

Warsprite

by
Jefferson P.
Swycaffer



Not In Our Stars

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N'APA
219



The Official Organ

#218

Next deadline: January 15, 2015

N'APA rises again from the dead. Like the Vampire Nostradamus, it just keeps coming back.

Jean Lamb has temporarily departed. We hope that she will be back in January or so as planned. Until then, the official collator is George Phillies phillies@4liberty.net

N'APA is the Amateur Press Alliance for members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). As it is distributed in PDF format, there are no dues or postage fees except as necessary for mailing paper copies. It is open to all members of the N3F within the restrictions stated below in the Rules and Regulations (copied from the last collation and updated). If there are members interested in joining who have no computer access, special arrangements are possible. People who only want to read are welcome to ask to be added to the email list. Check with the official collator, who is currently George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester MA 01609 phillies@4liberty.net 508 754 1859 and on facebook.

Currently the frequency is every other month, with the deadline being on the fifteenth day of odd-numbered months. The mailing will normally be collated in due time, as the collator is retired. Publication has always been totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "totally" and "regular".

N'APA has been in existence for a number of years and recently transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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In this issue:

Cover Art... The cover art is the interior art, the cover of two of Jefferson Swycaffer's books. We thank him for sending artwork.

The Official Organ #218 George Phillies - 1 page

And welcome back after a quarter century to....

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Archive Midwinter Jefferson P. Swycaffer - 2 pages

The Murdered Master Mage #3 George Phillies - 4 pages

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #1

Lorien Rivendell
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(Lauren Clough)

I'm baaa-aaack!

Yep. I'm back. Like a bad penny. Or something.

I was a member of N'APA about 25 years ago. Maybe it wasn't that long ago, but it was a long time ago. I was involved with N'APA and N3F for - I don't know - maybe 5 years or so. Maybe it was 10. Or 7. This was in the 1990s. I'm having a tough time remembering the 1990s.

Then life happened. I went away. I returned for a short time, then went away again. At some point, I finished college and got a graduate degree.

Now I'm back. Again.

We can thank George Phillies, who sent me a copy of N'APA 218. Since I felt I was missing out on his short story, I politely asked for the previous issue. George was kind enough to send me a copy of N'APA 217, also.

What's in a Name?

I had the daunting task of naming my zine. I could have chosen one of the old names I used. I remember a couple of the names, Perpetual Motion and Medieval Moonlight Illusions. I think there may have been a short lived title in between.

Anyway, I gave it some thought. Should I reboot one of my former zines (I can't remember where I left off and can't find an old zine to reference) or start over fresh?

Start over fresh, I think.

After mentally sifting through all the books and movies I like, I settled on something from *Star Wars*, thus came up with "Notes from a Galaxy Far, Far Away". I chose this because my current phone is a Samsung Galaxy Note 4, and I thought the title would be a good take on the note part (my car is also a Note: a Nissan Versa Note). I realize I may not continue to own the Galaxy Note line in the future, depending on whatever is the latest and greatest when I am ready for a new one, but that explains the etiology of the title.

And my fandom name? Lorien Rivendell is really just a take on my real name. Lauren derives from laurel and from I can find online, Lorien is a woodland, which I imagine contains laurel, among

other things. Clough is a narrow valley, and from what I can find online, Rivendell also means valley. So. There you have it.

What I'm Doing Now

I work for a non-profit human service agency. My division is Residential, and we maintain group homes for adults with intellectual disabilities. I am one of the Residential Coordinators, running one of the group homes. I worked in direct care, in a group home, for several years before trying my hand at coordinating. Coordinating is challenging, to say the least. While it has its rewards, it has more than its fair share of challenges. We are facing a huge state inspection in December, so we are all starting to scramble to get everything in order. We are all starting to freak out and work longer hours and are trying to do the impossible: have everything perfect.

Reviews (or Ramblings)

I read a wide variety of things (when I can get some free time). I will post reviews of books and movies I think might be of interest to readers of this zine. Most will be in the SF&F genre, but I may slip in something else on occasion, if I think it's good enough and if I think anyone here would be interested.

