

C.R.U.D.E. Quests For the Holy Tail

As this CRUDE tail begins, day dawns in the Castle of Cameltoe. King Arthur gathers his Knights-Who-Lance-A-Lot to the Mound Table. The King has spoken to the wizard Merlin and a new vision-quest has been formed.

King Arthur addresses his Knights with vigor (and viagra): "No more do we quest for sacred cups, fountains of water that promise immortality or magical swords that will slay the dragon! This searching has left us thirsty, tired, and quite frankly, horny as hell. From this day forward we replace our spears of iron with swords of flesh in our Quest For The Holy Tail!"

And so it came to pass in the time of Arthur that the Quest for the Holy Tail was the highest spiritual pursuit. No longer did Sir Gladhand battle his one-eyed Cy-

clops behind closed doors...no longer did Brave Sir Rubbin wrestle his Dragon alone in a dark cave...the kingdom eagerly embraced the fertile Feast of Cameltoe.

Ursula and the Castle-Girls-Gone-Wild endeavored to draw the swords of flesh from their warrior's sheaths, and thus many a comely lass was duly impaled. Damsels-In-Undress ran throughout the kingdom, and even Queen Gwen-a-queer and Sir Gay were seen partaking of Tail. The Champions of the Chaste became the Champions of the Chase, and the lascivious ladies gladly rode on the pacing steeds of their knights.

Chasing Tail was the life-giving quest. The Holy Tail, emblazoned with its precious blue diamond, provided sustenance

and prevented all who partook from withering or going soft. The Holy Battering Ram pointed the way, as all soon followed their loins. Even the animals grazing outside of the castle became too nervous to sleep at night, so strong was the urge for Tail.

With instructions from their King to make good use of their coconuts, the brave warriors were no longer the knights who say "NI!" but were now the knights who say "NOOK!" In this time of great bounty and bouncing, the kingdom prospered and there was much rejoicing. And so the proudly erect warriors and the oft-made maidens took to the streets to parade their best ass, and share their CRUDE tails with the world! Thus the Tail ends.

Cum To Mummy: Krewe Du Rue Bourbon's Quest For Immortality

The ancient Egyptians believed in a sex life after death. Cremation was unheard of. While the thought of combustion was intriguing, sex organs were essential for the second cumming. This meant the whole body had to be preserved. Mummification was the solution. It was Osiris, usually depicted as a mummiform man, who copulated with the goddess, Isis, the patroness of ecstasy and fertility. Unfortunately, Osiris was dismembered and Isis had a hell of a time finding his eternal hard on.

The Egyptians, in their *Quest for Immortality*, developed a code of beliefs around the god, CUM—Cum!UntoMummification, commonly referred to as "Cum to Mummy". The true believers, the incestuous Krewe du Rue Bourbon, had always held their mummy dearest, and those non-believers were eventually forced to cum around, or they would cum

no longer (or shorter).

Committees were solicited for sexual enhancement of the mummified in the afterlife. Egyptians would cum from afar to partake in readings from the papyrus scrolls, "Sex Ed for Mummies", on those curious copulation activities in the hereafter. Most notable scriptures included, *Ole Miss's Eli's A'Cumming*, *Sticky Fingers' Cum Together*, and *Ra's Here Cums the Sun*. While sex after life was in, MUM was the word.

The greatest of all Egyptian parables is about two Egyptian comedians working on the cummode in the Pharaoh's tomb. Not wanting the pharaoh to cum down on them for not completing the task on time, one of the workers kept vigil at the entrance to the chambers. The other worker was just about to complete the finishing touches when he heard moaning and groaning from out-

side the pyramid. Panicked and not knowing what was cumming down, he yelled to the watchman, "Has the pharaoh cum yet?" To which the watchman replied, "No, not yet, but I've got him glassy-eyed and quivering!"

Reviewer's Note: As we go to press, we hear a ringing noise. Back in the current century, we hear that distinct tone always sure to irritate even the most mummified of us all—a cell phone! "Can you hear me now?" the editor has called to say, "The Egyptians were obsessed with the Quest for **Immortality not Immorality**." Well, to quote Roseanne Rosannadanna, "*Never Mind*."

Cum on now! Make that cummitment, cum along, and give that cum-hither look to the *Krewe du Rue Bourbon's* graphic illustration of the copulatory classic, "CUM TO MUMMY" in our **QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY**.