

YAFAZINE



Yafa Programme, Interaction Worldcon 2005

Anime/Manga at WorldCons by Sarah Duff

Perhaps I should start off with an explanation of the difference between anime and manga, for some of our more clueless adults (and kids.) Manga and anime are different versions of Japanese comics. Anime is the video/tv/dvd form, and manga is the graphic novel version. (Sorry if anyone doesn't understand. I am trying to write this with some guy in the next room singing 'It's a small world' and the girl next to me sporadically telling said guy to 'die Die DIE!!!'.)

Being an avid anime fan since before it took off in America, it is no surprise that I have watched the anime/manga selections at WorldCons with rising delight. Going from a lone manga dealer it reached new heights last year with comics dealers selling manga, an anime dealer, people selling shirts with my favourite anime characters on it, and a guy selling anime soundtracks.

This being said, it is no surprise that I expected more from WorldCon 2005 than the one stand with manga, and no anime. Very disappointed I took a look at the selection for the anime program. No solace there. Half the anime I have seen, and the other half were only episode one,

Contributors to this fanzine are all members of the Yafa team at Interaction. Due to their ages we have decided their addresses will not appear in this fanzine. However we do VERY STRONGLY encourage feedback. Wouldn't you want to know what people thought of the first fanzine you worked on? With their parents' permission we have collected addresses of contributors which we will use to forward feedback. Please forward your comments via:

Max, 20 Bakers Lane, Woodston, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, PE2 9QW, England
m@hawkida.com

out of who knows how many! Most of this is also not new. I was expecting at least one or two of the new anime from Miyazaki, or at least *Naau-sica of the Valley of the Wind*. So, though I pay compliments to the people who put the program together for choosing good anime, it was not what I was looking for, nor was the selection in the dealer's room up to last year's standard. I still have high hopes for Worldcon 2006 in California. I hope anime lovers of all ages can find solace in Cartoon Networks' re-running of Full Metal Alchemist (or episode one in the anime program).

Alien Interview

by Sarah Duff

I woke up this morning with my journal under my pillow. Upon opening it, I found the following interview. Though I remember nothing of it, it is obviously in my own handwriting, so one must assume that I did, indeed, write it. It's too bad that I cannot remember it, because it is most certainly the most exciting event of my life!

I had the great honour of finding out that a guy in this convention is actually an alien. I hope he will grant me an interview, as he knows that I know his secret. One can only hope. Oh yeah, he happens to be my dad.

Sarah: Dad, I have heard some rumours concerning your humanity. In truth, I have heard that you are not from earth at all, but from Mars. What do you say to these accusations?

John: I would have to say that they are indeed... half correct.

Sarah: WHAT??? You're joking!!! Right?

John: No, I'm not.

Sarah: But... but... but... you're my dad. Of course you're human!

John: Your dad is human. I am taking his place temporarily. He will be back with you by the end of the con.

Sarah: What are you doing with him?

John: Do you really want to know?

Sarah: I guess not... so... you aren't from earth.

John: My planet is in the Andromeda galaxy. In my language it is called 'Ruthmire'.

Sarah: What is your name?

Zathrnops (aka John): On my planet, I am Zathrnops ZZX 45ponllthmrgds.

Sarah: And how do you like Worldcon 2005, Zathrnops?

[He laughed at my pitiful attempt at his name and corrected me until I got it right.]

Zathrnops: [here he pauses. I hope he likes WorldCon. I heard stories about what aliens can do when angered.] It is... interesting to see what your kind thinks of us. I do not like the idea of

the little green men, as we are blue, and generally over six feet tall.

Sarah: Um... but what about the rest of the convention?

Zathrnops: Well, I like the funny costumes... what are they called? Cosplayers?

Sarah: Have you been to any of the panels then?

Zathrnops: I was at the one on 'RPG design theory'. It was rather interesting, though human games are still primitive.

Sarah: Primitive? How so?

Zathrnops: All our games are played within our minds.

Sarah: Oh. Wow... so, um... what about the people here?

Zathrnops: People here are really kind. I believe that I have not found a single person disagreeable, though I ran into a parrot that told me to F*** off...

Sarah: [laughs] Well, I hope that wasn't here!! But, really, when will my dad be back?

Zathrnops: By Sunday morning. In time for you to go home.

Sarah: Where is he?

