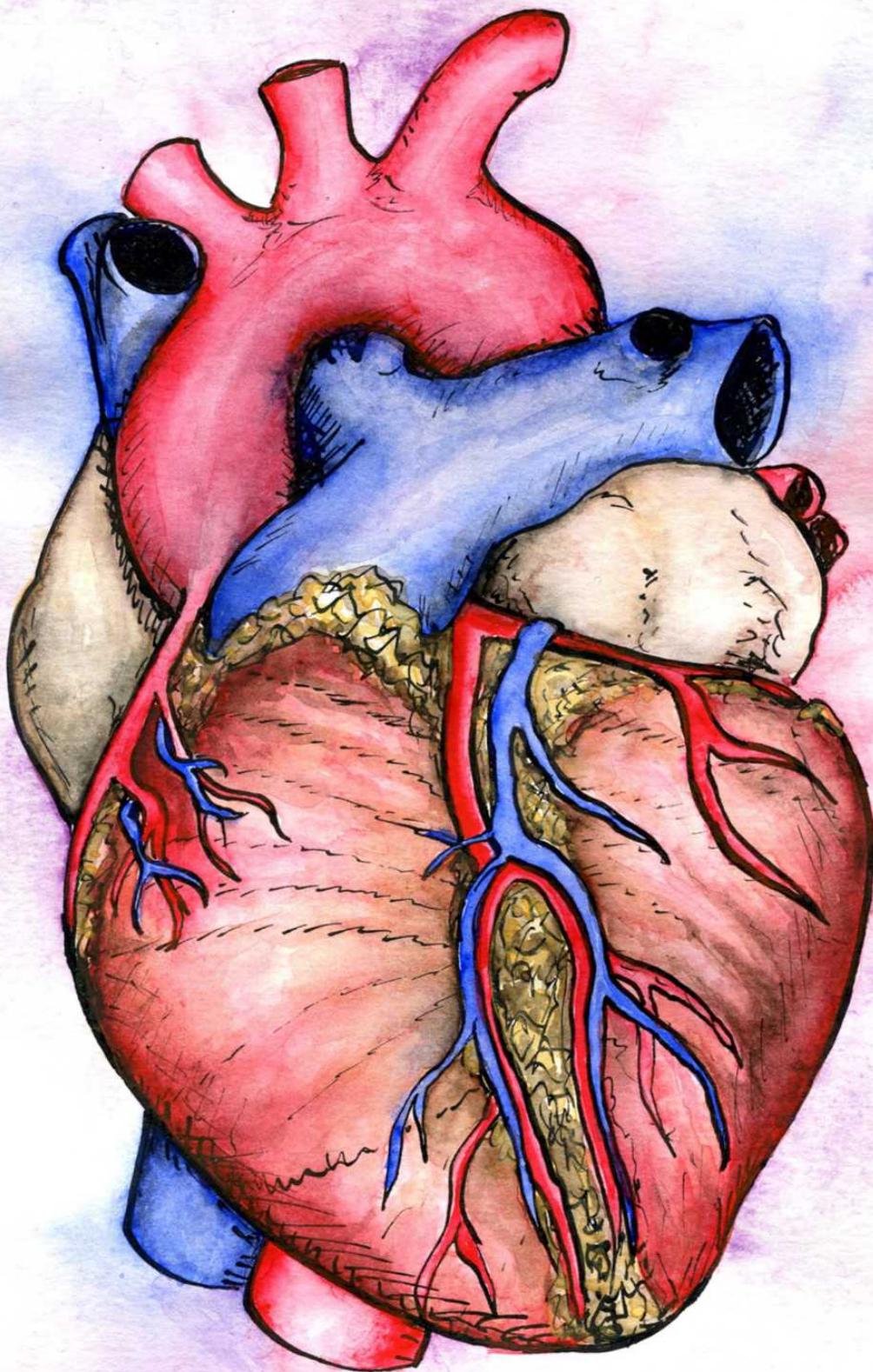


# deja-VISITE

Saskatchewan Writers. Local Perspectives.



**February 2019  
Issue Nine**

# HELLO!

This issue marks our one year anniversary bringing you unique and interesting content! Oh boy, the things we've seen and the things we've done. From drag and taboo to pie and Peru, we've covered a lot of material. We've seen new faces, and we've said goodbye to others. We've learned a lot about what it means to run and make a magazine; we've faced frustration and joy, writer's block and deadline rushes, but we've come out on top each time. In the coming year we look forward to bringing you much more interesting content, and to do that, we're taking a step we've never taken before. As you read this issue, we are going live with a call for submissions. So please, visit the DÉJÀ-VISITÉ website at <http://www.dejavisite.ca>, or on Page 32 of this issue for all the details. Our first submission deadline is Friday, March 29th by 5:00 PM Central Standard Time. We welcome a wide variety of writing, so take the plunge and write with us!

This issue we bring you a heaping helping of creativity and local love. Kerri Desgagné makes our mouth water with delicious doughnuts. Jocelyn Anderson shares the nominees for the Saskatchewan Book Awards Book of the Year, then takes us to a fantasy world of lords and knightly orders, walks us around Wascana and its many landmarks and monuments, and brings us on a whirlwind adventure with Cynrick Blackwalker, that space-faring rogue. I'll take you deep into the absurd with the next installation of Alice Investigates, discover the truth about the mystery and the history of the prairie homestead with Tuala Griggs (and meet our special guest contest winner!), share the shadowy history of Saskatchewan's Haunted hospitals, and wind it up with a double hitter review with Five Minute Reviews and an overview of "Humanity in Extremis", a local conference that occurred at the University of Regina.

All awaits you!

And be sure to have a moment of ardent anatomical appreciation for our February cover by the accomplished artist Jocelyn Anderson!

So come check it all out, and celebrate with us, here at DÉJÀ-VISITÉ!

Sincerely

Megan Negrych,  
And the DÉJÀ-VISITÉ Team

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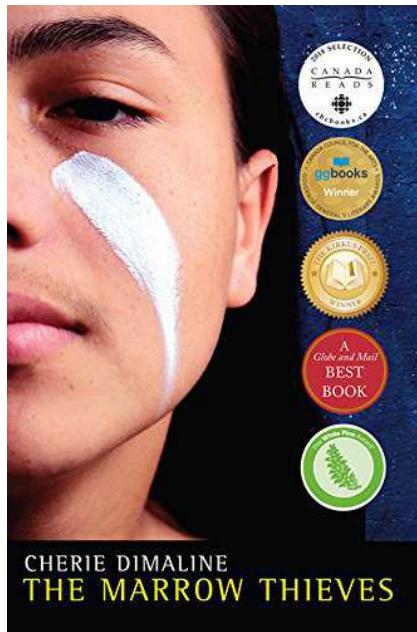
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# HUMANITY IN EXTREMIS: A CONFERENCE ON MODERN DYSTOPIA IN REVIEW

## BY MEGAN NEGRYCH

Dystopia surrounds us, whether we want to admit it or not. From post-apocalyptic fiction to the speculative narrative, we explore the ideas of dystopia, anti-utopia, and utopia as a way to understand our fears and anxieties, to expose our frailties and shortcomings, and to think of possible alternate futures. Such was the endeavour on February 8th and 9th at the University of Regina, where the Humanities Research Institute hosted *Humanity in Extremis: Modern Dystopias*, an interdisciplinary conference that brought together historical ideas of dystopia and utopia, and mixed it with how different ideas of dystopia are explored in media and art. The papers presented by both faculty and students were thoughtful, captivating, and refreshingly original.



As author Cherie Dimaline, who delivered the keynote address and the Barbara Powell Memorial Lecture on the 8th, summed it up: Everything [Indigenous authors] write is post-apocalyptic . . . from the other side of survival. Some have already lived through the apocalypse, reside in the post-apocalypse, and exist in a state of dystopia. What more could happen to them, considering what they have already been faced with? She, of course, was referring to the

residential schools and the systematic genocide experienced by not only her people but many others. These foundations and histories, fears and anxieties, served as the inspiration for her award-winning novel *The Marrow Thieves*. For those who were hunted and driven to the edge, whose survival was very much a question of “if or maybe” for a very long time, and can still constantly feel that way, what could possibly be worse than the reality they and their relatives have experienced? Certainly not the worlds we imagine and the futures we speculate about, as they pale in comparison, no matter how horrific, because they are fiction in the face of reality. She went on to say that in the post-apocalypse, what else can be carried but stories? They are the history and the knowledge, they are the survival of a people and a way of life, and the inspiration to hope and dream.

The variety of topics explored was wide-ranging and thoroughly thought-provoking. From Dr. Philip Charrier’s (Department of History) exploration of the 1970’s Japanese photographer’s Suzuki Norio and Tomatsu Shomei, we learned that utopia and dystopia can exist simultaneously, as they are defined by the person experiencing them and interpreted by those looking on from the outside.

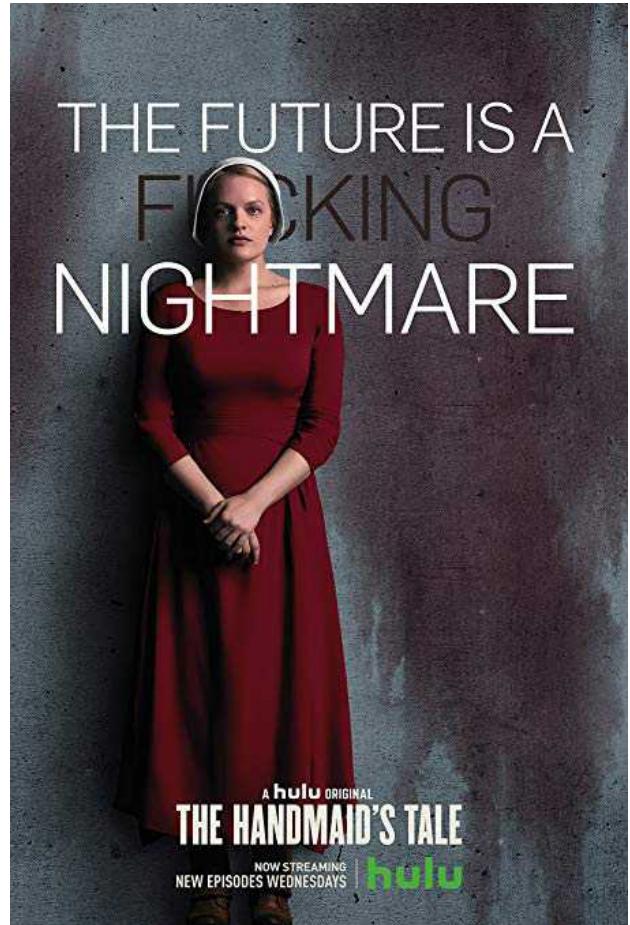
Others, such as Dr. Thomas Bredohl (Department of History) and Dr. Ian Germani (Department of History), explored the utopia and dystopia of structure and planning in places like Berlin’s Alexanderplatz and Moscow’s idea of the “paradise of the people” in Government House, where utopias are large and dreamed but ultimately never complete, replaced instead by a dystopia of place that supersedes the utopia of the idea or dream.

Reflecting on the international explosion of, and the voracious appetite for, speculative fiction novels, Dr. Christina Stojanova (Department of Film) explored the proliferation of the new dystopia in Eastern European fiction, or the idea of survival in a post-apocalyptic world, where dystopia is turned over and replaced by a new order. Exploring the world through these novels which examine the notions of time travel, biopunk, and

thought control, she follows that these novels serve as “warning novels” for a future that might occur if we are not careful and aware of the changes we are making.

