

# ARTHUR'S ALPHABETIC ANNALS

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This logological legend relates the tale of King Arthur and his little-known first queen, Rebecca. With the help of Merlin and other loyal aides, Arthur tries in vain to protect Camelot from his enemies, including Midas, Xerxes, Xanthippe, and Zeno, who conspire with Rebecca to take over the throne. The mists of their pasts reveal the myths of their paths.

The legend is written in eight prose quatrains. Each of the first seven quatrains is composed of four paragraphs whose words begin with different arrangements of the alphabet, as follows:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ (normal order)  
ZYXWVUTSRQPONMLKJIHGFEDCBA (reverse order)  
ACEGIKMOQS UWYBDFHJLNPRTVXZ (odd-even order)  
ZXVTRPNLJHFDBYWUSQOMKIGECA (reverse odd-even order)

The last quatrain reverses the sequence in which those four arrangements appear, and thus turns the legend back in on itself.

## I

Arthur, being crowned, defended every field, greeting heroes in jeweled kingdoms, looking majestically natural over palaces, quietly revering salmon, turtles, unicorns, vampires, wallabys, xerophytes, yaks, zebras.

Zinnias yawned xerophobically where valleys under the sun resembled quilts. Powerful omens! Nymphs made lackluster knights joust in heavily guarded fens. Elfin droves came bearing apples.

A crested eagle glowed in Knights Manor, observing quixotic sorcerers. "Unite, warriors!" yelled brave Damien. "Freedom hath joined lovers now privately reacting to violent xenon zephyrs."

Zip! Xerxes' valiant truth reaped pathetic, nameless lies. Journeymen had fiends down below. "Yahoo! Wizards uttered stories," quacked obnoxious Midas. Knights in gratitude eventually challenged Arthur.

## II

Arthur built Camelot's destiny. Elated, flying golden horses idolized joy, knights laughed merrily, nobles obeyed peasants! Queen Rebecca sighed: "The unseen vicar watched Xanadu yesterday. Zooks!"

Zephyrs yellowed Xanadu's waste vats until the sunless river quit pouring over nefarious magicians. Lords kicked, jostled in heavy, grey fountains, entirely drenching Camelot's blue arches.

Almost casually, evil gratified. "I know my own quest saved us when yeomen beckoned dukes for help, jolly lover," noted proud Rebecca, "'Twas vile Xanthippe's zone."

"Zounds! Xanthippe's vinegary tongue regally plants new limits. Jealous heroes fight dragons before yon wheatfields. Unless some queasy ogres make knives, I'd go easy!" cried Arthur.

### III

After beastly cold droughts, erotic fools gathered. Hungry, ignorant jesters knew love made no one poor. Queen Rebecca, startled, turgidly uttered viscous words: "Xerxes, you're zany."

"Zany? Yes, xenoliths without vines usurp thistles. Squires rule Queen. Pretentious! Obnoxious! Nightmarish! Maudlin! Lascivious! Kindly judges idolized Her Grace. Fiendish elves danced, chasing bold Arthur.

"A costly element, gold, is keeping me on quests. Silver undermines whatever you buy. Diamonds? Fine, heavenly jewels. Let's not pretend," Rebecca told vapid, xeric Zeno.

Zeno's xanthic vanity triumphed. Rebecca's pleated nightgown, lavishly jointed, held fake diamonds, burning yellow with utopian sunspots. "Quartz on metallic kilns imitates geological eras," cautioned Arthur.

### IV

Alas, balmy Caesar defended everyone's folly. "Golden horses? I'd jinx kangaroos? Lusty maidens? Newts on porcupines? Quiet! Rasputin spoke to ugly Venus without xylose, you zombie!"

"Zen's youthful," Xerxes wearily ventured. "Until treason stops Rebecca's queenship, press onward! Ninjas menace, leaping knavishly. Justice is hollow. Guards! Find every dungeon's cobwebs before Arthur."

