

The Eiffel Revulsion

As requested by the Baronet Clive Masterly on the twenty third night of March in bequest of Baron Von Munchausen to one Captain Sir Robert, Gentleman Pirate. Being transcripts of some merit.

Note from the chronicler

Some portions of this tale are lost through misadventure. The scribe temporarily beheaded himself accidentally and required severe bandaging and a whipping for impertinence before he was able to continue with the dictation. Therefore the first several valuable minutes of the following tale are lost.

[Perhaps Captain Sir - you could tell us of the time you stopped the French Revolution with the aid of sponge cake, and the Eiffel Tower]

Baron Celsius: I think you may have been the victim of a spelling error, the Baronet refers to the "French Revolution", but I believe he actually meant the French Revulsion.

I see, I understand it all now. Well the French are, revolting, and there is a great deal of revulsion towards the French. Which I certainly feel, a thousand muscular French women notwithstanding.

Lord Peter: Perhaps it was to do with the fact that in France, sponge cakes are primarily made of lard?

Well, as my crew largely found this out, having engorged themselves on lardy sponge cakes, and were now roughly the shape of baboons only they didn't quite [climb] so well, as I found out by experiment. I had to send them on a kind of fourth march, in order to slim them down a bit. So they could climb the masts and operate the ropes and things without breaking the ship from their weight. What happened with my thousand muscular French women, my pet peasant Jacques, my crew - being pushed ashore initially in wheelbarrows by Jacques (But after a while they managed to take turns pushing each other ashore on wheelbarrows) Carrying of course, the Eiffel Tower, which I found to be in excess of requirements - and, all the remaining sponge cake.

Of course, by the time we descended on Paris, we had gathered quite a following. One, two, three hundred Frenchmen. There was a sponge cake famine plaguing northern France at the time.

Hon. Hyacynth: I'm concerned about the sponge cake - you said it had gone stale, surely it was now mouldy?

The French have this thing about mouldy blue cheese, so it's only a short step for a mouldy lard filled sponge cake to being a great delicacy. My pet peasant Jacques and my hunting rabbit had at this stage concocted several interesting recipes with blue-veined sponge cake.

Hon. Hyacynth: Chocolate and coconut?

Chocolate, coconut blue-veined cheese. Brier with claret, quail and one of those strange birds... Anyhow, we had arrived at Paris and constructed the whole lot, using the Eiffel Tower as the central support point, into the largest cake you had ever seen. Now as you are no doubt quite aware, the French were in the middle of a major Revulsion against the French king, who as well all know is

spotty.

Lord Peter: Well I had heard that someone had recently introduced to the continent the concept of a bath?

That would explain things - I did see some unusually clean Frenchmen. Just before they got sent to the guillotine for being unusually clean. The revulsion towards clean Frenchmen - it being contrary to nature of the universe, was all building up to a rather nasty Revulsion, or Revolution, or possibly all three at once. When they all were invited to an enourmous party with the biggest cake in the world, which they then consumed with gusto. Because lard wasn't actually good for you, they were all then violently ill and died.

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