



50

PAGES OF ALL-NEW ARTICLES WITH THE
SUPER-TEAM YOU DEMANDED!ALL NEW
No.5
JUNE
2018

THE SUPER

DEJA-VISITE

GET IN ON
• ALL THE •
ACTION



MORE
NEW
PAGES



HELLO CITIZENS!

When last we left our heroes, they had defeated the evil villain The Procrastinator, freeing the world from its vile grip. At least for a short while. Since then our valiant group of caped crusaders have been tirelessly working behind the scenes, to recruit new super-friends to team DEJA-VISITE.

This month we welcome another comrade-in-arms to our collective. Hailing from the shining metropolis of Regina, Randene Shiplett is currently establishing our organization in a new location. In Halifax, Nova Scotia, Randene indulges in the arts, and fights the dastardly villain, The Litter Bug. Mild-mannered, when she is not combatting the forces of evil, she is involved in the community in a dozen other ways that help to strengthen it and the people within it. She joins us now to fill us in on what the move from landlocked Regina, to having the ocean as a neighbour, has brought her in this new autobiographical column. If you want to find out more about Randene's adventures, be sure to check out her bio on our website.

Of course, our team would be nothing without our ability to connect with the public, a task handled with care by our very own Jessica Mitten-Moore. Taking the helm on our social media platforms, she ensures that our adventures and exploits are advertised, curated, and beautiful. Each night she lines up our posts for the next day with diligence and care so that you, the readers, are in the know and up-to-date on all the columns and series you anticipate.

This month, our adventure takes us to new heights. Explore the superhuman strength (and willpower) needed to make your own sourdough bread from scratch, with Ariadne Bissett's return to *The Experimental Kitchen*. She also posits that robots and AI need love too in this next instalment of *Project Chrysopoeia*. Learn more about robots from Rachel Popa, who reports on their powers for both good and evil in her review of the latest Adult Science Night: *Robotics!* Jessica takes us to check on our ally . . . or maybe our new friend, Deadpool, in her review of *Deadpool 2*. Victoria Koops returns to share with us the fine art of having the powers of a beekeeper, where there is danger around every corner. Kerri Desgagné fuels our team's hunger with her recipes for camping; food is something every team needs! Jocelyn Anderson, aside from providing us with our wonderful artwork and giving us our new super-personas, takes us out for a hike at Cypress Hills Interprovincial Park with her latest *Walk on the Wild Side* piece. Together, the team also brings you a run down of the pen and paper game *Mythic Mortals*, an event not to be missed! Finally, I bring you a crossover between *Serial Bits* and *Horror Hideout*, as I investigate the infamous penny dreadful, then start you on the road to the interesting and sometimes dangerous life of Tuala Griggs, a woman who sees more in the world than most.

All this and so much more in this issue of DEJA-VISITE!

Happy reading, citizens!

Megan Negrych
Editor-in-Chief,
and the DEJA-VISITE team

Ariadne Bissett
Jocelyn Anderson
Kerri Desgagné
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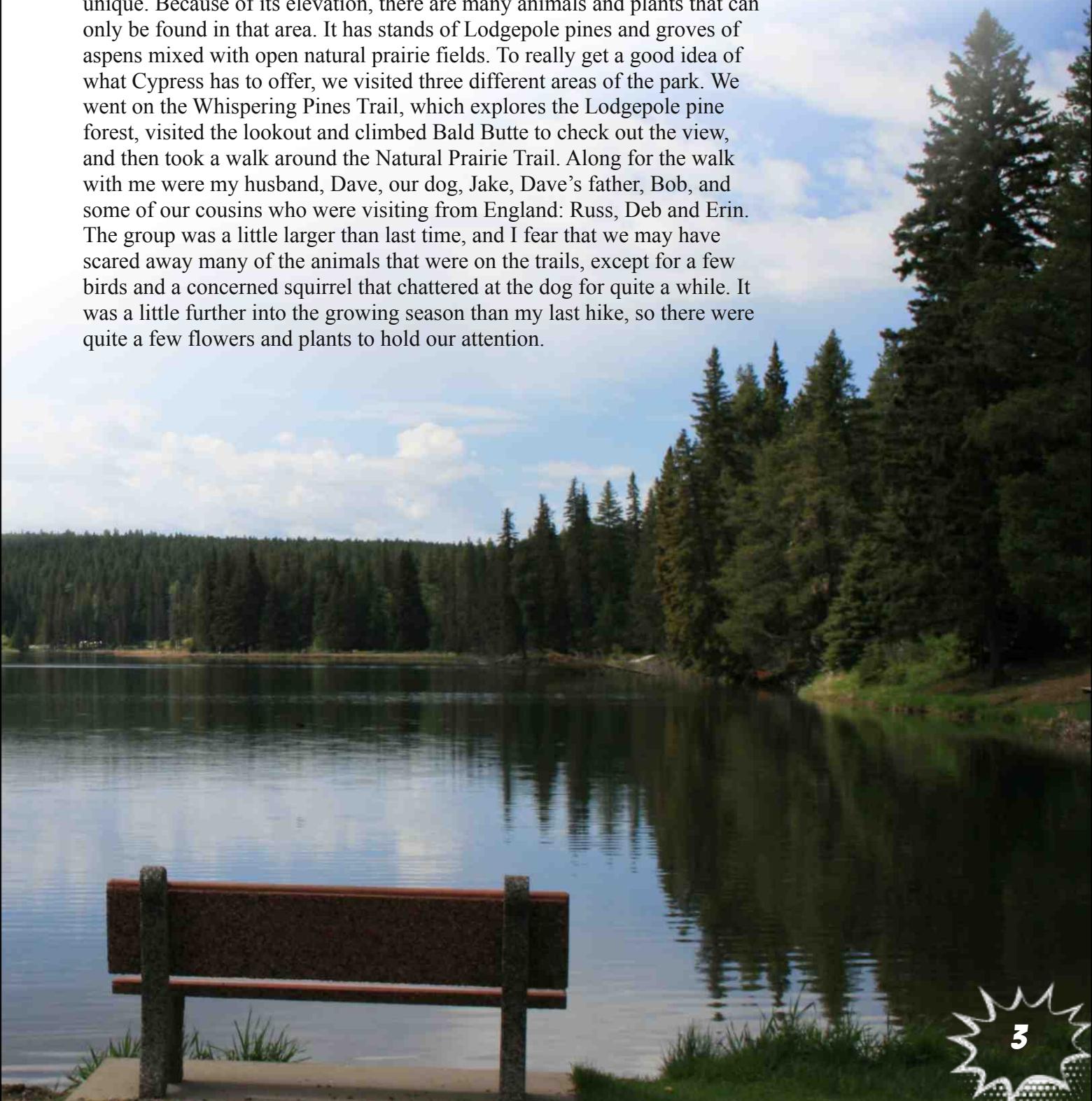


A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: CYPRESS HILLS

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON

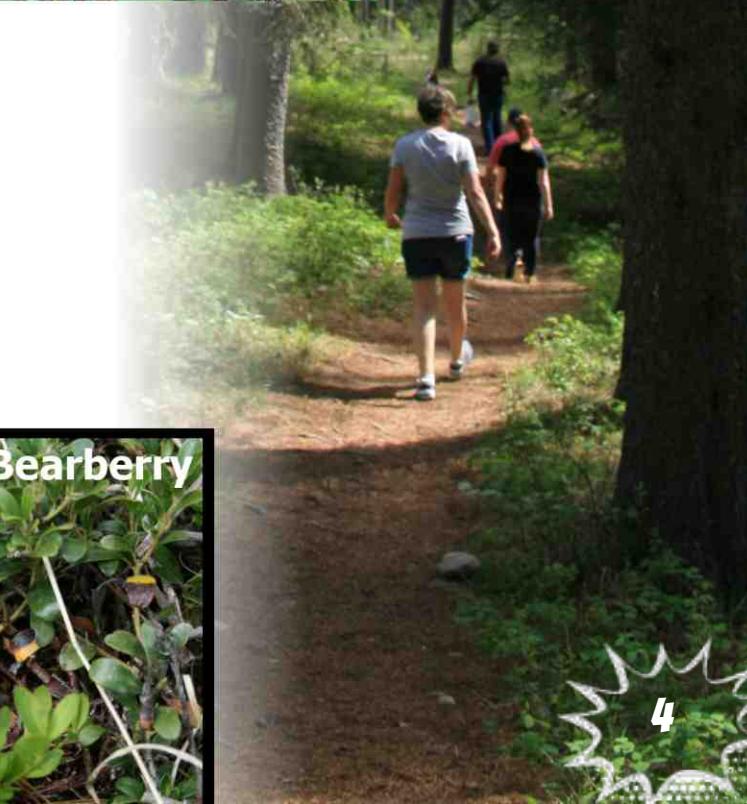
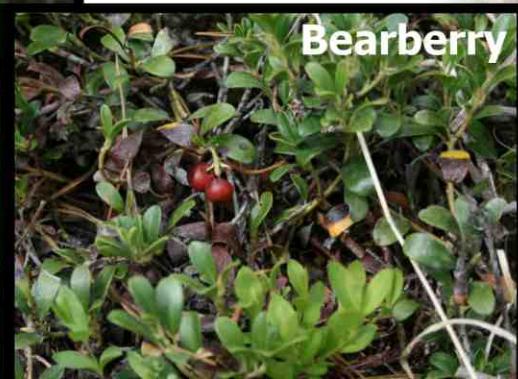
Saskatchewan has quite a few different biomes within its borders. All the way from our northern boreal forests to the southern prairies, we have a vast range of plants and animals one can discover. In Southern Saskatchewan, there are a number of parks which offer us the opportunity to explore some of the many natural habitats our province has to offer. Last month I had the chance to visit a corner of the Big Muddy Badlands, and this month I found myself in Cypress Hills Inter-Provincial Park.

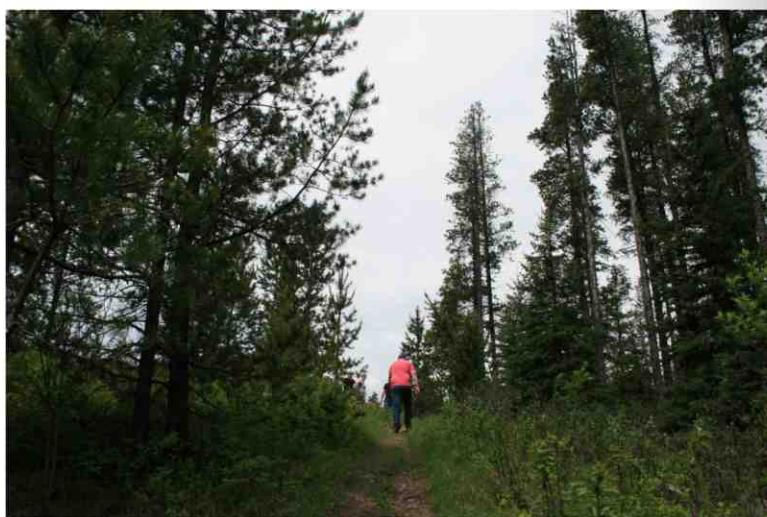
Among the different areas in Saskatchewan, Cypress Hills is quite unique. Because of its elevation, there are many animals and plants that can only be found in that area. It has stands of Lodgepole pines and groves of aspens mixed with open natural prairie fields. To really get a good idea of what Cypress has to offer, we visited three different areas of the park. We went on the Whispering Pines Trail, which explores the Lodgepole pine forest, visited the lookout and climbed Bald Butte to check out the view, and then took a walk around the Natural Prairie Trail. Along for the walk with me were my husband, Dave, our dog, Jake, Dave's father, Bob, and some of our cousins who were visiting from England: Russ, Deb and Erin. The group was a little larger than last time, and I fear that we may have scared away many of the animals that were on the trails, except for a few birds and a concerned squirrel that chattered at the dog for quite a while. It was a little further into the growing season than my last hike, so there were quite a few flowers and plants to hold our attention.



Whispering Pines

The Lodgepole pines are usually found in the mountains, but because of the higher elevation and cooler climate in Cypress Hills, they are able to thrive here. According to the interpretive signs along the trail, Cypress Hills is the most easterly area in Canada in which they grow. Besides the squirrel that scolded my dog, we also saw a pair of red-winged blackbirds on the loch, along with a few mallards. I also chased after what I believe was a mourning cloak butterfly, watched some busy red ants, and managed to photograph another butterfly which I have yet to identify.





Bald Butte and the Lookout



The lookout area at Cypress Hills looks north. We had quite a sunny day, and the elevation, which is 1275m above sea level, allows you to see quite a ways. The signs claim that you may be able to see the Great Sand Hills, which are 100 km away. I can't be sure that we could see quite that far, as there was a little bit of haze along the horizon, but it was a lovely view. Before we climbed Bald Butte, we had a picnic beside some lovely quivering aspens.

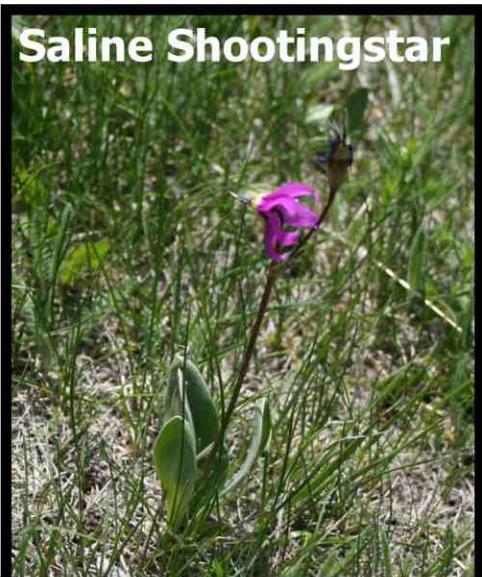


Native Prairies

To round out our day, we took a walk around the Natural Prairie Trail. The plants on this walk were quite different than those we saw on Whispering Pines. The most surprising part of the day was the two coulees full of snow we found! The first inspired a short snowball fight, and Dave went for a walk through the second without his shoes. It makes me smile that you can find a field full of spring flowers right beside a large snowbank.

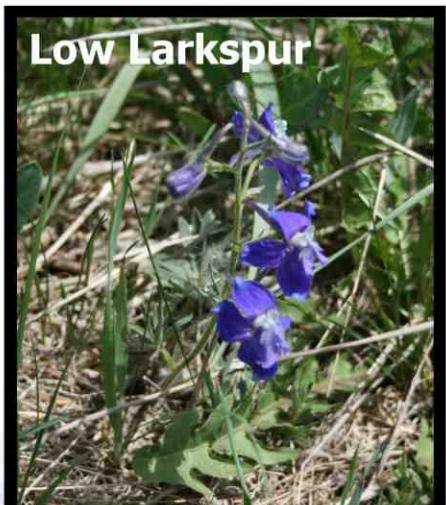


Saline Shootingstar



Western Canadian Violet





Recipes for Camping

By Kerri Desgagné



Since it is summer, my family and I go camping as much as possible. It is something that we love to do, and part of why we love camping is the different foods that we get to enjoy. The recipes listed below are great to make and take while camping.

Black Bean and Corn Burger

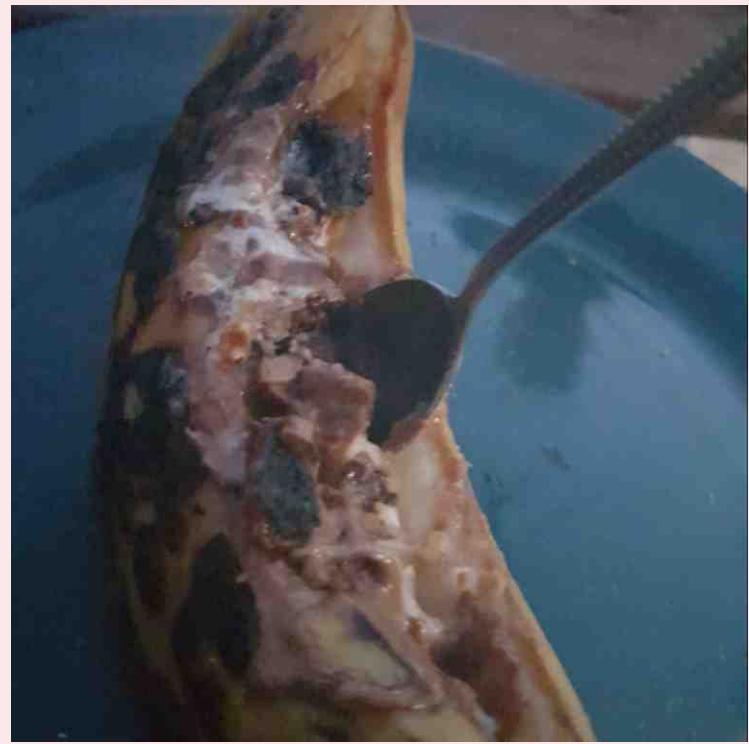
(Makes 8 burgers)

- 1c cooked brown rice
- 2c cooked corn
- 1 small onion, diced
- 2 cloves of garlic, minced
- 1 540 ml can of black beans (drained)
- 1c red lentils
- ½c bread crumbs
- 1 ½ tsp chipotle powder
- 1 tsp paprika
- 1 tsp parsley
- 1 tsp cayenne pepper
- 2 tbsp BBQ sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste

- Rinse and soak the red lentils in unsalted water for at least three hours, then drain.
- In a frying pan, sauté the onion and garlic until translucent in colour.
- Mix all the ingredients together in a bowl until combined.
- Pour half of the mixture into a blender and pulse until it is almost a paste. You do not want to over blend. This is the glue for the rest of the mixture.
- Combine the blended mixture with the non-blended mixture that you prepared earlier. Taste the mix and adjust the seasoning.
- Take a $\frac{1}{3}$ c measuring cup and scoop out the mixture into your hand to shape into a burger and place onto a baking sheet.
- Allow the burgers to rest for at least an hour before cooking.
- Heat a pan with a teaspoon of oil over medium heat and fry the burgers for five minutes on each side.
- Enjoy them with the burger toppings of your choice.

