

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns

Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



Issue No. 11, April 15, 2010

Cover art by C.J. Rothove 2012_sempai@bcglobal.net

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

Learning Experience, <i>Shining Zephyr</i>Page 3
Laundry Day, <i>Kathy Johnson</i>Page 6
Star Fox Aparoid Wars, <i>Neal</i>Page 9
Pokemon The Truth, <i>Samuel Vorsa</i>Page 12
As the Threads Come Loose, <i>Kliban Katz</i>Page 14
Websites of NotePage 17
Casting CallPage 18

All stories are the property of their respective authors, printed here with their kind permission.

Learning Experience

Shining Zephyr shining.zephyr@hotmail.com http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1155250/Shining_Zephyr
Power Rangers

It wasn't the fact that she was in any sort of trouble. No, she had a decent record. Sure, sometimes she had wound up in detention, but she wasn't one to complain. She got good grades she had somewhere around a three point seven grade point average. Not that it bugged her or anything, but sometimes, her grades slipped. Her duties as a Ranger occasionally intervened with school.

And sometimes, she had to stay after school was done and get some tutoring. Not that it bothered her teachers or anything, but sometimes, they couldn't stay after. Now, it didn't bother her in the slightest. Sometimes, it was a good thing.

She knew of one person who could stay after for her any time. And she was in serious need of some help from him.

Kira Ford saw Tommy Oliver, or Dr. O, as something so much more than a teacher. He was her friend in fighting crime, her mentor in learning how to become a better Ranger and person in general. As she waited in the classroom allowing the other students to leave, she felt her stomach churning. It was customary for her to feel this way before she asked teachers for their aid, but it felt... different right now.

Much more different than before.

Finally, the last person exited the classroom, and she walked up to him, her bag over her shoulder. He was busy putting away some things in his briefcase and gave the blonde a brief glance before stopping. "Kira," he acknowledged, giving her a smile. "You okay?"

She smiled slightly. "Yeah. I was just... wondering something, Dr. O. Do you

think you could spend some time after school today in helping me with your lecture today? I just... you know. Some stuff flew over my head, and..."

"You want some after school tutoring?" he finished.

Kira laughed sheepishly. "It's kind of embarrassing to ask your legendary Power Ranger turned teacher that question, but yes. I really would like some help today."

Tommy leaned on the table. "It's not a problem. You know, you can always come to me for help. It doesn't have to be on ranger specified duties, contrary to popular belief."

The teen set down her backpack and opened it to reveal a very thick binder filled to the brim with notes, worksheets, tests, and quizzes. Heaving it up onto the counter, she grinned at Tommy's expression of disbelief. "I can't help it. It's one of my guilty pleasures to keep every single paper until the end of the year! I have to keep up for finals, right?"

The man simply shook his head and took out his own binder which he had put away moments before. "So, you mean today's lecture?"

"Eh, a little bit. It's the only thing we talked about for the whole period."

"Right." Tommy mentally smacked himself. "I knew that."

Kira looked up and saw him digging out more papers, smiling slightly. A red light was going off in her brain; one that was

warning her something was going on with her mentor. As she flipped open to the day's page, a voice came through her morpher. "*Uh, Kira?*"

She couldn't help but sigh with dismay as she put the communicator up to her mouth. "Conner. This is kind of a bad time right now."

"*I'll say,*" her ranger teammate responded grimly, the echo of screams heard in the background. "*We've got a problem downtown. Ethan and I are having a bit of trouble. You think you can get Dr. O can get down here as quick as possible?*"

"We'll be there in a few," she told him, heart sinking. So much for her time with Tommy to get in some much needed education. She turned to her teacher, whose jaw was slack, features etched with determination. "You know, we can do this another time, Dr. O."

An idea struck the male as his lips curled into a slight grin. "I think we might be able to fit in a lesson anyways, Kira. Come on. I have an idea..."

"Oh, great," she grumbled. "You're asking me this *now?*"

Tommy shrugged, bringing his Brachio Staff into one of the Tyrannodrones. "Well, you wanted some tutoring, and granted, you need some time out in the field to get a hands on experience with seeing some of these dinosaurs." He frowned slightly. "Technically, it's Dino Zords, but I'm not complaining."

