

Jashubeg en Jered

News From Otherworld Universe



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Jashubeg en Jered

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Andrej Ivanuša (design)

First side illustration:

Mark Jordan alias Mark Gart: Respect

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FIRST SIDE ILLUSTRATION

Mark Jordan: RESPECT

December is usually a very very busy time of a year for me and now finally things has calm down a bit. I'm full of inspiration again. ... So, yeah, I made a sketch of this quite sometime ago. It's nothing new or that original, I suppose. But I always wanted to paint something such this: "good" vs. "evil", if you like. They didn't show respect for each other, obviously. "Hehehe!" They showed respect for survival before they walk to the arena of doom and fight 'till ... I don't know how long? Forever?

"Good" vs. "evil" I think is equal, they maintain the balance. So either they fight forever and ever or they just both die, that's up to you to decide.

I am in a bit darker mood this time, it was meant to be a speed paint at first, but then I must deal with details as always.

I made it with PhotoShop CS3 (very cool piece of software to paint) in three days. Original size is 8400x4000 pixels.

Enjoy,

m

READ IN THIS ISSUE

Here is the annual review of development in the Slovenian SF&F scene. For start is the editorial by Bojan Ekselenski where he talk about special kind of beast.

→ **page 3**

Next comes brief news, humor and introducing of ZVEZDNI PRAH (STARDUST), the Author's Society of Speculative Arts, which is a society of writers, painters, photographers, etc. of fantasy, SF and horror.

→ **pages from 4 to 9**

In this issue we present some Slovenian SF illustrators, who attended the Slovenian SF convention SI.CON 2012 CELJE

→ **pages 10 and 11**

Bojan has contributed review and score of film Iron Sky.

→ **pages 12 and 13**

Andrej read new collection of SF stories ZVEZDNI PRAH 2012 and made a brief assessment.

→ **page 14**

Fandom scene in Austria, contribution by Nina Horvath.

→ **pages 15 to 17**

Mara R. Sirako wrote teaser of her book Dangober: Battle at Alertbeacon, book introduction written by alien! What, by alien?

→ **pages 18 to 20**

Andrej Ivanuša wrote the story At the tip of the castle tower, which received the Slovenian award for best fantasy story 2011-2012.

→ **pages 21 to 29**

At the end of fanzin are published three poems by Maša Brglez.

→ **pages 30 and 31**

On the last page are a few photos from the last Slovenian SF&F Convention SI.CON 2012 CELJE.

FANTASY ILLUSTRATION



Gregor Goršič — without title

SLOVENIAN SF&F IS A SPECIAL KIND OF BEAST

by Bojan Ekselenski

We try to revival Slovenian SF&F scene after 20-year long period, but this is much painful for all of us who are working on it. Slovenia is independent country over 20 years and so much time we also needed to travel on Eurocon. Festival Zagreb 2012 was ours first participation. Kiev 2013 is still suspended in the air. Why? Our scene, both amateur as well as creative, vegetates in the underground of Slovenian cultural landscape. So called "the established culture" does not recognize us as the culture. Consequently, we are systematically ignoring and pushing away.

We do not have magazines as are in cultural developed countries. We do not have publishing companies for the support of local authors. Domestic work is the exception rather than the rule in the local bookstores. Of course, the problem is also in the production side. Most of the works come out in the form of semi-finished products. The authors have only costs with their works. The only forms of periodic issues are fanzines which print domestic works. But unfortunately also here is a total poverty.

By the end of last year Jashubeg en Jered (News from Otherworld Universe) was the sole fanzine with ISSN number. This year fortunately resurrected fanzine Neskončnost (Infinity), edited by Prizma (Prism, Society of SF&F fans). Now both fanzines reside in the portal Drugotnost (Otherworld Universe). Last year, after few years of hibernation, was published new anthology of domestic creativity Zvezdni prah 2012 (Stardust 2012). Who is Slovenian winner of ESFS (European SF Society) for year 2012 nobody knows. Not even one significant

media in Slovenia mentioned that fact. This is proof of our limitations and complacency with our little gardens which are fertilized by state funds.

Very few people here knows what ESFS means, what is SF Convention, etc. In the developed world are these integral parts of the cultural life. Especially in Great Britain and in the U.S. are genre conventions a full part of the cultural wealth of the nation. Slovenia is very poor measured by these standards. After 'dissolution' of Yugoslavia there was nothing until 2007.

This year and in 2008 we had first convention with name Konfuzija (Confusion) thanks to a group of enthusiasts who soon find that even biggest heart can not beat forever. Then came new eclipse and in year 2012 we had SI.CON 2012 CELJE. On this convention we awarded first prizes for achievements in SF&F.

But still, on convention was shown that Slovenia is decades far behind development in the rest of the world. There were not a lot of visitors. Only guests from Zagreb showed us what means peeking out of complacency concrete wall. Slovenia does not have a fandom and it probably that there will be any for a long time. In a year or two we can not patched over 20-year hole with the systematic extermination of genre. State institutions give speculative art an attitude like they are in the mid of 19th century. Tenders are tailored for those who already have everything and are solid attached on the state's breasts.

Therefore, the SF&F authors remain solely hard work. On the way to the success at the end waiting for us blood, tears and toil.





GROSSMANN FESTIVAL

Grossman is fantastic (horror) film and vine festival in Ljutomer. The eight time lovers of film and vine gathered in Ljutomer, small town in NE Slovenia from 16. to 21. July 2012. Among the many attractions at the festival is definitely the number one British animation master Lee Hardcastle, who impresses with bloodthirsty and witty short films that does not for children.



Lee Hardcastle

Name of festival award is 'hudi maček' or in english 'Vicious Cat'. They give them away in the different categories: for best feature film, short film, documentary, music, life's work, and for the best film from festival Little Workshop of Horror. They also nominated films for the Melies d'Or - the award for the best European fantastic short film granted at the end of annual festival cycle by EFFFF.

Vicious Cat for best feature film went to what two films: **While you were sleeping** (Mientras duermes), directed by Jaume Balagueró (Spain) and **Inbred** by Alex Chan-



Jaume Balagueró

don (United Kingdom).

Vicious old cat for his life's work was awarded to director **Dinko Tucaković** by guest of honor **Goran Marković**, director of the opening film **Doctor Ray and Devils**. Of course, they do not forget the other fun side of life - wine. Here, too, were awarded severe vicious cats.

Events in six days of the festival was very extensive, exhausting and fun. On internet site www.grossmann.si/home/ are news for next one which will be from 15. to 20. July 2013.

<ANI>



Alex Chandon

MARTIN VAVPOTIČ ANNOUNCED HIS STEAMPUNK NOVEL ON AMAZON

Martin Vavpotič is already actively engaged in writing from 12 years of age. The first SF work *Dogodivščine Suike tima (Adventures of Suike Team, 1997)* was released in elementary school, another *Pragozd (Rainforest, fantasy novella, 2001)* in high school and later the third *Čez veliko Zahodno morje (Over Big West Sea, historical fiction, 2005)* as a student. For collection of SF stories *Blodnjak 5 (Maze 5)* he also contributed a short story *Lovci, (Hunters, 2003)*.

Now here is story, which is unusual in many respects. Steampunk novel *Clockworks Warrior* is originally written in English and published in the April on web-sites smashwords.com and amazon.com. There is available in various e-formats for a very reasonable price 4.99 dollars, or about € 3.80. Martin and his writing can be seen on his blog martinvavpotic.wordpress.com.



CONTENT

Carrus Vertigelli, a young aristocrat, enrolls in Scholar Society, the greatest academic establishment in the Hegemony. He joins the Clockworks department where tiny flying machines called speyes are built to act as scouts for Hegemony's legions. War brews and a mysterious new enemy appears with-

out warning, devastating provinces on all sides of the Hegemony.

Carrus brings fresh ideas to Clockworks, overhauling the obsolete speye models, turning the tide of the war in Hegemony's favor. However, this also makes the enemy very interested in Clockworks and they soon bring their own devices to counter the Hegemony's speyes. A furious competition of predator and prey ensues as Clockworks employees struggle to keep up with the enemy's endless ways to disable their speyes.

Until the enemy decides to employ the most direct way of disabling the Clockworks department ...





IRON SKY

In mid-February 2012 was on the International Film Festival Berlinale premiered movie Iron Sky. This is a dark SF comedy, directed by Timo Vuorensola. In the production the major role was played by Blind Spot Pictures and Energia Productions in Finland. Recording took place in Germany and Australia. The primary language of the film is English.

The film is about the Nazi invasion of Earth in 2018. At the end of the Second World War the Germans on the dark side of the Moon built a gigantic lunar base and a strong army of flying saucers. When American astronaut lands with their lunar module a little too close to the secret Nazi base, the Mond führer decides that glorious moment arrived faster than expected. Fourth Reich should raise!

For the Slovenian part of the audience is interesting that the music in the film is work of Slovenian band Lai-bach. They also used song Take Me To Heaven and was adapted for the zither. The original melody is actually Srne (Deers) by Miha Dovžan, Slovenian zither-player.

Film grabs the awards for BEST VISUAL EFFECTS and BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY at FANTASPORTO International Film Festival in Portugal! More can be read in the pages of the producer web-site <http://www.ironsky.net>.



18. century 1900 1960 1980 2000 2010
Absolute proof of global warming!



INTRODUCING



ZVEZDNI PRAH (STARDUST), the Author's Society of Speculative Arts is a society of writers, painters, photographers, etc. of fantasy, science fiction and horror (F&SF& H). Membership is voluntary, author on speculative arts field and must provide one piece of his work for clubs archive. We also accepted members from abroad.

MEMBERS

Andrej Ivanuša, born 1958 in Maribor, Slovenia

He is a writer, publisher, essayist, editor, journalist, philatelist, a designer of web sites and an amateur photographer. His works are

ČUDOVITA POTOVANJA ZAJCA RONA I-IV (WONDERFUL JOURNEYS OF RONO RABBIT I-IV):

Five friends, Rono Rabbit, Majolika Shebear, Rudi Wolf, Nishka Fairy and Azbai Dragon must resist against evil witch Pehtrunija in the amazing Wonderland. The witch want to enslave their friends for miners in gold and diamant mines;

RHEIA (SPACESHIP RHEIA): Political spy thriller and love story between a living spaceship and a falling asteroid's miner.

VILINDAR (FAIRY TOWN VILINDAR): Epic poem about the search for a legendary city, which is based on the Slovenian mythology.

SVETODREV (SVETODREV, THE FIRST LEGEND FROM TOKARA FOREST): Strange world of lizard-like three gender creatures is a stage for a young prince in a search for a legendary land of Marchis to regain his throne.



Ruža M. Barić Bizjak alias Mara R. Sirako

She lives in Kranj, Slovenia, where she was born in 1966. During her studies, she worked as reporter and became Managing Editor of the students newspaper Tribuna. In 1991 she graduated. In 1994, she was employed with Ministry of Culture where she was aide of Minister and later Of General Secretary of Minister. Currently she works in the office of chief inspector of Ministry of Culture as inspector for libraries and publishing.

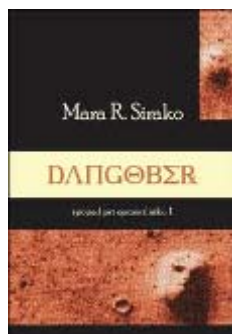


Founders: Bojan Ekselenski, Amedeja M. Ličen, Ružica Marija Barić Bizjak, Andrej Ivanuša



**DANGOBER: SPOPAD PRI OPOZORILNIKU I-III
(DANGOBER: BATTLE AT ALERTBEACON I-III)**

A humorous space opera in three thick books in the style of the legendary Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. The author asks herself, what if we were really created by Dangobers aka Raelians. Dangober is also a first Slovenian SF space opera.



Amedeja M. Ličen

Her life story began on a cold January day in 1965. She began studies at the Faculty of Science and Technology in Ljubljana, but then, before completing course, her life was 'swept into different waters'. In year 2000 she decided to seriously compete in the RTVSLO contest by submitting a script. They rewarded her by buying two of her works, the humorous synopsis for a series called »On Behalf of the People« and the romantic TV drama with a touch of fantasy »Clairvoyant«, which was made into a feature film in 2004, produced by TVS. This film had its premiere at the 7th Festival of Slovenian Film at the Cankarjev dom in Ljubljana and was also the TVS representative at the Prix Italia European Television Festival of 2005, in Milan. It was also screened at festivals in Motovun and Zagreb, where it received awards for best science fiction movie, best set design, and for its music. In 2001 Radio SLO presented her radio-play "On the Visit". At the Spletno pero competition for short stories in 2005 she was awarded with third prize. One of her stories submitted to the Anthology of Contemporary Slovenian SF stories in 2006 (released in book, April 2007). In November 2008, publisher Ved published her first extended prose work, the satirical anti-utopian novel about the city and the magnificent world of the future:



**NASVIDENJE, VELIČASTNI SVET
(GOODBYE, MAGNIFICENT WORLD)**

Amedeja had written too:

JASNOVIDKA (CLAIRVOYANT), fantasy TV drama about fortune teller Janja, who clearly sees problems of others, but does not notice that before her nose collapsed her marriage. With such a friend she needs no other enemies.

