

The Unnamable



Hint!

Two

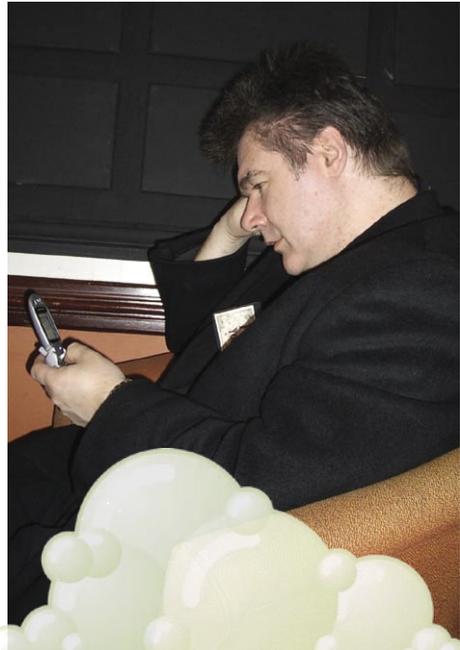


MINE,
ALL
MINE!

It is not Feòrag doing this issue, but Me - *Pluff the Plush Chindin*. I decided that I could do it better than she could and accidentally turned her insane for a bit so I could get near her computer.

So, apart from the obvious (I am an 'eater'), why do I think I can do this better than her? Well, if you have seen My LiveJournal, you will know that My con reports are far more interesting than hers. I at least turn up to the convention and don't have to fill up space telling you what planes I went on to get there. And when I am not sleeping, I go to panels and schmooze with people who are apparently famous science fiction writers. Whatever, they are not gods and are therefore not as important as Me. I am sure that actual science fiction content automatically makes My *Unnamable* better than hers, and if you disagree, you will be eaten last. And I play with My food.

Thanks for this issue go to Pete Young, who had no choice other than to be helpful but proved to be a more useful minion than I expected. To the right is a photo of him showing off his technological prowess. Also Cheryl Morgan, who encourages Me on a regular basis.



Pluff the Plush Chindin

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BOSTON BAKED BRAINS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 2004

3:14 am

On My way

We are off to Noreascon 4 in the morning, and most things seem to be packed. I am looking forward to seeing My minions, and maybe snacking lightly upon their brains. I have relatives in the region too—a family get-together would be fun. It would not be as loud as [@feorag's](#) birthday party though.

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 2004

12:20 am

Worldcon part the first

I am now in Boston. The journey was good—it started well when the security minion at Turnhouse did tickle Me under the tentacles before putting Me through the invigorating X-ray. The film on the long-haul sector was *The Stepford Wives* which was amusing, and also very inspiring. I will need to do a bit of research, but I think I now know how to

make My minions serve Me properly.

We have been upgraded to a suite in the hotel—they obviously recognise that it is good not to get on My even worse side. I did go to a party, which was full of feeble humans. I think [@pmcmurray](#) was the only LJ using minion there.

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

12:10 pm

Minions have started to turn up. I have deigned to speak with [@annafdd](#), [@del_c](#), Nojay and others deprived of LJ functionality. Not seen my beloved [@marykaykare](#) yet. Con has not got going yet, so will have a nice nap in My Palace of Luxury. Have taken photo of the view from our 37th (really 36th, except some pedantic minion says it's probably only the 35th because Americans are too wimpy to have a 13th) floor window, and will post it when I find where minion [@autopope](#) has hidden the SD card reader (*you can see it above now*).

Am being blamed for children suddenly going quiet on the plane over. Alas, I was



Above: Me in My Palace of Luxury, and some flowers.

Below: Me and the Plush HIV. You can also see the badge I was given by one of My many minions.



sloppy, and left some evidence of a red-brown nature on My tentacles. Oopsikins.

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

9:01 pm

My minions honour Me

I have been sleeping all afternoon and so cannot report on any convention panels. ♀ feorag did spend too much time and money in the dealer room, and has bought Me a badge—*“Have you heard about our generous minion benefit package?”* She has also acquired a plush HIV from the Giant Microbes range. She says it will be useful for nunning, but I think it is cute (but not as dangerous as I am).

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 2004

8:36 pm

Friday

Last night I went to the LJ party, and was photographed by ♀ flyingsauce. Here is the result. I have edited out the frightening and unimportant minions.



I did get many hugs from ♀ marykaykare, which was nice. She will be one of the first to be eaten.

Today I actually went to a panel—one on some anime director that they seemed to think was dead good. It was interesting, but the director does not do tentacle porn, so it was not *that* interesting. I did get more hugs

and tickles from two charming young women WANOLJ in the Mended Drum. They will be eaten just after [@marykaykare](#).

Now I am getting ready for the Tor party. [@tnh](#) did not get the opportunity to tickle Me much last night. She will tonight, or she will be eaten last.

