

Deja-VISITE

Saskatchewan Writers. Local Perspectives.



GO ON AN ADVENTURE

December 2018

Issue Eight

HELLO!

December has rolled in and taken us over. From colder weather to darker days, we make our way through this winter wonderland like sleepy deer waiting for spring to come. This issue we bring you a whole lot of creativity! Stories and pies, game options and art.

Kerri Desgagné will take you through making the perfect pie crust, a sure way to make the season bright. Jocelyn Anderson and Victoria Koops work together to bring art and flash fiction to life with their Inktober Series. During the month of October, each day they tickled and warmed our hearts with beautiful art and amazing stories, as they rose and completed the challenge. I'll be stepping in with a special Megan's Horror Hideout edition of Megan's 5-Minute reviews, so if you need a break from snowy holiday movies, stop on by! All of this and so much more, waiting for you!

All of this and so much more in this issue of **DeJa-VISITE**.

Happy Holidays! Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukkah, Joyous Kwanzaa, Happy New Year, Happy Festivus for The Rest of Us, and seasons greetings!

We'll see you all again in February when we return.

Sincerely,



Megan Negrych (Editor-in-chief)
And the **DeJa-VISITE** Team

ABOUT THE COVER...

After the craziness of Inktober, I have been a little low on artistic creativity. Convincing myself to sit down and finish the rest of the art for this month's issue was hard! Lucky for me, I had a few images hidden away, waiting for the right opportunity to pop up. This month's cover is one of those saved images, not because I didn't end up with a couple other ideas, but because I couldn't convince myself that another image would be more appropriate for this issue.

This issue is full of stories, and I have always loved to curl up with a good book. That is the inspiration for this cover, along with a whole series of other storybook illustrations I have hidden away in my vault. A book is a way for someone to curl up underneath a blanket on a cold winter day and go on an adventure without leaving the comfort of their favourite chair. Reading has allowed me to visit impossible places and meet the most interesting people, and that is what this cover is all about.

So this time, curl up with our December issue and go on an adventure or two.

Jocelyn Anderson



- | | |
|-----------|--|
| 2 | Kerri's Culinary Creations: Making Pie! |
| 4 | Inktober 2018 |
| 10 | Megan's Horror Hideout & Megan's Five Minute Reviews! |
| 13 | From The Journals of Cynrick Blackwalker |
| 17 | Dungeon Delve! |
| 19 | Collective Storytelling: Paladin Oath of the Storm |
| 21 | Flash Fiction Corner |
| 25 | Deja Excite |

Contact Us! We love to hear from you!

@Dejavisitezine 

dejavisite_zine 

@dejavisite_zine 

Kerri's Culinary Creations



Making Pies!

By Kerri Desgange

For the holidays, we love to make pies. It can be nerve-racking, but with practice and patience they will turn out wonderfully and so much tastier than what you can find in a store.

Here are some tips I have learned to help you tackle the challenge of making a pie from scratch:

- Make sure your butter is cold. It makes it easier to get the proper mixture of small pieces of butter mixed within the flour.
- The water you use should also be cold. If you use warm water, it can melt the butter and this can cause your crust to become tough. If you want a flakier crust, switch the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the water with cold vodka.
- Mealier crust refers to the butter being more mixed with the flour. This is better for a bottom crust as it helps to support the filling. The flakier crust is better for the top.
- When doing a one crust pie, the crust should be blind baked, and the best results come from using aluminum foil and baking beans on top of the bottom crust when baking. This helps prevent air bubbles in the crust.
- When doing a two crust pie, always make sure there is a way for steam to escape from the top crust by either poking a hole or creating a design that allows steam to escape. If you don't allow steam to escape, you could end up with a pie explosion in your oven.
- To avoid a soggy bottom, keep cold filling in a cold crust and hot filling in a hot crust.

Pie Crust

For all pie dough, there is a ratio of flour, butter and water that is fail-proof and results in a flaky crust. This ratio is 3 parts flour, 2 parts butter and 1 part water. Adding sugar or salt can give your pie crust some flavour. Using real butter that is cold will also give the nice flakiness that you want to see in a pie crust. This recipe makes one 9-inch pie shell. If you are going to do a top crust, double this recipe.

- 1 c Pastry flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c butter
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c water (cold)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt

1. Mix flour and salt in a good size mixing bowl.
2. Cut the butter with a pastry cutter (or two knives) until you get pea size pieces for a flaky crust, or smaller for a mealier crust.
3. Add the cold water and mix until the dough forms into a ball. Do not overmix. Then wrap the dough in saran wrap and place in the fridge to rest for at least half an hour. This helps the gluten relax and butter stay cold for a flaky crust.
4. Roll your dough out into a thin, even sheet that is a bit bigger than the pie pan.
5. Either poke the dough with a fork or line the dough with foil and place some baking beans in the foil before baking.
6. Now for crust edge, have some fun with it! You can use some cookie cutters and place the cutouts along the edge for a design. Be sure to use an egg wash as a glue to hold them in place. If you don't have cookie cutters, feel free to use a fork or spoon to create a design for the edge.
7. Bake at 425°F for 10-15 minutes.



Caramel Banana Cream Pie

- 1 9" cooked pie crust
- ½ c sugar
- ¼ c water
- 2c 33% cream
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 tbsp cornstarch
- 2 tbsp cold butter cut into pieces
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 2 bananas

1. In a medium saucepan, bring the sugar and water to a boil over medium heat. Allow the sugar to bubble and boil until a nice golden amber colour appears. Don't overcook, otherwise you will get a burnt flavour. This takes about 10 minutes.
2. Add the cream and whisk until the cream and sugar mixture are combined, and get the mixture to a nice simmer.
3. In a separate bowl, mix the egg yolks and cornstarch together.
4. Slowly add ½ c of the hot cream to the egg yolk mixture while whisking constantly to temper the eggs.
5. Pour the hot egg mixture back into the saucepan and whisk until it becomes nice and thick.
6. Turn off the heat and add vanilla and cold butter, one piece at a time. Cover the pastry cream with plastic wrap, so that the plastic is touching the cream, and place it in the fridge until it's cold.
7. Cut the bananas into ¼" pieces. Once the pastry cream is cold, take your pie crust and alternate a layer of banana with a layer of pastry cream. You should get two layers of each. Now you can top the pie with some whipped cream and enjoy.



Inktober 2018

Art by Jocelyn Anderson

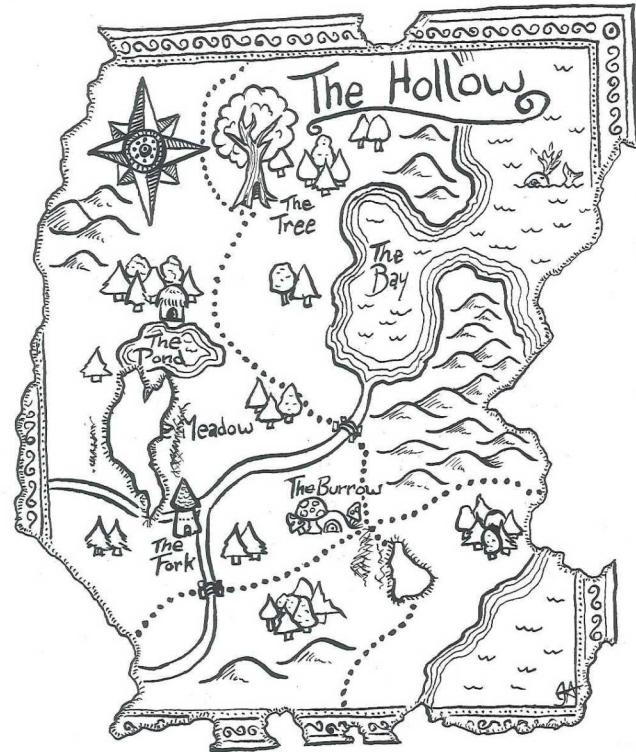
Flash Fiction by Victoria Koops

-- Scorched --

Found in the abandoned saddlebag of a world renown cartographer, the scorched parchment is the first complete map of The Hollow. From Hollow Bay in the north to the southern Burrows, the map is more detailed than any of its crude predecessors, but the question remains: what became of its artist?

-- Chicken --

Life is difficult for a travelling minstrel, much more so when you're a chicken. The road is not for the faint of heart, and somehow musicians always manage to attract trouble. As he runs away from yet another fight, the explosion of heat and flames licking the back of his heels, all the Bard can think about is how he should have stayed home.





-- Prickly --

The thick smell of pine clings to the Hedge Witch as she treads over the prickly green carpet. As she moves across the forest floor, once again foraging for her ingredients, she collects fistfuls of the greenest needles, stuffing them in her pouch. From salves to syrup, Hellebore prefers to take her pine needles in a steaming cup of tea. Perhaps she will invite Chef and Kitchen Mouse over when she gets home.

-- Weak --

Breakfast begins with a bracing cup of black tea; that is unless you are too little to lift the tea scoop properly. A little cream and two lumps of sugar make quick work of the problem, and luckily for Kitchen Mouse, Chef likes his tea rather weak.



