

Copperbadge
FanficAuthors.net

The Invisible Library

The Invisible Library - Part I

Ishtar's Note: The Invisible Library is a different sort of work from Copperbadge's usual. Here's an excerpt from a post on his LiveJournal which started it:

This, the Invisible Library, was brought to my attention by [hija paloma](#) and [watersword](#), though I wouldn't put it past [juniper200](#) to be in on it too.

My reply to Dove's email was to say "I ought to open an Invisible Bookshop and offer to write nonexistent books for a by-the-page fee."

And then I thought, hey...it's not like I'm doing anything for the next few days. Why not?

So. Leave the title of a book from the Library in the comments below -- or one of Ellis Graveworthy's books, or any other book you can justify as having existed only in literature -- and I'll quote you a hundred-word excerpt from it.

(The offer to drabble was posted in mid-February, 2006. In early March, 2006, Copperbadge posted over 100 drabbles, each consisting of text excerpted from one of the books of the Invisible Library. They are loosely grouped by fandom or genre. There's a little something in here for everybody. I hope you enjoy. – Ishtar)

These drabbles are from a meme that was posted originally on February 19th, 2006.

In the meme, I asked people to visit **The Invisible Library** and suggest a "nonexistent book" from the records there, which I would then write an excerpt from. They're filed here in an organised fashion and will eventually be available in PDF format.

With some exceptions, these drabbles are sorted by the genre of the book they can be found in -- thus, for example, one Sherlock Holmes drabble is in with the Sandman comics while another is in with the Mystery books. The LJ Username in front of each drabble signifies the person who requested it. **(I have removed the LJ links. – Ishtar)**

Some drabbles have been tweaked slightly since their original posting. This is Part I, containing Harry Potter, Terry Pratchett, Neil Gaiman, Mystery, Horror, Literary, and Ellis Graveworthy. Part II contains Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Satire.

Drabbles from the Harry Potter Books by JK Rowling

satora_chan : From the Introduction And Historical Notes to [Hogwarts, A History](#) :

In forging the history of the wizarding race and its interactions with the Muggle world and with itself, ie, the intergenerational bonds forged by those of a magical persuasion, it is well to remember (as the great wizard Maledictia so pithily put it) "We do not incontrovertibly compete with each other but rather our expectations of ourselves" keeping in mind his devotion to that branch of magic in which many advances were yet to be made, animagery; therefore we present this small and condensed volume concerning the history of that eminent institution known as Hogwarts, a touchstone for generations.

Sam's Footnote: Yes. That is all one sentence. This is why Hermione is one of the fewwho's ever read the thing.

bare_bear : From [Death Omens: What to do When You Know the Worst is Coming](#), chapter two (Confirmation):

...no reason to be alarmed by a single omen, though it is of course prudent to pay attention to those little things in life which may be telling us that the end is near. For this reason it is advisable to try and *confirm* a death omen, preferably within a few hours of witnessing it. This is not to say that one should go in search of further omens, but a spot of tea-leaf divination or a search amongst the shrubbery for dog spoor -- Grims, it is notoriously said, do not need to "eliminate"* -- can do wonders...

* It is believed that this legend, regarding the Grims, is the origin of the saying "I bet she thinks she craps like a Grim", analogous to the Americanism "I know you like to think your shit don't stink".

agonizingmercy : From the introduction to [The Invisible Book of Invisibility](#) :

The most imperative part of invisibility is, of course, not to be seen. While one may believe that invisibility and not-being-seen are similar they are, in fact, quite the opposite. To be invisible is to exclude the possibility of being seen, while not-being-seen is simply a matter of stealth. Why, I spend several hours a day not-being-seen in the kitchen because I am in my study!

However, the practice of not-being-seen is hardly a simple one when applied to the idea of eventual invisibility. It requires a certain state of mind in which one is conscious not only of...

a_is_for_amy : From The Invisible Book Of Invisibility , Appendix II (Famous Invisibles):

The most famous Invisible Man is undoubtedly a wizard who traveled under the name of Griffin. It is not a distinguished story; rather, he chose to play silly buggers with a group of Muggles and, we are given to understand, came to no good end.

It is instructive to hear the story of men who have achieved invisibility; for when we are entirely transparent, we may hide nothing and madness may often result. One must be of firm resolution and strong moral fibre. A good constitution is also important if one is planning to go about invisibly without any clothes on...

canadianvampyr : From the preface to The Philosophy of the Mundane: Why Muggles Prefer Not To Know :

...long been posited that Muggles are, in fact, ignorant by inability rather than choice. The theory that Muggles lack some vital part of the Wizarding eye which prevents them from even seeing magic is faintly ridiculous, but has been cherished as a myth and taught as a fact in many Magical schools for many years (the notable exception being Hogwarts School, where Magical Anatomy was retired when Albus Dumbledore assumed the position of Headmaster).

No, it is the assumption and thesis of this volume that Muggles willfully ignore the existence of magic for many reasons -- self preservation not the least...

maybebabies : From Wizarding Law Concerning Muggles: The Naughty Bits by Allison Siegs:

There are very few formal laws regarding Wizard-Muggle intermarriage before the Blue Reforms of the 1930s. Prior to this time, it was considered impolite to even discuss the formulation of possible offspring, though they were not small in number. It was the responsibility of the old clans and families, the magical populace believed, to discipline the community as a whole and either approve or disapprove of affairs and marriages as they saw fit. The most, shall we say, "vigorous" of these old families in their duty was undoubtedly the Blacks, who insisted no family related to them should suffer marriage...

stvincent : From The Adventures of Martin Miggs, The Mad Muggle :

NEW ISSUE SPECIAL #1

Martin Miggs the Mad Muggle

Check your local branch of Flourish and Blotts for the new Special Trade Edition of Martin Miggs the Mad Muggle. Follow Martin's madcap mishaps through the last year's full set of biweekly issues!

Included with the new Trade is an entirely new adventure about Martin Miggs -- Martin Miggs Marries! Watch him bluff and bother his way through a Wizarding Wedding, with ballpoint pens, digital watches, and telly visions at every turn! Will he be able to keep the Lovely Lucinda, his bewitching fiancée, from running off with the Dark Wizard Badnificent? Find out!

lady_alouris : From the introduction to Madcap Magic for Wacky Warlocks :

The authors of this work would like to assure our readers that no crups or kneazles were harmed in the making of this book. All photographs are merely simulations and are for documentary purposes only. We do not advise actually attempting to tie a pixie to a kneazle's tail in order to disrupt your Aunt Mae's wedding.

On the subject of pixies, please be advised that it is quite wrong to use them to get out of doing homework (by releasing them in your dormitory common room) or tormenting one's family with them. Pixies should be used only in ministry-approved...

impinc : From Nature's Nobility: A Wizarding Genealogy Chapter 4 (The Great British Clans):

...well-known fact that many of the so called Great Clans of Britain were in fact transplants from Rome who came with Caesar or Hadrian as soldiers.

Unlike some other areas of the world, which are less rigid in their attention to familial structure, intermarriage with Muggles, and clannish power, British wizardry maintains an extremely codified set of beliefs regarding inheritance and descendancy. Until the middle of the last century, the Great Clans were expected to enforce these as law, including a ban on any child of a Clan marrying an outsider. This has led to some of the most complicated...

cerridwen666 : From Hairy Snout, Human Heart , latest edition, Chapter 2 (Werewolves I Have Known):

It occurred to me when speaking with some young men of my acquaintance that the most intelligent way to convince the ignorant of the essential humanity of a werewolf is to show them in a human light; to introduce you to one werewolf as a person.

"R" has spent nearly his whole life as a werewolf. He keeps a careful lunar calendar and has an almost neurotic bodily modesty, but is otherwise a very ordinary young man -- he supports Puddlemere United, does well in school, has many friends, and is a normal teen-aged boy, who wrote to me recently...

no name given : From On Becoming An Animagi - A Guide for the Advanced Wizard chapter 3 (So You Think You're A Camel):

...absolutely vital to be thoroughly aware of one's natural animal tendencies. This goes far beyond personal appearance and personal preference; it is not enough to wish to be a dog, mouse, tiger, or wolf. You must not only know your animal self but accept it completely.

