

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns /

Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



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And now, a word from the editor:

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.

As the Threads come loose, <i>Kliban Katz</i> . . . . .	.Page 4
Star Fox: Aparoid Wars: Chapter 2: Nothing, <i>Neal</i> . . . . .	.Page 9
*Loonatics: Origins Prologue*, <i>Vitae Digest</i> . . . . .	.Page 12
CRUSADE PART 4, DOOM OF MORTALS, <i>A.J. Croft</i> . . . . .	.Page 13
Homeless Naruto, <i>DM Hammett</i> . . . . .	.Page 16
Take the Shot Chapter 1, <i>Nicole Gagnon</i> . . . . .	.Page 23
Pokemon the Truth Chapter 2, <i>Samuel Vorsa</i> . . . . .	.Page 26
Websites of Note . . . . .	.Page 30
Casting Call . . . . .	.Page 31

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# As the Threads Come Loose: Charity

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The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 3: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

## “Spitting Image”

Just outside of a week I trotted into the outskirts of Chorrol. I wasn't just looking for the city itself, I was looking for the Priory house just outside. I stared into the sky, looking so hard for the tall spires of the chapel that would jut into the sky, that I nearly missed the place as I rode up to it. I dismounted and sprinted up to the Priory house. *The heir must be here!* That long ride across the countryside gave me a lot of time to think about the Emperor's words. All of that reflecting had made me a bit stir crazy, perhaps. I burst through the door and interrupted the conversation of the nearest brothers.

“I'm looking for Martin! Martin? Where can I find him?” I was suddenly frantic, dying to see the Emperor's son. But the brothers stared defensively.

“I think you'd better see Brother Jauffre upstairs if you're looking for someone. He'd know how to find them.”

I tore up the staircase, made a left, and stared into an empty bedroom. I made a complete turn and ran in the opposite direction. On the other end of the room an older man was standing with one hand on a dagger which was on the desk before him. “Martin? I'm looking for Martin. Are you Jauffre?!” Why couldn't I calm down? My heart was in my throat. Suddenly I felt sick and began coughing.

“What is your business here? Why do you disturb us?”

“I... I have the amulet. The Amulet of Kings. I need to see Martin. That's his name, right? His Majesty wanted him to have it.”

“You have the amulet!?” His voice was louder than my own had been. I felt weak now, and I placed my weight on a chair.

“Yes...” I pulled it out of my breast pocket. “Here. It's of no use to *me* can't even wear the damned thing.” I panted and coughed. I had definitely caught something while poking around in the

wilderness. “His Majesty said the plane of Oblivion threatens us. How can it threaten us?”

“I am not sure.” He took the amulet from me and eyed it for a long time. I eased myself into the chair I was leaning on. After a length of time, Jauffre approached me with a look of pity. I coughed weakly. He blinked, and touched the glands on my neck. “Likely Blood Lung...,” he mused and with the application of his hands and a flash of light the heaviness in my chest began to subside.

“Thank you.” He only gazed again at the amulet. “Where is Martin?”

Jauffre sat down. “Brother Martin lives out his days as a priest of Akatosh in Kvatch. As far as he knows, his father was a farmer. It's a shame it can't remain that way. If it has come to this, the last and unspoken heir, things truly are bad. You must find him. Bring him back here. If the enemy was able to get to the Emperor, they are likely to know about Martin, too.”

“What good will bringing him back here do? Isn't he more at risk in a monastery?”

“I suppose I can't blame you for your ignorance. The Blades are supposed to be a secret. After this crisis, it is hard to believe that this Empire has any secrets anymore. Martin will be in good hands here, protected by the Blades that reside here at Weynon Priory. When it is safe, we will move him elsewhere. Go now to Kvatch and bring him here quickly. If the enemy knows anything about what's going on, they will attack there next.”

I departed for Kvatch shortly after, feeling better, but still quite lethargic and mentally worn down. It was a bit of a disappointment, not seeing the heir himself at the Priory, but I felt blessed by having the privilege to go fetch him. However, Kvatch was another rather long jaunt, and my funds were dwindling. If I didn't regain a proper diet, I might find myself in the same condition as Gra

Bura eating my horse.

Now it was southwest, venturing closer to the Valenwood border. It would have taken a week's time to get to Kvatch if I had traveled like I had to Weynon Priory, but this time I did it with such haste that it only took about four days. I had stopped off at the Chapel of Stendarr in Chorrol before my departure and used some weak restorative spells that were being taught there to keep myself alert during the journey. I was mildly proud of myself, having only stopped once for a full night's rest when I felt particularly ill. This evening, as I climbed the intimidating hills outside Kvatch, I could only pray that the Nine would keep me standing.

There was a heavy wind here, which blew around ash and cinders probably from a campfire, and I wouldn't have taken any notice to it had there not been such a foul smell in the air. Absolutely putrid, really. Like burning, rotting goblin flesh. Made my eyes burn. The sky was turning the color of lava and it looked as though a storm was being whipped up. *What was going on here?* As I rode up to what I thought was a little campers' settlement, yet not so much unlike Weye, an Altmer ran past me yelling for me to go back.

Confused, I dismounted. The old mare did not want to stay put, obviously upset by the weather, so I had to tether her to a tree. I approached a Redguard woman who was weeping on a bench.

"Ma'am? Are you alright?" I rested a hand lightly on her shoulder. Something terrible had happened here.

"It's gone... It's all gone..." she sniffled. "In the night... the whole city... gone in a flash. We didn't even see it coming. We're literally all that's left." Her face never left her hands.

How alarming. "What happened here last night?"

"We don't know. Daedra attacked the town. Something came through the gate and....it all went up in flames. Please, the guards would know more. Leave me."

She wept openly after that, and feeling shame having disturbed her, I decided to leave without another word. I looked around the camp and saw about ten people, both men and women, standing about idly outside of tents, or before campfires. Were they all that were left? They seemed to be lost, stuck; they were devastated. I asked a man where I could

find Martin, and he said he believed the priest was still holed up in the chapel with the faithful. So, there were still more of them. Their town was gone, but how could that be? Daedra never have attacked with such force that they could destroy a whole city. There was some terrible, perverted force at work here. I would see to it that the Nine would have the ultimate victory here.

The road wound around further up the mountains and seemed to lead to some burning place. The smell grew stronger. The goblin flesh smell I had identified earlier was clearly now the smell of burning human flesh. I was apprehensive to see the real damage as I came up the hillside.

There was a makeshift blockade that had been built up, presumably by the remainder of the Kvatch guard, and a small company of soldiers stood behind it. As I came closer to them, I must have made noise, for they all turned immediately to me, the archers ready to fire.

"Ho! A woman! Stand down, men!" Fear had welled up momentarily, but it subsided as the archers denocked their arrows. Several of them returned to keeping a watchful eye on something. Once I saw it, I was amazed that I had not seen at it first, the huge gate. Red and glowing, it spewed fire and brimstone. And death. It was nearly as tall as the city's walls themselves. What might come out of this gate was not something I would want to imagine, even in my darkest nightmare.

"What are you doing here?" He spoke again. "Get back down to the encampment with the rest of the townsfolk! This is no place for you, ma'am."

"Captain," I was sure that's who he was. The men seemed to hang on his every word. "I need you to let me by. There is a person I must find who I believe is still inside the city—Brother Martin, the priest of Akatosh. He needs to leave with me for Weynon."

"Ma'am, no one's getting in or out of here until that gate is closed. My men are working hard at keeping whatever is in that gate from escaping into the camp, and we have some of our other men working from inside the gate. Those holed up in the chapel will be escorted out in due time, please be patient. We need to first close the gate."

"How long have they been in

there?"

"Quite some time now. We expect they're close"

Probably dead then.

*Was this a spark of brilliance?* "I'll close the gate." *Or madness?*

"I'm sorry? Did I hear you right?"

You intend to close the gate when my men have yet to? Do you honestly believe that there is a way that I'd let you even attempt this? It's too dangerous for you, especially without armor or a real blade!"

"I protect myself in other ways, Captain. I go of my own free will. My blood will not be on your hands. If there is a single thing one learns from being raised in Bravil, it's how to look after oneself."

With a nod I passed him and his company by, past the wooden blockade, past the bodies of malnourished scamps. Have they really not seen Daedra before? Were they really threatened by such tiny minions of the false gods? These men were weak in their faith.

"Seize her!" I could see from over my shoulder that his men were fearful to move beyond the fence. "You fools! You want to let her kill herself? Stop her!"

They rushed after me, but it was too late. With a hot flash of light, I was inside.

It was rather hot and unpleasant inside the gate. I should say, on this plane of Oblivion. It was eerie, and the dead landscape was dotted with the charred corpses of unfortunate men. There didn't seem to be anything around at all. Where were these men the Captain sent in? Had they all been reduced to piles of ash? If there was something to keep this gate open, most likely it would be in a place of honor. I needed to find this place. With the casting of a shield spell, I darted off into the sweltering wastes.