Books

Amendments, by HM Lynn: Have you ever wanted a "do over?" Perhaps a day, a month...a lifetime? "Amendments" is a wonderful - and disturbing - story of the ramifications of being able to amend your life. The location and year the events in the story take place are not clear, but I assume it's in England (due to the British spellings) and a few generations from now, after some unknown persons have discovered a mechanism allowing for amendments.

Movies

Star Trek: Into Darkness: On Netflix: I think this is the movie I saw in the theater, in 3-D. Maybe I'm thinking of something else. Anyway, I recently saw it again. I think the modernized shows make more sense to me. I think they have a better stable of writers. This is my opinion, of course.

Star Trek: The Motion Picture: On Netflix: I first saw this in the theater. I had talked my mother into taking me. I didn't "get it" back then. I "get it" slightly better now. It seems like a disjointed movie with a thin plot. Maybe it's just me.

A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984): I searched for this on Netflix periodically and was psyched when it finally showed up (it seems to be gone again already). I last saw this in 1984 or 1985 (or maybe it was 1986 or 1987). I used to be obsessed with the whole series. I had long since forgotten much about it. It was definitely better when I was in my late teens and/or early 20s. I got

to see a very young Johnny Depp (I think this was his first film role). He looked nothing like he looks today, or at least I don't think so.

TV Shows

iZombie: On Netflix: This is my latest Netflix binge. It's a new series that originally airs on the CW. It's about a woman who was training to be a doctor until she was zombified. Now she works in a morgue and eats the brains of murder victims, which then transfer their thoughts and actions to her brain. She then helps the police find their murderers. This show is similar to *Ghost Whisperer* and *Medium*.

COMMENTS

From #217 & #218

Rules & Regulations (in #217): #7: I noted a few instances are missing. In the spring, a community band I am in rehearses across the street from a prison. Actually, I think it's a jail, but it amounts to the same thing. Also, I'm reading *Orange is the New Black*, the memoir by Piper Kerman about her year in a federal prison for drug trafficking. And I watch the show with the same name on Netflix.

Archive Midwinter/Jefferson Swycaffer: I remember you from way back when! 4chan.org does not sound like my sort of thing. I purchased *Eye of the Staricane* on Kindle. Kindle is my thing. Reading is my thing. Unfortunately, working is also my thing, and work gets in the way of reading 99.9% of the time. I know it's really late, but I'm sorry to hear about your longtime roomy and friend.

The Murdered Master Mage #1/George Phillies: Interesting story so far! I love the name, Eclipse.

Archive Midwinter
a zine for N'APA 219
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13 November 2015

Friday the Thirteenth!



Cover: Lovely stuff! I've been using Canva.com for cover art, and have gotten some nice results for very low prices. For one picture, I wanted "flames" for the background, and Canva had a nice selection. The final cost was \$1.00. Nice bit o' art for only one simoleon.

George Phillies: The San Diego River floods now and then; there was a peach back in 1974, and another nasty one in the 80's. I remember these full well. But a historical flood that wiped out the whole city? Ain't possible! Most of the city is nowhere near the river. Also, "All that was left were the stone footings from one of the cathedrals" -- can't be! San Diego doesn't have any cathedrals. This must be referring to some other flood, or some other city. The worst we could expect would be mud-slides and erosion gullies.

Now, we're having erosion, no doubts about it! Just our recent little piddle of a rain drove some fairly deep gulches across roads and down hillsides. The ground has been so dry, for so long, it's lost its ability to absorb run-off.

Still, it's nice to have a bit of rain once in a while. Alas, it has led a lot of foolish people to imagine the drought is over.

Enjoyed the further installment of "The Invisible Fortress." Good stuff, with some strange drama. The contrast between super-high-entropy superhero combat and the warm domesticity of the same hero microwaving veggies the next morning, is delightful. Kind of eerie, but charming.

Amazon Kindle Scout: It's too early to tell where they are going with this, but it appears that Amazon is trying to become a regular publisher, although using crowdsourcing to grade the submissions. If this works, it could give the works that pass muster a kind of cachet of respectability that un-refereed self-published books on Amazon lack. I sent in one of my unpublished books to the Scout project, to see what the heck happens. I did the cover in a hurry, so that's going to count against me. Ah, well.

