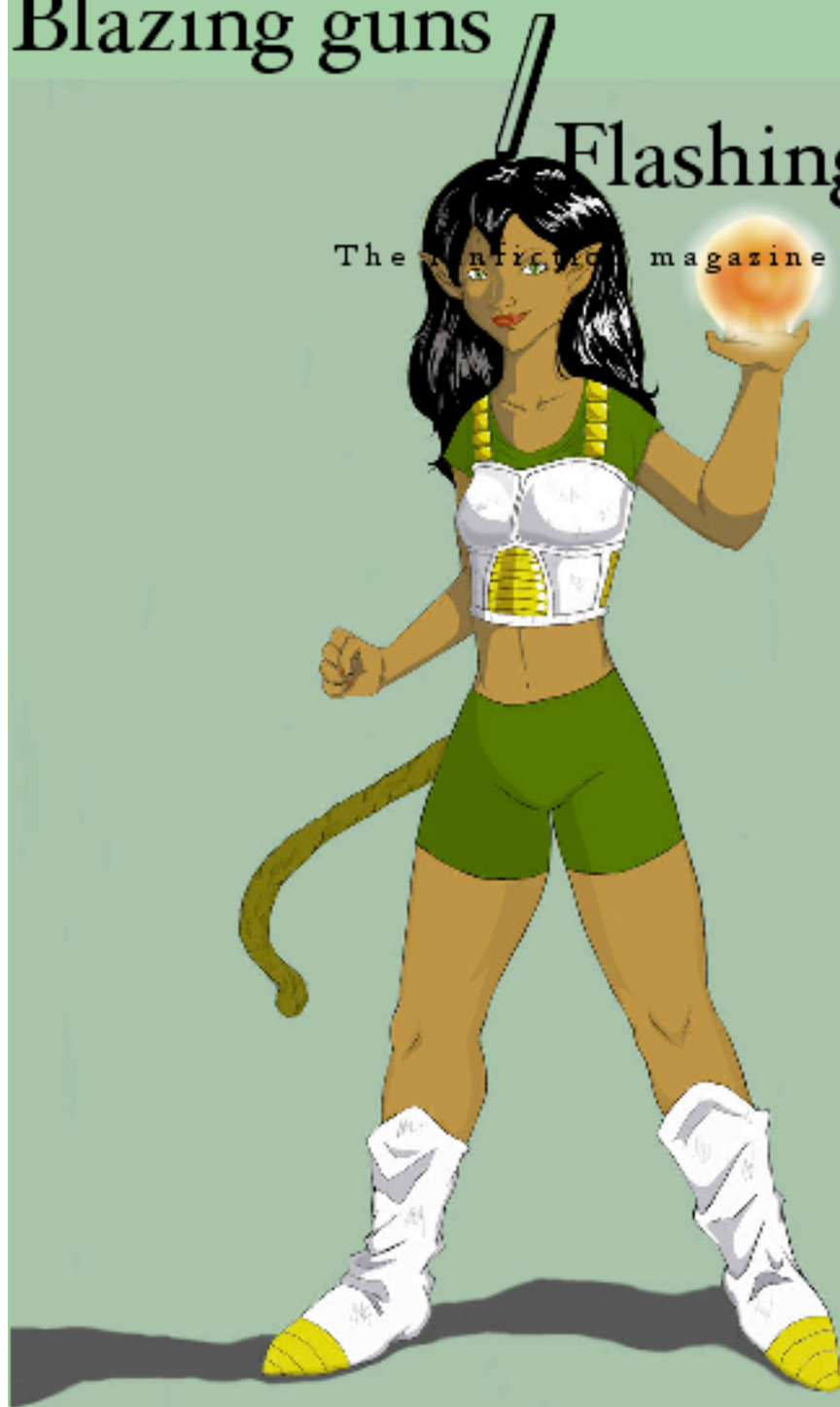


Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns

Flashing swords

The *fiction* magazine



Issue No 16, September 16, 2010

Cover art by EmotionalPenguin <http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/>

And now, a word from the editor:

Well, this issue sure went out sideways: the whole week before was total bedlam what with holidays and dead computers, so by the time I realized it was

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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Broken Lance Chapter Three

Pat Schneider and Dan Luton wenzel368@hotmail.com,
<http://schneider368.deviantart.com/>
subject: Borderlands

"... and of course that freaked Odin out, so he started flying all around the room, so that's when I had to stop training him inside." Robert chuckled as he recounted his tale. Travis gave an obliged laugh at his friends story. Robert's stories were never really all that funny, but he didn't really want to let him know that so he always humored him.

"So what's been goin' on here on Pandora?" The question seemed strange at first, seeing as he had lived on Pandora for all his life, while Robert and his family had only been to Pandora for 3 years. Robert lived on another close by planet called Dimetra. Dimetra seemed to be the complete opposite of what Pandora was. Robert always showed him the pictures of the lush vegetation and fauna, and of the trees that stood so tall Travis wondered how they didn't fall over when the wind blew. Pandora had no real plants other than bushes and grass that grew sparsely in certain areas, so he always thought of going to Dimetra when he was down on himself.

"Well I hung out with the wrong crowd for a few years, left, and made more enemies than friends. Y'know how I am." Travis replied with a smirk.

"You'll never make any friends with that ugly mug of yours."

"Yeah, like yur any better?"

"Of course! The ladies can't resist me!"

"Can't resist walking away is more like it." Travis teased as he finished the last drop of his beer.

"Oh yeah? Watch me!" Robert walked over to two young women who had been sitting at a table sipping drinks. "Hello ladies, how are we doing tonight? I know it'll only get better if you let me buy you a couple of drinks." He said as he smirked. Travis who had turned around on the bar stool to

watch the spectacle, couldn't help but cover his face with his hand and shake his head. The women looked at each other, laughed and got up to leave.

"Way to go Assanova." Travis said as he laughed at his friend's pathetic attempt.

"Yeah, Yeah, laugh it up! I don't see any ladies swarming around you!" It was true. Travis didn't have any girls that felt anything for him, but he never really felt like he wanted, or needed to. He had been by himself for so long he had grown detached from everyone around him. The people he didn't have business with were just scenery as far as he was concerned.

"Not here to pick up women." was all Travis could think to say. there was a pause as Robert looked at him inquisitively.

"Well?" Robert finally asked

"Well what?"

"What *are* you doing here?"

The Question caused another pause. He didn't know how to respond. He had never thought of why he had been on Pandora, he just was. It was like asking why gravity existed, it just did, you never really questioned why it existed, it was just there.

