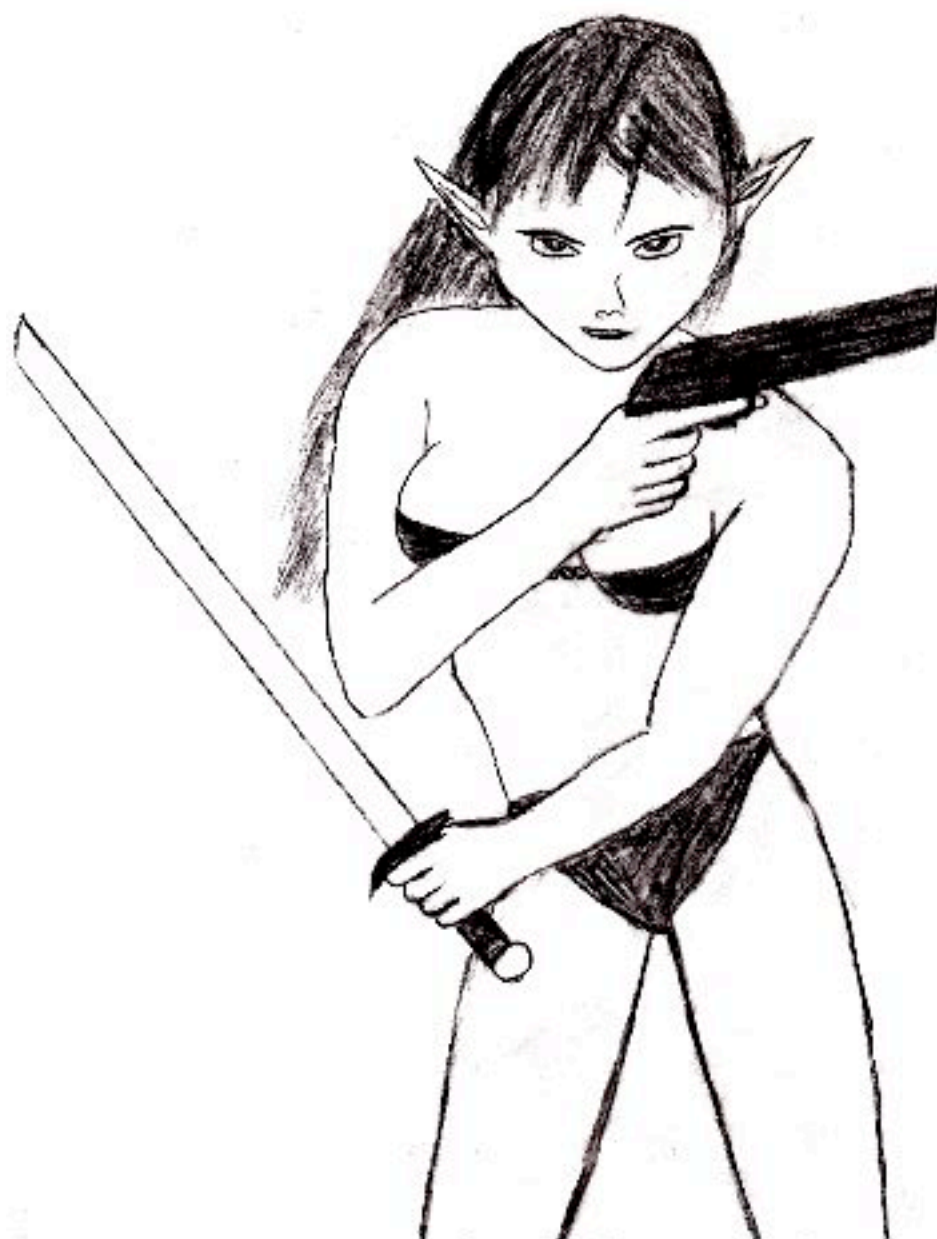


# Blazing Guns / Flashing Sword

The fanfiction magazine

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Issue No 20, January 15, 2011  
Cover art by Jochannon

And now, a word from the editor:

Heya folks, we've got an interesting set of stories here today, including a very silly Star Trek: TOS story by miss Kimberly Stottlemeyer, A fascinating Moulin Rouge tale from Miss Ashley Gipson, and a well told tale of Vampire love from Mister Ian Thompson

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

Or, if you want to reach me personally, you can reach me at [hans.mahler@gmail.com](mailto: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

PS: what are you still reading this for? Go read the stories!

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

Love Sucks, <i>angelofdeath67</i> . . . . .	.Page 4
Face The Music, <i>DeathCat213</i> . . . . .	.Page 8
Through Darker Eys, <i>Ashley Gipson</i> . . . . .	.Page 11
The Broken Red Thread, <i>Revan sama</i> . . . . .	.Page 14
Icy Heart, <i>Ian Thompson</i> . . . . .	.Page 17
Flying Plomeek Soup, <i>Kimberly Stottlemyer</i> . . . . .	.Page 22
Commissions . . . . .	.Page 24
Websites of Note . . . . .	.Page 25
Casting Call . . . . .	.Page 26

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## Love Sucks Chapter 2

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

Angelofdeath67: Hello again rabid fan girls and boys. I bring you...another chapter :O IKR it's like a fuckin miracle! :D

Roxas: I'll say.

Sora puts on glasses and nods, "I concur."

Angelofdeath67 takes away Sora's glasses.

Sora whines, "Nuuu, I need em to be smartical!"

Roxas rolls his eyes, "I'll say."

Sora pouts, "Shut up Roxxie."

Roxas: Stop calling me that!

Sora: Roxxie Roxxie Roxxie

Roxas tackles Sora and pins him to the ground.

Sora likes this.

Angelofdeath67 also likes this.

Chapter 2

- "Cause we are broken...what must we do to restart, our innocence." -

Here they are...lost in the city. Well city is too nice; it's more like a large town. In fact, it wouldn't even but that if it wasn't for Twilight Industries. Sora looks around, biting his thumb, turning back to Roxas and Namine.

"So...where are we?" he asks.

"You were the one leading...how should I know?" She turns to Roxas, "Do you know where we are?"

Truthfully...Roxas hadn't been paying attention to where they were going because of a certain someone with blonde hair. He took a quick look at the buildings, eyes settling on a street sign. He nods to

Namine then, "Yeah, we are about 3 blocks from the restaurant." He pointed left, "This way and take a right on the next street."

And with that...Sora was off like a bullet, grabbing Roxas's and Namine's hands to drag them along. Namine wonders if he had caffeine...he got like this when he had caffeine...or a lot of sugar. She sighed inwardly as they quickly approached the restaurant...her own personal hell.

