

Jimland Reports Volume 3

By Jim Wright
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Report 101 - EXPLORERS QUARTER GETS FIRST EXPLORER.

Date: 2003-05-03

EXPLORERS QUARTER GETS FIRST EXPLORER.

"I try to be first in the field in everything I do." So said Julius Flagstone as he ceremonially turned the first shovel-full of dirt at his lot in Jimville's new Explorers Quarter. Flagstone was truly first in the field, a big empty field. Flagstone picked one of the four "premium" lots with a view of the coast and unfettered access to the small pier. At the pier bobbed Flagstone's latest toy, his shiny new steam launch, still unnamed. We aren't sure how that will help his Expedition in the field, but Mr. Flagstone seldom does anything without a good reason. Only time will tell, as Julius is not.

Already several large tents are up and the smell of the camp cook doing his best wafts across the open field. Several other lots have been staked out, but no one seems to know to whom they belong. It is rumored that the wealthy Ponatowski Expedition and possibly the Churchill Expedition are the missing owners.

Flagstone's first visit to the Explorers Quarter was short. He turned a few spadefuls of dirt and organized the men that were hired to build his small base. The facility consists of one small cabana for himself and the Fetching Olivia Fate, one for his fellow explorers and visitors, a small storehouse and large heavy-duty tents for the rest of his crew. Leaving this in the hands of his nephew Jeffery, Julius formed up his field team and promptly headed out into the Wilds. His last words were "Screw up this up, Jeffery, and I'll have your hide on a tree. Let's go men, I want to get my money's worth from these damn Proper Papers." Where he was bound was, as usual, not forthcoming.

PONATOWKSI EXPEDITION

We are sure that Casimir Ponatowski will have a word or two with Cousin Stash over the recent march and countermarch and the strong-armed sale of the Vistula Villa to the Sharif and Friends. However unfortunate the loss of the Villa might be, Casimir must approve of the Explorers Quarters. By congregating in the Explorers Quarter the Explorers can rely on safety in numbers, their weapons, and lots of ammo to keep meddlers at a fair distance.

GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION

Whether the Glorious People's Expedition can survive anywhere in Jimville is another betting proposition. The recently published letters to the Editor have left GPE with few friends in town. It is rumored that the Sharif said he'd burn the old Villa down rather than let those pasty-faced socialists stand in its shade.

This will be a short issue, Dear Reader, as we see the Sharif's Russian stooges coming toward our door and would rather not be here when they arrive.

Report 102 - SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

Date: 2003-05-03

SPECIAL FEATURE. THINGS THAT CROSS OUR DESK.

The Editor thought you, Gentle Reader, might be interested in some of the myriad of things that cross our desks here at the World Herald. As a new feature of the Herald we will occasionally bring these things to light for the edification of all.

For example, a cable to Julius Flagstone:

Dr. Flagstone:

As the only other adventurer in Jimland of any worth, and one respected by Casimir, I am writing to you to give you an update on our situation. As you know, things have taken a rather surreal turn in Jimville. Our sworn enemies, the Russians, are backing the new puppet government. A sad, sad day in Jimland it was when that occurred. To further our misery, the newly designated EQ would put us too close to the evil Spaniard and Al the Marauder, both of whom were implicated in the plot to kill Casimir.

I won't even mention the presence of that delusional lot calling themselves "The Peoples Expedition". Oh, it seems I already have. Watch out for them and their backers. They are everywhere. Shoot first and ask questions later.

Fortunately for us, before these shocking events occurred, we were able to sell the Vistula Villa (at quite a healthy profit) to a consortium of German museum curators. It seems they are now in a "Re-education Center" having been found without the correct permits, or money for the permit fees, to cover all of the examples of Jimland wildlife (and I don't mean the, um, "ladies" from a certain local institution either) they had in their possession. Their loss however, has been our gain.

We have purchased a lot in the EQ that will be built on shortly. That said, we are not currently in Jimville. Having obtained the correct permits in a most timely fashion. The Lady Windsor has vast knowledge of bureaucracy, no matter whose it is. Plus, Fritz and his bayonet and the mention of Marie and her pet "Bobbie" seemed to expedite things. We departed Jimville for an undisclosed location. We are establishing a camp where we can be away from the political machinations in Jimville and have a place where we can feel relatively safe as well.

There is not much here, but we are starting on a compound and are getting supplies regularly after paying the appropriate fees of course. We do see some of the Secret Islands in the distance (through a telescope of course), and are working on transportation arrangements to travel to them (after we have secured the proper permits of course). We will start building in the EQ once our forward camp is more established. Our place in the EQ will be a place for us to rest and keep an eye on the other Expeditions.

The training of our local soldiers is progressing well. We will be able to distance ourselves a bit from the colonial powers while still being able to defend ourselves and fight the influence of the Peoples Expedition and the fascist Spaniards, though we hear that the French are starting to spread their view of government in the hinterland. We debate endlessly as to which is the worse for the people of Jimland.

Casimir sends his best wishes to you in the establishment of your base camp. He is slowly recovering from his injuries and once he is fit for another long journey (our travel here was quite lengthy), you can be assured that you will see him again in Jimville.

Regards

Steven Dombrowski
Captain, Polish Home Army
Jimland

And a reply from Jeffery Flagstone:

Steven Dombrowski
Captain, Polish Home Army
Jimland

Captain,

I send this cable in hopes you will receive it in a timely fashion. I do not know where your current base of operations is. The cable operator refuses to tell me the station number he received your cable from, so I am at his mercy.

I am Professor Flagstone's nephew, Jeffery. The good Professor is out of Jimville in the field. "In the Wilds" I think he calls it. He has left me in charge of setting up our facilities here in Jimville.

Before leaving on his latest Expedition, the Professor expressed many similar concerns that you mentioned. Rest assured we are not letting our guard down. Our small base will be enclosed in a solid wall before any other structures are built. This according to the instructions given to me to carry out. Then the well will be dug. Then the storehouse. Then the Professor's quarters. Then quarters for the rest of us. The order of construction leads us to "put our backs into it", as the Professor would say.

When all is said and done we will have a snug little place, actually a damn fine miniature fort. Observing the other lots being staked out, it seems the streets of the Explorers Quarter will be narrow and not straight in any direction for more than a dozen paces. This will be very useful if we have to defend ourselves. There will be no assaults of any size from inside the EQ, only the outside. And here we have decided that "drainage must be improved" requiring a wet ditch at least along our exterior wall.

But don't let me make this place sound like we are under siege. The sea is but a few yards away. The old Native Pier is slowly being rebuilt. The water from the wells is sweet. Being right on the sea keeps the bugs away and gives a refreshing breeze throughout the day, seaward in the morning and landward in the evening, very refreshing.

So for the other Expeditions you mention have behaved in a very civilized fashion with the exception the Glorious People's Expedition who I have not yet seen in town. No loss there, I'd say. Prices seem to have stabilized near their level before the Sharif's arrival and Jimville seems to have relaxed some. The Empress is a little empty, but with the recent events that is not unexpected. Ms Fate's only regret is that she can't stay there while we are building the compound, but she is making the best of it. She is Quite A Woman, Unexpected one might say.

I shall pass your cable to my Uncle as soon as he returns. When that is however is an unknown date. Having been "in the Wilds" I'm sure you understand my position. If you return to Jimville, please visit our compound at your leisure. I'm sure Mr. Ponatowski and you would be interested in seeing and perhaps riding in my Uncle's new Steam Launch. It is quite exhilarating.

Sincerely,

Jeffery Flagstone
Explorers Quarter
Jimville

[Smarmy little so and so, isn't he? Ed]

Report 103 - HELL FREEZES OVER!

Date: 2003-05-06

HELL FREEZES OVER!

It is reliably reported that Hell has frozen over. This must be true, as the Adventures in Jimland Expedition games will be run by none other than Mr. Jimland Hisownself. Sad, but true. Tom O. has gone blind after painting little tiny itsy bitsy microscopic eyes on all the figures. Not to mention beards and much detail work. Talented chap, but blind as a bat now. A collection will be held to buy him a red and white cane.

Fear not, things have not changed except for the worse. The rules will be the standard rules a.k.a. the comb-bound set with the green cover. A revised improved updated enhanced version is in the works and will be distributed at a future date as yet undetermined to those who turn in a green book for the new book, cover color still unknown.

To still your racing hearts, Tom F. has graciously accepted that which was foisted on him in a moment of weakness, the Jimland Big Battles. Don't worry about this either. It is reliably reported that he will make it up as he goes along. A relief to us all we are sure. So watch for those Big Battles and give Tom F. your support if not your money, food, or applause.

Tom O. reports that June's Painting Day is Jimland Paint Day. A festival of color and bs. Bring your Expedition figures and paint them up. Your Expeditions will never be the same.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. Everything's just fine. Really. The Sultan is greatly enjoying his Holiday. The Guard is destroying the Enemies of Jimland daily. It couldn't get much better. Or can it?

The Sultan has declared that since he is enjoying the comforts of his beautiful Northern Retreat, that the Citizens of Jimland should enjoy the comforts of his Palace. To quote the Sultan, "Hey, its only fair!" So everyone in Jimland is encouraged to stop by the Palace in Jimville and take what you want. If the doors seem locked, just force your way in. "No problem", says the Sultan. Be sure to get to the Palace right away as supplies are limited.

The Sultan wishes everyone a pleasant day. To quote the Sultan once more, "What's mine is yours, in Jimville anyway. And remember our enemies are everywhere on the run. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science club would like to serve notice that it's first "Rockets to the Moon" session will feature several demonstrations and launches of model rockets. Tickets for non-members are available at the door. Come one, come all and enjoy the fun.

Report 104 - AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION GETS NEW LEADER.

Date: 2003-05-08

AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION GETS NEW LEADER.

The Airdrieonian Expedition has received a new leader. It is reliably reported that an extremely wealthy Scottish Lord has sent one of his nephews to take control of the Expedition. The previous leader was removed due lack of accomplishments and other "related causes". Sounds to us like he ran out of cash.

The new Leader, Angus MacFraser, comes from a prominent Scottish family, though somewhat removed from the center of the power circle. Our sources say he is a capable man, fearless, clever, and tough. Apparently he is also expendable.

MacFraser's arrival in Jimville was not an hour old before he had acquired one of the four premium lots in the Explorers Quarter and all the proper papers for the Lot and an Expedition. His facility at negotiating through the bureaucratic maze was truly stunning. Later in the day he assembled the remainder of the previous Expedition. He summarily dismissed many of the men. He appointed his subordinates to fill the vacancies. Immediately they set to work assembling a crew to build their base in the Explorers Quarters.

As all the activity reached it peak, we observed MacFraser quietly leave the area and make his way to a small hut on the outskirts of Jimville. Shortly after he entered the building the British Ambassador was seen entering. Neither left the hut until well after sundown. Now what was that all about we wondered? We sent our staff to find out.

The information is sketchy, but it seems that the MacFraser's Expedition, while a valid expedition in every sense of the word, is but a front for Angus. We have found that MacFraser has worked for the British Foreign Office on numerous occasions and in many locations around the world. Most of his work has been covert activities. Several have led to changes in leaders if not whole governments in remote places. Remote to us perhaps, but not to the Empire whose arms spread wide to encompass the world.

The wealthy Scottish relatives are true. A useful excuse to use money to get things done. And a useful conduit for government funds arriving without using "official" channels.

What MacFraser is up to is unknown. But rest assured, Dear Reader, we have successfully placed several sources in his camp. We will report as things develop. At the least, we have top notch Expedition leader added to the mix. At the most we have intrigue of the best caliber afoot.

Of course, the British Ambassador denied meeting with MacFraser and having any knowledge of the man's background. We shall patiently wait and watch. It can only get better.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. The Sultan's Holiday has been extended on the advice of the Court Physician. He does not want to rush the Sultan's recovery.

The Sultan's Guard under the personal command of the Sultan's Military Advisor, Tastimin, has reported several engagements with the Enemies of Jimland. The Guard reported completed victory in every case. Casualties were reported as minimal.

The Sultan's Military Advisor also reported several attacks on the Sultan's Tax Collectors. Tastimin has ordered the Tax Collector Guard detachments strengthened to allow the honest citizens of Jimland to pay their taxes without undue risk from the Enemies of Jimland.

The Sultan wishes everyone good health. To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club would like to apologize to the families whose huts were set ablaze during the "Rockets to the Moon" demonstrations and model rocket launches. The rockets had worked properly in previous tests. We are investigating the steering problems. The Science Club members have all chipped in to create a rebuilding fund. The fund is available to all that can prove that their homelessness was a direct result of the model rockets.

Next month's meeting will continue this year's theme of "Rockets to the Moon". More model rocket launches will take place. We will launch toward the sea this time in deference to the near-riot resulting from our previous demonstration. Come early and get a good seat.

Report 105 - MONEY TALKS!

Date: 2003-05-09

MONEY TALKS!

Money talks, Gentle Reader, even in Jimland. This is a hard lesson for the Sharif to be sure. It seems the Jimland Explorers are staging a boycott of the Explorers Quarter. Only Julius Flagstone has turned a spadeful of dirt. Angus MacFraser spent the money on the lot and the Proper Papers and promptly left town with no more activity at his site. The rest of the Explorers Quarter is still open field.

Merchants in Jimville and elsewhere have raised a ruckus about lost revenue. To get the Sharif's ear they equated the lost revenue to lost tax dollars. We are reliably informed that this made the Sharif sit up straight and pay attention.

With the Sultan collecting "his taxes" the Sharif is finding his coffers rather empty. Many rumors abound. It is said the Russians are very unhappy about the lost revenues as they expect Jimland to pay its own expenses and most of the cost of the Sharif's Russian Troops. Comments from One Ton Duck, the Sharif's Chinese Admiral are unprintable, but follow along the Russian line of reasoning if more rudely.

With pressure mounting the Sharif has issued another Message concerning Foreign Expeditions in Jimland. The Sharif's Kindness is unbounded and we are Grateful he allows us to publish his Messages.

FOREIGN EXPEDITION POLICY

In a gesture of Goodwill, and with an eye toward the economic benefit to all parties concerned, I, The Grand Sharif of Jimland, issue this Message on Foreign Expedition Policy.

1. Foreign expeditions may be formed in Jimland for a one-time Fee of \$ 1.25.
2. There are no other Fees or Papers.
3. Foreign expeditions may be based anywhere Jimland.

End of Foreign Expedition Policy

A WARM WELCOME

The Sharif extends a warm welcome to all foreign expeditions. He strongly urges all expeditions in Jimland or planning on coming to Jimland to make their base in Jimville. The Sharif says this is in the best interest and for the protection of the expeditions. The Sharif also brings attention to the many attractions available in Jimville and the abundance of traders and suppliers already established in Jimville. These amenities can be found nowhere else in Jimland.

The Sharif would like to welcome to Jimland all the Expeditions listed below. He would like to thank them for choosing to explore Jimland and hopes they have a pleasant and prosperous stay. The list is listed below as a list.

The Julius Flagstone Expedition
The Casimir Ponatowski Expedition
The Winthrop P. Churchill Expedition
The Glorious People's Expedition
The Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte Expedition
Big Al The Marauder's Expedition
The Token Expedition
The Airdrieonian Expedition
The Swindell Expedition
The Coleman Expedition
The Shope Expedition, a.k.a. The Lost Expedition of Shope
The Ross Expedition

THE EXPLORERS QUARTER

In addition, the Sharif announced that those Expeditions that have purchased lots in the Explorers Quarters have a choice. They may continue to use their lots or they may receive their money back minus a small one-time handling fee of \$1.25.

It is reported that all Expeditions asked for and received their money back. Simply amazing. The Flagstone Expedition, being the only one to have returned to Jimville just as the Sharif's Message was being proclaimed by the Sharif's Official Court Yeller, wasted no time in securing the best rooms in the Empress Hotel. It is reported that Olivia Fate was more than pleased. Judging from the silly slack-jawed expression on Julius Flagstone's face, Olivia must have rewarded him with gusto.

GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION

We are informed by Trusted Sources that the Glorious People's Expedition has already made a Secret Camp somewhere in the Wilds of Jimland. No amount of questioning by interested parties could get any further information out of the informant before he died. It is rumored the camp has many underground tunnels and the GPE are hoarding Supplies and Loot in considerable quantity at the base. If a competing Expedition were to find the Secret Base we are sure it would be worth their while to sack the place.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. The Sultan's Holiday is very pleasant and a much needed relief from the great burden of running Jimland.

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 106 - FLAGSTONE HEADED FOR THE SECRET ISLANDS.

Date: 2003-05-15

FLAGSTONE HEADED FOR THE SECRET ISLANDS.

Julius Flagstone and Expedition have packed their packs, rolled their bedrolls, and coiled their coils of rope. All these things were snugly fitted onto Flagstone's shiny new steam launch and a rather ugly old barge he intends to tow with him.

It seems the steam launch may be shiny and new, but it is also too small to fit the entire Expedition and all its gear. So the shiny steam launch doubles as a tugboat. When asked about this use of the shiny new steam launch, Julius just shrugged his shoulders and said "Whatever."

With his Expedition literally in tow, Flagstone with the Charming Olivia Fate by his side headed out toward the Secret Islands off the Jimland Coast. When we queried Flagstone about which island he was going to and what he expected to find, Julius answered over his shoulder, "The first one I see" and "Adventure, Fame, Riches beyond the dreams of Avarice." Olivia giggled at this, and then promptly set down hand over her mouth as the ocean swells rocked the steam launch.

Gentle Reader, do not dismay, we, of course, have several members of our staff carefully installed in the Expedition. If there is news to report, You shall have it First.

EXPEDITION ACTIVITY INCREASED

With the Sharif backing off on his stifling Foreign Expedition Policy to something more to the liking of the Fearless and Famous Explorers, Expedition Activity has significantly increased.

The Ponatowski Expedition appears ready to head back out. Casimir is still flat on his back recovering from his being mostly killed. The Lovely Marie attends to his every need. Cousin Stash, Late of the Polish Home Guard, will lead the next venture or two until Casimir has regained his strength. Their departure is imminent.

The Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte Expedition has assembled itself again. Whither they are bound no one will say. Don Pedro has managed to keep our staff away from Don Alverado. Why this is so, is not known. It is rumored that Don Alverado was cursed by a local Witchdoctor and is unable to show his face in public during daylight. It is said he bays at the moon at night. But this was said of Don Alverado before the Witchdoctor's curse so maybe its just coincidence.

The Glorious People's Expedition has gone native apparently. There is no sign of them in Jimville. We here at the Herald are still a little foggy on the whole White versus Red thing. But it seems the Sharif's Russians are on shoot-first-ask-questions-second footing with the GPE. As long as they are shooting at each other and not the rest of the Honest Citizens of Jimville, that's ok with us.

The Winthrop P. Churchill Expedition has managed to slip out of Jimville unnoticed by even our Most Reliable Sources. We send out a call to Mr. Churchill, "Where the hell are you, and what are you doing?" It was against our better judgement, but more rumors of Witchdoctors have surfaced and we felt we owed to You, Gentle Reader, the effort to get to the ugly bottom of this story.

The Airdrieonian Expedition, under the tireless leadership of Angus MacFraser, alleged British spy and errand boy, is forming up also. Though we doubt the virtue of this group, we cannot doubt their firepower. They seem always equipped with the newest, biggest, loudest British-made weapons available. Their intended plans and motives are unknown. We wait and we watch, Dear Reader, to bring You the Scoop on this suspicious bunch.

CAP'N JACK IS BACK IN BUSINESS

With the long awaited refloating of the Jimland Bitch, Cap'n Jack is back in the coastal steamer business. We might warn everyone that his mood has not improved during his forced idleness. The good Cap'n is available for hauling your goods and your butt wherever you want to go. Approach with caution and never before noon. Cash only.

EXPLORER TRIVIA

Did you know that Caesar is Flagstone's middle name.

If you have bits of trivia about the Fearless and Famous Explorers of Jimland, please submit them to the Herald.

Report 107 - RELIABLE SOURCES REPORT.

Date: 2003-05-18

RELIABLE SOURCES REPORT

AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION

Late last evening The Explorers Quarter was awakened by the sound of soldiers shouting orders to the bearers. Tents were uprooted and bags packed as they began to move slowly out of Jimville headed upriver to a destination unknown. One eyewitness reported that it looked like a big snake uncoiling from its den. When the party was stopped and questioned by the Sharif's forces at the gate, the indubitable figure of Lord Angus MacFraser appeared. [Now he's a Lord! The Queen must be lowering her standards. - Ed] He was armed with what was most certainly the biggest bloody gun I've ever seen before. He calmly assured the guards that it would be more appropriate for them to go back to the guard shack and continue playing cards. At this point the Sergeant in charge noticed flashes of light glinting off the further bank of the river and figures dressed in black could be seen moving, blending back into the landscape. The guards returned to their quarters and the "snake" continued its progress. MacFraser seemed to be following a similar path to the Flagstone party only days before. [Interesting, in that Flagstone headed out to sea allegedly to the Secret Islands. Or so it seemed to us. - Ed]

SHARIF DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION

When reports reached the Sharif of the incident he was most upset and sent immediate word that the British ambassador should appear before him. It was reported that the ambassador declined the invitation stating that he was having tea with the American ambassador at the moment and to leave would be "A jolly bad showing, old chap". The Sharif after throwing some precious vases and tables around settled down to a quiet night.

