

THE ARK SAGA

Dear **Mr S. Ubernoj** I am interested in purchasing your large boat as a precaution against the next Flood.

Please could you confirm:

- a. Was the Gopher Wood sourced from ethically managed and sustainable resources?
- b. Has the vessel been pre-loaded with the estimated 16,000 animals representative of every breathing species?
- c. What arrangements are incorporated into the design to cope with the 11 short-tons of waste that will be produced every day?
- d. Finally could you clarify whether the dimensions stated in your advertisement are in Egyptian cubits (20.6") or the slightly shorter Sumerian unit?

Grateful for a speedy reply, since the Greenland ice-sheet may slide off any day now.

yours etc

N. Oah & Sons, Dunbar, Scotland

Dear Mr N. Oah & Sons

Thankyou for your interest in my newly completed, unwanted, Ark that is currently for sale.

In answer to your queries:

a) Alas, Gopher Wood was in short supply so I made do with old fence palings and bits of timber that I (mostly) ethically sourced from the neighbourhood. I suspect it is sustainable as at the moment there are many fencing contractors working in the area erecting new fences to replace those that mysteriously disappeared

b) To save space (but not necessarily biodiversity) I have cut out all the pictures of animals that I could find in the local library and have nicely pasted them into a big book for your perusal. I will leave it in the Ark's reception room.

c) The need for a lot of waste disposal has been eliminated (get it?) due to b) above. However there is a quite regal looking "Throne" incorporated into the Poop Deck. I have thoughtfully included a decent sized bucket and a year's supply of long plastic disposable gloves. As a word of caution I would suggest you do not empty the bucket over the side during a gale - the splash back ruined my best robe when I was testing the efficiency of the system in the last storm we had

d) I may have exaggerated the overall size of the Ark just a smidgin - there was a limit to the number of palings I could nick ... I mean source ethically. Besides which I only have a small backyard so the measurements are in the lesser known (but equally valid?) much, much shorter subbie-units.

I hope this clears up any concerns you may have and I look forward to your offer should you wish to proceed with the purchase.

Kind regards,

S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)

Dear S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)

Having run aground on the journey thro' the NW corner of the crossie (1d being my downfall), I find I am in need of a modest replacement vessel. My requirements would include that the Throne Room decor incorporates the adage "Alliterative Synonyms take Vengeance".

I am hoping that a Master Ark Builder such as your good self can at least direct me to a reliable Fast Cruiser Builder - I aspire to post first!

With thanks,

Onorae

Dear **Onorae**,

Thankyou for your enquiry.

I have consulted my well thumbed *Bodgy Bros. Boat Builder's Bible* and have sent you the contact details (under separate cover) of that most reputable firm, *Crappe & Carkitt Cruiser Construction Company*.

Good luck (you will need it)

S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)

Response to [Subernoj, 18 June 2012 6:22AM](#)

Bravo and thank you **S. Ubernoj** (Master Ark Builder) - my day begins with a smile.

To: **S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)**

Dear Sir,

this is to serve you with an official notice of having accrued overdue parking fines (to date, 10 005,05€) on account of an oversize, ark-shaped vehicle having been parked bang in the middle of our city centre (please see the enclosed photo, [HERE](#)). May I remind you that according to our bylaws, vehicles of any description – be they motored, water powered, under steam, horse-driven, irrelephant-hauled, driven by asses, passenger-steered, bewheeled, be-oared, bewinged or befinned – may only be parked in the clearly marked parking lots of which there is an ample supply elsewhere in our city centre at your disposal.

Should **N. Oah & Sons Enterprises** happen to be any business associates of yours, I would also ask you to be so kind as to let them know on our behalf that we can't possibly allow them a trial run in your wrongly-parked vehicle, however desirable its prompt removal from our shopping centre is, since you appear to have neglected to provide it with a door or other aperture into it.

