

## *Is that a Saturday Afternoon Edition?*

**adventure nr. 3, afternoon of 15 april 2006 – NORWESCON 29 – ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥**

### **CHICAGO IN 2008 PH33R THE HOT DOG**

Chicago in 2008 is having a party in room 5366. Hot dogs for all! SEE the nuclear-green relish! Eat it if you DARE! Past worldcons will be DISSECTED! With CHAINSAWS! Join us! Eat! Eat! Eat! And vote! Fans will be served. Muah ha ha.

### **FOOLSCAP INVASION**

Foolscap will be hosting Hospitality tonight from 6-8pm. Come by and visit!

### **FRIDAY NIGHT'S ALL RIGHT FOR RIOTS BECKY CITRAK'S PARTY REPORT**

This reporter did not make it to all of the parties last night; once the alcohol started kicking in, the note-taking deteriorated rather sharply, and much of what I wrote consisted mainly of "xo tazssstey" and the parts that can be read are best left unreported. Before things got too hazy and the benzos started kicking in, I noted these highlights.

Dave of Imperial Starbase Seattle held forth as unofficial greeter of the party wing. Who thought of the listing board at the entry? It's BRILLIANT! We stopped briefly at ISS and drooled over the lovely, wenchy hostess indeed. The pirates went arrrrrr and showed me their flag, which means,

### **SUPER PARTY LIST 3000**

Corset Party, Day Two: LaQuinta Inn (across the street), Noon-Midnight

Tai-Pan Club Meeting: Room 804, 4:30pm

Foolscap Hospitality: Hospitality, 6-8pm

The Anonymous Bite Me Party: Free Dinner On Us: Room 6101, 8-10pm (dinner)

Ivo's Birthday Party: Room 5263, 8pm-Midnight

Chicago in 2008 World Science Fiction Convention Bid Party: Room 5366, 9pm

Talebones Live!: Cascade 11, 9-11pm

Dethcon IV, Room 5339, 9pm

The Merchants of Deva: Suite 5239, 9pm

The Babes of Biohazard vs. The Divas of Dethcon: Room 5339, 11pm

# **LARGE TYPE EDITION**

**please take only if needed**

# **BRUNIV!**

of course, that they can be a country!

Five dollars got you a bottomless glass of Shockwave's "Purple Stuff" calling-card. Not coincidentally, that's when the notes started to degrade.

Rustycon – dear, dear sluggish Rustycon – had test tubes of Blue Death, two for a dollar, four bits a slug, which is incredibly yummy and which I hold personally responsible for the night of debauchery that led to my eventual marriage.

The Cult of Scott Bacula was in the middle of its wet-T-shirt contest when we arrived, so I couldn't hear much of what my host was saying. Something about disciples, prayer bears, and Yeagermeister Meistereager, which I take to have some sort of foreign policy implication in the world of holiday specials.

Radcon ran out of Toxic Waste by the time we got there, but I did learn that they must order special cups because regular plastic melts under the impact of the Waste. Strangely, these cups must be bra-shaped. The host held out a cup of the base (the ingredients to which they would not list, despite my proffered bribe); once my lungs agreed to re-enter my body, I upped the bribe, but no dice. Damn these upright officials! Damn them to hell!

It was about then that my entourage began telling people they had no idea who I was, and I decided I needed to see Rocky

Horror. Tonight, DETHCON (dum dum dummmmm) and more.

## **I'M HIDING UNDER THE STAIRS DON'T GET CREEPED OUT**

The original Science Fiction Museum is located under the stairs to the Evergreen rooms. Stop by and talk to Ed Stiner. He'll tell you about the museum and show you some of the incredible selection of buttons that have been made by the museum to honour people and events in fandom!

## **FANNISH FETISH FASHION SHOW DOO DAH, DOO DAH BY DEVIL DOLL**

I have just one thing to say – R-R-RRORR!  
The standing-room-only event was packed tighter than a triple-D bosom in a size 14 corset!

Kudos to Pegatha for organising this in two months and kisses and whips to the smokin' emcee, Betty Rage, the designers Dancing Muse and Xcentricities and all the HOTT models and burlesque dancers.