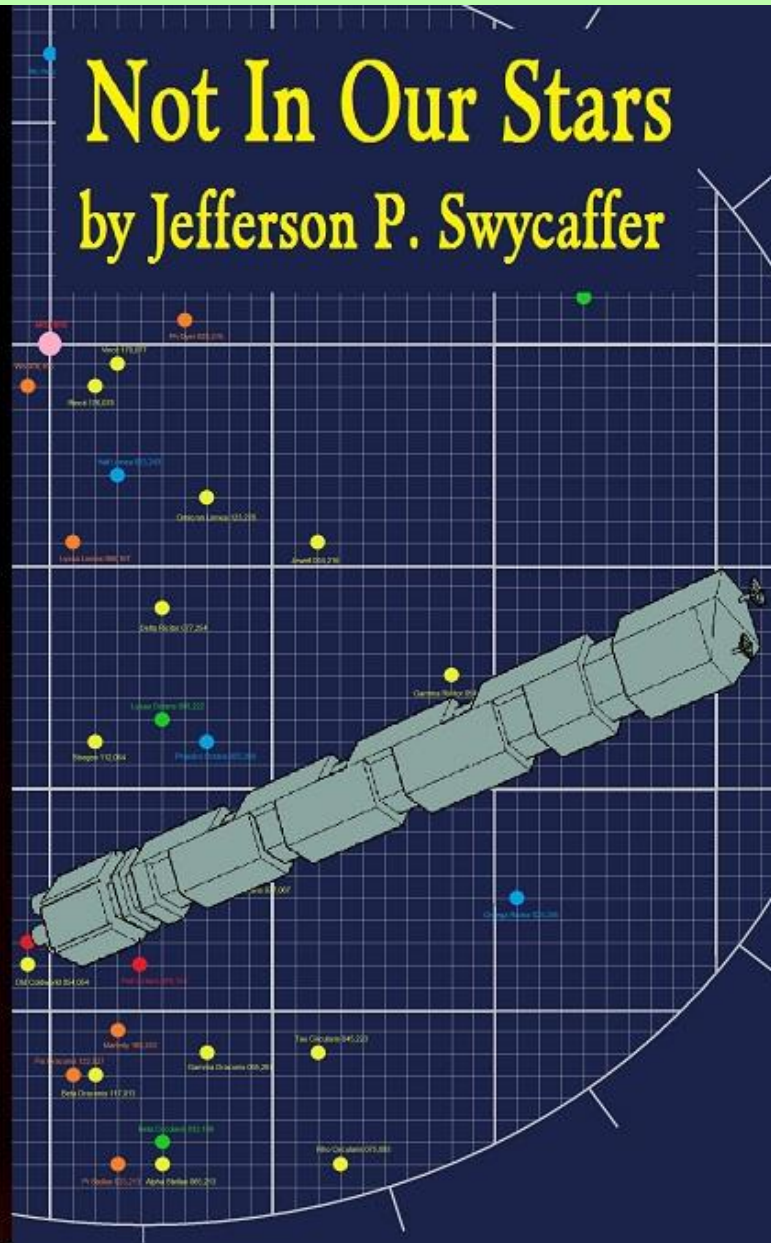
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The Murdered Master Mage #2

George Phillies

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A N'APA contribution

Reviews: The Cover is incredible. I would really like to find the artist and have no idea how to do so.

Official Organ: I sent out copies of N'APA to large numbers of members, those who had expressed an interest in APAe, and may try sending it if people do not mind to the entire membership.

TMMM2 For more on the California flood of 1862, see wikipedia or <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ArkStorm>. Approximately, the event is as likely as a maximum Los Angeles earthquake, and would do three times the property damage.

Archive Midwinter. Something seems to have eaten Jefferson's last contribution so I shall send it again.

I rewrote a piece of Chapter 2. I do rewrites a lot. I write by thickening fragments into sections, not by doing an outline. New stuff is in scarlet.

