

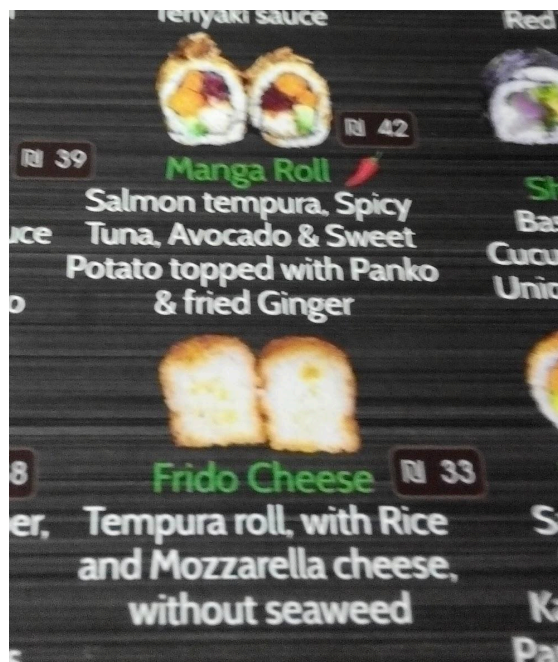
Episode IV: A New Gathering

Two Boarders met on a mild Jerusalem evening. One carried a hat, the other a jacket. They met at a light rail station. They went to a sushi restaurant one of them knows, but it was Thursday evening and the restaurant was full.

Wait, we need those things. Y'know, the ones they do at the beginning of meetings...? Ah, right. Introductions: the two Boarders are DawnFire and Desdendelle. The town is Jerusalem because Des lives there and DawnFire was visiting. The sushi is, well, sushi. And that particular restaurant is good, but when your first choice is unavailable, you go for Plan B.

Plan B, in that case, was a restaurant by the name of Bonsai that, fortunately, wasn't too far away from the first one. Unfortunately, by the time we arrived, the restaurant was no longer called Bonsai. We decided to sit down and try their sushi anyway.

Because we were speaking this hodgepodge of English and Hebrew, the waitress gave us menus in English. We immediately spotted some of the... weirder dishes...



*Never mind the fact that there's no cheese in sushi; who names their dish after comics?
What's next, Captain America Pasta?*

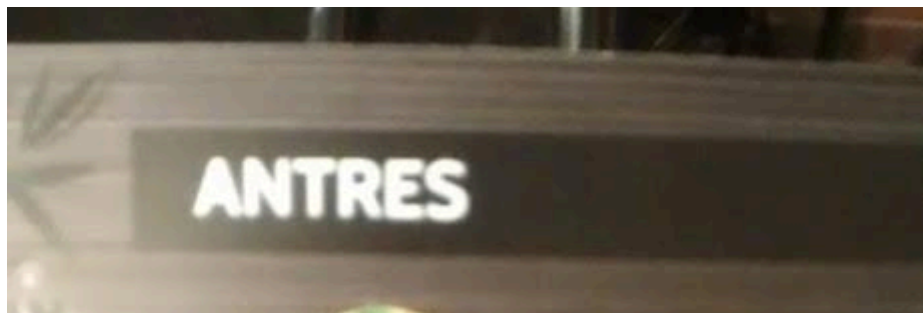
But that wasn't all. After a moment it became evident that English spelling wasn't the strong suit of whoever wrote that menu:



Apparently named after [a probably-fictitious Roman tyrant](#). Alternatively, it's thrown salmon.
Catch!



Who scared the second G away?

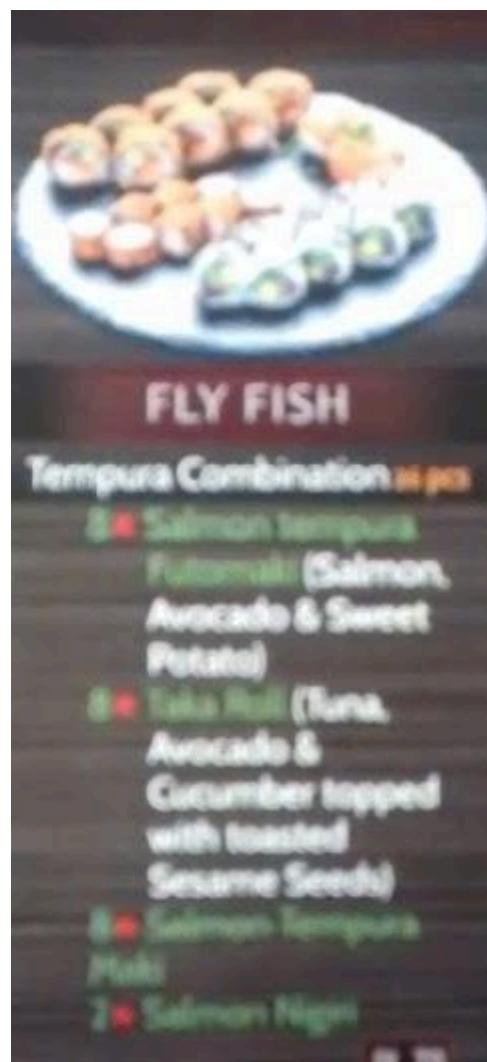


Maybe it's supposed to be [a star](#).



