



The 'Zine

Issue #3: 09/03/2011

**If you haven't yet joined the forums, you can
find them from our home page:**

<http://su-web2.nottingham.ac.uk/~scifi/>

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Editor's Note

Why hello there valued member! Allow me to be the first to say welcome! This here is the newest action-packed issue of your favourite -irregularly-updated-ever-changing-society community-rant!

This is my first issue as 'zine editor, and I've worked hard on it, so I hope you really enjoy it. But I'd like to first thank those members who contributed their hard work to these pages. It wouldn't be here without them, so well done you! (Cookies will be delivered soon, don't worry!)

So sit back, relax, open up a can of your favourite tasty snack, and enjoy!

Your all-powerful 'Zine Editor,
Hal (Harry) Martin

News

The AGM is at the end of this month- at time of writing, the positions of Secretary, Treasurer, Webmaster and Anime Rep are uncontested, so get your manifestos in on the double!

The SFFS Movie has had it's first meeting- if you missed it and are interested in helping, post on the forum under The Movie, or speak to a committee member!

Weekly Events

Anime Night: Every Monday, C27 Portland, 7pm

Our regular night for the Anime lovers among you. Whether you love Anime, are curious, or just have nothing better to do, we encourage you to come along so we can ~~steal your minds and souls~~ get to know you better.

Sci-Fi/ Fantasy Film Night: Every Wednesday, E126 Portland, 7pm

The regular weekly schedule of film and series viewing: feel free to bring along DVDs and the like, as we will watch anything and everything.

Geeky Crafts Friday: Alternating Fridays, C27 Portland, 7pm

Bring along your wool/model kits/papier mache/Lego/paper/writing/long term projects and enjoy this opportunity to try out those crafts you've meant to get round to trying your hand at! Enjoy the informal & laid-back atmosphere!

Current and Upcoming Events

March Cinema Social: Date TBA

Our AntiSocial Sec Dan is organising another cinema social this month and votes are (currently) still open on which film we will be going to see.

MagicSoc Gala Show: Friday 18th March

Not an official SciFi event, but check it out nonetheless! For more information, ask Graham or Claire, or go see the forum.

Red Dwarf Trivia Quiz, by Graham Moore

You've watched every episode, bought a T-shirt and learned all the words to "Om" but how well do you really know Red Dwarf? Justify yourself with this trivia quiz - take as long as you need, but use of mind-patches, learning drugs or speaking slide rules is prohibited.

1. What is Arnold Rimmer's middle name?
2. How many Red Dwarf novels are there?
3. Who was the first actress to play Kochanski?
4. What was the ship that Kryten served on before Red Dwarf?
5. What are the names of Lister's sons?
6. In the earlier episodes, what was Red Dwarf's crew size?
7. What is the name of Rimmer's psychotic penguin hand-puppet?
8. What cooking special featured the show's characters?
9. What total immersion videogame allows players to experience their deepest desires?
10. According to Lister and The Cat, which cartoon character is "the most desirable woman who ever lived"?
11. What mining tool is commonly employed as a weapon by the crew?
12. Captain Hollister, Todhunter, Rimmer's uncle and brother all share what first name?
13. In addition to Red Dwarf and Starbug, what other spaceship is occasionally used by the crew?
14. What song, sung by The Cat, reached #17 in the UK charts in 1993?
15. Which unfilmed episode appears in narrated storyboard format on the Series VII DVD?
16. What is the only thing that can kill a mutton vindaloo beast?
17. After which series did Robert Grant leave the production team?
18. A well-known continuity error suggests Lister has twice the regular number of which organ?
19. Camille, the Kinitawowi and Psirens are all examples of what?
20. Who was the actor who played the original Kryten and voiced the second Talkie Toaster?
21. What nickname was given to Rimmer by his brothers and classmates as a boy?
22. Apart from his teeth, what else about Cat's external physique indicates he is not human?
23. Lister found the recipe for what in a book on chemical warfare?
24. What radio sketches created by Grant & Naylor were the inspiration for Red Dwarf?
25. Which episode of the show lends its name to the annual Red Dwarf Convention?
26. Lister has three common phobias - what are they?
27. According to Kryten, what is the difference between an android and a simulant?
28. The character Oswald Blenkinsop from Series VIII is better known by what name?
29. Who is Holly's favourite author?
30. Who were Lister's three drinking buddies before the radiation leak?



