

The Daily SHRIEK ■ Tales of the Castle: first in the series

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Tales of the WayOut Castle Crew



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Editor's note: *The WayOut crew's ongoing adventures are chronicled on ACD-L (see cattledog.com for information on joining the listserve) and in the [ACDCA Quarterly](#).*

The Prince Steps Out

His Royal Highness Prince Slate kindly allowed his personal attendant to accompany him on a brief parade around the neighborhood today. He received his normal amount of adulation from the commoners with a carelessly arrogant grace, as usual. His personal attendant did cause him a small amount of frustration by her refusal to allow him to chase a motorcycle or eat goose poo but it was nothing a royal personage could not overlook, if pressed, and his highness graciously passed it off with merely a few bucks and a kick.



Furthermore, it was abundantly made up to him when he came upon and was able to kill a ferocious flying bag several times in succession even though said slaughter involved dashing UP an enormous hill at an indecorous pace! The aforementioned personal attendant, while panting for breath, was still able to congratulate the prince on his fine prize. Thereupon, he forgave her her shortcomings in the goose poo eating episode and continued on his royal excursion in a jolly good mood.

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Horror in the Castle

The denizens of the royal palace thought this would be a day as any other day. The noble Prince Slate made lively about the halls - helping his attendant with chores, flirting with the Lady Tassel and dodging about and generally interfering with the evil Prime Minister Shan as that worthy went about his very serious duties. Shortly after his last official appearance, however, his attendant was horrified to discover the royal footprint clearly imprinted in dirt spilled all over the dining area. A castlewide search for the wellborn culprit was instituted.

Further discoveries only increased the horror of the castle occupants. Muddy pawprints led to the scene of another shocking crime. Shaken victims accused the prince of chasing the distinguished ambassadors from the neighboring kingdom,



joined the anxious searchers.

The searchers were startled by a sound like a roll of thunder coming

In Memory

The Evil Prime Minister Shan was a noble and distinguished black and white dog (aka border collie) who was the



bane of the young prince's life. He greatly enjoyed suppressing

the exuberant royal lad at every opportunity and would make an opportunity if one did not immediately appear. He was never very interested in herding but he was a great friend. He died at age 12.5 in 2002 of prostate cancer. He is very much missed... but not by Prince Slate.

Catlandia. Between hisses and anguished yowls, the ambassadors described how the royal youth had latched onto their tails which still twitched in indignation. They shrieked again in memory of the outrage upon their persons.

The search continued with greater urgency! The prince must be found and the reason behind these crimes discovered! Surely this was just a temporary influx of high spirits and not a sign of any criminal change in the beloved future monarch. Yips and wails were heard from the Lady Tassel as she

Catlandia

Clara and Feral, the conniving Catlandish Ambassadors, appear to be quiet and unassuming at first

from the gallery above. A hurried dash up the stairs found the royal lad rushing about like a madman through all the personal chambers. The evil prime minister sneered at the juvenile antics of his sworn enemy while Lady Tassel ran back and forth after the prince, seeking to calm him down by biting his ankles (a well known method of calming the distressed).

After questioning, however, it became clear that the crimes were not the work of the beloved prince but rather a commoner cleverly disguised as him. How the switch was implemented will probably never be known but the palace rests easy tonight knowing that the rightful heir is once again back in his place. Hopefully the horrific episode of the Prince and the Pooper will not be repeated!

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The Prince Meets the Possum

His Royal Highness Prince Slate was only intending to attend to the royal business in the yard before retiring for the night. He had purely peaceful and kind feelings in his heart as he headed out the door. The Evil Prime Minister Shan was a few steps behind him when he heard a horrific shriek and saw the young prince disappear rapidly and somewhat loudly down the steps. Some seconds of crashing followed as it appeared the prince lost control of his momentum and went headlong downwards.

What could be happening?? The personal attendant to the court peered out into the darkness and saw the prime minister hastening slightly more decorously down the stairs. The crashing and shrieking continued then stopped abruptly. The personal attendant armed herself with the Lady Tassel and a flashlight and hurried to the site of the ruckus. Against the fence and under a bush, she saw the two nobles standing over a dark lump. They appeared puzzled. The lump resolved itself under the glow of the flashlight to be an evil looking creature with a nasty, fat, naked tail and a long, pointy nose with a mouthful of sharp teeth. It looked very dead.



