

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns



Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



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And now, a word from the editor:

Hey folks, thank you for reading. You got any questions or comments? I'd love to hear them: please send an email to: [fanficmag@gmail.com](mailto:fanficmag@gmail.com)

Or, if you want to reach me personally, you can reach me at [hans.mahler@gmail.com](mailto:hans.mahler@gmail.com), or check out my user page at either <http://jochannon.deviantart.com> or at <http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/User:Jochannon>

Feel like you've missed something? Just e mail me and I'll send you any of the previous issue s

Jochannon Mahler

We have a wonderful selection of stories from a bunch of great writers here, so without further ado let's get to them.

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# Letters from Heaven

Brittany, Twilisia@gmail.com <http://hawkfrostsavenger.deviantart.com>  
Mythical Detective Loki Ragnarok

Dear Mayura,  
I know this is sudden, but Yamino, Fenrir, Freyr, Narugami, and I must leave. Until recently we didn't know, or I would have told you sooner. I wish I could have said this in person, but there was not time. Someday I'll come back, but whether that is soon or not I do not know.  
Loki

Tears rolled down Mayura's face as she read the note. She'd known something was going to happen eventually, and when Yamino told her that Loki had "disappeared" and wanted to do nothing about it, she knew it would've been soon.

But not this soon... She didn't understand at all. What happened? Why didn't they know until it was time to leave? And she knew she'd never get an answer. She remembered when she found the paper at Loki's house that gave this location, where she'd found the note. But why did they all have to go? They weren't related as far as she knew! "Loki kun... Loki kun, why did you have to leave?" she sobbed.

When they arrived at Asgard, Loki knew that Mayura would have found his note. And that was why he regretted letting her keep her memory. "Would it have been better to let her lose the memories of all of us, or is it better that I let her keep them?" He knew either way that she'd suffer. "Mayura...I'm sorry..."

Yamino and the others could tell that Loki was thinking about her. All of them were. And all of them regretted leaving her oblivious to everything.

Loki didn't speak to any of them as they

traveled to the palace of Odin.

"So you've returned, Loki?" Odin stood in front of him, a dark expression on his face. He looked at the others distastefully. "Have you all joined this traitor?" he asked.

"He's no traitor, Odin! He's ten times stronger and fairer than you are!" Thor yelled, pulling out Mjollnir.

"Silence, Thor!" The thunder god obeyed reluctantly.

"Odin, I've come to challenge you," Loki said flatly, a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"Really?" he said, amused. "So you think you can really defeat me?"

Loki didn't answer. He only stared at the king of gods. He stepped forward and summoned his staff. "I'm sorry, Mayura... I think I've made the wrong choice..."

Odin drew his sword, pointing it at Loki. "I will kill you here Loki," he said. Without another word from anyone, Loki leapt at Odin and engaged him in battle.

It had been three weeks now... Three long, terrible weeks since Loki and the others had disappeared. Mayura had never returned to normal, spending every day in her room, not talking to anyone at all. She was convinced it was all a terrible nightmare that she would wake up from one day.

But "one day" would never come. Loki and the others were gone, out of her reach forever. She had no way of finding them, no clues, nothing... Her father knocked on her door. "Mayura?" he called. He waited for a

few minutes, and then opened the door after receiving no response. "Mayura, are you okay?" he asked. He had been really worried about her. He hadn't liked Loki much, but he knew Mayura had been very close to him.

She half heartedly lifted her head to look at him. Tears were pouring down her face. "It's just like when we lost mom," she said between her sobs.

He put his hand on her shoulder. "I know... but you'll have to leave your room sometime. Loki wouldn't want you to do that," he said.

"I know... but they all just left without saying anything! I didn't even get to say goodbye..." She hugged her father. "And that strange man claiming to be a god... he said he knew Loki... maybe he knows where they went..."

Loki had defeated Odin, like he'd always dreamed of doing. He was the king of the gods now, but he still felt so empty. Ecchan sat on his head.

"Loki tama..." he said sadly.

"Ecchan... If everything's going so perfectly, why do we all feel so bad?"

The shikigami sighed sadly. He'd been upset too, even though Mayura and the other humans couldn't see him. Yamino and Fenrir were so used to having her around, so they were unhappy. Freyr missed his "Classic Japanese Beauty", and Thor missed all the fun part time jobs. Even Heimdall and Freya wanted to go back.

Loki went to see the Norns. They had the power to look at what was happening on Earth.

"Verdandi... please, let me see if Mayura's okay."

Verdandi nodded. "Of course, Loki sama."

She handed him a transparent orb and he looked into it. A thin layer of mist swirled around him, slowly getting thicker and thicker until he was completely engulfed. He blinked, and found himself standing in Mayura's room. Her father was trying to talk to her, but she said nothing, her head on her desk.

"Mayura!" he yelled. She couldn't hear him though. He was only seeing into Verdandi's orb.

As suddenly as the mist had swirled around him, it disappeared. "Mayura! Wait!" he reached out to her, but he was back in the world of the gods again.

"Loki sama? Is everything okay?" Verdandi asked, although she already knew the answer.

Loki shook his head. "Thank you, Verdandi," he said before walking away.

Loki stared out at the endless fields of Asgard. "It's not worth it... None of this is worth losing her..." He spread his wings and pulled off a feather.

Mayura had gone back to school that day, but she still barely said anything. She kept glancing at where Narugami sat, only seeing the empty desk. The day went by slowly, and every second felt like forever. When she finally got home, she went straight to her room.

"What's that?" On her bed lay a piece of paper. A feather was attached to it on the top. She grabbed it.

Dear Mayura,  
I know that this may sound odd, and I doubt you'll believe me, but I have to tell you this anyway. I am Loki, one of the Norse gods from ancient mythology. The others are gods as well, and that is why we had to leave. We had to return to our home in the world of the gods. The

man you saw the day we left, the one who said he was a god, was me. That was my true form. □I swear one day I will come back to see you, but I've just become king of the gods and everything is so confusing right now. □I will be watching over you.  
Loki

"That was... Loki kun? But how?" Mayura muttered. She believed him. That explained why he acted so strange... She took the letter and the feather and set them in a drawer on her desk.

Two months passed, and she still hadn't gotten any other messages from Loki. Finally one day she came home and found another note with a feather on it.

Dear Mayura,  
I'm glad to see that you're going back to your normal schedule. Please don't let our disappearance ruin your life; remember that we're all watching over you. It seems that going back to earth will be harder than I first thought, but I haven't given up yet.  
Loki

She put this note in the drawer with the other one.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Mayura,  
The goddesses of fate are assisting me in my quest to find a way to return. We've found nothing so far, but we haven't lost hope yet. There must be something in the world of the gods that will help us. If there wasn't, we couldn't have gone to earth the first time.  
Loki

Dear Mayura,  
We've found something that may be of help to get back to Earth. We're looking into it right now, and hopefully this is what we need.

