

- [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](#)

Homestay

By Tim Jones

31 January 2005

We skimmed out of the clouds just above the mountains. "Mount Isolation," I informed my companions. "Access Peak. Grave-Talbot Pass."

"Look at me," said Jacques. "I'm a mountain parrot!" He flew in tight circles around us, cawing loudly.

"That parrot needs a perch," said Kevin. "How about there?" He pointed up the valley to the wall of rock at its head.

"Homer Saddle," I said, my little voice still faithfully feeding me the names.

We levelled out, Jacques clowning around us, and flew the length of the valley in formation.

Kevin reached the rock wall first. He stretched his wings to their fullest extent and dropped gracefully onto the far edge of the narrow saddle. Nicola and I joined him on either side, and with much preening of imaginary feathers, Jacques joined us too, hopping from foot to foot.

"I need to go," he said.

We watched the stream of urine arc over the edge of the saddle, catch in the updraft, and fly up again, thoroughly wetting Jacques's bodysuit. When we stopped laughing, I told Jacques he should find a lake to wash in. "There's one to the south, Lake Thompson," I said. He took off at once.

"Think we should follow him? The water will be very cold."

"I'm sick of that idiot already," said Kevin. "A few minutes without him would be bliss." So we sat and watched him dwindle among the mountains

[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](#)

