

WARD 77

Starring:
Josée Bellemare
Barbara Silverman
François Ménard



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

On the Cover

A Gallifreyan Security agent and his technician
work at upgrading his TARDIS.

Art by MonSFFan, Marquise Boies

Write to us:

MonSFFA

c/o Sylvain St-Pierre
4456 Boul. Ste-Rose
Laval, Québec, Canada
H7R 1Y6

www.monsffa.com

President:

president@monsffa.com

editor:

cathypl@sympatico.ca



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.

JANUARY 16



BoA * Elections

2012 Calendar Planning * MonSFFA Radio Show.



FEBRUARY 20

SF Couples

(Josée Bellemare)

Calendar Shoot (Bring your models, costumes, etc)

MARCH 13

Future of the Space Program

Guest Speakers: David Schulman & Paul Simard

Avoiding the Doomsday Rock

(Cathy Palmer-Lister)



APRIL 17

How to sell SF & F Collectables on eBay

(Theresa Penalba)

Pets in Science Fiction

(Danny Sichel)



MAY 15

Discarded SF & F TV & Movie Concepts

(Sylvain St-Pierre)

Harry Potter and his Royal Rip-offs!



JUNE 12

NO MEETING AT HOTEL

Saturday: Garage Sale

Sunday: Extracurricular Activity, TBA



JULY 24

MonSFFA BBQ (July 31 Rain Date)



AUGUST 21

Craft Workshops, Games, Sci-Fi Fair



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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MONSFANDOM

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Dear MonSFFen:

Thank you for another issue of Warp, no. 76 this time. I recognize the cover... Mark and Lindsay made quite the mark at the Dr. Who/Steampunk party the Friday night of Polaris 24. I believe they won some major prizes that night, and Yvonne and I were there, too, and we won some goodies as well. A most enjoyable evening, and the first time we'd won anything for our costuming in decades. More inside that cover...

My letter... I continue to do voice work for university film projects. I did two this week, and may have two more tapings this Monday. And then, I will have a job interview on Tuesday! Wish me luck! The

CanVention never died, but has been on other places across the country. It doesn't get to Toronto very often, and Ad Astra hasn't hosted it for many years.

Jennifer Jacob's Weeping Angel from Dr. Who certainly got some applause from me. I had to look up the character afterwards, but being able to match your costume colour with your make-up and hair colour/wig isn't easy. She pulled it off, and looked like a true stone statue. Matching the character as much as she did is a tribute to her research and costuming skills.

It's a shame that language, or not being to understand it, keeps us away from good stories. Valérien et Laureline, in their *bande dessinée* format, must have provided those good stories to last for 42 years. Sylvain, was the series cancelled, or did it come to a logical conclusion? Looks like the latter, but financial concerns have taken so many good things away from us.

Yay, radio shows! If you do more, take them on the road to other conventions, and maybe I can help out. Movies? I've never been a comics reader, so much of what's listed really don't appeal, but seeing Sir Patrick Stewart as Sinbad could be interesting. Of course, the

final Harry Potter movie will perk up the summer. The second new Trek movie should be good, and Guillermo del Toro did leave The Hobbit to shoot At The Mountains of Madness, but I think that movie has been cancelled. If it's the movie I am thinking of, it was to be shot in Toronto.

I've been chatting with Sebastien Mineau about the Montreal Geekfest. I had wondered if this is something that could be transported to Toronto. Looks like it's comics, anything creative and a lot of fun. If there was to be a Toronto Geekfest, this fan-run event could take some serious attendance away from the local pro-fun cons. I would also like to see a Maker Faire here to showcase the local artisans, but there is something held twice a year called the Bazaar of the Bizarre, which does much the same, plus show off some of our steampunk jewellers

Allo, JP! We got to meet Jean-Philippe Cardin for the first time at Futurecon, where he ran a great Con*Cept room party, serving up a delicious maple whiskey whose name escapes me (hic)... He asked if we were coming to Con*Cept, and we can't make any commitments right now. We couldn't afford to travel in 2010, and may have to make the same decision

for 2011, outside of Worldcon, and even that's not firm.

Great speculation by Keith Braithwaite on Montreal fandom. I am in touch with Geoff Bovey via Facebook. I'd like to read more on Montreal fandom in the years before the mid-70s, and see what it consisted of. I recently read about a letter to one of the major pulp magazines of the 60s from a reader in Montreal, who hinted at activities. We need some research into older Montreal fandom.

All done, and many thanks. Wish me luck for some more employment very soon, and take care...the local convention

season starts soon, and Ad Astra is in a month!

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

Good to hear about possible jobs, we really hope to see you at some conventions this year!

We've been having a lot of fun with the radio plays. I believe they are now all recorded and in post production.

I missed going to Geekfest this year—family events, but JiPi was hosting the Con*Cept table there, and they

borrowed our art panels. It's a fun event, a gathering of everyone and anyone with some sort of Geekish passion: technology, SF/F, gaming, and so on.

JiPi has discovered room parties, and is having waaaay too much fun, LOL. I'm glad he's taking a good chunk of the Con*Cept responsibilities off my back, his enthusiasm is catching. I could use a few more like him!

I guess I will see you at Ad Astra?

Yours in Fandom,
Cathy

UPCOMING EVENTS

April 1-3, FilkOntario 21, Mississauga, ON www.filkontario.ca

April 10, BuffCon 28 (model competition), Buffalo, NY
<http://www.ipmsniagarafontier.com/>

April 8-10, Ad Astra, 30th year!
www.ad-astra.org

April 9-10, HobbyStar ComicCon, Toronto, ON <http://www.hobbystar.com/>

April 16 - 17, Sci-Fi on the Rock, St John, NL <http://www.scifiontherock.com/>

April 29-May 1, Canadian National Steampunk Exhibition, Toronto, ON
www.steampunkcanada.ca/exhibition.htm

April 29-May 1, Eeriecon 13th, Niagra Falls, NY www.eeriecon.org

May 8, Montreal ComicCon, Montreal, QC
<http://www.montrealcomiccon.com/>

May 13-14, Noreastcon 40: IPMS Region 1 Regional (model competition); Albany, NY
<http://www.aloder.freeyellow.com/>

May 20-23, Gaia Gathering, Montreal, QC www.gaiagathering.ca

May 27-29, Anime North, Toronto, ON
www.animenorth.com

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 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://sfcantario.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/>



Stargate Enterprise Part IV

Josée Bellemare



Dr Doyle walked in the mess hall and put a notice on the ship's bulletin board. She was looking for a chess partner and hoped that someone onboard would give her a challenge.

In the meantime, she got in line for breakfast. Amanda knew full well why she got this assignment and had every intention to live

up to it. She had the brains, she'd been playing chess since she was a little girl and could do the Vulcan salute with either hand. If they wanted a counterpart for Spock, she would give it to them...

Colonel Kramer was looking over some paperwork. A final visit from the IOC and they could leave. He could hardly wait. So far they had only taken a few turns around the solar system to test the ship but soon they would be out there.

The crew was settling in and everyone was eager to get going. Finally, the group from the IOC came for their final inspection. It went as expected: a tour of the ship, a few of them sat in the command chair, the Chinese delegate exchanged a few words with Lt Harris in Chinese and a couple of the delegates gave Colonel Kramer the Vulcan salute before beaming back down.

Back on the bridge, Colonel Kramer spoke up.

"Lt Harris, open shipside intercom please."

"Open, sir."

"Attention all crew members, this is Colonel Kramer. The IOC just gave us the final stamp of approval. We're good to go. We leave in two days. Kramer out."

On the bridge, as well as everywhere else on the ship, cheering was heard and everyone scrambled to make sure they would be ready.

At dinner it's all anybody could talk about. To add to the atmosphere, that night, in the ship's media room, somebody decided to have a Star Trek original series marathon. Needless to say, the energy levels on the Enterprise were running high.

The next two days the rings and the transporter were running non-stop: last minute supplies and spare parts, crew members and their gear, cargo and supplies for Atlantis. The ship was like a beehive of activity.

Finally, the big day came. Everyone was ready. On the bridge Colonel Kramer sat down in his seat.

"Lt Harris, ship wide please. 'Attention everyone, I know that many of you are particular excited about this assignment because of the TV show but remember that there is a long history of ships called Enterprise going back hundreds of years, each one with a fine reputation. Let's make sure that this latest one follows in the same tradition. Colonel Kramer out.' Lt Sullivan, take us

out, destination Atlantis."

"Aye Sir."

The ship started moving, slowly at first and picking up speed. When they left the solar system they went into hyperdrive. Once the initial excitement wore off life aboard ship settled down and everyone developed a work routine.

A few days in Dr Doyle found a few people willing to play chess with her. Unfortunately none of them were at her level and she soon got bored. That's when one of them suggested she take on several challengers at a time. So it started that Amanda Doyle would play three or four games at one time. Word got around the ship at lightspeed and someone said that when they got to Atlantis she should challenge Dr McKay. He was always bragging that he could never find a player good enough. A few crew members went so far as to say they would bet on her winning.

As the days went by, Amanda gave the idea more and more thought. Two days before reaching Atlantis she agreed, she would challenge Dr McKay in a chess match. Certain crew members were already planning what they would do with their winnings.

Atlantis was due for a supply run so it was no real surprise when the ship showed up on their scanners.

"Mr. Woolsey, a ship coming our way, scanners show it's one of ours but not the Daedalus."

"Must be the new 304 I've been hearing about."

"Incoming communication, audio only at this distance."

"Atlantis, this is Colonel Kramer, commanding the starship Enterprise. No, it's not a joke; the president is a fan of the show so they finally gave in. We'll be in orbit soon. We plan to stay for a few days so we'll have time to answer all your questions."

About an hour later the Enterprise was in orbit and was beaming down supplies. It took very little time for word of the Enterprise to spread across Atlantis.

At lunch, Colonel Sheppard and his team were eating together when Dr Doyle walked in with a couple of the Enterprise crew members.

"Dr McKay, my name is Dr Amanda Doyle. I'm part of the crew of the Enterprise. I'm told you play a mean game of chess. I want to challenge you."

Rodney choked on his coffee.

"Don't waste your time or mine. I'm a genius. I have yet to find someone good enough to give me a challenge."

By now the exchange had gotten the attention of everyone in the room.

"You have now. In fact, I'm even willing to wager on the outcome. I'm willing to bet a 400 gram bar of Belgian dark chocolate that I can beat you at chess. What are you willing to bet?"

The room went quiet, everyone looking at Rodney, wondering what he was going to do. Rodney McKay was feeling cornered. He knew he was good and bragged about it often enough but no one had ever challenged him before. His reputation was at stake.

"I accept your challenge and wager a one litre bottle of genuine Laurentian maple syrup. When do you want to play?"

"Tomorrow morning, ten o'clock, in the rec room. That should give everyone enough time to put their bets down. See you then."

They shook hands and Amanda left with her fellow crew members.

It was soon decided that Mr. Woolsey would keep track of all the bets and hold the money until the match. And betting there was. The crewmembers of the Enterprise were all betting on Dr Doyle but so were a few people from Atlantis. Personnel that had been belittled or insulted by Dr McKay in the past and were eager to see him knocked down a peg or two.

The next morning, Amanda beamed down, accompanied by Colonel Kramer and the rest of the Star Trek crewmembers.

In the centre of the rec room a table with a chess board and two chairs had been set up as well as a camera that would broadcast the match to the Enterprise and the rest of Atlantis for those that were on duty. Chairs had also been set up in a horse shoe formation with a giant screen on the wall for everyone to watch.

Half an hour before the match Woolsey declared all betting closed and made his way to the rec room. The odds were pretty much even with Dr Doyle slightly ahead.

At ten o'clock the match started with Rodney making the first move. After about ten minutes Rodney started to sweat. The game was going well, both players evenly matched. Amanda was taking it in stride but Rodney was getting nervous. For the first time in years he could lose.

By ten-thirty Rodney was cornered. Finally it came. "Checkmate" called Amanda. Rodney looked at the board, stunned and speechless. He had no choice, he tipped over his king.

The crew of the Enterprise cheered and the Star Trek crew gathered around Amanda to congratulate her. Rodney was in

shock as he kept staring at the board.

"Nobody's beaten me in years! How did you do that?"

Amanda just smiled, put her hand up in a Vulcan salute said "Live long and prosper", picked up the chocolate and bottle of syrup and left the room with her friends.

Then several people approached Woolsey to find out about their winnings. He promised he would have the amounts calculated before dinner.

Off to the side, Colonel Sheppard was talking to Teyla, Ronon and Radek. "He's going to be impossible to live with for days."

"You mean more than usual?"

