

Morkink Tales I

MORKINK REVISITED A Modern Fable Tale

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(Faithful RoseyCrusher)

Once upon a time, in the Valley of Hearts Delight, sat a little kingdom called Morkink. In its center was a giant, splendorous fortress, the Citadel, on which sat the Castle of Morkink. The ruler of this kingdom was the benevolent and much-loved Howard Splendor. Howard was a very peaceful, smart and creative man. He did many things; painted wondrous pictures, wrote fabulous stories, and amazed the populace with his feats of science. They loved and respected him so much that they awarded him the title "Doctor of Truths".

Howard was so proud of this title, that he used it in front and at the end of his name. So he became officially known as "Dr. H. Splendor Truths". Dr. Truths liked traveling to faraway lands, and wherever he went, the people were fascinated and amazed by his tales of the serenity and peacefulness of Morkink. They wanted to be Morkites, too, so in his journeys, he established colonies of like-thinkers who followed his ways. Soon, there were hundreds of Morkink settlements, and countless thousands of Morkites.

When a follower wanted to be a member of Morkink, Dr. Truths had a special ceremony to induct them into the Morkites. Dr. Truths devised a fragrance that they would wear which was easily recognized, beautiful and subtle to the nose. This fragrance was created by crushing the virgin rose blossoms which flowered extensively in Morkink, and dabbing them with the oils. He would say magical words, burn incense made from the sacred Morkink roses, and anoint the Neo-Morkite with the special oils. The aroma of this balm was so heavenly, yet so distinctive, that the Morkites were soon called "RoseyCrushers".

Soon the RoseyCrushers were spread all around the world. The people realized that they had a veritable empire of Morkites in the different lands. A convention was called to gather the RoseyCrushers from the many colonies, and at this event, the Morkites unanimously named Dr. Truths as their emperor. So, it was that Dr. H. Splendor Truths became the first world-wide Emperor of Morkink.

Time passed, and Emperor Truths grew old. He continued his exhausting schedule of writing, teaching, traveling and ruling over the RoseyCrushers. He even enlisted his beloved son, Wroff, to help minister to the Morkites.

Wroff enjoyed his work, especially traveling to the many Morkink colonies. Like his father, Wroff was talented in writing and story-telling, but his special skill was in organization and administering the Empire. He established a network of Delegates to help oversee each colony of Morkites, and started a periodical, the RoseyCrusher Times, to keep the Morkites informed of news and events of the Empire, as well as teaching them the latest Morkink philosophies.

One day, Dr. Truths collapsed under the burdens of his office. He summoned Wroff to his side. "Son", he said, "my time is drawing near. I will not be able to fulfill my office, and I want you to prepare to succeed me."

The Chief Delegates were called to the dying Emperor's sick room, where they were informed of his wishes that Wroff be installed as the next Emperor. Since Wroff was equally loved and respected by the Morkites, agreement was quickly reached. Then with a peaceful heart, Dr. H. Splendor Truths slipped away and became part of Eternity.

Morkink flourished under Emperor Wroff Truths. His talented and charismatic ways caused the number of Morkites and Morkink settlements to grow and prosper around the globe much more than before. Soon, the Castle of Morkink was full of workers scurrying about on their business of serving the world-wide RoseyCrushers. Emperor Truths even established a Museum of Antiques which displayed the finest treasures of his travels. Countless thousands of Morkite pilgrims ventured each year to the Citadel and Castle Morkink to visit the Sacred Hall where the RoseyCrusher ceremonies and feasts were held, and the Museum where the exotic treasures were kept.

The Empire prospered for many years, and Emperor Wroff Truths was extremely popular. He spread the word of Morkink until the RoseyCrushers were known and respected everywhere on Earth. Foreign dignitaries called on him, and celebrities flocked to join Morkink. Wroff had established many colonies, appointing the ubiquitous Grand Delegates to administer each Colony in his stead.

However, as Wroff devoted his entire life to the Morkites, he never started a family, even though he was happily married to his soul mate, Martyr. As a couple, they selflessly sacrificed their own personal lives for the

good of Morkink, and devoted all of their time, efforts and resources to the RoseyCrushers.

As the years advanced, Wrolf wrestled with the notion that he was going to be passing someday, and that Morkink had no rightful heir to take his place. It was becoming widely known that the Emperor was "quietly" looking for a protégé. Every young man at Morkink (and throughout the Empire) soon began trying to catch Wrolf's attention in the hopes that they could someday wear the Sacred Seal of Morkink around their neck.

A shrewd and guileless young man, Gerhardt Stewdbrain, worked in the Citadel of Morkink. He was a relatively low-level, clerk, but had a crafty and cunning ability to gain the confidence of others, and use them for his own motives. He knew of Wrolf Truths' search for an heir and knew that if he could be crowned Emperor, that his days of work and problems would be solved.

So, Stewdbrain (whose mind had become warped due to extensive "experimenting" with banned substances) plotted and cajoled his way up the chain of command at Morkink until he found himself employed at the office of the Emperor himself! Since he had the innate ability to connive and deceive, he was highly recommended to Emperor Truths as a candidate for succession.

One day, Stewdbrain found his opportunity. An envoy sent from the Citadel in a special courier vehicle was supposed to re-supply the outlying colonies, and delivery Public Relations speeches along the way. The journey was long and arduous. It took the emissary far away from Morkink, and was filled with endless boring travel, lonely days and nights, and tiring public appearances. Very few representatives that started on the mission, lasted the whole trip, and soon returned to Morkink and resigned.

Stewdbrain realized that if he could fulfill the journey and successfully return to Morkink, that Wrolf would hold him in high regard. Stewdbrain knew that eventually he could worm his way into being Wrolf's successor. So, with that in mind he volunteered for the job.

Wrolf Truths was beside himself with surprise. Nobody had ever *wanted* to do the messenger car! Usually, the candidate was appointed and convinced that this was an important mission. Most, however, considered themselves unlucky and destined for termination. But this young man was different—he *jumped* at chance to take on the thankless task!

So, Stewdbrain headed out on his several-months-long trip in the motor home loaded with supplies and Morkink materials. He knew that loneliness would be his main challenge, so he arranged for a variety of companions to join him along the way. *Female* companions, that is. You see Gerhardt Stewdbrain was no saint, nor was he celibate.

The journey progressed, and Stewdbrain made his stops at each of the RoseyCrusher outposts and cheerfully schmoozed with the Morkites. At night he would stop at pre-arranged locations and receive his mistress for the evening that'd happily schmooze with him. In the morning, before he arrived at his next destination, he would return the tasty tart to her vehicle, and then present himself to the next Morkink settlement as the tireless disciple that all expected the Citadel to send.

Word of his energetic appearances filtered back to the Castle and eventually reached Wrolf Truths. He was impressed and amazed at the young man's energy and endurance (he had no idea of the *"endurance therapy"*, that the evenings' activities provided Gerhardt). Upon his successful return, Wrolf decided to give this man a suitable reward.

"You have proven yourself a worthy soldier for Morkink." Wrolf told him, "For that I'm granting you the honor of being my Chief Emissary."

Stewdbrain was ecstatic. He had finally gotten into a top position of trust with Emperor Truths. He now set about to install his own people in key jobs and convince the Chief Delegates that he was a logical successor to the Emperor. Little did he know there was another plot working against him.

One of his mistresses, who met and served him on his road trip, was none other than Phealthys Loosewumin the wife of another lowly worker at the Citadel. She was ambitious, and realized Stewdbrain's scheme by watching his crafty maneuverings to get the travel assignment. She, too, wanted to live a life of luxury, which she was unable to do on the stipend that a worker's wife had. She knew if she could attach herself to Stewdbrain, that eventually her life would be set as he inevitably rose to the top of the RoseyCrushers.

Phealthys had a knack for manipulating men by playing to their weakness-SEX! She was fairly attractive, and she would use her looks to get close—literally close—to her prey. Then she would casually brush up against him allowing her female form to come into contact with the man. After a few of these "accidental" encounters, the unsuspecting male was usually putty in her hands.

Stewdbrain was especially vulnerable, as his appetite for loose women was as great as that for power. Phealthys intercepted a communiqué from one of his harem, and knowing the time and place of the rendezvous, she kept the appointment.

Stewdbrain was surprised by her appearance, but she worked her wily ways on him, and soon had him in a quite vulnerable position. She made repeated visits to the Morkink RV until she became a regular, out-stepping the other females who serviced the young traveler.

