Praise for
Bixby Bluebottle & The Wizards' Bane

OVER SIX MILLION COPIES…stolen by Pixies.

"No one should read this so-called book! The abuse of grammar and language is a travesty! It should be banned!" — Coalition of Evil Librarians (COEL)

"Utterly ridiculous! A joyride of chaos! I loved it!" — Fillion Mulder Tudyk

"Five Stars! You should definitely steal this book. Just make sure to share it with your friends." — Ged Ebonshadow

"This is a most excellent book! I'm SO proud of him! Although I am embarrassed by his grammar. Still, you should buy it!" — Clara Bluebottle

"I don't read much, but I liked Bixby's book a lot. He makes me almost laugh." — Picks Lockehorne

"Don't read this book. Your teachers will hate it! One star!"
— Ringwyrm Merryfodder
"Hey! Don't call me, Ringwyrm!"
(Correction: Ringer Merryfodder)

"If you don't read this book, my sister Amity will put a hex on you. Just ask Ringwyrm." — Calista Bluebottle

"I will praise any man that will praise me. I do so applaud, Bixby Bluebottle!" — Domitius Enobarbus, as quoted by The Bard of Chanevar

"I do applaud your spirit, Bixby! Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit." — Duke Quinapalus, as quoted by The Bard of Chanevar

"You should definitely not steal this book. Borrow it or buy it. Bixby is the most honest thief I know. Either way, read it. Tell your friends." — Misty Proudhammer

Entry 1: A Hob is Me!

All me troubles started with a blueberry pie.

At least that's when things got…interesting. I credit the pie with saving my life, after all. I would tell you about it, but I've been sworn to secrecy and bribed with, well, blueberry pie, of course. Magic blueberry pie, at that.

Maybe I can get permission to tell you. I'll ask. Or not.

Really, my problems started when Felonius Ratcatcher called me into his "office" and said, "Bixby, I got a job fer ya."

Felonius Ratcatcher is the guildmaster of the guild I'm in. He is all kinds of trouble for me. He's pretty full of himself. He likes to call himself King Ratt.

But, I guess you could really say that, strictly speaking, all me troubles began when I was born in the Mudwallow Slums. It's a tough life at times, but me and me Mums and me sisters do alright.

I have one mom, just to be clarifyin', but I calls her Mums. It's like a nickname. I have six sisters that are more trouble than Felonius.

But before I go into all that, I guess I should let you know what you're in for, if'n you keep reading this book.

I like to say that I'm a finder—and an enlightener. I go out and I find things that people might not be, perhaps, taking care of as much as they should be. Maybe they're not locking them up in their home the way they ought, or maybe they're not quite payin' attention to their pouch of coins. I find those items and take care of them.

I finds 'em, and they gets more enlightened. Not the items. The people. They become more enlightened-like and aware of their valuables.

It's kind of like a game. If people didn't want their treasures taken, then they'd hide them better, right? Like Dragons and Snacks. Or Hoop and Stick. Or Knights and Dragons. That's my favorite!

Another way of looking at is, I *lighten* the owner's of their burdens. Plus, they becomes more alert to the dangers around 'em. And I become a few coins richer.

After all, someone who's actually dangerous might break in on 'em—tempted by all that stuff they're leaving around. Someone like that, well, they might put the hurt on those folks just to get at those coins or trinkets.

If I helps 'em by finding that stuff ahead a time, then they'll be more careful, and the real thugs won't break in and give 'em the hurt.

Now, I know what you're thinking.

So you're a thief, Bixby Bluebottle.

Well, yes. Yes, I guess I am.

I'm a thief, but I'm an honest thief, at least as honest as I can be in a world where the little people have no power, and not enough to eat, and the bad guys want to eat you.

Couple a' Trolls tried to eat me once, but I'm small and pretty fast, even compared to other Hobs, so they didn't get to eat my arm the way they wanted to—not even a finger! (Is that where the expression 'finger food' comes from? Because, if so, that's kinda gross.)

So, as I was saying. Thief. Honest thief. Not all my pals are honest, I can tell ya that.

Some of them'll steal yer undergarments while yer sittin' in the outhouse, so they will. I would never steal someone's underwear while they were sitting in the loo. Or anytime, come to think of it. I mean, what would you do with 'em anyway?