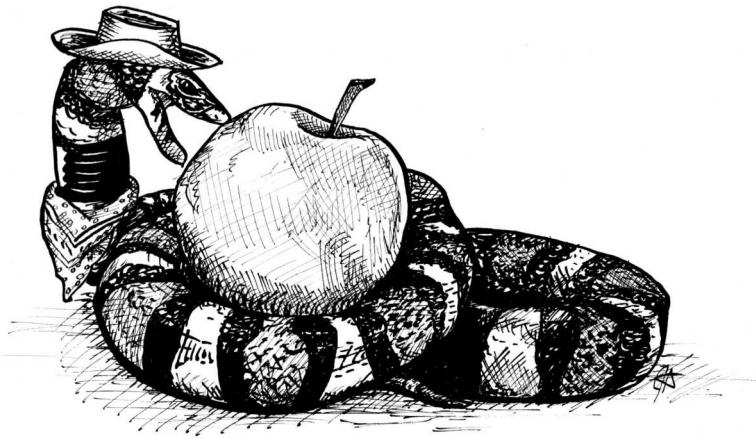
-- Tranquil --

One cannot elevate oneself to tranquillity without balance, Master Frog reminds his pupils. They dance around him, flitting from one distraction to another, wasps in their hair and butterflies in their stomachs. Take a breath, he warns, climbing to the top of his own personal mountain. Then, exhale and be still.



-- Cruel --

Even the picturesque Hollow isn't free of vile serpentine bandits. They stalk the darkest shadows and shadow the most unaware travellers, lying in wait like bandits do, for the right moment to strike. Their cruel terror is sweet in their mouths, like the ripe flesh of autumn apples.



-- Guarded --

Parry to the left, lunge, and block! Bjorn relishes the deep burn in his muscles and the weight of the sword in his hand. Early in the morning, before the sun breaks overtop of the rolling hills, the great warrior sweats through his strict training regime. Bjorn knows his duty is to guard The Hollow so he wakes before the birds sing to work his body. But of course, being seven feet tall and six hundred pounds does not hurt his cause either.

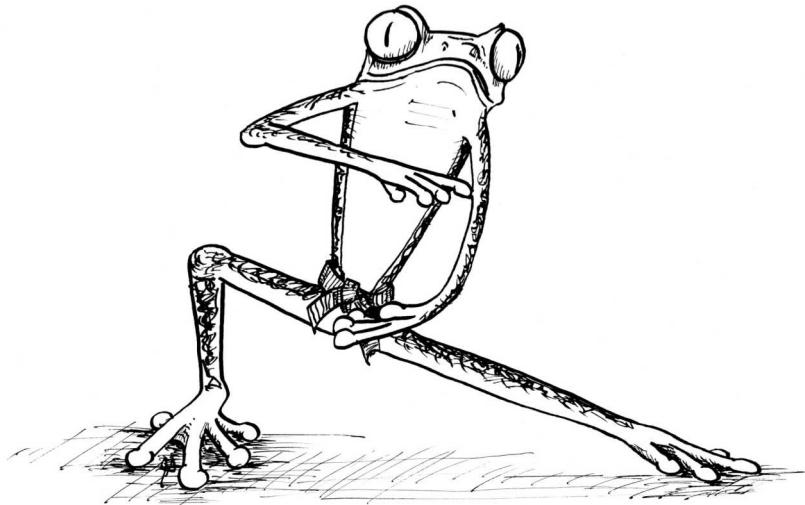
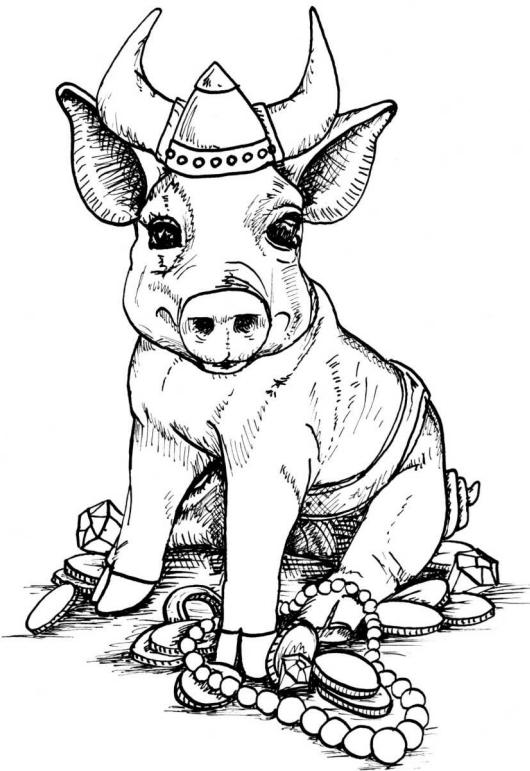


-- Spell --

Hellebore, the Hedge Witch, toils over her cauldron; pewter, lightweight, and travel sized. She knows that her spell, cast in the light of a waning moon, calls for change. Each passing moment new and unexplored, Hellebore will keep the fire lit until the New Moon, when, at the apex of mystery, she will add the final ingredients and bottle her brew. Her mind strays to the unlimited possibilities before her, but careful attention must be paid at this moment, and she returns her focus to her work; the cauldron a silver anchor to her present.

-- Precious --

Loot! Glorious loot! Miss Adventure squeals as she careens into the mountain of glittering jewels and sparkling diamonds. Who knew that taking the unmarked road would have landed her here, in this treasure trove? She is trying on the most becoming helm when a low rumble vibrates through the entire cave. Startled, Miss Adventure falls back into a pile of nearby gold. She squints into the darkness, looking for the source of the earth tremors. From deep in the belly of the cave, a large pair of unblinking eyes stare back at her.

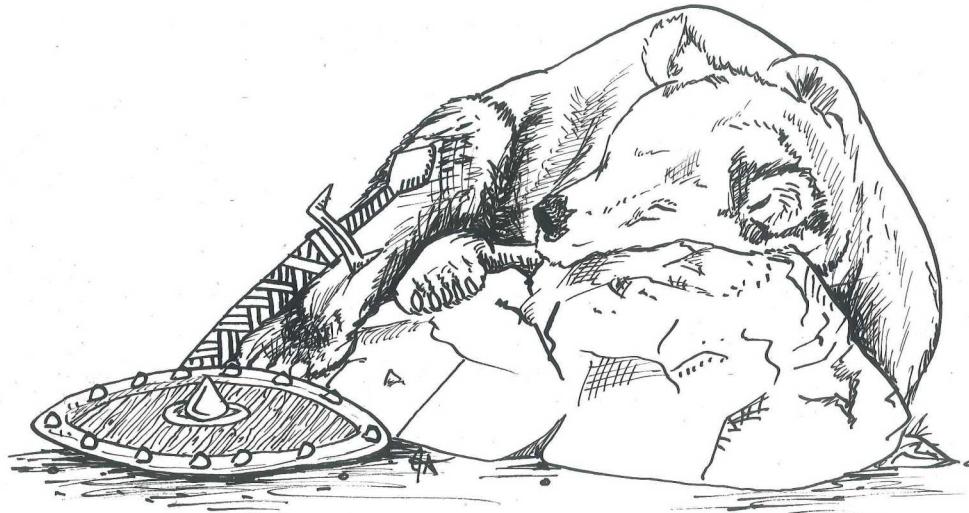


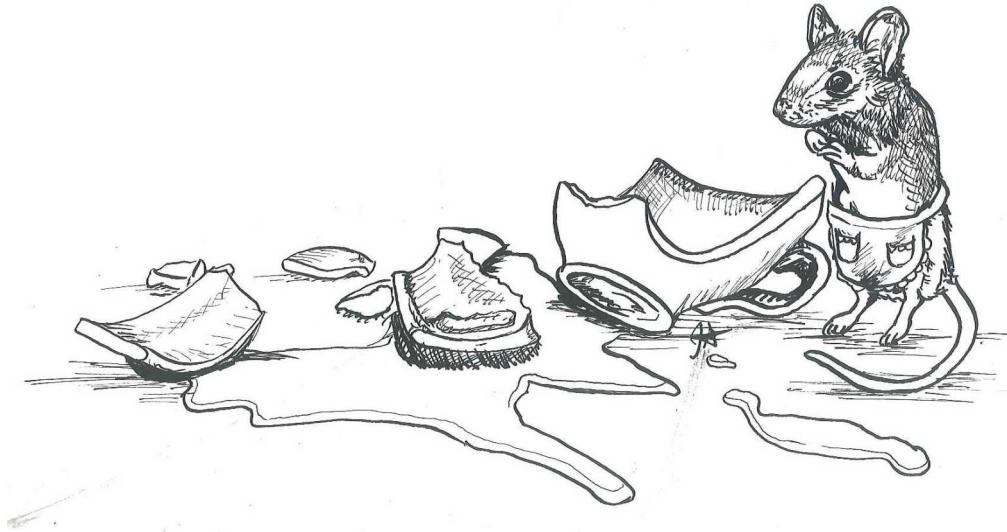
-- Flowing --

Life-giving energy flows through all things, Master Frog meditates. One movement gives way to the next; a dance as fluid as the river. These dances we have practiced for hundreds of years, he tells his rigid pupils. Do not forget them, for fear you will never dance again. Remember: bend, stretch, and flow with life.