The two gentlemen were inclined to feel very proud of themselves and strutted about briefly til they were told to get inside to bed. Carefully watched over by the stalwart Lady Tassel, the personal attendant investigated. No signs of life were apparent. "Alas! Poor Possum. I knew him, Tassel; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," she said as they made their way sadly back to the house.

They turned back at the top of the steps to gaze silently at the crumpled body, and what to their surprise did they see but Mr. Possum climbing unsteadily to his feet! "To be or not to be, that is the question," he mumbled as he tottered out of the yard.

With apologies to the Bard.

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The Prince in the Doldrums

Vacation is nearly over here at the castle. Not only is the evil and aged prime minister again under the weather, but he is taking it out on the royal lad by repeatedly biting his nose and forcing him into submission. The Catlandish Ambassadors watch the barbarically quaint customs of the castle in appalled silence, grateful, as always, that they belong to a superior species.

The noble prince, having once again been taken to consult with the goatishly bearded philosophers, had been hoping he had gained enough wisdom to be respected by Shan the evil prime minister. Such hopes were dashed, however, by that worthy's stubborn opinion that philosophers are a sign of weakness in a society and should be eradicated or at least ignored. Not even the humble tokens of the prince's esteem and good will could soothe the offended prime minister. As the prince laid the ends of two sheep tails at the feet of the black and white dignitary and thumped his tail encouragingly, the evil one was heard to cruelly sneer about diluted royal blood and the inability to bite correctly. He continued his taunt by pointing out that, firstly, a true aristocrat would not have needed to bite and, secondly, that if a bite was needed, a proper prince would have bitten the heel and not the tail.



Brokenhearted and despondent, the prince turned away with a tear in his eye. Was there nothing he could do that would earn respect from his regent? He tried to ease his anguish in the royal pool. Soaking quietly, he pushed around the water plants and redecorated the garden. Occasionally the prime minister would wander past. "Sheep tails! Piffle!" he sneered. Prince Slate blew bubbles in the pond and pretended not to hear. Even the Lovely Lady Tassel refused to amuse the prince. "Biting off their tails! How could you?" the dainty creature sighed. "And why didn't I think of that?" she muttered under her breath when the prince was out of earshot. She consoled herself by stealing the royal knucklebone and secreting it in her jewelry box.

Alas for the prince. No sheep tails, no knucklebone, scolded by his personal attendant over his careful garden redecoration - they call them the dog days of summer because the prince is in the doghouse!

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The Prince and His Pink

His Royal Highness Prince Slate was tooling about town in his personal carriage one day when something caught his attention. "Stop the carriage instantly!" he commanded. His personal attendant slammed on the brakes and pulled the carriage up in front of the spectacular storefront. The autocratic young prince leaped joyfully from the carriage and preceded his attendant into the establishment. The proprietors bowed and scraped before him and offered him a tray of hors d'oeuvres to sample as he perused the contents of their store. It was the most incredible place he had ever seen! He pulled out his blue credit card (with a princely line of credit) and proceeded to max it out.

Being a selfless and very noble young fellow, he did not forget the faithful members of his court. For the Lovely Lady Tassel, there was a new grunting hedgehog; for the Evil Prime Minister Shan, a squeaky sheepman. The prince, for himself, purchased a lovely, pink, rubber porcupine. His personal attendant quietly suggested that the blue one was, perhaps, more manly, but the young prince would hear nothing of it. It must be the pink one! No porcupine was more squeakily delectable than the pink one. "I will call it Pink!" declared the prince as he squeaked it happily.



Upon returning home to the castle, the prince distributed his purchases to the gathered throngs. He was somewhat chagrined to notice that he had neglected to purchase anything for the Catlandish ambassadors. They stalked away with their tails stiffly upright pretending not to care.