Answers can be found at the end of the 'Zine!

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Game: Deathsmiles

Developer: CAVE

Format: XBOX360

Released: Feb 18th 2011

Genre: Arcade shooter

Cost: £15-£20

Deathsmiles is a 2D side scrolling shooter set in a fantasy world in which demons are spreading at an increasing rate and causing problems for the citizens of this world. Four magical girls are the only hope this world has of survival. Each girl has a certain type of attack that they can use, along with a special companion, to dispatch the demonic minions and their cow. I'll be frank, there's little in terms of proper storyline and all it really does is get in the way of what this game was intended to be, an arcade shooter.

Here in the UK we get the Deluxe Edition, which contains the original arcade version, the XBOX360 version (with revamped graphics to make use of the system) and the Mega Black Label edition, as well as the soundtrack and a desktop disc. The MBL game mode is basically the 360 version with added extras. These extras consist of a fifth playable character, Sakura (who has two companions instead of just one), and the final difficulty level, level 999. If you're looking for a huge challenge, play the MBL 999 difficulty, you won't be disappointed!

The game starts off relatively slowly, each screen only having a few enemies at a time and a few shots to dodge. However, the difficulty increases rapidly and before you know it you'll be swamped under enemies and the number of shots you'll have to dodge will be well beyond what you think humanly possible. This is not an easy game, even if you play on level 1 difficulty. To show how difficult it is, there's even an achievement for being crazy enough to play 5 levels in a row on level 3 difficulty, along with an achievement for completing a MBL level on 999 difficulty. If it's any consolation, the difficulty can be rendered moot if you take into account the infinite continues. It means that you can get to the end of the game, but you start to feel like you cheated when you've used five continues before the last boss.

In terms of graphics, the arcade mode is a little ugly, but it is running in the style that you would see in Japanese arcades, while the 360 and MBL versions are both quite pretty. If you do a direct comparison you can most definitely see that a lot of time was taken to improve the look for the XBOX release. Now while the game looks pretty, there are most definitely some frame rate issues. Deathsmiles runs smoothly at the start, but by about halfway through the first level I had noticed that the game engine starts to struggle with just how much is going on. If you attempt Bavaria (a mid-game boss encounter) on level 2 difficulty, it most definitely chugs, giving you more time to consider your situation before committing to a move. Again, if you're anything like me, you'll feel slightly cheated as the game probably wasn't intended to have that problem. The game stays difficult, but it's a little too noticeable to not warrant mention.

Deathsmiles is definitely a challenge and if you've had a hard time finding a game that challenges you, you could do far worse than this. The game is pretty, with a good level of variety as to how each character handles and each boss encounter is suitably difficult. The difficulty is what will keep you coming back and some of the achievements are nigh on impossible to get. Comparing your scores to the rest of the world on each level though, it's enough to question just how good you think you are at video games! There's no question about this being a good game, but the question that needs to be asked is why it took quite so long to be released here in the UK/EU while the USA has had the exact same game for about 8 months longer?

Overall rating 8/10 – A challenge that is well worth the money. The frame rate issues slow things down somewhat, but the difficulty factor makes up for it in spades. If you don't laugh at some of the bosses, you're playing the game wrong!

By Jonathan Harper

Minecraft: Mini-Review, by James Titmuss

So, if you have spent much time on the internet in the last year (I'm looking at you, everyone who reads this!) you will have heard of MineCraft. But many of you won't yet be one of the 1,513,376 people that have already bought it as I write. So, what is Minecraft?

Fundamentally, it is a pretty simple game. You are in a world made of 1m cubes of various materials. You mine them, build things out of them, and try to survive when the monsters come out at night. Originally inspired by a similar game Infiniminer, Markus "Notch" Persson started development when his inspiration was canned by it's developer after only a month. While a number of forks of Infiniminer's now Opensource code exist, they have been far eclipsed by the recreation it inspired, with minecraft currently taking, if the number of purchases every 24 hours on their site are to be believed, between £150k and £200k every day.