At lunch the match was all anyone could talk about. Rodney, to avoid talking to anyone, ate in his quarters, nursing a bruised ego and a wounded pride.

Amanda, on the other hand, was enjoying her new found fame, knowing that as soon as the Enterprise left people would forget and go back to their routine. But for now, being the centre of attention and the talk of two galaxies was kinda fun.

Shortly before their departure, Woolsey approached Colonel Kramer with a case.

"Colonel Kramer, as the appointed bookie for the event I calculated everyone's winnings. I took the liberty of paying off the members of Atlantis. Here is the rest of the money as well as a list of who bet what amount and what their winnings are. I'll leave the distribution to you.

I must say, this chess match was the most non-lethal excitement we've had here in quite a while. Do come again, I'm sure that Dr McKay will want a rematch."

"Can't make any promises but I'll mention it to the SGC. Until then... Enterprise, one to beam up."

"Aye sir" Scotty's voice, with accent, was heard.

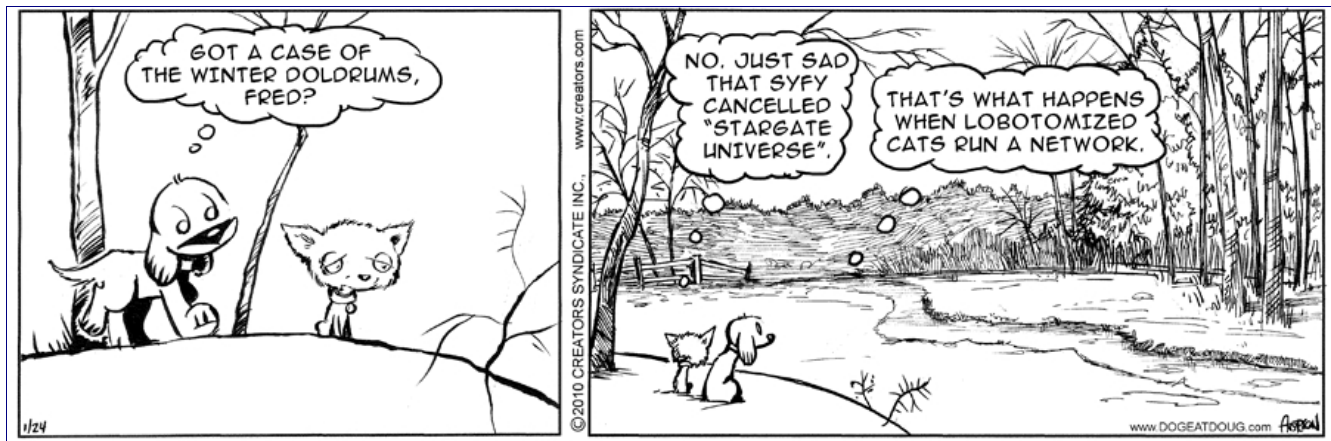
As the Enterprise left orbit, on their way to their next mission, Dr McKay was spending every free moment watching the match, over and over, plotting the rematch.



Stargate Enterprise continues in WARP 78!

SFF Sightings!

Dog Eat Doug, by Brian Anderson




Petition to save Stargate Universe is here: <http://www.petitiononline.com/saveSGU/petition.html>

Star Dracula


Part II

François Ménéard

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 vehicle was navigating a long, winding, narrow road climbing high in the mountains. An impossibly high cliff-face on the left. A dizzying drop to the right. Everywhere Renfield could see was barren and lifeless jagged rock face but in the distance ahead, he saw what he assumed was his destination. A large, grey, tall, circular, unfinished, spire-like structure that had been built on a mountain top. It's top, and several lower sections, were only skeletal girder assemblies that had bent and twisted with time and lack of upkeep. Renfield couldn't be sure, especially considering it's ruined, unfinished state, but the structure seemed strangely familiar though he couldn't place the design. It definitely made him feel uneasy. Recalling Igor's driving when he had waved to him, Renfield thought better of asking the little misshapen man what exactly was going on. He instead closed the hatch, sat back down, cradled his head in his hands and tried to not let himself be overcome with the worry and fear that had taken a stranglehold on his gut.

The vehicle finally came to a stop and Igor opened the hatch, "We here now. Master wait you inside. Go now." he growled. Perhaps it was just the long trip, perhaps it was only because the sun was setting, the odd ray finally piercing the near total cloud cover, but Renfield thought he felt a change in the diminutive being. There was almost a look of malice in his eyes as he reached in, grabbed Renfield's field kit, and hobbled at a surprising speed around the back of the vehicle and seemed to disappear into the near dark of the now set sun. Renfield, startled, had no time to say a single word of protest before he was gone. He considered running after Igor, but with only the light now coming from the vehicle's still lit runners, he decided to enter the structure Igor had pointed out. It was indeed the strange spire he had seen in the distance, only now, up close, he could see just how massive it was. Renfield wondered how planetary scans had missed it, even through this planet's impossible atmosphere, considering its size and altitude. He walked up to the massive, re-enforced automated double doors and wondered how he was going to open them since to all appearances the structure was un-powered. Not a single light, not a single sound came from within.

 To Renfield's surprise, the doors did indeed open, though very slowly, with a loud ping and deep grating of metal against metal that had gone rusted and unused for a long time. What unnerved him was what he did not hear, and that was the sound of any kind of motor or engine working the doors. Due to their size and construction, Renfield guessed they

weighed several tons a piece. Once about halfway open, they stopped. Renfield could see nothing of the inside, however, as it was even darker than it was outside. Then a single lantern light appeared in the open doorway, or it seemed to Renfield that the darkness opened and receded to reveal it. A sensation that unnerved Renfield even more. The sight of the figure holding the lantern did nothing to ease him, either.

He was very lean and tall, head and shoulders taller than Renfield, and looked old, impossibly old and deathly pale. His features were severe, angular, and handsome despite his obvious advanced age. His hair was shock white, unkept, and long as were his thick, feathery eyebrows. His skin was deathly pale, save for his thin lips that were blackened and cracked. He was dressed in a rather opulent dark red robe trimmed in silver. "Welcome to my home," he said in an accent similar to Igor's but far less pronounced and sounded more refined, "Enter freely of your own will." and he beckoned Renfield to enter.

Renfield stepped forward and offered his hand, a gesture that was returned with only a nod and cold, feral grin, "Hello. My name is Thomas Renfield and I represent the Human Confederation. We've come to your planet in hopes of re-establishing contact and trade with your planet," Renfield focused on the standard re-contact script, trying not to let his fear and apprehension show. He was only mildly successful.

"Have the jump-gates resumed operation?" his host asked. Renfield was taken aback that his host even knew about the jump-gates, considering.

"No," he replied, "But a new, if significantly slower form of interstellar travel has been developed." Thankfully, this answer was a well rehearsed part of the script.

"Has there now? Then we have much to discuss. Come in, Mister Renfield. I am Dracula."

Renfield entered the structure in what he believed was a large room as the light from Dracula's lantern reached neither far walls nor ceiling. The large doors suddenly closed startling Renfield. Spinning quickly he saw only the now tightly shut, think, heavy double doors, his own shadow falling on them. Dracula and his lantern had been by the doors as he past through and should still be there yet, "This way, Mister Renfield." came Dracula's voice from behind him. Startled again, Renfield once again spun around, to see Dracula slowing making his way through the large chamber some distance away. Though slow, his stride was smooth, very smooth, making it appear as though he were slowly gliding across what Renfield now thought was some sort of vehicle bay from the

faded makings on the concrete floor. He broke into a slow jog to close the distance to his enigmatic host.

"I am certain you have many questions, Mister Renfield." said Dracula as Renfield caught up to him.

"Indeed," replied Renfield. At that moment Renfield was shaken once again by that terrible howl that greeted him on his arrival. Like that of a wolf, only louder, deeper, and almost metallic. Dracula stopped and closed his eyes, a smile on his thin, darkened lips, a look of near-ecstasy on his face.

"Listen to them," he sighed, "What music they make."

"Wh-what are they?" asked Renfield, his voice trembling.

"Children of the Night," answered Dracula enigmatically. After a moment, he continued, "Forgive me, Mister Renfield, as you may not be aware. Centuries ago New Transylvania was a center for genetic research, among other things. What you are hearing is the call of the few remaining

Dire Wolves, as they were aptly named. The wild descendants of genetically engineered canines designed for use as shock troops."

"I see," said Renfield. "Do they pose any danger to you and the other remaining colonists?"

"There are no other colonists on this planet, Mister Renfield. I am alone. I have been alone for a very long time."

"Forgive me," said Renfield in sympathy and went back to the script, "But there may be other pockets of survivors elsewhere on this planet. We of the Human Confederation would be very happy to help you find them, that's a part of what we're trying to do here on your world, and many others."

"There is no one left, you may be certain of that. This world's time has past, it's been bled dry of it's last drop, and the blood is the life, Mister Renfield, is it not?"

"I suppose it is at that," replied Renfield, assuming it was some sort of local saying, but unconvinced, "Still, there's always Igor."

"Excuse me?" Dracula seemed honestly bewildered as they arrived at a spiral metallic staircase next to what seemed to be a broken lift in what Renfield guessed as the center of the room.

"Igor," said Renfield as they began to climb, breaking from the script he spoke quickly and nervously, "Your servant. Brought me here from my ship. Which reminds me, he took my pack, I'll be needing that, and he said you were expecting me, how is that even?" Dracula cut him off with a laugh.

"So many questions," he said in an odd tone that seemed to convey amusement, annoyance, and an almost rehearsed expectancy, "Firstly, you must mean the IGOR. It is not a colonist, Mister Renfield, it is a machine, an Iso-Genetic Organic Robot, an android. As I said, this was once a genetic research planet, the IGOR were one of it's products."

"I see," though odd, it did make a certain amount of sense, he supposed, "But why then is he-er-it so deformed? A mutation? Reproductive abnormality? They certainly weren't designed that way, were they?"

"Alas no," answered Dracula, "No, Mister Renfield, I'm afraid my IGOR's appearance is my fault. I made him you see, from the old design specifications I found. Genetic engineering has become one of my many hobbies. Alas my grasp of the science is not equal

to those who created the original designs. Unlike Dire Wolves, IGOR are iso-genetic, their DNA is organized into single chromosomes, not pairs, and their blood is like water, they cannot reproduce." Renfield began to tire from the climb up as they passed floor after floor, his elderly host however, continued at his slow but steady pace unfazed. "As for your gear, I took the liberty of having it brought up. It awaits in the chambers I have prepared for your stay. I have a weather monitoring system and observatory here and when I detected your ship's precariously difficult landing, meteorology being another of my hobbies you see, I dispatched the IGOR and prepared rooms for you and your crew."

Renfield breathlessly thanked his host, "Very hospitable of you, Sir. I am the only crew of the lander however. These missions can be dangerous as I'm sure you can imagine, so initial contact is kept to a minimum. I am curious, however. How could you be certain

I was not a threat?"

Dracula laughed. A long laugh thought Renfield, too long. Upon reaching the next floor,

t h e t w e n t y s e v e n t h Renfield had counted, he replied, "Why do you think I sent the IGOR rather than go myself? Besides, Mister Renfield, the warlike days are over, are they not?" Renfield nodded as he came to stair landing, breathing heavily, bent over, hands on his knees. "We are nearly there, Mister Renfield. Your room is right down this corridor, then you may rest." Renfield nodded, caught his breath, and followed Dracula down the dark, closed in corridor.

Dracula stopped at and opened the third hatch they came to, "I trust you will find this room adequate, Mister Renfield," he said as he gestured for Renfield to enter. The room was well lit, unlike the rest of the facility Renfield had been lead through, with several candles. It was quite large compared to his bunkroom aboard the Demeter he noted, furnished with a simple chair and desk upon which lay his open field kit, a dresser, and a basic but very inviting bed that almost called to Renfield. Tired as he was, there was one thing he needed to speak to his host about.

"My ship will be sending another lander tomorrow to look for me. I hate to impose upon you further but considering what happened to me and these Dire Wolves you mentioned, I'd very much like to see this observatory of yours and keep an eye out for them."

Dracula was about to close the hatch when he stopped, "Why not call your ship then? Tell them all is well, and that you are my guest. I know this world's storms very well. Tell them they can come collect you tomorrow evening, there will be no storm and they are welcome to land here as there is an old but serviceable landing pad I'll have cleared for them to use."

"I would but I haven't been able to get a signal through your planet's atmosphere, I'm afraid." Dracula closed his eyes, took a long breath, and continued.

"We are much higher in altitude here, Mister Renfield. Do not forget, I know this world's storms very well. Call your ship." Dracula then very nearly closed the hatch, paused, reopened the hatch and warned, "Should you awaken in the night, do not leave this room. This facility is old and dangerous. Goodnight, Mister Renfield." and shut the hatch.

