

Fattywiggins
and the
Caresso-Pigs
in
Oz

By MARCH LAUMER

(uncompleted fragment & notes)



Fattywiggins and the Cresso-Pigs in Oz
(fragment)

Copyright © by March Laumer

Her rear bicycle tire exploded before she got to Margate. "Oh, heavens!" said Fattywiggins. "Now I shall never get to Grandmother's house before dark! and she was expecting me to be there in time for dinner."

The young girl leant her bicycle against the wall of a building and walked along the cobblestone street in search of a call box. "I must phone Grandma," she said to herself. "She will be frightfully worried if I do not arrive in time."

Fattywiggins was quite familiar with the street. She had traveled this way many times in her nine and a half years and could make the journey from Sandwich with her eyes closed. Yet Fattywiggins was an intelligent girl and would never, in fact, attempt such a thing, at least not on a bike.

She reached the telephone box and deposited the proper coin. As she dialed she thought about what she wanted to say. "How can I explain this to Grandmother?" said the young person, who, incidentally, was noted for her interior monologues. "She'll be displeased." When her grandmother picked up the phone young Fattyw was in the midst of one such soliloquy.

"Dear Fattywiggins," said the lady, "I do wish you would get over the habit of talking to yourself."

"I'm sorry, Grams," came the reply. "I phoned to tell you that my bicycle has got a flat tire. I couldn't possibly get to you before dark—and I was so looking forward to your rhubarb pies."

"My dear," said the old lady, "why don't you go and wait at Mr. Scott's? Andy Ikens was headed that way when he left here a short time ago. He was pleased when I said you were coming. I'm sure he would be happy to give you a lift."

"That would be lovely!" answered the girl—who was ruler of Teentyweent in her own right.

"Fine," said her grandmother. "Ask him to come in and visit with us again."

"It will be good to see Andy," said Fattyw after hanging up. "I've always enjoyed his company very much. Perhaps I can persuade him to tell one of his whimsical stories!"

Fattywiggins went to the stores and looked around for Andy's automobile outside. She had just spotted it when Mr. Ikens came out of the Whale and Washboard and waved to her.

"Fancy meeting you here," said he.

"Would you mind giving me a lift to Margate?" asked the girl abruptly.

"I would be most honored," replied the man floridly. Such was his way. "Get into my carriage and together we shall drive off into the sunset!"

"Margate's north," said Fattyw succinctly. Nevertheless she immediately entered the roadster. She asked if Andy would be willing to stop and retrieve her bicycle. She explained that she had had a little fietspech on the way. Fattywiggins always spoke in Dutch when it concerned bicycles.

Once they had fetched the wheel and were prepared to travel the road to Margate Fattyw told how grateful she was that he had been there to help her.

"It is always best to be ready for anything that comes along," pontificated Andy, though what he meant I'm sure I don't know.

After that there was silence for a time until, as they passed a white-barred gate that stood ajar, two pigs suddenly dashed out into the road. They were brother and sister.

Andy swerved sharply and nearly missed them. The incident seemed to set both tongues wagging. As they drove on, Andy Ikens said, "Do you ever hear from the caresso-pigs?"

"Oh, I've *longed* to hear from them!" cried Fattywiggins all aglow. "It's been such ages. I know they're still at Blue Hayes. Constantly I recall the old happy days at Silver Street. I remember, too, reluctantly, the terrible time on Thunder Mountain—and the trip in the belly of the whale—and the golden journey to Samarkand they planned... Do you think they will ever find it?" she asked.

"I wonder," mused Andy. "And so: they haven't been in touch?"

"No, alas, I never got a letter. I suspect it's because they never learnt to write."

"They could wire," suggested Andy reasonably.

"I suppose they could," said Fattyw pensively. "The pigs were always good at wiring, especially Biff... oddly enough. Wee never did get to be able to wire properly."

"Funny you should say that," rejoined Andy. "'Twas only the other day Mrs. Onoba asked me to run her to the postmistress' because she intended to wire."

Fattywiggins' silvery laughter rang out startlingly on the grey afternoon air. "Oh, I didn't mean 'we' couldn't. I meant *Wee* couldn't!"

"Wherein lies the difference?"

"Wee was the smallest of the right-hand pigs!" reminded the girl. "You haven't forgotten?"

"How could I? Mark, Homer, Biff, Nillnul and Wee," recited the driver easily. "It's just that when you talk of him—or 'it', rather, wasn't it?—in the past tense it gets ambiguous."

