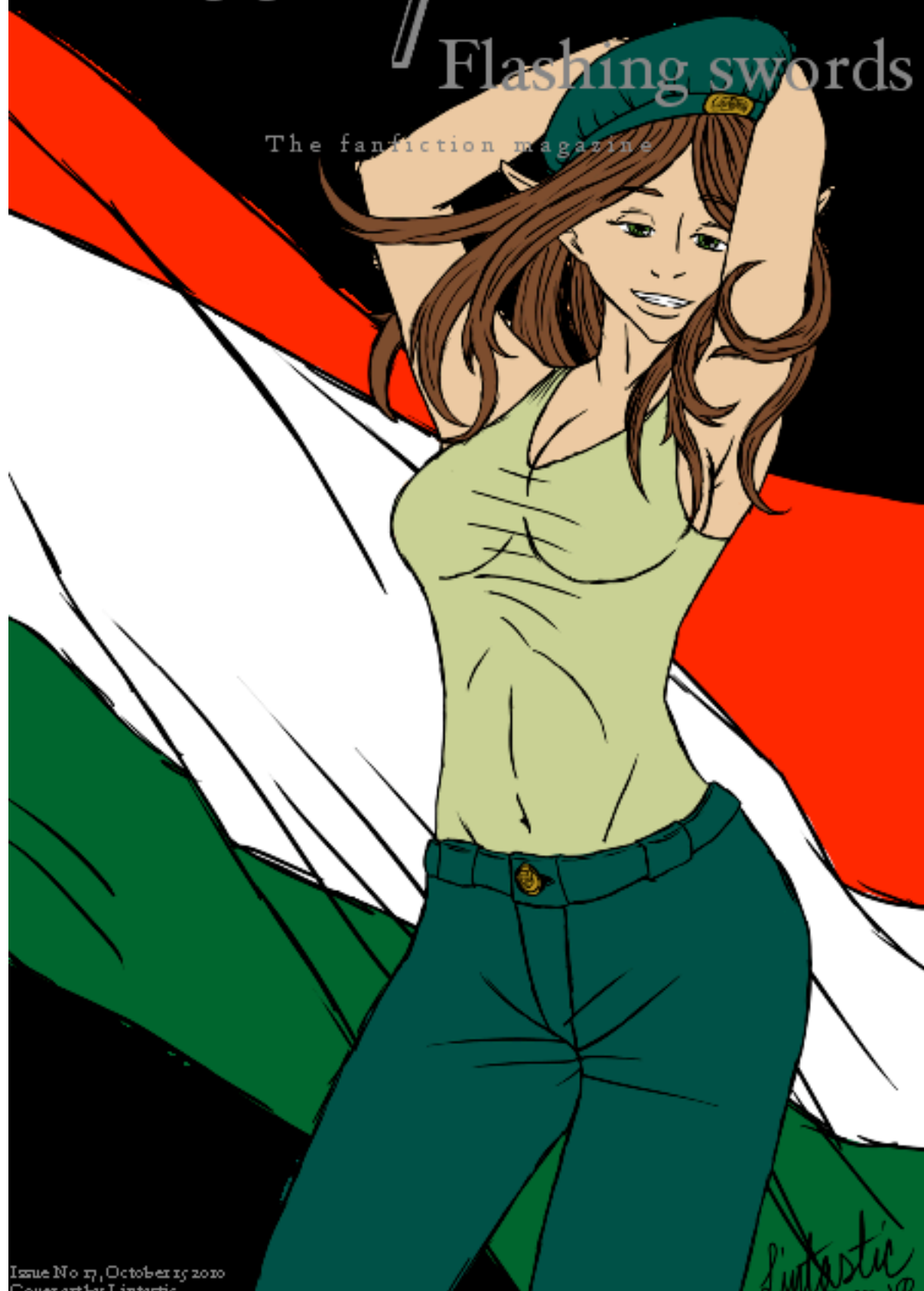


Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns /

Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



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Cover art by Lantastic

And now, a word from the editor:

Thank you for reading. You got any questions or comments? I'd love to hear them: please send an email to: fanficmag@gmail.com

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

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

Jochannon Mahler

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

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Broken Lance Chapter 4

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

The morning air was crisp with a light mist as the heat of the day had been washed clean by the cool night air and the soothing touch of the moon upon the earth. Travis had taken off his jacket and used it as a pillow as he slept on the roof of Ratchets garage. Odin cawed trying to wake his master out of his sleep, but to no avail, Travis rolled over and kept sleeping. Odin then pecked Travis in the head and managed to awake his master.

