

WARRP 78

Spring of 2011



Featuring

*Marquise **

François Ménard

Barbara Silverman

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Keith Braithwaite

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Bernard Reischl

Editor of WARP
Cathy Palmer-Lister

Board of Advisors (BoA)

All members in good standing!
Please help us plan **your** activities!

On the Cover

The IRBB* Fairmount and the IRBB St-Viateur are out on patrol in the deepest recesses of the Mirror Nebula in search of the fabled twin planets Creemcheezicus and Loxus Maximus.

The illustration was done by MonSFFan, Bernard Reischl, as an homage to the words "Romulan Battle Bagel" he heard Raj utter in the TV comedy *The Big Bang Theory*.

*Imperial Romulan Battle Bagel

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MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
Sundays at 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Espresso Hotel, St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street, corner René Lévesque.

Programming is subject to change, check our website for latest developments.

JULY 15-17, 2011



JULY 24

MonSFFA BBQ (July 31 Rain Date)



AUGUST 21

Craft Workshops, Games, Sci-Fi Fair



SEPTEMBER 18, 2011

Exploring Steampunk
(Josée Bellemare & Mark Burakoff)



OCTOBER 14-16, 2011



OCTOBER 30, 2011

SF Toys
(Sylvain St-Pierre)



Fan Film Theatre
(Berny Reischl)



NOVEMBER 20, 2011

Sci-Fi Telephone (Sketch & Kvetch)
(Keith Braithwaite)



DECEMBER 3, 2011

MonSFFA Christmas Party
Check our website for details



The Really Fine Print: WARP is published quarterly by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA), a nonprofit organization of fans interested in sharing their love of science fiction and fantasy. The opinions expressed in WARP are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of MonSFFA or the editor. To reprint any article, please contact the writer, or ask the editor to pass on your request. The use of copyrighted material is generally discouraged; but sometimes unavoidable; our apologies to the copyright holders, no serious infringement is intended. This is an amateur production, and your tolerance is appreciated by your fans.



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You've Got Mail!

Hi Cathy,

I was able to have a look at Warp 77 at the meeting, and it is very nice.

I especially liked that you made the pictures in my *Big Head Comics* review a nice decent size. In particular the one showing the alternate North America.

I meant to mention that I had felt that the castle pictures, in my article a couple of issues back, were a bit small, but never got around to tell you.

Thanks again,
Sylvain

Bonjour, Sylvain!

Unfortunately, I had to miss that meeting due to a dance rehearsal, so you

saw the printed WARP before I did!

Getting images to fit into the space, while still preserving fine details, is not always obvious. With Berny now printing in colour on good quality paper, it really helps to bring out the details in pictures, but sometimes not as much as I had hoped. This is where the pdf version is handy—you can enlarge the view, and at our age, that is a definite advantage!

Fortunately, I had enough space in WARP 77 to show off the map of the alternative North America to best advantage. So glad you liked it!

Yours in Fandom,
Cathy

Hi, Cathy,

Following a somewhat dramatic implementation of the TransAtlantic Fan Fund's '20% rule', which demands candidates attract at least one-fifth of the first-place votes both on the European and North American sides of the Big Pond, John Coxon has emerged as this year's TAFF delegate. He will attend the 69th Worldcon, Renovation, in August.

The full voting breakdown is now online at the TAFF website, as is the latest

TAFF newsletter: <http://taff.org.uk/>.

Regards,
Steve

Hi, Steve!

Nice to hear from you again! Fan Funds are a wonderful way to promote fandom around the globe. In Canada, the Canadian Unity Fan Fund (CUFF) was won by Kent Pollard. He will be representing western fandom at SFContario 2 in November, this year's host of the CanVention. Check out the next letter!

Yours in Fandom,
Cathy

Greetings to you, Cathy, and the members of MonSFFA from the new C.U.F.F. delegate.

I hope spring is being fantastic for the east, and I look forward to meeting many of you at Convention this fall.

I wanted to compliment you on WARP77. I think the quality of the zine reflects well on the club, and evidences a solid degree of fan activity for for Montréal. I hope those of us on the prairies can be forgiven for being jealous of your members. On the other hand, I get

to see baby gophers playing on the riverbank as I walk to work each day. I suppose there are trade offs to everything.

I thought of Josée Bellemare's discussion of levels of fandom the other day, when I read a blurb this week about a fan who collects the feminine undergarments of Dr Who's companions. The "collector" declared "there is nothing "perverted" or "weird" about his collection, but went on to mention he had stolen three of his "pieces".

I can't say I agree with all of your reviewers, but the reviews have been interesting, and helpful of late, as we find ourselves attending more and more movies over the last few months. I only wish I had seen Keith Braithwaite's review of *I am Number 4*, before we went. While the movie was not a complete waste of time, it certainly wasn't worth what we paid to see it, and would have been just as enjoyable on TV in a year.

Keep up the good work, and I look forward to seeing some of you soon.

Kent Pollard

Saskatoon

2011 CUFF delegate from Western Canada to the SFContario Convention

Hello, Kent!

I hope I do meet up with you at Convention. Toronto is not so far away from Toronto, but I'm pretty sure the trip to World Con in Reno will take care of my convention budget for at least a year.

Baby gophers? On our way to work or play in Montreal, we are entertained by orange and white traffic cones. Essentially, the city is closed for repairs. Throw in the street festivals, various parades, bicycle or running marathons, and most of us choose to just stay home.

Fans collect the darndest things, alright, but undergarments from Dr Who companions is really over the top. I wonder if he tries to get them autographed?!

Thanks for your kind words about WARP. It's a lot of work, but I enjoy working on it, especially now that I can work in colour.

Yours in fandom,

Cathy



And we also received a wonderful review of WARP 76 from Guy Lillian III, editor of *Challenger*, in *Zine Dump 27*:

Warp 76: I must admit that I am a huge fan both of *Warp* and its editor, to whom I dedicated *Challenger* following the Montreal Worldcon. She does grand things with the club genzine, which is rich with color, fannishness and variety. Standout moment in this issue is its appreciation of Jennifer Jacob's brilliant Weeping Angel costume (the angels are *Dr. Who's* creepiest menace), along with a very funny *Smallville* vampire illo, a quasi-radio script by Keith Braithwaite about zombies, the monsters *du jour*, a page on forthcoming flicks that promises a new prequel to *The Thing*, a page by Braithwaite imagining a "World without MonSFFA.", and a quiz at the end asking us to match the actress to her *PotA* makeup. Plus fan-writ fiction, lots of book reviews, club activities and con reports – some bi-lingual, as befits Montreal.

Bonjour, Guy!

It's always a pleasure to hear from you. I have fond memories of the faned's feast at Anticipation.

I do hope you will be at Renovation. I will be at the business meeting to see what comes of the debate re the Hugo for best fanzine. I agree with your editorial in the *Zine Dump* about the criteria needing to be reworked. I see you have been nominated once more, best of luck!

Yours in fandom,

Cathy



Dear MonSFFen:

I've got issue 77 of *Warp* here with me... a great full-colour wraparound cover. I checked my e-mail, and I did get a reminder of this issue in mid-May, but somehow, it just didn't register mentally. Time for some catch-up!

My letter... still doing voicework for university projects. In fact, as I write, I have two auditions this coming weekend. Should be some fun. As far as work goes, I've had an assignment with the Ontario Association of Architects, but I am looking again. Yvonne is working for Akzo Nobel, a chemical company just north of Toronto. I asked about a Maker Faire, and a short time ago, there was the

first Toronto Mini-Maker Faire, and I met some folks from Montreal, and I have passed that information along to you. They didn't know about Con*Cept, but now they do. And JP served up *Sortilège*, and it was great.

We have decided we will go to the Reno Worldcon... we've invested too much time and money and effort to not go. We will have a couple of dealers' tables at Polaris, so you'll see us in the same place you saw us at last year. We were at Ad Astra, and we were also at the Canadian National Steampunk Exhibition. Looks like the CNSE was a one-shot, though. The chairman, Adam Smith, says the convention is now defunct, but there may be other activities for the local steampunk groups.

The Aurora nominations are closed, and I will be on the final ballot! I am still waiting for the Aurora administrators to get the final ballot ready so we can vote electronically, or paper, as the case may be. Seeing the CanVention isn't until November, it looks like we've got lots of time to vote. We must also vote for the Hugos. I had been hoping to be the ballot again this year... well, I hope I did well.

Good to see Chris Chartier again! I'd heard he'd moved back to Montreal from Mississauga some time ago. I hope he'll get involved again.

Lots of good fiction here... as you can imagine, I do like written fanac.

A very pertinent article from Josée Bellemare. All through my fannish career, I've had people tell me I wasn't a fan for some arbitrary reason, usually because I didn't share their particular interest, or my involvement in that interest didn't come up to their own specs. We all find our level of involvement, from being on the fringes of an interest or two to being at the centre of as much as you can stand or afford. Perspective is good, but that can be arbitrary, too. Participate as much as you can or want to without it affecting the lives of those around you. Is fandom a way of life, or just a hobby? It truly is up to you.

I usually wrap up a letter of comment with what's coming up next, but I've already done that! So, off this goes to you, Cathy, and see you with the next issue.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

I'm so glad to hear you will be at Renovation! I do so love World Cons, and I go whenever the distance is affordable. But it is more fun the more friends you have there with you! Of course, I will see you at Polaris, I go every year though I spend most of it behind the Con*Cept table.

It was a wonderful to meet up with Chris Chartier again after all these years. He is on Facebook, and has a group for WARP9 fans to reminisce about the glory days when there were soooo many SFF clubs in this city, before so many members moved down the 401.

Kent also commented on Josée's article about levels of fandom. It seems to have touched a nerve. I don't understand why some fans seem to feel the need to put others down for not being a "real" fan. Fandom is just what you make of it, to whatever degree you want to take on. Like a buffet, all you can eat, or want to eat, of whatever strikes your fancy.

See you at Polaris!

Cathy



Dear Lloyd,

In answer to your query about why the *Valérian & Laureline* series is coming to an end, (*LoC in WARP 77*) there is a very simple reason. Unlike major American comics, where the characters are generally company-owned, most European series belong to their authors. Writer Pierre Christin and artist Jean-Claude Mézières are both 72 years old, and simply want to retire after having published a very successful series for nearly half a century!

Yours,

Sylvain St-Pierre



UPCOMING EVENTS

June 3-5, What the Fur? Montreal, QC
<http://www.whatthefur.ca>

June 11-12, Grand Roludothon,
Montreal, QC <http://www.roludo.ca/>

July 15-17, Polaris 25, Richmond Hill,
ON www.tcon.ca

July 22-24, Condition Furry, London,
ON <http://www.conditionfurry.ca/>

July 30-31, TFCon, Toronto, ON
<http://www.tfcon.ca/>

July 30-31, ConBravo, Burlington, VT
<http://conbravo.com/>

May 20-22, KeyCon, Winnipeg, MB
<http://www.keycon.org/>

August 12-14, Otakuthon, Montreal,
QC <http://www.otakuthon.com/>

August 12-14, When Words Collide,
Calgary, AB
<http://whenwordscollide.org/>

**August 17-21, Renovation, 69th World
Con,** Reno, NV
<http://www.renovationsf.org/>

August 25-28, FanExpo, Toronto, ON
<http://www.fanexpocanada.com/>

September 2-5, Dragon Con, Atlanta,
GA <http://www.dragoncon.org/>

September 9-11, Can-Con 2011,
Ottawa, ON <http://www.can-con.org/>

September 17-18, ComicCon,
Montreal, QC
<http://www.montrealcomiccon.com/>

September 24, Capcon 2011 (model
competition); Ottawa, ON
<http://www.ipmsottawa.com/capcon/index.htm>

September 25, Word on the Street,
Toronto, ON
<http://www.thewordonthestreet.ca/wots/toronto>

September 30-Oct 2, V-Con,
Vancouver, BC, <http://www.vcon.ca/>

October 1-3, Cape & Kimono,
Quebec, QC
<http://www.capekimono.com>

Oct 7-9, Salute to Supernatural,
Toronto, ON
http://www.creationent.com/cal/supernatural_toronto.htm

October 14-16, Con*Cept 2011,
Montreal, QC www.conceptsf.ca

October 23, (to confirmed) ToyCon,
Montreal, QC
http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal_toy_con/montrealtoycon.html

**October 27-30, World Fantasy
Convention,** San Diego, CA
www.wfc2011.org/html/mainmenu.html

October 29, Ajax Model Show, Ajax,
ON *no website*

November 18-20, SF ConTario,
Toronto, ON <http://sfcontario.ca/>

November 12-13, Hal-Con, Halifax, NS
<http://hal-con.com/>

December 2-4, SMOFcon 29,
Amsterdam, Netherlands
<http://www.smocon29.org/>

**Dec 30-Jan 1? (Dates TBA)
Futurecon,** Toronto, ON
<http://futurecon.wordpress.com/>



François Ménard

The story so far: *When the Jump-gates failed, worlds colonized by humanity found themselves isolated for over 350 years, until scientists on the planet of New London invented the super-light drive. Now ships from New London are re-establishing contact with other worlds. One of these is the HCSS Demeter, captained by Jonathan Harker, and it's just arrived in the Carpathian system.*

Thomas Renfield, embittered at being passed over for command of the Demeter on the grounds that he's too good a First-Contact Op, is sent down to the planet, but crash lands. A strange, little man who calls himself IGOR arrives on the scene to take him to "Master". The "Master" introduces himself as Dracula, and explains that an IGOR is a machine, an Iso-Genetic Organic Robot.

While he sleeps, Dracula poisons Renfield's mind against Captain Harker. Fearing for his life, Renfield escapes in the lander, but Dracula is displeased. Renfield is told he was to have waited, and that he would never be free.

Worried when there is no word from Renfield, Harker drops down to the planet himself to search for him. Dracula welcomes him with drugged wine. When he awakes, Harker is unable to contact Renfield or the ship, and he sprains his ankle while trying to escape the mansion in the dark. Meanwhile, back on the Demeter...

As Lieutenant Diane Morrow's shift was about to end, she was both surprised and relieved to see Lander One appear on her sensor monitor. Checking one of the external visual displays, she saw the relatively tiny craft break out of the planet's eternal cloud cover and rise up towards the Demeter. She then switched over to the ship's comm system, "Good to see you, Capt'n, but you're early. We're glad you're back but I thought you were playing diplomatic dinner guest. What happened?"

She waited, but no response. She checked the comm, everything was in order. She was able to receive Lander One's transponder and IFF signal, checked the auto-receive signal from the lander and saw her message was indeed received. Morrow tried re-sending the transmission but still received no response.

"Demeter to Lander One, acknowledge comm, over." Still nothing. "Lander One, acknowledge communication visually, over." She watched the visual display of the ship, the running lights did not blink as they should have had whoever was piloting the lander received and understood her transmission. Morrow switch to internal comm, "Bridge to security,"

"McGill here, Morrow," came a husky, male voice over the comm, "This had better be important, I have the best hand I've seen in three years and a pot worth three weeks pay. What's the

story?"

"We got Lander One coming in silent. Can't even get visual conformation of transmission, so yeah, I'd say it was important."

"On my way to the docking bay as we speak, but if this turns out to be a comm malfunction, you owe me three weeks pay, Morrow."

"Stow it, McGill and get over there, whoever's on that ship just started the automated docking sequence." Morrow hoped it was just some strange comm malfunction, but after the Captain's last transmission, she had a very bad feeling about this.