OD KRAJA DO RAJA (FROM HERE TO HEAVEN), sf theatrical comedy which was staged by Theatre Tone Čufar Kranj in season 2008/2009.

She regularly writes popular scientific articles for the »Mysteries« magazine, combining science with critical views.

Bojan Ekselenski

He was born 1964 in Celje. He graduated as a chemist and now works in chemical industry Cinkarna Celje.

In the 1990's he started compiling the fantasy world of Knights & Wizards which now overgrows into the first authentic Slovenian epic saga. In 2007 he published the first book of this saga. He is also the founder of fanzine Jashubeg en Jered - news from Otherworld Universe and its first editor and publisher. He is an active member of the Literary Society of Celje, and he is also an EUROCON agent for Slovenia. He is an active promoter of speculative arts and editor of some fantasy internet portals in Slovene language: drugotnost.si, vitezicarovniki.com, zvezdni-prah.si, cld.si, pisatelj.net.

**VITEZI IN ČAROVNIKI: VOTLINA SKRIVNOSTI
(KNIGHTS & WIZARDS: CAVE OF SECRETS)**

**VITEZI IN ČAROVNIKI (1): INDIGO OTROCI
(KNIGHTS & WIZARDS (1): INDIGO CHILDREN)**

**VITEZI IN ČAROVNIKI (2): INDIGO NOVI SVET
(KNIGHTS & WIZARDS (2): INDIGO NEW WORLD)**

Two worlds, utopian future and intriguing magical world of the antea Drugotnost (Otherworld), where Mesharah battles against the dark force named Eleila.



Tanja Mencin

**VARUHI: (1) VIHARNA PRICEZA * (2) ENAJSTERICA
(3) KRIKI USOD * (4) POTOVANJE K CILJU
(GUARDIANS: [1] STORMY PRINCESS *
[2] TEAM OF ELEVEN * [3] DESTINY
SCREAMS * [4] JOURNEY TO THE FINISH)**

King Rufus of the land Danonia tries to be neutral in the epic battle with an evil king Zendor of Morea. When he is forced to go to war, he sends princess Norhaiah, princess of Zlatograd (Goldcity) in the faery land of Wallonia to seek allies. Simple task turns into an epic journey through many fantasy lands. After many adventures, meetings with fanciful creatures and difficulties she successfully ended her epic task.

Tanja had written too: Piramida ali Dotik neba (poetry), Skrajna meja, Samorastniški blues and Harlekinov padec (all not SF).





INTRODUCING

Aleš Oblak **HIŠA DOBRIH GOSPODOV** **(HOUSE OF THE GOOD GENTLEMEN)**

Seven fantastic story heard Shepherd Hector, who under the roof take the seven travelers, because his Sheperdism laws require, that he can not deny shelter to anyone. Two soldier, smuggler, a witch, a man who talks to his cat, and Shepherd woman with apprentice - they are all there for a reason and with their own dark secret.



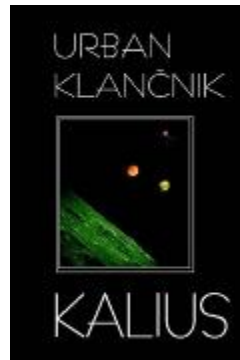
ESFS Encouragement Award
EUROCON 2012 ZAGREB, Croatia



Urban Klančnik **KALIUS (CALIUS)**

Author's first novell is a story of a hunters who like vampires feeds themselves with the life energy of other living creatures. The hero is a Slayer, long-haired and dark lurking hunter of energy, who becomes entangled in a dangerous fight for »calius« - the subject of a huge energy potential that can be used for good or evil purposes and the holder becomes almost invincible.

Urban wrote too: a novel Geneza, a humorously novella Droplja Krt, a novel Ali mrtvi sanjajo? and a few short stories published in various editions.

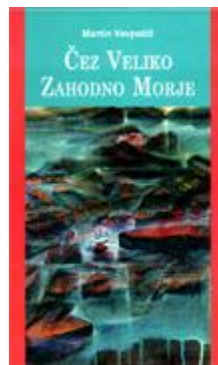


Martin Vavpotič **ČEZ VELIKO ZAHODNO MORJE** **(OVER GREAT WEST SEA)**

Middle East, 1190 BC., Bronze Age, the time of Ramses III, the last of the mighty Pharaohs. - The old world is changing. Hungry tribes are on the move, powerful kingdom collapsing like houses of cards. In order to save Egypt from the fate of other kingdoms, the Ramses III sent Manaptis, his bread brother, with three ships across the sea in Antica to loaded copper there, with which he had to arm his people. In fact, Manaptis rather followed the story, which he found written in the ancient papyrus roll. He went west sailed through Gibraltar ... and beyond. Here is his story described.

CLOCKWORKS WARRIOR

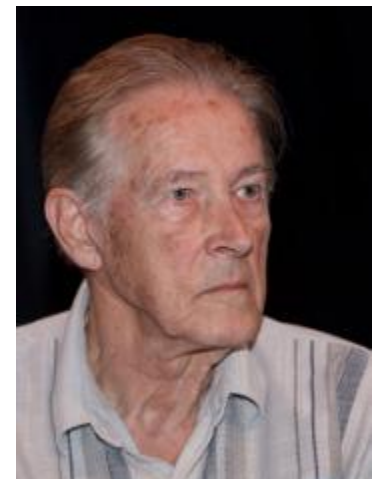
Steampunk novella was originally wrote in English language. A young aristocrat joins the Clockworks department where tiny flying machines are built to act as scouts for Hegemony's legions. The Hegemony is under attack by a mysterious new enemy who soon learns the purpose of Clockworks creations. A furious cat and mouse competition ensues as Clockworks employees struggle to keep up with the enemy's ways to incapacitate the flying machines and their pilots.



Vid Pečjak aka Div Kajčep **honorary member, doayen of Slovenian SF**

As a writer and psychologist, he has written 90 books, two-thirds are expert ones in the field of psychology, most literary works are fictional stories, novels and short stories, as well as travelogues and comic books. Some of the work is signed with a pseudonym Div Kajčep, which is an anagram, palindrome, of his name. In his youth he wrote especially for youth and adults. Drejček in trije Marsovčki (Drejček and three little Martians, 1961) one of his first works of fiction, is one of the most famous among young readers. In Slovenia, the book is published seven times, has been translated into Czech language and also in Serbian and Croatian, it was dramatized and the text are often staged in the puppet theater. It was awarded by Levstik Award.

Very successful was also his game Pobegli robot (Runaway Robot), the book was ranked among the top five radio and television games in the competition prix Japan in Tokyo. Tretje življenje (Third Life) TV movie, was made after Vid's novel, and won the first prize at the International Festival Prix Futura Berlin. Among the most





famous stories for youth and adults are a collection of novellas *Kam je izginila Ema Lauš* (Where did Ema Lauš vanished, 1980) and *Doktor živih in mrtvih* (Doctor of the living and of the dead, 2004).

DREJČEK IN TRIJE MARSOVČKI (DREJČEK AND THREE LITTLE MARTIANS)

Miš, Maš and Saš are three little Martians. Maš is second tallest Martian and goes to second class. He mostly preferred numeracy. His head is larger than the largest Macedonian watermelon, the body was not much larger than a bottle of Coke. Thin hands with three fingers on them grew out directly of his head, where it's supposed to be ears.



Instead nose he had only two holes in the middle of the face. All three Martians were transported by the magnetically flying cigar. Martians were not allowed to land on Earth, but they broke order and visited Drejček on Earth. Together, they found that the differences between life on Mars and Earth are very big.

POBegli ROBOT (RUNAWAY ROBOT)

Children's story in which Pečjak created a character of "heartless" robot that become good, as soon as the clock ticking replaced the missing heartbeat.

ALEKS IN ROBOT JANEZ (ALEX AND ROBOT JANEZ)

Youth story about Alex, about boy who one day find a robot. He named it Janez. Together they go through many adventures and begin to realize mutual differences.



ADAM IN EVA NA PLANETU STARCEV (ADAM AND EVA ON PLANET OF OLDERS)

Three thousand years in the future, the world has completely changed. A thousand years ago was discovered »vitalis«, Wonderland stuff, by which people achieve immortality. However, it happens extremely unlikely accident in which two people die. Law says that number of people must remain unchanged and therefore they artificial bread a boy and a girl. But because no one remembers how to raised children, they practically reared by themselves. When they grow up, they discovered through old books what are human relations and what love is. They resisting against the established order.

KAM JE IZGINILA EMA LAUŠ WHERE DID EMA LAUŠ VANISHED

Book is compiled out of eight stories: *Kam je izginila Ema Lauš*, *Odisej se vrača*, *Psihorobot*, *Odrpte lobanje*, *Hudičev sad*, *Jasmina ali Helena*, *Smog*, *Sonce*.

The title story tells about a girl Ema Lauš, which was, according to statement of her friend Peter emotionally and mentally stable person, but it started to happened



her strange things. She thought that in her dreams, that was so vivid as if they were real, space creatures like octopus chasing her, which was later proved to be true.

BEG MED ZVEZDE (RUNAWAY TO THE STARS)

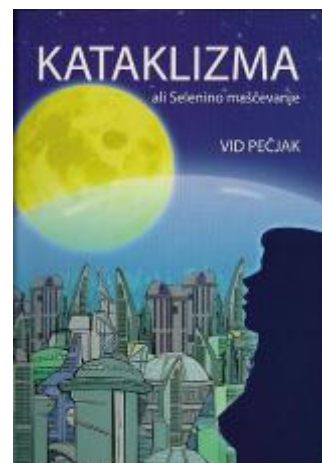
Youth science fiction novel tells the story of traveling in a foreign solar system in the constellation of Lalande and metaphorically about the various forms of running away from our real world.

ZADNI ODPOR ALI ISKANJE LEPE HELENE LAST RESISTANCE OR SEARCHING BEAUTIFULL HELENA

Text is intimate story, a love story that takes place in the future. The story on the one hand shows ecological disaster on Earth, on the other hand is a story of longing, which ends with fulfilling it. The author's wish is to find at least last temporary refuge before the final destruction of all life take place.

KATAKLIZMA ALI SELENINO MAŠČEVANJE CATACLYSM OR SELENAS' REVENGE

The story follows the path of Selena, born on the moon, coinciding with the decline of civilization. It tells the love story between shy Selena and Mark. Planet devastation disintegrates political organization and anarchy reign. Part of the population moved to the cities under domes and lives there in an apparent peace. Second part lives out of cities under constant attacks of the self-appointed armies. These plundering and collecting "live force". They also attacked her village and Selena was kidnapped as "prisoner of war", for whose. But she ends in the headquarters of General Maximilian because of their knowledge and sharp mind. At the same time she experiencing serious moments, but in the end, however, Selena revenge herself and all others ...



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SLOVENE SF&F ILLUSTRATORS ON SI.CON 2012 CONVENTION

by Andrej Ivanuša

1ST SI.CON 2012



1



2

SI.CON 2012 CELJE

SI.CON 2012 was first Slovenian SF&F Convention after a long time. Show was held in Celje at the beginning of November 2012. On show we also introduce six of our Slovene SF&F illustrators and painters. Four of them are also members of Umer Artistic Agency (www.umer.si).

Gregor Lož, born 1983, is a student of the Ljubljana Academy of Fine Arts and Design, field: painting. Beside illustration he is for many years active as a 2D animator. **Fig. 1- LAST ARROW** - digital technology, 2009.

Mark Jordan, born in 1979, is a digital designer and illustrator. He is active in the field of illustrations for 17 year, professionally involved within since 2006. He enjoy to paint pictures in the area of fantasy, film and gaming illustrations. Recognition of his work has twice proved by the Ballistic Publishing, which printed some of his illustrations in the cult revue *Expose* and *Exotique*, where are published the best authors in the world of fantasy illustrations. So far he made title illustrations for Slovenian SF&F books *Obzidano mesto* (*The Walled City*) and *Otok vračev* (*The Isle of Witch Doctors*) by *Margit Belami*, *Oprostite vaše življenje ne*



3



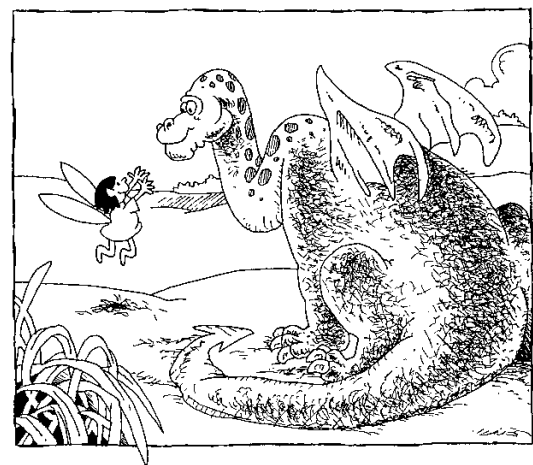
obstaja (I'm Sorry Your Life Exists No More) by Dušan Dim, and *Vitezi in Čarovniki - Indigo novi svet (Knights & Wizards - Indigo New World)* and *Vitezi in Čarovniki - Votlina skrivnosti (Knights & Wizards - Cave of Secrets)* by Bojan Ekseleski. **Fig.2 - KARA SHYRE** - digital illustration.

