

Blazing Guns / Flashing Sword

The fanfiction magazine



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Cover art by Sweetfanaholic, <http://sweetfanaholic.deviantart.com/>

And now, a word from the editor:

Well, this is a pretty big issue, thanks to all the fine writers who contributed; thanks you all very much.

In this issue, we see the return of Justin Dittrich and his very original Pokemon stories, the end of Kliban Katz's *As the Threads Come Loose* unless more has been written in the meantime; and the debut of several fine new writers.

While these are all fine stories, I must make special mention of S.C. Brown's *Snake in the Grass*; a very original and well written story, easily some of the best fan fiction I've seen.

So I'll just say thank you for reading, and if 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://warhammer4okfanon.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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As the Threads Come Loose: III

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

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

This morning I was in the chapel in Bruma. I had left the temple before anyone had awoken. I was actually becoming quite adept at that. Light filtered through the shiny stained glass on the pew in which I sat. I inched myself away from the imposing light for fear it might burn me. My, I was in such a state from sitting here all morning. I had come for a blessing and some prayer, but I found when I arrived it took me much of the morning to remember why I had even made the trip. The priests of the chapel looked at my strangely with their pious eyes. *Had they not seen a woman spend her day in quiet reflection before?* Perhaps citizens of Bruma had no need for the Nine or prayer. I wrung my hands in the pew. I was sure the blood would start to flow any time now. My, you would think my hands were as dry as hay. *Why would they not produce the damned liquid?* They would never dry at this rate if I could not get the liquid out. Something touched me.

"Ma'am, have you come to seek healing?" It was a Reguard.

"You the Bladesmaster?"

"No, I'm Cirroc. Just the healer, but I can help you."

"Your altar's broken. Or Talos is out lunching! Damned thing doesn't work."

"If the altar refuses you healing, I believe it is due to something needing to be mended within. You've upset the gods somehow."

"Nonesense!"

"Would you like to try again, Ma'am?"

"Oh, no. I cannot be bothered. I'll just sit here."

"I really shouldn't do this... I haven't seen a case like this in a while. Have you been chasing after any zombies?" Cirroc felt my temples and I squirmed.

"Aye, perhaps a fortnight or so ago. What is this about?"

"The gods won't heal you but I feel bad to leave you this way." He waved his

hands, weaving some spell. I shrieked and covered my face with my hands. "Not much worry if you don't run about in the ruins, but it's still only a simple disease. You should feel better."

"You think I have Collywobbles?"

"No, ma'am. Serpiginous Dementia. Makes you sick as a dog and you don't even know it. Give it a few moments before you get up. Disease of the mind takes some time longer to heal."

In a short time I found myself able to restrain myself from wringing my hands, but the fear of the world around me never dissipated and before long I found it difficult to remain seated. I found myself pacing, rearranging the candles and offerings around the altar. There was this babe, his image following me all about the hall. There, then, gone. Completely stoic; just staring dead at me. I tried to leave, but I could not bring myself to open the door. If I went outside he would surely get me, this child. He was surely a Septim baby with those blue eyes, but whose? For fear of my life, I remained in the Chapel all day.

Martin was here. I was back in the temple. No, there was no Chapel in the temple. He had come to the Chapel, yes. I took a deep breath. My mind was going to pot.

"You worry me so when you leave like that. I feared you had left for Sancre Tor. You said you intended to go this week."

"I did?" He helped me up from the pew.

"You seem quite well today. Have you received healing?" I eyed the altar at the far end of the chapel. The ghost baby looked up from the centre.

"Yes." Frightening, but what a beautiful baby boy. He had eyes like his daddy, Martin's shade of chestnut hair... A striking resemblance, really. I grasped my belly. *Oh. Oh, no. No, no.* I was fervently shaking my head. Martin looked at me oddly.

"We've sent Baurus and a troupe of three others to Sancre Tor in your place. Jauffre knew you weren't feeling up to it."

"No, you insisted that he not send me on grounds that you have taken me as mistress! You demanded that he mustn't! I heard!" He cupped his hand over my mouth, and I looked around seeing several faithful turn their heads to peek at us near the doors. I was indignant. He pulled me out of the chapel. I clung to his robe for dear life.

"You treat me as though I am a child. To what end?"

"Ah, then I see you truly have made improvement. Glad to see that you are once again with us. We're on our way back to Cloud Ruler now, and I want you to get a lot of rest. In the morning, you and Baragon are off to the Niben and Blackwood."

"For what?" We had reached the stables. He had me ride behind him, clinging to his waist.

"With the volume of gates that have been opening recently, there is no way possible to send one person to close them all. So, through consensus we have resolved that you should be chaperoned to the major cities to inform the guards about the operation of these gates."

"Should the gates not have destroyed the land by now? It has been a while since I have had the pleasure." In fact it had been quite a while since I had stepped inside a gate. Bravil's had been my last. The child was now in a tree. Dear gods, what sorcery had this "healer" cast upon me?

"These gates are rather inactive. Probably opened by junior members of the Dawn. They are more of a nuisance than threat, provided no one wanders in." *Mother.* I didn't want to go down to that part of the country again. There was a twinge of pain in my heart. I feared it would have been too much to bear. "What do you think?"

I took another long moment to ponder the idea. Martin was starting to grow on me, but I feared it had only been due to my illness. *The last time I go searching for Welkynd stones.* Was there anything else left for me in Bravil that I would wish to return to? I thought long and hard. We were almost near the temple now. *Oh! The Bravil fences!* The shady fellows that hang

about the docks! I could sell my gems while I was in the area.

"It sounds like a wonderful idea." I said as we walked up the steps. I must have taken too long to think on it because I had to remind him of what I was agreeing to.

It was late after mealtime and I was still in the dining quarters. I could not bring myself to eat with the phantom child looking on. I said not a word to the Blades around me at the height of the hour, but only stared sharply at the infant who was in everyplace at once. There were only a few of us left here now and there were a handful of polite exchanges going on in the background. It all seemed to run together as I tried to block out the image of the baby as I ate. The sounds grew louder and louder. The child grew bolder, coming right before my eyes and blinking threateningly.

"Stop it, stop it. Away with you...!" I was trying to keep my voice down as to not draw suspicion. "Away! Away!" I shooed it. It only grew bolder. It lay now on the table next to me, its head cocked to the side and softly cooing, but without movement. The menacing beast! The cooing became louder and louder until it blocked out the now booming conversations of the Blades behind me. There was a smith's hammer that had been abandoned on the tabletop. *This is my chance! This damned child will haunt me no further!* I rose to my feet and lifted the hammer over my head. With one quick movement, I tenderized the demon child. Blood spurted everywhere. My hands were a mess. *Dear gods...* I brought my hands up to my face. They were trembling. I covered my gaping mouth. *What have I done?*

Ferrum's head appeared over my shoulder. "It's about time we cut up that watermelon. Good going!" I tore out of the hall, covered in juice.

Needless to say, the child molested me no more.

With the excuse of needing to gather my strength, I scooted off to the soldiers' sleeping quarters before Martin had an opportunity to deter me. He'd insist I stay in his suite if he could catch me. And in the morning, when he would

think I had slept in, I would hear Jauffre, stepping beyond his station and admonishing Martin for bedding yet again the 'harlot usurper that would destroy him before he could ascend the throne.' I had no opinion. I desired not for the throne, and not for this man's heart. T'would only slip through my fingers like ectoplasm if I had sought it. He was a fool who thought with something other than his pride, and whatever lot it led him to, I could only

hope he would be happy he had chosen it when all was done.

It wouldn't be much longer before I could send my pretty black piggies to market. They hummed to me in the silence of the room, cradled in the wooden chest. The enchantments I placed on it swaddled them like a blanket. They would be safe until morning. I lay down to sleep, not without the fear of dreams.

Author's Notes:

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

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

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:

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<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>

Remember

Jasmine Watson, jazzylovesclarkfromsmallville@ hotmail.co.uk,
<http://chocolatestarfish170.deviantart.com/>
Subject: Doctor Who

There she was. The Doctor had been looking for her for just over a year. And she was here. On earth. But how? He saw her disappear, he saw her fall. Into the Pit. There was no way she could've escaped. But then the Doctor's thoughts became clearer. Of course. She was always alive, but the Beast made it so that she would forget the Doctor. Forget all the wonderful things they'd done together. Everything .

Kate Tyler. Of course he knew that wasn't her name, her proper name at least. She left that back on Gallifrey. The last Time Lady in existence doesn't even know it. The numbers of planets she'd saved all those lives. My life. She'd saved my life. In a way.

She'd saved my life by just living. Being with me. But of course if the Beast was to win it wasn't simple enough to kill her. Oh no. He had to keep her alive. But she could never remember me. If she remembered me just for a second, her mind would burn. And I'd lose her, forever.

"Why don't you go say hello to her?" said Wilf. The Doctor had run into his old friend a few hours ago. He didn't know the situation. The Doctor still refused to believe it himself. He thought back to that day...he didn't even get to say goodbye. He didn't even get to tell her...

"KATE!" The Doctor's thoughts were interrupted when he heard a booming, familiar voice shouting her name. Her wonderful name. He looked up to see Cpt. Jack Harkness walking towards her. She rose, it was the first time that she'd moved since the Doctor had been watching her. She moved like a gazelle, so dainty, so graceful. She opened her arms wide to her best friend, who snatched her up into the air and twirled her round. If only Jack

and I could switch places. Yet again the Doctor's thoughts were interrupted when he heard a sound that came to him like wind chimes. How he'd missed the sound of her laugh. Each chuckle was like a warm summer's breeze against his ears.

"Well if it isn't little Jack Harkness" said Kate in her Irish accent. The Doctor used to tease her and say that she was his own personal leprechaun. He missed her. Everything. Everything. It took all of his willpower not to run over to her and kiss her until they both couldn't breathe. He then realised that it had been silent between him and Wilf for at least 10 minutes.

"I miss her. Everything about her. Even odd little things, like the way she brushes her hair out of her face." The Doctor chuckled as almost like clockwork, Kate brushed her vibrant red hair away from her eyes. He complained that he missed her blonde hair, obviously she couldn't help it. She'd regenerated and now had red hair. As red as blood. Her brother, the Master, although she called him Harry, teased her and said she looked like the Shade from Eragon. "I bet she still has the same cafe routine, couldn't take her anywhere." Wilf looked confused. The Doctor didn't usually act like this; he didn't usually talk this way.

"Look, when the conversation starts to die down and she's waiting for Jack to choose from the menu, even though she knows he'll always choose the cheeseburger. But she would never rush him. Never." The Doctor paused as he remembered her kindness. Her patience. "Eventually, she'll get bored of waiting and crack her knuckles". Said the Doctor as if each reference to her was another knife in his side. Wilf looked over at Kate and she was cracking her knuckles under the table. He was shocked when Jack reached under and slapped her hands.