Soon, after it was announced that Stewdbrain was the likely heir to the Morkink throne, Phealthys made an announcement of her own. On one of her nightly visits to Stewdbrain's quarters, she informed him that she was carrying his baby! She had cleverly "forgotten" her preventative medicine knowing that Stewdbrain wouldn't stop to question her passionate advances.

He was stunned! This was not part of his plan! He had counted on having his pick of *all* the women in Morkink when he was Emperor, not be saddled with *just one*. And with a baby to boot! However, he realized that a scandal would ensue if he shunned Phealthys. Allowing her to spread stories of his promiscuous encounters would doom his chances for success. So, reluctantly, he agreed to her demands for a wedding right after she obtained a quick divorce from her current husband.

So it came to be, they were soon married. The loving Wrolf was especially happy, as he knew that Stewdbrain would gain additional respect as a married man. The newlyweds had to decide the timing of the announcement of their pending bundle of joy, as it again could cause scandal if the populous realized that the baby was conceived while Phealthys was another man's wife!

Stewdbrain used this to his advantage as well. Since he knew the Wrolf Truths never had children (and Gerhardt had postured himself as Wrolf's surrogate son), Stewdbrain offered Wrolf the status of "Grandpa" to the new baby. This not only guaranteed Stewdbrain the Emperor's throne, but Wrolf was delighted that he now had a pseudo-family, and that through Stewdbrain's child, the succession of Morkink's rulers would continue as it had through Truths' father and himself.

The child was born. A healthy boy, and Stewdbrain and Phealthys made sure that Wrolf had much time spent with the child. Wrolf was thrilled, and realized that now his life was complete, and Morkink's future was secured. So he thought.

Being an old man, one day Wrolf's fragile heart gave out, and he passed away. The Chief Delegates were once again gathered from all the RoseyCrusher colonies to the Citadel where it was unanimously agreed that Wrolf Truth's wishes were to be followed, and that Stewdbrain would be crowned the new Emperor of Morkink.

And so it was. Stewdbrain's reign started off unceremoniously, as he had already loaded the Official Morkink Staff with his cronies. Chief amongst these were a couple, the crafty Kunning O'Zeal (who was Great Wizard), and his bride, Madonna the Grand Delegate. O'Zeal had his own agenda for power and control, but he knew that he could stay in the background by manipulating Stewdbrain.

So he used the gullible Gerhardt to enact programs and policies that gave the Wizard free access to the Secrets of the Empire, and power over the Morkite staff. With his wife, Madonna as Grand Delegate, he was able to travel and network with the colonies to strengthen his hold.

Unfortunately for O'Zeal, another group had discovered the vulnerability of the ego-centric Stewdbrain. This was a cult founded by Sum-Young Poon-Tang, also known as the "Poonies". They were an insidious group that gained influence over their members through Oriental mind-control methods, and then had the entranced people convert all of their personal property and finances to Poon-Tang's control.

Realizing Stewdbrain's weakness for power, women, and illicit chemicals, Poon-Tang sent his top agents to wine and dine Stewdbrain. Gerhardt was mesmerized by the charms of these expert manipulators. He soon found that he enjoyed the company of Sum-Young Poon Tang, and his agents had free access to the Citadel. Eventually, the ego-emperor fell into the spell of the Poonies' power, and was obedient to their suggestions.

The Wizard O'Zeal was furious when he realized what the Poonies were doing, especially since it affected his influence over Stewdbrain. Unfortunately, try as he might, he could not wrestle Gullible Gerhardt away from his new associates. So he plotted to destroy the Poonies' credibility, and undermine Stewdbrain's position.

He didn't have to wait long for the opportunity. The Poonies had convinced Emperor Stewdbrain that the Citadel of Morkink was outdated, and that if he moved the Capital to a tiny country in the European mountains called Abhorra (which also was under the control of Poon Tang) he could be Emperor of Morkink, and King of Abhorra.

That pleased Stewdbrain just fine. He quickly made preparations to transfer the wealth of Morkink and control of its properties to Abhorra, and move himself and his cohorts there to set up Court.

The Wizard O'Zeal caught wind of this plot, and quickly called the Chief Delegates to hold a secret meeting about the crisis. They traveled from all of the colonies to the Citadel and after listening to a fiery and emotionally stirring (and quite exaggerated) account of the situation, the Chiefs decided to summon the Emperor and make him account for his actions.

Stewdbrain was aghast! Never before in the history of Morkink had a RoseyCrusher Emperor been told to justify his action! He was Wrolf's anointed descendant, after all, who would dare question him?! He was beyond reproach and refused to listen to the heated debates about his impending uprooting of Morkink. He promptly informed the Chief Delegates that they were all dismissed, and that he would be replacing them with his own appointees. Then he left the assembly.

That was the final straw for the Chief Delegates. Charged with the sacred duty of protecting the Empire of

Morkink by Emperor Wrofl Truths in the tradition of Dr. H. Splendor Truths, they realized that it was their Imperial Duty to act against Stewdbrain and seize control of Morkink before any further damage was done.

So, by vote, they impeached Stewdbrain, and in his place elected another young man, an honorable Chief Delegate from the colony of Gallia. This man, Bernhardt Chrissman, was the son of an original Chief Delegate, and had served the RoseyCrushers faithfully from an early age. His colony had been prosperous, and he was charming and quite popular with the Morkites.

Stewdbrain was promptly summoned, and after hearing of his pending departure, he grabbed hold of his Emperor's scepter and refused to leave. The Morkink Police were called, and citing his authority as newly-appointed Emperor, Bernhardt had Stewdbrain dragged kicking and screaming from the Chiefs assemblage and deposited from the Citadel and all of Morkink.

Things settled down for a while in Morkink. Emperor Bernhardt decided to retain his home in the colony of Gallia, rather than move to the Citadel of Morkink. He assured the Morkites that although the Citadel was still the true spiritual home of Morkink, he would be able to govern the Empire from whatever part of the Realm he happened to be. This suited O'Zeal just fine, as he was great friends with Bernhardt, and it didn't take long, with his wife as the Grand Delegate, for him to secure his position in charge of the Grand Colony. So, with the Emperor living far away in Gallia, the O'Zeals were free to do as they please. And that they did.

Traveling about the Grand Colony, Kunning O'Zeal imposed his will over his wife's and left many subjects wondering exactly who was in charge. Back at the Citadel, Wizard O'Zeal freely enacted policies and instituted programs that he wanted (rather than his wife) which often caused confusion and resentment amongst the workers.

Soon, grumblings about the arrogant O'Zeals' actions reached the various other Grand Delegates, and their superiors, the Chief Delegates. The O'Zeals soon became unpopular to the point that Emperor Bernhardt had to intervene.

After a hasty meeting of the Chief Delegates, (many of whom disliked the devious Wizard) it was decided that Grand Delegate Madonna O'Zeal was to be replaced. A likely candidate for her successor was already waiting in the shadows. This would pave the way for the eventual tragedy that befalls Morkink to this day.

Krusty K'nucklehead was the former Public Relations Director for Morkink under Emperor Wrofl Truths. She was attractive, energetic, and quite the glossy publicity hound. She enjoyed filming narratives for the Morkites, and when on-camera always was sure to display plenty of her long, lovely legs. Wrofl Truths was particularly fond of her interviews with him.

Stewdbrain tried to conquest her, but discovered early-on that her femininity was as superficial as her personality. She soon found herself escorted out of the Citadel, and vowed one day to return. Her day had come. Emperor Chrissman was familiar with K'nucklehead from the Truths era, and was captivated by her worldly charms. So, when she was suggested as the new Grand Delegate to replace Madonna O'Zeal, he thought that she would be a perfect representative of the Empire to govern the Grand Colony. The Chief Delegates concurred with Bernhardt since they, too had seen the PR films with Krusty's legs. So it was.

Madonna O'Zeal was summoned to the Sacred Chamber of the Chiefs and the verdict was delivered. Madonna was silent, as she realized there was no choice in her fate. It was her husband, the Wizard O'Zeal that caused this action, and she had no control over him. So she left the Chamber, and that night she left her husband. Madonna eventually found a new life in a far-off land, and the Wily Wizard was last seen in exile, roaming the deserts.

After her anointing, Grand Delegate K'nucklehead took on an assistant from the ranks of the surviving Citadel subjects. She was Jabba D. Huff npuff, an over-sized, low-level worker who had spent more time spying on the former Grand Delegate and reporting to the outside insurgents than on doing her job. Her fundamental self-righteousness earned her the reputation as a RoseyCrusher Church Lady, while her bullying bossiness earned her the disdain of her co-workers.

