

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



Issue No 15, August 15 2010

Today's cover art by Lintastic: <http://lintastic.deviantart.com/>

Folks, there will be no word from the editor today, because the cover artist has something awesome to say:

Standing with her hand against her face, Lin was shaking her head. "No, you cannot be any skimpier than that," she said to the woman frowning at her, like a child.

"But isn't the whole point of this thing for me to be sexy and gorgeous and attract the reader's attention with my body?" Leanna, a very talented, very abrasive female questioned, sounding as if she'd cry because she's not getting her way. What a prima dona.

Lin threw her hands up in the air and walked past her, pausing a minute to look over at the model with one eye. "You're going to wear all of that. You can even skip the fanny pack if you want to, but you have to wear all of it," she said, with finality. Before Leanna could protest, she had already left, headed to the stage where they were setting up a green screen along with the same colored boxes for her to lay on.

Leanna sighed, but picked up the bag of clothes and slowly dragged her feet to her changing room where she got dressed. Someone knocked on the door. It was a random gopher guy. "Miss Leanna?" he asked. "May I come in? I have your lunch..." he paused, waiting.

"Yeah," she said, zipping up the zipper just enough to barely cover her cleavage. "It's safe." She was a model. Not a porn star. Anything less than a bikini is against her contract that every employer agrees to.

He blushed, kept averting his eyes, and set it down on the shelf in front of her. "Here you are, ma'am. Anything else? Water? Book?" he asked, somehow anxious to even be seeing her, she supposed.

Chuckling she shook her head. "No thanks, I'm good. Thank you, though." She watched him go from an excited puppy to sad puppy as he walked back through the door with a sigh.

"Well, let me know. I'll be around the set when you're finished." He closed the door. Leanna glanced down at the lunch and saw a decent meal before her. It wasn't too fattening, but she missed getting her own food. Damn. Why'd she have to become a model?

Suddenly, her phone rang once, then twice. It

stopped buzzing after that. She picked it up and saw she'd gotten a text from Lin. She opened it and saw:

You should be finished getting dressed. Hurry up and get out here so we can get started. You don't have time for lunch. We're running late. I'll make it up to you later. I promise.

Damn agent. She had several, but today's boss was Lin. Sighing once again, she grabbed the bandanna, leaving the fanny pack in her dressing room, and headed to the stage. She went over a quick cosplaying inspection and put on the headband. "Can I keep this?" she asked, gesturing around her exposed cleavage. Lin blinked her eyes, unimpressed, but shrugged.

"Sure. You are selling a magazine," she said, flapping her hand for Leanna to move to the stage. "Sexy pose away."

Smiling, she moved over to the green screen. The camera operator began by asking for a pose to get started with. Leanna complied and as the shoot progressed, she began posing how she felt like posing, the camera guy going with it.

Checking the clock on her phone, Lin stood up and moved to the stage. "Okay, that's enough photos. We've got decent ones, right?" she asked, rhetorically. "That'll have to do. Leanna's due for a party in a few hours that we'll have to catch a plane for." She waved Leanna over. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No," she said, grabbing a bottle of water and sipping it. "I suppose not. Who am I playing as, anyways?"

"A pokemon trainer, hun." Lin picked up a bag. "You going to change? You know you can keep the outfit."

Glancing at the outfit, she shrugged. "I dunno. Should still take a better party outfit, though," she said, chuckling.

"Yeah, yeah, it's in your bags already." The pair picked things up in her dressing room like old friends before she turned and said, "You do know I'm not coming, right? You're meeting

someone else there. They'll let you know when you're in flight."

Leanna shrugged. "What else is new? I get passed off all the time. It's really no big deal. Work, right? Gotta follow that wherever it goes." She smiled and winked. "I'm a strong woman. I can handle a few hours on a flight by myself. First class, right?"

Lin smiled. "Duh," she replied. "Here. I'll drive you." The pair carried two large bags and Lin

pulled a wheeled suit case towards the large glass doors and hailed a taxi.

"You'll send me the preview image again, right?" she asked as they got into the car.

Lin nodded. "Don't I always?" She looked to the driver. "Airport, please."

The vehicle pulled out of the half circle drive and back into traffic, making its way to the airport.

Author's note: ...lol Just a little story that came to mind while drawing the cover. x3 I thought it was cute.

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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Pokemon, The Truth, Chapter Five

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

Subject: 'what do you think?'

We got back from an hour of soaking in the hot tub, and slumped ourselves all over the place.□□

"I'll call for dinner, anything you guys want?" I asked, but they were all asleep by then.□□I ordered food for me and got some food for them and put it in the small fridge.□□I felt a brush up against my legs and saw Shree there.

"I ordered some food if you want some?" I asked

"Well, I am a bit hungry."□□I pulled all of the food and spread it.□□

"Just tell me which one you like." I said.□□She began sniffing the different plates and chose my left overs.□□I put the others away, but by the time I finished, she was already done eating, which was a lot!

"Wow, you eat fast!" I said

"Well, all I've ever had to eat was disgusting food that she gave me, she told me it was nutritional food, or something like that, but this is soooo good!"

"Well, I'm glad you like it, come on, let's get to bed."□□I said as I walked over to the bed.□□She jumped up and asked

"I've never slept on a bed; she always made me return to my poke ball."□□I patted the bed and said

"well if you want, this can be your first time."□□And as soon as I said that, she slumped herself down, I felt the weight shake the bed a bit.□□I laid my head on the pillow fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning with the sun shining in my eyes,□□I sat up and saw not only Shree□□on the bed but Shika□□and Primera.□□I slowly got up to make sure they would keep sleeping, and managed to get off the bed quietly.□□I did my exercises quietly so I wouldn't wake them

and finished within 30 minutes, I took a shower to get the sweat off, and when I came out, they were all up.

"Looks like you guys had a good sleep, we're going to have breakfast then head out, that okay with you?"□□the all nodded with approval and stretched.□□I picked up my bag and we headed down to the food area down stairs.□□We sat down at the table with the food that I brought from the small buffet.

"We're going to be heading to Olivine city today, and it's not that far from here, so it's going to be an easy walk today, I can see the city skyline from here!"□□I said as I looked out the window.□□We finished our breakfast.□□We walked out of town and after 5 minutes of walking, I heard a ringing in my backpack.□□□I set it down, opened it up and found what looked like a cell phone.□□I opened up and said "Hello?"

"Good it works!□□It's Whitney, I put this in your bag before you left, but I forgot to tell you about it, but anyway, there's something serious happening!"

"What is it?!"

"When, I called Jasmine, she seemed fine, but she called again this morning and she said something about an invasion, but was cut off, be careful Riko, it may be Team Rocket again!"

"Thanks for the info□□Whitney, I'll keep in touch, see ya later."

"Bye." She said as she cut off the line.□□I snapped the poke gear shut.

"There's something going on in Olivine, I think you should get in your poke balls so we don't attract any attention."

"Okay, should we be ready for a battle?"□□Shree asked.

