

Deja-VISITE

Saskatchewan Writers. Local Perspectives.



**September 2018
Issue Seven**

HELLO!

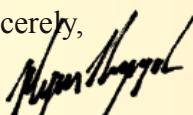
Autumn is officially here, and with it comes cooler weather. So bundle up, grab something warm to drink, and settle down with us for our September issue.

First off, we have some news about our publishing schedule. Due to life, and this being a project done wholly in our spare time, we've decided to move to a bi-monthly release schedule. What this means is that, just like our July/August issue, we will be coming out with a new magazine every other month. So after this one, our next is scheduled for release in mid-November. After that, we will take a brief holiday hiatus, return at the beginning of February, and publish every second month from there.

This issue we join Jocelyn Anderson as she takes her PAL course, and lets us know all about gun safety. We also welcome Sarah Greenwood, whose heartfelt piece about quilting will warm you up. Randene Shiplett brings us flatlanders up to speed with Maritime vocabulary, while Kerri Desgängé makes us salivate with her recipe for nectarine crème brûlée. Jessica Mitten-Moore takes us out to Ghost Town B&B, and Megan's Horror Hideout leads you to two Regina haunts that have a long history behind them. Jocelyn and Megan also venture up to Saskatoon, and take you through their journey to prepare their own cosplay for the Saskatoon Entertainment Expo.

All this and more in our September Issue of Deja-Visite.

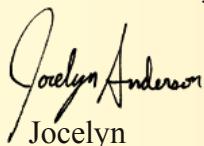
Sincerely,



Megan Negrych, Editor-in-Chief
And the DEJA-VISITE Team

About the cover

My partner loves the fall. Its arrival means that the summer heat is on its way out and that hunting season is here. He is also weird and thinks that winter is tied with fall as the best time of year. I personally think spring is the best. But I will say one thing for autumn, it definitely has some of the best colours. Oranges, reds, and yellows join the greens from the summer to create a magical, visual masterpiece. However, as I thought about what to do for a cover for this fall issue, I was stumped. When I was asking others what I should paint, there were two distinct suggestions. The first was fall leaves. I was not against the idea of painting some leaves, but the other idea was to paint something spooky. Since we won't be doing an issue in October, I was torn. Which should I do? I am terribly indecisive, so I did both. Look closely and you will see. Those aren't just leaves blowing in the wind...



Jocelyn

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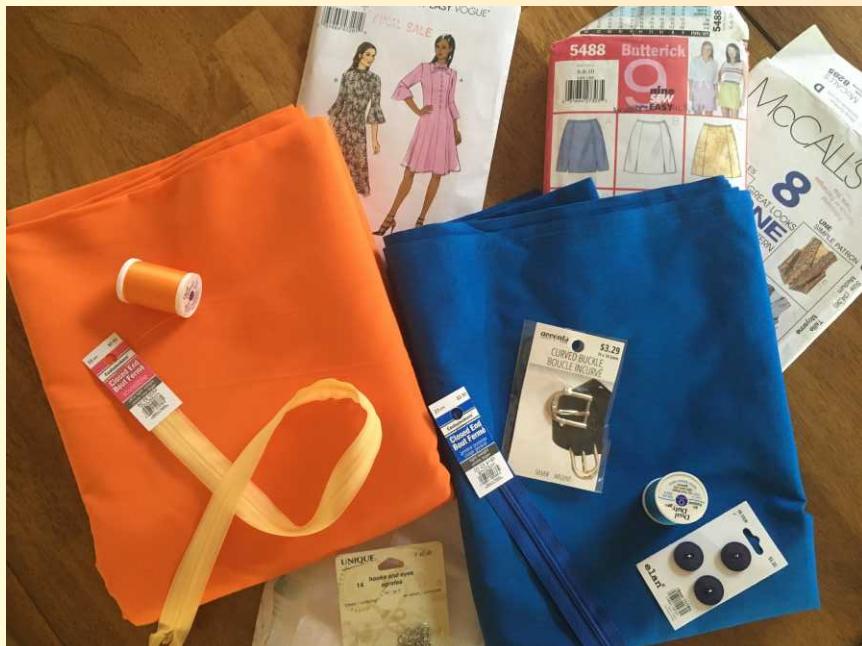
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THE ART OF COSPLAY

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON & MEGAN NEGRZYCH



MEGAN'S REFLECTION

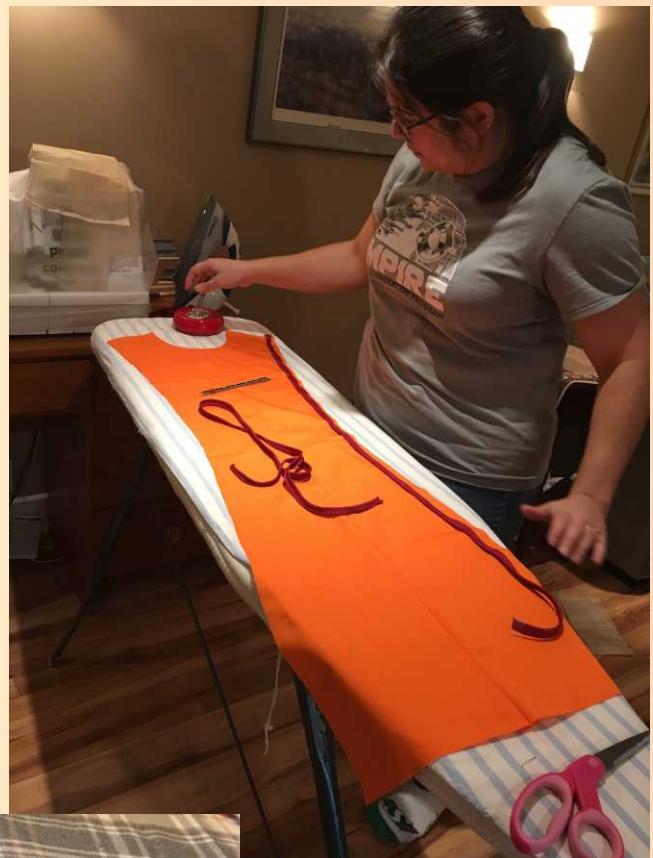
I have made costumes before. I have repurposed pieces, painted, constructed, and even hand-sewn without a pattern. I've been a Vault Dweller, Jayne Cobb, a Pokemon trainer, and even a warrior (that was a lot of work). But before this adventure, I had never sewn from a pattern or used a sewing machine. When Jocelyn and I decided we were going to make our own actual factual cosplay costumes based on real characters this year, I was a little nervous but eager to get to it.

I picked a relatively simple character, Retsuko from *Aggretsuko*, an office girl who also happens to be a red panda (for which I had previously purchased both ears and tail). Easy enough premise, a simple vest, a simple skirt, nothing too fantastical. The whole experience was rather pleasant and fulfilling. With Jocelyn's help, I learned how to read a pattern, both for determining the type and amount of material needed, and how to lay it out and cut it. With a helping hand from Jocelyn's mom, I even learned how to use a sewing machine. So long as it was moving fairly slowly, I did just fine, until we got to the curves.

I always respected and admired the work that went into the amazing costumes I saw at every convention I attended, but actually working on one and making it from step one gave me even more respect for the amount of time, dedication, and love those costumes take to create. Still, it will likely be a while before I feel confident enough to approach a more elaborate costume. But a girl can dream, can't she?

- Megan





JOCELYN'S COMMENTARY

Ever since I was a kid, my mom has made, or when I got a little older, helped me make, my Halloween costumes. It wasn't until I got into high school and university that I began to understand that not everyone had homemade costumes every year. I also didn't really realize how much more I knew about the whole process of costume-making than the average person. Sewing was just something I learned when I was little. Since high school, I haven't had many opportunities to make full costumes from scratch, but I was excited to give it a try this fall with Megan.

As my half of the project, I decided to make the costume of Levy McGarden, a character from the anime *Fairy Tail*. I won't give you a detailed play-by-play. I found a dress pattern that only needed a few alterations, Megan found a skirt and vest pattern, we bought fabric, we measured and cut fabric, and then we sewed it all together. I do feel particularly proud of this costume, though. In the past, my mother was always there to help me figure out the tricky bits. However, because I enlisted her help for Megan, this time around I ended up figuring most of it out on my own. There are a couple places that didn't turn out perfect; the collar of the dress almost defeated me, but the finished project was quite good if I do say so myself. I am most proud of the invisible zipper, which I managed to put in on the first try. It was the first time I attempted a zipper without my mom's help, and it was also the first time I didn't have to rip it out at least once and start over.

The whole process is fun and a lot of work. Next year, if we decide to do another cosplay costume, I will definitely want to try something a little more elaborate. But I will definitely need to start a little earlier so I can take my time and savour the creative process.

- Jocelyn



SASKATCHEWAN ENTERTAINMENT EXPO COSPLAY



BLUE SOLDIER FROM TEAM FORTRESS 2



DEADPOOL BOB ROSS



CECIL PALMER AND THE GLOW CLOUD
FROM WELCOME TO NIGHTVALE
(BY @SMOLGLOWCLOUD)



KUZCO FROM EMPEROR'S NEW GROOVE



PIRAHNA PLANT AND HAMMER BROTHER
FROM MARIO



SARUMAN AND GANDALF THE GREY
FROM LORD OF THE RINGS



**SKULL KID FROM LEGEND OF ZELDA:
MAJOR'S MASK (BY ABE'S COSPLAY)**



**THE JOKER FROM THE DARK KNIGHT &
EDWARD KENWAY FROM ASSASSIN'S CREED:
BLACK FLAG**



THUGGISH SPLICERS FROM BIOSHOCK



LORD VOLDEMORT FROM HARRY POTTER



ZERO AND C.C. FROM CODE GEASS



RESTUKO MEETS RETSUKO FROM AGGRETSUKO (METAL RESTUKO BY @KSCOPEPRO)

If you see yourself in any of these photographs, please contact us and we will make sure to tag you in our social media posts when we use them! Check out the final page of this issue for our social media contract information.

Ghosttown Blues

By Jessica Mitten-Moore

I followed the sign to Ghosttown Blues Bed & Breakfast outside of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan and was led to a remarkable area filled with several reconstructed historic buildings, sheep wagons and an old church. I couldn't help but be overwhelmed by the intricacy of it all. I hopped out of the vehicle and looked for signs of human life, but I was only approached by several animals. Two border collies bounded towards me and several cats slowly stalked in my direction. I encountered my friendly greeting party and then took off to find the owner of these incredible lodgings.



As I walked past the historic buildings and wagons which had been turned into accommodations, I noticed they were named after some actual ghost towns in Saskatchewan, towns which have now faded away into virtually nothing. Robsart was the name on the cottage closest to me. I was reminded of a trip I took several years ago when I explored some of the ghost towns of Saskatchewan. Robsart was the most memorable, the town had been littered with old abandoned shops, houses and a small hospital. The old buildings were full of furniture, books, clothes and personal items that the owners had left behind, seemingly in a hurry. They were falling down due to disrepair and neglect – the complete opposite of the reconstructed buildings before me at Ghosttown Blues. All of the cottage-like accommodations in this B&B were made with precision and great care in order to provide a museum-quality experience.

As the sky began to cloud over, I finally found the owner, Greg Hisey, as he was changing the sheets on a bed in one of the rebuilt homes. I apologized for bothering him while he was working, but he said it wasn't a problem as long as I grabbed the other end of the sheet and helped him out. As we finished making the bed, he apologized for his state of dress, as he was in paint-spattered clothes. He laughed and said, "I try to tell people this isn't my usual outfit but I'm in these so often nowadays that it may be a lie at this point." I laughed with him and our conversation flowed easily. He talked about how all of the buildings had come from ghost towns across Saskatchewan and he had done the reconstructions of each building on his own. Naming the buildings and wagons after those ghost towns is his way of respecting the history of the towns in Saskatchewan.