EMBASSY ROW

Earlier today the dock on the Embassy Row side of the River Jim awoke to the sound of a steamboat docking at the rickety pier. Two gentlemen were disembarked, one dressed in full Regimental dress of the Royal Marines, and the other wearing a long white coat, thick broad spectacles and rubber Wellington boots. They were met warmly by the British Ambassador. Rumors abound as to who the officer may be, but word spread like wildfire that the other gentleman was none other than Professor Albus Dumbledore the eminent British scientist reported to have created the first working steam tank. One hour later 10 wooded crates marked Top Secret and Fragile were unloaded from the boat. The crates disappeared into the large warehouse of the British Consulate.

As usual the Sharif's guards appeared to investigate at the same time as a company of Royal Marines. Papers were exchanged. Import taxes paid. And as usual the British declined open up the boxes stating, "It is none of your bloody business, old chap", before stomping off back to the Embassy. The boat soon departed after several minutes of conversation between the Ambassador and the boat captain, heading off into the distance destination unknown.

GERMANS INCREASE PATROLS

By request of the Sharif the Germans have stepped up patrols along the border of the palace walls. [We wonder what the Russian think of this use of the Germans by their best ally, the Sharif? - Ed] This comes in the wake of several cases of intruders breaking into the palace and removing several scared relics form the museum. The Sharif refused to comment on what was taken, but rumors state the Royal Seal of Horus may be among the many missing items. Shortly after patrols were increased a trespasser was caught and the Germans started preparation again to embark on the trip to the Wilds of Jimland in search of both money and the Sultan.

A statement was issued by the MDI, we quote, "We are not afraid of the Germans. Allah has condemned them. They are stupid. They are stupid." (Dramatic pause) "And they are condemned." After a short respite the following statement was added. "They're coming to surrender or be burned in their tanks." One can only wonder at the meaning of this.

Report 108 - THEFTS AT PALACE ALARM THE SHARIF.

Date: 2003-05-19

THEFTS AT PALACE ALARM THE SHARIF

More thefts have occurred at the Sharif's Palace. Though the thefts have been discussed, what was taken was not. The Sharif's Russian Troops have doubled their patrols inside the Palace grounds. All visitors are being searched both entering and leaving the Palace. Even the on-coming patrol searches the off-going patrol under the watchful eye of the Sharif's most trusted Russian Advisors.

SHARIF STEPS UP PATROLS

The Sharif has stepped up patrols around the Palace walls. He has ordered each Foreign Embassy to supply Troops for Patrols. Each Embassy's Troops will patrol for a week in a rotation schedule assigned by the Sharif's Russian Military Advisor. It was also announced that Theft on the Palace grounds is punishable by immediate execution after the usual interrogation.

We at the Herald wonder what is being kept in the Palace that warrants all the activity? Gentle Reader, we must find out for Your Sake.

CORRECTION ON MACFRASER EXPEDITION

We erred when reporting that MacFraser was following Flagstone. Flagstone is of course at sea on his way to the Secret Islands. MacFraser is moving along the Jimland Coast in the same general direction. So we were partially correct, but for You, Dear Reader, partially correct is not good enough. To sum up, Flagstone is at sea. MacFraser is going in the same direction along the Coast. Why he is going that way, we have no clue, and that's the truth.

CABLE FROM CASIMIR PONATOWSKI TO JULIUS FLAGSTONE

Printed with the kind permission of Jeffery Flagstone, Esq.

Julius:

I am aware that you have recently departed for the Secret Islands off the coast of Jimland. I hope that your nephew can get you this message at some point during your journey, if not, he will be able to give it to you upon your return.

I am writing to give you an update on my expedition. Rumors of my passing are premature to say the least. Though not fit enough to undertake further expeditions at the moment, I am regaining my strength. We had traveled to James' Landing to establish our base of operations due to the uncertain climate in Jimville and the attempt on my life. We did establish a forward base there that will serve us in the future because of the closeness to the Secret Islands. If you need a forward staging area, feel free to coordinate with myself or members of my staff for its use. It is not much to look at, but a well-fortified blockhouse with ample supplies near the Wilds of Jimland is a welcome sight to the local populace as well as adventurers such as ourselves. The security the blockhouse and the garrison of soldiers (trained by Stash) provide for the area go a long way toward gaining the trust of the

locals. It helps that half of the town is related to my scout, Abdul "the younger".

I left Stash and other members of my party in James' Landing and they will be undertaking an expedition in the near future. They hope to make some new discoveries as well as trying to quell any local unrest caused by the cowardly Russians, Red or White. It doesn't matter, they are all cowards!

I have taken temporary lodging at the Empress with Marie. Fritz and the Lady Windsor are also present. We are in negotiations to reacquire the Vistula Villa from the current government. Since the Peoples Expedition ransacked the place and left it unfit for habitation at the moment we may be able to get a good deal on it. It will require a lot of work to get it back to its previous state of grandeur when it was under our ownership. A task that Marie and the Lady Windsor will thoroughly enjoy of course. Fritz will be in charge of security and will use the local soldiers that he and Stash trained to patrol the grounds.

I decided to return to Jimville because of the lack of information at James' Landing. We heard only secondhand rumors. We will maintain a forward base at James' Landing, but return our main base to Jimville where we can be close to our enemies and keep an even closer eye on them.

As for the nameless Spanish Dog and Al "The Marauder", they are not in Jimville. Luckily for them since Marie has been teaching Bobbie (her pet albino sabertooth bobcat in case you weren't aware) some rather nasty commands. If either Don Alverado or Big Al is spotted, they are in trouble.

As for the other expeditions, all seem rather lack-luster and haven't had quite the success as ourselves. Rather disappointing I must say. Maybe this new guy, MacFraser, will be a worthy competitor. Surely with his backing by the British government (or so it seems) he would not stoop to some of the methods currently employed by the Spanish, Big Al, or the Reds. I am glad that we have our own soldiers trained, as I believe the support we had previously received from the British may not be available in the near future.

Ah, well, that is all for now Julius. Time for a "nap".

Regards,

Casimir Ponatowski
The Empress
Jimville, Jimland

End of cable.

Report 109 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE FLAGSTONE REPORT 1A.

Date: 2003-05-22

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE FLAGSTONE REPORT 1A.

We left Jimville in the morning mist. My new steam launch acted as a tug to tow the awkward barge full of supplies. It was apparent early on that I needed a larger launch. The launch labored with the load on the long ocean swells. A small coastal steamer would do the trick for transporting supplies and personnel. The steam launch would be excellent for towing several canoes up the rivers we chose to explore. One for the big water, one for the small.

Never the less we continued on despite intermittent towing problems. Actually, I was quite pleased with the overall results, this being our first attempt at this sort of venture. Thankfully the sea leg of the journey was short.

Dawn brought the first of the Secret Islands into my view. Which Secret Island I was looking at was unknown. I have not been able to find any reliable charts of the area. The local legends say charts are of no value. The Islands are on the backs of great sea turtles that rise and fall in the ocean's depth as they please. The Islands move as the turtles move, so charts are useless. They say a keen eye for the stars and water, and a sharp nose for the smells of sea and land will be all I need. These senses I must trust, as they are all I have at the moment.

With the dawn's early light (catchy phrase that) reflecting off the dew, the island truly sparkled. A warm morning shower refreshed us all. We ran parallel to the shore about one hundred yard off the beach. We were looking for a river mouth. It would serve as both a source of fresh water and highway into the island interior. Two lookouts in the bow, with many nervous volunteers assisting, watched for shoals or reefs.

The ocean seemed to shelve steeply to the island. We were able to move freely off the island without sighting any navigation obstacles. Finally I ordered us to the shore. The tension of the morning's search was broken with the excitement of a new land to explore. This always gets the men's spirits up. I must say I also enjoy the adventure of what's over the next hill. Olivia brightened considerably once on the steady beach. The frolicking of the ocean did not sit well with her, but she didn't complain. She even laughed when some of the men playfully teased her about it. A good Woman.

We set up camp several hundred yards in from the beach. A base camp was cleared and the tents set up. A small sweet water stream was found nearby which eased my mind considerably. Supplies were unloaded, inspected, checked off our lists, and finally, the barge was drug up on the beach completely out of the water. The barge's flat bottom aided this effort considerably, that and the good effort put in by the men.

Dinner was pleasant. The soft sea breeze cooled us after our day's work. The jungle behind us was quiet. The meat was still fresh and the cook baked fresh bread while he had the chance. The aroma was the best. I issued a double ration of liquor to the men. Those who had been with me before

understood the gesture. A reward for a good day's work and a bracer for the things to come.

Olivia and I retired to our tent that night to the soft melodies of the men singing their native songs. It brought goose flesh to my skin, lying on my blankets where the sand turned to earth, listening to the soft songs, the breeze sighing through the trees. The moon shone overhead like a Beacon of Good Things to come. Olivia must have felt it too. She shivered in the warm night air and moved closer, a beautiful smile on her lips.

Dawn found us up and about. The loads were told off among the Bearers. The party staying at the Camp to watch the supplies, steam launch, and barge was given their instructions. At this point I wished I had brought my nephew, young Jeffery, with me. Minding the Camp in my absence would have been a good experience for him. Oh, well, he is getting experience of a different sort by minding our affairs in Jimville.

I am concerned about the recent chaotic activity in Jimland. The bloodless ouster of the Sultan by the Sharif and his Russian Allies caught me unawares. Not that I am a strong supporter of the Sultan. He was a rough, occasionally cruel, ruler. But as they say, he was the Devil we knew. The Sharif is unknown. As yet I don't trust him or his Russian Allies, and certainly not One Ton Duck and his bunch of Pirates, literally. I hope Jeffery does not run afoul of them.

The sun had been above the horizon barely an hour when we left camp. The Expedition filed by me in good spirits. Blind Bob, my scout of long standing, was ahead. His two helpers marked the way for us and made sure I was kept informed of things ahead. With the latest adventure underway, Olivia and I quickened our pace and joined the head of our little column threading its way through the thickening jungle. Steam rose from the damp ground as the Sun rose overhead.

We were off on adventure once more.

Report 110 - EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD.

Date: 2003-05-24

EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD

Four Expeditions ventured into the Wilds of Jimland. Their reports are below.

THE ROSS EXPEDITION

Not much is known about this mysterious Expedition. The leader's name is unknown to our staff. They slink into town, buy their supplies, and quickly leave for parts unknown. We wonder if they are in fact a front for the Rebels, or, the Sultan, or the Glorious People's Expedition, or most wildly the Russians.

It is rumored that in their last known trek into the Wilds of Jimland, they struggled through the Jungle. They discovered a Lake, but posted no official name upon their return. They are also rumored to have discovered Opium fields. Perhaps they are the owners of the Opium fields and return to Jimville only to sell their "product" to the eager market? Anyone with further information on this Expedition is encouraged to contact the Herald.

THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION

The Glorious People's Expedition, hereafter GPE, is on the move again. How they are being supplied remains a mystery, as they do not venture into Jimville as far as our Sources can tell. Their reports however do find their way into our hands.

They marched into the Wilds waving their Red Banners and their little manifestos. They traded with friendly Rebels, which is itself suspicious. They had a bearer die of poison. Again a suspicious event. They marched on.

More Friendly Rebels were found. This trend bears investigation and we hope the Sharif and His Allies will root out this Evil in Jimland. They "found" gold. Again a suspicious event. They marched on. They were ambushed. The ambushers were allegedly crushed. They marched on.

They discovered a medicinal plant. Again a suspicious event. They marched on. Mother Nature punished them with a flash flood that swept away members of the Expedition. They marched on. They discovered a new species of bird. No name was posted with the authorities. They marched on. Hostile Rebels attacked. Was this a real attack or just a show to divert suspicions.

They marched on. They got lost. A brushfire toasted some Expedition members. They marched on. At this point they returned to their base camp wherever that is. They did not return to Jimville.

THE TOKEN EXPEDITION

They marched into the Wilds heads held high. They marched on. To their amazement they found some X-Rock. All was joy and celebration. They marched on. They marched some more. Natives ambushed them. They marched on. They stumbled upon a deserted village. After looting the village and gaining absolutely nothing, they marched on.

Animals attacked the Expedition, or so they report. Several Expedition members were eaten. The report doesn't say who ate them. This begs for investigation. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Snake. Not that Jimland doesn't have enough snakes already. They marched on. They bought food from friendly natives. They returned safely to Jimville.

THE CASIMIR PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

With Casimir still on the mend, Cousin Stash, late of the Polish Home Guard, led this Expedition. They marched out into the Wilds of Jimland. They met friendly Tribals. They marched on into a small mountain range. They stayed in the mountains, though we prefer the phrase, they stayed lost in the mountains. The Geo-Alchemist, whatever the hell that is, found valuable loot in the mountains.

They marched on. They traded with Natives. They marched on. They marched some more. They were attacked by an Ant Horde. Many Expedition members were stung to death by the little ant buggers. They marched on. They discovered the Jimland Leaping Leopard. They traded with more friendly natives.

They marched on. They marched a whole lot more. They found a 15,000 foot tall mountain. Hostile Natives attacked. They marched on. Expedition members were lost to heat of the Wilds. They returned rather wilted to Jimville. Stash reported immediately to Casimir. No report of what was discussed is available.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. The Sultan's Holiday is going extremely well. The Sultan's health improves each day.

The Sultan's Guard under the personal command of the Sultan's Military Advisor, Tastimin, has reported many engagements with the Enemies of Jimland. The Guard reported completed victory in every case. Guard casualties were reported as minimal in every case.

The Sultan would like to thank the Citizens of Jimland for their prompt payment of Taxes when the Sultan's Tax Collectors made their rounds. The Sultan is planning several beautification projects for Jimville. Of course this will require the demolition of parts of Jimville. So do not be alarmed if you hear loud explosions and such. It is merely the renovations in progress.

The Sultan wishes everyone good health. To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

Report 111 - MORE EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD.

Date: 2003-05-24

MORE EXPEDITIONS HIT THE FIELD

Four more Expeditions ventured into the Wilds of Jimland. Their reports are below.

THE DON ALVERADO DE SINESPERANZA Y MALSUERTE EXPEDITION

Backed by Spanish Gold carried to the waiting Treasure Fleet on the backs of suffering natives, the Expedition of Don Alverado and his accomplice Don Pedro refitted. After a relaxing stay in Jimville the Expedition headed back into the Wilds of Jimland. Their mission: find more Gold for the Queen.

They marched on. They discovered a "mountain" 2,000 feet tall. They encountered friendly natives. They marched on. They marched on some more. They discovered a map fragment in the hands of a deadman who moments before tried to sell them fake Jimland artifacts. So reads their report.

They marched on. They found friendly rebels. They traded with them at gunpoint. They marched on. They marched on again. They lost their shirts trading with some awake natives. Don Pedro claims they trade better with the natives when they are asleep. We ask, whose asleep, you Don Pedro or the Natives.

They marched on. They were attacked by Natives. A Smilodon, a Great Predator of Jimland, attacked the Expedition. Fewer in number they marched on. They returned to Jimville.

At this point Don Alverado and Don Pedro were observed entering the Italian Embassy by the back door. Rather strange we think. What does this mean, Dear Reader? The Spanish and the Italians working together? The last time that was successful was when that Columbus fellow allegedly found the Americas, but that is a tale for another report. At least Denny Lee left us some interesting notes on the subject before being swallowed whole by the Wilds of Jimland.

THE AIRDRIEONIAN EXPEDITION

MacFraser and his bunch of hooligans set off into the Wilds of Jimland with great expectations. They marched on. They were attacked by Natives. They marched on. They marched across the open savanna. They marched some more. They marched a lot more. The savanna seemed endless. They discovered Opium fields. They marched on. They had members of the Expedition drown crossing the many streams that lace the Wilds of Jimland.

Undaunted, they marched on. They discovered an Ancient Temple that they promptly looted. They marched on. They discovered the remains of a Lost Expedition that they promptly looted. They marched on. The heat finally stopped them from marching on. They rested. They marched on dragging big bags of loot with them. They discovered X-Rock. Their Askari began deserting.

They marched on. They discovered the ruins of an Ancient City that they promptly looted. They marched on. They returned to Jimville. MacFraser sat in the bar of the Empress Hotel bragging about all the money that he made this trip. Lady MacFraser and several of her lady friends cabled that they are on their way to Jimville. This bears watching.

THE WINTHROP P. CHURCHILL EXPEDITION

With grand plans and little else the Churchill Expedition set out into the Wilds of Jimland. It is suspected that the Churchill Expedition is in fact another Expedition covering more sinister activity of the British Embassy on behalf of the Queen. However, judging by the number of Monks in the Expedition we wonder what their motive could be. Only time will tell, Dear Reader. We suspect strong anti-Communist sentiment in this camp. Or is this just a "red" herring?

They marched on. They met friendly Rebels. A suspicious event to be sure. They had their slut of an interpreter, Emma-I-don't-wear-much-you-can't-see-through, try to "talk" to the natives. The natives couldn't get past her most amazing "assets" so the talks broke down.

They marched on. They met neutral Rebels. Another suspicious event to be sure. They marched on. They "discovered" a Native Holy relic. We at the Herald find this way too convenient. What about you, Dear Reader?

They marched on. Emma-let-me-show-you-something-you've-never-seen-before died from unexplained causes. We think it was over-exposure. They marched on. They got lost. They marched on anyway. They got soaked by torrential downpours. They sloshed on. A Witchdoctor cursed the entire Expedition upon finding that Emma-lets-go-into-the-bushes-for-moment-sailor was not with the Expedition.

They discovered a new species of Butterfly. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Flower. They were not awarded the Rambo Macho Expedition award. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Primitive Man. They marched on and returned safely to Jimville.

THE JULIUS FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION

While the other Expeditions hacked their way through the Wilds of Jimland on the Mainland, Flagstone hacked his way through the Wilds of Jimland in the Secret Islands.

They landed near the mouth a small river. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Flying Dinosaur. They marched on. Good fortune followed them. They discovered a new species of medicinal plant. They marched on.

They found a cache of diamonds. They marched happily on. They met neutral Rebels. We at the Herald have always wondered how you can be neutral and still be a Rebel? They marched on. They got stranded in the mountains. They threatened Blind Bob their guide with several interesting physical options. They marched on. They met more neutral Rebels.

They marched on. Fog stopped all marching for a while. They ran out of food. Their Hunter saved their sorry lives. They marched back to their base camp on the beach of the unnamed Secret Island.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club would like to apologize to all the ships in the harbor during their last "Rockets to the Moon" expo. They claim they didn't know the wind would shift during the rocket launching. Those whose vessels were sunk will be able to get partial payment at the next Science Club meeting.

Report 112 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE FLAGSTONE REPORT 1B.

Date: 2003-05-24

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE FLAGSTONE REPORT 1B.

Printed with the kind permission of Jeffery Flagstone, Esq.

With Blind Bob, my trusty scout in the lead, we were off on adventure once more. We marched inland from the mouth of the river where we had established our Base Camp. The land was the usual Jungle, perhaps not as dense as on the Mainland. We were rained on several times and found this to be the daily experience as the sea breezes carried the moist air over the island.

Barely started, we were treated to the exceptional pleasure of spotting and downing a new species of Flying Dinosaur. Olivia first saw it and I was able to bring the beast to earth with a single shot. We sketched the creature, measured it, and named it the Jimland Megawinged Leatherus. We did not try to eat the thing or carry its meat with us, as the stench it gave off was disgusting.

The next day we continued following the serpentine course of the river. Much to our surprise we discovered an unknown species of medicinal plant. It was unknown to us, but several of the bearers pointed them out to me and explained that the leaves when made into a paste and applied to a wound would speed healing and fight infection. We gathered a small amount for use during the Expedition. We named it the Jimland Nurses Flower. I will have the Jimland Science Club do a full examination of the plant when we return to Jimville.

We were attacked by a small band of Natives as we tramped along the riverbank. We were able to beat them off. We suffered only a few minor cuts and bruises. Examining the dead natives, we could find nothing of significance about their appearance or in their possession. I think they were just bandits looking for easy pickings.

The land remained relatively flat as we followed the river. We came across a small village on the riverbanks, but found it long deserted. This disappointed Olivia as she enjoys the Natives and is always looking to study their customs. I must get her to publish some of her notes as I think they would be well received.

The land began to climb rapidly the fourth day out. We continued to follow the river. Soon we were in the mountains. The mountains were the usual affair for the Wilds of Jimland, steep sided, covered with heavy jungle growth. We labored on following the river. I noted that here in the mountains it rained constantly, every morning and all afternoon as the morning and evening sea breezes blew. The moisture-laden air trying to rise over the mountains dumped its water to climb over the peaks. We were seldom dry.

I must admit we became lost for a day in the steep ravines. I cannot fault Blind Bob, as this is new territory for him. Following only his instincts

and using his knowledge of the Wilds he eventually got us out of our predicament.

We encountered some natives. They would not trade with us and acted rather suspicious to my thinking. I believe they were Rebels, but cannot confirm this conclusion. At any rate they did not attack us and we left them alone.

Heading for our Base Camp with food running low we were halted by heavy fog. It was like a white velvet curtain. Olivia thought it was lovely. I thought it might kill us if we had to sit while our food supply was exhausted. After a couple of days the fog finally burned off and we continued for Base Camp.

Our food ran out. This caused a minor stir among the less experienced members of the Expedition. I quieted their fears. Murphy, the Expedition Hunter, and a small party of men stalked off into the woods and returned with enough fresh meat to see us through the remainder of our trek.

