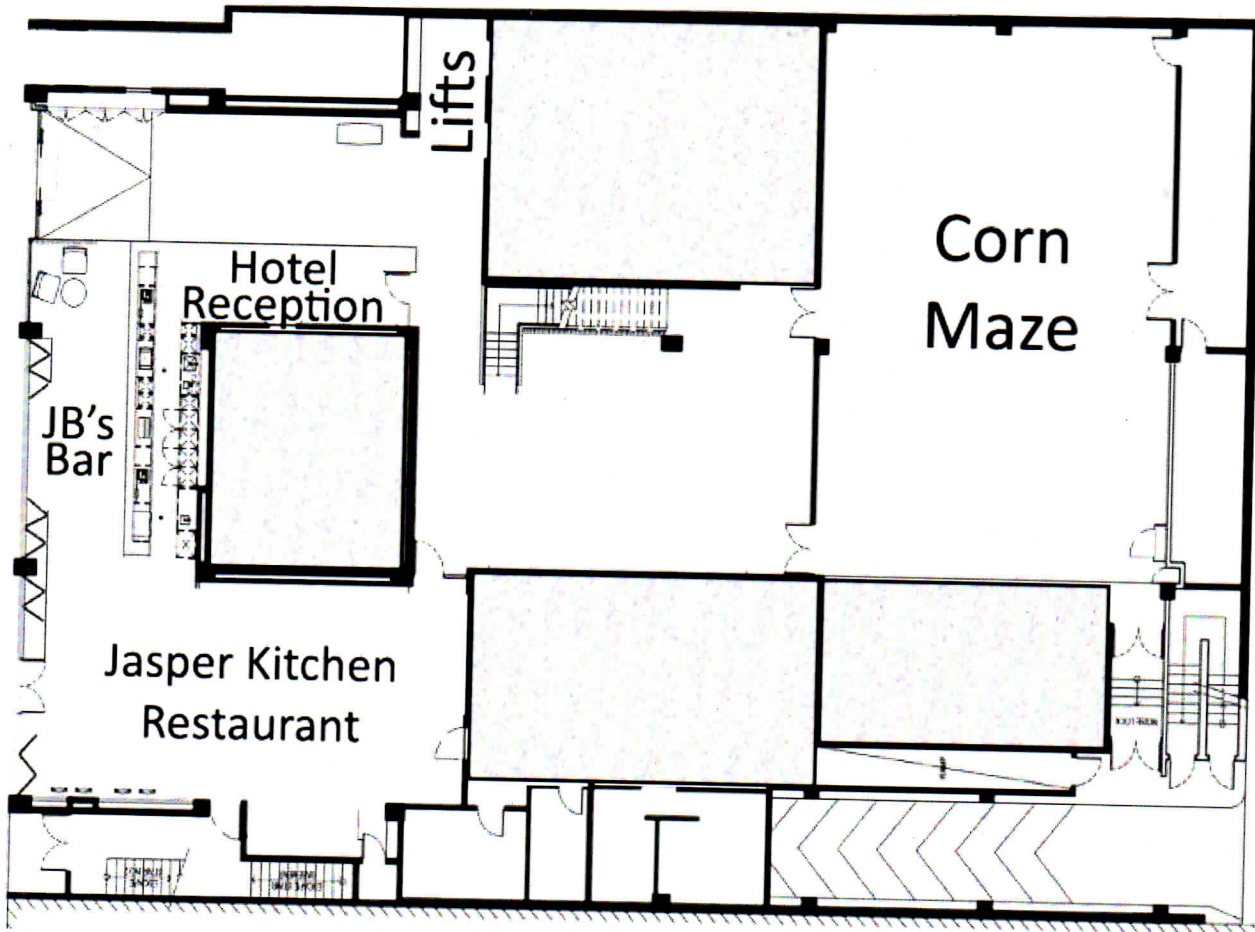




Continuum 13
Triskaidekaphilia
June 9 - 12 2017

Ground Floor: Hotel Entrance and Corn Maze Function Hall



First Floor: Registration Desk and Function Rooms

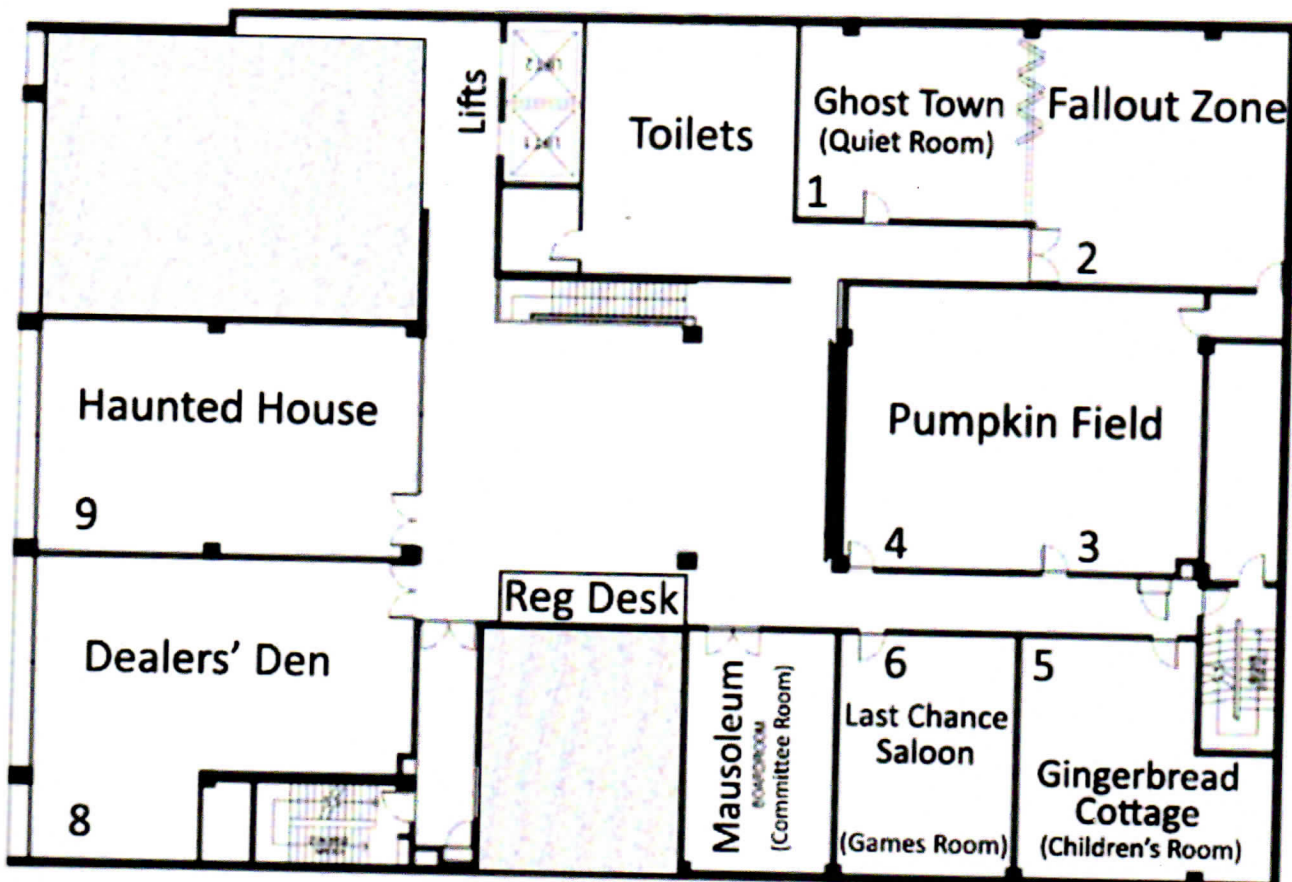


Table of Contents

Welcome to Continuum 13	2
Code of Conduct	3
Guest of Honour Profile: Seanan McGuire	6
'Office Memos' by Seanan McGuire	7
Guest of Honour Profile: Likhain	13
'An Assortment of Stories to Not-Believe' by Likhain	14
Do You Want to Get a Coffee?	16
Dealers' Den.....	18
Sunday Craft and Small Press Market.....	19
Committee Bios	20
Con Bingo and Puzzle	21
Workshops.....	22
Program	24
Friday 9th June	24
Saturday 10th June	28
Sunday 11th June	34
Monday 12th June.....	40
Ditmar Award Nominees.....	42
Continuum 13 Amateur Short Story Competition	44
'The Miller's Daughter' by E H Mann	44
'The Replicants' by Fergal Bannon	49
#con13words	53
Thank You	56



Welcome to Continuum 13

From what I have observed, there are two ways that people become chair. They get *meaningful suggestions* from previous chairs until suddenly they seem to have agreed to do this thing and aren't quite sure when they happened... Or they loudly and repeatedly say 'So and So would make a great guest' until eventually they get told if they want that person as a guest they'll have to chair themselves. And so three years later here we are...

I actually came across Seanan McGuire's work first from the audio books of her Mira Grant novels, and have since listened to audio books of everything she has done. And yet despite how much I enjoy her books, it's actually her twitter that made me want to invite Seanan here. She is an intelligent, vivacious and unique person who I think will bring much joy to you all, and it is a pleasure to have her here.

Likhain was a later addition to our con, but we are still so grateful to have found her. I was reluctant to choose a second guest for a really long time, because even though there are many local guests we would like to promote, I didn't want to have a second guest just for the sake of it. Like Seanan, despite her work being amazing it was actually Likhain's writing and general presence that made us want to invite her. She is passionate, outspoken, caring and a delight to work with.

As well as getting in new guests every year, we are also always looking for ways to bring in new fans. We have experimented this year with dramatically reducing the cost of first timer day passes, in the hope that people will see and enjoy what we do here and want to come back. We have also introduced needs based supported memberships for those that want to come but aren't able to afford it. We are really passionate about making this convention accessible to anyone, and if you or anyone you know needs this kind of assistance I strongly encourage you to look at our website for information about how to apply.

We also want to make sure the convention space itself is accessible to everyone. We know the convention space can get loud and overwhelming, and not everyone has hotel rooms here to escape too. This is why this year we have introduced the quiet room, to give people a space to read, or sit, or just take some time to themselves to relax. For those of you who want to bring your families along, we also have the kids' room, thanks to the ever generous work of David Cook and Lisa Lagergren.

I'd also like to thank all of committee for their hard work. I know that is the kind of thing that people say after every event, but this year's committee was especially hard working and talented and I am so proud of all of them. They are also all just fantastic people to hang out with, so I strongly encourage anyone interested to come hang out with us by joining committee for next year.

And lastly, thanks to all of you for coming, especially those of you who come year after year. We do this all for you, and we are delighted to have you here.

Tole Canal Continuum 13 Chair

Continuum 13 is being held on the traditional lands of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation and we acknowledge them as the traditional custodians. We pay our respects to their elders past, present, and emerging. We acknowledge the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders' imagination, spirit, and tradition of storytelling, which serves as inspiration to us all.

Code of Conduct

Continuum is dedicated to providing a positive experience for all participants. We are committed to taking all steps within our power to create a space in which people feel safe and free from harassment. As such, we expect everyone who attends our convention, whether as a guest, panellist, member or dealer, to read and agree to this code of conduct.

Consent

We believe in creating a space that is pro-consent. This means a space where people feel comfortable asking about others boundaries, and being able to express their own. Consent is not only about potential sexual situations, but also includes minor things, like "Can I sit with you?", "Would you like to chat?" or "Do you mind if I take your photo?"

Harassment

Harassment may include unwanted verbal comments (especially those related to gender, sexual orientation, disability, physical appearance, body size, race, religion, etc.), explicitness in public spaces, deliberate intimidation, stalking, following, unwanted photography or recording, sustained disruption of talks or other events, inappropriate physical contact and unwelcome sexual attention.

Any actions that make you feel uncomfortable should be considered a form of harassment and can be reported. Even if you think 'they didn't mean it' or 'it was an accident' if something occurs that you are not okay with, please feel free to bring it up with us, and we will discuss with you the best way to handle the situation.

Complaints and Breaches

If at any time during the convention you feel unsafe, threatened, harassed, or are just uncomfortable about something that is occurring, please contact a member of the committee (easily identified by their orange badges). We are available to be a sounding board for the issue, and if appropriate we will take further action. If you feel a committee member is behaving inappropriately you can report this to the chair of the convention.

If a convention attendee engages in behaviour in breach of the Code of Conduct, the Committee may take any action they deem appropriate, including warning the offender or expelling them from the convention.

All reports of harassment or inappropriate behaviour will be treated in confidence, and the wishes of the complainant will be taken into consideration before action is taken.

Junior Members

Continuum is a family friendly convention. Children are welcome in all convention spaces, and we have a dedicated playroom with children's activities. All material displayed in the conbook and at the convention will be family friendly unless otherwise marked. Breastfeeding is acceptable in any area of the con.

All children at the convention are the responsibility of the adults with whom they are attending, and must be supervised at all times. Children over 12 may be unsupervised, however we will be holding them to the same standards of conduct as our adult members, and disruptive behaviour will not be tolerated.

Panels

Our panellists have put a lot of time and energy into preparing discussions for your enjoyment and education, so please help to make it as positive an experience as possible.

We believe that the best way to facilitate conversation between panellists and the audience is through structured questions and answers. If you wish to ask the panellists a question, please raise your hand, and the

moderator will call upon you when appropriate. While other conventions may have more of a casual approach to people making unsolicited comments during panels, we feel it is disruptive and disrespectful to the panellists. Anyone refusing to comply with this process may be asked to leave by the moderator.

If you arrive late or wish to leave early for a panel, please do so as quietly as possible. Please make sure all devices are switched to silent. Tweeting, taking notes, or working on crafts are all acceptable in panels as long as they are not disruptive to other audience members or panellists.

Photography and Recordings

If you wish to take photos during panels or presentations, please:

- do so in a manner which is not distracting from, or disruptive to, the panellists or audience,
- when panels are running, take photos from the back or side of the audience,
- do not move beyond the front of the audience, behind the panellists or obstruct views,
- if you would like to take photographs during workshops, speak to the individual workshop organisers and/or participants and abide by their requests.

If you wish to record a panel or event please get permission of all participants before the event. People using recording equipment must not obstruct other people's views or thoroughfares. The Committee reserves the right to disallow filming or sound recording for any reason.

Throughout Continuum there will be a select number of panels filmed or recorded by the Committee for distribution through social media. These panels will be clearly signposted on the panel room entrance and announced at the beginning of the panel.

Outside of panels, workshops or presentations, if you wish to take photographs or recordings of individuals or small groups (fewer than 6 people), make sure you ask for their permission first. Please be aware that by attending the convention you may end up in photos people take of the space, or in the backgrounds of other people's photos.

Clothing and Footwear

Continuum does not have an official dress code, though we ask that you remember that this is a family friendly event, and that all costumes and outfits are expected to be respectful of this.

Footwear must be worn at all times for insurance purposes.

If you will be wearing a costume either during the convention or at the Maskobalo please remember that costumes:

- must not be made or trimmed with any messy substances
- may not use anything wet, oily, or dusty such as wet paint, powder or unfixed sparkle
- may not use poorly-set or sticky colouring
- may not use sharp, pointy or rough finishes that may become snagged.
- must be racially and culturally sensitive, i.e. does not appropriate anything from a race or culture of which you yourself are not a member

Weapons

No weapons are to be brought to, worn or carried at any time during the convention without prior approval of the committee.

These include but are not limited to water pistols, real or replica guns, swords or knives, and archery equipment.

If the real life version of what you're carrying can hurt people, check with us first.

Animals

No animals will be allowed in the venue other than guide dogs and other licensed assistance animals.

Property

Members are responsible for any damage that they cause to any property of either the venue or of Continuum. Please ensure you treat the venue with the proper care and respect, **and don't touch anything that doesn't belong to you.**

All technological equipment necessary for panels is the property of Continuum. Please ensure you get permission from our Tech Liaison before altering anything.

While both the convention and the venue will exercise all due care and responsibility to ensure the safety of participants and their property, no liability will be accepted for loss or damage of items or personal effects brought onto the convention site.

Hotel

As the convention site is shared with non-Continuum attendees, please be respectful of other guests staying at the venue, and act responsibly, as you will be liable for costs if you cause damage or make a mess.

