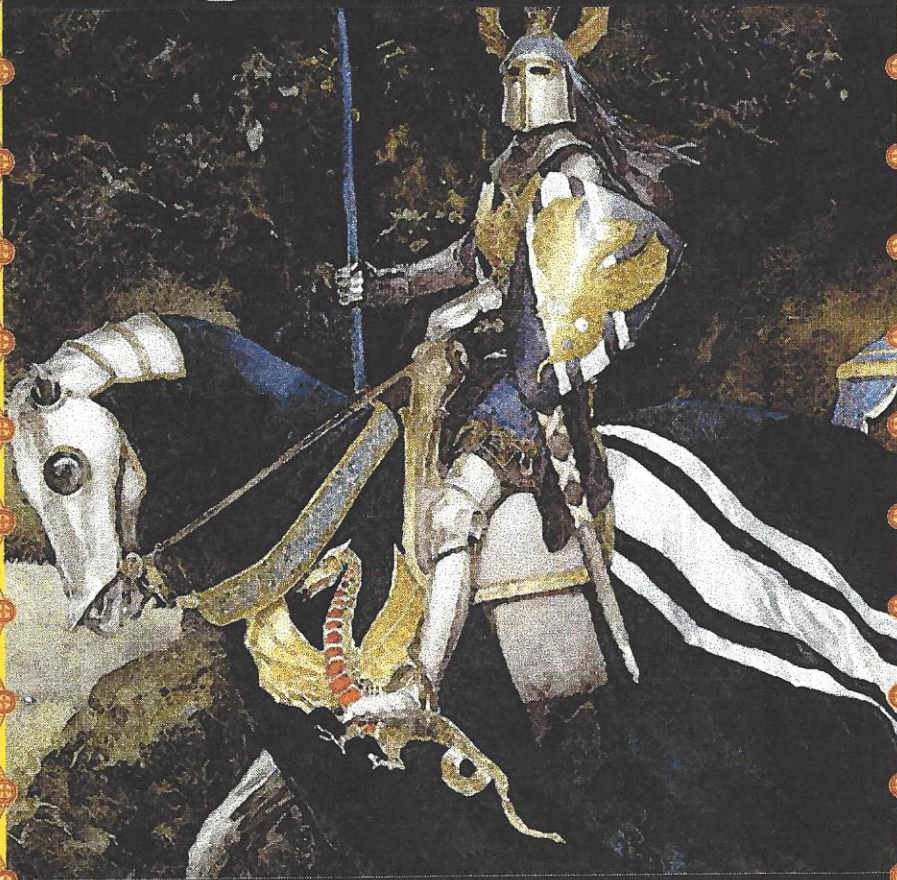


ROAD RALLY 1997



ROBIN



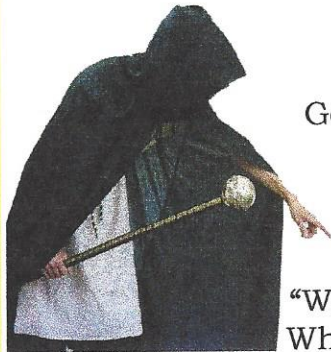
Deep in the mists of Avalon
An island well hidden in myth and lore
There Merlin walks lightly upon
The seas of despair to the shore



His face haggard, a visage of doom
With a mission in his heart
Strides to Arthur's well hidden tomb
He must awake the King to impart



A message of import, 'tis time to revive
The chivalry of old; this world's in need
A spell he casts to bring him alive
Then race the King toward the loo and peed

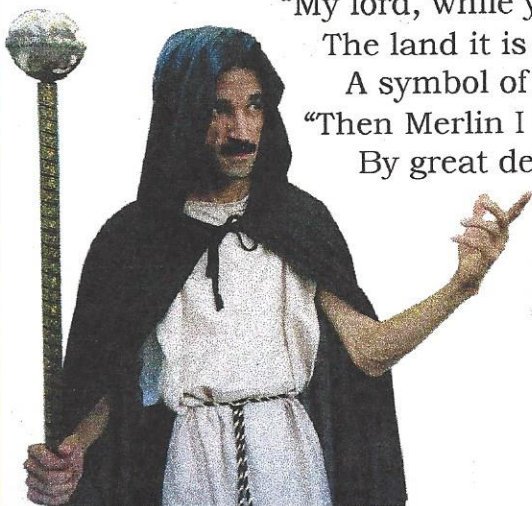


"My King thee have slumbered too long
'Tis no surprise ye are in some distress
Get thee hence, pray, unhand thee thy wand
'Tis time for serious matters to address"