What you are hearing is the call of the few remaining Dire Wolves, as they were aptly named. The wild descendants of genetically engineered canines designed for use as shock troops."



Jonathan had just lay down on his bunk when his intercom squawked, "Capt'n, sorry to wake you," it was Morrow, "But we've got Renfield on the comm. He's okay and seems he's found someone living down there." Captain Harker leaped from his bunk, instantly awake and grabbed his uniform.

"I'll be right there, Morrow." He made no effort to hide the excitement in his voice as he hastily clothed himself. On the bridge, Morrow smiled to herself. There was hope for this green captain after all.

Renfield lazily recounted the events of his adventures since his crash landing the day before and his meeting the mysterious old Dracula, obviously exhausted from the ordeal. "... and that's my report, Captain Harker. This Dracula says it'll be safe to land at these co-ordinates tomorrow at dusk. Lander Two is still intact, but I'm not sure if we'll be able to get her out."

"We'll worry about Lander Two when the time comes, Thomas. Get some sleep, FCO, and we'll see you tomorrow evening. And great work, by the way. I'll be putting you up for commendation when we get back to Carfax." Captain Harker couldn't contain both his joy and his excitement as he leaned over Morrow's shoulder at the sensor and communication station. Renfield was alive and had given Harker his first real re-contact.

"Thank you Captain. Renfield out." and Renfield closed the channel. The man was obviously exhausted, Harker thought. Morrow, however, had served on more than a couple of missions with Renfield, knew of the man's ambition and feelings towards his current captain, and noted his well-concealed disdain.

"Tomorrow's going to be a big day, Capt'n" she volunteered, "You should probably get some sleep yourself. I'll give Saunders the good news and get him started on the new flight plan."

"Thanks, Morrow, but I'll be taking Lander One down myself, thank you." The entire bridge fell suddenly silent. After a long moment, Morrow continued,

"Are you sure, Capt'n?" The surprise obvious in her voice and on her face.

"Saunders is good, but after Renfield I am the most qualified lander pilot on this ship." He did have a point, Morrow thought, but Capt'n Green and Regs Harker going against protocol? As if reading her thoughts, Harker continued, "If this Dracula is the last person left on the planet, then that makes him the de facto planetary representative. As captain, I'm obliged to open negotiations with him." He then winked at Morrow and headed for lander control. The only thing that excited him more than the idea of meeting this Dracula and making his first re-contact was the thought of telling Mina all about it when they got back to Carfax Station.



"Thank you Captain. Renfield out." and Renfield closed the channel. He was too tired to bother with Harker's head patting. Placing the comm unit on the desk, Renfield lay down on the bed fully clothed and fell almost immediately into a deep sleep.

Renfield tossed and turned as he slept. He heard what sounded like a metallic creaking that wakened him and he opened his eyes. Through the sleepy haze clouding his vision, he saw the open hatchway past the foot of the bed and what seemed to be a dark, grey mist billowing in from the corridor. It covered the floor then

seemed to crawl up the bed and surround him. He thought he could hear it whisper to him, "Harker's jealous of you, Renfield. He knows you're the real hero. He's coming for you, Renfield. He's going to leave you here, Renfield. Leave you here and take all the glory for himself." Renfield knew this mist was telling him the truth because this had to be some kind of dream. Had it been real, Renfield knew the sleepy haze would've left him the moment he saw the mist, or certainly when it started talking to him. He simply lay there and listened in his reverie. "When he arrives tomorrow, hide. Then take the ship. Take the ship back to Carfax. It should've been yours anyways. Leave Harker here like he was planning to do to you. Give him a taste of his own medicine." Renfield agreed with his dream mist, after all, it was just a dream and he knew Harker wouldn't come down himself anyways. Then he felt a sharp pain in his neck, and the mist seem to turn red and say, "Harker will come, you will see. Then you will trust me, and serve me, and all the fame and glory you seek will be yours, and you will live forever..." Renfield's mind eased back into the darkness of dreamlessness as what little strength and cohesive thought he had drained away.



Captain Harker completed his forth pre-flight check, eager to get going. He had gotten very little sleep the preceding night once his flight plan had been completed. The excitement had kept him on edge all day as well and the waiting had been nearly unbearable. Renfield had not contacted the ship at all since his initial report and all attempts to reach him on the comm had failed. Harker then checked the lander's chronometer, ten minutes until drop. He then keyed the lander's comm, "Harker here, any word from Renfield?"

Morrow was once again on duty, "No, Capt'n. You would've been the first to know if we had. I can still get Saunders if you're worried. There's nothing wrong with-" Harker cut her off.

"I'm not worried, Lieutenant. I think we can trust this Dracula fellow, even if he seems a bit eccentric. Renfield wouldn't have given the go ahead if he wasn't sure. I just wish we had some sort of conformation. Just to be on the safe side, though, if I'm not back in three days, make best speed for Carfax, and get the cavalry, would you, Morrow?" Harker's tone was joking, but Morrow took him very seriously.

"Three days, Capt'n, and that includes today. You're not back day-after-tomorrow morning, I'm bringing the whole damned Confederate Fleet down on this rock." Harker took it as her trying to lighten the mood herself; she was, however, quite serious. It was bad enough having Renfield marooned down there, she wished Capt'n Green and Regs would just let Saunders take the lander, or that the Demeter had had a third lander.

The chronometer counted down to zero, Lander One uncoupled from the Demeter with a shake, and Harker took the controls. He eased the ship into the atmosphere and braced himself for the unexplained, undetected turbulence Renfield had reported but there was none. Either Renfield had lied to cover some error he had made or this Dracula had been right in his weather prediction. As Harker's lander was about to enter the planet's cloud cover he was surprised to see the clouds actually part as if to allow him through. Not one to question his good luck, especially since it had been so long in coming, he continued down. The wind shear was well within tolerances. He was going to have

to have a chat with Renfield once they got back and went over the flight recorders of both landers. The mountains came up rather quickly from the dark after that, Harker imagined they were most likely the highest peaks on the planet. Sure enough, he saw the hastily cleared and makeshift lighted landing pad. He eased the ship down, hastily ran through post flight procedures and powered down the engines.

To his surprise, only a single figure was waiting for him as he exited the lander. A tall, gaunt figure almost matching Renfield's description. Though advanced in years, Harker doubted the man was over seventy. Black still peppered his long, grey hair and while pale, there was some colour in his cheeks. Granted, Renfield was exhausted, and probably quite frightened, when he first met him, but still. "Dracula?" Harker asked.

"I am Dracula," the figure replied.

"Forgive my rudeness, but where's FCO Renfield? I expected him to be waiting here with you."

Dracula smiled and answered, "He and my IGOR went to try and extricate his ship from it's precarious perch. They left early this morning and his vessel landed some distance away. I assure you they will be back at sunrise. In the meantime, I hope you will be my guest."

"You don't mind if I contact my ship first?"

"By all means, Captain Harker, please do." Jonathan went back into the lander and made his way to the cockpit. He keyed the comm and it thankfully came to life.

"Morrow here," came the Lieutenant's voice from the comm, "Is that you, Capt'n?"

"Harker here," said Jonathan, "I've made planet fall and met our host. According to him Renfield's out trying to get Lander Two right side up with that android or whatever of his and they should be back in the morning. At any rate, if you don't hear from either Renfield or me by two hours past planetary dawn make for Carfax."

"Will do, Capt'n. Something make you change your mind about this Dracula?" Morrow asked, concerned.

"It's probably nothing, Lieutenant, but with both landers away, I don't want to take any chances." Harker lied.

"Why not bring Lander One back up then? You can take her back down tomorrow evening if Renfield can't get Two back on it's feet."

"Our host has offered me his hospitality. I don't want to insult my first re-contact dignitary. Everything should be fine, Morrow, I just don't want to take any more chances."

"Best o' luck, then Capt'n. Demeter out." and Harker closed the comm. Before leaving the lander, he opened the field kit and took out the hand-held comm as well as the pistol. He put the comm in one of his pockets and holstered the pistol. It probably was nothing, but Harker wondered how Dracula had known who he was before he introduced himself.

Renfield watched from the shadow of a large boulder on a slope overlooking the landing pad he and IGOR had cleared and prepared earlier. The little, twisted android was there as well, hiding and waiting just below him. It was Harker after all, he thought to himself, he's here to kill me. A wild gleam was in his eyes and a mad, toothy grin on his face that was mirrored on the

IGOR's. The two observed the Master lead Harker from the landing pad into his lair. Once the doors closed, Renfield began to make his way to the lander, loose gravel sliding down and dust billowing before him. IGOR heard and saw the gravel pass him, turned, and leaped on Renfield, taking the man down and the two struggled and rolled down to the landing pad.

"Not yet!" the android cried as he fought with the larger man.

Though small compared to Renfield, the android was very strong, especially in its over

developed left arm. "Master said not yet! Wait!"

"He's here to kill me!" Redfield screamed. "I have to get away!" he pulled his legs up, planted his feet on the IGOR's chest, and heaved. The android went flying. Renfield scrambled to his feet and bolted for the lander. He got about halfway there when IGOR caught up to him and wrapped his massive left arm around Renfield's left leg, forcing him down hard onto the blacked pavement.

"Master said wait!" the malformed creature sounded almost to be in tears. Renfield twisted and turned, yanked and pulled, but couldn't break the android's hold on his calf. The two struggled for some time, then Renfield got back up onto his right leg, pivoted, and brought his weight down on the IGOR. He wrapped his hands around the android's neck and began to squeeze. IGOR tried to cry out, but found it difficult to fill it's lungs with enough air. Renfield's arms strained as he brought as much of his weight down onto the bent, twisted throat as he could. The IGOR struggled, but it's strong left arm was now pinned under Renfield, and it became harder and harder for it to breath. It's tongue, swollen and purple, forced it's way out of it's mouth through clenched teeth. With a final, gurgled squeak, the android's eyes bulged and at last it went limp. It's head twisted to the side, it's eyes blank, unblinking, and empty. Renfield then got up, dusted himself off, continued towards the lander, and was surprised by the loud crack of a pistol shot.



Harker followed Dracula into the structure that struck him as familiar as it had with Renfield.

Dracula lead him up the stairs and into a large hall. This one was well lit with several candelabras and dominating the chamber was a large table on which a fine meal had been laid out. "Please," said Dracula as he pulled out the single chair at the table for Harker, "I hope you will find everything to your liking."

"It looks delicious," replied Jonathan as he sat down, "Thank you. Won't you be joining me?"

"No," said his host as he picked up a bottle and poured a drink of what seemed to be red wine for Harker, "I have already dined, and I never drink wine. But please, do indulge yourself, Captain Harker, and once you are done, I'm certain we'll have much to discuss."

"To your health then," Harker toasted his host and took a sip. It was indeed quite good, better than any he's had on New London. He then noticed Dracula eyeing him expectantly, a look of urgency on his face, "It's quite good, thank you. I-it's... I..." and Harker realized his mistake. The room seemed to spin as his vision swam. The bastard had drugged him. He pulled his pistol, it seemed awfully heavy. He took a shot but the drug must have

had truly taken hold of his senses. It seemed to him he had hit Dracula point blank in the chest, but as Harker collapsed to the floor, the last thing he saw was Dracula moving impossibly fast for the doorway as he lost consciousness.



Renfield ran into the lander and hurried to the cockpit. Leaping into the pilot's chair he rushed the pre-flight sequence and started the engines. That shot could've only come from Harker's pistol, Renfield was sure of it. Harker had seen him and was coming to kill him, he had to get away. Once pre-flight completed, he took the controls and lifted off, laughing wildly. He'd done it! He had escaped Harker's trap and was on his way home. He was going to be a hero! As the lander rose ever higher, he saw what he first took to be smoke, and began to panic. Perhaps he shouldn't have rushed the pre-flight, he thought to himself. If the lander had caught fire, but no, it wasn't smoke he realized as it moved as if alive. Flowing first one way, then the next, then billowing up and surrounding him. It was the mist from his dream, the mist that had warned him, saved him. It was the Master! Then he heard its voice, "Renfield," it whispered to him, "I am displeased."

"Why, Master?" Renfield replied, "I've escaped, just like you said I would. Everything worked out perfectly. I'm free."

"I told you to wait, Renfield. But no matter. Yes, you've escaped Harker, Renfield, but you are not free. You will never be free."

"What do you mean? You promised to make me immortal."

"And so I shall. But you will never be free, Renfield. Never..." The voice of the mist trailed off.

"No!" Renfield screamed over and over, "No!" but he knew it was far too late.



