

*Faery Ink Press Presents*

*SPLAT! Fiction  
Ezine*

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# *SPLAT! Fiction Ezine*

## From the Editors

Hello and welcome to the first issue of Splat! Fiction Ezine.

Have you ever envisioned something wonderful in your mind, but said to



yourself, “Nah, that’ll never happen”? This ezine was one of such things. But things never come about by festering around in your head, and like plants, they have to be repotted so that they can expand. So, we got out our gardening tools and created a tiny flower patch in the wild jungle that is the internet.

Our content in this issue is small but mighty. We have a short story by Jessie Marshall called The Museum. You know how curiosity killed the cat? Well, Fee doesn’t die, but instead goes through the bedroom mirror. Amber, her owner, has no choice but to follow her adventurous kitty. Don’t you hate it when that happens?

We also have two poems in this issue, written by Tony Hogan and Elizabeth Ewert (see picture on the right!). We would like to thank everyone who submitted something, and to all those who helped with the website: Richard and William, you guys are awesome.

We also want to thank Benjamin for the logo. He’s currently mixing paints and busy being an art student, but sometime soon it will

appear on the website.

Having your own zine is a lot of work, but we are excited to learn as much as we can from this experience. Feel free to email us at [splatfiction@gmail.com](mailto:splatfiction@gmail.com) if



you have questions or concerns.

So, in short, keep those submissions rolling! We want to see a full inbox for the next issue!

Happy Writing!

Clare and Lizzy  
Splat! Fiction Ezine.

## The Museum, Part One

by Jessie Marshall

The young man heaved a sigh. It had been a long night, like many other nights over the centuries. People came and went through the dreaming abyss, each weaving their own stories for the midnight entertainment. The dream he was currently viewing, that of an older man, was in a park in the early morning. Mist settled on the trees and grass, and the air had a crispness to it. The dreamer himself was sitting on a bench, tossing bread crusts to some squabbling ducks in the fountain. Stepping lightly, the young man crossed the park and sat down on the bench next to the old man. He studied the arthritic fingers that grasped the bag, and the deeply lined face that looked intently at the ducks.

"Here you are, little ones," said the old man. "Eat up the good tuffies. Thatta boys."

The details of the park and the ducks became fuzzy as the old man followed his train of thought to another place, and disappeared. The young man watched him go, not following. He got off the bench and waited for another dreamer to appear.

He didn't have to wait long. The park began to change into an empty school room.

There were incomprehensible scrawls on the whiteboard, and masses of books and papers on the teacher's desk. It was fairly ordinary, but impressively detailed for a dream-classroom. The door opened and a girl glided in. She looked around the room alertly, with a slightly distressed expression on her face.

"Have you seen my book? I could have sworn I left it here," she said, walking around the room, searching the desks that she passed.

The man waited. Surely she wasn't talking to him.

The girl straightened from the desk she was searching and looked at him. "Well?" she asked impatiently.

The man was shocked. He glided towards her, studying her curiously. *How can you see*

*me?*

She raised an eyebrow, waiting for an answer.

"Uhh...no, I haven't seen your textbook," he said faintly, still studying her.

Wrinkling her nose, the girl gave a final glance around the room. "Oh well, that's too bad... I'll look somewhere else. Thanks for your help!" She gave him a quick smile, walked around him, and left the room.

As the classroom began to fade around him, the man was rooted to his place. *Now isn't that interesting...*

\*

Amber drummed her fingers in a constant rhythm on the pages of her text book and forced her eyes to focus. "The early humans developed tools needed for survival as they gradually began to adapt to their surroundings..." The next four words became verbalised blahs as she attempted to read the paragraph aloud.

"This isn't working," she muttered.

"There's too much information... how do they expect me to know all this by tomorrow?"

Ignoring the obvious answer that she'd had weeks to study, Amber shut her history text book with a snap. Rising from her desk in her bedroom, she stretched lazily and glanced at her clock. The light of the red digits made her squint in the dim light of her room.

*Eight thirty?* she wondered. Her mind swam with elusive facts of ancient history, and she had to concentrate to understand the clock's message. *Eight thirty*, she mused. *I've passed the eight o'clock study limit. My brain can't possibly absorb any more information. Therefore, technically, I can't feel guilty about not studying.*

"Right?" she asked her cat, Fee, who was happily sleeping on Amber's bed. Fee purred.