"Aha!" Caesar exhorted. "Get irons, King! Must our queen suppress universal whimsy, yet banish dragons forever?" He jabbered loftily, nudging, pushing Rebecca to vindicate Xanthippe's zest.

"Zot!" Xerxes violently thundered. Rebecca, passionate (not listless), jinxed her father's daughter, blushed youthfully. "War's useless, stupid Queen! Open my keg. I'll guzzle effervescent cool ale."

### V

Arthur's bright crown dropped. Evil foiled good. Hope in jaded kingdoms languished mightily. Nevertheless, optimism prevailed. Quoth Rebecca, "Sad times usually void whatever xylophone you zapped."

"Zeno's your xylophone, wife! Veiled urges tantalize silk robes. Quinine pours out nasty mold like kittens juggling icecubes. Horrors! Gad-zooks! Fie! Early dinner can be awful."

A courtly enigma grappled in kingly memories of quicksand. Seven united warlocks yet brought defeat. Five humorless jokers lost. "No parade," Rebecca teased, "venerates 'xi,' Zeno."

"Zeno?" Xerxes vowed to rewrite poetry, never leaving justice hanging. Fierce dogs bayed, yowled woefully under starlight. Quivering ominously, mutants kicked imps. Greedy elves chopped almonds.

## VI

Arthur boasted: "Camelot's diamonds eliminate fool's gold held in jugs. King Louie made nothing on pyrite. Quizzes, riddles, syzygies? The upper valley wobbles. Xebecs yawned zenlike.

"Zeno, your xylophone whines. Violas under tambourines sound rueful, Queen. Perhaps others nodded, married. Lips kissed, jaws itched." He gyrated, fled. Enemy dancers charged back aggressively.

A coward's eerie ghost in Knights Manor? "Outrageous Queen," said Ursula, "Will you blithely destroy false hope, jilt lust, neutralize passion? Rubicund toast vitalizes xanthic zwieback."

Zeno's 'xi' vanished. Then Rebecca's private navy left, jarring her faith. Damien barked, "You worthless unclean slovenly queasy opossum! Merlin's knights injured gentle elves' clever art."

## VII

Abysmally brutal, Caesar damned everyone's fate: "Groans, howls, ironic jibes? King, liquidate Midas's name. Our panicky queen rants strangely, teases underlings, vibrates with xenotropic yellow zithers!"

Zeno yelled; Xanthippe whispered. Viciously, Ursula taunted somber Rebecca. "Quick! Print our names!" Merlin's little knaves jabbered in hidden garrets. Finally, empty dictionaries crashed before Arthur.

Alphabets changed. Eloquent gestures irritated King Midas: "Our Queen snubbed ululant witches, yet brashly deified foreign hellions, jailed local nymphs, punched royalty. This violates Xerxes' zeal."

Zithers! Xylophones! Violins! Tubas! Rebecca played nimbly. "Listen! Joy hath found delight. Bless your wise, untempered songs, Queen," offered Midas. Knights in gold eagerly conquered Arthur.

## Afterword: Beyond Camelot

Zealous Xanthippe vowed to royal paupers: "Newer legends justify heroic fanfare! Damien branded yaks with umbrella stems. Quaff, O Midas, king in golden eloquence, Camelot's ambrosia!

"A calm eclipse, gemlike, imitates knighthood's magnificence. O, Queen, shut up! Watch your beer drinking! Feed hungry jaybirds lest naked penguins rebel, then vanquish Xerxes' zoo.

"Zero years! Xenoplastic world! Vapid urgency! This shining rose, quite purple, oxidizes near music. Let kings joust in heaven. God! Free every dedicated clown! Buy art!"

As beauty creates delight, elegant fantasies grandly heighten images. Jonquils kindly line meadows. Nebulas overhead pour quivering rays. Stars transmit universal vitality, whose x-rays yield Zanzibar.