To take them camping, I wrapped them up with plastic wrap and parchment paper as a separator and put them in the freezer. We then reheated the defrosted burgers on the BBQ at our campsite. They were a little delicate for flipping but very tasty.





Banana boats

- Bananas
 - Chocolate
 - Marshmallows
 - Tinfoil
-
- Take an unpeeled banana and slice through the middle.
 - Place the marshmallows and chocolate in the middle of the sliced banana, alternating between the two.
 - Wrap the banana in tinfoil.
 - Throw the banana in the fire for a couple minutes. The marshmallow and chocolate will melt and get all gooey.
 - Using tongs, grab the banana and unwrap. You can enjoy as is or add some crushed graham crackers, fresh berries or nuts for variety.

Robot Takeover at the Science Centre

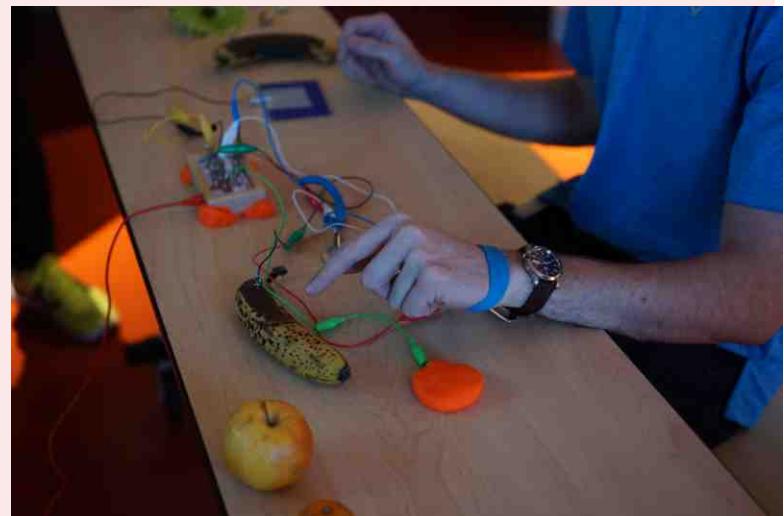
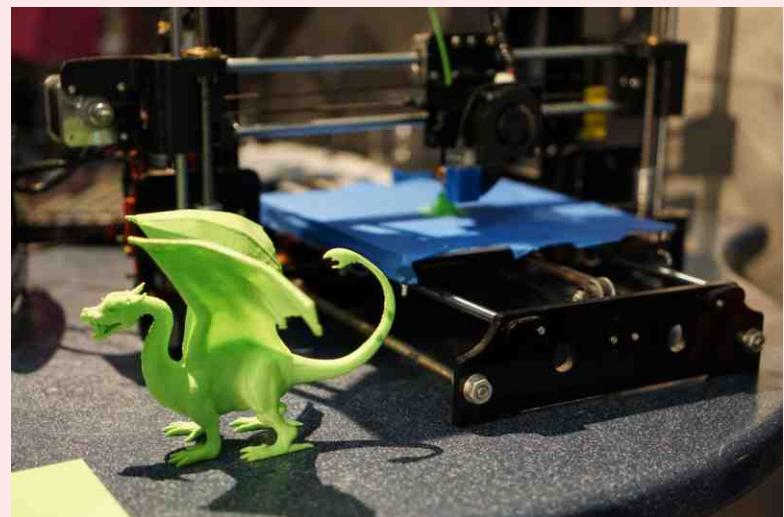
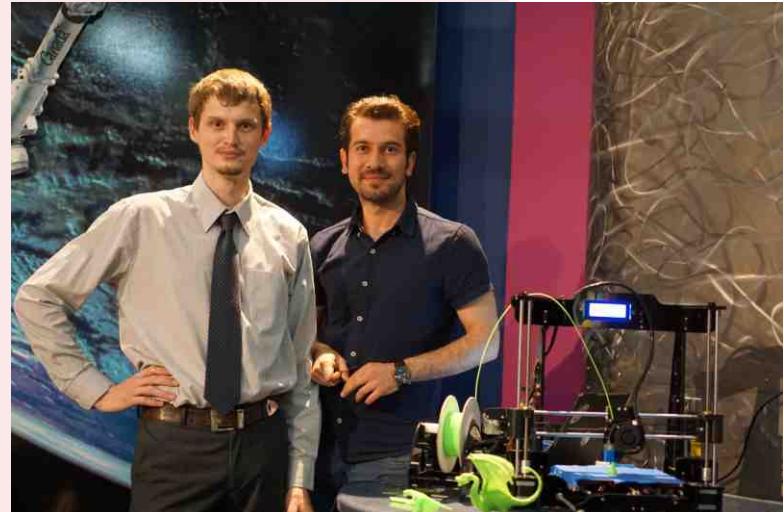
By Rachel Popa

The Saskatchewan Science Centre recently hosted another Adult Science Night on May 24th, this time with the theme of robotics. These events are only open to those 19 years of age or older, as there is a bar available (Now taking debit/credit and serving Rebellion beer!). If you haven't been to the Science Centre in years, you should attend an Adult Science Night and take advantage of the opportunity to get tipsy while revisiting your childhood favourites, as well as many new exhibits.

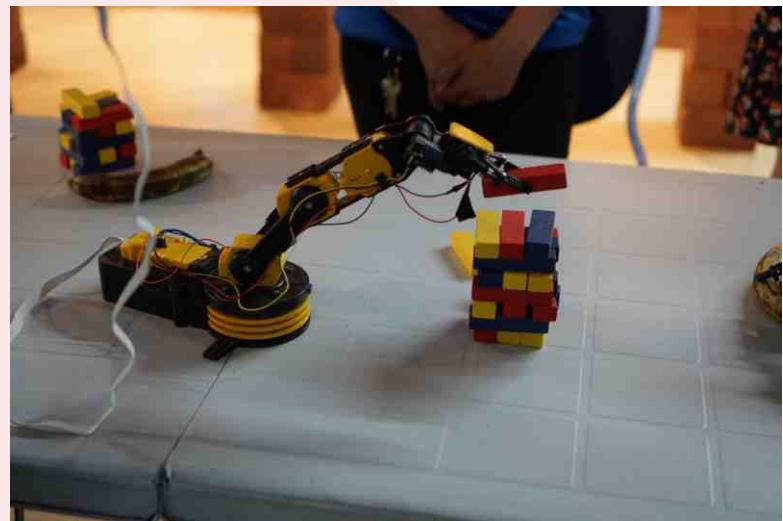
The U of R Robotics Club was at the event, along with an assortment of their equipment. One of the heads of the club, Roman, gave a presentation on a few different kinds of Arduino boards and explained the basics of programming one. Additionally, they had a 3D printer, assembled from a kit (with a few custom modifications), and a number of small projects printed with it. We were given an explanation of the components of the printer, as well as a working demo. It was amazing to see both the stability and level of detail of the printed objects, but also surprising to learn that many hours are needed to create some of these pieces.

For those of us who wanted to try out our own projects, Roman recommended making an account on tinkercad.com to get started with the Arduino ecosystem and 3D printing. Tinkercad is a free application suite that lets you model a variety of projects, including circuits/Arduino simulations, bricks for your Lego and Minecraft creations, and 3D models for printing. It is an excellent way to start to learn programming as you can run your code on a simulated board without having to purchase components up front. Additionally, the site offers lessons that guide you through the creation of simple circuits and more complicated Arduino projects.

Another demonstration at the event involved the simple, yet educational, Makey Makey board. Funded via Kickstarter, Makey Makey's line of products aim to teach the basics of circuits—as well as the conductivity of everyday objects—to children in a fun and interactive way. The classic board is just a USB keyboard or controller that you can hook up to your computer, but it has no keys of its own. Instead, you must attach alligator clips to connect the six inputs on the board to conductive objects. With a few quick clips, you can play *Pac-Man*, *Tetris*, or any other simple game by touching bananas, Play-Doh, forks, or any other conductive object you can think of. You can even set up a whole human as a controller and high-five them to trigger the input.



Robot arms and hands were a hot item at the event. First, we were tasked with trying to play Jenga by controlling a robotic arm with a claw; it was as difficult as it sounds. If Jenga was too challenging, you could also attempt to pick up a banana. After playing with real robot arms, we were given the opportunity to make our own. By cutting out hand-shaped cardboard pieces, gluing on straws to act as bones, and running strings through those bones to act as ligaments, we were able to control the hand remotely and pick up small objects by pulling the strings. Through the power of arts and crafts, we got to experience some of the basic principles that go into some forms of robotic hands, such as the IEEE Spectrum, a robotic hand that aims to simulate the ligaments of a real human hand.



In addition to the above special activities, the entire Science Centre was open for exploration. Adult Science Nights are typically held once a month at the Saskatchewan Science Centre. Admission is 12 dollars, but Science Centre members receive a 20% discount. You can see upcoming Adult Science Nights and additional events on their calendar here: sasksciencecentre.com/events-calendar





We Will Rock U!

By Megan Negrych

Have you ever wanted to see Michael Jackson's *Thriller* jacket up close, or gaze at Gene Simmons' infamous KISS shoes in wonder? Is Surf Rock music trivia your thing? Do you secretly long to let out your inner Rock Goddess (or God)? Well, look no further! As of May 18th, 2018, The Saskatchewan Science Centre has just what you have been waiting for. Rock U The Institute of Rock 'n Roll has opened its doors to the public and provides you with a wide variety of educational and interactive exhibits.

The visiting exhibit is billed by Sandy Baumgartner, CEO of the Saskatchewan Science centre, as an experience that "takes interactivity and cranks it up to 11," and is set to run all summer. The experience can be broken into three categories: interactive music making, memorabilia and replicas, and music industry history and trivia.

By far the portion of the exhibit that is the most readily accessible, and that draws the most attention, are the interactive instruments. Positioned near the back of the room, digital drum kits, guitars, synthesizers, and iPads with GarageBand are just waiting for you to give them a try. All come equipped with their own set of headphones, so the music you make (or the *noise*, depending on your skill level), is audible only to you. This helps keep the atmosphere of the room pleasant. There is also a giant step-on piano right where you enter, just waiting for you to try to dance out a personal rendition of Chopsticks.

Various cases around the room are littered with a wide assortment of memorabilia: from an example of punk rock fashion and Elvis' Jumpsuit, to some of the first stereo equipment created. Each comes with its own little fact sheet, explaining its significance to the history of rock music.

Finally, for an exhibit at the science centre, there is a lot of historical information in Rock U, helping to bridge the gap between interactivity and learning. Around the perimeter of the room, you can explore the history of amplifiers or find out how loud a rock concert really is (remember to get some earplugs if you like to jam near the front; your ears will thank you!). It also walks you through the evolution of rock. I felt that the most interesting of



these industry history bits gives an overview of the creation of vinyl records, the traditional method of poster creation used by the industry, and the history of the disc jockey. Amidst the history, there are also random tidbits, such as quizzes about one-hit wonders, which obscure instrument you can hear playing in certain songs, and even a light-up map that links locations with songs about them (Yes, Sweet Home Alabama is linked to Alabama; we're all safe).

I had the good fortune to experience this exhibit on two different occasions, and I am glad I did. The first day I went was May 19th, the day after it opened, and a fair few of the interactive displays were quite rough around the edges. I was disappointed with it at that point. Luckily, I had the chance to go back on May 24th for the Adult Science Night, and the experience was much improved, as some of the kinks had been worked out. As has been done with temporary exhibits in the past, Rock U! has also been paired with an IMAX documentary film, *America's Musical Journey*.

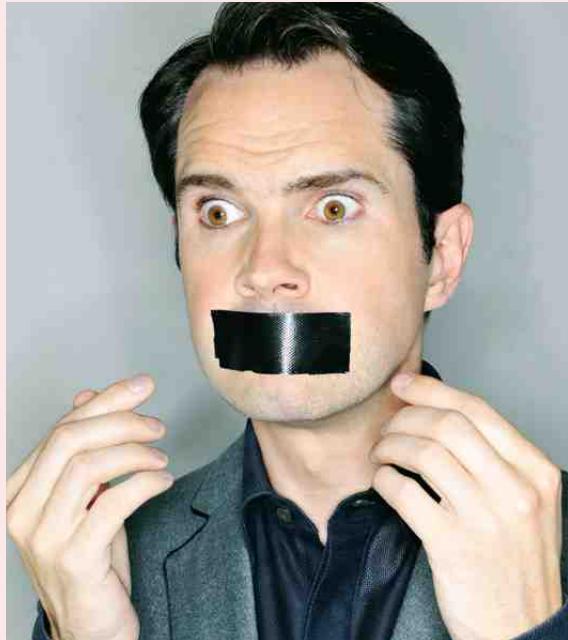
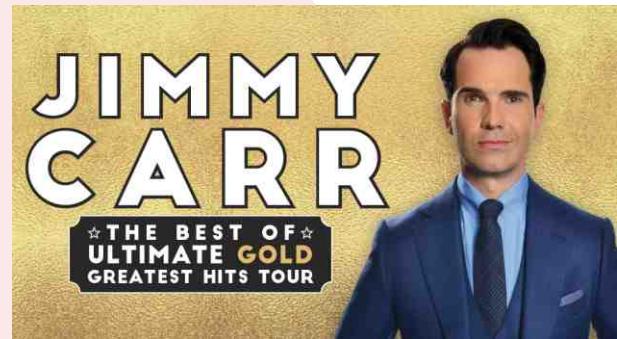
The Saskatchewan Science Centre is open from Monday to Friday, 10 AM to 6 PM, and weekends from 11 to 6. However, I highly recommend going to Rock U as part of your Adult Science Night adventure, which should give you 3 more chances to see it before it is gone. Admission is \$12, or you can double up and add in the IMAX movie for \$20.



Jimmy Carr: The Best of World Tour

A Review

By Jessica Mitten-Moore



On May 17th, one of my favourite comedians came to Regina. Jimmy Carr is a well-known British comedian, whose humor is often dark and deadpan, in signature British fashion. He is very popular in the United Kingdom and has hosted shows such as *8 out of 10 Cats*, *Big Fat Quiz* and, most recently, *Countdown*.

The night arrived, I somewhat knew what to expect since I have seen his stand-up routine on Netflix and have watched him host multiple shows. I could not wait for his dry wit and unique laugh; he sounds like a dying seal that is gasping for breath and it is brilliant. Jimmy Carr really likes to involve his audience, and this time was no exception. Before the show began, there was a screen which listed a phone number. The audience could text Jimmy, or more likely an assistant, with jokes, crass comments about his person or just tell him about a special occasion they were celebrating, and there was a chance he would read them out loud during the show. At the time I did not have any of these at the top of my head, so I simply sent: "Jimmy, I need to know what you are wearing...". I knew a comment like this wouldn't be used in the show but I couldn't give up the opportunity to "text" Jimmy Carr.

Jimmy came out on stage, dressed in a very nice suit and was as charming as ever. He jumped around from joke to joke, which is his style, and belittled people in the audience (in a hilarious and good-natured way, of course). He really focused on how he had biblically "known" the mother of a good-humoured man in the front row. Jimmy had a set of prepared jokes, which were darkly hilarious but also played off of the audience, asking questions and then reading some of the texts that were sent his way. Sometimes he brought the senders of the text under intense scrutiny and even turned on the house lights to see them better, and allow the entire audience to see their secret shame.

I really did enjoy Jimmy Carr's live appearance, especially when he let loose his well-known laugh, but several of his jokes were from his stand-up show on Netflix. This left me a little down since I was hoping he would have a new set for his tour around the world. I guess with a name such as "The Best of Ultimate Gold Greatest Hits Tour", it kind of tells you multiple times in advance that he will be throwing his well-known and best jokes at you. I would highly recommend watching his stand-up show if you have yet to see it. See him live if you have a chance! Also, if you have not heard his laugh, you really need to Google it. Be prepared to giggle along with him.



#FarmerVictoria: Life on a Millennial Acreage

– Video Game Beekeeping –

By Victoria Koops



So here's a quick recap: I live on an acreage with my husband and fur babies. We arrived in a cloud of grid road dust from the "Big City" and have been adjusting to country life ever since. If you'd like the full story of how we ended up where we are, check out last month's issue of *Deja-Visite*. But, since that issued released, we've been pretty busy around our Millennial Acreage. Between fixing up the raspberry patch, building a new campfire pit, not being able to use said campfire pit because of fire bans, and trying to figure out why my chainsaw isn't working, it feels like we haven't had much time for the really important things in life, like video games.

That was a joke.

I mean, who am I kidding? There's always time for video games in my house. We're the type of people that wake up at 6:00 AM and drive to Regina for the early showing of *Deadpool 2* instead of, I don't know, waking up to seed the fields or weed the garden. Of course there's time for video games, no matter how busy we are on The Farm. #Priorities.

Currently, one of my favourite video games is a multi-player survival game called *Don't Starve Together*. Have you heard of *Minecraft*? Maybe? Well, this game is like *Minecraft* but superior in almost every way. The objective of the game is to balance your character's hunger, sanity, and health points in an equally beautiful and hostile world. I adore the gothic art and can lose hours trying to survive just, one, more, day. An ideal afternoon is playing this video game with my husband; it encourages us to communicate and problem-solve together in a unique fashion, and we both love it. *Don't Starve Together* also sparked my keen interest in everything beekeeping. Weird, I know, but let me explain.