We returned to the Base Camp in good shape. The party that had remained in camp reported no problems while we were gone. That evening Olivia and I took a pleasant moonlit cruise in my steam launch. I was thinking of scouting the coast in the moonlight, but clouds partially blocked the moon, so I happily settled for cozy ride with Olivia whose radiance outshone the moon.

We will rest a few days, then take another walk inland. I think this island still has more secrets to reveal.

End of Report.

Report 113 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 4.

Date: 2003-05-24

IN HIS OWN WORDS, THE GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION REPORT 4.

[We don't write them, Dear Reader. We only print them. - Ed]

On a glorious morning, Comrade Stalin valiantly led the Glorious People's Expedition, well supplied by our loyal native comrades, into the Wilds of Jimland.

As expected, in the first few days we encountered several groups of friendly rebel "freedom-fighters". Our Sandanistas were busy preparing to defend the countryside from the menace of foreign capitalist expeditions. Scouts informed us that these cowardly expeditions and their leaders have been "skirting" around known communist controlled regions into regions controlled by the more docile "neutral" rebels. What else can be expected from the likes of Ponatowski, Churchill, and Don Pedro?

Later in the journey, one of our native loot bearers fell victim to a nefarious plot. Investigating his death, we discovered a litter with bottles of tainted water. The poor fool had drunk water provided by a known Spanish-lackey businessman in Jimville. We shall soon repay the greasy assassin Don Pedro for his perfidy.

Looking for a burial site, Comrade Dzerzinsky, our scout, discovered a cave. Inside, we discovered four boxes of gold and clear signs of recent "visitors." We set an ambush for the intended ambushers. They were slaughtered like the imperialist dogs they were. The swine were clearly Spanish-supported Contras. Rummaging through the bodies, we made an interesting discovery. They had Polish zlotys on their persons. Why anyone would accept this worthless currency, we can only wonder. However, it is just another clear indication of the malevolence of the "Ponatowski Gangsters".

Again, the intrepid Comrade Stalin led us deeper into the Wilds. We made two very important discoveries. One was a medicinal plant, useful in combating the dreaded "Jimland Fever". As you know, Jimland Fever often attacks foreign expeditions while natives appear to be immune to the disease. It causes a form of delirium that results in poor judgment and inability to think clearly. Some experts suspect this may account for the many "lost" expeditions and disastrous events that occur on a regular basis when expeditions depart Jimville. Other experts believe that the many expedition corpses that litter the Jungles of Jimland are the result of pure stupidity, not a disease. Perhaps the Science Club will be able to shed light on the subject.

The other important discovery was that of a small species of bird. It was a smaller cousin of the Jimland Dodo called "Avian Wenkerus". Many locals believe the bird has mystical powers and is a sign of good fortune and luck, especially in games and competitions. It is said that the bird represents a form of Karmic counterbalance to those that lack a modicum of intelligence.

As the Expedition turned for home, the Savannah was set ablaze by several bald zealots. We lost more valuable loot and another bearer. We pursued and destroyed this strange group of rebels, missionary extremists with rifles and crucifixes. One prisoner was quick to provide us with a great quantity of information. Apparently, there was a recent "purge" in the Churchill Expedition. The leader of this expedition has reportedly "found religion" and seeks to relive the era of colonialism, conquest, and enslavement that ravaged the world centuries ago. The Glorious People's Expedition will not let that happen. The People must be protected from swine such as Churchill.

We returned to our Secret Base Camp as heroes. We redistributed wealth. We had political rallies. We drank Vodka. We insulted the Sultan and the Sharif. Comrade Trotsky was harshly criticized by Comrade Stalin.

Comrade Stalin

End of Report.

DON ALVERADO

Gentle Reader, the reports of the Glorious People's Expedition bring home a point of interest. While obviously propaganda of a decided Red Flavor straight from the pen of a madman, the constant mention of Don Pedro and the complete absence of mention of Don Alverado leads us to several questions.

First, who is really in charge of the Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte Expedition? Second, is Don Alverado in league with the GPE? Third, has anyone seen Don Alverado lately? Fourth, does the uncanny likeness between Don Alverado and the Italian Ambassador seem an unlikely coincidence? Fifth, why does the entire Don Alverado de Sinesperanza Y Malsuerte Expedition wear fancy Italian loafers even in the Wilds of Jimland? While they are very natty, they must be uncomfortable when trekking through the jungle.

DEATH FROM JIMVILLE WATER

The unfortunate death of the GPE Bearer from drinking Jimville water should not be viewed with alarm or suspicion of sinister intent. Many of us who have sipped the water of Jimville straight up have later exhibited symptoms ranging from mild cases of gastric distress to the Deadly Jimville Two Holer Trot. We recommend the tried and true local preventative, mix your water with large amounts of alcohol to purify the water.

It is also recommended that all water wells be dug upstream from all latrines. A simple precaution we can take to heart.

Report 114 - SLIPPED UNDER OUR DOOR.

Date: 2003-05-24

SLIPPED UNDER OUR DOOR...

[We don't write them, Dear Reader. We only print them. - Ed]

In a sincere desire to spread honest propaganda/disinformation, Comrade Stalin would like to inform the citizens of Jimville as to the character and competence of certain expedition leaders.

1. The infamous Don Pedro was heard whining, and I quote, "The game's rigged against me."

Substitute "Jimland's" for "The game's" and you have quite a story. In Jimland, you need a LOT of luck. What persons would want to join up with an expedition led by such a loser?

2. It is rumored that this Churchill fellow has been possessed by the Devil and is using religion as a front. One need only look at his appearance and observe his uncanny die-rolls to know that he has made a deal with the Devil!

3. Note that the Churchill expedition had several members run off with the "goods" (trade). This is due to successful propaganda on the part of the Glorious People's Party, and we want Jimland to know it. That money/trade was "obtained" by loyal askari comrades and will be used to build a new school-hut rather than gold trinkets for a shrine in Jimville.

4. Why is the Airdrieonian Expedition so wealthy, recently? Can we really believe so much "loot" was discovered by "Knaveheart" and his thugs? Of course not! The GPE has uncovered the Truth: MacFraser has gained his wealth by certain opium finds. He has established the first "Crackhouse" in Jimville and is turning innocent children and Jimlanders into addicts and crack-heads. It is a sad situation for Jimville and its citizens, but is a natural consequence of capitalism. The GPE will correct this on the Glorious Day when it seizes control of Jimland. [Brave words considering the size of MacFraser's armament. - Ed]

5. Is it true that the Flagstone expedition was woefully unprepared for its expedition to the lost islands? [Secret Islands! Secret Islands! - Ed] Many believe so. Did the expedition have to resort to cannibalism to survive? Inquiring minds want to know. [Tut-Tut and Pshaw. - Ed]

6. Propaganda leaflets found posted in Jimville: Gain wealth and fortune with the Ross expedition! Hug the coastline and stay close to Base Camp. We don't take risks, so why should you? We promise good pay to sit on your arse! Interested? See Ross on Whiskey Row. [No need to go to Whiskey Row. Ross will come to you for a modest fee. - Ed]

Report 115 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, LORD MACFRASER REPORT 1.

Date: 2003-05-25

IN HIS OWN WORDS, LORD MACFRASER REPORT 1.

This report arrived last night from our reporter in the field in regards to the adventures of Lord MacFraser and The Airdrieonian expedition in the Wilds of Jimland.

The only remaining member of the Airdrieonian expedition is that of Sir Basil Salmon famous hunter of the great plains of Africanus. Unfortunately on the last trip 75% of the party perished because of lack of provisions and some say the inability of Sir Bail to find anything remotely edible in the Wilds of Jimland. Suspicion still falls on Sir Basil, but Lord MacFraser seems not to care about anything that happened in the past and set off accompanied by his reliable friend the famous scout William Wallace.

The first day passed with much excitement. While the party was following one of the many rivers traversing Jimland they were attacked by a very large hostile tribal forces. William Wallace was unable to spot them because as he stated "Why don't they wear white like to rest of the savages in the Sudan"? They had only just got a few shots off before hand-to-hand combat ensued. The savages were chased off, but not before the loss of one soldier. MacFraser himself killed at least five of the savages in the struggle after being surrounded.

The next few days proved uneventful for the party. Some natives were spotted, but they kept their distance and no hostility ensued. On the fourth day from camp lush fields of poppy seeds were discovered and the party loaded many bags of valuable treasure to take back. Many natives watched from afar, but no trouble was expected or occurred.

The next few days passed uneventfully as savanna passed after leaving the river and starting the journey back to base camp. One soldier was swept away while crossing a small stream. On the seventh day ancient ruins were discovered and some treasure lay scattered around. Wallace found tracks leading out the ruins as if a party left just weeks before.

Following these tracks skillfully, Wallace led them to the remains of a lost expedition next day. Gathering up some personal belongings the party quickly buried the expedition and left. The heat became so oppressive that the party had to sped an extra day under the shade to gather reserves to continue. Lord MacFraser spent this time hunting the local wild life, but otherwise nothing eventful happened.

Finally on the tenth day out from base camp, the party continued following a river southwards in anticipation of reaching the base camp. A lonesome Askari was found wandering among the savanna grasses. He did not speak any known language so his story was left untold. On the eleventh day from camp a large deposit of the famous X-Rock was discovered. Great rejoicing came upon the party as more bearers loaded up this precious material for transport.

A funny thing happened that night in that the lone Askari that the party came upon the day before was missing in the morning. Nothing was taken from the party and this was left as just one of those things that happen. Sensing that the base camp was near, the party continued following the river and came by chance upon another set of ancient ruins, but nothing of value was discovered. The party rested for the night among these ruins.

On the thirteenth day out the party arrived safely back at the base camp with much treasure in store. Lord MacFraser was delighted and has sent for Lady MacFraser to join the party along with his long childhood friend Sir Robert "The Wildman" Bruce. The expedition is expected to move base camp over the next few days as they await the arrival of Lady MacFraser and Sir Robert. Many bearers can be seen this time as they work to gather supplies for the next expedition.

End of Report.

Report 116 - RUSSIAN TROOP ACTIVITY STEPPED UP.

Date: 2003-05-25

RUSSIAN TROOP ACTIVITY STEPPED UP

The Russian Allies of the Sharif have stepped their activities. It appears that a Field Force is being assembled to reclaim missing Tax Money in the Sharif's name. All of Jimland waits to see how this First Russian Field Force handles the situation.

It is rumored that a secondary objective of the Russians is the capture of the Sultan who the Sharif has declared as a Fugitive From Justice, and a Common Criminal to be shot on sight by anyone in Jimland.

MINISTRY OF DISINFORMATION REPORT

The Sultan's Head of the Ministry of Disinformation, Ali Donner Kebab, has issued this Statement.

"The Ministry of Disinformation (MDI) has the pleasure of announcing that all is well in Jimland. The Sultan's health improves each day.

The Sultan's Guard under the personal command of the Sultan's Military Advisor, Tastimin, has reported many engagements with the Enemies of Jimland. The Guard reported Complete Annihilation of the Enemies of Jimland in every Battle.

The Sultan wishes everyone good health. To quote the Sultan, "Our enemies are everywhere on the run. Our complete victory is near."

We all pray for the Sultan's continued good health and that his Beneficent Reign shall continue."

End of the MDI Statement.

SCIENCE CLUB REGISTERS DISCOVERIES

The Science Club reports that it has duly registered the recent discoveries of Professor Flagstone. The new discoveries are the flying dinosaur named "Megawinged Leatherus" and a new medicinal plant named "The Nurse's Flower".

In addition Flagstone requested to be allowed to name the Secret Island he is on if it has not already been registered and named. Searching our records we find that none of the Secret Islands have ever been registered with an "official" name. We therefore register Flagstone's newly found Secret Island as "The Island of Diamonds". This follows the historic Native naming custom of "The Island of something". We applaud his awareness of Native customs and his gracious willingness to follow their lead. We recommend all future Secret Islands be named in such a fashion, though if circumstances warrant it exceptions may be made.

We wish Professor Flagstone continued success in his efforts to explore all the Secret Islands. It is a worthy goal. Flagstone also mentioned in his dispatch that he intends to publish a "Jimland Guide to the Secret Islands" through our publishing services. This will surely be a boon to us all.

We would like to remind all the Fearless and Famous Explorers to register their finds with the Science Club to ensure they get proper recognition.

Report 117 - FEARLESS AND FAMOUS EXPLORERS REGISTER DISCOVERIES.

Date: 2003-05-27

FEARLESS AND FAMOUS EXPLORERS REGISTER DISCOVERIES

LORD MACFRASER EXPEDITION

The Science Club reports that it has duly registered the recent discoveries of Lord Angus MacFraser after receiving a handwritten note signed by Queen Victoria! Truly a first for the Science Club.

They have framed the note and hung it alongside other communications from such notables as Sherlock Holmes (a note of thanks for helping solve a crime), Professor Moriarity (a note saying don't be so sure its solved), Tom Swift Sr. (note of thanks for helping with his experimental Galvanic Discharge Plasma Pulse Weapon now in testing aboard several Warships), and Elvis (note of thanks for helping him keep a low profile).

The note said Her Majesty "would like to announce that Professor Albus Dumbledore has succeeded in mixing some of the opium lately discovered by MacFraser with other medicinal potions to create a battle worthy portion for field duty".

"Lord MacFraser would like to register the Opium fields found in the great savanna as "The Fields of Happy Dreams" in honor of this occasion."

Anyone wishing to sample these potions should contact the British Embassy for information on how to obtain a sample. Free samples have been sent to Sharif to allow him to relax at night in these troubles times.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

The Science Club reports that it has duly registered the recent discoveries of the Ponatowski Expedition under the guidance of Steven Dombrowski, late of the Polish Home Guard. The discoveries were registered in Casimir Ponatowski's name.

The first discovery was the Jimland Leaping Leopard, a large beast part kangaroo part leopard. Quite similar though much larger than the famed North American Jackalope which normally the size of a dog, can occasionally grow large enough to ride. The second discovery was a mountain 15,00 feet tall. It was named "Rat Mountain". It was reported to anyone who would listen that the GPE has an underground base hidden in the mountain. Interesting, unsubstantiated, but very interesting.

AN INTERESTING FIND

Also of note, but passed over by the official registry report was the finding of a "small metal box" with the initial "D.L". The Herald will try to obtain the box for further investigation.

Report 118 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 9.
Date: 2003-05-27

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 9

Sir:

Attached is a copy of my journal report of the latest expedition undertaken by our group (appropriate fees are also included to cover the publishing permits called for by Sharif). Cousin Stash headed the expedition, as I am still unable to venture forth while recuperating from that dastardly attack. I have interspersed a few comments in the report, but it is Stash's report entirely otherwise.

It is good to hear that some of the other expeditions are having success in the Wilds, though sad that some of the other expeditions are having success as well.

Please thank your readers for all of their kind notes, cards, and letters wishing me a speedy recovery. They are too kind. My staff and I will answer them all when possible.

The only other thing of note is that last evening we shot an intruder at Vistula Villa. He had scaled a nearby tree and jumped onto the top of one of the out buildings along the perimeter. An alert guard dropped him with one shot and then shouted for him to stop (Stash and Fritz may have some retraining to do on that point, but I like the results, so maybe not). Upon searching the body of the would be assassin/thief, we discovered a drawing of the compound with instructions in Spanish. The Lady Windsor translated the notes and they were instructions on how to infiltrate the compound and "do as much damage to them as possible". It was signed with the initials "D.P.". I believe that evil Spaniard Don Pedro is behind this, or is he? Could it be that he is just the point man in this effort for Don Alverado? Either way, the Spanish must be watched.

Best wishes on a growing circulation,

Casimir Ponatowski
Vistula Villa
Jimville, Jimland

Supplemental by CPT Steven Dombrowski
Ninth Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland

Under Casmir's orders, a small expedition ventured forth into the Wilds of Jimland. Casimir returned to Jimville with Marie to care for him and Fritz to guard him and the Lady Windsor to assist both of them. I received word that they were on the verge of reacquiring the Vistula Villa, though it would need some work after the GPE had plundered it. Socialists I think not, thieves is more like it!

Accompanied by Abdul "the younger" our scout, Diego Garcia the hunter, Harvey Entwhistle the Geo-Alchemist (rather odd fellow), and 6 of our newly trained

soldiers we ventured forth from our forward base at James' Landing. Our journey upriver was uneventful. We were left at a village discovered by Casimir in one of his earlier journeys. My intent was to venture up another fork in the river from this place to see if there was anything of value in the area.

The journey upriver was uneventful as we trudged through the jungle and the terrain steadily rose. After a few days we found ourselves at the base of a rather small mountain range. Harvey kept mumbling to himself "Could this be the place?" When pressed for information he stated that this could be the mountains where he could find the elusive Y-element, something even better than X-rock. He's mad I tell you. Diego and Abdul exchanged the universal Jimland hand symbols for "He's crazier than a Jimland Loon" (the obscene version of course, but Harvey did not notice). Wanting to find the source of the river and get a view of the surrounding terrain from a higher vantagepoint, I indulged Harvey and led the group into the mountains.

Our stay in the mountains was rather uneventful. A quick look at the surrounding terrain showed nothing but jungle. The river was fed by several streams. We camped along one of these for a few days to recover from the steep climb. During this time, Harvey continually poked around. His pickaxe never left his hands it seemed. He was constantly breaking rocks and overturning earth. He wandered off from camp while in pursuit of his imaginary Y-element leaving the rest of us playing cards. Diego is quite good, though he says he's not as good as his sister Isabella. A pained shout from Harvey brought us all running with weapons in hand. We found him not that far from camp mending a cut on his hand. It appeared that he injured himself breaking open yet another rock. He was mumbling again, this time it was "Damn Silver!" It turns out that our Geo-Alchemist friend discovered a vein of silver in his wanderings and in disappointment had slammed his hand against the rocks because it wasn't his Y-element. We simply shook our heads, marked the map to stake a proper claim in Jimville (possibly), and of course loaded up on Silver.

We descended from the mountains the next day back into the jungle. Our journey through the jungle was uneventful except for buying some food from some friendly natives. We of course used Jimland currency in our dealings with the native populace as we all know that since Poland is currently occupied by the oppressive Russians, Prussians, AND Austrians there is no Polish currency. We funnel funds back to the Home Army using currency of more worth like US Dollars or British Pounds. Any zlotys in anyone's possession in Jimland are simply fabrications and lies produced by those that wish to discredit us in our valiant undertaking. And also, we Poles pay in real currency, not false propaganda promises as the thieving GPE does! This last note added by Casimir upon return to Jimville. The jungle seemed endless and we trudged on for many days. Our trudge quickly turned into a run for our lives as a vast horde of Jimland Army Ants closed in chasing every living creature before them! We lost 2 bearers and 1 soldier to their onslaught and only managed to escape when Abdul led us across a raging stream that turned the ants away from their pursuit of us.

The next excitement in our journey was when we were approaching a village. I was at the head of the column with Abdul and Diego discussing whether the village would be friendly or not. Suddenly Abdul stopped in his tracks and Diego's rifle raised and a shot rang out. A large cat dropped dead at our feet. It was unlike any I had seen before. It had a huge hindquarters much

like a kangaroo and was spotted. Abdul and Diego said they saw the creature leap through the air a great distance as it pounced. Consulting the appropriate Jimland Guide [Jimland Guide to Big Cats, Land, Sea, and Air - Ed] that Casimir had allowed me to take on our journey, I found that this was an undiscovered species. Taking the appropriate body parts as proof, we departed with the knowledge that upon our return to Jimville we would disclose it's existence to the Jimland Science Club and be allowed to claim discovery of the Jimland Leaping Leopard. The Lady Windsor is still a member, though she hasn't been indulging in their latest displays of rocketry as the political events in Jimland have required her attention in support of our group.

The remaining portion of our journey had only two events of note. The first event being that Harvey again surprised us. At every stop he continued to poke around in the dirt, overturning rocks, etc. He did so again along a jungle stream and he found a small metal box. How the box got there, we will never know. What we do know is that there were the initials "D.L." etched into the lid and inside was a large number of uncut diamonds. Harvey definitely earned his keep on this trip.

The second event was another dastardly rebel attack. We were nearing our pick-up point and had just skirted a rather large hill which Harvey estimated to be 15,000 feet high when we were set upon by 8 rebels shouting their mindless propaganda. They were quickly dispatched with a few shots and a beheading or two. The rest fled. Abdul and Diego trailed them for a time and reported back that the rebels had entered some caves on the side of the hill. The rats had gone into their holes. I will request that the hill/mountain be named "Rat Mountain" upon return to Jimville if it has no proper name. The location of this place will also be reported to all of the embassies friendly to our cause and to a few of the other expeditions that have not caused us any problems, Flagstone of course, Ross possibly, the Token expedition maybe, the MacFraser expedition most likely, and also the zealous Churchill expedition, maybe they can convert these rebels just like the GPE converted them to their mindless cause.

Upon our return to the village on the river, the riverboat was actually there waiting to pick us up, a first. We returned to Jimville and filed the proper reports. Casmir's health is slowly returning and he has indicated that he will be again journeying into the Wilds in the next month or so, though he also indicated that instead of the Wilds, the Secret Islands may be worth a look. Something about keeping up with Flagstone (damn right! Casimir). The Vistula Villa is being refurbished to its proper stately appearance and the Polish Flag flies proudly over it. Our soldiers guard it with great respect and vigilance. This force will rotate with those at our forward base at James Landing to keep them fresh and alert. Harvey went off to the library "for more research". Abdul "the younger" went back to his village for a short time for the birth of his mother's second cousin's friend's sister's daughter or something of that sort. I've been told that the local family structure is quite confusing. Diego also bid us farewell for a time, but promised upon his return that he would be accompanied by his sister, Isabella. He was very concerned now that the Spanish had crawled from under their rock again as he put it. I instructed all of them to be back in 2 weeks for another expedition...they assured me they would.