Loki  
P.S. Thor, AKA Narugami, wishes you good luck on your final exams.

Mayura received many letters like this, each with a white feather attached. It had been two years now, but she hadn't given up hope on them, and she never would. The messages answered most of her questions. She laughed when she read the last part about Narugami, and she remembered the time when the mysterious tree where a god supposedly dwelled, when they tried to use the leaves instead of studying. Had it been Loki who helped her pass that test?

She then thought of one of the last times she'd seen Loki, at the lake when his eyes turned red.

Every night she prayed to him and the other gods, she prayed that Loki would find a way to come to earth again.

"Loki sama! This is it!" Skuld yelled.

"What?" he rushed to her side, and she pointed at a paragraph in the book she was holding.

"This tells how to get to earth!"

"This is amazing!"

And for the first time in months, the god of mischief smiled. □"Thank you all so much. You've all been such great help." The Norns, Thor, Heimdall, Freyr, Freya, Fenrir, and Yamino had all helped him for so long, searching for the way to get back to earth.

"Don't just stand here and thank us, Loki! Mayura's waiting, isn't she?" Heimdall said.

"Right."

"Make sure to tell Yamato Nadeshiko that Freyr says hello!"

"Of course, Freyr."

It had been Mayura's last day of school. She sighed with relief and sadness as she sat down at her desk. She was done with school now.

"Hey Mayura."

"Huh?" She turned to where the voice came from. Sitting there in the open window was Loki in his normal form. "Loki?"

"Yep," he said, winking.

"Loki kun!" she exclaimed. She tackled him, forgetting he was in the window. He fell out, landing on the tree branch behind him. "I'm so sorry!" she yelled.

"It's fine, don't worry," he told her. He jumped back up into her room. "I missed you so much," he said, hugging her tightly.

"I did too!" He felt her start to cry.

"Please don't cry, Mayura."

"I'm sorry Loki... It's just... I thought I'd never see you again."

Loki laughed. "Same here. Well, at least I thought I'd never see you in person anyway."

"You're just so funny, Loki," she said sarcastically. "So what's it like being king of the gods?" she asked.

"It's nice, but I'll miss being part of the Enjyaku Detective Agency."

"I will too... I miss you guys all so much. How is everyone?"

"Thor misses studying with you a lot, and Fenrir and Yamino think of you every time they hear "mystery". Oh yeah, and Freyr says hello."

"So how long will you be staying?"

Loki sighed. "I don't know... But let's not

worry about that. Let's enjoy our time together," he told her, smiling.

Suddenly her father opened the door. "Mayura! Who's this?" he asked.

"Don't you recognize me?" Loki grinned evilly, and dark spirits appeared around him. Mayura couldn't see them, but her father could. He looked really freaked out. "It's me, Loki."

"Wha what?"

"It's a long story," he told him.

"I've got time."

Loki shrugged. "Then I'll shorten it. I'm the Norse god Loki."

He and Mayura walked out the door, leaving her father looking really confused.

They spent the rest of the day together. On their way back to the temple, they passed the old detective agency building. It still looked the same, but the sign that said "Enjyaku Detective Agency" was worn and faded. Loki stared at it, putting his hand on the gate.

"I miss this old place," he said.

"So do I." Loki pulled her closer to him. "I guess the past is in the past though..."

"Yeah... let's go then. Your father will get worried," he said, grabbing her hand.

Mayura nodded and they continued walking. He stopped outside the temple. "So where are you going to go?"

"I'll find somewhere to stay. I'll see you tomorrow," he told her.

"Okay. Goodbye," Mayura said before walking up the stairs.

Skuld, Urd, and Verdandi were looking



into the orb. Freya was with them, too. She looked upset seeing Mayura with Loki.

"So how's everything going?"

They turned to see Thor.

"Loki made it there safely. Everything's going well," Urd told him.

"What about Yamato Nadeshiko?" Freyr asked. He was standing with Thor.

"She's happy," Verdandi told him.

Freyr smiled.

"How long will he be staying there?" Thor asked them.

Skuld shook her head. "We don't know. He'll have to come back sometime though."

Loki had stayed at a hotel that night, returning to Mayura's house the next day. They did this for a few days, each time they met going to a different place. □Then one day after Loki had taken Mayura home, a letter fell from the sky. On it was a hawk's feather.

Loki,  
The giants attacked Asgard, demanding to see you. The Norns believe that they're planning to attack again if you don't come soon. I don't think we'll be able to handle another attack, Thor's been injured and Freyr was poisoned, and everyone else is in panic. We need you to come back.

It was signed Heimdall, gatekeeper of the world of gods, which explained the hawk feather. He had to go back and help, but what about Mayura? He couldn't just leave again. He looked up at the sky. Why was it that the heavens hated him so much? "Mayura..." he whispered.

He cried as he walked to her house the next morning. "How am I supposed to tell her I have to leave again so soon?"

Mayura rushed out the door. She frowned when she saw him. "Loki? What's wrong?" she asked, walking over to him.

"I... I have to go..." he told her. "The giants attacked... everyone needs me back in Asgard..." he told her, holding her tightly.

"If your friends are in trouble, then I can't stop you," Mayura said, "but I'll miss you so much..."

"Me too," he said. Loki looked up at the sky. "Or maybe..."

"Huh? Maybe what?"

"Maybe... maybe we don't have to be alone. Maybe... you could come back with me to the world of the gods," he said.

Mayura just stared at him, then glanced back at the temple. "But what about my father?" He shook his head.

"I don't know... □It's up to you."

She blinked. "Then I'm going," she said.

"I understand."

The two turned to see Mayura's father standing there. "This is your decision, Mayura. If you want to go, then it's up to you."

"I'll miss you," she said, a tear rolling down her face.

"I'll protect her, I promise," Loki told him. "I won't let anything happen to her."

He nodded. "I know. Be careful, Mayura."

The two turned away. "Come on then," he said, smiling at Mayura. "We have some giants to take care of."

The giants were defeated and the gods healed, life once again becoming peaceful in the land of the gods. One day Loki and Mayura were walking in the bright fields when he stopped suddenly.

"Huh? Loki? Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Well..." he got down on one knee. "Mayura Daidoji, would you become my wife?" he asked, pulling a golden ring out of his pocket.

"I thought you'd never ask," she said, smiling.

Author's comments: This is an alternate ending of Mythical Detective Loki Ragnarok. This is one of my ideas of what would happen if Loki left Mayura in the end.

