

# Blazing Guns

# Flashing Sword

The fanfiction magazine



Issue No 19, November 15, 2010

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And now, a word from the editor:

I wish to welcome a number of new authors who have been kind enough to contribute to this issue; thank you all very much.

This is quite a larger issue than has been normal lately; I'm trying to sort of kick start the magazine and myself to get it going again, bigger, better.

I'll try not to bore you with any long speeches, so I'll just say thank you for reading, and if you have any questions or comments I'd love to hear them: please send an email to: [fanficmag@gmail.com](mailto:fanficmag@gmail.com)

If you are a new reader, and you'd like to see what's come before, just e mail me and I'll send you any of the previous issues.

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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# Pokemon, The Truth, Chapter Eight

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

"what do we do master?!" Shree asked with a hint of panic. I looked at my poke gear, but I had no signal.

"These guys must be jamming the signals, right now we're heavily outnumbered, but they don't know we're here, so we still have the element of surprise, we'll take them out 1 by 1 in these corridors and lock them in a room without their Pokémon, agree?" I asked, they all thought for a moment and nodded. From there we worked our way around the ship knocking them out with Shika's hypnosis. We tied them up hid their poke balls. We found an empty storage room and locked them all in there.

"It won't be long before they realize they have more than 25 men missing, lets hurry to the bridge and see if we can contact someone with the radio." I said as I looked to make sure the coast was clear, then a voice boomed on the speaker "Attention team aqua, there is an intruder taking out our men, find him and bring him to me!"

"we've gotta hurry!" I said as I sprinted down the hall. There were footsteps coming from the floor above. I noticed a vent a little further ahead. "In here!" I said as I pried the cover off. I made sure they got in first and before I went in. As I yanked the cover back on I heard foot fall coming down the steps. As soon as I got on I moved away from the cover and saw 10 people run by. "This ventilation system must run throughout the entire ship, all we've got to do is keep moving up."

We worked our way through the maze of ducts and we finally found the bridge. There was a woman dressed in dark blue at the wheel, I saw people tied up and gagged.

"Why haven't you found him yet?!" she screamed over a radio. "Double check every floor, NOW!" as she said this I slowly

pushed the cover. As soon as I popped it off with a loud squeak, I jumped and landed on the women and knocked her out with a punch. My Pokémon were right behind me and took out the guards that tried to call out their Pokémon.

I untied the crew and one of them asked "Who're you?!"

"Name's Riko, can you radio for help?" They're jamming every other signal."

"Sure, just give me a second!" I man that I just untied said as he went over to some equipment. "Cinnabar Island, this is the Ferry, can you read me!?"

"Loud and clear, what's your situation?"

"We've been overrun by team aqua, requesting immediate assistance at these coordinates!" he said a bunch of numbers and the guy on the other end told us help was on the way.

"They better hurry, it won't be long before they notice that something is off." I said looking out the window, watching people in blue uniforms patrol the deck. It was about another 4 minutes before the woman's radio crackled with a voice

"We have checked all the decks ma'am, there's no sign of them!" The crew had worried looks on their faces, I picked up the radio and said

"Sorry, for the past 5 minutes your leader has been knocked out, so I suggest you come up here and help her, she's not lookin to good."

"Who the fuck is this!?"

"Someone who managed to escape you." I said as I stood up. "Get in that vent, they'll be here any second!" They began to climb as Shree iced up the windows and door. The second to last guy was getting in when there was banging on the door. "Hurry!" no sooner did I say

that, the door exploded open.□□

"Go! I'll be right behind you!" I said as I charged out the door, knocking out Pokémon and Aquas left and right, I went back in after 20 seconds and jumped in the vent where Primera and Shree were waiting.□□Primera melted the cover and then Shree iced it over.□□"Go!" I said.□□I could hear the confusion on the radio as I shut it off to prevent our position to be given away.□□We followed the crew to a passenger room.

"Alright, now we just have to hang tight until help arrives." A guy said as he sat down on a bed.

"It's not that simple, who knows what they'll do to the passengers, I've got to go, come on." I said as I motioned for my Pokémon.

"You planning to fight that many people?!"

"Just one at a time, I need to soften things up for the help." I said as I listened through the door for footsteps.□□I slowly opened it and made sure the coast was clear.□□I closed the door and quietly ran down the hall, listening for patrols, funny thing was there was none.□□

"I can't hear anything master!" Primera said.

"Stay on your guard, they waiting for us somewhere." I whispered.□□"If one sets a trap, it is meant to be sprung, come here, I've got a plan." We huddled up and I told them my plan.□□

I climbed up to the top of the bridge.□□"You're very good to elude me this far, Riko, come on down so that we may talk." A man with a blue bandanna yelled up to me.□□I jumped down and walked toward him, fully aware I was being surrounded.□□

"Since you know my name, may I know yours?" I asked.

"Nice manners, my name is Archie, leader of Team Aqua, I'm sure you are curious as to why I know your name?" he said as he bowed

"An organization as big as yours is bound to

have its fingers in a lot of things."

"Very good I like a guy with a good understanding, would you mind giving me you Pokémon?□□I don't want you to give us a surprise."

I gritted as I as I clipped off the three poke balls off my belt and rolled them to a thug.□□"So what is it you want to talk to me about?"

"The skill you showed in Olivine was most impressive, I would like to know if you if you would like to join us, you would be given a lot of power."

"I have my own plans, and they don't involve joining you, so 'm sorry to say I have to turn down your generous offer." I said bowing. I began to walk away when Archie said

"And I'm sorry to say I can't allow you to live, kill him." Within the next second I was surrounded by 3 dozen Pokémon.□□

"Come on, if you know about me then you must know that these Pokémon have no chance against me."

"We'll soon see, GO!" As soon as the last word came out of his mouth, the Pokémon attacked.□□I was about half was through them when an onix appeared on the deck.□□

"NOW!" I yelled and out came Shree, Shika and Primera from their hiding places.□□Archie seemed startled as Shree took down the onix as easily as the one in Goldenrod.□□

"Alright, seems like I'll have to get involved, GO!" he sent out his six Pokémon.□□I knew they would be a lot tougher than the others, so tried to take them out as fast as I could.□□I was one the 4th one when I felt a tremendous force hit me in the stomach, sending me fly toward the end of the ship, but I managed to grab on the railing.□□I felt like it was hit by a truck, but I managed to get myself over the railing and on my feet.□□It was a Rhydon that hit me with its tail and was approaching me.□□The pain was getting

worse in my back, I forced the pain out of my head and charged at the Rhydon full speed and put 3 punches under its chin, knocking it out.

"Master, you okay?!" Shika said as she put her force field in front of me before what looked like a flamethrower hit me.□□

"I'll be fine, just focus on the enemy!□□Can you take on the rest of these Pokémon?"

"I'm don't think so, they just keep coming!"□□Shika thought to me as she blocked another attack.

