

- [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](#)

Lost and Found

By Sandra McDonald

26 May 2003

Dad invented the search engine a month after he'd been laid off from Boeing. He hauled it in from the garage one Saturday morning and plopped it onto the kitchen counter next to the toaster. It looked as clunky and outdated as my brother Jim's old Radio Shack TRS-80.

"Go ahead," Dad said to Mom. "Ask it to find something."

Mom considered the contraption over the rim of her coffee cup. "Where are my car keys?"

The machine hummed for a moment and then displayed its answer in green block letters. "In the basket by the front door."

"That's only because I put them there," my sister Tammy said. Mom was forever losing her keys, glasses, jewelry, ATM card, and briefcase. Dad, who was twelve years older than she and never lost anything, liked to joke that when Tammy and I were little, Mom sometimes lost us, too.

"Try something harder, Mom," I said.

"Where are my diamond stud earrings?" she asked.

Dad pinched the bridge of his nose. Apparently Mom hadn't told him she'd lost his latest anniversary gift. The search engine answered, "Under the side table in the den."

Mom wagged her finger. "Wrong. I looked there."

"Let's check," Dad said.

We all went to the den, where Dad got down on his hands and knees. He moved aside a basket of old magazines and newspaper flyers, and we all saw two little diamonds twinkling like stars against the blue carpet.

"I'll never lose them again," Mom promised, and gave Dad a kiss.

Tammy wanted to try the search engine next.

[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."

[Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00](#)