"—And if you asked me who the bride and groom-to-be was, I'd say Wee was'," sang Miss Fattywiggins, quoting.

"Exactly!" agreed Andy. "Or rather, no!—on two counts," he corrected. "With the verb 'to be' you *can* differentiate in the past tense."

With the like persiflage the two fled the time until the old Reo drew up in front of a creeper-covered cottage sitting back from the beach at Marswinewunder-Margate. As Andy took down the wounded-wheeled bicycle from the luggage rack the cottage door opened and Mrs. Onoba appeared, waving a piece of paper.

"Wig!" she cried, "and Mr. Ikens too. Do hurry. It's a telegram! The boy just this minute brought it."

Fattywiggins hastened toward her grandmother and after the briefest of pecks to her cheek tore open the envelope. Then she started back, throwing out a hand to clutch for support. The other went to her brow still holding the wire, which dangled uninformatively.

"Oh, gracious," cried Grandmother Onoba. "Whatever does it say?"

"Read it," commanded the distracted girl. "Read it, by all means."

In point of fact it was the faithful Andrew Ikens who took the telegram from its trembling support and smoothed it out on the hall table indoors. "'Situations desperate'," he read, "'come at once. Signed, Caessos'."

"I hope she has received our wire," said Biff gruffly—but you could tell he was worried. "It's so chancey sending a telegram out into the great world."

"D'you think she'll come?" asked Nilnull.

"Of course she'll come," came the reply, "provided she gets our message."

"But can she help us?" inserted Beenie, as she walked toward the two.

"It won't be easy," replied Biff. "But Fattywiggins is very clever. With her brains and my strength, I'm sure we can accomplish anything!"

"But the Nocregannes have such power!" said Beenie with a shudder. "And the Blickabyer has already begun to deteriorate!"

"Oh! I'm sure Miss Fatty will find a way to save the Blikabyer," said Lazloads drowsily. He had been dozing on the floor and had just woken up and heard a bit of the conversation. "Besides," continued Lazloads, "it has stood for all these years, and I think that it will take more than a few Nocregannes to destroy it. By the way, is there any cold pease porridge left?"

"How can you think of eating at a time like this?" chided Mark, getting into the discussion. "This is very serious business! We must do all we can to stop those awful Nocregannes before it's too late! Just think, we could get our names in history books!"

"If only we had control of the Althame of Comtegal, we could have prevented the Nocregannes from ever passing over into our world," said Beenie. "How I wish we knew what became of the ancient talisman!"

A silence fell over the homesty on Silver Street.

"How long's it been now since you sent the wire, Biff?" asked Nilnull at last.

"It seems like an eternity," came the reply, "but has really only been four days."

"How long," said Nilnull, "can the Blikabyer hold out?"

Nilnull had enunciated the question that weighed on the minds of all the residents of the community at Blue Hayeslever since the days the Nocregannes had begun to make their presence felt. The answer, sadly, *was* yet to be found.

• • •

"Oh, Andy!" sobbed Fattywiggins. "Oh, Grandmother! We've got to get to them! Something awful has happened, I just know it!"

"Yes," agreed Andy. "It does say 'situation desperate' on the telegram!"

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Onoba, "I do hope the poor dears are all right! How long ago was the wire sent?"

"It is dated three days ago," replied the man.

"So much can happen in three days!" said Fatty. "Can we go right away?"

"It is quite a journey to Blue Hayes," said Andrew. "That land isn't on any map or globe. Only a handful of people know of its existence, and but a few of them know of its mystery. Should we become lost in the dark, we would never be able to find our way, so I think it best to start in the morning."

"A sensible thought," said the grandmother. "But Fatty, you must phone your parents immediately so they will not be worried about you."

"Yes, Grandmother," said Fattywiggins as she went to the phone. When the girl had left the room, Mrs. Onoba turned to Mr. Ikens. "What *do* you suppose has happened to the Caresso Pigs?" asked she.

"I'm afraid to wonder," replied Andy. "I hope this rejuvenescence hasn't worn off. An-

other journey to Samarkand might prove too much for young Wiggins."

When Fatty returned, having made her phone call, she sat down on an overstuffed chair that stood in the corner of the room. "I keep thinking about dear Suze and Geo," spoke the girl. "I hope nothing dreadful has befallen them. And little Twee, she was so brave when we made our escape from Thunder Mountain."

"Yes," said Andy, needling. "You might not have made it without her."