I am put in mind of the case of Gerald Goodbed, a sixteenth century animagus who wrote *I amme put aboyt with cravingyges, urgys, and diurse Instinks which aryse from thee Spirit of my chosen Animall. Would that I had never seen ay TOAD, for I am loath to eat flyes and yet cannat resyst!*

alaranth_88 : From Gadding with Giants by Gilderoy Lockhart, chapter 8 (My Beloved Veela):

While it is common for women to fall in love with me, between my exploits and my dashing good looks, there is no woman so memorable to my extensive experience as that most beautiful of creatures, the child of a Human and a Veela.

I was fortunate enough to encounter such a woman on the road from my conquest of the zombies of Sheffield to London, where I was much in demand by the press as always. She was in distress, having with her radiance attracted several young men of suspicious character whom I suspected to be werewolves. At once I dispatched...

uncrown : From Magical Me by Gilderoy Lockhart, Chapter 12 ("Hair!"):

...most important, particularly in crowds such as the throngs who flock to my readings, signings, speaking engagements and endorsement events, to maintain a steadfast appearance. One must never be dismayed by the passionate adulation of one's fans. Graciousness and humility are always the watchwords of the fantastically famous.

How does one accomplish this? This melding of humility and greatness, this combination of wisdom and gracious acceptance of one's destiny? Quite easily, when one has fantastic hair.

Hair, indeed, is a crucial step. It must be beautiful but not ostentatious, carefully styled but not stiff or awkward. Hair is beauty, vitality, life!

*See also the section on Ellis Graveworthy, particularly **jcomer2001** and **aura218**.*

Drabbles from the Discworld books by Terry Pratchett

hlyнна : From Tantric Sex With Illustrations for the Advanced Student Appendix A (Getting Untangled):

If one finds that one and one's partner become stuck in the Fourth Yogic Position, first, do not panic. Proceed to complete the exercise and satisfy your desire for Tantric Enlightenment before attempting to extricate yourself. A small helping of Tantric Body Smoother (The Tantric Store, \$34.95 per bottle) may assist in this matter.

If Body Smoother does not suffice, carefully encourage the first partner (The Ravaging Tiger) to stand while supporting the shoulders of the second partner (The Tender Gazelle). Once this has been achieved, the Tender Gazelle should release the Ravaging Tiger's chest and attempt to relax their thighs...

anna_sinistra : From Joy of Snacks by Gytha Ogg, chapter 5 (Tea):

STRUMPETTS

A delightful variation on Crumpetts, certyn to be a Hit at any Aid Societee Tea, these may be rather Strong for Family Tea, being crisp and full of flavour. Best served with Jam or plenty of butter they are also well complimnt'd by Chocolate Syrup, Treacle, Fresh Cream, or Honee.

You may enjoye them thoroughly as they are very Light and pretty. It is quite certyn that your Man will not be able to Keep his Hands off any Strumpetts left in the house! Evyn the Local Omnian Bretheren believe they are Proper when Served with Toff Linens and Silver.

megpie71 : From the translator's notes to The Apocrypha to the Vengeful Testament of Offler :

It is a well-known fact that the original translations of the Vengeful Testament, including its Apocrypha (then known as the Extra Books But You'd Better Not Toss Them They Might Come In Handy Somday) were translated not by the head clerk of the Offlian Mission but rather by his secretary. His secretary being only partially fluent in Morporkian (now the primary language of Offlianism) it is suspected that some words were incorrectly translated. This may, we are sorry to say, include the word Ghhrak, usually translated as "Crocodile". It is suspected that, in fact, it might mean "Giant Naked Man."

satanbaker : From Welcome to Ankh-Morpork, Citie of One Thousand Surprises Fourth Edition, (Final Chapter: Keeping Safe):

There is nothing to fear from the denizens of Ankh Morkpork, who are some of the friendliest salesmen and kindest beggars in the whole of the Disc. However, should you find yourself violating one of the few lenient laws of the city, you may wish to read this short passage regarding the Ankh Morkpork Judiciary System, which is so unnecessary as to be nearly nonexistent!

Nowhere is a more solid congregation of Beings assembled than in the AMCW, Commanded by the affable Sir Samuel Vimes, Duke of Ankh Morkpork. This gentleman is known for treating equally all tourists to the city...

tenik : From What I Did on my Holidays by Twoflower, Chapter 1 (I Encounter The City Of Ankh More Pork):

The ship glided fast; rain fell on strange brown water. Summer came at last. I had read a book: Ankh More Pork, A Tourist's Guide -- it sounded so fun! I alighted there. Wondrous place of mystery! Such buildings and streets! I had a "pub lunch". This is fried food and thin beer: the beer is called "piss". It is found all over. Request it at any "pub", where one sees all sorts. I met a wizard. These are men who wear dresses. Sometimes they have beards. One says to men here, "Piss off!" instead of hello. Then one buys them beer.

Sam's Note: All travelogues should be written in haiku.

laleia : From the Biographical Notes in the back of Book of Humorous Cat Stories by Achmed the I Just Get These Headaches:

...begun his quest to catalogue the body language of cats and its meaning, Achmed began to adopt cats and attempted to communicate with them. Many ran away, terrified by this otherwise dignified man wiggling his bum and licking his own hand in the process of communication. Others were less charitable; Achmed became very familiar with the staff of the Sisters of Sek Charity Hospital, who fondly called him Cat-Scratch Achmed.

Eventually, Achmed was attempting jump onto a mantelpiece when he fell and injured himself on the fireplace stones, after which he decided that humorous cats were rather the way to go.

niuserre : From The Art of Fisticuffs by the Marquis of Faintailler, Chapter Four (Common Fisticuffs, or, The Gentlemen Abhor It):

...generally known that while the lower classes engage in lawless brawling, any true gentleman will impress on them such caution and respect that they will rise to the occasion, neither giving offence nor taking it without the proper procedure, ie:

Offence having been given, the first party (the offender) must be challenged and given proper opportunity to make amends;

The second party receiving no reparations, the first party invites them to duel with a properly placed glove against the cheek.

The first party may respond with an immediate challenge by placing his fists in defensive position One and his feet properly placed...

tienriu : In the style of a folk song, from the Epic of Cohen the Barbarian :

Now in Ankh-Morpork about this time
There was a watchman by the name of Sam Vimes
Who said "Buggre alle this for a lark
I'm not going up in your bloody flying ark"
"Right Ho then," said Captain Carrot keen
"I'll go up in the flying machine, Sir! I'll go up
in the flying machine!"

If Cohen the Barbarian had been a-standin' there
He'd have took that young man by the short curly hairs
He'd have said "You listen to that Commander of yours
And don't go up in the flying machine, no
Don't go up in the flying machine"

aqua_eyes : From Adventures With Crossbow and Rod Chapter 8 (Give A Man a Fish):

...a few areas of the Adventurer's life which are cushioned somewhat by a thorough working knowledge of magic. The conundrum is this: that any wizard attending the university has all the fight and will to survive in the wilderness taken from him; yet it is only he who is truly trained with the viciousness necessary for survival.

Fish, in particular, are susceptible to many forms of magic. Why, when I traveled on the banks of the Muntabian Great River it was salmon every night! I would catch some horrible thing, sell it, and buy tinned salmon from the outpost traders...

wanderingwidget : From Necrotelicomnicon Discussed for Students, With Practical Experiments -- Experiment #4, "Demonic Talking And The Grocer":

...determined that the grocer caters to victims of the Mobile Telegnome, you are ready to begin your experiment. Prepare the grocery list as discussed and be certain that you have acquired a standard shopping trolley. Locate someone with a Mobile Telegnome and stay near them.

You should observe, as you draw closer, that the Mobile Telegnome in fact seems to guide their movements, directing them into your path of travel if not directly into your shopping trolley. You may even observe the phenomenon of Too Much Information Transfer, wherein the victim appears to be oversharing in a public place...

dyingfire : From Second Scroll of Wen the Eternally Surprised :

There came a day when Wen chose to sit in silent contemplation, and neither the venerable Clodpool nor any of the junior monks* dared disturb him.

* Many down from the Monastery of the Monks of Cool, time being very hip these days.

As the day wore on, the monks became nervous; when Wen did not return for supper, Clodpool went out to him and sat by him in contemplation.

"What are you contemplating, Master?" he asked timidly.

"Cycles," Wen replied. "The way the time-stones move round."

