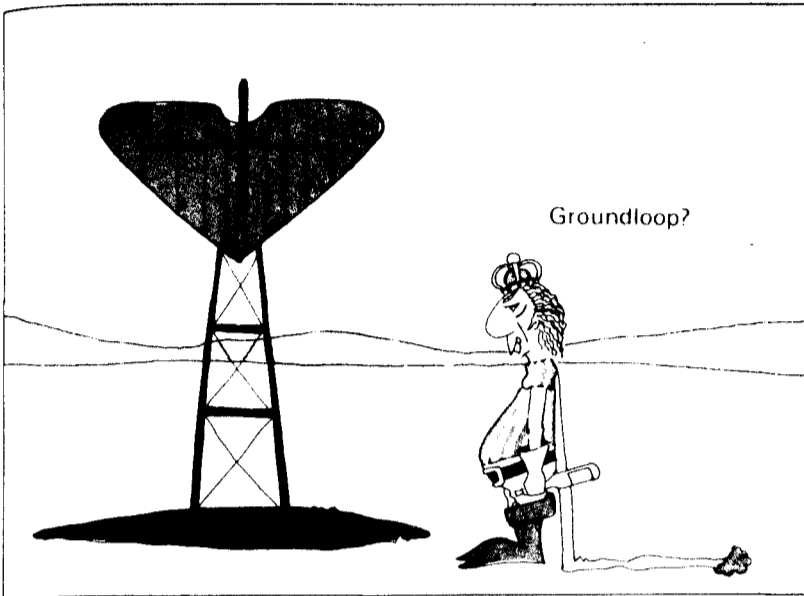
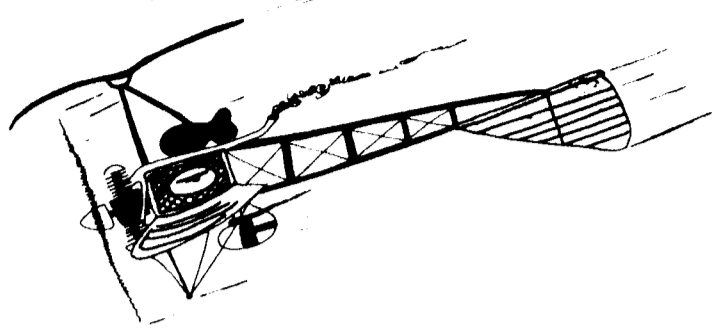
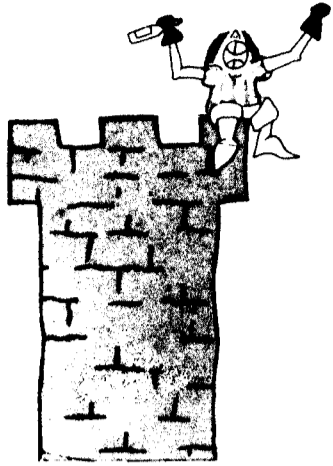


THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN OF KANUTE GROUNDLOOP

Groundloop! Land Blue Beaver 2 before you kill us both!

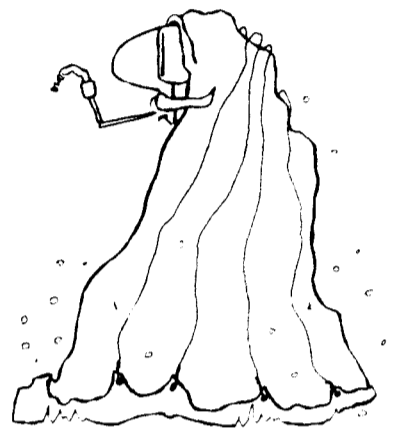
Sorry I sire, I can't until it snows, perhaps by next September...
Land it now, you idiot ... that's an imperial command!