Gregor Goršič, born in 1978, with illustrations began as self-taught. He was then employed in the company Cocosoft as chief designer of mobile games. In recent years he stepping on an independent path as a child illustrator. **Fig.3 - KING KLUBS** - digital illustration for playing cards, 2007.

Robert Fister, born in 1972, as an illustrator produce images of small and large formats. His field of work is the realism and photorealism, scientific and imaginative book illustrations, storyboards for video production, pencil drawing, large format pastel, he is specialized in portraits and acts. He use digital tools, but he also mastered classic techniques such as pastel, pencil, crayons, chalk, colored pencil and acrylic paint. **Fig.4 - LONEE** - pencil on paper.

Denis Polanc, born 1982, drawing since he can remember. He is a construction technician, but through stdy he also mastered the sculpture art. Self-taught he learned how to use hand tools and materials such as clay and wood. In 2007 he illustrated a book *Vilindar (Fairy town Vilindar by Andrej Ivanuša)*. For imaging technique he used primarily acrylic, watercolor, pastel and crayons. **Fig.5 - MRAKIJENA DO MAGIC** - wax pencil on cardboard.

Damijan Sovec, born in 1970, professor of art, worked at the Elementary School Radgona. He is actively engaged in the comics, cartoon, animation and illustration. His comics were published in numerous national and international newspapers and magazines as well as international comic festivals and exhibitions. From 1994 to 2006 he has weekly draw satirical comics strips called *Smeri razvoja (Ways od Development)* for daily newspaper *Večer*. Later he released two albums with comics *Prva petletka (The First Five-Year Plan, 2000)*, *Simulacija kaosa (Chaos Simulation, 2004)*. **Fig.6 - DRAGON AZBAJ AND FAIRY NIŠKA FLY AFTER THEM IN THE VALLEY** (illustration of book *Fantastic Journeys of Rono the Rabbit by Andrej Ivanuša*) - inkdrawing.



6



4



5



IRON SKY

watching for you Bojan Ekselenski

Movie data

Blind Spot Pictures Oy, 27 Films Production, New Holland Pictures (Finnish-Germany-Australian coproduction)
20. APRIL 2012
Show time: 93 minutes

Director

Timo Vuorensola

Scenario

Johanna Sinisalo (story)
Jarmo Puskala (idea)

Players

Julia Dietze, Udo Kier, Peta Sergeant, etc.

Music

"Tanz Mit Laibach" by Laibach, Slovenian Hard Rock Group

Short description

Nazis set up a secret base on the dark side of the Moon in 1945. Now, in year 2018, they have plan to return back to the Earth. They »come in peace«!



We, crazy fans, are waited for this film for a few years. The first teaser on which I stamped raised temptations. At the end came the magical day when film started in our cinemas. First I clapped with my ears because they say that film will be showed only once a day! Second I clapped because show will be in smallest cinema hall. As it is an obscure mess with which entertain us Slovenian film-makers.

Then I read that the movie do not like Americans. Of course! If masters don't like something, then the servants around the World must pay tributes. Film director is Timo Vuorensola from Finnland, the story is write down by Johanna Sinisalo and Jarmo Puskala.

Start of the film is promising, especially musical accompaniment. These is prepared by our rock group Laibach. At first glance I notice that the special effects are a little bit plastic. But this is not resentment, because the film had a 30-40 times smaller budget than average American film. So I focused my attention to the content.

On the Moon harbored two American astronauts, hang election flags of the President of the United States (Stephanie Paul), which is incredibly similar to Sarah Paulin (okay, actress shown twice higher IQ than Alaskas' governor). Then shit happens ... Before them appear a real Nazi with machine gun. After short shutting was black astronaut taken into a fortress in the form of the Nazi swastika. And the fun can begin.

In the inspection of the prisoner come current Führer Wolfgang Kortzfleisch (Udo Kier, who is the only known player). Mad scientist Dr. Richter (Tilo Prusckner) try to turn into Aryan race black prisoner James Washington (Christopher Kirby) and he even succeed. Doctor (he is like Albert Einstein) also figure out what is USB and also manage to connected smart i-phone to the mighty battleship - Twilight of the Gods. But since battery dies, there is impossible to boot colossus. The solution? Führer allow informations' führer Klaus Adler (Götz Otto) to go on Earth and acquire more i-phones. With him he take





Aryan Negro and his fiancé Renate Richter (Julia Dietz), who is teacher of English language.

After some time they come to American president. She is immediately impressed by the Nazi propaganda. Nazi iconography become an American iconography. At same time Adler has its own calculations. He wants to become the new Führe. After some time he succeeds.

But than things are turning into strange and bizarre waters. We are witnessing the invasion of Nazis from moon in flying sourcers. Steampunk machinery crumbling modern technology, retro against modern.

But Americans have ace up his sleeve. They bring out research ship George W. Bush, who has, you can not believe, 'accidentally' nuclear head and is armed to the teeth. Some other countries have similar 'research ships'. The feast is at its peak. The U.S. President is all happy, because in war is American president always elected for second time.. I do not reveal the end of the film,

but it is a mixture of funny, shit and cynical criticism of the existing world order.

All ends well, but the film has some problems. Writers should better take care of running of the story. In an effort to use cynical jokes at any cost, they sometimes missed story and history. For instance, nor in 2018 nor in 2019 will not be the U.S. presidential elections, they will be at 2020. Shit up or down, also at jokes we need a lot of logic to maintain a health level.

Film show that was filmed by 'partisan' budget, but I do not take as the negative side of the coin. Music is very good but sometimes fades to much into the background.

Some of the scenes seen on promotional videos are not in the movie. The end is for my taste a little bit scrappy and quickly. In short, the movie is good, but not great. Idea of the film eliminates all other invasions from outer space. Steampunk environment is fascinating. Nazis speak German, because in English they sucks. Players play their roles

Conclusion and score	
Story	1,4/2
Play	0,7/1
Implementation	1,0/1,5
Tecnical quality	0,4/0,5

TOTAL 3.4/5
The film was a good experience, worth a visit. It shows what can be done for low budget if right people come together. Slovenian filmmakers, have you read this? Nevertheless, I can not dismiss unnecessary logical holes, some torn in scenario and excessive parody. Comedy yes, but to a limited extent and in the right places.

fantastic, the characters are alive and parody is highlighted. Can you imagine: there is an Aryan black man who at the and becomes a white street beggar! But, at the end I have to remain realistic at scoring.

WE COME IN PEACE!

Laibach, musical and artistic collective has contributed music for the movie Iron Sky. They had a concert at 20th April 2012 in Cinema Šiška in Ljubljana and day later in Narodni dom (National House), after the movie premiered in Slovenia. The basic starting point and foundation of film music is Richard Wagner. Also a collective Laibach itself was the inspiration for the movie. But Wagner was the only one of the subjects in this military invasion of Nazis from the dark side of the Moon. They also play with other "taboos". Miha Dovžan, global zither-player played wonderful song Take Me to Heaven.

The concert program presented some film songs which have been performed without the orchestra, and a new versions of their famous songs We forge the future, Death for Death, Brother Mine, You Who Dare and Country. In short, memorable again!





STARDUST 2012

YEARLY GATHER OF SLOVENE FICTION

by Andrej Ivanuša

Editor's collection preface

ZVEZDNI PRAH 2012 - letni zbir slovenske fikcije (STARDUST 2012 - yearly gather of Slovene fiction) is new attempt after long years to collect yearly intersection of Slovene short fiction prose and poetry in one book.

The third and fourth day of November 2012, after long dried years was in Celje again organized SF/F convention. As an addition, we asked authors to send us their short texts and poems. It was created fat collection of more or less successful works. Some were rejected due to ineligibility, some of them given the scale were placed and will unfortunately have to wait for another opportunity to publish. At the end of the collection were published in a story guest from Belgium Frank Roger.



Edo Rodošek ◊ VESOLJSKA SFINGA SPACE SPHINX

Short but intense story with an interesting "biological" idea. It belongs to the category of SF and is close to Martian chronicles by Philip K. Dick. In the deceptively simple tale of two hunters on the planet Cetus almost turns into horror. Human colony just trying to survive in the middle of aliens environment. They try to destroy domestic herbivores and predators. But nature on the planet Cetus do not give up so easily.

Vid Pečjak ◊ PODOBE IZ PRIHODNOSTI PICTURES FROM THE FUTURE

The Sun, Radiation, Dump, Smog, Water-water are titles of short stories within novel frame. This are stories in the category of cataclysmic future and are eco-oriented. Vid Pečjak is definitely a great storyteller, putting the protagonists in the position to solve unexpected situations.

Andrej Ivanuša ◊ VANDROVEC WANDERER

Heroic fantasy story, based on the Slovenian mythology and fairytales.

Miha Mazzini ◊ ČAKAJOČ V WINNEMUCKI WAITING IN WINNEMUCKY

An interesting look at the fundamental Christian belief in God and his son. Interestingly carried a story that draws us into himself. The idea is that people are generally "good" and Aliens from different dimensions of Space are "bad". What they do when their "laboratory rabbits" behave differently than they expect?



Tanja Mencin ◊ KAZNILNICA PLANET NIČ PENITENTIARY PLANET ZERO

Strange things happened when a journalist arrives at the penitentiary planet.

Bojan Ekselenski ◊ ZVEZDNI OTROK STARCHILD

No one believes claims of little boy that he came from stars. Everything change when his little girlfriend become sick ...

Miha Pleskovič / Lucas Kane ◊ KONEC POTI? END OF JOURNEY?

What is the essence of our existence?

Uroš Potočnik ◊ SOLFFEGIO

Interesting idea about the multi-dimensionality of space. Musicians on the forgotten planet decide the fate of the universes with music. But than strange "nasal cold" decimated the orchestra and all this has fatal impact on structure of our universe.

Oneya B. Rajšel ◊ MAVRIČNO LETO 2013/2013 RAINBOW YEAR 2013/2013

Story in an interesting way varies the theme of the end of the world 21.12.2012 and a thousand years later (although this is the main protagonist fiction).

Primož Jenko ◊ OGRLICA Z BISEROM NEKLACE WITH PEARL

The story paints a perfect relationship between husband and wife who are married for some time. The man believes in the technology, while the wife believes in the supernatural. The contrast between these two poles is the best part of the story.

Majda Arhnauer Subašič ◊ NEPORAVNAN DOLG OUTSTANDING DEBT

The author believes that "space forces" direct us and that we must pay now, later or in the next generations the 'life' debt that we have made.

Tanja Mencin ◊ 3 PESMI / 3 SONGS Tamara Zaner ◊ MISLI / THOUGHTS

Poetry

Frank Roger ◊ KRIOPIKNIK (translated by Martin Vavpotič)

Interesting horror story what can happened to reach people (bodies) who decided to cryogenically freeze them in the hope that one day medicine will save their terminally ill body.



NO FANDOM IN AUSTRIA!?

by Nina Horvath

Austrian fandom – it's an odd topic, isn't it? – And yes, joining international science-fiction might be like our contribution to the Eurovision Songcontest. Yes, we were there, but we were last. The very last.

Being at the Eurocon in Zagreb – my first Eurocon ever – made me think a lot about the international SF fandom and the role Austria plays in it. I am too young to be the grande dame of the Austrian fandom, thus please excuse if anyone has more insight in it. */This work is just my expression of what I know and what I have experienced in our Austrian Scene./*

But I have been a science-fiction fan since kindergarten age (I used to love watching Star Trek with my elder brother, later, as I was annoyed about all the books on teenage girl with horses, I was 'wildering' in the 'boys' shelves' in library and became a sucker for books) and I have been publishing SF short stories for more than ten years. Due to that, I got to know a lot of interesting people dealing with that subject, mostly via internet – but it was especially with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings with future settings tough to get to know people really living close to me.

Please note that this work is just my – certainly limited – point of view that I sum up here it, I do not refer to any article on a similar topic.

But back to the Eurocon: A lot of guests thought it was interesting to have us guys around – sadly, not as they love our SF books and movies (what movies anyway!?), and even not as Austria is so far away from Croatia (it is not, it took me just five hours by bus to get there and I would bet that most of the keen fans take longer trips to get to a good convention!) that you can call the county 'exotic' - but our fans are simply not so keen on going to events like that, so they are a kind of a 'rare species'.

Fan Clubs

Of course, as every country, we have lots of fan clubs that deal somehow with science-fiction. For me it is very difficult to decide in favour or against which ones are really important, especially as it is very often not easy to find out any information about them if you do not have a friend who has at least once taken you to a meeting. But I would simply claim that we do not have any distinguished or outstanding fan club worth mentioning in our country. The usual Austrian SF-club consists of about maybe ten active members. A lot of them are off the record fan clubs, hence most of them do not even claim an annual fee. That makes it is difficult to specify the exact number of 'real' members, because

institutions at no charge provoke lots of nominal and inactive members.

No matter if smaller or bigger fan clubs – there's no unity and organizing authority, and as a fan you may not get to know any information about these clubs and one maybe won't even hear anything about them in your entire life, even if you are really seeking for fan activities.

The committed devotees often meet in restaurants, as it is an easy way to organize such a meeting. Some of them are into Star Wars, some are Star Trek worshippers, the greatest amount of fans is mainly interested in general topics of science-fiction, very often they are also fantasy fans at the same time. Some do online-role-playing-games and meet every now and then to play games, some of the followers consider themselves as an 'outpost' of the German fan club scene. A few have established fanzines, even though most of such projects ceased to exist in much less than a decade.

