



unused page





Down at the **NOVELS**, we met up with **Granite** weirdest travel agent on the whole darn planet. before and afterwards was **Bobylyn** with his drunkard grin he had the clue that **Sylva** couldn't pin. Somewhere in all of this we went **Goth** with lots of ripped cloth leather and crazy hi-tech eyewear. The lovers' quarrel between two gods. We almost lost our bods. The magic weasel's gone how unfair!

Gotta get the cure and find a way to get back home to now today before we end up in the pit with all the **Lilth** spies. But those **mushROOMS** will spell out **DOOM** if used too soon so we must **BOOM**. Run off leavin' all the **nixot** victims sealed up and where the hell did all these **Teevuses** come from?

What's with they **gypsy** goin' makin us all feel dumb? Kinda hope this doesn't turn out like in **Star Trek**. 'Cause when they travel time it's always such a big wreck. I suppose there's gotta be some **NPCs** I left out I'm really sorry if I made 'em feel like dirt.

It's been one week one week since they lit the pyre, and we skipped town with this pointy-eared compulsive liar. Five days since we met **Giselle**. Already worked her in once, but hey now what the hell. Three days since **Dev** got a clue and wrote ourselves exactly what we had to do! yesterday, we finally got back home but it'll still be a while till we figure out what happened

Still be a while till we figure out what happened. Still be a while till we figure out what happened. Hey Filking Wieners, what's with the **Florkas**?



The Filking Wieners would like to thank NASCRAG™ for 23 years of great gaming. We're only sorry we missed the first nine!

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THE 2002 NASCRAG™ STOP ON THE FILKING WIENER TOUR

DEDICATED TO THE WORLD OF NASCRAG™ AND TOBY, TOO.

FILKING WIENERS: RANDAL "THEL" COX, MIKE "BARF MONSTER" WATTS, MIKE "NUKE 'EM" COLLINS, MARK "----" FREY, MARG "AGENT OF CHAOS" FREY, MARY "HEY WHERE'S MY NICKNAME" KEVIN,

Artistic Wieners: Bill "Indy" Cavalier, MARG "AGENT OF CHAOS" FREY

SINGING GUESTS: IAN & KATY COOLEY, NAOMY, IAN & --

MORE MORE MORE





Alternate Orphanage Song

Written by Randal Cox, Chanted by —

Dolamus Edgegrew knows Carolus tended to her stove.
She banked it higher and higher, Till the school was on fire.
Dolamus Edgegrew knows.

Dolamus Edgegrew's strife. Rus likes his brand-new knife! He'll
take you apart. If he can just start!
Oh! Dolamus Edgegrew's strife!

Dolamus Edgegrew seeshow Bobby likes his bees. He kept looking
for honey. Now he's stung red and bloody. Dolamus Edgegrew sees!

Dolamus Edgegrew likesshow Bobby likes his bees. He kept looking
for honey. Now he's stung red and bloody. Dolamus Edgegrew sees!
Dolamus Edgegrew likes!



Is Your Sword Slow Tonight? (F)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by xxxxx
Originally *Are you Lonesome Tonight?*, Written by xxxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presleu*

Does your sword swing miss? Do your foes all know this? Have you even hit one time tonight?



Conspiracy (NF)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by —
Originally On Top of Spagetti, Written by —, Popularized by —

They called it Conspiracy: A NASCRAG event.
Just say that Al sent you, Who knew what that meant.



Well at that first table, they started the game.
We came from all eras To rescue a dame.
This Kerrie's an agent, deep, long, and true. Her mission was simple:
culture to view.
A decade's a long time to be in the field. We'd have to go get her 'fore
fate intervened.
We went as a hextet, sort of time cops. Kerry would meet us in her native
bath shop.



Filking Songs

- Orphans' Lament* 1 *Pelethyn's Song* 2 *I Love Dwarven Hootch* 3
- Dwarven Rot* 4 *The Ballad of the Clockwork Anarchists* 5
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Orphan's lament

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by Ian & Katy Cooly, Naomie & Ian Ramsey
Originally *Frere Jacques*

Mr. Edgegrew, Mr. Edgegrew. What'd we do? What'd we do?
Why did you lock us up? Why did you lock us up? Shame on you! Shame on you!

Gail liked fire. It climbed higher, Stove ablaze, Stove ablaze.
Glad she burned the school down, Glad she burned the school down. Earned our praise, Earned our praise.

You can't keep us, You can't keep us. In our rooms, In our rooms.
One of us will get out, One of us will get out.
To your doom, To your doom.

