

... While the dame was in the other room fixing her face, I decided to have a quick run through her library. A copy of 'Husband Poisoning for Beginners' would have been a bonus, but I reckoned it might give me an insight into what made those curves tick. The first book I picked up was **Gun with Occasional Music** by some guy **Jonathan Lethem**. Flicking through it, it seemed to be some cockamamie science fiction thing with a gumshoe, sure, but what was with all the talking animals and government-issue happy powder? The next book along seemed like another funhouse-mirror version of my job, it was called **Aberystwyth Mon Amour** by **Malcolm Pryce**, and was set in Wales, which is part of England, I guess. Seems like the town's run by Druids, which just ain't right. My eyebrows shot up when I saw she had section on 'Lovecraft', but it turned out to be **Omnibuses** by **H P Lovecraft**, some horror author with a thing for atmospheric description and stuff so bad he couldn't describe it. Hopefully it was nothing like the painting on the books' jackets. Seems like he'd inspired a whole school of writers, but some of the stuff made my skin crawl. Weird thing was, the next section as all rockets-and-spacemen stuff. The **Lensman** Series by **E E 'Doc' Smith** didn't seem like this sort of gal's usual reading, particularly when none of the fairer sex could ever be Lensmen. That's when I twigged the pair of size twelves sticking out form behind the curtain, and hadn't here been a poker next to the fireplace when I came in? The errant ironware crunched against

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