

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns

Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



Silvia
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Cover art by Epantixas <http://epantixas.deviantart.com/>

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

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

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

Jochannon Mahler

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

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Star Fox Aparoid Wars Chapter 3: Love of my Life

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

Subject: Star Fox

Still a work in progress, thanks for reading

I woke up to a gentle touch and a soft voice.

"Wake up sleepy head."

I squinted as I saw how the bright sun shined in the endless blue sky, not a cloud in sight. I was on the rooftop of a building, about fifty stories tall. There were a few greenhouses filled with different types of plants, and a small round table near me with a couple empty cups on it and some clothes.

"What were you dreaming about?"

Her head was lying on my chest, her deep blue eyes looking right at me with compassion. Her arms were gently around my neck. One of the many things I loved about her was the way her soft, pure white fur brushed against my chest. We had fallen asleep on the cot last night, just talking on the roof of the apartment building. I brushed her long white hair back from her face with my paw, and smiled.

"You of course." I leaned forward and kissed her forehead. We nuzzled our noses together, and she smiled at me.

"You're going to make me late." She softly said as she pulled herself closer to me.

"Don't you think that a big, famous doctor like yourself can be at least a little late?" As I put my arms tightly around her.

"Perhaps, but doesn't a big shot pilot like you have to be at a certain meeting at nine?" She giggled. I looked at the clock on the table, it was eight forty! I quickly rolled off the cot and jumped to grab my uniform shirt, pants and boots. She simply laughed playfully from the cot as I was frantically trying to put them on. The dark blue collared uniform was slightly wrinkled, but I hoped the General wouldn't notice. I was putting on my holster and about to open the door to the stairs when she said with a longing voice.

"Where are you going?"

I responded irritated, "Well this big pilot of yours is already late to that certain meeting, so..." I turned around. She started to slowly walk from the cot. She blushed as she put her arms behind her back, which pushed out her breasts in her tight red bra. She made smooth sexy steps toward me, extenuating her hips. Two long strands of hair hung down to her shoulders, and her long ponytail that went down to her waist moved in the breeze. I was speechless as she gently held my face with her soft paws. She was tauntingly brushing her soft, bushy tail on my lips.

"Be careful, Cody." She said as I put my hands on her hips. We slowly leaned toward each other, eventually so close I could hear her heart beat faster and faster until finally our lips met. It felt like time had stopped.

I wanted the moment to last forever.

Unwillingly, I slowly pulled myself only about an inch away from her face and looked deep into her eyes and said "Sahara, you know that I love you." I moved a strand of hair from her face. Sahara looked up at me, and noticed me subtly looking down at her breasts in her sexy red pajamas that were slightly covered by her hair. I blushed, but she just giggled at me. Suddenly Sahara rapped her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck. She aggressively pulled my lips toward hers. My eyes opened wide from the surprise. I didn't know what to do. I softly grabbed her ass to hold her up, while trying not to fall over. Occasionally I would bump into something, but she would only pull my head closer. I tripped over a pot and fell onto my back, but made sure not to let go of her. She quickly mounted herself on top of my chest, and was playfully holding me down by my wrists. She closed her eyes, and slowly moved her head down my chest. She let go of my wrists, and started to motion toward unbuckling my pants. I laughed, as did she. Before

she could, I quickly picked her up and wrestled her onto the cot. She was smiling and laughing, which made me blush. I nuzzled her neck and gave her a long, passionate kiss. She put her warm paws on my chest.

I leaned over and whispered into her ear, "Now you're going to make me late. Perhaps, doctor, we should continue this later?" She made a high pitched giggle in amusement. I slowly let go of her paws and jogged down the stairs, her eyes trailed me the whole way.

Sahara was technically a student, but she needed about a month more teaching at the Cornerian University of Medicine until she graduated. I was studying to join the Space fleet. We had met each other at a Space Fleet

seminar; funnily enough we met at the CPR section of the course. That was about a year and a half ago. We both had decided that we wouldn't live together until one of us had graduated, even though we lived in the same building. I felt like we had become the classic love struck couple; both of us were madly in love, while still struggling to make ends meet. During the school week we would only meet for lunch or dinner, but on the weekends we would stay up late and get a movie or go out together. When I was with her, everything thing seemed wonderful.

She meant
everything to me.