If I met adversity, my first instinct was to run, not out of cowardice, I'd like to think. The object was not to kill every single Daedra found on this plane, but to find a way to shut them all inside as quickly as possible. I expected this would work as did other magical portals. Once the anchoring of the plane is disturbed, the portal would close, transporting foreign objects out and back to their home plane. If this did not hold true for these gates, plainly, I was in trouble.

By this time I was inside a tall spire lighted by flame. I held the key a trapped

guard informed me I would need, Menien I believe was his name, and proceeded to what he called the "Sigillum Sanguis." I needed to extract the Sigil stone, the seal, in order to destroy the anchor of the portal. I had been lucky. scamps and baby clannfear were relatively slow moving, and I could easily outrun them. The only difficulty I had was that I had exhausted my magic in shielding myself and shocking the dremora Sigil Keeper, frightening as he was, to death to get this key. By now the burn marks on my legs where the scamps had not quite missed me were really beginning to smart. I was so close though, and the lesser Daedra had to be gaining, so there was no time to rest and replenish.

The door into the keep opened and a fierce wind swept in. I took the time to lock the door behind me, for fear of the Daedra overwhelming me when they caught up. Now, I needed to take time to observe my surroundings. Certainly this seal would not be kept unguarded. I peeked around the corridor into the main room. It was an abhorring sight of flesh and blood strewn about as if for decoration. Walkways had been constructed from the red flesh stripped from the gods only know and fleshy looking pods hung from the sides covered in viscous mucus. When I gasped at this sight I truly got a sense of this disgusting display. The stench was above all I had ever encountered: a dirty, rotting meat odor that set the stage for the subtle smell of bile, feces, and blood. After this, I longed to smell the perfume of the Red Room in the bloodworks. I dashed into the open, foolhardy, but not as foolhardy as to try to endure that stench any longer. There was one of the stronger Daedra across the room, a dremora, and I caught its attention as I dashed past it. I tore up the spiked stairs and fleshy ramp to the upper level. I needed that Sigil stone. Quickly. I could hear its throaty screeches as I neared the top. It had to be right behind me.

But, then, I stopped. I vomited. I wasn't sure why at first, apart from the strong rank smell. It was a sack of flesh, a *breathing* sack of flesh. Had it been human? I felt tears well up. It moved ever so slightly, though hung open on metal hooks, and I swore that I could almost hear it moan in pain. But, then, I found myself on the ground.

Disoriented, it took me a moment

to get to my feet and stumble out of harm's way. The dremora had caught up with me, and had struck me from behind. My head was spinning and I was no where near where I needed to be to grab the Sigil now. I tried to fight my way back to the other side, knowing there was no way for me to kill this beast in my current state. All I had to do was snatch that burning stone from its pillar of flame and I could escape. I was lucky enough to evade the dremora's next blow and dashed to the stone. I immediately began to perspire when I neared it, and the flames desperately trying to lick my skin. I reached out for it and wailed in pain as the fire bit down hard on my skin. I latched onto the stone and pulled it back, out of the flames. It was as hot as scorched earth and I dropped it. My hands were bubbling up and cracking, bleeding from the intense heat. I cried and screamed. The world was coming down around me. I tried to run. I could feel my own flesh oozing, I screamed until my voice gave out. Everything cracking, bleeding, splitting, oozing. Then, all was black and quiet.

I could see light moving before my eyelids, but I could not open them. There was an intense pain as I tried to move my head. I couldn't cry out. Things grew dark again.

The light moved again. Now, I could open my eyes. There was someone kneeling over me. It was His Majesty. I have died. The world went black.

A hand was laid on me. My eyes flickered open. Things were blurry, then clear. Priests and parishioners stood over me. I was safe now. The gods had not forgotten their servant.

"It stirs."

*Wait. The Tiber Septim had never been a Khajiit.*

I sat up, furious. Well, I was furious, but I was still in such ill health that I couldn't keep my self upright long enough to protest. I pointed accusingly at the Khajiit in healer's clothes. His Majesty spoke again. He had a young voice. Told me to lay still. He said he will travel with me, as thanks, to the place I had told the Captain earlier. He knew the way. *Was I not dead?* I acquiesced, but only able to

voice it by murmuring. I could feel myself being moved. My skin no longer burned. It was a bumpy ride wherever I was off to.

There was war. There was yelling, the smell of blood, and angry voices. Worried voices. His Majesty was confused. Jauffre was there. He was upset. They moved me again. It grew cold.

It was so cold where I was now. I shivered. There were blankets, so I pulled them up around me. So cold. Where was I? My eyes opened and I slowly sat up. Things were okay now. The room was made of wood and it smelled faintly of oil. There wasn't much else here, but a line of empty bedrolls and armor strewn about. I had lost my coarse street linens, and they had been replaced with a dust colored robe. No undergarments. My hair was everywhere. I must have been incapacitated for quite a long time as my golden hair no longer even held the soft waves that would have been left behind from the braided buns. All was quiet. Slowly, I made my way to my feet.

I stepped into the outdoors. It was bitter cold and snowing. *How had I gotten so far up north?* The world was frozen. I pushed into the main hall of the building. There was a fire going, so it was warm here. My mind was still a bit numb, and my body, a bit stiff. I had trouble taking everything in. The ceilings were vaulted, with exposed beams, unlike any architecture I had seen. Standing before me in the main hall, clad in a clergyman's robes, was the Emperor. I fell to the ground out of respect, and due to the weakness that lingered in my knees.

"Your Majesty, I have failed you." I had not been dreaming; the Emperor was here before me. *I was dead. I was dead. I have failed.*

"Stop that now, and stand," he said, in a firm yet somehow bewildered way. "It is I that should be kneeling before you." He helped me to my feet. He must have understood the confusion in my eyes, this man. "You're a hero, or shall I say, heroine."

My eyes brightened. I understood. This was not the younger, heavenly figure of Emperor Uriel, this was Martin. Brother Martin. Martin Septim. My Emperor. His Majesty.

I fell to my knees.

Author's Notes:

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



# Star Fox Aparoid Wars Chapter 2: Nothing

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

Subject: Star Fox

Still a work in progress, thanks for reading

The panther crouched and turn around in the door way, knowing full well he was still in danger. His training kicked in, he checked the rooms cautiously. Making sure to stay away from all the windows. He then disappeared from my site. I turned to Mitch. "Not bad, make sure to get his name for me." Mitch chuckled. The Panther reappeared at the door. He started to make hand signals.....three snipers.....five hundred meters...artillery.....to the northwest.....seven hundred meters.

☐☐ "Northwest? Shit. That means that..Anglo is in for a big surprise." Said Mitch with a somewhat happy tone.  
☐☐ "I can't believe he didn't to recon! He's walking right into an ambush, shit!"  
☐☐ Suddenly the panther ran back inside. I turned around and saw what he was looking at. An Aparoid cruiser. About the size of a football field and completely covered in turrets. It moved at an extremely slow pace, yet struck fear into my heart so deep I could barely muster any words.

☐☐ "Everyone move you asses in side that building!" Before I even finished most were half way there. I grabbed Mitch who was still gazing at the ship. I ran as fast as I could. Foxes, wolves, and panthers alike were falling left and right, from not just the cruiser but from a platoon to our right. I cleared to the building, when I got inside there were two foxes and the panther, more were hopefully on the way. I crouched next to the panther.

☐☐ "What's your name private?"

☐☐ "Private Shangle, sir." he said with fear in his eyes.

☐☐ "Well that was one hell of a sprint private."

☐☐ "Th thank you sir." I started to walk away when a laser had pierced through the wall, one of the foxes fell to the floor wreathing in pain.☐

☐☐ "SHIT! I'VE BEEN HIT!" I rolled my eyes and reached to the other fox.

☐☐ "You have a med kit?" He nodded, his white eyes starred at me, he had some blood splatter on his face. "Well do you

know how to use it?" He gave a slight nod, but I could see from the fear in his eyes that he was in shocked. I ripped the case from his tight grip. "Ok private, where it at?"

☐☐ "I hurts.....near my leg! Make it fucking stop!"

☐☐ I told Shangle to keep him from squirming. I took off his jacket and tore a hole in the blood soaked shirt underneath. Mitch came up from behind me, ☐☐bringing in another wave of men.

☐☐ "Well what do we have here Sarge? I didn't know you did charity work."

☐☐ The fox tried to reach at the Corporal, but the pain from his wound prevented him.

"Shut the fuck up and help me cover the damn wound!"

