

Jimland Reports Volume 2

By Jim Wright
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Report 51 - REBELS AMBUSH SULTAN'S TAX COLLECTORS. DENNY LEE STORY PART ONE.
Date: 2003-01-10

REBELS AMBUSH SULTAN'S TAX COLLECTORS. DENNY LEE STORY PART ONE.

Rebels have ambushed the Sultan's Tax Collectors once again. The Sultan's annual Tax Collection began not long ago. The Rebel's annual ambushing the Tax Collectors followed immediately. The Sultan's Military Advisor predictably launched units of the Sultan's Guard in raids of reprisal to steal that which was stolen from the original thieves, if you get our drift.

Rebel activity has again picked up across the length and breadth of Jimland. And no one really knows how far the length and breadth stretch since none of the survey teams has ever returned to report their findings. Strange, but true.

Once more the German Consul and his Military Commander have the Sultan's Ear. The Italians scamper around like the German's lap dog. The British maintain a stiff upper lip and feign indifference while sniffing through every scrape of information they can beg, borrow or steal. The Americans and the French drill and clean their weapons, waiting for inevitable raids to be stage for or against the Sultan. We will keep you informed, Gentle Reader, and we will keep our doors locked during this, the "Silly" Season in Jimland.

No reports of Russian activity have arrived. It was suspected the Russian were "advising" the Rebels. However, no hard evidence has turned up that the Russians are involved in the Rebel Ambushes. Perhaps the Russian limit their circle of friends to simple Pirates and Cutthroats, drawing the line at Rebels stealing Tax Loot?

THE DENNY LEE STORY, PART ONE

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

How Denny Lee became an Explorer in Jimland is a mystery as deep as Jimland itself. Suffice it to say that in years gone by Denny Lee was the most respected scout and toughest man in a land of tough men. Rogue. Scoundrel. Scout. Explorer. Retriever of Rare Antiquities. No Fear. No Scruples. Anything for a Price and no Price was Too Large. It was even rumored that Denny Lee put the Sultan into power by snuffing the Sultan's Uncle in the Sultan's Palace at the request of the Sultan. The price? A night with the Fair Cassandra of the Sultan's Harem. And all the gold he could carry out of the Palace the next day. Denny Lee was a huge strapping man and we think the Sultan's Treasury took a rather large hit that morning.

During Denny Lee's travels and travails he crossed and recrossed Jimland. He knew the land as well as any Native. Yet he always said he didn't know what was over the next hill or behind the next palm. Denny Lee kept his circle of friends very small. He kept his "exploring team" small and deadly. He paid the highest rates, accepted no excuses, and occasionally shot an employee to make a point to the others. It seemed to work. His team was the best in the business in all of Jimland, known, respected, and feared.

As a hobby of sorts Denny Lee collected legends, rumors, and tall tales of Jimland. These he duly entered into his Journal. His curiosity was well known to the Natives. They would sell their stories to Denny Lee wherever he went. But Denny Lee never bought the same story twice. He was too sharp for that. After several story-sellers failed to return, the Natives realized how sharp Denny Lee was. Report volume dropped off, but quality increased. Denny Lee rewarded quality. His journal grew and became the stuff of legend in its own right, filled with reports of riches, maps to cities of gold, and everything short of Atlantis. Some casually said even Atlantis had its page complete with a map of its twin harbors.

Inside the front cover of the journal Denny Lee kept a list of the top ten items worth finding in Jimland. Those who had glimpse of the list said it contained entries like "City of the Dead", "City of the King", "Forbidden City", "Lost Mines of Solomon", "Outpost of the Pharaohs", "Harbor of the Stars", "The Traveling Stones", "Endless River". Shades of bedtime stories we have all heard. Many other Explorers laughed at Denny Lee behind his back. They thought he was wasting his time.

Till one day Denny Lee sauntered in Jimville and laid a golden Idol of Ra, the Egyptian Sun God, on the bar at the Empress. And placed three pages some sort of indestructible material thinner than paper which contained unfathomable hieroglyphics next to the idol. Smiling to the stunned crowd Denny Lee quietly said, "You have no idea what's out there. This is a small sample. Enjoy." Then he simply walked out and disappeared into the Wilds of Jimland.

What followed was pandemonium. Later it was found the idol was authentic and in perfect condition. It is now in the British Museum of Antiquities. The strange three pages are made of an unknown material. It is not known if it is metallic or not. The language is unknown. The pages are in the care of the German Academy of Science and Religion.

Denny Lee was never seen again. This is his story as told by his journal.

Gentle Reader, this ends Part One. Part Two will follow soon.

FAMOUS AND FEARLESS EXPLORERS

No word from the Flagstone or Igneous Expeditions. We hope no news is good news.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club will hold a Membership Drive PotLuck next Friday at the Head of the Remains of the old Native Pier. Since the excitement of the "Better Living Through Chemistry Night" the Science Club has become a daily topic in all of Jimville. The Science Club is pleased by the interest shown by the entire community. They would like to take this opportunity to accept any and all new applications for membership. The Science Club confirmed there will be no "Cause and Effect Demonstrations" at the PotLuck. The Jimville Fire Department will not issue another permit till the Science Club can prove the pier will stop glowing during a full moon. Join Up. Join the Fun.

LOST AND FOUND

The Italian Consul is happy his dog was returned in one piece. Whoever stuffed him did a fine job.

Report 52 - GERMAN PATROLS CLASH WITH RUSSIANS. DENNY LEE STORY PART TWO.
Date: 2003-01-12

GERMAN PATROLS CLASH WITH RUSSIANS. DENNY LEE STORY PART TWO.

German Patrols clashed with Russians in the Wilds of Jimland. This report caused a mild sensation in Jimville. It marked the first time the Russians have ventured far into the Wilds and had a direct engagement with another Great Power. Casualties were said to be heavy, but our sources could get no official statement from the German Commander on the Scene.

The General Consul announced today that in light of this unwarranted attack by the Russians, Major Mauser was being sent out with the mission to destroy the Menace of the Tsar once and for all. Major Mauser was unavailable for comment. German troop activity around Jimville has stepped up considerably.

TAX COLLECTIONS CONTINUE

Despite several ambushes the Sultan's Tax Collectors continue to go about their business with a will. The Sultan's Military Advisor has stated the Sultan's Tax Collectors will receive additional protection from units assigned to assist the Sultan by the various Responsible Consulates in Jimville. Who these Responsible Consulates were was not made clear, but surely the Germans must be at the top of a very short list.

PIRATES RAID AGAIN

From an unexpected quarter came news of Pirate Raids. Reports from reliable sources say Tastimin the Despicable and his Unholy Band of Pirates successfully raided several small villages far up the River Jim. This is a new front on the Pirate War and comes as a surprise to all of us.

The British Consul responded to the news with "he's a cheeky one". The American Consul said, "Where there's water, there's Pirates". The Sultan's Court Advisor once more pledged that the Sultan would not rest until the Pirate Filth was removed from Jimland.

DENNY LEE STORY PART TWO

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

Denny Lee edged slowly out of the jungle cover. The sunlight beat down like an oven on broil. The Wilds of Jimland were silent. Denny Lee stood still. Only his eyes moved. They systematically scanned the ruins ahead. A minute passed. Sweat rolled down Denny Lee's back. He stepped forward and motioned with his free hand. His team moved out of cover into the dazzling sunlight.

The ruins lay before him. Large stones, huge stones, precisely fitted together. No inscriptions. Doorways with no doors. Walls with no roofs. No sound came from the ruins or the jungle surrounding them. Someone coughed. Denny Lee turned and made a rude gesture at the man. Several men chuckled. Denny Lee moved forward, eyes constantly scanning the area around and before him.

An empty fountain. Square. Plain. Dry. Denny Lee licked his lips unconsciously. The whole team moved forward and began to spread out without command. Denny Lee's team was well trained. Those that weren't were long gone or dead. More empty roofless stone buildings. Not too big, but big enough to be strange. Stones laid for paving. Worn. Weeds poking up here and there.

In the center of the small ruined village stood a large square platform. Three steps up. Human sized steps. Worn steps. Denny Lee stood looking at the platform and across it to more silent empty buildings. He signaled his team to continue to advance. He stopped, slung his rifle, and took out his compass. The needle swung wildly, never settling down. Denny Lee grunted softly.

One of his men stepped on a platform step. Nothing. Everyone stopped. The man took another step. Nothing. A third step. Nothing. A final step onto the top of the platform. A low buzzing began and grew stronger. The top floor surface of the platform became a pattern of colors. Steady not moving. White, red, green. Large white square with a red and a green square in the middle of the white. The man was still. He looked over to Denny Lee. Denny Lee nodded toward the colored squares.

The man stepped onto the white area. The buzzing grew stronger. The man was still. Denny Lee nodded again. Four steps, then onto the red square. The buzzing grew deeper. The man disappeared without a sound. One moment he was there, the next he wasn't.

Denny Lee stood still for a minute. The buzzing grew fainter and finally stopped. Denny Lee looked around. The team was spread around the square platform. Denny Lee estimated quickly. He pulled his notebook out of his back pocket. A well worn pencil was taken from its loop on the cover. He made quick notes; twenty feet square, three feet above ground, three steps, white with red and green inner squares about three feet on a side. He roughly sketched the platform. No note on the missing man.

Denny Lee picked up a rock and tossed it on the platform. Nothing. He caught a man's eye and nodded. The man swallowed and stepped onto the platform's lowest step. The buzzing began again. Denny Lee nodded again. The man took another step. The buzzing increased, low but plainly discernible. Denny Lee gestured back. The man stepped off the platform steps. The buzzing slowly subsided. Denny Lee was satisfied for now.

He barked out orders. Pitch camp over in those two empty buildings. Standard perimeter watch. One extra watch on the platform. Observe, do not approach. The tension was broken. The men's nervous chatter rose up as they prepared their camp and began their duties. The perimeter watch was quickly, efficiently, in place. A cook fire was soon preparing the evening meal.

Denny Lee sat on a low wall and studied the platform. The colors had faded into nothing. The buzzing was gone. The platform surface looked like plain flat rock. No markings. He put a small plug of tobacco in the corner of his mouth. A few minutes later he spat. Right on the platform. Nothing. Denny Lee shook his head. Strange, he thought. He sketched the platform from his seat.

Later that night as Denny Lee lay lightly dozing something slinked into the camp. A perimeter guard hissed at Denny Lee. The dark form kept to the shadows. Denny Lee slowly rose to a crouch and lifted his big rifle to the ready. The dark figure crossed a clear patch of stone lit by the moon. Denny Lee swallowed hard. A Smilodon. Curious or hungry he wondered? The big cat stopped and peered around. The camp was tensely alert. The Big Beauty must feel our presence thought Denny Lee. A sudden noise off to Denny Lee's left. In an instant the Smilodon spun around and bounded directly across the platform into the Jungle. All was still. The platform remained dark. Slowly the team's breathing returned to normal. A few men pretended to go back to sleep, but sleeping with a high-powered rifle is not an easy thing to do. Denny Lee pulled out his Journal and quickly scribbled some notes.

The next morning at first light the entire team was up and about. It was discovered the Smilodon's visit was not as innocent as it seemed. One of the team was missing. Denny Lee shrugged. What could he or any of them do about it? They all knew the Risks. And the Rewards. Not much was said. A brief search around the ruin edges did not turn up anything. No one really expected it would.

A gaudily colored parrot strutted about on the Platform. To Denny Lee it seemed the bird as mocking him. He suddenly flicked a rock at the bird with the toe of his boot. It squawked and disappeared into the jungle canopy. Denny Lee divided up the men for perimeter guard, daily chores, and to explore the silent stone ruins.

Resting his big rifle on his right shoulder, Denny Lee led the exploration team into the village. Now, lets see what still here of value, he thought.

End Part Two. Part Three coming soon. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

FAMOUS AND FEARLESS EXPLORERS

No word from the Flagstone or Igneous Expeditions. We trust no news is good news. The Jimland House of Girls and Casino has created an odds-on board for the Expeditions. Place your bets on which Expedition will return first, which will not return at all, Who will have to be rescued. The manager has even offered book on the "amateur" Expeditions that are forming. Money is sure to change hands. A few bets might even be placed.

LOST AND FOUND

nyone knowing the whereabouts of the Under-Assistant-Deputy British Consul please report same to the British Consul.

Report 53 - BRAWL CLOSES JIMVILLE HOUSE OF GIRLS AND CASINO.

Date: 2003-01-14

BRAWL CLOSES JIMVILLE HOUSE OF GIRLS AND CASINO.

A wild brawl between soldiers of every Consulate and citizens of Jimville took place yesterday. The reason is still unclear. The results are very clear. The Jimville House of Girls and Casino will be closed temporarily while repairs are made to the building. Notably the entire front of the building must be rebuilt.

The Jimville Hospital, such as it is, is overflowing as a result of the 'encounter'. The Sultan has posted his remaining Guard as an augmentation to the pathetic Jimville Police Force. A curfew has been established at 6 PM. Everyone must be off the street by the curfew. The Sultans Court Advisor stresses there will be no exceptions. Violators will be left hanging on the nearest street corner when found. Moderation is the Sultans middle name.

GERMANS PLAN BIG ATTACK

We have learned from reliable sources the Germans were/are planning a large attack against the British. Now that this is out, there are lines being drawn. It appears the British have the Americans in their camp. The Italians dither. It seems they cant make up their minds. The French remain aloof for now at least. What caused this has not been determined. What will be the outcome cannot be foreseen. We are sure the Russians are involved somehow, if only to be found laughing long and loud about the whole thing.

TAX REVENUE FALLING SHORT

It has been reported by sources close the Sultans Court Advisor that the take from the annual Tax Collection are falling short of expectations. The Sultans Court Advisor postulates four possible causes. 'Dishonest native peasants. Dishonest regional Sheiks and Beys. Dishonest Tax Collectors. Dishonest Rebel Native Ambushes.' Its a direct quote folks. We couldnt make these up.

What further activity the Sultan will consider is unknown. It is true he needs more funds to keep control of the army and therefore the country. It is true the country has little more to give. Gentle Reader, these are trying times. We will bring you all the news as soon as it arrives.

DENNY LEE STORY PART THREE

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Denny Lee led his team to the eastern edge of the ruined stone village. They spread out into a single line abreast, each man separated from his neighbors by about fifty feet. Denny Lee took the north end of the line. Conga, Denny Lees most trusted hetman, took the south end. Denny Lee signaled. He waited while it was passed done the line. Slowly the line moved forward. The men were alert.

The morning sun warmed their backs. Birds and monkey chattered in the Wilds. The men move cautiously. Empty stone huts greeted them. Soulless windows stared at the men. Occasionally a lizard scurried out of the way. The line had reached the central square with the platform. It moved on. Denny Lee saw it first only because he was at the extreme north end of the line. Offset into the jungle was a single larger building made from the same stone. Perhaps offset into the jungle is misleading; rather the jungle has surrounded this outer most building first. Denny Lee signaled a halt. More hand signals. Soon Conga trotted up. Denny Lee told him to continue the search. He took two men and headed for the building.

Denny Lee stopped fifty yards from the structure. He slung his rifle, pulled out his notebook and made some quick notes and a sketch. Back down came the rifle. The three men spread out a little. They advanced to the foot of the steps leading up the front of the building. Another silent gesture. The two men stepped away from Denny Lee a few yards and squatted down watching the jungle all around. Denny Lee looked around, then back at the building. He studied it.

Taller than the others he observed. Smaller maybe. The only one raised up on a sort of topless squat stone pyramid. Thirty steps up to the dark empty doorway. Denny Lee smiled. Now I wonder what the cosmic significance of thirty is, he thought. He smiled again. That will be debated for years.

The whole southern side of the building was built as steps. Denny Lee walked around the building. Only the south side had steps. The north was a sheer wall, the eastern and western sides were like a smooth pyramid, sloping to the platform at the top where the building sat and at too steep a slope to climb unaided. Jungle was up to the north side and climbing the slopes on the east and west. Only the south was relatively clear.

Denny Lee decided it wasnt so much a building like the others, but more of small temple or ceremonial building of some kind. Denny Lee spoke a command, 'Up'. The trio slowly ascended the steps. A step from the top Denny Lee signaled a halt. The men squatted again, rifles at the ready. Denny Lee stepped up and onto the upper platform. The small upper structure was set back about four feet from the south edge.

Denny Lee peered into the dark entrance. It seemed empty. He stepped one step into the entrance. Nothing. Another step. Nothing. It was completely dark. No windows in these thick walls he thought. This wasnt where someone would live. He stepped back into the sunlight. 'Torch', he said. Immediately one of the men descended the steps and disappeared into the ruined village. Denny Lee sat on the top step. He looked south. He jerked to his feet. The man with him did the same. 'Well Ill be', muttered Denny Lee.

High enough now to see over most of the tree tops, Denny Lee peered into the morning haze. There off in the distance, fuzzily at best, were what appeared to be more buildings like the one he was standing on. Bigger, thought Denny Lee, yes, bigger. A group of them together. Now thats worth looking into. Denny Lee took out his notebook and compass and made several careful observations, noting the results. I wonder why no one ever found this place before he thought.

By now the man dispatched for the torch had returned. Denny Lee took the torch and turned back into the entrance. He stepped in.

End Part Three. Part Four coming soon. Subscribe now! Dont miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

FAMOUS AND FEARLESS EXPLORERS

Still no word from the Flagstone or Igneous Expeditions. We trust no news is good news. For the idly curious, The Jimland House of Girls and Casino has 2-1 odds on Big Jake being the first to return, 5-1 Flagstone being in need of rescue, 7-1 on Igneous not returning at all. Perhaps with the recent Russian activity, that bet is a good one.

GRAFFITI CONTROL

The Sultan finally caught the individuals responsible for the inflammatory remarks scrawled on the Palace wall. The Sultans court Advisor reports that no information was gotten from the perpetrators before their unfortunate death during questioning. Their bodies will hang near their handiwork has a warning to those who might think the Sultan condones such activities. The Sultan continues to show such remarkable patience in these matters.

Report 54 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART FOUR.

Date: 2003-01-16

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART FOUR.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

Denny Lee stepped into the small temple. The torch flickered. The single room of the building was about twenty feet square. Denny Lee walked to the center of the empty room. Nothing. He was a little disappointed. Wait, he thought. He held the torch nearer the rear wall. He smiled. There on the wall were drawings. Scenes of some rituals or something, he guessed. He moved closer. Slowly he walked around the entire room. He came back to his start.

Denny Lee called one of his men into the chamber. He handed him the torch and took out his notebook. Slowly the pair moved around the room again. Finally Denny Lee grunted and stopped. Very carefully he blew on the wall. Dust kicked up. He began to sketch in the torchlight. After a few minutes he was done. The pair moved slowly along the walls. Another stop, another sketch. Twice more they repeated the actions.

Now they moved out into the center of the room. It was completely empty except for dirt and blown in debris. Denny Lee studied the ceiling of stone. This was the only building they had found in the village with a stone roof or any roof for that matter. He didn't waste time reflecting on that. Wood decays, stone doesn't, he thought. The man at his side nudged him. Denny Lee turned. The man pointed at the floor. Denny Lee made a mental note to give the man a bonus if he was still with the team when they made it back to Jimville.

The floor, though covered with loose leaves and dirt, was painted. Carefully Denny Lee brushed some of the dirt aside with a handful of leaves. In the center of the floor was a white square. A red line ran across the floor to a red square. A green line inched its way over to a green square. A blue line wandered across the floor. Several black squares with symbols next to them were scattered across the floor. Denny Lee smiled. The man would get a large bonus. Denny Lee opened his notebook and began to sketch. He called the third man in and gave instructions to very gently brush the floor clear while he sketched. Denny Lee smiled again. He knew this was worth something, at least to him. Maps always lead somewhere.

Denny Lee slowly sketched the map on the floor. Parts of it were missing or so destroyed as to be unreadable; especially those areas near the door. The farther from the door the better the map. Denny Lee was pleased. Better some than none. He kept sketching and taking notes.

So the tale of the Walking Stones might have something behind it after all he thought. Whose laughing now he thought. Finally he was done. What was there on the floor was safely in his notebook. He took a few more notes from the wall paintings, then signaled the men to leave.

Outside Denny Lee settled on the top step and had drink of water from his canteen. The haze of the day partly obscured the distant buildings. Denny Lee found himself humming a tuneless melody. His men were smiling at him. They knew when Denny Lee hummed something was up, usually something good. Good being something that would reward them all very well. They looked at the distant structures, trying to estimate the distance. Finally they quit and decided the distance was long and the trip would be hard, but if Denny Lee was humming to himself it was worth it.

Denny Lee stood up. "Let's see if Conga found anything, boys", he said. They descended the steps and headed back to their camp on the edge of the stone ruins. The sun was going down. They had been in the small temple all day and not realized it. Well Conga hadn't sent word about anything, so nothing unusual must have turned up. Denny Lee smiled. However, Conga could keep his mouth shut. That's one reason he was essentially Denny Lee's partner, a very junior partner, but a partner none the less. That and the utter ruthlessness he could display when events required it and Denny Lee set him loose. Yes, thought Denny Lee, those were admirable qualities. He continued humming as they walked back toward camp.

End Part Four. Part Five coming soon. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

Report 55 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART FIVE.

Date: 2003-01-18

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART FIVE.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

Denny Lee and his two men returned to camp. The rest of the exploration team was just returning. Several carried impromptu baskets made of quickly woven Long Leaf, a native plant much used for making baskets, mats, roofs, and many other such things. Conga motioned for the baskets to be placed near the cook fires. Denny Lee walked over for a look. Some wild vegetables, some local fruits, even a couple of small animals for supper. Conga motioned Denny Lee away from the fire. Denny Lee noticed several more baskets were in front of his empty hut.

Denny Lee sorted carefully through the contents. Some very nice pottery with several pieces almost intact. A bronze axe head. Some seashell beads. Two clay tablets with some symbols unknown to him pressed into each side. Denny Lee smiled as Conga handed him a leather bag. Slowly he pulled out the first thing he found. A idol of some sort, pure gold by the look of it. Next was a small golden thing much crushed and misshapen. Denny Lee reached in for more. Two things still in the bag. One he instantly recognized by touch. Denny Lee pulled the dagger out. It too was gold with some stonework on the handle. He inspected the handle more closely. Not anything too precious, but as a whole a very good find. He reached in for the final object.

The thing in his palm was a sphere about two inches in diameter. It appeared metallic, but Denny Lee wasn't sure what it was made of. It was opaque; a creamy color that seemed to swirl as you looked at the sphere. Almost no weight to it. Denny Lee smiled at Conga who flashed back a big smile. A very good day they both thought. These finds will pay for the whole expedition. A very good day indeed.

Night had fallen. The aroma of food reminded Denny Lee he was hungry. The treasures were placed in the stone hut Denny Lee was using as his headquarters. A guard was placed on the building. The perimeter watch was relieved by those who had eaten. The team settled down for the night.

Denny Lee had been asleep for some time when he was awakened by the sounds of a desperate struggle and yell for help. He jumped up rifle in hand. Something darted out of his hut. Denny Lee ran after the dark form. Immediately outside the doorway of his hut he fell over the body of the guard posted there. The dark figure ran toward the platform in the center of the stone ruins. Denny Lee raised his rifle and fired.

The Platform blazed into color and the figure disappeared. The whole camp was in motion now. Everyone was armed and rushing about. Denny Lee and Conga got everyone under control and quieted down. The guard was dead from a knife wound. Another man at the door of the supply hut was also found dead. The supplies had been searched through and were scattered about the hut.

Conga set the team to cleaning up the mess and burying their dead. Denny Lee found through experience that one buries one's dead quickly or the animals of Jimland will come looking for a meal and one will invariably have more trouble than one started with. It was not disrespect for the dead. The men understood. They got to work quickly.

Denny Lee walked over to the platform. The buzzing had stopped almost as soon as it had started. Denny Lee wondered if there were some way to control the platform. He reached out his hand and touched a spot on the top of the platform. Blood. Well, he thought, at least you didn't get away clean. Something was howling in the jungle, disturbed no doubt by the ruckus in the camp. Denny Lee decided to double the watch for the rest of the night.

Conga silently approached. "Boss, they took the leather bag. That's all." Denny Lee shrugged. "We'll get more tomorrow," he answered. At least he was keeping up appearances. Conga shrugged too. "Ok", he said and turned to supervise the team.

