EVERYTHING GETS MIXED UP

BY TEDBY





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This story has received the Blee-Bleep Seal of approval

for Shana,
from David Uncle,
family, friends, bears &
critters

2/94



The Reviews are in!!!

Heads of State-Celebrities-Dinosaurs

King Juan Carlos of Spain- I missed being in this story. I would gladly abdicate for another shot. Also, I liked the parts with chickens!

George HW Bush-Super! A thousand points of light& stuff! Barbara and I will treasureit during our retirement which we, and the country, so richly deserve!

Bill Clinton-Gennifer Flowers, Nafta, White Water and now this!

David Uncle-New goofy ground has been broken!

Ronald Reagan-I enjoyed the pictures-especially the poultry bits!

Joey Uncle-Finally, a story with enough birds in it!

Barney the Dinosaur-I love you! You love me!

Rex Reed-You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll wish you had something else to do!

Nasa Review-Hours ahead of its time!

George Stephanoupolis-The President read this story but did not open his eyes and he would prefer to discuss the Russian elections!

Joe Haydock-Like 'War and Peace', only differant!

Ed Grimley-Truely, a pain that will linger!

Karen Haydock-Full of true facts and incontrovertible scientific stuff!

Prime Minister Rao of India- Us allowing this story into India at all demonstrates a new openness. A willingness to try new ideas as we have often unfairly been accused of lacking. Also, it demonstrates the continued erosion of good taste in popular culture!

William Butler Yeats-A splendid addition to this cultural burgeoning that has come to be known as the Irish Literary renaissance. (Referring to Lady Gregory's 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne')! 1902

CREW OF THE S.S. TEDBY

Tedby-Skipper
Shana-Navigator
Graham-Science officer
Adam-leagal assistant
Bhaloo-Comfort chief
Orin Hatch-Congressional token
Blee-Bleep-known pain

Wranglers

Rachel-trail boss
Jenny-chicken wrangler
Lisa-lobster wrangler

Guests

Mary Queen of Scots (fake)-Royal wannabee
Mary Queen of Scots (real)-Royal dudette
Neil Armstrong-space guy
Nate Newton-375lb. football player & eating guy
John Keats-Poet/Welder
Joey Uncle-Bird guy
Julia Child-food lady
Boltar the Magnificent-King of Galaxy guy
Alexander the Great-Conquering guy



"Feet out", thought Shana as she noticed that her toes had slipped through her collection of covers.

"Feet out", she said aloud, thinking that Ma and Bapoo must asleep enough for Bhaloo to get up and cover her feet.

"Ssh", he said. "Are you sure they're asleep. I could get in be trouble with the bear commision, you know."

He got up to do his job but then stopped still in his tracks.

"Did you hear something, Shana?"

Shana pointed at the window and said, "Maybe it's that space-ship at the window."

She was surprised that the whirling strobes and the deep whirring moan hadn't awakened her parents or anyone else in the building.

"They're rapping at the window Shana", said Bhaloo, gulping. "Maybe they're bear eating aliens from Jupiter or Texas!"

"Hmm...Normally people don't come to your window when you live on the 17th. floor. I wonder who it is?"

"A bear." said Bhaloo,"and 2 boys with yellow heads and a man with a suit and they have cookies so I guess they can come in."

"With cookies? Come on in!"

They entered the room as if by magic, without a sound or even the slightest ripple in the fabric of space or time, "or any other stuff", said a white bear who said his name was Tedby.

"We have cookies." said the little boy from Texas.

"Fat free." said the little boy from Minnesota.

"I have a cow," said an elephant like creature who called himself Blee-Bleep and who had not been previously, and not coincidently, introduced.

"Would you and your girl like to come with us on a trip in my space/time vehicle, Bhaloo?"

"We have cookies", said Adam as Graham and Senator Hatch from the Senate sub-commitee on time travel, nodded.

"We'll do some cool stuff and see the Cambrian burgeoning, Aferensis walks upright in the Olduvai, Aryan invaders gain bitter passage to the Gangetic Plain, Washington crosses the Deleware..."

"Um..."

"...the yellow slide is installed...."

"We're there, dude!" said Shana.

Shana discussed her main interests which included dinosaurs, slides, chickens (?), poetry, wrangling, time travel and game shows.

"Game shows?" asked Shana. "Chickens are one thing, but game shows?"

"It's a plot convenience." said an unseen but vaguely familiar voice.

Bhaloo spoke to Tedby in that secret language known only to those of us who trace their origins to petro-resins, little knowing that Shana had already accessed the Universal Translator.

"See here you old, bear you...I have to look after Shana's interests and you are suspect at best. I got Rachel's letter, you see. Why do you need a face change button, for example? Why do you wander indiscriminatly through time and space? Why, especially, do you need a turn into a chicken button?"

"I can never turn down a free option."

"But see here, old Bean..."

"I got rid of the chicken switch button, and..."

"Jolly good...Let's be off then..."

"Of course", said a bear, under his honeyed breath, "I got new ones."

"Where first", asked Shana with anticipation?

"Galactic pizza, of course" answered Tedby. "Then we could go to a planet in the Gamma-quadrant that is populated by giant honey producing bees!"

"Tubular," said Shana. "Is it far?"

"Well", said Tedby , who had to take off his shoes to count to 20, "If you fly at the speed of light it would take 60,000 years."

"How far is that", asked Adam?

"You know how far Shana's school is?"

"Sure", answered Graham.

"Farther than that."

And they were off.

Blee-Bleep studied the new button array and was disappointed that the face and name change buttons had been deleted. More so that the chicken switch button was gone.



"That's sad", said Blee-Bleep. "I don't know how I'll get along...I hope this new Duck-change button is fun...and this universal mixer-upper has promise."

They entered orbit around Betelguise-5 in what seemed like no time. Shana just had time to finish her Cheerios.

"You should have waited. They have lots of honey."

The kids were a little nervous about the giant stingers.

"I hadn't thought about that", gulped Tedby. "Once I start thinking honey..."

"Don't be a chicken, Tedby", said Shana.

"Oh, don't worry," said a white bear. "I had that button taken out."

"Just what I wanted to hear," said Shana. "We're about to be attacked by giant bees and I don't have to worry about being turned into a chicken."

"It's best to look at the best side of things," said Graham.

Suddenly they heard the scary buzzing as loud as a fleet of trucks.

"Brace yourselves!" shouted Tedby!

"Settle down, Tedby", said Adam.

"Uh...make popcorn", said Blee-Bleep, inexplicably.

"We want...uh...honey, or something", said Tedby.

"What do you have to trade?" asked the Bee King.

"You'll never take us alive!" shouted Blee-Bleep.

Fortunately, the bees ignored him.

"Do you have any Cheerios?"

"We do", said Bhaloo. "But they are the most valuable things on our planet."

"We have pumpkin sized diamonds. Himalayas of gold. Oceans of honey."

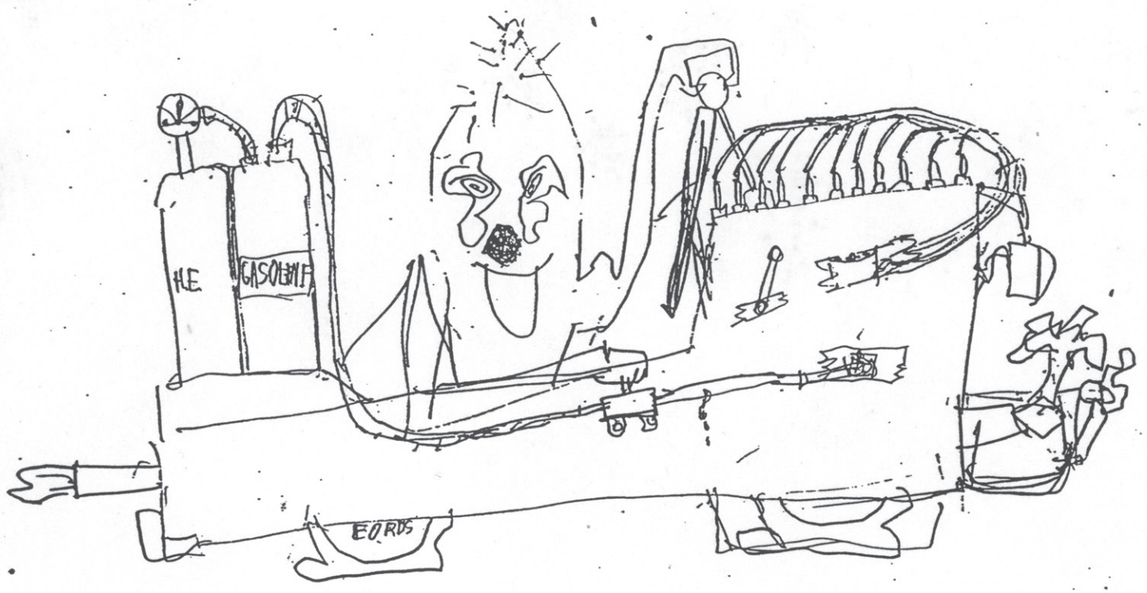
"Honey is good", said Tedby-always a savvy trader.

A state dinner was held in their honor. Everyone dressed.

"This seems to be a recurrant theme in our travels", said Tedby. "We go to scary planets with conquest and mayhem in mind and we end up wearing tuxedos."

They prepared to leave with a lake of honey. The bees gave them more than they had bargained for because the bees wanted some dropped off for a special friend of theirs on Earth.

They were off. They knew not where. They knew not when. But they knew they at least had enough honey, for once.



Everyone agreed that they would go see some dinosaurs. Shana lobbied hard. Some of her best friends were dinosaurs, after all. They all decided that naps were in order. Shana was completely relaxed and starting to drift off to sleep when she heard a lot of quacking. She didn't pay attention at first but something was strange.

A duck resembling Adam came by and said, "Quack". A duck resembling ~~Adam~~ Graham came by and said, "Quack." Shana found herself ~~in~~ with something of a problem- especially when she looked down at her feet and saw that her feet had changed.

"I'm a duck!", she said, but you wouldn't have known it unless you too were a duck as what she actually said was, "Quack, quack." She was surprised that she was a duck. "I haven't always been a duck, I don't think. I used to be a people girl, I think."

It seemed strange. Everybody started looking for a pond.