The Girl Who Saved The World

Part 2

Chapter Two

The Invisible Fortress

January 13, 2018

I awoke at half past dark. To put it mildly, I hurt. Some places hurt even more than others. Yes, I was doing mind control on myself, so I didn't exactly feel the pain. That meant I could sleep, but I still knew I hurt. A lot. "Hurt" was better than the alternative, which did not involve being alive. I'd landed the right way when I was thrown into the wall, missed getting a disabling concussion, and dodged getting gutted by the fellow with the knife.

One of the times when I woke up, the healing matrix prompted me to ramp down my mind control down, so the matrix could tell exactly where I had been injured. I overdid it. I cut the mind control off. Incredible pain swallowed me. I burst into sobs and uncontrollable tears. Fortunately the healing matrix kept me from going into shock. After a few minutes I remembered I could simply ramp control back up. By then I was soaked in sweat. The matrix was putting me back together, but it had its own order of doing things, and some of the reasons I really hurt were late on its list.

The healing matrix was fixing me, but...oh right, healing matrix. I summoned the glyph for its rules engine. Nothing in violet,

nothing that was killing me despite the matrix. Of course, the matrix should have dragged me conscious if I were dying, and it hadn't. Nothing blue, long-term near-death threat. Red warnings? Let's see. Three broken ribs, stitched by telekinesis. My right shoulder? Nothing had broken, but bits of force field were holding things where they belonged while the matrix forced repairs. Gold - a black eye, a few bone bruises, but I've been here before, just not so many ways at the same time. Green - slices, scrapes, abrasions ... my skin is being returned to perfection as I lie in bed. I landed the right way when I was thrown into the wall, missed getting a concussion, and dodged getting gutted by the fellow with the sword. The matrix was healing everything, way faster than I'd heal naturally. I'd still need a week to recover completely.

Major knock-down, drag-out fight? That was the cue. I was home and safe. I dropped my mind out-of-body. Actually, the preset really did not give me much choice in that. I had done mind control on myself, to ensure that whenever I was in a really serious fight, escaped, and got back here, I would for sure do certain things, whether I wanted to or not. If someone had planted mind controls on me, I probably broke them when I left my body behind. The preset grabbed my gifts and ran a scan fast as thought to see what might have been inserted into my mind-space. Yes, the scan runs at the speed of thought, but it has a lot of mind to scan. Meanwhile, I hovered above my body, looking into my momentarily sightless silver-gray eyes and platinum-white eyelashes, watching me breathe, ever so slowly.

Done. Control of my mind returned to me. There was a way to break the mind control, if things went wrong, but everything had gone as it was supposed to. Mum had been very careful about showing me exactly how to arrange that preset, because potentially it was very dangerous to its user. I dropped back into my body, wiggled fingers and toes, and blinked twice. Everything worked.

Gifts? I shouldn't even consider calling any of them. Not flight. Not teleportation. Not any of the neat ways I can seriously wreck things. Not force field - well, there's a low-level screen tacking my ribs and shoulder together. Just before I left Atlanticea I had pushed my shields way deep, much deeper than I had expected to need them, calling my gifts toward their limits. I could go way deep now if I absolutely had to, but if I do I'm going to hurt myself.

There was a warning flag -- my second-level shields had engaged. What?...then I remembered. It was the most wonderful memory in the world. Or would have been, if everything didn't hurt so much, not to mention I was totally exhausted. I'd solved the Maze, the Maze that defeated Julius Caesar and Cortez and Jackie Fisher and the French Imperial Guard. I'd reached the Tomb, and been given the Namestone, that palm-size sphere of

crystalline sky, from the hands of the Martyr. Finally, I climbed the Outer Stairs, out of the Maze into the waking world, wisps of cloud an incandescent white ahead of me. I'd recovered the Namestone, something no one else in the history of the world had ever come close to doing. And I remembered what had happened next.