So, together Krusty and Jabba set about to change the Grand Colony of Morkink to what *they* wanted it to be. Many subjects who were faithful to Morkink, but not liked by the Gruesome Twosome were banished from the Citadel. Others who spoke in flowery praises and offered cheery advice were promoted. Many family and friends, who were otherwise unqualified to do the various important tasks at Morkink, were taken on at generous salaries and given dominion over the others.

K'nucklehead thought that streamlining the image as "Morkink-The Corporation" would fit into modern times much better. Wanting to divest Morkink of its ancient heritage, K'nucklehead started removing the name "RoseyCrusher" from many of the public buildings such as the beloved and famous Museum of Antiques, and Palladium of Planets. This greatly irked many old, and respected Morkites, who were proud of the past history of the RoseyCrushers.

Sadly, even though K'nucklehead was popular in the outer reaches of the Grand Colony, she was soon seen as superficial and pompous. Her PR talents could only carry her so far. Jabba D. Huffnpuffs heavy-handed ways were too much of a contradiction to the happy-sappy things Krusty spewed forth on her trips

and in her edicts.

As talented as she was at PR, she was severely lacking in her skills as a business administrator. When problems arose, and situations got beyond their control, the Dismal Duo often would ignore them, or have extensive meetings to discuss solutions without ever acting upon any plans. Usually, they would give up and hire outside consultants at outrageous fees. These advisors, sensing Krusty and Jabba's weaknesses, would instigate involved, expensive plans and programs supposedly as solutions to whatever the current crisis was.

Several of these contractors infiltrated Morkink to the point that they gained much power and authority over the Morkites. They set up scenarios that required their services for perpetuity, and their extravagant fees and demands escalated with each new project that "needed" their expertise and attention. This led to a horrific drain on Morkink's resources, and soon the basic ability to fund the Citadel's operations was threatened.

Sensing that Krusty's administration and judgment skills were as superficial as her personality, several Regional Colonial Delegates appealed to the Emperor for an immediate halt to the irresponsibility that was occurring at Morkink. They needed an end to the hemorrhaging of money and resources, and it must be done quickly!

Some of the pleas for intercession were intercepted on the way to Emperor Bernhardt in Gallia by agents for another rival. They were forwarded to the Mediterranean island of Lesbonia, wherein lived the ruthless power-hungry queen, Druida Wiccana. She was jealous of the Morkites, and the vast empire the RoseyCrushers had established around the world.

But most of all, she despised Emperor Chrissman because he was *a man!*

Her realm was a place where men were reviled, scorned, persecuted and banished. Queen Druida and her subjects, the Lesboners, lived by the motto: "The Lesboners the Better!" They were bred from subject males who had their manliness removed at the dawning of their manhood. These parts were then put through a process which removed the seed, and it was implanted in certain Lesboners that were selected for reproduction. Then the male specimens, now rendered eunuchs, were turned over to the Lesboners as servants. Having all of their male powers taken from them, they were timid and obedient, easily controlled by the dominant Lesboner women.

The devious queen now realized that her chance for dominion over Emperor Bernhardt's most prized colony was here! Imagine, the Citadel of Morkink in Lesboners' hands! After that, the rest of Morkink would surely be seduced into her control. Once Druida got a grasp around the mighty Citadel, then she would stroke it for all it's worth, milking it of all its treasures. The Lesboners would finally be on top!

This was a very important mission. She needed the best warrior in her army for this task. Amongst her loyal soldiers, one in particular stood high above the others. She was an Amazon princess, skilled in the most deadly fighting arts, as well as the most powerful ways of persuasion. She had spent her novice years training not only in Lesbonia with the best combat teachers, but also in the various countries where her worldly professional skills were honed. This soldier was not only cunningly linguistic, but dangerous, agile, and deft at convincing her victims to succumb to her knife before realizing that their end was at hand. And as a true Lesboner, she despised men.

Jeweled Scrotia was so named because of her ornate collection of mounted body parts cut from her male rivals defeated in combat. Tall and lean, she had the ability to hide her tough exterior behind a veritable dike-wall of faux compassion and concern. She could project her femininity at will to disarm her subject, then unleash her fury at the appropriate moment and swoop in for the kill.

So Jeweled Scrotia was appointed for the very important and secret mission of infiltrating Morkink, taking command, destroying the infrastructure, and then turning the remnants over to Queen Druida Wiccana. To assist her in this formidable task, Jeweled enlisted her ever-loving companion, Caring Quirk.

Caring was Jeweled's long-time co-worker and lover. They lived together and had many adventures while sharing their passion, travels, and friends. Caring had been in her youth, a very lovely woman. To see her, one would never guess her Lesboner heritage. She found her appearance was a great asset, as it fooled unsuspecting males. To further this, she had certain parts of her body surgically augmented to enhance the curvature of her figure. She also projected a very caring and vulnerable persona, which helped her snare the trust, love and confidence of her prey. Like Delilah to Samson, when her quarry was vulnerable, she summoned the ever-present Amazon commando, Jeweled Scrotia, to come in for the kill. Together, they made a formidable and heretofore unstoppable duo.

Caring spent many years training for her position. She ventured out into the world from Lesbonia as a young woman eager to learn how to ply her good looks and coyness to her own advantage. She studied the art of massage, and learned quickly how to stroke and rub someone, until she had manipulated them into a blissful state, when taking advantage of them would be the easiest. She soon learned to use *all* of her body, not just her hands, as a valuable tool in giving pleasure and thus gaining control.

After she finished her studies in "Massage Therapy", Caring went to work in the "entertainment" business. Not your standard song-and-dance performance, but as an "Entertainment Coordinator". She was the

Madame to many other lovelies in a successful service that sent escorts on outcalls to anonymous clients. However, constant friction with an ever-jealous Jeweled Scrotia took its toll on her workers, so she retired from the profession and returned to Lesbonia to assist in the Lesboner cause.

In order to not raise suspicions about her Warrior status, Scrotia changed her name to "Jewel Schnott". Her and Caring also went to great lengths to protect their secret-lover status, being careful not to show affection or closeness when in public.

Since they needed to have some ranking in Morkink to be successful, Jewel and Caring got themselves anointed as members, and easily moved amongst the Morkites. Using their charm and female ways, they quickly gained stature and prominence as a couple of devoted RoseyCrushers who would volunteer and sacrifice for the good of Morkink.

As word spread of the problems that Grand Delegate Krusty K'nucklehead was having in the Citadel, Jewel introduced herself to the high circle of Chief Delegates. Using her wily ways, she eventually gained an audience with none other than Emperor Bernhardt Chrissum himself.

Since she learned to speak Gallanese as part of her assignment, Schnott turned her superbly cunning linguistic abilities on the unsuspecting Bernhardt, who was blown away with her talents.

The call for the Emperor to fix the mess at the Citadel presented itself at a coincidental time when he was holding court with Jewel and her obsequious companion, Caring Quirk. They had just finished a private demonstration of their tag-team massage talents on Bernhardt when he was roused by the messenger from the Chief Delegates.

After listening to an impassioned description of the critical situation at the Citadel, Bernhardt realized that the solution was right before his very eyes! Fortunate timing had placed before him a very devoted and seemingly capable Morkite, Jewel Schnott. What an incredible coincidence! He promptly decided to appoint Schnott as new Grand Delegate. By placing the Citadel in her strong hands, he could control (he thought) this malleable female, plus access her "special" talents (as well as her friend, Caring Quirk) whenever he wished.

So, it was. Krusty K'nucklehead was summoned to appear before the Chief Delegates, where Emperor Bernhardt informed her of her dismissal, and banished her and her cohort, Jabba D HuffnPuff from Morkink. They were no sooner sent into exile, when Jewel Schnott came riding into the Citadel on her white horse. She had made sure that secret agents posing as Morkites preceded her, spreading tales of her popularity and devotion to the RoseyCrushers amongst the Citadel workers.

Schnott was greeted with cheers and adulation the beleaguered workers and subjects of Morkink looked with hope for change from the new GD. As a precaution, Jewel had Caring wait for several days to arrive at the Citadel, so as not to arouse questions about her intimate position with Grand Delegate Schnott. At the appropriate moment, Jewel introduced Caring Quirk as her "friend" and an invaluable assistant in the task of rebuilding the shattered state that Morkink had fallen into.