"In that case we have to retreat, Make a sprint for the ship and head back to the crew go!" I yelled.□□I was right behind them when I felt something wrap around my leg and pull me off my feet I tore my belt off and threw it to them and Shree caught it between her teeth .□□"Keep going!□□I'll be fine!"□□I yelled as I got pulled away.□□They tried to come after me, but they were cut off by more Pokémon.□□

"We have to help Master!"□□Primera said, using a flamethrower.□□

"He said he'll be fine, I trust he will, so we have to listen to him!□□Come on!"□□Shika said as she swung open a door with her Psychic powers and ran in.□□When they got inside, Primera melted it and Shree froze it.

"Damn, to think I would get beaten." I thought as I was dragged by whatever had my foot.□□I played unconscious.

"Well, I say I'm most impressed, you are what they say you are!□□Put him somewhere secure, and don't let him out of your sight!" he commanded.□□I was picked up by a huge Pokémon and brought down to the lower levels and put in a small room.□□I opened my eyes when I was tossed onto the ground.□□When the door closed I opened my eyes to find myself in a small room with a steel door.

I sat up and tried to get out of the rope they tied me up with but no luck.□□"I hope they got out okay." I thought to

myself.□□"I was a damn fool, thinking I could take on all those thugs.□□I'm only human, I think."□□

"Sir, the men are scared."□□The woman said.

"I know and I don't blame them, tell them that there's nothing to be afraid of in that man, we just have to persuade him to join us."

"I believe that won't be easy sir." She replied

"A rock that stands against the tide will eventually be swept away, all it needs is time."□□Then there was an explosion on the deck that sent thugs flying over the rails.□□"Damn!□□That kid must've called for help!□□Gather our remaining forces that he hasn't taken out, get the kid and secure our escape route!"

I felt a small vibration and thought "Wonder what that is?"□□

"Master!□□Can you hear me?!" it was Shika

"Yeah!□□Is everyone ok?!"

"Geez master, at least worry a bit about yourself, but yes everyone is fine, where are you!?" Shree thought to me.

"I'm in one of the lower levels, there are at least 2 guards outside the door, you know what to do." I thought back.□□

"We'll be there soon!" Shika replied back.

"Hurry." I whispered.□□Then the door opened.

"Good to see you're awake, you're coming with us!" a guy said holding a needle in his hand.□□It would be bad if I was knocked out now.□□When he got closer and got ready to stick me with a needle, I kicked it out of his hand breaking it and made a dash for the door.□□I tackled through 2 other guards but was caught at the knees and hit the deck hard.

"Nice try, but it'll take more to escape ahhh!" he yelled as was flung off my back.□□I turned to see my Pokémon

taking out the other guards.

"You all right Master?!" Primera asked as she ran toward me and began to chew off the rope.

"Well, I'm alive, and still have all 5 of my senses, so I think I'm all right." I said as Primera chewed the final rope off my hands. "Any idea what's going on outside?" I asked as Shree gave me my knives.

"The help you called for has arrived, I think they're pulling out." Shika said, knocking out another Pokémon with a confusion.

"They must've wanted to take me with them, we've got to, ah!" I said as I fell over in pain.

"Just relax Master, we'll carry you." Shika said as she lifted me with her powers. Shree, took point while Primera covered our behind us. We didn't encounter a lot of resistance on the way up, when we got to the deck, there were people in police uniforms patrolling the deck. They all turned to me when I opened the door and readied their Pokémon "Wait, we're not with team Aqua!" I said as we came into full view. No sooner did I say that a man with a bald head and round sun glasses appeared and said

"Let's see, tall, black hair, hazel nut eyes and a blue Gardevoir you must be Riko! Sabrina told me you were coming and when I heard the Ferry had been taken over, I just had to come!"

"You're \*huff\* Blaine?" I asked out of breath from the pain still flooding me. "That's right, thanks for softening Team Aqua for us, we've taken care of the rest!" he said as he came over. "You must've been through hell, come on, I'll take you to Cinnabar."

"Thanks for that." I said

"No, we should be thanking you, if it weren't for you, we would've not known of this until it was too late." He said as he got up and looked at the sunset.

"Did Archie escape?" I asked.

"Unfortunately yes, but we put a big dent in Team Aqua, we've got at least 100 of their goons, come on, I'll take you back to the Island by my chopper." He said as he began to head toward where his chopper had landed on the deck. I followed him onto the Chopper with my Pokémon right behind me.

"Here I was thinking this was going to be a relaxing cruise." I said sarcastically as I sat myself on a seat.

"Well it's over, and it's the end of another day and the beginning of another night." He replied smiling. I couldn't help but feel comfortable around him, he had the aura of a kind and wise man. I fell asleep despite the sound of the chopper.

Blaine woke me up when we were landing near his mansion, it was a little smaller than Whitney's but big none the less. I returned my Pokémon while they were sleeping and followed Blaine. "Good thing I gave them unused poke balls." I thought to myself as I followed Blaine inside. While walking through his hall, there was fire Pokémon everywhere.

I followed him to a dining room and he told me "I'll get the food, you just rest here." He said. He turned and left them room into what looked like a kitchen. I called out my Pokémon who were still in a bit of a daze.

"Time to eat guys." I said

"I want to go to sleep." Primera moaned.

"If you don't eat, you'll wake up in the middle of the night hungry and I won't be in the mood to lead you to the kitchen, but right after this we take our showers, then go to sleep." I said in a stern tone. Then Blaine came out with a cart and food on it. He opened them up and served a plate to my Pokémon and me.

"Thanks!" I said as I began to eat.

"Whitney and Jasmine told me what you did in Olivine and Goldenrod, and Whitney told me that you claimed to be from another world." I stopped

eating.□□"Don't worry, it isn't all that unbelievable to me when we know of a Pokémon who can travel across dimensions." That caught my attention

"What Pokémon?" I asked seriously.

"It's name is Palkia, it is the master of Space, which means it can travel across dimensions at will."

"I see, thanks for that info, maybe it's the one that brought me here." I said as I sipped my drink.

"Most likely, but that still doesn't answer why it did it." He replied.

"Well, I a few days ago I met Lugia, and she said I was here to help, and she told me these are gifts that only Rayquaza can give." I said as I pulled out my knives from their sheaths.□□

"I've heard of such a legend, when one helps out Rayquaza in a great way, it bestows these upon that being, they're said to be the strongest material, where in blazes did you get them?!" he asked.

"My dad left them for me, back in my world, I found them right before I came here." I said as I finished my food.□□"Mind if I use a room for tonight?" I asked.

"No problem!□□Here, I'll lead you to a room." He said as I got up.□□I motioned for my Pokémon to follow me as I followed Blaine out of the room.□□We passed another large number of fire Pokémon, when we passed a Nine tails, I felt like it was keeping its eyes on me.

"Where'd you find the nine tails?" I asked.

"Out near the Volcano, it was badly hurt so I took it in and letting it stay here until it wants to leave, they are extremely rare and powerful Pokémon said to live 1000 years, and curse anyone who disrespects them."

"Yeesh, remind me not to get one their bad side." I said looking back, the whole time I felt like we were being followed, but I didn't tell Blaine.□□

"Here's your room, I hope you'll find it

comfortable." He said as he opened it.□□I walked in and looked around.□□I looked like a hotel room, but with a few paintings of fire Pokémon, and with a large window.