Finally, I climbed the Outer Stairs, out of the Maze into the waking world, wisps of cloud an incandescent white ahead of me. At that point I was sufficiently wrecked up that climbing those stairs was incredibly hard. Before I did the Maze, I had zerolined all of my gifts, flat as possible. Anything I called, the Maze could call back at threefold the power level, and I was not going to give the Maze any advantages. As I climbed the stairs, I was desperately trying to recover my power levels. I could barely crack The Sky open. Then with an effort that left me dizzy and gasping for breath I managed to reach down to The Breaking Wave. I am not embarrassed to say that mind control to suppress pain was the first of my gifts that I called. Just before I sliced the last fellow open from guggle to zatch, he had gut-punched me. Hard. After my next step I managed to call life support. With the broken ribs it hurt too much to breathe. Once I didn't need to breathe, I could focus. I remembered to look at the Medico rules engine. It would have been truly stupid to bleed to death at this point. Medico reported that I was not dying. Perhaps the Namestone would have protected me until I finished climbing the Outer Stairs. I wasn't counting on it. I kept reaching for power levels, further and further down. They came more easily. The Sea of Grass, The Temple, The Sun, and The Matrix opened up. GR, I did not forget to bring up my shields. I might have a reception committee. Before I reached the top of the stairs, I was sort of back to normal. I could touch all the power levels I can normally reach. I just couldn't tap them for very much. Not yet. I could go way deep into my gifts if I had to. I hoped I didn't.

And I remembered what happened next.

At the top of the Outer Stairs I had company. Waiting for me were Valkyria, the super-heavy combatant of the League of Nations Elite Strike team, and the Screaming Skull himself. Alas, they weren't fighting each other, so I couldn't smile once, duck twice, and flee their island paradise. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. For thousands of years the Namestone has been known to be the Key to Heaven. The League of Nations has passed any number of decrees claiming it for themselves, just as soon as someone else rescues it from the Maze. Now I had the Namestone, and they wanted it.

I did a crash drop, calling all the power I could find. I shoved all the power into my shields. I really wanted to teleport away. Teleport is a wonderful gift, as good a gift as flight, but teleporting far enough to avoid a chase needed a lot of power, more than I could call just yet. Yes, I could have switched power from shields to teleport, and jumped out. The moment I shifted power out of my shields, they would have faded, enough that I'd have been toast before I could disappear.

"Where is she, little girl? Where is the bearer of the Holy Namestone?" That had been Valkyria, shouting at me. Valkyria? Six

feet tall, impervium plate battle armor, heavy duty body field, not to mention a flaming sword that was mostly a special effect shrouding a pointblank range plasma attack. Yes, there is also an endarium blade inside the flames. Her long blonde hair fluttered in the sea breeze. Mum always said Valkyria should wear her hair short or mound it under her helmet.

I was a bit miffed. 'Little girl' is not the world's nicest greeting. Valkyria should have been less threatening. After all, I was carrying the most powerful artifact in the world.

"I'm twenty feet in front of you," I answered.

"Aren't you ... isn't the real Bearer taller?" Valkyria asked.

I glowered. OK, I'm not into my teen growth spurt yet, but it's not I didn't pass five feet some time back. "I am tall." That's when I ran out of patience. Not one of these people had even been polite, let alone congratulated me. "Wait!," I continued, "Isn't the real Valkyria a bit less pudgy? I mean, how do you keep fitting into that armor?" Her nostrils flared. I guess she's sensitive about that line.

"You!" Valkyria shouted. "Inform the Bearer. She is to turn the Holy Namestone over to League of Nations Supreme Chancellor Lars Holmgren. Immediately! That is a direct order!" Yes, I could hear her Germanic mindset without reading her mind. And unless something had gone very wrong, the whole world had watched me do the Maze. She should have known who I was.

"I am the Bearer. If you wanted the Namestone, you should have walked the Maze first and taken it," I answered. I answered. I was calling my gifts, as fast as possible, reinforcing my shields, but when you start at absolute zero this takes a while. I confess I was getting a bit nervous that the Screaming Skull was standing there, politely not saying anything. No, we haven't met, but when your mother is a persona, you tend to inherit bits of her gift fine structure, enough that he'd eventually figure out whose daughter I must be.

"Give it to me! Now! The League has decreed: The Namestone is the property of the world." Valkyria was used to having her orders obeyed.

