

Eyjafjallajokull.

I bet no BAM member has ever bothered to look at the word: but they have, most of them, been seriously affected by **Eyjafjallajokull**. Nobody would be so bold as to pronounce it. Not even skilled BBC announcers venture to do that... What is it, you may ask? It is simply **the Ash-creating Volcano of Ice-Land...** The one cancelling most of our beloved flights. On and off—at Her pleasure! (I have no idea at all whether *volcano* is feminine in English, but so whimsical she is, that she fully deserves the gender...)

Fascinating Word— **Eyjafjallajokull**, when you look at her. What does she mean? God only knows. But **quite a cliffhanger she became** when Gordon, thinking too much of Her, chose the Election date! It was then the voters themselves, thinking too much of Her, who messed up the Election outcome: for it was **hung** as limply as at the end of the war, in 1945! On account of Her too, both major political parties thought it no harm tagging the semi-significant Liberals to the first ever (so americanised!) TV debates the country ever had. **It was indeed Eyjafjallajokull's great fault not producing enough smog to efface clever Clegg off the TV screens!**

For that was how **clumsy Clegg** caught the limelight, and got oscarised into a **King-Maker**. It took him some time to digest that, but it was at that point that **Eyjafjallajokull** did the right job, dimming Gordon & Advisors' minds so very badly to allow Fleming Clegg—with his array of languages—to choose the absolutely right bed-fellow, thus avoiding *de justesse* the **rainbow coalition**. And... freshly returned from Brussels, it was **Peter... the Rock**—so Biblical-sounding!—who got all the thanks from **King Lear**! At Curtain fall.

In the end, **Eyjafjallajokull** managed, with her reputedly unpredictable flair, to shove enough smog into some politicians' minds, that the right decisions came about, and allowed the absolutely the right man **to kiss the Queen's right hand**. There had been,

admittedly, a wee bit too much aimlessness in Clegg-monitored London between Thursday morning and Monday night. But as from now, **the Dave & Nick Show is on.**

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