"Thanks." I said as I turned a lamp light on.

"Alright, I'll leave you to yourself." He said then he closed the door.

"Whew, what a day!" I said as fell back on the bed.□□They got the routine and Shika took the shower first.□□

"How do you feel Master?□□You got hit pretty hard back there!"□□Shree asked. "The pain's not as bad, I think I'll be fine by the morning." I said as I rubbed my stomach.

"Master, if it's not too much trouble, could you also help me with my bath, there's some spots I can't reach." Shree gestured towards her back.

"Sure, I'll help." I said as I looked for my bag then realized it was still on the boat, maybe.□□I heard a knock on the door.□□I walked over and opened it to find Blaine.

"I found this on the deck and saw inside there was you name in it, so I brought it with me." He said as he handed over the bag.

"Thanks, good night." I said as I closed the door.□□I took off my shirt when Shika got out and went in with Shree.□□

"Alright, just tell me where you can't reach." I said with soap and sponge in hand.□□Shree gestured with her tail and I started to scrub.□□I could see on her face that she was enjoying it.□□

"To tell you the truth master, I was jealous." She said to me.

"Of what?"

"You clean Primera personally, I kinda felt left out." She said looking at the bottom of the bath tub.□□"I'm sorry for lying."

"Don't worry about it, all you had to do was



ask." I replied nonchalantly.

"Really?! You're not mad?"

"Well, the punishment for lying is THIS!" I said as I began to tickle her. She fell on the tub floor laughing. After about 5 seconds I stopped. "All right, you're all done." I said as I stood up.

"Alright, now it's Primera's turn." I said as I dried Shree off.

"Thank you Master." Shree thought to me as she walked out.

"What was all the laughing about?" Primera asked with suspicion.

"Ahh nothing, come on, the sooner we get done, the sooner we can go to bed." I said as I heated up the water. When I finished my shower everyone was already asleep again, I didn't blame them this time. I worked my way into the sheets and laid my head on the pillow. I couldn't help but feel there was a strong presence outside the room somewhere, but I assumed it was my imagination and fell asleep.

# COMMISSIONS

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

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

## OUR STAFF ARTISTS

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

### EPANTIRAS

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

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

### LINTASTIC

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

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

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

## TYPE OF COMMISSION:

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

### EMOTIONALPENGUIN

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

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

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

# As the Threads Come Loose: Waiting

Kliban Katz; kliban\_katz@msn.com [http://kliban\\_katz.deviantart.com](http://kliban_katz.deviantart.com)  
The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion

Chapter 9: A continuation of a story that began in issue 10

The following morning I resolved to see no one. I spent much of the day in the armory, despite what had occurred there the night before. It was the only place of relative quiet and the only visitor I had was Ferrum, who hacked away at the wooden dummy all day without a word. He was Breton, like myself, and if I had cared for conversation, I would have loved to talk with him. He was here all day and near all night. As such, I figured he did not know much of the local goings on or the bad blood that had been created between myself and the Blades' master.

I busied myself mostly with polishing and sharpening the Akaviri swords, but in no way did I intend to use them. I would not go out again for some time. Come hell, which was a possibility, or high water, I would not do the Blades' bidding again until another made a move in the direction of salvation for this country. It was not my responsibility to rescue the entire land from the ravenous beasts that tried to swallow up the continent. I had only agreed to take the amulet to Jauffre. *Now, where was the amulet even? On the neck of some beast on a throne in Oblivion? That was certainly not my doing.*

I hadn't taken anything to eat down in the armory, so I had to show my face in the dining quarters sometime in the evening. Caroline was chattering with Baragon, who I could see plainly had no interest in the conversation. Maybe all Bretons were born under some foolish star that made them aspire to serve the empire. I ate quickly and quietly, before stealing away into the armory again. I could feel their eyes on me, watching me, and I couldn't stand to be there any longer. Then again, maybe it was only a soul sickness rising up in me. I took the long way around the temple, going outside, making sure I would not cross into the main hall, for fear of encountering *him*. In such an event, I was not sure what I would do.

I had the aching suspicion that I shouldn't, but I went into the upstairs sleeping quarters to speak with Jauffre. I wasn't sure why I wanted to approach him, but I felt I should. Perhaps they had learned something new. I raised my hand to knock on the door.

"Might I have a word with you?" I spun around. Who was this? *Oh*. I nodded my head, uncomfortable, but nudging him along. "In private."

I felt electric. My whole body tightened. I wasn't prepared for this, but I wasn't being invited, but drawn in. I looked sideways at Cyrus, who stared blankly ahead, politely pretending not to see. He was no fool. Martin gestured for me to enter his private quarters ahead of him. I did so without emotion, attempting to feign business. Sleeping quarters such as this would not be used for any business other than bedding me. I would not. I would cut off his hand should he think to touch me with it.

Behind him he slid the door shut, and I could hear Cyrus clear his throat from the other side.

"Yes?" I stared at Martin's eyes, without really looking at them.

"What illness wrecks your soul? With each day you drift further from this world." He reached out to me, closing the distance between us—a blessed barrier I would not soon let be diminished again.

"Do not!" I withdrew, stepping back. In reaction, his brow came down hard over his eyes. His arm swung from before him to the side, gesturing toward a bench behind him.

"Sit then, so that I might speak with you." Martin's words were careful, as though he was not sure of what he was seeing. I've encountered those of other species that have responded to me with more tact than this man. I crossed the room into the seat, which I found to be rather uncomfortable. I placed my arm on the rest and threw all of my weight onto that one side and tried to look intrigued.

"Well then?" I lifted my eyebrows, trying to appear interested and alive. The bloody truth was that I couldn't care either way. There were katanas to be sharpened. He took a deep breath of air and seated himself next to me, which was nearly too close for comfort on this tiny thing.

"I have news, that I would have relayed to you earlier had you wanted to be seen. I thought I would let you have your time."

"What is this news?" My voice was a deliberate monotone while I glanced at my hands. I hoped it would breed his own disinterest.

"I have made further progress with the *Xarxes*, at long last. Tiber Septim was the only one of the gods to have walked Nirn, and now we need his blood for the ritual."

"And how do you propose I obtain that? Are there not little relics of such nature? A relic of Talos you're absurd."

"There is an old Blades' fort; the sacred place is cursed now, but it is believed to hold the armor of Tiber Septim."

"Cursed, is it? Is that why you would propose that I go to liberate it?" I was getting annoyed.

"I am not proposing anything, for I hold no reserve. I am only reporting my information. You have worked so closely with all here that I felt I should inform you of any changes or advancements."

"You ought to send a troupe of Blades. It is their stronghold, after all. But, no, I expect you would be most pleased to have me set out in the morning?"

"I would rather you did not go at all." He drew his face in towards me and gingerly cupped my shoulders with his palms. *I ought to rend your flesh for laying your hands on me!* "Do not fear, the gods do not have hold on me. I have long since been disillusioned."