Shrugging off this oversight, the royal lad reached deep into his bag for the last toy, his precious Pink. The soft rubbery sides gleamed in the light and the cute up-turned nose and big eyes smiled at him. Little porcupine quills poked out of the sides of this most incredible find, and the color reflected onto the walls lighting up the room with a rich, rosy glow.

Prince Slate could not contain himself! He put Pink on the floor and danced around it in joy. "I have Pink! I love Pink!" he sang loudly and very off-key. He danced a foxtrot. Pink smiled obligingly. The prince thought Pink needed a new view. He carefully placed it on a chair. Pink smiled. Prince Slate danced the Charleston. "I have Pink! I love Pink!!" he sang even louder. Pink on the footstool, the prince danced the macarena. Pink by the foodbowl, he did the twist. Pink sat on the porch and his highness boogied and shouted as he did a rain dance around it.



Finally the prince found the place his Pink liked best. He carefully climbed to the back of the sofa and stretched himself out as far as he could reach. Holding Pink carefully in his mouth, he leaned over and gently placed it on top of the bookcase. The wide smile of the rubber toy filled the room as it sat proudly and looked down upon the royal court. Prince Slate climbed down from his perch and gazed adoringly up at his beloved toy. Nothing but the jitterbug was adequate to express his depth of emotion. "Pink! Pink! Pink!!!" The rafters echoed with his shrieks of joy.

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The Prince's New Clothes

His Royal Highness Prince Slate woke up one morning with a gasp of horror! He was falling to pieces! The Royal Blue Jumpsuit was disintegrating in front of his very eyes!! He ran to The Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel in dismay. "Tassel! Oh, Tassel!" he cried. "My lovely blue jumpsuit is falling apart! Look!!" He pointed back to shreds of fabric that lay along his trail. "Look!" he shrieked again as he pulled a large chunk of material from the seat of his jumpsuit and waved it in the air.

"Oh grow up," said the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel. "You are such a stinkin' baby. Haven't you ever blown your coat before? I know you must have because you were certainly very bald when we picked you up from herding boot camp last fall."

The Prince shrieked aloud. "Tassel!! You are getting MY red jumpsuit! That is not fair! You know I have longed for a red jumpsuit for all of my two and a half years!" The noble prince leaped upon the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel and pulled a large clump of red material from her jumpsuit. "Why do you get a red jumpsuit and I only have blue??"



"What a ninny," sighed the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel. "Look, that is my undercoat you are holding and, let me say, it is not exactly socially acceptable to be seen in public pulling on a lady's undercoat in that manner. I have, though apparently you never had the good taste to notice before, a lovely red undercoat. You have a plain, boring, blue undercoat. Too bad for you." She smirked gently. Prince Slate hurriedly dropped the scrap of red material onto the ground and looked abashed.

Just then the Personal Attendant tottered into the house and collapsed into a chair. The court ran over to welcome her and frolicked in expectation of dinner. The Personal Attendant opened her eyes and screamed in horror! "Where is the Prince?! What have you done with him!?" She grabbed Prince Slate and shook him. "Where is Prince Slate and who are you?!" she growled.

The Prince drew himself up in affronted dignity. "Control yourself, madam. I am Prince Slate." Clumps of blue jumpsuit scattered to the winds as he spoke completely destroying the dramatic effect. "Oh, princely!" she sobbed in dismay. "You are completely bald! You look like you have lost five pounds! Here, eat some food!!" She filled up his supper bowl and Prince Slate sneered regally at the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel who stood in a pool of red and blue hair and sucked in her sides to look pathetic and thin. She was unsuccessful.

The Personal Attendant told her she needed to lose weight and poured out the tiniest allotment of food that the Lady Tassel had ever seen. "This isn't fair!" she shrieked. The Prince smirked gently as he gobbled his food.

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The Prince Hears a Cautionary Tale

His Royal Highness Prince Slate has noticed a cyclical pattern in his personal attendant's attention span. At certain times of the year, the royal lad sees a decrease in her ability to attend to his needs and a corresponding increase in the mess lying about the castle. Toys, princely hairs, and papers mingle unheeded all over the floor. These times of mess also correspond to a change in the usual kind temperament of his attendant. She becomes cross and impatient with the antics of the court. She mutters to herself and spends hours at her desk staring at books til late into the night. In the morning, she rushes out the door with barely a glance at the castle inhabitants and, upon her return, she goes straight back to her desk and resumes her muttering.