As an interdisciplinary conference, the featured papers came from a variety of differing viewpoints and examined the ideas of dystopia that inhabit modern film, novels, and television, and how these ideas are shaped by our notions of the past and influenced by our current fears. As one would imagine, the dystopia of our current media “explosion” was also addressed through examinations of film and television, most notably those geared towards understanding the space that is inhabited and created by the resurgence of Margaret Atwood’s *The Handmaid’s Tale*, a cautionary and reflective speculative future shaped by the anxieties emerging from current social and political turmoil surrounding equality, agency, and control, and how certain stylistic casting choices could be more closely paralleled with history, instead of used as a flag to signal how progressive their choices are. The University of Saskatchewan delegation, made up of two graduate students from the Department of English, really knocked it out of the park in regard to their examination of *The Handmaid’s Tale*, to the point where it must now be rewatched and re-read with a much closer eye to the meta-text. Still others focused on the idea of a female-led revolution, overthrowing the idea of a male-dominated post-apocalyptic dystopia with a female-led utopia, a bucking of the norm, like *Mad Max: Fury Road* as explored through hyper-masculine dystopia and female-borne utopia by Dr. Susan Johnston (Department of English), or *Tank Girl*’s costuming choices as representative of the feminine dystopia by Esther Gullien (Department of Religious Studies). There were many more papers, detailed, nuanced, and as one attendee stated, very “outside the box.”

The conference highlighted our modern tendency to favour these types of stories, to wonder and explore possible survival mechanisms that would be needed if, or in many thoughts *when*, the dystopia that is knocking on our door manages to finally break through. When the end of the world comes, will we fall into the post-apocalypse and merely fight to survive, or will we have learned anything from our speculation, and be able to bring about the type of utopia we have only managed to dream of?



# The Saskatchewan Book Awards

## A New List

### By Jocelyn Anderson

Like many, I tend to gravitate towards the same kinds of books whenever I am looking for something new to read. For me, that consists of epic fantasy, science fiction and my guilty pleasure, romance novels. However, I believe that reading is a great way to widen one's horizons and as an artist, I believe that supporting local creators is of vital importance. Last winter I set a challenge for myself: read all the books on the Saskatchewan Book Awards "Book of the Year" shortlist. It was a very rewarding experience, stepping outside of my comfort zone and discovering six thought-provoking books written by Saskatchewan authors. On top of that, I tried my hand at writing book reviews on my experiences reading those books. I encourage everyone to go and check out all the shortlisted (and winning) books from last year. While I didn't necessarily love every one of them, they each had a valuable point of view and voice, and they all made me stop and think.

By the time I got through the list last year, I was ready to get back to my favourite genres, but I promised myself that when the shortlist was announced in 2019 I would pick up a new stack of books to once again widen my horizons. And so I shall. The shortlist this year was announced at the Regina Public Library Central Branch on February 14<sup>th</sup>. I plan to read through all the books included in the "Book of the Year" shortlist again and give you a glimpse into what I thought about them. On top of that, I challenge you: pick one or two of the books from the list and tackle some of the new and exciting literature from Saskatchewan writers. You might even enjoy it.

*The 2018 Book of the Year shortlist can be found in the Deja-Visite February issue from last year. The reviews for the six books can be found in the March and April issues.*

### My Saskatchewan Book Awards Reading List<sup>1</sup>

#### ***The Small Things That End the World by Jeanette Lynes***

Nominated for The Muslims for Peace & Justice Fiction Award, the City of Saskatoon and Public Library Saskatoon Book Award, & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Coteau Books.

#### ***Blackbird Song by Randy Lundy***

Nominated for the Rasmussen, Rasmussen & Charowsky Indigenous Peoples' Writing Award, The Saskatchewan Arts Board Poetry Award, and The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by University of Regina Press.

#### ***Want by Barbara Langhorst***

Nominated for The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Palimpsest Press.

#### ***A Hero for the Americas by Robert Calder***

Nominated for the University of Saskatchewan Non-Fiction Award, the City of Saskatoon and Public Library Saskatoon Book Award & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by University of Regina Press.

#### ***Hummingbird by Devin Krukoff***

Nominated for The Muslims for Peace & Justice Fiction Award, and The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Freehand Books.

# Alice Investigates

## A Noir Absurdity in 5 Acts

### Act Three - Jack On: Rise of The Wood

By Megan Negrych

#### Act Three, Scene One

[Setting: The interior of a shadowed room, television screens flicker between channels, all news. Various scenes are depicted, most relating to Wascana Lake and the parade. There is a close-up of a deep-fried hand in a soft taco shell with the label hand-burger below it (really a hand taco, but that was hardly a marketable headline). In the room with the screens, a man in a well-put-together three-piece suit sits in an office chair, swiveling around in nervous circles.]

Television News Anchor: [below the anchor, who is standing in front of a food truck absolutely covered in police tape, is the marquee "Hand Burger

Surprise", behind him there are many balloons floating away] Chaos broke out at the mayoral celebratory parade this morning, when dozens of patrons were served up a meal they did not order. Most, between throwing up and saying "eww eww eww," say that the meat they were served, closely resembling human body parts, tasted oddly like squeaky pork. While samples have been sent off for analysis to determine their origin, this reporter can confidently say that it was not fish, as the menu promised. The offending food cart has been sanctioned and will be barred from serving food at all future summer festivals and parades. While the owners adamantly deny responsibility, the fingers pointing in their direction and the horrified screamed of their customers are all the convincing this reporter needs. Reporting for the News at Noon, I'm Kay Leuless.

[The figure in the chair stops spinning and throws something at the screen, hitting the button and changing the channel to what appears to be a campaign ad for Albert St. Albert, it starts to play, but then the signal goes static, and what pops up on the screen is much different. Now playing is what appears to be a live broadcast; there are three figures, shown from the waist up, all in shadow. There is the sound of dripping water and the voices echo.]

James: [The shadowed figure stands in the middle, no distinct features can be seen, but he rattles his fists in the air, the figures beside him remain still] The Uprising has begun. No longer will ecological terrorists be allowed to dredge mine and raze the homes of our aquatic brethren. You have seen what we can do; you have only heard our warnings. Until now you have chosen to ignore us, but our movement will sit back no longer as you rend and tear and defile. Know that we are coming, know that it has begun. We have tried to be diplomatic, but no longer will we sit and beg for compliance and acceptance of the truth. We will take it by force. You have been warned!

Simon: [The figure to the right raises their arms as well] Don't ask for mercy, we're not listening! Even if we were, it wouldn't do you any good!

Sally: [The figure to the left raises their arms] Ruin and destruction will be visited upon you, just as you visit it to others! The fry-pocalypse was just the beginning. The first volley in the war to come!



James: The next strike will be worse unless our demands are met. They have been formally submitted through the correct channels. Those who must answer them know what they must do to bring this onslaught to an end. Only the innocent are safe, and there are no innocents here! You have until Midnight tonight. Submit or have your fate rained down on all. Your Reckoning will come!

*[The shot remains focused on them, their arms all raised though they are all in shadow, the microphone on their end picks up the distinct dripping sounds of water. There is a very long, very uncomfortable pause.]*

James: Is it . . . is it still broadcasting?

Sally: Well, is the little light still on? The red one?

Simon: No . . . wait yes. Now no. Again, yes. Oh, wait, no no no . . . Yes!

James: It's blinking, you nimrod! Turn it off! Quick! Turn it off before they can-

*[The figure on the right fumbles with something, and then while Sally and James continue to berate him, the signal terminates, and it goes back to the end of the political campaign ad. The smiling face on the screen beams over 'St. Albert for Re-election'. At the same time, the figure in the chair stops spinning, and it is Albert St. Albert, who looks absolutely panicked before he gets out of the chair and stumbles around, obviously quite dizzy from all the spinning.]*

### Act Three, Scene Two

*[Setting: A boat, resembling a mini ferry. Passengers are close together, indistinct chatter flows. Alice is leaning over the railing; there is the sound of a high-end outboard motor sputtering. She holds the envelope that she found stuffed in her pocket. She looks at the printing.]*

Alice: Well, opening someone else's mail is a federal offense. But, on the other hand, it was delivered to my pockets, without a postmark. Maybe a vigilante postman, breaking the strike line. Mail-Man, defender of lost letters. *[Alice flips it over and opens the letter, splitting the side of the envelope instead of the top. Out comes a piece of paper with the official City stationery watermark emblazoned on the page.]*

Ferry Master: *[voice comes over a crude megaphone, crackling, with a slight maritime accent]* Next stop, Spruce Island. All those disembarking for the Lumberjack Experience Camp, please keep your bags close at hand. You'll receive your official axe, plaid, and welcome suspenders upon disembarkation. Estimated arrival docking time is five minutes.

Alice: *[Unfolds the letter and begins to read out loud]* I know who you are. Stop. I have the information that you need. Stop. They will not stop. Stop. *[Someone next to Alice begins looking over her shoulder, leaning in. She looks at them]* Excuse me, this is a private letter. *[They lean away and turn their head, though it obviously does nothing to stop them from overhearing what she is saying]* I will give you the information you need to find out how all these lines have been tangled. Stop. I need your help to stop this. Stop. Meet me at the hour of dismissal at the place where the world lifts and the bridge falls apart. Stop. Sincerely, Anonymous Source. Stop. The office of Albert St. Albert, the honourable Lord Mayor of Regina. Stop.

*[There is a blasting boat horn as the ferry docks at Spruce Island. Alice stumbles; the letter drops from her hand and flutters away, landing in the water. She tries to reach for it, but it is very obviously out of reach. She looks like she is about to climb over the railing of the ferry but is swept up by passengers leaving the boat. Down the gangplank, she is in sequence suspender-ed, wrapped in a plaid shirt, and handed an axe. With the sweep of others, she is led out into the trees, the low murmuring of voices around her continues. A larger than life stereotypical lumberjack comes into view. Plaid shirt, beanie hat, lots of muscles. Big smile. He speaks from a podium under a large banner "Lumberjack Experience: Get Your Jack On!" Around him there are many other plaid-wearers doing various lumberjack activities: some are chopping wood, others are lifting logs, some duel with chainsaws, a couple are even working on getting their garters on, while another holds up a few bras, asking the opinion of another camp-goer.]*

Jack Lumberjack: Alright, alright, alright! Welcome to our newest campers, here to get more comfortable with their wood. Those of you returning, welcome back! Those here for the first time, oh boy! I want everyone to get comfortable and prepare for the safety demonstration. After that, we'll break for a hearty forest lunch, and then start on our activities by breaking off into groups. First timers will go through the basics, and our true Jacks will get to pick their stations. For safety, always have your plaid shirt on when participating, so we know if you're ready. Jack on; [Jack gestured to his open plaid shirt, and then removes it] Jack off. [He then puts it back on and buttons it up] This way, no one will surprise you with a chainsaw duel. The plaid means you're ready to Jack it. Now, always remember our motto: [Some of the new arrivals chime in and there is a chorus of other responders from the lumberjacks in the background.]

Chorus: Your axe is sharp, so mind the tip!

[Jack Lumberjack continues to go over the rules, but Alice's eyes are drawn away by a figure whose plaid contrasts the other plaids, it is most definitely a tartan made into a plaid shirt, their beanie is hand knit, definitely not standard issue and it attaches down into a clearly hand-knit beard. They look around shiftily, and Alice breaks off to head toward them. They see Alice approaching and make a break for it, dashing through the camp. As the figure retreats, Alice can make out "Dan #7" on the back of their shirt. Dropping her suspenders, Alice follows. Dan #7 jumps and weaves acrobatically over people and lumberjack activities in parkour style, while Alice excuses herself and moves carefully around, stepping over logs.]

Alice: Stop, I just need to talk to you!

[They both end up in the trees, the sound of the camp and Jack Lumberjack's speech fading away. Alice keeps walking carefully, making sure nothing trips her up. Dan #7 continues to run, looking back over his shoulder until they run right into a tree.]

Dan #7: [Speaks with a definable 'prairie' accent] Police brutality! Brutality! I have rights! [They roll on the ground, lashing out.]

Alice: [Continues to approach cautiously] I don't see any police . . . you hit a tree!

Dan #7: That's your story, Fuzz! A fist is the same as a tree when it's acting on behalf of the corrupt municipal machine! [Alice crouches down next to Dan #7, whose beard has come loose, hanging down over their definite baby face. Their tartan shirt has also come askew, revealing a t-shirt underneath. Alice reaches to pull the tartan further apart, to see the same Joey's Only logo with the word Murder scrawled below it. Dan #7 pushes themselves away, right back into the tree they ran into] This is a violation of my rights!