☐☐ Mitch grabbed the Morphine 2H+ and poured it on the wound. Suddenly the fox stopped moving and looked at the hole. I could actually see the bone. I pushed his face away from seeing it, knowing that he would over react. I signaled the panther to take over from there. I quickly stood up seeing that all the windows had been broken out and there were no shutters, it was like a fish bowl. We were completely vulnerable. I quickly ducked hearing more lasers and bullets hit the walls. Mitch crawled over to me.

☐☐ "We got fifteen left sir."

☐☐ "Well, give Shangle a radio, he's in charge down here. Send the remaining vets upstairs, go go!"

☐☐ The volleys from the Aparoids had triple. I ran as fast as I could to the stairs. I ran and slid underneath the window and pulled out the scoped rifle. I searched through my top left pocket and pulled out the radio.

☐☐ "Come in Captain Anglo, Come in!" I heard static as a peeked through the scope. I saw the artillery shooting at us and about sixty aparoids within three hundred meters of the building.

☐☐ I pulled my head back down.

"Captain! Your going into an ambush come in!" Still static.

They were gone.

□□ "If we're going down let's take as many of those bastards with us" Mitch with two wolves ran up to the window with a Rocket launcher. Without hesitation, he pulled the trigger. The kick back threw him to the floor and he landed on his back. I peered again down the scope. He had only killed two aparoids, most simply jumped out of the way of the rocket. Mitch was stunned with disbelief.

□□ "Private Shangle, come in! Looks like we're really on our own! Keep heavy fire to the northeast! Keep all windows covered at spread them out to protect the building!" □

Static.

What now? We were doomed from the start. Now we have no one to...

□□ "Roger that Sarge! We're losing men quite fast! We're short on Ammo, not to mention morale is low!"

□□ "Good to hear your voice! Well tell the boys if we live the first round is on me!"

□□ "Looking forward to...." BOOM! The radio was knocked out of my hand.

□□ The Aparoid cruiser had launched a stinger at the front of the building. The floor underneath us shook, like it was made of soft clay. I looked around seeing that the middle of the wall we were at had been completely destroyed. I jumped to a corner of the building.

I felt the coldness of Loneliness and Despair.

□ All I could think of was death. No one could survive that kind of blast. It was four against five thousand. I looked up and saw the dark red sun. How beautiful it was, feeling its warmth knowing that I may never see it again. Mitch sat next to me, noticing my gaze. "Well Sarge, it's been real. Its 'Bout time to face the music." He said it as though it was completely natural. He gave me a quick salute. Pulled a grenade from his jacket, activated it, and stood up. □

He was dead before he hit the floor.

□□ Two giant holes formed in his chest. His brown, lifeless eyes just stared at me, empty and cold. I looked across the room. □ A panther was hit and crawling on the

floor. Trying to escape the deadly aparoid cruiser's barrage. I suddenly saw the panther's eyes turn completely white. "BOOM!"

□□ Mitch's grenade had rolled to the middle of the floor. The floor had disappeared where the panther had been, taking along with him my second corporal, Hem, who was trying to rescue him. I wiped my face, trying to get the splinters off. Looking at my hand, I saw blood. I didn't know whose it was, nor did I care. I simply stared at the sun and the dark red sky meeting the curvature of the planet. Ignoring the sounds of lasers and gun fire. Only hearing the sound of the wind blowing through the window next to me. Suddenly, I heard the cruisers thrusters activate, the cruiser was turning its bow. I leaned back, to peer over the brick and at the red sky.

□□ I saw the most awe inspiring sight. A Space Destroyer! and four Arwings! Two were firing at the ship, and two were firing at the aparoids on the ground. They moved with lighting speed, leaving a graceful blue trail of exhaust that followed wherever they flew, just as I remembered them on Corneria. They were like angels to me. I could barely form a sentence because of their beauty.

□ I shook Mitch's lifeless body in amazement, not caring. "We're saved Corporal! We're going to make it." I looked up and saw the fleeing aparoids. It was then that I entered a state of rage that no one person can describe. The veins in my eyes turned red and tears formed in my eyes, smearing some of the blood on my fur. My hands became so clenched from the hatred, that I believed that I could snap the rifle in half. They had done something unforgivable. I would make them pay.

**"RUN YOU FUCKING BASTARDS! I'LL HUNT EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU SHITS DOWN!"**

My voice cracked as I yelled. Believing it would bring them back. Make up for all the deaths and destruction.

An Arwing made a pass with a B Grade bomb. It caused a giant pillar of dirt to form a mile into the sky, killing most of them and throwing what remained of

bodies every which way. Dirt showered me, and made a burning sensation in my eyes.

"FUCKING TAKE THIS YOU BASTARDS, WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST HAVE DIED AND LEFT US THE FUCK ALONE!" I could barely hear my own voice it was so sore. There were no aparoids left but I didn't notice. I was simply yelling now, I pulled the trigger again and again. Until, nothing. I fumbled through my pockets for a clip, but I just collapsed, sobbing. Not moving.

Death surrounded me.

I had No energy.

Nothing to live for.

No Hopes.

Only death.

# \*Loonatics: Origins Prologue\*

By Vitae Digest <http://vitaedigest.deviantart.com>

Subject: Loonatics

\*Alexander 'Ace' Bunny

Age: 19 years, 8 months

Conditions: Sometimes wears glasses due to uneasy sight

Previous Occupation: Martial Arts movie stuntman

Muscle Tone Before: 3/5

Muscle Tone After: 4/5

Skill Before: 3/5

Skill After: 5/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 5th to be Hit

Re Awakening: 6th/Final to wake up from Coma

Lexi Bunny

Age: 17 years 11 months

Conditions: Mild depression

Previous Occupation: Acmetropolis

University student

Muscle Tone Before: 2/5

Muscle Tone After: 3/5

Skill Before: 3/5

Skill After: 5/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 2nd to be Hit

Re Awakening: 1st to wake up from Coma

Daniel 'Danger' Duck

Age: 18 years, 9 months

Conditions: Mild egoism, mild stress

Previous Occupation: Swimming pool cleaner, Ex student Behavioural

Expulsion

Acmetropolis

University

Muscle Tone Before: 2/5

Muscle Tone After: 3/5

Skill Before: 2/5

Skill After: 4/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 4th to be Hit

Re Awakening: 5th to wake up from Coma

Tod 'Tech' E. Coyote

Age: 19 years, 6 months

Conditions: Wears glasses, mild OCD, mild inferiority complex

Previous Occupation: Acme Institute

Technology senior, Acmetropolis

University

student + part time

tutor

Muscle Tone Before: 2/5

Muscle Tone After: 4/5

Skill Before: 3/5

Skill After: 5/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 1st to be Hit

Re Awakening: 2nd to wake up from Coma

Reed 'Rev' Runner

Age: 18 years, 5 months

Conditions: Mild stress, mild panic attacks

Previous Occupation: Quick Wrap

Sandwich Shack delivery boy, Ex student

3 Year Academic

Acmetropolis University

Muscle Tone Before: 2/5

Muscle Tone After: 3/5

Skill Before: 2/5

Skill After: 5/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 3rd to be Hit

Re Awakening: 4th to wake up from Coma

Samuel 'Slam' Tasmanian

Age: 23 years, 2 months

Conditions: Can suffer from mild dehydration

Previous Occupation: Professional wrestler

'The Twisted Spinner'

Muscle Tone Before: 4/5

Muscle Tone After: 5/5

Skill Before: 4/5

Skill After: 5/5

Position in Cosmic Storm: 6th to be Hit

Re Awakening: 3rd to wake up from Coma\*

# CRUSADE PART 4, DOOM OF MORTALS

A.J. Croft, truthwithinlies@live.com.au ,<http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/User:NoFuryLikeMine>

Subject: Warhammer 40,000

“Stand before me and die Scum!”

“The Lord Castellan will be avenged, meet your God Traitor!”

“You meet my master Khorne first... Bahaha!”

“Not today trai....”

The Black Templar's words were cut short as the Chainaxe of Karvis the Forsaken cleaved through the Space Marine's throat, removing his head from his shoulders. Watching the Astartes fall to the earth at his feet, Karvis reflected on the battle through the city as it had played out so far. The streets ran with the blood of the innocent and bodies littered the ground every step you went.

“The ritual seems to be proceeding as planned Skull Champion,” A voice spoke as it stepped from the shadows.

“Ensure you keep your end of the bargain Arthalax, or your head will be the next I mount,” Karvis growled as he turned to face the Sorcerer.

Arthalax the Warpbringer would not be an especially impressive sight, compared to the servant of Khorne, if it wasn't for the aura of power that constantly surrounded him. Despite the incredible dislike of sorcery that came natural to servants of the Blood God, Arthalax was necessary for the ritual to succeed.