Alcohol

Continuum supports the responsible service and consumption of alcohol. No alcohol is to be consumed in public spaces outside of official events. Any member who is or appears to be intoxicated may be ejected by committee or venue staff.

Smoking

The convention site is a non-smoking venue, and smoking and vaping are not permitted indoors or near the entrance to the venue.

Special Rooms

Gingerbread Cottage: our children's room is open for the duration of the convention. All children must be accompanied by an adult, and all adults must be accompanied by a child.

Last Chance Saloon: our games room is open most of each day with games available to borrow from Reg Desk. Please be mindful that there are some workshops scheduled in the games room and you may be asked to pack up while those are on.

Ghost Town: our quiet room/chillout space is for people to get away from the hustle and bustle of the convention without having to leave the convention area proper.

Guest of Honour Profile: Seanan McGuire



Seanan McGuire is the author of the October Daye urban fantasy series, the InCryptid series, and several other works, both stand-alone and in trilogies. She is the Princess of the Kingdom of Poison and Flame, otherwise known as Australia.

She was the winner of the 2010 John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, and in 2013 she became the first person ever to appear five times on the same Hugo ballot. In 2017 the October Daye series was nominated for the new Hugo category, Best Series. The first book in the Wayward Children series, *Every Heart a Doorway*, won the 2017 Nebula for Best Novella.

Seanan lives in the Pacific Northwest in her cats' house, which they graciously share with her, along with her vast collection of creepy dolls, horror movies, and sufficient books to qualify her as a fire hazard.

Find out more about Seanan at www.seananmcguire.com

Born and raised in California, **Mira Grant** has made a lifelong study of horror movies, horrible viruses, and the inevitable threat of the living dead. In college, she was voted Mostly Likely to Summon Something Horrible in the Cornfield, and was a founding member of the Horror Movie Sleep-Away Survival Camp, where her record for time survived in the Swamp Cannibals scenario remains unchallenged.

She is the author of the Newsflesh series, the Parasitology series, and other works including the forthcoming *Into the Drowning Deep*.

Mira sleeps with a machete underneath her bed, and highly suggests that you do the same.

Find out more about Mira at www.miragrants.com



Seanan's Kaffeeklatsch will be held on Saturday at 4PM. Please register your interest at Reg Desk. If there are more than eight signups, eight attendees will be selected by ballot and advised no later than 1PM Saturday.

Seanan will be doing signings at 1PM on Sunday after her Guest of Honour hour.

Office Memos

Seanán McGuire

October 11th, 16:35

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Rachel White, Director, Human Resources

Please be aware that we here at Polytechnic Engineering and Research practice non-discrimination in our hiring policies. Racial and species slurs are not tolerated on company grounds or company time. Failure to comply with HR regulations may result in censure or termination of employment contracts.

We're all adults here. Let's start acting like it.

October 11th, 16:50

To: Hank Campbell, Hanger Three

From: Eustacia

What do you suppose brought that on?

October 11th, 17:00

To: Stace

From: Hank

It probably has something to do with the lab you blew up yesterday. Remember the screaming? Most people don't *like* explosions. Explosions are generally considered undesirable in a work environment. This is a work environment.

October 11th, 17:03

To: Hank

From: Stace

If people don't like explosions, they shouldn't hire Gremlins. Explosions are what we *do*.

October 11th, 17:11

To: Stace

From: Hank

Trust me, I'm aware.

October 12th, 17:10

To: Paul Weston, Facilities Coordinator

From: Hank Campbell, Lab Tech, Hanger Three

Twenty-four hours and nothing has exploded, caught fire, or mutated out of control and tried to destroy the world. You owe me several beers and an apology, or I'll tell Eustacia you called her a purple-haired freak in front of management and inspired the increased attention from HR.

September 13th, 12:30

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Three

Please be advised that Hanger Three is currently invisible. This is due to a long and complex series of events that I do not exactly feel like explaining right at the moment. Just trust me when I say that it was all very scientific and necessary to furthering our understanding of the natural world.

As invisibility does not mean insubstantiality, attempts to walk through the hanger will merely result in physical injury. Those who have already made this attempt can testify as to the veracity of my statement. If you check your terms of employment, you will find that you cannot sue the company for injuries sustained while goofing around near invisible buildings.

Also, the next person who spray-paints their name on the invisible wall for the purposes of taking quote, "really funny pictures" will greatly regret it.

September 13th, 12:42

To: Hank Campbell

From: Paul Weston, Facilities Coordinator

"A long and complex series of events"? Hank, she used the word "veracity" in a sentence. She only does that when she's smoke screening. What did the whacko Gremlin lady *do*? More importantly, is she going to get us sued?

September 13th, 13:04

To: Paul

From: Hank Campbell, Lab Assistant, Hanger Three

She doesn't know what she did—that's why she's using the five-dollar words. Somebody bumped her, she knocked over half a dozen beakers, and the next thing you know, bang, everything non-organic in the structure is invisible. Including the structure. Did you know the Gremlin language has seventy-three ways of saying "lab accident," and they're all considered profane? At least she's cute when she's screaming herself blue in the face. (I mean that literally. She turns bright blue. Very disconcerting.)

I'll let you know when the lab comes back. And no, we're not getting sued, because the employee regulations have a section on invisibility. Seriously. I looked it up, it's really there, everybody signed it. We're in the clear.

September 13th, 13:06

To: Stace

From: Hank

Paul's already sniffing around to find out whether we can sell this. He also wants to know if we're going to be facing a lawsuit. Apparently, three per year is the company's limit. It's a little low, but it's what the boss wants.

September 13th, 13:09

To: Hank

From: Stace

If they have such a problem with being sued around here, they should stick with hiring boring human scientists. Those almost never get people sued.

September 13th, 14:11

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Three

I apologize for the current apparent absence of my lab—but there is a logical reason behind it! It's even a good one, mostly, if you comprehend the interaction between common household cleaners and chemicals imported from Faerie.

Short form: I knocked over several beakers of Underhill-grown yarrow and pennyroyal, and Mr. Campbell insisted on cleaning the mess, rather than permit me to inhale pennyroyal fumes and potentially damage the soft tissues of my lungs. Unfortunately, he decided to do so with industrial-strength army-issue floor cleaner. I am sure you see the logical and tactical error implicit in this decision.

By the time I recognized it, however, the flash explosion had already occurred, rendering lab, equipment and employees invisible. A thorough washing in a primrose/oak solution returned the employees (and associated organic materials) to standard visibility, but was unable to do the same to the lab, which I estimate will become visible again in approximately six days, when the stability of the initial chemical reaction wears off.

This may have potential local and military uses. In the meantime, however, we have been unable to locate Greg Masterson; if you step on someone you can't see, please tell him to come and check in with me.

October 2nd, 9:55

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Three

Would whoever thought it was funny to release fabric-eating locusts into my hanger during a presentation to the board of directors please see me at once? I wish to thank you for increasing my project funding by a factor of ten.

Please confirm that HR has contact information on your next of kin before visiting.

October 2nd, 10:40

To: Hank Campbell

From: Stace

Hank, how could you? Those locusts ate my favorite lab coat, as well as the clothes of everyone else in the room. There are things in this world that I was not meant to see! Mr. Peterman devoid of clothing is among them. I may not sleep for a week.

October 2nd, 10:53

To: Stace

From: Hank

Consider it revenge for whatever stupid-ass thing you're going to do next.

October 2nd, 11:06

To: Hank

From: Stace

The assumption that I'm going to do something you could describe as "stupid-ass" is racial profiling.

October 2nd, 11:30

To: Stace

From: Hank

And yet, still not wrong.

November 30th, 17:04

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Three

I need to requisition one (1) replacement vacuum chamber, three (3) replacement valve systems, two (2) gallons of pure yarrow extract, ten (10) pairs of goggles and a new lab technician, as my previous assistant on this project has stalked out muttering something about "damn workaholic Gremlins." Mr. Campbell has requested a week's reassignment to hanger two on the basis of not crushing my skull like an egg. I petition that this request be granted, as I enjoy having an uncrushed skull.

For the year to come, please assume that I will require my budget from last year, plus the standard 15% increase. Also, given current progress and project status, I estimate that we will require a new lab building no later than March, due to the total destruction of hanger three.

December 5th, 16:02

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger TBD

Please watch for falling debris in the area of what was previously designated as hanger three, as the anti-gravity effect which caused the hanger to explosively disassemble itself is still collapsing, and has been showering the surrounding area with rubble at a rate of approximately one hundred and fifty pounds (150 lb.) per hour. You do not want to be standing underneath my kiln when it comes down.

In other news, Michael Lewis, Jonathan Crimin, and Louise Simmons are missing, and believed to still be located within the flying hanger. Should you see one of your fellow employees making an abrupt, unplanned descent from their current locale, please assist them by providing a soft object on which they may land.

December 5th, 16:09

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger TBD

So my estimate was a little short. Is hanger four available yet?

December 22nd, 12:33

To: Hank

From: Stace

I said I was sorry I accidentally levitated your favorite hammer into the Pacific jet stream. Are you done being mad at me yet?

December 22nd, 12:50

To: Stace

From: Hank

No.

January 10th, 10:48

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

Thank you to everyone who has assisted with the relocation of my surviving lab equipment and assistants into hanger four. I did not, however, appreciate the inclusion of the photographic spread from the locust incident, or the sudden inexplicable invasion of giant ants. Would whatever amateur entomologist we have here on at the office please cease and desist immediately, before I am forced to retaliate in kind? You don't want me to start down that road, you really don't. I have a deviant and twisty mind when it comes to taking revenge for someone filling my vacuum chamber with giant ants.

January 10th, 16:31

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

ANTS! ANTS ANTS ANTS ANTS I HATE ANTS!!! Make this stop. I request that Mr. Campbell be reassigned to my hanger, as he needs to crush someone's skull like an egg.

February 2nd, 9:23

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

The area surrounding hanger four is currently suffering temporal flux. If you are not immortal and do not wish to re-experience puberty, please avoid entering the area marked off with the yellow flags for the next four days. Those employees already reduced to an age below the cut-off point for gainful employment in the state of California will retain all standard benefits, but will be required to re-enroll in school at the appropriate grade.

Those employees over the age of sixty-five may negotiate brief trips into the field if they wish to delay retirement.

February 2nd, 14:51

To: ALL EMPLOYEES

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

Please stop using the time distortion field to age your cheese. It is an inappropriate use of scientific resources, and anyway, you can't start with Velveeta and expect to get anything decent out the other end. Go to the grocery store and buy something worth consuming if you insist on putting the fruits of twisted science into your mouths.

Amateurs.

March 19th, 15:17

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research

From: Eustacia ni'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

I am afraid that neither I nor any of my staff will be reporting for work for the next three days, as we have managed to accidentally unlock the secret of gender inversion. In other news, we are now the only all-female work-crew within the company.

In order to attempt reversion of this process, I will need five hundred pounds (500 lb.) of clean liquid-state protein, contained in a sterile vat. I will also require seventy boxes of industrial gauze and seventy pounds (70 lb.) of the best chocolate you can locate. This is very, very important.

March 19th, 15:17

To: Stace
From: Hank

I am going to kill you. Just as soon as you fix this.

Don't think retrieving my hammer means that I won't.

April 16th, 16:11

To: Alexander Peterman, CEO, Polytechnic Engineering and Research
From: Eustacia ní'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

Regarding those employees who have chosen to stay female: I don't know what you're supposed to tell their wives. If they turn down the reversion, I cannot legally force them to accept medical attention. Please do not yell at me—it's not like this was my idea. Besides, they seem quite happy as they currently are.

April 16th, 16:30

To: Hank
From: Stace

Still mad at me?

April 16th, 16:30

To: Stace
From: Hank

Yes. Now take a vacation or I'll kill you.

April 19th, 12:42

To: Stace
From: Hank

I got us tickets on the Avalon Ferry. We're going to go see the dragons spawning. Your time off request has been approved by HR, and your bags are packed. Resistance won't do you any good. I have a hammer, and I know how to use it.

April 19th, 18:43

To: ALL EMPLOYEES
From: Eustacia ní'Aiodhan, Director, Hanger Four

First, let me apologize for the infestation of pixies that has inexplicably taken apart hanger two, where that illegal insect modification lab was discovered. I can't guess what set them off, and certainly have no idea as to their origins.

I will be away for the next week. Please try not to burn the place down.

That's still my job.

Guest of Honour Profile: Likhain

Likhain is a Filipina artist and writer. Her art has appeared in *An Alphabet of Embers* ed. Rose Lemberg, *Editions Jentayu 2* ed. Jerome Bouchaud, *Lackington's* ed. Ranylt Richildis, and *VICE Australia*, as well as in covers for *The Lilies of Dawn* by Vanessa Fogg, *The Towers, The Moon* by Andrea K. Höst, *The Terracotta Bride* and *Spirits Abroad* (ebook version) by Zen Cho, and *Myriad Lands* volumes 1 and 2 published by Guardbridge Books, among others.

As **M Sereno**, she has been published in *Strange Horizons*, *Uncanny*, *Interfictions*, *Goblin Fruit*, *Stone Telling*, *Through the Gate*, and *inkscrawl*. She is a 2016 Tiptree Fellow and a 2017 Hugo Award finalist for Best Fan Artist.

A wayward daughter of Metro Manila, she now lives in rural Australia with her partner, two Pomeranians, and a princess cat.

Find her online at www.likhain.net and www.facebook.com/likhainstudio or on Twitter as @likhain.



Mia's Kaffeeklatsch will be held on Sunday at 10AM. Please register your interest at Reg Desk. If there are more than eight signups, eight attendees will be selected by ballot and advised no later than 5PM Saturday.

An Assortment of Stories to Not-Believe

Likhain

Here is a partial list of superstitions whose weight feels familiar against my skin:

Do not pass anthills without seeking permission or warning the invisible beings your steps might accidentally crush.

Do not sing in front of the stove, lest you grow up an old maid. Do not sweep the floors at night, lest you sweep all good luck out—or usher spirits in.

Do not sleep with wet hair, lest you wake up mad.

To confuse the monsters hunting you through the forests of the night, turn your clothes inside out. Or burn them. Or eat the ashes; or eat garlic, or salt; or sing; or do not sing; or do not let them find you, do not let them smell you, do not be prey.

When I was seven, newly returned to the Philippines after a couple of years abroad, I learned what superstitions were. I mean I went from simply knowing the dictionary definition to living alongside superstitions as one lives alongside neighbours: nearby, but in separate houses. The day this happened I was sitting with my classmates on some outdoor benches, in one of the park-like, tree-ringed spaces in my school. Towards the edge of the grassy space, in a corner all by itself, hunched a strange, dark tree, overgrown with shadows and long roots hanging from its branches.

“What’s that tree called?” I asked my classmates, pointing.

They all looked horrified. I might have heard someone gasp. “Bite your finger, quick!” one of them said.

“But why? What’s that tree? Why are you so scared?”

“Just do it!” someone practically yelled at me. Increasingly bewildered, I did as I was told. “Now spit on the ground,” they instructed. I did that too.

Once my classmates were calmer, they explained that the tree was a *balete*—a common home of spirits both malicious and benign. And everyone, *everyone*, knew that they didn’t like being pointed at, because that was rude, and what kind of person was impolite to supernatural spirits? Only a silly person with no sense of self-preservation, that’s what.

I never did point at a *balete* again. Whatever for? Anyway, it was better to err on the side of caution. Especially in my country.

Here are more superstitions that lived next to me, growing up:

If you drop cutlery while eating, this means a guest will arrive at your home soon. If you dropped a fork, your future guest is a man; if a spoon, a woman. (But what if you drop a knife? I asked, and was told, *Don’t drop knives, that’s silly and dangerous.*)

After you have risen from a rocking chair, do not leave it still in motion. Bring it to rest before walking away, lest spirits use it as an opportunity to haunt you.

To dream of teeth is to dream of death.

Do not pause in front of a mirror at night, holding the candle you lit after the electricity went out for the fifth time this week-- why would you? What would possess you to do such a thing? What is that smoke, wisping upward toward your face, towards your eyes?-- no, no, do not do it. Safer not to do it.

This last one is perhaps not a superstition. Perhaps merely a sensible measure of common sense.

It's been... different, migrating to a country where these little details—the what-ifs, the might-as-wells, the just-to-make-sures—are strangely absent; there's a hollowness just above my skin sometimes, a kind of tenuous lack. It is not simply that the people I met in Australia pay no attention to anthills, or the significance of falling cutlery; it is that the entire framework of it, the idea that another world lives superimposed on our tangible one, is missing.