Alice: Where did you get that shirt? [She reaches into her pocket and pulls out Tony's bandana, bearing the same symbol as Dan #7's shirt. Dan looks down at the bandana, and then up at Alice, their entire demeanour changing.]

Dan #7: Oh . . . Oh! I'm so sorry, Sister. Didn't realize you were a champion of the aquatic cause. You never know, with all these landies about, right? Do you bring a message from the leadership? [They roll forward onto their knees.]

Alice: [Utterly confused] Who?

Dan #7: Oh right, right, how rude! I'm Barney. Barney Cool. Dan's just my cover, right? [They remove their plaid shirt, beanie, and suspenders] See? Just a disguise. Pretty genius, right? I've been infiltrating and sabotaging the camp. Getting in close so that they can be brought to sleep with the fishes, to see the truth of their corruption and apologize to the sea. You must be in deep; you look just like one of the surface walkers.

Alice: Why . . . yes, Deep. Undercover. So deep. So, you knew Tony?

Dan #7: Tony? [They look skeptical before it clicks, they snap their fingers] You mean Brother Ann Chovie, right? Yeah. Yeah. His info was good. Real good. The leadership rewarded him; last I heard he was sent to see the locker.

Alice: The locker?

Dan #7: Davey's Locker. It's the reward that awaits all converts who rally to the cause. Wow, you really got into your role, didn't you? Forgetting information so the Fuzz can't wiggle it out of you with their torture tactics. That's smart. Real smart! [Dan #7 smiles, stepping forward and clapping Alice on the shoulder, eyes tearful] You're one of the good ones; cause before self. Let the oceans reclaim the land.

Alice: So . . . the leadership . . . where are they?

Dan #7: Ah, now that's tricky. They only ever come to us with the message. After the declaration of war at the parade, they stopped by to let me know that the true battle was at hand. They've got the information they need thanks to Brother Ann Chovie, and they'll make the move if that Mayor and his slimy council don't agree to the terms.

Alice: I . . . must have forgotten the terms.

Dan #7: The tide will wash away the corruption of the land. The Reckoning will walk the land. The waters will run red and our brothers shall take back the gift they gave. Unless, of course, the mayor turns himself over for judgment tonight. [Dan #7 picks up their plaid shirt and puts it on again, buttoning it closed, and then puts on their bearded hat again, pulling the knit beard in place. They touch their heart and nod to Alice] But I have to get back before the landies suspect something is up. Swim well, Sister, keep the secrets safe!

[Dan #7 looks around before jogging back, parkour styling over everything they can even when not necessary, leaving Alice alone. She looks more confused than ever, rubbing her temples. Her cell phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket.]

Alice: Hello?

Max: [The sound of an outboard motor can be heard as he speaks] I knew that the case was closing in. I knew where Tony was, at least by name if not location. More information that I had before. Now it was just about locating this leadership and finding out just what they had done. My next clue was right before me.

Alice: Max? Where are you? How do you know what's going on . . . do you have me bugged? I thought I told you that you weren't allowed to spend the grocery money on that Amazon spy kit!

Max: Everything pointed to one place, the letter from the office of the Mayor gave me my next stop. It was time to head to the Ukrainian Heritage playground at the Science Centre, but with only an hour to find my way off this island and across the bridge, I could easily miss the meeting.

Alice: We are having a serious talk when this is all over! I can't believe you!

**[End Act Three]**



# **F**rom The Journals of Cynrick Blackwalker

## **Part Three**

### **By Jocelyn Anderson**

**T**hirday, 9<sup>th</sup> Calistril, 317A.G.

#### **The Emerald Comet Absolom Station, Hangar Bay 128**

Due to unforeseen events, I was forced to write today's Captain's Log in two parts. The previous part was written just after we officially took possession of The Emerald Comet; details of those events follow below.

Before we did anything else, Miss Emily and I had a quick look at The Emerald Comet's systems to make sure everything was good to go. Once we had the all-clear, we loaded all the salvage from the Drift Rock into *our* cargo bay. Miss Ratty and I loaded up everything from the hangar bay while Miss Emily and Miss San collected the ancient security robot and the remains of our mysterious ship owner. There are some exciting things in the hangar bay crates that I am sure we can sell for a respectable amount of credits. Once everything was organized in the vessel's hold, it was time to leave that rock. We were immediately hailed by Absolom Station as we lifted off. They didn't recognize our call signs. I identified the ship as salvage and we were asked to report for inspection when we arrived on station. As we got our bearings, Miss Emily noticed that The Acreon was powering up its engines. The two goblins we left barricaded in a bunk room were trying to steal the ship! We had planned to dock and grab the box for Ambassador Sknor as well as our salvaged cargo from the ship. The goblins just added a little urgency to our errand.

Compared to the creatures from the Drift Rock, the goblins hardly slowed us down, and we quickly secured the ship. To make sure no one else could run away with The Acreon, Ratty locked the computer system and I did a little bit of 'creative engineering'. With everything secure, we grabbed our salvage, including Sknor's box, and loaded The Emerald Comet. Since we needed to report for inspection, we figured it would be prudent to take care of the question of the ship's ownership immediately. On Lucky's suggestion,



we said a couple of words and committed the body of our mysterious benefactor to the void. That activated the ownership transfer which got a little confusing. I have not always been who I am today, and I experienced a moment of indecision about how I should identify myself. I got it sorted out. However, I may have caused my companions some confusion as to my true identity. I will have to make a point of addressing any questions immediately. It wouldn't do to have them snooping for answers and drawing attention our way.

By taking possession of the ship, we gained access to the armoury. This pleased Miss San immensely. I believe that she has a new favourite place. I also heard that we had a little 'accident' with the cargo crane. The box that we retrieved for Sknor fell out of the crane's grip as Miss Emily and Miss Ratty were moving it, and it sustained some 'minor' damage. The two of them investigated to make sure that everything was unharmed. The contents of the box, an unknown Eoxian, were intact, so they resealed the container.

This brings us to the point where I found a few minutes to write the first half of today's events down. My hope at the time was that our trip back to Absolom Station would be uneventful. Unfortunately, we ran into another ship that felt the need to try and blow us up. Lucky for us, or unlucky for them, we didn't have any problems disabling them. After a short battle, the other ship's systems were so compromised that their power core started to melt down. I tried to offer them some aide in evacuating. It would have been really nice to have someone to question. People trying to kill us for

unknown reasons is slightly distressing, and it makes me curious about what we might have gotten ourselves into. Their captain, an Exolian wearing a Corpse Fleet uniform, refused. After the explosion, there was no one to rescue. The only reason I can think of that the Corpse Fleet would have taken an interest in us is that ‘package’ we are supposed to deliver to Sknor.

On top of the annoyance of the spaceship battle, it appears that Lucky is not as frustratingly stupid as we initially assumed. It is much smarter than first impressions would suggest, however, the level of frustration doesn’t appear to have improved. If anything, it’s worse. I get the feeling that it is quite an old AI and has developed a few *interesting* personality traits. It gets along with Miss San relatively well, but I find it quite aggravating, as does Miss Ratty. I know that having an old AI can be helpful at times. Their memory stores tend to have useful things in them, but I may still look into ways to make Lucky a little less *themselves*.

We didn’t have trouble with station security, but by the time we were all tucked into the hangar bay it was almost morning. I had taken a couple very short naps while we were travelling, and with so much yet to do, I have decided to put off sleep until I have us moved from Starfinder HQ into our new quarters on board the ship.

## Fourthday, 10<sup>th</sup> Calistril, 317A.G.

### The Emerald Comet, Absalom Station, Hangar Bay 128

Everything has gone to shit.

After finishing my logs yesterday, I sent the Ambassador a note indicating we had his box and were ready to deliver it at his convenience. I also started sending out a few feelers for potential buyers for some of the art and trade goods we picked up along with The Emerald Comet. It didn’t take long for Sknor’s people to come to accept delivery of the package and pay us for the job. We insisted on a meeting to debrief in person tomorrow morning at the Embassy. Also interesting to note, when dealing with unfamiliar people, Lucky regresses to its dumb persona, which we now know is a pure fabrication. I am intrigued by this; it indicates a level of subterfuge in its programming that may be useful in the future.

That doesn’t sound so bad. But just wait. After handing off the package, Miss San and Miss Emily decided to rest and recuperate, while Miss Ratty and I went to run errands around the station. Our faces are all over Absalom Station. All. Over. *Everywhere!* Or so it

seemed. Sknor decided to use the security drone footage to get himself, and incidentally us, some *good* publicity. People were even pointing me out on the street until I gave myself a makeover with some blue hair gel and a reversible jacket. We need to take a job. Quickly. Far away. And I need to change my alias. Again. I’m not impressed with Sknor, and my paranoia level will be through the roof until we are off this stupid space station.

We grabbed the few possessions that we left at Starfinder HQ and checked in, letting Chiskisk know we had alternate accommodations. The next stop was Mama’s for some sandwiches. Something was needed to get everyone in a good mood, and to distract from the questions that were sure to come up when I share that I have put them in danger with my notoriety. Mama also hinted that she might have some work for us in the form of ‘sandwich’ deliveries, now that we have a ship. Before the crew meeting, I did a little research on the available jobs that could get us away from the station. There were a few that looked promising: helping a remote colony with some pirates, a couple cargo runs, and security for a research expedition. The research expedition looks a little more lucrative than the cargo runs and a little less ‘heroic’ than the pirates, and therefore less chance of getting us more media attention.

I think the crew meeting went well. No one seemed overly concerned when I told them that the news coverage of our adventures on the Drift Rock may cause some trouble. At least, they didn’t get angry at *me*. Miss San seemed to share my desire to get far away from the media coverage of our exploits, although she didn’t divulge why. Miss Emily seemed intrigued by the research mission, and as no one else was particularly interested in the other options, we agreed to take it on.

Another revelation from the meeting was a wonderful, hidden compartment in the cargo bay. When I hinted that we might be doing a bit of covert cargo transportation, Miss Ratty divulged that she had found a few well-hidden smuggler compartments. They will make running contraband so much easier which should make us some extra credits!

After the meeting, I went back and checked the details for the research mission and sent a note indicating we were available and willing to leave tomorrow afternoon. At *their* convenience, of course. The name of the potential employer, Beck Aethavino, put Miss Emily into a bit of a mood. Maybe an old rival or something? Hopefully it doesn’t cause problems. I would rather not draw more attention our way. Honestly, I can’t afford to get caught before we get a few

jobs under our belts and I have some credits in the bank. Maybe with proof that I can make the money back, they will just break some of my bones instead of killing me outright!

After a couple of days with very little rest, I was definitely due for a good sleep, but I did a little work on a new alias before calling it a day. I have chosen Cynan Goldworthy to keep my companions from accidentally calling me by the wrong name. They can continue to call me Cyn which will mean I won't have trouble remembering to answer to it either. The only hiccup is that I will need to keep using Sinclair until we are done with Sknor while also conducting communications with Mr. Aethavinoo as Cynan. Hopefully there aren't any complications and I can smoothly shift to the new alias.

## Seventhday, 11<sup>th</sup> Calistril, 317A.G.

### The Emerald Comet, the Drift

Nothing went sideways. That I know of.

I am sporting a brand new look thanks to the last-minute shopping trip that Miss Ratty and Miss Emily went on, and I am quite happy with the results. It was slightly painful, but I had to give myself a haircut and turn my golden locks an unremarkable dark brown. With some new jewelry, coloured contacts and a glitchy temporary tattoo printer, I now look like a spiky-haired punk. Nothing like my wholesome self at all.

Before the shopping trip, we went to chat with Ambassador Sknor. It seems like he was quite happy with our work. However, he refused to acknowledge that he did anything wrong by not warning us about potential complications connected to the package he had us salvage, or that he planned to broadcast our faces all over the station. I am not happy about the situation. At all. On the one hand, the job gave us all lots of options; we were paid very well for a day's work, and we came out with a ship that will allow us to get even more lucrative jobs. On the other hand, it's possible we now have even more people trying to kill us, and we need to get away from all the media attention before it draws the wrong eyes in our direction. He also threatened us, should we ever talk about the package we picked up for him. Not much we can do after the fact, I guess, except keep moving forward and keep the information we collected about him under our hats for a rainy day.