"OW! Shit Odin, I'm up, I'm up!"

He reached into a pocket on his pants and pulled out more of the dried meat and fed it to the eager Bloodwing. He unrolled his jacket and slipped his arms into the long sleeves, cracked his neck and stood up. Travis hopped down from the roof and went inside the garage to grab the keys to the runner. He figured Ratchet must be done with it by now, he was well known for getting a job done in no time. Travis began his walk to the Finchrock bounty board as he shouldered his rifle and checked the ammo in his revolver.

"Greetings traveler! I am G12mo! but you may call me by my locally designated name "

"I know your name Gizmo, I've been here quite a few times and you've told me every time."

"Okay then! Have nice day! unce unce ooh check me out unce unce ooh get down." The funny little robot started dancing and moving about. Gizmo was a Claptrap or a robot assistant that most towns had, although Gizmo was quite old, he had remained functioning quite well, despite the quirks all the robots had.

Travis scrolled through the list of available jobs, bounties and contracts available. Robert had walked up next to him as he was looking through available contracts. Travis hadn't noticed until Gizmo started

his whole spiel due to the appearance of a new traveler.

"Anything good?" Robert asked rubbing his eyes, obviously still sleepy.

"Hmmm." Travis scrolled through more contracts when one caught his eye. Bandit Slave Camp at Red Ridge. Red Ridge was where Travis lived before he had been alone. Travis was on a trip to Finchrock when he was 7, when he returned no one was there. Everyone in Red Ridge was gone, with no inkling of what had transpired. Travis sat motionless for a while, a plan formulating in his head. He knew what he wanted to do now, and it started with Red Ridge.

"We're going to Red Ridge."

"Cool, what's there?" Robert asked innocently.

"Slavers, and Red Ridge is where I used to live, I might be able to get leads on what happened there 16 years ago."

"Well Trav, I'm with ya' no matter what." Robert held out his hand and Travis shook it confidently, He knew he could count on Robert to have his back on Pandora, and Robert knew the same of Travis.

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Travis and Robert had spent all day driving in the Runner, avoiding Rakk nests and fending off bandit ambushes. They finally pulled up to the large canyon mouth that encircled Red Ridge. The two got out and stretched their cramped limbs. With the dark night creeping over the last remnants of daylight and their lack of night optics, they deemed it best to wait till dawn and catch the enemy by surprise. But Travis wasn't ready to rest easy as of yet.

"Well Robert see if you can't find something to make a fire with, I'm going to scout the canyon for any raiders that might be posted as sentries. I'll send Odin back if I need help."

"Right."

Travis shouldered his sniper rifle and brandished his father's revolver from a holster on his belt. His father had given it to him before he'd disappeared and Travis had cherished it ever since. The revolver was unique in that it had a hidden switch blade in the butt end. His father had called it the "Guardian Fang" since it saved his life from a bandit that had tried to kill him. Travis whistled to Odin telling the Bloodwing to fly above and wait for signaling. Travis crept in a low crouch walk minimizing the sound that came from his footsteps. He saw a figure sneaking around up ahead, but couldn't make out the figure in the weak light. This person could be a threat to their camp not far away. Travis knew that such a threat could not be allowed to remain. He approached his target, trying to slow his beating heart rate at the thrill of the stalk. It was the adrenaline that had flown through his veins on many a dangerous mission for the Crimson Lance, that pulsed through his head and gave him the tunnel vision of wolf stalking its prey. He would take him quietly, so he drew the knife from his shin and holstered his sidearm. He was within a few yards now, anticipation growing, his breathing at a standstill. The figure stopped, Travis could tell from the person's tension he was aware of his pursuer. Travis knew he had to strike quickly or risk being caught bringing a knife to a gun fight. Travis leapt forward stabbing at his foe. He could see the figure more clearly now. It was a man that seemed to be in his late 20's. His face was hidden by a large hat and red bandana. He wore a leather vest with an ammo belt of strange looking rounds across his chest. He could make out a strange tattoo on the man's left arm just under the rolled up sleeves of long sleeved shirt above two metal plates that covered each of his forearms. He had a gun strapped to his hip above two metal shin guards and a knife strapped to his left shin. The man had turned to face Travis and blocked the

attack by contacting Travis' forearm with his own, then let fly a right hook that sent Travis to the ground. Travis' head throbbed at the attack and his vision blurred, Travis Whistled sharply and yelled out.

