

Sade, Cheese and Port on a Cold Howick Night #5

*(Being the further adventures of Andrew IVAMY @ PO Box 1138 Milton Business Center Brisbane
Australia 4064)*

Originally Printed in **Aotearapa (NZ) # 128(?)** Circa late 2000.

It's been an exciting couple of weeks for me.

Tuesday, October 10th 2000, I had put my car in for repairs fairly early in the morning. I wanted the head gasket repaired/replaced, oil and filter change and the Speedo fixed so that it would work as well as the air conditioner requiring re-gassing.

Eight hours later, I was telephoned.

The list of repairs included:

- The front two tyres were worn to the steel (apparently)
- The muffler at the rear was rusted out
- The windscreen wiper blades needed replacing (apparently)
- The air conditioner had come loose and needed new bolts. Before they could work out what was wrong with the air conditioner, they had to re-gas it.
- The right rear reverse plastic cover had been busted, so a new panel was needed (the whole case – not just one part of it)
- The power steering rack was leaking oil, so it needed replacing.
- An air filter was required to be replaced.

So I wandered up with Mark and we looked through the underside (ya gotta love those lift things) of the car. We oohed and ahned in the proper places as

the various bumps and dents were pointed out.

They wouldn't tell me on the phone how much the costing of all this was going to be, and after some pressing on my part, the price was estimated at \$ 1,300 from their list, "but it could be around \$ 1,600 if we find anything else." I said to go ahead and do all those things, funnily enough, the Speedo still didn't work and they not only didn't replace the head gasket mounting, they've just sealed up the holes with a paste and attached clamps. Total cost \$1,480.30

The things I went in to have done hadn't been. So I parked my car across two of the bays to their workshop at 2AM. 6 hours later when they opened for trade, I took the keys up to them and after a further 6 hours, it was decided another part was required. Cost \$70.

I did have a bad cough from the burn-offs, controlled and otherwise around the city. It had been over 120 days since rain has fallen here.

My cough had gotten so bad that I went to the doctors and was put on three different medications. One a tablet, the second a syrup and the third a puffer. The

Sade, Cheese and Port on a Cold Howick Night #5

PO Box 1138 Milton BC Brisbane Qld Australia 4064
andrew.ivamy@sdqdesigns.com [@Timelord2067](#)

eFanzines contribution 002
21/05/2017

Page 1 of 6

only problem being that I wasn't told the puffer was a non-aerosol. I twisted the base and sucked hard 11 times in 11 minutes before my flat-mate noticed what I was doing and passed comment. It turned out I *really* was using the puffer correctly. I was awake for the next two days after that, unable to lie down, let alone sleep. My heart was racing and my eyes were open wide. On the upside, my breathing has improved sharply. I'm able to breathe through both nostrils again (something I haven't been able to do for months). Although a week later, my throat is sore once again.

On September 14th, I received \$14,365.21 from a savings plan that I have had for the last ten years. The money came at a very convenient time; I was able to clear a few debts to credit cards and credit unions, as well as a bill for \$ 9,350, which I had been expecting. I paid some rent in advance and fixed up other bills as well as having some shelves built (at a cost of \$600 for the timber).

I *did* have a girlfriend for a couple of weeks, but now I don't.

In amongst all this, I had been given the email for a woman in the US, who is into email SIMMs. (role-playing via email) There had been a live version going, but no one could meet on the ICQ at the same time. (Their Friday evenings in the USA translates to lunchtime here on Saturday).

I'd procrastinated for a while and after sending an enquiry, I found myself on weird shifts and wasn't able to reply to the response immediately. It was at this time that I had started going out with a woman here. When I did reply I made the comment that I had been "courting a fair maiden". The reply I received back, I'll keep to my self. However, the writer, Kimba and I have hit it off straight away.

As well as Kimba, there is "Kailyn" a 20 YO self-confessed virgin who claims she tried to commit suicide a week ago. I spent just over 9 hours in a 13-hour period "talking" on the ICQ with Kailyn about her problems. I tried to be positive but I am not sure what to make of her as she had changed her story from it had been her "slashing her wrists" to becoming "scratching her arms" after continuing to ask her about it.

