

# The Angle

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Volume 1972 | Issue 1

Article 22

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1972

## Gungewort And The Mushroom

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### Recommended Citation

Author, No (1972) "Gungewort And The Mushroom," *The Angle*: Vol. 1972 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1972/iss1/22>

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## Gungewort And The Mushroom

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Once upon a time, in the Magic kingdom of Lot, in the province of Thanxa, lived a humble squire known as Gungewort. Gungewort was exceedingly ugly and was noted for having saved his tiny province from annihilation. During the period of the twenty years war, the Earl of White sought to rule the tiny province and defied any of the inhabitants to challenge his skill with the broadsword. The particular broad which the Earl had used to fashion his sword stood nine feet tall in better days, before she was shafted, and there was simply noone around able to match her prowess. Day after day the inhabitants were forced to retreat until only the abode of ugly Gungewort remained. The Earl called forth from his ranks and demanded the gungewort come forth from his house, but the little man refused to budge. From behind the door he called "You'll 'ave to 'Earl me out" Gungewort had a cockney accent. The Earl was enraged, and called for his most devastating broadsword. This particular broad was a twelve foot behemoth whom the Earl had surprised just as she was passing secrets to the enemy. He had the hapless maiden turned into a sword, and none could match the fury of this magnificent weapon. The Earl called it Ex-collaborater."

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: 1972.



## GUNGEWORT AND THE MUSHROOM

Once upon a time, in the Magic kingdom of Lot, in the province of Thanxa, lived a humble squire known as Gungewort. Gungewort was exceedingly ugly and was noted for having saved his tiny province from annihilation. During the period of the twenty years war, the Earl of White sought to rule the tiny province and defied any of the inhabitants to challenge his skill with the broadsword. The particular broad which the Earl had used to fashion his sword stood nine feet tall in better days, before she was shafted, and there was simply noone around able to match her prowess. Day after day the inhab-

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The mighty blade was placed before the interloper, and he stood at the door of the poor squire's abode. Brandishing the terrible sword, the Earl cried "Come out you miserable snake before the fork in your tongue extends to your very entrails. When gungewort found what entrails meant, he was terrified, and he haltingly threw the bolt open, and permitted the Earl to enter. Haughtily the great warrior entered the house and stood before the ugly little squire. "Gunge", he cried, "A Wart!" The Earl beat a hasty retreat, never to return. Thus was the squire known as Gungewort.

Well, one fine day gungewort was walking by the pond when a relatively beautiful witch happened by and handed Gungewort a magic mushroom. Living in Lot, one becomes accustomed to this sort of thing, and he accepted the mushroom readily. After a time, however, he began to wonder what in Lot he was going to do with a magic mushroom. Ruminating over this problem, he peered down into the pond at a frog, which thought Gungewort, was his own reflection. "What", he asked himself, "shall I do with this crazy mushroom?" "RIBIT," cried the frog. So Gungewort turned to the mushroom and said, "You smell like the breath of summer - too bad mother nature doesn't brush." Hey, you got a complexion like a camel's kneecap. "After two hours of ribbing it, to no avail I might add, the magic mushroom seemed quite ordinary to gungewort, and he tossed it into the pond. The mushroom, however, hating water like a fungus, turned poor Gungewort into a pig, whereupon he marched into town to the cheers of all his friends. "Gungewort finally got a nose job", they all called. Happy with his new appearance, Gungewort bought a nice urban pen, where he spent most of his time boaring the visitors with his unbelievable tales of broadswords, and Earls and mushrooms, and the like. Thus, today, do we have that familiar expression, following any story of dubious validity, "In a pigs sty".