Denny Lee lit the torch in his hut. Nothing else taken, he thought as he went carefully around the room. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed a glint of metal. He reached down by the doorway. He held a gold bracelet. No inscriptions, just a smooth round piece of gold shaped as a bracelet that gripped the wearer's arm or ankle. Denny Lee slipped it onto his arm. I wonder if this is missed yet he thought, and will the wearer come back for it?

End Part Five. Part Six coming soon. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

Report 56 - BOLD ROOKIE EXPEDITIONS TACKLE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-01-18

BOLD ROOKIE EXPEDITIONS TACKLE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Eight bold Expeditions led by rookie Fearless and Famous Explorers took to the Wilds of Jimland. The following are highlights from their adventures by our sources carefully placed in each and every expedition.

COLEMAN EXPEDITION

They walked into to Wilds. They discovered a New Species of Butterfly. They marched on. They fought unfriendly Natives. Fever struck down Askari and Bearers. They marched on. They fought Rebel Natives. They did a lot more marching through the Wilds. They very nearly ran out of food several times. They marched on with lighter packs. They fought more Natives. They dragged their tired butts back into Jimville just in time to avoid starving.

AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION

They jauntily headed into the Wilds with pipes playing. They discovered Sacred Tribal Relic. Lucky bastards. They marched on. They found a village that tried to trade overpriced goods. No deal. They found deserted village. They marched on. They fought with Natives. They marched on. They ran into a poison spider nests. Bearers died from poison. The Expedition Leader was bitten, but survived. He will show the bite scars on the slightest provocation. They found another deserted village. The Natives must have heard the pipes and run off terror-stricken. They lost Askari in quicksand. They made it back to Jimville in good shape.

DON ALVERADO EXPEDITION

Financed by the Tycoon Gephart, the Expedition was led by Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte. We call him Donnie Boy. Into the Jungle they went to be immediately ambushed by Natives. To add insult to injury a Smilodon also attacked and lunched on Bearer burgers. They marched bravely on. Giant Birds swooped down and attacked. Or so says Donnie Boy. They found a Rebel Village. Luckily the Rebel were in the mood to trade. The Expedition marched on. A different group of Rebels attacked. They discovered a valuable Map Fragment. They marched on. Right into a spider nest. Finally they marched back into base camp and returned to Jimville.

TOKEN EXPEDITION

They marched into the Jungle. It was Very quiet. They marched on. Heavy rains brought all progress to a halt. They fought Rebels. They marched on. It was still Very Quiet. They discovered Ancient Ruins. They traded with friendlies for shiny trinkets. They returned to Jimville in good shape.

SWINDELL EXPEDITION

They wandered into the Jungle with one of the largest parties of Bearers on record. It was purely a display of wealth. It was impressive. It was tackie. It was pure Swindell. They marched on. They discovered a lake. They found a river and village. They marched on. They fought Natives. They fought Natives again. They fought Natives yet again. They never got bored. They discovered a New Species of Big Cat. They marched on. They fought more Natives. They discovered a New Species of Insect. They marched back into

Jimville just as their food ran out. Swindell bought everyone take-out Chinese from the Empress Grill.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Lead by Casimir Ponatowski, the Fearless, with his latest Flame, the Lovely Marie, the Expedition marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. They discovered a New Species, the Jimland Puma. They fought Natives. They marched on. They found a Gold Deposit and filled their packs with Loot. They marched on. A sudden Hailstorm of Epic Proportions pounded them senseless. They found a river. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Primitive Man. Marie tried to get a date. They continued following the river. They spoke to Village Elders but got no useful information from them. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Animal, the Jimland Spitting Cobra. They fought Natives who wanted their snake back. They returned to Jimville in excellent shape.

THE SHOPE EXPEDITION

They sat around their camp and drank all the beer in sight. They passed out. They woke up hung over. They strutted into the Wilds like a damn parade. They marched on, but as quietly as possible as their heads were hurting. They discovered a valuable Map Fragment. They marched on. They discovered that packing while drunk causes your food supply to go bad. They went hungry. They marched on, on half rations. They had trade goods stolen in the night. "Lieutenant" WinterBourne died of starvation. They stumbled on. They were attacked by well fed Natives. They died of starvation. They marched on. More of them died of starvation. Is there a pattern here? They were attacked by more well fed Natives. A T-Rex sauntered into the middle of the fight and snacked on several Expedition Members including the "Colonel". They crawled a little farther. They died of starvation, everyone last one. They marched no more.

THE CHURCHILL EXPEDITION

Under the withering gaze of Winthrop P. Churchill (definitely no relation!) the Expedition headed into the Wilds. They fought Tribals. They marched on. A soldier, distracted when Churchill yelled at him, fell to his untimely death in a ravine. More Tribal warriors attacked. They marched on. They found a river. They stopped to do laundry. They followed the river. They followed the river some more. They marched serenely back into Jimville none the worse for the experience.

SPIES ABOUT

It is reported by reliable sources that there are spies about. These fellows seem intent on stealing a peek at the Master Map of Jimland using a clever device called a digital camera. Anyone with information leading the apprehension of these villains please contact the Herald.

Report 57 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, DON ALVERADO REPORT 1.

Date: 2003-01-18

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE DON ALVERADO REPORT. A SPECIAL EDITION.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

SINESPERANZA Y MALSUERTE EXPEDITION

Don Alverado and Pedro, recently arrived in Jimland after being implicated (falsely) in an attempt to fix the Spanish National Lottery, were able, with the help of a shady photographer, to convince the head of the Board of Directors of the Geografica Mundial that they should fund several Jimland expeditions to be lead by the previously mentioned brothers have returned from the wilds of Jimland. Don Alverado's report follows.

Day one: Well we finally get started on our journey of discovery. Shortly after leaving Jimville we are ambushed by the 6 of the local rebels, but due to the impressive appearance of our group only one of them has the intestinal fortitude to carry out the attack and Don Alverado quickly dispatched him with a shot to the heart.

After proceeding further we are again attacked by a large group of at least 30 natives. Again Don Alverado displayed the great courage of his forefathers and led a gallant defense that drove off the attacking foe. Unfortunately during the attack a large Smilodon leapt from the surrounding jungle and dragged off one of the bearers. Luckily I (Don Pedro) was able to drop my rifle and get a picture of the cat with the unfortunate bearer for the Geografica. After successfully beating off the attack of the natives we decided to make camp. Our first day was rather eventful if not very profitable.

Day two: After breaking camp and continuing our journey we were again attacked, but this time by large birds who seem to have a taste for human food as they carry off 3 of the food bundles and 4 bearers. The food will be missed. Later we came upon a rebel village, but due to the quick thinking of Don Alverado we were able to convince them that we were only interested in discovery and were no threat to them (of course the trade goods that we offered them helped to convince them). We purchased some food from the rebels to replace some of that carried off by the birds. After trekking further we made camp.

Day three: We broke camp early in the hopes of finding many interesting and profitable discoveries. Alas to our disappointment all we found is more jungle. Don Alverado began to wonder if all the tales of great wonders and riches to be found in Jimland are just stories to lure the unsuspecting to the god forsaken land. Of course we were attacked once again by rebels who are again driven off with no loss to our party.

Day four: Again we set out in search of the unknown. Another day of marching through endless jungle. Late in the day, while off on his own performing one of the necessities of life, Don Pedro made a fortunate discovery a fragment

of a lost map of Jimland. Luckily Don Pedro didn't ruin the piece of paper before he noticed what it really was. Don Alverado studied the map with great anticipation but all that the map revealed was more jungle. Again we made camp.

Day five: We headed back to Jimville. On the way back the we stumbled across a nest of giant spiders but with great good fortune nobody was killed. Finally we stumbled back into Jimville after consuming the last of out food and dismissed the bearers and askari.

Summary: There is a lot of bloody jungle out there and apparently not much else. We have learned that the jungle is a dangerous place, more dangerous than the rebels is seems, and will take a much longer time to find our fortunes than we had anticipated. Another thing that we have learned is take more food and watch the skies. Fortunately Don Pedro was able to get several photographs of the local flora and fauna which will help to convince the Board of Directors of the Geografica Mundial that they should fund another expedition. Hopefully we will not have to resort to using other means to convince them.

End of Don Alvarado's Stirring Report.

Report 58 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 1.

Date: 2003-01-18

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PONATOWSKI REPORT. A SPECIAL EDITION.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

From the Journal of Casimir Ponatowski

First Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland

Having arrived in Jimville with the lovely Marie by my side and my cousin Fritz guarding my back, I endeavored to leave for the wilds of this nation, island, continent, whatever, once we became suitably acclimated and had secured proper support for our expedition. The Igneous and Flagstone expeditions have received much press, but I think it will be the smaller expeditions that will make more of a "splash" when it comes down to it.

The locals were hospitable when they were not trying to rob you blind. With that said, I secured the services of a scout with a good reputation by the name of Abdul. When I say good reputation I mean that he is not currently wanted by the authorities under his current name. The scouts, hunters and soldiers of fortune that inhabit some of the unsavory parts of Jimville are a rather rugged bunch who would just as soon kill you as work for you. Luckily, Abdul, in a drunken stupor, agreed to only work for half of his money up front, otherwise I may have never seen him again.

The lovely Marie busied herself with shopping. I don't know how many shoes she could possibly wear at once while trekking the wilds of Jimland. I pity the bearers. She also socialized with the ladies from the various Consulates in Jimland, though she stayed away from the wife of the Prussian counsel (I believe the term "black widow" was mentioned under her breath) which is good because I personally detest the Prussians and Russians (and Austrians for that matter, though luckily none of them are in Jimland) for what they have done to my homeland. Oh, but I digress. Marie did a splendid job learning all of the ins-and-outs of the happenings in Jimland politics. Needless to say, I plan on remaining neutral on those matters and am here to gain fame and fortune (though some of that fortune might just be sent to the Polish Home Army for uses I cannot disclose).

Abdul secured 10 good bearers while Fritz hired 5 soldiers through a contact he made at the British Embassy (though I forget her name). The soldiers were fierce, loyal Gurkha's that had just arrived in Jimland, and were not being put to use by the British. It seems that the Royal Marines were doing the dirty work and getting the glory, and the Gurkha's were rather underemployed. They secured permission to go "scouting for rebels" and joined on.

So, after 2 weeks in Jimville, we set off in Abdul's cousins? Brothers? Friends? Uncles? Oh, whatever, a steamer. (the native family structure is rather muddled and I don't fully grasp it at the moment). The good thing about this was that we did not have to row. We were left along the coast in

an area that Abdul assured us would lead to some interesting discoveries. And was he right.

Shortly after our trek inland began, Marie, with her eagle-eyes spotted a rather large cat. Not one of the giant beasts that can eat a man in 2 bites that are said to inhabit these parts, but rather a large puma-like cat with a ringed-tail. It was nowhere listed in the copy of "The Jimland Guide to Wildlife, And How Best Not To Be Eaten" that I carried with me. Using one of those new cameras' we took some pictures of the creature after we had killed it. How else would we have gotten close after all? It's not as if the camera can act like a telescope. The skin was also brought along as additional proof of its existence.

We continued our trek northward through the jungle when there was a fair amount of noise off to the east. There appeared a group of natives brandishing weapons and screaming rather incoherently. The bearers ran the other way as the rest of the party formed a firing line. We dispatched the Rebels, and my hatred for the Russians grew as it was discovered they carried AK-1's, Russian rifles! Sadly, we lost one of the valiant Gurkha's in the melee. We rolled his body into the quicksand nearby so that it would not be disturbed by the local wildlife. Our trek continued north for several days.

Along the way, a glint of sunlight hitting something near a cliff caught my eye. Upon further investigation, GOLD! Taking all we could carry and hiding the rest of the deposit and marking my map accordingly we moved on with the knowledge that when we arrived back in Jimville we would be able to stake a claim.

Then tragedy struck. A storm of epic proportions hit while we were in a rather open area of jungle with not much canopy. Large hail started to fall, and as we ran to cover, 2 of the rather "slow" (and I don't mean in regards to foot speed) looked up only to be struck in the head repeatedly by the largest hail stones that any of us had ever seen. We buried them in the jungle where they fell and continued northward until Abdul informed me of a river to the east that we could follow southward back to the coast. Taking stock of our supplies, I decided to follow his advice and follow the river southward.

As we approached a native village that Abdul assured us was friendly because the 2nd cousin of his mother's aunt lived there (what's up with that?), a slight primate looking creature crossed the game trail in front of Marie giving her quite the start. She has no qualms about shooting someone at point blank range with both barrels of her trusty shotgun, but the sight of a naked ape rather put her off. It turns out that this primate (after consulting "The Jimland Guide to Primitive Man") was a new species. Again, after properly making the subject immobile (amazing what a blast from a shotgun can do at close range) pictures were taken of the man-beast and its head and hands were properly pickled to back up our claim (and to be sold to the highest bidder amongst the museum representatives that had journeyed to Jimville in hopes of securing finds such as this).

At the village, we were cordially greeted and led to the village elder. After some discussion of our travels, I queried him about any ruins that might be in the area. After a brief angry glance at Abdul, the elder said there were no ruins in the area. I did not trust his response, and I decided then that upon undertaking our next expedition, we would follow the river upstream.

Abdul did not disclose anything about ruins to me, but I believe the elder thought he had.

Leaving the village, we headed to our pick up point. I hoped the steamer captain would not forget and leave us stranded. Along the way, Abdul spotted more natives moving our way. We formed up accordingly, and they charged us immediately after they saw us. Our firing line held (Marie is a good shot) as the native attack evaporated before us. Sadly as the last of the natives were turning on their heels in retreat, another of our trusty Gurkha's were killed by a stray bullet. His body was disposed of properly while the rebel native scum were left to feed the wildlife. As the Gurkha's were digging the grave for their fallen comrade, they disturbed a rather large snake from it's home in the ground. Upon further examination of the 16 parts of the snake (it's amazing what a Kuri knife can do to a snake.) I was given, and consulting the "The Jimland Guide to Things That Slither (and we don't mean the tax collectors. For them, see the "The Jimland Guide to Things That Are Lower Than Things That Slither") I found that this was a new form of as yet undiscovered garden snake. But what money would a garden snake bring? Not much, so after a few modifications, namely adding in a few of the dead rebel natives teeth to the head and properly pickling the thing, the "Jimland Spitting Cobra" was discovered. Hehehe, I'm sure Fritz will get a drunken museum curator to take it off our hands.

That said we arrived at our pick up point and only had to wait 6 days for our pick up by the steamer captain. It seems he had either been passed out for 6 days or doesn't know how to tell time.

Upon arrival in Jimville the place was buzzing with excitement as the first wave of expeditions returned and the second wave started out. We were lucky to leave when we did. It seems that the second group of expeditions hired all of the bearers left in Jimville. Not that it did them any good as stories of starvation and lost expeditions continue to filter in. My expedition is now getting a well-deserved rest. The bearers were paid and released from service, several claiming they would work again for me. The Gurkha's returned to the British consulate with reports of the rebel attacks we endured. They indicated they would again like to go "scouting" with me, and I'm sure that with Fritz's contact (what was her name?) that could be arranged. Abdul left to visit his brother's father's 3rd cousin on his mother's side, oh whatever, and will return in the near future. He was well paid, so I'm sure he will return if he can stay sober or isn't stabbed over some family dispute. I have started searching for a hunter to accompany the next expedition. You can't be too careful in regards to food in the wilds of Jimland.

And as for the lovely Marie. She was the talk of the town. She was the only lady (though she can swear like a sailor) to accompany an expedition, and her exploits during it have led to a bit of hero worship along embassy row. Not that there is anything wrong with that.

End Journal entry for first expedition.

Report 59 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART SIX.

Date: 2003-01-18

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART SIX.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff.

Denny Lee's Journal inexplicably stops following this adventure. It next contains a list of Jimland Legends that is reproduced below. It appears Denny Lee classified the ever growing list of stories into three categories. Why and How is unknown to us.

Ancient Legends

The Two Tribes

Paradise Beyond the Last Mountains

The Kingdom of the Ten Cities

The Cursed City

The City of the Dead

The Desert Kingdom

Old Legends

City under the Mountain

Walking Stones

The Curse of the Dead

Land at the End of the World

City of Gold

Kingdom in the Clouds

Recent Legends

The Road of Gold

Return of the Dead King

The Desert River

Denny Lee had written notes in the margins of this list but the condition of the Journal prevent us from reading his notes.

Next the Journal contains a line written and then scratched out. This is done three times. The line is "Conga's Tribe".

Then there is the tantalizing entry on a badly damaged page. It is reproduced below:

"We have discovered the mech.....Walking Stones.
T.....Floor Maps we have.....Walking St...s,
Conga.....have piecedlete mapof the
Stones...Color indicates other.....but they.....relat.....o
the..... location. That is why we got lost or.....so many
times. The.....are the Key.

I have de.i.ed....must go North. The.....Mountains of the North beckon. I
suspect.....are the mountains mentioned in.....he.legends.

TheyLast Mountains.....E.. of the World.....the stories. The Walking Stones will allow us to.....distances, but.....we will run.....them. Conga.....Tribal Elders again. refuse.....council. They say what we.....is forbidden. Conga isbut I think his.....enture and avarice will bind him to me.

...leave after supplies are assem.....will trek up the "Great River". Rumors.....Ancient Ruins, built before the start of.....I have put my a....rs in order.....all goes well."

An unknown number of pages were removed from Denny Lee's Journal at this point. What adventures he and Conga experienced are unknown. Where Denny Lee was when the Journal takes up again and how long the lapse in time we do not know. Denny Lee had the frustrating habit of not dating his entries. He would just start writing where the last entry left off.

"We are far up the Great River. The Ancients were right in the name they gave it. It is a Great River. A highway into the Heart of Jimland. We have information that leads us to believe that the next City of the Kingdom..... (smearred, unreadable) is far up river. Possibly as far away as the distance we have already crossed. The Men are exhausted. Conga keeps harping on the Desert to the Northeast. I have no desire to go there, but perhaps he is right? We shall see. If the river forks to the East I suppose he is right and we must follow it. I am too tired to go on tomorrow. Everyone needs some rest. We have not been attacked lately, thank goodness. Supplies are adequate. Ammunition ok. Our bodies are in need of rest, but our Spirits soar."

End Part Six. Part Seven coming soon. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

JIMLAND GUIDES

Due to repeated queries following the First Ponatowski Report, we make the following announcement. Yes, ALL the Jimland Guides are still in print and available at reasonable prices. Contact the World Herald Main Office or the Office in Jimville. The obvious usefulness of the Guides to Mr. Ponatowski are quiet clear. As we in Jimland always say to departing Expeditions, "Don't leave home without them".

Note the Jimland Guides were produced by OUR OWN SCIENCE CLUB. Well done, Science Club.

Report 60 - EXPEDITION FEVER HITS JIMVILLE. EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.
Date: 2003-01-31

EXPEDITION FEVER HITS JIMVILLE. EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Four bold Expeditions took to the Wilds of Jimland. The following are highlights from their adventures by our sources carefully placed in each and every expedition.

DON ALVERADO EXPEDITION

The Expedition was led by Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte. We still call him Donnie Boy. Off they marched into the Wilds. They found Mountains with a river flowing out into the Jungle. They were pleased, but pooped. They followed the River. They were attacked by Hostile Rebel Natives. They marched through the Jungle. They turned around and marched into more Mountains. They found their way out of the Mountains and discovered a Lake to which they gave some incomprehensible name. They marched on. They discovered Ancient Ruins. They marched on. They made it back to Jimville. Too easy, they said.

TOKEN EXPEDITION

The Token Expedition marched into the Jungle. The Token Leader sent the Token Scout ahead. The Token Scout gave a token gesture to the Token Leader. They discovered a New Species of Giant Snake. They marched on. They were attacked by Hostile Natives. They marched on. They were attacked by Wild Animals. They marched on. They walked into a giant Spider Nest. Luckily they had a poison antidote that spared them from loss, but proved a strong laxative. They tried to march on, but Excessive Heat brought everything to a halt. They marched on. They were attacked by Rebels. They had troubles crossing a ravine. They marched on. They found Gold. They dreamed rich dreams. They marched on. They traded with friendly Natives who proved better traders and sold grossly overpriced food to the Expedition. They marched, poorer and no wiser, back to Jimville.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Lead by Casimir Ponatowski with the Lovely Marie by his side, the Expedition marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. They did not march far though as Casimir became sick. They made camp. With Casimir recovered, they marched on following a river. They discovered a map fragment. They received less than complimentary remarks about their wealth and amazing run of Good Luck. They marched on. They discovered a Scared Tribal Artifact. They received several not so subtle threats. They suffered from Bad Water. They followed the river north. They bought food. They left the river and tried their Luck inland. They lost Bearers to Quicksand. They marched on. They discovered Temple Ruins. Giant Birds attacked. They marched on. Oppressive Heat stopped their marching. They cooled off. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Primitive Man. They marched on and had trouble crossing a stream. They returned to Jimville.

BIG AL THE MARAUDER'S EXPEDITION

Lead by Big Al the Marauder, they bravely marched into the Wilds of Jimland. They loaded up on extra food by trading with Natives. They marched on. A soldier joined the Expedition. They marched on. Bearers joined the Expedition. They marched on. They traded again. Natives attacked. They

marched on. More natives attacked. They marched on. Natives attacked yet again. They marched on. Askaris deserted. Big Al threatened the rest into staying with the Expedition. They marched back to Jimville.

SPIES STILL ABOUT

It is reported by reliable sources that there are spies still about. These fellows seem intent on stealing a peek at the Master Map of Jimland using a clever device called a "digital" camera. Well we have a digit for them! Anyone with information leading the apprehension of these villains please contact the Herald and receive a fine reward.

Report 61 - KNOWING NO FEAR, FOUR EXPEDITIONS HEAD BACK OUT.

Date: 2003-01-31

KNOWING NO FEAR, FOUR EXPEDITIONS HEAD BACK OUT.

Four bold Expeditions took to the Wilds of Jimland. The following are highlights from their adventures by our sources carefully placed in each and every expedition.

DON ALVERADO EXPEDITION

Financed by the Tycoon Gephart, the Expedition was led by Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte. They marched into the Wilds and found Mountains. They found some X-Rocks. They danced a jig imagining the money they would get back in Jimville. They marched on. They found an Elephant Graveyard. They marched on and encountered Rebels who they bribed with Trade Goods. They marched on. They drank Bad Water. An Askari died, but Don Alverado merely suffered the "Trots". They marched on. They lost Bearers in Quicksand. They marched on. They were pelted by Hailstones the size of Don Alverado's Ego as they returned to Jimville. Wildebeest Bill was knocked unconscious but recovered; though everyone claimed they couldn't tell the difference.

TOKEN EXPEDITION

The Token Expedition marched into the Jungle. They were immediately Ambushed. Oppressive Heat made any further marching out of the question. They sat in the shade and roundly cursed the Ponatowski Expedition. They marched on. They discovered a "Mountain" three thousand feet high. Truly a token Mountain. They were attacked by Natives. They marched on. They marched some more. They discovered a river. They marched on. They discovered an Ancient Temple and managed to find some Loot. They followed the River. They discovered a New Species of Butterfly. They marched on. They marched some more. They made it back to Jimville. The Token Leader bought everyone a token Smoothie.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Lead by Casimir Ponatowski with the Lovely Marie by his side, the Expedition marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. They followed a river north. They bought food from some Natives. They found a Special Place, An Ancient Ruined Temple. They searched the ruins and found a lot of Valuable Loot. Several traps were encountered but no one was injured. Casimir sent Abdul into the Temple for a look-see. Abdul was never heard from again. Hordes of angry Tribals, well eight of them anyway, attacked the Expedition from everywhere. They fought like hell, but could not drive off the Tribals who were practicing their spearing skill on the Expedition Bearers. A Smilodon made lunch out of a Tribal. This finally sent the rest packing. Saved by Mother Nature. And in Jimland too. Who would have thought it possible? Casimir sent the Expedition Hunter into the Temple. He was never seen again. Casimir casually told Fritz to check out the Temple. Fritz told Casimir to perform an anatomically impossible act. Casimir double Fritz's percent of the Take. Fritz edged into the Temple. Not long after, he edged back out holding the remains of a map. Casimir decided enough was enough. They marched on. An Askari joined the Expedition. Excessive heat killed the new Askari. They marched back to Jimville humming the Mickey Mouse Club theme, dreams of fat bank accounts in their head.