I'm not sure what [Trayes](#) has to do with parties. Maybe the locals are especially party-like?

So we braved this “Eye of Argon” of menus and finally settled on the amusingly-named “Fly Fish”:



Who doesn't want to eat a flying fish? Certainly not us! We jumped at the chance. Well... mainly because we didn't feel like eating ballistic (or even ballistic) salmon.

The fish proved somewhat difficult to catch: we found ourselves waiting... and waiting... and waiting... at the end I had to ask the waitress what was going on. In the meantime we speculated on what, exactly, "menu badfic" would look like. And how it would work.



Not flying any more.

The sushi was... OK. Not gonna get any awards any time soon, but not terrible either. On our way out, we decided to feed the cat:



Sorry, feed the cat. The car wasn't interested.

We then went for ice cream. It took us some time because a few major streets were blocked for the annual Pride Parade. Finally, we arrived at the fabricly-named ice cream shop. Of course, DawnFire had to taste the local specialty — grapefruit-basil ice cream (there was also basil-flavoured ice cream, but it is agreed that that is simply too weird — you keep expecting pizza while eating it). With that success behind us, we chose alternate flavors, and walked off eating them.

Before going our separate ways, we stopped at what we suspected was a flying saucer landing rig, but the plaque informed us that was a plaza named after one [Yehuda Amichai](#). We talked for some more time (there was a lot of ~~running~~ talking involved), then DawnFire returned to her hostel and Des returned home.

Episode V: The Gathering Strikes Back

We met again, a few days later, for brunch. This time we decided to go eating at the cafe where Des works. We ended up with this:



*Look out, look out, pink sandwiches on parade, here they come, hippity hoppity!
(Even the hats are scared.)*

The sandwiches didn't actually hop, though they were actually pink — smoked salmon does that — and Des' workplace colour-codes sandwiches. It was also nice talking to the other employees.

Since meeting Des without drinking tea is akin to heresy, we moved to his house where we, surprise, drank tea! Specifically, [kukicha](#) or [twig tea](#). No, nobody put sugar in it, firstly because the tea was sweet enough without it, and secondly because Des would've probably called upon the Ordo Hereticus if we did. We also wrote together, because writing together in

person is even better than just co-writing over GDerps. We might even manage to publish that interlude before the next ice age, who knows.

[Censored for retroactive privacy]

After a walk through a beautiful neighborhood, we were quite hungry, so we decided to eat pizza in a nearby place. Of course, it was a place Des had fond memories of. With the nostalgia tour finished, once again, DawnFire returned to her hostel and Des returned home. (Not pictured: a bottle of Jägermeister. Neither of us drink Jaeger. Of course, drinking a mech might be a tad problematic.)

Episode VI: Return of the Gathering

We met again a month later (who said schedule slip isn't a thing in real life?) at the designated meeting place. We checked the first sushi restaurant and lo and behold, this time there was a space! We happily entered and took a seat.



Looks like someone's finger slipped.

There were no flying fish around, but the sushi was pretty tasty. We took the scenic route back home (well, Des' home, DawnFire's home was a bit far to walk). There we had Earl Grey tea:



Pictured: DawnFire [now retroactively censored for privacy, but formerly seated facing the camera with a surprised-laughing kind of expression], Desdendelle, Desdendelle's cast-iron teapot, Desdendelle's [raku](#) teacup, Desdendelle's desk. Not pictured: seriousness.



Several pages of this report have gone missing. We suspect someone with the initials M.S., or else miniature giant space hamsters.

Somewhere along the way there was a tour of Des' bookcases (there's some philosophy, some classics, and a lot of sci-fi and fantasy there), but then we opened the shutters and felt the wind, so we decided to go for a stroll. We went to [Gan Sacher](#). Des was rather surprised at the amount of people sitting on benches, doing barbeque, or just walking around. We even spotted something that looked like an aerobics class. Imagine our surprise, then, when in addition to all of this, we spotted what looked like an agent taking a break:



Looks like it's a mission; Khataltelet is nowhere to be seen.

We couldn't let the opportunity pass, so we surreptitiously tagged along.