Or maybe I have just not been here long enough, and I'm looking in the wrong places, or haven't listened to enough cautionary tales or the right kinds of stories.

It would be nice to learn what shape superstition takes here, what little horrors lift the hairs on the back of people's necks. I will not laugh at what you tell me; but then, I expect the same with regard to my irrationally meticulous treatment of rocking chairs. I want to know, I think, because what people may hold as their what-ifs and just-in-cases can be very interesting: these not-quite-beliefs, these tiny possible fears that people fold away and tuck into their pockets and sometimes absently fiddle with, when they forget to be practical and properly grown-up and real.

Here is another story, not quite a superstition:

A teacher was on her way out of her hospital after a late night visit to a sick relative. After she entered the elevator, she was surprised to see the only other occupant, a young man in scrubs, quickly hit the "close doors" button even though a woman was hurrying towards the elevator and gesturing frantically at them to wait for her.

"Why did you do that?" the teacher asked. "We're not in a hurry."

The young man grimaced. "Didn't you see the wristband she was wearing? That's what they use to tag corpses in the morgue."

With a chill, the teacher realised the young man was wearing the same band around his wrist.

And this is why I do not talk to people in elevators.

I hope you have a lovely Continuum weekend!

Pasintabi po,
Mia



Do You Want to Get a Coffee?

(it doesn't have to be a coffee)

There are many different locations you can go to get a coffee, or food, or just a break from the convention.

At the Queen Victoria Market, you can find lots of fresh produce for your breakfast/lunch (both in the produce section, Deli Hall, and String Bean Alley—although the String Bean Alley shops are largely not accessible by wheelchair), coffee locations, food halls, and many more wonderful features. The market will be open on Friday (6AM–3PM), Saturday (6AM–3PM), and Sunday (9AM–4PM).

Of course, you may decide that you want ready-made meals and the 24/7 McDonald's next door would just be too much McDonald's for one weekend. Here are some (hopefully accessible) suggestions from us at Continuum!

- 7-Eleven—(ubiquitous, but the nearest is) 463 Elizabeth Street
- The Borek Bakehouse—481 Elizabeth Street
- By Korea—379 Elizabeth Street
- Café Victoria—517 Elizabeth Street
- Classic Curry—597 Elizabeth Street
- Coffea Café - 521 Elizabeth Street
- CY Sushi & Noodle—471 Elizabeth Street
- La Porchetta—308 Victoria Street
- Menya Ramen—439 Elizabeth Street
- NeNe Chicken—410 Elizabeth Street
- Pie Face—415 Elizabeth Street
- Sarawak Kitchen—469 Elizabeth Street
- Simply Spanish Café—513 Elizabeth Street
- Subway—463 Elizabeth Street
- Wing Loong Chinese Restaurant—512 Elizabeth Street

You can also travel north to Lygon Street, but we can only recommend that if you want to take more than the hour's meal break—and who wants to miss out on our wonderful programming?

The nearest ATMs to Continuum are in the Queen Victoria Market (QVM), but on weekends the queues to get to them can be daunting. We recommend using a banking app on your smartphone to find the nearest ATMs, but here is a rough list of the nearest ATMs to the Jasper:

Bendigo Bank	Melbourne Central
Bank of Melbourne	Westpac ATM at QVM; Melbourne Central
Westpac	ATM at QVM; Melbourne Central; 55 Errol Street, North Melbourne
ANZ	ATM at QVM; 353 Elizabeth Street; Flagstaff Station; Melbourne Central; 77 Errol Street, North Melbourne
Commonwealth Bank	ATM at QVM (multiple); Melbourne Central (multiple); 51-53 Errol Street, North Melbourne

We have a quiet room this year (the Ghost Town), but if you want to head to a park/open space for some chill out time, Flagstaff Gardens is around a ten minute walk away. You can cut through QVM to get there, or go down Franklin Street to Williams Street.

We're still in the free tram zone, but only just! If you are travelling north, away from the city centre, you will need a Myki. You can purchase a Myki at:

- Victoria Market Pharmacy
- Elizabeth Supermarket/Convenience Store (right across the road)
- 7-Eleven Victoria Market (virtually next door)
- Victoria Market TattsLotto

We have a tram stop virtually outside the Jasper. From here, you can catch routes 19, 57, and 59 along Elizabeth Street. Trams on Elizabeth Street connect with most other services from Melbourne's outer suburbs.

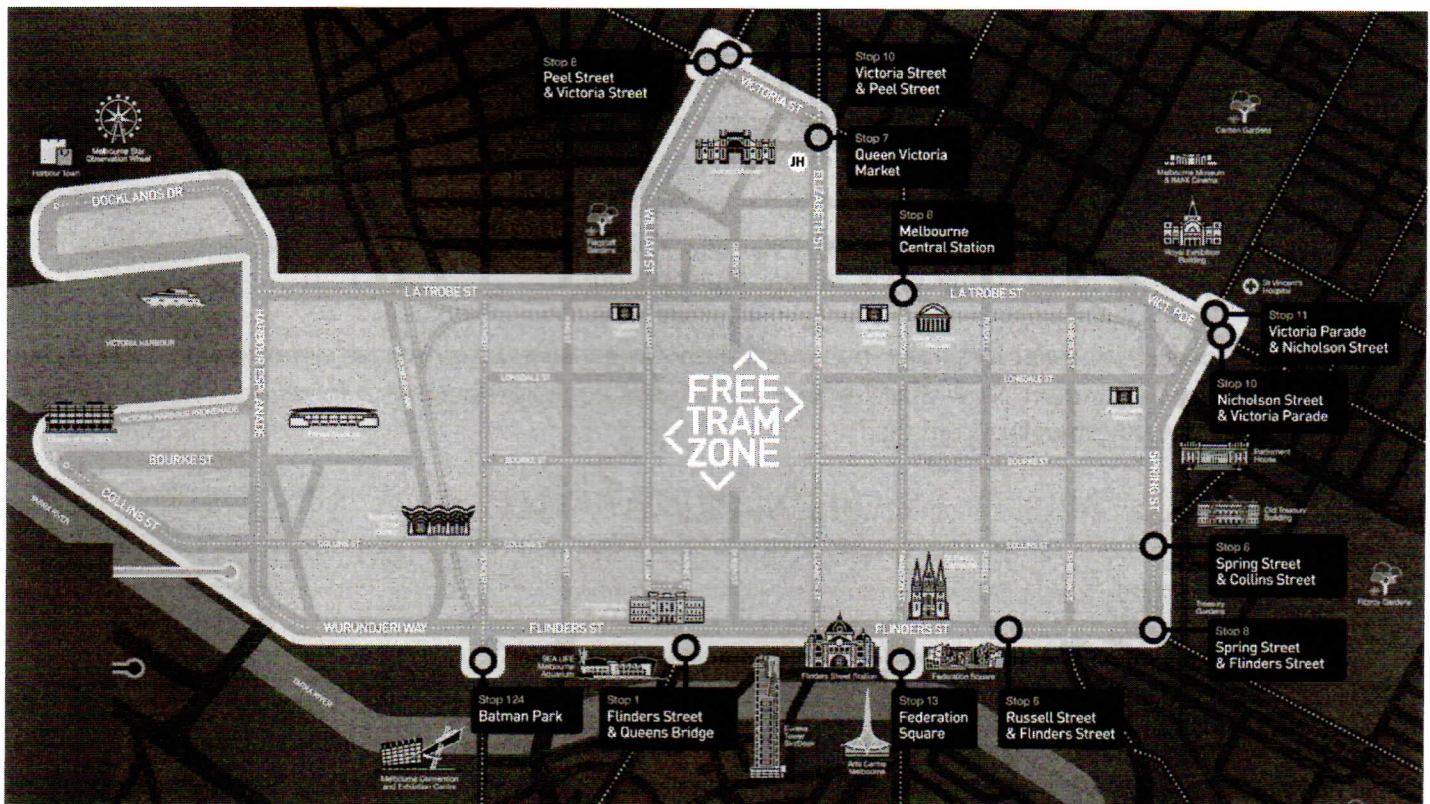
Other tram routes within 200 metres of Jasper Hotel are Swanston Street 1,3/3a, 5, 6, 16, 64, and 72, and Latrobe Street 30. The free City Circle tram also runs along Latrobe Street via many train stations and local attractions.

The tram stop outside the Jasper on Elizabeth Street is an accessible tram stop; of the trams that stop there, the 19 tram is accessible at all times. Routes 5, 6, 16 and 72 are partly serviced by low floor trams.

Our nearest train station is Melbourne Central (200m down Elizabeth Street).

We hope you find the information we've provided useful!

Jasper Hotel (JH): 498 Elizabeth Street.



Dealers' Den

Located in Function Room 8, the Dealers' Den opening hours are:

Friday 4PM–9PM
Saturday 10AM–6PM
Sunday 10AM–6PM
Monday 10AM–1PM

Celestial Cobbler, selling hand painted silks, handmade ceramics, jewellery bookmarks and jewellery www.celestialcobbler.com, is sharing space with **Peggy Bright Books** who proudly publishes square pegs for round holes. www.peggybrightbooks.com

Chimaera Publications has been publishing **Aurealis** magazine since 1990, and have just celebrated their 100th issue. You might also know them as the people who run the Aurealis Awards. aurealis.com.au

DUFF: The Down Under Fan Fund was created by John Foyster in 1970 as a means of increasing the face-to-face communication between science fiction fans in Australia and New Zealand, and North America. downunderfanfund.wordpress.com

Higimura Studios brings unique pieces of mobile memory art with customised and personalised badges. Cartoonist and Art Entertainer. YT: www.youtube.com/channel/UCV1KTheS-FoEv6M0xnxi0YA
FB: www.facebook.com/HigimuraStudios IG: www.instagram.com/higimura_studios

Narrelle Harris' Kitty and Cadaver book is about rock and roll as magic and saving the world from monsters. A craft project creating jewellery out of broken instruments evolved from the book. Stop by for Kitty-related jewellery, Narrelle's latest book, and a chat. www.narrellemharris.com

Odyssey Writers Carolyn Denman, Sue Parritt and Rachel Nightingale from the publishing house Odyssey Books. Odyssey Books is committed to publishing engaging and beautifully written books. odysseybooks.com.au
They are joined by artist Nadia Turner www.waywardharper.com

Slow Glass Books and its owner Justin Ackroyd are a Melbourne institution and have ensured all the best books are available every Continuum. Slow Glass specialises in being a mail order service for science fiction, fantasy, and horror books. www.slowglass.com.au

Tiddles Emporium is an eclectic collection of handmade jewellery and accessories covering science fiction and fantasy, steampunk, horror, goth, and torture devices. www.facebook.com/TiddlesEmporium
www.etsy.com/au/shop/tiddlesemp

Come and find out about the **World Science Fiction Convention**, with representatives present from Worldcon75 (2017 in Helsinki www.worldcon.fi). You can also talk to them about and help support the Dublin in 2019 (dublin2019.com) and New Zealand in 2020 (nzin2020.org) Worldcon bids; we can't do it without you!

Sunday Craft and Small Press Market

You can find the market in the foyer of the con space on Sunday between 1pm and 5pm.

The Australian Science Fiction Foundation sponsors and encourages the creation and appreciation of science fiction in Australia. They will have a display and be selling memberships.

asff.org.au

Devin Madson is an Australian fantasy author. Big surprise, she'll be selling books, including *The Vengeance Trilogy*. Stop by and say hi!

www.devinmadson.com

Essence of Eclectic: Kathryn Andersen uses beaded crochet, chainmaille, Kumihimo, spool knitting, Lucet cords, metal stamping, wire wrapping, resin casting, and combinations of all of the above to bring her designs to life.

essenceofeclectic.etsy.com

FableCroft Publishing is a boutique press dedicated to the future of speculative fiction in Australia. FableCroft has a charter to promote both emerging and established authors and artists in the speculative fiction field, as well as the broad genre as a whole, and they will be selling books.

fablecroft.com.au

Likhain is our Hugo-nominated Guest of Honour, and will be selling her art prints.

www.likhain.net www.patreon.com/likhain

Michelle Harford offers unique handmade jewellery, art, zines, occult paraphernalia and other original hand crafted items.

a-thousand-hungry-thorns.com www.instagram.com/athousandhungrythorns

Rachel Holkner will be found selling dolls and fashion accessories.

cochineal.etsy.com

Tale Publishing will have for sale copies of Robert New's novel, *Incite Insight*, a speculative crime thriller.

robertsnew.com/books talepublishing.com/authors-and-books



Committee Bios

Tole Canal: Chair

Tole Canal is chair this year and so is currently too busy running around like a mad thing to write a serious bio. She likes piña coladas and long walks in the rain. She is the eye of the tiger and a bat out of hell. She is stardust, she is golden, and she's got to get herself back to the committee room.

*****Julia***: Programming**

Julia is actually a small constellation slightly to the left of Barnard's Star. She was originally going to be part of the zodiac, but one great diviner foretold that if the zodiac included the sign Julia, so many fantastic people would be born under that sign that the Earth would eventually implode under the weight of awesome.

Liz Barr: Programming

Liz quilted herself together out of a multitude of small and lovely pieces of fabric. One day she will engulf the world with patchwork. If she invites you to touch anything she has made, do so with caution.

Liz can be found on Twitter at @_lizbarr, and she blogs with Actual Penguin Stephanie Lai at no-award.net.

Sarah Bassett: Events

Sarah lives in a corner of the Hoyts website and ventures out to run Continuum social events, particularly movies. She is made entirely of Legos and can fire parts of herself out for people to step on unawares, so woe betide anyone who breaches the Code of Conduct.

Find her on Twitter @distantmoonlite

Edie Hawthorne: Memberships

Edie aka Brie has been a science fiction and fantasy fan for as long as she can remember. Before that she is not really sure what her past selves were up to. Her future self hopes to see your future selves at C14, where she and Sarah's future self will co-chair, or maybe merge into one two-headed, four-armed, four-legged chairbeing.

Belle McQuattie: Social Media

Belle is not a) from *Beauty and the Beast*; b) Big Ben; or c) that annoying thing that summons you back to class from recess. She has reordered time, she has turned the world upside down, and she has done it all to make sure you are as aware of Continuum's ongoing hijinks as possible¹.

Lauren E. Mitchell: Secretary²

Lauren is comprised of several small fancreatures in a 33-year-old body, all of whom have differing opinions on which book should be plucked from the to be read pile next. They have already been distracted three times during writing this by other Continuum-related tasks. If you're trying to find Lauren at Continuum, your best bet is to look for purple hair.

You can find them online at laurenmitchell.net and @LEBMitchell. Hashtag con13.

Dayna Swiatek: Treasurer

Numbers written on restaurant checks within the confines of restaurants do not follow the same mathematical laws as numbers written on any other pieces of paper in any other parts of the Universe. This single statement took the scientific world by storm. It completely revolutionised it³. Then Dayna took it *one step further*.

¹ If you don't get this quote there's nothing we can do to help you.

² 'Secretary' is a word which here means 'person who thought they were just going to be taking minutes and helping out at the con itself, but somehow ended up in charge of the conbook, which results in footnotes like this'.

³ Yes, this is shamelessly cribbed from Douglas Adams.

Con Bingo

Attend the Maskobalo or Ditmar Awards	Chat to the friendly faces at the Reg Desk	Let the games begin! Attend the Opening Ceremony	Tweet, tweet #con13
Adopt an Author: Attend a Book Launch	Sunshine in the Morning (Visit Reg Desk before 10AM)	Ooooh Shiny! Visit the Dealers' Den	Vampire Hour (Visit Reg Desk after 9PM)
All Round Room Hero (Visit all the rooms)	So long, farewell... Attend the Closing Ceremony	Going once, going twice... Attend the Fan Fund Auction	Game Away an Hour... or two, or three...
Take a moment to chill out in our quiet room	Take a Peek at the Sunday Market	Noms and Chatter! Attend a hosted lunch/dinner	Hydration Station Water is good for you! (Unless you're a Gremlin.)

Collect a sticker (or stickers) from Reg Desk to complete!