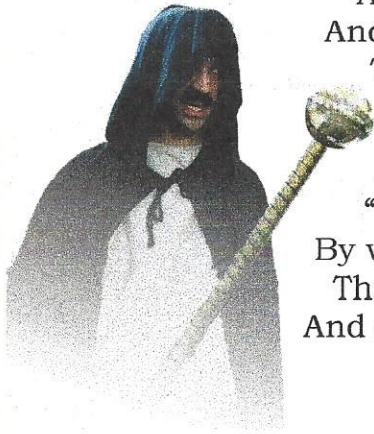


"Why am I disturbed, mine head it doth pound
What mead was involved, how long have I slept
And are not my knights still around?"

"My lord, while ye rested the kingdom has wept
The land it is barren, the people are bleak
A symbol of strength again is required"
"Then Merlin I know what it is we must seek
By great deeds be the people inspired



Find me brave squires that I may anoint
As new knights, to challenge by sport
And of these the champions I will appoint
To bring back the grail to my court"



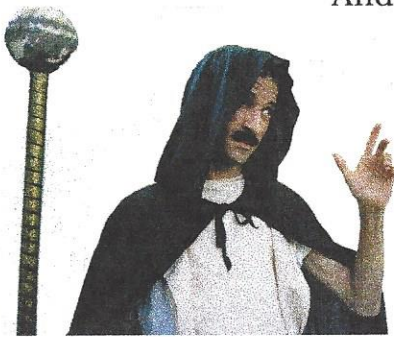
"Then let I suggest a tourney of tests
By which to follow, they must use their wit
Then at the end they shall be our guests
And at the round table in rank shall they sit



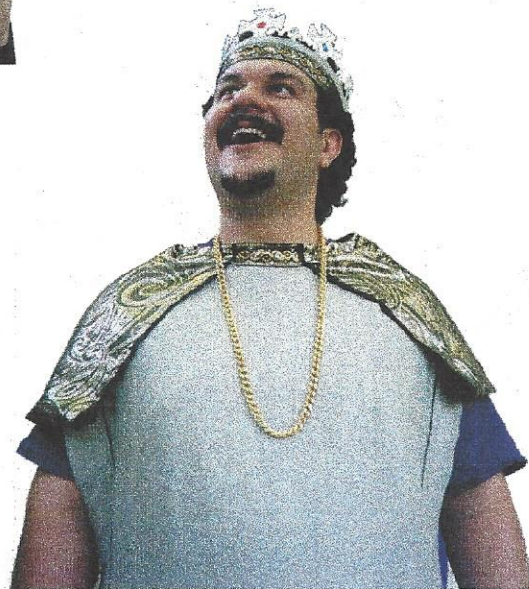
I shall give each the spirit of knights we have known
And wear they the symbol of those they do honor
For if they encounter one not their own
Take it they may and capture their color



As there are ten chivalrous rules
Ten challenges must the squires endure
In order, they must follow these clues
And at each site, an animal to procure"



"Merlin, thou art wise
Carry forth thy intent
Tell the squires to arise
And on the road be they sent"





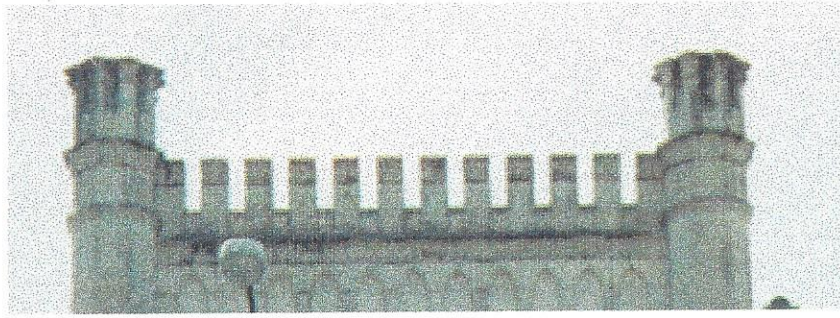
Young squires, now thine tourney starts
On lightsey's left thy will depart
The street name changes but never thee mind
A stop, then straight, the road will wind
This road is Curt but leads to one longer
Unlimited fantasy will make thee stronger
At an Orange wash thy shall go right
This sea of asphalt will ease thy plight
When in this path a genie ye find
Open thine eyes and clear thy mind
Across and guarding an abbey there
An enemy stands ye must beware