The forces of Chaos made planetfall months prior to either the Orks or the Black Templars, all the while remaining covert in their activities. After several attempts to enter the main city and failing to do so, while also keeping their presence a secret, the Chaos Space Marines enacted a plan to bring a war to the world. Arthalax called upon the mighty power of the Warp and lured a great Space Hulk from the Immaterium, and the Greenskins that

were within. The appearance of the Space Marines turned out to be a bonus, creating havoc and bloodshed across the world and allowing the Karvis' personal warband, the Skull Reavers, to remain out of the fighting until the right time.

When the war reached the walls of the city Karvis needed to gain entry to, the Skull Reavers Warband mobilised and took their opportunity, knowing the Orks would bring explosives to bear. The death of the Warboss sent the Waaagh!! into disarray, and following the death of the Black Templar's Castellan at the Forsaken's own hands left the defenders leaderless.

“Skulls for the Skull throne my warriors!”

“Blood for the Blood God!” came the reply from Karvis' Warband, bringing a smile to his face, hidden underneath his helmet.

Arthalax the Warpbringer strode alongside the servant of Khorne as they approached the center of the city. “What is the next step in your plan Sorcerer?” Karvis asked of him.

“This area must be sealed from any disturbance, I need to be given time to complete the ritual and bring the great beast forth.”

“Do what you must, but be warned... do not fail me...,” The Forsaken allowed the threat to trail off as he stepped away and began organising his berserkers into a perimeter.

“I have much more to gain from this succeeding than you barbarian,” The Black Legion Sorcerer muttered under his breath as he continued towards the place he had designated as the central point of the ritual. Stepping amongst the various cultists and prisoners that had been assembled, Arthalax placed his staff before him and began to chant. The very air nearby seemed to shift and move under the warp energy that began flowing in and around

this focal point. The key was all in the timing and each Cultist had been instructed on their place and the timing involved. Failure would not be tolerated.

Not far from the activities of the forces of Chaos, Sword Brethren Barus stood before the assembled Black Templars. All that remained of the force that defended the city stood here, and with the death of both Castellans, Barus had assumed command.

“Sword Brethren, what is that?” another Astartes questioned, pointing and looking at the sky in the distance. The air could be seen vibrating and shifting.

“I'm not sure brother, but it cannot be good. We should investigate, perhaps this is the reason the Traitors are her.

The Black Templars Space Marines formed up into a defensible formation and set off towards the disturbance they had seen. The death and carnage in the streets was sickening to even these hardened warriors, such was the ferocity of the attack from the Khornate Berserkers that many of the people laying dead in the streets would never be identified.

Not even a hundred yards from the apex of the ritual, the Astartes spotted the cause of the problem, a Sorcerer of Chaos weaving his unholy abilities into a torrential vortex. Standing between the force of Templars and the Chaos Sorcerer stood a line of Berserkers. Amongst them stood the one who had slain Castellan Tyron mere hours earlier.

“No pity! No remorse! No fear brothers!” roared Sword Brethren Barus as he charged at the line Traitor Marines.

Karvis stood amongst his Skull Reavers, chuckling to himself as his Warband began moving restlessly, itching for the bloodshed that was soon to come.

“Hold dogs... do not charge yet or I will personally punish each of you,” Karvis warned his Berserkers.

The Space Marines were no more than a dozen yards away when the Skull

Champion's trap was sprung. Unlike many servants of Khorne, Karvis the Forsaken was a strategic thinker with an unnatural finesse on the field of war. He had been prepared for a full frontal attack from these servants of the False God, having fought them many times, and did not wish to mindlessly waste his Warband or risk a disruption of the ritual being performed no more than half a dozen yards behind him.

Without warning, the building walls either side of the Black Templars burst open, a large number of Khornates stepping forth and unleashing their full fury on their adversaries.

“Skulls for the Skull Throne!” the Forsaken roared and all the remaining warriors surrounding him entered the fray. The Skull Champion stood back to watch and prevent any escape his way from the enemy.

The Astartes that appeared to be leading the force had already passed through the battle at hand and headed straight for Khorne's Champion with a mighty roar. Millennia of experience assisted Karvis in avoiding every attack thrust his way. Choosing not to draw his weapons he dodged around the attacks sent his way.

“Give up stripling, you do not have the power to defeat me!” Karvis laughed as he spoke, sending the Astartes into a rage.

Sensing a change in the air behind him, and a distinct smell of the blood of thousands, Karvis decided to stop toying with his opponent, grabbed him by the throat and easily knocked the weapon from his hand.

“If you are so interested in what is here, let me show you.” Karvis spoke as he walked back towards the ritual, all the while clutching the struggling Astartes by the throat.

The ritual was reaching its climax. Arthalax bellowed out the words of power to bring it to fruition as the Cultists surrounding him, almost simultaneously, thrust a knife through the heart of the prisoner they each had. The streets were flooded with blood, bodies littered the

ground, the circle of power was coated in the blood of the innocent as those just slain bled profusely. Only one piece remained for the Sorcerer. Drawing on the warp energy surrounding him, he pulled the souls of the Cultists from their bodies. The looks on their faces as they realised they had been betrayed were the last expression they would ever make as their very essence was drawn from them and offered to the Entity waiting in the warp.

With a tremendous blast of wind, a tear in the fabric of reality opened. From it stepped a beast from the nightmares of mortals. Grey skin covered rippling muscles and several large horns decorated his head, from which flowed a mane of fiery hair. Great bat like wings blotted out the sun for all below. Zarkhol the Implacable had stepped forth, the High Handed Slayer of the Blood God had once again entered the mortal realm and was a sight to behold.

“Slaughter! Blood for the Blood God!” The mighty Bloodthirster roared.

Far below the towering height of the

Author’s Notes:

This is the continuation of the story begun in issue 1, continued in issue 2 and then followed by issue 7 of BGFS. Hope everyone enjoys the read as much as I enjoyed writing it... If you do not have access to the previous parts of the story and would like to read them you can find them at [http://warhammer4okfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Crusade\\_Series](http://warhammer4okfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Crusade_Series) . Look forward to Part 5 and the continuation of the story soon to come.

World Breaker, Karvis the Forsaken threw the Space Marine at his hoof where he immediately rose to his feet and backed away from Zarkhol. Looking down at the small inconvenience, the Daemon of Khorne bellowed with laughter as he buried his great axe in the ground nearby. Reaching down and grabbing the Astartes in his great claw. Almost immediately Sword Brethren Barus of the Black Templars began to burn in the fiery grip he was held in.

“Doom has come to all your kind on this world mortal. You however will not see it.” Zarkhol growled as the Black Templar screamed in agony. With a last horrific scream the Sword Brethren spontaneously combusted in a fiery explosion, what remained burned up in the grip of the great beast.

At his hooves knelt Karvis the Forsaken, the Skull Champion waiting for the Greater Daemon to finish with his fun. “I have brought you to this world mighty Zarkhol as the Blood God wished, what would you have us do?”

# Homeless Naruto

By DM Hammett dm.hammett@sasktel.net

## I don't own Naruto!

- o o o -

Moving his bushy tail, a black furred fox blinks sleepily upon raising his head.□□The fox yawns mightily before beginning to stretch.□□With a shake of his body, the black fox leaves his den.

He glances out of the entrance for a few minutes before finally exiting out of the tunnel.□□Once fully outside, the black fox explodes and when the smoke clears, Naruto sighs softly while staring up at the dawning sky.□□The young genin frowns while pulling at his shirt.

With a simple puff of smoke, his outfit changes to that of an orange jumper.□□ *I really do need new cloths...* □□Naruto thinks to himself as a bunch of shadow clones puff into existence.

Wordlessly, the clones leap away, many altering their appearance as they head off to their destinations.□□Naruto stretches for a while before his stomach finally begins to rumble and ache.□□The blond reaches into a hole in the tree and takes out his money purse, the one shaped like a frog.

Pocketing the wallet, Naruto then moves to the tree opposite and searches around for strand of ninja wire that will lead him to his clone made breakfast as one of his clones had taken a job in a restaurant, giving him a surprisingly steady source of meals.□□Naruto makes a simple seal and the earth opens up after he follows the ninja wire to the hiding spot.

The blond genin takes the box from the hole and the walls of dirt collapses, filling the hole.□□Naruto unties the wire from the box and pockets it as he walks over to the first training ground his team had trained at.□□Upon sitting upon one of the logs, he opens the box and begins to eat the cold meal a clone of his packed last night.