The kids enjoyed themselves floating around the bathtub eating pieces of day old bread. Blee-Bleep came by and said "Teehee. I wonder what those dinosaurs will make out of these ducks."

It occured to everyone at once that Blee-Bleep was still an elephant thingee and had not turned into a duck. Everyone grabbed him and they all shouted, "Quack, quack", which in duckese means "Change us back!"

And, lo, it was so.

Blee-Bleep was tied to his chair and made to write, "I will not change people into ducks." 100 times.

"Better make that, 'I will not turn people into poultry of any kind", added Bhaloo who also said something under his breath about this being just the type of thing he was afraid of.

"Between you and me,Tedby, this story is pretty dumb."

"What do you mean, Shana. This story is on the cutting edge."

"Yes. The edge of dopey cliff."

After that it was hard for her to relax but she finally drifted off.

Bhaloo felt sorry for Blee-Bleep and didn't know him very well. He untied him and gave him a jar of pickles. Blee-Bleep carefully removed the pickles and ate the jar.

"Mr. Bear." said Blee-Bleep.

"Yes, Mr. Elephant thingee?



"Would you press that yellow button over their on the control board, please?"

"Well, won't it alter the fabric of the Universe, or something?"

"Land sakes no. It's for salads, Mr. Bear!"

Although the effects wouldnot be immediatly evident that button was not, in fact, for salad.

They landed on Pangeia in the early Triassic in what would someday be China's Gobi desert.

Tedby was not too enthusiastic when he found out that flowering plants had not yet evolved and he would have to dip into his well stocked honey reserves. Also, it was possible that dinosaurs might be just a little scary.

"What a gyp," thought Tedby, spelling it correctly. "How can you have a place without honey and have a good time, or worse, use what you already have!

"Tedby's scared of dinosaurs! Tedby's scared of dinosaurs!"

Tedby looked over at Blee-Bleep who was teasing him. "Am not."

"Are too."

"No way!"

"Way!"

"It's just hard on me. You can eat anything, after, after all."

"You're making excuses", said Blee-Bleep while sampling a chunk of newly extruded basalt. "Yummy, everything's so fresh!"

A dinosaur friend of Shana's named Barney introduced them around. Races were held. Stories told. Shana and Graham played Scrabble with a stegasaurus while Adam and a pterydactyl performed startling lariat tricks. An apatosaurous neck slide was developed which Shana came to call the gray slide.

A splendid time was had by all but Tedby felt that it was time to leave with honey stocks intact. He felt that poetry would be good for them. "We'll go see my friend John the wannabe poet. I'll give him some pointers."

The kids all thought that would be OK and a rest after playing with giant lizards. A nap without turning into ducks would be nice.

"I have to say, Tedby", said Shana. "And I mean this in the nicest possible way. This story is the dopiest thing I've ever been involved in." Tedby looked slightly disappointed which Shana quickly realized and she added, "But dopey in the best possible way."









Sensing that his new friend and colleague was a little low Bhaloo jumped in and said, "Dopey yes, but dopey in a way in which nobody has been dopey before."

"Goodness!" said Ted. "What a lovely thing to say! Do you two want some honey...Not too much, though."

Suddenly, Tedby saw lights in the rear view mirror. "Uh oh, it's the Space Police!"

They were pulled over between the second and third planets in the Arcturus system. It was by direct order of Boltar the Magnificent the King of the Galaxy. The kids were not wearing their seat belts!

They were sent to the super scary penal colony on Cygni 6. They were forced to break rocks- then put rocks back together. They had to put chips in chocolate chip cookies without eating any. They had to drain the ocean, clean it up, then refill it- all before breakfast!

Shana did not like the olive drab uniforms. Adam had no video games and Graham had to watch soap operas.

Tedby finally agreed to pay bail with his wealth of honey. It was hard for him but he did what he had to do. All the kids agreed to always wear seat belts. Shana wrote Boltar a letter stating that she had learned her lesson and that she would vote for him next time for King again unless Ross Perot was running when she would vote for him twice.

Tedby insisted they go see his poet friend John. He thought the old folks would like that better than the random space travel.

"If Ma finds out you got me locked up she won't like it too much."

"Well, you didn't wear a seat belt."

"Says you."

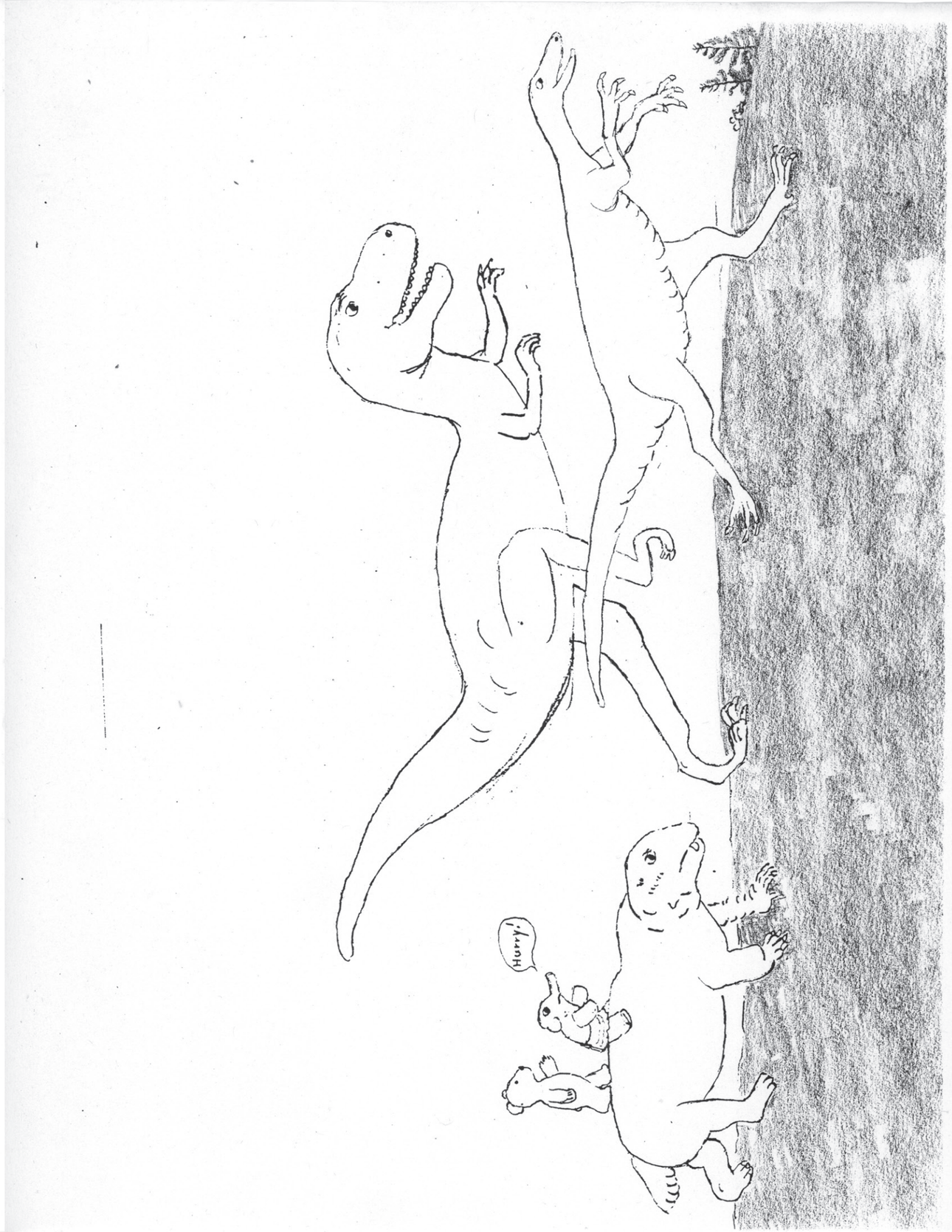
"Says me."

They finished argueing and Tedby told the kids about John. "He's nice. He always has cookies. He's a terrible poet, though. I taught him everything he knows. He thought every poem has to begin, 'roses are red, violets are blue'."

"Is that true?" asked Blee-Bleep.

"I guess." answered Tedby, shrugging.

John's Sister Fanny served cookies. The Kids introduced Frisbee to the Georgian epic. Blee-Bleep ate all of Shakespeare's comedies and a Wedgewood place setting for 6. John and Tedby went over his new poems.



John's Poems Before Tedby

Ode to Some Greek Guy's Wine Thingee

Hard melodies are sweet, but so are cookies.
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft thingees, or whatever

Ode to Some Noisy Bird

My heart aches and my back is killing me.
As though of Limca I had drunk.
Or emptied the bathtub to the drain.
Then fell down towards Lethe, or someplace.

"Luckily, that concludes the cultural portion of this story."

"Luckily is right", said Graham.

"Ditto", said Adam.

John pulled them aside and said,"Dearest Shana, Adam & Graham, who all must needs bode so finely towards our kinds continued ascent before the muse. How do you like my poems?"

"What?" asked Shana.

"He thinks you guys are cute", said Tedby. "What do you think of his poems?"

"Uh...Can you weld?"

John and Fanny gave them hugs and cookies. The people of Wessex enjoyed looking at Tedby's vehicle. Everything seemed perfectly normal as they prepared to leave---but nothing could be further from the truth.

They gained orbit quickly and Tedby opted for a spin around Saturn, doing an in-out pattern through the rainbow like rings. It was in no time that Tedby realized that he no longer had control of his own ship. They wove and bounced around the solar system. Adam had time to wave to his Banana People friends on Io. Shana quickly grabbed some green cheese from our Moon. Graham got a vegetarian pizza on Neptune where everybody knows they have the best pizza outside of Brooklyn.

They spun completely out of control. "This would worry me more if Ihadn't written this story", said Tedby.

"You have defied my will!" , boomed a voice, seemingly from nowhere. "You have mucked with the very fabric of the Universe."

"Says you!" said Shana.

"Yes, says me! I am Boltar, the Magnificent. King of the Galaxy!"

"Oh Hi," Said Shana



"You children and YOU Tedby have run willy-nilly throughtout the Universe and must now prove your worthiness through a series of terrifying tests!"

"Why?" asked Shana.

"Because it is the way of all that is cool."

"Why?"

"Because it is just. Because it is righteous."