"Do let me put on a pot of tea," said Grandmother Onoba. "I can see this will be a long night. We shall need to make plans for your trip." The little woman went to the kitchen to put the kettle on. Andy Ikens sat down at the table and took his notepad from his pocket. He began to jot down a list of things he felt would be needed on the trip.

By the time morning rolled around, all preparations had been made, and the journey to Blue Hayes began.

Mrs. Onoba went with Andy and Fattywiggins as far as they could go by car. The way to the magical land began on a lovely flowery lane—perhaps the most enchanting road in Europe. It is surprising that more people never traveled the lane, but it is so that only a select few know what lies at the other end. Once the road comes to its stopping point, a tiny footpath leads through the trees and shrubbery into the enchanted—and enchanting—land of Blue Hayes.

Once they had come upon the footpath, the gentle old woman wished the others luck on their undertaking. She was sorry she could not make the trip with them. 'If only I were a few years younger. Perhaps, some day, if the mountain is ever located,' thought she.

The two set off on their hike, and Mrs. Onoba drove the automobile back to Mr. Ikens' place. By the time she had returned home by train, it was already late in the afternoon.

• • •

"Are you real certain I can't go further with you?" asked Andy Ikens. Though their ages were so different and they weren't kin, he felt a certain identification with everything that pertained to the bubbly young girl whose flames of divine appreciation burned so brightly. He wanted dearly to be able to protect her and yet he had lived to learn she, in her own way, was stronger than he.

"No, Mr. Ikens," said Fatty, "from here on I must go alone." she laid her hand on the stone gate post. "See what it says: 'Admission by appointment only.' I was awfully lucky to be appointed—and they said they'll be no more for three years."

Andy Ikens could not keep the anxiety out of his eyes and voice. "All right," he said, spreading the plaid on a bit of flowery turf. "Four hours, isn't it? If I don't see you come out in that time I'll know you made it all right."

"That's right. Really. I feel awfully guilty," said the young girl, "making you wait so. Normally I shouldn't have minded but the wire did say 'desperate.' I can't *think* what might have happened... now, you've noticed my gloves—and hat!" Nervously she snatched from her head of little tight curls the shaped straw with the blue plush band. "If anything should happen, look for the hat. I'll try to poke a tree twig through it... and my shoes. One of them might be the only trace. I hope there won't be a foot in it!"

"Please, Miss Fatty," cried Ikens, shocked. "I can't stand it when you joke about things like that."

But the interview was getting dangerously near the line of sentimentality and Fattywiggins hastened to break it off. "I'll feel more comfortable if you don't look," she instructed and began to climb over the gate.

The faithful mechanic averted his eyes as Fatty's petticoat came into view but could not prevent his eyes from seeing the little figure in the blue coat as it moved off along the narrow leaf-choked lane. It ran straight for a space and then just before Fattywiggins disappeared around a bend she—disappeared!

Mr. Ikens had to sit down suddenly. Though he had been told how it might be he was unprepared for the shock. but that was the worst. As the minutes passed without a scream and then the hours without a call ("as if from far off, so terribly far off," Fattywiggins had said it would be) he breathed more easily and presently got out his sandwiches and the thermos and got quite absorbed in his *Soccer Forum*. At 7 o'clock he gathered up the plaid and went back to the hotel where they had stopped to book him in. Nex day he too was at Margate.

T H I R D C H A P T E R

The journey through the time warp was as terrible for Fattywiggins and as thrilling as the last time. Like the first it took forever—and was over in a moment. She remembered not to make a sound. The merest murmur would carry through to Mr. Ikens as a scream; later the merest scream would seem a sigh—and anyway by then it would be too late.

She had only her thoughts to keep her company—and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. She seemed to have time to bring back every memory that had ever been—and even in nine and a half years a lot of memories could be pulled up. Most of all she remembered Silver Street: the old house of straw that looked as ancient as its ancient Roman name. The lazy days and warm shady country twilights. The high soft laughter from the markets. The golden warmth and security of those days. How her heart ached to recall it—lest it should all be gone now. Her mind passed back to older and even other memories: to Mark's face under the blue lamp and Biff's first stay at Balmoral, to Cleo coming in through a doorway and Nilnul dreamily awaiting the cooks at Kensington, to a grand old repeater watch of the grandfathers and the old king's turkey-cock—to the same friendly flowers of spring and summer, and the trees and grass of Blue Hayes. Oh, will they ever find it?" she asked again. Suddenly, Fattywiggins felt the tumultuous sensation of the Time Warp subside. She could see nothing, for all was in darkness about her. She was made curious by the blackness, as she knew it never became dark in Blue Hayes. It always remained a hazy blue, even in the deepest night. "Oh! What can have happened?" said Fattywiggins.