-- Exhausted --

A warrior forgoes the luxury of hibernation when they are charged with protecting the borders of The Hollow. After hours on patrol, a deep exhaustion permeates their bones like the sleepy chill of winter. Not hibernation, but perhaps a wee nap? Nestled low, with a boulder under their chin, the warrior drifts between dreaming worlds; their sword and shield always within arm's reach.



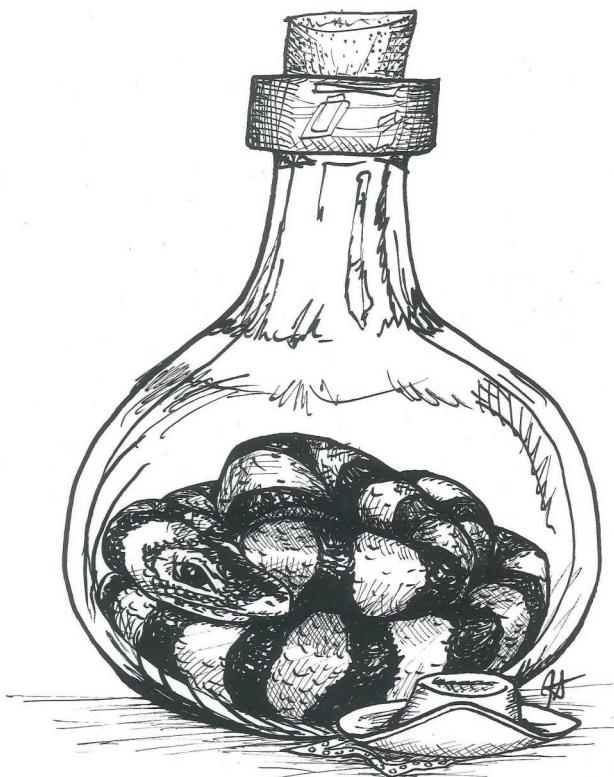


-- Breakable --

The shattering of glass brings Chef to the kitchen, only to find Kitchen Mouse scurrying to collect delicate shards of porcelain from the floor. As it turns out, a bracing cup of black tea might not be the best way to begin the day.

-- Chop --

Miss Adventure has faced dragons, goblins, and trolls; she's climbed the tallest towers and spelunked through the darkest dungeons. One time, in the land across Hollow Bay, she even won the sweet affection of a most forbidden princess and was chased away by the royal guard. All of this and still the world tilts sideways as she sees the needle and ink for the first time. Maybe even the bravest girls can become afeared sometimes.



-- Bottle --

That meddlesome Hedge Witch does not know just who exactly she keeps locked in a bottle on her shelf. No, there is not a prison in The Hollow strong enough to keep this slippery bandit behind bars, or rather, glass. He bides his time, laying low in wait for the right moment to strike.

-- Star --

Please reserve your applause for after the show, The Bard reminds the modest crowd of onlookers that flock around him and his instrument. To think, only a few days earlier his tail feathers were in danger of being set aflame, and today, he basks in the glory of the audience. Yes, he thinks, this is what I left home for, to become a star.



-- Drain --

The amber liquid is robust and slides down the throat like honey. After a long day of patrol, training, and guarding the borders of The Hollow, Bjorn relishes the playful drink. He tips the mug back, draining it of the liquid gold inside and raises his empty glass. Another!



THE CHILLING ADVENTURES OF SABRINA

I grew up largely in the 1990s, so TGIF on CBS was a big thing, and Sabrina The Teenage Witch was one of my all-time favourite teen series ever. So much so that I may or may not have purchased the complete series on DVD not too long ago (it even includes the TV movie Sabrina Goes to Rome!).

So, when an email arrived from Netflix saying that The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina has arrived, I sat down immediately and devoured all 10 episodes in a single day. Gone is the light-hearted teen coming-of-age comedy from my youth!

The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina is based on the 2014 reinvention of Sabrina, as launched by the Archie Horror comic label. While that was the first “dark rebirth” of Sabrina, the series goes in a different direction.

We join 15-year-old Sabrina Spellman (played by Kiernan Shipka) just a few days before her Dark Baptism, a much-anticipated event by the entire Spellman Clan, where Sabrina will sign her name in The Book of The Beast, and join the Church of Night, hailing and worshipping Satan. As a half-witch, this means Sabrina is faced with a difficult choice: sign the book and claim all the dark powers that are hers as laid out by her witch half and lose all connections to mortals, with whom she has spent the past 15 years, or give up her powers. Will Sabrina embrace the darkness within and bind herself to Satan as a member of her familial coven, or will she break convention?

I found this to be a very interesting series, which is fueled by bits and pieces of information about the history of witchcraft and fear associated with it. The writers take a heavy dose of the Christian belief surrounding witches and witchcraft (The Book of the Beast, signing over your name to Satan, dark rituals, curses, witch marks, etc), and weave it together with some “monster of the week” flavour, as Sabrina tries to forge her own path to be both a witch and a mortal.

The supporting cast is very good as well. Without giving too much away, I can say that if you have memories of the original 1990’s Sabrina or the Sabrina that appeared in earlier Archie Digests, it is best to toss them aside. Greendale and Baxter High are rife with drama, a mining town with a long and dark past, and a high school that is rampant with injustice and cruelty. Sabrina’s longtime boyfriend, Harvey Kinkle, is no longer an airhead; he’s cast as a sensitive, creative young man, stuck in a difficult home life, but supporting and loving Sabrina with everything he is. Aunt Zelda is a tyrant, who attempts to rule her family with an iron fist, giving Sabrina little room to forge her own path when it comes to meeting her expectations. Aunt Hilda remains bubbly, though in a much different way than the previous incarnation. She is loving and caring, but also troubled by her situation.

All in all, this series was definitely worth the watch. The twists and turns it took were well paced, and the storylines were engaging and tied themselves together very well.





THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE

Creepy, sprawling house? Check! Complex family history and relationships? Check! A massive number of ghosts designed to make you pay close attention to the background, just to make sure you don't get caught unaware? Check!

The Haunting of Hill House is an absolute treat, with enough punch to make you want to sleep with the lights on. Unravelling in ten 1-hour-ish long episodes, it takes you on a journey of terror, turbulent emotion, and drama that I have not had the joy of seeing since the beginning of American Horror Story.

The series follows the Crain family through the years, both when they first move to Hill House and long after they have vowed never to step back on its grounds. It is fluid when it comes to how it plays with time. The premise is very loosely based on an American Gothic horror story by the same name from 1959 by Shirley Jackson and Laura Miller, which Stephen King has reviewed as one of the best horror books of the 20th century.

When Hugh and Olivia Crane move into Hill House, their dream is to flip the massive old estate for a pretty penny, and build their "forever home". But the house has other ideas. Along with their children Shirley, Steven, Theodora, Eleanor and Luke, the Crains find that around each and every turn, there is something sinister and disturbing about the house. Eventually, Hugh removes the children from the house, but those short months spent there haunt them all into their adulthood. So much so that everything comes back to haunt them time and time again, drawing them back to Hill House.

From the Tall-man to the Bent-Neck Lady, the ghosts of Hill House are as interesting as they are terrifying, and once you start watching, you absolutely cannot stop. So prep your blanket, your popcorn, and a night light, and get ready for this wild ride.

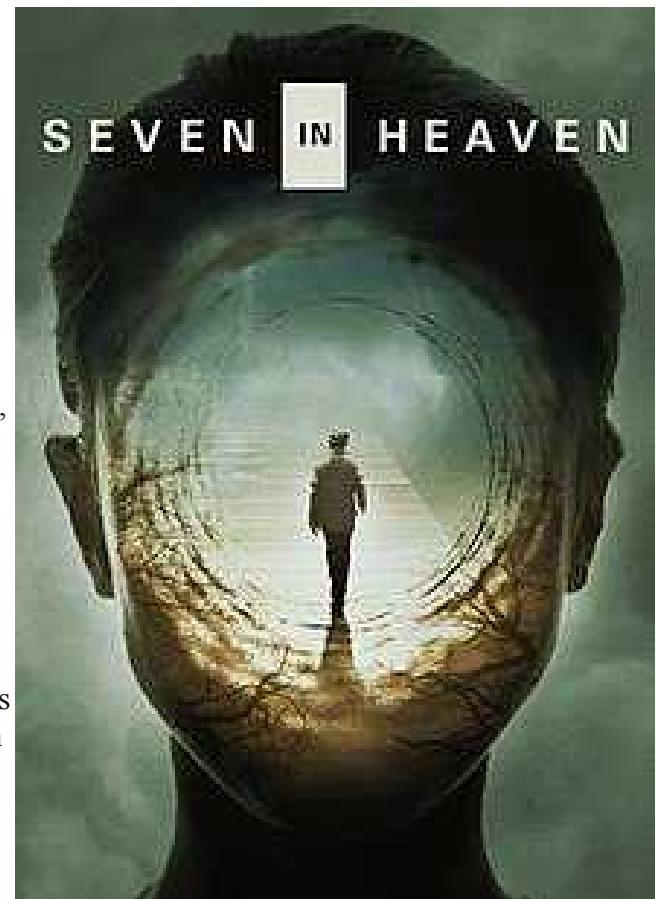
SEVEN IN HEAVEN

If you are looking for something to make you scream in terror, Seven in Heaven is not going to get you there. It will, however, shed some light on the existential horror or the darker side of human nature.