Jonathan Harker's head was throbbing when he awoke. He had no idea how long he had been out, but the candles that still burned about the room were perhaps a third the length they were when he arrived. There was no sign of Dracula, or anyone else. Taking one of the candelabras he made his way back to the stairs and began climbing down. In the eerie silence he thought he could just make out the sound of dripping water, but he couldn't be sure, it was so faint, and who knew how long the effects of whatever had been used to drug him would last. Besides, first, he had to get out of here.

He made it to ground level and when he finally reached the massive double doors, he found them sealed shut. He looked around desperately for some sort of control for the doors, but found nothing. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the comm, chastising himself for not thinking of it sooner and switched it on. It repaid him with nothing but static. He was unable to

reach the Demeter or Renfield. He couldn't even get either of the landers' transponder signals. That worried him as Lander One should've been about fifty metres from this door. Putting the comm back in his pocket and the candelabra down on the floor, he tried in vain to open the massive doors by hand with no success. He sat down on the ground, his back to the doors, and considered his options. There was no other alternative, he would have to search this structure, from top to bottom if necessary, and find another way out. There had to be some sort of maintenance exit or something in a building this large. Resolute in spite of his slowly growing fear and despair, Harker picked himself up, took up the candelabra, and began his search, hoping he would find something before his candles went out.

After several hours, he concluded that the first floor was entirely taken up by this large vehicle bay. He had found what appeared to be some sort of control room not far from the central lift on a high pylon. A set of rusted, half broken metal spiral stairs lead up to it and Harker decided to chance his luck and see if some control for the doors was there, or even some sort of schematic for this place. Halfway up, he heard a loud, metallic pop, and felt the stairs come loose of the pylon. Teetering precariously, he tried to decide whether to carefully try and get up the rest of the way, or go back down. The decision was made for him when he heard the twisting of metal against metal as the stairs began to fall to one side. He braced himself as best he could as the stairs came crashing down.

When Harker regained his senses he cursed his luck and checked himself for injuries. A few minor scratches and several bumps that he was sure were bruised were all that he could find laying under the broken, twisted, metal staircase. No broken bones or serious lacerations as far as he could tell. Thankfully, the fall had not pinned him and he was able to crawl out from under the collapsed staircase. Unfortunately, he had lost the candelabra in the fall and was now in complete darkness. To make matters worse, he found that his right ankle had been either twisted or sprained in the fall and he could not put any weight on it when he tried to stand. He then checked his pocket and pulled out his comm. With luck, it hadn't been damaged. While useless for communication in this place, it did have a light emitting display. Jonathan turned it on, and thankfully the display was still working even if all that came from its speaker was static that echoed eerily throughout the massive chamber. He waited for his eyes to adjust as best they could to the tiny light source. He found he could see no more than forty or fifty centimetres from where ever he pointed the display screen, but even that was better than pitch darkness. Breaking off a couple of supports from the broken staircase he fashioned himself a makeshift crutch and continued his exploration of his massive prison.

To be continued in WARP 78!



STARFLEET TREACHERY

Barbara Silverman

When I saw "Parallax", the second episode of the first season of Voyager, something clicked. It was at the end, when Chakotay asked Janeway would she would serve as his first officer, if Voyager had been under his Maquis command. Janeway refused to answer, but the possibilities opened a gateway to my creative senses. This is my answer to the question.*

CHAPTER 1

Staring out her kitchen window Kathryn Janeway sat quietly as she slowly sipped her coffee. Why she wondered, why did something always taste better back here on earth? She gave a soft sigh. Even with the contentment brought about by a cup of terra firma coffee, Janeway was forced to concede something was missing. She ran her finger around the rim of the cup, would it ever again genuinely feel like home?

Her blue eyes gazed down into the cooling liquid as she sadly admitted, and accepted, the truth. Without Mark....home would never be the same.

Finishing her coffee she slowly, thoughtfully walked over to the replicator. Placing the cup on the tray for recycling Janeway debated about what to do next. Either relax for a couple of hours, or return immediately to Starfleet Command, there to finish the end of assignment reports. She decided on the former.

Walking into the bedroom the captain quickly discarded her Starfleet uniform, in preparation for a much anticipated bath. Instead of the shipboard sonic shower today she was able to relax in warm water, enjoying one of earth's small pleasures. Here there was no rushing to the bridge, no call from her first officer announcing a new stellar phenomenon. Here there was time to unwind.

Feeling refreshed and regenerated Janeway slipped into a pair of comfortable slacks and a blouse. Standing in front of the mirror that topped her dresser, she was running a brush through her short hair when the sound of a console beeping interrupted her. Sensing who was on the other end Janeway tossed the brush back onto the bureau. Quickly going into the living room she walked over to the desk. Pulling out the dark blue upholstered chair Kathryn activated the monitor as she took her seat.

The smiling face of Admiral Janeway greeted her. "Welcome back Captain! How was the exploratory mission?"

Kathryn Janeway eased her chair closer to the desk. "Dad, it was great!"

With a big smile, causing her eyes to dance, she leaned forward, gesturing with both hands to emphasize her words. "The Gamma Quadrant was full of surprises. The wonders! Not to mention the wormhole itself. What an experience! The scientist in me was very, very happy. I stopped by earlier but you were in a meeting. How's Molly?"

Since the day, two years previous, when she had found the four-month-old pup, Kathryn and her father had been sharing the care and devotion of the large Irish Setter. Not wanting to inflict the dangers of space upon the dog she had appointed her father as official dog-sitter. Molly, having been found just before the breakup with Mark, had turned into a much-needed lifeline during those dark days.

The admiral's deep affection for his daughter showed in his smiling face. "She's fine. All excited this morning, seemed to sense

that you were due back. How are you doing?"

Janeway lowered her eyes as sadness crept across her face and into her voice. "In other words have I recovered from the divorce....being away for over seven months helped. Does one ever recover?"

Feeling her pain the admiral had trouble finding the right words. "I know, it is difficult."

Kathryn nodded. "Even though the marriage was not successful I miss Mark. His loving embraces. The happiness that we shared....when we could be together. I had something to look forward to at the end of each mission."

Her voice caught in a throat that had suddenly developed a huge lump. "Even with the passage of a year the pain is still acute. Twelve months can either be an eternity or just yesterday."

Though not showing his concern, the admiral was worried. Time may heal, however, the scars would always remain.

He spoke softly, the pain of his own loss was evident. "I recovered from the death of your mother and brother. After the accident I thought my life was also over. You were just over a year old, to young to remember. It took time. I centered on the need to raise and care for you, as you have centered on work. Make the best of each day. Eventually, everything will slip into its proper place. In your memory, and in your heart."

Looking down Kathryn ran her finger along the edge of the desk. "Dad, sometimes I feel the pain will never ease. We still love each other but living in different worlds. I'm a scientist of deep space. Mark is a philosopher with his feet planted on solid ground."

The admiral's face reflected his understanding of the turmoil within. "I know. You're carrying a heavy burden."

Clasping her hands in her lap Kathryn nodded slowly, sadly. "Yes, I guess I am. Our main, in fact only problem arose from the different roads that the two of us had taken. Our deep feelings for each other never changed, but our work kept us apart. Although Mark denied it I felt that I was being unfair to him. My guilt caused the breakup."

She stared at a blank spot on the wall, her thoughts not on her father.

"Kathryn!" Her father broke into those thoughts.

His voice softened as he scolded his daughter. "You must stop blaming yourself for the failure of the marriage. What happened has happened, it's best to keep busy."

His fatherly tone was now replaced by the brisk admiral's voice. "Are you game for something new?"

Kathryn Janeway's interest was pricked. Placing her arms on the desk she focused on the monitor. "Something new? I was hoping my next assignment would be soon....I want, need, to keep myself occupied. Take my mind off Mark."

His hand moved to end the transmission. "Come to my office, I have a mission of importance. Something I don't want to discuss, even over a secured channel. Let's just say it involves the Maquis!"

CHAPTER 2

Looking at the now darkened screen an extremely puzzled Kathryn Janeway stared at the familiar Starfleet emblem. Muttering to herself she slowly rose to her feet. "The Maquis! What connection would they have with me?"

Promptly changing into a fresh uniform Kathryn immediately walked to the transporter station a block away.

Seeing Janeway walk in the male operator hurried over to the control console. "Where to Captain? Starfleet Headquarters?"

Quickly stepping up onto the transporter pad Kathryn faced the middle-aged man. "Yes Kurt. Section AA1."

Within seconds her body rematerialized in Starfleet's main terminal, in exactly the same spot that she had left only a short time before.

Her arrival surprised the young female ensign. "Captain! Back so soon. Short vacation!"

Janeway's reply followed her out of the room. "That's part of being a Starfleet captain."

The turbolift from the ground floor to the third seem to take longer than usual, as the pleasure of seeing her father again mingled with curiosity. Reaching her destination Janeway quickly covered the few yards of hallway to her father's office. There a warm greeting, not only from its human inhabitant, awaited her. As she walked through the door, a very excited large, and happy, red object hurled itself at the captain.

Crouching down she wrapped her arms around the neck of the dog. "Hello Molly."

She laughed as the enthusiastic animal nearly knocked her over. "Yes, I missed you too."

The office was modest, decorated for comfort. The north wall, consisting almost entirely of one large window, overlooked the Starfleet gardens.

Close to the window, at a ninety-degree angle to the door, stood a plain oak desk, as usual littered with pads. A computer monitor sat on the right hand side with several leather bound books, held upright by marble bookends, to its left. In front, two matching oak chairs waited for visitors, with the admiral's black leather chair behind the desk near the window.

To one side, its back facing the center of the room, stood a brown leather couch. A small oval table and four chairs were nestled between the wall and couch, achieving the affect of privacy and informality.

Replicas of starships from different eras stood on shelves lining the three walls, and a small amount of space beside the window. Holographic images of Starfleet's renowned 1701 and up sat on both the desk and table.

A tall man rose from behind the desk. In his early sixties Admiral Janeway still had a spring in his step, with dark brown hair showing only a trace of silver.

Walking forward, arms outstretched, a huge smile lit up his face. "Katie, it's good to have you back."

As they enjoyed a warm loving embrace a red bouncing entity circled the two of them.

The admiral held his daughter at arm's length. "Unfortunately,

not for long. That is....if you accept this assignment. Come....let's have coffee."

Arms linked they walked towards the table, a happy shadow following on their heels.

"Dad, as much as I want to be with you....I'm restless on earth...." Kathryn left the sentence unfinished as her mind flashed to

Mark, to the husband she had so recently divorced.

"Kathryn, this is a very important and dangerous assignment, for which I require someone completely incorruptible."

Turning to face his daughter the admiral placed

his hand gently on her arm. "Katie, I can feel the conflict within you. There was the separation, then the divorce. Very difficult, very trying days. And I know it was because of your love for the unknown. The wonders of the universe."

Gazing at the starships on the wall he smiled, a small melancholy smile, as he turned the hands of time back to memories of long before.

Looking sadly at Kathryn, he spoke with deep understanding tinged with regret. "Sometimes I feel guilty. It's a trait inherited from me that keeps you out in space. Far from the man who was your husband, coming between the two of you. Sometimes life can be very unfair, especially when caught between two loves."

Giving his daughter's arm a slight pat, the sadness on his face changed to a small smile. "You and Mark are still good friends. For this, I am grateful."

Kathryn returned the smile with a melancholy one of her own. "So am I."

Reaching the table the admiral pulled out a chair. "Here, sit and relax with Molly while I get the coffee."

Once her mistress was sitting down, Molly placed a large red paw on Kathryn's knee.

The dog received her reward of a loving pat. "So was Dad good to you?"

The reply came not from the dog, but from her father as he placed two steaming cups on the table. "Maybe you should ask if she was good to me."

Kathryn looked up at her father. "She's always good to you."

Laughing at the reply he sat down opposite his daughter. While under the table a contented Molly stretched out between the two most important people in her life.

Once they were settled Admiral Janeway wasted no time. "Kathryn, this is a very important and dangerous assignment, for which I require someone completely incorruptible."

In the process of reaching for the cup Kathryn's hand stopped in mid-air. "Dad, you have my complete attention!"

His laugh was warm and deep. "Yes, I thought that would focus your attention away from Molly."

Becoming serious his mouth grew taunt, his face grim. "As you are aware, there are innumerable difficulties with the Cardassians. The peace that we had hoped to achieve has not occurred, with the colonists and the Maquis appearing to be the major factors. These outlaws, which started out as just an irritant, have become a serious threat."

Picking up his cup, collecting his thoughts, he took a sip of coffee. "The problem is escalating. Their leader, Commander Chakotay a former Starfleet officer, is good. Too good! He took over command about three years ago. Since then he has joined together almost all of the various factions. Almost daily new

members are being recruited, weaponry improved. Turning the Maquis into a force....a small army....which we can no longer ignore.”