Robin



Now further north you will descend
To the Spring an ear you'll lend
Eastward take beneath the tracks
Hasten lest ye be stretched on racks
Northward First then Riverside west
Quickly turn the shores are best
A rusted star, pavilion, and pond
As squires ye must reach beyond
Thy minstrels serve ye well but mark
There is another in the park
Surveying hence a parallelogram
And there a shrubbery shall ye scam

Robin



And so Sir Robin armed and assured of his bravery
Set his sight on high for literary fame
Towards a place that he feels not so scary
A place that takes its street for name
Knowing that his King is waiting their return
He tells the guardian there this:
"My minstrels and I are taciturn
Yet our voices ye must assess
And if ye find us lacking valor
We may perhaps then run away
Our faces white in shameful pallor
But if not, give us what we need today"

*We're knights of the round table
We dance when e'er we're able
We do routines and chorus scenes
With footwork im-pecc-able
We dine well here in Camelot
We eat ham and jam and Spam a lot*

[dancing]

*We're knights of the Round Table
Our shows are for-mid-able
Though many times we're given rhymes
That are quite un-sing-able
We're opera mad in Camelot
We sing from the diaphragm a lot*

[clap clap clap]

[tap-dancing]

*In war we're tough and able
Quite in-de-fa-ti-gable
Between our quests we sequin vests
And impersonate Clark Gable
It's a busy life in Camelot
I have to push the pram a lot*



Retrace ye back to where ye parked
And underneath the bridge ye dart
Along the shore and right the Primal
Over bridge to the side now heedful
A Spanish name will take ye east
Whose deeds were famous to say the least
North a dome yon eyes will gaze
Find a place to turn a phrase