The outside was a giant clown face, and the happy fun time music played at an annoyingly loud frequency.

"Happy Happy Fun Time

Kids'll have a good time!

Parents watch their kids have fun!

Come on kids and have some lun...ch!"

It never made any sense to her...it barely even rhymed...the song made very little sense and the singers sounded like chipmunks...how her brother could like this was beyond her. Sora always loved it though...the cute little animal designs, stuffed animals not real scattered around. It's like McDonalds ridiculous cousin...and highly overpriced too! Seven dollars for a cheap burger and fries! Not even that good of food...She'd rather have week old cold Wendy's than most of their stuff. But she suffered on for her brother's sake.

They sat at a table...deciding on what to order before going to the counter. Sora was getting what he usually got...Happy Happy Burger and Cheery Fries...with water to drink...no soda for him! She was very adamant about that.

"Okay...so are you guys read to order?"

Namine asks the two boys. They both nod in reply. Namine had decided that she would order for them so Sora could talk to his new friend. She looked at the

underpaid employee and told her their orders verbatim. The annoyed worker just punched in the order and was handed the cash. They would bring you the food...one of the few things they do she appreciates. It's like what Culvers does...how she does love that place.

Back in her seat, she eyes the two boys. They were talking about something that doesn't interest her...sports and games and such. Boy things...well boy in her opinion.

Roxas smiles as they talk about skateboarding...a common interest of theirs. "So who taught you?"

"I kinda taught myself...which is why I'm not very good." Sora says, a light laugh coming from his throat.

Roxas tilts his head quizzically, "I could always teach you?" He may not look it...or he might look it. Who knows...either way he is good at it.

Sora's eyes light up instantly, "YES!" Namine shakes her head and tries not to roll her eyes and laughs. Sora's acting like he was just asked to marry the guy. 'He's such a dork sometimes,' she thinks quietly.

Roxas just laughs a bit at his over enthusiasm...he's probably getting used to it...or is used to it? Namine had no idea which, but she's glad Sora has a guy friend instead of just that slut bag...I mean wonderful young lady he hangs out with.

Roxas nods, "You could come over to my house after school to start."

Sora's gleaming eyes turn to Namine, pleading in a way. "PLEASE!" Namine sighs, just as their food arrives.

"Fine, but be home by dark," she says to her older brother. "Or mom will flip her lid if you're gone."

Sora just nods happily, digging into his burger as Roxas nibbles on his food as does Namine with her chicken salad. One of the few things here that isn't half bad in her opinion.

"So how long have you lived here?" Sora

asks Roxas.

"Um...I think it'll be 3 years this year," he says truthfully.

Sora nods, mentally etching this into his brain...next questions to be put there...his birthday, middle and last names....favorite color grey...real shock and other such facts. After a meal of Roxas looking and paying attention to Sora... all the while taking secret longing looks at Namine when she wasn't looking... the three stand to leave.

Namine looks to Sora and whispers in his ear, "Sora, please try and keep it on the down low." She says seriously, making Sora blush a little, "Get to know him better."

Namine is...good.

Namine walks off towards the housing district where Sora, Namine and their mother live while Sora and Roxas go off into a different direction.

They slowly walk, Sora asking more and more questions of Roxas...and he didn't mind. It was nice for someone to talk to him his own age...after...well...that thing happened.

They stop at the apartment building and Roxas grabs his keys as they walk into the building. Fifth floor, apartment 513 was their destination. As they started to the stairs, Roxas waved to a group of elderly women. He was very popular with the older women of the building, often helping the landlord with fixing things. The old women of course, always loved that it was a strapping young man doing these things...cougars.

Sora was out of breath when they go up the stairs, Roxas laughing a bit at that.

"You so mean Roxie!" Sora pouted. Roxas patted Sora on the back, putting his arm around him to lead him to the apartment.

"Its fine So ra," Roxas said, still a laughing a bit as he moved his arm away to unlock the door. Sora frowned inwardly at the loss of the arm.

"I'm home!" Roxas shouted, seeing the blue haired woman sitting at the table scribbling vigorously. She looks up and eyes Roxas and the new guest. She nearly jumps out of her seat.

"Who's the cutie!" comes another female voice and Sora is tackled to the ground, the female snuggling him a bit. Roxas face palms at this as the blue haired girl gets up and pulls the other girl off of Sora.

"So who's your friend?" the blue haired girl asks Roxas.

"This is Sora, him and his sister just transferred to school today." Roxas says smiling...it's been a while since either girl had seen this.

The blue haired girl smiles, helping Sora up. Sora puts his hand behind his head sheepishly and rubs the back of his head with a dumb smile on his face, a bit red.

"Well it's nice to meet you Sora, I'm Roxas's sister Aqua," the blue haired girl says, turning her attention to the girl who tackled Sora.

"Oh right! I'm the GREAT NINJA YUFFIE!" the girl says, and another face palm from Roxas.

"That's my other sister Yuffie...she's...different," Roxas says, rolling his eyes a bit at her.

"I'm not different; I'm the GREAT NINJA YUFFIE!" Yuffie says, walking closer to Sora, poking him in the forehead with her thumb...and putting a sticker there. One of her famous stickers. Sora looks up and tries to read it...but can't because it's on his forehead.

"What's it..." Sora starts before Roxas puts his hand over Sora's mouth.

"We'll be in my room." Roxas says, dragging Sora away.

"Nice meeting you!" Sora shouts as he's dragged away.

Sora frowns when they reach Roxas's rather small room. He still wanted to know

what it said but...this room was so...intoxicating? It just smelled of Roxas, dirty clothes in a pile, black and white bedspread and posters of bands with a checkered skateboard leaning against the wall.

"What does it..." he starts again before Roxas puts his hand over his mouth.

"Shhh, she might hear you..." he whispers cautiously.

"But I wanna know what it says!" Sora whispers...though too loudly. Slam! The door burst open with Yuffie in the doorway.

"I'm glad you asked!" Yuffie shouted cheerfully. She does a bunch of martial arts type poses. "It says... PWNED BY THE GREAT NINJA YUFFIE!" Then...she puts up a peace sign over her right eye...just like the little chibi Yuffie on the sticker.

She then moves to Sora, slapping another sticker on his chest that says, Taught by the GREAT NINJA YUFFIE! With a little chibi ninja Yuffie on it.

Roxas sighs...he tried to warn Sora. Sora just looks confused as Yuffie cartwheels away.

"So...let's go outside and get started?" Roxas suggests...more to get away from his crazy sisters than anything else. Sora looks at him oddly.

"But...I don't have a skateboard..." Sora says, a bit confused.

"Well...we can just share mine," Roxas says, grabbing the board and staring to walk towards the door. Sora soon follows...blushing a bit at the idea of sharing the skateboard with Roxas...touching him...even just using the same thing as he did...crush alert.

