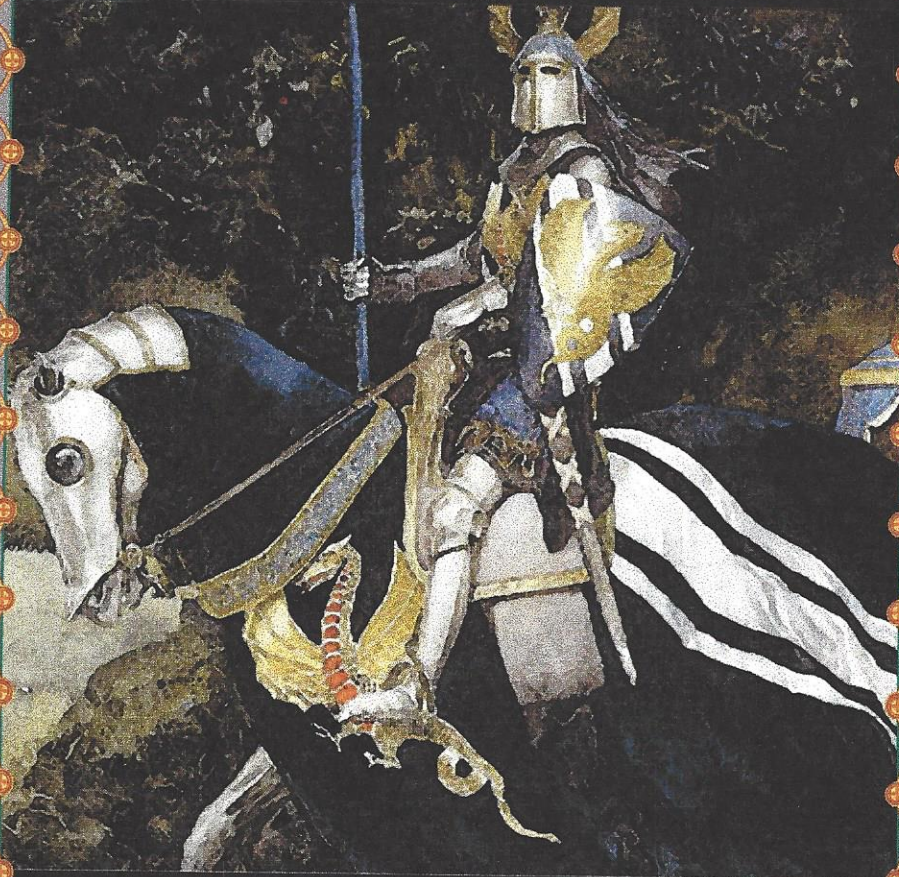


ROAD RALLY 1997



LANCELOT



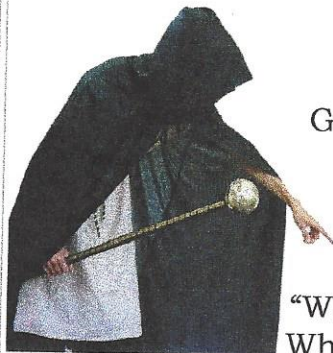
Deep in the mists of Avalon
An island well hidden in myth and lore
There Merlin walks lightly upon
The seas of despair to the shore



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"

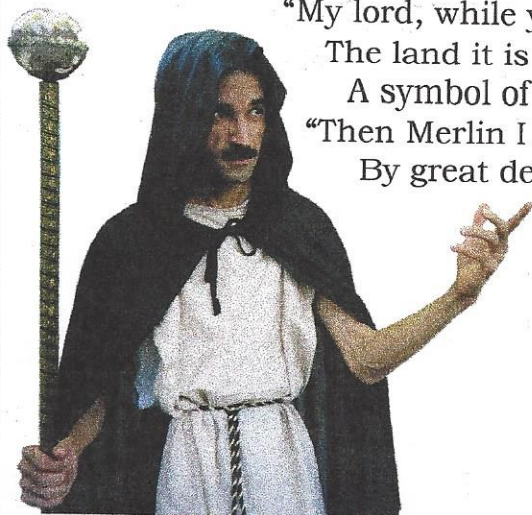


"Why am I disturbed, mine head it doth pound
What mead was involved, how long have I slept
And are not my knights still around?"

