The

Road Rally

From

Hell

2019

Víctoría Vancouver Island Brítísh Columbía Canada





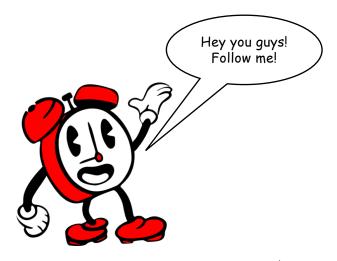
nce upon a tíme, there líved a clockmaker named Víktor Van Koover ín the quaínt víllage of Chronosvílle.





Víctor would come to hís shop every day to take care of all hís precious tímepíeces. He would recharge each tímepíece according to íts índívídual needs. He would wind mainsprings, turn over hourglasses, and pull down weights from pendulum clocks. Hís dedication and attention to detail líterally ran líke clockwork. But one day, Víktor dídn't show up to tend to hís dutíes. All the tímepíeces became worríed and knew that without hím, their Tíme would run out.

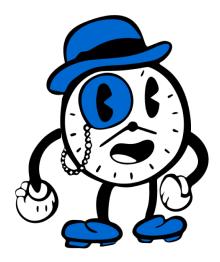




One brave líttle clock named Tím O'Clocky stepped forward and declared, "I've heard of a place we can go and get all wound up, turned upside down, and get our pendulums swung! Follow me to the House of Tíme!" The other timepieces were reluctant to leave their home, hoping that Viktor would return in tíme. But, as the mínutes fell away, one by one they all joined in.



Tim had successfully Rallied the group. And so off they went on their timeless journey in search of clues and adventure in their quest to find the fabled House of Time.



Greetings, fellow travelers. Sir Reginald Pocketshire III at your service. As I require periodic maintenance, I am inclined to accompany the others in search of the fabled House of Time. I expect it will be a grand adventure and look forward to a good, stiff winding upon arrival. Cheers! This clue is only half of a whole The rest of it you must find Use your compass to find a pole Nearby of the totem kind

Time to begin Turn back the clock this journey, To an older time House made of rock Location is prime

The years have passed Much remains the same But time drives fast In this Rally game

You know not where Your clue will be found To porte cochere Is where you're bound

It could be high Or it might be low Search you must try To continue to go

Once clue is found There's no time to waste Forward you're bound Move on with due haste

don't you

think?

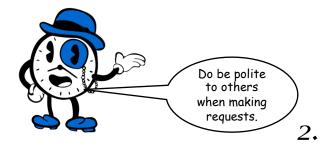
Take a stroll on down the block Beneath the awning shade To a corner you are bound And you will have it made

Watch for gears in motion now Keeping regular time In a box with sides of glass Alas, they'll make no chime

Look around and mark the time What you seek is nearby No second hand is ticking Yet still the minutes fly

Through the doors, inside you tread And look for small box Ask permission before taking Just one of many clocks

Don't disturb another team Move on before it's late Time will catch up to cheaters There's no escaping this fate





Spend some time from your bank of hours And buy some piece of mind Take a stroll in a quaint little garden To see what you can find

Follow your path where it changes names Toward a port that is young Direction it changes but only one way To a field closely flung

This patch of land's neither round nor square On a corner it is found Surrounded by a wall of hedges This triangle you are bound

A rose is a rose is a rose, they say Though the season has passed Yet the sun still shines on this green lawn Where hour's shadow is cast As a lad, I recall seeing the newspaper stories of our boys routing Gerry. Good show!

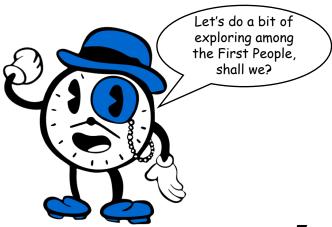
Canadians fought in World War II And stood on the winning side The story was in all the papers A source of national pride

An old timer still remembers when Peace was declared on that day Frozen in time, a smile on his face Sits on a bench by the bay

This sailor is metal, head to toe Like the medals on his chest Don't meddle with his legacy now Or put mettle to the test You think you're so smart cause you went to school But that was a long time ago Try, if you can, to remember the past And get into the campus flow