Yours sincerely,

O.F. Ficer,
Head Honcho
Dept of Parks, Parking, Parkin and Parkour,
Northern City
Northern Country

Dear **O.F. Ficer**,

It has been brought to my attention that your Dept of Parks, Parking, Parkin and Parkour is levying parking fines on **S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)** for the illegal parking of an Ark. You seem to be unaware that Arks are built at the express request of my Boss who, I might remind you, outranks your boss. If your staff had been sufficiently diligent in the execution of their duties, they would also have realised that the Ark in question does not conform to the proscribed models. I therefore request that all sanctions are withdrawn forthwith.

You have my assurance that the Ark will be relocated as and when Boss deems appropriate. Meanwhile I suggest you take the opportunity to admire the work of a Master.

Yours sincerely,

S.T. Peter.

Master Gatekeeper
Upaloft

Response to [Onorae](#), 19 June 2012 11:18PM

That woz well funny;-)

Dear **O.F. Ficer**,
Ark? What Ark?

Oh that Ark.

I was most distressed to learn that my beloved, as yet unsold, Ark had found its way to the middle of the Town Centre. I understand your consternation at its relatively unwieldy size and the possible inconvenience of having an Ark parked in such a busy thoroughfare but I am puzzled by the levy of such a substantial parking fine and would ask you to re-consider the fine. A closer perusal of the Parking By-laws would suggest the fine is somewhat premature, nay, ill-considered.

As proof I would venture that the Ark is *not* motored, water powered, under steam, horse driven, irrelephant hauled, passenger steered, be-wheeled, be-oared, be-winged or be-finned (I do not consider a modest keel to be a fin).

The only contentious issue could be that at times it may be driven by asses.

An obvious explanation for its presence in situ at the Town Centre is that it broke loose from its mooring during the last downpour and floated its way to its present site. Clearly this is an *Act Of God* and not within our mortal jurisdiction.

As far as removal of the Ark is concerned I would suggest you direct your request to **Mr S T Peter** (Master Gatekeeper) who should in turn refer the matter to his *Boss* beyond the *Pearly Gates*.

As for **Mr N. Oah**, I have not heard further from him and assume he has dropped out of the sale negotiations.

Yours faithfully

S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)

To **Mr. S. Ubernoj** (Master Ark Builder)

Our esteemed client the Right Hon **O. F. Ficer** has asked us to respond to your letter of the 20th inst. on behalf of the Municipality within whose Environs your unsold **Ark** is currently situated, a fact which in your letter you concede to be true.

While it is agreed that said **Ark** is not motored, under steam, horse driven, or irrelephant hauled, it indubitably is passenger steered, in that steering oar mountings are clearly visible on the stern, and any such steering oar would of necessity be operated by a corporate being present on said ark, viz. and to wit a **Passenger** thereon.

Said **Ark** is clearly a vehicle within the terms of the Parking By-Laws, being brought within these terms on the principles of *ejusdem generis*, and the assessed penalty is clearly payable.

Setting aside this argument, said **Ark** is in any event clearly a **Multifamily Residence** being to wit a Structure Designed and Built for the Purpose of Habitation by Multiple Persons, some of whom are Unrelated by Birth or Marriage. The Single Family Rates Mitigation is therefore not applicable, and as **Ark Owner** you are liable for the full Assessed Value of the **Ark**, and appropriate levies have been or will be attached to your residence, personal property and person.

Have a nice day

Edmund Xerces Tortioner, Senior Partner, Sue, Grabbitt and Runne.

Dear **Mr E X Tortioner**,

Thank you for your letter. Having failed to understand a single word of it, I have sought the advice of my good friend and esteemed legal representative **Mr Gird Loins (LLB, B.V.Sc)** who kindly deciphered the complex legalese in your missive.

I now find myself able to defend my position re the levy of a grossly unfair (and quite steep) fine by **Mr O.F.Ficer**.

Whilst I freely admit that said Ark is in fact in situ in the middle of the Town Centre, I would re-iterate my contention that it was, in fact, an *Act Of God* that put it there in the first place. I would also beg to differ on its classification of being "passenger steered".

As a Master Ark Builder I can quite confidently confirm that there is in fact no perceptible steering aid attached to said Ark , either passenger controlled or otherwise - to wit I say, *bollocks to rollocks*.