"Why?"

"It is the will of the all knowing, all powerful..."

"Why?"

"Because I said so!!!!

"Never mind."

"I will bring forth the first of many tests. Loosely using the theme of cowboys and Indians."

"Huh?" murmurred Tedby

Adam wondered if they were cowboys because he was from Texas. Shana wondered if they were Indians because she was from India and Graham decided it was not a good idea to think about it a great deal. "Silly is silly", he said. "But you have to have limits."

"Prepare your champion for a test by combat."

"Which bat?" asked Tedby.

"I'll handle this Ted-meister", said Shana.

"Bring forth," boomed a voice from above, "From amongst you he or she who is the most cool!"

"You're oldest, Tedby", said Bhaloo very quietly.

"I'd love to...but this trick knee..."

Shana stepped forth and a hush fell over the Universe, at least locally.

"Well", thought Shana, as he opponent approached, "At least we know we're supposed to be the Indians."

It was a giant that approached. He seemed to be wearing armor.

"I forgot my armor", thought Shana who was usually good about knowing what to wear.

"You're bigger", said Shana.

"Yes mam", said the large armored man. "Reckon by a factor of 10-12 times."



As in Halloween punkin

"Easy", said Shana. "What kind of cowboy are you?"

"Dallas mam, like Adam. Pullin' guard. What kind of Indian are you?"

"From NYC."

"Jets fan?"

"Too noisy. Bapoo is. He's always on jets. I like cheerios."

"Well...aren't we supposed to do combat or something?"

"Yes."

"I have the superficial advantage here. You can choose how."

"OK", said Shana. "Clothes changing."

And they were off. It was no contest from the outset. By the end of 10 minutes the score was Indians 47-Cowboys 3.

"It was those shoulder pad thingees that slowed you down", said Shana.

"That and the metal knee brace which you have to tape over again", said the Cowboy whose name was Nate. "I was hoping you'ld choose aligator wrestling or hot dog eating."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Knock folks down, more or less. You?"

"I'm a child."

"Do you speak Hindi?"

"A little. Do you speak any foreign language?"

"I took Spanish in High school. But then I found out it was a dead language."

"I think you mean Latin...There's a boy in NYC who speaks Spanish."

"Had I only known."

They parted friends. Shana she she would see to it that there would be no reprisals against Nate. They took off in the space/ time vehicle at once hoping that was it. They agreed that they had had enough adventures for one day.

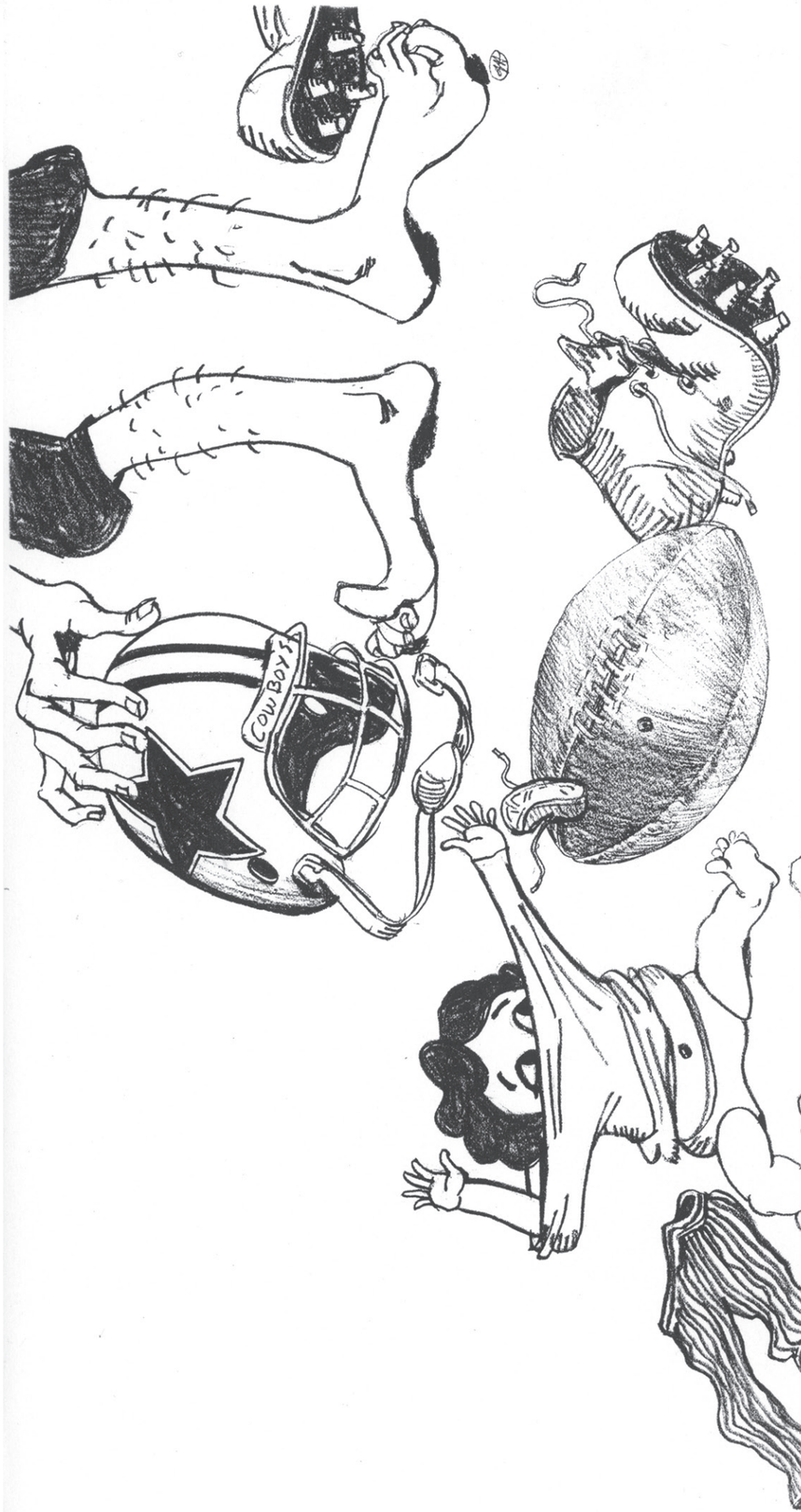
They dropped into an eliptical around Earth. Nothing seemed unusual- at first. Little did they know that they had been thrust back in time.

"It's 1969!" said a shocked Tedby. "It's ancient times!"

"Look", said Shana, "the Hindu Kush!"

"Look", said Graham, "the Mississippi!"

"Look", said Adam, "the ill-fated American naval base at



The Contest.

Camranh Bay."

"Look", said Tedby, "Eddie's 'Sweet As Sugar' Honey Farm & Theme Park' in Yuba City, California. Yummy!"

"Look", said Blee-Bleep, "Augies Auto Extravaganza" on Utica Ave. in Brooklyn! Yummy!"

"We're not even born yet!" said Graham.

"It's ancient times!" said Adam!

The kids all wondered what their parents were like as children. Ma, Joey Uncle & Chris Uncle were having deep thoughts. Like any good Spanish school girl Adam's Ma was mounting a recail dampener in a field howitzer. Bapoo was attending an uncatered meeting on civil rights in East Timor. Bhaloo was as yet untapped petro-resin in the Al-Hufuf oil field and David Uncle was trying to see how many chickens could be stuffed in a dryer. He also, no doubt, was having deep thoughts. Tedby was running the State Department for Richard Nixon.

They soon noticed unusual movements on the Floridian Peninsula.

"Of course", said Graham, "The Moon launch!"

"Isn't that historical, or something", asked Tedby?

"They're going to land on the Moon. The first human beings to set foot on another planetary body!"

"Been there. Done that." said Adam matter of factly.

"Rachel said you made a mess. You left cookies all over the Sea of Tranquility."

"I'm only 2!"

They made immediate contact with the capsule.

"Hi Neal."

"Tedski! How are you fluff-meister? Sorry, don't have any honey. Just these tooth paste thingees. Tastes like baby food."

Tedby shuddered. "Where are you guys going?"

"Uh...Kansas City, I think."

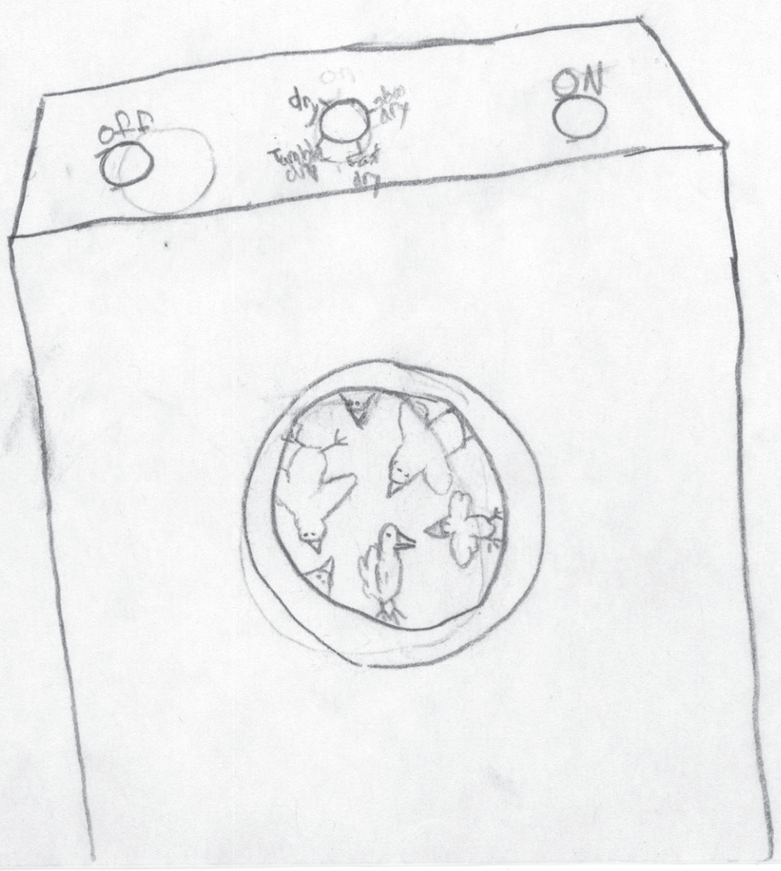
"Not the Moon"?, queried an anxious Graham, his sense of history belied.