In fact, I got a set of rules me uncle taught me to follow, and I do. Most of the time. At least I try to. He goes by Ged Ebonshadow. You've probably never heard of him because, well, if a thief is famous, they's not very good, are they? He gave me my lockpicks and taught me how to use 'em. And he gave me a slip of paper with these rules on it:

1. Don't Get Caught.
2. Don't Steal from Poor Folks.
3. Don't hurt Anyone, Except in Self-Defense.

That last one is especially for innocent people who don't know 'nuff to get out of the way.

That makes it pretty easy. Because even with the folks you can't steal from, there's plenty of bad guys in the Mudwallow Parcel. A parcel is what our kingdom calls districts. I dunno why.

One time a Goblin clown that was part of a traveling circus told me that he'd never 'eard of parcels before. I said I ain't never heard of Goblin clowns before, and we got into a fist fight. It was a draw, and then we went and got some spun sugar on a stick.

The Chanevar Parcel is across the river, where Duke Orland and Duchess Winnivar and other nobles live. (We live in the duchy of Khural and the duke and duchess are in charge.) Not that I've never been over the bridge to that side. I really, really want to go someday!

The castle and other buildings tower above the trees, and Picks, my buddy who's better than me with locks—and also pick axes—he says he heard there are golden apple trees in the castle courtyard. And, when you pick one, it magically turns into real gold! One of these days, I'm going to get over there, steal an apple, and live like a king. Or at least like a Duke.

The problem is, I'm stuck in Mudwallow, and being tempted by things like blueberry pie and cookies and such, which is a strong temptation indeed, especially for a Hob, and that creates complications that slows down me prOgress and all.

You can't just go walking across the Star Bridge like you belong on the other side, after all. Especially when yer in ratty clothes and with dirt on yer face. You gots to look respectable and all.

So that means me and my pals, we gots to gather up enough scratch to buy decent clothes to cross the bridge before we can even think about stealing some of those golden apples.

Not that that stops us actually dreaming and scheming about it. Some days, though, it makes me tired just thinking about it, and I go fishing instead.

Most days me and me gang are right at it. We're motivated, not like some of the urchins and old grumpkins in the guild. Hobs are natural thieves and burglars. But, we ain't robbers.

Robbers use a fist, a knife in the gut, a cudgel upside the head. No style at all.

Hobs have more finesse. We'll fight, if we have to defend ourselves or someone else. But we prefer not to use violence like a common thug. We use diversions. We distract. We glad-hand. We charm.

Hobs have…

Style!

We're very charming, Hobs are. We run the long scheme, the long con. We pick a pocket, we scale a wall—we get in a building and back out again before the owner has even finished their fresh, warm, *delicious* blueberry pie.

(See how I worked that blueberry pie back in there?)

At least that's how it's supposed to work.

Oh, I should probably tell you what a Hob is, and why I'm writing this journal.

A Hob is me. I am a Hob.

A lotta time, people call us halflings, but that's really kind of rude if you think about it. Yes, we're shorter than a lot of other folks (even dwarves), but we're not half of anything. We're the whole bean, thank you very much. Call us halflings, and we'll steal your socks. Just one sock from each pair, mind you. Did you ever wonder where all those missing socks go? Well, now you know.

The truth of it is, everyone calls us halflings. Us and the other short races. Except dwarves. No one calls *them* halflings. Probably because they're built like granite blocks and would snarl at anyone who called them a halfling. A Dwarf snarling is like a wolf growling. It's a warning. They're 'bout to punch you like a battering ram.

A lot of the short races all kinda have a relationship. Not like cousins but more like a loose alliance. A common front, you know? Us short folk gotta stick together. It's the only way to survive in a tallfolk world.

Anyway, like I said, a Hob is me.

Hobs have a bit of mischief about them, as you may have gathered. We're great friends to have around. Friends are family.

We're also a terrible pain in the buttocks if we decide we've been offended and choose to make your life miserable for a while.

No one is as good at practical jokes as the "wee folk," which is definitely a nickname you should never call us, or someone might put poison ivy in yer bed.

As much as Hobs are naturally sneaky, most of us tend to be homebodies, which is why everything in Mudwallow hasn't been stolen right down to people's skivvies. Me mum and most of me sisters like nothing better than to curl up in front of a warm fire after a hot meal, a bit of hot cocoa, and to read *The Chanevar Gazette*, the *Mudwallow Gabber* or a new book, when we can get one.