The prince has learned to use these times to catch up on his sleep and experiment with new games with the Lovely Lady Tassel. He also gets some enjoyment out of teasing the Evil Prime Minister Shan and the Catlandish Ambassadors. One day, after a particularly ingenious pounce at a Catlandish Ambassador, his personal attendant took him aside and proceeded to tell him a story:

The Tale of Prince Kitty-Doggy

Once upon a time, there was a prince who insisted on pestering his personal attendant while she was trying to write a stupid bird paper. Prince Doggy, as he was known, was a lovely young fellow who delighted in frolics. He was not very considerate, however. Here, the personal attendant heaved a great sigh that foretold of woes about to fall upon the hapless Prince Doggy. Prince Slate settled cozily upon his pillow and fixed his attention upon his attendant. He knew he was extremely considerate so he felt smugly superior to this fictional prince.

Prince Doggy, continued the attendant, was well known throughout his kingdom for his long whiskers, his broad forehead and his pertly erect ears. He wore a luxurious blue jumpsuit everywhere he went. (Prince Slate, with an innocent air, plucked some cat hair off his own blue jumpsuit.) Prince Doggy was a very doggy young prince and he delighted in chasing after the distinguished ambassadors from Catlandia. He was so relentless in chasing them and pulling their tails that the leader of the Catlandians from the great city of Meowin' knew something drastic must be done about this grave insult to her country. This Catlandish leader sent a horrible curse that fell upon the hapless Prince Doggy: "Henceforth, you will become that which you most despise and all your persecutions will be visited back upon you one hundredfold."



Clara

The personal attendant fixed Prince Slate with a steely glare. From that time forth, she continued, Prince Doggy had uncontrollable urges to perch on the backs of chairs. She looked at Prince Slate who lolled at his ease on the back of the sofa. Prince Doggy also felt compelled to jump into the window seats and sit in the sunshine. (Prince Slate received another sharp look from his attendant. He wondered why she kept looking at him so strangely.) Prince Doggy's whiskers grew longer, his tail would twitch when he saw a bird. He enjoyed rubbing affectionately against his attendant, strings dangling in front of him were now irresistibly attractive. He was even, Oh Horror!, known to purr on occasion!

His subjects would snicker and sneer when the young prince appeared in public. They would whisper "Here, kitty, kitty!" behind his back and toss catnip at him. The prince was

unable to control himself and would roll in the catnip as the commoners hooted and howled in laughter. "Prince Kitty-Doggy," they called him. Prince Slate shifted a little uncomfortably. Obviously his attendant expected him to be learning something from this tale but he could not understand her meaning.

Eventually, the poor young prince was indistinguishable from a cat. His subjects refused now to bow before him and he was taunted unmercifully. They tied cans to his tail and chased him through the streets. At last, in desperation he snuck across the border into Catlandia. Alas for the dreams of royalty, the poor Prince Kitty-Doggy spent the rest of his days catching mice in the gutters of Meowin' and begging to support his catnip habit - all because he had refused to listen to his personal attendant and insisted upon pulling the tails of the distinguished Catlandish Ambassadors. The End.

Prince Slate's personal attendant wiped away a tear. The Lovely Lady Tassel sobbed quietly into her embroidery. The Evil Prime Minister Shan mentioned how he was quite sure the foolish Prince Kitty-Doggy was not a border collie but obviously had been an inferior sort of cattle dog. Prince Slate squirmed a bit uncomfortably as they all looked at him. He had no idea what they were rambling about. He heard a bird singing outside and his tail twitched. He smoothed his long whiskers and asked politely if he might run and play now. His attendant nodded and the noble prince leaped from the back of the sofa. A Catlandish Ambassador, disturbed by the prince's sudden descent, waved her tail in the air and had it abruptly seized and yanked as the prince ran past. What a dumb story that had been, thought Prince Slate, spitting out hair. It was nowhere near up to his attendant's usual standards.