Jude, a smart 17 year old, teeters on in his life. Between school, avoiding his bully, and the fact that he recently lost his father to an ill-fated car accident, he just wants to spend time with his friends and meet up with his girlfriend. One night, at a house party his friend is throwing, Jude is egged into playing a game of seven minutes in heaven by his bully, Derek, but when Jude and Derek's girlfriend, June, end up together in a hidden closet, everything changes. When they emerge, the world around them is different. Jude must try to find out how to return to his own reality, which proves difficult as everyone on the other side does not want to let Jude or June return.

The premise of this movie is a bit flimsy, and there is little clarity as to what is going on. All the audience is given is that Jude seems to be a harmless kid just trying to get through a trying time. There is a lot of metaphorical and allegorical fog that surrounds the events. Jude's guidance counsellor, Mr. Wallace, seems to be simultaneously a supportive figure and a menacing brute. When it comes to Jude's motivations, the audience is expected to understand his feelings based on a brief flashback while he deals with the horrors in the alternate reality.

I can't highly recommend this film, as I didn't feel particularly moved or provoked by it, but if you have 90 minutes to waste, it's not a horrible choice when you are clicking through the endless list on Netflix.



From The Journals of Cynrick Blackwalker

By Jocelyn Anderson

Seconday, 8th Calistril, 317A.G.

Starfinder Society, Absolom Station

First I will write a quick note about the station news feed from a couple days ago. The morning after we visited the Fusion Queen, Station Security raided the place. Firani was not caught, but a few of her goons were apprehended. Lieutenant Evans was quoted and seemed quite impressed with our handiwork.

Now onto why I have resumed writing my journal. My companions and I received some fancy invitations for Sinclair Starjumper and friends to meet with a gentleman called Grevalar Sknor, Ambassador of Eox this morning. With nothing pressing to do, we decided to go hear him out. The meeting was brief but productive and has provided us with a lucrative business opportunity. Even if he is also disgusted and feels like the culprits should be apprehended along with the gang members, Cyn feels that all press is good press. It appears that Ambassador Sknor, an intimidating representative of the undead Eoxian race, has offered to arbitrate the disagreement between Astral Extractions and the Handscrable Collective and needs some impartial agents to help him out. In short, he wants us to take a quick jaunt out to The Acreon, the ship that pulled the Drift Rock out of the drift, investigate exactly what happened there, see what happened to the crew and check what their cargo is. And to take a look at this mysterious Drift Rock we keep hearing about. I am all for getting paid to do something I'm interested in doing anyway. He also offered to pay us to collect a package from the vessel for him. The amount he is promising is suspect, and I am very curious what's in the box he values so highly. I suspect he offered to help with the whole situation just to retrieve it. It's also likely that the authorities are willing to go along with the plot so that they don't have to send their own agents into a dangerous situation blind. The drift is full of unknown horrors and who knows what The Acreon brought with it when it jumped back into regular space.

The morning meeting with the Sknor should have been interesting enough. However, the other events it spawned filled the rest of our day with



excitement as well. We had barely made it out of the Embassy when we got not one but two messages asking to meet with us. First off, we were asked to stop by Astral Extractions HQ. I am really not sure what they were hoping to accomplish, but they put us in a room with Miss Joss, Corporate Bimbo, and tried to make us watch some stupid video about 'what they are all about.' Luckily, Miss Emily is handy with electronics and shorted out the video screen, so we didn't have to sit through their corporate propaganda. Without a working video, Miss Joss was only able to hint that if we skewed the evidence in their favour, we might have a lucrative contract with them in the future. I have a feeling that they would try to make us watch that video again if they did hire us though, so I am not sure if it is exactly worth it. On the plus side, we did get a copy of the contract between the two corporations and a digital copy of that corporate video. I am sure that between Miss Emily, Miss Ratty and I, we can do some fun things with that.

Our last meeting of the day was with Otal Syrisie of the Handscrable Collective on his ship, The Dust Runner. We brought them some sandwiches from Mama's and had a bit of a sit-down. It appeared they were most concerned with knowing what happened to their friends as opposed to how we conducted our investigation. No thinly veiled bribes were offered, and they seemed like honest, hardworking folks. I liked them. They reminded me of my crew from The Tenacity. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I hadn't struck out on my own. My life would be far less dangerous, that's for sure.

Thirday, 9th Calistril, 317A.G.

- The Emerald Comet, Outside Absolom Station

The shuttle that Sknor lent us for our trip was pimped out! Miss San was very excited about the coilgun on the weapons turret, and it had a few other useful upgrades as well. We were glad for the extra firepower because we didn't even make it to The Acreon before we ran into a little bit of trouble. Luckily, it was just a small one-person interceptor, which we disabled and left drifting as we continued to our destination. I wasn't sure if we would make an effective crew, but I figure we did pretty well! Miss Ratty is a competent pilot, she kept us mostly out of harm's way, and Miss Emily knows her way around a ship's systems. I never doubted that Miss San would be able to blow things up, though. I naturally stepped into the position of command, which, with my experience, only makes sense.

After dealing with the interceptor, we smoothly docked and boarded The Acreon. The drifting ship was running on emergency power and appeared intact. However, the atmosphere had been vented, so we had to start our exploration carefully in our self-contained enviro-suits. We sealed off all the interior doors to make sure we didn't get overrun with hostiles and quickly made our way to the bridge to see if we could find a ship's log or something. However, before we made it there we came across a *creature*. We dispatched it quickly thanks to Miss Ratty's fast reflexes and magic. The thing was black as the void, with a mane of tentacles around a mouth full of teeth. It had been lurking near the corpse of a space goblin, waiting in ambush. Definitely not unintelligent.

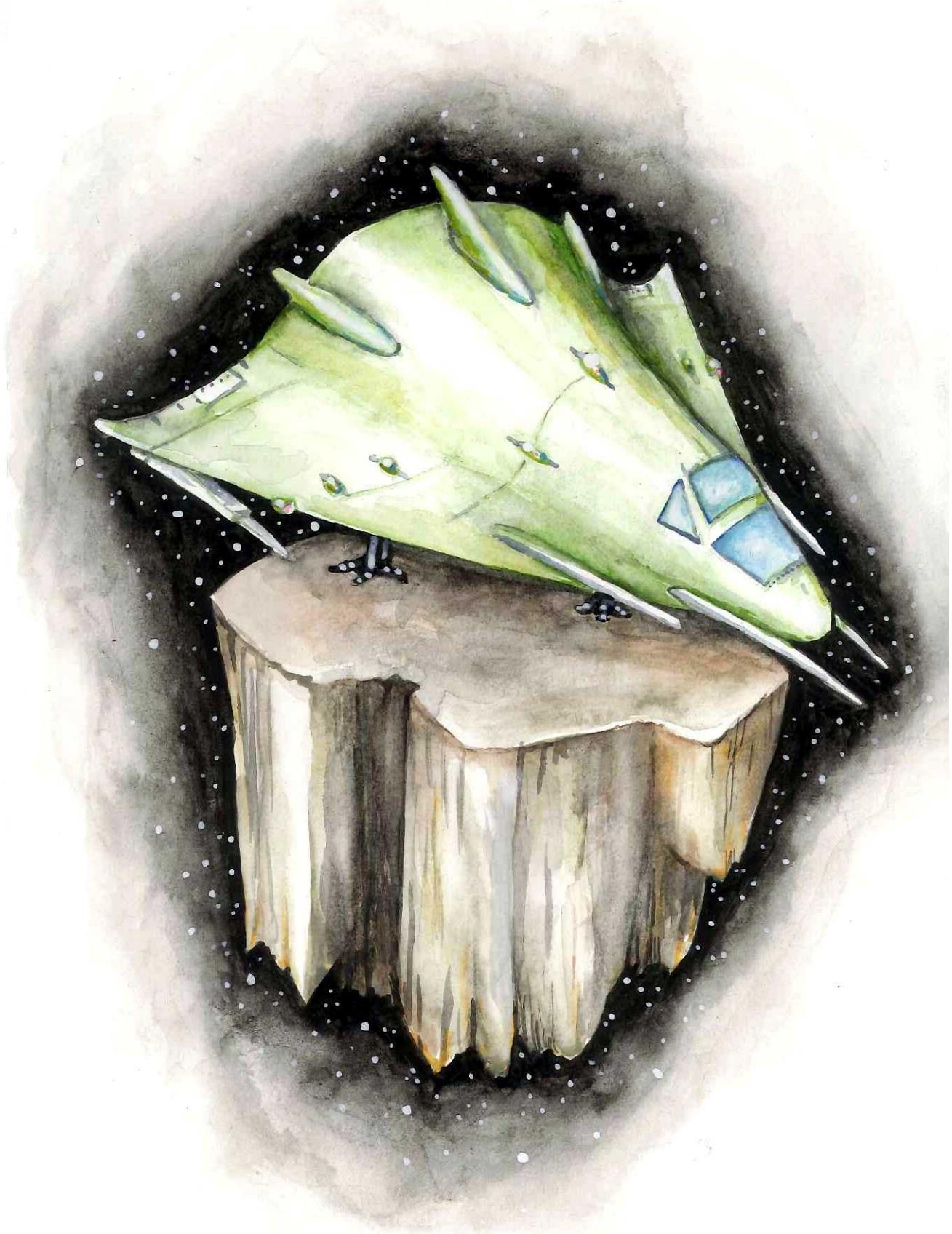
Once we made it to the bridge, we were greeted by a trio of the same creatures, which we dispatched quickly. Miss Ratty and Miss San did get bitten by them, which I am told is not a good thing. My two companions will need medical attention to deal with the parasites that are transferred by the creature's bite. Once we had a chance to look at the instruments on the bridge, the first thing we noticed was that the shuttle was no longer docked on The Acreon. Instead, it was already halfway back to the space station. Not impressed. The ships logs and scanners didn't give us much information except that the crew had retreated to the drift rock voluntarily and that there had been some sort of creature, possibly even larger than the ones we had already encountered, terrorizing them. We started the re-