BIG AL THE MARAUDER'S EXPEDITION

Lead by Big Al the Marauder, they bravely marched into the Wilds of Jimland. They were attacked by Natives. Darryl the Scout was killed. Please don't confuse This Darryl with His Brother Darryl or His Sister Darrylene (she could pass for another Brother, being something less than the prettiest flower in the bouquet). They marched on. They discovered Mountains. They found impassable terrain. They got Lost and ended up going in Circles. They got dizzy. They marched on. They bartered for Food. They discovered an Ancient Tribal Relic. They marched on. They discovered a River. They stopped for a refreshing skinny dip. They were attacked by Natives. They found more Mountains. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Big Cat that they named "Darryliscous Ferocious". They discovered they couldn't spell "Darryliscous Ferocious" and changed the name to "Big Hungry Mean Cat" which they could spell, albeit slowly. They marched on. They were attacked by Rebels. They discovered a New Species of Dinosaur that they named "Big Hungry Mean Frog", as they couldn't spell Dinosaur. They marched on. They marched into Jimville.

Report 62 - REPORT MILESTONE REACHED. THANKS TO ONE AND ALL.

Date: 2003-02-01

EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue may seem out of place. The Reports were renumbered when the Ancient and Medieval Reports were removed from this Series and each was placed in their own Series. Perhaps they too shall be published some day. The content of all Reports goes unchanged, only the number scheme was redone. All Report Series are now number consecutively within that Series. Thank you for your continued support.

REPORT MILESTONE REACHED. THANKS TO ONE AND ALL.

This report marks a milestone for the Herald. One Hundred Reports! We thank you, Gentle Readers, one and all, for making it possible.

The First One Hundred reports saw stirring battles between The King and his stout Macedonian Army against all comers. Even Samurai were fought, much to the confusion of the King. Sheila of the King's Own Harem was passed around a bit, but ended up back in the Harem and back in the King's Good Graces.

Focus then shifted to the hotbed of Colonial Expansion, Jimland. Battles great and small were fought. New and terrible machines driven by steam and puffing geysers of black smoke made their appearance. Animals from times long lost appeared and menaced one and all. Strange machine from "falling stars" were encountered and dealt with. The Germans blamed the Russians who blamed the British who blamed the Germans. Big Jake Frere made his reputation. Major Mauser appeared to be dead every other day, but eventually made it back to Jimville and resumed his duties. Tastimin the Despicable arrived on the scene and havoc ensued. The Sultan remained as devious as ever. The Science club only blew up Half the Old Pier.

Fearless and Famous Explorers talked a lot. Fearless but Not-so-Famous Explorers took up the challenge and began full-scale exploration of the Wilds of Jimland, braving angry Natives, angry Animals, and Warm Beer in the field.

Yes, the First Hundred Reports have been Memorable. They have set a standard to which the Second Hundred must aspire.

We of the Herald would like to take this opportunity, Dear Reader, to reconfirm our pledge to you. We said it before and we say it now. We Will Bring You All The News You Need To Know.

Thank You for Your Support. A Subscription increase takes place immediately.

Report 63 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 2.

Date: 2003-02-02

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PONATOWSKI REPORT, NUMBER 2.

After getting a few weeks of well-deserved rest, myself, the lovely Marie and my cousin Fritz grew anxious for our next adventure. Abdul returned from his family reunion with a 3rd cousin twice removed (either that or he was a drinking buddy) accompanying him. I was assured by Abdul that Um-Cinjo (though I believe that means "drunk skunk" in one of the local native dialects) was a hunter of high regard among his people and he could join our next foray into the wilds of Jimland, for a price. He got his cut, the same as Abdul's, but was warned that he must do well or there would be no second chance.

Abdul went about hiring bearers. Marie conducted business with the local bank. Her celebrity presence assuring that our surplus funds would be in the safest of hands (it helped that she had her shotgun with her when she made the deposit). Fritz again conducted business (monkey business that is) with the wife of the Undersecretary of Protocol at the British Embassy, [name withheld to avoid lawsuit - Ed.] (Note to self: do not joke to Fritz about being "under the secretary". He's rather touchy about those things) to secure the service of 5 trusty, underemployed Gurkhas.

Our journey from Jimville to our river departure point was uneventful. Upon arriving at our base camp I was taken "ill" (damn cheap vodka), and our departure was slightly delayed. Once I recovered from my "illness" (amazing how Marie can heal a man so quickly just by drinking more than me and suffering no ill effects) we set off following the river northward. We hadn't gone far when we encountered a fork in the river with the fork heading toward the west toward what looked like mountains in the distance. Abdul was on point and found a canoe pulled up on the bank. It had been there some time and was quite decayed. In the bottom was a partially preserved map that I was later able to decipher. The initials "D.L." were in the corner. My mind tells me we are on the right track. Track to what I have no idea, but track to something.

Continuing along the river, Um-Cinjo tripped on a rock (how can he see to shoot anything to eat when he can't even see a rock?) that turned out to actually be the head of a native idol. Though made of stone it will fetch a price with the museum vultures in Jimville. Our journey led us north along the river to a native village where we bestowed some trade goods on the local populace and bought some fresh rations. Unfortunately, 2 of the Gurkhas became ill and could not be saved. The dead were buried by their comrades, which were saddened that their fellow soldiers had not died in battle. In the distance along the river, Abdul pointed out a large stone structure. Having the expedition not at full strength, I decided to turn away from the river and head east. The structure would be there for further exploration on our next expedition.

We headed east through the jungle, and as we entered within sight of a large area of Savannah, (of which we were on the southern edge) tragedy struck as 3 bearers strayed from the path Abdul and the rest of the party followed. Their

hats were later found on top of a large pit of quicksand. Luckily they were not carrying anything of worth. The search for the 3 missing bearers did prove worthwhile though Marie found a small native temple with various idols about it. The small gold and silver figures "recovered" will fetch a fine price in Jimville.

As we headed back to our base camp, I observed a pair of the fabled Jimland Condors in flight (actually thought it was the famed Jimland Turtledove, but after consulting the "Jimland Guide to Large Things That Fly and Only Sometimes Kill You", I discovered my error). That and the fact that the great birds carried off 2 bearers gave me quite a bit of respect for the beasts. [The "Jimland Guide to Large Things That Fly and Only Sometimes Kill You" is available in limited quantities. Get your copy now before supplies run out. - Ed.]

We rested a bit in the jungle. The journey, though rather uneventful, had become lucrative and tiring at the same time in the oppressive heat. The last event of note was as we neared our base camp, we ran across a primitive man. He had fallen out of a tree while observing us. Apparently the branch broke. As we surrounded the being to capture him for further study. He got to his feet in a rather groggy state; only to end up on his back as Marie dispatched him with her shotgun (the carcass will still fetch a fine price). It seems that Marie hadn't killed anything the entire expedition and she wanted to make sure her gun was still working. Plus she mumbled something about the primitive reminding her of the "Prussian Peacock with those beady eyes" (meaning the German counsel of course, as anyone who has seen him will agree). I see Marie still hasn't gotten over her loathing for the Germans.

Upon return to our base camp, we only had to wait 5 days this time for the pick up by the steamer captain. Seems he ran out of money for drinking and gambling. He muttered something about being cheated at the Jimville Casino and House of Girls or some such nonsense. [The correct name is, of course, The Jimville House of Girls and Casino. It is open Everyday of the Year with No Exceptions. Cash only. - Ed.]

Back in Jimville the usual payment of bearers, soldiers and Abdul and Um-Cinjo took place. Abdul and Um-Cinjo departed for a time to visit their mutual great-aunt's brother's son and go fishing (who are they kidding they are going to spend their money on cheap booze and cheaper women and will be back when they are broke). [Not a bad plan - Ed.] Fritz dealt with the museum people (not a bad haul), and briefed (or was it de-briefed?) the wife of the Undersecretary of Protocol of our journey. Hopefully we will have further support from the British in the future. Marie dealt with the banker and, of course, cruised embassy row for intelligence. It seems that some country-bumpkin named "Darrylene" also journeyed into the Wilds of Jimland with someone named "Big Al" [a.k.a. "The Marauder" - Ed.] Jealousy does not become Marie, though she is heartened by the fact that "Darrylene" is oft mistaken for her brothers Darryl and Darryl (and I thought the natives had some odd family relationships.). That said, I "rested" with a bottle of good vodka, captured Russian stuff. At least they are good for something, and contemplated the next journey and the stone structure we sighted in the distance.

Report 64 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 3.

Date: 2003-02-02

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 3.

Our stay in Jimville was short. I was anxious to trek to the stone structure sighted in our last expedition, Marie wanted to go and kill something to show up "Darrylene" (I pity all that we encounter), Abdul and Um-Cinjo returned from their fishing trip (broke, imagine that), and Fritz wanted to get out of town, apparently the gossip surrounding he and [name withheld to avoid lawsuit - Ed.] had reached the ears of her husband. He became rather upset, though he can hardly do anything about it since the station he had achieved was due to marrying into her family and not through any merit of his own. Still, I digress.

That said, we traveled up river and quickly arrived near the foreboding stone structure. It was a small stepped pyramid. As we approached, 3 of the ever-present trusty Gurkhas took the left flank; Abdul, Um-Cinjo and 2 Gurkhas took the center, and Marie, Fritz and myself took the right flank. The bearers were to the rear and stayed quiet. All was still except for the slight rustling of leaves and grass as we crept nearer. We took our time gathering items of note as we went. There were several light metal objects, stones, idols, gems, etc., strewn about as though just thrown toward the temple. With a shout one of the Gurkhas who had ventured to the wood past the pyramid narrowly avoided being impaled on a rather nasty booby-trap. Our senses heightened as we all felt something wasn't quite right. Then on the far left, another Gurkha shouted as he too avoided death from a nasty swinging, spiked tree limb. Still the objects we had gathered would pay handsome dividends in Jimville. We weren't finished though.

Curiosity got to all of us. We had to know what was in the pyramid-temple. While the bearers kept their distance and muttered amongst themselves, the rest of us took up position around the structure leaving our gathered loot on the ground in small piles. Upon a signal from me, Abdul walked up the steps (he is a scout and that's what he's paid for) and peered into the entrance. Slowly he stepped through and shouted. That's when things got interesting (to say the least).

Suddenly a large group of tribal natives emerged all about us, with the majority of them concentrating on attacking the rather defenseless bearers. I still do not know (and probably never will) if they were defending the place as a sacred site or whether they were just bent on thievery of the food and the murder of the bearers carrying it. A general melee ensued with our firing being ineffective as the tribals mingled with the bearers and some of the ruins blocked our fire. The bearers did well though as they managed to kill 2 of the attackers by head-butting them (it seems that bearers build up a rather thick skull carrying stuff on their heads all of the time) while only losing 3 of their own. Fritz dispatched another attacker with his trusty bayonet, a gleam in his eye as he closed in for the attack on others. One Gurkha beheaded a tribal with his Kuri knife only to be spitted by another tribal.

Adding to the chaos was the appearance of a pair of big cats (as later confirmed in the "Jimland Guide to Really Big Cats and if you are reading this now with one around you won't get to finish it because you will be eaten") from the Smilodon family. [Available at all the better bookstores in Jimville - Ed.] One charged 2 Gurkhas who wounded the beast, with Um-Cinjo dispatching the beast with a shot before he could do any damage (I guess he could shoot after all). The other beast entered into the melee with the tribals and the bearers and made quick work of one tribal warrior. As that occurred the tribals lost heart or had stolen enough food and ran off pursued by the beast

But what of Abdul? Nothing had been seen nor heard from him since his entry into the temple. Um-Cinjo, muttering something about being family (Or was it that Abdul owed him money and he wasn't going to get off from not paying that easily. I still have trouble with some of the local dialects.), ran up the pyramid steps and walked inside. A brief flash and half of a scream followed. But neither Abdul nor Um-Cinjo reappeared.

Marie set about having the remaining Gurkhas and bearers' load up the loot we had gathered as Fritz and I debated the pyramid. I was sure that there was something of worth was in there. He was too, but did not want me to go [A slight discrepancy here, see Report 99. - Ed.], so he ran up the step and through the door while I had turned to Marie to ask how things were going with the loot gathering. Note: After returning to Jimville, it was reported that Fritz only went into the pyramid because his cut was increased, that is not true. He went of his own free will. As my cousin he is loyal to a fault. [We though he was loyal to you. - Ed.] I rewarded him with an increased cut in Jimville as a result of his loyalty. There was no light, nor a scream. I heard some shuffling around. Fritz reappeared in the doorway with a small piece of parchment in hand. It was a fragment from a map. How it got there we shall never know.

Leaving that place behind us we continued up river a few days with little occurring as the heat grew in intensity. We were being baked it seemed. We saw a figure along the river. It was an Askari. He was delirious. He kept muttering about beasts, natives, and temples. He also kept calling for food and cursing "the Shope". We surmised that he was from the lost expedition of the same name. Sadly, we could not save him as he and another bearer died from the heat, so the true story of the "Shope Expedition" may never be known. [Drat. We would have paid good money for that tale. - Ed.] Short on food and having an under-strength expedition, I decided to turn back and that we would avoid the temple-pyramid on our way back to our base camp. This was quickly accomplished.

The steamer captain was waiting for us saying we were late. I believe he had fallen into a drunken stupor and never had left after dropping us off, though I will not bring this up. His boat works and we don't have to row.

Upon returning to Jimville, the bearers and Gurkhas were paid extra shares for their gallant duty (and to keep quiet about the exact location of the pyramid). Marie recounted the exploits of the Expedition to embassy row. Fritz saw to the selling of the loot. I sat down with a bottle of vodka and worked on deciphering the map Fritz had found and promptly spilled the bottle onto the map when distracted by one of the large flying insects that inhabit Jimland. What a stroke of good fortune (if you can call being bit by a mosquito the size of your hand "fortunate") more of the map slowly appeared

on the parchment showing villages, Savannah, and 3 rivers. I now debate where to start the next expedition.

As for Abdul and Um-Cinjo, we have no word of them, and I consider them "lost". Um-Cinjo had no immediate family as far as I can tell, so I retained his fee. Abdul was becoming a trusted member of my team and he never shirked his duty nor showed fear in the face of the unknown. I sent the rest of his fee to his parents since he didn't have a wife and had no children (that he claimed at least). He will be missed.

Report 65 - SIX EXPEDITIONS TRY THEIR LUCK IN THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-02-09

SIX EXPEDITIONS TRY THEIR LUCK IN THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Six bold Expeditions took to the Wilds of Jimland. The following are highlights from their adventures by our sources carefully placed in each and every expedition.

COLEMAN EXPEDITION

Our information on this Expedition is sketchy. They slinked out of Jimville rather unnoticed. We are not sure who the Expedition Leader is. This is what we do know. They have been in the Wilds once before. They started following a river north. They got lost. They marched on. They found a friendly village and traded for food. They continued following the river. They were attacked by a small Rebel force. They marched on. They headed into the mountains. They got lost. They tried to find their way out of the mountains. They got lost. Finally they stumbled out of the mountains. They found the Ruins of an Ancient City. They began to run low on food. They marched back to their pickup point. They made it safely back to Jimville.

THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION

This Expedition is self-titled "The Glorious People's Expedition". [We wonder - Ed.] Lead by Vladimir Ulyich they march out of Jimville onto the decks of the tramp river steamer known as "The Jimland Bitch", owned by our own Cap'n Jack. They were unceremoniously dumped in the Wilds of Jimland by Cap'n Jack. They dusted themselves off, formed up, and marched bravely into the Jungle. They found friendly Natives. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Flying Dinosaur. They marched on. They marched on even farther. They discovered a New Species of Walking Dinosaur that reportedly tasted like chicken. [Sounds a little suspicious to me - Ed.] They marched on. They ran out of food. Their Expedition Hunter, one Josef (no last name), bagged an elephant that reportedly tasted like chicken. They marched safely back to Jimville.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Lead by Casimir Ponatowski with the Lovely Marie by his side, the Expedition marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. They found a Map Fragment in the bottom of the canoe transporting them ashore. How lucky can you get? They marched into the Jungle following a river. They were attacked by Rebels, but many of the Rebels lost heart when they realized what Expedition they had run into, and the attack went from a serious to a minor affair. They marched on. Askari joined the Expedition long enough to be fed, get drunk, and get dismissed. They marched on following the river. They found a deserted Village. They marched on. They discovered a New Species of Snake, the Jimland Puff Adder. [This new snake will be added to the next Edition of "The Jimland Guide To Things That Slither". - Ed.] They continued to follow the river. They got tired of being wet and muddy all the time and headed away from the river. They discovered a New Species of Big Cat, the Jimland Albino Sabertooth Bobcat. It is reported the poor animal can barely lift its head and is a scavenger, not a hunter. [This new cat will be added to the next Edition of "The Jimland Guide To Big Cats, Land, Sea, and Air". - Ed.] They marched on. An unfortunate Bearer stepped in a Snake Pit and was lost.

They marched on. Their food started going bad. They headed for home. They discovered a 9000-foot tall mountain. They made it safely back to Jimville.

BIG AL THE MARAUDER'S EXPEDITION

Lead by Big Al the Marauder, they bravely marched into the Wilds of Jimland. They discovered a New Species of Walking Dinosaur. [This new dinosaur will be added to the next Edition of "The Jimland Guide To Land Animals Bigger Than Your House". - Ed.] They marched on. They found a deserted Village. They marched on. They were attacked by Native Rebels. They marched on. Local flooding on a newly discovered river swept several Bearers away. They marched on, soggy, but determined. They began the homeward trek. Big Al became sick. [Probably from being nearly drowned in the flooding incident. - Ed.] They ran out of food. Their Hunter brought home the bacon, literally. They returned safely to Jimville.

ROSS EXPEDITION

Another Expedition upon whom our information is sketchy. They left Jimville in the dead of night. Here is all we know. We have heard the name "Sterling" or maybe "Stirling" associated with the Expedition. They marched out. Immediately they found a Sacred Tribal Relic. [Beginner's Luck. - Ed.] They marched on. They discovered a deserted village and thoroughly searched it, finding a small amount of Loot. They marched on. They sat around in Camp a couple of days. They marched on. They found more Loot. They marched on. They were attacked by a small Tribal force. Fever struck down an Expedition Askari. They marched safely back to Jimville.

SHOPE EXPEDITION

[We are unsure if this Expedition is related to the Legendary and Much Lamented "Lost Expedition of Shope". - Ed.] They marched into the Wilds of Jimland. A Bee Swarm attacked. They were attacked by a Small Native force. The local fauna, specifically two apparently hungry T-Rexes, joined the action and dined on Soldier Burgers. Shaken, [but not stirred. It begged to be said. - Ed.] The Expedition marched on. They discovered a New Species of Flying Dinosaur. [See note on the appropriate Jimland Guide above. - Ed.] They began following a river. Giant Birds attacked and carried off two Bearers. They marched on. A passing Witch Doctor cursed the Expedition from afar and disappeared into the Jungle. A Bearer ran off after the Curse was muttered. They marched on. They drank Poisoned Water. Soldiers and Bearers died an ugly death. They marched on. They thankfully headed for home. They finally made it safely back to Jimville.

LOCAL GOSSIP

Well, Gentle Reader, it seems there are Real Explorers in Jimland after all. The Ponatowski and the Marauder's Expeditions continue to stay in the public's eye. New Expeditions vie for Fame and Fortune. New lands are discovered. The Lovely Marie (Ponatowski Expedition) continues wow Consulate Row. However, Darrylene (Marauder Expedition) seems to be keeping a low profile. Darrylene was over-heard referring to Marie. The word bitch came up several times, but we are sure it was in regards to Cap'n Jack's rusty river steamer, not the Lovely Marie.

STANDING OFFER

The Herald would like to remind the Fearless and Famous Explorers that we pay \$25 for each narrative of your Expedition that we publish. Please submit your journals via email to the Editor.

JIMVILLE HOUSE OF GIRLS AND CASINO

The Jimville House of Girls and Casino is pleased to announce they are back in full operation. The front of the building has been restored to its former Luxurious Facade. They would like to remind their clients they may now use the front doors if they so desire.

SCIENCE CLUB MEETING

The Science Club will hold their monthly meeting at the Seaward End of the Old Native Pier providing the Explosives Permit comes through in time. They are still accepting membership applications. Sign up and Join in the Fun.

Report 66 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLES' EXPEDITION REPORT 1.

Date: 2003-02-09

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLES' EXPEDITION REPORT 1.

Note: The Herald does not vouch for the contents of this report, nor does the report reflect the beliefs, policy, or reality of the World Herald, its owners or staff. And that's no Red Herring!

Summary of the People's Expedition to Jimland

As our fearless expedition landed on the shores of Jimland, swarms of natives and tribals came to meet their "brothers" from a cold and distant land. After an exchange of comradely greetings, the expedition set off. In the distance, we observed a vicious snowstorm in the mountains of Jimland. We almost thank God for His providence, but then remember that it is contrary to party doctrine.

After marching a few miles, we encounter hostile natives. Hostile, that is, until our interpreter, Leon, calms our proletarian brothers with kind words from our manifesto (which we distribute). After being informed of their exploitation by several rival imperialistic expeditions traveling through the area, the natives depart to seek retribution.

On day two, Comrade Nikita observes a flying dinosaur. Soon afterwards, we are attacked by cowardly rebels wearing clothing manufactured in the imperialistic state of Spain. Inferior in quality (clothing and fighting skills), the natives are wiped out.

On day three, we discovered only jungle and more jungle.

Day four: Comrade Karl captures a small dinosaur. Four natives attempted to ambush us. They are no match for our battle-trained and socialist-inspired forces. They are quickly slaughtered.

Day five: more jungle.

Day six: Karl, our scout, leads us down a path and we are temporarily lost. Leon blames Josef for distracting Karl.

Day seven: One of our bearers dies while crossing a stream. Some food is lost. Josef blames Leon for hiring incompetent bearers and insinuates that Leon may be an enemy of the state.

Day eight: Comrade Josef bags an elephant with an excellent shot, providing sufficient food for the party until its return to base camp. Leon's right ear was temporarily deafened by the blast.

Day nine: After a political meeting, the expedition takes a well-deserved rest in Jimville.

End of report.

Report 67 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 4.

Date: 2003-02-09

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 4.

Fourth Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland:

Upon our return to Jimville, I began an immediate search for a replacement for the missing Abdul and Um-Cinjo. The mysterious nature of their disappearance as rumored by the bearers and confirmed by the publication of my Journal Reports in the World Herald, made it rather difficult for me to hire someone to take their places. Luckily, Abdul's family intervened and sent Abdul's brother, Abdul "the younger" to aid us. It seems the money Abdul sent the family (apparently he didn't drink all of it, just most of it) was much appreciated. With Abdul "the younger" joining the expedition, this income can keep going to the family, and there may even be hope that Abdul "the younger" can help in finding his brother. Our need for a hunter was answered from a surprising place.

One day, a rather primitive looking man wandered into Jimville. Immediately the local townsfolk mumbled excitedly amongst themselves (rather secretive lot when they want to be). The man in question walked up to Fritz who was accompanying his "lady friend" from the British Embassy on a walk and said he wanted to join up with the famed Poles. Being the only Poles in Jimland, he of course meant us. After much discussion and a little research done by Marie (with her ever-present shotgun in hand), it turns out that this man is Diego Garcia. He claims to be a Portuguese sailor stranded on these shores and "gone Tribal" as the locals call it. He has recently relied on living off of the land for his survival. He returned to Jimville only because of the rumors of the recent expeditions and the fact that the "swine Spanish" (his words, not mine) are involved. I believe there is a bit of a story behind those words. Hopefully more information will follow.

That said, our expedition comprised of myself, the Lovely Marie, Fritz, Abdul "the younger", Diego, and various bearers. Fritz's "lady friend" secured the services of 4 newly arrived Sikhs (it seems the Gurkhas had weekly guard duty at the Consulate) and a British Lieutenant, one Lt. Alouwyshous Thorndike (also newly arrived in Jimland).