Kathryn sat quietly. Drinking her coffee, legs stretched out before her, she listened to and absorbed every word.

Her father drummed his fingers silently on the table. “Remember about a year ago I discovered our security had been breached? I never did find proof of exactly what they were after. However, I did find evidence suggesting that the blueprints for our new Intrepid line had been copied to an unauthorized tricorder.”

Kathryn Janeway nodded but did not interrupt. How could she forget, her father had been furious.

Concern etched itself deeply into the admiral’s face. “I’m afraid my fears were justified. Two days ago the Maquis looted a Cardassian supply station, with Chakotay himself leading the raid. They escaped on a ship that was new to Federation territory. Katie....the design of that ship was based entirely on the template for the Intrepid line!”

Sitting up straight Kathryn brought her legs closer to the chair. “Are you absolutely certain that it was Chakotay?”

For a moment the admiral stared at his cup. “There is no doubt! How did he manage to build a ship of this nature? Especially in such a short space of time, while we are still working on the prototype! I don’t understand....The only logical answer, that I can see, he had help from Starfleet engineers. Engineers who may also be saboteurs.”

The lines on his face tightened, the dark brown of his eyes deepened. “This could explain why our Intrepid class ships are six months behind schedule. At the moment that Maquis ship is faster than anything we have. While the Galaxy class are able to reach 9.975, they cannot maintain such speeds. Our new Intrepid line, one of which has now become Chakotay’s ship, can.”

The admiral’s hand tightened around his cup. “That is not all! The ship contains bio-neural circuitry, enabling it to easily hide and maneuver in the Badlands. That outlaw is virtually unstoppable. Kathryn, if the Maquis are able to build more ships....The Cardassians are screaming, threatening to cancel the peace treaty.”

Draining his cup he placed it on the table. “As far back as two years ago I spoke with Admiral Tarratki at Starfleet Command and President Jaresho-Inyo about the Maquis threat. At that time they were not too concerned. Now....they agree that Chakotay must be stopped. Dropping the ball right into my lap.”

Leaning forward the admiral placed his elbows on the table, his hands pressed tightly together. “It’s useless sending one ship after him, not in the Badlands. It would require a whole fleet, even then we would have to be extremely lucky. It could take months of hide and seek, with our resources being wasted. We might destroy a few ships, perhaps a couple of bases but that is all. And at what cost to us? The Badlands are Chakotay’s home field, he has the advantage.”

Stressing his frustration he opened and closed his hands. “If we did manage to track him down....what then? We are not going up against a band of disorganized rebels. Just the opposite! I want to do everything possible to avoid a direct confrontation. The Maquis

are placing us....me....in a difficult position. Starfleet is not in the business of hunting and killing, and these are Federation citizens. A fact that I cannot forget. Plus, I don’t want to risk the lives of Starfleet men and women when we have other options.”

Several seconds speed by as he toyed with his empty cup. “There is another reason, an extremely important one. In spite of the fact that it will not be easy, Chakotay must be captured alive. This is not only important....it is vital. That is why I need cunning to stop him. I need a plan and I need you. He has converted many of our officers into Maquis, this he will not be able to do with Kathryn Janeway.

Rising to his feet he picked up the empty cups, then walked over to the replicator. “Computer, two coffees, regular.”

Carrying the refilled cups he returned to his seat. Carefully stepping over four red legs sticking out from under the table. “Katie, I’m ashamed to admit this, many in Starfleet are secretly sympathetic to the Maquis cause. Over the last year the amount of information, and aid, being passed from Starfleet sources to these rebels has increased tremulously. It has reached a point I don’t know whom to trust.”

He ran his finger up and down the cup, a sign of his unease. “I had originally planned to give Captain Picard the assignment. Not only is he completely trustworthy, but Jean-Luc has much more experience in missions of this nature. Whereas....you have devoted your entire Starfleet career to peaceful scientific exploration. Unfortunately, I require his expertise on another, extremely important, mission. One which I expect will occupy him for some time.”

Admiral Janeway stared down into his still full cup. Kathryn waited quietly for her father to continue. Never....had she seen him so worried.

When he next spoke his voice hard, cold as ice, conveyed his apprehension. “To complicate the problem, time is of the essence. As if things were not bad enough. There are rumours of a group, headed by Ro Laren, a Bajoran, will soon be joining Chakotay. Ro is an excellent example of what I was just saying.”

The admiral paused, remembering how disappointed Captain Picard had been over her defection. “Slightly over a year ago Ro was working with Jean-Luc on a mission against the Maquis. Suddenly she switched sides, joining the Maquis. In this short space of time she has gathered together over six thousand former resistance fighters. Well trained, very dangerous. Up until now Ro has apparently been operating on her own, independent of Chakotay, therefore not causing much trouble. This could be changing. If the two do join forces I fear that we will have another war. The Cardassians will certainly break the treaty.”

Placing his hand flat on the table he looked at his daughter. “Chakotay has to be stopped before this coalition takes place. Katie, we don’t have much time. Can you come up with a plan?”

Smiling slightly Kathryn Janeway continued sipping her coffee. “Based on something you once told me, I already have.”

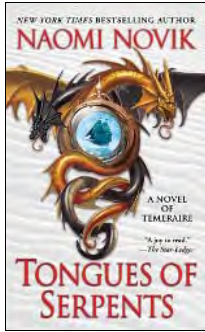
* The use herein of the name Voyager and the Voyager characters is in no way intended to infringe upon the copyrights of Paramount Pictures Corporation or its licensees. This story is for pleasure purposes only, it is not for sale and no revenue is generated from it.



To be continued in WARP 77!

From Cathy's Library

"Hi, I'm Cathy, and I'm a Book-a-holic..."



Tongues of Serpents
Naomi Novik
Del Rey, 2010

Temeraire and Laurence, convicted of treason, are exiled to Australia which is said to be the only place on earth that has no dragons. They bring with them three dragon eggs which the Empire hopes will start a new covert, but the men sent to be their riders are not up to par. Indeed, one of them is Captain Rankin who thinks

dragons are just weapons, nothing more. His negligence once cost his dragon's life, and both Lawrence and Temeraire are scandalized that he is given another chance. New South Wales has ousted its governor, Captain Bligh, and both parties try to enlist Lawrence in their conflict. Lawrence wisely chooses to go exploring beyond the Blue Mountains instead, but finds trouble of another kind. Goods are coming in from China, and Tharkay is on a mission to track the smugglers. When an egg is stolen, Temeraire becomes obsessed with recovering it. It's a net much wider and far better organized than anyone expected.

Readers know that the wildlife of Australia is not like any found elsewhere, why shouldn't there be dragons? Well, maybe not dragons, exactly, but where there is a niche, something will fill it

Shadowheart
Tad Williams
Daw, 2010

"Because of repeated questions and occasional physical assaults, I have included as a second appendix a genuine historical document which lists and names most of the principal gods of the Trigonate faith and the names by which other peoples of Eion and Xand call them."

Thank you, Tad!!

Shadowmarch is a four volume cycle, with many story lines, and a cast of thousands. There's a heck of a lot of geography, too, the maps and appendices are invaluable.

The conclusion of the *Shadowmarch* saga has the Qar and the mad emperor of Xand both in the tunnels beneath Southmarch. What the Autarch wants is nothing less than the power of the gods which have been locked in limbo. Releasing those old forces into the world is unthinkable: Qar, humans, Funderlings, even little Rooftoppers, unite in a desperate battle.

Since it is the fourth book, it's hard to say more without spoilers for the first three. Suffice it to say, Williams brings everything to a satisfying conclusion, in spite of the deaths of many we came to care about.



REVIEWS: Movies

Megamind

Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

I remember when the first timid attempts were made in the 1980's to produce animated shorts using computers. The characters were stiff and very artificial looking, the surfaces invariably smooth and void of texture, the lighting flat, the running time short. Only geeks liked that stuff, and many people thought that the technique would never amount to anything much...



We, of course, know that they were wrong; and feature-length movies like *Megamind* should demonstrate that clearly enough. Great visual signature, smooth animation, and very clever plot twists all merge together into a most enjoyable production.

While I sure gobbled up the eye candy, I really did like the story, which is more solid and convoluted than usual for this sort of movie. The characters are

three-dimensional in more ways than one and, just as in real life, it is not easy to tell who is truly Good or Evil (let's face it, fans tend to root for the "bad" guys because they are often more colourful). The 3D effects are cool, but they do not overpower the story and this movie is quite enjoyable in flat film as well.

I tend not to go into details when I write a review, in part because readers of this column generally know at least the outlines of most productions, and I hate to spoil plot surprises. Suffice to say that *Megamind* illustrates perfectly well the notion that Heroes and Villains need each other to perpetuate their existence. Truly, the fun is not in the getting of something, but in pursuing it!

Despicable Me

Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

To compare *Despicable Me* with *Megamind* is the best way to demonstrate that not all computer-generated movies are the same. Both productions were released very close to each other, but have little in common.

First, there is the look. Both movies are very stylish, but the characters and sets from *Despicable Me* are a lot more abstract



than in Megamind. And that is a good thing, because it shows that the designers have not been afraid to use the computer's ability to disregard the rules of physics to create strikingly different worlds.

Then, there is the matter of the plot. As in Megamind, the main character of Despicable Me, Gru, is a classical Villain and is immensely proud of it! But he does have standards, and insists on doing things with style. His lair, for instance, is of dubious practicality but impressive as Hell...

Rather than being obsessed with vanquishing a super-hero nemesis, Gru aspires to be recognized as the greatest evil-doer in history and is constantly trying to invent new nefarious plots. He is helped in this endeavour by his own resident Mad Scientist and an army of odd little yellow and very enthusiastic minions.

You probably already know the plot. Gru uses three little orphan girls as part of a scheme to steal a device from a fellow villain, gets all mushy over them and reforms his ways. A bit simplistic overall, but fortunately the development is not nearly as syrupy as it sounds, or might have been, and you will not likely go into diabetic shock unless you have a really low tolerance for such things.

The 3D aspect for this particular film, though nice, was not overdone. In fact, only during the end credits will you see any of the traditional tricks, such as having long things suddenly pointed at you (but they did go overboard in that section). I promise that you will find that the excellent action scenes more than make up for the saccharine parts.



The Green Hornet

Reviewed by Keith Braithwaite



In the title role, funny man Seth Rogen is rather more buff than we are used to seeing but otherwise remains his familiar comical frat-boy slacker. Jay Chou is sidekick Kato and handles the buddy humour almost as well as he does the martial arts frenzy, of which there is plenty, along with the requisite chases, explosions, and implausible derring-do.

Christoph Waltz, last seen as a Nazi officer hunting Jews with obsessive relish in Tarantino's

Inglourious Basterds, has fun with the villain's role. Cameron Diaz is the girl and is practically inconsequential, competing as eye candy with the Green Hornet's signature ride, Black Beauty, nicely updated for the occasion. The wicked-cool car steals the show, appearing at times almost supernaturally resilient.

In brief, *The Green Hornet* is a pretty standard costumed hero action piece competently executed with a few more jokes than most and a bitchin' set of wheels. Given the character's history, the

more interesting but probably less box-office friendly approach would have been to have tried this one as a period piece.

Don't think it's in theatres anymore; catch it on DVD or Blu-Ray when it comes out, soon.

I Am Number Four

Reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

I took my young daughter to see this movie on one of the free passes MonSFFA handed out as one of the sponsors of the film's premiere. I was expecting some kind of a *Twilight* with aliens instead of vampires; might be able to stomach that. My daughter wasn't so much keen to see the thing as curious about the powers the characters were depicted as possessing in the trailer she had seen on TV. We both came away disappointed by this movie.

The story is passable enough, I suppose, given the sub-genre, although why the bad aliens insist on picking off the good aliens in numerical order is not adequately explained and seems rather a stupid tactic. I also found the CGI creatures featured in the climatic confrontation between good and evil aliens to be substandard pieces of design and animation. But what the heck. The important thing, here, is the romance, right? Unfortunately, the achingly emotional dialogue, played straight for romantic purposes, is awfully cheesy, laughably so if the premiere audience are to be taken as critics.

I Am Number Four is, at heart, a paranormal romance, though more sci-fi than fantasy. As such, it just doesn't measure up to the reigning champion in this division, *Twilight*, which, frankly, isn't saying much. But I'll give producers props for shifting the tired storyline of teenaged-girl-falls-for-brooding-supernatural-hunk away from the saturated vampire formula of recent years. Substituting space aliens for vampires, however, isn't, alone, enough to save a bad script. Better writers could well have made the idea work. As proof, I submit the TV series *Roswell*, a far superior take on the concept.