I was shown the reconstructed church, originally from 1912, which has been transformed into a common area for eating. It was a beautiful room with a wood stove in the centre, and there was a stage on the far side of the room for live music performances. I brought my own food for lunch and prepared it in the kitchen area while Greg joined me and explained how owning this B&B is a great deal of time and effort. While I was staying at Ghosttown Blues, there was only one other cabin being rented by a pleasant couple, and it made me think of other accommodations in Saskatchewan that have closed down due to lack of business. I would never want that to happen to this remarkable place.

Saskatchewan is made up of hundreds of small towns that were once utilized due to a vast rural and farming community, but this has changed in recent decades. Many people are moving to cities like Regina and Saskatoon, which leave most small towns almost abandoned. There are less than 100 residents in around 150 of the villages and towns in Saskatchewan. Luckily, Ghosttown Blues is near Cypress Hills Interprovincial Park which has

thousands of visitors a year. Hopefully, these visitors will be able to take a step into the past and experience Ghost Town Blues.

Not only did the B&B have incredible accommodations but they also provided delicious breakfast burritos in the morning. Greg made the breakfast and coffee for the guests in the common room, and then he made sure that everyone was enjoying their stay and were comfortable in the accommodations. He seemed truly interested in his guests and wanted to make sure everyone was getting the best experience possible. I ended up learning that a large percentage of his guests are repeat customers. It was obvious to me why anyone who stayed here would want to visit again.

The accommodations at Ghosttown Blues are extremely unique, and the owner, employees and animals make everyone feel welcome. The B&B is near the town of Maple Creek, but it is also very close to Cypress Hills Interprovincial Park and Fort Walsh National Historic Site. Every time I turned around in this area I found something new that surprised or intrigued me. This was truly a once-in-a-lifetime experience in the prairies of Saskatchewan.



If you would like more information on Ghosttown Blues, you can visit them at <http://www.ghosttownblues.com/>. They are closed for the season on September 30, 2018 but will open up again once spring hits!

Megan's HORROR HIDEOUT



Local Haunt's Part One: Just Around The Corner

By Megan Negrych

"You know, they say this place is haunted." It's something your friend whispers to you as you walk by an old house, an abandoned building, an ivy-covered cemetery gate. It sends a chill up your spine, and your imagination starts to run wild. Out here on the prairies, there is no shortage of ghost stories and rumoured haunted buildings. From the typical "hospitals haunted by the patients who have passed on" to the more notorious "unexplained sounds and events that send the locals running", Saskatchewan, and even Regina, has its fair share of haunted buildings, and stories to accompany them. There are places in this town with tragic history; a local bar in an old warehouse, or a condemned theatre in a once majestic building. That history can linger for years after that tragedy. As summer fades and the cruel chill of autumn sets in, I always love to turn to these dark histories, and the hauntings that are said to originate from them. The idea that an experience can be so powerful as to cause others to have similar encounters decades after is fascinating. And tell me, don't you just love the goosebumps and chills you get, when you're alone at night, in the dark, after you hear of a good ghost story about somewhere just around the corner? Well. Maybe you aren't alone.

You've been there before, either for a local folk music night, or waiting outside for a chance to purchase some prized Blackberry Mead. **Bushwakker** has been a local food and brew staple for many years. Billed as one of the top five brewpubs in Canada, it is difficult to find someone from Regina who has not been there, or does not have at least a knowledge of the place. Located on Dewdney Avenue, Bushwakker makes its home in the Strathdee Building, which has a long and storied history in the city. But it is Jim, as the patrons call him, who has stayed the longest. In fact, his presence is a talking point of which the owners of the pub are quite welcoming, as he has his story and presence shared on the website, under both their "Our History" and "Our Ghost" pages.

It is important to note that there may also be competing spirits who share the area, as before the iconic Strathdee Building was erected, a Chinese Laundry stood on the spot. Destroyed in the Regina Cyclone of 1912, it is believed that the family who

lived in the building at the time were among the 28 fatalities to occur that day.

Shortly after the cyclone, a new, impressive warehouse was erected on the spot, built to house the offices and working floor for the Campbell, Wilson, and Strathdee Company. James Strathdee was a Scotsman who came by way of Winnipeg to be the manager of the warehouse, rising to become a member of the historical Elite of Regina, and it is after him that the building is named.

Fun fact! The man who would become Boris Karloff, renowned horror actor, was stranded in Regina at the time of the cyclone after his theatre company disbanded, and helped with the cleanup effort.

All was going quite well for Strathdee, until he was involved in a motor vehicle accident in the early 1930's near Swift Current, on his way back to Regina from Alberta. In the accident, it is believed that he suffered a traumatic head injury, but chose to ignore it. Strathdee was never the same after the accident. Over the next years, he declined into depression, and ended up losing his share in the company to a young newcomer named J.M. Sinclair. Another blow to his livelihood, the company has been everything to Strathdee. Following this upset, he made an attempt to leave Regina for the coast, but the effort was thwarted before it gained much steam. You see, Strathdee's wife had no desire to leave Regina, having grown accustomed to her life there and the manner in which she lived it.

Early on in the morning of an October day in 1936, the body of James Strathdee was discovered lying across the track of the railway yard, just across the street from the warehouse. While there are those who still argue that there was foul play, Strathdee is believed to have died by suicide, and a shotgun was found next to his body. His grave can still be found in Regina Cemetery, not far away from the warehouse he held so dear.

Since being renovated and opening its doors as Bushwakker in 1991, there has been no shortage of reported supernatural events in the building, most attributed to Strathdee's ghost. Often those who do see him, note that he maintains a full beard, and is dressed in period clothing, popping into their vision only in the corner of their eye. When he is not visible, his presence can still be felt as drafts of cold air when there should be none, bottles rattling for no reason, heavy doors opening when no one is near, or a disembodied voice. Some of the more specific accounts also say that once, in the basement, he threw coal at a worker. Another time a baker on the second storey saw him clear as day, dressed in a plaid shirt, walk right by him before vanishing. In other accounts, he has proved to be quite helpful, responding to requests to turn out the lights when they have been forgotten after closing time. For the most part, while his story is tragic, Jim's haunting is mostly polite. The owners of the brewpub often attribute this to the fact that they must remind him of his home in Scotland, with their frequent Celtic nights and decoration.



While Bushwakker boasts a single ghost to which they attribute their unexplainable activity, there is a building in the city whose history can account for no less than three different hauntings based on three different events. Currently undergoing major renovations, **Darke Hall** on College Avenue, the first concert hall of its kind in the city, was constructed on the site of the Regina College Campus. Named after Francis Nicholson Darke, it is from him that the building takes both its name, and its first ghost. Darke was a butcher by trade. His butcher shop was contracted to supply meat to some of the nearby residential schools, as well as the North West Mounted Police, and in time he became a wealthy businessman. Through his investments and work, he was not only able to fund the construction of the Regina College in 1910, but also of Darke Hall in 1929. A leading figure in the history of Regina, when he died in July of 1940, his funeral was held directly in Darke Hall, and many believe that he simply never left.

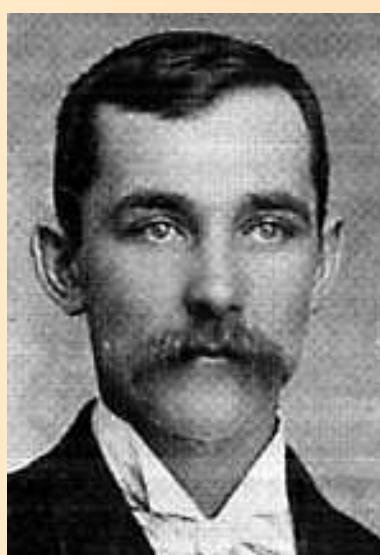
During Darke's lifetime, Darke Hall served as a major performance venue and even following his death, housed the Regina Symphony Orchestra for 41 years. Many performers and technicians, right up until

the building was condemned and closed to the public, would remark on seeing an elderly man in the middle of the audience. He is always dressed in early 1900's evening wear, tailored jacket, immaculate tie, and a proper top hat. He would be seen at all performances, but promptly vanish at the end. Many believe this to be Darke, by all accounts, another polite and harmless spirit.

Early on in its existence, while Darke was still alive, the building was also utilized as a makeshift hospital, as a result of an outbreak of Typhoid fever, most likely caused by unpasteurized milk contaminated with the bacteria. In the end, dozens were hospitalized in the third-floor residence of the campus, and eight students and one teacher succumbed. It is believed that their ghosts also wander the halls, as visitors have heard groups running in the halls when no one is there, and seen clouds of mist move between rooms. While the building was still in use, students would often tell stories of seeing these figures, as well as those of nurses and doctors, in the halls.

The third event which caused a ghost to haunt Darke Hall comes from the building's use as a training school for Commonwealth pilots during World War II. Like many others who were preparing to fight, and with the prospect of this being their last kick at the can before active duty, there were parties. It is said that one night a young airman, drunk after the festivities, plummeted to his death inside the building, and many believe that his spirit wanders the halls. Since the building has had major renovations over the past year, I'm interested to see if the sightings of these spirits continue to occur, or if the changes to the physical structure prompt some sort of change in the stories of their behaviour.

Next time, join Megan's Horror Hideout for a look at the darker side of some Saskatchewan hauntings, as we examine places that are not only believed to be haunted, but whose pre-haunting days were also filled with the unimaginable.



Francis Nicholson Darke

Maritimer to Flatlander Speak: A Beginners Half Understood Guide

By Randene Shiplett

Moving out to the East Coast, I suddenly found myself in a different world. Familiar consistencies of the Canadian dialect have changed with the landscape. Take for example the delightful turn-of-phrase: "**He biffed it.**" This has always meant to me that someone was running full tilt and then ended up on their face in the dirt. Here it means to have thrown something really hard. It is a distinct feeling of verbal vertigo when the words you have known for years suddenly mean something completely different than expected. I find myself in a new classification. I am no longer "from Saskatchewan", but rather a **flatlander**. I have yet to face the prejudices that I have heard horror stories about from people who "**come from away**". People that may have moved to the area in their youth, raised a family, and try to integrate but will never be truly accepted. It is still the feeling of being the other. Thankfully the locals are very happy to teach.

An essential food stuff for a true Maritimer is the "**donair**". Everyone who has grown up on the East Coast is very familiar with this dish comprised of spiced meat, tomatoes and onions, drenched in a mysterious white sauce. They will want you to try it as soon as possible. While you might suspect a prank, don't, they will be watching in anticipation for your first bites only because they want to see if you love their concoction as much as they genuinely do. When someone finds out that you have never tasted it, a donair will suddenly materialize in a tin foil wrap. My recommendation is to take your first bites over a sink, to avoid getting the liquid mess that is an essential part of the experience all over yourself. **Spoiler alert** The white sauce on this harmless looking wrap is not what you expect. It is a sweet condensed milk sauce... most confusing. Don't worry, love it or hate it you can join one of the camps, those who grew up on the stuff and think it is totally normal... or the rest of the world that takes three bites and goes "Wait... what??". The fanaticism for donair sauce has also expanded so that it serves as a dip for the Maritimers' beloved, essential alternative vice, garlic fingers.

Some of the most quintessential phrases seem to come from one region, the island of Cape Breton. Some of the phrases make you feel put on the spot. It's a bit hard when someone has been saying something their whole life and just expects you to know the context. Here are some examples I have come across:



Didja eat yeah? Meaning: Did you eat yet?
The weather will be a bit dirty. Meaning: The weather will be bad. The clouds will look dirty grey being heavy with rain.

Off in a cloud of hen shit. Meaning: "We are going now"
I'm just standing here with my face hanging out. Meaning: I'm sitting around doing nothing.
Half in the bag. Meaning: Half drunk.

