way to the Rutabaga Festival to see the Six Model Islands there. The thinking we all had was that maybe visiting this Model would help us with our adventure to unite the actual Six Islands again, that had long ago spooked & fled far from each other.

That nice tall Aunt lady in her big boots & long grey braid on her hair, & kind smile 4or all, was there as I looked around. When everyone started to gather up the pillows & blankets we had slept with, she said, "Oh, don't you worry about all that. It's time 4or you to get going. I believe you're going that way," & she pointed further along the path by the babbling brook we had followed to this bridge.

Then to explain, she put her hand to her ear, like listening, & so we all got really quiet & tried to listen too. There were sounds of people having fun & frivolities, like those happy guys had talked about to us last night at the Ancienne Coffeehouse. Probably that Rutabaga Festival!

I guess I was getting used to not jumping out of mah bones when I heard that word, & not knowing why I didn't either.

Anyway, we left the pillows & blankets there, like Aunt said, & packed up, & started going again. Daniel & the Great Heroes Miss La & Miss Ta took the lead, then Marie & Joe & Derek, & that nice O'Kult, & me in the back. All of us single file going along. It got rocky & rough to walk at times, & so Marie & the other Travelers would fetch up us little guys, & carry us along

4or awhile.

I noticed the rocky path began to wind away from the babbling brook, & get nearer to the Festival & its merry-makers. Lots of music & drummings in the air, & happy dancers dancing by us. A lot of them crying out, "You have to go to see the Model! You have to go to see the Model!"

And then we came to this big clearing where, truer than true, those amazing Thought Fleas, good friends of mine from past times, had really built a living model of the Ancient Six Islands, clustered together! They were in a model of the Wide Wide Sea, which filled the clearing, but not further somehow. It was amazing, like everyone had said! What magicks had summoned this up?

We walked slowly around the edge of the clearing, looking at the Six Model Islands, & their glowing White Woods, & their mountains. And in the center of them, floating in their Model Wide Wide Sea, was a pond that reminded me of the Fishin' Hole I had seen the time I was with 4 Famous Travelers, back where they live, & where they started their Famous Travels from.

So we were all just walking & wondering in our awes when along came again those bloo-eyed Kittees & their Friend Fish in their Famous Boat-Wagon!

What was strange tho was that they would not let us pass by & keep walking. Kept sort of driving in our way.

Marie said to them, "What is it, Kittees?"

The Kittees raised their white-tipped black paws, & pointed at the Blue Suitcase that Marie carried along. They stared Marie until she set the Blue Suitcase on the ground, & opened it up.

Looking back at them as steadily as they were looking at her, finger upon her chin thinking, she dug out that green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones, & showed them to the Kittees. I wondered what would happen next with all this wordless talking.

The Kittees pointed their paws toward the Model Islands.

Marie nodded like she was excited, & said to all of us, "We have to get into the Boat-Wagon now!"

So we did just what said, & piled again into the Boat-Wagon, Marie in front with the Kittees & their Friend Fish, & the rest of us tucked into the back, a friendly group, all buckled in & crying out, "Safety first!" as is the rule.

The Kittees pedal the Boat-Wagon like a sort of big bicycle when on the ground, but then as we rolled into the Model Wide Wide Sea, the pedals became like water paddles. I don't know how that works. I was just watching close & amazing.

It seemed like we in the Boat-Wagon must have gotten smaller because the Six Model Islands looked bigger as we went along our way. Not full-sized, but much bigger compared to us! I wondered if a smart guy like Lori Bunny could have explained this to me better.

We came to the pond in the middle of the clustered Model Islands, & the Kittees stopped paddling.

We in the back watched the Kittees now wordlessly point their paws from the stones in Marie's hand to the Six Model Islands around us. What did this mean?

* * * * *

The Six Islands Spook Again!

As we all watched, Marie the Traveler climbed out of the Boat-Wagon into the water, which went only partway up her legs, & she began to slosh over

to one of the Islands.