At first, Schnott started her work within Morkink in an orderly manner, so as to not arouse any undue suspicions. Being a shrewd businesswoman, Schnott knew that she must gain the trust and acceptance of the fatigued Citadel Morkites before she would be able to enact her real plan. She started by cutting some of the external, non-essential expenses that former GD K'nucklehead had incurred. Things such as individual Alhambra bottled water for each employee, free personalized Daytime organizers, lavishly catered feasts and banquets for frivolous business meetings, and others. She also fired all of the high-priced consultants and contractors that had been hanging onto Morkink like so many leeches. Those, along with normal fiscally responsible measures soon had the red ink flow reduced to a trickle.

When she saw some light in the budget, Jewel Schnott started giving pay raises to the starving staff. This caused her popularity to soar immensely. She then reversed most of the unpopular programs that K'nucklehead and Huffnpuffs initiated. She replaced the name "RoseyCrusher" to places where it had been removed or obscured by K'nucklehead, and seemingly wanted to re-instill pride in the past heritage of Morkink.

This was strange, because being a minor-level Morkite herself, Schnott (and Quirk) really had no clue as to who the Truths' were and how deeply ingrained their influence on the RoseyCrushers truly was. Schnott just figured if it made the gullible, sentimental Morkites sympathetic with her, then the sooner she would root herself into their hearts.

It must be said that while Schnott and Quirk had roots in the Lesboner traditions, they also appreciated the advantages of unbridled jurisdiction of the Grand Colony. Part of her "streamlining" and re-organization efforts to outwardly return Morkink from the edge of financial ruin was to constantly re-shuffle and move the workers about different jobs at the Citadel.

Veteran servants from one group were suddenly transferred to another in which they had little or no experience. Having to survive with little or no training, these workers scrambled to perform in an atmosphere not unlike a child's game of musical chairs. With just so many jobs to fill when the Grand Delegate stopped humming her tune, the one who wasn't able to fit into a chair was tossed out.

Soon, open positions caused by either emotionally terrified workers deserting their posts, or those being eliminated due to "poor performance" were filled by friends and cohorts of the Gruesome Twosome. One of the strategies that Schnott used was slowly infiltrating the ranks of the Citadel with "Morkites" who were actually operatives brought in to fill key positions. Often these imports were bought in at superior level jobs and were less qualified to supervise their charges than those newly installed under Schnott's attempts at "reorganization". If the situation was too unchangeable, Schnott would send the recruit packing back to Lesbonia, and leave the work for the others left behind to fill in.

This caused general chaos in most of the departments at the Citadel, with over-worked, untrained servants barely keeping up with their tasks. Many errors and sloppy results were being seen by the Morkites in the Colony who were used to prompt, courteous service from the Citadel.

However, one such "Morkite" that Schnott touted greatly as a computer and networking expert was kept in spite of her inability to gain popularity or acceptance. Schnott's fellow Amazon Warrior, Lotsa Rebar had many unique talents. Having been GD Jewel Schnott's former Lesboner Commando Training Officer, she was named for the purported knack of bending $\frac{1}{2}$ inch steel rebar with her bare hands. This would gain the immediate attention and respect of her recruits. Rumor has it that once she tried that rebar trick between her knees, and it slipped, leaving her with a permanently dour disposition.

Such a devoted soldier was not to be wasted, so Queen Druida Wiccana had Rebar sent out to the best Information Technology Centers where she learned computer sciences and technological espionage. Her presence at the Citadel was justified by Schnott's need to have an expert fix and maintain Morkink's sick computer system. She quickly set up a system to access each of the servants' computers and spy on their e-mails and other cyber-activities.

Being a true Lesboner, Schnott naturally hated men. She expressed this with a vengeance at the Citadel. She began pressuring the male staffers with undue demands and extreme job performance quotas. The strong, competent males she harassed without mercy. No mistakes were tolerated, and errors were met with a wrath that made Attila the Hun look like Mahatma Gandhi by comparison.

Gradually, she managed to chase off the male Morkite upper-level workers. Quitting in disgust, they couldn't tolerate her abusive ways any longer. The hold-outs were often imprisoned on trumped-up charges, and then sent into exile. Eventually, only a few survived, they being either too weak to pose a threat, or intimidated into full compliance with Schnott's commands.

Not wanting to appear totally ruthless, Jewel Schnott decided that a male presence on her senior staff was necessary: at least a token male presence. She had allowed a couple editorial Morkites to continue working at the RoseyCrusher Times after she had beaten and cajoled them into submission.

They would be useful to serve the purpose of reporting to the Colony about the lofty accomplishments and altruistic deeds that Schnott's administration was achieving. Their credibility with the RoseyCrushers was established, and her firm grip on them was guaranteed to result in their blind compliance with her wishes. And such as they did.

However, Schnott and Quirk wanted another man, unsuspected by the co-workers, yet totally loyal to them. She summoned Stuftman Nonstrong from Lesbonia. He was one of the legions of eunuchs that served the Lesboners. He was a senior valet to Queen Druida Wiccana and because of his learning capacity was granted exceptional duties in her Court.

After his Eunuchfication, he was allowed to attend classes with the young Lesboner women. Then, having demonstrated his ability to read and retain Lesbonian philosophy and culture, he was blessed with the elevation to High Priest by the Queen herself. As High Priest of Druida Wiccana, he performed all rituals, and oversaw the adherence to Lesboner traditions.

Thus, Nonstrong was anointed by Schnott into the RoseyCrushers, and brought up to speed on Morkite philosophy. She then installed him into a position at the Citadel as ritual and colonial liaison. His duties were overseeing all the rituals and gatherings in the Sacred Hall, and directing the ceremonial activities of the Morkink Grand Colony. Citing his superior knowledge of philosophy and Morkink matters, Schnott announced that he would also be reviewing and revising some of the earlier Morkite teachings as presented by the Truths, so as to bring them up to contemporary standards.

Under the guise of this lofty post, Nonstrong was actually secretly rewriting the thoughts and ideals of the Truths' to gradually convert them to that of the Lesbonians. Nonstrong's other real mission was to gain the confidence of co-workers, so as to observe and report the activities and goings-on of the Citadel's servants. This he did particularly well, because his position offered him unquestioned access to all levels of the Citadel, and his seemingly foppish demeanor posed no threat. So he circulated quietly amongst the Morkite workers, listening, observing and reporting.

He also served other purposes as well. Being a Druida Wiccana High Priest he was often tapped by Schnott to conduct ceremonies in the Tradition, as well as officiating at weddings and other Lesboner activities! These were often secretly held in special chambers in the RoseyCrusher Sacred Hall at the Citadel. A

fact which undoubtedly defiled the Truths' blessing of the Hall for all Morkites, and would cause great anger and outcry from the general RoseyCrusher population had any of these clandestine activities become known.

Undaunted, GD Schott and Caring Quirk continued on their mission to erase Morkink of the Truths. Declaring several buildings at the Citadel from the Era of Truths to be "unusable" and "a waste of Citadel resources", Schnott and Quirk proceeded with plans to raze them and erect gardens in their places containing subtle Lesboner themes.

Two of these structures, the RoseyCrusher Universal Institute (RCUI) and the Palladium of Planets were amongst the most identifiable assets from the Time of Truths.

Word of their demise quickly spread and such concern was raised, that Schnott was forced to reconsider her decision. In a gesture of magnificent generosity, Schott announced that through her "tireless efforts", a way was discovered to save the cherished structures, and they would be incorporated into then New Citadel Plan.

However, in the same stroke, she signed off on a work order to destroy an edifice that contained a fresco, hand designed and dedicated to all RoseyCrushers by Wrolf Truths. This magnificent scene stood high over the Citadel, looking down not only on the Castle and other buildings, but upon all visitors who ventured onto the grounds. Depicting the first Morkite warrior to bring the illumination of RoseyCrusher knowledge to the rest of Morkink, this work was the symbolic guardian of the sanctity of the Citadel and all of the RoseyCrushers

Destroying this would give the Lesboners great satisfaction as it removed an element of Truths from the Citadel, and showed that even the sacred Era of Truths was not immortal. Along with the crumbling of this special wall, the demolition of the Morkink Sanctuary of Knowledge, where the Great Books were kept, was also quietly planned. Another bastion of the Truths', the removal of this structure would, in her mind, justify Schnotts' reversal of the other buildings' destruction, and give her some sense of satisfaction for enacting her revenge on those faithful to the Truths.