"I hate when you crack your knuckles. You

know you'll only end up with problems later on in life". said Jack as if he was her mother. Wilf looked back at the Doctor, who for the first time in a long while was smiling. Maybe even, no it couldn't have been. He was chuckling. □

"And then...then she'll laugh because he said crack". the Doctor said, chortling. There was something different about the way he was laughing though. Behind it was sadness. The Doctor used to be so full of life. □I wish he'd tell me what happened. □thought Wilf, sadly. He couldn't resist looking back at Kate though to see if she was laughing at the word 'crack'. But she wasn't. She was looking directly at the Doctor. □

Look away. This is too dangerous. Would one second of looking at her be worth losing her forever? □But he couldn't help it. The Doctor had to look at her. He had to study her face, that face that had been lost to him for over a year. Then he saw something he really didn't want to see. Kate raised her delicate hand to her forehead; her face contorted in pain, turned back around to Jack and let out a small, fragile whimper. □

No. "Kate, are you alright?" asked the Doctor, worriedly. □Please don't let me lose her, please. □But when Kate looked up she looked embarrassed rather than in pain. □

Oh no. He heard me say to Jack that there was a total fitty behind me. Quick Kate, use your womanly charm. □thought Kate, rushing for an excuse. □

"Oh my gosh. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that so loudly, it's just that...well...my friend here is...romantically challenged shall we say. And I just thought that he'd like to see what's on 'the market'. Not that I see you as something to be sold. I'll just shush now..." said Kate at a pace so fast it was hard to understand what she was saying. □Wait a minute. He knew my name. Fitty McFittinstein knew my name □"I'm sorry have we met?" she mumbled, still embarrassed at the slip up from earlier. □

"Where the □HELL □have you been?! Honestly, you are not an easy man to track down." shouted Jack. □I can't believe he left me again. Worse, this time he left Kate as well □

"Oh, you're a friend of Jack's?" said Kate, relieved that he wasn't a total stranger. □

Before the Doctor could say anything or at that run away Jack turned his anger and confusion onto Kate. □

"Kate, what are you on about? This is the..." but before Jack could continue, he saw the look on the Doctor's face. He was shaking his head so much he thought that any minute now it was go flying across the cafe. □

"...brother of Ianto." finished the Doctor, putting on his Scottish accent. □Thank goodness me and Kate spent that week in Scotland when the TARDIS was down.

□

□

"I never knew Ianto had a brother..." Kate frowned.

"Oh, well I'm only his half brother." said the Doctor, thinking on his feet.□

"Well, you're definitely the most handsome one!" blurted Kate.□ Oh for goodness sake, Kate. You should 'a said something like sorry for your loss. You're way too Irish. Quick change the subject. □ "But anyway, it's a pleasure to meet you..." said Kate, hoping her bluntness would be overlooked. □

"John. John Jones" said the Doctor in a Bond voice. Kate giggled. □She always did like my Bond impression □

"Well, John. We were just off for a drink. Care to join us?" said Kate, smiling her irresistible smile. □She likes me. But she can't...it's too dangerous. □

"Oh, I really can't." murmured the Doctor apologetically. □

"Come on!" whined Kate "I don't bite. Promise." Then she smiled her signature smile. The one that convinced the Doctor to dye his hair bright red so that they'd match at Rose and Mickey's wedding. Unfortunately, it had flowed onto his face and he looked like a sun burnt tomato.

And now she was convincing him again, tempting him. He started to turn away. □

"I promise you, I really can't..." droned the Doctor, starting to step away. □

Kate's face fell. □

Why is it all the decent men on this planet are taken? □

"Oh, I see. Got a girl waiting for ya?" she tried to remain optimistic. Plenty more fish

in the sea. □

"No, no no. Single pringle me." the Doctor stuttered. □ You seriously just said the phrase 'single pringle'. You need to get out of here □

Oh thank God. □

"Then it would be rude not to buy a lady a drink." said Kate, winking. □

Before they knew it, they were in the taxi home, laughing just like the old times...

They reached their destination, and Kate asked the driver to stop. Well, slurred the driver to stop. Then she stumbled out of the taxi, graceful as ever...until her heels got caught under the seat and she fell flat on her face, the Doctor shortly following her, landing right on top of her. They laughed until the Doctor thought that his second heart would stop. □

"Timelords...can't take them anywhere" slurred Jack to the driver. Thinking that the captain was simply off his face, Kate got up, brushed off the snow and waved her best friend off. The taxi drove away with Jack.

Keen to change the subject of Timelords, the Doctor managed to giggle out, "So, you're telling me that you went into the men's toilets, and thought that the urinals were just a new style of toilet for women?" He couldn't help but guffaw at the idea. □ □ "And what was worse was that I found them oddly comfortable," eventually said Kate as she was distracted by something 'shiny and pretty, therefore it is mine' on the cold, wet floor of London.

The Timelords had to stop because they were laughing so much. Curled up on the floor, Kate started to make a snow angel.

The Doctor had a flashback of the Weeping Angels. How she called him her □ Lonely Angel. How could he have been lonely when she was with him? He was lonelier now than ever. These thoughts made the Doctor stop laughing; although Kate was wheezing from the effort of it.

When her beautiful giggle eventually died down she said, "Thank you for this, John. It's been a while since I've had a good laugh." □

"It's my absolute pleasure. I was in need of a laugh as well." said the Doctor, starting to sober up due to the cold. This made Kate smile. □ My goodness, he's lush! And so well spoken. 'Absolute pleasure'. Yes it was an absolute pleasure to hear me talking about □ the toilet. □

For a while they stared into each other's eyes. □ She's got the biggest smile I have ever seen, but beneath her eyes...they're so sad. Maybe she's still fighting for us, even now. □

It was a crystallizing moment, when everything went in slow motion. All sounds were distorted apart from the Timelords breathing. Until they heard a slurred, loud shout coming from the pub across the street. □

"Go on then. Kiss her!" said a trampish looking man, holding a bottle of beer.

It's been over a year since I've kissed her...but it's dangerous enough me being around her. Would physical contact reawaken her memory? Be realistic, Doctor. She wouldn't want to kiss you anyway... □

It's been over a year since I've snogged a fella...but is this dangerous? I've only just met the guy. But he does have dreamy eyes. Familiar eyes...Get real, Kate. He wouldn't want to kiss you anyway... The Doctor leaned down and pecked Kate on the cheek. The Doctor felt a spark pass from his lips...and Kate felt it on her cheek. He quickly backed away, looking at Kate worriedly. But she was smiling. She reached up, and took his neck in her delicate hand. She pulled him down into a passionate kiss, and he folded his arms around her waist, bringing her closer and closer to him until there was little more than a cm between them. They stayed this way a pure moment of Utopia until they were interrupted by their drunken Cupid tramp. "Way hey! Get in there, my son!" he slurred. □

They broke away, laughing again. Kate sighed while still laughing, "How embarrassing." The Doctor forgot himself, he'd been blown away by what it felt like to meet with her soft lips again, and said, "Well worth it though". They shared a sweet smile, and the Doctor stroked Kate's cheek. It was like stroking a vampire she was so cold. "Come on, let's get you back inside." They carried on walking, laughing and chatting about anything from world politics to crisp flavours. □ □ Unfortunately, Kate was still a little drunk and stumbled on the pavement. The Doctor caught her before she could do any serious damage and lifted her back to her feet. It reminded me of all the times he had caught her when she had fallen...and the

times he hadn't... □Bad Wolf Bay. □
"Watch your step there, Katie." said the Doctor. □

"What did you call me?" said Kate, emotionless. □

Oh no. □

The Doctor always used to call Kate 'Katie' to annoy her, and sometimes it was an endearing term, but he had forgotten that he needed to try and stop her remembering the past. One minor slip up...could cost the Doctor dearly. He could lose Kate... "I called you Kate," lied the Doctor. □

"No you didn't." said Kate. A small frown appeared on her face, causing her nose to wrinkle at the top. "You called me Katie." □

This can't be happening to me...I've only just got her back. I can't lose her. □

The Doctor shrugged, and tried to carry on walking. "I called you Kate." The Doctor was bad at lying. □He always has been a rubbish liar. Whoa, how did I know that? God, my head hurts. Bit early for a hangover.□□

"John, I know I've had a few, but my hearing is perfectly fine. Now why did you call me Katie? And why are you trying so hard to pretend that you didn't? It's freaking me out a little." said Kate, trying to ignore the burning pain in her head. □
There's no way out of this. I'll just have to try and change the subject. She looks in pain...Please; please don't let me lose her □

"I don't know. It just seemed to suit you." said the Doctor, looking down and the floor, scraping his Converses back and forth on the cold paved stone. He looked at all the scuffs, and then he noticed a small sentence written in her beautiful calligraphy. □I love you, Doc. □Even though she was looking him right in the face, he missed her. The old her. The one he loved. The one who would steal his shoe just to write on it. His reminiscing was interrupted when he noticed Kate raise her hand to her temples and rub them. □

"Hm. Odd." she said, looking confused. "Just feels like that's not the first time someone's said that to me before..." She winced with the pain. The Doctor wanted to take her in his arms and tell her he loved her. It might be my last chance to say it. □The Doctor could feel his eyes

prick with tears. The thought of losing her was too much. He sniffed them away, but then he heard that wonderful sound which made his eyes light up. She was laughing. "Ah well, I'm so smashed right now that by the morning I'll have probably forgotten." □

"It technically is the morning. I should get you back home." said the Doctor, so relieved that he could feel his eyes prick again. □

"We're already here." said Kate, pointing to a house a few feet away. It was her dream house; Victorian, rustic, and it looked like something out of a fairytale. Just like she did tonight. □

"Ah right. Well, it was lovely to meet you." the Doctor had to force himself to walk away. □

"Ditto." said Kate, in her leprechaun voice. She winked at him, and briskly walked to the door, blew him a kiss, and closed it. □
Well, I guess that's all I'll be seeing of her. At least she's alive still. I need to be thankful for small mercies. I wonder where I left the TAR... □

"John!" Kate shouted from the door. He turned around. Even though he had spent all night with her, his face lit up when he saw her beautiful face. "Can I see you again soon?" □

The Doctor beamed. □

"You just try and stop me." Two Weeks Later... □

"Well, I don't know what to do, Rose. I mean, it's only been two weeks. But we've been seeing each other virtually every day. And tonight we're going to the Cunningham...I know! Expensive much? I'm thinking it's getting serious...I really really lo...like him. What should I wear?" said Kate to her best friend.

A few minutes later, Kate was in the shower, getting ready for a date with 'John'. □

?Nobody knows it but you've got a secret smile, and ya use it only for me?□

"KATE! KATE WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?" shouted a male voice. □

Oh god. The burglar knows my name... □

"I've got a gun!" shouted Kate back, in a more feeble voice. □

"In your bathroom?" □

"For situations just like this!" □

"Kate, come on. Just get out of there." □

Carefully, Kate stepped out of the shower, putting on her dressing gown, and

grabbing the nearest thing to her to use as a weapon. Her towel. □ Great. I can whip him to death. I'm snookered. □

She slowly opened the door, towel raised. Standing in front of her was a young man with white/blond hair staring at her with an eyebrow raised. He was dressed rough, a black hoodie with a red T shirt underneath. He seemed strangely familiar. Kate was as tense as a rabbit caught in the headlights, so when the man smiled, she screamed and whipped him with the towel. "What do you want? I know it sounds cliché but I have nothing of value." □

The man laughed at this. "Very funny, sis. Now come on, give me a hug." And the man extended his arms. Awkwardly, Kate hugged the man. □

"Hello? Earth to Kate. Hi, nice to meet you. It's me your brother, Harry? The Master? Met you on Gallifrey, when you decided to come into the world. You're my claim to fame my sister, the last Timelady in existence." joked the Master, holding his sister tight. □ I've missed you □

The Master closed his eyes, embracing his sister, when suddenly he felt her fall from his grip. She fell to the floor, unconscious. □

"KATE!"