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The Prince Helps Paint

His Royal Highness Prince Slate, having religiously kept his resolution to be useful around the house, was very perplexed today when the Personal Attendant barricaded him and the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel into the upper chambers of the castle. "How odd," he ventured to opine to the Lady Tassel. She glanced suspiciously at him and, being firmly of the opinion that discretion is the better part of valor, decided to take a nap in her boudoir under the bed. HRH Slate was not familiar with that quaint saying and decided to investigate the barricade.

He could see the lowly Personal Attendant toiling away at the bottom of the stairs. She was rubbing something on the wall. She worked for a while and then picked up the phone, just out of sight, and began chatting. Prince Slate made a small noise as he banged his foot against the barricade. "Hellooooo! If you are not working in sight of me, don't you think I should come down and help you more closely?" he sang. The Personal Attendant made no reply but kept chatting away - annoyingly close but out of sight. Prince Slate nosed aside the barricade. After all, the Personal Attendant had no right to restrict the Royal Prince's access to any part of his own castle.

He trotted happily down the stairs at a slightly faster than usual pace just in case the Personal Attendant might try to thwart him. Indeed, he might be said to have galloped down the stairs at top speed. He heard a piercing scream that was so loud he had trouble identifying it as anything so he ignored it. It was repeated just as the Personal Attendant hove into view lunging across the room at him. The Prince was pleased to see that she

had missed him so much and was glad he had made the decision to join her.

Suddenly it dawned on him that the very loud, piercing noise was coming from her and she was leaping madly through the air towards him in a very perturbing manner. At about the same time, it dawned on him that one of his feet was slightly damp. The Noble Youth, never one to tempt the fates, decided that his crate was a very worthy goal and flung himself across the room and into it at the speed of light. The Personal Attendant landed with a thump at his last noted position at the base of the stairs and again repeated the atrocious noise that had been issuing from her mouth. To the Sweet Prince's jangled nerves, it now sounded suspiciously like:

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

There was a brief episode of tearing of hair on the part of the Personal Attendant but she quickly pulled herself together and slammed the crate door on the now Meek and Docile Prince who barely spared a thought to wonder at the dampness of his foot - although that bare thought was enough to cause him to wipe it all across the floor of his crate. He watched in wonderment as the Personal Attendant ran around with a damp sponge and wiped away at the carpet and he blushed furiously at the language she used. He was glad the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel was safely out of hearing.

Just as he had given up any hope of interpreting the Personal Attendant's very strange behavior, she ran at him again. He tried to appease her by flopping around his discolored crate but she dove in and wiped his foot with the sponge in a furious manner. She then said in a cheery voice, "Outside!" and flung the Royal Prince out into the rain! The rain pelted down on him incessantly as he drooped around the yard wondering why the Personal Attendant thought he should go admire the gardens in a downpour.

The Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel, snug and secure in her boudoir, snorted and laughed at the sounds of the Prince's folly. She considered going down and adding a few choice words to the Personal Attendant's limited vocabulary but remembered her motto and stayed put. Discretion really is the better part of valor.

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The Prince Gets Some Advice

His Royal Highness Prince Slate was pleased to escort the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel to a class reunion back at the old barracks of Fort BFM recently. There he relived all his happy memories secure in the knowledge that he would not be compelled to scrub his bunk with his toothbrush again. His dear friend Sutter was so happy to see him that he voluntarily started stripping off his red jumpsuit for the Noble Prince to borrow.

As the Prince chatted with his old comrades, he was saddened to see one with whom he had but a passing acquaintance was behind bars. "Why is Young Kit imprisoned?" he asked a passing kelpie. "Too busy, can't stop, must get to work" muttered the kelpie. "Drat," said Prince Slate. "Why do I bother with those creatures. Hello there, fellow!" He hailed an older blue dog. "Why is that young lady imprisoned?"



"Fellow?" wondered the dog but he was an unassuming and tolerant creature so he merely sniffed once and replied. "My granddaughter has

been fined for excessive barking. Well, I can't blame her for that. It is a habit I get into myself at times. There is just so much going on and we all like to get in a few words of advice to the new recruits. Some of them, well, they could use the help... say, didn't I see you around here last year? Tendency to bite the hocks? Kicked in the head a few times? Yeah, I remember you. Maybe you should have listened better to what we were saying. I know my boy Sutter tried to tell you - Bite the heels! I remember him coaching you but you just have to go in there and bite those hocks. Get you killed one day, it will."