"I...don't know..." There was another awkward pause. Travis slapped the table and held up a finger and the barkeep slid him another beer down the long table.

"Look, Travis... if you don't want to talk about it "

"No, Robert..." He couldn't finish the thought.

"Travis I know it's a hard thing to deal with...but you can't go on living your life like this... can you? You're happy living day to day like this? Doing odd jobs to get by?"

It was almost a harsh question because of its reality. He knew he wasn't depressed living this way, but it definitely wasn't what he wanted. Travis stood up and pulled his wallet out from his pocket. He pulled out a few bills and put them on the table. He began to walk out the door when he turned to his friend.

"Meet me in front of the bounty board tomorrow ." Robert simply nodded a reply as his friend exited the bar.

Travis stepped into the approaching night. He looked up into the sky at the bright full

moon and simply stared at its luminous gleam lost on a train of thought going off the tracks. He put his hands in his pockets as he whistled the same chirp from earlier that day. Odin fluttered down from his perch on the bar's roof and came to rest on his shoulder. The Bloodwing, almost sensing Travis' confusion, craned its neck as if to look in his master's eyes and cooed softly. Travis smiled and stroked the bird's head.

"You know how to cheer me up ya damn bird."

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>

Pokemon, The Truth, Chapter Six

Samuel Vorsa, Fishenut123@aol.com, <http://sam4765.deviantart.com/>
Subject: 'what do you think?'

I woke up in what looked like the small room I was in earlier, I sat up and noticed all my wounds were bandaged up.□□Jasmine was sleeping in a chair across the room and my Pokémon were again on my bed.□□Then I remembered the whole battle, but I realized in my head something that had happened.□□Primera spoke to me, and I understood it, every word.□□I fell back when I felt a sharp pain in my stomach,□□which woke everyone.□□Primera jumped on my stomach, completely oblivious that she nearly tripled in weight.

"Primera, you're hurting him!"□□Shree said.

"Wha oh sorry, master, I forgot I evolved!"□□Primera said.

"I it's okay, just be more careful." I grunted as I sat up again.□□By this time Jasmine was up, and I could see from her face that she had a lot of questions.□□"Seems like I'm saved by you again."

"Did you really take down all those Pokémon by yourself?!" she asked.

"Not all of them, they took out a about a good third."
"Still!□□To fight off that many Pokémon with your bare hands!" she snapped back.

"How'd the attack go?" I asked.

"Well, we they were in a bit of a jam even with the decrease in guards, but then the Pokémon league showed up and it wasn't much of a battle from there." She said

"Who called them?"□□I asked.

"Whitney.□□She got suspicious when she couldn't contact you, and she managed to convince the Pokémon league to come check it out."□□She replied.

"Why couldn't here calls get through?" I

asked.

"They had some kind of jamming device that prevents any signal heading to the outside from reaching anyone, but it allows signal going within the barrier to reach anything else within it."

"Scary, anyway have they been run out of the city?" I asked.
"Pretty much, just a few resistance groups."

"That's good, mind if I just spend some time alone?"□□She nodded and went out of the room.□□I turned to my Pokémon and said "I... think I can understand you when you speak."□□They all had surprised looks on their faces.□□"When I was holding you Primera, you said don't worry it's just a scratch, I don't know how or why, but I just could."

"I've never heard of a human who could understand Pokémon!"□□Shika said.

"Well, I'm not sure I am human, there's something I've got to tell you."□□I told them of where I was from and how I got here, their faces were awestruck, and I don't blame them.

"Well, I'm sure we'll get some answers once we get to the Whirlpool Islands!"□□Shree said.

"Yeah, but we're going to rest here for a day or two, you guys have earned a rest." I said.

"You too master!" they said as they all jumped on me.□□

"Hey, what about my wounds!"□□I said in vain.

I woke up the next morning, everyone was still sleeping on the bed with me.□□I looked at my wounds, but they had already healed, only leaving faint, but visible scars.□□I kept the bandages on so no one would notice.□□I got up and put on a pair of clothes that were on a small table.□□I

let the others sleep and quietly went out the door.□□

I looked around to see if I could find where I was and saw what looked like a kitchen down the hall and I walked towards it.□□Jasmine was at a stove cooking.□□She heard me come in and seemed startled she pointed to a table and sat myself down and asked "So this is where you live?"

"Well.. uh..□□as a gym leader I'm very busy so I don't have the time to go to my mansion very much, so I had this made when I had over nighters." She seemed to be different from the Jasmine I saw before.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"N no nothing's wrong it's just ummm... I'm different when I'm not doing work."

"I won't ask, I still owe ya for saving my butt twice." I said.□□She blushed more and turned back to cooking.□□

"Do you know a way out the Whirlpool islands?" I asked.

"Whitney told me you were heading there, it's dangerous heading out there, they call it the Whirlpool islands for a reason!"

"Hey isn't dangerous something I did yesterday?"□□I asked sarcastically.□□She seemed stunned at my response.□□"Hey, is something wrong?"

"How is it... that you're so confident?" she asked softly.

"For me, it's not a question of how confident I am; bit how much I want to do it, why do you ask?"

"Well, there's someone I have a crush on, but I've only met him recently...and I don't know how to tell him."

"Well, whenever I got nervous over doing something, my mom told me to stand in front of a mirror and do what made me so nervous over and over, it may not be like the real thing, but it helps a lot, I'm going to go get my Pokémon, I'll be back in a

few." I said as I walked down the hall.□□I walked in quietly and woke them up.

"When we're having breakfast, I'm going to act as if I don't know Pokémon language, so let's keep conversation to a minimum, okay?" I asked.□□They all nodded and followed me down the hall.□□We sat down and ate the food Jasmine had prepared for us.□□

"So umm, what're you planning to do today?" Jasmine asked.

"Well, I guess sight see around the city, my Pokémon and I could use a break after what happened yesterday, right guys?" they nodded as they munched on their food.

"Well, I could give you the grand tour of the city..." she said softly.

"That'd be great!" I said.□□We finished up breakfast and went out for a walk.□□

"Where do you want to go first?" she asked.

"I don't know my way around this city, lead the way!" I said.□□We walked around for a good 1 hour, with Jasmine telling me about the shops and other notable places.□□We ate lunch together and spent the rest of the day exploring the city.□□The last place we stopped was the light house.□□We took the elevator up and when the doors opened, I saw a yellow Pokémon with a bulb at the end of its tale.

"This is the Pokémon that makes the light for the lighthouse, I raised her myself." She said as she walked over to the Pokémon.□□The Pokémon seemed glad to see her as it ran to her and rubbed it's head against hers.□□I looked out of the window and saw in the distance what looked like land mass on the horizon, it was small but still there.