Tonight's the night. I've got to tell her how much she means to me. I don't care if it's only been two weeks for her; it's been 831 years for me. And I've loved her for every second of it....although for a Timelady, she's extremely late. □

The Doctor sat in the candlelight waiting for her at her favourite restaurant the Cunningham. He had her favourite drink apple and mango J20 with just a dash of vodka waiting for her, and he was dressed in his best suit, just as she liked. The Doctor was excited to see her, every time he saw her; he'd still be blown away by her beauty. He'd picked out a dress for her to wear tonight, a long black dress, with a red petticoat underneath. When she tried it on she looked stunning. Absolutely stunning. He thought at how the red of her hair merged with the black of her dress, she looked like a dark angel. □

He looked at his watch she was almost an hour late. The Kate he knew would've cried if she was late, but this was irrelevant as this never happened. □ Maybe I should

call her. □

As if by magic, the Doctor's phone rang. His ring tone was the theme tune to 'Noddy', a joke of Kate's. As annoyed as the Doctor acted, he honestly didn't mind; as long as she was with him. He answered. □

"Hello?" □

"Hi, John. It's Kate." said the voice on the other end of the phone. The Doctor knew Kate's voice like he knew the back of his hand, and something was different it wasn't her voice. Well, it □ was □ her voice, but it was deeper. It almost sounded...demonic. □

"Hey, what's up?" said the Doctor, trying to sound natural. □

"I'm really sorry, but I can't make it tonight. I'm sick." said 'Kate', adding a fake cough to the end of the sentence. □

"Oh, that's okay. No worries. Do you want me to come over?" □

"NO!" shouted the voice. "I mean, uh, not tonight, □ honey. Wouldn't want you getting this now would we?" □

Something's wrong. □

"Urm, alright then. Just give me a call when you're free." □

Then she hung up. Confused, the Doctor walked back to Torchwood HQ. He was staying there with Jack, with the TARDIS hidden in the storage area downstairs.

When he entered the 'living' area upstairs, Jack had his back turned away from him.

He appeared to be growling. □

"Jack? Are you alright?" said the Doctor, worried. □

Jack turned around, his eyes bloodshot, but his mouth pulled into a beaming smile.

"Doctor. Just about time, buddy. I'm off to the match. The best thing that's happened to London in a millennia.

Dublin vs. England. This'll show Kate.

Where is she anyway?" □

"She's sick." said the Doctor, although he didn't really believe it. □

"Ah, dumped already? Never mind, eh?

Let's go have a boy's night out." said Jack, winking. □

Can't do much harm, I suppose.

Meanwhile....

"Come on, Kate. Don't leave me. Don't leave me, sis." cried Harry, performing CPR on his unconscious sister.

1,2,3,4. He pumped one heart, and then moved onto the other. He remembered

playing 'hospital' with his sister when they were growing up on Gallifrey. They were fascinated by the human ritual of it, seeing as Timelords and Timeladies never got sick, and if they did they would simply regenerate. When they learnt about CPR, they had a great time pretending to faint and the other person randomly beating on their 'patients' chest. Although this time, they weren't pretending. Kate was dying. Her pulse was gradually growing slower, her already pale face growing paler by the second. The Master stopped to regain his breath, and checked her heart rate.

Nothing. □ She's gone... □

Harry fell against the wall, unable to absorb the news. His eyes burnt with tears, he had to hold her one last time. He leaned over his limp sister's body. He felt a single salty tear fall from his eye, travel down his cheek, and it fell on Kate. Exactly where one of her hearts was. □

My little sister. My dear little sister. □ Suddenly, the Master was thrown up from the ground, as the body beneath him jerked up shouting, "DOCTOR!" He looked around, and he saw Kate staring straight at him her breathing rapid, her eyes wide. "Where's the Doctor? How did I get here? I need to get back."

Still completely in awe of his sister's resurrection, Harry managed to stutter out, "G g get back w where?" □

"Krop Tor. The Doctor must have got me here...somehow. I need to get back, Harry." □

"Kate, what on earth are you on about?" □

But Kate ignored his question; her gaze was focused on the TV in the corner of the living room. The TV that had been turned off. The TV that now portrayed Jack's face eyes red, staring directly at her. He winked, and then disappeared. □

"OH! MY HEAD IS SO THICK!"

shouted Kate, which made a bewildered Master fall back onto the floor. "It was HIM. The Beast. Pretty darn successful if you think about it. Pretty damn smart. A whole year, keeping the Doctor in fear that if I saw him, I would die. OH

BRILLIANT! Because you see, he doesn't actually have that power. He'd like to think he does, but actually, he's just an empty threat. I mean, yes, he killed me. But he didn't count on what you did, Hazzar. He didn't count on the emotion. That's all I needed, one single tear. Just some

feelings. Despair, it's a killer. But it can also be a saviour." □

The Master stared blankly at his sister.

"What the HELL are you on about?" □

"Exactly." said Kate, and then she winked at her brother. "But no time for that now, Saxxy. We've got to save the Doctor. And I know exactly where he is." □

Before they knew it, they were in the car, on the way to the football stadium. □

I just hope we're not too late. Wait for me, Doctor. I'm home.

The Doctor and Jack were waiting in the football arena, waiting for kick off. The Doctor had grown so accustomed to acting human; he almost forgot that he wasn't. Suddenly, he heard the growling again. He turned to Jack, who was looking at him, eyes fully red, with just a speck of black as a pupil. □

"Jack?! What's happened to your eyes?" asked the Doctor, horrified. □

Jack coughed, pulling his face into an evil sneer. "Must be a burst blood vessel I s'pose." He twitched awkwardly at the neck. "So, heard from Kate yet?" □

The Doctor was scared. Terrified. Jack never acted like this. Then, he saw him lick his lips so quickly that if he blinked he'd have missed it. There was only one creature he knew of that did that. □ He's found us. □

The Doctor was just about to run, when he saw a familiar face appear on the big screen at the front of the stadium. Kate. With her sonic screwdriver in hand. But how was this possible? Jack literally roared at the sight of her, to which she replied, "Hello, Beasty."

By the time the Master and Kate were within a mile of the stadium they hit traffic.

□BEEEEEEEEEP

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

EEE EEP □ Kate was hitting her head against the steering wheel. "I don't think that's gonna make it go any faster my dear." said Harry, his voice deep and evil. Startled, Kate turned around and saw her brother staring back at her with bright red eyes.

"Well, would ya look at what the cat dragged in? Don't you have lives to be destroying?" said Kate to the Beast.

"What do you think I'm doing now?" said

the Beast, winking. □
 "If that winking movement's meant to scare me, you can wink until your eyes fall out. Cos you're not gonna win this one." □
 "Oh really?" said the Beast, and with that he raised his fingers and clicked. The five cars in front of Kate blew up at the engine, as well as hers. "I don't think you're going anywhere." □
 Kate groaned. □Perfect. Guess I've got an awful lot of running to do. □
 She opened the door, and sprinted to the stadium. Eventually, she made her way through to the seating area. □Now I have to find him. Within around one million people. Piece of cake. □Kate looked up and saw the commentator's screen. She ran to the steps leading up to the box. □
 "I'm sorry, miss. Authorised personnel only." said the 'bouncer'. □
 "Oh crikey, do I have to do everything myself?" groaned Kate, and she quickly pulled the bouncer in for a kiss. He was so shocked that he stumbled away from the door, leaving it open for Kate to run into the commentator box. They hadn't arrived yet, so Kate locked to door with her sonic Harry had helped her find it and ran to the controls. Overriding them was simple enough, and before she knew it, she was on screen searching for the Doctor. And then she spotted him, next to Jack. Who roared and had the same eyes as Harry. "Hello, Beasty." she said. □
 She tried to call to the Doctor, but the hubbub of the audience was so loud she couldn't hear herself think. □Only one thing for it. □She whipped out her sonic screwdriver, and blasted it against the sound system.
 VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP
 VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP
 . □
 Everyone was now looking at her.
 "Okay, only the person who is holding the sonic may speak. And as I'm hoping that's none of you, I NEED your help. There's this brilliant, wonderful man called the Doctor. And I need to find him. So, if you see a man with red converses, blue/brown suit and spiky hair, please send him to the commentators box. Don't let him bring his red eyed friend with him. And, Doctor? Hurry."

The Doctor tried to run through the clearing that people had now made for

him. He could see the stairs, but he was pulled back by Jack. "Just know that you brought this upon yourself, Doctor. Tonight; you will make the choice." □
 With that, the red in Jack's eyes disappeared, and a red smoke left him. Jack fell to the floor, unconscious. The Doctor looked up at the screen, and could see the red smoke enter Kate, and her eyes turn red. They matched her hair, and she looked up at the screen and smiled. □
 "All this knowledge. All that power. All this rage that burns inside her." □
 Onlookers looked terrified at what they had just seen, and they were starting to run for the exits. □
 "I am the light and the dark." continued Kate, in a voice so deep; the Doctor couldn't believe it was coming out of her wonderful lips. "I am eternal and forever. And now, I'm a timelord. So, basically. End of the world."

'Kate' then turned to face the wall. She raised her hand and clicked, and on the screen the Doctor could see his beloved TARDIS appear before his eyes. Kate turned back to the screen, saying, "Let's play a quick game of Hide 'n' Seek, shall we, Doctor?" Then she disappeared into the TARDIS. Vrooooooooooop
 Vrooooooooooooooop Vrooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooop
 and it was gone...and so was Kate. □
 The Doctor looked at the screen in horror; but then turned when he saw his best friend on the floor. This wasn't right, Jack would usually have revived by now. "Jack?" said the Doctor. "Come on, buddy. Stop messing around. Wake up!" Jack didn't even stir. The Doctor, realising that this was serious, started compressing his friend's chest. Nothing. He was losing him. Captain Jack Harkness was actually dying. "No, I'm not letting you go that easy, Jack y boy." With that, the Doctor hit Jack's chest harder than ever before, so hard it made the ground around him shake. Jack leapt up on his feet. "Ouch!" he said, holding his chest, cramped in pain. □
 The Doctor put his arm around his friend, so glad that he was alive. But his arm was shrugged off. "Go get her, Doc. Save her." With a supportive pat on the back, Jack handed the Doctor his vortex manipulator. "You know where he'll have taken her." □
 "Yes." said the Doctor solemnly, entering the coordinates into the vortex

manipulator. □Such a nasty way to travel. □ Then he disappeared from the stadium, arriving at Canary Wharf. The wall. The two levers. It was exactly as before, exactly as they left it. And there she was. Standing with her back to him, her red hair standing out against the white wall. Slowly, she turned around. As the front of her body came into view, the Doctor noticed she had something strapped to it. A bomb. She was holding two buttons, one connected to the bomb, and the other connected to the computer in front of her. □

"I bet you're wondering what the second button will do." said Kate, a wide grin filled with malice plastered on her face. "Well, I'll explain. If I press this button, the Void will open, sucking this precious planet of yours, and every single person into it. Planet Earth...lost. All because of you." □ The Doctor winced at the words coming out of his companion's mouth. He couldn't detach himself from the fact it wasn't her speaking. His Angel. □ "Make your choice, Doctor. Kate. Or the Earth."