"Yeah, I don't know what we'll encounter in the city." I said as I got out their poke balls a returned them in. "If it's team Rocket again, it's probably got something to do what happened in Goldenrod." I thought to myself. I kept walking and within the next hour I reached Olivine, but something didn't feel right, there weren't any people on the streets, not a sound to hear. This was a port town, so it should be bustling with people, but it was deserted. I saw a sign that said you are here, with a layout of the entire city. I followed it to where the Gym was and that was deserted too.

I was about to walk in, but something in my gut told me it wasn't the best idea. I went around back and looked for a back door. I saw a ladder leading up to the roof. I climbed up and poked my head up before I got on the roof. I saw some sky lights and looked down into the Gym. There were about 20 people in the gym, 10 were keeping an eye on the door and the other 10 were on computers, and then I saw a girl tied to a chair, by her waist and her limbs.

I called out Shika, Shree and Primera. "All right, we're going to get into a big battle, when I cut the power, break the glass on this skylight and jump in and take out as many Rockets as you can, but make sure you don't hurt the girl tied to the chair, she looks like a hostage, I'll be right behind you, any questions?" "None here, but you promise you'll be right behind us?" Primera thought to me. "I promise, come on, I don't know how much time we have, are you ready?" I asked. They all nodded. I went over to a large cable plugged into a large box with a electricity sign on it. I yanked it as hard as I could and heard glass break and the sound of confusion coming from the gym. By the time I jumped down, they had already knocked out 15 Rockets. I finished off the remaining 5 and made sure that that the others were alright. We had the element of surprise, so they didn't stand a chance and we didn't pull any punches. "Who're you?" The girl asked. "Name's Riko, what happened here?" I asked "Team Rocket has taken over the city

somehow, can you untie me?"

"Sure." I said as I walked over, I untied her feet, then her hands and before I could react, she stuck a needle inside me. I shoved her back and stumbles back, with my vision beginning to blur.

"Y you're not Jasmine!"

"Hah, never claimed otherwise! We were tapping every call going into this town, and we happened to catch yours, and you match the descri " before she could finish, Shika, knocked her out with confusion. Everyone came over to me as I fell over, I blacked out and fell on the ground.

I woke up in a small room with a single door and no windows. Shika, Primera and Shree were sleeping at the foot of the bed. My head was still groggy from the tranquilizer that bitch stuck in me. The door opened and a brown haired girl walked in with a Scissor behind her.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name's Jasmine, I'm the city Gym leader, Whitney told me about you. I'm pretty sure you're confused as to what's going on."

"Yeah, did Team rocket really take over this city?!"

"Not only team Rocket, Team Magma and Aqua has also joined forces, I don't know their real objective, but for them to join forces like this, it must be something big!" she said looking down.

"What happened after I was knocked out?" I asked.

"Well, when they attacked I was training in a cave outside the city, when I was ambushed out of the blue, it took me a few hours to sneak my way back, but when I got to the gym, your Pokémon were taking you out of the gym."

"I'm not going to ask how you convinced them to trust you, seeing as there is more important matters at hand. How many of us are there?"

"Just you and me, thought I hear over I

radio that there are some police that have set up a stronghold on the other side of town.□□□We need to get there as soon as possible!"□□The tranquilizer had worn off by now and I jumped up, waking my Pokémon.

"Alright, then we've got no time to waste, I'll try and find it, you can hold the Gym right?"

"Wait all by yourself?!□□You'll never make it!" she complained

"We've got no choice, the whole city belongs to them and we only have to strong holds,□□do you know where they are keeping the people?"

"No, I didn't have time to interrogate any of the goons, what's your name by the way?"

"Riko."

"Wait, you're the guy Whitney told me about?!□□You took down Pokémon single handedly?!"

"That's right, Shika, Primera and Shree, you're staying here and protecting the gym, I'm going to go find friend "□□before I could finish they all tackled me, they didn't agree with my plan one bit, I didn't need to talk to them to see it.

"Alright!□□You can come, but you stay in your poke balls, okay?!"□□They hesitantly agreed and I returned them.

"Here's my number, call me if you find anything, ok?"□□Jasmine said as she handed me a piece of paper.

"Sure, well then wish me luck!" I said as I walked out of the door.□□I climbed up on the roof tops and began jumping from roof to roof.

"She said that the stronghold was on the other side of town, I'll search there first!" I thought to myself.□□I took me 5 minutes to get to the other edge of town.□□I stopped when I saw two guys guarding a door. They were directly beneath me, so I slowly climbed down the building without making a sound and jumped on them knocking them both out.□□I got up and

turned around and slowly opened the door.□□There were people dressed in what looked like police uniforms.□□They all turned to me when I opened the door

"Who are you?!" one asked.

"Name's Riko, I'm coming from the gym across town,□□Jasmine has control of it at the moment, I'll prove it."□□I said as I opened up my poke gear and dialed the number on the paper.□□

"Riko!□□Is that you?!"□□Jasmine said.

"Yeah it looks like I've reached the stronghold."

"Gimme that!" a woman said as she walked toward me.□□I handed her the phone "Jasmine, is this really you?" she asked.□□I heard Jasmine's voice boom on the poke gear, but I couldn't make out the words.□□She closed it and said

"Alright, if Jasmine trusts you, then I trust you, come here." She said as she motioned me toward a table.

"Do you know how they took over the city?" I asked.

"The mayor,□□they bribed him and he managed to trick almost everyone in town into what they thought was a festival, but trapped them there, in a stadium, but we can't get to them!□□It's too heavily patrolled near the Stadium, so we can't get close to their chain of command!" she said as she slammed the table with her fist.

"Do they patrol the sewers?"□□I asked.

"Yeah, we sent a patrol down there, but they were nearly caught!"

"Listen, I'm gonna cause a distraction, I promise that after 25 minutes there patrols will be reduced by at least half, that's when you make your move!"

"How're you gonna take on all those Pokémon?!□□You have 3 Poke balls on your belt!□□There's no way that can take on at least 36!"

"Who said that they would be fighting

alone?" I said

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You said it yourself right? If Jasmine trusts me you trust me, be ready in 25 minutes to take the stadium." I said as I ran out the door.

It was easy to find the stadium once I got on top of a tall tower. I ran toward the stadium, past patrols, who began running after me, I kept a pace so they wouldn't lose me, it was 10 later until there were over 20 goons chasing after me. I stopped and let them surround me.

"Alright punk, come with us and we might not hurt you a lot!" a guy in red clothes said.

"Well that's no fun! I like a little fight each day, so how about you call out your Pokémon? I'm pretty sure they need some exercise from staying in those poke balls!" I said tauntingly. They did not hesitate in bring them out. There were at least 3 Pokémon for each grunt, and more grunts were still gathering!

"Perfect, that should thin them out quite nicely." I thought to myself. I pulled the knives out of their sheaths and called out my friends. They seemed to shutter when they saw the numbers.

"If you want to come back inside, you're more than welcome to, I won't hold it against you, we're up against a lot, and a lot is what I'm asking of you, but if you want to come back in at anytime, let me know." I said, there faces built up with courage as I said my words. "Stay close to each other and don't lose sight of each other, face the Pokémon who are weak against your attacks, stay close!" I said as I dashed toward the crowd of Pokémon.