Puzzle

p w s w m y e s z c m e s p p
 b a g e x c r v r l q h t h u
 g i l f s e r o o d z y s o f
 t a n i d n w o s l g b e b k
 s p m d n s a a w z v s r i w
 v p a q p d j p e d p n o a p
 w l n e v v r v x a s u f p y
 l i k m a f r o c e q f u j f
 p a n v g s b e m z o n r e c
 t n p v l g d p m e p r a i w
 m c u q j e d w p g s n w k s
 s e y q a s e c a l p k r o w
 w s v t s h o w e r s h t o m
 y u h d i w a p l i m w v q j
 d p v p j l b s t e i x r i g

appliances
 crowds
 crows
 expanses
 forests
 ladders
 love
 moths
 palindromes
 phobia
 showers
 spacedeath
 workplaces

Workshops

Please enquire at Reg Desk if you wish to attend one of these workshops, as some have a capacity limit and some have an entry cost.

From the Inside, Out

Aiki Flinthart

Cost: free

Capacity: 20

Timeslot: Friday 8:30PM-9:30PM

Many authors create characters beginning with appearance, name, and major past trauma—externals. This workshop will help them create richer characters, from the inside, out. Beginning with an understanding of the basic personality types (using an easy, 4-personality profiling system), attendees understand how these combine, conflict and complement each other; what motivates them; how they handle stress; how they express love.

Goofball Dancing

Rachel Holkner

Cost: free

Timeslot: Saturday 10:00AM-11:00AM

Interpretive dance has become a bit of a joke in arts circles, but it's high(-kicking) time it was brought back and given the respect it deserves. This is a workshop for exploring what your body can do, listening and responding to music and not giving a pig's fiddle what the person next to you thinks of it. Build confidence, work on some new brain connections, warm up for the Maskobalo, or shake off last night's excesses. Whatever your reason this will be a safe and fun place for you to act like a total goofball. I promise there will be no Jane Fonda style aerobics, no Zumba and no flash-mobbing of any kind. Wear non-restrictive clothing and sports shoes.

Learn to Crochet

Kathryn Andersen

Cost: \$10 (to cover materials)

Capacity: 8

Timeslot: Friday 6:00PM-8:00PM

Need something to do with your hands during long panels? Learn to crochet! Kathryn will introduce you to the basics, and provide a crochet hook and a ball of yarn.

The Mechanics of Short Speculative Fiction

Cat Sparks

Cost: free

Capacity: 15

Timeslot: Saturday 10:00AM-12:00PM

This workshop aims to examine the elements required in creating a publishable short speculative fiction story, from opening hook through to closing sentence. We will examine story vs plot; inspiration; story structure; believable characters; strong beginnings, middle and ends; point-of-view; setting; conflict, and theme; tips on making every sentence count; paying markets; critique groups; how much revision is too much; cover letters and submission etiquette; rejection and how to deal with it.

Trial by Dice

Rachel Holkner

Cost: free

Capacity: 20

Timeslot: Saturday 2:00PM-3:00PM

Think you're a whizz with a board game? Ever tried making one? In this workshop you'll be designing a brand new tabletop game using a cornucopia of mystery objects. This friendly contest will have you using your creativity, your expertise in game-play strategies and years of experience in fooling around with toys. Your team of four will have to cooperate well enough to come up with rules, instructions, board, everything, and in just 30 minutes!

Visual Storytelling: the Art and Science of Writing Comics

Jason Franks

Cost: free

Capacity: 15

Timeslot: Sunday 10:00AM-12:00PM

Writing comics is a challenge, even for writers experienced in other media: you don't have to be able to draw, but you do have to understand how to talk about art and how to sequence it into a narrative. In this two hour workshop, Jason Franks, writer of *The Sixsmiths* and *Left Hand Path*, will teach you all you need to get started in turning your story idea a script that you can give to any comics artist.

Writing Professional Fiction

Jack Dann

Cost: \$65

Capacity: 20

Timeslot: Saturday 2:00PM-4:30PM

This 2½ hour intensive with Nebula, World Fantasy, and Shirley Jackson Award winner Jack Dann is a results-oriented workshop that can change the way you approach the craft of writing. It offers participants a hands-on, step-by-step writing strategy and a unique opportunity to broaden their working understanding of speculative fiction with a writer of international renown.

Writing Other Cultures

Dr Gillian Polack

Cost: \$60

Capacity: TBA (enquire at Reg Desk)

Timeslot: Sunday 2:00PM-5:00PM

This workshop is all about writing cultures and people from them into your fiction. What makes a culture? How do we see ourselves? How do we depict ourselves? How do we depict other people? Where do issues such as respect, appropriation, research and understanding come in and how should we handle them? This workshop will be useful for writers who use current or historic cultures in their fiction as well as for writers who are working with invented cultures.

Kaffeeklatsches

Kaffeeklatsch with Seanan McGuire: 4PM Saturday

Kaffeeklatsch with Likhain: 10AM Sunday

See Reg Desk for signup details!

Friday 9th June: Part One

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
3:00 PM		
4:00 PM		
5:00 PM	To Be Continued...	The Romantic Roots of Fantasy
	Nathan Farrugia, Gillian Polack, Seanan McGuire, Tansy Rayner Roberts	Janeen Webb
	Serialised fiction is making a comeback facilitated by modern technology like blogs and Wattpad. How does the reading experience change when you can only read so much of the story at a time and does it change the writing process?	Modern fantasy has its roots deep in the ancient realms of myth, epic and medieval romance—forms that had largely fallen out of fashion until revived by the Romantic Movement with its emphasis on intense emotion and individual heroism. Join us for a tour through the Romantic literature that inspired our greatest fantasists.
6:00 PM	Launch: LOTUS BLUE and CROSSROADS OF CANOPY	Creativity and Mental Health
	Cat Sparks, Thoraiya Dyer Jack Dann, Janeen Webb	Likhain, Creatrix Tiara, Lauren E. Mitchell, Mary Borsellino, Dorian Ellis
	Jack Dann and Janeen Webb launch Cat Sparks' debut novel <i>Lotus Blue</i> (Talos Press) and Thoraiya Dyer's debut novel <i>Crossroads of Canopy</i> (Tor Books)	From histories of brilliant artists with mental illnesses, to deconstructing the trope of the suffering creative, to exploring our own experiences.
7:00 PM	Brain Undead	Thirteen Dubious Lessons from History
	Figgy O'Connell, Seanan McGuire, Rob Hood, Justin Woolley	Dr Gillian Polack
	For decades zombies have been mindless undead seeking only to feast on the living. Recent movies and series like <i>Warm Bodies</i> , <i>iZombie</i> and <i>Santa Clarita Diet</i> have given them back their humanity. Are the new generation really zombies or just people with a penchant for eating brains?	History is full of glorious byways and charming anecdotes. This talk is not about those. Gillian will present thirteen lessons that your life is better without.
8:00 PM	Opening Ceremony	

Friday 9th June: Part One

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
3:00 PM			
4:00 PM			
5:00 PM	The Upside Down		OPEN FOR GAMING 5:00PM-6:00PM Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Zen Fletcher, Rachel Holkner, Lynelle Howell, Robert New <i>Stranger Things</i> tapped into a deep love of 80s movies and nostalgia. We discuss the Duffer Brothers' Netflix sensation and ponder what adventures season 2 will take us on.		
6:00 PM	Not What They Seem: Twin Peaks	Continuum 101	Workshop: Crochet
	Grant Watson, Hayley Inch, Narrelle Harris	Danny Oz, PRK, Sharon Moseley	Kathryn Andersen
	Get yourself a cup of coffee and some damn fine pie and pull up a log—it's time to go back to Twin Peaks.	New to Continuum? Come chat to Continuum veterans about what to expect and how to get the most out of your convention.	Need something to do with your hands during long panels? Learn to crochet! Kathryn will introduce you to the basics, and provide a crochet hook and a ball of yarn.
7:00 PM	AN ECLECTIC COLLECTION and MATTERS ARISING launch	Moderating 101	Workshop: Crochet
	Edwina Harvey, Simon Petrie	Stephanie Lai, PRK, Jason Nahrung	Kathryn Andersen
	Peggy Bright	A quick and dirty guide to wrangling panellists and audience members, from some of our most experienced and effective mods.	
8:00 PM			

Friday 9th June: Part Two

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
8:30 PM	Asian Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror	Mad Max
	Devin Jeyathurai, Stephanie Lai, Likhain	Nathan Cooper, Dorian Ellis, Dan Berryman, El Naismith, Rachel Holkner
	Exploring the speculative fiction of our neighbours and their diaspora.	A tour through the movies, world and themes of the franchise.
9:30 PM	The Great KPOP Party	DC TV
	Candice Schilder	Tori, Mitch, Craig Irvine, Julia, Alice Clarke
	The success of a song in the Korean music industry is measured with many metrics—including YouTube hits. The way to get more YouTube hits is to make an amazing video clip. Come witness the spectacle of amazing clips from the genres of science fiction, fantasy and horror.	The DC TV universe is self-contained and completely different in tone and style to that of the movies. Does this make it harder or easier for new fans to jump into the comics? Which series is best, and which do we want to see improve? What's the crossover event of our dreams?
10:30 PM	The Great KPOP Party	
	Candice Schilder	

Friday 9th June: Part Two

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
8:30 PM	1001 Ways to Die in Space	Workshop: From the Inside, Out	OPEN FOR GAMING 8:30PM-CLOSE Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Amie Kaufman, Jay Kristoff	Aiki Flinthart	
	Amie Kaufman and Jay Kristoff, authors of <i>Illuminae</i> , <i>Gemina</i> and the upcoming <i>Obsidia</i> , are here to chill your spine as they come up with increasingly strange, horrifying and unpleasant ways to die... in space.	This workshop will help writers create richer characters, from the inside, out. Beginning with an understanding of the basic personality types (using an easy, 4-personality profiling system), attendees understand how these combine, conflict and complement each other; what motivates them; how they handle stress; how they express love.	
9:30 PM	Saving the Future with Science Fiction!	Parallel Universes	
	Claire Fitzpatrick, Nuke, El Naismith, Rachel Nightingale	Shane Morrissey and Geoff Allshorn	
	Could the new crop of sci-fi writers generate ideas for technological innovations or solutions to some of the world's major problems, such as climate change?	Shane and Geoff have many parallels within their lives. They are both gay men living in Melbourne, and they have both been lifelong science fiction fans. Perhaps most pointedly, they have both founded two science fiction clubs, and in each case one of their clubs has lasted for decades. In this panel, they will reflect upon success in fandom, and what queer perspectives might contribute to a genre that highlights otherness. They also ponder inclusivity in SF, and what role (if any) white male privilege may play in the genre.	
10:30 PM			

Saturday 10th June: Part One

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
9:00 AM	Safety Lights are for Dudes!	Light in Shadows: How to Effectively Apply Fear in Games
	Seanan McGuire, Julia, Alex Pierce, Zen Fletcher, Darren Sanderson	Brian Holland
	Sure, we could talk about the controversy (women? busting ghosts?! OUTRAGEOUS!)—or we could talk about the important things: will there be a sequel? Will Kevin ever figure out how a telephone works? Come on in and ruin a childhood!	Fear is one of the most primal emotions; why is it so difficult to get right? Join us as we discuss the varying aspects of fear, deconstruct the nature of horror games, and analyse how best to apply fear to your game.
10:00 AM	Fun With Fan Funds	The Bioware Panel Slightly Approves
	Lynelle Howell, Paul Weimer, Donna Maree Hanson, Fe Waters	Rivqa Rafael, Bismuth Hoban, Liz Barr, Kat Clay, Emma Osborne, Elaine Cuyegkeng
	Fan funds enable people to attend conventions they wouldn't normally be able to access due to geography and expense, and reinforce the fannish community. Our delegates discuss their fan fund campaigns and the future of the concept.	Bioware games! The good, the bad, that 'rub the back of your neck and shift your weight' gesture they all have...
11:00 AM	It's Okay to Quit	Which Way Do I Go? Writing Interactive Fiction
	Seanan McGuire, Tori, Figgy O'Connell, David Witteveen, Lauren E. Mitchell	George Ivanoff
	Sometimes we fall out of love with a series—but breaking up can be hard to do. How do we know when it's time to move on? What happens if you've stayed too long?	From 'choose your own adventure' books to computer games, interactive fiction that requires input from the reader/player has maintained its popularity over many years. But how do you write this sort of stuff? Join George Ivanoff (author of the <i>You Choose</i> series), as he takes you through his process, showing you how he plots and plans his adventures.
12:00 PM	Guest of Honour Hour: Likhain	
1:00 PM	Lunch Break	Lunch Break

Saturday 10th June: Part One

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
9:00 AM	The Art and Science of Publishing	Con Runner Confab	OPEN FOR GAMING 9:00AM-2:00PM Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Devin Madson, Tehani Croft, Sam Hawke, Donna Maree Hanson, Robert Law		
	Indie, small press or the big four? How do you choose? How do you succeed? What happens if you fail?	Come chat about all aspects of organising conventions, share tips, brainstorm ideas, and see what other organisers are doing. BYO coffee.	
10:00 AM	Continuum 101	The Mechanics of Short Speculative Fiction	
	Danny Oz, PRK, Sharon Moseley	Cat Sparks	
	New to Continuum? Come chat to Continuum veterans about what to expect and how to get the most out of your convention.	This workshop aims to examine the elements required in creating a publishable short speculative fiction story, from opening hook through to closing sentence.	
11:00 AM	Boxed In		
	Gillian Polack, Creatrix Tiara, Darren Sanderson, Lyss Wickramasinghe, Michelle Goldsmith		
	Labels are used as a shorthand to identity, but this reduces people to the expectations and assumptions about that label, when the reality is a label is only part of one's identity. Our panellists discuss labels in books and movies, how they affect the people who are identified by them, and how it's possible to move past the shorthand and see a more interesting story.		
12:00 PM			
1:00 PM	Lunch Break	Lunch Break	Lunch Break

Saturday 10th June: Part Two

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
2:00 PM	Fae in the City	Anime and Manga
	Ju, Seanan McGuire, Freya Marske, Amanda Pillar, Jason Franks	Likhain, John Samuel, Bryce Campbell, Laura Wilkinson, Candice Schilder
	Does the Unseelie Court run on espresso? What happens when a hipster eats the food in fairyland? When the rural tradition of the fae collides with contemporary urban sprawl, shenanigans—and a hugely successful urban fantasy subgenre—ensue.	A panel discussing classic, contemporary and obscure works of anime and manga.
3:00 PM	That's Not a Puppet. This is a Puppet!	Secondary Worlds in Weird Fiction
	Philip Millar	Stephanie Lai, Kat Clay, Michelle Goldsmith, JS Breukelaar
	Negative preconceived notions and limiting definitions plague the fields of puppetry and robotics. People's expectations are often disappointingly low. Come and experience what the world of high end animatronic puppetry looks like in 2017 and throw your definitions out the window.	While much weird fiction takes place in our world, secondary worlds hold a large and memorable place in the canon of the Weird. What differentiates this work from dark and epic fantasy? We talk Bas Lag, Ambergris, Gormenghast and all the tentacles you can take.
4:00 PM	Genre Conventions: Prison Bars or Artist's Scaffold?	Clone Club
	Laura E Goodin, Earl Livings, Jason Franks, JS Breukelaar, Likhain	Elaine Cuyegkeng, Melissa Ferguson, Figgy O'Connell, Lynelle Howell, Alex Pierce, Alisa Krasnostein
	There's a longstanding tension between 'literary fiction' and 'speculative fiction'. How do genre styles and tropes assist authors, and how do they hold them back? Is the whole Lit v SF division entirely artificial? (Spoilers, yes. Maybe? Probably?)	Canada's feminist biopunk drama is coming to an end. While Tatiana Maslany gets ready for a long stretch of playing just one character at a time, we're talking about its successes, failures, and where we think it will end.