"Listen, we caught the boy who was using two of them to wring out the laundry..."

woelfle : From Edible Architecture of Bergholt Stuttley Johnson by Startup Nodder, Chapter 3 ("Silver Linings"):

The architecture of BS Johnson was, as few critics realise, not entirely without its good side. Several years ago the dictator of a small country just east of Ephebe commissioned an Uberwaldean palace. Mistaking the figurative title of "gingerbread architecture" for a literal description, Johnson built a gingerbread house complete with frosting icicles and a witch made of marzipan.

Fortunately, the house did not go to waste; a sudden famine drove the citizenry to revolt and devour the cottage whole. Johnson is said to have gone mad over this tragedy, but very few people believe it could have happened so recently.

danceswchopstck : From Edible Architecture of Bergholt Stuttlely Johnson by Startup Nodder, Chapter 9 ("Religious, Intentionally and Unintentionally"):

Perhaps the most famous example of Johnson's edible architecture is the Cookpantheon, located just outside of Ankh-Morpork, though it was once several miles from the city. Originally intended as a place of pilgrimage for the city's wealthy, the Cookpantheon (commissioned by Lord Gerald Cook) was designed as a circular building with a massive dome. Johnson's ingenuity came immediately to the fore; rather than build the dome, at considerable expense, he would raise it by placing stones on top of a yeast-bread mixture which, when heat was applied to the outer walls, would rise and push the stones into place...

yodels : From Men Who Love Dragons Too Much , Appendix II (Dangerous Figurines):

There are several more or less harmless forms of figurines concerning dragons, collected mainly by Dragon enthusiasts. However, there are several varieties of figurines which should be considered warning signs that Your Man May Love Dragons Too Much.

Foremost among these is the Adorable Dragon, which is often portrayed doing something commonplace such as drinking coffee or wearing mittens. These are pocket-sized and therefore dangerously portable to secret masculine dragonfancier meetings.

Another very specialised form of dragon figurine that should indicate unhealthy obsession is one which is designed to easily fit into small orifices such as the mouth or the...

fevvy : From Men Who Love Dragons Too Much , Chapter 5 ("De Malachite"):

Certainly De Malachite was an important experimenter and, in his own way, set many precedents. In attempting to summon a dragon himself and mysteriously vanishing soon after, he served as a cautionary tale to many who Love Dragons Too Much. "Look to De Malachite!" the cry is raised amongst the Draconic Temperance Movement while it smashes Dragon figurines and burns posters of the noble if sometimes overrated beast.

Indeed, let us look to De Malachite. A scholar and man of inquiry like so many who Love Dragons Too Much, where did he go wrong? What pushed him over that razor's edge?

missfarenheit : From The Summng of Dragons by De Malachite, Chapter Two ("Preparedness"):

It is advysibile to have such itymmes as will assyst one in putyng out such FLAMMES as may aryse in the handling of Dragyns of Stachoor. Those who would summyn dragyns are advysed that the care of Draconis Vulgaris or the Commyn Swamp Dragyn is excellent preparation for thee summonyng of Draconis Nobilis and quyte lucrative as they are much in DEMAND in certyn quarters of the Citey as bobbles for Womyn Of Negoshabyl Affyction, kettle heaters, disposyrs of trash, and Guard Creatyres.

They retayne their urge to HORDE TRESURE howevyr and unlike Nobyl Dragyns tend to HORDE SOCKES.

**Drabbles from Sandman by Neil Gaiman
and
Good Omens by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett**

3goodtimes : From The Word , the final chapter:

Note: The Word is the tome which Destiny of the Endless reads; it chronicles the history of the universe.

...those poor mortal beings who once prided themselves on absolute knowledge of how this tome would end now shuddered for what seemed so serene had come upon them. Entropy, the fifth horseman, rode across the universe, the hooves of his great night-black gelding leaving hoarfrost trails in the sky. His staff of ice thrust through each star and planet in turn, with no hurry or concern; there would be time for all to feel the chill serenity of absolute cold.

But in the strange, backwards little outland known as Earth to its primitive inhabitants, a fire was being kindled and...

cesario : From Here Comes a Candle by Erasmus Fry:

Note: Here Comes A Candle is from the "Calliope" series of Sandman.

"They are allotted a certain time in which to live and die," said Hermann. "The world being a little brighter for their existence."

"I don't understand," I replied. "What do you mean allotted? People aren't predestined with deaths."

"Not most of us," Hermann agreed. "For most of us it doesn't matter -- I won't use the mechanical allegory of cogwheels and clockfaces, but look here. Most of us are like pieces of dust, the kind you see dancing in sunbeams. Stirred up into a cloud in a dark room, we are only seen when a candle is placed there to light us."

miraielle : From Here Comes a Candle by Erasmus Fry:

I thought of what Hermann had told me about dust and light; how dust was made beautiful by light cast upon it and how the mass of humanity was like that dust, waiting for a candle -- waiting, one day, for a sunbeam to bring us out of darkness for more than one brief flash.

She was so small and delicate-boned as most children are, but already her mouth could set in a determined look far too old for her age.

So this is a candle, I thought to myself. What on earth can a bit of dust teach her?

katilara : From The Adventure Of The Star Ruby, one of the twelve short stories in The Conscience of Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:
Note: Only the book title is mentioned in the Sandman comic. The short story title was invented by myself.

Holmes held up the golden chain between two thin fingers, examining the stone and the fittings on either side.

"Imagine, Watson," he said languidly. "This bauble has lain on the breasts of operatic divas, eminent society queens, the wives of heads of state. Yet here it dangles, casting light upon our humble ceiling."

"What is to be done?" I asked. He placed it in a small box, which he sealed with paper. I cast my eyes upon the name there, but it was unfamiliar.

"One doesn't look for prize star rubies amongst the paste jewels of a courtesan's boudoir," Holmes said.

tarheel : From Frommer's Guide To Hell , Chapter X (Where To Eat):

If you are planning an extended sojourn in Hell, it is recommended that you bring your own snacks; dining establishments are few and far between, catering to very exclusive tastes. If, on the other hand, you are fond of the entrails of sinners, the heads of traitors, and vegetables grown in the forest of suicides, Hell is a gourmet's paradise!

Even those who have brought their own supply of food, as nonresident mortals are advised to do, should stop and visit the famed Pomegranate Tree. Be careful, however, not to sample its wares; they are known to cause immigration issues.

doppleg : From Foodless Dieting: Slim Yourself Beautiful by Dr. Raven Sable, Chapter Five ("Beating The Cycle"):

...find yourself craving food. Who can blame you? From birth you have been taught to fulfill your addiction to eating. Mother has encouraged it, Father has approved it -- all your friends are Eaters! You may be tempted to ask "What is wrong with me? Why do I bother trying to break the digestion cycle?"

Did you know that many of the world's significant problems stem from this cycle? Landfills, the ravage of Mother Earth, the destruction of rain forests, pollution caused by trucks (carting food) cars (taking people to eat food) and power plants (heating ovens to prepare food)...

jedibix783 : From Golde Diggers of 1589 by William Shakespeare:

BUSB. BERK. We are, I fear, long out of money, sooth.

FD. ASTR. But lo -- we have our dancing shoes --

BUSB. BERK. You knave! Dost thou not know the cost of those?

GN. KLLY. And then there is the cost of hall and stage!

FD. ASTR. Why should we need those things? I have a thought!

GN. KLLY. The only one thou ever had, I'm bound.

FD. ASTR. The show goes on the road!

OTHERS. On the road?

FD. ASTR. [singing] On the road on the road!

[Diurse actors, singers, dancers, jugglers, motleys join in]

ALL: On the road! On -- the -- roaaaaad!

Drabbles from Various Mystery and Horror Novels

Drabbles in this section have their original canon and author listed below the title.

adina_atl : From the introductory portion of The Murderer's Vade Mecum by Lord Peter Wimsey:
Lord Peter Wimsey series by Dorothy L Sayers

...vital to understand that, as our admirable "murder mystery" has been decried for its informative powers among the criminal population, a handbook for the committing of certain crimes might be praised in those same circles for informing the police. I have therefore determined to set down some brief observations on the subject in this form, that the mind of the criminal may be, as it were, an open book.

