

Zolid Matters

Another cartload of Jameldic blithery

Nmb 12: Novembü 1997

Hilad and welcome to issue twelve of the oddly stimulating and stimulatingly odd *Zolid Matters*, known to its friends as *ZM12* and to the Inland Revenue as “non-deductible expenses incurred during peripheral activities.” This is another double-sided offering, with a fragrant extract from A.A. Milne’s *Winnie-the-Pooh* in Jameld on the reverse which the Translation Committee hopes members will find uplifting, heartwarming and so on. This green gazette is also a double-edged offering: enmingled with the delight and baroque levity it brings is the poignant tiding that *ZM12* will in fact be the last *Zolid Matters*. It has been observed that this journal is the ultimate repository for all things whimsical and eccentric; never has this been truer, for this is indeed *the ultimate ZM*. We convey ingratitude to our loyal readers . . . I’m sorry, I’ll start again. We convey, in gratitude to our loyal readers, another cartload of Jameldic blithery.

A PHRASE A QUARTER: PART URIENT

We stopped worrying about the inaccuracy of the title of this feature ages ago, and it seems a bit late to change it now. This final instalment features a domestic scene of surprise, puzzlement and totally unwarranted stereotyping.

I don’t know, but I think I bought a pregnant mouse.
Me na wüt, hnyo me thakje tes me büyivave an sweni müs.

What makes you think it’s pregnant?
Umwi thakje ye tes et’st swena?

It’s eating banana-and-coleslaw sandwiches, and all the coal’s gone.
Et mest banan-und-kaulslat ledzibret, und iğé te kol bitwantave.

(FX: Klaxons, bells, etc.) [*That would appear to have triggered the cliché alarm. Our apologies—Ed.*]

IJD³: IN JAMELD, NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND YOU SCREAM

If you’ve been paying attention (Hey, you there at the back . . . sit up straight boy!) you’ll have noticed that this September the 13th past was International Jameld Day; the more bewildered among our readers may even have honoured its passing by the application of a little facial adornment. Certainly, here at Jameld Towers the celebrations were as lavish as they were memorable. While delegates ingested such extraterrestrial delicacies as Deep-Fried Anhlaxan Yeast Worms

and Hadra Biscuit, the acclaimed Doktor Strel lectured at considerable length on the corporeal and perceptual benefits of consuming his Patent Therapeutic Fruitcake, until at last he was interrupted by the curious atonality of the *BJZ Jam-Makers’ Institute Comb-and-Paper Orchestra*, with their unusual rendition of the theme from *Star Trek* (the *de facto* anthem of IJD³). Outside, the streets were lined with cheering crowds, which had been hired for the occasion (£23 a yard from Jorthel Enterprises). Around the village, bunting had been strung between telegraph poles and trees—a pleasant but unremarkable sight until a spark from the notoriously ill-insulated Kington Magna phone wires ignited one of the flaglets. For reasons that may never now become apparent, the (as it transpires) *phosphorus-impregnated* bunting had been strung on *magnesium ribbon*; the resultant chain reaction and lightshow will be indelibly imprinted on the memories, and indeed retinas, of all those who witnessed the occasion (i.e. your Humble Ed and family, three Association Members and a stuffed vicuña). Next year’s IJD⁴ promises to be a rather different event; it is devoutly to be wished that we won’t have to pay to have the street rewired again, anyway.

. . . AND THIS IS ME

So, why is this the last one, then? Simply, because after five years of writing *ZM*, I increasingly found myself worrying that I was running out of ideas. (PRODNOSE: Fret not, O lowly Ed; you ran out of *those* long ago.) Sorry, slipped into ‘Beachcomber’ there for a moment. Anyway, I felt it was best to stop while I was still enjoying it. *Zolid Matters* will live on in the web site that bears its name, and the *BJZ* lives on in the collected imaginations of all those who’ve been long-suffering enough to humour me—you’re all members, remember. Jameld, of course, is not just *Zolid Matters*; it’s old enough now (15) and ugly enough to take care of itself, although its cause will be greatly helped if you continue (please, beg, grovel) to use the words *Hilad*, *Hauf* and *Ledzibret* in place of Hello, Goodbye and Sandwich. No doubt sooner or later I’ll be bothering you again with further incoherent scribblings of some sort, whether Jameld-related or not. Until then, or, in the traditional *ZM* signoff style,