Religion has also seeped into the parlance in greater strength. The phrase: "**what a sin**" is very popular and has been popping up more and more. It covers a great many infractions on the commonly held morality. Mostly this phrase is used when a perceived injustice has taken place, or someone is having a bad string of luck. Other religious blasphemy I have heard include:

You little antichrister! Usage: Said to a child when they are being a terror.
Do it again, and I'll crucify ya! Usage: A Cape Breton warning.
Generic Blustery blasphemy corner:
Holy Johanna Jesus
Holy Jumped up Jesus
Holy Geez-alem (when you want to say Jerusalem but you don't want to be blasphemous)

Yes b'y (boy), the words out here may not seem like English, but give your mind a few months to adjust to the speed and speak of the area and you'll be just dandy.

Megan's 5 Minute Reviews!

By Megan Negrych

Final Space

Is it funny? Yes. Is it touching? Yes? Is it a poignant animated adventure about the struggle of the “good” few against the powerful evil? That too. From the mind of Olan Rogers, Final Space is an animated series that starts you off on the adventure of a lifetime. Deep in space, the Nefarious Lord Commander seeks to enter Final Space, a dimension where powerful beings known as the Titans reside, to become a god among mortals. But to do it, he needs to harness the power of a small green alien. This alien runs into Gary, a human who is serving a prison sentence in deep space as a result of a disastrous attempt to get an Infinity Guard, Quinn, to share a drink with him. He has spent years alone in deep space, conversing only with the shipboard computer, H.U.E (Heuristic Unified Entity), the “SAMEs” that run maintenance and ensure the flying prison stays intact, and his Deep Space Insanity Avoidance Companion, KVN (Oh god KVN, you are so painful. You cause me physical pain!). Rather than save his own life and hand over the alien, who he names Mooncake, Gary latches on to them and strives to protect his newest friend, even when it means putting himself in danger. Along the way, Gary and Mooncake are joined by a ragtag team of allies: Avacato, a merciless cat-person bounty hunter in search of his son Little Kato; Quinn, an Infinity Guard member searching for a way to save Earth from the impending Breach; and Tribor, Quinn’s friend and liaison with the Earth chapter of the Infinity Guard. Together they rise up against the Lord Commander in an attempt to save the Earth from being sucked into Final Space.

The main protagonist, Gary, is extremely likable; he is goofy, but also selfless, and his only real goal is to protect and help those he views as friends. His relationship with the AI on his prison ship, H.U.E., shows just how likable he is, as even his jailor sees the good in him. He is willing to lay everything on the line to help a friend or someone he holds dear, even if they don’t seem to return his feelings.

The stakes of the show are very real. It quickly goes from a sci-fi comedy to a space opera, getting the audience emotionally invested in the storyline. So far they’ve only released Season One on Netflix, but there are plans for a second season to follow, though no date has been released. For now, it is definitely an enjoyable 10-episode journey. Join Gary and be his friend, because Oh My Crap will you feel the time invested is worth the reward.

Disenchantment

Matt Groening, the creator of The Simpsons and Futurama, returns with Disenchantment; currently only a 10-episode season, which whiskers you away to a fantasy land where all is not happily ever after.

It starts out with the audience meeting Elfo, an out-of-place elf in Elfland, who just does not feel like being happy all of the time. Instead of being hung for his insubordinate behaviour, Elfo manages to escape from Elfland and makes his way through the kingdoms in search of something different.

The audience is then thrust into the realm of Dreamland on the wedding day of Princess Tiabeanie, a lass who would rather drink, gamble, and roughhouse her way through the evening instead of partaking in the “normal” princess activities. Amongst the assorted presents given, Bean, as



she is often called, uncovers a wonderful gift, errr curse, in the form of the shadow demon Luci, sent to guide her down the path of horrible choices by a consortium of shadowy, behind-the-scenes influencers, who watch over everything through a fire in an undisclosed location.

Joining forces, Bean, Elfo, and Luci make horrible choice after horrible choice in an effort to just be themselves.

Throw in Bean's father, King Zog, who searches to make the potion of eternal life from elf blood, Queen Oona, a strange amphibian being from the kingdom of Dankmire, and an assortment of other memorable and unique characters, and you will be surprisingly enchanted by Disenchantment.

Groening calls on many of his friends in the voice acting world in order to bring his characters to life, so there are many "I know that voice" moments, including John DiMaggio as King Zog. What starts out as an episodic story tied together by a very tiny string of overarching plot, develops into a much larger story, sowing the seeds for the second season that I feel will not only raise the stakes laid out by the first, but also prove to be surprising and unpredictable. Another win for Matt Groening and his team, where he takes what has been successful in the past, and grows it into something that promises to keep the audience hooked from episode to episode.

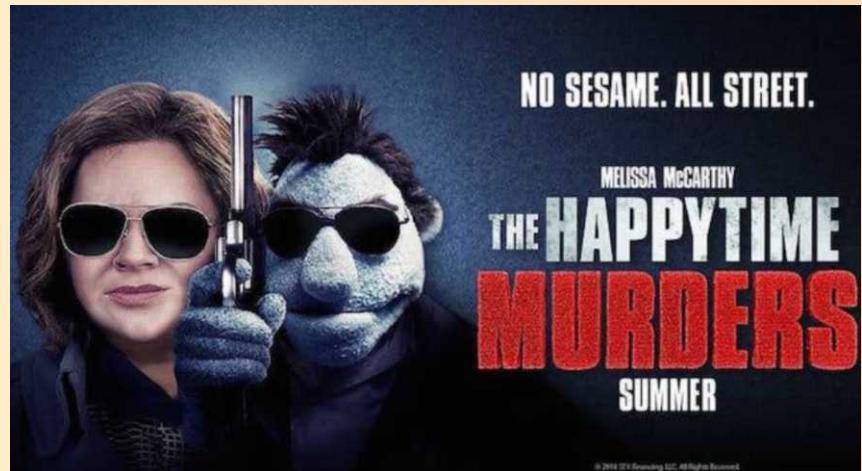
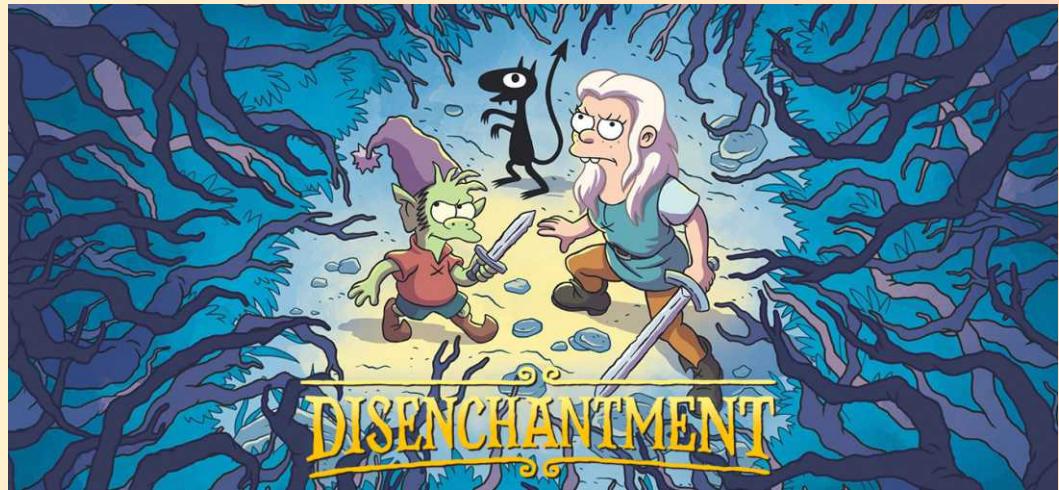
The Happytime Murders

What do you get when you mix puppets, a classic detective noir story, and a whole lot of dirty minds? The Happytime Murders! From Henson Alternative and the mind of Brian Henson (yes, that same family of Hensons!) comes a new film, very much along the lines of both Peter Jackson's Meet the Feebles, and Matt Stone & Trey Parker's Team America: World Police.

Enter a world where puppets live alongside humans, but are very clearly considered second-class citizens and are used to abuse. Phil Phillips (voiced by Bill Barretta) is a former cop; in fact, he was the first puppet to ever be a cop. Now he works as a private investigator, with the help of his secretary, Bubbles (Maya Rudolph), trying to get through life. Just when a decent blackmail case crosses his desk, Philips finds himself drawn into a conspiracy filled with, you guessed it, murder! Centered around the cast of a show called The Happytime Gang, Philip and his former cop partner Connie Edwards (Melissa McCarthy) try to find out who is so hellbent on seeing every last cast member of the previously beloved show violently killed. Did I mention that Connie and Phil parted under very tense circumstances? Ooo, so much tension, it's great!

From Puppets fetish footage and porn shops to deplorable dens of decadence and crime, is it at all possible for a puppet to win in a world where they were designed simply as a means to entertain the fleshies?

I absolutely loved this movie, in all of its crude, lewd, and offensive glory. I definitely recommend that you take the time to check it out, as it is really a very unique blend of comedy and serious issues. Much of the gore that the genre calls for is replaced by stuffing and other very puppet-centric elements, so while it has uncomfortable moments, they are only uncomfortable from the point of view that "Puppets should not be doing that!!! They're puppets for Pete's sake!" Lots of fun, lots of laughs, I left the theatre with an absolutely huge grin plastered across my face.



GUN SAFETY WITH(OUT) TEAM JUNK

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON



Guns are a bit of a hot topic these days. Some people love them. Some people hate them. Personally, I don't have a strong opinion on the subject, but having fallen in love with a hunter, guns are now a part of my life whether I like them or not. I may not have strong feelings towards them, but like any piece of dangerous equipment, handling them did make me a little nervous at first. So, to try to alleviate my trepidation, I decided that the best thing to do was a little bit of studying.

To legally buy or own guns in Canada, you need a license. So, despite the opinion of some of my friends in Team Junk, gun ownership is more of a privilege than a right. For this reason, so I can legally handle the guns that already reside in my house, I decided that the easiest way to do some learning was to sign up for a Gun Safety course facilitated by Regina Gun Safety and Licencing. The course put me through the official testing required to apply for my Non-Restricted Possession Acquisition Licence (PAL), on top of teaching me the basics.

The Non-Restricted PAL covers licencing for most semi-automatic rifles and shotguns. Handguns, automatic rifles, and rifles and shotguns with shortened barrels all fall under the Restricted PAL, which requires an additional course and test in order to legally be able to use them. I only did the Non-Restricted course, as we don't own any restricted firearms and I was just looking for some basic information.

I don't want to give you a play-by-play of all the different things I learned. For that, I would suggest signing up for the course yourself. The instructors were great and I was very impressed with it. Instead, I'll try to give a few of the fun facts that my brain managed to retain after I completed the test.

Quick Guide to what I remember about gun safety:

1 - There are a few rules that one should always follow when you handle a gun. **ALWAYS** be aware of what you're pointing the business end at, and don't point it at anything that is irreplaceable, even if the gun is unloaded. **NEVER** put your finger on the trigger until you're ready to shoot something.

2 - A big theme in the course was always check things for yourself and don't just take someone else's word for it. This mostly refers to always checking that your firearm is unloaded and being aware of what is downrange when shooting, but I am sure there were other applications of the rule that I have forgotten already.

3 - Lock up your guns when you're not using them. Don't be lazy. Don't leave them on the bed for tomorrow. Put them into your gun cabinet and get them locked up.

Of course, there's more to it all than that, but I won't bore you with a long list of gun facts. I think the biggest thing to remember when approaching firearm safety is that a gun is a potentially dangerous tool. You don't go waving a chainsaw around while it's running and wonder why your friends are running for the hills. It is impossible to tell, without close inspection, whether a gun is loaded or not, so people get nervous when they see a gun because the assumption is that it is always a threat. This means that the operator of the gun has to be extra careful with their actions.