"Odin!"

This couldn't be a bandit, bandits didn't fight this well, this man was most likely a mercenary. He looked back to the man who had drawn a machete and was about to attack. Travis rolled to avoid the massive blade as it collided with the ground inches from his torso. Travis caught a glimpse of the man's piercing, golden yellow eyes, that looked as if they were looking straight through him. Travis planted his foot firmly in the man's chest sending him staggering backward. This was a problem, the machete was a lot longer and heavier than his knife, he would have to go on the defensive if he didn't want a limb chopped off. The man swung at him and Travis braced the blade of the knife against his forearm to bear the brunt of the force. He grabbed the man's hand and tore the weapon from his hand fast enough to free it from the man's grip, but not fast enough to avoid the man's left hand as it struck him in the kidney. The man taking full advantage of the situation grabbed Travis' wrist and forced Travis to drop his knife or risk his hand being broken. The man stepped back and reached for his sidearm, and Travis did the same, pulling his gun from its holster. The two foes both stared down each other's barrel, neither of them moving a muscle. Both of them were out of breath at the near death fight that had just occurred.

"Yur... yur not one a' them... w who are you?" Travis managed to get out.

"Who wants to know Lance? Come to kill yur dogs already?"

"I'm not with the Lance! But I am here to kill the bastards keeping slaves in my hometown!"

"Well then you best turn around and head back, I'm the one gettin' the bounty on Reich's head!"

"Who?"

"Reich, the leader of those slavers."

"I don't give a shit about Reich, I came to clear out the camp, free those slaves, and get some information."

"That so?"

"And what was that about the Lance? What do they have to do with this?!"

"You don't know? The Lance contracted these assholes to round 'em up forced labor. If you plan on savin' em, I suggest you do it soon. They plan on executing most of them tomorrow ."

"What?!"

"They know the Lance plan on killin' em when they're done. So they're gonna defy

the Lance and do what they love."

"Shit... Well I got a proposition."

"I'm listening..."

"You only want Reich, We only want the camp cleared, The slaves freed, and some answers. We'll help you clear the path to Reich, If you help us."

"It saves me bullets... you got a deal."

They both lowered their guns slowly and holstered them when they were both sure the other would not betray the armistice.

"Got a name?"

"Travis Shaw, you?"

"Lojas Sandulf."

# 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 Seven

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

It was 3:30 when Whitney came bursting through the doors.□□

"Welcome back Riko!"

"Good to be back, I kept my promise right?"

"Yes you did."

"Mind if I stay here for the night?"

"What're you leaving tomorrow?"

"I have to get to Kento, from there I'm headed to the Hoenn region."

"Then you'll need this!" she said as he ran to a door on the side of the room.□□Inside it looked like an office that was a mess.□□She was tearing through it like a tornado, the she came out panting "I can't find the card for the magnet train!□□I know it was somewhere in there!"

"Are you looking for this?" I recognized that voice anywhere, Whitney's sister.

"Lyla, give that to me now!"

"Only if I get to battle him again, this time I won't lose!" she said with a sneer.□□Whitney was about to run after her but I stopped her.□□

"Alright, have it your way." I said calmly

"And here I thought I was going to have to run from Whitney, but sure let's go!" we went to the battle room where I first met her.□□She sent out her Hitmonlee and scoffed "Come on send out your little eevee!"

"Nah, I think I'll go with Shika." I said as I tossed up her poke ball.□□Lyla seemed to be startled when she saw this.

"You already have another Pokémon and a rare one?!" Lyla yelled.

"I wouldn't use the word have, but she joined at her own choice, but this isn't the time for conversation is it?" I said.

"Hmph, fine it's not gonna make a difference!□□Hitmonlee, use thrust kick!"□□The Hitmonlee charged Shika, but was stopped dead in its tracks by her Psychic power and then thrown across the room with a bone shattering thud.□□The hitmonlee did its best to get up, but it fainted in the attempt.

"Nice going Shika!" I said proudly.□□She thought to me

"Thanks you master!"

"New rule!□□You can't use a Pokémon more than once!"□□Whitney was about to object, but I stopped her by saying

"Ok, come on back Shika, you've done great." I said as I returned her.

"Okay, come on out!□□Onix!"□□The onix roared when it materialized.