Mr. Edgegrew, Mr. Edgegrew. Now you're tied, Now you're tied.
Russ is gonna find out, Russ is gonna find out,
What's inside, What's inside.

Mr. Edgegrew, Mr. Edgegrew. Just you wait, Just you wait,
Soon you will be like us. Your craziness delights us,
It's too late. It's too late.





A beak & claws I'll get for thee, 'n' some grizzly hair.
Oh, let me be, Oh, let me be, Your Owlbear (doop do do do do)



Love My Celledra

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by xxxxx
Originally *Love Me Tender*, Written by xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

Love my *Celledra*, yes I do! Oh, so dear to me.
Nestled 'tween the mountains tall, cuddled by the sea.
Oh Celledra,sparkling Jewel. *Queen of all Cities*,
You're the source of all I love,hearth and family.



Don't Surrender (F)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by xxxxx
Originally *Love Me Tender*, Written by xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

Don't surrender, don't let go, never let them win!
They'll not beat us, not ever, no! To lose is just a sin!



ReturnPretender

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by xxxxx
Originally *Return To Sender*, Written by xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

Return *Pretender*. Return *Pretender*.
I met a fellow in the mountains. He said his name was Jack.
But I knew that *Jack* had died a few years back. Here's what I said then
"Return Pretender. You can't be Jack. We all know he'll not come back!"



Jack made a living - a trapper's wage. But furs don't keep you safe from all that animal rage.
There weren't much left when we found our Jack. We got him buried right ain't no way Jack's the one that spoke to me that night. Here's what I said then "Return Pretender, you can't be Jack We all know he'll not come back!"

So, if you see a man, looks like Jack and offers to shake your hand well



Chorus

Yes, the best of the news was *dormak shroom booze*
And we were partin' down And singing that same old song. Yeah, with me, singing

Chorus



Dwarven Rot

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by ———
Originally *American Pie*, Written by Don McClain,

INTRO

A long, long time ago,the*Elves* were facing such a threat they had to ask the *Dwarves* for help.

A goblin hoard on the attack, and nothing seemed to hold them back.
Not arrows, swords or even spell-el-el-els.

In need, to face this common threat,an alliance formed, none shall forget.
In victory friendship was made,they shared culture and trade.

And *Elves* taught *Dwarves* to love the trees, And *Dwarves* showed usto mine with ease,
But there was no way to appease,the day we got *Disease*. And they were pleading...

Chorus

Oh, no. Please don't tell me it's so,'cause if I've got *Dwarven Rot*in a cave I must go.
There was a cure,but we didn't know. Oh-oh, Please don't lock me way down below!
Please don't lock me way down below!

BELATHAN.

My name is *Prince Belathan*. My dynasty, it seems, began, in an ancient holocaust. <Oh-oh>
You've seen how the *Atleclaries* have gauded us for centuries, but protectors, sometimes, pay a cost.
Well like a sister you have always been,My guardian and my closest friend.
And we've made peace its true, But that human isn't for you-oo.
I was, sittin' in my, favorite chair, So stumped to read what was written there.
I'm tellin' you it just isn't fair,what was done, to the *Diseased*. How they lamented...

Chorus

CASANDRA

I deserve this lynch mob's pyre. I long to feel the *righteous fire*.





(wish they all could have North Celledran)
I wish they all could have North Celledran plague!

The North vales have their health, yet. And it comes from the **Det Niat**.
That's a river free, from polluted mineral stain where the hair blight won't be got!
I've been all round **Celledran Vale**, and the folks here are quite sane.
Yeah, but I wouldn't want to get back to the hunt to cure the blight before it came!

Chorus



Hell Hound

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by .xxxx
Originally *Hound Dog*, Written by .xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

You ain't nothing but a **hell hound** belching fire and slime.
You ain't nothing but a **hell hound**, howling fear this time.
Well you ain't never caught a soul and you ain't gonna get – a- mine.

When you were sent out huntin' what devil sent you?
When you were sent out huntin' what did you have to do?
What you gonna do with no souls when the day is through?

You ain't nothing but a **hell hound** stalking souls for Hades
You ain't nothing but a **hell hound** with those teeth like blades.
Well you ain't never caught a soul and you ain't gonna get – a- mine.

What's in it for you **hell hound**, howlin' with empty jaws?
What's in it for you **hell hound**, stealin' souls because?
— You ain't never caught a soul and you ain't gonna get – a- mine.



