

# High Language - The Cartouche

## by Q

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The cartouche, simply put, is a way to identify a person or organization by circling the Revelwood initials. Often, the initials are combined in an artistic fashion, creating a personal glyph.

Let's use Stonewall as an example. No, not a target, I said an example. First, I would decide what letters I want to use to represent his name. I choose "S" and "W" because I want to. [Remember that High Language is a free language. Don't be afraid to have it your way.] Having selected the letters, I combine them in a clever fashion. This combination works well on several levels. First, the combination is not a specific High Language letter. Therefore, it is not going to be mistaken for someone else who has the letters "S" and "W" in their name, such as Silly Wizard.

Also, legally, there is no evidence that I used anyone's name. Therefore, I can't be held liable.

Interestingly, it is and ironic twist of fate that the ancient pharos of Egypt actually stole this idea from us. All because the IB got into a pissing contest with the evil Queph Lord.

Now maybe this happened because our Baron was suffering from audio dystrophy and was in a bad mood anyway. And sure we all acknowledge the possibility that it was an *evil* Queph Lord because his father named him Pith Dribblelip. But most of us agree that it all started because The Baron is too pompous for his own good sometimes. But I'll still let you the reader, decide for yourself.

It all began late one night in The Barn.

Stonewall, the IB and I are siting quietly minding our own business when suddenly out of nowhere we hear a very loud "POP" and there standing in front of us is an Egyptian.

Before any of us could say a thing, eight more

"POPs" happen in quick order. Now The Barn is getting crowded (thank God it was its usual mess or there may have been 20 of them in there). Instantly, we notice that one of the Egyptians is dressed differently from the others. Most noticeable was his lack of a sharp pointy spear. That is not to say he wasn't impressive looking by himself all done up in dark, no I mean really dark blue. So dark as to be almost but not quite black.

He also had on a ridiculous pointy hat and he carried a somber looking sniffy stick. Suddenly, his eyes grew wide and he spoke.

"You're not Seth." He said in a disappointed tone.

"Oh my!" I said. [I know you wanted me to say something much more profound but I am striving to tell the story exactly as it happened and I happened to say "Oh my."]

Like a well-rehearsed chorus line, the guards all rolled their eyes. Stonewall shifted slightly in his seat and the IB lit a smoke. The once menacing, but now confused figure spoke again.

"Ah... One of you wouldn't happen to be Ramses would you? He said.

Simultaneously Stonewall and I push our chairs back about a foot and point to the IB.

The IB takes a long drag on the cigarette, lets the smoke seep out of his nostrils like a slow motion waterfall, finally looks up and through a cloud of blue haze and whispers like Brando, "Who's asking."

With the last syllable, the IB blows a smoke ring that drifts like a smart bomb towards the Egyptian's nose. From the right, one of the guards jumps forward and shouts, "Speak only when