Our journey took us up the previously mapped river. We passed the ruins where Abdul and Um-Cinjo disappeared. There was much tension in the air. Our journey by boat came to an abrupt end as the boat broke down. Leaving a cursing, drunken riverboat captain working on his boat, we went ashore and continued up river on foot. Once we were ashore, Abdul "the younger" called me over and slipped me a rough piece of parchment. It seems he "found" a piece of a map. Where he got it from I do not know, but a comment about "drunken river boat captains" (at least that's what I think he said) can only lead me to believe...

Our brief conversation was interrupted with shouts as natives screaming "For the Proletariat!" came bounding out of the jungle. A quick bit of negotiating failed as the trade goods offered by us were taken by 3 of the natives "to be shared with the people"; meanwhile the other 4 attacked us!

They were quickly dispatched as Diego Garcia dropped one as he crossed a stream, and a Sikh spitted another on his bayonet. The others ran off, one with some local wildlife in pursuit. Upon examination of the corpses, and, of course, taking anything of value, we discovered some pamphlets in one of the native's pockets. It was rather radical literature distributed by "the Peoples Expedition" and, of course, the natives were carrying Russian produced weapons. So now there are 2 types of Russian oppressors in Jimland that must be dealt with. The literature was given to Lt. Thorndike to pass onto the British Counsel. The Sultan will not be pleased.

Our journey up river was rather uneventful for some time. More jungle, a deserted village, some indifferent Tribals that Diego assured us were harmless, and they were. The river however forked, with one branch heading north and the other continuing westward. We followed the northward branch. Not long after making this turn, Lt. Thorndike tripped on a protruding root (it is the jungle after all) and fell. He landed face to face with a rather large snake. Luckily for him he froze as the snake started to inhale and grow in size. Thinking quickly, Diego grabbed the reptile and threw it into a sack. After consulting the "Jimland Guide to Things that Slither", I found that this was a new species of snake. It was rightly named the Jimland Puff Adder. It was kept in the bag and will fetch a good price with the zoo representatives when we return to Jimville.

We followed the river northward for some time before heading east into the jungle. I planned on cutting cross-country to return to our starting spot. Abdul agreed to this, but what does he know? I'm not sure. Along the way, Marie acquired a pet. It seems she came upon a rather unfortunate small white cat with its teeth caught in a tree. How it got this way, we do not know. What we do know is that this rather small "big cat" has huge teeth, and upon consulting the "Jimland Guide to Cats, Big and Small", we found that this was an undiscovered species, hence the Jimland Albino Sabertooth Bobcat was named. Marie keeps it on a leash and has trained it rather well. She claims she will not sell it or turn it into a fuzzy pair of slippers or fur trim or a hat or, well, you get the picture. Just goes to show you that under that steely exterior there's a heart though some of the "tricks" she's teaching the cat aren't exactly, well, nice. I especially wonder about the "attack Darrylene" command she's working on.

The rest of our journey was rather uneventful, though we lost one stupid bearer. [Lost or misplaced? - Ed.] It seems he thought the sack containing the Jimland Puff Adder had food in it. It was not a pretty sight. At least the Puff Adder was unharmed. With some of our food going bad, we pressed for the river where we hoped the river steamer would be waiting. Along the way we traversed a 9000-foot mountain as more mountains loomed to the east. A good spot to return in the future to search for X Rock.

Back at the river, we reached the steamer just as the captain was casting off. It seems he claimed he waited the allotted 5 days and thought we were lost, never to return. By the looks of the garbage on the decks though, I don't think he ever left and had just gotten his boat fixed, but again, I don't complain since we don't have to row.

Upon returning to Jimville, the usual tasks were attended to. Lt. Thorndike and the Sikhs gave their thanks and returned to the British Consulate with a full report. They are good soldiers; hopefully we will work with them again. Marie and "Bobbie" the Albino Sabertooth Bobcat were the talk of embassy row.

Abdul "the younger" returned to his family. I actually think he gave them most of his money. What's up with that? He claimed he'd return in time for the next expedition. Diego Garcia took his pay and well, disappeared. I had hoped he'd buy some pants, but being "Tribal" I guess not. Where he went to, I don't know, but he did leave a note in halting script. From what I could make out he claimed he'd return, but had to "trail the evil Spaniards who are in league with the devil". My Portuguese is not very good, so I could be wrong. [Or not. - Ed.]

As for Fritz, it seems he's returned to quite the scandal. The husband of his "lady friend" at the British Consulate, was caught in a rather "sticky" situation the details of which I will not go into except that it is rumored to have involved a few of the former employees of the Jimville House of Girls and Casino, a parrot, a goat, and lots of honey. I say former since the management at that establishment only has the best of employees, and this scandal was not good for business.

The [name withheld till the trial is over or the unfortunate fellow is deported. - Ed.] quickly threw her husband out and is now living at the Empress, conveniently next door to Fritz of course. Her soon-to-be-ex-husband is being transferred to Greenland, which I understand is not so green. The Lady is also lobbying Fritz to accompany us on our next expedition, and of course Marie is all for it, so it will likely happen. Luckily she is skilled with languages, so she may actually be of some use, and Marie has promised to help her with her marksmanship.

The last item of note is the cable I just received. It is from my Cousin Steven, a.k.a. "Stash". He is a Captain in the Polish Home Army and has been ordered here to help protect me. It seems that there is movement afoot by the Russians and Prussians to quell the notoriety my fellow Poles and I are gaining in Jimland. And of course, those Imperial Powers that occupy my homeland would not mind cutting into the funds the Polish Home Army receives from my expeditions either. At least there aren't any stinking Austrians here. [Yet. - Ed.]

End Journal entry until next expedition.

Report 68 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART SEVEN.

Date: 2003-03-02

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART SEVEN.

Denny Lee's Journal continues.

Conga continues to badger me about the Desert and its Legends. If he keeps this up I may just shoot him.

Conga is insisting that the Legend of the Desert River(R) and The Road of Gold(R) are the same and point to the City of Gold (O). This then leads to The Desert Kingdom (A).

I think the correct progression backward in time and legend is the Return of the Dead King(R) to the Curse of the Dead (A) to The City of the Dead (A). A second line takes us on The Road of Gold(R) to the City of Gold (O) to nowhere unless we open up either The Kingdom of the Ten Cities (A)(my first choice) or The Desert Kingdom (A)(not confirmed).

Blackstone has finally responded to my repeated inquiries. From Berlin he confirmed the sequence of The Desert River(R) to the Desert Kingdom (A). He warns me, as do others, that no one has ventured into the Desert and returned. At least not in living memory as he so strongly reminds me. If Conga is right, then we shall see.

At this point several pages have been burned or this volume of Denny Lee's journal sustained fire damage of some sort.

The journal continues

...talk of two great northern deserts. They are given various names that I have translated from several languages and had told to me in the oral legends of several tribes. I will label them the Eastern Desert, home of many of the "cursed" tribe legends, and the Great Desert, source of many of the fantastic legends of the Dead. Both have overlapping stories of mythical creatures and god-like heroes and villains as befit any worthy legend. Whether there is one desert or two remains to be seen. In our times we certainly know a large desert area exists to the north, but anymore than that is unknown.

Conga tells me his tribal tales talk of these deserts as if they were just over the next hill and commonly known. He certainly has no doubts about their existence.

How do I separate the wheat from the chaff?

More men were sick with fever today. We have been at a halt now for...(unreadable text) ... hoping to test the platform with a dog or something, but Conga says he will go. I don't understand his willingness to try these things. I think he knows something or is after something. Well, I will let him go when the time comes and he still wants to go. Brave. Stupid.

[unreadable text]

... for two weeks. The heat is not so bad, but the humidity and damn bugs are irritating us all. Conga is doing a good job keeping the bearers in line.

As I feared the river does fork. Conga insists we go east. I insist we go north. We are both stubborn. I will suggest we split up and go five days in each direction, to return here and then decide on one course of action. I will strongly tell him not to test the platforms without me there. Neither of us is sure how they work or if they work, except for one brief illuminating example that at least two must work.

Dinner was excellent. Fresh double nicely grilled and the next to last bottle of wine. It will be sad when the final bottle is dry.

Beautiful morning. Fresh and clear. Conga excitedly agreed to splitting up. I made sure some his bearers were those loyal to me and that Bala went with him as my eyes and ears. And to remind Conga to return in five days. I think Conga was miffed by this precaution, but I don't care. We shove off after I finish this entry.

[unreadable text smeared in what might be dried blood]

... again today. They are relentless and hard to bring down. They can't be pure animal as they use weapons and are very cunning. Our ammunition is running low. I hope we can get back to the river and rendezvous with Conga's party. If these things follow us it will be hard going. They haven't left us alone since we stumbled upon them. God Help Us All.

End Part Seven. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

SCIENCE CLUB NEWS

Most members of the Science Club are accounted for after the unfortunate incident on the Seaward End of the Old Native Pier. It is suspected that the unaccounted-for members may never be found. A short and discreet memorial service will be held by the rubble of the remains of the Old Native Pier, this Thursday at sunset. New memberships are being accepted due to unforeseen club openings. Sign up today and Join in the Fun.

LOST AND FOUND

His Imperial Highness of Germany's Consul demands his German Shepherd Wolfhound und Dog be returned immediately. Failure to comply will bring disaster upon you. You know who you are!

Report 69 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART EIGHT.

Date: 2003-03-05

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART EIGHT.

Denny Lee's Journal continues.

The beasts stopped at the riverbank and howled at us. We sat in mid river and calmly shot a score of them. Finally I told the men to head down river. We were nearly out of ammunition and doing nothing I could see to drive off the beasts. Best to save a few bullets for emergencies.

Three men died as we traveled down river. I think the beasts use poison on their weapons. The men were quite upset. I don't blame them. I dare not stop and give them a proper burial. I'm sure I saw a beast or two tracking us in the trees along the shore. Probably not a more than a few scouts, but I can't take the chance. I ordered the bodies weighted and dropped quietly over the side. We paddled with the current and made very good progress.

[unreadable sentence]

Tomorrow we should be back at base camp. I hope Conga is there. No signs of the beasts on the shore. I think we have out paced them. We will continue through the night again. We take turns paddling and sleeping. I have even taken my turn at paddling. That seems to send a message to the whole party of my concern for speed down river both day and night.

Base Camp is deserted. No Conga. No sign that he has returned and left again. We will wait. The men are weary and jumpy. The daylight guard shot at shadows today during our cold lunch. No one wanted to go out hunting for fresh game. I took three "volunteers" and went hunting. It was a good thing. Getting away from the camp cheered me up. I bagged a small deer-like animal. One of the men spotted water buffalo tracks. We carefully followed them and by deft maneuver managed to bring a whopping big side of beef back to camp at sundown. The men built a great fire and roasted the whole damn thing. I issued some liquor to the men to go with supper. This brought on the usual bartering and debt repayments and a typical argument or two, but all was more or less peaceably settled by the time the food was ready. The men's spirits seem to be lifting.

Lovely clear night. The stars came out in their millions to keep us company. The men sat around the embers of the fire and sang sweet tunes in a low melody that struck me as beautiful and sad.

No Conga this morning. I am beginning to worry. I appointed Sam One-Eye as my temporary Number Two until Conga returned or we returned to Jimville. I put the men to work cleaning up camp. Inventoried our supplies. We are ok though we cannot be lavish with anything. Sent Sam and a work party to our buried cache to retrieve as much ammunition as they could carry. They were back just before sundown. Hunting parties brought in some game. No one saw any sign of Conga. We will wait.

This morning an excited boy brought in a paddle he found in the reeds at the water's edge. He was part of the water party. They all say it is from one of Conga's boats. I must say I agree. Kept the men busy straightening up camp, repairing things, and generally getting things ready for us to head up the east fork to look for Conga and his party.

Conga has returned! Shortly after sundown, aided by our fires, Conga and his party beached their boats next to ours. They were exhausted like us on our return. There were four wounded with them. These were tended to and all should survive. They had suffered knife and arrow wounds. Conga sat in front of my tent. I mixed him a strong drink and sat back. He sat for a moment gathering his thoughts. He took a short swallow from the drink, swirled it around his mouth, and spit it into the tall grass.

Reaching into his day bag he brought out a leather bundle. He unwrapped it and nonchalantly tossed the contents to me. Imagine my surprise when I caught a clean white human skull with a golden headband. The only oddity was the bullet hole in the skull. I looked at Conga. He smiled a huge smile and said, "My bullet. Six feet."

He took another swig and spit it out like the first. "We go east now," he asked?

End Part Eight. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

Report 70 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART NINE.

Date: 2003-03-09

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART NINE.

Denny Lee's Journal continues.

We left at daybreak. It has been a week since Conga has returned. I waited that long to let his men recover and to make sure neither of us brought unwelcome guests with us. We set off into the river in a fog. I had the boats loosely tied into a single line and we pushed slowly up river.

The fog burned off and we untied the boats. Now we made better progress. Slow but better. Conga and I were in the lead boat. I noticed it was crewed by men who had been in his previous party. He noted my realization. "Better with men who have seen the Devil, than those who haven't." He smiled. I could but nod in agreement and loosen my pistol in its holster. I sat calmly with the sun warming my face and my rifle warming my lap. Even as we traveled up river I wrote this entry. It's another beautiful day. Saw one Pterodactyl, far away in the distance. No chance at a shot. Saw many colorful parrots in the top tree branches along the shore. Something big and unknown slipped into the water as we moved along.

Beached at sundown and set up camp for the evening. Conga agreed it was alright to have fires. That seemed to reassure the men. Quiet night.

Foggy again when we headed out. About noon we heard a roaring coming from ahead. Conga said we had to land now. We beached on the north side of the river. Conga's men began unloading the boats. He told me that this was as far as we could go in boats. Ahead was a cataract. In their previous effort they had failed to find a good portage route. Well, walking is nothing new to any of us. Shortly we were loaded and arranged and off we went, Conga and I leading the way.

Hot day. Few bugs.

We left at dawn today as Conga said there was a village ahead we could reach with an extended march. The Jungle is starting to thin out. I asked Conga about this. He only grinned and said "Yes, sir." He knows something and is keeping it from me.

Reached the village before sundown. A village it is. Simple daub and wattle huts. Maybe 50 inhabitants. They welcomed us and we traded with them. The villagers sent off several runners, saying that others would like to trade as well. We will rest here for three days. We can use the food we can trade for.

Broke camp at dawn. The entire village was up to see us off. Conga has spring is his step today. Silly bugger.

We traveled keeping the river near our right hand. Each evening we camp near its refreshing waters. I know this good luck can't go on forever. I'm waiting for Conga to say we must head away from the river. I certainly know

where I am, but I am also certainly lost. What is over the next hill I have no idea.

The Jungle is now almost gone. We march through sparse scrub and tall grass. Occasionally we hear things in the grass moving parallel to us, snorts and low growls, but we push on. Curious animals no doubt.

Got in a shot at a magnificent Sabertooth, but must have missed. The huge tawny cat disappeared. We found no evidence of blood. Pity. It was trophy material. I must chide myself. What would I have done if I had taken the great thing? We can't carry it for God knows how long. On top of that they are tough eating. I must exercise more restraint.

Another quiet day. We still follow the river. The men are in good spirits.

Today part of Conga's secret was revealed. We were stopped for a short break as we periodically do. Conga interestingly ordered a perimeter guard set up. The men did not question the order. Then the cheeky beggar asked me to accompany him to the top of a rise about a mile away. As we walked Conga said not a word.

As we topped the sandy ridge, Conga simply pointed east.

End Part Nine. Subscribe now! Don't miss a word of the astounding Denny Lee Story, carried exclusively by the World Herald.

Report 71 - TAX COLLECTORS ATTACKED. BRITISH OPEN NEW BASE.
Date: 2003-03-12

TAX COLLECTORS ATTACKED. BRITISH OPEN NEW BASE.

The Sultan's Court Advisor announced today that the Sultan's Tax Collectors had been viciously attacked and nearly wiped out. The Sultan's Military Advisor announced that the Sultan was expanding the size of his Guard. This expansion would allow the Sultan to send troops to hunt down the villains that attacked the Tax Collectors.

The Sultan's Guard is scheduled to double in size. Additional infantry are already assembled in Jimville and have begun their training. Artillery crews are said to be training at an undisclosed location. It is rumored they have been given Maxim guns mounted on old artillery carriages. This gracious gift reportedly came from the German Consulate.

The Sultan vows swift retribution to the ambushers of his Tax Collectors.

GERMAN EXPLAIN ATTACK PLANS AGAINST BRITISH

The German Consul, being as smooth as ever, has explained the recent rumors of German plans to attack British interests in Jimland. Here are the Consuls words.

"We find it prudent to make plans to attack everyone. This allows us to respond to any situation that may develop. These contingency plans may appear belligerent to the more uninformed and less worldly Consulates in Jimville, but are assuredly needed."

"We have, in fact, a written plan of attack against every Consulate in Jimville and those who have no Consulate in Jimville. We have several plans for dealing with the Russian Threat under which we all must work."

"With this threat hanging over us, I would like to suggest we all work together in the spirit of harmony and peace to make Jimland a better place of all of us."

"Any questions should be sent in writing to the Consulate."

There you have it, Gentle Readers, clearly a case of mistaken War Fever.

The British response to the German Consul's statement was a single word statement having to do with bovine excrement.

The American Consul responded with "Hand me that sandbag, would ya." These Americans! They have no sense of humor.

BRITISH OPEN A NEW BASE

The Sultan has granted rights to a lease for a new British Base on the River Jim. The new base is located far up the Great River Jim within the harsh badlands that twist between the Great Desert and the Great Mountains. The British Consul's statement is below.

"We are pleased to announce the signing of a lease in perpetuity for a small base in the Hinterland of Jimland. From this base we will be able to bring peace to the northern frontiers of Jimland. This is fully in the Sultan's best interests. It also is in the spirit of the German Consul's call for brotherhood and the harmonious pursuit of peace."

"No troops will be removed from Jimville to man the new base. The base complement will be filled by additional Troops drawn from Her Majesty's Colonial Empire and by Regular Army Troops from the Homeland Defense Forces. These Troops are enroute to Jimville by steam transport even as I speak."

"The initial garrison is already in place. It consists of a construction battalion and a Company of the Fusiliers. A second Company will be debarking very soon. The full base garrison size is still undetermined, but will be of considerable size and ability."

"Peace is not secured easily, nor cheaply. We pledge to bring peace to the Hinterlands of Jimland, and of course, to all of Jimland itself."

The German response the British Consul's statement was a terse statement having to do with an impossible anatomical act.

The American Consul responded with "Hand me that sandbag, would ya." These Americans! They have no sense of humor.

SCIENCE CLUB NEW

The Science Club announces its membership is once again full. The Club thanks all the new members for showing their faith in Science over Superstition. The theme of this year's Club Projects will be "Rockets To The Moon". Further announcements will be made as necessary. For now, Dear Reader, look to the sky and wonder if we are alone.

Report 72 - EIGHT EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD.

Date: 2003-03-14

EIGHT EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD.

Eight Brave and Fearless Expeditions headed out of Jimville. All eight miraculously returned from the Wilds of Jimland, though some were rather reduced in number. The reports that follow are from the Expedition survivors who were willing to tell their tale. Some Expeditions suffered such an experience that the survivors were unwilling to tell us what happened. The reports we could gather are below.

AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION

They jauntily headed into the Wilds with pipes playing. Little is known about how this Expedition fared. Talk on the street is that they were attacked incessantly by everyone they encountered. It must have been the pipes upsetting the locals. Rumors abound about mass starvation. The survivors refuse to talk about it. We wonder.

SWINDELL EXPEDITION

They wandered into the Jungle with one of the largest parties of Bearers on record. Again! They march straight out. They were attacked numerous times. They lost every Hero but one. Of course they only started with two Heroes and several hundred bearers. Again tales of mass starvation are told. Again the survivors refuse to discuss it. Again we wonder.

THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION 1

The Glorious People's Expedition marched out chanting in unison and marching in step. Heat stroke felled an Askari. They marched on. Rebels attacked. They marched on. A bearer desertion attempt was ruthlessly squashed, or so it is said. Some Askaris did desert after the Bearer Suppression Incident. They marched on. Hailstones pelted the Expedition and caused several unfortunate casualties. They harvested Opium for later "sale as a medicinal herb". They marched on. They discovered a new species of large bird. Fog stopped all exploration. The deserted Askaris, having been "reindoctrinated", returned to the Expedition. [We must ask what IS going on out in the Wilds? - Ed.] They marched on. Heavy rains stopped their marching any farther. Killer Bees allegedly attacked the Expedition and killed several Bearers whose allegiance was suspect. [This incident "bears" investigation? - Ed.] They returned to Jimville.

THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION 2

The Glorious People's Expedition marched out whistling some catchy little ditty, origin and words unknown. They "found" some Loot and "accidentally" shot some alleged Rebels. They marched on. They traded with friendly natives. They discovered a new species of primitive man, naming it Homo Capitalist. Clever, comrades, clever. They marched on. They were attacked by a Huge native force. The Expedition Leader, Vladimir was killed. Karl, the Expedition Scout, was also lost in the engagement that featured a large hungry dinosaur hell-bent on eating everyone. Sadly, they marched on. They found an ancient artifact. Animals attack the Expedition killing a soldier. They marched on. They returned to Jimville saddened by the loss of their beloved Leader.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Lead by Casimir Ponatowski with the Lovely Marie by his side and Fritz guarding his blind side, the Expedition marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. Sensationally, The Lady Windsor accompanied them. Gossip spread like wildfire in Jimville. We will not lower our standards to repeat the low rumors circulating about Lady Windsor and a certain German Trooper, or Lady Windsor and a certain Captain of the Sultan's Guard, or Lady Windsor and a certain Company of French Legionnaires, or Lady Windsor and a certain Science Club's initiation rite, and so forth. The rumors are probably not all true. Anyway, the Expedition marched on. They discovered the Jimland Poppy after duly consulting the Jimland Guide to Flowering Plants. They marched on. They marched into a snake pit. Fever struck down several bearers. They marched on. Bad Water did in a Soldier. They marched on. They discovered the Jimland Lightning Bug. It came as a shock to the Lady Windsor. Natives attacked. The Lovely Maria once again demonstrated her cool nerves and marksmanship. They marched on. Giant Birds swooped down and attacked the Expedition. Several Expedition members were carried off. They marched on. They found some X-Rock the location of which is being carefully guarded. Rebel ambushed them. Casimir showed off his bravery for Marie. They march on. Bearers deserted. They marched on. They returned to Jimville and sold the X-Rock for a pile of money. Clearly, this Expedition has become the richest of them all.

BIG AL THE MARAUDER EXPEDITION

Lead by Big Al the Marauder, they bravely marched into the Wilds of Jimland. Immediately Mother Nature brewed up a Hailstorm which pelted the living daylights out of the Expedition. They tried to out trade some natives, but found out they had been had. They marched on poorer, but wiser. They were attacked by the largest Rebel force ever reported. After a tense fight they drove off the Rebels. They limped on. They were attacked by natives. They bartered for food. They were attacked again. They found a diamond deposit. They marched on. Soldiers drowned while crossing a swollen stream. They marched on and reached the safety of Jimville.

CHURCHILL EXPEDITION 1

Under the withering gaze of Winthrop P. Churchill (definitely no relation!) the Expedition headed into the Wilds. Immediately the Scout was swept away in a Flash Flood. They marched on. They marched some more. They marched even more. They found a new Species of Dinosaur. They marched some more. They marched on. Foot-sore they returned to Jimville after a rather uneventful journey. Mr. Churchill promptly gave the entire Expedition a scathing tongue-lashing and said they would try again in two days.

CHURCHILL EXPEDITION 2

Under the withering gaze of Winthrop P. Churchill (definitely no relation!) the Expedition headed into the Wilds. They marched on. They marched on. Churchill began to get a little huffy. Thankfully for the Expedition Giant Birds attacked. Churchill himself was nearly carried off. Several bearers were lost. To quote Mr. Churchill, "now that's more like it"! They marched on. They were attacked by Rebels. They discovered a new species of bird. They marched on. They returned to Jimville.

Report 73 - FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION NEARLY WIPED OUT. SURVIVORS BACK IN JIMVILLE.
Date: 2003-03-15

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION NEARLY WIPED OUT. SURVIVORS BACK IN JIMVILLE.

Julius Flagstone's Expedition left town quite a while ago as stated in the Herald's Report Number 50. Since then nothing has been heard from them or the Igneous Expedition which departed Jimville at the same time. Here is Flagstone's personal report.