Saturday 10th June: Part Two

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
2.00 PM	Fan Fund Auction	What Writers Must Do To Write Professional Fiction	Trial by Dice
	<p>Do you like helping out your fellow fans in the community and obtaining shiny things in the process? Come to the Fan Fund Auction and buy books, DVDs, merchandise, and dragon's treasure*! Funds support fans travelling to conventions around Australia and the world.</p>	Jack Dann	Rachel Holkner
3.00 PM		<p>A hands-on, step-by-step writing strategy and a unique opportunity to broaden your working understanding of speculative fiction with Jack Dann.</p>	<p>Think you're a whizz with a board game? Ever tried making one? In this workshop you'll be designing a brand new tabletop game using a cornucopia of mystery objects.</p>
	<p>*no actual dragon's treasure on offer; dragon refused to contribute and attempted to consume committee member who made request</p>		<p>OPEN FOR GAMING 3:00PM-CLOSE</p> <p>Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.</p>
4.00 PM	When Spec Fic Becomes Reality		
	<p>Ju, Cat Sparks, Corey J. White, Emma Osborne, Rachel Nightingale</p> <p>Science fiction has been known to predict the future. For instance, Octavia Butler wrote about a zealot who promised to 'make America great again' in <i>Parable of Talents</i>, and <i>Synners</i> by Pat Cadigan is so relevant today. We're chatting about books that are far less fictional now than they were when written.</p>		

Saturday 10th June: Part Three

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
5:00 PM	CLOSED FOR SET UP	Saturday Morning Cartoons Space Spectacular
		Mitch and Julia
		Join Mitch and Julia on a thrilling adventure as they take a trip in the way back machine and revisit some well-loved, obscure and just plain bizarre cartoons from spaaaaace! Rated M.
6:00 PM	CLOSED FOR SET UP	The Panels Men Don't See
		Gillian Polack, Seanan McGuire, Alex Pierce, Michelle Goldsmith, Likhain
		Thanks to the recent biography and <i>Letters to Tiptree</i> , iconic feminist SF writer James Tiptree Jr is back in the spotlight. Learn about her work, her influence and her place in the modern specific landscape.
7:00 PM	Dinner Break	Dinner Break
8:30 PM	Costume Parade and Contest	
9:00 PM	Maskobalo	
10:00 PM		
11:00 PM		

Saturday 10th June: Part Three

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
5:00 PM	Panels and Prejudice	Tabletop Renaissance	OPEN FOR GAMING 5:00PM-CLOSE Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Freya Marske, Kat Clay, Jodi McAlister, Tansy Rayner Roberts, Donna Maree Hanson, Alison Goodman	Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Aidan Doyle, Darryl 'Owlbear' Browne, Laura Wilkinson, Bryce Campbell	
	It is a truth universally acknowledged... Don your regency gown and fetch a dish of tea while we talk Jane Austen's works and fandom, and her influence on speculative fiction.	With tabletop gaming more popular than ever, our panellists discuss the current state of play, their favourite games, and which new ones to look out for.	
6:00 PM	Westworld	Generation Starships in Science Fiction	
	Kathryn Andersen, Nuke, Robert New, Corey J. White, Emma Osborne	Michael Sisley	
	The classic 1973 Hugo and Nebula nominated movie has been turned into a stunning HBO series. What was great about the original, what's changed and been modernised for the series and is this our future?	The opportunities offered by stories of slower-than-light travel to another star system. How do generations survive in space without the comforts of a planet, not knowing what we will find, or who we will be, when we arrive?	
6:30 PM	(Westworld continues)	Launch: HARLEQUIN'S RIDDLE	
		Rachel Nightingale	
		Odyssey Books	
7:00 PM	Dinner Break	Dinner Break	Dinner Break
8:30 PM			
9:00 PM			
10:00 PM			
11:00 PM			

Sunday 11th June: Part One

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
9:00 AM		
10:00 AM	Once Upon a Time...	Readings including sneak preview of Michael Pryor's new novel
	Seanan McGuire, Amanda Pillar, Freya Marske, Kirstyn McDermott, Sebastian Edwards	JS Breukelaar, Corey J. White, Michael Pryor
	Fairy tales were once dark and not for children. Now they're being reclaimed with empowered female protagonists or being told from a different perspective. What's the place of fairy tales in the 21st century, and how have modern sensibilities changed, for good or ill, these enduring stories?	
11:00 AM	Pass the Bleach: Whitewashing in SF	Cosplay for Everyone
	Devin Jeyathurai, Stephanie Lai, Likhain, Creatrix Tiara, Tori	Zen Fletcher, Captain Patch-it, Rachel Holkner, Darren Sanderson, Lyss Wickramasinghe
	So many Asian stories—or western stories with Asian protagonists—are adapted with white people in the leading roles. Why does this keep happening? What is the impact?	No matter your skill level, if you want to cosplay you can! Whether purchasing or making, screen replica, gender swapped, your own interpretation or everyday cosplay our panellists will give you ideas where and how to start and pro tips.
12:00 PM	Guest of Honour Hour: Seanan McGuire	
1:00 PM	Lunch Break	Lunch Break

Sunday 11th June: Part One

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
9:00 AM			
10:00 AM	Launch: HOW TO BEE	Visual Storytelling: the Art and Science of Writing Comics	OPEN FOR GAMING 10:00AM-CLOSE Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Bren McDibble, Cat Sparks	Jason Franks	
	Allen & Unwin	Writing comics is a challenge, even for writers experienced in other media: you don't have to be able to draw, but you do have to understand how to talk about art and how to sequence it into a narrative. In this two-hour workshop, Jason Franks, writer of <i>The Sixsmiths</i> and <i>Left Hand Path</i> , will teach you all you need to get started in turning your story idea a script that you can give to any comics artist.	
11:00 AM	Kid Stuff	Visual Storytelling: the Art and Science of Writing Comics	
	Michael Pryor, Dirk Strasser, Stephen Higgins, Rivqa Rafael, Fran La Fontaine	Jason Franks	
	Come hear about the SF from our youth that made us the fans we are today.		
12:00 PM			
1:00 PM	Lunch Break	Lunch Break	Lunch Break

Sunday 11th June: Part Two

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
2:00 PM	西游记 (Journey to the West)	Galactic Suburbia
	Stephanie Lai, Grant Watson	Alisa Krasnostein, Alex Pierce, Tansy Rayner Roberts
	Coming from different introductions to 西游记 (Journey to the West) , Stephanie and Grant discuss the various adaptations of this Chinese classic, their own interpretations coloured by their backgrounds, and what makes it such a classic. Includes clips from a number of Chinese versions, the infamous BBC dub of the Japanese TV adaptation <i>Monkey</i> , and the upcoming Netflix adaptation	Alisa, Alex and Tansy bring you speculative fiction news, reading notes and chat from the galactic suburbs of Australia. Or, in this case, Melbourne's CBD.
3:00 PM	Queering Space	
	Geoff Allshorn, Alison Evans, Darren Sanderson, Cary Lenehan	
	From the unintentional subtext of classic <i>Star Trek</i> to the outright rejection of gender in Ann Leckie's <i>Imperial Radch</i> books, queer people have always been a part of space opera.	
4:00 PM	Women in Star Wars	Launch: LUMINESCENT THREADS
	Emma Osborne, Leonie, Liz Barr, Sarah Bassett, Donna Maree Hanson	
	If you have strong opinions on Padme's role in <i>Revenge of the Sith</i> and Leia's slave costume in <i>Return of the Jedi</i> , or anything else to do with the female characters of the <i>Star Wars</i> universe, this is the panel for sharing them.	Join Twelfth Planet Press as they launch their latest collection, <i>Luminescent Threads: Connections to Octavia Butler</i> .

Sunday 11th June: Part Two

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
2:00 PM	Fandom: Where Did We Come From? Aussiecon 1975	Writing Other Cultures	OPEN FOR GAMING
	Bruce Gillespie, Rob Gerrand, Dr Leigh Edmonds, Lee Harding, Dr Dick Jenssen, Carey Handfield, Merv Binns, Helena Binns	Dr Gillian Polack	Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Why our first world convention is the great landmark in Australian science fiction activity.	Writing cultures and people from them into your fiction. What makes a culture? How do we see ourselves? How do we depict ourselves? How do we depict other people? Where do issues such as respect, appropriation, research and understanding come in and how should we handle them?	
3:00 PM	Cli-Fi		
	Sue Parritt, Jason Nahrung, Cat Sparks, Bren McDibble, Elaine Walker		
	When fiction deals with climate change, is that science fiction? Or just realism? Talk about the classics, the tropes, the clichés and the politics of climate change in fiction!		
4:00 PM	Filk and Fan Music		
	Ann Poore, David Witteveen, Seanan McGuire, Narrelle M Harris, Lynelle Howell		
	Are you a filker? A wizard rock aficionado? A creator or consumer of extremely nerdy music? This is the panel for you.		

Sunday 11th June: Part Three

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
5:00 PM	Cityscapes: Fake Cities, Real Cities, Aspirational Cities	I am one with the force. The force is with me: On Screen Representations of Disability
	Stephanie Lai, Gillian Polack, Aidan Doyle, Andrei Seleznev, Likhain	Julia, Jax Jacki Brown, Jessica Walton, Jess Kapuscinski-Evans
	Australian lit talks incessantly of death by landscape, Scandinavia brings us cold murders, and the USA brings us the lie of the wild west. How does the construction of space impact our reading, our writing and our worldviews? We talk design, urban infrastructure, feng shui, landscape paintings and speculative fiction.	Disabled people are 25% of our population but only 4% on our screens. Join us as we discuss the good, the bad and damaging representations of disability on TV and in movies.
6:00 PM	DREAMING IN THE DARK launch	Keyholes and Secret Doors
	Jack Dann	Seanan McGuire, Freya Marske, Jason Franks, Paul Weimer, Sebastian Edwards
	PS Australia	Do you really need to 'outgrow' the fantasy worlds you discovered in your youth? Our panellists discuss the obsession with childhood and innocence in fantasy, revisiting hidden worlds in adulthood, and still having your magic.
7:00 PM	Dinner Break	Dinner Break
8:00 PM	Ditmar Awards Ceremony	Trailer Panel
	Alison Goodman and Michael Pryor present the 2017 Ditmar Awards.	Mitch and Joe
		Mitch and Joe screen trailers for upcoming genre films.
9:30 PM	Karaoke	The Problem of Susan
	once upon a time not so long ago just a small town girl livin' in a lonely world mississippi in the middle of a dry spell life is a mystery, everyone must stand alone somebody once told me the world is gonna roll me you say i only hear what i want to if you see a faded sign at the side of the road today is gonna be the day that they're gonna throw it back to you i hear the drums echoing tonight 'cause baby now we got bad blood	Emma Osborne, Leonie, Tansy Rayner Roberts, Laura Wilkinson, Likhain
		At the end of The Last Battle, we are told that Susan is 'no longer a friend of Narnia'. The ensuing decades have seen debate, rebuttals and even fiction about the place of adults—and adult women—in Narnia.
10:30 PM		
11:00 PM		

Sunday 11th June: Part Three

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
5:00 PM	The Faster Than Light Barrier	Natcon Business Meeting	OPEN FOR GAMING Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	Nathan Cooper, Nuke, Michael Sisley, Elaine Walker How can realistic SF deal with this immutable physical law in a way that doesn't involve magic 'hyperjumps' or other devices?		
6:00 PM	The Marvel Netflix Universe		
	Darren Sanderson, Tori, David Witteveen, Tansy Rayner Roberts, Terry Frost Netflix shows us a much more diverse and grittier MU with reluctant heroes. Come chat all things Luke Cage, Jessica Jones and Daredevil.		
7:00 PM	Dinner Break	Dinner Break	
8:00 PM			OPEN FOR GAMING Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
9:30 PM	In Defence Of...	The Belt and Beyond: Exploring The Expanse	
	Alice Clarke, PRK, Lynelle Howell, George Ivanoff Here's the format: the moderator calls on the audience to suggest widely derided media, and the panel has to defend it. Lively discussion ensues! We hope!	Liz Barr, Craig Irvine, Alex Pierce, Terry Frost, Donna Maree Hanson It's a working class view of the colonisation of the solar system, it's Raymond Chandler in space, it's a bestselling series of novels and now a successful TV adaptation. Let's talk Mars, marines, Belter lingo, women in refrigerators and not whitewashing the characters.	
10:30 PM			
11:00 PM			

Monday 12th June

	Corn Maze	Pumpkin Field
9:30 AM	Forgotten Mothers of SF	Communicating with Other Lifeforms: Starting with Life on Earth
	Cat Sparks, Seanan McGuire, Tansy Rayner Roberts, Sam Hawke, Jodi McAlister	Corey J. White, Katherine Phelps, Hespera Mann, Nuke
	There is a rich and huge back catalogue of SFF written by women but when best lists, history of the genre and influence are discussed they are left out in favour of their male counterparts. Our panellists discuss their favourite books and the importance of these oft-neglected authors.	Never mind the aliens. Dolphins might have near-human intelligence, and octopi can use tools. How close are we to communication with animals, and how would society change if we achieved that?
10:30 AM	Fantasy Food	Riverdale
	Gillian Polack, Likhain, Cary Lenehan, Fe Waters	Liz Barr, Zen Fletcher, Sarah Bassett, Creatrix Tiara, George Ivanoff
	You can eat a Gobstopper and wash it down with Soylent Green—sometimes the food and drink of speculative fiction becomes real. How do fans develop recipes for foods that don't exist?	It's Archie Comics... but with a Twin Peaks twist and a dash of Gossip Girl. Sacrilege? Or the best comics adaptation on TV right now?
11.30 AM	Snack Break	Snack Break
12:00 PM	Launch: DOWN AMONG THE STICKS AND BONES	Doctor Who Debrief
	Seanan McGuire and Jodi McAlister	Melissa Christie, Julia, Danny Oz, George Ivanoff
	Join Jodi McAlister as she launches Seanan McGuire's newest novella, <i>Down Among the Sticks and Bones</i> , book two in the Wayward Children series from Tor.	Doctor Who is in its tenth (or 36th, but who's counting?) season, and has achieved a new vitality. Is it the magic of Bill Potts? Capaldi's hair? Or is it all an evil spell cast by whoever is in the Vault?
1:00 PM	Fan Fiction and Fan Art	Humans are Special
	Likhain, Liz Barr, Elaine Cuyegkeng	Kathryn Anderson, Michelle Goldsmith, Jason Franks, Hespera Mann
	Remixing, reimagining and transforming media: how writers and artists perceive and interact with their fandoms.	'Humans,' says the alien with the bumpy forehead, 'humans are special. They can build alliances across diverse cultures! They're problem solvers! They invented souvlaki! No one in the galaxy is like humanity!' Sure, or maybe that's just lazy worldbuilding. Haven't we moved past this kind of storytelling?
2:00 PM	Closing Ceremony	

Monday 12th June

	Haunted House	Fallout Zone	Last Chance Saloon
9:30 AM	Pokémon Going	The Martian Drive-In Podcast	OPEN FOR GAMING 9:30AM-CLOSE Games are available to borrow from Reg Desk or you can BYO.
	George Ivanoff, Candice Schilder, Melissa Christie, PRK, Lyss Wickramasinghe	Terry Frost	
	Come hear PoGo stories, tips, hilarious and terrible experiences, thoughts on the future of augmented reality games, and strong opinions about Magikarp!	The Martian Drive-In is a four weekly podcast which looks at two obscure science fiction, fantasy or horror films.	
10:30 AM	Horror in the 21st Century	On Beyond Binary: Pronoun Edition	
	Claire Fitzpatrick, Jason Franks, Michelle Goldsmith, Kirstyn McDermott	Lauren E. Mitchell, Cecil Wilde, Alison Evans, Bismuth Hoban	
	Technology has advanced rapidly in the last decade, but what new horrors lurk within and how are creators using these new frontiers to scare us?	What are non-binary pronouns, where are they currently being used in speculative fiction, and where could they stand to be used more?	
11.30 AM	Snack Break	Snack Break	Snack Break
12:00 PM	Stories for Climate Action	Speculative Kdrama	
	Blanche Verlie	Candice Schilder	
	Blanche Verlie will talk about how stories—real and fictional—work to inspire change, including practical examples from, and opportunities to participate in, Climate for Change’s efforts to create a social mandate for climate action in Australia.	Korean serials come in a wide variety of genres. This presentation focuses on those that fall into the range of speculative fiction—aliens, superpowers, time travel, alternate worlds, magic, ghosts and grim reapers abound.	
1:00 PM	You Should Make a Zine About That!		
	Alison Evans, David Witteveen, Emily McLeay, Kate Miles-Barnes		
	What are zines and how do we make them? These zinesters have got you covered, from the basics to a more in depth discussion on what this medium can offer.		
2:00 PM			

Ditmar Award Nominees

The Ditmar Awards have been awarded annually since 1969 at the Natcon to recognise achievement in Australian science fiction (including fantasy and horror) and science fiction fandom. Below is the list of nominees for the 2017 Ditmar Awards.