"I...I can't. You can't make me choose." said the Doctor, defiantly. □ "Choose. Or I'll choose for you." said Kate, frowning, her voice deeper than ever. She tightened her hands around the button connected to the bomb. The Doctor winced. "No! Please, don't." □ "So it's to be the Earth is it Doctor?" □ "I didn't say that. I..I." □ "My patience is wearing thin. Decide." □ No..I can't. Kate would never forgive me if I chose her over Earth. But I would never forgive myself if I chose Earth over Kate. □ Before the Doctor could say anything, the doors of the office blew wide open. The Master ran in, wielding a gun. Before the Doctor could stop him, Harry pointed the gun at his sister, who simply licked her lips at him. □ "Go ahead. Do it." she winked at him. □ He wouldn't. □ But the Doctor was wrong. Harry would. It all went in slow motion, he saw Harry's finger pull the trigger, he saw the bullet leave the gun...he saw it hit Kate right in her left heart. He saw her fall to the ground. □

"NOOO!!!" the Doctor screamed, even though he knew he couldn't stop it. He ran to her side, and held her in his arms. Her head tilted back into his hand, and her mouth fell open. Out of it, came a red smoke. The Doctor heard a dark chuckling. □

"I told you that you couldn't win, Doctor. Thanks for playing." said an evil voice, eventually echoing away into silence. □ "Kate...no." sobbed the Doctor, not even trying to hold back the tears, they were pouring down his face. Then his misery turned into anger. □He killed her. Her own brother. □The Doctor gently put Kate's limp body on the floor, then ran straight to Harry, pushing him onto the floor. They landed mere centimetres away from the gun, which the Doctor grabbed. "YOU KILLED HER!" He raised the gun to the Master's head. The Master closed his eyes, accepting his fate. □ "I did it for Kate." said Harry calmly. □ Hearing her name again made the Doctor sob. He let himself fall back onto the floor, throwing the gun away. □This isn't what she would have wanted. □

Slowly, the Doctor got up and walked back to Kate. He lifted her head and rested it on his knee. He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "I love you, Katie." □ Suddenly, the Doctor was pushed back as Kate took in a sharp breath, grabbing his shoulders. She tried to regain her breath, but she managed to say, "Did it work?" But the Doctor couldn't reply, he pulled her close and hugged her so tightly she started to lose her breath again. □ "Sorry." said the Doctor, so relieved that he was crying, and laughing at the same time. □

"Gotta love the Beast. Didn't even realise that the bomb would act as a bullet vest." said Kate, who was also laughing, but finding it hard to do this at the same time as breathing. "And Doctor?" □ "Yes?" □ "I love you too. Now come on, you big blouse. I've missed the TARDIS. Help me up." □ The Doctor wiped his eyes, and lifted Kate up and carried her to the TARDIS. □ "Welcome home, Katie." □ VROOP VROOOOOOOP VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP and they were gone. Timelords reunited. Forever.

Authors Comments:□

I have really enjoyed writing this fanfiction series. And I hope that people have enjoyed reading it. Thank you. Doctor Who FTW :D□

Face The Music, Chapter 1

DeathCat213, russian.princess213@yahoo.com, fanfiction.net/-deathcat213

Subject: Shugo Chara Amuto

The pinkette sat nervously on the counter, waiting for the phone to ring. She glanced at the corded dinosaur of a phone that was plastered to the wall every few seconds. Her eyes were glued to the device when it suddenly let out a loud ring. She gave a surprised jump and slipped off the kitchen counter. She quickly stood up, brushed herself off, took a deep breath, and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" she asked.

"Is this... Hinamori Amu?" a voice asked on the other end.

"Yes! This is Hinamori Amu," she chimed.

"This is Kotou Shiragin. I have read your application and I am anxious to see you audition," said the man on the other end of the phone.

"Oh, thank you, Kotou san. When should I come by?"

"Well, I have Tuesday and Thursday open, which would be more convenient to you?" he asked.

"I can come by on Tuesday," a smile spread on the girl's face.

"That's wonderful. Come by the EASTER building at 2 o' clock on Tuesday. My office is on the third floor, number three fifteen. I'm looking forward to meeting you, Hinamori san."

"You too, Kotou san," she said as she hung up the phone. Amu stared at the phone on the wall for a few seconds before letting out a squeal of excitement. It had taken a few years, but she had finally gotten a start on a new career.

On Tuesday, Amu woke up early and took an extra long shower. She blow dried her hair so that it fell with small curls at the ends. She grabbed a large lock of hair and

clipped it apart from her head with a black 'x' clip. She searched through her closet for her most appealing clothes. After many outfits had been thrown on the floor, she ended up with a red and black plaid skirt with a red lace trimming and a black halter top with 'x' clips attached to the straps. She laced up a pair of Converse boots that went up to her knees, and a small red purse that held her cell phone, a bit of make up such as mascara and eye shadow, and some pens and pencils and a small note pad. She ran downstairs and found her mom and dad watching television with her little sister, Ami.

"Mom, Dad, I'm going on a walk," she said to them as she left the house. She had decided to keep her audition a secret from her parents and tell them as a surprise after.

She strolled down the seldom busy streets of her neighborhood. She realized how many signs were visible from her own streets. She looked up and saw an advertisement for the new Tsukiyomi Ikuto CD, "Black Lynx Lover." She absolutely hated him. He was a new singer, only about a few months famous, but girls were all over him. She didn't know what she hated more, how he sang, or how he looked. She stopped walking and observed every detail of the sign. He had long midnight blue hair that covered his face and was always a mess because his bangs were pulled into a point right in front of his eyes. His eyes. He had blue eyes, just lighter than his hair. His eyes always made him look so sad.

Amu shook her head. All the girls at her school were always talking about how cool he is and how they're all totally in love with him and how they're going to marry him and have a bunch of little kids running around their beach houses in America and England and France. She tried to keep pointing out the fact to her friend, Yaya, that he was 18, and wasn't interested in 7th

and 8th grade girls. Her friend, Rima, had only slightly fallen under his spell, and only liked him for his music. All of her guy friends were on her side with hating the teenage wonder. She approached the EASTER building and stared at with in awe. It was huge. Feeling a rush of adrenaline, she confidently strided through the revolving glass doors into the building for her audition.

"Where are the elevators?" she asked the woman at the front desk.

"Go down the hall behind me, then take a right, another right, then a left, then go down 3 more halls, then a right."

"Thank you," she said and started walking.

Amu started down the hall behind the desk and took a right. She got to the next turn and took a right. Or was it a left? She looked back. Was she supposed to take a right or left? She went back and took the left instead. She went down three more halls, and took a right. She wasn't at an elevator. She was at the broom closet. Maybe she should've taken the right back there... She nervously looked around. she wasn't lost, she was just... confused. She started walking up and down random halls. Okay, she was lost. After finding another dead end, she sighed and started walking backwards to the hallway so she could try a different direction. Before she got back to where the hallways met, she bumped into something warm and tall. She turned around to see a tall and lean teenage boy standing right in front of her. Tsukiyomi Ikuto.

"You lost?" he asked.

"N no. I'm not lost, I know exactly where I am!" she said, irritably.

"Then why are you going to the power room?" he asked with a smirk.

"I... I... Ugh!" she pushed past him angrily and stomped off toward another hallway.

"Wherever you're trying to get, I'll take you there," he offered as he started to follow her.

She looked back at him reluctantly, "I need to find the elevators..."

Ikuto simply put his hand up and pointed in front of her. Amu looked forward to see two elevators, side by side. She looked back at Ikuto, who was smirking at her misfortune. She pressed the elevator button and waited. Ikuto joined her.

"What do you want?" she asked, obviously annoyed.

"A simple 'thank you' would be nice," he replied.

"I would've found it myself," she argued.

"Yes, but you still accepted my help, so I deserve a thank you."

The elevator opened and they both stepped inside. Amu clicked the third button from the bottom and waited for Ikuto to click whatever floor he was going to. He didn't. The elevator went up and dinged as it passed the second floor, and the doors opened at the third. Amu and Ikuto both stepped out of the elevator and the doors closed behind them. Ikuto strided down the hallway on the right, and Amu followed him, hoping room 315 was that direction. Ikuto opened the door to a room and Amu read the sign by the window, "Room 315 Kotou Shiragin."

Amu stepped into the room and quickly read the clock behind Shiragin's head.
2:10.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Kotou san. I got lost looking for the elevators," Amu bowed. She noticed Ikuto sitting on a couch on the side of the room typing on a laptop.

"It's perfectly fine, Hinamori san. I got lost my first time here too."

Amu gave a small inward sigh as Shiragin started to read over a paper as she recognized as her application.

"Name: Hinamori Amu, age: 13, birth date: September 24th, talent: singing'... so you sing. Question is, are you any good?"

"Well, that's for you to decide," Amu said.

"Then how about you sing something for me then," he offered. He sat down, and motioned for Ikuto to stop typing. He gave an angry look to Shiragin, but then put his laptop aside and watched Amu.

Amu took a deep breath and started:

Lalala uta wo utaou
Kao age kokoro no mama utaou
Akirame ja ikenai
Dekinai koto nande nai yuuki no uta
Dare ni mo makenai Yume ga aru
Arukidasou mune hatte
Watashi dake no michi ga aru
Shinjiru no saho n ta sa
Dakai yama ga ja noshite mo
Ganbatte nori koe yo
Watashi ni nara dekiru sa kiseki oko so

Shiragin stared at her for a few moments, then a smile grew on his face. Amu smiled shyly back, and noticed Ikuto still staring at her, an emotionless expression plastered to his face.

"Wow, I expected you to be good, but not this good," Shiragin praised, "You were wonderful, even a capella."

"Thank you, that means a lot," Amu blushed.

"Did you write that?" Ikuto asked from the other side of the room, "I've never heard it before."

Amu looked him in the eye, "My mom used to sing it to me when I was little."

"Well that was great," complimented Shiragin, "We should get a recording of that."

Amu smiled. This is what she had always wanted. She looked over at Ikuto, who had a small smirk on his face. She wondered why he was here. It's not like he had to be around for her audition or anything. Shiragin cleared his throat, and Amu looked back at him.

"I'm sure you know that this is Tsukiyomi Ikuto," he motioned to the man sitting lazily on the couch, typing away on his laptop again, "I am his manager, and if your

recording is good, I'll be yours too."

Amu stared at him. Her and Tsukiyomi Ikuto have the the same manager? This was definitely not what she wanted. She inwardly sighed. Though she didn't like the thought of having the same manager as Tsukiyomi Ikuto, she wanted to be a singer, so she'd just have to get over it.

"I have a few things to take care of and I need to get the recording studio booked. I'll be back in about 10 or 15 minutes. While I'm gone, I'd like you guys to get to know each other," and with that, Kotou Shiragin left his office, leaving Tsukiyomi Ikuto and Hinamori Amu alone together.

"So," Ikuto started.

"Don't talk to me."

"That's sort of harsh," he frowned with mock sadness.

"I don't like you," Amu turned her head away from him.

"And why is that? You don't even know me."

Amu turned to look at him. She studied his visage. His expression was strong. It did look as if he was sincerely hurt by her words, but Amu could guess that he wasn't. His eyes, although sad, also had a glaring tone in them, as if saying "What you just said was mean. I'm sad now. I don't like you. Get out of my sight, I'm so sad." His mouth was pulled into a small tight frown, and his eyebrows matched the same expression shown in his eyes.

"I... I don't like your music. And I don't like how all the girls at my school are so obsessed with you. They all say that they're so totally in love with you, and they're going to marry you because you really love them and only them, you just don't know it yet. I hate you because of how much attention you can get after just one music hit on the radio. That's why I don't like you."

Ikuto stared at her. The same expression on his face, except with a tad bit more sad emotions. His facial expression then changed to be relaxed and nonchalant as

had she had said sunk in. There was a bit of silence before he simply stated the quote, "Ignorance is bliss."

"Hmph," Amu crossed her arms across her chest and gave a small stomp of her foot.

"Come sit over here," he said as he patted the spot on the couch beside him, "It's not going to kill you."