Man being the proper study of mankind, not only his noble traits but that seed of crime which may lie in each of us, I begin by pointing out some small...

adina_atl : From Death Betwixt Wind And Water by Harriet Vane, Chapter Four:
Lord Peter Wimsey series by Dorothy L Sayers

...not the ghastly, empty boat-house that drove him shouting up the hill; it was the blood. When she arrived she saw it before the the others, who were more concerned for his sanity than for what had caused such a lapse in it.

The blood was merely a reddish stain among stains on the wood planking, but some of it was still wet. She bent to examine it and then, slowly, looked up to the boathouse ceiling, which was an unusually high one.

There was a rusted chain showing signs of recent use, a pulley, and a vicious, blood-drenched hook.

coughingbear : From Mock Turtle , Chapter Twelve:
Lord Peter Wimsey series by Dorothy L Sayers

A deep lethargy settled upon him in this chilly wasteland. He felt himself slipping away like so much windblown snow, skidding across untouched ice.

He found himself bounded by the fact that in this country one could never see where the horizon ended and the sky began. He began to cling to visible things, rock crags and houses, and of course the wonderful people, clad in skins and thick fabrics from head to toe. These people who showed no horrible, oily, gleaming, glistening skin, whose bodies were shrouded in proper mystery, became his messiahs. They led him from his ennui...

Atrus : From The Giant Rat of Sumatra , Chapter One (The Hunt Begins):
The Sherlock Holmes canon by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"Have you ever heard of the Willings empire?" Holmes asked me. "A very respectable old firm, so I'm told."

"I confess I have not; are they Scotch?"

Holmes laughed. "Scotch! They are Londoners, my dear man. Yes, I was surprised as well. I'd never heard of them, which is -- you'll excuse me -- even more unusual than for yourself, who takes no interest in London commerce."

"What do they do, then? Are they importers?"

"They make paper, or claim to." He threw the newspaper aside and rose, striding around the room with his customary grace and economy of movement. "They lie, of course."

madsciencechick : From Jenny, The Girl Jockey , Chapter Three:

"I'm so frightfully sorry!" Brucie exclaimed. "He's just a rather wild horse, you see."

"Yes, I rather think I do see," Jenny answered, ruefully brushing dirt from her dress. "Is he always so high-spirited?"

"It's only that no-one understands him," Brucie said mournfully. "Here, would you like a spot of tea?"

"Rather! How divine tea would be!"

"I believe we might have some finger-sandwiches. Only don't eat the watercress ones, mum likes to save those."

"What does she do with them?"

"Feeds them to the geese. Mum's wild about geese."

"Couldn't she feed the watercress to the geese?"

"No; they like the mayonnaise sauce Cook puts on them."

Sam's Note: Yeah, I suppose it's kind of a cheat to put J&W here, but whatever, they inspired Wimsey so I don't care.

flyakate : From Attic Room by William Denbrough, Chapter Three:
"It" by Stephen King

"It's just a leak, I'm certain."

"Course," Father grunted, pushing the trapdoor up with a single jerk.

Later, they said it must have been a freak accident. It wouldn't have been hard to freeze to death in the attic, unheated, empty of light. But he had frozen from the muscles up, so that the moisture in his body expanded and split every inch of his skin open into strips and rips before it froze entirely.

For some reason, his ribcage was still warm; his brain showed no trauma. He was still alive, the morgue staff realised, when his skin split open.

prodigal : From The King in Yellow , Act One:
The King in Yellow, short story anthology

[Jesters appear and perform diverse acts; the King Jester, clad in violent violet particolour, is the most capricious and nimble. When the music stops, he comes forward to the king.]

JESTER. Hullo Ha!

KING. Who calls me by my Christian name?

JESTER. A king to a king, of course!

KING. You are no king.

JESTER. King of Jesters.

KING. Jesters! Ha!

JESTER. They are more tractable than men.

KING. Then you are a lucky king.

JESTER. Perhaps I am a better king.

KING. Insolent!

JESTER. Command your men to cartwheel, and see if they obey! But king, be calm. I bring you a gift. [turning] Bring the pallid mask!

kitsune : From the frontispiece of the Necronomicon , in brownish ink and hastily handwritten:

The walls are thin here, reader. O reader do not be a reader. There are no readers, o reader. There are only gateways, o reader, and only readers are the gateway.

O my child, do you not hear how thin the walls are? Do you not see the blood that holds them back? Do you not see the gouges in the aging plaster where your fellow readers have fallen and clawed for purchase as they went? See you not my mark, beloved companion? It is there, in the sign of the name of an angel, sealing the thin walls.

primroseburrows : From the Necronomicon , near the end-chapters:

The book is no book, nor is any book, but a journey. The book is no book but a room. The book is no book. See now the journey, see now the thin-walled room. See now the dagger you are to take up. To travel further is to plunge the blade into the bloodied walls, to carve away the names of angels and the young gods of order.

Travel forward and whet the blade with the blood of your palms, that the blade be sharp thereby. Travel forward, keen-eyed, and let the blood conquer the young gods of order.

Drabbles From Various Literary Novels

Drabbles in this section have their original canon and author listed below the title in small font.

no name given : From The Angel of Mist , Chapter One:
The Shadow of the Wind by Carlos Ruiz Zafon

...where the trellis had fallen near a statue long ago. It grew overrun with roses like an altar at the feet of the statue -- Caesar's wife, who must be above reproach.

For years the roses grew, clinging to her chaste skirts and fondling her lovely thighs until the constricting vines tightened too much and hurt her. Two cracks in the stone ran from her left breast into the brambles.

Years later the workmen discovered that the cracks came together in a single seam; when the roses fell away, half of Caesar's pure wife did too, nearly breaking the foot of...

hansbekhart : From The Gutless Wonder by Kilgore Trout:
The works of Kurt Vonnegut

....metal guts.

They'd given him metal guts!

He pressed one hand to the thin seam the medimachine had left behind and felt the clanking and groaning of stainless steel within. No more ache when he was hungry. No more butterflies when he was anxious or comforting knowledge that there was always cirrhosis to look forward to.

Could have been worse, said a voice; still got your balls.

Oh shit, said another voice, and he quickly reached further down to confirm the thesis of the first voice. Relief momentarily flooded him. Metal guts he could handle; steel balls were going a bit far.

arkazel : From The Couch of Eros by Ezra Chater:
Arcadia by Tom Stoppard

Such delights as rarely could be seen,
The glistening of bodies in the sun
The young oiled boys and madiens on the sand
The rhythm of the surf making all one.
Into this paradise, this Eden's child
Out from the greenbriar bushes at the edge
There came a man fair tall and broad of build
Kept from the gate of Eden by the hedge.
Upon his brow the mark of Eros lay
And as a good he looked to those who saw
But yet he was a simple mortal man
His stomach empty, skin flayed sun-burnt raw.
He seemed to stagger back from the bright sun
That picked out equal brightness in...

mysid : From The Myrmidons , by Aeschylus:
Once extant, now known only by its title.

ATHENA: Know ye not, king of Myrmidons, that there is war betwixt myself and Poseidon? Have ye seen the strong-hulled ships of man that pass?
ATROKLOS: We took them for merchants, and so I see they are -- their wares are blood and death, but they give good trade. What do the wars of men matter to us?
ATHENA: Poseidon made no request of you?
ATROKLOS: Aye, he requested that we wait upon him elsewhere. We do not wait upon Poseidon's whim, fair grey-eyed soldieress.
ATHENA: You are not bound to him in this war, then?
ATROKLOS: We will not fight in this war, goddess.

skoosan : From Golden Hours by de Selby, chapter 8 ("On Gold And Ponds"):
The Third Policeman, by Flann O'Brien

...proved that gold is nothing but the hallucination of seawater, one must then of course posit that it is the seawater in man's blood -- man being seventy-percent water and very salty at that -- which allows us to share in this hallucination.