As they walk outside, Roxas shouts to his sisters, "We're going outside to skateboard, okay!"

Aqua is the one who shouts back, "Okay, just make sure not break anything!"

Roxas sighs, he only broke his arm once...okay three times...and his leg twice but those were accidents.

When they are outside, Sora smiles and is the first to speak, "You sisters are nice."

Roxas actually smiles at this, "Yeah, I love them to death but...sometimes they are just so weird."

Sora looks at Roxas, "So where are you parents?" Wrong question to ask.

Roxas looks down a bit sadly, "They died

Author's Comments:

And it's done! :O isn't that epic! Yuffie...as you can tell is my favorite female character...she is just so beast!

when I was ten..."

Sora frowns at this...he only now realizes it wasn't that smart a thing to say...at least he realized it at all. He was pretty dense about...many things. He puts on his smile and grabs Roxas's hands, "Well...let's have some fun!" He shouted cheerfully.

Roxas couldn't help but laugh at this, "Alright, let's get started then Sora." Is this what it feels like to have a friend? It's warm and happy...and he likes this feeling.

Chapter End

## Face The Music, Chapter 2

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

Shiragin clicked the speaker button and spoke into the microphone, "Okay, Hinamori san, start whenever you're ready."

Amu quickly glanced at the monotonous white walls around her. So this is what a recording booth is like. She quickly studied the microphone, "Kotou san, what's this big thing in front of the microphone?"

"Well, actually, I can't remember what its called at the moment, but its there to catch air so that all we hear is your singing instead of you breathing between phrases," he explained.

That made sense. She sat down on the stool in front of the microphone and started singing her song. She had a habit of singing with her eyes closed, so she didn't see Ikuto walk in and watch her sing. Of course, he couldn't hear anything because Shiragin had the headphones on, but he could tell by how into it Amu was and how much Shiragin was smiling that she was good. Really good.

He watched, feeling deaf to everything going on around him. The clocks didn't tick in this room. They were all digital. There was absolutly no sound coming through the booth, and he couldn't hear her sing from Shiragin's headphones. Shiragin listened to his music to quietly. Ikuto only noticed that she was done singing when her eyes opened and she smiled at Shiragin, who gave her a thumbs up. He motioned for her to come out of the booth. She eagerly jumped off of the stool and strided through the door. She stopped when she noticed Ikuto. A blush touched her cheeks when their eyes made contact. Hopefully he had gotten over it.

"Okay, Hinamori san, just give me a minute and I'll have it together," Shiragin said as he started to press buttons and move sliders that did things that Amu couldn't think of, "Well, actually... It might

take a while. Ikuto, you and Hinamori san go back up to my office. I'll by up when I'm done."

"Sure," Ikuto sighed and motioned for Amu to follow him.

They went back to the office, and Amu sat down on the couch were she was sitting before. Ikuto wasn't typing. He wasn't on Facebook. He just sat there. Amu reached into her purse and pulled out her iPod. Ikuto gazed at it. Just as Amu was turning it on, Ikuto snatched it out of her hand.

"Hey! Thats mine!" she yelled as she reached over him to grab it.

"I'm not taking it, I just want to see what kind of music you have on here," he stretched his arm out of Amu's reach.

She leaned even further over him, trying not to lose her balance, "Give it back!"

Ikuto cleared his throat. Amu stopped. She had the idea of climbing on top of Ikuto and make him fall over to get her iPod back. Though that was definitely the wrong approach. Ikuto was laying down on the couch, his back against the arm rest. He had the iPod in his left hand, stretched back behind him so that Amu couldn't reach it. His legs were bent as an attempt to keep the pinkette back. Amu had her left knee between Ikuto's legs, her right leg was somewhat "wrapped" around Ikuto's left leg, and she kept her balance by putting her weight on just her toes. Her left hand was on Ikuto's collar bone, and her right was reaching over Ikuto's head for the iPod.

As Amu made a move to get off of him, her foot slipped and she fell. Ikuto grunted as all of Amu's weight fell onto his body. He straightened out his left leg, and Amu rolled over and fell off of the couch.

"Ow..." Amu rubbed her head.



Ikuto sat up and looked down at Amu. He squinted his eyes, and a very lazy expression showed on his face, "Red... black... red... black... red... black..."

Amu listened as he started to repeat colors. The colors sounded familiar to her, but she couldn't remember where exactly she had seen that pattern. Then it hit her, "PERVERT!" she yelled as she pushed her skirt back down, covering the red and black stripes of her underwear.

Ikuto criss crossed his legs and smirked at her before turning his attention back to the iPod. He turned it on and went to her songs. He gave her an inquisitive look as he noticed that almost all of the songs were in English. Even though he was fluent in English, it hadn't occurred to him what some of their music was like. He scrolled through songs until he found a song called "Hollaback Girl." He clicked on it. He stared at the iPod as if it was something he had never seen before. Amu blushed.

"What the heck is this?" he said, a hysterical laugh finding its way into the question.

"It's called 'Hollaback Girl' by Gwen Stefani," she gave him an exasperated sigh, as if it was second nature to know that.

They listened to it, Ikuto laughing at some of the lyrics. Amu just had to laugh along with Ikuto when it got to the part where she sang "This shit is bananas, B A N A N A S, This shit is bananas, B A N A N A S."

Ikuto went through more songs, such as "London Bridges" by Fergie, and "The Real Slim Shady" by Eminem. They laughed a lot, Amu finally realizing how strange the lyrics were. Ikuto went to the Albums list and clicked on the one that said "We Sing. We Dance. We Steal Things."

"Who's this one by?" he asked as the first song, "Make It Mine" came on.

"That's by Jason Mraz. He's one of my favorites," she smiled.

Ikuto flipped through songs until he found

one called "Butterfly."

Amu blushed as the song came on.

I'm taking a moment just imagining that  
I'm dancing with you I'm your pole and all  
you're wearing is your shoes You got soul,  
you know just what to do to turn me on  
Until I write a song about you

Ikuto looked up from the iPod and looked her in the eye. His eyes were foggy and the rest of his face emotionless. Amu gulped. What was he going to say?

"Interesting," he turned off the iPod.

They sat in silence. An awkward silence.

"Who wrote that again?" Ikuto asked her.

"Jason Mraz."

Ikuto pulled out his laptop and went to Google. He typed in "Jason Mraz."

He went to the official website and started looking at other songs.

He went through different songs, listening to the first few seconds or so of every song.

"Truth or dare?"

"What?" Amu gazed at him.

"Truth or dare?" he said it slower.

Amu sighed, "Truth."