Kira merely shook her head, kicking one of the creatures aside. "Okay, fine. Give me the name, and I'll try to remember what period it's from."

"Let's try... *Parasaurolophus.*"

She cocked her head. "Late... Cretaceous period?"

"Yep!" Tommy replied, proceeding to hit another Tyrannodrone with his staff. It fell into another as he jumped up and landed next to Kira. "All right. Give me the time period for a *Dimetrodon.*"

"Um, Permian Period, two hundred and eighty million years ago?"

The Black Ranger smiled behind his mask, nodding once again at his student's knowledge. "Right again. I've got a hard one for you.

"*Chasmosaurus.*"

Kira blinked. She had just gotten this wrong on a quiz a couple of days ago. As she stood there, frozen in place with thoughts racing through her head, a Tyrannodrone came up from behind her and attacked, pushing her to the ground. She growled angrily, sweeping her foot underneath the creature just as Tommy slammed him in the backside with a fist. She looked up and shrugged. "Um... Cretaceous Period?"

Her mentor nodded a final time. "I should give you extra credit for that question."

The Yellow Ranger laughed slightly. "Maybe. I couldn't remember that one to save my life before. And here I am, in the midst of a battle with my teacher, and it comes back to me."

"We can discuss this more later. Right now, we need to take care of these guys."

One tiring hour later, Kira stood in the midst of a field with her mentor and sighed, crossing her arms. "So, now what do we do? School's probably closed."

"It's Friday, Kira. Do you have any homework?"

The mentor smiled. "No problem. Oh, and Kira?"

The teenager smirked. "Besides that pop quiz for Monday and the fact that every other class assigned something, then no. I don't."
Tommy cocked his head. "I can grab your stuff for you. Being a teacher at the school and having a key to get inside does have its perks."

She looked up at him.

"Never again will I try to quiz you to remember your dinosaurs during a battle with Tyrannodrones."

"I'd appreciate that, Dr. O."

Kira raised an eyebrow. "I'd *seriously* appreciate that."

A/N: Written in my days of the growing obsession with Power Rangers: Dino Thunder... eg, 2008. I won't go into WHY I liked it only 4 years later, but I will tell you that I love these two together Black and Yellow just have this awesome relationship I wish they would have dug farther into in the series. I mean, they ARE adults per se.

Laundry Day

By Kathy Johnson kaijuart009@hotmail.com
Subject: Doctor Horrible's Sing along Blog

Billy was excited, tomorrow was laundry day, he loved laundry day, it was the only time he can see his crush, the very beautiful Penny. But he had to do something first, he had to blog about today's heist, Billy is no ordinary person, see Billy was also known as the villain Dr Horrible! ☐

Dr Horrible sat on his chair and looked at the camera.

"Well as you can tell, my heist was not successful, I didn't get the material I need for my new ray gun" he blogged. After a few seconds it was silent, Dr Horrible spun on his chair trying to think.

"I guess that's all I can say, oh and I hate Captain Hammer even more!" Dr Horrible ended his blogged. He switched off his camera and walked towards the uncompleted ray gun and stood there, thinking.

"Hmm... how would I get the material for this ray?" He thought to himself.

It was late and Dr Horrible was warned out from the heist he tried to pull today, so he went to bed. ☐

The next day, Billy woke up with excitement, it was laundry day. He rushed to get his stuff together, and locked the door behind him or so he thought. With his basket he walked to the laundromat. ☐ He reached for the door but another hand was on there, Billy turned and saw it was Penny.

Billy blushed bright red, as he stared into Penny's eyes ☐

"Um..... uhhh so sorry about that" mumbled the embarrassed and shy Billy as he let Penny through first.

"Thank you" smiled Penny as she walked through the door.

"She talked to me! ME! out of all

people!..... she talked to me!" Billy thought to himself while doing his laundry. He smiled, it stretched from one side of his face to the other. He stared at her while she threw her underwear into the washing machine. ☐

Billy walked home, still having a smile on his face, Happy that his dream girl talked to him, He got home to see that his entire house has been trashed, the couch turned over, the TV smashed to pieces.

"What I thought I locked..... the door" Billy ran towards his lab, only to find Captain Hammer blocking the door.