She leaned over the Island, & reached & reached & reached her hand until she placed one of the colored stones firmly at the top of the tallest mountain of the Island.

Then she sloshed over to the next Island & did the same thing. And the next, & the next, until all the Six Model Islands had been visited like this.

Then she came sloshing back to the Boat-Wagon, & climbed in. I guess the Kittees & their Friend Fish had hit Towel button on their dashboard, because she had a nice green-&-golden one to dry off with.

I noticed that the colored stones on each Island were now glowing each its own color. Very pretty. But what 4or?

Marie then talked to the Kittees again. "I still have one stone left." She helded up the indigo stone that sort of came & went in her hand. "What do I do with this one?"

The Kittees kept on with their bloo-eyed telling-not-talking ways. They pointed their white-tipped black paws toward the sky.

Marie stood up in her seat, & reached up. And up, & up, & impossibly up high 4or one girl's arm & hand, but she did, & through clouds up there, up & up!

"I feel something metal like a . . . Spaceship?" she asked more than tolded.

I guessed she felt along 4or a few moments, & then said, "Oh! It's like a socket, & I think this stone screws in, like a lightbulb?" And now her hand was back, & no stone or bulb in it.

We all kept looking up & then, sure enough, this great Spaceship came out of the clouds!

And something fell from it too. It was small, & blue, & tumbled end over end into the Model Wide Wide Sea, not far from us. A Blue Suitcase!

Wasn't much time to wonder at this because the Six Model Islands around us began to shake & quake &, be4ore we knew it, all but one of them had somehow spooked & fled. They were gone! Crazy!

We all just sat there quiet & dazed.

Then Joe next to me said to Marie, "Well, Ginger, this Model doesn't seem to have worked out any better than the real thing, does it?"

Marie shook her head & said, "No."

Derek also near me speaked up from his usual quietness. "Well, what should we do now?"

Now I talked, some kind of shaggy half-built idear hurrying from mah brainbone to mah mouth, the rest of me hoping 4or the best.

"This Creature Islands spooking thing seems to happen no matter what we do about it. But maybe there's something to what Marie did with those colored stones, & how the Kittees told her to."

I paused, just in case of jeers, but did not feel none coming on, so talked some more.

"If you think about it, wherever those Creature Islands fled to, they all have the glowing stones at their highest tops. That would show where they are? Like, um, um," I didn't know the right word, but guessed there was one.

"Beacons," said Daniel, smiling at me like I was OK in his book. Good book to be OK in.

Everyone talked at once now, & it seemed like we were all wondering how knowing this would help the real Six Islands?

Another idear ragged & strange came from mah busy brainbone. "Maybe if we went to see mah friend Princess Crissy in Imagianna, there's this sorta cloudy magickal place in her Great Liberry that might help us to answer our

question. If you all think this would be a good plan."

Well, again no jeering me, & maybe the opposite to boot.

So we all made sure that Marie & everyone else was buckled up again. Safety first! And the Kittees began to paddle us away from the 1 Model Island that was left.

I wondered if we could get those other 5 Model Islands back too. Seemed only fair to those nice Thought Fleas. Maybe all of these things were somehow part of one thing. It always seemed somehow to come back to: "One. None. Many."

We rolled from the Model Wide Wide Sea onto the land, & were soon deep in the White Woods.

I am guessing that how we were soon traveling from the White Woods onto the rolling green-&-golden hills of Imagianna was that mah dear & very curious friend Princess Crissy was watching our travels, & knowed we wanted to come back & see her.

Whatever the truth, up we soon rolled to the front door of her Palace.

We unbuckled, & got out of the Boat-Wagon, & I said to those Great Heroes of Yore, "Since you guys are new to Crissy & Imagianna, I will make sure that you & your O'Kult are given the best of introductions 4or Great Heroes such as yourselves." They nodded & smiled, & Miss Ta cackled, I guess pleased.