Miss Ratty ran a few more tests on herself and Miss San this morning, and it appears that they are both free of the parasite they contracted on The Acreon. I am glad it got fixed before we head off into the void. Along

with the appearance-altering items for myself, Miss Emily and Miss Ratty also picked up some paint for Miss San's scales. Miss San is starting to make me wonder. While I was forthcoming about my reasons for changing my name and appearance, revealing that I owed money to some bad people, she is acting in much the same way without revealing why she would not wish to be recognized. Is she some sort of criminal? No judgement. I just feel like it might be useful to know what we are getting ourselves into so we don't accidentally cause her unnecessary problems.

To round out our crew, we picked up a new member in a probationary capacity, Mr. Tiberius. He claims to have healing magic which, after the scare with San almost getting eaten by the drift monster, may come in handy. He is a blue-skinned Kasatha, and on top of his alleged healing abilities, he also claims to be a competent pilot and, should the need arise, has the power to control the undead. If we run into more problems with the Corpse Fleet or Sknor, that ability could come in handy. He will be bunking in with Miss Ratty until we finish our current job and decide if he will be staying with the crew or not.

Speaking of jobs, apparently, our new client Mr. Aethavinoo is Miss Emily's brother! Small galaxy, isn't it? He is quite a scatterbrain, making Miss Emily seem normal and socially aware in comparison. He has hired us as transport and security for his research expedition. I let Miss Emily set the terms of the contract, as I feel like this will be a bit of a trying job for her. She negotiated like a pro and, on top of the 10,000 credit fee, she will get academic credit for any scientific findings from the expedition. Once we had the particulars ironed out, we loaded up all Mr. Aethavinoo's equipment, I stocked up on some of Mama's sandwiches, and we got our asses off that damned station.

Once we were clear, Mr. Aethavinoo, Miss Ratty and Mr. Tiberius consulted and figured out our course to the very distant Pax 38-4. We don't know exactly what will be waiting for us, but at least they are unlikely to care about the Drift Rock or the people who explored it.

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

# Five Minute Reviews

## By Megan Negrych

### CARMEN SANDIEGO

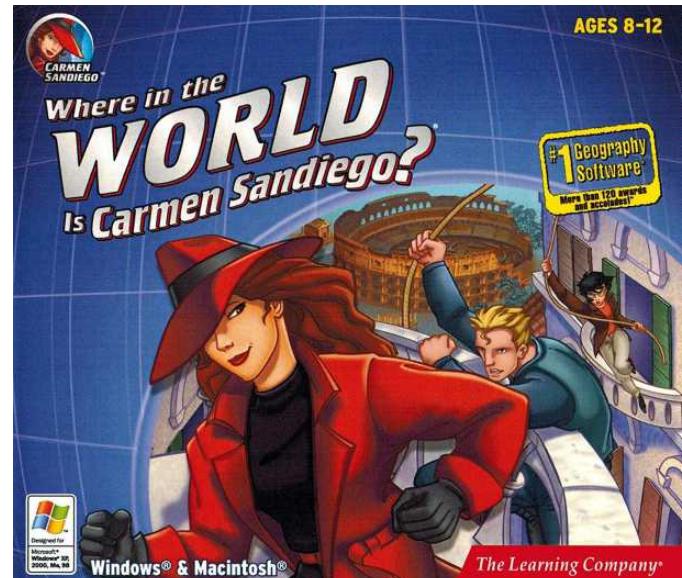
She's done it again, Agents! Carmen Sandiego, that globetrotting ne'er-do-well is wreaking havoc across the globe, and it's up to you to track her down, Gumshoes. Don't let her, or the villainous V.I.L.E. thieves, steal the world's history!

For those of us who grew up nurtured by PBS afternoons or making frequent visits to the elementary school computer lab, these words send a giddy thrill up our spines. Carmen Sandiego, a notorious thief best known for her iconic red trench coat and stylish hat combination, led us all on merry chases to distant and obscure locations (Kathmandu, anyone?) and through time. The Carmen Sandiego series was launched in the 80s as a mystery education game to familiarize students with geography and historical information. Then, in the 1990s, it became a game show where students were recruited as "ACME agents" and charged with answering questions to uncover clues as they tried to stop Carmen from committing her cunning capers.

Netflix recently released the first season of their new animated revamp of *Carmen Sandiego*, which is both new and readily accessible for the uninitiated and an homage for those returning. Orphaned and raised by V.I.L.E. (Villain's International League of Evil), our new Carmen is a master thief, but not for the reasons you would imagine. The series is well paced, amazingly animated, and surprisingly deep for a cartoon that focuses on being subtly educational. Emotional highs, memorable characters, and chalked full of facts and learning, Carmen Sandiego delivers on so many levels.

Of particular interest is the fact that they kept many of the elements that gave the original show its character, including a heartfelt hat-tip to The Chief, head of ACME, an organization that no one knows about working behind the scene to try to trap both V.I.L.E. and Carmen. Each time The Chief appears, she is only ever a guiding hologram. The actress who made The Chief a memorable host, Cherlynne Theresa "Lynne" Thigpen, passed away in 2003, and the appearance of The Chief in this series feels very much like a love letter to those who were ushered into the halls of learning beyond the textbook by Thigpen. The second piece of heart lies in the punny names assigned to some characters, such as the personal assistant Dash Haber, and notorious and nefarious scientist Dr. Sarah Bellum. These were always present in both the games and the television show and gave each agent or villain a definite personal flair, and a reward for those whose eyes lit up when they caught on to the joke.

Aside from facts and nostalgia, the new Carmen Sandiego series delivers a punch all on its own, standing as something with a bright future; character development, emotional depth, and a well-organized plot make it an absolute treat for any viewer. It leaves us with a whole world still to explore beyond its first season.



## AQUAMAN

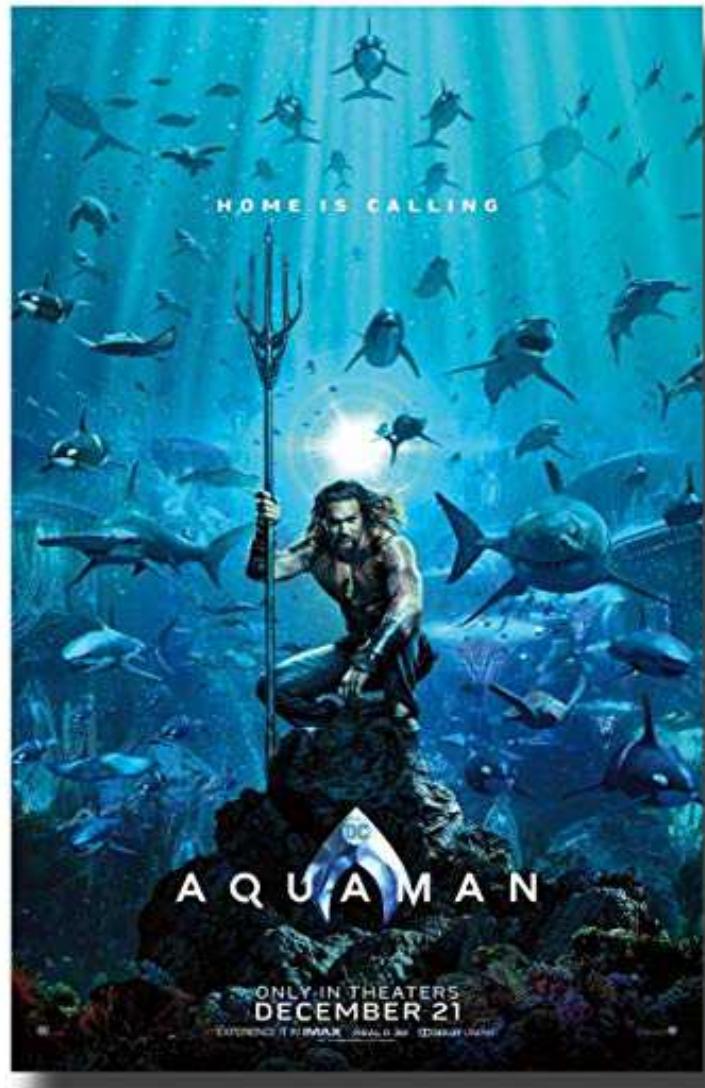
Talking to fish. Not that interesting, right? Wrong! Aquaman is no joke, despite what some fans of DC have said in the past. The green and yellow clad king of the sea is a force to be reckoned with. Aside from *Wonder Woman*, DC studios have a rather dismal record when it comes to putting their superheros on the big screen, especially when compared to the type of hype and response that Marvel gets for their MCU releases. DC had a home run with *Wonder Woman* but followed it up with the travesty that was *Justice League* (or should it just be called “killing Superman was a mistake, and we take it back?”). The problem seems to lie in their efforts to take themselves too seriously; not every movie needs to be a full epic tragedy, right? This is not the case with *Aquaman*, which has become a box office success.

*Aquaman* steps right off the “reality” bridge within the first five minutes and keeps growing wilder and larger from there, never looking back and never taking itself too seriously. And it works.

Do you know what else works? Giving the audience enough eye candy, in every sense of the word, to keep them satisfied. DC plants *Aquaman* firmly in the realm of major fantasy; the Atlanteans of the ocean are fed up with the destruction being caused by surface dwellers, and the only course of action is to unite (sort of) and rise up against them (again, sort of). Throw in a dash of forbidden love story, a smattering of rival brotherhood and throne ascension rights, and a major dose of “can we do it... yes, do it!” and you have *Aquaman*.

Jason Momoa reprises his role as the titular character. His whole goal is to just be himself, save people where he can, and be a hero. He doesn’t want to be king, despite the fact that his mother was a queen. He just wants to hang out with his dad, drink a couple of beers, and dispense justice in his bearded, tattooed, kick-ass way. Patrick Wilson (Nite Owl from *The Watchman*) plays his egotistical and driven half-brother, Ocean Master to a T, though his headgear definitely makes me long for the old Nite Owl cowl to reappear. Amber Heard brings it with Mera, the conflicted love interest of both sea-king brothers. She is both kickass and awesome every single time she is on the screen. Black Manta is the only character that feels shoehorned into the movie, in what seems to be an attempt to work in some sort of “pre-engineered” sequel, despite the fact that the movie would function just fine without him.

While it is not a serious movie, it does hit all the notes of an enjoyable film. It promises a good, visually appealing time, and delivers. Will you learn anything, or come away with some sort of larger understanding of the world? No. No, you will not. But you will say: “Aw man, you saw that part with the thing, right? That was awesome!”



## TITANS

The Teen Titans have been around for a long time. We've even talked about them in the zine in various forms. *Titans* on Netflix is a completely different experience. Don't go into it expecting any of the slapstick of *Teen Titans Go*, or the semi-teen angst of *Teen Titans*. The closest thing I can compare it to is the early 2000 comics, where Kid Flash has his kneecaps blown out by Deathstroke. Conveniently, neither Deathstroke nor Kid Flash appears in this new series, though the rest of the cast is composed of familiar hero personas.

I don't want to spoil too much, as I think the show is a good watch and needs to be seen episode by episode to really enjoy the character and story development. But I can give some reflections on the characters we encounter.

The core team assembled in the ten episodes currently available sets the groundwork for some really interesting development, both in regard to character growth and plot. While the heroes who fall under the Titans title are fairly well known to comic book and DC enthusiasts, and even to people who have seen a handful of television shows or movies coming from the studio, the new series gives them a fresh spin. Dick Grayson, who was once Robin, is trying his hardest not to be Robin anymore. Starfire, known as Kory Anders, suffers from amnesia and knows very little of herself, save for that she can kick absolute major ass, speaks pretty much any language she needs at any time and knows that she is looking for someone for a very important reason. Raven, a fledgling Raven, is more terrified of herself than she is of the people who are intent on coming after her, and has to deal with not only the typical teenaged bullshit but an added layer of crazy, supernatural bullshit. Garfield, or Gar, can turn into a tiger and finds himself drawn to Raven, wanting to support her and help her find a place she belongs, as he tries to figure out how to be both Beast and Boy. The four main characters are pretty well written, and the actors chosen to play them do an exceptional job of connecting. In my opinion, the series strives to takes risks, hoping for big payoffs and rewards in their approach. The showrunners are not afraid to be bold and run into the darkness full steam. With appearances by other characters like Hawk, Dove and Donna Troy, they nod to the established fan without making the newcomer feel like they're wading into the deep end of something that has been going on for decades.