"You idiot!" Billy shouted

"Well.....well.....well Dr Horrible I knew you would be here!" replied Captain Hammer

"Of course I will be here! ITS MY HOUSE!" screamed the enraged Billy.

Captain Hammer grabbed Billy by the arm, and held on tight. "So Doctor..... this is your little diguse?"

Billy didn't say anything to the tool, he just stood there and grumbled, non understandable words.

"What was that doctor?" inquired Captain Hammer

"You will pay for this, Hammer" Billy mumbled

"pshhh" Captain Hammer laughed at Billy's statement and walked out of Billy's house. ☐

Billy just stood there, with his right eye twitching,

"What a tool! are you just gonna stand there and let him get away with it!? ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM WALK AWAY!?" Shouted the voice in Billy's head

"NO I WON'T!" Billy shouted, as he walked through his destroyed lab, closing the door behind him. □

a week after the event and Dr Horrible couldn't think of anything, he wanted Hammer to pay, but how he would achieve that, he had no clue what to do. Moist reminded him that today was laundry day. Dr Horrible wasn't too excited but he really wanted to see Penny again □

Dr Horrible changed into his Billy disguise and walked to the laundromat, He looked around, and realized that Penny wasn't here.

"She should be here. what if she is sick? or worst..... dead?" Billy thought, he looked outside the large window and saw Penny, with another man.

"what! no..... that can't be!" Billy shouted

The man turned, it was Captain Hammer. Billy was pissed at this sight. He crushed his frozen yogurt cup in disgust as the thought of those two dating made him sick in the stomach.

"When did this happen? how can you date a guy like that? AH HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN!?" Billy thought to himself. □

Penny was talking to Captain Hammer, Captain Hammer pretended to listen but he was just looking at her breasts.

"So thats why I help the homeless" Penny finished

"Oh yeah thats nice" replied Captain Hammer

Billy was behind a tree, listening to what they are saying, he knew that Captain Hammer was just looking at her, not listening to a word she said. Billy was disgusted □

A few minutes later they kissed, Billy nearly threw up, thoughts of some other person's mouth touching Captain Hammer's were making his stomach turn. He walked home with the look of revenge on his face, He was jealous! Billy changes into Dr Horrible and stormed into his lab.

□

eight days later, Dr Horrible had not yet emerged from his lab, Moist wanted to see what he was doing, but didn't want to feel nosy,

"Should I help him?" Moist thought to himself. he came up with a decision and opened the door, it was dark, the only light in the room was coming from this new ray gun that Dr Horrible was holding.

"CLOSE THE DOOR!" Dr Horrible ordered, Moist closed the door and headed towards a window.

"come on Doc. you gotta get some sunlight in here" Moist stated as he opened the window. Dr Horrible jumped as a beam of sunlight rushed into the room.

Moist turned and looked at the insane Dr Horrible. "It looks like you haven't had any sleep for days now!" He pointed out

"I have been thinking about....." Dr Horrible paused "how to get back at Captain Hammer"

"don't worry about it..... oh by the way today is laundry day" reminded Moist, he put his wet hands on Dr Horrible's shoulder as he stood up. □

Dr Horrible didn't want to hear that, ever since he saw Captain Hammer and Penny kiss, but someone HAD to do the laundry and Moist was no help in that area. Dr Horrible took a shower and put on a sweat shirt,

"I so don't want to this!" Billy shouted to himself as he grabbed two frozen yogurts and his laundry, he made sure he had locked the door this time. □

He made it to the laundromat and saw Penny there, by herself, Billy was happy, no Captain Hammer insite! He raced in and gave her a frozen yogurt.

"oh thank you!" she greeted Billy.

"No problem" Billy greeted her back

"So how you been Billy?" she asked

"Horrible" replied Billy.

"Pardon?" Penny gulped as she swallowed some yogurt

"Horrible, you know? meaning pretty bad heh" answered Billy

"Oh, thats a downer" Penny replied smiling.

"How come you were not here a eight days ago?" inquired Billy

"I sorta went out on a date" Penny answered

"Oh really? how did that go?" Billy asked.

"It was good, he might want to meet you someday" Penny replied

"Don't count on it" Billy stated under his breath. □

The washing machine was done. Billy got up and grabbed his cloths.

"See you next week?" asked Billy.

"Yeah" Penny replied.