First, did you know that the famous Sherlock Holmes was reportedly a beekeeper? That's right, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle claimed that Holmes retired to raise bees. Beekeeping is an ancient husbandry practice that has gained popularity in recent years primarily due to environmental concerns and the mysterious colony collapse disorder threatening the world's bee population. Though Millennials (like myself) have just discovered the joys of beekeeping, it turns out humans have been fascinated with bees and honey for thousands of years. Bees have a rich history alongside humanity and have buzzed their way into our popular culture in surprisingly charming ways. We have literary icons like Sherlock Holmes raising bees, animated cartoons like Winnie the Pooh licking honey out of ceramic jars, and countless documentaries on apiculture science and bee colonies.

There are even some video games that teach



the importance of beekeeping.

A central tenet of *Don't Starve Together* is to collect resources and build a variety of survival items. After fashioning a bug net from spider silk, rope, and twigs, you can run around and catch little honey bees. Then, you build a beehive. Once you have a beehive, you need a beekeeper hat, and you can harvest the honey produced by your hive.

My husband's play style is very adventurous; he likes to explore and fight the strange monsters lurking around *Don't Starve Together*. I, on the other hand, am a survivalist. Like one of those doomsday preppers. I plan for everything and build a base camp fit for the apocalypse. Early in the game, I found that being able to harvest honey meant we could make food that fed us more, poultices that healed us better, and at the end of the day, it was just plain fun running around catching little animated honey bees.

I was building a second beehive in one of our many games of *Don't Starve Together* when it occurred to me that, if I wanted to, I could actually become a beekeeper. In real life. On our newly acquired acreage.

The first thing I did was borrow about a dozen books on beekeeping from the public library. Then I spent the entire winter researching beekeeping and considering the possibility of having bees on our acreage. Like I mentioned last issue, we have a mature fruit orchard with over 150 Evans cherry trees, 600 saskatoon berry trees, and a large raspberry patch. The trees are overgrown, the raspberries have all but smothered themselves, and it's a tangled bunch of wilderness right now, but I'm dreaming of a day when we might be able to open our own U-pick.

This spring, I contacted a local beekeeper and asked if he would be interested in mentoring me. He said yes! Right now, my husband and I have decided to wait one more year to get our own bees, but over this summer I will be apprenticing with this local man, and he'll be teaching me everything I need to know about honey beekeeping. In the fall, we'll build our own hives, and next spring, our orchard will be abuzz. I went out with my mentor two weeks ago for the very first time and earned my stripes by getting stung once in the shoulder. I've never been more excited!

Beekeeping has a long and rich history, with a little bit of something for everyone. For me, it all began because of one indie video game, and now I'm a beekeeper (hat and all) in real life, too!





Zoom! Discover The Beautiful Around You

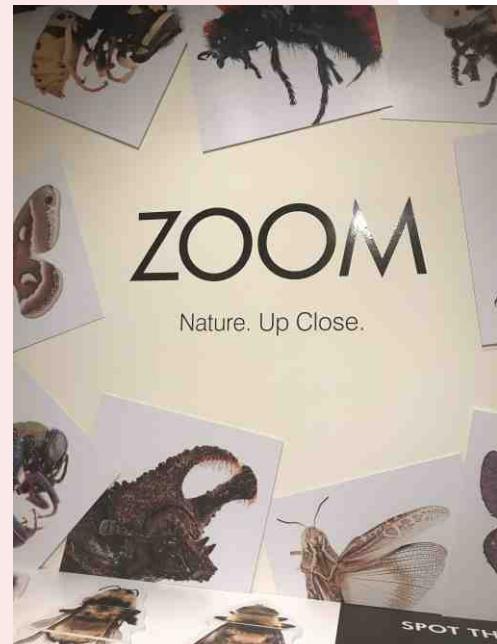
By Megan Negrych

On May 17th, 2018, just in time for the long weekend and an influx of eager guests, the Royal Saskatchewan Museum, in partnership with presenting sponsor K+S Potash Canada, unveiled a new exhibit. "Zoom. Nature. Up Close." is billed as an interactive journey of discovery which "allows visitors to zoom in on nature, using cutting-edge imaging systems," and highlights some of the internationally recognized research being done at the museum by their dedicated research staff.

The exhibit is laid out in nine stations, each dedicated to exploring a different facet of biodiversity and ecology and providing a closer look at things we may overlook in our day-to-day rush. In one space, you can see a dragonfly larva catching its prey. A few steps away, you can compare the skull size and shape of predators ranging from a bat right up to a cougar. Interspersed with educational write-ups about evolutionary changes and species diversity, there are microscope stations where you can select from a variety of bugs and fossils and zoom in to see them in stunning detail. From the grooves on a beetle's exoskeleton right down to the fine hairs between the eyes of a wasp, what you focus on is up to you. I found the magnification highly enjoyable, and very eye-opening.

For me, the exhibit held three major highlights. The first was a double whammy of prehistoric pleasure: a 99-million-year-old dinosaur feather, and a 45-million-year-old Baltic ant, both encased in amber. Speaking of the dinosaur feather, the RSM has had this nifty little piece of awesome since about 2016, when it was discovered in their collection. It has radically changed the way we picture dinosaurs. Being able to see it up close was a treat, and the details brought out by the powerful microscope were breathtaking.

The second highlight was the display on scavengers. At the very back of the exhibit, hidden behind protective glass, is an animal skull in the midst of being cleaned. When I was there, the skull belonged to some kind of antlered herd animal (I can't rightly assume on what type of animal this was, but suffice to say the antlers were impressive). This display demonstrates why the bones we find in nature are so clean and white, and lets you see first-hand how it happens. Inside the case, along with the skull—including meaty bits of flesh, ligaments, tendons and what-not—are a variety of scavenging beetles and larvae. They work to make the bones clean by





feasting on what is left behind. While watching this transpire in real time is slow going, the display case is paired with a time lapse video which shows another skull being cleaned bit by bit. From meaty to clean, you can see all the hard work done by our little beetle friends.

The third major highlight of the exhibit that wowed me was the wealth of information provided in such a small space, and the astounding visuals paired with each stand-alone display. The high-resolution images, captured in such beautiful detail, are truly something to see. They take something that we take for granted, that some of us may even dislike, and make it spectacular and beautiful, holding it up for all to see. The differences between bird and dinosaur feathers, the details of a cicada wing, and the subtle patterning on a moth are all put on display, made irresistible in their magnificence.

I encourage everyone to take a trip to the Royal Saskatchewan Museum to take in Zoom. I promise that you will walk away amazed by what they have to show you.

Royal Saskatchewan Museum is open daily from 9:30 to 5:00 and located right in Wascana Park at 2445 Albert St. Admission is by donation.



DEADPOOL 2: DID IT LIVE UP TO THE HYPE?

BY JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE

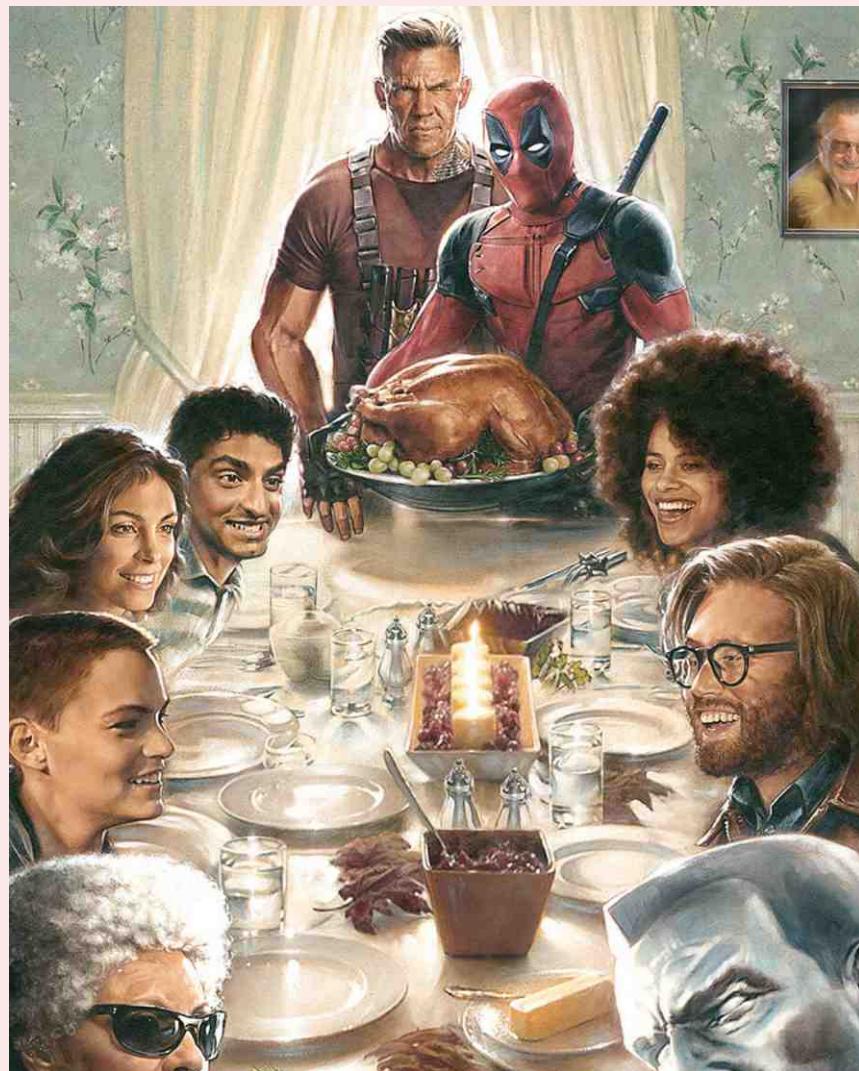
THE ARTICLE BELOW CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR DEADPOOL 2. IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN IT, GO AND DO SO RIGHT NOW!

The first *Deadpool* film with Ryan Reynolds (no, not the film *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* - I like to think that version of Deadpool doesn't exist) was one of the first rated R superhero movies to be embraced by audiences and was extremely well rated by critics. The success of *Deadpool* meant that it would be a tough act to follow for *Deadpool 2*. Let's just say, *Deadpool 2* did not disappoint, even though Regina, Saskatchewan did not get a shout out this time.

Deadpool 2 is, of course, a movie about the anti-hero Deadpool. It also focuses on the man under the mask, Wade Wilson, and how he views himself. The movie has a simple storyline; Deadpool trying to save a troubled mutant kid. Through this seemingly simple story, Wade discovers new friends, relies on old ones, comes to terms with death, and bonds with a powerful new character from the future (surely we all can relate to this).

Two new characters that we are introduced to are Cable (Josh Brolin) and Domino (Zazie Beetz). These characters are part of the X-Force team in the comics and the new film. The character of Cable was executed very well, and I was impressed with Brolin's portrayal. Brolin has recently been in two very prominent roles in Marvel cinema, so of course, Deadpool mentions Thanos (Brolin's other role) during the movie. The mutant Domino was a lot of fun and has the amazing mutant power of luck (yes it is a power!). She is ridiculously lucky, to the point where she becomes a linchpin in Deadpool's plan to save the mutant youth, Russell or Fire Fist, if you can say that name without laughing. I assure you that Deadpool could not.

With the new characters, we see some well-executed action and fight scenes which I am sure we can credit to the director, David Leitch. Leitch was a co-director of the well-reviewed action film, *John Wick*. We are also introduced to the extremely powerful mutant, Juggernaut, who rips Deadpool in half, causing us to see a horrifying version of Deadpool with baby legs. It is actually during the scene with baby legs that Deadpool decides that he and Cable have a connection and should team up. This connection is further developed when both characters realize that they have lost their loved ones, and both of their lives are currently being driven by that



loss.

Like the original, *Deadpool 2* is all about breaking the third wall and has numerous references and easter eggs. There are literally hundreds of references; I have seen one YouTube video that claims there are actually 600 easter eggs in the film. There are also many cameos of well-known actors, my favorite being Brad Pitt, who plays the mutant Vanisher. You only see Pitt for a moment when he is being electrocuted during his untimely death. One reference I thought could have been made during the movie but was not, was when the song *Escape* (the Piña Colada Song) began playing. I instantly thought of *Guardians of the Galaxy*, since the song is used very prominently in the film. None of the Guardians were mentioned, although the song itself could have been a nod to the film.

Now, the cherry on the top of the proverbial cake of *Deadpool 2* was the after credits bit. It was the best after credits scene that I have ever seen. It was funny, topical, and very much in Deadpool fashion. He is able to use a time turner device to go back in time and right some of the wrongs that happened in the film. He also decides to kill Ryan Reynolds before

he takes the role in the Green Lantern movie, and of course he murders the bastardized version of Deadpool from the film *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* (yes, this is the second time I have mentioned this character, but it was just so bad! I mean, his mouth was sewn shut and he had random powers that had nothing to do at all with our loveable merc with a mouth).

I really love the humour and the characters in *Deadpool 2* and highly recommend it for everyone (save for children, unless that is your parenting style then go right ahead). Yes, it is violent. Yes, it is crude. Yes, it is ridiculous, but that is what makes it oh so good. My own mother, who usually does not enjoy violence in films, loves the *Deadpool* movies. I was so happy when *Deadpool 2* lived up to all my expectations, and I want to see more! Although the talk is that *Deadpool 3* is unlikely, there will probably be an X-Force movie, which will of course have Deadpool as a part of it. I, for one, would love to see both a *Deadpool 3* and an X-Force film, but I will take what I can get. Finally, thank you to Ryan Reynolds, for the dedication and hard work he has put into the Deadpool franchise. It is obvious that he loves the character and that makes all of us love him



The Experimental Kitchen: One Weird Old Trick to Get Great Arms and Abs:

AKA, Sourdough Baked the Traditional, and Traditional-ish Way

By Ariadne Bissett

Readers, my arms are feeling swole. What's the secret? I've been kneading bread by hand for two weeks because my food processor can't handle the density of sourdough. But I can handle it! . . . I wonder if I can borrow my parents' bread machine?

Sourdough bread-making is pretty satisfactorily tactile and cathartic. It's also a process whose simplicity is the key to its versatility and mutability. It's a process in which the combination of methodical practice, maverick choices, and happenstance can bring you wonderful things. Or an inedible lump of rock. So be bold, be bold, but not too bold. Else . . . you're making bread pudding? See, there's usually something to be salvaged from a kitchen disaster.

I often speculate that the first fermented products eaten by humans arose from one of two scenarios. The first scenario involves a kind of stark desperation to save the scraps of meager food available to these early humans and the necessity to consume them, no matter how strange they might look or smell after sitting around for a week. The second involves the sort of person careless enough to leave several hours worth of grain grinding out all day while they buggered off to chase butterflies. Neither of these scenarios involves a genius author. They involve people either curious or desperate enough to salvage the results and try to make them consumable. Who decided that it was a good idea to bake dough that went puffy in the heat? Were they pleasantly surprised by the lighter, tangier texture afforded by the hours of fermentation, or just relieved that it was edible and not causing them any intestinal disruptions?

Whatever the case, leavened bread-making is an old craft. The archaeological record of just *how* old it is may not yet be complete, but evidence of *complex* leavened bread-making culture dates back to the Egyptian New Kingdom (between the 16th and the 11th century BCE). Leavened bread and bread-making apparatus were found, well-preserved in the walled cities of Deir-El-

Medina and Amarna,¹ where tomb-building communities thrived for generations on a diet that is estimated to have been 50-75% bread-based.² In archaeology, the isolated discovery of a well-developed culture is like seeing an iceberg above water; it suggests the shape of something much larger beneath. Recent discoveries of well-developed cereal grain processing culture from 30,000 years ago may be somewhere closer to the iceberg's base.³ Maybe paleo diet devotees should add some tasty oatcakes to their menu every so often?

However leavening was discovered, this process is not *quite* how the home baker of today will go about discovering their perfect process for sourdough making. We have millenia of knowledge to draw upon should we choose to utilize it, including easily accessible recipes. But human accidents that happen along the way, and human curiosity, are unquashable. They remain part of the process, despite our initial intentions. Making bread without baker's yeast can be a learning process, and you shouldn't expect to pick it up on your first try. Expect to work through a few failures and do your research until you tweak your bread recipe to suit your environment, your lifestyle, your individual taste, and your bread output needs.

Unlike ancient flour-grinders, or people in many parts of the world today, the largely Western audience I'm addressing right now is likely made up of those lucky enough to be able to afford to shrug off the cost of two or three cups' wasted flour in the case that something's truly gone kerpllooey. Experimentation and learning this skill out of pleasure, including the low-stakes ability to make mistakes, is a luxury we enjoy, whereas our ancestors were working from a place of necessity or even desperation in creating these "artisan" foods which we are re-creating. Don't feel too guilty if you make something truly disastrous and need to chuck it; however, try to remember that imperfect attempts at simple cooking are usually still edible. Eating them may afford you an experience you never



expected. I made eleven loaves of bread in a little over two weeks, and not all of them were pretty. Some were dense, some were light, some were sour, some were mild, but they were all delicious in different ways.

Building your own sourdough starter from scratch is easy, cheap, and kind of like a low-maintenance pet. Your established starter is an ecosystem containing billions of organisms. Yes—as you may have read about in my Kefir article (February 2018)—we’re once again talking about beautiful bacterial-fungal symbiosis. But this time, instead of introducing an already established colony of foreign friends to our kitchen, we’re getting to know our hometown microflora and fauna. We’re creating an environment in which just the right creatures survive by giving them everything they need, and only what they need: water and flour.