And, while simple, the game is VERY addictive. The best description is that it's like Lego, but with more possibilities. Currently in beta, the game is still frequently being added to and improved. We already have different worlds, monsters, minecarts, fire, animals, beds... I could go on, but still to come are pets, some method of flying, mod support, and whatever else tickles Notch's fancy.

Personally I got bored of the Single Player version, without any objective or target I found it became tedious rather quickly. However the online version is much more interesting. There is just something about the collaboration and competition that makes it much more gripping. And, since it is still developing, there is more to come!

My recommendation: Give it a go! Either try the free "Classic" version, though it's quite different from the latest and greatest Beta, or better yet, pay the miniscule £13ish (I mean, it's only a few drinks in Mooch!) and try the real version. Even if it only gives you a couple of days of fun (and I wouldn't be surprised if it gave you more) it's better value per hour than most of the mainstream options out there.

Oh, and talking of online servers, why not check out the Unofficial SFFS server? Visit the topic on the SciFi forum, or just connect to minecraft.lastof.net

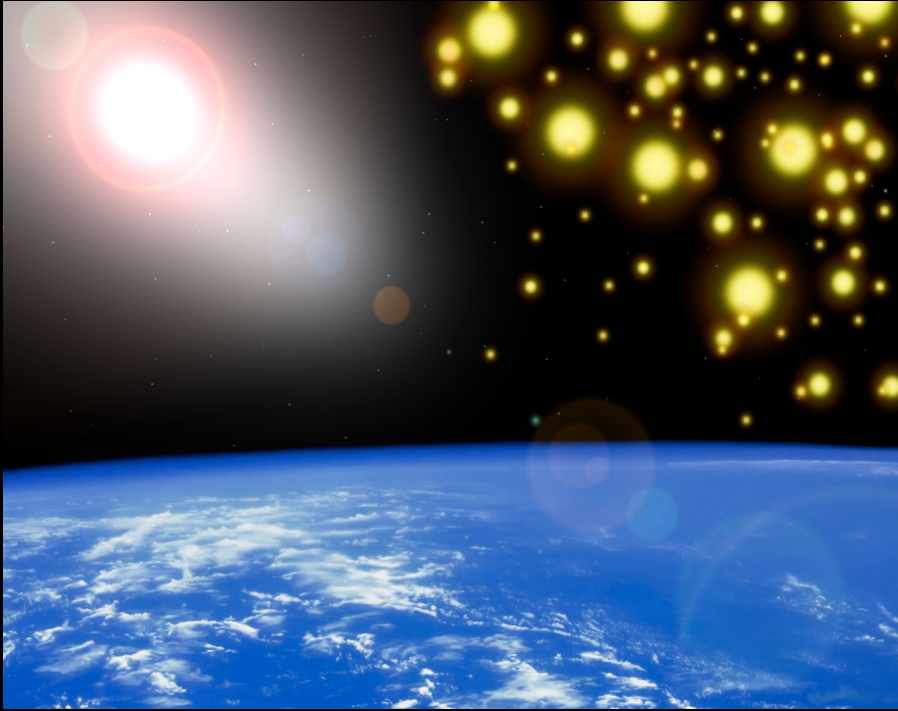
Right: The SFFS server

Bottom Left: Jonny's Tower of Heaven (unfinished)



Above: James' House

Image Gallery



Left: "Earth"
Submitted by Tonks

Right: 'Spock'
Submitted by Tonks

(Editor's Note- Wow! Though I think he may need a bishie sparkle...)





And our last image for this 'Zine is none other than Spiderman, by Dan Rizzo

And there you have it, folks. Proof that we actually have talented artists within our society! If you've done any artwork that you'd like to have shown off in the 'Zine, simply submit it for the next issue and we'll proudly display it for everyone to bask in its awe!

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Jeremy

By Sam Kurd

My name is Jeremy, and I am in love with a zombie.

Her name is Mary. We went to school together, though obviously she wasn't a zombie back then. We grew up together, but we never spoke much. She was one of the popular girls, always surrounded by a group of pretty interchangeable airheads. They may as well have been clones, but she ... she was different. She was special.

