

THE GREAT

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TELECAST

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Bat Woman
The Cat Lady
Diddly Schlitz
Friar Scratchypants
The Gay Heckler
The Gremlin of the Far North
Haira the Red
Harelip the Pundit
Hogarth the Devourer
Jock Promoter
Katey of Broads Fjlord
Krish of Hotpants
Laughing Denny McBaldish
Marie the Miller's Daughter
The Marvelous Berdmaker
The Placid Dane
The Prophet of the Fjords
Raygun Beanstalk the Short
Strom, Ruler of the Northmen
Stupid Broad
Superjew
Su See
Sybil the Devout
Teddy Bareskins
Tigerpuss
The Virgin of Kor
Young St. George

and others from time to time

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THE GREAT STF TELECAST

Chapter One

by Hal Shapiro
Ray Beam &
Mark Schulzinger

Jets blasting, Jock Promoter settled onto the promontory overlooking the Virgin of Kor, sunbathing under the protection of Young St. George's pal, Teddy Bareskins.

Teddy, momentarily distracted from his task of propelling a Virginia Redskin peanut across the turf with his proboscis, a favorite request of the Virgin, looked up. A vision of coruscating fireworks emerging from the underside of Jock Promoter startled him into some slight awareness of nebulous reality. "Foresooth," he foresoothed, "something is decidedly wrong with yon varlet descending with jets blasting."

The Virgin yawned, extended a grape (Ohio muscatel) to be peeled. "Why sayest thou that?" she asked insouciantly.

"Because," said Teddy, "if something were not wrong he would be descending in a vehicle of some sort rather than by his ever-loving lonesome."

"You're slipping out of character," said the Virgin. "Back to the peanut."

Still, Teddy Bareskins was concerned. There was something decidedly sinister about the sight he had witnessed. Then, as the hot blast singed his hair and dry-roasted the peanut, full realization struck him as a barbed blade biting bitterly.

"Damme," he said, a dirty word he felt was justified by the situation. "Damme," he repeated, because he liked to cuss. "There's only one reason a varlet would be descending in such a manner. He has..."

He paused for dramatic effect, but the Virgin was applying suntan lotion to her navel and was oblivious to his bletherings. Besides, she had heard it all before. He loved her with a mad passion. Of this she was overly certain. An impish grin convulsed her face for a split second. They all did, the silly geese. Little did they know that her heart belonged forever, eternally and only to...

"A dragon in his ass!" Teddy's scream cut off her thought.

"My ghod," he continued, "a dragon. A perfect ready-made opportunity, as well as part time work, for Young St. George." Exhultation flushed his features and the tank began to refill. He had figured it out for himself.

Excitedly he borrowed a dime from the Virgin and loped off down the escarpment looking for a telephone booth. He hoped it would not be a toll call.

Young St. George of the noble heart and nobler deed was hard depressed. Tigerpuss had been getting catty of late and the brats' screaming was like to drive him bats. His villianous arch-enemies, Jock Promoter and Diddly Schlitz had pulled a couple underhanded deals, stealing away two of his major consumer outlets when their contracts had come up for renewal. As usual the billcollectors were prunding upon his oaken door demanding payment for minor debts like when he'd ordered his platinum broad-sword with diamond-inlaid handle modestly proclaiming: I AM A HERO. And the king insisted he still owed taxes for the past five years and threatened dire consequences if they weren't paid within the fortnight. By the legions of Ghu's ghouls, wasn't the steadfast service of a hero, always ready, staunch and true, enough? And Schlitz and Promoter, dirty shysters that they were. If they'd stuck to their own territory instead of cutting into his he may have been able to raise the revenue for these taxes. Chiseling cheap-skates! So he'd told Schlitz how he ought to be giving him some business instead of increasing the number of brats all over the countryside and they up and broaden their business. Then Schlitz with his damnable humor, smiling, "We're just broadening our business so the broads don't."

The phone rang.

"Young St. George speaking: Condoms for Conundrums."