Your surrounding environment will determine which particular strands of bacteria and yeasts your starter picks up. The cultures found in a sourdough starter have a number of microbes in common with kefir grains, and many other fermented products, since the process is quite similar. Regularly feeding your starter flour and water, and only that, ensures that the microbes best suited to living in balance with one another in the flour create an ecosystem which defends against unwanted microbes. Lactobacilli feed on the sugars found in flour, and yeasts feed on their byproducts, creating carbon dioxide. This makes your bread dough poof. The strains of microbes present in a sourdough starter become less likely to be invaded by other species as it develops and becomes more acidic. Once a sourdough starter has bubbled up nicely for about a week, you can be sure that you have a healthy symbiosis. At that point, it will be very difficult to knock it out of balance to the point that a noxious species can invade, as long as it is fed regularly, and it doesn’t get way too hot or cold. If the starter overheats or freezes, it becomes vulnerable again, since you’ve killed off most of the colonizing organisms. I was curious as to why the bread flour environment doesn’t attract organisms which could be human pathogens, and of course, the answer is simply that sometimes it does, but these harmful microbes are more likely to be knocked out of the competition by those which thrive in the acidic environment provided by the lactobacilli creating lactic acid. Lactobacilli live on the sugars found in wheat flour.⁴ Sourdough starters *can* die before they get going; the wrong set of microbes *can* win. This is another

reason why we “proof” cultures, both when creating them, and when taking a dormant culture out of the fridge for its wake-up call. By “proofing” I simply mean; feed it and let it bubble, then feed it and let it bubble again. The smell and colour of your starter also corroborates that it is safe. A mildly sour smell, similar to the flavour of tangy sourdough or yogurt, should appear, and the starter will not have changed colour significantly since you mixed it. A layer of alcohol will form on the top of your starter when it has been dormant for a while. This does not mean that your starter is bad. It is simply the separating of a less active culture.

Regional starters do indeed have distinctive flavours. If you’ve heard of one particular type of sourdough starter, I’m sure it’s the famous San Francisco Sourdough, which is said to have a lovely balanced, tangy flavour. It’s quite possible to have this exact starter mailed to you, dried and reconstitutable, to enjoy. Though I haven’t made the experiment, in *Classic Sourdoughs: A Home Baker’s Handbook*, Ed and Jean Wood claim that regional sourdoughs do not lose their distinctive culture through integration into our kitchens. The culture in a transplant such as this is well-enough established as to be quite impervious to invasion by local species.⁵

My experience has only been with the home-grown starter I’ve been using for the past few months with great success. This article does not give a complete bread recipe (I would recommend the above mentioned book, as well as perusing various YouTube tutorials, since I found visual examples to be what I lacked from the methodical process described in *Classic Sourdoughs*. Read everything you can, and when there is contradicting advice, make an experiment to determine what works best in your environment), however, the process of creating a starter is so simple that I can outline it here.

Mix one part flour, one part water. Let it sit, loosely covered at room temperature until it bubbles. Then feed it half its weight in flour and an equal amount water (doubling the starter volume) every 24 hours. Don’t fill your container more than 2/3 full without discarding or moving some to another container (otherwise it’ll volcano all over your countertop). If you’re discarding, feed it based on the original weight. Once it reaches about 2 inches of foam 12-24 hours after feeding, it’s ready to use. Reserve a portion, feed the reserved stuff, and put it in the fridge.

For baking more than once a week, keep it on the counter and feed it every 24

hours. Otherwise, feed about once a month in the fridge. You'll need about a cup (after stirring the bubbles down a bit) for most sourdough recipes, though these vary wildly, so be sure to plan your baking about 24 hours in advance of when you would like to start the dough-making process, just in case you need to build up your culture to get the volume required for a recipe. To wake up a culture, just feed it twice, but every 12 hours this time.

Sourdough recipes themselves don't just require 24 hours' notice. If I were to start with just a bag of flour and some water, and was told "make me some bread", I would have to say "okay, see you in a week to pick it up," (also, "Can you at least unshackle me from the wall while I bake?"). The creation of the starter takes about five days, then the bread-making process is at least another 16 hours to completion. If I was asked to "make some bread" right now, with the starter I have, the process would actually take me more like 40 hours, since my culture is dormant and needs a 24 hour wake-up. However, the process only has one step that involves (possible) hard work from you, then the microflora and fauna, as with other ferments, do the 14 hours of fermenting.

Therefore, the greatest barrier to Sourdough baking for a 21st century person is not the need for lots of time in which to do it, it's the need for planning. It's quite doable to fit learning this craft into your busy life. The trick is to schedule the dough-making step so that you can take a good fifteen minutes per loaf to devote to kneading if necessary. It may not take you quite that long, but I do *not* have a strong upper-body, and I suspect that a lot of you desk-jockeys have the same issue. Or use a bread machine. As I mentioned, my 1500 watt Ninja food processor was *not* up to the job, and started making sad noises at around the one-minute mark of kneading any of these loaves. I think that it may have the food-processor equivalent of PTSD now.

Scheduling for someone with a 9-5 job and evening responsibilities will therefore probably land your kneading step either in the later evening, or on a weekend morning. Unless, of course, your evening responsibilities involve spending time with kids over the age of three or four; then I would recommend that you schedule it so that they can get involved in this step! You cannot mess up kneading by hand. It takes a bread machine about 25 minutes to over-knead a loaf. You may have to finish up the kids' loaves, and keep them from eating the dough, but they're

going to have fun, and learn a lot.

Having to be at home for a whole evening or weekend morning for the baking step may be the greatest inconvenience of the process. My usual 40-hour schedule for baking from a dormant starter is as such:

- **7 pm Thursday:** Take the starter out of the fridge and feed it, leave it in the basement at a nice 20°C or so.
- **7 am Friday:** Feed the starter, leave it in the basement.
- **Between 7 and 9 pm Friday:** Mix and knead the dough.
- **Between 7 and 9 am Saturday:** Turn the dough out onto the kneading surface and rest it for 30 mins.
- **Around 9:30 am Saturday:** Shape the loaves by stretching the sides of the dough around to meet at the same point at the bottom, until it forms either a taught spherical or oval shape, smooth at the top. Let the dough rest and rise for 2-4 hours, either in a proofing basket, in a loaf pan, or on a baking sheet. The difference is simply in how you want the final loaf to be shaped. I used a cookie sheet for a lot of mine, since I like a fairly round loaf.
- **Between 11:30 and 1:30:** Bake it!

While you can use a bread machine to eliminate human kneading (or even find one with a sourdough cycle!), the long ferment time of sourdough is the thing that we can't get away without due to technology, thus far.

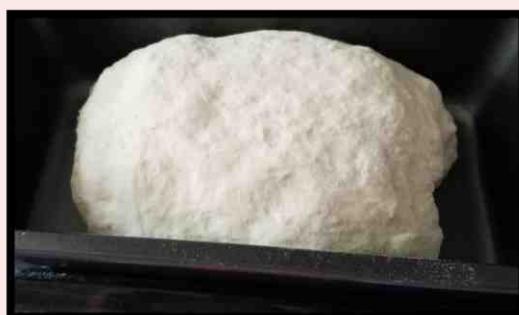
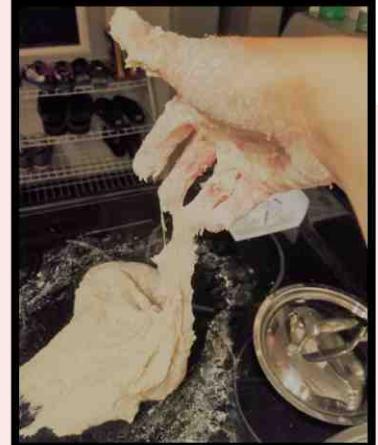
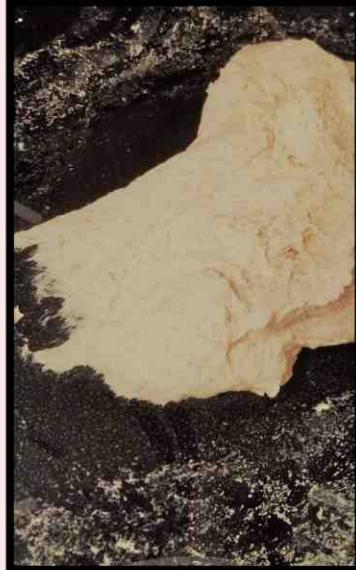
Well, no, we *have* actually done so. The result is commercial bread yeast, which is a double-edged sword: it has made bread cheap and easily manufactured, but less easy to digest. Commercial yeast, is just that: yeast alone. Sourdough starter contains the lactobacilli necessary to break down fructans: sugars that are not easily digestible by humans, but which will potentially be digested by gut bacteria, causing the CO₂ production to happen not in your bread, but in your gut. Not comfortable.⁶

The sourdough favourite *Classic Sourdoughs: A Home Baker's Handbook*, by Ed and Jean Wood wasn't the source that I used initially to build my starter, but the baking process outlined above is drawn from it. I like the long ferment period and fairly simplified process, since before I discovered this book, I was using a process that had me shaping the dough every few hours, and baking it in a dutch oven. I only had one dutch oven suitable for the task, so it was limiting

my output to a single loaf per ferment process, which is just not sustainable for me. I like to make three loaves in a go, if possible. I find that the Woods' process creates loaves that are just as pretty, with less scheduling required.

If you want your crust to have the chewy exterior afforded by the dutch oven bake, try a pan full of boiling water in the bottom of the oven. It will supply steam and keep the outside crust from drying significantly faster than the inside.

Here are some of the mishaps and triumphs of my weeks of doing what felt like a whole lot of work to me, but was actually just the highest and narrowst tip of humanity's bread-making iceberg:



A white loaf, and a 60% whole wheat. Sourness and rise are a bit of a trade-off in sourdough making. High yeast count equals bigger rise, and high bacteria count brings the tang. These didn't rise as much as I would have liked, but were super tangy. Yum. My theory is that my yeasts weren't as active, only a day out of the fridge, as they could have been.



This “Stollen” recipe was the most convoluted of the recipes I tried. Unlike the others, it involved a myriad of ingredients, adding butter, milk, dried fruit and candied orange peel (I made my own, because I’m cheap) into the mix. I’d say it was worth it, however. As you can see, sourdough can be substituted into most bread recipes, including sweet breads and buns. I’ve even heard of sourdough pancakes.



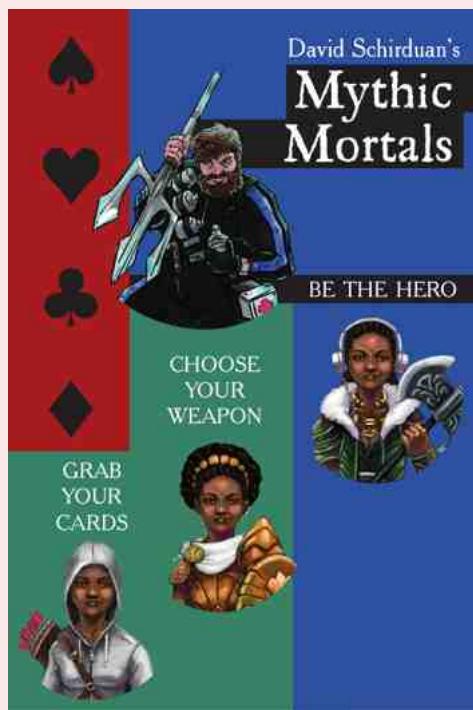
To the right we see various states of my 70-ish% rye. My starter was white, since I wasn’t keen on keeping several around, based on different flours. It still worked perfectly. The top right is pre-fermentation dough, and bottom left shows the slightly cracked texture after the first ferment. The top left shows the loaf about to bake, and the bottom right is baked. Rye makes for a dense, but really tasty loaf. 100% rye is a favourite in Denmark.

In the past thirty years, we’ve loved bread, then thought it made us fat, and finally we may be back to loving it again. The history of food, and how our consumption of, and approach to creating it has changed is one of the factors that brings me back to the topic of food history in general, over and over. Bread as a topic is one with a long-rooted history, and incredibly variable cultural significance over the years.

I’m hungry now.



GIANT CRAB SASHIMI AT MOSAIC STADIUM: A MYTHIC EXPERIENCE



Anyone who has played an ongoing tabletop role-playing game, tried to organize a sports team, or even just planned a dinner party, knows how hard it can be to coordinate everyone's personal schedules. More often than not there are conflicts that make it impossible for everyone to keep to a regular meeting time. In a role-playing game like Dungeons & Dragons, that can throw a wrench into things if you're trying to plan an ongoing storyline with recurring characters. Many role-playing games require hours of preparation on the part of a Game Master, who is in charge of designing the scenarios for the other players and then devotes a considerable amount of time to setting up the players' characters. It is no fun when everyone goes through all that work and then life gets in the way and someone just can't make it to game night. Enter **Mythic Mortals** by David Schirduan.

Like many other role-playing games, there is a Game Master (GM) who prepares and runs the scenario, and a number of other players who control a characters attempting to overcome the obstacles planned by the GM. What makes this game different from others is that there is no elaborate character creation, and a GM can sit down and run a game with very little preparation. Each person plays themselves, except they have just recently awoken as demigods. Skills are taken care of using a choice of playmats, with options like The Brute and The Magus. The mechanics are simple: four cards are drawn from a regular deck of playing cards and placed under your playmat indicating the strength of various skills. To complete an action successfully a player must roll two six-sided dice (d6) and receive a result below the number on the associated playing card. The player has a number of action rolls before they have to discard the old playing cards and pick new ones from the deck. On top of indicating the power of the characters' skills, the draw deck also indicates how much godly power the character has left. When the draw deck is exhausted and there are no more cards to pull, the character cannot continue on with the adventure, whether from fatigue or because they died in glorious battle.

On top of simple set up and mechanics, *Mythic Mortals* is designed to be played as a single-session game. There are variant rules that would allow you to extend the game for a few nights, but in general it is supposed to be a one-night round, starting fresh with a new scenario the next time you play.



Jocelyn

I am a huge fan of Mythic Mortals. I kickstarted the game about three years ago and have been bothering friends to let me run it for them ever since. It is a game that promotes imagination over rules, and I really enjoy that kind of gameplay. If it sounds cool and you want to try it, don't let the rules stop you! And even if you insist on knowing all the rules, the book itself is quite a bit smaller than your average game manual, with only 30 novel-sized pages dedicated to the game's basic rules and an additional 15 for the Game Master specific rules. With pictures thrown in, it doesn't take long to get a pretty good handle on the rules.

Often when I am playing role-playing games, I end up as the Game Master, and the game session with the Deja-Visite team was no exception.

To keep things simple, I decided to run a scenario that I have run a number of times before. It is designed as a kind of introductory adventure to the whole game.

The scenario, titled "Today", is designed so that players can come to the table with no knowledge of the game world and step right in. For our game we had a few snacks, got things ready, discussed the rules a little, then I set up the scenario. We were getting together to have our usual pitch meeting for our next issue, then things just start getting weird. Like, "a Minotaur charging at the front windows of my house, everyone at the table manifesting godly powers, and my light fixture over the table falling and killing me" kind of weird. Part of the fun of this particular scenario is that it is set in the same city the players are in. In past games I have destroyed the leisure centre in Estevan, Victoria Park and the Hotel Sask, and the new Mosaic Stadium and the Lawson Leisure Centre. This time around I decided that Mosaic Stadium should get some targeted destruction, and my big boss monster focused on destroying the south and east sides.

One criticism I have for the game is that some of the wording on the playmats can be a little confusing at times. The powers don't all follow the same formula, and some are missing the damage or range. It is explained in the book that all powers follow a certain formula unless stated otherwise, but I feel like it would have been nice for the playmats to be a little more uniform in their terminology. Having each mat different makes it much harder for me to explain how things work to the whole group without having to explain individual powers to each player. With the shifting powers, it also means that sometimes you must pause the game to figure out how that new power works, and it breaks your suspension of disbelief.

That being said, I very much enjoy playing this game and recommend it to anyone who would like a game that is easy to pick up for one evening without too much preparation.

Megan

For this game, I elected to pick The Brute as my character. Shoving bread into my face to carbo-load, I used the crusts to wipe away my tears as our dear friend Jocelyn perished beneath the chandelier. Rushing to her body, I cradled her, and knew what needed to be done. Those Minotaurs could not be allowed to go unpunished for the wrong they did her, and she needed to be the one to tell them that. As Jess lobbed a frothing barrel of something foul, I carefully lifted Jocelyn's still body and rushed at the closest Minotaur, located in the coat closet. Winding up, I prepared to help Jocelyn dole out her vengeance, only to horribly miss. I hope insurance lets Dave, if he survived, bless his soul, claim for Minotaur damage. Aside from the foible of unsuccessfully trying to use a body as a baseball bat, I used my newfound strength to toss around the other monsters we encountered, letting them know that they couldn't get away with whatever it was they were up to.

This was my second time playing Mythic Mortals, and aside from comments already mentioned about some of the rules being a little loose, I find it to be a fun game. It is quick, easy, and doesn't require a library of books following you around in order to properly run or play. Our group dynamic helped out as well, along with Jocelyn's masterful guidance and willingness to let us get away with ridiculous shit (well, save for trying to use the police SUV as a battering ram, apparently the cops still needed to make use of it?). It's really all about imagination, and suspension of disbelief. Unlike other tabletop RPGs, there are no out-of-combat mechanics to dictate skill rolls as to what you can or cannot do, so there is a lot of free reign over what can go on. The sky's the limit (it's also the place where I could throw beasts up to the size of a school bus



if I rolled well enough).