Begin report.

We headed along the coast by steamer to where Big Jake said Denny Lee had found a river leading inland. With Igneous's Expedition in the same steamer there was little use for deception. In fact, Otto was after the same game I was after.

To make a long story short, we eventually found the river after several false starts. Both Expeditions debarked from the "The Jimland Bitch", unloaded our considerable quantities of supplies, and waved Cap'n Jack farewell. The old steamer trudged away, out to sea, and back to the safety and comfort of Jimville.

Our two Expeditions, by mutual agreement, made camp on opposite sides of the unnamed river. Two days later at dawn, again by mutual agreement, we headed up river. I took the west side of the river and Igneous the east. We paddled upstream for a week without incident. Each night we beached on opposite sides of the river. Each evening Igneous and I alternated hosting the other for dinner. At these dinners we shared information, sparse as it was.

The first day of the second week found us discovering a fork in the river. That evening we beach both parties on the north side of the fork that went east and west. I dined with Otto on our sparse "field menu" and returned to my tent. The next morning, as agreed, I headed up the western fork of the river, and Igneous disappeared around the bend of the eastern fork. I have not seen or heard from him since.

We traveled pleasantly upriver for another week. At this point we encountered another fork. After inspecting each river fork I selected the eastern river for continued travel. I based my selection on the facts that the eastern fork was the larger branch with a stronger flow and the water was of a clearer nature. The western branch was more sluggish and brackish.

We pushed on upriver. One evening, as we were beaching our canoes, we were attacked by unfriendly natives. I ordered the men back in the canoes and headed back the way we had come. After traveling several miles downstream I halted the Expedition and we beached on the opposite side of the river. We ate a cold meal. About midnight I ordered the men back into the canoes and headed back upriver. We passed the place we were attacked without incident and continued upriver.

We paddled all the next day without break. That evening we beached and made a sparse camp complete with a watch party. It was an uneventful night.

We continued upriver in this fashion for some time. I deemed it prudent to post a guard at every halt and throughout every night. The men did not object.

We beached at a village on the western bank after another week of travel. Here we found the natives friendly and bartered some trade goods for fresh meat and other foodstuffs. The village Elders told us we should not go on, as there was bad Ju-Ju in the jungle to the north. They said there was an Ancient Ruin near the river that was protected by strong Ju-Ju and it would be bad for us to go there. If we went left we would be ok. Still they recommended we turn around and go home. I thanked them for their recommendation.

An Ancient City with a Curse! Every Explorer's dream. How could I not go there? But were the Elders sending me into a trap? There was only one way to find out.

We left at dawn the next day and headed upriver, leaving the Elders shaking their heads on the riverbank. It took almost a week of hard paddling to get to the fork the Elders mentioned. It was not hard to know when we were there. Directly in the middle of the fork was an old stone jetty. We beached along it. We made camp with a full guard that night. The jungle was very still.

The next morning after a purposely large meal we set off inland following a trail that led from the stone jetty into the jungle. A day later as we crested a ridge I could see several stone buildings rising up out of the jungle. They looked deceptively close. We struggled on, as the jungle seemed to close in around us. Rains played havoc with our progress. Several men were lost crossing raging streams flooded by the torrential rain.

Finally we made camp a short march from the Ruins. The watch was posted. The jungle was quiet. And the rains had stopped. A clear sky could be seen through the jungle canopy. The Expedition had a hot meal for the first time since leaving the river. We settled down for the evening.

Screams and gunfire brought the entire camp to its feet, guns in hand. I rushed to the scene of the shooting. I found one guard dead, an arrow protruding from his chest. Another was wrapping a scrap of cloth around a slash on his leg. The third was reloading while watching the dark jungle. We all crouched low. An arrow whizzed over our heads.

Suddenly firing erupted from the opposite side of camp. I hastened over to that side, keeping to a crouch as arrows were now coming in with alarming frequency. I found three men down with arrows in them. Three other were firing into the dark jungle. I ordered them to cease firing. I could see no targets.

Now a ruckus developed near the trail we had followed to this point. There was much shouting and yelling with intermittent firing. I hurried toward the fight. Suddenly an apparition appeared before me in the jungle. Moonlight played briefly over the thing. I fired from the hip. No effect. It charged me, lifting a huge axe as it came. I fired again knocking the thing

sideways. This caused its heavy blow to miss. I felt the axe brush by me. I clubbed the thing in the head with my rifle several times. It fell. I used its own axe to chop off its head.

When I came to my senses the jungle was quiet. I ran over to where the fighting had occurred. It was over. The men were already lining up the dead and wounded for their attention. Several fires were started. It was then I looked at the axe that I still had in my hand. Slings my rifle, I inspected the axe in the firelight. It had a bronze head mounted on a simple sturdy handle. The head was secured with leather wrappings. Simple. Effective. Ancient.

The men were excited and milling about. My Number Two handed me several arrows. They had stone or bone arrowheads. I walked over to where a group of men had formed. They parted for me to see what was lying on the thick jungle grass.

A bare skeleton lay headless on the ground. Its sightless grinning skull lay two feet away. There was a golden headband around the skull. One hand of the skeleton still grasped an axe like the one I held. I ordered a search of the area. Before long I had a small pile of skulls lying at my feet. I added one from the thing that had attacked me. Several ornate wooden bows and quivers of arrows are added to the pile. The men had many questions. I had no answers.

Needless to say we did not sleep again that night.

The next day we buried our dead. Leaving a strong guard on the camp and our wounded, I took a small heavily armed party to investigate the Ruins. There had to be some connection. We crept as silently as possible toward the looming stone structures. Near noon we reached the edge of the undergrowth. I stared out at the Ruins. As best I could tell there was a central plaza surrounded by small stone building, most of which were completely in ruins. In the plaza were two stone pyramids like structures at each end, each about forty feet high topped by a flat area holding a small building. In the center of the plaza was a low platform only two or three feet height at most. Nothing else was in the plaza.

We began to circle the ruins, staying on the edge of the jungle growth. As we reached the northern edge of the ruins a figure, a skeleton itself I am sure, stepped out onto the pyramid top, raised its hands and uttered some strange chant. We were frozen in fear and awe. What was this thing? Time for reflection came to an abrupt end as arrows whizzed in at us. Several men went down immediately. Out of the underbrush and out of the nearest ruins came more skeletons all heading in our direction. The things that came out of the jungle were quickly among us, hewing left and right with their axes and scythed shaped swords. More men when down. We were now fighting for our lives. I quickly found that the only way to stop the things was to separate the skull from the rest of the body. Bullets work, a rifle butt or axe work better. But close in fighting is not our strength. More men went down.

I rallied what men I could to me. We began to withdraw into the jungle. The attack lessened as the jungle growth slowed everyone. We were few in number. I could see one group break from the jungle and try to outrun the things. Arrows cut them all down. I led my group through the jungle back toward our camp. Arrows continued to fly overhead, sometimes finding their mark.

I heard firing ahead. I feared the camp was under attack. I called on the men to hurry. Those that could quickened their pace, those that could not were never seen again.

Our camp was overrun. Skeleton things were everywhere, slaughtering the men. We charged in to try to save the camp. The fighting went on for what seemed hours, but was probably only minutes. Finally I fled the camp with a few survivors. We ran, if one can run in the jungle. We ran all the way back to the river. It took us two days. By the time we reached the boats there were only six of us left. Without looking back we pushed three of the smaller boats into the river and raced down-river as fast as we could paddle.

Eventually we made it back to the village. The village Elders refused to help us as they said we were now cursed. We were politely escorted to our boats and forced to leave.

We paddled down-river for a day then beached, exhausted. We camped for two days to recover our strength. We bound our wounds, hunted for some fresh meat, and generally gathered our wits about us. I then ordered the men to consolidate into two boats and return to Jimville.

Our return trip was uneventful with the exception of one man dying of his wounds and another being taken by some creature while standing on the river's edge relieving himself at dawn.

I have no information on Igneous's Expedition and only hope they fared better. I will assemble another Expedition and return to the Ruins. What else can I do? Honor says this is the least. Curiosity says I must. I will.

Further reports will be made to the appropriate authorities when I am able.

End report.

Report 74 - SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART TEN.
Date: 2003-03-15

SPECIAL EDITION. DENNY LEE STORY PART TEN.

Denny Lee's Journal continues.

Stretching as far as I could see was a desert. I don't know if it was The Desert, but I didn't care at the moment. We stood in silence for several minutes.

Conga handed me his binoculars and pointed out into the desert. I obliged by searching carefully in the indicated direction. I saw a faint glint in the distance. Not a twinkle but a steady gleam. A fleck of gold in the pale brown of the sand.

I turned to Conga. "Well done, Conga," I said. "More?"

He shook his head in the negative. Still, I clapped him on the shoulder and told him not to worry. He simply grinned at me.

We camped where we were that day. I carefully plotted our position and marked it on our maps. This verifies part of the Desert River stories. But what is out there? We are short of bearers and askaris due to our recent encounters. I decided we must return to Jimville, restock, increase the size of our party, and then return here. Traveling entirely by river should get us here in good shape.

We trekked back to where we had beached our boats. We found them all burned. There were no signs of who did this. I asked Conga if he thought it was the villagers? Had we somehow offended them? He said he did not think so. As we were discussing what to do next, Sam One-Eye can up and said he had something to show us.

He led us to the river's edge. There in a patch of sand near a burned out boat was a footprint. A strange footprint. It was human, but it looked as if made by a skeleton's foot not a living person. There was only the one print. I studied it for a moment then erased it with a swipe of my boot. "We march now", I said.

Eventually, and without incident I might add, we reached a point across the river from the village we had stayed in. We got their attention by firing our rifles. Their chief paddled across. We explained that we had had an accident and lost our boats. We wanted to either trade for canoes or at least be taken across the river. Much dickering later we had a small fleet of flimsy homemade canoes. The men looked dubiously at the frail things and muttered among themselves. I laughed loudly and motioning to two fellows slipped a canoe out into the river. We paddle back and forth several times, then returned to shore. With a curt order from me the canoes were loaded and I led my little fleet out into the river.

A week later we reached the main fork in the river. Turning south we headed for Jimville.

It took us another three weeks to reach Jimville. We lost several canoes to accidents and ignorance. Two men died from eating unknown berries. Another was bitten by a spider and died a feverish death. A fourth was injured while hunting. Such are the daily occurrences while on an Expedition. No one complained. We all know the risk. We accept it.

Rained the last three days. There is not a dry spot in the whole Expedition. Cold food for two days. Journey's end is thankfully near.

Finally Jimville filled our sight. We beached up river from town. I formed up my company and we marched smartly into town. The canoes I gave away to any Native who asked for one. I need more substantial boats for my return trip. Conga is out recruiting more bearers. I am hiring the askaris.

I have cabled Blackstone in Berlin. I used our personal code to send the message. I have not heard from him yet. I didn't expect a quick response. He is thorough, but maddenly slow. Who else can I trust?

I anticipate being here for several months as I acquire supplies and personnel. I will do some research in my files to fill my days. The evenings are pleasant. The Empress has a new gadget that makes ice. Quite clever. Too bad it's not portable!

The Sultan has invited me to dine with him. I wonder what the old rascal wants. This can only mean he has heard what we have found. I fear the worst. If necessary I will leave Jimville early to avoid his entanglement. On the up side, his dinners are sumptuous, so I shall leave town well fed at least!

Report 75 - SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.
Date: 2003-03-15

SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

The Editor thought you, Gentle Reader, might be interested in some of the myriad of things that cross our desks here at the World Herald. As a new feature of the Herald we will occasionally bring these things to light for the edification of all.

For example:

Lady Windsor
The Empress
Jimville

My Dearest Lady Windsor:

Enclosed is the latest List of Official Jimland Guides you requested. All are available in the bookstalls of Jimville or directly from the Science Club via mail order or during their monthly meeting.

Per your request we have also attached the list of Known Animals discovered and named by the Fearless and Famous Explorers who trek across the Wilds of Jimland.

In answer to your clothing queries, yes cotton will be cooler, but wool will keep you warm even when wet. Pants are preferable to dresses, however, they are far from stylish. We recommend a simple skirt and blouse with elastic knee length briefs to keep out unwanted visitors. Avoid bright colors. Parasols are an interesting thought, but we have found using a nearby large leaf more expedient, simply discarding it after the downpour ceases.

Sincerely,

The Staff and Management of the Sul-Mart
Supplier to the Sultan and More

The Complete List of Jimland Guides, Current Series:

Jimland Guide to Big Cats, Land, Sea, and Air.
Jimland Guide to Cats, Big and Small. See Note 1.
Jimland Guide to Flowering Plants.
Jimland Guide to Land Animals Bigger Than Your House.
Jimland Guide to Large Things That Fly and Only Sometimes Kill You.
Jimland Guide to Primitive Man.
Jimland Guide to Really Big Cats. See Note 1.
Jimland Guide to Things That Are Lower Than Things That Slither. OOP.
Jimland Guide to Things That Slither.
Jimland Guide to Wildlife, And How Best Not To Be Eaten.

Note 1: Out of print. Consolidated into Big Cats, Land, Sea, and Air.

Jimville House of Girls and Casino Celebrity Calendar. New each year.
As reviewed, "Revealing, revolting, required reading for those in the Know."

The Complete List of Jimland Guides, Planned Volumes:

Jimland Guide to Insects for Fun, Profit, and Lunch.
Jimland Guide to Carnivorous Plants, Known and Unknown.
Jimland Guide to Snails, Slugs, Leeches, and How to Outrun Them.
Jimland Guide to Fish, Reasons Not To Go In The Water.
Jimland Guide to Dead Cities on \$5 A Day.
Jimland Guide to Nightlife in the Jungle for the Uninhibited.
Jimland Guide to Large Caliber Weapons, a Mail Order Catalog.
Jimland Guide to The Sultan's Harem. Pictures, Vital Stats, and More.
Jimland Guide to Ju-Ju. Magic, Science, or Myth? You decide.

The Complete List of Jimland Plants and Animals:

Jimland Albino Sabertooth Bobcat
Jimland Condors
Jimland Lightning Bug
Jimland Poppy
Jimland Puff Adder
Jimland Spitting Cobra

Report 76 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 2.

Date: 2003-03-16

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 2.

The Glorious People's Expedition set out once again on a mission to explore the wilds of Jimland and to liberate the natives from oppression suffered at the hands of their capitalist-imperialist masters in Jimville. Armed with more than satisfactory firepower as well as 2nd editions of our "manifesto", our expedition set off on a sunny morn. Apparently, it was too sunny. One of the askari fell victim to heat stroke on the first day.

On the following day, our party was attacked by a group of fascist rebels. These rebels were "contras", armed and trained by their puppet-masters in Washington, London, and Madrid. It is now apparent to us that devious imperialists have been working to undermine the attempts of our expedition to improve the lives of the peoples of Jimland. It is also plainly clear that rival expeditions are being used as instruments of this foul campaign against socialism.

Later in the expedition, several bearers attempted to desert until "persuaded" by Comrade Josef to remain with the expedition. However, one askari deserts and we begin tracking the traitorous bastard.

On the fifth day of our expedition, the jungle is strangely peaceful. During our nightly committee meeting, we hear the sounds of Scottish bagpipes and horrible screams in the distance. We consider investigating the situation until comrade Nikka rightly points out that the two go hand-in-hand.

The expedition locates the askari. He has "voluntarily" returned. He has in his possession shreds of bloody tartan and a scrap of salmon-colored silk. The confused askari is ordered to read Chapter 4 of the manifesto, titled "Communists good - capitalists bad."

Nature proved to be the greatest challenge as the expedition returned to base camp. Hailstones, fog, heavy downpours, and killer bees caused some casualties among our proletarian brothers. The party discovered a new species of bird: a rather large and dull-looking creature known by the scientific designation "Wenker Irritatus" or the "Jimland Dodo", the name given it by our native bearers.

Upon our return to Jimville, we are welcomed by the downtrodden masses of the city. Many manifestos are distributed. The Party's work continues.

Citizens of Jimland, Unite!

Report 77 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 3.

Date: 2003-03-16

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 3.

Having found great success on our second expedition into the jungles of Jimland, Comrade Vladimir quickly ordered our socialist vanguard back to explore more territory. Our plan was to follow the newly discovered river to its origin, and to lend support to our rebel allies the "Sandanistas" and the "Viet Jihm." [a.k.a. Rebels to the rest of us. - Ed] These allies had recently established the Ho Chi Jim Trail, which will be used to aid in the destruction of contra strongholds and imperialist expeditions. We provide Wodka to our allies to aid in the war effort.

The People's Expedition set out early and was almost immediately attacked by rebels - Contras! The imperialist swine were wiped out. One prisoner "volunteered" key information. It appears that there is Polish complicity in efforts to thwart our mission.

Venturing further upstream, we discover a village/reeducation center. We buy food. We sign autographs. We are praised as liberators. The natives are told to attack Poles wherever they find them. Travelling deeper into Jimland, we discover a new species of primitive man - Homo Capitalist, or "Tastyman" as our native bearers named it.

Our expedition reached a fork in the river and enter Savannah. We were attacked by a large band of contras. The noise attracted a T-Rex, which proceeded to eat Comrade Karl, our scout. Sadly, our great leader, Comrade Vladimir, was hit by a stray bullet. As Vladimir lay dying, Comrade Josef reported that Comrade Vladimir's last words were, "Comrade Stalin, only you are capable of leading the people. Comrade Leon is an idiot and should not be trusted." His body was carried solemnly by two bearers and would eventually be transported back to mother Russia. Miraculously, even in death Comrade Karl had served the people. As the bearers dug a small shallow grave (there wasn't much of Karl that wasn't digested), a golden artifact was discovered.

The journey to base camp was mostly uneventful, except when one of our hired help had an unpleasant encounter with a Jimland bobcat. At least he died knowing he had served the people. As we approached Jimville, news of Vladimir's death had somehow preceded us. Thousands lined the streets, sobbing and expressing their deepest sympathies. [It seems the arrival of the People's Expedition coincided with the Sultan's announcement of the Latest Tax Hike. Draw your own conclusions. - Ed.] The people spontaneously began singing the "internationale." Unfortunately, another tragic event occurred during the gathering. One person standing next to Comrade Leon was accidentally killed when Comrade Josef's rifle accidentally misfired. [Investigation of the Misfire Incident uncovered the fact that the deceased was one of Professor Fate's henchmen. An Alert has been issued by the Jimville Security Forces. - Ed.]

A committee meeting has been scheduled for next Tuesday to confirm the new expedition leader for the Glorious People's Expedition.

Report 78 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 5.

Date: 2003-03-24

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 5.

Fifth Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland:

With the growing tension between the British and Prussians as a back-drop, I started to prepare for our fifth expedition into the wilds of Jimland. Fritz and the Lady Windsor were only able to secure the services of a Sikh corporal from the British consulate. It seems that many of the other underemployed colonial troops are now being put to use in support of regular operations and the establishment of the new British base. That said, Fritz also hired 3 Askari of questionable repute. What other choice did we have?

The question of the Lady Helene Windsor accompanying us was quickly answered by Marie who simply took the Lady shopping for the proper attire of someone of her position and stature. Among the purchases was a revolver.

Abdul "the younger" returned and went about hiring the bearers and purchasing food and trade goods. We also searched all of Jimville for any sign of Diego Garcia, the Portuguese "tribal" hunter who had accompanied our last expedition, with no luck. Not even Marie's power of persuasion (namely a shotgun and her pet "Bobbie" the Albino Bobcat) could dig up any trace of information on Diego. Resigned to not having a hunter for this journey as the others had been hired out, we loaded the steamer for our trip down the coast and up the river to our departure point.

Much to our surprise, Diego was waiting at the drop off point. He told me the drums told him we were coming and that he had not returned to Jimville as the vile Spaniards have been keeping a low profile. At least that's what the Lady Windsor translated it as. It seems she does know Portuguese. Too bad the native won't be speaking that.

Our journey on foot along the banks of the river was halted when the Lady Windsor tripped and fell. Why is it someone always trips and falls on my expeditions? Are they just clumsy or is Abdul a poor scout? She had skinned her knee. Although Fritz would surely kiss it and make it better that night, she did not want to get an infection. Diego momentarily departed into the jungle and returned with a lovely red flower. Making a paste from its juice and some moss, he had Fritz apply it to the Lady's knee and her pain immediately went away. Consulting the "Jimland Guide to Flowering Plants" I discovered that this was an unknown species related to the Opium Poppy, hence the Jimland Poppy was discovered. Sufficient quantities were taken to prove its existence upon our return to Jimville.

Our journey was fraught with trouble from the beginning. A bearer fell into a snake pit. A trade bearer ill with fever died. The Sikh corporal died after drinking bad water. We encountered a native village that Abdul said might be friendly. With the Lady Windsor trying to translate. She couldn't make out the emphasis on certain words and the natives were as much confused as we were. Giving some trade goods we departed peacefully. Our next encounter with the locals was less hospitable as 5 Rebels attacked us. Their

cries of "For the Proletariat!" were unmistakably a sign that the Russians had been busy in the area. They were quickly dispatched though, as Marie ensured her shotgun was still functioning. Did you know that a shot from just one barrel at close range will take off someone's head? Fritz and an Askari gutted 2 others with their bayonets. Fritz likes to work up close and personal in combat. The rebels had been following a trail. Abdul and Diego both believe it to be part of the rumored "Ho Chi Jihm" trail.

The river continued through the jungle until we reached a village. The natives accepted our trade goods as the Lady Windsor translated without error this time. Simply a different dialect that she knew fully. We encouraged the village elders to fight against the rebels and the Russians. Hopefully the goods we gave them will have some effect.

We left the river and trekked through the jungle back towards our pick-up point. A bearer disturbed a nest of the Jimland Condor. Unfortunately for himself and 2 Askari, the Jimland Condors protect their nests rather viciously.

The next excitement for the expedition was when the Lady Windsor tripped yet again. Marie has promised to take her shopping for proper foot wear upon our return to Jimville. She had stumbled on a rock. X-Rock that is. The proceeds from that find will make the whole trip worthwhile.

We again crossed a jungle trail and were beset upon by rebel scum yelling "For the People". Yet another extension of the "Ho Chi Jihm" trail. I shot the lead one in the head. Marie said I would be rewarded for my good marksmanship later. Fritz gutted yet another with his bayonet, and Abdul the Younger acquitted himself nicely by shooting one in the head, and lopping off another head with his machete. These rebel activities will be reported to the proper authorities upon our return to Jimville.

The rest of our journey was uneventful. The steamer actually arrived as scheduled, though the captain apologized for being late. He said his watch was broken, though I never recall him ever having a watch.

Our return to Jimville was met with the usual buzz. The Lady Windsor and Marie returned as heroes, though people pointed and talked about the Lady. It seems there was a report in the World Herald that was not flattering of the Lady. She wishes to inform the readers that while she is a member of the Science Club and has undergone the initiation, she has never had anything to do with Prussian officers or any other man, except for her ex-husband of the bad repute, and Fritz of course. We were greeted by my other cousin Steven, Stash to friends and family. He had just arrived and gotten a room at the Empress. He will be accompanying us on our next journey. I am off now to meet with a rather odd gentleman, one Harvey Entwhistle, who claims to be a Geo-Alchemist, whatever that is.

End Journal entry for the fifth expedition.

Report 79 - IGNEOUS EXPEDITION WIPED OUT!
Date: 2003-03-30

IGNEOUS EXPEDITION WIPED OUT!

The Herald must sadly report that Herr Doctor Otto von Igneous and Members of His Valiant Expedition have been wiped out in an encounter with unknown parties in the Wilds of Jimland.

This information is from several of our Most Respected Sources. We have crossed checked the details from various reports. They all match in every detail.

Based on the reports of an Investigative Team dispatched by the German Consulate in cooperation with the Sultan's Advisors, the Igneous Expedition was apparently overrun in the dusky hour before dawn when most of the Expedition was still asleep. It appears the watch did sound the alarm before being cut down. It was to no avail. Most of the Expedition died in their beds.

A few Expedition Members rallied around Igneous's tent. It was here that the last stand was fought. There were no survivors. Hans, Igneous's faithful body guard died at his Master's feet. Igneous himself sustained at least a dozen wounds, all to the front. This shows there was no retreat. The Bodies of Igneous and Hans have been shipped back to Germany.

All of Jimland mourns these brave men. Many families in Jimville are now missing a loved one. The Sultan declared an official week of mourning for the lost men.

