

The Unnamable

The lo-tech edition

THREE

One of the minions is guest of honour at Conceive, which is the Swedish national convention. I therefore find Myself in Gothenburg. Net access is a little hard to come by, so I can't update My LiveJournal, but there is this typewriter lurking in a dark corner of the bar. It is a Swedish typewriter, which is slightly confusing to Me and minion Feðrag, but it has letters which make it useful to show off Feðrag's one word of Swedish: öl. I wonder what that might mean! It has å, ä and ü as well, but no apostrophe. I will have to make the minions draw them in afterwards.

Gothenburg is a city full of Volvo drivers. Even the taxis are Volvos, and the ambulances are specially adapted Volvos. I suppose they're safe (except from Cthulhu, or course). There are not many motorbikes here. Minion Charlie says this is because it gets very cold in winter, but I think it has something to do with all the Volvos. There is even a Volvo museum here, which Charlie will no doubt want to see.

Feðrag's special talent has been recognised, and she was enlisted as beer consultant to help decide what to buy. Sweden is a bit like Canada, in that the sale of alcohol is very limited but the shop is state-owned rather than owned by the big breweries, and there is an impressive range available. She is typing this out for Me while drinking Normandy cider. This does not bode well for the rest of My most important words.

On the way in, our flight was delayed and we missed the connection at Schiphol. Fortunately, there was another flight that day, so I did not have to put up with the effects of My minions spending a night in Amsterdam. We were also upgraded to business class, and I got a seat to Myself. I was accused of being the Loch Ness Monster by security at Edinburgh, but the nice young woman at AMS rightly opined that I was cute. She will be eaten slightly earlier as a result.

The trouble with this typewriter is that I can't do any of the latest Memes. The one that examines your moods and comments on it suggested that I would have time to sleep when I am dead. They do not know Me very well! They will not be happy when I finally wake from My slumber!

It was not a meme, but they had a live-action 'What Science Fiction Writer Are You?' quiz, and I got Orson Scott Card. This is apparently appropriate, though I pointed out that I do not write insane rants from a bizarre religious perspective. I have minions for that!

Feðrag has been shopping for snacks and has a peeve. It seems the packaging is all in English on the front, but the useful information is given in several languages, carefully avoiding the ones she can read. I was busy being tickled under the tentacles at the time, so could not help.

Fluff the Plush Cthulhu, 89 Brunswick Street, Edinburgh EH7 5HS
Scotland, <http://www.livejournal.com/users/fluffcthulhu/>
Feðrag NicBhríde, [feorag antipope.org](http://feorag.antipope.org); <http://feorag.livejournal.com>.

see what I mean?

* Vilken författare är du?

Drink minions!
I make's them.