"Does your bra match your panties?"

"What?"

"It's a simple yes or no question," he explained.

"You're such a pervert."

"Well?" he smiled at her.

Amu blushed and looked away, "I... I'm not wearing one..."

Ikuto looked at her, wide eyed. He knew Amu wasn't the bustiest girl her age, but her chest was worth at least an A cup,

"Why?"

"I'm wearing a halter top, dummy. You don't wear a bra with a halter top, the straps will show. Now truth or dare."

"Dare," he said.

"Get back on Facebook and talk to Utau nicely," she smiled at him.

Ikuto sighed as he leaned over and grabbed his laptop and logged onto Facebook. Of course Utau was on, so he clicked open the chat window.

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:50 Hey, Utau.

Utau Hoshina at 2:50 Hey Ikuto koi! You're talking to me! 3 Thats so sweet! :

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:50 So... How have things been?

Utau Hoshina at 2:51 They've been great! What are you doing right now?

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:51 I'm at the EASTER building with a new girl. Her name's Hinamori Amu.

Utau Hoshina at 2:51 Well... tell her that you belong to me... and tell her I said hi.

Ikuto looked over to Amu, "Utau says hi."

Amu smiled.

Ikuto Tsukiyomi at 2:51 Okay, well, Shiragin is back, so I've got to go, I'll talk to you later. Maybe.

Utau Hoshina at 2:51 Okaayyyy! Bye Ikuto kooiiiiii! I loooovveeee youuuuu! 3 3 3

"There, I did it," Ikuto looked down at his hands on the keyboard, "I've got to go wash my hands."

"Oh, yeah, Tsukiyomi san, could you show me where the restrooms are so I'll know later?" Amu stood up with him.

"Only if you promise to call me by my

name,"

"What?"

"I ku to. Its not that hard," he smirked at her.

"I... Ikuto... could you please show me where the restrooms are?" she blushed.

"Of course I can," he smiled and walked out of the door, motioning for Amu to follow him.

They walked down the hallways. Amu tried her hardest to memorize which hallways they were taking. Finally they got to a hall with two doors, side by side. One had a pink sign on it, the other blue. Amu walked into the pink one, and Ikuto walked into the blue. Ikuto was out of the bathroom before Amu, so he leaned against the wall and waited. But just then, Ikuto had a plan. He heard the water of the sink running as Amu washed her hands. He quietly opened the door, tip toeing his way into the girls' bathroom. She put her hands under the loud hand dryer. The noise covered up the sounds of his foot steps. Amu was too busy looking at her hands to notice Ikuto standing behind her. She pulled her hands away from under the dryer and looked into the mirror. She saw her, and Ikuto standing behind her, smirking at her, making their eye contact through their reflections. Amu started to let out a scream, but Ikuto covered her mouth with his hand. The other hand crept up her back to her neck. He grabbed one of the strings that held the halter top up and played with it between his fingers. Amu tried to pull his hand away from her mouth, but his hand was too large and strong. She squirmed and tried to pull away from him. She looked at his reflection with pleading eyes. What she saw was scary. He had a smirk on his face which she knew spelled trouble, and his eyes had that glassy foggy look as they did when they were listening to "Butterfly." He tugged at the string slowly, drawing a reaction out of the frightened little girl. Then, he tugged the rest off and the halter top fell down.

Editor's Comments: I think this is the most 'adult' story I have yet published here!

# Through Darker Eyes

Ashley Gipson; gipsonashley@ymail.com  
Subject: Moulin Rouge!



Cold.

wind in his ears.

That's what he felt. It wasn't just because of the snow that swirled around him, turning the area outside of the Moulin Rouge into a world of black and white. Clouds hung low under the night sky, the rest of Paris that towered around nearly invisible. His polished shoes crunched with each step, his overcoat flapping in the freezing breeze.

No, it wasn't just the snow. He felt cold because he'd lost. He was the Duke, he *never* lost. If he wanted something, he got it. Always. But now . . .? What had happened?

He laughed bitterly, his breath puffing out as a white cloud in front of him. The noises from the Moulin Rouge were almost inaudible now, covered by the sound of the

Now Satine was with the boy. She was with *Christian*. The last image he'd seen of the two of them, singing together and holding hands, made his stomach turn. It had just been minutes ago, but it felt like hours.

The boy had won, as repulsive as he found the notion. He had taken Satine under his spell, there was no other explanation. He'd charmed her with the beautiful words of his songs. The Duke couldn't pinpoint exactly when this had begun. Perhaps it had been a gradual process. And he'd been so blind! He was always so sure of Satine's affections, only seeing her time together with the boy as rehearsal for the play. She was, after all, the lead actress and he was the writer. The boy must have taken advantage of their time together.

Satine loved him, of that the Duke was sure. She'd said so herself. That night, inside her private courters, she'd practically been overwhelmed by the love she felt. It had been palpable. What was it that she'd said? "How wonderful life is, now you're in the world"? Yes, that had been it. Perhaps he'd been a bit possessive, but she hadn't shown any signs of dislike. He'd bought her a new dressing room, he'd given her a necklace made of pure diamonds! He was offering her *everything* she could ever want! How did the writer get her under his charm?

And yet . . .

A shadow fell over the Duke as he exited the courtyard and came into the main street, grimy buildings rising over him. The snow speckled the black road in patches of yin and yang. Prostitutes and pimps could be seen lingering in doorways, bundled up in coats and eying him in disinterest.

And yet perhaps *he'd* been the one who had been played. Was it possibly that Satine had never loved him? Had she always loved the boy? Despite her seductive words and her confession of love that night . . . had it all been an act?

He ducked his head against the wind as his mind wracked with thoughts. That night, when she had been going to sleep with him, she had waved away her and the boy's relationship as nothing. But then, upon seeing him outside, she'd turned the Duke down. Perhaps he'd lost his temper that night; perhaps he shouldn't have tried to rape her. But he was the Duke, and he always got what he wanted. And he had wanted her.

He recalled what he had said to her, when she turned him down. "You made me believe that you loved me."

Author's Comments:

A/N I wrote this as an entry for a fanfiction contest titled "Through Darker Eyes". The

*You made me believe that you loved me.*

That was it. The realization made him feel small and pathetic. Satine was a courtesan. That was her job. To make men believe that she loved them. She had toyed with his emotions, drawing him on only to drop him without any foreshadowing.

*You made me believe that you loved me.*

She'd juggled him while having a secret affair with the writer. She'd taken advantage of all he was offering her, to promote herself, to promote the Moulin Rouge, while only pretending to feel love back. Had he been able to go back in time, he would have been more perceptive. He wouldn't have been blinded by her beauty and her lies. She had broken his heart.