The possible mountings to which you refer are likely to be *garden gnome* mountings of a purely decorative nature.

It's classification as a *Multifamily Residence* is on the face of it, quite laughable. I think you will find that, despite its relatively capacious size, there is in fact only one small double bedroom. This can be easily proven with access to the *Ark* which can be effected by knocking three times on the tenth row of planks 14 subbie-unit cubits a-stern of the bow on the port side. The secret door should then open onto the *Grand Hallway and Staircase* which can be taken to the mezzanine floor on which the only bedroom is situated. Alternatively, if the prospect of climbing 163 stairs is daunting you may take the *Central Lift* located in the first of seven reception rooms to your right.

I sincerely hope this clears up any possible misconceptions regarding the purpose and classification of this *Ark* and in conclusion I would hope that the matter may be resolved amicably (and definitely in my favour) otherwise I may take recourse to pursue this matter in the appropriate court of law.

Yours faithfully,

Mr S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)

To: **S.T. Peter**

cc: **S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)**

Dear S.T. Peter,

I am in receipt of your message from 12.05 a.m. of today's date, for which I thank you. The information revealed therein, as well as Mr S. Ubernoj's recent and, may I say, befittingly courteous explanation disclaiming all responsibility for ever having piloted, steered, shepherded, propelled, carried in piggybag or driven the aforementioned *Ark* to our city centre does indeed put an entirely new complexion on this rather vexed matter.

It is now abundantly clear both to my Dept and to my esteemed legal flamingo E.X. Tortioner that the fines in question - which cannot, however, be waived - should be levied, in fact, from the owner and operator of the vehicle rather than from its Master Builder. I have therefore referred the matter to our Ministry of Funny Wa...beg your pardon, Ministry of Foreign, Alien and Nonnative Affairs, who are, I understand, now very close to reaching an amicable solution to the issue in their direct, discreet and deferential negotiations with your Boss.

May I add that although our city continues to welcome all foreign tourists with open arms even in cases of rather surprising methods of entry into our premises, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish *bona fide* travelers from fare-dodgers and clever fines-avoiders, as you will, I am sure, know only too well from your own line of work.

I remain, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

O.F. Ficer

Dept of Parks, Parking, Parkin and Parkour

To: **E.X. Tortioner, Senior Partner/Sue Grabbit and Runne**

Hiya, Xerxes!

Sterling work on your part in this very suspect ark business – really, the lengths some people are prepared to go to in order to avoid paying up their perfectly legally levied parking fares! Mr S. Ubernoj did show some remorse, at least, but that S.T. Peter bloke – or bogan? – seemed to be throwing his weight about a bit so watch out for him in case the case drags out. But I trust you'll know your whatsit from your whichit, your left from your cleft and which side, if any, your sticky bun is buttered on, so I'm very happy to leave all legalese in your capable care. Tadaa, O. F.

Dear **O.F.Ficer**

Further to your recent letter (part of which is paraphrased) :

May I add that although our city continues to welcome all foreign tourists with open arms even in cases of rather surprising methods of entry into our premises, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish bona fide travellers from fare-dodgers and clever fines-avoiders, as you will, I am sure, know only too well from your own line of work.

As a *Master Ark Builder*, I might remind you that my considerable carpentry skills could be turned to the construction of a **Trojan Horse** should you so desire.

Your faithful servant,

S.Ubernoj (*Master Ark and Trojan Horse Builder*)

Dear Mr **S. Ubernoj**

Thank you for your letter giving full details of your floating animal refuge.

We have instead bought a large farm in Medicine Hat, Alberta - you get quite a lot for your money at the current exchange rate of 4 Shekels to the Canadian Dollar. At over 2000 feet above sea-level and 800 miles from the nearest ocean, the family feels that this is probably a more robust option for the long-term preservation of our herd of assorted wildlife.

Noticing in the press that you are currently experiencing a little local difficulty with the storage of your vessel, we would be happy to rent you the large flat area behind our barn for a nominal fee.