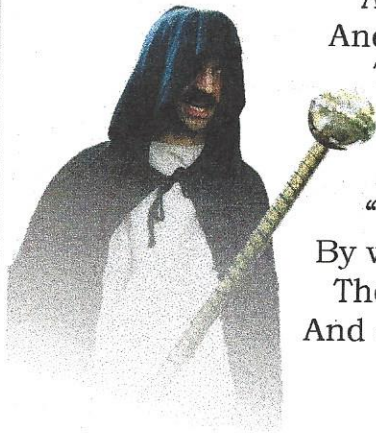
"My lord, while ye rested the kingdom has wept

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



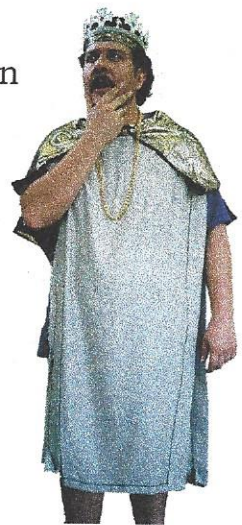
Find me brave squires that I may anoint
As new knights, to challenge by sport
And of these the champions I will appoint
To bring back the grail to my court"



"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



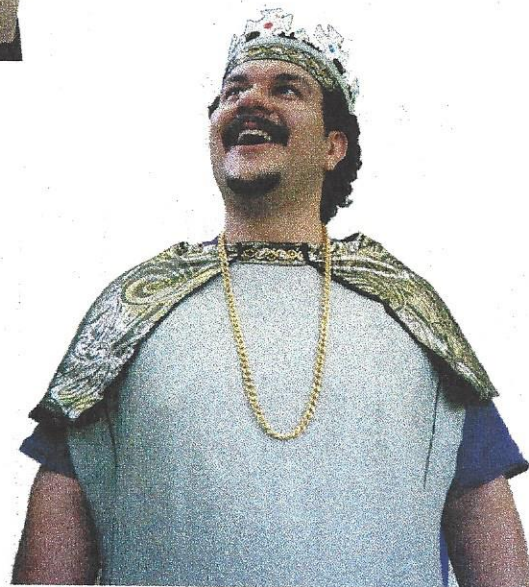
I shall give each the spirit of knights we have known
And wear they the symbol of those they do honor
For if they encounter one not their own
Take it they may and capture their color



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"



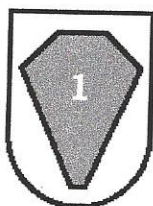
"Merlin, thou art wise
Carry forth thy intent
Tell the squires to arise
And on the road be they sent"





Deep in his soul the pain does lurk
And the memory burns like fire
Century's suffered through the murk
Lancelot's a bird on a wire
Racked by guilt of sin and lust
His soul trapped in a sewer
His personal quest, His personal must
His emotions he must skewer

Lancelot



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 bridge thee find
Open thine eyes and clear thy mind
As ye cross the water to the right ye stay
To lead thee down Sandra Muraida Way
She knew a man whose grapes were bitter
In he was strength to make it better
Go under now, where once ye passed
And by this route ye will go fast
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
West of these is thy lot
Careful be, do not get caught
A painted course of green ye see
Hasten to report emergency
Walking north along a path
Muster all the courage that thee hath
There, left, a bridge that ye shall cross
An immediate right, a short stone's toss
Where one is split to four in sight
One from darkness climbs to the light