Who was the real villain here?

He'd done things that perhaps he shouldn't have. But he was, after all, the Duke. He had money and he had power. He *should* get what he wanted.

As he walked further out into Paris, he had no intention of looking back. If Satine wanted that penniless writer she could have him. The boy could never give her everything that *he* could. And the boy, in turn, could have her. It was only a matter of time before she broke his heart, too.

Because Satine was a courtesan.

And she made men believe that she loved them.

That was her job.

theme was to portray a scene through the villain's point of view.

# The Broken Red Thread

□

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[http://www.fanfiction.net/u/685473/Revan\\_Sama](http://www.fanfiction.net/u/685473/Revan_Sama)

Greetings.

I am Revan sama.

There isn't many thing to say about myself. nothing valuable

I am a writer.

One of things you should know about me is that English isn't my first language. It's french

My apologies if my English is not good enough. But I shall try my best to write better.

Maybe I should warn you, that many of my fanfictions are and will be short. It depend of my inspiration.

Thank you for reading and reviewing my stories.

Subject: Star wars knight of the old republic.

Pairing: Unrequited Dark side Female exile x Dark side Male Revan.

Summary: In this world, covered in everyone's respective nature, the encounter and parting that you gave me shall never be forgotten. No matter what, to me, you'll always be my Lord.

□

There is no emotion, there is peace.

*That sort of feelings...*

There is no ignorance, there is knowledge.

*That kind of nonsense...*

There is no passion, there is serenity.

*Shouldn't be allowed!*

There is no death, there is the Force.

*But it's because of this, that I could have come this far.*

Her first memory was of his hunger.

A deep wrenching ache coring at the inner walls of his flesh, always begging for relief but nevertheless cannot be acknowledged,

not when it is so starkly reflected in the pale, drawn faces all around him.

On the battlefield, it is a disgrace to feel

pain and fear. The economy of war is a lean science, with no room for imprecision and leniency.

Within the dark side, it is a disgrace to feel hunger on an empty belly. Courage is a commodity. When the blade writes the rules, the force favor the strongest man.

It did favored him.

Her highness.

Her lord.

Her god.

The lord of the Sith Revan.

flash back

*"I'll always prevent you from dying."*

*Revan's yellow orbs flashed in the dark.*

*"You're much weaker than me. So I'll save you again and again..."*

*Her hands clutched, he put his right hand under her chin to raise her head.*

*"You are mine Satele, until I said otherwise...you won't die."*

*He was close. Too close. His presence was so intoxicating that she seem to have forgotten how to breath.*

*His sadistic smirk grew bigger.*

*"Don't worry, I won't let my precious toy die, you won't die...and neither will I."*

*Her own yellow eyes widen as he marked her neck.*

*It didn't bleed long but his words would be graved inside her forever.*

end of flash back

Her second memory was of his hatred.

Satele the woman they call the exile, cannot have known hunger, and yet her courage has shined out from behind her green eyes like a gem at the bottom of a moonlit well.

Her courage bests him again and again but courage untested is but an untempered sword. So that time again she finds herself gasping in the dirt. Either strangled by him with the force or beaten.

flash back

*She was standing in front of her lord and master waiting for his judgment.*

*"Do you realize what you just did?! You had mercy for that...that fiend. That ridiculous excuse of a Jedi! On which side are you?! Damn it!"*

*Silence was her only answer.*

*Furry was the only emotion that reflected his eyes.*

*He took her arm violently and...*

*A fast sound echo in room.*

*A slap.*

*He slapped her in the face. It wasn't the first time he did this but it hurt more than before.*

*"If you are going to betray me, prepare yourself for the consequences." He didn't yelled but his*

*voice was very cold.*

*"I won't let my precious toy leave me like this."*

*He left the room without a second look.*

*Maybe it was better that way.*

*Because if he did, he would have notice.*

*Wet cheeks, widen blurry yellow eyes, torments and fears grew stronger each second.*

*Faint red marks on her cheek because of the slap and blood pouring out of her bitten lower lip.*

end of flash back

Her third memory was of his depravity.

The first time Revan failed a battle and barely made alive from it. For her, a simple training between him and her. For him, a serious between two equals. Yet...

In disbelief, he took refuge in what he knew. He starved himself further, shores up power until his body is crackling with it, threaten to split even as he stretched himself thinner and thinner, milk skin over iron bones.

But still it was not enough, and soon he was back where he started, choking on dust. When she saw that he didn't want her help, she left.

She never turns around, never looks back at her fallen opponent. She doesn't even realize his poor state...probably because of the mask ,

and more than even the humiliation of defeat, it is this casual "arrogance" with which she confidently turns her back on him that has Revan's vision filming over with rage.

Again and again, they rise and fight, and again and again, he lose and fall.

She became his obsession, Satele became stronger and stronger.

And Revan couldn't stand it. His toy was supposed to be the weak one, yet she wasn't even trying to take his place as the

lord of the Sith.

She knew he thought that she was pitying him and hated her for it. She didn't mind.

As said before, she became his obsession.

Just as she wanted. She had more signification than being his toy.

Revan may be the strongest of the Jedi and Sith, but that doesn't make him any less prey to their curse.

***The more power you have, the more you want.***

Already his time is running out: each day spent on the battlefield is one less day he will spend in the world.

He rakes his fingers into the dirt, cracks his bloodied mouth and sucks in a sour breath, and with it, overwhelming esurience.

Not enough.

More must be given.

His two last memories were of hunger and blood. Like twin streams, they crawl through the veins of his life, he howls with a famished grief as the taste of his toy's blood fills his mouth.

Such is the price to pay for power.

"Revan..."

She was soaked with tears his or her? and with a cold stare she said :

"My heart was entwined by darkness."

She placed her left hand over her chest.

"I, the exile, the one who destroy worlds, has only wanted your acknowledgement and your love."

Her eyes slowly became empty and her last words were :

"To me, you will always be my only lord."

Satele's body turning cold, choking on the smell of blood, her voice and her breathing and her pulse are disappearing.

She was right there but Revan wasn't able to hear anything, he could only hear his pulse pounding like madness.

He was only able to run away.

"I am stronger!" those words came back inside his mind again and again.

Lady exile Satele for the sake of the weak Lord Revan ended up with her life stolen by his hand.

Everything to be stronger.

Everything for power.

"I am stronger!"

The payment for having run away is cruel.

"I am...weaker!"

Too cruel.

"UAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAA "

His scream and torment would haunt the galaxy forever.