I knocked on the door & of course Boop, who looks like a Turtle but isn't one, answered. He seed me & the 4 Famous Travelers that he knowed. Then he seed those Great Heroes that everybody & his brother knows about, except me till recently.

"Greetings, all!" he cried happy. "I will show you excited guests into the Throne Room of Princess Chrisakah!" And he leaded the way.

* * * * *

Back to the Great Liberry of Imagianna!

So Boop smiling led us into Crissy's Throne Room, & we found her sitting in her Throne. I could see that her fancy Princess dress was on over her blue jeans & R.E.M. t-shirt, & she was trying to keep her crooked crown on, but I thinked more in a rebel kind of way than size.

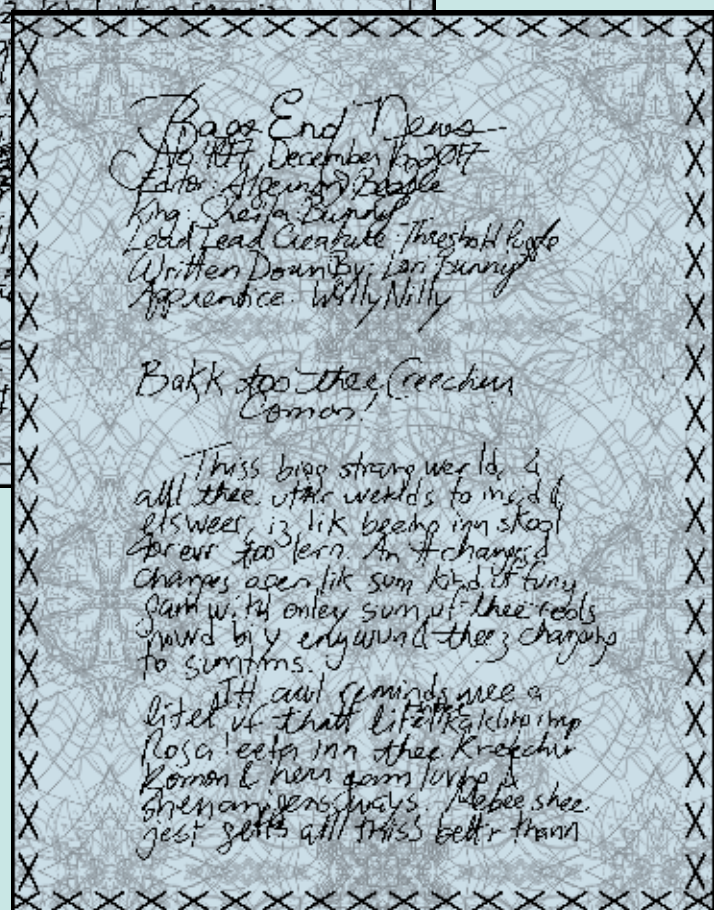