pressurization of the ship and continued clearing the vessel of hostiles.

It didn't take long to secure The Acreon. We encountered a couple more space goblins, alive and barricaded in a bunk room. Miss San had a little trouble with the door, so we left them. Compared to the groups of black creatures we found, goblins aren't much of a threat. In one of the cargo bays, we found the package that Sknor had asked us to retrieve. Miss Emily also collected some odds and ends which I am sure will prove useful at some point, along with some strange metallic ore which Miss Ratty claims used to be chrysalises for the troublesome void beasts. We didn't find any of The Acreon's crew, but knowing that they had retreated to the drift rock, we felt that once the vessel was secure, we should follow them. I was still holding out hope that it would be a rescue mission.

The cables that the crew of The Acreon used to tow the drift rock were still secure, so we used them to make our way slowly over to the mysterious asteroid. Miss Emily tried to drift off, but we had taken the precaution of tying everyone together so we wouldn't lose anyone to the void. Once we were across, we went over to investigate some smoke which turned out to be the wreck of the vessel that had tried to intercept us on our way to The Acreon. The pilot was not present in the debris, and the ship's computer was damaged beyond recovery. Once we discerned that the wrecked vessel would not be a threat and couldn't give us any useful information, we moved on. Our next destination was a hilly area which ended up having a cave entrance hidden in the shadows. The whole place felt just a little off. The caves looked like natural features from the outside. However, once we entered the tunnel, it was apparent that it was not a natural cavern and had been shaped by some intelligent designer.

The first being we encountered was an android. We assume it was the pilot that survived the crash we had just investigated, and it was anything but friendly. Unfortunately, the android decided it was not in its best interest to talk. I would have liked to ask a few pointed questions about who hired them to take us out, but it was not to be. The android started shooting, so we started shooting, and once Miss Ratty unleashed her magic, they were no longer in a condition to answer my questions. After our firefight, we continued on through the caverns in search of some sign of the crew from The Acreon. Any hope I had held that this would be a rescue



The Emerald Comet! Isn't She A Beauty?
by Jocelyn Anderson

mission was quickly squashed.

We found the crew, but they had been infected by the creatures we had fought back on The Acreon, and we were forced to put them out of their misery. It was a glimpse of what could happen to Miss San and Miss Ratty if we don't get them medical attention. Soon. I don't want to lose my two companions just as I am beginning to trust them. It was not the pleasantest of duties, but it was necessary. As far as I can tell, the whole crew was accounted for. We also encountered a terrifying creature that looked humanoid but could pass through walls. It gives me the shivers just thinking about it. Before continuing, we took care of the spectre along with an old security robot. Miss Emily is extremely excited about the security robot and has decided that she would like to keep it and try to get it working again. I think having a big security robot could be very helpful in certain situations.

While the entrance to the complex was designed to mimic naturally occurring caves, the security robot had emerged from behind a door which would be more at home in a space station. Beyond the door, we found a hallway and a few small rooms which were full of strange computer terminals, and glowing displays in a language that I could not recognize. I did try to plug into one of the terminals. I wanted to download the information so we could analyze it later, but the interface was so foreign that I couldn't figure out how to start a download. In our exploration, we also found the remains of an unknown individual. Her uniform was unfamiliar, and it was quite clear that she had taken her own life at the end. In her dying moments, she recorded her final directive, which states that whoever takes care of her remains and lays her to rest should inherit her vessel.

After securing the interior of the facility, we found ourselves in a hangar bay which was open to the void. And in the middle of that hangar bay was my ship. And oh, what a ship it is! We just had to take care of the terrifying drift monster that was perched on top of it first. Leathery wing-like appendages sprouted from its back and it was all black claws and a gaping red maw full of nothing but razor sharp teeth. Like the phantom creature we had encountered earlier, it was able to move through solid objects, and it could navigate the void as easily as a bird can fly through the air. I am quite sure it wanted to eat me. It gave us a serious run for our money, and Miss San got quite injured before we

managed to put the monstrosity down. I could almost have sworn I saw Miss San crying, and she was kind to Miss Ratty. I am actually a little concerned about her.

To get a good look at Miss San's injuries, we needed to get ourselves into a place with an atmosphere and get her out of her enviro-suit. The closest environment that fit the bill was the mysterious vessel sitting in the middle of the hangar bay. It is a real beauty. The ship, I mean, the Emerald Comet. It is an iridescent white-green vessel made of sleek, deadly lines. I don't know the make, but I can recognize quality when I see it. All the systems are functional, and it is equipped with a helpful, if frustrating, AI computer interface that we named Lucky. Miss Ratty took Miss San straight to the med bay and gave her a thorough looking over while Miss Emily and I ran some checks on the ship. Miss San is definitely a little worse for wear, and after some first aid, she retired to one of the rooms for a bit of a rest.

Events beyond my control pull me away from my record keeping. I assumed that our task was done, but it appears that I was mistaken. So, for now, I will leave my account here and finish today's journal at a later time.

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.

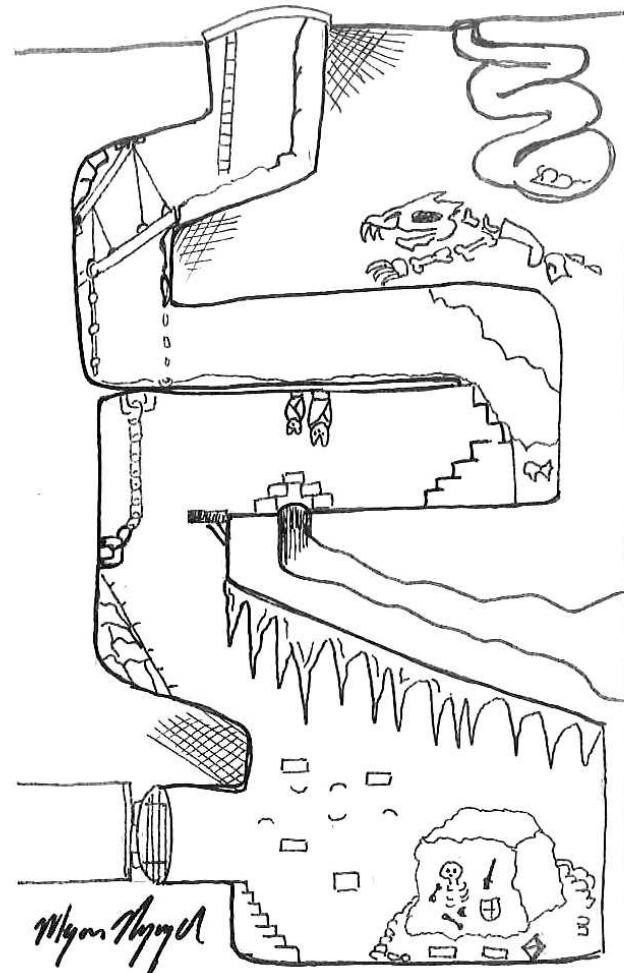
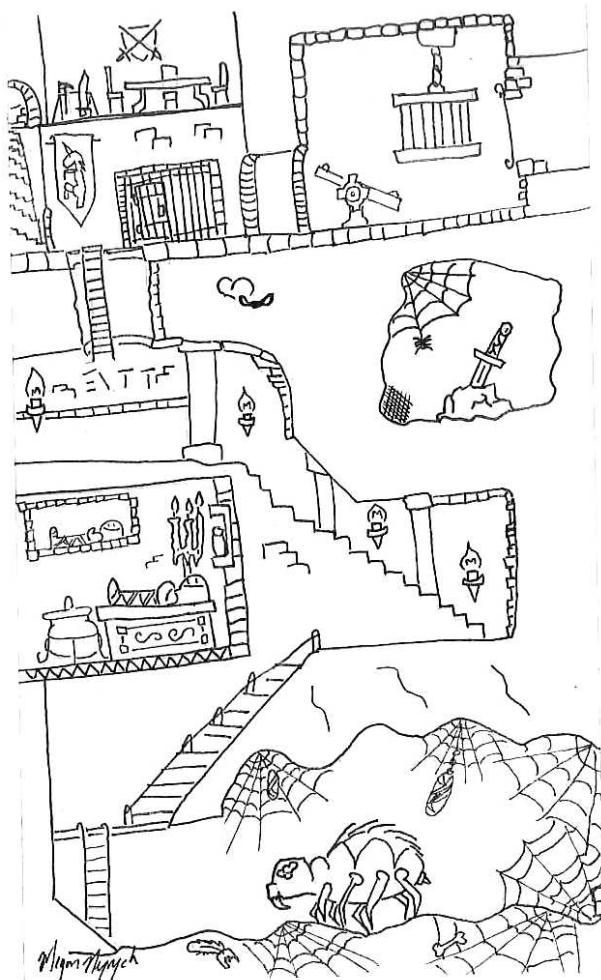
Dungeon Delver!