Amu realized that she couldn't stand like that forever, so she reluctantly sat down beside him. The silence continued from there on, besides the monotonous typing that filled the room. Amu, having nothing else to look at, watched the screen as Ikuto typed lyrics for his new song. She watched as the empty letters turned to words, the words turned to lines, and the lines turned into verses. She had gotten so used to the sound of his typing that she gave a small frightened gasp at the sound of something popping. Ikuto stopped typing and moved his finger across the track pad and opened a different tab. A chat message had popped up on his Facebook. Amu read the name of the message, which was highlighted in a dark blue, with a red speech bubble with the number 1 in it. Utau Hoshina. It took a few moments for Amu to process what she read.

"You... You know Hoshina Utau?" she asked with wide eyes.

"Yep," he clicked open the message and quickly replied, "She's my sister."

Amu read what had been written:

Utau Hoshina at 2:23
HEY IKUTO KOI! <3

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:23
Leave me alone, Utau.

Utau Hoshina at 2:23
But I loooovvvvveeee you, Ikuto koi! <3 <3
<3

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:24
Utau, we're siblings. I'm leaving now.

Amu looked at him. He opened his chat options and went offline, automatically

closing his chat with Utau.

"You know, it's not nice to just stop talking to your own sister like that."

"Oh, you don't know how Utau acts around me. She's a total fangirl. She's worse than the other girls at your school, considering she's also my blood related sister."

"Okay, whatever."

There was more silence along with his typing.

"So, tell me about yourself," Ikuto said to her.

"What? Why?" Amu asked.

"Just because. Here, I'll tell you about me too. My favorite food is chocolate... Or maybe chocolate tayaki. Just depends. Now what's yours?" he smirked at her and closed his laptop.

"You can't be serious," she stared at him.

He simply stared back.

"Fine. My favorite food is also tayaki, though I prefer red bean over chocolate."

"What's your favorite color? Mine is black."

"I like red."

"Where would you like to travel one day?"

"New York City, New York. Or anywhere else in America, really," Amu felt as if something was missing, "H Hey! You didn't answer."

"Oh, I didn't, did I? Well then, if it truly matters, I'd like to go to Paris, France, one day. So why do you want to go to America?"

"Well, for one, I've always liked western food and western music. But some other reasons are that it's all the way on the other side of the world, and it just amazes me that I could go there. Also, it's such a big country, and it's so different from ours. Why do you want to go to Paris?"

Ikuto stared at her with the same

expression he had when she told him that she hated him, minus the anger. It looked as if he was about to cry. Amu suddenly regretted asking the question, but she was now very curious as to why asking a simple question could bring along such an emotion.

Just as Ikuto opened his mouth to speak, Shiragin walked in with more papers than he left with.

"That's... a secret," Ikuto gave her a look.

Shiragin looked at Amu questioningly, "You asked him why he wanted to go to Paris?"

Amu nodded her head, and she glanced at Ikuto who was now slouched over with his elbows on his knees and his head hung, only supported by his hands. Shiragin gave

him a knowing look, before turning his attention to Amu.

"Come on, Hinamori san. The recording studio is ready. We'll record you, add some background music, and we'll see how it sounds, and then we'll send it to the boss. He's really the one that decides if a song is ready to go to the radio or not.

"Okay, Kotou san," Amu got up from the couch. As she left, she looked back to Ikuto. She really wondered what was wrong with him. All she asked was why he wanted to go to Paris. It was obviously something he didn't want to talk about. That she was sure of. She let her thoughts drift to all the possible scenarios she could think of, absent mindedly following Shiragin wherever he led her down the mass hallways of this massive talent trap.

More Than You'll Ever Know

Molly Finn, E mail: animegirl0319@gmail.com

Fanfiction Subject: Vocaloid

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, there lived a princess. She was beautiful, with golden blonde locks and icy blue eyes. However, she was a terrible ruler. Her heart was as cold as dry ice. She was unfair in her judgment and taxed the people of her country on almost anything you can imagine.

Her twin brother, however, was a great man. He had been born as the princesses' servant, and he had never complained about his bad luck. He knew his sister was not good to the people of their country, but she was very kind to him, as he was to her.

One day, the princess decided that she wanted a day away from the castle, so her brother brought the coach around the front, and they were off.

They went to the neighboring country to browse the shops. At one point, they rode past a jewelry shop, and the princess told her brother that she wanted a yellow necklace. Her servant stepped down off of the carriage and asked the girl at the counter for any necklace with a yellow stone.

"For your girlfriend?" She asked, smiling. The boy returned the smile.

"Actually, it's for my sister. She likes things like this."

"Oh, I see!" The girl smiled bigger, "It sure is nice of you to buy something like this for your sister."

"Hey, Miku," Came a voice from behind a curtain, "Hurry up, he's not our only customer." A boy with blue hair exited the back room and pecked the girl on the cheek, making her giggle.

"Alright Kaito, just let me give him the necklace."

At this point, the servant had stopped smiling. He was disappointed that the girl was taken.

Meanwhile, in the coach, the princess had been watching the blue haired boy. The way he moved and talked gave him a kind of boyish charm. The Princess was devastated, however, when he had kissed the girl helping her brother. She watched as the girl gave her brother the most beautiful necklace she had ever seen, her brother paid and thanked the couple, then went back to the coach.

A few hours later, when the two were back at home, the princess spoke up.

"I want that girl killed." She said plainly.

"A are you sure, Your Highness?" Her brother asked.

The Princess was surprised. This was the first time her servant had hesitated on an order. "Of course I'm sure. As a matter of fact, I want the whole country wiped out."

"Yes, Your Highness." The boy bowed and exited the room. He was relieved that he was able to get out of the room before his sister saw a single tear slide down his pale cheek. He wiped it away quickly and told the messenger to find all the knights and tell them that a meeting had been called.

When all the knights had gathered in the meeting hall, he spoke.

"You are to eliminate the Green Country, no questions asked. Make sure no one is left standing." His voice cracked on

the last word.

Murmurs of "Yes, Sir," and, "Finally, some action!" Were heard.

"You are to leave as soon as possible. Dismissed." He stood from his chair and left the room quickly. He leaned against a wall a ways away. "I'm sorry..."

xXx

"Attack!!!" One of the knights yelled. They were right outside the border of the Green Country. The Yellow army charged, some on horseback, some on foot.

When the first screams were heard, chaos was unveiled. The blood of the innocent was spilled, flesh was pierced, and the ground was stained crimson. People were crying over loved ones, frantically trying to find their children, or just running.

"Miku! Miku, where are you?!" The blue haired boy, named Kaito, yelled.

"Kaito, my dress! It's stuck!" The girl yelled from inside their house.

"I'm coming!" Kaito yelled. He ran back inside, but he was too late. When he got there, he saw a knight looming over Miku like a dark cloud. He raised his sword and brought it down on the helpless girl.

"MIKU!!!" Kaito fell to his knees. He couldn't go on, not without her. She was his whole world, and now she was gone.

The knight walked toward Kaito slowly, then said, "Sorry about your girlfriend. Orders are orders."

Kaito's eyes snapped open. He jumped up and ran to the wall, where his prized possession sat; a sword as black as the night sky.

"Who ordered you?! Tell me now!" Kaito's eyes burned with rage.

"My Princess, of course."

"What Kingdom are you from?!"

"Yellow."

"That bitch... I heard she was heartless, but not to this extent!"

"Are we gonna stand around and chit chat, or can I kill you now?"

"You're gonna pay for what you did!" Kaito charged the knight, who blocked his attack easily.

"Heh. I can beat you easily, little man."

Kaito didn't respond, but instead, pulled away and disappeared from sight.

"Wha " The knight managed, before he felt a pain in between his shoulder blades. He looked down and saw Kaito's blade sticking out of his chest.

"See you in hell," Kaito pulled the blade from the man's body and watched him fall to the ground, then dropped the bloody sword. He turned around slowly and walked toward Miku's body. He fell to his knees again, when he reached her, and cradled her upper body in his arms. He closed her eyes, which had been frozen in a horrified stare, and cried.

"Miku... I couldn't protect you... I'm sorry... I love you..." He stayed like that for awhile more, when the door burst open.

Kaito looked up to see a girl wearing red armor standing in the doorway.

"Come with me," She said, "I know how you can get revenge."

xXx

"Brother, have the knights left yet?" The Princess asked, sounding bored.

"Yes, Your Highness." He said, bowing.

"Another thing, why do you always call me

'Your Highness'?" She straightened up in her throne, looking her brother in the eye.

"Because you are my Princess and I am your servant." He said, surprised that she had asked such a question.

"But you are my brother. If anyone can call me by my name, the it is you."

"Do you wish for me to call you by your name, sister?"

"Yes, that would be nice."

"Well, alright, but on only one condition." He said, making the Princess raise an eyebrow, "You must call me by my name."

The Princess smiled. "Of course, Len."

"Thank you, Rin."

"Milady! Milady! The rebels are attacking!"

Len stood up from his spot. "Double the defenses! Don't let anyone past the castle walls!"

"But Sir, everybody is in Green Country!"

"Damn it... Evacuate the castle! I'll have the Princess out in a few minutes."

"Yes, Sir!" The messenger ran from the room.

"L Len...? What are you going to do?"

"Come with me, Rin." Len took Rin's hand and led her to his room, where he went through his dresser.

"Here," He said, handing Rin some of his clothes, "Take these and put them on, then get out of here. I'll wear one of your dresses and stay here."

"L Len, I can't just leave you here! It's never going to work anyways!"

"We're twins, no one will ever know. Now get changed and go!"

"Len..." Rin looked at him sadly, then

threw her arms around his neck and buried her face in his shoulder. "I love you, brother..." Len put his hand on her head, wrapped his other arm around her back and squeezed.

"I love you too... Now go." Len let go of his sister and smiled sadly.

"Goodbye, brother..." She ran back to her throne room and changed into the clothes her brother had given her, then hid her dress in the secret closet in the room, and finally, crawled through the secret passage way in the room.

Meanwhile, Len had run to her room and changed into one of his sister's dresses, taken his hair out of the short ponytail that he usually kept his hair in, brushed it out, and finally, he put a large bow in his hair.

"Perfect," He said to himself. He ran back to the throne room and sat down in his sister's chair.

He heard crashing and thundering footsteps coming toward him. Finally, when the footsteps were right outside the throne room, the door burst open. Len saw a girl wearing red armor, and behind her was the blue haired boy from the day before. The girl in front of him walked toward the person she thought was Rin, and raised her sword so the tip was touching Len's throat.

"You're gonna pay for what you did..."

xXx

"Milady? Is that you?" One of Rin's servants asked.

"Yes, it is me."

"Where is Master Len?"

Rin lowered her gaze to the ground.

"Oh my... what a brave soul... you must be happy to have such a caring brother."

"Let's go. If we don't get out of here, then his sacrifice will have been for nothing." Although she would never admit it to her servants, she was crying silently under her hood. She was scared. Scared for her life, scared for her kingdom, but most of all, she was scared for her brother. He was still in the castle, taking her place on the throne, taking her place in prison, taking her place on death row.

"I'll never forget this..." She said to herself, "Not when I grow up, not when I marry, not when I die. I'll never forget you, brother."

xXx

A few days later, Rin saw a crowd. She was curious as to what the excitement was about. She pushed her way through to see what was going on, looked up from the grey hood covering her face, and saw her brother. He was wearing dirty brown clothes, and his bangs were covering his beautiful eyes. His once golden hair was now muddy and hung limp on his head. His hands were

shackled just a bit too tight, and Rin could see red marks on his wrists.

"Brother...?!" She couldn't believe what she was seeing. Len was walking along a wooden strip and Rin realized what was happening; her brother's public execution.