COMMISSIONS

Fanatical publishing is now offering a Commissions service; our brilliant and talented staff artists are offering their services to any of you who need a drawing done: a book cover, illustration, a birthday gift for a friend, whatever; I will quote no prices here, as that is something to be worked out between the Commissioner and Commissionee.

Any agreements between Commissioner and Commissionee amount to a private transaction; if any disagreement arises, Fanatical Publishing is entirely willing to mediate between the two parties, but once the two have reached an agreement together, Fanatical Publishing is not liable for any disagreements arising between the two.

OUR STAFF ARTISTS

A fine group of people; as the head of Fanatical Publishing, I offer my personal guarantee that these folks are good artists and reliable workers:

EPANTIRAS

<http://epantiras.deviantart.com/>

EDITOR'S NOTE: Epantiras has declined to write a bio for this purpose, so I will just take a moment to say that Epantiras is without a doubt one of the best artists I know, and so far as I am aware, she has never missed a deadline.

A few examples of her art:

<http://epantiras.deviantart.com/art/MephasmXD131370601>
<http://epantiras.deviantart.com/art/Demonwresler117072846>
<http://epantiras.deviantart.com/art/DragonsLairDragon142503356>

LINTASTIC

<http://lintastic.deviantart.com/>

I've been drawing for about 6 years, and only in the past 2-3 years have I decided to really develop my style. I've learned a lot in

those few years and still have a long way to go in the artistic world, but I know I can make it. I have never had any formal training, using heavy referencing and constantly investigating how to draw books and tutorials both online and from my local library. I've never actually done commissions before, but I'm willing to try anything. *Please note me for contact and payment information.

TYPE OF COMMISSION:

I am willing to do anything from sketches both traditional and digital to full color/shading with a relevant background. I can also do most things from chibis to full body sketches. I am more willing to draw OCs than fanart, but am willing to at least give it a try. If you want a traditional drawing and wish to receive the original drawing, please let me know. *I will require postage payment.

A few examples of her art:

<http://lintastic.deviantart.com/art/UnderwaterElement166028022>
<http://lintastic.deviantart.com/art/ChibiLin161855421>
<http://lintastic.deviantart.com/art/DeviantIDUrbanGreen155694625>

EMOTIONALPENGUIN

<http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/>

Hello, EmotionalPenguin here! I specialize in traditional art, with just my pencils in hand. I'll hopefully be getting a tablet in a couple of weeks and I just love to draw anything from Disney to real people!

A few examples of her art:

<http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/gallery/#/d2k7qwp>
<http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/gallery/#/d2k9vja>
<http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/gallery/#/d2k77gi>
<http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/gallery/#/d2ketkk>

As the Threads Come Loose: Resolute

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

Chapter 4: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

“Resolute”

“Go and get something to eat,” Brother Martin, His Majesty, gestured to a doorway that led off to another wing of the fortress. “I’ll be by shortly. I must speak with you about the gates.”

Gates? Were there more? All would be made clear in due time, however, and at the moment I was starving. With a reverent curtsy, I exited into the dining area.

There were soldiers, who I figured were Blades, everywhere. They were clad in the same shiny armor that Baurus and the rest had worn in the sub terrain. I felt out of place in my worn robes and with my disheveled appearance. When I came in, some stopped and stared, and some commented on my finally moving about. It was a very awkward encounter. As I reached for some mutton and cheese, I looked warily at the lurching Blade, testing to see if I was welcome to this meal. He seemed to ignore my prescience, so not long after I found my way to a seat at a relatively empty table in the hall. The food was rather good, and tasted fresh. The meat was a bit rare for my taste, but I suppose it was more conducive to muscle building for these rather chiseled men and, to my surprise, women.

Not too much later, His Majesty slipped into the seat across from me.

“Well, then,” he said, and folded his hands across the table.

I averted my eyes. “Your Majesty, you honor me.”

“You really must stop that now. I am not your Emperor, and I am still wrestling with the idea of being more than a farmer’s son, myself. To you I should be no more than a Priest of Akatosh, a humble servant. I have done no great deeds.”

“Honored Brother, you are your father’s son.”

“I have not done anything worthy of you honor, my lady.” He gently

admonished. “Be at ease with me.” I met his eyes. They were heavy with something urgent, yet he still wished to take part in pleasantries with me.

“Forgive me for delaying you. Please, tell me what you wanted to speak about.” I stopped eating so that I might listen.