*I can't believe it's been two months since I was thrown out of my apartment...* □□He thinks

as he counts how many weeks its been since he managed to graduate from the academe.□□ *Still haven't learned who stole my rent either...□□I'll never find them it seems, even if I make a clone for every grown man and woman.*

Naruto pulls away from such thoughts as he doesn't want to follow a certain Uchiha's example on dealing with the past.□□ *Need to take it day by day and look to the future.* □□The blond tells himself, trying to ignore the more sarcastic voice whispering, *Like having a sh#tload of money will get us a new apartment or nice stuff.□□Still don't see why we just don't use Henge to look like somebody else and rent a house or something instead of living under a tree like a forest creature...*

Finished with the breakfast bento, Naruto closes the lid before dropping off the top of the log.□□Without really thinking about it, Naruto begins to head for the meeting point while to distract himself, Naruto reviews the latest memories of his clones, particularly the one one working as a clerk at one of the bookstores in town.□□The owner doesn't seem to mind if their employees read while manning the counter, so that clone has been reading a wide array of things and has over heard a lot of gossip.

Sasuke grunts out a greeting as the blond genin arrives.□□Naruto just grins and waves merrily at his usual brooding team mate before glancing around for Sakura.□□Not seeing their pink haired team mate, Naruto allows the grin to fade and his shoulder to sag slightly before sitting down a few feet from Sasuke, trying to recall what he had been thinking about before Sasuke's greeting.

A few minutes pass and the sun has driven the last of the night away, Sakura finally show up.□□Naruto shouts out his greeting, which Sakura ignores to coo out a greeting to Sasuke.□□The blond acts disappointed but over the weeks of being part of team seven, Naruto's crush on Sakura has faded.

It's amazing what Naruto's new life style



has done to his perception on the world around him, but then the blond genin likely never imagined that he would find himself hunting in the forest for supper every night nor consuming what he caught raw, even though he usually ate it while in the form of whatever predator he shape shifted into, mainly a fox although Naruto has taken the form of a cat to catch squirrels or that of a weasel to hunt rabbits down in their holes.

Such a life style is beginning to leave its mark upon the young container, physically and mentally. The blond's muscles have become toned and skin more tanned. The blond has also begun to take note of the fitness level of his team and has found Sakura lacking in this. It only frustrates him that she's not even trying to correct this either, nor does it help that the pink haired genin is on a diet, meaning she's starving herself even though she's got a kitchen full of food, something that Naruto would love to have.

*Stupid pride... We could have found a place to rent if you'd just Henge so we don't look like ourselves... How is Henging into animals any different then Henging to look like a different person? At least then we wouldn't be living out in the surrounding training fields... Hunting and eating mice and ground squirrels for our supper.* A certain voice pipes in and Naruto continues to ignore it.

Kakashi arrives an hour before noon, Sakura shouts that the man is late while he just gets up off the ground. As the blond genin brushes off his pants, the silver haired jonin announces that they'll be eating lunch before heading to the tower to pick up missions after getting cut off upon trying to explain why he's so late with Sakura declaring the man a liar.

Naruto didn't care as his stomach seems fairly happy with this announcement. It didn't take long for him to fall into his usual act of begging/pledging for them to eat at his favorite restaurant. It has been three days since the blond had eaten at that Ramen bar, he has taken to avoiding the place since Iruka sensei has been subtly inquiring about any changes in his life.

Naruto didn't want his old teacher's pity

for when Iruka learns of his situation. The blond also doesn't want to be a burden on his older brother/father figure nor get Iruka targeted by the villagers for harboring the 'Kyuubi'. Naruto knows its only a matter of time before people discover his situation and has come to both dread when it is made known and relief for not having to keep it a secret.

Hinata sighs as yet again, Naruto doesn't arrive to his apartment building now that it's supertime. The young heiress has grown to worry about her crush as she has come to discover that Naruto can't be found anywhere in the village and not for a lack of searching on her part either.

True, for the first month of becoming a genin, Hinata has found herself busy doing things with her team and on matter concerning her personal life. When she began to get free time to try and visit with her crush, she had hung around the rather infamous Ramen bar on and off for the first week of the new month.

Then about two weeks ago, Naruto stopped visiting the bar all together during the evening. Hinata hadn't thought much of it, just assuming that her crush has taken to doing more nighttime training and thus began to sometimes hang around Naruto's apartment building, telling herself that she's only doing so to be there encase Naruto needed some medical attention.

*Maybe I should take a closer look of his apartment?* Hinata wonders timidly, although her imagination decides to play out what if Naruto arrives to catch her doing so...

Hinata shakes her head and frowns more deeply, after all, if Naruto is consistent then the blond preteen wouldn't be arriving tonight either. Finally forming a resolve, Hinata walks up the wall of the apartment building and looks into Naruto's apartment window to discover it barren as there wasn't even any furniture within it.

So startled by this, Hinata activates her bloodline limit to examine the apartment in depth and discovers nothing in the

fridge, the cupboards, bathroom, or in the dressers. □□ *Naruto moved?* □□ Hinata wonders but frowns as she thinks over that idea, after all, the village really hates Naruto and its unlikely Naruto would be able to move out of this apartment building without earning chuunin or maybe jonin pay.

As Hinata lands upon the ground, the young Hyuuga thinks about what her next course of actions should be and in the end, decides to speak with Kurenai sensei, hoping her jonin instructor will know how best to proceed.

"Can I help you?" □□ The manager of the apartment building Naruto has been living in for years asks the jonin, chuunin, and genin, also known as Kurenai Yuhi, Iruka Umino, and Hinata Hyuuga.

"We would like to know if you possess a change in address for one of your former tenants." □□ Iruka asks the balding owner of the building. □□ "It seems I've lost the slip containing their new address."

The building manager frowns, trying to think of who has moved out of the apartment complex recently. □□ "A name would help me remember." □□ The man says politely, after all, it's best not to irritate ninja as they are fully capable to destroying buildings as easily as one rips cardboard.

"Naruto Uzumaki." □□ Iruka says and narrows his eyes as the man suddenly straightens. □□ It seems that his former student's name did jog something loose.

"Why do you want to know about that... thing? □□ I was fully in my rights!" □□ The building owner declares rather loudly and angrily. □□ "He didn't pay his rent on time!"

"Why should he be paying you rent at all? □□ I'm fairly sure that the Hokage would love to know what's become of the monthly payments he makes to you in regards to Naruto's rent." □□ Kurenai says frostily.

Hinata despairs at the idea of Naruto being homeless while Iruka suddenly sports a

minor aura of killing intent at the thought of this... this man taking not just the Hokage's money but a portion of Naruto's orphanage fund as well.

"I believe our leader would love to speak with him. □□ Perhaps we should escort him in ourselves?" □□ Iruka asks Kurenai.

"I believe it's only proper." □□ The jonin agrees and the man pales while beginning to look like he's torn between fainting and having a stroke.

"Ah, Kakashi. □□ Come, have a seat." □□ Hiruzen Sarutobi, more commonly known as the Third Hokage, says to the current instructor of team seven.

The silver haired jonin enters and closes the door behind him while still holding a certain orange book. □□ Kakashi couldn't help but find alarms going off within his mind as the jonin studies his superior officer. □□ *This likely won't end well.*

"How is team seven coming along?" □□ Hiruzen inquires while cleaning his pipe. □□ "Has any of your students' behavior changed much since you've had them?"

Somehow, Kakashi gets the feeling that he had better give this his full attention or else there will be dire consequences.

□

□

"Rumor has it you got kicked out of your apartment! □□ What did you do? □□ Slip dye into the manager's shampoo one too many times?" □□ Kiba asks while coming to stand by their table while they wait for their orders.

Naruto just stares at Kiba, he hadn't expect Kiba to be the one to breach the topic. □□ Oddly enough, the blond genin had always pictured Iruka or the old man Hokage to be the first ones to bring it up before it circulates through the village.

"Where did you hear that?" □□ Naruto asks Kiba after Sakura screeches about how he's homeless and why he never told

them. □□ The blond genin could only guess that ignoring pinkie will likely come bite him at a later date but he rather deal with Kiba's inquiry now then to get into an argument with his team mates. □□ *Wonder when Kakashi will get back?*

"Kurenai was telling Asuma about it while we were doing joint training with them." □□ Kiba answers while Sakura is steaming from him not answering her questions. □□ "Although Ino seemed to go pale upon hearing about it while Shikamaru mutters how troublesome."

As Sakura begin to speak at Naruto, the blond finds himself puzzled as to why the news would affect Ino since they weren't that close. □□ But couldn't ponder it long Ino arrives at the table with an older blond guy who Naruto decides muse be her father cause of the resemblance, causing Sakura to leave off. □□ It also seems as though they've suddenly become the center of attention of the restaurant.

"Uzumaki, my daughter has something to say to you." □□ The blond jonin who's it seems is Ino's father says to him after Kiba retreats from his position at their table, making room for the two newly arrived blond ninja. □□ "Don't you, princess?"

*Do all fathers call their daughters princess?*  
□□ Naruto wonders briefly as he turns to look at Ino. □□ "Huh?" □□ Naruto says.