Billy walked out and towards his apartment. He knew that Penny and himself were friends, He still was jealous that Captain Hammer got her first, but for the meantime, he will just enjoy the friendship they have together.

Billy changed into Dr Horrible and entered his lab

"Its a brand new day" He said as the doors slammed behind him.

Star Fox Aparoid Wars Chapter 1: War is Hell

By: Neal, Geckoduder138@yahoo.com, Deviantart page Name: Bushytail137

Subject: Star Fox

Still a work in progress, thanks for reading

"What the hell are we doing here?"

□□ I thought to myself, why would they send the least experienced to the front line, barely anyone had proper training. I wasn't as naïve as command thought I was, I knew that this battle was one of the last. No reinforcements for safety, no one was left on Eron. This red, lifeless planet was war torn to nothing but rubble and mud. Most commanding officers were smart enough to leave the planet six months ago, along with most of the colonists, and with the colonists, our supplies.

□□ I was lucky, having survived five other tours on the planet Eron. I knew just where to go and what to do. But sadly, also knew the losses and had seen things that no living thing should ever see. I tried to get my mind off things by looking at the map. But that just made me more anxious, we had the advantage of altitude. That was all I knew. I wasn't told how many were there were or where until we were setup for a run. We were ordered to wait until the previous wave of troops made it to the aparoid encampment. There probably was no encampment, some knew that.

□□ "Sergeant McSheen, sir. I'm not sure that my helmet fits right."

□□ I stood up from my map. I reached for the wolves helmet and noticed that his mud soaked paws were shaking with fear. He tried to hide it by grabbing it with both hands, but it became more obvious.

□□ "Well, It don't matter whether it feels comfortable private, it matters if it's on your head."

□□ "But I don't know if I can shoot if...."

□□ "Private ,I Don't give a shit! I've seen enough dead bodies to know that..."

□□ Suddenly, he was hit, right in the head. He dropped to the ground, like a lifeless ragdoll. I didn't react, didn't even flinch or try to help. I had learned that the only life that mattered was my own, to keep only myself alive. I simply bent down and searched through his blood soaked jacket for his tags.

□□ "Stupid kid." I said in a sympathetic way.

□□ "Sarge!"

□□ I looked up at my first Corporal Mitch, he had joined me two tours ago and had at least some experience with aparoids. He pointed at a group of men who were looking over the trench to watch what remained of the previous troop. Watching the surrounded and abandoned being easily picked off one by one. I could hear screaming and people pleading for their lives. I had to hide it.

□□ "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU SHITS THINK YOUR DOING!?"

□□ Some looked at me and some didn't, many were □awestruck by seeing the slaughter of the war for the first time. I pointed down at the dead wolf and held up his tags for all to see. "UNLESS YOU GUYS WANT A GIANT FUCKING HOLE IN YOUR BRAIN YOU WILL GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THERE!" Many backed away, but for some they were too busy thinking of their own gruesome fates.

□□ "Sergeant McSheen! Come in!" I looked through my whole uniform to finally find the old radio. When the colonists left, we were left with rudimentary equipment. That meant simple red camouflaged uniforms that had little armour, short ranged guns with minimal ammunition, and a few explosives. When we passed through towns we desperate enough to scavenge through abandon houses for food. I pushed the button and held the radio to my mouth.

□□ "This is call Alpha responding, come in Captain!"

□□ "Good to hear from you Cody, it looked like I lost you back at Erons Valley."

□□ Captain Anglo was a self serving little shit, but we followed orders only because he was one of the last commanding officers on Eron. He took great amusement in who survived these meaningless attacks. "Yeah, Well, I'm not one who blindly obey orders, and that keeps me alive." I hadn't yet realized that I was still holding onto the wolf's tags, wondering if today was the day that it would all end. That all my memories and poor decisions would just be washed away.

□□ "Right, just keep blaming their deaths on me. Well, If you want to survive so badly than an aparoid encampment is to the north of your position. I need you to draw their fire, then attempt to sabotage their laser artillery. Or is that too much?" Laughingly. I didn't responded, I just thought of the word "Aparoid". □□The word just echo through my ear. How everyone thought it was over. Those buggy bastards had attacked about five eclipse years after the event and destroyed half of Corneria. Of course they had come prepared; they had learned one crucial lesson from their defeat.