Pass on this one.

And now for an other point of view...

I Am Number Four

Reviewed by Barbara Silverman

I enjoyed *I Am Number Four*. That might make some of you cringe in your seats, however.... Yes, it was corny and the CGI was not the best, but for me it was enjoyable and I left the theatre feeling all would eventually work out. There are times when one just has to sit back and watch what is on the screen, stop trying to analyse the CGI, stop trying to find fault with the dialogue. And while there was fighting, most of the movie was people, not special effects. Sometimes that is what you need, a clear your head, this is funny but its not supposed to be, movie. *I Am Number Four* is entertaining.



Battle: Los Angeles
Reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

I always enjoy a good alien invasion flick and, against the advice of most reviewers in the press, bought my ticket for *Battle: Los Angeles*. Some critics have slammed the movie as little more than a recruiting campaign for the American military and, indeed, the film does come across as such. But so what; all part of the zeitgeist of the piece. I did find the script a tad melodramatic at times, however, I can forgive this transgression. The whole thing, after all, is told from the point of view of a veteran soldier and his platoon of fresh-faced, gung-ho U.S. Marines thrown unexpectedly into battle defending Los Angeles against invading extraterrestrials. A little melodrama is to be expected from such a group under such circumstances.



The aliens are presented as possessing considerable, though, in a change-up from the usual formula, not overwhelming firepower. They are mighty adversaries, to be sure, but our military response is not, as is so often depicted in these kinds of movies, completely ineffective and futile. We can hit back! And we do. And that is where this awesome hybrid of war movie, video game, and science fiction film shines.

Tension builds quickly from the opening moments as mysterious meteors fall into the ocean off the California coast and before too long, the United States finds itself under alien assault (we soon learn that the whole world is under attack). As the military gears up for all-out war, our small group of Marines is assigned to rescue civilians hiding in a devastated police station a few miles into the city.

Much of the film is tense, fast-paced, and action-packed, not unlike the D-Day landing sequence that opens *Saving Private Ryan*, or the battles depicted in the television miniseries *Band of Brothers*, or a session of *Halo*. We catch at first only glimpses of the alien foot soldiers but as the movie progresses, we get up close

and learn more of their tactics, capabilities, and most importantly, weaknesses. (Spoiler alert!) There are casualties along the way, heroics, and finally, triumph. The finale, in which our Marines succeed in blowing up the aliens' command and control center (the key to defeating them), could have, perhaps, been tightened up a bit, but I won't quibble too much about that.

Many of the critics dumping on *Battle: Los Angeles* seemed to have been expecting, or wanted to see, some sort of profound film with complex plot twists or meaningful character development delivering a sage statement about the nature of war, or something along those lines. They've missed the point. This movie clearly has no such ambitions. It's just a simple sci-fi/action piece that's a lot of fun to watch, exciting and entertaining, a so-called summer popcorn movie come to theatres a little early. So gear up, Marines, and go see this one!

Sucker Punch
Reviewed by Keith Braithwaite



Five hot chicks dressed in sexy lingerie and leather armed with machine guns and samurai swords fighting fire-breathing dragons, chrome-plated robots, reanimated German World War I troopers, and more! What's not to like?

This will necessarily be a short review because I don't want to tip readers as to what's going on in this movie. The full impact of the film is best delivered when one goes in with little or no advanced knowledge of what is about to unfold. I will say that director Zack Snyder (*300*, *Watchmen*) has crafted an amazing visual smorgasbord of science fiction and fantasy elements influenced by everything from Steampunk to *Sailor Moon*. And that the film's odd title is entirely appropriate. Never has a tag line been truer: "You will be unprepared".

Oh, and one more thing: dance, Baby Doll, dance!

SFF Sightings

Spotted by Marquise, more to be found on:
<http://blastr.com/2010/10/20-sci-fi-lolcats-that-may-actually-make-you-lol.php>



Big Head Press Comics Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

Every once in a while, one comes across something interesting on the Internet. In the field of Web Comics, the Big Head Press site (<http://www.bigheadpress.com/>) is such a find.



Big Head currently offers two stories updated five times a week, and several that have been completed and available in full online. What puts those apart from the countless others that be found on the Web is their common theme: they all have a more or less pronounced Libertarian bent.

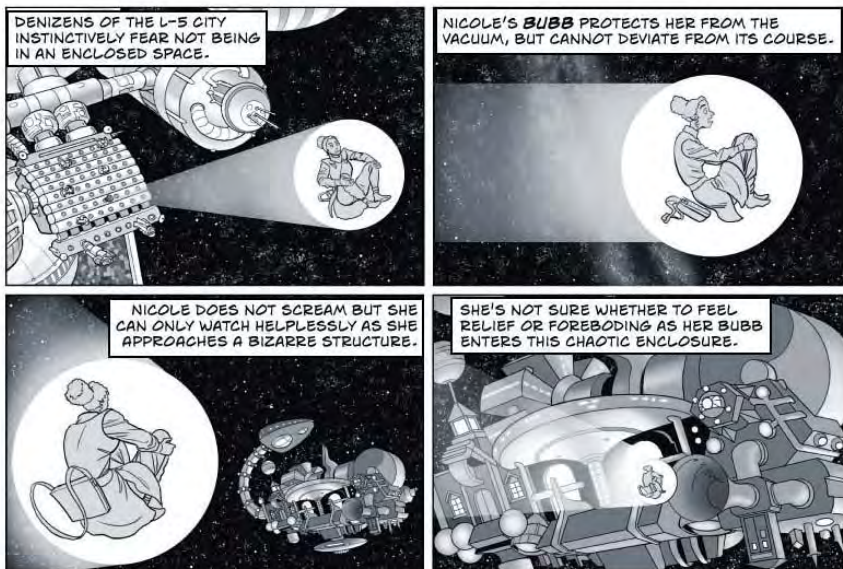
Libertarianism, in case you are not familiar with the term, is a philosophical movement which maintains that government is bad and should be eliminated, or at least kept to a strict minimum. While there are several different kinds of libertarians, they generally all feel that private property is sacred, that taxes are wrong and that anybody should be allowed to do whatever they please as long as they do not impede on anybody else's liberty. This includes consumption of drugs, even hard ones.

The stories available on the site are by different authors and artists, and individually vary on how strongly they support the Libertarian agenda. Most of them are of good or above average artistic quality, and several make use of excellent plot devices and science fiction ideas. Where they tend to grate a little (a lot, in some cases) is on how blatantly they can sometimes try to shove their propaganda down your throat.

Quantum Vibe is the most recent addition to their line-up and – so far – the story with the weakest support for the site's

philosophy. Set five hundred years into our future, it follows the adventures of an L-5 scientist and his assistant through the mosaic of different societies that make up the Solar System. As of this writing, we have seen that Earth is divided between two companies and that in Western Terra the population is split between tall and handsome Executives and stunted Associates kept in place by a judicious use of pheromones. Mars is apparently Chinese dominated, and Mercury is jointly exploited by the two Terran companies. We have seen only hints of the other worlds so far but they appear to all have their own unique quirks. The technology in this universe is quite fascinating, and features travel bubbles that fit into your pocket, holographic garments and spaceships that can skim the surface of the Sun.

The other currently running story is *Escape From Terra*, and that one is definitely strong on loudly shouting the benefits of anarchy. It is purportedly set in the late 21st Century, but the level of technology is a bit hard to swallow considering how close that time period is from us now. It includes the Rejuv treatment, that can take your body back to what it was like decades ago; Fab machines that can produce just about anything from scrap; instantaneous, untraceable and unscrambleable Tanglenet communication; and spaceflight cheap enough that just about anybody can take a holiday to another planet. The Libertarian aspect is rather heavily handed down in this strip. The action is framed around the conflict between an oppressive over-regulated,



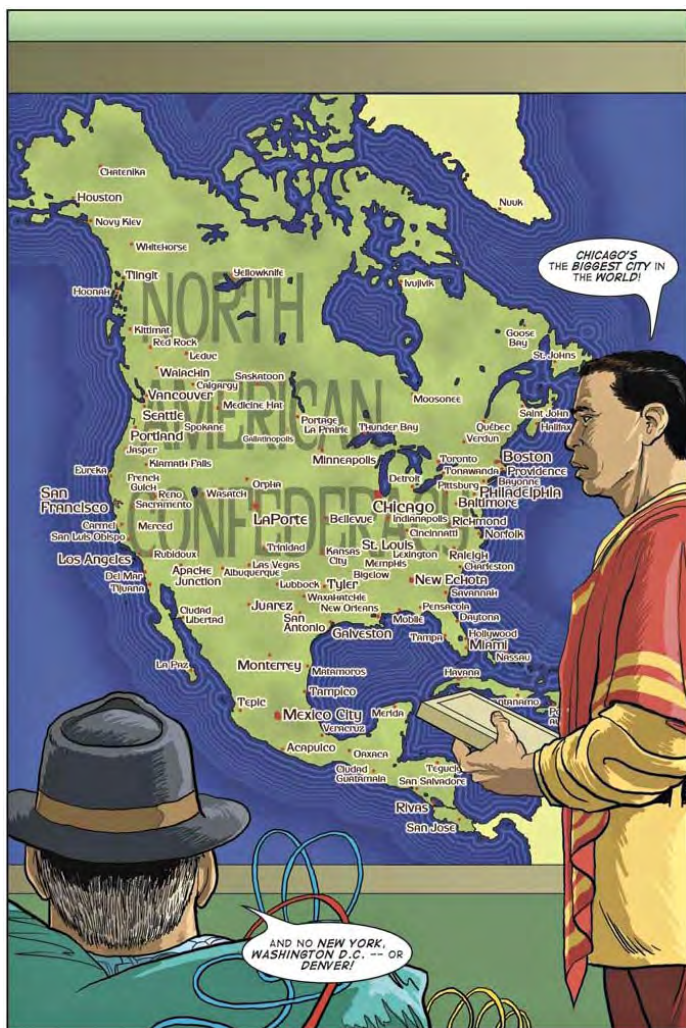
Quantum Vibe: The technology in this universe is quite fascinating, and features travel bubbles that fit into your pocket



Escape from Terra: Belters have no government at all...

and over-taxed, Earth and the anarchist Belters who have colonized the asteroids. The Belters are the happy ones because they have no government at all, use only “hard” currencies (mostly gold), have no taxes and are all armed to the teeth. Earth keeps trying to take over the asteroids’ wealth, but is constantly foiled by the resourcefulness and bravery of the Belters. While the authors are generally quite respectful of the scientific aspect, I feel that the stability of their sociological environment is rather dubious on a large scale.

Big Head Press also currently features nine completed series. Of those, I especially recommend the following three:



The Probability Broach: The most preposterous of the lot!

The Probability Broach. Without a doubt the most preposterous of the lot when it comes to plausibility. The story starts in 1987 in a world similar to our own, but where government, in the US at least, is all powerful, all taxing and oppressing. The action then moves to a parallel universe that is a Libertarian’s wet dream. Because George Washington was shot during the 1794 Whiskey Rebellion, North America – and most of Earth – is now populated by Sovereign Citizens who are accountable only to themselves. The place is described as a paradise, but quite a few things are left unexplained. Such as how there can be only a dozen murders a

year in a place where everybody is heavily armed; or how can all the people be healthy and long living when they all smoke like chimneys and regularly snort cocaine. The list of such contradictions goes on and on. Basically, the authors are telling us “Libertarianism works because we are telling you that it does. If you can’t see that, then you are stupid.”. Right... If you can stomach a large dose of groaners, this all makes for interesting reading, if only to get a peek at what goes on in the mind of some people.



Roswell, Texas: In 1947, Texicans are strong, bold and free; and everybody else is not.