Prince Slate wasn't sure he needed to take any advice from the blue dog but his court manners saw him through. "Ah, yes," he said airily. "You do tend to rattle on, don't you? Well, thank you for the information. Your granddaughter, hmm? I don't see any resemblance. Good day." As he continued on his way, the Personal Attendant rushed up to him. "Do you know who that was!" she exclaimed. "What did he say to you? Memorize everything!" Much to his chagrin, the snobbish prince realized he had been speaking to none other than the renowned General Syd himself. Too late, he wished his court manners were a little more polite.

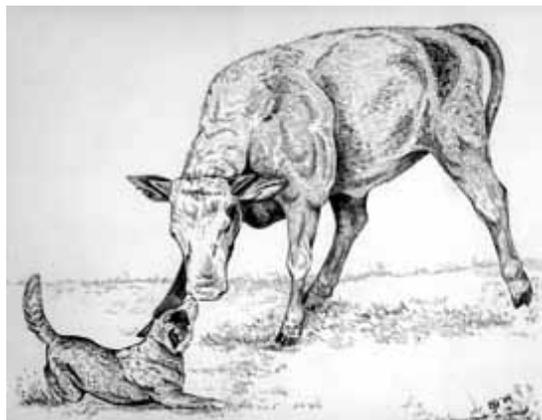
"What can I do to make it up to him?" he wondered, determined to impress the great general. "I know, I shall rescue his granddaughter!" He quickly outlined his plan to the Lovely Lady Tassel and his Personal Attendant. "Let's bust her out and take her back to the castle!"

"Excessive barking... I don't know," said the Personal Attendant cautiously. "That is a serious charge."

"Nonsense," the Prince dismissed her hesitations. "See to her bail at once!" He dashed off to attend to some recalcitrant cows and promptly bit one in the hock. The resulting kick missed him by a millimeter. When she had recovered from cringing in horror at the near miss, the Personal Attendant brought Young Kit out from her prison cell.

"Good afternoon," squeaked Kit in joy. "Did you see that? The cow almost kicked him. He bites too high. Let me diagram it for you." She rapidly sketched a picture in the dirt. "If you are this pebble, the human stands here and the cows are this clump of dirt. You move in a counterclockwise manner and you should come up nicely at their heads. When you reach the heads of the cows, you should..."

"Excuse me," interrupted the Personal Attendant. Kit paused for a moment and the Castle Crew looked her over. "She is very small," the Prince said doubtfully. "Ahem," said the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel. "She appears quite a good size to me." The Personal Attendant and Prince Slate exchanged a glance. "Well, let's see what you can do then," said the Personal Attendant. "If you bite the cow, perhaps we will pay your fine."



"Kit and the Cow" by [MJ Hotter](#)

"Oh joy!" said Kit. "A cow! Now let's take the cow leg. We'll call it the lever arm. Force is multiplied along the lever arm..." "Do we have to listen to this?" asked The Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel.

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The Prince's Pink Loses Face

His Royal Highness Prince Slate awoke from his afternoon nap with a start. What was that sound? He listened intently. It couldn't be. ... It was!! It was the sound of his precious Pink in distress! Jumping off the royal couch, he galloped in the direction of the faint squeaks that emanated from his beloved rubber toy. What new enemy threatened his kingdom's most delectable squeakie?

Turning a corner at high speed, he almost didn't see the small dog that lay on the ground. "Kit!" cried the prince, screeching to a halt. "Where are the intruders that threaten my Pink? Have you seen them?"

"Intruders?" puzzled Kit. "Well, there were 16 grasshoppers that went past in the last hour, 17 house finches, 2 wrens and 47 grackles. I also saw 7 wasps and 15 houseflies. The two labradors are out next door but they are confined by some odd electrical system that somehow interacts with their collars. I haven't quite worked out the mechanics of that. It would be easier if they would allow me to take the collars apart to see the workings. I am pretty sure I could rebuild them afterwards. The mourning doves have remained more or less stationary around that contraption they call a nest. My calculations show that it will collapse on or around Day 15 counting from the time the first egg was laid."