“Since the attack on Kvatch, gates have opened all over Tamriel. We have yet to be able to do anything about this, as you’re the only one who possesses the knowledge of how to close these gates. As such, I’m very relieved that you are awake and appear to be in good health. It took myself and several other healers to mend the damage of the burns you sustained.” I looked at my arm. My skin was slightly still pink as the tissue continued to heal.

“Things have gotten worse than just the opening of these gates, however. The cult behind the Emperor...my father’s... murder is called the Mythic Dawn, who worship Merhunes Dagon. While we were in Kvatch, they ransacked the Priory, and took the amulet from Jauffre.” I had taken a bite, but now I couldn’t swallow. *Took the amulet? I thought it had been well protected!*

“Baurus has been helpful enough to infiltrate their shrine and get the book we need to retrieve the amulet. However, in order to call up this portal to the place where we believe Mankar Camoran, the head of this cult, is hiding, we need a third party like yourself to go out and fetch some things. Jauffre won’t allow any of the Blades to go out right now, for fear of attack on the temple.”

“I see, Brother.” I wondered what they expected me to fetch. I’m sure it was more than a quick run to the alchemist’s shop. “What are these ‘things?’”

“I have only deciphered a bit of the ritual required. You must have dealt with those Daedra quite well in the gate in order to close it. You have some knowledge of...such things?” His final question was a mix of emotions tense.

“I should say not! I serve the

Nine!”

“You may still be able to help us.”
He seemed to relax. “A Daedric artifact is needed is all. I hear... Azura is easy to please.”

“I see. This is all you require of me, then?”

Martin chuckled grimly. “You wish for more? Well then. Jauffre would have you dispose of some spies in Bruma, but I thought it best to let you regain your strength first.”

“The great Bruma militia is no good for this? You would send me? A lone woman?” All these men, armored to the teeth in a fortress on a mountain and they’d rather send the peasant girl from the dampest squat in the whole country.

“Not I Jauffre. He wants you for the job, I’m afraid. This is more than just a small city crime problem. If you need more information he would be the man to talk to. I’d release you from this obligation, but I believe Jauffre’s trust is well placed.”

“It’s fine, I’ll go. When that is dealt with I will get that trinket for you as well. A service to my country, is it not?”

“And a favor that would not soon be forgotten.” He had the language and manner of a priest, though his religious fervor did not come through in speech.

“Is there need for me to leave immediately?”

“Not necessarily, but the longer we stand idle, the stronger the weed will grow...” He seemed apprehensive to let

me leave, as though he thought I was not competent. Perhaps I wasn’t, but it was still insulting.

“Settled then. I leave as soon as my affairs are in order. Bruma is just down the mountain?” I would not hesitate and risk appearing uninterested, or worse unpatriotic.

“Do not make too much haste, for it grows dark outside. When you do head out, your horse has been stabled in the courtyard.”

“And arms?”

“I do not know very much of what lies in Bruma. Speak to Jauffre.”

“You are a kind man, Martin. Mara keep you. Forgive me for being short with you. Off I go, then.”

“I have suffered no offense.” He said as I got up from the table and made my way back to the main hall. I continued to watch him while on my path to the door. Though not a zealot of the priesthood, he made a much better clergyman than an emperor, I thought, yet I will serve him as my emperor. When we return the amulet to the Dragonborn, this man will lead his country out of this darkness and into the light.

Author’s Notes:

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

Pokemon the Truth Chapter 3

□

By Samuel Vorsa, Fishenut123@aol.com, <http://sam4765.deviantart.com/>
Subject: Pokemon; what did you think?

I was led to a room a maid and let inside.□□It was a very huge bedroom with a nice view of the city skyline.□□I couldn't sit still so I hopped on one hand , but only holding my body up with my arm.□□I started counting 1, 2...;200 then I switched and did the same thing.□□I noticed the bathroom and took a shower in there.□□I noticed shampoo bottles had writing completely different from English but I was still able to understand them.□□

"Is this the work of that voice I heard?" I asked myself.□□I didn't question any further why, but was just grateful that I was able to understand the language.□□I dried myself off and found some clothes on the bed and a note "Hope these fit you! Love Whitney" I picked up the clothes and tried them on.□□They were a loose fit, but I like them that way, more mobility.□□Then the lights went out on their own.□□I felt a gut feeling that something wasn't right, so I grabbed my knives and headed back to the lobby.□□I met Whitney there and her Pokémon.□□"What's up?!" I asked.