"Are those the Whirlpool Islands?" I asked.□□She looked out the window and said

"Yeah, few people have been able to actually make it onto those Islands, all of them claimed to have seen, well you wouldn't believe me."

"Lugia?" I asked. □□ She seemed surprised with my answer.

"How'd you know?!" she asked with a surprised look.

"Just a hunch, tomorrow, I'd like to go to those Islands, do you know anyone who could get me there?"

"Well, the truth is that only those Lugia wants to see can get onto those islands."
"Then I just need to get close huh?"

"You're not seriously considering doing that right?!" she asked moving closer.

"It's something I want to do." I said looking to the Islands. □□ She seemed to remember our conversation at breakfast. □□

"Ummm... can you promise me one thing then?" she said looking down.
"Yeah."

"Please come back safely."

"Don't worry, I will, we should be heading back, it's getting dark." I said as the sun disappeared under the horizon. □□ The whole time it took to get back to the gym, we didn't say a word. □□ I didn't know if I did something wrong or what, but when we were in front of the gym, she tugged my sleeve and said

"My Mansion isn't that far from here, would you mind if we stayed there tonight?"

"I don't mind at all." I said with a smile. □□ It took about 10 minutes to get to it. □□
When I looked at it, it was as extravagant as Whitney's. □□ "Are all gym leaders this rich?" I thought to myself. □□ We walked through the front gate and went down a winding path through a garden. □□ When we came to the mansion and walked through the front door. □□ Inside was like Whitney's place but different decorations and a few Pokémon running around. □□ "Do you usually have Pokémon running around like this?" I asked.

"Well... yes, this is like a day care for

Pokémon who're hurt in the wild or when trainers need to leave them for a while."
She said. □□ I was led to my room by a maid and when the door closed I called out my Pokémon.

"Tomorrow we're heading to the Whirlpool Islands, Shree can you help me swim there?"

"No problem!" she said jumping onto to me.

"When we get to the Whirlpool islands, be ready for anything alright?" I said. □□ They all nodded. □□

"Which one of you wants to wash up first? □□ I'm gonna do some exercises before I shower." They all seemed to be daunted by my question. □□ "What's the matter?"

"Well, Pokémon don't normally wash up in a humans bathroom." □□ Shree said.

"Well, we don't any smell stinking the entire room while we sleep, why do you think I shower every day?"

"Alright then, I'll go first." □□ Shika said. □□ I began my exercises when Shika poked her head out and said □□ "Umm how do you work the water?" □□

"Oh, here I'll show you." I said as I got up and walked toward the door. □□ I showed her what the red and blue next the handle meant. □□ It was a half an hour before it was Primera's turn.

"Um, master do I have to take a shower?" she asked nervously.

"Oh right, you're weak against water, I'll wash you myself, I'll use the least amount of water possible." □□ I filled the tube with steaming water and slowly put Primera in it. □□ "How do you feel?" I asked.

"well, it's not so bad since the water's hot."

"Alright, I'll be gentle." I said as I grabbed a large cup and slowly poured water over her. □□ I grabbed some Pokémon shampoo and began rubbing it in. □□ Rather than flinching at my hands, she seemed to rather enjoy it.

"For some reason master, it doesn't hurt when you rub, it actually feels good!"

"Alright, that's good, I'm gonna pour some more water over you to wash the soap out." I said, she nodded and I poured the water over her. □□ I picked her up out of the tube and she shook all the water off her and exerted some flames to completely dry her off. □□ "Alright, you're nice and clean."

"Are you going to take on now master?"

"Of course, I just got done exercising and I don't want to stink up the whole room right?"

"I guess so." She said as she turned around and walked out the door. □□ I took my shower and when I got out the others were already asleep on my bed.

"Come on guys, at least leave me some room." I thought to myself as I wormed my under the covers. □□ When I fell asleep, I had dream, I was floating in an ocean lying on my back. □□ On my left I saw Olivine, on my right I saw Islands. □□ I couldn't move, but I felt my body drifting toward the Island. □□ As I drifted closer I saw a weird rock, it looked like a wing and a whirlpool was right next to it. □□ I tried desperately to move but my body wouldn't listen to me. □□ I was sucked under water and flung around like a rag doll. □□ It was sucked into an underwater cave where I couldn't see a thing. □□

I felt my body slow down and surface, I drifted to what felt like solid ground, then I saw a silver light. □□ I blacked out again and woke up in bed. □□ I looked at the clock and it was 5 in the morning. □□ I tried to go back to sleep, but I couldn't so I got up and got dressed. □□ The moon was still out so I went through the window and climbed up to the roof. □□ I watched the moon fall and the sunrise over the city. □□ It was quite a site. □□ I took my ipod out of my pocket and began listening to some music.

"You know it's not a good idea to spy on people." I said as I took off my earphones and looked over to Jasmine, who seemed startled when I said that.

"umm, ahhh....Sorry, I come up here when I get the chance to sleep at my own home."

"It's quite a sight isn't it?" I said as I watched the sun cover the city, like it was slowly being covered by a harmless fire. □□

"My Dad would wake me up sometimes to show me this, it was a wonder to me as a child back then." She said looking into the horizon.

"Where I come from, my house was on a mountain side, and it looked something like this in the morning, It amazed me there's such beauty exists." I stood up and squinted my eyes and saw the Whirlpool Islands in the distance. □□ "I had a dream last night, of how to get into the Island, I'm going to trust that dream."

"Can.. I come with you?" she asked quietly.

"They way it showed me wasn't as simple as holding your breath, I got tossed around like a rag doll, are you sure you want to come?" □□ She nodded and stood up

"It's something I want to do!" she said with confidence in her voice.

"Then I can't stop ya, let's have a light breakfast and head out!" □□ I said making my way down to my window.

"This is how you got up here!?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's pretty easy if you're like me." I said as I swung through my window, and landed with a small thud, but it was enough to wake the others.

"Let's head down to breakfast, after that we're headed to the Islands." □□ I led them downstairs where we had breakfast. □□ Right after that we headed to the beach where I got Shree ready. □□ Jasmine called out a Golduck and got it ready.

"We're going to go through a whirlpool, so be ready to hold your breath." I said. □□ She pulled out what looked like a small respirator and explained

"This is something the Gym Leader Blaine

invented, it filters out the water and only leaves the oxygen, umm what about you?"

"My dad trained to hold my breath for a long time underwater, so I'll be fine, alright Shree, you ready?" I asked. She nodded her head and got in the water while Jasmine's golduck did the same.