End



# Icy Heart

□

Author's Name: Ian Thompson Knight Bishop , Email: IBT1993@aol.com, Homepage: [http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1838177/Knight\\_Bishop](http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1838177/Knight_Bishop) or <http://knightbishop.deviantart.com/>

□

Fanfiction Subject: Rosario + Vampire told from first person persepective of the Character Mizore

My life was falling apart. There was a void where my heart was. And dark pitiful black hole devoid of all feelings except loneliness.

□

Loneliness is what filled my life.

□

A constant feeling that I knew would never vanish for I was alone...I had always been alone...I had never known the feeling of love...at least I no longer wanted to feel it...for every time I had tried to love...I would become hurt. Love only brought sadness and pain.

□

My first time with love had been with small human boy. I had loved to go watch the human towns near my village.

□

Although we Snow Women had had a dislike of humans...we did not hate them as other monsters did. And even as children we were encouraged to go to human towns not only to observe human children but to play and interact with them as well.

□

The boy and I had played. We had become friends. I grew close enough to him to take him to my village.

□

He had not yet known that I was a monster and yet I showed him our village of ice. He had been amazed and awed at the beauty of it. I was happy when I was with him and he seemed happy with me.

□

Then I decided to tell him one day. Even as I child I knew of our villages law. The period in which a Yuki Onne can have children is very short. Therefore we must marry at the age of seventeen and begin mating as soon as possible.

□

I figured the best place to tell him was in the field of Snow whites. It was a beautiful

place where the smell of the flowers were said to bring out the feelings of love. I had hoped that when he knew the truth he would understand and be willing to spend his life with me.

□

But I was wrong. When he learned the truth of my monster nature he was disgusted by me. He called me a human eating freak and then he ran...he ran away and that was the last I saw of him.

□

I never returned to the human town. Instead I stayed in my room for days and wept. Frozen tears fell from my face as I wept bitterly.

□

I would allow no one to enter my room. I froze all that it was in it. I made it far colder then even what I was used too. I wanted to be alone in my frozen world.

□

After my third day of weeping my mother came to me; she knelt beside my curled up form and pulled me to her. She hugged me and although we are a species of cold and ice...I could still feel the warmth of her hug.

□

She whispered into my ear kind and gentle words. "Do not lose faith my daughter in time you shall find the one who is meant for you and you alone."

□

□

I kept those words in my mind. And a few years later I thought I had found that person.

□

I had started to go to school at Youkai Academy; a school for monsters...but as far as I knew I was the only of my kind that was currently attending the school.

□

Due to my style of dress I was branded as strange and avoided by others.

My strange habits also did not make me very popular. A Yuki Onne is typically a shy race. We like to hide and observe others.

And I was no different. I would hide in trees and behind bushes and often pop up at strange moments and in weird places. People began to whisper things about me.

Cruel and mean things; even among monsters I was labeled a freak.

There were cliffs by the school. I liked to go there and look down at the water below.

I liked watching the mighty wave's crash against the side of the cliff...slowly eroding it, transforming it.

I am not suicidal...but sometimes I wondered that if I ever jumped from these cliffs and into the crashing water below. Would anyone miss me?

I knew my mother would miss me. But would anyone else, would anyone even care. Perhaps not; I was just another face in the crowd. I was invisible person that one would take a simple glance at and then forget all about a moment later.

After a month in the school I began to lose hope that I would find anyone here that would understand me.

Then I saw him Kotsubo sensei. He was the schools gym teacher. I do not know what attracted me to him. But I think the main reason was...he looked like the boy from the human town. True he was older than I was but I did not care about that. I felt a pull to him. I thought that he a fellow a monster could understand my feelings.

When I first began to talk to him he seemed kind. He always appeared interested in what I had to say and would even help me when I needed it.

I grew closer and closer to him. And after so many years of being alone; I felt...happy.

Then as I had done with the boy I decided to confess my feelings to Kotsubo sensei. I had met him in his office after class and told him. It was only

then did I learn what kind of man he was. He pushed my face forward and my mouth onto his. He slipped his eager tongue into my open mouth.

His other hand dropped from my shoulder to my breast and fervently squeezed. He tried to do horrible things to me.

It was a disgusting feeling. He would have gone further with it if I had not defended myself.

I was forced to freeze him. I left his body frozen in a block of ice. Not enough to kill him but strong enough to make him leave me alone. And then I ran I ran so far.

I hide in the woods and I cried. I cried like I did when I child. I was an idiot. Once again my heart was torn and this time it felt like there would be no fixing it.

My mother's soft sweet words she had spoken to me long ago feel upon to deaf ears now.

I hide away in my room. I turned it into a frozen wasteland and kept it cold. I did not want to return to class anymore. I did not want to be anywhere near that school. Homework sheets and tests would come through my mail slot I would do the work and then send it back to the school but that all I would do.

I once again re entered my cold frozen dark world. I cut myself off from all contact and this time I did not have my mother to pull me out of it.

I started to let the cold void take over my life. I began to stop sleeping and eating.

Dark lines began to form under my eyes and my body slowly became weaker and weaker.

And then one day it came; my salvation.

I sat in my dark frozen room in a corner. I hugged my knees to me. Then the knock on my door came.

I twisted my head. It had been awhile since someone had come to see me.

"Mizore please open the door please."

That voice? It was...yes it was Nekome sensei my homeroom teacher. When I had vanished from class she was the first to come try to get me out of the room.

I did not respond to her knocking. It was lonely in my frozen room; but I was content.

"Mizore please come back to class. If you have problems you and I can talk about it." The teacher tried to reason with me.

Talk; I last time I had trusted and talked to a teacher I was nearly raped.

I could sense that she was still standing outside the door. Why would she not leave and let me be.

Then I saw from my spot that something was being pushed through my mail slot. Then I heard a plop as it hit the ground. At first I thought it was just more homework but then a realized that it sounded too heavy to be homework.

I scooted from my spot and went to the item. I picked it up and held it in my hands. In the dim light I could see what it was. A newspaper, on the top it read Youkai Times.

I heard Nekome sensei voice again. "The schools newspaper club has restarted again. This is our first paper. I thought that if you won't come to class anymore I can at least keep you up on school activities. If you want another issue just leave a note outside your door."

I then heard footsteps, she was leaving.

I stared at the newspaper and stared at it. Newspaper club; a club is social gathering of people and friends with similar hobbies. I did not understand that kind of thing.

I continued to stare at the newspaper. I sighed; I could see the meager heat of my breath in the air.

I had nothing else to do with my time.

I opened the newspaper and began to flip through the pages. Pictures of people in their clubs, little articles sent in voicing

opinions. There was also information on school events and trips.

It was pointless information none of which held any particular interest to me.

I was about to crumble up the paper and throw it to the frozen floor when a small article caught me eye.