[here it looks like nothing was written, but I have a feeling it was. There is a symbol that covers the rest of the page, perhaps a message from Zathrnops or his people. I asked Dad about the interview this morning. He laughed. To tell you the truth, I always had my doubts about my parent's humanity.

The sign on the bottom of the interview.



Sarah Duff

Young Writers

by Dani

Having attended a panel concerning young authors and their chances in the cruel, mean, horrible and incredibly nasty world of publishing, I came out none the wiser. I have been writing for several years, after being rather brutally pushed and shoved into the scene by a friend. It was more of a coincidence, really, but apparently I found some sort of calling in the “trade”.

There are many things in the writing world that I could go on and on about, ranting my head off. From bad teenage angst to selling oneself to the corporate body to writing scams, I have seen it all. I haven't *fallen* for anything like it, but I have seen it.

What irritates me the most are teenage writers who got lucky enough to get published. I'm not claiming none of them deserve it, they certainly are, but the ones I have encountered have made me want to bash my head against a wall. Repeatedly. Hard. And I am not kidding on this.

Just because authors are young does not mean their work automatically translates into high quality. That would be an outright lie. I have met young ladies who obviously stole their plot lines, characters and ideas from other writers. In fact, they did this in such an obvious fashion it's surprising they haven't been sued for it yet. They couldn't string a nice sentence together if their life depended on it.

But, somehow, they end up getting published. The individual whom I am using as my example received \$20,000 for a worthless pile of words that were nothing but a overdone teenage drama. Publishers, I believe, are either out to irritate me a good deal or they are just hoping to prey off an unwitting audience of readers.

Both would not please me. At all. Young authors are overrated. I may sound like I'm stabbing myself in the back with this, being only sixteen,

but it's true. Take “Eragon” for example. That book is a blatant Lord of The Rings rip-off, including the dwarves, elves, orcs, the evil tower somewhere in the middle of the country AND the battle at Helm's Deep. Plus, he ripped off Anne McCaffrey's “White Dragon” as well. Why has

no one *sued* him for this?

Oh, that's right. He was published in America. The country where burglars can sue house-owners for having dangerous objects in their house, and WIN. Even though the burglars were trying to rob said house!

Fancy that.

America is also full of writing scams trying to suck out young authors' brains and wallets. Not that

only the writing scams like Poetry.com do that, no, but agents and publishing houses are evil, scheming, blood-sucking leeches, too. Some of them want money just for looking at the manuscripts. How is this fair? Is that even real professional behaviour?

I think not. On one side, publishers always claim to be looking for new talent and this results in published teens being overrated. And on the other hand, they make it so incredibly hard for new authors to break into the market, it's absolutely not cool.

The world is an evil, EVIL place. It's no wonder people go to conventions so they can experience the phenomenon of escapism. Blood genius, I tell you.



Planning the Yafa Fanzine



The Ninth Doctor by Katharine Knight

I admit, I never used to be a fan of *Doctor Who*. It never struck me as very interesting. But then, the ninth series was due to come out, and my Dad really wanted me and my brother to watch it. So he showed us two of the films, and we really enjoyed it. But we never realised that the ninth series, would take over my life...

It was 7:00 pm. We were all settled down for the beginning of the series. The theme music started, and I suddenly knew, that I would love it. And I did. I had never heard of Christopher Eccleston before, and Billy Piper vaguely, but now I know loads about them and I never missed an episode. I'm not so sure about David Tennant, but if Russell T Davies can cast Christopher Eccleston, Billy Piper and John Barrowman; he'll probably be good. As the saying goes: never judge a book by its cover. Or in this case: never judge a Doctor by his outfit!

A tribute to our staff member Shelly's teddy Beeblebrox. by Dani

Once upon a time, in a WorldCon not so far away, there was a little mutant teddy bear. This mutant teddy bear was quite a sight, utterly beautiful for mutant teddy bear standards. Its heads were disproportionate and different-sized, its eyes big and yellow and hazy, seemingly from a child's worst nightmare. It had three arms and its fur was a pure, snowy, fuzzy white. In other words, this mutant teddy bear was the equivalent to humans' Hollywood beauty standards.

