

The Astounding Adventures of Cyril Bright

by G. Arthur Brown

Chap. XI: A Place Beauteous of Which I Dare Not Speak

And when I had released the spirit from his worldly prison, he did show to me a way that man does not travel, though travel it I did with him until we should chance to see such things as should never be polaroided (and being as I am, only a polaroid camera did I have in my hands)—things that should only be painted in brilliant oils or told of by poets who are no longer of high school age.

In this place were one thousand things, each more beatific than the last, and some more beatific than the next, but all of such a vision that I dared not open both my eyes at the same time, but peering only through the cracks betwixt my fingers as a child who has caught his mother in the act of bathing. I do not dare to write down each of these thousand idyllic objects for it is well studied that, when recorded, such things have a tendency to fall into a death of sorts. And when it has died in its way does it send a spirit, an invisible stalker, forever upon the recorder to wreak vengeance and make mischeifs that a mother of ten Mixacans could not know.

Dancing was there amongst the childlike inhabitants of this place, and the genius loci did stand proud amongst mortals and immortals alike, and there was wassel ample for all who wished drink it. The photographs had been grand, were they possible to take. But an officer of the law with hands as large as the Moon did block the lense. I felt the joy that is only know by those lucky enough to meet gregarious and charitable elves who share their magic datebreads with those weary, and weary I was, though hungry all the more. So eating and drinking I made my way in this land and slumbered not far from a very attractive woman who smelled of a flower unknown in man's world. Upon awaking, I was home. The spirit stood over me and smiled and showed me a polaroid of what

looked like my sleeping mouth with something in it I do not care to speak of.

Chap. XXIII: A Meeting with the Chancellor of Mysteria

The invitation, engraved and in a gold leaf frame, caused me to bespectacle myself for the sake of its reading. It did say: COME HAVE LUNCHEON WITH MORK FILLIGREE CHANCELLOR OF MYSTERIA. PUNCH AND PIE WILL BE GRATIS. DO NOT BRING ANY GOBLINS, NOT EVEN IF THEY WEAR A NAPPY. TOO MANY POO-FLINGING INCIDENTS HAVE LEFT A BAD TASTE IN THE CHANCELLOR'S MOUTH. A date and address followed, as did a secretary's signature in forgery of Mr. Filligree's own. After doffing my pince-nez, I pocketted them, for I did not wish to remove them completely from my person, lest I find that I wished to refer to the document again and be unable to utilize my eye's properly for its reading. My mother and father both suffered from a similar affliction; they were always late to gala events.

I festooned myself in the manner which I had heard the Mysterians comported themselves garb-wise in public. A tunic of grey, pantaloons of also grey, ribbed hose of white on my lower leg, a green velvet jerkin atop and patent-pending leather shoes as shiny as the very Magic Mirror that I broke, imprisoning myself for 700 years on Near Earth. No hat did I don, though twice I thought it unwise to allow myself be sighted publicly bareheaded. The last thing I needed on this day was a haranguing by a constable about my lack of social etiquette. But since it was the fashion among the folk of that strange land, I went with hair uncovered before the Chancellor and took my Chances (excuse my obvious pun!).

I have drawn up a sketch to clue you to an idea of his look. Though I am a scrivener and not a sketchman, I think the general idea has been cast. He was a very handsome man with a pleasant visage that I should not be afraid to take home with me to meet my mother had I been a woman and not locked within the male body I now inhabit. He told me have a seat and eat the joint they have so lushly spread before me on the resplendant table. After offering my

sincere thanks, I took a bite of pie. The voluptuous flavor was too much for me, so I promptly passed out. When I awoke the Chancellor was discussing his policy regarding airships dispensing breathable poisons with the Chairman of Outlandia's Weapon's Committee. I could see that this was no place for a peaceloving man like myself. I said my adieu, exited the building and activated the explosive device I had placed under the table in my case.