"That's right," replied Amber smugly, patting the kitty on the head. The cat stretched contentedly against her hand. Opening two large,

yellow eyes, Fee blinked at her owner.

“Yes,” said Amber seriously. With that reasoning in mind, she picked Fee up and headed out of her room.

But something caught her eye. Amber paused. Turning her head slightly, she eyed her room. *Chest of drawers, desk, bed, shelf, closet... mirror...*

Amber caught her reflection in the mirror on the wall. Shaking her head, she made to leave once more. Again, something caught her eye. Frowning now, Amber put Fee on the floor and closed the distance between her and the mirror. As her reflection did the same, she looked for what had made her pause.

*No, she thought, there's nothing there that's different, strange or weird; it's just me.*

Her blond hair was pulled into two braids that fell to the small of her back. She frowned at her reflection; this combined with her narrow face made her look severe. Amber wasn't normally intimidating, but with her arms crossed and her scowl deepening, some would say otherwise. Fee brushed against her leg fondly and purred.

“Did you see anything?” asked Amber, looking down into the kitty's eyes for answers.

Fee just purred, and sauntered over to the mirror. Looking back at Amber, she butted the mirror with her head, as if wanting to go through. Amber laughed at her silly cat. *Obviously you can't go through a mirror.*

“C'mon Fee,” cajoled Amber, bending to pick her up. “I'm hungry.”

Fee looked at her once more, and walked straight into the mirror.

Amber's jaw dropped. *What?! Obviously, I'm hallucinating.*

She knew that she had to get away from it. Straightening, she backed away from the mirror. Her reflection, however, did not. It winked at her.

*Okay... bad plan, she thought. New plan.*

*Continued on page 5*

## We Are Visitors

By Tony Hogan

We are visitors here or so it seems  
 Moving in the land of shadows and  
 light  
 With its endless beginnings each mo-  
 ment to moment  
 Here we are waiting in our boats to  
 move  
 further across the ocean of time  
 As if sentenced  
 Here in the abode of phantoms with  
 its tears and joys  
 In this game of hide and seek pre-  
 tending we are lost  
 Seeking salvation in our false gods,  
 these mirrors of our thoughts pro-  
 jected on the screen of life  
 And as we each graciously take a  
 bow and leave the stage  
 Creating a space for others to take  
 our place  
 We cling to memories of things that  
 never really were  
 And in a blink of an eye.....  
 gone

*Tony Hogan is an guitar player who has travelled the world contemplating his bellybutton, sampled many cakes, has vowed to make friends with everyone he meets, loves writing and releases large quantities of endorphins when he plays guitar.*

...*The Museum, continued from page 4*

Amber scowled, hoping it was convincing. Putting her hands on her hips, she walked toward the mirror. "You're the product of hunger and lack of sleep. You're not real, so go away."

As she turned to leave once more, she heard a cat meow. Breathing deeply, Amber turned around. Fee was sitting alone in what appeared to be a dimly lit corridor that had formed in the place of her mirror.

*Now isn't that interesting... but usually it's a bad idea to enter strange places, especially if they're not actually real.*

"Here, Fee," coaxed Amber, not wanting to enter the apparition herself. But still... it was curious, wasn't it? Fee just looked at her. Sighing, Amber attempted to call her cat once more. "Fee! Here, kitty!"

Fee meowed, turning to walk down the corridor. Giving into her natural curiosity and the need to find her cat, Amber walked toward what was once her mirror. It occurred to her that there was a story about a cat and curiosity that hadn't turned out so great, but Amber pushed it aside. If she was about to enter a dark, bogus hallway, it would be best to cast away all doubts. Tentatively, she reached out with one hand, and...

Her uncertainty returned. What if this wasn't real? Or worse, what if it was? Amber pulled her mind away from her doubts and allowed her fingers to graze the archway that separated her room from parts unknown. It unnerved her that what she touched wasn't the glass of the mirror. Instead, she saw and felt thick slabs of grey stone which had somehow meshed with her wall. Holding her breath, Amber stepped over the threshold.

Nothing happened. The air in the corridor was colder and clammy, and she became aware that she was in her sock feet, but other than that, nothing. Picking up Fee for warmth, Amber muttered, "I hope that you know what we're doing, because I don't."

Fee looked at her, and purred soothingly. From inside the hallway, she saw that the

walls were made of the same thick slabs of grey stone. Squinting, Amber became alarmed that it was impossible to see farther than a few metres ahead. Only opaque blackness seemed to lurk beyond.

