
7-15-2011

Editorial

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Recommended Citation

Hood, Gwenyth E. (2011) "Editorial," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2011: Iss. 33, Article 3.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2011/iss33/3>

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Editorial

work appears. We do not pay any money. We have, as yet, no hard and fast length limits, but we as a small publication, we must think very well of a story more than 5000 words long to publish it. Shorter works have a better chance.

Editorial and Commentary

In this issue, we welcome back some previous authors, namely Dag Rossman, with a continuation on the adventures of Faragrim the Draug, and Ryder Miller, with his modern warrior-errant. October Williams and David Sparenberg also return with more variations on their poetic themes. Again, Tim and Bonnie Callahan offer their superb talents for the cover and illustrations, adding texture and imaginative depth to the issue.

With us for the first time are storytellers Eric Kregel, Erin Avery, Fred Hilary, and Joe Krauss, as well as poets Joshua Drake, Roger Echo-Hawk, and D. S. Martin. Their themes range through time and space, in contemporary and jurisdictions, and in the links between them. (What are dreams and visions for?)

And because your editor believes that debate and discussion can take place in fiction and poetry as easily as in essay form, I present, with Ryder Miller's kind permission, an exploratory sequel to his story, "The Purple Crusade," with its questions about the nature of honor in modern as opposed to medieval warfare. Perhaps we will have more commentary on such issues, or more stories on these themes.

Robyn's Further Adventures

or

The Red, the Purple and the Green

Robyn opened his eyes and found a man sitting beside his bed. The hospital bed. He wondered a moment what had happened to his horse and his ship, reality asserted itself all too soon. His restored left arm, phantom of a fleeting dream, was gone again. How long had he slept?

"Did I miss the movie? *The Purple Crusade*?" he asked.

"I doubt it," said his visitor, dark eyes gleaming. The frames of his eyeglasses, almost translucent, cast a purple glow on his white coat. "I came to tell you that the tests came out fine. We can start the fitting

tomorrow—unless you back out."

"Back out? Why would I?"

"Why indeed? You're a good candidate, and you've given your informed consent. Unless you withdraw it."

He remembered the videos they'd made him watch, the forms he had signed. "It won't make things the way they were before," he said.

"No, never. But that doesn't mean things won't be good. In their way. You'll have sensation of a kind—but not your old sensations. Digits of a kind, but not like your old fingers. You won't be able to do