We seemed to be annihilating them as each of them fell to our attacks. It wasn't long before the grunts realized things weren't going their way. It seemed that all of their Pokémon were considerably weak, I don't know why, but that's the way I saw it. Then a hyper

beam came out of nowhere and hit Primera dead center. I watched in horror as she was sent flying against the wall!

"Cover me!" I said as I ran to Primera's aid. Shika and Shree followed close behind, fending off other attacks. I picked up Primera and said "Don't worry, you're going to be alright!"

"Don't worry master it's just a scratch." Just as she said that she began to light up. I felt her change in my hands. I felt intense heat coming from her, then when the light receded, she was a Flareon. I put her inside her poke ball, the thought of this happening again almost made me throw up.

"Shika, Shree, get back in your poke balls, I'm about to let loose, I don't want you to get caught in it." They were about to ask, but I returned them before they could. I felt the anger building up inside me, and then, it exploded. I charged the group of Pokémon and began cutting everything in my path. I didn't care if it was human or Pokémon, and just kept going.

Another hyper beam shot out from nowhere and gave a glancing blow to me, but I didn't care about the pain, I just set my sights on the Pokémon who did it. I saw a Nidoking try to get ready for a second beam. Before it could I began punching it with all my strength not caring about where its tough or soft spots were, it fell over knocked out. Everyone was either knocked out or in pain by the time I was finished, then the wounds caught up to me.

The pain of each wound began filling me with pain, then I noticed, there was still one Pokémon left, a Gyarados. I didn't have the strength to move my feet, or my arms to call out any of my Pokémon. I gathered what strength I had left and dodged its first hyper beam, but I fell to the ground with a thud and couldn't get up. My vision began to blur when I saw something tackle the Gyarados, but then I blacked out.

Author's Note: Sorry if some sentences don't make sense

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>

Broken Lance Chapter Two

Pat Schneider and Dan Luton wenzel368@hotmail.com,
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subject: Borderlands

The runner tore through the arid, dusty wasteland kicking up dirt as it sped towards its destination. Skags loosed shrieking howls from their flytrap like mouths, saliva dripping from their sharpened fangs, as Travis sped past. His mind was pacing back and forth, wondering who Bull was, what his deal with the Lance was, and what had happened to the driver? They had both kind of forgotten about him in the midst of the battle. He was never really the stereotypical stalwart hero who put other's needs above his own. He had been alone for far too long to think much about others in a kill or be killed world, that kind of stuff got you killed. Travis was shaken from his thought as a skag jumped out in front of the car and splattered at the impact, spraying blood all over the car and Travis.

"Oh, son of a bitch!" he shouted as he wiped the blood from his face

Suddenly he had noticed the silhouette of Finchrock in the distance. He could see the dilapidated sign where many of the large light up letters had fallen off but still had their visible outline where the metal had been protected, by the letter, from the elements. He slowed down to crawl as he approached due to the fact that he was in a raider's outrider, and pulled up to a large gate flanked by guard towers with snipers trained on him as he approached. One of the guards, who carried and assault rifle, approached Travis.

"You crazy boy?" the guard said as he pointed to the raider symbols all over the car.

"Missed the bus." Travis replied with a haughty tone to his voice, as he hated being called a kid. The guard shook his head and made a quick gesture to one of the snipers in the tower who proceeded to rattle some keys on a command console. As the gate screeched open the guard waved Travis through. He drove the runner

up to a ramshackle metal garage and stepped out of the vehicle. He had only visited him a couple times but Travis had made good friends with the owner of the garage.

"Yo, Ratchet! I need to call you out on a favor!"

"Eh? Travis? What favor?" the man said as he walked out of the husk of a building. He had dirty brown hair that poked from underneath a blue trucker hat and a pair of worn out denim overalls that covered an oil splattered t shirt. His real name was Chet Hopkins, but everyone called him Ratchet since he worked on cars and all.

"Come on Ratchet I didn't do all those odd jobs and scrap collecting for free. Don't worry it'll hardly cost you a thing, I just need the runner painted so people'll stop shooting at me."

"Errrh, fine, you got it, but that's all you get!"

Travis breathed a sigh of annoyance at the stubborn hick and flung him the keys to the car. He set off wandering about the town, glancing about as he walked, examining buildings and people as he always did. He breathed a sigh, nothing ever changed in this town. He cast his eyes upward and saw a bird flying about overhead. Now there aren't too many birds on Pandora, mostly just Rakk which were like giant flying lizards, which some could even breath fire.

"Oh there's no way." Travis said to himself as he looked at the bird. He put his pointer finger and thumb to his lips and let out a high pitched chirping whistle. To his delight the bird turned and began flying straight for him. Travis put out his left arm as the bird fluttered to a stop and clutched his arm with its sharp talons, which he felt even through his leather jacket. "Odin! My you've gotten big buddy!" The bird softly

cooed as it turned his head and looked into Travis' eyes and shuffled back and forth, adjusting its feathers. □"Haven't seen you in 10 years buddy I'm surprised you remembered me." Odin was a Bloodwing that Travis had found when he was 13 but when he left at 16 he knew the bird wasn't fit to come with him and he left it in Robert's care. A Bloodwing was a bird similar to a falcon, but extremely loyal and more deadly. They were a mostly brown bird with a reddish tinge to their wings, hence their name, but when they grew older shed their feathers to reveal dragon like, webbed wings. Travis reached into a pouch on his belt and pulled out a scrap of dried meat, he held out to the bird who eagerly snapped it out of his hand and let out a light shriek as it flapped it's wings.

"I see you two met already." Travis heard a voice behind him say. He whirled around to see his longtime friend Robert Staufen.

He had grown quite a bit in the past 7 years. His hair was still a short brown which just reached his eye brows. □He wore a light armor chest plate and left shoulder pad over a light blue, long sleeved shirt. He wore knuckle gloves on both hands which were hidden in the pockets of a pair of camo cargo pants held up by a belt strapped with ammo. He had his father's battle rifle slung over his shoulder which his father had promised him once he had come of age and a repeating pistol strapped to his thigh.

"How the hell you been man?!" Travis said as he grabbed his friends hand and slapped him on the back in a quick hug.

"Nothing of any interest , but I'm sure we've got some shit to say so let's hit the bar, eh? Drinks on you?"

"Pffft, you wish you friggin bum."

A Pika Problem, Chp 2

Justin Dittrich E mail: jdo896@gmail.com Homepage: jd896.deviantart.com
Subject: Pokemon

It was early in the morning when Brock and Dawn got up which was about 6 AM. Pikachu and Buneary were in the same position they were in when they KO'd themselves. Ash was still sleeping a little longer. He sprang up like a zombie from the dead which surprised Dawn and Brock.

Ash: I've got it!

Dawn: Got what, us being scared?

Ash: No! I know how I could help Pikachu and Buneary!

Brock: And how are you going to do that?

Ash: Remember Lily, the magician?

Brock: Oh yea, she turned you into a Pikachu!