One fan club I want to mention is the Science Fiction Gruppe Wien (SFGW). This is also the place where I heard about the Eurocon in Zagreb. We meet once a month in a restaurant, we chat about science-fiction, eat, drink and enjoy a short program. This could be a speech on any science-fiction topic or astronomy, a reading, an introduction of a local publisher, a report on a convention, etc. But what I think the most remarkable this is that the club goes way back. It was founded in 1955. And still most of the people are founding members or joined only a short time after the birth of the SFGW. I love this community, as it seems to be a fan club that can be an important part of your life for decades. That is, in my opinion, a rare pleasure.

Science-fiction and fantasy awards

To put it bluntly, there are no serious genre awards here in Austria. Say no more. But as we share our mother tongue with the Germans, Austrian authors can participate in most of the German awards. There is the Deutscher Science Fiction Preis for science-fiction short stories and novels. Decisions are made by a jury. The prize for the winners is 1000 Euro in each category.

Another German award is the Deutscher Phantastik Preis. A public vote decides on the winners there. The award is honoring fantasy, horror and science-fiction literature, cover design and webpages.

Another important science-fiction award is the Kurd-Laßwitz-Preis. This one stands somewhere in between the first two awards – there is no real jury, and also no public vote. The persons in charge, who are allowed to decide on the winning authors, first have to prove commitment to science-fiction.



Last, but not least, there is the Vincent Preis. The name is a tribute to the director Vincent Price. And it is also a play on words, since 'Price' is pronounced as the German word 'Preis', which is the translation for 'award'. The winners are elected by a public vote.

Publishing

Austria has quite a number of publishing houses, but only a few that provide readers with a particular science-fiction program.

Small publishing houses come and go, nevertheless it is quite possible to have an overview. There are only a few because most customers are often not willing to pay the high shipping fees, especially since Austria does not charge book shipping separately, as many other countries do. Most potential customers are also in Germany what means even more postage.

A serious attempt had been made by the publisher Otherworld to establish a program with language translations of international authors translated authors from the German-speaking countries. The products were quite popular (especially the post-apocalyptic zombie novels), nevertheless it was absorbed by the big publisher Ueberreuter and became one of its labels. By now, Ueberreuter has abandoned this label. I consider this a big loss for the Austrian fandom!

For me, it took many years until I had my first short story published by an Austrian publishing house, although I am a native Austrian living in Austria and at this time I already had no major problems to get a story printed in a German publishing house. Yes, it is as absurd as it sounds. My debut in Austria was in the program of the publishing house Septime and an anthology with international female authors. They primarily published South American literature, but fantasy is also a major part of their program. A complete edition with new translations of the works of SF author James Tiptree jr. is the major project.

Lately, I also came across a new publisher, Mondwolf, that releases fantasy anthologies and novels. I am having one of these at home, and even though they do not deal with SF, I can only say: Live long and prosper!

Conventions

We do not really have a 'pure' fantasy or SF convention in Austria. I have been asked about it many times at the Eurocon, about our 'national convention' I mean. But ... it is a question I have answer with something like:

'What, uhm, pardon?' - 'Whatever ...' - 'Ah, I see ...' - 'National con? Well, not sure about it, but we have conventions.' - 'Conventions for science-fiction fans? - Not really ...' - 'Well ... sure we have fans in Austria ...'

I asked around a lot in our local scene, but all the results I got were some sort of unsatisfying. A lot of them replies I got referred to events that took place twenty years ago, anyway - I won't talk about that. About the other current conventions, with non-SF con-

tents, well, please do not misunderstand me: these events are great for other fans, but as a fan of science-fiction, fantasy and horror books and as a writer of those, I am simply not the main target group, hence I cannot talk about that in detail.

One example are anime conventions. Austria has - especially if you consider the small size of the country - quite a lot of them, and it is certainly funny to be part of these meetings, especially as a lot of manga and animes deal with fantasy subjects. But it is simply not the place to discuss a good SF-book and writers there are usually just into fanfictions. One just has to take a look at the competitions usually offered there.

Another problem for many of us 'grown up' writers is, in my opinion, the low average age of the visitors there. As an actually young man or woman maybe in the late twenties or at the age of thirty-something, you will most certainly already start feeling like a granny or grandpa!

Serious attempts to support our fandom were made last year with the MACOnvention in Linz. On this three-day-anime-convention the hosters offered several readings on fantastic issues. For some of us it was a good experience, but not for all. The main problem was that most of the regular guests were simply not interested in sitting in a room, where a panel of literature is offered. It also depended on time, indeed. But I felt like as if our steampunk panel got more visitors than the horror readings. Another problem was the noise, even with all doors closed. I can remember that the main themes of popular animes were hammering in our ears during a reading. It was virtually impossible to concentrate on the reader's words. It was a well-intentioned try, anyway. We will see how it is going to work out in the future.

One could say similar things about the Vienna Fantasy Gaming Con. It was an event for role-players, and if you lived near, it certainly was worth having a look around, even if you are - like me - not a role-player. The entrance fee was not that expensive and at least one could enjoy some shopping and do a little socializing. But a huge problem for me was that there was just this one floor and one big hall. Therefore, there was no adequate way to set up book panels because they need a quiet surrounding. In fact, that is the case with many fan events here in Austria, such as comic fairs (we have two of them that both take place several times per year in Vienna): there are no separate rooms for establishing panels for speeches and readings.

I once held a reading together with my publisher at the Vienna Fantasy Gaming Con. We got chairs at the end of the floor and yes, there was even an audience listening to. But it was very loud, what made the readings usually a bad or even traumatic experience for the author. And you can't even tell the guests and keepers of the fair stands around you to just shut up (while you can ask people who are not quiet usually just to leave the reading or even let them be kicked out of the room



by convention security) because they do have the right to talk to each other and to their costumers a public event, indeed.

As far as I know, 2011 was probably the last time the event had taken place. That would certainly be a big loss for the SF fandom in Austria.

When I asked about science-fiction conventions someone suggested me to visit the Perry Rhodan Convention. I do not know how famous Perry Rhodan is outside the German-speaking countries (although it had been translated into many languages, including even Japanese), so I will explain for everyone: Perry Rhodan, named after the main protagonist, is a science-fiction series originally published in booklets – lots and lots of booklets. It used to be very popular when my Dad was still a schoolboy. I can perfectly remember his narrations on the excitement he felt about the new phantastic issues introduced in the booklets, and the juvenile despair when his Mum, following the advice of my Dad's teacher, threw them away. You have to know that at this time in Austria stories like the Perry Rhodan fiction was considered to be second class literature that would spoil children.

Today, there are also soft- and hardcover books published, as well as audio books. I only know little about it, but the series has grown so enormously, especially in quantitative way, that one must read for decades if he wants to become a real insider.

Coming back to the convention, well, it was just down the street from where I live, and with no entrance fee to pay, I thought I could give it a try. Remember, I am science-fiction nerd. Even though the event was taking place in the town I am resident of, I had lots of trouble finding the location. That was because I expected some kind of event center, probably a school or something comparable, where conventions usually take place. But I was unable to find anything that looked like a convention. Finally, it I recognized a more than average city-house as the place where the action is going on. And guess what? I even had to ring the doorbell (!) to get into the building. My friend and I were climbing the

stairs and checked each floor, but only ordinary flats of private persons came in sight. In fact, the meeting was taking place in the basement, as we find out after a long time of searching. It was kind of creepy getting down there, and when we finally encountered the other fans, I noticed that there were only a very few women among the guests. My companion whispered in my ear: 'Here are old men only!'

However, we stayed for a while. But I did not feel quite comfortable there, I have to admit. Most probably, this convention is the perfect event for those who are Perry Rhodan fans since the beginning of the series, but for me it is certainly not a place I ever want to come back to again. And I doubt that a lot of new people will join that event in future.

This year, some attempts are being made establishing German mainstream genre conventions here in Austria. They will be held for the first time ever. I don't make predictions, and I also do not care that much, to be honest, I am not keen to meet some stars from a series for vampire addict teenagers.

For me, the situation with conventions in Austria was and is totally unsatisfying, even if you can't claim that there are no conventions at all. But for a sci-fi fan or anyone interested in fantasy literature in general, everything seems to be a compromise.

I usually go to Germany twice a year to enjoy panels on literature and good talks to fans, authors and publishers. 2012 was the first time I went to a convention outside the borders of Austria or Germany – the Eurocon in Zagreb – and it was a real great experience for me. I am sure it wasn't the last time that I had been to an event such as the Eurocon!

I hope to attend some more conventions like this. I got a lot of invitations to events in neighbouring countries lately. So we will see!

Nevertheless, I love living in Austria, as it is a gorgeous country and of course it is my home! But for fans and authors of genre-literature there are not the best conditions to be found here.

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DANGOBER: BATTLE AT ALERTBEACON

PREFACE TO THE ADAPIAN EDITION

by Mara R. Sirako, translated by Pero A.

Respected and appreciated Adapians, serial number H-52! Special greeting to female Adapians, serial number H-52!

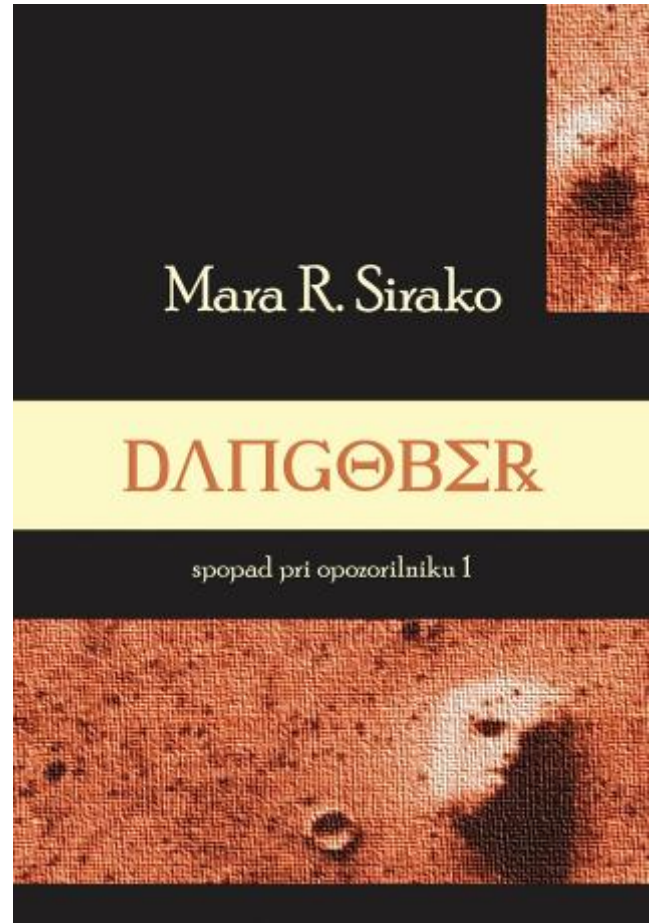
My name is Kognitus Set'RI actually President of Kognitus Chamber which might not mean a lot to you, but it surely means a lot to me. Let me just say, I occupy a very, but really a very important position. Right now I'm lying on the beach, in a flower - pattern shirt and shorts which can't stop rubbing my ass. Sometimes I take a look at holomatrix, where I can follow your TV stations. Now and then some commercials between killing, monster-like behavior, wars, criminal and everything else shown on your stations. Honestly, I don't care, I just carry out the last Kognitus Chamber's *Recommendations about Adapians awareness (Official Bulletin no. 127/825292)*, but personally, I think no-one can really make you aware. Just like us, Dangoberian, weren't able to be aware. We were rushing and rushing into abyss, almost destroying our own planet in Great War any yet, nothing changed our point of view.

Recently we almost destroyed whole galaxy including Adapian system, but you don't know that and frankly, maybe it should stay that way. And it's fine by me, I'm just following our *Law of Adapians and other created rights (Official Bulletin no. 27/800250)*, *Recommendations of dealing with Adapians and other created (Official Bulletin no. 256/800251)*, *Ethical codex of Geaneators and other Dangoberian about treating with Adapians and other created (Official Bulletin no. 115/800253)* and *Methods of cyclical management with unwanted emotions when working with Adapians (Official Bulletin no. 101/800255)*, just like that's expected from me by Kognitus Chamber and Senate. So you won't talk about being unaware!

That's why I would like to nicely, even more nicely and the most nicely ask you to take care of your Adapia. You may think that you can go on destroying it and as far as I'm informed, you are even ignoring warnings of your vice president of global force! Even though you have diligently and carefully given him award for his warnings about *global warming*, which is, by the way, becoming political.

But, back to your planet. I don't care since my son is the owner and if he configured it several times before, why not again. Army owns him favor anyway and if we move MiaR one step closer to sun, he'll configure it too! Just like the way it once was. So from my point of view, your destroying of Adapia doesn't move me at all.

But you shouldn't be so ignorant! Because that's the only planet you ever and will have. Go on, destroy it, but then what? You seriously think that life on MiaR will be provided?



I don't think so! And that you'll be able to expand yourself across the galaxy?