The Illithid Song

Written by Gerry Buldak
Originally *If you Could Read my Mind*, Written by Gordon Lightfoot, Popularized by Gordon Lightfoot

If you could eat my mind love how delicious my **brains** would smell
Just like a gourmet picnic underground, where the Derro dwell
In a cavern long, or a dungeon deep.
My spinal cord's so sweet, my skull's so very weak, and I will never, ever think



No peaceful town awaited **disease** had not abated.
We new the cure but so far away, not all of us lived to see that day,
And **Lith** was surely on her way with all her damned disease. They no longer say

Chorus



The Ballad of the Clockwork Anarchists

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by —
Originally *Blowin' in The Wind*, Written by Bob Dylan, Popularized by Bob Dylan

Why do da **Busci** keep buttin' in where no one wants 'em at all?
And what's it take, to keep 'em away, while **governments** to our hands fall?
Yes 'n what 'll squares do when it's all done when we break down all of the walls?

Chorus

The answer, you know, eh? **Anarchy's** the way! The answer is **Anarchy** today!

Do 'ya think they know what's in store that there's more than they ever guessed?
Can they see how we burn all of their stuff? And when they do, will they be pissed!
Yes 'n did they foresee how they would all fall, to the **Clockwork Anarchists**?

Chorus

Crazy Stacy says, they've won the last fight, and think they're really hot stuff.
But they won't get far without this van. Walking to town, that's not fast enough!
Do they see the way that **Buscii's** doomed? Will they just walk off in a huff?

Chorus



The Pursuit of Destiny


Written by Mike Watts and Mary Kevin, Sung by —
Originally *Photographs and Memories*, Written by Jim Croce

The **Penguins of Destiny**. A desperate quest you set for me
I was so anxious to go, for you, **Santino**.
Arabella warrior maid. My love for you will never fade.
But I can't tell you that it's so, You may never know.

How can I go on this way? Watching her from day to day?





 Your favorite **Hot Dogs** are back! After three years of chasing **cats** and generally stirring up **trouble**, we've finally dragged our sorry butts back to the keyboard to crank out a few more **filks**. For those who fought our album debut (**Karaoke Conspiracy Konzert** from 1999), we hope you'll find this one even more fun than the last. For those of you who missed it, additional copies are now selling on **eBay**...

So, what's in store this year? We have a couple dozen **songs**, some of which we've even finished. Some of the songs are about this year's NASCRAG™ event, some about old ones, and some we don't know where they came from. Must've been cats that dragged those in... We have new **Wieners** joining the fold (welcome **Mark** and **Marg** and **Jeanette**) who have added all new **talent** to the mix. OK, they've got talent, anyway. We've got some guest writers, including NASCRAG's own Al Baker and Cult-of-AI leader, Gerry Buldak. Finally, on this year's record, you can expect something altogether unexpected: actual **SINGING!** With **MUSIC!** I know! I know! You're thinking, "**Next cats will be sleeping with dogs!**" Possibly, but we'll have to tell you about that later out of ear-shot of the children. For now, you'll hear the voices of a whole slew of **Wieners** and **Guest Wieners** crooning away like only a pack of **Hot Dogs** howling at the **moon** could. Make sure you play this when the neighbors you *don't like* are asleep!

But that's enough introduction: you have **songs** to hear and **disturbance of the peace** arrests to escape. Without further ado, we give you the immortal lyrics of...

The Filking Wieners

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My name is Geoffrey, an Oxford man, they say I'm the leader, I'd best come up with a plan, Michele's a Frärlin Mähtn, a warrior me, He's fearful of fins, I would be, too. Kyle is a nice guy, a little bit shy, He doesn't feel worthy, but won't say just why. Bridgette's a bit stiff, all militant style, Her boss once betrayed her, She won't trust for a while.

Filk Week

Written by Mark Frey, Sung by Mark Frey
Originally One Week, Written by Bare Naked Ladies

It's been one week since we played the square, saved **Cassandra's** butt and got outta there. A few thousand years, another afternoon. Startin' to feel like that chick that lived in **Brigadoon**. Five days since we wrote it down- all the crap that we had to get for **Doc Zown**. Yesterday, everyone was clappin' but it'll be a long while till we figure out what happened

Hoppin' back and forth across time stoppin' **Zown's** crime an' try'n to cure the **Hair Blight**. This happenstance gives a chance to work out the big romance, cause Arrond really thinks that **Elven Ranger's** outta sight! But Thonya's got some bad skills give brother J chills, an' he's against the lovers happiness. **Prince Deverid** thinks the same way. If he gets his say, the two will never get to undress.

But as **Teevus croons** and Arrond moons, Ard Nassak talks about **pontoons**, because the curse won't let her really speak her mind, see? And Deverid thinks his **family stinks**, because of long-ago hijinks that I suppose are gonna show up in round 2 or 3.