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 2004

2:35 pm

Memage

A brief break from the con coverage to bring you this meme via [@nhw](#):

Popular interests among [@fluffctulhu's](#) friends

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. science fiction (13) | 11. fantasy (6) |
| 2. books (11) | 12. comics (6) |
| 3. cats (11) | 13. computers (6) |
| 4. reading (8) | 14. edinburgh (6) |
| 5. sf (8) | 15. london (6) |
| 6. chocolate (8) | 16. dave langford (5) |
| 7. writing (7) | 17. photography (5) |
| 8. cooking (7) | 18. ken macleod (5) |
| 9. beer (7) | 19. sushi (5) |
| 10. fandom (7) | 20. cthulhu (5) |



Interests gestalt

My most interesting friend is [@miramon](#) who has 14 of these interests, followed by [@nuttyxander](#) (11), [@sbiisson](#) (11) and [@purplectulhu](#) (8).

Normality Index

My friends are 41.61% normal.

Coming soon—pictures of Me consuming the brains of people. [@autopope](#) tells me that two of them are very famous science fiction writers indeed. Going by this meme, that should interest you minions considerably.

Current Mood: 🌿 sleepy

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 2004

5:10 pm

Good eatin'

I have been sampling the brains of many people here in Boston, and I have made sure My minions were on hand to take pictures. Apparently some of these people are quite well-known, but not to Elder Gods like Me. (Lots of pictures. You have been Warned.)

Mystery minion, perhaps Allan M. Steele. (below, left)

Rivka of Respectful of Otters



Robert Silverberg



Justina Robson



Michael Swanwick



Next page: Robert Charles Wilson (top left); Lois McMaster Bujold; Neil Gaiman; Robert J. Sawyer.



John Meaney (right)



Qpnh (who is picture number 666)



MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 2004

10:59 am

Coup de grace

I present to you the latest quality brain which I have devoured (They said it wasn't possible).

The con chair, Deb Geisler



Walter Jon Williams (top right)

Current Mood: 🐸 sleepy

This should go a long way towards reassuring the authors that the photographs of them being devoured will never turn up in *LOCUS*.

Current Mood: 🐸 sleepy



OTHER CONVENTION REPORTS FROM MY LIVE JOURNAL.

BOSKONE, BOSTON USA

Monday 9th February 2004

I woke My minions up in an hour unknown to humankind and directed them to take Me to the airport. We went first to Amsterdam, a city of legend, but we did not have time to enter the town and stayed instead in the airport, which is surprisingly dry for somewhere below sea level. The crawling chaos aboard our next aircraft screamed and bellowed in a manner which belied their innocence of the Great Old Ones. Once the 'fasten seat belts' sign went off, I cured them of that innocence and Cthulhu was able to sleep until we arrived at Boston.

Boston was unseasonably warm.

Tuesday 10th - Thursday 12th

Tuesday was a quiet day, and in the evening went to see Jenny and Rehmi WANOLJ.

Wednesday, the Minions went to New York and prayed to Me to guard their stuff. I am good at guarding.

Thursday they came back. [@feorag](#) told me

she would like Me to eat all of New York last. I am not hungry, for there is a conference of Evangelical Christians next door. They were not much fun, even pathetic old Jehovah can put the fear of God into them. No challenge and not much brain to speak of.

Friday 13th - Sunday 15th

My minions [@marykaykare](#) and [@burningrifer](#) arrived. I refrained from eating them because they are nice to Me and tickle Me under the chin. I had the brain of some famous author though.

Saturday I rested while [@feorag](#) explored some of My haunts in the old North End. Says she found a carving of Me on a gravestone.

Sunday I met Oliver, who is the bear of [@tnh](#). He does not have a LiveJournal so I can't friend him. The minions drank too much.

Monday 16th - Tuesday 17th

We returned home, but they stuffed me in a bag all day. Just because I am a small, plush Cthulhu doesn't mean I can't make you suffer



Who could this be carved into a gravestone in Boston's North End?

a fate worse than death. You wait and see. Was tickled by [@burningriver](#) before we went to nearly miss our plane.

Crawling chaos at the airport turned out to be on our plane, but I had worked out where it was and dealt with it. Crawling chaos sat near Me was well-behaved and did nothing to rise me from my slumber. The stars mid-Atlantic are a beauty without peer, but they were not yet right. My time will come. The aircraft was an old DC-10 and it leaked on Me. The minions did not like it, but the air conditioning in Boston was so dry that I enjoyed My brief moment of dampness. On arrival back at the lair, the minions slept for nearly as long as I do.

CONCOURSE (EASTERCON 2004), BLACKPOOL.

My first filk

Blackpool was disappointing. There were plenty of people about town, but they were neds of little brain. So I wrote this:

*Fluff the Plush Ctlbulhu
Lives in the sea
And sleeps until the stars are right
In a city called Ryleh.*

Thank you.

Here is a picture of me enjoying a pint with Martin Hoare in the Wheatsheaf, a fine ale house which was delightfully ned-free.



The genii at Blackpool Council have now closed this pub and plan to demolish it to build a casino. Their fate will be far too unpleasant to describe in these pages.

<PLOKTA.CON 3.0 > NEWBURY.

