

? [CONTENTS](#) **Start with Color**

? [Art Gallery](#) **By Bill Kte'pi**

- 24 March 2003

? [Article](#)
[s](#) Start with color. A nimbus of blue at the base, a finger of black, a flicker of yellow and orange.

? [Columns](#) Start with color, and then as soon as color turns into flame, forget the color: just leave the heat.

? [Fiction](#) Good. The mug starts to warm, from the base up through the cold coffee, and when the first wisps of steam appear -- there we go. Now stop: send the flame away.

? [Poetry](#) Take a sip. Now what was Carly saying?

[ws](#) "They really let you quit?"

? [Archives](#) I take another gulp of the coffee and tap my finger on the side of the mug. "The necessity of my work has diminished."

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? [Staff](#) Her eyes narrow and she pushes her morning paper away, unread. Her dreams have been lazing at her elbows, small white elephants and green giraffes, grazing from invisible trees. They move aside, harrumphing at her as the paper interrupts their breakfast. "What does that mean, Will?"

? [Award](#) I had started to dream my notepad into my hand from my study, but I stop. Vaguely, I sense the notepad, out there, half one place and half

? [Banner](#) another, and as I stroke Carly's hand with my fingertips, I concentrate harder on its original position: sitting on my desk, slightly at an angle next to the computer keyboard, the better to read from while typing. The vagueness disappears. "It means I'll be home from now on, sweetheart. I promise."

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? [Bookstore](#) "The Sops don't let anyone quit."

[ore](#) "Well, they've let me retire. And you know I don't like that term. It sounds too much like 'cops.'"

? [Merchandise](#) "And they may as well be. But fine, Soporifics, then. No one retires from the Soporifics until they're too old to work. It's in the Tochko Amendment. You're as much a natural resource as you are a citizen." The elephants start to darken in color, from white to blue.

? [COMMUNITY](#)

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? [Readers' Choice](#) I shrug and begin to make breakfast, drawing on memories of my grandmother's flapjacks, fluffy

[Before Paphos](#)

by Loretta Casteen

8 January 2007

It starts again. The baby begins to cough and choke.

[Locked Doors](#)

by Stephanie Burgis

1 January 2007

You can never let anyone suspect, his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him, and the last, before she left him here alone with It.

[Heroic Measures](#)

by Matthew Johnson

18 December 2006

Pale as he was, it was hard to believe he would never rise from this bed. Even in the darkest times, she had never really feared for him; he had always been strong, so strong.

[Love Among the Talus](#)

by Elizabeth Bear

11 December 2006

Nilufer raised her eyes to his. It was not what women did to men, but she was a princess, and he was only a bandit. "I want to be a Witch," she said. "A Witch and not a Queen. I wish to be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

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