So plans for the new gardens were approved, and construction commenced. With great regret, the veteran Morkites helplessly watched as one-by-one, their sacred Citadel buildings were reduced to so much rubble. Without fanfare, Schnott successfully eliminated many of the places that held so many loving memories of Dr. H. Splendor Truths and his son Wrolf. No relics were saved, nor commemorations held as the Truths' legacy was crushed under the weight the wrecking ball.

As the new gardens and structures were being built, the lush, beautifully manicured landscaping surrounding the perimeter of the Citadel was also subtly changed. Where once stood even rows of border hedges, shrubs of poisonous flowers were planted and allowed to overgrow unchecked, forming a veritable ring of thorns around the Citadel reminiscent of the Evil Queen's Castle in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". By each entrance to the Castle building, special plants of herbs and flowers used by disciples of Druida Wiccana to ward off adversaries were planted. These silent guardians cast an unspoken spell on all those that entered, symbolically protecting the followers of the DW traditions.

When it came time for the unveiling of the new Citadel Gardens, great fanfare was hosted by Schnott. With Quirk at her side, the Destructive Duo basked in their temporary victory, as the feeling of accomplishment pervaded their beings. Not only had they been able to redo the Citadel in Lesboner fashion, but they had the added satisfaction of further ridding Morkink of the Truths, thus symbolically triumphing over all men.

Men were not the only targets of Schnott's purge. Not being a long-time Morkite always caused some consternation for Schnott, and by extension, Caring Quirk. After all, they were relatively new RoseyCrushers, and yet were attempting to administer and mentor other Morkites, most of whom had many years senior ranking than them. This was made embarrassingly obvious whenever Schnott, Quirk and other Morkites from the Citadel went out for RoseyCrusher gatherings and events. The RoseyCrusher members would often flock around these veteran luminaries, (most of whom had descended from the Time of Truths') overshadowing the Dreadful Duo and their sense of self-importance. Quirk, in particular was perturbed by these occurrences, feeling that she and her lover, Grand Delegate Schnott should be centermost, and that their integrity suffered because of the decreased adulation paid to them.

They did not understand the devotion to the ideals of the Truths that the colonists had. The long-time Morkites that had served in the Citadel for the Truths had these honored values instilled in them, and their work carried a legitimacy that was a constant painful reminder of what Schnott and Quirk were not. Although they mouthed the words and supposedly espoused the values of Morkink, the true Morkites could sense that these cunning connivers were so much window dressing.

GD Jewel Schnott could not control her warrior rage when the staff of senior Morkites was requested by the colonies for functions at which she should be officiating. She kept tabs on all of their failings and shortcomings, and compiled secret files on each of them for use at the opportune moments. When one of these hapless workers made an error she felt too grievous, or crossed an imaginary line of behavioral indiscretion, then she seized the opportunity to open fire and let them have a taste of her big guns.

The offending staffer was summoned to her office. And usually in the presence of Caring Quirk, the victim was verbally stretched out on the rack, shredded with fiery diatribe, humiliated to tears, stripped of position

and stature, and summarily given the verdict of either banishment to a gulag in a remote corner of the colony, or exile. If banished, the worker was reassigned to a lowly position with great loss of authority, dignity, and contact with other Morkites.

Those sentenced to exile were dragged from Schnott's office after the beating, and escorted out of Morkink, often never to be heard from again. Considering Schnott's love of vengeance and her troop of commando operatives, her "enemy's" chances for long-term survival was extremely doubtful.

Gradually, Schnott and Quirk were able to eliminate most of the Truths' people from the Citadel. Besides her personal vendettas, Schnott was determined to remove any remnants of the Truths from Morkink so that her plan for total control and eventual dominion by Queen Wiccana would be successful. One by one, those connected with the Truths fell. If they didn't flee for survival, they were dealt with swiftly and silently at Schnott's hand. Workers disappeared without word, and those remaining were too fearful for their own safety to question these strange occurrences.

A few notable Morkites went out kicking and screaming. These were too venerable and noticeable for the usual treatment, so Schnott attempted to discredit and shame them to the Morkite colonists. More often than not, her efforts failed, and these luminaries recovered from their abuses and spoke out from their safe positions in exile.

Other respected Morkites chose to accept their fate quietly and with unspoken dignity. This caused them to be revered and venerated as martyrs, giving them more respect, and diminishing Jewel Schnott's esteem in the colonists' eyes.

One such person was the oldest veteran Morkite at the Citadel, April Spaa. She was married to one of Emperor Wrofl Truths' Chief Delegates, Burning Spaa. Having survived all of the turmoil of the previous regimes, April and Burning were considered sacred as the only remnants from the Era of Truths.

April (so named because of her spring-fresh, glowing persona) was extremely popular amongst the RoseyCrushers. The colonists flocked to her at gatherings, and requested her presence far and above that of GD Schnott, or Caring Quirk. This particularly infuriated Quirk, as she saw Spaa's favor a direct affront to her beloved Jewel, whom she thought should be the sole voice of Morkink. Everything about the Spaas was the antithesis to what Jewel Schnott and Caring Quirk stood for. The Spaas' continued existence at the Citadel was a source of constant torment and embarrassment to the Lesboners, a situation which would eventually have to come to a head.

Since Burning Spaa was a Chief Delegate, he was equal to Jewel Schnott in the Morkink hierarchy and was untouchable. His history and friendship with the Morkites and particularly with Emperor Bernhardt Chrissman made him beyond reproach. April Spaa had likewise esteem, but since she also served on the Citadel staff under Schnott's jurisdiction, this made her vulnerable for reprisal.

Caring Quirk's hatred for the Spaas burned deep in her heart. As she ascended to loftier positions in the Citadel, she tried to exercise her power over April to no avail. Refusing to be humiliated, April Spaa would obediently comply with whatever Quirk or Schnott's commands were, while maintaining her usual unflappable, dignified, yet cheerful demeanor. The inability to fluster the unflustered April Spaa made Quirk livid beyond belief, as April was not only a representative of Morkink's Truths, but she also exhibited self-control to an extent that was unattainable to Quirk and Schnott. So, they bided their time and waited for the appropriate opportunity to seize their prey. And it happened.

Never trusting anybody, Quirk had Rebar, Nonstrong and others monitor all communication, mail, messages and visits. She reported those that she felt were threatening or advantageous to Jewel Schnott. As it happened some members were corresponding with Spaa and praising her Morkite abilities. Quirk intercepted these and (incorrectly) assumed that the Spaas were amassing a following which would directly threaten her and Schnott's plans. Alerting Schnott, they immediately confronted April about the allegations.

With her usual dignity and aplomb, Spaa silently accepted what she saw as inevitable. Hearing out the outrageous charges against her lodged by Quirk and accepted by Schnott, April bared her heart with honor and allowed herself to be sacrificed at the hands of the Lesboner barbarians. Afterwards, she was removed from the Citadel without fanfare or notice. The whispers about her demise gradually settled down and the surviving Morkite staff shuddered in fear for their own safety.

Caring Quirk was working her ways on a more subtle level as well. Posing as a weak, vulnerable Kewpie-doll, Quirk masterfully manipulated her way around the Morkite workers. She'd present her idea or proposal to someone with an air of self-doubt and insecurity, and allow them to help and encourage her, finally enacting the project with little actual participation from Quirk. Occasionally, she'd ply talents honed from her former trade and tempt the subject into cooperation with her sensual feminine ways.

A couple of times this backfired on her as she underestimated the susceptibility of her prey. On one notable occasion, the "victim" came back and accused her of seductive harassment, charging her in public courts. Several other times, the "target" called her bluff, after completing the requested task and in return demanded she fulfill her promises. Caring would be obliged to follow through with her reward of sensual delights, and

often performed with astonishing expertise.

However, word of these "problem instances" always got back to Schnott, for she also had an intricate network of informants. Her jealousy, combined with fear of being exposed for her real self resulted in a rage not often seen anywhere, especially at the peaceful Citadel of Morkink. To punish those that sought to defile her love-partner Caring Quirk, she unleashed her full wrath.

Unable to dispose of the subject who filed the court case, she hired a team of the best legal minds to intimidate and badger the accuser. Finally, the beleaguered litigant resigned her case in favor of a handsome settlement, and then was silently eliminated by a squad of Lesbianer Commando warriors Schnott accessed for such tasks,

A likewise fate was met by the others who were unfortunate enough to taste the fruits of Caring Quirk's carnal delights. None were ever heard from again. Thus, Quirk began to amass the reputation as a "Black Widow" who was not to be crossed.