"Lies!" I reeled backwards, nearly toppling over the side of the bench. "Lies, priest! Akatosh will swallow your soul and the end of your days for you lies! Sanguine will shun you for denying him! You will rot in the Void!" *Why did his trespasses upset me so?* The desires of men were no stranger to me, but this time, somehow this would amount to treason. *He had no business with me, bottom of the barrel refuse of the land. A priest! A priest! Servant of the Nine! Heir to the throne! This was nothing less than divine treachery.*

But his hands were on me. I moved where he directed me: to the softness of the mattress, into the center. I was hardly in command of my own body.

"Stop this... this... madness," I pleaded as he ravished me. I couldn't breathe. I placed my palms on his chest and tried to push him away from me. I felt

weak. I was weak. I was being sucked under.

"If you wished it so, you would tear my body up, or summon some other denizen to do it. But you do not. Our desires are in harmony." *Fie on you! Fie! Fie! Fie! I will not recognize such a thing!*

"Where do you expect this to lead?" I offered instead, breathless and bitter. My breasts were exposed this time, and my skirt, entirely elsewhere. He ignored me. *Oh, just forget it!* I let myself be taken in. I cried out before he relaxed on top of me, the life seeming to go out of him.

I felt like a sack of bones on the down mattress next to him, lying on my side, facing away. He laid a hand on my shoulder. I exhaled sharply. *Hadn't he done enough?*

"You think you can heal me through putting me at odds with my gods."

"For you, they are your gods in name only." He gave my shoulder a squeeze with his response.

"Then, you put yourself at odds with both me and your gods."

"I do this for you, out of love."

"Do not lie. I am only a sack of pleasure for you. You aim to destroy my life." I rolled over to face him, staring hard.

"I do no such thing." He stroked my cheek with a gentle finger. "For now, we'll remain here, and I'll look after you, but when the crisis is over, things will improve and "

"And you'll be emperor." He got my meaning, and dropped his gaze from my eyes. I withdrew my own face, which had nearly been touching his as I had spoken. I continued, "Where you'll be advised to take a queen, a noble lady, given the delicate situation of the heirs. It is enough that *you* are a bastard, the Chancellor would not allow you to further sully your bloodline. Do not be a fool: any child of mine would have blood too weak to even *wear* the Amulet." He let it drop at that. I suppose he had come to the realization that his involvement with me would never reach fruition. He seemed angry though, his pride hurt, but he said nothing for a while. "You waste your time, regardless. I will never know your love."

"But you have all my love."

"It cannot reach me." It was as

though there was a wall between us, protecting me and hurting me. I did not care any longer for such things: the pursuit of romance. The feeling was lost to me. There was no pleasure there. There was no god in it. I got up from the bed, naked. I reached down for my blouse, when I felt him clench my wrist.

“At least stay a while longer. ‘Til dawn.”

“You resolve to ruin yourself.” I pulled my arm from his grasp. “Good evening.” I pulled on my skirt and blouse, took my shoes in my hands and took my leave. Again, Cyrus pretended to not have noticed.

In the Blades’ sleeping quarters everyone was fast asleep. I unlocked and disarmed my trapped chest at the head of my bedroll. Inside, the gems glistened of

their own accord; the black ones laced with golden veins were especially pretty. They would be my ticket out of here, at nearly 500 gold apiece. A new steed and a house on the Niben were in order after that. I only needed someone to unload them on who was willing to pay the hefty price. There were drifters all the time in Bravil, but initially I required a closer merchant. Given, inside there were no prestigious souls or souls killed in cold blood. Either they were Dremora or marauders that I had happened upon. I had an easy fifteen, though, and that should be enough to get me started. I closed the lid gently, with the kind of affection in my eyes reserved for one’s children. *Children*. I placed a hand over my womb. *Perish the thought*.

#### 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!

# Silent Scars

angelofdeath67, tsunin6@yahoo.com ,<http://angelofdeath67.deviantart.com/>  
Poetry Fiction: Kingdom Hearts

Etched into the soft stone that is me,  
Words echoing from that day,  
I am no longer free...  
I am no longer me...  
Sitting in pain every single day  
But not a sound escapes  
Silentium

What is my true name...  
Etched into the soft stone that is me  
Proof that I am no longer free...  
No longer me...  
Alone in a sea of agony  
I have forgotten myself...  
Forgotten my true name...  
Silentium

Whispers sewn shut from me  
Crossing threads on the chapped landscape that is my flesh  
Making me what you now see  
I am a shell of the former me...  
That distant memory...  
My name is now a scar...  
A burning reminder of who I am...  
Silentium...

That is my new name...  
That is my new grace...  
That is my new face...  
That is what is etched into me...  
My name, my path, my absolute...  
The mask has now become me...  
Silentium

Sealed into my flesh...  
My visage, my right...  
My brand, my keepsake, my scar...  
I am...  
Silentium...  
Nothing more.

You sear my brain with lies!  
Tears for the dead,  
Remember my name?  
I do remember it...Silentium,  
You try and speak, but I do not listen  
It hurts too much to listen  
The look in your saintly eyes  
Weighs on my heart like stone...  
Your pain is too much to bear,

Your anguish and heartfelt gaze  
Are daggers in my head and heart  
You try and make me face it...  
But I can't...I won't!

Why do you lie to me?  
My name is Silentium...  
Nothing more...

Stop saying his name!  
He doesn't live here anymore!  
Silentium is all that persists.  
A shell is all that remains...  
Victus mortuus.

Angelofdeath67: This is a poem I wrote in response to a wonderful fanfiction I've been reading by Nadar1224 entitled S I L E N T I U M. I really recommend reading it, its quite amazing :D Ty for inspiring me to write this :D Yes...it is about Roxas loool, the Roxas in the story at least, its so sad D: but so neat!

# My Life as a DeepGround Soldier

Haru Tsetsukio, twilisia@gmail.com ,<http://HawkfrostsAvenger.deviantart.com>

## Final Fantasy VII

I sat alone on the curb of the street, shivering. My short black hair trembled in the calm breeze. The autumn air was crisp and cold and I longed to be somewhere warmer, be it Costa del Sol or even just the small village of Corel. Anywhere but here, in the cursed shadows of the ruined city of Midgar. The remains of the evil Shin Ra headquarters stood high above Edge, a constant reminder of the terrible disaster that had terrorized the planet.

The scent of blood came over me and I heard what sounded like light footsteps. I scoured the area for whoever or whatever was here with me. I saw nothing but a small shadow, but after a moment I realized that it was a pitiful Kalm Fang pup creeping towards me, its body trembling. It choked on its own snarls and I smiled weakly. "It'll take a lot more than that to scare me," I whispered, holding out my hand to the small monster.

It whimpered again, drawing closer to me cautiously and tucking its tail between its legs. "Wan! Wan!"

Between the canine's bony body and its weak bark it wasn't hard to see that it would die soon. Its grey fur was faded and the streaks of purple were barely visible. Some may have taken pity on such a creature, but I didn't. Feeling bad for him wouldn't make him strong.