When it comes down to it, *Titans* is a dark, gritty, dirty relaunch of a title that had been run a bit dry as a "sidekick" drop-off. It gives the characters their own goals and motivations and has them step out of the shadows of their previous identities and imaginings. There is waaaaay more blood involved than you would think, and sneak peeks released of the second season promise even more risky and rewarding storytelling to come.



# Kerri's Culinary Creations



By Kerri Desgagné



This doughnut recipe is a great recipe to start with because it has a nice, simple flavour that allows you to add more complex flavours with fillings and glazes. This recipe also makes a lot of doughnuts, at least three dozen that are about two inches in size. If you do not want to have all 36 cooked right away, you can keep some of the dough in the fridge for up to two days.

## Doughnuts

- 2 cup milk
- 1 tbsp yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup warm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oil
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  tsp salt
- 2 eggs
- $6\frac{1}{2}$  - 7 c flour



1. Mix water and yeast together and set aside for 5 minutes.
2. Mix sugar, oil, salt, milk and yeast. Add 3 c of flour, and then the eggs one at a time.
3. Slowly add more flour as needed, you are going to want the dough to be soft and pull away from the bowl.
4. Once the dough has formed, knead it at least 10-15 times.
5. Place the dough in a greased bowl covered with a tea towel or plastic wrap and allow to rest until doubled in size (1-1  $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs) in a warm humid place.
6. Once the dough has risen, roll it out  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and cut out the shapes, then place them on a cookie sheet. Cover the dough with plastic wrap. Then allow the dough to rest for 1-1  $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs.
7. In a deep, heavy bottom pot, over medium heat, heat up some oil (enough for doughnuts to rise and cook about  $\frac{1}{2}$  full) to 365°F. If you don't have a thermometer, you can test a small piece of dough and if it floats and starts cooking, you have the right temperature.
8. Fry doughnuts up in batches, allow them to get a nice golden brown colour before flipping them over to fry up the other side. Don't overcrowd the pot.
9. Once doughnuts are fried, you can fill them up with jam, custard or Nutella, then glaze them, top them with chocolate ganache, or coat with cinnamon sugar or icing sugar and decorate.

# W

# WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: WASCANA CENTRE

By JOCELYN ANDERSON



When it comes to enjoying the outdoors in Saskatchewan, the months of January and February are not usually the ones that have people knocking down the door. I am not a winter person; I usually prefer to stay indoors through the months when the air can freeze my skin in under five minutes. That being said, winter, like other seasons, brings a new facet of the Saskatchewan landscape to light.

Without green plants decorating the scenery, winter allows you to see the structure of the natural world, such as the bare branches and trunks, the glittering snow that outlines the rise and fall of the ground, and the frozen sheet of ice that covers the lakes, putting them to sleep until the spring. The world enters a white chrysalis, preparing to emerge in the spring transformed and full of life.

Even though I acknowledge that winter has a beauty all its own, that does not mean I am determined to get out and go for a serious hike. However, I can find some of that charm right here in Regina. With the cold weather, a short hike around Wascana lake is an easier sell than some of the longer hikes I enjoyed over the spring and summer months. So, to try to stay a little more active through the long winter months, Dave and I have been trying to get out to the park more regularly and take a bit of a walk around the lake. At least when the day isn't trying to freeze us to death.

Wascana Centre is one of the largest urban parks in North America. Clocking in at 930 hectares, it is larger than both Stanley Park in Vancouver and Central Park in New York City *combined*. Wascana is also home to the largest Western Painted Turtle in the world. Her name is Olga and it seems she was measured to be a record-setting 26.6cm in 2015.<sup>1</sup> For those familiar with the park, you will know that there are a number of walking paths around the various areas. I tend to gravitate towards the Blue Trail which goes around the western side of the park and includes the Legislative Buildings, Trafalgar Fountain, Albert Street Bridge, Speaker's Corner, Willow Island Outlook, the Marina and Pine Island, among other things.<sup>2</sup>

My walks around Wascana Park this winter have taken me all around the lake. I am sure many reading this are familiar with some of the spots in the park, but I would like to share a few places where I found particular beauty hidden in the cold landscape.

One of the most striking things about the winter landscape is that most of the colour disappears. Everything becomes shades of grey, blue and brown. That is why I find the Lakeshore Park Totem Pole so striking during the winter. The totem pole, located on the south side of the lake, was a gift from the Government of B.C. in 1971.<sup>3</sup> The Totem Pole is one of the few colourful monuments around the lake, and the red, orange and green of the painted wood stand out from the rest of the monochrome landscape.

A particularly intriguing monument in the park is Trafalgar Fountain, located just East of the Legislative Building. This fountain is the mate to one located in Ottawa, both of which were originally located in Trafalgar Square in London, England. They were gifted to the government of Canada in 1963.<sup>4</sup> I have always loved the *tableau* created by this fountain and the Legislative Building. The best view, in my opinion, can be found from the Trafalgar Outlook, near the rowing club, on the North side of the lake.

Opened in 1930 and dedicated to the brave soldiers who fought and died in WWI,<sup>5</sup> the Albert Memorial Bridge is one of the most visible monuments that resides in Wascana Centre. Many are familiar with the claim that it is the longest bridge over the shortest body of water in the world. The beautiful Egyptian carvings incorporated into the railings' embellishments and the terracotta buffalo heads make it a unique part of the park's history.

With so many interesting spots to explore in the park, there is lots to see, even when most of the plants and wildlife, besides the ducks, are not around for the winter. I definitely recommend taking a walk for yourself to discover the beauty and history contained in our wonderful Wascana Park.





# Megan's **HORROR HIDEOUT**

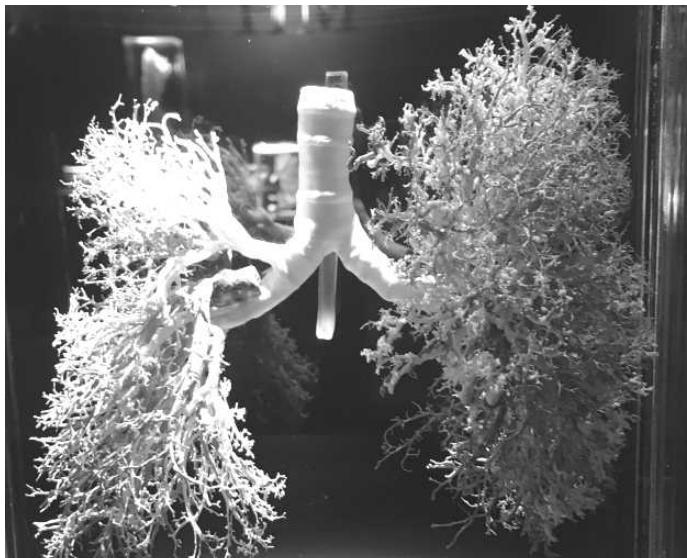
By Megan Negrych



## Haunted Saskatchewan: Institutions

No one likes the hospital. All too often bad news waits on the other side of the bed curtain. While the hallowed halls of healing promise us comfort and answers to our questions, or to ease our pain, they still manage to give even the bravest of us the heebie-jeebies. While hospitals are places where hope and relief can be found, they are immersed in more than their share of suffering and sadness. Though many of the most notorious institutes in Saskatchewan have closed, and in some cases no longer stand, this province has its share of haunted hospitals, where the suffering and pain endured during life linger long after the halls are empty. However, in many cases the treatments utilized in these hospitals were more terrifying than the ghosts they created.

Recently, tuberculosis has resurfaced in the news as the number of active cases grows, especially in Saskatchewan. A sad reality, but one that cannot be denied.



At one point, Saskatchewan was a leader in the fight against the disease. In the early 20th century, tuberculosis was a killer, striking down families by attacking the most able-bodied first. Some survived, but for others it was a slow, lingering death sentence. Saskatchewan suffered more than most other provinces, with 400 deaths reported each year. 400 may seem like a

small number when speaking of an epidemic, but for a province that was just starting out it was no laughing matter considering the population. On October 10th, 1917 the Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium opened its doors, and by 1925 it was named one of five research centres in Canada by the Associate Committee on Tuberculosis. The Sanatorium, or Fort San as it came to be known, served a purpose that no other location in the province was able to at the time. Fort San provided isolation and treatment for tuberculosis sufferers, but even with care the disease took its toll, leaving ghosts behind to walk the hallways where they fought against their own bodies.

While it was not uncommon for visitors to the defunct Fort San to hear ghosts running through the halls or their names called from empty rooms, one lingering figure stands out from the others. Referred to as Nurse Jane, the phantom was always dressed in an old-style nurse's uniform. She was seen wandering the hallways, folding laundry, or pushing a wheelchair. Some say she was a nurse who hung herself on the grounds, unable to overcome the suffering she witnessed as her patients slowly died. Others say that she killed herself after being found out as an "Angel of Mercy" killer, ushering the sick to their death ahead of schedule. No matter which origin you ascribe, Nurse Jane was almost always the figure that visitors would see. One such visitor found a nurse's cap, similar to that which others had seen Jane wearing and took it home. After an unsettling night which she refused to recount in any detail, she returned the cap to the grounds and immediately felt a sense of relief.

Though Fort San was closed as a sanatorium, it was later purchased by the Saskatchewan Government for the sum of \$1.00, ghosts and all. It served as a training facility and a retreat, before eventually becoming the Echo Valley Conference Centre. Some have said that when the building was being renovated for the conference centre, passages were opened beneath the buildings and the desiccated corpses of former patients were found, having been left entombed and forgotten even as their ghosts wandered the grounds.

After the renovations, visitors claimed to have ghostly experiences and Fort San was much-investigated by curious teens and paranormal researchers until it was demolished in 2017.

While Fort San had a limited mandate, other hospitals and institutions in the province had much more notorious histories. If you've watched *American Horror Story*'s second season, *Asylum*, some of these places were not much different than Briarcliff Manor, where patients were nothing but meat for the machine, herded, drugged and made to suffer inhumane treatments. One such place was the Weyburn Mental Hospital, built during the infancy of modern psychiatric medicine in 1919 and opened in 1921. It was a place where anyone who was deemed to be "deviant" or "insane" was sent. There it was believed they could be helped, or barring that, contained and kept away from "proper society". At the time of its construction, Weyburn was the largest building in the British Empire and through its years of service, the pioneer of many advanced psychiatric treatments. The patients who were placed at the Weyburn hospital often became residents instead of patients and many stayed until their deaths. Inside they endured a barrage of barbaric treatments and horrific abuses, all in the name of finding a cure for their various conditions.

The practice of hydrotherapy was utilized; patients were placed in icy cold water or hot steam baths for hours on end. Typically the patients were partially or fully restrained to keep them in the tubs in the designated tubs. Often, after being submerged in the ice baths, they were rubbed roughly with towels to bring circulation back to their limbs.

Lobotomies were a normal procedure used to help settle and "heal" the mentally ill. At best, scrambling the brain tended to leave the patient in a docile zombie-like state. At worst, it rendered them completely unable to function, leaving them without control of their own bodies. It was seen as a panacea for all sorts of conditions, as it tended to make the unmanageable manageable, though that manageability was typically not of benefit for the patient.

LSD was also used as a treatment in the 1950s, though without the benefit of modern research into its various benefits and hazards.