"Alright, come on out, Shree!"□□

"What a water type!?" Lyla said startled

"That's right.□□Shree, be careful, it may be weak against water but it still has a lot of size." I said.□□Shree nodded as she charged forward.□□The onix also charged, but then Shree used an ice beam to freeze the entire field, making the onix slip and hit the floor with a ground shattering thud.□□Then Shree jumped up in the air and shot a jet of water all over the onix, then she switched over to ice beam again, freezing the onix.□□It didn't move or twitch.

"Damn, Shree were you always this strong?!" I thought to her.

"I guess when I was with her, I was so afraid of losing, I couldn't keep my focus,



but now i fell great that even if I lose, you'll still like me!" she thought back.

"Looks like you're all out of Pokémon! I win by default!" she said as I returned Shree.

"Did I say that Shree was the last?"□□Lyla seemed to shutter when I sent out Primera as a Flareon.

"You remember her right?□□She took down your vulpix last time."

"Alright that's enough!□□It's obvious that you're no match for him Lyla." Whitney said as she grabbed the card out of Lyla's pocket.□□She must've snuck over to her side during the battle.□□□

"Darn, I thought I could show off what I could do!"□□Primera whined.

"Don't worry Primera, I know you can do some serious damage! Come on, we'll make up for it by training today." I called out Shika and Shree who were barely tired.□□□They both agreed to the training as Whitney came over.□□

"Sorry about that, my sis is a sore loser."

"Don't worry about it, these guys handled them easily, do you have a pool around here?"

"Of course, why do you ask?"

"Well, Primera should get strong against water types considering she's a fire type, and we'll need plenty of water for Shika's and Shree's training."□□She nodded in agreement and led me to a huge pool that had a waterfall.□□

"Mind if I watch?" Whitney asked.

"Not at all." I said as I turned to the others.□□I walked over to Shika "I'm sure you know that taking on multiple enemies at one time is tough,□□what we're going to do today is increase you skill with that kind of situation,□□first go into the shallow end of the pool and try and put a shield around your entire body like a sphere, think you can do it?"

"I I'll try!" she thought back to me.□□She walked over to the shallow end and her eyes began to glow.□□I watched as all of the water around her moved away and for a bowl in the water.

"That's very good Shika, try and hold it until you feel you can go out into the deep end!"□□she nodded and went back to concentrating.□□I turned to Primera and thought to her "We're going to work on your resistance to water." I grabbed a new trash bag and poked a bunch of holes in it and filled it with water.

"Build up you flames so that the water evaporates before it comes close to you body, can you do that?" I asked.□□She nodded and built up her flames and moved under the bag and not a single drop touched her.

"Very good, keep this up for about 5 minutes, unless you feel that you can't hold out, move out from under it and take a break." She nodded and kept her concentration as the water continued to evaporate.□□"Alright, we're going to work on defending yourself from electric attacks, don't worry, I'm not going to hook you up to an electric wire."□□Shree seemed relieved when I said that.

"As you know, water conducts electricity, if you shot out water in the path of electricity, it will follow that water to where it is, so shoot out a small ice beam and layer it with water where it will go in another direction harmlessly and the water will freeze over preventing the battle field from being soaked."□□Shree began doing what I said with a bit if difficulty at first, but in no time, she was doing it like second nature.□□I looked over to Shika as she was slowly moving out to the deep end.□□

I looked over to Primera, who was still holding off the water, but was beginning to wince.□□I walked over and thought to her "Don't push yourself to hard, do you want to stop?"□□She shook her head and thought back

"More water!"□□I did as she said and put more water into the bag.□□Now she seemed to be totally focused.□□I walked over Shree and said□□

"You've got the hang of it! Now we'll work on your endurance since the other's are still in training, that all right with you?" Shree nodded. "Whitney, I'm going to take Shree outside, can you watch over Shika and Primera?"

"Sure!"

"You don't mind right guys?" I thought to Shika and Primera, they both said yes in their minds.

By the end of their training they were completely exhausted, including Shree, she was surprised at my speed, even thought she saw me in Olivine.

"I never knew you were so fast master!" Shree said out of breath.

"You let me catch you back in Ecruteak didn't you?" Primera groaned.

"Come on guys, we need to clean up, who wants to go first?" Shree zoomed into the bathroom despite her tired state. After that it went like it did last time. We all curled up on the bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

I found myself again in the multi colored dimension, then I heard the voice again "You've made a good choice of going to search for Rayquaza, you'll find him in an ancient architecture people here call the Sky Pillar, on the very top, you'll find him there, it is in the southeast part of the region."

"Why are you helping me?" I said, my mouth again was restrained, but my words made it out of my mouth.

