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“Oh, and in case you’ve been wondering where you slipped up, what put us onto you, we have suspected you for some time, but what confirmed our suspicions was last month’s *BCSFAzine*, when you announced that Canada Day was on July 2nd. No real Canadian would ever make that mistake. So now, we’ll give you a little taste of Canadian culture.”

The light clicked out, and he could hear the sound of a door opening and closing, and then whining, clanking, and hissing noises as some mechanical apparatus moved in the dark room. Then, a large-screen television flickered into life, placed so that he couldn’t avoid looking at it without turning his head,

but a brace fastened to the chair kept his head facing forward. Speakers blared a cheesy, overblown soundtrack, and the credits flashed, “H.G. Wells’ *The Shape of Things to Come*.” He had heard about this. It was supposed to be pretty bad, but it was in English, so he’d be able to ignore it. In fact, he’d have to concentrate not to ignore it.

It was only when the dialogue came on, and he realised that it had been dubbed in Danish, that he realised the trouble he was in. Jack Palance’s Danish voice double wasn’t even halfway through his first speech before he broke down. “Nej!” he cried, “Nej! Nej! Neeeeeej!”

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# Ish

Volume 1, Number 1  
October 2005

美 賢 家  
Home Smart Home

**Indishia [Masthead]**

*Ish*, Volume 1, Number 1  
October 2005

For comments, subscriptions, suggestions, and/or submissions, write to: *Ish*, c/o #209-3851 Francis Road, Richmond, BC, Canada, V7C 1J6, or e-mail [felicity4711@hotmail.com](mailto:felicity4711@hotmail.com).

**Cover:** The word "ISH" in the font "JayCons" by Dazzling Designs (<http://members.home.net/dazzling-designs>).

**Call Me *Ish* Mail [LOC]**

Dear Felicity,

I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms about the zine which you have just published, about the faned who wears women's clothes. Many of my best friends are faneds and only a few of them are transvestites.

Yours faithfully,

Brigadier Sir Charles Arthur Strong (Mrs.)

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**An Explanation (and  
Something to Make the Page  
Count Divisible by Four)**

Welcome to the first ish of *Ish*.

This zine was conceived at one of Garth Spencer's Kaffeeklatschen, and the idea was to create a casual, less structured zine, *ad hoc*, for the members of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association to entertain themselves. Because it wouldn't be the official clubzine of BCSFA, and it wouldn't have as much quality control as *BCSFazine*, it was supposed to be easier to do.

But someone had to make the first move and actually do it, and right

after I volunteered to edit the first issue, I became obsessed with publishing a first *Ish* in time for VCON 30 that would impress VCONgoers with its perfection and strict attention to detail.

The next two months were nerve-racking. I was paralysed with self-doubt. It was the same problem that has kept me from publishing my lapsed webzine, *Hero of the Beach*, for the last five years.

I went to Garth, who tried to reassure me that *Ish* didn't have to be perfect, and that it was only going to be distributed in the fanzine lounge at VCON 30, where probably not that many people would even see it. That

calmed me down for a day or two, but then it was back to OCD-ing again.

I almost had it a few weeks ago, until I tried to insert an illo on every page.

Garth had told me how to get text to wrap around graphics in Microsoft Word, and I thought I'd finally won.

But Microsoft Word had not yet begun to fight. Illos went flying everywhere as soon as I made the slightest change. Some pages didn't have a place where an illo would fit without the shapes of the paragraphs looking weird.

I got discouraged and stopped for a few weeks.

Next thing I knew, VCON 30 was two days away.

So now I've been up all night perfecting this *Ish*, and if I want to have it ready to distribute at VCON 30, I'm just going to have to take what I have and pub it anyhow.

...which was the whole idea behind *Ish* in the first place.

Now is the time on *Sprockets* when I ask for feedback...if you've received this zine, write a letter of comment or submit some text or images. The contact information is in the *Indis/hia*.

—Felicity Walker

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### **Nor Dashed a Thousand Kim**

(Garth Spencer's editorial,  
*BCSFazine* 384, May 2005)

Members and trades must have been scratching their heads over the last two *BCSFazine* editorials, if in fact they noticed their enhanced strangeness. I wasn't insulting the good people of the Ottawa SF Society, when I suggested reprinting some news from *BCSFazine*—at a time when in fact they offer *more* science and author news than we do, and earlier; and I'm not dissing everybody else, when I run the barest excuse for news in the last issue, or write satires implying that fannish fandom has

almost died out, except in enclaves like the Seattle Vanguard circle.