With All Best Wishes

N.Oah & Sons Realators, Alberta, Canada

To: **O.F. Ficer**

cc: **S. Ubernoj (Master Ark Builder)**

Dear O.F. Ficer,

In recognition of the truly stupendous work you have carried out to resolve the impasse re the stranded (not illegally parked) Ark, I am resolved to award one star to your Head Honcho status - henceforth you can style yourself **O.F. Ficer, Head Honcho *, Dept of**

Parks, Parking, Parkin and Parkour. This entitles you to wear a full set of facial hair should you so wish, although I hasten to add that it is not obligatory. Your symbolic faux gold pen and piggy bank will arrive by Heaven's Hansom Carriers post-haste.

The Boss's secretarius has assured me that a mutually acceptable solution has now been agreed and the offending Ark, after agreement with the Master Ark Builder **S. Ubernoj**, will shortly be transposed to a more fitting location and/or time.

May I take this opportunity to say that your admirable work in collecting fines from your local rabble has been noted. I look forward to visiting your environs. I'll wear my Gold Keys insignia to aid recognition - as you say, I too am much vexed with imposters and charlatans.

I look forward to meeting you in due course.

Best regards,

S.T. Peter

Response to [Subernoj, 20 June 2012 11:24AM](#)

Dear Mr **Ubernoj**, I learned of your plight when, this morning, there was a tapping at the window. It was an *Arkvaark!* In its beak it held the answers to the cryptic crossword for the forthcoming yuletide. I've no idea what the clues may have been but a cursory glance at the solutions make it very clear - you are in deep shit!

To **S. Ubernoj**
Master TrojanHorser
Dear Sir

I sing of arms and a man.

I am instructed by my client Mr. A Eneas to give notice of proceedings against you for damage to and loss of property, personal injury and sustained emotional trauma, loss of connubial relations and substantial medical and travel costs resulting from your deliberate and wilful propogation of and connivance with a gross violation of the Rules of War.

My client asserts that your construction of a Trojan Horse (which is not in dispute) facilitated an illegal breaking and entering of my client's premises by a mob of violent hoodlums, resulting in his evacuation therefrom accompanied by his father and son. The stress of such events caused his father's untimely demise, and his son suffers severe PTS from the ignition of his hair during the escape.

My client was obliged to leave his latest wife behind, resulting in severe emotional distress and unrelieved horniness.

Subsequent perilous journeying involved my client in an unwanted encounter with predatory Dido of Carthage, and he is facing affiliation orders and trade embargos that cause severe emotional distress.

His prospects of successfully plying his trade of Big Boss are seriously diminished thereby.

See you in court

Edmund Xerces Tortioner, Senior Partner, Sue, Grabbitt and Runne

Dear **Mr E.X.Tortioner**,

I must say I was somewhat surprised to receive your letter (dated 20/06/12 BC) re legal proceedings against my good self on behalf of your client **Mr A.Eneas** for unspecified damages resulting from an unfortunate incident involving a *Trojan Horse*.

Whilst I can fully sympathize with your client's predicament - to wit, his sudden *evacuation* (it must have been quite scary and messy) and urgent need to flee his place of residence (and hence be denied his conjugal rights), I am not sure I am responsible for the events.

I think you may very well be confusing me with that other lesser known firm of *Greek Trojan Horse Builders*, **Messrs O. Dysseus and E. Peios** who I should add still owe me 50,000 drachmas for a loan I advanced last year in a bid to bail them out of a sticky financial situation.

Your continued hounding of me, trying to drag me through the legal system for every perceived wrong doing, despite my obvious innocence, smacks of *vexatious litigation* and will not be tolerated.

My dear (late) Mother did once warn me,

"Son," she said, "son - beware of lawyers bearing briefs"

Or was it "Beware of Greeks baring briefs"

Never-the-less, I have instructed my esteemed legal defence team (**Mr. Gird Loins LLB, BVSc**) to vigorously defend these scurrilous charges that have quite falsely been laid against me.