"I don't know Fee. This looks awfully grim," Amber said. "Should we continue?"

*<<Oh, most definitely.>>*

The voice, which seemed to come from *inside* her head, startled her. She wasn't used to people replying when she talked to Fee. Feeling more and more anxious, Amber stopped in her tracks.

"Who are you?" she demanded, trying to see into the darkness.

The voice sighed, a sound which seemed to make the stone walls wilt. *<<I am the Curator.>>*

Fee purred. Amber frowned. *Curator of what?*

*<<My museum...>>* echoed the voice.

Somehow not surprised that the Curator, whoever he was, could hear her thoughts, Amber stepped forward cautiously. Light emanated from the walls, casting a gentle glow on the corridor. Though unable to see a particular light source, Amber was relieved that she could see, and relaxed a little.

A majestic set of ebony doors came into view as Amber proceeded down the hallway. They looked elegant, regal and sturdy, and very old. As she drew closer, she saw that the handles were wrought ornately of silver, as was the door knocker. *Pretty, but not gaudy*, mused Amber.

Going closer still, Amber shifted Fee in her arms so that she could touch the gleaming silver. In flowing handwriting, the words *La Vita* were inscribed at the base of the knocker.

"Life," she murmured as her fingers traced the elaborate engraving. Her lips formed a smile as she thought of "knocking on the door of life".

Sorely tempted to do just that, she heard the quiet, rumbling laughter from the incorporeal Curator. *<<You do not need to knock, Amber; you are already welcome.>>*

Before Amber could ask what that meant, the doors swung slowly inward. Fee struggled in

Amber's arms, wanting to be put on the floor. Without thinking, she complied as she looked around in wonder.

Amber walked slowly into a large library. Books were packed into towering bookshelves, and comfortable furniture waited invitingly for people to sit down. A large fireplace added a cozy effect, as did the long heavy curtains on the windows. What looked like a study area was set up in one corner of the library, with papers scattered all around, and books stacked in teetering towers along the wall. *It looks like my desk*, thought Amber with amusement. Paintings and miniature statues decorated all of the space unoccupied by furniture or books. Delicate floor lamps lit the room with the same glowing warmth as the hallway, in spite of the high ceiling. Amber instantly fell in love. *Fee likes it too*, thought Amber. The kitty had curled up in what looked like the cosiest chair in the museum, and was purring contentedly.

<< *Welcome,* >> said the Curator, <<*to my museum.*>>

Turning around, Amber saw a young man adorned in a black t-shirt, pants, and overcoat with many pockets. His brown hair was slightly unkempt, and his angular features had a pinched look to them. He was tall, but slightly stooped as if he bore the weight of the world. Though that might have made him look cowardly, the light of confidence and wisdom that lit his eyes belied that fact. Like the doors, he had an aura of great age, and his presence seemed familiar. Amber thought he looked quite ordinary for someone who could read thoughts.

The Curator laughed. <<*Ordinary? Interesting. Maybe next time I'll appear more bizarre,*>> he thought, smiling as if this was a normal thing to say. <<*What do you think of my museum?*>> he asked.

Amber grinned. "I love it! All the books... the perfect atmosphere. But why do you call it a museum? It's obviously a library."

At this, the Curator raised an eyebrow. <<*Here, things are not as they seem. All those books are not just for reading, you know.*>>

Quirking her mouth sideways, Amber was intrigued. *Then what are books for, if not for reading?*

The Curator smiled, and plucked a book off the shelf. Glancing at her, he opened flat in his palm. Bringing his other hand forth, he traced what seemed to be a symbol on the page. Otherwise, Amber noted with a frown, the book was blank of words.

Suddenly, light flared up from the book, and a small picture began to form within the light.

*That's me*, Amber thought with confusion. As she watched, the tiny image of Amber walked into a classroom and began searching through the desks. *That's my dream!* she remembered. *But isn't there something missing?*

The Curator was watching her reaction. She looked at him with a funny expression on her face. *Why's he showing this to me? And how is he doing that?*

Gesturing with his free hand, the curator vanished the light from the book.

<< *You recognised that?* >> he asked.

"Yes," Amber replied, believing more than ever that the entire scene was a simple dream.

The Curator frowned as he put the book back on the shelf. << *No, this is not a dream.* >>

*Then what is it? Why am I here?* Amber searched for a logical explanation, but couldn't find one. Confused and brimming with questions, she picked up her cat and settled down into the armchair.