What's really going on is that I've spread myself too thin, over too many projects, to pay enough attention to any of them. I barely pay enough attention to paid work, household chores, social obligations, or fanzine editing; I have entirely neglected my websites, and failed in my obligation to the CUFF administrator.

And then I have also been fighting a secret war with DR. GERONIMO® fandom, a threat to all North American fans everywhere.

Under previous authorship in the 1940s, the title character, then named "Tym Fasst," was a favourite ongoing

mimicking the "SCIENTISM®" brainwashing cult from the early-1970s story arc, not only "programming" followers in Danish but preparing them to campaign for a "National Socialist" party; and there is a long record of litigation against misuse of their trade marks, which is why I have been scrupulous about the use of their marks. But of course these are just rumours—or else, they are *entirely legal* proceedings.

The problem with such a franchise, as I perceive it, is that it destroys actual imagination and creativity; it attempts to force a monopoly on the sense of wonder at what might be possible, which was the heart of science fiction.

I have done my part to promote an older, purer form of fandom, to remind fans there was science fiction before DR. GERONIMO®, by printing nothing about DR. GERONIMO® clubs and zines and cons; and now I am all but spent.

So now it is time to share the burden, expose this secret war, and beseech fans everywhere not to dissolve our fannish cultural identity in the tsunami of DR. GERONIMO®. Practice your English! Be masters in your own homes!! REMEMBER WHO YOU REALLY ARE!!!

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### **Fannish Conversations**

Felicity Walker, Joe Devoy, Ryan Hawe,  
Michael "Fruvous" Bertrand

Monday 22 September 2002

**Felicity:** I wish there had been a *Mortal Kombat* licensed property (movie, comic, cartoon, TV series) that had been true to, and lived up to, the actual games.

**Joe:** Don't we all.

**Ryan:** Game-to-cinema conversion is always a tricky business. Part of it, of course, is the transfer between media types (as I have mentioned in my

thoughts on superhero-genre film adaptation). Here, it's not so much converting a text-and-still pictures format to an audiovisual one, as it is taking an interactive story framework and deriving a linear narrative from it.

No easy feat, I would argue, even if dealing with the high-caliber writers of the sort who tend not to get picked for game adaptations.

All that said, I think Lambert, Tagawa and Ashby (Raiden, Shang Tsung and Johnny Cage, respectively) were high-point performances in an otherwise formulaic chop-socky film with effects grafted on (before effects and martial arts became more integrated).

**Felicity:** Some of the parties involved definitely made an effort, but two things were lost that should have been easy to get right:

(1) Not changing the actual given-in-the-game story so much, and

(2) Not losing the funky '70s-kung-fu-flick-inspired vibe of the original game. Plus, casting the actual rotoscope actors where practical to do so—e.g., Scorpion—wouldn't have hurt. And not changing the appearances of the characters.

**Ryan:** I should point out that the game backstory has changed a few times. By the time the movie was being scripted,

MKI and II had been released. In MKI, the tournament is basically there for its own sake, as the backdrop purpose to a retelling of *Enter the Dragon* with Jean-Claude Van Damme/Johnny Cage in the John Saxon part. (As you are no doubt aware, MKI was the result of salvaging a scrapped Van Damme game project—ironic as he would be rotoscoped into a *Street Fighter* movie-game.) In MKII, of course, the tournament becomes more important, as a means by which Shao Kahn can take over Earth (this being the form/purpose used in the movie). In MKIII, which came out *after* the movie, the tournament changes yet again to mere diversion, as Kahn is able to take over Earth anyway when Shang Tsung

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resurrects Sindel. You can see the potential frustration for adaptation writers. ☺

Also, for what it's worth, the motion-picture actress for Sonya was chosen to reprise the role in the MKIII game.

**Felicity:** Interesting! I never knew that about the Van Damme game project. I realise that the premise changed, from I-II-III; they could still have followed the game plots via movie, i.e. MKI game ⇒ MKI movie. The game writers did provide some transition, after all—that's one of the things that made the MK series of games so rich and fun and not just about learning combo moves.

I had heard about movie Sonya ⇒ MKIII game Sonya; was it Bridgette Wilson? Did she also reprise the role in *MK: Annihilation*?