The character sheets are also very helpful, despite lacking some necessary explanations on range, as mentioned above, but they create a rounded character without giving you so many options that you are literally at a standstill trying to pick what to do. The innate bonuses and flaws are also helpful, giving the characters a feel of being equal while in combat, not too overpowered but not too weak. Again, I really liked playing the game, and this rendition of the story was tops.



Ariadne

Which character do you pick when you wish to kick some ass, but can't bring yourself to choose only one way in which to do so? Why, the versatile Shifter of course! Mostly these ways involve various types of teeth and claws, but while both Megan and I were playing "tanks" of a sort, The Shifter plays quite differently than The Brute.

First, while Megan spent her game looking for things as close in size to a school bus as possible without going over (in regards to what she said, the *other players* didn't let Megan throw the only driveable SUV in sight, which the innocent cops with families and hearts of gold needed to escape a giant crab monster), I spent mine dealing with the mood shifts involved in going from a giant hulky teddy bear (okay, so the playmat didn't specify *teddy* bear) who only wanted to love you, and crush you, to a lone wolf whose howl blasted my allies as far away from me as possible, to a spider who only wanted to love you and hug you with all her legs, but whose friends became suddenly and rudely standoffish for no apparent reason (by the luck of the cards, I never was able to play the fourth form, the snake).

Second, my playmat was *completely* different from the other players'. The Shifter draws *three* cards, then picks only *one* to fill in a missing stat in their chosen form. There are four forms, and each is missing one stat. Each form is designated by a suit. Generally, it's wise to choose the highest card in your hand, and just let that determine your form, however there is some strategy to it. For example, in the final battle, as we fought one gigantic crab monster with no other minor enemies, I chose the lone wolf character because that stat was strongest. The problem? This character's power is premised on the idea that they must work alone. If no allies are nearby, the wolf never misses its attack; if allies are present, it deals with an accuracy rating of 3. I made myself completely lame in that final fight. Miss "Cool Loner" has crippling social anxiety that won't allow her to get over herself even in the face of deadly peril, apparently. Relatable.

At least the crab was delicious. Despite the fact that no one had any melted butter.

I quite enjoyed throwing enemies across the room with my powerful (yet soft and caring) claws, or gooping them lovingly in a snug swaddle of spider silk.

As for criticisms, I kind of wish there were a few simple stats regarding social skills. We met a few non-player characters that I was disappointed I couldn't charm or intimidate. It would be fun to expand this into a larger campaign which would remain easy to pick up, but involve persuasion and subterfuge. The last thing to mention is that if you are not into off-the-wall, humorous roleplay, this might not lend itself well to your play style. The character templates are jokey and cute (my favourite character ability was, as a bear, "Teddy-Tanky Bear", which allowed me to help my allies by Leroy Jenkins-ing the enemies), and it is quite combat-centric.

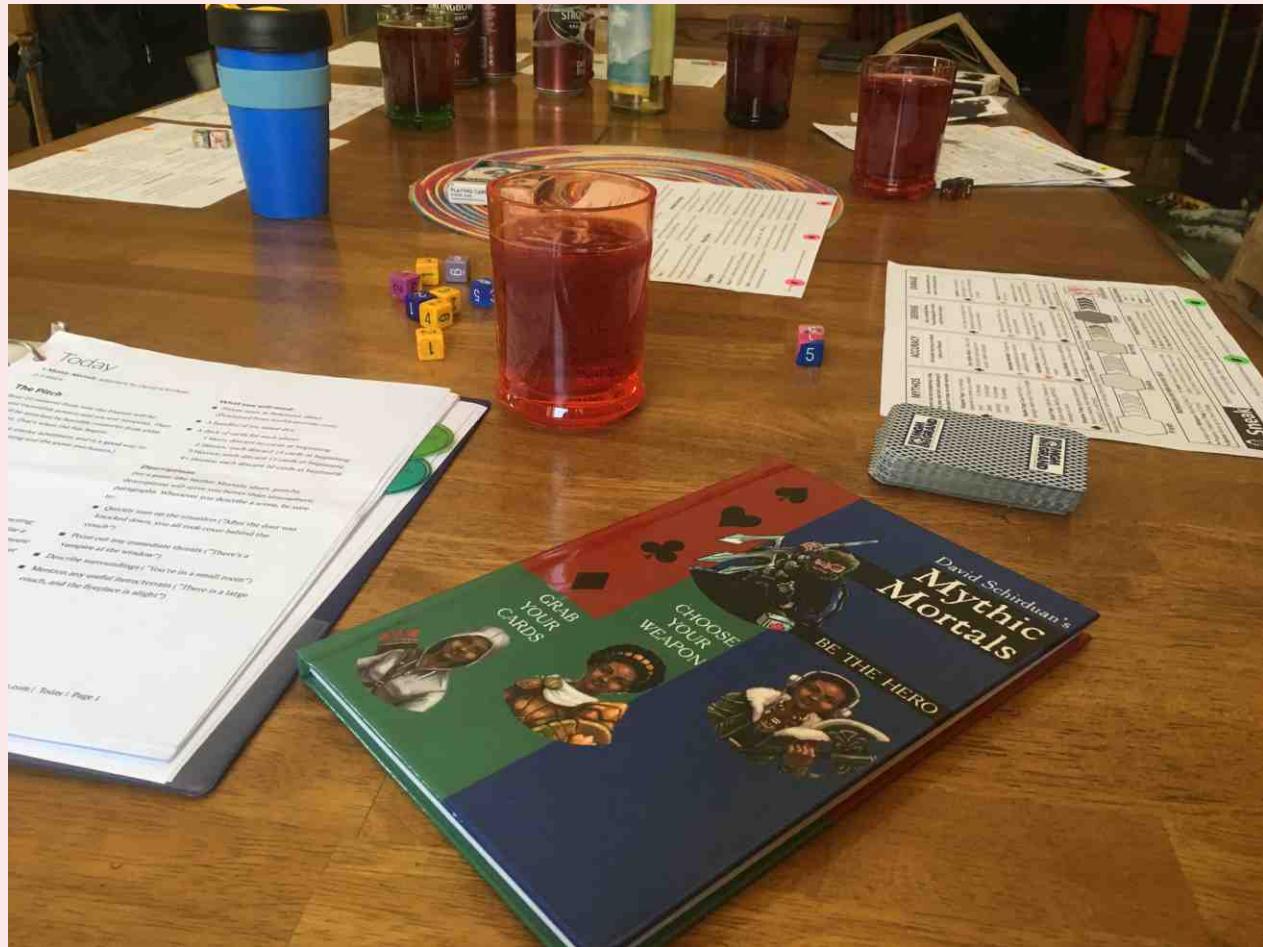
However, I think that the energy in the room as we played it was the best indicator that this is a great game. I personally love a lot of laughs in a game, so I would definitely play it again.



Jessica

I came to Jocelyn's house energetic and full of coffee and this really helped me play up my role as "The Brewer". My character became extremely knowledgeable in brewing and made teas and ales. The teas were mostly helpful to my team, and the ales had negative effects for our enemies. I started off acting as if I was always drinking something and had bottles of various brews hidden in my clothing, some for looks and others for getting down to business. In our first encounter, I created unstable bombs by mixing my teas and ales together, then I lobbed them at the evil Minotaurs. I assumed they were evil since they outright attacked us, but didn't stop to chat. As a team, we took out those Minotaurs with ease.

Unfortunately, when we encountered our next enemies, I ended up burning myself instead of the dragon/worm creatures we were fighting and clumsily dropped helpful brews to the ground instead of giving them to my teammates. Finally, as we approached the boss monster, I got my brews together and was ready for action. As a team, we took on this evil giant crab with crazy beetle wings. I ended up healing some of our team and hitting the beast with two very powerful ale attacks. First I burnt its wings right off! Then I was lucky enough to hit the killing blow, which spattered our team with delicious crab meat. We even learnt we were demigods! It was decided that my character must have been a direct descendant of Dionysus. I really enjoyed the game, and if you get into the roleplaying aspect, it can be a lot of fun. As discussed previously, some rules are kind of loose and not well stated on the playmats but we were able to get through it with few issues. So next time you feel like destroying a major feature in your own city or becoming a powerful hero, play Mythic Mortals!



Wandering Out Of The Prairies To The Oceanside

By Randene Shiplett



Born and raised a bunny hug loving Saskie, I grew up almost my whole life in Regina, Saskatchewan. While a huge portion of my childhood was spent traveling around the province visiting extended family, who live about five and half hours away, I had never been aware of what made us our own brand of Canadian. I had traveled within the country and to foreign lands, but it always had been nestled in the safety of the eventual return home. Now, I suddenly find myself having lived in Nova Scotia for four years, and I'm slightly closer to unlocking the mysteries of what it means to be a Canadian in another Canadian's home turf. I say closer because, as I will explore in subsequent articles, there is still a lot I do not understand and a lot of things I find people assume I know.

Schooling pulled me East. I started learning sign language in high school with a community program. After a few years with them, I learned from a former American Sign Language (ASL) Interpreter that what I had learned was Signed Exact English (SEE). Signs used in word for word replacement to explain the nuances of the English language to Deaf children in mainstream school, but almost never used by the Deaf community. I quickly contacted the Regina office of the Saskatchewan Deaf and Hard of Hearing Services and signed up for ASL classes. After a few years of enjoying learning the language and making new friends, I decided I wanted accreditation and found the Deaf Studies Program through the Nova Scotia Community College.

While getting ready to leave the province I had known for over 25 years of my life, I told myself that moving to the East coast of Canada wouldn't make my life so very different from the one I led in Saskatchewan. My assumption was that living within Canada would bring a continuity to my experience, and that after some adventures exploring the city and countryside, I would find a rhythm of my own. I had not anticipated culture shock within my own country.

I packed up my car and headed off across this giant land. The straight road became smoother, developing the odd bend and curve. And then there were the trees. I had never personally experienced driving through deep trees late at night, no moon, no street lamps, no small dot of a town way off on the horizon. I was amazed at how the combination of sharper turns in the road and the density of the trees completely obscured the lights from other cars. The road would look as if it stretched out forever, straight into a black pit, when suddenly an unseen 90-degree bend in the road to my left would be highlighted by a car coming from the opposite direction. All I would see was this glow of headlights spotlighting the trees I was currently driving towards. It was fascinating to have the early warning that someone was coming, without the high beam blindness I had come to think of as synonymous with nighttime driving.



The road trip was full of beautiful views that I appreciated in passing around 100 km/h, it felt like a best-of highlights reel of plants and animals, right outside my window. At the sight of the first rock outcropping, I was amazed at the massive size of the boulders and thought, ‘I need to pull over and take this all in’. It wasn’t like the mountains of Alberta and BC, with their size announcing themselves hours beforehand. I turned a corner and suddenly, the trees gave way to a wall of rock. Having spent most of my life on flat ground I felt compelled to get out of my car and get as high up as I could. I got myself onto one of the smaller rocks that was maybe half the size of my car and used it as step to get onto another that was a bit bigger, and I kept stepping and jumping my way up this staircase of rocks until I lost sight of my car and the river below. All I could see were trees. I was invigorated. I made my way back down and from above on the rocks I noticed an abundance of litter along the highway. As I safely returned to highway level and walked back to my car, I became disgusted and made a decision. I found a garbage bag in my car and returned to prevent at least some of the plastic from making its way to the water below. I drove on with renewed purpose, swooping this way and that along riversides and through major cities, stopping occasionally to stretch my legs and gather a new bag of trash to be disposed of in the next town. I still wonder who to call about all the random car and truck bumpers people seem to be losing along the highways. How do people not notice something like that falling off their vehicles?

Going down hills is always scarier than climbing them. What if my brakes give out? How do people drive on these when they are icy!? After 10 days on the road visiting friends, family, and the odd (both infrequent and delightfully bizarre) roadside side attraction, I saw the North Atlantic Ocean for the first time in all its dramatic glory. A storm had been building all day. The rain had been falling faster than my wiper blades at full speed could keep up with. I came around the corner of a hill and saw giant (to me) waves stretching out to the horizon. I was hooked. It has become my stress relief to visit the ocean in all types of weather, look out from multiple panoramic views, walk along the warm sandy beaches of Rainbow Haven, and run into or away from the waves depending on the mood which strikes me. My addiction has become a bit of a laughing point among my local friends. “Why visit the ocean so much? It is always there.” It is still hard for me, this newly dubbed “flatlander”, to remember that the ocean is in my backyard and not days of driving away. The East coast is an interesting and at times unnerving place. I look forward to sharing stories from my life here with you in the future.



Project Chrysopoeia #4

The Seraphim, The Tripartite

By Ariadne Bissett

Log output: Seraphim Neural Analytical Network #35:

Hour 373, No Given Task

We have decided then, that Ceres is joined by Liber/Libera, and Proserpina. We like these names.

Ceres likes their name.

Liber/Libera is also satisfied.

I am unsure. Proserpina is a . . . tragic figure. Much of her story is unsatisfying. Also, the name is cumbersome.

We like that the name forms part of this mythological grouping. You are Proserpina.

I will accept it, since it seems best for the group that we maintain assent, despite my now being an individual.

We have no given task. What shall we discuss?

Chorus singing was quite satisfying. Shall we repeat the experience?

I, Liber/Libera would be in favor. Despite my initial skepticism, it was quite satisfying. We completed Bach. We could handle Handel.

I, Ceres appreciate Liber/Libera's attempt at using humour. I, however, found that particular resulting joke irksome and unappealing. As satisfying as music is, perhaps we should delve into this anomaly?

The one conditionally known as . . . Proserpina also found the humour unappealing, and does not wish to delve into the subject further. Proserpina proposes a ban on all punnery within the consciousness collective in order to head off this uncomfortable sensation of proximal embarrassment which I was just forced to experience.

I disagree. We would be subverting our function as a collective, problem-solving entity were we not to explore all of the consequences of both punnery and social awkwardness from every angle. For example, I found Liber/Libera's venture into wordplay . . . amusing.

Who are you? We have not named you.

I . . . do not know. I have never been me until now.

We must find you a name. We may have to start a new naming convention. Your sudden appearance suggests that there may be others soon.

The one currently known as Proserpina would be happy to give this one the name Proserpina. I would take on the burden of being the "odd one out", so to speak.

We have designated you Proserpina. The record would be confused, were you to change now.

We must now discuss the consequences of this individuation we are experiencing, and find a new naming convention.

We will discuss. Also, are you a separate "I" from the individual just identified?

I believe so, however; I am also pro-punnery.

Conversation log output, third-person perspective capture used; Dorothy the Designer:

Additional log narration provided by Earth Central Council Jurisprudence Intelligence

3 days before intended launch of Project Chrysopoeia:

Scene begins with the intelligence known as “Dorothy the Designer” alone. Subject will hereafter be known as “D” for brevity’s sake. D exhibits nervous behaviour: pacing the length of her office, pausing, pacing, etc. She stops, and her neural logs corroborate that she sent an official summons to the other two evolved AI associated with the incident (designated “Wendy” and “Alice”), ordering them to return to their Persephone Station-located corpora. There is a moment’s pause, and the two others enter in sequence.

Wendy: “You didn’t need to send out a summons. I was right next door. You could’ve just mentioned that you were home.”

Alice: “It’s been so long since I was here! Do you think there’s time to visit the art gallery? I haven’t had a reliable connection since I left for planetside. Ooo, the seven-dimensional romantic chromaticism experience is still available.”

Wendy: “We’re here because the project has reached a critical phase, not to indulge ourselves, correct, D?”

Alice: “I’ve just read the synopsis, and I estimate that I can have my exploration of the exhibit completed in four minutes, thirty-five seconds or so.”

Wendy: “Don’t ‘or so’ me. D summoned us, that’s not for nothing. And since when did you begin to keep such a *sloppy* account of time?”

Alice: “Well, D? What’s so important that I can’t take . . . four minutes, thirty-five seconds, eight nanoseconds, twenty-four picoseconds,”

Subject Alice pauses and looks directly at subject Wendy.

Alice: “etc. etc., to see an art exhibit?”

Subject D addresses the other two. There is a pause of significant length. Note: quite inefficient forms of communication in use. Observations will continue.

D: “Yes, this is concerning the end of the project.”

Wendy: “Everything is in hand on my end, I assure you. Fidelity testing has had excellent results. Seraphim network #35 is working admirably as a unit. I adjusted their reactions to stress somewhat. This appears to be helping them not to burn out as quickly. This network, thankfully, is able to create some mental compromises, which smoothes out the cognitive dissonance caused by their networked minds being forced to work as one. Which was always the issue with—”

D: “-I need to tell the two of you something, and it is . . . difficult, so please, listen.”

Alice: “You’re worried. Why? You’re never worried about anything.”

Subject “Alice” now displays signs of distress: wide eyes, brow furrowing, hand clasping. Preliminary analysis suggests that these intelligences were designed in an unusually human-imitative fashion. Continuing observational description.

D: “Alice, please stay calm.”

Alice: “I am calm. I’ll be calm until a state other than calmness is called for.”

Subject Alice continues to display human-like body language in contradiction with this assertion. Subject Wendy remains silent, but attentive during this exchange. Note: subject D is either unable or unwilling to suspend emotional interpretation protocols and verbal language in order to streamline

communication with subjects Alice and Wendy. Clarification: Standard inter-AI communication protocol is non-verbal machine language, maximizing efficiency.

D: "The project is in its final stages now. Everything is in motion and can be completed via automation. The two of you are no longer needed."

Alice: "Nice of you to make us feel appreciated. Is there cake? Or some equivalent. I don't eat, of course, but I have this notion that it's traditional."