Evolution.

□□ They had studied us, and somehow modified themselves rapidly. They could now walk like us, they had the same figures, and they had even modified their weapons and armor. But they made some drastic changes. They genetically modified them to be physically perfect by our standards. They were extremely strong and were a little taller than us, but most importantly □the aparoids modified their minds to show no fear, shame, or any feelings at all for that matter. Perhaps they thought about nothing, but what it took to survive. This made them completely different from us.

"Sergeant! Come in! Head to the building on you left. We'll be going right to flank them! Captain Anglo out!" The radio went dead, I dropped the tags on what remained of what use to be the wolves face. I thought about what to do, where to send them. I crouched down to pull off my helmet and pulled out the map, and then I called to Corporal Mitch to tell him the plan. As he ran lasers flew by his head, I'm not sure why, but this made me laugh.

□□ "What's up?"

□□ "Do you remember in the Tange system when we took that gas station? We lost about six or seven right?"

□□ "Yeah, remember Private Archen? There couldn't have been a worse way to go."

□□ "Don't mention that to the others because this is going to be even harder." Mitch sighed then turned around to see that once again, the fresh meat was peering over the wall.

□□ "So you take the rear of the building,

then I'll try to get to the front door and search it. Then I want you to cover the front and gradually bring in the men."

□□ "Why? By the time we do that we'll be surrounded. Is there anything else Captain Asshole wants?"

□□ "Apparently there's a laser artillery battery around that house to."

□□ "Are you kidding? That's crap and he knows it! There are only four veterans in this platoon! Some don't even know how to activate a grenade, much less throw it in the right direction!"

□□ "I know. This is the same bullshit as last time, but no one lives forever." As I said that some of the men starred at me, knowing that this was suicide. That death was almost imminent.

□□ I moved to stand in the middle of the group. Trying not to make eye contact, I wanted to forget the faces not add more memories. "Alright, the goal is to get to that building there to our left. Now you all know Captain Anglo!" Some of the panthers laughed while some of the others just became more frustrated. "We're on our own with this one. He gets the glory while we risk our lives. That's the truth. I'm not going to sugar coat that bullshit. I've been under his thumb for awhile, many of us have." I said lying to the privates, giving them a false sense of security. "Now we need some fast runners, any volunteers." Most of the panthers stepped forward, being a cocky as ever, even in war. 5 Stupid cats. "Alright you will take your assault rifles, leave everything but ammo. Now I believe that the aparoids already know our position so the faster the better. You will go at Corporal Mitch's whistle."

□□ I pulled out my laser rifle. I looked down the scope, clearing each window and seeing no enemies zoned the scope to tell the distance. They had about a two hundred meter sprint. I felt my heart sink when I saw a half buried mine about 6 meters in front of the side door. I kept that to myself and gave Mitch the signal. It felt like forever, sending men to an unknown death usually does.

□□ "TWEEEEEEEEETTT!"

Two hundred meters.

I heard the sounds of roars, surprisingly no gun fire, and saw the panthers sprint to the house. About ten seconds later.

□□ "BANG, BANG"

□□ One hundred and fifty meters.

Two panthers dropped dead. No

movement at all. No chance.

□□ "SNIPERS!!" Yelled Mitch.

□□ I didn't flinch, never flinch. I continued to train the scope on the panthers.

One hundred meters.

□□ "BOOM"

□□ There was a giant explosion that felt like it shook the whole plant. Dirt showered us and the panthers behind the fellow who was lucky enough to step on the mine. A different panther stopped to

look for the body. There wasn't one.

□□ "BANG"

□□ He too dropped dead from a perfect shot to the head.

□□ Fifty meters.

□□ The last panthers had his mind set.

He knew how war worked. He didn't even look back.□

He knew what it took to survive.

Seconds later He was in.

Pokemon The Truth Chapter 1

□

By Samuel Vorsa, Fishenut123@aol.com ,<http://sam4765.deviantart.com/>

Subject: Pokemon

"Hey Riko!□□Wanna come over and hang out?"□□Mark came over and asked.□□He was the captain of the Track and cross country team.

"No, Mark I don't want to join your team!" I said as I kept walking.

"Come on Riko, you have the best track record anyone has ever seen!□□You've got to join!"