"HALT" shrieked the Prince. "What is that between your feet??!" Kit looked down perpelexed by the change of subject. "IT IS MY PINK!!!!" cried the Noble Prince in horror. "Where is the happy smiling face with the long painted eyelashes and the turned up nose???! You have eaten my Pink's face off!!! How dare you touch my royal Pink! My own beloved Pink! And you, you're nothing but a convicted felon that I took pity on!" The Prince howled in outrage as he danced about his Pink's shattered body.



"That reminds me," said Kit gently. "I have been reading this fascinating book, comrade. This book says that property should be shared among all. That rank is a charade. That all dogs should work together for the common good. Why should I toil while you relax in luxury? Shouldn't you also work instead of just enjoying the spoils of your oppressed serfs? Why is this Your Pink and not My Pink? Is not the Pink partly mine and partly Comrade Tassel's as well? Don't we share in the good things available. What do you say, comrade?"



"My Pink!" moaned the Prince.



"Pull yourself together!" snarled the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel who had joined the scene. "You are crying over your split Pink while a revolutionary spouts treason at you! Convict Kit, you must address us in respectful terms. That is Prince Slate and I am the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel. When there are no servants present, I will permit you to address me as merely The Lovely Lady Tassel but in public you really should be more

formal. Comrade will never do as a form of address for a Prince or a Lady!"

"Are we not all dogs? Though I was raised in a military establishment and not a castle, am I not your equal, comrade? Let us all work together for a brave new world!" said Kit, staunchly.

"Suppress her at once!" shrieked the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel. "Off with her head!"

"My Pink," wept the Prince.

"Oh, there goes another grasshopper, that is number 17!" said Comrade Kit.

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The Prince Avoids a Predicament

His Royal Highness Prince Slate was contentedly chewing on a stick when the Young and Nimble Comrade Kit ran up to him in excitement. The noble prince continued chewing on his stick while the enthusiastic rebel made several dashes past at high speed before settling enough to address him. This took some time.

"Did you see that, comrade?" squeaked Kit, finally. "I made 50 circles around you at an average speed of 25 miles per hour. The total distance I ran was 7523.7 feet. I bounced 6 times per loop and each bounce covered 8 feet on average..."

"Did you want something?" interrupted the sweet prince impatiently.

"Oh! I found some more books inside," Kit wallowed on her back in the grass as she spoke. "I hope it isn't a problem, I made some notes in the margins. Some sections I had to cross out and rewrite completely, they were shockingly out of date."

Prince Slate turned back to his stick. "You will have to talk to The Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel about that," he said, glad that he didn't have to discuss politics again. "I only have one small paperback. The rest are hers."

"Comrade Tassel!" yipped Kit happily. "I will find her. Do you know that she has lost 1.3 kilograms since my arrival? That is 2.9 pounds if you still use that system. It is also out of date. This whole castle needs updating!"

"It is a brand new castle," mumbled the prince around his stick. "We haven't even named it yet."

Kit looked at him quizzically. "Comrade Tassel said it was named. She said it was called Tassel Castle. She showed me the borders very clearly. She said one acre was hers and 0.35 acre was yours and the remaining 0.15 acre, which includes



to the middle of the road out front, might be mine if I was good. We measured it. I think we should all share it. It could be called Kit's Commune."

"Tassel Castle? It does have a nice ring to it but I was thinking more along the lines of Pink Castle," pondered the prince. "It doesn't matter about the borders, everything that is Tassel's is mine and everything that is yours is mine. That is what it means to be a prince. My paperback covers that very clearly."

Kit considered informing the prince that the set of books she had been busily updating tended to disagree with him on that subject but, at that moment, she saw the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel resting under a tree. "Comrade Tassel!" she cried in joy and began looping towards her. This took some time. In fact, it took enough time that the Noble and Courageous Prince Slate was able to find cover before the explosion.

"You dared edit MY roolbooks!!" shrieked the Lovely and Delicate Lady Tassel.

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