Messages of sympathy pour in from all over the World. The German Consul, on behalf on the Igneous family, thanks one and all for their concern. The Consul goes on to point out that the guilty party will be found and punished. Already the See Battalion has taken up the search for the evil parties behind this sad event. The Herald wishes them well.

Report 80 - FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION NEWS.

Date: 2003-04-05

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION NEWS

Far up the Mighty River Jim the lazy Jimbo empties its waters into the growing flow heading toward Jimville. The Jimbo is one of the largest known tributaries of the River Jim. Several miles up the Jimbo from its confluence with the River Jim lies the sleepy little town of Rancho Jimbo, affectionately called "The Ranch". The town was situated here due to the presence of a ford across the Jimbo. How it got its name is rather unclear. At first there was nothing but a small native village. As exploration and trade began to travel the river network of Jimland, Rancho Jimbo became a meeting place and jumping off point for many nameless expeditions.

Rancho Jimbo is located on the edge of the Jungle, hugging itself to the muddy shore of the Jimbo. Few Natives live in Rancho Jimbo, the population being largely tribal, though they have taken to the comforts of civilization far more than their relatives in the Wilds of Jimland. Native traders run the few businesses in Rancho Jimbo, namely The Red Stick Bar and The Royal Arms, a two-story hotel of questionable repute run by a British expatriate. The Royal Arms is the only multi-story building in Rancho Jimbo and therefore the largest building in town, and for that matter many, many miles around. A rundown supply shanty simply called the Trading Post wherein one can buy anything if one has enough money completes the commercial district of Ranch Jimbo.

The Sultan's presence in the Rancho Jimbo area is maintained by Rancho Jimbo being the Official Home of the Jimland Guides, a semi-regular establishment of soldiers. The Guides are famous as being tough fighters neither expecting nor giving quarter and being the fierce rival of a similar unit, the Jimland Rifles. More on the Rifles in a separate report. The Guides are also considered as much a pack of brigands as they are Soldiers of the Sultan's Army. None the less, the Guides keep the peace in the area, enforce the Sultan's Law, and for a fee, provide reliable armed escort for Expeditions jumping off from Rancho Jimbo.

Into this charming setting the Jimland Bitch noisily chugged. Belching annoying clouds of gray smoke and hot ash, the Bitch nudged against the dilapidated wooden pier. The old river steamer came to a tired halt while several planks of the pier floated slowly down river. Every time a vessel tied up to the pier, the pier lost a few planks. The locals just shrugged and once in a while roughly crafted makeshift replacements. One might say expectations were not unrealistically high in Rancho Jimbo.

Before the lines from the Jimland Bitch to the pier were secured, Julius Flagstone strode down the pier with Olivia Fate at his side. Yes, Olivia Fate, her alleged demise at the hands of slavers was much overplayed. Straight to the Royal Arms went the intrepid explorer. Some considered this his bravest act. He booked the entire hotel. With Olivia settled in the choicest room, Flagstone returned to supervise the unloading of his gear. Not until it was inventoried and safely stored did he pay the surly owner of the Jimland bitch, one Cap'n Jack. He paid in cash. As the sun settled into

the Jungle treetops, the Jimland Bitch churned a muddy wake downstream bidding Rancho Jimbo farewell.

Julius Flagstone did not look over his shoulder as he walked up the pier and into the sparse Royal Arms. Potter, the owner, sitting in his whittling chair, spat a brown puddle into the dirt main street of Rancho Jimbo. This ought to be interesting, he thought.

Report 81 - FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION PREPARES FOR THE WILDS.

Date: 2003-04-06

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION PREPARES FOR THE WILDS.

Flagstone woke early and felt much refreshed. After a brief breakfast with the radiant Olivia, he summoned his loyal gunbearer and took a stroll around the outskirts of Rancho Jimbo. It was a short walk.

As the sun rose higher in the clear sky, Flagstone set to work. He had a table and several chairs placed on the weathered veranda of the Royal Arms. From this position he began recruiting bearers. There was no shortage of applicants as this was a major source of employment for Rancho Jimbo and the expedition season was still young.

Olivia proceeded to ransack the Trading Post in search of additional supplies and equipment. The owner soon found she was a tough customer who knew the value of goods. An ever growing line of newly hired bearers carried the supplies back to Flagstone's supply hut, the former jail of Rancho Jimbo, seldom used but still the most secure building in the town. As she was finishing her business, she discovered a gun case buried under piles of old blankets and several empty barrels. The owner said he was not sure what was in the crate. Olivia had the top pried off. Inside was an assortment of handguns and related equipment. Smiling she hefted two 50 caliber monsters. Silently she walked out the Trading Post back door with the owner discretely following. Soon a small crowd had gathered as Olivia cleaned and loaded the huge pistols.

"Lady, those things'll take your arm off when you shoot them", said the Trading Post owner. "I think not", replied Olivia. She nodded to two of her aides. They quickly grabbed the protesting Trading Post owner. He was roughly walked to a position thirty yards out from the Trading Post. Olivia glanced around, picked up an apple-sized piece of fruit and walked over to the quivering owner. Smiling a particularly sweet smile she place the fruit on top of his head.

"Now, please hold still", was all she said. The aides held the man in place. Olivia returned to the crate. She inspected the two pistols and chose one. She faced the Trading Post owner.

"Come on lady. This isn't necessary," he pleaded. Olivia only smiled. She aimed at the man. "God A'mighty", he squeaked. The aides smiled, but edged slightly away from the man all the while keeping him firmly in their grasp.

The sound of the pistol brought all of Rancho Jimbo running. Flagstone arrived rifle in hand as did several of the Jimland Guides. Olivia smiled sweetly at Julius. "Just testing, dear," she said. The Trading Post owner stood between the aides, shattered fruit covering his head and shoulders. "I'm done now. I'll take the pistols. Please add them to my bill. Now, come along, boys." With that she turned and walked back into the Trading Post. The aides released the owner who promptly fainted dead away. The aides picked him up and hauled him back inside. The murmuring crowd slowly dispersed.

One of the Guides looked at Flagstone. "Tough woman" he said. A question or statement, Flagstone was unsure. "You have no idea", answered Flagstone with a grin. The Guide smiled and nodded. "Good," he said and walked off.

Report 82 - EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JULIUS FLAGSTONE.

Date: 2003-04-06

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JULIUS FLAGSTONE.

The Herald obtained an exclusive interview with Julius Flagstone and the Charming Olivia Fate. While preparations were made for his next Expedition Mr. Flagstone and Ms. Fate relaxed in the shade of the veranda of the Royal Arms Hotel. The small town of Rancho Jimbo lay before them.

WH: Julius Flagstone, Fearless and Famous Explorer. Well-known Scientist of the Empire and Member of the Royal Society of Modern Science. Wealthy Man of the World. That says it all don't you think?

JF: Yes, it does.

WH: Mr. Flagstone, everyone wants to know why you are in Rancho Jimbo when everything you could need is readily available in Jimville?

JF: Well, I needed a change of scenery. I am enjoying my stay in Rancho Jimbo. It is quite rustic and has a charm all its own.

WH: Yes, I am sure...

JF: And there are fewer, shall we say, entanglements here?

WH: I understand completely, sir. What is the goal of your forthcoming expedition?

JF: Nothing specific, the usual search for Fame, Glory, and Riches.

OF: Oh, Jules.

JF: Actually I chose Rancho Jimbo as my starting point because I have information about a lost city deep in the Wilds. Of course many of these rumors, or legends if you will, prove to be false, but I think this one bears investigation.

WH: Aren't you concerned that your competition might hear this and follow you or try to beat you to your objective?

JF: I don't believe I have told anyone exactly where I am going. And if some one wants to follow my lead, I wish them luck.

WH: It seems that your competition has thinned considerably since the unfortunate death of Doctor Igneous.

JF: Yes. A damn pity that. Igneous and I never quite saw eye to eye, but we respected one another and enjoyed the contest between us. A worthy opponent if ever there was one. I shall miss him.

WH: We have heard that Ponatowski is a distance second now.

JF: Ponatowski. Yes. Fine fellow, a little green, but promising, if he doesn't get himself shot over that Windsor woman being in his expedition.

OF: Now, Jules, Lady Windsor is quite charming and Marie I think the world of, and you know it. I think they will do fine.

JF: Probably, my dear. Actually its that damn People's Expedition that concerns me, spouting all that political drivel and stirring up the natives. It gives Exploring a bad name. And that Spaniard, what's his name?

OF: Don Alvarado?

JF: Yes. Don Alvarado. A rather suspicious character if you ask me.

WH: Well, since we are going down the whole list, what about Big Al or the Token Group.

JF: Really haven't heard much about either, I'm afraid. Although I have crossed paths with that Churchill fellow.

OF: A rascal.

JF: Yes, yes. My thoughts exactly. Never sure what he's up to. Too prissy for my tastes.

OF: laughter.

WH: Anything else you can tell the world about your next expedition, Mr. Flagstone?

JF: Not really. I'm sure you have managed to put a "source" or two in my expedition. I hope the story they deliver lives up to MY expectations.

WH: Actually, Mr. Flagstone, my full assignment was to have this interview and ask for permission to accompany you in the Wilds.

JF: Any experience Out There?

WH: Yes, two expeditions with Lord Shale before his sudden departure.(Laughter from both Flagstone and Fate). I have accompanied Big Jake Frere on several occasions.

JF: Action?

WH: More than I cared for.

OF: Can you shoot?

WH: Certainly.

OF: Show me.

At this point the interview was concluded. We went off into the bush where this reporter demonstrated his marksmanship to Ms Fate. Mr. Flagstone questioned me further and had me demonstrate my skill at several wilderness survival techniques.

I am pleased to report I have been accepted as the Official Press Representative for the forthcoming Flagstone Expedition.

Note to Editor: Flagstone requires a small honorarium be deposited in his account in the Banque de Jimville. See the attached documents for the amount and the disclaimer I had to sign regarding injuries or death suffered during the expedition. Are these items covered under our group medical policy? As agreed before my departure, reports will be forwarded through the usual secure channels.

Report 83 - GERMANS AND RUSSIANS SKIRMISH. REINFORCEMENTS DISPATCHED.
Date: 2003-04-06

GERMANS AND RUSSIANS SKIRMISH. REINFORCEMENTS DISPATCHED.

The German Consul reported that the See Battalion, on the trail of the murderers of Igneous and Party, was attacked by Russians. A skirmish ensued. The Germans held the field when it was over. Casualties were moderate. The German Consul also reported that replacements were immediately sent to the See Battalion. In addition, Regular Army troops were dispatched to assist the See Battalion in their search and to fend off any further Russian interference.

The World Herald has it from reliable sources that the transport containing the German Regular Army troops also held one or more of their infernal steam tanks. Is another German assault on the Russians in the making? Only time will tell Dear Reader.

SECRET PIRATE BASE ATTACKED.

The American Consul reported that American Marines stormed Another Secret Pirate Base on one of the Secret Islands off the Jimland coast. It was reported the Italian Bersaglieri also participated in the assault. Casualties were said to be as light.

It is also rumored that the Royal Marine Light Infantry accompanied by the Legion are enroute to another Secret Pirate Base. The effort to find and destroy all these Dens of Pirate Scum continues. We will bring You further reports as they arrive.

STEAMER AGROUND.

Much to Cap'n Jack's chagrin, the Jimland Bitch ran aground near the junction of the River Jim and the Jimbo tributary. It seems Cap'n Jack was steaming on a moonless night during low tide in an effort to get his money safely back to Jimville. The Jimland Bitch sits high and dry on a sandbar near the western bank. Our Sources say Cap'n Jack hopes to refloat the Bitch on the coming of high tide. Until then, he and his crew stand guard to protect the steamer from looters, rebel attack, and potential Pirate Raids.

None of the Consulates nor the Sultan has offered troops to help protect the Jimland Bitch. Is this another example of government disregard for the Public Welfare? How else will goods be transported up and down the River Jim and its Countless Tributaries? The Jimland Bitch, though rusty and sooty, is the Only Public Transport available outside of canoes. How long can this be allowed to go on? Roads are non-existent in the Wilds. The Rivers are our Great Highways to the Interior! They must be protected. We call upon All Parties Concerned to protect the Jimland Bitch for the Public Good. If not that, then replace the leaky bucket with a modern river steamer.

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION CONTINUES PREPARATIONS.

Julius Flagstone continues to prepare his expedition for the Wilds of Jimland. He has hired many porters. His current effort is directed toward getting local Askaris or a Company of Jimland Guides as his armed escort.

Recruiting of Askaris continues and negotiations with the Guides Commander are in progress. Our reporter stands ready to accompany the Expedition.

Report 84 - UNREST IN JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-04-20

UNREST IN JIMLAND

We have it from Reliable Sources that the Natives are restless in Jimland. The Sultan's incessant taxation and mistreatment of the Natives has fueled growing unrest throughout Jimland. Acts of violence against the Sultan and his many Palaces, Spas, Ranches, Retreats, Farms, and other Holdings has reached new levels. The Sultan's Guard is constantly putting down riots from one end of Jimland to the other. Only Jimville remains relatively calm due to the large number of Guard units in town.

Consulate Row is abuzz with speculation. The various Consuls seem to be maintaining their distance from the Sultan. The Germans blame the Russians who, if they were in Jimville to add to the gossip, would surely blame the Germans.

The Americans and British were seen holding meetings together. The French, the Italians, and the Germans all go their separate ways.

Dear Reader, something is in the air. We will keep you informed of every political twist and turn. And please remember the Sultan is tolerating no exceptions to the recent curfew. Alas, the poor Abdulla Triplets, turned Twins, turn Only Child, turned a mere memory and several bad pictures in the Jimville School Yearbook.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION RETURNS FROM THE WILDS

A Large Expedition lead by Casimir Ponatowski with Fritz and Cousin Stash guarding his blind side marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. They marched on. Bad water killed all the Trade bearers. They marched on. They stumbled through the Mountains. They marched on, into more Mountains.

They marched on, directly into a large Spider Nest. Askari and more bearers were bitten by the bug so to speak. They marched on. They found Jungle everywhere. They marched on. They bought Food where they could. They discovered Opium fields in the vast Jungle.

They marched on. Hostile Rebels attacked and were beaten off. They marched on even though excessive heat dropped Askari dead on the Jungle trail.

They marched on. Hostile Rebels attacked. They were beaten off with no loss. They discovered a deserted village and looted it like the gentlemen they are. They marched on. Bearers started dying of Starvation. They straggled back into Jimville, hungry but determined to do it again.

We must note the gossip around all Jimville that the Lovely Marie DID NOT accompany Casimir into the Wilds. She was seen about town in the company of Lady Windsor. What does this mean, Gentle Reader? Just who has Marie's Loyalty and Undying Affection? The Brave Casimir or the Ennobled Lady Windsor. Does the Lovely Marie switch hit? We can only wait to see what happens next, and enjoy the juicy rumors while we can.

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION CONTINUES PREPARATIONS

From Rancho Jimbo we are reliably informed that Julius Flagstone is nearly ready to move out into the Wilds of Jimland. He has hired many bearers. His full expedition is ready. He reports that only "a dip and dullcoting" remain. Whatever that means!

Meanwhile Ponatowksi is feverishly getting ready to return to the Wilds. We might let Julius know that all this sitting around looks rather bad when the Ponatowski Expedition is constantly in action. We quote the man in the street, "Come on Julius, get the Lead Out."

FASHION SHOW

The Jimville House of Girls and Casino would like to remind everyone that their Annual Fashion Show will be held soon. Tickets are available in the Casino and at the door. This year's theme is "Lingerie in the Wilds, Silk and Canvas, Feminine yet Durable." A presentation on avoiding chaffing will also be given. Get your tickets now.

Report 85 - WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Date: 2003-04-20

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Apparently not much. It has been reported that the Jimland Guides have changed their name to the Jimland Independent Guides Brigade. The proprietor of the unit, Etienne Gespard, late of French Service, has decided that in the light of the recent political unrest, it is necessary to establish that the Guides are Independent of the Sultan and his Military Apparatus. We quote Gespard, "The Guides are an independent formation, raised, trained, and equipped by yours truly, and available for hire. We have current contracts with the Sultan's Military Advisor, not the Sultan himself. We also have a small engagement with The Flagstone Expedition to provide armed escort during their travels. Anyone requiring our services should contact us at our Rancho Jimbo Headquarters for availability and rates."

To nobody's surprise, the Jimland Rifles have also issued a statement and we quote, "We are now officially the Jimland Independent Rifle Brigade. Contact George Uppington, late of British Service, at our new Headquarters in scenic Upper Rancho Jimbo for availability and rates. We accept all competitor's coupons."

For those who are geographically challenged, Upper Rancho Jimbo is about thirty yards north of the original Rancho Jimbo, still within mutual support distance of the rest of Rancho Jimbo should difficulties with the locals arise. A barracks, drunk tank, several holding cells, and a parade ground are planned. Lots are still available.

PONATOWSKI DOES IT AGAIN

Another Large Expedition lead by Casimir Ponatowski with Fritz and Cousin Stash guarding his blind side marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. Off to an auspicious start, a Trade Bearer immediately drowned crossing a stream. They marched on into the jungle.

They marched on. A wandering soldier joined the Expedition. They marched on. A Really Large force of potentially Hostile Rebels was bought off with Trade Goods. To quote Casimir, "That shows the power of Capitalism. Bet those silly People's Expedition buffoons would have tried to give them handbooks and slogans".

They marched on. They discovered a new Dinosaur species as yet unnamed. They followed a river north. More jungle, ever more damn jungle was their refrain. They marched on. They followed the river ever northward. They found more jungle.

A Really Large Force of Hostile Rebels attacked. "More back stabbing communists," growled Casimir. The Expedition shot the Rebels to bits. Casimir personally killed one in hand-to-hand. They marched on. Animals attacked. A Food bearer lived up to his job description. They marched on. They discovered a Medicinal Plant. A Food Bearer died while testing the medicinal qualities of the plant. They marched on.

Hostile Natives attacked. They were easily beaten off. However, Starvation now reared its ugly head. Bearers, Askari, and Soldiers died of Starvation. They marched on, bellies rumbling. The alleged Hunter, Diego something or other, finally shot some game for supper. The Expedition decided to let him live another day.

They marched on. More Hostile Natives attacked. They were unmercifully gunned down. Only one reached the Expedition and was hacked into goo by Cousin Stash, who showed a decided homicidal side. They marched on and returned to Jimville.

Once Again, the Lovely Marie DID NOT accompany Casimir Ponatowski into the Wilds. That's Twice. Has she lost her taste for bad food, bad weather, and bad hygiene? Has she been bought out and turned to the dark side of High Society and Haute Cuisine? Only the Lady Windsor knows and she just turns up her nose every time we ask. We can only wonder, Dear Reader. Your opinions are solicited. Please send them to the Editor, Jimland Desk, Jimville.

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION STILL CONTINUES PREPARATIONS

From Rancho Jimbo it is reported that Julius Flagstone continues to wait for "dip and dullcote". When asked what this strange process is his reply was "Don't ask, and don't drop any in your lap, especially if you are naked." What does THIS mean, Dear Reader. We are clueless.

Report 86 - PONATOWSKI PROVES HIMSELF AGAIN!

Date: 2003-04-20

PONATOWSKI PROVES HIMSELF AGAIN!

A Not So Large As Last Time Expedition lead by Casimir Ponatowski with Fritz and Cousin Stash guarding his blind side marched into the Wilds with Great Expectations. To their undisguised glee they immediately discovered an Elephant Graveyard. They hauled off much ivory as Loot. Even Askari and Soldiers were given Ivory to carry. Much grumbling ensued.

They marched on. Casimir slipped, some say he was pushed, and nearly fell into a ravine. Several bearers did fall to their deaths while crossing the ravine. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Primitive Man and named him "Homosocialist Beadyeyes".

They marched on. They found jungle wherever they turned. They found a deserted village by a river. They marched on. They discovered the Giant Jimland Forktailed Butterfly. They moved away from the river. A lost bearer joined the Expedition. They marched on.

Heavy rains stopped all marching. They got up to march again, but Fog closed in and they sat down. They got up to march again, but Casimir was ill with "Fog Fever" and they sat down. They finally marched on. They happily bought food from friendly natives.

They marched on. They discovered a new Dinosaur species. Hostile Natives attacked. Again they were shot to pieces except for the one Cousin Stash hacked into paste. They wondered if this guy needed serious help. They marched home.

CASIMIR PONATOWSKI SERIOUSLY INJURED

In the final fight in the latest Expedition lead by the Fearless and Famous Explorer Casmir Ponatowski, Casimir was Seriously Injured. He was carried back to Jimville unconscious and/or delirious. We have not been able to get further information about his condition. Cousin Stash has taken charge of the Expedition's members, goods, and accounts until Casimir "is fit to lead again".

All of Jimville hope for a speedy recovery for Casimir.

But Again We Must Ask, Where was the Lovely Marie in Casimir's Hour of Need? A Third Time she DID NOT accompany Casimir Ponatowski into the Wilds. Is the Lovefest over? Has Marie become Chaste? Has she forsaken Her Man in his time of danger? We asked Cousin Stash. His reply was "She's a tart." Well, it seems the gloves are coming off. We wish for a return to the idyllic days of not-so-long-ago when the couple were everywhere, gazing longing into one another's eyes even as they practiced repelling native attacks with live targets. Can these blissful days be gone forever? Fear not Dear Reader, we will get to the bottom of this whole sordid affair.

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION CONTINUES PREPARATIONS

From Rancho Jimbo, the Flagstone Expedition still sits on its backside moaning about "dip and dullcote". We no longer care what it is, only that it is completed, dried, baked, whatever. With the Ponatowski Expedition leaderless, this is Flagstone's chance to seize the spotlight and regain his Fearless and Famous Explorer reputation. We await events.

SCIENCE CLUB MEETING

Its time for the monthly SCIENCE CLUB meeting. This month's guest is some foreigner named J. Verne who will speak on their theme, "Rockets to the Moon". The meeting will be held in the abandoned adobe fort ruins west of Jimville. This will be the new Club House as the Sultan has forcefully replied that, and they quote, "there is no way in hell those crazies are meeting inside the city limits. The old pier is still glowing at night, damn it." The Science Club is saddened by the Sultan's lack of scientific curiosity. They are sure their "Rockets to the Moon" theme will put them back in His Good Graces, especially as they plan to do all their launches directly over the Sultan's Palace. They hope the Sultan will enjoy the experience and join the Club.

Report 87 - SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

Date: 2003-04-21

SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

The Editor thought you, Gentle Reader, might be interested in some of the myriad of things that cross our desks here at the World Herald. As a new feature of the Herald we will occasionally bring these things to light for the edification of all.

For example, recently received was this post:

Sir:

I am writing on behalf of my cousin, Casimir Ponatowski. Attached are the journal excerpts from his latest expeditions. He is unfortunately suffering from several dire injuries, so I am submitting these on his behalf so the truth can be told. Please consider them for publication.

In addition, Sir, I would like to inform you that some of your sources might not be reliable as you think. Fritz did not accompany us on these three expeditions as he was providing security for Marie, the Lady Windsor, and the fashion show. Also, we did not return to Jimville during these three expeditions, supplies were brought to us up river.

Lastly, you might want to mention in the gossip column [What gossip column? - Ed] that Marie and the Lady Windsor are rather upset with the gossip mongers out there. Most notably the "Prussian Witch" (German Consuls wife), the "French Tart" (French Consuls wife), the "Italian Whore" (Italian Consuls mistress, his wife would never be a gossip), and of course the evil Darrylene, considering she has been implicated in the plot to kill Casimir. You must read the journal entries to discover the truth. I just thought I would tell you this so you can get new sources. [Our sources aren't old yet - Ed]

If you need to contact me, our new base of operations is the old chief tax collectors villa on the edge of town. A place we are now calling Vistula Villa. [The People's Expedition most surely will love that. - Ed]

Thank you for your time in this matter.

Steven Dombrowski
CPT, Polish Home Army

End of post.

Report 88 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 6.
Date: 2003-04-21

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PONATOWSKI REPORT 6.