It watched me for a brief moment before trying to bite my outstretched hand. I tensed and drew back, instinctively reaching for the weapon that I wasn't carrying.

"You're dying too, aren't you? Was your mother killed?" I asked after I had calmed myself down, hoping that my voice wouldn't scare the beast away. It responded with a pitiful whining sound. "Maybe you have time to listen to the story of a man who made too many mistakes."

It gazed up at me with its grey clouded

eyes and I began to speak:

*"It was a cold day like this, about fourteen years ago. I was a member of the Shin Ra Company's elite SOLDIER unit, 2nd Class. One day the president offered me a promotion to a place called DeepGround. It was a rare occurrence, getting such an offer from Julius Shin Ra himself."*

*"Naturally, I went along with it and I became a DeepGround soldier. But I didn't know at the time that DeepGround itself was built in a huge pool of mako energy. I quickly became addicted to the powers of mako, so badly that I couldn't live without it."*

*"I tried once to stop using the mako, knowing that the result could be deadly. But it's strange I couldn't; my body refused to allow me to be free of the planet's stream of life. At the time, that was my greatest worry. But what I didn't notice is that I was lacking the symptoms of mako poisoning; I could move, speak think. I didn't know that I was part of some disgusting experiment."*

I stopped as a light rain began to fall, the sound of the heavy drops reminding me of bullets being fired on a quiet battlefield. I felt it roll down my face like the tears I hadn't shed in so long. I stood up apathetically and the Kalm Fang watched me in confusion. "If I die, I don't want to be here in these streets. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Wan! Wan wan!"

I began walking with the monster at my feet towards a small building near the outskirts of the town. I wasn't sure what made the creature want to follow me in the back of my mind I wanted to believe that it could understand what I said to it, but it was simply a dying monster. There was no way that this could be true. I was headed for a little bar known as Seventh Heaven, the home of two of the heroes who had helped to save the planet four



years ago; Tifa and Cloud Strife.

I didn't know either of them personally I don't know many people personally but I knew them well enough that my canine companion and I would be welcomed there.

*"It wasn't long after that that I heard of a group of elites within DeepGround known as the Tsviets. I was told to do whatever I was ordered by them, as they had been assigned leadership over the soldiers by the President himself. They were Shelke the Transparent, Azul the Cerulean, Rosso the Crimson, Nero the Sable, and Weiss the Immaculate.*

*"I didn't concern myself with the business of the Tsviets; I simply did what I was told. It was hard to tell how much time had gone by.*

*"Life in DeepGround revolved around battle training, but even so we had personal time. I myself had few friends I have all but forgotten their names by now, in fact, I have forgotten my own name now. But there is one that I will always remember her name was Kairi. We spent nearly every moment we could together. How odd, that I may have found my only love three hundred feet below the planet's surface."*

We reached the bar in a short amount of time and I walked to the front door. The pup still followed me and I almost smiled at its loyalty, the grin lost on my cracked lips. "Don't have such faith in me," I told him, fighting back the sense of happiness I was feeling.

"Wan?" Its bark sounded as though it was trying to ask, "Why not?" I bent down and stroked the monster hesitantly before looking at the door. Its matted fur felt rough against my skin. A sign proudly displayed 'Open', so I walked in.

"Huh? Oh, hello." Tifa smiled warmly, although I'm not so sure she appreciated having my canine companion in her bar.

"I apologize for bringing a... pet, in here." I wasn't sure what I would call the Kalm Fang.

"It's perfectly fine."

Nodding slightly, I sat down. The beasts

claws clicked against the wooden floor and it sat on the ground beside me. I doubted this was true I'm sure she'd fought a lot of monsters like the pup before and it probably made her uncomfortable but I also doubted that she had the heart to tell me this.

I had no home, and I'm sure it showed. But I was far from self pitying; I deserved the life I'd received.

*"Before I knew it, ten years had passed. Ten long years of nearly endless battle training. I needed neither food nor sleep."*

As I spoke I saw Tifa look at me out of the corner of my eye. She seemed interested in my tale too, setting down the glass she had been drying off to listen, although why someone from AVALANCHE would want to hear the story of a Shin Ra monster was beyond my understanding.

*"And on a fateful day in the coldness of late autumn, a pathway to the world above had been opened. We knew nothing but to kill, to fight, and to stain the land with blood.*

Tifa had walked over to the table I was sitting at. I glanced up at her and she smiled somewhat awkwardly. "I'm sorry," she said. "I hope I'm not interrupting you."

I shook my head. "No, it's fine."

Ignoring her, I looked back at the canine and continued my story.

*"Kairi and I were both amongst the high ranking officers that led the attack on the world above; we killed everyone that was still in the streets of Midgar. And then we moved on to Edge, built in the shadow of the ruined city.*

*"The WRO the World Regeneration Organization tried to fight back when they learned of our attack. We had no trouble with them until one former AVALANCHE member came along; Vincent Valentine was the world's only hope at that point.*

*"But we needed something only he had: the protomateria that belonged to Chaos. With that, we could control Chaos. Under orders from the Tsviets, we began to capture those who weren't affected by Geostigma and kill them*

*with the mako that was stored in DeepGround itself. The Tsviets never told us why, but we did what we were told without question."*

Tifa seemed somewhat alarmed at what I had said, so I looked up at her. "Don't concern yourself with this," I told her. "This is all in the past now." She nodded half heartedly and I looked back at the dog. I didn't realize how much time had passed. It had already stopped raining outside.

"Where are you headed?" she asked me as I stood up.

"Nowhere in particular. I plan to see as much of the world as I can until I die."

"You're planning on dying?" Her face showed something I wasn't familiar with. Was it sadness? No, I believe it was concern. "But "

"Don't worry about me," I said before she could finish her protest. "I've lived a long enough life. To return to the Lifestream would be the only way to erase my sins."

Without another word I walked away, leaving the bartender alone. The sound of a motorcycle broke the silence as we left and I thought how lucky Tifa was that she had someone that would always return to her. Perhaps I would have found such happiness if not for Shin Ra. I silently cursed myself for my terrible decision so long ago.

The small wolf began to fall behind and I stopped every so often for it to catch up. He whimpered and I was tempted to carry him so that he wouldn't get lost in the great expanse of trees that now surrounded us, but I didn't. Finally he collapsed on the leaf covered ground. I watched him for a moment, regretting taking him so far away from the city before crouching down beside him.

"Don't give up on me now," I said to him. "I haven't finished my story." He looked up at me, and the look in his eyes seemed like he was asking me to finish it before he drew his final breath.

*"When AVALANCHE defeated the Tsviets,*

*there were very few left from DeepGround. I was one of only four, and I watched as my comrades took their own lives. Among those was Kairi the most harrowing thing I'd ever witnessed had been watching her as she fired the last bullet in her weapon at her own heart. I too was tempted to take my own life, but something held me back. I've been alone since that day, waiting for death to finally reach me."*

I heard growling as I finished speaking; a deep rumbling sound that would have driven fear into the heart of any normal human. I stood completely still, watching the small wolf tremble with fear.