"Someone cut the power and the phones, be ready for anything!" she said looking around

"Way ahead of ya!" I said wrapping the belt around my waist that sheathed the knives.□□The front door exploded open and then came in men with black clothes on and an R in the chest part.

"Damn Rockets!" Whitney growled.

"Greetings Whitney!□□I'm Leneur, and my boss wants this mansion and its Pokémon, so we just came by to make you an offer, and just so you know, this building is surrounded by my men and a 3 dozen Pokémon!□□You don't have a fighting chance!"

"Nah, I think it's the other way around." I said walking towards her, knives glinting in

the moonlight.

"And who might you be?" she asked.

"Name's Riko, and I'm not from around here, but it seems like people always let the Pokémon do their fighting for them, so I thought I'd just show you how we do it where I'm from!"□□I started running towards her, 2 Scythers blocked my path, and i knocked them out with some trouble, I was a little out of breath

"Come on now is that all you got?□□Because even if you got 50 more of those, it wouldn't make a difference!□□Now what Pokémon shall be my next opponent?" I asked.

"Who is this guy, he just took down some of our best Pokémon we brought with us!" Leneur thought to herself.□□"Rhydon!□□Teach this boy a lesson!"□□She said in a shaky voice.□□A Rhydon appeared out a poke ball she threw and it roared to intimidate me.

"Yawn, come one this thing is slow as anything!□□Do you think that it can hit me?□□Don't worry I won't do anything to it with my knives, but I will knock it out!" I said as I charged the Rhydon, I started jabbing every part of the Rhydon to find its weakest spot and it was tight under the chin.□□

"What happened to all that talk about taking it down with your bare fists?□□All you do is throw punches that can't even phase it!" Leneur taunted

"I was just trying to find the weak point, and bingo!□□Found it!" I said as I crouched under its chin and jumped with all my might and planted my fist right into it.□□The Rhydon fainted and fell back on the ground, there was silence in the entire room.□□

"Ah screw it everyone attack!" she said as

hordes of Pokémon came flooding in.□□

"You know Whitney, I don't want to hog all the action for myself." I said as I charged into the crowd of Pokémon.□□

"Come on everyone, don't let him hog all the glory!" Whitney said as she gave a signal to attack, her Pokémon roared and charged in.□□The battle was over in 15 minutes.□□I was a out of breath and sweating bullets while sitting on top of the Rhydon I knocked out earlier.

"Well fellas it seems were at a crossroads here, so you can either surrender quietly or you can scatter and I can find you one by one, your choice and just so you know, the other choice is more painful!"□□I said as I glared at them. They all raised their hands up almost instantly except Leneur, who looked around in shock.

"You're all cowards!" she yelled.

"Nah they just have common sense, but who you calling cowards when you came and outnumbered Whitney's Pokémon 6 to 1!" I said.□□She growled and raised her hands as well, by this time I heard sirens in the distance, which my guess was the police.□□I hopped down and saw Whitney with a face contorted with shock and awe.

"You... you defeated Pokémon barehanded!" she said.

"What? Is that really so rare for a human to become more powerful than a Pokémon?" I asked nonchalantly.

"No one has ever kept up with a Scyther, let alone knock out a Rhydon!"□□

"Well, either way it just happened, the police are here, I'd rather not explain to them what I did, so mind just telling them your Pokémon defeated them with your skill?" I said as I disappeared into the halls.□□I walked back to my room and noticed my clothes were all tattered because of the battle.□□I grabbed a robe that was in the bathroom and put it on.□□I sat on the bed and then heard a knock on my door.

"Come in." I said.□□Whitney walked in

and sat down next to me. "Sorry about the clothes, would you mind lending me another pair?" I asked.

"Riko, are you interested in staying in this world?" she asked

"Absolutely!" I said.□□The look on her face was painted with surprise.

"Aren't you interested in returning?!"□□What about your family and friends?!"

"I don't have a family there, and only a few friends who I'm not really all that close to and besides, this world is a lot more interesting!" I said with a whole hearted smile.

"Oh, in that case here!" she said as she handed me a poke ball.□□"An eevee is inside, it's yours, think of it as a token of my gratitude for saving my Pokémon and mansion!" she said with a smile.□□I took and called it out and watched as the red light to the form of an eevee.□□I walked over and asked□□"I'm about to give you a name, just let me know if you don't like it, okay?" the eevee nodded.□□"How about Primera?" I asked.□□The eevee jumped into my arms and nestled its head inside my chest.□□"Guess you like it!□□It means first where I come from, and you're my first partner!" I said as I hugged it.