"I took muffle muffle." □□ Ino says, making sounds after the word took. □□ Ino's dad gives her a stern look and Ino just grumbles a bit before saying, "Fine! □□ I headed to your apartment after Asuma dismissed us to talk with you but I slipped on your rug and fell on your potted plant. □□ I wasn't thinking and decided to take some of your money to pay for dry cleaning, I didn't think you'd miss a few bills since there were so many in the envelop."

"So you didn't take the whole rent?" □□ Naruto asks and Ino nods. □□ "But then, what happened to the rest of it?" □□ The blond wonders and Ino couldn't help but shrug and shake her head.

Ino's father suddenly gets a dark look and

after father and daughter stare at each other, the temperature goes down as Ino gives her father a bewildered look. □□ "Ino, tell your mother I'll be working late, ok honey?" □□ The man says before leaving.

"..." □□ Nobody at the table seems to know what to say. □□ *I thought somebody stole it all... What creep still accepted that money!*  
□□ Naruto thinks and despite everything, the blond still felt something at this betrayal from his previous landlord.

Although Naruto couldn't help but feel baffled and a bit hurt by Ino's thief of a few bills, he could, kind of, understand why Ino hadn't thought much of taking a few bills when it appears as though he wouldn't miss a few. □□ *Stupid villagers... It's their attitude and treatment that's Ino and most of my classmates follow the example of.* □□ The blond genin thinks as Ino sits down next to Sakura.

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Naruto glances around the edge of the forest where his current den is located. □□ It had taken him about two weeks to perfect an earth jutsu so that he wouldn't have to spend hours upon hours of digging out a new den whenever he woke to find a team training within a mile or two of his den.

The sun is setting and he had thought of sticking around the village to buy super but Naruto just didn't feel like being stared at and hearing whispered conversation about the latest scandal concerning him. □□ The blond genin just wanted to return to his den where its quiet.

Even now, outside of the village does he feel as if somebody is watching him. □□ With a sly grin, Naruto creates thirty one shadow clones and uses the puff of smoke to take the form of a weasel. □□ The clones dart off and after a few minutes, a very dirty yellow furred weasel uncurls himself.

With a body shake, the weasel bounds forward, heading off in the direction of his den. □□ Naruto the weasel waits a few feet before taking the form of a black fox and trots right to his tree and enters into his den.

Hinata hadn't chased off after the shadow clones like the rest of the genin assigned to track down where Naruto is living as she had seen something happen that lead her to believe that Naruto had tricked them.

After a few minutes, a mountain weasel darts off and she only pauses a few seconds before following after. The shy Hyuuga felt glad she had as that weasel suddenly becomes a black fox that continues to move through the forest. Hinata's a bit baffled about a few things as she follows the fox through the forest.

Then, the fox disappears under some roots. She waits a few minutes before taking a look at the spot to discover a tunnel. Activating her bloodline limit, the heiress discovers the fox resting in a den that seems to be a circle with a diameter of four feet and is about three feet down under the tree. The den allows for a good three feet in height. Not much seems to be within the den but the fox that might be her crush.

Allowing her bloodline limit to fade, Hinata then begins to look around this section of forest, looking for signs that would prove that Naruto was indeed the black furred fox. She found a wire by the base of the tree that the entrance of the den is facing, activating her bloodline limit once again, she traces the wire to a bento box hidden about a foot under ground.

"Hinata! What are you doing here?" Sakura asks her after she memorizes the area. "Can you believe it? I followed one of his clones! Where is the idiot anyway? When I find him, I'm so giving him a piece of my mind for making me look for him!" The pink haired genin continues within seconds, not even waiting for her to answer the question.

Hinata doesn't say anything as they begin to leave the site of the bento box. It also seems that Sakura was in the mood to vent so her crush's crush soon stops talking about Naruto to lamenting about Sasuke's continuous rejections and

declaring that one day she'll be the Uchiha's wife, something the pink haired genin couldn't wait to hold over Ino's head.

Hinata only listened with half an ear as she's trying to figure out how Naruto could get into such a tight space while wearing a Henge. After all, a Henge is an illusion one casts upon themselves to make them appear as though they were somebody else. It doesn't cause any real changes to the body, so it should be impossible for Naruto as a fox to fit into that tunnel since it's only a foot wide.

Naruto woke and stretches. He even sat down and used a back paw to scratch an ear before walking down through the tunnel leading up and out. The black fox pauses once more by the entrance and glances around outside of the den, his ears perked up.

A sharp snap of a twig causes Naruto to lay down to try and glance in the direction of the noise. The black fox thinks about it and decides to retreat into his den. He decides to wait a while before trying to leave once more.

Hinata sighs as the fox retreats back into the main den. The young heiress glances over to where Ino is standing. The blond girl gives her a look that clearly says, 'what did I do?'

Hinata just shakes her head and tries to get more comfortable as it seems it's going to be a while before the fox tries to come out from under the tree.

"Is he coming out?" Ino asks using the radio.

"He heard you stepping on that twig and retreated back in." Hinata answers softly. She hears Ino curse softly.

About an hour later, the black fox that might be Naruto finally comes to the entrance once more and after a few heart wrenching minutes, the fox finally comes out, allowing them to have a good view of him. Smoke engulfs the spot and suddenly Naruto is standing there.

Naruto stretches a bit and then reaches into the tree, pulling out his frog wallet. □□Naruto pockets the wallet and then glances around the forest while walking up to that tree that has that wire. □□As Hinata and Ino watch, Naruto pulls the wire, following it to the bento box.

Once Naruto's out of sight upon picking up that bento box, Ino and Hinata move from their hiding spots to check the tunnel. □□They touch the tunnel entrance to find it very much solid. □□Even using the genjutsu cancel doesn't alter at all.

"Let's see if this works..." □□Ino says and with a single hand sign, Ino's form become that of a cute blond fox. □□Ino curses after trying to enter into the tunnel, the Henge gets canceled while Ino rubs her head.

"Ok, there's got to be more to this than that..." □□Ino says and Hinata just sighs as she tries to think some other reason for Naruto to move through solid ground but just keeps coming back to the idea that Naruto really does shape shift when he does Henge.

"Maybe we should ask Naruto to demonstrate how he did that?" □□The shy Hyuuga wonders out loud in a soft tone, but it seems as though Ino's ears were sharper than what Hinata had expected.

"Sounds good to me! □□Let's go!" □□Ino says and Hinata soon follows after the mind walker.

They found Naruto sitting not far from the MIA tribute. □□"Are you a kitsune?" □□Ino asks as soon as they arrive within sight of the other blond genin, Ino stomps up to the log that Naruto is sitting on.

"Wha? □□What makes you ask that?" □□Naruto asks upon swallowing what's in his mouth as the preteen boy looks at Ino like a deer caught in the beam of a flashlight.

"You're living under a tree, you came out in the form of a black fox, and most of the adults don't like you, some have been known to call you the Kyuubi brat!" □□Ino

tells Naruto much to Hinata's chain grin.

"I knew they called me that but they shouldn't... □□I mean, the law!" □□Naruto mutters out dumbly as the blond boy tries to wrap his head around the idea that Ino and Hinata has seen him go from fox to human.

"Law? □□What law?" □□Ino demands.

Naruto manages to close his mouth and glance off to the side, mind racing about in panic, trying to think of how to defuse this without revealing about his burden. □□"If you know what it's about then you'll be subjected to the law. □□If you speak of it, you'll either be jailed or killed, so do you really want to know more?" □□Naruto asks his fellow blond genin.

Ino didn't believe it for a moment but Hinata touches her shoulder and shakes her head. □□"Don't, he's right. □□It's S ranked in nature and it's safer for you not to know." □□The typically shy girl tells Ino.

Ino swallows, while she might not have believed Naruto on this, but that look Hinata gave her made her believe that there is a law. □□*I'm going to get to the bottom of this, just not now and preferably from my parents.* □□Ino thinks.

"You know?" □□Naruto asks Hinata and Hinata suddenly realizes who had been around to hear her. □□The shy girl had been more intent on calming Ino down than that she totally forgot about her crush's presence.

Hinata nods woodenly, her face totally flushed. □□Naruto just kind of stares down into his breakfast bento. □□"Ah..." □□Was all Naruto could think of saying.

Ino glances between the two, her arms crossed and shaking her head at the pair's antics. □□*I wonder if I shouldn't... mean, they would be good for each other, won't they?* □□The blond girl thinks.

"Anyway, if you're not a kitsune, how is it you can fit into such a small hole? □□And don't say Henging into a fox cause I tried that!" □□Ino asks after a few minutes of

awkward silence.

Naruto gives Ino a confused look. "But that's all I do to get into the den. It should have worked." The blond demon container thinks. "I mean, I'm beginning to get why Henging into birds don't allow one to fly, who knew it was tiring always flapping your arms? I'm also pretty good at transforming into a kunai. I'm working on transforming into reptiles and into larger creatures like rhinos and elephants."