End of Report

Report 119 - LITTLE METAL BOX PROVES GENUINE DENNY LEE ARTIFACT!

Date: 2003-06-01

LITTLE METAL BOX PROVES GENUINE DENNY LEE ARTIFACT!

At our suggestion, Casimir Ponatowski has turned the "little metal box" found by Harvey Entwistle over to the Herald. Wasting no time, we assembled a knowledgeable group and had them evaluate the box. What they found astounded even us.

After careful examination of the box, its materials, its manufacturing technique and its markings, it was unanimously agreed that box was a genuine possession of the First Fearless and Famous Explorer in Jimland, Denny Lee. We will not go into the history of the Legendary Explorer. We will go into the mystery of the Legendary Explorer.

It is a well-known fact that Denny Lee traveled from one end of Jimland to the other all the while collecting, comparing, and analyzing the legends, old and new, of Jimland. His Journal, covered in weathered leather worn smooth through the years, was his trademark. That and his great hunting knife and a large caliber rifle that he called a comet-stopper.

Then one day Denny Lee disappeared. End of his story. Beginning of a Mystery. Imagine the passage of years. One day a nearly equally Famous Scout who Denny Lee used to bounce on his old knee, claims to have discovered Denny Lee's last resting place and his Journal.

Then one day this man, Big Jake Frere, disappeared. End of his story. Beginning of another Mystery.

Our examiners discovered one other thing. The hinged lid of the small box had a cheap paper liner on the inside. Removing the liner revealed a map scratched into the lid surface. The map appears to resemble part of Jimland, some scratchings which might indicate islands which Everyone immediately labeled the Secret Islands, and several cities far inland where no cities exist today. There were numbers next to the cities going from 3 to 9. Next to the Alleged Secret Islands were more scratchings that were sadly indecipherable.

It is said everyone loves a Mystery. Well, Dear Reader, here is a Mystery. What happened to Denny Lee? Did Big Jake Frere really find his remains in the Wilds of Jimland? Where did Big Jake go? What do the scratchings on the box lid mean?

The small box is being sent to the British Museum of Antiquities for further study. If anyone has any information that might help us solve this Mystery, please contact the Herald. Remuneration commensurate with the value of the information obtained is available from Anonymous Sources.

Report 120 - A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Date: 2003-06-01

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dearest Comrade,

Recent events have caused grave concerns for the Glorious People's Expedition and its noble leader, Comrade Stalin. We hope the World Herald will publish these concerns so that the fine citizens of Jimland can put an end to these dastardly occurrences.

The recent arrival of the MacFraser Expedition has done nothing but harm to Jimland. The swine have established the so-called "Field of Happy Dreams" to enslave the people. This is not without historical precedence. One need only look to what the British Oligarchs have done in China. In order to obtain Chinese products, they had to make addicts of millions. Now there is a crackhouse (still in operation, mind you) in Jimville. Recent reports indicate that the British embassy has become an opium den. Has the monster Knaveheart and his band of silly Scotsmen no shame? Will the people of Jimville become dope-fiends as well? The GPE will offer a temporary truce to any expedition willing to join us in annihilating the MacFraser Expedition.

The GPE wishes to clarify recent errors reported by the Ponatowski Expedition. It is true that the Vistula Villa was plundered by our forces, but the monies obtained were put to good use to build a health clinic. A much better use than to fulfill the whims and fantasies of a few capitalist exploiters, don't you agree?

Casimir Ponatowski also correctly (but deviously) stated that Poland is under foreign occupation. This is indeed true, but he fails to indicate an alternative. The GPE see through the false promises of the so-called "Home-Guard." This guard is merely a puppet-army for the filthy Polish capitalists who would continue to oppress the good people of Poland. Dear citizens of Jimland, don't be fooled by the Ponatowski Gangsters. The GPE will offer a temporary truce to any expedition willing to join us in decimating the Ponatowski Gangster Expedition.

If we are to take Casimir at his word (which we don't), then his claims that he uses only Jimland currency and US dollars rather than Polish zlotys indicate a nefarious plan. Who would wish to implicate & discredit the Poles other than the devious and hateful Don Pedro! Don Pedro and his Spanish mob must be stopped. The GPE will offer a temporary truce to any expedition willing to join us in destroying Don Alverado's Expedition, which is merely a front for the villain Don Pedro.

Finally, we wish to expose the hypocrisy of the recently purged Churchill Expedition. Upon its recent return from the wilds, the members of the expedition failed to donate any monies to local ministries. Instead, the members duly reported to the Jimville Red-light District to spend their cash on wine and women. When confronted by members of his own church at a Sunday sermon, "Jimmy Swaggart" Churchill tearfully asked for forgiveness and said, "I have sinned." [Actually Comrade, everyone in Jimville goes to the

Jimville House of Girls and Casino. Its the only entertainment in town, the drinks are cheap, the women expensive, and the food tasty. Our witnesses quote an excited Churchill as saying 'I have wonned' while holding his bingo card in shaking hands. Apparently he doesn't win very often! - Ed]

The GPE sees these religious fanatics as the greatest menace to the prosperity of Jimland. The GPE offers a temporary truce to any expedition willing to join us in liquidating the Churchill Expedition.

The GPE is a peace-loving organization dedicated to improving the lives of the people of Jimland by any means necessary.

With Comradely Regards,
Comrade Stalin
Beloved to the People of Jimland

[My Dear Comrade, we are pleased to see you have not lodged questionable complaints against the Flagstone Expedition. We would have had to remind you that Professor Flagstone is above approach and suspicion. So just in case you are thinking about it, we have, so don't. If you get our drift. - Ed]

Report 121 - JIMVILLE BUSTLES WITH ACTIVITY.

Date: 2003-06-03

JIMVILLE BUSTLES WITH ACTIVITY

Jimville is a bustle with activity. Fearless and Famous Explorers gather their Expeditions together before the braving the Wilds of Jimland. Wealthy visitors enjoy the sights and sounds of Jimland.

Under Casimir's watchful eye Cousin Stash, Late of the Polish Home Guard, readies the Ponatowski Expedition for another trek in the Wilds. The Lovely Marie tends the improving health of Ponatowski. Fritz escorts Lady Windsor about town as they decorate and secure the Vistula Villa. The Villa has been dubbed Club Med de Jimland by the locals. Casimir is sparing no expense while renovating the place.

Across town in the now deserted field that was the Explorers Quarter, the Swindell Expedition's few ratty tents sway in the warm tropical breeze. We tried to interview the leadership of the erratic Expedition, but no one seemed to know who was in charge.

Rumors of the rise, demise, annihilation, assimilation, and tunneling of the Glorious People's Expedition continue to reach Jimville. Occasional notes are slipped under our door or, apparently when deemed urgent, stuck to the door with various sized knives. The knives are for sale at a reasonable price as we assume the owners don't want them back.

Lord MacFraser lords it over Jimville, strutting around like a gamecock. His morning and evening rendition of reveille and taps on the pipes is making grown men cringe, not to mention that the cows stopped giving milk and the chickens stopped laying eggs. The sooner these hooligans are in the Wilds the better.

Winthrop P. Churchill holds court in the bar at the Empress. What his plans are we don't know, haven't been told, and dare not ask. He does pay top dollar for Bearers and Supplies, so we must assume he is about to go looking for some GPE ears to put on his trophy wall.

Big Al, the Marauder, sits on the veranda of the Empress, swears at his men as they toil in the sun, and sharpens his huge knife or is it a small sword. We aren't sure and hesitate to ask. Big Al's Expedition is nearly ready to leave also. It appears the first ever case of gridlock is about to hit the main street of Jimville when all the Expeditions get under way.

Julius Flagstone is not in town, and we are the poorer for it. He remains on the Island of Diamonds, somewhere in the Secret Islands. We wait anxiously for his next dispatch.

JIMLAND BITCH ARRIVES

Captain Jack nursed the Jimland Bitch back into Jimville and several interesting parties happily disembarked. Among the sweating bodies were two rookie Explorers and their shiny new Expeditions seeking to become Fearless

and Famous. We don't know the names of these Explorers but we will find out, just for You, Dear Reader.

WEALTHY INDUSTRIALIST TOURS JIMLAND

The fabulously wealthy industrialist Norton Dullcote and his wife, Constance, are the most famous visitors to Jimland since Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid were run out of the country. Dullcote made his fortune in paints, adhesives, and nails. Not flashy, but a lucrative business none the less.

Norton and Constance have come to Jimland to see the natives, enjoy the wildlife, and tour the Wilds. All in comfort and from a safe distance. As Dullcote puts it, "I'm enjoy visiting these uncivilized backwaters, especially when I can get a good Hotel room with room service. Never hurts to travel in style, you know." It is also rumored he tips by the pound not the dollar; we mean a pound of dollars. Captain Jack reported that Dullcote had rented the Jimland Bitch for a cruise to the Secret Islands and other scenic locations in Jimland.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club reminds everyone its next meeting will be a unique experience. The meeting will be held on a large barge moored several hundred yards offshore of the main Jimville beach. The continuing theme of "Rockets to the Moon" will showcase several model rocket launches. Refreshments will be served. Tickets are available at the pier before being towed to the mooring or from any Club member beforehand. Come along; enjoy the sea air and marvel at the "Rockets to the Moon".

Report 122 - CONSTANCE DULLCOTE KIDNAPPED! LARGE REWARD OFFERED FOR RESCUE!
Date: 2003-06-05

CONSTANCE DULLCOTE KIDNAPPED! LARGE REWARD OFFERED FOR RESCUE!

Constance Dullcote has been kidnapped while strolling along the beach with her husband, the fabulously wealthy industrialist Norton Dullcote. Norton was slightly injured while trying to defend his wife. Norton has not received a ransom note. The only details of the whole affair he would reveal was that it appeared Constance was taken to one of the Secret Islands.

If any of the Fearless and Famous Explorers were to rescue Constance, Norton has indicated he will show his gratitude with a large pile of money. Any interested parties should contact the Herald Editor to obtain further details.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club single-handedly repelled a Pirate attack on the Jimville harbor. It seems that coincidence brought the floating demo of "Rockets to the Moon" and a Pirate raid on the Jimville harbor together for a heart stopping moment.

Just as the Pirates started to enter the harbor the Science club began their model rocket demo. Much to the consternation of the Pirates their ships were hit by several of the model rockets. These spectacular impacts started fires on the Pirate ships and threw the attack into confusion. The second and third salvos of model rockets convinced the Pirates they had run into a trap. They abandoned the attack and ran for the open sea.

Two Pirate vessel were known to have been sunk, three more were reduced to floating hulks, and an amazing seven more were run aground at various points up and down the coast and left to burn.

The Science Club apologizes for the interruption in the program caused by the Pirate attack and the loss of the barge's moorings. It is hoped the happy destruction of the Pirate Fleet will more than offset the sore feet from the long walk back to Jimville.

WANTED

Wanted: competent photographers to accompany the Famous and Fearless Explorers into the Wilds of Jimland. The job includes accompanying the Expeditions, taking pictures at appropriate times, and getting the pictures safely back to Jimville for publication. Payment is per published photograph. Having your own photographic equipment and weapon of choice is required, as none will be provided. Inquire at the World Herald Offices worldwide.

Report 123 - AN UNEXPECTED RESCUE EXPEDITION STEPS FORTH.

Date: 2003-06-06

AN UNEXPECTED RESCUE EXPEDITION STEPS FORTH.

In a letter to the Editor:

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief,

Comrade Stalin and the Politburo wish to express our sincerest regrets regarding the unfortunate kidnapping that occurred recently. We especially regret not thinking of the idea ourselves. Be that as it may, the GPE will consider organizing its vast resources to attempt a rescue of this young and misguided capitalist plaything Constance. [Actually she's old enough to be your Mother. - Ed]

What reward is being offered for the young lady's return? Will Norbert provide any funding to equip the expedition?

The GPE requests information from Norbert regarding the kidnapping. Did the villainous thugs have eye-patches and say things like, "Arr, mateys, take the wench!" Or perhaps, "Ay, laddies, take the wee lassie." Or even, "Ok, boys, take her to the convent!" Such information could provide useful clues and lay the foundation of future [smeared words here where the knife blade was - Ed].

Finally, the GPE wishes to provide a donation of \$5 Jimland (subtracted from GPE monies) to the Science Club for their valiant efforts in destroying the pirates. [Money in a Bank? My, my, these Socialist-wannabes continue to amaze. We have sent our best investigative reporter to find out just how big a fortune the GPE is hiding under false names in the Banque de Jimville - Ed]

Comrade Stalin

P.S. The GPE realizes that not much gets past the paparazzi at the World Herald, but we will do our best to conceal our inherent suspiciousness and paranoia from the other expeditions. Note: Paranoia is a positive quality during one's time in Jimland. [You guys paranoid? Hard to believe. - Ed]

Our sources will investigate the possibility that Norbert himself planned the kidnapping. Was the marriage crumbling? Was she threatening to divorce him and take half? No capitalist is above suspicion (except perhaps Flagstone, but even this is not likely). [Again, tut-tut and pshaw. - Ed]

Comrade Stalin

DULLCOTE REPLIES

Norbert! You pack of ninnies! Its Norton. If you expect any money from me you better know who is paying the bill!

Now to answer your questions. You must fund your own expedition. I am paying for the rescue of My Dear Wife Constance, not any half-hearted attempts with hidden agendas. The Princely sum of \$300 will be paid for her

safe return, alive, well, and intact! Nothing else will do! If I were a younger man, well, I'd get my own expedition and bring her safely home myself. I would indeed. But rescuing is a young man's game. I can but hope, pray, and wait.

And don't start any rumors about Constance and me. We have been happily married for nearly forty years. No one will believe such trash anyway. If anyone tries to print such drivel, I'll by the damn paper, fire everyone, and burn the place to the ground while dancing about the flames like a madman. Right! Now find my Wife!

I can give very little information about the kidnappers. It happened at dusk. They appeared out of nowhere. They had big bushy headdresses on and round shields, and damn sharp spear things. They bundled Constance into a large canoe and all them headed straight out to sea. That's all I know.

STILL WANTED

Wanted: competent photographers to accompany the Famous and Fearless Explorers into the Wilds of Jimland. The job includes accompanying the Expeditions, taking pictures at appropriate times, and getting the pictures safely back to Jimville for publication. Payment is per published photograph. Having your own photographic equipment and weapon of choice is required, as none will be provided. Inquire at the World Herald Offices worldwide.

Report 124 - REPUTABLE RESCUER RESPONDS.

Date: 2003-06-06

REPUTABLE RESCUER RESPONDS.

In a letter to the Editor:

Sir:

I am writing in response to your recent publication. I find the events surrounding the kidnapping of Mrs. Dullcote very disturbing. It is clear to me that the GPE anarchists are behind the whole thing! They must pay for their actions. I will gladly pursue these fiends to the Secret Islands and rescue Mrs. Dullcote.

My party has been preparing to venture forth into the Wilds of Jimland on behalf of my cousin Casimir, who is still recovering from his injuries, and of course on behalf of the people of Poland. All of our glory is for them!

We still await the return of our hunter, Diego Garcia, who had gone into the Wilds to bring his sister, Isabella, back to Jimville now that the Spanish and Communists are spreading like a disease throughout the country. If need be, we will undertake this mission without Diego, though his presence would be missed.

Have Mr. Dullcote contact me at the Vistula Villa in regards to transportation arrangements.

Sincerely,

Stephen "Stash" Dombrowski
Captain, Polish Home Army
Vistula Villa
Jimville, Jimland

P.S. Please inform the GPE swine that I am a serving Captain in the Polish Home Army on special assignment to Jimland to protect my famous cousin Casimir. There is no Polish Home Guard as they indicate. What do they think we are, communists?!?!?

NORTON DULLCOTE REPLIES

To all potential rescuers of My Dear Wife Constance, I have this very morning received a ransom note of sorts. It stated in very broken English that All Foreigners must leave Jimland in one month or My Dear Constance would be sacrificed to the Gods of Mount JimJim.

According to my sources there is a long dormant volcano on one of the Secret Islands. Finding the right island is the problem, but if it doesn't have a large volcano on it, it's probably the wrong Secret Island. I know this is not much, but it's all I have.

All My Hopes go with each of you. Now, find My Wife!

BRITISH AMBASSADOR VISITED

The fabulously wealthy industrialist Norton Dullcote has made a call upon the British Ambassador. It is reliably reported that he was inquiring as to the availability of regular British Troops for hire to find His Dear Wife Constance. It is said the Ambassador replied that no Regular Army Troops were available for hire or for free. All British Troops in Jimland are fully engaged. [Now what does that mean, hmmm? - Ed]

The Ambassador did offer the fabulously wealthy industrialist the use of troops in the form of a small Naval Brigade when the next supply convoy arrived. Unfortunately that arrival is at least a month away. Dullcote thanked the Ambassador for the offer and the meeting was over.

FLAGSTONE STILL SOMEWHERE IN THE SECRET ISLANDS

We wonder, Dear Reader, if Julius Flagstone is even now rescuing Constance Dullcote. We are confident that even if he is not aware of the kidnapping, he would surely know a hostage when he saw one. Perhaps the Kidnapping Scum are being chased through the jungle and dispatched even as You read these words. We can only hope.

Report 125 - RESCUE ACTIVITY BUILDS. LADY MACFRASER ARRIVES IN JIMVILLE.

Date: 2003-06-07

RESCUE ACTIVITY BUILDS. LADY MACFRASER ARRIVES IN JIMVILLE.

Today a small steamboat arrived and several lackey bearers, probably GPE members, carried a small palanquin to the British Embassy. Our reporter in the field caught a glimpse of a rather delicate woman disembarking from the palanquin carrying a double-barreled shotgun and being greeted by the Ambassador himself.

This lady was none other than Lady Sarah McBeth MacFraser. After a short meeting with the Ambassador runners were sent out into the Wilds of Jimland looking for the MacFraser expedition. It appeared that Lady MacFraser, she likes to be known as Sarah McBeth, is most annoyed with the abduction of Constance. She immediately sent word to her husband and requested that he immediately drop everything he is doing and join the search for this poor women.

Lady MacFraser meanwhile retired to her room and the sound of a shotgun being fired over and over again could be heard for 1/2 mile in all directions. Later in the day several workmen arrived to repair the roof of the guest quarters on the British Embassy.

Lord MacFraser after hearing of this kidnapping of Constance began to make preparations to return to Jimland capital to collect some much-needed supplies to continue the rescue. When asked who he thought it could possibly be he stated, "Probably the GPE. They are worthless after all and this is about all they could manage, but never mind we will bring them to justice."

MYSTERIOUS CRATES

Also on the little steamer were two rather large wooden crates marked "To the Attention of Professor Albus Dumbeldore, From the Royal Academy of Science of London". No one was able to provide information on the contents of these crates. They were moved to the large windowless warehouse at the rear of the British Embassy where cries of joy could be heard from within.

DULLCOTE RENEWS REWARD NOTICE

Norton Dullcote renewed his reward offer of \$300 to the party that returns His Dear Wife Constance to him, alive and unharmed. He reminds all parties that the only clues he has are tribal dress of the kidnappers and the note about Mount JimJim, the dormant volcano located on one of the Secret Islands.

Mr. Dullcote states that in addition to the three Expeditions that have volunteered to rescue Dear Constance, he feels one more group would be sufficient for the effort. So Dullcote is resting his Hopes on the shifty GPE, the stalwart Ponatowski Expedition, and the MacFraser hooligans. One more volunteer will be accepted.

HERALD RESEARCH ON THE SECRET ISLANDS

We of the Herald, wanting to do Our Part for the Rescue of Dear Constance, have been researching the location of Mount JimJim. Our findings only muddy the picture. It seems that the entire Secret Island archipelago is volcanic

in origin. Many islands have one or more volcanoes on them. Mount JimJim's distinguishing features are: one, that steam and occasionally smoke still issue from the top of the volcano; two, it is the only volcano on its Island; and three, it is the Largest Volcano of all the Secret Islands.

It is also documented that the tribes of the Secret Islands are much more savage and uncivilized than the typical Natives of Jimland. It is reported that many of the islands are inhabited by strange "man-like" creatures of many types. The Islands are also said to be the sites of Ancient Sacred Burial Grounds and Sacrificial Temples.

Finally, it is alleged that not one, not two, but three unsavory types have made the Secret Islands their home. Rumored to be among these Evil Geniuses are the Nefarious Professor Fate, the Demented Doctor Automaton, and the Evil Red Fez.

In addition to the Terrors on the Islands, there are the Terrors in the Sea. There are stories that the waters around the Secret Islands are teeming with Monsters of the Deep not known elsewhere in the World. This is one reason the Natives of Jimland seldom venture to the Secret Islands. The weather around the Islands is also of a peculiar sort.

All in all, the Secret Islands, despite their unrivaled pristine natural beauty are not a pleasant prospect. We wish all the Rescue Expeditions the Best of Luck. We pray for the Safe Return of Dear Constance to her Loving Husband.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science club offers its most sincere apologies to the Sharif. They have no explanation why their supply cart, full of their latest model rockets and supporting gear, blew up while adjacent the Palace Grounds. They will gladly pay for the rebuilding of the Palace Wall. Again the Science club offers its most sincere apologies, and they promise to investigate the incident.