I loved her from afar. I'd sit in the row behind her in English class, paying more attention to the back of her head than to the lessons. I think I fell in love with her blonde dye job a little bit. You could occasionally see dark roots at her scalp, but to me that was just endearing. I love her hair. Sure, it's not in the best of condition now, what with all the rotting and stuff, but back then it was shiny and luxurious. And it always smelled of strawberries. I climbed through her bathroom window once and checked out the shampoo she was using. I like strawberries.

When the zombie outbreak happened, there was a lot of panic, but school carried on as normal for the first week. Our town didn't have a serious zombie problem for a while, but when they started showing up on school grounds then lessons were cancelled for obvious reasons. The world had more important things to deal with than algebra. I was furious. Not about algebra, but because I wouldn't see Mary every day if we weren't going to school. Life wouldn't be worth living if I couldn't spend it with the girl I loved. Isn't that what love is about?

I was lucky enough to run into her during one of my forages for food and supplies. I was good at keeping out of zombies' way; I've turned a lifetime of being ignored and unnoticed at school into a lifesaving talent. My parents weren't as lucky. I don't care that much; we never really saw eye to eye. For a pair of bigshot scientists, they sure weren't very good at survival.

I watched as Mary ran down the main road that runs down through the centre of our town. She had about a small mob of zombies following her. They move slowly, but she was wearing heels. I love her with all of my heart, but she wasn't the smartest girl when she was alive.

I ran up beside her, grabbed her wrist. She screamed and hit me, but calmed down when I assured her I was still alive. I pulled her off the road and brought her to my house. I'd boarded up the windows and front door so we climbed the oak tree beside the house and entered the house through the attic window. My house isn't totally zombie proof but I'd reinforced the doors and had other countermeasures in place. It still keeps them out, though I'm not sure how long for.

I made Mary a cup of coffee and she sat in my kitchen, sobbing. I watched her. I love watching her. She wanted to know what was going on, why the world had gone crazy. I didn't have any answers for her. I didn't care. To me, the only important thing in the world was that Mary. Was. In. MY. Kitchen. My dream come true. Lifetime objective? Achieved.

(Jeremy continued)

She had a bite on her wrist, so I washed it clean and bandaged it. I was closer to her than I'd ever been, touching her, my heart pounding like it wanted to burst out of my chest and leap into hers. When I finished I held her and she wept. Then I kissed her, full on the lips. That's when things went sour.

She jerked back as if she'd been burned and lashed out, slapping me across the face. She looked so disgusted, as if it weren't me that had kissed her but one of the rotting corpses that shambled and moaned outside.

"I'd rather die," she said. "I'd rather die."

Well.

I sort of lost it.

I grabbed her by the arms and dragged her down the stairs to the basement. My parents had a lab down there — nice thick walls, a security-glass window in the door, perfect for keeping specimens in. They'd trapped a couple of zombies in there, the zombies that had eventually torn them apart, but I'd dealt with them. The room was empty until I threw Mary into it, slamming and locking the door behind her.

She banged on the glass, furious. She was angry for about an hour. Then she cried some more. After a couple of hours she told me I was handsome, told me she'd kiss me and more if I opened the door. An hour or two after that she cried about being hungry. She sure used to cry a lot. I watched her cry. I stood in front of the little window and watched all of this. I watched her starve. I watched her get sick. Over two days, I watched her die. And I watched her come back.

You know, I asked her out once, back when she was alive. She looked at me, sneering. She doesn't sneer now. She snarls occasionally, but she never sneers. I watch her through the window in door to the secure room I keep her in. Sometimes she watches me back and we spend hours staring at each other. I can tell she wants me to let her out, so we can be together. I think I will, soon. We share something, a spark. I know she wants me now, I know she wants to be with me. She loves me for my brains.

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Baker's Dozen

By John Steele

At the feet of the mountains, at the hinterlands of the high plains there is a city; A city of malice and disimpassioned debauchery. It is a grey place devoid of soul and meaning. It is called Hacustra. It is the tarnished gem, capitol and seat of the 33rd Duchy. It is not a place you go to willingly. It reaches across the grasslands with serpentine and ethereal hands and gathers to it the dregs of the world, pooling them in its great sunken recesses of sin. It is where dreams come to die.