After the course, I do feel more comfortable. Understanding the tool allows me to feel confident when I am around guns and helps me to recognize the safety precautions that were already in place in my home. The moral of the story really is that learning about something that may seem scary can help you overcome your fears and tackle a situation that was unthinkable before. In the end, the thing I am most excited about is that I will now understand what Team Junk is talking about when they start gushing over their newest rifle.



On Quilting

by Sarah Greenwood

Quilts are beautiful things, with a good and useful purpose. They take scraps of fabric - from old clothes, from other projects, from the end of the roll at the fabric store - and make them into something warm and lovely. My mother makes them, both of my grandmothers made them, and they are practical works of art. Or perhaps artful works of practicality. The physical act of making one can be quite pleasant. You can spread your quilt-in-progress over your lap on a chilly day and keep a cup of tea close at hand while you work. You can watch a few bits of colour turn into something big and satisfying. You can invest an object with love, stitch by stitch, like casting a magic spell through a complicated ritual.

Quilts are also a perfectionist's nightmare. A small mistake or two in the first cuts of the fabric can get amplified with each step of the process, until you are standing over an almost-finished mosaic of pieces that cannot, will never be straight, no matter how much you wish they would. Popular legend has it that Amish quilt-makers deliberately place a mistake in each quilt, because only God is perfect. I have never needed to manufacture that particular theology lesson - the mistakes seem to happen all on their own.

To make matters worse, quilts are objects destined to be heirlooms. I believe this is a product of their nature, as much as their reputation. They take a heck of a long time to make, and one may express gratitude to the artisan who makes a quilt for you by keeping it for as long as possible. Mostly, I make baby quilts. When you make a quilt for someone who has just been born, you have to guess wildly about what that person might like. This is tricky, especially as you hold in your mind the idea that this baby will eventually have things like personal taste, and the quilt will look more or less the same as the years go on.

My most recent project is another baby quilt. However, life can be complicated, and I don't often have as much energy for quilt-making as I would like. So while I have been pondering this project, the infant in question has, unaccountably, become a four year old. It's very late, but I pretty much have to make her one, since I made a quilt for each of her older brothers and sisters. Lovingly creating an heirloom for three out of four siblings is like something out of a supervillain's backstory.

So she's four and has opinions and preferences, but any parent will tell you these are as changeable as the wind. I have a quilt of my own, one that my mother made for me when I was seven years old. Each block is cross-stitched by hand with sweet



A Quilt For A Baby Gift



A Quilt For A Baby Gift

pink flowers and curlicues. At seven, I thought it was perhaps the loveliest thing that a person could have made. I still like it, for all the care that went into it and for the heart-tugging remembrance of how I loved it as a child, but it's not really my style anymore.

So there's no way to win, I am sure. I don't think it is actually possible to make something a person is guaranteed to like, much less to like in the same way for all their life. Some of the books I felt were life-changing when I was a teenager seem a little stale now, for example. And heaven knows I don't feel the same way about Cheez Whiz as I used to.

In the end, I decided to make a quilt that will please me, that will be a fun and interesting challenge. I'll spend some hours with it, incomplete, across my lap this winter. As my needle stitches its way across imaginary lines, I will think about the person that four year old will become. And if the kid doesn't like it, she still can't say I didn't do it lovingly.



A Quilt For A Retirement Gift



A Quilt For A Wedding Gift

Alice Investigates A Noir Absurdity in 5 Acts

Act Two: Whey To Brie, The Plot Thickens

By Megan Negrych

Act Two, Scene One

Setting: Wascana Waterfowl Park, night, the sound of crickets, the honk of a goose, the sounds of water lapping.

Simon: And then he goes, and I quote, “Fish are friends, not food,” and everyone was cheering. The most thoughtful mind of their generation, truly.

Sally: A truly reformed man of light and wisdom; our message is starting to break through. Any chance we could get him to speak at a rally?

Simon: [Laughing] No doubt. No doubt at all, the revolution has begun. But he’s pretty busy, I wrote to him, but it was returned with a signed photo and a letter from some Gisney person. Must be his secretary.

[*There is the sound of frantic, erratic steps falling on grass, then gravel, then on the wet ground. Then something hits the ground, followed by a big splash.*]

Sally: A little warning would be nice next time. Would . . . be . . . nice.

James: Sorry, sorry! But it's urgent! [*There is more frantic water movement*] I was just up there, checking on the new info, and it's true! Speed boats and yachts are filling up the new wharf, and the city is in talks with a commercial fishery to set up operations just West of the nature preserve. It's destruction and madness! And look at this. [*There is a shuffling, the slapping sounds of soggy paper.*]

Simon: Those are all of our letters, even the harshly worded threatening ones. They didn't even open the cryptic warnings before stamping them “return to sender”! Are you sure we got the address right? “Insane Dictator Albert St. Albert, at the Concrete Prison of the Mind, Regina, Saskatchewan?”

Sally: There's no confusing who that is for. To return it without even a reply? Just rude. Double rude, even.

James: There's only one course left to follow now.

Simon: Are we sure? Do we really want to go there without first consulting operations out of Winnipeg? They have a secure hold on The Red. Locked down all the development there. We should check to make sure we've followed all their methods first before we skip right to that.

James: No time! If we let this go too much longer, there will be no pulling the wool from the eyes of the people; they will be corrupted and jaded, like those idiots in Michigan.

Sally: Well then, I'll start the preparations. Should I release the portents to the surface, let them know what's coming for them?

James: Do it, but wait for the right time, for impact. There is a parade in the park today, it would be best to send the message then, forewarning the end when they can see it. We have to change the plan.

Act Two, Scene Two

Setting: Daytime, Wascana Park, Northside, just East of the Albert St. Bridge. There are people walking, decked out in festive gear with balloons and hats. A giant banner spans the whole of Albert St. Bridge, the typeface spaced awkwardly apart, the second line is hastily painted, with dripping red paint and a sloppy hand:

P A R A D E & F A I R T O D A Y: A T T E N D A N C E M A N D A T O R Y

[Alice walks along the path, a balloon in hand, a party hat around her wrist. She is looking intently at the ground, sweeping her eyes back and forth, pausing between each step, as if combing the ground for clues. First she comes across a sock and follows it further to a second sock. Finally, she comes to an orange traffic cone with a flag sticking out of it, and an area squared off with tape, about as big as a skateboard. Hanging from the cone is a sign that reads "Nothing to see here, Maintenance will remove trash after the parade." Kneeling down, Alice runs her hands along a jacket and a pair of boots. Alice searches the pockets, finding a wallet with ID that confirms these are Tony's things, and a Joey's Only brand bandana, with the fish's eyes X'ed out and the words "Murder" written on it. She puts the wallet back, folds the jacket, and stands, looking at the bandana. She tucks it loosely into her back pocket, leaving most of it still hanging out and visible]

Alice: Well, he was here, that's for sure . . . *[She looks around, people walk past her without stopping. Examining the ground she can see two long gouges in the grass, leading right to the edge of the water, dragging the dirt across the pebbled retaining wall.]* Interesting indeed, but it gives me nothing. Maybe someone saw something . . . *[Alice moves the cone closer to the clothes and removes the sign. She places the party hat on top to cover the flag.]* Just in case he comes back for them, don't want those going in the trash just yet.

[She begins walking again, eyes glued to the ground, making her way up toward Speaker's Corner.]

A voice from below the Albert St. Bridge in the passage: *[Strong French accent]* Pssst! Come closer.

[In the background, a group of parade-goers holding balloons get close to the water. As they lean down they are pulled in, their balloons fly up into the sky. Alice is confused and looks around. No one else is paying attention. Squinting her eyes, she looks under the bridge, and approaches it. Stopping, she points to herself.]

Voice: Yeah, you! Of course you, what are you, stupid? Stupid and late, just what we needed. Where do they find you idiots? Playing Wonderwall at Folkfest? Hurry, get here before anyone sees.

[Alice follows the voice over, heading into the sketchy-looking pedestrian walkway. Once inside, she sees a very stereotypical French woman leaning against the wall. The figure looks her up and down.]

Voice: Took you long enough, you were supposed to be here before the whole thing started. No matter, you're now in the service of the Montreal Cheese Mafia. I am The Curd, and if you can get the task done, then you can run back to your activist friends with the details. Now, are you as dumb as you are clueless, or are you ready for the details? *[The Curd reaches over and takes the bandana out of her pocket.]* You will want to lose this; too obvious now.

[Alice looks even more clueless, and is about to respond when The Curd pulls out a package looking like a wheel of camembert.]

The Curd: Say nothing, your voice will annoy me. Just listen, you can do that, yes? Across the lake is your contact. Take this to The Kraut, and he'll give you the next piece. As agreed, The Cheese Mafia and The Kraut are willing to do this because it means that those filthy fishmonger will have their food truck closed down. Their "inventive" fish tacos have ruined our control of the market. Tell me, why would anyone favour a cilantro fish taco over a traditional poutine and hot dog? It tastes like soap! Because they are idiot, that is why. Your organization's goals suit our end; that is the only reason we are helping. Find The Kraut, give him the package, and he'll give you the payload, sure to cause the parade health inspector to shut down the truck. For good. Mess up, give us up to the inspector, and we will let them fillet you and your keepers. Understand? Good, now go, I am sick of your face.

[The Curd pushes the cheese wheel into Alice's hands and then turns her around, kicking her up the stairs of the walkway. Alice is even more confused, looking at the cheese wheel in her hand, before looking back under the walkway, which is now empty, save for a small graffiti fleur-de-lis. She takes some hesitant steps, walking around to the bridge and beginning to cross. Her phone rings. Placing the camembert under her arm, she pulls out her cell and answers it.]

Alice: Hello?

Max: [Crackling quality, with an odd echo of Alice's own voice] It was then that I knew something more nefarious was going on. Nothing gouda could brie happening.

Alice: Max! Are you following me? [There is an answering quick series of car horn honks not far off.] I swear, I won't bring you anywhere else if you keep doing this! [She hangs up the phone, shoves it in her pocket and walks off towards the Parliament building. As she goes, there is a series of splashes behind her, and more balloons float free into the sky]

Act Two, Scene Three

Setting: On the green walkways that lead from the shore of the Wascana up toward the Parliament building. There are food carts and trucks and a couple of stalls, people milling about. The largest line of people are in front of a big, long food truck, decked out with paper mache fish, big streamers, and a long marquee in bright colours: "Queenie's Fish Fry: Voted Best everything in the city, sponsored by Mayor Albert St. Albert and The Commercial Fishing Industry". Off to the side, devoid of customers, is a lone hot dog cart with the sign "Dr. Kraut's Dogs" on it, and a list of sausage types beneath it. Behind the cart is a tall, lanky man, impeccably dressed in an apron, holding a pair of long tongs.

[Alice looks at the wheel of camembert in her hands, then to the cart, and hesitantly approaches. The man behind the cart notices and waves her to come in closer, beginning to prep a sausage on a bun, heavy on the sauerkraut.]

The Kraut: Gouda Afternoon. I see you are interested in adding the curds to your andouille. Is it a deal?

Alice: [Hesitantly, offering the wheel of cheese] Yes. . . ?

The Kraut: Don't be rushan me . . . [He finishes the hot dog, holds it out to Alice, but draws it back when she simply tries to exchange it for the camembert] Do you know the whey?

Alice: [Very confused, she follows his eyes as he looks up to the menu and then back to Alice] . . . Andouille [The Kraut nods] . . . you . . . add the curds . . . to the deal?