Report 126 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, CHURCHILL EXPEDITION 1.

Date: 2003-06-08

IN HIS OWN WORDS, CHURCHILL EXPEDITION 1.

All stories have a beginning. Mine begins here in Jimville. Excuse me, I need to introduce myself. My name is Finnian Olgethorpe. A former mountain climber in Kansas as well as a halibut fisherman in Lake Michigan and a collector of rare African silk, I was hired on to the Winthrop P. Churchill expedition prior to the start of its most recent exploration.

By the way, Good Reader, Winthrop Churchill is the secret older brother of Winston. He, Winthrop, was drummed from the family hearth and home early on when he began having visions of the Paraclete of Damocles. Which is what brought me here to this situation.

I was reclining in Jimville, recuperating from a strenuous expedition made with some mad Russians up the Zam-bee-zee Zee-zee River in search of the Trotskie Fly. I had tried to tell them that they should be searching for the Tetse Fly, but they would not listen and were wiped out by a group of chanting cannibals known as the Reaganites. I alone survived. Which is what recommended me to Churchill's attention. Oh, not my survival (although I am forced to modestly admit that had I not survived it is unlikely that Churchill would have sought my services), but rather my contact with the chanting cannibals and my explorations deep into the High Holy Hills of Jimland.

Mr. Churchill hired me as a scout to lead him and his party into the deep jungles of Jimland in search of the chanting cannibals. His hope was that they would in turn lead him to find the long lost Holy Pail. As I understand matters, the Holy Pail was last used by the Paraclete of Damocles. For what purpose, I do not know. Frankly, it sounds somewhat suspect. I think there is another, deeper and nefarious purpose to the whole thing.

But, I was somewhat startled when Churchill showed up with five Druid Monks of the Holy Order of the Bleeding Liver. I was, I was informed, now a member of the New Crusade. Joining us was Hammertoe Redgoose, a locally renowned snipe hunter and Emma Roundheels, a locally renowned guttersnipe. Miss Roundheels was to serve as our translator. When I made inquiry as to her qualifications, I was reliably informed that she spoke several tongues, including Greek and French. Well, I digress. I must move on to the expedition while I have these moments of respite before we set off into the jungle once more.

As others have written also of our expedition, I will give highlights. Later, I will offer details not previously known some of them scandalous. To summarize, we discovered a 25000 ft mountain. It is now called Mt. Kevin, named after an intrepid adventurer and soapbox orator. We likewise discovered a holy relic (the bones of Phil, disciple of Brian), a new butterfly (the Blue Prior), a new flower (the Roundheel Fly Snap because it snatches flies going by) and a new species of Primitive Man called a Democrat.

We did have misfortune strike our group twice. First, Emma was lost to heat stroke. She was stroked so hard she overheated and expired. Or so the story goes. I personally think that she is somewhere in the jungle drumming up business and will be heard from again. The second misfortune was when a witchdoctor, finding that Emma no longer accompanied us, cursed old Winthrop with impotency. Good thing we had previously come across Viagra Falls.

So much for our first journey. I must leave this now at this stage of completion as the new expedition is gathering soon to leave for the wilds once more.

Sincerely,
Finnian Oglethorpe

End of report.

Report 127 - FOUR EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-06-08

FOUR EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Four Expeditions headed for the Wilds of Jimland. These reports are from our sources in the Expeditions.

GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S EXPEDITION

From their Secret Hidden Base they marched forth. Their food started to go bad. They marched on. Food Bearers started mysteriously dieing. They marched on. They discovered a new species of large bird. They bought food. They marched on. Animals attacked them and made lunch out of Bearers. Shrugging this off as a sad accident, they marched on. A soldier deserted. They bought food. They discovered a lake. They bought food.

They marched on. They discovered an Ancient Relic. They did not shoot him. They marched on. They discovered a new species of dinosaur. They were pelted by hailstones the size of apples, many bearers died. Wrath of God? They trudged on. They avoided locally flooded rivers. Wrath of God? They avoided more flooding. Wrath of God? They discovered the remains of a lost Expedition and lost no time in looting the Remains.

A lightning storm killed many bearers. Wrath of God? They marched on. They found diamonds. They found Opium. They found X-Rock. Giant birds attacked. Wrath of God? They returned to their Secret Hidden Base MUCH wealthier than before. They earned a record amount. Communists or Capitalists, you decide.

MACFRASER EXPEDITION

Lord MacFraser in a snappy new hat led his Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland. They immediately got lost! To make up for getting lost, they wiped out a Rebel village. To quote MacFraser, "Now that's more like it!" They were attacked by Giant Frogs. They marched on. Lady McBeth attempted to act a translator. Natives attacked. They cleverly shot their way out of trouble. They marched on.

They discovered a Mountain 13,000 feet tall. They were attacked by many hostile natives. They ended up lost in the mountains. They were attacked by many hostile natives again. They ended up lost in the mountains again. They finally wandered out of the mountains.

They discovered a new species of medicinal plant. They were attacked by many hostile natives, yes, again. A huge Jimland Pincher Beetle and a giant snake species unknown were attracted and got caught in the fighting. With food running perilously low they marched back to Jimville.

SWINDELL EXPEDITION

They formed up, then dispersed as their Leader decided he had important business elsewhere. Bewildered and abandoned, the majority of the Expedition members went to the Jimville House of Girls and Casino and spent all their money as quickly as possible. In the Jimville House of Girls and Casino the time just flew by. A good time was had by all.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

With Cousin Stash in the lead, the Expedition headed into the Wilds of Jimland. Fever immediately struck down some of the Bearers. They discovered the Jimland Laughing Tiger. You don't ever want to hear it laugh. It laughs just before eating you. Lady Windsor honed her skills by acting as the Expedition interpreter. Heat dropped several Expedition members. They marched on.

They marched on some more following a river. They discovered a weird thing they named the "Jimland Slimy Communistdactyl. Don't ask. We are not going to either. They marched on. They marched some more.

A huge force of hostile natives attacked. The natives were defeated, but sadly Cousin Stash was among the KIA. We are sure there will be hell to pay for this, Dear Reader. We also hope this does not set back the recovery of Casimir. Dealing with the situation, Fritz took command. They marched on. They discovered some ancient ruins and the Jimland Yellow Tailed Butterfly. They marched on.

A huge force of hostile natives attacked. The natives were defeated, but sadly Abdul the Younger was among the KIA. Dealing with the situation, Fritz ordered that they march on. They marched back to Jimville.

RESCUE FORCE NEEDS ONE MORE EXPEDITION

Norton Dullcote is looking for one more Fearless and Famous Explorer to search for his Dear Wife Constance. Said volunteer should contact the Editor at the Herald as soon as possible.

Report 128 - FOUR MORE EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-06-08

FOUR MORE EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

WINTHROP P CHURCHILL EXPEDITION

They marched out of Jimville with a jaunty step. They got lost. They marched some more. They met friendly villagers. They were attacked by a truly HUGE Tribal Force. Sadly many Expedition members were hacked into goo including two Explorers and many soldiers. Sad.

They marched on. They marched some more. A duststorm stopped their marching. After getting the grit out of their knickers, they marched on. They discovered a new species of butterfly.

Churchill nearly fell into a ravine. A close call. They marched on being very careful where they stepped. They discovered a Native Relic of great value. They returned to Jimville.

BIG AL THE MARAUDER EXPEDITION

All of Big Al's sittin', wittlin' and thinkin' allowed him to form a large Expedition. They marched out of Jimville. Uncle Darryl acted as interpreter. They marched on. They discovered a new species of insect just after they swatted it and spread the specimen over several hundred feet of jungle. Natives attacked. Unfortunately for them Darrylene was in "one of those moods" and proceeded to rip them a new one.

Undaunted more natives ambushed the Expedition. Uncle Darryl was killed during the excitement. They marched on. Another native ambush was sprung on he Expedition. They marched on. They marched a lot more. They found a deserted village. They marched and they marched and they marched. Then they got lost in the Mountains. They stayed lost in the Mountains. Food started to run low. Heat brought them to a halt. Big Al became ill and they stopped for a while. They stumbled across an Elephant Graveyard. Expedition members began starving to death including third Brother Darryl. Sad.

They finally crawled out of the Mountains and back to Jimville. They were a pitiful sight to see.

DIE VERDAMPTE (THE DAMNED) EXPEDITION

[We suspect involvement with the German Ambassador or what. - Ed] A Rookie Expedition headed out into the Wilds of Jimland. Immediately their food problems started. They marched on. They discovered a new species of giant snake. They marched on. They marched some more. They discovered a 15,000-foot mountain and said, "Let's see Churchill beat that!" Food started to run low.

They found map fragments. They marched on. Due to food problems they returned to camp. The leader who's name we failed to get, immediately organized a smaller expedition and headed back out into the Wilds of Jimland before the dust had settled.

They marched on. They discovered an Ancient Temple. They lost their only Askari. They marched on. They lost food bearers to heat stroke. They were halted by Fog. Bad water killed their last Food bearer. Shades of the "Lost Expedition of Shope"! They marched on. Heavy rained stopped movement. Starvation reared its ugly head. The Expedition Hunter managed to bag some game. Bearers began deserting in droves. They tottered back into Jimville, much slimmer and wiser.

ROB THE PUCE, SON OF ROB THE MAUVE, SON OF ROB THE RED EXPEDITION

[We suspect a Scandinavian connection with this shady bunch. They all want to go "a viking" whatever the hell that is! These guys bear watching. From a safe distance. - Ed] A Rookie Expedition headed out into the Wilds of Jimland. They were immediately attacked by angry Bees. They marched on. Fever gripped the Expedition. They staggered on. Natives attacked. They marched on.

Giant Spiders carried away Askaris. They marched on. They discovered A new species of Flower. They marched on. An Ant Horde carried away Askaris. They shrugged and marched on. They met friendly natives. They marched on. They discovered a new Species of giant snake. They said it tasted like Popeye's chicken. [Now how Viking is that? - Ed] They returned to Jimville.

Report 129 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION REPORT 5.

Date: 2003-06-09

IN HIS OWN WORDS, GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION REPORT 5.

All Hail the GPE. After a few summary executions (suspected Trotskyites), the following report was duly presented to the Politburo under the direction of Comrade Stalin.

The most recent expedition of the GPE met with great success. The Central Committee unanimously (Comrade Trotsky was unfortunately unable to attend due to unforeseen circumstances) praised the superb leadership of Comrade Stalin. The staggering wealth that was obtained for the People's use was impressive indeed. A summary of the expedition follows:

The Expedition met with two immediate disasters. It was discovered that much of the food we had purchased was spoiled. Again, several crates were marked, "Hecho en Espana." Clearly in league with the rabid Don Pedro, our clueless quartermaster was identified as a Trotskyite and dealt with accordingly. Soon after, one of our bearers was killed when he fell into a pit laid by local tribals.

Things quickly improved. Comrade Stalin ordered the Expedition into march column and the Expedition sped quickly through the Wilds. Many allies came to greet us and sell us food. We discover mountains. One of our hired soldiers has a fear of heights - he deserts. Our Scout, Comrade Dzerzinsky quickly finds a pass through the mountains.

We discover a lake. Along its shores we discover an ancient relic. We set camp. In the morning, we discover some thieves have stolen some of our trade. One of the sentries is shot as a Trotskyite. We discover a walking dinosaur. It's a very ugly creature. We name it "Winstonasaurus" out of respect to one of our competitor's expeditions.

The following day, hailstones the size of babushkas kill two bearers. The hail smashes a large area of jungle and reveals the remains of a lost expedition. A huge area is completely flattened. Some of the bearers take a break for "putting practice" on the newly created "greens." Dark clouds form and rumbling is heard. The bearers are ordered to cover. The bearers continue their golf game using sticks and hailstones. Two bearers are killed by lightning.

The Expedition discovers diamonds and opium. We burn what we can't carry. More trade is stolen. Comrade Stalin noted the increase in property crimes in Jimland. Could this be the result of Scottish hooligans?

We discover X-Rock. A giant bird munches a soldier carrying loot. We return to our Secret Base Camp to much rejoicing. We hold party meetings. We insult the Sharif. [I am sure the Sultan feels left out. - Ed] We drain several bottles of Wodka.

Comrade Stalin ordered that an emergency session of the Politburo be held in two days to discuss matters of critical importance to the party and Jimland.

The minutes of this critical meeting will be released to the People and the World Herald in short order. [Oh joy. We can hardly wait. - Ed]

Comrade Stalin

Report 130 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 10.

Date: 2003-06-09

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 10.

Sir:

Attached is my latest journal entry for submission for publication. It briefly outlines the most unfortunate passing of my Cousin Stash and our scout Abdul the Younger during their latest expedition into the Wilds of Jimland.

I am almost fully recovered and will be leading the next expedition, but there is much to resolve before then.

The most immediate item is burying Stash. Funeral services will be held this evening at the Vistula Villa (no weapons or card carrying GPE members allowed). Stash will be buried with the full military honors befitting a Captain in the Polish Home Army. A drunken party will follow at the Villa to remember and celebrate Stash's life. You and your staff are of course invited.

Sincerely,

Casimir Ponatowski
Vistula Villa
Jimville, Jimland

From the Journal of Casimir Ponatowski
Report on the Tenth Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland

It is with a heavy heart that I am writing this Journal entry. My cousin Stash was supposed to be doing this, but sadly, he has been killed. The report that follows is brief and has been compiled from accounts of the Expedition survivors.

Stash headed the expedition that set forth from Jimville into the far northern reaches of Jimland. The expedition was seemingly unlucky even prior to its departure. Diego Garcia, our hunter, did not return in time to join the party. He still has not returned from his mission to bring his sister into Jimville. Harvey Entwhistle was taken ill (too much gin I should think) and did not venture forth either. The expedition was making ready to go to the Secret Islands in search of Mrs. Dullcote, but arrangements with Mr. Dullcote were still being negotiated. He is a rather difficult man to deal with. [He is a lifetime subscriber to the Herald. I'm sure that he just became a little more difficult. - Ed] With no headway being made in that quarter, Stash, Fritz, Lady Windsor, and Abdul the Younger set forth with a small force of soldiers and bearers. They were met on the dock by LT. Thorndike of the British Army who had traveled with us on previous occasions. He requested to join the expedition to scout what the GPE had been up to, and Stash heartily agreed to it.

The unfortunate expedition continued with one bearer dying of fever as the riverboat journeyed up river. Shortly after leaving the boat, the party discovered a big cat that was not found in the Jimland Guide to Cats, Large and Small. [Now out as Jimland Guide to Big Cats, Land, Sea, and Air. -Ed] The beast was killed by Abdul the Younger. It made an odd sound very unlike any growl most big cats make. It was more of a hyena laugh. The pelt, head, and paws will be sent along with the proper paper work to the Science Club to get the beast named the Jimland Laughing Tiger.

The party came across a Tribal village along the riverbank and the Lady Windsor proved her worth as an interpreter. Their Journey continued north along the river through the jungle. Stash shot what he thought was a small bird that had swooped in a screeching attack upon the party. It turns out it was a small winged dinosaur. It was covered in a slimy coating. It's pickled carcass will be turned over to the Science Club for confirmation as a new species called the Jimland Slimy Communistdactyl, before being sold to a museum of course.

The party continued up river to a point where the river started to wind. At this point, Stash ordered the party away from the river and south into the jungle to reach the pick up point. This proved unfortunate as a Rebel ambush waylaid the group.

From what I can piece together, the Rebels sprung forth from holes in the ground shouting their meaningless propaganda. One of our trusty soldiers died first. And as the rebels started to take the worst of the fight and began to flee, tragedy struck. Stash had just finished beheading a rebel when the inferior Russian-made AK-1 dropped from the dead mans hands and upon striking the ground it fired a single round which struck Stash and killed him immediately.

Upon interrogation of a few prisoners (prior to their execution of course) Fritz learned that the GPE had recently been forth spouting their propaganda against foreigners though they are foreigners themselves. One must wonder. They took anything of worth they came across (including it is rumored, opium from MacFraser's fields) and bought food with what turned out to be counterfeit money, and blamed it on the Poles. Thus the local populace was being rather aggravated by the circumstances.

Fritz took charge of the shaken expedition and used empty bearers to carry Stash's body the rest of the way. Continuing through the jungle, Lady Windsor discovered a new species of butterfly that is being sent to the Science Club for cataloging as the Jimland Yellowtail Butterfly. Abdul the Younger discovered a small group of Ancient Ruins from which several artifacts were recovered to be sold at a later date.

The party returned to the pick up point along the river and was waiting for the derelict riverboat Captain to arrive when tragedy struck yet again. They had just made camp when brigands struck. They were killed to the man, but in the firefight a soldier and the faithful Abdul the Younger were killed. Abdul's death was swift. His body was turned over to his family and they received a double share as a sign of our sympathy. In the search of the dead brigands, Spanish money was found. The "Don's" at work again, no doubt.

Stash will be buried on the grounds of the Vistula Villa overlooking the Sea and the Secret Islands.

Much has to be resolved before I take to the field again, but now is not a time for that. Now is a time for mourning.

End Journal Entry.

OUR SYMPATHIES

The Staff and Management of the Herald extend their Sympathies to entire Ponatowski Expedition. The Death of a Loved One a difficult thing. The unforgiving Wilds of Jimland do not play favorites.

The Good news, Dear Reader, is that Casimir seems fit enough to once again march at the head of his Expedition. Our Hopes for the Safe Return of Dear Constance Dullcote are raised.

Report 131 - A CABLE TO DR. JULIUS FLAGSTONE.

Date: 2003-06-10

A CABLE TO DR. JULIUS FLAGSTONE.

Printed with the kind permission of Jeffery Flagstone.

Julius:

I hope that you and your party are well. I am sending this even though you may not receive it for some time as, I will be soon venturing out into the Wilds of Jimland again. Yes, I am well enough to venture forth from Jimville. I'm writing to you to give you an update on our situation so you can be aware of them before you again step foot in Jimville.

You may have already heard that my cousin Stash and our scout Abdul "the Younger" were both killed in the latest expedition. Details can be found in the Herald, which I'm sure you subscribe to. The dual menace of the GPE and the Spaniards must be dealt with. As the European powers sit seemingly idly by watching all of Jimland deteriorate, it is up to the likes of us to fight the disease of lies that is spread by the GPE and the Spanish. I find it quite interesting that no one has seen the Spaniards recently. But I digress. The passing of Stash was most difficult on his younger brother, Stanislaw Dombrowski. Stanislaw arrived in Jimville the day after the funeral bearing dispatches from the Polish Home Army for Stash. Stanislaw is a lieutenant in the Polish Home Army, and he will be replacing his brother here in Jimville. Sadly, one of the dispatches was a promotion of Stash to Major...this will now be done posthumously and his headstone will be changed accordingly.

My need for a scout has been answered by Abdul and Abdul "the Younger's" family. A third brother, Abdull (pronounced Ab dull) has stepped forth. He is a man of very few words though I don't know if that is because he's, er, "slow" or just doesn't have a personality. Which it is does not matter to me as long as he does as well as his predecessors. He has a fairly good reputation for losing at cards, so the men are sure to like him. He did mumble something about finding his long lost brother Abdul and getting revenge for Abdul "the Younger". He will be tested soon when we venture forth.

After quite a lengthy hiatus, Diego Garcia, the Portuguese hunter in my employ has returned to our compound at the Vistula Villa. He is accompanied by his sister, Isabella. Isabella is a striking woman according to the men of course. I only have eyes for Marie. She has "gone tribal" like her brother and is partly clothed in animal skins. She is quite well armed as well with a pistol, though I don't know where she carries it, and a rather large machete that she is quite handy with according to Diego. They have settled in with us at the Villa. Their journey to Jimville is quite a tale.

Diego and his family has had previous dealings with the Dons whose presence and the growing threat from the GPE led Diego to go bring his sister in from the Wilds. He was particularly worried about the GPE as no one has ever seen a woman in their presence. One must wonder about men who live in holes in

the ground for months on end without any women present shouldn't one? Upon their return trip, they trailed a GPE expedition. They saw the GPE taking everything of worth that they encountered, even from friendly villages, leaving the people whom they claim to represent with nothing. No wonder the natives are so hostile when other expeditions encounter them.

Diego also noted that on this "Long March" along the Ho Chi Jihm Trail, a Comrade Mao seemed to be in charge and that Comrade Stalin remained in a drunken stupor most of the time and only spoke to Comrade Mao when he wanted to argue. Diego was able to observe quite a bit of their expedition from a distance as the GPE is good at hiding in holes in the ground and thievery, but do not possess the wilderness skills necessary to remain hidden in the Wilds of Jimland. Diego and Isabella also reported that they had to stop trailing the GPE because of the presence of the Spanish.

It seems that the Dons have been supplying food and other supplies to the GPE. Of note were several bundles of paper for printing propaganda leaflets or counterfeiting only time will tell. Diego and Isabella's journey back to Jimville was finally interrupted by their encountering the Churchill Expedition.

It seems that Winthrop P. Churchill and the Italian Monks he is in league with are simply quite mad. I will not go into details, as I'm not sure that I fully understand all that Diego and Isabella said. They both got very excited and spoke about things that are sheer madness, but both are convinced, as I am now, that no women should ever venture forth with Churchill and his robe-wearing soldiers. The only good thing about them is that they kill GPE members quite well.