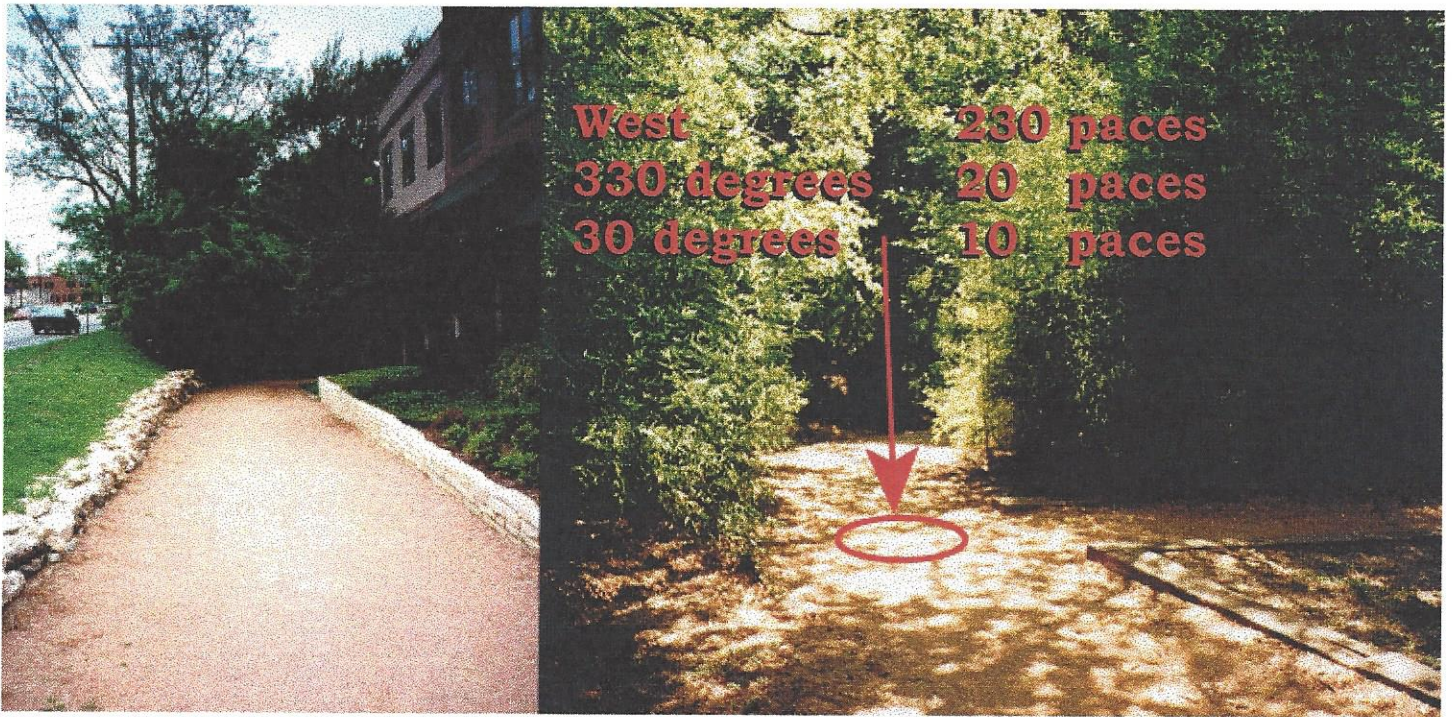


To gain his strength he rides
To face the shadows of his story
Breaking open what he hides
Should bring him back to glory
To gain a special weapon
That will cut through it's root
To win a self same pardon
Some dispensation he's in pursuit
And if he finds that it is granted
Or in fact any pardon given
He knows 'tis French nature to be slanted
The flesh can be forgiven
Though this, to start, may suffice
The guilt's still in his mind
What can relieve him of this vice
Is now for thee to find



Return ye now from whence ye came
The place at Thorpe, it is still game
Turn thee east and continue straight
Yield, to traffic, don't tempt fate
Under a bridge and railroad pass
To the towers of stone and glass
Onwards to find the father, son, and holy ghost
North towards the roll of luck winning most
Eastward past a bluebird on a red shore
Stay right beneath overhead concrete floor
There soon thine ancestry be
That first ye left and now ye see