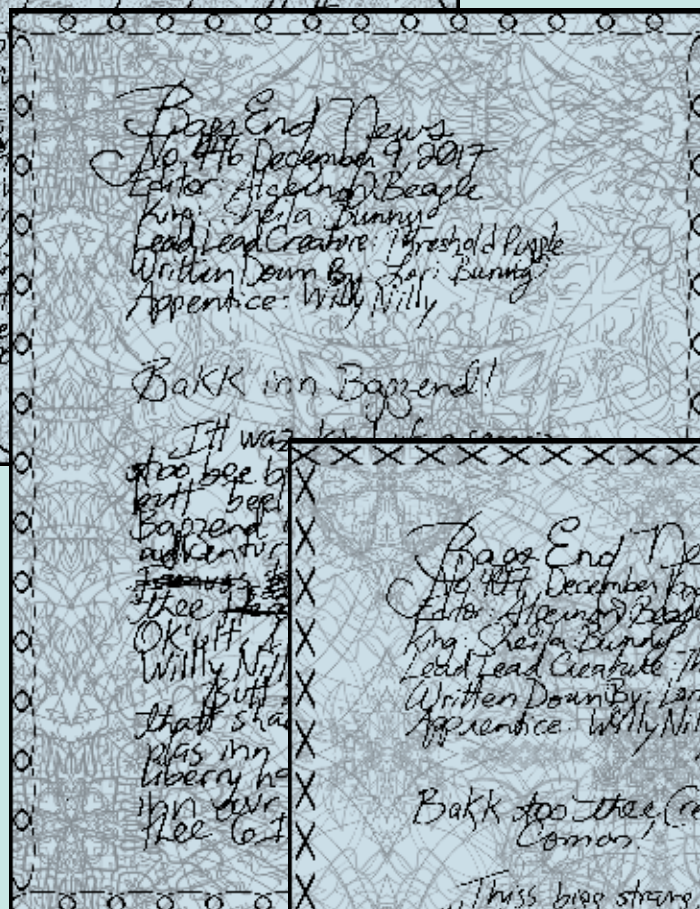
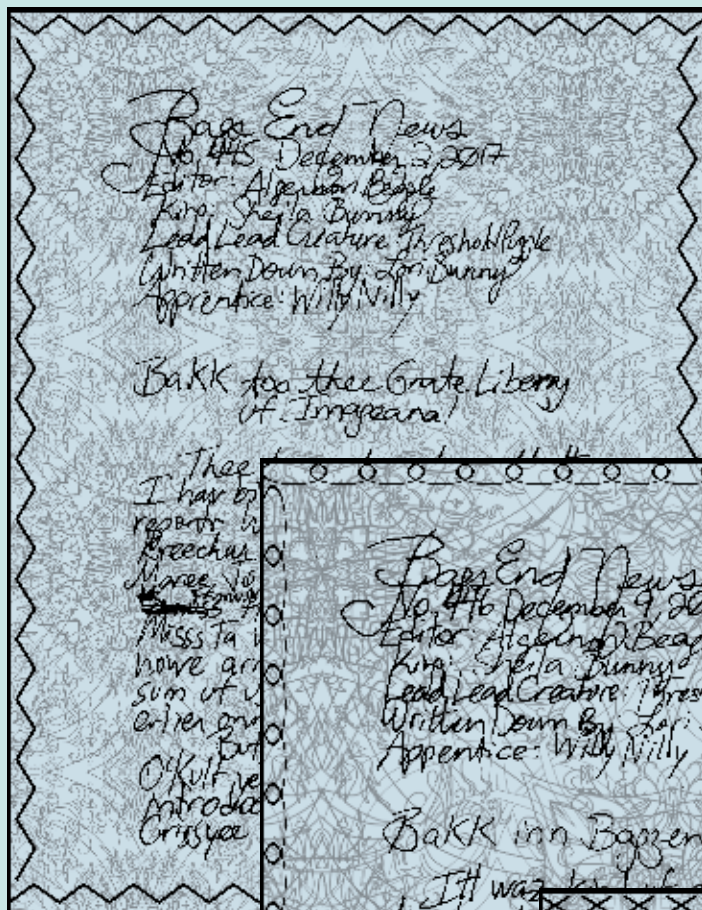
Boop was all business now, called protocols, which is politeness & fancy words all bundled up together.

He cried out proudly, "Presenting to your Royal Highness, Princess Chrisakah of Imagianna, Algernon Beagle, Court Scribe to King Sheila Bunny of Bags End; the 4 Famous Travelers, Daniel, Marie, Joe, & Derek the Islander, of the White Woods; & the Great Heroes of Yore, Miss La & Miss Ta, & their retinue, the O'Kult!"

I think Court Scribe means me & mah newspaper, which is true, but I can surely say that Sheila is NOT King & I do NOT write 4or her. About her sometimes, but still. The rest of Boop's talkings were true enough, like I had tolded them to you Dear Readers be4ore too.