"I said no Mark, besides I've got stuff to do!" I said as I sprinted off.□□□I never did want to join a sports team, it was too much attention for me.□□

"Let's see what he does over the weekend, what makes him such an athlete, did you get his address,□□Luke?"

"Yeah, it's a bit far, and in the forest a bit, so let's hurry before he gets to the woods."

Today was my birthday and there was something I needed to do.□□I hopped in my car and sped off without a single thought of the speed limit.□□My thoughts were racing the whole way to my house.□□My dad told me to open this when I was 18, it has been 2 years since then and I was dying of curiosity to know what was in it.□□

I saw my house, perched up on the side of the mountain, but it was a Japanese style house, with a wall around the house about 7 feet high and completely surrounded the house.□□

I opened the Front gate and pulled the car in.□□I made sure that no animals had gotten in and stolen any Koi from the pond.

I slide open the front door and took off my shoes.□□I rushed to the cellar and saw the chest that dad left for me popped open.□□It was a timer lock that was set to open on this date, but I never tried to open it.□□

I walked over and took a deep breath and opened it, what I saw shocked me, there

were 2 knives,□□they were both sheathed, but what was designed on them was what shocked me even more.□□Small steel Rayquazas were hand guards, and other legendary Pokémon we carved into the steel.□□I picked them both up and unsheathed them.

Each blade was a dark gray, and unreasonably light.□□"Dad, you never even mentioned Pokémon, what do you want me to do?"□□I started to cry, I heard thunder outside, but that never stopped me from training every weekend.□□ There was a black leather belt in the bottom of the box.□□I picked it up and wrapped it around, my waist, there was a small metal plate on the back, and when I put the sheathed knives near it, but the shot out of my hand and stuck to it crossed like an x.□□

"So this is where he lives?!□□It's a really nice place, great for a party!"□□Mark said.

"We'll convince him later, but now we just watch what he does.□□Look!□□Here he comes now!"□□Luke said as he pointed to Riko coming out of the front gate.□□He sprinted off into the forest at an unimaginable speed.

"Hurry!□□We can't lose him!"□□Mark said as he began to run.□□It wasn't long before they both ran out of breath, but what they saw didn't make it matter to them.□□Riko was jumping up the cliff face, like he was completely ignoring the laws of gravity!

"Mom, Dad□□everyday I come out here for an answer to what I am, but I've never gotten an answer.□□□Ever since I was little,□□I've never gotten out of breath and whenever I got hurt, I've healed at an□□disturbing rate, so I'll ask again, WHAT THE HELL AM I!?!?"

The rain began to fall hard, but it didn't matter to me.□□I hung my head and began to cry.

"What are you trying to tell me father,

Pokémon is just a story made from Japanese guy, but these knives feel genuine, TELL ME, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?!"□□as soon as I said that a bolt of lightning shot out of the sky and shatter a the piece of rock that I was standing on from the cliff.□□I was knocked back by the shock wave knocked me off the edge.

"This is how I die huh?" I said quietly, but a bright light began to shine beneath me and before I could look to see what it was, I was engulfed in light and fell unconscious.

"What the hell just happened?!"□□Mark exclaimed

"I I don't know, but how are we going to

□
□

Please enjoy and give me your comments.

tell what we just saw?!"□□Luke snapped back.

"Alright, we didn't see anything, we were never here, when he turns up missing, we don't say a word, got it?!"□□Mark said.

"I don't know man, I'm not sure if I can keep my cool, I mean we thought he was going to die, but he disappeared into that light!"

"Then tell me Luke, how the hell are we going to explain this to the police?!"□□We saw Riko fall off a cliff and disappear into light?!"□□We'll just get sent to the asylum!"□□The both fell silent and began to walk back, drenched in water and the weight of the world on their minds.