Inek ’drist—Hauf . . . and thanks. James

THIS FIVE-YEAR MISSION HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

PUBLISHED BY *TE BINERTGLOBAKLÄI JAMELD ZOLIDATON* (THE JAMELD ASSOCIATION)

ERRATUM: Page 1, Para 1: for *delight* read *blight*.

© **BJZ 1997**. Ladies and gentlemen, *Zolid Matters* has left the building.

Kapitul Vour int wist
Ëyäur pirde an keö
und Puh findi an

T'Eldi Grei Aasel, Ëyäur, starmä nech eyi int an thistili korn ew te Wadin, eü fränti pödüs vit-parski, eü chadof iand te fšidé, und thakjemä böya teses. Anstfšüdas e thakjemä traugä i eyi, 'Umwi?' und anstfšüdas e thakjemä, 'Auvor?' und anstfšüdas e thakjemä, 'És fer és wist?' – und anstfšüdas e na wīt ansi was e 'mä thakjin böya. Zo wen Wini-te-Puh künnemä stompin endlink, Ëyäur 'mä mol ver äblen holten thakjin vor an minik, säiren 'Wau jist ye?' int an tintthräyi manir i ie.

'Und wau jist ye?' säirmä Wini-te-Puh.

Ëyäur skadmä eü chadof fšidé-i-fšidé.

'Na mol wau,' e säirmä. 'Et fšën tes me na fohlave ax iğé wau vor an linki fšüda.'

'Doroğ!' säirmä Puh, 'Et bitrau ime. Jolvisvën ax iye, jüji.'

Zo Ëyäur starmä lerid, stäirin traugä ax te sümel, und Wini-te-Puh anvülmä jütelğä böyäd ie aunts.

'Oh, was possave i yeü keö?' e säirmä, jolressi.

'Was possave vävit i iet?' säirmä Ëyäur.

'Et na jist lerid!'

'Wit ye?'

'Wel, an keö jist lerid eğ et na jist lerid. Ye n'äble erroen böya iet, und yeüs na jist lerid!'

'Zo was jist?'

'Nates.'

'Jolvisvën,' säirmä Ëyäur, und e böyädinä difskğa i te plaz au eü keö jistavemä an wilja vorvor, und necht, findiin tes e na müldon fenjen i iet, e böyädinä t'uthi wäi, inek e h'ikünnemä dyëvö au e 'mä aunftšğa, und necht e nankmä eü chadof und jolvismä üfšmitaats eü fränti pödüs, und endiğä e säirmä, kum't an linki, traui sich, 'Me yilob tes ye jist drüchi.'

'Natürğä, me jist drüchi,' säirmä Puh.

'Üquü Yib Rekniin vor Weth,' säirmä Ëyäur tintthräyiğä. 'Et Otklére Tes Pağé. Na Wuntar.'

'Ye sürğä lavave iet ansau,' säirmä Wini-te-Puh.

'Ansyod sürğä véperave iet,' säirmä Ëyäur. 'Wau Lauk Item,' e punairemä, pastš an linki fštila.

Puh fohlmä tes e fšaldon säiren anstes helnesem böya iet, hnyo na kännemä jütelğä was. Zo e jolkläzmä airen anstes helnesem intplaz.

'Ëyäur,' e säirmä ernsğä, 'me, Wini-te-Puh, findifäo yeü keö vor iye.'

'Kothix iye, Puh,' respontmä Ëyäur. 'Ye jist an rëeli framki,' säirmä e. 'Na Lauk Ans,' e säirmä.

Zo Wini-te-Puh galmä för, findien Ëyäur'ü keö.