Harker slowly made his way to the central staircase and ruined lift shaft. Dreading the ordeal he began to make his way up to the next floor on one leg. With every hop, the climb became more difficult and more painful. Jonathan tried to pace himself, the last thing he needed now was two bad legs. At long last, he arrived on the second floor. Four identical corridors went off at right angles to each other from the small, central chamber. Harker chose one at random and made his way down hobbling as best he could on his makeshift crutch. This area seemed to be some kind of dormitory with regularly spaced large, communal bunk rooms on either side of the corridor. Every three doors Harker came to identical corridors branching left and right. Not wanting to get lost and

hoping this corridor would lead him to the outer wall he continued straight ahead checking the rooms as he went along. The tiny light from his comm, who's static continued to echo down these forlorn corridors, made his searching that much longer and more difficult as did his reduced mobility. Some of the bunks he came across as he searched the rooms were still upright and in one piece and after an hour or so, Jonathan's weariness and pain finally overcame him and he selected one of the cleaner intact bunks, turned off the comm, and lay down to rest.

Lawrence McGill had been running security on these explorations, scouting, and re-contact vessels for over twenty years now. He'd seen combat, not in the war, but he had been aboard the Persephone when the government of Novo Cairo thought it would be a good idea to try and commandeer the ship in order to have faster than light travel themselves. Turned out to be a simple diplomatic misunderstanding, common enough in those early days, but good people on both sides had died that day. McGill wasn't about to lose any shipmates today because some yokels thought they could pull a fast one.

His weapon was trained on the hatch, ready to fire when the docking cycle finished and the airlock activated. Whoever it was didn't start the decontamination procedure, and McGill eased his weapon's trigger into firing

position. The Captain or Renfield would've run the decon. The airlock opened, a thick mist billowed out and obscured McGill's view. He fired three shots and heard a cry from within the airlock in a voice he thought he recognized, "Renfield? That you in there?"

His only reply was a terrified, warbling scream followed by Renfield suddenly running out, flailing about wildly. McGill dropped this shock rifle and tackled Renfield to the floor as gently as he could. "Damn, Thomas, what the hell's wrong? What's gotten into you? Not running decon then coming out like some crazed lunatic."

"He's coming!" screamed Renfield as he tried to get up and out from under McGill. "I have to go! Can't get away. We have to go, leave now, he's coming!"

"Get a hold of yourself, man," said McGill as he continued to restrain Renfield. "Who's coming? Get away from what? And where's the Captain?"

"He's coming!" Renfield went on until he finally gave up trying to get free and just lay there, whimpering. McGill then got up, looked down pitifully at Renfield who was now in a foetal position sobbing to himself, walked over to and picked up his shock rifle, and carefully made his way into the lander.

After a thorough check of the ship, he turned on the lander's comm, "Bridge, McGill here on Lander One, you reading?"

"Loud and clear, McGill," came Morrow's voice through the comm. So much for the comm not working McGill thought to himself, "What's the situation?"

"Lander One if fine," he reported, "Nothing wrong as I can tell. Only things amiss are the pistol and comm missing from the field kit and Renfield."

"What about Renfield?" Morrow inquired.

"Well, that's a good question. Renfield was the one who brought Lander One up, but he's a mess. Was talking gibberish and running around like a madman when I found him. Seems to have quieted down some, though. What do you want me to do with him?"

"Take him to his quarters, I'll meet you there with the doc. Any idea what happened to him? And any word on the Capt'n?"

"Not a clue, Morrow, not a damned clue." McGill shoulder his weapon and left the lander.

He found Renfield still sobbing and quivering, "Come on, Thomas, Morrow and the doc want to see you, let's go." And he picked Renfield up and lead him out of the docking complex. Behind him,

"He's coming!" screamed Renfield... We have to go, leave now, he's coming!"

the mist that had billowed out of the airlock coalesced, moved toward and poured itself into an air vent seemingly of it's own accord.

Morrow and Feldman, the ship's medic, were waiting for them as McGill brought Renfield to his quarters. Renfield was sobbing quietly as he let himself be brought into his quarters and sat on his bunk but his eyes were wide and shifted about nervously. McGill then went back to the hatchway with Morrow to give Feldman room to work. "Any news from planet-side?" he asked.

"Nothing but static," Morrow answered, keeping her eyes on Renfield, "What do you think could've happened down there?"

"No idea," McGill glanced at Renfield then turned to Morrow, "I've seen things, grown men fall to pieced when the bullets are flying but never anything like this. And... this is Renfield for crying out loud. The man once slept through a meteor shower. For him to have come unhinged like this, not to mention no sign or word from the Captain..."

Feldman then walked over to them and directed then out of Renfield's quarters. He closed the hatch behind them and activated the quarantine seal. "What's the word, Doc?" asked McGill.

"Physically, he seems to be fine other than some mild anaemic symptoms. I didn't detect any pathogens but I want to check the both of you and anyone you may have contacted on the way here."

"Do you think some sort of disease did that to him? Did something to his mind?" asked Morrow.

"I haven't the faintest idea, Lieutenant, but I want to cover all the bases and not take any chances. I've never seen anything like this apparent madness of his. The closest I can come to is

somehow become paranoid delusional but they'll hopefully be able to do something for him once we get back to Carfax. In the meantime I'll keep him sedated and I want absolutely no contact whatsoever with anyone else in the crew."

"We have to question him, Feldman. Something happened to him and the Captain's still down there." insisted Morrow.

"You wont get anything from him," said McGill, "Not until the docs at Carfax take a look at him. Poor arrogant bastard's lost his mind. Question is, what do we do now? About the Captain I mean."

"We send down Saunders to get him." answered Morrow matter-of-factly.

"I must protest," interjected Feldman, "We have no idea what down there did this to FCO Renfield. To put another life in jeopardy-"

"Another life *is* in jeopardy, Doc, the Captain's," McGill added, with Morrow obviously of like mind, "We're not going to leave him behind." McGill's face was red and his hands balled tightly into fists.

"You have a valid point, Medic Feldman," Morrow continued more diplomatically, "But we have to take every effort to see everyone on this ship's crew makes it home safe, that includes both Saunders and the Capt'n. Saunders is our second FCO, however, and this is what he does. Now let me brief him while you examine McGill and then you can examine me. And yes, before you ask, I will brief him over the comm."

"Very well, Lieutenant. Officer McGill, this way please."

Several hours later, after Feldman had cleared both McGill and her, Morrow was once again at her bridge station. Saunders was with her on the comm finishing his pre-flight and preparing to take down Lander One. "Everything's set, Lieutenant, just give the word."

"The word is go, Saunders, and good luck. Stick to the same flight path as the Capt'n's, seemed to get Lander One down and up safe and sound. I want you to stay on the comm the whole way and keep your guard up once you're down there. Consider anyone and anything down there that's not the Capt'n hostile, and watch your step when you find him. Whatever happened to Renfield could've just as easily happened to him, or worse."

Morrow monitored Lander One's undocking and decent on both sensors and visual display. The planetary conditions seemed unchanged from when Captain Harker had taken the lander down but Morrow didn't want to take any chances.

"Will do, Lieutenant." came Saunders' voice over the comm, then it became distorted and full of static, "Entering the atmosphere now. Getting a lot of turbulence for being this high up. Instruments don't seem to be reading it right."

"Renfield experienced the same thing on the first landing, Saunders. Abort. We'll try again later." commanded Morrow.

"Didn't copy that, Morrow, say again." Saunders voice was barely recognizable through the static and distortion now.

"I said abort! Damned it, Saunders, abort. Abort!" Morrow shouted into the comm. Not again, not another one, she thought to herself.

"Can't ... read.... Entering ... cover now. Ship ... control ... winds high ... can't..." most of Saunders transmission was unrecognizable now.

"Abort!" Morrow continue to yell into the comm, then suddenly stopped and sank back into her chair, stunned. The sensor board had spiked on the infrared, a faint red plume had even been visible through the planet's cloud cover. Saunders and Lander One were gone.

Jonathan Harker was suddenly awakened by the sound and shake of a loud explosion above him. His eyes suddenly snapped open though the darkness was still so complete he wondered for a split second if he even had. He fumbled for the comm, turned it on and waited for his eyes to adjust. Other than the dust shaken loose from the ceiling slowly drifting down to join the large piles already on the floor, the bunk room was unchanged. Jonathan got up and found he still couldn't carry his weight on his injured leg so collecting his makeshift crutch he made his way back to the corridor.

Once there, he couldn't recall from which way he had come. Bending low, he passed the comm over the floor and thankfully found his own footsteps in the dust he had made coming here. Picking

himself back up and getting his crutch under him, he continued along the corridor towards what he hoped was the outer wall and a way out.



Jason Lane, the Demeter's current helmsman on station was the first to speak after a long silence, "What now, Lieutenant?"

Morrow remained in shock for several seconds, then seemed to realize someone had spoken to her and she quickly composed herself. "Captain's still down there. So is Lander Two. We give the Capt'n his three days. If he's not back by tomorrow morning planet-side time, we make for home best possible speed." and she began to rise from her station. Dugan was arriving to relieve her.

"But, Lieutenant, the Captain left orders over the comm to leave today." Helmsman Lane insisted, "With what happen to Saunders don't you think – "

Morrow turned on the younger man, eyes red and full of anger, "We give the Capt'n his three days, Mister Lane!" She emphasized the title to remind the young helmsman he was still uncommissioned, then turned to Dugan, her voice softer and unable to hide her sadness, "I'll be in my quarters. Let me know the instant Lander Two pops up. Anything else, McGill should be in the rec room." Dugan nodded and Morrow quickly left the bridge, trying unsuccessful to hold back her tears.

McGill sat alone at the card table. Lewis and Clarke were the only others in the rec room, but were engrossed in their chess game. Dugan had announced the loss of Saunders and Lander One about an hour before, and crew moral had understandably taken a nosedive. McGill considered going to his own quarters himself but he knew Morrow's decision to wait for the Captain would be unpopular with some members of the crew. Best if he stayed visible, just in case. Besides, it was just another twenty some odd hours, then one way or another, they'd be heading home. At that moment, Dugan's voice came over the comm, "Bridge to Security," he called.

McGill went to the rec room's comm. "McGill here. What's the situation?"

"Lane's been keeping busy plotting

return trip vectors but he can't get a hold of anyone in engineering. Doyle should be there but we can't seem to reach him. Normally I wouldn't worry but—" McGill cut him off.

"I read you, Dugan. I'll take care of it. Better get the doc there too, just in case. McGill out." Damned Doyle, McGill thought to himself, great time for him to get hammered on that stuff he ferments in the engine core. He then headed out towards engineering.

The way to engineering lead past Renfield's quarters. McGill was surprised to see the hatch open. Figuring Feldman was checking in on him on the way to dealing with Doyle, he checked inside as he passed. There was no one inside!

Thinking perhaps Feldman had changed his mind about the quarantine, he checked the door seal. It still read quarantine and the latch was twisted open. How had Renfield forced the door? He thought to himself. It would've taken at least ten strong men or a powered exo-suit to force one of these hatches. One mystery at a time, he thought to himself, and continued towards engineering.

When he arrived, McGill saw Feldman had gotten there first and was examining Doyle, or what was left of Doyle. His body was slumped over one of the turbines, the stump of his neck in the turbine that was covered in blood and pieces of what had been Doyle's head. A small trickle of blood flowed over the closed turbine's housing, forming a small puddle at Doyle's body's feet. McGill forced himself to remain composed. Feldman saw him and walked over to him. "What happened?" McGill asked.

"Looks like Doyle opened the turbine housing and – " said the medic as he began to remove his bloody gloves.

"And stuck his head in?!" McGill shouted in disbelief and anger.

"We both know he and Saunders were – "

"Everyone knows what he and Saunders were Doc, that doesn't mean he would take his own life!" McGill tried without success to contain his rage.

"I know my job, McGill," retorted Feldman vehemently, "First thing I did when I got here was a DNA sweep. Nothing but Doyle's younger than eight hours. If you've got a better idea, I'm listening."

"Sorry, Doc, you're right." McGill apologized, "With everything that's happened I just... speaking of which, more 'good' news, Renfield's somehow gotten loose."

"What do you mean, 'gotten loose'?" asked Feldman incredulously.

"He forced open the door to his quarters, don't ask me how, and is somewhere loose on the ship." said McGill, not believing it himself.

"That's impossible even if he wasn't sedated." stated Feldman.

"I know that, Doc, but that doesn't change the fact that his door's been forced open and he isn't inside. So what're we going to do about Doyle?"

"Nothing really to do. I'll clean him up and take him to the morgue. I hate to do this, she's already been through more than enough, but we should inform Morrow."

"You're right, Doc, she's been through enough, and there's nothing she can do. Let's let her rest and tell her when she's back on duty. I'll make the report to Dugan and make a ship wide announcement for Renfield. Not many places to hide on a ship this size. But Doc, and I'm not saying you're not doing your job or anything but... I've been in combat, seen men and women torn in half by a hail of bullets. Shouldn't there be --"

"More blood?" Feldman finished for him and answered, "Yes, much more. There's maybe a tenth of what I'd expect from something like this."

"So what happened?" McGill asked in a whisper.

"McGill, I have no idea."



The corridor did lead to what Harker thought was the outer wall, or what seemed to be a corridor running parallel to it. At this final T junction, Jonathan made a large mark, an arrow pointing right, with his crutch and started down the corridor to the right.

The corridor seemed to curve slightly, as it would have if it indeed ran the circumference of the facility but his limited light and uneven, crutch assisted walking made it impossible to be certain. Bunk rooms continued to appear at even intervals, but only on the inner right side of the corridor, also lending credence to

Harker's theory. After a few hours he came to another corridor branching off to the right. This he believed to be one of the four corridors radiating from the center of the floor and so continued straight on.

Another few hours, and another corridor. Still Harker continued on, there

*"...Shouldn't there be --
"More blood?" Feldman finished for him and
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something like this."*

had to be a way out, he thought to try and keep up his spirits. Now he could feel the dark, the gloom, pressing down on him. The steady, monotonous static of the comm was maddening, he screamed just to hear another sound. In the distance he thought he heard laughter! Quiet, soft, high pitched like perhaps the laughter of a woman or young child. He called out to it, but there was no reply. Deciding it was just some strange echo combined with his fraying nerves, he pressed onwards in silence, save for the continuing static from his only light source.

He again passed a corridor branching to the right. If he was right, the next branching would be the one he started from, and he still hadn't found anything resembling an exit. He knew he didn't have much time. He had no way of telling how long he had slept, or whether it was day or night outside but one way or another, the Demeter would be leaving soon, assuming it hadn't already, and then he would be marooned here for at least twelve weeks. He could feel his weariness heavily upon him again. Even if the Demeter left, he still had to find a way out, and then a source of food and water, otherwise he would be dead long before any rescue came from New London. To make matters worse, his weariness had found an even more debilitating companion, hunger. He decided he would try and find his way back to the dinner Dracula had served him if he did not find a way out once he made it full circle and back to the first corridor. It was probably drugged as the wine had been, but it would at least keep him alive.

Upon reaching the next branching corridor, he checked the dust on the floor, there was no arrow! He searched

everywhere but could not find any sign of it. There were no footprints, no slide marks, nothing. It was as if the dust had never been disturbed. Jonathan wondered if he had perhaps miscounted. Perhaps there were more radiating corridors than just the central four, but if that were the case, just how big was this place?

Harker's hunger and weariness grew exponentially with his bewilderment. He considered his options. He could continue on down the corridor and hope to find his starting corridor soon.