Where the land rises into sharp crags that snare the morning mists, at its highest point, on the rising shoulders of the mountains the Duke makes his home in a grand warren of mortared stone and unwashed blood. This palace was built with the blood of those ensnared in bondage and servitude and so it remains. The Duke calls it The Hall of Mastiff Point, the people call it Perdition. The Duke, being the type of man that he is, does not find this name entirely disagreeable. The stone is old, grey and leprous with a multitude of lichen; it does not look too dissimilar to its owner. Wind howls down through the mountain gullies and whistles through windows and gates; the effect is not unlike a very large pipe organ, but more melancholy and mournful. This howling elegy is almost enough to drown out the screams. There are a great many screams here in Perdition.

Somewhere in the dark recesses of this foul place, a boy stands chained to a post. The boy is stripped to the waist and behind him towers a thin man in an apron. In his right hand is a whip. Sharp cracks punctuate the night as he lashes the boy's back. The boy cries out; the boy bleeds. The sharp kisses of the whip are instructional, they teach an important lesson; although perhaps not the lesson that is intended.

There is a saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child". The saying however makes no consideration that the rod itself may spoil the child in equal measure. Whereas its absence breeds irreverence and disobedience, its presence spoils the child in another, more insidious way. It spoils the child towards the one who wields the rod in their iron fist. It gives rise to the germination of the seeds of hate, from which sprout the flowers of malice and the thoughts of blackest and foulest murder. A tight knot of anger begins to seethe in the boy's heart; undulating and snake like, tightening, growing and festering. This was a lesson that would not easily be forgotten; the lesson that man is cruel and uncaring, delighting in evil for its own sake and for that of perverse self-satisfaction. It occurs to the boy that he does not actually know *why* he is being whipped. This begets an addition to the original lesson, that the reason for evil is often only a peripheral concern to those performing it.

The whip falls silent and the boy is left alone in the dark to bleed. His blood patters onto the stone floor in small round drops, they echo even against the howling of the wind. Were it not for the hate now rooted in his soul the boy might cry. It would not be the first time.

(Baker's Dozen continued)

The room is tainted a deep blood red by the ruddy light of the Doomsday Moon, dwarfing the wan and sickly light of her smaller, paler sister. He does not know how he came to be here in Perdition, nor does he know his name. He knows only the cruelty of his master and the ministrations of the lash; everything else seems grey and pale in comparison. The boy's master is Henrick, Night Chef and Master of the Loaves, he who bakes the bread and toasts the crumpets of those who dwell in the mighty echelons above him; both figuratively and literally. Henrick is like many men who achieve power and responsibility without the merits that usually required to justly possess it: petty, mean and dreadfully insecure. The whipping is not so much a punishment as it is an amusement to assert his dominance and soothe a quavering ego. The lords and ladies do not particularly care from whence their breads and pastries come, so long as they do. They do not even acknowledge the existence of Henrick and this rankles him so. So the frustration pours down upon the backs of the least of the proletariat. Just like our poor benighted kitchen boy.

A flash of lightning ignites the scarlet sky and the boy's eye flare in harmony with it. In that brief moment, a measure of time but thinner than a hair, all the malice and hate, all the vengeful thoughts and burning rage crystallise into one clear thought. A pure thought, bereft of any need for logic and reason, the decision that a goal must be achieved irrespective of any cost or effort that may be required. Simply, 'Henrick must die', nor more, nor less, just that. It is the sort of thought that sets men free. There is no innocence left in this child, the rod has seen to that, now there is only purpose. This errant child dreams where he lies, chained to this pillar; and in the uncertain twilight between the waking world and the oblivion of sleep brief flashes of thought spark and dance across strained neurons. All of it is consumed with thoughts of revenge and retribution, who he is, where he is, when he is; even what he is seems irrelevant. And even if they were not, they are facts currently beyond his addled mind. The flame of vengeance is hungrily eating through these things, and the flame burns bright.