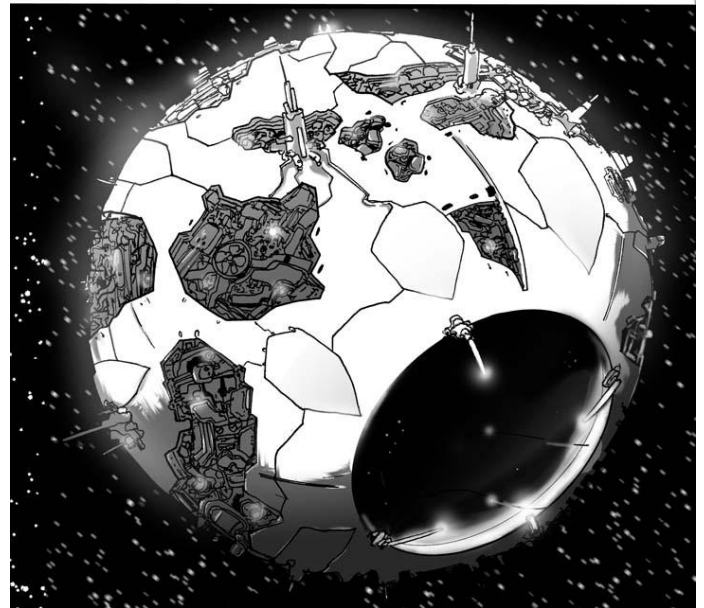
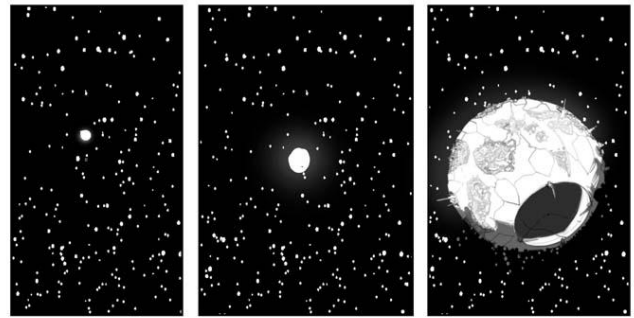
Roswell, Texas. Another alternate world story. Here, the premise is that Davy Crockett got a lucky shot through at The Alamo and managed to kill Santa Anna before he launched the final assault. As a result, most of the Texans in the fort survived and eventually kept the nascent Republic from being annexed to the United States. The chain of events set in motion by this shift jumbled history is strange ways. In 1947, Texicans, as they are now called, are strong, bold and free; and everybody else is not. Europe is dominated by the Nazis, but the Third and a Half Reich is now run from London because Berlin was nuked by Jewish scientists. The Franco-Mexican Empire has revived Aztec culture and openly practices human sacrifice. California is independently run by Disney. Canada harbours the legitimate British Royal Family and is much like the depressing United States next door. When a Texas Air Militia jet shoots down a trespassing alien craft near Roswell, all Hell breaks loose and everybody rushes to recover the wreckage. The most entertaining aspect of the story is the depiction of what many historical figures have become in this timeline. Hitler, Lindberg, DeGaulle, Lawrence of Arabia and many others get a nod, but turned out entirely different from what we are used to. Do keep in mind that, again, this is a Libertarian comic. In the Federated States of Texas, even beauticians wear a gun. In fact, you need a special licence NOT to be armed!

TimePeeper. A nice little time travel story. The Libertarian veneer is a bit thinner on that one, but still quite present. The protagonists are three students of (privately owned, of course) Campus #23 of the Robert A. Heinlein Memorial Education

Systems, Inc. (Highest Quality Since 2019), located in Virginia Springs, Colorado, in 2075. Their world is an idyllic one, by virtue of having gotten rid of government and most laws (surprise!). Privately developed technology has introduced holographic cloth and phone tattoos fed by broadcast power or galvanic skin reaction, flying hula hoops used for personal transportation, cleaning membranes that take all the grime out as you go through them, and time travel is currently being perfected. Oh, and old Big Head Press comics are valuable collectors' items... Our three teenage heroes want to check on a piece of ancient gossip and "borrow" a TimePeeper to have a peek at the past. They manage to lose the thing and, out of fear of being deported to the iridium mines of Titan, end up going back in time themselves to retrieve it. Follows a convoluted set of mishaps, with the teens utterly perplexed by the incomprehensible society of 2005 and its stupid rules. Because, as every good Libertarian knows, there is no such thing as a benevolent government. *SIGH* (This song gets tiresome after a while.) If you are willing to disregard the built-in propaganda, the story is actually a fairly good one.

I personally find it a pity that so much talent was devoted on the promotion of some of the nuttier ideas of the Libertarians. While some of the social and economical points in the various stories do have a more or less solid basis in facts, you also come across the suggestion that there is no such thing as Global Warming (it is a government plot to justify imposing more rules on society) or that fingerprints may not really be unique for each person (if two identical sets were found, surely the government would try to keep it a secret). The general outlook is also very very, very American-centrist. There are constant references to the Bill of Right, but other points of view are totally ignored, in the sense of "not known" rather than "disregarded". An example of this ignorance would be the depiction of a 1947 plane bearing a version of the Canadian flag that came out twenty years later (and please, do not try to tell me that it is because it happened in an alternate universe).

Interesting reading, to be sure, but to be taken with a grain of salt (no, make that a pound or two!).



Time Peeper: Follows a convoluted set of mishaps, with the teens utterly perplexed by the incomprehensible society of 2005 and its stupid rules. Because, as every good Libertarian knows, there is no such thing as a benevolent government.



Answers to MonSFFun Quizes

Fannish Acronyms

APA: Amateur Press Association (*An APA is a fanzine whose members contribute pre-printed material to be collated and distributed to the membership.*)

BEM: Big Eyed Monster

BNF: Big Name Fan

CUFF: Canadian Unity Fan Fund

FTL: Faster Than Light

LoC: Letter of Comment

RSN: Real Soon Now (*often synonymous with whenever I get around to it...*) **SCA:** Society for Creative Anachronism (*an association of fans of medieval times*)

SFFWA: Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America

Answers to the Face Behind the Mask

A – 2 B – 5 C – 4

D – 1 E – 3

Answers to One of these is not like the others...

A) **HAL** is a computer, the others are robots

B) **Guy Gavriel Kay** writes fantasy, the others are primarily known for science fiction

C) **S.M. Stirling** is a male author of SFF, the others are female.

Bonus: **Ray Bradbury** wrote *Fahrenheit 451*

Prix Aurora/Aurora Awards

Nominations for 2010 achievements are now open. All online or paper nominations must be entered or received by midnight PST on April 30, 2011.



For 30 years, Canadian fans of speculative fiction have been voting on the Aurora and Aurora-Boréal awards to acknowledge the best of Canadian professional and fan activity in both of Canada's official languages.

Nominations for 2010 achievements are now open. All online or paper nominations must be entered or received by midnight PST on April 30, 2011.

Lists of eligible works (both Professional and Fan) are available (and can be added to) on the wiki site Canadian SF Works Database. For English publications: <http://www.canadiansf.com/node/122> For French Publications: <http://www.canadiansf.com/node/123> For fandom awards of either language:

http://www.canadiansf.com/Fan_Award_Listing (The fandom wiki is woefully incomplete, IMHO, do have a look and add names of deserving fans! -editor.)

If you have issues or questions please contact [<info@prixaurorawards.ca>](mailto:info@prixaurorawards.ca)

You have two ways to submit your nomination. The first is to login and fill in choices. If you have not already registered with our society please register first. If you do not wish to do this, use

the paper version of the nomination form that you can download, fill in, and mail.

The Auroras will be awarded at Convention which this year is hosted by SFCOntario, November 18-20.

NEW THIS YEAR:

The French-language Auroras have been combined with the Prix Boréal with the new name – **Prix Aurora Boréal** and will be administered on behalf of CSFFA by SFSF Boréal through the Congres Boréal.



À partir de 2011, les catégories francophones des Prix Aurora seront administrés par SFSF Boréal, l'organisme qui organise à chaque année le Congrès Boréal. Ceci représente effectivement une fusion des Prix Aurora et Boréal. Les Prix Aurora/Boréal francophones seront remis au congrès Boréal qui aura lieu à Montréal du 13 au 15 mai prochain 2011.

Constellation Awards Nominees Announced!

The nominees for the fifth annual Constellation Awards were recently announced at a press conference held at the Wizard World Toronto Comic Con. The Constellation Awards are presented annually to the actors, producers, and technical teams behind the best science fiction film and television productions of the year, with a focus on Canadian contributions to the genre.

Here are your nominees for this year's Constellation Awards, by category:



1) Best Male Performance in a 2010 Science Fiction Television Episode.

- * Adam Baldwin for "Chuck", episode "Chuck Versus the Couch Lock"
- * Aidan Harris for "Mind's Eye The Series", episode "Running Wild"
- * David Tennant for "Doctor Who", episode "The End of Time: Part Two"
- * Matt Smith for "Doctor Who", episode "A Christmas Carol"
- * Robert Carlyle for "Stargate Universe", episode "Human"
- * Robin Dunne for "Sanctuary", episode "Kali: Part II"
- * Tony Curran for "Doctor Who", episode "Vincent and the Doctor"

2) Best Female Performance in a 2010 Science Fiction Television Episode.

- * Agam Darshi for "Sanctuary", episode "Hero II: Broken Arrow"
- * Allison Mack for "Smallville", episode "Absolute Justice"
- * Anna Torv for "Fringe", episode "Olivia"
- * Claire Moran for "Mind's Eye The Series", episode "Prey"
- * Julie Benz for "No Ordinary Family", episode "Pilot"
- * Karen Gillan for "Doctor Who", episode "Amy's Choice"
- * Katherine Jenkins for "Doctor Who", episode "A Christmas Carol"

3) Best Science Fiction Television Series of 2010.

- * Doctor Who
- * FlashForward
- * Fringe
- * Mind's Eye The Series
- * No Ordinary Family
- * Stargate Universe
- * Supernatural



4) Best Male Performance in a 2010 Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series.

- * Andrew Garfield for "Never Let Me Go"
- * Jeff Bridges for "TRON: Legacy"
- * Johnny Depp for "Alice In Wonderland"
- * Joseph Gordon-Levitt for "Inception"
- * Leonardo DiCaprio for "Inception"
- * Robert Downey Jr. for "Iron Man 2"

5) Best Female Performance in a 2010 Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series.

- * Chloe Grace Moretz for "Kick-Ass"
- * Ellen Page for "Inception"
- * Emma Watson for "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1"
- * Mia Wasikowska for "Alice In Wonderland"
- * Olivia Wilde for "TRON: Legacy"
- * Sarah Polley for "Splice"

6) Best Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series of 2010

- * The Chronicles of Narnia: Voyage of the Dawn Treader
- * How To Train Your Dragon
- * Inception
- * Kick-Ass
- * Scott Pilgrim vs. the World
- * TRON: Legacy

7) Best Technical Accomplishment in a 2010 Science Fiction Film or Television Production.

- * Murray Gold for the Music in "Doctor Who"
- * Double Negative for the Visual Effects in "Inception"
- * Melanie Williams for the Costume Design in "Smallville", episode "Absolute Justice"
- * Andy Mikita for the Direction in "Stargate Universe", episode "Incursion (Part 2)"
- * Digital Domain for the Visual Effects in "TRON: Legacy"

8) Best Overall 2010 Science Fiction Film or Television Script.

- * "Caprica", episode "Apotheosis", written by Kevin Murphy & Jane Espenson
- * "Doctor Who", episode "The Eleventh Hour", written by Steven Moffat
- * "Doctor Who", episode "Vincent And The Doctor", written by Richard Curtis
- * "FlashForward", episode "Course Correction", written by Robert J. Sawyer
- * "Inception", written by Christopher Nolan
- * "Scott Pilgrim vs. the World", written by Edgar Wright & Michael Bacall
- * "Smallville", episode "Absolute Justice", written by Geoff Johns

9) Outstanding Canadian Contribution to Science Fiction Film or Television in 2010

- * Amanda Tapping, Actress & Executive Producer, "Sanctuary"
- * The All-Canadian Cast of "Mind's Eye The Series"
- * Damian Kindler, Creator & Executive Producer, "Sanctuary"
- * Joseph Mallozzi, Writer & Executive Producer, "Stargate Universe"
- * Robert J. Sawyer, Writer & Creative Consultant, "FlashForward"
- * Robin Dunne, Actor, "Sanctuary"
- * Teddy Wilson & Ajay Fry, Hosts of "InnerSPACE"

HOW TO VOTE IN THE CONSTELLATION AWARDS:

Go to <http://constellations.tcon.ca> where you can download the PDF ballot, or vote using the online ballot. Paper ballots will also be available at various events and specialty stores across Canada. **All ballots must include the \$5 voting fee, and must be received by JUNE 10th, 2011.** The Constellation Awards winners will be announced on Saturday, July 16th, 2010 at Polarix 25.



The Hugo Awards: Nominations period is now closed!



The Hugo trophy for Anticipation, World Con 2009 in Montreal, photo credit Dave Howell, who also designed it.

The Hugo Awards, given annually since 1955, are science fiction's most prestigious award. The Hugos are voted on by the members of the current Worldcon, Renovation, in Reno, which is also responsible for administering them.

The Hugo Awards are named after Hugo Gernsback, a famous magazine editor who did much to bring science fiction to a wider audience. Gernsback founded Amazing Stories, the first major American SF magazine, in 1926. In addition to having the Hugo Awards named after him he has been recognized as the "Father of Magazine SF" and has a crater on the far side of the Moon named after him, an honour he shares with Jules Verne and H.G. Wells.