He could take this branch and hope it reached the central stairs, or he could go back the way he came. Going back seemed to him to be the only way to be certain he made it back to the stairs so he turned around and started his way back.



Morrow listened to McGill and Feldman tell her about Renfield's escape and Doyle's suicide. She just stood there, expressionless. After a long pause, she said, "You should've woken me right away."

"No, we shouldn't have, and you know it." retorted Feldman. "You're in command now, we need you clear headed, not dead on your feet."

"If I'm in command," she argued, "Then I need to be informed of any and all emergencies as they happen. But we'll go over that once we reach Carfax." She took a deep breath, and calmed herself, "I'm assuming you've found Renfield and he's back in quarantine."

"Um, no," answered McGill uncharacteristically sheepishly, "We've been over the ship three times, can't find any trace of him."

"Just great," Morrow sighed, "Any word from the Capt'n?"

"None that I know about." replied McGill.

"Even better. I'll head to the bridge, you two keep looking for Renfield, I don't care if you have to turn the ship upside down, inside out just find him." and Morrow headed for the bridge.

On her way there, she found Clarke laying on the corridor floor, apparently passed out. His face was terribly pale. She nudged him awake, "These don't look like your quarters, Clarke. What happened?"

"I'm not sure, Lieutenant," he said as

he tried to get to his feet. Morrow gave him a hand, "I thought I saw someone or something... I can't seem to remember..."

"Was it Renfield?" Morrow asked.

"No, I don't think so... Maybe, I can't seem to remember."

"Well, get yourself checked out, Clarke, you don't look so good either. Once Feldman gives you a clean bill of health, get back to looking for Renfield. We need to find him before we break orbit."

"Will do, Lieutenant," and Clarke stumbled his way down the corridor.

As Morrow entered the bridge, Dugan got up and went over to her. "Still no sign of Lander Two or the Captain. Sorry Morrow."

"It's alright, Dugan," she said, "Try and get some rest," Dugan nodded and left in reply. Thankfully, Lewis was at navigation, she wouldn't have to deal with Lane again until it was almost time to leave. She settled into her station and monitored her sensor board for any sign from Captain Harker.



The trip back to the stairwell had been long and arduous, but thankfully uneventful.

Jonathan looked with dread at the stairs leading up. If his memory served correctly, Dracula had served him his dinner another three floors up. He considered resting before attempting the climb, but by now he was too hungry to rest, let alone sleep. He carefully, painfully made his way up the stairs. At last he found he could put some weight on his injured leg, but continued to use the crutch. Upon reaching his desired floor, he thankfully noticed his and Dracula's footsteps in the dust from before. That gave him an idea, but first, he had to eat,

and hope no one had taken away the food, if there was anyone here.

The food was still there, thankfully, and though cold and stale, it was edible and luckily not drugged as the wine had been. He also found a small jug of water which also seemed to not be drugged as he

He saw two, no three, beautiful, voluptuous, dark haired women playing with him. They were dressed in white, skin-tight body suits that were torn and open in several places revealing the pale creamy skin beneath.

drank it. The candles, however, had all burned out, leaving him still with only his comm's LED for light. Exhausted once again, he closed his eyes and fell asleep in his chair.

He dreamed he could hear Mina's voice, calling to him, coming closer and closer. She kept calling his name, over and over again, telling him, begging him to come to her. In his dream he could feel her on top of him, kissing him, caressing him. He gave into her completely in the dream, this wonderful dream from which he did not want to awaken.

But something felt strange, odd, even for a dream. Too many hands were touching him, caressing his body in too many places. He felt her lips on his neck, his wrist, and his inner thigh all at once. He heard breathing that wasn't Mina's, and more than one breath at a time. He couldn't hear Mina's voice anymore and realized he was no longer dreaming, if indeed he had ever been. He heard voices, women's voices, speaking in a thick accent words he couldn't understand. He struggled, tried to push them away but he was too weak and exhausted. He managed to reach his comm and turned it on.

He saw two, no three, beautiful,

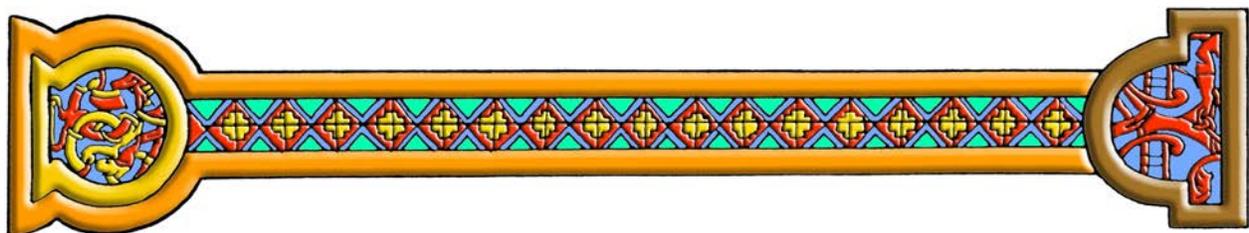
voluptuous, dark haired women playing with him. They were dressed in white, skin-tight body suits that were torn and open in several places revealing the pale creamy skin beneath. One was on his left, straddling his thigh, pressing herself against him, kissing his neck passionately. Another on his right had draped her mostly bare leg over him, holding his right arm up and away from him as she kissed and played her tongue over his wrist. The third he had not noticed at first was kneeling at his feet, her head between his legs kissing his inner thighs. She had also pulled his pants down around his ankles. Though pleasurable beyond belief, he knew he had to get these women to stop, and perhaps they could even help him assuming they knew a way out.

"Stop, ladies, please. I'm very flattered but I have to..." The room felt as though it were spinning, as if he had been drugged again, "Please... I... Can you understand? I - " as he looked down, he saw the one between his legs look up at him. Her lips were incredibly dark red and glistening. A trickle flowed down over her chin as she opened her mouth, revealing long, sharp fangs instead of canines. It wasn't her lips Jonathan realized in horror and disgust, it was blood, his blood!

He screamed and tried again in vain to force off these women or whatever they were. The one on his right pulled his wrist down in back of his head and bent down over him. Speaking in those words he couldn't understand with a sultry, velvety voice she played her fingers over his chest, opening his uniform tunic. Then she took his chin in her hand, her grip impossibly strong, and forced him to look her in the eyes. The room seemed to spin even faster now. Jonathan dropped his comm and everything went dark.



To be continued in WARP 79!



Par Marquise*

En orbite autour du joyau bleu du système solaire, des hommes de la NASA montaient un satellite de communication qui, silencieusement, violait l'aphone vide stellaire. Les anges blancs flottaient au bout de leurs cordons ombilicaux dans un néant conquis, les nations s'étaient enfin unies à combler tous les gouffres existants sur Terre comme au firmament...

Et de là-haut, tout avait une bien nouvelle perspective, une bien nouvelle valeur, une bien nouvelle ampleur.

Monter si haut donnait un vertige qui remettait les âmes en place. On ne pouvait qu'avoir l'esprit à penser que la vie n'était que peu de chose. Que la place de l'humanité et tout son brouhaha économique, politique et sa souffrante superficielle avidité n'étaient qu'une infime tache qui obscurcissait le noir infini constellé de trilliards d'étoiles. Trilliards d'étoiles, comme autant de soleils qui seraient potentiellement gîte à tant d'autres vies dotées du même rêve; qu'il devait bien y avoir un Dieu pour avoir éternué tout cela!

C'est sur ces pensées que gravitait un astronaute québécois qui tenait en place le nouveau panneau solaire déployé pour le nouveau réseau de communication mondial quand ses comparses de France et de Russie le branchaient à la station. Mais ses rêveries furent coupées court quand un minuscule corps céleste vint le heurter à la hanche et, tel un obus précipité contre le verre, fracasser la surface photovoltaïque du panneau renforcé par un malléable alliage composite d'alvéole de carbone et de titane. Un froid intense le fouetta et ne fusse qu'un bon réflexe de porter ses mains sur le trou de sa combinaison éraflée, il n'aurait jamais eu assez d'air pour laisser entendre aux autres le cri de sa douleur qui les prévint de ce qui lui était arrivé. Avant de s'évanouir dans les bras de ses compagnons d'outre-pays et d'être sauvé, il eut le temps de bien voir la matière organique vermillon qui venait de se loger dans le panneau.

Ironiquement, une fois en possibilité de soigner l'astronaute québécois dans la navette, ses collègues furent surpris qu'il ne fût pas blessé outre qu'un bleu et une peau éraflée. Le scaphandre avait tout

pris! Mais alors, quelle était cette masse organique d'un pied encastrée à leur nouveau satellite? Si elle ne provenait pas d'une partie des organes du corps de ce blanc chevalier céleste, d'où provenait-elle? Hélas, la réponse en elle-même, aussi extraordinaire fut-elle, allait engendrer encore plus de questions et de mystères que prévu!

Quand on préleva ce débris du panneau, et qu'on l'emmena à bord dans

Quand on préleva ce débris du panneau, et qu'on l'emmena à bord dans un compartiment hermétique stérilisé, on dut se rendre compte à force d'analyses que ces restes étaient bel et bien humains.

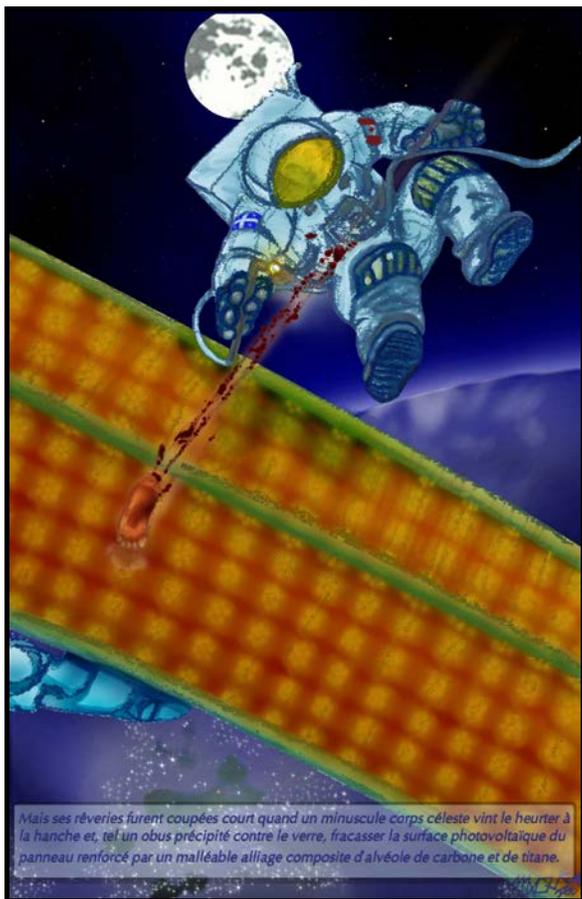
un compartiment hermétique stérilisé, on dut se rendre compte à force d'analyses que ces restes étaient bel et bien humains. En fait, c'était une partie biologique humaine arrachée, mais intacte. Une partie arrachée à qui? Par quoi? Comment? Depuis quand? Il y avait évidence qu'aucuns des membres de l'équipe n'avait rien perdu. Ni même par moyen naturel. Les messages entre la Terre et la navette furent des plus inusités pendant les heures qui suivirent. Même si, en soit, la mission principale allait bien, cette histoire devait faire le tour de toutes les contrées qui avaient envoyées de leurs citoyens en orbite et tenter de chercher le propriétaire de ces organes. Personne ne confirma avoir eu de blessés dans cette orbite et tous nièrent avoir envoyé ou cloné des parties de corps humain dans l'espace. Le mystère était des plus complet, car, malgré le froid sidéral et les radiations solaires qui normalement affecteraient les tissus humains sans protection, ce qu'ils étudiaient semblait ne pas présenter de dommage d'aucune autre nature que d'avoir été arraché de son détenteur. Et,

à en juger par les tissus, un mâle caucasien de trente ans en bonne santé.

Ce qui était un autre mystère était de trouver qui maintenant avait laissé filtrer la nouvelle et se répandre à travers l'internet avant l'analyse officielle de la NASA et sa contre-expertise officielle? Ou alors, comment la faire arrêter? La faire taire?

Bien avant que l'objet arrive sur Terre avec l'équipage, la découverte qu'on avait tenté de cacher s'était répandue sur tout le globe comme une hémorragie absorbée par la masse. Bien qu'aucune image n'eut cependant filtré, les caricaturistes, les théoriciens, les esprits les plus imaginatifs avaient déjà la leur dans leur tête ou sur leur canevas. Aux États-Unis, les journaux à potins avaient même leurs grands titres «We've found Jimmy Hoffa! ».

Certaines sectes douteuses y allaient même de leurs explications ésotériques prouvant que Dieu avait littéralement créé l'homme dans le jardin – voir la planète- d'Éden et l'avait jeté sur Terre et que le fait que cette partie fut préservée depuis toujours prouve qu'à l'origine il était vraiment à l'image de son Créateur; immortel. Mais au Québec, de là où provenait l'astronaute blessé par lesdites parties, les humoristes Québécois se sont emparés de l'évènement en masse. Ils le tournèrent en dérision si ridicule qu'il en était même impossible de ne pas en rire à moins de ne pas être francophone! La nouvelle coqueluche montante décrivit alors au Festival Juste Pour Rire ce qu'on ne pouvait plus envoyer en avion à cause des dangers terroristes, mais ce qu'on pouvait, par exemple, lancer dans l'espace sans considérer la chose comme un risque. Sa blague repoussa toutes les limites quand il alla jusqu'au comble de quand officiellement la chose « Les couilles dans l'espace » dans son monologue d'humour. Et les médias ainsi que la société québécoise s'emparèrent de la blague comme si elle fut là une réponse officielle



Mais ses rêveries furent coupées court quand un minuscule corps céleste vint le heurter à la hanche et, tel un obus précipité contre le verre, fracasser la surface photovoltaïque du panneau renforcé par un malléable alliage composite d'alvéole de carbone et de titane.

au phénomène lui permettant de tourner la page sur le mystère.

Mais certains vivaient des choses beaucoup plus terre-à-terre dans cette belle province. Par exemple, moi, je devais me déplacer toujours plus loin tous les jours, bâton à la main, chevilles tordues, genoux en feu. Plus souvent qu'autrement, j'affrontais la tourmente, affamée avec mes œuvres en bandoulière sous mon manteau bourgogne, mon fardeau sur mon dos sous ma cape rouge flamboyante qui donnait l'impression aux autres de croiser une bossue à lunettes.

Prestataire de l'aide de dernier recours, je m'efforçais avec le petit moins que rien qui me restait de me trouver un travail et de passer des entrevues d'emploi en m'y déplaçant à pied. Par moment, je faisais une journée archiproductive de neuf heures de marche aller-retour pour rencontrer un employeur qui se cherchait du personnel dynamique. Bien entendu, je contrastais avec ses espoirs. Même articulée, après quatre heures de route et du bon vouloir, il était difficile de me prouver dynamique avec le ventre vide, la

fatigue et les ampoules sous les pieds. Et bien entendu, les quelque quarante-huit heures prises à récupérer passaient pour de la paresse aux yeux de la société. Une cliente m'eut même ri au nez. Elle disait que pour épargner le coût d'un billet d'autobus j'étais prête à marcher d'un bout à l'autre de la ville en quatre heures et vingt pour la rejoindre. Puisque les clients ont toujours raison, que me valait-il bien la peine de lui faire savoir que je gardais cet argent pour payer les médicaments nécessaires à ma survie? Quoiqu'à ce prix, ni la nourriture, ni ma santé ne me semblaient abordables. Ce que l'on donnait aux banques alimentaires ressemblait souvent aux condiments passés date, aux légumes qui fondaient en jus sous la main et aux pains restants de restaurants.