Lancelot



To him the gates were locked
Though others had gained entry
Of his wits he did take stock
And called his heart to sentry
But as his eyes closed he did behold
A fragment of a vision
Something of a memory of old
Did guide him on this mission
He saw a pool and hand with sword
That once an arm did brandish
It rose as of its own accord
From the depth still murky

shoal creek tree at creek
lancelot 2



San Marcos north thy path is clear
Westward less than dozen steer
Under snake of asphalt run
Past where legislature's done
Soon ye find the Spanish cow
And there head north, now make a vow
For soon you'll meet a man who fought
For the justice his brethren sought
So there initially thee shall find
The Left did win, destroyed his mind
Down a hill, merge ye north
And upwards go ye henceforth
This winding trail will guide thee fine
Past twenty-four and twenty-nine
Dividing sixty-two by half
Will send thee to thy chosen path
Merlin hid it well behind his domain
Go thee on foot, I do ordain
A path of dirt, a creek and trees
Luck and glory ye soon shall seize

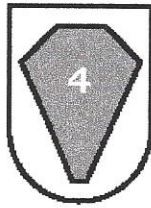
Lancelot



With this sword Lancelot fled
To tear and curse his demon
He goes now by his memory led
To where he cast his semen
Beneath a little wooden roof
He beheld his favorite column
And struck its base as if proof
No longer was it solemn

obelisk to small deck

lancelot 3



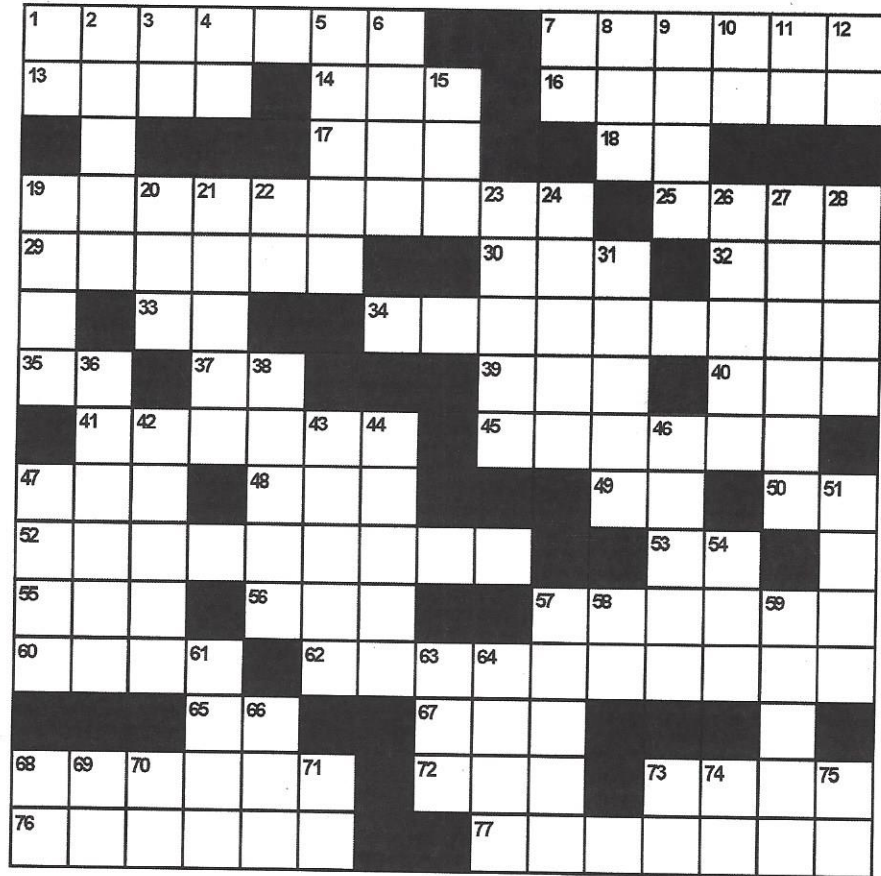
Turn thy back on what thou has seen
Now it appears as if a dream
South on 'the' Mar ye shall exit
And down the hill ye vex it
There search ye for a name of old
After twenty it will be bold
For then 'tis wise to veer left I say
When light's green make thy way
Eastward and up a hill that's daunting
Past a building with stripes for flaunting
Ye find thyself travelling on a delineation
Of what is government and what is education
As ye crest a Red Water point
There a right ye will anoint
Roll past the drum and One Five
Soon an image ye shall divine
On the dozen again be quick
A place to park there ye shall pick