Robin

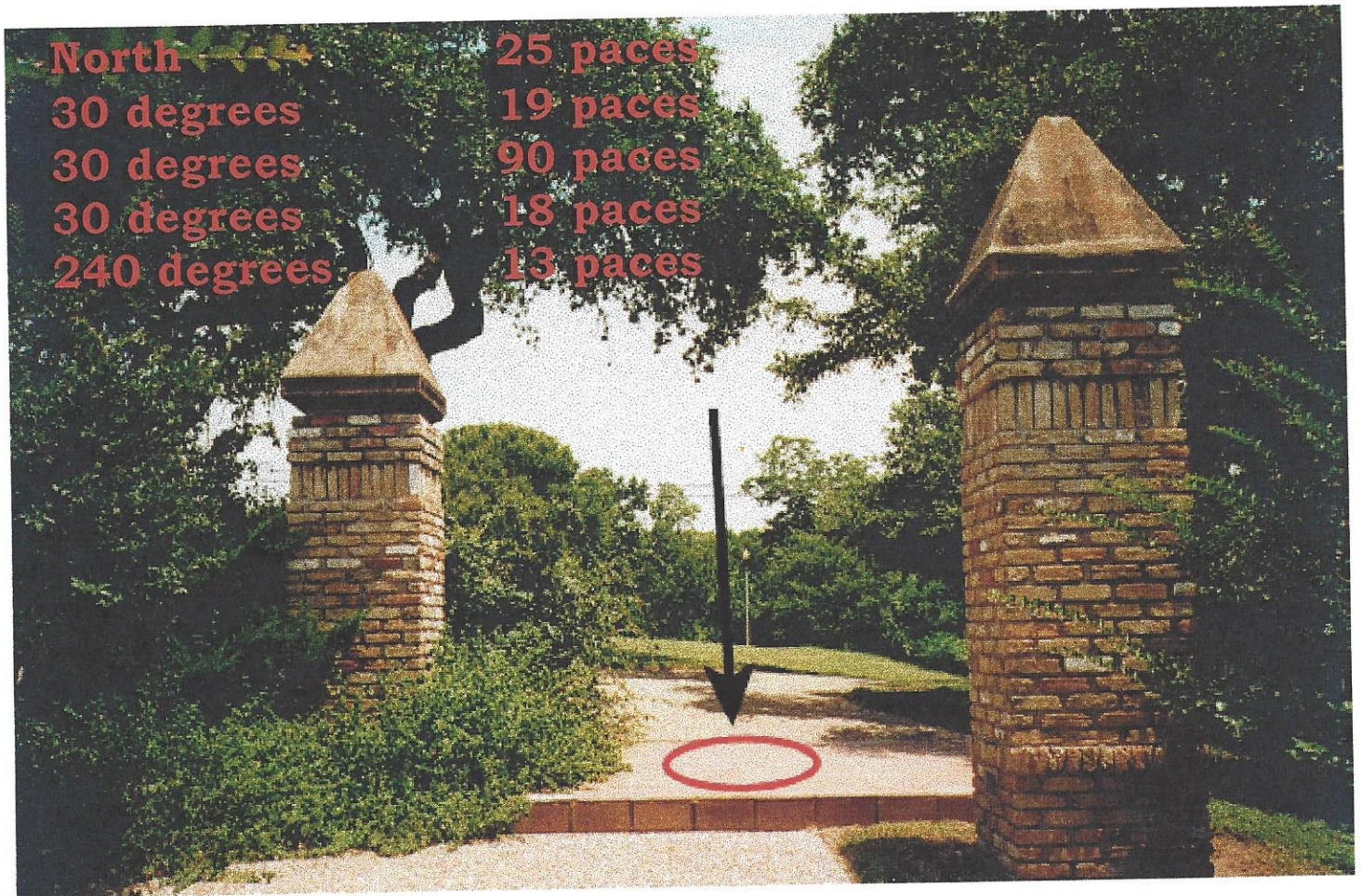


Sir Robin now with book in hand
Seeks first for his horses to water
And so he rides to save this land
Before it turns to fodder
Once inside a gated garden
Ye must turn a leaf
Use thy visual acumen
A shield to thee's relief



Run thee west upon a six
For in thine brain emotions mix
Morgana's pact will soon be reached
There a loop to thee is beseeched
The good witch gladly bids thee toward her
Stop not at Enfield, Windsor, or Westover
Do veer for the presidential age
And take a left as would the sage
Travel thee west up and down
Past Balcones do thee bound
The street it curves and still ye follow
What is the air speed of a swallow
Although No Outlet is thy mark
A venture in may field the park

Robin



Now seek, thy troop, a shaded place
Where beneath 'tis easy to hide
For if ye let them see thy face
Colorless ye soon may ride
Up on high thy sight will find thy shield
There line when pulled will release
What with a start unto thee will yield
Something that will thy bravery increase



If ye met thy quest with valor
And thy clue has thus been gathered
Return direct opposite that
Which yon path did begat
When ye find **exposing**
There is a right not imposing
Past the chapels of Windsor and Westover
Is this a path thee's ever been sir?
At a street, seems Meadow's ENd
To the east, thy soul will bend
Follow under traffic's roar
Stay thee straight I do implore
Soon this path becomes a number
Where the traffic now goes under
Find thy rights at Bloody Stream
At a park thy challenge gleams

Robin

ACROSS

1. "Excalibur" director John
7. Where King Arthur's body rests
13. Art Deco artist
14. Republican org. nickname
16. Location of 10 Down
17. Exclamation of delight
18. Baseball slugger Vaughn
19. Modern Arthurian movie (with "The")
25. Prefix with therm
29. Capital of Turkey
30. A Gershwin
32. Tulsa instit.
33. Periodic silver
34. The sword of kings
35. Fat day (abbr.)
37. We two
39. Engine blood
40. Fleur de ___
41. Rice dish
45. Ready to go
47. Cleopatra's bosom buddy
48. Abet
49. Periodic balloon gas
50. Hitler's 53 Across
52. Knight's underwear
53. Army cop (abbr.)
55. Better than a PC?
56. Heavy metal spoof "Spinal ___"
57. Fix a car
60. Sheep mothers
62. It was 18 inches tall in 56 Across
65. North of Tex.
67. Airport governing body (abbr.)
68. He played Lancelot on stage
72. The King's nickname
73. August birthdays
76. About to happen
77. The King's castle

DOWN

1. To ___ (or not to ___)
2. Pest control man
3. Fifth quarter? (abbr.)
4. Second singing syllable
5. Greek marketplace
6. Cranny's kin

1	2	3	4		5	6		7	8	9	10	11	12	
13					14	15		16						
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60			61		62		63	64						
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68	69	70			71		72				73	74		75
76								77						

7. Morning hours (abbr.)
8. ___ and vigor
9. Soothing plant
10. Italian opera house ___ Scala
11. Carry ___
12. James Bond villain Dr. ___
15. 21st Greek letter
19. Extreme diet?
20. Type of reggae
21. Netherlands city (with "The")
22. Sound of hesitation
23. Namesakes of a Velvet Underground chanteuse
24. Seek it to be a Knight
26. Of aristocratic stock
27. They built 62 Across (or did Merlin?)
28. Not yours
31. Islamic deity
36. Football Player Representative Gene

38. Bent
42. Speed
43. Beans
44. Fit to
46. Arizona Super Bowl city
47. Wiley E. Coyote's mail order supplier
51. Father
54. Greek goat god
57. Buick two-seater
58. Come again?
59. Eskimo house
61. Tough fish?
63. Son ___ gun
64. DEA snitch
68. Army soldier (abbr.)
69. Meditation utterance
70. Seven ___
71. It will end 3 Down
73. Arthurian saga ___ Morte D'Arthur
74. Chicago train, for short
75. Ave.



