experience which is typical of so many Mennonites in Canada. The stories sympathetically convey feelings of loss, displacement, nostalgia and confusion over the meanings of home. The reader is challenged to consider whether life in the heart of Canada – with its stifling summer heat, long dark winters, and immigrant labor – is necessarily an uncomplicated fulfillment of the immigrant dream.

In the title story, "What You Get At Home," Lise is forlornly homesick and finds inspiration, relief and joy in an Anne Taylor novel she hunts down because it has the word 'homesick' in the title. She devours the book in one sitting through the night, and in the process of reading startling memories that she hadn't considered in years rise up. She uses poignant words to describe this joy of literary discovery: "how sheltering it could be, like a cave to her, people in a story and how they behaved and the twists of the plot; her curiosity wakened and satisfied. And everything safe and lit with words, safe against the dark and the shadows of the house, but never so bright that it made her self-conscious about how she might look in the glaring light…" In short, as she beautifully describes, it does "the good work a book can do." Dueck has similarly found the words that help readers to understand and to relate.

Frieda Esau Klippenstein
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David Elias, *Henry's Game: A Novella*. Regina, Saskatchewan: Hagios Press, 2012. Pp. 95. Softcover, $15.95.

"I try to stay neutral," says Henry Suderman, the narrator of David Elias's novella, *Henry's Game*. "Unlike my wife, I refuse to live in a constant state of decisiveness. It's inhibiting." Henry's game is chess and the novella is structured like a chess game divided into "Openings"; "Middlegame"; and "Endgame"; shorter sections are prefaced with definitions of chess moves such as "*[interpose] – the strategy of protecting a threatened piece, especially from a possible check, by blocking the attack with another piece…*".

Henry is married to Cheryl and they have two teenagers. He writes a chess column for a living; he analyses life like a strategist and is "usually two or three steps ahead of" his therapist. However, he rarely plays chess and as a boy seems to have learned the game from books rather than a mentor. In a rather sad comic scene the boy Henry tries to teach his grandfather the game before he has even played the game

himself with another player. This lack of engagement follows him into adulthood and leaves him ill equipped to deal with the lump in his wife's breast and the suicide of his drinking buddy Del.

As a narrator Henry is observant, with an eye for detail. He analyses situations, the people around him, and rationalizes his own behavior in a self-deprecating, often witty and comic way. But he can't seem to act, even when he knows what to do. After his wife Cheryl insists that he feel the lump in her breast and senses his repulsion he thinks: "Right then she needed me to give her a big hug. Tell her everything would be alright. I'm not an idiot. I knew that much. But I didn't do it. That kind of thing has never been my specialty."

In *Henry's Game*, David Elias has given us a flawed, entertaining narrator who can't cry over his wife's cancer or his friend's suicide, yet is brought to tears by the music of Chopin. He provides us with painful insights into the real struggles men have with dealing with their emotions and the games they play to avoid revealing or sharing them.

Armin Wiebe
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Corey Redekop, *Husk*. Toronto: ECW Press, 2012. Pp. 307. Softcover, $18.95.

For his sophomore novel (his first, *Shelf Monkey*, was an irreverent, literary take on the murder-mystery genre) Corey Redekop takes on an area of fiction also steeped in a long history, though its provenance in pop culture dates back only a few decades – the zombie story. However, Redekop takes a slightly different approach from that of the George Romero/AMC sagas of beleaguered protagonists fighting for survival against ominous (and ravenous) hordes of the undead. In *Husk*, the *protagonist* is a zombie, and we are forced into comically rethinking the zombie apocalypse from an insider's perspective.

Husk opens with the awakening of Sheldon Funk with an exclamatory "Jesus Christ," which (as an acutely self-aware narrator) he remarks is "a resurrection joke." Then, in a lengthy sequence, he grapples – in sometimes excruciating detail – with the physical problems posed by his new existence. Sheldon is (was?) an actor, and the central dramatic conceit of the story is that he is able to coerce his way onto the set of a horror film, where, despite his "condition," he is able to impress both directors and audiences with his "naturalistic" ability to be terrifying. Of course, happiness cannot last for a protagonist in any novel, let alone one whose insides are only loosely kept inside his jacket.