"You'll find out soon enough, get some rest." I began to fade into blackness again. Then I woke up with the sun shining in my face. I got the others up and got dressed and walked downstairs, with them following me. I followed the smell of breakfast into the kitchen to find Whitney eating.

"Ah, you're awake, I was about to sneak into your room and get the jump on you" she said with a malicious smile.

"Sorry to spoil you fun, how much time do I have left before the train leaves?" I asked

while we began to munch on our food.

"You've got another hour so take your time, it takes 5 minutes to get from here to the station. Here, I forgot to give you this." She said as she slid over the card. I thanked her and finished up my meal. I went back to the room and packed my bag and headed to the front door. Lyla was standing there.

"I I'm sorry for what I did yesterday." She said looking at the ground.

"Don't worry about it, just treat your Pokémon a little better okay?" I said as I petted her head. Whitney was watching from the other side of the lobby and I waved her good bye. I followed the directions Whitney had given me and went to the train station. When I found the train station, there was a lot of people, morning rush hour I guessed and moved my through the crowd and into a line waiting to board the train. When we got on, I took my seat and put my headphones in. It was kind of funny listening to the music, considering it was from another world.

The train began to move with a jolt and picked up speed. I noticed there was a part of the train that was particularly deserted despite the number of people on the train. There was a women sitting there dressed in a jump suit. Tired of the overcrowding, I walked over to one of the empty seats. Everyone started talking how stupid I was sitting next to her, but I didn't mind as I turned up my music.

The woman did not seem to be disturbed by me the whole way to Kento. When we got off, I couldn't help but feel as though as I was being watched. The feeling stayed with me for 10 minutes and I decided to try and find out what it was so I stepped into a deserted alley and said "Why have you been following me?" Then a women came around the corner.

"I'm impressed that you were able to tell I was here, what gave me away?"

"Nothing did, I just had a feeling I was being watched."

"Well, I'm Sabrina, and your name?" she asked expressionlessly. □□ I felt like I heard that name somewhere before.

"Name's Riko, why did you follow me?"

"Well, not a lot of people approach me, since well, you know."

"Sorry, I don't, I'm new around here so I really don't know anything about what does on around here."

"Ah, I see, well how about you come over with me for tea?"

"Sure." I said. □□ I followed her through the city and to an apartment complex. □□ I followed her up to the top floor and she opened the door and showed me to what looked like a small living room. □□ It didn't have couches, just Japanese style cushions on the floor with a low table. □□ I sat down and looked around. □□ I did not see any decorations or photos. □□ That didn't bother me. □□ She came out with a plate with a tea kettle and two small Japanese tea cups. □□

"Thanks for the hospitality, but why're you being so nice to me?"

"Well, you see..." I saw the small tea kettle begin to levitate.

"Hm, so you have psychic powers? □□ This doesn't explain why you're being so nice to me." □□ A surprised look came on her face.

"You're.. not scared?"

"Why would I be? □□ Where I come from, this would be considered a gift, at least by my parents, did you expect me to run out the door?"

"Well, when you came near me on the train, I tried to read your mind, but I couldn't, usually I would have no trouble reading a person's mind."

"Hmm, judging from how you're treating me, you've had a rough childhood because of this?" I asked.

"Yes, I was even feared by my own

parents."

"Must've been rough, well I can say that I've had a similar experience." She looked at me with surprise.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, when I was young, there was a bunch of kids who were 4 years older than I am. □□ I could beat them in any race, and they began spreading rumors that I was a monster, then they tried to beat me up, but I beat them up and it all turned against me."

"How'd you handle it?!" she asked with curiosity.

"Well, my parents knew I wouldn't have started it, but from then on I was treated like an outsider, but from the start, I didn't feel I belonged there, but anyway this tea's great!"

"T thank you, it's my own recipe!" she said with smile. □□ "So where're you headed?" she asked.

"I'm going to the Hoenn region for some personal matters."

"Do you have a poke gear?"

"Yeah, why?"

"C could I have your number?" she asked with her face turning red.

"Sure." I said calmly. I gave it to her as she put it in her poke gear. □□

"Before you go, can I see your Pokémon?" she asked.

"Sure." I said as I took the poke balls out of my jacket. □□ I called them out and Sabrina seemd to be dazzled by Shika.

"Where'd you find her?!" she asked pointing to Shika.