**Ryan:** If they were going to base the MKI movie on the MKI game, I guess they would have to have gotten Van Damme in order to be 100% authentic.

**Joe:** Good point! ☺

**Felicity:** Yes.

**Ryan:** Anyway...yes, that was Bridgette Wilson, and as far as I recall, she was in both films as well as MKIII. Presumably

she'll be in *MK: Domination* as well, if that is released.

Thankfully, the "dial-a-combo" phenomenon didn't start getting obnoxious until the MKIII game. Unfortunately, "dial-a-combo" was for some inexplicable reason all the rage amongst game designers (if not players), as a lot of tournament games came out with this feature.

**Felicity:** [*nod*]

Johnny Cage wasn't a rotoscoped Jean-Claude Van Damme (Joe—does the "Van" in his name mean he comes from money/nobility?) in MKI, but yeah, JCVD would have been cool.

What's *Domination*? New game? What about the guy in *Pit Fighter*? Was he supposed to be anyone?...Niall might be snubbing us.

**Joe:** [I've barely ever exchanged more than two words with Niall myself.]

To recap: (1) the funky, '70s-kung-fu-flick-inspired vibe of the original game was cool; (2) Ryan—was Shao Kahn a host of the Kahn symbiont before Jadzia's wife?; (3) Felicity—yes, "Van" in "JC Van Damme" = from moneyed family (or used to mean that).

**Felicity:** As you might have guessed from my choice of button, I'm in a *Jem*-missing mood tonight. All the rentable

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episodes have disappeared from video stores. I may want to ask around on-line. One of the nice things about *Jem* fandom is that head writer Christy Marx does in-depth e-mail interviews with fans every so often.

**Joe:** Where's Ryan? I don't think I have ever seen an episode of *Jem* (for some reason I thought it was spelled "Gem")—this is odd considering how big a fan of *Jem* Felicity is, but perhaps not so odd considering the dearth of rentable copies.

**Felicity:** Ryan's still with Jessica over there. You'd have seen *Jem* with me if I hadn't gone insane in 1996 and taped

over all my tapes. (Or if we'd met pre-1996.) I'm sure there must be episodes out there somewhere. The pilot, "Truly Outrageous," is a must-see. Sub-standard animation by Akom, yet in a runchable way, so it's good.

**Ryan:** I sort of am re-entering events *in medeas*; excuse me. In rough order, here's some replies.

(1) Niall's very tired—got up at 7:00 a.m., worked, classes, then the DJ gig.

(2) I'm not sure how two presumably disparate entities (Shao Kahn and Kahn the Trill) got the same spelling, but it's funny.

(3) Christy Marx, eh? I know she's still writing for TV (she wrote "Bad Spark" for *Beast Wars*, which introduced Rampage, and the never-filmed "Dark Glass"). Perhaps, if a *Jem* movie project makes it past the pitch stage, she should be made a consultant. As head writer for the series she should know how to keep things reasonably straight no matter what updates/wacky bits/topicalities I come up with.

I'm not aware of any DVD series compilations, as with *Transformers*, but there's a fair number of informed fan sites out there, which should provide leads as to where copies exist. (And while Felicity tracks them, I'll help myself to the 2001-reboot *Jem* fanfics I

came across. ☺ (They sure got Pizazz right!)

**Felicity:** Yes. On-line *Jem* fandom was where I planned to ask. Also IRL via SF/animation/comics fandom. I'm wary of any "2001 reboot" as the '80sness is too crucial to "what is *Jem*," but I'd like to see this Pizazz! ☺

**Joe:** Ryan—"in *medeas*" I think is spelled right [= in the middle], short for "in *medias res*" [= in the middle of things]. "Medeas Gaia" = Middle Earth. Or, surprisingly, "Endor" in Elven. I kid not.

### Tales to Astonish

(Doctor Geronimo, Continued)

Randy Barnhart,  
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20 May 2005

...[Re.] Dr. Geronimo: "Nakedly Philistine" is it? Dr. Geronimo fandom has already won! Next time you take the Skytrain, listen closely: tenses all mixed up, slang owing more to profanity than witticism, dangling participles...I could go

on, but I must laugh at your futile attempt to warn the unknowing. Mwahaha!