On ne pouvait dire que je n'avais pas de volonté ni de manque d'intégrité artistique. Depuis douze ans, malgré la moitié de ce temps rémunérée par un emploi stable, ma santé dégénérait encore et toujours. Et pourtant, je m'acharnais à mon grand projet contre rejets et découragements. Mais lentement, survivre et m'acharner à vivre me tuait lentement. Et cela, malgré tous mes plans pour m'en sortir et les ressources communautaires qui m'étaient disponibles.

Heureusement, parmi ces ressources communautaires, je trouvai jadis un organisme qui me donna des cours de démarrage d'entreprise. J'eus tenté le coup et techniquement compris que je pouvais faire du travail autonome chez moi sans dépenser tout ce que je n'avais pas pour ce faire. Malgré tout, il devenait de plus en plus problématique d'être justement autonome.

Cependant, des amis de cette formation, eux, ne s'en sont pas tous sortis si mal. Parmi eux, un couple de Coréens qui se sont ouvert un restaurant chinois. Je les aidais dans leurs traductions pour la chambre de commerce et autres diverses publications, autant en français qu'en

anglais. En retour, je recevais parfois des restes de leur cuisine que j'appréciais fort, ou si j'étais assez tôt le matin, me faire goûter leur plat du jour. Ce qui était effectivement le cas ce matin-là, avant l'heure d'ouverture. Bien que le couple fut en manque de personnel, il ne me laissait pas les aider plus qu'il n'en fallait. En fait, avec leur bel accent étranger, ils me demandaient de m'asseoir et de « prendre ça relax » en me préparant la bouffe sous le nez. J'étirai la main vers le porte-carte sur le comptoir, je sentis les regards se poser sur moi et ne compris pourquoi qu'une fois carte en main. La bonbonnière était juste à côté; mon geste put être interprété comme une tentative de me gaver de sucreries avant le repas. Pour être certaine d'être bien interprétée, je leur présentai la carte que j'avais en main.

Ils me rendirent un sourire; j'avais en main un exemplaire de carte d'affaires pour lequel j'avais effectué leur graphisme. J'avais presque oublié ce travail. Je leur demandai si toutes les informations étaient encore valides et la dame me répondit qu'ils n'avaient rien à changer. Il y eut un court échange en coréen entre les copropriétaires après lequel je me sentis mal. Comme le mari de la propriétaire me répondait qu'il n'avait pas besoin de plus d'ouvrage et qu'il allait attendre pour le site internet, je compris que j'avais –quoiqu'innocemment – poussé ma chance un peu trop loin. Ce n'était pourtant pas mon intention de faire de l'argent sur leur dos. Par simple soucis de perfectionnisme, j'offrais de les aider à corriger leurs informations ou réajuster leur graphisme. Je croyais que c'était ce que l'on appelait du service après-vente... Et je savais, par leurs grands égards, qu'ils étaient contents de mon ouvrage passé. Le malaise me fut cependant lourd; je me sentais toujours un fardeau pour le reste de la société et pire si cela devait impliquer des connaissances... Des amis!

Il fut donc toujours normal pour moi de m'isoler dans la honte du silence et de l'oubli... De ne pas entraîner ceux que j'aimais à porter mon incessant fardeau qui me paraissait croissant... De ne pas finir par les contaminer... De ne pas les perdre eux non plus dans l'oubli ou dans la misère... Dans MA misère.

Comme pour alléger le tout, la dame me demanda ce qu'il y avait de neuf dans mes recherches. Candidement, je répondis par un résumé de mes derniers déboires et

des récentes portes qui me furent fermées. Aussi, je parlai un peu de mes problèmes logistiques et techniques avec mon vieil ordinateur encore en panne, mes dangereux voisins drogués et ma famille qui se foutait pas mal de moi. Très rapidement, le couple de propriétaires m'aiguilla sur mon sujet préféré. Tout en coupant des légumes, ils me demandèrent des nouvelles de la princesse de mon monde imaginaire. Je pris un temps pour répondre; je ne croyais pas qu'ils se souvenaient de ce personnage tertiaire de mon projet. Aussi pour un temps je tentai de leur donner des nouvelles de mes personnages principaux jusqu'à ce que je comprenne que la jeune princesse qui voulait de venir reine à la place du roi les fascinait eux aussi. Je ne comprenais jamais comment Prys, princesse si pendable, faisait son compte pour marquer tant de gens.

L'odeur de la viande fit gémir mon estomac alors que la propriétaire préparait ses boulettes de viande pour les divers mets au menu. Le mari de la proprio me taquina à propos des boulettes préparées par sa femme en insinuant qu'elles étaient tombées du ciel. Bien entendu, avec son accent, je pris ses dires pour une incitation à la prière et remerciai le Seigneur pour la nourriture et de me nantir de si bons amis. Cependant, la réaction de la dame me pousse à croire à une blague contre sa gastronomie tournée grivoisement. Je riaï de bon cœur, car il y avait des jours que rien ne me fit sourire. J'entrepris donc de demander la relation entre le ciel et la viande.

Le couple de propriétaires coréens du restaurant chinois me regarda un tantinet éberlués. Ils me demandèrent si je ne suivais pas les nouvelles. Force me fut d'admettre en prenant le journal du comptoir voisin que je n'avais pas regardé la télévision depuis près de quatre ans. Ils me demandèrent pourquoi et je dus répondre que depuis fort longtemps je n'écoutais plus la télévision, car il n'y avait rien de bon, à part des annonces pour me faire sentir inférieure dans mon pouvoir d'achat. Et, en dépit de tout, pour y voir du contenu, je serais obligée d'avoir le câble avec lequel, malgré tout, je serais soumise aux stupides téléralités et aux émissions dont la qualité de contenu se dégradait depuis des années. Cela me choquait car de formation et de mes

derniers contrats dans les médias, je savais qu'il était possible de faire mieux, mais qu'il y avait un je-m'en-foutisme généralisé qui gangrénait le domaine pour rendre notre culture de plus en plus insipide. Pire, pour ceux qui en avaient les moyens, les amateurs trouvaient désormais plus intéressants de tout regarder sur internet. Et je n'avais pas les moyens d'y ajouter du mien professionnellement ou autrement. Aussi, quand mon dernier téléviseur brisa peu après que le précédent me fut volé, je n'en rachetai plus d'autre.

C'est ainsi qu'ils s'empressèrent de m'apprendre les faits divers auxquels la blague référerait... La mésaventure spatiale d'un de nos héros québécois... La trouvaille organique humaine ayant survécu au vide absolu. Bien entendu, il allait de soit que ma pensée allait divaguer instantanément sur des scénarios et des références à utiliser. Tant qu'à y être, je me mis à spéculer dans la réalité des théories plus inventives. Certaines sur de la réplication organique humaine à partir de déchets en orbite ayant muté avec les rayons gamma et les radiations stellaires en forme de vie qui devait commencer à évoluer et à explorer à travers les étoiles. Certaines plus terre-à-terre, et humaines, tournaient l'évènement de la simple conspiration pour tourner la masse vers le ciel et faire de la publicité pour le programme spatial, à un coup monté bel et bien déguisé pour faire rater la mission sur un plan international et fermer toutes les avenues possibles dans l'aventure spatiale jusqu'à ce que toutes les réserves de la terre soient irrémédiablement épuisées!

Bien entendu, cela donnait aux propriétaires l'occasion de me jaser un peu de ce dont la surexploitation et la mondialisation faisait en Asie par exemple l'incendie des mines de charbon en Chine. Alors que je trouvai un suivi de cette anomalie spatiale dans le Journal de Montréal, je me rappelai de la mer d'Aral en Russie totalement vidée et desséchée par une nouvelle voie d'irrigation pour augmenter l'économie d'Ouzbékistan et du Kazakhstan. Une idiotie ruinant ainsi la vie, l'économie, le bien-être et la santé des gens qui vivent là... détruisant irrémédiablement la faune et la flore aquatique. Un constat qui amena mes amis à surenchérir sur le sujet. Car en Chine, une catastrophe environnementale se préparait s'ils n'arrêtent pas « hier »

leur gigantesque barrage Three Georges Dam, qui risquait de causer des inondations et de l'érosion sur tout ce qui vivait autour. Ainsi, que ce fut les capitalistes, les nouvelles démocraties ou les communistes purs et durs comme en Chine, tout pays de bonnes volontés détruisaient l'environnement et l'humanité au nom du bien-être de l'homme par le biais de son économie. Je dûs leur exprimer me sentir moins fière que le problème du Saint-Laurent se soit résorbé après de grandes, mais tourmentées, campagnes de sensibilisations. Cependant, conjointement aux problèmes d'algues bleues, afin d'accueillir plus de touristes dans de plus grands bateaux, les autorités élargirent plus profond notre fleuve déjà aux prises avec des problèmes de salinisation. Ce faisant, ils remontaient les polluants et le problème sévère de moules. Au centre des villes, en pensant au Saint-Laurent, je ne pouvais m'empêcher me rappeler du sort du Rio Grande détruit par trop d'activité humaine, même en camping... Combien de temps allions-nous tenir? Garder nos sources d'eau potable? En combien de temps allions-nous, nous réveiller? Réagir?

Cela n'était pas que l'eau qui était sans doute en train de prendre aussi tout les contaminants de nos sols. Mais l'air! J'étoiffai autant sur la qualité de l'air du Mexique à sa réputation. Mais selon eux, aux alentours de Kaohsiung, Taiwan, était l'endroit le plus dense en brouillard dû à la pollution atmosphérique où ils aient jamais pu se retrouver. Ils ne pouvaient voir de l'autre côté de la rue et ils avaient du mal à respirer. L'horreur s'étendait aussi à l'eau qui n'étant pas assez claire pour y voir à plus de quelques pouces finissait par y tuer la faune aquatique qui y flottait désormais à la surface. Bien que je m'indignai, osant à peine croire le fait, que personne ne pût laisser aller ainsi les choses; ils m'affirmèrent que pourtant ils y avaient vu des gens s'y baigner. Ce qui me les amenait à me dire que quand des gens vivaient dans une situation depuis toujours, ils s'y habitaient. Pour une raison qui m'était inconnue, je me reconnaissais dans ces dires.

Pour un moment, je fus silencieuse. Je comprenais toujours à peine comment ici au Québec, nous n'arrivons pas à nous serrer les coudes. En fait, au cours des dernières crises du verglas la plus intéressante plainte vu dans les médias fut

une dame qui se plaignait de ne pas avoir de pastilles pour la gorge alors que tous ceux qui se trouvaient dans les abris d'urgence n'avaient pas de quoi se laver. Et pourtant, de plus en plus nombreux était le nombre de Québécois dit « pure laine » à se plaindre dans mon quartier. Ils voulaient plus de plus, comme me le disait jadis un de mes amis. Pour chacun de ces individus, individuellement plus de plus! Plus la pauvreté les rongait de l'intérieur, pire étaient leurs extrémités et leurs vices. Cependant, dans ces familles, les enfants servaient de moyens de recevoir plus de subventions...

Plus de prestations! Et leurs parents espéraient aussi en faire leurs bâtons de vieillesse en leur ayant inculqué l'exploitation. Pas étonnants, qu'avec la population vieillissante et les résidences pour personnes âgées, nous avions tant de rapports de mauvais traitements à leur égard! Nous finissions par nous traiter nous-mêmes les uns les autres comme des marchandises, des produits compétitifs devant être de plus en plus performants! Au moindre indice de défaillance, par nous jeter aux poubelles! Dans la même optique, en vieillissant, nous commençons comme consommateurs potentiels nourris par les médias qui nous servaient de gardiennes. Nous continuons notre enchère exponentielle de besoins en enlevant le caractère sacré de notre sexualité. Nos corps obligés de se mouler, de se vendre, de performer pour se conformer aux idoles des médias qui dictaient notre société en l'anesthésiant de plaisirs superficiels... en la gavant de désirs vains qui, sans cesse, comme une drogue, ne pouvaient la rassasier. Avec le temps, cette surenchère, gangrénait le sens moral de ces six pour cent de la planète qui en dépensait la vie de quatre-vingt-quatorze pour cent, dévorant tout ce qui rendait beau et pur le berceau de l'humanité.

Un grand nombre des membres de familles moyennes basses et pauvres de pures laines d'ici, n'encourageaient pas les autres membres de leurs familles de partir en affaire pour s'en sortir. Cependant, quand les membres de ces mêmes sociétés qu'ils exploitaient allègrement déménageaient pour avoir pignon sur rue, non seulement ils ne comprenaient rien,

mais ils les accusaient de leur voler leurs ressources et leurs emplois. Et cela passait outre la mondialisation, car ils semblaient eux-mêmes oublier où ils durent déménager les natifs autochtones pour s'approprier de leur pays. Cependant, moi, j'admiraient le courage combatif de ces

Je me demandais tout haut si cette technologie était disponible aujourd'hui, comment nous percevraient les autres formes de vies dans l'espace?... Comment les traiterions-nous aussi? Ne ferions-nous qu'écumer leurs ressources à leur tour? Ne serait-ce qu'à ce moment que toute l'humanité serait unie?

familles étrangères qui se tenaient entre elles, ne se plaignaient d'aucuns membres de leur famille et les épaulaient dans leurs démarches au point même de participer à leurs entreprises. Et cela, malgré les troubles culturels et linguistiques. Leur curiosité et leur façon de trouver les ressources nécessaires sans baisser les bras et de mettre tout en œuvre pour qu'autant leurs rêves et nos règlements s'accordent. Bien entendu, ce n'est pas tout le monde chez eux qui avaient d'aussi bonnes dispositions, mais de règle générale, ils pouvaient servir d'exemple et de bon exemple. Comme le cas de mes amis!

Si nous avons toujours fait les choix prescrits par l'esprit de notre Créateur, avec toutes ces avancées technologiques que nous avons aujourd'hui, serions-nous déjà là-haut dans les étoiles? Si l'argent et la poursuite du plus grand pouvoir d'achat, l'envie de prendre à notre voisin, de garder tout pour-soi ne gagnerait pas si souvent, tous les génies humains oubliés auraient au-delà des guerres froides, ou immondes, pu nous pousser à une avancée d'un millénaire à venir! Je me demandais tout haut si cette technologie était disponible aujourd'hui, comment nous percevraient les autres formes de vies dans l'espace?... Comment les traiterions-nous aussi? Ne ferions-nous qu'écumer leurs ressources à leur tour? Ne serait-ce qu'à ce moment que toute l'humanité serait unie? En engloutissant dans une surexploitation toutes formes de vies intelligentes ou non de l'infini? Mes amis coréens me servirent à ce moment autant à manger qu'une réflexion qui me confirma mes doutes en me remettant les pieds sur terre. Ils observèrent qu'avec ce que nous

faisons de notre planète, nous n'aurions sans doute plus le choix de ronger d'autres ressources que celles de la Terre. Tout en mangeant en toute politesse, car la dernière remarque m'avait coupé l'appétit, j'eus une dernière pensée pour le regretté astronome Carl Sagan et ses rêves. Peut-être en fait,

que tout comme pour la fin de la première auto électrique rechargeable en 2000, nos fréquents accidents spatiaux n'étaient pas aussi anodins, car ils permettaient une surenchère sur les produits de la planète en train de s'amenuiser à petit feu!