"The Moon is good."

Using the "capsule boarding" button, Shana quickly boarded the capsule. "You guys need help. You should say something."

"Hey, that's an idea!"

They landed smoothly. Shana noted the heightened lunar gravity, even though the laws of gravity were normally suspended for her



on alternate days and Jewish holidays.

Shana slipped in front of Neal and slid down the ladder.

"I was first!"

"Consarnit!...now I'll have to make a new speach...Uh,... one small step, or something, for me and one big step for Slattery's Bar & Grill, just off Rt. 80, in Patterson, New Jersey."

"That was better than I expected", said Shana as she re-joined the kids. "I was the first person on the Moon!"

"I was there before you", said Adam.

"But I was there in 1969, before you were born."

"But I was there 6 weeks ago."

"But Shana was tidier", said Graham hoping to change the subject.

"I was there in the late Ordovician", said Tedby. "Of course, I'm a bear!"

They were soon after informed of their greatest and final test. Boltar wanted them to drive a herd of chickens (chickens?) from the Rio Grande to just north of the Milk river in Montana.

"That sounds like quite an effort", said Adam. "Not to mention dopey and a rip off of "Red River" & "Lonesome Dove".

"That's right", said Graham. "This story is full of ripped off ideas."

"My Dad will sue...Maybe not," said Adam, imagining Teddy in a pin striped suit, aided by counsel. "I'll get my Sisters. They're rough and tough cowgirls."

And while Adam attempted to reach his siblings they entered another time warp without realizing it at first. Their first warning that something was wrong happened when Bhaloo noticed that Blee-Bleep was missing.

"See if the shuttle is missing, Mr. Spock."

"That's Star Trek, Tedby. We didn't have room for a shuttle. Our bays are full of honey, and my name's Bhaloo!" This was said, as you might have guessed, by Bhaloo.

"Where, when and who are we?" asked Tedby of science officer Graham.

"You're Tedby."

"OK,I walked into that. Where and when?"

"The year is 1586."

"Oh great", said Adam. "No microwaves."



"Blee-bleep appears to have headed towards Northern Eurppe. Perhaps, The British Isles."

"Further narrowing, Graham."

"Yes...Northern England. Peterborough...Blee-Bleep, unless I am wrong, has entered Fotheringhay Castle...Behind that clump of trees is the river Neme", added Graham. "That's where we should make our approach if you want to fetch him...And I did say"if"!

"I Have a river switching button. We could make that the much warmer Hoogly."

"I've been there", said Shana.

"Yeh right", said Adam, who happened to know that river switching buttons had not yet been perfected.

"That won't be neccessary, Ted. Let's find out more", said Bhaloo.

Tedby and Bhaloo, who, after all, are bears, took a nap while the kids continued their research.

Suddenly they received an electronic communication from the surface. Shana ran in to tell the bears who were asleep in a pile.

"Sorry that you were asleep in a heap but we just got a beep from our old friendBlee-Bleep."

"Hey, that was good!" said Bhaloo."

"Again", said Tedby.

"We don!t have time. The game is afoot."

"Whose foot?" asked Tedby who looked quickly at his feet.

It was cold and dark as the "Away" team entered the forbidding castle.

"This Royalty gig is not what it's cracked up to be," said Adam.

"Icky", said Shana

"Historical", said Graham.

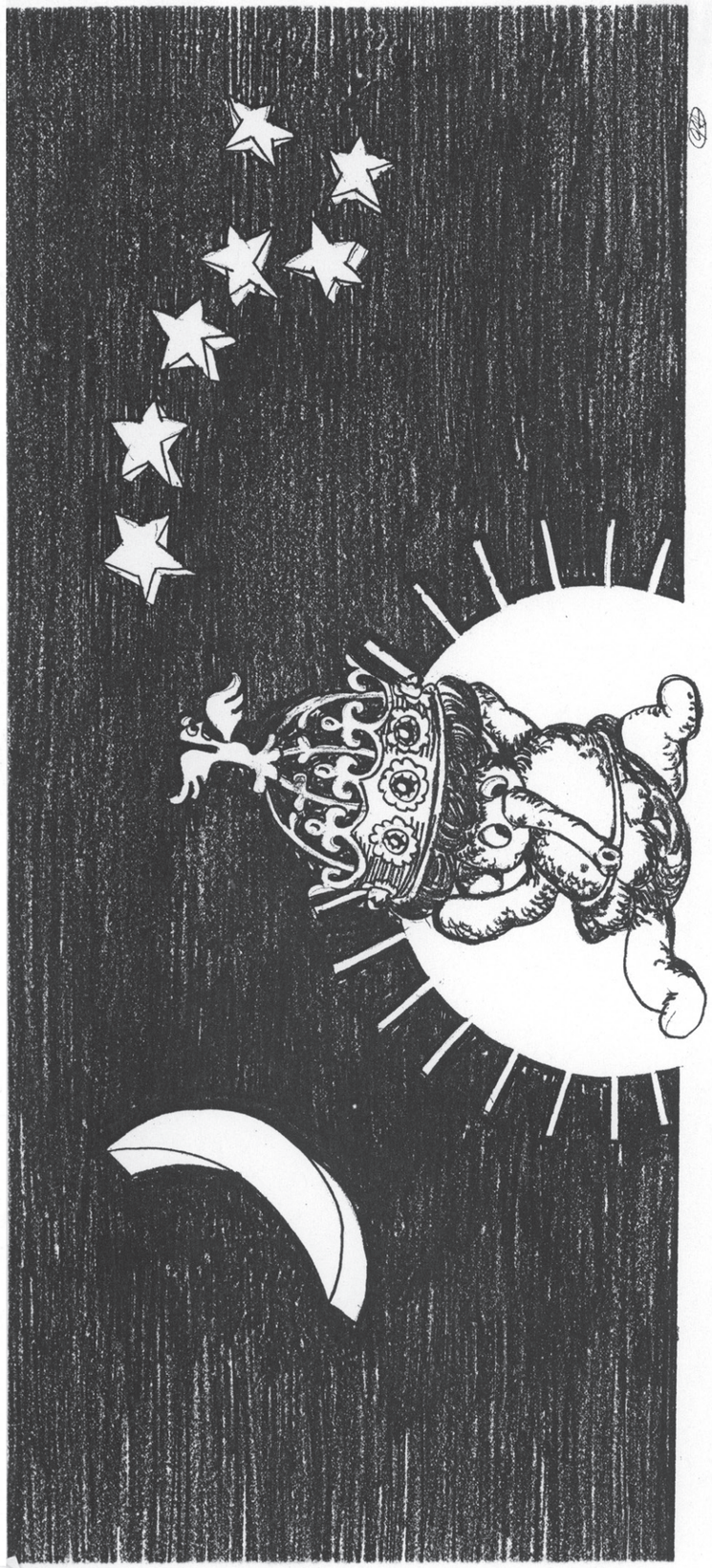
"This is not what I'd reckoned. No Nintendo, or anything."

"Nintendo wasn't invented until 1776 or 1812, or something", Tedby pointed out.

"Our readings indicate that the Bleeper is ahead in the Throne room...Good grief! I think Blee-Bleep has siezed the Throne!

"Hmm...", said Tedby..."He does have a thing for royalty."

Suddenly, a large, fierce red bearded man appeared from further inside.



The Bring Reign of Blee-Bleep

"I am James Hepburn, laird High Protector of the realm, and Earl of Bothwell. Who are ye?"

"Hi Jimmy. Ted here."

"State your business ya hairy white thing, ye."

"We're here to see Queen Mary!

"Impossible...Are ya daft?...mere commoners not to mention bears and short people!"

"But Jimmy. She beeped us."

"I'll be right back."

He left them alone and Tedby scowered for possible 16th. century honey honey. The kids took surface radiation readings for a planned article for Scientific American. Adam and Bhaloo looked each other over carefully.

"I can't believe I'm talking to a bear."

"Why? You've known Teddy for years. I can't believe I'm talking to a Texan."

"Don't judge us all by Bush & Perot.. Most of us are pretty cute."

"I see", said Bhaloo, looking at Adam's pictures of his Sisters & Governor Richards.

The Queen entered and everyone bowed or curtsied.

"Her Highness, Mary Queen o' Scots."

"Hi Queen. How's tricks?" said Tedby, as Bhaloo whispered in his ear, "That's some beak on that poor woman. Queen or no Queen."

"That's Blee-Bleep", shouted Shana a little loudly, "Not Mary Stuart!"

Graham said that he found the likelihood of Blee-Bleep attaining the throne of Scotland pretty unlikely.

"Blee-Bleep is coo-coo", said Tedby."He couldn't run a lemon-ade stand no less a country."

Shana called out,"quick ...Look at this!."

Senator Hatch quickly removed a gag from a finely dressed red-haired woman. "Howdy Mam."

"Quick...An elephant thingee has hog-tied me." Tedby noted that she seemed agitated.

"This could lead to an international incident ", noted the senior republican from the Beehive state.

Blee-Bleep would not relinquish the throne without a fight which was, of course, customary at the time.



"Bhaloo "Takes over The throne

A food fight began rivalling the epic battles of the Bhagavad-Gita. Shana was hit with a piece of short bread as she hit Adam with some haggis.

"I'm on your side, you know."

"Sorry."

Senator Hatch clobbered Laird Hepburn with some pudding, hoping it would not harm foreign policy, as Graham wacked the Laird High Exchequer with a sizeable finnan haddie.

The fight was going in the kids favor but reinforcements were on their way.

"Let's get out of here!" shreiked Blee-Bleep who had finally come to his senses.

They ran like deer, over heath and moor. Adam & Graham were forced to carry Blee-Bleep who couldn't keep up. Shana noticed also the Tedby and Bhaloo were falling behing as elements of the 7th. Iniskillins were getting closer. "Hurry up you fluff balls!"

But the bears were too slow. Shana had to slow down too. She flipped Bhaloo up on her back and kept running. "Hang on", she said. He was heavy but to make matters worse he was reaching down to grab Tedby. "Grab on, old beast!"

Tedby climbed on and they kept running. "People don't realize how heavy bears are,"said Shana while huffing and puffing. "It's good we're so fast!"