Travel the Road by the Bay that is Foul No shortage of places to park Then set out on foot in search of a clock It's location will be quite stark

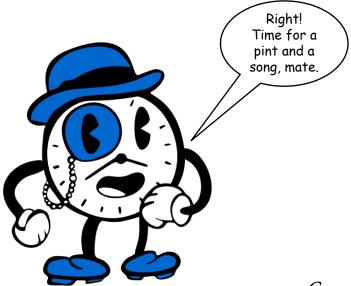
As always a photo must be obtained Of the hour that you were there But whether or not the hour is correct Move onward with no time to spare

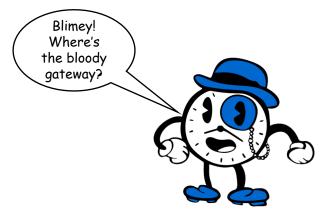


Time is measured in many ways By seconds or by weeks There's even different kinds of years Depends on what one seeks

A person's years are different From those lived by a hound But in the end all time's the same Regardless where your bound

The literate men of Oxford Would take time for a drink And eat the food of a local Cook And raise a glass to clink





They say it takes a village At least that's what we're told To raise a child growing up From young until they're old

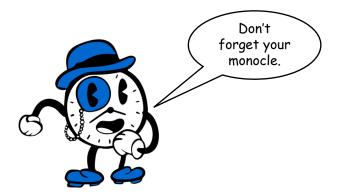
I heard it takes a village Somebody once told me To gather for a Rally And run a scavenger spree

Perhaps it takes a village That's what I'm telling you To hunt and search around in And discover the next clue

You know it takes a village A gateway to success Find it quick, don't hesitate There's no time to digress Read in the morning, read in the night Or read in the midday, it's alright Read a magazine or read a book Whatever you read, for it you look

Look for a building, look for a store Look on the street and go through the door Look all around and look high and low Look for an object, one that you know

Take a few minutes and please take care Take on this challenge and don't despair Take a look at this object you find Take it with you for piece of mind





Is time spent very well How much time you spend there Only time will tell

There's many points of interest The wrong ones will waste time All are lovely places But yours is quite sublime

Wander not to the gardens Nor venture up the Hill Stay away from Petting Farm Old Bandstand gets you nil

Avoid wild meadows, if you can And streams and ponds and lakes Do not search the Moss Lady No time, for goodness sakes

Seek out flags and numbers A weathervane overhead A clock faces to the pitch Upon this fancy shed You've searched Victoria up and down But now it's time to leave this town Seventeen is the road you'll take So, find it now, for heaven's sake

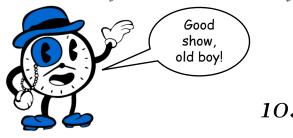
Measure by kilometer or by mile Northbound you'll travel for a short while Continue on past where airplanes fly To the next exit, do not ask why

A beacon now does light your way Beneath your wheels by the light of day Don't be fooled by thrifty tower The road will be your source of power

The centre of towne is where you'll aim Even the building contains the name There's even an office for your olde post Keep an eye open and you'll see the most

A timepiece stands out front with pride Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide A photo will record the hour Give a big smile and don't look sour

The Rally time is running out You're almost there without a doubt Take a moment, reflect on the day Then look to the future, come what may



EPILOGUE

RALLIER 1

"Sir Reginald Pocketshire III is the name. No wealth, but breeding, class and fame."

RALLIER 2

"I've rallied hard, honest and true. And now I stand in front of you."

RALLIER 3

"My chain is sore, my tooth is sweet. I ask you humbly for a treat."

RALLIER 4

"Your gifts are known throughout the land. With gratitude my waiting hand."

CHORUS

"Time is short, time is long. Time stands still during this song. We have no money for this clue. We're just a ragged Rally crew. Please give us our gift, we cannot pay. Then we're out the door and on our way.



Emergency Telephone Numbers

Dennís	310 963-9400

- Karen 323 533-1225
- Deníse 817 403-9836
- Colín 251 458-2839
- Tatíanna 251 648-8660

* You may need to díal +1. After all, you are ín a foreígn country. Imagine if you will A race where time stands still At the signpost up ahead Your next stop...