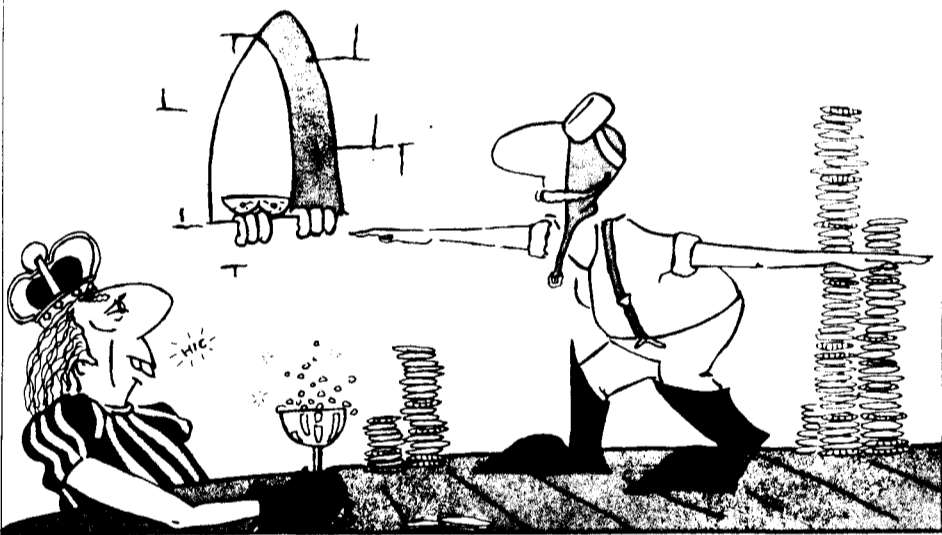
Groundloop?



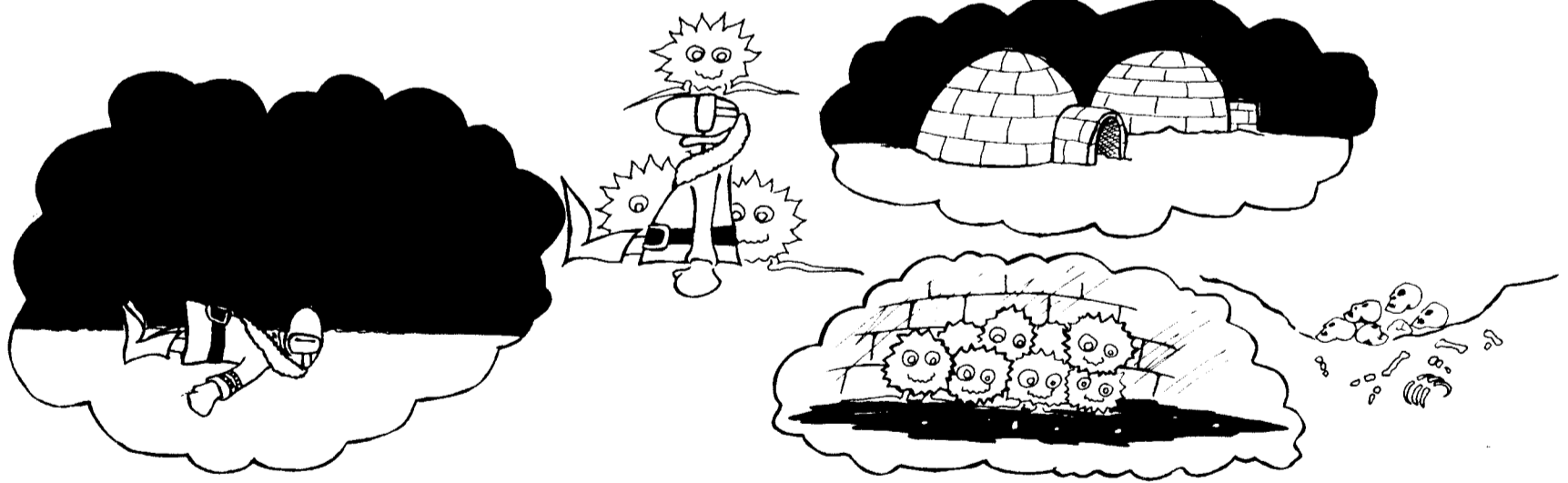
Sire, I'd like to report that the Canajan chute #758 has a defective trigger device



