



# SCAR WARS

SCAR WARS or; THE ROOKIE'S LAMENT

An Allegory of Principals and Principles

Book the Fourth - A Book of Letters:

Fun and Games at Worldly Universal Pure Empire of INSULA



Well, Rookie fans, the old research mission turned out to be longer than expected, but it sure paid off. While circling the Sun, I gathered several fragments of information spun off from the recent explosion at wuPEI. What's more, the Empire Council continues to meet occasionally and there are signs they may seek to replace the Sure Heavenly Vision with something a little Purer, and perhaps a bit less Insular. Who knows, the very meaning of Growth may even be up for grabs. That would rank right up there with Rock's conversion to Art! (Some of the Sures, contemplating an uncertain and ever unwelcome Future, have been heard to mutter "If you can't be Sure, you can at least be Pure." It still helps to be Insular, though. However, I digress.)

Between retrieving fragments of information and the gradual healing of my head wounds, the last two weeks have brought a few more personalities from the Empire drama into focus. First of these was Aurora, the Imperial Guardsman, ever vigilant to defend the principles of Growth and Empire. Aurora, one of the architects of the Ultimate Miracle, the scheme to usher in a glorious 1984 on INSULA, fired off a missive aimed at your beloved Rookie. Forgetting the wisdom of the Sures, Aurora urged everyone to ignore history (lest the present be understood,

and the future divined?). Thus your darlin', if hairy, Rookie was called down even below the level of the Endroids for having dared to endeavour to trace the origins of wuPEI, ferret out principles, and name the unnameable.

Coincidentally (?) one of the Top Endroids, euphoniously called Crandroid, also launched a missile in the direction of yours truly, but missed and splattered my beloved comrade C-thru-bullo, ironically also a Droid. (But not an Endroid. While the Endroids positively revel in their roles as mechanical MEN, C-thru-bullo is a hypersensitive Translator Droid, whose linguistic skills paid off last week in a devastating critique of Aurora's facility with the English tongue. Through further application of his awesome apparatus of arcane circuits, C-thru was able to identify Aurora fully as Aurora Germane, a former adviser to the Emperors of Betelgeuse, Cygnus West and Osterlich.) Obviously Crandroid's missive failed to penetrate C-thru's force field and no critical damage was done.

C-thru-bullo has also kept a watchful oculus on the manoeuvrings of the Four Horsemen. Both he and Fluke Floorwalker, young and innocent stalwart of the Rebel forces, alerted me to the most recent handiwork of the Wolf (who is still howlin') and the Fox (who has been on the run all across the

heavens lately). These two stolid horsemen were cited by Fluke and C-thru for that old offence so oft associated with these riders of flying steeds, that of besplattering the heads of innocent Insulars with their, shall we say, exhaust. It seems they were on patrol over and above the call of duty out of concern for their respective flocks of sheep, who they feared were in danger of being spooked by the mere sight of a hairy Rookie or two.

Wolf seems exceptionally protective of his fold (a word, incidentally, that he forgets when in full-throated song). He clearly contemplates its inhabitants in proprietary fashion, as fair, but no longer so Sure, game. (Did not the Sures have some wisdom to offer on the subject of Wolves and Lambchops? But - I digress.)

Better for the Wolf were he to ponder the recent ramblings of the Sacred Cow. The Cow, still loose in the heavens, has strayed farther than ever from INSULA and wuPEI, according to the latest word from the central galactic information network. Wolf has been one of the great promoters of the last roundup of the Cow and certainly his portion of

the Empire (of wuPEI, that is) has staked (steaked?) a lot on the prospect that the Cow can be snagged.

In that respect, Wolf should be pleased that the Empire Council seems to be in no mood to permit the Rock to burn any more offerings - and risk offending the Cow. Apparently unimpressed by the great pile of ordnance (is that the word for all that Sure Heavenly stuff? - darn head wounds! - check with C-thru!) unloaded on wuPEI by the Horsemen after their summer's foraging, the Council is moving to establish a new team of Visionaries for the Empire. Rock is happily contemplating the recruits for the new squad.

Maybe there is a future for wuPEI! Must it, too, be Sure and Heavenly? Is there another Solution, neither Final nor Nasty? Tune in next week.

What is the sound of a falling sheep? Can it be heard by a rolling Rock? By a howling Wolf? Where is Star Dragger? Can Ran Solo be re-programmed?

Who was that Masked Man anyway?

Keep those cards and letters coming in.

The Rookie

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