An enormous behemoth flew out of the darkness, gripping my weak body in its jaws. I cried out in agony and the pup watched in terror. I watched as my blood pooled onto the ground, seeping from my body. The creature roared viciously, drawing its lips back in a snarl as it threw me onto the forest floor with a loud thud. I tried scanning the area for something I could use as a weapon anything would work but my eyes were burning from the stench of the beast's breath and I could hardly move besides.

My vision went blurry so bad that I could barely make out the shapes of the two monsters but I watched as the minute smudge of color that was the Kalm Fang leap at the huge monster. I couldn't stand to watch the pup as it fought while hardly being able to stand up at all.

Everything was over in a matter of moments. I felt the pup press its warm body against mine, whimpering softly. The behemoth made no sound, and I thought perhaps that the wolf had killed it. I lifted my hand slowly, shaking as I stroked the canine's head lightly. "You didn't... give up on me... after all," I muttered, summoning all of the strength I had left to choke out the rest of my words. "Thank you, DeepGround."

It whined softly in confusion, and for the first time in ten years I smiled. "That is your name. DeepGround."

What a pitiful sight it must have been, a dying soldier that had once terrorized the planet and a small monster both covered in

blood lying on the ground together. I watched DeepGround until his last breath left his body, waiting for my end to come. I saw a small white speck fall on the wolf's fur before I closed my eyes. "Just like that day..." I whispered to myself.

I could feel my body as it returned to the Lifestream. I had failed so many people in

my life the Tsviets, Kairi, DeepGround even myself and I knew that there was no place in heaven for me. But even so, one day I would be reborn. Only then would I find the salvation I had been seeking. And until that day I would cling to my memories of the two friends that had kept me alive for so long.

A/N: This is told from the POV of an OC from DeepGround. I edited this from an earlier version which can be found on my website .com if you want to read it it's on the category "Empire of Sin"/Other Stories/Fanfics under the same title . I must thank TheVulpineHero1 for being patient enough to beta read this for me :D So yes, thank you XD

Please review- Tips and such are welcome, as I am particularly proud of this piece and I would like to edit it and make it as good as possible. DISCLAIMER: I don't own Final Fantasy VII

# What have I done? 1st chapter

By Amelia, amelimordant@windowslive.com, www.justmuffin.deviantart.com  
Repo! The Genetic Opera a movi I'm writing a fanfic about

## Prologue

Marni smiled as Nathan handed her the glass of water with medication in it. Even though he was young, he had been able to find a cure for her rare blood disease. Also, Nathan was sure that it'd keep the illness from passing on to their little girl who was supposed to be born in about a month.

Marni stood on her tiptoes to place a kiss on Nathan's lips before she drank the whole glass in one sip. Nathan had warned her that it probably wouldn't taste good, but it actually had no taste at all.

She didn't even have time to put the glass down, when she already started feeling dizzy. Before she could fall, Nathan caught her and rapidly put away the glass on the table. Did I make something wrong with the medication? ran through his head. Marni started coughing blood. After that, there was not much to remember... Blood... Crying child... Police... And Marni... Marni... "Oh god, what have I done..."

## I. chapter I. year

"Alright darling, just stay here, until daddy comes, okay?" Nathan said, hugging Shilo. The little girl babbled something back and her father looked at her wistfully. "You look exactly like your mother... Her eyes..." he said, smiling sadly. After a few seconds of silence, which was disturbed only a bit by the ticking of the clock on the wall, he put Shilo back on her huge canopy bed and left the room.

Little Shilo didn't look like other one year olds she was smaller, since she was taken out of her mother's

womb too early, and her black hair was way too long.

Nathan had made her the wig out of Marni's hair, as soon he had found out that the medication he gives her against the blood disease her mother had passed on to her, doesn't let her hair grow. But it looked just ridiculous the hair was about 5 centimetres longer than the little one.

When her father left, Shilo had followed him with her eyes. Now she was attempting to crawl out of the bed, but that attempt ended in failure, so she just rolled from side to side until she fell out.

Quietly she started sobbing, which soon developed into loud crying. But her father didn't hear a thing, since he was on the other side of the house.

\*\*\*

Few hours later Nathan returned from work. Silently he opened the door. "Honey, are you sleeping?" he asked, half whispering. Of course, even if Shilo was awake, she didn't talk yet so there was no way of getting a response.

Quietly he stepped over to the bed and almost had a panic attack. Shilo wasn't there. Instead of trying to look for the girl he sat on the bed and then saw a little body on the floor. It was Shilo, who had fallen asleep after some time of crying. Quickly he took the girl into his arms.

Little one woke up being moved around and started crying again. Nathan saw a little bruise on her head and groaned. He was a horrible father. He should've never left Shilo alone like this. Now she was hurt and it

was all Nathan's fault...

# Sonamy: A Wilted Rose

Author: Magical Arrow, emilygonzalez1997@gmail.com, <http://magicalarrow.deviantart.com/>

Subject: Sonic the Hedgehog Sonamy

Amy Rose was a cute pink hedgehog who always loved Sonic the hedgehog more than anything. She always chased him around everywhere he went. Silver the hedgehog, a hedgehog from the future, really pitied her. She had no idea that Sonic and Sally; Sonic's girlfriend had a feature together. Sally just looked at Amy as another fan girl for Sonic. She didn't see Amy as a threat to her relationship in anyway. One day, Amy was in Silver's house enjoying his company along with Cream and her Chao: Cheese. Silver and she were having a conversation in where Blaze could be now. "So have you had any leads in what dimension Blaze could be?" Silver sighed "No..." Amy smiled "My Sonic is always around, even though he's with Sally. But I think their relationship will end soon!" she said happily while drinking tea.

Silver knew that wouldn't be true. They were supposed to get married in the future. This, Silver was certain of. Cream nodded "I think Mr. Sonic likes you Amy. I also think their relationship will end soon." Silver felt guilty not telling them anything about this. He thought that in the end, she'll just be heartbroken. Silver heard a knock on the door and answered it. There was Sonic waving at him "Yo, Silver! I'm here to pick up those tickets to the movie me and Sal are going to!" Silver nodded "Oh yeah...stay here." Sonic walked in anyways "Why can't I come in?" he saw Amy and Cream having tea. Amy looked at Sonic and hearts formed in her eyes "Sonic!" Sonic yelled and ran out of Silver's house. Silver came back with the tickets and noticed Sonic was gone, and so was Amy. "He came in didn't he?" Cream and Cheese nodded "Chao! Chao!" Cheese said. Cream sipped some of the tea she held and sighed "When will Mr. Sonic be Amy's boyfriend Mr. Silver?" Silver sighed. He felt pity keeping a secret like this to a little girl like Cream. He decided to tell the truth to Cream.