Slowly, she tried to stand up. As she did so, she realized that she could faintly see the outline of a window a few yards from where she stood. A candle flickered within the window.

The Young girl walked toward the light. When she had got a bit closer, she recognized the familiar stone structure as the home of the Caresso Pigs. She went to the engraved oak door at the front of the building, and felt around in the darkness for the knocker. The knocker was a gaudy brass shaped like a pig with a ring in its nose—the ring being the 'knocker' part. She gave three cautious raps—the secret signal that it was her at the door. She was greeted by Biff, who seemed very relaxed to see her.

"I knew you'd come!" said Biff. "Please come in! We have much to discuss!"

"Fattywiggins!" shouted Nilnul excitedly. "You got the wire!" The pig staggered over to receive a friendly pat on the head.

"How was your trip?" asked Cleo. "Was it difficult?"

"How long did it take you to get here?" asked Wee.

"Have you missed us nearly as much as we've missed you?" put in Twee.

"Did you bring any roast duck and raisin pudding with you?" burped Lazloads.

"Why don't you have—" began Beenie.

"Please!" interrupted Fatty with a laugh. "One at a time!"

"Have a seat," said Biff, directing her to the navy-blue recliner in the center of the room. "We must talk."

Fattywiggins could sense the soberness in Biff's words, and walked directly to the seat and prepared to listen to what the pigs had to say. "As you've probably noticed," began Biff's explanation, "it has become very dark. It has never been dark in Blue Hayes in all living memory."

"Back home in Sandwich," said the girl, "it gets dark every evening, and it doesn't upset

anyone."

"That," voiced Mark, "is because it's natural out in the great world."

"Yes," said Suze, "but it isn't proper for us here!"

"Are you afraid of the dark?" asked Fattyw.

"I'm not afraid of *anything*!" announced Biff. "I can stand up to anything that comes along! Why, if one of those Nocregannes tried to come in my room I'd show him!"

"Look!" said Lazloads. "A twelve-legged spider!"

"Where?" exclaimed Biff, jumping into Fatty's lap. "Make it go away!"

All the Caressos began to laugh. Biff looked so comical scanning the floor in anxiety for the spider.

"Whatever is a Norregane?" asked Miss Wiggins.

"That is what we're trying to tell you," explained Homer. "It is the horrible thing that has threatened the happiness of our happy home."

"That's what has made it so dark," added Wee.

"Yes, yes," said the girl. "But what exactly *is* it?"

"No one has ever seen a Norregane," remarked Mark. "It is uncertain exactly what they are. They could be people, or they may be merely a shift of wind currents."

"Tell her about Comtegal!" said Wee.

"Comtegal?" ejaculated Suze. "That's just a silly children's fairy tale."

"It has been my experience," said Fattywiggins, "that often the greatest truths can be hidden in children's stories. What is a Comtegal?"

"Comtegal," said Wee, "is a magical being. He was able, by means of an amazing ritual, to put down the forces of the Nocregannes."

"I see," said the girl. "Are the Nocregannes, then, some sort of witches or something?"

"According to the story," replied Wee, "they are a type of mist wraith."

"Oh, be serious!" said Nilnull. "Who could ever miss a wraith?"

"These mist wraiths," continued Wee, "get pleasure out of blending with the haze and making things go opposite to the way Nature intended."

"Yes," spoke up Homer. "So what is light becomes dark, and what's sweet becomes sour! It is most annoying! Chocolate tastes like castor oil!"

"It has only now begun to happen," said Cleo. "But slowly everything will become its own opposite. And only the Blikabyer stands between us and the Nocregannes!"

"The Blikabyer?" echoed Fatty. "What is the Blikabyer?"

"That," said Twee, "is the name given to the adobe tower that stands in the center of Blue Hayes. It is said that the fabled Comtegal performed his greatest magic in the topmost room of that tower. Only this, the sorcerer's final spell before his disappearance, has held back the mist wraiths. Now, the ancient building begins to crumble. Soon its foundation may completely give way. At such time, the Nocregannes will be completely free to turn everything topsy-turvy!"

"What can be done to stop them?" asked Fatty.