I have also been a bit taken aback by the removal of support for our expeditions in Jimland by the British. I have been informed that there will no longer be any British presence on our expeditions. Seemingly, the British are fully supporting MacFraser and are planning something big. They cannot "waste" the resources to help us in our endeavors. They still support our presence and mission here, but will not give aid. Even Lady Windsor with her contacts on the Embassy staff cannot find out why this complete shift away from us has occurred.

No matter, as we have been approached by representatives of another government. The Americans have not officially supported any expeditions in Jimland. That may be changing however. I received a visit from two Americans staffed out of the American Embassy. One gentleman was LT(JG) Nils Porter of the US Merchant Marine.

LT. Porter is in command of the steamship USS Mohawk, which is in Jimland to be used to deliver humanitarian aid to outlying regions though those missions do not occur all of the time, thus the boat is free for hire quite frequently. He offered the services of his boat and supplies for a negligible fee in return for detailed reports to be filed with him on the things we encounter, and the chance to accompany our party from time to time, especially when we travel to the Secret Islands.

The other "gentleman" was a rather gruff looking individual. He calls himself N.B. Forester. He claims he is part of the US Geological Survey Department, but there is no way this man is a scientist of any sort. He requested on behalf of the US government that he be allowed to accompany our

expeditions "when necessary". This request came as our party has explored the largest part of Jimland out of all of the expeditions present, save Flagstone of course, and had reached the farthest point north of all of the expeditions as well.

He also seemed interested in accompanying us to the Secret Islands "when necessary." Having no support from the British, and not wanting to go into league with the Germans or Russians, and being very suspicious of the Italians and their connection to the Dons, and not knowing what has become of the French, I really had no other choice, but to agree with both to "assist" the interests of the United States. Luckily for my party, the Americans do provide good supplies and, of course, could care less about the GPE and wouldn't mind seeing it eradicated, so our interests do seem to support each other.

That said Julius, I will be ending this cable. I hope to see you upon your return to Jimville. I may be out in the Wilds however, so have a good shot of Vodka (Polish, not that Russian swill) at the Empress for me.

Sincerely,

Casimir Ponatowski
Vistula Villa
Jimville, Jimland

End Cable

Report 132 - EXPEDITIONS PREPARE TO DEPART. AMERICAN INVOLVEMENT GROWS.

Date: 2003-06-10

EXPEDITIONS PREPARE TO DEPART. AMERICAN INVOLVEMENT GROWS.

All the Fearless and Famous Explorers are replenishing supplies. The Rescue Effort for Constance Dullcote still seeks a fourth Expedition. American Involvement in Jimland appears to be increasing.

FEARLESS AND FAMOUS EXPLORERS

The Fearless and Famous Explorers, flush with success from their last outing in the Wilds of Jimland, prepare for the next. Even the Ponatowski Expedition, despite the loss of two prime members of the team, prepares to renew the Conquest of the Wilds of Jimland.

CONSTANCE DULLCOTE RESCUE EFFORT

The three rescue teams, Ponatowski, the GPE, and Lord MacFraser await two things before launching their massive rescue effort.

First is one more Expedition to complete the Rescue Effort. So any Fearless and Famous Explorer who has the moxy may apply to the Editor of the Herald for the final position. The Rescue will start at 1900, Friday, July 18 at Leviathan.

Second is the arrival of four small river steamers capable of carrying each expedition to and around the Secret Islands. The Herald has learned that the Rescue Expeditions will get to keep the steamers as part of their payment. The steamers are Norton Dullcote's earnest payment and will be the property of the Expeditions whether or not they are successful. The \$300 reward is still only for the Expedition that returns Dear Constance safe and unharmed to Mr. Dullcote.

AMERICAN INVOLVEMENT GROWS

Two new Americans have appeared in Jimville. The first is one Naval Lieutenant Porter in command of the steamship USS Mohawk that has been station on Jimville for the American Ambassador's use.

The second is a rather mysterious N.B. Forester said to be an employee of the US Geological Survey Department. The man is quite taciturn. He appears more a "problem eliminator" than a geologist, if you get our drift.

What the Americans are up to is unknown. It is known that they have had talks with Casimir Ponatowski and Jeffery Flagstone. See the Ponatowski cable in our previous issue. Flagstone was very open when our reporter approached him.

Jeffery Flagstone said, "I can only speak for myself, but I am sure my Uncle and I consider ourselves good friends of the Americans. We will help them where we can, but being as wealthy as we are, we do not need American dollars to subsidize our work in Jimland. If the Americans need our help they will surely get it without asking twice. The American Geologist Forester has asked to have an interview with my Uncle Julius when he returns from the

Secret Islands. Forester seemed intensely interested in the Islands, so I am sure he and Uncle Julius will get along splendidly."

It is clear something is afoot, Dear Reader.

Report 133 - FLAGSTONE AND PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION NEWS!

Date: 2003-06-19

FLAGSTONE AND PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION NEWS!

We have received reports about the Flagstone and the Ponatowski Expeditions. It is troubling indeed, Dear Reader. The Wilds of Jimland are not for the timid.

FLAGSTONE EXPEDITION

The lush tropical beauty of the Secret Island hides its harsh unforgiving side. On the Island of Diamonds the Flagstone Expedition, led by Julius Flagstone himself, tried to further explore the interior.

They marched along the coast then swung inland. They were soon struggling through mountains along the western coast. They discovered a new Butterfly Species. They tried to march on, but found themselves blocked by the inhospitable terrain.

They found a way through the mountains into, you guessed it, more mountains. They tried to march on, but found themselves blocked again by the inhospitable terrain. They regrouped. They found their food had gone bad. Julius was appalled to find that fully two-thirds of his food supplies were useless.

They tried to march on, but found themselves blocked yet again by the inhospitable terrain. They regrouped. Three bearers deserted taking the last of the meager food supply with them. Shades of the "Lost Expedition of Shope". Murphy the Expedition Hunter saved the day.

They tried to march on, but found themselves blocked still again by the inhospitable terrain. They regrouped. A Bearer and a Soldier died of starvation.

Finally they stumble out of the mountains and Murphy bagged some game to fill the remaining empty stomachs. Now Hostile natives attacked. They were beaten off. They staggered back toward their base. More natives attacked. Many were gunned down. Julius barely avoided an ugly end. Some of the Soldiers were not that lucky.

The sight of their base camp on the coast of the Island of Diamonds was welcome indeed. The Expedition had taken a beating. Julius was not making ends meet at this rate. Has he lost his touch? Has the Fearless and Famous Explorer lost his stomach for the Wilds of Jimland? Has He lost His Edge? Only time will tell Dear Reader.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

With Casimir Ponatowski in the lead, the Expedition headed into the Heart of the Wilds of Jimland. Going further north than most Expeditions can dream about, the Expedition was in truly uncharted land.

They followed a river, always a lucrative thing to do. They discovered the Jimland Hissing Tree Snake. They marched on. Giant Birds pecked some

Expedition members to pieces. They marched on. They continued following the river ever northward.

Soldiers deserted. They marched on. Always north they traveled. The river beckoned to them. They marched north. Heavy rains stopped their marching. A vicious tribal ambush was sprung on them. Gentle Reader, it is here we must report that we have heard that during the fighting with the suicidal Tribal Warriors and a rather angry T-Rex that Casimir was killed.

Dear Reader, we do not have the details. Perhaps it is not true. We can only hope and await the return of the Expedition. Our source in the Expedition was unfortunately among the casualties of the fighting. We have no more information. We await the appearance of Casimir or at least the official report of his demise.

Again we are forcibly reminded that the Wilds of Jimland are not for the fainthearted nor the weak. Strength of mind and body are required. The price exacted by the Wilds of Jimland can be high. We hope the rewards are worth the effort.

Report 134 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, FLAGSTONE REPORT 2.

Date: 2003-06-19

IN HIS OWN WORDS, FLAGSTONE REPORT 2.

Refreshed after a quiet time in camp, Julius led his Expedition into the interior of the Secret Island he had named the "Island of Diamonds". With Julius were Olivia Fate, Murphy the Hunter, and Blind Bob the Expedition Scout. The Jimland Guides again provided the armed escort of soldiers. Many bearers made up the rest of the Expedition.

Following a hunch of Blind Bob the Expedition head west from the Base Camp then swung north hoping to avoid the mountains they had encountered before. It was to no avail. Soon the Expedition was struggling through the steep and heavily overgrown sides of the volcanic mountains. The black sand of the mountainsides was soon in everything. It proved very sharp stuff ruining everyone's footwear.

The Expedition struggled on. During a break brought on by the usual afternoon torrential rain, Olivia was greeted by a beautiful new species of butterfly. It landed delicately on her muddy knee as she stooped under a tree trying to gain respite from the pounding rain. Olivia managed to capture the lovely insect and plans to send the specimen to the Science Club for confirmation of the new species. She named the thing the "Jimland Rainbow Butterfly" in honor of its vivid colors.

The Expedition tried to find a way over the mountains. They found obstacles at every step. Sandslides of black volcanic sand and rushing streams of water. Vertical cliffs not to be scaled. Streams unfordable due to the unceasing rains.

It was at nightfall one fateful evening that Julius found that two-thirds of his food supplies had gone bad. It was obvious to him that they would not die of thirst, but lack of food was another issue. They had not seen much game during these days of rain. After consulting with both Murphy and Blind Bob, Julius resolved to continue trying to find a passage across the mountains. The lure of the unknown was too great.

The Expedition tried again. Nightfall found the Expedition back at the foot of the mountains, soaked and sullen. That night, much to Flagstone's disgust, some bearers deserted and took the remaining food with them. Flagstone needed no help making his next decision. Safety before silliness. He headed the Expedition homeward.

Returning to their Base Camp was no easy matter. Murphy was able to provide some fresh meat, but even with this several soldiers and bearers perished due to their weakened state and the strain of the return march.

To further tax the resolve of the Expedition, hostile Natives attacked as the Expedition was preparing to cross a swollen stream. Many were shot as they approached. Some made it into hand-to-hand combat with the Expedition. Soldiers fell defending the Bearers. Flagstone dispatched two screaming Native swordsmen in vicious combat.

Making matters even worse, the next day with the Base Camp only a short march away, more Natives attacked. Again many were shot down as they charged the Expedition. Again Julius proved his mettle and personally defeated a crazed Native swordsman. After the bloody battle, Julius remarked, "They certainly do not lack courage, only tactics." More soldiers had died in the combat. Julius was glad the end of the march was near.

The next morning with a splendid cobalt sky above, the Expedition limped back into the Base Camp. Julius made sure the wounded were attended to first. Second was Olivia's safety and comfort. After that the rest of the Expedition. Finally, at day's end Julius allowed himself to slump in his favorite camp chair and doze off, his snoring bringing no little laughter from the camp.

The following days were filled with recovering, repairing, and replanning. Julius reports he is again ready to try the interior of the island. He says the next Expedition will head east along the shore to see if this part of the island is completely covered in mountains. The Expedition size will of necessity be smaller than the one just battered by the Wilds of Jimland.

Flagstone reports spirits are high. The rain seems to be lessening. He promises another dispatch after his next adventure on the Island of Diamonds.

Report 135 - ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Date: 2003-06-19

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief:

Yesterday Comrade Stalin presented two "Order of the Red Banner" medals & round-trip tickets to sunny Murmansk to the surviving freedom fighters who eliminated elements of the Ponatowski Gang: Abdul the Younger and Stash. It was a glorious day indeed.

News also reached our Secret Base Camp of the partial destruction of the Churchill fanatics. Although our forces can claim no part in this glorious event, the Jimland tribals are to be commended for their fierce attack on the crazed druid Churchill. His tree-hugging Lackeys are not welcome in Jimland. The sooner they are completely eliminated, the better. Free round-trip tickets to sunny Vladivostok were sent to the tribal chieftain and his immediate family.

Comrade Stalin also felt it necessary to respond to the lies spouted by the Polish gangster, Casimir Ponatowski.

1. The said counterfeit monies are the work of the devious Don Pedro, not the GPE.

2. Our propaganda is only directed against foreign capitalists, not foreigners per se.

3. We agree that Jimland is deteriorating rapidly. However, the primary culprits are Don Pedro and the Spanish, with the maniac Churchill a close second. The MacFraser Expedition is a threat to the youth of Jimville with their drug trade. They also tend to attract multitudes of unhappy creatures. The reason for this should be apparent to all. At this time, the Ponatowski Gangsters rate a distant fourth. This may change should their involvement with the American imperialists grow.

4. That Russian women have yet to be seen travelling with the GPE can be clearly read by all in Chapter 13 of the "Red Book" available [Unfortunately. - Ed] at any bookstore in Jimville. The chapter, titled "Female Comrades in Jimland" identifies the primary roles of our female comrades:

- a. Bake bread for the troops
- b. Try not to eat all the bread - avoid a rotund appearance: unfortunately, this commandment is often not heeded
- c. After baking, go to work in the factory
- d. Raise Red Diaper Doper Babies
- e. When (b) is followed, find key foreigners and steal state secrets from them
- f. Kill foreign expeditions
- g. Ignore Comrade Trotsky

5. Comrade Mao is currently in China. The despicable lies of Comrade Stalin's drunkenness in front of Comrade Mao are only true when he visits China.

6. Claims that the GPE have been stealing from the locals are a malicious lie. The People are being swayed to our political way of life. They appreciate the contributions the GPE have made recently to village improvements. That is why other expeditions have been crippled recently while the GPE encounters only loyalists. Anyway, we don't need the money at this time.

It is hoped that the "Herald" will publish these corrections for the good people of Jimland to read.

Finally, agents of the GPE have discovered that Stanislaw Ponatowski is none other than "Stanislaw, the Butcher of Warsaw." This fiend personally executed at least fifty kindergartners at a communist preparatory school on the outskirts of Warsaw. Their crime? Learning to write "G,P,& E." If the rumors of Casimir being eaten by a T-Rex are true (which means Casimir probably was in the vicinity of MacFraser), then this monster Stanislaw is likely his successor. The GPE is offering a bounty to anyone who can kill Stanislaw. The glorious assassin will receive free round trip tickets to beautiful and sunny Omsk.

Comrade Stalin

End Letter

Report 136 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI REPORT 11.

Date: 2003-06-23

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION REPORT 11.

To: Headquarters of Overseas Operations, Polish Home Army

Subject: Jimland After Action Report #1

Sirs:

The following is an account of my first expedition into the Wilds of Jimland as the official Polish Military Attache in Jimland.

Expedition Composition: Casimir Ponatowski (Expedition Leader), Marie (Casimir's Advisor), Abdull (Local Scout), Diego Garcia (hunter in the employ of Casimir), Isabella Garcia (Diego's sister), myself, 4 locally trained soldiers, and 16 bearers.

Expedition Purpose: To acclimatize myself to Jimland; to see if Casimir had recovered sufficiently from the attempt on his life; to trek further north than any other recorded expedition in Jimland with the exception of the legendary Denny Lee of course.

Day 1: We were left at a point far inland along the river Casimir had been following for most of his expeditions. According to the Jimland Land Survey Bureau, after paying the appropriate fees of course, this was the furthest recorded inland point any expedition into the Wilds had ever been to...with the exception of Denny Lee of course, though his ventures are not recorded. We followed the river through the jungle northward. Casimir was pleased. We encountered a large snake. Interestingly, it seemingly attempted to drop onto Diego from above, but while doing so it let out a rather loud "hisssss" which alerted Diego and he was able to dodge out of the way. Isabella promptly (and impressively I might add) dispatched the serpents' head from the rest of its body. The head and skin will be shown to the Jimland Science Club for proper cataloguing as the Jimland Hissing Tree Snake.

Day 2: Unfortunate incident where 2 bearers were carried off by a pair of Jimland Condors, probably to feed their young. Encountered a fork in the river with one branch heading east and one west. At the fork was a friendly native village. We purchased food from them. They were a nice lot and we paid double the going rate to show them the benefits of the capitalist system. We encouraged them to attack the dastardly GPE if given the opportunity.

Day 3: We followed the river eastward, as the current seemed stronger from that direction. Our trek through the jungle continued as we followed the river as it turned northward.

Day 4: We awoke to shouts. As far as we could ascertain, 2 soldiers were killed in their sleep and their bodies dragged off. There were GPE propaganda leaflets left behind. The cowards slink along attacking in the night and are not courageous enough to attack in daylight like real men.

Casimir was angered and increased the pace of the march hoping to find the culprits and slaughter them, but to no avail. They probably ran to some hole in the ground where they are comfortable like the worms they are.

Days 5 and 6: The trek continued northward through the jungle along the river. Casimir is very pleased at our progress.

Day 7: Our movement is halted as there is a torrential rain making any walking through the jungle impossible. We did move away from the river slightly as its banks are swollen.

Day 8: A day of tragedy. We had just crossed a stream when the lead part of the column was set upon by a small group of Tribal warriors. Casimir, Diego, Marie, and a Soldier fired a volley and closed in for the fight. As we went to help them, another small band attacked from the rear bent on stealing supplies no doubt. From what I gather from the other members of the party, Casimir had dispatched one of the warriors in the front and Abdull had taken care of one that was trying to close with the bearers and women. Marie backed off from the melee to try to get a better shot when in horror she watched a large dinosaur, a T-Rex I believe, emerge from a swampy area and attempt to grab Casimir from behind. He was able to dodge slightly, but his previous wounds left him not up to his old self. He turned and raised his pistol to fire, but the beast was upon him and took off his arm at the elbow. The tribals ran off and the T-Rex quickly followed as our fire on him began to tell, but the damage was done. I found Casimir already dead in Marie's arms, a tragic sight. The loss of blood was just too much. I dispatched bearers to make a litter so we could return with the body. Isabella looked after Marie who was simply too stunned to talk at the time. Taking charge of the party and consulting Abdull, I led the party westward into the jungle away from the river. I will press the Jimland Geologic Society to name the river after Casimir.

Day 9: Trek through the jungle continues southward back to our pick-up point. We came across a lake that we skirted to the east. I will press the Jimland Geologic Society to name it Lake Casimir since it has no proper name.

Day 10: Our journey was briefly interrupted by gunfire. Diego had gone off of the trail as he quite frequently does assisting Abdull in scouting. He brought down a green, sticky, oozing runt of a flying dinosaur. As the GPE already has one such species named after it, the carcass of this beast will be presented to the Jimland Science Club with the request that it be named the Jimland Slimy-Spaniard-dactyl.

Days 11 and 12: We returned to our pick-up point enroute back to Jimville. The only event of mention was the loss of a bearer crossing a flooded stream. It seems the fellow couldn't swim.

Events Upon Return to Jimville: Casimir Ponatowski was properly buried in a solemn ceremony in the Vistula Villa cemetery next to his cousin, my brother, Stephen Dombrowski. We are all in mourning. Marie mumbles under her breath about the GPE, the Spanish, the Germans, the Secret Islands, and other things that I need not mention.

Future Plans: I have taken charge of the Expedition as cousin Fritz has no desire to be in charge and says "You're the soldier boy...you do it". Marie has agreed to remain at Vistula Villa for a time watching its security and

getting Casimir's estate in order. She will also help with the organization of expeditions as I am rather new to that sort of thing. She has also been instrumental in negotiations with Mr. Dullcote, and our trek to the Secret Islands is in the near future. I am planning another expedition into the Wilds with our party as yet to be determined.

Other Intelligence of Note:-The GPE is under the impression that I am Stanislaw Ponatowski, "the Butcher of Warsaw". I laugh at their poor intelligence. Stanislaw Ponatowski is Casimir's brother who is an actual butcher in Warsaw, who has unfortunately never killed a socialist, but may get his wish some day. I am of course, Lt. Stanislaw Dombrowski, Polish Home Army, Casimir's cousin. The fools. Maybe they should have some of their women do some real work instead of baking bread. Clearly they have never read their own treatise, the "Redbook" (I especially like all of the recipe's in it, hehehe, communist dogs.)

-Abdul the Younger was killed by brigands hired by the Spanish. If the GPE is rewarding the culprits of this act, then it clearly indicates that the GPE and Spanish are completely in league with one another. My only concern is that the Spanish are now being linked to the Italians, quite disturbing.

-A clarification in regards to Diego and Isabella and their account of Comrade Stalin and Comrade Mao. Due to the initial excited nature of their report, it was reported that Comrade Mao was actually in charge of the GPE. This was a mistake. Isabella has been tutoring me in Portuguese and it turns out that the GPE member reported as Comrade Mao should have been reported as Comrade Mo. He apparently has a rather unflattering bowl-cut haircut and has a 2 man staff comprised of Comrade Larry who has fuzzy red hair, and Comrade Curly who is bald. The 3 never agree and are constantly beating on each other and Comrade Stalin. It seems that the GPE is clearly lead by STOOGES!

Conclusion: We will continue to explore an association with the Americans if it is to our mutual benefit. Further reports to follow as events develop.

End of Report.

Report 137 - SECRET ISLANDS HARBOR EVIL GENIUSES.

Date: 2003-06-25

SECRET ISLANDS HARBOR EVIL GENIUSES.

Hardly news to anyone in Jimland, the Secret Islands are known to harbor all sorts of Evil Geniuses. As a Public Service the Herald has sent its Reporters throughout Jimland to gather information on these Scheming Madmen.

PROFESSOR FATE

Professor Fate's most well known characteristics are that he is (gasp) An American and the ex-husband of the (gasp) Fetching Olivia Fate now the paramour of Julius Flagstone. A little known fact about Fate, no one knows his first name, not even Olivia. When we ask her about this she just giggled and said that was one of the things that made the Professor so interesting. When we suggested that perhaps Flagstone should drop his first name, she delivered a swift kick to the crotch and walked off, leaving our reported lying in the street.