"Can you keep a secret?" Cream nodded "Yes." Silver sat down on one of the wooden chairs and looked at Cream "I'm from the future. So I know what happens with Sonic and Amy." Cream smiled "Really? That's great! Tell me! Tell me when Mr. Sonic confesses!" Silver saddened "Well...never." Cream's joyful face, became into confusion "What?..." Silver sighed "Sonic will marry Sally in the future..." Cream was now gloomy "What happened to Amy?" Silver tightened his fists "I don't know..." Cream hugged her little Chao. "That's horrible!" Silver sighed "I know...but don't tell Amy. I wasn't supposed to tell you that either." Cream nodded "O okay..." What both Cream, and Silver didn't know, was that Amy was hearing this when she got too tired from chasing after Sonic. Tears fell down from her face. "No! Silver must be lying! He loves me! I know he does!" she started to run as it started to rain a faint mist.

She ran to the movies, where Sonic said he was going. If she could see Sonic, she would feel just fine. She ran into the movie theaters to find Sonic. There he was picking up snacks with Sally. She felt jealousy, and anger, and fear that what Silver said, might be true. She couldn't take it. She waited angrily until they carried snacks and sodas to the movie. She went up to the cashier and asked him what movie they were going to see " 'Romantic evening' I think." Amy bought a ticket and raced to the doors to find Sonic and Sally. She found them, and sat behind them, 3 seats away in the 4th row. She could hear giggling, and playful purrs. Amy filled with rage. She couldn't believe Sonic would do this in public, in front of fans, and fan girls and .Before she could think of anything else, she saw Sonic kiss Sally; they made out. This disgusted her, and she wanted to

cry "This can't be true." She thought "I...I thought Sonic would end up with me..." the commercials for the movie went on, and Amy could barely hear them now. Finally she heard something that made her heart shatter into millions of pieces "I love you Sonic..." and what Sonic replied, made her heart turn into dust. "I love you too Sal..." she held back tears and got up from her seat. Sonic turned around to see Amy starting to let tears fall down her face.

different directions. She felt to her knees and cried even more "I hate you...I hate you...I don't want to see you ever again..." she took the picture of Sonic that fell out of the frame and tared it to shreds. She then turned her attention to a fragile looking rose that lay on top of her shelf. She looked at it and faintly smiled "You and I are alike huh? Your wilted now...like my love for him..." she set back down the rose...and laid on her bed wiping away the tears from her face.

started to cry running away. Sonic was about to get up, but Sally pulled him back into his seat "Don't worry Sonic. She had to find out some way." Sonic felt guilt, but decided that Sally was right. He sat back down. Amy ran as the rain got heavier, and heavier, until it was thundering. She tripped and fell on her face against the cold, □sidewalk floor. She got up and rubbed her face. She cried letting the rain fuse with her tears. "DAMN YOU SONIC! I HATE YOU!" she yelled into the sky. She ran faster as she finally reached her house. She locked the door, and went into her room. She started to tare posters of Sonic, bobble heads, and other things that she collected during her life. She finally slammed her favorite picture of Sonic to the wooden floor letting the glass fly in

She really hated herself. "All those years of chasing after you...did nothing...I'm such an idiot for thinking you would ever be with me..." she looked at herself in the mirror, and got angry with herself. She always thought she was cute, but now, she thought she was hideous. Her eyes were puffy, her left cheek was red and swollen, her right cheek had a cut going up to the side of her eye, and her knees were scrapped from the fall she had on the sidewalk. But it wasn't that, that made her think she was hideous, it was her personality. "I'm just another fan girl to him...well no longer. I need to start fresh...and forget him...he loves Sally. Not me." She said. Amy was sure of herself. In two days, she would leave Mobius...forever.

Artist's Comments: This First chapter is part of a series involving the love relationship between Sonic the hedgehog and Amy Rose Also hedgehog . Amy's jealousy is getting worse, and now, she is planning to leave Mobius. Will Sonic stay with Sally Acorn and live out the future □with her as destined? Or will he go after Amy and form a bond that will never be broken? The future is always changing...or is it, *always?*

Hope you like it!

# The Disappearance of Megurine Luki

Free Beloved Army, emoyaoiluver@hotmail.com, <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/2025502/>  
Subject: VOCALOID

O.o.O.o.O

"Dakiyosete hoshii tashikamete hoshii mach " Luki paused in his singing when violent coughs forced their way out of his chest. Meito, who was singing 'Magnet' with Luki at the moment, looked at the younger male in confusion.

"Hey, Luki, you okay?" He asked, concerned. Luki nodded before having another coughing fit. Meito frowned, outstretching his arm to the younger male. "You sure? Your voice has been kind of off today, maybe you're getting sick?" He rubbed Luki's back, trying to help him get his breath back.

"I'm fine, Meito san." Luki said, sounding very unconvincing. Meito's frown deepened.

"Are you sure? You don't want to strain your voice. Perhaps we should take the rest of today off?" He suggested. Luki shrugged, not meeting Meito's gaze.

"Perhaps..." He murmured softly. Both he and Meito looked up when Master walked into the room. Luki averted his gaze from the man, afraid he had heard his singing. Meito glanced at Luki before turning to Master.

"Um, Master, I don't think we should keep singing today. I think Luki needs to rest for a bit. He seems to be feeling a bit under the weather." Meito said, his words still filled with nothing but concern for Luki. Luki winced when Master's gaze turned to him.

"Okay, that's probably for the best. Make Luki get some rest, try and see if you can make him feel better." Master's voice sounded tense, and his mind didn't seem to be there in the room with them. Meito frowned at Master's expression, but made no comment and simply nodded. He grabbed Luki's hand, leading the younger VOCALOID out of the room and towards

his bedroom.

"Don't worry Luki, I'll make you all better, okay?" He said, trying sounding cheerful. Luki smiled weakly, not replying. He tried to protest when Meito forced him to lie in bed, but gave up when Meito refused to let the younger up, and even went to such lengths as to straddle him to prevent him from getting up. When Luki finally agreed to stay put Meito left, saying he'd be back. When Meito returned he had a bowl of tuna with him, which brightened Luki's spirits a bit. He ate the tuna rather quickly, shocking Meito.

"I wonder what's wrong with my voice..." Luki murmured quietly. Meito looked sympathetically at the other.

"Perhaps it's better now?" He suggested. Luki shrugged. He opened his mouth, trying to sing a few notes, and instantly put a hand over his mouth to cough.

"No... I think its gotten worse..." Luki said, sounding close to tears. Meito bit his lip, grabbing Luki's hand and squeezing it comfortingly.

"Don't worry, Luki. Master will find out what's affecting your voice, and fix it, okay?" Luki nodded, not looking convinced.

"But... What if he can't find what's wrong? Or can't fix it? What if I'm stuck like this?" Luki bit his lip, a stray tear falling down his cheek. Meito reached a hand out, brushing the tear away before cupping Luki's cheek.

"That won't happen. I'll find a way to fix you myself if I have to. So don't worry love, please?" Luki nodded, leaning into Meito's touch. Meito smiled, placing a kiss on Luki's forehead as the pink haired VOCALOID drifted into sleep.

O.o.O.o.O

Luki woke up to find himself alone, and



not in his bed. He looked around, confused as to where he was, when Meito walked in.

"Oh, Luki, you're awake!" Meito smiled. Luki tilted his head, still looking confused.