"Alright Shree just take it at a steady pace, we don't want you to get tired before we get to the Island, Jasmine, follow behind us and stay close, you never know where we might run into a Whirlpool."

"O ok!" she said as we set off. It took us about 15 minutes before we began to see the Islands.

"Look for a rock that looks like a wing, the Whirlpool next to it is where we go under." After 5 minutes of searching and a few close calls with some whirlpools we saw the wing shaped rock, and there was a whirlpool right next to it. "Alright hang on to me!" I said as I reached out my hand. As we got closer we began to feel the pull of the whirlpool. Jasmine got her respirator ready and I got ready to hold my breath. We hung onto our Pokémon as we got sucked under and just like in the dream, we got tossed around like rag dolls. In the tussle, Jasmine lost her respirator and was in the middle of inhaling while doing it so she didn't have a lot of air!

There was at least another 2 minutes before we got inside so there was only one solution I could think of to save her. When the current finally calmed down after another 10 seconds I pointed to my lips and she nodded. I put my lips against hers and slowly breathed out. She inhaled my breath and stopped trembling from the lack of oxygen.

When we finally got inside and on dry land, I made sure that she was the first one up. When got on land, she was gasping for air.

"You alright?" I asked with my hand on her shoulder, letting her know I was here next. She moved my hand and hugged me hard. She began to cry, I don't

blame her, drowning to death is one of the worst and painful ways to die. "Don't worry, it's fine, you're alright." I felt Shree nudge me and thought to me

"What now Master?" she asked. I grabbed my 2 remaining poke balls and called out Shika and Primera.

"Primera, give us some light please." I said. She lit up enough for me to see the surrounding area, the Golduck was right next to us. "Alright now we just need to " before I could finish, there was a bright light coming from the other side of the room.

"Good to see you've made it Riko." I heard a voice say to me, it wasn't Pokémon language so it caught Jasmine's ear too. "Come, I know why you are here." I followed the light and when I got close, a very large bird, white as snow perched on smooth rocks that seemed to be molded to fit the large Pokémon.

"Hey Lugia, nice front door you've got." I said sarcastically.

"Well, you know everyone wants to catch a Legendary Pokémon."

"Do I want to catch you?" I asked, still sitting next to Jasmine, who was still in shock at what was happening.

"No, you came here to find out why you are here in this world." Lugia said, which made Jasmine look at me with confusion.

"Wait, what does she mean this world!?" Jasmine asked.

"I'm not from this world Jasmine, I'll tell you how it happened later, but right now I want to know why I'm here."

"You're here to help, but not with what you are doing now, these are trials to help you prepare for the real reason why you are here, as to what that is, that is beyond my knowledge, I'm sorry."

"Alright, if what you say is true, then I'll find out later, but maybe you can answer this question, do you know what these are?" I asked as I pulled out the 2 knives,

showing them in plain view.

"Ah, Those are gifts given to those who have helped Rayquaza, master of the sky, as to why they ended up in your world, I do not know."

"If my dad left them for me, does that mean he's been here before?!" I thought to myself.

"I have answered all that I can, and Jasmine, can you keep this place a secret from everyone, I really like it here." Lugia asked in a gentle voice.□□Jasmine was even more stunned when Lugia knew her name, but nodded none the less.□□"Close your eyes and I'll send you back to the city." We did so and we felt ourselves lift off the ground for a second, then we landed on something soft.□□I opened my eyes to find ourselves in the room I was resting in the first time I got here.

Jasmine was holding me with a vice like grip and her eyes were still shut.

"Jasmine, we're back." I said as I patted her head.□□She opened her eyes and looked around in awe.□□"Let's rest for the rest of the day, you've been through enough for one day." I said.□□She looked up at me, she was still wet in her bathing suit, but that didn't stop her from kissing me.□□I was caught like a deer in headlights as fell on my back.□□

"Before you left... I just wanted to kiss you for real just once." She said with her face unbelievably red.□□I could hear my Pokémon thoughts, they were jealous.□□"If you stay in that, you'll catch a cold." I said.□□She looked down at herself and realized how cold it was and began shivering.□□She rushed out of the room with her face still beet red; my clothes were wet to so I got changed.□□I didn't think I could look at Jasmine with a straight face for a while.□□We met up in the kitchen, still in mind what had just happened.□□I started a conversation with a question "Do you know where Rayquaza might be?" I asked, my heart was still beating and she could tell.

"Um... I heard a rumor that he was in the Hoenn Region, but you have to go to the Kento Region to get a plane there."

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to leave first thing tomorrow."

"I knew you would, so here." She handed me a card.□□"There's a transport business in this city that'll take you anywhere by chopper if you have that card, go to Goldenrod and take the magnet rain there, I'm sure Whitney will give you a pass, you can leave today."□□

"I can't thank you enough Jasmine." I said. She turned away slowly and said

"Do you promise to visit?" she asked nervously.□□

"I promise I'll be back." I said as I put the card in my pocket.□□She walked out of the room, but I swore I heard her cry a little.□□I noticed my Pokémon were hiding around the corner listening to our conversation.

"Are we really leaving master?" Primera asked.

"Yeah, I don't have time to lose, I need to find out why I'm here and why my dad had these knives, I know they're connected somehow, here I'm sure they don't allow Pokémon on a chopper ride." I said as I returned them to their poke balls.□□I found the address that was on the back of the card and walked in the front door.□□I showed them the card and they asked me where I wanted to go and I was back in Goldenrod in no time.□□

The first thing I did was let Whitney know I was back in town.□□She seemed ecstatic over the phone and angry at the same time for not letting me know in advance.□□She told me she was very busy, but she would be back at the Mansion by 3 and told me to go there.□□I felt a bit at home knowing I was going somewhere I already knew, but ever since I came to this world I've felt more at home than I ever did back in on earth.

As the Threads Come Loose: In the Night, the Blood Runs, Screaming: 'Daedra'

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The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 7: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

Falanu, the owner of All Things Alchemical, had directed me to the Shrine of Sanguine while I was in Skingrad. Now, after making my offering, I was off to pay a visit to bourgeoisie of Leyawiin as per the Lord's request. I have no reserve for the pompous and heretical Daedra Lords but, Countess Alessia Caro, that wench, was having a dinner party for all of her close friends. *I despise Leyawiin and how they turn their noses down at us poor folk in Bravil. We would have the last laugh though as their town was already overrun with beastfolk. Especially the Argonians.*

It had been so long since I had been to my hometown and I missed it so. I wanted to stop by and see Mother and S'Krivva while I was passing through. It seemed like a lifetime ago since I had seen them. I wondered if I would be welcome back in Bravil after the commotion that had gotten me locked up. In fact, I wouldn't be in this whole mess if our own jails were not filled to the brim by the wet behind the ears guards who imprisoned everyone for Skooma eating.

