

- [CONTENTS](#)
 - [Art Gallery](#)
 - [Articles](#)
 - [Columns](#)
 - [Fiction](#)
 - [Poetry](#)
 - [Reviews](#)
 - [Archives](#)
- [ABOUT US](#)
 - [Staff](#)
 - [Guidelines](#)
 - [Contact](#)
 - [Awards](#)
 - [Banners](#)
- [SUPPORT US](#)
 - [Donate](#)
 - [Bookstore](#)
 - [Merchandise](#)
- [COMMUNITY](#)
 - [Forum](#)
 - [Readers' Choice](#)

Show and Tell

By Greg van Eekhout

10 June 2002

Teacher is an old-fashioned bug with a blue carapace and eyes like two domes of gold beads. She is very pretty and smells like *follow*, but when she flutters her wings you better look smart or you'll get her stinger in your belly.

So we are quiet. We are three rows of quiet children, blinking slowly and steadily, as is polite.

"Today, we are having Show and Tell," Teacher says, bending her antennae towards us. "I am certain you have all brought wonderful shows."

She doesn't need to tell me it is Show and Tell. I have thought of nothing else for many days. Show and Tell is my worst subject. I nearly failed it last year and almost did not advance. Father says I need to plan my shows better. He says I don't put enough thought and effort into them, and that is why I get low marks. I say I get low marks because we are poor and have little to show.

Brindi goes first. Brindi is thin as a tube and covered with ginger fur that her mother decorates with lilac ribbons. Brindi was my girlfriend last summer until she met an orbit boy she liked more. Father says orbit boys are old-fashioned and perverted and believe strange things. I think they must be at least a little regular, though, because Brindi likes her orbit boy very much.

Brindi's show is a gun.

A gun is a black object made of plastic and bent at a right angle.

[Before Paphos](#)

by Loretta Casteen

8 January 2007

It starts again. The baby begins to cough and choke.

[Locked Doors](#)

by Stephanie Burgis

1 January 2007

You can never let anyone suspect, his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him, and the last, before she left him here alone with It.

[Heroic Measures](#)

by Matthew Johnson

18 December 2006

Pale as he was, it was hard to believe he would never rise from this bed. Even in the darkest times, she had never really feared for him; he had always been strong, so strong.

[Love Among the Talus](#)

by Elizabeth Bear

11 December 2006

Nilufer raised her eyes to his. It was not what women did to men, but she was a princess, and he was only a bandit. "I want to be a Witch," she said. "A Witch and not a Queen. I wish to be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

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