# The Romance of the Dragon Balls

## Chapter 1 Prelude

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Dragon Ball Series

This story takes place on Earth after Pan, Trunks, and Goten have settled down and had children. Pan was the first to marry. She married a member of a Nomadic Saiyan tribe, named Kaine. They had two children. The first was a daughter, Tofu and the second a son, John. Trunks married a girl from the same tribe, Jisselle. They had only one child, a daughter, Jonae. Goten and Marion, Krillin and 18's daughter married and had three kids, Goku, Fife, and Chiten.

The Earth had been at peace for a nearly two decades since John's birth, but as it always seems when you least expect it, peace comes to an end. A rogue Namekian, Flute landed just outside of Hercupolis. Flute referred to herself as a girl for she didn't like the thought of being male. . .even though Namekians are asexual. She had even given herself surgery to make herself look feminine. She now had hair naturally growing out her head and a chest that would put Bulma to shame. After she landed she immediately took over the police and the television stations.

She broadcast over the airwaves that Hercupolis was to meet her demands or she would kill her most worthy hostage, the retired but arrogant as ever Hercule now in his 90s, had become the mayor. She then demanded all the teens between the ages of 17 and 20 be brought to her ship without protest or she would kill Hercule and then ransack every household for the teens she demanded to be handed over to her.

Among those herded like cattle to Flute's ship were John and his friends and family. Flute then shouted "All of you have not tainted your body through the impure act of mating step forward and if you are lying you will be tortured and then shot on site."

John and his friends as well as forty four others stepped out of the two hundred some teens gathered. The rest stood back

waiting to find out what would happen.

"Officers, get rid of the unclean who have tainted their bodies. Then herd, divide and pair up the pure ones onto my ship and be off."

At those words the police pulled their firearms out and started slaying the one hundred fifty teens that stood back. After the massacre, the fifty surviving teens were herded onto the ship and paired up. Most were paired with a member of the opposite gender. About five pairs of two guys or two girls. There were about twenty five pairs of boy and girl. The last ten teens were taken to a completely separate part of the ship then the cells for the pairs. Among those ten were Goku and Chiten.

John and Jonae were forced into a cell together. Toku and Goku were also placed into a cell together. After the separation of the teens, Flute went to inspect the pairings and see how they reacted. When she came across John and Jonae, she was shocked to see them so close. . .for John was holding Jonae close to him and patting her back trying to comfort her. Jonae was crying for the one hundred fifty teens who had lost their lives meaninglessly.

"What are you doing to the female? Why is she crying?"

"I'm trying to comfort her after the atrocity that you caused down on Earth, slaying all those teens who didn't match your standards. That is why she's crying, you heartless wretch!"

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE, human! I had to make sure I had purified livestock for my experimental zoo."

"Virgins, you mean!"

"Yes, that is the lameman's term for people who haven't participated in the act of mating. What is your relationship to this

female though?"

"We've been friends, since childhood and that friendship has been changing gradually since we started high school, if it is any of your business," John said venomously.

"You two shall be one of several experimental pairs. . .to help me understand the human phenomen known as love," said Flute grining devilishly.

To Be Continued. . .

# Fall to Pieces

Revy Normandy, Lady\_Revani207@yahoo.com ,www.LadyRevani207.deviantart.com  
Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic

"Is it over?" The woman spoke hesitantly, her voice thin and haunted.

Her dark hair flowed in long, scraggly tangles around a bloodied, tired face. A shaking hand gently caressed the ruined body that lay beside her. A youthful face, once so full of promise and beauty, now cold and bruised in death; Bastila Shan's eyes were open, staring into Xathandra's without really seeing. Xathandra shuddered, and tried to look away, but she couldn't tear her eyes from the corpse.

"Xathandra?" Carth Onasi, uncertainty coloring his voice, called to her.

Xathandra's head snapped up, and she turned her eyes onto the pilot. His face was tired, and frozen in an expression of horror.

"What have you done?" He breathed, his eyes wide and his breathing labored.

Xathandra tried to speak, but all she could do was produce a high, tortured, keening wail. The sound; so raw and inhuman, chilled Onasi more than the sight of the dead woman resting beside her. Xathandra's eyes rolled back, and she tore into her face with sharp, dirty nails.

"Stop. Stop...please, stop." Carth grabbed her hands, inwardly recoiling at the contact.

Forgetting her contempt for him, Xathandra allowed herself to be pulled into a tight embrace. She wanted to cry, she tried so hard to make the tears flow, but she couldn't. Moaning, she dug her nails into Carth's shoulder, fisting them into the soft material of his jacket. She wanted the comfort, and didn't care who gave it to her...she wanted to be held, to forget everything that had happened.

"It's over now. You did a good job...I think you saved us all, Xath." Carth squeezed his

eyes shut, and imagined that the woman in his arms was someone else. Anyone else.

"I killed them. Malak...Bastila. I didn't even ask for their surrender; I couldn't," Her voice was weak, frightened, "It wasn't in control. I couldn't stop, but...it wasn't me. I didn't want to do it...she made me, Carth."

"No one made you kill them, Xathandra, no one else was in there with you. You'll have to live with what you did, but you can't pretend you had no hand in it." Carth told her gently.

He knew firsthand about the reality of what she had done. Force knows he had killed enough...the poor woman had murdered a friend of hers and someone she had known in a former life. It would stay with her forever, but she could never recover if she couldn't accept what she had done. Maybe, just maybe, he could help her.

"You don't understand, Carth...it wasn't me. It wasn't...I'm not..." She gasped, and fell out of his arms, "I've never felt power like that. Pure, unrequited passion. It was her...never me."

Xathandra's bloodstained fingers reached out for a blaster that had fallen a few inches away. She grasped the cold metal, and her finger hovered over the trigger. She raised the blaster, and looked it for a moment; tracing the indentations in the muzzle. Then, in an almost childlike motion, she pressed the handle into Carth's palm.

"Kill me." Her voice was thin and barely audible, even in the dead silence of the room.

"Xathandra..."

"Please. You don't care about me...and you hate her as much as I do. Kill us." Xathandra kneeled in front of Carth, and closed her eyes.

"This is crazy! Get up, Xath!" He yelled at her, and grabbed her arm.

Xathandra sent a pulse of energy down her skin, and Carth let go with a yelp.

"Do it now. Before we hurt anyone else." She begged, voice hallow and removed.

"We?"

"Revan. Her and I...it's our mind now. Kill us"

She waited a heartbeat for the shot, steeling herself against the coming pain...and then her eyes flicked open. They were no longer dull, no longer in agony...they shone with barely contained power and rage.

"You should have listened to her." The voice was different; deeper, more confident, intoxicating.

"Xathandra?" Carth asked, stuttering.

"No. Finally, that...thing is buried," She smiled, "I won."

"Xathandra! Listen, this isn't you..."

"Shut up. You didn't listen to her. You didn't want to see that she was losing her grip on her mind. She's been containing me for so long now...I almost believed that she was the core and I the alter." Revan laughed bitterly.