I could see Bravil over the hills that stretched out before me, and my heart leapt for joy. I forced my poor nag to speed up so that I might reach her great gates sooner. Then, the sky became turbid and dark. *Oh, no. Not here. Not another gate!* The guards posted at the city gates seemed frantic, having heard of but never seeing an Oblivion gate before. I knew what I must do, as an act of love.

Inside the gate it was like any other: fiery, hot, and dead. The spires stabbed into the sky and veins of lightening began to throb. I did not want to be here, that much I knew already. I knew what to expect around every corner, in every lesser citadel. I knew how to trick the stupider Daedra, and subdue the more substantial ones. If you could shock them, the battle was already won. Although I knew what beasts of debauchery I would encounter and where, I would be continually

surprised by some of the lesser details. Each plane had its own nauseous stench and grotesque furnishings. Sometimes it was charred bodies; other times, "punished" creatures. This time, I feared it would be something much worse.

My hands were white, exhibiting their usual milky pallor, and it contrasted greatly with the palette of the realm. Only small scars, like tiny feather pillows remained scattered about on the backs of my hands. Although I despised this place, it gave me an appreciation for the life that lay back in Cyrodiil. *The trees, the statues, the fools that would risk their station for...* I digress.

The landscape was twisted and smoky but not unnavigatable. One damned clannfear had been following me for over a quarter of a mile after scratching me nastily, now afraid to come at me head on, but still thirsting for my blood. *Quite annoying.* With a point of my finger, the creature ran out from behind a jagged stone, screeching as though its own brain were clawing at its skull from the inside. With outstretched fingers I sent volts of lighting through its reptilian flesh. It couldn't even cry out anymore. When I clenched my fist, it fell down dead. It was a feeling of success.

I turned around to stare a lesser citadel in the face. It was one like I had seen before: quiet, save for scamps, who cackled on the upper floors. They did not immediately see me as I entered for they were playing with a spike lift as it came up and down. At first, I thought they were firing at me, shooting flares in my direction that instead landed on the bone crusher. With each shot, the metal blushed orange for a brief moment. The machine creaked as it slowly descended onto the spikes at the base until it finally came to a rest.

Mother?

No. No, it couldn't be. There must be some mistake by the Nine there must be some mistake! It was a cruel mind trick on the part of some Dremora mage being orchestrated from up

above. *This was not my mother who lay skewered atop one of these spikes. No, no, it was. One would think she was burned beyond all recognition,... but no. Mother... my dear, dear, mother.* I cooed as I patted her face gently. Suddenly I found myself screaming, my hands tearing wildly at my hair. The scamps came to my side almost immediately. They heard me call them. They heard me call for bloody retribution.

What have they done? Degradation beyond what any man could have done. Her mouth had been gaping open, her eyes had a milky cooked look to them. There were no more words.

There was only blood, and blood, and blood.

It was everywhere. I could taste it as some splashed up into my face. The air was red. I sundered the very ground in which I stood. *Mother, stand back, I don't want you to be caught in the fray.* I ate their souls with my magic.

I ate them like a glutton, swallowing up all who I came to as I near tore a rift in this world on my way to the Sigil. They would pay, they would pay. I would burn the bloody place down just like all the others. The Brooding Fortress this was it. I cast again a shield and some strong fire protection before entering, and when I did, I near tore all inside to shreds. The halls were no matter. The Dremoras I swallowed up in rocks. After the ones the colors of the sea were stuffed, I ate the beasts with the pretty black ones. At the Sigil stone I flung myself forward into the

flames, reeling down off of the balcony and into the fire.

When I reached the ground I was cradled in a soft bed of grass. Birds sang.

I made it to Leyawiin eventually, taking my time to recover in the forests along the way. I didn't have the heart after that to go into Bravil. I could only see the death and emptiness that had been created. The world was red. My eyes felt bruised and dark. I made not a sound on the way. I felt so alone. I hadn't the strength to be actively enraged any longer.

I kept to myself as I entered the gate in Leyawiin. All I wanted to do was leave the county but I couldn't without performing my duty. Otherwise I might find myself back here. I never wanted to come back. As I made my way to the castle, I was approached by an Argonian.

"Hey! I'm a Khajiit in disguise. Want to see me lick my butt?" I could feel my very soul detach from my physical form and drop off. I stared, dumbfounded, then attempted to walk away.

"Wait, I have this joke, want to hear it?" He didn't wait for my answer. "Where is the best place for a hard drink in Bravil? The chapel!"

With one hard clout across the face he was on the ground. *Filthy dogs. I hope the Daedra come for this blasted town next.* I heard someone yell 'assault!' and I fled the scene for the castle.

Shadow of Magic: Chapters 1 2

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Original Fiction

Shadow of Magic: Part 1: Ch 1

The facility

Derad Wasnur's journal, year 566 AC, early spring entry: Another nightmare tonight, but finally today also some answers'

Dervad awoke with a scream. He sat in his bed for a few minutes heaving for breath and bathed in sweat. "That nightmare again, that memory" he thought as his body after a few minutes finally calmed down and he lay down again. But as all the many times before he could no longer sleep, the image of his mother's death burned into his brain like with the very flames which had seared his mother's back.

Derad stood up; it was no use trying to sleep any more. He flinched as his feet touched the morning cold brick floor, but he soon adjusted to it and walked over to the copper pipes in the corner. Here he turned a valve and heard the lovely sound of heated water flowing into the pipes. He then proceeded back to his bed where he took of the loin cloth he had slept in of and put on a pair of simple trousers. He then put on a wool shirt and a pair of socks and walked into the small storage room where he picked up a loaf of bread and some milk. He walked back into his room and sat down at the table in the north corner to eat his breakfast.

As Derad finished his breakfast the room was beginning to get a little warmth from the hot water in the copper pipes. Dervad stood up and proceeded over to the eastern window and looked out of it. A faint red light was showing around the peaks of the mountains, but it would still be an hour or two before the sun got above the edge. As he was already awake Derad then decided he might as well inspect the guard posts, as was his duty as "guard

captain."

Derad snorted. Guard captain of less than 20 guards on a facility in a hidden valley that most did not even know existed. There had been no need for a guard captain; the arch mage, a cousin of his; Falorn Wasnur could easily have handled both the guards and the 10 or so people inside the facility alone. It had all just been a convenient excuse to get Derad as far away as possible, so he did not put shame on his family and this had been the most convenient since his family was in charge of the facility. 5 years in this hole, with the nearest city being a 2 day walk through the mountains.