"Walk faster!" the guard behind him pushed the broken boy forward, causing him to tack quicker steps. When he got to the end of the row, he kneeled down and put his neck on the dip in the wood, and the guard lowered the top half. Len looked around at the crowd, and Rin saw his eyes. They looked tired, lonely, and sickly. However, when his eyes stopped on his sister, they seemed to light up. He smiled weakly and mouthed the words, "Love you," when the blade was dropped. Rin closed her eyes, not wanting to see her only family's head roll. She turned away from the scene. She heard cheers and shouts of "The witch is dead!"

"I love you too, brother..." Salty tears found their way to her eyes and rolled freely down her cheeks, *"I love you more than you'll ever know."*

Spec Ops Chp 1

Justin Dittrich; E mail: jdo896@gmail.com Homepage: <http://jd896.deviantart.com/>

Subject: Pokemon/Call of Duty style

"Regrouping"

Master Sergeant Justin Dittrich

Day 1 10:00:27

75th Ranger Regiment/Echo Special Forces Team

Somewhere over Sinnoh

My hands were trembling as me and Austin sat quietly in the Pave Low pilot seats. It has been well over a year since we've done a Spec Ops mission with our team, who I was in command of now. Boy, usually I'm fine with missions, but I was extremely nervous. What if everyone else was out of shape or went A wall? Oh damn it, I've never been so nervous in my life... well, at least not recently. □

"They'll be fine," Austin said to me, breaking the silence.

"How'd you know I was nervous about them?" I asked

"Because, your hands are shaking around like they were in blenders. Relax! You know I've been with Hailey a lot, and she's all game for rejoining the team. Kyle... well... um... he killed himself.

I went wide eyed.

"I guess being lonely got to him," Austin continued. □

I couldn't help but feel bad for him, but I had to let it go and focus on my team

"Don't worry, we'll be fine without him," Austin said □

"I just want to know our team's 100 ready," I replied

"Well, we do have an F.N.G Fucking New Guy joining the team today."

"Oh great!" □

"Don't worry! They say he was one of the best at Selection. We'll meet him at the base."

Still, FNG's aren't as experienced as other Spec Ops veterans. We flew into the Sinnoh area and landed at Austin's house.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"Well... Hailey... lives with me."

I shot my head towards him.

"Well, well mister man!"

"Shut up," Austin said, punching my arm.

□

"Ow! Alright, sorry!" □

We both turned our heads to the house to see Hailey was in fact, all geared up. She wore her customized Delta helmet, which had a flashy blue digital camouflage and her favorite MP5. She had the standard vest and equipment though, and we both just stared at her as she walked towards the big, armored chopper.

"Now I know why you like her so much. She's tough," I said snickering, just to be punched in the arm again. □

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" Austin retorted. □

Hailey finally jumped into the chopper and came to the cockpit to give Austin a kiss. I was in fact happy for them two. They make a perfect couple. As they talked for a moment, I stared into the bright, blue sky and watched a few, thin clouds flutter by. □

"Justin!" Austin yelled, causing me to jump.

"Huh, what?"

"You ready to go?" Austin asked.

"Yea, I'm good." I reassured him.

"Good. Time to get to base

We flew into Eastern Sinnoh and landed in an unpopulated forest. We arrived at the base at 1135 and was greeted by the commander. □

"Good morning gentlemen!" the commander greeted, which caused Hailey to cough. "And Private Hailey. I'm glad to see you made it here. You'll be debriefed in the conference room at 1200 hours.

Your new recruit is waiting for you there."

"Thank you sir. We'll all be waiting," I responded. Our entire team went to the conference room, where a well equipped

Ranger was leisurely sitting back in his chair. When he saw me walk in, he jumped to his feet, took a stance and saluted. □

"Good morning sir!" he barked. □

"At ease Private." He was obviously new to this and wanted to make a good first impression. He let his arms fall to his side and he sat back down. We all took a seat

and started to talk some more. We all asked the new recruit for his name, and he simply replied, "Zach." At exactly 1200 hours, a big, muscular man walked into the room. He had a Mohawk as a hair do and a long scar ran across his right eye. His face was also cleanly shaven and had a kind, but very serious look on his face. The insignia on his uniform classified him as a General, causing all of us to jump up and salute. "Good afternoon gentlemen and... one lady..." he said in his calm, British accent. He was obviously from overseas. "We have a very serious situation on our hands. You are aware of a group called Team Rocket, correct?" "Sir yes sir!" we all chanted. □ "At ease! Anyways, they've taken plans up to a very serious level. We suspect they bought nuclear devices from an unknown source. We need you to stop them." "If anyone can do it, Echo Team can!" I

Comments: I'm aware that this chapter is corny. In fact, all up to chapter 4 are pretty corny. Patience though, we'll get to the real stuff soon. Thanks for reading and be sure to check out my DeviantART page. This is Justin, I'll see ya on the track! ;D

assured him. "I wish you good luck. I have confidence you can do it." "Thank you General..." "MacTavish." he answered, walking out of the room. Everyone turned to me. "You heard the man! Move!" I yelled. Everyone jumped up and ran outside to the Pave Low. I quickly ran to the armory and grabbed an MP5SD for myself. I then followed the team out the door for the first mission. □

Comments: I'm aware that this chapter is corny. In fact, all up to chapter 4 are pretty corny. Patience though, we'll get to the real stuff soon. Thanks for reading and be sure to check out my DeviantART page. This is Justin, I'll see ya on the track! ;D

Love Sucks

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Kingdom Hearts Fanfiction Ongoing, multi chapter

Chapter 1

"My broken wings will never fly." Full Blown Rose

Looking up from his papers he sighs, a soft subtle breath escapes. He looks down at the paper like it's a foreign language to him. He runs his hand through his dirty blond hair, pinching the bridge of his nose in concentration.

The bell rings, a loud and obnoxious sound. The boy looks down at his paper...half blank. He sighs as the teacher collects the quiz, why didn't he finish the reading! He gives a gruff sound, the teacher nonchalantly taking the paper and giving it no though as she rushes up to her desk at the front.

The boy leans back in his desk, his black and white checkered hoodie, jeans, and converse not standing out from the rest. The typical teen style at this school...of course. He sighs, his blue eyes closing for the next period to begin...which he had with the same teacher. Its not a large school by any means.

The teacher sighs as the bell to begin the next class begins, brushing her brown hair from her eyes. "Alright class, we have two new students in our class today." The teacher waves to a girl and a boy, about 16. The girl was wearing a little white dress that stopped at the knees and light blue sandals that girls always seem to wear...girls and flip flops. She's pale in her complexion...but there was a certain beauty to it like the newly fallen snow. It went perfectly with her blue eyes like the ocean and pale blond hair like a dying son. The boy next to her was completely different, tan skin and chocolate spiked hair. His eyes showed a softness and kindness unlike anyone else. He wore a smile on his face...perpetually plastered there most of the time.

"Hey, I'm Sora and this is my sister Nami!" he shouts cheerfully, making anyone near him deaf no doubt. Namine jabbed him in the ribs a bit for not saying her full name. She didn't like to talk much in front of people. The teacher sighs, using her pleasant voice to speak to him.

"Yes...take your seats no dears," she says to them, but in her mind it meant, 'Great...another annoying little bastard...I hate teenagers.' The two quietly move to their seats...both near the boy. He looks at Namine first, a glimmer of something in his eye before Sora turns to him, taking the seat behind him.

"Hey, what's your name?" Sora asks the blond boy, getting a quizzical look. He seemed surprised that the boy was talking to him...strange.

"...Roxas..." he says quietly, his voice like a whisper. The brunette smiles at him warmly.

"Okay Roxas how about us three have lunch together?" Sora said sweetly, innocently, he was always good at making friends...without ever trying of course. The blonde boy let his eyes look at Namine for a second, sketching in her notebook and completely oblivious to everything around her.

The blonde boy just nods silently, earning a bright grin from Sora who looked like he was going to jump up in his seat and cheer like the happy go luck dork he was. They got some very annoyed looks from the teacher before they sat quiet. Sora scribbled a little note to Roxas.

Roxie!

Meet me and Nam at the little courtyard thingy outside for lunch!

Sora

'Roxxie?' the boy thought, 'sounds like a girls name.' He didn't seem to mind...he didn't have any friends truthfully, no one liked him at this school. He just nodded quietly at the note before the bell rang. Time for the next class, but he waited a bit before getting up.

Namine quietly rose from her seat, Sora had already sped out of the room. She walked right in front of Roxas...the grace at which she moved, the flow of her blond hair. The little half smile she had on...it made Roxas blush. A crush...was that it? Or maybe its something more.

-In the courtyard-

Sora looked at his sister, she sat there sketching in her little book. "Nami!" he whined, looking at her with those puppy dog eyes. She could never refuse those eyes from her big brother.

"What is it Sora?" she asks calmly, a hint of annoyance in her voice. She was usually like this when he whined. She found it a tad annoying but she just couldn't help but help. She cared to much about her brother... its her one weakness.

"What do you think of Roxxie?" he asks nervously, looking at her. He was fidgeting with his fingers behind his back.

The girl looks at him quizzically, "I don't know, I haven't spoken to him enough to make an assumption." By that she meant...how should I know...we just met him and he hasn't even talked to me idiot! Sora sighed a little, but quickly smiled when he say Roxas walking towards them.

"Roxxie!" he shouted, waving to the other boy while his sister just rolled her eyes at him. Roxas looked oddly at the other boy, slowly stopping by the two. Roxas looked at Sora but kept his eye on Namine, peeking from the corner of his eye. Sora

grabbed his hands, jumping and dragging the boy along with him.

"Lets go eat!" he shouted, dragging both Namine and Roxas towards the cafeteria to get food. Both parties were dragged along, though Namine didn't seem surprised...however Roxas looked extremely shell shocked. Was the boy always like this? Answer...yes.

They stopped in front of the cafeteria line, a little to long for Sora's taste. He pouted, looking at Namine. She gave a little sigh, "Fine, we can eat elsewhere." She shook her head a bit, trying to hide a smile at her brothers happiness, she had wanted to at least try the food at the school...maybe next time.

She didn't notice how close she was to Roxas, the boy turned his face away from her, a light blush creeping on his face as their hands brushed against each other. She didn't notice...neither did Sora. Sora gleefully dragged the two towards the courtyard again.

Namine looked at Roxas now, "What is good to eat around here?" She asks him, tilting her head in a smile. The boy's gaze doesn't meet hers, muttering a bit. She looks at him oddly, "What was that?"

Roxas felt a bit awkward with his new crush talking to him. He looked away and said louder, "Happy Fun Time." Sora shouted gleefully at that name, grabbing the two again as they ran towards the Happy Fun Time Restaurant. Sora loved that place to death... as did Roxas, not that he'd ever admit it.

And...because Sora was leading the way...and Roxas to distracted by Namine's presence...they got lost. ^^^;

Chapter End

Red Dead Redemption

Author: Patrick Schneider

Ch.I Rules an' Punishments

"A person can't jus' go aroun' doin' whatever they please. That's why there's rules an' there's punishments... D'ya understan' me Westin?"

It was early morning in West Texas, Coyotes still howled at the fading moon, begging it to wrap them in shadows for only a while longer. Even the owls bid the waning moon goodnight as the sun began to rise with its oppressive heat that would drain the land, only to be cooled by the night. A small campfire glowed in the coming dawn, though meek and dying now, it had served to ward off animals during the night for the lone young man who lay by the fire on a small bedroll, his hat over his face. He wore a long, sleeveless, brown duster coat and white button up shirt. He also wore old blue jeans with two pistols on either hip, and a bandolier across his chest. A golden Kentucky Saddler stood lazily about, grazing, waiting to be ridden as he always had. The man groaned and pulled the hat from his face. He had short brown hair and a horizontal scar that started at the bridge of his nose and ended a short ways on his left cheek.