I didn't set out to provide therapy, but some of the things I got Kailyn to do were I told her to stand on her chair and say, "I am not alone." There was a pause then she came back on and said she had done it. I then told her to do it naked. (As in naked in the eyes of GOD) – A longer pause ensued and she came back on line say that she had done it! After that, the messages were a real roller coaster of emotions. At one point Kailyn asked me if I loved her. I replied "No, I am just concerned."

Miche came on and said that Kailyn should get help. It didn't help me though. Kailyn is reflecting her life in her simm writing which is a little off putting, but it does give me an insight on her "self worth"

I've talked Kimba into joining the Apa. Which means, of the three people that I

have talked to (about joining) since the convention, two have now joined. The third, Lynelle Howell I'm still hopeful will join, but I now get the feeling that she was just being polite in saying that she would seriously think about it.

At the convention, I had given Simons' address details to three or four people

who had attended the writer's work shops, but as yet, none have joined (unfortunately, I did not get their addresses to pass on).

Life's good.

Other stuff of interest.

Comments about the "Jungle War" Story.

The working title "Jungle War" came about quite by accident. In the last West Island: West World, I listed one page of concepts for stories. Smack in the middle was "Jungle War" – it didn't have any plot (still doesn't) I had a proto-idea at that time & by the time Miche was typing, the tag had stuck.

Some replies to some of the comments (in no particular order). "Mother"... yeah, well I cringe at the X-ian title "Mother Superior". Not knowing the rankings for either men or women in the Catholic "faith" I wanted to have a title that would be different to "Pope" or "Archbishop" or even "Mother Superior" as well as a number of different titles from the Male based religions.

Military ranks were another sticking point. Oxford is a colonel, which is an important rank in this world.

Spelling and punctuation...

One of these days people will actually read what I have written and take in what I have written and not have hang ups about such matters. Until such time, I will have to repeat myself. Miche typed and proofed the chapter. Get over it.

Writing this story, I have set myself some very stringent tasks – All present tense (first person?). Limited contractions of words, as in Data from Star Trek TNG. I had a real head ache proofing what Miche had typed contracting a vast amount of words that I had painstakingly written out uncontracted.

No name – I know what the narrators name is, but you will never see it in the story. It's not important.

Sade, Cheese and Port on a Cold Howick Night #5

PO Box 1138 Milton BC Brisbane Qld Australia 4064

LoC: andrew.ivamy@sdqdesigns.com

[@Timelord2067](#)

eFanzines contribution 002

Page 3 of 6

Being present tense, from the point of view of the narrator, unless she sees it, or someone tells her that an event has occurred, she and we the readers do not know that it has happened. No cut away shots to the person on the other end of the radio – no zooming in on the helicopter pilot about to fire the rockets or guns. No showing ... well, that would be saying now wouldn't it. The idea is the story I am trying to write could be listening in on anyone's thoughts and sight.

The "I"s have it... a stumbling block I admit.

An interesting location point. Everyone has a different idea where the story is set. My character says she has been "here" before and on the very first page, checks her GPS. She knows she is just north of the equator from the GPS' readout. He leaves the trail and crosses the equator.

If you want to check the location, the story starts in an area between (say)

0° 01' 00 N / 70°48' 08 W and 0° 01' 00 N / 61° 66' 34" W

This is a distance of 1146 Km (712miles) approx.

One tiny criticism of people reading the story is how words have been misread.

"Even if I didn't know the names of the constellations..." One confusion of locations was the use of the call sign "Colorado". Blue Bells is another call sign that has caused confusion. Having never met Oxford, my character only knows those around her from what they are called, or what their ranks are.

"Blue Bells... I mean Oxford." Having just been given one name, the narrator has to adjust her names in her head. "Hoof tracks" was on the list, it just didn't get done. The same goes for the rifle/shot gun shuffle. Those 34 pages had been read and reread by Miche and myself daily since X-mas till the day the 'trib was given to Faye to take to Simon (and even after it had been photocopied, there were still minor faults being found).

Weapons: Maree Pavletich pointed out that a woman has smaller arms than men, the Banshee couldn't have had a riffle/shot gun under her chin unless it was of the sawn off variety. So it was a sawn off riffle/shotgun.