The Kraut: [Nodding, he takes Alice's free hand and gives her the sausage, before taking the wheel of camembert from the other and replacing it with a very soggy paper sack. He then crooks his finger at Alice, waiting until she leans in close.] The wheel is already squeaking, but good they sent back up, no one picked up the stuff. First one was fishy, I tell you, but if they get it done . . . well . . . When your part is done, we'll give you the location you wanted. We opened the grease traps earlier this morning; they're none the wiser. All you have to do is load these into that no-good fishmonger's back drain and then close it up. Then, they'll float to the top of the fryers in no time. When you're done, give the signal and I'll alert the Health Inspector Supreme to a 'complaint'. I've been buttering her up with chorizo all morning. She'll get there, see the stuff, and shut them down right quick. By the time the inspection is complete and they clear their name from the scandal, The Kraut and The Montreal Cheese Mafia will have a firm, immovable hold on this turf. All goes well, and you'll get the next piece of info your leaders want. Now go!

Alice: [Hot dog in hand, and more confused than ever, Alice begins to walk off into the crowd.] What is with these people . . . do I look like an errand girl? [She takes a bite of the hot dog as she goes, heading towards Queenie's.] Maybe I can ask one of them about Tony . . . his bandana started this all. [She gets an "aha" look on her face]. Maybe Tony is hiding in the location . . . gee, he must feel really bad about still having that Nickelback CD . . . [Alice walks around the crowd that is milling around Queenie's, cheering

and raising their fish tacos up on high. In the background, there is another, larger spurt of balloons suddenly rising up above the crowd. Going around the back, Alice sees the open hatch. Going up to it, she unrolls the paper bag, looks inside, and grimaces.] Oh gosh, that's just . . . ewwww. I wouldn't want to eat here either. [While finishing up the hot dog in one hand, she up-ends the bag over the open port, looking away from it as the contents plop, one after another, into the opening. Dropping the paper bag, she quickly closes the hatch and walks away. As she moves around the front of the food truck, starting to head around to Dr. Kraut's, the fish taco crowd begins to hush . . . then they begin to scream, dropping their food on the ground and running, some finding trash cans and spitting out their food. One woman holds up a deep fried fish skeleton, screaming, while another holds up what appears to be a deep fried human hand. It is absolute chaos. Alice watches as everyone scrambles. Suddenly, both The Kraut and The Curd are right beside her.]

The Curd: Faster than expected . . . effective. Apparently you are not as stupid as I thought. [*She looks at Alice, who has mustard on her cheek and still looks absolutely confused.*] Or more . . . Kraut, give her the goods, the deal is sealed. You are ruthless.

The Kraut: Very effective, didn't even have to call on the H.I.S. You want to meet up with Dan, he's deeply entrenched in the Lumberjack Experience Camp, under full cover. He'll give you the information your leaders want; he used to work on the inside. [*The crowd surges again, and The Curd and The Kraut disappear into it.*]

Alice: But . . . none of those things were what was in the bag . . . [*Alice's phone rings again, and she reaches into her pocket. Quite a few people run into her as she tries to answer. Finally, she does answer.*] Hello?

Max: [*The same echo as before, though the screams in the phone call background are more muted than those around Alice.*] This was turning into something I hadn't prepared for. But the pleas of my sad client, alone and helpless, left with questions and no answers, drove me on. Clues were piling up in front of me, and all I had to do was find the game that the puzzle pieces would light up.

Alice: MAX! Stop following me. Go home, have a cup of coffee, and no Bailey's this time! [*There is the sound of a car engine starting over the phone and a screech of wheels are heard both on the phone and in the distance. Alice rolls her eyes and ends the call, shoving the phone in her pocket, and then pulls out an envelope marked "FOR YOUR EYES ALONE" which had not been there before.*]

[END ACT TWO]



Kerri's Culinary Creations



By Kerri Desgangé

Nectarine Crème Brûlée

- 6 ramekins
- Blowtorch (optional)
- 3 fresh nectarines
- 2 tbsp butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c plus 6 tbsp of brown sugar
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1 c sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c water
- 2 c milk
- 1 c 33% heavy cream
- 1 tbsp vanilla
- 8 egg yolks



1. Peel and slice the nectarines into $\frac{1}{2}$ inch slices.
2. In a sauté pan, sauté the nectarines with the butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c of brown sugar and cinnamon over medium heat. You want to cook until the nectarines are tender and the sugar is melted.
3. Once the nectarines are cooked, place them in equal portions in six ramekins and set aside.
4. Preheat the oven to 325°F.
5. In a large saucepan, melt the white sugar in the water over medium-high heat to make a caramel. The sugar will dissolve, bubble and start to change into a golden-amber colour. Do not stir, instead gently swirl the pot. Watch closely and constantly so as to not burn the caramel.
6. Once the caramel is made, add the milk, cream and vanilla, and whisk the mixture to make sure the sugar is dissolved. Then heat the mixture to a simmer.
7. In a separate bowl, whisk the egg yolks, then slowly pour in the milk mixture a little at a time to *temper the eggs.
8. Pour into the six ramekins with the nectarines and bake in a hot water bath in the oven for 30 minutes. The edges should be set and center slightly **jiggly. Place in the fridge to cool down.
9. Just before serving, sprinkle 1 tbsp of brown sugar on top of each crème brûlée and carefully blowtorch the top to caramelize the sugar or place under the broiler for 3-4 minutes. Enjoy on its own or with coffee or tea.

*Tempering eggs is about slowly adding a little hot liquid to eggs, to raise the eggs' temperature without scrambling the eggs.

**The jiggle should be in between jello and pie filling.





Trivia Night With DeJa-VISITE



Megan Negrych

The low murmur of the crowd dies down as the screen flickers to life. Each of us is ready, alert, on edge. We wait, sometimes impatiently, for the first question to be asked. We have prepared for this, we have trained for this, we are ready. After patiently waiting, our team finally managed to luck out with a trivia night right up our alley: "Harry Potter Trivia at Bushwakker", brought to us by the darling minds at the Regina Public Library. With our trusty team, the Pygmy Puffs, I knew we were ready to kick some butt. Well organized and presented, this trivia night dealt well with the troubles that many trivia nights run into: communication and clarity. With a slideshow to accompany the questions and a microphone to make sure everyone could hear, our host guided us through four rounds of questions centred on that touchstone of our time, Harry Potter (with a decent nod to Fantastic Beasts, I did not study for fantastic beasts). It was a close contest all the way through, but despite our best efforts, we were out Pottered. But, with heads held high, we could proudly proclaim ourselves the deserving 3rd Place team. All in all, it was an excellent evening, with a marvellous atmosphere, and I would recommend that if you are someone who likes trivia, definitely try to attend a night hosted by the Regina Public Library; they know their stuff!



Ariadne Bissett

Disney Trivia in this city is not for the unprepared. It is not for the blithe, casual lover of Disney, holding happy but distant memories of their favourite animated features in their hearts, ready for a cosy evening of fun. The competition at Board Game Bistro's Disney Trivia night was FIERCE. It was for the semi-annual trip to Disneyland, name your first-born Elsa, tattoo-of-sexy-Jafar having kind of crowd, and we did not know what we were in for.

Personally, I was lost in the incomprehensible wilderness that is Disney channel original content. I just wanted to talk about *The Little Mermaid* and maybe have a rousing Hakuna Matata sing-along. That being said, the Trivia Night was very well run. They had a company called Bingpot Trivia hosting that evening. The questions and categories were organised and easy to comprehend. The host was funny and engaging. He was sympathetic to our floundering failure. Despite the failure, I honestly still had a good time, and isn't that all one could ask of a novelty trivia night?



Jocelyn Anderson

My mind has always been wired to remember strange bits of trivia. Most of the time they have absolutely nothing to do with things that I probably should remember, but that is beside the point. In the past couple of months, I have had the opportunity to attend a few different trivia nights. I was able to attend both the Game of Thrones and Disney trivia nights at Board Game Bistro, and the Harry Potter trivia night at Bushwakker. My observations from this selection of events are:

1. As suspected, I do know too many random things that I (maybe) don't need to know.
2. Board Game Bistro is still figuring out how to run their trivia nights, but they took a significant step in hiring Bingpot Trivia for their Disney trivia night (which was very well run), and hopefully, they picked up lots of tips and tricks to make their upcoming events even better.
3. Of all the topics covered, I still know the most about Harry Potter. I have successfully forgotten some of what I knew before, but most is still in there.
4. Trivia nights are just plain fun even if you don't really know all the answers, so I definitely recommend going to a trivia night! The Library did a fabulous job facilitating, and there are quite a few other places all over that host evenings for all us trivia lovers. Find one, get a group of friends together and test your knowledge!

TRIVIA FACTS WITH Deja-VISITE



Jocelyn Anderson



Did you know that the University of Saskatchewan had the first Drama Department in the commonwealth? Dr. Emrys Jones was appointed as the very first professor of drama in 1945¹.

- University of Saskatchewan Archives. "University of S
Saskatchewan Archives - Emrys M. Jones, Canada's Inland Waterways - Biography."
"Human Adaptation in the Arctic Environment" Exhibit - University of Saskatchewan.
Accessed July 19, 2018. .

Megan Negrych



The only truly immortal thing on the planet is a teeny-tiny jellyfish. They can only die if something kills them. Without running afoul of a big hungry ocean dweller with a taste for them, they will continue to float on as they are, deathless. Which means, biologically at least, *Turritopsis dohrnii* (the scientific name) is immortal. How is this possible? Well, when 'old' or under stress, the jellyfish can revert back to its polyp (pre-mature form), and then go through the whole thing again. The jellyfish was first discovered in 1883 in the Mediterranean Sea, but its unique abilities were only discovered in the mid-1990s.

- Gilbert, Scott F. (2006). "Cheating Death: The Immortal Life Cycle of *Turritopsis*"

Jonathan Seidle



Did you know that Giraffes only sleep about 5-30 minutes every 24 hours? Now you do!

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From The Journals Of Cynrick Blackwalker

By Jocelyn Anderson

Seventhday, 4th Calistril, 317 A.G. (After Gap)

Starfinder Society HQ, Absolom Station

In the hopes of finding a position within the society, I arrived at Absolom Station today with the goal of meeting up with a Starfinder Society recruiter, Duravor Kreel. Things didn't go *exactly* as planned.

A bit of bad luck had my shuttle arrive just as a shoot-out between two rival gangs broke out, catching Kreel in the crossfire. Although he didn't make it, I did manage to pocket his datapad. On top of my contact getting murdered, I and a number of others were unfairly hassled by station security because we were in the wrong place, trying to meet with the wrong guy, at the exact wrong time. The commanding officer of the security detachment was a Lieutenant Evans. He seemed to think *we* were a thorn in *his* side when it was actually he who was holding us up for no good reason. I mean really, I didn't even draw a weapon! Well, ok, some of the others may have been a bit enthusiastic in dealing with the gang members. But you can't blame *me* for that. Eventually, he let us go on our way, but he was terribly rude.

It seems that four others were supposed to be meeting with Kreel at the same time as me. Due to circumstance, we now find ourselves thrown together as temporary allies until we figure out exactly what is up and prove our worth to the Starfinder Society. Well, at least three of them will be allies.

They seem quite competent. First, there is the scholarly Lashunta, Miss Emily Undecided. A strange name, but she seems intelligent and appears to have a fair bit of mechanical knowledge. As well as a research grant for an unspecified project. Next, we have the menacing Vesk, Miss Unimpressed. Technically not her name, but as she did not think it necessary to share her real name, I have taken to calling her by her most common attitude. The gentleman, who simply goes by B, was silly enough to start throwing explosives around the active shuttle bay. Once Lieutenant Evans had a chance to peek at the security footage, it didn't take him long to intercept us at Starfinder HQ and arrest Mr. B. It might have been nice to have him around, even if he was a bit of an idiot. It's always good to have some extra muscle, but I get the feeling that our Miss Unimpressed has more than enough muscle to take care of us. And lastly, standing a little closer to my stature, the magical Ysoki, Miss Ratty is a friendly, enthusiastic individual. She seems slightly confused about some things but her magic is quite impressive, as are her computer skills. They know me by the name of Sinclair Starjumper, which is the name I plan to use for my dealings with the Starfinder Society.