'Tis noble that ye did strive
To partake in what I did derive
But now the time has come to settle back
Dine and drink and this puzzle crack
Where ye now head is a safe haven
'Tis there ye have no fear be craven
For within it's walls all are fellows
Take not thy brethren to the gallows
Do not steal colors or be thee knave
I say thee then, be still, behave

Robin

So Sir Robin having rested
And his minstrels being punchy
Suggested that "tis time be tested"
And Robin's anus did get bunchy
"Why do thee push me, silent be,
For soon I will lead, patience hence,
Or shall I make thee up a tree
For thy annoying recompense"
'Tis then that Robin soiled his garment
For unto him a vision crept
He saw himself under an enchantment
Where he jogged a spiral step
Up to a secret Tower Room
Where from his door did he hear
A voice of local country plume
Where he followed until near



Exit the haven and now be wary
For thine fellows seek thee to bury
Make thy way east on Seventh
On Blood River turn thee north
Past masonry oven and concrete drum
Beyond the pigskins having fun
A 3 and 8 will take thee west
And then a right at G is best
Jog and follow past a church
A 4 and 4 is right to search

Robin



Now the 4 and 5 is left
On the Lupe south ye cleft
Past a Baskin in thy name
Past MLK the road's the same
'Tis not Three or One ye take
'Tis one between, without mistake
This street will take thee to a T
Then south is short and west ye be
Under tracks and bridge ye go
To find what in your mind will glow
Thy furry friends are living near
And towards their home thus ye shall veer
But visit them not, thy way is under
The street thee left and do not blunder
A field named Thorpe will give thee pause
To it's right is thy cause
Pimpled faces gather at short range
Stop there not, adolescents are strange
Soon ye see older sweaty bodies wheeze
There nearby now park thee please
There is overhead a concrete way
And underneath the king's game played
Nearby the south a great span waits
On foot ye cross it remaining straight
Follow neath high canopy
Until the natural sign ye see
Over hardened bare footfalls
The size of precious little dolls
At the fork bear right to see
A building more contemporary
Behind, a trail, will find thee snooping
Around a pond thee will be looping

Robin

Robin awoke from his sleep
The vision had been fruitful
His minstrels close to him did keep
For they had now turned fearful
"Sweet Sir we wish to leave thee
To us you are a cow-ward
We leave and to the old mill flee
'Tis there we will go forward"



Continue west on Veteran's Way
To the right turn I say
When ye reach the water boulevard
Towards the east is not hard
Till now yon distances have been light
'Tis time to measure thy fuel gauge's might
Enter right the concrete Loop
Merge ye where the chariots group
And at it's end continue straight
Where upturned earth should still be great
Past Sly Stallone's name of claim
Or Raccoon song from Beatle fame
Westward on 290 ho!
Pass Seven one, there do not go
A county line, like fever'd sneeze
See that sign and be at ease
A transvestite cow will pass thy sight
Make thy way, time may be tight
A Dozen's road of ranching fame
Here left the travel's much the same
A Woodcreek tower, a Kringle place
Is more or less what ye shall face
When thee are crossing Cypress Creek
Mark-et verily, 'tis what ye shall seek

Then did Robin ride alone
And never had he felt as forlorn
The night air chilled him to the bone
His shorts again did he adorn
For all around now were the others
They too were close to end
Saw he a bridge from which to take cover
He hid there at the bend
But then discovered he the map
That luck to him did bring
It showed the path away from mishap
Towards Merlin and the King



If now ye found what makes ye leave
Some miles to travel ye must achieve
The 12 is friend, follow it same
Over a river that's white by name
Through an aquifer zone that recharges
In time a 32 enlarges
Make this right and west ye head
Past a road for the dead
Into a land that's Satan's turf
Stay thee obedient like a lord's serf
For God's glory is not unlike an Eagle's Peak
So spread thy wings toward what ye seek
Find ye now a 3424
To the left thy soul shall soar
One mile and half see S. 306
A direction thus it does affix
Travel thus four point three
These miles will take ye on to see
A Sorrel and a Jacob pass
They too did also see the tasse
Access the south to find it's road
Thy brain is squirming like a toad
An imposing hill ye face
Past one dirt road, the second trace
There the waters surge and rant
Find thee now the lighting plant

Robin