Dawn was completely lost.

Dawn: Ok! Who is Lily?

Brock: Lily is a person who uses magic to help others. She made a potion that was supposed to let Ash get into the minds of his pokemon, but she accidently turned him into a Pikachu. It was actually quite funny to be honest.

Ash: Exactly! IF she turned me into a Pikachu for a day, she should be able to turn me into one for a year!

Brock: I don't know Ash, I don't think her magic is that strong. You can try, but we don't even know where she is! She could be in a whole new region for all we know!

Ash: Good point. I wish we knew where to find her.

Suddenly, the whole world went whirly and suddenly they were in a forest.

Pikachu, who was sitting up on the cave wall, was teleported with Buneary and everyone else. Pikachu fell down and woke up with a start

Pikachu: Pika?!

Ash: Where are we?

Brock: We're in some sort of forest.

They saw a clearing and Lily was standing in the middle looking through a bush.

Ash: I wonder how we got here, but at least we found Lily. Hey Lily!

Lily is startled and almost falls into the bush. She turns around and sees Ash and the others.

Lily: Hey you guys!

Brock: Lily, how are you? It has been a

while!

Lily: Brock! It's so nice to see you two again! And who is this?

Dawn: Hi, I'm Dawn! I'm trying to be the best pokemon coordinator!

Lily: Well that's a great goal for yourself! So, what brings you three out back to Johto?

Ash: I was wondering if you would be able to turn me into a Pikachu again?

Lily: That's easy! I just got a new book recently and it tells me how to turn people into Pokemon for an extended period of time, but I haven't been able to test it out yet!

Ash: Well, that's great! How long can you do it for?

Lily: I believe the book says a maximum of a year.

Ash: Well, I'll be your first volunteer to try it out!

Lily: That would be great! I've always wanted to use it!

Brock: Are you sure you want to do this Ash? Once the potion goes into effect, you won't be able to change until the potion wears off.

Ash: Absolutely! I want to help Pikachu and Buneary raise their child!

Lily: Your pokemon are having a baby?!

Ash: Yea, apparently Pikachu didn't know that mating was only by a kiss...

Dawn: ! How far is the nearest town?

Lily: I'd say about an hours walking distance.

Dawn: Great, we'd better get Buneary there soon!

Brock: I'll come with you! Ash, if you're going to actually do this, you should stay here with Pikachu, we'll be in the next town. Anyway, which way is it?

Lily: It's east of here. Should get there within an hour.

Brock: Great! See ya later Ash!

Ash helps Lily get the last few ingredients she needs and creates the potion. She mixes it and, like last time, has Pikachu thunderbolt it. The potion goes smoky as last time and whooshes over Ash! The smoke clears. Ash looks up to see Lily towering over him. Pikachu has a wide smile on his face.

Lily: It works!

Ash holds his hands up in front of him revealing yellow, furry paws. He touches his head, which still has his hat on it, and feels long ears.

Ash: This is so cool! If there was only a way I could change back and forth as I pleased. Oh well...

Pikachu: I can't believe it worked.

Ash: ! I can understand you?!

Pikachu: You can understand me?!

Lily only hears Pikachu say, "Pika pi?!" but hears Ash talk normal.

Lily: Well, I'm guessing you can now understand Pokemon?

Ash: Yea, this is pretty sweet!

Suddenly, Ash's ears twitch and hears a faint cry for help.

???: Help! Someone is stealing my pokemon!

Ash: Did you hear that Pikachu?

Pikachu: Sure did! Let's see what that's all about!

Lily: What is it?

Ash: I just heard a call for help!

Lily: Well we better get going!

Lily calls her Murkrow who was hanging on a branch. The four race off to the east.

Not to Ash and Pikachu's surprise is Team Rocket running towards them with Pokeballs in their hands.

Ash: Pikachu, thunderbolt

Pikachu releases a powerful thunderbolt.

Team Rocket wasn't even sure what happened as they blast off again. Lily picked up the pokeballs and saw a boy running down the road.

???: Thank you so much miss! Your Pikachu saved my pokemon!

Lily: Oh, no problem!

???: Hi, my name is Austin!

Lily: My name is Lily! I'm a pokemon magician!

Austin: A pokemon magician? That sounds pretty cool.

Lily: It is. It's a very fun thing to do!

Austin: Well, I got to get to town.

Lily: Really? I was just going that way to

meet with some friends. Want to come with us?

Austin: Sure!

Ash decided to keep his mouth shut and just say stuff like, "Pi Pikachu". He didn't want to blow his cover. The group walked together talking to each other about their adventures. After about an hour, they reached the town. There's no name for it, okay? They walked until they reached the pokemon center where Brock, Dawn, and Buneary were sitting. Pikachu saw Buneary and walked up to her and hugged her.

Brock: So you guys made it! Hey, who is this?

Ash: This is Aus oops

Austin: Did that Pikachu just talk?

Lily: Don't be ridiculous! Pokemon can't talk! Anyway, this is Austin. We found Team Rocket trying to steal his pokemon, but we took care of them, didn't we?

Pikachu and Ash: Pikachu!

Austin is deciding whether or not he's hallucinating.

Austin: I must be hearing things then!

His stomach starts to rumble.

Austin: Maybe because I'm so hungry!

Dawn: You should eat with us! Brock is the greatest cook ever!

Brock: I don't mean to brag but...

Brock starts to get lunch cooked and gives Pikachu and Ash pokefood. Ash inspects the food carefully and then puts it in his mouth and swallows it.

Ash: *This is delicious!*

He starts to gobble it up and almost chokes. Buneary is eating a lot more than she usually does.

Pikachu: Not to be rude, but you sure are eating a lot!

Buneary: Well, I need to give the baby his food now don't I?

Pikachu: True...

Buneary starts to eat a little more and then suddenly stops.

Pikachu: What's wrong?

Buneary: I don't know.

Comments: Thank you very much for reading! There is a LOT more to come!

Loonatics: Origins Chapter 1a 'WAKE UP, STUNTMAN...'

Whit 'Witness' Logic, rimmer.nathan@googlemail.com ,□ <http://vitaedigest.deviantart.com/>

Loonatics Unleashed

Apartment 013 ,54th Street Apartments,
Acmetropolis
Thurs. 7:15am:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! *click*:
Easy, living,
Killed the young dudes
In the high boots.

Teenage, in the pace age,
That's when love burns,
And now it's your turn.

Fascination,
Fascination,
It's just the way we feel.

Fascination,
Fascination,
It's just the way we feel!

We love this exaltation, woh oh, o o oh,
We want the new tempta '

A grey furred hand shot out from under the bedcovers and snatched the alarm clock off of the bedside cabinet where it had been sitting before immediately slamming down the SHUT OFF button on top of the clock, effectively ending Alphabeat's energetic rhythm, before carefully placing it back in its original position on the cabinet.