By Megan Negrych

Delve Journal

Entry the First

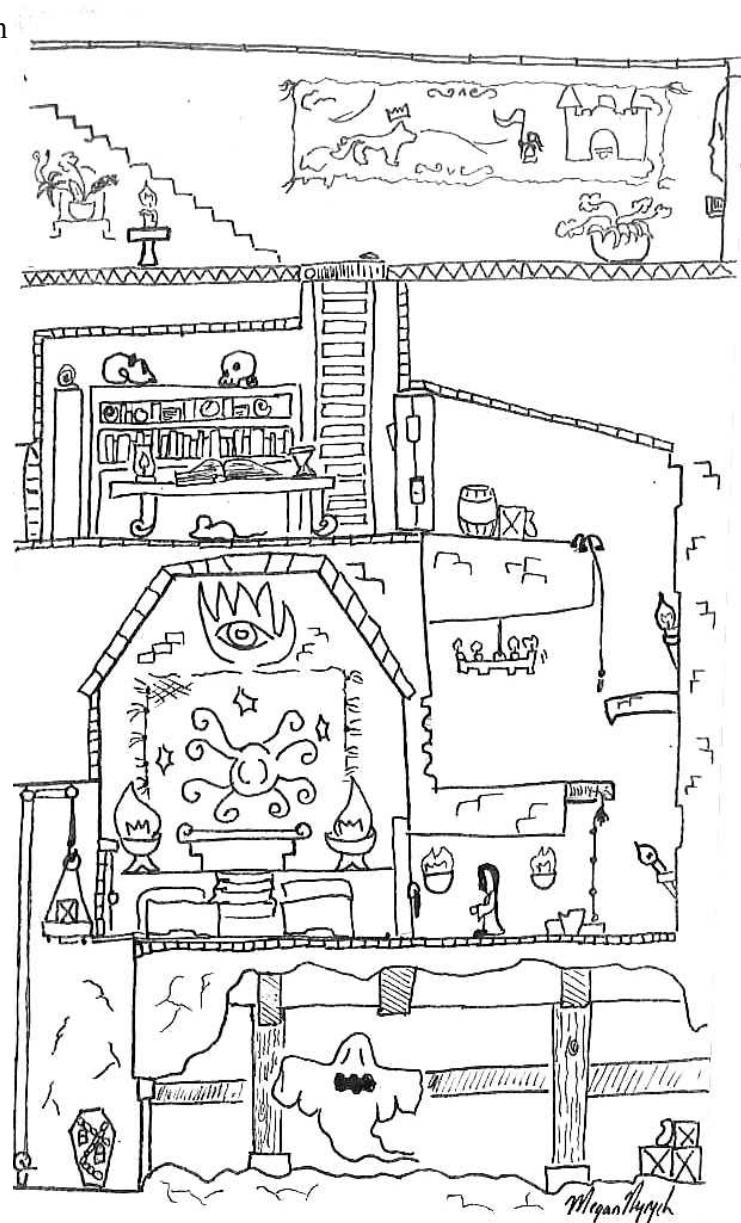
I don't know how long I have been down here, wandering around below the ground through these halls and tunnels. Finally, a door I can bar behind me, a place to stay safe and collect myself.



I managed to escape the guards, who were more alert than usual, and find my way into the undercroft, but I know I cannot go back the way I came; they will be waiting for me. The first bit was slippery, but it seemed someone else had been down that way before, as there were handholds, crude bridges and ropes to get down. At the very bottom, I heard a tell-tale "splunch-splunch" sound and caught a brief glimpse of a gigantic mound of jelly, the bones of its previous victim almost completely dissolved within its mass, its horde of precious metals and rust down below. Luckily, I was quick on my feet and managed to escape before the gelatinous mass could envelop me.

In my safe haven are some crude maps and journals lying on the table, and a lamp with oil. It seems I have stumbled into a massive maze, cobbled together by countless kings and engineers through the ages (all quite mad, as it would seem). From reading through the papers, I can surmise that there are defences in place. There is a waybill, old and crumbling, for the import of a horde of something called acromantulas, whose very name gives me the heebie-jeebies. There are also some holy texts, which I cannot read, though the same symbols appear time and time again. The books appear to be made of the skin of something foul. I hope that in my bid for escape, I never run across whoever made these books or holds them dear.

There are options for possible escape if I can figure out where they are, and avoid the guards surely coming after me to retrieve what I have taken. There is a record of a mine, far below, which would likely mean an exit that way. But there are also some inventories here of really nice stuff. Some of it may even be worth more than what I already took. If I can find a map, or piece one together from all these documents, maybe I can make this whole ordeal really worth my while.





COLLECTIVE STORYTELLING

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON

I was 16 when I played my first tabletop role-playing game. My girlfriends and I convinced a friend of ours to run a game for us. That game changed my life. That seems a bit dramatic, but when I can thank my role-playing game (RPG) hobby for a good number of my friends and a huge amount of my creative inspiration, it seems appropriate.

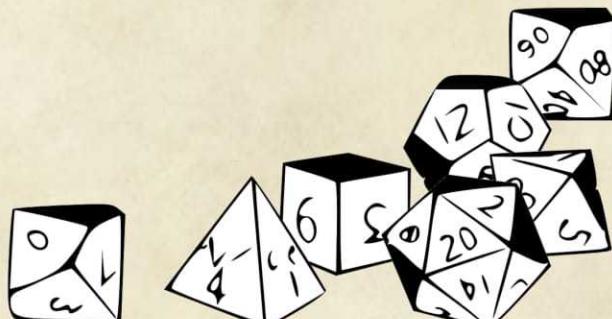
Since that first game of Dungeons & Dragons, I have poked through stacks of different games, trying them out as both a player and a Game Master (GM). I love finding a new game with a new story to discover. And that is what grabs my imagination the most, that the stories that rise from an RPG are not written in stone, but evolve as everyone you're playing the game with interacts with the world and each other.

While I love playing the games as a player character (PC), what really sparks my imagination is being able to lay out the game for everyone as the GM. Coming up with fantastical places and interesting people, daring quests and dastardly villains to fill them is what really gets me excited. Since that first game, I have spent over 15 years GMing my own games and coming up with interesting content to make sure everyone at my table is having the time of their lives. Some of that content I just want to bury and make sure it never sees the light of day again, but there are some gems amidst the garbage that I have decided to pull out and polish up for you. I have maps, monsters, character options, treasures, and quests!

To start off the opening of my vault, I picked out a character option I came up with that goes with the Paladin class from the newest edition (5e) of Dungeons & Dragons. Paladins have always intrigued me. They are powerful, magical, holy knights. However, their hang up on following the rules kept me from really falling in love with them. So I went and made a Paladin that didn't necessarily have to follow the rules. Since I am usually the one running the game as the GM and not one of the players creating a character, I never had a chance to play a "storm" paladin. I can't keep them to myself though, as the thought of these tempestuous knights is just too good to keep bottled up.

