

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

? [Art Gallery](#) **By Jason Stoddard**

- 12 September 2005

? [Articles](#) Part 1 of 2

? [Columns](#) "Nobody to celebrate with?"
I shook my head.

? [Fiction](#) "I know how you feel."

? [Poetry](#) "Go away."

? [Reviews](#) "You feel like a man from the dawn of the communications age, holding a dead cell phone." It.

? [Archives](#) That didn't sound Edited. I looked up.
In the darkness of the little rooftop Mexican

? [ABOUT US](#) restaurant, a study in warm-lit charcoal curves: a round-faced little man with plump upturned lips, like some ancient half-forgotten religious icon. I waited for my airscreens to divine the man's identity, but of course there was nothing. I had no connection. No money to waste on one.

? [Contact](#) "Who are you?" I said.

? [Awards](#) The thick lips crinkled into a smile. The stranger pulled out a chair and took a seat beside me. His eyes sparkled yellow with reflected candlelight and blue with dancing airscreen data. He held out a hand.

? [Banner](#) "My name is Timoteo Fernandez."

? [SUPPORT US](#) I shook my head. It meant nothing.

? [Donate](#) "Just a fellow fan, here to see the *El Dorado* on its way."

? [Bookstore](#) "I'm not a fan."

? [Merchandise](#) A laugh. "You came here for the food, then."

? [Merchandise](#) "It's cheap." Was he trying to pick me up?
"I'm not trying to pick you up."

? [COMMUNITY](#) I stared at him. "How did you . . ."

? [Forum](#) "Inference algorithms get you a long way."

? [Reader's Choice](#) A new trick. One I'd missed.

"You've missed a lot, Gillam."

[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, he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

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