"Actually," answered Twee, "we were hoping you could tell us!"

A silence fell over the room. The tension was such that one could have heard a pin drop. This silence lasted for nearly twenty-seven seconds, when it was broken by a sniffle from little Wee, who had begun to cry.

Fattyw went to it at once and soothed its sobs. "Now, darling, now, darling," crooned Fattyw, of whom Wee was the favorite among the pigs. Wee was the most piglike of the

litter—and in some ways, Fattyw often thought, the least. Certainly Wee’s thought processes were the least swineish of the ten. Also its appearance was more like that of a little round baby than that of any other pig living.

When Wee’s sniffles had subsided, it suddenly said brightly, “I think we ought to refuge south while there is yet time.”

A babble of protesting voices broke out, some siding with Biff, others taking up the case for Wee’s suggestion. Finally they laid the question before Fattywiggins, their lord (she was even called in sometimes in emergencies to be their private). She, meanwhile, was all at sixes and sevens. She was accustomed to guiding the pigs in their quandaries but always before she had *known* what their quandaries *were* and could hand down an impartial judgment. This time, until she found out exactly what a Nocreganne was, she couldn’t begin to advise them.

“We have told you,” said Mark, “all that is known about the Nocregannes. All else is shrouded in mystery. Even this that we have told you is based upon a child’s nursery tale. If you cannot advise us of what to do on the basis of all the known facts, will you then help us to refugee from Blue Hayes?”

“I am so sorry,” said Fatty, tears welling in her eyes. “I wish there was a simple answer.”

“No answer is simple,” said Nillnul.

“I want to stay here!” protested Biff. “I like Silver Street!”

“I want some mashed potatoes,” blurted Lazlodes.

“Biff is so right!” voiced Homer. “We really should stay at Silver Street. This is the place where we were born and grew up—well, fortunately we managed to avoid the latter. But this is home! We belong here and no where else!”

“Don’t listen to him!” squeaked Wee. “He gets homesick just going from one thought to another!”

“It is truly the safest choice to get out of here before the Adobe Tower falls,” reasoned Mark. “We must be gone before those awful Nocregannes begin turning pigs into pokes!”

“I don’t want to be a poke!” cried Wee.

“Neither do I!” put in Beenie. “They get yellow at night!”

“You’re already yellow!” said Biff. “But I’m not afraid!”

“Maybe the Nocregannes won’t bother us if we stay indoors,” suggested Homer.

“And maybe,” added Twee, “they’ll even let us come out sometimes if we remember to say ‘please?’”

“I don’t believe that!” said Suze. “I think we would be wise to flee!”

“What use is a flea?” yipped Nillnul.

“Silver Street is so romantic!” said Cleo dreamily. “It would be a shame to go away from it all!”

“I think we should handle the situation democratically,” said Fattywiggins at last. “Let us take a vote!”

“Yes!” said Mark. “Let us!”

“Please,” said Fattyw. “Let’s not get sidetracked from the matter at hand. Who votes for staying here to see exactly how powerful the Nocregannes really are?”

Biff quickly raised his trotter. Homer, Twee and Cleo were fast to do likewise. The girl counted the number of votes and asked how many preferred the alternative plan.

Wee immediately began to jump up and down as a means of voicing an opinion. Suze, Mark and Beenie raised their trotters in a dignified manner in agreement with little Wee.

Fattywiggins tallied these votes as well. “Nillnul,” she said. “Why didn’t you vote?”

"I was waiting for the third alternative," explained the pig.

"There are only two ways to go," said the pollster.

"I'm afraid to go anywhere else," replied Nillnul. "What if there is no space for me? I don't like being left out!"

"We'll count that as a vote for the 'stay' side," said Fattyw. "So that means that it is up to Lazlodes."

"I don't care," said Lazlodes with a yawn. "As long as we have plenty of grub, I can get along anywhere!"

"So that means we go!" squealed Wee. "And we won't have to see those Nocregannes!"

"Nocregannes are the Noc-worst!" added Mark.

"How do you figure we're going?" asked Biff. "Our side has five votes, and you're only four! Lazlodes is neutral, so he doesn't count. We aren't going anywhere! At least I'm not! You do as you like, I am staying here. I won't move from this spot!"