As the Threads Come Loose: Charity

Kliban Katz; kliban_katz@msn.com http://kliban_katz.deviantart.com
The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 2: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

Fie, what an ordeal! The Nine 'tended to put me through a ringer for this. I jingled the gold coins in my pocket. It was a pleasant sound, but not the sound of horseshoes on the stone road... I needed to make more money in a more socially acceptable way for a lady. *What to do...*

I wandered the Imperial City for a few hours, checking in at the various shops, looking for work. The market district turned me away, shop after shop. Apparently, they were all doing quite badly since Thoronir came about and couldn't afford to hire a hand. *Pity...*

The Talos Plaza District, which had caught my attention on my arrival, was hiring help in the inns, but the proprietor of the King and Queen said I was too "crude" for the task. Maybe it was the way shoved past a Khajiit on my way to the front desk. "We treat everyone here like a King," he said. By the Nine, no Khajiit should ever be King. Not even in Elseweyr.

I was at a loss. It was getting late in the day now and I had spent most of it looking for work. My gold was even dwindling. I guess fifty septims doesn't get one far in the big city. Food and drink is so expensive... I felt most at home where I was now, on the city's waterfront. These people lived comfortably in their private shacks or bedrolls, dressed in comfortable, lived in clothes. A pity I couldn't stay here. Look! They were even near the docks! *How lovely!*

The ships swayed to and fro on the water, which was now reflecting the brilliant moons. The sea was quiet, aside from the raucous noise coming from inside a cargo ship on the front. Wait, was this a tavern? Another big city wonder! A tavern on water called The Bloated Float! Certainly such a tavern would be busy, being such a novel idea, and would be desperately looking for a waitress. I paraded in, so sure of myself, and just as I had suspected, the bar tender was running himself ragged. There was a large table

assembled in the centre of the room in which fifteen to twenty armor clad soldiers were crowded around, drinking from tankards and laughing heartily.

"Sir," I approached the proprietor as he made his way back to the bar to refill tankards. "It seems as though you are in need of help, and lucky enough it seems that I am in need of a job."

"Er, what? Oh, my, yes, how fortunate. It never gets this busy! Here, take this tray over to them. Can't keep the Imperial watch waiting, you know!"

That was it. How simple this had all become. I could wait tables! It was in my blood just as deep as my affinity for magic.

The Imperial watchmen were a loud bunch, lewd and nasty, too. No matter. There's far worse in Bravil. All the more reason why we have a militia. Turned out a handful of them were scheduled to do a sting in the Waterfront's residential area, something about the Gray Fox and the Garden of Dereloth, and they had brought some of their off duty friends for a bit of a party before they headed out. By the Nine, it was beyond me how they were ever going to be effective with the brains fermented in beer.

The night dragged on. The men destined for duty got up and left shortly before midnight, staggering all about, and smelling of hops. The rest of them slowly became quiet, perhaps slipping in and out of sleep. At this point the Orc bouncer would tell them they needed to move along or rent a bed... but these were men of the Imperial guard, men who one does not simply cut off or send home.

Others filtered in and out through the night with little to say. Ormil turned to me as he polished the bar, the traffic finally coming to a near halt. "Say, we did pretty well tonight. I haven't seen swell like that in a long time. I'm lucky you came by."

"And I'm lucky that you were ill prepared." I laughed to myself, and Ormil reflected my good humor.

The ship's door creaked slightly as someone sauntered in and sat down at the

bar. "I'd like a beer." His voice was low and gruff.

As Ormil bent beneath the counter to get a clean tankard he said, "You're welcome to go home now, if you'd like. I can handle it from here. You should go get some rest. You can come back in the morning for your share of tonight's profits."

"Oh, no. I need this job, Ormil. I'll stay 'til morning." I could see from the corner of my eye that the patron's head darted upward towards me. "I have to save up money quickly, so that I can get out of the city. I have to go a long way west."

"Well, if you're sure then. I'm happy to have you. I'll be right back." Ormil set the tankard down on the bar in front of the Orc and left the room. I turned my attention to the Orc. I'd seen him before. He took a sip and eyed me.

"I thought I had heard that before. What's with the rush to get out of town, ma'am? The Imperial City not exciting enough for you?" He chuckled.

"I need to go to Chorrol. And then back home to Bravil. It's quite a jaunt, especially unaccompanied and on foot. I'm trying to save for a horse..." Finally, I could place him. "Oh, thank you for umm... helping Owyn come to his senses." He was the pale faced Orc from the bloodworks. I smiled.

The Orc cleared his throat and said, "You can't be too mad at him, really. Poor guy spends more time in the bloodworks than we do. You're the first woman he's seen in a while that looks like a woman. Doesn't often see any frailty, no offense."