Alexander Bunny sighed in relief and laid his head back down onto the soft, comforting coolness of the pillow: usually he enjoyed waking up to that song and would've even sat up just so he could shake his arms up and down in the air like Anders SG did in the original music video which had been made almost 765 years ago , but this morning he just felt groggier than usual and his only intention right now was to return to the much beloved 'Land of Dreams' that he was still craving. However, having glanced at the front of the electronic clock and read the red lettered displayed time of 7:16am, the grey and

white rabbit Anthro gave a small groan...and slowly sat up before reluctantly swinging his pyjama covered legs over the side of the bed and standing up. Steadying himself due to the slight dizziness of sleep he was still experiencing, he made his way towards the door that led to the en suite bathroom.

By the sink, Alex splashed some cold water onto his face and his eyes opened rapidly at the icy feel of the liquid slowly dripping down the bridge of his nose. Wiping his face with a flannel, he removed his yellow pyjama bottoms and stepped into the large glass shower before turning on the hot water and beginning to let it run down over his body and seep through the fur to his skin. Switching on the waterproof radio, the familiar voice of the AcmeFM newscaster sounded out of the radio's speakers:

"Gooooood morning Acmetropolis, all over the city planet! Hope you all slept well in your warm and comfy beds last night, I know I did! 'Yippee for you' Alex muttered under his breath Looks like it's gonna be another bright and sunny day today, with temperatures reaching a possible max. of 25 degrees Celsius so you might wanna slap on the sunscreen unless you want to end up with skin like a flash fried chicken and a face as red as a fat businessman sweating in a burger bar, yeeeoowwww! Coming up, we got some great tunes to wake up to including Lady GaGa the 74th's new single 'Devious Swinger' and also Madonna the 17th's new single 'Feel Younger Than U R', you know you've gotta keep this station on!!!"

Alex twisted the radio switch to OFF, not wanting to listen to the radio presenter's consistently dynamic voice anymore. After a few more minutes, he turned off the hot water and stepped out of the shower onto the conveniently placed wet rug. He shook slightly as the sudden change in temperature in contrast to the warm steamy feel of the shower made the water clinging to his fur become cold. Grabbing a towel off of the radiator, he dried himself off and returned to his bedroom to look through his wardrobe.

'Now, let's see. Where did I put dat outfit?', Alex thought to himself as he rummaged around towards the back. Eventually, he grasped onto a familiar feeling material and pulled: out came his bare arm and his hand, which was now holding onto a coat hanger on which was hung the suit which he was to wear today: a thin dark yellow sweater and a pair of dark blue jeans, along with a faded blue waistjacket and a plain brown belt. Letting his towel drop to the floor, he removed each garment from the hanger and slipped on a clean pair of pale yellow boxers and a plain white T shirt before proceeding to dress himself in the rest of his gear. As he pushed his long furry legs into the jeans and pulled the sweater over his head, he slowly went over the fight scene he had spent most of last night rehearsing and had therefore lost sleep over.

For Alex was in the movie business, though ultimately not in the best position an anthrosapien rabbit COULD be in the movie business despite being trained and highly talented in martial arts: as much as he enjoyed meeting the production teams, he never felt as valued as he could have been in his job as a stuntman...or, as he had annoyingly been referred to on several occasions, 'the stunt rabbit'. □

This particular fight scene was for a new sci fi movie called 'I.R.S Attacks' I.R.S meaning 'Intelligent Robotic Sculpture': the sheer B movie quality of the title made Alex wonder why he ever chose to participate in it, especially considering that the director Ernie Kerowitz had turned out to be a complete jackass who never seemed to take into account that other

people's ideas were better than his own. □

'Perfect' Alex said to himself after slipping on a pair of grey and white trainers, observing his appearance in the mirror of the wardrobe door and giving a small smile. He moved over towards the left of his bedroom and drew back the curtains...and almost immediately the heat of the early morning sun hit at him through the glass window and caused him to frown.

'And now...da challenge of not sweating through my sweater all day'.

Sighing, he surveyed the streets below him and watched the rush of early morning traffic as people made their ways to their various areas of work: he could imagine the same thought running through the minds of nearly every single smartly dressed businessman that walked briskly down the sidewalk and mildly empathised with them on their feelings of their continually repetitive and mundane job of just sitting at a desk, sorting through papers for hours on end.

'Well, if dey knew what I did, they'd be thankful not teh have teh be thrown trough glass windows or wooden doors for most of the day', Alex thought to himself, before edging away from the window and moving toward the door near the foot of his bed that led out of the bedroom. Having opened the door and stepped out before closing it again, he now surveyed the rather cramped space in front of him that was his apartment.

In the left corner was a rather small kitchen area, where a plain white fridge stood against one pale cream wall and several cupboards were fixed to another wall right next to it. In the middle of the kitchen area was a medium sized, dull metal table and two silver chairs. Right ahead of him was the living area, which contained a somewhat stained leather sofa and a flatscreen iHQD 1080+

T.V set. Flashy, but only if you were able to receive more than the 5 main terrestrial channels...which Alex didn't. He knew that his apartment was basic in layout and he longed to have a properly spaced out one but his movie payments were often miniscule in size when compared with the big fat paychecks the main actors all received, and so he had to settle with staying in this place for the time being.

He walked over to the counter top of the kitchen area and switched on the coffee maker before delving into the cupboards in search of something nutritious for breakfast. Finding that all of his cereal boxes were practically empty, he grabbed two ProCarbotein bars from a large box to his right and closed the cupboard door. Stuffing one bar into his pocket and unwrapping the other, Alex sunk down into one of the silver chairs in the middle of the kitchen area...and glared at the 108 page script that lay before him in the centre of the table, its title printed in bold black letters.

It was the script that had kept him awake most of last night, constantly rehearsing the same tedious movements over and over again until Ernie had tired of him and sent him home, even though he was sure there was no other possible way he could've performed the scene.

It was the script that had led to him feeling as tired as he was now.
 It was the script that that jerk Ernie had written himself, taking no suggestions from anyone else but his self centred mind.
 It was...it was...

'The script...whose scenes, involvin' 'moi', I am gonna fix'.

Picking up a black ink pen that sat beside it, Alex flicked through the script until he reached the page on which his fight scene

took place...at least, it looked like the right page.

Alex squinted his eyes slightly in an attempt to see the words on the page clearly, but right now they seemed to be just too small for him to read properly. Heaving his shoulders up, he relaxed them and frowned slightly.

'Looks like the glasses are comin' out' he muttered, before reaching a grey furry hand into his back jeans pocket and pulling out a yellow rectangular box with rounded corners. He pushed in a catch on the front of the box and watched as the lid flipped open to reveal a pair of smart reading glasses: he had never had to wear glasses before, but recently his eyes had started to randomly become somewhat unfocused and made it hard for him to read things at close distances before reverting back to their original 'state of sight'.