Mes amis coréens me firent signe de regarder par la

fenêtre vers un grand gaillard qui me faisait des signes. Je fus embarrassée et me sentis rougir encore plus que ma cape! Il me semblait normal qu'il attende dehors que je sorte, mais mes amis invitants et cent pour cent plus sociaux que moi, -sans doute un don de leurs origines moins sauvages-, se sentaient soulagés d'aller lui ouvrir la porte. Comme s'ils espéraient que mon occasionnel modèle vivant soit l'homme pour prendre soin de ma petite personne malade! La dame l'invita à manger aussi et je regardai son compagnon qui me fit un signe de la main que je dû interpréter comme n'étant pas quelque chose de grave s'il n'en prenait pas une habitude. Je leur présentai donc Maxime Sauvé qui semblait fébrile de profiter de ma présence. À un point tel que, si je ne le connaissais pas plus, je croirais qu'il avait gagné à la 6/49! Et je présentai les propriétaires du restaurant à Maxime.

J'en profitai pour lui expliquer que mes amis Coréens nous connaissions par un cours d'entrepreneuriat et que je leur vendais mes services infographiques à moitié prix. Comme si le mot infographique lui fut un signal, Maxime mit sur table la mallette d'un ordinateur portable avant que je n'aie fini de le décrire comme simple ami et occasionnel modèle vivant. Pendant un quart de seconde, j'eus la crainte que Maxime – vivant lui aussi dans une misère relative - eût chapardé l'appareil pour m'en faire cadeau. Mais il n'en était rien; il avait trouvé, avec sa façon bien bohème à lui, de gaspiller ses économies dans cet extravagant achat. Mais il me cherchait à tout prix afin de me montrer ce qu'il contenait. Il se promenait avec, sur le disque dur, un montage des récentes

informations et des archives internet de pages Web de nouvelles et de la NASA.

Je le savais intéressé par l'environnement et par une bonne partie des mêmes préoccupations que moi, mais de là à en faire un tel plat! Tout en démarrant le système et en tentant de me faire comprendre que je ratais quelque chose en ne naviguant pas sur internet, il avoua avoir trafiqué les ordinateurs du cap Saint-Barnabé pour être capable d'avoir accès internet et y transférer ses informations. Personne n'arrivait là-bas à poster quelque chose sur internet ou à transférer des données pour les sauver sur leurs propres CDs ou clefs USB. Donc inutile d'y venir avec mon porte-folio CD et tenter de vendre mes talents aux compagnies de jeux vidéos de la région.

J'en concluais qu'il avait usé de ses privilèges et connaissances d'Insertech pour avoir des avantages de jeune technicien de l'endroit sur ces ordinateurs publics mis à la disposition de tous ceux qui sont prestataires de la sécurité du revenu.

Alors que je secouai la tête, Maxime réunit derrière lui par son exubérance les propriétaires du lieu et montra ce que les actualités avaient à diffuser sur la situation de ce phénomène de « parties » dans l'espace. Mais j'étais plus distraite par ses longs cheveux frisés qui me laissaient deviner chez lui une pilosité abondante. Chose sur laquelle je devais décrocher bien rapidement pour me pencher sur ce qui l'« excitait » tant posté à peu près partout sur l'internet en guise fuite de la NASA. Bel et bien quelque chose provenant de dessous de la ceinture. Un pied!

Un pied que la NASA qualifiait de partie humaine inconnue orbitant autour de la Terre. Mon réflexe fut presque de rire. Cependant comme un certain jour de septembre où j'avais toujours un job et que je croyais un certain clip être un très bon moment d'effet visuel d'avion atterrissant dans un immeuble géant, les trois durent me confirmer que, ce n'était pas une blague, pas un tour que l'on me jouait, que tout le monde y croyait, que la NASA ne faisait aucuns commentaires, mais des sources externes validaient que l'information était aussi valable. Mais ce n'était plus les médias qui faisaient autorité dans l'Histoire quand ce bout de forme humaine me parut encore plus familier.

Maxime aussi le reconnaissait à son ongle incarné et à sa bague de pied légèrement déformée dans un accident contre mon futon.

Pendant un long moment, je dévisageai Maxime, mais mes amis coréens semblaient ne rien comprendre. Même malgré toute ma paranoïa, ils ne semblaient pas de connivence pour me

Un pied! Un pied que la NASA qualifiait de partie humaine inconnue orbitant autour de la Terre.

monter un tel coup. Après leur avoir demandé s'ils avaient réellement vu ces images des médias, ils me confirmèrent qu'en fait tous les avaient vues.

Leurs regards se posèrent alors interrogativement sur moi alors que je continuai à dévisager Maxime qui me dévisageait aussi. Alors, le propriétaire coupa le silence abruptement demandant à la légèreté si ce pied était le mien? Je ne leur répondis qu'en pointant Maxime du doigt! Alors qu'ils se regardèrent incrédules et que la dame me fit remarquer en penchant le regard qu'il avait bel et bien ses deux pieds... Et qu'il semblait en user mieux que moi qui, selon les dires de Maxime qui surenchérisait, semblais marcher les deux pieds dans la même bottine!

Quoi qu'on dise mesquinement sur les restaurants chinois, Maxime dut enlever, contre tout principe d'hygiène d'un restaurant, son soulier et son bas droit. Exceptionnellement, tout le monde fut tour à tour fasciné par son pied dénudé sur le comptoir entre deux plats. Je devais admettre que même en dessin, j'avais des problèmes avec mes pieds... Enfin; sur papier! Mais je comprenais par la pose de Maxime, pourquoi il était mon modèle et que ses manières à la table furent si pardonnables. Je sortis mes dessins et fis remarquer à tous comment les ongles avaient poussé depuis et comment l'ongle de l'orteil du centre était depuis coupé en biseau, plus conformément aux médias qu'à mes dessins vieux de trois semaines!

Maintenant, commençaient toutes les spéculations entre nous, ralentissant au mieux tout ce qui se passait sur l'horaire normal du restaurant. Cependant, entre le clonage et le moulage de pied au latex par des as des effets spéciaux, nous savions que tout était impossible; la NASA avait dit que la chose était intacte de radiation,

d'impact de micrométéorite et n'avait pas souffert du froid absolu. Dans ma tête, je me disais que c'était impossible à moins d'un miracle. Je fis exceptionnellement office de personnel additionnel afin d'avoir accès au téléviseur et Maxime de même pour se brancher sur la bande passante internet de la machine de cartes de crédit.

Quelle confiance on nous faisait! Mais je n'étais jamais à l'aise à la caisse et Maxime prenait le relais pour les calculs. Je le lui demandai malgré tout, s'il connaissait quelqu'un de meilleur que moi en retouche photographique? Il me regarda d'un air bizarre et comprit que j'analysais le moignon des images de ce pied. Je lui demandai carrément s'il avait photographié son pied et s'il l'avait envoyé sur internet pour quelque raison? Maxime sembla outré que je le pense à l'origine de la fraude si fraude il y avait. Je dus lui expliquer que s'il avait fait un tirage de photo numérique et entreposé dans un site personnel de photo non protégée, n'importe qui avait dû pratiquer sa touche artistique dessus. Il me fit alors remarquer qu'en moins de trois semaines avec des photos si récentes, la qualité n'en vaudrait pas la peine et que... non, si quelqu'un avait dénudé son pied pour le photographe sous tous les angles, il s'en serait aperçu.

Mais que pouvions-nous bien y faire? En aviser la NASA? Et par où commencer? Comment les contacter? Maxime m'avisa qu'il était aussi possible de les contacter par internet. Je lui demandai s'il tenait VRAIMENT à les contacter? Maxime me demanda si je pouvais VRAIMENT avoir une réponse scientifique à ses questions? S'il valait mieux ne pas confier la chose aux chercheurs? Je lui fis remarquer que par le temps qu'ils allaient nous répondre ou nous prendre au sérieux, son ongle allait se replacer. Sursautant sur le fait, Maxime me demanda si je l'accompagnerais dans ses démarches parce que son anglais parlé -et parfois compris - était pourri. Je décidai d'être volontaire et ouvris sur son portable le traitement de texte. Mais ce n'était pas ce qu'il voulait; il voulait y aller en personne! Avec moi!

Cela me prit tout le quart de travail pour me décider. Ce que Maxime me demandait c'était de laisser mes chattes derrière moi. Deux charmantes, et à mes yeux exceptionnelles, bêtes qui vivaient

avec moi et qui se relayaient pour me réveiller quand mon apnée me faisait tenir plus de deux minutes sans air. Alors que Maxime qui comprenait très bien ma situation cherchait, quand même, les coordonnées de la NASA sur internet, je savais que ma propre famille ne les accueillerait pas, et que sur un si court délai aucun de mes amis ne se porterait volontaire. Et même s'il y en avait, plusieurs d'entre eux ne seraient sans doute pas assez responsables. Ils n'étaient pas tous comme moi, et certains gelaient les douleurs de leur quotidien avec leurs toxines favorites. D'autres étaient

malheureusement allergiques et d'autres avaient des enfants... Comme si chats et enfants devaient faire mauvais ménage. Maxime parla avec mes amis, quoique j'aie bien su qu'ils possédaient des chiens. Malheureusement, chiens et chats avaient des troubles de communications; un joyeux balancement de queue de l'un signifie de l'irritation et de l'impatience chez l'autre, beaucoup de bruit de la part de l'un signifie la joie, mais chez l'autre, du désagrément! Cependant, je m'apprêtais à confier mes clefs de mon appartement à quiconque de confiance pour nourrir mes

petites. L'une était la fille de l'autre et naquit de sa mère sur mes genoux. Et depuis, je fus comme la grand-maman et la maman poule des deux! Donc, à la fin de la journée, j'accepterais si je pouvais les revoir une dernière fois et trouver avant mon départ au moins une personne pour les nourrir. Mes amis coréens offrirent de me reconduire chez moi avec Maxime. Ils m'assurèrent qu'en échange de ma journée, ils allaient nourrir les petites en mon absence. Je me sentais encore coupable, mais me sentais aussi trop étourdie pour refuser.



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SFF Sightings!

The Easter Dragon and the Steampunk bunny, spotted on the web by MonsFFan, Josée Bellemare.



Starfleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

*The story so far: On a rare return visit to Earth, Kathryn Janeway is called in to her father's office. Admiral Janeway tells her about Commander Chakotay's defection to the Maquis, soon followed by Ro Laren who is rumoured to have recruited over six thousand former resistance fighters. He fears the two forces may be joining up, and he asks his daughter to come up with a plan to stop Chakotay and disrupt the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation. **

CHAPTER 3

Shortly thereafter an encoded message found its way from the home of Kathryn Janeway to a home on the planet Vulcan. Late one night a solitary figure paid a visit to the Starfleet captain.

A month later Commander Chakotay of the Maquis recruited a new crewmember. A man the Maquis leader had been watching. A man who appeared to be a very strong supporter of the rebel cause. A Vulcan named Tuvok!



Kathryn Janeway poked her head around the door of her father's office. "Hi Admiral, mind if I come in?"

As the elder Janeway looked up a delighted smile eased his stern features. "Katie! Of course come in. Haven't seen much of you lately."

Moving a chair closer to the desk Kathryn sat down, stretching her legs out as she relaxed. "The special outfitting of my ship kept me busy. I never realized that a Nova class science vessel had so many miles of wiring and circuits. Now that is finished all I can do is sit back and wait."

Admiral Janeway put the padd that he had been reading back down onto his desk. "Have you heard from Tuvok?"

Kathryn nodded. "Yes, he joined Chakotay's crew the other day. So far he has little to report, however, he was able to send a crew listing."

That piece of news pleased the admiral. "Excellent! Up until now we knew very little about his crew. Being able to identify them should help." Leaning forward she handed a padd to her father. "According to Tuvok the Maquis leader is in the process of enlisting a new pilot. Evidently, Chakotay is considering a young man now serving on another ship, however, no name was mentioned. But Tuvok did discover that the candidate is a former Starfleet officer who has been with the Maquis for less than a year. It appears that despite his age, and lack of experience, this pilot is supposed to be exceptionally good."

For a moment the elder Janeway scrolled through the padd. "I don't recognize any of these names. I'll run them through our data banks, see what we can find out. Hmmmm...Here's one or two that sound familiar. Especially this one. B'Elanna Torres. Yes, she spent a year or two at the Academy. Half Klingon, the part with a temper."

Rubbing the padd along the arm of his chair the admiral shifted his attention back to his daughter. "So...you said a young pilot who is a former Starfleet officer and who is highly skilled at manoeuvring a starship. Interesting!"

Bending her head slightly to the side Kathryn looked at her father. "I seem to be missing something."

Tapping the desk with his finger Admiral Janeway spoke quietly. "Oh, just a stray thought. Wondering if it might be Tom Paris."

In astonishment Kathryn stared at her father. "Owen Paris' son!"

A deep sadness crossed the admiral's face. "Yes, I'm afraid so. Though it's really not a surprise. The boy might be a skilled flyer, with a great deal of potential, however, he has been a constant source of worry for his father."

Standing up the captain walked over to the replicator. "From what I heard young Paris is somewhat of a troublemaker, irresponsible. I doubt that he would ever make a good officer. The type who believes rules and regulations are for everybody but himself. Someone, whom I would never tolerate as a member of my crew. Coffee?"

"No thanks, just finished my third." Turning back to the padd her father continued to scrutinize the Maquis leader's crew.

"Computer, coffee regular." Picking up the fresh beverage Kathryn took a sip while studying her father.

Returning to her seat, for a moment the captain's eyebrows knotted together. "Before I left, on my last mission, wasn't Tom Paris facing a disciplinary hearing regarding an accident?"

Her father slowly placed the padd onto the desk. "Unfortunately yes. A shuttle accident in which three cadets were killed. An accident that he first lied about, denying that he had been at fault. He later came forward admitting the truth. Tom was under house arrest until the board reviewed all the evidence. He disappeared! I believe that he might have joined the Maquis."

The younger Janeway replied tongue in cheek. "I thought that the escape alert anklet was designed to prevent such occurrences. To prevent someone from just 'disappearing'?"

She took a mouthful of coffee to avoid laughing at her father's expression.

"He removed it." Came the rather sheepish reply from the embarrassed admiral.

Without success the captain attempted to keep a straight face. "Were you not one of the main designers of this type of anklet? Which was supposed to be tamper proof?"

Glaring at his daughter Admiral Edward Janeway did not

reply.

She managed to suppress a laugh. “well...if he does join Chakotay’s crew we should know. Tuvok is supposed to send reports regularly. Hopefully, he will gain the commander’s trust. When he does those reports should be interesting.”

Kathryn Janeway was correct. As the days went by the Vulcan learned more and more, passing on this information to his Starfleet captain. Using these reports Janeway painstakingly designed and perfected her strategy. Two weeks passed, and another, then two more. Finally she was ready.

The trap was set!

Only one thing remained....would Chakotay nibble at the cheese?

Finally, in the early morning hours Janeway received the long awaited communique.

Three hours later she entered her father’s office.

Forgoing her usual coffee she sat down in front of the desk. “I hear from Tuvok, Chakotay has taken the bait. I’m leaving for Syzygie day after tomorrow.”

Admiral Janeway leaned back in his seat. “Excellent! That is good news!”

Picking up a padd he made a few notations. “I’ll issue the necessary instructions to the medical transport. My orders will be worded very carefully. Anyone intercepting them will be convinced that we are proceeding as arranged.”

Kathryn nodded. “Just in case there is a Maquis spy or two around.”