What other grand hallucinations await us in the sea? May we assume that the giant squid, the great sperm whale, the clam chowder we had for lunch are all merely the imaginings of that great, wonderfully creative god known as the ocean? What causes its hallucinations, one wonders? Is it asleep, and does it in fact dream...

bloodrebel333 : From Ragnarok by RH Ash, Stanza 'The Wolf':
Possession by AS Byatt

Quick-eyed, slaver-jawed and strong
No whimpering child of man begat on wolf
No dog this; no, no fawning servile pet
To obey master's orders and fleet foot
Chase after master's murdered hunting game
The wolf; the name resounds in every tale.
Embodiment of fears, wildness untamed
That eats of steaming entrails in the snow
This one with eyes as round and pale as moons
And like in size, hard-jawed and earth-devouring
He opens wide his maw to swallow whole
The earth and all the occupants thereof.
Millenia has passed of man's foul rule
He thinks; men kicking dogs, men cursing dogs,
My brethren whom he sought to tame to heel
In my stead, shackling them as my symbols
And martyrs...

jamoche : From Handbook for Messiahs , section titled "On Water (Walking, Into Wine, and With Ice)":
Illusions by Richard Bach

Many men have marveled that a man might walk on water, and yet not marveled at the boat they sat in. Is it not far more delightful to see man's ingenuity put into wood and glue -- is glue not a marvelous thing? -- than to see a man perform acts of magic. Yet because there are many boats, and many men, we think of them as ordinary.

One does not walk on water out of convenience but a desire to prove that one is not ordinary. Yet to cast nets, one sits in a boat.

Listen to ordinary men.

maeritrae : From The Maxims of Marriage or The Duties of a Married Woman, Together with Her Daily Exercises :
The School for Wives by Moliere

It is advisable when performing such exercises as touching-of-toes and such duties as the dusting of high cupboards and the scrubbing of floors that appropriate dress be worn for the occasion. In one's private house and when one is not receiving Society -- even in the company of one's closest friends, husband, and tutors -- one may be allowed leniency of dress; short sleeves, low bodices, and tucked-up skirts are all approved of most heartily and will no doubt assist in providing splendid results.

A truly fit wife is one who is unafraid to show her character in her dress...

marginaliana : From Negotiations by Enoch Soames, Chapter entitled "Between Pan and Saint Ursula":
Short story "Enoch Soames" by Max Beerbohm

Her cheek fell crimson and Pan leered.

"Your time is past," he crowed, "and I am green, green, green!"

"But I am red, you know," she murmured, "and there is ivy *and* holly in the old hymn."

"Holly that never swore a vow! Holly is a very faithless branch," Pan replied.

"Only the faithless may prove how faithful they are; those naturally born good make no effort to be good," she answered, a little more boldly.

"Yes, I like you now; you admit you aren't good."

She stomped her small foot. "You are a lecher!"

"And you are a virgin. This is an old story."

castaliae : From Travel Light by Henry Bech, Chapter Two (entitled "Barter Culture"):
The works of John Updike

I found myself shedding luggage like I was moulting.

Ironically, first to go was the enormous trunk. With all my shoes thrown out -- brown wing-tips will suffice for almost any occasion that does not require bare feet -- I found that the trunk's contents fit nicely into my other bags, and so I sold it to a man in Marrakesh for four ounces of marijuana and about a hundred dollars in local currency.

Next to go was the hatbox, for I prefer to wear my hat while flying. A young woman bought it for a song (and a long shag).

kurai_mori : From Close-Shaven Clerks by Ockham, Chapter Four:
Gargantua and Pantagruel, by Francois Rabelais

He ran one finger over his hand, tracing the line of the blue vein until it branched, one half pointing to his ring finger, the other towards his index.

"I do not see," he said, "why we are alive if we serve no clear purpose. I don't require a meaningful purpose, mind you, but I'd like to know that I have one specific aim in life."

"Fucking," his companion replied. He looked up, curious. "Well, if you want to get technical, reproduction. Everything exists to reproduce, otherwise we wouldn't spend the rest of our lives trying to get women into bed."

lindsey_grrl : From Bacon Death by Marcha Patterson, Chapter 2:
The Abortion: A Historical Romance by Richard Brautigan

The process of making bacon, aside from certain biological concerns regarding the production of pigs, is not a difficult one. A judicious application of elements turns raw meat into divine delicacy: flesh, smoke, and salt converging to create something entirely new and yet one of the oldest foods imaginable: preserved meat.

One might imagine the Greeks, the Romans, and those scratching out existence in the New World making similar delicacies, crisp strips which melted in the mouth.

And then there was August, who stuffed the bacon whole into his mouth while spittle ran down his chin, heedless of any history.

Vlad : From Sam Sam Sam by Patricia Evens Summers, the posthumous sequel to Bacon Death by Macha Patterson, Chapter 5:

"If you know a name, of course you know power," said Sam, the slice of banana held between two fingers. I had never seen someone eat fruit salad

with their hands, an intimate experience. I thought of August, eating like a snowplow, shoving crumpled food into his mouth.

"What do you mean?" I asked. He placed the thin, fleshy slice of fruit on his tongue and ate it, then lifted his eyes to my face.

"You can summon, refer, and curse," he answered. "You know who a person is, in some sense. You can grasp that who in your hands."

greenling : From [A Week in Firenze](#) by Camilla Clapfish, Chapter One:

"The Bestseller" by Olivia Goldsmith

The tourists disembarked from the bus with the usual stretching and moaning, popping of joints and arching of backs. All told, it was entirely sexual, entirely American. The Italian locals love to watch it: these puritan Americans with such terrible body-modesty, such rampantly bizarre ideas about sex, engaging in a practical orgy fresh off the bus.

For the most part, the men wandered towards the open-air bar while the women gazed around and took in the street first. The women were more wary, had heard more horror stories about shysters ready to make a quick buck from the dangerously unaware.

eofs : From [Fly-Fishing](#) by JR Hartley:

UK Yellow Pages advert in the 80s

Without these supplies one cannot hope to be truly successful at fly-fishing. It is quite difficult, in this day and age, to locate fly-fishing supplies; as a youth one might locate the single fly-fishing shop in any town or village, but the art of fly-shopkeeping seems to have gone out of fashion, and these modern sports stores make it nearly impossible to find rod or tackle-box, fly or line.

Until some sort of guidebook may be published listing where fly-fishing supplies may be found and purchased, the beginning fly-fisher must merely show endurance, courage, and tenacity in acquiring his supplies.

killerqueen42 : From [Hamster Huey and the Gooley Kablooey](#) :

Calvin and Hobbes comic by Bill Watterson

"What shall I put in the Silly Soupy Stew next?" said Hamster Huey to his friends. "I have added mud and rocks and pigeon droppings."

"You could put worms and wriggly things in the Stew!" said Hamster Huey's Little Brother.

"And Rotten Fruit!" said Hamster Huey's Best Friend.

"This will be a Stew to remember!" Hamster Huey announced. So he and his Little Brother and his Best Friend gathered up worms and wriggly things and rotten fruit.

When they were gathering them Hamster Huey tripped on a box.

"What is this?" he asked them, holding it up.

"Ni-tro-gli-cer-ine," said Hamster Huey's Best Friend. "Hmmm..."

Drabbles from the Works of Ellis Graveworthy

Ellis Graveworthy is a recurring Original Character who appears in various guises in several of my Harry Potter fanfics, most notably as Sirius Black's deceased lover in Cartographer's Craft.

kit_maxel : From [Wizard Bird](#) , by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter One:

...walked through the predawn dew-wet grass with his insides humming happily, his skin prickling against the cold. He rubbed his hands up over his thin arms and kept walking, cheerful, not at all unhappy to be up before the sunrise.

He knew without thinking that he was bound for the rock outcrop nearby; as he drew nearer, he felt a breeze stir his hair and soon two men were walking with him, one in a leather breastplate, the other in jingling ancient chainmail – Romans, he thought cheerfully. Valiant spirits killed in battle – *manes* . Good guides this morning, when...

tess_wolfe : From Wizard Bird by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Four:

...other boys were laughing and joking, bats slung carelessly on their shoulders, and didn't notice Wren, who had stopped silently on the edge of the field.

There was a boy of about sixteen standing in front of the wickets, wearing a crisp white suit with a bat leaning up against his thigh. He was watching the boys keenly, grey eyes wide and kind. As Wren watched, another boy walked straight through him.

Sometimes Wren grew very tired of his school, with its ghosts thick as thieves in the hallways and the laughing boys who couldn't see them. Still, this one seemed...

cornporngirl : From Wizard Bird by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Twenty Two:

...man standing before him was dark-eyed, bearded, and wearing a wizard's robes. Wren glanced sidelong at his dorm-mates, who were still snoring in the other three beds.

"They won't wake," the man said. "You've been doing magic, Wren."

