Rafael Oswaldo Jimenez
Denise Lutricia Johnson
Robert Joseph Jervey, Sr.
Michael Bland Johnson
Jeannine Lynn Jennings
Margaret E. Johnson
Robert Allen Johnson
Katherine M. Johnson
James Alan Sieke
Lora Anne Silsbee
Sheila Mary Simmons
Raquel Sinai
Walter David Sincoskie
William Sing, Jr.
David A. Siegel
Dennis Eugene Silicato
Lora Anne Silsbee
Sheila Mary Simmons
Raquel Sinai
Walter David Sincoskie
William Sing, Jr.
Jeremy Sitzer
Cynthia Anne Skibicki
Paula Adele Skinner
Raymond P. Skinner
Robin Virginia Smith        Ronald Coe Smith
Virginia Marie Smith        Wayne Charles Smith

Barbara J. Smithey          Deborah Kay Snyder

John Andrew Sofranko        Barry Neil Solan
Wayne R. Wyckoff

James Joseph Yacucci

Mojtaba Yamin

Nancy Wistar Yearsley

Carol Rae Yetter

Diane E. Yokota

Gary Robert Young

Rebecca Susan Young
(A synopsis of four years? No, that could all be done in a few words. I’d rather force the shadow-characters into action again. Ready, Clyde?)

“What do you mean ‘ready’? We’re not even dressed yet. You told us we weren’t on until a quarter of five.”

Okay, okay. You’ve got four minutes. Quit carping or you’ll be erased. I could always create somebody else.)

“Hold on mate . . . Mortimer, where are my hat and pipe?”

(Sorry for the delay folks, but you just can’t believe what you read . . . Ah, I’m getting ahead of myself. The Community Design Report will pop up later. Right now it’s time for . . . . . .)

“Austerlitz Mercenaries, Ltd. May I help you? . . . Oh, yes, sir! We’d be pleased to accept the contract. Yes, thank you, sir. Right.”

(Ready yet, Clyde?)

“No, and it’s Inspector Clyde to you! Blimey, I’ve lost Mortimer.”

(Never mind, Austerlitz is still on. Take your time and find the little creep before I write him right out of this thing.)

“Why don’t you come down here and take his place if you’re so smart?”

(Brilliant, Clyde! Who’s gonna run this typewriter? . . . . Anyway, I might be down later if I get bored.)

“Bored? Bah!”

(Sorry, again. I’ll switch back to the mercenaries . . . .)

“Bloody pest! Right! Now who’s going to volunteer for this simple assignment?”

“What’s the job, Sarge?”

“Child’s play, really. We’re to accompany an Inspector Clyde and his assistant to the Delaware Null-Zone to determine whether the university is private or state-owned and most importantly to solve the riddle of the University Community.”

“University Community?”

“Yes, it’s the descendent of the Lost Colony of Roanoke. According to the legend, it was mentioned in that mystic tome, The Community Design Report. Our job is to look for survivors. Right? Now who’s going then?”

The rush for the door created a vacuum that swept papers across the floor and terrified the cat who was only there as a prop anyway.

(C’mon you guys, we’re way behind. Austerlitz Mercenaries Ltd. is out of the story.)

“Wait a moment here. You can’t do that! You can’t just burst in here every few minutes and cause trouble like we were some kind of bloody puppets.”

(Okay, wait a second . . . .)

“Hello, Austerlitz Mercenaries Ltd. May I help you . . . . What do you mean the contract has been cancelled? You can’t do that? . . . . Well, same to you, mate.”

(Is that acceptable?)

“Bloody cretin,”

(You ready yet, Clyde?)

“Yes, and I’ve found Mortimer.”

(Okay, where are you?)

“We’re in a small apartment, corner of Fifth and Madison in New York.”

(Not any more. You’re in the Delaware Null-Zone now. Good Luck.)

Inspector Clyde and Mortimer dropped heavily on the ground just in time to avoid a nearly head-on collision with a white rabbit.

“I’m late, I’m late,” shrieked the rabbit as he put away his calendar and sextant and headed off across the barren wastes toward Dover.

“Wait! Who are you and where are you going in such a hurry?” inquired the Inspector.

“I’m Postfactocommittee and I’m late for an important vote in Dover. See you guys at the next rally picnic on the mall.”