"Go figger", said Adam as Graham & Orrin nodded.

"They wear dresses", said Blee-Bleep pointedly, though Shana would have been just as happy had he not brought it up.

They ran like the very wind. Tedby, fortunately had had the presence of mind to pack a "Space vehicle summoning Device". He had the vehicle swoop down over them dropping a rope ladder which the kids climbed with some difficulty. Graham held the ladder as Shana carrying the two bears and Adam carrying Blee-Bleep climbed up. He jumped up himself at the last minute.

"Go figger", said Adam.

"You guys wear dresses and you're slow and throw like girls", said Blee-Bleep as a parting shot to the Scottish soldiers, perhaps unneccessarily.

"Later dudes", said Tedby.



"Let's rest", said Shana who was so tired she could hardly keep her eyes open. "I didn't come with you people to have food fights and save Queens and stuff. I want to get in touch with my inner child."

"You are a child", said Tedby.

"Never mind."

Tedby had no control of the vehicle. They wandered through space without control. They circled Jupiter and went through the Lincoln tunnel and over the Brooklyn Bridge.

"That's a nice bridge", said Tedby, "But I could do without Brooklyn."

"YOur ordeal is not over!", boomed a voice.

"Says who?"

"Says me.! Boltar the Manificent. King of the..."

"Yeh, yeh..we gotcha," said Tedby.

"You must proceed to northern Chihuahua and drive a herd to Canada."

"Yeh, right", said Shana.

"Make it so!"

They found themselves in a virtual desert outside of Juarez. They were issuedsombreros and proper cowboy gear by the Galactic commissary. "We look cool", said Shana.

"We need some real cowgirls", said Graham.

"Yeh", said Adam.

"We'll get Rachel & Jenny!,"suggested Shana.

"Hmm..." said Adam.

As it happened the young Texans were already in the saddle just down the dusty road. They too, were being punished by Boltar for eating cookies in bed. They joined the other kids, bears and thingees and hugs were exchanged.

At first they heard what sounded like chickens. Then past a bend in the road, a flurry of feathers and an enormous horizon filling herd of chickens.

"Well, that makes sense", said Rachel.

"Oh yeh?" said Jenny.

"Chickens?" asked Graham



"This story does not have an unlimited budget" said a vaguely familiar voice from outside of the story.

"Why exactly are we driving 50,000 chickens 2,000 miles across scorched and rugged terrain?" asked Shana who seemed to genuinly want to know.

"It must tell somewhere in the story", answered Rachel, hopefully."

"No it doesn't." said Graham. "I read ahead and there is no resonable explanation anywhere."

"That's a shocker", said Jenny.

The kids all mounted their goats (Budget again) and started off on their journey.

The trip through southern New Mexico and Texas was ardous. Tedby was mistaken and the Eiffel tower was not in Yoakum county.

"It used to be", he said, not too confidently.

"Who routed this," asked Graham. "Never mind..."

After a time they arrived at the Canadian river across which lay Oklahoma-Indian territory.

"Can we stop for jalebis?" asked Shana.

"Uh...I don't think that's quite it", said Tedby.

"Don't be so sure", said Adam.

"Is that Canada, already?" asked Tedby. "That wasn't so bad."

"No Ted. That's Oklahoma." said Graham.

"Why do they have Canada's river? Should we call the Space police?"

"Please don't!" said Shana, still smarting from breaking all those rocks.

The river was deeper and faster than they had at first imagined...and colder.

Tedby gulped.

Rachel said, "I don't see how we'll ever cross it."

Everyone looked concerned.

"What about my river switch button", asked Tedby.

"I didn't know you had one", said Jenny.

"Sure...pick a river."



"What about my river", asked Shana. "The one outside my window?"

"Good choice", said Graham. "Tidal, estuarial, low gradiant, dirty... and with a cool bridge."

"Done", said Teddy.

The river was smaller but colder. Fortunatly, there was the bridge. "We're probobly the first people to enter Indian territory on the 59th. St. bridge," said Adam.

"At least in quite awhile", mentioned Rachel.

No one had said that the trip would be easy. The heat was relentless. The ground was rough and periless. Thirst and hunger tormented them.

They pulled into a 7-11 outside of Altus, Oklahoma.

"Gonna get a slurpee, Rach?"

"No...I'm calling Zabar's and having this fiasco catered."

"That isn't really in the spirit of the Western epic, Rachel." John Wayne and those guys never had trail drives catered."

"Oh yeh...Master Card, please...pastrami is fine...kasha varnishkas & kugel...do we get potato salad?... easy on the schmaltz..."

Jenny was a little disappointed at first until the delivery arrived when she especially enjoyed the brisket.

They stopped again just south of the Cimmaron. They watched a school of fish getting ready for class.

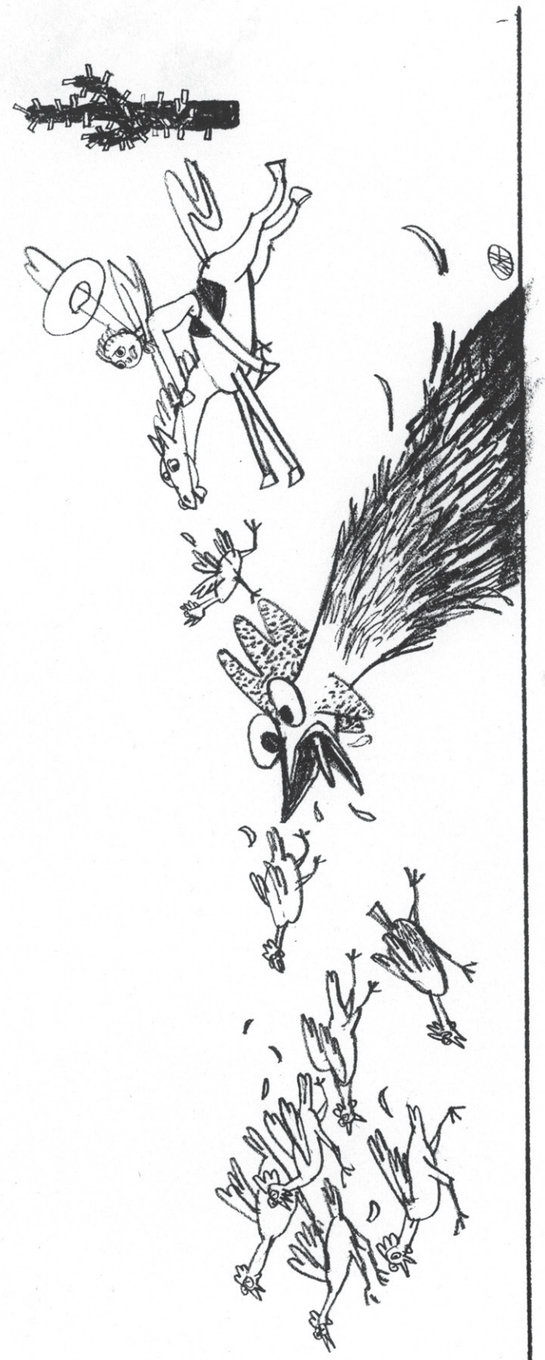
Tedby quickly switched it with the Volga to annoy some old antagonists in the KGB.

"I wish you'ld get over this cold war thinking, Teddy. Colonel Zavalkov is the super in my building now," said Shana.

"Sorry", he said, quickly changing it with the Chandalar which had been, Adam imagined for quite some time, in northern Alaska, and was frozen solid.

"Put on extra socks, everybody", yelled trail boss, Rachel.

The kids worked feverishly to put socks on all those chickens. Luckily they had a "Rapid sock putter oner" button. "I knew that would be handy", said Tedby.



Chickens Round up.

"It's lucky JC Penny's was open", said Graham.

They set up camp and "hunkered down", as Rachel put it.

They slept like logs. They awoke, not surprisingly, to the morning alarm of roosters. Chores were dished out by trail-boss Rachel. Tedby, Shana, Orin & Adam would have to milk the chickens. They weren't too happy about it but Shana was glad that she always carried with her, in her"Barney" bag, Joey Uncles' thesis, "Feasibility Analysis Field Gallus Gallus Lactation", generally considered the last word in the field.

"Warm hands", said Shana, "and a happy face."

Jenny, Graham & Blee-Bleep were sent to make breakfast. They made Tempeh Ranch Burgers and Texas Barba-fu among other tastey non-chicken dishes. Blee-Bleep disposed of all refuse appropriatly by eating it.

In the lull after breakfast they returned their thoughts to the serious matters at hand. An old propector warned them of the dangers that lay ahead

"Watch out", he told the kids, "for the Comanche War Chief Scar and the Kiowa Striking Snake."

"How did they get those names?" asked Tedby gulping slightly.

"Not from dunkin' their cookies in the living room", the old timer replied, bobbing his head.

Jenny gulped. Adam gulped. Graham fidgeted. Rachel tugged on an ear lobe.Tedby's nose imagined a wafting scent of honey. Blee-Bleep ate a 6lb. block of mica schist and some hub caps. Senator Hatch read a Kiowa phrase book.

They moved with stealth. They moved like shadows across the praries- at least as much as you can driving a gigantic herd of squaking chickens.

They approached the awsome Arkansas. "That's Bill's river", said Tedby, referring to the current White House resident.

"Now that he's President, he's Tedby's good friend. Before, Tedby would hardly return Bill's calls", Jenny whispered in Shana's ear.

"Same with Bhaloo and Rao," said Shana.

The crossing was made easier by switching it with the 20 foot wide Freeport river. An Atlantic sand shark had entered it from Zach's B Bay. Rachel was forced to lasso it with a special LL Bean "water lasso".. Completely out of hie element the shark was forced to find work in a used auto dealership in Garden City, Kansas. Rachel



made him sandwiches.

They broke camp just south of the once mighty Platte. The kids found the prarie dog stew pretty uninviting so they had the "chow wagon" catered by Lútece. They had pictures taken with Julia Child and a BBC documentary crew kept getting in the way of the wranglers. Plus, they kept eyeing the herd in an uncomfortable way.

They switched the Platte with Maine's frosty Kennebec. Inexplicably it was swimming with thousands of lobsters. Luckily, Cousin Lisa, a well known lobster wrangler, had arrived with the river.

"Don't you find", asked Graham, "that this stort has just too many broad coincidences in it and unlikely events and cheap plot devices?"