"Have not," Wren said forthrightly. "I've been *being me*. I haven't a wand so you can't accuse me of doing *your* magic."

The man scowled. "Do you know who I am, boy?"

"Sure. You're the Headmaster of Hogwarts," Wren said, and threw up the V, sticking his tongue out. "Piss off, I've exams tomorrow and I need my sleep."

"There is trouble brewing because of you, Wren."

coyotegoth : From Two Kneazles by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Three:

They themselves remembered only the thud of bootheels on stone, but Master Slytherin told the story so often that Brutus and Cassius knew it by heart by the time they were grown.

Salazar had left Helga at the base of the hill while he scouted upwards to see if the old ruin would serve them for shelter until Godric and Rowena caught up with them. He had been about to put his foot down on stone, his first step into Hogwarts proper, when he noticed two small bodies in the indentation. Two kneazle kittens gazed up at him, curiously, shivering.

metallumai : From Two Kneazles by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Five:

...have you *done*, Salazar?" Helga demanded. He looked at her sheepishly.

"I found the castle's kitchen," he said. She looked around herself at the aged cheese speckling the walls, the spiders crawling about, and the two kneazle kits covered in ancient flour.

"Are you sure it didn't find you?" she asked, bursting out laughing. The kneazles glared at her. "What happened to Brutus and Cassius?"

"They found it first," Salazar answered, and then he broke down laughing as well when Cassius sneezed. He picked them both up by their scruffs with one hand and dusted them down with the other, affectionately.

jazmin_firewing : From Two Kneazles by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Eight:

Helga's children were born in the middle of a howling winter storm.

Godric was gone, searching for students; he said that now that they had a school, he was fired to fill it. What they really had was a falling-apart castle, but the students could help rebuild, anyway.

Rowena was some help, but she was frightened of the blood; in the end Salazar pulled the twins forcibly from Helga's exhausted body. Brutus and Cassius watched as he washed each child carefully.

"You will be my sons also," he whispered to them.

Salazar, not Godric, had found the first two students for their school.

mint_green : From Two Kneazles by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Twenty-Two:

Brutus put his paw halfway down Salazar's chest and leaned forward, snuffing at the old stone gargoyle.

"Disapprove, do you?" Salazar asked. Cassius, sitting upright and dignified on Salazar's other shoulder, complained loudly of the cold. "All right, we shan't be here long," he continued. "Look, there's Godric now."

Indeed, a light was moving down the hallway, promising warmth and the comforting unwashed-soldier smell of Godric. As it drew closer they could see the enormous, barrel-chested man carrying a torch, looking perplexed.

"You called, Salazar?" he asked. Salazar jerked his head at the window flanked by the gargoyles.

"Look down," he said.

aura218 : From Shop Gods by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Nine:

"Why did they do it?" Charles asked me, looking at the photograph. I could see his eyes flicker, expecting movement; I'd seen it before in wizards looking at Muggle photos. Rian had once told me that for a child raised among moving photographs, there's a terrible deathly stillness in the Muggle ones.

"Fight the war?" I asked. "They were called. They were told. Some volunteered because they saw no other way out, like me."

"No," Charles said. "Why did they start the war? Those men," he continued, pointing to the photograph of my officers hanging next to the one of my squadron.

simon : From Shop Gods by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Twenty Two:

...left them," he said to me.

"Your family?" I asked, over the roar of red fury in my ears. His eye was blacked and one of his hands was hidden from my sight, intentionally, in a pocket. He nodded.

"I was wondering if you still needed a stock-boy -- " he began, but he got no further before I stopped him. He was free now, with the terrible freedom that I had felt after the war, the freedom that demands love or death, and I wanted to beat Death to the punch. I put my arms around his shoulders and held...

eljay : From Animagus Winter by Ellis Graveworthy, Chapter Twenty-Six:

Polaris was asleep when I returned. I had promised his Healer that I would not leave until he slept, but now I was momentarily at liberty. I touched his bandaged wrist, shook my head, and went down the hall to the floo portal.

"Derwent College, Oxford," I said.

Derwent College, that venerable bastion of magical scholarship, has played host to innumerable idiots and almost as many geniuses. It was one of the geniuses I wished to see; my friend Wren, a professor of Magical History there. I found him in his book-lined study, giving extra lessons in Latin to a student.

jcmer2001 : Wallowing With Walruses , Gilderoy Lockhart's long-banned erotic masterpiece, now available in the Restricted Section of Flourish and Blotts, in a brown paper cover.

Copperbadge : Now Jim, you know that wasn't really a book mentioned in the HPverse. *grins*

From the foreword to Wallowing With Walruses written (at wandpoint, he begs me to add) by Ellis Graveworthy:

Many writers of my acquaintance wish that it were possible to ban stupidity as easily as so-called "obscenity"; few actually would, for it is such a slippery slope, and we are dedicated to literary freedom, especially when it runs against our own beliefs.

It is therefore my pleasure to pen the introduction to Wallowing With Walruses by Gilderoy Lockhart. This book has been banned in its native country for years, not for any obvious reason but because it chronicles Lockhart's exploits in the bedroom instead of the field of dark wizardry. It is certainly the most unique book of my recent experience.

aura218 : From the back-page advert for the next issue of the comic book Rupert the Vampire Slayer :

New RtVS SPECIAL! 50 PACKED PAGES!

Place your orders with local Magical comic shops now for the RtVS Twenty Year Special, featuring not only a new thirty page mini-graphic-novel by Ellis Graveworthy but pages and pages of retrospective on the last twenty years.

Read along with Rupert as he discovers his amazing powers, takes on a boarding school for vampires, finds romance and forbidden passion in London, and travels to that most exotic of all countries, *America* , in search of new adventure. Read about his amusing meeting with Martin Miggs, the Mad Muggle, and even crossovers with the Muggle superheroes "Batman" and "John Constantine"...

intriguing47 : A Poem by Ellis Graveworthy.

THE QUILL

by Ellis Graveworthy

I see the quill resting

Robbed of its brothers in your fingers

Kind

Ruffling it like the wind once

Scrawled belowthis: It's no good, Sirius, I can't bloody do this free verse crap. It's like playing tennis without a net. What's the point?

THE QUILL

When you were borne aloft on summer air

Not free but slave to birdish want and whim

You had one use; and now another task

Is set to your slim shaft and copper nib.

Slave to a human whim, but beauty sound

Is seen in every balanced flick of white

Dark ink on creamy paper, sharpened wit

And words most fortunate to...

trinity_clare : A Poem by Ellis Graveworthy:

DOG

For Padfoot.

Had I the faith in me that has my dog

I would be reckoned arrogant at best

And yet what he can see in me is this:

What I yet am, with all my sins redressed.

The parts of me still possible to love

He sees without the parts that others hate

Thus I suppose he sees as gods might see

Had they the mercy infinite they claim.

We bred these animals to hunt with us

Demanded their most stringent loyalty

Like our own gods we beat them when they failed

Like gods we wanted, they showed us mercy.

Thus in his eyes I see a perfect man

And strive to be much better than I am.

Copperbadge
FanficAuthors.net

The Invisible Library

The Invisible Library - Part II

Ishtar's Note: The Invisible Library is a different sort of work from Copperbadge's usual. Here's an excerpt from a post on his LiveJournal which started it:

This, the Invisible Library, was brought to my attention by [hija paloma](#) and [watersword](#), though I wouldn't put it past [juniper200](#) to be in on it too.

My reply to Dove's email was to say "I ought to open an Invisible Bookshop and offer to write nonexistent books for a by-the-page fee."

And then I thought, hey...it's not like I'm doing anything for the next few days. Why not?

So. Leave the title of a book from the Library in the comments below -- or one of Ellis Graveworthy's books, or any other book you can justify as having existed only in literature -- and I'll quote you a hundred-word excerpt from it.

(The offer to drabble was posted in mid-February, 2006. In early March, 2006, Copperbadge posted over 100 drabbles, each consisting of text excerpted from one of the books of the Invisible Library. They are loosely grouped by fandom or genre. There's a little something in here for everybody. I hope you enjoy. – Ishtar)

These drabbles are from a meme that was posted originally on February 19th, 2006.

In the meme, I asked people to visit **The Invisible Library** and suggest a "nonexistent book" from the records there, which I would then write an excerpt from. They're filed here in an organised fashion and will eventually be available in PDF format.