Dervad was seating with anger, but also happy as the anger helped him bury the memory of his mother, at least until it resurfaced as it always did. In general it had become a habit of his to take his sadness out on his family for the way they had shunned him and abandoned him instead of supporting him. Derad put on his armor on in grim silence and proceeded down the stairs in the corner of his tower room.

He exited the tower directly onto the wall. On his right, lying within the confines of the wall which ran around it was the main facility and it was split into a smaller sleeping quarter for the guards and the persons working inside the facility, and the much larger main facility. Constructed a little over 5 years prior, deep in the mountains and with even the mage guards oblivious to its purpose, the main building was a large brick building the size of a warehouse, with visible of iron beams for support running across the building.

Only Falorn and the people working at the facility was allowed in there and not even Derad himself had ever entered it, despite his family being the supervisors. Not even when two large armored wagons had arrived a few years before and under heavy guard had been driven inside, had he been made

any wiser. This fact only angered Derad even more as it served as another reminder of the outcast he was.

Derad turned his gaze away from the facility and proceeded to the gatehouse. The guard at duty was Sulom Nirku, a mage a few years older than Derad and a head taller with broad shoulders and stout face. Sulom immediately saluted Derad as he entered.

"At ease, Sulom, you know you don't have to be formal with me" said Derad with a dismissing hand.

"I prefer to be on the safe side, Derad" answered Sulom with a smile. Derad did not reply and simply walked to the edge of the wall and looked out over the small field of glass between the wall and the tunnel which was the small valleys only entrance. Sulom walked over next to him "Another nightmare?" asked Sulom. Derad simply nodded.

The silence lasted for quite a while, Derad and Sulom simply looking as the light grew stronger above the eastern mountains. Derad broke the silence.

"Do you ever think the memory will fade so much that I will be capable of magic again?" asked Derad.

"I would say that time heals every wound, but knowing you I am not so sure anymore. Thirteen years is a long time to be marked by a memory, even one such as yours" said Sulom thoughtfully.

Derad sighed. "I guess it is to be expected. Without magic I have no claim as a noble. I am nothing more than a commoner" said Derad.

"You will never be a simple commoner, maybe a high citizen, but certainly not a commoner, not even your family would do that" said Sulom.

"I am not so sure anymore, I have barely talked to my farther the last eleven years after all" said Derad. "Sometimes I wonder if I should just leave. Travel northwards into the unconquered wilds, build a farm and live there. Or maybe try my luck in the

lawless city of Iknorim. It is not like anyone would stop me if I choose to leave."

"I can name one reason you should stay" said Sulom with a smile and Derad looked at him questionably.

"If you left, then I would have no one to talk to in these early mornings." Derad smiled for the first time all morning.

"That is true and it is not like I am completely uncomfortable here and certainty is preferable to uncertainty. Perhaps I just need some new books to keep my mind of the past" said Derad.

"Maybe or maybe you should start writing yourself, I do it a little in my free time and it is a great way to forget problems" suggested Sulom.

"Perhaps I will" said Derad.

The mood had been loosened a little and Derad and Sulom were soon talking lively as the sun broke free from the mountains and cast its light into the small valley.

"It is beautiful" said Sulom admiring the small field of flower between the facility wall and the mountain foot hills, now clearly lit up by the sun.

"Indeed it is, but is it just me or is it getting very hot here?" asked Derad who was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. Sulom looked at him and then laughed.

"I think you took your wool shirt on by mistake this morning, we are not in the winter anymore you know" said Sulom. Derad looked down over himself and indeed beneath the chainmail shirt, his wool shirt was clearly visible.

"Just not my morning I guess" said Derad shaking his head.

"Ah it is just an old habit too still have the warm clothes on at this time a year, but we have had some very mild winters and early springs these last few years" said Sulom.

And indeed the last few years had been unusually mild. Normally the snow would

still be lying on the ground like a blanket at this time, but it had not been like that for 5 years. And indeed this milder weather coincided with the building of this new facility, a facility so secret many of the noble's did not know what was happening in there.

"Well I will go get changed or ill be cooked alive in this outfit" said Derad and started moving back towards the tower.

"Okay, see ya around. I will be in the mess hall once I am relived if you need me" said Sulom.

A few minutes later Derad was out of his armor and had exchanged his wool shirt for a green tunica. He had then picked up a book from his bookshelf, "A study on elemental uses of magic" and placed himself by the northern window so he could eye the tunnel while he was reading.

Though Derad could not cast magic due to the memories of his mother's death overwhelming him every time he tried, he still studied magic intensively so if he ever got over the memories he would be ready. Though he had already read each book a dozen times and memorized most of the spells it did not hurt to rehearse the spells and Derad practiced the intricate hand signs and went over the words inside his head.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of movement out of the corner of his eye. Derad looked outside and saw two men on horses approaching the facility. Derad instantly recognized the front rider as the courier that brought them letters once every month, but the other person he could not recognize from that distance. Whoever the other person was he had to be important though as he wore the golden robes of the arch mage council. Derad watched them for a moment and then shrugged and turned back to his book.

He would go down and see if he had gotten any letters later, not that he expected any letters except maybe from Karl. Karl was a friend of Derad and a high citizen, a commoner who had done the country a great service and as result gained the title of knight. Now, it was not Karl

who had become a knight, but his farther. When it was found out that Derad was unable to use magic he had been sent off to Karl's family and for 6 years he had lived and trained side by side with Karl and his family. Karl and Derad had developed a close friendship during those years. At the age of 18, they had been separated, Derad being sent to this facility and Karl had been sent to the Aviator's peak to be trained as a gryphon knight. They had stayed in contact through letters, each telling the other how they were.

Derad was still practicing when it knocked on the railing of the stairs leading up to his room. Derad was surprised, but quickly said "Come up." The sound of squeaking wood was clearly audible as the unexpected guest ascended the stairs. □The first to come into view was the hood of the golden robe Derad had seen and soon the person stood in front of him arms folded in the long sleeves and his hoods shadow hiding the person's facial features.

"What do I owe the honor?" asked Derad surprised and closed his book. He put the book on the nearby dining table and folding his hands together he gave a short bow.

"Please there is no need to be so formal Derad" said a familiar voice, though Derad could not quite place it. At the same time the stranger cast back his hood revealing a hardened face with short brown hair, a small nose and a wide smile. The thing that made Derad recognize him however was his eyes, deep emerald green eyes.

"Arorg Valiere!" exclaimed Derad, recognizing the mage who had been a friend of his family.