Best Novel

- *The Lyre Thief*, Jennifer Fallon (HarperCollins)
- *Squid's Grief*, DK Mok (self-published)
- *The Wizardry of Jewish Women*, Gillian Polack (Satalyte)
- *Vigil*, Angela Slatter (Jo Fletcher)
- *The Grief Hole*, Kaaron Warren (IFWG Australia)

Best Novella/Novelette

- 'Going Viral', Thoraiya Dyer (*Dimension6* #8)
- 'By the Laws of Crab and Woman', Jason Fischer (*Review of Australian Fiction* Volume 17, Issue 6)
- 'All the Colours of the Tomato', Simon Petrie, (*Dimension6* #9)
- 'Did We Break the End of the World?', Tansy Rayner Roberts (*Defying Doomsday*)
- 'Glass Slipper Scandal', Tansy Rayner Roberts (*Sheep Might Fly*)
- 'Finnegan's Field', Angela Slatter (*Tor.com* 1/16)

Best Short Story

- 'There's No Place Like Home', Edwina Harvey (*AntipodeanSF* #221)
- 'Flame Trees', T.R. Napper (*Asimov's* 4-5/16)
- 'No Fat Chicks', Cat Sparks (*In Your Face*)

Best Collected Work

- *Crow Shine*, Alan Baxter (Ticonderoga)
- *Dreaming in the Dark*, Jack Dann, ed. (PS)
- *Defying Doomsday*, Tsana Dolichva & Holly Kench, eds. (Twelfth Planet)
- *In Your Face*, Tehani Wessely, ed. (FableCroft)

Best Artwork

- Adam Browne for illustrations in *The Tame Animals of Saturn* (Peggy Bright)
- Shauna O'Meara for illustration of *Lackington's* #12.

Best Fan Publication in Any Medium

- *2016 Australian SF Snapshot*, Greg Chapman, Tehani Croft, et. al.
- *Earl Grey Editing Services*, Elizabeth Fitzgerald
- *Galactic Suburbia*, Alisa Krasnostein, Alex Pierce, & Tansy Rayner Roberts
- *The Writer and the Critic*, Kirstyn McDermott & Ian Mond
- *Galactic Chat*, Alexandra Pierce, David McDonald, Sarah Parker, Helen Stubbs, Mark Webb, & Sean Wright
- *The Coode Street Podcast*, Gary K. Wolfe & Jonathan Strahan

Best Fan Writer

- James 'Jocko' Allen
- Aidan Doyle
- Bruce Gillespie
- Foz Meadows
- Tansy Rayner Roberts

Best New Talent

- T.R. Napper
- Marlee Jane Ward

William Atheling Jr. Award for Criticism or Review

- Essays and reviews in *Weird Fiction Review*, Kat Clay
- 'Revisiting Pern: The great McCaffrey reread' series, Tehani Croft & Marisol Dunham
- Reviews in *Tsana's Reads and Reviews*, Tsana Dolichva
- *The Rebirth of Rapunzel: A Mythic Biography of the Maiden in the Tower*, Kate Forsyth (FableCroft)
- Reviews in *The Hysterical Hamster*, Ian Mond
- Reviews in *Randomly Yours, Alex*, Alexandra Pierce
- *History and Fiction: Writers, their Research, Worlds and Stories*, Gillian Polack (Peter Lang)



Continuum 13

Amateur Short Story Competition

Proudly sponsored by the Australian Science Fiction Foundation.
Since 1992 the Australian Science Fiction Foundation has provided sponsorship funds to the Australian National Science Fiction Convention to run an Amateur SF competition.

They are pleased to once more be supporting this competition.

Here, in no particular order, are the winner and runner-up.

www.asff.org.au



The Miller's Daughter

E H Mann

The day the miller's daughter came home after slaying the Great Wyrm of Kalhern, not a soul recognised her but one.

At first it was hardly surprising. When last they had seen her, three years before, she had worn a simple, woollen dress, and walked the packed-earth streets carrying nothing more threatening than a basket of bread. She had always been a strong girl—years spent shifting bags of grain had seen to that—but in a village of farmers and shepherds there was nothing remarkable about her strength.

Now she wore plate armour forged by Laughing Gorin, who might have been a man or a woman or a god, no one was quite sure. It still gleamed in the sunlight, though it was marked heavily by scuffs and, in one place just below her left shoulder, a dent deep enough to bruise her through the gambeson's padding.

Now she rode a great bay horse with a lustrous coat, a gift from the centaur Hrrghn, who had judged her throat too soft to master the equine language but had taught her to ride anyway. Now she carried upon her back the broadsword whose use she had learned from Sir Swythn himself, grim swordmaster to the queen, and whose good steel was stained forever into oily rainbows by the mark of dragon's blood.

The villagers of Bordton poured into the streets to welcome their saviour.

'No longer will the Great Wyrm burn our houses, or our crops in the fields!' cried her brother.

'Thank the gods, at last our girls are safe from that foul creature's ravages!' sobbed her mother.

'Cry huzzah! for the Dragonslayer!' shouted her father, and the village cheered as one.

The last time the miller had shouted at his daughter, whose name was Rosa, it had been for letting the millstone run too fast and ruining the grain. So who could blame her for laughing to herself in delight, or for choosing to leave her visor down awhile? It was stuffy in the helmet, and smelled like stale sweat, but the plume of blue and red feathers on top waved when she nodded grandly down at people, and the children of the village were dancing and turning cartwheels around her horse.

When she took her helmet off, she knew, there would be questions. Probably recriminations. She had, after all, disappeared three years past with never a word to anyone. It was only fair that her family should want to know where she had gone, and what had prevented her sending word, and above all *why*?

The thought of that conversation made Rosa cringe a little in her saddle, and think that perhaps riding straight through Bordton and on to the next dragon would be preferable. But she looked at her father's face, the familiar tired lines there softened by relief, and she could already feel his massive forearms wrapped around her in a hug that would squeeze porridge from oats. She could practically taste her mother's bread, hot and soft and fresh from the oven, and hear her brother's whoop of triumph as he beat her—just—in one more footrace.

So she did not ride on, but let the villagers escort her to the inn, where the innkeeper's boy took her horse and the innkeeper—Mr Davies, whose booming voice had frightened her as a child—led her to his best room and poured her a

steaming, mallow-scented bath. Every muscle in her body ached, and she told herself that no one could begrudge her a bath before she revealed herself. She might only be the miller's daughter, but she had slain their dragon.

By the time she realised they were throwing a feast in her honour, it was too late to do anything about it. She could already hear, through the inn's sturdy walls, the thumping cacophony of the long tables being put together, and a metallic clanging that could only be the spit. She wondered with horror whose pig was being slaughtered to feed her, and could only pray they would forgive her the loss.

She took a deep breath, and thought of brawny hugs and crusty bread. The memories helped her drag herself stiffly from the bath, throwing on a tunic and breeches and the tabard, blue and red, that she had worn over her armour. She still possessed a single dress spun by her mother's hand, but the idea of wearing it to a feast in her honour felt somehow like adding insult to injury.

After some hesitation, she strapped the rainbow-stained broadsword, in its scabbard, to her back. It was silly, she knew, but its presence was comforting, a solid weight against her spine. It eased the part of her that would rather walk back into that sulphur-stinking hole in the mountains than out into the twilight air, redolent with the rising scents of evening primrose and roasting pig, and the sound of a fiddle being tentatively tuned.

When she stepped on to the green, the feast preparations were still rattling to completion. Mr Davies' voice cut easily through the racket.

'Here she is! The *Dragonslayer!*'

Two hundred faces turned towards her. Her father's customers. Her neighbours. And there, in the middle of it all, her family. She froze, transfixed by their stares.

As one their mouths opened, and they burst into more cheers.

Rosa's heart turned to stone in her chest.

She knew the faces before her. Some had only smiled at her in passing, bringing grain to the mill or taking delivery of bread, the daily ritual of the first sixteen years of her life. Some she had grown up alongside, learning and playing together. Some had borne and raised her.

Not one contained the barest flicker of recognition.

The feast went by in a numbed blur of food and music, dancing and laughing and talking. Rosa thought perhaps some of the talking had been addressed to her, but she couldn't remember what had been said, or whether she had replied. It was all so familiar, so like the feast nights of her youth, and it was all so wrong.

Mr Davies was calling for a speech from the Dragonslayer, but there was only one set of words in her head, so she stood, unsteadily, and into the hush that spread through the crowd she blurted them out.

'It's me. It's just me. I'm the miller's daughter.'

The silence fell on her ears like a bell. Two hundred stares impaled her.

'How can you be my sister?' demanded her brother. 'Everyone knows she was eaten by wolves three winters past.'

The heat rose in her cheeks. 'I wasn't eaten by wolves. I just ran away.'

'How can you be my daughter?' choked out her mother. 'She was a good, obedient girl who would never just run off and leave us.'

She closed her eyes. 'I had to, Mama. The Great Wurm was making our lives awful, and the best solution we had was to feed it our prettiest girls every year in the hope that it wouldn't destroy *too* much. I knew there had to be a better way, so I went away to find it. I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't let me go.'

She had imagined so many iterations of this conversation. None of her imaginings had been as terrible as the reality.

'How can you be my daughter?' whispered her father. There was more grey in his beard than she remembered. 'She was a smart girl, and I taught her good sense. She would never have been so stupid as to think she could take on a dragon.'

Rosa's throat closed up. Her breath stuttered, and her vision blurred with the beginning of great, messy, idiotic tears. She turned abruptly, the weight of her broadsword stiffening her back, and strode away into the night.



When the moon rose, it found her hiding behind the millhouse. She had run out of tears for now, though the crying had left her feeling hollow and exhausted, and a little like she might throw up. Now she simply huddled, her arms wrapped around her legs, her forehead pressed against her knees. Her body was spent, but her mind refused to still.

What's wrong with them all?

What's wrong with me?

Rough against her back was the oak tree among whose branches she and her brother had sat and talked, navigating the strange intricacies of growing up. In its shade, her mother had taught her to play fox and geese. One summer her father... *would never have been so stupid...* her father had carved her a pipe from a wind-dropped branch.

I want to go home.

Why did I ever leave?

Stupid... stupid... stupid...

'Good evening.'

Rosa's head shot up. Heart hammering, she stared around the empty courtyard.

Only once she lowered her face again did she see the cat.

It was rangy, half-fed, a mish-mash mingling of greys and browns. One of the village mousers, belonging to everyone and no one. It sat beside her feet with all the dignity of a prince, tail wrapped neatly around its paws.

'Good evening,' it said again.

The miller's daughter who had left Bordton three years before would have been shocked. But the Rosa here now had seen a great deal more of the world, so after a moment of adjustment she replied, 'Thank you, sir, for granting me the honour of your conversation.'

The cat narrowed its eyes and looked pleased. 'Indeed, it is an honour. Though how, exactly, do you know to call me 'sir'?'

'Oh! Uh...' Rosa fumbled, blushing. 'I don't. I mean, I just thought-'

'It is very rude to presume another's preferred address, if you have no reason to know it. But it is never impolite to ask.'

Rosa cleared her throat, embarrassed. 'I'm very sorry. Please, how do you prefer to be addressed?'

The cat took the time to wash one paw thoroughly before replying. "'Sir' will do nicely, thank you.'

There was a pause. It might have lengthened into an awkward silence, had Rosa not found herself picturing this cat, or any other like him, curled up on the empty grain sacks out front of the mill—the best spot to catch the afternoon sun, at least until her father emerged and shooed them away. He would shout at them, laughing, to *Come back when there's no more rats in my grain store!*

Tears welled up again.

'Now then,' said the cat, sharply. 'That's quite enough of that, young Rosa.'

Rosa swallowed her tears in a gasp.

'You remember me!'

'Of course. You always scratched me in just the right spot behind the ears.'

Her mind raced with half-formed questions, so that it took her several seconds to register the cat's meaningful look. The questions tangled together and spun apart. Mutely, she reached out and scratched.

The cat leaned his head into her hand; it was warm against her palm, his fur like worn velvet, minutely vibrating with silent pleasure. She closed her eyes and let herself for a moment be nowhere else, think of nothing else, than fuzzy warmth under her touch.

Quietly, the cat said, 'You went away for three years. You learned to ride a warhorse, and to fight. You learned the ways of dragons, and not to be surprised if a cat chooses to speak with you. You faced down a monster in its own den. Did you really think you could do all that and then come back here and still be just the miller's daughter?'

In spite of herself, another sob caught in her throat. 'So I was a fool to think I could come home?' she murmured bitterly.

'A little, yes. But more a fool to want to.'

Scowling, she withdrew her hand. 'My family is here,' she said coldly. 'Everyone I have ever loved. Does that mean nothing to you?'

'Very little,' admitted the cat, resuming washing. 'But it clearly means something to you. Why, then, did you leave?'

The broadsword lay discarded on the ground. 'I had to kill the Great Wyrms. So my family and everyone else would be safe.'

'Really? How very... selfless of you.'

Rosa reddened. 'It's true!'

'It may well be.' The cat yawned briefly, then startled Rosa by looking her straight in the eye. 'But it isn't the whole truth. You humans—always talking around your selfish motivations, as if there is something so terrible about being selfish. Your self is all you have; how is neglecting it a virtue?'

His eyes were yellow-streaked green, his pupils huge in the moonlight, and she had the strangest conviction she was looking up at him, rather than the other way around.

'So I'll ask again: why did you leave?'

Three years had been a lifetime; Rosa found she struggled to remember the emotions that had fuelled her departure. Yet once she began to recall them, they welled up in her as sharp as if it had been a day.

'Because I couldn't stand it any longer. Everyone going about their ordinary lives under the Wyrms shadow, living always with that fear in the backs of our minds and acting like there was nothing to be done about it, like that was just the way things were and we'd be crazy to try to change it. I couldn't keep on like that.'

She laughed, a harsh choking sound.

'And do you know the stupidest part? When I finally faced it, the Great Wyrms was big and it was fierce, but it was a slow and simple beast. If everyone here had just gone after it with hayforks and sickles, they could have killed it years ago.'

The cat made a sound that was almost sympathetic. 'It is easy for you to say that, being who you have become. Those who remain here find it easier to be afraid than to slay dragons.'

'But *why*?'

He pushed his head back under her hand. 'Because fear is a comfort to them.'



Rosa was strapping on her sword, the morning sun warming her face, when the innkeeper's boy found her. The night before, the cat had curled up beside her among the tree roots and his furry presence had soothed her to sleep, but sometime after she slept he had disappeared. She couldn't begrudge him that; it was the nature of cats.

The boy was wide-eyed and panting. 'The Skinners are coming!' he wailed.

The Skinners were a band of raiders from across the Winter Sea, who periodically attacked villages along the coast for food and other supplies. They had never ventured as far inland as the Kalhern Mountains before—but then, until now the mountains had been home to a dragon.

Rosa heard the anxious babble of the villagers before she even entered the green. They were all there: her family, her neighbours, her father's customers. In the distance, over the rooftops, she could already see the cloud of dust thrown up by many horses' hooves.

The commotion hushed to awkward murmurs in a wave that rippled out from her point of entry. Two hundred eyes turned towards her, filled with desperate hope.

'The Skinners are fierce, but small in number,' she told them. 'They are too many for me to handle alone, but if you take up arms beside me, we can defend this town and drive them away.'

Faces turned from her, to one another. Booted feet scuffed the ground. The silence grew stale, but no one seemed to want to break it.

'We aren't warriors,' spoke up her brother, at last. 'It takes training to be a warrior, and real weapons, and armour. What can we do without those?'

'The Skinners are dangerous criminals,' cautioned her mother. 'It isn't safe to anger them. If we try to stand up to them, they will only take more from us in retribution.'

'It's important to know our limitations,' advised her father. 'Besides, we don't even know they will attack us. If we hide in the fields and don't draw their attention, they may pass us by and ride on to a more prosperous town.'

All around him, heads were nodding. The relief was palpable in the air.

They were terribly reasonable considerations, every one. Rosa knew she could make counter-arguments to each of them. And she knew, all at once, that however many arguments she made for the village to stand and fight, they would have still more terribly reasonable reasons to hide away and do nothing.