***Monsters and Humans: the great divide***

And below that it was written,

***Bridging the gap between us***

I cocked my head to the side. At this school we were taught how to co exist with humans; but all many could talk about here was how much they hated humans and all they stood for. But here was a person that was actually interested in peace with the humans.

I lay down on my bed which I had left unfrozen and began to read this article. Perhaps I would find it interesting.

I read the article over and over again. I devoured every word in it. This article was brilliant. It spoke with amazing information and prescriptive from which it was written; by some one who by they wrote sounded kind and like the underdog.

My eyes finally ran down to the bottom of the article were it listed the name of the writer.

"Aono Tsukune." The words came smoothly out of my mouth.

Frantically I began to flip back through the pages until I came back to the one that had the pictures of the clubs and its members.

I ran my finger gently down the pictures until I stopped at the one of the Newspaper Club.

Under the picture it gave a list of the names of club members going from left to right.

First there was pink haired girl Moka Akashiya, and then there was a little girl wearing a witch's outfit, Yukari Sendo. The next two was a girl with huge breasts with blue hair it said that he name was Kurumu Korono I figured she was just a slut and next to here was an older boy called Gin. He seemed like a pervert too based on the way he was staring at the big breasted cow.

And then I saw him in the picture. Standing at the far end of the group was Tsukune Aono.

He had dark brown and chocolate colored eyes. He also had small smile on his face in the picture.

My fingers gently touched his photo. He seemed distant from the others in the group. An outcast like me; a person set apart from the others...so much like me.

And then for the first time in forever I felt a sort of warmth fill me. It was strange. I had spent so long in the cold and the dark I had forgotten what the warm felt like...it felt good.

But then memories started to fill me again. Of the boy from the human town and of the evil Kotsubo sensei; I would not do this again. I would not allow my heart to become broken again for the third time...I refused to allow it to happen.

But the warmth that came from staring at this photo and reading this article would not leave me.

I was half tempted to throw it away and return to my icy solitude but something stopped me. I held the paper to me.

I realized that I should keep this article and this picture. I stood up and moved quickly to the single shelf in my room. It was covered in ice and frost covered the few possessions I kept on it. I scanned my eyes down it until they came to stop on a journal.

It was a simple thing my mother had sent to me so I could write of my experiences here at the academy. I had never written in it so it remained empty; until now.

I grabbed the journal, scissors, and some

tape. Five minutes later I had glued the article and the club photo after cutting out the others and leaving only Tsukune and both were now in my new scrape book.

I tossed the paper into the trash after going through it and seeing that there were no other articles written by Tsukune.

I then walked over to my bed and clutched the notebook to me. It seemed to give me a newfound comfort and I liked it.

Slowly so slowly I did not even notice it until now I had realized that the room was no longer cold and that some of the ice was starting to melt.

I did not refreeze it.

I slipped a small note out of the mail slot at my door. It was a purple piece of paper and written on it in blue ink was a short sentence.

*"Please bring more of these newspapers."*

The start of the new semester

I was in love. It was as simple as that; I was in love with Tsukune Aono.

Over the past few weeks I had taken every article from the newspaper that Nekome sensei brought me and put them into my scrap book.

I read the articles over and over again. Then I would take a pen and write my own comments in them until the ink would sink into the paper.

I felt my heart reforming every day until it was completely rebuilt and then I had decided.

"I will meet Tsukune."

I had been planning this for a while now. I intended to leave my room and re enter the school world. I wanted to meet this Tsukune I wanted to tell him how much I loved his articles and more importantly I wanted to tell him how much I loved him.

I wanted him. I needed him. I had come to realize how much he and I were alike. I

had read in his articles and I could sense his personality. He was alone in this school just like me.

□

He wrote in a way that would be written in the hand of the outcast, the underdog, the forgotten, and the misunderstood.

□

He wrote in a way that I could understand in a way that I could relate to.

□

Could he sense it as I could? Could he sense the need in my soul to be accepted by someone to be loved by someone for what you are?

□

I knew that I would not make a mistake this time as I had done the first two times.

□

It was morning. I got up from my bed and got dressed for class. This would be the first time I had gone in a while.

I would have Tsukune Aono for my own. After all they say third time is the charm.

□

I brushed my teeth. I looked at myself in the mirror. My hair had grown long in my isolation and the dark lines were still visible under my eyes. But that would not matter.

□

I will have Tsukune Aono...I would freeze him if I had too. But there would be no need. I was sure that he would understand my intentions.

□

I opened the door. Eyes blinking, it had been so long since I had left my room my eyes were not used to real light.

□

And finally for the first time in a while I smiled.

□

It was a real smile. The kind of smile that only came when one was sure that for once everything was going to go their way. And I knew that was exactly what was going to happen.

□

The memories of the human boy had vanished from my mind. The thoughts of Kotsubo sensei still lingered but I paid them no heed.

□

I closed the door to my room and began to walk down the stairs.

□

"Wait for me Tsukune Aono...I coming for you."

□

Because I now remembered my mother's words; the words she had told me when I was young.

□

*"Do not lose faith my daughter in time you shall find the one who is meant for you and you alone."*

□

I now realized it was true. Tsukune Aono was meant for me and me alone...whether he liked it or not.

# Flying Plomeek Soup

Kimberly Stottlemeyer, mccoylelover77@gmail.com , <http://mccoylelover77.deviantart.com/>

Fanfiction: Star Trek, The Original Series

It all started when Jim flung a spoonful of chocolate pudding onto Bones' face. Everything had been perfectly normal: just another ordinary lunch in the mess hall. The three of them Jim, Spock, and Bones had been eating in comfortable silence, enjoying a bit of calm before returning to their stressful jobs. Then out of the corner of his eye, Jim had seen Chekov accidentally bump into a yeoman, sloshing his water all over her red uniform. As the ensign busily sputtered out his apology in his thick accent, the small event sprouted an idea an awesome idea in the captain's mind.

Hence the glob of chocolate pudding currently dripping down the good doctor's face.

"Dammit, Jim! What the hell is wrong with you?!"

Jim's grin grew even wider on his face. "Sorry, the temptation was too hard to resist." He leveled another spoonful of pudding at his friend and it splattered smack dap on Bones' nose.

"Cut it out! What are you, two?"

Plastering a pouting, innocent look on his face, Jim whined, "Oh, come on Bones! It's fun!"

He doctor's death glare almost made him actually consider giving up the fight. Almost. "This is not fun, Jim, this is " A third glob of pudding flew at him, this one hitting him in the eye. Clenching his fists, Bones said, "Fine. If that's the way you want it..." He scooped up a forkful of cole slaw and sent it soaring through the air.

It landed right on Jim's hair.