"It has been a long time, Derad" said the middle aged mage smiling. "What has it been, 3 years since I last saw you?"

"At least" answered Derad happily. Arorg had kept on visiting Derad after the death of his mother and had tried to help him regain his magic capability. Even after Derad was sent to the facility, Arorg had visited him a couple of times and sent him some books.

"You are in the arch mage council now?" asked Derad.

"Indeed, it took quite a bit of work, but last year I was finally appointed" answered Arorg. They were sitting at the table, each with a cup of tea.

"May I then ask what brings you out here, surely you must have more pressing matter in the capital?" asked Derad curiously.

"In the eyes of the mage council I might have yes, but not in my eyes" said Arorg cryptically. "You see I have something to tell you, Derad and a favor to ask of you. But before I do so I have a letter for you, the currier had it and I decided to bring it up to you" continued Arorg and drew letter from his robes with his left hand and handed it across the table to the puzzled Derad.

Derad opened the letter and spread it on the table. It was from Karl and read.

"Hello Derad"

"You won't believe how fast Steelwing is growing, only a few more months and she will be large enough to fly with me. I can't wait for that to happen, to soar through the clouds like a dragon will be so magnificent. I promise we will come visit you the moment we have a chance to do so and I am sure Steelwing will also be able to carry you and we can fly together, just like I promised you when we said goodbye."

"Also thanks for the book you sent me, it is really good"

"Karl"

Derad put down the letter with a smile. Steelwing was the name of Karl's gryphon, a fact he had forgotten in his earlier letters, leaving Derad quite baffled at who Karl was talking about.

Arorg regarded Derad with a thoughtful expression. "It was good news?" he asked. Derad looked up from the letter.

"Not good news in that way, but I guess a letter from a friend always is good news" said Derad.

"So they are indeed" said Arorg slowly his face darkening for a moment.

Arorg was silent for a moment, while Derad folded the letter and placed it in his bookshelf. As Derad sat down again at the table, Arorg spoke. "I have something to tell you Derad, a confession you could call it, but I also plead for your help. You have probably noticed the mild weather the last 5 years and you might have realized it is linked to this facility or rather facilities, four in fact spread across the country. All hidden from sight, all unknown except for us mages" told Arorg.

Derad nodded, but then said "But what is in those facilities? What is powerful enough to change the weather?" Arorg paused for a moment before he continued.

"Dragons."

Shadow of Magic: Part 1: Ch 2
by *Triforce Dragon

Answers and plans.

Derad Wasnur's journal, year 566, early spring entry: Finally a chance to get back at those who cast me out

"Dragons?" asked Derad skeptically, though dragons were not affected by the corruption, no mage, be it corrupted or uncorrupted could manipulate the weather of an entire country.

"Yes, dragons" said Arorg "But it is not an energy they even they know they possess or can draw upon" added Arorg seeing Derad skeptical expression. "And it would have been better if I had never found it" said Arorg his head dropping a bit forward and he placed his cup on the table and instead moved his left hand to his forehead. He had a look of grief upon his face.

"Is something wrong? What did you find?"

asked Derad.

"It is a long story" said Arorg and rolled his right sleeve back, revealing a stump of flesh where his hand should have been. "I never told you how i lost my hand, but it is tied to what i will tell you now."

He walked over to the window, Derad's eyes following him all the way, especially dwelling with the right arm which lay loosely down the side of Arorg. "It all started thirteen years ago." started Arorg.

"At that time I was young man, a bit younger than you, young and eager to prove my worth" said Arorg staring out the window. "I decided to try and find a cure for the corruption of magic caused by the great calamity, a task hundreds of other had tried, but none succeeded. Certain we would succeed where other had failed, me and a friend of mine, Salvatore, a blue dragon cast ourselves upon the project with enthusiasm."

"A blue dragon?" interrupted Derad surprised.

"Yeah, I spent I spent a couple of my younger years studying in Drodai the trade city of the dragon country and there I meet Salvatore. We became friends over the years and he decided to go with me, when I returned to our capital" told Arorg. "No magic potential, but a fantastic alchemist and he had quite an interest in the corruption, so it was actually him who suggested we try to cure it."

"But as I was saying it all started thirteen years ago. We had spent a year examining the human body, my body, both through alchemical and magical means to try and locate the corruption, but without luck. We were getting desperate for any kind of result and that is probably why it went wrong. We tried a direct distillation of my magical energy itself, to see if we could break it down into pure magical energy and the corruption, much like separating two alchemical elements from each other" said Arorg and turned around his face dark.

"It went horribly wrong."

"The process exploded sending both of us

hurling backwards against the walls of the tower, but it was not over like that, not by a long shoot. The distillation process and the magic had reacted to each other and exploded, but what was worse was that it had also reacted to Salvatore in some way and I watched as an enormous uncontrolled magical energy flowed from his body and smashed through the roof of the tower like a pillar" told Arorg.

Derad jolted at these words.

"Where were you conducting this experiment?" asked Derad shivering with fear and building anger. Arorg sighed, his eyes showing sadness.

"So you guessed it. Yes there is no use denying it, it was our experiment that killed your mother. I am deeply sorry for what happened" said Arorg.

Derad stood up, his mind a red cloud of rage and grief, the image of his dead mother lingering in his sight. He walked quickly around the table, grabbed onto Arorg's robes right under his neck and lifted him a little of the ground.

"Why have you not said this sooner! I lost everything and now you tell me it is your fault and it has been so all along!" yelled Derad into Arorg's face.

"I could not do bring myself to tell you, the grief was still too close even for me. I know it is too late now, but I would happily have died so she could live" said Arorg softly, not trying to resist Derad. Derad was at a loss, his mind was fuzzy and he could not think clearly. He simply looked into Arorg's face, as if hoping to find an answer there.

"I knew your mother, you know I did and she was a good woman and did not deserve to die. But if there is more at stake here and I need your help, so if you would please put me down" said Arorg gently.

Derad shook his head and the fog on his brain lifted and the images of his dead mother disappeared. Thinking clearly again, Derad was surprised at how little Arorg weighed and slowly put him down.

"Sorry, you could not have known we were on our way when you did your experiment" said Derad slowly and walked back around the table and sat down his face twisted in grief.

"No I am truly sorry; after all I had invited you without specifying a time and should not have done something so reckless when I knew you could show up" said Arorg sadly.

They were both silent for a long while.

"What happened then, I mean if you stand here you must have survived somehow?" asked Derad finally.