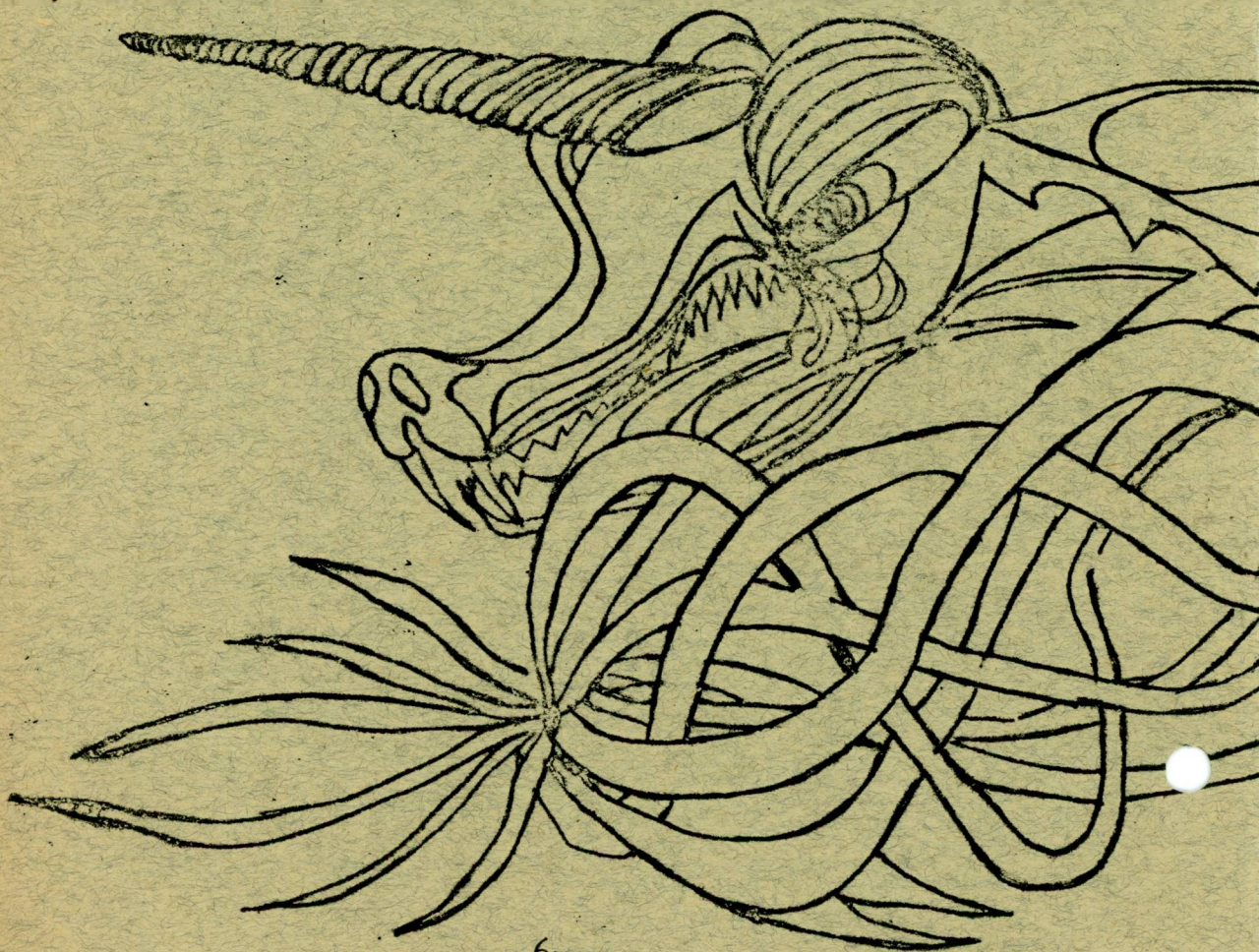
"Young St. George! 'Tis thy friend devout and true, Teddy Bareskins. Haste most quickly to the promontory wherenear the Virgin of Kor suns daily. A dastardly dragon has alighted, lightening up the hindparts of the Jock Promoter, frightening the fair Virgin of Kor and blighting the landscape with his foul and pestilent breath."

Young St. George was shocked. "You mean to say that besides

being a menace he's got---halitosis?"

"Forsooth. Enough to make mine nose twitch and mine lungs itch for fresh air--not to mention the competition it gives the Virgin of Kor's feet. Hasten most swiftly with your broadsword, for surely there will be a great reward."

At last a deed befitting his steadfastness, his daring. No more need he embark upon those brave adventures, brilliant



campaigns and fabulous rescues in his mind alone. Too long had men jeered, forgetting that gallant deed of five years past when he'd smashed a veritable harpy egg, saving the countryside from untold ravishment, earning what had since become his heroic cognomen. Too long had he been degraded from the position of hero extraordinary to that of mere--salesman. (There had been one advantage, however. What he couldn't sell he could always use. One thing he couldn't stand was the thought of more of those mewling brats!)