After a few weeks rest that saw us welcome my cousin Steven Dombrowski, a.k.a. "Stash", to Jimland and the usual haunts in Jimville, our party grew restless, so we started preparations. For the ladies and Fritz, it was preparations of a different sort. You see the ladies got involved in organizing a fashion show of sorts using the Casino and House of Girls [The Jimland House of Girls and Casino - Ed] as the setting. What a fashion show it will be I'm sure. Fritz, of course, remained behind to serve as security for this little event.

With those arrangements made, Stash and I departed accompanied by Diego Garcia our hunter and the scout Abdul "the younger" still in search of his brother. Additional members of our party consisted of the British Lt. Thorndike and some trusty Sikhs as well as some local Askari that Stash has vowed to make "true soldiers" of. He is, after all, a captain in the Polish Home Army and a well-trained swordsman. Lastly, a rather quirky individual named Harvey Entwhistle who claims to be a geo-chemist [Whatever that is. Does he have a license to practise in Jimland? - Ed] joined our party. It seems that Harvey, he prefers to be called that, believes that there are other mysterious elements/rocks/things of a geological/chemical nature to be found in Jimland besides the coveted X-rock. If you don't believe me, go ahead and ask him and he will surely take hours "informing" you. I actually believe he is quite mad, but he has shown himself quite the marksman with his pistol and is great for comic relief, especially when he tries to translate scientific terms into the local dialect or Portuguese for the sake of Diego. Overall we had 13 fighting men and 16 bearers in the expedition.

Our journey started off badly as our trade bearers both drank bad water the first day up river as we were approaching a small mountain range. The next day, as we moved north through the mountains, an Askari and two of our precious food bearers perished when they fell into a giant spider nest. As we left the mountains and descended into the jungle we spotted some tribals from a distance, but they avoided us. Our mountain view also showed us a rather large opening in the jungle canopy below. Upon making it to that spot, we discovered a large, well-tilled field of Jimland Poppies. After gathering a large lot, we set off back toward the jungle, only to be attacked by some of the dreaded Rebels. Yelling their usual meaningless slogans, they charged out of the jungle. It appears that the Rebel scum are cultivating the Jimland Poppy to help finance their evil endeavors. [With or without the help of the People's Expedition, we wonder? - Ed] They were quickly dispatched with the bullet and bayonet at the cost of one of our trusty Sikhs.

We continued through the jungle as the temperatures grew oppressive eventually leading to the death of one Askari. As we neared our pick-up point along the river we were yet again set upon by a large group of Rebels. Diego and the remaining Sikhs all downed one with their opening volley, but LT. Thorndike had to dispatch one with his sword after shooting him in the head. It seems the Rebel had his turban so stuffed with propaganda leaflets

that it stopped the Lieutenant's bullet from penetrating his skull. Just goes to prove that besides being used for toilet paper, the propaganda put out by the People's Expedition is not entirely worthless. Nearing the river, we came upon a deserted village, and after a rather thorough search we discovered a fairly large sum of gold. It seems that this may have been a hiding place for the Rebel scum and their opium trade profits. Of course we took the loot and will put it to good use buying bullets to kill them. We arrived at the river pick-up point very low on supplies. So low in fact, that because of the riverboat captain being yet again late (10 days), one of our bearers perished. [You can't blame Cap'n Jack for that one. The Jimland Bitch sits high and dry on a sand bar not far south of Rancho Jimbo. Cap'n Jack sits in the Red Stick Bar, not very high and not very dry. - Ed]

That said, when the riverboat arrived, it was laden with supplies, and the Captain said, "Here are the supplies you paid me for Mr. Churchill." Never one to turn down a gift and being no fan of that Churchill (no relation)[Well said! - Ed] fellow, we gladly took the supplies and had the captain take us down the other fork in the river. This saved us weeks as we rested a few days by the river before heading up the western fork.

End of journal entry.

Report 89 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 7.

Date: 2003-04-21

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PONATOWSKI REPORT 7.

With the unexpected windfall of the supplies bound for the Churchill expedition being given to us by the drunken riverboat captain, we had no need to return to Jimville to re-supply. Fortunately, there were even a few extra bearers on board that gladly joined us. The only bad point about this was that there was no vodka to be had. Lieutenant Thorndike and Harvey, the Geo-Alchemist, both were delighted at the plentiful rations of gin we acquired, but Stash, myself, Diego, and Abdul had to learn to "acquire" the taste for that vile drink.

After a few days rest we headed up the western fork of the river we had been following. An unfortunate bearer slipped and fell into the river. His load strapped to his back pulled him under and he was never seen again. A few days in, Abdul gave the hand signal for an immediate halt. He crept into the bush and as a man came running down the trail, he jumped on him. It turns out the man was an Italian soldier that had been separated from his unit during a fierce battle with the Russians. He claimed he was being pursued by a group of Rebels. We took him into our party and very shortly thereafter, we encountered 10 Rebels. They had not expected such a large force and were taken aback. After a brief discussion and a small gift of some cheap trade items to the sorry looking lot, they departed rather pleased. Just goes to show that everyone has their price and that capitalism proved its worth yet again.

Harvey finally proved his worth as he was examining some rocks along the trail. Or so he thought. It turns out that the large outcropping of what he thought was rocks actually moved! Upon consulting the "Jimland Guide to Land Animals Bigger Than Your House", we found that this was actually a new species of walking dinosaur. Hence the "Jimland Rokasaur" was discovered. [Duly noted and added to the list of All Things Jimland Discovered by Fearless and Famous Explorers. - Ed]

Our journey north along the river continued until Abdul "the younger" yet again signaled for a quick halt and then for us to form up. No sooner than we had when we were beset upon by yet another group of Rebel scum. The encounter was over quickly as telling fire from the Sikhs and Askari took out 3 of the attackers and I contributed one shot dead and one bludgeoned to death with my rifle butt. It was then that I realized that something odd was occurring. In our previous expeditions, the attacks were directed at the group as a whole, but throughout the previous expedition and this one, the attacks seemed to be directed at Lieutenant Thorndike and myself almost exclusively. It appears that my fame and the stance of the British against the Rebels have made the Lieutenant and myself "targets". [The price of a reputation. Buck up! - Ed]

The rest of the journey was a bit uneventful. A bearer died when taken during the night by a large cat. Diego found a large stand of an herb that he claimed had very good medicinal purposes including fighting poison, stopping bleeding, and acting as an anesthetic. Upon consulting "The Jimland

Guide to Flowering Plants", I discovered that this was an undocumented plant. Thus, Jimland Reefer was discovered. Our journey could not end soon enough as it seems that Churchill fellow had paid for rather sub-standard rations, most of which went bad. Due to the hunger brought on by half-rations, a bearer, an Askari and the Italian soldier sampled some of the local flora to try to satisfy their hunger. Their deaths were quick. Note to all; do not eat the red berries with blue spots.

Nearing our starting point and hopefully a quick pick up by the riverboat captain, we were again set upon by Rebels. Screaming epitaphs like "Death to the Capitalists" and "For Comrade Vladimir!" they quickly melted back into the jungle after 3 were shot and one beheaded by Stash. It is amazing what a good sword can do to vertebrae. [We'd rather not know. - Ed]

We arrived at the pick-up point to discover the riverboat leaving the pick up point and chugging back down stream! But on the bank was a large pile of supplies. Upon further investigation, Harvey found a note saying, "Here's your supplies Dr. Flagstone. I will be back in 2 weeks to get you." [Ooh! Now you've done it! - Editor and Big Flagstone Fan]

End of journal entry.

Report 90 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 8.

Date: 2003-04-21

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE PONATOWSKI REPORT 8.

We had hoped to return to Jimville in time for the fashion show that my Marie and the Lady Windsor had been arranging, but being left by the riverboat captain for a further 2 weeks, I knew that would not be possible. Marie would understand because she knows the drunk-induced incompetence of the riverboat captain first hand. She would surely be disappointed, but I'm sure she will just spend a bit more at the fashion show to appease her disappointment.

Having supplies bound for Dr. Flagstone in Rancho Jimbo (nice place I hear, but I have never been there) lead to the same situation as the previous batch of supplies meant for the Churchill expedition. No vodka, just gin. Ack. [Well the steamer Captain stiffed you then, because Flagstone only carries the finest wines on his Expedition. He says they go better with hardtack and stringy meat. - Ed]

Having a two-week timeline for this expedition, and being fairly well rested we quickly departed upriver. Harvey proved his worth, well sort of. He got lost the second day out and in our search for him, Diego stumbled upon an elephant graveyard! Taking all of the ivory we could carry, and I do mean we as the soldiers and Askari all had loads, we continued to search for Harvey. Abdul found him sleeping under a tree. Lucky that he was not killed by the local wildlife.

The next night as Stash was on watch, there was a sudden blood-curdling scream. We quickly rushed to his aid. At his feet was the body of a small, primitive man. The head lay a few yards away where it had landed after being separated from the creature's body. Consulting the "Jimland Guide to Primitive Man" we found that this was a new species of primitive man. Stash commented that it reminded him of a Russian he knew once, hence "Homosocialist Beadyeyes" was discovered.

Further along our trek upriver we came upon a deserted village. It was rather strange, as it appeared that the people had just vanished. Fires were still burning, food was in the midst of being prepared, etc. It just seemed odd and unnerved a few of the bearers. We left the river heading east a bit before turning south toward the place where we hoped to be picked up by the riverboat. Along the way, while we were taking a rest break, Harvey had a rather odd looking butterfly land on his nose while he was sleeping. After a quick slap by Stash (followed by an apology for the broken nose), we consulted the newly released "Jimland Guide to Insects for Fun, Profit, and Lunch" and found that this butterfly was a previously unknown species. Hence the Jimland Forktailed Butterfly was discovered.

Our expedition then came to an unexpected halt. There was a very heavy rain that made movement next to impossible. This was followed shortly thereafter by a dense fog that we could not see through.

A CHANGE OF LEADERSHIP

This is where Casimir was taken ill. I, his cousin Stash will take up the tale for posterity sake and so that the entire truth can be known to the world.

The environmental conditions made Casimir ill and though weakened, we pressed on after a brief rest. We encountered some friendly natives that Diego and Abdul bought some food from. Lieutenant Thorndike found a rather evil looking two legged dinosaur that after consulting all of Casimir's books we found to be a new species. The head and limbs of the beast were carried by us as proof of its existence. It is called the "German Running Dog". Since Casimir was not himself, he let me name it. Shortly thereafter tragedy struck. Five brigands disguised as Rebels ambushed us. [Must have been quite a disguise. - Ed] As in previous engagements they focused on attacking Casimir and the British Officer Thorndike. They had dug holes in the ground and hid in them until we were in their midst. No wonder Abdul did not scout them out. While in the midst of beheading one, I saw their blades covered in a black substance. I could only think of the worse, poison! In his weakened condition, Casimir could not stand up to the onslaught from his attacker and the blade struck home just a moment before an Askari bayoneted the attacker. Casimir was weak from Fog Fever, lost a lot of blood and was poisoned by the vile blade. Quick thinking by Diego saved him. Taking some of the Jimland Reefer and Jimland Opium we had he worked diligently to stabilize Casimir as we all waited expecting the worse, but hoping for the best. While this occurred the Lieutenant searched the bodies of the attackers. What we found was interesting. First were Spanish Gold pieces and a note translated by Diego that said, "Kill the Pole" and was signed with the initials "D.P.". The second interesting tidbit was a note "to my love" from someone named "Darrlylene". Her love will not be returning.

Upon returning to Jimville, these pieces of the puzzle were put together by Fritz, Marie and the Lady Windsor. It seems that during the fashion show there were some loose-lipped (drunken) guests who made mention of a "conspiracy" and made statements like "they will get theirs" and "hope it's painful". [Sounds like some of the Lingerie during the show. - Ed] It appears that a conspiracy between at least two of the other "expedition" leaders to kill Casimir has come to light. They however have not succeeded. With Casimir's wealth, we have bought him the best medical attention that can be found in Jimland.

Further, we have purchased from the Sultan a compound on the outskirts of Jimville that used to belong to his chief tax collector. This we are turning into our base of operations, as it is large enough and can be made very comfortable by the Lady who is spending her time decorating. As for Fritz, he's busy securing the place and seemingly never sleeps. Myself, I am training several Askari with the hopes of turning them into real soldiers. As for Marie, she does not leave Casimir's side. He is still weak and delirious at times, but the doctors say that chances are he will live, though his recovery will be lengthy and he may never be the same.

End of journal entry.

We of the Herald wish Mr. Ponatowski the best. We request of Captain Dombrowski, Cousin Stash to Casimir, that he stop the damn witchdoctor's chants at a reasonable hour so the rest of Jimville can get some rest.

It is reported that Flagstone took umbrage at the loss of supplies, and a 50 caliber Express Magnum after the steamer Captain. To quote Julius about the whole incident, "Missed him by that much." The Captain has not been seen around Jimville or Rancho Jimbo since.

Report 91 - RUSSIANS! REBELS! THE UGLY TRUTH! THE SULTAN ISSUES A DECREE!

Date: 2003-04-24

RUSSIANS! REBELS! THE UGLY TRUTH! THE SULTAN ISSUES A DECREE!

The Sultan's head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has irrefutable proof that the Russians are giving aid and comfort to the Sultan's sworn enemies, the Rebels of Jimland. If either of our men had survived, we would have had pictures and first hand accounts to provide to the press. As is it you must trust our word.

The aid is in the form of arms and weapons of mass destruction. Said weapons are being freely distributed by the godless Russians from their base at the foot of Mount Jim. If the Sultan could cause the long dormant Mount Jim to erupt he would happily do so to rid Jimland of the Russian Curse. The Russians continue to bring troops and hideous weapons such as Rockets into peaceful Jimland. The Sultan mourns the fact the German's previous attempt to destroy the base failed. If only...

Russian comfort is in the form of medical supplies, food, clothing, and the rather pudgy female nurses who accompany the supplies. Though far less attractive than any in the Sultan's Own Harem, the Sultan is sure the creature comforts provided by these "auxiliaries" is helping the morale of the Rebels.

The Sultan is also sure that he knows who is hijacking his tax money. How else could the Russian peasants pay for all their Tools of Destruction? It is obvious to the least of us.

In addition, it has come to the Sultan's attention that the efforts of the People's Expedition are nothing less than subversive. These pamphlet-toting rabble-rousers pose a serious threat to the internal harmony of all Jimland.

Another element of alarm for the Sultan is the Fascist Spanish point team lead by Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte and his evil assistant Don Pedro. It is obvious to the Sultan that this is another menace that must be dealt with.

In fact, the Sultan is reviewing the Standing Jimland Policy on Foreign Exploration Parties, Their Size, Location, and Activities. Numerous reports have reached the Sultan of collusion among the alleged Expeditions and the Rebels and the Russians. Has anyone but the Sultan noticed they only get attacked by small bands of Rebels as a kind of courtesy. Obviously, the Rebels and the Explorers are in league.

THE SULTAN'S DECREE

In light of all these facts, the Sultan decrees the following to take effect immediately:

1. The Russians are forthwith expelled from all of Jimland.

2. A bounty is placed on any Russians dragged to the Guard Tower.
3. The Russian Consulate is hereby closed, wherever it is.
4. All other Consulates must immediately pay a Consulate Fee. See the Fee Schedule nailed to the Main Gate of the Sultan's Palace. Payment is due in one week and in cash. Failure to pay means immediate expulsion from Jimland and confiscation of all properties and accounts.
5. The People's Expedition is hereby banished from Jimville.
6. The Alverado Expedition is hereby banished from Jimville.
7. All Expeditions are hereby notified that they are put on notice and must give notice if they notice anything of note.
8. All Expeditions must immediately pay an Expedition Fee. See the Fee Schedule chart nailed to the Main Gate of the Sultan's Palace. Payment is due in one week and in cash. Failure to pay means immediate expulsion from Jimland and confiscation of all properties and accounts."

End of the MDI statement. Copies may be found all over Jimville. The Jimville Curfew remains in effect until further notice, Dear Readers.

We wonder what prompted this activity? The Sultan's Guard patrols a gloomy Jimville. Have no fear, Gentle Reader, we will bring you all the news you need to know about these latest events.

CONSULATE ROW

All the Consuls held a meeting last night. In an obvious challenge to the Sultan, the Consuls all strolled to the meeting notably held after the Curfew at the Jimville House of Girls and Casino. The Consuls were also Notably escorted by Large Numbers of their various Military Units who appeared to be looking for an excuse for a fight.

The outcome of the meeting is not known. The troops kept prying eyes away from the discussion. Several of our sources were summarily captured, questioned, and left tied to the tree from which they had been attempting to gather a report. It is a sad thing. Are we descending to martial law? What about Your Right to the news, Dear Readers!

It was noted by several with keen eyesight, that a British Frigate or Corvette was patrolling just off the entrance to Jimville Harbor. That they were out of range of the Harbor defenses was demonstrated by the inability of the Guns to hit the vessel after several hours of trying. It was later reported that the gunners thought it was a Pirate attack. We will never know for sure.

EXPEDITION ACTIVITY INCREASES

It is noted that activity among the various Expeditions in Jimville has reached a new tempo, one with a sense of urgency. Several runners have been dispatched to Expedition in the field with the news of the Sultan's Decree. Supply prices have skyrocketed. Ponatowski's Vistula Villa cum Fort looks like an inspired idea, however, even they are considering their options. All the Expeditions feel their feet are in the Sultan's fire.

SCIENCE CLUB

It has been announce the SCIENCE CLUB has been "federalized" and taken into the Sultan's Weapon and Home Appliance Research Center. A shame as the lads were such fun. The Club vows to hold its meetings anyway anytime and anywhere it can. Memberships are still being accepted. Join up. Join the Fun.

LOST DOG

The Imperial German Consul is not amused that his dog was returned as a lampshade. "You are in trouble now. You know who you are", sputtered the Consul. We think using the tail as the pull string was a little tacky.

Report 92 - THE SULTAN TO DELIVER POLICY SPEECH.

Date: 2003-04-25

THE SULTAN TO DELIVER POLICY SPEECH.

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing the Sultan will give a Public Address outlining new changes to be immediately implemented for the greater good of all Jimland. Attendance is mandatory. Assemble at the usual place by the Sultan's Balcony near the Main Gate of the Palace. You know where it is.

The Sultan's Military Advisor would like to report that the Sultan's Guard attacked a camp of Evil Rebels and godless Russians. Thousands were slain. No losses were reported to the Victorious Sultan's Guard.

The Sultan's Court Advisor would like to report that the Sultan's Internal Security Apparatus exposed and captured a Network of godless Rebel Spies and Evil Russian Intriguers. Hundreds were later executed after they confessed their wrongdoing and begged for forgiveness. No losses were reported to the Victorious Sultan's Internal Security Apparatus.

The Sultan is pleased to see the Good Citizen of Jimland pitching in to repel the Odious Russian Onslaught "Every citizen can do their part," says The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab. "You can fight them with your hands. Together we will make them wish they had never been born. Our Complete Victory is in sight!"

The Sultan wishes one and all to have a Nice Day."

End of the MDI Statement.

EXPEDITION ACTIVITY INCREASES

It is reliably reported that Rancho Jimbo is becoming a haven for the Fearless and Famous Explorers and their associates. Flagstone has publicly declared he is moving his entire operation there as soon as possible. Although he has established a temporary camp there, he cautions that he does not want to get trapped up river by the unsure political climate of Jimland. He is also looking for a small coastal village. Any suggestions are appreciated. James' Landing or Marina Del Jim have been proposed as suitable locations. Inspections are being made. Dear Reader, like you, we anxiously await events.

Other Expeditions are not letting the rather isolated location of Rancho Jimbo stop them from leaving Jimville and heading directly to that muddy spot on the banks of the Jimbo. Wasting no time, the People's Expedition is rumored to have set up camp in the "Explorer's Quarter" a newly designated piece of empty land on the western side of Rancho Jimbo. In fact, the "Explorer's Quarter" will probably be larger than all of the tiny Rancho Jimbo.

Don Alverado has already started upriver with his entire operation trudging along. Don Pedro brought up the rear making sure there were no stragglers or loss of goods.

Winthrop P. Churchill was released from the Guard Tower where he had been taken, kicking and screaming, to be presented as a Russian Prisoner by some enterprising young idealists. It took all the thinly veiled threats and curses he could muster, not to mention all the money he could raise in very short order to obtain his release. Churchill and Expedition are now packing their belongings and roundly cursing Cap'n Jack for running the Jimland Bitch aground just when the rust bucket was needed the most.

Cap'n Jack still slouches in the Red Stick Bar in a black humor. We advise approaching with extreme caution.

Report 93 - THE SULTAN A NO-SHOW AT HIS OWN POLICY SPEECH.

Date: 2003-04-26

THE SULTAN A NO-SHOW AT HIS OWN POLICY SPEECH.

To the Utter Amazement of All of Jimville, the Sultan failed to show up for his own Policy Speech. No explanation was immediately given. However, an Even More Astounding Thing happened. It is Completely without Precedence.

A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION

As a buzz passed among the gathered throng, a shadowed figure stepped out onto the Sultan's Balcony. A hush fell over the crowd. It was not the Sultan. The man spoke.

"It is my pleasure to announce a change of administration in Jimland. Please let me introduce the Glorious Ibet bin Zia."

A new figure appeared on the balcony. He scanned the silent mass.

"My People, it is with great pride that I have accepted the heavy burden of governing all of Jimland, from the snow capped Great Mountains of the north, to the Verdant Tropical Paradise we call Jimville, here on the coast.

My People, you ask why have I done this? I did it for you. To protect you. To save you from Evil. To help you grow. To make our land the Garden of Eden it can be. Yes, it will be hard work. But I know you can do it.

My People, you have suffered long enough under the yoke of the Cruel Sultan. For this I have cried. For you I have wept. To sweep away this cruelty I declare the office of Sultan gone. Yes, gone. Gone, swept away by the tears of us all. Sweep away by the winds of change.

My People, to rekindle your flame of pride, I will be your Grand Sharif. Your Father. Your Mother. Brother, Sister. I will be your family. You are my children. And I will be a stern Father, for you my children have behaved badly. You have saddened me. You should be ashamed. Yet you are not. Therefore you must be disciplined. But how can I, your Father who loves you, discipline those he loves so dearly. It is hard. But it must be done.

My People, my children, I promise I will never raise my hand to you. But I must set you upon the good path. Therefore, just as the Sultan has been swept away, so the Sultan's Guard is swept away. So that I shall not break my promise, I have invested the Ministry of National Security with the powers of policing all of Jimland and helping me discipline you, my wayward children. It is through my love of you that I do this. I cannot bear to see you discipline one another. I know it would hurt you too much. The Ministry of National Security's brave men have been provided to us at great expense by our firmest ally.

My People, this ally is Your Father's strong right arm. With it I will build a new Jimland. My children shall delight in the labor. For labor we must to erase the sins that have gone before.

My People, you have my promise and you have see my tears and felt my love for you. Now go to your homes and celebrate quietly the good fortune that has come to Jimland this day.

My People, I, the Grand Sharif of Jimland, wish you to do this."

The man left the balcony. At this point soldiers began dispersing the crowd. The soldiers were Russian. Each and every one.

Jimville quietly huddled in the dark.

Report 94 - SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

Date: 2003-04-27

SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

The Editor thought you, Gentle Reader, might be interested in some of the myriad of things that cross our desks here at the World Herald. As a new feature of the Herald we will occasionally bring these things to light for the edification of all.

For example, recently intercepted, er, received were these posts:

----- Cable start -----

To the Editor of the World Herald, Jimland Desk

Sir:

I am writing to you at the behest of Casimir Ponatowski. In light of recent events, he has told me to inform you that discussions are currently underway to sell the recently acquired Vistula Villa to parties who shall remain undisclosed at this time. Further, he is considering moving his expedition headquarters to Rancho Jimbo, though that is unlikely as that is "Flagstone's stomping grounds", or to an undisclosed island off of the coast of Jimland, or to an undisclosed location, or most likely to the little known town (dump really...but it does have a dock, a store, and at least 2 drinking establishments of questionable repute) of James' Landing. It is on the far side of Jimland and at latest report there is er...little "official" presence there.

The ladies will undergo the most hardship of course being removed from the social scene of Jimville, though from the looks of it, there won't be much of a social scene for some time. I'm sure the ladies will of course do their best.

No matter where we move to, Casimir is still recovering from his injuries and will not be venturing forth for some time.

Considering these events, we do not know when, or if, we will be able to continue to provide you with reports of our expeditions into the Wilds of Jimland.