All the while **Keldith's** scarring stuff behind our backs eggs, and chickens, and now even a few brass tacks. Speakin of which aren't we supposed to be out on a quest? Doin' stuff at our own future selves' behest. Don't even know just where or when we're **standin' right now**, but if we meet ourselves I know it's gonna hurt



It's been one week since we were eating food. A messenger interrupted, wasn't that rude? Five days since **Zown** went nuts left us behind, now that sure took a lot of guts. Three days since the distant past, he tried to kill us all in a chemical reaction blast. Yesterday, we're gonna save the world but it'll still be a while till we figure out what happened



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Pelethyn's Song

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by —
Originally *It's a Small World*, Written by —, Popularized by —

It's a world of **dullness** that I can fix,
With a knife I can put points on sticks.
With a stone I can make my teeth **take new shape**,
There're not dull after all.

Chorus
It's a **dull** world after all, It's a **dull** world after all,
It's a **dull** world after all, It's a **dull**, blunt world.

I hate balls that are smooth and round.
We should grind them up or pare them down.
Either way that you go, it's a point that will show, that
they're not dull after all.

Chorus



I Love Dwarven Hootch

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by —
Originally I Love Rock and Roll, Written by Joan Jett

We met them diggin' under those Northern cold peaks.
We wondered at their world, one where no sun beaks.
But when the goblins came down from their Northern Wastes Towns
And I hoped most to make my cares down, they taught me to laugh,
and drink, and sing.

Chorus
I love **Dwarven hootch!** Pour another splash in the Shotgun Davey
I love **Dwarven Hootch!** Parties really last 'till the room gets dim.

They taught us to fight, and work down underground.
We taught them magic, and how living things sound.
But the best of the news was dornak shroom booze
An' next we were partyin' down they taught me to laugh, and drink, and sing.

4



there's something you ought to know. You must understand. Here's what to
recall "**Return Pretender**. You can't be Jack
We all know he'll not come back!"

Return Pretender. Return Pretender.



Hardbeak Hotel (F)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by .xxxxx
Originally *Heartbreak Hotel*, Written by .xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

Now since the Dwarves've come ta town, I've found a new place that's swell.
In the **Tilvanot Mountains**, It's the Hardbeak Hotel.
It's a rockin. It's a poppin. We'll sing till the dawn's first light!

Battle Has Started – Giantish Song

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by —
Originally Morning Has Broken, Written by —, Popularized by —

Battle has started, fill the first cairn.
Lift your sword high, and cleave in a brain.
Nothing flows swifter, than your life's blood as
We open your veins up, to drip to the ground.

Little man dying, what a poor foe!
Will you wake up, I don't think so.
You never had a chance, against us
And now you will fall back, into the dust.

Blue Velvet Purse (F)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by .xxxxx
Originally *Blue Suede Shoes*, Written by .xxxx, Popularized by *Elvis Presley*

Well, it's fun to get money, Get all that gold
Strut your bad stuff, Your soul is sold!



13





My mother named me **Ard Nassak**.
 A quiet lab never was for me. I needed to roam wild & free.
 'Sides with skin blights I've just never had a knack.
 Well the **CDC** said, "Please stay home. Don't go to **Celledra** all alone."
 'Cause its the sort of thing I'd do. And It'll take just a moment or two.
 So I haven't walked this whole valley. And care not for their misery.
 I never had the clarity to understand disease. They never told me

Chorus

SYLVA

A plague had come to town and they sent me there to track it down.
Doctor Silva is my name.
 They've kept me here in my clinic. They say I should tend, to the sick.
 But I need to, look from, whence it came...
 To fight a plague, I've always said: "You need to know just how it's spread."
 What we really do need. Is an **Agency of Disease-ese**
 Well I've had no luck with a cure. but **virtue** shows who to inter.
 A quarantine is all it were. A place, for the Diseased. And they all told me...

Chorus

DROW

Madness passes, all I feel is sadness.
 This dark underground is all they'll grant us.
 But a least it's away from them.
Zown has come and'll come again. It is prophesied he'll bring new friends
 and we'll over-throw the surface- world of men.
 And underground there's lots of room. A kingdom not a dismal tomb.
 We've place to sow our seed, But how many gods do we need?
 First there was our beloved **Zown**, but then the spider came around,
 Each vowed to **snike** the other down. So they could lead the **D.R.O.W.** Oh why did we say?

Chorus

FINALE

Oh, what fools we mortals be to fight a god is in-sanity but there seemed no other way.
Zown had built a new machine, but with the help of the **Spider Queen**.
 Fortune smiled down, upon us, on that day-ay-ay.
 So to **Celledra** we went home to see what crop our deeds had sown.



