

# High Language - The Cartouche

## by Q

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*[“The Cartouche” Continued from last issue. It is the history of the Cartouche in Revelwood High Language. The story so far: The IB, Q & Stonewall are sitting in the barn when the Queph Lord and a small group of Egyptian guards appear. Words are exchanged between the IB and the Queph Lord. We now join the story as the Queph Lord casts a spell at the IB...]*

The lights become a massive glowing cloud of purple vapor that engulfs the IB’s head. The Egyptian guards back off in concern. They have never seen the Queph Lord as animated as he is now, and they have never seen anyone act so cool in his presence. They are afraid.

In the opposite direction, Stonewall and I cautiously back also away, towards the Barn’s front door. We may have never seen the Queph Lord, but we sure as Hell have seen the IB before. We were very afraid.

Suddenly, with a bizarre whooshing sound, the cumulous cloud of purple smoke began to diminish in size. In an instant, it was apparent that the IB was inhaling the mysterious gaseous envelope. It disappeared between his lips as he sat back in his chair. With a wink and a grin, he blew out a huge purple smoke ring. It was perfect.

“IB... are you OK?” I said, bravely strolling back towards The Baron.

The IB chuckled and answered, “Its obvious this clown has never been on stage with The Vengeful Vicar.”

The guards were visibly distressed as they began to

murmur and chatter amongst themselves. On the other side of the room, Stonewall reached behind the bar and pulled out a pencil and a scrap of paper. He furiously wrote a High Language message on the torn surface. Then he stuffed it in his pocket. He looked up and smiled as if no one had noticed him doing it.

The IB looks at the stunned Queph Lord and scornfully says “So, is that the best you can do Dribblelip?”

Pith Dribblelip turned an exciting shade of crimson and yelled in a thunderous voice “NOW YOU DIE... YOU MISERABLE INFIDEL.” And in an equally bellowing afterthought added “AND IT IS LORD DRIBBLELIP!!!”

In a fine demonstration of Egyptian magic, Dribblelip cast his staff onto the floor where it transformed into a 9 foot giant King Cobra. With a steam vent hiss, it began to slither towards the IB. Undaunted, The Iron Baron gestured casually to the snake, and as it moved closer, he murmured something that the rest of us couldn’t hear. With a rigid tightening of its body, the snake stopped moving. It looked at the IB, then back at Dribblelip, then back to the IB. The snake drew up its massive head, nodded once, and took off after the Queph Lord.

I leaned close to the IB and asked him “What did you say to the snake IB?”

The IB didn’t answer at first. Together we silently watched the Queph Lord sprint around the inside of the barn, jumping over debris laden P&P tables, landscaping tractors and some newly discovered war archive boxes, with a 9 foot giant King Cobra snapping at his ass. At the completion of his second circuit, the snake noticed the guards and added