"Just so you know, it's a she, so be aware of girl like behavior!"□□Whitney said as she left.

"Tomorrow we begin training Primera, so be ready!"□□I said.□□I carried her over to my bed and asked "Do you want to sleep with me or in your poke ball?" I asked.□□She answered by jumping down on the bed.□□I smiled and got under the covers, Primero followed.□□I felt the strain of the day fall down on my body like bricks, thanks to that I quickly fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning at what looked like on the clock 7 am.□□Primera was still asleep so I tried not to wake her, but she woke up the instant I sat up.□□She jumped right up and started bouncing off the walls, literally!□□Then she hopped up

on my shoulder and rubbed her head against mine.□□

I smiled and saw a new set of clothes hanging on the door knob.□□It was the same kind of clothes Whitney gave me last night, but a new set.□□I placed Primera on small table and got dressed and then Primera instantly hopped back on□□my shoulder.□□I opened the door and walked down the hall to the dining room.□□

By now I had a pretty good idea of the lay out of the place so I didn't get lost.□□I walked down the stairs and noticed Whitney at the bottom talking to another person.□□It was what looked like an officer, dressed in a blue uniform.□□They saw me coming down the stairs and Whitney said

"Ah you're up!□□There's someone I'd like you to meet!□□This is officer Sai she's a personal friend within the police force, she's the only one I told about what really happened last night."

"I heard the whole story from Whitney and if I had heard it from anyone else other than a Gym leader, I would have never believed it!□□A human being defeating Scythers, a Rhydon and other numerous Pokémon!□□I've never heard of such a tale!" she said with widened eyes.

"Did you get all those goons?" I asked

"Yes, this was a large scale assault; we took a big chunk out of them in this city!□□Thanks to you, but officially it was Whitney so we'll leave it at that at your request."□□She said as she bowed her head and left.

"Well, me and Primera want to train, any place where we can do that?" I asked.

"Yeah, just follow me!" she said.□□She led me to what looked like a small

arena.□□"Just do what you like here, I've got a few things to attend to but I'll be back in about an hour." He said as she turned.□□

"Thanks Whitney, for everything!" I yelled

just as she left the room.□□Little did I know her face was beat red.□□I turned to Primera and said "Alright, first we're going to see what you can do, first we're going to have a race!" I said and Primera had a confused look on her face.

"Come on!□□If you think you can beat me race me!"□□then she shot me a menacing grin and lined up alongside me, I knew that eevees were known for their speed.□□"Alright, first one to cross that white line on the other side of the room wins!□□Ready set GO!" I said as I burst forward, but Primera was right on my heels, and gaining.□□I pushed a little harder but she zoomed pass me and crossed first.□□

Then she tackled me and began to wrestle with me, but in a playful way.□□I began to laugh as held her up while lying on my back.□□"Jeeze Primera, that wasn't a part of the deal!□□Now you'll have to take this!" I said as I began to tickle her, she seemed to be laughing from what I could tell, then I stopped and put her next to me.□□I got up and said□□"Okay, you're damn fast!□□Now lets see how your agility is,□□I want you to run around me and try to tackle me again!"□□

This time she had an extremely confused look on her face, I remembered in one of the games I played, it was told that Pokémon were given the instinct not to attack their trainer when caught.□□I knelt down and said□□"Don't worry Primera, I'll be fine, trust me!"□□

"That won't be necessary!" I heard a small girls voice echo throughout the room.□□I turned to see another pink haired girl who looked like she was 10.□□

"May I ask who you are?" I said

"My name's Myla and Whitney's little sister, I came her to train, but you're hear first so lets battle!"□□She said as she grabbed a poke ball.□□I looked down at Primera and she nodded.□□I knelt down again and said "You don't have to go if you don't want to, remember we're partners, and partners aren't each others bosses." She gave a look of bewilderment the darted out in the middle of the field.□□

"Alright then, come on out Pyro!" she said as she sent out a vulpix. "Well at least she didn't send out something like an onix." I thought to myself.

"Just tell me what to do Master Riko." I heard as though it was from a ghost, like not from the ears but from the mind.

I thought in my mind "Wait, is that you Primera?!"