Before getting to Starfinder HQ, we took a couple minutes to poke around and see what kind of information we could find regarding the thugs involved in the shoot-out, as well as our now-deceased contact. I chatted up a bystander while Miss Emily and Miss Ratty poked around on the computers. Talk in Absolom Station is full of theories about a "Drift Rock" that a couple corporations seem to think is theirs. The Handscrable Collective



(which it appears Krel was involved with) and Astral Extractions both claim rights to the hunk of junk. It also seems like the disagreement has been getting heated lately. We found information about at least one ‘accident’ within the Handscrable Collective. And where there is one ‘accident’ I would *bet* there are more.

At Starfinder Society HQ, in Lovespire Complex: Ring Sector, we met with Chiskisk, who appears to be our new contact within the society. They filled us in on a couple details regarding the shoot-out; the two gangs involved were the Level 21 Gang and the Downside Kings. The meat of the meeting was on how to get ourselves into the society. It appears that our audition to join will be investigating the accidental murder of Krel. I am up for pretty much anything, so long as they pay me for my trouble.

Afterwards, they set us up in a meeting room with some sub-par sandwiches so we could make ourselves a plan. Our first step was to go see if we could find a little more information about the two gangs involved. As Miss Unimpressed complained about the state of the stale sandwiches, Miss Emily, Miss Ratty and I did a quick information gathering session through station records. Not entirely legal, but what Station Security doesn’t know won’t hurt them, right? The search revealed that the Level 21 Gang takes care of the friendly crime on the station: gambling, minor smuggling and recreational drugs. The Downside Kings, on the other hand, are responsible for all the messy business like slavery, assassinations and weapons smuggling. Things that can really hurt people.

In the hopes of getting in contact with someone who could give us some real answers, we headed out to pound the pavement. We didn’t have much luck finding information on the Downside Kings, but we did get a line on a possible way to contact the Level 21 Gang. Personally, I would rather have avoided them, even if they seem less likely to murder us on sight. They take care of a lot of the bookkeeping on the station and it’s best if I stay away from that scene. I am relatively confident I can control myself for a time, but it’s always best to avoid temptation completely. Our intel says that a wonderful restaurant called Mama Fats is the best way to get a message to one of their higher-ups, Jebaxa. Not wanting to waste time, we headed straight over and left a message with Mama. We also bought ourselves some fabulous sandwiches. Much better than the ones at Starfinder Society. Eating that sandwich was the happiest I had seen Miss Unimpressed all day. I grabbed a few extra business cards because I really think that the society could do with a new caterer.

Miss Emily was intrigued by the bell above the door at Mama Fats, so I accompanied her to a tinker’s place just down the street where Mama told her she might be able to get one for herself. The shop owner was a bit of an eccentric. There did seem to be some kind of method to his madness, however, even if I couldn’t figure it out. He had more than a little trouble staying focused and grew quite paranoid near the end, but we did manage to get a bell (given free of charge) and I snagged a couple other little parts for Miss Emily when the oddball shopkeeper ran away. It was a very strange encounter, to say the least, but I think Miss Emily got what she wanted.

After our sandwiches were done and Miss Emily had her bell, we headed back to Starfinder HQ where we have been temporarily assigned rooms. I ended up bunking in with Miss Emily, and Miss Ratty and Miss Unimpressed roomed together. On a happy note, my luck may be changing. I won my first game in *ages*. It was just a simple dice game, but I am feeling like I should go see if my luck will extend to some more lucrative games. I promised myself I would refrain until I have my situation sorted out. Lots to do tomorrow, so tonight is not the night to be trying the tables.



We were up quite early this morning. No sleeping in for this crew! Miss Emily and I seemed quite well-rested; however, “something” went on between Miss Ratty and Miss San last night. Oh, right! Miss Unimpressed is actually named San Shogha. I still think Miss Unimpressed suits her very well. Anyway, Miss San didn’t seem terribly well-rested this morning and was a little annoyed with Miss Ratty. Hopefully it is nothing serious.

Just as we were all getting organized for the day, we got a note from the Level 21 guys, indicating that we should head over to Mama Fats in an hour to meet. We headed out quickly, with the goal of getting there a couple minutes early to scope out the place and make sure it was safe. Our attempt to leave Miss Emily outside as a lookout to make sure that we didn’t get surrounded was not appreciated by our new friends. They insisted quite forcefully that she come in and join us. The group appears to be very well organized. We had a civil chat with Jebaxa, which is when Miss San finally graced us with her name. The Level 21 gang’s biggest concern is keeping a low profile so they don’t get any of their people in trouble. They confirmed that they are associated with the Handscrable Collective, and that the Downside Kings are associated with Astral Extractions. We coaxed enough information from them to get a line on the Downside Kings. The easiest place to find them is at a club called The Fusion Queen. The owner of the establishment is an individual who is rumoured to be high up in the Downside Kings organization. She goes by the name “Firani”. As our meeting wrapped up, Mama made sure we all had something to eat. She is a wizard when it comes to food. Seriously. I think I will send Lieutenant Evans to see her. He needs some cheering up.

We stopped for a couple minutes at another establishment to chat quickly about what our approach would be. No one really had any solid ideas, but we decided that based on the Downside Kings’ ties to slavery, at least a couple of us should stay hidden. I assured Miss Ratty that we wouldn’t *actually* sell her into slavery, but with a bit of bluffing we could possibly use it as cover to sneak in later. Miss San and I were elected to do a little recon. We got a room at possibly the worst motel on the station, right beside the club so that Miss Emily and Miss Ratty could stay out of sight, and went over to The Fusion Queen to do a little poking around.

The doormen searched us. However, they didn’t find my blaster or the knife hidden in my boot. I can only give them a 3 out of 10 for security. The doormen also got into a weird conversation with us that included Miss San being into ladies and pornography. Thinking back, that may have helped distract them from my concealed weapons. Once we were inside, it was *very* loud, the drinks were terrible, and I ... failed to get a peek into the back room. Not the worst recon as we did suss out some of the exterior security, but not the best either.

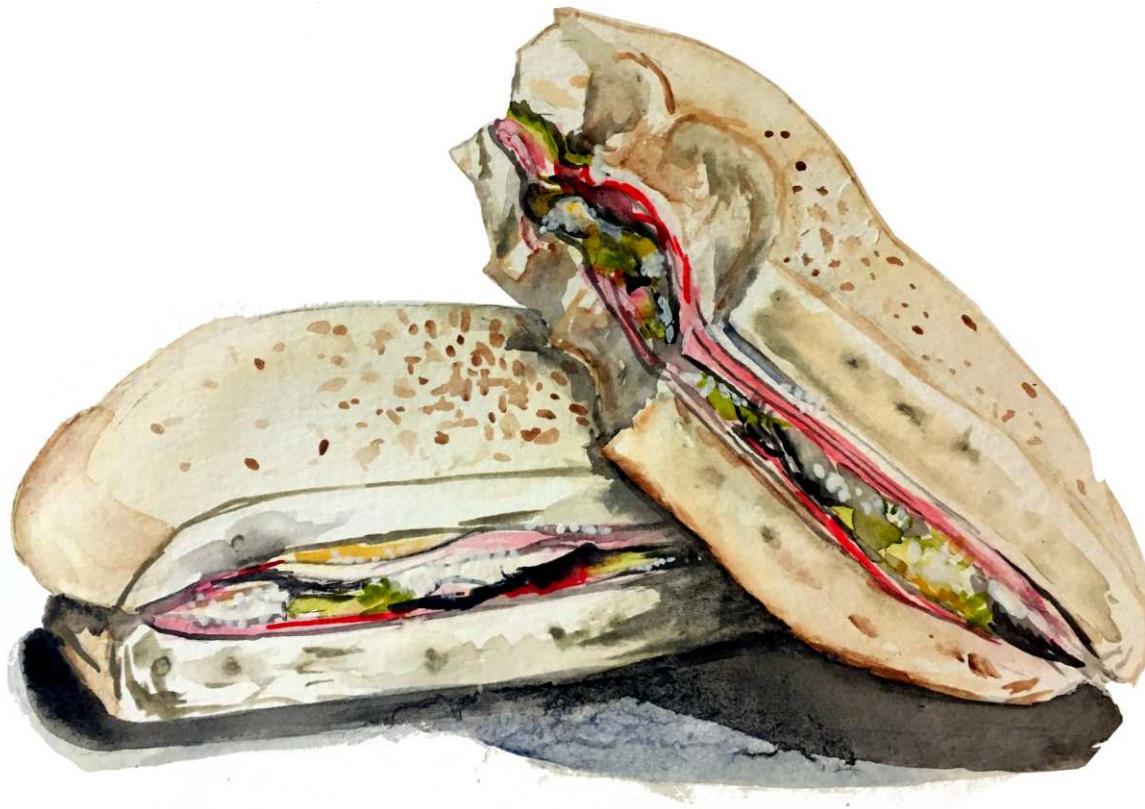
After having a look, we went on a shopping trip to procure some disguises to distract from our current affiliations and identities. Our plan was simple. We would use my signal jammer to make sure the doormen couldn’t communicate with the bouncers inside. With our fancy disguises we would be able to approach and take the doormen out without causing too much of a scene, and then, we would wing it. With a little luck, the inability to communicate would give us just enough of an advantage to get into the inner rooms without too many problems.

In practice, there was a little more blood than initially expected ... Miss San is very *vigorous* with her unique motorized chain gauntlet. Also, none of the gang members seemed to want to listen to me when I warned that it would be better for their health if they dropped their weapons.