The teddy bear was the reason why the word "evil" was invented. It would sit on its sales table



A big crowd squeezes in as Iain Banks subs in for Robert Rankin to read Harry Potter



and stare at innocent passers by. It was planning to take over the world, take over the world good. It gloried in its manic insanity – and it showed. No one wanted to buy the mutant teddy bear. Everyone saw the lurking pits of Hell in its eyes, saw how scheming and horrifying its plans were.



All-out war in Capture the Flag

This proved to be a big problem for the teddy. How was it to take over the world when all it could do was sit on a table and glare at humans? Mutant teddy bears can't walk, they use humans as means of transportation, being replicas of a super intelligent race of aliens who have heads so large their bodies can't carry them. Stuffed animals in general pretend to suck up to their "owners", but in truth, they are the ones in control. They manipulate unknowing human children to carry them around. In their eyes, humans are nothing more than horses.

To get back to the crazy mutant teddy, he began

scheming. He wanted a human. He *needed* a human. How would he acquire one when all he did was scare them off? Evil mutant teddies were required to glare and glower and growl whenever they were touched or even looked at!

Peeved, he asked his girlfriend the obscenely expensive stuffed dragon how she came to acquire a human so easily. Because, for some reason or other, mad geniuses like our mutant teddy happen to attract girls with their incredible “mad skillz”.

The dragon made a thoughtful face at that question, for she was a pretty thing with purple wings and a shiny blue body. “You have to look cute and cuddly!” said the dragon after a few moments of thought.

Our friend the mutant teddy bear was even more irritated at this. He was a mutant teddy. He was not supposed to be cute and cuddly. After all, he was going to take over the world! Insane, mad, crazy geniuses did not need help.

Except for their transportation purposes, of course. For which a human was necessary.

However, the teddy was not willing to submit to the torture of looking even remotely friendly. It went against his nature, he was evil and scheming and mean and nasty and very willing to bite off people’s body parts. He would find a differ-



Bazooka arrives with a stock of replacement Scalextric cars

ent way, of this he was sure.

So he kept his usual behaviour up, fixing humans with an evil glare when they walked past this stand. For no reason whatsoever, this actually appealed to someone. A young redhead with glasses who spent most of her time in the so-called Gopher Hole found our particular mutant teddy fascinating and bought him.

Needless to say, his prissy, arrogant way of telling his girlfriend that he had no need for her plans

ended *that* relationship in a flourish of angry stuffed animal flame. She is still very huffy about it.

The mutant teddy resided in a plastic bag for one day, being lugged about in a very undignified fashion. His three arms got rather smashed and his ego busted, but for all we know, he is still planning on erecting an empire ruled by himself, the Mad Genius Mutant Teddy Bear.

We’d have to ask Shelly about that, though.

At guest of honor speech, Jane Yolen renames adult fiction into “senile fiction”.

Little MALE kid somewhere in the gaming corner: “I lost a baby!”



“Which one of you two strange people wanted a picture of Matt for some reason?”?

Thanks to all the YAFA kids for getting involved and making this fanzine happen - *YAFA Staff*



Extreme Art at the Art Show

YAFA

By James Bacon

Its on odd thing. Paul Oldroyd started it ll with a simplen comment ‘ no one is running the youth progrmmme. It was a spark. By the time I spoke to Stef, time had passed and there Kari was in charge of Youth,

Editor's note: James did promise to write more for the Fanzine, but at this point he looked furtively over his shoulder and noticed the health and safety officer came around the corner muttering something about explosives, and James did a runner.



Having a Fragging Good Time!

My First Convention

by Katharine Knight

Fear. Excitement. Troubled. This is how I felt when I neared the Exhibition Centre on the train. I had no clue what the science fiction convention would be about. I didn't know more than three people there and I had never been to anything like it in my life. When I arrived I knew it would be an experience I would never forget.

The building itself was fantastic. It was huge and busy and open. But I was completely confused. We couldn't find the registration and the ribbons were confusing and... well you get the idea!

One thing I really enjoyed was YAFA (Young Adult Fun Activities). The volunteers were really nice and there were really good activities organised. I enjoyed the Terry Pratchett reading. He's really funny and entertaining and the book *Wee Three Men* was really good. From what he read, anyway!

But the best thing was, of course, writing in the fanzine. It was the first time that I had ever done something like it and I really enjoyed it as I hope you can tell!



YAFA Art Show Winner

Random kid having nothing to do with author holds something or other into said author's face: "I found it on the floor!"