



The Canadian Science
Fiction Review

presents

AE Micro 7 Change

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THANK YOU FOR READING!

You are currently holding (or reading on a screen with your head cocked sideways) the PDF edition of the seventh issue of *AE Micro*. *AE Micro* is an annual special edition of *AE – The Canadian Science Fiction Review* featuring stories no more than 200 words long. The theme for 2015 is *change*. This two-page PDF is meant to be printed out and folded into an eight-page papercraft booklet. Follow the instructions in the next panel to fashion your own handmade issue of *AE Micro*. You can use this page for practice. When you finish, the pages should be in the order in which they are numbered here.

AE Micro Folding Instructions

1. Print out this PDF on a sheet of regular letter-size paper.
2. Crease the paper in half widthwise with the printed side facing out, by folding along the dotted line in the middle of the paper.
3. Fold along the other two dotted lines, with the printed side facing in.
4. Unfold the paper and lay it out flat.
5. Fold the paper in half lengthwise along the solid line with the printed side out, creasing it well.
6. Trim off each end of the paper by cutting along the solid lines, then unfold.
7. Fold the paper in half again widthwise with the printed side out.

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8. Starting from the fold, cut carefully along the heavy solid line until you reach the creases you made earlier.
 9. Unfold the paper flat and then fold it in half again lengthwise with the printed side out.
 10. Pick up the paper and hold it at either end with the folded edge at the top.
 11. Move your hands toward each other, allowing the middle section to come out to either side.
 12. Push the pages together until they meet to form a spine and arrange them so the cover is on the outside.
- To make the pages lie flat, go over each fold to crease it sharply.





The Canadian Science Fiction Review



EACH YEAR SINCE 2011, the second edition of *AE Micro*, our themes have borne some relationship to the number of the contest. Sometimes, that relationship has been rather transparent, as in the year our theme was “second.” Other times, the connection was more oblique, but our propensity for choosing words with more than one meaning has always provided rich soil in which a myriad of stories and pun-laden introductions could bloom.

As we entered the seventh year of this micro-zine, we felt it was perhaps time for a departure from the norm. But while we changed the way we selected the theme, many other things stayed the same—the enthusiastic response to our contest, the variety of creative approaches to our one-word prompt, and the overall quality of the entries we received.

It’s our pleasure to present to you this edition of *AE Micro*: seven years and still as dynamic as ever.

—Helen Michaud
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

The Canadian Science Fiction Review



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Status: Quarantined by Elizabeth Twist

Planet: Thuyva
Mission duration: two months
Ambassador Beauchamp’s final report
(expurgated)
Biocompatibility 100%. Organic resources abundant. The culture is theocratic. Charmingly, the Thuyvae resemble dogs.

Many native plants are nontoxic to humans, nutritious.

[Personal: Traditional drink is effervescent. Tastes of pine. Psychoactive effects long lasting, reasons noted below. Before Thuyva, I’d never felt satiation. I feared that we might rape this planet, as we’ve done before.]

The agreement was easy to facilitate. I believed they valued generosity. In a sense I still think they do. Spreading what they have is all they want. They insist on it. I also desire it.

[I felt so well, I skipped my one month medical scan.]

Public suicide in the market, day 46. Thuyvae gathered, and used bowls to catch the body fluids. They held the bowls carefully as they walked away, so as not to spill. Biological imperative.

[Day 52 medical scan showed the cyst, already well developed, behind my navel. The drink.]

The parasite is analogous to a protozoa, but with fungal qualities. Accelerated progression in my case is due to differences in biology, immunity, and age of infection.

[Scaring joy. Not to be contained.]

Send more people. You must.

I Change Therefore I Am by R Keelan

Aaron stopped by Bruce’s cubicle on his way out. It was past seven, but he knew Bruce would be there.

“Thanks for fixing that typo.”

“I, I, yeah? Pull up the commit logs—No, on Trunk.”

“I don’t commit to Trunk—”

The logs disagreed. A change every day. For months.

“I didn’t make these commits.”

“Maybe you thought you were committing to your branch.”

Bruce gave him a withering stare.

“Pull up the diff,” Aaron suggested.

Bruce read off the commit message: “Fixed a typo. Some typo—twenty files were changed.”

“Really?”

“Don’t you look at the change list?”

“I just read the message.”

“Hey,” Bruce said, “CodeCorrect.cs was changed in every one of these commits.”

The two had analyzed bug fixes from every repository they could get access to, then written an algorithm—CodeCorrect—to detect and fix them in their codebase.

“I haven’t touched that since January.”

“Well someone has. What’re the changes?”

Bruce pulled up the file. 10,000 lines and change.

“Jesus. I don’t recognize any of this.”

Aaron had a sick feeling in his stomach. “Hey, Bruce?”

“Yeah?”

“Whose credentials does CodeCorrect use?”

Growing Pains by Holly Schofield

After escaping from the prison planet, Liam—a hardened criminal—fled to a nearby world. A nightmarish riddle through a cloud of huge flying insects shredded his stolen spaceship’s exterior. He steered the damaged craft into a hastily spotted cave, down a tunnel, and into a vast underground chamber.

He stared as gigantic purple caterpillars worked an assembly line, showing human-sized larvae into slick metallic pods. Pulleys hoisted the pods through a trapdoor and into the harsh world above.

The largest caterpillar towered over him and spluttered into a universal translator. “Welcome, young soft one.”

Liam smoothed his gray hair. If the creature wanted to think of him as a pupa or an infant, so what?—as long as he got out of there alive.

“Nice technology,” he said, as equipment thumped and whirred.

The translator gurgled. “Yes, artificial cocoons. Better than natural.” A pause, then, “Apologies for our offspring’s aerial assault. Let us offer recompense.”

“Help me repair my own ‘cocoon’?” He pointed at his ship’s mutilated hull.

The giant caterpillar grimaced. “Insufficient. A new cocoon is far superior.” It gestured to its workers.

He cried like a baby as they sealed the pod around him.

Bright Stars by Stephen S. Power

At a Caffe Bene in Seoul two weeks after winning “Superstar K2.1,” KyuRee finally sees a girl wearing her face. Her agents sold her likeness to a surgical chain within hours of the finale, and the girl must have had her work done the next morning.

KyuRee approaches her, and the girl sneezes.

“You look just like her!”

“Thanks!” KyuRee laughs. She remembers being 13 with a new face. She wore Tae-Yeon for years until getting serious about her career and designing her own look. To be another’s Tae-Yeon, she wants to say, that’s better than being her own KyuRee, but she plays along instead.

“You’re perfect too,” KyuRee says.

“Almost.”

The girl looks away with rounder eyes and pouts with shapelier lips.

“Surgeons can’t alter licensed patterns.”

KyuRee says.

The girl whispers, “Father couldn’t afford a real face.”

That’s a knockoff, KyuRee thinks. And it’s prettier.

“I’m hideous next to you,” the girl says.

“No, your surgeon did wonderful work.”

KyuRee squeezes her hands. “Who was it?”

The girl smiles and names him. That smile’s also prettier.

KyuRee seethes. She’ll have that surgeon sued for IP theft, but she’ll have him fix her own face first.