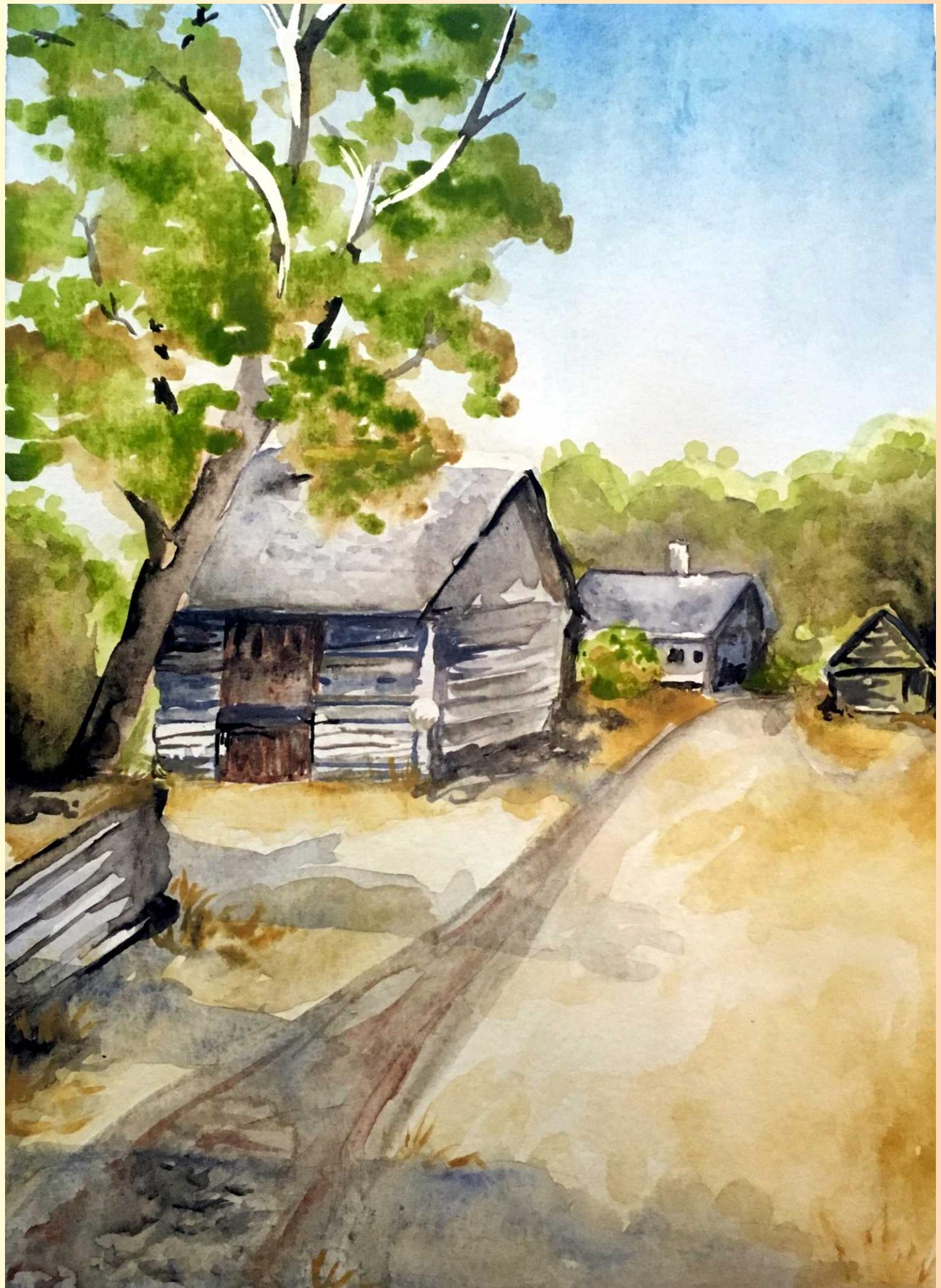
Miss Ratty was very liberal with her magic, meaning that Miss Emily and I were left to follow along behind them trying to pick up some of the evidence along the way. In the end, we did get a chance to speak with Firani, who, again, was less than cooperative, so we had to be quite forceful with her. With a little luck, she will be able to limp away before Station Security gets the message I left on Ltn Evans' comm. She confirmed our suspicions that Astral Extractions had ordered a hit on Kreel as a message to The Starfinder Society and The Handscrable Collective to stay away from the Drift Rock and the ship. I assume she is referring to the ship that pulled the Drift Rock from the drift? Maybe? The one thing I am sure about is that we made an impression on Firani. We left her alive just in case we have any more questions for her.

Having received confirmation that Astral Extractions had put out a hit on Kreel, we headed to The Starfinder Society to report back to Chiskisk with our findings and get ourselves cleaned up. He seemed a little surprised that our methods had included so much bloodshed, but was mollified once we assured him that we had kept any mention of our affiliation with the Starfinder Society out of our operation. As if we would be stupid enough to tie the Starfinder name to *that* crime scene. I also made sure to recommend that he look into getting catering done through Mama Fats. After our report was done, we had just enough time to head back out and grab ourselves a few sandwiches from Mama, let them know we had messed up some Kings without getting the 21s involved, and bring back a sample platter for Chiskisk before we called it a day.

My companions proved to be competent and helpful throughout the entire process of completing our mission. I am quite happy with the results. I'll need to get to know them a little better before I can truly trust them, but they all appear to be reliable, skilled individuals whose help will prove useful in the future. I am just now sitting on my bunk admiring my brand new Starfinder credentials under the alias Sinclair Starjumper. Hopefully, my new association and allies will afford me a little bit of protection, should my past catch up to me.



Starfinder is a Sci-fi/Fantasy tabletop roleplaying game by Paizo, the creators of Pathfinder. It uses a d20 system and for those unfamiliar with these types of games, it is similar to Dungeons and Dragons. This journal is inspired by the events that transpired during my Monday gaming group's game of Starfinder. All the characters, save Cynrick Blackwalker who is mine, were created by my good friends and allies from around the game table.



The Homestead by Jocelyn Anderson

The Long Road Home Part Three

By Megan Negrych

When I wake up, the room is still dark, which around here means that it is some ungodly hour before the crack of dawn. I've never had difficulties sleeping in a strange place before, and it takes me a minute to pinpoint why I am awake when, by all means, I should be sound asleep. The first thing I note is the marked absence of natural sound; I hear no crickets through my open window, no breeze at all. The only thing I can hear, aside from my own breathing and the sound of my blood rushing through my ears, is a metered scratch, scratch, scratch coming from directly overhead, moving around in a slow circle. I follow the pattern of the sound's movement; it crosses back and forth directly over my head, measured and steady. Too spaced out and organized to be anything settling in the old house. It continues on for some time, and I am fully awake. I roll onto my side and place first one foot, then the other on the cool wood floor. The moment my feet are fully touching the ground, the movement overhead comes to an abrupt stop. I stand and cross to where my phone is, over on top of the long dresser against the far wall. After each of my own steps, I can hear the creak of movement from above, mirroring my path like a distorted echo, just one-half second behind. Reaching to my phone on the dresser, I turn it to check the clock, maybe Oksana is already awake, an early riser. The glow of my phone is painful to my eyes and I have to close them, temporarily blinded. The movement above seems to falter, before moving from above my head out into the hallway, then down the stairs. The hair on the back of my neck stands straight up, and I keep my eyes closed against the sudden and inexplicable surge of adrenaline that sets my heart to racing against the cage of my ribs. The movement continues, down past my door and on down the stairs to the main floor. Slowly the movement fades, the footsteps becoming silent, and all I am left with is the sound of my own breathing and my pulse once more. I open my eyes and peak at my phone; I have to press my home button once more as the screen has gone dark, and it reads back at me 1:30 A.M., much too early even for an early riser. As quietly as I can, I make my way back to the bed and sit down, pulling my feet up from the floor and pulling the blankets up under my chin, and set my phone down within easy reach. I will my eyes closed and ease myself to calm.

"Strange place, that's all, Tuala. Strange place and a strange day. Sleep." I repeat it under my breath,

more quietly and slowly, until everything slips away again.

The next time I wake up, the morning sun is streaming in through the windows, and I can hear the faint sounds of birds in the distance. My death grip on my phone has lessened somewhat, and I turn it towards me to see that it is now the much more acceptable hour of 8:00 AM.

By the time I make it down to the kitchen, fresh-faced if a little bit sluggish, Oksana has finished with breakfast, and it sits out of the table while she is putting together a plate off to the side. Eggs and bacon, toast and jam, and what looks to be fresh juice are waiting. I sit at the table and before I can even ask for it, she is pouring a cup of coffee, fresh, steaming, and fragrant, and setting it down in front of me. She smiles, those fillings showing again and excuses herself to "take a plate to Mama," and I am left in the silence for a few moments. The coffee trickles down my throat, strong and a little bitter, but it does the trick to shake the last of my hinky feelings off. I have already finished the eggs and bacon, and am just biting into my last piece of toast covered in Saskatoon berry jam when Oksana returns, dishes from the previous night in hand. She pours herself a cup of coffee and sits opposite me, looking bright and chipper.

"Sleep well? I am hoping I did not wake you this morning, there was a commotion to get the eggs. The hens, they were not having it."

I finish chewing before I respond, answering her easy smile with one of my own.

"Slept just fine." I pause but venture on, thinking that perhaps the peculiar scratching noise might be something she should check on, being in the country where all manner of wild things could find their way into all sorts of places where they shouldn't be. "But I think maybe some squirrels, or raccoons or something might have gotten into the attic. I heard them running around last night."

Oksana's smile falters for a moment, or at least I think it does, and did I just see her eyes flick darkly up to the ceiling above, her lips moving under her breath? Just as soon as I think it strange, her expression shifts to one of exasperation.

"I will check that. The little girl from the family that was visiting, the one that was going to the festival? Little girls are so curious, she may have been leaving a window open. I will be making sure that whatever it is, it will not be bothering your sleep

again."

The moment of tension, or at least I think it was tension, passes, and we settle into a comfortable silence. She asks me about my journey, where I am going, where I am coming from, and I answer in generalities. I'm never really one for speaking about myself, but I keep the conversation polite. After my second cup of coffee, I have the confidence to ask about the fields behind the glade of trees where the Bed & Breakfast is situated.

"Oksana, the fields behind the trees, the ones to the West? What's out that way?"

She runs her fingers over the top of her cup of coffee, the liquid no longer steaming.

"For a bit, there are just fields, tended I think, rented. But not for much. Then it is the Heritage park, museum and such. Last remaining full homestead from the early Galician settlements, when the prairies were still the welcoming place of hope and opportunity, before the Great War. They have tours, the fields, the buildings, and a small museum where they show you how it used to be, before modern farmhouses. If you are interested, they are open. History is there, of the ones before us, before them even. Now only photographs and displays though; the last of the family moved out 20 years ago, and it was preserved by the province and the family."

There is a tinge of sadness, and something more acidic, more biting to her words, a memory buried or a slight unforgotten, I think. I stand and thank her, then offer to help with the breakfast dishes, but she waves me off, her strange mood forgotten in an instant, and she smiles.

"No no, you are guest, this is for me to do. Please, take a bike from the side, go and visit the museum. You said you were here to see old things, then that is the place to be." She shooes me out the front door, gesturing around the far side, opposite the pathway to where the bikes are resting against the house. She closes the door behind me, and it feels like I should leave. Looking off the porch, I see the small out-building, dark in the day, hidden in the trees. Outside, the sound of birds is muted, far off in an oddly disconcerting way.

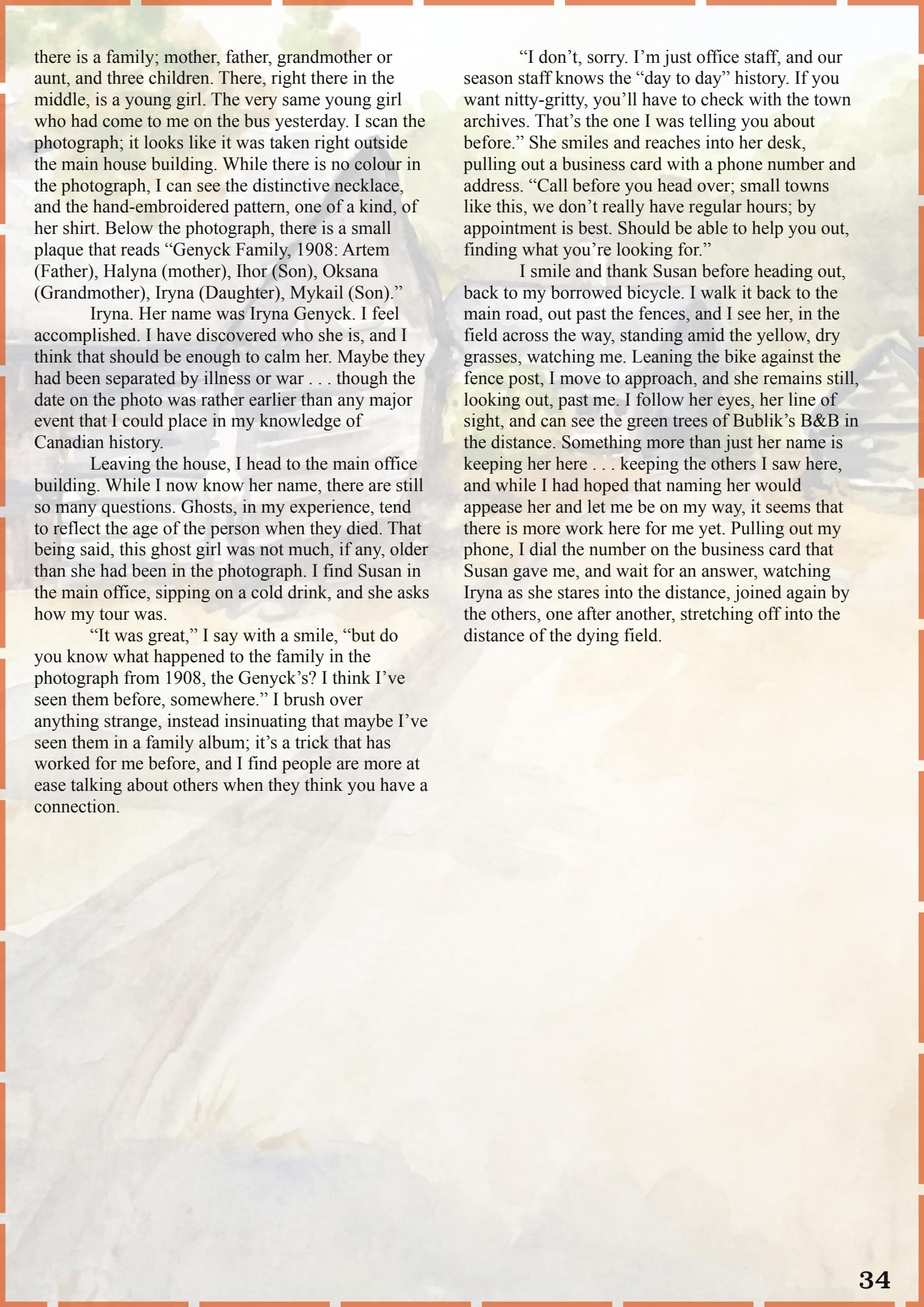
I walk around the side of the house, past a chicken coop, quiet and shaded, and find the bikes, three old-style single speeds laid one against the other, a few stray spider webs across the frames. I pick one and pull it from the others, making sure that they don't all topple over or fall against the side of the house, and follow my way back around to the road. In doing so, I pass by the garden I had seen the day before, behind a bleached wood fence. No vegetables appear to be growing, but I can place