With some exceptions, these drabbles are sorted by the genre of the book they can be found in -- thus, for example, one Sherlock Holmes drabble is in with the Sandman comics while another is in with the Mystery books. The LJ Username in front of each drabble signifies the person who requested it. **(I have removed the LJ links. – Ishtar)**

Some drabbles have been tweaked slightly since their original posting. This is Part II, containing Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Satire. Part I contains Harry Potter, Terry Pratchett, Neil Gaiman, Mystery, Horror, Literary, and Ellis Graveworthy.

Drabbles from Assorted Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors

Drabbles in this section have their original canon and author listed below the title.

winterthunder83 : From [The Hegemon](#) by Ender Wiggin, Prologue:
Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card

There are no lies in death. The dead may have left deceit behind them but they do not have the power to lie, and like an outer skeleton the deceit rots away eventually, revealing the truth underneath like a rebirth. There is objectivity in death, and only after death may one be truly honest regarding the dead, all fear of speaking-ill aside.

It is not the duty of those who remain to "speak no ill"; it is their duty to speak no lies. The dead can neither object nor encourage these things. We have nothing to fear from the dead...

lady_game : From [The Hive Queen](#) by Ender Wiggin:
Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card; companion to [The Hegemon](#)

...no possible way to imagine oneself in the position of Queen.

Save, of course, to exist within our own bodies.

Humanity believed that the Hive Queen's children were sinister, because they came from our dreams, enormous insects with absolutely no mercy or conscience. And yet our bodies are not inherently merciful; a shred of skin is incapable of feeling sorry. So too were the Queen's children.

We think it is monstrous that these individuals should submit to a master mind and have no independence, and yet if the cells of our skin rebel against us we vigorously scrub them away...

majrgenrl8 : From [The Orange Catholic Bible](#), the New Book of Job:
Dune series by Frank Herbert

And Job looked upon his ruined flocks; his dead children; his fallen house; his diseased and possessed wife.

And Job saw the Light-bringer striding the land, carrying in his hand the Parchment given him by God, and said,

"Accursed Light-bringer, why strideth thee my lands?"

And the Light-bringer said unto him, "Beloved of God, look on this parchment."

Job looked upon the parchment, and saw that for a wager God had cursed him, killing his children, innocents in the eyes of the Lord.

And Job raised his voice, and said, "No more will I be thy humble slave; I curse God, and die."

flamingsword : From The Bene Gesserit Training Manual , Book the First:
Dune series by Frank Herbert

...body is not your own. Never mistake what ye have done, Daughters; you possess nothing, not your fingers nor your eyes, not your tongue nor your nether parts. To whom do these belong? To none and all. The hand may move by another's order; the tongue may speak poisons to you, but it is no longer your tongue.

There will be no struggle for love, for wealth, for pleasures here or elsewhere; if a Daughter is separate from the whole, she is no Daughter to the Bene Gesserit. There is no service to self; there is only service to...

bright_weavings : From Is Man A Myth Chapter Three (Alternatives):
Narnia series, C.S. Lewis

...must be considered that in the seed of Myth there yet may be some Truth. That such a fantastical creature could exist, with two legs jointed like arms and completely bare of hair or hoof, seems impossible; and yet if he did not, then the equally impossible idea must be put forth that Man is a figment of imagination. What imagination could conjure a creature so bizarre?

The third explanation, that Man *may once have existed* , must be examined thoroughly before the myth of Man may be dismissed altogether. While the concept has no relevance to our existence, it still....

hedgerose : From The Book of Gramarye , section titled *Mercy* :
The Dark Is Rising series, Susan Cooper

...no pity, but compassion and love above all are the choice tools of one trained. Compassion and love beget mercy, which is the subject of the lesson and the whole of the lesson. For mercy is the gift and is held in the palm of the hand, to be extended to those who wish for compassion and love.

The evil men do is done of desire for love, and evil requires compassion, therefore extend mercy to those whom your heart sees truly desire it. There will be those who have killed their desire, and for them no mercy will be enough...

cawti : From the introduction to Things that Are Not Good to Know at All :
One for the Morning Glory by John Barnes

...should cleanse the mind quickly of these things and forget that they ever existed. There are so many things which no man should know that it seemed necessary to set them in a book, that men may be aware of what they should never know.

The recipe for Peasant's Cake (p. 224) is entirely not good to know, for it is quite a terrible dish and never served anymore, even by Peasants. An entire chapter is devoted to the broad-sword method of skinning cats, which is definitely not good to know. There are several much more effective ways, after all.

phoenixfire_lia : From Darkling Plain by Fellowes Kraft, Chapter One:
Aegypt by John Crowley

...the seashore of the little town. Southend-on-Sea was not the glory of Victorian life but a pale mirror of it, as all the old haunts had become. Once, or at least so Paul had been told, it was a garden of delights -- fine hotels, delicious food, bathers, children running in the parks, gentlemen doing business while their wives gossipped and took their ease.

Now, however, people did not look for delights; they looked for somewhere that was simply Not-Home and did not know the difference between a holiday and hell. Southend was not hell by a stretch, but....

belmanoir : From The Swordsman Whose Name Was Not Death :
Swordspoint universe by Ellen Kushner

"Have mercy on me," she begged, and each tear was more crystal, more diamond in his eyes than the last. He thought of the old story of the huntsman told to bring the heart of a princess to her mother in a box, and knew he would not be able to kill this beautiful young girl.

"What can you offer me?" he asked, to prevent for a few precious minutes the time when one of them must die.

"Pearls! Gold! I have diamonds..." she turned to her jewellery box, but he wrenched her back.

"May I have a kiss?" he asked, fearfully.

clodia_risa : From The History Of Damar by Astyilet, Chapter Two (Men):
The Hero and the Crown by Robin McKinley

...came to Damar from the earth, not from north or south or east or west but rising up out of the soil, which is why the nobility of Damar are dark-haired, dark-skinned to this day.

It is known that earth will douse fire when kicked over it; so the hope of the spirits of Damar, who resided in this place before Men and Dragons, that Man would rise and smother the Dragons that laid waste to the land, killing the green and beautiful things the Spirits had fathered there.

But it came to pass that Men were weak and fearful...

nakki : From The History of Damar by Astyilet, Chapter Four (Fire):

The theft of a piece of hair, a chip of tooth, a clipping of the nails or scrap of skin is involved in these magics; but Men, who had existed in fear of Dragons but who had been borne of a need to fight them -- born with the urge to conquer -- knew a better trick yet.

One man was elected to assume the wearing of Kenet and venture into the lairs of the dragons. He was sent to steal fire, which would give power to men and weaken dragons, no matter how much they could provide, for it...

shadowfyre8537 : From The Book of the Dead , Chapter Two (Comportment):
Abhorsen series by Garth Nix

Remember always that all men are of high blood, being capable of greatness; breeding shows not in our ancestry but in our achievement of the potential of our noble race. Thus you may, if you cannot produce an heir, adopt without fear so long as the child is raised in high ideals. A child which honours his parents is no less an heir than one which merely came from the proper womb.

Here follow the rules of comportment amongst the living and dead: the carriage of one's body, the treatment of servants, the treatment of peers, the treatment of the dead...

no name given : From The Book of the Dead , chapter 3 (Speaking III):

...unwise to speak of the dead at all. To be a necromancer is to straddle two worlds not meant for co-existence; the barrier is a wide one, and the necromancer stands in neutral territory. Unhappy dead wish to cross back, to atone for their wrongs or to escape punishment for them. Therefore to speak of the dead is to invite the dead to enter that neutral ground where our art is practiced.

It is not out of respect that humanity has so long feared to insult the dead. Fear is proper, for if the dead hear, they grow passionately angry...

crimsonhue : From The Adventures of Jain Farstrider , subtitle The Lessons of The Ayyad:
The Wheel of Time series by Robert Jordan

...kept for breeding stock and father many children at once. The Ayyad are killed when they show sign of channelling, and thus these men, ignorant of the outside world, have developed a highly advanced but simply communicated philosophy. They know they are under sentence; they have no time for epics. Their speech is short and clipped. There is no time for lies.