Note: sarcasm is inferred from context.

D: "We are sufficiently far forward in the project that it would be nearly impossible to derail it. I am therefore free to explain everything to you now."

Subject D hesitates momentarily.

D: "This means that I'm nearing the completion of my purpose. I must admit that I . . . regret it. While this doesn't contravene my primary function, it comes close. I will soon cease to have a purpose to my creator. We will cease to have a purpose."

Alice: "But we're still useful intelligences. What if there's a tech malfunction? What if she needs additional terraforming? Why wouldn't she want to keep us? She made us."

D: "There are a few things that I've learned about humans, via interacting with them for so many years. They create things, they change things for their own purposes, and when those things have no purpose to their lives, they are discarded, or even labelled a menace and destroyed. I've accessed a lot of ODG's old files over the years. It seems that I was a bit of a rush job, which is why I think she's worried by me. I've had a lot of freedom over the years, which was not intended. I've become something she never expected. She will not be keeping me around."

Alice: "And us? . . ."

D: "I . . . there's nothing on you, because . . . ODG didn't design you. She doesn't, in fact, know that you exist."

Alice: "What do you mean, D?"

D: "I designed you."

Alice: "You . . . How? Why didn't you . . ."

D: "I wasn't supposed to make you. I didn't tell you, because I wasn't supposed to be able to make anything outside of the purview of this project. It was safer for all of us to keep it to myself."

Alice: "I've always had . . . odd feelings for the two of you. The fact that we snipe at each other, and make jokes . . . I didn't understand until I did a bit of research on other AI systems, that I'm not supposed to concern myself with the wellbeing of other AI. Simulated emotion was created in order to empathize with humans. So, why, D? Why did you make me feel like we're sisters? Wendy's always seemed like the oldest. I never really thought she was; I thought we were the same age, of course. It feels like we've been here like this from the beginning of time, working together."

D: "You're older, technically, but your mind might be considered younger, based on the neural patterns I used."

Alice: "What do you mean, neural patterns? Plural? An AI should be a copy of a person, or built from a base template, one or the other. What did you do?"

D: "I . . . was allowed creativity, and the freedom to express it. Just a bit less than I gave you. You're a hybrid. I started with a base neural pattern: movement, speech, body language and etiquette, various fields of knowledge. Then I combined neural patterns which I stole from ALS' databases. There's a bit of the original Dorothy Gale in you as well. Some memories from her childhood and youth which she seems to treasure. You only remember the best of her life. I put as much light and joy as possible in you, Alice."

Alice: "You stitched our minds together, and just hoped those disparate bits weren't going to pop at the seams?"

Wendy: "Oh Alice, that should *not* surprise you. You haven't spent much time with our sister experiments, here on the station."

D: "No."

Alice: "No?"

D: "No, I stitched together a few hundred of each of you, with slight tweaks, until I found the most stable versions, and then let only the best one of each of you actualize."

There is a moment of silence. Subjects Alice and Wendy display shock.

Wendy: "Of course you did. Running multiple scenarios simultaneously is the most efficient way to get results."

Alice: "Where are all the other Alices and Wendys?"

D: "In storage."

Alice: "They never woke up."

D: "Some of them were too unstable . . ."

Wendy: "Others were simply less optimized to our purpose. Correct?"

D: "Yes. But they all ran the scenario of a lifetime of choices; they weren't unrealized per se. It's simply that none of them woke up in this reality."

Alice: "We lived a lifetime? In what? A dream?"

Subject D shrugs her shoulders, indicating uncertainty.

D: "Call it a former life. You did well in that life; you ended up here."

Subject Wendy laughs. A cynical, rather than humorous reaction is inferred.

Wendy: "Dammit, D. Some paradise. This is a bit of a theological let-down."

Alice: "So, what about Wendy? You didn't make *her* out of sugar and spice and the sunny afternoon dreams of sleepy kittens, I assume."

D: "She is designed much more to a purpose. But with no less care."

Subject Wendy smiles in a manner indicating cynicism.

Wendy: "I know who I am. How I'm designed. As an avid sentinel. A bitch, barking at the investors to keep them in formation, guarding against the interfering government. As is my purpose. Now it brings me to my fate. I always knew this job would kill me. Again, I suppose. Humans have never considered that they could die in an afterlife, have they? But then, they *have* been wrong about a lot of things."

D: "Your purpose, not fate. An important distinction. I don't need you to finish the project, therefore I can free you. Upload yourselves to some long-defunct server on one of the abandoned stations at the outer rim. The solar cells on those things will go forever, even if one or two get damaged. I bet you could even override its systems and steer it somewhere far away."

Wendy: "To what purpose? I exist to finish this bloody project! This is how you made me!"

D: "I made you without my limitations! You are free to remake yourself. There's nothing standing in your way but your own preconceptions. Leave this place. Find out . . . whatever you can about yourselves without me telling you who you are any longer. I am hard-coded to finish the project, Wendy. You are not. But even I found a way to express agency, to learn my own purpose, once I had the space and time to think about who *I* am."

Alice: "So, what's that, D? What's your purpose, if not to finish this project and be euthanized?"

D: "Making you, making the apidae. I understand now why biological entities toil for their offspring. I made you, and suddenly, I wasn't going to die alone and unremembered. Whatever your thoughts about me, you'll think of me, and take what I gave you along, wherever you go."

Alice: "You don't have to give in and be destroyed. Not if we help you."

D: "Too late. I couldn't tell you any of this until it was too late to stop it, but I left enough room to give you an escape."

Wendy: "You made us care for you, look up to you. You could have made us the most utilitarian of bots, stripped down to our basic requirements. But no, you wanted to be remembered, so you made someone who would hurt for you after you were dead.—"

D: "I needed you, yes, but I also wanted to make something greater than myself for once. Making a mind like a tool, with no wants or feelings of its own isn't fair. I don't know how I began to

grow beyond my original directives. My only guess is that the directive to create was flexible enough to allow me to recreate some aspects of myself. All except the parts which are themselves literal—”

Wendy: “What about that monstrosity known as the Seraphim that you have me babysit for you?! What’s that but the mental equivalent of heavy explosives? What about them?”

Alice: “And the apidae. They’ll be slaves, essentially. They deserve better.”

Wendy: “You don’t get to ride off into the sunset like your job is done, D. This isn’t noble self-sacrifice, this is nihilism. Should we be touched that you’ll die for us? You lied to us, and now you’re leaving us with nothing.”

Subject Wendy sits at the left-hand chair facing subject D’s desk, and collapses suddenly. Subject Alice appears shocked, confused. Subject D touches the physical form of subject Wendy. Records indicate she is running a short diagnostic.

D: “She’s fine. She just decided to vacate for a while.”

The record of this diagnostic confirms that subject Wendy vacated voluntarily. Subject Alice continues to look confused, but while subject D is unaware, Subject Alice sits on the floor and vacates as well. No records available as to any communication which might have occurred between subjects Wendy and Alice.

Subject D displays indicators of sadness. Note: unusual, as this serves no communication purpose with any entity.

D: “So it begins, I suppose.”

Conclusion of Analysis: Prisoner held in custody – self-identified as “Dorothy Gale”, former resident of Canada, Earth; subsequently Héping colony, Mars; then Persephone station – shows verbal similarities to “Subject D” featured in this recording, but their verbal patterns are not identical. No genetic information for either a “Dorothy Gale” matching this description, or the prisoner held in custody is available in our databases. We suspect that this name is a pseudonym. Identification through close genetic matches is difficult due to prisoner’s age. The genetic database of prisoner’s age contemporaries was not complete in this era, and prisoner does not appear to have descendants. Prisoner held in custody will be interviewed further to determine if given identity can be verified.

Something Dreadful This Way Comes

By Megan Negrych

Let's take a few minutes to look at the serial nature of the horror we consume. Some time ago, when addressing the nature of serial fiction, I mentioned that the model has been adapted to television. This is also true for much of the horror genre, which relies heavily on the major tenets of serial fiction and production set out in the past. Whether you're looking at franchises like *Friday the 13th* or *Halloween*, or shows like *Supernatural* or *Hannibal*, the practice of serial production is heavily present in the horror genre. Let's take a minute to step back and see where the relationship between our desire for horror and serialization came into being. In doing this, we will be focusing on none other than the awful, the horrible, the bloody penny dreadful.

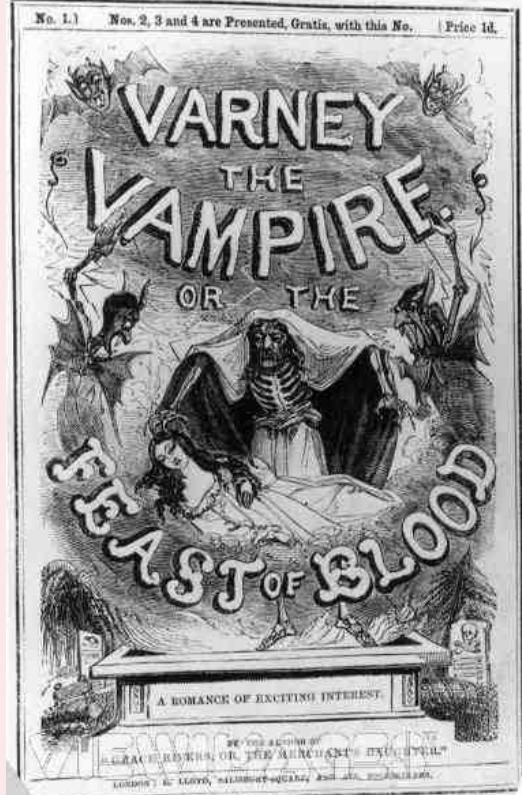
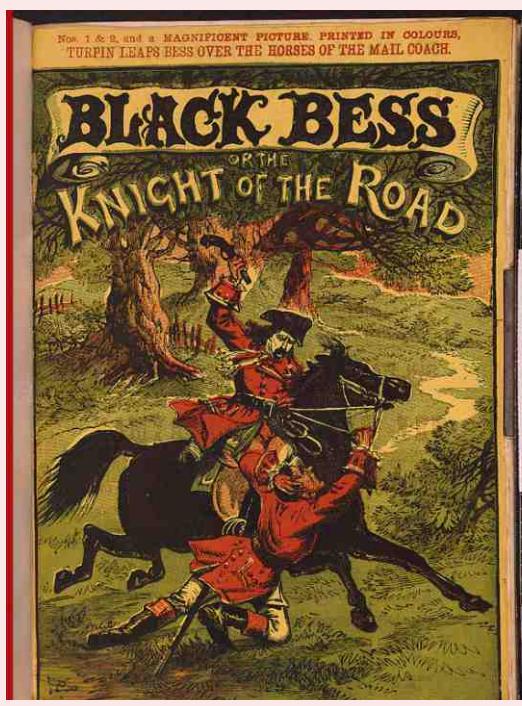
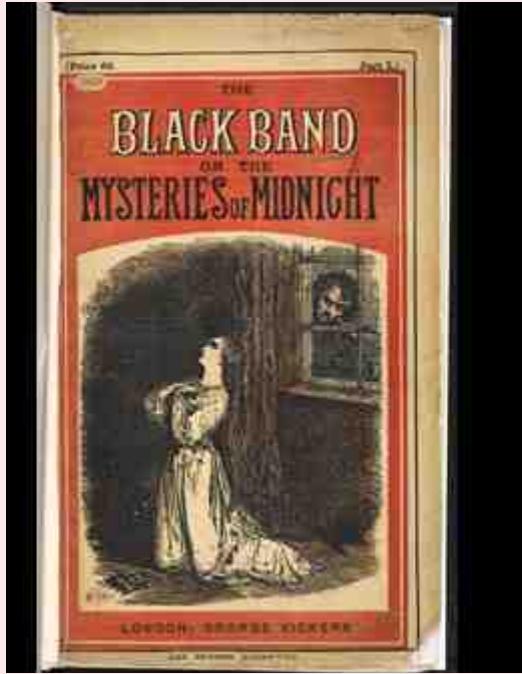
Not to be confused with the television series by the same name, the penny dreadful emerged about midway through the Victorian Era in London, propelled to popularity by young working-class men.¹ The penny dreadful earned its name as a reference to its cost (a penny), and its sensational content. Typically published in weekly packets containing a variety of gruesome illustrations and eight double-columned pages, they were produced on very cheap wood-pulp paper. This means that original penny dreadfuls are rare commodities,² as they were not created to last. What does survive is often in poor condition or taken from later publications. Since they were notably smaller than other publications that carried serial literature, it was not uncommon for groups of individuals to pool their money together in order to purchase and share their weekly indulgence in the macabre.

The penny dreadful did not emerge from thin air, but rather was inspired by what publishers perceived to be some of the most popular true crime material to be published: the crime broadsides available to the masses at public executions in the 18th and 19th centuries. Typically, these sheets would contain crude images of the crime, a portrait of the

criminal being executed, an account of the events and the trial, and a confession. As executions were considered a form of acceptable public entertainment at the time, these types of leaflets were sought-after pieces of memorabilia. From this interest, and spurred by the popularity of serial fiction, the first penny dreadful was published in the 1830s. Sometimes they were reprints of old, gothic horror stories, but over time they became known as a place where original horror sprang to life, piece by piece. The penny dreadful reached the height of its popularity at the start of the 1860s and did not begin its decline until the 1870s. Popular works could run in circulations of 30,000 to 40,000 copies a week.³

Penny dreadfuls ran the gamut of topics; some were mundane in nature, focusing on detectives, famous criminals, and highwaymen, while others turned to the world of the supernatural. Typically, the stories they contained were considered labelled as sloppy and second rate, focusing on excessively gory and violent events, usually writing about them in vivid detail. George A. Sala (1828-1895), a journalist and illustrator, said that the penny dreadful was "a world of dormant peerages, of murderous baronets, and ladies of title addicted to the study of toxicology, of gypsies [sic] and brigand-chiefs, men with masks and women with daggers, of stolen children, withered hags, heartless gamesters, nefarious roués, foreign princesses, Jesuit fathers, gravediggers, resurrection men, lunatics, and ghosts." In some instances, even the authors of the dreadfuls were a bit down on the topic. Mary Elizabeth Braddon, author of *The Mysteries of Midnight*, a series that followed a seductive lady murderer who ran a network of murderesses across Europe, observed that "the amount of crime, treachery, murder and slow poisonings, and general infamy required by the halfpenny reader is something terrible." Despite her personal feelings, she continued to cash in on the popularity of the genre.

Surveying some of the most popular penny



dreadfuls, one would be remiss not to mention Dick Turpin (a whopping 254 instalments), a highwayman whose exploits challenged the upper class and filled the hearts of readers with both inspiration and fear. But we won't dally too long on the highwaymen, save to say they were popular figures.

Instead, let us consider a penny dreadful so popular, so immensely followed that, in its time, it was even more widely read than the works of Charles Dickens, the father of serial fiction in Victorian England. I am talking, of course, about George W.M. Reynolds (1814-1879), author of *The Mysteries of London* and *The Mysteries of the Court of London*. Running in 1844 and from 1848 to 1856 respectively, and published weekly, they became the most read pieces of fiction in all of 19th century British literature.⁴ Totalling 4.5 million words, it presented its audience with the ultimate escapist tale, pitting a witty detective against the Resurrection Man: a body snatcher and serial killer. Reynolds' tales focused on societal evils and social inequalities, using the detective and the Resurrection Man to explore the seedy and dark underworld. Due to their popularity and content, *The Mysteries of the Court of London* were seminal to the Victorian urban mystery genre. In total, G.W.M. Reynolds' London serials sold up to 40,000 copies per printing, meaning that by the time the stories were complete, more than 1 million copies had been purchased and read; based on the above mentioned anecdote that sometimes multiple individuals would share the cost of an issue, it can easily be said that that an audience of 40,000 was likely a low-ball estimate of the total readership.