"It's a long story, but since I showed you mine, may I see yours?" she nodded and called out six Pokémon, the one that caught my eye was the nine tails. □□

"Does Sabrina treat you well?" I thought to the nine tails. □□ It seemed startled when I did this.

"Y yes, do you have psychic powers like her?!" I ignored the question and began petting the nine tails on the head. □□

"She seems very happy with you, be sure you keep her safe, and she will keep you safe, but I'm sure you know this." I thought Sabrina. □□ She was as startled as the nine tails and thought back

"You're like me?!"

"I rightly don't know, that's why I'm going to the Hoenn region."

"I hope you have good luck." She thought back.

"Likewise, mind telling me where the airport might be?" □□

"To go to the Hoenn region, you have to go the airport on Cinnabar Island. □□ If you tell the Gym leader there, Blaine that you're a friend of Sabrina, he'll give you ticket to Hoenn." □□

"Thanks, so Cinnabar Island is south of here right?" I asked.

"Yeah, you'll have to take the ferry there, wait a sec." □□ she said as she began to go through a drawer. □□ She pulled out a card and said "This is a pass for the ferry, so they shouldn't give you any trouble

"Alright then, see ya around!" I said as began going down the stair. □□ I found a sign for route six south and started to head that way. □□ I saw a lot of people going both ways while I was walking. □□ They were walking with their Pokémon so I called out my own. □□ We walked for an hour then we saw Vermilion city, they skyline was just as tall as Goldenrod's and Saffron's.

"Masteeeeeeeeer, I'm hungry." Primera complained as her stomach growled.

"We'll eat when we get there, so be patient okay?" I said as I pointed to the city.

□□ When we got there, there was a sign for a Pokémon café. □□ "Alright, we'll eat there." I said pointing to the sign, it took us only a few minutes to find it, and when we got lunch I asked the waitress "Excuse me, do you when where I could find the ferry to Cinnabar Island?" □□ the waitress thought for a moment and said

"Well, if you keep following this road that way, you'll come to the harbor, on you left should be the ferry where you can board." □□

"Thanks." I said as I finished up my food, couldn't help but notice that she was starring at my Pokémon. □□ "Is something wrong?" I asked

"N no, I've just never seen a blue Gardevoir before!" she wasn't the only one looking, there were a lot of eyes on her. □□ We finished up our meal and quickly got out. □□

"Guys, we're being followed, get in your poke balls, I'm going to lose them." I thought to them and they nodded. □□ I returned them and began to sprint down the side walk, dodging people left and right. □□ I was right, there were 3 guys running after me, but I picked up the pace and lost them. □□ By that time I made it to the Harbor. □□ I looked around and saw a huge cruise liner. □□ There was a ramp leading onto it with a sign that said to Cinnabar Island. □□ I put my knives in my bag and briskly walked over and showed the ticket, I asked when it was supposed to leave and it turned out it five minutes.

"Phew! □□ Talk about close!" I thought to myself as I walked onto the deck. □□ I asked another passenger how long it takes for it to get to Cinnabar and he said about 8 hours. □□ I explored around the deck and found an area with an Olympic size pool and people and Pokémon swimming in it. □□ "Well, I'm sure they would be happy to relax a bit." I said as I called them out. □□ "Just relax and enjoy yourselves, I'm going to be over there if you need anything." I said as I began to walk over, Primera followed me while Shika nd Shree jumped in. □□

"Gonna sleep in the sun Primera?" I asked. □□She nodded and as I sat down and huge horn blew and the ship began to move. □□It was about 4 hours into the voyage after Shika and Shree came out of the water to rest when I noticed something odd. □□There were more and more people gathering at the 2 sides that led to the rest of the ship. □□I said "I think we should go get a room before they all get taken."

"Why master? □□We'll be at Cinnabar as the sun sets." □□Primera asked.

"You noticed too master?" Shika said as she gestured toward the crowd of people. □□I nodded and returned them to their poke balls. □□I picked up my bag and began to walk toward the crowd of people. □□I was very cautious as I weaved my way through the crowd and to the other side of the deck. □□It was the hottest part of the day and more and more people were heading to the pool. □□□I went to a deserted part of the ship and called them out. □□

"I have a bad feeling about this guys, stay

on your toes, if I'm right they're concentrating their forces to where people would be during this time of the day." □□No sooner did I say that, a voice boomed over the speakers.