I should inform you that I have cancelled my *Master Ark and Trojan Horse Builder's Licence* and will return to my previous, less stressful occupation.

Yours faithfully,

S. Ubernoj (Master Spice Rack Builder)

Dear **S. Ubernoj (Master???)**

I was most distressed to learn that you have been in trouble with the Law again - all the more so, as I had fully intended to place an order for ten one-man-sized Trojan Horses (with good visibility, comfortable lying-in qualities and reliable Wi-Fi connections, plus another similar set with insulation, heating and double-glazing for winter wear). Useful though your present line in spice racks undoubtedly is *per se*, I really cannot bring myself to see how spice racks could be used by my staff for discreet surveillance of heinous crimes against parking bylaws like Trojan Horses would have been.

Yours regretfully,

O.F. Ficer, HH*

Dept of P, P, P and P

PS. Thank you for revealing to us the workings of the entry system to your highly accomplished but errant Ark. As a consequence we have decided to throw your handiwork open to the general public, free of charge of course, and it is already proving to be an immensely popular tourist attraction.

Dear S.T. (if I may),

thank you so much for your most generous gifts - I am blushing pink with pleasure underneath that full set of facial hair which, on reflection, becomes me very well even though I'm really more of a Honcha than a -o. Please rest assured that I am looking forward to welcoming you to our beautiful city ere long and, if given ample advance notice, shall be doing my utmost to provide adequate parking space to your no doubt large and be-winged retinue.

Yours in anticipation,

O.F., HH*

Dear O.F. Ficer, HH*,

I am sorry to disappoint you re your order for 10 x bespoke *Trojan Horses*, but I feel that given my reputation as a *Master Builder of Big Wooden Thingies* has now been shot to pieces, it would be a disservice to us both for me to accept your order.

However, I am thrilled that my *Ark* has found a purpose other than being a Municipal eyesore of great magnitude - to wit, a *White Irrelephant*.

Should you change your mind, I am quite willing to knock out a few dozen Spice Racks for the one-off, special price of 5 shekels per unit.

Oddly enough, I have found myself with quite a good supply of wooden fence palings that were surplus to requirements whilst building the *Ark* - the Council Planning Dept. knocked back my origin blueprints that called for an eighth storey to the *Ark*.

I must say that, throughout this whole stressful affair, I have learnt one valuable thing, to wit the term "to wit" and now use this expression whenever I can especially in its abbreviated form - *t'wit*

To wit, yours sincerely,

S.Ubernoj (Master T'wit and Spice Rack Builder)

Dear S. Ubernoj (Master Spice Rack Builder)

Whilst fully understanding your wish to escape the hounding visited upon you by **Mr E.X.Tortioner** on behalf of **Mr A.Eneas**, I am rather anxious that you might have merely moved unwittingly into another arena of conflict. *Spice* in any shape or form is increasingly a magnet for buccaneers, corsairs, filibusters, freebooters, marauders, picaroons, privateers, raiders, rovers, sea rovers ... indeed cut-throats of all types. Please do ensure that your scribe makes it absolutely clear that your calling is with wood and not the spices themselves.

Have you considered crafting teethingers for babies? A savaging from a few milk teeth would cause less damage than a cutlass attack. Just a thought!

Yours faithfully,

S.T. Peter

Dear **O.F., HH***

Worry not about my impending visit - I do not wish to cause problems for you. To that end, I shall *travel light* and arrive with no more than 10 chariots, 40 chariot horses, 150 pack horses and a foot retinue of about 100 gophers that we hire from the Other Place whenever we need them.

It probably isn't wise to let the gophers fend for themselves (a threat to the locals!) so a meagre supply of bread and water will be needed for them. My main party will be satisfied with a discreet sufficiency of roast swan breast, a selection of cold cuts, a cornucopia of fruits and unlimited nectar, ambrosia and mead. Chariot travel is so desiccating don't you find?

Regards,

S.T.



21 June 2012 9:50PM

Response to [Onorae, 21 June 2012 12:41PM](#)

Let me assure you that any self respecting buccaneer would *sneer* at a spice rack. They only appropriate spices by the barrel, and would only cut your throat if you resisted any reasonable request.