"Mornin' Whiskey." He said as he hauled himself to his feet. The horse snorted seemingly in reply.

"Anyone show up while I was sleepin'?"
□The horse just stood swishing his tail back and forth.

Something off in the distance broke the silence. He could just barely make out the sound of hooves on the dry Texan soil. He looked behind him and saw that a woman on a brown horse was cantering towards him. When she got close she dismounted from her horse.

"Go home Sara, I already told you I don't need no money."

"Who said I was comin' to give you any money."

"Well then what are you doin' out here so early?"

"I just wanted... to say goodbye is all... you left afore I could say it y'know..."

"... Sorry. I just wanted to get to gettin' is all, just get away from here."

"Jus' you remember Wes Hutchins, You an' Whiskey is my only family now... I just want to know you're alright."

"How do you figure? You got a husband now, you're supposed to be havin' a family of your own to worry about."

"Your still my brother Wes, I can't just stop carin' about ya."

"You're jus' like Ma y'know that? Always worry about everything. That's why I know you gone be a good wife Sara."

"Just don't be doin' nuthin' stupid, will you?"

"I promise Sara, I won't be doin' nuthin' stupid. Go home Sara, don't you be worryin' 'bout me no more, ya hear?"

She rushed forward and threw her arms around him. He rested his hand on her head and slowly pushed her back, his hands still on her shoulders.

"I'm gonna miss you Sara, but this is something I have to do... for Pa's sake."

"I know... Jus'... come visit me someday, will ya?" She was trying hard not to cry.

"Y'know... travelin' aint cheap..."

"You're terrible!" She smiled, then reached into her apron and handed him an envelope with 20 in it.

"Thanks Sara."

“Goodbye Wes, you take care of him
Whiskey!” She got back on her own horse
as Whiskey snorted in reply.

“Goodbye Sara...”

He watched as she rode back towards the
Lindell Ranch where their Pa had raised
them since their own ranch was set ablaze
by a gang of outlaws. 4 years after their
ranch laid in ruins the same gang attacked
the Lindell Ranch and William Hutchins
was laid to rest after valiantly defending the
only home he had left. Surviving son and

daughter, Westin and Sara Hutchins, were
left orphaned at 18 and 16. Their mother
had died of sickness when Wes was 12
years old, a year and a half before the ranch
was burned. This is a story of young man
who despite such pain in his life, seeks
only to make right on the wrongs he has
had to endure, until now. Wes learns that
the gang that attacked the ranch that night
had been the Luton's Gang lead by famous
arsonist, James Luton himself. With the
scent of the murders ripe in his nostrils he
set's off seeking rectitude for the atrocities
committed by these men.

note: it's more of a short intro but the second chapter is lengthier, i'll get that to you
soon

Snake in the Grass

S.C. Brown, moonfiresfury@hotmail.com, mooneyfire.deviantart.com

Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic Era

Sheer fabric draped gently over her hips, the thin black outfit barely concealing the teal skin beneath as hips swayed and rolled to the light music. High fluid notes pierced the air as the woman danced, eyes closed dancer and music became one. Faster and faster the hips swayed, rocking and twirling about the sandy floored hut. The harsh desert sunlight streamed in through round shaped windows, gleaming in bright beams as the Rutian Twi'lek spun and swirled between them. The light hugged her curves, highlighting the skin and fabric, brightening the contrast as the music grew louder, more frantic. Erratic, yet smooth, flowing like water between the beams she danced in perfect time to the music. Reaching its crescendo the pace quickened all the more, the dancer all but thrashing about as the flute player's green fingers fluttered across the keys. With a single drawn out note the music fell, ending as the dancer stretched out over the ground, arms splayed out and chest up before hopping up staring down at her daughter.

"Mother, that was beautiful!" The young girl said, brown eyes widened still as highlights of the performance flashed through her mind.

Mother merely smiled, a soft tiny smile before patting the young one on the head. "I'm glad you think so. Now, your turn." With a wave of her hand she motioned towards the flute player who began to busily drum his fingers over the keys, cheeks puffed as Ama dived out and began a dance of her own.

Ama, still so young, yet maturing fast was nearly thirteen. Her hips had begun to grow, curves filling out the loose tops she wore as her green waist started to slender. Tall for her age, she could easily pass for fifteen. A blessing her mother thought, appraising the girl as she danced about.

Mother watched on with great interest as

her daughter spun and twirled, the oversized dancers outfit kicking up dust about the hut with every motion. Her movements weren't as graceful, almost clumsy in some parts, yet it seemed almost fitting. Watching closely, Mother's thoughts drifted, eyes turning soft and fuzzy. There was still so much she needed to teach her, but time had run its course. Whatever lessons there were to be learned would be figured out for themselves.

As Ama finished her dance a new figured stepped into the hut, a male Twi'lek, hulking and brutish in manner, a moment of softness fell over him. Quietly he joined his life mate, wrapping an arm about her blue ish shoulders. "Its time." He put simply, looking over at the girl as she lashed about in the final throws of the dance. Committing this final image to mind, Father too turned away, giving Mother a comforting squeeze before leaving the hut.

The song ended, as did Ama's performance. Flashing her pearly whites the girl ran up to her mother in a swish of white fabric.

"How did I do? Did I keep time okay? What did Father say?" She shot off in rapid succession, her voice husky, yet unmistakably feminine. A sincere need to please filled her tone, sparkling eyes watching every change of expression in her mothers face, searching for any hint of concealed disappointment or displeasure. All amongst the sea of features she could find was pride.

"You did wonderfully, worry not about Father." She put simply, patting the girl on the head, running a small hand down over the smooth green lekku that had begun to grow and lengthen more and more in the passing months. Fiddling gently with the tip of a single brain tail, Mother flashed a final shimmering smile before releasing it, an expression of calm shadowing it. "Now,

dust yourself off. I'm going to fetch a couple of friends of mine to see you dance. Be your very best, show them everything you've learned." Turning about, she left her daughter with her thoughts for the moment.

Carefully Ama dusted away the cloudy orange flecks that clung to her outfit, straightening her headdress, taking in a few deep breaths as Mother returned, a male and female pair flanked her, one on each side. The man's face was cold, almost unkind and brooding, skin yellowy with a shock of white hair falling into his eyes. The woman, strangely was nothing like him. Dark skinned and light haired, a wide smile covered her cherry red lips as she looked about the hut, ready to enjoy the show.

"Well, lets get this show on the road." The man, Avidan, said softly glancing at his time piece. "Lue has quite a few other girls he wants us to check out before we leave the planet, I imagine hes quite anxious for our return."

"Oh, shut up. Its a show, and look, you've got the girl scared shitless. Prolly doesn't get an audience too often. Well, go on chica, show us your moves." Kailani said with a hearty laugh, digging into a pocket and taking a deep sip from the flask she withdrew.

With suspicious eyes Ama looked over the strange set of friends Mother brought for their own private show, turning back for a nod of encouragement, their eyes met and the music began, throwing her once more into her dance.

As the music subsided, Avidan still frowned on, eyes critical on the young girl. Kailani on the other hand clapped and cheered, all smiles and boundless energy. "Great job, kiddo. What do ya think Avi?" The blonde turned to her partner.

"She awfully young. Lue has little need for children." The frown deepened.

Mother all but jumped at this comment. "Young? She is far from young. Ama is just about to hit her prime, her dancing is good now, with time it will only improve, as will

her beauty." Countered the woman quickly.

"Oh Avidan, none of the girls ever please you. She perfect, pay your dues already and lets blow this joint. I'm getting rather tired of sand and huts, I meant to leave that shit back on Tattooine." Kailani said with a wave of her hand, leaning back against the gently curved wall, closing her eyes in apparent exhaustion and boredom.

The man turned back to Mother, his frown still deep. "We'll give you 10,000 credits for her. No more, you're robbing us blind as it is, showcasing a mere infant." He sneered.

At this exchange Ama grew alarmed. Whipping about to face her mother, watching in pure shock as money changed hands, the man and woman stepping closer towards her. "Whats going on? Mother?..." As the truth began to settle over her, anger wrapping about the girl like a thick blanket, almost suffocating her as hands clenched about her arms, pulling her from the hut.

Mother never raised her gaze, eyes glued to the dirt floored hut. "How could you do this to me?!" Ama screamed as the pair dragged her through out into the scorching daylight. The villagers too averted their eyes as the girl screamed on. "Teach me to dance will you? Teach me all you know so I can make you proud? All so you could sell me?! Sell me?! Mother! Why? Why?" She screeched, struggling in the smugglers grips.

Anger seared through her every cell, seeping into her very core, shaking and searing her bones with its intensity. Heels dug into the earth at her feet, she screeched on in a near meaningless ramble of hate. Digging the pointed ends of her finger nails the girl scratched deep into the flesh of abductors. Fingers go slack around Ama's arms, releasing her.

"Fuck! The bitch cut me." Avidan swore, clutching his hurt arm, as the girl disappeared into the village, darting between the poorly made huts.

"Suck it up, I'll go get her." Muttered Kailani, pulling her blaster pistol out,

setting it down to stun.

Meanwhile, Ama ran as fast as her long legs could handle it, weaving through the villagers as she searched for the hut she had called home for so many years. The usual commotion had returned, the young woman running was hardly given a second thought.

Shouts and crying seemed to erupt from the tiny dome that housed the small family.

“Look what you’ve done! Look, are you happy? Are you happy, Resheem? I did as you asked, taught her all she needed and now she’s gone.” Came the sobbing voice of Mother as Ama busted through the door, pulling the ramshackle table up against the door to hold off her captures for as long as could.

Standing there silently for a long moment, Ama took in the view. Mother stood, tears trickling from her eyes, a single blue fist raised as if to strike the hulking mass of Father before her.

“You sold me...” Hissed the girl, pressed back against the table propped over the doorway. “You. Sold me.” Taking a few steps towards the couple, she grimaced, seeing the tears that covered Mother’s face, a foil to Father’s stone cold look. “Amarita... Ama... I I didn’t want to.” Mother croaked out, lowering her fist, glassy green eyes staring at the seething creature before her. Gently, the pale blue hands touched her face, helping to wipe away the tears that had streaked down across the green skin.

“Ama, you know Mother loves you.” The woman said with a desperate smile, anger and hate began to blur the girl’s vision.

Ptoo!

Tears welled up more in Mother’s eyes, the spit hitting her face with all the ferocity of a slap, trembling hands gently wiped away the sickeningly warm glob of saliva that dripped down the cheek, spreading and swirling with the stinging tears as she returned to sobbing.

“I hate you, both of you.” Ama hissed out,

the banging of the door behind her finally meet with a crashing noise, the wood of both table and door splintered and launched about the room haphazardly. Bright red blaster bolts fired into the room. Mother screaming, Father shouting. And then, with a final sharp pain to her back, soothing blackness kindly pulled at Ama, taking her away from her hellish reality.

The music began again. The same tired worn out tune they always played. Yet, they always expected a new dance, new moves. There were only so many ways one could move to the same beat. Shaking her head slightly Ama’s thoughts wandered as she looked over the outfit given to her for today’s entertainment.