Mistaken, my friend Petra would say. I emphasize, *big mistake!*

Galaxy has already been conquered by us. I know, it may seem empty, barren and uninhabited, but what you see isn't always true. Galaxy in which you live is full of us, Dangoberian.

Let me just tell you what you have done recently. On MiaR there were Ur, Chron and Dio in middle of their busyness when suddenly there came your piece of shit along and decided to land.

Smash, and it plumped straight in front of te-radefender. Ur and Chron even bet if it will land on Dio's right or left side. Their bet was on left, but it crashed down in totally opposite direction. It almost hit Dio's forehead! Poor guy didn't even move away, he was excited to see what's going to happen. And it was very close for that stupid punk to land in healchamber again! I wasn't really sure if I should be mad on Young Supervisors or on you. That kid just managed to fix himself, but no, here came your rubbish thing!

Luckily, Dio has got some sense of humor. Set, he



tried to explain me, *those Adapians barely hit the planet!* If that would happen to me, just saying, I would grab that probe, or whatever you call this thing, and start jumping on top of it until it would be dissolved so badly that even Are couldn't be able to put it together.

Well, your probe almost hit Dio and then it dies. Dies! Poor kid took it apart, cleaned it, put it back together and left where it should have landed in the first place. And you think that your rubbish like probe didn't respond for a month and then it started working all by itself? You're wrong! I told you that, so wouldn't think we are evil - minded. We even repair your probes if push comes to shove. Because you need a lot of practice ... Go ahead! Now you are at the state when you can even hit the planet. After a century or so you'll have one nice station on MiaR, unless you'll extinct during another war.

So, about your planet Adapia, galaxy is ours, neighbour galaxies has been bought and their owners are baking here with me on the beach and waiting for their joy to pass. Because our kids are here with us and that doesn't mean anything good for decent Dangoberian. We could be flooded with water or dragged into saltwater but in the worst case scenario there will be my wife trying to drown me. What can I say, our civilization is a little older then yours and water isn't our favorite environment. *Brrrr* - just to think about it.

Oh, there's something I would like to add, since I'm here to aware you. For me, there ain't a bigger shock than someone calling others name because of skin color, religion or nationality. My dear Adapians. Adapia is only one and you are *the same kind*. That's your planet where you are the only civilization, others are only your guests. Adapia is home of all of you! That planet in configured to feed *every inhabitant it has*. And you are doing what? On one side you throw your food away but on the other side people are dying of starvation! On one side of the planet you're storing toxic wastes but on the other side you're producing them and thinking *how great, we dumped them on the bottom of the sea*. I'm not pretty sure, maybe you never saw this phenomenon, but water circles and believe or not, that is happening *constantly*. You poison it on one side but sooner or later you'll drink it on your *safe side of the world*.

On top of it throughout the history you're suffering from one single mistake and let me tell you which one that is. Dear Adapians and female Adapians, *every day thousand of you die!* One because of starvation, other because of diseases and some because of violence! Your only potential and your only way out is what you happily throw away daily. Every day potential geniuses or workers are killed. *How many smart kids die every day?* So? Have you ever thought about it? How much do you lose because of those deaths? If you take a look at all kids who die in poor parts of the world and *only one on 500 years is genius*, then you lost a lot. Trust me, there's a lot of smart ones, little less of geniuses and even less human beings who actually deserve being called *Human*.

One and same mistake is made daily, your whole history is repeating of that mistake! Your power isn't in weapons! *With it you can only destroy yourself*, you can't destroy us or Second Species! Your strength is equal to our one. It is *human mind*. Your brains are the biggest and the most precious treasure of Adapia and that's the only thing you still don't get it! It ain't gold, it ain't rocks, it ain't your credits! *You are the biggest wealth of Adapia!*

But just like I said before *to make you aware is losing time*. You're like us, Dangoberian. *Too self-assure to listen, too self-assure in your technology to let it go*. You see development in better and more terrifying weapons but not in better schools for your children. *So what if someone is born in poverty and then dies in it*. But sooner or later you *will* find out that all those brains which die everyday, all those children who starve until death could save many problems you're facing.

I warned you, I tried to make you aware and yet I know that it was for nothing. But while I'm waiting which one of my kids will gladly with encouraging of my own wife pull me into saltwater I'll give some attention to adapians flovit, which I love from bottom of my heart. Just like my son, Sa. Yes, I didn't mention him by coincidence. Since I'm dictating this foreword I should use this chance.

At first we wanted to show you what's happening in Adapian system over holomatrix. We did it, tried to take them to your TV, LCD, plasma, 108 cm and more in diagonal, flat screen, we tried everything. And we quit. It's not about LCD or flat screen, we found out, that Adapians are too confused to watch 10 TVs at the same time unless there's the same matrix on them, just like you do it in your stores. So we decided to write it. Sa's idea! If I have to aware you, let me do this then for you. That's why, my dear and loving female Adapians serial number H-52, let me speak to you as a father. Between us, friend to friend, here's a secret. My youngest son decided to marry Adapian. It's fine by me. I say it's good! Young Adaption isn't hard to be taught, but old Dangoberian is.

Set, you're interfering, he'll say, after reading this. What should I do, young man?! You need to be put in commercials, just like Adapian detergent, there ain't other way! I hope that some beautiful young Adaption will read those words, with nerves of long - tailed equiner, serial number OT/726, you would be recognized as the horse, or even tougher, because that's prerequisite for relationship with my son. So, 197 cm, green eyes and long hair, able to change it's color, he's searching female Adapian for serious relationship. He's a occasional drinker, well situated, non - active General and current Senator, he can fly everything and do many other things. Great time guaranteed, there weren't a single one who would complain.

Take a look around, my dear female Adapians. If you're are being secretly watched by tall man, like he's not even watching you and meanwhile he's softly



scratching his chest and licking his lips, well, that's must be my son Sa! It helps if you're carrying adapians flovit, you can even use that small packing you normally eat for breakfast. Or candy, that's a good bait too. I won't mention cakes! I'm sure, you won't miss nothing with chocolate. And just something before I forget. I would have been very, but really very happy if there's a girl out there able to *tame* my son. Go ahead, be brave so he wouldn't resist too much. He's just like me, you know, and there haven't been even one in my whole family who would let himself being tamed by female!

Well, that's it. I would talk more about him, but here comes my wife, driving my mind to a whole different places. For example, I wonder every single time, why is she having all those blankets all over her body and spoiling my panoramic view. I fully understand, we're on Adapia and that's why we respect local habits. Like you don't know what's under them?

But, those blankets with floviviands do fit her.

Ruža M. Barić Bizjak alias Mara R. Sirako and Dangober

Mara R. Sirako lives in Kranj, Slovenia, where she was born in 1966. During her studies, she worked as reporter and became Managing Editor of the students newspaper Tribuna. In 1994, she was employed with Ministry of Culture where she was aide of Minister and later of General Secretary of Minister. Currently she works in the office of chief inspector of Ministry of Culture as inspector for libraries and publishing.

She is cofounder of society ZVEZDNI PRAH (STARDUST). She published her first saga Dangober in 2009, which was also first Slovenian SF space opera. The novel Spopad pri Opozorilniku (Battle at Alertbeacon) is divided in three books.

The Saga Dangober, Battle at Alertbeacon describes two civilizations, the Dangober, and the Adap. Dangober's scientists who created Adaps (us, inhabitants of Earth) were 25.000 years ago accused of high treason. Instead of isolating scientists and destroying their equipment, the army accidentally, due to malfunction of arms destroys scientists and leaves Adaps space afterwards. Same scientists survived and lived with Adaps for millenniums. After Dangober government issued a reprieve to scientists,

only Ot-An-El returns to Dangober. The others are still trying to determine who was responsible for massacre of two scientists who were killed that fateful day.

The story begins with meeting of Adap astronauts and Dangober Controllers. To prevent discovery, one of the scientists - Are'S'Or - gives an order to Controllers to evacuate Adaps natural satellite. Dangobers army afterward seemingly without reason begins armed fight between their own spaceships. Due to heavy casualties, scientist have to reveal their hiding in order to help wounded persons.

Between casualties were Admiral of Dangober's Army, Ba'L'Or, and President of Council's - Set'RI. On Admiral's order Lot-An-El returns to MiaR and brings with him three Dangober's Senators and one of the most popular reporters Tu'P-An.

It turns out, that the meeting between astronauts and Controllers was carefully orchestrated plot of New Order. This secret society used the meeting to get rid of their enemies. Dangober's realize that the war at Alertbeacon began long before, without anyone realizing what was happening. Even more shocking was realization, that they were victims and were sacrificed to die and perish.

Relationships further complicates the fact that two scientist married Adap women and started a family. For Dangober's this was unacceptable, as

Greetings to all of you. Think about it, what your home truly is, and are you really so different from each other then you keep telling yourself.

President of Kognitus Chamber Set'RI

P. S. or post scriptum colon. As I've been warned by my son Sa, it's kinda popular to make the *list of terms* with descriptions, just like the readers are cognitively affected and didn't, in the context itself, found out that there's a lot of weird words. Here you won't see this. I don't feel any urge to describe how our machines look like, because you won't be able to make them and we gave some special effort to not mention some of them. If we gave a good idea to someone, let it be. It will take a long time that you'll be able to hit anything bracket anyone bracket else in universe then only a planet.



they considered Adap's inferior. Are'S'Or was in the process of marrying his girlfriend Maria, who was pregnant with his child.

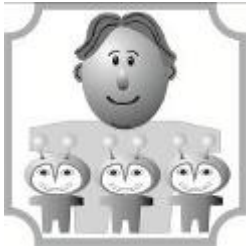
Due to problems with her pregnancy, Maria was transferred to Hat- An-Tor, one of the surviving scientists. Are decides to tell Maria the truth about himself and his life on Adap planet and marry her. Apart of the fact of her troubled pregnancy, Maria must also accept the fact, that her husband is extraterrestrial, and that he possesses far advanced technology. Although her health is deteriorating, she becomes a center of action. Poor, naive and without education, she nevertheless with her behavior and loving attitude towards her husband slowly breaks Dangober's customs and without wanting to, unveils humanity of system in which money is more than a Human. Or as Are'S'Or says: »It is painful when Adap is more Human than Dangober, where they have forgotten how to be Human.«

<>



AT THE TIP OF THE CASTLE TOWER

by **Andrej Ivanuša**, translated by author
Proofreading Katja Bergles



Slovenian prize "Drežček in trije marsovčki" for best fantasy story 2011-2012)

He reached out his hand and grabbed a wooden pillar. All the construction below him was dangerously shaking in the rhythm of his climbing. He has climbed the trees many times. But this was different, more unpleasant and unnatural.

"Do not look down! Absolutely do not look down!" he said to himself. He climbed almost with his eyes closed and held his chin up in hope that his curiosity would not beat him and he would look down. With bare feet he clung on to the thin beams, which were built for support. Finally, he stepped on a narrow board, on the last one, which was on top of the scaffolding. Sitting on it he could reach the sphere at the tip of the castle tower.

From the bottom of his heart he hated the master, who had sent him up here. His stomach was growling and his fear of falling fogged his mind.

"You will eat when you come down! In that way you are less heavy and you will climb to the top faster," had said the master mockingly when he had complained about his hunger. Then, suddenly, the master had hit the back of his neck with a flat hand and his eyes had blurred for a moment.

"Come on! Let's go!" the master had commanded sharply. There had been no other choice, but to obey. At first it was hard, and then it was easier. He just wasn't allowed to look down into the depth. So now he was on the top.

He sat on a narrow board. A brush with metal bristles was dangling on a leash attached to his belt. He jammed an old tanned deer skin instead of a cloth into his pants. He grabbed the brush and began to scrub the rust and bird droppings from the metal ball. The spire, onto which the ball was attached, was constantly slightly swinging under its movement. While he was rubbing he was thinking about the ball, about himself and about the wizards' tower. About the cursed and damned tower. So it was rumored! This further increased his fear.

"Do not look down," he said to himself and soon the words were echoing in his head and in the rhythm of his hands. He forgot that he was hanging over the castle rooftops, and that he would surely burst into thousands pieces if he fell on a paved stone pathway, far away ... there somewhere ... on the bottom. He almost fainted due to his hunger. Therefore he stopped for a while, put down the brush and tied himself with the rope, which dangled from the middle of the central pillar.

He encouraged himself and looked down. People were like ants and trees were like shrubs. He thought

**What you see – exists.
What exists – you recognize.
What you recognize – you name.
What has a name – had been seen
by the first-one – who ever was.
That one being in all eternity – Svetovid!**

Sve-to-vid /All-this (world/spa)~seer/

Supreme god Svetovid dreamed in the eternity. When he opened his eyes the stars flew out and with them everything that exists, the whole Universe, too.

how funny it is that everything becomes so small. That put him in a good mood and he suppressed the growling in his stomach. He began rubbing the sphere with even bigger force. He was rubbing the sphere almost angrily and in his mind he denied that there would be anything magical in it or on the tip or on the wizards' tower. Wizard or not, to him this was not important. At the end he was rubbing the sphere mechanically. He was angered by the rivets, since the iron wire brush was sticking to their edges. They were necessary because they were holding together the curved panels from which the ball was made. From below the tower the sphere seemed smooth. But from up close it looked like a ridiculous pile with rusty edges and with countless rivets. After some rubbing, the ball's panels started gleaming like a brass and the sphere suddenly moved. He stopped and leaned forward to better see what was happening.