Removing them from the cushioned compartment, Alex slipped the glasses onto the front of his nose before pushing them upwards towards his eyes with his middle finger and placing the now empty box back into his pocket. He then looked back down at the script, and was relieved to see that the words were now much clearer than they had been before. Picking up the pen again, he flicked through one more page and found his fight scene:

"ACT 3, SCENE 4:
 MAIN LEAD: speaking to I.R.S Wantin' to pick on a defenceless girl? clenches fists aggressively Not today.
 I.R.S: advancing toward MAIN LEAD
 Human subject must be destroyed!
 CUT
 STUNT RABBIT: SWITCHES WITH MAIN LEAD. FIGHT SCENE WITH I.R.S: THROW
 FEW□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
 □□□□□
 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
 □□□ PUNCHES AND MILD KICKS, GET KNOCKED BACK AND BEATEN BY □
 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
 □□□I.R. S.

CUT
MAIN LEAD: makeup effects applied I ain't goin' down that easy! bring out sword and swipe at I.R.S several times, causing scratches on I.R.S paintwork .
CUT SCENE CONTINUED
FURTHER OVER "

'Hmmm, doesn't seem fair dat I should hav ta receive most of dem blows while Mr. MAIN LEAD gets all the in shot attacks,' Alex said to himself out loud, □
'but maybe if I cross out...dat, and add in...this. And then take out this, and put in dat, and...done! Now, let's see.'
Setting the black ink pen down on the table, Alex picked up the script in both hands and read through the parts he had just annotated:

" CUT
STUNT RABBIT: SWITCHES WITH MAIN LEAD, FIGHT SCENE WITH I.R.S: THROW SEVERAL FIERCE PUNCHES TO DENT I.R.S MAINFRAME, THEN ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE UPPER SECTION TO KNOCK I.R.S BACK. I.R.S LUNGES AT STUNT RABBIT AND GIVES MODERATELY FORCED PUNCH. DELIVER LINE OF STUNT RABBIT: I ain't goin' down that easy! BRING OUT SWORD AND SWIPE SEVERAL

TIMES AT I.R.S TO SCAR AND REMOVE LEFT ROBOTIC ARM.
EFFECT SHOT: Arm regenerates back to robotic state
CUT SCENE CONTINUED
FURTHER OVER "

Just as he finished reading the last sentence, the coffee maker sounded to alert Alex that his beverage was now ready. Placing the script down neatly on the tabletop, he stood up from his chair and moved over to the countertop to pick up the coffee jug. Having now filled a bright yellow mug with the drink, Alex leaned back against the countertop and sipped at it. Averting his gaze upwards, he watched the three energy saving bulbs flicker softly in the faint gloom of the kitchen area as light began to seep through the curtains of the small window just beside the far left wall, brightening the room significantly.

'Well...,' Alex grinned to himself, '...let's hope today...is a good day'.

END OF CHAPTER 1a

Author's Notes: Finally, the very first sub chapter of the very first chapter of my very first fan fiction!!!

Based on the cult show Loonatics Unleashed, Loonatics: Origins will act somewhat as a reboot to the original T.V series by telling the story of how the Loonatics met, received their powers and ultimately became a team of superheroes. Most of the fan fiction here is based on original material created by me, but with influences from both the T.V show and other areas of Loonatics fan fiction.

The first chapter split into several sub chapters will focus on each Anthro waking up on the day that they receive their powers: first up is Alexander Bunny, who will later take up the name of 'Ace Bunny' when in superhero form.

I do not own Loonatics Unleashed or any other affiliated materials. This is only a fan fiction based on and produced as a reboot to the T.V series.

The song featured at the start of the sub chapter is 2007's 'Fascination' by the UK based Danish group Alphabeat: I picked it 'cause it just seemed like a nice song for Alex to wake up to and also a nice way to start the fan fiction. If you wish to watch the music video and possibly download the song, here is the Youtube link:□
link

Feel free to critique as well, but do try to be kind, as this is my first ever fan fiction. Enjoy!!!

Shadow of Magic: Prologue

□

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Original Fiction

Just another day at school...

Derad Wasnur's journal, final entry: I guess it all started that day in the summer, year 553 AC, even if i did not know until later

"Good day, everyone" said the teacher as he entered the room.

The kids, all ten to eleven years, were all standing respectfully behind their desk and only nodded in welcome. He was in the usual long flowing sapphire blue robes of the teachers and with his small glasses was securely placed on his long thin nose. He placed his documents and his pointy hat on the table and motioned for the kids to sit down. They did so with a lot of scrambling and the moment they were seated, the teacher turned towards them.

"We will pick up where we left last time, with the history of the great magical calamity" said the teacher and rubbed his hands together eagerly. "Now who can tell me what the magical calamity was and what came before it?"

A veritable forest of hands was raised up. "James Lierar, if you will" said the teacher and a heavily build kid in a grey tunic with the moon crest of house Lierar, stood up. "The great calamity happened 553 years ago right after the last Great War between the four nations. The war was ended by the sacrifice of a great gairon hero and a peace conference was organized in the great city of Carnor. However a magical explosion caused by the anger of the gods destroyed the city of Carnor during the conference and the magical energies damaged the entire continent" said James with great enthusiasm. "

True, except for the god part. It is only speculated how the calamity happened, but one theory is indeed that the old gods Order and Chaos struck out at the four

races of the world. This claim is further supported by the sudden silence of the gods afterwards" said the teacher. "You may sit, James Lierar."

James sat down again and Linar who sat next to him raised her hand. "Yes Linar Valiere?" asked the teacher.

Linar stood up. "Sir, you said that the great calamity hit all four races, but were not only three of the races present at Carnor?" asked Linar.

The teacher smiled. "An excellent point and indeed only humans, gairons, laxurons were present at the great Calamity. The dragons were not there due to their belief that it would go wrong from the start and according to history they based this belief upon an old line from the old gods' book of faith. But they were affected just as we were as the calamity changed the weather all over the world. The great desert in the north east was once grasslands and our own country here in the south was much warmer if we are to believe the history books. Some speculate that the dragons were responsible for the great calamity, but I believe that is nonsense and we should be thankful that someone avoided the corruption caused by the great calamity" explained the teacher.

"And while we are at this point, who can explain the corruption?" asked the teacher. □□ Once again almost everyone raised their hands. "Sirus Maxilon, if you will" said the teacher and a young boy stood up, but not a human boy.

Sirus was a laxuron or fishy as they were sometimes called. His skin was smooth and scaly with long arms and legs and similarly long fingers on his hands. A small amount of webbing was beginning to show itself between his fingers, as was normal among his people due to their affinity for water. His head was bald, with large round

ears, no eyes, two thin nostrils and the large mouth with small teeth.

Laxurons are amphibians with no eye sight, relying instead, according to themselves upon sound waves, which moved along the surface of everything and reflected back to their sensitive ears allowing them to make a black white image of their surroundings or at least that's what they claimed. It was supported by the fact that they could not make out or understand color, something the other boys and girls in class teased Sirius about, but blind he was not or at least not blind in the way they thought about it, as Sirius always found the other kids during hide and seek.

Sirius had moved to the human capital from the laxuron country of Morazlum only a few years before as part of the family who were going to supervise the new embassy and had been placed in their class midway through last year's term. But even though he had missed that half a year, he had caught up to them, showing the keen intellect so natural to his people. Now he stood behind his desk in his white toga, eager ready to enlighten them.