"Yes... Um, where am I?" He asked, sounding a little frightened. Meito raised an eyebrow, now confused himself.

"You're in my room. Don't you remember? I took you to my room yesterday and you kind of fell asleep." Meito explained. Luki frowned, trying to remember the events Meito told him of, but found he couldn't.

"N... No, I don't remember..." He said, biting his lip. Meito looked worriedly at the younger VOCALOID.

"Hey, are you feeling okay?" He asked, moving and sitting next to Luki on the bed. Luki nodded, still looking scared.

"Yes, I feel fine, I just... Don't remember... Anything..." He looked up at Meito nervously. Meito looked surprised.

"What do you mean by 'anything'?" He asked.

"I don't remember anything that happened yesterday... Or anything that happened before than... It's all a blur..." He said, almost whimpering. "Meito san, I'm scared. Why can't I remember anything? Is there something wrong with me?" He looked up at the brunette with teary eyes. Meito bit his lip, thinking.

"I don't know... Wait, you said Meito san. So you remember who I am?" He asked. Luki nodded.

"I remember you perfectly..." He whispered, looking down. Meito smiled for a moment before continuing to question Luki.

"Do you remember anyone else?" He asked, trying to sound gentle. Luki thought about it before nodding.

"I remember Luka onee and M... Mikuo..?" Luki looked up at Meito nervously, relaxing when Meito nodded.

"Okay... Is that it? Do you remember Master?" Luki tilted his head, looking momentarily confused before he nodded. "Okay... And that's it?"

"Well... I can kind of remember others... But I don't remember their names or faces..." Luki trailed off. Meito nodded, frowning.

"Okay, well, um... I guess I'll go ask Master about it..." He said. He made a move to stand up, pausing when Luki grabbed his hand.

"N No, please, don't leave me..." Luki bit his lip, turning his face away from Meito. The older male frowned, but said nothing and sat beside Luki, entwining their fingers together.

"It'll be okay Luki, we'll find out what happened, alright?" Meito murmured comfortingly to the younger VOCALOID. Luki nodded slightly, trying to keep his tears in. He let out a tiny sob, which resulted in Meito wrapping his arms around Luki, rocking the Megurine gently. Luki sniffled, leaning against Meito. He soon drifted into sleep again, not stirring when Meito carefully laid him down against the pillows. Meito kissed Luki's forehead before standing up, leaving the room.

O.o.O.o.O

Meito sighed, kicking the ground lightly with his toe. He was standing outside his bedroom, where Luki was still sleeping, leaning against the wall, hands deep in his pockets. He had gone to Master and told him about Luki's memory loss, but Master hadn't told him anything about Luki's condition. Meito sighed again, just as Luka turned into the hallway.

"Meito? What's wrong?" The female VOCALOID tilted her head in confusion at the dejected expression on Meito's face. Meito looked up at her, his face a tale of sorrow.

"Luki's lost a bunch of his memories, and Master won't tell me why." Meito looked down again, not wanting to see the look of shock and fear on the older Megurine's

face.

"But, he'll be okay right? Master will be able to fix him?" Meito flinched at Luka's desperate tone. The pink haired girl didn't often show fear, and Meito couldn't bear to hear it in her voice now.

"I hope so, but... I honestly don't know..." Meito bit his lip, sinking lower against the wall. There was no reason why Luki wouldn't get better, right? Even if he did have a virus of some sort, Master would be able to get rid of it, right? Meito shook away these thoughts, looking up at Luka with a weak smile. "I'm sure he'll be fine. There's no point getting depressed over nothing, right?" Luka nodded glumly.

"Well, I better get going... I'll come by to see Luki later..." Luka whispered, continuing past Meito and hurrying down the stairs at the end of the hall. Meito nodded, turning his gaze to the floor again. He peeked into his room quickly to see if Luki was awake yet, sighing when he saw he wasn't. "You'll be fine Luki, you'll be fine..." Meito murmured, walking away from the room. He didn't notice Luki's body shake with silent sobs as he turned away.

O.o.O.o.O

"Meito..." Meito looked up when Luki said his name, frowning.

"Yes? What's up?" He asked, squeezing Luki's hand gently.

"I..."

"Meito." Meito jumped, looking up when Master entered the room. "Come here, I need to talk to you." Master's voice was grave, and Meito was afraid to go with the man, but he forced himself to stand up, smiling apologetically at Luki and promising him he'd be back before following Master out into the hall.

"Yeah, Master, what is it?" Meito looked at the man, worried that he had bad news about Luki. Master hesitated for a moment.

"Well... You see, um... Look, Luki's caught

a virus, and..." Master trailed off, not sure how to continue. Meito frowned, fear coursing through him now.

"And what...? You can get rid of it can't you?" Master hesitated before shaking his head.

"No, I can't. I tried everything, but the virus won't go. And it may spread to the other VOCALOIDs, so..." Again, Master trailed off. Meito didn't need him to finish the sentence though.

"No! You can't uninstall Luki!" Meito glared fiercely at Master, who looked away from the VOCALOID for a moment.

"Look, Meito, I don't want to uninstall him, it really does pain me to, but I have no choice. I have to think of the good of all the VOCALOIDs, not just him..." Meito's glare intensified, his eyesight growing blurry from tears gathering in his eyes.

"No! You can't!" Meito yelled. Master bit his lip.

"I've already started it. Luki will be fully uninstalled soon..." Meito's eyes widened in horror and he rushed back into his room without a second thought. He knelt down beside the bed, where Luki was trembling.

"M... Meito san... I feel weird... Am I... Am I dying?" Luki whispered, looking at Meito. Tears ran down the older VOCALOIDs cheeks as he nodded.

"Oh, Luki, I'm so sorry! I couldn't protect you! I'm sorry!" Meito sobbed, gripping Luki's hand tightly. Tears had started running down Luki's cheeks too by now, but he forced a sad smile onto his face.

"Don't be sorry Meito san, you couldn't do anything to prevent it. But... I... I need to te... tell you something..." Luki's voice sounded strained, causing Meito to cry harder.

"What is it?" Meito asked. Luki closed his eyes, taking a ragged breath before looking at Meito again.

"Me... Meito san, I l... love you..." Luki said breathlessly. "I just... Wanted to tell you

that... Before I d... die..." Luki's breath was becoming more uneven. Meito's eyes shot wide opened, surprise and grief filling them.

"Luki... I love you too..." He whispered brokenly, leaning forward to plant a quick kiss on Luki's lips. Luki smiled at this, his form starting to fade.

"I'm glad... Thank you for everything, Meito san..." He whispered, his body

gradually fading until he was barely visible. Meito sobbed harder as Luki's form finally disappeared, and he buried his face in his arms.

"I'm so sorry Luki..." He sobbed quietly, clutching the blankets tightly in his hands. "I love you..."

An irreversible error has occurred

An irreversible error

Author's Comments: Based off the song 'The Disappearance of Hatsune Miku'

## 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.

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Previous issues are available for free download at: <http://www.lulu.com/johnsstories>

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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%20Magazine%20Mascot%20139944247)

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.