

?	CONTENTS	You Can Walk on the Moon if the Mood's Right	Before Paphos
?	Art Gallery		by Loretta Casteen
-			8 January 2007
?	Article	By Bill Kte'pi	It starts again. The baby begins to cough and choke.
?	Columns	22 November 2004	Locked Doors
?	Fiction	The way I met her was that I hadn't slept in three days and she was having a bad night. It was one of those meetings where you couldn't say, afterwards, "Oh, I hated her," or "Oh, he was so funny," because introductions, interactions, just didn't take place at that level. It would be like asking what a forest fire thought of a lava flow. We were too hot, consuming too much, to pay attention to what we were taking in—we knew each other before we'd formed opinions of each other.	by Stephanie Burgis
?	Poetry		1 January 2007
?	Reviews		<i>You can never let anyone suspect</i> , his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him and the last, before she left him here alone with It.
?	Archives		Heroic Measures
?	ABOUT US	Insomnia rubs the edges off of things, like a fat gummy eraser dragged through pencil marks. Nothing quite vanishes. Nothing's left unsmudged. Everything gets covered in those grimy, sweaty little worms and beads of eraser dandruff. Everything's easier to touch, but never quite feels solid. I don't know if it's still insomnia if you <i>can</i> sleep, just not often and not for long—pseudosomnia? crappysomnia?—but whatever you call that, I'd had it for months.	by Matthew Johnson
?	Staff		18 December 2006
?	Guidelines		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.
?	Contact		Love Among the Talus
?	Awards		by Elizabeth Bear
?	Banner	Later I'd find out my gallbladder had given out, that what a doctor had misdiagnosed as a strained muscle was gallstones building up like oyster grit. But I didn't know that yet. All I knew was that I couldn't sleep, and that sometimes I'd get stabbing pains in my side that left me sweating and groaning. I couldn't take sleeping pills because of the painkillers and misprescribed anti-inflammatories, which left me jittery and restless.	11 December 2006
?	SUPPORT US		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."
?	Donate		Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00
?	Bookstore		
?	Merchandise	Chronic insomnia's the kind of thing where afterwards, you talk about it in terms of What I Didn't Know Yet, like what you're saying is that you couldn't sleep because you were curled up on the threshold of revelation, and the light of impending illumination kept getting in your eyes. It's the kind of thing that tugs metaphors all out of proportion.	
?	COMMUNITY		
?	Forum		
?	Readers' Choice	The bus to the French Quarter ran most of the night, and there was always something open there,	