The 2011 Hugo nomination period closed on Saturday, March 26, 2011 at 23:59 PDT. Nominations are currently being validated

and tallied. The finalists will be announced in a few weeks, and the final ballot will be included in Progress Report 4 which is due to be mailed by the end of April.

November 2010

Our November 21 meeting experienced the same kind of last-minute agenda change as had our October gathering. Both Mark Durocher and Lindsay Brown's scheduled presentation on mythologies and related symbols, and Wayne Glover's revisiting of the remastered Star Trek Blu-Ray releases were scrubbed as two of these three presenters were sidelined at home and unable to attend the meeting. **Keith Braithwaite** stepped in with a brief presentation on a couple of interesting movies he'd recently seen, and a period of open discussion provided a further substitute.

We led with **Sylvain St-Pierre's** presentation on Weird Sci-Fi Technologies, itself a holdover from October's meeting schedule.



Spanning more than a century of science fiction, Sylvain offered numerous examples of some of the bizarre substances and devices concocted by genre writers and filmmakers, like Avatar's Unobtainium, the tractor beam popularized in Star Trek, Nova's Illyrion, or Tom Swift's electronic retro-scope. Bioengineering produces living machines in a number of SF stories while Harry Harrison imagined the unusual "bloater drive" as a means of getting around. Jules Verne envisioned a steampowered

elephant and, indeed, the steampunk universe offers many a mechanical marvel. Some of the contraptions Sylvain highlighted were, in fact, real gadgets, like the motorized ice cream cone that slowly rotates the frosty treat to facilitate licking. It was interesting to note that such inventions as radio, the submarine, and even the common hot-air hand dryer were once the stuff of science fiction.

Keith Braithwaite, screening a few clips, offered quick reviews of *Lesbian Vampire Killers*, a 2008 British comedy that finds two hapless fellows looking to get laid amid a gaggle of girl bloodsuckers fond of the femmes, and *Yo-Yo Girl Cop*, a stylish Japanese oddity about secret agent schoolgirls battling each other with deadly yo-yos!

An open discussion closed the meeting, during which time the group expanded upon the preliminary 2011 events planning that had taken place at that morning's BoA conclave. Thanks to all involved with this, our final meeting of 2010.



December 2010

MonSFFA's 2010 Christmas Dinner and Party was held Saturday evening, December 4. The club's members and friends gathered first for a festive dinner at the **Scores restaurant** on Ste-Catherine.

While enjoying the repast and exchanging season's greetings,

MonSFFen participated in a quick fundraising raffle to benefit the club, the prizes for which included the Star Trek edition of the popular TV trivia game Scene It. Also, a handful of folk cleaned out our stock of 2011 MonSFFA calendars. We thank MonSFFA Emperor/president Berny Reischl for organizing the dinner portion of our Christmas celebrations.



Photo credit: Barbara Silverman

The party was held a short walk down the street from Scores at the **"Not So Privateer"** bar. Here was held our Rewards Raffle, offering exclusively those members who had run programming at our meetings in 2010, or pitched in to help with special events and projects, a chance to win one of several prizes the club put up as humble tokens of thanks. Another quick fundraising raffle followed shortly thereafter, interrupting only briefly the traditional back-room pool tournament that has become a staple of our Christmas bash.

In keeping with our holiday custom, MonSFFen donated several grocery bags worth of toys and non-perishable food items, which were later transported to Sun Youth headquarters and added to that charitable organization's Christmas Basket Drive. We thank **Keith Braithwaite** for seeing to this.

Revellers sipped their libations and chatted to a party soundtrack mixed for the occasion by Keith, who also booked the bar for us. A variety of shots were downed and toasts made before things wound down and the club closed the book on another fun year. We thank the staff of the "Not So Privateer" bar for

welcoming our group yet again, as they have for more than a decade, now. And, we trust our members and friends enjoyed a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

January 2011

Club Elections at January 16 meeting: The club kicked off a fresh year of MonSFFA activities at its January 16 meeting by first selecting its Executive Committee for the coming 12 months. Returned to office were **Berny Reischl** and **Keith Braithwaite**, as, respectively, president and vice-president. Voters placed their confidence in Berny and Keith's many years of experience running the club. **Sylvain St-Pierre**, our long-serving treasurer, was nominated to the bean-counting post again sans contenders but as he was not present at the meeting, the position of treasurer was not officially filled until he later accepted the job via e-mail.

Lindsay Brown, who had served commendably as a second vice-president last year, opted not to run again as increased demands on her free time, she believes, would likely hamper the effort. We thank Lindsay for her valuable contributions to MonSFFA's Executive. Her input would certainly be welcome again should she rejoin the administrative body at some future date.

We applaud our 2011 Executive Committee and wish them well as they prepare to lead us through what we expect will be another year of fun and fascination.

MonSFFA opened 2011's activities by welcoming a special guest seeking the club's expertise on the zeitgeist of 1950s sci-fi movies. **Philippe Gobeille** introduced himself as the artistic director of an upcoming sci-fi musical being put together for the stage. The show is expected to premiere later this year and Philippe is responsible for the look of the stage play. He brought along the production's musical director and the two of them explained that the piece takes its cues from the sci-fi movies of the 1950s. As they have little knowledge of this particular genre, they were hoping that a science fiction club might be able to help them out. Unfortunately, a copy of the script was not yet available but they did have samples of a couple of the musical numbers.

At this point in their preparatory process, they were looking for general guidance. What common design elements, colour schemes, and so on were representative of 1950s sci-fi flicks? Could we suggest any sight gags that would be instantly recognizable to aficionados of the genre that could be incorporated into the set design? Might we, at some later date, be able to help them identify

the particular movies referenced in the script and song lyrics?

Naturally, we were happy to oblige and spent the better part of an hour providing them with the benefit of our knowledge. They were more than pleased with the help we furnished and were keen to garner more. We suggested they drop in to our February meeting with a copy of the script and song lyrics in hand so that we might review the dialogue and offer more precise insight as to the in-jokes included, and maybe suggest specific visual or physical



Wayne Glover, Keith Braithwaite, Philippe Gobeille, Mark Burakoff. Photo credit: Bernard Reischl

pranks stemming from these.

An open discussion took up the middle portion of the meeting, during which time the group mostly discussed club business and outlined upcoming projects and activities.

The latter part of the afternoon was given over to the club's on-going radio production, a creative group endeavour begun last year. We set out, on this day, to complete the last of the voice work required before editing and post-production on the project can begin. And we almost managed it! But not quite. We will need one more recording session in order to finish.

Thanks to our two guests for involving us in their most interesting project, to our radio-project recording engineer, **Berny Reischl**, and our company of voice actors, and to all those MonSFFen who planned and ran this, our 2011 inaugural meeting.

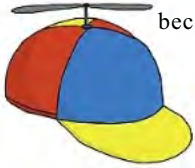


Long-time-no-see! Chris Chartier, former president of WARP 9, drops in for a visit. As usual, our model-building members had some of their work on display. Photo credit: Bernard Reischl.

LEVELS OF FANDOM

Josée Bellemare

When dealing with enthusiasts of different genres you occasionally hear dissension among the ranks as to who is a real fan and who isn't. So many clubs breakup because members can't agree on something.



In all genres, even sports, you have different levels.

There are the casual fans, people who watch their favourite show, or game, on a weekly basis, go to the movies or read books.

They buy the occasional collectible and may wear an article of clothing once in a while like a shirt, jacket or hat.

Then you have the slightly more serious fans. They form clubs, have activities and welcome the opportunity for open discussion with like-minded individual. These people often use the genre as inspiration for their creativity: art, storytelling, costuming or building things and will display their work for others to see. They can also be more serious about their collecting.

Then you have the extreme fan. These people turn their

interest in a particular genre into a lifestyle: they completely redecorate their house of apartment, most of their wardrobe is genre, they memorise endless lists of facts and trivia and have been known to get into heated discussions over the slightest difference of opinion. They live in their genre and the real world in an intrusion.

This is not necessarily a bad thing as long as they keep a sense of perspective. They need to understand and accept that not everybody shares the same interests or at the same level.

After all, interest in one genre or another should be fun, a distraction from the everyday world and if it turns out the other way around or becomes a source of conflict with other people it's not so much fun anymore and you need to lighten up.

Is having the last word worth losing friends or can you agree to disagree... think about it.



The MonSFFun Pages!

The Wiz Quiz

The Blueberry Wizard

Do you speak Fannish?

In this issue, we test your knowledge of fannish acronyms! *Answers on page 20*

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

Answers on page 20



- | | | | |
|-----|------|-------|--|
| APA | CUFF | RSN | A) R2D2, Gort, HAL, R. Daneel Olivaw, Adam |
| BEM | FTL | SCA | B) Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Guy Gavriel Kay, David Brin, Ben Bova |
| BNF | LOC | SFFWA | C) James Tiptree, Jr., Lois McMaster Bujold, CJ Cherryh, Andre Norton, S.M. Stirling |

SFF Sighting!



Pearls before Swine, Stephan Pastis, October 5

Bonus Question

Who wrote Fahrenheit 451?

Possible Score: 13, including the bonus

Your score: _____



The Face behind the Mask # 12

The Romulan Men – Part 3

The Fernster

Legends tell us the twin brothers Romulus & Remus founded the fabled city of Rome. Now meet some of our future Romulans and try to figure out who is who behind the mask. *Answers on page 20*



A



B



C



D



E



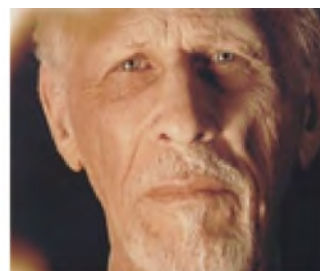
1



2



3



4



5

A – Romulan Commander

B – Praetor Hiren

C – Sub-Commander Tal

D – Sub-Commander N’Vek

E – Senator Pardek

1 – Scott MacDonald

2 – Mark Lenard

3 – Malachi Throne

4 – Jack Donner

5 – Alan Dale

A –

B –

C –

D –

E –

Use your MonSFFA membership card and save at these fine stores!

LEGENDS ACTION FIGURES: 10% off all merchandise (7104 St-Hubert)
<http://www.legendSACTIONfigures.com>

MÉLANGE MAGIQUE: 15% off all merchandise (1928 St-Catherine West)
<http://www.themagicalblend.com/>

MILLENNIUM COMICS: 15% off all merchandise (451 Marrriane-est)
<http://www.millenniumcomics.com/english/about.php>



Vector Two: An Anthro take on Dr Who Marquise Bois



Build your own Dalek!

Back in the early '80s if a Doctor Who fan requested plans from the BBC on how to construct his own Dalek he actually got them!



The quality of image was too poor to reprint here, but pop over to <http://nerdapproved.com/misc-weirdness/build-your-own-dalek-from-the-official-bbc-blueprints/>

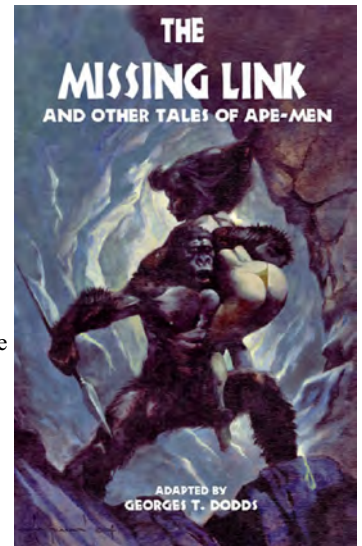
To see the letter and plans sent to a certain "Ronald". Should the site disappear between now and then, let me know—I copied the plans. —Cathylpl

Congratulations, Georges Dodd!

Long-time readers of WARP will remember the missing link stories researched and translated by Georges Dodd. Some of the ape stories he collected have now been published by Black Coat Press.

From the Black Coat website:

Georges Dodds is a research scientist who also writes a column on early imaginative literature for the newsletter of the *Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association*. He is the author of *The Ape-Man his Kith and Kin*, a collection of texts which prepared the advent of *Tarzan of the Apes*.



Contents:

- Introduction by Jean-Marc Lofficier
- Emile Dodillon: Hemo (1886)
- Marcel Roland: Almost a Man [Le Presqu'Homme] (1905)
- C. M. de Pougens: Jocko (1824)
- Léo d'Hampol: The Missing Link [Le Missing Link] (1910)
- Grégoire Le Roy : The Strange Adventure of Brother Levrai [L'Étrange aventure de l'abbé Levrai] (1913)
- Marcel Roland: The Missing Link [L'Echelon] (1914)

SFF Sighting!

Rhymes with Orange, by Hillary Price