"The corruption is a trait shared by all magic using individuals, except dragons. The nature of the corruption is unknown, but the effect is very well documented and has forced the laxurons, the humans and the gairons to handle magic better, as the corruption causes every spell cast to drain not only the users stamina, but also his very life force" said Sirius and made a short bow towards the teacher before sitting down.

"Could not have said it better myself, Sirius, and the corruption is exactly the reason why we simply don't throw you out into magic training, because if you don't limit yourself, you can find your life over before you know it. Remember that" said the teacher in a very serious tone and the entire room was silent for a moment after. Not that they did not know of the corruption, every noble child was educated in that, but it had to be repeated many times for their own safety.

"Now we have talked about the bad things of the calamity, but some good things also happened, now who can tell me those?"

Again most raised their hands. "Yes, Carla Strion."

"The great calamity also spread an abundance of magical energy around the world, roughly ten folding the number of mages in all races, except the dragons. It is speculated that it is the same corruption that also caused this increase in magical adept people" said Carla. "Very good" said the teacher and Carla sat down again.

"This increase of mages also lead to a very important change right here in our country. With the new power we were able to replace the weak priest rule of before and organize a new government which could deal with the now harsher cold and lead this country to a new future. I am myself and you boys and girls' direct descendants of these mages' and it will someday be your duty to lead this country" told the teacher proudly.

"But we are running out of time, can somebody tell us about our shadows and we will call it a day?" Again the arms were in the air. "If you will, Derad Wasnur" A well built boy with a dark hair stood up. He wore the lion crest of the Wasnur family on the right side of his emerald green tunic. He had gentle blue eyes and a friendly smile and a slightly inward curving nose.

"Our shadow is our soul given shape, without our shadows, the body is an emotionless, but not unintelligent shell and without a body the shadow simply passes on. No known magic can remove a shadow from its body, but a removed shadow can with the right spell be tied to a new body or object before it passes on" told Derad.

"Exactly. All of this was discovered by the respected laxuron mage Niervar Deloren in 374 years BC. But remember a shadow that passes on due to a natural death cannot be bound or stopped in any way" said the teacher. "Now that was all for today, next lesson is tomorrow, same time and we will be starting on the beasts of the wilds."

Everyone immediately stood up and waited for our teacher to leave, before they swarmed out of the school building out into the streets of the upper city. "Hey, wont

you come play hide and seek with us?" asked Carla, Derad while he was walking towards the main street.

Derad turned his head around and with a smile yelled back. "Not today, my mother is waiting for me at the academy; we are going to visit a family friend."

"Okay see you tomorrow then" yelled Carla and then ran along with Sirus.

Derad envied them a bit, the friend they were going to visit was kind enough, but he was always so focused on his work, always talking about it with words Derad could not understand. But he had said in the letter that he had a surprise if Derad and his mother came by one of the following days, so Derad thought it perhaps would not be so boring this time.

Derad ran through the streets, his shoes echoing on the clean bricks and the brick houses on either side quickly passed by. Other nobles walked about their daily business and no beggar was in sight, kept far away by the guards. Not like the commoner quarter where they were everywhere and Derad was thankful he did not have to go there much. He leapt aside as a gust of steam escaped a nearby tube with a hissing sound. The bronze and metal tubes ran all over the city, heating the houses in the long winter months. Though the details were still lost to Derad, he understood that it was somehow water that became the steam when it was heated and that it was the principal way guns functioned too.

"A gun" a smile spread across Derad's face as he thought of that. In less than two years he would be twelve, old enough to enter the magic academy and once he completed that he would have a gun of his own and be a fully fledged mage.

Just then the academy came into view and Derad soon came out onto the academy plaza. He had off course seen it before, but it never ceased to amaze him with all its towers and domes in beautiful marble, supported by blankly polished metal columns which almost looked like gold the way they gleamed in light of the now red setting sun.

"There you are my darling" called his mother with a smile from the other side of the plaza. Derad ran happily over and threw himself in her arms. She nuzzled his hair as she always did. "How was your day at school?" she asked him gently.

"It was great" Derad answered with a smile "We talked about the great calamity and how it affected us and how it affected the other races and..." She smiled and took him by the hand, leading him towards the academy.

"Let us go see what Arorg Valiere wanted to show us, he sounded very excited in his letter" his mother said with a smile, when Derad finished talking about his day at school.

Derad and his mother ascended the steps up to the main gate and walked inside. The entrance hall was enormous, with statues of the greatest mages of all times lining the hall all the way to the conference chamber door, where the council held its meetings to decide the countries fate. Derad and his mother did not go there, but turned down a side hall which exited into a great garden and there they walked towards a cluster of buildings, dominated by a single high tower.

Suddenly and without warning a powerful shockwave smashed the roof of the tower and swept Derad and his mother of their feet, sending them crashing into the wall. Derad's mother managed to shield Derad from the impact with her body and they both tumbled to the ground beneath the academy wall.

The impact was followed by a loud sound, like that of a hundred guns firing at the same time right beside Derad's ear. The sky was gleaming and sparkling like a thousand stars in front of his eyes, but slowly he focused and saw that a massive gleaming blue column of energy had smashed through the roof of the tower and was now converging together in a single point above the tower. Derad saw nothing more as his mother managed to creep in front of him.

"Do not move, my darling, it will be alright"

she said in heaving breaths, even as a strange buzzing grew louder and louder, until it seemed to fill Derad's entire head. He closed his eyes and lay perfectly still, trying to block out the buzzing and the screams he could now also hear.

A bright flash penetrated Derad's eyelids and everything became quiet, not even his mother's ragged breathing could be heard anymore. Slowly he opened his eyes. His mother still stood protectively bended over him. Something black passed by his vision and his mother's voice filled his head "I will always love you...always."

"Mother?" Derad asked tryingly and got no answer. He began to panic and crept out of her protective embrace.

"Mother...Mother!" Derad yelled and shook her shoulder. She fell over face down on the ground and her back was

revealed to him.

It was black and burned somewhere the bones were even visible where the flesh had been seared of. Derad choked and looked away and saw that the rest of the garden was charred and burned like a great fire had raged there for hours, but it had only been a few seconds. No sound could be heard, but other bodies lay around and people were slowly appearing from nearby buildings to see what had happened.

Slowly Derad turned vision back to his mother none the less. "She cannot be dead!" Derad told himself and looked at her body again to find that little twitch that showed him that she was alive. But the only thing he saw was that her body no longer cast a shadow, the soul had moved on. Derad froze in horror noticing nothing else and then he just...fainted.

Editor's Notes: Since the author, Mr. Hansen, has declined to write any postscript, I would like to take this opportunity to

As the Threads Come Loose: Social Tensions

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The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 6: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

The helmet hit the floor. I let it. This fine mess I had agreed to. The Blades armor was chaffing on my shoulders. My hands were red, chapped, and burning. I stared at the shiny Daedric helm that rolled forward and back, settling on the floor.

"You've returned." It was Jauffre. He got up from the table across the room and made his way over to me. "Strange, usually the agents have only bound armor."