"Xath..."

"Don't call me that. My name is Revan...you remember it, I'm sure."

Carth started at the still kneeling woman with newfound terror. The blaster in his hand forgotten, he started to turn away from her.

"You're pathetic. A coward. Onasi," she turned her head to meet his eyes, "do I still remind you of your poor, dead wife?" she asked mockingly.

"You bitch! Don't you dare " He turned back to her and raised the blaster.

"Take the blaster," her voice became a layered, hypnotic croon, "press it to your temple. Good. Now, ask me to kill you. Beg for it..."

Her lips curved into a cruel smile yet again, and she closed her eyes as his pleas filled the room. He was so easy to manipulate; his mind was so fragile...

"Perhaps I won't grant your wish, Onasi. Maybe I'll just take your mind...make you into a shell. How would you like me to give you someone else's mind, but leave just enough of yours that you know the terror of no longer being in control. Maybe I'll make you a prisoner in your own mind, what do you think of that?" She rose from her knees, and traced a path down his lips with her pointer finger.

She concentrated on his aura, feeling his terror in the Force. She drank it in, feeding off of it...loving the feeling. Lost in the bliss of his dying mind, Revan barely registered the blaster bolt as it cut through her chest. She fell forward, taking Carth off of his feet as she fell. She knew there should be pain, but felt none of it; she couldn't feel a thing beyond the Force tugging her away. She stretched a hand out, found the blaster, and pressed it to Carth's forehead. Pulling the trigger, she felt his death: quick and meaningless in the Force.

Smiling, Revan closed her eyes again, and slept.

"She's alive," Canderous Ordo shouted to the others, "I don;t know how, but she's still breathing!"

"What about Carth?" Mission asked hesitantly.

"Gone." Canderous replied.

Mission buried her face in her wookiee friend's fur, and sobbed. Juhani and Jolee both hurried over to where Canderous was crouched beside Revan. He lifted her into his arms like a doll, and gruffly whispered to her, "You keep breathing, damn it!"

"Let me help her." Juhani muttered, and placed her hands on the wound.

"How the hell is she still alive?" Canderous asked, awe in his voice.

Juhani shook her head, "I don't know know...she should be dead, but...she's strong. She'll recover if we can get her out."

The group ran out, Canderous carrying Revan's lithe form in his arms. Behind them, the doors locked shut, leaving behind the bodies of Bastila, Malak, and Carth.

"What happened to her?" Mission asked Juhani.

"She was shot." The Cathar replied.

"No, I mean...to her head. What did you guys do to her?"

"The Jedi...well, Revan would say they broke her, but maybe they gave her a chance to start again. A new beginning of sorts."

"And now that she knows?"

"We'll find out. We have to hope that she understands, but...if she remembers everything, from what I've heard she will never accept what was done to her."

In the medbay, later that week, her eyes opened. They glowed faintly with a yellow light...Revan sat up and smiled.

# As the Threads Come Loose

Kliban Katz; kliban\_katz@msn.com [http://kliban\\_katz.deviantart.com](http://kliban_katz.deviantart.com)  
The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

I was a daughter of Bravil born and raised. Our town was full of colorful folk. City Swimmer in her earlier days was especially a riot. We held a tiny apartment on the “waterfront”, or as I should really say, overlooking the sewers. It was all that could be afforded. Mother was a tavern wench, put plainly, and although she had a rather steady arrangement going with a man of the Bravil militia, he would never formally divorce his wife. Every so often he would throw a few coin our way for fresh fish from the market. Anything was better than stick fishing in the murky stream of human waste and insects out back.

Now I would welcome the smell of stagnant water and filth compared to the stench of bile that clung to me. As I stood on the other side of the metal grate which covered the tunnel to the Imperial sewers, I held the shiny trinket in my hand. After making sure I was alone, I marveled at it. The Amulet of Kings. Its ruby colored stone was unmarred by time, and the metal shone like it had been freshly polished. I was sure that it must have been enchanted.

I squinted in the bright light of day. *Which way to go?* Over the rolling hills I could see a stone wall. *There! The city must be just beyond those walls.* It was just my luck that the only prison of any size was located in the Imperial City. How was I ever going to get home to Bravil? Furthermore, where was I going to get the gold to make my way to Chorrol to deliver this rock? It was quite the walk. By The Nine, my first holy quest and just my luck that all of the coffers in Cyrodill that might finance me are empty.

I approached the massive wooden reinforced doors that blocked my path, and slowly they gave way, creating my entry into a cobblestone paved world of bounty. It was nothing at all like the streets of Bravil. We had just always assumed that everyone in Cyrodill lived like we did. Except for the people in Leyawiin they were all rich. Surely these people must have been living above their means. Everyone was chattering in the streets, bustling about the statue of Talos that was

poised in the centre of the square. *Dear me!* Never, in all of my years of serving The Nine, had I ever seen or heard of anything so grand! And around the statue, like little children around the altar, men and mer of all sizes! If I had ever doubted my faith, it would have then been restored. With a final gaze, I, at first with little success, fought my way through the crowd to the door to the next district.

I was discontented in that it was my first time in the Imperial City, and perhaps my only visit, and all I would allow myself to think about was the quickest route out of the city. Before I could even attempt going west, I needed a means to pay for my travel expenses, and in hopes of saving my poor feet, a steed. If there was anywhere that an odd job could be gotten, it was this city. I could beg for it, but how the streets were already littered with beggars! Not to mention that even the beggars were better attired than I. I was not high enough in social class to beg it seemed, and as such, I turned my attention elsewhere. A whore? Not a good fit for financing a holy quest. I heard that the Mages’ Guild was recruiting, and I was skilled enough in magic, being Breton, but upon further inquiry, I found that there was no chapter here in the city, save the Arcane University, which did not have the proper papers for me to join through them.

Then, I saw it.

In the Arena district the air reeked of blood and grass, but the loud cheering and the sounds of clinking swords drew me in. Men got rich from betting and competing in the arena all of the time. Men also lost their fortunes here. However, the key word here was “men.” Well, it was nobler than turning tricks, but the thought of battling to the death turned my stomach sour. *Would the gods allow it?* However, I was frankly running out of options, and this seemed the most feasible. The attendant directed me to the bloodworks.

He was laughing at me. Really. He was laughing!



“Sir, I fear I don’t understand your amusement.”

“Y you.. want to join the arena? Hah! Lady, are you serious? You are so slight of frame that your bones look to be hollow! And YOU want to compete in the arena?” Owyn’s entire body shook with laughter. He was so loud that an Orc, who was training, stopped his sparring to stare in my direction to see what was so entertaining.