Her father smiled. “Well Katie, I’m looking forward to your return.”

Resting an elbow on the chair she ran a finger along her chin. I’m looking forward to meeting this Commander Chakotay. From what I’ve learned he is an excellent leader. Too bad his abilities are being wasted, Starfleet can use officers of his caliber.”

The admiral nodded sadly. “It is too bad. We have lost many fine people to this Maquis cause. If you are successful perhaps we can end this.”

Kathryn took a deep breath. “If everything goes according to plan not only Chakotay but his entire crew will be captured.”

The elder Janeway looked at his daughter. “Once Chakotay is caught and out of the picture I’m expecting the Maquis to fall apart. With no strong leader they could completely disappear. At worst....they will probably break up into small groups, which we will be able to capture one at a time.”

Kathryn ran her hand along the arm of the chair. “What about this Ro Laren? Would she not take over?”

He shook his head. “I doubt it. From what I know about Ro, she does not have the experience or the temperament. She may try to....but I doubt that she will succeed. At least not for long. The Maquis were nothing until Chakotay took over. With him out of the way, I’m sure that we can stop worrying about this band of rebels.”

Kathryn stood up. “The next few days should be very interesting.”

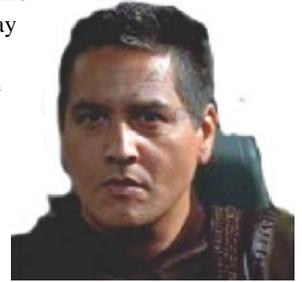
Leaning forward her father placed his arms on the desk. “Yes! They should be very interesting!”

The captain headed for the door. Before stepping into the hallway she turned back to her father. “If it’s okay I’ll drop Molly off tomorrow afternoon. Perhaps we can have supper together.”

“Perfect, I’ll see you then.”

Admiral Janeway spoke to an empty doorway.

Two days later Captain Kathryn Janeway left for her rendezvous with the Maquis, and their leader....Maquis Commander Chakotay.



CHAPTER 4

Sitting in her command chair, watching the stars streaking past the viewscreen, Janeway’s mind was on her mission.

She was deep in thought when the voice of Ensign Rollins, from the ops station, broke into those thoughts.

“Captain! I’m receiving an encoded communication from Starfleet Command. Top Priority!”

Concerned that something of the utmost importance must have occurred, Janeway leaped to her feet. Due to the nature of her mission only routine messages were being transmitted. Top priority was not routine!

Moving quickly in the direction of her ready room, the captain threw orders over her shoulder to both the ops and conn stations. “Mr. Rollins, route the message to my ready room. Ms. Stadi, maintain present heading and speed. Mr. Cavit, you have the bridge.”

Once inside, Janeway hurried to her desk. “Computer, lock doors!”

“Doors locked.” Responded the computer’s voice from somewhere within the communications system.

Sitting down she activated the monitor.

Instantly the face of Admiral Janeway appeared on the screen. He spoke without preamble, the deep tone of his voice conveying concern. “Kathryn! We may have a problem. A member of Chakotay’s crew has been captured...his pilot.”

For a moment his thoughts centred on Admiral Paris, of the pain only a father could know. “I was right, it’s Tom Paris!”

Her father’s news, coming as a surprise, caused the captain’s forehead to furrow in puzzlement. “Strange....Tuvok never mentioned Paris.”

His daughter’s mystified expression brought a slight smile to the admiral’s face. “Under questioning, Tom Paris did admit to joining the Maquis right after his escape. However, he became part of Chakotay’s crew less than two weeks ago, after Tuvok’s last report. Tom refused to answer any more questions. Told us that if we were looking for information on the Maquis, then we should speak to Chakotay.”

Captain Kathryn Janeway was not amused. “A real smart aleck. Perhaps a few years in prison will teach him some manners.”

For a moment her father hesitated. “Kathryn, this will sound strange, but I have a feeling there is more to this than meets the

eye. I don't know what, it's a gut reaction. Something just doesn't add up. The Bradbury spotted a shuttle heading for a colony on Bubastis, which we suspect is one of Chakotay's main supply depots. When the shuttle disregarded the Bradbury's hails, Captain Frelais suspected that it was Maquis. Except for trying to outrun the patrol, Paris offered no resistance. Frelais boarded the shuttle and arrested Paris easily."

The admiral tapped his desk. "That is why I'm suspicious. I reviewed the log records from both ships. The comm system onboard the shuttle was working perfectly. Tom would know that any reply would have been better than ignoring the Bradbury, and he only made a halfhearted attempt to escape. Tom Paris is a fine pilot, flying a craft with a great deal of manoeuvrability."

He shook his head. "No! We made the arrest TOO easily. It was as if he wanted to be captured."

Sitting back Kathryn shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps he felt escape was impossible. Or, he was tired of playing the part of a rebel."

For a moment her father thought over the situation. "Hm...we'll probably never know. However, this could affect your mission. Since Paris was not only part of Chakotay's crew, but also his pilot, most likely this raid will be called off. According to Tuvok's reports, Chakotay is extremely cautious. Very quick to change plans at the slightest hint of a problem."



Leaning slightly forward, Janeway rested her arm on the desk. Slowly she rubbed her fingers together. "This time, he may not."

Dropping her elbow onto the arm of the chair, the captain contemplated the affect this development could have. "Even if Paris did have knowledge of the raid, and he did betray the Maquis, at this stage what could we do?"

Thinking for a moment she then shook her head. "No....the only countermeasure would be not to drop of the supplies."

Slowly she rubbed her hand along the arm of the chair. "We know the Maquis are in desperate need of these drugs. That is why I arranged for difficult to obtain medicines. As long as we follow our original plans, make it appear we have no knowledge of the raid, I think Chakotay will go ahead. And if he does, I'll be waiting. The best thing will be to continue, I see no reason to cancel."

The admiral moved his hand to end the transmission. "I hope so. Nothing would please me more that seeing Chakotay in a penal colony. The Maquis have been causing too much trouble for too long. Good luck! You're going to need it!"

She smiled at her father. "Thanks Dad! This is the first time Starfleet managed to arrest a member of Chakotay's crew, perhaps his luck is running out. Captain Janeway out!"

CHAPTER 5

After closing down the monitor, the captain sat staring at the

blank screen, mulling over this new development. A development that could make the difference between success and failure. Would the Maquis leader also feel as she did, that perhaps his luck was running out? Would Chakotay be frightened off? Though she had not said so to her father, his news did worry her.

Standing up she walked over to the replicator. "Coffee!"

Returning to her seat Janeway once again opened her computer, analyzing and studying various pieces of information.

Picking up a padd she compared it to a schematic on her screen. "Computer, unlock doors!"

"Doors unlocked." Confirmed the unseen voice with its usual efficiency.

Once again without raising her head, the captain spoke into the air. There the ship's communication system picked up and relayed her command. "Mr. Cavit, please report to my ready-room."

A moment later the door slid open as a man in his late forties entered. A Starfleet officer for over thirty years, with an excellent service record, this was Cavit's third mission as Janeway's first officer.

Two feet past the door Cavit came to a respectful stop. "Captain, you wish to see me?"

She indicated a set of chairs before her desk. "Mr. Cavit, please

have a seat. We will soon be reaching Syzygie. It's time for you to know the true nature of this mission."

Sitting down, Cavit looked inquisitively at his captain. "True nature?"

Janeway's face carried a slight, strange smile. "Yes, Mr. Cavit! Our assignment is to capture Chakotay, the Maquis leader. The drugs are bait."

Cavit jerked in visible astonishment. "The Maquis leader! Are you expecting him to attack the ship?"

The captain quickly shook her head. However....she did not mention that hopefully, Chakotay would not change his plans. "No! But I will have a very carefully designed surprise waiting for him on Syzygie. Planned down to the minutest detail, dozen of planets were studied until I found the right one. Are you familiar with Syzygie?"

Cavit's mind was still trying to gasp the implications behind his captain's revelation. "No Captain, I'm not."

Changing the image on the monitor, she turned the screen in Cavit's direction. "As you can see, for a planet, it's fairly small."

After tapping a command, which produced a close-up view, she outlined various areas. "Three-quarters of the surface is either tall, frigid mountain ranges, or inhabitable desert. A planet of considerable environmental contrasts."

Intrigued by this unexpected situation, the first officer moved forward in his seat. "It appears to be a very barren, desolate place. Not hospitable to humanoid life forms."

Janeway nodded. "Yes, so it would appear. Surprisingly, there is a fair size population. For some reason, long lost in the annals of time, a colony was started in one of the few suitable regions."

She changed the picture to below the equator. "In here, at the foot of this mountain range. This southwest valley is the largest on the planet. Moderate temperature, more than adequate water

supply due to both mountain runoff and streams formed from subterranean sources.”

Cup in hand, Janeway leaned back as she gave Cavit a history lesson. “Legends state the first colonists were either escaped criminals from nearby star systems, or prisoners left there on purpose. Whoever they were, the settlement flourished. Outlasting its founders. There is some light industry, with farming the main way of life. They raise a vine fruit unequaled in this region of space. If you have the opportunity, I advise you to taste it, you will not be sorry.”

Cavit replied graciously. Wishing she would return to the explanation concerning the capture of the Maquis leader. “Thank you Captain. I will keep your suggestion in mind.”

After gathering her thoughts, Janeway continued. “Over time, by selling to and trading with other planets, they built up a decent, prosperous community. Several small towns were established at the north end of the valley.”

She held up her cup. “Would you like coffee, Mr. Cavit?”

“No thank you, Captain.” Silently longing for her to finish the boring discourse, the first officer did not allow his irritation to show. Impatiently, he waited for her to reveal the plan.

Leaning forward, Janeway tapped another command into her monitor, producing a close-up of the valley. “These small towns gradually merged into one large city, Tanis. The inhabitants are now spilling over into new communities on the outskirts. Altogether the population is over two hundred eighty thousand.”

Oblivious to the frustration of her first officer, Janeway, slowly sipping her coffee, relaxed back into her chair. “Since there are few minerals or natural resources, and limited livable area, the planet was considered of little value by outsiders. Therefore, they were left alone, allowing for peace and prosperity with a simple but technological advanced lifestyle. It would have continued that way except for one fact....its location. Situated outside the Bajoran system it lies just off the direct path between Bajor and Cardassia.”

Deep sadness flowed through Janeway as images of the devastation she had seen flashed through her mind. “During the war, the Cardassian Empire stripped Syzygie of anything useful. Equipment, medicines, anything and everything. They left the farmland in ruin, some of the smaller outlying areas without power sources.”

“Like Bajor.” Interjected Cavit, but without much feeling. It was just another planet, distant and unknown to him.

Janeway nodded her head slowly. “Yes! Like Bajor, it will take years to rebuild.”

Cavit breathed a silent sigh of relief as the captain began explaining her plan. “Due to this, they were very eager to accept a large supply of badly needed drugs. Since they are not part of the Federation, it is a gesture of goodwill. Humanitarian aid. We know the majority of the people are sympathetic to the Maquis, often granting sanctuary to the outlaws. As I anticipated, the pending arrival of these supplies reached the ears of Chakotay.”

Picking up the padd she had been studying, Janeway handed it to Cavit. “Here are your orders. All must be in place before we are in orbit.”



Reaching for the padd, Cavit thought to himself. *Finally! At last she's finished talking. With a chance to capture the Maquis Janeway can be certain everything will definitely be ready.*

Rising to his feet, Cavit clutched the padd in one hand. “Captain, you can count on me.”

Janeway nodded her dismissal. “Report when the modifications are in place.”

“Yes Captain!” Turning on his heel, Cavit left the room.

The captain took one more precaution to ensure the success of her plan. “Computer, authorization Janeway pi-one-one-zero, without my direct order all outgoing communication is restricted. I am to be notified of any attempt to do so.”

“Acknowledged.” Confirmed the cold, impersonal voice.

With that taken care of, she again reviewed her plan. Checking and rechecking until she was as satisfied with it as she would ever be.

Now only one thing remained - the cheese.

Three days later Captain Kathryn Janeway arrived at her destination.

** The use herein of the name Voyager and the Voyager characters is in no way intended to infringe upon the copyrights of Paramount Pictures Corporation or its licensees. This story is for pleasure purposes only, it is not for sale and no revenue is generated from it.*



To be continued in WARP 79!

Answers to Wiz Quiz from page 28

A) **Bova:** Bear, Brin, Benford are the original Killer Bs. They wrote the sequels to Asimov’s Foundation series

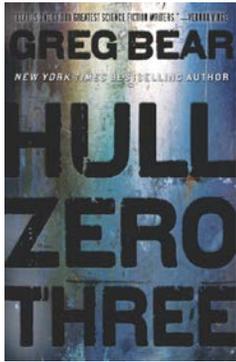
B) **Elron:** As in L. Ron Hubbard, the others are all awards for excellence, but the Elron, well let’s just say MonSFFA was awarded an Elron for “Beavra!”

C) **StarShipSofa:** The others are all fanzines, StarsShipSofa is a podcast.

D) **SFF, or sometimes SF/F** is the Trufan’s only acceptable name for the genre. Sci Fi, a term invented by Forrest J Ackerman has become associated with junk SF. "Hoi polloi pronounce it psi phi, but we cognoscenti call it skiffy," Scientifiction, invented by Hugo Gernsback, is now mostly obsolete, speculative fiction is what people claim to write when they don’t want to be associated with us.

From Cathy's Library

"They got the one in Alexandria, they're not getting mine!"



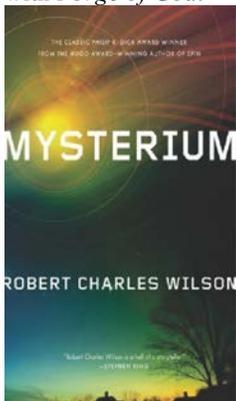
Hull Zero Three
Greg Bear
Orbit, 2010

A man is dreaming of his partner and the new world they are about to colonize along with dozens of others. But the dream is rudely interrupted as he is torn from his pod, naked and quite literally freezing to death.. A small girl shouts at him to hurry, the very atmosphere is freezing, he can't stay to help other men who will surely die if not already dead, frozen solid. Where is he? Who is he? Who is this child? She tells him he was saved because he was the first out of the pods – that's all that makes him special? Worthy of life while others die? A name slowly comes to him: Teacher. He is Teacher, but who is he to teach?

Slowly, little memories and words come to him, some words cascading into other words and ideas. He is on a ship, and there is something seriously wrong with the ship. It's too soon – he should not have been awakened, there is no new world in sight. The icy asteroid the ship is mining for resources is much too large – it should be depleted to last dregs by the time the colonists awaken. And the three hulls should have joined, but haven't.

Eventually, he comes to realize he's not even quite human, and certainly the few others he meets do not seem human either, and yet they *are* human. They don't know any more than he does, and every question leads to more questions.

I found *Hull Zero Three* a little difficult at first because it is written in first person and present tense. There is good reason for it, but it's hard to get used to it. Once past that hurdle, the novel was a real page turner. So many mysteries! Greg Bear never disappoints, but this is one of my favourites, way up on the list with *Forge of God*.



Mysterium
Robert Charles Wilson
Orb, 2010
(originally Bantam 1994)

There are similarities that lead me to think this book is in some ways a forerunner to Wilson's more mature work, *Julian Comstock*, which also explores the relationships between religion and politics.