The Curator sat across from her in another chair. Resting his elbows on his knees, he leaned forward. << *This is going to be hard to explain... and as far as explanations go, I'm not certain as to how satisfying it will be, but it is the best I can do.* >>

When he paused, Amber asked, "Why don't you speak out loud?"

<< *I can't,* >> replied the Curator sadly.

Amber frowned. "Why not?"

<< *It's a part of who I am. To understand that, you must first know where we are.* >>

*Continued on page 7*

# LOST

By Elizabeth Ewert

The mind goes to mush when it's idle  
 too long.  
 Endless meat trays and making change,  
 Enhancing the monotony.  
 I can't escape;  
 My need to survive is too great.  
 The self-locking window is the door to  
 my cell,  
 Keeping me confined with my mind.  
 Unending annoying songs and random  
 tangents  
 No longer entertain me.  
 I become scared,  
 For when my greatest boredom-buster  
 stops working,  
 I know I don't have long.  
 The sun shines in through my prison  
 cage.  
 I hang my head out of the window,  
 A small effort to feel I'm not there,  
 Wishing I was like the girls in their bi-  
 kinis  
 Driving through on the way to the  
 beach.  
 I look at my drab uniform and hot  
 kitchen,  
 Washing endless meat tray,  
 Making endless change,  
 Until the sun shines no more.

*Elizabeth Ewert is a self-avowed workaholic who happens to enjoy creating things of a fantastical nature.*

...*The Museum, continued from page 6*

“We’re in a library,” said Amber, patting Fee.

*<< I prefer to call it a museum, as it hosts materials of the past, present and even future. Also, it has literal models of places and people that are,>> he Curator swept his hand grandly around the room, << on display. But that is of little consequence. Calling something a different name does not change what it is.>>*

Amber nodded at this, trying to take it all in. “So what is this place, then?”

The Curator studied her for a moment. *<< It will be difficult to fully convey to you what this place is: I don’t verbalize my messages like humans. Instead, I convey them through emotion, pictures, and what you call “brain waves”. The interpretation of my message is done by your mind, changing it back into words that you can understand. Because of this, it will be hard. But I will try.>>*

Amber looked at him perplexedly. “You’re not human?”

The Curator smiled briefly. *<< I’ll tell you that part in a minute. First, this place. It is not physical, though it does exist. Everything you see around you is a symbol of its true form, like a picture of you represents you, but it is not you. The Museum of Life, as I call it, is not physical in the sense that you can touch it. It’s metaphysical ->>*

Amber looked around the room. *Metaphysical?*

The Curator frowned. *<< I am unable to explain it better. It is the essence of the physical, shaped into parts by your own ideas of ‘museum’ or ‘library’. The books, for example, represent the vast amount of information everywhere, and can be used to find certain things.>>*

“Like keeping record of something?” asked Amber, on the cusp of understanding what he was saying.

*<< Yes, >> he replied.*

“So, who are you in all this?” asked Amber. “You’re not human.” She was surprised to discover that didn’t faze her. *Information overload*, she thought wryly. “Do you have a physical

form?"

<<I can, if I want to,>> he said with a smile, running a hand through his "hair".

<<This form is the one I assume to you. My true form would be harder for humans to grasp .>>

"Too... complicated?" asked Amber.

The Curator smiled again but said nothing.

Wow, thought Amber. *This is so strange.*

"So let me see if I've got this right. This is the Metaphysical Realm, which is a collection of the essence of all things. It's...connected to the physical realm, and you're somehow in charge of the Museum of Life, which is the organised part of the metaphysical realm?" *Which makes you really old and powerful.*

The Curator nodded, << Yes. It's a rather large job,>> he said humbly. <<I do have occasional help.>>

Amber smiled and glanced in the direction of his desk. "Do they help with the cleaning?" *I guess metaphysical stuff is harder to keep track of.*

The Curator laughed. << Very true. I am the manager of the museum, and keep things in order, though that can be difficult sometimes.>>

Puffing out her cheeks, Amber let out a whooshing breath. "So what am I doing here?"

The Curator mimicked her actions. << The lower levels of the metaphysical plane exist in dreams and the subconscious. These are the ones that most humans touch daily, and some, 'Seers' as you call them, are able to control their access, though not consciously. No human has the ability to consciously reach out to any of the planes, though you have all traversed the lower levels at one point or another.>>

Amber listened, something nagging at the corner of her mind. "Dreams?" she asked finally.