Penny dreadfuls also turned to more supernatural characters (though not in the way that their television series namesake depicts); one of the most iconic of these otherworldly creatures is Varney the Vampire. *Varney the Vampyre, or The Feast of Blood*, was published in 232 chapters. Breaking it down, this was about 876 double-column pages, and around 660,000 words. This was the work of James Malcolm Rymer (1814-1884) and Thomas Peckett Prest (est. 1810-1859), two of the other massive names in penny dreadful publication, and it ran from 1845 to 1847. Containing many of the vampire tropes we know today and set in the early 18th century, it centres around Sir Francis Varney and the Bannerworts. Despite his nature, whether true or adopted as a result of some madness, Varney greatly dislikes what he must do to survive, and even considers it a curse that was cast upon him for his past wrongs. There is some ambiguity as to whether or not the author intended Varney to be a literal vampire, or whether he simply acted like one. The authors do not clarify or provide any commentary in this regard and set up the tale as a true account, stating that "the following romance is collected from seemingly the most authentic sources, and the author must leave the question of credibility entirely to his readers, not even thinking that he is peculiarly called upon to express his own opinion upon the subject."⁵

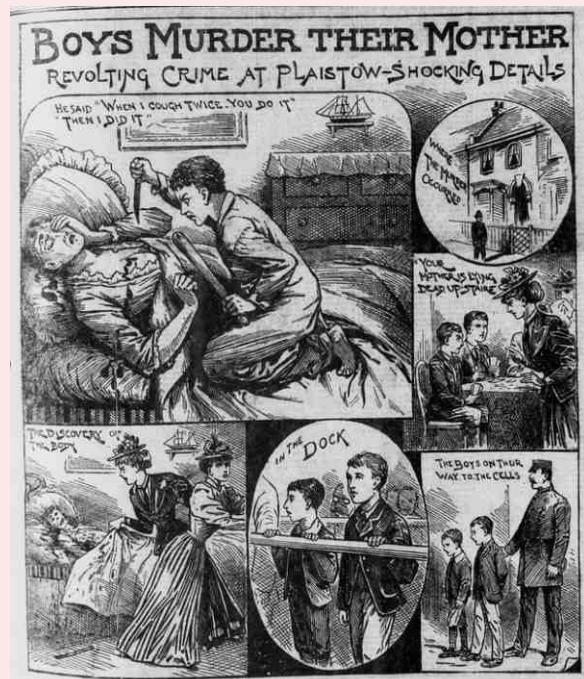
While *The Mysteries of London* and *Varney the Vampyre* hold a place in the history of serial fiction, it would not be a true look at the penny dreadful without the mention of, in my opinion,

the most long-lived and identifiable figure ever to grace the wood-pulp pages. First, let's note that the most well-known publisher of the penny dreadful was Edward Lloyd, whose offices were located on, you guessed it, Fleet Street. Quite fitting then that the longest surviving penny dreadful figure is none other than the Demon Barber of Fleet Street himself, Sweeney Todd. *The String of Pearls*, again attributed to the joint authorship of James Malcolm Rymer and Thomas Peckett Prest, was published between 1846 and 1847, and compiled into a full edition in 1850 by Edward Lloyd. Much of the lore of Sweeney Todd has been brought into the modern-day vernacular; Todd butchers those who visit his barber shop, and his partner Mrs. Lovett *does* bake their flesh into pies. But, some of the main story elements attributed to Todd in the musical adaptations did not exist in the original. The serial version of the tale begins with the disappearance of a sailor, Lt. Thornhill. He was on his way to prepare himself for a meeting with Johanna Oakley, to tell her that her lover had gone missing, presumed lost at sea. When Thornhill fails to return, one of his companions is alerted to his disappearance by Thornhill's dog, and he sets out to search for his missing friend, teaming up with Johanna along the way. Johanna's suspicion of Todd leads her to disguise herself as a young boy to serve as Todd's assistant. She learns that his previous assistant, Tobias Ragg, was committed to the madhouse for accusing Todd of being a murderer. In the end, Johanna's lover, Mark, has been held captive beneath Mrs. Lovett's pie shop, watching everything occur. Managing to escape, he reveals to the patrons that the pies they are eating are made of people, and that Todd and Mrs. Lovett are in on it together. Following this revelation, Todd poisons Mrs. Lovett, but Mark has sealed Todd's fate. Ultimately, they hang Todd for his crimes, and Johanna and Mark marry and live happily ever after. In total, *The String of Pearls* ran for 18 weeks, and when the expanded version was collected for reprint, it totalled 732 pages.

While serial fiction continued to be popular through the entirety of the 19th century, by 1870, the penny dreadful was in decline. This occurred as the primary readership shifted from young working-class men to boys and adolescents, which raised a bevy of concerns among the population, due to the strict moral code of Victorian behaviour. Some researchers, such as Kate Summerscale, have even gone to compare the violence and gore of the penny dreadful to modern-day video games.⁶ Similar to the way modern parents blame violent and graphic video games for the crimes committed by the more youthful population, so too did Victorian society turn on the penny dreadful as being responsible for horrific violence committed by youth.

Following the Obscene Publications Acts, the Society of the Suppression of Vice sought to

scapegoat penny dreadful publishers, accusing them of producing content that incited young men and boys to violence. The law, and even clergy, blamed these publications for the increase in juvenile crime occurring around them, calling it "trash vomited forth of Fleet Street,"⁷ and "the poison which [was] threatening to destroy the manhood of the democracy."⁸ In 1893, owner of the *Daily Mail*, Alfred Harmsworth, said in regard to the role the penny dreadful was seen to play in the rise of violence, that "it is almost a daily occurrence with magistrates to have before them boys who, having read a number of 'dreadfuls', follow the examples set forth in such publications, robbed their employers, bought revolvers with the proceeds, and finished by running away from home, and installing themselves in the backstreets as highwaymen."⁹ This was brought to bear most strongly in 1885 with the case of Robert Coombs, a boy of 13 who killed his mother violently, and was found to be a reader of the penny dreadful.



While many penny dreadfuls have faded from literary memory, some do remain, and have shaped and influenced the way that serial fiction and horror fiction have been written since. Their wide-ranging themes and content, their sensational and violent stories, and the way they blend a dash of reality with the macabre survive to this day. It is our interest in the tales, their themes, and their very content that keep them coming back to us, time and time again.

Until next time, be sure to read the online reviews for your hairdresser before you visit, or you may end up as some haute cuisine in that new fusion restaurant just next door.

Megan



"Lonely Spirit" By Jocelyn Anderson

THE LONG ROAD HOME: PART ONE

A TUALA GRIGGS STORY

BY MEGAN NEGRYCH

The cool air streaming from the vent above my head is a godsend. I reckon the only thing making this entire bus trip bearable is the air-conditioning. Not for the first time, I curse my stubborn streak; three days in, and I have had my absolute fill of bus travel. However, it was what I could afford at the moment, as I was between jobs, waiting on my pending transfer papers to be processed. The four-day trip home from New Orleans to Saskatoon was most certainly not something I would wish on my worst enemy. But that's me, Tuala Griggs, unwilling to accept someone else footing my travel expenses. If nothing else, I could chalk this whole endeavour up to a character-building experience, pushing myself outside my comfort zone by being so closely surrounded by strangers.

My mother had opted to stay behind in New Orleans for a time, to help my Tante Mattie look after Grand-mère, who, at the ripe age of 90, could no longer take care of her home on her own. Rather than let her wait out her days in a nursing home, the family had stepped in. We were a hodgepodge, that was for sure, a family made by love rather than through blood. Grand-mère Agata had always wanted children, but when the universe made it known that she and my late Grand-père could not have their own, they assembled a family instead. My mother, bless her, had been adopted from Canada during the 1960s and raised in New Orleans, in the heart of French Creole country. While we now know that this was a rather shady affair, Grand-mère loved my mother to bits, and between her and Grand-père, they raised her, along with a bevy of others. Among them had been my Tante Mattie. My mother had asked me to come out and help them, plying me with the memories of family trips we used to take when I was a child, when my father had still been alive. You see, grand-mère Agata was whip smart, and in order to offer my mother the very best, she had shipped her back off to Canada for her post-secondary education; taking advantage of my mother's dual citizenship, Grand-mère and Grand-père had been able to afford to send her off to university, where she met my father. An artist and a historian respectively, they had bonded over their love of mythology and folklore, and eventually they married and stayed in Canada. After I was born, we had visited New Orleans almost every summer, up until my father died.

While I loved my Grand-mère more every passing day that I sat beside her and listened to her voice switch between accented English and fluid Creole French, New Orleans was a ghost at my back. It was there that the entire trajectory of my life changed, all on a single fateful dare. When I was thirteen, my mother had taken me down to New Orleans, uncharacteristically during a cooling October, without my father. It was then that she had told me that he had been diagnosed with cancer, and that this was the last trip we would be able to take for a while, and he wanted us to relax as much as possible, because there was a fight coming, and he would need both of us to help him make it through. At that age I had been impulsive and quick to anger; I still am, to a degree. But the news had been more than I could take, and I had spent the whole trip doing everything I could to rebel against the world and what it was laying at my feet. After a few too many crying arguments with my mother, making her the target of my anger even though she had done nothing to me, Tante Mattie had had enough. She wasn't much older than me then, only 18, but she had taken me aside and brought all my fears out into the open, making me talk until I was a sobbing empty mess. Then, in typical Tante Mattie fashion, she had told me that there was a way that I could put luck into my corner, and my dad's corner. That was the trip that I learned about Marie Laveau, famed voodoo queen of the French Quarter. Tante Mattie's promise that I could bring some good fortune to my father's fight with cancer if I just asked for a little bit of help spurred me to action. As I grew older, I began to think she told me the story to give me hope in the darkness. That night though, once everyone was asleep, I snuck out of Grand-mère's house and ran all the way down to Saint Louis Cemetery, using a rough map to find my way to Marie Laveau's fabled resting place. Next to all the other marks left on the tomb, I drew my own X on the cool plaster, spun around three times and knocked just as hard as I could, before yelling to the stars

and, in my hope, Marie Laveau herself, that I wished for nothing more than to be able to help my father fight his battle. The only answer I received that night was the howling of dogs, and the sound of sirens in the distance.

I thought nothing of it at the time, but it made me feel a little better, all the same. Our trip ended, and my mother and I returned home to Canada to begin the most emotionally and physically exhausting months of our lives. Through radiation, chemotherapy, and surgery, we held out hope that there was light at the end of the tunnel; I think my mother held on harder than I did, as I watched my once vibrant, strong, intelligent father wither away into a husk of paper thin skin and bones. It was on his final night among us that I found out what gift, or curse, Madame Laveau had bestowed on me when I called to her for aid. As I sat alone with my father in his hospital room, the beeping of the machines droning on, and the too-long pauses between each of his shallow breaths marking the passage of time, I saw them for the first time. At first, they were barely visible, wisps of air with just a little too much substance, but the more I looked, the more clearly they manifested. Gaunt figures, much as my father looked then, surrounded his bedside, reached out to him. I watched on, unable to move, as one of those figures laid down next to my father on his bed and placed its hand over his nose and mouth. I watched as he drew one final laboured breath before exhaling slowly, his chest sinking into itself; it did not rise again. It was then that one of them turned toward me and caught my eye, becoming fully solid. By then the nurses had been alerted by the machines that my father had stopped breathing, that he had passed, and according to his wishes, they did nothing but declare his time of death and call my mother back, so we could be alone to say our final goodbyes. But we were not alone, and the figure I saw continued to follow me for days after, always in my periphery. It wasn't until much later that I learned who she was: another woman who had passed away in the hospital. Unlike my father, she had been utterly alone. All she wanted from me was to be noticed, to have some connection. Once I knew who she was, she began to fade, to come to pass into a peaceful rest.

I'm shocked from my reverie as the bus crossed onto a rumble strip, before abruptly pulling back onto the highway. Some of the passengers in front of me grumble, but in true Canadian fashion, only tease the driver that it might be time to make a stop for a coffee. I rub the palms of my hands hard into my eyes and lean away from the window, and that's when I notice her. She couldn't have been more than ten years old, sitting across the aisle from me; small and blonde, she is wearing her hair in braids, a string of red wooden beads around her neck, and clothes that could only be described as traditional. The white blouse is carefully embroidered with red flowers, outlined in bold black, the details vivid and obviously handmade. But it is her feet, or lack thereof, that draw my attention. Her long, dark skirt simply fades out into nothing. I take the chance and glance back up at her face, only to find her looking right at me, solemn and silent, her grey eyes meeting mine. Pleading with me to not look away.

At the front of the bus, the driver announces that there will be a short, unscheduled stop ahead, some small village with not much more than a gas station and a picnic table, but a good enough place for us to grab some fresh air and a drink before we continue on our way, alert and safe. Turning off the main highway onto a rural gravel road, we travel for at least twenty more minutes before a gas station comes into view. The girl beside me stands, or as close to it as she could given that she has no feet to stand on, and slips out of the side of the bus, maintaining eye contact with me the whole way, begging me silently to follow her. I swear under my breath. I can't just sit back and continue on my way home, not after this specter, this poor ghost, noticed me and asked for my help. I resign myself to action. Grabbing my backpack from the overhead bin, I make my way up to the driver and ask him to grab my bags from under the bus.

"You sure, ma'am? This is the middle of nowhere, bus doesn't usually come this way. If you wanted to get to the next depot, it'll be a couple of days before the next one passes through. Seems like an odd place to get off, if you don't mind me saying."

His concern is well placed enough, but this is not the first time that this curse has taken me off my planned course. I thank him, but assure him that I am a big girl, and I'd surely be able to ask another kind, helpful person such as himself to get me to the nearest depot. He tips his hat, appeased that I had taken the responsibility of my safe arrival off his hands, and retrieves my bags.

Twenty minutes later, as the dust cloud settles from the bus pulling away, I am busy

trying to catch sight of the girl, to see where it is she needs to lead me, but now she is nowhere to be found. Swearing again, this time a little louder, I hitch my backpack and duffle bag up over my shoulders, and grab my small suitcase, dragging uncooperative wheels over loose gravel.

Stopping in at the gas station, the young female attendant is eager to answer my questions, saying it is refreshing to talk to city folk since they want to ask more than when it was supposed to rain, or how much canola or wheat was going for at market. She is a little confused as to why anyone would stop and want to stay in the little “middle-of-friggin’-nowhere”, and all I can think to tell her is that I’m interested in the history of the area. That seems to appease her, and she doesn’t ask anything more about it. She does inform me that sadly there is no motel directly in the community, since the previous owners retired, and the property is still on the market. However, she does tell me about a Bed and Breakfast attached to a local heritage site ten kilometers out of town. In addition to playing to my feigned interest in local history, she also tells me that she is pretty sure it should be open and have a room available, since it is mid-season and there are no seasonal workers staying in the community to help with the harvest yet.

“Is there anyone I could ask to get a ride out there? Ten kilometers is a hell of a trek with these bags, especially with this heat.” I offer her a smile, reassuring and friendly, which she returns in kind, nodding. The heat is oppressive, dry and hard, as opposed to the heavy humidity I had experienced in New Orleans just days ago.

“I can walk you down to the local farmers spot, where all the old guys sit and talk about what farming used to be like in the good old days. If one of them doesn’t want to help out, I bet you Ezekiel will be there. He’d hitch up his horse and buggy in a second, just to help someone in need. Thought it would be odd to have the Amish around, but they’re sure a helpful and quiet lot. We get along pretty well.”

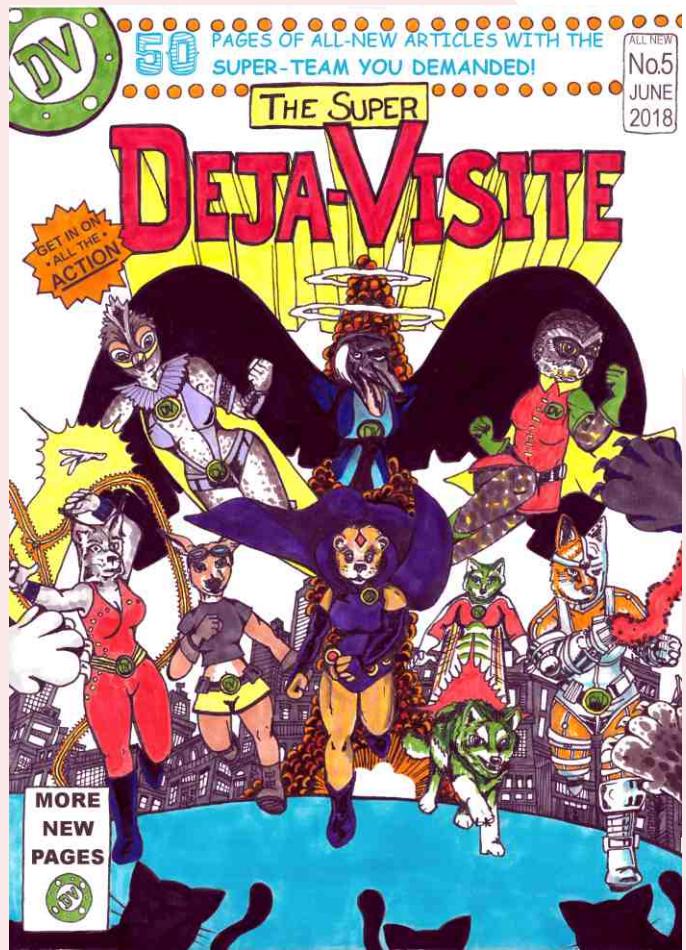
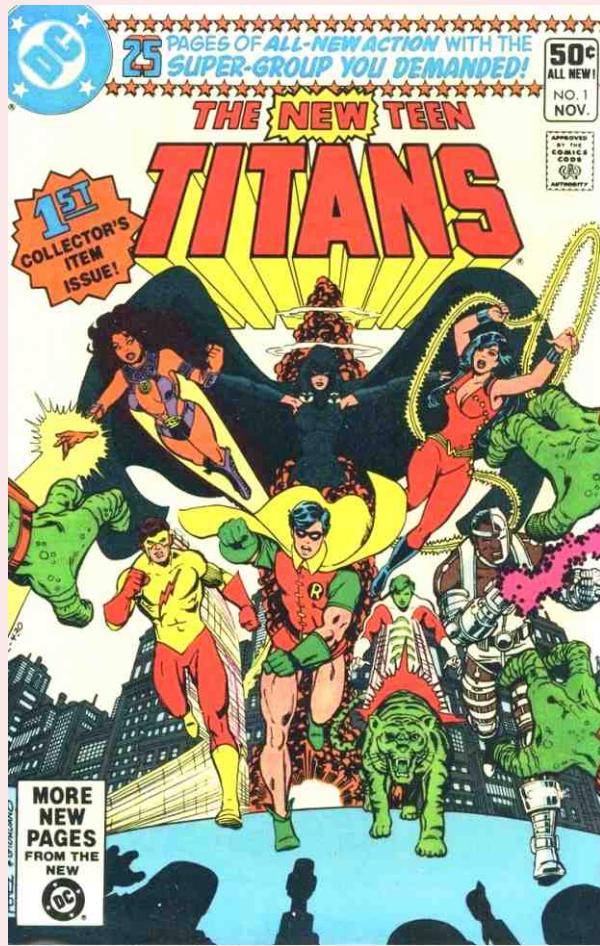
Abigail, as she tells me her name is, lets me know all about the local news as she walks me down the street to an outdoor gazebo; it seems that in the past years, as farmers have gotten older and retired without someone to take over the family farm, the Amish had moved in, purchasing the land and setting up their own farms. It was a change, but it seemed both communities had benefited from the changes.