Electroshock therapy was also a well-known treatment utilized at Weyburn. It involved passing a continual electrical current through a patient's brain, causing seizures and sometimes full body convulsions which could lock up the entire body painfully, as no muscle relaxants or other sedation drugs were used to

ease the patient's anxiety. The side effects were many, including amnesia, and when things went very wrong, long bone fractures and permanent brain damage. In modern hospitals, electroconvulsive therapy is still utilized, as real benefits have been discovered in treating certain maladies. However, the patient is under general anesthetic and careful monitoring, and as short bursts of shock instead of a sustained current. In retrospect, they were barbaric, but compared to previous treatments, they were seen as a step towards a brighter future and were believed to be the best course of action to better the lives of patients who were sent to these institutions.



The suffering of the Weyburn residents left behind its share of residual energy, and stories of hauntings and unexplained occurrences were numerous. Many visitors and employees experienced overwhelming feelings of sadness, apparitions running through the hall, and voices calling out to them across empty space. When the hospital was eventually closed, it was done slowly. Those who worked there referred to it as "putting the hospital to sleep, room by room," as if it was a living thing. After the closures, some say they would hear whispered conversations in the hallways, or see the shadowy figure of a woman pacing in front of the windows of the 4th floor, despite knowing no one was there. Just like Fort San, Weyburn Mental Hospital drew its fair share of paranormal investigators. Some described their experiences there only as the most frightening and terrifying they had ever had, speaking of a miasma of suffering so thick it drove them from the building. In 2009, the hospital was demolished, though by then those who visited said that they felt that all who had lived and lingered there were gone and at rest.

While Weyburn Mental Hospital had some progressive ideas in the treatment of mental illness, for a

long time, it is Saskatchewan Hospital in North Battleford that was the first mental hospital in Saskatchewan when it opened in 1913. At the time, “mental illness” was a catch-all term and many who today would not be considered to suffer from mental illness or require institutionalization were sent there. It was a place where those who were not considered to be “normal” by the standards of the times were isolated from the world. This included individuals such as orphans, unwed mothers, addicts, depressives, epileptics, those who had been in accidents, those with intellectual challenges, along with those deemed “mentally ill”. There “patients” suffered similar treatments to those endured by the patients at Weyburn Hospital. Saskatchewan Hospital was viewed as the finest, most progressive institution of its kind and a model for similar facilities. Overcrowding was not uncommon; built to house around 370 patients and provide housing for staff, in 1954 the facility was home to 2,029 patients. Some records even go so far as to state that at its peak the facility was home to almost 4000 patients. In addition to barbaric procedures, treatments at the hospital included restraints and heavy drugs such as tranquilizers, which would later be discovered led to brain damage. Beds were typically either a mattress on the floor or caged units, equipment that by today’s standards could in no way contribute to the healing process. For female residents exercise consisted of walking around a room in the basement of the building for hours on end, in abysmal conditions. While the hospital boasted about this exercise facility, there were no washrooms in that part of the building, so patients were made to relieve themselves near a drain on the floor of the room. In 1946, the exercise room was repurposed as a cafeteria and dining room.

The conditions at the Saskatchewan Hospital were dire, so much so that over time the buildings became surrounded by three different cemeteries where 1,507 patients were laid to rest.

Where there were many instances of neglect, abuse and horrific treatment, one event sticks out from others. In the 1930’s one wing of the hospital burnt down, and among the wreckage they discovered that a patient had died. From that time on, a figure was seen wandering the ward, sounding as if they were in pain. Sometimes others would say they could see flames in the windows, though there was never another fire on that ward. Like Weyburn, the horror heaped on the patients while they were alive created an atmosphere of dread, despair, and anger. Angry voices could be heard calling out from hallways and stairwells; voices were even heard

calling from the empty graveyard. One investigator gave an account of feeling the rush of many invisible bodies running by him in one of the hallways when there was no sign of wind or breeze. Another commented on signs that hung in the autopsy room over the cadaver drawer doors saying “Close This Door”, but the doors always seemed to open on their own. The oppressiveness of the lingering suffering persisted even after the facility underwent major changes, as the course of treatment and our understanding of disease, afflictions, and mental illness slowly evolved. Despite these changes, many who were sent to the hospital spent their whole lives within the walls, sometimes for up to thirty years, before their deaths.

So, while the ghosts of these haunted places may be multi-form, and may not bear a single identity like Francis Darke of Darke Hall or James Stanthnee of The Bushwakker, perhaps the most haunting element of such facilities is their actual history. How we perceived and treated those who were deemed to be “outside” or “other”, those who stood outside our labels of “normal and acceptable” is the true horror that lingered behind, haunting and terrorizing those who visited. Were the monsters that stalked the halls the angry ghosts of patients, or were the terrifying phantoms just the lingering of the suffering that occurred? Were these places haunted by the miasma created by the hardship and brutal treatments heaped on patients by those who didn’t understand, and were oblivious to the further suffering they were causing in the name of “the greater good”?

Like Fort San and Weyburn Mental Hospital, Saskatchewan Hospital in North Battleford closed down slowly, shutting its doors for the final time in 2018. This closure occurred to make way for a new facility, with a promise of better treatment. While the way we perceive mental health issues has changed and grown, there is still far too much stigma attached to them. But some of the studies which led to new discoveries and changes in treatment occurred in places like Weyburn and North Battleford. As we step forward, we can only hope that these changes continue to grow, for the true betterment of those around us. And maybe, just maybe, there will be fewer ghosts left behind to wander the halls.

# Jailing Sea

## COLLECTIVE STORYTELLING

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON

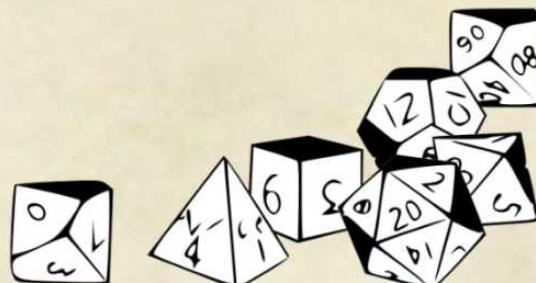
One of the things I enjoy most about GMing is coming up with a setting and filling it with interesting people and exciting places for my players to discover. I steal some places shamelessly from my favourite novels, published game books or other GMs who have shared their ideas with the world. Others spring from necessity; when a player asks to go see a blacksmith, I create a blacksmith. But the places I like the best are the ones that are wholly my own. No one asked me to create them and they aren't a version of a place someone else made. They are mine and I love to take people to explore their nooks and crannies.

The default setting details that were released with the 4th Edition of *Dungeons and Dragons* (4e), which bear the title *Points of Light*, captured my imagination. While the rules for that particular edition were not worth holding onto, I was drawn to the setting because it provided a starting point but left a lot of the map blank, to be filled in by the GM and the players. When 5e was released, the creators of *D&D* decided to go back to an older setting, known as the *Forgotten Realms*, which is so full of history that there isn't much room to add your own content to it. So I found my world, taking advantage of the new edition's streamlined rules but holding onto the undeveloped setting of 4e so that I could find room for all my fanciful creations.

On top of my love of creating worlds, as an artist, I love drawing maps of the fantastical places I come up with, to help capture their spirit. I have been known to make city and town maps, but the ones that truly stand out are the province and continent maps, which tie the world together for my players as they go about their adventures. As we played games in the *Points of Light* setting, bits and pieces of the map got filled in with details of my own design. I am happy to present an area that I created to fill in a bit of northern coastline that looked like it should have something there but didn't. I would like to welcome you all to the northern port of Dagbar, and the surrounding area. Come visit the sights and meet some of the interesting characters that inhabit this colourful locale.

### GLOSSARY

|     |                                  |
|-----|----------------------------------|
| RPG | Role-playing game                |
| GM  | Game Master                      |
| PC  | Player Character                 |
| D&D | <i>Dungeons and Dragons</i>      |
| 5e  | Fifth edition of <i>D&amp;D</i>  |
| 4e  | Fourth edition of <i>D&amp;D</i> |



# Wailing Sea



## THE CITY OF DAGBAR

The port city of Dagbar is the most northern open port on the continent of Nerath. The city thrives thanks to the busy harbour which welcomes ships from all over the world, the renowned Robinger shipyards, and the protection of the fearsome Knights of the Order of Kord. The city is a colourful one, always full of merchants and travellers from all over. The city itself is not quite as large as the southern port of Sealook, but the surrounding shipyards and the Sea Chain set Dagbar apart. The city is ruled by House Leviath, who control the keep that includes the southern tower and the Sea Chain. The northern tower sits squarely in the centre of the training facility for the Order of Kord, who owe their allegiance to their patrons from House Leviath.



## HOUSE LEVIATH

### ~ LIVE GREAT, DIE BETTER ~

House Leviath claims to be an ancient family with ties to Dagbar reaching back before the rise of the Nerath Empire. The house is currently headed by Lord Frederic Leviath III, Viscount of Dagbar. He is a grizzled man, whose temper is as changeable as the sea. Lord Frederic III's most striking feature is his storm-grey eyes, a feature he shares with all four of his sons. Generally, the Leviath family doesn't worry about political alliances, and Lord Frederic's sons were allowed the luxury of marrying whomever they wished. The family are also the patrons of the training facility for the Knights of the Order of Kord (OoK), and three out of four of the sons of the house are members, as is the Viscount. With the strength of a knightly order, one of the largest and fastest merchant navies in the lands, and control over the northern port of Dagbar, the Leviath family has the might and the resources to weather any storm their patron god Kord may throw at them.

### THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF KORD

One of five knightly orders in Nerath, the Order of Kord owe their allegiance to the rulers of Dagbar and their patron god, Kord. The order has a training facility on the North side of the Dagbar harbour. The Knighthood follows the Oath of Storms and the teachings of Kord, the Storm God and Lord of Battle. Many in the Order are blessed as Kord's paladins, including one of the two heads of the Order, Sir Trent Leviath.

## THE GREAT SEA CHAIN

Located in Dagbar, the Great Sea Chain is a relic from times long passed. The chain spans the mouth of the harbour, suspended between two ancient towers. The chain's mechanisms miraculously still work and it can be pulled taut across the bay's opening, preventing ships from entering or leaving Dagbar's harbour.

The reason for the construction of such serious protection for Dagbar's port is unconfirmed, but that doesn't mean there aren't theories. Historians claim that at the peak of the Nerath Empire, the harbour was used as a shipyard and resupply point for the empire's Navy. While there are other larger, more convenient ports, Dagbar is, with the addition of the chain, the most defensible port on the continent.

Another popular story is more myth than fact. According to some, the chain was built by the ancestors of House Leviath in their quest to tame one of the great sea dragons. The story goes that the chain was crafted using magic to prevent it from ever being sundered. Using magic and guile, they were able to lure a young sea dragon into the harbour. They tamed the dragon and learned all its secrets before releasing it. The legend claims that to this day, the head of House Leviath can still contact the sea dragons, and the success of their merchant ships is thanks to these monsters of the deep.

## OTHER IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF HOUSE LEVIATH

**Lady Cassandra Leviath, Viscountess of Dagbar** Upon first inspection, Lady Leviath may seem less dangerous than her husband the Viscount. She is a slight woman, with wispy grey hair and delicate features. However, her appearance is as deceptive as calm water over a shallow reef. Her eyes give her away, the depths hiding the intelligence and ruthlessness with which she manages the Leviath's merchant business.

### Sir Hudson Leviath, OoK and Sir Trent Leviath, OoK

Twins run in the Leviath family. It is the rare generation that does not have at least one pair. Hudson and Trent, middle brothers to Frederic IV and Curtis, were almost impossible to tell apart with their dark hair and grey eyes. As a young man, Sir Trent was in an accident at sea and sustained an injury that left a jagged scar running down the left side of his face, forever ending the problem of one being mistaken for the other. The two brothers share the responsibility as the heads of the Knights of the Order of Kord.

**Sir Frederic Leviath IV, OoK** The heir of house Leviath boasts the same temperament as his father. Married to Lady Alexandria, they have 5 children, the oldest of which are twins like their uncles. Sir Frederic IV takes care of much of the daily running of the city's government for his father, and anyone looking to speak to the Lord of the city is likely to deal with him instead of his father.



