

High Language

By Q

[ed. This is the first installment in a series to teach the art of the High Language. The High Language is the official written language of Revelwood. Currently, it is practiced by an enlightened few. However, it should be understood and used by all citizens. To that end, Q has reluctantly agreed to explain this ancient form of written communication. The bribe was enormous, but worth it.]



nce upon a time, it was different for Revelwood. Believe it or not, we weren't loved, cherished respected and well, to be frank feared as we are today. Now, if we aren't able to dazzle them with our footwork or baffle them with our bullshit, we just wear them down by sheer numbers.

Back then, we were at the mercy of the boring, long winded Pettycrats and Exploitive Snakes who strode about in really nice garb. And I'm here to tell you, we were "brought up" to the high table more than once. In fact, I can not even tell you how many places we were kicked out of. It is important for you to understand how it was then. I mean, getting kicked out of a royal muckity muck encampment is one thing (or in our case multiple things), but to get kicked out of Neolithic barbarian camps is another thing (or in our case multiple things). It became apparent to us very early on that we needed a way to communicate complex ideas amongst ourselves in a quick, concise, and above all private way.

Then, one night, there was a freak thunderstorm at The Barn... no, no, that's not right..., that's how we found Kerry.

No, I remember now, we were enjoying a moment of lucidity, something we were quite unfamiliar with when it hit us. We thought of the famous Chinese poet, Chun Kai Chee who gave his people the art of writing. Mr. Chee had to sit in a swamp for 17 years meditating until a bamboo grove grew out of his arse.

Mr. Chee also had 47 children so it is very possible that the word "meditating" was a missed translation.

Then we thought of "Woden" who told the Gods that he would tie himself upside down to a tree and pluck his eye from his head to get the secret of writing. OK, so maybe he wasn't the smartest Viking we know. Or maybe he was. You never heard of old Leif bringing mathematics to his people. With the Vikings it's always kill another, and another and another. That's how they count.

Right, anyway, we saw how the ancients developed writing and decided to leave the Gods alone and stay out of the swamps. In typical Revelwood fashion, we faked it. After all, it's just a bunch of symbols for a bunch of sounds.

So... I closed my eyes and discovered a list of symbols, something around twenty-six that we could all use. Hmmm... OK, so here are the symbols...

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