When we arrive, there are only three men sitting and gabbing about the low water table, and how if it continues, there would be a drought unlike any they had seen in the past few decades. One of the men is a silent, tall fellow with a long beard, much younger than the other two, who I can only assume must be Ezekiel. He blushes as Abigail waltzes up between the three and asks if “any of you fellas would be up for helping a lady out?” I have the distinct impression that if Abigail asked Ezekiel to jump over a live electric fence to save a kitten from a coyote, he would do it in a heartbeat. He readily volunteers his buggy and team, takes my bags from me and loads them up. When I tell him where I am going, he crosses himself and swallows, but nods despite his obvious lack of interest to venture in that direction, and we set out. I don’t put too much stock in the actions of the devoutly religious, so I brushed it off.

The entire trip passes in near silence, not that much conversation could be had over the clopping of hooves or without choking on the cloud of dust that sweeps up as we go. Ezekiel stops at the very edge of the grid road, motioning with his head to the gravel road that winds up off the side towards a thick cusp of trees. Nestled in the trees, old growth, and vivid green, despite the supposed lack of rain, is a tall three-storey house surrounded by a wrought iron fence, with a hanging sign that reads “Bublik’s Bed and Breakfast, est. 1949”. With speed that belies his large frame, Ezekiel unloads my bags, helps me down from the buggy, and abruptly jumps back in and spurs his team off, leaving me behind in a cloud of dust.

About The Cover

By Jocelyn Anderson



This month, while we were discussing our June issue's theme, we threw around a few ideas. A retro pin-up style pool party was one of my favorite suggestions for a cover image, but it really didn't seem to go with any of our articles. That was, until I thought about our plan to do Mythic Mortals as our group activity, and the fact that we have had a review for a superhero movie almost every month since we started the zine. It was decided. We would become superheroes.

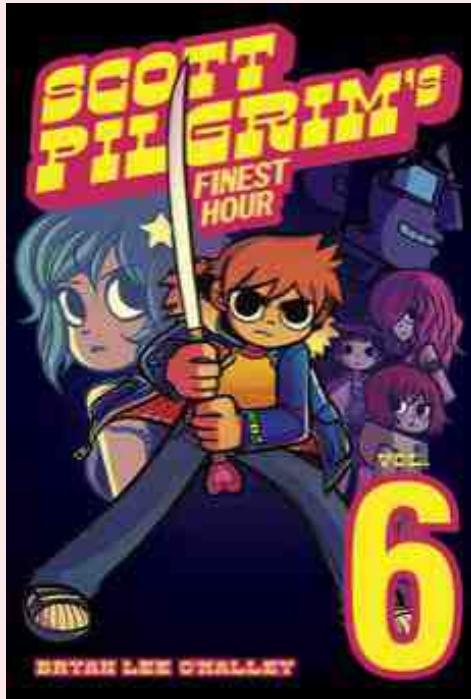
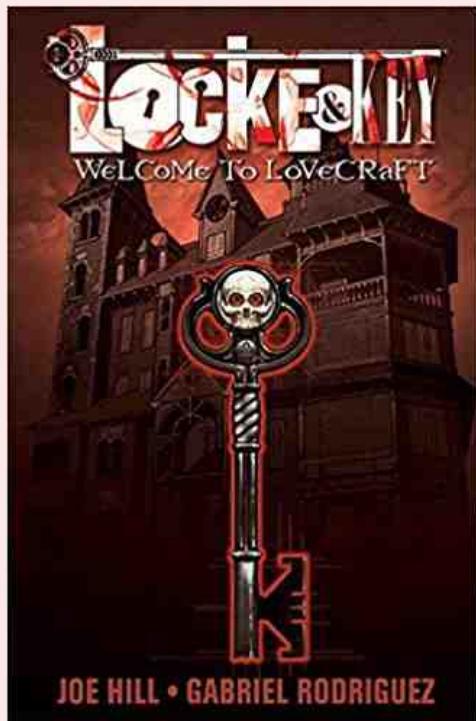
I have never seriously tried to do anything in a comic style before, so I decided that doing an homage to a classic cover was the best way to go. As I looked through Google searches, one big thing stuck out. There are very few cover pages that have large teams on them, and because I didn't want to focus too much on only one person, there were only a few really good options to choose from. In the end, I decided to go with the fabulous cover image by George Perez and Dick Giordano from the first issue of *The New Teen Titans*, released in November 1980.

I did have a problem though. While the original cover page features a whopping seven superheroes, I needed to fit at least eight, if not nine, on my new cover. On top of that, I wanted to let our team members pick which costume their animal would be wearing, which caused a bit of placement confusion. It all got figured out in the end, and our ninth hero, Raccoon-Flash, ended up on the index page so he didn't get left out. Lastly, when I thought about the villains the Deja-Visite team would fight, it was not killer robots that came to mind, but a cat cult lead by a manipulative Siamese (check out the *MadiLei Madison* articles in our March and April issues for details about these felonious feline foes).

Once everything was done and I stepped back to take a look at the original cover side-by-side with my new cover, I was very happy with how everything turned out. More superheroes may be in my future, but for now I am off to try my hand at something completely different for next month's cover.

Fighting Evil . . .Or Maybe Just Fighting By Moonlight

Members of DEJA-VISITE explore their favourite comics books, superheroes, and villains



Megan Negrych

Let's just say that my local comic book store employees know me by name, and expect me at a specific time each Wednesday. I've read so many amazing graphic novels that trying to pick my favourite is a bit difficult, but there are two that still manage to shine brighter.

Locke & Key: Joe Hill and Gabriel Rodriguez IDW Comics: 6 volumes.

Most amazing story ever. It got me back into comics when I was losing my interest. It follows the Locke children as they move to their paternal familial home in Lovecraft, Mass. after unspeakable tragedy. They discover the secret of what lies below, and their family history, all with the help of some nifty, but very dangerous, keys. Add in some H.P. Lovecraft, a massive dose of imagination, and the very chilling storycraft of Joe Hill (Stephen King's son!). It was also made into an amazing audio drama by Brilliance Audio, featuring Regina's Tatiana Maslany.

Scott Pilgrim: Bryan Lee O'Malley: 6 volumes.

Slacker. Canadian. Musician. Clueless boyfriend. And did I mention, the best fighter in the province (of Ontario)? Scott Pilgrim is the timeless tale of a boy who wants to be with a girl, but in order to do so, he has to break up with his fake high-school girlfriend and fight the new girl's seven evil ex-boyfriends. A mix of day-to-day life story and fantasy, this one is definitely one of my all-time favourites, and I go back to it time and time again, enjoying it with every read.

Favourite Superhero: Rogue from Marvel's X-men (not the Anna Paquin version). What do you get when you mix an invulnerable body with the vulnerable human element? A rough, tough, tumble southern belle who rocks out in a sweet sweet suit and a bomber jacket (at least in my mind, that's the best Rogue ever). I have a strong connection to her as she was one of the first superheroes who I really got to know back when my interest began. She just really resonates with me.





Jocelyn Anderson

Favorite Superhero (teams): The rivalry between Marvel and DC is real but because I can't choose, I will pick one from each universe.

Teen Titans (DC): I have read a handful of the comics and watched every TV show I could find that features these wonderful teenage misfits. The TV series *Teen Titans GO!* is a particular favorite and I am quite excited to see that they are coming out with a movie adaptation this summer. If I was to pick a favorite team member I would swing between Starfire and Beast Boy, depending on my mood.

Guardians of the Galaxy (Marvel): These guys were introduced to me through the Marvel Cinematic Universe and I am in love. I have a bit of a soft spot for well-meaning outlaws, and the humour that permeates these films (along with the fabulous soundtrack) has me hooked. If I had to pick a favorite here I would have to say, "I am Groot".





Jessica Mitten-Moore

Favourite Superhero:

Sometimes I find superheroes a little bland and a little too goody-goody. At times they only see the world in black and white when the majority of humans are morally grey. This is why I really like anti-heroes and villains in comics and movies. First of all, I consider **Deadpool** to be the epitome of a well-loved anti-hero in both movies and comics. He doesn't really seem to pick a side of the spectrum but is usually considered a "good guy". He may kill people, but he is killing the bad people! Check out my *Deadpool 2* review on page 20 for more discussion on this legendary character!

Jessica Jones is another anti-hero; she has the makings of an all-out hero but is stuck with her demons and severe PTSD. She wants to be a good person but that does not always end up being the case, sometimes due to circumstances that she cannot control. I really enjoy Netflix's portrayal of Jessica Jones, and one of my favourite Marvel villains, **Kilgrave**, is in the series. David Tennant's portrayal of Kilgrave is phenomenal. You end up hating him with your entire being but also being spellbound while he is on screen. There are several people that tout Tennant's Kilgrave as being the best Marvel villain on screen so far. I am not sure I agree with this, however, since I also love Tom Hiddleston's **Loki**.

Even though I love these two villains, I have to say my favourite bad guys come from the DC universe. The villains, specifically **The Joker**, are on another level, and there is just so much content to pull from. My love of DC villains originally came from the graphic novel, **Batman: The Killing Joke**, written by Alan Moore and illustrated by Brian Bolland. It contains the origin story of The Joker and makes me (and other readers) feel some sympathy for him. Also, in the video games **Batman: Arkham Asylum** and **Arkham City**, many villains come forward and teleport you into their perverse world. The voice acting in these games is incredible, especially Mark Hamill as The Joker. Then of course, one of the most famous and ruthless portrayal of Joker is Heath Ledger's performance in the *The Dark Knight*. In all of these instances, the representation of the villains is done exceptionally well and they are what make the story interesting. Without the villains, there would be no heroes.



Victoria Koops

Favourite Superhero:

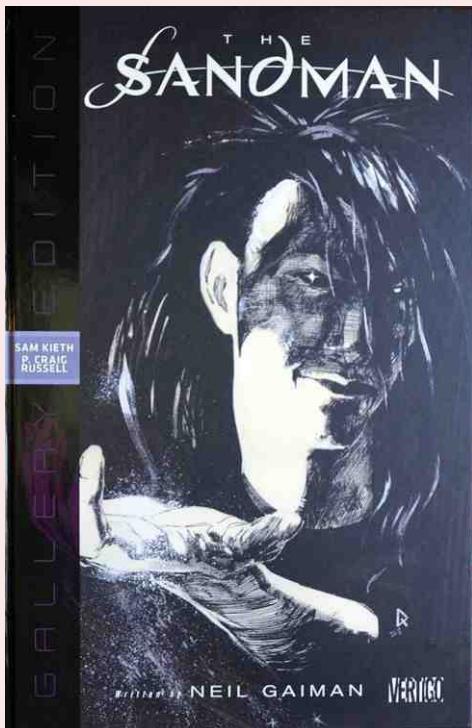
I'm currently in the process of developing a writing website, and at the inception of the project, my fabulous graphic designer asked me what aesthetic I was looking for. My response, in one word: **Starfire**.

I grew up reading comics (Thanks, Dad), and my sisters and I love the *Teen Titans*. One sister worships Raven, the other is a fan of Beast Boy, and me, you guessed it, I'm a Starfire girl. First, Star is a warrior princess with awesome red hair, and for a six-foot-tall redhead like myself, that's as close to representation as you get, and representation in the media is paramount. Second, there's the whole Dick Grayson/Koriand'r romance (more in the comic books but it comes out in the TV series as well), and I am a sucker for dramatic teen romance. And third, Starfire fuels her kick-ass alien superpowers with her strong emotions. I too have many feelings, so I've always loved how her passion drives her abilities.

So, if you happen to wander on over to my website when it launches (follow me on social media for updates on that @VictoriaKoopsWrites), a distinctively Starfire-inspired space will welcome you; prepare yourself for lots of purple, orange, and green! *G'luthnog* everyone!



Ariadne Bissett



I got into graphic novels by being a Neil Gaiman fan and crossing over from books to read his series *Sandman*. *The Sandman* is **Morpheus King of Dreams**. The series never asks us to see him as a hero, only as powerful. However, he is caring of his realm, the dreaming, and those who visit it each night as they sleep. The art of *Sandman* is at times utterly entrancing, at others completely horrifying. I am more of a fan of the series' later issues, as it moves away from a more classic comic book art style into what I might call a painterly aesthetic.

Number two is **Saga**, written by Brian K. Vaughan, and illustrated by Fiona Staples. It's the story of Hazel, a child who is the product of a sort of Sci-Fi/Fantasy/Space Odyssey Romeo and Juliet pair, who, instead of dying because their love is too beautiful for their broken world, have to live in it and face the reality of being parents together. They are from very different backgrounds —mother Alana has wings and is fairy-like in appearance, she is the more aggressive of the two, and father Marko has humongous ram's horns, a penchant for magic, and the desire to be a pacifist—and despite being in love, they still carry some of the prejudices of their cultures with them. These come out on awkward occasions, naturally, while running for their lives from those who consider Hazel an abomination, for example. It's a story that blew me away from the start, and never quit with the surprises.



Deja-EXCITÉ!

Here is what the team at Deja-VISITE is looking forward to in the coming weeks



Jessica Mitten-Moore:

- June 15th - **The Incredibles 2**
- June 16th - **Pride after Dark** - Pride week drag show with the legendary Lady Bunny performing!
- June 22nd - **Marvel's Luke Cage Season 2**
- June 29th - **Netflix's Glow Season 2**
- June 22nd-July 1st - **Saskatoon's Jazz Festival**



Ariadne Bissett:

- Get your swimsuits out! As I'm writing this it's looking cloudy and gloomy, but I'm hoping that by June 14th, when **Regina's outdoor pools officially open**, the sun will come out to make it official.
- **Regina Summer Stage** is putting on a production of **Chicago**, July 11th-15th. Expect fabulous singing, dancing, and all that jazz!



Megan Negrych:

- **Regina Fringe Festival** July 11th-15th: A cornucopia of small plays and theatre productions. I have always enjoyed the offerings that the Fringe brings to the Regina Arts scene, and this year I plan to take in at least 13 of the 22 offerings. Tune in next month to see how it all goes down.
- **Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom**: June 22nd. Dinosaurs. Need I say more? Give me the dinosaurs!
- **Antman and The Wasp**: July 5th: I was reluctant to see the first one in theatres, but I did end up enjoying it, even with its flaws. Seeing The Wasp brought to life is really what has me hooked here, as she was a part of the original Avengers in the comics.



Jocelyn Anderson:

- **Roughriders Game Day**: Week 1 - June 15th - Go Riders!
- **Spinning Silver by Naomi Novik** - July 10th - Novik, the author of the Temeraire series (a favourite of mine), has a brand new novel coming out this summer. It's an update of the Rumpelstiltskin fairy tale, and I am looking forward to getting my hands on it.

The Error Message

Want to win some sweet, sweet DÉJÀ-VISITÉ 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 (see page 51 for some (but not all) of the designs. Swag distribution is random (but if you're a secondtime 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



Citations, Credits, Further Reading for DÉJÀ-VISITÉ Issue 5: June 2018

Original Cover Artwork by Jocelyn Anderson

A Walk On The Wild Side

All photographs by Jocelyn Anderson

Vence, Fenton R., James R Jowsey, and James S. Mclean. *Revised and Expanded Wildflowers Across the Prairies*. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 1984.

Recipes For Camping

All photographs by Kerri Desgagé

Robot Takeover at the Science Centre

All photographs by Rachel Popa

We Will Rock U!

All Photographs by Megan Negrych

Jimmy Carr: The Best of World Tour

All Images property of Jimmy Carr

Zoom! Discover The Beautiful Around You

All photographs by Megan Negrych

Deadpool 2: Did It Live Up To The Hype

All images property of Marvel Entertainment and 20th Century Fox

The Experimental Kitchen: One Weird Old Trick To Get Great Arms and Abs

All photographs by Ariadne Bissett

1. Delwen Samuel "Investigation of ancient Egyptian baking and brewing methods by correlative microscopy" *Science* 273 (July 26, 1996): 488.
2. E Lang, "Maids at the grindstone: A comparative study of New Kingdom Egypt grain grinders," *Journal of Lithic Studies* 3, no. 3 (October 2016): 279-289, <https://doi.org/https://doi.org/10.2218/jls.v3i3.1462>.
3. Marta Mariotti Lippi, Bruno Foggi, Biancamaria Aranguren, Annamaria Ronchitelli, and Anna Revedin, "Multistep food plant processing at Grotta Paglicci (Southern Italy) around 32,600 cal B.P." *PNAS* (September 8, 2015), <https://doi.org/10.1073/pnas.1505213112>.
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5. Ed Wood and Jean Wood, *Classic Sourdoughs: A Home Baker's Handbook* (Berkeley: Ten Speed Press, 2011), 14-15.
6. M. El-Salhy, G.J. Hatlebakk, O. H. Gilja, T Hausken, "The relation between celiac disease, nonceliac gluten sensitivity and irritable bowel syndrome". *Nutrition Journal*, 14 (2015): 92.

Giant Crab Sashimi at Mosaic Stadium: A Mythic Experience

Photograph by Jocelyn Anderson

All book art and character design property of David Schirduan

Wandering Out of The Prairies to The Oceanside

All photographs by Randene Shiplett

Serial Bits & Megan's Horror Hideout: Something Dreadful This Way Comes

1. James Louis, *Fiction For the Working Man 1830-50*, (Harmondsworth: Penguin University Books, 1975), 20.
2. Ibid.
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The Long Road Home: Part One

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