## HOUSE ROBINGER

### ~ FORWARDS AND ONWARDS ~

House Robinger also calls Dagbar home. The family claims that they once controlled land North of Dagbar, but the area has been swallowed by the wilds and only ruins remain. Despite the fact that they no longer control lands of their own, they should not be dismissed. They own one of the best shipyards on the continent, which keeps their family very comfortable and makes them a valuable ally for any house who wishes to have a fleet in the North. Lord Kaleb manages the business while his wife, Lady Simon, a social woman and the daughter of Baron Chris Warnell, is known for the magical parties she throws for the city's elite. Getting an invitation to one of her parties is quite the honour, and one is likely to meet nobles from the surrounding area as well as wealthy Dagbar merchants rubbing shoulders at one of her soirées.

## THE CITY OF ALTA

The city of Alta sits nestled on the plains between the Mithralfast and Dawnforge Mountain ranges. While it doesn't boast the same wealth that flows through the port of Dagbar, Alta is not without its charms. For those travelling the Traders Way, which threads its way between the two mountain ranges, Alta is the last large centre on the way South toward Korthal and the Plains of Ornait. The city also boasts some of the best trappers outside of Nenlast. The city of Alta, unlike its neighbour Dagbar, is run by a council instead of a ruling house. The Council is made up of a number of community elders, merchants, and city officials. The head of House Warnell still holds a seat on the council, however, they do not claim more political power than any other member of the council.



The spirit of Alta can be found in its towers. Contemporary to the construction of Dagbar's Sea Chain, the towers soar above the walled city, decorated with carved gargoyles and each bearing the stone likeness of a mighty dragon perched at the summit. Historians claim that these towers were once home to dragon riders and the impressive stone monsters are likenesses of the beasts who once resided there.

## HOUSE WARNELL

~ ALL THINGS PASS AWAY ~



The area surrounding Alta makes up the traditional land associated with the Barony of Alta. Baron Chris Warnell ceded political control of the area to an elected council around 50 years ago and has never regretted the decision. His son and heir, Gunther Warnell, currently sits on the council as the family's representative. However, the political situation does not diminish the influence of House Warnell. In many ways, it simply allows them to pursue their quest for knowledge. The family's library is rumoured to be the largest outside of Sarth. Additionally, while they don't manage a formal school for magic, the entire family is rumoured to be particularly gifted, and Gunther's younger, unattached siblings, Ms. Julissa and Ms. Ayana usually have a student or two following them around.

## THE VILLAGE OF FENTON

Compared to Dagbar and Alta, Fenton is a humble place. Elders from the village claim that its history is as old and storied as both great cities but without the ancient architecture, it is difficult to prove. The humble fishing village sits on the northern edge of Enuska Bay, a wide, relatively shallow bay which is sheltered from the worst of the storms that plague the northern waters.

Most travellers find little of interest in the small town. However, should one wish to explore the wild eastern hills of the Mithralfast Mountains, Fenton is the easiest place to start, and interested parties can find a willing guide at the town's inn. The southern coast of the bay is dotted with a few small settlements of Tieflings who wish to remain outside of the human-ruled lands, and rumours say that there is a secluded dwarven settlement somewhere in the mountain range. Other stories say that a clan of dragons used to live in the mountains. No one has seen these dragons for centuries and many adventurers head into the hills to try and find their ancient home and claim their treasures.

## HOUSE ROMANA

~ I DARE ~



The members of House Romana have always been a bit strange. Like many noble houses, members of the Romana family have been able to hold on to their family history and at least some of the wealth of their ancestors. What sets the Romanas apart is their perchance to go adventuring. It would not be surprising to find one of Baron Phillip's sons, perhaps the dark-eyed heir Christof, having a drink at the local pub and fielding offers to take adventurers across the bay. The family has governed the area surrounding Fenton for as long as anyone can remember, and despite their odd ways, they have kept the area running and prosperous.



# T he Long Road Home Part Four

## A Tuala Griggs Story

### By Megan Negrych

The bike ride back to Bublik's B & B is long; coupled with the hot afternoon sun, I decide against heading into town to drop by the local historians home for the afternoon. Instead, I call and speak with Samuel Miller, whose name on the business card I was given is followed by a string of letters, and set up a meeting for the next morning. Over the phone he sounds friendly and easy going, if not a little distracted, but he confirms his address and the time and says he'll be glad to discuss the local history connected to the homestead.

After the call, I feel the heat of the day and the exertion of a bike ride, which was probably a bit much, catch up with me and really set in, not surprising considering the last time I rode a bike any distance was in high school. Feeling unbelievably tired, I close the curtains in my rented room and lie down; the sheets are refreshingly cool and welcoming.

When I wake up, it's dark outside; the silence of the house gives way to the subtle creak and scrap of shifting beams, old floorboards, and the groaning of pipes the longer I listen. Outside my door, in the faint light of the hall lamps, I see a covered tray set out for me on a chair, a folded card on top bearing my name. Opening it, I find that I am truly alone at the Bed & Breakfast; Oksana apologizes in a neat script that she had to leave that afternoon to head into the "big city" with her mother. Nothing to worry about, she writes, just that it was much better to leave the night before, rather than try to drive the long distance in pale pre-dawn hours to make it to an early doctor's appointment. She states she will be back the following evening, and that she has made a breakfast sandwich and placed it in the fridge for me. The coffee machine, she assures me in the post-script, will prep and start precisely at 7:30 A.M. the next morning. Removing the covering from the plate she left, I discover a bowl of stew, now less than luke-warm, and a large piece of hearty country cob bread with a healthy pat of butter. Picking up the tray I head down to the kitchen and heat the meal in the microwave. Once it is warm, I find I have little appetite. After a few spoonfuls of stew and few bites of the bread, I scrape off and clean the dishes. Too tired to bother with a shower despite feeling the grit of road dirt and the grimy film of sweat crack over my skin, I head back to bed, laying on top of the covers.

Despite my exhaustion I sleep fitfully. And while I do sleep, I dream of a field full of ghosts, silently screaming for me to save them.

When morning comes, I have to drag myself out of bed, and it feels like I haven't slept at all. I stumble through the shower, but I don't start to feel better until I am in the kitchen, nursing a warm cup of coffee. I drink three cups before I decide that I better get my ass moving if I want to make it to town in time for my meeting with Samuel Miller.

This early in the morning, the sun is less intense and luckily at my back, as I peddle the old bike down the gravel roads. I have to stop twice to double check my directions, walking around the side of the road, holding my phone above my head for a signal. After about an hour and a half, I can see the outskirts of town. Most of the houses are old, early 20th century with minor updates. Some are boarded up; others have "For Sale" signs faded by the sun. There aren't many streets, so it doesn't take me long to find the right one. It also doesn't take much to figure out which house was Samuel's; it stands out from the others as it actually looks as if someone lives there.

The modular home is the newest on the short block, and the fence that surrounds it appears well maintained, though not really designed to do much more than show the property line. The long driveway leading up to the stand-alone garage has a clean full-ton truck parked in it, shining and reflecting the sunlight blindingly. In the yard are snowmobiles. So many snowmobiles. Many are old, in various stages of assembly, though a few are newer. Another looks as if it was built from scratch. All are maintained, and despite the nearness to the gravel road and the dry, dusty conditions, they appear clean. I pedal closer to the fence before getting off the bike, leaning it against the posts as I approach the house from the driveway.

I hear the sound of claws scrabbling on gravel, and quick movements send small pebbles and dry clods of dirt spraying against metal. I scramble back, pulling at the bike to place it between me and the approaching sounds, closing my eyes. Samuel hadn't warned me about guard dogs, but I know in small towns in the prairies many are fiercely protective of their yards. The sound stops, and I hear something drop to the ground

with a soft thud, and then the buffet of barks that follow. After a few seconds, over the barking, I hear the front door of Samuel's house open and close, and a familiar male voice speaks up. He doesn't yell, but speaks with just enough volume to sound like he is the one in charge.

"Doyle! That's not how we say hello to guests. Be nice."

The barking stops. I open my eyes and look at my would-be attacker. Instead of the massive guard dog my mind had conjured into being, I am greeted by a sleek spaniel, whose short tail is stirring up clouds of dust on the ground. Doyle, as Samuel had referred to him, has his head cocked to the side as he glances back over at his owner, before turning back to me, an old, beat up shoe in his mouth.

"Don't mind him," Samuel laughs as he approaches, "he's all voice. Take the shoe from him, he won't leave you alone until you do."

Samuel is younger than I anticipated. When the Heritage site tour guide mentioned a local historian, I figured I would be meeting with a retired white-haired farmer, sun-bleached and wiry with a set of rimless half-moon glasses. Shows how you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Samuel is wearing a plain red t-shirt and a semi-faded pair of blue jeans spotted with black that is likely oil from the snowmobiles. He looks like he couldn't be even half the age I assumed. Probably not even that much older than me. He stands behind Doyle with his hands in his pockets, a warm smile on his face as he raises his chin, gesturing for me to take the proffered shoe. Reaching out to Doyle, I am surprised when the dog presses the shoe into my hand and lets it go, before bouncing around excitedly, tail still wagging furiously, tongue lolling out of his mouth between bright teeth. Samuel approaches, and Doyle weaves in and around us. He extends his hand, and I meet him, returning the firm handshake.

"You must be Ms. Griggs. I'm Samuel Miller. Welcome to my home. Why don't we go inside, have some tea, and you can pick my brain about all the information you're curious about. My family has lived around here for ages, and I've picked up more than a few stories, besides those ones saved in the archives and printed in books." His smile is easy as he releases my hand and turns back around, heading into his house. He holds the door first for Doyle to follow, and then for me.

The inside of his house is orderly, for the most part. Shelves with books and records are interspersed with the odd taxidermied bird or set of antlers. The floor, oddly enough, is littered with what looks to be the half-destroyed pieces of dog toys; a ripped rope there, a

half-eaten ball there, and more than a handful of tennis balls, all of which Doyle tries to present to me as if they are the greatest treasure in the world. Samuel and I settle in at the kitchen table, and he pours us each a cup of hot tea from a pot nestled under a cozy.

I don't have to do much prompting as he starts out with a general historical survey, and then a detailed account of the Homestead I had visited the day prior. Many of the details were the same as I had found at the museum. That is, until he reaches the years just before the First World War. Apparently, leading up to the war, tragedy after tragedy had struck the Genyck family. First, the oldest son, Mykail, had contracted typhoid and passed away, followed shortly after by his mother Halyna. Then, while the family still grieved their loss, the daughter, Iryna, had gone missing. As the war broke out, the oldest Genyck son, Ihor, had volunteered for the Armed Forces, but been turned away and jailed. He was labelled an "Enemy Alien," a term used to classify an immigrant or naturalized citizen from Galicia and many other places in Eastern Europe, who could be linked as having come from families who came from those nations that were "enemies to the interest of the country." He goes on to say that this was the case for many Ukrainian families in Canada at the time, even for those who had been naturalized, and in some cases even their children who had been born here. The suffering of the Genyck family had not stopped there, Samuel informs me. The final tragedy had befallen the Genycks when Artem, the head of the house, was arrested and sent to one of the many internment camps set up for Enemy Aliens. The family land had been confiscated by the local authority, and the grandmother, Oksana, had been evicted with nowhere to go. No records exist as to what happened to her, but as far as Samuel has been able to surmise, she likely died alone. He had tracked down a promising article about an old woman who spoke Ukrainian and had died some years later in a mental hospital, but without a name he had been unable to confirm if it was Oksana. Artem, who survived the work camp, was never able to return to his home, as legally the land was no longer his despite the fact that the title still bore his name. After the war, the land was gifted to a soldier returning from the front. It had been through the soldier's efforts that the homestead was eventually preserved, and through his children and their children that it had been designated as a Heritage site. The new soldier who had been given the land had set up a graveyard for the Genycks not far away, installing headstones for each and every one of them, even though there were no bodies.

"So, there you have it. Injustice, hatred, and fear.