"No." said Tedby.

"Not that I'd noticed", said Lisa, "but I only just arrived", as she spun her lobster lasso into a perfect bollo. "See", she said, "They're not so scary when they're roped... quick, melt some butter...ayup."

Just as suddenly Blee-Bleep hit the RS button. They didn't even get to say thanks to Lisa who was transported back to Maine. They found themselves looking into Venezuela's Orinoco.

"That's just what I was talking about", said Graham and as if to illustrate his point they saw Joey Uncle rowing along in a canoe chasing what they would come to know as "El Grande Pollo de Orinoco."

"Hmm..." murmurred Tedby, thinking over what Graham had said.

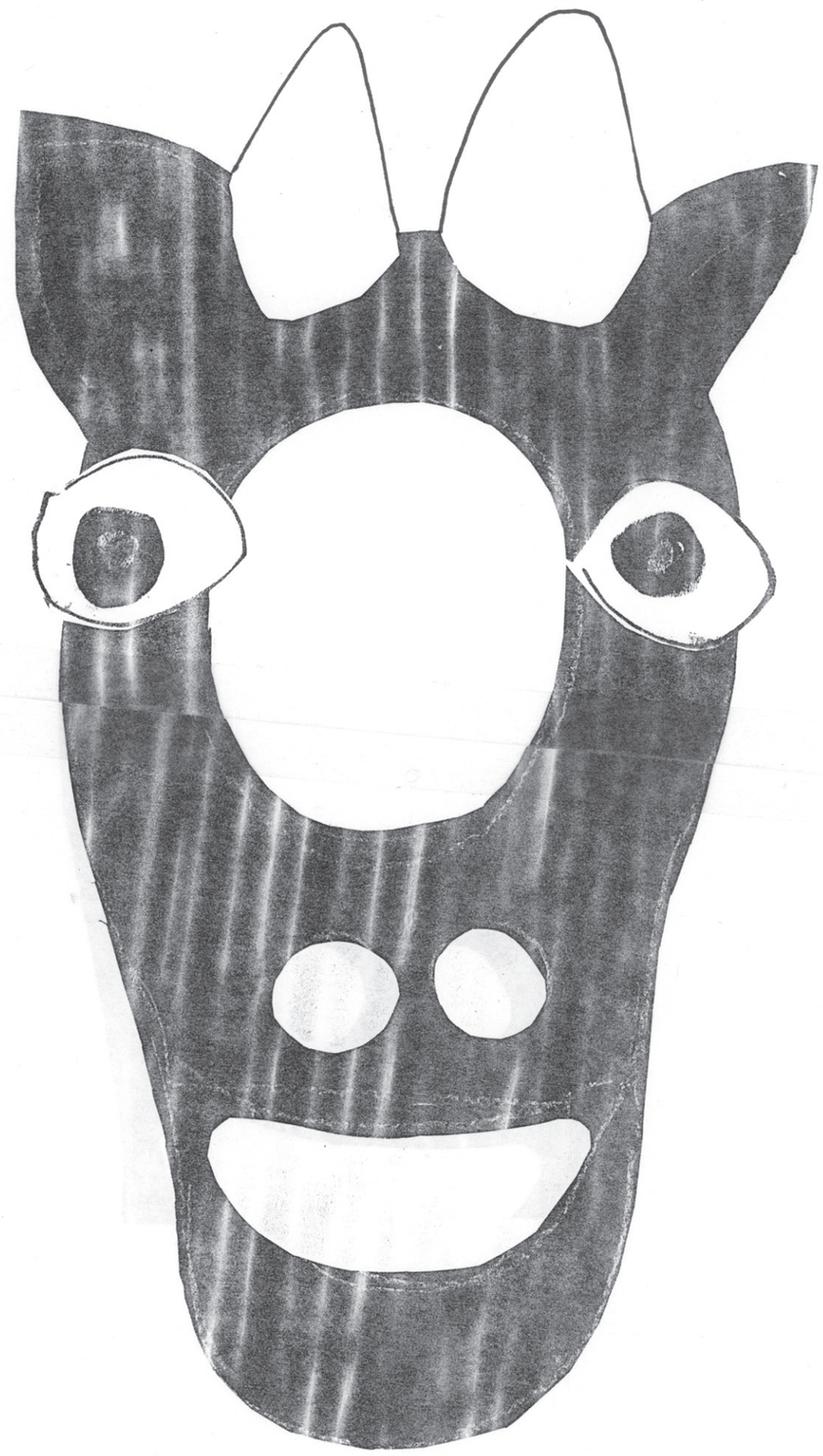
"I'd like to stop but that big chicken is fast", said Joey Uncle.

"Do you realize you're in Nebraska?" asked Adam.

"One of those river switch thingees", asked Joey?

They crossed and herded on. It was not long before Bhaloo picked up the trail of Indians. Subtle, eerie clues which gave way to only the most experienced of trackers.

"Look", said Bhaloo. "A box from Shamiana sweets, a Nazzia Hassan cassette and tire tracks from a Volvo station wagon."



"COW MASK" by Chun & Graham

"That can't be Scar", said Bhaloo. "He drives a Mercedes SL."

"Hi!" said a voice, seemingly from nowhere. "I'm Dr. Subir Banerjee. My wife Sharmila and my delightful offspring, Nikhil & Rukmani."

"Charmed, I'm sure", said a slightly embarrassed Bhaloo who had gotten sneaked up on.

"Look children! A talking bear. An Indian talking bear in Nebraska. Not the first thing you'ld expect to see." said the doctor.

"Yeh, yeh", said Bhaloo under his breath. "I've heard that before."

Business cards were exchanged. Treats shared. Tedby ate a kilo of galub jumuns. The Banerjee children found the river switch gag to be pretty impressive, as well as the time switching device, particularly when Shana produced the Indus in 326BC as Alexander the Great was crossing it, and they all got autographs.

"I must say", said the emminent urologist, "America is very much the place to be what with river switching, time travel and cable TV. Especially if you own good body armor."

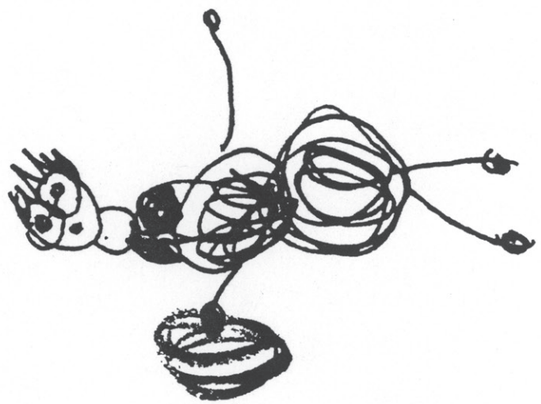
As they approached the Montana border Tedby expressed some disappointment that he never did get to meet Scar or the others. He had imagined a fierce food fight and great drama. He felt somewhat better when he got an apologetic note from Scar on a finely grained bond with a compelling south western motif.

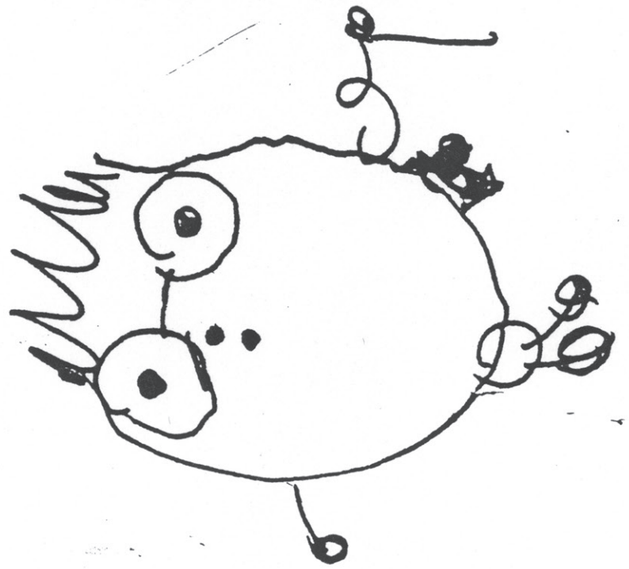
After what seemed like years they reached the icy and pristine Milk river. Tedby searched all his maps for a chocolate river with hopes of mixing them- but there evidently isn't one.

Even when the trip was done their was the problem of what to do with all the chickens. Luckily work was found for all of them, mostly in insurance and the civil service.

The crew sat around eating choke cherry jam and local clover honey when a massive space ship began to hover over the camp. It was Boltar and he had come to reward them for such a successful drive. The kids imagined various toys they might get or clothes or cash.Bhaloo hoped for a stronger border agreement with the Chinese. Blee-Bleep wanted to shift time and space randomly from his bedroom. Tedby wanted to swim in a giant vat of 'you know what', sticky substance.

But such was not the intention of the great Galactic Leader! While Boltar and his representatives discussed their plans for





the group with Rachel & Tedby, Adam & Graham slipped off to look at Boltar's time portal. This device enabled him to enter the time and place of his choosing anywhere in the quadrant and at any time. "This is cool", said Adam as they poked their heads through to watch the great migrations of human history. Graham found the crossing of the Bearing strait to be "special". Adam found the pan-Melanesian expansion throughout the Pacific to be "prime" and the both found the arrival of the Haydocks in New Mexico to be "Awe inspiring."

Adam quickly devised a useful application for the portal. They placed a bench a foot away and at right angles to the portal. Cookies were placed right at the edge. Adam set the time portal for two minutes in the past. He then jumped into the portal and arrived before he had eaten the cookies. He did this several times, eating the same cookies. He did not at first realize that once he had eaten the cookies they stayed with him as he regressed in time. After several attemtps he realized his tummy was stuffed.

"Time travel is hard on the tummy", said Adam.

"Another enigma of time", added Graham.

"This science stuff really knocks me out", said Adam who decided to lie down.

Graham wondered if that was what Daddy did.