If you missed the show this year, mark your calendars for next year. Oh, and convention organisers? To paraphrase police chief Brody, *you're gonna need a bigger room.*

## **LOST AND FOUND STILL CAN'T FIND ALPHA CENTAURI**

FOUND: The following individuals have lost things which have been recovered: Brier Cross (child of Heather Cross), Melinda (one of the pros), and Matt Rasmussen. Please come to Norwescon Lost and Found (across from the Art Show) to collect.

LOST: book bag. Black canvas, says "University Book Store" on it, contents important to owner; contains needed medication and other materials. Please return to Norwescon Security immediately if found.

## **ARTIST ALLIES ALERT! ALERT! ALERT!**

Meet artists and fight vampires! Find out what the Stickmen Revolution is all about. Meet at Artist Alley. Everyone is welcome!

## **RUN!!**

is the daily newsletter of NORWESCON 29, published as a morning edition. Articles from the membership are pleaded for; the deadline for each day's edition is 10PM the previous evening, or later if you can find the editors in person. (Try Quiet Hospitality.) In the event of a Saturday afternoon edition, the deadline has already occurred.

Submissions boxes are marked and placed throughout the convention, most notably in the Fanzine Library, Office, and Information. Your Most Wary Editor is R'ykandar (Dara) Korra'ti. Conceptual assistance has been provided by HRH Hindmost and the Pierson's Puppeteers Planetary Council. And Anna Korra'ti gots your back.

## FURTHER SUGGESTED ONE MORE HALL NAME

Suggested: *The Valley of Vapours*

## OVERHEARD

“Stop crawling in my boobs!”

“I consider normal just the sum of all my disorders.”

“All the shit that fits, they print.”

## V-CON 31 PRESENTS HOW TO RANK A HANGOVER BY COSMIC RAY SEREDIN

ONE STAR (\*): No pain. No real feeling of illness. You're able to function relatively well, meaning that you can chair that panel and no one will notice. However, you're so dehydrated that you steal and chug five cans of Coke from hospitality, but it does no good. You crave a steak and egg at Denny's, showing that your judgement is, in fact, seriously impaired.

TWO STARS (\*\*): No pain, but something is unquestionably wrong. You have the mental capacity of a one-dollar calculator. That pot of coffee you are chugging down in hospitality is not helping your stomach; that's still tossing around the bowl of pretzels left over from the bar. Though you make it to your panel, you look more like one of the supporting cast of Dawn of the Dead than a panel chair.

TWO AND A HALF STARS (\*\*\*): This it not a rating, it's just the point at which you begin to experience “morning sickness.”

THREE STARS (\*\*\*): Slight headache. It feels like the War of the Worlds is taking place in your stomach. You get lost in hotel corridors. The green Orion Slave Girl reminds you of the shot of... whatever... that Klingon dared you to drink last night. After you find hospitality, you drive two large pots of coffee, two gallons of water, ten ice teas and three Diet Cokes. You make it to your panel, but leave repeatedly to pee.

FOUR STARS (\*\*\*\*): LIFE SUCKS. Your head throbs. You put your shirt on inside-out, forget to bathe (RULE ONE!), wash your teeth, brush your shirt, iron your hair, and still have on yesterday's underwear and socks, assuming you didn't lose them. You speak like William Shatner in *The Devil's Rain*. At that panel you're chairing, “Developing the Teenage Science Fiction and Fantasy Novelist,” you spend half an hour recalling every detail of your favourite *Doctor Who* episode, that really cool one where Leela slaps that Victorian who screams in the lighthouse just for being *such a twit*. The con chair gives you hell for turning up late and lectures you that a panel chair just should not smell like that. You are then kicked out of hospitality after you drink the whole day's supply of coffee in an hour.

FIVE STARS (\*\*\*\*\*): You wish you were never born. Your hair is standing on end making you look like Albert Einstein and the Bride of Frankenstein's love child. Booze seeps from every pore, you lost the ability to make saliva, and your tongue is donating hair to Locks of Love. The massive space battle happening in your head is annoying the whole panel room, as well as the one next door. All the people around you are speaking gibberish, a special kind made just to hurt *you*. You get the urge to drink anything you can get your hands on, excluding booze, but including that clear stuff they put into breast implants to make them all jiggle. In the end, you somehow make it back to your hotel room only to spend the rest of the convention hanging out at the porcelain palace, and you swear: *You're Never Drinking Again*. And this time, you really mean it.