Anyway, Crissy smiled her most charming Crissy smile & said, "You can call me Crissy!" Then she got off her Throne, & came over to me first & gived me a big hug. She said hello happily again to the 4 Famous Travelers, & met the Great Heroes & their O'Kult all friendly. She is kind of a big guy, by title & trade, but Crissy is more really a nice girl who loves to dance, & she is kindly to everyone, like she's got a big circle in her heartbone with a place 4or all.

I could tell the Great Heroes & their O'Kult were amazed by all this,



being welcomed so nicely into the big & fancy Castle & all. I guess I 4orget cuz Crissy is mah dear friend, & I knowed she got to be a Princess sort of by accident, that she impresses new friends importantly.

Now that the hellos were done, Crissy led us all to her porch called 1928 Paris, & had everyone sit down on her very soft couch.

The 4 Travelers caught her up on all our travels since we were with her last time. Crissy listened closely, her finger upon her chin, which 4or some means that, & she seemed especially fascinated by Marie's discovery of the green-&-golden sack of 6 or 7 colored stones, because it seemed like Crissy had not known they were hidden away in the Blue Suitcase that she had given us to take along. That answered that wondering.

Now I talked mah idear from be4ore & hoped it was still a good one. "Crissy, I really think we should go back to your Great Liberry, to that strange & shadowy place in it &, if we ask our question good, maybe it will be able to help us."

Crissy smiled straight & true at me, & thought this was a good idear too. She looked at Boop & asked him to lead us all back to the Great Liberry.

Boop nodded, & led us right away down the hallways to the door with the green-&-golden book picture on it. And we all went right in.

I have rited be4ore about this wonderful place, with its high-in-the-sky ceiling, & big-big & tiny-tiny books, & mah wonderment how it is somehow in the basement of the Castle. Just seems too big. But Crissy & Crissy matters often amaze mah simple brainbone.

Boop smiled & nodded at me to lead the way, & I figgered he was not coming along. I wondered about this, & Crissy too, but I think they wanted this time to help but not be the stars. Or something.

So I leaded the way down the spiral staircase into the Great Liberry. We were all in awe, especially the Great Heroes & O'Kult, but I kept us going along our way to that shadowy corner place from last time. It again glowed bright, once we were inside.

And, like last time, there were pages & words & books floating all around us, like snowflakes, or Blondys if they were not girl-shaped.

Part of me wanted to just lose mahself in all this beauty, but I kept mah brainbone focused on our task.

"Now, guys," I said, "You can see that this is a very magickal kind of place. What we have to do is think about what we want to do next. About all of our travels together, & how we want to know where to go next to help the Six Islands unite again."

I kind of politely directed us to sit in a circle, & close our eyes, & touch pawbone to hand, & hmmm together, just like Crissy had us do last time. I hoped I did it right.

After a long time, we were indeed somewhere else. I opened mah eyes, & everyone did too, & we found ourselves in a big group on mah own Milne's Porch in Bags End!

It was quite a crowd on mah Porch, but it was all friendly, if a bit uncertain.

Miss La, who looks like Crissy's dear old friend Bellla, the bloo-&-pink Piglet Creature, sort of is & isn't somehow, looked at me & said, "What are we doing here, Mister Algernon Beagle?"

* * * * *

Back in Bags End!

It was kind of a surprise to be back in mah strange but beloved homeland

of Bags End, on this grand adventure with the 4 Famous Travelers, the Great Heroes of Yore, & their O'Kult. But this where that shadowy bright magickal place in Crissy's Great Liberry had sent us next in our quest to unite the Six Island again.

Miss La & the others were looking at me 4or the why of it tho. So I said, "Well, I am guessing that, since we were brung here, our answer must be somewhere in Bags End. Let's go see mah friend Lori Bunny in the Bags End Liberry & talk to her."