Professor Fate is known to be a Genius. He is also known to be completely Mad. Originally thought to be merely eccentric, he is now classified as an Evil Genius. What drove Fate to the Dark side is unknown, though the loss of the Fetching Olivia probably didn't help his attitude.

Fate specializes in Biology. In particular he works in mutating men into animals and animals into men. All this leaves men-like mutants with strong anti-social behavior patterns. Professor Fate has gone to the Secret Islands following rumors of strange man-like creatures from past ages still existing there.

He has one known accomplice named Max. That is all we known about him. He has not been heard about in ages. There is speculation that he has become a victim of Fate's mutation experiments.

DOCTOR AUTOMATON

Doctor Automaton's most well known characteristic is his white hair and matching lab coat. It is rumored that his hair was prematurely turned white due to an incident during an experiment. Automaton's specialty as his name might suggest is automatons and galvanic devices of all types.

Occasionally Automaton unleashes his automatons upon the law-abiding citizens of Jimland. Usually they are after money, supplies, and occasionally slave labor or a date for the Doctor when he is feeling frisky.

Doctor Automaton has gone to the Secret Islands following rumors of ancient mechanical wonders. It is said there are devices in the Secret Islands that are not of human origin. It is further said that the non-human origin comes from one of two sources, Aliens from the stars or a race that pre-dated known humanity. The Herald is unable to substantiate any of these stories.

Doctor Automaton has no accomplices in the usual sense of the word. He is, however, always accompanied by huge, hulking, humming automatic things.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club would like to state the following facts.

One, Professor Fate has never been a member of the Club. This includes using an alias. His participation in our biological study program is just a bald-faced lie.

Two, Doctor Automaton was once a member in good standing. He was a prime mover in establishing the quarterly symposium on automatonics. He no longer attends our meetings. Surprisingly, he remains a full member and pays his dues through various means. We deliver his newsletters by carefully wrapping several copies, then throwing them into the jungle at specific points. Let us say this is his preferred delivery method. We do not offer this as a regular delivery option. Apparently he reads the newsletters as we occasionally get replies as attachments to large rocks thrown through our windows late at night.

The next Science Club meeting will continue the "Rockets to the Moon" theme. The meeting will feature manned rocket flight. This is sure to be a club favorite, so get your tickets early. The meeting will be held in the largely empty field at the west end of Jimville formerly known as the Explorers Quarter. See you there.

Report 138 - SCIENCE CLUB REPORT: DOCTOR AUTOMATON AND HIS DEVICES.

Date: 2003-06-26

SCIENCE CLUB REPORT: DOCTOR AUTOMATON AND HIS DEVICES.

This Science Club report was solicited by the Herald. We received an overwhelming response to our issue on the Evil Geniuses taking refuge in the Secret Islands. The number one question on everyone's list was "Explain what an Automaton is". Not being scientifically inclined we handed the request to the Science Club. What follows is their report.

SCIENCE CLUB REPORT

Automaton:

- 1 : a mechanism this is relatively self-operating; esp : Robot.
- 2 : a machine or control mechanism designed to follow automatically a predetermined sequence of operations or respond to encoded instructions.
- 3 : an individual who acts in a mechanical fashion.

As related to Doctor Automaton, an automaton is correctly defined in 1 and 2 above. The Doctor created his automatons to perform specific tasks. The machines follow a specific set of instructions without supervision. Any tasks outside the narrowly defined instruction sets are impossible for the automaton to perform.

Creating larger instruction sets and thus smarter automatons is one of the Doctor's great goals. He truly believes he can create a machine as smart as a man. We of the Science Club remain skeptical.

Another goal of Doctor Automaton is to create a very small inexhaustible power source for his machines. He uses two power sources for his devices. Galvanic power is used when the requirements are small amounts of power over a long time or large amounts of power for a very short time. These restrictions obviously limit the usefulness of the automatons.

The second power source is clockwork mechanisms. This source delivers large amounts of power over a long time. The clockwork mechanisms are very robust. The only down side is that the clockwork must be rewound periodically. The more often it is rewound the nearer optimum performance is achieved.

The Doctor usually uses galvanic power in small or stationary devices and in weapons, though this has proved less than successful. Clockworks are used in larger devices.

The current state of automaton development achieved by the Doctor is unknown. The rumors reaching the Science Club point to the Doctor having achieved a greater intelligence for his devices, but nowhere near his goal of artificial intelligence equal to a man. It is reliably reported that he has developed a man-like automaton. Various versions of this device perform many tasks from housekeeping chores to sinister military functions. It is this last category that most concerns us all.

Doctor Automaton's location is unknown. If found, do not approach him or his devices. Please report any information on the Doctor to the appropriate authorities or the Science Club. We will forward the information.

Report 139 - FOUR EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-06-27

FOUR EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND

Direct from our Reliable Sources to you, Dear Reader, come reports of four Fearless and Famous Explorers braving the Wilds of Jimland.

CHURCHILL EXPEDITION

With Winthrop P. Churchill leading, the Expedition marched out of Jimville. They found friendly natives. They marched on. They followed a river. They discovered a new dinosaur species. They marched on. They marched some more. They found gold and filled their pockets. They marched on.

Intense Heat began taking its toll as Bearers began to drop like flies. They trudged on. Natives attacked. A giant carnivorous Beetle attacked. They marched on. They marched some more. The Jungle seemed endless. They marched on.

They marched on. They discovered a new species of Insect. They marched on. Rain cooled them off. They marched on. Tribals ambushed them. They marched on. They ran out of food. The Expedition Hunter brought in some game. They marched back to Jimville much richer than when they started.

MACFRASER EXPEDITION

Lord MacFraser led them into the Wilds of Jimland. They immediately discovered a new species of Flying Dinosaur. They marched on. They discovered a "mountain" 1,000 feet high. They marched on. They marched some more. They marched some more with MacFraser taunting every native they ran across. None seemed up for a fight. much to MacFraser's disappointment. They marched on.

They found a deserted village. They marched on. They discovered a Sacred Tribal Relic. They discovered a new species of Large Bird. They were attacked by angry natives. A Pigmy Mammoth attacked. They "found" more Opium fields. They marched on.

They had soldiers fall to their death crossing a ravine. They marched on. They found a map fragment. They marched on. Natives attacked. They marched on. They got lost. Natives attacked. They marched back to Jimville. They had become the richest Expedition in Jimland.

SWINDELL EXPEDITION

They marched out. They had Askaris die in heaps from unknown causes. More Askaris died. They found a village. They marched on. They discovered a lake. They marched on. They got stuck in the mountains for several lifetimes. They marched on. They stumbled back into Jimville none the wiser for their experience.

TOKEN EXPEDITION

With a Token Leader leading the way, they marched into the Wilds of Jimland. They marched some more. Askaris began to desert in droves. They marched on.

They were ambushed by Natives. Fearless Frank Nash was hacked into goo. They marched on.

They marched some more. They found a village. They marched on. Soldiers were mysteriously poisoned. They marched on. Trade goods were stolen. They marched on. They discovered a new species of snake. They marched on. Soldiers began deserting. They marched on. Bearers were mysteriously poisoned. They marched back to Jimville.

Report 140 - FOUR MORE EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Date: 2003-06-27

FOUR MORE EXPEDITIONS BRAVE THE WILDS OF JIMLAND.

Direct from our Reliable Sources to you, Dear Reader, come more reports of four Fearless and Famous Explorers braving the Wilds of Jimland.

AL THE MARAUDER EXPEDITION

Big Al ordered the Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Flying Dinosaur. They were attacked by Rebels. They marched on. They were attacked by Natives. They marched on. They were attacked by Natives. They marched on.

"Accidents" began to plague the Expedition. Soldiers and Bearers were killed. They marched on. Heat stopped their marching. More "accidents" happened. Big Al blamed them on the excessive Heat. They discovered a new species of Primitive Man. They marched on. They found a village.

They marched on. They marched a lot more. "Accidents" claimed more Expedition Bearers. Flash floods swept away more Bearers. They struggled back to Jimville.

DON ALVERADO EXPEDITION

With Don Pedro bringing up the rear to prevent any slackness from the Bearers, the Expedition headed into the Wilds of Jimland. They marched on. They found a deserted village, food still hot on the tables. They marched on. They discovered some X-Rock. They celebrated. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Big Cat. They marched on. They were attacked by unknown animals. Many Bearers were lost. They discovered a new species of Flower.

They marched on. They trudged through trackless jungle. They trudged through more trackless jungle. They trudged through still more trackless jungle. They were attacked by Natives. Many soldiers were lost. They marched on. They found some map fragments. They found diamonds. They celebrated. They marched on. They found a Sacred Tribal Relic.

They were hit by the Fever. Soldiers died in heaps. They marched on. They returned to Jimville. They didn't get to shot a single Socialist during the whole trip. They were disappointed.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

Stanislaw Dombrowski led the Expedition into the Wilds of Jimland. They lost bearers from eating poison plants. They found the edge of a great desert. Animals attack them. They marched on through the shifting sands. Food started going bad.

Rebels attacked. They marched on. They discovered an Elephant Graveyard in the desert. They found a deserted village. They became lost in the desert. They marched on. They marched across the desert some more. Trade goods were stolen. They marched on.

Rebels started to attack but lost their nerve. Bearers began deserting in large numbers. They marched on. They marched into the Mountains. A snowstorm high in the mountains nearly froze them all. They returned to the desert to thaw. They marched on. They returned to Jimville the second richest Expedition in Jimland.

ROBERT THE PUCE EXPEDITION

This Expedition is now alleged to be a Dutch-Mexican group. However, we at the Herald think that perhaps they are Albanian or failing that perhaps Liberian. They marched into the Wilds Jimland. They discovered a new species of insect. Bearers flocked to join them. They marched on.

Floods swept away Askaris. More Askaris were dismissed. Rebel attacked the now depleted Expedition. They marched on. A Giant Bobcat attacked. Food went bad. They marched on. They discovered a mountain 20,000 feet tall. They marched on.

More Askaris desert. More food went bad. They marched on. Natives attack the now skeleton-like Expedition. They marched on. A huge native force attacked. The Expedition leader was killed. [Couldn't have been much of a leader. We don't even know his name. - Ed] Floodwaters swept Expedition members away. More Natives attacked.

They discovered a 14,000-foot tall mountain. They marched on. They are attacked by giant birds. Many in the Expedition are carried away never to be seen again. They marched on. They returned to Jimville.

Report 141 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION REPORT 12.

Date: 2003-07-01

IN HIS OWN WORDS, PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION REPORT 12.

To: Headquarters of Overseas Operations, Polish Home Army

Subject: Jimland After Action Report #2

Sirs:

The following is an account of my second expedition into the Wilds of Jimland as the official Polish Military Attache in Jimland.

Expedition Composition: Lt. Stanislaw Dombrowski (Expedition Leader), Abdull (Local Scout), Diego Garcia (Portuguese Hunter), Isabella Garcia (Diego's sister), Harvey Entwhistle (Eccentric English Geo-Alchemist, no one knows exactly what that is), N.B. Forester (US Geological Survey, More likely OSS), 4 locally trained soldiers, and 16 bearers.

Expedition Purpose: To further explore the Wilds of Jimland gaining income through all means necessary to support the Polish Home Army. In addition, eradicate the GPE and their mindless followers. Lastly, to see how one of our American benefactors handled his-self as part of our party.

Day 1: We were left at a point far inland at a fork in the river Casimir had been following for most of his expeditions. It was my intent to follow the fork to the west. The current from that direction was slight compared to that flowing from the north, but it bear investigation. We quickly discovered that the reduced current was due to the fact that the river flowed out of a great desert! How large the desert is, we don't know, as we surely did not traverse it in its entirety. We encountered a few friendly local natives who had been out hunting GPE members. They encouraged us to stay along the river, lest we get lost in the desert. Unfortunate event: lost one bearer and his load when he apparently ate some "pretty" berries and dropped dead falling into the river.

Day 2: A pack of Hyena's attacked a few of the bearers. N.B. Forester quickly chased them away with a few well-placed shots. Though rather gruff and unkempt looking, Forester may be an asset though I do not care for how he leers at the lovely Isabella. Continued the journey to the west through the desert along the river.

Day 3: We lost a few of our food loads as the heat began to spoil what few perishable goods we carried. 6 GPE zealots ambushed us out of the dunes. The met a quick death as our shots found their mark. Unfortunately, one of our trusted soldiers perished in the fight. He was buried in the dunes.

Day 4: We continued to follow the river through the desert. Along the bank we came across a deserted village. It had been deserted for quite some time as the desert had started to reclaim it. We pushed onward. Our travel was sidetracked as Harvey wandered off from the group. Apparently he has a habit of doing this. Luckily Abdull easily followed his tracks as we left the

course of the river to find Harvey. After a few hours we discovered him sitting on a dune...staring at the site below. He had stumbled across a giant elephant graveyard! We made camp for the night and would claim the ivory in the morning before returning to the river.

Day 5: We gathered the ivory and started to return to the river. Unfortunately the wind had swept away our tracks. No real progress was made this day.

Day 6: Returned to the river. Continued to the west.

Day 7: The desert seems endless and for fear of running out of supplies, I decided to start our return journey. After consulting the party I decided to move to the south away from the river and set a course parallel to it. No sign of anything alive or dead.

Day 8: Brigands in the employ of the Dons paid us a visit in the night stealing 3 bundles of our trade goods. Luckily the cowards did not take any of the ivory. We continued eastward through the desert.

Day 9: Strange event today. We were moving along a trail through the desert when we encountered 10 Rebel scum. Due to the lay of the land, neither of our parties had seen the other coming. Both of our groups stopped immediately. We were there wondering who would blink first when N.B. Forester strode to the front of our party adjacent to me. Upon seeing him, the rebel leader shrieked almost in horror and he and his men took flight.

Querying Forester about this reaction, he simply shrugged his shoulders and kept walking. Later, Isabella took me into her confidence and told me that Forester has been in Jimland for quite some time and had built a reputation in the interior of the country. She even said that it is rumored that he had been repeatedly to the Secret Islands and had returned each time (obviously) and that he even knew/worked with the legendary Denny Lee! But that he does not discuss any of these matters with anyone. Isabella told me not to confront him about it as that she did not trust him. I'm not sure if I do either, but anyone who can scare off 10 rebel GPE scum with his mere presence is worthy of respect.

Day 10: We lost a bit of ivory as one of the bearers carrying it and 2 of our food bearers deserted in the night. They will not be able to set foot in Jimville or James Landing to sell their stolen goods without our knowing. Marie will be informed of this upon our return to Jimville and will deal with them and their families appropriately. We reached the base of some mountains. We started to climb following a trail with the hopes of surveying the surrounding terrain. We were fortunate to come across some local natives that were coming the other way burdened with heavy food loads. We purchased a great deal of food from them as ours was running low. They received a good price for their good, a better price than they would have gotten from the thieving GPE.

Day 11: Wandered aimlessly through the mountains when the trail we were following was blocked by a landslide. Harvey was not happy. He said the signs for X-Rock and Y-element (whatever that is) were not good in these mountains. He grumbled under his breath most of the day.

Day 12: As we were finally leaving the mountains, we were hit by a severe snowstorm. We struggled through it and got back to the desert floor by nightfall.

Day 13: Returned to the pickup point along the river to find the riverboat waiting for us. Amazingly the drunken captain was on time for once. N.B. Forester said that this would not be an issue when venturing to the Secret Islands in the boat captained by Nils Porter. We shall see.

Events Upon Return to Jimville: Bearers were paid. Soldiers given leave before they will be rotated to our forward base at James' Landing. Maps and Ivory were handed over to Marie for proper sale. Marie is adjusting well to administering the Vistula Villa. Fritz and the Lady Windsor departed for a short vacation at James Landing. They wanted to be away from the hustle and bustle of Jimville. N.B. Forester returned to the American Embassy. Harvey Entwhistle went to entertain himself at the library. Abdull quietly departed to see his family. Diego also quietly departed, to where, Isabella didn't even know. She said he just does things like that, but that he would be back. As for Isabella, she has become quick friends with Marie and though she does not purchase a lot (as her wardrobe is rather "brief") she enjoys accompanying Marie and "Bobby" on their frequent shopping sprees to the best boutiques in Jimville. Her presence on the expeditions and with Marie has helped her gain some notoriety. In addition, she is teaching me Portuguese in the evenings at the Villa. She will be an asset to our group.

Future Plans: Marie continues to supervise things at the Vistula Villa. She has mentioned possibly returning to her estates though for a brief time. Negotiations with Mr. Dullcote are complete and the rescue mission to the Secret Islands will happen shortly.

Other Intelligence of Note:-The GPE has been quiet. We do not believe that they have been wiped out, unless it was due to their own infighting and incompetence. More likely, the cowards are plotting more thievery from the people of Jimland or another assassination attempt or are hiding in the holes in the ground they call home afraid to show their faces. Further information on them will follow when available.

-The Dons have been active in the Wilds. Their crime syndicate is growing.

-The Marauder expedition is full of inbred incompetents and should not be feared.

-The Churchill expedition is full of crazy monks. Unbelievably they supposedly had a woman of questionable reputation accompany them on their latest journey. The two rumors circulating about this are that she is deaf and did not fully understand what she was getting herself into or that she wasn't a she at all rather an alter boy in drag. Hopefully I will never discover the truth on this. [Just what is Jimland coming to? Its sad.- Ed.]

Conclusion: We will continue to develop our association with the Americans as it is to our mutual benefit. We will continue to work to eradicate the GPE and the Spanish crime syndicate led by the Dons. Further reports to follow as events develop.

Report 142 - PROFESSOR FATE AND HIS MINIONS.

Date: 2003-07-11

PROFESSOR FATE AND HIS MINIONS.

Having received an overwhelming response to our issue on the Evil Geniuses taking refuge in the Secret Islands, we offer this report on the Mad Genius Professor Fate.

PROFESSOR FATE

Professor Fate's origins are unknown. Even the Fetching Olivia Fate does not know much about her ex-husband. As she states, "We met abroad and never much discussed where we came from, only where we were going." It is most commonly thought Fate is An American, which explains a lot of his eccentric behavior and lack of social skills.

Professor Fate's area of expertise is Biology and Chemistry. We suspect that Fate read Shelley's Frankenstein at an early age and was deeply affected or at least scared witless. One of the Professor's known goals is to achieve immortality by organ replacement or complete body replacement via a brain transplant.

To this end the Professor has build a reputation by building mutants of every description, some more successful than others, all hideous to a great degree. Though his experiment "specimens" are stolen from the bosom of polite society hating Fate with all their heart something happens during the mutation experiments that not even Fate can understand. His malformed mutants turn from hate to a powerful love and willingness to give their horrid lives to protect Professor Fate from harm.

Time and again when the Forces of Law and Order closed in on Professor Fate, his misshapen minions have defended him with an animal frenzy stopped only by death. No one can explain this. No has tried. However, be warned if you meet the Professor, even if you can't see his guardians they are there. In the shadows. Watching your every move. Ready to rend you limb from limb should you threaten the Professor.

To aid in his quest for immortality or reanimating the dead or building a super-man, Professor Fate has acquired an unparalleled knowledge of Chemistry. It is rumored he has cures to several of the World's most feared diseases, but keeps them to himself as he considers the world unworthy of being saved. Only his creations get his best care though most die in the act of creation.

Fate's minions are occasionally caught digging up corpses, fresh and not so fresh, from the graveyards around Jimland. During periods of plague or uncontrolled disease many villages have to mount a cemetery guard or burn their dead to avoid Professor Fate's shambling helpers from digging up the recently deceased.

Many a child has been sent to bed with a threat that unless they acted better they would be sold to Fate. And, in fact, it is believed some have been.

Unproven, but highly suspected, especially in the tribes of the Secret Islands.

Professor Fate's location is unknown. If found, do not approach him or his Minions. Please report any information on the Professor to the appropriate Authorities or the Science Club. We will forward the information.

Report 143 - RESCUE OPERATIONS UPDATE.

Date: 2003-07-12

RESCUE OPERATIONS UPDATE.

In a brief ceremony Norton Dullcote presented the Leaders of the Rescue Expeditions with their new steam vessels. Receiving title to the steamers were Stanislaw Dombrowski on behalf of the Ponatowski Expedition and Lord Angus MacFraser. The Token Expedition sent a token representative whose name we didn't get, and finally some swarthy alleged socialist accepting for the Glorious People's Expedition.

This shifty character no sooner received the title than he hurried to the pier, had his crew cast off, and disappeared quickly down the Jimland coast. No one wished him well. Dullcote's only comment was to shout "Find my Wife" at the disappearing steamer.

For you nautical buffs among our Dear Readers, here is more detail on the steamers provided by Dullcote for the Rescue Expeditions. The vessels are rated as small coastal steamers. They will hold the typical Jimland Expedition and are able to cross the small expanse of ocean to reach the Secret Islands off the coast of Jimland. They are not ocean going steamers. They are designed for hauling cargo along coastal routes, navigating large river, and shuffling between islands. The distance to the Secret Island is within their capabilities, but only just. Island hopping once in the Secret Island Archipelago should be their strong suit.

The Ponatowski, MacFraser, and Token Expeditions spent several weeks in training exercises learning how to manage their craft, tend to its many devices, and get their sea legs. At the end of the training, MacFraser hosted a short race up the River Jim and back ending in a buffet on the main Jimville pier. The Public was invited and the event was well attended. No winner was declared for this friendly shakedown race and all participants were pleased to return with no major problems to report.