"Look, look, Jacky! The sphere can be opened! ... What is in it?" he muttered in his chin. One panel was lying on the second panel below and the edge looked like a small rail. He tried to put a finger into the opening so he could push the plates apart. It was not possible because of the rust in a little channel.





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He grabbed the brush. He rubbed frantically, trying to free the panel from the rust. Finally he scrubbed all of the remaining rust and the panel slid to the side by itself. The sphere was hollow. However, he couldn't see the interior well, as he sat sideways to the opening. He put his hand into the darkness with caution and fear. He trembled and worried that something might grab his forefinger. He was on the wizards' tower and who knows what could be hidden in this ... hollow sphere. Maybe ... something vicious. He couldn't imagine what it could be. But that "nothingness" was scary. His hand was trembling, but nevertheless he pushed it deeper and deeper into the dark interior. He felt a shelf on which a kind of square object had been laid. It seemed that it was wrapped in a rough cloth. He tried to find the edges and corners of the object with his fingers. He tried to lift it, but it was pretty difficult. With an outstretched hand he didn't have enough strength to pick it up.

Maybe it was ... a box or ... a book. Huh, he didn't know much about books. He saw them before, but he has never read them, since he couldn't read. Who would teach a serfs' son how to read? Even the young mister in the castle did not know how to read. How would than he reach that knowledge? Those black ants on the pages of the book incited his interest, but who could teach him anything about reading. Plowing and sowing, yes, maybe. Or chopping the trees, digging ditches along the road and alike. But reading ... hey?!

Now he was old and big enough to climb the wizards' castle tower and scrap the rust and bird droppings with the brush. Since he was slim and handy, he was useful for such life-threatening task.

Carefully he looked down if anyone was watching. But people below didn't care what he was doing up here. If he only rubbed the metal ball well and gave it a shiny gloss they would be satisfied. He thought about pulling the object from the inside of the sphere. But he changed his mind. This must be done in the evening, when the night falls, so no one will see.

He sighted. It became clear to him that he will be hungry and rubbing this ball until evening. He must finish the work; otherwise someone else will climb up here and discover that sphere is hollow. Book or whatever it is in the box must be something special. Otherwise, no one would hide it so high in the hollow sphere at the tip of the castle tower. Wizards' tower, hey!

"If this isn't ... a magic book, my name is not Jacky!" he thought. It gave him the creeps to consider that idea.

After that he was rubbing the ball and the spire with a tremendous zeal until the evening.

Upon finishing, the ball was spotlessly clean. He pulled the old reindeer leather cloth from behind his belt and he polished the sphere to a high-gloss, so it shined like gold. His mouth was dry, but some saliva was still there, so he could occasionally spit on the metal and continue rubbing the surface with even more vigour. When the sun went down, the ball caught its

last rays and dispersed them over the castle courtyard.

People down there, those funny and tiny ants, stopped in the middle of their work and with loud approval admired the shiny sphere. Jacky laughed to himself with satisfaction. Then he suddenly realized he is very, very hungry. But he waited until the sun disappeared behind the distant hills and light on a ball went out.

He stretched and with a great difficulty pulled the object out of its hideout. He closed the panel. He untied the rope, which was protecting him from falling. The book, now he was almost certain that the object really was a book, was wrapped in a protecting rough canvas. He fastened everything to his body and pulled his torn shirt over it. Through the canvas he felt some unknown feeling, as thousands tiny needles would penetrate his body. Then some strange heat spread over his body and it was a nice sensation, since the dusky air became colder.

Like a squirrel he slipped down the scaffold and reached the ground. When he touched the courtyard's floor the dense dusk already lied between the castle walls. He looked up and the last ray of sunlight bounced off the sphere and onto the ground in front of his feet. The small round sunny spot shivered on the pavement, slowly slid to the castle wall and then disappeared in a crack between the stones. The crack was just big enough for his finding and he slid the book into it. He didn't think, he just did it.

He ran into the kitchen, where workers were already feasting on a dinner. Master waved at him and sat at the table next to him.

"You did well, Jacky. Very well. Lords are satisfied!" said the master and shoved a little bowl with cold broth in front of Jacky and another one with half gnawed bones. Jacky looked at the master sadly. He laughed and pulled a tiny copper coin out of his pocket.

"Eat! You're must be starving! And see, I'll give you this one too, if you scrub the spheres on the other three castle towers."





Water under Silentwood was gurgling and thrumming a little all the time. Water snake-ons and dragon-lins were constantly shooting back and forth just below the water surface. There was always enough food under the human dwellings. They were prepared to do anything for food; they even allowed humans to tame them. They were not too happy when the first people settled here in Shallowater. Those impatient ones also occasionally ate some reckless human. Although, apparently people are not too tasty. But eventually they found a way to coexist with the newcomers.

"Ey, if they only knew," thought wizard Zeomay. He chuckled. *"A little magic and there is peace in the house!"*

He stepped on a terrace, formed from the lower seed-head of the big-swamp-pumpkin. The whole growth-building was swinging like a big pendulum in the afternoon breeze and was slightly whimpering. On his back the wizard was carrying a black bag, which appeared to be alive. From time to time something moved inside of it.

Above the terrace a wooden stem of a great puddle-bushel was climbing. Its open white blossoms smelled sweet and intoxicating. Hundreds of tiny dust-feeders were flying around the blossoms and it seemed like the whole puddle-bushel hummed in a rhythm, which lulled the senses. It was rocking in the wind and its fat flakes were sticking to each other. When they were released a clapping sound was heard.

Zeomay leaned over the fence and sent a mind-slip into the waters.

"Bluish, my dragon-lin, come here!" wizard said-in-mind. He waited a moment or two and then he sensed the animal long before he actually saw it with his eyes. Bluish returned the thinking-pattern:

"I am coming! Do you have anything tasty for me? I'm so hungry!"

"A whole bag of see-ones is waiting for you!"

"Hey, those are my favorite. I like you Zeomay!"

The wizard nodded with a smile on his face. He knew it was really true.

Water looked like it was boiling and it seemed like many blue snake-shaped bodies would intertwine with each other. It resembled a pile of cooked spaghetti, thick as a human body. Bluish was dragon-lin in his middle lifespan. Well shaped and longer than one hundred human heights. Its light blue scaly skin glittered in the evening sun. Out of this blue pile a long spaghetti-like neck which was thinning towards the head was raising. Its mane consisted of upright semi-translucent scales. A small head had terrible mouth, full of sharp teeth. He was so big that in comparison the human head looked like an apple and it really wasn't difficult to imagine how the first magicians in Shallowater lost their lives.

Bluish allowed Zeomay to smack him twice between his eyes. Then he gently put his snout on the magician's shoulder.

"Where are those see-ones? Are they in that bag on your shoulder?" said-in-mind Bluish.

"You want one?" thought the magician.

"Not only one! A hundred! You do not know how good they are!"

"Alright! Open your mouth!"

Bluish opened his mouth wide and Zeomay, resigned in his faith, ignored the toxic stench coming from the dragon-lin's throat. He placed the bag on the ground and took out the first see-one. Fish-lin was still resisting weakly, but since it had been outside of water for a long time, it could no longer breathe with full gills. It ended in the dragon-lin's snout. The dragon-lin sank his teeth into the see-one and with short head gusts he moved the fish-lin closer to the throat.

"Oh, how good it is!" Bluish said-in-mind, when he pushed the see-one down the throat. The lower part of his body was moving around in circles and the neck scales were shaking.

"Do you have more?"

"Certainly! Here's next!"

Bluish trembled with pleasure and eagerly swallowed the see-ones.

"Now, there are no more!" said-in-mind Zeomay at the end and opened the bag wide. Bluish pushed his snout in it and sniffed the interior.

"Uh, yeah, yeah. It is true. But ... I could eat more of them, but it must be enough for today. I cannot stop eating them. You do not know how good they are!" thought the dragon-lin very fast. So fast, that Zeomay barely followed. He still had that smile on his face which formed hundreds of wrinkles around the eyes.

Zeomay smacked the animal twice between his eyes again. Dragon-lin sank his head in the shallow water and slid between the roots of the big-swamp-pumpkin. His swimming looked like a satisfaction dance, he was sliding left and right between the roots, which were supporting the growth-building - the dwelling of Zeomay.

"Do not forget to bring me a new bag full of see-ones tomorrow," Bluish said-in-thought.

"Maybe I won't bring the see-ones. Perhaps I will catch another fish-lin."

"Well, yes! It does not matter. But among the fish-lins the see-ones are the best. For me they are always the best."

"I know! I know!" answered Zeomay in his mind.

He turned and wanted to enter the growth-building of the big-swamp-pumpkin when it suddenly hit him. He collapsed to the ground. It seemed as if he would be punched in the face by some giant hand. He shook his head to clear his mind. Slowly the world around him calmed down.

"The Book! Someone had found the Book, the unique one!" he felt rather than thought about it. He opened his long-seeing-eye and now he could see the wizards' tower, the scaffolding around it and a tinny thrall boy who pressed the Book to his body and hid it in his torn shirt. That dirty shirt veiled his long-seeing-look.

He tried to establish a connection with the Book. But



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an old flax canvas, from which the boy's shirt was made, obscured his look. This alone was odd! The Book was also wrapped in some layers of rude linen, which was enchanted with a tremendous power. The third obstacle was a lock. He couldn't unclench it, despite his effort.

He felt the boy's body heat and that he was carrying the magic Book somewhere ... in depths ... or where? For a moment he saw a paved castle yard and then everything sank into the cold darkness. There was no more human contact with the Book.

"Thrall boy?" he thought when his long-seeing-eye closed. *"Old Whitebeardy was the owner of this Book ... a long time ago! ... Interesting! ... He never told where the Book was ... He rather allowed it to be taken away by White-all-seeing-woman to a swamp and to Van, to the Other side of Eternity ... Ordinary boy? From village? How?"*

He was upset by the thought that the Book has certainly been seen by all who have ever been ordained in the garden of Supreme Accordance, whether they were white seer-mags or black-scholars. He himself was a very proficient seer-mag, maybe the best in Silentwood or even in the whole world. But ... surely someone else had seen that. But who?

Slowly he picked himself up from the ground. He murmured in his beard:

"The Books hasn't been seen for at least a hundred years. It's always the same! One hundred years is a period, when every magic is revealed, any sorcery is broken."

With sliding steps he came to the fence and gazed into Shallowater. He musingly looked at a garlic-tree forest in the distance. He pulled a necklace out of his shirt and weighed an amulet hanging on it. He opened a lid of the amulet and looked at a fine red beryl crystal, which blinked at him slightly. It was his connection with the Book, the one and only. However, there were others who were also connected to the Book. They were wearing the same necklace as he did. He needed to call them to the meeting now.

His inner peace was destroyed. He pushed himself away from the fence and hastily walked through the terraces door.

Jacky looked back once again if anyone was following him. Houses in the village were quiet and calm. White-wing owl hooting in the forest, which just increased his anxiety. A small hut where old Morningman the Eremite lived was dark and silent.

Jacky fixed the bag on his shoulder and stepped to the door. He wanted to knock on the door but they gaped and swung on one hinge. They were tied with a rope, which prevented them from falling to the floor.

"Good evening, dear mister Morningman ...," Jacky politely greeted when he stepped into the hut. But he was interrupted by a coughing giggle coming from the old man in the corner.

"Dear ... hee-hee-hee ... what krghkr ...," the crooked figure began saying, but was than chocked by a long, weak cough. When it ceased, the old man said while clearing his throat:

"Yeah, yeah! So it is with me. White-all-seeing-woman is already flirting with me. A little more and I will die. Finally."

"I would ..."

"My boy, what brings you here?" Jacky failed to reply, because the old man continued:

"Are you not Jacky, the first son of the deceased Sysibin? Who was a smart carpenter? Surely, you must be, because you look like him."

Jacky was amazed how the old man could see in that darkness. Especially because it was evening and the only light was coming through the door and therefore Jacky was nothing but a shadow in the doorway. The villagers also claimed that the eremite is semi-blind and stupid on top of it. But there were others who swore that he can read and write, in fact, he was once able to do both.

"I want to know something ... about the wizard called Whitebeardy ..." said Jack carefully.

"OUT! Get out, you troublemaker!" old man howled in the next moment and got up half way. His voice sliced through the air. To Jacky it felt like a real stick would hit him over the shoulder. The old man raised his hand and menaced him.

"I also brought something to eat!" said Jacky shyly and started retreating with his back turned towards the exit. When he reached the door, he turned around and left. The old man called out after him:

"What do you say? To ... eat ... Wait, wait, come back!"

Jacky once again stood in the doorway. The old man lowered his voice:

"Well, well! Sometimes I hear something wrongly ..." Wizard eagerly watched the boy's bag and quietly asked:

"What have you brought? Something good?"

Jack opened the bag and placed a piece of bread, smoked meat, a piece of cheese and a small flask of red wine on the old, worm-eaten table. He took all of that in secret from the castle kitchen yesterday afternoon, when he finished polishing all the balls on the towers. Before he came here, he ate some too. He still had a wonderful taste of cheese in his mouth. He also made a small sip of wine. Wine was really great. He reached into his trouser pocket to see if the copper coin was still there. Master kept his word this time despite of his proverbial avarice.