I do like reading books and newspapers, too. But I'd much rather be walkin' the streets of the city, watchin' the people, and maybe pickpocketing a mark or climbing into a third-floor window with me mates to see what treasures we can find.

I especially love finding a good book to bring home for me Mums and sisters. Books are expensive and hard to come by, especially in Mudwallow. I can usually find a copy of the *Gabber* people have thrown out after reading it. Sometimes I even gets a *Gazette*, ifn I'm lucky.

We have *nine* books in our house, includin' this journal, which is way more than anybody else I know, not counting me Uncle Jordan, and he's a wizard.

Hobs tend to be incredibly, uncannily lucky. We was just born that way. But I think Uncle Ged got a double dose.

Me Uncle Ged told me that Hob's is lucky because our patron god, Fortune Merrigrin Mischievin, once won a game of chance over a bunch of other gods, and they had to give all the races under his guardianship an extra measure of luck.

Like I said, he's an incredible burglar and me favorite uncle—but sometimes I really do wonder about the tales he tells me about his adventures. If I were you, I'd take the whole 'gods gambling' story with a big spoon a'honey.

Despite my skepti'clysm, he's great to be around. His stories are fun, and he can do coin tricks as good as any wizard. And I've seen quite a few wizard tricks, lemme tell you.

One day, after one of Uncle Ged's visits, me Mums gave me a package. It was a fat rectangular box tied together with string. I pulled the string, releasing the knot and lifted the lid. The warm smell of leather rose up to my nostrils. Inside was a book!

Ornate tool marks ran around the edge of the dark brown cover. The pages were thick and rough-cut, and the paper a slightly golden yellow, not from age, but just how they were made, I suppose.

I immediately loved the texture of those pages beneath my fingers, and the rich smell as I inhaled deeply. Ah! The smell of a new book.

I flipped through the pages, my body practically thrumming with anticipation at the story that awaited me. But, much to my horror, I discovered that the pages were *blank*!

"Mums!" I said. "Someone has magicked all the words away!"

Mum laughed and said, "Some books are blank. They're called journals. Sometimes people call them diaries. Sea captains call them logs."

I turned about as red as a ladybug at that one. I shoulda known better, but who'da thought that someone would spend all that money making a book with no words in it?!

I also wondered why a book would be called a log, but Mums kept going. Maybe because paper comes from wood?

"A journal is a book people write in to remember and share all the things that have happened in their lives." She said that I needed to fill in the pages with my own story.

I looked at her skeptlically. I had never heard of anything so ridiculous before. She laughed again and gave me a hug and kissed me on the cheek. She smelled like flowers and fresh baked bread. And bacon. She'd made second breakfast a little while ago. "You'll figure it out," she said. "Go on outside and steal some muffins with your friends."

What I didn't realize at the time was that writing in the journal was going to become a regular part of my edification. Me Mums is *making* me do it! Suddenly, the idea sounds a whole lot less fun.

Of course, at first, I just jotted down a few thoughts each day. But once all this stuff happened, I figured I should write it down, so I added more details. This is the finished journal. Expanded and elucidated (that's a fancy word for addin' more details).

Oh, and edification is a fancy way of saying education. My mum makes me write words like that on the back page of my journal. Sometimes she's as bad as a Hobgoblin. (Just kiddin', Mums! She reads this as part of me lessons.)

Oh, that reminds me. Hob-*goblins*. Close cousins to Hobs, although we don't like to admit that. Note the goblin part. Hob *goblins* are meaner and uglier. If you make them angry, they skip right past practical jokes to making your cow dry up or setting your barn on fire. Hobgoblins are very bad news. Don't cross them. And, please, don't confuse us Hobs with them.

Anyway, keeping a journal is not all bad. I'm going to write all of me adventures in it and, someday, just maybe, I'll be an even better thief than me uncle. Me and my cohort. I'll tell you about them soon.

Oh, and the pie. I have to tell you about the blueberry pie, too.

Hmm. Maybe I should stop writing the word "Oh," so much, too.

I'll have to think on that one.

Respectfully Submitted,
Bixby Bluebottle
Hob & Honest Thief

Entry 2: Sisters & Urchins

This morning, I was sitting at the table having me first breakfast with me six sisters. (Second breakfast is about 10 AM, for you tall folk. How you can go four hours between meals is like a boggle in a barn to me!) I'll tell you about me sisters a few at a time, so it doesn't feel like you's trying to get a drink from a waterfall.