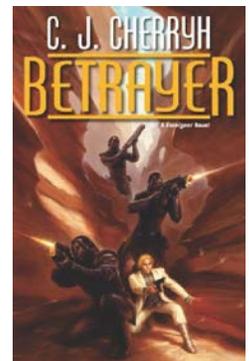
The story begins with a team of American archaeologists discovering a peculiar jade object at a dig in Turkey.

The three post-grads who worked at digging it out died of radiation, the site was closed off, and the object finally dug out and retrieved by the American military with the blessing of the Turkish government who no doubt were glad to see the last of it. The

peculiar aspect of this large object, sort of like a fragment of an enormous egg, is not so much its radioactivity, but that it is only dangerous within a metre or so. Radioactivity is not supposed to work like that. A top secret facility is built near the town of Two Rivers to house the object. Then one night the town disappeared...

Meanwhile, residents of the town awaken to find they have no power. And that's just the beginning! The rest of their world has disappeared to be replaced by another reality: a country run by a theocracy. The authorities, led by the Bureau de la Conscience Religieuse, are puzzled by these strangers in their midst, and sends in an ethnologist to study this peculiar culture, to learn what they can before they destroy it...

Betrayer
C.J. Cherryh
Daw, 2011



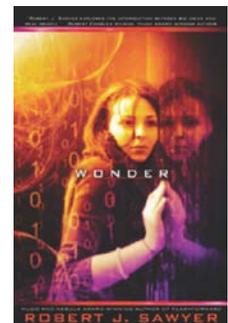
Ilisidi, never one to do things in any conventional manner, sends Bren to the Marid to negotiate with Machigi, the lord who is most probably behind the recent rebellions and resulting chaos. She wants to save the young lord from his own factious people, fearing worse mayhem if he is assassinated. Machigi has never even seen a human before, and Ilisidi has not given Bren any leads as to what he is to negotiate. He'll know what to do when he gets there, right?

Meanwhile, Bren's worried about his sister-in-law who's been kidnapped – possibly by Machigi – and his brother, who's been seriously injured. Cajeiri's bodyguard has also disappeared, probably chasing after Barb's kidnappers.

Machigi, like Ilisidi, is politically conservative, but yet quite unconventional in his own way. He invokes an ancient law which makes Bren a mediator representing both sides of the dispute equally. In the past, such negotiators usually ended up dead.

I enjoyed reading *Betrayer*, but I wish C.J. would get past this civil war and bring on the alien neighbours who have promised to visit the Atevi. And the cover art is another disappointing Todd Lockwood. Yuck.

Wonder
Robert J. Sawyer
Viking Canada, 2011



Third and concluding novel in the WW trilog (Wake, Watch, Wonder), Wonder continues the story of Webmind and its discoverer, Caitlin Decter. Webmind has proven itself to be a boon to humanity, but Colonel Peyton Hume is still pursuing the being he believes will destroy us all. His

fears appear justified when various top hackers start disappearing, in one case leaving blood and evidence of a struggle behind. Wai-Jeng, a computer expert in China, is hired by his government to block all the holes in the Great Wall against the Internet, but Wai-Jeng has his own reasons for supporting Webmind. Shoshana and Hobo are contacted by Webmind, also.

But is there another Webmind? One who is less well-disposed

to humanity? Or does Webmind have a dark side, one hidden from Caitlin?

One of the interesting facets of the WWW trilogy is its very contemporary nature. We recognise people and events from today's newspaper. This makes events sound more real, but how will it read in a couple of decades?



REVIEWS: Movies

Green Lantern

Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

When the first comic book superhero-themed movies started to come out, it was obvious from the start that it would take a while to go through all the possibilities. Even if we keep only to the major heroes of the major publishers, the number of spandex wearing characters is *huge*. This time, it's the turn of the Green Lantern, from the DC Universe.



Visually, this movie is pure eye candy. I simply loved everything about the planet Oa setting, from the strange buildings to the Guardians themselves. One wonders, though, who lives in that huge city if there are only 7,200 Green Lanterns (two per sector) and apparently not that many Oans.

The rendering of the many races that make up the Green Lantern Corp was in some cases stunning. It is sad that most of them are seen for only a few seconds at a time. For some reason, most scenes where a character is seen from afar have a curious unnatural jerky look. I saw the 3-D version but, aside from a couple of scenes, I do not think you will lose much by watching this flick in flatfilm.

The movie does stay pretty close to the established cannon

for the characters, even if the timeline is jumbled a little compared to that of the comic. Given the numerous revisions that most DC storylines tend to go through, the differences are hardly noticeable.

While I was pleased that the script did not go wildly off course, I felt that the intrigue was a bit on the lean side. One thing I *did* like a lot was how Sinestro came out. Rather than to take the easy way and show him from the onset as a despicable villain, the writers opted to give him more substance, in a manner that screams for a sequel. As for the basic concept of a power ring that allows the wearer to create anything one can imagine, I am at a loss to understand why it is not a fan like us that was chosen...

So, perhaps not the very best superhero movie of all times; but certainly an honest and entertaining way of spending a couple of hours. Definitely worth seeing.

For those who are not familiar with the convoluted history of the Green Lantern, I recommend Parker Morris' excellent recap on U-Tube at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zvYULpFwVWE>

There are also numerous articles available on the Web, included a rather comprehensive one specifically about the Green Lantern Corps on Wikipedia at

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Green_Lantern_Corps

REVIEWS: Anime

Slayers Anime Collections

Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

I have eclectic tastes; and while I am not an unconditional *anime* fan, I do like the genre and am fond of several Japanese animation series. *Slayers* is among my favourites.

The franchise is hardly new; it started in 1995 and I got introduced to it several years ago at a convention. After a number of months watching a few episodes whenever I had the time, I finally finished the two DVD collections I bought last year. A good purchase they were, for I have enjoyed them thoroughly.

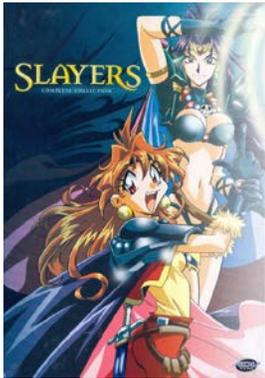
Basically good old Dungeons & Dragon stuff with a healthy dose of humour, the series follows the adventures of Lina Inverse, a diminutive female sorcerer known wide and far for the path of destruction she leaves behind her. She is also famous for being somewhat flat-chested, but this is not something to say aloud



around her if you value your health.

The cast includes several interesting characters. Including Gourry, a master swordsman who is as faithful as a dog (and almost as smart); and Zeldadis, a magic-user cursed with a chimeric body. The villains are quite numerous and colourful, including a recurring band of bandits who have the misfortune of often crossing path with Inverse, who, despite her own greedy nature, has a strong aversion for thieves.

There are twenty-six episodes in the first season, all bearing titles in English starting with a different letter of the Roman alphabet. If you choose to listen with



the original Japanese sound track on, you will also probably recognize several English words, especially when the names of spells being cast are shouted aloud. Remember that this is an *anime* series, and that from the point of view of the people of the Land of the Rising Sun this is as exotic as watching Shogun for us Westerners.

While there are a few serious moments here and there, the whole thing can best be described as a parody of the Sword and Sorcery genre, with

quite a few unexpected plot twists. There are four seasons in all, but I am yet to peruse the next three. Hopefully they will be just as good.

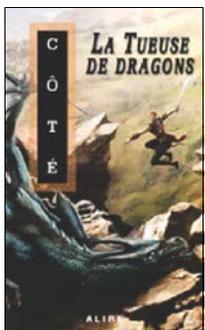
The second set of DVDs that I bought is a collection of seven *Slayers* movies, most of them an hour or more long, featuring the further wandering of Lina Inverse and of fellow sorceress Naga the White Serpent, who is famous for her maniacal laugh and is somewhat (okay, a *lot*) more buxom...

I highly recommend both sets if you are in the mood for light entertainment and heavy humour...



SF/F AWARDS News

The Prix Boréal and the Auroras for best works in French were awarded at Boréal in May.



Winners of the Aurora/Boréal were:

Meilleur roman: *Côté, Héroïse: La tueuse de dragons* (Alire)

Meilleure nouvelle: *Côté, Philippe-Aubert: « Pour l'honneur d'un Nohaum »* (Solaris 176)

leurs ouvrages: *Solaris (Revue. rédacteur en chef: Joël Champetier)*

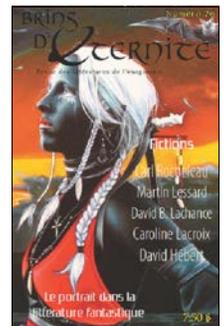
Winners of the Prix Boréal were:

Création artistique audiovisuelle: *Sybiline (Lajoie, Chantal)* (Couvertures : Solaris 173, Solaris 175 et Brins d'éternité 26)

Fanédition: Brins d'éternité [fanzine] - <http://www.revue-brinsdeternite.com/>

Création sur place: *Élisabeth Vonarburg, pour « En vol »*

If you attended Con*Cept in 2009, you will remember **Sybiline (Chantal Lajoie)** and the wonderful cover for the convention programme book. You can enjoy more of her work at: <http://www.sybiline.com>



CSFFA has announced the 2011 finalists for the remaining Prix Aurora Awards

Voting began in June. All ballots must be received by **October 15, 2011**, Midnight PST. Winners will be announced at Convention, hosted by SF Contario in October.

Professional Awards

Best English Novel

- *Black Bottle Man* by Craig Russell, Great

Plains Publications

- *Destiny's Blood* by Marie Bilodeau, Dragon Moon Press
- *Stealing Home* by Hayden Trenholm, Bundoran Press
- *Under Heaven* by Guy Gavriel Kay, Viking Canada
- *Watch*, by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada

Best English Short Story

- *The Burden of Fire* by Hayden Trenholm, Neo-Opis #19
- *Destiny Lives in the Tattoo's Needle* by Suzanne Church, *Tesseract Fourteen*, EDGE
- *The Envoy* by Al Onia, *Warrior Wisewoman 3*, Norilana

Books

- *Touch the Sky. They Say* by Matt Moore, AE: *The Canadian Science Fiction Review*, November
- *Your Beating Heart* by M. G. Gillett, Rigor Amortis, Absolute Xpress

Best English Poem / Song

- *The ABCs of the End of the World* by Carolyn Clink, *A Verdant Green, The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box*
- *Let the Night In* by Sandra Kasturi, *Evolve: Vampire Stories of the New Undead*, EDGE
- *Of the Corn: Kore's Innocence* by Colleen Anderson, *Witches & Pagans #21*
- *The Transformed Man* by Robert J. Sawyer, *Tesseract 14*, EDGE
- *Waiting for the Harrowing* by Helen Marshall, *ChiZine 45*

Best English Graphic Novel

- *Goblins*, Tarol Hunt, goblinscomic.com
- *Looking For Group, Vol. 3* by Ryan Sohmer and Lar DeSouza
- *Stargazer*, Volume 1 by Von Allan, Von Allan Studio
- *Tomboy Tara*, Emily Ragozzino, tomboytara.com



Best English Related Work

- *Chimerascope, Douglas Smith (collection)*, ChiZine Publications
- *The Dragon and the Stars*, edited by Derwin Mak and Eric Choi, DAW
- *Evolve: Vampire Stories of the New Undead*, edited by Nancy Kilpatrick, EDGE
- *On Spec*, edited by Diane Walton, Copper Pig Writers Society
- *Tesseract Fourteen*, edited by John Robert Colombo and Brett Alexander Savory, EDGE

Best Artist (Professional and Amateur)

(An example of each artist's work is listed below but they are to be judged on the body of work they have produced in the award year)

- *Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk*, Brekky cover art, On Spec Fall
- *Erik Mohr*, cover art for ChiZine Publications
- *Christina Molendyk*, Girls of Geekdom Calendar for Argent Dawn Photography
- *Dan O'Driscoll*, cover art for Stealing Home
- *Aaron Paquette*, A New Season cover art, On Spec Spring

Constellations Awards: Voting is now closed as of June 10th.

Winners will be announced at **Polaris 25**, July 16th. The full list of nominees appeared in WARP 77.

It is interesting to note that the organizer of the Constellations, **Andrew Gurudata**, is himself nominated for an Aurora. Andrew is a former Montrealer, known even way back then for organizing events such as the Sci-Fi Festivals with Chris Chartier, the Dr Who Convention, and the fan club, High Council of Gallifrey.



Hugo Awards: Nominations closed on March 26th

1006 valid nominating ballots were counted, 992 electronic and 14 paper. Voting closes on Sunday, July 31. The Hugo Awards will be presented at **Renovation, the 69th World Con**. Members of Renovation can log onto the website to read excerpts and sometimes entire works that are in nomination.

<http://www.renovationsf.org/hugo-packet.php> Indicative of the influence of the Internet is the number of nominated works that are only available on line.

Best Novel

- *Blackout/All Clear* by Connie Willis (Ballantine Spectra)
- *Cryoburn* by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen)
- *The Dervish House* by Ian McDonald (Gollancz; Pyr)
- *Feed* by Mira Grant (Orbit)
- *The Hundred Thousand Kingdoms* by N.K. Jemisin (Orbit)

Best Novella

- "The Lady Who Plucked Red Flowers beneath the Queen's Window" by Rachel Swirsky (Subterranean Magazine, Summer 2010) - Read Online
- "The Lifecycle of Software Objects" by Ted Chiang (Subterranean) - Read Online
- "The Maiden Flight of McCauley's Bellerophon" by Elizabeth Hand (Stories: All New Tales, William Morrow)

Fan/ Amateur Awards

Best Fan Publications

No award will be given out due to insufficient nominations.