some thyme leaves, some sage, and an assortment of flowering plants that I think are quite pretty, even though I don't know their name. Perhaps a personal project? Once I pass the main fence and enter the dusty road, I mount the bike and set off, a bit wobbly to be sure, but definitely better than walking, if you ask me.

It takes me somewhere between 45 minutes and an hour to find my way to the heritage site parking lot, in no small part thanks to a helpful rural officer happening past me as I peddled like a mad woman down the gravel roads. The parking lot is almost empty save for one truck, which I find out belongs to the woman, Susan, who runs the tour office. Apparently, she is the only one on staff today, as the rest are still out at the festival site packing up following the weekend. Susan apologizes that there is no official tour guide, but shows me around herself. The buildings are remarkably well preserved, though I am again amazed to be told that the last resident who actually lived in them had only moved out at the beginning of the 1990's, and at that, it was only due to age. She tells me of past years, when the fields and the yards of the homestead were rich and verdant, the fields and a home garden overflowing with the bounty of nature. After showing me around the nine buildings that comprise the site, she lets me wander, telling me to come find her in the main office if I have any questions; she states that while she may not be able to answer them, she can send me in the direction of someone who can.

Most of the buildings are set up to appear as they would if someone was still living there, using them. The main house has a woodstove and first floor, with plaques and markers to denote what is what, and how it was used in daily living. Along the walls, there are also photographs, dating back decades, with some from the very beginning. I spend quite some time moving between these, looking back into the past, into the somewhat blurry faces. This is something I know. Because of old photography technology, images of people and living things are often a little odd looking because the speed of the shutter and the exposure was so slow. All of the people are captured in this way, unless of course, they were dead. That was called memento mori and was all the rage for the families who could afford it. Luckily, or unluckily if that's your thing I suppose, none of these pictures appear to be of departed loved ones.

I am just about to head back out to the main homestead area when I am caught up short by movement from the corner of my eye. I turn toward it, only to find it was not the movement at all that caught my attention, but another photograph. In it,



there is a family; mother, father, grandmother or aunt, and three children. There, right there in the middle, is a young girl. The very same young girl who had come to me on the bus yesterday. I scan the photograph; it looks like it was taken right outside the main house building. While there is no colour in the photograph, I can see the distinctive necklace, and the hand-embroidered pattern, one of a kind, of her shirt. Below the photograph, there is a small plaque that reads "Genyck Family, 1908: Artem (Father), Halyna (mother), Ihor (Son), Oksana (Grandmother), Iryna (Daughter), Mykail (Son)."

Iryna. Her name was Iryna Genyck. I feel accomplished. I have discovered who she is, and I think that should be enough to calm her. Maybe they had been separated by illness or war . . . though the date on the photo was rather earlier than any major event that I could place in my knowledge of Canadian history.

Leaving the house, I head to the main office building. While I now know her name, there are still so many questions. Ghosts, in my experience, tend to reflect the age of the person when they died. That being said, this ghost girl was not much, if any, older than she had been in the photograph. I find Susan in the main office, sipping on a cold drink, and she asks how my tour was.

"It was great," I say with a smile, "but do you know what happened to the family in the photograph from 1908, the Genyck's? I think I've seen them before, somewhere." I brush over anything strange, instead insinuating that maybe I've seen them in a family album; it's a trick that has worked for me before, and I find people are more at ease talking about others when they think you have a connection.

"I don't, sorry. I'm just office staff, and our season staff knows the "day to day" history. If you want nitty-gritty, you'll have to check with the town archives. That's the one I was telling you about before." She smiles and reaches into her desk, pulling out a business card with a phone number and address. "Call before you head over; small towns like this, we don't really have regular hours; by appointment is best. Should be able to help you out, finding what you're looking for."

I smile and thank Susan before heading out, back to my borrowed bicycle. I walk it back to the main road, out past the fences, and I see her, in the field across the way, standing amid the yellow, dry grasses, watching me. Leaning the bike against the fence post, I move to approach, and she remains still, looking out, past me. I follow her eyes, her line of sight, and can see the green trees of Bublik's B&B in the distance. Something more than just her name is keeping her here . . . keeping the others I saw here, and while I had hoped that naming her would appease her and let me be on my way, it seems that there is more work here for me yet. Pulling out my phone, I dial the number on the business card that Susan gave me, and wait for an answer, watching Iryna as she stares into the distance, joined again by the others, one after another, stretching off into the distance of the dying field.

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The information about Extra Life comes from <https://www.extra-life.org/>

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Deja EXCITE!

Here is what the team at Deja-VISITE is excited for in the coming weeks:



Megan Negrych

- **Venom** - October 5th - Venom: Badass villain, or misunderstood anti-hero? All is on the table as we go to the dark side. After years of Spiderman taking centre stage, finally the symbiote we deserve.
- **Call of Cthulhu: The Official Video Game** - October 30th - H.P Lovecraft, madness at an ever-increasing and inescapable pace, and a video game? Count me in. This will be perfect. Who needs sleep, anyway?
- **Sunstone Vol 6 (Mercy Arc 1)** - November 14th - Comic from Stjepan Sejic (eyebrow wiggle). After the huge success of the First Arc of *Sunstone*, we focus on two of the series' most interesting supporting characters. Really looking forward to it, and Sejic's art is breathtaking (and blush inducing in cases).
- **Hey Ocean! At The Exchange** - November 20th - Great music, great vibe. Definitely a concert worth attending, if their previous shows and the Canada Live recordings are anything to go by. Be there!



Jocelyn Anderson

- **Inktober** - October 1st-31st - Lots of art to look at and draw next month. Much excitement!
- **Mama Mia** - September 19th - October 14th - I have some insider information for you: This will be fabulous and you should go.
- **Agribition** - November 19th - 24th - Last year was the first year in quite a few that I missed Agribition. I don't plan to make that same mistake again this year.
- **Fantastic Beasts: The Crimes of Grindelwald** - November 16th - This movie is a must if I want to keep current on all my Harry Potter Trivia!



Jessica Mitten-Moore

- **Second Season of Big Mouth on Netflix** - October 2nd - Quite fun to watch, but definitely not an animated show for kids.
- **Assassin's Creed Odyssey** - October 5th - This looks like it will be one of the better Assassin's Creed games, make sure to check it out!
- **Dehli 2 Dublin** - October 18th - Super fun band that will get you dancing!
- **Red Dead Redemption 2** - October 26th - This video game looks amazing. Make sure to check out the game play and get excited!



Jonathan Seidle

- **Ghost Tour** - Take a tour of Regina's historic locations that you never suspected were haunted, in this entertaining 2.5 hour bus tour. You'll even get out and walk through the dark in some of the city's oldest buildings. Or, go with the Small Town tour instead for a longer 4-5 hour experience!

Regina tour - Wednesday-Thursday, last 2 weeks of October - \$52.50

Small Town tour - Friday-Saturday, last 2 weeks of October. - \$65

- **Al Benesocky's Shock House** - Select days in October, 7-10pm (11 on weekends) - For those that enjoy the classic haunted house experience, either seriously or ironically, the Shock House is always a fun way to add to your evening.

The Rocky Horror Show - October 24-26th - I played in the pit band for this show multiple times in the past, but it's never quite the same as watching it from the audience, which is something I've been meaning to do. The show is wild, kooky, and feeds off audience interaction to entertain and excite you. Don't miss your opportunity to do the *Time Warp* with some of Regina's talented singers, actors, and musicians!

The Error Button

Want to win some sweet, sweet DeJa-VISITe swag? Be like the falcon spotting a delicious and vulnerable gopher in the prairie fields and spot our vulnerable and embarrassing errors in this issue before we do. Errors can be either factual, or grammatical, but their validity is always subject to our judgement. Our first run of swag is a collection of buttons designed by our own Jocelyn Anderson. The designs are based on our contributor prairie animals. Swag distribution is random (but if you're a second-time winner at some point, let us know what you've already won in your submission email, so you don't get doubles). Email submissions to: info@dejavisite.ca

Credits and Further Reader For DeJa-VISITE September 2018

The Art of Cosplay

- Images courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson, Megan Negrych
- Special thanks to Lorraine Anderson for all of her help.

Saskatchewan Entertainment Expo Cosplay

- All images taken by Megan Negrych
- Thanks to all individuals for agreeing to have their photos pictured in the magazine.

If you see or know anyone who does not have a credit for their costume, please let them contact us either by sending a message to info@dejavisite.ca, or by contacting us VIA one of our Social Media profile, as found here:



Ghostown Blues

- Image on page 10 belong to Ghostown Blues Bed & Breakfast and can be found on their website.
- Image on page 11 courtesy of Sue Mitten

Megan's Horror Hideout

- Logo courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson
- Further Reading:
 - <http://www.bushwakker.com/history.htm>
 - <http://www.bushwakker.com/our-ghost.htm>
 - <https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/saskatchewan/regina-s-bushwakker-brewpub-staff-say-pub-is-haunted-1.3293384>
 - <http://www.leaderpost.com/Regina%2BCollege%2Bshare%2Bghosts/7441588/story.html>
 - <https://www.carillonregina.com/haunting-on-college-ave/>
 - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Francis_Nicholson_Darke

Maritime To Flatlander: A Beginner's Half Understood Guide

- Image courtesy of Randene Shiplett

Megan's 5 Minute Reviews!

- Final Space and Disenchantment images courtesy of Netflix and TBS
- Happytime Murders image courtesy of The Jim Henson Company

On Quilting

- All images courtesy of Sarah Greenwood

Alice Investigates Act Two: Whey to Brie, The Plot Thickens

- All background images courtesy of Megan Negrych

Kerri's Culinary Creations: Nectarine Creme Brulee

- All images courtesy of Kerri Desgagne

Trivia Night with Deja-Visite

- All animal art courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson

From The Journals of Cynrick Blackwalker

- All art and images courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson

The Long Road Home Part Three

- "The Homestead" courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson

Extra Life

- All Images courtesy of www.extralife.org

Deja-Excite

- All animal art courtesy of Jocelyn Anderson