"You'll want this." I closed the distance between us and handed over the tiny scroll filled with heresy: the orders for the spies. He received it and congratulated me for having dispatched the women, but made no motion to open the scroll. "You ought to read it now." I supposed he could see that I was speaking through my teeth, my lips pressed into a straight line.

He looked at me hard for a moment and then unraveled the parchment. "By the gods, a great gate? In Bruma? I must alert the city guard. We'll all be on high alert."

"What is a great gate, Brother?" The term caught my interest and I momentarily forgot my anger. They often spoke in words I could not fully understand. I suppose they had gathered a lot of information while I had been out cold.

"It's the same kind of gate that was opened in Kvatch. I suspect they plan to use a siege crawler too, as they did before to break the city gates. We cannot allow this to happen. You must go warn the countess."

"You would have me go now?" I held up my hands, newly irritated.

"Are you not concerned with the safety of Bruma? If the Mythic Dawn succeeds in opening a great gate, there will be nothing we can do to save the city, much less the temple if the city falls!"

"Well, you are obviously not concerned with the condition of my

palms."

"You put yourself before your Emperor and your country?"

"I do no such thing." I could feel fire welling up in my chest. With a little more provocation I would readily blow him away. I was in no mood to be belittled. Smoke and ash expelled from the last gate I closed still clung to the walls of my lungs, choking me. "Fine, I will go shortly, but know that I do not do this for *you*." I push past him, forgetting the helm, and rushed into the dining quarters.

"You created quite a stir." I spun around. It was Martin, sitting quietly, studying some books. I came over and sat across from him.

"You heard all that?" I coughed. "I doubt there is anyone who did not."

"Jauffre fixes to kill me." As I began to fold my hands, I felt a surge of pain. The blisters that had formed on my fingers were very tender.

"No such thing." He turned a page. "He's simply a man carrying a lot of responsibility. Be patient with him. I want you to get along well. He will help you greatly before this is all over." He wasn't listening to me. His nose was in his book and he was ignoring me.

"Priest, do you not hear me? I have just returned and he would have me go back to Bruma in the dead of night!" I found myself having a small coughing fit.

"You have done it before. I do not see "

"Do you see this?" I held up my palms.

"Dear. How did you manage that?" "I closed another gate. I happened upon it while I was in search of the spies."

"Did Jauffre see this?"

"Held it right up to his nose. Do you see this cruelty?" I found myself pouting. Why was I doing such a thing? I immediately stopped it.

"You wear the armor; you serve the

cause; he treats you as a Blade. He forgets that you are not.” He placed down his book, took my hand and examined it. “I am surprised that this was all you suffered.”

“Potion of Fire Shield from the Mage’s Guild.”

“You really must find another way to do this. Or at least if you intend to do this again, next time take along some gauntlets.” He inspected one palm more thoroughly, then the other.

“I don’t understand how placing metal over my skin then immersing it in fire will protect me.” He let go and pushed my hands away in mock anger. We both smiled.

“Perhaps you should get some further training in Mysticism, then.” He offered with a chuckle. “For now, I have a potion that should fix you up by morning. Then you can head out to the castle, if you’d like.”

“Gee, now *you* are my taskmaster. You seem to be rising to meet your destiny, Brother.”

He got up from the table. “For all intents and purposes, ‘Martin’ is just fine. Come now.” He seemed quite at ease with me. Somehow, that actually unnerved me.

As we crossed into the main hall, Baurus looked up from the fireplace and gave a nod of greeting. He looked a bit smug, as though he too heard the altercation from earlier tonight. At the end of the west wing stood Cyrus. He always seemed to be standing at the door to the royal quarters. I barely ever saw him elsewhere. I gave him a polite smile and we went in through the open door into the suite.

“Here.” Martin handed me a purple vial. “Drink this before you lay down. It’s high quality. Make sure not to waste any.”

“Thank you,” I cleared my throat. “Martin.”

“You were gone an awfully long time.” He touched his palm to my cheek. I froze. *What was he doing? He intended to create scandal!* My mind went wild. “You had me worried.” He tilted his head, and placed a kiss, like the brush of a feather, on my forehead.

“Your Majesty,” I cleared my throat again, and I realized I had forgotten myself. “May the gods keep watch as you sleep,” and tore out of the room. I could

only imagine what Cyrus had thought.

I was feeling better in the morning, that was for certain, but the events of the previous night left me walking on eggshells. Everyone in the Blades sleeping quarters was dead asleep, but I could feel eyes on me. The main hall too was quiet. The change of the guard had evidently not happened yet. It was still rather early. Martin was not where he normally was, sitting on a bench with his nose in a book. He was no where to be found. Yet, the mess of books and parchment and quills were everywhere. The *Mysterium Xarxes*, the book he had been translating, was in the centre of the table. *What magic could be contained in this book?* I felt the leather cover and all of its indents that spelled the embossed title. It had been described as an old book, ancient in fact, and yet it looked very well kept, almost new. It was such a perfect shade of tanned leather. And so smooth... *If I could just see inside.* With great care I began to lift the cover...

A hand came flying down on top of the cover. “By the Nine! Are you mad? Such a thing is dangerous even to handle and here you are doting on it!” I looked up, alarmed.

“Martin! I...”

He sighed, closed his eyes, and collected himself. “It’s a powerful article of dark magic. I have some ways of protecting myself from its power. I limit my exposure when I can.” He was patient. “Forgive me, but you on the other hand I don’t want you in any danger.” He dragged the book away from me on the table with the strength of his fingers.

“You protect yourself with your *holy* magic?” I placed the whole of my weight on one side. *What was he up to?*

“I have...some experience with these things.”

“Knowledge of such things’, hm?”

“Well...”

“I am in need of clothes. I don’t expect I should need to run around in mages robes from the days of Tiber Septim. Where are the clothes that I had before I arrived?”

The mood lightened. Maybe we would not have to address last night. I saw his lips part slightly before speaking, and instantly I could recall their feeling on my brow. “Those were beyond saving, I’m

afraid. Caroline should have something to spare until you have the time to go purchase something in town.”

“I plan to go to Skingrad, after stopping at the castle, of course. There are some alchemical ingredients I’m looking for.” I found myself toying with the collar of my robe.

“Oh? What are you after?”

“B Bolete caps. I figure I could use them with the Daedras’ hearts I collected for some health potions. While I’m in the area, I’ll see if I can turn up an artifact for you.”

He sighed. “So I suppose you’ll be

gone for another long while.”

“Perhaps...it is for the best.” I could see he thought differently. In the silence of the room, his hand approached my face. His lips followed. *This is wrong. By the gods!* I shuddered and my eyes flew shut. I was as rigid as any pole as he pressed his gentle mouth to my strained face. *Please, what kind of unholy profanation are you pursuing?* When he withdrew, we both took a moment, and when he looked as though he was trying to form words I chimed in, “Please do not exhaust yourself with your studies.” *Perhaps he was going mad.*

Author’s Notes:

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

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.

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Subject line: *Contributing.*

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

Text of Story.

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1, Length:

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2, Foul language:

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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;

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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!

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