

The adventures of. . .

Fieldmoo and Frabbott

As the sun set over the valley fieldmoo and frabbott were hard at work harvesting the marijuana plants which grew thickly throughout the dale. It had been a hard day's work, and they were very tired.

In fact they were almost too tired to go to the big smoke-in at the town hall that night. But fieldmoo and frabbott would never miss a smoke-in, just as you must never miss a chance to smoke dope, kiddies.

And so they left the field and went to their tiny burrow, pausing only for a few tokes of the day's harvest.

"I declare," said frabbott, "this stuff is the best shit we've grown since we got the seeds from Morocco."

"You're absolutely right" declared his red-eyed friend, "I got off on the first toke."

Later that night, all of the marijuana growers gathered at the town hall with Irving Oil garbage bags full of shit over their shoulders. Oh, what a sight that was kiddies! All of the little people talking, chatting, dancing, the smell of the smoke. I only wish you could have been there.

The party was a festive occasion when all of the little people gathered together to celebrate the harvest. And they smoked a good portion of the best of their harvest, before sending it off to market in California.

The party went on for three days. Fieldmoo and frabbott were rolling the last of their shit when a large misshapen shadow swooped down on them.

"Hey man," said fieldmoo, "Sit down and have a toke."

At that a high-pitched self-righteous voice replied, "You can't do that here. It's against the law."

Frabbott looked up, and saw a large troll, covered with little spots which seemed to be doors. On the doors, if a little kiddie like you looked closely, words like "Department of Public Works" could be seen. On each of the doors was a little sign saying that the general public (whatever that might be kiddies) was not allowed to enter.

"Wh-who are you?" queried frabbott and fieldmoo almost in the same breath.

"I am the government," said the Government (for such the mishapen beast was indeed kiddies. And if you want to know the real story behind Government you must ask your mommie or your daddy for they would be very angry if I told you such horror stories in these pages.)

"I am the Government," continued Government "and I say you can't smoke that insidious weed in my country."

"But this is our valley," said fieldmoo.

"No, it is not. This valley belongs to the people," replied Government.

"But we are the people" said frabbott. "We're the people who live here and who farm the fields and who grow the marijuana plants."

"That may be" replied the Government, "but this valley belongs to the people I mean. Those are the people I mean."

The valley people were non-plussed. They had never heard anything so absurd. Imagine, kiddies, having a huge troll tell you that he owns the fields which you have worked and sweated over. You can see the dismay the valley people felt.

"No," said fieldmoo, "This valley belongs to the people who

work it and who make it green and lush. And you can't tell us what to do."

The Government laughed a laugh. Oh., it could have made your blood run cold to hear that terrible sound. And then, with a leer, it said "No?" and gestured toward the shadows.

All of the valley people recoiled in shock as two even uglier trolls lumbered from the darkness beyond the influence of the friendly fire.

They were tall, covered with warts and they were twice the size of even the largest valley-liver. And they shook the ground with their feet.

All of the valley dwellers fled in fear from the two huge trolls, one brown and one blue. And the Government chortled evilly as they fled. "Law'n'order", he chuckled.

All seemed lost as the valley dweller fled in fear of the huge brown troll, Army and the huge blue troll, Police. And truly, they

had reasons to fear for none of them could stand up to the trolls and say "Stop," because the trolls would have taken them and thrown them off a cliff.

But all was not lost, for the valley people were still alive, and to regain control of their valley they tried many things. Once, they refused to grow the marijuana plants; but always they had to return to the fields because they were hungry.

And the Government grew stronger and stronger on their labour. As the Government grew stronger, so did his slaves the Arm and the Police.

One day fieldmoo and frabbott were working in the forest moving logs. Fieldmoo was separated from frabbott for a short while, trying to move a heavy log. It was so heavy that she could barely budge it.

Finally she called frabbott, who came and said "What is the matter?" His friend answered, "This log is too heavy for me to

move. Come and help me."

So they tried to raise the log with frabbott on one end and fieldmoo on the other, they lifted it quite easily. As they took the log out of the woods, the ground began to shake under their feet. It was the huge blue troll, Police.

"What are you doing with that log," roared Police. "It belongs to Government and Family Compact Inc." And he started to attack them with his stick.

Fieldmoo and frabbott had had enough, kiddies.

And with one accord they threw the huge heavy log straight at the blue troll.

With a groan, Police fell to the ground, and died. But that was not the strangest thing, kiddies. As Police died, he lurched to one elbow and whispered, "I should have served the people."

Fieldmoo and frabbott had learned a valuable lesson. They went to all their friends and told them of their victory over Police. Meanwhile, the other troll was

eating his Wheaties before coming into the valley to avenge his friend.

The valley people would have fled, but frabbott told them "Alone we can't beat Army, but together we are unbeatable."

"Yes" added fieldmoo. "The only way to defeat the people is to destroy the people. And there's more of us than there is of them."

Well, the rest of that story is well-known. The Valley Liberation Front Anti-Imperialist defeated the brown troll Army and put a leash on Government so that he couldn't hurt the people any more.

But they said, it was Family Compact that had caused all of the trouble by his greediness. And so they destroyed Family Compact and all of his friends.

And now they live in the valley happily, with the smell of the marijuana plants and the singing of the harvesters.

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