These happenings allowed GD Schnott to gradually elevate Caring Quirk to a position at the Citadel second only to her own. Along with these promotions came substantial increases in pay and authority over the Grand Colony. Because of her unique "position" with the Grand Delegate, Quirk was actually manipulating both Schnott and Morkink with little or no notice by the other Citadel servants. It was soon realized by the surviving Citadel staff that Quirk was the *shadow Grand* Delegate. The real power behind the throne!

Caring's rise in power was quite advantageous to GD Schnott. As she periodically used the excuse of traveling throughout the Colony on Morkink affairs, she also spent much time on the Isle of Lesbonia, reporting to Druida Wiccana, and getting advice on her next moves. At first, Caring Quirk ventured with Schnott, and the two were inseparable. However, insurgents at the Citadel dictated close scrutiny, and eventually, Caring Quirk was left behind to monitor activities. This freed up Jewel Schnott to journey throughout the Grand Colony to reinforce her Lesbianer version of Morkite philosophy.

One of these thought programs was called "Inadequate Assessment". Discovered by Caring Quirk, she persuaded Jewel Schnott to send her to University at great expense to become a lettered expert in this technique. When she became proficient, several other malleable Morkink staffers were sent out for indoctrination into this method.

Inadequate Assessment is a thought process that involves interaction between several members of a group, in order to reinforce their inadequate mental attitudes and resultant behaviors. The assessment style utilized makes the subjects happily acknowledge and affirm one another's shortcomings and insecurities. Thus assuring enhanced perpetuation of these personality flaws and failings, the subjects remain increasingly dependent and unable to consciously decide right from wrong for themselves.

"IA", as it is called, makes for easy control over groups. Their judgment becomes so sufficiently fogged with self-doubt that a strong personality is able to break through the clouds of confusion and offer solutions and guidance. The IA subject(s) are so happy for the clarity and enlightenment that they witlessly follow.

Caring Quirk was the ideal person to introduce this to the Citadel of Morkink. The chaos and confusion of Schnott's constant re-organizations and personnel changes had done its trick, making the Morkink workers a bunch of groveling slaves. They were ripe and ready for the direction that IA offered. Quirk's beguiling style of using her faux vulnerability, allowed her to once again quickly gain the subjects' confidence. With her cheerleader-like emotional ranting, she rapidly convinced the weakened workers that IA was their Savior.

With mandatory participation, and after several intensive indoctrination sessions, all of the Citadel subjects were caught up in the IA buzz. Superficial results and phony re-enforcement from Schnott and Quirk soon had the workers happily accepting their servitude as a blessing. The word spread to the Colony of this "amazing" new thought process, and Schnott and Quirk went about campaigning for its adoption.

It was during one of these trips that the inevitable happened. Caring Quirk had been left behind to control the Citadel while Jewel Schnott secretly ventured to Lesbonia, consulting with the Queen. Quirk met a local Lesbianer who captivated and enthralled her. Lonely for companionship and starved for physical gratification due to Schnott's extended absences, Caring Quirk allowed herself to be seduced by the charms of another..

This led to a tawdry affair which, amongst other things, changed the dynamics of Schnott and Quirk's relationship. As usually occurs when a partner strays, the other notices subtle differences in daily routine and manner. Lesbianers are no exception, and Schnott soon could tell something was going on with Quirk. Unable to handle the gradual feeling of exclusion from Quirk, Jewel Schnott re-routed her emotional upheaval to her work at the Citadel.

Meanwhile, as if to make the situation worse, several of the exiled former Morkite Citadel servants began to surface, and become very vocal about the Lesbianers' antics. They spread the word about the ruthless purges of Morkites that Schnott and Quirk conducted, and of their relentless abuses of the Citadel workers. Stories of the merciless dealings with other venerated RoseyCrushers circulated around the Grand Colony.

To add credence to these tales, some of the Regional Delegates who advised local Colony groups, added their accounts of unusual dealings with Schnott and the Citadel. These served to only fuel the growing

dissatisfaction of the Colonial Morkites with the Schnott situation.

The rebels started to become empowered. They were uniting, and soon established bases of their own. A plea was sent to Emperor Bernhardt Chrissum in far-off Gallia, but his involvement with world-wide RoseyCrusher affairs could not let him be bothered with seemingly trivial Grand Colony politics. So, the Morkites' cries fell on deaf ears in the highest levels of Morkink.

Gradually, Morkite colonists began deserting the Grand Colony. As their numbers increased, Schnott soon found that her power base was diminishing. This was disastrous! Her mission was to takeover Morkink for Druida Wiccana, not destroy it! The Wiccana could not rule a colony that had no subjects!

In order to stem the flow of drop-outs, Schnott and Quirk announced several new programs designed to encourage questionable subjects to remain faithful. Not realizing the fact that the loyalty of Morkites was built upon their trust in the integrity of the Citadel, GD Schnott didn't understand why the RoseyCrushers weren't buying into her new schemes to retain their allegiances.

Another problem added fuel to the fire. As Morkites left the flock, the royalties they paid to the Citadel also stopped. Schnott was seeing not only her ability to operate the Citadel threatened, but also she and Quirk's lavish spending habits were going to be curtailed. Citing rising costs and operating expenses, Schnott piled higher taxes upon the remaining Colonists. The lack of satisfactory service from the Citadel, along with the spreading insurgency led by the popular and omnipresent Citadel outcasts, led to a hastening of those abandoning the Grand Colony.

Schnott failed to understand or appreciate the Truths' legacy. Not being a genuine, longstanding RoseyCrusher herself, the devotion of the Morkites to the Truths was an element overlooked in Schnott and Quirk's blueprint for domination. Try as she might to destroy the Truths and all that empowered them, her efforts had a reverse effect. Combined with the suspicions of Quirk's infidelities, these latest problems made Jewel Schnott ready to blow.

The pressures of these turmoils sent her to the brink of emotional sanity. She secluded herself in her workspace, only emerging to leave, or drag another hapless subject in for a flogging. Her perpetual scowl and fiery glances encouraged all around her to seek shelter from her wrath. Unable to adequately relate to Quirk any longer, she sought frequent solace by returning to the comfort of Lesbonia, increasing her solo trips away from the Citadel.

Another pressure was applied to her in the person of Druida Wiccana, who could see the plans for Morkink domination starting to unravel. Faced with mounting expectations from her Queen and mentor, Schnott was at her wit's end to find a solution. Failing in this most important mission, would guarantee Schnott's own banishment from her beloved Lesbonia, and a future of shamed exile in the dog pound reserved for Lesboner bull commandos. This is a place where survival is determined by one's ability to retain fighting status as top dog. Realizing her self-indulgent Morkink existence had caused her to soften and lose her Warrior ways, Schnott dreaded this punishment more than death.

Frantically, she toured the Colony, trying to put a happy face on the situation. She would attempt to put a spin on the concerns of Morkite colonists whenever possible, assuring them that all was well at the Citadel, and that the RoseyCrushers were a growing, happy group. Whenever this failed, and a regional group was about to jump ship, she would cite a minute clause in the group's affiliation agreement with Morkink, and seize their holdings and fortunes to bolster Morkink's dwindling coffers.

Unfortunately, Jewel Schnott vastly underestimated the influence that the legacy of Truths had on the Morkites. They held the Truths' Principles of honor, integrity and peaceful coexistence as their guiding light. Having none of these values endeared to her soul, Schnott failed to recognize what these shortcomings would cost her, and how much her foes were ready to put at stake to defend them.

As resistance to Schnott's overtures became more fervent, rumors of outright mutiny were surfacing. Regional groups in the Colony were preparing to secede from the Citadel's control and operate as independent Morkite outposts. Quietly, they were securing their resources and arming themselves to deal with GD Schnott's onslaught. The Truths' loyalists were circulating amongst the dissident colonists, and a new Morkite battle cry was soon heard: "The Truths' Shall Set Us Free!"

Realizing that control of the Colony was in jeopardy, with her status and respect at the Citadel in question, and even her personal relationship with Quirk on shaky ground, GD Jewel Schnott found herself up against a brick wall. Druida Wiccana was of no help, because she, too had grown in her distrust of Schnott' fitness for this mission. Alone, locked behind perpetually closed doors in her sanctuary in the Citadel, Jewel Schnott hopelessly searched her soul for an answer. She was being pushed perilously close to the edge of an abyss, and there was no help in sight...