“I need this job. If you believe I truly am so foolhardy in trying my hand in battle than I believe you and the good people of Cyrodill will get the last laugh. Either way, it works out in your favor, so I am afraid I don’t see the problem here.” I was mildly annoyed, but I still tried to appeal to his business sense.

“Hahah! It’s fine by me, lady, just as long as I’m not the one who has to mop your pretty face off of the pit floor. Your name?”

“Hetalia.”

“Very nice, but doesn’t quite have the same ring to it as ‘Pit Dog.’ Speaking of which, here is your blue team raiment, short list of the regulations of the Arena, and when or IF you decide that you’re ready for your first match, speak to me, Pit Dog! Now find someone else to bother.”

“Owyn, I’d very much like to begin now, if I might.”

“Without even having read the rules? That’s insulting.”

“I’ll be sure to study them on my way up, sir. After I get changed, of course.” I tried a smile.

“Moxie. Off you go then; it’s only your funeral.”

I could hear the clanking of a gate opening, and after exiting the small alcove in which Owyn was standing, surveying the combatants, I could see that what he had called his “Red Room” was little more than a bloody mess. The stench was overwhelming and I felt suddenly faint. I took a deep breath of diseased air and carefully picked my way up the curve to the Arena door, avoiding the globs of carnage that lay like banana peels on the slick floor.

I went down on one knee. *Bloodied before I even made it into the pit.* This was a bad sign, I’d say. What had I slipped on? I looked down and saw what looked like it used to be an ear. I gasped and found myself dry heaving inches above the moist

floor. This would be the death of me already. I rushed to the door, longing for fresh air. I couldn’t do this. I’d seen many men and mer brawl or be killed in the streets, but I had never participated myself. It was a frightening prospect, but I couldn’t turn away now. Maybe I would die. Gee, perhaps I’d be a martyr?

I threw the door open and I was behind another gate. I heard a booming man’s voice from overhead. What magic did he use to make his voice so loud? There was no way he could shout over the crowds cheering and still be heard by all.

I would be fighting a “Pit Dog” as well. What was this? A dog fight? I felt insulted. At the very least I was a lady. Out came my rusty dagger. It smelt of mudcrabs.

The gates lifted and I felt a sudden rush of adrenaline. Before I could exit the gate a Bosmer came rushing at me, screaming. I needed to reduce his accuracy. I shoved my palm forward and the spell connected as he continued to barrel towards me. All I could do was try to sidestep and hope that his accuracy had been hindered enough so that I could try to form a plan of attack. I could see the shininess of his blade and I panicked, cornering myself somehow in hopes of avoiding it. I was successful. At this close range I could use a flare spell to buy time while I ran out of the corner. I shoved my glowing palm in his face, gritting my teeth in the bitter spirit of self preservation. I sprinted into the open area, before he could recover. I readied my dagger. He would be angry and charge at me again. I could only run for so long. Someone would have to make a death blow. I had a feeling it wouldn’t be me.

He scrambled to his feet, tiny red scratches on his exposed joints, and a few conspicuous burn marks on his cheeks. He cried out, screeched as a matter of fact, before he threw both of his arms up into the air, one holding his blade, and made a beeline to the center of the pit, where I was standing. I felt like I could see death; The Nine preserve me! My eyes shut tight and I thrust my dagger forward in the empty air.

I felt a recoil. My eyes opened. There he was: the Bosmer, impaled on the rusty iron spike I held. His face was that of surprise. Perhaps it simply mirrored my

own. My grip loosened, and he felt to the floor with a thud, the dagger his buried in his chest. The scent of blood wafted up from the man the body. It was so very, very frightening. I wailed on the pit floor, shocked at my own fear, shocked at my own survival, shocked that I had taken a life. Surely the gods would understand I did this for them. To finance the holy quest I had been sent out to complete by the emperor. Er..., the...late...emperor. The booming voice told me to rest in the bloodworks, that I had earned it. I felt dirty. I felt sick. If I had eaten lunch, I thought I would surely have lost it. I yanked at the door at the far end of the Arena, but it wouldn't budge. What was this cruel trick? Would they send out another combatant to finish me off? My arm had a nasty stab wound that I hadn't noticed before. I guess that was the true power of adrenaline. And I guess that's how Redguards die in battle. They didn't realize they were bleeding out until it was too late. But why wasn't the door opening? *Oh, this was the yellow team's bloodworks... It'd be best if I stayed out of there, I suppose.*

I stumbled back to the blue team's door, embarrassed, confused, and nauseated. Not again to the room of blood...

It stunk just as much as it had twenty minutes ago. It wasn't that I had expected it to change, but perhaps that I would grow a bit more used to it. However, something was different. There was a font in the middle of the room, stained with blood still, but the water was still and clear. I reached in to clean the blood spatter from my hands and face, and I felt a cool

aura wash over me. My arm seemed to suddenly hurt less. I actually felt substantially better than I had a moment ago. But my mind had not calmed. I was still a mess, shaking violently in the fingers and chewing a near hole in my lip to keep from crying. I would tell Owyn I quit. He was right. This wasn't for me.

"Owyn, I cannot."

"Can't what? You won, Pit Dog! You think I'd let you quit? You can quit after you advance, if you live that long. Fifty gold for this match. C'mon, don't turn yellow on me now."

"Owyn, I cannot. I don't even have a weapon." I resorted to the obvious reasons. "I left it out there in the Arena. I cannot fight. Anyway, this isn't for me. I feel sick, I have to go." I turned to leave, but with an outstretched arm, he stopped me.

"Come on sweetheart, even if you don't want to fight..." To him my fear seemed appealing, having not seen it before. Sick man. "I'm sure we could find some odd job for you around here for you to make a few extra coin..."

"Let her go now, Blademaster." A throatier voice interjected, congenial but convincing, moving his pale green body onto the scene. "No need to trouble the lady further. Made a mistake was all." It was the Orc that had been listening before the match.

"Sir..." I murmured. I was surprised. Owyn withdrew his hand. "My deepest apologies for havin' troubled ye." I skirted out of the bloodworks, trying not to slip on the pools of blood on the floor that leaked from the ceiling.

Author's Notes: No affiliation with TES series, Bethesda Softworks, etc... Hetalia, OC, intellectual property of Kliban Katz. *Italics* represent a current thought.

# Apparition

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<http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1268667/>  
Star Wars

Firmus Piett questioned his sanity. Ever since he was stationed aboard the Executor strange things had been happening. First he heard a child's laughter ringing through the halls echoing slightly. Then it was small footsteps, or a flash of movement in the corner of his eye. Once or twice he could swear he saw a boy running through the hanger.

In the beginning he just put it off as his imagination; a new post was a daunting task particularly under the Emperor's second in command, and a Star Destroyer was no place for a child anyway.

Within a few months however he noticed some similarities. For one, the boy only appeared after Vader let his... displeasure control his actions and had...ah....disposed... of an incompetent officer.