<<Of course,>> the Curator replied.

<<That brings us back to-->>

"What I'm doing here?" finished Amber.

The Curator raised an eyebrow, and then looked thoughtful.

<< Yes, >> he replied finally. << Never has a human reached out to me before. Not even

*in dreams. There have been people who can control themselves in their dreams, but even they are not fully aware. The ability of a person to traverse the planes is limited by many things – you need an open mind, ample imagination, optimism -->>*

"And a hint of faerie dust?" Amber interjected.

The Curator grinned. <<Ah yes. Very funny. And in a matter of speaking, true. Even possessing an imagination, optimism, and an open mind, it takes something extra to achieve awareness in the planes. Something you have, apparently.>>

Amber settled back into her chair to let this idea settle. *Something extra. But what?*

<< I don't know,>> replied the Curator. << Even with all my experience and knowledge, I don't know how you did it. You were dreaming at the time, but even so, you looked straight at me and asked me where your textbook was. >>

Amber sat up straighter and studied the Curator. She knew he'd seemed familiar. And she remembered.

The Curator nodded and smiled. <<You remember. Good. But it does not explain how you were able to talk to me, see me in your dream. It seems that you did it on willpower alone, along with some 'faerie dust', and you were able to come here, as well. >>

Amber frowned. "But you brought me here. I certainly didn't create that portal thing."

<< Even if I do not know how you did it, I could sense you coming. So I guided you. But that you were able to make the journey says something about that faerie dust of yours. >>

The Curator shook his head and rose from his seat. << I am sorry that I don't have answers for all of your questions. You have done well in what you've done to accept the circumstances, but it will take time for you to learn more about this place. For now, it is time for you to go home. Don't you have a history test to study for?>>

Amber grimaced. Patting the sleeping Fee and then picking her up, she rose to her feet as well. "Yes, I suppose I do." Sadly, she looked around the room. "How do I come back here? Once I'm home, I'll think it was all a dream."

The Curator rested his chin in his hand. <<*That's true, >>* he mused. <<*You're certainly welcome here any time. I'm always in need of help, and I'm interested in this 'faerie dust' of yours. >>*

Sadly, Amber looked around the museum. "But how do I know to get here?" *How do I get home, for that matter?*

The Curator smiled, his eyes twinkling. Reaching into one of his many pockets, he pulled out a small, ebony figurine and handed it to her. <<*This will help you remember. >>*

Amber still frowned. "But if this is the metaphysical plane, how can I take something from here back to the physical world? Wouldn't it disappear?"

Still smiling, the Curator raised an eyebrow.

<<*Never mind. You forget; I'm the Curator. >>*

He winked, and was gone.

\*

Yawning, Amber lifted her head from her desk and glanced blearily around the room. Fee was curled up, asleep on her lap. Her abandoned history text looked at her accusingly. *You didn't study*, it seemed to say.

"S'okay, Fee... I'm smart," said Amber with another yawn. She stood and stretched, removing the sleeping fee from her lap. Glancing habitually at the clock, she was struck with an acute sense of déjà-vu.

*Eight thirty...*

Memories rushed back, clearing away the cobwebs of sleep. The Museum! With a sense of urgency, Amber distractedly put the kitty on the floor and ran to her mirror, waving her arms wildly. Her frantic reflection copied her every move. Feeling the wall behind the mirror for the archway, she was dismayed when she couldn't find it.

"No..." she moaned, slumping to the floor. She'd known it was too strange, too bizarre, to be true. With her back against the traitorous mirror, Amber felt like crying. *It had seemed so real... and yet...*

Fee sauntered toward her, stretching laz-

ily. Purring, she climbed onto Amber's lap and promptly began to kneed her legs. "Aww, kitty..." Amber moaned when Fee's claws pricked through her jeans. Then she froze. Fee's paws hit something hard in her pocket. Fee purred. With shaking hands, Amber withdrew a small ebony figurine from her pocket.

It was a little faerie, waving a sack of faerie dust.

*Jessie Marshall is a NSCAD student who thinks splattering paint all over her room is fun; she also enjoys depicting images of images of the Forms—after all, when you're chained up in Plato's cave, you gotta have something nice to look at.*



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*Thanks for reading!*

*Clare and Lizzy*

*Splat! Fiction Editors*