All the Expeditions now turned their thoughts to the rescue effort. Supplies were brought to the pier and careful stowing of all the myriad of goods began. Meanwhile last minute recruiting continued as the Expeditions sought to fill any vacancies.

It is expected that the three steamers in Jimville will leave together and cross to the Secret Island Archipelago as a group. This plan was proposed by Dullcote and accepted by the Expedition Leaders. The Leaders also stated they would help one another crossing the ocean, as each was rather inexperienced with their craft.

Lord MacFraser tried to hire Captain Jack. Apparently Jack was not impressed by MacFraser's roll of money or he lacked the adventuring spirit. MacFraser reported that Captain Jack said he had better things to do than to be drowned at sea at the hands of a bunch of ninnies.

Once the Expeditions reach the Secret Islands they plan to split up, leaving each to its own resources as the rescue attempt begins in earnest. Each

Expedition claims to have a clever plan and inside information about where to look. We at the Herald think they all have the same plan. It is simply to survive crossing the ocean, find an island, tramp about looking for Constance, if not found, find another island and repeat. Any lucrative finds along the way will be welcome we are sure.

Of the Glorious Peoples Expedition's plans we have no idea. They have not been heard from or seen since the steamer quickly left Jimville. Some wonder if the sleazy character who took the steamer was really representing the GPE or did he have nerve enough to bluff his way in and out of town stealing the steamer from under Dullcote's nose. Only time will tell.

Report 144 - A LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Date: 2003-07-13

A LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Using their usual no-frills delivery, a.k.a. stuck to the door with a knife, the Glorious Peoples Expedition sends all us a letter.

Begin letter.

Greetings Comrade Editor-In-Chief:

The Politburo wishes to announce the glorious return of our beloved Comrade Stalin after a long and well-deserved vacation amongst the treacherous capitalists in the USA and Canada. One must admire Comrade Stalin's resolve. Whether guzzling wine in Napa Valley or having afternoon tea at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, Comrade Stalin always spent time organizing communist resistance cells and planning for the overthrow of these imperialistic states/provinces. Comrade Stalin never once neglected his duties while away.

The Politburo also denies recent false and malicious claims that monies used for Comrade Stalin's vacation were obtained from expedition funds. Comrade Stalin paid for his trip solely from his meager salary. Remember, the people always come first with the GPE. Our monies fund future expeditions and build factories, hospitals, and schools. Anyone who says otherwise will be liquidated.

The Politburo also supports Comrade Stalin's assertions that there is a counter-revolutionary element within the party that must be destroyed. These counter-revolutionaries are henceforth to be referred to as "Trotskyites." Comrade Trotsky, suspected leader of these villains, has been given three choices by the party:

1. Torture and Execution
2. Exile in Mexico followed by assassination
3. Lead an expedition into the Secret Islands to prove his value to the party and the people

As of this date, Comrade Trotsky has not decided which option holds the greatest chances of survival. When he makes his decision, the Politburo will provide this information to the Herald.

With hope for a bright and glorious future for Jimland,

Comrade Stalin

End letter.

The Herald finds this letter interesting. Though they admit some internal troubles centered on the "counter-revolutionary element" alleged to be led by Trotsky, they make no mention of the steamer. Perhaps our suspicions of the sleazy character that made off with the steamer after presenting himself as the GPE representative are true?

Report 145 - PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION PREPARES FOR THE SECRET ISLANDS.

Date: 2003-07-14

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION PREPARES FOR THE SECRET ISLANDS.

The Lady Windsor delivered the following letter to the Herald. She looked very lovely in the morning sun. Several of the young office helpers were smitten on the spot. The older men sighed and reflected on fading memories of Loves lost.

Begin letter.

Sir:

Greetings. Since we are soon to depart for the Secret Islands I thought it would be good to update you and your readers to the happenings with the Ponatowski Expedition.

The steamer supplied to us by Mr. Dullcote is quite nice and is very serviceable according to LT(JG). Nils Porter of the American merchant marine. He will be accompanying us on our voyage as part of the working agreement we have reached with the Americans. It is a good thing as none of the rest of us are sailors. I am in the Polish Home Army afterall.

Also going on the voyage will be Fritz and Marie. Marie has been most difficult in regards to going. I would like her to stay to oversee the daily operation of the Vistula Villa, but she will have none of that. She says she must go to help poor Constance. Lady Windsor and Isabella will remain at the Villa to oversee things in our absence. The Lady would like to go, but Fritz will have none of that. As for Isabella, she also would like to go, but Diego and myself think it best for her to remain behind. Interestingly, Diego and Isabella got into quite a heated discussion about her going. The only parts I was able to pick up with my limited knowledge of Portuguese were "...father is not...", "...must tell them...", "...need to get Alfonse...", "...Red Fez...". A mystery for sure.

The rest of our party will be the reliable Diego Garcia, the hunter, the rather green scout Abdull, and that fellow from the US Geological Survey, N.B. Forester. Like Lt. Porter, this is part of our working agreement with the Americans.

We will depart once all final arrangements have been made.

On another point of interest, I find it quite telling that the GPE has not acknowledged or denied our report on Comrades Mo, Larry, and Curly. I believe their silence in this matter and the internal bickering between Comrade Stalin and Comrade Trotsky are a red herring. I am convinced even more that the "Communist Stooges" are in charge of the GPE. I even have intelligence reports that indicate they were the ones to send Comrade Stalin on his "vacation" and they were much taken aback when they realized that they had purchased a round trip ticket instead of a one-way ticket. The incompetence of the GPE knows no bounds. Remember, it is they who failed repeatedly to kill Casimir the Great! He fell a hero fighting a great beast

in the Wilds of Jimland, not to some slinking GPE assassin! We are performing a few "modifications" to our steamer just in case we encounter the GPE at sea.

Further reports will follow.

Regards

LT. Stanislaw Dombrowski
Military Attache', Polish Home Army
Vistula Villa
Jimville, Jimland

End letter.

Report 146 - YET ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Date: 2003-07-15

YET ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION.

Against all evidence to the contrary, it appears the members of the Glorious Peoples Expedition can read, witness their response to the Dombrowski letter published in our previous issue.

Begin letter.

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief Guy,

The Politburo wishes to refute the confused & contemptible allegations by the Ponatowski gangsters regarding these mysterious "stooges" from Hollywood. We need to clarify a few things for the Ponatowski Expedition, as we understand that neither geography nor much of anything useful is taught in Polish schools.

1. Hollywood is in California. California is in the United States. The United States and its representatives in Jimland have openly allied with and supported the Ponatowski Gangster Expedition. If these ganglords dare to refute this, one need only refer to past issues of the Herald to determine the truth. Surely, Mr. Ponatowski, you don't doubt the veracity of the Herald's reports?

2. In Chapter 22 of the JCM (Jimland Communist Manifesto - a signed copy has been sent free of charge to the Editor-In-Chief of the Herald), it states that all Americans are to be shot on site (that is, Jimland) & on sight. America is the most hated enemy of socialists everywhere. Any foreigner who speaks English with an American accent is also to be executed as is clearly stated on page 512. These "stooges" are American actors, though we suspect that their behaviors reflect Polish ancestry. Comrade Stalin has joked that should these "actors" ever visit Jimland, they would, "have the lifespan of a Trotsky."

3. Although it is impossible to deny the inevitability of a communist takeover in California, this will take time. The party is currently establishing the seeds of socialism on America's "left coast." We predict that it will take to the latter part of the 20th century before we have control of the film industry and bring folks like Barbara Boxer and Governor Davis to power. The citizens of California have much to look forward to.

4. Comrade Stalin has stated on many occasions that the Politburo, the People's Representatives, have been given the honor and duty of making decisions that will benefit the GPE and ultimately the people of Jimland. The Politburo consists of the expedition members of the GPE. If the Ponatowski Expedition is unable to determine the names of the Politburo, this probably indicates a low literacy rate amongst that expedition. The names of the Politburo members have been posted on poles (no pun intended) and post offices throughout Jimland for all to see and "read." [We especially like the number below the picture for easy reference. - Ed.]

5. The Politburo received the steamer at a secret location. The fine vessel has been named the "Lenin" in honor of our recently deceased comrade. Comrade Trotsky has finally "agreed" to lead the expedition to the Secret Islands. He will be accompanied by members of state security for his own protection of course.

With Hopes for a Glorious Future for the Secret Islands,

Comrade Stalin

End letter.

A SIMPLE MISTAKE

With regards to the "signed copy [that] has been sent free of charge to the Editor-In-Chief of the Herald", we must apologize. The gift was ticking when received and the well-trained Herald Staff immediately went to Condition Orange. This, of course, lead to the immediate submersion of the ticking book until the ticking stopped where upon the book was fed through the Herald's Industrial Strength Mulcher. The remains were then fed to the local goat flock. Sadly, we must report several of the goats later exploded in the noonday sun.

Comrade Stalin, please excuse the misunderstanding. Please do not send another copy. We were able to obtain several copies at the Church of Saint James of Jimland. It seems all the hymnals had been replaced with shiny new copies of the Jimland Communist Manifesto. Though we found this stunt rather amusing, the Preacher was a bit upset. He now puts his ugly dog and two daughters with shotguns in the Church each night with orders to shoot anyone entering after he locks the door. Or was it his two ugly daughters and a dog with a shotgun. It was confusing. Anyway, the dog whines all night.

Report 147 - THE EVIL MENACE OF THE RED FEZ.

Date: 2003-07-16

THE EVIL MENACE OF THE RED FEZ.

Having received an overwhelming response to our issue on the Evil Geniuses taking refuge in the Secret Islands, we offer this report on the Evil Menace of the Red Fez.

THE RED FEZ.

First, let us report that the mad menace called the Red Fez has no other known name. Strange, but True. Yes there are many Fezs listed in the Jimville Directory Just Case Someone Invents The Telephone. However, it is also readily found none of them have a first name of Red. There is a Green, a Blackie, and a mysterious R., who it turns out, was an very old hard of hearing woman. The R stood for Rose. But no Red. How weird is this, Dear Reader? Moving on.

The Red Fez is a sophisticated man. His grooming is impeccable. He is always freshly pressed and buffed to a high gloss shine whether blowing up banks and bridges or ambushing the Sultan's Troops. His immaculate white suits remain that way throughout savage fighting and the following sacrificial butchery of any live hostages.

The Red Fez specializes in Terror, Death, and tan to die for. His sparkling white teeth dazzle his victims as their death is ordered. The Red Fez is murdering madman who has a large following in the Secret Islands. What his appeal is is unknown. But he does have a large and well-armed following of some of the roughest rogues in Jimland.

Several time the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the United States Marines, and recently the Legion, have been sent packing by the Red Fez and his cutthroats. What the Red Fez is after is unknown. All is known is that to find the Red Fez is to die. Slowly. Painfully.

The Red Fez sends his men throughout Jimland to murder, rob, and steal. They are available for hire at reasonable rates. The Red Fez will burn your neighbor's farm to the ground, or slaughter his cattle. Need a small war started; the Red Fez is your man. The only thing they won't do is go into the Church of Saint James of Jimland after the Preacher's less than lovely daughters.

It is rumored the Red Fez is Cap'n Jack's Evil Twin. The Cap'n adamantly denies this saying, "I'm the damn evil one." We didn't argue.

The Red Fez is said to have several bases in the Secret Islands. It is also said the Everyone Leaves Him Alone. Professor Fate once challenged The Red Fez to a duel over some perceived slight. The Red Fez sent all of Fate's messengers back over the course of several weeks in many pieces. Fate quietly dropped the whole idea and took to building small-scale mutant minnie-Fezs. These he then gleefully blew up while dancing around like a madman. No kidding, Dear Reader.

Report 148 - SHARIF'S PALACE FOUND EMPTY.

Date: 2003-07-17

SHARIF'S PALACE FOUND EMPTY.

An astounding discovery was made today when the Herald's delivery boy went to the Sharif's Palace for the usual morning delivery.

The Sharif's Palace was empty.

By empty we mean no people, no furniture, no nothing. Only scraps of paper blowing in the gentle morning breeze. Word spread like wildfire.

It was quickly found that all the Sharif's Russian Allies were also gone. No surprise there. But which was cause and which was effect? Gentle Reader, there are many questions left unanswered.

No Sharif. That now raises the question of where is the Sultan? Did he somehow force Sharif and his Allies to quietly leave in the night? Or are other forces at work?

All day the Citizens of Jimville wandered through the echoing halls of the Palace. No one had any idea where the Sharif has gone. A Herald exit poll of the Palace visitors found that 50% were glad the Sharif was gone, 50% were not sorry he was gone, and 100% did not know where he went, and 100% didn't care, 134% did not want him to return.

The various Ambassadors paddled across the River Jim and strolled about Palace along with the Citizens of Jimville. As a whole they had no clue where the Sharif has gone, nor did they have any idea he was leaving. The British Ambassador noted that the Treasury Vault was empty and even the Silver and the China were gone. To this observation he added this remark, "Thorough chap, at least."

Jimville is quiet except for the raucous party being held at the Jimville House of Girls and Casino. The Ambassadors have decided to take it in turn to supply troops to act as the local police force until either the Sharif returns, the Sultan returns, or another "suitable" figure is found in the local political arena to head a new government.

Like you, Dear Reader, we await events even as we enjoy the feeling of peace and quiet that has fallen over Jimville. We will report any developments as soon as they occur or possibly before.

Report 149 - CONSTANCE DULLCOTE RESCUED!

Date: 2003-07-19

CONSTANCE DULLCOTE RESCUED!

Constance Dullcote has been safely returned to the arms of her Anxious Husband Norton Dullcote. Much to the chagrin of the other rescue Expeditions it was the Glorious Peoples Expedition that found and safely returned Constance. Short reports on all Expeditions follow. The reports are somewhat sketchy as the news of Constance's rescue distracted our reporters.

GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION

They steamed to the Secret Islands. They landed. They were immediately attacked by strange "dogmen". They marched on. Animals attacked. They marched on. They found a Holy Relic. They marched on. They fought their way through a large and angry Tribal force to rescue Constance. [No one at the Herald thought these ninnies had a chance. Maybe this Trotsky guy is just the Leader the GPE needed? - Ed.]

They marched on. They discovered a new insect species. They got lost. They marched on. They returned to Jimville much depleted in number. They didn't even stop to mourn their lost Explorer Comrades. They handed Constance over to Norton Dullcote only AFTER he handed them the reward in cash. They distributed leaflets. They boarded their steamer and left town.

Constance and Norton walked arm in arm back to the Empress.

GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION 2

It is rumored they went back to the Secret Islands to fulfill some agenda of their own, but we have only the slimmest of reports. They landed. They fought some "dogmen". They left. What they were up to only they know.

PONATOWSKI EXPEDITION

They steamed to the Secret Islands. They landed. They were attacked by "dogmen". [Do these "dogmen" own the Secret Islands? - Ed.] Casualties were heavy. They marched on. They marched into some mountains. They had trade goods stolen. They marched on. They were ambushed by Tribals. They marched on. They discovered a lake. They marched on. They were attacked by Pygmies while in the mountains. They got lost in the mountains. They marched on. They straggled back to their boat and returned to Jimville.

It is reliably reported that the Leader, Stanislaw Dombrowski, threw a tantrum when he learned the GPE had rescued Constance Dullcote. We can report this is not true. He did not throw a tantrum. He threw our reporter. Out a second story window. The man has no social grace.

MACFRASER EXPEDITION

They steamed to the Secret Islands. Proving the theory "you can't play the pipes and steer the boat", they hit a reef, lost men overboard, and were forced to land for repairs. While the repairs were being effected, the rest formed up and marched inland. Well sort of. Torrential rains stopped them before they got started. They dried out. They marched on. They discovered a new species of big cat. They marched on. They found mountains. Heat

brought them to a halt. "Lizardmen" attacked. They marched on. Natives ambushed them. They marched on. They discovered a new Dinosaur species. They returned to Jimville.

AL THE MARAUDER'S EXPEDITION

They steamed to the Secret Islands. They landed. Heavy Fog stopped any further marching. Finally they marched on, right into mountains. Big Al could be heard bitching all the way. Pygmies attacked. They marched on. Natives attacked. They marched on. "Skeletons" attacked. [Yeah right. - Ed.] They marched on. Tribals attacked. They marched on. Tribals attacked. [Is there a pattern here? - Ed.] Exhausted and much fewer in numbers, they finally returned to Jimville.

TEDDY'S ROUGH RIDER RESERVES

They steamed to the Secret Islands. They landed. They found a deserted village. They marched on. They discovered a new species of Flying Dinosaur. They marched on. Rockslides in the Mountains swept Expedition members away. They marched on. They marched some more swatting flies and swearing up a storm the whole way. They stumbled across a very ancient Temple. Upon a closer approach to the Temple they were attacked by Lots of Tribals defending their Sacred Temple. A T-Rex appeared. Things started to get ugly. They ran off the Tribals. To their relief the T-Rex grew bored eating people and wandered off. They returned to their boat and steamed back to Jimville.

SWINDELL EXPEDITION

It is rumored they went to the Secret Islands and were beset with all manner of difficulties. Another rumor is that they found some weird Temple place where the stone columns came to life. [Yeah right. - Ed.] They returned to Jimville but refused to talk to anyone.

COLEMAN EXPEDITION

It is rumored they went to the Secret Islands. No one has seen or heard from them since. Shades of the "Lost Expedition of Shope."

Report 150 - IN HIS OWN WORDS, GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION REPORT 8.
Date: 2003-07-22

IN HIS OWN WORDS, GLORIOUS PEOPLES EXPEDITION REPORT 8.

Dear Comrade Editor-In-Chief,

It pleased the Politburo to no end to hear that the Polish butcher Dombrowski was infuriated at the GPE's success. Perhaps he will finally understand the historical inevitability of capitalism's demise. Whether it requires indoctrinating the locals or eliminating the yokels, all of Jimland will someday be under our enlightened guidance.

Along with our noted successes, we must sadly report the loss of two brave comrades and related injuries from the expedition. What follows is a summary of our glorious expeditions:

Expedition 1: The steamship "Lenin" approached Island "6" without any mishaps. Comrade Trotsky chose to land at the mouth of a river. Once upon dry land, we were attacked by a pack of dogmen. Perhaps these creatures were the creation of the mysterious Professor Fate, but no evidence was found to support this possibility.

After slaughtering the beasts, we proceeded inland into the mountains. There we were attacked by mountain lions. Sadly, two bearers and an Askari became catfood. While attempting to find a way through the mountains, our scout discovered a billowing volcano in to the southeast. This was to prove to be the volcano we were looking for.

We approached cautiously and our caution proved warranted. Not only was Dullcote being prepared for sacrifice and guarded by a dozen frenzied tribals, we were convinced that the temple she was standing on would not be able to sustain her excessive weight. Realizing there was little time, we had to throw caution into the wind. After one volley, we charged the tribals and fought hand to hand. Meanwhile, one of our hired soldiers was being eaten by a large spider. The tribals were soon defeated and we freed Mrs. Dullcote, but Comrade Suslov, a recent recruit and skilled hunter, was killed. Comrade Andropov suffered a severe hernia when he was instructed to carry the dehydrated and distraught Mrs. Dullcote. He is currently recuperating at a jungle health clinic paid for from GPE donations. (Get Well cards can be sent to the Herald; we'll make arrangements to pick them up).

After freeing Mrs. Dullcote, Comrade Trotsky ordered the party quickly back through the mountains to the waiting "Lenin". Unfortunately, this took a bit longer than expected as our scout wasn't up to the task. Comrade Dzerzinsky, our scout, fell victim to heat stroke within a few short miles of the "Lenin". Wodka was discovered in his drinking canteen. This may have been understandable in his native Siberia, but the sweltering jungles of Jimland have no mercy for such indiscretions.

From our landing point, we steamed swiftly back to Jimville to the awaiting Mr. Dullcote. We could not fully trust this industrialist, so the reward had

to be provided before releasing our "guest." We were pleased that Mr. Dullcote was true to his word. It would have been unfortunate to make such efforts only to have to shoot them both.

Regarding Comrade Trotsky: although his exploits improved the GPE's standing immensely among the populace, he has not proven himself sufficiently to the higher standards of the Party. Comrade Stalin continues to suspect Trotsky's motives. As Comrade Stalin aptly put it, "When Comrade Trotsky willingly sacrifices his life for the good of the GPE, then and only then will my suspicions lessen."

Expedition 2: This expedition, expertly led by Comrade Stalin, diverted from its original destination in the Wilds to return to "mop up" island 6. This proved to be an uneventful expedition as only four map hexes were explored and only one encounter (with more dogmen) was fought. There were no casualties of significance to report.

None of the dreaded evil-geniuses were seen by the GPE expeditions although several new creatures were discovered. Comrade Stalin announced that a percentage of the reward money would be used for the following:

1. Build a drug rehab center in Jimville to counter the efforts of the MacFraser expedition
2. Anger management classes for Dombrowski
3. Condolences and flowers (red carnations, of course) to the families of the "Lost Coleman Expedition"
4. Psychotherapy for the entire Swindell expedition to help remedy the fear of "Greek Ruins."
5. Nothing for the Al the Marauder Expedition. Any penny spent on this lot is a penny lost.

With hope for a glorious future for Jimland (with few rule changes),

Comrade Stalin
Friend of the People