So saying, Biff planted his feet firmly on the floor. When the floor boards creaked beneath his weight, he was startled by the sound and rushed over and threw his trotters around Fattywiggins' chubby leg. "L-Let's get out of here!" he stuttered. So the party began to prepare for their voyage. Cleo and Suze spent the next few minutes packing a basket with cheese sandwiches. This basket was to be carried by Fattywiggins. The Caressos had very little in the line of personal possessions, as their needs were few. All of their worldly necessities were easily fit into the basket alongside the sandwiches—and there was still room to pack a generous supply of bagels. Once all was accomplished, they were ready for their departure. The ten pigs marched behind their leader through the front doorway of Number 406 Silver Street, the place that had been their homesty through their entire lives. As he walked through the doorway, Mark turned and regarded the place. "Gone, but not forgotten."

They walked down the street and took a right turn on Swindling Road. The road eventually led off onto the main Styway. From this point there was no turning back.

Fattywiggins was counting her change. She wondered anxiously if she'd have enough to pay all their fares. "Eleven pounds," she said. "Eight quarters, nineteen (she'd been taking lessons from her American cousins and now knew how to mispronounce it as "nineteen" — and also "ninety" — and when she remembered she also said "nineteen-oh-three"), twenty-two, twenty-seven. Eleven pounds twenty-seven. I think I can just manage. Eleven tickets to Mousehole," she said to the station agent.

"The two neuters can travel for half fare," said the agent.

"Oh, well, that's a saving," said Fattywiggins. "Thank you."

All the pigs were carrying rucksacks or Dorothy bags—and walking on their hind legs. They always hid behind the wall of time. Wee's bag contained spinach and Lazlode's huge rucksack was loaded with roast duck and raisin pudding, but all the others' bags were filled with useful things to cover any emergency on the journey. Fattywiggins carried the great hamper with the 221 cheese sandwiches and the Caressos' more personal paraphernalia. And Cleo's curling iron and Twee's vanity case.

"Now that's better," said Fattyw, taking a seat on the platform bench and spreading out her skirts so a few pigs could climb on her for a cuddle. Wee and Twee crept under the bench and promptly fell asleep, while Biff with his well-filled toughness did duty as a footstool. "We have an hour to wait."

"Sing us a song, do," pleaded Suze.

Fattywiggins colored up and pretended she was tone deaf but after a suitable number of entreaties lifted her voice in a flawless *colorabina* and began:

"The year is eighteen ninety-nine, the season early spring.

Our heroine's a pretty girl, who's waiting for the phone to ring..."

When the song was done there was an enthusiastic patter of applause from everyone on the platform and the pigs all squealed in chorus. Then, "Pardon me," said a distinguished older man nearby. "I couldn't help hearing. You're American, aren't you?"

The girl then collected herself and said, flustered (she did *like* distinguished older men), "Oh goodness no. Why ever should you...?"

"But I can't be mistaken," said the man, removing his hat politely. "I made sure... The way you pronounce 'ninety'. No one but an American—"

Fattyw's laughter rang out. "Oh, I see! It's my cousin, Grace Edweena Huckabye! of Prairie Gulch. She's giving me pronunciation lessons by wire. She knows that everyone secretly wants to talk American and so she's correcting some of my worst mistakes. But in fact I'm English."

"How delightful!" said the man. "You see, I'm an American—"

"Oh, are you?!" said Fattyw interestedly.

"—although in fact I say 'niney' in the old-fashioned way. I suppose I was feeling a bit homesick. Then one clutches at straws."

"Don't I know!" chimed in the girl. "I've clutched at straws going out of my mind. On my travels I have grown so rightfully homesick. But tell me, sir, are you catching the eight-two local? —or you'd say 'the eight-oh-two', I suppose...?"

"No, 'eight-two'," confessed the gentleman. "It was at two minutes after eight. Those 'oh's are only for the *writing* convention. Then sometimes in verse people write them also; that's called an 'eye dialect'."

"You seem to know all about it!" laughed Fattyw.

"Perhaps I do—in a small way. I even took a degree in linguistics. But let us talk of you..."

"Oh, let's do! *Please* sit down. We have an hour." Fatty shoved some pigs off the seat to make room beside her.

"If I may introduce myself..." Again the man removed his grey fedora. "Peter P. Delfia—from Bryon Grove."

"Oh, water?"

"No, just the American version. It's a small town in Pennsylvania."

"And I'm Fatia T. Wiggo. It's pronounced 'Veego' in the Scandinavian way—although people do often say 'wig-go' as it's written—and so that's why I'm called 'Fattywiggins'."

"What a charming—and curious—name," admitted Mr. Delfia. "And these are your favorites?"—indicating the pigs.