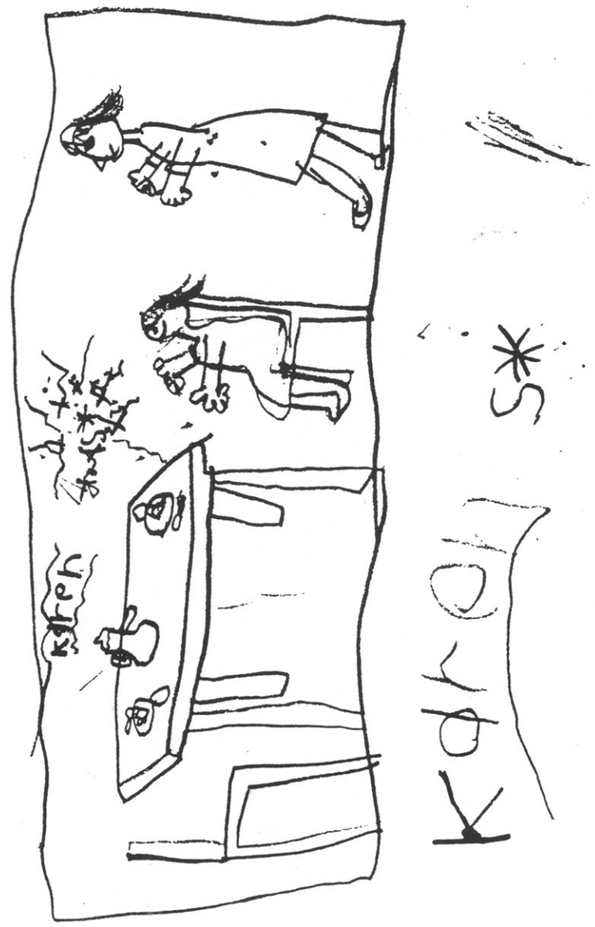
The entire group was transported to the legendary historical site of Astoria,NY. Shana was thrilled. "Ma was from here". She looked around for a plaque.

They were to appear on a trendy game show. They met T. Thornton Quisby the host who explained the rules. He told them about the fabulous prizes they could win, including shelf paper, a set of ginsu knives, a vegatable dicer/slicer,a dairy topping which could also suppress chemical fires, the Municipality of South Meriden,Ct. or the "Star of India" diamond.

They were divided into 3 groups---

Girls-Shana,Rachel,Jenny
Boys-Graham,Adam,Orin
Thingees-Tedby,Bhaloo,Blee-Bleep

The catagories of questions were-Bunny Stuff,Dialectical Materialism, Slides, Dinosaurs, Gupta Emporers and Honey----



The boys started off with dinosaurs for 10 points.

"Who is Barney's partner?"

"Baby Bop", said Adam.

"The Triassic, the Jurassic and the Elizebethan- which of these had the fewest dinosaurs?"

"Triassic?" answered Senator Hatch incorrectly, evidently forgetting earlier parts of the story.

They changed catagories. "Which Emporer was most responsible for the Sanskrit literarry renaissane?"

"Chandragupta", answered Blee-Bleep. Tedby smiled knowing well of his fondness for royalty. "Slides for 10 points", he asked.

"What is NYC?"

"Location of the worlds largest financial center?" asked Adam.

"That's not what we're looking for."

"Location of the red slide," answered Shana correctly.

"What is Shana's building for", asked the host?

"For the yellow slide."

"What is interesting about Chandigarh?"

"Designed by le Corbussier?"

"Anyone else?"

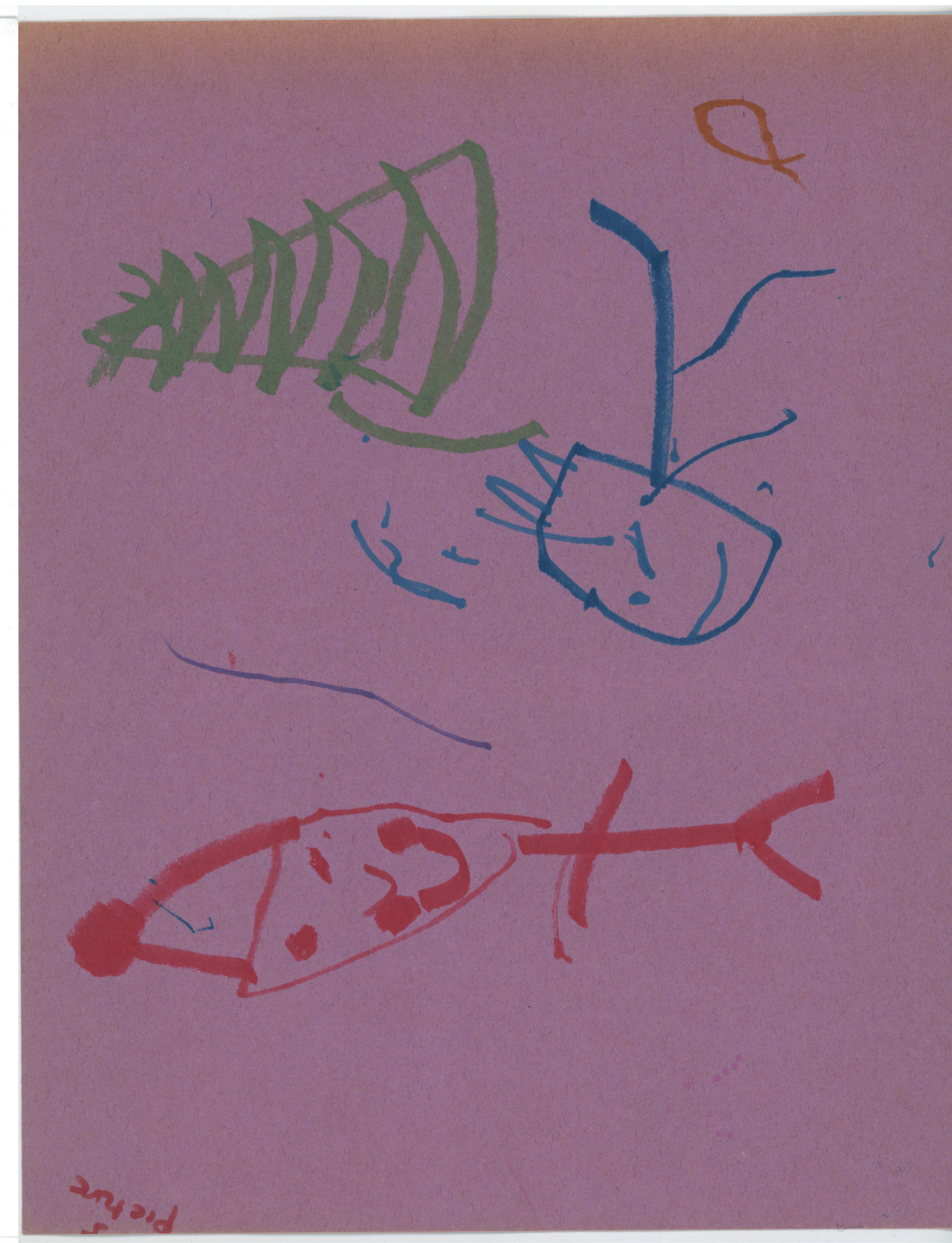
"Where", said Shana, smiling from ear to ear, "is the green slid?"

"What is it that must pass into its own negation through the exposure of self control?" asked Mr. Quisby.

Jenny answered that it was, of course, a "finite object." The girls were on a roll until they were unable to determine which of- Godzilla- Mario Cuomo and diplodocus-was a real dinosaur.

Peter Rabbit was associated with Mr, McGregors's garden. Bugs Bunny with- "What's up, doc?" and that hassenpfeffer might be best accompanied with a red Medoc Bordeaux, perhaps a '67.

The game dragged on and was close. Blee-Bleep batted off question after question. Tedby got one about orange blossom honey. At the end of part 1 it was a 3 way tie. The tension was incredible. The boys huddled, speaking nervously and low. Shana changed her clothes 3 times and Rachel & Jenny lassoed pieces of television equiptment from cable access channel 95 in Wilkes-



Barre, Pa. which was covering the event.

The final category was "Shana's Relatives."

"Hmm", said Orin. "I'd better bone up."

"Hmmm," said Tedby. "Why is honey sticky and snow cold?"

The final question is---"Who is Shana & Graham's Grandma in New Mexico?"

The three groups conferred.

"Is it Elinor of Acquitane?" asked Blee-Bleep.

"Nancy Reagan", asked the Senator?

"Nan-Cy Hay-dock!" said Shana with the winning answer!

Shana declined to be interviewed by the press but later released a statement.

A trip of 60,000light years took less time than local space-time vehicle in NYC. Shana felt herself getting more and more sleepy. She didn't even want to stop at the yellow slide.

Tedby took a deep breath as they approached Shana's building. "Home dear girl. Home after a long and fearsome voyage. No more space creatures or terrible lizards. No more Space Police or irked Scotsmen. Now we are here and free to roam the Earth among all that which is cool."

Suddenly, and she did not know how it happened Shana's feet were cold.

"Feet out!" sha cried.

She was back in bed. She did notknow how, when or why.

Bhaloo jumped up- because all were asleep- rubbed them for a few seconds and hopped back into bed.

Feet warm...

And they were both soon asleep.....