Sometime during the night, while our kitchen boy dreams his fevered dreams of hate and revenge someone unchains him, leaving him curled around the pillar. When he awakes he dons a tattered garment, more sack the shirt. As it rubs across the fresh clots of his wounds they open and stain it red. The boy does not so much as even wince. That would be weakness. There is no place for weakness in his plans. He returns to work and waits, waits for the time to come.

Weeks pass, Henrick still lives our young kitchen boy still works, still waits, still feel the ruthless caress of the lash. More weeks pass, still our kitchen boy waits. But he watches, he watches *hard*.

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(Baker's Dozen continued)

Waiting is always the hardest part of any endeavour, the endless suspense, the keening saw of impulse eating through your patience. Our boy has had many a chance to kill Henrick with knife or mallet, garrotte or bludgeon. But that would not be a fitting death for a man such as he. Our boy realises that a thing to be done should be done well, lest what is the point? And if a thing is to be done well, then surely it is worth making it memorable, precise...artistic. Our boy does not want to be caught, nor tried, nor hanged. Our boy knows that the greatest punishment to Henrick other than the last embrace is his escape, so that he may live. Live long, and live free.

The time of The Festival of Shadows was approaching, thenceforth the loaf kitchen would empty, leaving Henrick all alone. The plan itself was brilliant in its simplicity. So cowed were the denizens of the loaf kitchen that it was practically inconceivable that any of those poor wretched souls would raise a hand to their master. Well all save perhaps one, one for whom vengeance is a more o'erwhelming emotion than fear. Fear is the enemy, the killer. Fear is for the weak. Sometimes the weak are made strong by their fear, but what happens when the fear leaves? Some fall, dropping back into what they once were; weak and without purposes. Others are left strong and more whole than they were before; the fear was a scaffold to their might and it is needed no longer, for its work has been done.

Our kitchen boy waited on a small stool, ensconced behind a doorway, rolling pin in hand. Once again the waiting began. This time he did not have to wait so long. Henrick sauntered into view, posing arrogantly, surveying his terrible domain. All until the rolling pin struck him on the rear of his skull with a dry thump. Henrick crumpled to the floor, inert but far from dead. The death of a giant of such stature and loathing as Henrick requires, something far more exciting than an unobserved coshing from behind. Acts always convey more than words, deeds send messages. Thus an appropriate deed is required in order to send the appropriate message. And there are few messages more powerful than that of death. The task was not to be easy of course, Henrick, despite his somewhat slight frame, was a surprisingly heavy burden for a child of barely ten winters. It took time, but all things worth doing take time. It took effort, but all work does, especially if it is to be done well. Henrick's instructions and ministrations had not been entirely wasted on our young kitchen boy. Something of a perverse irony would be reflected in the events which were to come. Cruelty and perfection made manifest in deeds. It was art of a most high and depraved form. Slowly, by inches, the still living body of Henrick was dragged across the floor of the loaf kitchen and bound at the hands and the feet with coarse string. Tied tight till it bit hard into his pallid skin, tight until would not have been unsurprising for it to draw blood. Were Henrick not so bloodless a man at least. Getting him into the bread oven was something more of a challenge for our little friend though. It again took time. The toil begat sweat, but that is merely a sign of the devotion to the cause, discomfort and weariness were not factors in the equation of beauty and art that our boy sought to create. Eventually Henrick was slid unceremoniously into the oven and left to lie. The boy busied himself now with the task of stoking the fires. Building them up so that they would burn slow, and burn strong.

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(Baker's Dozen continued)

Henrick stirred and groaned the low mournful groan of a man in pain. The woe riddled baritone of agony. The panic which overtook the beleaguered Henrick came on quickly, the futile struggling against his bonds, the screams and the shouts. An elegy of anguish, a dirge of despair. So delightful was the sound to the ears of that one small boy that he believed he had heard of nothing ne'er so sublime, nor so sweet. Henrick tilted his head backwards and locked his eyes with those of the kitchen boy. Henrick's dry tongue licked his nervous lips. In the gaze that the boy returned Henrick saw all the hate, all the recrimination, the fear and the loathing, all the anger and resolve that brought the boy to this act. The towering animosity was enough to melt the steel of a man like Henrick. He was broken and lost and saw the end approaching quickly. The boy looked at Henrick, but did not see the cowed and terrified man before him, he saw only the effigy of his misery. And everyone knows that the best thing to do with an effigy is to burn it. As a helpless Henrick squirmed against his bonds and the rising heat of the oven, a realisation crossed the fields of the young boy's mind. He remembered. He remembered why Henrick had been whipping him all those weeks ago, the reason behind the savage onslaught of the lash. The boy had felt that he had known all along. That the fact had been lurking into the dark and hidden corners of his mind, the serpent in his ear, the little whispering voice telling him just how Henrick should die. In retrospect it made perfect sense, a delightful and fitting dramatisation of revenge.