"'A strange choice of favorites'," scoffed the girl harshly—quoting *Wuthering Heights*. But she had met her equal. "'Surely that are not a heap of dead rabbits'," continued Fattyw, "they *are* my favorites—and my familiars. I couldn't manage without my loving pigs beside me."

"A moment ago I thought I saw you talking to them," stated Mr. Delfia interrogatively.

"Oh, I do! constantly." Fattyw didn't explain that she also got answers from them. She didn't want to waste her valued hour with the distinguished American in trying to explain things he would never believe. Instead she pretended to rummage in the bulging carry-ons.

But that was not a wise move. An item of Twee's personal paraphernalia fell to the bench—and Peter P. Delfia reached to pick it up. "What ever—" began the man, surveying the instrument. "It looks like a tiny mirror..." then caught himself almost in time.

Fattywiggins was blushing furiously. "It is!" she confessed. "It belongs to me." The girl looked about in puzzlement and then recalled that there was a swine dozing under the bench. "Twee is far and away the most feminine of all the pigs. To _____ her femininity she often insists on wearing—er, makeup. But of course it's purely affectation. She would never in our wildest dreams think of having a romantic encounter—no: nor any of the pigs!" Fattyw wanted to get that clear.

"Of course not!" fell in Mr. Delfia. "One would never have imagined it." And he gave a tiny smile of fellow-feeling and co-conspiration.

Then the train came in and they all boarded, Mr. Delfia helping to heap pigs approximately aboard—actually they could run up on their hind legs, grasp their reticules in startlingly prehensile trotters, and very well board on their own, thank you. But that's the curiousness of 'magic' travel—and behavior in general: Fatty and her friends were performing in the "real" world to all appearances and so whatever the pigs did: talk, carry things, rescue friends from runaway freight trains, etc.; it all *looked* perfectly normal to the uninitiated and nobody ever said, "Why that pig just solved a problem in calculus!"

Working (incomplete) Time chart used by March Laumer with updates by Morton Walter

Oz books by year of copyright... or Ascription:

1899, 1900: Wizard of Oz	1933: Ojo in Oz
1904: Marvelous Land of Oz	1934: Speedy in Oz
1907: Ozma of Oz	1935: The Wishing Horse of Oz
1908: Dorothy & The Wizard in Oz	1936: Captain Salt in Oz
1908: Fairy Queen in Oz	1937: Handy Mandy in Oz
1909: The Road to Oz (takes place in 1907)	1938: The Silver Princess in Oz
1910: The Emerald City of Oz	1939: Ozoplaning with the Wizard of Oz
1911: Uncle Henry & Aunt Em in Oz	1940: The Wonder City of Oz
1912: The Careless Kangaroo of Oz	1941: Scalawagons of Oz
1913: The China Dog in Oz	1942: Lucky Bucky in Oz
1913: The Patchwork Girl of Oz	1942: Charmed Gardens of Oz
1914: Tik-Tok of Oz	1943: The Vegetable Man of Oz
1915: The Scarecrow of Oz	1944: The Magic Mirror of Oz
1916: Rinkitink in Oz	1945: The Woozy of Oz
1916: The Crown of Oz	1946: Magical Mimics in Oz
1917: The Lost Princess of Oz	1947: The Frogman of Oz
1918: The Tin Woodman of Oz	1949: The Shaggy Man of Oz
1919: The Magic of Oz	1951: The Hidden Valley of Oz
1920: Glinda of Oz	1953: The Umbrellas of Oz
1921: The Royal Book of Oz	1960: The Visitors from Oz
1922: Kabumpo in Oz	1963: Merry Go Round in Oz
1923: The Cowardly Lion of Oz	1972: Yankee in Oz
1924: Grampa in Oz	1976: The Enchanted Island of Oz
1925: The Lost King of Oz	1976: The Green Dolphin of Oz
1926: The Hungry Tiger of oz	1980: The Forbidden Fountain of Oz
1927: The Gnome King of Oz	1981: Aunt Em & Uncle Henry in Oz
1928: The Glant Horse of Oz	1984: In Other Lands than Oz
1929: Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz	1984: The Good Witch of Oz
1930: The Yellow Knight of Oz	1986: The Ozmapolitan of Oz
1931: Pirates in Oz	1999: The Ten Woodmen of Oz
1932: The Purple Prince of Oz	2000: A Farewell to Oz

Notes from Morton Walter on *Fattywiggins and the Caresso-Pigs in Oz*:

I realized that there are a number of indirect allusions to that story as well as direct claims. The events of *Fattywiggins and the Caresso-Pigs in Oz*: took place the previous summer, and the account of the two pigs rushing across the street were a reference to Biff and Suze rushing across the road and unintentionally knocking Fatty from her bike. As they helped her up, they explained their desperate situation (probably Wee caught in an animal trap), and enlisted Fatty's help.