She looked from one face to another: familiar all, yet as strange as if they were another species. She felt less like a dragonslayer than a dragon; a monster in their midst.

Her already-aching heart gave one final shudder. But when she spoke, her voice was steady.

'Very well, then: go and hide in your fields. Perhaps you will be safe.'

Amidst the scurry of villagers evacuating the green, Rosa turned away towards the inn and its stables. A hand caught her arm.

'Where will you go now?' asked the miller, uncertainty in his eyes.

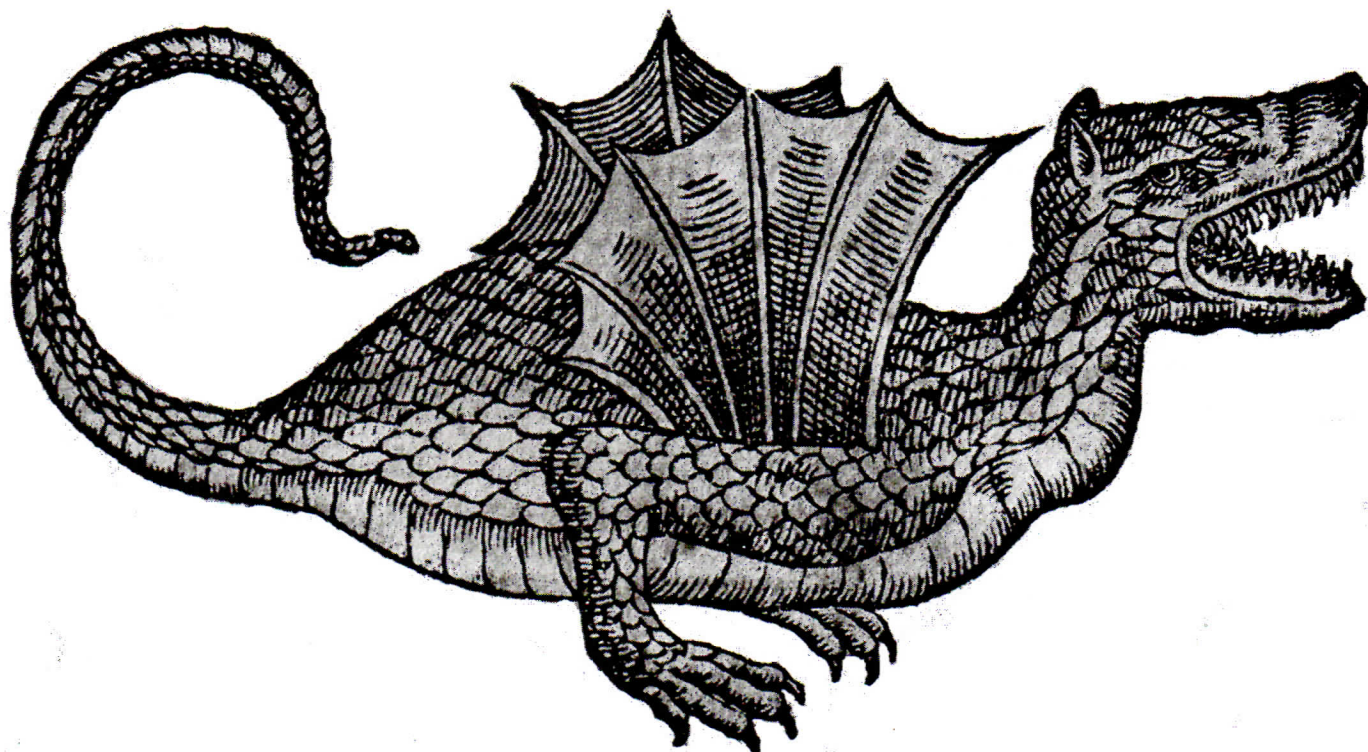
Rosa looked at his face, tense beneath the greying beard. She thought of strong forearms wrapped around her like a fortress. Keeping her safe.

Then she thought of Laughing Gorin, massive and ageless, juggling molten ingots to delight her. Of the centaur Hrrghn sitting with her in the Verdant Hall, endlessly patient as she choked on strange, equine syllables. Of Sir Swythn, who bellowed like a bear at her every mistake, but who had argued with Queen Catherine herself when she would have sent Rosa away.

She leaned forward—not up, for somewhere in the last three years she had grown taller than the miller—and kissed him, very gently, on the forehead.

'To find other dragons,' she said.

And leaving him there, his wife and son by his side, she rode out of Bordton, away from the raiders, towards the mountains. Her sword was on her back and her shoulders were square, and if she shed tears then there was no one but the horse to know.



The Replicants

Fergal Bannon

The Search

Peter Taylor, his nose stuck to the window of the Sunset Café and his hands cupped tightly around his face, doesn't reply. He had heard her, but couldn't think of a reasonable reason to respond.

The woman's smile fades to an uncomfortable grin as Peter continues his vigil. Tentatively, she places her hand on his shoulder. He could feel her hand though his light jacket, but again it seemed inconsequential.

'Peter?'

He turns slowly. 'What?'

She smiles, trying to make the best of the unnerving situation. 'It's me, Margaret.'

He stares back at her with all the enthusiasm of a freshly recycled road kill creature. 'Margaret,' he says, before pausing. 'I know you, don't I?'

The woman, growing increasingly befuddled as each strained second passes, slowly nods in agreement.

'I need to enter the café,' Peter continues, outwardly unmindful of his companion's obvious uneasiness. Without so much as a second glance her way, he enters the Sunset Café.

The Prey

The café is alive with patrons. Taylor, wearing brand new clothes two sizes too big and perhaps twenty years past their trend heyday, scans the customers from left to right with meticulous precision. He went with comfortable clothes that morning instead of his usual tight-fitting salesman attire for some reason. Or no reason. The reason didn't seem worthy of pursuing now. He felt as if his old memories were being cast adrift, like a few drops of milk plummeting into a bath full of water. They were still there somewhere, but now so disbanded and diluted that it'd be impossible to ever re-assemble them to what they had once been. But it didn't matter—those memories were for mere subsidiaries now, not his kind.

He stretches his jaw and rubs his neck, and as his mechanised eyes land on the last customer he is scrutinising, he turns through ninety degrees and enters the queue, now seemingly uninterested in his surroundings.

He used to not be like this. In fact, as recently as four days ago, he wasn't like this at all. The days of rushing to business meetings in those tight-fitting suits which gave the women, and the occasional man, something to gawk at were gone now. Why was that? He had been recruited: that much he remembered. By who, or what, he couldn't recollect. But it would come to him. Perhaps. The 'why' wasn't important now, only the 'when'. He'd been busy these last four days, and that was only the beginning. The beginning of the end for the subsidiaries and the start of something much enhanced.

Taylor reaches the head of the queue and is met by a spunky-looking female attendant standing crooked behind the cash register.

'How may I help you?'

'Water. In a glass.'

'We have bottled water, sir. Two pounds.'

A barely perceptible frown appears on his lifeless face.

'Glass, please.' comes the straight-faced response. He then forces out an extremely laboured smile, seeming to assume it may perhaps be a useful tactic. The girl stares back, her numb features about matching Taylor's. At that moment, a spectator may have mistaken them for father and daughter.

'Bottled water only. I'm sorry,' she confirms faint-heartedly. He gives in and pays. With no seat available Taylor stands against the wall. He notices that many of the subsidiaries are wearing footwear that would hinder escape. This would not be so for the interloper. She would have changed as he had.

From his sports jacket he removes a small vessel filled with a few centilitres of blue fluid. He unscrews the top of his water bottle and breaks the vessels seal in one go before mixing the two and swallowing all of it.

With a fleeting shufti to his flank, he freezes, having just spotted a woman in a purple jacket exit hurriedly from the rear. Taylor springs to life and pursues.

The Pursuit

Taylor bolts onto the road and begins a lung-bursting, leg-flailing sprint down the sidewalk, covering astounding distances and looking like the world's most determined steroid-stimulated long-jump competitor. His baggy clothes and newly purchased running trainers serve their purpose as he moves freely. He sees the woman change course into a clothes warehouse and follows.

Peter ploughs through the door and clips an elderly lady rather hard. She wobbles on unsteady legs, and for one peculiar moment a facade of interest crosses his face as he studies her—much in the manner of a particularly indifferent lab worker might study a convulsing guinea pig as the effects of the substance he injected take its toll. At the far side of the warehouse he spots the woman leaving.

Taylor explodes outside and onto a side street, eyes wide with requirement. Each side of the sunlit alleyway is packed with cars, bins and clutter.

He spots his target again, and with his usual exaggerated gallop, takes off towards her position. Hitting speeds an Olympic sprinter would envy, he loses her again in the street's disorder but doesn't slow even momentarily.

Suddenly, a car door opens eight inches in front of him and Taylor's chest and groin bear the brunt of the tremendous force of the collision. The impact distorts his forearm into a crooked U-shape. He falls back onto the asphalt and analyses the dreadful injury with an expression that just barely approaches a level of twisted emotional wonder.

The woman jumps from the car's passenger-side door and makes her escape, leaving Peter slumped on the bitumen. He slowly lifts his wounded body off the road and starts his hunt again with that same manic compulsion, despite his injury.

Turning onto a main street at breakneck speed, he crashes hard into two police detectives—Bruce Horne and Dwayne Ruddock. Taylor falls hard, but seeing his prey in the distance again, tries to follow.

'Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! What's your game, son?!' Ruddock asks, holding him down. Taylor struggles fiercely but Horne kneels to help his partner pin him down.

In an instant, Taylor stops rebelling and becomes entirely docile. The cops don't let go for a moment, too scared that it's a ploy to get them to loosen their grip. They share a perplexed glance at his behaviour, but that confused illustration turns to one of foreboding when they spy his jagged arm.

Horne, appalled, gently places his hand on Peter's back.

'Sir! Are you okay, sir? Your arm! Are you injured?!' Taylor's eyes flutter left and right for a sustained time, perhaps with a suggestion of perplexity in them, before answering nonchalantly, 'Yes, Detective... most certainly.'

The Changing of the Guard

Horne and Ruddock are questioning Taylor inside a bland, beige interrogation room. His arm has been seen to and is now set in a bright, fresh plaster. That odd, numbed presentation has persisted, although buried deep in his eyes there is a spark, albeit a spark Mother Nature may not be overly familiar with.

'You're not from around here, are ya? What is it you do?' Horne asks with the sort of grumbling enthusiasm you would expect him to muster after a prolonged career of putting forward routine questions.

'I...' Taylor stops dead, as if his image were on a paused TV screen. Then, without warning, he reanimates. 'I am a District Manager for a principal sports supply company based in Harrow on the Hill on the A312. The position requires the ability to read, analyse, and interpret general business periodicals, professional journals and technical procedures, as well as the management of assigned stores, and provision of direction and instruction to all store associates.' Taylor finishes his address in one breath.

'Right... so... anyhow, why were you chasing down this woman, Mr. Taylor?,' Ruddock invites.

Taylor's eyebrows rise infinitesimally. 'I thought she was a relative,' comes one of the least convincing responses in the history of police questioning.

'A relative?!' Ruddock exclaims, sending dewdrops of saliva flying through the air. 'A relative! Well...that's a claim and a half for sure, there, Mr. Taylor! Is this a wind-up?!'

The detectives stare down at their detainee like two cats with a mouse; though perhaps a mouse that's not overly concerned about its dilemma.

'Have you found her?' Taylor asks keenly. Horne spurts out a laugh. Ruddock replies, his tetchiness rising. 'You're an oddball to say the least, ain't you? You don't sound like you speak the lingo...'

'Well?' Taylor snipes, his body now bolt upright in his chair.

'Listen, buddy,' Ruddock argues. 'We ask, you answer. Got that?' Taylor spies a water cooler. 'Please, Detective, may I have some water?'

Horne smiles, rises, throws his hands upward. 'Yes, Mr. Twist! Right away!'

Ruddock laughs heartily as Taylor frowns in confusion. Horne fills a cup and returns to the table. As he does, his pen slips from his shirt pocket and falls to the floor beside the prisoner. When he stoops to pick it up, Taylor lifts and smashes the top of the table into Horne's head with tremendous force—for one horrific moment the table's four legs are all off the ground at the same time—and Horne's head flies back as he crumples onto his rear, unconscious, mirroring a discarded accordion. The table returns to the floor with a noisy clatter of timber.

Ruddock, astonished, gropes for his gun but Taylor is up in a split second and lunges across the table, grabbing the cop and kneeling him hard in the stomach before flinging him on top of the out-for-the-count Horne. Ruddock writhes on top of his stationary sidekick.

The amazingly calm detainee drops to his knees and turns Ruddock over and onto his back. Gasping terribly, the cop manages to yank his pistol out but Taylor swats it off him grizzly bear-like with his plaster, and the weapon flies into the corner.

'Remain calm,' Taylor advises. He grabs the detective's head and bangs it on the floor with an unconcerned cruelty utterly out of keeping with his composed approach.

'Don't... don... kill... m... me!' moans Ruddock.

'You're of no benefit to me dead,' answers his deadpan assailant.

Taylor opens his mouth and flexes it in every direction as a saw-like, gurgling sound emits from deep within him. Horne remains unconscious as Ruddock manages to stop himself from passing out.

Unfortunately for him.

Taylor straddles Ruddock's laid-out body and brings his mouth down to within an inch of the detective's face. With his mouth slowly assuming the shape of a perfect circle, a rumbling noise resonates from him as his body begins to kick and convulse. The cop's eyes amplify with fear but Peter holds him down firmly by the shoulders and head.

Taylor's eyes roll up into his skull to reveal only the entirely blemish-free whites. The clicking noise, a clicking unlike anything that could possibly be a part of Nature's repertoire, rises in volume as his head arches back in an inexplicable curve. The monotonous clicking noise morphs into a rapid buzzing that echoes off the walls as he holds his head askew and to the left.

The petrified cop tries to stir but is held down effortlessly by the concrete strength of his captor. 'N...no!' he grunts, but the horror persists, one of his shirt-sleeves splitting from his efforts to push upwards.

Taylor brings his vibrating, wide-open jaws down to Ruddock's. The detective tries desperately to keep his lips closed as lines of sticky saliva fall onto his face. Taylor then lowers his mouth toward the cop's ear.

The vibrating abruptly stops and a sizeable lump appears in the attacker's oesophagus. Ruddock is disgusted and distraught in equal measures.

'Get off me, you fucking lunatic!' he cries, but it proves predictably futile. The unseeing Taylor clamps his forearm into Ruddock's mouth to stifle his bawls, and the detective bites hard into the flesh. Taylor still doesn't shift.

A bristly brown cocoon emerges from Peter's throat and drops onto Ruddock's cheek. With only a blurred visual of the cocoon, the detective tries to cry out in bleak despair.

The brown oval-shaped ball flops in stages down Ruddock's face and neck, similar to a slime-covered slinky toy. It lands on the floor beside the investigator's head.

The perpetrator raises his head unhurriedly and his eyes roll back into place like two slot machine coils. He stares down at his prey and speaks to him as if he were merely telling him the time.

'Patience, Detective.'

The cocoon splits. Ruddock angles his head downward to witness a white fluid—that bizarrely reminds him of the Milk of Magnesia his mother used to force down him—spill from the ruptured capsule.

A sky-blue-coloured larva emerges from the cocoon's white mucus. It is plump and fat and wriggles its body from side to side.

Ruddock sees it and lets out a muffled shriek. The veins are rigid in his neck and face, flushing deep scarlet as his eyes betray his absolute terror.

The ghastly creature begins to slither up his neck, its colour changing from sky blue to transparent and back again. The larva inches up Ruddock's cheek before stopping at his ear canal, as if inspecting its merit.

The head gradually folds back like a foreskin to expose a circular row of hooked, jet-black teeth. Taylor, meanwhile, watches patiently with little or no semblance of emotion.

'One moment, Detective.'

Ruddock, now in a complete frenzy, tries to shake the parasite off. The animal slowly attaches itself to the entrance of the ear by sinking its fangs into the soft flesh. An agonising tear rolls off the side of Ruddock's cheek as the piercing teeth penetrate.

The now fully-transparent larva is fastened on and static. Inside its body a long, thin pinworm that's deep blue in colour begins to flex and vibrate.

Abruptly, the worm shoots into Ruddock's ear canal and even more abruptly, the detective becomes completely passive.