Once he had caught sight of the boy on numerous occasions he concluded it was always the same child. Sandy blond hair and bottomless blue eyes, perhaps eight standard years of age. His skin was tanned and his whole demeanor seemed to denote innocence.

After the boy's appearance Vader would enter a deep depression, retreating into himself and simply staring off into space for hours at a time or disappearing all together. When he emerged from the depression some poor fool upset him and the cycle repeated.

The crew put it off as one of Vader's quirks; violent mood swings. Piett knew better. His suspicions were unconfirmed but the boy's presence seemingly had an adverse effect on his commanding officer.

Eventually the child noticed Piett's lack of ignorance. The fleeting glances his way, the startled and slightly sad look that crossed over his face when the specter

appeared, the blank stares.

When their eyes met it was as if the boy was seeing his very soul his doings, morals and intentions rather than his physical presence.

Not for the first time Piett questioned the Empire's credibility, as it went so against his own beliefs and all he had ever known.

Surely death, destruction, plague and famine were not the way of God.

Piett was a God fearing man. From a young age he had been taught right from wrong and charity from his parents, teachings that stayed core to his person until this very day. He had learned there was no greater calling than serving your fellow being and it was not just him, religions throughout the galaxy were based upon the same principal. From the ancient ways of the Jedi though you couldn't learn that anywhere to the most recent medical breakthroughs on Kamino, it was all based on serving the greater good.

That's why he joined the Imperial fleet the naive belief that he would be protecting the innocent and uplifting the downtrodden.

That was before he learned the truth behind the tyrannical regime.

The thoughts were distracting to say the least. For a moment he was lost in a world where there was no Empire; no duty, no lies.

When he was young he drank those lies in readily. The lies that the Empire was a perfect state, that humanity and justice ruled. There was no humanity or justice in the genocide. That everyone was better off in this government. Everyone being those who pleased the Emperor. That only in monarchy there could be true

peace. Seeing as any disturbance was promptly 'taken care of.'

In his time aboard the Executor these ideals had steadily stripped from his person. He saw the oppressed and enslaved species, the grit and grime that they were forced to work in, the blatant bias towards those of powerful names and lines. There was no room for what was moral and what was not. As far as the Emperor was concerned, he was god and therefor defined moral.

None could tell him otherwise.

And he was too far involved to safely escape without forfeiting life and no matter what anyone said he knew killing was immoral, even if indirect. He could not shirk his duty, he had honor. He was not a coward. He would not hightail it like some lowly deserter. If he left now there would be violent repercussions for any associated with him.

Absently he wondered if dieing under the hand of Darth Vader would be considered 'in the line of duty'.

Piett was wrenched out of his musings by a thick gloved hand on his throat.

Glancing at the chrono he was horrified to realize he had spent the past half standard lost in thought, his post blatantly unmanned.

"Slacking, Piett?" The synthesized voice was as harsh and emotionless as ever. The inhuman obsidian mask seemed even more ghastly close up, if possible.

The young officer knew better than to speak even if he could.

Apparently the parameters of 'in the line of duty' were about to be determined.

His end was near. A hand restricted his airway, he could feel the small child behind him. It saddened him that the boy had to see such a gruesome sight as death his eyes were far to youthful, still unmarred by the cruelty called life.

The irony of the statement was lost on the

young officer.

Still motionless the child stared, fixated upon the man he had unintentionally caused such grief.

Purposefully the boy emerged from his hiding place walking towards the dark entity. With calculated steps the youth came too stand motionless next to the dieing man, silently apologizing.

Though invisible to all those around him, Piett knew Vader was focusing on the child... on the boy's pleading eyes, positioned near his own asphyxiated, expiring body.

His face must be turning blue by now; so little oxygen was reaching his brain his vision was greying around the edges. Still the child peered statically at the Sith Lord. The same piercing eyes that had him questioning his very soul were tearing the black cyborg apart.

Something must have struck an chord within his commander because as promptly as the execution began it ended. Firmus Piett's living body hit the floor, hands automatically grasping his now freed airway, greyness retreating from his vision and color returning to his face.

Vader quickly retreated, brusque in manner.

Scrambling to his feet Piett followed the boy and the Sith. Without a doubt the invisible child had just saved his life.

Exiting the bridge, Piett's eyes fixated on the two figures ahead of him. The boy was walking beside the dark lord, taking two or three springy steps for every one of his. There was familiarity to the scene, as if both occupants were remembering a long forgotten childhood friend.

The boy glanced back catching sight of Piett and grinned.

Running ahead of Vader the child made to attract his attention. Had he possessed ability to vocalize at that moment he might have warned the boy of the impending danger.

He was most surprised when Lord Vader stopped in his tracks and gazed down at the child.

Equally was he surprised when the little boy smiled, bright sky colored eyes staring into lifeless lenses, an inexplicable pride in his face. Vader stood motionless in front of the child. The boy tilted his head to one side.

As if controlled by something other than rational thought Vader reached out, not in the calculated death grip of only moments before but in a dare he think hopeful fashion, longing written in his posture.

Bionic fingers only millimeters from his face the child's demeanor became inexplicably sad. A small hand made to rest upon leather in a comforting manner, but merely phased through circuitry and wire. For the first time Piett noticed a slight shimmer in the child's image, the shapes and shadows leaking through his semi transparent form.

Prosthetic limb falling, fist clenched in an attempt to regain composure, the minute tremble in his commander's body diminished.

With head downcast the cyborg seemed almost... human. Without turning he addressed the officer, long stride in play once more. "Come."

Alert, Piett moved to follow.

Dejected the boy trailed mournfully a few steps behind the cyborg and his subordinate.

Silence weighed heavily on the trio.

Few, if any crew members had ever entered the Dark Lord's living space, but something told him he would be different.

Upon reaching their destination the airlock to Vader's private chambers hissed closed. Almost immediately after the pressure adjusted Vader turned to his officer.

"I trust you can see him?"

Piett blinked. Though Vader never skirted around a subject this approach was astonishingly direct.

"You will not be reprimanded upon your answer. A simple 'yes' or 'no' will suffice." The statement was cold and curt.

Swallowing, he affirmed. "Yes, Milord." Piett glanced to the corner where the child was quietly sitting, watching them with his piercing eyes.

Vader noticed this action, following his gaze back to the child almost wistfully.

"You have told none of this... boy?"

"No, Milord."

A slight nod was the only proof he had heard. Piett was caught in the malice of the following words. "You will tell none of this occurrence under penalty of death. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Milord."

Something had deeply disturbed the immovable power that was Darth Vader a something that was in the form of a small, sandy haired, blue eyed boy. The atrocious crimes of Darth Vader were known far and wide. He had nearly singlehandedly purged the entire galaxy of the Jedi indiscriminate of species, gender or age.