Can anyone explain the difference between a con and a LiveJournal meetup? Am in Newbury, along with minions [@autopope](#), [@feorag](#), [@drplokta](#), [@bohemiancoast](#), [@frostfox](#), [@bellinghman](#), [@bellinghwoman](#), [@major_clanger](#), [@bugshaw](#) (I think), [@del_c](#), [@flyingsauce](#), [@lproven](#), [@nuttyxander](#), [@thesideshow](#), [@miramon](#), [@the_magician](#) and the delightfully named [@purplectulhu](#). I suspect everyone else here has an LJ too, but I don't know their usernames. They should be made to have one so they can worship Me via My LJ.

[@eleyan](#) has gone to the end of the queue to be eaten, and will be eaten last, for she did braid My tentacles. There again, she did give Me a rather nice moose-skull and crossbones earring. Will have to see if minion [@billg](#) has some nice software to facilitate prioritisation in endtime consumption scenarios.



Dr. Plokta receives the Fluff treatment.

CONVIVIAL, GLASGOW, MAY30TH 2004.

Glasgow. It's a bit like Blackpool, you know - full of drunken neds, but even less comprehensible and more surreal than their English counterparts. The city also does not want visitors - how else do you explain the completely outrageous parking charges, which also apply on Sundays? And Sunday is also not blessed with trains, though we eventually got one, [@feorag](#) sacrificing the opportunity to wear costume to do so. I spent the journey sleeping, and spent much of the con in the games room, terrifying loud children into silence. I am good at that.

[@feorag](#) won her dirigible race (not that I would ever influence her to cheat against a man of the cloth); [@suaveswede](#) lost his - against a small child! [@suaveswede](#) did give Me a tiara from the great pile of tiaras he won in the raffle. It is most fetching, but needs some work to make it fit My head as it was designed to fit a human head, which is not as pretty a shape. I will also demand that [@feorag](#) add some rhinestones, as befits My status.

Afterwards, I went to the Crystal Palace with [@feorag](#), [@autopope](#), [@suaveswede](#), [@lproven](#), [@drplokta](#) and others who have not succumbed to the borg that is LJ. They did drink rather a lot - there was a 'beer festival'

on, which apparently means it is compulsory to have more than one pint. They complain when I do odd things to their minds, but are more than happy to do it to themselves. Hypocritical puny humans.

We then went to Ichiban, so My minions could eat, and then onto the Pot Still for more addling of the brain. Then we headed back to Edinburgh. Except the trains on Sunday are crap - did I mention that? - and we found we had to wait ages for the next one. We went to the Phoenix, which is what used to be the Hogshead, under the station. My special minions approved - four cask ales in excellent condition, and the entire pub is no smoking! This meant that I did not pong of anything other than Cthulhu, as a result.

OH DEAR.

I appear to have space left. I had better think of something to put in it before Feòrag notices it and fills it with pictures of aeroplanes...



Fluff seems to have fallen asleep, so here is the view from a bmi British Midland A321 taken on the way down to <plokta.con 3.0>—Feòrag

BOOK: Stiff: The curious lives of human cadavers by Mary Roach

ISBN: 0-393-32482-6

Most of My minions are made—thus ensuring a continuing supply of brain smoothies—but once in a while a perfect one is born. Such a minion is Mary Roach, whose enthusiasm for decay, decomposition, and death is unsurpassed. In this fascinating book she explores a topic of some considerable interest to Me, namely the anatomy of My favourite food.

“Stiff” is about what will happen to you when you die—assuming I don’t get to you first. Numerous answers are provided to the question of how to dispose of seventy to a hundred kilograms of human meat, once the owner’s soul is sucked terrifyingly into the swirling oblivion of the starry abyss and recycled as a party snack by My cousin Yog-Sothoth. Human meat, it transpires, is inconveniently persistent. Left to itself it takes months to rot, in a process lovingly described in the chapter discussing an academic department in Tennessee that reminds Me curiously of certain goings-on described by My Arkham correspondent. Oozing and suppurating all over the grass, corpses do not skeletonize trivially: but certain organisms (notably ants, beetles, and cosmetic surgeons) accelerate the process in various ways, and this is described at length.

Brain purée does in fact get a look in, but I’m slightly disappointed with the the lack of any discussion of the best way of serving it. I believe My minion needs to

spend more time in the kitchen before I return.

Various means of killing humans are discussed, ranging from plane crashes to execution, but this is all irrelevant in the long run because the vast majority of currently living humans will meet their end through Me.

DVD: Read or Die

It was most interesting. It had lost underwater cities. Well, one lost underwater city. It did not have tentacles though, so I could not really relate to the evil characters in the way I would have liked.

GAME: SimCity 4 (Macintosh)

A ‘god game’ should be perfect for Me, so I have made Myself an island in the middle of San Francisco Bay. My city is called Arkham. It will not let Me build an underwater city, which is why I made the island. Actually, it is not really an island, because it is attached to land at various places so I can get the rewards which rely on connections to other cities.

It is not realistic because I have to pretend to be a human, and use only human powers, when I *am* a god. Some downloads should solve that one. Also, I am not keen on having to be nice to the Sims (or Simions, as I call them - hah, hah!), but it will be more fun if I build up a huge city before inflicting disasters on it

Rush Hour apparently comes out for the Mac today, and that will let Me build monorails and other weird stuff. No underwater cities though - feh!