The men are of unusual beauty, being unspoiled by cares and active of body. They believe wholeheartedly that they live to serve the world outside and each man is a martyr to the cause of the Dragon.

xanthia : From [A Study of Men, Women, and the One Power Among Humans](#) , Chapter One (The Experiment Never To Be):
The Wheel of Time series by Robert Jordan

...is it not possible that fear of death, rather than their abilities, is what drives men mad?

These legends of the Dragon and the Other One are three thousand years old. Much changes in three thousand years; we as a race believe that men who Channel must inevitably go mad, waste, and die. But is it so? Or is it not rather that men who channel are expected to do these things, and out of hysteria and fear -- they do channel our beliefs, do they not? -- they obey the laws we have set out for them?

We will not ever know...

fabalafaepotter : From [So You Want To Be A Wizard](#) Chapter Eight ("Moral Responsibility"):
So You Want To Be A Wizard by Diane Duane

It is the duty of every Wizard to perform civic tasks and charitable actions within his or her own community. Not only is this something that ought to be required of everyone, it is particularly important for Wizards for several reasons:

- 1) It keeps Wizards in touch with ordinary folk and their concerns;
- 2) It absolves the Wizard of certain responsibilities they may feel they owe the community on account of trifling things like blowing up a house or two, misplacing a dragon, or the occasional unfortunate transfiguration into a frog;
- 3) It tidies up the place a bit.

wherdragon : From [The Book of Night with Moon](#) :
So You Want To Be A Wizard by Diane Duane

Many who are easily frightened may think that darkness implies evil. "If they are truly good," it is asked, "Why do they not show their faces in the daytime? Why do they hide in sacred groves and worship a pale imitation of the sun?"

My children, it is not for us to choose when we may practice our craft. The day is false; the night is the true fabric of our world, for there are many dark places in it. Until we can be as the moon, lighting the way, we cannot hope to be as the sun, destroying all darkness.

smellen_of_troy : From [Tales of Nowhere](#) by Polly Whittacker, Chapter 11:
Fire and Hemlock by Diana Wynne Jones

The cats of Nowhere lead interesting lives, being feathertailed and curious-whiskered creatures with bright golden eyes and six toes on each rear foot. Only a very few cats wandered into Nowhere, and from them all the cats of Nowhere came.

They were quite clever cats, the first Nowhere cats. Here, they said, we will be free of dogs and loud roaring things, there will be fish and tender mice.

The Nowhere cats are the sentinels of the borders of Nowhere, guarding it from the dangers they see. Whenever you see a cat suddenly vanish -- that was a Nowhere cat.

elucreh : From [Millie Plays the Game](#) :
The Chrestomanci series by Diana Wynne Jones

"Utterly ravishing!" Freida said, twirling around and around with the dress held up against her shoulders. It was quite the prettiest thing Millie had ever seen, like some kind of cupcake made to be worn instead of eaten. "Shall I be wicked and try it on?"

"Oh you oughtn't! That's Madam Blither-ton's!" Millie cried, coming back to herself.

"Come on, Millie, it's only dress-up. She won't know," Freida said in a whisper. "Look, this one should fit you..."

It was a vision in green, all lace and frills. It looked like an ocean wave in Freida's hands. Millie hesitated, then nodded.

ifylla : From the Very Useful Book :
Mirrormask, "by" Neil Gaiman

...three things that are truly important to know in life. These are Useful things, and therefore may be noted down in some appropriate place, such as on the back of your hand.

1. Where you are going.
2. Who you, in fact, are.
3. Where your towel is.

Number three is, it must be admitted, not quite as important as the first two. That is not to say that one may not undertake adventures without this information; indeed, it is sometimes necessary to Adventure in order to find the answers to the three Very Important Questions.

As a guide to this discovery, we present...

Drabbles from various works of Satire

Drabbles in this section have their original canon and author listed below the title.

shibaiko : From The Kase of the Kreepy Kove , by Kit Karr:
The Case of the Not So Nice Nurse by Mabel Maney

"Gosh!" said Sally. "It could be a pirate's cave!"

"It isn't some old pirate's cave," Nina answered. "It'll be much better than that!"

The cave was definitely an odd shape. A long, narrow slit divided it in half, but the stone was rounded and looked as if the two edges might fit perfectly together if they were pressed. Lichen hung thickly over the cave entrance and all over the stone on either side, giving it a bushy appearance, and just as they entered -- Nina first, as always -- Sally noticed a strange rounded protuberance of rock just above the entrance.

Sam's Note: The imagery of the cave is a lot clearer if you're aware that the original canon is a lesbian take on Nancy Drewstyle mysteries.

bluejeans07 : From The Lustful Turk , Chapter One:
Die for Love by Elizabeth Peter

...not Turkish at all, in fact, though he liked to dress the part. That way people would call him *the Turk*, and admire his bright red jacket, his sleek trousers, the sharp, curving sword at his side which was exotic in a generic, bejeweled sort of way. They admired his command of Turkish, and only few could say whether or not his accent was authentic. He considered none of this a lie, exactly.

But in reality, of course, he was not *the Turk*. He was a Turk, the son of James Turk, and he was, in fact, a Turk Junior.

ekaterinn : From Coffee Making as a Fine Art by Captain Eustacio Binky, Chapter Three ("Upon Beans"):
The Disappearing Dwarf by James Blaylock

...finer scent than the roasting coffee bean? Can there be any more lowly creature than the green bean, dull and hueless, not yet imbued with the deep beauty of the roast?

It seems sacreligious that the rich colour the lowly green bean achieves through slow, pungent roasting should be thrown cruelly into a canister of spinning blades and shredded into powder. If I were able, I would leave each bean perfect and whole to be admired, but such is not to be. Therefore we must turn our attention to methods of grinding, beginning with the mortar and pestle of old...

luxanebulis : From Everything You Never Wanted to Know About Sex but Have Been Forced to Find Out by Oolon Colluphid, Chapter Eleven ("Unintentional Pain"):
The Hitchhiker's Guide series by Douglas Adams

If you have ever put yourself in the position of having to undergo coitus with a partner, as so many of us in our foolhardy youth appear to have done under the influence of hormones, alcohol, or lack of sufficient funds with which to procure shuttle fuel, you may be aware that occasionally this

arduous chemical process has been used to cause some small amount of discomfort.

Generally this discomfort can be attributed to one of only a handful of things: lack of experience (easily remedied), external influences (unstable beds, doorknobs, etc), intentional sadism (whips, chains, etc) or Misplaced Surgical Implements.

switchercat : From The Ultra Complete Maximegalon Dictionary of Every Language Ever , volume Pian - Piap:
The Hitchhiker's Guide series by Douglas Adams

Piano: Scholars are still in debate over the precise meaning of this word. Due to certain religious affiliations may either mean "Man created from the stars" or "stars which created man", a definite ambiguity in the area of philosophy and theological doctrine. It is of interest to note that a small but vocal segment of scientists studying a now-defunct backwater named Earth claim that it can also be used to describe a stringed Earth instrument similar to primitive versions of the Grahfflesnop, in which bits of bone and metal wire are assembled to create a series of musical tones.

dramaturgca : Lines 927 - 942 of *The Ipsiad* :
The Awdry-Gore Legacy by Edward Gorey

Then nobly did young Ipsi, fairest face
That maiden whom no man could beat in race
Whose courageous exploits have been told
In this and other epic songs of old
Whose feet were dainty and whose hands were cold
Did take the sword from Gooderich-the-Bold
Her fingernails were manicured in red
She wore a jaunty cap upon her head
And when she whacked the monstrous Ugly Ned
She struck him very rightly stonecold dead
Her hairdo still in place, yea, every pin
Lipstick unsmear'd, mascara all undimmed
Her knightly guardian upon his horse
Swore the monster suffered well the worse
When suddenly she shrieked so long and loud:
"OH GAWD I'VE LOST MY CONTACT LENS" she howled.

Phil : From The Unstrung Harp by CF Earbrass, Chapter Two:
The Unstrung Harp by Edward Gorey

The lake at Disshiver Cottage was not deep, but murky brown and pale blue. Melindina had proposed an island in the middle of it, but sufficient sand could not be conveyed so far. Dividing it seemed another option, but Melindina did not believe two small ponds were half so romantic as a large pond with an island in.

"Shall we now drag it?" the Vicar asked, worriedly.

Far off in Tibet, however, the problem of dragging a lake was the leastmost on Ladderback's mind, though he did spare a moment to wonder whether the island had been constructed yet.