Calista is twelve. We're the closest in age and the closest to each other. You know, I mean we get along good. She's me closest ally. Me Uncle Ged calls her my co-conspirator. I'm not exactly sure what that means, but I like the sound of it.

She's quiet usually, but funny. Like me, sorta. I talk a lot and I'm funny. At least I think so, and that's all that really matters, right? I amuse meself!

Calista even looks like me, with coppery-brown hair and green eyes. She's eleven months older than me. For one month, Calista and me are the same age. We call that being Hob Twins.

In case math is not yer jam on a biscuit, that means I'm 11, almost 12.

So, I'm smack slab in the middle. Three sisters on either side. Makes me feel like a sandwich sometimes.

I'll tell you about one more sister for now. The rest will haveta wait. Amity is 9 and annoying. I call her Enmity ifn I want to get her riled up. We get along like a dog with a sweet tooth who wants to play with a wet cat dipped in honey.

Speaking of dogs, last week I bet Amity that she couldn't squeeze underneath a kitchen chair. She slid her way under the rungs, and I sat down. She was pinned.

I smiled at her with that smile that says I gotcha, and she squeaked a very satisfying squeak. Then I reached behind me to the table and the frying pan that sat there loaded with bacon grease. I got a big old glop on my fingers and met her eyes. She squirmed and yelled, "Mums!" but mums was out shopping. I smeared the grease all over her face and cheeks and chin.

But I wasn't done yet. Nope. 'Cause, then, when Amity was all greased up good…I called our dog Yapper.

Yapper licked her face all over, just to make sure she didn't miss a bit of grease. Amity really squealed. She was laughing, too, so it was all in good fun. At least I sure thought so!

Really, though, Amity and I get along okay. I guess.

The seven of us, plus the dog, are a lot for one mom to handle. A tempest in a teapot she calls us. Me dad disappeared months before Bhannie—the youngest—were born.

We're not sure what happened. Someday, I hope to find out, but I expect it ain't good. He either left, got captured by someone—or he died somehow.

I don't think he'da left us. I was eight when he disappeared. He seemed happy with Mums and with us kids. He laughed a lot.

I remember him coming home with Uncle Ged, and they would stay up late into the night rehashing their adventures. I would hide on the stairs listening until I fell asleep.

One time, he brought home a stray pup. That was Yapper. White with tan spots and a tail that wags so fast you'd think he was a hummingbird. Another time, he brought home a book. It's my favorite book. *Tales of Farwell the Magnificent!* It's red leather with gold letters. Super fancy book. Dad would read it to us every night while he was home. When he left, Mums took over. It took a long time to read through all of his adventures.

Then one night, Dad rushed out of the house with his backpack, sword, and leather armor. He tried not to wake us, but Yapper ratted him out by running around and barking.

He told us, "I've got to go out and help Uncle Ged and Uncle Jordan out. I'll be back soon."

Three years is a long time, though, so it doesn't look good.

Uncle Ged, Uncle Jordan, and Uncle Barton won't tell us kids nothin' though. I have three uncles. None of 'em is *really* me uncle. We just calls 'em that because they're close friends of me da. I'll tell ya more about all of them as we go.

They say they think he's alive, but they won't say what he was doing or where he was. Nothing.

It's a bit frustrating. One of these days, though, I'll find out what happened to him.

If he's still alive, whatever took him's gotta be dangerous if even me uncles haven't been able to get him out. So, I need to keep honing me blade skills, improving my sneakiness, and me nimble fingers for pickin' pockets and locks. And, maybe, if I've learned enough, I can go rescue him.

I don't think that will happen until my next journal. Maybe even the one after that. Hang in there, Dad. I'll be back. I'm going to go get a glass of milk.

Where was I? Oh, getting better at my skills and raising my Fame & Fortune!

One way to do that is, I gotta win this contest. What contest, you ask? Why, *the* contest! The Best Urchin Contest! Last month, Felonius Ratcatcher finally announced The Best Urchin Contest

I'd been waiting since last year for this, ever since I got pressed into the guild. I mean, ifn you're going to get forced into the thieves' guild, you might as well win contests and gold, right?!

All the young thieves who want to compete, and everyone does, of course, we have to tackle challenges that the guild master gives us.