By this time, everyone in the mess had been staring at the two for quite a while. Some giggled, some gasped. Some were

confused about which reaction to display so instead had a dumbfounded look on their faces. But as dressing started to drip down the captain's laughing face, the entire room erupted into laughter and commotion.

Almost immediately, the air was filled with flying food and soaring condiments. Chekov threw a spoonful of Okroshka at Sulu, who replied by flinging a few soba noodles at him, which got tangled in his hair and hung on the Russian's ears. Scotty pelted Uhura with multiple scones as she bombarded him with sorghum flatbreads. Everyone was throwing or smashing something into someone else's face. Everyone, except for Spock.

Firmly in his seat, watching Bones smear mayo all over the captain's face and down his shirt, Spock said, "This is illogical. Covering others with food and inciting a so called 'food fight' serves no purpose."

The two stopped and looked at Spock. They were both well aware that the Vulcan would typically respond in this way, but it still successfully brought their brawling to a halt.

"But it's *fun*," Jim said for the second time.

"I am sorry, Captain, but I fail to see the pleasure in dirtying one self with various "

"It's a *game*, you green blooded hobgoblin!" Bones remarked, thoroughly annoyed. "To get covered in food is the point, Spock."

Spock lifted an eyebrow and said smoothly, "Once again, Doctor, I fail to see the logic "

Bones interrupted him again, the glare on his face intense enough to make even a Klingon monster dog's tail hang between its legs. "This isn't about *logic*, Mr. Spock.

It's about entertainment. Enjoyment. Fun." He crossed his arms across his chest, his tone growing sarcastic. "Of course you can't see how this is fun. You haven't had a bit of fun in your entire life!"

A second eyebrow rose to meet its partner on Spock's forehead. "I know it is hard for you to believe, Dr. McCoy, but I was once a child and did indeed have fun, even though you may not have thought of it as such."

Jim felt the conversation turn from good natured bickering into a dangerously serious argument. "Alright, guys, I think "

But Bones' voice drowned out his own. "Ah, yes, *Vulcan* fun. It's almost an oxymoron. I can see it now, a room full of little pointy eared elves going over math equations and theories, just for the *fun* of it."

Spock stood up and set a cold stare at the Bones' face. "I assure you, Doctor, that I am quite capable of having fun."

Bones' eyebrow quirked and an impish grin blossomed on his face. "Oh yeah? Well then have some!" and he smashed a slice of Key lime pie right into the Vulcan's face.

The whole room went deadly silent. All eyes were wide on Spock as he slowly wiped green custard from his face. He paused a moment, eyeing both Bones and Jim. Then he carefully picked up his bowl of plomeek soup and jerked it upward, causing a fountain of the pale green liquid to splash onto their faces.

After a moment of surprise, Jim collapsed into his chair, hardly able to breathe due to his uncontrollable laughter. Bones stared at him, then at Spock, and erupted into whooping laughter as well, nearly missing his own chair as he plunked down. Spock merely looked at the two men, both of his eyebrows raised and the Vulcan equivalent of amusement displayed on his face. Almost as though that was a silent permission to be at ease, the dining hall filled again with laughter.

Author's comments:

I was reading the Star Trek book, "Ishmael" by Barbara Hambly, and had just read the part where Joshua was flicking sugar cubes at Spock when, for some odd reason, I thought: "It's like they're having a food fight. What if they had a food fight on the Enterprise?!" Thus, this story came into being. I got the title from the TOS episode, "Amok Time", when Spock hurls the bowl of plomeek soup at Chapel.

# COMMISSIONS

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

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

## OUR STAFF ARTISTS

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

### EPANTIRAS

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

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

### LINTASTIC

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

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

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

## TYPE OF COMMISSION:

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

### EMOTIONALPENGUIN

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

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

A few examples of her art:

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

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

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

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



## Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

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

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

Bleach fan fiction wiki

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

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

'The' fan fiction wiki

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

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

# Casting Call

Like what you see? I sure hope so.

Wanna get more? To subscribe, please send an e mail to: [fanficmag@gmail.com](mailto:fanficmag@gmail.com) with 'Subscription' in the subject line that is, if you haven't already .

The BGFS blog is at: <http://bgfs.blogspot.com/> please go take a look.

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

Fan Fiction:

Got a great story you want to share? We'd love to read it: send contributions as text in the body of an e mail in the following format:

Subject line: *Contributing.*

First line: *Author's name, e mail address, Author's home page;*

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

*Text of Story.*

*Author's comments.*

Send any pictures associated with the story as attachments to the e mail; unless otherwise stated, they'll be included in the Pictures Corner.

Now, I can't say this too many times: any stories you submit are still yours: I'm not asking for any exclusive rights; if it's your story, you can do whatever you want with it.

Cover Art:

Absolutely necessary; cover art has to be of the young lady on the cover, in costume from something with fandom Star Wars, Star Trek, Harry Potter, etc : original drawing here: [http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna Magazine Mascot 139944247](http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna+Magazine+Mascot+139944247)

Other fan art:

1, Poetry:

Poetry is no problem, just so long as it follows the same guidelines as fiction.

2, Pictures and Drawings:

Pictures and drawings may be published by arrangement.

## Original fiction:

I am not opposed to original fiction, if you have a story you want to publish here; but this is for fanfiction, so any original writings will have to take back seat.

## Fiction Submission Guidelines:

### 1, Length:

Up to 3,000 words is optimum; I'm willing to go up to 5,000 words; longer stories can be published as serials by arrangement.

### 2, Foul language:

In moderation, I have no problem with vulgar language; it depends on how much, and how it's used: if your characters have a conversation and curse two or three times, that's fine; if there's hardly a sentence in the whole story they don't curse, that's a problem.

### 3, No netspeak:

If one or two characters speak in netspeak, that's no problem, but the body of the story has to be recognizably English.

### 4, Format.

Do NOT use indents: double space between paragraphs;

All text will be published in the same size and font, so any fancy formatting tricks won't work. Sorry.

### 5, Editing:

I will not edit your stories; they will be published exactly the way you submit them. By the same token, I will not fix typos.

### 6, Sex:

It's normal, it's natural, sex will not get your story disqualified, but NO pornography!

6.1, anything even hinting of pedophilia will be thrown out immediately.

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

### 7, Spelling:

If you have a spellchecker, use it: like I said, I won't fix typos.

### 8, Property:

I'm not asking for any exclusive rights: any story you submit is still yours: I'm not even looking for first printing rights; I'm asking for non exclusive printing and archival rights.

In simple language? I'm asking for permission to publish your story in the magazine, and to archive the story so people can go back and read it again.

### 9, Re publishing:

If a story's already published, on DA or Fanfiction.com or elsewhere, that's fine; as long as you own it, you can submit it.