Ino and Hinata kind of stare up at Naruto, each wondering if the blond boy attended the same classes on that jutsu as they had. "Ah, Naruto? Henge jutsu is an illusion that surrounds your body. It's not an actual transformation." Ino explains and Naruto gives them a bewildered look.

"Eh? When have did they teach that?" Naruto wonders before biting into what's between his chop sticks.

"When they introduced the three basic jutsus." Ino says.

"I think I was sent out of class during that one. I only learnt about them from watching you guys perform them." Naruto admits, using his free hand to rub the back of his head.

"Didn't you read the scroll on them?" Ino asks and Naruto says, "There's a scroll? All I ever got were these note sheets summarizing what the jutsus do."

"What a minute... You learnt the Replacement jutsu, Clone jutsu, and the Henge jutsu from watching us perform them? With no help or advice at all?" Ino asks, suddenly wondering if

Naruto really was as stupid as he acts since if he did then...

"I never really perfected the Clone one, I'm better at Shadow Clones than I ever was with that one." Naruto admits, not very comfortable about discussing their academy days. "I began skipping class cause the teachers would only allow me to attend the boring lessons like history, math, and once time I was eleven, taijutsu."

*If they would go that far to keep Naruto down by kicking him out of those kinds of lessons, then what did they sabotage during the main lessons when they couldn't avoid teaching us when he's in the class?* Ino wonders after a few minutes of trying to wrap her mind around the idea that not only was Naruto's education been sabotaged, but Sasuke's and her own as well.

*I can't believe this is my new apartment...*

Naruto thinks as the blond boy just stands at the open door. *I can't believe I don't have to pay rent either... I wonder how the old man pulled that one off?* He wonders as he enters into the apartment, the large window providing light for the apartment.

The kitchen table seems covered in gifts and upon approaching the table, Naruto discovers that the majority of the gifts come from ninjas with only two coming from the owners of his favorite restaurant. Even though the young boy had long ago promised to never cry again, Naruto gets slightly choked up while tears well up at the gifts as he's never had this many before.

"Best day ever!" Naruto declares after wiping his face in his sleeve.

The End

Subject: Team Fortress 2 TF2

I don't know exactly what I had been expecting when I got on that train out to nowhere. The contract had been thick, long and worded in some form of English that had been created solely to confuse. In all honesty after the first ten pages or so I had just skimmed the rest, rereading parts that seemed more important before I went ahead and signed it. Now though... if someone asked me, I really don't think I could remember what it all said. I had just wanted to get away I think, far far away. So yeah, I signed it.

□

□□□□□□ And yeah, I don't know what I had been expecting as I sat in the empty train car watching the barren scenery go by, but I'm pretty certain it wasn't my being tied up in a holding cell over on Red turf. I had expected to be killed eventually, but taken prisoner; I didn't think that sort of thing really happened. At least... the contract had said nothing about that in the slightest, but then again, maybe that was one of the parts I skimmed over too quickly. All I know is that I wasn't going to tell them anything, but I doubted I had anything valuable to divulge either way. If they didn't know that though I'd probably be alive for longer. It really didn't take a genius to figure out who had whacked me over the head when my back was turned, most especially since I had checked behind me just a second before that. I thought I'd heard the floor creak, should have followed my instincts, not my eyes. Spies... hate 'em. Well, at least the Red ones. Question is why ain't I dead?

□

□□□□□□ The answer to that was just around the corner though. The lock latch to the door was loud, in no way stealthy, but why did it need to be? If you were in this cell, obviously you didn't have the upper hand. I just closed my eyes and tried to feign still being unconscious, maybe they'd go away...

□

□□□□□□

□

□□□□□□ There was the sound of something metallic that followed along with the footsteps softly and the young Blu Sniper only realized what it was from when the wave of ice cold water slammed against her. She jolted forward from the startling 'awakening', immediately regretting the automatic reaction as the ropes that tied her hands around the back of the chair cut into her skin and wouldn't release the sharp pressure as the chair tipped from it all. The gradual forward motion of her body and the chair seemed suspended much longer in the apex of the shift than it actually was as all her weight kept the ropes taut and it felt like the skin there was going to rip apart against them. Her brow pinched together as two fingers planted themselves against her forehead and ceased the movement.

□

□□□□□□ "Ah bon, you are awake ma Chère." The European man said in a very naturally casual manner, as though this was an example of the utmost ordinary of things. With a nudge back in the proper direction with his index and middle fingers, all four legs of the chair met and settled on the ground once more and he found a very angry pair of hazel eyes set upon him from under long wet bangs plastered to the woman's dripping face. The Red Spy simply smiled amiably back and tossed the empty bucket to one side of the room, it was no longer needed.

□

□□□□□□ "You damn fucking wanker...!" The Blue Sniper growled out, and pulled at her hands to see if there was any way at all of getting them free so she could ring his neck. She ended up just jostling herself and the chair a bit, until the pain of the skilled ties forced her to cease the effort.

□

□□□□□□ “Tsk tsk, zhat is no manner for a young lady to speak, now iz it?” He asked still with his calm tone and genuine smile on his lips.

□

□□□□□□ “Goddamnit, Frenchie! Let me go!” She barked and tried to pull at the ties connecting her ankles together in a criss cross fashion this time. They had been tied just as well and as tight.

□

□□□□□□ “Ow absurd. If I simplement was going to untie you, I would not have gone to zhe effort of it in zhe first place, oui?” He crouched down a bit to be more level with her face and pulled away the wet brown hair that had slicked itself to her features and then wiped some of the water from her cheek. “Plus agréable?”

□

□□□□□□ She couldn’t help but twitch while trying not to pull away from his gloved hand and give him the satisfaction of a reaction. “Don’t touch me.” She muttered darkly in response.

□

□□□□□□ “Perhaps I should ‘ave brought a second bucket to ice off your temper.” He smirked slightly and patted her cheek firmly a couple of times in response. “No matter, I expected zhis. You snipers are all zhe same, so quick to anger.”

□

□□□□□□ “So sorry, I ain’t just peachy with being bludgeoned and dragged tah this shithole.”

□

□□□□□□ “I did not drag, I carried, and very diligently.” He said seemingly proud that he was such a ‘gracious’ kidnapper.

□

□□□□□□ “... Kudos, mate. Yer a bloody

saint.”

□

□□□□□□ “Avec all zeh things I could have done, you ‘ave no idea, ma Chère.”

□

□□□□□□ She sneered at the comment, not alright with what he meant by it. “I’m not goin’ teh tell yeh anything.” She said off the bat to close that road straight away.

□

□□□□□□ “Iz zhat what you think I am wanting?” He asked with an air which made her think otherwise very quickly. But maybe that was exactly what he wanted. Reaching into the inside pocket of his jacket, she was sure he was getting his knife, only to pull out his metal cigarette case and get himself one from it. She turned her head away from him as he gestured the case to her, subtly offering her one. Shrugging the ‘no’ off he stood up, tucked the case away once more and leaned against the table in the room while he lit the cigarette. He took his precious time with the thing, puffing it bit by bit as he leaned in private thought, glancing over to her occasionally. The hateful hazel eyes hadn’t left him once since he’d taken his smoke break; he had to admit he was somewhat impressed with how long she could hold a glare of such magnitude. “What iz zhe saying? ‘If looks could kill’, or quelque chose comme ça?”

□

□□□□□□ “Something like that...”

□

□□□□□□ He smiled again in return, making the woman wish she’d not given him an answer at all. He blew smoke out the side of his mouth and picked up her hat that had been sitting on the table along with her glasses. Her gaze moved to the articles she could see and frowned slightly as there was no sign of her weapons being there as well. It wasn’t a crime to hope the spy was sincerely foolish. Her gaze shifted back to him though as he spoke again, “Let’s get down to buziness then shall ” He



didn't quite get to finish his thought before a horn sounded over the P.A. system, and the man sighed and looked down to his watch. "I must have lost track of zhe time." He stood up straight once more and readjusted his sleeves.

□

□□□□□□ "Wha? Yer goin'?"

□

□□□□□□ He looked up from his cuffs with a grin renewed on his lips. "Zhere are things to be done. Do not fret, Cherie I shall be back at cease fire." He picked up the orange glasses on the table though and unfolded them carefully before placing them on his face. "I 'ope you do not mind, I am going to borrow zhese." He said with some smooth finality, and she watched with inward horror as he shifted forms in front of her. It was uncanny how much it felt like she was looking into some strange sort of mirror. He had her pegged down right to the freckle and it turned her stomach to think of how well it might fool her team mates.