The old man slowly glided to the table, sat down and began to eat greedily. However, he still chewed every mouthful well. He opened the flask and sniffed.

"Oh, ho, ho!" he said and immediately took a sip.

"Yeah, yeah! This really invigorates a man!" Then he ate some more and stared at Jacky. He stopped chewing and muttered with a full mouth:

"I think you said something about Whitebeardy? Sit



down, my son, until I finish my meal! No one brought me such delights for a long time."

Jacky carefully sat on a bench on the other side of the table. He was amazed that this rickety thing didn't collapse under his weight.

"Yesterday I was on the top of the wizards' tower. I had to clean the ball," said Jack. He became silent because he remembered that he cannot tell the old man about the magic book. Now he became worried that someone might find it in the crack in the wall. Therefore he became restless and move over on the bench which creaked.

"On the tower you have been?" the old man nodded. His thin long hair fell over his forehead and he pushed it away while he was eating. Jacky thought it was strange he still had hair at all.

Jacky didn't know how to proceed. So they sat in silence, the only audible sound was the eremite's smacking and satisfied crunching. Then also the swallowing when the old man leaned the flask filled with wine. It was obvious that he didn't eat so well for a long time.

When he finished, he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and said:

"What did you say you were doing on the tower?"

"I had to clean the ball and the tower tip. It was so rusty, but now it shines. It is made of gold ..."

"It is not the gold," said the old man and waved with his hand. "It is brass. If I remembered correctly what my father had told me, it was the grandfather of the deceased Russomay - the last castle's blacksmith, who had hammered it. That was when the castle was built. That'll be more than ..." He pondered for a while and counted how many years had passed. When he calculated, he nodded and said:

"Yes, yes, it was about a hundred and fifty years ago. I think!"

Jacky said:

"Right! The castle was now bought by knight Vlaj, the noble Rosevalley. His highness intends to rebuild it because it is supposedly the most beautiful castle far and wide." The old man nodded:



"Well, if gentlemen said so, it must be true!"

Jacky grinned and said:

"His highness builds it for his lady, too. She's is so beautiful!"

"Oh, yeah? Then there'll be trouble ... Yes, yes," nodded Morningman and knocked three times with his right hand's knuckle on the table.

"It's true! Is it not, my Lesh?" he said. The old man was looking for confirmation from the tree spirit, Lesh, which lives in the table. Worm-eaten tables' boards were a bit tight for the spirit and it didn't answer, it just creaked a little. But Morningman understood that nonetheless.

"So you therefore had to climb on the wizards' tower, right?" said the old man quietly. Jacky nodded.

"There's talk about ... Whitebeardy, they say that he ...," began Jacky quietly with fear, because he was afraid that the old man will roar at him again.

"There are a lot of gossips. Mostly nonsenses," said the old man and waved his hand. "But some rumors are true."

"Yes, that's what interests me. Truth!" said Jacky lively and leaned towards the old man. Morningman first look at the flask, but then decided to drink the rest later. He nodded and began to tell:

"In the ancient days, behind nine rivers and nine mountains, beyond the great forest of Darkwood a boy was born, a thrall baby. At that time no one suspected that he will become the largest among the largest which have been ordained in the Garden of Supreme Accordance, out there on the beautiful plains of Heavenly Peace. He was a good, skilful boy, and he wanted to know everything. He learned easily and with his knowledge he quickly defeated all of his friends in any game. It happened that one day Archimay, the head seer-mag of white magic wizards came to their village. He saw the boy and took him with him to teach him about magic and wizards' science and skills. And it was not long when the pupil surpassed his teacher. However, he didn't stop there. When he acquired all the white magic skills, he went across the plains of Heavenly Peace up to the castle Stonemoss, where dark magic was performed by black-scholars. He was a student of Vala the Dark, the darkest of them all. In the end he learnt everything about magic. He was the first wizard who was seer-mag and black-scholar in one person. He took a trip around the world. They say that there is no place on the world where he wouldn't be. When he returned, he decided to put all the acquired knowledge in The Book, the one and only. "

Morningman paused and stared at Jacky. He sat nervously, but he didn't say anything. To him the conversation went the very uncomfortable way. He swallowed and said:

"Morningman, tell me what happened then," he hoped that his voice didn't tremble too much.

"Well, then ..." said the old man. "Then he came here to the castle Tophill. In that time the castle lord was



baron Henry, the noble Downhilly, who offered him shelter and food. Henry built the wizards' tower and Whitebeardy was able to look for the Philosopher stone. Here he supposedly wrote The Book."

"The wizards' tower was built later than the castle, then?"

"Certainly, my Jacky!"

"What happened then?" asked Jacky again.

"Then, then! You ask one and the same," growled the old man. But since Jacky didn't answer he continued:

"Well, then ... Later some greedy wizards arrived. The white and the dark ones believed that Whitebeardy had ... by the way, at that time he already had a long white beard, after which he was appointed and recognized. So ... he had already written the Book of All Knowledge. Greedy fools wanted to have it at any price. So much flattery, fraud and disputes brought bad luck over the castle. One day plague came, a terrible disease, and drove many souls into the Van, to the Other side of Eternity. Good and evil, but also the innocent ones. Later the plague also struck the village and after that the whole country. Wizard's friend, a lord and a baron called Henry, cursed him in his sorrow and misery. That broke Whitebeardy's heart and he decided to hide the nearly finished Book from the world. Maybe he destroyed it, maybe didn't. That would probably be difficult, since it contains a lot of magic, which is not always easy to break. What do I know? Anything is possible! Otherwise ... those are just rumors, whispers ..."

The old man shut up, thinking and nodding to himself, staring at the wormy table. Jacky didn't dare to say anything more. He was afraid that his quivering voice would betray him. He was frightened of the eremite because he was neither half-blind, hunchbacked or stupid. The more he thought about him the more he believed that Morningman was also a wizard. Maybe even a black-scholar and, like most villagers, he was also afraid of them, since parents used the stories about them to scare the little children. They've told him, he would be eaten by them is he wasn't good. At that moment it seemed to him that he is not good and if Morningman really is a black-scholar he will certainly eat him.

"I ...," he blurted out painfully. "I should ... I've been here for too long. My uncle certainly misses me ... I've been away from home for a long time." The eremite didn't listen to him. He continued with the story, more for his own sake than for Jacky's:

"The Book supposedly exists. But it is also possible that it vanished a long time ago. Whitebeardy was the largest among the largest, a white-seer and a black-scholar at same time. He was a cunning man, also clever, very clever! But ... Jacky, why are you suddenly interested in Whitebeardy?"

"I am not interested ...," said Jacky in confusion and started looking for a way to get out of the rickety hut.

"I am interested in ants," he said then with relief. Morningman looked at him with lack of understanding on his face:

"What ants?"

"Those black things on a parchment. Such as in the books!"

"Do you mean letters?"

"Yes, yes, letters. I would like to know what's in the books. What they say!" Now Jacky got excited and began gesticulating wildly.

"There on the wizards' tower I had time to think. I heard about the mighty wizard who knew everything about everything and wrote a book. I thought to myself how nice it would be if I learned the letters and would be able to read ... that Book." He bit his lip, because he almost said that he had found it.

Eremite was observing him and he opened and closed his gap-toothed mouth. He raised his hand and pointed towards Jacky:

"You want to learn how to read and write? Oh my, why did you, three hundred green gross bears, then come to me?"

Jacky was embarrassed and said carefully:

"Many people in the village think about you as ..." Eremite interrupted him:

"Let them think what they want. I do not care!"

"Yes, exactly!" confirmed Jacky and continued:

"But others say you know how to read and write. So I thought to come here and ..." Now he did not dare to continue.

"And ..." Morningman raised his eyebrows. He noticed that some of his hair strands fell over his face and he smoothed them back with an accustomed hand.

"Mister Morningman, would you teach me ..." Jacky asked carefully.

"Yes?"

"E, hm! ... How to read and write?" he finally blurted out.

Silence appeared, only the rickety hut whimpered slightly when the wind hurled into it. They heard the flies flying over the food remnants on the worm-eaten table. In particular they were attracted to a drop of wine, which slipped from the flask and fell on the table.

Then Morningman sighed deeply and Jacky said:

"If I get a piece of cheese, some bread and meat tomorrow... Would it be possible, then? Can we agree?"

Morningman sighed again and looked at flask greedily. With the swing of arm he had drove the fly away, grabbed the flask and drank the sweet wine to the bottom. When he finished he placed it on a table and said:

"Well ... This might really be possible. When you come here, bring me something to eat."

"I will, master," said Jacky cheerfully.

"When you come back again, do not call me master. Call me a teacher! Ok?"

"I will mast ... eh, teacher!"

Morningman was sitting in his old hut since Jacky left and persistently stared at the worm-eaten table. There were still some crumbs on it. He spit on his finger, picked them up and put them in his mouth. He



wiped the slithery finger in his trousers. Then he realized that it was already dark. He reached behind his shirt and pulled out a wonderfully crafted medallion, which hung on a long golden chain. The subject was contrary to everything else in the old hut. He opened the cover and looked at the flashing red beryl crystal. It seemed to him that the red dot was increasingly growing until it filled his vision.

Now the day, everyone was waiting for, finally arrived. Whitebeardy's mirda (=wizards soul) returned after hundred years. Morningman was satisfied about his accurate prediction where it will appear again. He claimed that it will appear at the same place where it vanished into Van. Again and again he was surprised who the mirda-carrier in the next life was. This time it was Jacky, the son of the late carpenter Sysibin. If only he could discuss this with White-all-seeing-woman ... But she was relentless. She knew when the lives of humans and wizards and many other species will end, but she was always silent, never said anything.

The only thing needed now was to wait for the Brotherhood of the Red Beryl to gather. He hoped that all are in good shape and on This-side-of-the-world after more than a hundred years. He also hoped that all are still on the side of white magic. Passion, love, faithlessness, lies and truth - you cannot conjure that up, enchant or change with potions. Looking into the humans' soul is easy, into the wizards' mirda almost impossible. Breaking it is possible, but then the wizard loses his mind and all the knowledge he had.

Once The Book doomed the land. Is it really worth everything they did on its behalf? He hoped that it would be different this time. If they properly addressed the matters.

"Maybe I can steal it by means of trickery from Jacky," he thought for a moment. Through the conversation with him he realized that in front of him sat an innocent and ignorant wizard with mirda and not a child with a human soul. He only needed the knowledge and wisdom, which they must give to him. First, the knowledge of reading and writing. Then he must go to the garden of the Supreme Accordance to learn the magic skills.

The evening slowly changed into the night. Morningman was still sitting, constantly thinking and staring at the flashing beryl crystal. At midnight the wizards' fraternity began to gather. Zeomay arrived first. He appeared in the middle of the old hut.

First, a hissing ball appeared and a figure stepped out of it. But because he was excited he calculated the coordinates wrongly and he burned a part of the worm-eaten table and the bench next to it. The table still stood on its three legs, but the rest of the bench rumbled to the floor. This noise woke Morningman from his trance. He closed the medallion's cover and said calmly:

"You ruined my bench and my table!"

Zeomay was still a little dazed by the trans-location. Therefore he didn't answer immediately. In fact, the voice traveled to his consciousness for a few long mo-

ments. Morningman used this to his advantage and said:

"Hello, friend. It's been a long time. I think almost one hundred years have passed."

Those words caught up with the past ones and made a cacophony in Zeomay's head.

"One by one, please!" mind-slipped Zeomay. And immediately after that:

"Oh, I'm sorry. It was unintentional! ... Hello, really! ... You're right, long time ... But not yet hundred years, two or three years are still missing!"

Morningman sent his thoughts back:

"You owe me a table, a worm-eaten one, and a bench!"

"Will I conjure them or will you do it yourself?"

"It was not made by magic! This was a real one, a real table. And the bench, too. You do not know how proud I was of them. They were made by Sysibin, Jacky's deceased father ..."

"Oh, I'm sorry again. It really was not on purpose!"

"I don't know ..." said Morningman out loud.

"I'm sorry, again, really! Now I can't fix it. I have no knowledge and no experience to repair your real table and bench. I am not a carpenter, you know! I can use magic to repair the table, it will look whole. But bench ..." hurried Zeomay, also with voice.

"Oh, leave it. I'll find a way to repair it, somehow," said the hermit. "Where are the others?"

"They will come!" replied Zeomay.

"So ... I will prepare everything," said Morningman and snapped his fingers.

In the next moment the interior of the rickety hut turned into a huge conference hall. In the middle a massive round table stood and twelve comfortable chairs were placed around it. The seats and the back of the chairs were abundantly cushioned. Crystal glasses stood on the table in front of each chair. Behind the glasses some jars full of fragrant, sweet wine were waiting for the guests. A glittering chandelier with hundred candles was hanging from the ceiling.

"Hm, all of it might be too kitschy," said the hermit.

"No, not really!" Zeomay shook his head.

"Well, I leave it then!"

"Yes, leave it!" agreed the guest. Morningman stepped into the corner, where the worm-eaten table stood. When he leaned on it, it creaked.

"Good idea that I had supported the table with some persistence magic. Otherwise the poor thing on three legs would fall apart!" thought Morningman happily.