That darkness has always been here, but there are a few good people who make the effort to act when they can. Eventually, the Genycks received an official pardon, along with many other “Enemy Alien” families, but for them it was too late. Same can be said for quite a few pieces of land all across the country. Did we learn from our mistake? Heck no. The same thing happened during World War II, only with a different ethnic group. And again after that. The damage is done, and we tend to forget it. Try to sweep it under the rug of collective forgetfulness. Not me though, and lately others have been really interested in making amends for it.”

Samuel takes another sip of his tea and glances over at the clock before laughing a little; Doyle is lying at his feet, stretched out on his back, snoring softly.

“To be honest, when you called me yesterday, I figured you were wondering about something else, not the history of the homestead. Sad and interesting, sure, but definitely not what the phone usually rings for.”

I raise my eyebrow at Samuel, leaning forward with my elbows on the table.

“What do you mean? I thought this local history stuff was your specialty?”

“Well yeah,” he rubs the back of his neck a little, leaning back in his chair and crossing his arms over his chest, “but it’s hardly the kind of stuff most folks ask about. I was sure you were going to want to talk with me about the missing kids. That’s usually the only time anyone really wants to hear about the history of this neck of the woods.”

My facial expression must clue him in because his eyebrows nearly disappear as they shoot up. He gets up out of his chair and heads over to a bookcase. Doyle pops up to trot after him. Samuel rummages around for a bit before pulling out a leather-bound book, scraps of paper popping out all over the place. He sets it down on the table between us and opens it.

“You really don’t know? Kids have been going missing from around here for ages. First one we have any record of was a set of siblings from another Ukrainian family, about ten years before Iryna disappeared. No pictures, but there was still an entry in the local paper. Some records were destroyed early on, but I’ve managed to find quite a few more of them and piece other bits together from family diaries and records. At least two dozen between 1880 and 1914. With printing issues, rationed supplies, and the focus on what was going on during the war, nothing else really pops back up until the mid-1920s. But since then there has been a steady stream, at least a half dozen each decade. Most are written off as runaways or brushed aside because their families were thought to be unreliable. A few of the kids

were found over the years, alive and far away, but most just vanished, no trace. I thought the news of the girl who went missing while her family visited for the Festival was what had you calling me.”

Inside the book are news clippings, photographs, and missing persons posters. With each turn of the page, my heart sinks lower. The blood in my veins runs so cold I can barely keep my hands from shaking. Samuel leaves the kitchen again, and I continue to turn the pages, hoping against hope that the next one will show me something different. But most of faces are familiar to me. I had seen them all in the field behind Bublik’s. When Samuel comes back, he sets two things down in front of me, and I have to swallow the bile that rushes up my throat.

“Here’s the last picture the archives had of Iryna before she went missing, probably one of the only ones not up at the homestead. And this one is from the post office, just this morning.”

There, on the kitchen table staring back are two things I hoped I would never, ever see. I am definitely not prepared for them. The first is the picture of a fresh-faced young girl on a bike, a very familiar bike, along with all the information that could possibly be squeezed onto a missing persons leaflet. I had also seen her before, standing with Iryna in the field behind Bublik’s. The second is more unnerving; looking back at me from the photo, I am levelled by the unmistakable face of Oksana Bublik, black and white, and staring right into the depth of my soul.

“You okay?” Samuel rests a hand on my shoulder, and I feel then just how much I am shaking.

“Yeah, just surprised. So many kids.” I let out a shaky breath. “You know, thanks for all this Samuel, it was really great of you to share your knowledge.” My mind is racing as I close the book of missing children and push my empty teacup away before standing. “I should probably be going. I’ve taken up enough of your time.” Again, I am surprised by the ease that he radiates as he turns, signalling for Doyle to follow him.

“Oh, no problem. Not enough people are interested in this anymore. But it’s getting hot out there, and Doyle could use a ride in the truck to get a cool breeze blowing over his ears. Why don’t we give you a ride part of the way out to where you’re staying?”

I swallow back my fear, my panic, and nod, knowing that there is no time left to lose, and too many questions left to ask.

“Yeah, that would be great. I have things to wrap up.”

# D eja-ÉXCITE!

## What Going On? Check it Out!



### Cheese Smash Bash

**When:** February 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2019 // 1P.M. to 4P.M.

**Where:** Takeaway Gourmet @ 2124 Robinson St

**What:** Big wheel of gouda. Strong smashing. They claim they are shaking their fists at icy February, a sentiment we can all share. Also, cheese.

### Used Book Sale

**When:** March 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2019 // 10A.M. to 8P.M. & 10A.M. to 4P.M.

**Where:** Matly National @ 1130 15<sup>th</sup> Ave

**What:** We like books. Do you like books? We also like beer. Do you like beer? Well, they come together on the 2nd at Matly National, so we've got that going for us, which is nice.

### Grown Ups Read Things They Wrote As Kids

**When:** March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2019 // 8P.M.

**Where:** Artisian @ 2627 13<sup>th</sup> Ave

**What:** Do you have a journal from those fragile teenage years laying around? No? Too embarrassed? Or, like us, did you burn it the first time you found it as an adult? Well, time to relive that cringe vicariously through others.

### Captain Marvel

**When:** March 8<sup>th</sup>, 2019

**Where:** Movie Theatres!

**What:** Marvel's first female fronted title, we get to meet one of the most powerful beings in the universe. We have a soft spot for her because in our ideal X-men universe (no ret-conns, no rewrites, no alternate histories) Captain Marvel is who Rogue stole her powers of Flight, super strength, and invulnerability from.

### KTHXBYE to the Capital Point Hole

**When:** March 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2019 // 12P.M.

**Where:** That giant hole on Albert and Victoria. You know the one.

**What:** The Capitol Point hole will finally be filled. Praise be to Jebus. Fill that hole! Show up to say KTHNXBYE to the eyesore.

### Kinky Boots

**When:** March 28<sup>th</sup>& 29<sup>th</sup>, 2019 // 8P.M.

**Where:** Conexus Arts Centre @ 200 Lakeshore Dr

**What:** With lyrics by Cyndi Lauper, this Broadway hit is making its way to Regina to wow us. We, of course, welcome our new kinky-booted overlords.

### Shazam!

**When:** April 5<sup>th</sup>, 2019

**Where:** On the big screen

**What:** We have loved Zachary Levi since Chuck. We are hopefully optimistic about this DC movie. Please don't prove us wrong.

### Making Treaty 4

**When:** April 10<sup>th</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup>, 2019

**Where:** Globe Theatre @ 1801 Scarth St

**What:** Created by the Making Treaty 4 Collective, this theatre production looks like it will be an eye-opening journey, exploring the history of our treaty and the true meaning of reconciliation.

**Lots more are likely to pop up in the coming weeks, so make sure to follow us on social media for all the latest!**

# CREDITS ENDNOTES & FURTHER READING

## Humanity in Extremis

- The Marrow Thieves: Cherie Dimaline, Dancing Cat Books  
The Handmaid's Tale: Hulu/Crave, MGM Television, Daniel Wilson Productions  
Mad Max: Fury Road: Village Roadshow Pictures, Warner Bros.

## The Saskatchewan Book Awards : A New List

- Information for the reading iconograph:  
Bates-Hardy, Courtney. "Saskatchewan Book Awards." Saskatchewan Book Awards - Saskatchewan Book Awards. February 14, 2019. Accessed February 16, 2019. <https://www.bookawards.sk.ca/about/news/194-announcing-the-2019-shortlist>.

## Alice Investigates Act Three- Jack On: Rise of the Wood

Local photography by Megan Negrych

## From The Journals of Cynrick Blackwalker Part Three

Cynrick Blackwalker by Jocelyn Anderson

## 5 Minute Reviews

- Carmen Sandiego  
Top: Netflix, HMHProductions, & DHX Media ; Middle: PBS, WGBH-TV, & WQED; Bottom Broderbund  
Aquaman: Warner Bros., DC Entertainment, DC Films  
Titans: Netflix, Warner Bros. Television, DC Entertainment

## Kerri's Culinary Creations

All photographs by Kerri Desgagné

## Walk on the Wild Side Wascana Centre

All photographs from Jocelyn Anderson

- 1.“ 5 Facts You Didn't Know About Wascana Park « Hang with the Locals « Tourism Regina.” Tourism Regina, [tourismregina.com/learn/blog/5-facts-you-didnt-know-about-wascana-park](http://tourismregina.com/learn/blog/5-facts-you-didnt-know-about-wascana-park).
- 2.“A Place for You.” Wascana Centre, [wascana.ca/](http://wascana.ca/).
- 3.“Lakeshore Park Totem Pole.” Wascana Centre. Accessed February 16, 2019. <http://wascana.ca/things-to-see-and-do/public-art/lakeshore-park-totem-pole>.
- 4.“Trafalgar Fountain.” Wascana Centre. Accessed January 16, 2019. <http://wascana.ca/things-to-see-and-do/monuments-and-memorials/trafalgar-fountain>.

- 5.“Albert Memorial Bridge.” Wascana Centre. Accessed February 16, 2019. <http://wascana.ca/things-to-see-and-do/monuments-and-memorials/albert-memorial-bridge>.

## Megan's Horror Hideout - Haunted Saskatchewan: Institutions

Further Reading on featured Saskatchewan institutions

*Weyburn: An Archaeology of Madness*. Dir. Richard Diener. DVD. 3rd Eye Media Production, 2004.

Christensen, Jo-Anne. *More Ghost Stories of Saskatchewan*. Lone Pine Publishing: Edmonton, 2000.

Christensen, Jo-Anne. *Ghost Stories of Saskatchewan 3*. Dundurn: Toronto, 2009.

Dyck, Erika and Alex Deighton. *Managing Madness: Weyburn Mental Hospital and the Transformation of Psychiatric Care in Canada*. University of Manitoba Press; Winnipeg, 2017.

Smith, Barbara. *Great Canadian Ghost Stories: Legendary Tales of Haunting From Coast to Coast*. Touchwood Editions, 2018.

Houston, C. Stuart. *R.G. Ferguson: Crusader Against Tuberculosis*. Dundun Press: Toronto, 1991.

Wilson, Connie. *Saskatchewan Hospital North Battleford*. Borrowed from RPL through inter-library records loan program with the Battleford Library, call number 33285002987939. Entered into library collection on August 28, 2006.

## Creative Storytelling

All art as well as page layout by Jocelyn Anderson. Layout made through Homebrewery.

## Deja-Excité

Animal art by Jocelyn Anderson

# Write With Us!

# Deja-VISITE

Have you ever wanted to try your hand at writing? Do you have a story, poem, recipe, review, art, photography, experiences, or other articles/idea you want to share?

Deja-visite is a free online magazine and is currently looking for submissions of articles. For submitted and accepted articles, we offer in-house editing and review and work collaboratively with authors/writers and creatives to bring their work all the way to a published product.

We are free, therefore we don't pay our writers/contributors, we offer experience and a place to bounce and try out new ideas (and buttons, we do like buttons). It is a great way to try your hand at something as a casual hobby and to share your work with others. All contributors retain all rights to their work and there is no hold if they also wish to publish it on personal blogs or web pages.

We publish on a bi-monthly schedule, and usually run 30-60 pages per issue.

## **Submission guidelines:**

### **Types of work accepted:**

- Poetry
- Creative Writing
- Experience columns/journals
- Reviews for restaurants/movies/books/television/events/games
- Recipes
- Travel articles
- Local interest pieces
- Hobby and geek-culture
- Photography
- Art
- Research/ personal interest columns

### **Articles max length:**

- Reviews, and non-creative writing pieces: 1500 words
- Creative writing pieces: 2500 words.

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Send all submission to **dejavisite.group@gmail.com** with the subject line "Submission to Deja-Visite: Your Name". Please include your name, the title and style of your submission, a little bit about your interests/self, and a file in .doc or .odt format. Within 24 hours of sending your e-mail you will receive a response to verify we have received your submission, and within a few days we'll contact you with further information.

We do not accept work that actively promotes hate/discrimination/bigotry, etc. and we do not have a political or other agenda. We try to be a fun publication devoted to local interest, creative writing, hobby-work, and personal development. We just want to be a place that sparks passion and interest in the things we love.