And in your hate-filled anti-Doc screed, I noted you missed mentioning Vida, who often accompanied Dr. Geronimo on his conflicted, yet exciting adventures. Statuesque, dressed head to toe in a latex catsuit, her raven hair gathered in a pert bun...My god, she helped more than one fanboy (and not a few fangirls) over that difficult line into puberty! Indeed, the striking similarities between Vida and Trinity would have already generated a lawsuit, were it not for the fact *Matrix Revultion* was such an unmitigated piece of crap.

Long live Dr. Geronimo and Vida!  
Ahem.

## Why Ray Hates the CBC (Part 1)

**Announcer #1:** Doctor Raymond Matthews, scientist-physician, was working in Africa on a special serum to make premature babies bigger. [*Sound of an explosion*] But when an accidental explosion occurred, he inadvertently injected himself with the serum, thus transforming his body from that of a human being into the body of an ancient primitive. *Torga the Giant Man!*

**Torga:** [*Growl, growl, growl, growl*]  
[*Sound of breaking glass*]

**Announcer #1:** Tonight's episode: Torga's Final Conflict, Part Two.

## [Advertisements]

**Announcer #1:** Here are a few exciting scenes from Part One of Torga's Final Conflict.

**Announcer #2:** [*Sound of an elephant trumpeting.*] Hundreds of elephants were being hunted down and slaughtered for their ivory. Billionaire sportsman William Niles and his hunting party were tracking another great herd, when Torga's wife Nana spotted them and quickly called out on the Horn of Blue Ivory. [*Sound of the Horn of Blue Ivory*] And within a few moments Torga was there.

**Torga:** You kill elephant. Now Torga kill you!

**Man Number 6:** No! No!!  
Nooooooooooooo!!! [*Sound of the man bring crushed by a 129.6-ton foot*]

**Announcer #2:** He killed one of Niles' men, but then Niles shot Torga with a tranquilliser gun. [*Sound of the gun firing, the tranquilliser bullet flying through the air and hitting Torga*]

**Torga:** [*Growling in pain*] [*Sound of Torga falling over and crashing to the ground*]

**Announcer #2:** The hunting of elephants was nothing but a ruse to trap Torga. Hiding in the jungle was a huge convoy of trucks that transported the now-captive Torga, but still at much cost. [*Sound of the trucks driving on to a wooden highway bridge and the bridge beginning to fail under its weight*]

**Scott:** Mister Niles, our weight is just too much for this bridge to handle. [*A few more sounds of the bridge failing. However, the convoy makes it to the other side*]

**Bziff:** Mister Niles we made it! [*Sound of the convoy driving off, then the sound of an approaching truck filled with*



*happy villagers that are singing on its flat deck. Sound of the bridge partially failing as the truck drives across it, then falling down about six feet and the villagers beginning to panic. The driver tries to back up but then the bridge totally fails, the truck hits the water, and the villagers totally panic and then drown]*

**Announcer #2:** Then when the convoy reached a great ocean port, Torga was loaded on to a great ocean going ship [*Sound of ship's horn*] that transported Torga to a great American metropolis. Now join us for the opening scene of episode two, where Torga is going to be reawakened!

press, I'm holding the answer in my right hand. This is a mind control serum created by the late Doctor Raymond Matthews. This serum will let me control Torga, making him able to walk, talk and move again, but still be under my total control.

*[Sound of a taxi driving onto the dock at high speed, sliding to a sudden stop and the door slamming as Nana runs out of it]*

**Nana:** No! No!! No!!!

**Niles:** What do you want, you stupid bitch?

**Hal:** This is your action news reporter Hal Kenling, down here on the waterfront live, where Torga the Giant Man is being unloaded from an ocean going ship. He's massive. It's said that he's over 78 feet tall. He now is being placed next to his captor, billionaire sportsman William Niles, who is now about to address the press.

**Niles:** Ladies and gentlemen of the press, this is my latest addition to my fine collection of wildlife: Torga the Giant Man, the eighth wonder of the world! Now you are asking yourself, how do I plan to control this immense creature? Ladies and gentlemen of the

**Nana:** Matthews used that to create himself! He's Torga!

**Niles:** Rumma?

**Rumma:** Yes?

**Niles:** Deal with her.

**Rumma:** Yes.

*[Sound of Rumma hitting Nana very hard and her screaming in pain and her body hitting the ground.]*

**Niles:** Take that, you stupid bitch!  
**Rumma?**

**Rumma:** Yes?

**Niles:** Thank you.

**Rumma:** Welcome.

**Niles:** Ladies and gentlemen of the press, I shall inject him right now. [Sound of the needle injecting the mind control serum into Torga's body] And that's it.