"Give it to you? You and which army?" I asked languidly. I should have been more polite. I will not say in my own defense that I was thoroughly exhausted, not to mention the body damage from the hand to hand combat segments.

Old English proverb: Battles are events between inadequate opportunities to rest. I'd expected congratulations. After all, people had been trying to thread the Lesser Maze for three thousand years, with no success. I'd done it.

"This one?" She waved her fingers. What had to be the

whole League of Nations Elite Strike Force teleported in at her back.

The Strike Team began to spread, left and right. "That's far enough," I announced. They kept spreading.

It's a very special gesture with hand and wrist. My palm ends up facing skyward, the Namestone burning cerulean a few inches above it, its tuneless tune distantly heard in every ear. Yes, I did remember to cue my personal theme music and body aura. No, I can still call on Namestone's power even if I can't move. And, yes, my aura actually is the same blue as the Namestone's glow. My platinum blonde hair and pale gray garb go really well with it.

"I hold the Holy Namestone. Come no farther or face my wrath." Mom taught me how to sound truly pompous. To my surprise, it worked. Europolord did not quite fall on his fat face when he tripped over his own feet. Of course, he is a Drain, so personal combat training is not quite the issue it is with his team-mates. His task is to sit there and suck the power out of his opponents, incidentally shoving it all into his personal force field. "The Namestone is mine." I announced.

"You're defying the League! International law specifies: The League of Nations owns the Namestone. Hand it over!" she shouted. In retrospect, she might have done better if she'd been a bit more tactful. She could hardly have done worse.

"You know the Maze Rule: Namestone belongs to he who takes it. I took it," I said."

No, it belongs to the League!" she screamed.

"You keep repeating that same wrong statement. I just told you: I took it. It's mine! Are you deaf, or just stupid? Or maybe both; you're for sure stupid." I answered. By now I was in a really sour mood. I really wanted to go home and go to bed. And, very soon, I would have broadened my call on enough levels of power to do just that. I could feel the teleport blocks around me, meaning I was going to need a lot of power to smash them into little pieces. No, I do not feel guilty about what was likely to happen to the people and machines casting them. Meanwhile, Valkyria is said to be short tempered. People who are busy losing their tempers for sure aren't thinking clearly, a positive outcome for me.

"Team! The Namestone is indestructible! Kill her!" Oh, dear, I thought, not to mention several other words Mum did not approve, she's more short-tempered than rumored. She could readily have drawn out this conversation for some time yet, say until I felt comfortable about teleporting out. No such luck. Valkyria drew her explosive throwing katana. Her team launched a totally bizarre mixture of high power attacks. Not one of them seemed to have noticed that if I died I would drop the Namestone, which would roll back down the Stairs into the Lesser Maze, there to be returned to the Martyr. Perhaps Valkyria counted on the explosion from her throwing sword to blast the Namestone free.

To Be Continued! I'd forgotten the Screaming Skull, not that he'd

said anything to me yet. Over-focus is very dangerous in combat, but at this point I was outnumbered close to twenty to one. The Skull used the same moment to launch his personal attack, the Shower of Total Death. Being attacked by the League of Nations Elite Team was bad news, but the Skull is a Lord of Eternity. His attack? It works on people, it works on a tree, and now I'd see if it works on me. I've actually never been positive my second level shields do anything. It's not there are a lot of second level attacks wandering around to test them against. Shields did fine. Then Valkyria's katana hit me. Of course, I've seen starcore energy densities before, the real ones, and my shields worked just fine that time, too. It's just I was very tired, the gifts being used against me were incredibly powerful, and I had to go truly deep to hold my defenses against all of them at the same time. For half an instant, the Skull looked surprised. He could tell: I was not drawing on the Namestone. He'd tried to kill me, and my personal defenses were good enough to stop his several other words that would not meet with Mum's approval attack in its tracks.