Best Fan Filk

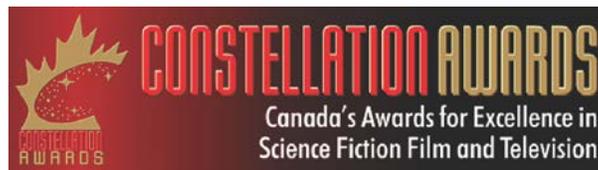
- *Dave Clement and Tom Jeffers of Dandelion Wine* for "Face on Mars" CD
- *Karen Linsley*; concert as SFContario Guest of Honour
- *Phil Mills*, for "Time Traveller" (song writing)

Best Fan Organizational

- *Andrew Gurudata*, organizing the Constellation Awards
- *Brent M. Jans*, chair of Pure Speculation (Edmonton)
- *Liana Kerzner*, chair of Futurecon (Toronto)
- *Helen Marshall and Sandra Kasturi*, chairs of Toronto SpecFic Colloquium (Toronto)
- *Alex Von Thorn*, chair of SFContario (Toronto)

Best Fan Other

- *Tom Jeffers*, Fundraising, FilKONtario
- *John and Linda Ross Mansfield*, Conception of the Aurora Nominee pins
- *Lloyd Penney*, Articles, columns and letters of comment – fanzines



- "The Sultan of the Clouds" by Geoffrey A. Landis (Asimov's, September 2010) - Read Online (PDF)
- "Troika" by Alastair Reynolds (Godlike Machines, Science Fiction Book Club)

Best Novelette

- "Eight Miles" by Sean McMullen (Analog, September 2010)
- "The Emperor of Mars" by Allen M. Steele (Asimov's, June 2010)
- "The Jaguar House, in Shadow" by Aliette de Bodard (Asimov's, July 2010) - Read Online
- "Plus or Minus" by James Patrick Kelly (Asimov's, December 2010) - Read Online
- "That Leviathan, Whom Thou Hast Made" by Eric James Stone (Analog, September 2010) - Read Online

Best Short Story

- "Amaryllis" by Carrie Vaughn (Lightspeed, June 2010) - Read Online
- "For Want of a Nail" by Mary Robinette Kowal (Asimov's, September 2010) - Read Online
- "Ponies" by Kij Johnson (Tor.com, November 17, 2010) - Read Online
- "The Things" by Peter Watts (Clarkesworld, January 2010) - Read Online

Best Related Work

- *Bearings: Reviews 1997-2001*, by Gary K. Wolfe (Becon)
- *The Business of Science Fiction: Two Insiders Discuss Writing and Publishing*, by Mike Resnick and Barry N. Malzberg (McFarland)
- *Chicks Dig Time Lords: A Celebration of Doctor Who by the Women Who Love It*, edited by Lynne M. Thomas and Tara O'Shea (Mad Norwegian)
- *Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialogue with His Century, Volume 1: (1907-1948): Learning Curve*, by William H. Patterson, Jr. (Tor)
- *Writing Excuses, Season 4*, by Brandon Sanderson, Jordan Sanderson, Howard Tayler, Dan Wells

Best Graphic Story

- *Fables: Witches*, written by Bill Willingham; illustrated by Mark Buckingham (Vertigo)
- *Girl Genius, Volume 10: Agatha Heterodyne and the Guardian Muse*, written by Phil and Kaja Foglio; art by Phil Foglio; colors by Cheyenne Wright (Airship Entertainment) - Read Online
- *Grandville Mon Amour*, by Bryan Talbot (Dark Horse)
- *Schlock Mercenary: Massively Parallel*, written and illustrated by Howard Tayler; colors by Howard Tayler and Travis

- Walton (Hypernode) - Read Online
- *The Unwritten, Volume 2: Inside Man*, written by Mike Carey; illustrated by Peter Gross (Vertigo)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

- *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1*
- *How to Train Your Dragon*
- *Inception*
- *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*
- *Toy Story 3*

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

- *Doctor Who: "A Christmas Carol,"* written by Steven Moffat
- *Doctor Who: "The Pandorica Opens/The Big Bang,"* written by Steven Moffat
- *Doctor Who: "Vincent and the Doctor,"* written by Richard Curtis
- *Fuck Me, Ray Bradbury*, written by Rachel Bloom - Watch Online
- *The Lost Thing*, written by Shaun Tan

Best Editor, Short Form

- John Joseph Adams
- Stanley Schmidt
- Jonathan Strahan
- Gordon Van Gelder
- Sheila Williams

Best Editor, Long Form

- Lou Anders
- Ginjer Buchanan
- Moshe Feder
- Liz Gorinsky
- Nick Mamatas
- Beth Meacham
- Juliet Ulman

Best Professional Artist

- Daniel Dos Santos

- Bob Eggleton
- Stephan Martiniere
- John Picacio
- Shaun Tan

Best Semiprozine

- *Clarkesworld*, edited by Neil Clarke, Cheryl Morgan, Sean Wallace; podcast directed by Kate Baker
- *Interzone*, edited by Andy Cox
- *Lightspeed*, edited by John Joseph Adams
- *Locus*, edited by Liza Groen Trombi and Kirsten Gong-Wong
- *Weird Tales*, edited by Ann VanderMeer and Stephen H. Segal

Best Fanzine

- *Banana Wings*, edited by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer
- *Challenger*, edited by Guy H. Lillian III
- *The Drink Tank*, edited by Christopher J Garcia and James Bacon
- *File 770*, edited by Mike Glycer
- *StarShipSofa*, edited by Tony C. Smith

Best Fan Writer

- James Bacon
- Claire Brialey
- Christopher J Garcia
- James Nicoll
- Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

- Brad W. Foster
- Randall Munroe
- Maurine Starkey
- Steve Stiles
- Taral Wayne



OPINION: Guest Editorial by Guy H. Lillian III

The debate inspired by a podcast, *StarShipSofa*, winning last year's Best Fanzine Hugo was intense, and continues, with opinion equally divided between those who wax passionate on the topic – like me – and those who don't give a rat's patoot. This latter group takes the eminently sensible position that since fandom is above all a social group, and competition therein is antithetical to our social purpose, awards are at best only a diversion and at worst an insufferable bore. Obviously, I'm of the *former*

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persuasion. The Hugo is very important to me. I was an awards freak even before I started reading SF, and the Hugo was the specific gaff that dragged me into fandom. Being nominated umpteen times for the rocket trophy is one of the grandest honors this hobby has brought me, primed only by the fan fund we won and, above all, the wife I met through our community. (You may now go ^ aww, or hurl.)

Since I hold the Hugo to be one of SF's biggest honors, it's

important to me that it be presented fairly – that an honor created for those who support the SF community by creating fanzines be given to those who support the SF community by creating *fanzines*. And it's in the definition of that term – or lack of it – that the problem has arisen. All that the WSFS Constitution requires is that the publication be generally available, whatever *that* means, published four issues or more, at least one of which has appeared in the previous calendar year. And is not a semiprozine, although that didn't stop Anticipation. A magazine which contracts with and regularly pays its contributors is no fanzine. A radio show – a dramatic presentation which doesn't – publish and doesn't have – issues – is no fanzine. *A fanzine is an amateur magazine, a written and illustrated publication by, for, and about science fiction fandom.* Looking back over the sixty years of Hugo history and the publications that have, until the last two years, won and been nominated for the award, that definition is

simply self-evident.

It's important that other sorts of fanac not be allowed to muscle in on what should be an exclusive honor because of a lazy lapse in the definitional rules. Playing fast and loose with the category to satisfy a whim is a cheat on those who create fanzines. It's unfair. And since a lot of the people affected are friends, that *does* put my knickers in a twist. Sorry. *Not*. The Hugo is more than an honor I might *get* – it's an honor I *give*. The award deserves integrity. That means we decide on a definition, and stick to it.

Guy went on to explain in detail the various proposals put forward to correct the situation, but due to space limitations I had to cut the opinion piece here. Should you wish to view the full article, you can download Zine Dump 27 from the MonSFFA trading post site. – CPL



MonSFFAndom: February to April

February 2011

The club's February meeting was held on the 20th and **Philippe Gobeille**, the artistic director for an upcoming, locally produced sci-fi musical stage play and our January meeting's special guest, returned to visit with a couple of his creative crew in tow. Philippe and company are preparing a comedic sci-fi musical for a fall debut. The play is set in the 1950s and at our January gathering, Philippe had sought MonSFFA's expertise as to the principal characteristics of the science fiction films of that time, from which the play takes its cues. Our folk provided him an overview of the predominant themes and visual style of said films, and now, on this occasion, Philippe was back, script in hand, for a quick read-through so as to further mine our knowledge of the subject.

We highlighted for him in particular the various clever references contained within the script to the sci-fi B-movies of that nostalgic drive-in era. Time did not allow for a full reading of the script so we promised to complete the task within a week and send along our final notes via e-mail. This we have done. We are certain that MonSFFA members look forward to seeing the play this fall.



With Valentine's Day having taken place the previous weekend, **Josée Bellemare** offered a look at some of SF/F most endearing screen couples. Showing stills from film and television series, she highlighted the likes of Han and Leia, Buffy and Angel, Lois and Clark, Buck

and Wilma, and the favourite of this news bulletin's editor, Xena and Gabrielle. Captain Kirk and his many loves warranted special mention! Discussion ensued as to the most handsome hunks and voluptuous vixens of the sci-fi universe and the attractive qualities, physical and otherwise, of our favourite heroes and heroines.

The latter part of the meeting was given over to the photography of various items of creative fancraft club members had brought in for use in our planned 2012 MonSFFA calendar.

Keith Braithwaite

While club president **Berny Reischl** saw to the photo shoot, the floor was opened for discussion of first, recent MonSFFA business, and then any and all topics of interest to those present.

The conversation ranged widely and could have gone on a while longer were it not for the need to wrap things up for the day. Some of the group carried on afterwards over dinner nearby.

Thanks to all who planned and put this one together.

March 2011

MonSFFA's March 13th meeting started with a guest, **Ken Gerber**, who came to introduce us to a science fiction reading club called **Mad Mind**.



Mad Mind meets in Kirkland monthly to discuss books, generally choosing a classic and recently released novel. Their website has an interesting page breaking down the stats on the books they've read. It's also a good place to start looking for books if you're in the mood for something new to read. New members are most welcome.

<http://mادمind.ca/>

We then welcomed familiar guest speakers **David Shuman** and **Paul Simard** on

the subject of the future of the space program. With the last of the space shuttle flights coming in but months and further budget cuts at NASA, will man's adventure in space soon come to an end?



Space buffs David and Paul first gave a slideshow on man's history in space, from Sputnik to the moon landing to the space

shuttle era and the International Space Station. They spoke, as well, of the numerous projects envisioned but never realized as a result of budget cutting. A return to the moon and a manned excursion to Mars, for example, have been scrubbed. Robotic probes will carry out man's exploration of space in future, it seems, rather than man himself, who will venture no further than the ISS.

Discussion followed and the consensus was that man would, one day, again voyage beyond Earth orbit, if only because of our decidedly human curiosity about the universe. But the Americans may find their to-date hegemony in space challenged by emerging powers like China.



Cathy Palmer-Lister capped the meeting with a treatise on the fairly recent explosion of newly discovered NEOs, or Near Earth Objects. There are far more meteors, asteroids, and comets that will pass sometimes scarily close to Earth than we ever previously believed. Might one of these spell our doom?

There are a number of SF books and movies about this kind of thing. The extinction of the dinosaurs and other such decimations of life in prehistory, are theorized to have occurred as the result of large meteor impacts. Cathy noted that we've been hit before, as evidenced by impact craters like the well-known



Barringer crater in Arizona. And, we've been hit fairly recently, too. Cathy recounted the details of the devastating Tunguska event in Siberia in 1908. There are sizable impact craters to be found the world over and as close to home as northern Quebec.

Scientists have proposed a variety of methods by which we might divert away from Earth a looming doomsday rock and Cathy gave a quick overview of some of these. But successfully blasting apart, or altering the course of, a large celestial body is by no means guaranteed. In any case, by the time we have detected an incoming object and plotted its course, it may be too late!

Answers to the Wiz Quiz from page 28

The Great Spider: eats peoples' unless they have paid an appropriate bribe to a priest of the Great Spider. The Great Spider has also been known to eat entire automobiles to provide parking spaces to particularly devout followers. Remember this prayer next time at Polaris: O Great Spider, full of grace / Let me find a parking place!

Ghu or GhuGhu: The first of the fannish Ghods, his sacred colour is purple. If you're old enough to remember spirit duplicators from your schooldays, you'll know why.

Foofoo, usually shortened to just Foo, is embodied on earth as Jack Speer, author of the first Fencyclopedia. The holy colour of Foo is black, as Foo was a ghod of mimeography.

Bheer, not technically a ghod, but an object of worship none the less.

Roscoe: The most popular of the ghods, (if you don't count bheer) Roscoe is a beaver whose birthday is celebrated on Labour Day.

Our usual thanks to those who planned and ran this meeting, with a special nod to guest speakers David Shuman and Paul Simard, and to our own Cathy Palmer-Lister, for a most entertaining and informative space-themed afternoon.

April 2011

The club's April meeting was held on the 17th and featured a primer on selling sci-fi collectibles on eBay. **Theresa Penalba**, with a technical assist from **Berny Reischl**, demonstrated the procedure for setting yourself up on eBay and selling your sci-fi collectibles for fun and profit. She detailed the means of posting your items for sale to maximize interest, the auction process, and payment and shipping procedures. The popular auction site operates on the honour system and Theresa explained that those who attempt to put one over on folk are quickly called out, so, she stressed, honesty is the best policy.



The afternoon's second panel saw **Danny Sichel** speak on the topic of pets in SF/F. Danny noted that there is in fantastic fiction a longstanding tradition of companion animals, pets, if you will. Data's cat, Spot, is one such contemporary example and essentially a common house pet, albeit roaming a "house" that in this case happens to be a futuristic starship.



But as we are dealing with SF/F, pets are not always of the commonplace variety. Danny introduced a number of examples that included various alien creatures, dragons, horses, and even Curdle, China Mieville's living milk carton! Terry Pratchett's Luggage, meanwhile, which, as the name suggests, carries luggage, is, Danny noted, more working animal than pet. Many of the creatures depicted in SF/F fall into this category and cannot really be thought of as pets. One must also be careful to consider intelligence when differentiating between aliens and their pets, the former being of human-level or superior intelligence, the latter, lesser animals of lesser intelligence providing companionship.

The meeting closed with an open discussion period. The group also managed, during the morning pre-meeting timeslot, to record a few more pages of script for the club's on-going "old-fashioned radio play" project. Thanks to all those who planned and ran this meeting.





My First Convention

Lloyd Penney

I'm sure you remember your first convention...I sure do. And, as most first cons seem to go, it was memorable, not because it was a great time, but because it wasn't. But usually, if there is fun to be had, the con doesn't have a lot to do with it.

My first convention took place in 1978, and it was called Erincon III. It was held at Erindale College in Mississauga, west of Toronto, now called the University of Toronto at Mississauga. It was an unmemorable convention, except for the fact that Spider Robinson was in town, arrived at the convention, and only found out at that time that he was the GoH. Spider has referred to it as Nonexistacon, and let me tell you why...

Yvonne and I were dating at the time, and she told me about this convention in Mississauga, so we agreed to meet at the far western subway station in Toronto, and take the bus out to the college and the con. Wires got crossed, I probably got the times wrong, but I think we passed each other in the subway twice before arriving at the subway station together.

Never having been to a convention before, I wasn't sure what to expect, but I had been told, and I'd read, that they were a lot of fun. That's what I was going to have, wasn't I?

Once we got there, it was very quiet. Too quiet. We paid our \$5 at the door (70's, remember), and proceeded into an open area in the middle of the con facility. There were lots of empty tables. There were lots of filled tables, too... a local comic shops purchased 30 tables from the con, and put 500 or so copies of a single issue of a comic book on a table. Thirty tables carried 30

different comics. Well, that made going through the dealers' room very easy. The art show was surrounded by security guards, so I didn't get to see it.

A hallway beckoned away from the main area...we explored, and found all the Star Trek reruns we could eat. We realized we'd been through the entire convention in the space of about 20 minutes, and wondered aloud, what do we do now? One of our friends had brought a set of the new infrared Star Trek phaser toys, and far too much time was spent shooting each other with the toys, and laughing at the familiar sound effects. That was just the effects of boredom...later on, with nothing more to do, we grabbed a bite to eat at a restaurant at the college, and we went home. Spider was right.

Afterwards...one of the organizers said that the convention wanted to save money, so they cut way back on the number of flyers they printed. When asked if there were no flyers how they expected to let people know about the convention, the committee couldn't answer the question.

Well, that was my first con, and it could have been my last. I was told by my new friends not to worry, most conventions were much better than that, and I'm very glad they were right.



THE WIZ QUIZ

The Blueberry Wizard

How well do you know your Ghods?

Answers on page 27

The Great Spider

Ghu

Foofoo

Bheer

Roscoe

*One of these things is not like the others,
One of these things just doesn't belong...*

Answers on Page 20

A) Greg Bear, David Brin, Ben Bova, Gregory Benford

B) Aurora, Hugo, El Ron, Nebula, **Locus**

C) StarShipSofa, Challenger, Drink Tank, Banana Wings, File 770

D) Sci Fi, Skiffy, Psi Phi, Scientifiction, Speculative Fiction, SFF (or SF/F)