Nobody objected or called mean names, so I led us to climb one by one through the window into mah bedroom in the Bunny Family apartment. And there was mah brother Alexander Puppy, who shares mah bedroom, tho not mah choice of proper tongue to speak in.

Which is to say that he immediately started to Bump each guy politely who came into our bedroom, one at a time.

I got mad quick & said, "Stop that, you dum brother! We don't have time 4or your Bumping nonsense!"

"Bump?" Alex asked me, & I looked around desperately 4or that helpful green-eyed real & fake language-knowing guy, Allie Leopard. No good luck.

That's when Daniel the Famous Traveler looked at Alex & said, "Bump Bump Bump-Bump-Bump."

Alex smiled big & he said, "Bump-Bump-Bump-Bump?"

And Daniel said back, "Bump-Bump-Bump-Bump!"

I could not take it. "What is going on here?" I demanded.

Daniel smiled kindly at me, & mercy me talked English again. "Alexander Puppy knows about the colored stones we have kept encountering in dreams & other places. He says there is a book about them in the Bags End Liberry, but it is not in the history books there, because it is a book of strange songs. Alexander knows about it because it has Ancient Bump Songs in it."

Wow. Very helpful. I swallowed mah pride (O! Yuk?) & gaved Alex a sort of Bump on his nozebone, out of affections.

"Bump! Bump! Bump!" Alex cried, all happy, knowing mah opinion on Bump mostly.

"Come on!" I said. "Let's go quick be4ore I regret ever being nice to that silly Bumping brother!" I then hurried to lead everyone out of our bedroom & through the Bunny Family apartment to the hallway.

I leaded the group along, since this was mah homeland & I knowed the way. All was fine until I heard a roar up ahead in the hallway we were in. Suddenly there was Sheila Bunny riding up to us on her BunnyCycle Beatrix!

"Halt!" she said.

"Oh, good golly," I groaned. Another Bagzinian delay.

I didn't know what was gonna happen next when that tiny Miss Ta sorta skittered up to Sheila & started cackling a little song that I think sounded like a Coltrane song. They are strange to know but hard to 4orget, & Sheila plays them a lot on her little record player in her Throne Room, which I visit sometimes. And with her Kool Jazz Band too.

This calmed Sheila down, I think, from her probably being annoyed at a big adventure, without her, in her Kingdom. Which it isn't.

So hopeful & hurrying, I explained why we were here. I don't assume anyone in Bags End reads mah newspaper, unless it's about them.

"Would you like to come along with us, Sheila?" I asked meekly.

Maybe she saw there were enough Heroes & other famous folks already that she would be kind of a latecomer, but she just said, "Carry on, Subjects!" like any of us were, which not, & roared away on her BunnyCycle Beatrix with a friendly wave of her paw.

Wow again.

So we kept going toward the Bags End Liberry, & there was no more trouble.

I hurried all of us to the corner table that Lori shared with Allie Leopard. Lori was there, looked at me & all of us, adjusted her smartguy spectacles, & smiled.

I talked right into it. "We know what the right book is now, Lori!" And I told her what Alex had just told us.

She listened, & smiled more, & nodded. Then she brung us over to the music books like I had asked, & picked out one that was green-&-golden, & looked very old too. "It's called The Book of Strange Songs," she said.

She set the old book on her table, & paged through, & then pointed to a particular song. She read its words & said, "This is about the colored stones, Algernon!"

Now Lori & Daniel sat close together, studying the song. I didn't think the words were in English, so I guessed we needed to wait awhile while they studied, & then explained.

When ready, Daniel said, "We were right. The colored stones are Beacons. But they need to be activated. When they all are, they hmm a certain hmm only the other Islands can hear."

Lori looked at mah & maybe others' confusion & said, "We need to turn them on, Algernon."

"Oh," said me.

"Then the Islands can find each other again," she finished, smiling.

Wow, a third time.

I'm not sure how it happened but everyone again looked at me 4or answers.

"What do we do now, Algernon Beagle?" they severally said.

