

The Hangman's Lullabye or Who was that masked hangman anyway?

A Trilogy in Two Parts and various pieces. Perhaps A Christmas Parable

(Incidental music by Frank Zappa, Ludwig von Beethoven, Oliver Cromwell and Doris Day)

The Magnificent Appendage had escaped.
It was a dark and stormy night.

(Heh heh)

And the truth of the matter is (or the matter with truth - as you will) the fact (step on a fact, break your mother's back; as fact as a tack; I smoke a fact a day; into every life a little fact must fall; whistle while you fact; I don't give a sweet fact) the fact - the point of truth (truth is Ruth and vice versa) is that the Magnificent Appendage had escaped. And no one knew what to do (not the king, who was in his counting house counting on being funny; or the queen who was in the parlour eating crunchy granola and patting a white bunny; or the maid (who was not really a maid because she and the king had had a thing going for quite some time) in the garden smelling the flowers for one last time, none of them knew what to do except perhaps the blackbird and it was his day for noses so he didn't give a sweet fact (see above).

Lay-dies and gennel-mans, you must realize the importance and Gravity (as did Newton when noddled on the noodle with that famous apple strudel) of the situation. The Magnificent Appendage had escaped. A lie you say - No Such Thing (a lie a day keeps the doctor away but is great for the undertaker; my country or my lie - politician's epitaph; a lie by any other name is what we usually hear; come lie with me and be my accomplice) and other assorted lies which lay heavy on the stomach after eating humble pie. But this you can believe, for who would dare tell falsehoods about the likes of the Magnificent Appendage. Indeed, who would have to, the truth being bizzarre enough for the most perfected pre-vert.

"A question."

"Yes" (indulgently)

"If the party of the first part ever got together with the party of the second part - would they produce the party of the third part?"

"Legally speaking?"

"Naturally."

"Well, that would depend."

"On what?"

"At whose house the party was held."

"Thank you."

"You're more than welcome Willie."

And so the die was cast, the cast had died (to the thunderous applause of the audience) and the chase was on.

"Oi Mate, 'ave ye 'erd the news?"

"What say Bart?"

"'Tis the Magnificent Appendage."

"EH?"

"Is escaped 'e 'as."

"Gor' lummie Mate."

"Aye."

"Lock up your parsnips and 'orseshoes is all I can say".

Yabba dabba doooo and awaaaay we
goo goo goo.

The king stopped laughing; the queen

stopped eating; the rabbit looked at his watch; the maid stopped smelling (she had no choice) and the blackbird dropped the ... (c'mon, we knows what he dropped) and they all set out in their various fashions after the Magnificent Appendage. Mind you, they did not know what they would do if they caught him; it was the thrill of the chase.

THE THRILL OF THE CHASE:

"Tell me sir, what did you see?"

"I don't rightly know."

"Rightly or wrongly - was that something about a nose?"

"Let me think."

"There is no time for thinking sir, we're on television."

"Really?"

"Yes sir - for thirty seconds you shall be seen coast to coast on The National."

"Oh my Lloyd Robinson."

"Please sir, get off your knees."

"I so rarely have a religious experience."

"Just tell us what you say."

"It all happened so quickly."

"Thank you sir."

THE THRILL OF THE CHASE II:

"When did you first realize that you had been nearly trampled to death?"

"It was the lack of oxygen."

"Oh?"

"Yes. And of course that damn rabbit thumping on my chest."

"Bothersome."

"Especially him screaming and shouting 'I'm late, I'm late' all the time."

"Sounds disconcerting."

"You know - not to put too fine a point on it - it was."

"Which way did they go?"

"Just follow that blackbird."

"Blackbird singing in the dead of the night?"

"Very good. Even in tune."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it."

THE THRILL OF THE CHASE III:

first voice: There he is.

second voice: There he is.

third voice: There his is.

fourth voice: There he is.

chorus: Get him.

Away, away, with footsteps free, we'll
chase the shadow over the lea; merrily we
go, merrily we go, none so gay as we.

"I heard that."

"Pardon sir."

"That's one of them songs."

"You have misunder..."

"We gotta make this country safe for our
wives and daughters."

"You do not seem to realize."

"I bet you're on of those very fairy sort of
guys."

"Haven't you heard."

"Next it will be 'now we don our gay
apparel."

"But the Magnificent Appendage has
escaped."

"You mean you're not a gay commie pinko
subversive?"

"Not me - I don't even own a stereo."
"Come along son, let's get after him."
"I'm with you."

And away they rode in their four on the
floor, twin high beam suspension, five cam
ultra nozzled triple carburator, air cooled,
super suspended rotary engined, solid
chassie modular intake, 13000 h.p. high
toned, pure white, new improved plastic
body snowmobile complete with roadrunner
insignia and swastika flag, down the road
and into the night, destroying five trees and
maiming a partridge for life. It was a sight
to forget.

Meanwhile, back at the stable -- but no,
that comes later.

To who(m) can we turn to right the
injustice (do justice to the right) straighten
the crooked, heal the sick, correct the
wrong, make dark light, generally fix up the
whole facting mess (see above). Can la
droit be maintained by the R.C.M.P., the us
Army, British knowhow, Italian spaghetti,
Russian dressing, CUPE, OPEK, SDS, SOS,
Fab, Golden Nugget, Glenn Campbell,
hippies, yippies, the Grippe, groupies,
croupies, premier potatoes, salt and peter,
city fathers, irate beavers, tokers, brokers,
choking smokers, don't you think the Joker
laughs at you.

If you think we'll be saved by the Wierd
Person, you are wrong. She is too busy
learning to cook, and anyway if it isn't
related in some obscure manner to one of
those maudlin, sickly sweet, ticky-tacky,
tinsel and gauze musical extravaganzas
with men in tails and top hats and beauties
glitteringly gowned from TtoT (throat to
toe) all singing about moon and june and
love knots which never untie, then she is
just not interested. Magnificent Appendage
or no. She said so herself and 'pass the
honey please'.

No, the weight of the whole affair (it is
apparent) must fall upon those shoulders
which can best handle it. Shoulders
moulded expressly by Fate for just this
moment. Those two figures who bay at the
moon and have so far managed to keep
reality not only from the door but confined a
good distance down the back forty. When
not shoulder to shoulder saving the world
they usually see eye to eye on most things.
Their names are on the tip of your tongue
and you are right. The world takes on a hush
as they enter the scene - one stage right, the
other stage left. Let the house lights dim.

We are even drawing near to the Stable.
The fabulous duo are of course Krazy
Kathy and the Potato Chip Muncher. They
wait by the side of the road, she peeling her
chocolate-dipped tangerines and sipping
blueberry tea, occasionally kissing a frog
when she decides it's time for princely
company; he reading the expurgated
edition of the New Testament, painting
butterfly faces on tree trunks, and of course
lunching, brunching, crunching and
munching upon the ever present potato
chips. It could almost be said that they
waited with baited breath, except that it