Other Weapons: Yup, she's carrying a pistol and a riffle/shot gun dunno what type/brand/make/calibre it is. Something will come to me and the shotgun shuffle will be fixed up. The Jericho is a real pistol and does have significance.

Who is Paul? Well, at the funeral, everyone takes turns introducing themselves and their ranks in turn around in a circle before saying something. Also, Oxford is asked, "who rides with Donna?" and she replies Paul.

RE DAN's Comment "She now knows where he is going, why doesn't she tell us?" er, "we" are her. She already knows. I could say: "Oh now that's interesting, he's crossing the river and heading straight for Fort Mason. Now why would he do that I wonder?" Then the question would be: "Now why would he do that I wonder? – Given that Fort Mason is our one and only base in this whole region where we keep our stockpile of nukes..."

Simple way out (I feel) "I now know where he is going, but I don't know why."

I am encouraged greatly that most peoples curiosities have been piqued and you are racing ahead of the story, guessing (sometimes correctly) where the story is going.

Bursting Bladder Fixations... I have no idea what you mean by that (sly wink). Seriously, the second usage wasn't intended intentionally. Perhaps "Miriam trembles as my meaning dawns on her."

Re Dan's C "Blue Bells is suddenly referred to as Oxford without warning or explanation. The same thing happened to Miriam earlier." *It did?* Oxford calls Miriam "Miriam" right from the start, my narrator is surprised to hear Miraim's Surname "Rollins", but still refers to Sargent Rollins by her first name "Miriam". Again, would you have a senior officer using her own name on the radio in a war zone?

Monique's Baby.

I had a feeling it would be too subtle to imply "that a man who had a sex change had then had a baby implanted and then delivered the baby." With out going through the gory details, but now sounding like and episode of Jerry Springer.

Would anyone reading this story say that it is a Science Fiction Story? My former flat mate Dave thinks it is.

Obviously, the story needs work.

Tonight, I had another one of my dinners, John was able to come along, as well as my father and his lady friend Anita. Heinz and Beverly who owned the comic shop I've spent truckloads of money at over the years. As always, I cooked and we had a great time.

Life's *really* good...

The following is a message from Berith and Geoff....

ITS A GIRL !!!!!

A big hello to everyone, yes Berith and I had a beautiful girl

Born on Sunday September 24 at 10:23am at National Women's. Unfortunately we had a few complications at the end and a caesarian was needed. The theatre staff were great and our precious daughter was born perfect with a APGAR test result of 9 out of ten at 1 minute and a perfect 10 at 5 minutes.

We were all pretty tired on Sunday night as we had been up all Saturday with the contractions kicking in at 1 p.m. so we didn't decide on names until Monday when our minds were a big clearer

So what did we call her you might ask?

SALLY GEORGINA WEIGHING IN AT 7LBS 6 OZS

SALLY is Andrews (Beriths dad) nickname to Myrna (Beriths mum) and GEORGINA is Betty's(My mum) mothers second middle name BERITH is quickly recovering at National Women's is will be in there until probably Friday while I'm at home catching up on my sleep, everybody keeps on telling me that it will be the last time Ill get some sleep for a while. Anyway I will just finish with two observations being a first time father; Firstly it seems babies are born with a natural intuition about breast feeding and secondly my mum Betty has picked up the Nana thing pretty quickly as Sally falls asleep in her arms every time. Mum is very ecstatic about her first grandchild.

A big thank-you to all for the thoughts and prayers over the last few months. We are quite relieved that the pregnancy thing is all over but really it is only the beginning for us with parenthood

We hope to catch up with you all soon

GOD BLESS

GEOFF AND BERITH

Apologies for the varying fonts when being prepared for eFanzines, as you can appreciate multiple computers were used over different decades resulting in some fonts having been lost along the way. Hopefully what you see is close to what I wrote :)

-Andrew Ivamy

Sade, Cheese and Port on a Cold Howick Night #5

eFanzines contribution 002

PO Box 1138 Milton BC Brisbane Qld Australia 4064

LoC: andrew.ivamy@sdqdesigns.com

[@Timelord2067](#)

Page 6 of 6