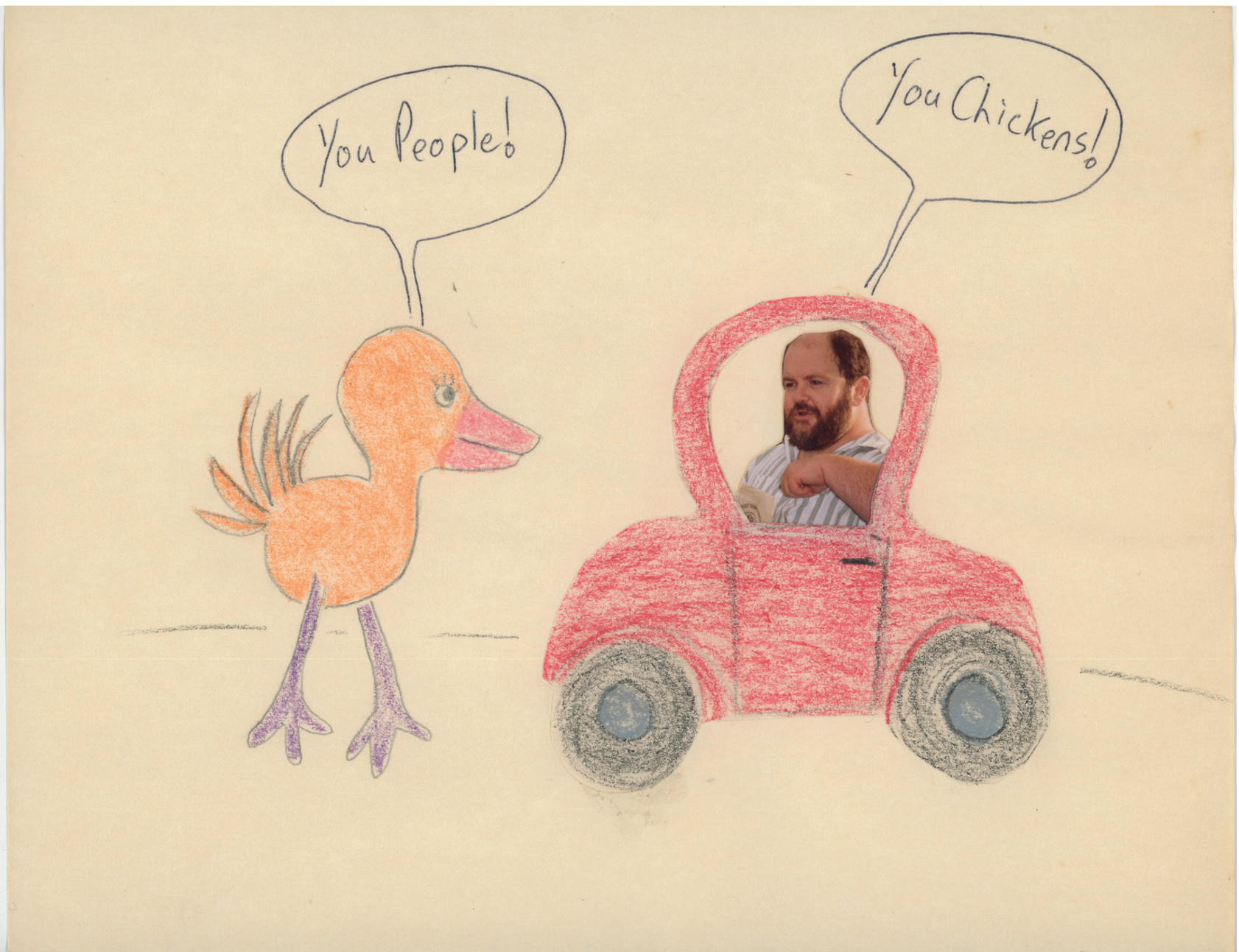
Tedby
1/94
Freeport,NY



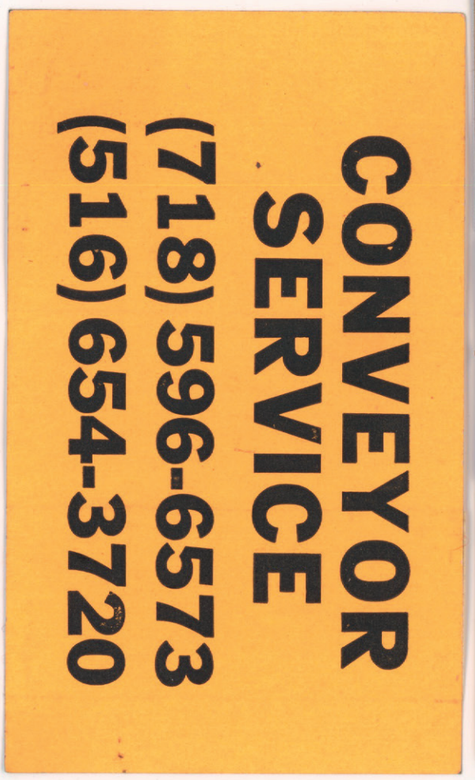
Bearolina

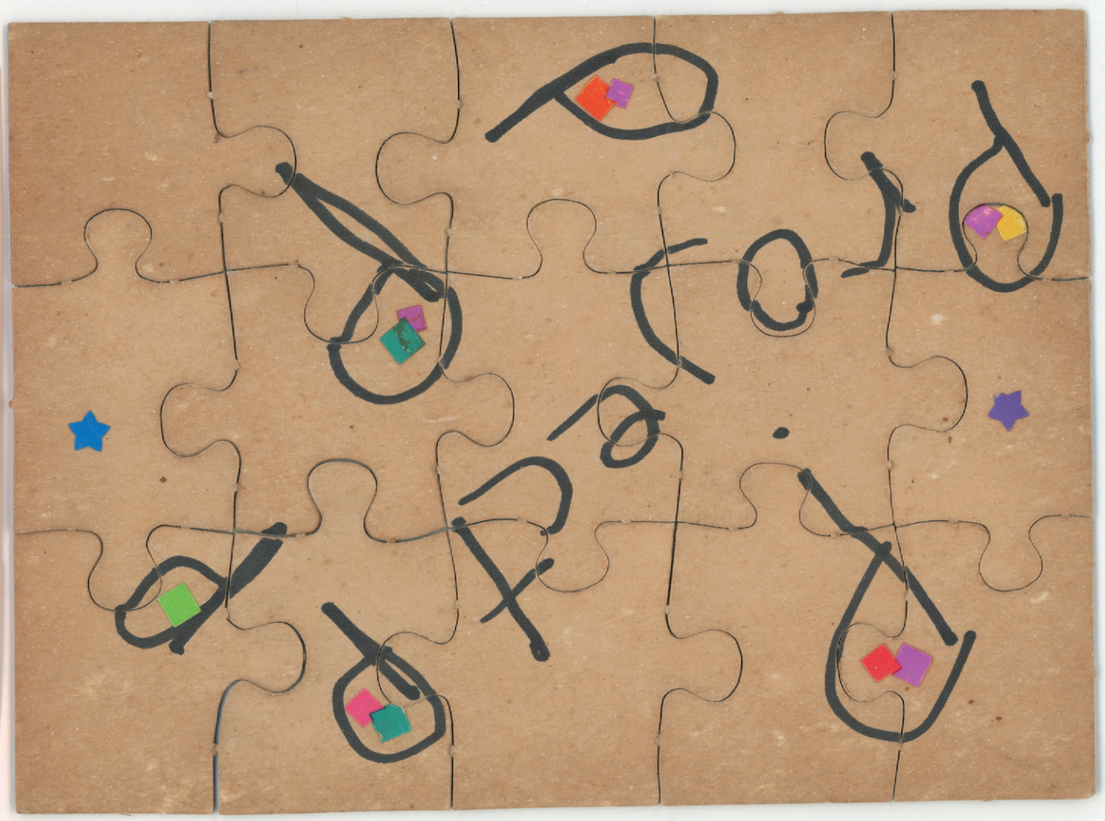
WAY!!!

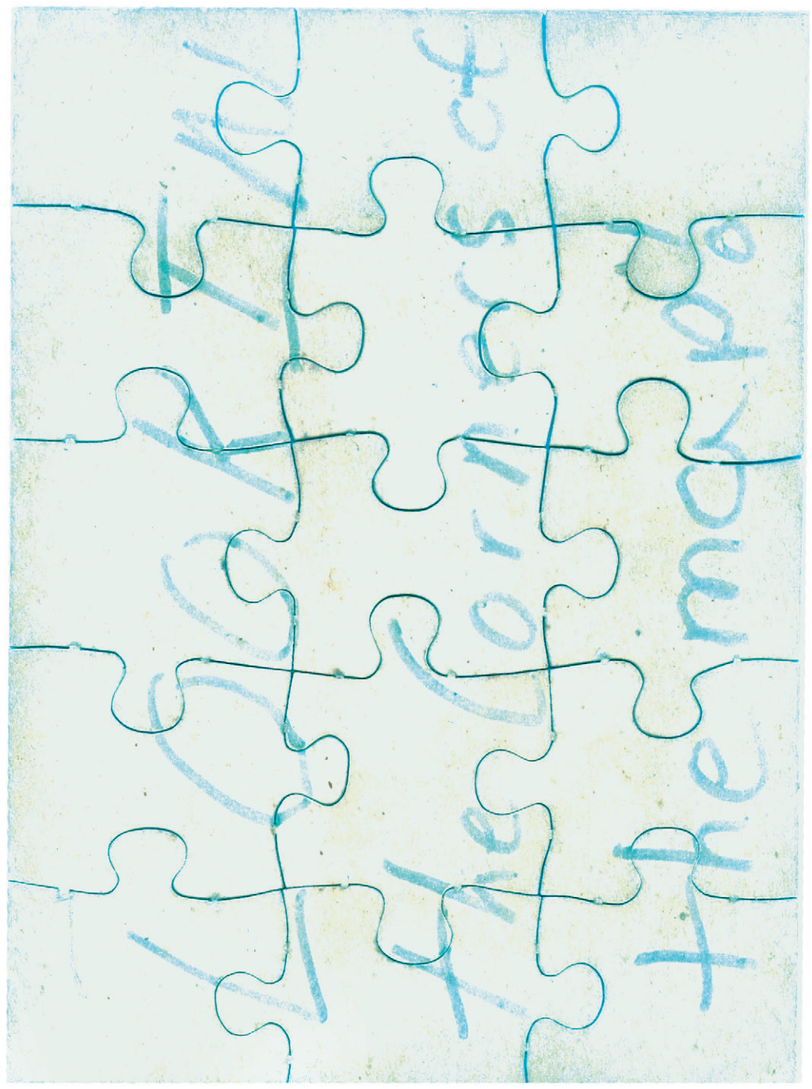
NO WAY!


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5B-Dino & Boy by NH
5C-Bleep & Tedby herding dinos by NH
6A-Space Jail & Desperados by KH
7A-Boltar the Magnificent by SH
7B-Boltar as Jack-o-lantern by GH
8A-The Contest by JH
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10A-"One Small Step..."
11A-Bleep Takes the Throne by JH
12A-Brief Reign of Bleep by JH
14A-Boltar the Irked by RD
15A-Chicken Wrangler by JD
17A-Dangers of River Switching by NH
17B-Chicken Wrangling by JH
18A-Life on a Silly River by Tedby
18B-El Grande Pollo de Orinoco by JyH
19A-The Education of Herring Adams by LM
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20B-Boltar & Shana by SH
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24B-Haydosaurs in debate by DeD & NH
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