Grabbing his mighty broadsword, Young St. George charged his charger (stealing it from the neighbor's barn, who had, peasant of little understanding that he was, impounded the horse, saying if Young St. George couldn't pay for it he certainly couldn't keep it, and that he doubted that Young St. George could even get the credit to buy the grain to feed it, much less have the ambition to raise the grain himself.) Was there no understanding at all in this crude world?

But now after he had saved the countryside from the mencee of yon fierce dragon, ah, then would they treat him as befitted a hero.

Ahead he espied the promontory, and yes, the dangerous dragon and the cowering maid-

Roger
McDaniel

en fair.

"Prepare for battle, foul lizard, for Young St. George shall slit thy gizzard!" And with that valiant cry he lowered the welding goggles over his eyes (to protect them from the fiery breath), stuffed the noseplugs up his proboscis (he couldn't stand bad breath) and the earplugs in his ears (nor screaming) and with broadsword held staunchly ahead headed for the beheading.

Meanwhile Teddy Bareskins had returned from the phonebooth thinking maybe he ought to help protect the Virgin of Kor, which may well give him some small favor in her eyes.

After all thy percipient observations and rapid mental calculations, Teddy," bubbled the Virgin, "you figured... wrong. It's only a couple of salesmen selling berillium steel chastity belts and--"

She was cut off by Young St. George's valiant cry to battle. Teddy Bareskins, thinking faster than he'd ever thought in his life, jumped up shouting. "Chnighod---George! Wait! Wait, George!"

But too late. Young St. George espied the dragon with its fiery breath and was charging to deal death in a single mighty smite. The goggles tended to impede his vision and it looked like Teddy Bareskins was gesticulating something, but he could hear nothing with the earplugs, and undoubtedly he was only cheering the hero on anyway. Good old Teddy, tried-and-true friend, never let you down (except when you wanted to borrow money).

"Noooooooh! I can't look," groaned Teddy Bareskins.

The dragon shrieked and fell in ruptured agony. Young St. George dismounted, flipping off his goggles, tossing aside the nose and earplugs, preparing to place his victorious boot upon his fallen foe.

He paused, right foot in mid-air as what lay before him came slowly into oculation. His gore-spattered sword struck the dirt with a dull clunk an inch away from the head of his spitted foe.

"Hey--hey now, Teddy, wait a minute.

"That ain't---ain't no dragon. That's---that's a----man!
Oh! Ghreat Ghu!

"St. Fanthony, forgive me," pleaded Young St. George, going to his knees, straddling his sword in a prophetic manner.

"Twas not his gizzard I slit, it----

"I-----I-----

"I've just castrated Diddly Schlitz!"

Chapter Three

"Sir George!" the Virgin cried. "What have you done to Diddly Schlitz, Monarch of the North Latreens?"

George, unable to hear the fair maiden, was gathering all his courage, all his knightly staunchness, all of his valor. With one last gargantuan effort he looked at the impaled Diddly--and fainted.

The Virgin shuddered at the thought of cleaning up the blood, a task which, with the knight out like a light would undoubtedly fall upon her head.

Teddy Bareskins had, in this time, leaped to the side of the struck-down Diddly. "Diddly! Diddly! Speak to me! Speak to me!"

Coming to senses Diddly looked up to Teddy Bareskins. "Well hi, big boy!"

At this Teddy keeled over to join the unconscious knight.

Hours later in the castle of Saint George a groggy knight was coming to his senses.

"Georgie, oh Georgie, wake up honey poo."

"Tigerpuss Honey!" said the knight, coming to his senses. "Do you realize what I've done? I've just with my own glistening blade--deftly castrated Diddly Schlitz!"

"That's one way to slice in on the competition, if you'll pardon the phrase."

"Oh my God!" said the not-so-noble knight, "would dear Lord that it could have been my own vitals and not those of my dear friend and fellow condom peddler."

A terrible roar of thunder shook the castle.

"Allow me to retract that statement!" blurted George, shaken.

"Saint George the Castrater they'll call me! Oh woe unto me, I have brought shame unto the noble house of Condom and nausea to mine own saintly tummy."

"Oh Georgie, forget it and come to nitey-nite already. Your beddy bye crackers grow soggy in the tiger's milk."

"You speak to me of crackers, woman, when one lies sexless at the might of my sword?"

"...besides, Johnny Carson isn't over yet."

"Not only does this make me look bad in the eyes of my countrymen, but I had secretly hoped that through his writings Diddly might induce another Harpie-laid egg to rend asunder."

BOOM BOOM

"Who disturbs me in my woe?" asked Saint George the Castrater to the sound of the door.