If you win, you get bragging rights. You might get some special assignments and even a bigger cut of the take as well. You might not know this, but every thief has to give a lot of their loot to the guild leaders. It's kinda like payin taxes, I guess.

Now, ifn yer not in thieving or adventuring circles, you also might not know what loot is. Loot is money. Treasure. Gems, donuts, jewelry, weapons, cookies, books, magic items, and other pastries. Anything not nailed down that you can carry off and sell. Or, if you are a Hob, eat.

But I got off track a bit. Family. Sisters. *Lots* of sisters. We don't always get along, but mostly we do. If you mess with one of us, you mess with all of us. Inside the house, though, all bets are off.

I'm sure I'll tell you more about me sisters as I write in this journal. For now, it's my turn to take a bath. I'll write more in a bit.

Back to the Best Urchin Contest. It's actually three contests, usually. Although I heard one year it was five contests! That's a lot.

This year, in the first contest, we hadta steal something from a nobleman or a merchant—the more famous the noble, the more points. You also got points for creativity and danger.

I won that round because I stole Mayor Crankwattle's boots while he was getting a shave and a haircut at the barber. I was quite proud of that one, although I'll tell you here that it wasn't really that hard, because he always falls asleep during the shave. That's our little secret, if you don't mind.

His real name is Sir Brutus Cranikston, but we all call him Crankwattle because he's as mean as school in August, and because he's got so much flesh hanging down around his neck, he looks like a turkey.

Last year, he passed a "mayoral order" sayin' that kids couldn't hang out around the merchant's square on account of all the pick pocketing. I mean, how's a charming and roguish fellow supposed to make a few coins?! He was right, of course, but he sent the constables in regularly to bust heads until we got the message. Well, we got the message and moved on to easier pickings.

So, I figured nicking (that means stealin' by the way) might win me big. It did, but fame in the guild only lasts as long as one of Mr. Garrison's lollipops. (I like lollipops.)

A few nights after I hit the mayor, a runner brought me a note with an assignment on it. I had to go into a clothier's house, find her hidden coffer, and steal all her gold and jewels.

She'd apparently become quite well-favored over on the Chanevar side of the bridge. She was selling a lot of her fancy dresses and such, but she wasn't paying her dues in Mudwallow. All the guilds can be quite touchy if they don't get their cut, regardless of what business they're in.

I shimmied up the side of the house, found the coffers in her closet, hidden under some floorboards, and picked the simple lock on the box.

An ear-splitting, one-note scream pierced the air—and kept on screaming. A screecher coin activated as soon as I lifted the lid.

A screecher coin is magic and rich folk buy 'em to keep their valuables safe. You open the box or closet or whatnot without sayin' the right password and they start screaming loud enough to wake the Empress back in the Capitol!

Despite the noise, I took a quick look. Empty. No gold. Nothing except that one coin.

That second of delay almost turned me into a porcupine, though. A crossbow bolt hit the wall next to my head! If the unhappy clothier had been a trained fighter, I'd be fertilizing weeds right now instead of looking for my next biscuit and jam. I got out of there fast.

As I reached the corner, Ringwyrm Merryfodder was waiting for me. Ringwyrm. What to say about Ringwyrm. Let me start with just this for now. He's a Gnome and lives next door to me. I'll have a lot more to say about him later.

He stood there leaning against the wall, with his arms crossed, and a smirk on his face. "Hey, Bixby. Trouble with a screecher? Tsk, tsk. What a shame."

"You! You set me up!"

"Me? I'm just standing here enjoying the night air. I don't know anything about your empty coffer or the screecher that woke up the poor clothier. She didn't get a good look at you, did she? Because that would really make Ratcatcher angry."

I stepped toward him, my fists and jaw so clenched that they hurt. Ringer realized he might have gone too far and skittered backward, snapping his fingers.

I came up short as three figures stepped out of the shadows and into the scant light of a streetlamp. A kid named Similitude Glenlayich ("Glen-lay-ickh"—I don't know how to spell it, just how it sounds) was first. He goes by the name Simi and was another Gnome.

Then there was an Orckin named Throg. He was a kid, too, but bigger than the oxen pulling wagons of wine. Lastly was a Human girl named Braxton, but everyone called her Blackjack.