21 June 2012 10:49PM

Dear **lidell**,

Forgive me as I observe the conventions of written correspondence - it's part of my job spec.

I note your assurance re spice racks but prefer to keep an open mind in this case. You must admit that many of your ilk have iffy track records and I am unaware of any differentiating signs or symbols. I can see that *you* are smiling and are wearing a rather fetching headscarf which leads me to conclude that perhaps you are too nice for your chosen profession. Are you sure you are entirely fulfilled and happy with a life on the

high seas? I am fully-occupied with my Gate duties but I do have some useful contacts if ever you should decide that you really want to be a flower arranger for example. Do think about it carefully - I'd much prefer not to have to monitor you all day and every day.

With hope,

S.T. Peter



[quinquereme](#)

22 June 2012 8:51AM

Dear **S. Ubernoj (Master Builder of Torture Instruments)**,

I must confess myself to be deeply saddened by the quick decline of your once brilliant woodworking career. From having been a universally respected and skillful Ark Builder you then glided one rung down the ladder of ruination with your Trojan Horses, as these objects, however masterfully executed, nevertheless inherently aim at deception in warlike circumstances. And now you talk blithely of (im)palings as your raw material and, as for the rack, even mention casually its intended victims by name (I suppose you do Posh Racks as well as Spice Racks?!) Should **E.X. Tortioner**, Esq., get wind of this, I fear that you'd really be in deep - best to say it in German - Schmutz.

Even though I know that I was only doing my duty with the parking fines, I cannot help feeling some responsibility for this sorry decline. May I therefore suggest, in unison with our mutual friend and your former employer **S.T. Peter**, that you'll abandon your rack etc. business forthwith and think of something else. If, however, you'll persist with it, I perhaps could give you a helping hand in procuring orders, as in an earlier stage of my career I used to work for the Dept of Prisons, Precautions and Property Development and continue to have excellent connections to Penitentiaries of the highest order across the continent.

Yours in some perplexity,

O.F. Ficer, HH*

Dept of P, P, P and P (formerly, of P, P and P)

Dear **S.T.**,

Even though you do not mention Chariots of Fire (for which I am grateful, as we wouldn't wish to accidentally put our newest tourist attraction to torch by your visit), I find myself in agreement with you as to the general deliquidizing qualities of chariot travel. Please rest assured that the gourmet restaurants of our beautiful city will be fully able to

cater even to the most demanding palates, although - as ambrosia and nectar are now out of season in these northern climes - I would recommend our organic, locally produced birch sap in their stead.

I trust that you'll be making your own arrangements as to your hotel bookings? Nevertheless, I remain slightly concerned on account of the size and quality of your retinue and would advise you to either rent our Football Stadium or else seek out the Camping sites at some distance from the city centre (please bring your own tents).

Regards,

O.F., HH*



[Subernoj](#)

22 June 2012 9:42AM

Dear **O.F.Ficer**,

Thank you for your kind words re my rapid decline from *Master Ark Builder* to the despairing depths of *Master Spice Rack Builder*.

I am reconciled to my loss of status and, as *paling* as it is, I do not take *afence*.... er....sorry, offence. I shall endeavour to remain an *upright* citizen and will keep you *posted* if anyone starts *railing* against me.

Yours sincerely,

S.Ubernoj (Currently Unemployed)

Response to [Subernoj, 22 June 2012 9:42AM](#)

Dear **S. Ubernoj (CU)**,

to conclude, I hope you do not mind my pointing out a spelling mistake in one of your earlier communications, although you must have done it on purpose out of sheer modesty. Instead of Master, T'wit it should surely read Master, the Wit.

Yours sincerely,

O.F.F. etc



[Crucigrama](#)

22 June 2012 2:48PM

Estimado Sr **S.Ubernoj**,

Ow ol fren Sen Peder tell ass you aff sam top qualidy RACKs abellabel. Ees samfin we

could use. We aff many notty bankers an politician een Espain who don wanna tell ass where da many wen. Leedle beet stretchin maybe help dem remine demself. Eef racks ees spicey, ees better.