[Sound of restraining wires breaking]

**Bziff:** Mister Niles, Mister Niles, he's getting bigger! [Sound of more restraining wires breaking] Oh my god, Mister Niles, he's getting bigger! [Sound

*of even more restraining wires breaking]*  
Mister Niles, Torga's getting bigger! [Sound of the last restraining wires breaking] Oh my god, Mister Niles, he's over 500 feet tall!

**Niles:** Mister Scott, can you control him?

**Scott:** [Sound of the mind control unit's alarms going off in the background] I don't know! He's grown far too big.

**Niles:** Well, try anything! Try anything to stop him. Try switching all nonessential power over to the main mind control unit.

**Scott:** I'll try...No response, sir!

**Niles:** Then try increasing the power on the main unit to full power.

**Scott:** She's already at full power, Mister Niles! There's too much feed coming in from his mind. The primary computer is getting overloaded! The whole system is going to blow!

[Sound of the mind control unit blowing up. Sound of Torga breathing in deeply]

**Bziff:** Oh my god, Mister Niles, Torga is regaining consciousness! [Sound of Torga breathing in deeply] Oh my god, he's regaining consciousness!

[Sound of Torga breathing in deeply]

**Torga:** [Growl, growl, growl, growl!] My jungle! Man must die! [Growl!]

[Sound of Torga picking up a 15,000ton ocean going freighter]

**Ship's Captain:** He's picking my ship up!

[Sound of the freighter still rising]

**Ship's Captain:** He's crushing it!

*[Sound of the freighter being crushed by a 98,775.45-ton man and what's left of it falling into the sea]*

**Bziff:** Oh my god, Mister Niles, he's going crush us! *[Scream!]*

*[Sound of Torgo stepping on 99.9% of Niles' men. Sound of running feet followed by an old rotary dial telephone ringing up the operator]*

**Panicky Man:** Hello, operator! I'm down here on the waterfront! There's a giant man down here! Get me the police, the fire department, the Red Cross, the Coast Guard, the Marines, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force!

**Hal:** This is your action news reporter Hal Kenling, still down here on the waterfront live, where Torga just grew to be over 500 feet tall! We are now making a mad senseless scramble to the news van! Are we going to make it? Are we going to make it? We did, we did! Now drive, drive, drive!

*[Sound of the van's engine starting, then pulling out at high speed. Sound of a police car's siren]*

**Policeman #1:** Do you believe that story of that giant man?

**Policeman #2:** No, I do not.

**Policeman #1:** Oh my god, there he is!

*[Sound of the police car being grabbed by Torga]*

**Policeman #2:** He's picking us up!

*[Sound of the police car being dropped in the palm of Torga's hand]*

**Policeman #2:** Oh my god, he's going to crush...

*[Sound of the police car being crushed into a pancake in Torga's hand, then the sound of the broken siren on what's left of the police car flying through the air.]*

*Policeman #1 is dead. Policeman #2 is alive but in great pain]*

**Policeman #2:** *[On the police radio with his jaw unable to open or move]*  
*[Mumble, mumble, mumble!]*

*[Sound of the police car hitting the water then quickly sinking and Policeman #2 drowning]*

**Hal:** Oh my god, he just crushed a police car and killed two policemen! Oh my god! He's now moving through a residential neighbourhood, he's destroying homes *[Sound of houses being destroyed]*, he's stepping on homes! Oh my god there was people in

that one! Oh my god! We are now pulling into the heliport! [*Sound of the van sliding to a sudden stop and the door slamming*] Quick, get into the helicopter!

[*Sound of running feet; sound of the helicopter warming up, then taking off*]

**Hal:** [*With the sound of the inside of a flying helicopter in the background*] Oh my god, Torga is now heading for the railroad station! Oh my god a commuter train is pulling out! He's sticking his hand in front of it [*Sound of a locomotive crashing into a giant hand 87 times its size*], and he's crushing the locomotive! [*Sound of the four Pullman*

*coaches being picked up by Torga, their passengers panicking and some of them falling out off the windows and doors to their deaths*] He's picking up the passenger cars and the people are screaming! [*Sound of Torga dropping the coaches then them crashing to the ground on top each other*] Oh my god, he's going to drop them! Oh my...