"I was ill prepared for the arena. Nothing more to say. A dreadful place."

"But a home, nonetheless. It's helped a lot of people who have come through, feeling like they were stuck. But me, I'm still stuck."

"You want to leave the Arena? Why not get up and go?"

"Where I want to go... you can't just get up and leave to get there."

I leaned on the bar and frowned. "I'm sorry. I wish I could help."

"Heh, my problems are not yours. No sense burdening you with them. But say, what if I help make you load a little lighter?" He held out his coin purse to me, fat with septims.

"Sir?" He nudged it toward me.

"I'm sure Snak can find some kind

of horse to sell you. Tell her the Gray Prince sent you and I'm sure she'll find something." He smiled.

"The Gray Prince?" He placed the hefty purse in my hands. "Blessings of Mara to you, Sir."

He chuckled to himself and placed down the empty tankard. "Now I can sleep. Thank you for your company. Hopefully you'll visit the arena again, just not the pit." He laughed. "Goodnight."

The door closed behind him and I was alone. I sat on a barstool and gawked at the wallet, bursting at its seams. I heard a noise and tucked the bag of coins away, and turned to smile at Ormil, who was walking back into the room. Then it hit me: the Prince hadn't paid.

Morning came and its light shone through the tiny porthole like windows of the boat. I opened my eyes, still feeling heavy, wanting sleep.

"I felt bad to wake you." Ormil sat, eating breakfast in the centre of the room. I had slept face down on the bar all night. I massaged my cheek, which felt sore, and my jaw felt stiff. I stretched and yawned. "Come now, have some venison and eggs." My stomach gurgled. Any kind of food sounded good now. I took a seat next to Ormil and began to eat. "Made quiet a profit last night. I think it was the luck of the lady, you know?" *Oh, the Lucky Old Lady... how I longed to go home...* "I was thinking it over last night," he talked between mouthfuls. "You work hard and I'd like to take you on as a permanent employee." I felt the coin purse's heavy weight against my skin. After payment, I would have enough for a horse and food and lodging all the way to Chorrol. I couldn't stay here.

"Ormil..." I paused. "I really would like to stay here, but I can't. You know I need to go west."

"For what? For what? This city can offer you everything and more than you would find anywhere in Cyrodiil!" He was suddenly excited and worried.

"I... cannot say. I need to leave today is all. I'm so sorry."

He sighed heavily. I felt so bad to disappoint him. "I suppose what is, is. I only hope it is worth it for you. People come from all over Tamriel to see the Imperial City."

"I know. I'm glad I had the

chance.” Ormil handed me a sack full of coins. My wage, I supposed.

“Be careful on your journey. I hear there’s trouble out west, near Kvatch.”

“I see. Take care, Ormil. Thanks again.”

Outside the sun was bright on my face and I felt suddenly rejuvenated, excited by finally moving along. At the stables, he was right; Snak Gra Bura did have a horse, one that she had resisted from eating. It was probably because it was an old and gamey looking mare.

“Because the Prince sent you, I’ll outfit her with some nice steel armor a little peace of mind for your journey. Off you go now!” The woman had relieved me of nearly half of my total gold. No wonder she was so pleased.

The horse was as advertised. An old thing, but still looked strong, and even a bit intimidating with all of that armor. All of this trouble I had gone through when the Nine could have just willed it up. After saddling up, I started off to Chorrol.

Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon 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

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

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.

Casting Call

Like what you see? I sure hope so.

Wanna get more? To subscribe, please send an e mail to: fanficmag@gmail.com with 'Subscription' in the subject line that is, if you haven't already .

The BGFS blog is at: [http://bg fs.blogspot.com/](http://bgfs.blogspot.com/) please go take a look.

Previous issues are available for free download at: <http://www.lulu.com/johnsstories>

Fan Fiction:

Got a great story you want to share? We'd love to read it: send contributions as text in the body of an e mail in the following format:

Subject line: *Contributing.*

First line: *Author's name, e mail address, Author's home page;*

Second line: *Genre WoD, Naruto, Warhammer, etc. , Story name, Word count;*

Text of Story.

Author's comments.

Send any pictures associated with the story as attachments to the e mail; unless otherwise stated, they'll be included in the Pictures Corner.

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.