□“All the years Lue and his associates have watched us dance, one would assume they’d learn to appreciate the art of it all.” The twi’lek woman mused aloud as she ran her fingers across the cool metal surface of today’s outfit. Metal bikinis? Honestly? Rolling her chocolate brown eyes, Ama remembered the other girls comments earlier in the week, about how Lue had a new fondness, a new flavor of the week, for the metal outfits. Shiny, jingly, what’s not to like? Despite the fact that wearing several pounds of jangling metal made their jobs all the harder.

Whirling about for a moment the chain mail skirt clanking about distractingly, the motions of her hips and waist thrown off by the awkward weight about them. “I can’t do this...” Ama muttered looking into the mirror again, taking in the sight of her in the ridiculous outfit, complimented only by the thick chain about her neck, bolted to the wall. Scanning the mirror for a final moment Ama’s frown deepened. How was she to dance in such a garb? The music tinkled on in the background, Sasha’s performance drawing to a close. Eyes flickered between the chain link skirt and her wardrobe filled with brilliantly colored sheers.

Light, flowly, practical. Her decision was made in an instant. Stripping away the warmed metal she let it fall to the ground. With a few light steps Ama had already

wrapped herself in vivid green and muted brown. Carefully she slipped into thin leather sandals, the music stopped and with it arrived her escort.

“Ama, you’re up.” Muttered Avidan quietly from the doorway. Though three years had passed since the day the girl had parted ways with her family, joining the hordes of people that flooded the streets of the Smuggler’s Moon, it was always the same routine. With busy hands he unlocked the chain from the wall of the dressing room, taking a quick glance at the lithe creature attached.

A silent smirk slipped across his lips at her defiance, though he said nothing. Holding the chain tightly in his hand they walked, the thud of Avidan’s boots echoing as they weaved through the complex system of side hallways through out the club. Finally, a great chamber opened and revealed the expanse of Lue the Hutt’s private viewing room. Just outside the edge of the room, his rumbling voice echoed out. With a soft sigh Avidan undid the lock about her neck, letting the woman step forward into the light of the chamber.

“Coona tee tocky malia? What took you so long?” He grumbled impatiently. After a few months Ama had grown accustomed to her owners peculiar language. With his large greedy eyes the Hutt growled lowly. How dare she?

“Bona nai kachu, whirlee!” He shouted. In that instant Ama didn’t need to know Huttese to know she was in trouble. Despite the fierce anger in his voice, the girl couldn’t hold back a smile. With a quick tilt of her head she signaled the ever present band to start playing, as if in a last ditch effort to save herself. The tune began, same and predictable as always. Yet her defiance only seemed the fuel her inspiration as she stepped and whirled about.

Lue though remained un amused. How dare she!? He fed and clothed this schutta, owned her! And she dare turn away his gifts and defy his wants and his needs, and now she stepped and danced in her disobedience. With an angry shout of mostly unintelligible screeches with

‘Echuta!’ Tossed in here or there.

Yet Ama continued her dancing and whirling, even after the band promptly stopped playing, her gleeful smile spread over her face as Lue continued his shouts, Avidan rushed forward, grabbing her tightly with large calloused hands. “Stupid girl. You should have known better.” He said quietly as Lue kept shouting. “Hes gonna be pissed off for the rest of the week.” The man grumbled dragging the struggling girl as she attempted to finish the dance.

Locking the chain about her neck and twisting her soft arm about behind her back, before forcing her from the Hutt’s presence. Dragging the kicking and struggling Ama, Avidan grumbled. “Let me go! I can walk!” She yelled punching at him before taking her free hand and digging the nails into his yellowy flesh, ripping deep gashes.

“Gah!” Cried out the man as he tossed the woman into her quarters once more. “You little schutta...” Fear slipped into the young woman’s throat, washing away her cocky arrogance.

Stepping closer to her, Avidan’s lips broke into a cool smile. “Ama, Ama, Ama. Here I thought you knew better.” With a sharp crack she was on the ground, spots flying through her vision. A yellowy hand descended, grabbing her by the throat and pulling her face close to his.

“You wanna hit a man? Then you’re gonna get hit by a man.” Another resounding crack and her head snapped back with the force of the slap, cheek stinging and red. Tears fell down her face, though she refused to cry out. Blood flooded Avidan’s cheeks, even now she was an insolent little bitch. With another deafening smack she fell to the ground, Avidan’s hands trembling as the woman curled herself into a protective ball.

Unable to stop himself, the man began to kick at her, the thunk of boot against flesh oddly exhilarating. Gasping loudly as the wind was knocked out of her, Ama’s eyes watered. Thunk! Another hit and gasp, her lungs burning as muscles and bones ached

with the beating and rage that seemed to explode from the generally cold man.

The world was growing black, her eyes blurred and a voice nagged gently at the back of her head. *"If you pass out... he'll kill you.."* A soft, quiet voice, soothing almost. *"So kill him first..."* The soft, whispery voice commanded.

Thunk! Thunk! Foot met stomach over and over again her lung seared, the world around spinning. Reaching out and grasping in vain she tried to regain her breath feeling the pure anger and hate swelling within. With a final useless curling of her fist the assault ended. As her breathing began to even out some, the battered woman was able to look up to see what had become of Avidan.

Brown eyes growing wide she watched as Avidan was struggling to breathe, clutching his throat uselessly. What was going on? What was happening? "A A Avidan?..." Ama stuttered as the smuggler gasped and choked, his eyes beginning to bulge sickeningly from their sockets.

Slowly it began to dawn on her, he was dying, being choked by... by something. A sweet smile slid across her face. "Choke, bastard." She growled picking herself up from the ground. Standing on unsteady legs as Avidan sputtered and choked. With a final scathing glance she watched, deeply pleased by the sight as her abuser turned a lovely shade of blue, fingers clawing at his throat, before fleeing the room.

The chain about her throat rattled loudly, skittering across the floor after her as she took off into a run. Grabbing the part holding the chain to her neck she pulled it, wrapping the links of chain about her body, holding the end of the chain in hand, swinging it about. It wasn't the best method of defense, but it'd have to do in case trouble reared its ugly head.

With slight grace Ama slipped into the hangar, scanning for any ships that might have people boarding. Jackpot! There it was, a dragoon with a single passenger slowly meandering up the ramp. Springing out the Twi'lek woman raced up the ramp

and onto the ship slamming the long, thick chain over the head of her unsuspecting victim. He fell with a loud thud over to the side, out cold. Kicking him disdainfully he fell off the ramp, and young Ama closed the ramp.

"Okay... time to get out of here..." Looking over the map at the controls the girl pressed the first planet that caught her eye.

Dromund Kaas. And with it, she zoomed off.

The snake moved through the grass slowly, sliding about with infinite grace. Its cool brown diamonds across the bright green background. Dull brown eyes followed it curiously, watching its every move as it moved from grass to water.

☐*Abhhhhhhbma.*" Groaned the voice. Oh the voice again, not again.

"Go away."

"Ama, you can't ignore me." Crimson groaned. It had been 4 days since she had built her light saber. 4 days since the light saber had begun started talking.

"Yes, Ama can." She said, closing her eyes as the screeching metal on metal voice seemed to chuckle. "You're just part of my imagination. I've been alone too long, that's all." The reply was automatic, the same meaningless sentence she had repeated to herself countless time since she found herself stranded on the swamp jungle planet.

This place had a strange effect on her. She could feel the edges of her sanity beginning to unravel. "You're losin' it old girl..." Even her speech seemed to change at times, referring to herself inexplicably in the third person, switching back and forth as the voice became louder, clearer, more demanding. And the hallucinations, they were the most worrisome. She could hardly tell what was real, and what's not.

☐*Stop angsting... Shouldn't you be training?"*

It had been months since she had landed on Dromund Kaas, her dragoon sinking near instantly into the soggy quagmire. The dense planet was intimidating at first, horrific creatures and wildlife. The Dark Force Temple had become her home, and with its shelter came its secrets.

"I am, just wait... Its coming... Ama will get it." Her eyes pulling away from the beautiful serpent. In a flash of green she was up, blending into the dense foliage of the trees, her bare feet gripping the edge of the branch.

The jungle seemed still, for only a moment. The only sounds were the thick noises of skittering birds and insects.

"Raaaaaawr!" A great brown furred beast busted from the undergrowth, shaking the tree Ama dwelled in. Blood soaked and stained the great swamp wampa's fur, he had taken the bait. Carefully Ama had laid out the carcasses of various animals, hoping to lead the beast right to her.

Gulping, the woman let her fear fill her. Heart rate increasing, the saber hissed to life in her hand before she jumped, landing on the shagging beast's back, her saber slicing into the flesh. "Ya!" She yelled, dragging the saber up as the wampa thrashed and clawed at the tiny woman clinging to its back. With another deafening roar it grabbed and tossed her away, hitting the tree behind her with a thunk.

Bounding back the red bladed saber swung out, the feral beast crying out a last time before it fell to the ground, his head rolling across the ground.

Slumping back against the tree, Ama breathed heavily, her chest rising up and down. Pulling herself up, Ama groaned, muscles aching and protesting. Taking a glance down the dark red blood of the wampa had stained the ripped and tattered remains of what once was a dancer's outfit.

"Goood, Ama.... Good. Take it back to the master..." Crimson whispered before deactivating.

"I am, I am. Ama needs a rest sometimes, too." She mumbled, wrapping her arms

about the leg of the beast, concentrating. The force flowed easily now, her practicing was beginning to pay off. The master would be pleased. With the aid of the force, Ama was able to lift up the bleeding body of the wampa.

The trek back to the temple was long and grueling, but it had paid off. Tossing the wampa down upon the temple floor, the small metal pyramid stirred to life, projecting the holographic image of a tall, red haired man, no more than 20.

"There you are, Ama. I see you were successful in your mission. You remember what I told you about tattoos?" Came the calm, whispery voice.

"Yes, Master Cain. Ama's ready." She replied, busying herself with collect the blood of the wampa into a large jar. She had found the holocron within her first month on Dromund Kaas, deep within the Temple. The twi'lek had never seen such a thing, and as it whirled to life and projected the Sith Lord her eyes grew the size of saucers. He had been kind enough, despite his cold demeanor. His answers had been clear, and taught her the best he could thus far.

"Good, now mix the blood with the bark." Cain instructed.

Withdrawing a rusted dagger Ama began to scrape the powdered tree bark into the blood, stirring and mixing and stirring it with the grungy silver. Slowly the dark red turned to a near black. Staring intently at the concoction she raised the knife up to her arm and slowly dragged it over the greenish skin, cutting it shallowly, imbedding the dark ink into the dermis.

"Use the pain Ama, heighten your focus." The Emperor spoke emotionlessly, his cold yellow eyes appraising the girl as she continued to carve the pattern into her arms and legs, reaching to even slice and imbed the ink into her shoulders. Hours passed, and with it the diamonds formed.

"What is the code?" He asked, watching as the woman cut and tattooed herself.

"Peace is a lie; there is only passion. Through passion, I gain strength.

Through strength, I gain power.
Through power, I gain victory.
Through victory, my chains are broken.
The Force shall free me." Ama repeated

with each of her cuts and slices, the
diamonds finished, her skin aching and
red, carefully she laid on her stomach over
the ground, the serpents pattern her own.

AN: Thank you for reading, feel free to drop a comment either at my email or my deviantart page. All characters save Cain are my own, though the world they live in is property of one George Lucas.

Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

http://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/Warhammer_40,000_Wiki

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

Bleach fan fiction wiki

http://bleachfanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Main_Page

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

'The' fan fiction wiki

http://fanfiction.wikia.com/wiki/Fan_Fiction_Wiki

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

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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)

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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.

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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!

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6.2, stories touching on rape will have to handle it very delicately.

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