**CBC Announcer:** We interrupt this program for this CBC News special: the 1974 federal budget from Ottawa. Live from Parliament Hill is Lloyd Robinson.

**Lloyd:** Good evening...

## **The Secret Life of Garth Spencer**

By Greg Slade

The prisoner was hustled into the dark room, and shackled to an uncomfortable, straight-backed chair bolted to the floor. Before the guards left, a technician in white scrubs swabbed his forearm with alcohol, and injected something. Then, the group left and closed the door, leaving him in darkness.

The darkness did not last long. Across the room, a bright light flicked on, shining in his face. Behind the light, he knew, would be an interrogator. Shrouded in darkness. He didn't care. He knew how to tune out interrogation.

"Good evening, Mr. Spencer," said a voice in perfect Danish. "Or perhaps I should call you...Kaptajn Glemme?"

"What?" he replied in English. "I can't understand what you're saying. Can't anybody here speak English?"

"Of course we can speak English," the voice replied, still in Danish. "After all, everybody here was born in Canada." There was a brief, pregnant pause. "Oh, excuse me. I should have said, 'almost everybody,' shouldn't I?"

"You see, Kaptajn, we have long been aware of the infiltration of this pernicious 'Doctor Geronimo' material into Canada. You yourself have been

loudly decrying the infestation in the newsletter you edit on behalf of the fans who are the target of this trash. Tell me, are those potential victims aware that they have handed over the editor's blue pencil to the very man who is importing the same material that he is so stridently warning them against?"

The interrogator pushed a pile of books and merchandise out to the front of the table where the light could fall upon it. Glemme's training was thorough. Without it, he would have groaned in dismay as he recognised a portion of the material he had been hiding in his own home, in preparation for discreetly distributing it to carefully selected used bookstores around town.

The garish covers proclaimed "Doctor Geronimo" in a rainbow of covers, accompanied by improbably heroic illustrations. Never break cover. No matter what, never break cover. It was still possible to bluff them into thinking that the stuff had been planted on him. "Hello?" he called out, still in English, "can anybody here speak English?"

"Oh, you can carry on your little game if you like, Kaptajn, but we are perfectly aware of your conditioning. Nothing which is said to you in English, or any other language—and we already know in precisely how many of those languages you are fluent—can possibly get through to your consciousness unless you deliberately pay attention to it. That

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would make it extremely difficult to put any pressure on you through verbal tricks, now wouldn't it? However, your masters forgot to condition you against words spoken to you in your own native tongue, didn't they? That is why I have the dubious privilege of acting as your...shall we say...corrections officer.

"For make no mistake, Kaptajn, you are here for correction. Your ring has already been broken. Those who are not already in our custody are under surveillance. There has been a mysterious fire at a certain mini storage site in Coquitlam, and we are aware of your methods of transport. The flow of this...rubbish into the country has been stopped. We have no need of

information from you. You are here simply to learn the consequences of attempting to corrupt the minds of Canadian fans.

"That chemical which has been injected into your veins every few hours since you arrived here...(Oh. You would like to know how long that has been, would you? Sorry, but to tell you that would spoil the effect of temporal displacement, now wouldn't it?) As I was saying, that chemical renders you incapable of going to sleep. So I'm afraid you have no choice but to enjoy the entertainment we have prepared for you. Don't worry if you miss some of it. It will keep repeating so you can enjoy it to its fullest.

"Oh, and in case you've been wondering where you slipped up, what put us onto you, we have suspected you for some time, but what confirmed our suspicions was last month's *BCSFazine*, when you announced that Canada Day was on July 2nd. No real Canadian would ever make that mistake. So now, we'll give you a little taste of Canadian culture."

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but a brace fastened to the chair kept his head facing forward. Speakers blared a cheesy, overblown soundtrack, and the credits flashed, "H.G. Wells' The Shape of Things to Come." He had heard about this. It was supposed to be pretty bad, but it was in English, so he'd be able to ignore it. In fact, he'd have to concentrate not to ignore it.

It was only when the dialogue came on, and he realised that it had been dubbed in Danish, that he realised the trouble he was in. Jack Palance's Danish voice double wasn't even halfway through his first speech before he broke down. "Nej!" he cried, "Nej! Nej! Neeeeeej!"

# Ish

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美 賢 家  
Home Smart Home