"M master?! Is that you? How are we talking right now?" she said in a panic.

"I I don't know, I'm just as confused as you are, but right now that vulpix has a mean look in its eye, so right now focus on the battle!" The vulpix shot out fire from its mouth and streamed toward Primera, but she dodged to the side and charged her for a tackle. "Careful Primera, keep an eye out for that fire, be ready to dodge at any second!"

Just as I thought that the vulpix shot out another stream of fire, but Primera was ready and dodged it a second time and rammed it on the side and sending it flying through the air. It rolled across the ground but staggered back up. It was limping from the pain of the impact, but it still showed fierceness in its eyes.

"Stay sharp Primera, it has a strong will, it will not go down easily, don't think of the same plan twice, rather make it think you are doing the same plan!"

"Master, do you trust me that much already?!"

"I don't see a reason not to, I just ask you do the same for me, and from where I come from training, means building up skills so that you can do it yourself, but if you want to be with me, I will gladly accept your company and if you wish to leave it is your choice but believe me I will miss you."

I heard rambling thoughts from her head, things like he isn't like another trainers my friends have told me about and many similar thoughts. "Keep your head in the battle!" I thought to her, she quickly tried to move out of the way of the vulpixes fire, but it caught her leg.

"Listen Primera, she seems to have gotten a lot more frustrated since you tackled her, so try taunting her." Primera then started saying something and it seemed to really anger the vulpix. It started fire streams of fire with only thinking about roasting Primera. It wasn't long before it was tired out and could barely set off a spark.

Before it could react, Primera tackled it again but a lot harder this time. The vulpix went down with a hard crash as Primera stopped herself from sliding any closer. It tried to get back up but fainted in the attempt.

"Yay! Master I did it!" Primera thought as she ran back over to me.

"Yes you did, come on lets rest a bit." I thought to her.

"What do you think you're doing? I still have 3 Pokémon left!"

I sighed and said "Listen I have only one Pokémon and she's tired as it is, so I have no obligation to send her out in her tired state, unless...."

"Unless what?" she asked

"You would prefer to pit your Pokémon against me!"

"Fine! But in return if I win, you give me the eevee!"

"What do you think Primera? Do you trust me enough?" I thought to her.

"No Master I don't want you to fight! I'll fight again!" she thought to me limping from the burn on her leg.

"You're hurt Primera, I won't send you out there, come one lets heal up that leg." I thought to her as picked her up and put her on my shoulder. I began to leave until I an onix blocked my path. I whipped around to find the girl with a sneer on her face.

"Pokémon trainer rules state that once you begin a battle, you follow it through to the end! No acceptations!"

"What makes you think I follow the rules?" I asked as I turned around and headed for the exit, but she sent out a Hitmonlee to block it.

"I think I'll take your earlier proposal," Hitmonlee, thrust kick!" she yelled. "It did as she said and threw a kick with decent speed, but it was slow and had no emotion in it." I caught it with my bare hand and said

"If you're going to try and kick me, put some more emotion into it so it is considered a kick." I frowned and let go of its leg and it stepped back in amazement.

"Wha how is that possible, no Pokémon has ever done something like that let alone a human!" she said.

"How do you train your Pokémon?" From what I could tell not very good, I think you show them no passion, but this is just an opinion, but anyway, no matter with Pokémon like that It won't matter how many you send at me, I'll just knock them out."

"What's going on in here?" Whitney said as she returned.
"S sis?" the girl said.

"Lyla! He just started his training while you've been a trainer for 2 years! Surely

he told you this!" she yelled.

"Well, he did something along those lines..." she said with a frown

"Whitney can I talk to you for a minute?" I asked still holding Primera.

"I'm sorry for my little sister, whenever she sees someone else training on the field she goes beserk!"

"It's okay, Primera took down her vulpix as if she was a professional, but I have a question, is it normal for Pokémon trainers to be able to talk to their Pokémon telepathically?" I asked

"What?! No, the only person I know who can talk to her Pokémon like that is Sabrina, a gym leader in Kanto!"

"Well, when we started battling I heard Primeras thoughts and I was able to talk to her through what I think is telepathy!" I said.

"This is big, not only is you able to beat Pokémon with your bare hands, but can also speak to them!"

"So what do you wa " suddenly my head felt like it was going to split in two. "I've never felt pain like it before even in my training!" I hurled over in pain and began to lose all of my senses, then I blacked out.

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.