"'Tis a pissed-off Jock Promoter."

"Uh-oh."

"Georgeth, lethh meth inth orth I'mth goingth toth breakth thisth doorth onth yourth headth."

"Jock, your total uncouthness is proceeded only by your ignorance."

"Listen, you tainted saint, cut the compliments. I seek a word or two with you. I've come to discuss what occurred today between you and Diddly Schlitz's er--ah--condition."

"Twas but an accident that the--er--incident even came about."

"Let's hope so, George. We seem to be--er--both in a precarious position. Now, about the matter of keeping the lid on this diddly..."

"Look, Jock," expostulated Saint George (thinking of the law suit), "I'm sure the two of us can come to a logical agreement about how to--er---ah----handle this affair."

"Unfortunately, as far as Diddly is concerned, there's nothing to handle. I mean, what you did to Diddly can hardly help but have a tremendous impact on--"

"Not to mention Diddly's mother," George added.

"Diddly's mother knows," Jock said. "She was first to know."

"Her!" the saint cried. "Why how could she know? She wasn't even there!"

"Why I dare say she was," Promoter differed.

"Wait. How could she know about Diddly Schlitz?"

"Well, man, she gave birth to Diddly, afterall. She's the one Diddly's been living with all these years. Why, she even thought of the guise of a condom seller for Diddly."

"What are you talking about? What does that have to do with the fact that I--I--castrated Diddly Schlitz?"

"Castrated! You! Castrated? Oh no! Don't you see, you couldn't have, George, because all these years, all this time--"

"I know what I saw there, Diddly lying fallen, his pants slit open by my gleaming blade, the blood, and there he lay, and where there was supposed to be a.....a.....a....."

some..... How can you call me George when you know my real name has now become Gorge?"

"But George, you don't understand. You couldn't have castrated Diddly because Diddly is a-----girl!"

"WHAT? To think... Are you kidding?"

"Well, snap my condom!" exclaimed the knight, leaping in joy. "And to think--I thought I had severed Diddly Schlitz from the world about him, whereas, in actuality--ha ha ha ha, you know, Jock, you know--NOW, when you're out of Schlitz you're out of--"

Chapter Four

by Ray Geeck

After realizing all of his anxiety was over nothing, George was in his usual "Hero" mood. "Well, afterall, I thought I was in dire danger, and I was brave enough to face that danger, even though it was Diddly," pondered Young St. George. "Just think if it had been a real dragon! Oh no!" With that thought in mind George once more fainted dead away.

"Oh dear," sighed Tigerpuss. "Put him on the bed while I finish watching Johnny Carson.

Gently, Jock picked up George and placed him on the bed. Then he left. Tigerpuss kissed George and thought she might be a little hungry, so she ate George's crackers and tigermilk.

While watching the tube she saw a commercial about the big brave knight rescuing the fair maiden from the evil sorcerer and then giving her an excederin for her headache. She looked over at George. "Oh how I wish you could be like a real knight: strong, brave, heroic. If you'd only be the knight you think you are.

"Wake up, George," she pleaded, shaking him. "It's all right. Wake up."

"Ya, Tigerpuss," he said arousing slowly. "What is it?"

"Tomorrow you're going back to basic knighthood training."

"What are you talking about!?!?" screaming, now fully awake. "You ain't going to get me there again. I'm not going to be called 'skinflint' or 'green ape' again. Not to the House of Hogarth the Devourer, Monarch of the Eastern, Western, and Southern Latreens. Besides, I can't stand his one word vocabulary."

"YES, TOMORROW!" Tigerpuss said authoritatively.

Our Hero, Young St. George, left for knighthood training. He rode to the land of Hogarth the Devourer, Monarch of the Eastern, Western, and Southern Latreens. Finally he made it.

Actually, he started shaking in his boots, but he didn't want anyone to know.

Pleased to see Young St. George again, Hogarth welcomed him with open arms. "Kill, kill, kill," welcomed Hogarth, pumping George's arm until he thought it would fall off.

"Kill, kill," Hogarth said, meaning to go to a tent and wait further instructions.

George didn't



sleep very well that night. He was anticipating the upcoming events. The fear of that Hogarth, and the way he said "kill" was atrocious. When George did fall into a restful sleep Hogarth came in calling, "Kill, kill," meaning, '4:00, get up'. Banging poor George's head against his own chest he screamed, "Kill, kill" 'get up'. Reluctantly George got up.

First thing was breakfast. Only problem was, he had to find it himself. George went for a swim. He thought the cold water would wake him up ; also, he might find some fish. But then, to fry the fish... "The heck with it; I'll go without."

Second, armor issue. Ah yes, armor issue. He walked into the issue tent and received his instructions. Hogarth's eyes lit up and he was drooling uncontrollably. "Kill." This meant strip.

Taking off his clothes, George proceeded through the checkpoints to get fitted.

Checkpoint one: Foot size, 37 hangnails long.

Checkpoint two: Leglength, 19 kneecaps high.

Checkpoint three: Torso measurement, 6 ribs around and 3 up & down.

Checkpoint four: Head size, 2 ears, 2 eyes, 1 nose, 1 mouth.

Checkpoint five: Issue.

Young St. George just walked through the checkpoints in amazement. He didn't say a word all the way through except in the issue checkpoint.

"Why are you just throwing the armor at me before I give you my measurements?" George asked earnestly.

"Listen Dude, you giving me a hard time?" asked the checkpoint clerk.

"No, no, of course not."

"Good. Put it on."

"Ughhh," grimaced George trying to put on the armor. "It's too tight."

Suddenly Hogarth came in. "Kill, kill," Get going. With that, George left without saying another word.

Days wore on. Being in training is really tough. But perhaps it was worth it--to please Tigerpuss and, maybe, even win the love of the Virgin of Kor.

With each growing day he found the armor increasingly hard to put on and take off. After much thought he decided to wear the armor all the time and hope the swelling in his body would stop.

Of course there are disadvantages in wearing armor every minute of the day. Have you ever tried to exercise in a full suit of armor? How about sleeping or eating? Or excreting? Not very pleasant, as George found out.

On the afternoon of the 32nd of the Recognizing of the Shire (OOPS, that's another story). Guess what happened when it rained? Poor George got wet. Not only did George get wet, so did the armor he was wearing. Because of the armor getting wet it had a tendency to shrink. The worst part about the shrinking was, George was in it, and it was already too small.

Poor Young St. George; what a predicament he was in. He had to find a way to get out of the armor or he'd get skinned alive by Hogarth. He pulled on the armor. It wouldn't come off. He yanked and yanked and tugged and pulled. It just wouldn't come off. He tried and tried to get it off. Everything he could physically do himself, he did. He took a stick and tried prying the arm away from the body.

Didn't work. "How embarrassing," he sighed, and began to cry.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly he jumped up and cried out in a loud voice, "I HAVE AN IDEA!!!"

Teaming up the horses he'd have them pull on each side of the armor, and that'd rip it apart. Without fail this would work, he thought. Well, it didn't.

He sat down to think. He couldn't go anywhere, not in his condition. The armor was so tight he couldn't move, plus the fact the armor itself was killing him.

George finally resolved to use dynamite. It took a lot of courage on his part, but what was worse, a quick death or a slow and agonizing death? Besides, he had nothing to lose.

"Quickly," he said, taking off to find some dynamite. Carefully he set the dynamite down and put a long fuse on it. He lit it. He knew he had to stand just a certain distance from the blast. Too close and instant death. Too far away and all the time would have been wasted. He figured about eleven feet should be just about right.

BLAMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The dynamite blew up. Luckily, George didn't. The tight armor saved him. He had been a little too close, but the job was done. The only injury from the blast was a small scratch from the armor. George was pretty happy. The armor was off his body, he was still alive, and he could go back and finish his training.

Hogarth, however, was neither pretty, nor happy.

"Kill, kill, kill!" he snapped savagely, interrogating the near-naked St. George. Young St. George shivered, but not from the cold. Where was his armor? He tried to explain,

but the words kept stumbling over one another and Hogarth the Devourer kept resembling more and more that stick of dynamite just before it exploded.

Only...George was but one foot away, not eleven, and Hogarth's breath reeked. Dynamite, George thought numbly, was supposed to be red, not purple...

He tried to finish the tale, to convince Hogarth that it'd been necessary, that he would buy him a new suit of armor to replace the other one, that he would pick up every teensy bit scattered around some five square miles and sew them together, that he would--

Hogarth the Devourer wasn't listening. His purple face was striping black--nine stripes--like a cat-'o-nine-tails. That forecasted someone would have no tales left to tell when Hogarth finished with him, George reflected glumly.

"Sir..." George began meekly with some dim idea of further trying to placate the Devourer's rage.

Hogarth shook with wrath, his muscles rumbled, his mouth foamed madly. He spit out a single, final, saliva-drenched monosyllable before he charged the quivering Young St. George.

"Kill!"

And that, George realized, was exactly what Hogarth was going to do.