* * * * *

Back to the Creature Common!

This big strange world, & all the other worlds too, inside & elsewhere, is like being in school 4orever to learn. And it changes & changes again, like some kind of funny game with only some of the rules knowed by everyone, & these changing too sometimes.

It all reminds me a little of that little cackling Imp Rosalita in the Creature Common, & her game-loving & shenanigans ways. Maybe she just gets all this better than most or me too.

I still don't know a lot of the answers, Dear Readers. But I have wondered over a thing or 2 more & more along the way.

It was not so long ago that the only close Neighbors to Bags End were Imagianna, & I guess too the Bunny Pillow Farm. And of course all of the strange places inside Bags End itself, which is unknown big really. And, lastly, Connecticut, where Miss Chris & Ramie the Toy Tall Boy & their kinfolks live.

It was a long time in learning about the wonderful Creature Common, & Dreamland, & the White Woods.

And I know some would say, "Hey, beagle, what about Oz, & Wonderland, & Narnia, & good places like that?"

Sure, those too, but I kinda think like they aren't as nearby. And I don't know what that means.

It's all friendliness amongst all these places, but it's like there's more to know about what's near to sort of fill out with all that's known about far.

So this story I have been telling is like the newest of these learning's

about those places I call near & Neighbors.

I am no teacher like Mister Owl in Bags End School, or smart guy about history books like Lori Bunny, or tricky smile magickal knowing girl like Princess Crissy, but I feel like, as what I am, a scrappy beagleboy journalist, I am helping figger out some good things 4or everybody to know.

But again the question asked me: "What do we do now, Algernon Beagle?"

I am not used to being more than a mere beagle in a story's careening chaos, but I stopped, & tooked a breath down deep inside, be4ore panicking or talking.

Then I talked. "I wonder if there are guys in the Creature Common who could help us figger out this Islands Beacon thing. I think we should go to the Creature Common, & bring our question with us."

Nobody objected with insults or anything else, so I nodded & again leaded the way, because mah native homeland, down the levels & through the hallways of Bags End. Right to the Marie picture, where it is hung upon the wall.

Knowing I probably struggle the most with the logic of it all, I carefully explained.

"You have to not think of this as a picture of Marie, but like a portal to the Creature Common." I saw Marie was smiling at mah talking's about her, um, picture. But she nodded me friendly to go on, so I did. "You just close your eyes, & walk on through," I explained, truly & logiclessly.

So I sort of waved a welcoming paw at the picture, & encouraged everyone to go on through. The 4 Travelers, even Marie, followed mah instructions, & made it OK. The Creatures did not need to, which did not surprise me. I did, tho, & barely made it through.

And there we were, on the landing outside the Creature Common, or maybe part of it, because of the 4 pictures, & there was CC, that nice Ramie-looking guy, with MeZmer the White Bunny & Holly the Hedgedyhog in paw. CC smiled & said, "Well, hello everyone! Hello again, Mister Algernon Beagle!"

I guess everybody knowed CC friendly one way or another, & he explained that he had been telling our story, & was pretty caught up to now. Wow, competition to mah newspaper tellings. But, no, that's dum. I talked better words by far than those.

"So you know we are here to try & find out how to turn on those Island Beacons."

CC nodded, & talked slowly then, like trying out each word in his mind first. "I don't know if it's a matter of finding all those Islands & turning on their Beacons one at a time. Maybe it's a matter of finding that Spaceshiop with its indigo Beacon instead! Maybe it's like a Master Beacon. Maybe if we can turn that one on, it will signal the others to turn on too."

Wow.

CC then said, "Why don't all of you come downstairs to the Saturday Juice Room, where all the Creatures are gathered right now, & we can ask them about all this."

We were all agreeable to this, & I chose with a cringe not to worry the Juice Room name, because I had been down there be4ore.

So down we followed CC.



To be concluded in Cenacle | 128 | June 2025!

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