Regards,

Steven Dombrowski
CPT, Polish Home Army
Vistula Villa, Jimville (at least for a short while longer)

----- Cable stop -----

----- Cable start -----

Casimir Ponatowski
The Empress
Jimville

[Obviously this is a dated cable, but the contents are never the less interesting and amazingly coincidental. Ed]

My Dear Casimir:

I received your note about the incident with my supplies and the riverboat Captain. Please let me assure you I hold you in no way response for the foul up. I would have taken the same course had our positions been reversed.

To establish my goodwill toward you without a doubt, I would like to inform you of a discovery I recently made. Discovery may be a bit strong, whereas lucky event is closer to the truth. I shall explain.

I was out with a small party hunting for fresh meat for my Expedition temporarily stationed at Rancho Jimbo. We were moving slowly up the Jimbo in my newly arrived steam launch (marvelous things, these steam launches, you must get one). I had landed several scouts ashore and was keeping abreast of their movement. The one on the east bank signaled game ahead. I coasted in and landed.

We advanced through the growth near the shore. It was the typical sky-blocking movement-halting stuff we all see along the rivers and streams of this place. I'm sure you understand. Suddenly a very large, and unknown to me, reptilian creature burst out of the undergrowth and grabbed my scout in its massive jaws. With a shriek from the poor man it was gone. I thrashed along after it as best I could.

I shot it several times. It disappeared over a small embankment. Then I heard a splash and all was quite. I soon discovered a medium sized river where I did not think one existed. Its entrance to the Jimbo was heavily overgrown. It took us several days to clear an entrance large enough for my steam launch.

I was excited to find this river. I piled supplies in the launch, picked a few trusty men to go with me and, kissing Olivia a fond farewell, headed up the river.

You undoubtedly will understand the typical encounters we had while charting the river. To make a long story short, the river is amazing. It connects to the Jimbo several miles upstream of Rancho Jimbo, then follows the most Byzantine course imaginable to deposit its fresh water into the sea about half way between the remote James' Landing and the even remoter Marina Del Jim. If they aren't on your maps I wouldn't be surprised.

How can this be you ask? Well, truthfully I don't know. The river must have a source or perhaps many. Maybe underground springs? It bears investigation. Of course there are Natives tales galore about this mysterious river, if you can get them to talk about it.

But most importantly is its use as the first highway of commerce across Jimland outside of the River Jim. Imagine its value.

Casimir, I share this discovery with you man to man. I trust to your sense of honor to kept this our little private canal. With it we both can prosper.

It has other uses as well, but if the authorities find out about it we will lose control and probably no little money in the bargain.

I hope to see you in Jimville when I return from this current endeavor. Feel free to use my facilities in Rancho Jimbo if you are ever up that way. Rancho Jimbo is a backwater to be sure, but is it pleasantly relaxed, with little political entanglement. The Guides, and I hear soon the Rifles, have a detachment there that I have found very useful and reasonably priced.

Olivia asks me to pass her best wishes along to Marie.

Your Fellow Explorer,

Julius Flagstone

----- Cable stop -----

Well, all we can say is nothing this big can be kept private. The World Needs to Know. The Herald has dispatched a party to investigate this newfound river.

Report 95 - THE SHARIF TAKES CONTROL.

Date: 2003-04-27

THE SHARIF TAKES CONTROL.

Sharif Ibet bin Zia, the New Boss in All Jimland, has taken his first official actions after donning the heavy mantle of responsibility for running Jimland. The Herald received the following report directly from the Sharif's hand.

The Sharif's Message:

"My People, it is with tears of grief that I must announce that Martial Law is declared to be immediately in force. The Sultan's Curfew is canceled. However no one is allowed on the streets or roads of any town or village of Jimland without proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

"My People, it is with a sad heart I must announce that all the Consulates in Jimland are immediately closed. A new policy is now in place whereby foreign interests may open Embassies in Jimland. These Embassies must be located in the Embassy Row area located conveniently across the River Jim from the Sharif's Palace in Jimville. An Embassy may be opened after obtaining the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

My People, measures are even now being taken to ensure the sinister foreign influence that was corrupting Jimland is halted and its future effect limited. Your Sharif is sure you will applaud the expulsion from Jimville of these unworthy influences.

My People, it is with great joy that I announce that the Glorious People's Expedition has been chosen to represent you, My Children, and All of Jimland in the ventures to explore our wonderful lands. Even as you read this, my Staff is hard at work, sparing no expense, trying to locate this Most Beloved of Expeditions. Once they are found they will be Triumphantly returned to Jimville where they will have a permanent establishment based in the complex formerly known as the "Vistula Villa". It has been cleaned and all foreign rubbish removed. It has been renamed "The Glorious People's Freedom Park". I am sure they will be happy there. I will also hold a Festival in their Honor at an appropriate time. Let us welcome our Brothers will open arms and happy hearts.

My People, my Children, I am filled with warmth and good cheer now that we have cleansed the sacred streets of Jimville. We march into the future stronger than ever, the sun shines warmly on us all."

End of the Sharif's Message.

FOREIGN CONSULS HUSTLED OUT OF JIMVILLE

Even before the Herald received the Sharif's Message, the minions of the Ministry of National Security had swung into action. At daybreak Russian Troops had kicked down the doors of all the Consulates. Quickly taking the

Consuls and their staffs hostage, the Russians avoided any military showdown with the various national troops in Jimville.

All the Consuls were forcibly evicted from their Consulates. They were then escorted to the Jimville pier and placed aboard a tramp steamer that had been idling there for a week. The steamer carried The Consuls and their staffs across the River Jim and deposited them rudely on the eastern bank. The foreign national troops were left to march to nearest ford, followed by a huge force of Russian Troops.

The Officer Commanding the Russians for the Ministry of National Security delivered another Message from the Sharif to the Consuls. It was very simply put. "Embassy Row can be built here and the Fees paid immediately, or you can all go back to your homelands. You have two days to decide. Anyone disobeying this Message will be executed on the spot. Have a Nice Day."

EMBASSY ROW TAKES SHAPE

Well it seems the Sharif won the first pissing contest. We have it from Reliable Sources that the All the Consuls grudgingly paid the exorbitant Embassy Fees. A new Embassy Row is being constructed.

The new Embassy Row on the east bank of the River Jim shapes up like this, Dear Reader. One dirt street runs the very short length of the new site. At the North end the British and the Americans are building their Embassies. At the South end the Germans and Italians are building theirs. The French, being their usual selves, have paid a second outrageous fee. According to our Sources, this second fee allowed the French march off into the Wilds of Jimland. Whither they are bound we are not quite sure, however, our Sources say they intend to build a fort in the vastness of the Jimland Desert. Those French, such a silly lot.

For those who might take the chance to deal with the Sharif's new Embassy Policy a few notes are in order. First, to get to the east bank one must travel north six miles to the nearest ford across the River Jim. Arriving at the ford, one must have the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee. Then one can trudge back down the eastern bank to the new Embassy Row. Note also that the former Consuls are now called Ambassadors, having paid the fee for the proper papers to be an Ambassador. Obviously the Consulates are now Embassies.

The Sharif reminds us that these people are foreigners and everyone must watch their every action and report anything the least bit suspicious.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that the Sultan and his Brave Guard are relaxing in splendid comfort enjoying their much-needed Holiday. The Sultan reassures the Citizens of Jimland that all is well and after his vacation is complete he will once more be standing proudly on his balcony.

One minor change to Taxation has been implemented during the Sultan's Holiday. All Taxes should now be paid directly to the Sultan's

Representatives who will be visiting each and every Citizen. The Sultan hopes this will ease the payment difficulties for everyone.

The Sultan wishes everyone well. He looks more refreshed each day of his Holiday. The Sultan says he has grand plans for Jimland. We all pray for his continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 96 - ROW ON THE ROW.

Date: 2003-04-28

ROW ON THE ROW.

Yes, Gentle Reader, that was gunfire you heard coming from the new Embassy Row last night. We have sent our reporters there to find out what is going on. At great risk to life and limb they gathered the following report.

GUNFIRE ON EMBASSY ROW

Gunfire broke out in Embassy Row last night. It seems shots were exchanged literally from one end of Embassy Row to the other. In other words, the British and Americans shot it out with the Germans and Italians. Casualties are not reported by either side.

What caused this you ask? So did we. The answer lies below.

GERMAN - ITALIAN ANSWER

The empire building British and their American lackeys opened fire upon us after we charged them with plans to overthrow the Grand Sharif, our long time ally and erstwhile friend.

We have undeniable proof of the Plotters sending for reinforcements. They have stolen secret plans of the Sharif's Palace. Russian troop movements, unit strengths and dispositions were in their possession.

In addition, the Scoundrels have been tapping the Cable, intercepting all message in and out of Jimland. They have also been poking around gathering information on our Embassies and their staffs.

To protect the Grand Sharif's interest we decided to present this evidence to the perpetrators. Their evil response was to fire upon our innocent Ambassadors and their escort.

We have informed our respective Homeland Governments. Their reply is that they declare a state of hostility now exists between our parties. We therefore declare our properties off limits to British and American personnel. Our Embassies are considered national properties. Any further action against the Embassies and their personnel will be considered an attack on our Homelands themselves and result in a state of war.

We have informed the Sharif of these actions.

BRITISH - AMERICAN ANSWER

The empire building Germans and their Italian lackeys opened fire upon us after we charged them with plans to overthrow the Grand Sharif, our long time ally and erstwhile friend.

We have undeniable proof of the Plotters sending for reinforcements. They have stolen secret plans of the Sharif's Palace. Russian troop movements, unit strengths and dispositions were in their possession.

In addition, the Scoundrels have been tapping the Cable, intercepting all message in and out of Jimland. They have also been poking around gathering information on our Embassies and their staffs.

To protect the Grand Sharif's interest we decided to present this evidence to the perpetrators. Their evil response was to fire upon our innocent Ambassadors and their escort.

We have informed our respective Homeland Governments. Their reply is that they declare a state of hostility now exists between our parties. We therefore declare our properties off limits to German and Italian personnel. Our Embassies are considered national properties. Any further action against the Embassies and their personnel will be considered an attack on our Homelands themselves and result in a state of war.

We have informed the Sharif of these actions.

There you have it, Dear Reader. The facts are clear. The lines are drawn. The sabers are drawn. Is a foreign war to be fought in Jimland? What will be the Sharif's response? Which side will the French land on?

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing the Sultan's displeasure over the deplorable incident of last night. The Sultan hopes casualties were low and that the parties involved will peacefully resolve this misunderstanding. Otherwise, the Sultan will have no choice but to send in the Guard to restore Order.

From the Sultan's Northern Retreat we learn that the Sultan is feeling very well. He has lost some weight and is looking the picture of good health. He has reviewed the Guard, recently returned from a great Victory over the Enemies of Jimland. During the epic battle thousands of Enemy Scum and Their Malicious Allies were killed. The Guard suffered no casualties.

To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. They fear the sound of our coming. We will crush them like the bugs they are. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 97 - SHARIF'S MARINES SEIZE TRANSPORTS BOUND FOR JIMVILLE.

Date: 2003-04-29

SHARIF'S MARINES SEIZE TRANSPORTS BOUND FOR JIMVILLE.

In a stunning response to the alleged coup sponsored by the British-Americans or the German-Italians or both, the Sharif's Marines boarded and seized several transports bound for Jimville.

Operating from the ships of the Sharif's new Navy, the Sharif's Marines captured the vessels without incident. All four vessels were sadly lost in a storm at sea along with their cargoes and crews. The Sharif's Navy and Marine forces returned safely to Jimville.

That is all the information available at this time, Gentle Reader. It does raise several interesting questions though. What was in the transports? Where did the Sharif get a Navy? Where did the Sharif get Marines? With Your Best Interest in mind, we sent our reporters to get answers to these burning questions.

THE SHARIF'S NEW NAVAL FORCES

The source of the Sharif's new Navy and Marine Forces has been found. It is the none other than the Chinese Pirates. Their ships form the Sharif's Navy. Their troops form the Sharif's Marines. Strange bedfellows we think. It is reported that Russian advisors are also aboard every ship in the Sharif's Navy.

The Sharif has based his new Navy in Jimland at an undisclosed location, and we suspect, has additional bases in the Secret Islands off the Jimland Coast.

The Admiral of the Sharif's Navy, One Ton Duck, as his first official action placed a bounty on the head of Tastimin the Despicable, dead or alive, dead preferred.

LOST TRANSPORTS

No hue and cry has come from Embassy Row over the loss of the ships. Does this silence indicate guilt on the part of the British-Americans or German-Italians or both? Or is something more sinister afoot. Why were the transports lost in the storm, while the Sharif's Navy made it safely to port?

REBEL ATTACKS STOP

It seems all Rebel attacks against the Sultan's properties have stopped. An occasion raid on the odd Expedition or the Sharif's interests still takes place, but Rebel activity has for all intents and purposed ceased. What does this mean?

Gentle Reader, we will get answers to these questions, and more!

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing the Sultan has been holding negotiations with the Rebel Faction of Jimland. The talks are going very well. We will announce additional information as both sides work out their misunderstandings.

In a magnanimous mood, the Sultan has granted amnesty to all Rebels held as prisoners for any reason in anywhere in Jimland. Saying that Our Friends should not be held in jails, the Sultan himself unlocked the first cell to release the jubilant Rebels within.

The Sultan has appointed a new Military Advisor due to the unfortunate death of the previous Advisor. In a surprise move sure to bring an end to the alleged rift between the Sultan and the Rebels, the Sultan appointed Tastimin as his new Military Advisor.

In a festive mood, the smiling Sultan made another appointment. A new position has been created. It is called the Sultan's Science Advisor. To fill the new position the Sultan appointed the Mysterious Doctor Cornelius Davenport as the new Science Advisor.

It can now be revealed that the Mysterious Doctor Cornelius Davenport was the mastermind behind the Sultan's Rocket Program and spectacularly effective Flying Carpets now used by the Sultan's Air Corps. There is no reason to wonder why the Sultan values the Doctor so highly.

To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. They fear the sound of our coming. We will crush them like the bugs they are. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

LOST AND FOUND

The party missing several sticks of explosive and a plunger please claim your goods by identifying them at the Main Gate of the Sharif's Palace.

Report 98 - SHARIF OUTLINES FOREIGN EXPEDITION POLICY.

Date: 2003-04-30

SHARIF OUTLINES FOREIGN EXPEDITION POLICY.

Sharif Ibet bin Zia has posted a Message outlining his new Foreign Expedition Policy. The Message was kindly nailed to our front door and we duly reproduce it below. The Sharif's Kindness is unbounded and we are Grateful he allows us to publish his Messages.

FOREIGN EXPEDITION POLICY

In a gesture of Goodwill, and with an eye toward the economic benefit to all parties concerned, I, The Grand Sharif of Jimland, issue this Message on Foreign Expedition Policy.

1. Foreign expeditions may be formed in Jimland and must at all times, while on Jimland soil or within the Jimland territorial limits that extend out to sea, have the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

2. Foreign expeditions may contain foreigners. The number of foreigners is limited to the number of foreigner that join said foreign expedition unless said foreign expedition is in fact full.

3. Foreign expeditions may be based in Jimville. Jimville is the Preferred base for all foreign expeditions. Foreign expeditions must pay the Jimville Base Permit Fee and obtain the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

4. Foreign expeditions wishing to base elsewhere must have the proper papers and pay the Non-Jimville Base Permit Surcharge Fee. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

5. Foreign expeditions must register the type and number of weapons they have, may have had, or intend to have at some time in the future. Weapons registration requires the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

6. Foreign expeditions may hire Citizens of Jimland to assist in their expeditions. Foreign expeditions and the Citizens they hire must register said employment by obtaining the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

7. All purchases by foreign expeditions of anything while on Jimland soil or within the Jimland territorial limits that extend out to sea, will have the Standard Foreign Expedition Sales Tax applied to the purchase. Said tax must be paid within 24 hours to the Ministry of Taxation where the proper papers will be filled out. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

8. All monies earned from the process commonly known as Cashing In will have a small Ecological Restoration Tax of ten percent applied. Said tax must be pay within 24 hours to the Ministry of Taxation where the proper papers will

be filled out. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

End of Foreign Expedition Policy

A WARM WELCOME

The Sharif extends a warm welcome to all foreign expeditions. He strongly urges all expeditions in Jimland or planning on coming to Jimland to make their base in Jimville. The Sharif says this is in the best interest and for the protection of the expeditions. The Sharif also brings attention to the many attractions available in Jimville and the abundance of traders and suppliers already established in Jimville. These amenities can be found nowhere else in Jimland.

To offer further enticement to base an expedition in Jimville, the Sharif has declared that an Explorers Quarter be created. The Explorers Quarter is located one mile west of Jimland. Fresh water is plentiful. The Old Native Pier is being rebuilt for mooring of Explorer's personal watercraft. Large supply vessels will still have to use the Main Pier located directly off the main street of Jimville.

To get a lot in the new Explorers Quarter, simply pay the Explorers Quarter Lot Fee and obtain the proper lease papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee. As a sop to the Explorers of Jimland and recognizing the dangers of the business, the Sharif has had the Explorers Quarters Lease amended so that if the signee is killed while on an expedition, a newly designated Leader may received the Lease without further administrative details.

Lots are going fast. Get yours now while the selection is good.

GRANDFATHER CLAUSE

The Sharif further announces that the expeditions currently in Jimland will be waived the Expedition Formation Fee and one-half the Jimville Base Permit Fee. They will of course need to pay the Grandfather Clause Fee and obtain the proper papers. Proper papers may be obtained from the Ministry of National Security for a reasonable Fee.

The Sharif also says that if your expedition is not on the following list it is illegally in Jimland, will not get the benefit of the Grandfather Clause, and if not promptly registered, will be hunted down for the Rebel Scum you are. The list is listed below as a list.

The Julius Flagstone Expedition
The Casimir Ponatowski Expedition
The Winthrop P. Churchill Expedition
The Glorious People's Expedition
The Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte Expedition
Big Al The Marauder's Expedition
The Token Expedition
The Airdrieonian Expedition
The Swindell Expedition
The Coleman Expedition
The Shope Expedition, a.k.a The Lost Expedition of Shope
The Ross Expedition

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. Each day we grow stronger, our enemies weaker. Please disregard any violence done in your neighborhood by the Sultan's Guard. It is merely a training exercise and necessary in these times of Goodness and Prosperity to protect our Lovely Jimland.

To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. They fear the sound of our coming. We will crush them like the bugs they are. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 99 - CHAOS IN JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-05-01

CHAOS IN JIMLAND

The recent events in Jimland have served to point out the troubled chaotic times we live in. At the risk of burdening you further, Dear Reader, we must report more sad events.

RANCHO JIMBO BURNED

The quaint village of Rancho Jimbo, located on the Jimbo a major tributary of the Great River Jim, has been burned to the ground by parties unknown. Happily few people were injured and most of them only slightly.

What caused the blaze is unknown. It occurred in the night. The residents all feel lucky they were not roasted in their beds. A strange thing is that even the rickety old pier was burned. This has caused some comments that perhaps the fire was deliberately set.

The Sharif issued a Message. It is shown in its unedited entirely below. The Sharif's Kindness is unbounded and we are Grateful he allows us to publish his Messages.

"My People, I, the Grand Sharif of All Jimland and Your Father, am deeply saddened by the unfortunate burning of Rancho Jimbo. You can be sure your Sharif will do all within his powers to find out how this happened and punish any guilty parties.

I am relieved that no one was seriously injured, especially our friends in the foreign expeditions using Rancho Jim as their base. It should now be clear to all parties that my strong suggestion that all foreign expeditions be based in the Explorers Quarter (EQ) of Jimville was a good suggestion. These kinds of mishaps can not take place within the safe confines of Jimville. Again I strongly urge all expeditions to return to Jimville and establish a base in the safe haven of the EQ.

My People, I, your Grand Sharif of All Jimland, wish it to be so."

End of Sharif's Message.

SHARIF'S MARINES AT WORK AGAIN

It is reliably reported that the Sharif's Marines attacked and destroyed a Rebel base far up the Great River Jim. The Marines reported light resistance and no casualties from the operation. They reported that the Rebels ran away screaming like a bunch of old women as they set the Rebel camp ablaze.

This is a new area of operations for the Sharif's Navy and Marine forces. Usually they confine themselves to raiding the endless coastline of Jimland. Sorties up the innumerable Jimland rivers is a change in tactics, but one we must wholeheartedly agree with if it will remove the Rebel Menace from Jimland.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. Even the sad torching of the picturesque Rancho Jimbo can not stop us from growing stronger and our enemies from growing weaker. The unfounded attack stands an example of the desperate depths the Enemies of Jimland have fallen to. The Sultan vows his revenge.

To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 100 - SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

Date: 2003-05-02

SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

The Editor thought you, Gentle Reader, might be interested in some of the myriad of things that cross our desks here at the World Herald. As a new feature of the Herald we will occasionally bring these things to light for the edification of all.

For example, recently slipped through our mail slot:

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief Guy,

What incredible news! The Motherland has succeeded in a coup of Jimland! What do our spies tell us? Are these the despicable "white" Russians of the Czar? Has one third world despot been replaced by another with lighter skin? The People's Expedition will never tolerate such a thing. Only the dictatorship of the proletariat is acceptable. No substitutes permitted! We shall gather our loyal freedom-fighters for a grand offensive: It will be called the Jihm-Tet Offensive. We shall attack the embassies of the capitalists. We will blow things up. It will be like the good old days. We will cause all sorts of trouble until we can organize our next expedition. Concurrent with the Great Offensive, I will order the following done:

To the Ponatowski Expedition: Send "Congratulations" & "Thank You" cards on the death of Casimir. [It may be premature as Casimir Ponatowski was only mostly killed. True, its a small distinction, but an important one never the less. Ed]

To the Churchill Expedition: A box of exploding "Cuban" cigars & the latest edition of "Cannibal Cooking."

To the Flagstone Expedition: a Lazy Boy and a box of painting supplies [Huff, huff, and huff. (on behalf of the Flagstone Expedition.) Ed]

To the "Spanish" Expedition: Nude photos of Queen Isabella and a bar of soap

To "Al's" Expedition: an ugly note taunting his poor gambling and dice-rolling skills

To "Dave's" Expedition: a Viking helmet with several bullet holes.

Comrade Stalin
First Party Secretary
First in All Things
Friend of the People

Then not a few days later, more Glorious People's Expedition bullsh, ahm, Information was slipped under our door.

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief Guy,

The Glorious People's Expedition is happy to discover that we represent the citizens of Jimland. This was never in question regardless of any pronouncements made by this capitalist-fascist buffoon. Whether Sultan, Sharif, or Swanee, the capitalist-pigs of Jimland will soon be overthrown and destroyed. We suspect the wonderful "villa" to be one of the swine's dungeons. Even if not, there is likely a foul stench that exudes due to the former said residents making it uninhabitable by any well-meaning socialist. We are also soundly pleased with the news of an exchange of gunfire on embassy row. It will save us work later.

Concerning "other lesser" expeditions: we consider them failures and "lackeys" hardly worth troubling over. Consider past empirical socialist history:

The Shope Expedition: massive casualties; unlikely to find its way through a local Wal-Mart in one piece

The "Hal" Expedition: the bastards were only seen once on the continent. Still washing their shorts, I presume.

The "Friggin' Scotsman" Expedition: the peeling sounds of death and bagpipes still ring through the jungle. It's too hot in Jimland for "Knaveheart" and his band of haggis-gobblers.

The appropriately-named "Swindell" Expedition: its capitalist entrepreneur sponsors have already been soundly taken to the cleaners. An extremely poor investment, indeed (a true insult considering this is the opinion of a communist). We are keeping our eyes on this expedition. It may have pro-Czarist tendencies.

The Token Expedition: This expedition has definitely been "tokin'" something.

I think that covers it!!

Comrade Stalin
First Party Secretary
First in All Things
Friend of the People

Well, at least he was impartial and paid tribute to one and all. Perhaps some one should nip this one in the bud, before we have "White Russians" vs "Red Russians" vs "Black and Blue Russians". All of whom are practicing Yellow Journalism.

Rebuttals should, as always, be sent to the Editor's attention for proper editing (if not that, then what is an editor for?) and proper publication.

The World Herald where free press costs only a nickel a copy.