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# **Pernelda Violet Applebee**

*As told by*

**Curtis Meinert**

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Grimm Bindery  
Madison, Wisconsin

To Julie, Nancy, and Jill  
the focus of my stories



## Foreword

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Talking into a tape recorder when half asleep is the easy part of an effort like this. The hard part is everything that comes after. You can see by notes affixed to some of the stories as to when told this “work” was a long time in the making.

First, there was the job transcribing the tapes to processable text. That job fell to my dear departed wife. If you have ever listened to yourself on tape, two things are certain: You will not recognize your own voice and you will not believe how incoherent you sound. I do not come across like Walter Cronkite!

That being so there was lots of backfilling when things did not make sense because of being half asleep. There were rewrites and editing, lots of that.

Originally, when I started this, I was smart enough to assemble the individual files into a cohesive whole, but two things happened along the way: I got dumber and the operating system got replaced by a “better” system. As a result I became more and more dependent on Jill for assembling and generating the document. She is smarter than I am and, for certain, more patient than I am!

Thank you Jill and for the art work in front of each chapter!

And thank you Allison Courduff (aka Ruppelputt) for the full page drawing in front of the *Preface*. It is her interpretation of Pernelda’s “ping pong ball drop test” described in *Scared Stiff*.

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## Preface

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Pernelda Violet Applebee is a young girl growing into adulthood. The stories are about her encounters on the road of life. Yarns about her, as with those about Dickie Harris and associates, were spun primarily around campfires or after bedding down on family camping trips over the years.

Most of my yarns were about Dickie Harris and company, but every now and again I found it interesting to hear about Pernelda.

Eventually, it got so you kids would not go to bed until I told a story. When I was tired I would try to beg off, but never with success. Many a time I felt like Don Knotts in his classic comedy skit where he had to ad-lib the weather forecast. I was forced to make it up as I went. That, no doubt, explains the lack of consistency in story lines, even within the same story, to say nothing about across stories.

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