GLOSSARY

RPG	Role-playing game
GM	Game Master
PC	Player Character
D&D	Dungeons and Dragons
5e	Fifth edition of D&D



PALADIN

OATH OF THE STORM

Paladins are the devoted warriors of the gods. Holy men and women who swear a sacred oath to uphold the tenets of their deity. Most value law and order and work tirelessly to make the world a better place. However, some Paladins have come to understand, through their faith, a simple truth that some of their comrades are not able to grasp. Life is messy and turbulent and glorious. The greatest among us are able to ride this storm and soar, accepting the chaos around them. Nudging it in just the right way to make sure that, after the storm has washed away all the filth, peace and prosperity are able to take root.

Some find these holy warriors rash and unpredictable, while others see them as fundamentally dangerous, not weighing the consequences of their actions before jumping in, trusting that their good intentions are enough. Those who follow the tenets of the storm understand that they are a part of the balance, the thunder and rain that allow good people to appreciate the peace and prosperity that follows in their wake.

TENETS OF THE STORM

Those who follow the Storm swear to:

Face the Storm The uncertainty of life is not something to fear or condemn. Be brave and scorn cowardice in all its forms.

Challenge the Storm Tackle difficult challenges head-on as that is the way you will prove your might in battle and win glory and renown.

Embrace the Storm Celebrate and find joy in the challenges you face. The sun shines brightest after the mightiest of storms.

Be the Storm Be strong, but do not use your strength for wanton destruction. Let your strength cleanse, washing away evil and corruption so that peace can follow.

OATH SPELLS

You gain oath spells at the paladin levels listed

OATH OF THE STORM SPELLS

Paladin Level Cookie Type

3rd	Thunderwave, Fog Cloud
5th	Gust of Wind, Misty Step
9th	Lightning Bolt, Protection from Energy
13th	Ice Storm, Freedom of Movement
17th	Cone of Cold, Destructive Wave

CHANNEL DIVINITY

When you take this oath at 3rd level, you gain the following two Channel Divinity options:

Destructive Wrath You can use your Channel Divinity to wield the power of the storm with unchecked ferocity. When you roll lightning or thunder damage, you can use your Channel Divinity to deal maximum damage instead of rolling.

Shocking Weapon As an action, you imbue one weapon you are holding with magical lighting. Your weapon crackles with energy and you gain 1d6 lightning damage on melee attacks for one minute. If the weapon is not already magical, it becomes magical for the duration.

AURA OF TURBULENCE

Beginning at 7th level, you have an aura of turbulent wind around you. The area within 10 feet of you is considered to be difficult terrain. You can choose to exclude specific creatures from this effect.

In addition to this, you feel comfortable in extreme temperatures, both warm and cold, and you are unaffected by temperatures between -25C and 35C

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

CHAIN LIGHTNING

Beginning at 15th level, your Shocking Weapon has the potential to hit multiple targets in one strike. When you make an attack with your weapon, you can use a bonus action to do a secondary attack against all enemies within 10 feet, including the initial target, as lightning arcs between their bodies. Roll spell attacks against each creature. On a hit, deal 1d10 lightning damage.

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

AVATAR OF THE STORM

Beginning at 20th level, as an action, you can cause the air within 30 feet of you to swirl with storm clouds and crackle with lightning. For 1 minute you gain the following benefits:

When a creature moves within 30 feet of you, you can cause them to experience an electric shock as a reaction, causing them to make a Constitution saving throw or have their movement interrupted. You can use your action to cause bolts of electricity to attack all creatures of your choice within 30 feet. Make separate spell attacks against all creatures in the area. On a hit, deal 2d10 lightning damage. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Flash Fiction Corner

This month four stories by Megan Negrych

BAD OMENS

Lily had learned very early in life to trust her gut. It has kept her out of trouble and danger. From knowing that there would be a surprise pop-quiz in grade school, to anticipating the death of those around her, she's always had a sixth sense niggling away when something was amiss. She chalked it up to being observant. But, since the car accident, she was less certain that it wasn't something more uncanny, something more ancient than just a gut feeling.

Standing in the kitchen, she looked around and took stock of the evidence that had greeted her that morning. Outside her kitchen window, under which the coffee pot she used every morning was plugged in, she met the owl's unblinking gaze. She had noticed it right away, while she was spooning out the coffee grounds into the filter. Despite the bright sun streaming down on the leafless limb where the great bird sat, it was wide awake, ruffling its feathers and extending its wings, looking as if it had been waiting for her.

The fresh container of coffee cream, just purchased the day before, was open; its curdled contents still in the bottom of her coffee cup. She had checked the best before date three times to make sure she was not misreading it, but there was no disputing that it signalled that the cream should have been perfectly fine for at least another three weeks.

Lastly, on the kitchen table were Darren's work boots, freshly cleaned and oiled to look like new despite their age. He had always been a stickler for taking care of his clothing, but never before had he left them overnight on the table. There had been something off about their interaction that morning before he had gotten out of bed to get ready. It had kept her awake, and sent her into the kitchen much earlier than usual that morning. As such, she had been the one to see the owl, use the cream, and notice his boots on the table before he had a chance to put them on.

She didn't hear so much as feel Darren enter the kitchen behind her, his socked feet whispering over the worn floorboards of their old but well-cared for home. Before he had a chance to say good morning, if he was even planning to, Lily turned to meet him, tears building at the corner of her eyes, her voice hitching in her throat.

"You're leaving, aren't you?" It wasn't an accusation, just a simple question to which, her gut told her, she already knew the answer.

"I know it's Saturday. But I wouldn't be going in if they didn't need me." His still wet hair fell boyishly over his face, even though it has long turned salt-and-pepper.

"You're *leaving*." It came out as a soft whisper, and a tear slipped down her cheek, hanging for a brief moment at her chin before falling. Darren crossed the kitchen, leaning in to kiss her forehead softly.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll be back in time for dinner. Your sister is coming over to help, okay? I'll be back before you know it." He pulled her into a hug, her fragile frame pulled tight against his still hard body. Age had not taken much from him, only added to it. He pulled away again and smiled, the crow's feet at the corner of his eyes more pronounced. "We'll have supper together and then go to the tea shop that you love if you're feeling up to it."

Darren let her go, and Lily let him let her go, as he grabbed his boots off the table and made his way to the front door. She watched, crying silently as he bent down to put his boots on, the movement less easy than it used to be, and then retrieved his keys, before leaving, closing the door behind him. The owl in the tree hooted mournfully, and Lily knew that it too knew. The final nail in the coffin sealed, Lily cried as the sound of Darren's truck grew loud, before fading into the distance, taking him away from her for the last time.

THE GAMBLER

Kosto watched as the man across from him tapped his newly dealt cards against the table, eyes darting up and down from the meagre pile of coins that he had set in front of him. Kosto's own cards were nothing to brag about, but being that they were the only two men left in the game, there wasn't much he could do. He could, if he wanted to, keep folding until the man across from him had all of the money, but he doubted that would accomplish much.

"I'm just trying to win enough to get my little girl some medicine. She's been sick lately, and my boss is a bastard with no heart." Those words, uttered by the man across from him, kept Kosto playing, waiting to see when he could make a move. The corner of his opponent's lip ticked upward, just for a second, and Kosto knew it was his chance. Setting his cards down, he took his large pile of coin, easily a month's earnings, and slipped them to the centre of the table.

"All in." He uttered lowly, then leaned back in his chair and observed. The man across from him looked at the pile in disbelief but didn't hesitate long before pushing what remained of his own money into the middle. The dealer nodded, then checked the river, laying it out for the two men. Kosto's opponent flipped his cards first. Three of a kind, not the most confident of hands, but at least better than a low pair with a middling kicker. Kosto flipped his cards, revealing nothing but a pair of twos, and an assortment of other disappointments. The man across from him didn't question Kosto's poor decision, leaping from the table and shouting in triumph.