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



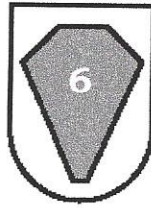
7. Morning hours (abbr.)
8. ___ and vigor
9. Soothing plant
10. Italian opera house ___ Scala
11. Carry ___
12. James Bond villain Dr. ___
15. 21st Greek letter
19. Extreme diet?
20. Type of reggae
21. Netherlands city (with "The")
22. Sound of hesitation
23. Namesakes of a Velvet Underground chanteuse
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

Lancelot

One word from heaven did he hear
While at rest he heard it near
"Fortitude"
Was it jest? It was so clear
Clear as the glass that is his fear



Exit the haven and now be wary
For thine fellows seek thee to bury
Make thy way east on Seventh
On Neches turn thee north for Tenth
West to Brazos a tower is near
Inside the angel's voices hear
Beneath its height receive thy verse
Beyond the northeast is a curse

Lancelot

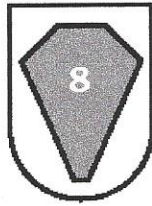
Bible – matthew 26:41
fortitude



Make the decade thy friend
And at the Legislature's bend
Turn towards the southern way
Over bridge right ye stay
At the Springs veer thee west
Past Riverside and First be best
Under tracks and through the Mar
Soon ye see the chewy bar
Beyond this find a light
Where you cannot make a right
So south again's the only friend
Find there at left a chiseled garden
Enter please and donate well
For there's nothing there for them to sell

Lancelot

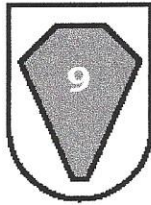
But when he faced this memory of stone
Guinevere did haunt him
Should he walk this earth alone
For all mortal man to mock him?
And then his heart did burst
His voice would not be stilled
So runs he to the love he lost
To find the maid to thrill



Reverse thy way back to the Mar
Where the man is with the star
North from there is the fix
Where soon ye come across a six
Yon sights now aim and westward tack
Thy goal's to cross beneath the Pac
The Six becomes Lake Austin B.
Stay the course on right lane to see
A landing there on the left
Past a Red Bud near water's cleft
Enter a Hawaiian shack that's there
There she is with golden hair

Lancelot

“Oh Lancelot ‘tis true, I too do ache
And long to hold ye tender
But this, ye know, is a mistake
Although my heart ye render”
Lancelot did sigh and ponder
And then brazenly state
“Oh Lady G do not squander
And please do not berate
But go thee with me yonder
My loins to satiate”
“My Lord does ask too much
But this last time do I yield
Do consider this our last touch
And then our sins be sealed”
And so together they did run
Behind a wooden cabin
Beneath a tree that’s two & one
In a stream like satin
Forever now the tree does stand
Though it joins then comes apart
No other like it in this land
Is joined as by the heart



Till now yon distances have been light
'Tis time to measure thy fuel gauge's might
East on the boulevard recently found
Then Mopac south thy will be bound
And at it's end continue straight
Where upturned earth should still be great
Prepare thyselfes, for journey's wings
For thee, in store, have many things
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
To the right trees have fallen
Now as shelter they are sellin'
Behind it ye must jog
Be not a bump on a log

And when their souls did unfurl
To light the night with pleasure's passion
A thunderbolt did rage and hurl
And in the tree a split did fashion
Sir Lancelot and Guinevere did separate
To never meet this way again
And Lancelot did heaven agitate
God struck him where he'd lain
"Still do thee not regard my law
Now virtue in thee is slain
From thine soul I do withdraw
Thy life is but a stain"
"But pray thee Lord, I did try
I am but a man
For much I would rather die
How can this wound I span?"
"Lancelot, ye be weak
To thee I will say this
The King and Merlin ye must seek
To help ye crawl from this abyss
I bid ye go before a wall
From this ye should take a lesson
For in it were there a flaw
Then those below would lessen
At its midpoint it holds aback
The waters of great weight
For fortitude is what ye lack
Ye should imitate its trait
Below it ye should sit
To contemplate thy life
For in it is the grit
'Tis an icon for thy strife"



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
Along this path ye trace
Discover then the C.O.E.
And ride it right to see
The water make it's level mark
That is where ye shall park