"Indeed, something did happen. Though I did not know the nature of the magical energy released, I knew something bad was going to happen, as it did, unless I did something. And so I tried manipulating the pillar with my own magic in an attempt to control it. I was partially successful and managed to force some of the energy into my golem. The rest of the energy got unstable in the process however and I saw a bright red flash just before Salvatore knocked me to the floor and shielded me with his body" told Arorg slowly.

"Salvatore sacrificed himself for you, like my mother did for me?" asked Derad sympathetically.

"No, but it was close" answered Arorg.

"Salvatore collapsed on top of me, but as I dragged myself out from under him I could still feel him breathing. The breathing was gasping, but at least he was alive. I immediately checked his body and found that he had managed to cover most of his own body with one of his wings, leaving the wing blackened and burned with most of the webbing completely seared of, but at least it had not been his stomach or head. However beneath the wing, imbedded in his stomach was a splinter the size of a dagger which probably had pierced his stomach during the explosion. I managed to jerk the splinter out, but when I examined the wound a light breeze hit me.

The splinter had pierced one of Salvatore's

lungs and he would die if did not do something" told Arorg.

"And that is how this happened" said Arorg, showing the arm stump where his right hand was supposed to have been. "You are familiar with the basic rule of magic; something cannot be created from nothing."

"And therefore the user of healing magic has to sacrifice part of himself equal to the wound he needs to cure" finished Derad, knowing full well this fundamental rule of magic.

Arorg nodded. "My hand was the price I paid to rescue my friend's life, a price I paid happily and one I would pay again to find him" said Arorg.

"Find him? You mean he is gone?" asked Derad surprised.

"Yes" said Arorg, his face one of sadness. "The strain of the healing spell combined with the pain and blood loss from the loss of my hand knocked me out. I awoke two days later in the infirmary and Salvatore was gone. No one at the infirmary knew where he was and claimed I had been the only one in the tower" said Arorg and sat down. He took his cup and drank the now cold tea in one long motion. Putting the cup down, Arorg continued.

"The moment I recovered a member of the arch mage council visited me. He congratulated me for my extraordinary find. Puzzled as I was I asked him what he meant and he told me that I and Salvatore's experiments had been under observation, mostly due to Salvatore's involvement and the discovery I had made was one of the most important in newer times" told Arorg.

"He said no more than that and ignored my questions of Salvatore's whereabouts and so I turned to my own father who was also a member of the council. He dismissed my questions at first, but I kept pressing him and at last he gave in and told me how the leading mages were experimenting to find a way to harness the energy discovered in Salvatore. I was angry, even hateful at the time, but I could do nothing. I was one

man and did not even know Salvatore's whereabouts and my father would not tell me. My father did keep me updated on the experiments however and how it was discovered that this unknown energy was present in all dragons" told Arorg.

"So the mild weather these last few years have been caused by this energy that you discovered" said Derad speculating. "And only the dragons, the only intelligent beings not affected by the corruption has this energy and they don't even know it themselves?"

"That is what current research suggests, yes" said Arorg.

Derad was bewildered. Magic energy so powerful that it could change the weather, it was almost too much to fathom. In all the known history the only ones ever known to change the weather anywhere was the two old gods Order and Chaos, but they had been silent and unworshiped almost since the great calamity.

"How is that much power even possible?" asked Derad finally.

"I do not know, but it is not as great as you might be thinking. The weather is only changed in this general area, not in the entire country, it is not unlimited power" said Arorg.

"But it is a great power and if I understand this correctly, every single one of the four facilities contains one or more dragons against their will?" asked Derad.

Arorg nodded and smiled, he was certain Derad saw where this was going now and if too confirm this Derad said "and you want me to help free these dragons."

"Exactly Derad. I have spent the last couple of years planning this, but it was first a year ago, when I became a member of the arch mage council that I gained knowledge of all the facilities locations and could finish my plans. Right now I got 40 men and women, mostly armed commoners, but also some mercenaries ready to storm this facility and another 40 on each of the other facilities. But I need you to open the gate or the guards will have

too much time to organize, before they get past the wall" said Arorg with a great deal of passion.

"So you are asking me to betray our country?" asked Derad.

"Yes I am" answered Arorg, not trying to deny it in anyway. "I am asking you to betray a country whose leaders have done nothing for you. They ignored your existence, they threw you out here. This new magical energy is still not very transportable, but if it becomes that, think of what it might do to the power balance of this world? We could easily have a new great war on our hands and you can help prevent that. And remember no one has to know you opened the gate" said Arorg.

"What do you mean that no one has to know?" asked Derad suspiciously.

"I could easily arrange it so you are knocked unconscious by one of the mercenaries after the gate is opened. They will arrange it so it looks like you were defeated in battle and no one will be any the wiser. Then you can laugh inside as your family tries to explain why the facility they were supervising was overrun by peasants, how does that sound?" said Arorg with a smile.

Derad was speechless for a few minutes. Here he was with possibility of getting back at his family, those who had thrown him out, sent him off to some god forsaken place just because he could not use magic. Now they would pay, now they would.

Derad shook his head violently, stood up and looked at Arorg. "Even if we free the dragons, won't it mean war once they get back to their country and tell the other clans of what has happened? And what about the other facilities and the information about how they work, they could just capture more dragons" said Derad.

Arorg stood up and looked Derad into the eyes. "I have already arranged persons at the other facilities and I can always have someone who agrees with me sent here too if you don't agree. You are simply the easier way and I wanted to give you this

opportunity. As for the information, I will make sure it disappears along with any future information. But the most important thing is Salvatore.

His elder brother is the heir to the Frostclaw clan. With me in the arch mage council and Salvatore with his family we should be able to push for a peace negotiation and the others in the council should follow suit quickly, bereft as they will be of the dragons and their now discovered power" said Arorg.

"And you are sure Salvatore is in one of the facilities?" asked Derad.

"One cannot be too sure, but I stumbled across a report that the original subject had been moved to the western facility and every report since still reports him alive and well" said Arorg slowly. "But what do you say; can I count on your support in this?" asked Arorg.

"I won't fight my own country openly, but I will open the gate and you can order one of your men to be ready to knock me out" said Derad. "But when am I to open the gate?"

"Around midnight, exactly one week from now" said Arorg and walked towards the stairs. He stopped before he reached them however and looked back. "I am glad you decided this, it is for the best of everything and Derad. I am sorry for what happened to your mother, I hope you will forgive me" Said Arorg.

"Goodbye, for now, Derad."

"Goodbye" answered Derad almost mechanically. Arorg smiled one last time, before he descended the stairs and moved out of sight, leaving behind Derad whose mind was buzzing with thoughts on the recent conversation.

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.