“Swell,” mumbled Mortimer.

The Inspector ignored the vacuous slogans flung across the field by the rabbit and walked on to where a small pad marked “Finish Me” lay on the grass.

“Work papers for tuition, I suppose,” exclaimed the Inspector.

“Hey, my wallet’s shrunk. And it’s empty, too!” hollered Mortimer.

“Yes, but look behind you Mortimer.”

Behind the pair stood a manniken with a sign around its neck that begged “Pay me.” He also sported a smoking revolver in one hand and a cash register in the other.

“I am the Bursar,” cried the manniken. “Pay Me.”

“But I only have . . . . . .”

“Sorry,” said the Bursar, “but I’ve just been informed that in the last 2.5 seconds the tuition has been raised 5% for out-of-staters.”
"This is an outrage," cried the inspector.
"We will not negotiate. Now fork over the cash, pal or we'll ruin your future for a few lousy dollars."
"Bloody robbers," hissed Mortimer.
"Curiouser and curiouser," added the Inspector.
"Sorry, but that's business. If you wanted an education you should have gone elsewhere," grinned the Bursar.

Suddenly, a new megaphone-boosted voice broke the stalemate.
"Open your books or we'll cut your budget!" cried a strange bird.
"Bah! It's the Dodo and his friends from the state legislature."
"Give it up, Bursar, or we'll be forced to ask that dreaded question 'Public or Private?'"

With a single, howling "Bah!" the Bursar disappeared down a deep hole.

"He took my wallet, Inspector!" moaned an outraged Mortimer.
"Forget your wallet. I think we've got other problems."
"Hello, I'm the Dodo and these boys are Legislators. You didn't happen to see a white rabbit around here didja?"

"Yes, he was heading off towards Dover when we last saw him."
"Good . . . uh . . . I mean . . . that's too bad. We could have worked so well together."

At this the Legislators snickered as if some private joke has just been unleashed.
"Well, as I said, I'm the Dodo and I think it's time for a Caucus-race. Wadda ya think, fellas?"
"Sure thing, boss."
"What is the object of this Caucus-race?" queried the Inspector.

"It's our job. That's what we got elected to do.
"But you're all running around in a circle! You're not doing anything constructive."
"Now you're getting the idea, bub. We run around in circles so it looks as if we're doing something. That way we get re-elected."
"It looks idiotic to me," added Mortimer.
"Now that's gratitude for you. We scare the Bursar away and you make fun of us," said the Dodo with a mock wince.
"Yes, but he took my assistant's wallet," complained Clyde.
"So? We tried didn't we? Do you think we had anything to gain by standing up to the Bursar? Do you think we care whether the university is public or private?"

"Well . . . ."
"You will vote for us, won't you? Look what we've done for you."
"I think that we shall be going now."
"Okay, leave if you want, but you wouldn't want to make a campaign contribution wouldja?"

Inspector Clyde and Mortimer ignored this last remark and walked across the grass toward a strange clump of vegetation as the Dodo cackled on in the background.
"Hey, hide you Legislators, the white rabbit's coming. Somebody tell him the vote's tomorrow."

Mortimer and the Inspector quickly came upon a shapeless mass wedged atop a giant mushroom. The mass was puffing smoke from a hookah with one hand and guzzling cheap beer with the other.
"Hey man, the name's Studentbody and I'm wrecked. Who are you dudes?"
"Yes, well we're strangers here . . . ."
"We're all strangers here, man. Pull up a toadstool . . . . My real name's In-State Studentbody and I'd introduce youse to my brother, Outa State, but he spends most of his time riding buses away from here."

"No loss, I'm sure," replied Mortimer congenially.
"Youse guys want to get wrecked?"
"No thank you, we're normal."
"But there ain't nothing to do around here but get wrecked."
"You could do something constructive for this place."
"But man, why bother? We can't change nothing and besides, I'd much rather get wrecked and pretend the problems aren't there."
"What about art? Doesn't creativity mean anything around here?"
"Art? Yeah, we got art. We go down and watch Marx Brothers flicks once a week before we get wrecked."
"Poor deranged cretin. I wish there was something we could do for him, but I don't think euthanasia is legal around here," said Clyde.
"Hey man, who cares, you know?"
"Well, be seeing you," offered Clyde as they turned to go.

continued on page 396