Pliss sen leest off your esteemed productos an inform ass you geev deescount for senior o religious personas.

Salutin you attenteebly,

Fray Ben Toss

Inquisitor Generalis de Espain



[FerenjiNan](#)

22 June 2012 3:49PM

I woke early as Aurora's mirific fingers scratched celestial dandruff from her hair. Bleary eyed birdies fluffed up their flapdoodle feathers, girded their loins, and launched into their same- old, same- old dawn chorus.

The dream didn't want to leave me. Smooth mahogany hues shimmered under my sleepy lids. Beaten copper gleamed like Wiley Coyote's eyes on a full moon night, sending howlish shivers down me timbers.

Cunning nooks and shelvelets enticed with cardamon seductiveness, and even half asleep my nostrils quivered, tipsy with fenugreek fumes and nutmeg delights.

Cunning little fin de siècle drawers awaited a Spanish Main's treasure trove of seeds. A special shelf stood by itself, pride of place going to a dear little brown bottle (with a yellow label).

It was the spice rack of uncounted years of wistful dreaming...craving...

rumours had reached my hopeful ears of a master builder who might...*might* ...be up to the job...

so close, ah unfulfilled desires, climax missed by a hair, as the fabled Spice Rack Master of Sammarqundario throws his tool chest over one shoulder, sniffs in the gneral direction of his naysayers, and departs to build

huuh!

other racks.

I am desolated.

In despair I fall back asleep, hoping perchance to recapture those rapturous vanilla bean dreams.



[NickWit23](#)

22 June 2012 4:38PM

Response to [FerenjiNan, 22 June 2012 3:49PM](#)

Ferinji

Beautiful whimsical melancholic lament as the master (but eccentric) craftsman plods off into the sunset.

Remembering Teapot Blues by the late great Whizz Jones:

Me walls are empty Rackman
Me drawers are cluttered too
Me spicejars roll all jumbled
I don't know what to do.
Can't find me cayenne pepper
Me Cumin's gone and hid
And as for Coriander
I've only got the lid

.....

22 June 2012 6:24PM

I leave my duties to a deputy for one day, just ONE DAY, and what do I find on my return? Somebody (and I'll find out who) has upset our best ever Ark builder who has now shuffled off somewhere to make racks or something similarly useless to us. We have no need of racks of either the stretching or the storage variety. Whoever was responsible for this should remember that they may one day need an Ark and, most certainly, they will meet me at the Gate. It's going to have to be a cracking good explanation for this foul up.

Me timbers are well-shivered.

S.T. Peter

Dear O.F., HH*,

My sincere apologies for the delay in replying to your recent proposals for our visit. It is with the deepest regret that I must defer our plans. I find myself all of a dither over the calumny visited upon our esteemed **Master Ark Builder** not least because we must now embark on a lengthy and rigorous process of appointing a suitable replacement. The Boss wishes you to know that the erstwhile errant Ark can remain in its current location for as long as it enhances your tourism 'offer'. Just send up a carrier dove when you want it moved.

It has been a pleasure to deal with your good self and I hope to see you in due course in less disconcerting circumstances.

Best regards,
S.T. Peter

Response to [Subernoj, 23 June 2012 6:47AM](#)

Most Esteemed Maestro **S.Ubernoj**,

We stay moss fascinated of your stock leest (ah - pliss inform eef you aff also *stocks* in stock). We consider, that eef we assemble all five productos in the chamber an chess SHOW them at notty bankers, anticipation of pain will be sufficient for our purpose. You moss welcome any time try our 'steak' an kidney, you haff very long spoon?

Without more ado, moss expecting you respond, a cordial salute,

Fray Ben Toss
Inquisitor Generalis de Espain



[civsum](#)

23 June 2012 5:54PM

Response to [NickWit23, 23 June 2012 2:14PM](#)

THE ARK SAGA NEEDS TO BE PUBLISHED !!!