Because my brain is your cerebral treat!

If I could eat your mind love how atrocious your brains would smell
 Just like a bladder infection sent above from the bowels of Hell
 Pass the pepper please and some **fennel seeds**
 To hide the taste for me! Oh how my stomach heaves
 And when I see the sun again I promise, God, that I'll go vegan!

I'd rather eat my intestines please served with a pint of mead
 Than see your ugly breed I never thought I could run away
 But I've got to say that it's much more pleasant
 I don't know where we stepped wrong
 But I'd rather not belong to an **illithid!**

If you could eat my mind love how delicious my brains would smell
 Just like a gourmet picnic Underground, where the Derro dwell
 In a cavern long, or a dungeon deep my spinal cord's so sweet
 My skull's so very weak and if you think you can feast on me
 Because you think my friends are ugly come in closer, and you'll see
 You never thought you would see the day where a wizard tossed a fireball your way.
 I don't know where your head's gone but the taste was strong and I love mind flayer fillet!



Marching Order Song

Written by Randal Cox, Originally Dwarf Song in Snow White
 Written by —, Popularized by —

Line up! Line up! It's time to march to war!
 In single and a double rank. Line up! Line up! Line up! Line up!
 Yes Sir! Yes Sir! We'll shout when you say "What?"
 We'll make you proud. We'll kick some butt. Yes Sir! Yes Sir! Yes Sir! Yes Sir!

Owl Bear

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by xxxxx
 Originally **Teddy Bear**, Written by xxxxx, Popularized by **Elvis Presley**

Oh, let me be (doop do do do do)
 Your **Owlbear** (doop do do do do, doop do do do do)





Nearer my hear she can't be, yet so far from me.
To the woods I long to flee, for fear of her rejecting me.
A hermit away from the world, but could I leave the girl?

Chorus:
Sometimes I long to go back to my cozy dryad den.
In the woods, where life was good, I still miss **Finnigan**.

In combat she is wond-er-ous, with just a hint of battle lust.
A leader of men and our band, fairest in the land. Will she ever notice me?
One more oak among the trees. How I wish you could love me too, For my love is true.

Chorus:
Sometimes I long to go back to my cozy **dryad den**.
In the woods, where life was good. Away from the world of men.



Viva Celledra(F)

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by xxxxx
Originally Viva Las Vegas, Written by xxxx, Popularized by Elvis Presley
Big time city gonna hear my song, hear my song scream
Got a whole lot of fans just ready to thrill, I'll sing like they never dream!

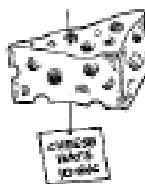


Twisted Supra-Genius

Written by Mike Watts, Sung by —
Originally Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy, Written by —, Popularized by —



There was an old inventor from **Celledran Town**
A crazy **old geezer** by the name of Zown.
Oh, you see he had this plan, for there were Elves in the past,
and they were quite in a jam. He's tryin' now, to fulfill his dream,
He's the **Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine**.
The Machine isn't finished, parts are overdue.
If the Party finds them they could come 'long too.
Yes, he had told them so, but with disease in his brain,
all alone he would go. He has slipped away in the temporal stream.



He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.
A-doo, A-doo, A Beedly-a-da-doo,
He's going back to the past. He's really goin'
Not gonna stop 'till his worshipers are a growin'
He'll be the **greatest god**, the Elves have ever seen,
He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.
He is A Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine
Not gonna stop 'till his worshipers are a growin' like weeds.
He'll be a really great god to all of them Elves,
He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.
Doo doo doo Doo-delee-ada Doo-delee-ada Doo Doo
He's goin' back to the past. Not gonna stop 'till his worshipers are a growin'

He'll be the greatest god, the Elves have ever seen,
He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.

Oh, don't you ever say that his Elves are sick.
For it's a transformation that does the trick.
Brings followers to him to the future they'll go,
Then **enslave the humans** - a wondrous world they'll make, a glory to be seen,
He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.

He'll save all of the Elves, He'll save all of the Elves,
He'll save all of the Elves, He'll save all of the Elves,
He'll be the greatest god, the Elves have ever seen,
He's the Twisted Supra-Genius with a Time Machine.



Ard Nassak's Epidemiological Report #317-B14

Written by Randal Cox, Sung by —
Originally *California Girls*, Written by The Beach Boys

Well, E-East side Celledrans really have the blight I hear.
And the **Southern folk**, at the ocean side, their hair was white when I came there.
The Western mountain people, the blight is all they've ever known.
And the central folk, in the farming plains, they'll be fine if left alone!

Chorus
I wish they all could have North Celledran

