

New Testament - Book Three

And So There Came A Time when the Bird looked upon the land of the Lemon and was pleased, for the Children of the Bird were gathered together unto the Arena which men called Amphetamine, it being a Place of great Power, and Speed; and Badminton was thick in the Land. And the Bird gazed upon the newborn Flock and saw that it was good, and his Fancy was tickled. But in its wisdom the Bird saw far more, for its vision was 20/20 but was measured in light years, and could read the Writing on the Wall just above the backcourt line where it was written.

*As sure as a gerbil
will pleasure Jim Simmons
The Tourney must move
from the Land of the Lemon.*

And the Bird looked about him and saw that it was so, for the Arena was fast but short and narrow; and it was enclosed within Walls of wood and brick and steel which did bear the stains born of back court lob returns and interrupted backhands, and the skin which had once covered knuckles. And there was too little space for spectators, and it was hard to get to, so that even these first few Faithful, the Founders of the Flock, could scarcely find room to fall down. What then of the Multitudes to come? Thus the Bird in its relative omniscience foresaw the inevitable Swelling of the participants, for they were glad to see each other though some had pocketed shuttlecocks. And thus the Bird spake unto the first of the Flock, "HARK"; and then with a cleared throat said "Thou shalt be led from the Land of the Lemon and delivered unto the Promised Land, which is vast and green; and there shalt be room for thy children, and thy children's children; and several nets and a couple kegs, and maybe some tables and lawn chairs. And it shall never be

turned into a beauty salon." Alas the Words of the Bird were not heard by the Founders of the Flock, for they had partaken of the Sacred Lager which doth dim the senses, and of other venerable and controlled substances, so that the minds of them were slaked and their associations loosened like unto the sphincter of a flatulent Hedgehog. Still the Bird had spoken, and all that was spoken came to pass. Thus came the Children of the Bird to Presidio, whence there was heard the sounds of slaking and gnashing of teeth.