The Laumerian principle is explained in our fragment of *Fattywiggins and the Caresso-Pigs in Oz*:—where the pigs go people just take it for granted (the same kind of thing happens as has been noted in the *Wind in the Willows*, with toads reaching human size as they deal with humans and drive autos, and interact with auto salesmen). All we have to do is state it, and it become part of the givens. As a result they take her home to Blue Hayes, and Biff telegraphs her relatives—and the magic of the pigs continues to work. Indeed she spends several weeks with them, neither her nor her kin thinking anything of it, and learns of their worries. Their supply of rejuvenating branch water (from Lightning Lake on Thunder Mt.) is running low (and pigs do age faster than humans ordinarily, and these pigs are actually a great deal older than they appear) and the herbs their parents got by trading branch water at [medieval] Samarkand [visiting medieval Samarkand is no big deal: see *Green Dolphin in Oz* for other examples of time jumping by people loosely associated with Oz]. Suse had also been reading in one of the pigs' favorite books, again left by their parents, *A Concise History of Future Events*, and had read the references to Fattywiggins (of whom she then knew nothing) taking the pigs from Sandwich to Lightning Lake, and she and Mark and Wee all agitated rushed off to town and places outside Blue Hayes.

Andy Ikers, Fatty's elderly friend (at that time just over 18), a mechanic who had been tinkering with cars since he was an adolescent, met them with a car, and they all drove to Sandwich (or some such place either on a river, canal, or sea), where by moonlight, having recited rhymes from *Alice* and/or *Through the Looking Glass*, they meet Davy Jones, whale (for how else could there be a journey by whale), long before he meet Lucky Bucky. A journey though the medieval Mediterranean takes little present time and allows some delightful coasting through the Grecian isles, into the Black Sea and up and down Russian rivers with some portaging (and perhaps some time jumping to pick up modern canals between them). Davy after all does not get his umbrella layer (on the analogy of the Umbrellaphant in *Captain Salt in Oz* and of umbrella sails) until many decades after he first reached Oz.

They reach Thunder Mt. and Lightning Lake with relatively little trouble (in medieval times too), although the pigs' dreams of traveling on and trading in Samarkand were neither then nor later realized. Of course if reaching the Mt. and Lake they are clearly in *Sempernumquam* (and indeed Blue Hayes is a displaced fragment of *Sempernumquam*, or—see *Woozy in Oz*—an activated area in the process of becoming part of *Sempernumquam*).

The pigs bathe in the lake (I believe that Ozma in some story and others was once a prisoner there at a future time—perhaps in *Wishing Horse*) and fill up their barrels (sort of like St. Bernards). Their way down is another matter, with the attack of the Phantasms known from the nome king's attempted invasion of Oz. In their desperate flight they take refuge in an old hill fort and find themselves back in Blue Hayes. More telegraphs and Andy takes Fatty home.

In *Fattywiggins and the Caresso-Pigs in Oz* this peculiar talk about adobe structures is

(continued on following page)

presumably a New Mexican's failure to recognize earthen ramparts when he sees them (England does not have adobe). The Nocreannes are simply the Phantasms. There is no need to multiply entities (so Occams razor) either. The Althane of Comtegal (at least it sounds quasi-Celtic) is probably something they read about in *Concise History* (actually just our old magic belt under some pseudo-fancy name). Some of these things sound as though CD wanted to suggest Alan Garner or Lloyd Alexander, but they can be identified with known SemperNumquam reality. The Nocreannes in any case can be rehabilitated, and given a known place in the general Oz world; they have been investigating the hill fort into which the pigs and Fatty have vanished (while it takes a long time starting from Blue Hayes to reach Thunder Mt., from there it is only a short distance—perhaps the pigs' parents knew how to easily make both trips); interest of Glinda or the Wizard in Fatty and the pigs would be understandable since they would have read about the first trip, and kept a general eyes on references to Phantasms, so they would intervene at the time of the train crash. Maybe Andy (now going on an aged 20) could join them.