-T O BE CONTINUED-

-Operasus, F.R.C., (Faithful RoseyCrusher)

MORE TALES OF MORKINK

News From The Citadel

Since the release and distribution of "Morkink Revisited", the reception of the missive by the "Morkites" has been varied and widespread. Many "RoseyCrushers" are shocked and stunned at the reporting of occurrences at the "Citadel". Others are caught in disbelief, and refuse to accept, or even read about the travesties that the current Morkink administration has inflicted upon the Morkites, and more specifically the Citadel staff.

Understandably, most RoseyCrushers held the Grand Delegate and other Morkite Grand Colony officers in reverence, and cannot understand how such perversions of the beloved Truths' principles could have been allowed to occur. The very fact that these people were held in unquestionable regard is how they have so far succeeded in carrying out their nefarious deeds.

Unquestioned, unchecked, and mostly unaccountable, they have charmed, cajoled, conned and bullied themselves and their agenda through until Morkink is at the perilous position we find it today. As reported in "Morkink Revisited", they used their deceptive charms and faux sincerity to gain the trust and respect of their superiors and the Emperor himself. At the time, the Morkites were so eager to accept any strong figure to lead the Grand Colony of Morkink in a clearly defined direction, that they closed their eyes and thus allowed their vulnerability to be exposed.

Sadly now, we have been presented with another dilemma. Do we wring our hands and dismiss these stories as inflammatory untrue fiction (as GD Schnott and Caring Quirk would want) or do we take a hard look at the situation, investigate the facts behind the tales, and find out what's really going on?

When presented with such accounts of the abuse and humiliation done to various RoseyCrushers we've known and loved for many years, as well as the circumstances and situations outlined in the Tale, can we really allow ourselves the luxury of closing our eyes and pretending that none of this is true, like little children hoping that it will all go away?

Unfortunately, the facts will not allow this to happen. Anyone who may be inclined to doubt the veracity of the facts behind the story is invited to investigate on their own. Ask questions, seek out answers, and listen to any former Citadel staffers that would be willing to share their knowledge or substantiate the claims made in "Morkink Revisited".

One need only to travel to the Citadel itself to establish the basis of truth of which is written. Behind the freshly painted facade, is a sick skeleton of what was the once beauteous and loving Morkink under the Truths' rule. The grounds have lost their manicured, well maintained appearance, and are now surrounded by bushes, trees and foliage that is unkempt and untrimmed. As reported in the Tales, the tidy rows of hedges that lined the perimeter, beautiful bright flower beds, and sculpted trees have vanished- being replaced with poisonous shrubs, allowed to grow above a level that is not only unattractive, but unsafe for the passing pedestrians.

The new gardens are lovely in their design and execution (thanks to a Grand Delegate from another Grand Colony); however they replace sacred structures and encroach upon terrain that is the spiritual resting place for many past Morkites. Unearthing and removing many plants and roses that were dedicated to RoseyCrushers in a spot assumed hallowed and unmovable, Grand Delegate Schnott and her accomplice have demonstrated their contempt at the previous generations of RoseyCrusher pioneers.

More importantly, one needs to only seek entry to the Castle building to really experience the changes GD Schnott has made. Where Morkites were once allowed to freely access the buildings and grounds, now they are treated as unwelcome trespassers.

The Castle itself has been converted into a real castle. The doors are bolted, and those requesting entry are allowed in the Main Entrance only during certain limited hours. Visitors from afar are no longer given a cheerful greeting and warm welcoming to their spiritual home. Instead they are met by a uniformed guard that challenges their need for access to staff members. The ultimate rub is that there are no live people answering the incoming phone calls. A recorded voice directs the caller through a phone tree and discourages most active conversation with the Citadel workers.

Once allowed entry to the upper level, one is immediately struck by the dark, gloomy atmosphere of the work place. The windowless building makes for a dungeon-like appearance, and the workers are forbidden to turn on lights, and only allowed enough illumination to safely navigate the hallways. There is no buzz of activity, nor any din of collegial interplay amongst the staff. Everyone is sequestered in their offices, huddled over their desks, buried in mountains of work. Encounters between workers are discouraged, and with the bare-bones crew, few have any time for more than a quick update or query on some business matter.

This is hardly the joyous, warm and welcoming Citadel of Morkink that existed in the past few years, let alone during the Era of Truths. Paranoia and fear have replaced excitement and intellectual curiosity. Where

there was once philosophical debate, and exploration of the Higher Principles, now there is dogmatic adherence to Company Policy and micromanaging control by the Two Top Dogs.

The respected and honored Teaching Masters who guided and advised the advancing Morkites have been eliminated. All correspondences and reports in relation to the sacred Morkite Philosophy goes through Jewel Schnott who edits all materials, and censors writings. In this way she not only controls the Morkites, but she is free to infuse the teachings with her Druida Wiccana influences.

All traces of creativity and spiritual exploration have been extinguished. Only work quotas problem solving and band-aid fixes are addressed. Concerns of the enslaved workers extend only as far as their immediate tasks. The massive workload and foreboding fear of GD Schnott's emotional ranting keep most staff members huddled in their workplaces, not wanting to be noticed or disturbed.

As mentioned earlier, appearances are deceiving, and the Citadel complex has been bathed in new paint and given a facelift along with the new gardens. The Museum of Antiques likewise has a new, glowing appearance. However, beneath the shell lies an embryo of festering dissatisfaction.

Once a proud host to hundreds of thousands of visitors each year, the Museum is likewise adopting a hostile environment. Many of the prized, experienced staff and tour personnel have either been run off by the irrational policies and expectations placed upon them by Schnott, or eliminated as a result of Schnott's tirades or personal vendettas. Those remaining are overburdened with chores that are assigned to them, as work previously done by the departed ones is spread amongst the survivors. Service to visitors is limited and sporadic.

Citadel morale is a thing of the past, as almost all incentives for performance and accomplishment have disappeared. Where there once were monthly birthday celebrations, none are allowed. Spontaneous pot-luck meals between workgroups no longer happen, and the "meals" provided by Morkink's Devious Duo consist of Caring Quirk's unpalatable non-meat, non-varietal menu choices. These are often quite unappealing to the non-vegan, non-ethnic diets of regular workers, yet their presence at the events, and consumption of the fare is expected.

Several of the local traditional Holidays have been eliminated. Even the revered "Emperor's Day" ceremony commemorating the Truths' work, as well as honoring Morkink pioneers is gone. The annual "Triangle Ceremony" celebrated each fall to open the traditional Convergence season is not observed. Instead, holidays to mark the advent of each Solstice and Equinox are taken in keeping with strict Druida Wiccana Traditions.

The Sacred Hall, built and dedicated to all RoseyCrushers by the Truths, and consecrated for the observance and conducting of all Morkite ceremonies has been dealt a heavy blow. The weekly loved and honored Convergences, previously attended by Morkites from every Colony, have been eliminated by Schnott.

The local Morkite group named in honor of Past Emperor Wrofl Truths which operated the Sacred Hall and conducted the revered RoseyCrusher ceremonies has been run off by Chief Eunuch Nonstrong acting under the direction of Schnott. The protesting Morkites were silenced, and the group's assets and funds confiscated by Schnott and absorbed into the Citadel Treasury.

Once teeming with excited RoseyCrushers, the Sacred Hall now stands silent and unused (except for Schnott's occasional clandestine Druida Wiccana rites held under Stuftman Nonstrong's priestly authority). Now sullied and tainted by such barbarous acts, one can only guess until the time which Jewel Schnott uses its "non-use and heavy maintenance" to justify razing the building as well.

Slowly, the Lesboners have begun converting the beloved Morkink traditions, attitudes and teachings to fall in line with their personal beliefs. Druida Wiccana is slowly creeping in and replacing honored RoseyCrusher philosophies and practices.

On the dedication of the new Citadel garden, Caring Quirk had Wrofl Truth's beloved "Prayer for Peace" omitted and had a substituted credo read and published in its place. By imposing her will over the Morkites, they are unwilling participants in the ceremonies and customs of these pagan princesses. It has recently been learning that in reaction to the dissemination of "Morkink Revisited", GD Jewell Schnott was livid with anger. She reportedly went so far as to have planned reprisals against certain Morkite staff members who may have received and/or read the Tales in their private homes. Apparently paranoia has possessed Ms. Schnott, and she thinks persecuting workers for whatever they think or do in their private lies is permissible. It is quite presumptuous of her and Ms. Quirk to assume that they have the right to dictate what others receive and read via private mail.

This reaction by her only further validates the truths behind the Tales, as she wouldn't have been bothered by such a story if the facts were outlandish in scope, and the occurrences truly fictional. However, now that she has revealed her true self, the question must be asked-What does the Amazon Commando have to hide that she would dare forbid or even chastise her workers for any activities unrelated to their job?