An Orc*kin*. Is just that. *Orc*-kin. Part Orc. They say it like that, too. I think the letter K gets stuck in their throats and they can't spit it out.

I get that, though. I have a hard time saying a-lum-i-num. My brain trips and I can't stop. I say aluminuminum every time.

So Orckins. They are usually, large, smelly, and angry. Throg was a cousin of Ringwyrm's, and he could take out three Human adults, no problem, and that was just

with his breath and armpits. If he swung his fists, I'd be in serious trouble. His head had sparse hair like plant-scrub clinging to life on a rock. His green-yellow skin reminded me of the underbelly of a rattlesnake. Come to think of it, his eyes kinda reminded me of a snake as well.

Braxton Blackjack (Liza to her friends, of which I was *not* one) carried a very long knife and, of course, a blackjack. A blackjack is a leather sack filled with lead and a bit of clay to give it that extra special something. They're supposed to knock you out, but they're more likely to kill you. Braxton doesn't care either way, so long as she gets to hit you. True to her name, she wore all black with a silky gray, ruffled neckcloth.

Simi scared me the most. He had blue and purple tattoos on his face and hands with skulls and cut off Orc heads and snakes and stuff.

A large Orc fang necklace hung around his neck. I wondered how Throg felt about that. He's kind of dense so he probably didn't think much.

Simi also had a battleaxe as big as he was.

Simi was about four feet tall with dark brown, almost black hair. He had a longish goatee, but the kind with no moustache. It was tinged with green color, and he tied it off in two ponytails. He stared at me with flat green eyes. It was something about his eyes—and his reputation, too, I guess—that said I will beat the oatmeal out of you without thinkin' twice.

"Hi guys," I said. My voice sounded squeaky, like an out of tune lute. No idea why. I cleared my throat and tried again. "Nice night. Out for a stroll? You should be careful. Lots of unsavory types out this time of night."

Here's the thing about me. I've got a smart mouth. It might be squeaky sometimes, but it is always smart. My mouth is much smarter than me, in fact. Me Mums has tried to correct this flaw in my character with considerable amounts of lye soap but, alas, through no fault of her own, I've been resistant to rehabilitation in this matter.

Throg and Braxton snarled—there was definitely a lot of snarling going on—and stepped toward me.

Fortunately for me, the constable whistles started blowing somewhere behind them. "Coppers!" Braxton said, stating the obvious.

The two big hulks cringed at the whistles and turned and looked. Simi didn't even blink. He just kept staring at me. Like a tiger eyeing a mouse. I smiled, turned, and took off.

"Get him!" Ringwyrm yelled.

I heard swearing behind me, but I didn't slow down. Like I said before, I'm very fast, so I ran as fast as my little legs would take me, ducking through alleys, around and over alley snipes, up some stairs, across roofs, and down ladders.

After five minutes of running, I stopped behind a half barrel that a goodwife had filled with flowers and caught my breath. I hunched over, wheezing as quietly as I

could for a couple'a moments. When my breathing calmed, I listened. I didn't hear nothin'. With a chuckle, I stood up, and turned with a jaunty step to head back home.

Simi Glenlayickh stood in front of me, holding a hand axe, with his giant (to me) battleaxe strapped to his back.

I yelped and leaped straight up, waving my arms around in circles like a wizard falling off a cliff while trying frantically to cast a spell. Not the best response if you are in danger. I'm not proud of it, but it's what happened. It was actually closer to a yip, too, insteada a yelp. Or maybe a high-pitched YeeeEEE-AHH! What can I say? He's quite intimidating.

Simi didn't say anything. Just stared at me. Snarling or staring seemed to be the theme for the evening. He stared. Then he slowly extended the hand axe out, as if he were gonna hand it to me.

Puzzled, I shook my head and started to ask him, "What are—" and that was when he jerked his arm back and cut my forearm. Not much, just a surface scratch, cut enough to bleed.

It happened so quickly and was done so deftly that, for a moment, I didn't realize what had happened. He held my gaze, nodded, maybe outta respect or maybe as a "gotcha". I dunno. Either way, he turned and left, and that was the end of the trouble.

For that night anyway.

Enough for now. I'm falling asleep. I'll tell you about the blueberry pie some other time. After I get permission. Unless I'm a finalist in the guild's Urchin Contest. Then all bets are off.

Respectfully Submitted,
Bixby Bluebottle
Fast…Asleep…

† † †

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