*Shadow Stalking the Sue.
Mary Sue, you cannot run from your past.
There is no salvation for your crimes against canon.
You shall not leave this place!*

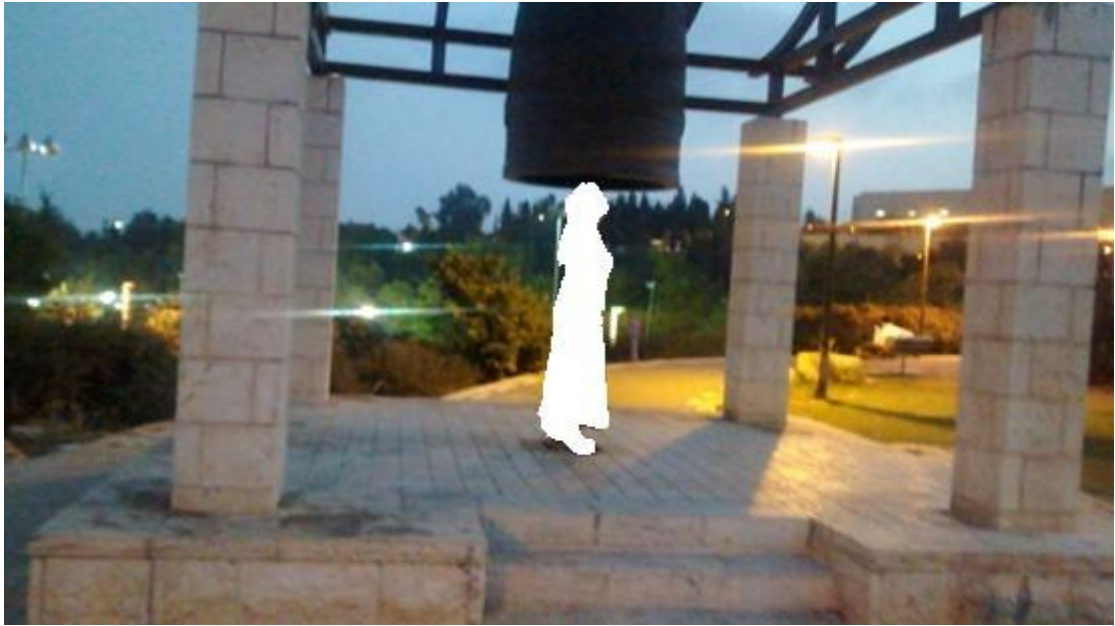


Maybe they went on vacation and stumbled into a badfic.

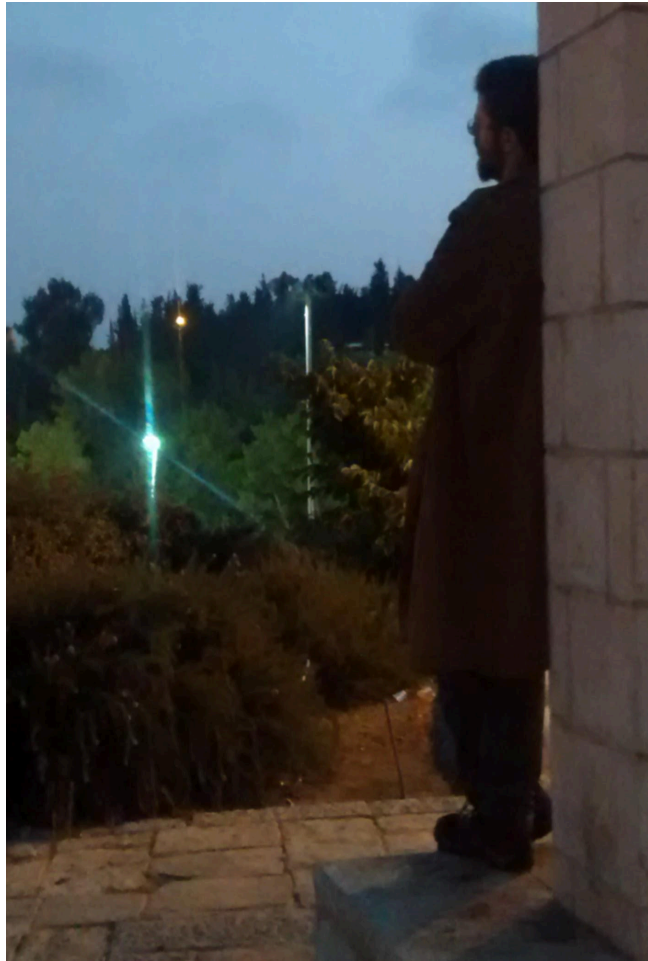


How long must I suffer? Wasn't this supposed to be vacation? What is the meaning of the goggles?

We followed them until it began to get dark, but the agents'... mission, presumably, still wasn't done:



Look! A bell! So much better than the Words!



Agent Des is not amused.

And... that was it, pretty much. DawnFire returned home two days later, Desdendelle continued with his life (there was a lot of ~~running~~ tea involved), and all was well.

PS. We found this photo of Agent Dawn's nail polish, too.



PPS. No miniature giant space hamsters, cats, or cars were harmed in the making of this report.

PPPS: Retroactively censored for internet privacy. (The 'experiencing technical difficulties' joke is not part of it!)
The original shenanigans can still be accessed by Des and DF via document history.

PPPPS: Please enjoy this crop made before figuring out a more precise technique:

