

PROLOG

"Maybe it's **not** magic," he squawked.

"What an asinine thing to say! Get back to your schoolbook", I chided.

"Well, maybe it ain't," he persisted.

"Shut up, you dummy. Just get back to yer studyin', Ollie!"

"And stop calling me, that. It's not my name!"

"Too bad for you! Pa calls me Willy; I call you Ollie. Especially when you make puerile remarks," I sneered,

"Poo on you, too. What do I call you when **you** bark and say something stupid?" he sneered back

"I don't bark, I remark, sagely! But if I ever do say something asinine, you can call me **Ollie**!" said I, triumphantly, wagging my tongue at his face.

"Put your clapper back into your trap, b'fore I scratch it off," he raged.

As he reached out, I grasped one wrist in each hand, chanting, "Chain chain double chain, no break away!"¹

"Oh, yeah?" he squirmed, one hand now pinned to his backbone.

"Now, you're in the jail," I observed, as I threw my leg over him and mounted his back.

His plea, "Get off of me," was somewhat mulled by the pillow in his face.

"Only dummies put two prepositions together. 'Off of' is an idiom for idiots: illiterate Ollie."

Grabbing the pillow and yanking on the edge of the blanket, he declared, "chains, chains, double chains," as he unsuccessfully tried to escape, then "Oxen free!"

"THUMP," squawked the floor, as we both landed with a simultaneous, "Ooof!"

In the scared silence that followed, we cowered awaiting the inevitable.

"Stop it! Stop that, rite now. I sent you boys upstairs for readin' -- not rasslin'," came Ma's voice from below.

More silence followed, until we realized she hadn't mentioned Pa or the switch.

"Uh, oh. I told you to get back to your schoolbook, Ollie! And stop making stupid statements, denying the Magic."

"But, but , ... maybe it's not ... ," he began excitedly, with escalating volume.

"Shhh," I enjoined shrilly, whispering thru my finger, nodding downstairs. "Shhh, you'll rouse Ma, again!", I pointed out,

"Well, you started it, Willy Lunkhead," he pointed literally, threatening my nose with a digit.

"No, you, Ollie Illiterate" I whispered, brushing his mitt.

"No, you, Willy Water Butterole" he whispered back, hoarsely, thrusting again, albeit beyond my reach.

"Ha," I half-laffed, "Butter Role? Buttered roll?"

"I mean buffa ... b-b-b-buff . . . ," he stammered.

Cutting him off, I pounced, "You ninny! You don't know a Bison from a biscuit!"

¹ [Ringolevio](#)

"Yessssss, I do!"

I graciously ignoring his first shove. "You can't even pronounce 'Buffalo'", I hissed, brushing his mitt aside, adding, "Ollie Marblemouth,"

"No, you!" was all he could muster, vainly attempting another shove.

Again, I dodged, digitally pointing out, "You started it," when you **denied** the Magic, you *non compos mentis*."

A puzzled, "Huh?" ensued, so I issued the *coup de grace*, "You started it, Ollie Nincompoop."

"No, you," he whispered back, hoarsely, once again thrusting a talon, albeit out of my reach..

"No, you."

"No, you."

"No, you."

"No, you," we parlayed inanely, then abruptly stopped and cringed as a fearful shadow fell upon us from the doorway.

"I'm gonna tell Ma," threatened our little brat sister, unfurling her pointy tongue.

Ollie began our justified, joint retaliation by slamming the door in her face, causing her to jump backward, landing on her fanny. Thankfully, I caught the door just in time to push it closed noiselessly.

With a sense of relief, we returned to our previous tasks: I, to the newspaper obituary; my lesser sibling to his schoolbook.

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DISCLAIMERS:

Absolutely true and factual, in a parallel universe; not at all relevant to ... our universe.

Simplified spelling <-- Samuel Clemens.