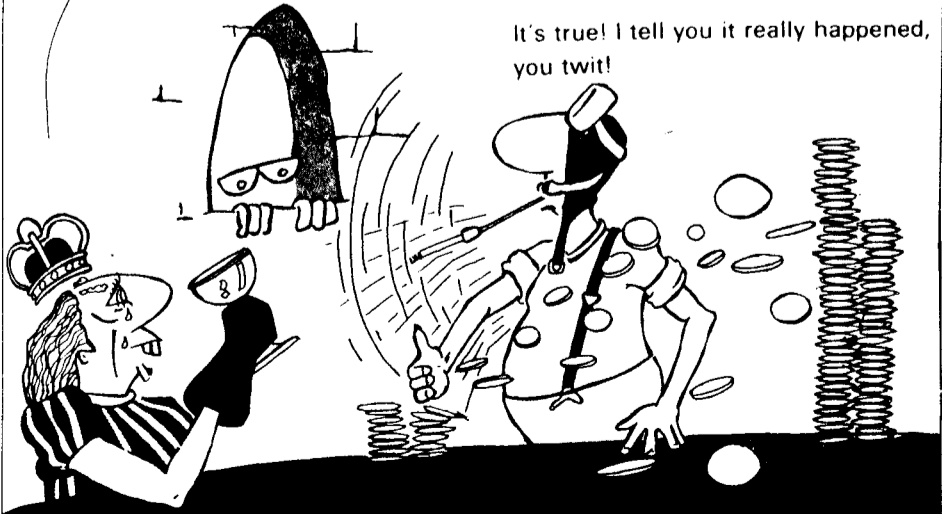
So there I was, at 8,000 feet tossed by the raging blizzard ...



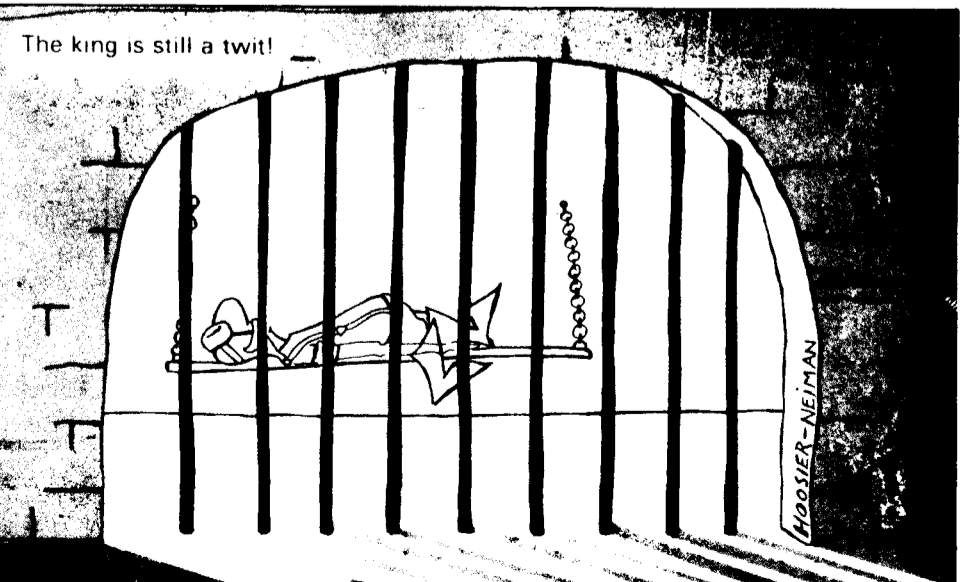
...flailing about like a leaf in a wind tunnel with only superb sense of direction and flying skill between me and an icy disaster. I executed a near perfect deadstick landing on an ice floe, but was injured and passed out, the world a cold black fuzzy pain in the ... When I awoke I found myself surrounded by a group of curious green fuzzy creatures whose characteristics, as I shall relate to you, are interesting indeed. These creatures, sire, each morning left a pool of gasoline on the floor of an igloo I constructed for them to live in. They were alein creatures indeed, with the ability to catalyse their food into flammable hydrocarbons! But their food! Sire, next to their igloo I found the remains of human corpses brutally killed and ... (shudder) ... eaten! Examining their green goats I found traces of blood, and flecks of Eskimo clothing. Horrified, I sealed them in the igloo where they remain to this day. But I had by then refueled my plane, repaired it and returned, living legacy to a breed of man who, like me, never says die!



Ahaha! Hahahahahahahahaha! Indeed, Groundloop, you are a rare wag! Hahahahahaha! Brandy! Hahahaha! Such a tale!



It's true! I tell you it really happened, you twit!



The king is still a twit!

HOOSIER-NEUMAN