

? [CONTENTS](#) **Torn**

? [Art Gallery](#) **By Daniel Kaysen**

- 11 July 2005

? [Articles](#) After the accident I lost the knack of parties.

? [Columns](#) I preferred to stay home, chatting online and catching up on email. But Kelly gently insisted about this one.

? [Fiction](#)

? [Poetry](#) I was standing in a living room, next to a woman I didn't know.

? [Reviews](#) It was time to start a conversation. But I couldn't think of anything to say.

? [Archives](#) She, however, was better prepared.

? [ABOUT US](#) "How do you know Bear?" she said.

? [Staff](#) "Who?"

? [Guidelines](#) "Bear. It's his party."

? [Guidelines](#) "Yeah? Which one's he?"

? [Contacts](#) "You might not have seen him. He's probably upstairs."

? [Awards](#) I didn't know how to read that. "Right," I said, hoping that was safe.

? [Banners](#) "So how come you're here?" the woman asked.

? [SUPPORT US](#) "Kelly. My girlfriend." I pointed over to the corner where Kelly was deep in conversation with some people I didn't recognise.

? [Donate](#) "She knows Bear?"

? [Bookstore](#) "I hope so. Otherwise we've crashed the wrong party."

? [Bookstore](#) It was a small joke. She laughed a little.

? [Merchandise](#) Silence fell.

? [COMMUNITY](#) "Can I get you a drink?" I said, thinking I could get lost on a trip to the kitchen.

? [Forum](#) Or maybe I could just lose myself entirely and go home. I could leave a message on Kelly's cell

? [Reader](#) phone to say that I felt ill.

? [S'Choice](#) I wouldn't be missed, really. Surely the party was

[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](#)