"Attention everyone, would everyone please gather at the pool area for a special event if not already there." □□

"See? □□Come on we gotta go and watch from somewhere hidden in case they do anything drastic." I said as I returned them to their poke balls. □□I blended in with a crowd of people and before I reached the pool, I opened a door leading into the ship. □□I found a room where I had a good view of the pool area and called them back out. □□A Woman came on a stage and talked into a microphone

"Welcome guests of this fabulous ship, I'm sorry to inform you that you are all now prisoners, any attempt to escape will be met with painful force, so don't try anything, okay?" she said as the ship was surrounded by smaller ships and choppers. □□There were □weren't any attempts to escape.

# As the Threads Come Loose: And With Its Dying Breath, It Cries: 'Treason'

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The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 8: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

"I see my words fell on deaf ears." Martin jumped in his seat. He was nearly just as I had left him. "Oh, there you go."

"By the Nine, what's happened to you? Your eyes: they grow dark." He looked at me intensely. "What have you seen out there?"

"I have a present for you." I tilted the Sanguine Rose in Martin's direction for his taking. He looked strangely at it. Did this displease him? Secretly, I longed desperately to feel secure.

"I never thought I'd see this again. I've held it in my hands before, briefly, like a fleeting dream..." He mused, and then took it from me. "...that led ultimately into a nightmare." *Again?* That jolted me. What was wrong? Sanguine, though given his nature, had been rather jovial and courteous. All of his followers, though not without their lecherous ways, were neither dangerous nor frightening people. In any case, what did a priest know of such things? He was no exorcist by trade, and would have no occasion to possess such an object.

"What is your meaning, Martin?" Curious, I brought my face closer to his, making him suddenly uncomfortable.

"I can say no more. Only that I pray you do not continue your service to the Prince Sanguine, nor do I wish to know the means you took to obtain such an artifact."

*I must know what he is hiding. You should not try to protect my innocence, for after all that I have seen, it is gone.* "What do you offer to dissuade me? Simply an empty plead? Be frank with me, Priest, for I have not seen an occasion to fear. The Prince was rather amicable and enjoyed my company and service. He invited me to sometime serve him yet again and find pleasure in the company of his followers."

"I fear for you because I too had fallen into service to the Lord of Debauchery. His service fed my body, but

it drained my soul. Through wanton pursuits my own friends drank themselves to death or worse. And you threaten me thusly?" His voice had gained intensity with every sentence.

"What authority do you plan to exercise over me?"

"I am your Emperor." He stood up from his chair, his jaw tight.

"You are at most *de facto* Emperor," I scoffed. "And you are not a priest, you are a conjurer!" My vision blurred; there were tears. "I see it in your actions. You have not laid your hands on me for healing; you do not pray to your gods the gods that have forgotten us! Your holy script is that damned *Xarxes* from which I will never separate you. You keep it from me! You have the behaviour of a cultist! I know those like you!" By the time I finished I had run out of breath and I hiccupped through my tears.

"You know nothing! I was a fool in my youth and I will not deny it, but I have since risen above such things. The darkness now comes for you and if you will have it, it will have you."

"Who are you, he who doubts the very gods he serves?"

"I am not alone in this." He eyed me, his countenance merely an array of lines from anger.

*Was he referring to me?* I was alone in this room. It was empty. I felt like I had no soul. My mother gone, unable to return home for fear of pain, and now a man who had shown me kindness I had turned against me. The gods were not in this room, and now neither was I.

I was a miserable wretch holing myself up in the armory, staring into the kindling fire in the blacksmith's pit. If I had anywhere else to return to other than the Temple, I would have went there straight away before ever returning to this place after this trip. My life had been

happy before all of this. The Blades, and the Emperor, and the Mythic Dawn, and the Nine all tore my life down like old tapestries. The fire was dancing now. My heart was too weary to even end it all. I wanted the touch of someone so that I might push them away. I wanted to be swallowed up in one of my stones so that I might be reanimated to be as grotesque as my heart had become. I was plainly miserable.

It was that man's fault. The way he distracted me with his humility and speech, he made me think on him when he was not with me. He gave me sin. *To think of a priest, how absurd.*

There was a creaking sound in the eastern part of the room. *Who would be coming in here now?* I wiped the tears from my face with haste and sniffled. I straightened my skirt. I refused to turn around. There was a sound of something wooden being placed down on the armory table, but I made no motion to move. There was a presence behind me. *Friend or foe, take me now and end this.*

"What illness plagues your heart and causes your unhappiness?" It was *him*. His voice was soft.

I said nothing.

"I pray you; tell me so that I might heal it."