Smiling the boy said "Look Mr. Henrick, I remembered to light the fires!"

And with that he looked upon Henrick for the last time and shut the oven door. The screams of his former master were muffled behind the thick iron, leaving them sounding dull, flat and ever so slightly metallic almost as if they were not of this world. His deed done the boy gathered what meagre belongings he owned and what paltry food he could carry and began his flight up and out of the place they called Perdition. As he passed through the corridors and halls of the sprawling manse he started to whistle; the tune of a ditty sung by the children of the night kitchen, bright and bouncy, but at the same time grim and terrible. Whistling gaily he passed out into the city of Hacustra and drifting across the streets as he made his way to freedom came the answering song of all the other children embroiled in the revelry of the Festival of Shadows.

*Knead it, Roll it, Bake it, Cook it!
Make it quick and make it fast,
Or you'll get a nasty lash!
Tall and mean!
Fast and keen!
Do it quick or he'll make you scream!
Tall and quick!
Fast and thick!
Mr. Henrick's such a prick!*

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Worlds between worlds...

By Helen Taylor

"Excuse me? Excuse me have you seen this child?...Excuse me I was wondering if you could...Please sir would you mind me just asking...Hello? Hello this is really urgent please...look I just need to ask you...Would someone please help me?...I just need to...Hello?"

The girl finally gave up, exhausted, and collapsed on a bench at the mouth of an alleyway. The piece of paper that had been clutched in her hand the whole day was now grubby and creased; the writing and the picture smudged from the rain and her clammy hands. She was tall, looking in her late teens or early twenties. Long dark hair fell forwards over her face, matted and bedraggled by the weather and the outdoors. Her clothes clearly showed signs of wear and tear, her features that she had not eaten nor slept properly for days.

The woman watched her from the darkened doorway of the closed store and sighed, a trace of pity coming through her tone. This was the second girl now she had seen end up this way in as many weeks, running frantically between members of the public, desperately trying to get their attention, to get their help. But none of them ever answered, nor were they ever going to. Once you had seen it then there was no hope for you. Oh it itself didn't actually do anything to you, just make you harder to see that's all. The rest was done by the individuals themselves. It was odd how they all went the same way in the end, lost and alone, merely a wondering ghost by the end of it all, grateful for someone to show them the way.

This one wasn't ready yet though, not willing to accept the fact that she was no longer wanted in this world, that she no longer belonged. The woman sighed again, this time with regret. It was always hardest on those who clung on the longest, they always seemed to forget more and quicker than those that just accepted it.

The girl had stood up again, the hint of determinism behind her eyes. The woman turned away, not wishing to see the girl's distress as people began to ignore her more and more, finally to not see her at all.

Reaching the wall, the woman reached forwards, and suddenly there was a doorway that had not been there a second ago, but had been there all along. You just hadn't noticed it. Stepping through, she passed through a dark and closed off tunnel for a few moments before arriving at a second door. Stepping through, she closed it behind her, and then it was never there in the first place.

She was in a small market square, the last of the stalls in which were closing down for the night, the owners looking tired and haggard as they took their remaining unsold goods into their stores and carts, and covered the benches and stands to protect them from the weather ready for the next day. Stepping down into the street, the woman stopped after a few steps and smiled grimly. "You're out causing trouble again I see. Are you ever going to stop taking these poor innocent girls and finally get some rest?"

She turned to face the newcomer. A child, dressed in Victorian attire, its features cold and empty, its eyes blank, dark and staring. It gave no expression, nor clue that it had heard the woman, but she knew it had. It always heard her, though never listened.