"I hope that is comfortable enough for you, my Lesh?"

The old man knocked on the table three times and in return he received a squeak and a few bored sighs.

"Perfect!" he thought happily.

In the mean time Zeomay sat behind the round table. Morningman joined him. When they started talking about the old times the first trans-location shiny balls hissed in the hall. Nine figures disengaged from them and appeared on the chairs, three of them were women. Zeomay nodded with satisfaction, but then his look



SHORT STORY

stopped at an empty seat.

"What's with Argolan? Anybody knows?" he asked eagerly. No one answered him.

"Hm, hm!" he shook his head and sent a mind-slip:

"Really, no one knows where Argolan is?"

"They said that ..." a mind-slip came from a female figure on the left of Zeomay.

"What did they say, my dear Leonora," asked Zeomay loudly. "Say it out loud, so everyone can hear!"

"I have heard that he transgressed to the black-scholars' side. I think that was more than fifty years ago. At that time he dwelled in a cave under Crystal mountain. Then he suddenly vanished. As far I know his cave is buried under the stones. I tried everything do reach him ..." she said while she was brushing her hair with her hand.

"Anyhow, even if he is a black-scholar now ... he is still a member of Brotherhood of the Red Beryl," said Morningman. Leonora shook her head:

"But he is also a traitor. If he would be here he would reveal everything we're saying and all our plans to those ... blacks!" she said and pointed somewhere outside the meeting hall.

"Certainly," growled Zeomay. "We have to settle this somehow. But he is still the owner of the red beryl and therefore we can't do anything. Unless someone volunteers and goes and finds him? And then demands the medallion back - the easy way or the hard way! Anyone?"

Silence set in and all the wizards and seers started gazing at the table. They pretended all this did not concern them. Argolan had a reputation of being a strong opponent.

"Fear is a beautiful thing!" thought Morningman.

"In fact I need two volunteers," Zeomay raised the bit. Morningman nodded:

"I will go! Alone! But I can't go now. A student is waiting for me!"

"It's true! A student really is waiting for him. With the Book! That is more important!" Zeomay agreed strongly.

Now the wizard Yatagan, who sat opposite of Zeomay, stood up.

"If there is another volunteer, I will go! Two of us can take Argolan, if necessary." They all looked to him. Coldane also stood up. She barely spoke and a wart on her nose was shaking wildly.

"If Yatagan is going, I will go too!"

"Oh, well, this is settled, than!" said Zeomay. "Any objections?"

He looked at all of them. They sat quietly as a mouse and it seemed as though they would like to crawl under the table. Zeomay smiled.

"If and when you need help, call me! Argolan is a mighty opponent and we must go against him together. For now it will be enough if you two establish what happened to him and where he is. The rest will be resolved when time comes."

Zeomay's flat hand hit the table and he continued:

"Now, about why we are gathered here."

The gathered around tables nodded and murmured. Here and there, someone dropped the call:

"That's right!"

"You have been called!" said Zeomay when they became silent. "The Book had called you all! After one hundred years, when almost every spell fades away and even the strongest chant wanes off, it is also the time for reincarnation of Whitebeardy's mirda. It was embodied in a young tinny boy from this village and it waits for us to awaken it. To open the gates of knowledge and wizardry."

Leonora thought his speech was too enraptured and she started making funny faces. Her little black haired neighbor Brandoline couldn't remain serious and she started to giggle. That interrupted Zeomay who looked at her with surprise. She was a little bit sorry about that so she quickly added:

"You said it perfectly! But I think that you also weren't able to peek in the Book. None among us could do that! Isn't it true? Everyone has seen the shirt and it was enchanted. Did you ask yourself where this thrall boy even got such a shirt? Then, that rough canvas in which the Book is wrapped. There is also a magic lock and the covers are probably also enchanted. He was carrying the Book somewhere downwards. Where? In a well? In a cellar under the castle?"

Morningman interrupted her words:

"I have spoken with Jacky!"

"With whom?" asked Brandoline.

"With Jacky! That's the boy's name," said the eremite. "He came to me. Alone. He asked about Whitebeardy. He wants to learn how to read. I wonder why a simple thrall boy without a father would have such an idea. When we talked I realized that mirda from the biggest of us has been embodied in him."

When Zeomay wanted to continue, Morningman interrupted him with a hand motion.

"Oh, one more thing. He didn't take the Book into the castle's basement or into the well. He brought it from wizards' tower of the castle Tophill. The Book was in the sphere at the tip of the tower. Whitebeardy hide it from us there! Up there in the clouds, so that's the reason why we weren't able to find it, we were all looking at the ground!"

Sighs of surprise were heard in the hall.

"How do you know that this is the truth?" asked Yatagan and leaned over the table to hear well.

"Because ... the castle was bought by the new lord and the knight Vlaj, the noble Rosevalley. He also renovated the wizards' tower. They had sent Jacky up there to rub the spheres and clean the tips. He found the Book in a hollow sphere. When he hid the Book under his shirt and touched it with body you all saw it. Now I am very, very worried who else noticed that!"

"I was thrown on the floor," said Zeomay. Two or three of them also said the same. Zeomay raised his



hand and the gathered became silent.

"Now you know why we are all here. I summoned you in a great hurry to Morningman's hut." He turned to the hermit. "Morningman, you've met him first. He trusts you! So, you will realize his wish. Teach him how to read. Whitebeardy's mirda and also all the magical charms, which shield the Book, won't allow us to read it. We are the greatest white wizards, without a doubt. But also the others, may be the white seers or the black scholars, will not be able to break the spells. Whitebeardy took great pains so the Book can only be opened by the one who is trustworthy. Maybe that person is Jacky. We still do not know! But only when he will know how to manage the powers and the knowledge ... than maybe he will be able to ...!"

"True," they all nodded and agreed. Zeomay continued:

"Our every spell leaves a trail in the Garden of Supreme Accordance. Since it was so urgent, you all made the immediate trans-location and left a lot of trails there. When we trans-locate back we will leave new ones. If we want to stay hidden from our opponents we must use our wizardry very moderately. The next meeting will be here after six full moons, but you must come by foot. As travelers, beggars, comedians or whatever you will come up with. Just no magic!"

Leonora said wistfully:

"Oh! I haven't walked for several years. It will be very tough for me."

"You do not have to walk. Be a lady and drive here with a cart or with a carriage," Brandoline said to her.

"Oh, yeah! That is a very good idea," Leonora was delighted. She turned to Zeomay:

"Have we finished the meeting?"

"Not yet!" said Zeomay. He turned to Morningman again:

"Teach him how to write and read. After six moons we will examine what he knows and is able to do. Then, if everything is right, we will take him to the plains of Heavenly Peace in the Garden of Supreme Accordance. There he will learn everything about wizardry, magic and spells, everything that we know. Right?"

"Right, right!" said Morningman. "But I have no idea how to teach him about reading and writing. I have never taught that to anyone."

"There's a first for everything," said Yatagan.

"So we're done!" said Zeomay and waved his hand. "Let the magic serve you well and you serve it obligingly," said at the end as a farewell. Above the table a hissing ball appeared and his figure twisted into it. The ball collapsed. One by one they bade farewell and disappeared into their own balls. The last one was Bradoline's. She sent a loving look to Morningman before she vanished.

When she was gone Morningman snapped his fingers and the shiny meeting hall changed into the dark hermit rickety hut again. He stared thoughtfully into the worm-eaten table, which had three legs now, and

the crooked bench in the corner.

"It is good that Jacky has an uncle, who is also a carpenter as was his father. I will ask him to repair it," he thought absent-mindedly. He sighed.

"Maybe it would be better to search for Argolan with Yatagan." For him this was far easier than teaching Jacky how to read and write.

"How can I do that, three hundred green gross bears?"

He opened his long-seeing-eye and tried to find the boy. But he only saw a foggy figure without details.

"The Whitebeardys' mirda is already anchored inside of him!" he figured out. He was worried. They must hurry and introduce him to the white seer-mag as soon as possible.

"If such a gentle bud comes into the hands of the black scholars ..." He couldn't finish that scary thought. It was too horrifying. Sweat drops appeared on his forehead when the next thought arose. "The Book will then pass over to the dark side and evil, terrible, unimaginable horror will cover the world."

Next thought lifted him up. "If we teach him how to read and write we can avoid all of that."

He realized that a lot of things depend on him alone. He is, as a matter of fact, the key person, a wizard who can change the flow of history.

Suddenly he felt strong and determined. He jumped up and walked out of the creaking hut. He wanted to find a goose and pull out a few of its feathers for a quill pen. He also needed a parchment and an ink and some book for exercise. Well, this he can conjure up. He said loudly:

"Jacky, just wait! I will teach you how to read and write so well ... You will see!"

This is how the young sorcerer's apprentice Jacky, the son of the castle serf, began his life path.





THREE POEMS

by Maša Brglez

Sacrificed heart

Child's sincere face
Before his king he plays his part
Servant of the crown
He is what I am not

My Lord forgive me, but you're no king of mine
I play the game
With mask on my face
I bow down before you
But you're not the keeper of my heart

Seer's eyes have for tailed my path
Have seen my faith
I have sacrificed myself for him
Virgin's innocence is long gone

I will paint my heart with tears
With memories of undying love
Still hiding in my heart
Unreal reality
Forgotten, impossible love

La mi no tera ar
(Longing for the heart of man)
Jera fin penta trula
(To who I denied my love)
Ha seni rana mente fin
(For a thrown beside my king)

Lornos, elf warrior to whom I gave my heart
And who is the keeper of mine
My people, for who I sacrificed my desires

Seer's eyes have for tailed my path
Have seen my faith
I have sacrificed myself for him
Virgin's innocence is long gone

I will paint my heart with tears
With memories of undying love
Still hiding in my heart
Unreal reality
Forgotten, impossible love

Forever more I will desire what I cannot have
For eternity I will cry tears of black
But my heart will always be safe in arms of his

Poet on the shores of everlasting tranquility

Shores of everlasting tranquility
Morning breeze of peace
A poet's heart at ease
Away from reality
He hears and sees

Children laugh
Playing with dolls and toys
Women greeting their men
Coming from war
Unharmed, scare free

Song of the sea
Waves that take you away
Far away

Star fall
In the night the piano plays
Melody of the poet
Bells of the hour
White sand shores
Moonlight beauty

Poems on the paper
Words of his heart
Song he sings
Cheerful voice of calm

Ghosts of sailors
Join him
Sing with him

Star fall
In the night the piano plays
Melody of the poet
Bells of the hour
White sand shores
Moonlight beauty

Light of the beacon
Million lost ghosts
Coming to hear his songs
Shores of peace
The world that lies behind them
Clock of time just a memory



A ghost in the dark

The crimson red horizon
Rivers of blood
Running down on grave of his
Silver light shins upon me

»What have you done, child of mine?«

Wistful breath
Of a child
My hands covered with blood of his people
Sad blue eyes, seeded hatred

I am evil of the night
Killer with no lost soul
Love is a word long forgotten
A ghost in the dark
Immortal being in the night

Guilt is a hidden feeling

Once
Daylight was my friend
Now it has become my enemy
Black hearted queen I am
With lips red as blood, skin cold as ice, hair black as night

I roam this earth
Creature in the dark

Eternity my lifespan
People tremble before me

I am evil of the night
Killer with no lost soul
Love is a word long forgotten
A ghost in the dark
Immortal being in the night

Guilt is a hidden feeling

Love is a word long forgotten
Passion and lust still in me
Dark prince for who I long for
Lost those many years ago
When I was a human
Searching for immortal love
In the world of the living

Lullaby of love
Sorrow and guilt
Haunts me

I am evil of the night
Killer with no lost soul
Love is a word long forgotten
A ghost in the dark
Immortal being in the night

Dark is the heart
Insane is the mind
Black are the tears
Poison are the words

A ghost in the dark
Immortal being in the night



Jashubeg en Jered

News From Otherworld Universe

LAST PAGE



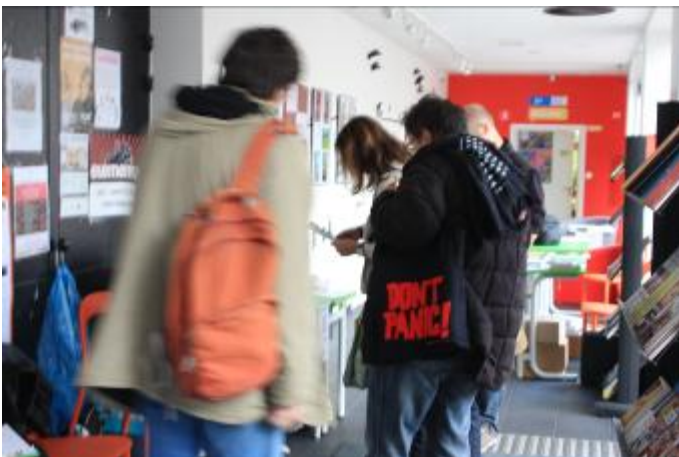
I REMEMBERED ...

1ST SI.CON 2012

photos by Andrej Ivanuša



Opening of convention and awards ceremony.



*Don't panic! Everything will be O.K. — Gamers room
Guests from Croatia on lecture — Discussion after lecture with tea or coffee.*