Why a single child so greatly upset the man was a mystery to all but the cyborg himself.

Adrenaline still coursing his veins from the near death experience Piett did something none in his right mind would ask. "Permission to speak freely Milord?"

A pregnant pause and Piett feared he had forfeit his life again. "Permission granted."

Slight weight was lifting from his shoulders, the enigma of the boy's appearance still reigned supreme. Ten million questions flitted through his head, but only one survived the onslaught to the physical world. Hesitantly Piett queried "...Who is

he?"

Once more the dread he had overstepped his bounds overcame the young officer until a nearly inaudible sigh escaped the mask. The very air seemed to groan in anguish at the bone weary sound. Was this another one of the dark lord's abilities?

He was brought from his ponderings when the baritone answered.

"Someone who never existed. Who never had the chance." A great pain seemed to descend on the Sith with a silence so

earsplitting it was nearly palpable. He was unsure if the cyborg was even aware he had spoken those words as they seemed far too personal to ever escape his commander's impenetrable facade of indifference.

"Milord?" Piett questioned softly.

Monstrous helm in acute contrast to the dim light he turned to the officer, replying far more quietly than the vocorder should have allowed.

"He was my son."

# HMS Sturgeon

By Jochannon, the editor  
Timeline 191

October 13th, 1942.

11 P.M.

1 mile off the coast of New York

With nary a ripple, the dark submarine HMS Sturgeon slowly surfaced. Quietly and efficiently, her bridge crew trooped onto the conning tower and fixed their binoculars on the panorama that lay before them.

New York City; even under supposed blackout conditions, the great stinking city was a sight; great towers scraped the bellies of clouds while searchlights hunted for the trace of Confederate raiders in the sky and on the sea; a few of the men threw uneasy glances at their captain, unsure of what their purpose was there.

Commander Hadad Garnet didn't take any notice of their looks; they were good men, veterans all, and would do their duty regardless.

There was little risk of detection here: the small dark submarine would have been a tiny dot in daylight at this distance; at night, even if a spotlight hit them, which was unlikely, there would be little to see: the matte black hull of the submarine was carefully built and camouflaged to be hard to see at night; at this distance, they would seem a shadow on the water.

Smaller than her many sister ships, the Sturgeon belonged to the first group of four S class submarines; launched in 1932, her three sister ships were now all gone, leaving her alone; smaller and slower than her later cousins, she had operated alone for much of the war in home waters, particularly the English Channel and off the coast of Scandinavia. The later groups of S class submarines had their fuel capacity expanded to allow them to operate further from their bases.

But the Sturgeon had already done signal

service, dispatching dozens of German vessels in the North Sea, including one hair raising day off the coast of Denmark, which had cost the Germans three destroyers, a minelayer, a heavy cruiser, and earned Garnet his promotion to commander, and a DSO for every man aboard.

For the Sturgeon's current mission, the high command had wanted a distinguished crew.

"All right." Garnet said quietly, sure he had seen enough. "Everyone below."

Every man slipped down into the submarine, and then she slowly dropped again beneath the waves.

Garnet glanced around at his crew, unhappy to be in the dark figuratively, that is; they were fine with literal darkness .

"Vice admiral Jones called me to his office last week." Garnet said softly. "He said he had a special mission, that he wanted us to carry out."

They watched him silently, but a new tension was in the air: admiral Jones was the commander of Britain's submarine fleet; all too aware of the dangers his men faced, David Jones wouldn't call it a 'special mission' if it wasn't both extremely important, and dangerous.

Of course, they had all known something odd was up when the Sturgeon was brought across the Atlantic to Bermuda in the belly of a cargo ship.

"Our mission tonight, is to slip into New York harbor, and sink the Yankee High Seas Fleet." That was an overstatement: the Sturgeon had six forward torpedo tubes, on reload for a total of twelve torpedoes; this, plus her deck 3 inch gun and a .303 machine gun was her total armament: if she shot herself dry, and hit every time, she could never sink the entire

fleet.

“We're going to dive, and try to slip through the harbor entrance into the bay: there, we shall pick out the Yankees' heavy fleet units and torpedo them.

Lieutenant Kingsley, the boat's second in command, slowly grinned; the thick tension drained away, to be replaced by an expectant optimism; the plan was audacious, dangerous, near suicidal: perfect to gain the enthusiasm of impudent Jack Tars.

“We're ready sir.” Engineer's Mate Jackie Fisher no relation to the admiral said with an eager smile; others echoed his ready statement.

Garnet wished he could share their enthusiasm; the old man of the sub, he had seen war first hand in the First World War: if they even survived the supposedly impossible trip through the Yankee submarined defenses, they were going to sink ships crewed by thousands of men. And Garnet couldn't shake from his mind the thought that if sailors met in peace time, Yankee and Briton could be easy friends.

Too late for thoughts like that now. He remonstrated himself. “Periscope depth, ahead, three knots.”

They turned to with a will; eager to get ahead with it.

Looking through the periscope, Garnet couldn't stifle a moment of trepidation, gazing at the substantial harbor defenses they had to get through.

They had one advantage: there was no way the Yankess could expect them. Unlike Scapa Flow, New York's submarine defenses had never been truly tested; admiral Jones, and now Garnet and his whole crew, were gambling that the Yankees weren't as good as the Royal Navy.

Garnet silently mouthed a prayer as he sighted on the narrow harbor mouth. “Ahead four knots.” He ordered quietly.

The small submarine accelerated slowly as they approached the entrance; to gain entrance to the harbor, they needed to travel quietly enough not to be detected by Yankee guards, but quickly enough to be able to maneuver against the tricky current.

It took them nearly three hours; at times they had to rise almost to the surface and slow to less than a knot, at others, they had to dive deep and accelerate almost to their boat's maximum underwater speed of 10 knots to keep from being swept away by strong currents; they bumped into a floating hulk, and almost ran aground twice; by the time they reached the open waters of the harbor, the small submarine was rank with the smell of sweat and tension.

Garnet swung the periscope about the harbor, saw nobody watching; the Yankee defenses were all based on keeping an enemy from getting into the harbor; there didn't seem to be anybody watching or patrolling the waters of the actual harbor.

He lowered the periscope. “Surface.” He ordered.

The Sturgeon quietly surfaced, water ran briefly down her sides, weakly reflecting the wane, dirty light. Then her matte black surface was again invisible against the darkness.

The bridge crew hustled up to the conning tower: Garnet himself, lieutenant Kingsley, and three lookouts.

It took Garnet and Kingsley a few minutes to pick out their targets in the darkened harbor.

Garnet took a careful look at his chosen target: three battleships, all in a row. Magnificent ships, he thought; a pity, a great pity. “Flood torpedo tubes.” He ordered calmly, though he couldn't help thinking of the mother's sons he was about to kill.