(Worlds between worlds continued)

“Don’t give me that look.” She said, a bit more sternly this time. “I know you blame me for this. And I think you know that I do too. That’s why I keep helping these girls who you drag from their world into this; help them forget who they were. It’s easier that way...for them.”

The child continued to stare at the woman, its eyes unchanging. Yet somehow the woman knew exactly what it wanted to say, what it was saying. She lowered her gaze after a few moments, the ghost of tears echoing around her eyes.

“I know. I should have done things differently. And you will never forgive me for that. I will never forgive me for that.”

Turning and looking much older than she had done when she had emerged from the doorway, the woman shuffled back to the hidden pathway that did not exist except for those who knew it did. Stepping once more out onto the street, she went back to watching the doomed girl and her growingly desperate pleas for “Someone...Anyone, can you hear me? Please...please I just want to find this child...please, help me? I don’t know where I am anymore, but I have to...please why won’t you look at me?!”

The woman gently extracted herself from the shadows and walked over to her side. The pair spoke for a moment, the girl at first frantically shaking her head in denial, but slowly that drained out of her, and all that was left was an empty, lost shell of the girl she had once been. Leading her slowly, and speaking to her calmly in the kindest voice she could possibly create, the woman took the girl to another door that had not been there before and yet had been there the whole time. Placing the girls hand gently on its wood, she helped her to push it open, before showing her how to step through.

The girl suddenly clung to the woman, her last fraying thread to this world, her eyes wild and frightened, begging the woman to come with her, to take her through to where she now belonged. The woman merely smiled sadly, and gently removed the girls hand from her arm. As soon as the contact was lost, the girl turned away, instantly forgetting the woman between worlds, and stepped through to her new home. Then the doorway which had always been there which she had just stepped through had never been there once more. And the world continued on as if nothing had happened.

Answers to the Red Dwarf Quiz

Did you pass or did you write “I am a fish” thirty times before doing a funny little dance and fainting?

1. Judas.
2. Four (Infinity Welcomes Careful Drivers, Better Than Life, Backwards and Last Human.)
3. Clare Grogan (or C. P. Grogan).
4. Nova 5.
5. Jim, Bexley..... and David. Remember that Lister is his own father.
6. 169 (later episodes say 1,169).
7. Mr Flibble.
8. Can't Smeg, Won't Smeg.
9. Better Than Life.
10. Wilma Flintstone.
11. Bazookoid.
12. Frank.
13. Blue Midget.
14. Tongue Tied.
15. Identity Within.
16. Lager.
17. Series VI.
18. Appendix .
19. GELF (Genetically Engineered Life-Form). No points for 'alien' or 'extra-terrestrial' – all creatures in the Red Dwarf universe are of Earth origin.
20. David Ross.
21. Bonehead (not smeghead).
22. He has six nipples.
23. The triple fried egg-chilli-chutney sandwich (P.S. I've made this, it's actually quite nice!)
24. Dave Hollins: Space Cadet.
25. Dimension Jump.
26. Claustrophobia, arachnophobia and ophidiophobia or “fear of closed spaces”, “fear of spiders” and “fear of snakes”. Note that “fear of polymorphs” is not a common phobia.
27. “An android would never rip off a human's head and spit down his neck.”
28. Kill Crazy.
29. Agatha Christie.
30. Selby, Chen and Olaf Petersen.

Turn to the next page for scoring...

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Score

Let's see who has been studying their Space Corps Directives and who has been in stasis for 3 million years.....

0-6: Would lose a battle of wits with a stuffed iguana.

7-12: Smeg for brains.

13-18: Up the ziggurat, lickety-split!

19-24: Lookin' nice, lookin' better than nice, looking... dangerous!

25-30: Smoke me a kipper, I'll be back for breakfast!

End Note

Phew! Well that's that for this issue of the 'Zine. I hope you've enjoyed all of these wonderful items, and we'll see you again next time for more insanity if your mind isn't completely broken by now!

As I promised, cookies will soon be made available for all contributors. Remember, I can take submissions for the next issue whenever they're ready! So if you want to receive cookies for your insane creations too, get them in on the double!

That's all from me for now. Good luck to all of those taking exams this semester!

~Hal Martin