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Magic Makeup

By Ray Vukcevic

12 April 2004

Linda said, let's go as each other, and I said, how the heck do you expect us to pull that off?

"Makeup," she said. "Magic makeup. Look here."

She handed me a card with a small white bottle shrink-sealed onto it in clear plastic. The illustration on the card was a bone-white skeletal face, obviously a guy in makeup, with raccoon eyes and blackened nose and missing teeth. The words on the card were in French. I do not speak French. I recognized the words "visage" and "corpse."

And then a bunch of stuff I was sure I could not pronounce.

"Oh, go ahead and pronounce," Linda said.

She was not yet laughing at me, but I could see she was preparing herself for some deeply satisfying chuckling.

Hey, I could be a good sport.

I said, "'Maquillage liquide.' Maybe liquid mask?"

"You crack me up," she said.

"And 'pour le visage et pour le corps.' That must mean for the face and for the dead body. So, after the crime you can either disguise yourself or the victim. Your choice."

I turned the card over. On the back were instructions in both French and English, but the English made no sense.

I read, "Hi ya, Mikey!" which was odd since my name is Mike. "When you're dead, when you're dead, no one wants to look at your head."

She laughed -- a little nervously, I thought. "Just body," she said, "not dead body."

[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](#)