I did not give them a second chance. I'd gotten down through enough levels to hold all my shields, keep slack, smash the teleport blocks, and teleport out. I flicked my wrist back. Namestone vanished. I teleported out, far far away, all the way to the Dark Side of the Moon, then a half dozen fast jumps, one triple cycle loop, and finally a pause in case someone was following me. I'd ended someplace that looks like it could be my base. It isn't, but it looks really basey. Base-like? Basi-ous? GR, it looks like a high-power persona base. Pursuers who could track me, a truly rare gift, would see I had stopped moving and charge after me. I hadn't hurt anyone yet, but if someone followed my jumps they'd learn how good I am at wrecking things. That's very good at wrecking things. Wrecking pursuers, in particular. I waited until the teleport traces vanished. I had no pursuers. Fortunately, traces do not fade by becoming ever fainter. Traces chug on and then stop dead, gone forever. A few more jumps brought me here, my own bedroom in my very own house. I must have dropped the Namestone into its hiding place, stripped out of my garb, and fallen into bed. I really only remember closing my balcony door.

That brought me to the here and now. I was incredibly thirsty. Stomach said a solid meal was in order. I rolled out of bed, every muscle complaining, and padded to my bathroom for a glass of water. I was more than a bit cold, but water was definitely the first priority. Then I dropped into my down bathrobe, shoulder and ribs protesting at the motion, and headed to the kitchen, the night light throwing a feeble shadow along the stairs in front of me. Down bathrobe? I'd left the heat pump at low, keeping the house temperature in the mid-50s, enough to keep pipes from freezing. Yes, I have some neat photographs of the Pluto ruins, taken with me and camera inside my body field, but right now my gifts

were very definitely turned off. Doing the stairs was painful. Besides the hand-to-hand combat, the Maze set other physical and mental challenges, enough to push me to all my limits. Mum had taught me to be thoughtful and physically vigorous, but endurance and weight training only take you so far.

The oven clock said my half past dark was in fact only an hour past sunset. The night light was more than enough, especially when I knew exactly where everything was stashed. Sunset? I must have slept the day around. No, I had woken up once and again for a glass or two of water. I'd had the foresight to cook in advance. Cold chicken fresh off the bone, soda biscuits with unsalted butter, stir-fry curried vegetables warmed in the microwave, more chicken and soda biscuits, milk, sliced plum tomatoes, and finally rum raisin ice cream with chocolate fudge crumbles did just fine. I had remembered to check the bathroom scale. I had lost weight. A fair piece of weight, even allowing I'm five-foot three in bare feet. Somehow, I continue to believe the Lesser Maze will never be a major competitor as a weight-loss machine. Not with *that* casualty rate.

Very soon I was going to go back to sleep...the healing matrix said not-quite-dawn as my drift from slumber moment. Was there anything I really had to do first? The very slightest bit of telepathy, no matter how unpleasant it was, confirmed ponies and barn-cats were fine. The ponies would want curry-combing tomorrow. Dishes were rinsed and in the dishwasher. Counters were bare. I dragged myself up the stairs. Garb? It was in the closet, immaculately clean, not a stitch out of place. Clean? After what had happened to it? That must have been the Namestone, insisting that the Bearer always looks perfect. In fact, when I met Valkyria, my garb had been immaculate, down to the flawless drape of my cape. I'd remembered to flare the cape so the video audience could see my sigil.

Namestone? Safe in its hidey-hole. Anything else? Rules engines, your opinions? The usual warning is that you can carry one rules engine 'Marksman on how to shoot', or if you're really good a second 'Medico on how to use your healing matrix,' but if you try four rules engines you go bats. Mum knew how to break that limit. I'm a working demonstration. I have like fifty of them floating around, actually not inside my head where they'd cause problems, all being called at once. They all had something they wanted to tell me, but mostly they cancelled. The ones on buying and running a house were pretty calm. The *emergency priority* flag on 'Psychist – going bats for fun and profit' was firmly warning me. The Lesser Maze was too much for almost anyone, and I was building up pressure again about Mum. Okay, I don't know why she threw me out of the house, those six months ago, but she was right. I can take care of myself. I just wish I didn't have to, not with no advance notice. But still...and for a moment bitter tears overwhelmed me. I washed my face, noticed I was getting cold from standing in bare feet, and went to bed. I pulled up my quilt and drifted off, to sleep, perchance to dream.