Taylor takes his badly bitten arm from Ruddock's mouth and studies his bite injuries with minor sign of concern before violently ripping the plaster from his other arm to observe it's fully-healed.

The larva falls from Ruddock's ear and dies.

Horne begins to show some movement and Taylor's throat begins its ever-increasing *click-click-click* all over again.

The Snare

Peter Taylor is driving an outdated car he'd just stolen along a busy street. Up ahead he spots the Sunset Café again. As he scans he is met by the vision of the woman he chased earlier.

A police car arrives from the opposite direction. As it nears, Taylor flashes his high beams. The cop car pulls in and parks. Taylor tries to park his in a space that's too small and so abandons it with its rear still poking out onto the road, causing all the cars behind him to halt. He crosses the road, disregarding the irate honking.

Horne and Ruddock step out of the police car, both now ingrained with the same straight-faced expression Taylor has. Together they encircle the woman before she even realises they are there, leering at her like twisted triplets. Despite her own wooden features, her face shows the slightest semblance of fear. She bolts suddenly, darting into a bridal shop behind her. The nondescript three-of-a-kind follow.

The Eradication

Inside the wedding-dress shop, a teenage female shop assistant stands on in shock.

'Wait outside, please, shop assistant Becky,' Ruddock states in possibly the dreariest voice she'd ever heard in her life.

'How'd you know my name?' Ruddock points at her eight-by-four-inch pink feathery nametag and she cowers out the front door, too embarrassed to look back.

'You're the last Ulwuk,' Taylor declares to their target.

'Maybe,' she replies with little conviction.

'Most certainly,' Ruddock chips in.

She grabs a heavy Brannock Device foot measurer off the floor and flings it at them with surprising might. Ruddock ducks and it wedges in the plaster of a wall ten feet behind him.

She flees again, this time into the back office. Taylor pursues with his two newly-inaugurated siblings following eagerly.

They arrive at the office door to find her locked inside with nowhere to go. The door is a strong wooden mahogany fire-door type with only a circular wire-meshed window. Taylor peers through the window to see she has propped an old-fashioned steel chair up against the handle.

'Come out,' Taylor requests. She refuses. The men study the frame and structure of the door.

Then, unpredictably, Taylor begins to study his own body. He rubs and presses his elbows, knuckles and knees before diligently examining his forehead. With no warning, Taylor swiftly smashes his head through the glass, shattering it and warping the mesh into the shape of a human forehead in one formidable instant of sheer power. One more blow with the same technique and the wire splits and divides.

He reaches in and opens the door. The trinity steps in and grins its unearthly grins at the woman.

Horne fires his gun and takes her down with a chest shot. The men stand over her dead body and wait.

A fine thread of rose-coloured mucus dribbles from her ear and a tiny red pinworm tumbles down onto the floor. It immediately starts to crawl toward Taylor and tries to mount his foot. Taylor flicks the worm off and stands on it.

'Time for phase two evolution... Azrid regime,' their new leader concludes.

The New World Order

The triumvirate are standing outside an airport newsagency and are being gradually joined by around twenty people encompassing several nationalities. Almost in slow motion, their characterless, inexpressive faces turn concurrently in the direction of Taylor.

'Twenty-four tickets, twenty-four destinations,' he repeats five times in fluent English, Korean, Mandarin, Spanish and finally German. His accents and pronunciations are effortless. 'Engage the subsidiaries,' he concludes in English.

The group splits up, each individual heading to a different check-in counter. Taylor, the last to do so, smiles his anaemic smile. He stretches and arches his mouth as his head vibrates ever so slightly.

#con13words

Over the months leading up to the con, we ran a mini-competition on Twitter. The objective: write a spec fic story in exactly thirteen words. Initiated by our secretary, who started off with the following: 'She was a dark and stormy knight, and she lived happily ever after.' A wide range of tiny tales came in, and are compiled here.

Winner:

The door irised open, the staircase goosebumped out and the table spleened sideways.

- **Devin Jeyathurai** @devinjeyathurai

Runners up:

When mummy banged on the wall, Amy cried – but the cement set fast...

- **Steve Dillon** @OzHorrorCon

After discovering mammoths we found our own icicle ancestors. The tentacles were surprising.

- **Rogue** @xombiekitty

And the rest:

Buried in Piccadilly dunes, found my skull: bullet hole punched in the crown.

- **Charlotte Nash** @CharlotteNash79

'Be our guest!'

The skeleton chained to the chair grinned back at them.

- **Jedi Kya Airstriider** @kerravonsen

The skeletons came out of the closet for Día de los Mardi Gras.

'Your soul or your first-born child.'

'What can you give me for /both/?'

I hear he's into body horror. He dots his hearts with little eyes.

- **Lauren E. Mitchell** @LEBMitchell



Jay approached the bench. It wasn't habitual for them to move by themselves.

- **Carina Merritt** @LittleOnesFDC

'And they lived...' she closed the book, 'I can't finish, it's too unrealistic.'

The monster smiled as he peeked through my clothes. 'At last we meet!'

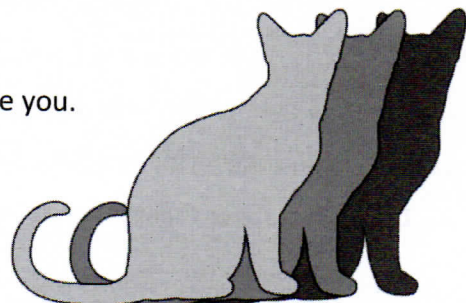
- **Paula McGrath** @pauliree

The alien ship emerged from the roiling clouds. It spoke. 'Where are we?'

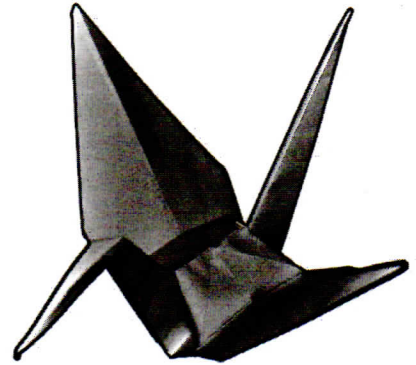
- **PRK** @prkaye

Puss-e-cat, meet your clone, Cop-e-cat. Raise her well so we can replace you.

- **Robert New** @1RobertNew



He traded cheap trinkets for unrestricted home access. Ol' Nick was no saint.
 She looked beautiful. He shook as his tears fell, ruining the mortician's work.
 Her clothes were soaked from the snow. Early thaw. Perhaps the killer's undoing.
 Purple people stood in front of a crooked house. Grandma loved the drawing.
 Locals avoided the house with odd sounds at night. The goblins liked that.



➤ **Rogue @xombiekitty**

DNA origami: folded a crane. Mum was mad I used the last onion.
 He stroked his wife's arm. Three days and she was starting to smell.
 The poltergeist was a nuisance till Nok convinced her to help fold laundry.
 When Debbie does the dishes, I leave the kitchen. Her moaning bothers me.
 I restarted the failing laptop and used my cyberkinesis. 'Start, dang it, START!'
 'Should've listened to the scientists,' laughed the old woman as the world ended.
 Dismembering a corpse using only your teeth takes an inordinate amount of time.
 Finally waving goodbye to her family, the mermaid sank slowly under the waves.

The Devil seemed friendly enough when Nancy got to hell, but he was pretending.
 Too tired to climb the mattress stack, the princess slept on the floor.
 Built time machine to change the past, never found out if it worked.
 I found out that my dad is a centaur. That explains the hooves.
 Mom was a Gorgon. All I got was a snake in my pubes.
 Every time I ride a hot-air balloon, I wind up in bloody Oz.
 I hate it when the moon rises and I change into a hedgehog.
 'Go all the way to the cellar? I don't even really like Amontillado.'

Finally killed the evil Emperor but the system lives on. Privilege never dies.

The brontosaurus looked up. The bright spot in the sky was getting bigger.
 'Are you sentient?' The AI hesitated only briefly and decided to lie. 'NO.'
 As he sank into the green cheese, the astronaut regretted his one small step.
 Grilled Camembert on toast is the perfect accompaniment to a glass of blood.
 Knew it was the wrong party when masks came off and wings unfurled.
 'That doesn't explain the claw marks on your tires.' 'I said TROLL bridge.'
 High above the Earth, the invaders looked down—decided it wasn't worth it.
 Once the witch left, Rapunzel swiftly rappelled down the outside of the tower.
 Late on a Saturday night, the serpent boys dance with the scorpion girls.
 The runes on the giant tablet, when deciphered, said 'take only after food'.
 My mother's been cooking for hours. She's tough but I hope she's delicious.



➤ **Devin 'The Super Prolific' Jeyathurai @devinjeyathurai**

Continuum XIV Conjugation

**8-11 JUNE 2018
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA**

Conjugation

/kɒndʒʊ'geɪʃ(ə)n/

noun

**the formation or existence of
a link between things**

Continuum is Melbourne's annual fan run speculative fiction and pop culture convention celebrating creativity across genres and media. Each year the convention aims to provide a regional convention where writers, artists, readers and film/TV buffs of all kinds can connect for a weekend of panel discussions, entertainment, and social fun.

continuum.org.au

State Library Victoria H96.200/684

Thank You

Continuum wishes to thank the following:

- The Jasper Hotel, for hosting us in 2017
- Likhain, for providing our glorious conbook cover art
- David Cook and Lisa Lagergren, for running our Childrens' Room
- Wood 'n' Chimney at Melbourne Central, for giving us tables for our monthly board games
- Kathleen Syme Library and Community Centre, for our committee meetings and Trivia Night venue
- Lindsay and the team at Copy Place, our preferred conbook printers
- The Hairy Dude and Mikee's Mics, for sound and tech
- Public Domain Pictures; Wikimedia Commons; Free Stock Photos; and Pixabay for interior graphics
- And you, our valued members, for your support and presence; you are who powers Continuum and makes it an ongoing, integral part of Melbourne's speculative fiction fandom.

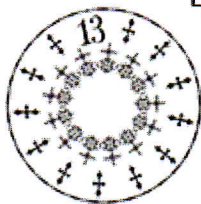
You have thirteen hours
in which to solve
the labyrinth,
before your
baby brother
becomes
one of us...
forever.

In =>

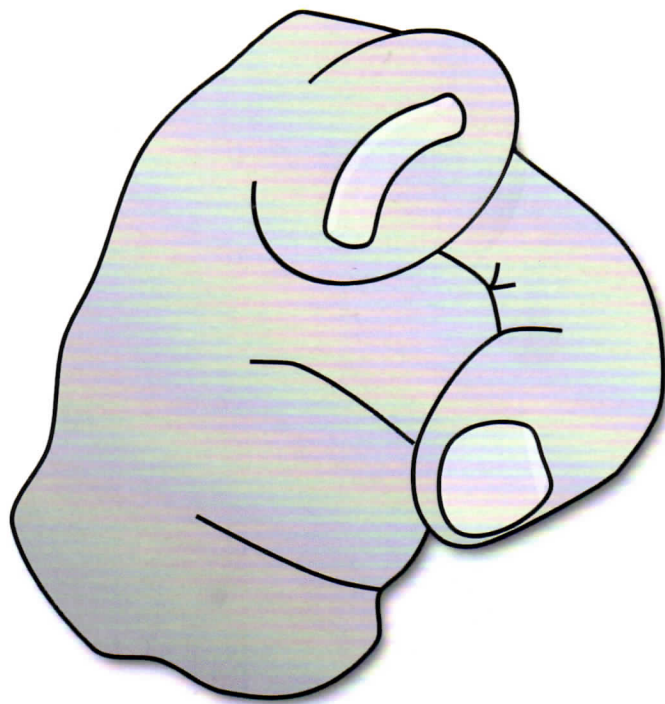


Through dangers untold
and hardships unnumbered,
I have fought my way here
to the castle beyond
the Goblin City
to take back the child
that you have stolen.

Out <=



Continuum Needs You!



Are you passionate about fandom?
Have a penchant for organisation?
Full of ideas for Continuum?
Or do you just want to see the inside workings
of running a convention?

JOIN THE COMMITTEE!

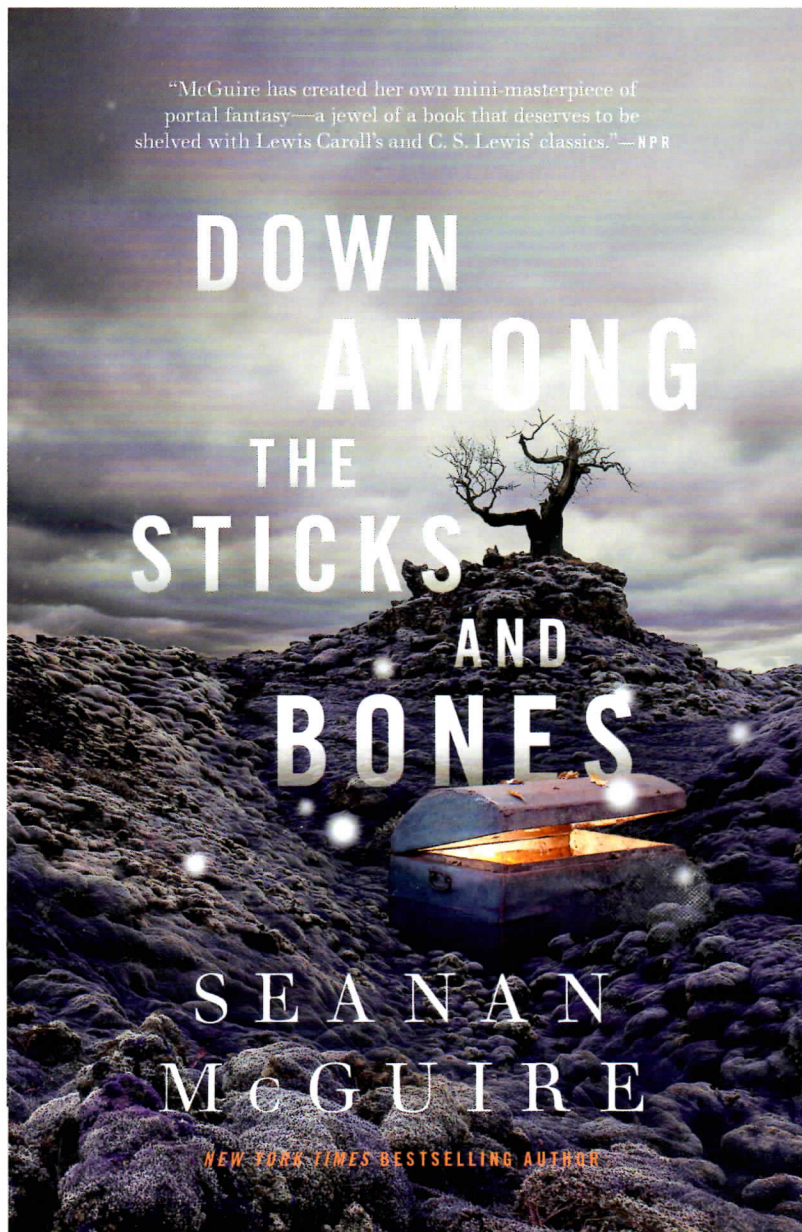
The Continuum Committee meets monthly.

There are perks to joining the committee.
You can make new friends, have a say in how
the convention runs, and get a discount on your membership.
We also have snacks!

Join us for an open meeting on the 25th June.
No commitment necessary.

Email info@continuum.org.au for more details
or find Brie or Sarah at the registration desk

“A MINI-MASTERPIECE OF PORTAL FANTASY THAT DESERVES TO BE SHELVED WITH LEWIS CARROLL’S AND C. S. LEWIS’ CLASSICS.” —NPR ON *EVERY HEART A DOORWAY*



Seanan McGuire returns to her popular Wayward Children series with a truly standalone story suitable for adult and young adult readers of urban fantasy.

Down Among the Sticks and Bones book chronicles the lives of two of *Every Heart a Doorway*'s favorite characters before they wind up in the Eleanor West Home for Wayward Children—a place where children who have experienced fantasy adventures can be reintroduced to the “real” world.

ON SALE JUNE 13TH, 2017



FOLLOW TORDOTCOMUB on Twitter , Facebook  and Instagram 
GET THE LATEST NEWS when you sign up for the free Tor.com Publishing newsletter
READ excerpts, author features, and discussions about our books on Tor.com