Apparently, in Lesbonia, reading, thinking, and questioning irrational acts or behaviors is illegal. Not so in this country. Several staffers have been unduly intimidated by Schnott in her effort to suppress spreading of

the Tales. After consulting with independent legal authorities, it has been learned that "harassment, intimidation, reprisals or other behaviors initiated against a worker for activities conducted on the worker's off-hours, away from the workplace that do not directly affect their job performance are clearly out of bounds for the employer, and could be considered illegal and grounds for litigation by the affected employee".

You only need to travel to the Citadel for yourselves to assess the effects these sad events have had on the surviving servants. Just stand on the sidewalk or in the parking area either at the 8:00 am. (beginning), 12:00 p.m. (meal) or 4:30-5:30 p.m. (leaving) hours as the workers enter and leave the Castle. No cheerful, joyous anticipation of the challenges of a workday will you witness. Rather, the huddled, silent briskness of hurriedly movement from place-to-place, reminiscent of the archival newsreel images of workers in the former Red Curtain countries scurrying to retain their anonymity.

Notice the strained and sallow looks on their faces. The bleak appearance of extreme stress is a common plague, and their gloomy demeanor speaks volumes of their dread of conditions in which they are exposed and are forced to function.

When doing this, please do not disturb them, as the informant network of Schnott and Quirk has eyes and ears everywhere. These poor souls must not be compromised by inadvertent contact with visible Morkites. Please do not inquire of them about the Tale. Do not place them in a position of having even been approached about these incidents unless you are a trusted friend or family member. We must protect them now, as they are in the most danger.

Unfortunately, our Citadel staffers have been subjected to such intimidation, harassment and bullying for so long that they are not in control of their current situation and will not act or communicate for fear of reprisal from Schnott and Quirk. Fearing for their very existence at Morkink, most will not even acknowledge the conditions. It is only through our network of confidants and former Morkink servants that we are kept abreast of the situation as it unfolds.

Therefore, you are urged most vehemently to verify the incidents in the Tale for yourself. Do not believe this author, but ask questions. RoseyCrushers have long had the distinction of being active questioners, and now is the time to live up to that reputation.

Seek out former staff members, and others that have had contact or unpleasant experiences dealing with the Citadel. Former Colony affiliated group members who had their properties liquidated and assets seized by Stuftman Nonstrong under Schnott's direction are aplenty.

Find your Regional Delegate, and ask them to explain why Morkink has increased their tithes by over 40% recently, while other rival independent RoseyCrusher groups can still offer affiliation at a reasonable fee.

In past times, every few years at the Grand Colonial Gathering, the Chief Bean Counters were instructed by their superiors to open the books to Morkites that wanted to inspect them, and an independently selected group of RoseyCrushers did so. Perhaps it is time to call for such an "open accounting" by the general RoseyCrusher membership. Close scrutiny should be paid to any and all aspects of funds received and funds dispersed.

Remember, fellow Morkites, that this is your Morkink, and as RoseyCrushers it is incumbent upon you to be sure that your contributions are being used wisely and responsibly. You have the legal right to know, as Morkink is an organization based upon voluntary Morkite funding.

The incestuous relationship between Schnott and Quirk with regards to the obvious conflict-of-interest in the reporting structure of the Citadel should be examined. Such nepotism is blaringly apparent in terms of favoritisms, salaries, advancements, responsibilities and authorities granted Caring Quirk by her paramour Jewel Schnott. Salaries of Schnott and Quirk since their tenure began in relation to the average stipend paid all other Citadel servants should be reviewed.

So should the expenditures and reimbursements for Schnott and Quirk's personal educational advancements taken on Morkink's time and at the expense of the Morkites. This should be reviewed in terms of the average reimbursable educational expenditure for all other Citadel staff members. Related justification for such charges as being "for the good of the Morkites" should also be questioned. Questions should also be asked of GD Schnott regarding her extensive travels and related expenses.

Although great increases in tithes have been demanded and collected by Schnott in the recent months, find out why the number of Morkites has steadily declined in the term since Schnott has been in charge. Current RoseyCrusher participants are almost 50% fewer than when GD Schnott took the position.

The stream of resigning Morkites is increasing despite every tool and increased resource available to her. Why can't she make the Morkite membership grow?

Other smaller Morkite groups who have been pounced on by the Grand Delegate and her cronies are more than willing to speak when asked. Current Colony groups that have been burdened by increasing homage payments to Schnott's Grand Colony are near total collapse. Some are even preparing to secede from the Grand Colony and legally establish themselves as independent Morkite Settlements. Why?

Our beloved Emperor Bernhardt Chrissman in faraway Gallia, is apparently too preoccupied with global Morkink matters, or otherwise unavailable to notice and take control of this situation. Therefore, since We are

bound by our Oaths to preserve and protect Morkink, and to continue the Traditions set forth by the Truths we must act now.

Challenges to Grand Delegate Schnott and her actions should not be considered disrespectful and revolutionary, but expected in keeping with long-standing RoseyCrusher practices. We are exploring questioners, and this matter demands the utmost scrutiny.

In the spirit of affirmative inquiry, you are urged to question Schnott at any and all of her personal appearances. Brush aside her attempts at sugar-coated answers and feeble reasons for factual occurrences in the Tale. Make her explain to your satisfaction the questions set for in this writing.

Remember that she and Caring Quirk are artful deceivers, and must not be allowed to control these interrogations. Their feet must be held to the fire until all truths are fleshed out. They are sworn representatives of Morkink, and are obliged to serve the needs of Morkink-not the other way around as they would wish you to believe.

Some Morkites are put-off by the harshness or seeming irreverence of "Morkink Revisited" or this follow-up. The time for viewing Morkink and the Citadel as a sacred and untouchable entity has long passed. The rose-colored glasses must be tossed aside, and the bright light of truth must illuminate our way in this tortuous conquest to win back Morkink as we know and love it. The cover over these shadowy beings must be ripped off, and they must be exposed in the light of day for what they really are.

Ultimately you must decide the actions necessary to win back our Morkink. This is undoubtedly a test of our faith and conviction to the Principles of Truths as outlined in early RoseyCrusher teachings. The challenges are presented, and our commitment as Morkites needs to be demonstrated. If not, then justifiably we shall be doomed to fall by the wayside as another mystical group whose apathetic members allowed stronger, more determined barbarians to conquer them.

The dismantling of our RoseyCrusher organization as we know it is underway. The nefarious intrusion into Morkink's establishment by the devious Lesboners is already happening. We must wake up and alert all Morkites with a call to action.

It is not too late, but the fight must be strong in dedication, consistent in execution, and united in purpose. We must be persistent in our inquiry and firm in our resolve. We must not let anyone deter us from our mission. We must not accept anything less than the total and absolute truth from Morkink's leaders.

Morkink's basis was as an objective organization made up of like-minded truth-seekers. We adhere to no dogmas, nor deify any personalities. All are welcome to be RoseyCrushers so long as their hearts are pure, and their minds are open.

Morkites are from all walks of life. White, brown, black or yellow, regardless of country of origin, or personal religious beliefs-all are welcome. As long as love, life and the quest for Light of Eternal Wisdom are one's guideposts, they are welcome. However, there is no room for those who seek to advance their personal social, political, philosophical, or lifestyle agenda under the auspices of the "Work of Morkink". That's where the line is drawn, and that's what we face today.

Some RoseyCrushers may have lost the message in the "Morkink Revisited" tale. The litigious persecutive track record of Ms. Schnott and Ms. Quirk necessitated using the indirect style of allegory to relate the story. The facts are all too true. To copy a famous TV detective's disclaimer; "the stories are true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent."

Unfortunately that's the way it must be here until this administration of suppression and reprisals has been removed. Then Morkink can once again bask in the Light of Day and RoseyCrushers throughout the Grand Colony can rejoice in their restored

Please read "Morkink Revisited". Please share it with your RoseyCrusher friends. Please, as true Morkite questioners, take the time to find a Regional Delegate or Grand Colony Board officer. Ask them if they know what's really going on. Be the questioning Morkite that the Truths' encouraged us all to be.

Remember, as you read and re-read the Tales, you can believe the stories and act, or you can lay fallow in the fields like shorn stalks of wheat, awaiting the harvester. The statement "The Truths Shall Set Us Free!" can either be our battle cry, or our epitaph. The choice is now yours.

FIAT LUX
Operasus, F.R.C.
(Faithful RoseyCrusher)