□

□□□□□□ "You sonuva !" She had a list

of choice words for him, but he'd been very quick to pull out his handkerchief and gag her with it before she'd gotten to start in to it. Which was most likely his reason for it. She tried still to curse and swear despite the muffling but took in a sharp breath as he tied it so tightly that it actually hurt. She bit down on it to still the pain it gave, and sent him a cold glare as he headed out.

□

□□□□□□ "Be good while I am at work." He said before closing the door, the heavy latch and lock clinching closed loudly again.

□

□□□□□□ The Blu Sniper sat there alone in silence for a long moment and after it was apparent the Spy was not coming back, she screamed in anger into the handkerchief in her mouth and tried to rip her hands and ankles free of their restraints in a short moment of shear rage. After too much pain from it all she settled down once more and the patient nature that was required for her job set in. She'd give her wrists some rest before trying again to more carefully and meticulously see if there was anything that could be done about her restraints.□

Author's comments: For fun and friends. Hope you enjoyed.

## Pokemon the Truth Chapter 2

□

By Samuel Vorsa, [Fishenut123@aol.com](mailto:Fishenut123@aol.com), <http://sam4765.deviantart.com/>

Subject: Pokemon; what did you think?

I felt myself drift in and out of sleep, I saw colors I can't even begin to describe, and my body wouldn't move.□□"Am I dead?" I thought to myself.□□

"No you are not." I heard a deep voice rumble.

"Who're you?" I asked, my mouth barely able to move.

"Right now that is not important, I'm glad you're finally coming Riko, you are about to enter a world that you believe is fictional, but believe me, it is very much real!"□□I tried to speak, but my mouth wouldn't listen to me.□□I fell unconscious again and woke up when I fell on grass with thud in a large forest.□□I sat up and rubbed my head because it was sore from the impact.□□I grabbed my bag, got up and looked around for any sign of life.□□

I heard rustling in the trees, but I assumed it was just little critters.□□I got up and started walking, I started to see light ahead and voices.□□I came out to what looked like a city, with skyscrapers as tall as the empire state building.□□I walked around, but noticed something very odd.□□

There were poster banners and anything else you could imagine about pokemon.□□I thought I may have landed in Japan or something and was at some kind of convention, but then I saw it.□□An actual vulpix on a person's shoulder and it was breathing fire!□□I quickly realized what kind of situation I was in and tried to grasp it.□□I ran to a alley and leaned against a wall.□□

"Okay Riko, you just saw something you thought was you would never see, how do you respond?" I said out loud.□□I remembered a conversation I had a while ago with my friend, I started laughing hysterically.□□"I was Right!"□□

"What you really think Pokémon can exist Riko?!"□□Mark asked

"Definitely, when a galaxy or universe is

created, a set of die is cast, but there are a lot more sides than 6 on each, so there are and infinite amount possibilities!"

"I guess I was right, but that doesn't explain what I heard or saw back in that dimension or whatever it was, if I start telling people now they think I'm a complete nut case!" I said as I stood on my 2 feet.□□I asked what town I was in and learned that I was in Goldenrod.□□That name reminded me of the Pokémon silver game.□□

I must be in the Johto region, but this is much more complex than anything the game ever showed!□□I tried to think about how I would go about this situation, I sat on a bench in the middle of the park.□□I sat there for an hour until I heard a cry for help.□□I followed it to a clearing where a pink haired girl was cornered by a guy and a Scyther!

"Come on Whitney, give me your badge and maybe I'll let you off."

"No way creep!□□You're just lucky that I was training young Pokémon I caught and challenged me out of nowhere!"

"Hey! What's this all about?" I said as I walked over.

"Back off punk!□□I beat this girly in a battle so she owes me a badge!"

"Battle?! You ambushed me you prick!"□□Before he could react I planted a kick in the guys rib cage and sent him 5 feet back.□□

"What the hell?!□□Scyther Kill him!"□□he said pointing to me. The Scyther charged me and started swinging its razor sharp arms.□□I dodged the blades and blocked it with my knife.

"Really?□□That's all you Scyther can do?□□Come on, here I was expecting a fight!" I said as I kicked it in the gut and it staggered back.□□I raised my hands in a

fighting stance and said "Come little Scyther, lets see if you got what it takes!"□□I looked into its eyes and it began to shake, then it flew off.□□

"W wait Scyther!□□Where the hell do you think you're going!?" he said as he backed away from me.

"You see that?□□You're nothing without your Pokémon!□□People like you who use them as tools are just plain pathetic!"□□the guy began to shake at the knees and ran off as well.□□I turned around and was hugged by the pink haired girl.□□

"Thank you! Thank you thank you thank you thank you!" she kept saying it over and over.□□I patted her on the head.□□"Come on now you're making me blush!" I said with a red face.

"Ah sorry!" she said bowing.  
"Don't worry, any way need any help with these Pokémon?" I said pointing to ones lying on the ground.□□

"Ah, yes please!" she said as she ran over to the Pokémon.□□She returned them all to their poke balls and exhaled in relief.□□

"That bastard poisoned all of them, if they stayed out any longer and they might've died!" she said.□□I followed her to a Pokémon center and waited in the lobby while she handed them to a nurse.□□She sat down next to me and leaned back.□□

"What's your name?" she asked  
"Riko and you?" I asked back

"Whitney, you didn't know that?□□I'm pretty famous!"□□Whitney, that sounded familiar then I remembered!

"Oh you're the Goldenrod Gym Leader!□□No wonder that guy was askin for a badge!"

"Finally!□□Anyway, do you have a place to stay tonight?□□I have a vacant room!" she offered.

"That would be great, I just got in town and couldn't find a place to stay at!"□□I said.

"Makes sense because of the festival going on right now!"□□she said as she grabbed my hand and led me out the door.□□I followed her for a good 30 minutes until we came to a large property with a mansion in the middle.□□She pressed a button and said "It's Whitney." And the gates opened.□□

I looked around and thought "They never showed this in the game!"□□  
"Welcome to my home!□□I hope you'll find it comfortable!"□□she said with a smile.□□I looked around the huge mansion.

"Damn, I think it'll be more than comfortable!" I thought to myself.□□

"So what brings you to Goldenrod?" she asked.

"Well, I'm just a wanderer who just loves seeing the world I guess." I said then my stomach growled.□□□

"Don't worry!□□I was going to have dinner when we got back, just wait here for 5 minutes until we have the table set!" she said as she went into another room.□□I sat down on a chair against the wall.□□I looked through my bag and found my ipod, one this that proves I'm from another world.□□I continued to look through what else I brought with me.□□

I brought my hat, a water bottle, some books and a picture of me and my parents.□□I picked it up and looked at it and thought if only they could see me now.□□Whitney walked in and said "Dinner's ready!"□□

"Alright!" I said as stuffed the photo inside my bag and closed it.□□Whitney led me to a huge room a large dining table in the center with Pokémon at every plate.□□I was led to the very end and sat down next to Whitney.□□Food was brought out and looked like Japanese food that my mom had prepared before for dinners.□□It smelled delicious, and we began to eat.□□

"By the way Riko,□□why didn't you use any of your Pokémon?"□□□she asked with what looked like spaghetti hanging out of her mouth.

"Well, I don't have any Pokémon." I said bluntly.

"You don't?! □□ What have you been doing all your life!?" she asked with her face exploding with curiosity.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you." I said with a half assed smile. □□ "Besides, this is one of those things that's better off not knowing, come one lets finish our meal or it'll get cold." I said.

"Riko, from what I can tell you're a completely sane person, why wouldn't I believe you?!"

"Because my story is to unbelievable in a place like this, or any place for that matter." □□

She stormed over to me and pointed her finger in my face

"If you want to sleep here tonight, you'll tell me!"

"Alright, don't say I didn't warn you." I said with a sigh. □□ I told her how I got here and how in my world, this a fictional game, nothing more than a fantasy made up by some person. □□ I also told her about the voice I heard while I was in that weird lighted place and by the time I was finished, her face stuck between surprise

and confusion.

I sighed and said "Told you wouldn't believe me." I said finishing my food.

"Well it's not the fact I don't believe you it, just seems all to bizarre! □□ I mean, in your world we're nothing but fictional characters in a game?!"

"Well, the games we played never went into complete detail about your world, but the big details it hit dead on, an in our world, we have creatures other than humans, but they not nearly as powerful as Pokémon, but I never believed this whole situation I'm in was never impossible."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, it is my belief that when a universe or galaxy is created, a very complex set of die is cast, with end results that I am not able to begin to count, but this proves I'm right and the very basic law that governs everything we know Nothing is Impossible!"

"Well, since you weren't saying it like and insane person from the beginning, I believe you, but anyway I think this is all I can take for the night!" she said rubbing her head.

## 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.

## Casting Call

Like what you see? I sure hope so.

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

The BGFS blog is at: <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.