“Torpedo tubes flooded.” Kingsley reported

“Fire Torpedoes 1 and 2.”



There was something like twin chunks! As the twin torpedoes left their tubes.

“Five degrees to starboard. . . Fire torpedoes 3 and 4!”

Again, the dull report of torpedoes launching.

“Five degrees to starboard. . . Fire torpedoes 5 and 6!” He turned to lieutenant Kingsley. “Reload. All men below; prepare to dive.”

The bridge crew dove through the hatch, but before Kingsley could follow, the first torpedoes found their mark, and the night was lit, plain as day.

Kingsley paused beside Garnet for a moment, to gape at the destruction they had wrought: their first torpedoes must have hit the ship's bunkers, because a mushroom cloud of fire and smoke was rising toward the smoggy sky.

Then the shock wave reached them: thin air hit them with the force of a hammer, and the two men were knocked to their knees, while the small boat rocked in the water.

Kingsley clambered to his feet, and stopped, staring off the port bow. “They're going to ram us!” He cried.

Garnet followed his gaze: a large vessel was bearing down on them “Crash dive!” he roared.

The second pair of torpedoes found their mark, and the two men were almost shoved down the hatch by the pressure wave.

Following Garnet's orders, the crew frantically vented air from their ballast tanks, and the boat dropped like a stone, away from the enemy now upon them; a few prayed as they worked, but most could not spare the breath.

They heard the sound of it's engines as it passed over them thought there must have been inches to spare.

A few of the men grinned at each other,

but they all knew the night was not finished.

Good men, Garnet thought; not a one of them over twenty five, but already the best in the fleet. “Periscope depth.” He ordered softly.

The periscope broke the surface, and slowly swiveled about the harbor; Garnet sighted on his secondary targets, two heavy cruisers and an escort carrier. “Flood torpedo tubes.” He ordered.

“Torpedo tubes flooded,” Kingsley reported.

“Fire torpedoes 1 and 2 four degrees to starboard. . . Fire torpedoes 3 and 4.”

Garnet stopped there because stricken by a premonition he swiveled the periscope away from the targets, toward their escape route: a trawler was moving to block the narrow channel.

“Hard about!” He yelled. “80 degrees to starboard, full speed!”

They were too professional to panic, but not even knowing what they were racing for, his men were less steady than they might be.

Garnet, too busy with the periscope to notice, was doing rapid calculations in his head. “Three degrees to starboard, fire torpedoes!”

An explosion ripped out the side of the trawler; she stopped dead in the water and heeled over, flames licking greedily at her while small explosions blew debris out over the water.

“Sir, what is it?” Kingsley asked.

“Trawler. Trying to block the channel.” Garnet gritted. “Three degrees to port; 7 knots.”

The Sturgeon blazed through the channel at her top underwater speed, caution gone to the winds: Garnet willingly risked grounding or collision to get them out of the harbor before someone in authority woke up and ordered the channel

completely blocked.

The eastern horizon was just starting to show a line of light when they finally surfaced, several miles from shore; Garnet would have liked to have gone the whole way to Bermuda underwater, but her electrical batteries were almost flat: they'd have to go most of the way on the surface, running their diesel engines

The bridge crew quickly took their places, and Garnet took a look back the way they came: the coast looked dark and quiet, but he couldn't shake the image from his mind of men being blown from the trawler's deck, some afire, to fall in the ice cold water.

"God damn this war." He muttered.

"What was that sir?" One of the lookouts asked.

Garnet shook his head. "Nothing." He lied. "Lieutenant Kingsley, take over: set course for Bermuda." He turned to the lookout. "By tonight, we'll be the toast of the town."

"Yes sir!" The rating said with a grin, then turned back to watch his sector.

But as he slipped down through the hatch, Garnet added: "And god damn them that started it."

## Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

[http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Warhammer\\_40,000\\_Wiki](http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Warhammer_40,000_Wiki)

A few guys got together and created a wiki of fanon characters, vehicles, places, battles, and organizations; very friendly people, and some very interesting stuff there. I highly recommend you go and take a look.

Bleach fan fiction wiki

[http://bleachfanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Main\\_Page](http://bleachfanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Main_Page)

I'm not into Bleach, but this seems a great site for those who are.

'The' fan fiction wiki

[http://fanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Fan\\_Fiction\\_Wiki](http://fanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Fan_Fiction_Wiki)

Personally, I think these guys got a bit of an attitude, but it's an invaluable resource if you want to know what other fan fiction writers are up to.

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Now, I can't say this too many times: any stories you submit are still yours: I'm not asking for any exclusive rights; if it's your story, you can do whatever you want with it.

Cover Art:

Absolutely necessary; cover art has to be of the young lady on the cover, in costume from something with fandom Star Wars, Star Trek, Harry Potter, etc : original drawing here: [http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna Magazine Mascot 139944247](http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna+Magazine+Mascot+139944247)

Other fan art:

1, Poetry:

Poetry is no problem, just so long as it follows the same guidelines as fiction.

2, Pictures and Drawings:

Pictures and drawings may be published by arrangement.

## Original fiction:

I am not opposed to original fiction, if you have a story you want to publish here; but this is for fanfiction, so any original writings will have to take back seat.

## Fiction Submission Guidelines:

### 1, Length:

Up to 3,000 words is optimum; I'm willing to go up to 5,000 words; longer stories can be published as serials by arrangement.

### 2, Foul language:

In moderation, I have no problem with vulgar language; it depends on how much, and how it's used: if your characters have a conversation and curse two or three times, that's fine; if there's hardly a sentence in the whole story they don't curse, that's a problem.

### 3, No netspeak:

If one or two characters speak in netspeak, that's no problem, but the body of the story has to be recognizably English.

### 4, Format.

Do NOT use indents: double space between paragraphs;

All text will be published in the same size and font, so any fancy formatting tricks won't work. Sorry.

### 5, Editing:

I will not edit your stories; they will be published exactly the way you submit them. By the same token, I will not fix typos.

### 6, Sex:

It's normal, it's natural, sex will not get your story disqualified, but NO pornography!

6.1, anything even hinting of pedophilia will be thrown out immediately.

6.2, stories touching on rape will have to handle it very delicately.

### 7, Spelling:

If you have a spellchecker, use it: like I said, I won't fix typos.

### 8, Property:

I'm not asking for any exclusive rights: any story you submit is still yours: I'm not even looking for first printing rights; I'm asking for non exclusive printing and archival rights.

In simple language? I'm asking for permission to publish your story in the magazine, and to archive the story so people can go back and read it again.

### 9, Re publishing:

If a story's already published, on DA or Fanfiction.com or elsewhere, that's fine; as long as you own it, you can submit it.