"Dagon has claimed my mother." There was a long silence. "Her eyes gazed back at me, empty, and in that emptiness, I saw myself be sucked in."

He laid a hand on my shoulder. I shuddered at his touch, but did not remove him. As I figured, he had nothing to offer. There *was* nothing to offer.

"These gates have spawned this darkness in your heart. With each one you destroy, the flames lick away at your soul. They cause your madness. How could this not have been expected? They destroy you, and I ignore your bleeding while you cry out to me." I craned my neck away from him as he came to stand in front of me and tried to meet my eyes. "They were wrong to send you here to do this. You only want to be a woman, and a woman you should be. Men should court you and give you gifts, and tell you grand tales of their exploits. You should not be the one adventuring out. You are built for something more complicated. The game of war *ought* to drive you mad in its

simplicity and stupidity."

*Flattery.* I took a tremulous breath, and further moved my face away from his.

"Perhaps this is the punishment from the heavens for my sin long ago, by pouring poison onto this flower."

"Do not entertain the idea that my state is punishment for your trespasses! You insult me and degrade my suffering."

"Forgive me." He turned my face to him by the chin. I was vulnerable, and he must have known it. "I only wish to make amends." I turned my head in time to foul his advance. Instead, his lips caressed the crook of my mouth. My hands began to tremble. He pulled back and stared at me for a long moment in the dwindling firelight. He leaned in and caressed my cheek and neck, but I was stone. A tremulous stone. A tuft of Martin's hair brushed across my face and I found myself let out a gasp. *Such tenderness.*

He pulled me into his embrace and I knew what was coming. *You cause me sin.* He pushed me up onto the table, displacing all that had been resting there. Everything clanged to the floor, including the Rose. He pushed his lips up against mine and they bent to him. Even though I had denied him, he was my Emperor. Even if I found my way to Akavir, he would still be my Emperor. Something wanted to come alive in me, but couldn't. He pushed my skirt above my thighs. *The gods forgive you for what you do*

In one fell swoop, I was his. Martin pulled his face slightly backwards, away from me, eyes closed for a moment, pausing, almost as though he were collecting an old memory. My breathing hastened. I didn't want fight or struggle, but I did not desire him. When I struggled it had brought me nothing. I only feared the humiliation.

If I cared I would have cried, because I felt like I was incapable of love now. I never had the luck of having loved the men that made love to me, so what was one more? In this world, it happened all the time. I was no true woman of god. This man was neither a man of god. He straightened me up and pushed in deeper. This man, though, *was* different from the others.

He was a careful lover, supporting my weight so that I would not have to stare at the ceiling. He took his time with me,

although I largely remained unmoved by this rhythm. I lied for him a few times, but others I took breath so sharply I near startled myself. His eyes held an intensity of something I had not seen before, and as strange as it was, I could not force myself to think on it. I embraced him in compassion and sorrow; sympathy for his troubled mind, and sadness in that I could not care for him enough. He made me feel worse: guilty. I had let him have me on this wooden table in this

dank room, and as selfish as the act seemed, I believed he did it in an act of selflessness. I hoped he did not expect my love. Sweat droplets gathered on his brow. My breasts jiggled gently under my blouse. I could hear slow footsteps overhead. It was as though he pushed my mind out of my body as he pushed himself inside me. My head was everywhere but here as we rocked to and fro amidst a sea of shuddering breathing.

#### Author's Notes:

No affiliation with TES series, Bethesda Softworks, etc... Hetalia, OC, intellectual property of Kliban Katz. *Italics* represent a current thought. By this point in time, madness is beginning to take hold on her. If something seems out of character, it is most likely due to her constantly changing and deteriorating mental state.

Reviews and comments are pearls of love that must be strung together and displayed. Help me make a necklace!



## Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

[http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Warhammer\\_40,000\\_Wiki](http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Warhammer_40,000_Wiki)

A few guys got together and created a wiki of fanon characters, vehicles, places, battles, and organizations; very friendly people, and some very interesting stuff there. I highly recommend you go and take a look.

Bleach fan fiction wiki

[http://bleachfanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Main\\_Page](http://bleachfanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Main_Page)

I'm not into Bleach, but this seems a great site for those who are.

'The' fan fiction wiki

[http://fanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Fan\\_Fiction\\_Wiki](http://fanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Fan_Fiction_Wiki)

Personally, I think these guys got a bit of an attitude, but it's an invaluable resource if you want to know what other fan fiction writers are up to.

# Casting Call

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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.