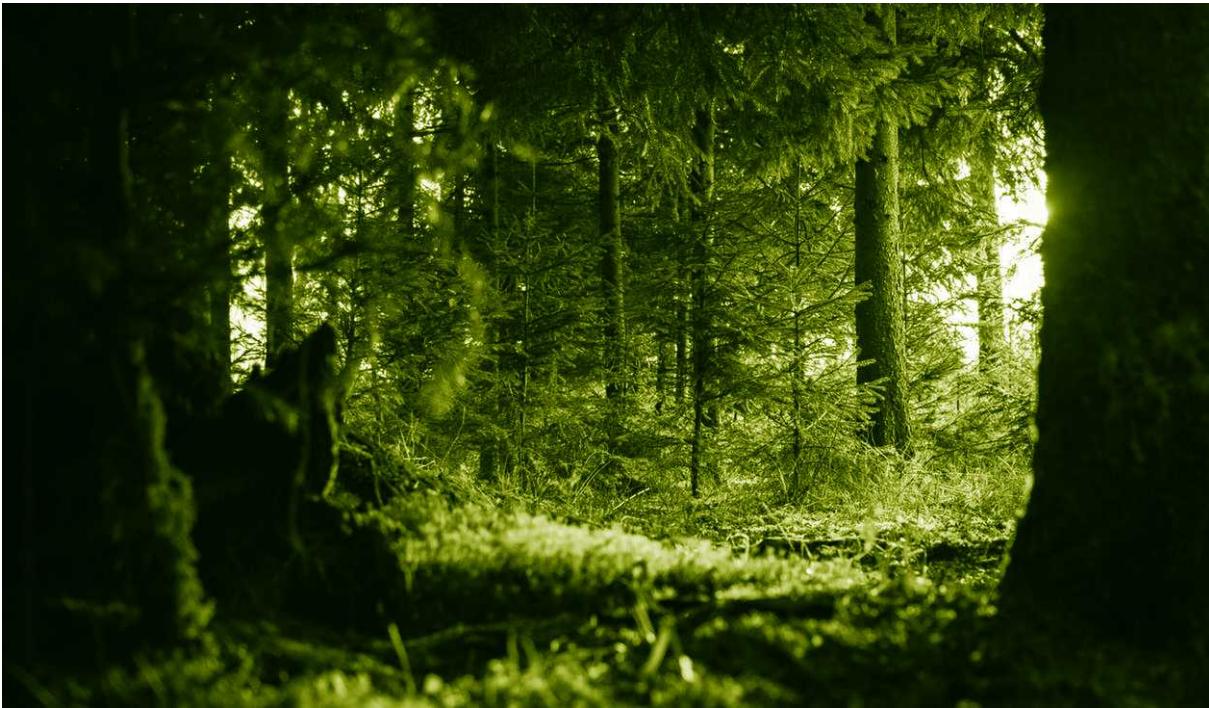
"A round for all you hooves who didn't think I'd ever win! And the good stuff, barkeep!" The men around him clapped him on the shoulders, and Kosto narrowed his eyes.

"What about your daughter?" He asked, picking up his glass of whiskey and draining the last of it.

"I'll just win again, it's not hard. Besides, I know my wife has some coin stashed away where she thinks I can't find it. That'll be enough for the little biter." The man continued to celebrate, picking up his newly won coin and slipping it into his pockets until no more would fit, and then he called for a pouch.

Getting up from the table, Kosto pulled another coin from his pocket and placed it down on the table to cover his own drink, before pushing through the crowd, leaving the stale, rank bar for the dark roads beyond. He had suspected that this would be the case, but was still saddened at what it meant. For a moment he had thought the man had seen the error of his past ways, and simply did not know a better way to try to do the right thing. When the man's wife had approached Kosto with the accusation that her husband was betting away all their coin, he had held little hope that such was not the case. Over his years of working such jobs, he found that very rarely did the quiet ones make rash or false accusations. With a backward glance toward the bar, sound pouring from it into the night, Kosto slipped into the shadows of the alley and started his wait. There would be a message delivered tonight, and it would not be pleasant.





TOUCHING STONE

The cold marble of the stone slab seemed to throb against Martin's hands, like the heartbeat of some great beast dug into the earth. He had been unable to resist the urge to return to this spot, despite the warnings he received about venturing off into the old forest alone. He knew he should have listened to his father, he normally did, but since he had discovered this place, it has been all that he could think of.

Martin had come upon it by chance; he and the other boys from the village had been playing a game of Bandits and Knights in the woods. He had been the last remaining bandit, and, if he could keep the other children from stealing the handkerchief that served as their treasure, they would win. He had turned briefly to glance over his shoulder, and in doing so had tripped over an upturned root and fallen, almost directly into the stone slab, hidden under years of dead leaves and vines.

The other children had caught him, and he had failed to win the game, but deep down Martin knew that what he had found that day was more important than playing pretend. He had come back each day for the following fortnight, exploring around the stone slab, removing the vines and forest detritus, until he had uncovered several stone slabs and a low ring of rough stone surrounding them. The first one he found turned out to be dug into the ground, a long, smooth pillar half buried. He sought to return to this place at every available moment. Sometimes, when the sun was setting, and he sat quietly facing it, he could hear voices.

Food and home held no interest for him anymore. That evening, he had been sitting at the table, looking out the lone window of their home, toward the forest, his stew forgotten and cold before him. His mother had fussed, wondering why he refused to eat. His father had spoken of idle hands and time, and promise to put him to work in the morning so hard that he would devour any food laid before him the following day. He no longer spoke to them about the forest, about the stones, not since the first night, when his father had all but roared at him in anger, warning him away from the place. But what could be so wrong about it?

Martin had waited until his parents put him to bed, and then longer until he heard them close their door, until he saw the fire in the hearth die to embers. On quiet feet, he snuck from the house and into the woods, intent on visiting one more time, before his father made good on his promise to put him to work. With his hand against the stone, Martin laid down, pressing himself against the cool stone surface. In the dark, he listened to the low murmur of voices rising up around his ears, and closed his eyes. He matched his breathing to the pulse beneath him, felt the chill as it pressed in on every side. If he listened just a little harder, he was certain that he could hear his name, being called out from within the stone.

FACE THE MORNING

Susan sat at her desk, the sun shining in from the East as it rose over the horizon, casting everything in a rose gold blush. Something still wasn't quite right. Reaching out, she adjusted a picture frame, angling it just slightly more outward facing so that whoever sat opposite her would have very little choice but to see it. It was of herself, leaning against a low stone wall, arms extended excitedly above her head, a large, floppy straw hat settled on her head. Looking at it, it was impossible to tell if the picture was old or new, just that the woman was unmistakably her, being unmistakably happy, in an unmistakably plain field that could be located anywhere fields could be found. Susan nodded to herself and placed her hands palm-down on the desktop, straightening her own posture and looking to the office door.

The office was quiet save for the hum of the overhead lights, and the intermittent click of a copier, spitting out papers somewhere in a supply room. It was as it should be then, Susan nodded in affirmation. After all, it was only just past dawn, and no one else would be arriving quite yet to begin their day. Still, though, something wasn't right.

Susan moved again, bringing her chair slightly closer to her desk, and began arranging her pens. Carefully she lined each up by their colour, and then their height, setting them just so next to the pad of legal paper that sat, crisp and pristinely unused, within easy reach. She then removed a small palm full of paper clips from the supply caddy and set them down next to the paper. No. No, that simply did not look right. With an admonishing click of her tongue, she put the paper clips back from where she had taken them, one by one, so that each lay flat atop the other within the caddy. With that complete, she nodded again, satisfied for the moment, and folded her hands, looking out her open door to the office floor.

There was a ding of the elevator, announcing the arrival of others, and the quiet murmur of conversation in the distance of the cubicle maze. Good, that was very good, Susan thought. This was how it was supposed to be, perfect and orderly. But still, something felt just a little off. Susan turned her chair just so and stopped so that she herself was angled toward her computer, the black screen showing nothing but her own reflection. There! That was it, now she knew what had been so wrong before. With careful hands, she reached up to her face, and pulled the skin up and forward, just so. It settled back around her skeletal orbital sockets and cleared her field of vision of the slight obstruction the out-of-placeness had caused. Carefully she moved down, straightening out her smile so that her lips framed her teeth, instead of sagging down to show her lower jaw. It would have been very frightful to be seen without her face on properly, Susan mused as she smoothed the skin of her neck down over her protruding collarbones. It simply would not have been a good way to start the day. A chorus of screams and madness are never good for office morale.



DEJA EXCITE! Here is what the team at DeJa-VISITE is excited for in the coming weeks:

Megan Negrych

- **Party Games for Terrible People** - December 27th - The Board Game Bistro - Cards Against Humanity with strangers, what could be better? Who will be the most offensive, and absolutely the worst person ever?
- **Malanka** - January 29th - Regina Performing Arts Centre - Celebrate the Ukrainian New Year!
- **The Snowman** - February 10th - Riddel Centre - A movie I fondly remember from my childhood, with live music for the sweeping soundtrack. Nostalgia at its very best.
- **Centennial Markets Ghost Investigation** - Tours Starting December 20th - 1230 Broad St. - Wanna see if you can meet ghosts? Hosted by an experienced seer, there will be equipment available to maybe have an encounter with the many old warehouse district ghosts. Maybe you'll even meet James!
- **Behind Enemy Lines Featuring Marthe Cohn** - January 8th - Conexus Art Centre - The true life story of a French Jewish Spy in Nazi Germany. This is a chance to hear history from the first-hand account of Marthe Cohn.



Jocelyn Anderson

- **The Hobbit** - November 28th to December 30th - Globe Theatre - I am so excited to go see this show at Globe Theatre. I got a sneak peek at all the costume and set designs and they look amazing. I also identify very strongly with hobbits. I think it's the "short" part. Although it could be the "likes to eat lots of meals" part too.
- **New Year's Day Levee** - January 1st - Government House - I have been to the Lieutenant Governor's Levee a few times before and while it isn't something amazingly exciting, it is an interesting tradition that I quite enjoy taking part in. And they have free coffee and cake.
- **Outdoor Skating Rinks Open** - Mid December - All over the city - While I don't know exactly when the outdoor rinks will open this year, I have been watching the City of Regina website closely for any clues. I'm definitely looking forward to strapping on my skates and going for a few laps around the ice!